

ST. JOHN RIVER, NEAR NEWBURY JUNCTION.

volume of water and rapidity of current they would compare closely with the steeper portion of the whirlpool rapids at Niagara). At high tide, however, the water in the harbor is several feet above the level of that in the river, when the whole order of things is reversed, and the water of the ocean streams inward over and between these rocky barriers with an impetuosity second only to that with which the river water was, a few hours earlier, pouring outward. There is, of course, a time intermediate between high and low water, when there is no fall in either direction, during which it is practicable for vessels to pass inward or outward through the gorge. "Slack water," as it is termed, occurs therefore twice in each twelve hours, and as its duration is brief—only about half an hour—there is at those periods considerable hustling about the falls of tug-boats, wood-boats and barges making their passage from river to harbor with cargoes of deals, cordwood, lime, coal, etc., or returning empty.

But while I linger over this interesting phenomenon, of which many better descriptions have been written, the train is speeding on its way. At Fairville, a suburban station, we get a picturesque view of the basin above the falls and the wharves at Indiantown, whence steamers take their departure for Fredericton and numerous other points up the St. John

river and its tributary streams and lakes. These navigable waters extend far inland, with many ramifications, affording during seven months of the year access by steamer to a large portion, probably one-third, of the interior of the province. No more delightful excursion can be imagined than a trip on one of these steamers amid the varied scenery of the St. John River and connecting lakes, but travelling as we now are, we must be content with such interrupted views as may be obtained from the railway while it follows, for the next fourteen miles, at a greater or less distance, the west bank of the river.

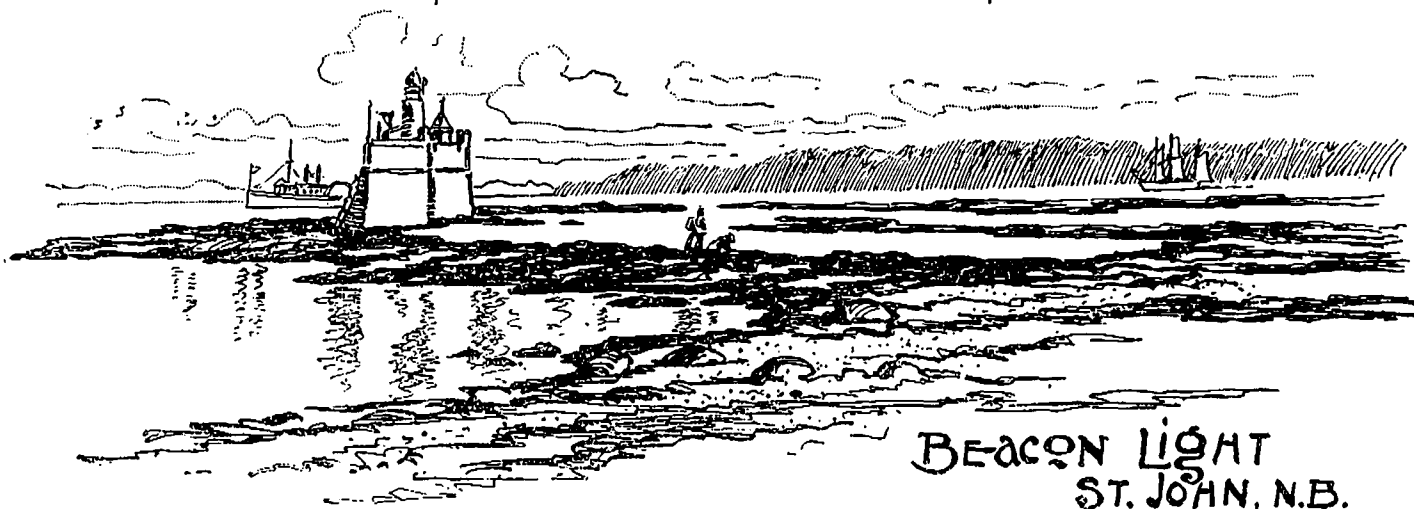
In the vicinity of Grand Bay we get glorious views of the broad, lake-like expanses of water which characterise the lower St. John and Kennebecasis rivers. Looking across Grand Bay and up the lower reach of the Kennebecasis we have a beautiful vista of bays and headlands receding beyond one another, and bounded by an undulating line of blue hills in the distance. The atmosphere has just that degree of haziness sufficient to mark the outline of each succeeding hill and promontory, distinguishing the nearer from its neighbor next beyond, and lending that enchanting sense of distance to the scene—that ethereal play of light and shadow—which can be so easily felt, but is so difficult to describe. Were these magnificent stretches of water, with their ac-

companiment of picturesque scenery, in close proximity to any city in the United States, equal in size and importance to St. John, they would probably be utilized and appreciated to a far greater extent, but St. John has been so lavishly endowed by nature in the matter of scenery and attractive surroundings that its inhabitants seem to take it all in as a matter of course, and to have a very inadequate appreciation of the superlative advantages they possess in these respects. Were the same pains taken to advertise the attractions of St. John, with its cool summer climate and beautiful scenery of river, lake and mountain in close proximity, as has been taken in the case of many other far less attractive localities, it would speedily become the Mecca of hundreds of heat-stricken pilgrims from the interior cities of Canada and the United States, who would find in our cool, pure air and fresh sea breezes a new lease of life.

At Westfield-Beach, fourteen miles from St. John, and becoming a much frequented summer resort for its business and professional men and their families, the railway leaves the river, or, as I should, perhaps, rather say, the river leaves the railway, for at this point it makes a sharp right angle bend to the northeast, continuing then an almost straight course for about twenty miles, known as the Long Reach. With a parting glance up this beautiful stretch of blue water, dotted here and there with sunlit sails, we plunge into the valley of the Nerepis, leaving the St. John to follow its devious course for many a mile before we meet it again.

Along the Nerepis valley, farm houses, surrounded by smooth intervale meadows, nestle here and there, protected on every side by high hills and precipitous bluffs. The early settlers sought out the river intervalles, and along these valleys there are many good farms, but this section of the province is for the most part a rough, broken country, in which there is no continuous stretch of good agricultural land such as you are accustomed to see in Ontario.

At the head of the Nerepis valley is Welsford, a small hamlet twenty-four miles from St. John, and twenty miles further on we reach Fredericton Junction, where passengers for the "Celestial City" take a branch line; but being bound for Woodstock and the points north, we continue on the main line, travelling most of the time through a country of the most barren and deso-



BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN, AT LOW TIDE.