

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER, 1895.

[Vol. 7, No. 11.]

Written for MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

The St. John River Country.

CARLETON CO., NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY W. F. BURDITT.

PICKING up in Woodstock, N.B., a copy of the midsummer number of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, I am reminded that here some time since I parted from its readers with a promise to return again to the subject, if not to the place. It so happens that we meet here again though many hundred miles of travel have since intervened. I have already remarked on the bustling air and business activity of this little town. Being so near the American border it seems to have partaken somewhat of the spirit of Yankee hustle, while there exists between it and the twelve mile distant town of Houlton, Maine, a wholesome spirit of rivalry or emulation in regard to public improvements and all the indications of progress and prosperity whether public or private. Woodstock, in the newness of its streets and buildings, has an appearance of youthfulness quite misleading as to its real age. This is due to the fact that in former years it has been several times badly scorched by fire; but since the establishment a few years ago of a good water supply service the town has enjoyed almost complete immunity from such visi-

tation and may now expect to grow old gracefully, only reminded of its former insecurity by the heavy insurance rates still maintained by the companies, presumably to reimburse themselves for past losses.

The St. John River is here spanned by a magnificent steel bridge nearly half a mile

long—a Provincial Government work, completed last fall. The superstructure, made and erected by the Canadian Bridge and Iron Co. of Montreal, consists of ten spans of about 200 feet each, and one of 260 feet over the principal channel, all resting upon massive piers of granite masonry.

There has been the usual amount of squabbling in regard to the site selected and charges of jobbery and corruption, etc., which seem to be a necessary accompaniment of the carrying on of any public work in Canada. Some of them who are familiar with the playful eccentricities of the St. John River during freshet time, and who pretend to understand just when and where it is safe to obstruct his mighty current, predict that these massive piers of granite will be swept away like so many piles of driftwood before the first heavy run of ice; others aver that a better and safer site could not have been selected; while the visitor, unaffected by local political jealousies, will admire the bridge as a splendid piece of engineering work as creditable to the Province and its builders as it must be serviceable to the community.

Crossing the bridge and climbing the hill upon the opposite side of the river something like a bird's eye view of the town and surrounding country is attained. In the foreground almost beneath our feet flows the river, divided just below the bridge by an island. Away to the right the river's course, winding among the hills as it comes

