

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Beyond the Gate.

Go past the gate, and there is no more sorrow,

No tears, no pain,  
No separation on some coming morrow,  
No night again!

The summer-land lies just beyond the portal;

No heart has shared  
The beauty of that lovely land immortal  
For us prepared.

There's One who holds the keys—at his commanding

Gates open wide;  
Completest love for evermore expanding,  
No woes betide.

O homesick one! art sad, or faint, or weary,

The morning late?  
Fields of immortal joy spread out before thee,

Beyond the gate!

## ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

The river St. John is navigable for steamers of large size for eighty-five miles from the sea to Fredericton. Above Fredericton smaller steamers ply to Woodstock, about seventy miles farther; and when the water is high, make occasional trips to Tobique, a farther distance of fifty miles, sometimes reaching Grand Falls a distance of two hundred and twenty miles from the sea, with a break at the Grand Falls. This noble river, with its branches, furnishes 1,300 miles of navigable 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 short trip up the river from St. John on one of the day-boats that ply to Fredericton. You embark at Indian town, above the rapids, and sail out into the stream, moving past a high overhanging cliff, fir-crowned, with limekilns nestling snugly on little beaches at its base. There is a keen breeze, cool even when the thermometer is in the nineties in the city. The boat is lively with a mixed company of passengers, bound for any landing stage or station between Indian town and Grand Falls, or even Edmunston—for the river is a favourite route, as far as it is available—to all points in the neighbouring interior.

The St. John is a lordly river, 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 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. Peaceful banks they are, with here and there a quiet homestead reposing among their curves, and here and there a rustic-looking lighthouse out on a point, warning of shallows.

Fredericton, the capital, is pleasantly 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 free-stone University, commanding a beautiful outlook of the winding river—these are a pleasant memory to the present writer. In company with the late Lieutenant-Governor Wilmot—one of the most brilliant orators and statesmen New Brunswick ever produced—I visited the many places of interest in the city, and was hospitably entertained in his elegant home. 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 de-

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

It was a beautiful day in August, 1887, on which I made the trip over the New Brunswick Railway from St. John to the Grand Falls, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. The first part of the journey, after leaving the river, leads through a dreary and monotonous region. The route via McAdam Junction traverses a succession of dead or dying forests, occasional clearings bristling with stumps, and stretches of fire-swept trees. On reaching Woodstock, however, the change was like one from Purgatory to Paradise. 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 ideal loveliness.

thing that I had anticipated. There is below the falls a wild and lonely gorge, worn during the long, slow ages by the remorseless tooth of the cataract. It seemed as solitary as some never-before-visited ravine of the primeval world. Here I found great "pot-holes," which I estimated roughly at forty feet deep and twelve feet across, worn by the pounding and scouring of big boulders under the action of the torrent. Seldom have I seen such contorted, folded, twisted, tortured strata, rising in places in but-tressed cliffs from one hundred to two hundred and forty feet high. The lines of cleavage were very marked, and the resultant disintegration gave the rock the appearance of remarkable cyclopean architecture.

Just below there was a huge log-jam which must await the next freshet before it could be released. Every now



ST. MARY'S METHODIST CHURCH, MARYSVILLE, N.B.

The views across the winding river, dimpling and sparkling in long and shining reaches, with a noble background of sloping uplands, fertile fields, and comfortable-looking farmsteads, presented a picture long to live in the memory. Woodstock, Florenceville, and Tobique are pleasant towns upon the noble river, with many lesser villages and hamlets. On we wound on a shelf so high up on the river bank that we could in places follow its windings for miles, crossing lofty trestles and catching brief glimpses of narrow glens between the hills, of quaint little mills and sequestered nooks where, through the loopholes of retreat, one might undisturbed behold the busy world go by.

## GRAND FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN.

As one approaches the Grand Falls the country becomes wilder and more rugged and more sterile. Here, in what I thought would be a sort of ultima thule of civilization, I found a comfortable hotel with electric bells and all the modern improvements. The Grand Falls far surpassed in size and sublimity any-

and then another bruised and battered log would go sweeping down the arrowy rapids, writhing like a drowning man in his death-struggle. The pines and spruces and shivering aspens clung to the rocky wall and peered over the top of the cliff, whilst the thunder of waters seemed to make the solid rock to reel, and a rich saffron sunset filled the sky. In this gorge the darkness rapidly deepened, and a feeling of desolation, almost of terror, made me glad to get away.

The view of the Falls themselves, from the graceful suspension bridge thrown across their very front, was almost more impressive. Pale and spectral, like a sheeted ghost in the gathering darkness, they gleamed; and all night I could hear, when I woke, their faint voice calling from afar. I have before me a photograph of a great log-jam which took place here a few years ago. The yawning gorge was filled up to the very top of the Fall, fifty-eight feet high, and for a long distance, probably half a mile, below. The jam lasted a week, and then was swept out in ten minutes with a rise of the waters.

The railway goes on to Edmunston, forty miles farther, through a country peopled chiefly by Acadian French. They are mostly engaged in lumbering and in farming the fertile "intervales" by the river side. Every little village has its group of quaint old houses, and its large Roman Catholic church. The river is here the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine, and the Canadian and American villages face each other on its opposite banks. Few persons have any conception of the vast extent of forest on the head-waters of this great river—an extent seven times larger than that of the famous Black Forest in Germany. It is about seventy miles from Edmunston to Riviere du Loup, through a wild and rugged country, the very paradise of the devotees of the rod and gun.

The ravenous sawmills in this pine wilderness are not unlike the huge dragons that used in popular legend to lay waste the country; and like dragons, they die when their prey, the lordly pine, are all devoured. Returning from the Grand Falls I had to get up at 3.15 on a dark and rainy morning to take the "Flying Bluenose" train which intercepts the "Flying Yankee" from Bangor, and reaches St. John about mid-afternoon.

## HOW ARTIFICIAL ICE IS MADE.

Few people, remarks a writer in The Outlook, understand how artificial ice is manufactured. In New York City there are some very important ice-producing plants, and now that the summer days are upon us, the following information regarding the largest of them, occupying nine city lots, will doubtless be appreciated.

In the freezing house there are three tanks on each floor, having each a capacity for producing two hundred tons every day. Connected with these freezing rooms are two cold-storage warehouses, in which about four hundred tons of ice are usually kept in reserve for quick use in case of an emergency. The first floor of the engine-house is occupied by three large De La Vergne engines. On the second floor there are the coolers and filters, on the third floor the water condensers, and on the fourth the ammonia condensers. The boiler house contains three boilers, each of nearly four hundred horse power. It may be surprising to know that the loading arrangements are so perfect that a wagon can be fully laden in two minutes. In the actual manufacture the cold water is first heated to a temperature of 340 degrees Fahrenheit, so that all bacteria may be destroyed. For this purpose, of course, the boilers are used, and from them the steam goes through the pipes to the steam-filters, and thence to the condensers, where it is condensed to water again. Then it is reboiled, cooled, and goes through the deodorizers. The purified water now flows through large pipes to the freezing rooms. It enters galvanized iron cans, each having a capacity of a little over five cubic feet of water. The cans are now lowered into the freezing tanks. These have been filled with strong brine, through which runs coils of pipe filled with ammonia. This ammonia expands as it flows and absorbs the heat from the brine. The temperature is thus reduced to 15 degrees Fahrenheit. The cans remain in the brine for two days and a half. Those of us who are familiar with artificial ice as it is carried about the streets, have often remarked the white core running through the centre of each cake. This core is the result of the fact that there is always some air in the water, and this is forced to the centre during the process of freezing. Artificial ice is denser and colder than natural ice. The first gives more permanence, and the second more immediate refrigeration. The present natural ice crop of the United States is about twenty-two million tons.

God will not help the boy who will not help himself.