

boat is so directed and timed that the prow comes within reach of the grappling hook from the lower deck of the steamer and in a moment the boatman, pulling in his oars, finds himself drawn swiftly alongside the vessel, and held firmly and closely to it. The cargo of potatoes, golden squash, shining citrons, crimson tomatoes and whatever else the country affords and the city needs is transferred with wonderful rapidity, the vessel, meanwhile, running onward. The boat hook is lifted, the swing stairs are pulled up, the boatman seizes his oars and glances shorewards over his shoulder to mark the angle of his course to make up for the drift with the steamer; strikes strongly and surely into the deep blue stream he knows so well which has carried his produce so often to its marketing, and in a few moments the interested passengers, who have crowded to the rail to see the performance, can discern but a distant and indistinct object, man and boat in one, nearing the shore. By the time the steamer reaches the wharf at the north end (formerly Indian-town) the store of rich, golden, tempting provisions is such as to impress one with the thought of the wonderful abundance and variety with which a kind providence supplies our daily needs, a veritable floating market borne from the rich slopes upon the bosom of the noble river. Passengers are of course taken to and from the steamers in the same way, hundreds of the people of St. John spending their summers along the river, learning and gaining almost daily in the enjoyment of change and rest. Accidents have very rarely occurred.

The harbour is formed by the mouth or efflux of the river which flows eastward from the point where it is crossed by the Suspension and Cantilever bridges till it strikes the rocky peninsula or projection upon which the main part of the city is

built, when it turns, almost at a right angle, to the Southward, so flowing outward to the bay, forming the harbour with its wharfage on both the St. John and Carleton sides of the outlet.

About two miles below is Partridge Island, the signal and fog-whistle station, which guards the opening seaward. The passage on each side of the Island is open, although that on the west is largely occupied by a stone and crib breakwater which extends from the mainland about 2,400 feet, and serves still farther to protect the harbour. The passage between the breakwater and the Island is about 900 feet wide. On the east side of the Island, however, lies the main entrance to the harbour.

Partridge Island was one of the favourite haunts of the immortal Foosecap the Hiawatha of the Micmacs; in fact St. John, as the legends tell, was originally his home. The myths regarding the character, prowess and achievements of this almost divine being are very numerous, and many of the best known places in the Maritime Provinces are woven into the weird pattern of the web. The character looms up in all the shadowy grandeur which belongs to such creations. He is said to have been an envoy of the Great Spirit who had the fame and habits of humanity but was exalted above all peril and sickness or death. He dwelt apart and above in a great wigwam and was attended by an old woman and a beautiful youth, and "was never very far from any one of them." His power was exerted for good and against magicians and all evil beings. When the English came he turned his huge hunting dogs into stone and passed away, the times being evil; but he will return again and restore the golden age.

This is of course no place for speculations on mythology but we are