

Past green fields, and distant glimpses of the headlands of Gaspé, we come to the pretty village and town of Bathurst. Here the Nepisiguit—the river of “rough waters”—empties, descending from quiet lakes in northern New Brunswick, the abode of countless moose, caribou and deer. In this ever-changing wilderness river, winding through gorges and over boulders, the salmon and trout find many a lurking place.

Further south we reach the Miramichi river, on whose banks are the thriving towns of Chatham and Newcastle, and many villages. Toward the Gulf of Saint Lawrence the river expands into that broad estuary into which Jacques Cartier gazed on that memorable morning of discovery, when the fair prospect of trees, “marvellously beautiful and sweet-smelling,” filled his senses with all the fresh-born beauty and fragrance of a New Brunswick summer. Years after, when strife for the possession of the river and its rich heritage of primeval forest had ceased, when the cheerful music of axes, and the clicking of hammer, was heard in the shipyards on its banks, the blight of forest fire blotted the fair picture of industry and contentment, and ruined homes and desolate wastes reigned supreme. But the trees grew, towns and villages were rebuilt, and homesteads again dotted the sloping meadows after the cruel scourge of the “Great Fire.”

Speeding southward, Moncton comes in view—the railway centre of eastern New Brunswick. Here, twice a day, a tidal wave, the “bore,” comes sweeping up from the Bay of Fundy, along the Petitcodiac river, stirring its muddy depths, and bearing along, at a safe distance from its dangerous crest, the homecoming fleet. South are the rocks at Hopewell Cape, sculptured in many curious shapes by wave and tide. To the east are Tantramar and those broad marshes, the wealth of Westmorland farmers, diked and