

tries, and one of them is a "square meal" of itself. Where forty and fifty pound salmon exist, seven pound trout are merely in proportion, as they should be. At Assanetquaghan (a place more beautiful than its name), at McKinnon Brook, and at Mill Stream, will be found particularly good trout fishing. A party of two men has gone out of an afternoon and remained until noon the next day, securing nearly 250 pounds of trout, each trout averaging four pounds in weight, but many running as high as seven pounds.

Mr. Fraser formerly kept an excellent hotel at Metapediae Station, where the house of the "Restigouche Salmon Club" stands. After disposing of the latter place, he erected a new hotel about one mile further down the river, and close to the line of railway. He has a number of excellent salmon pools near this hotel, and from his knowledge of the river he is also a valuable man for fishermen to meet with.

The last of the Metapediae is seen at the village which bears the name of the river, at the junction with the Restigouche. It is a place of singular beauty, and the eye lingers lovingly on the beautiful panorama as it passes from the view and the train rushes onward to the boundary of New Brunswick. Here we catch sight of the river Restigouche, spanned by a beautiful railway bridge, over a thousand feet in length. A few miles beyond, the train passes through the tunnel on Morrissey's Rock, on the side of Prospect Mountain. This is the only tunnel through which trans-pass, though, hidden from the eye of the ordinary traveller, are a number of others by which rivers have been diverted in the work of construction. There are, however, miles of snow-sheds, which answer all the purposes of tunnels, so far as linked darkness, long drawn out, is concerned.

At the Head of the Tide a bright picture meets the eye. The river is thickly dotted with low-lying islands, rich with meadow land, their hues of green contrasting finely with the silver surface of the river. In truth, this part of the road is a succession of bright pictures—a panorama, wherein are shown some of Nature's fairest scenes.

CAMPBELLTON.

We are in New Brunswick, and pretty near what might have answered for a jumping-off place in old times. Now-a-days the residents repel such an insinuation, and point with pride to the present prosperity of the village (but

don't call it that!), and to its great possibilities in the future. Well, Campbellton has great possibilities, and it has probabilities as well. It is no longer gay or sad as lumber is high or low, and it lives in airy independence of the hoisting or slanting-down of the saw-mills. It is improving every year. By and by it will be very much improved, and will be one of the most popular resorts on the railway.

What are its possibilities? In the first place, its situation is a convenient as well as a very charming one. Convenient, because it is central upon the line of the Intercolonial—neither too far south for the people who are above it, nor too far north for those who are below. It is 314 miles from Quebec, 372 from Halifax, and 274 from St. John. It is convenient, too, because it lies in the midst of one of the finest regions for sport on the continent. The Restigouche and Metapediae, with their tributaries, afford only a part of the splendid fishing to be had, while the land to the west and the north contains all manner of game to entice the sportsman to its forests. It is convenient if you wish to visit the famous Land of Gaspé, for from it a steamer runs twice a week and calls at grand sporting places on the way. If one has a taste to visit Anticosti, he will find packets at Gaspé to take him there, or should he desire to see the quaint regions of the Magdalen Islands, he can easily get there from Paspébiac. Besides, Campbellton looks into the fair and famous Baie des Chaleurs, which is of itself worth coming from afar to sail upon; and, finally, it is convenient as a cool, but not cold, watering-place with every facility for salt-water bathing, salt-water fishing and a good time generally. The situation is beautiful, because Campbellton lies at a point where a broad and beautiful river unites with the waters of a bay which has no rival in Canada. Beautiful, because the mountains rise near and far, their cones pointing heavenward with a grandeur not to be described, while the varying shades are blended with a harmony which all may admire, but which can be appreciated only by the artist. Yes, Campbellton is well situated, and when it has a St. Lawrence Hall, like that at Cacoona, it will be a place which no one can afford to miss.

One of the finest views to be had is from the top of the Sugar Loaf, a mountain about a mile and a half above the town. Do not be alarmed when the people tell you that the summit is nearly a thousand feet high. The