

shore believe it to be something which "is, but hadn't ought to be," among the inhabitants of this world; strangers dismiss it by the very indefinite designation of "electricity." It has been seen at times for the last three-quarters of a century, at least, and people know no more about it now than they ever did. It has appeared in various parts of the bay, from above Jacquet River down as far as Caraquette, sometimes appearing like a ball of fire within a mile or two on shore, and sometimes having the appearance of a burning vessel many miles away. Sometimes it shoots like a meteor; at others it glides along with a slow and dignified motion. Sometimes it seems to rest upon the water; sometimes it mounts rapidly in the air and descends again. It is altogether mysterious and eccentric. One may watch for months and never see it, but very many reliable people have seen it time after time. It is usually followed by a storm, and the most singular part of the story is that it has actually appeared above the ice in the depth of winter. There is, of course, a tradition that just before the light appeared for the first time, a part of the crew of a wrecked vessel were murdered by their companions, who appropriated all the plunder they could get. The piratical sailors were subsequently lost during a storm, and immediately after the event the light began its vagrant existence. Whatever be the cause, the phenomenon is there, though not always to be seen, for "sometimes the spirits work, and sometimes they don't." It is one of the strange things that come in with the tide.

BATHURST

is one of the best laid out towns in the Province, thanks to Sir Howard Douglas, by whom it was named and designed. Before his visit, in 1828, it had the aboriginal name of Indian Point, but Sir Howard duly christened it by drinking the only bottle of wine in the place. In those days there was no Intercolonial, and no chance to procure supplies at short notice. The announcement of the proposed official visit filled the public with dismay—there was but one bottle of wine to be had for love or money. The reception committee were equal to the occasion. When the banquet was spread, the wine was played before Sir Howard, while the natives drank the toast in water so ingeniously colored that His Excellency never knew the difference.

The streets of Bathurst intersect each other at right angles; they are well graded, roomy,

and shaded by numerous trees. The soil is so sandy that mud is never seen, and altogether the town is a particularly pleasant place both for the residents and for visitors. There are numerous pleasant drives. One is to the Tete-a-gauche, or Fairy River, the falls of which are about seven miles from the town, and flow through a rocky gorge with very fine effect. On the return the Vale Farm is well worth a visit. Another drive is up the Nepisiguit to the Pabineau Falls, seven miles, taking in the Rough Waters on the return. At the latter place, the Nepisiguit runs for about a mile, roaring amid huge granite boulders which appear as if hurled thither by Titanic hands. For falls, however, there is nothing in the vicinity to equal the Grand Falls, twenty-one miles distant. There are two pitches, the total descent being 105 feet, and the grandeur of the rocky heights by which the river is here overlooked requires to be witnessed to have any conception of the sublimity of the scenery.

Good bathing may be had at the Point, three miles from the station, where there is a fine sandy beach. There are rumors that a large hotel is to be built at this place, and the choice of site would be an excellent one. Boating is had in the harbor and around the bay. Mackerel and smelts are fished for with good success, with lines. Some of the smelt measure a foot in length.

This is a great country for salmon and trout. The former are taken on the Nepisiguit as far up as the Grand Falls. One of the favorite places for them is at the Rough Waters, but good pools are found all along the river. In former years a man has gone from Bathurst to Grand Falls, fishing up, and returned the next day, fishing down, and brought home thirty salmon, weighing from thirty-five pounds each and under. The Tete-a-gauche is another good salmon stream, and the Middle River is fair, but not remarkable for its fishing. The early salmon requires rather a bright fly, but Mr. Flannery, at the Railway Station, is the best one to give advice on this point. He knows all about flies, and fish as well.

Trout fishing with bait commences about the 10th of May, and large quantities of sea trout, weighing from half a pound to six pounds, are taken in the harbor. About the last of June or first of July, the rivers begin to get good and continue so until winter. During the summer a red, or brown, or small grey fly brings good success, and in the fall, when the fish take bait readily, one who prefers a fly would do well to use a white one with a good deal of tinsel. All the rivers