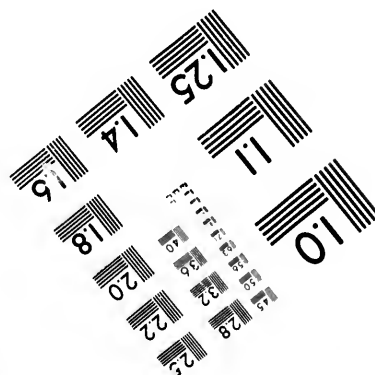
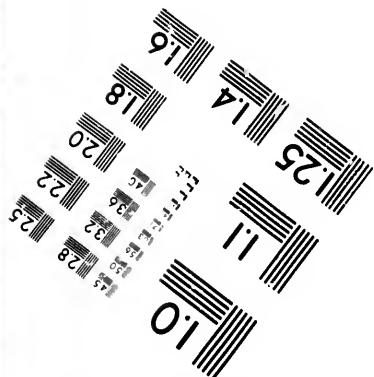
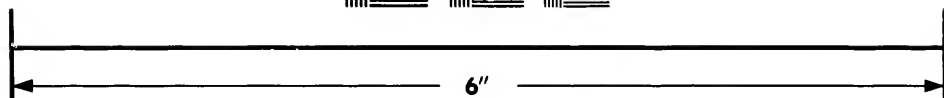
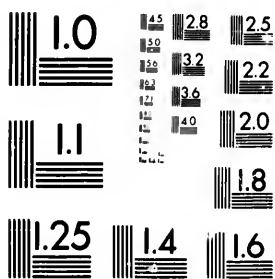


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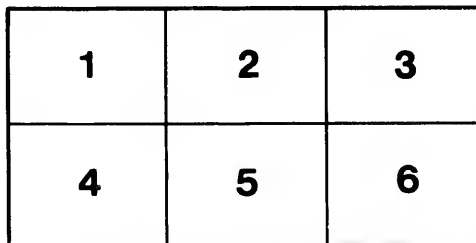
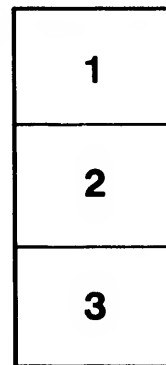
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INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO.

POPES  
F5012. 1894. 475

1894.

# International Steamship Co.

## BOSTON, PORTLAND, EASTPORT AND ST. JOHN LINE.

*The Time Tables as given are for the convenience of the public, and it is the intention of the Company to carry out the same, yet they reserve the right to change without notice.*

### SPRING TIME TABLE.

APRIL 30th to JULY 2d.

Steamers leave Boston at 8.30 A. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for Eastport and St. John. Leave Portland at 5.00 P. M., Mondays and Fridays only. (The Wednesday trip is to be made direct to Eastport, not calling at Portland.)

Noon trains of Boston & Maine Railroad connect with steamer at Portland on Monday and Friday, RETURNING. Leave St. John at 7.25 A. M., and Eastport at 12.30 P. M., for Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and for Portland, Mondays and Fridays only. (The Wednesday trip is to be made direct between Eastport and Boston, not calling at Portland.)

### SUMMER TIME TABLE.

DAILY LINE, EXCEPT SUNDAY.

JULY 2d to SEPTEMBER 10th.

GOING EAST

Steamers leave Commercial Wharf, Boston, as follows:

Monday,	5.00 P. M.,	for Eastport and St. John direct.	
Tuesday,	5.00 P. M.,	for Eastport and St. John direct.	
Wednesday,	- - - -	<del>5.00</del> No STEAMER FROM BOSTON on this day. <del>6.00</del>	Passengers take Boston & Maine Railroad Express Train connecting with steamer at Portland for Eastport, Calais and St. John. Steamer leaves Portland at 5.00 P. M. Tickets good only on the train making connection with the steamer.
Thursday,	5.00 P. M.,	for Eastport and St. John direct.	
Friday,	5.00 P. M.,	for Eastport and St. John direct.	
Saturday,	- - - -	<del>5.00</del> No STEAMER FROM BOSTON on this day. <del>6.00</del>	Passengers take Boston & Maine Railroad Express Train at 12.30 P. M., connecting with steamer at Portland for Eastport and St. John. Steamer leaves Portland at 5.00 P. M. Tickets good only on the train making connection with the steamer.

*From July 2d to Sept. 10th fares by rail to Portland, thence steamer, will be the same as by steamer direct from Boston, and the day trip between Boston and Portland will be omitted between those dates.*

### GOING WEST

Steamers leave St. John as follows:

Monday,	7.25 A. M.,	and EASTPORT 12.30 P. M., for Boston direct; due 8.30 A. M. following day.
Tuesday,	7.25 A. M.,	and EASTPORT 12.30 P. M., for Portland, there connecting with Boston & Maine Railroad; due in Boston 11 to A. M. Steamer runs only to Portland on this trip
Wednesday,	7.25 A. M.,	and EASTPORT 12.30 P. M., for Boston direct; due 8.30 A. M., following day
Thursday,	7.25 A. M.,	and EASTPORT 12.30 P. M., for Boston direct; due 8.30 A. M., following day.
Friday,	7.25 A. M.,	and EASTPORT 12.30 P. M., for Portland, there connecting with Boston & Maine Railroad; due in Boston 11.10 A. M., following day. Steamer runs only to Portland on this trip.
Saturday,	7.25 A. M.,	and EASTPORT 12.30 P. M., for Boston direct; due 8.30 A. M., following day.

SEPT. 10th to NOV. 5th.

The same time table will be in effect as from April 30 to July 2.

Nov. 5th, 1894, to about May 1st, 1895.

Steamers will make two trips per week, leaving either end of the route Mondays and Thursdays, calling at Portland each way.

Regular connection at Eastport with boats to and from St. Andrews, Robbinston, Calais, Campobello and Grand Manan.

Recreation Department  
**THE OUTLOOK**  
13 Astor Place, New York



STEAMER STATE OF MAINE.

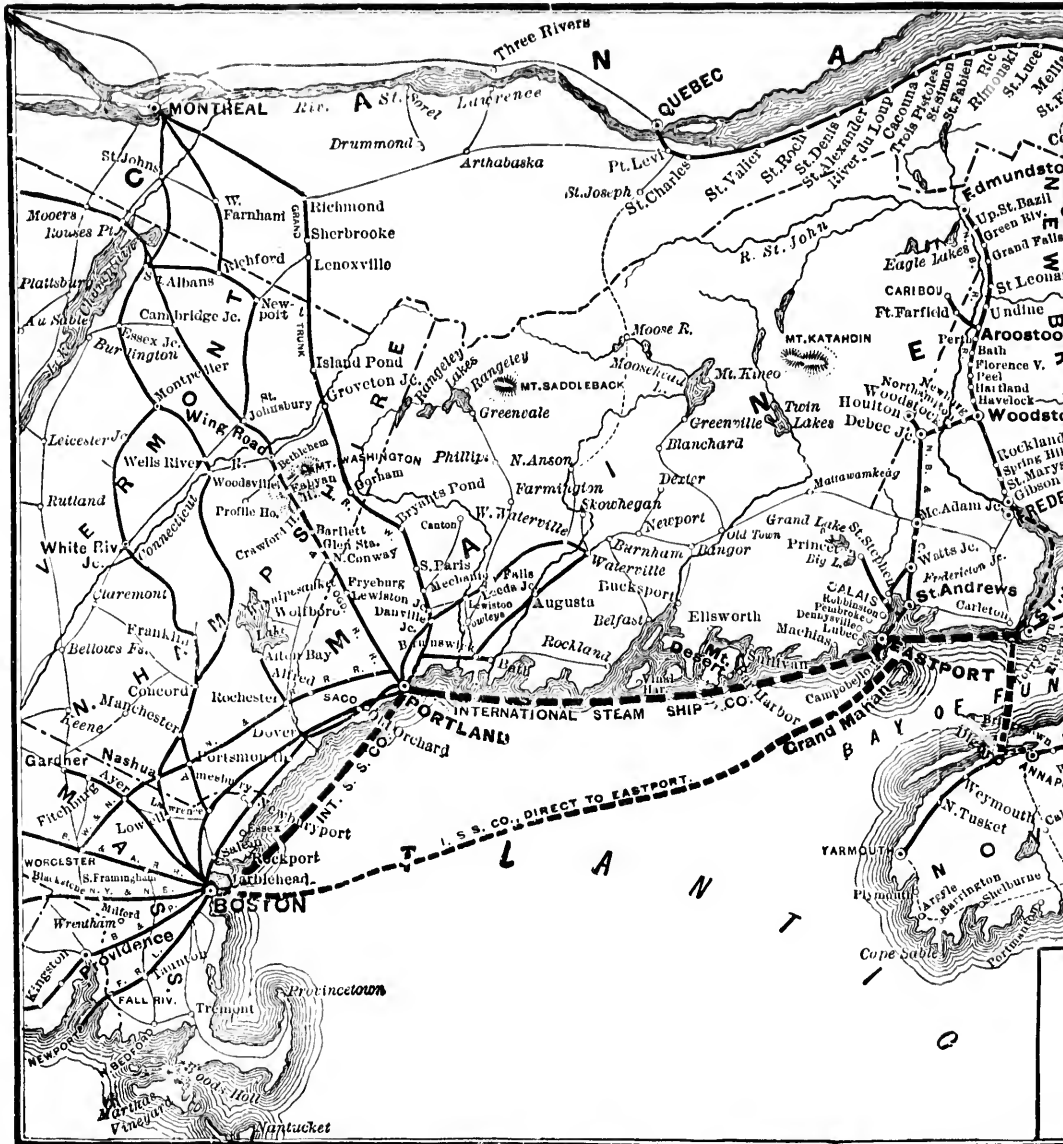
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DISTANCES AND TIME.

	MILES.	TIME.
BOSTON TO PORTLAND.....	110	7 1/2 hours.
PORTLAND TO EASTPORT.....	160	14 "
EASTPORT TO ST. JOHN.....	58	3 1/2 "
EASTPORT TO CALAIS.....	30	2 1/2 "
EASTPORT TO ST. ANDREWS.....	18	1 1/2 "
ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX (Rail).....	270	10 "
ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX (Water and Rail).....	100	12 "

DISTANCES AND TIME.

ST. JOHN TO SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.....	
ST. JOHN TO CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.....	
ST. JOHN TO FREDERICTON (by Water).....	
ST. JOHN TO DIGBY.....	
ST. JOHN TO ANNAPOLIS.....	
ST. JOHN TO YARMOUTH.....	
ST. JOHN TO STRAIT OF CANSO.....	

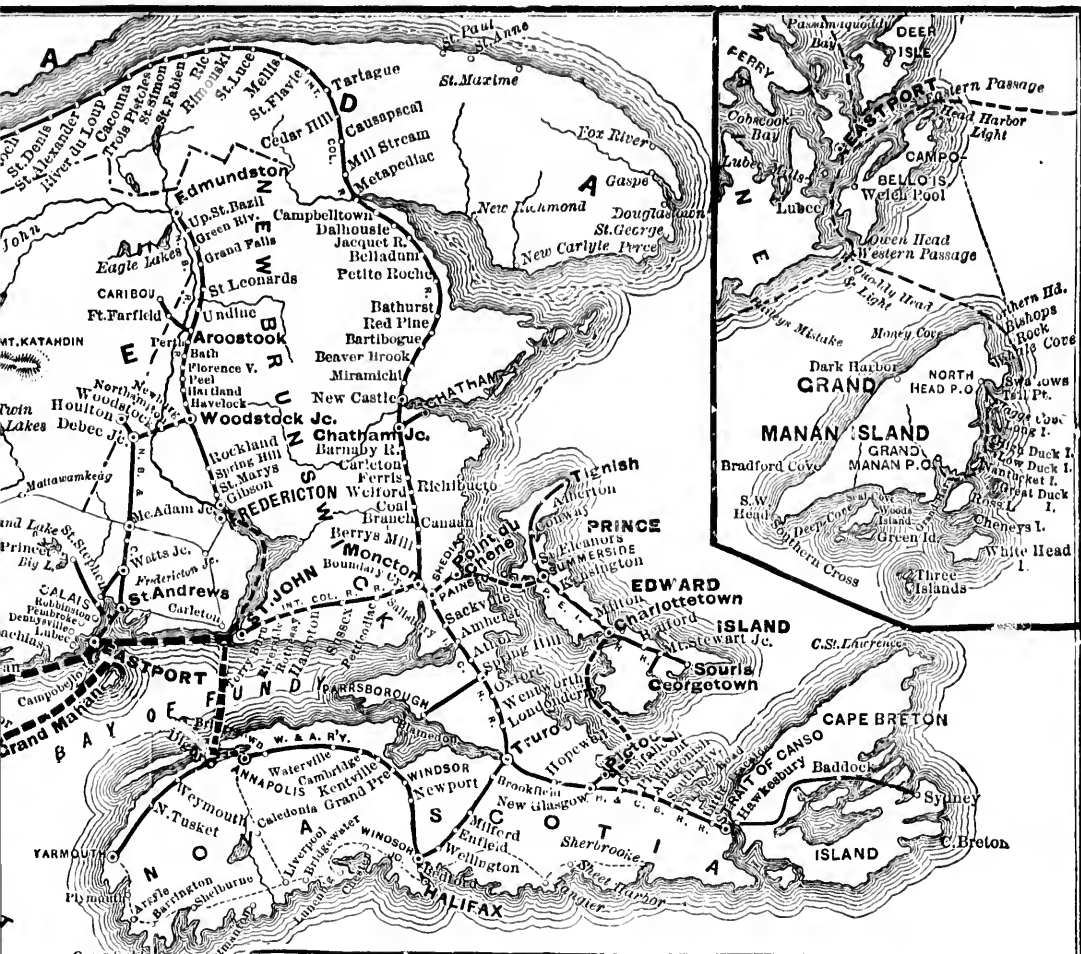




**DISTANCES AND TIME.**

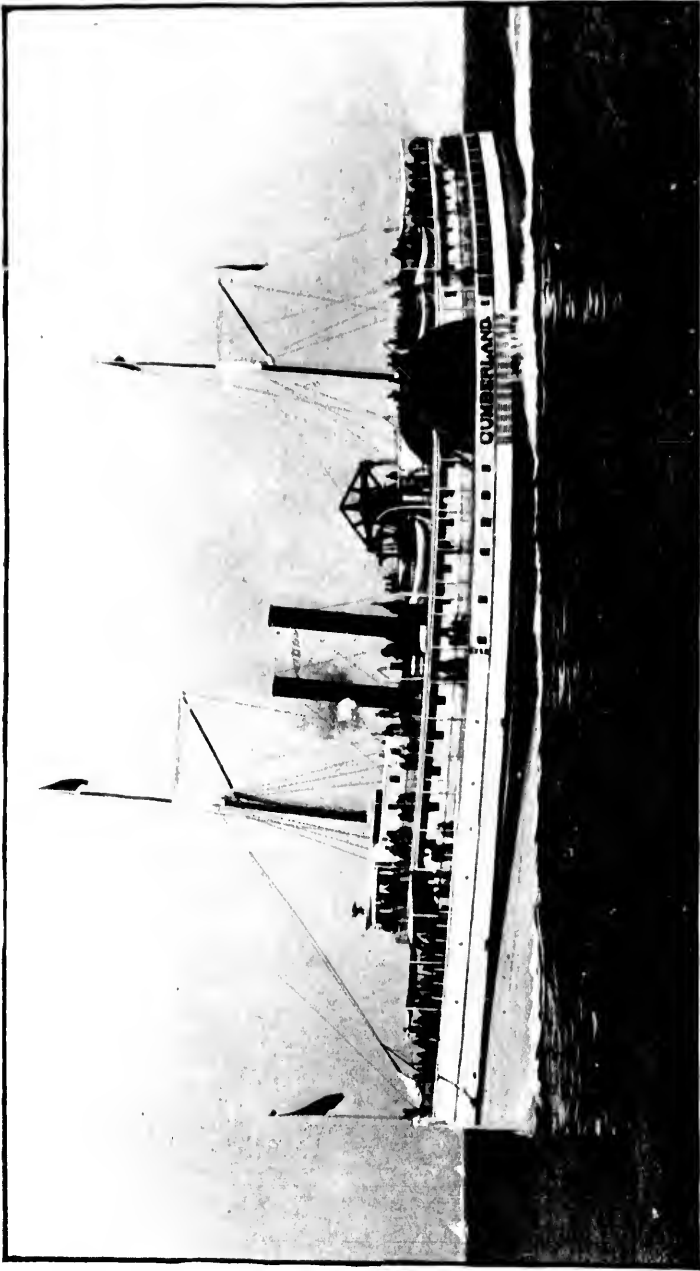
	MILES.	TIME.
WILMERSIDE, P. E. I. ....	167	9 hours.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. ....	216	12 "
FREDERICTON (by Water).....	80	9 "
HALIFAX .....	45	3 "
BOSTON .....	60	4 1/2 "
PORTSMOUTH .....	112	10 "
FRANKFORD CANAL .....	358	16 "

**THROUGH TICKETS**  
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**AND WASHINGTON.**



MAP SHOWING THE  
**INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO.'S**  
**ROUTES**  
 AND CONNECTIONS.

37916



STEAMER CUMBERLAND.

# TOWARD THE SUNRISE

A Guide to

SEACOAST RESORTS OF EASTERN  
MAINE, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVA  
SCOTIA, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,  
AND CAPE BRETON.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

H. D. YOUNG.



PUBLISHED BY THE  
INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY  
BOSTON.  
1894.

INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

J. B. COYLE, *Manager,*

E. A. WALDRON, *General Agent,*

PORTLAND, ME.

BOSTON, MASS.

*Tickets and General Information may be obtained of the General Agent and at the following Agencies of the Company:—*

Boston, Mass. .... E. A. WALDRON, General Agent, Commercial Wharf.  
Boston, Mass. .... A. J. SIMMONS, 211 Washington St.  
Portland, Me. .... H. P. C. HERSEY, Railroad Wharf.  
Eastport, Me. .... A. H. FEAVITT, International S. S. Company's Wharf.  
Calais, Me. .... JAS. L. THOMSON, Frontier Steamboat Company.  
St. John, N. B. .... C. E. LAECHLER, Reed's Point Wharf.

Also at offices of Southern and Western Lines; the Fall River, Providence, Stonington and Norwich lines of steamers; and in New England and the Provinces.



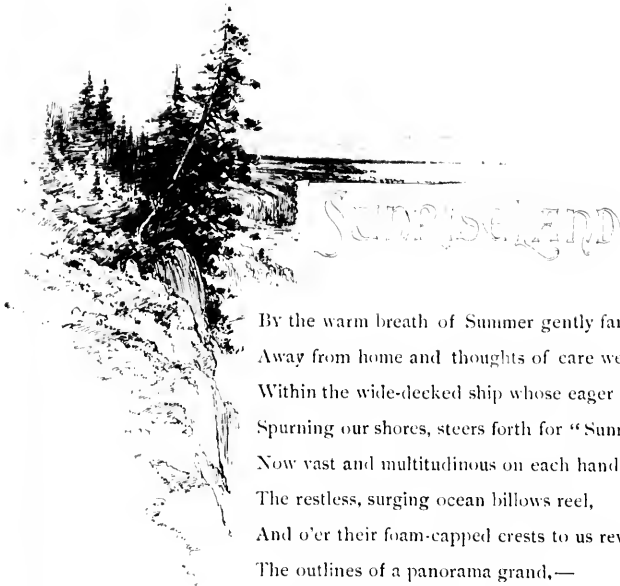
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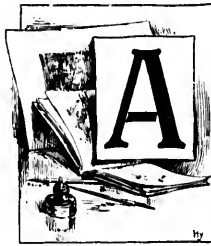
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By the warm breath of Summer gently fanned,  
Away from home and thoughts of care we steal  
Within the wide-decked ship whose eager keel,  
Spurning our shores, steers forth for "Sunrise Land."  
Now vast and multitudinous on each hand,  
The restless, surging ocean billows reel,  
And o'er their foam-capped crests to us reveal  
The outlines of a panorama grand,—  
Passamaquoddy's shores and island's green,  
The rugged sea-girt cliffs of Grand Manan,  
Forever washed by Fundy's mighty tides,  
Acadian fields, and Blomidon's steep sides,  
And Breton's Cape whereon the sun to man  
New rising in the western world is seen.

*Samuel Maynard*



VEXING question this, "How and where shall I spend my vacation?" when a hundred attractions offer themselves in tempting array. You may have "done" resorts near home till the desire for "something new" demands attention.

Then allow me to offer a few suggestions. From the tourist's point of view there are always new worlds to conquer, fresh fields to visit, new experiences to live. The surprising thing is that so much remains so near at hand and so rich in entertainment. You may not appreciate how much lies in store for you "just over the border," in that region "toward the sunrise," that landscapes of unique and varied beauties wait to gladden your eye; nor how novel may be your experiences under another flag. Not alone a land of strange and beautiful physical features, but also rich in historic memories and bathed in the soft glamour of romance. All this, and more, is true of that portion of Canada called the Maritime Provinces, the "Aquoddie" of the Indian, the Acadia of the pioneers of France in the New World.

Who has not conjured up legends and tales at mention of "Passamaquoddy," or felt a stimulus in the resounding names of "Grand

Manan" or "Fundy" ? what sportsman that has not seen visions of noble game and Indian guides with deft paddles, to the music of such names as "Metapedia," "Restigouche," or "Miramichi" ?

Certainly none could have read "Evangeline" without a longing for the fair fields of Grand Pré and the mysterious forests of Blomidon. All this becomes reality for him who reads, by means of the water route of the well-established *International Steamship Company*, — a reality prefaced by all the delights of an ocean voyage *sans* discomforts, — a voyage skirting the pictured shores of more than half New England, the waters of Passamaquoddy and Fundy Bays, having Boston for its initial point, Portland and Eastport its intermediate landings, and St. John its terminal.

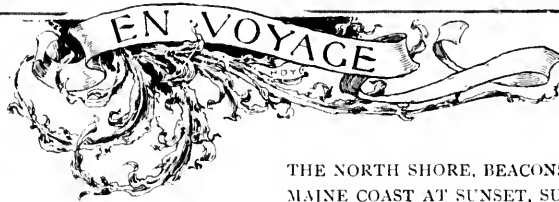
This company has three side-wheel steamers, the "State of Maine," "Cumberland," and "New Brunswick," the two first named of about sixteen hundred tons burden, and the latter of about one thousand tons, fitted with conveniences and luxuries of modern naval construction. The cuisine and service have long been a matter of note to travellers, and are kept at an unvaryingly high standard of excellence.

In connection with its steamship lines this company has established a system of tourist routes and rates (see latter part of book), covering rail and steamboat lines necessary for reaching the summer resorts of Maine, as well as those within the Maritime Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton, famous Grand Manan, the charming Passamaquoddy Bay resting retreats of Campobello Island and St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea.

The reader will readily understand that the limited space afforded in a book of this description will not allow of an exhaustive treatment of the many summer resorts reached by this company and its connections.

A *résumé* of personal observations, combined with numerous impressions of other and more careful observers and writers, is all that the author can offer on this most fascinating of subjects. "See it for yourself" is the only perfect satisfaction.





THE NORTH SHORE, BEACONS, PORTLAND,  
MAINE COAST AT SUNSET, SUNRISE. . .



AFTER an admonitory blast or two from the hoarse throat of the whistle, the polite suggestion, "All ashore that's going ashore," the heavy plash of stern and bow line by the steamer's side, the great piston plunges into the depths of the engine pit, and the ponderous wheels begin their revolutions, not to cease until two hundred and thirty miles and more have been spanned, and twenty-one thousand revolutions scored on the wonderfully human little register below.

From the hurricane deck the roofs of the warehouses seem moving slowly away, the voyage is actually begun; we would not bespeak for you any other than a balmy, sunny day, be it early or late summer, or mid-season, the great steamer, in its holiday attire of gay bunting, receiving numerous little marine courtesies from small craft, glides out among the exhilarating scenes of a great harbor at the height of the season, and heads for the open sea.

Perhaps for the first time you will realize, as you look back, what an evolution Boston is undergoing in its physical aspects at least, as the half-dozen recent architectural achievements assert themselves, and soar grandly heavenward. Wonderfully striking and picturesque it is, suggestive perhaps also of the "Greater Boston" that is to be; the gilded dome sinks into a secondary position, dwarfed by the superior towers that stand before it.

The steamer is now swiftly leaving the city behind and bringing into view the islands of the harbor,—Governor's, with its sullen, silent Fort

Winthrop, on the left, Castle Island, with massive walls of Fort Independence on the right, tied to South Boston by a many-spanned bridge, and following the main ship channel, Spectacle and Long Islands glide silently by. That large group of buildings on the left is not a summer resort exactly, although it is quite a favorite retreat for certain individuals who frequent it at the invitation and expense of the municipality! A mile or so and we are off the northern end of Long Island and Nix's Mate, with Galloupe's and Lovell's beyond. It is just here that our course is brought around to N. E. by E. and we are headed straight for Cape Ann; on our right, again, the striking group of the Brewsters swings into view, Great, Middle, and Outer; just beyond and over the Middle, looming white in the morning sunlight, stands the tower of Boston Light.

“Though if a cloud-shade chance to dip  
Upon it a moment, 'twill suddenly sink,  
Levelled and lost in the darkened main,  
Till the sun builds it suddenly up again  
As if with a rub of Aladdin's lamp.”

The broad waters of Massachusetts Bay open up before, sprinkled with many a flying sail, the line of smoke from a distant steamer delicately pencilled along the soft summer sky. Nahant, first to appear of the group of headlands along the North Shore, lifts itself as a kind of promise of much that is to follow. Behind it a golden thread moors it to the land, then melts away on either side in glistening, shining strands, — the beaches of Revere and Lynn.

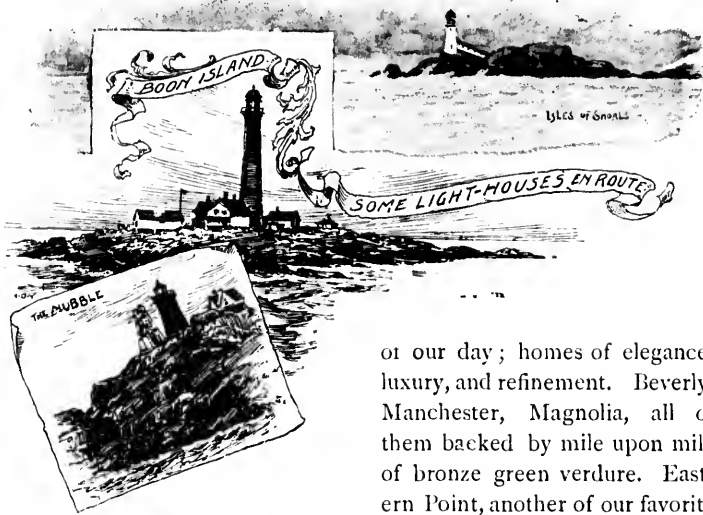
The moving panorama shifts again, and another bold peninsula stretches out along the northern horizon, flanked by the white beaches and glowing bits of ledge of Swampscott on one side, the dim outlines melting into mist on the other. It is Marblehead Neck; from it to the many spires of Lynn a chain of summer colonies, basking in the mellow light, close on our port the tiny light on Egg Rock. As the light on the neck comes into full view,

“Not far away we see the port,  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,  
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,  
The wooden houses, quaint and brown,”

of Marblehead itself, that delightful old town of song and story, gnarly, knotty, loyal, and conservative. Salem, scarcely less interesting in its picturesqueness, modestly retires to its snug harbor behind Marblehead, and is scarcely discernible through the haze of an early morning, dim

and shadowy like the tales that Hawthorne wove from the witchery of Salem's olden time. Indeed how saturated with the glamour of romance and tradition is all this northern shore, from Boston Bay to Portsmouth town! How many names dear to New England's heart, or written on fame's fair scroll, are suggested to the mind of the beholder!

From Salem to Cape Ann's rocky verge is an almost continuous procession of country villas; creations of many of the first architects



of our day; homes of elegance, luxury, and refinement. Beverly, Manchester, Magnolia, all of them backed by mile upon mile of bronze green verdure. Eastern Point, another of our favorite haunts, supporting on its bald

front a light, marks the entrance to Gloucester and its ample harbor, from whose remote shelter a score of sail are lazily drifting.

For some time past two gray towers have been growing out of the distance, like the dim portals to some mysterious haven, out there beyond Cape Ann, —

“Two pale sisters all alone,  
On an island bleak and bare,” —

the Cape Ann lights of Thatcher's Island, first to the eye of the transatlantic pilot, first, also, in their classification and importance, their twin columns rising a hundred and twelve feet skyward, constituting, with Boston Light, the Shoals, and Cape Elizabeth, the great guide-

boards, as it were, from Boston to Portland. It is just here that the steamer's course is shaped, either for Portland or Eastport as the case may be: if for the latter, east by north, to Matinicus Light, if the former, as our present purpose requires, then it is for Cape Elizabeth Light, and within sight of the Isles of Shoals, those "half-dozen fragments of wave-worn rock, thrust up from the bottom of the sea, like the cast-off remnants of a continent," that wonderful, sunny archipelago, like

"A string of pearls they lie on Ocean's breast,  
Steeped in a languor brought them from afar."

They, too, have been sung by poets and limned by artists as no other island group along our coast. It seems quite apropos that the light-keeper's daughter should possess a poet's soul, should be the annalist and idealizer of its charms and mysteries.

The indefinite and misty shore line that reaches in a vari-hued arc from Cape Ann to Cape Neddick we know to be the boundary of three States on the ocean side, the strands to which so many thousands flee for their breath of salty air and cooling bath; Agamenticus only, the storied hill of York, standing out in strong relief, a sort of beacon to guide the sailor to a safe harbor. This hill had peculiar fascinations to the Indian, a tradition averring that St. Aspenquid, a prophet and saint of these people, was interred with savage pomp of funeral rites upon its summit: let us be thankful that its sonorous name still lives, though Charles I. sought to distinguish it with the name of Boston. Boon Island and its light, that comes just in line with Agamenticus, stands out in solitary isolation, some ten miles from shore or neighbor. It is about this time when blue coat and brass buttons, assisted by a bell, announces dinner, and an opportunity offers to discover that one can get as perfect service on a steamer as on shore, *if* he is on the present steamer.

Returning to our picture gallery on deck, nearly three hours of constant delight is experienced prior to arrival off Cape Elizabeth, *provided* you have not violated the laws of nature by unceremoniously rushing through the bill of fare! Just here we review the fair summer lands of Scarborough and Old Orchard beaches, curving gracefully arc and to westward and Wood Island Light farther still to Cape Porpoise and dear old Kennebunk, fifteen miles or so away, every inch of it moulky with the history of two hundred years and more. Pathetic history, too, some of it, that of decadence from the palmy days of ship-

building to be awakened again by the advent of "improvement companies" with their jingling ducats.

The twin lights of Elizabeth, range lights they are called, one a "first-order fixed," the other a flashing light, are among the finest of our exceptionally fine lighthouse service. We seem to be competent to furnish guidance at any rate, if other powers furnish ships,—something to be grateful for! This High Head of Cape Elizabeth might more aptly be called *Cabbagehead*! for aside from lighthouses and rock it runs to cabbages, six thousand tons of them raised in one year! Another crop also seems indigenous to this spot, one not as profitable or pleasing to contemplate, one "sown by the tempest, reaped by the whirlwind" as it were, for perhaps no one locality Maine coast-wise has seen so many wrecks. One page alone from the marine diary will suffice, its date Sept. 26, 1889, when seven hopeless wrecks strewed Elizabeth and Scarborough shore!

But these are not congenial subjects, and while we are retrospecting, Portland Head has "bove in sight," its light the first to shine on this coast, dating from 1790, and marking one extreme of Casco Bay Seguin the other, and Half-Way its central point, or nearly so. Passing Ram Island, which looks perfectly harmless, we are confronted by the rather imposing Ottawa House, charmingly placed on Cushing's Island, the most important resort perhaps on the bay. Passing House Island on which Fort Scammel solemnly stands, with Fort Gorges beyond, and historic Fort Preble on our left, we are fairly in Portland Harbor and before the fair city itself.





"The greatest seaport in the world could not have a more splendid or more imposing approach," says Drake; and certainly none is more worthy of it than the Forest City, queen of Maine's municipalities, seated on her noble hill, the proud monarch of fair Casco Bay and of a harbor unexcelled on the Atlantic seaboard.

Her streets, lined and arched by stately elms, fronted by no less stately churches and colonial mansions, suggest her historic past, or recall the memory of her beloved poet, Longfellow; with her numerous handsome civic and commercial buildings, her "inalienable freehold in pure air, generous sunshine, and the most exquisite of sea-scapes," it is natural that Portland should prove attractive to a stranger, and on closer acquaintance a most "livable" town.

Populated by some twoscore thousand souls, the terminal of several railroad lines, the very heart, indeed, from which numerous railway arteries radiate, north, east, and west to the great seaside resorts of Maine, the White Mountains, and the woods, lakes, and streams of the north, and of course the first maritime city east of Boston, the temptation is strong to dwell on such a congenial subject much more than our limited space allows. Portland has a history too, a rich and savory one; dating from its incorporation as Falmouth in 1658, re-incorporated as Portland in 1786, known also to the savage as Machigonne. Such names as Munjoy, Bramhall, Preble, Cleves, and a score of others keep alive the memories of those whose valor or greatness has made history. Of course every one will wish to find the old house of Peleg Wadsworth, he of Castine fame, and grandfather of the poet, standing near the hardly less venerable Preble House, and the birth-place of the poet on Fore Street.

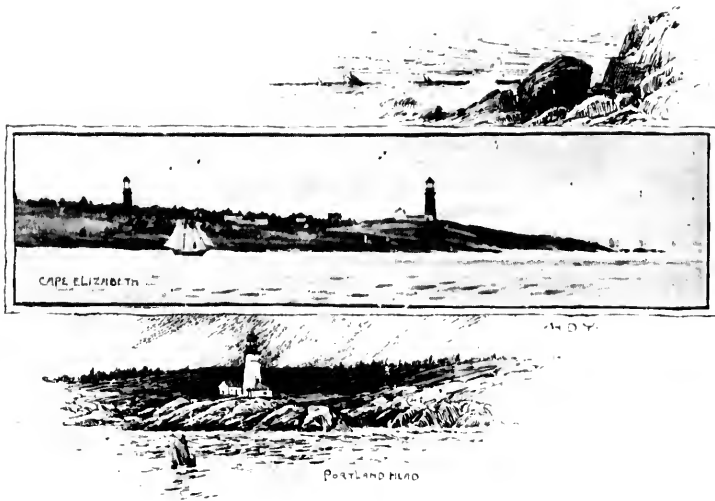
The antiquated eastern cemetery will furnish material for a good day's rummaging among its moss-grown stones and tablets.

Some hot naval engagements have taken place off Portland, that of the "Boxer" and "Enterprise" in 1814 leading the list. She also enjoys the distinction of being the only Northern port visited by rebels during the

Civil War, sacrificing by that daring feat her cutter "Cushing." Portland, too, has been tried by fire, that famous disaster of July 4, 1866, wiping out nearly one half the city, and explaining the air of newness in its western section, enhancing perhaps the value of the historic remains, revealing too the significance of its seal, the phoenix rising from ashes and bearing the legend, "Resurgam."

But the views, yes, and *such* views! those of Bramhall's and Munjoy's hills, or "Western and Eastern promenades," as they are now known; from one, —

"The sweep of a host of mountains,  
The flash of a hundred rills";



Stroudwater and Presumpcott winding through their evergreen beds, and the White Mountains scarce sixty miles away; and from the other, the fairy archipelago of Casco Bay, — no, it is not strange that our poet often recurs to the fair home of his youth: —

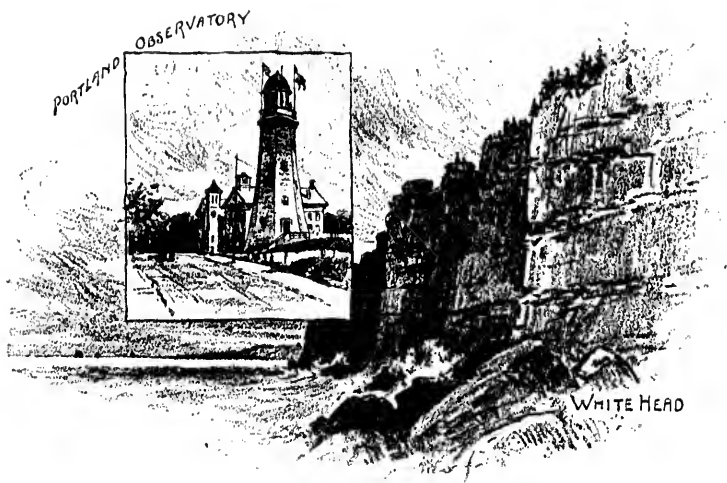
"Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me";

or that many of our writers felt drawn to its inviting shades. Could there be mentioned any city of New England more desirable as a summer resort? A temperature always mild; a breath from the sea ever moving; an inexhaustible list of excursion trips always in hand; a social life that is eminently charming and desirable; and a Public Library of great value.

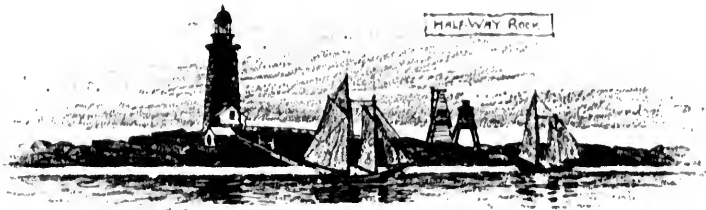
It is but twelve miles from the city of Portland to Old Orchard Beach, and the train delivers its passengers directly in the midst of one of the liveliest seashore scenes in the world. The beach is but a hundred yards distant, its great combing surf line making itself known at once. The largest hotels upon the coast of Maine are here, and invite a sojourn.

Old Orchard ranks with Cape May and Atlantic City in popularity with summer guests. It may be reached on the day of departure from Boston, in season for a six-o'clock tea, by the ocean day line in connection with trains at the Portland Union Station.

The reader may find all this and a host of other valuable suggestions in Elwell's Guide to the city.







EASTWARD FROM PORTLAND.



POSSIBLY on leaving Portland the tide will allow us to get a view at short range of that magnificent old sentinel, White Head, that stands guard on the northeasterly end of Cushing's Island; if so, it is easy to understand why it filled the imagination of Longfellow's youth, inspiring his pen as well as others. A momentary passage between the gray walls on the starboard and the green banks on the port side of Cushing's and Peak's Islands, and we are met by one of those visions of beauty that only the coast of Maine reveals,—

“Bays resplendent as the heaven,  
Starred and gemmed by thousand isles,  
Gird thee; Casco with its islets,  
Quoddy with its dimpled smiles,”—

melting into the golden distance of a late summer afternoon.

Drake, in his “Pine Tree Coast,” uses the apt illustration of a ploughed field for this remarkable bay, the ocean having filled the furrows, and produced a crop of some two hundred and twenty or more isles, all trending like the furrows in a northeasterly direction. It would be madness to attempt to name all the islands in sight, the more prominent beyond Peak's Island being Long, Great Chebeague, Hope, Jewell's, and the two tiny specks of inner and outer Green, near which latter rises a bare rock known by the euphonious title of “the hunk of pork.”

The commander of one of the steamers tells us of a gunner who, deprived of his boat by the rising tide, found very scant sustenance from this same porcine morsel during a long November day and night. By the way, how much the enjoyment of a sea trip is enhanced by a cheery and communicative captain, such, for instance, as will be found on the steamers of the International line!



MARTINUS ROCK



HOPE ID



DIAMOND ISLE



FRY

But to renew our lesson in geography, after passing the Green Islands, Broad Sound opens on the left, and beyond, Merriconeague Sound with Harpswell's Neck on its left, Bailey's and storied Orr's on the right. This brings us to Half-Way Rock with its granite shaft and light, supposedly equidistant from Portland and the Kennebee, but actually "half-way from nowhere," as the pilot puts it.

Our course is now made east by north, and from Half-Way to Seguin Light is fifteen miles. Northward lay Harpswell's historic shores, and on the other hand,

"Far out at sea,  
The ships that flee  
Along the dim horizon line,  
Their sails unfold  
Like cloth of gold,  
Transfigured by that light divine."

After passing Cape Small, Seguin, which has been growing steadily, looms proudly before us, just a trifle to port, lifting its head two hundred feet in air, marking most appropriately the estuary of the Kennebee.

The labyrinthine coast line stretches away into purple distance, decked with brilliant touches of sunlight on the myriad summer houses that throng the shores of Popham.

It is eminently fitting that "M'n'higgin," as the old salts call it, bathed in sunset glory should mark the close of day. Historic, romantic, delicious old Monhegan, beloved by pirate, trader, fisherman, and artist as well, for wellnigh three centuries! Its light guiding the storm-chased mariner, its tiny harbor, just inside Monanis, a refuge for many a belated fisherman.

Monhegan is in actuality two islands, the little Monanis separated by a few rods only from the main island; its fishing settlement offering a unique study for the socialist and a perfect "find" for the artist. It is almost an annoyance to be called to supper when absorbed in the glories of a sunset at sea, were it not for the whetted appetite that clamors, and the table which presents a *menu* that is a work of art in itself. Then satisfy the physical, that the aesthetic sense may the more freely enjoy the feast offered from the hurricane deck later.

The long twilight of summer lingers caressingly along the horizon far astern, and

"Looking across where the line of coast  
Stretches darkly, shrinking away from the sea,  
The lights spring out at its edge."

All the tints of opal and pearl shell play in the steamer's seething wake; Monhegan's watchful eye sparkles and gleams from its sombre

throne far to the northward : thirty miles away Camden's noble mountains may be descried : Matineus, scarce distinguishable from a lesser star, beckons us on ; while out to sea the billows are crooning their ceaseless lullaby. We are off Penobscot Bay, where the great river "comes to meet and mingle with his own bright bay." This is the land of the Norseman, the region of shadowy Norumbega, the favorite vantage ground of early discovery, of Jean Parmentier, Ramusio, Jean Alfonse, Roberval, and Champlain, the scene also of the romantic adventures of old Baron Castine, whose name still lives in the quaint town named for him on the Bagaduce.

This is a time for reveries, when speech is useless and silence golden. Onward, still onward, "toward the sunrise," through the vast areas of time and space, and the long restful hours of a night at sea, past Mt. Desert's blue-black forms and the stately beacons that guard the pine-tree coast. At early morn one is awakened by call of the bell boy or the light of approaching day, and looking out finds far to the north the sharp blue line of the Eastern Maine hills. We are off Machias, the bold headlands of Cutler, rock-ribbed, and defiant push boldly out against the brine. The peculiarly sharp peak is Boot Head, and near at hand Eastern Head. Eastward, and still farther away, looms Grand Manan, crowned with the flaming tiara of a matchless sunrise. An hour or more of steaming in the delicious ozone and Vest Quoddy Light is saluted, its striped sides standing in sharp contrast against the green background of Quoddy Head ; a moment later our pilot directs, "North, northwest," and a sharp turn discloses the southern entrance to Quoddy Roads, and the fair village of Lubec, crowning a hill, gleaming white in the sunlight.

On the right at close range is Campobello, that coveted spot of many charms. At last we are at the "end of things," the extremity of Uncle Sam's domain. It is not difficult to realize the pilot's skill as we note the tortuous course of the great steamer 'mid fish weirs, buoys, and jutting points, till at last the Lubec narrows with its ferocious currents is passed and the landing at Lubec reached.

One recognizes on coming out into Friar Roads, that lie just before Lubec, what it is that attracts the hundreds, and is destined to call its thousands to Passamaquoddy or "Quoddy" Bay, as it is more commonly known. Its glistening waters are alive with schooners, trim yachts, busy ferry steamers, and countless small craft of every kind ; islands float in smiling content, revealing between their evergreen summits distant glimpses of mountain, and reaches of Quoddy Bay.



EASTPORT, RESORTS ON THE BAY, SUR-  
ROUNDING TOWNS, GRAND MANAN. . . .



IT is evident from the moment of arrival at Eastport that it is an intensely active and hustling town, a sort of condensed Yankee land, intensified as an object lesson to our more easy-going Canadian neighbors. This being the very centre of the great Eastern resorts, the focal point from whence tourists radiate to the score of hotels and small towns that cater to summer travel, it is quite appropriate that it should receive first attention. The first thing that impresses a stranger (via his nostrils) is the herring and sardine industries, whose packing houses line the water front, each with its fishing boats in attendance. To be literal, the output of smoked herring is two million boxes or more, and of canned sardines (so called), three hundred thousand cases, of which the International freights the major part. Wandering up from the landing through the main street, the evidences of the fire of 1887 are omnipresent in the new structures bearing that date. The handsome new library building, erected by private bequest recently, heading the list, the substantial granite government building flanking the farther end. Throughout the town many quaint old homesteads remain to keep alive the memory of the past, which for its situation Eastport has little of importance to show.

It is to the hill back of the town and back of Fort Sullivan, where now is placed the water tower, that the visitor's feet should turn, for it is just here, if we mistake not, that all the matchless beauty of the Quoddy region unfolds itself as at no other point. The eager eye drinks in a mosaic of land and water in every direction. Northward into the heart of the St. Croix and the Chamcook Mountains; easterly, upon the fair bosom of Quoddy Bay, set with a hundred isles: easterly still and southward across the noble mass of Campobello and old ocean;



AROUND EASTPORT

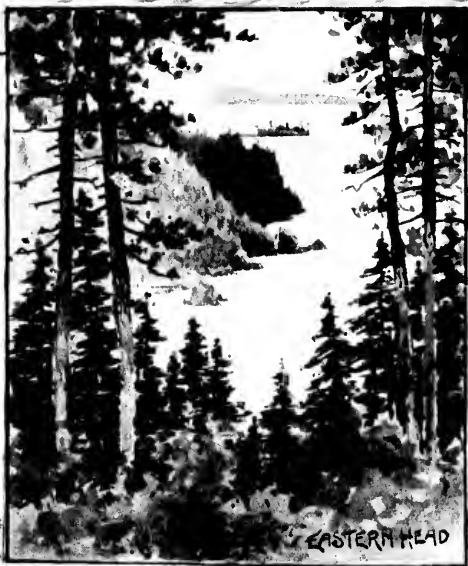
still farther, to Grand Manan, that lifts its purple wall along the horizon,—everywhere, in all directions, new mysteries of land and water engage and captivate the beholder. This noble epic landscape is truly Eastport's most precious legacy.

“Well the Painter knew how strongly  
Works thy form on human thought;  
I muse what secret purpose had he  
To draw all fancies to this spot.”

As any one will not be slow to discover, Eastport is on an island, Moose by name, whose connection with the mainland is by a bridge, spanning the narrow strip of water flowing from Cobscook Bay, which, with West Quoddy Bay, completes the encircling girdle. Hourly steamer connection with Campobello, Lubec, and North Lubec, half as often with Pembroke or Dennysville, daily with St. Andrews, Robbinston, Calais, Grand Manan, and St. John, — what more enticing list of pleasure trips could one ask?

being nearest, would naturally demand attention, its **Campobello**, twin hotels of æsthetic build, Ty'n-Y-Coed and Ty'n-Y-Mai's (“The house in the wood” and “The house in the field”), placed high on the hill, flanked by the magnificent Friar's Head, and the quaint settlement of Welshpool. You will visit, of course, the old Owen Manor House, the home of the Admiral Fitzwilliam Owen, to whom the island was granted in 1767, and whose burial by candle-light in the tiny family chapel was the fitting close to an eccentric life; will then run over to the Friar's Head, and across, by one of the most romantic bits of woody road in all Canada, to the lovely Cove and Lake of Glen Severn, Harbor de Lute, and among the hundred alpine paths that cover like network the stupendous Eastern Head. And then, our kindest service would be, to advise a sojourn at the model hotels mentioned, allowing you to wander, fancy free, in search of the numberless and ever-new retreats that cover this Eden of an island. Campobello is some eight miles long by three in width, is populated by about twelve hundred souls, mostly fisher-folk, many of whom retain the quaint flavor of their Scotch and Welsh ancestors, and is owned principally by an American stock company. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells has written an appreciative little book on the island, and Arlo Bates makes it the background for his story of “A Lad's Love.”

From its natural ramparts far-reaching and exhilarating views open up, to landward and seaward, upon Quoddy's dancing, merry waters,



CAMPOBELLO  
SKETCHES  
1904



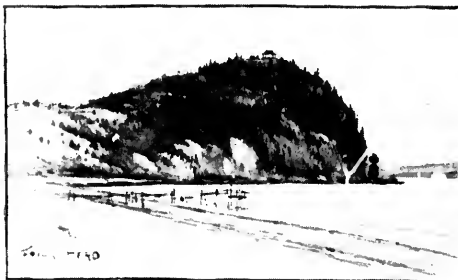


and St. Croix's sweeping course, while it would almost seem superfluous to speak of its wonderfully tonic air.

"Here as we mount and leave the coast below,  
Lake leads to lake, sea opens into sea,  
Great waters hidden in the land and linked  
Together in a sounding labyrinth."

The same stanch little steamer that plies to Campobello **Lubec.** also touches at Lubec, where, as the reader will remember, the International steamers make a landing at their new pier. This quaint and altogether picturesque village is also given up to fish and fishing, and smokes and boils and oils its herring that come up in silvery basketfuls from the fishing boats by her wharves right merrily. It is striking in perspective, it is quite fascinating at short range, and,

with its original characters, would seem to be only waiting for the pen of Miss Jewett or Miss Wilkins.



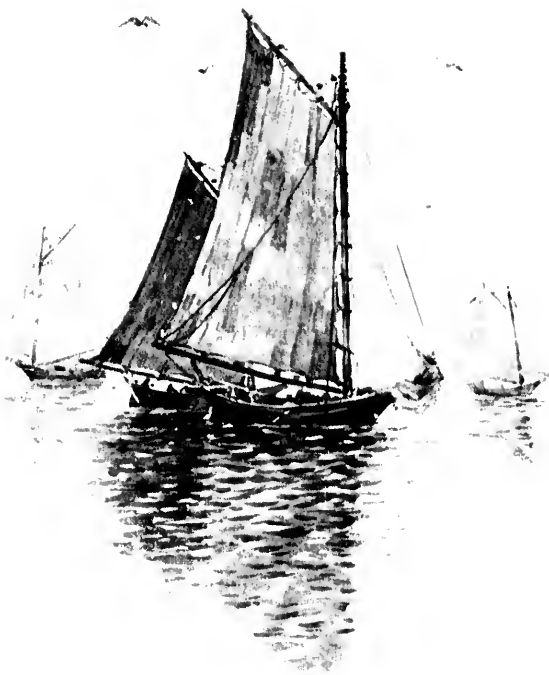
Lubec

Its history is quickly told; having been set apart from Eastport in 1811, its settlement dating from about 1772 to 1780, and augmented by accessions of citizens who objected to British rule, under which Eastport chafed till 1817. There are two comfortable hotels in the town, and numerous private houses where summer guests are entertained.

Four objective points in Quoddy Bay region give typical and entirely distinctive views. Of these, Lubec is one, from whose heights a less

extensive but thoroughly satisfying view in its unity and arrangement is found. Looking northward, Eastport, with its huge water tower high above it, slopes gracefully to the bay; beyond it the islands, Deer, Indian, and Cherry, with the Canadian waters and mountains stretching farther away. On the right, Campobello. On the left, Cobscook Bay leads the eye behind Seward Neck or North Lubec, and meanders for many a mile and many a reach to the towns of Pembroke, Dennysville, and Whiting. Small craft can penetrate for eighteen miles inland, north, west, or south, among curious intricacies of coast line.

FISHING BOATS



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One of the most interesting and instructive excursions from Lubeck is by carriage to West Quoddy Light, the most eastern in the States, surrounded by magnificent coast scenery and surf effects. Westward some eighteen miles lies Cutler, with its summer colony. Northward, by the bridge spanning a tiny inlet, or by the ferry-boats, North Lubeck is reached, notably a summer camp-ground, and site of the Nemata-no Hotel, the property of the New England Young Men's Christian Associations and North Lubeck Land Improvement Company, — an ideal spot for its purpose, under the fostering care of a Christian management.

On the mainland, north of Cobscok Bay, reached

**Pembroke,** by its penetrating waters and the small steamers  
**Perry,** that follow it as well as by road from Eastport and  
**Dennysville.** the towns of the St. Croix River, lay the peaceful and  
contented villages above named; the former being  
largest of the trio. It is here one should wander when desiring  
perfect quiet and immunity from social excitement. The delight-

ful mingling of pastoral  
and maritime occupa-  
tions, in their appropri-  
ate and natural settings,  
furnishes a sufficient  
amusement for the idler,  
to which may be added  
the same host of attrac-  
tions before mentioned  
that offer themselves.

These towns are  
convenient to the  
beautiful roads that fol-  
low the St. Croix, or  
penetrate to the woody  
shored lakes, Meddy-  
bemps, Magurrewok, Pennama-juan, and others of Indian tradition; convenient also to the network of bays and creeks, through which one may float or sail with the favoring tides. Life among them is primitive and simple: the cost of a summer outing, therefore, small.



# GRAND MANAN

ACROSS THE BAY, CLIFFS OF  
MANAN, SALINE TYPES. . .



L IKE unto a mighty fortress is Grand Manan! its invulnerable walls looming purple in the distance. A name to conjure with, a spot fit for deeds of chivalry and daring, a challenge to the painter's brush, an invitation to the naturalist, and to the worn and jaded body a haven of rest, home of the eagle and the gull, fog factory for all Fundy and eastern Maine, playground for nature's moods, unspoiled by the conventions of modern summer resorts, this remarkable island demands attention.

Steamer "Flushing" lies at Eastport on arrival of and connecting with the International steamers, and in a short hour and a half lands passengers at Flagg's Cove.

The trip is sure to arouse the enthusiasm of the most stolid, every mile of approach revealing fresh details of the stupendous cliffs that bound its whole northern side. The gray sails of the fishing fleets stand forth in strong relief

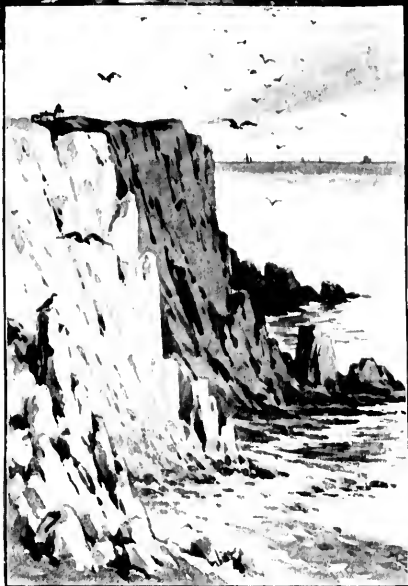
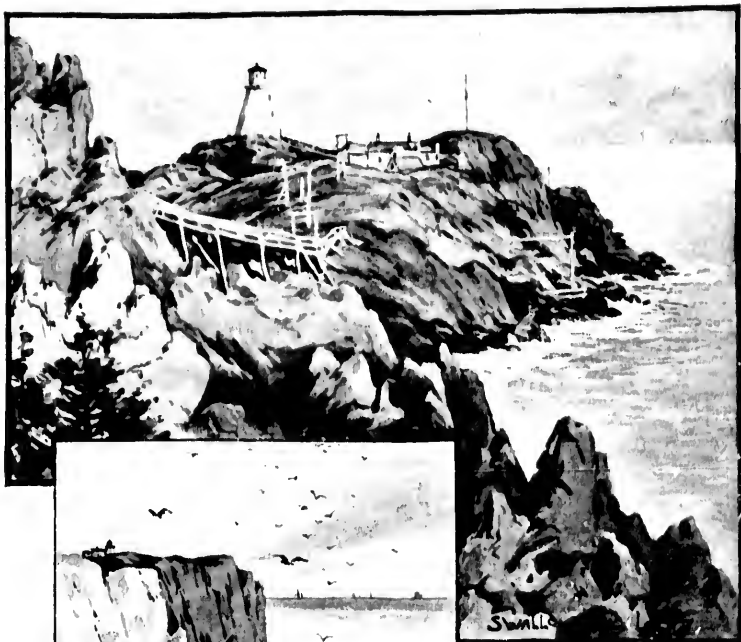
against its sombre mass, and great clouds of spotless gulls swirl and float above its inaccessible cyries. Perchance you may see the Indians who dwell on Manan, performing their ingenious feat of shooting porpoises from their birch canoes, as unconscious of danger as the gulls dancing on the wave near by!

A few little groups of silvery gray huts, built by dauntless fishermen, may be seen clinging to the bits of pebbly shore that here and there border some indenting cove, settlements full of picturesqueness, and — ancient and fish-like smells. About midway of the north shore is Indian Head, the highest point on the island, and near it the curious little Dark Harbor, separated by a sand bar or pebbly dike from the ocean, which rushes in through a narrow sluiceway, furnishing a natural trap from which the fishermen take vast quantities of herring. Money Cove, a little farther west, is another of the traditional haunts of Kidd; poor Captain Kidd, he did not believe in putting his wealth all in one bank! On passing the fog station, which stands near a snug farm or two adjoining the jagged bulwarks of Northern Head, whose shadow actually crosses the deck as we run close to shore, Bishop Rock stands forth prominently from the cliff, and just beyond lie the ugly reefs. Pember-ton Point, named after the noble vessel that was driven to its doom here on a bitter January night. A moment later and a great wall of vertical cliffs bursts on the astonished beholder; these (the "Seven Days' Work" they are called) give the first real glimpse of Manan's strongest characteristics: after them, the Swallow Tail Head, which we round on coming into harbor, seems quite insignificant.

The unpretentious hotel here offers comfortable entertainment, its walls hung with souvenirs of the many artists who have frequented the island for years past, its one-time mariner proprietor a mine of information and entertainment.

It is not easy in a few lines to mention half the points of interest to be seen. Suffice it to say no one should fail to visit the stupendous basalt cliffs of Southern Head, which is reached by a three-hour sail or drive and a few minutes' walk. Better yet, follow the entire shore from Southern to Northern Head, with its constant surprises. The dense woodland landscapes in the interior of the island, over which glimpses of distant shore and water are caught, are stimulative and





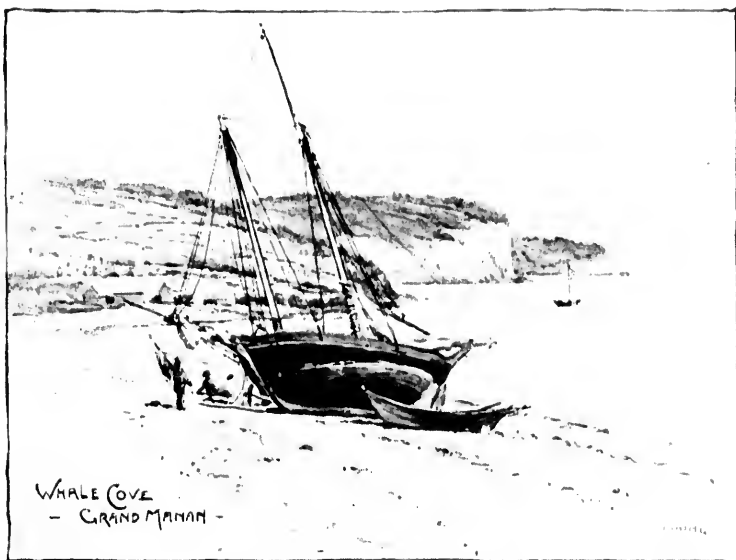
GRANDMANANZ



suggestive in the highest degree, and to the true nature lover will prove one of the strongest attractions.

One should also cultivate the fishermen, saline types of great genuineness and originality, men who have been attracted here partly because of the freedom from competition, possibly by the romantic nature of the island itself.

The lighthouse keepers of the island are men whom one wishes to know, well informed, sagacious, full of sea yarns, and full of courtesy as well. The one at Swallow Tail would attract attention anywhere for his splendid physique and military bearing. Horses are a rare beast on the island, and, as some one has noted, you will be known by the animal you drive, the horse serving as a letter of introduction wherever you may go. Potatoes seem to be about the only vegetable that is reasonably successful, which, with the varied species of fish, constitutes a novel and palatable staple on the bill of fare. The numerous smaller islands lying south and east have become noted as the resort of Audubon, in his bird-studies of North America.





UP THE ST. CROIX TO ST. ANDREWS, ROBBIN  
STON, CALAIS, AND ST. STEPHEN. . .



I have already found so much in this delectable region, it would seem that it must be wellnigh exhausted. Far from it! St. Croix still remains; rich in lore, richer still in charm of landscape and water-scape, significant as the water boundary between two great powers.

At Eastport, again, one steps from the deck of one steamer to that of another, well known in Massachusetts waters, the "Rose Standish," of the Frontier Steamboat Company. The course lies north by west between the British islands, Indian and Deer, on which is a considerable settlement of remnants of the Quoddy Indians, opposed by Kendall Head and Pleasant Point on our mainland. A four-mile run brings us into the fair estuary of St. Croix, and still fairer Quoddy Bay, the *real* Quoddy, sweeping twenty miles into the north, the river leading the eye even farther, to Oak Bay.

Against the bold mounds of the Chamcooks is faintly seen a spire or two, and on a hill still higher a castle-like building which grows in prominence and detail as we approach, until recognizable as a summer hotel of fine proportions and ample size.

It is the Algonquin, and the picturesque town lying at its feet, with its crumbling wharves and tiny lighthouse basking in the sunshine, is, as you will guess,

A sleepy old town it is, quaint and self-satisfied, **St. Andrews.** Its streets laid out with distressing regularity, but dotted here and there with relics of the past, suggestive of colonial days and the Royalists who founded it. One would naturally expect much of interest, historically, in this little town, but will be

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disappointed. It was once quite a shipping port, but other cities seem to have stolen its prestige away.

Its principal stock in trade at present is its miraculously pure and dry atmosphere, of which there is an inexhaustible supply of the purest and driest kind. Gen. Greely is quoted as ample authority in this connection, his reports showing that curiously enough, small areas, at the extreme southwestern and northeastern limits of our country, possess the most perfect climatic conditions, a mean summer temperature of 68°, and an atmosphere remarkably free from humidity. This is quite noteworthy, considering the close proximity of Grand Manan and its reputation.

Another and equally desirable article is its picturesque environment, — Passamaquoddy, beautiful Chamcook Mountains, and no less beautiful Chamcook Lake, among the mountains and flowing into the bay by a short stream.

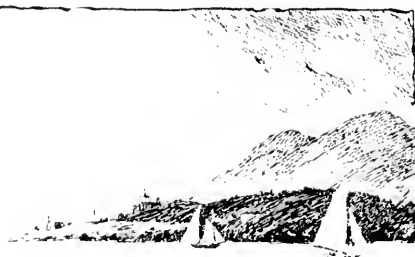
It is characteristic of American enterprise that the St. Andrews Land Company should have selected this particular place for improvement, should have erected on one of the four hills mentioned previously as view points of this region the splendid hotel, known everywhere as "The Algonquin," a house of perfect appointments, and



The St-Croix and Passamaquoddy Bay



= UP ST-CROIX  
FROM JOES POINT =



CHAMCOOK MTS.  
ST ANDREWS



having that enviable reputation of *succes*, five seasons of "ten strikes" as a hotel man expressed it!

Good roads reach inland, fine bathing near at hand, fresh and salt water recreations, mountain climbing, and every possible out-of-door sport are the fitting accompaniment of this ideal resort. "Immunity from hay fever" is the legend, *par excellence*, inscribed on its card!

From St. Andrews, running out under the striking headland of Joe's Point, another excellent observation point of the town, the steamer immediately enters St. Croix River proper, the little town of Robbinston on the opposite bank laying snugly and comfortably under the protecting shoulder of an evergreen ridge, which runs out and abruptly drops into the river just above.

Not a village of any great importance, nor with **Robbinston** any especial historic significance that we could discover, but certainly a very attractive and typically American town, with a few of the omnipresent sardine factories, and

a sort of hands-in-the-pockets air, that is very inviting to one who seeks to "loaf and invite his soul," Whitman would say. There is all the fishing one could ask for, of every kind, salt or fresh, with some of the most exquisite drives along the river and inland to be



found anywhere in the region. An artist is naturally a little fastidious in matters picturesque, and from his point of view there is no place to compare with little Robbinston from which to study the varying moods of the Chamcook range or the dreamy perspectives of the river. Certain it is, many have summered there, and a more enthusiastic lot of missionaries for it could scarce be found!

Robbinston may properly claim as its own the intensely interesting annals belonging to this immediate vicinity, of which Doucet's or "Dochet's" Island, three miles above, is the *epitome*.

It is just here that Acadia, by the hands of Champlain and the Sieur de Monts, began its history, when in 1604 they planted a colony and a garden, on this speck of dirt. In spite of Gen. Greely's

assertions as to climate, the garden proved a failure, winter came, and with it suffering and absolute isolation from the land, so near at hand; sickness and death did their work, and spring saw the remnants fleeing to Port Royal.

Champlain's faithful pen picture did not prevent a continuous boundary dispute, for not till 1796 did a commission discover the "Isle of Champlain," the St. Croix of the discoverers, and the true boundary of Acadia. It is interesting then as we steam up river to look upon the little island mid-stream, with its history fresh in the mind, its sole resident, the lightkeeper, in his white tower, with his cow, his garden (which yields), and the miniature forest at its edge.

This may be a proper time to mention briefly a few of the names that will figure in our narrative, and serve to keep in mind in outline the later history of Acadia. Next, then, is Port Royal, with La Tour's settlement at St. John across the bay, Fort Cumberland near Amherst, Windsor in mid Nova Scotia, and Louisburg in Cape Breton.

Beyond Doucet's Island, the stupendous summit of Devil's Head, bristling with lance-like forests, exchanges frowns with Chamcook hills opposite, and marks with decision a sharp turn in the river, as well as the entrance of fair Oak Bay. It is the formation of the waters just named into the semblance of a cross that gave to the French a name for the river. Turning the corner under the green-black head, the course changes to northwest, and the shores narrow very perceptibly. The lighthouses of Spruce and Mark Points, set with their forest background, resemble playthings, and recall the "Noah's ark" period of our babyhood!

Bald Head, on the Canadian side, overlooks some pretty farms and a tiny hamlet called "The Ledge."

A pastoral and thrifty-looking landscape borders the stream as we approach Calais and St. Stephen, where every suggestion is of lumber, lumbering, and manufactures, which will explain very adequately the existence of such a considerable city.

Good hotels, attractive streets, fine churches, and a gem of a library make Calais, with its activity and eight thousand residents, the most important town on our eastern boundary, the "border city," if you please, of the Pine Tree State. Its village green or common is one of the most charming we have ever seen, lined with conservative and comfortable-looking mansions of a good old age. Howells might find here a bit of his Altruria, for Calais and St. Stephen refused to quarrel during the international disputes of

1812, so closely are their social and commercial interests united. To be sure, a customs official is stationed at either end of the covered bridge between them, and *sometimes* looks into your grip, but the many little smuggling incidents are regarded more as a joke than an offence evidently! As Calais is the head of navigation, so is it the beginning of a water-power on the St. Croix. At Milltown, just above, extensive lumber mills fill the air with the sound of buzzing saws, the savory odor of green sawdust, and turns out finished lumber by the million feet, the raw material coming from the Grand Lake region beyond Princeton, to which point extends a railway, and the unmeasured forests along the rivers tributary to it and the St. Croix. There is still good fishing among these tributary waters of the Grand or "Schoodic" Lakes, the lower or "big" lake containing pickerel, which of course have driven out finer species, and the upper or Grand Lake and its stream, brook and lake trout and land-locked salmon. It is of the smaller lakes northwesterly that best results may be expected, for which Indian guides a plenty are available at Princeton. Edward A. Samuels may be quoted as having had "great fishing" in these waters.

Aside from the lumber industry, quarrying is of some little importance, the red granite of Red Beach, which we passed near Doucet's Island, and of the St. George quarries being quarried by companies located here.

What is said of Calais is also practically true of this **St. Stephen.** border town of New Brunswick, with the exception of its population, which is some three or four thousand less. In addition it has a large cotton mill, and also railway connection with the outer world; with St. John by the Shore line, with the vast areas of Northern Maine and New Brunswick and Quebec by the Canadian Pacific, St. Andrews to the south, as well. It would be a quite unpardonable error to leave this corner of New Brunswick without a glimpse of the wild beauties of


which lie some thirty miles eastward. This **Lake Utopia** lake is especially rich in its color variety, and **and** the bold ledges of red granite throwing up **Falls of St. George.** huge towers from the forests, or reflecting themselves in the dancing waters below, producing effects that are unique and striking in the extreme. The lake flows through a small outlet into the river Magaguadavic, near the station of same name on the New Brunswick Railway, and *débouché* into Passamaquoddy at St. George, rushing between narrow walls,



Lake Utopia  
and the Falls  
of St. George



with Magaguadavic



forming a cascade of great splendor. The Magaguadavic, also reached by small steamers and boats from Eastport and vicinity, has been of late a favorite excursion of its denizens. For more than a century after the Doucet's Island incident this stream was accepted as the St. Croix, and christened such with the crucifix of the Jesuit explorers, until the discovery as mentioned by the boundary commission of conclusive evidence to the contrary. The pretty town of St. George, of some four thousand population, just here, is engaged in lumbering and quarrying, and proves a convenient stopping place for fishermen of Lake Utopia, where good trout fishing is assured.

Returning again to our starting point at Eastport, let us continue onward again toward that Ultima Thule of our travels.

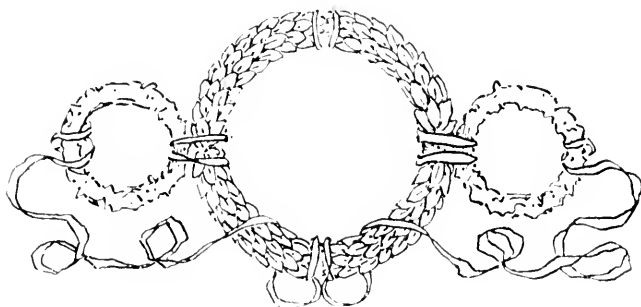
On steaming out from Eastport between East  
**“Eastward** Quoddy or Head Harbor Light on one hand, and Deer  
**Again.”** Island on the other, one is introduced formally to the

Bay of Fundy, that irrepressible body of water that is at once the terror and delight of the beholder. Of course, every one who has learned his geography lesson knows about the “tides of Fundy,” that climb thirty feet more or less twice a day nearly the year round, and create or wipe out whole river systems with each ebb and flow. Its impetuous currents crowd in by East Quoddy as though hungry for the land whose estuaries and streams it fills so nobly. The view from this point takes on an entirely new and characteristic flavor: across the yellow-green and flashing expanse of the bay loom Grand Manan and the wooded, savage-looking islands, the “Wolves”: to landward, Passamaquoddy's gateway and hundred islets: while New Brunswick's shores lift their jagged and ruddy headlands against an ever-changing and undulating wall of mountain blue.

It is just here that the key is found to the peculiar geological formations of lower New Brunswick.

From Chamcook Mountains at St. Andrews to a point beyond St. John extend the rugged walls of what geologists assure us is a spur of the Alleghany Mountains, of distinctly volcanic character, composed of trap rock, with feldspar, basalt, porphyry, greenstone trap and the like, whose practical value is demonstrated in the numerous granite and gypsum quarries. A glance at the map shows this same marked north-easterly trend in all the maritime ranges,—the cliffs of Manan, North and South Mountains, and Cobequid's range in Nova Scotia, the grand hills of Cape Breton, and the Northern New Brunswick mountains as well, that end so strikingly at Bay Chaleur.

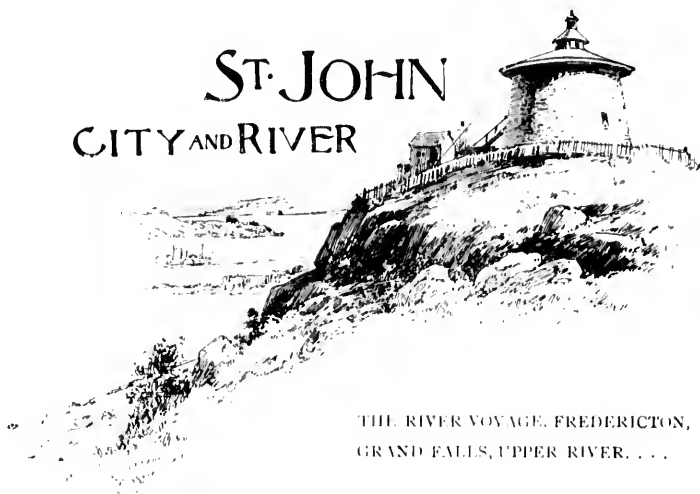
The variety of color along the entire shore of Fundy is particularly noticeable, abounding in deep reds contrasted with purplish grays, with here and there a splash of white, where the veins of gypsum crop out. After passing Point Lepreaux and its banded lighthouse, flanked by Mace's Bay and Dipper Harbor, comes the first intimation of our approach to St. John, when Partridge Island, which guards the harbor, stands out from the hazy distance, almost immediately followed by the clustering houses of Carleton, with the ancient martello tower high above it, relieved against the sky; the long gray wall of the breakwater extending far out from the shore; and finally, the picturesque beacon in mid-harbor gleaming white before the city walls. Every one must be struck by the extremely effective grouping of the city of St. John, its Gothic spires clustered on the hilltop, and solid commercial buildings sloping toward the water, where a perfect forest of shipping is gathered from every corner of the earth; the mystery is, how so many vessels can be accommodated in so small a harbor.





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## ST. JOHN CITY AND RIVER



THE RIVER VOYAGE. FREDERICTON,  
GRAND FALLS, UPPER RIVER. . . .



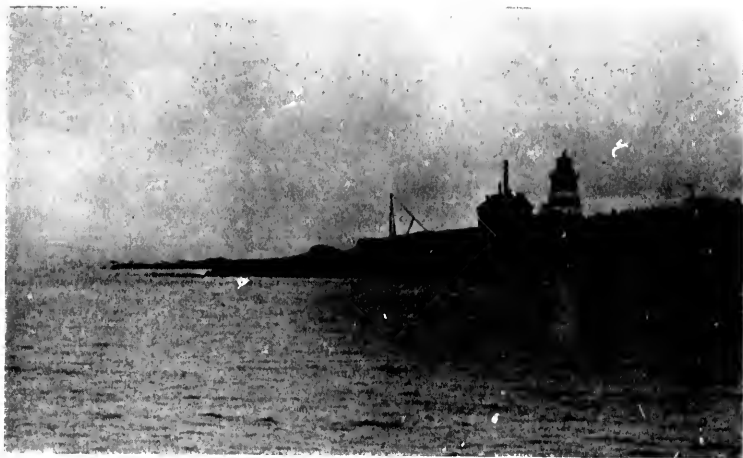
OF New Brunswick, the first city, of Canadian shipown-  
ing cities also the first, with a population of some  
fifty thousand, and a history dating from the early  
seventeenth century, St. John is not distinctively  
English or, indeed, Canadian, in its characteristics  
or outward appearance. It is even denominated  
the American city, in contrast with Halifax, which is quite English ;  
but for all that, the visitor from "the States" finds much that is new  
to him in the minor details of life ; perhaps nowhere so markedly as  
in the universal courtesy of its people, of whatever class, and the good  
quality of the language one hears everywhere, not alone here, but  
throughout English-speaking Canada.

There are a great number of hotels in St. John, — a fact which is  
true of nearly all Provincial cities. There are also among them some  
very comfortable ones.

Your "Appleton" or "Ticknor" will direct you, first of all, very  
properly, to see the falls and graceful suspension bridge, which are the  
great "show pieces" of the town. St. John can boast of at least one  
novelty without duplicate, — the "reversible fall," as it has been hap-  
pily called, — a phenomenon for which the Fundy tides are responsible.  
Novel, indeed, it is to behold a vast torrent of water flowing through a  
narrow, rocky passage toward the sea ; half an hour later a placid stream

upon which laden vessels come and go; yet another half-hour the same turbulent waters again, but rushing in the opposite direction! Wonderfully fascinating is this tidal freak, as the writer can testify after having spent a half-day studying its moods and caprices. Here, in the winter of 1893, was witnessed one of those tragedies more dramatic than fiction. The ferryman, who for years had safely piloted human freight, who half a score of times risked his own life to rescue others from this treacherous maelstrom, in sleet and storm himself was swept helplessly into eternity.

From the banks of the river on the Carleton side, near the bridge, and a hundred feet and more in air, is obtained a striking and effective view of the distant city, the scores of lumber mills and yards that line the river just here, and mid-stream the island where that plucky bit of femininity, Madame La Tour, held the fort of her lord against the assaulting forces of D'Aulnay. Those were stormy times, indeed! when



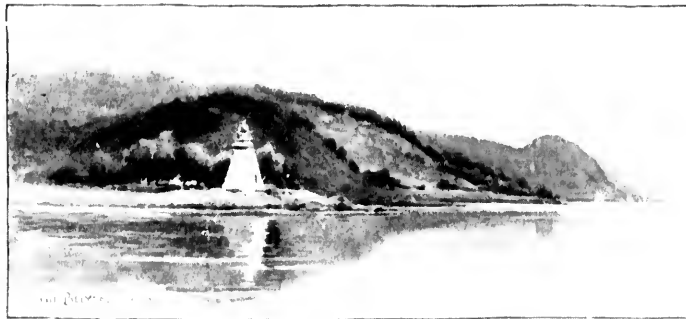
feudalism, transplanted to the wilds of the New World, mingled with the savage strife of the red man. St. John's architecture is well worthy of attention, notably the fine residential portion about King's Square, and the new banks of New Brunswick and Montreal, City Hall and Custom House, the latter, with fully a third of the city, built since the great fire of 1877.

The English Church service is finely rendered in several churches, especially so at beautiful Trinity, while the chanting at the "Old Stone Church" at head of Germain Street is quite exceptional. The many hills about the city afford fine vantage points for views. From Fort Howe on Portland Heights is altogether the most striking one, the

harbor and city, the grand expanse of Fundy, as well as the charming landscape lying back of the ridge. From the ancient martello tower in Carleton also a glorious view is afforded of the bay, the coast east and west as also the environs of St. John.

The business interests centre around the shipping, as one might imagine; lumber in vast quantities from the river country northward is exported, lime is also an important item when trade relations are favorable with the States. Naturally this is a trade centre for all Central and Southern New Brunswick, and the types of lumberman, Indian, farmer, or fisherman that one oftens meets are striking and picturesque to a degree.

Of course no one would think of leaving St. John without first taking the charming steamer trip to Fredericton up the river, nor any less



the trossach-like waters of Kennebecasis River. When one does leave, there is always the choice of following the Intercolonial Railway to the eastern Provinces, Prince Edward or Cape Breton Islands, or of crossing the bay to the Land of Evangeline, Annapolis Valley, and Halifax by the Bay of Fundy Line.

While very charming and soothing in its pastoral meanderings, it is a trifle far fetched to call this stream the "Rhine of America." To say that a river has an individuality and charm all its own is the greatest praise one can bestow. It seems that this can be said very truthfully in that the St. John cannot be compared to any other. If the valley of the Annapolis is the "garden of Nova Scotia," then is this also the garden of New Brunswick, and a very large garden at that.

Leaving the quaint landing at Indiantown, just above the bridge and falls, the comfortable steamers of the Star Line push out and

against a strong tide, under the towering cliffs that flank the narrow passage, past the gray lime kilns and lumber mills that cling to their sides, sharply rounding a jutting ledge, then turning again till her course lies about northwest. Nature has been very accommodating to her dependents hereabouts, where the waste from the sawmill can be immediately utilized in heating the kiln, the kiln in turn receive its raw material from the gypsum cliffs overshadowing it, and immediately transfer the finished product to the hold of the schooner which lies alongside and is swept out by the tide to an open sea and the ports of the world.

Having shaped our course northwest, and left behind the narrow gateway to the Grand Bay, which opens here, and leads the delighted eye for ten miles over its smiling surface, to rolling hills and fair farms, which line the banks here on either side. On the immediate right-hand shore, standing defiantly at the entrance to Kennebecasis Bay, is Boar's Head, its bristly summit justifying its name. Geologists explain that the river in prehistoric times found the sea by two channels,

one through the South Bay over on our left, the other, via Kennebecasis' lovely reach and the valley between St. John City and Portland's Heights. The last-mentioned bay, as described



elsewhere, is in picturesque charms fully up to the promise it gives as seen from the steamer's deck.

The river craft encountered on this tidal lake upon which we are sailing is entertaining and even amusing to a great degree, for it is not uncommon to meet or pass here a half-dozen or more schooners of varied model and rig, some in tow and some under sail; old relies in the way of steamers wheezily tugging long rafts of logs from the upper river, with now and then a hay barge lazily sauntering down with the tide, and half a score of tugs and pleasure craft that are always in attendance upon such a nautical assembly as we have mentioned.

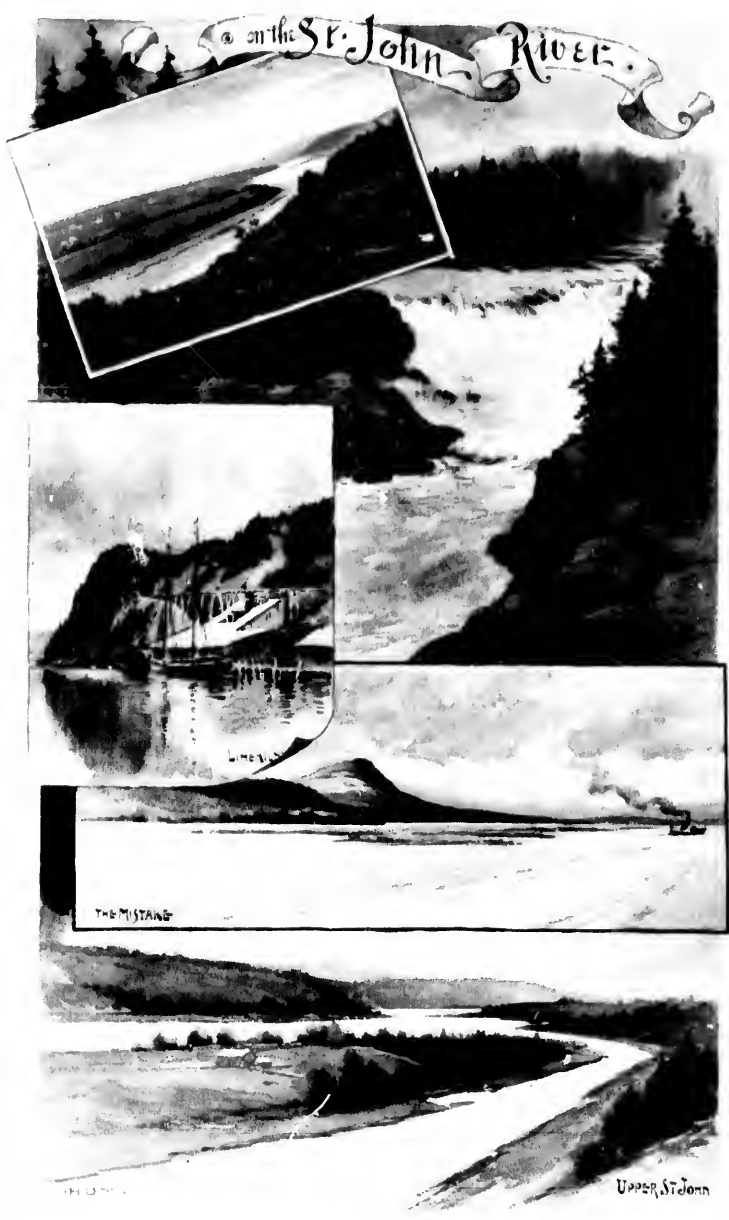
The Star Line thoughtfully issues a very good outline map of the river from its mouth to Fredericton. With this in hand one can

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locate every detail of the picturesque trip. The names are more interesting and surprising than those of a directory. The every-day names of the farmers or early settlers are offset by the wild Indian nomenclature, furnishing such morsels for the tongue as Washademoak, Musquash, Nashwaak, Otnabog, and others.

We find on our map as souvenirs of a former visit to Fredericton and the voyage thereto many shorthand notes and hieroglyphics which we venture to interpret for the reader. At the head of the Grand Bay is a most attractive little hotel and cluster of cottages, known as Belyea's, a resort of many St. John people, and, we are told, a very comfortable nook for a summer rest. It is just here the river makes another turn and a great sweep directly northeast, revealing the "Long Reach," with its new variety of scene, bold hills and golden marshes alternating. The tiny white lighthouse at Belyea's places itself, with almost conscious effect, very sketchably in front of the noble "Devil's Back," though why the devil got his back up so high as four hundred and fifty feet is not explained! That dark person is responsible for some very striking scenic effects, here as elsewhere.

The eight landings between Belyea's and Sterret's are *not* all landings so it would appear, for the interesting method of leaving mails or passengers obviates that formality: here, the signal from steamer calls from the shore a wherry or row-boat which draws up by the slowing steamer, a folding pair of steps is dropped, the transfer is made, and we are on our way in a moment. This is only one of many primitive and quaint customs met with all the way of the journey. Greenwich Hill or Pitts' Landing is another spot to lure a saunterer. Oak Point, with its "grassy island" floating on the full stream, is quite characteristic of the river. The "Mistake" is best explained by the pilot who has sailed three miles behind its marshy point only to retrace his course again. The glimpses both fore and aft, at this point, are especially pleasing, not to say beautiful. The course now changes to north, the river narrowing and growing *more and more* tortuous, threading its way among islands, and *bounded* continuously by the most exquisite hill slopes, whose generous sides are spread with fertile fields of varicolored produce, the fruit of the happy farmers who are so fortunate as to possess them. The landscape is decidedly English in flavor, and perhaps justifies the enthusiastic native in his highly colored comparisons.

Long Island, just above, is typical of all the islands in the river, a broad intervale, with here and there a gray barn for its crops, and many

a graceful elm, so suggestive of our New England villages, bordered by  
luxurious growths of willow, birch, and alder, whose waving branches  
cast cool reflections below. This island marks the entrance to the  
Washademoak, a river that is more lake than river for thirty miles of its  
course; a very "duddy" looking spot it is, which guess is well verified  
by the game bags that come out of it in the fall. After tying a few  
knots about the islands, the steamer touches at Gagetown, actually  
touches, and ties up at this lethargic spot, where there is

"Nothing coming, nothing going,  
Locusts grating, one cock crowing,  
Few things moving up or down,  
All things drowsy — Drowsytown."

Opposite is Grimross Island, the mouth of Grand Lake, which  
stretches away northward for forty miles, and the site of ancient Jem-  
seg. Here, in 1640, the French pioneers built their fort, which the  
English, of course, captured a little later, and tossed back again in  
1670. Under Villebon it became a considerable settlement, the capital,



indeed, of Acadia; a few irregular mounds only, now remain to keep alive its ancient name.

The character of the land here is like all that lies above for thirty miles. — flat, productive, and rather uninteresting from a scenic point of view, after the variety and contrast of the lower river. Passing Sheffield, Mangerville, Oromocto, and Oromocto River, whose upper waters abound in trout, the lower in pickerel, the land of logs is reached, and "Glaziers," where rafts are composed from the great booms on every hand, and towed down stream. Here one sees the long-pointed bayous or "dug-outs," of the lumbermen, the raft huts and curious stern-wheelers of the upper river, and catches refreshing sniffs of the odor from new lumber, that leaves a narrow passage only for the steamer as it threads its way and brings into view the spires of lovely Fredericton.

It is doubtful if in all the Provinces there is a more **Fredericton.** delightful town than Fredericton, city, we should say.

The impression first received is abundantly confirmed by closer acquaintance. Its streets are beautifully laid out, shaded generously by the American elms that grow so prodigally all through the valley. Its public, educational, and ecclesiastical buildings are numerous and especially handsome. Its hotels are wellnigh perfect: and a charming environment of natural beauty combined with numerous avenues of access and egress make it in all ways goodly to look upon.

It is the centre of a vast farming country, the distributing point for great lumber tracts, the centre of numerous rail lines, a noted cotton manufacturing town, and the seat of Provincial government, as well as normal school, university, and militia. The social atmosphere is naturally of a high order, and a generally progressive idea seems to pervade the residents.

Points of especial note are the New Brunswick University, crowning the hill west of the town, and commanding a matchless panorama of river scenery for miles in three directions: the village of Gibson, a model manufacturing community, founded and supported by the sagacity of Alexander Gibson; the site of the ancient stockade of Villebon, dating back to 1692, and directly opposite the city; and the curious little settlement of Melecite Indians at St Mary's. The frequent reveilles and bugle calls from the barracks on the public square give a touch of militarism that is quite in keeping with the quaint surroundings. The beautiful little Anglican cathedral is a model of Gothic architecture, and every one expresses surprise at the abundance of fine buildings generally. The piscatorially inclined will find here a good outfitter and



rod maker, and across the river the veteran canoe builder, Jim Paul, known through all the Province.

The tourist here makes choice of returning to St. John by rail, of continuing on by the curious "stern-wheelers" (if it be high water) to Woodstock, of branching off by rail along the wilds of the Miramichi to Newcastle, there meeting the Intercolonial Line, or of continuing north by rail to Woodstock, the regions of wild Tobique, mentioned elsewhere, or the sublime scenery of Grand Falls and the upper St. John. The scenery along the upper river is varied by many rugged peaks and wooded hills, attaining its greatest novelty at the mouth of the Pokiok River, the outlet of Lake St. George, where a wild cascade comes tearing through rocky walls for several hundred feet. At Canterbury is the portage to Chipitneticook lakes and the St. Croix, at Kent a portage to Miramichi's waters, and at Andover the headquarters for canoeists about to take the Tobique trip.

The concentration of grandeurs and picturesque-ness is most emphatically here, where all the pent-up aggregations of a thousand wild streams leap through strong walls to dash in a great cloud of spray on the bowlders below. It is a spectacle worthy of the noble river St. John, worthy of the journey hither to witness, worthy of a more facile pen than ours to describe. The fall is a perpendicular one of seventy-three feet, and is set in a landscape of peculiar effectiveness, dull rocks and deep evergreens everywhere making a contrast to its flashing lights. The gorge below, through which the river rushes in ceaseless turmoil, is marked by many curious evidences of the torrent's power,—the "Coffee Mill" beside the channel grinding eternally, the "Wells," worn drill-like into the ledge, and finally, the huge basin at the lower end receiving the troubled waters into its placid depths.

The little village of Grand Falls is a study in itself: the quaint hotel, which, by the way, is comfortable if you care to tarry, the prosy but broad street connecting railway and cataract, and a heterogeneous population of Indian, French, and doubtful kinds, who can turn their hands to several callings from wood-chopping to canoeing. A two hours' ride by the Canadian Pacific and Riviere du Loup is reached, with the great resorts of the St. Lawrence near at hand, and the unique and picturesque life of the French habitat in this bit of new France: if desirable, a thoroughly delightful round trip to Moncton or St. John can be made, along the great river of Canada and through the heart of the great fishing country of New Brunswick.

The reader may be reminded that above and westward the waters of St. John reach their octopus-like arms for two hundred miles and more, interlacing with those of Penobscot, Kennebec, and the lakes of Maine's wilderness: that not so very far away the head waters of famous Restigouche almost intermingle with its own, and the Lake Madawaska empties its full cup into the gathering currents. To him who has tired of the unrealities of the urban life, these invitations of the woods and stream that speak on every hand come like a revelation of a purer life: let him then take to his birch, grasp the yielding paddle, and

"With spirit wild as theirs,  
The white waves leap like hares.

So, Friend, with ears and eyes,  
Which shy divinities  
Have opened with their kiss,  
We need no balm but this, -  
A little space for dreams  
On care unsullied streams, --  
'Mid task and toil, a space  
To dream on Nature's face."



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THE TOBIQUE, MIRAMICHI, RESTIGOUCHE,  
AND JACQUET. FISH AND GAME LAWS.

“Oh, the brave fisher's life,  
It is the best of any,  
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,  
And 'tis belov'd of many;  
Other joyes  
Are but toys,  
Only this  
Lawful is,  
For our skill  
Breeds no ill,  
But content and pleasure.”

WALTON.



THE literature of the piscatorial art, from Walton down, is exceedingly good reading. Equally true is it, that the ways of the fisherman are “ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace.” Piscees leads him through nature's choicest paths and byways, close to nature's heart. The writer makes some humble pretensions as a disciple of Walton, so it is *con amore* that he speaks of some of the more famous trout and salmon streams of New Brunswick and Quebec, reached by the International Line and its connections. Of course it is well known that New Brunswick contains some of the finest fishing of Eastern America.

Beginning with the St. John and tributaries, the Canadian Pacific Railway from St. John reaches the great bend of the river above

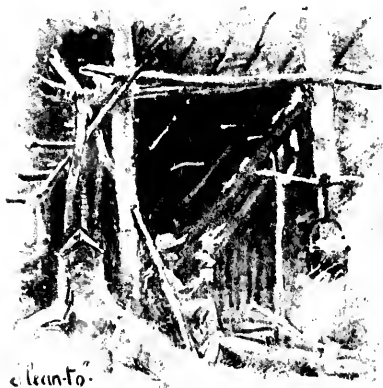
Grand Falls and the network of tributaries, that with their tiny lakes describe delicate traceries over Northern Maine, and intermingle with the head waters of the Restigouche, Nepisiguit, Miramichi, and others of upper New Brunswick. Nearly all of these small streams are full of trout, and give good returns to the rod that reaches them.

The regions beyond these streams, and but a few miles from the railway, are essentially an unexplored wilderness, full of large game, and the wildest possible scenery.

River, penetrated for fifteen miles by a branch railway, **The Tobique** has certain elements of the grand and picturesque not possessed by any other Provincial stream. It runs through a mountain group of astonishing grandeur, a portion or connection of the Alleghany system, they seemingly assert their relationship by appearing in abrupt and striking forms. The Blue Mountain

range on the lower side attains an altitude of eighteen hundred feet.

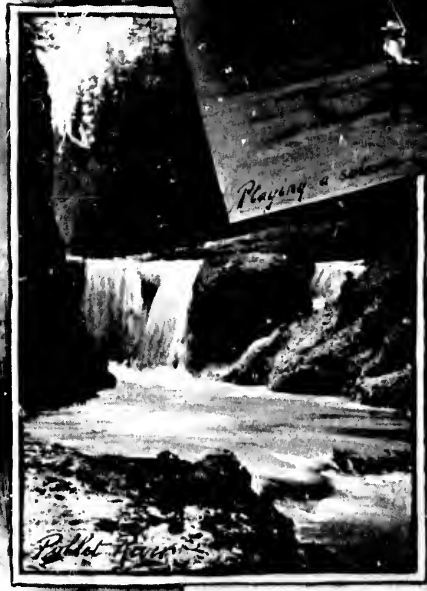
Sixty miles from its confluence with the St. John, Tobique "forks" into four small streams. At this point is a huge salmon pool in which fifty-four beauties have been actually counted at one time. The right and left branches have good fishing, the latter more especially in trout.



« lean-to »

Some twenty miles below Perth, at the little station of Kent, one can secure guides, and in fifteen miles of driving reach the tributaries of the Miramichi, where some of the best salmon fishing of the Province may be enjoyed. The Southwest, Northwest, Little Southwest, and Savogle branches are all good. The fish are not large but exceedingly gamy. These streams are said, by Mr. Philip Cox of Newcastle, N. B., to be early, fish entering them last of May and continuing till late September. Eighteen thousand seven hundred salmon were taken from these streams in one year, and that within five years. Fishing privileges on these streams are mostly held by the owners of the lands. The Nashwaak River, entering St. John just above Fredericton, contains some

# Famous Fishing Grounds



fish, but is scarcely to be rated as a first-class stream, although any of its small tributaries are good trout waters.

Coming down to civilization, many small streams west of St. John, along the Shore Line, are well stocked with trout running up to four and five pounds' weight. The same may be said of the brooks entering Kennebecasis Bay, easterly from St. John. Two streams, the Upper Salmon and Big Salmon, on the Fundy shore between St. John and Moncton, furnish moderate, good salmon fishing, considering their nearness to large cities.

Following the Intercolonial Railway, which is the great **Miramichi** fish line of Canada, the next river of importance is the famous Miramichi, which is crossed at Newcastle. This remarkable stream is said to have over a hundred tributaries, which would certainly seem reasonable on studying its appearance on the map.



This river has been a great salmon water in its day, and is still so, though laws for its protection until recently have been poorly enforced. The government is doing much toward restocking it, and it is possible to make it what it once was in course of time.

At Red Bank, less than twelve miles from Newcastle, and at Big Hole and Dennis's pools, which are free fishing, there is fine sport, grilse may be taken in almost any of the smaller tributaries, and sea trout are plenty in most of the streams entering Miramichi or Konchibouguac Bays, east of Newcastle. Shipping can penetrate nearly fifty miles inland, by the Miramichi, and canoes for two hundred or more.

Following the Intercolonial through fifty miles of uninteresting country to Bathurst, we are introduced to the Baies de Chaleurs, that magnificent arm of the ocean around which cling so many legends and superstitions. Bathurst itself is a most inviting-looking town, and has one hotel, at least, that may well claim to be a summer resort, having a charming situation on the very edge of the bay. The

Nepisiguit River finds the sea here, another good salmon stream, but better salt-water trouting, its estuary alive with them early in the season. About the middle of May great numbers are taken, weighing from six pounds downward. This is true of the Tabucintac and Tracadie Rivers, a few miles south. But for sport with the gun commend me to this place indeed! for did not the writer see the harbor black with geese, and the delicious blue-winged duck, one stinging October morning? American sportsmen come here for moose and caribou, as well as the smaller game.

The Jacquet River, at station of that name, is just above Bathurst, ranks as a wonderfully good sea-trout stream, and furnishes very good small salmon or grilse fishing. For pure gaminess, the sea trout, when caught with the fly in these rapid waters, is closely akin to the salmon, showing splendid fighting qualities and immense activity.

The Millers at Sunnyside are good guides and canoeists, and will indicate to the sportsman such holes as are free on the river, from Big Hole Brook down the twelve miles to Barclay's, where is found a cozy seashore hotel. The scenery along this stream is wild and romantic.

Charlo River, a few miles farther north, is another sea-trout and brook-trout stream, the former of five-pound weight and under, the latter from four pounds down to one half pound. In fact, nearly any of the small rivers flowing into Bay of Chaleurs are good fishing from May until September.

A short spur of the railway at Dalhousie Junction **Dalhousie.** leads to the great watering place, Dalhousie, and the large summer hotel, Inch Arran. Fine bathing is enjoyed here, magnificent views across to the Quebec shore, the glorious mountains of Bonaventure, and out over the beautiful Chaleurs (that bewitching expanse) the towering cliffs of Tracadiégash at Gaspé. Steamer trips are made to the bit of France out yonder, where all the quaint customs and dress of the Breton fishermen are retained, to a large degree.

The Indian name for this bay is Ecketuam Nemaache, meaning "a sea of fish"; exceedingly apropos it is, too. Dalhousie is practically at the mouth or estuary of the famed Restigouche. At Campbellton, a few miles above, and, in fact, all the way along the rail route is had an inspiring view of the waters, an almost primeval mountain forest lying beyond, the little settlement of Indian Point sleeping at their feet, near the historic ruins of Petite Rochelle.

The Intercolonial have chosen this view, quite wisely, as the subject for a picture, whose reproduction has recently been accomplished.

The same good taste selected the quite ideal "meeting of the waters" just above for a similar purpose.

We could scarcely do better than to take bodily Mr. Kilby Reynolds's description of this king of salmon streams and reprint it here, containing, as it does, so much of fact and suggestion; we shall beg his indulgence for a little "cribbing." Briefly stated, this river is two hundred miles long, draining with its tributaries more than two thousand square miles, a land of mountain and vale, primeval forest and smiling meadow; flowing from silent spring lakes and leaping cascades, pursuing a tortuous course, full of "runs" and torrents, to wander with



silent content out into the green leagues of Chaleur. Its swift currents are lashed by a thousand thousand leaping trout, its silvery bed mottled by the silent shadows of lusty salmon.

There are many conflicting interpretations of this Indian name, one with imaginative taste making it "Five-fingered River," appropriately: another, quite positively, quoting old missionary chronicles, "River of the Long War." Whatever it means, it is a noble stream, and the ecstasy of a true sportsman.

Regarding its fishing, nearly all the best pools are held by lessees, principally the Restigouche Salmon Club and a few other American gentlemen. The river is not leased above Quatawamkedgwick, as



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these upper waters are not especially good fishing. Proper letters of introduction will secure the privilege of casting on most any of the large pools. Salmon of fifty pounds' weight are often taken, the average usually running from twenty-two to twenty-four pounds. In the numerous lakes near Campbellton "plain fishing" may be had any time, trout of a half-pound to four pounds being abundant. Large and small game for the gunner are everywhere hereabouts, both land and water.

From Metapedia to Newport on the north shore of the bay are a half-dozen superb salmon streams, the Grand Cascapedia being the best, yielding fish up to fifty-six pounds: and farther over, the York near Gaspé, whose fish run from fifteen to forty-five pounds' weight. Splendid trout fishing prevails in the streams entering the south shore of St. Lawrence River, the St. Anne's ranks high as a salmon stream also.

At Cacouna is the great and popular resort of St. Lawrence Hall, perhaps the most famous watering place in Canada, with its splendid beaches, noble St. Lawrence panorama, and pure bracing air. At Riviere du Loup, near by, steamers of the Saguenay and St. Lawrence River lines touch, affording another rare excursion up either of these famed waters, and even to the wilds of Lake St. John in the far north. Here also is connection made with the Canadian Pacific for Grand Falls and other points of interest along the river and to the city of St. John, or back to St. Andrews and St. Stephen mentioned heretofore.

Some forty-five miles or more eastward from Riviere du Loup and two or three miles from St. Fabien station is a group of lakelets containing quantities of trout which are said to accept bait or fly from early June till late August, and at the next station is Bic, "little Bic," the acme of all an artist or wonder seeker could desire, with its great cliffs, picturesque islands, and entrancing vistas of St. Lawrence scenery.

Close season, Quebec, speckled trout,

**Fish and Game Laws.** Oct. 1 to Dec. 31; salmon, Aug. 15 to Feb. 1; New Brunswick, speckled trout, Sept. 15 to May 1; salmon, Aug. 15 to Feb. 1.

In New Brunswick no license is required of non-residents; but in Quebec this is required, and can be obtained of the fish commissioner.

The regions about the head waters of the streams we have mentioned, as also the forests of Cumberland, Colchester, Halifax, and Guysborough, Nova Scotia, or Victoria and Inverness in Cape Breton, are noted moose and caribou grounds, and with proper guides will

not disappoint the gunner. The close season on these is, Nova Scotia, Feb. 1 to Sept. 15; New Brunswick, Feb. 15 to Aug. 31, on deer as well; in Quebec, Feb. 1 to Sept. 1, and of deer, Jan. 1 to Oct. 1. No one person is allowed to take more than two moose and four caribou in any one year or season. The flesh is to be carried out of the woods within ten days after killing, and game killed during the latter part of January shall be carried out during the first five days of February. The penalty for the violation of these provisions is from \$30 to \$50, and a fine of \$25 is imposed for hunting with dogs. Woodcock must not be killed before sunrise or after sunset. Blue-winged duck must not be taken between the first days of April and August. The annual licenses for non-residents expire on the 1st of August. They cost \$30 each.

There are, also, other details regarding quantity, manner of killing, dressing, etc., which the interested can find from the Intercolonial and Windsor and Annapolis Railway guides, or the government publications. New Brunswick is doing much of late to enforce her laws on seining and spearing, as well as restocking her streams, but Nova Scotia needs a vigorous stirring up on this question. At present there are in the latter Province but one or two really good salmon streams, while there are very many good trout and sea-trout streams along her coast line.



Having decided upon the "all rail" route to reach the far East of our anticipations, the fine station of the Intercolonial Railway of Canada will be our starting point and may be accepted as an indication of the progressive management of "the people's own" line. This is our introduction to Canadian railways; and if any one has had doubts as to the comfort or speed of such service, or the feasibility of government management, let them be dispelled forthwith.

The track follows the supposed former bed of **Kennebecasis**, the St. John for two or three miles, when it skirts the shores of lovely Kennebecasis. There is something bewitching about this name, and the waters themselves are none the less so, retaining as they do the wildness of their primitive state to a great degree. The stations, like the scenery, are suggestive of the Scotch Highlands, for there is Torryburn and Rothesay, and a few miles south the fair waters of Loch Lomond.

For upward of twenty miles the rail clings closely to the shore of Kennebecasis, the summer homes of St. John's best people lining the route almost continuously. At Rothesay is the Rothesay Hall, a very comfortable summer hotel, and the best point from which to enjoy or explore the bay and tributaries. Nearly opposite, across the water, lies the charming village of Clifton, in every way fitted to the lovely setting of landscape provided for it.

Beyond Hampton the bay narrows to a stream, and the stream, meandering among lovely meadows and confining hills, is in turn lost in little brooks that here and there send out a gleam of silver, then follow a few miles of hopelessly barren and unattractive country redeemed later by the quaint French settlements that line the Anagance River, leaving their impress on nomenclature as well as landscape.

Very curious and entertaining is the study of the time tables along these Canadian railways. Indian, French, and Scotch names blend in a good-natured medley, and indicate the character of the early settlers, if nothing more. In many instances the result is a blending of French-Indian, as in Peticodiac or Petiteodiac. It is also very interesting to note how the early settlers have influenced the contours and general aspect of the country they have settled; this is more notably true in Québec and parts of Eastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, where primitive conditions prevail to an unusual degree.

The little Anagance River is typical of nearly all streams entering the Bay of Fundy, in that it exists, and then again does not, it may be

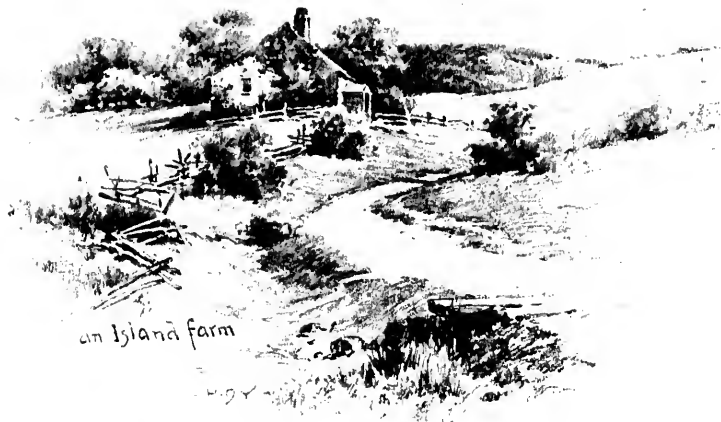
full and overflowing with a too generous tide at one hour, and a very few hours later a muddy gash in the landscape, its sides reeking with glistening slime. We must confess to a strange fascination in these tidal antics, a fascination not lessened by a several weeks' intimacy.

Such picturesque names as Plumesweep, Penobsquis, and Anagance greet the ears and lead to Salisbury, where detours can be made to the famous fishing grounds of Pollet or Canaan Rivers, and on to the great railway town of New Brunswick, the centre of **Moncton**, the Intercolonial system of railways, and a thriving progressive city of more than ten thousand souls.

It may not be considered a compliment by a Monctonian, but to an American the city is perhaps more like those of his own country than almost any he will find in Canada. Its rapid growth in a few years, from a provincial hamlet to the hustling city of the present time, is also suggestive of the American idea. The fine and imposing office building of the Intercolonial is at the left of the station on entering from the west. The great spectacle of Moncton is its "bore," a most astonishing effect of the Fundy tides, which come tearing up the Petitcodiac River bed in an impetuous wall of water from four to eight feet in height; this is truly worthy of a stop for the express purpose of witnessing, and adds one more to the already numerous phenomena of Fundy.

Moncton is also the great distributing point for tourists, northward, eastward, and southward: northward to the great fishing streams, the Bay of Chaleur, the St. Lawrence and Quebec, which have been mentioned elsewhere; eastward to the Prince Edward Island; southward to Nova Scotia and the noble island of Cape Breton. We shall endeavor to suggest briefly to the reader a few of the allurements of all the latter sections in the following pages.





an Island farm

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

THE "GARDEN OF CANADA," SUMMERSIDE,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, RUSTICO, SPORTS, FISH-  
ING, RURAL TYPES, THE RETURN. . . .



**T**HE Intercolonial Railway carries the traveller twelve or thirteen miles eastward to the landing of the Prince Edward Island Navigation Company, at Point du Chene, where commodious new steamers cross the Straits of Northumberland. We pass on the way the attractive town of Shediac, where bathing can actually be enjoyed in mild waters, and oysters of most delicate quality served galore in every style.

From Point du Chene to Summerside it is thirty-five miles of delightful sailing, and it is hard to imagine the nearly insuperable barrier that separates these two points in winter, in the form of ice-floes that shut off communication almost completely. At times the only means of conveyance is by open boats from Cape Tormentine, N. B., to Cape Traverse on the island, which are pushed through or dragged over the floating ice cakes at great peril. It is not unnatural, then, that the Island Province should have its separate exist-

ence and legislature, the smallest of the confederation. This tight little island, the "Garden of Canada" it is called, is thirty-four miles by one hundred and fifty, and it would seem that not a foot of its area was unproductive, for it has no lofty hills, no rocks, and little forest, with a rich red loam that responds generously to the hand of the cultivator.

It is evident why the natives should be dubbed "Redfeet," but not as explainable that New-Brunswickers are called "Buckwheats," or Nova-Scotians "Bluenoses," but they have all accepted their nicknames philosophically as becomes the true Canadian.

The island has evidently been appreciated from the first, for it has suffered an almost ceaseless dispute over the land question for nearly a century. Discovered by Cabot, who named it St. John, the English failing to take possession, it was claimed by the French in 1523, who established fisheries. The treaty of Fontainebleau gave the island to Great Britain, who gave it its present name. The two millions or more acres were divided into sixty-six lots and awarded to as many grantees; the usual difficulties between a local government and a king's governor followed, resulting in a drawn battle. The purchase by colonial government and redistribution of lands under dispute only partially solved the problem, which now seems decided by the conditions required since the island joined the confederation. Since the union with the Provinces in 1873, and the building of a railroad through the island, prosperity seems to have grown apace.

Of course, agriculture is the one great industry, its products exported to the amount of over a million dollars; its fisheries next, with an export of nearly a half-million dollars value. A stay of however short duration reveals the fact that the Redfeet have garden products in quantity and quality unexcelled anywhere. Oysters, also, of a peculiarly delicate flavor, are raked from the shores of many bays, having a reputation all over Canada.

As the steamer approaches the island, the first land sighted is the headland of Cape Egmont, in the far north, after which the course leads into Bedeque Bay and the busy shipbuilding town of Summerside. In this harbor lies a picturesque little island at the mouth of the Dunk River, which has been for several years quite a resort, with its hotel and wood-sy roads. Prince Edward Island is but three miles wide just here, the bay of Richmond penetrating to that point on the other side. A little trip by rail to Tignish will reveal the quaint settlements inland and alongshore of Scotch and Irish origin, and the pastoral beauties so characteristic of the whole island.

is the important city of the island, is attractively and generously laid out, and has a population approaching twelve thousand. Its square full of flowering plants and well-arranged walks is surrounded by substantial, not to say handsome buildings, that might do honor to a more important city. With all of its local attractions, Charlottetown offers a series of delightful land and water excursions and a host of fishing waters that are truly remarkable. Steamers run three times a week to Orwell, on the eastern shore of Hillsboro' Bay, twice weekly to West River, a good sea-trout fishing water, and nearly every day to Rocky Point. All of these trips reveal singular beauty of land and water-scape. The hills, though



PASTORAL SCENE  
- P.E. ISLAND -

H. O. Young '92



not high or abrupt, are gently undulating, and fresh with the colors of thrifty farm production, slope gently to the shores, where oftentimes the eye is caught by glorious patches of the bright orange and red of the red sandstone, and rises abruptly in places to a height of fifty or seventy-five feet.

Charlottetown's position at the head of a great bay and at the junction of three considerable rivers gives it great advantage as a resort, and its hotels in two or three instances are such as to encourage a protracted stay.

a town on the north shore, is a most delightful little resort, with **Rustico**, good bathing and boating, and if possible better fishing along the Hunter River. The eastern section from Douglas to Souris is composed largely of Gaelic settlements, where the names, the customs, and all the little details of life are thoroughly primitive and enjoyable. At St. Peter's some good salmon or sea-trout fishing may be enjoyed, and in fact nearly all the rivers along the coast line are noted for their good fishing.

The hospitality of the Redfoot is proverbial. A journey across country on foot, or a paddle up any of the numerous canoeable streams, with rod or gun, will bring one in touch with the warm hearts and simple manners of the Scotch settlers, as well as the haunts of feathered game that inhabit the island generally. The western end of the island is the favored locality for the gunner, Cascumpeque Harbor in particular should be mentioned.

The possibilities for a roundabout route, taking in other attractions upon the return, are great. For one may, instead of retracing the route via Summerside and Point du Chene, leave the island at Charlottetown, crossing by steamer to Pictou on the Nova Scotia shore of the mainland. We are now upon the true peninsula of Nova Scotia, in reaching which, without the tour of Prince Edward Island, the route is from Moncton — the junction point to which we first came from St. John — by rail of the Intercolonial through Painsec Junction, where the detour was made to Point du Chene, the point of embarkation for the island.

Truro is the junction point for Halifax, needless to name as the metropolis of Nova Scotia. Here the main line of the railway dips sharply down to the Atlantic, while the Pictou branch turns in the opposite direction to find us just landed from the Prince Edward Island boat, or steaming down over the intervening eleven miles from Pictou Wharf to meet the train from Moncton, and through Moncton, St. John, at New Glasgow.



## TO NOVA SCOTIA BY RAIL.

SOME TOWNS EN ROUTE, HISTORIC GROUNDS,  
THE REGION OF MINES, STRAIT OF CANSO. . . .

To reach Nova Scotia and Cape Breton by rail one leaves Moncton by the Intercolonial, passes through Painsec Junction, and then is carried with a swirl southward along the Memramcook and out on the great marshes of the same name. It is not too much to declare this marsh land the most impressive on Canadian territory, if not on the continent. Near Memramcook station and from thence to Dorchester it reaches its full grandeur, the broad and simple planes, broken here and there by the tidal river, or the clustering haystacks, and beyond the quite European settlement of St. Joseph's College on a low hill dominating the picture.

At Dorchester, Shepody Bay is encountered, the upper extremity of Chignecto Channel, an arm of Fundy. It is here and also at Amherst, a few miles farther beyond, that the tides pile themselves to such tremendous heights, sixty feet being the maximum; here also the Pititcodiac and Memramcook waters meet. Dorchester is an attractive old town, is possessed of much wealth and stately homes, but at present seems to be taking a somewhat lengthy nap: this is rather pleasing than otherwise, however, to a tourist. Sackville possesses what is lacking in Dorchester, — much push and activity, less attractiveness and quaintness: shipbuilding is the all-absorbing occupation, the ring of the mallet re-echoing from the hillsides all along the north shore of Cumberland Basin, which lies to the southward.

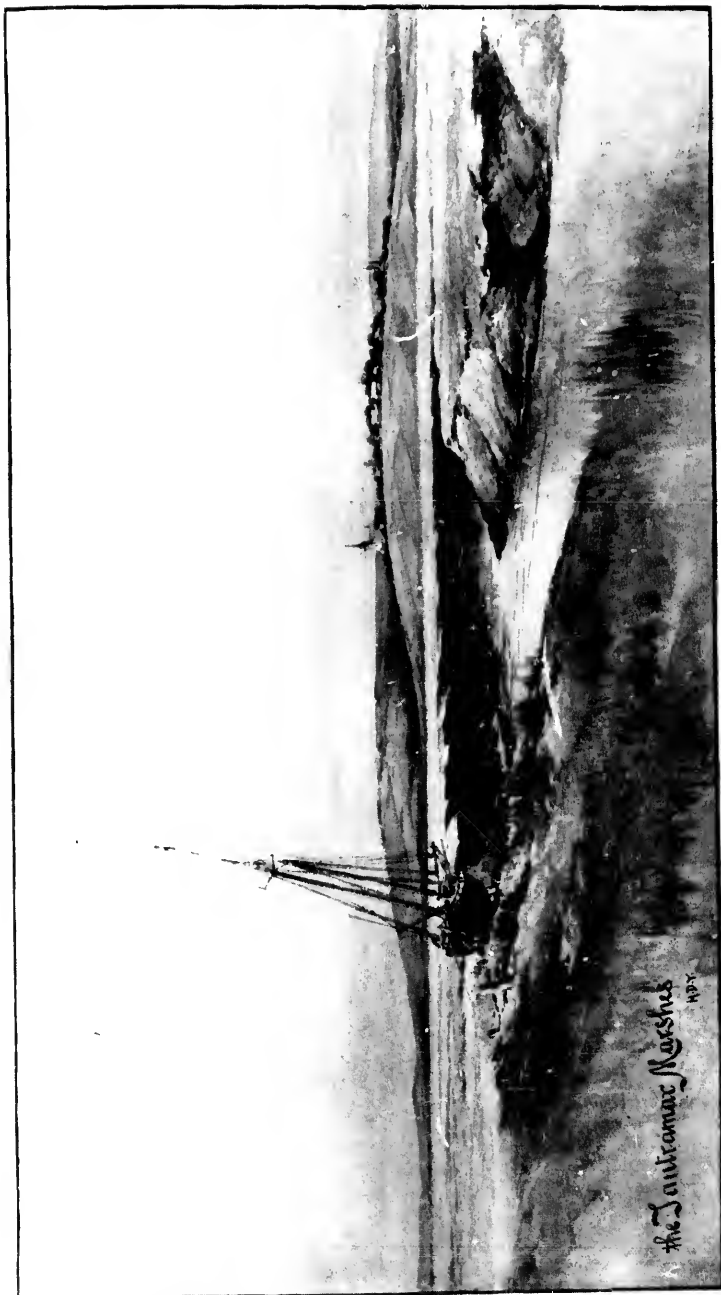
From Sackville a branch railway runs across the fertile country of Westmoreland County to Cape Tourmentine, on the Northumberland Strait, the winter port of Prince Edward Island boats. From Sackville, also, the train glides out on the great marshes of Tatramar, the *Tintamarre* of the French, signifying "a hubbub," a name well illustrated at the incoming or outgoing of the tide. This vast area is reclaimed by dikes, and at the head of the marsh is one of the greatest plover grounds in Canada.



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This region is historic ground, the scene of those stirring events so fascinatingly pictured by Parkman. The little Missiguash River just beyond Aulac station was made by the French the dividing line between their territory and that of the English, planting old Fort Beau-sejour, now Fort Cumberland, just here to defend their claim. A little below are the remains of the opposing Fort Lawrence, back of which stood the Acadian settlement of *Beaubassin*. The tiny stream still serves as the boundary of two provinces, and as we cross it we enter the land of the "Bluenose," the storied soil of Acadia, and shortly after pull up at Amherst station. Amherst, aside from rich agricultural and mining interests, is noticeable as the western terminal of the great Chignecto Marine Railway that was to be, and whose interrupted works are passed a mile or two before entering the town. From here also runs a funny little mining railway to the Joggins, on Cumberland Basin, the same of Joggins raft fame, and even more notable to geologists for its rich fossil remains along the cliffs that line the shore.

Evidences of coal mining are frequent about here, for this is the renowned Cumberland coal district, one of the richest among Nova Scotia's rich mining possessions. Of the nearly two million tons of coal mined annually in Nova Scotia, these mines contribute some half-million, or about one fourth. Along the line, at numerous points, spurs of railway run off to mines in either direction; while at Spring Hill Junction, the Cumberland Railway runs across to Parrsborough and the Basin of Minas, into certainly one of the most romantic bits of country in all the Provinces, indeed, we should name it among four or five sections as especially worthy the traveller's attention. A further description of Minas will be found under the head of *Nova Scotia*, elsewhere.

At Oxford Junction again, another branch railway of the Inter-colonial runs out over the rich country of Tatamagouche and Pictou, returning to the main line at New Glasgow. From Wentworth the train begins a long climb of several miles up the slope of the Cobequid Mountains, that line the northern shore of the picturesque bay of the same name. The outlook, which has been monotonous and limited, now opens into a landscape of irresistible beauty; one of quiet pastoral charm, as seen from a high mountain; stretching away for miles toward the strait, reaching its climax with the enthusiasm of the beholder near Folly Lake, a little eye set in its deep mountain socket six hundred feet above the sea.

From Folleigh the locomotive and its followers enjoy a toboggan

coast for some ten miles out into the open country, overlooking the extremest eastern waters of Fundy.

which is at the head of Cobequid Bay, is a charming **Truro**, town; large, prosperous, aristocratic looking, in fact, to Nova Scotia what Fredericton is to New Brunswick, the most attractive of its size. It possesses a remarkably pretty park and the most varied assortment of drives across mountain or marsh, and needs, we must add, a *good hotel*. It is here that the lines diverge, running along the fertile valley and capricious waters of Shubenacadie River, Grand Lake, and Bedford Basin to Halifax; or reaching out to that breezy isle of Cape Breton, whither we are journeying.

is an intensely practical mining town, possessing many **New Glasgow** strong reminders along its streets and lanes of its Gaelic founders. Their stamp is upon it as upon all the country from here eastward to Scatarie Island. The mines here and at Stellarton are extensive and valuable, and to those who have never seen such, interesting and accessible.

From New Glasgow to Antigonish are stations **Antigonish**. whose names are either Scotch or Indian, little towns among fertile fields or along marshy streams; with now and then a glimpse across to the Antigonish Mountains. We are in the suggestively named townships of Maxwelton and Arrisaig.

Approaching the fair town of Antigonish, the striking twin towers of the Scotch Cathedral of St. Ninian attract the eye and dominate the scene, acting as a foil to the prevailing horizontal lines of the landscape. We recall how grateful Warner found the sight of this town in his quest of *Baddeck*. The American elm grows plentifully here, combining with other fair features to make it an alluring retreat for "the traveller who desires nothing but unrestricted lotus-eating."

One of the leading products of Nova Scotia is gypsum, of which Antigonish quarries, that honeycomb the great cliffs on George Bay a few miles northward, yield a very large proportion. Some most remarkable contrasts of color are seen in a drive or sail from Antigonish to Cape St. George, the dazzling white cliffs of gypsum rising in places two hundred feet above the turquoise-hued waters of the bay. It is here too that a journey southward may be made into the forest wilds of central Nova Scotia, with their herds of moose and deer; a wilderness that reaches with few interruptions from Guysborough easterly to Halifax westerly. Still farther are the primitive fishing hamlets that line the irregular shores of the southern coast.

About the only thing of interest between Antigonish and Mulgrave is the Frappist Monastery near Tracadie, at a station called Monastery, a very ancient and peculiar institution, whose intent is evidently to give object lessons in farming and simple living. The close observer will hardly fail to notice on the left a most picturesque cluster of silvery gray buildings, over which peeps the quite foreign-looking spire and cross of a chapel. It is another ancient establishment, a nunnery, and a relic of old Acadian days.



From this point on, the frequent outcropping of brilliant white patches of gypsum indicates the character of the soil, affording also enlivening contrasts to the deep green of the forests on either hand. Beyond *Harbor au Bouche* the bristling head of Cape Porcupine looms up over the wilderness, a glimpse of far-away George Bay is caught, then the train swings sharply to the right and with applied brakes we glide down into

with the glorious Strait of Canso, across it the Ultima **Mulgrave**, Thule of our travels and expectations, the fair island of Cape Breton. Canso, or Cansau, is said to be the French derivation, as in so many instances hereabouts, of the Indian word *Kamsok*, "steep bluffs." The name is apt, for on either hand the fine cliffs of Porcupine or Pirates' Cove drop precipitately from an altitude of nearly five hundred feet into the strait, holding between them the curious little Scottish settlement of McNair's Cove. Along this great waterway moves a never-ending procession of the commerce from every nation of civilization, for it is the short cut between the cities of the north and the outer world.

In approaching the island of Cape Breton from this point, two main avenues are offered, one by the ferry of the Intercolonial to its railway terminal at Hawkesbury, just opposite Mulgrave, continuing

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directly through the island to Sydney; the other, by the steamers of the Bras d'Or Navigation Company via St. Peter's Canal and the lakes to the same place. If the traveller wishes speed and comfort, the former route is commended; if to realize to the full the marvellous beauty and variety of the inland sea, then, by all odds, choose the latter. A combination of the two is still better, taking steamer for Grand Narrows via St. Peter's, thence by rail to Sydney, returning by steamer via Baddeck and Whyecomagh to the Narrows, thence back by rail to Mulgrave.

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THE BRAS D'OR LAKES, SYDNEY, HISTORIC LOUISBURG, BADDECK, AND THE GREAT NORTH WILDERNESS. . . .



ON leaving Mulgrave by Bras d'Or steamer, we steam down the strait past mysterious Pirates' Cove, past the expectant hamlet of Melford, for this is the spot where "Terminal City" is supposed to have made a beginning. While we are rounding Bear Head on the left, and approaching the Lennox passage, it may be opportune to generalize a little on this remarkable island of Cape Breton. Its history begins practically with the Portuguese colony, which in the early fifteen hundreds was established in the little bay of St. Peter's, then Port Toulouse, and whose memory is kept alive only by the names that have come down from them intact through the years of subsequent history. The sturdy Bretons who succeeded them have left *their* imprint on every part of the island, the name of which itself was given by them. The complicated struggles for possession of this valued spot by French and English, realizing its importance as a strategic point in North America, constitute one of the most intensely interesting chapters in New World history.

At present the island is essentially a new Scotland, large portions of it being inhabited by the Gaels, while a few settlements are almost wholly French, as at Cheticamp on north shore and Isle Madame, which we are now approaching, and between which and the mainland is Lennox Passage. The tenacity with which the customs and traditions of the mother countries are retained among these people makes the human interest of the region especially marked.





Not less remarkable, however, is the physical aspect of Cape Breton, a trifle over one hundred miles in length, nearly eighty in width, and all but divided through the middle by the waters of the famous Bras d'Or lakes, the division having been completed by the fine canal of St. Peter's, making an exceedingly attractive route for steamers between St. Pierre Island, Newfoundland, and Halifax. These lakes also form the natural boundary between very distinct and opposite landscape features, that of the northern being mountainous and exceedingly romantic, the southern low and comparatively uninteresting.

The mineral resources have recently been brought to our notice through the great enterprise of the Dominion Coal Company, with H. M. Whitney at its head.

Gypsum is also a staple and important product as well as a striking feature in the landscape. Of the nearly ninety thousand inhabitants, over ten thousand are engaged in fishing. We cannot but believe that when Cape Breton becomes better known it will rank as one of the great summer resorts of America. Increasing railroad and steamer facilities are making this possible, while the unrivalled climate, unique land and water-cape beauty, and unlimited opportunity for sport and recreation make it more than probable.

By this time we are fairly within Lennox Passage, with evidences on every hand of the French who inhabit Isle Madame, and cruise up and down the shores in their Frenchy-looking schooners and fishing smacks.

Passing through the great government canal of **Bras d'Or Lakes**. St. Peter's, the course lies among closely bordering shores and irregular coves and headlands for some six or eight miles. The large and quaint settlement of the Micmac Indians is passed midway, its white Catholic Church standing out as a landmark for some miles. It is on these islands on St. Anne's day that the Indians hold a religious encampment, with ceremonies and processions of a very unique kind,—a pilgrimage to keep alive the faith among the faint hearted.

A tiny white lighthouse at Cape George marks the entrance to St. Peter's Inlet, or, in our case, the exit. Spread before the delighted eyes are the flashing waters of the Great Bras d'Or. Nearly twenty miles across, on the right, reaching its golden arm far into the island, lies East Bay; on the other hand, the island-studded waters of West Bay: the two making a salt inland sea of fifty miles in length, and something like three hundred square miles area.

Directly ahead is the noble hill of Benacadie, at its left the Strait of Barras, or Grand Narrows; over West Bay, Marble Mountain stands majestically, while along the shores frequent gleaming plaster cliffs accent the view, and green islands stand at anchor. A more perfect sheet of water for canoeing or yachting could not be imagined, for among its many virtues is that of a scarcely perceptible tide, six inches being the maximum rise and fall. Salmon, cod, mackerel, lobsters, oysters, smelt, and many other kinds of fish abound in their season; while water fowl frequent the coves and estuaries in great numbers.

The great iron bridge, nearly a mile in length, **Grand Narrows.** spanning Barras Strait, carries the Intercolonial Railway, and connects Sydney and the intervening towns with the outside world. At this point a little settlement has sprung into existence, centred about the hotel and two or three stores. The natural beauties of the place, its accessibility and central location in relation to the whole Bras d'Or region, good boating and bathing as well, are destined to make Grand Narrows one of the *first* resorts of Cape Breton. The hotel is one of the best on the island, the views in every direction full of variety and charm.



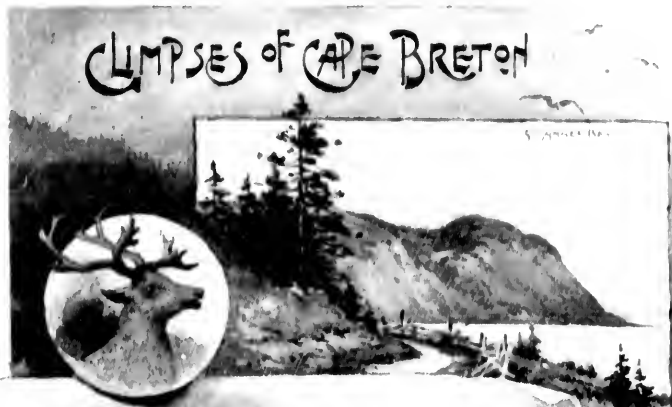
From this point one can make with comfort trips up, down, or across the lake, by rail or boat. Northward are the noble lines of the Baddeck Mountains, eastward the sweeping uplands of Boularderie Island, between these and the beholder the ever-varied and always beautiful waters of the Little Bras d'Or.

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# CLIMPSES OF CAPE BRETON



We will leave the steamer here in pursuance of our plan as suggested, and take to the rail again, following almost continually the shore from Grand Narrows to Sydney. It is after leaving Shenacadie that the glimpses of lake and mountain begin to arrest the attention; at Boisdale a magnificent line of hills skirts the shore, and the grand outlines of Long Island burst on the view, separated by a narrow channel from the mainland. For several miles the eye will be held by a succession of entrancing vistas, all the while surrounded with the luxuries of a modern railway service.

Little Bras d'Or Lake is very remarkably connected with the Atlantic by two narrow channels, between which lies Boularderie Island, the southern or St. Andrew channel we have been following, and continue to



do so till after passing Long Island, when the rail turns southward crossing and skirting arms of the Sydney Harbor, finally entering the town of the largest on the island and the centre of a vast coal **Sydney**, region. The immense piers running far out into the harbor, the numerous steamers and vessels of all types, the long trains, coal laden, all speak of the one great industry. The town is not especially notable, being in the progressive stage, with every prospect of a brilliant future. One or two of the older streets are very quaint, and contain frequent hints of the days when the French were more numerous. A large and modern hotel has just been erected here, with the intent to satisfy the demands of the constantly increasing tourist patronage.

This is the eastern terminal of the Intercolonial, and the most eastern point to which any railway extends in America; a coal railway runs trains of a mixed character southward to the coal mines and to Louisburg. The Bras d'Or steamer line also has its terminal here.

Sydney's importance as a port may be judged by the fact that in one year, that of 1892, over fourteen hundred vessels, mostly steamers, entered and cleared, also that her export of coal amounted to over two hundred thousand tons. Estimates of experts, based on former tests of duration of seams, indicate that Sydney district has *two billion tons* of available coal! The seams vary from three to twelve feet in thickness, and ninety to four hundred in width, extending in many instances far out under the Atlantic.

To him who has a fondness for history or antiques, to the American especially, the annals of this fortress of the east must be particularly fascinating. Of the twenty miles between Sydney and Louisburg little can be said; it is intensely uninteresting.

Over the portal of Gore Hall at Harvard College is fixed a quaint wrought-iron cross, brought by the colonial troops from Louisburg as a trophy; in the grounds of a well-known physician of Sydney stands a curious cannon of the swivel pattern, rescued from the waters of Louisburg Harbor; so far as known these are all the existing relics of the once-powerful stronghold.

Standing on the few remaining earthworks at Louisburg, looking around on the grassy mounds that indicate the outlines of the once massive walls, "curiosity is lost in wonder, wonder gives way to reflection, and reflection leads straight to the question, 'What do all these miles of earthworks mean?'" Drake, in his "Taking of Louisburg," gives a concise history of this remarkable fortress, which is more than the space or intent of this little volume permits.

"In creating Louisburg the court of Versailles had far more extended views than the building of a strong fortress to guard the gateway into Canada would of itself imply." We read from Parkman's fascinating pages of the ambitions and hopes of the French in America, of the importance of Quebec, that queenly city of the north, and the



intended relative position Louisburg was to hold on the southern limits of Acadia. It was after the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, that action began, and in thirty years was created at an expense of nearly five millions (of present money value) a fortress that was known as the Dunkirk of America.

The taking of Louisburg by a raw army of recruits and volunteers of New England in 1745 is one of the marvels of military history, a surprise to the world, an everlasting memorial to the valor and pluck of sturdy Capt. Pepperell and his New England yeomen.

If there is one trip to be named above another on the island, it is that of the steamer from Sydney to Baddeck, Whycogomagh, or Grand Narrows via Great Bras d'Or. Leaving Sydney at a comfortable hour in the morning, the "Marion" crosses to the thriving rival town of North Sydney, and then puts out to sea past the red cliffs of Cranberry Head, with its great smoke-stacks and colliery elevators, the works of the Sydney mines, and around the giant blocks and columns of Point Aconi.

Then the course lies southwest into the narrow portal of Great Bras d'Or, past the sandy bar that all but closes the entrance, and up close under the shadow of Kelly's Mountain, which here rises twelve hundred feet above the cove bearing the same name.

There are many conjectures as to the origin of this "*Arm of Gold*." We prefer to accept it as an evidence of the imaginative qualities of the Breton settlers who gave the name: its appropriateness is manifest to him who for the first time looks upon the "greater arm." From the entrance to the end of the channel near Baddeck, the waters seldom exceed a mile in width, in one place less than a half-mile, and are overlooked by the wild summits of the Englishtown Mountains, and dotted by many wooded isles. In two or three instances the stupendous chalk cliffs disclose themselves from their forest surroundings, like marble palaces in a primeval wilderness.

At the broadest portion of Little Bras d'Or Lake a bay **Baddeck.** runs up into the hills, at the entrance of which stands the finest residence on the island, the summer home of Prof. Bell, the inventor of the American telephone; on the other side, behind a forest-covered island and its lighthouse, a straggling town with spires outlined against dark hills: it is Baddeck, known to all well-read Americans through Charles Dudley Warner's "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing."

To this out of the way, primitive, picturesque town have come a few cultured Americans, who are forming a social nucleus to which will be added the choicest spirits of the resort that is to be. Perhaps not a great and fashionable resort, but such as will attract and hold the lover of Nature for her own sake. The motto of this pioneer settlement seems to be, "Once Baddeck, *always* Baddeck."

The origin of this odd name is the Indian "Bedeck," adapted by French as Bedeque. The town itself is not alluring, but its environment may be described in most extravagant terms. Within easy distances are most glorious mountain and lake scenery; a score of mountain streams and rivers fill the air with singing and roaring, and yield lusty trout and salmon. The famed Margaree River, first of Nova Scotian salmon streams, lies twenty miles away; St. Anne's Bay, most beautiful of all on the island, but ten miles northeasterly; and beyond, the wild northern shore stretches away to

Inganish, bound by a line of stupendous cliffs and mountains, back of them the vast tablelands of Victoria County, covered with primeval forests, over which roam undisturbed great herds of caribou. A drive along this coast, or, better, a journey afoot, depending on the warm and homely hospitality of the Gaelic settlers, reveals a mode of living that for absolute primitiveness is nowhere equalled on our continent. Here are seen



grinding of corn by hand-stones, timber hewn in a similar crude manner, or sawn by mills, home made ; while from every door comes the sound of spinning-wheel or click of shuttle in the family loom. Not less interesting are the Micmac Indians, who pitch their wigwams on the hillside at Baddeck, their permanent settlements being at Indian Cove and at Escasoni near Grand Narrows.

Leaving Baddeck and following the steamer route through St. Patrick's Channel and Little Narrows leads one to the western extremity of the lake, and into the trossach scenery of the bay and town of Whycomagh. If its name is a stumbling-block, let nothing else deter from finding it out. It is a gem of purest quality, a bit of Scotland, it would seem, imported with the hardy Scot as a reminder of his native bens and lochs.



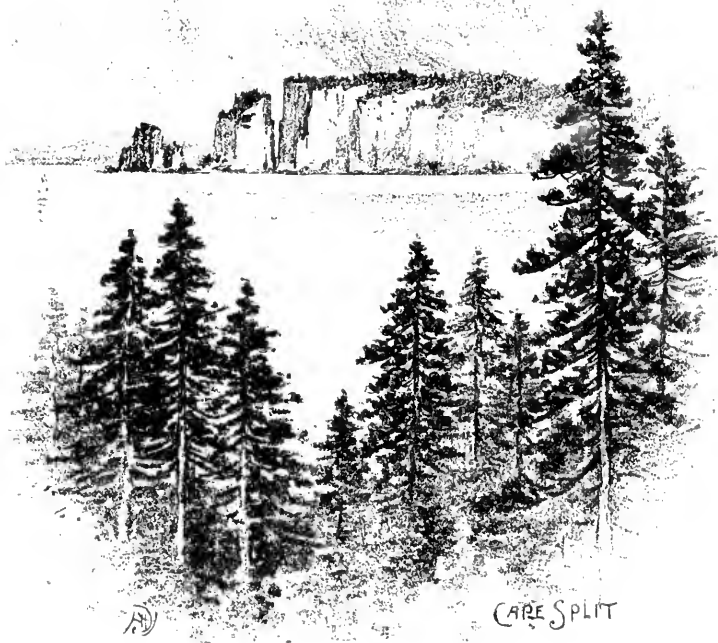
From here are reached the inland lake of Ainslie, and the trout streams that flow from and into it ; more distant are the Gulf shore towns and coal areas soon to be reached by rail of Port Hood and Mabou, and away up north in far Inverness County the French Acadian fishing port of Cheticamp. It may not be amiss to add that in this town, which the natives call "Hogomah" for brevity, is a comfortable and attractive hotel, that provides all the game delicacies in their season.

Having briefly hinted at the wealth of good things that nature has bestowed on "this land whereon the sun first shines," we reluctantly leave it by the portion of railway which we omitted in our steamer detour through the lakes. From Grand Narrows, then, to Hawkesbury, we cross first the great iron bridge of the government, through which vessels are allowed to pass at all times except when closed for trains, and along the irregular shore, catching aggravating glimpses of bay and island, distant mountain and broad lake ; past stations that seemingly have no excuse for being, till we learn that scores of little settlements inland find through them an outlet from their isolation.



Orangedale is the station for that town whose name we fear to speak, Whycomagh, and the terminal of the railway under construction that is to tap the great coal areas northward, to open also the wonderfully beautiful country of the Ainslie region. From Orangedale westward the view is tame and uninteresting, till Cape Porcupine breaks upon the view again, and the animated panorama of Strait of Canso, and busy Port Hawkesbury, where our transfer steamer is waiting to bear us across to the Scotian mainland, to scenes of old Acadia,—

“Where Blomidon’s blue crest looks down upon the valley land,  
And the great waves of Fundy lap the gray stones on the strand;  
Where sunny Gaspereaux sweeps on amid the apple-trees,  
And the blue waves of Minas chant a requiem to the breeze.”





DIGBY AND THE ANNAPOLIS BASIN, ANNAPOLIS AND THE VALLEY, EVANGELINE'S LAND, MINAS BASIN, TAULHAN, AND THE SOUTH SHORE. . . .



If the traveller has Nova Scotia for the objective point, the voyage par excellence is by the shore route we have described to St. John; thence across the Bay of Fundy, by steamer "Monticello," through the Digby Gut to quaint old Digby town, and through Annapolis Basin to Annapolis.

The above steamer lies at its wharf adjoining that of the International Company, thus obviating disagreeable transfers across town.

Many unpleasant things are said of Fundy's temper, but in its summer moods it gives them all the lie, whatever its actions may be in other seasons when the elements combine with the tides to try men's souls: indeed a more charming sail than that across to Annapolis could scarce be imagined; in miles it is sixty, in time four and one half hours.

The Acadian shore first reveals itself in little purplish mounds that rest like cloudlets along the dim horizon, then a long line of cliff-bound shores melting away into nothingness at either end, finally as a great mountain wall, into whose sides a narrow portal opens, and toward which our good steamer steadily ploughs. As we run between the rugged shores, Point Prim and its light on the one hand, the little fishing town of Lower Granville on the other, a scene of quite opposite and entirely unique loveliness opens out. This is the fair land and placid waters that greeted Champlain and De Monts, wooing them to its shores, and giving to the world those leaves in history inscribed with the romantic annals of Port Royal.

From Bryer Island, fifty miles southwest, to hoary Cape Blomidon, eighty miles northeasterly, stretches a mountain bulwark sheltering from fog and tempest St. Mary's Bay, Annapolis Basin, the fruitful valleys of Annapolis and Cornwallis, the broad acres of Grand Pré, and the green banks of the Avon.

At the foot of the basin little Digby sits in the sunshine and spreads its ruddy beach along the tide, surrounded by towering hills, except where well-tilled slopes give place. It is a quaint, homy town, old colonial houses here and there, a cluster of gray and mossy fishing huts nestling by the cove and guns that never roar on the bluffs that face the pier. Two good and quiet houses entertain the traveller; a half-dozen picturesque roads lure him out into the country, and the railway leads to far western Yarmouth town along the beautiful bay of St. Mary's, and out again in view of Fundy; back of it, a little way only, stretch illimitable forests, with silent lakes and all that live therein to attract the rod or gun. The rail also skirts the bay if one chooses to go that way, through Bear River Village, Pleasant Cove, and half a score of thrifty hamlets to Annapolis.

Continuing by steamer, we pass Bear Island mid-basin, and up the gradually narrowing bay lined with farms that teem with fruitfulness and plenty, overlooked by the slopes of the North Mountains and the spires of Granville's churches. After twenty miles of delightful sailing we approach the storied old town and huge fortifications of the Port Royal of olden time, and the focal point **Annapolis**, around which clusters more history than any town in this Acadian Valley into which we are entering. Founded by Pontreincourt in 1604, to whom it was granted, it was soon abandoned, to be rescued by the Jesuits later, demolished by the English in 1613, and again partially rebuilt by Biencourt, who kept alive a fur-trading post till Acadia's restoration to the French in 1632.

For a century and a half Port Royal was tossed back and forth between the rival powers, till its final capture by the New England colonists, after which it became Annapolis Royal and the English stronghold of Acadia. The discontented Acadians and Indian allies maintained a petty siege for forty years after, until that tragic but necessary event which we have learned more generally from Longfellow's idyl, than from other sources, and which brought peace, to be broken only by that saucy and spunky attack by Americans in 1781, who spoiled

the guns, locked the villagers up in the block house, and proceeded to decorate with vermilion whatever the town contained.

From the grassy ramparts which are seen on approaching the town now are heard the mellow blast from browsing kine, whose rustic forms replace the dismounted guns. The old block house but recently succumbed to the destroyer's hand; the French magazine and ancient barracks will doubtless follow them, unprotected as they are by a careless community.

The present Annapolis invites the loiterer, with its shady streets and quaint residences, its air of antiquity and the indefinable sentiment that always clings about such spots. The Windsor and Annapolis Railway here extends to the landing, its trains waiting to speed the tourist into Acadia's heart, the land of Evangeline, "The Tourists' Paradise," as its dainty little guide-book calls it.

If a few days can be given to this fair region, a drive or climb over North Mountain down to the rugged cliffs on the Fundy shore should be taken, another through the marshes and orchards of Annapolis, for —

"Fair is Port Royal River  
In the Acadian land;  
It flows through verdant meadows,  
Widespread on either hand";

and again along little Lequille River to the village of legendary fame: while to the fisherman and gunner no words can fitly tell the treasures that lie along the wilderness road all the way to Liverpool and Port Metway. Lakes, streams, virgin forest, all are there in primal condition. The companion of the idle hour should be Miss McLeod's "Stories of the Land of Evangeline," many of whose scenes are laid just here.

From Annapolis to Windsor is the *true* Evangeline land, "the land flowing with milk and honey": in May a garden of apple-blossoms, in October an orchard of ripening fruit, and always radiant in a climate fit for the gods. One is carried in the luxurious cars of the "Flying Bluenose" express, drawn by "Basil," the blacksmith, or "Gabriel," the lover, is disappointed not to see an Acadian peasant collecting fares, instead of the gentlemanly conductor in regulation uniform, and looks, as did Warner, for the signboard reading, "*Look out for Evangeline when the bell rings!*" How little our gentle poet knew what potent advertising he was doing for railroad managers!

The beautiful marshes, bordered by solid masses of bronze-green foliage, and varying with the ever-changing cloud shadows from gold

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to purple, serve as a ground on which the tidal stream executes silvery patterns for miles, until lost in thread like rivulets among the hills.

North Mountain always fills the background, its broad slopes covered with an *appliqué* of patches of woodland green and tawny fields, with now and then a bit of winding road or gleaming farmhouse adding a touch of light.

Bridgetown is the only considerable town *en route* to Kentville, and looks for all the world like a smart American village, with its covered bridge and Gothic spire. At Middleton the Nova Scotia Central Railway, the only one except that by which we are travelling to reach the south shore, branches off for Lunenburg, Bridgewater, and the regions of beauty in their vicinity, chiefest of which is Mahone Bay, with its multitude of islands, silvery beaches, and rocky headlands.



Leaving Middleton, the river gradually dwindles, settlements become fewer and smaller, then the Cornwallis begins, leading onward to the Minas Basin district, its dike lands and Acadian villages.

The railway centre of the "Land of Evangeline Route," as much also the commercial centre of Kings County, the terminal of the railway running to Kingsport, the beautiful valley of the Canard River, and old Blomidon's territory, convenient to the beautiful Gaspereaux Lakes and the Blue Mountains just south, is Kentville.

More attractive, less commercial, prettier, more artistic, and nearer the Grand Pré fields is Wolfville. It sits on the edge of the marsh, partly on a lovely hillside, which overlooks the Basin of Minas and Blomidon on one side, the fairyland of the Gaspereaux on the other.

The handsome buildings of Acadia College and two or three preparatory schools occupy the most commanding site in town, whose outlook is a liberal education in itself.

Here one can wander at will over the fields reclaimed by the Acadian peasants, follow for miles the dikes that stay the tides in their mad advance, and live under the spell that poesy has woven about these waters: —

"A grievous stream, that to and fro  
    Althrough the fields of Acadie  
Goes wandering, as if to know  
    Why one beloved face should be  
    So long from home and Acadie."

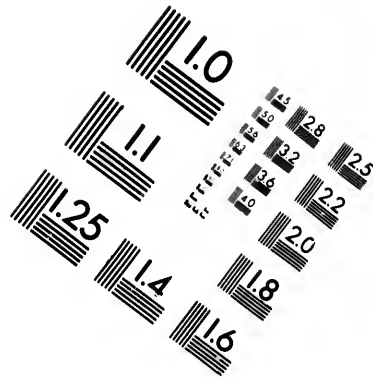
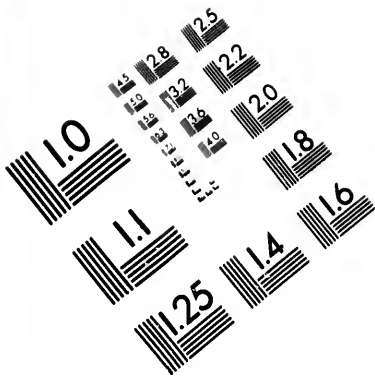
Standing on the dikes at high tide, on one hand are glassy miles of flood, on the other rippling fields of ripening harvests, or contented herds which crop the rich sward, — a contrast unique and strange, whose strangeness lessens not after many visits.

Three miles away is the dreamy hamlet of Grand Pré, nestling among elms and apple-trees, keeping alive the name bestowed by those people whom history has proven not undeserving of their fate, but whose memories live in romance like dream faces, undyingly: best described in the poet's own lines: —

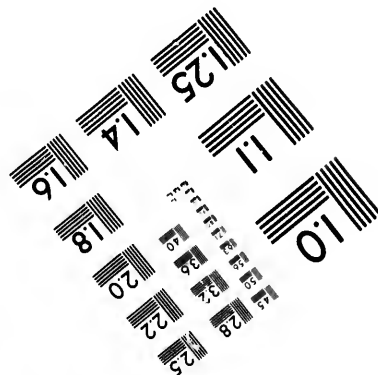
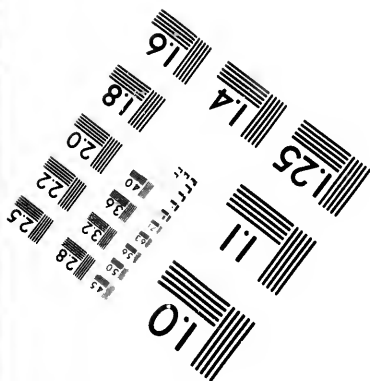
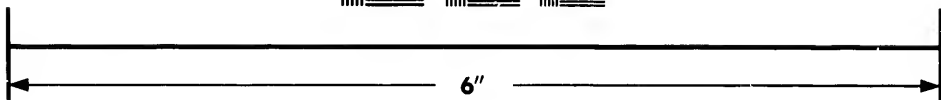
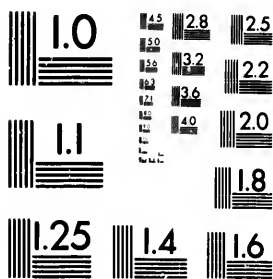
"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.







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West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended."

Close by the railway are the indistinct remains of the ancient town, willows marking the line of the street, an old well, the village square; over the meadows at Barton landing is the shore whence sailed the exiled band. Passing through the village, with here and there a home built by Puritan settlers, and their quaint colonial church, one soon reaches the summer home of Judge Weatherbee, "St. Eulalie," gracefully named, where Gaspereaux River again is seen, and indistinct traces of the highway of the Acadians, winding down to the vale "Amid its yellowing sea of flowers," a few gnarled apple-trees preserved by loving hands, remnants of broken homes.

"Ye exiled sons of lily France!  
This is no more your dwelling-place;

But oft as purple eventide  
Bathes all these hills in fire and dew,  
Some wanderer by the river-side  
Shall drop a tear and dream of you."

If the Annapolis Valley is a spot to lure and detain for indefinite periods the traveller, then the Basin of Minas with its northern shore, amazing, striking, exhilarating, calls loudly for an equal share of attention. Accessible by the steamer leaving Hantsport, or the Evangeline Navigation Company's line from Kingsport to Parrsboro', the finest and most awe-inspiring views of Blomidon from all sides are obtained. The latter company's steamer runs out under the cape, and around it into full view of the entire basin. Across the bay are the noble Cobequid Mountains, Sugar Loaf dominating the range; at their feet the glowing reddish and white masses of the Five Islands, and great cliffs of Frazer's Head, especially interesting to an artist or geologist. Following the shore westward the eye rests on distant Parrsboro' first, then on Partridge Island, Cape Sharp, Ram Head, fully sustaining its right to such a name, and far away the receding curves of Greville Bay, from out which looms the majestic headlands of Cape Spencer and Cap D'Or, terminals of the great peninsula of Cumberland County.

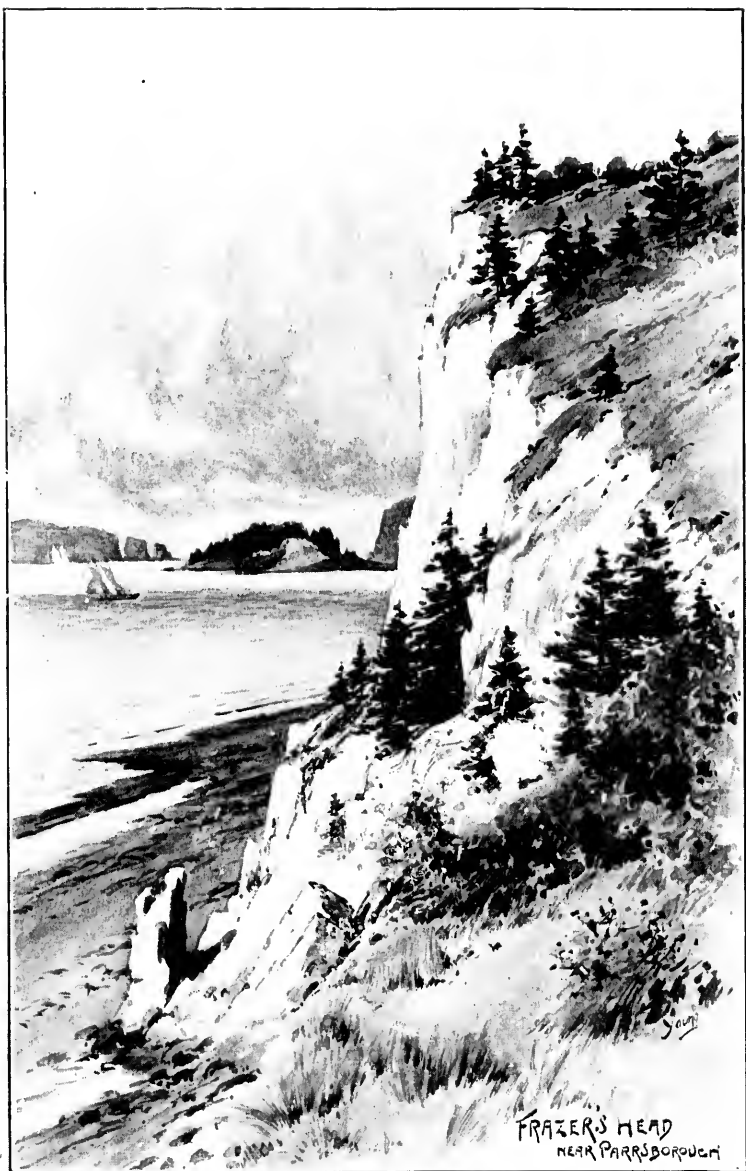
When midway of the basin, Blomidon discloses all the columns of its basaltic formation, clothed, as befits a kingly form, in purple hues;

*Sketches  
from Minus Basin*



adjoining it is still another gigantic freak of nature, Cape Split, a detached column of rock like a monument to some fallen aboriginal warrior, defying all time and elements. Between it and Cape Sharp, less than three miles away, the savage currents of incoming and outgoing tides snarl and roar. Everything here is on a magnificent scale. Little wonder that it should have been the home of Gluskâp, to the Indian's fancy, and the scene of many of his wondrous carousals and feats! Arriving at Parrsboro',

the visitor will find a comfortable hotel, and should spend time enough to drive along the truly remarkable shores to Economy on one side, and Advocate Harbor on the other, and the great coal mines inland. Rail connection is from here made with the Intercolonial—as noted in a former section—at Spring Hill Junction.

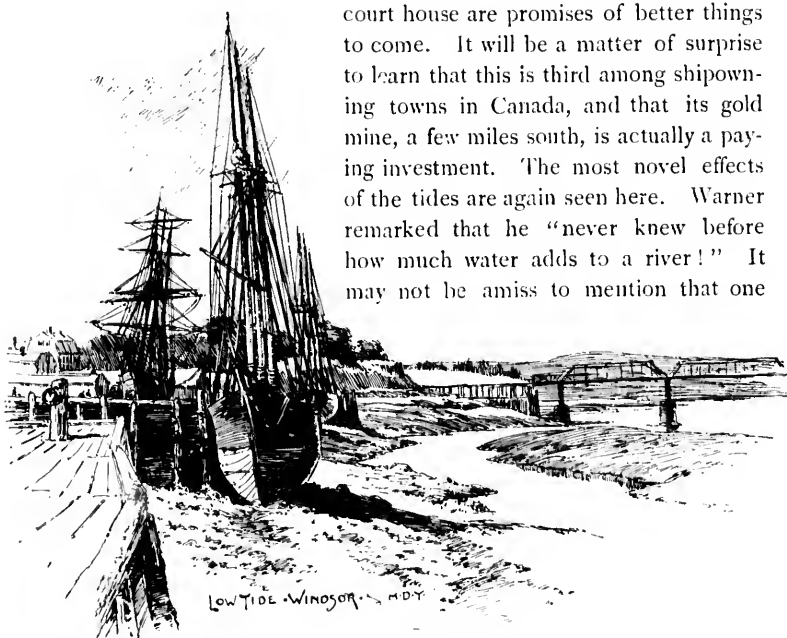


FRASER'S HEAD  
NEAR PARRSBOROUGH

Leaving Grand Pré or Wolfville the route leads through **Windsor.** the busy little shipbuilding town of Hantsport, where one may see oftentimes a score of vessels reclining at various angles on the muddy banks, or floating well up to the level of the marshes, as the tide may determine, crosses the broad waters of the Avon and stops at one of the most interesting and beautiful towns in Nova Scotia, Windsor.

Of course every guide-book ever written tells you that "Sam Slick" lived here, that on the hill near the station stand the block house, magazine, and barracks of Fort Edward, with Annapolis' ruins the possession of the Crown; that King's College, oldest of England's colonial universities, is here, dating from 1790, and that it was one of the oldest and largest of the Acadian settlements; but it cannot convey to you the subtle charm of the landscape, attaining its fullest expression as seen from the college grounds, nor put into adequate English the foreign air that pervades the place; in the latter respect it approaches Halifax, from which it is distant forty-six miles.

One's first impression of Windsor may not be pleasing, as the old portion near the river is more picturesque than tidy; its post-office and court house are promises of better things to come. It will be a matter of surprise to learn that this is third among shipowning towns in Canada, and that its gold mine, a few miles south, is actually a paying investment. The most novel effects of the tides are again seen here. Warner remarked that he "never knew before how much water adds to a river!" It may not be amiss to mention that one



of Canada's first poets, widely read in the United States, C. G. D. Roberts, has his home here, occupying the chair of English Literature in King's College.

The journey hence to Halifax is not interesting although brief, leading through wilderness and flat lands.

This interesting city deserves a long and complete chapter by itself, and it is fitting that it should serve as a climax to all that has gone before. Its chief interest to the visiting American is its decided English tone and aspect; in this particular it is perhaps more individual than any other Canadian city, save Montreal.

Possessed of one of the finest harbors of the world, finer than any on the Atlantic coast at least, and with a system of fortifications most complete and redoubtable in the New World, Halifax is easily queen of the northern seas and secure from the attacks of any maritime power.

Though less ancient than the port of La Have on the southern shore, and less rich in history, Halifax had the advantage in 1749 of beginning its existence with a colony of over twenty-five hundred, which in six months had grown to five thousand, and in 1894 something like ten times as many souls. It is beautiful for situation, overlooking its harbor and the Bedford Basin in either direction, and graced by many solid and noble civic and ecclesiastic buildings, with streets that strongly suggest corners of London or Edinburgh.

The Haligonian, when approached by proper letters of introduction, is one of the most delightful entertainers possible, otherwise he is inclined to be exclusive. One sees on the public thoroughfares numerous well-dressed men and women, among whom the redcoat of the regulars mingles in pleasing contrast of color. The Public Gardens are noteworthy and famous all through the north, and at times, when the fine military band plays, with the accompanying illuminations and listening crowds, is a scene of great brilliancy and animation.

It is seldom vouchsafed a stranger to enter the ramparts of the citadel, or the works and batteries in the harbor, lest he be especially favored, but it is possible and very interesting to attend the military services at Garrison Chapel, to visit the old church of St. Paul's, the Cathedral, the Parliament buildings, the Point Pleasant Park, the Terrace; and on early morning of a Wednesday and Saturday, the Green Market.

The opportunities for getting away from Halifax by water are numerous, whether for Europe or the States, Newfoundland, Cape Breton,

St. Pierre, or Quebec ; or the fair bays and resorts that line the still fairer **South Shore**, St. Margaret's Bay, incomparable Mahone Bay, Chester, Lunenburg, La Have, Liverpool, Shelburne, and a host of other towns equally attractive. Chester is a favorite resort of Haligonians and people from the Southern States ; Lunenburg is large, thriving, and almost exclusively German ; Bridgewater on the La Have is rich in history and legends of the Acadians, and offers great inducements to the canoeist or fisherman in its rivers and lakes inland.

We have omitted much, regretfully, necessarily

**In Conclusion.** have left unsaid that which we ought to have said, and said that which we ought not to have said, — perhaps. This much should be said : travel to the Provinces and through them is not what it once was, a matter of labor and tribulation ; the genius of modern progress has followed the exile of the Acadian and the songs of the poet. Transportation has become noted for "speed and comfort and safety." In the land of the "Bluenose" and "Buckwheat" the vacation fund can be made to go a long way, for board everywhere is reasonable, exceedingly so, and in most cases good, although plain. A constant improvement in all these particulars is taking place. Sincerely hoping this little book may fulfil its intended mission among vacation planners, it is sent on its way.





# Local Passenger Fares.

## ONE WAY AND RETURN.

### FROM BOSTON.

	ONE WAY.	RETURN.
Boston to Annapolis, N. S., via St. John . . . . .	\$6.00	\$10.50
“ Calais, Me. . . . .	5.00	9.00
“ Digby, N. S., via St. John . . . . .	5.50	9.75
“ Eastport, Me. . . . .	4.25	8.00
“ Portland, Me. . . . .	1.00	2.00
“ Robbinston, Me. . . . .	5.00	9.00
“ St. Andrews, N. B. . . . .	5.00	9.00
“ St. John, N. B. . . . .	5.00	9.00

### FROM PORTLAND.

Portland to Annapolis, N. S., via St. John . . . . .	6.00	10.50
“ Calais, Me. . . . .	4.50	8.00
“ Digby, N. S. . . . .	5.50	9.75
“ Eastport, Me. . . . .	3.75	7.00
“ Robbinston, Me. . . . .	4.50	8.00
“ St. Andrews, N. B. . . . .	4.50	8.00
“ St. John, N. B. . . . .	4.50	8.00

### FROM OTHER POINTS.

Calais to St. John, N. B. . . . .	\$1.50	\$2.50
Robbinston to St. John, N. B. . . . .	1.50	2.50
St. Andrews to St. John, N. B. . . . .	1.50	2.50
Eastport to St. John, N. B. . . . .	1.50	2.25

☞ The above one-way rates are for limited tickets. Unlimited tickets are sold at an advance. Return tickets are good during the year in which they are purchased.

The same passenger rates will be in force during the time this Company runs six trips per week (see Summer Time-Table, first cover) via the Boston & Maine R. R. to Portland, thence by steamer, as by steamer direct; and tickets reading “by steamer” will be accepted via the Boston & Maine R. R. Also, tickets reading “via the R. R.” to Portland, thence by steamer, will be accepted by direct steamer from Boston.

# TARIFF OF RATES.

SUBJECT TO SLIGHT CHANGES WITHOUT NOTICE.

DESTINATION.	FROM BOSTON.		FROM PORTLAND.	
	UNLIMITED.	LIMITED.	UNLIMITED.	LIMITED.
<b>AMHERST</b> , N. S. ....	\$8.25	.....	\$7.75	.....
do. and Return. ....	14.65	.....	13.65	.....
<b>Andover</b> , N. B. ....	9.30	.....	8.80	.....
do. and Return. ....	15.45	.....	14.45	.....
<b>Annapolis</b> , N. S. ....	6.50	\$6.00	6.50	\$6.00
do. and Return. ....	10.50	.....	10.50	.....
<b>Antigonish</b> , N. S. ....	10.75	10.25	10.25	9.75
do. and Return. ....	18.40	.....	17.40	.....
<b>Auburn</b> , Me. (M. C. R. R.) ....	2.00	.....	.....	.....
do. (G. T. R'y) ....	2.00	.....	.....	.....
<b>Augusta</b> , Me. ....	3.00	.....	.....	.....
<b>Aylesford</b> , N. S. ....	7.80	7.30	7.80	7.30
do. and Return. ....	12.10	.....	11.10	.....
<b>BADDECK</b> , C. B. ....	13.50	13.00	13.00	12.50
do. and Return. ....	23.60	.....	22.60	.....
<b>Bath</b> , Me. ....	2.25	.....	.....	.....
<b>Bathurst</b> , N. B. ....	9.50	.....	9.00	.....
do. and Return. ....	10.45	.....	15.45	.....
<b>Berwick</b> , N. S. ....	7.95	7.45	7.95	7.45
do. and Return. ....	12.35	.....	11.35	.....
<b>Bethel</b> , Me. ....	3.65	.....	.....	.....
<b>Bethlehem</b> , N. H. ....	5.55	.....	.....	.....
<b>Bridgetown</b> , N. S. ....	7.00	6.50	7.00	6.50
do. and Return. ....	11.00	.....	10.00	.....
<b>Brunswick</b> , Me. ....	2.00	.....	.....	.....
<b>CALAIS</b> , Me. ....	6.25	5.00	5.75	4.50
do. and Return. ....	9.00	.....	8.00	.....
<b>Caledonia Corner</b> , N. S. ....	9.50	8.50	9.50	8.50
<b>Cambridge</b> , N. S. ....	8.10	7.60	8.10	7.60
do. and Return. ....	12.60	.....	11.60	.....
<b>Campbelton</b> , N. B. ....	10.50	.....	10.00	.....
do. and Return. ....	18.00	.....	17.00	.....
<b>Campobello</b> , N. B. ....	5.50	.....	5.00	4.00
do. and Return. ....	8.50	.....	7.50	.....
<b>Caribou</b> , N. B. (via River and Rail) ...	10.00	.....	9.50	.....
do. and Return. ....	16.50	.....	15.50	.....
<b>Charlottetown</b> , P. E. I. ....	9.50	.....	9.00	.....
do. and Return. ....	17.25	.....	16.25	.....
<b>Chatham</b> , N. B. ....	9.00	.....	8.50	.....
do. and Return. ....	15.75	.....	14.75	.....
<b>Crawford House</b> , N. H. ....	4.50	.....	.....	.....
<b>DALHOUSIE</b> , N. B. ....	10.45	.....	9.95	.....
do. and Return. ....	17.95	.....	16.95	.....
<b>Digby</b> , N. S. ....	6.50	5.50	6.50	5.50
do. and Return. ....	9.75	.....	9.75	.....
<b>Dorchester</b> , N. B. ....	7.75	.....	7.25	.....
do. and Return. ....	13.85	.....	12.85	.....
<b>EASTPORT</b> , Me. ....	5.25	4.25	4.75	3.75
do. and Return. ....	8.00	.....	7.00	.....
<b>FABYAN'S</b> , N. H. ....	4.75	.....	.....	.....
<b>Falmouth</b> , N. S. ....	8.70	8.20	8.70	8.20
do. and Return. ....	14.00	.....	13.00	.....

TARIFF OF RATES.—Continued.

DESTINATION.	FROM BOSTON.		FROM PORTLAND.	
	UNLIMITED.	LIMITED.	UNLIMITED.	LIMITED.
Fort Fairfield, Me. (via River and Rail).....	\$9.70	.....	\$9.20	.....
do. and Return.....	16.05	.....	15.05	.....
Fredericton, N. B. (via River).....	6.00	.....	5.50	.....
do. and Return.....	11.00	.....	10.00	.....
<b>GRAND PRE</b> , N. S.....	8.50	\$8.00	8.50	\$8.00
do. and Return.....	13.45	.....	12.45	.....
<b>HALIFAX</b> , N. S. (via I. C. R'y).....	9.50	9.00	9.00	8.50
do. and Return.....	15.50	.....	14.50	.....
do. (via W. & A. R'y).....	9.80	8.20	9.30	7.70
do. and Return.....	15.50	.....	14.50	.....
Hantsport, N. S.....	8.70	8.20	8.70	8.20
do. and Return.....	13.85	.....	12.85	.....
Har. au Bouche, N. S.....	11.50	11.00	11.00	10.50
Harcourt, N. B.....	8.05	.....	7.55	.....
do. and Return.....	14.30	.....	13.30	.....
Heatherton, N. S.....	11.10	10.60	10.60	10.10
Hopewell, N. S.....	9.50	9.00	9.00	8.50
Houlton, Me.....	8.75	7.00	8.25	6.50
<b>KENTVILLE</b> , N. S.....	8.25	7.75	8.25	7.75
do. and Return.....	13.00	.....	12.00	.....
Kingston, N. S.....	7.55	7.00	7.55	7.00
do. and Return.....	11.75	.....	10.75	.....
<b>LAWRENCETOWN</b> , N. S.....	7.20	6.70	7.20	6.70
do. and Return.....	11.25	.....	10.25	.....
Lewiston, Me.....	2.00	.....	.....	.....
Liverpool, N. S.....	.....	9.50	.....	9.50
Londonderry, N. S.....	9.25	9.00	8.75	8.50
do. and Return.....	16.10	.....	15.10	.....
<b>MECHANIC FALLS</b> , Me.....	2.30	.....	.....	.....
Metapedia, N. B.....	10.70	.....	10.20	.....
do. and Return.....	18.35	.....	17.35	.....
Meteghan, N. S.....	7.25	6.75	7.25	6.75
Middleton, N. S.....	7.35	6.85	7.35	6.85
do. and Return.....	11.50	.....	10.50	.....
Moncton, N. B.....	7.15	.....	6.65	.....
do. and Return.....	13.00	.....	12.00	.....
Montreal, P. Q. (G. T. R'y).....	8.50	.....	.....	.....
do. (via M. C. R'y).....	8.50	.....	.....	.....
Mulgrave, N. S.....	11.55	11.00	11.05	10.50
do. and Return.....	18.75	.....	17.75	.....
<b>NEWCASTLE</b> , N. B.....	8.80	.....	8.30	.....
do. and Return.....	15.40	.....	14.40	.....
New Glasgow, N. S.....	9.50	9.00	9.00	8.50
do. and Return.....	16.50	.....	15.50	.....
New Mills, N. B.....	10.10	.....	9.60	.....
do. and Return.....	17.45	.....	16.45	.....
North Conway, N. H.....	3.45	.....	.....	.....
Norway, Me.....	2.95	.....	.....	.....
<b>OLE ORCHARD</b> , Me.....	1.35	.....	.....	.....
Oxford, N. S.....	8.80	.....	8.30	.....
do. and Return.....	51.50	.....	14.50	.....
<b>PARADISE</b> , N. S.....	7.10	6.60	7.10	6.60
do. and Return.....	11.10	.....	10.10	.....
Peticodiac, N. B.....	6.50	.....	6.00	.....
do. and Return.....	12.00	.....	11.00	.....

TARIFF OF RATES.—Continued.

DESTINATION.	FROM BOSTON.		FROM PORTLAND.	
	UNLIMITED.	LIMITED.	UNLIMITED.	LIMITED.
Pictou, N. S.	\$9.50	\$0.00	\$9.50	\$8.50
do. and Return	16.50	.....	15.50	.....
Poland Springs, Me.	2.75	.....	.....	.....
Portland, Me.	1.00	.....	.....	.....
do. and Return	2.00	.....	.....	.....
do. and Return (Rail)	4.00	3.50	.....	.....
Port Williams, N. S.	8.45	7.95	8.45	7.95
do. and Return	13.20	.....	12.20	.....
Presque Isle, Me. (via River and Rail)	9.90	.....	9.40	.....
Pt. Du Chene, N. B.	.....	7.50	.....	7.00
do. and Return	13.50	.....	12.50	.....
Pt. Hawkesbury, C. B.	12.00	11.10	11.50	10.60
do. and Return	18.90	.....	17.90	.....
Pt. Hastings, C. B.	12.05	11.15	11.55	10.65
do. and Return	19.00	.....	18.00	.....
ROBBINSTON, Me.	5.75	5.00	5.25	4.50
do. and Return	9.00	.....	8.00	.....
Round Hill, N. S.	6.75	6.25	6.75	6.25
do. and Return	11.00	.....	10.00	.....
SACKVILLE, N. B.	.....	8.10	.....	7.60
do. and Return	14.35	.....	13.35	.....
Salisbury, N. B.	6.80	.....	6.30	.....
do. and Return	12.40	.....	11.40	.....
Stewiacke, N. S.	9.50	9.00	9.00	8.50
do. and Return	16.50	.....	15.50	.....
Straits Canso, N. S. (Pt. Hawkesbury)	12.00	11.10	11.50	10.60
do. and Return	18.90	.....	17.90	.....
Summerside, P. E. I.	.....	8.25	.....	7.75
do. and Return	15.00	.....	14.00	.....
Sussex, N. B.	.....	5.80	.....	5.30
do. and Return	11.00	.....	10.00	.....
Sydney, C. B. (all Rail)	.....	12.00	.....	11.50
do. and Return	19.75	.....	18.75	.....
THOMPSON, N. S.	8.85	.....	8.35	.....
do. and Return	14.50	.....	13.50	.....
Tracadie, N. S.	11.25	10.80	10.75	10.30
Truro, N. S.	9.50	9.00	9.00	8.50
do. and Return	16.50	.....	15.50	.....
WATERVILLE, N. S.	8.00	7.50	8.00	7.50
do. and Return	12.50	.....	11.50	.....
Wentworth, N. S.	9.00	.....	8.50	.....
do. and Return	15.80	.....	14.80	.....
Weymouth, N. S.	7.88	6.80	7.88	6.80
Whycoomaugh, C. B.	14.40	13.50	13.90	13.00
Wilmot, N. S.	7.45	6.95	7.45	6.95
do. and Return	11.55	.....	10.55	.....
Windsor, N. S.	9.00	8.20	9.00	8.20
do. and Return	14.00	.....	13.00	.....
Wolfville, N. S.	8.50	8.00	8.50	8.00
do. and Return	13.30	.....	12.30	.....
Woodstock, N. B. (via Calais)	7.75	6.50	7.25	6.00
YARMOUTH, N. S.	8.45	6.50	7.95	6.00
do. and Return	12.75	.....	11.75	.....

For International S. S. Co.'s Local Rates see Page 92.

## MISCELLANEOUS TOURS.

Parties of ten or more travelling at one time will be furnished with special rates, upon application to the General Agent of the Company, Boston, Mass.

No. 1.	<b>Annapolis and Return.</b>	\$10.50
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Annapolis by Bay of Fundy S. S. Co.; return same route.	
No. 2.	<b>Antigonish, N. S., and Return.</b>	\$18.40
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Antigonish by Intercolonial R'y; return same route.	
No. 3.	<b>Calais, Me., and Return.</b>	\$9.00
	Boston to Eastport by International S. S. Co.; Eastport to Calais by Frontier S. B. Co.; return same route.	
No. 4.	<b>Campobello, N. B., and Return.</b>	\$8.50
	Boston to Eastport by International S. S. Co.; Eastport to Campobello by Campobello S. B. Co.; return same route.	
No. 5.	<b>Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Return.</b>	\$17.25
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Pt. Du Chene by Intercolonial R'y; Pt. Du Chene to Summerside by Charlottetown Steam Nav. Co.; Summerside to Charlottetown by P. E. I. R'y; return same route.	
No. 6.	<b>Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Return.</b>	\$20.00
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Pt. Du Chene by Intercolonial R'y; Pt. Du Chene to Summerside by Charlottetown Steam Nav. Co.; Summerside to Charlottetown by P. E. I. R'y; Charlottetown to Pictou by Charlottetown Steam Nav. Co.; Pictou to Halifax by Intercolonial R'y; Halifax to Boston by Canada Atlantic S. S. Line.	
No. 7.	<b>Digby, N. S., and Return.</b>	\$9.75
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Digby by Bay of Fundy S. S. Co.; return same route.	
No. 8.	<b>Eastport, Me., and Return.</b>	\$8.00
	Boston to Eastport by International S. S. Co.; Eastport to Boston by International S. S. Co.	
No. 9.	<b>Fort Fairfield and Return.</b>	\$10.05
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Fredericton by Star Line Steamers; Fredericton to Ft. Fairfield by Canadian Pacific R'y; return same route.	
No. 10.	<b>Halifax and Return.</b>	\$15.50
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Annapolis by Bay of Fundy S. S. Co.; Annapolis to Halifax by Windsor & Annapolis R'y; return same route.	
No. 11.	<b>Halifax and Return.</b>	\$15.50
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Halifax by Intercolonial R'y; return same route.	
No. 12.	<b>Halifax and Return.</b>	\$16.50
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Halifax by Intercolonial R'y; Halifax to Annapolis by Windsor & Annapolis R'y; Annapolis to St. John by Bay of Fundy S. S. Co.; St. John to Boston by International S. S. Co.; or <i>vice versa</i> .	
No. 13.	<b>Halifax and Return.</b>	\$16.50
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Halifax by Intercolonial R'y; Halifax to Boston by Canada Atlantic S. S. Line.	
No. 14.	<b>Kentville and Return.</b>	\$13.00
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Annapolis by Bay of Fundy S. S. Co.; Annapolis to Kentville by Windsor & Annapolis R'y; return same route.	
No. 15.	<b>Montreal and Return.</b>	\$26.50
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Montreal by Intercolonial R'y; Montreal to Boston by Canadian Pacific R'y, via Newport.	
No. 16.	<b>Montreal and Return.</b>	\$26.50
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Montreal by Canadian Pacific Short Line; Montreal to Boston by Canadian Pacific R'y, via Newport.	
No. 17.	<b>Mulgrave and Return.</b>	\$18.75
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Mulgrave by Intercolonial R'y; return same route.	
No. 18.	<b>New Castle, N. B., and Return.</b>	\$15.40
	Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to New Castle by Intercolonial R'y; return same route.	

MISCELLANEOUS TOURS. — Continued.

	<b>No. 19.</b>	<b>Pictou, N. S., and Return.</b>	\$16.50
		Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Pictou by Intercolonial R'y; return same route.	
	<b>No. 20.</b>	<b>Portland, Me., and Return.</b>	\$2.00
		Boston to Portland by International S. S. Co.; Portland to Boston by International S. S. Co.	
\$10.50	<b>No. 21.</b>	<b>Portland, Me., and Return.</b>	\$4.00
		Boston to Portland by International S. S. Co.; Portland to Boston by Boston & Maine R. R.; if limited ticket, \$1.50.	
\$18.40	<b>No. 22.</b>	<b>Sydney, C. B., and Return.</b>	\$21.75
		Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Mulgrave by Intercolonial R'y; Mulgrave to Sydney by Bras d'Or Lake S. S.; return same route.	
\$9.00	<b>No. 23.</b>	<b>Sydney, C. B., and Return.</b>	\$19.75
		Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Sydney by Intercolonial R'y; return same route.	
\$8.50	<b>No. 24.</b>	<b>St. John and Return.</b>	\$13.00
		Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Boston, all rail.	
\$17.25	<b>No. 25.</b>	<b>Summerside, P. E. I., and Return.</b>	\$15.00
		Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Pt. Du Chene by Intercolonial R'y; Pt. Du Chene to Summerside by Charlottetown Steam Nav. Co.; return same route.	
\$20.00	<b>No. 26.</b>	<b>Truro, N. S., and Return.</b>	\$16.50
		Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Truro by Intercolonial R'y; return same route.	
	<b>No. 27.</b>	<b>Three Provinces Excursion.</b>	\$21.00
		Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Annapolis by Bay of Fundy S. S. Co.; Annapolis to Halifax by Windsor & Annapolis R'y; Halifax to Pictou by Intercolonial R'y; Pictou to Charlottetown by Charlottetown Steam Nav. Co.; Charlottetown to Summerside by P. E. I. R'y; Summerside to Pt. Du Chene by Charlottetown Steam Nav. Co.; Pt. Du Chene to St. John by Intercolonial R'y; St. John to Boston by International S. S. Co. This tour may be reversed, if desired, at same rate.	
\$9.75	<b>No. 28.</b>	<b>Windsor and Return.</b>	\$14.00
		Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Annapolis by Bay of Fundy S. S. Co.; Annapolis to Windsor by Windsor & Annapolis R'y; return same route.	
\$10.05	<b>No. 29.</b>	<b>Yarmouth, N. S., and Return.</b>	\$12.75
		Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Digby by Bay of Fundy S. S. Co.; Digby to Yarmouth by Western Counties R'y; return same route.	
\$15.50	<b>No. 30.</b>	<b>Yarmouth, N. S., and Return.</b>	\$10.50
		Boston to St. John by International S. S. Co.; St. John to Digby by Bay of Fundy S. S. Co.; Digby to Yarmouth by Western Counties R'y; Yarmouth to Boston by Yarmouth S. S. Co.	

GENERAL INFORMATION TO PASSENGERS.

RETURN TICKETS are on sale to all principal points, and a large saving is made by purchasing the same. All return tickets entitle the passenger to stop-over privileges.

STATEROOMS AND MEALS. — Rooms may be engaged in advance upon application by letter or telegram to the local agents of the company. Stateroom berths are not sold by this company. Rooms are \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00 each. There are also several bridal and family rooms on each steamer, varying in price from \$3.00 to \$4.00. Meals are served on the American plan, at the following prices: Breakfast or supper, 50 cents; dinner, 75 cents.

CHILDREN'S TICKETS. — Children between the ages of five and twelve, half fare; under five, free.

REDEMPTION OF TICKETS. — In the purchase of tickets, passengers are reminded that any portion of a ticket not used will be redeemed at its value at the Boston Wharf Agency, either by mail or upon personal application. This will apply to tickets issued by this company over its connections as well as over its own lines.

STEAMERS' LANDINGS. — FROM BOSTON, the steamers of the St. John line leave the *south side* of Commercial Wharf. AT PORTLAND, the steamers leave Railroad Wharf, foot of State Street. AT EASTPORT, the steamers of the International S. S. Co., the Campobello steamer, the St. Croix River steamer for St. Andrews, Robbinston and Calais, and steamer M. & M. for Peulbroke, land at same pier. AT ST. JOHN, the company's pier is at Reed's Point.

## Connecting Lines East of Boston.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The time-tables given below are substantially correct at the time this book goes to press. Changes may, however, occur when the Summer Arrangements of the lines go into effect, and passengers are respectfully referred to the official publications of the several lines, also to the Pathfinder Railway Guide, published at Boston monthly, and to the Travelers' Official Railway Guide, published monthly at New York, which contain time-tables of all lines in the United States and Canada.

**BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD.**—Trains leaving Boston at 12.30 P. M. (Eastern Division) connect with the steamers of the International Steamship Co. at Portland. Trains for Boston leave Portland (Western Division) at 7.00 A. M., 12.40 and 3.30 P. M., and (on the Eastern Division) at 2.00 and 9.00 A. M., 1.00 and 6.00 P. M.

#### WESTERN DIVISION LOCAL TRAINS, FROM PORTLAND.

For Old Orchard Beach, Saco, Biddeford, Kennebunk, and intermediate stations, 7.00 A. M., 12.40, 3.30, 5.15 and 6.20 P. M. For Wells Beach, 7.00 A. M., and 3.30 and 5.15 P. M. For North Berwick, Great Falls and Dover, 7.00 A. M., 12.40, 3.50 and 5.15 P. M. For So. Newmarket Junction, Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Lowell, 7.00 A. M., 12.40 and 3.30 P. M. For Rochester, Farmington, Alton Bay and Wolfboro', 12.40 and 3.30 P. M. For Manchester and Concord, 7.00 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

#### EASTERN DIVISION TRAINS

Leave Portland at 2.00 A. M. for Boston (night Pullman), stopping at Biddeford, Kittery, Portsmouth, Newburyport, Ipswich, Salem, Lynn, Chelsea and Somerville.

Leave Portland for Boston and important way stations at 9.00 A. M.

Leave Portland 1.00 P. M. for Boston, stopping at way stations to Portsmouth.

Leave Portland 8.45 A. M. for Cape Elizabeth.

Leave Portland at 6 P. M. (express for Boston), stopping only at principal points.

**BOOTHBAY, MOUSE AND SQUIRREL ISLANDS.**—(Twenty-five miles.) (Eastern Steamboat Co.) Steamers leave Bath, Me., daily (except Sunday).

CONNECTING LINES EAST OF BOSTON,—Continued.

**BAY OF FUNDY STEAMSHIP CO.**— (Sixty miles.) (**St. John, Digby, and Annapolis, Nova Scotia Line.**) Steamers, during July and August, leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 7.30 A. M., local St. John time, for Digby and Annapolis, N. S., connecting at these points for all parts of Western Nova Scotia. Returning, leave Annapolis and Digby same afternoon, arriving at St. John about 7.00 P. M. For other time-tables, see Company's circulars and daily papers.

**BAY DE CHALEUR, N. B.**— Steamer "Admiral" leaves Dalhousie (north shore of N. B.) every Wednesday and Saturday morning for Gaspe, N. B., calling at intermediate ports. Returning, leaves Gaspe Monday and Thursday mornings.

**CAMPOBELLO STEAMBOAT CO.**— (One and one half miles.) Steamers of the Ferry companies for the island of Campobello leave Eastport at frequent intervals during the day.

**CAPE BRETON STEAMER LINE.**— (Eighty miles.) (**Bras d'Or Lake Steam Navigation Co.**) After commencement of the summer time-table of the Intercolonial Railway, steamers leave Mulgrave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, on arrival of express train from St. John, for Sydney, passing through Lennox Passage and St. Peter's Canal, for Grand Narrows, Baddeck and Boularderie Islands in Bras d'Or Lakes. Returning, leave Sydney (calling at above places) Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, for Mulgrave, connecting with express for St. John and all points west.

**FRONTIER STEAMBOAT CO.**— (Thirty miles.) (**Eastport, St. Andrews, Robbinston, Calais— opp. St. Stephen.**) Steamer "Rose Standish" runs in regular connection with the steamers of the International Steamship Co. from Eastport, touching the above-named points on the St. Croix River.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**— For Auburn and Lewiston, 7.30 A. M., 1.30 and 5.20 P. M. For Gorham, N. H., 7.30 A. M., 1.30 and 5.20 P. M. For Montreal and Chicago, 7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M. For Quebec, 7.30 A. M., and 1.30 P. M. For Buckfield and Canton, 7.30 A. M., and 1.30 P. M.

**SHORE LINE RAILWAY.**— (**Between St. John, St. George and St. Stephen, N. B.**) Trains leave Carleton (ferry from St. John) daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.50 A. M.

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**— Trains of this road leave St. John morning and afternoon for Moncton, Campbellton, Amherst, Truro, Halifax, and all important stations on main line both north and south of Moncton. For hours of leaving, see official time-cards.

**LUBEC AND EASTPORT FERRY.**— (Three miles.) Ferry steamers leave Eastport for Lubec at frequent intervals day and evening.

**LUBEC AND MACHIAS STAGE.**— (Twenty-eight miles.) Leaves Lubec daily for Machias. Returning, leaves Machias daily for Lubec.



## CONNECTING LINES EAST OF BOSTON,—Continued.

### MAINE CENTRAL RAILWAY.—Trains leave Portland as follows:

For Auburn and Lewiston, 8.30 A. M., 1.15 and 5.10 P. M. Lewiston, via Brunswick, 7.15 A. M., 1.20, 5.05 and 11.00 P. M. For Bath, 7.15 A. M., 1.20, 5.05 and 11.00 P. M. Rockland and Knox & Lincoln Railroad, 7.15 A. M., and 1.20 and 11.00 P. M. Brunswick, Gardiner, Hallowell and Augusta, 7.15 A. M., 1.20, 5.05 and 11.00 P. M. Farmington, via Lewiston, 8.30 A. M., and 1.15 P. M.; via Brunswick, 1.20 P. M. Monmouth, Winthrop, Lake Maranacook, Readfield, Oakland and North Anson, 1.15 P. M. Waterville and Skowhegan, via Lewiston, 1.15 P. M., and Waterville only at 5.10 P. M.; via Augusta, 6.40 A. M., 1.00, 1.20 and 11.30 P. M. Belfast and Dexter, 1.15, 1.20, 11.30 P. M. Bangor, via Lewiston, 1.15 P. M.; via Augusta, 6.40 A. M., 1.00, 1.20, 11.00 P. M. Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, via Dexter, 6.40 A. M., and 1.00 P. M.; via Oldtown, 6.40 A. M., 11.30 P. M. Ellsworth and Bar Harbor, 1.20, 11.00 P. M. Vanceboro', St. Stephen (Calais), Aroostook County, St. John, Halifax and the Provinces, 1.20, 11.00 P. M.

WHITE MOUNTAINS LINE.—For Cumberland Mills, 8.45 A. M., 3.30 P. M. For Sebago Lake, 8.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M. For Bridgton, 8.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M. Fryeburg, North Conway, Glen Station, Crawford's, and Fabyan's and Montreal, 8.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M. Jefferson and Lancaster, 8.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M. Colebrook and Quebec, 3.30 P. M.

NOVA SCOTIA CENTRAL RAILWAY.—Trains of this railway connect at Middleton (W. & A. R'y) for New Germany, Lunenburg, Bridgewater, Malone Bay, and other points on South Shore, including Liverpool.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.—(St. John to Fredericton, Grand Falls, Vanceboro', St. Stephen, St. Andrews, etc.) Trains leave St. John for Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Bangor, etc., at 6.10 and 8.55 A. M. For Fredericton at 4.40 P. M. For St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Bangor, etc., at 8.30 P. M.

PORTLAND AND NEW YORK LINE.—(Three hundred and forty miles.) (Maine Steamship Co.) Steamers leave Portland for New York, calling at Martha's Vineyard, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 6 P. M. Returning, leave New York every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 5 P. M.

PORTLAND AND BOOTHBAY LINE.—Steamer leaves Portland Tuesdays and Saturdays at 8.00 A. M., for Squirrel Island, Boothbay, Heron Island, South Bristol and East Boothbay, and for Pemaquid every Thursday at 8.00 A. M. Returning, leave Boothbay every Monday and Thursday at 8.00 A. M. for Portland and intermediate points. Also leaves Pemaquid for Portland Fridays at 7.00 A. M.

MT. DESERT AND MACHIAS LINE.—The new steamer "Frank Jones" makes tri-weekly trips between Rockland, Bar Harbor and Machiasport, leaving Rockland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6.00 A. M., and returning from Machiasport, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

CONNECTING LINES EAST OF BOSTON, — Continued.

**PORTLAND & ROCHESTER RAILROAD.** — Trains leave Portland as follows: For Worcester, Clinton, Ayer Junction, Nashua, Windham and Epping at 7.30 A. M. and 12.30 P. M. For Manchester, Concord and points north at 7.30 A. M. and 12.30 P. M. For Rochester, Springvale, Alfred, Waterboro' and Saco River at 7.30 A. M., 12.30 and 5.30 P. M. For Gorham at 7.30 and 9.45 A. M., 12.30, 3.00, 5.30 and 6.20 P. M. For Westbrook (Saccarappa), Cumberland Mills, Westbrook Junction and Woodford's at 7.30 and 9.45 A. M., 12.30, 3.00, 5.30 and 6.20 P. M.

**PORTLAND AND BOSTON STEAMERS.** — (One hundred and ten miles.) (**Portland Steam Packet Co.**) Leave Portland at 7.00 P. M. daily except Sunday. Returning, leave Boston at 7.00 P. M. daily except Sunday. In summer, special Sunday-evening trips are made in both directions.

**CHARLOTTETOWN STEAM NAVIGATION CO.** — Steamer leaves Point du Chene about 2.00 P. M. daily, except Sundays, for Summerside. Returning leaves Summerside about 8.00 A. M. Leaves Pictou, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, about 1.00 P. M. for Charlottetown. Returning, leaves Charlottetown, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday about 7.00 A. M.

**STAR LINE STEAMER** leaves Indiantown at 9.00 A. M. week-days. Returning, leaves Fredericton 8.00 A. M. week-days.

**WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.** — Trains leave Annapolis as follows: 6.10 A. M., and 1.40 P. M. daily (except Sunday), for all points between Annapolis and Halifax.

**YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.** — (Between Digby and Yarmouth, N. S.) Leave Yarmouth, express daily at 8.00 A. M., arrive at Annapolis at 12.00 noon; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.00 P. M., arrive at Annapolis 5.48 P. M. Leave Annapolis, express daily at 1.20 P. M., arrive at Yarmouth 5.20 P. M. Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 A. M., arrive at Yarmouth 12.35 P. M.

## Connecting Rail Lines out of Boston.

**THROUGH TRAINS—SUBJECT TO CHANGE.**

- Boston & Maine Railroad—Eastern Division.**  
 For PORTLAND—7.30 and 9.00 A. M., 12.30 and 7.00 P. M.  
 " WHITE MOUNTAINS—7.30 A. M., 3.30 P. M.
- Boston & Maine Railroad—Western Division.**  
 For PORTLAND—8.30 A. M., 12.30 and 3.45 P. M.
- Boston & Maine Railroad—Lowell Division.**  
 For MONTREAL, P. Q.—via Central Vermont Railroad—9.00 and 11.30 A. M., and 7.30 P. M.  
 " " " —via Canadian Pacific Railway—9.00 A. M.  
 " WHITE MOUNTAINS—9.00 A. M.
- Boston & Maine Railroad—Central Mass. Division.**  
 For HUDSON, WARE and NORTHAMPTON—8.15 A. M., 1.30 and 4.40 P. M.
- Boston & Albany Railroad.**  
 For NEW YORK—9.00 and 11.00 A. M., 4.00 and 11.00 P. M.  
 " ALBANY—5.00, 8.30, 10.30 and 11.00 A. M., 2.00 and 7.15 P. M.  
 " THE WEST—10.30 A. M., 2.00 and 7.15 P. M.
- Fitchburg Railroad—Hoosac Tunnel Route.**  
 For MONTREAL, P. Q.—via Central Vermont Railroad—8.00 and 10.30 A. M., and 7.00 P. M.  
 " TROY, N. Y.—6.45, 9.00 and 11.30 A. M., 3.00 and 7.00 P. M.  
 " THE WEST—3.00 and 7.00 P. M.
- New York & New England Railroad.**  
 For NEW YORK—8.30 A. M., 12.00 noon, 3.00 and 3.30 P. M.  
 " NEW YORK—via Sound Steamer—6.00 P. M.
- Old Colony Railroad.**  
 For NEW YORK—via Fall River Line—6.00 P. M.  
 " " " —via Shore Line: all rail—10.00 and 10.03 A. M., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00 and 12.00 P. M.  
 " " " —via Providence Line—Opens in June, 6.30 P. M.  
 " " " —via Stonington Line—6.30 P. M.

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Morning trains and the 12.30 and 1.00 P. M. trains connect at Portland with steamers.  
 \* No transfer.

## Boston and Portland by Daylight.

RATES.	ONE WAY.	RETURN.
Boston to Portland, Me. ....	\$1.00	\$2.00
" Auburn, Me. ....	2.00	.....
" Augusta, Me. ....	3.00	.....
" Bath, Me. ....	2.25	.....
" Belfast, Me. ....	5.00	.....
" Brunswick, Me. ....	2.00	.....
" Crawford House, New Hampshire. ....	4.30	6.85
" Fabyan's, N. H. ....	4.55	7.40
" Farmington, Me. ....	3.75	7.50
" Glen House, N. H. .... (via P. & O.)	6.00	10.00
" Gorham, N. H. ....	4.45	7.00
" Gardiner, Me. ....	2.75	.....
" Hallowell, Me. ....	2.00	.....
" Lewiston, Me. ....	2.00	.....
" Montreal, P. Q. .... (via P. & O. R. R.)	8.50	14.50
" Montreal, P. Q. .... (via G. T. R'y.)	8.50	14.50
" North Conway, N. H. ....	3.05	5.40
" Old Orchard, N. H. ....	1.35	2.50
" Poland Springs, Me. ....	2.75	5.00
" Skowhegan, Me. ....	4.50	.....
" Waterville, Me. ....	3.75	.....

\* Bear in mind steamers do not make the day trip between Boston and Portland from July 2 to September 10.

## Stage Connections.

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At AMHERST with tri-weekly Stages for Linden and Tidnish.

At SHUBENACADIE with Stages daily for Maitland, Gay's River and Musquodobit, tri-weekly for Sheet Harbour, and on Saturdays for Kennetcook and Noel.

At HOPEWELL with Stewart's Stage Line for Springville, Bridgeville, St. Paul, Upper and Lower Caledonia, Smithfield and Melrose.

At TRURO, daily, with Stages for Clifton, Black Rock and Maitland, and tri-weekly for Earltown and W. Branch River John.

At LONDONDERRY with Stages for Acadia Iron Mines, Great Village, Economy and Five Islands.

At SHEDIAC with Stages to and from Cocagne and Buctouche.

At HARCOURT with Stages for Richibucto, Kingston, and other places on North Shore.

At NEWCASTLE with tri-weekly Stages for Red Bank and Whitneyville.

The Intercolonial Railway is unequalled for comfort and safety in its Passenger Train equipment.

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## Cape Breton Connections, 1894.

Intercolonial trains run through from Mulgrave to Grand Narrows and Sydney.

At the time of going to press full particulars of navigation lines had not been received, the summer time-tables of local railways will give full particulars.

Steamers of the Bras d'Or Navigation Co. connect with trains of Intercolonial Railway at Mulgrave, for Sydney, calling at Grandique Ferry, St. Peter's, Grand Narrows, Badleck and Boularderie Islands. Returning, leave Sydney for above points connecting at Badleck with steamers for Whyecomagh, Little Narrows and Little Bras d'Or.

Steamship "Ramouski" will leave Mulgrave on arrival of east-bound train, for Arichat, Canso, and Port Hood, and on two days per week for Guysboro. Returning from above points following mornings, so as to connect with west-bound trains.

## LIST OF HOTELS.

This Company not responsible for errors or omissions.

CITY OR TOWN.	NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	ROOMS.	RATE PER DAY.	RATE PER WEEK.
Amherst, N. S.	Terrace Hotel	N. C. Calhoun	40	\$1.50	Special
	Amherst Hotel	Geo. McFarlane	75	1.00	"
Annapolis, N. S.	Clifton House	Wm. McLelland	34	1.50	\$5.00 to \$7.00
	American House	Mrs. J. H. McLeod	25	1.50	5.00 to 7.00
	Commercial House	Mrs. J. H. Salter	22	1.50	4.00 to 6.00
Aylesford, N. S.	Aylesford House	M. N. Graves	17	1.00	4.00
Baddeck, C. B.	Telegraph House	J. Dunlap	40	1.50	7.00
Berwick, N. S.	French Villa	Mrs. Vaughan	12	1.00	4.00
Bridgetown, N. S.	Grand Central	W. I. Glencross	22	1.50	Special.
	Revere House	Mrs. Russell	12	1.50	"
Calais, Me.	Border City Hotel	D. M. Gardner	40	2.00	"
	St. Croix Exchange	J. K. Duran	50	2.00	"
	American House	J. G. Hamilton	40	2.00	"
Campobello, N. B.	Ty'n-y-Coed	Write Manager	150		
Dalhousie, N. B.	Inch Arran House			2.50 to 4.00	Special.
	Murphy's Hotel	Thos. Murphy		1.50	6.00
Digby, N. S.	Myrtle House	J. C. Morrison	25	2.00	7.00 to 10.00
	Royal Hotel	J. Daley	30	1.50	5.00 to 7.00
	Short's Hotel	Mrs. M. Short	20	1.50	5.00 to 7.00
	Burnham House	Mrs. J. Burnham	18	1.50	5.00 to 7.00
	Digby Hotel	Miss Smith	15	1.50	5.00 to 7.00
Eastport, Me.	Quoddy House	Kenney & Bucknam	100	2.00 to 3.00	Special.
Fredericton, N. B.	Barker House	F. B. Coleman	50	2.00 to 2.50	10.00 to 14.00
	Queen Hotel	J. A. Edwards	50	2.00 to 2.50	10.00 to 14.00
Grand Narrows, C. B.		McDougall McNeill	40	1.50 to 2.00	7.00 to 10.00
Halifax, N. S.	Queen Hotel	A. B. Sheraton	130	2.00 to 3.00	10.50 to 10.00
	Halifax Hotel	H. Hess'em	200	2.00 to 4.00	10.00 to 10.00
Kentville, N. S.	McLeod's	D. McLeod	18	1.50	Special.
	Kentville House	Jas. Lyons	20	1.50	"
	Porter House	Rufus Porter	38	1.25	5.00
	Revere House	Mrs. W. Kelden	22	1.00	5.00
	American House	J. McIntosh	16	1.25	5.00
	Victoria Hotel	C. E. Farren	12	1.25	5.00
Kingston, N. S.	Kingston House	R. E. Davidson	18	1.00	5.00
Lawrencet'n, N. S.	Elm House	A. P. Phinney	8	1.25	4.00
	Valley House	N. H. Phinney	8	1.00	3.50
Lubec, Me.	Merchant's Hotel		50	2.00	7.00 to 10.00
	Hillside House		50	1.50 to 2.00	7.00 to 10.00
Middleton, N. S.	American House	D. Feindal	23	1.50	5.00 and 6.00
Moncton, N. B.	Brunswick House	Geo. McSweeney	50	2.00 to 3.00	Special.
	Commercial House		30	1.50 to 2.00	"
New Glasgow, N. S.	Vendome	D. McDeamid		Special	"
Pt. Hastings, C. B.	Caledonia Hotel		25	1.00	4.00 to 5.00
Portland, Me.	Falmouth Hotel	J. K. Martin	150	2.00 to 4.00	10.00 and up.
	United States	Foss & O'Connor	150	2.00 to 2.50	10.00 and up.
	Preble House	M. S. Gibson	138	2.50 to 3.00	Special.
	City Hotel	V. H. Sweet	86	2.00 to 2.50	"
	St. Julian Hotel	W. R. Underwood	50	1.00 to 3.00	"
St. Andrews, N. B.	Algonquin	Albert Miller	200	3.00 to 5.00	15.00 and up.
St. John, N. B.	Dufferin	F. A. Jones	50	3.00	Special.
	Victoria	D. W. McCormick	68	2.00 to 2.50	"
	Royal	Thos. F. Raymond	70	3.00	"
	New Victoria	J. L. McCloskey	50	2.00	"
	Belmont	John Sime	33	3.00	5.00
	Queen	I. C. Riekie	29	1.50	6.00
Summerside, P. E. I.	Clifton House	E. Mawley	20	2.00	Special.
	Hotel Russ	J. B. Kniss	35	1.50	7.00
Tintio, N. S.	Pt. of Wales Hotel	Mrs. A. L. McKenzie	45	1.50	7.00
	Victoria Hotel	N. A. Ross	22	1.50	7.00
	Learnment Hotel	A. H. Learnment	20	1.50	Special.
Waterville, N. S.		W. H. Risteen	11	1.00	"
Weymouth, N. S.		Forbes Jones	14	1.50	5.00 to 7.00
Windsor, N. S.	Avon House	John Cox		1.50	Special.
	Victoria Hotel	Thos. Doran		1.50	"
	Windsor House	Thos. Gibson		1.25	"
Wolfville, N. S.	Acadia House	J. L. Franklyn	20	1.50	6.00
	Central Hotel	Mrs. C. R. Quin	18	1.50	Special.
	Wolfville House	H. D. Farrell	14	1.50	6.00
	Kent Lodge	Mrs. Haliburton	12	1.25	Special.
	American House	J. W. Harris	21	1.25	5.00

The  
**Intercolonial Railway**  
of Canada.

THE  
POPULAR  
LINE.



THE  
SCENIC  
ROUTE.

Between Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, Sydney, C. B., and  
Prince Edward Island.

**The People's Railway** makes fast time and low fares. Its equipment is of standard excellence. Trains brilliantly lighted by electricity. Westinghouse Automatic Air Brakes.

**A Perfect Train Service.** No other route in America presents to tourists, pleasure seekers, and invalids so many unrivalled attractions. Pure air, splendid sea bathing and a perfect panorama of delightful views.

The Intercolonial Railway traverses for 200 miles the south shore of the majestic St. Lawrence, thence through the famous lake, mountain and valley region of the Metapedia and Restigouche Rivers, unequalled for their **MAGNIFICENT SCENERY**, and along the beautiful and picturesque shores of the Baie des Chaleurs and Gulf of St. Lawrence and the "Scenic Route" through Cape Breton. Tourists should be sure to include its famous resorts in their summer tour.

Sportsmen will find the rivers, lakes and woods along the Intercolonial unequalled.

**Safety, Speed and Comfort.** Round-trip tourist tickets, summer excursion and sea-bathing tickets, good for passage between the 1st of June and last of October, are for sale at all the principal railway and steamship agencies in Canada and United States.

Guide books to the Intercolonial Railway, maps, hotel lists, books of summer tours, also time tables can be had on application to city agents, or to

**D. POTTINGER, Gen. Mgr.,**  
Moncton, N. B.

**JNO. M. LYONS, Gen. Pass. Agt.,**  
Moncton, N. B.

. . The Rhine of America . .

# RIVER SAINT JOHN.



St. John, Fredericton and Woodstock.

Fare : Fredericton, \$1.00. Fredericton to Woodstock, \$1.50.  
Through Ticket, \$2.00.



## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Until further notice, one of the splendid MAIL STEAMERS of this line will leave

### INDIANTOWN FOR FREDERICTON,

And Intermediate Landings,

Every morning (Sundays excepted) at nine o'clock (local time), and will leave

### FREDERICTON FOR ST. JOHN (INDIANTOWN),

And Intermediate Landings,

Every morning (Sundays excepted) at eight o'clock (local time), due at Indiantown  
at three P. M.

### Leave FREDERICTON FOR WOODSTOCK,

Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at six A. M. Return alternate days, leaving  
Woodstock at eight A. M.

## CONNECTIONS ARE MADE WITH TRAINS OF THE

### Canadian Pacific Railway,

For Woodstock, Aroostook, Grand Falls, Edmunston, etc.

### Canada Eastern Railway,

For Doaktown, Chatham, etc., and with

### Steamers of the International Steamship Co.

For and from Portland, Boston, and other points in the United States and Canada.

*Through tickets, single and return, issued to all stations at special reduced rates.*

Connections made with the electric of "St. John City Railway," which run to and from  
steamboat landing. Fare only five cents to any point in St. John or Portland on their route.

For further information, see folder with map of river, to be obtained at offices of the  
International Steamship Co., at railroad stations and at hotels.



GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager,

Head Office at Star Line Wharf, Indiantown. - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

# PORTLAND STEAM PACKET CO.




LINE OF FIRST-CLASS  
STEAMERS . .



BETWEEN : : :

## BOSTON AND PORTLAND.



 NE of the steamers — Portland or Tremont — will leave India Wharf, Boston, for Portland every evening at 7.00 P. M. (except Sundays), connecting, on arrival, with Maine Central, Knox & Lincoln, Grand Trunk, and Portland & Rochester Railroads, and with steamers for points on coast of Maine. Direct and desirable route to Lewiston, Auburn, Bangor, and all points East and North. Through tickets at low rates. Leave Portland for Boston every evening at 7.00 o'clock (except Sundays), connecting, on arrival, with the earliest trains on all diverging lines.

Sunday trips from middle of June to middle of September, leaving each port at 7.00 P. M.

This line affords a most desirable route to the Rangeley Lakes, through by daylight from Portland. The standard route for comfort and pleasure to Lewiston, Poland Springs, Mount Desert, Bethel, Gorham, N. H., North Conway, Crawford's, Fabyan's, etc. Close connections at Portland with all diverging lines, and through tickets to points North and East.



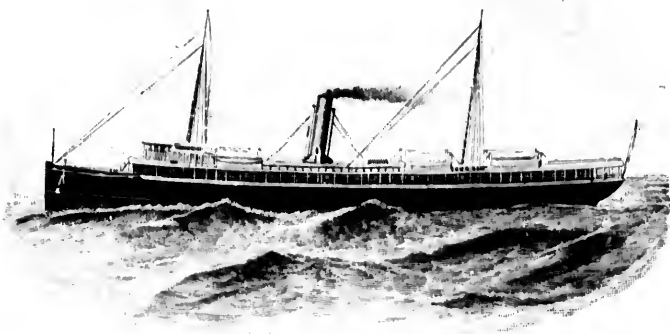
J. B. COYLE, Manager.      J. F. LISCOMB, Gen. Agent and Treas.  
C. F. WILLIAMS, Agent, India Wharf, Boston.

General Offices : Portland, Maine.



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SUMMER SERVICE, 1894.

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1894. Summer Arrangement. 1894.

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Returning, leave Eastport about noon, or on arrival of International Steamer, touching at St. Andrews and Robbinston. Connecting at Calais with

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Canadian Pacific R'y for Houlton and Woodstock.  
Shore Line R'y for St. George.

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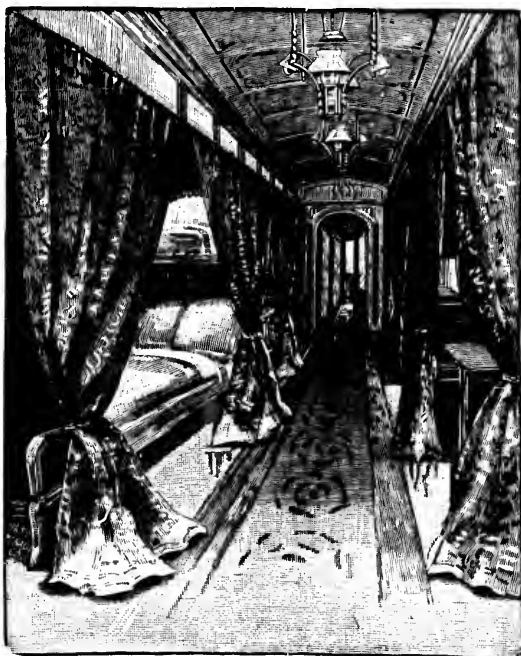
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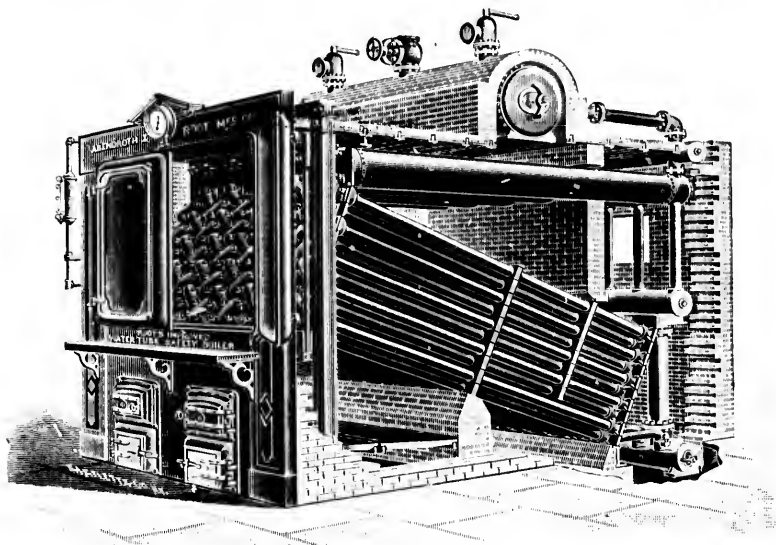
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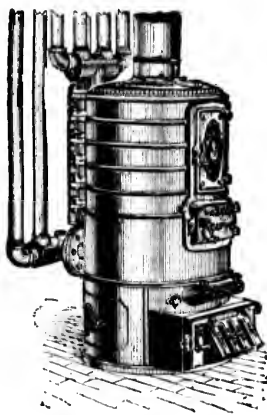
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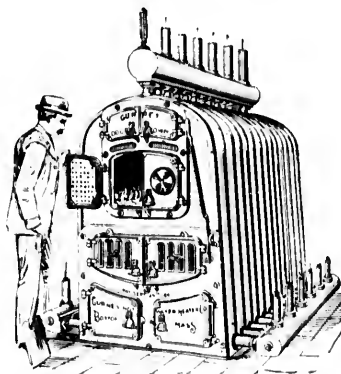
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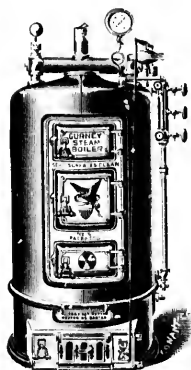
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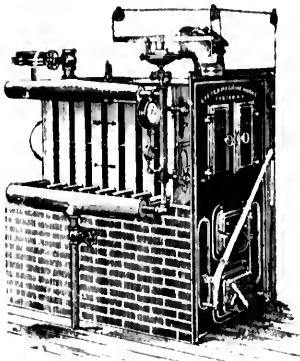
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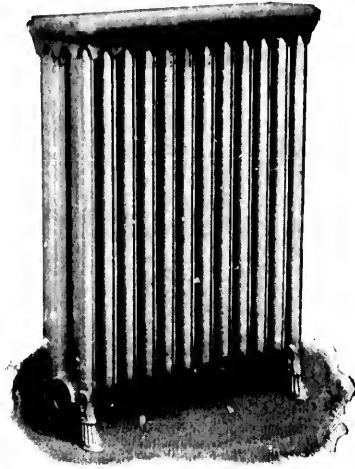
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**H. B. SHORT,**  
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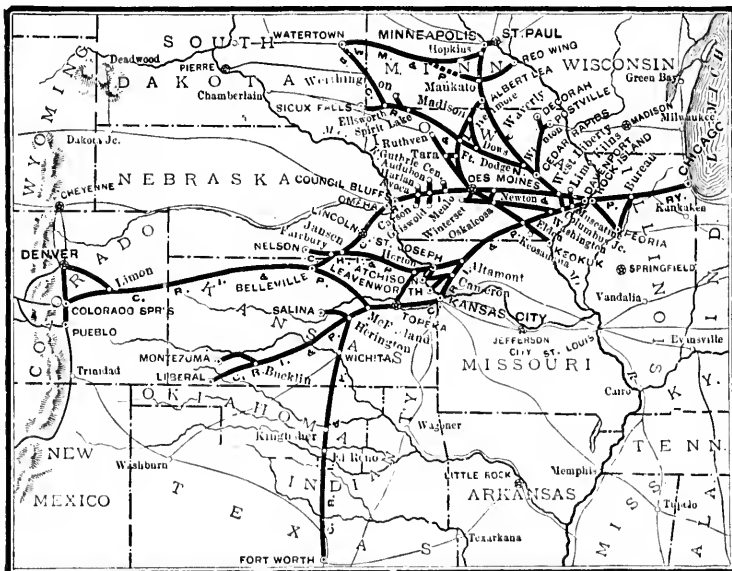
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