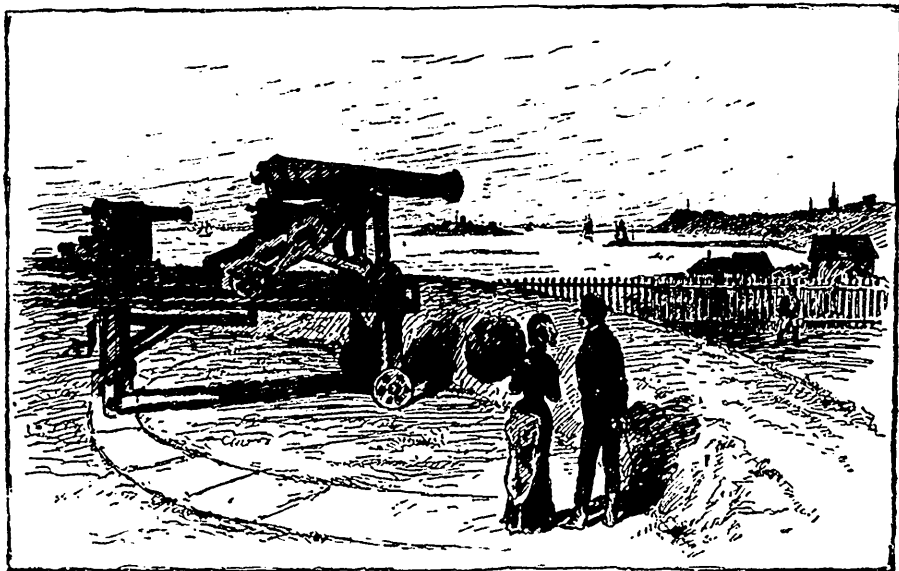


waters. At Fredericton it is larger than the Hudson at Albany. It floats immense quantities of timber to the sea, some of which is cut within sound of the guns of Quebec.

There can be nothing finer than the trip up the river from St. John on one of the day-boats that ply to Fredericton. It is a lordly stream, almost as fine in scenic effect as either the Hudson or the Rhine. It winds among its sometimes high, sometimes undulating banks, through scenes of majestic beauty. The land

magnificent outlook of the winding river—these are a pleasant memory to the present writer.

Of scarce less interest was the drive to Marysville, on the right bank of the river, the seat of the great mills of Mr. Gibson, the "lumber king" of New Brunswick. The octagonal Methodist church, beautifully grained, carved, frescoed and gilt, with stained glass lantern and windows—an exquisite architectural gem—is the free gift of Mr. Gibson to the Methodist denomination. The



OLD FORT—BACK OF EXHIBITION BUILDING.

is mostly densely wooded, the foliage of pine and larch and fir and maple waving gently in the breeze, and everywhere the predominant pine and fir strongly marking the Canadian contour of the forests.

Fredericton, the capital, is beautifully situated on the left bank of the St. John. Its wide, elm-shaded streets, its large and imposing Methodist church, its beautiful Christ Church cathedral, its low, rambling, Parliament buildings, its substantial freestone University, commanding a

comfortable homes erected for his workmen, and the high moral tone of the village make this an ideal community.

It was a beautiful day in August on which I made the trip over the Canadian Pacific Railway from St. John to the Grand Falls, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. On reaching Woodstock bold wooded bluffs, fertile fields of yellowing grain, and apple-laden orchards delighted the eye and mind. The ride from Woodstock onward was one of