

the air is at times pervaded with a decided odour of fish. Such is Fort La Tour to-day; such is the place where lived and died "the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptred queen in European story."

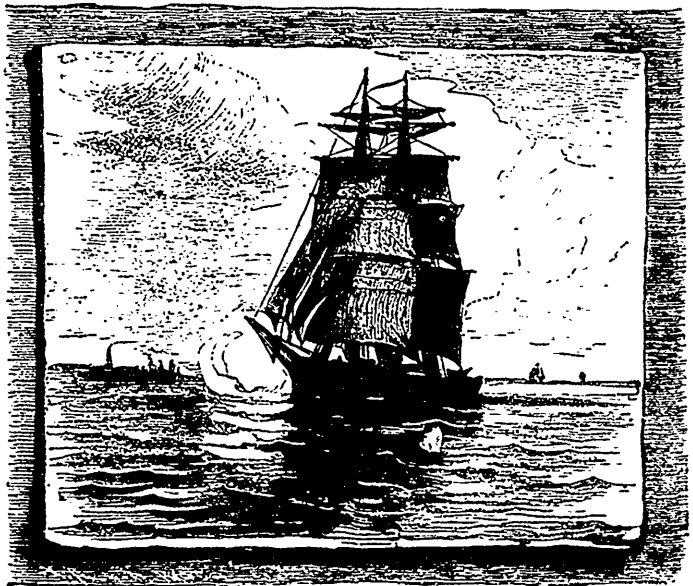
A commanding point of view is the old dismantled fort behind the exhibition building, where, from the carriage of a King George cannon, one can gaze on city or bay.

The drives over the rocky hills in the vicinity of St. John give land and sea views of surpassing grandeur. One of the finest of these drives is that to the Suspension and Cantilever Bridges. These fine bridges, which combine an airy grace and rigid strength, cross a rocky gorge, only four hundred and fifty feet wide, at a height of hundred feet above low-water, into which the wide waters of the St. John are compressed.

It is most impressive to look down upon the swirling, eddying tides, flecked with snowy foam, and still more so to descend to the water-side, and view the surging current, and, high in air, the graceful bridges. At low tide there is here a fall in the river of about fifteen feet. At a certain stage of the tide, and for a short time only, vessels may sail up or down over these falls, and rafts, with risky navigation, can be floated into the harbour. That these seething eddies are not without danger was shown by the wreck of a good-sized

vessel which lay on her beam ends as we passed.

One of the finest marine views is that from the quaint, old feudal-looking Martello tower, on the summit of the highest hill, on the Carleton side of the harbour. It gives a complete bird's-eye view of the shipping, and on the seaward side the broad Bay of Fundy, and in the distance the blue shores of Nova Scotia, with the deep gap at the entrance to the Annapolis Basin, known as the Digby Gut. I never, in all my travels,



A TIMBER SHIP LEAVING ST. JOHN.

realized so fully the force of Tennyson's fine line:

"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawled,"

till I stood here and watched the broad expanse of wind-swept, wave-marked water; every gust and flaw leaving a ripple upon the mobile surface.

The River St. John is navigable for steamers of large size for eighty-five miles from the sea to Fredericton. This noble river, with its branches, furnish 1,300 miles of navigable