

prosperous farms, the rich inheritance that the long toiling river-flood of the past has given to the toilers of to-day.

The grand river Tobique, and other branches flowing into the Saint John from the eastward, suggest canoe trips through the wilderness, with short portages to the Restigouche, Nepisiguit and Miramichi, rivers famous for the delights they afford to the sportsman and to the wearied denizen of cities. Here are great primeval forests, the home of big game—moose, caribou, deer; here are woodland lakes and streams awaiting the cast of the angler; here is found that exhilaration that comes from poling a canoe up swift streams and then dashing down long stretches of rapids, breathing the free air and taking in the glorious scenery of a northern wilderness.

The beautiful town of Woodstock spreads over a knoll which commands a far-reaching view of the Saint John river, one of the most picturesque and beautiful landscapes to be seen in any country under the sun. Railway communication between Woodstock and Fredericton does not yet permit us to follow the windings of the river, nor gaze upon the varied scenery of the gradually broadening valley. If the tourist will entrust his *impedimenta* to the railway, and himself to the graceful canoe of a Maliseet Indian, he will be skilfully guided through rapids, past the sites of the once great Indian villages of Medoctec and Aucpac, whose palisades have long since crumbled to dust, and finally be led through a maze of islands that swings the tortuous river to every quarter of the compass. The experience will be a delightful relief to railway travelling, and if the guide of the canoe be the descendant of an ancient Maliseet warrior, and at all communicative, he will delight to recall the traditions of his race.

The fair City of Fredericton, the capital of the