

most famous of the New Brunswick farms. Nature has made all this part of the country surpassingly fair to look upon; and it is just as good as it looks. The earth yields abundantly of all kinds of crops, and the dairy products have a most enviable fame. Besides this, the people have push and enterprise and are making rapid strides in all branches of industry.

Some fair trout fishing is to be found in this part of the country. To the east and south are Walton, Grassy, Theobald, Bear, White Pine, Echo, Chisholm and other lakes, all within eighteen miles of the village. Eight pound trout have been caught in Chisholm Lake, though fish of that size are the exception. In Theobald Lake one man has taken ninety trout, averaging a pound each, in two days.

The visitor who is interested in mining should visit the manganese mines, ten miles from the village; and if he would like to see how the best of table salt is obtained, his curiosity may be satisfied by going to the Salt Springs, four miles away. As for views, the best to be had is from Blanch's Hill, which overlooks the village and a large portion of the surrounding country.

Geologists tell us that these hills and bold heights seen in the vicinity of Sussex are the effects of a terrific current which once flowed through the valley, when all the country was submerged by a mighty flood. It is thought that this was once part of the valley of the St. John River, but when that "once" is something as uncertain as the authorship of Ossian's poems. It was a long while ago, at any rate.

From Sussex to St. John, a distance of 44 miles, the country along the line is well settled, and abounds in beautiful villages. Hampton, the shire-town of Kings County, is in great repute as a summer resort for the people of St. John, a number of whom have fine private residences here. From this point the St. Martins & Upham Railway runs across the country to the flourishing village of St. Martins, on the Bay shore. Hampton is a very pleasant place, and like Sussex, is making rapid advances year by year. Rothesay, nine miles from the city, has some handsome villas, the residences of St. John business men and others, who find all the pleasures of rural life within less than a half-an-hour's distance of their offices and counting-rooms. The ornamental trees and carefully arranged grounds have a very pleasing effect. The Kennebecasis River flows close by the track for a distance of several miles, the hills rising on the distant shore in picturesque beauty. As Riverside is

reached, one of the finest race-courses on the continent is seen. Here is the scene of some famous aquatic contests by famous oarsmen—Hanlan, Ross, and others of lesser note. It was here on a beautiful autumn morning, years ago, that the renowned Paris and Tyne crews struggled for victory. It was nearly opposite yonder wharf that a man of the English four was seen by the excited thousands to fall from his seat, and as the Paris crew shot ahead what a cheer echoed from that vast crowd of human beings! Yet, how quiet was all a few minutes later when from the shore beside the wharf the Champion of England, James Renforth, was carried up the hill to die! It was a strange, sad scene—the most memorable in the annals of this memorable spot.

SAINT JOHN.

The man who visits St. John within the next twelve months will doubtless hear a sufficiency of centennial history to satisfy his most ardent desires. A hundred years ago, on the 18th of May, 1783, the American Loyalists landed on the shores of the harbor and laid the foundations of the present city. Their descendants, animated by the centennials held in the United States, propose to celebrate the event in ample form. The occasion will be one of much interest to all who are present, for the people of St. John have never failed to make their celebrations worthy of the name. They are already warming up on the subject, and the day will surpass all other days in the hundred years of the city's history.

St. John has, however, a history which extends back for much more than one century—to the days when the land was Acadia and the banner of France waved from the forts of the harbor and river. The story of La Tour and his heroic wife is one of the most interesting in the annals of the colonies. Such a tale—a romance—deserves a better fate than to be presented in a mutilated form; the space at command in these pages would fail to do the narrative justice.

Apart from its Acadian annals, the history of St. John has little to interest the stranger. The city has no extensive fortifications, no memorable battle-fields, nothing ancient or quaint to fascinate the antiquarian. It is a modern city. Even the best part of its old buildings have been swept away by fire, and new and substantial edifices line the great majority of the streets. St. John is to be seen for what it is—not for what it has been.

The great fire of the 20th of June, 1877, swept