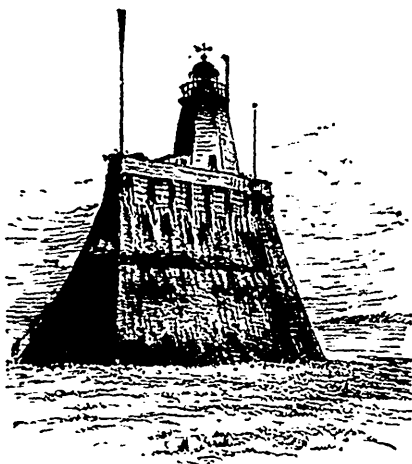


There are few more graceful sights than a large square-rigged vessel, swaying, swan-like, in the breeze, and gliding on her destined way before a favouring wind. Small wonder that Charles Dibdin's sea-songs stir the pulses of the veriest landsman with a longing for the sea. It must be the old Norse blood of our viking ancestors that responds to the spell.

Since the great fire of 1877, which swept over two hundred acres, and caused the destruction of over sixteen hundred houses, the street architecture of St. John has been greatly



BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN HARBOUR,
AT LOW TIDE.

improved. Stately blocks of brick and stone have taken the place of the former wooden structures.

The new Methodist, Anglican, and Presbyterian churches are beautiful stone structures that would do credit to any city. The Centenary church has a noble open roof and the elaborate tracery of the windows is all in stone. The stained glass in the windows is very fine. It is situated on the highest ground in the city, and is one of the most conspicuous object in this city of churches. The Princess Square Methodist church is also of elegant architecture and

commands a magnificent view of the harbour.

St. John is essentially a maritime city. Its wharves are always in demand for shipping, and vast quantities of lumber, etc., are annually exported to other countries. It is, indeed, the fourth among the shipping ports of the world, and St. John ships are found in every part of the seas of both hemispheres. Before the introduction of steam, its clipper ships had a fame second to none, and voyages were made of which the tales are proudly told even to this day.

The great tide-fall gives curious effects when the tide is out; the wharves rise so high above the water-level, and the lighthouses look so gaunt and weird standing upon mammoth spindle-shanks, or the lofty ribs of their foundations bared to the cruel air, with tags of sea-weed fluttering from their crevices. It is decidedly odd to see the carts drawn down to the market slip, at low tide, between the stranded market-boats that rest upon their oozy beds.

In the environs of St. John there are several charming drives, one of the most striking of these is the Mananoganish Road (the "Mahogany" road, as it is often called). It runs along the narrow strip of land between the river and the sea, near the river's mouth. On one side of the road the St. John, rolling almost at your feet, affords some lovely glimpses of river scenery, while on the other side of the road, the Bay of Fundy, with its cliffs and islands and glistening sails, form a striking seascape with the lines of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. This is one of the most pleasant drives in the country. Returning, the important suburb of Carleton, which lies across the harbour, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. Houses are built on this historic ground, and they are not very imposing in their character; slabs and sawdust abound, and