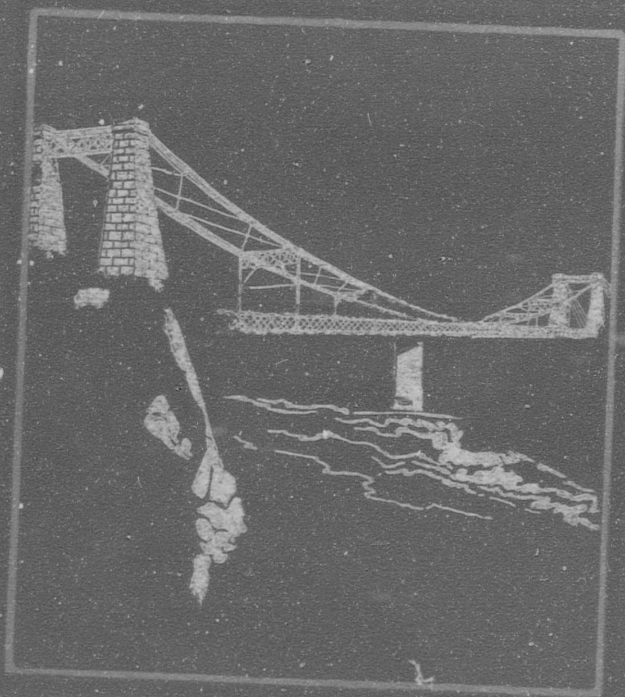


ST. JOHN
NEW BRUNSWICK

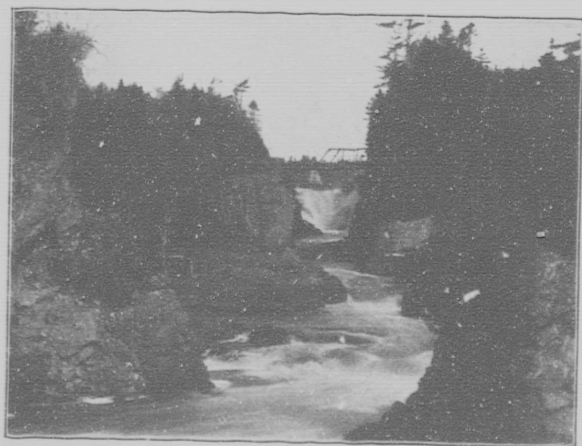


THE CITY OF THE
LOYALISTS
AND GATEWAY TO THE
PLEASURE AND HEALTH RESORTS
OF THE
MARITIME PROVINCES

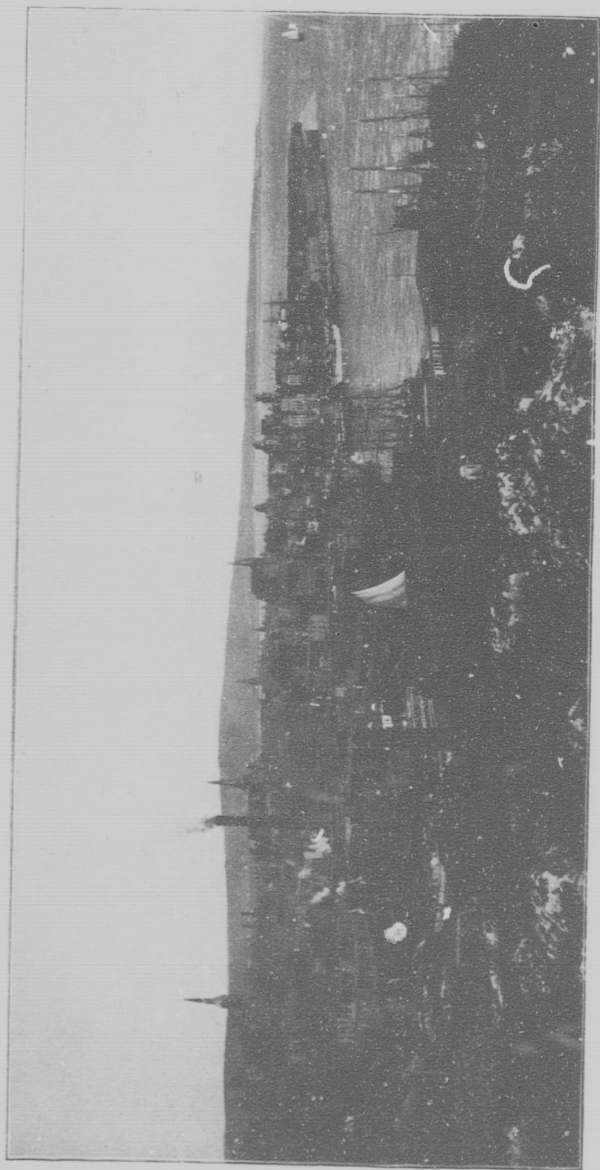


BRIDGES, ST. JOHN.

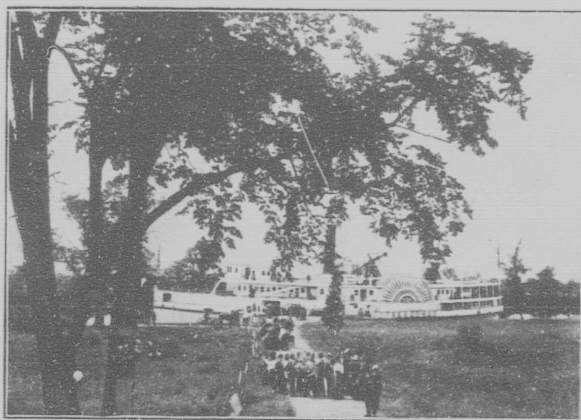
Therefore, let us be thankful that there are
still thousands of cool green nooks beside
crystal springs, where the weary soul
may hide for a time, away from debts,
trains and devillries, and a while
commune with nature in her undress.



FALLS, ST. GEORGE.



GENERAL VIEW OF ST. JOHN.

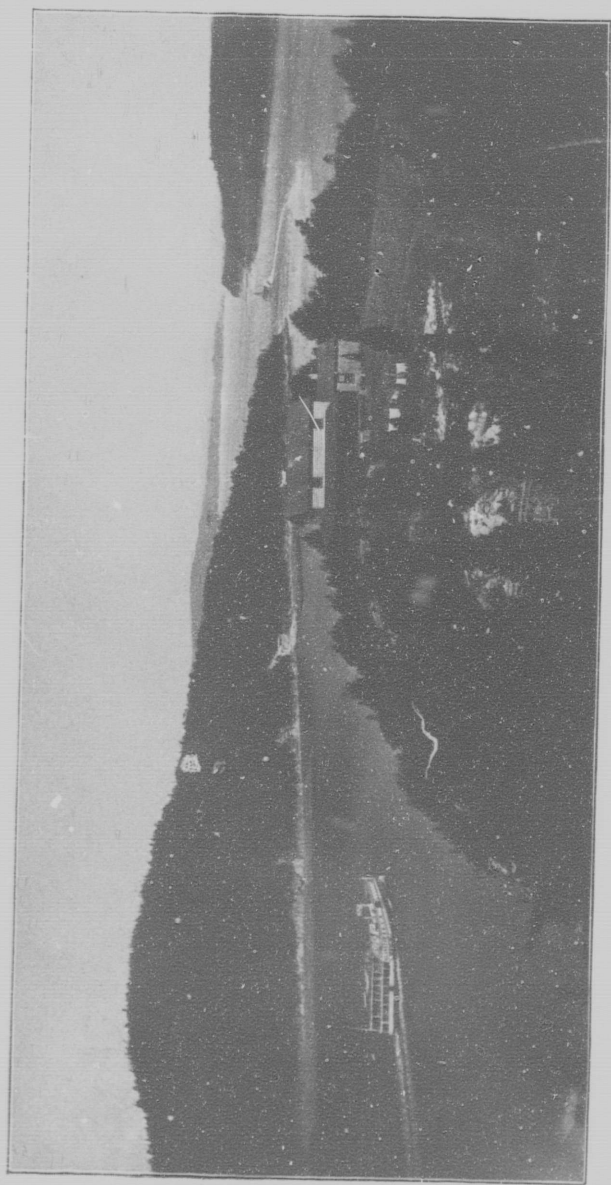


EXCURSION STMR. "VICTORIA" ON ST. JOHN RIVER.

PERHAPS there is no section of Eastern America to which the attention of the tourist and the sportsman is being more strongly directed in these latter days, than to the Province of New Brunswick. Here, when it is a tribulation to exist in the fervent heat of the great cities to the south and west, are to be found cool, bracing airs and repose of mind and body born of the forest and the sea.

Here, too, in the autumn months, when the fancy of the sportsman lightly turns to thoughts of moose, is to be found the forest primeval — no ragged waste half eaten by the pulp mill's ravenous fangs, but a veritable dreamland paradise, whose evergreen vales and teeming waters smile to-day as they did in the time of Cartier and Champlain. The stately forest, the many-rivered hills, the nestling lakes, the velvet-carpeted caribou plains of New Brunswick present to the modern voyager a page from pre-historic days.

There is something eminently fitting in the fact that this restless modern summer pilgrim is seeking the shores of New Brunswick, for the first of his kind whom history records as visiting this favored



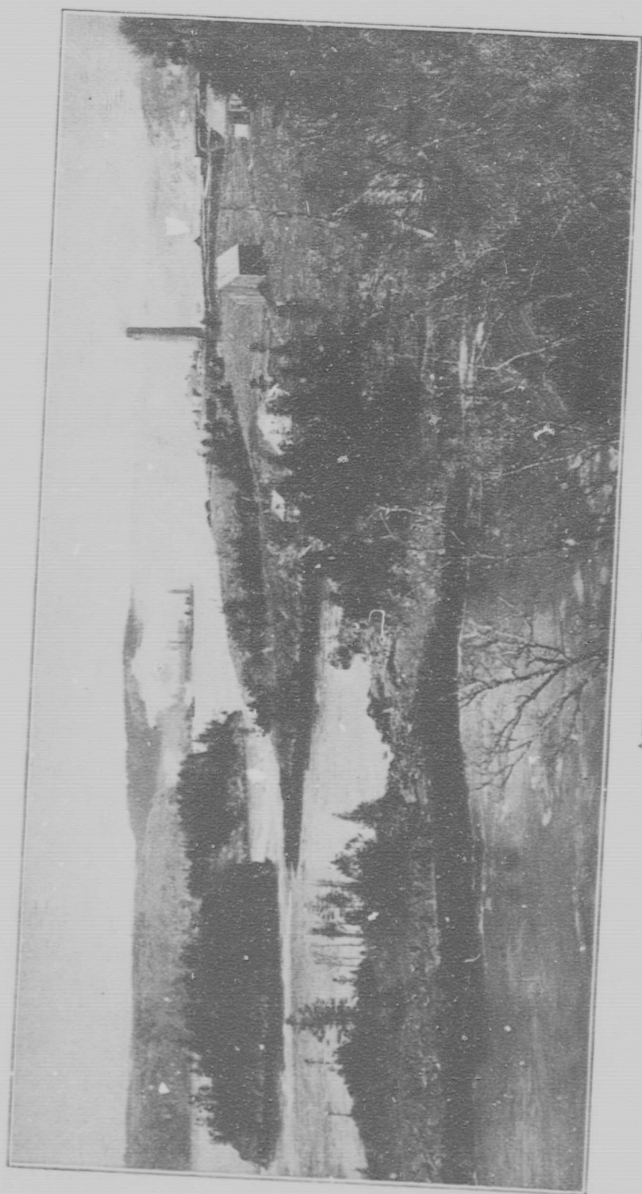
THE NARROWS. ST. JOHN RIVER, NEAR INDIANTOWN.



SHORE NEAR HARBOR ENTRANCE. ST. JOHN.

land was that ideal tourist and king of campers, Samuel de Champlain. He was the first white man to set foot upon the site of the present city of St. John, or to dip a paddle in the noble river to which he gave that name. St. John is also the city of La Tour. At or near Navy Island is the site of the fort which marked the scene of Madame La Tour's heroic struggle against her husband's cruel enemies. But more than all else, historically, St. John is the city of the Loyalists, for here it was that righteous band of exiles came who, having sacrificed their all to faith in king and country, landed on these shores and laid strong and deep the foundations of a new state they could call their own.

The St. John of the present is more than a typical modern seaport. She is to all of New Brunswick and portions of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia—to Acadia in short—what San Francisco is to the Pacific States, or, let us say, Hong Kong to the inner gates of China—the key of trade and travel. Laid prostrate by the fire of 1877, she merely got up and fought her hostile destiny to a finish. To-day the indomitable energy

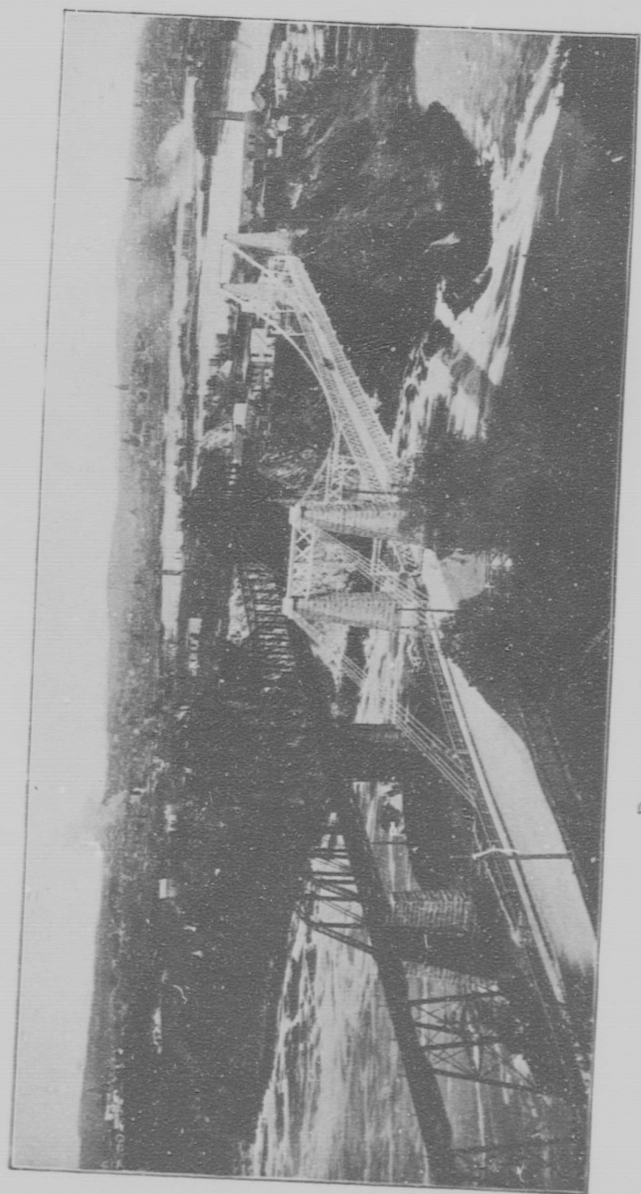


ABOVE THE FALLS, ST. JOHN.



D. A. R. STEAMER "PRINCE RUPERT."

of her citizens has made her not only the principal entrepot of Eastern Canada, but the Winter Port of the great lakes and the west. Her wide, straight streets, carved through the solid Devonian rocks flanked by massive buildings of brick and stone, are the monuments of a people who know no such word as failure. The population of St. John is nearly fifty thousand; her public and private edifices would adorn a city of much larger size, and her future is assured. Year after year the fleet of ocean tramps grows larger, and the long lines of freight cars, laden with the products of the infinite west, crowd thicker and closer on the harbor front. Puffing donkey engines and steam winches have taken the place of the "yeo-heave-ho" and the windlass of other days, and St. John, which had grown reminiscent, is vibrant with the force of commercial resurrection. If ever a community deserved to succeed it is this self-same city of St. John. As fast as her ancient trade supports, erected in the good old days of wooden ships, pine lumber and Jamaica rum, have been swept away by the slow process of commercial evolution, she has, beaver like, repaired



BRIDGES AND REVERSIBLE FALLS. ST. JOHN.



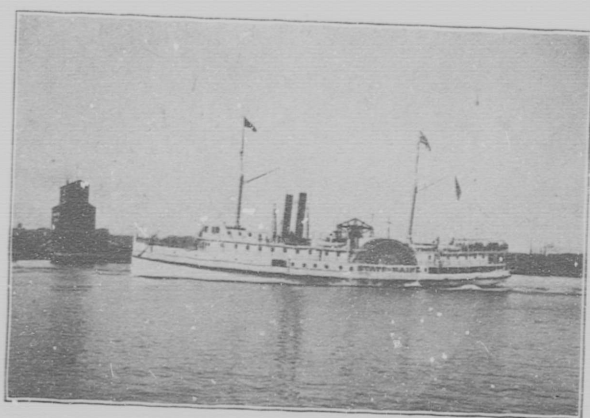
SCENE ON THE JEMSEG.

the breaks and sought new avenues of wealth and enterprise. Within the past four or five years she has spent over \$750,000 in harbor improvements by way of grain elevators and wharf facilities. An Imperial dry dock is now being projected that, it may be guessed, will knit still closer the ties that bind the city of the Loyalists to the vast ocean empire of Great Britain.

From the tourist, no less than from the trade standpoint, St. John is the natural capital of these Maritime Provinces. From her railroad stations and steamboat wharves reach out in every direction lines of travel by land and water to all the far-famed resting retreats of Bluenose land. There is scarce a seaside resort, or fishing stream, or hunting ground in any of the three provinces that may not be reached from rise to set of sun by starting from St. John. The International steamship line alone, with its fleet of palatial vessels, brings hither in the summer months from Boston, Portland, and other points, many thousands of fugitives from heat and hay fever. Then there are the Digby and Yarmouth



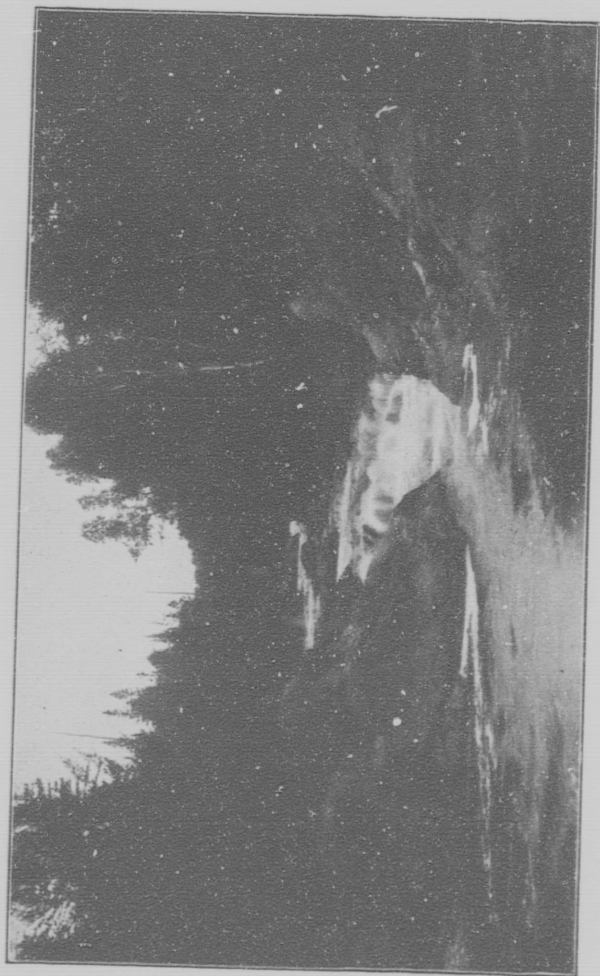
SALMON FISHING ON THE MIRAMICHI (26 POUNDER JUST CAUGHT).



STEAMER "STATE OF MAINE," INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO.

steamers, the Grand Lake, Washademoak, Hampton, and Fredericton boats, the Shore Line, the wide-spreading Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific systems, radiating east, west, north and south from the city, and carrying to every corner of old Acadie and the isles of the Bay the pilgrim in quest of the life-giving tonic of the sea, or the grateful shadow of birch and pine.

But while St. John is thus the principal distributing point of travel in these provinces, she has charms of her own as a summer resort which explain the fact that her hotel proprietors are, year after year, being forced to enlarge their already spacious premises to intercept the ever-rising human tide. How tempting to bathers the long tawny beaches of the Bay Shore, that cosy trysting place where those ancient lovers, the sun and sea, elude their jealous foes, the fog and wind! What nights and days more gracious and benign than those which reign in summer in St. John while other lands perspire and shrivel up with fervent heat! How wholesome, how suggestive of nature's power of moral regeneration those peerless scavengers, the tides that twice each



FALLS AND "DAM" POOL, NORTH WEST MIRAMICHI.

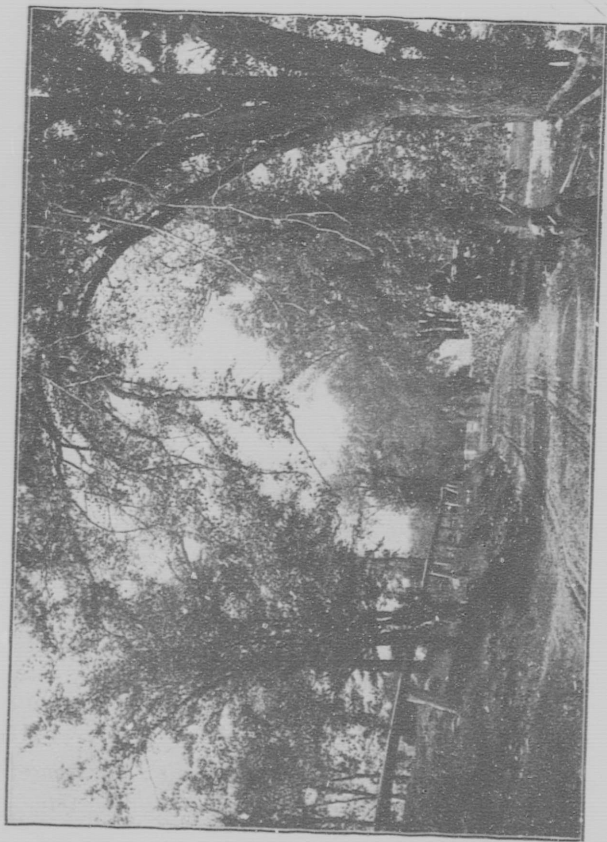


YACHTING ON THE KENNEBECASIS.

day remove from the threshold of the city all taint of lurking germs, returning ever with their load of health and cleansing straight from the depths of the Bay! Where on the face of the earth can be found the duplicate of St. John's "reversible cataract," which twice in every twenty-four hours turns round and falls up hill?

For those who seek unique effects with the camera or sketch book many quaint "bits" are offered about the harbor of St. John, as also striking views by lake and riverside not far away. At Rockwood is being elaborated by private beneficence a public park on a scale never before attempted in these provinces. The Martello Tower, the suspension and cantilever bridges at the Falls, the panoramic view from Fort Howe are only a few of the many features that invite a more than passing interest. For those who love the silent steed the roads leading out of St. John to flowered field and singing brook are marvels of roominess and smoothness. The uniform testimony of visiting cyclists is that, on the average, the highways of this province are far superior to those of any of the other Eastern States or Provinces.

The suburban drives of St. John, whether by way of the Rothesay road and its many branches, the winding Manawagonish or the Westfield road, can hardly be surpassed anywhere for landscape effects. Many drives are available by which the sightseer



A BIT OF COUNTRY ROADWAY.

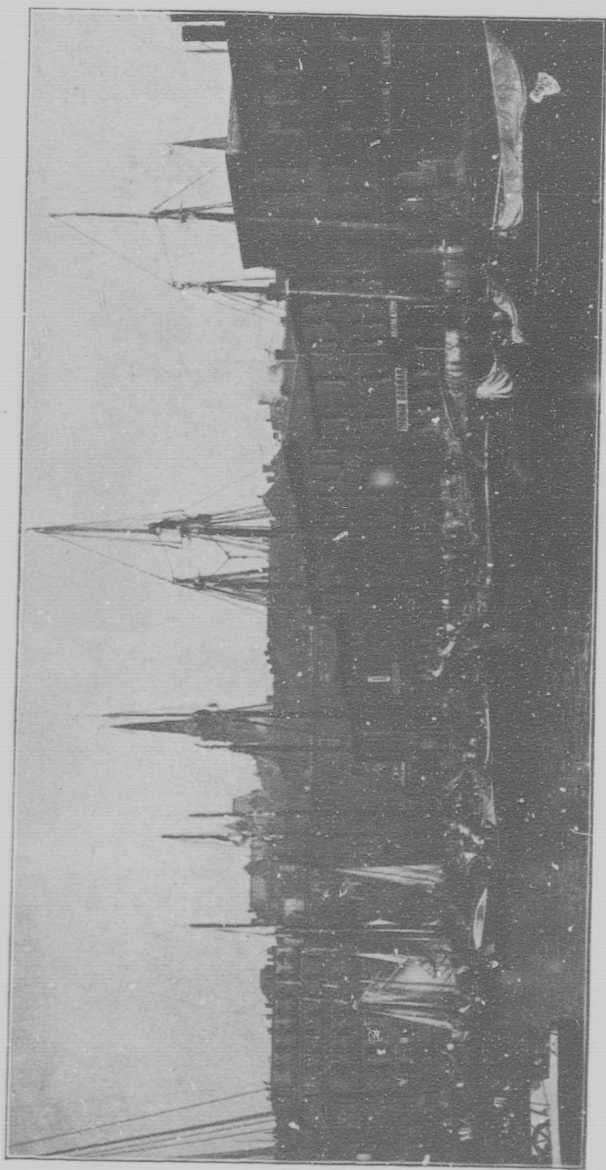
has a choice of routes in returning to the city. A popular haunt of the visiting tourist, as well as of the local species, is elm-shaded Rothesay, an ideal riverside resort in the season when the clover is abloom and all the forest trees give forth their healing



SEA SHORE, SHEDIAC.

benisons. Here, as everywhere on the suburban roads of St. John, is to be found a commodious wayside hostelry where the visitor is made to feel at home. Another favorite drive is that to Loch Lomond, where arching trees throw cooling shadows on the road, where joyous rivulets dance out of the forest-covered hills to lose themselves in dozing wayside lakes and ponds, and where scenes of rural charm unfold themselves at every turn to the lover of nature in her tranquil moods. There are big trout in some of these lakes, too, the knowledge of which fact adds much to their scenic quality in the angler's eye. How beautiful in these days of utilitarian demolition the lake or stream where still abide the finny tribes! When the fish are gone the sparkling waters have lost their charm. The wavelets on the shore sing their syren song in vain; the cataract utters no more the mystery of the ages; the tale the nodding pine tree tells has lost its romance and meaning forever.

And how shall one choose words wherewith to sketch the varied splendors of the river St. John and the peaceful lakes that cluster near its mouth in pristine loveliness? As the banks of the Hudson,

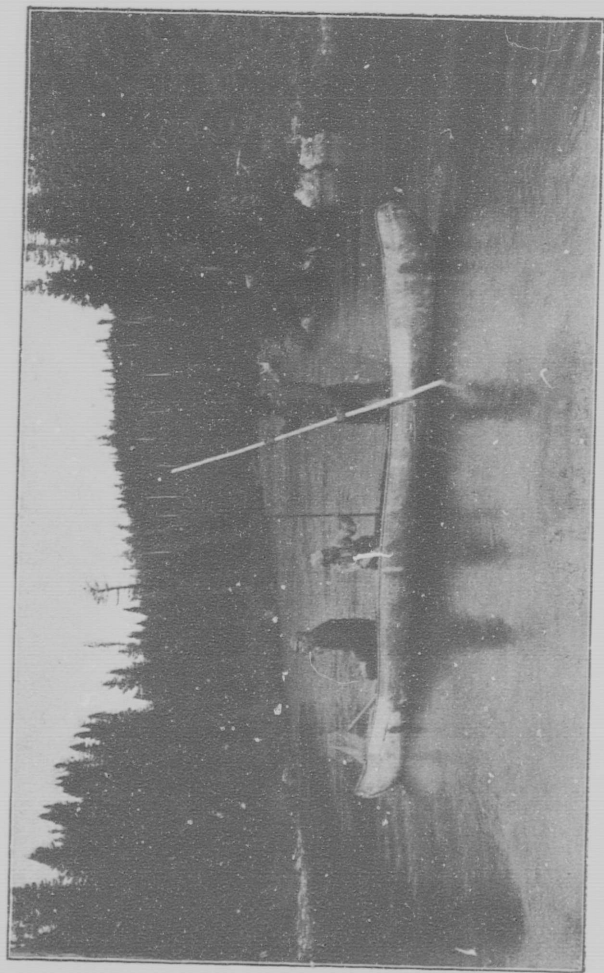


MARKET SLIP, ST. JOHN.

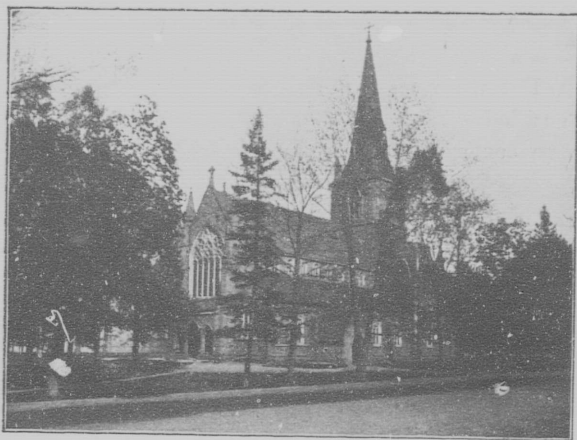


RAPIDS ABOVE FALLS. ST. JOHN.

its only scenic rival, exhibit the luxury and refinement of the present age, those of the St. John portray, in large degree, the wild, untutored beauty of the past. Breasting its broad and generous flood are, near its mouth, massive headlands, seamed and scarred with elemental war, where alone of all the forest citizens the hardy firs eke out precarious livelihood. Then come more gracious rounded hills mantled in spruce, fir, birch and maple. Then long, straight levels of alder-bordered intervalles, with now and then an island that looks for all the world like a farm gone adrift. All these islands are alike — low, rich meadow flats, edged with a riotous tangle of alder and willow, with here and there a towering elm and here and there a faded stack of hay, reminiscent of the spring floods. Behind these isles are lily-broidered coves which resound, as the steamer draws nigh, with the raucous cry of the heron or the splashing flight of ducks. As the steamer gently pulses her way on a balmy summer's day up this wide, shining watercourse, air, sun and wave unite to soothe the senses of the passenger into languorous repose. Wooded shore, grassy mead and



SALMON FISHING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.



THE CATHEDRAL, FREDERICTON.

sloping hill drift by like visions from enchanted land. Even the white-winged lumber boats that slowly dip and swell with their loads of yellow deal seem bound to No-Man's-Land. Under all is the river flood; over all a flood of summer glory; through all the peace of slumbrous living free from care. So brimming is this lovely route with picturesque delights that time and care alike take flight, and the voyager awakes as from a dream when, after threading a labyrinth of booms, and rounding a bluff of gleaming birch and sombre pines, the spires and stately elms of the "Celestial City" rise in view. Famous for hospitality, reposeful and serene, as becomes a Cathedral seat, proud of her culture and her wealth of natural charms, Fredericton, whether seen in her garment of Lincoln green or the russet garb of autumn, has a habit of making herself remembered by the visitor.

Each day in the open season these swift, commodious boats of the Star Line make the trip from Indiantown to Fredericton. Excursion rates prevail, by which the tourist who wishes to see the comely

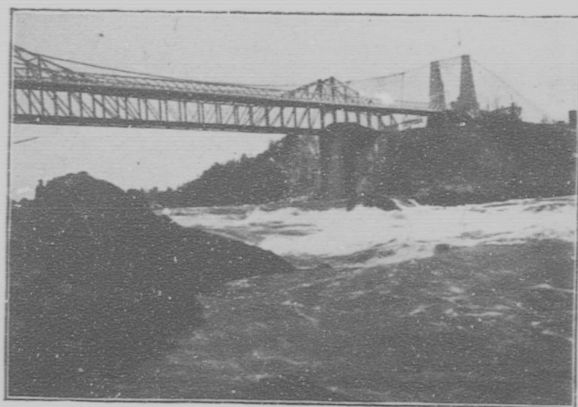
capital can go up by boat and down by rail, or *vice versa*, with a minimum of expense.

But the river sail to Fredericton, though justly entitled to rank among the finest excursion routes on the continent, is only one of many of which the



SCENE ON THE NEREPIS.

pleasure seeker may avail himself. A memorable day on the salt water may be enjoyed by crossing to Digby, the gateway by the sea of the famous Land of Evangeline, by the Dominion Atlantic Railway Company's palatial steamer Prince Rupert, which



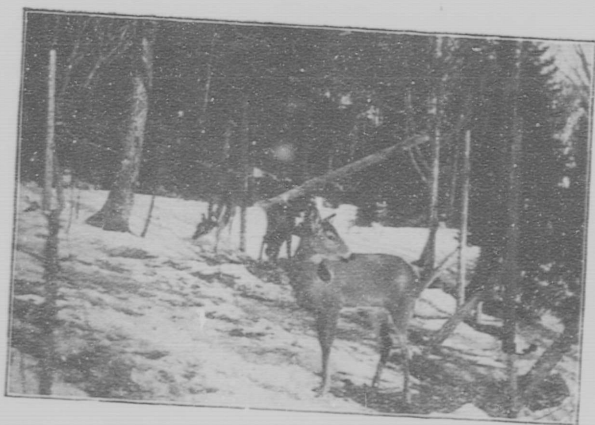
BELOW THE FALLS. ST. JOHN.

makes the round trip from St. John to Digby and return every week day during the summer season. Then there is the steamboat journey up the historic Kennebecasis, through tranquil waters, in whose crystal depths are mirrored only the infinite blue and a bright green ribbon of meadow land. The little steamer makes the round trip handily by set of sun: many tourists, however, prefer to spend the day at Hampton, returning to the city by the Intercolonial Railway. The glory of champion rowing crews has departed from this noble sheet of water, but it is now the headquarters of that flourishing organization, the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club, by whom, it is hoped, bright chapters will be added in the future to St. John's fame.

Indiantown, it should be mentioned, is the river port of St. John, and is speedily reached by electric cars from all points in the city. Twice in the week a steamer leaves Indiantown for Grand Lake, an impressive sheet of water thirty-five miles in length. The lake abounds with rustic pictures fair as a poet's dream. Its level shores and sheltered nooks afford a haven of rest indeed to the weary soul.



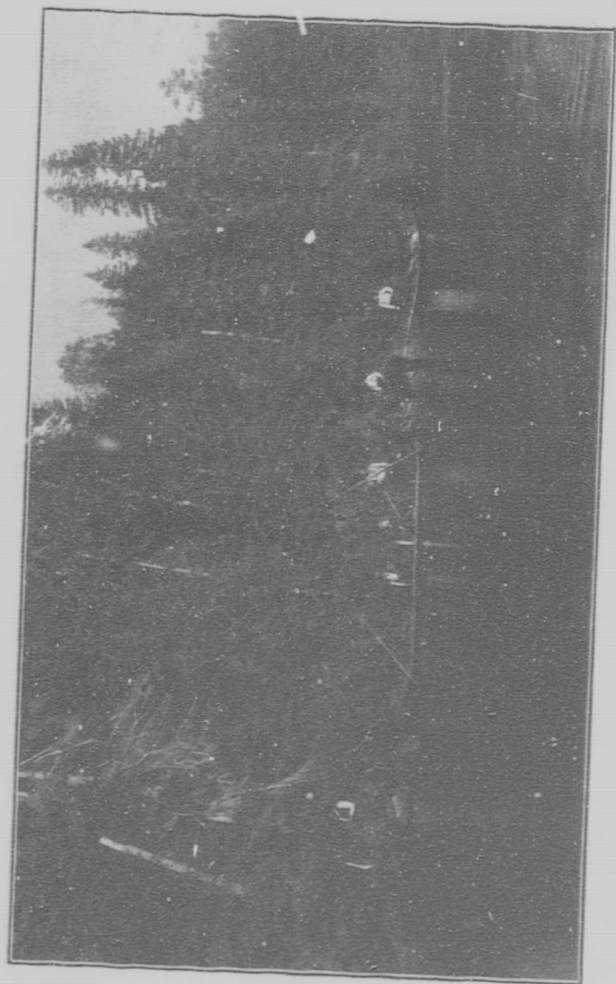
LOOKING UP LONG REACH, ST. JOHN RIVER, FROM WESTFIELD.



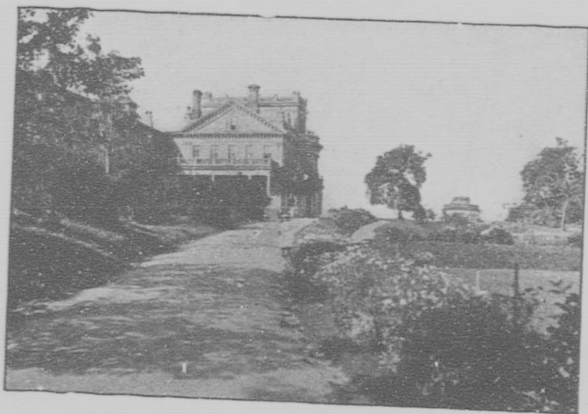
DEER IN ROCKWOOD PARK, ST. JOHN.

For yachting or canoeing the conditions are sublime. Where the creeping ripples and the marsh grass meet only the strident quack of the black duck, the sibilant note of the teal, or the protest of the startled crane disturb the quiet summer hours. Here the autumn camper stakes his tent and unpacks his scatter gun when ducks are ripe.

Stretching far to the north, like a sheet of burnished bronze, is Washademoak Lake, reached by tri-weekly boat from Indiantown. This lake is some twenty miles in length and not inferior to Grand Lake in its panoramic grandeur. At its head stands Cole's Island, on the verge of the happy hunting grounds of Canaan. Thrice a week also a steamer leaves Indiantown for the head of the Belle Isle, a spacious inland harbor whose shores are flecked with kindly shades and orchard blooms. There are other suburban boats as well that run each day to Hampstead and Wickham, as well as to Gagetown. All of these bustling craft pause at "The Cedars," where is the most popular summer hotel in all this restful riverland. At Evandale, ten miles further up, is another fine hotel that is growing every year in popular esteem.



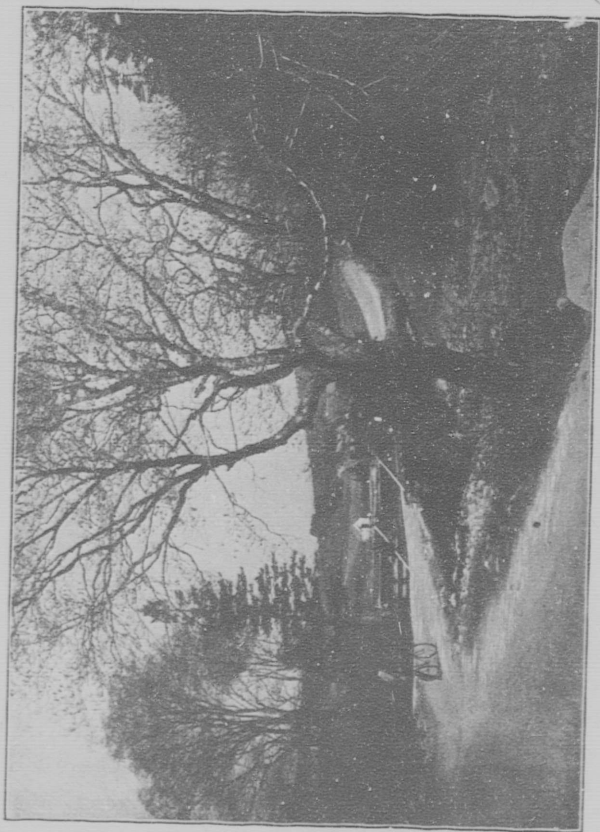
FISHERMAN'S "EXPRESS."



REED'S CASTLE. ST. JOHN.

But if New Brunswick is a paradise for the summer traveller who seeks fresh air and length of days amid the glint of peaceful waters and the scents of meadow land, what shall be said of the attractions the province has to offer for the big game hunter and the angler? It would be idle to attempt, in these brief pages, to catalogue the lakes, and streams, and wondrous virgin hunting grounds where fish and game abound. The soil of this great wilderness interior is simply honeycombed with waters, great and small, where the lordly salmon and the gallant warrior trout make their abiding place. Everywhere, beneath the far-stretching mantle of the forest, lie hidden the ancient haunts of the noblest game animals to be found on this continent, the moose, caribou, deer and bear. In the counties of St. John and Charlotte alone are located more than a hundred lakes where trout are plentiful. Everywhere, too, west and south of the St. John river, the red deer treads the forest trails on nimble foot. But he who would enter nature's innermost sanctuary, where the bull moose paws up the mountain side on moonlit nights in sheer

insolence of strength, and where trout of fabulous size inhabit the rushing streams and deep lake bottoms, must go far afield. He who with sturdy Canadian canoeemen urges his way to the upper waters of such streams as the Restigouche, the



ROAD TO MOSS GLEN.

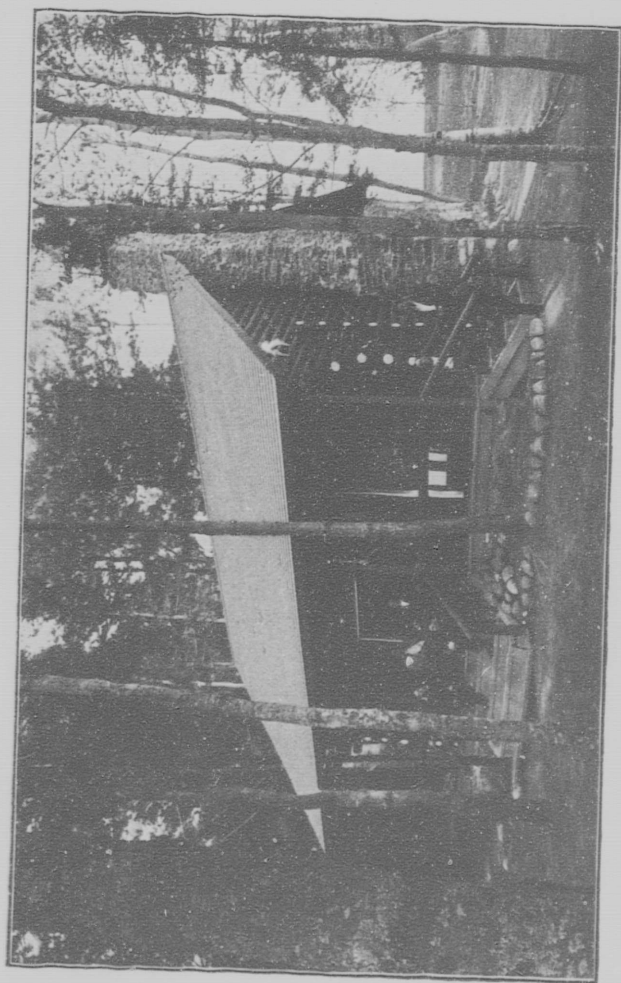
Upsalquitch, the Tobique, the Nepisiguit, the Northwest and Southwest Miramichi, or the Canaan, will bring home with him not only horns and health but a wealth of picturesque experience.

It is only within the last few years that American sportsmen have begun to realize the wonderful

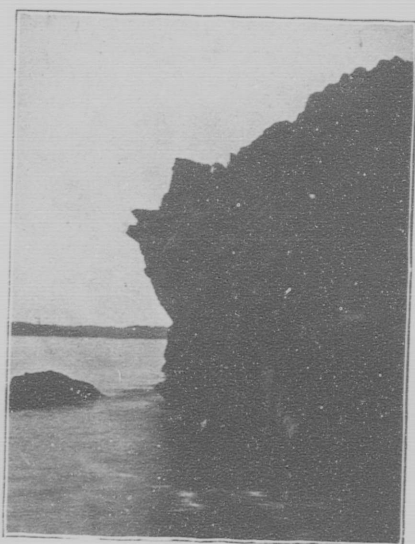


BEACON. ST. JOHN HARBOR.

opportunities for big game pursuits offered by the province of New Brunswick. Most of them who had returned from Maine year after year, minus their moose, had no idea that right over the border line was to be found a matchless hunting ground. They wist not that in the primeval wilds of New Brunswick, un hunted and unhackneyed by hired scribblers, the bull moose were simply dying of old age or want of exercise—not spike-horns and yearlings, mind you, but perfect specimens of the moose in his prime, with antlers over five feet in width. Of late the hunting facilities of this province have become better known to sportsmen, and each succeeding season has witnessed a more and more formidable invasion of these genial, kindly visitors. A good-sized book would be needed in which to relate the wondrous luck these sportsmen had, and



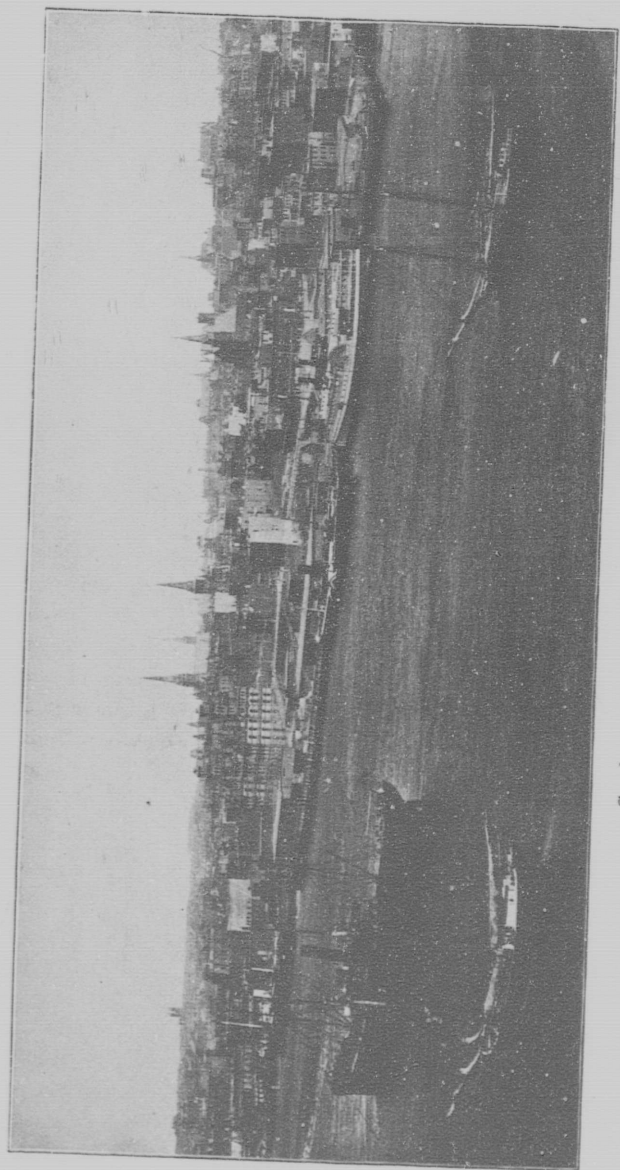
PINE BLUFF CAMP.



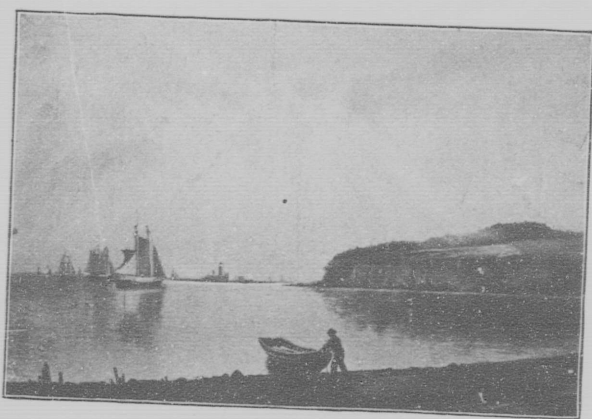
CLIFF, MAHOGANY ISLAND, NEAR ST. JOHN.

the impressive trophies they secured. Let it suffice to say that during the autumn of 1898 it is estimated that about two hundred moose, one hundred and fifty caribou, fifty deer and forty bears were killed in this province by these delighted strangers. No less than four mammoth moose heads were secured in that and the preceding season that surpassed all existing records for Eastern America.

St. John is the natural outfitting station for the historic plains of Canaan, where the famous "Prince of Wales" moose was secured by Sir Harry Burrard many years ago, and where this species of game is now as plentiful as ever. Fredericton is favorably situated for the moose and caribou grounds of the Southwest Miramichi and its branches, the Renous, Dungarvon, Clearwater and Cains river. Newcastle commands the noted moose and caribou grounds at the head of the Northwest and the Gueggas Lakes; Chatham is nearest the plains of Bartibogue and the celebrated trout pools of the Tabusintac. The wild



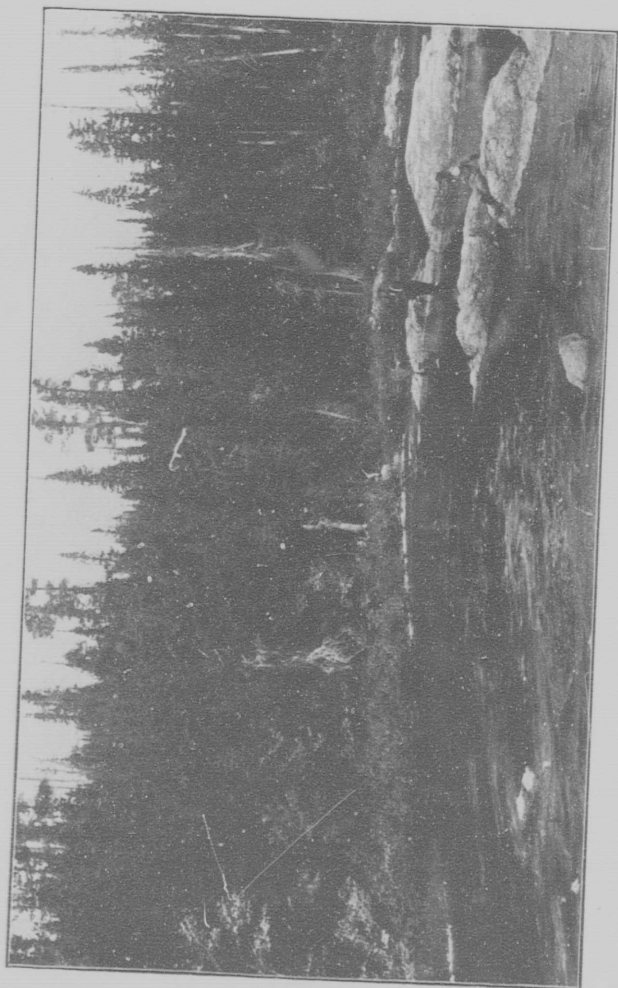
ST. JOHN FROM THE WEST SIDE OF HARBOR.



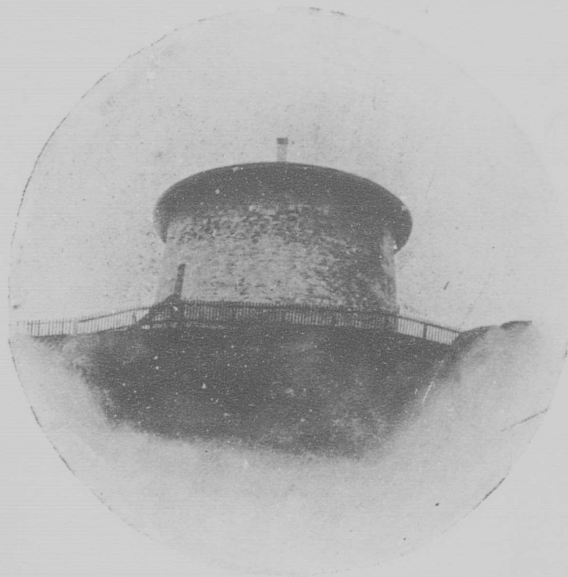
BEACH AT ST. MARTINS.

and rugged Nepisiguit, renowned for trout as well as for all forms of big game, especially the black bear, is most conveniently reached from Bathurst. Campbellton is the headquarters for all parties bound for the Restigouche and its branches. Edmundston is the natural centre for all fish and game expeditions that have for their objective point the upper reaches of Green River, or that paradise of rod and paddle the Squatook lakes. Andover, calmly perched on the bank of the swift-running upper St. John, has no dread of rivals, for hers are the glorious lakes and streams of the upper Tobique, a region marvellous alike for romantic scenery as for fish and game supply. All the sporting centres here mentioned are within a few hours rail of the city of St. John. In a general way the city may be said to command all the eastern and northern hunting grounds of the province.

The game laws of the province are liberal in their scope, yet well adapted for the preservation of game. With the exception of grouse, which are legally ripe September 20th, the open season for all kinds of game is uniform, extending from September 1st to



A SALMON POOL.



MARTELLO TOWER. ST. JOHN.

January 1st. The shooting of female moose is prohibited under heavy penalties. Each hunter is allowed to shoot one moose, one caribou and two deer in a season. Non-residents wishing to hunt moose and caribou in the province are required to take out a license costing twenty dollars. The fee for residents is two dollars. No license is required for the hunting of deer. There can be no question that this license system is a wise arrangement. Without it our hunting grounds, like those of Maine, where the caribou is now practically extinct, would be over-run by a devouring host of irresponsible marauders. What is twenty dollars to the man who bags his moose? It was Gordon Parker, of Woburn, Mass., one of the most deservedly popular of visiting American Sportsmen, who said: "There is a vast difference between hunting for moose and a moose hunt, and the proper place to have the latter is New Brunswick."



RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS. ST. JOHN.

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KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

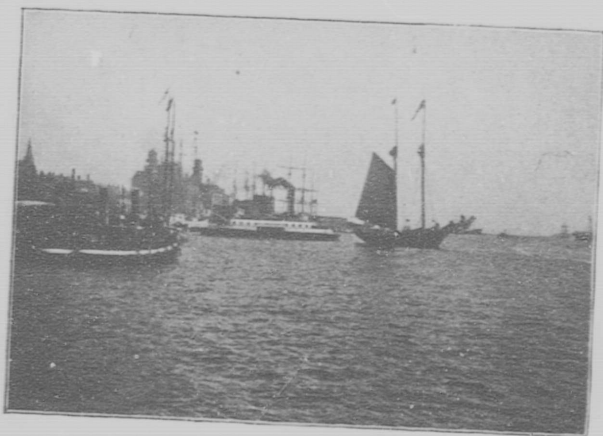
For reliable information as to guides and hunting localities, the sportsman is recommended to communicate with the following gentlemen :

- L. B. KNIGHT, Chief Game Commissioner,
St. John.
FRANK H. RISTEEN, Fredericton.
ROBERT ARMSTRONG, Newcastle.
HENRY BISHOP, Bathurst.
T. F. ALLEN, Andover.
MILTON DAYTON, Edmundston.
J. S. BASSETT, Campbellton.

Though the matter of jurisdiction over our inland fisheries is at present, owing to a recent decision of the privy council of England, in a somewhat complicated state, the existing laws are administered by the Dominion Government. The open season for salmon extends from February 1st to September 15th; for lake trout or landlocked salmon from May 1st to September 15th; for speckled trout from April 1st to September 15th. All needed information on this head can be secured by addressing the Crown



A TYPICAL NEW BRUNSWICK CAMPING SCENE.

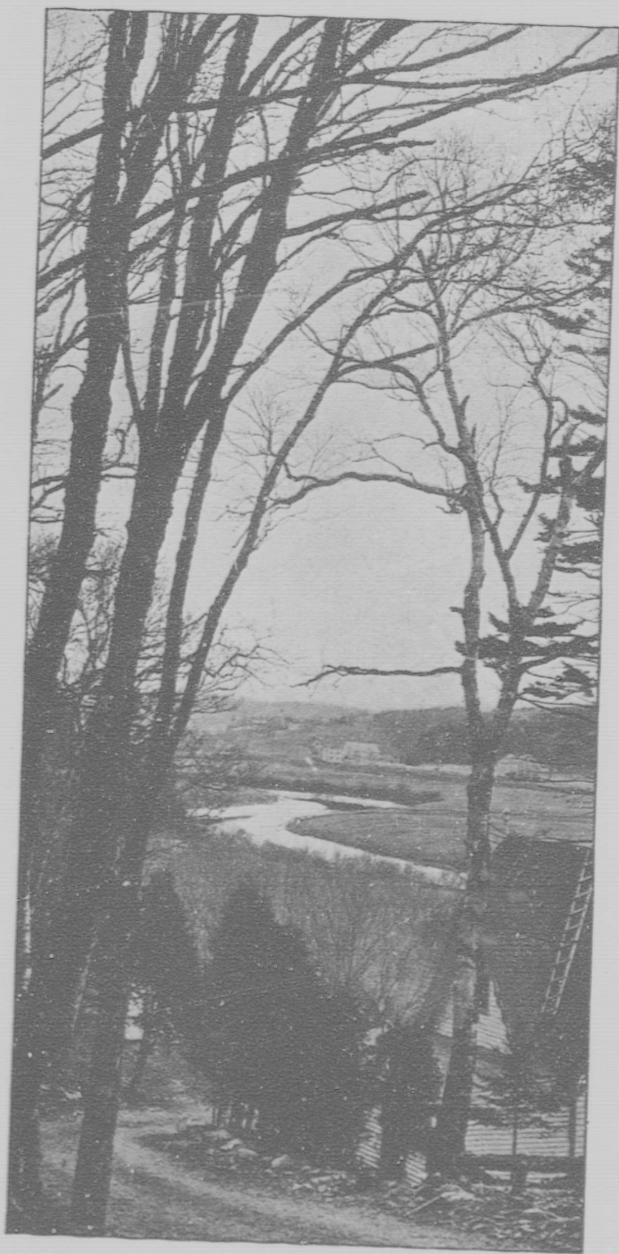


SCENE IN ST. JOHN HARBOR.

Land Department at Fredericton, or D. G. Smith, Fishery Commissioner at Chatham.

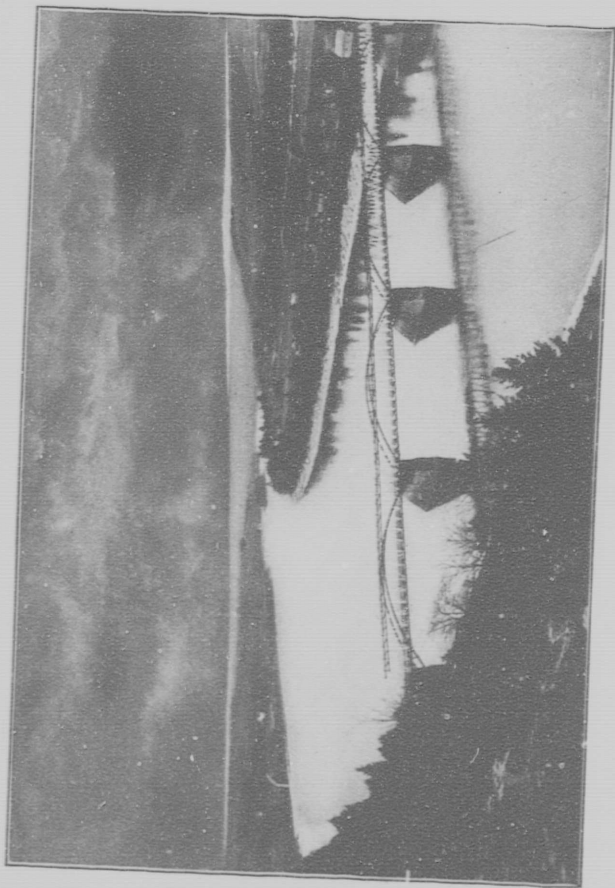
This is the land of Champlain, and as we have opened this modest sketch with the words of one who is held high in honor by all American lovers of forest and stream, let us close it with the glowing tribute in a recent work of that keenest of sportsmen, Mr. Frederic Irland, whose love of Canada was born on the hunting fields of New Brunswick:

"Among all the camp makers of Canada—the world's greatest camping ground—Champlain is foremost. Honor be to his name, and no less to that of Parkman, who, with an imagination of transcendent power, has illumined a minute familiarity with woodland affairs. The picture is so lifelike that we can see through the mists of two hundred and eighty years the very flickerings of Champlain's campfire, and as we do so we thank the good God that we are privileged to gaze upon the same majestic scenes of rock and river, of mossy barren and placid lake, unmapped and unnamed in large part, as in the



ENTRANCE TO ROCKWOOD PARK. ST. JOHN.

olden days. Oh, Canada, to thy gray and venerable hills, thy evergreen shores, thy gentle, bounteous wilderness — to thee fond memory turns, when the repose of the snowdrift is upon thee, and the rifle



ST. JOHN RIVER AT FLORENCEVILLE.

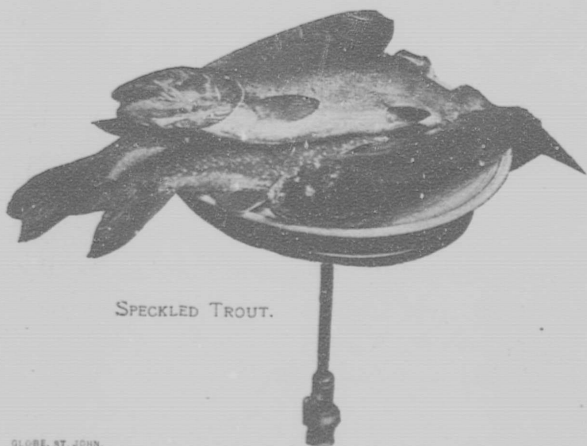
hangs upon the wall. Brave is the bright roll of thy forest chivalry, and no less brave is he who, with pen of light, has written the portrait of thy foremost hero and placed it in the gallery of imperishable renown."

This Booklet is issued by The New Brunswick Tourist Association, a voluntary organization created for the purpose of making better known the advantages of climate, the fishing, shooting and pleasure resorts: also the charming scenery of the Province of New Brunswick, for all of which St. John is the natural centre and outfitting point.

Executive Committee of the New Brunswick Tourist Association:

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