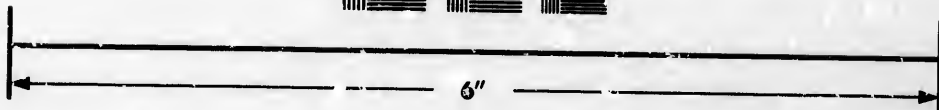
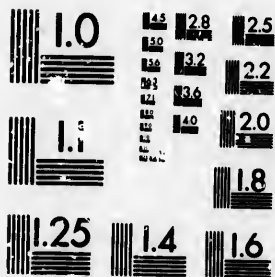


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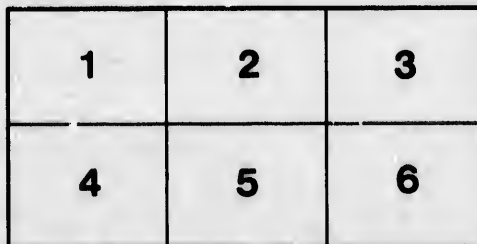
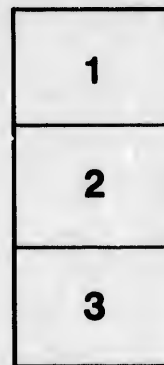
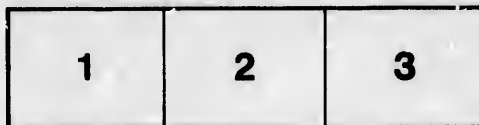
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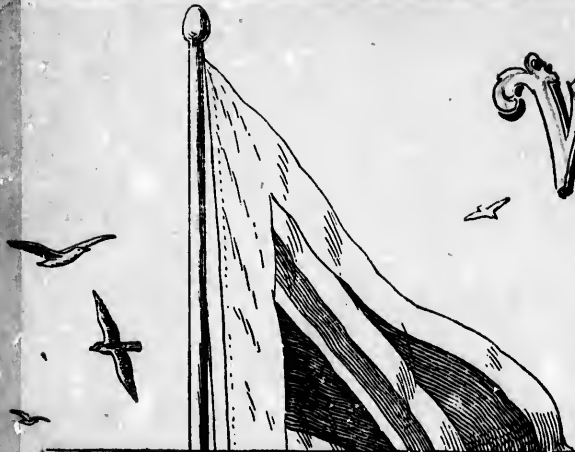
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WHERE
BREEZES
BLOW.

The COOL SUMMER RESORT
ST. JOHN, N. B.

GUIDE.



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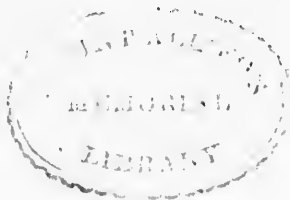
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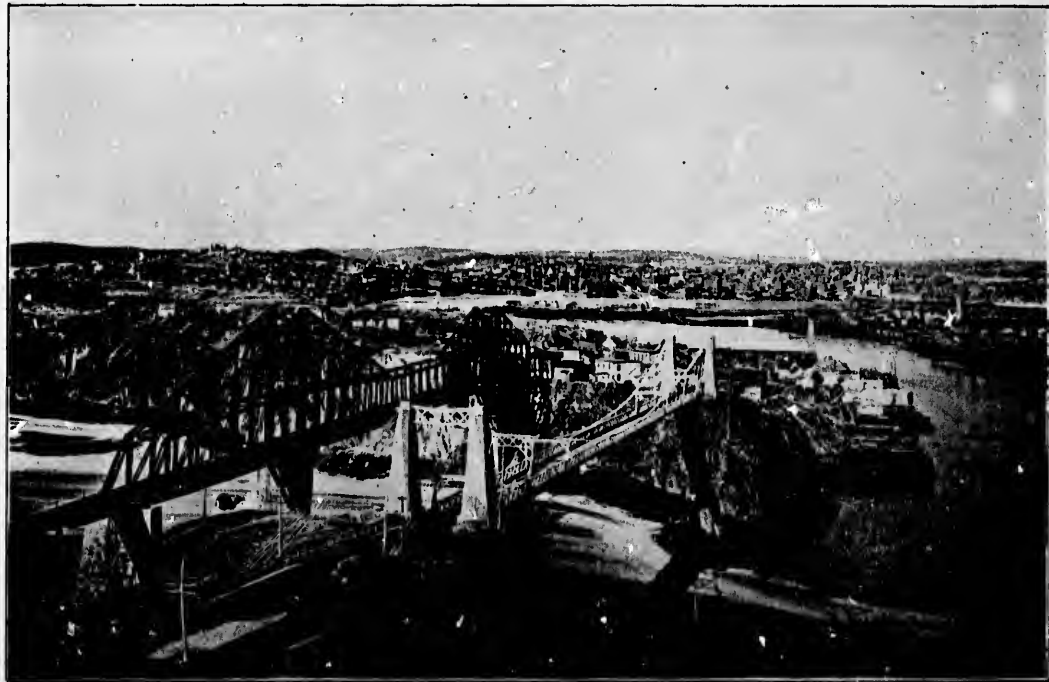
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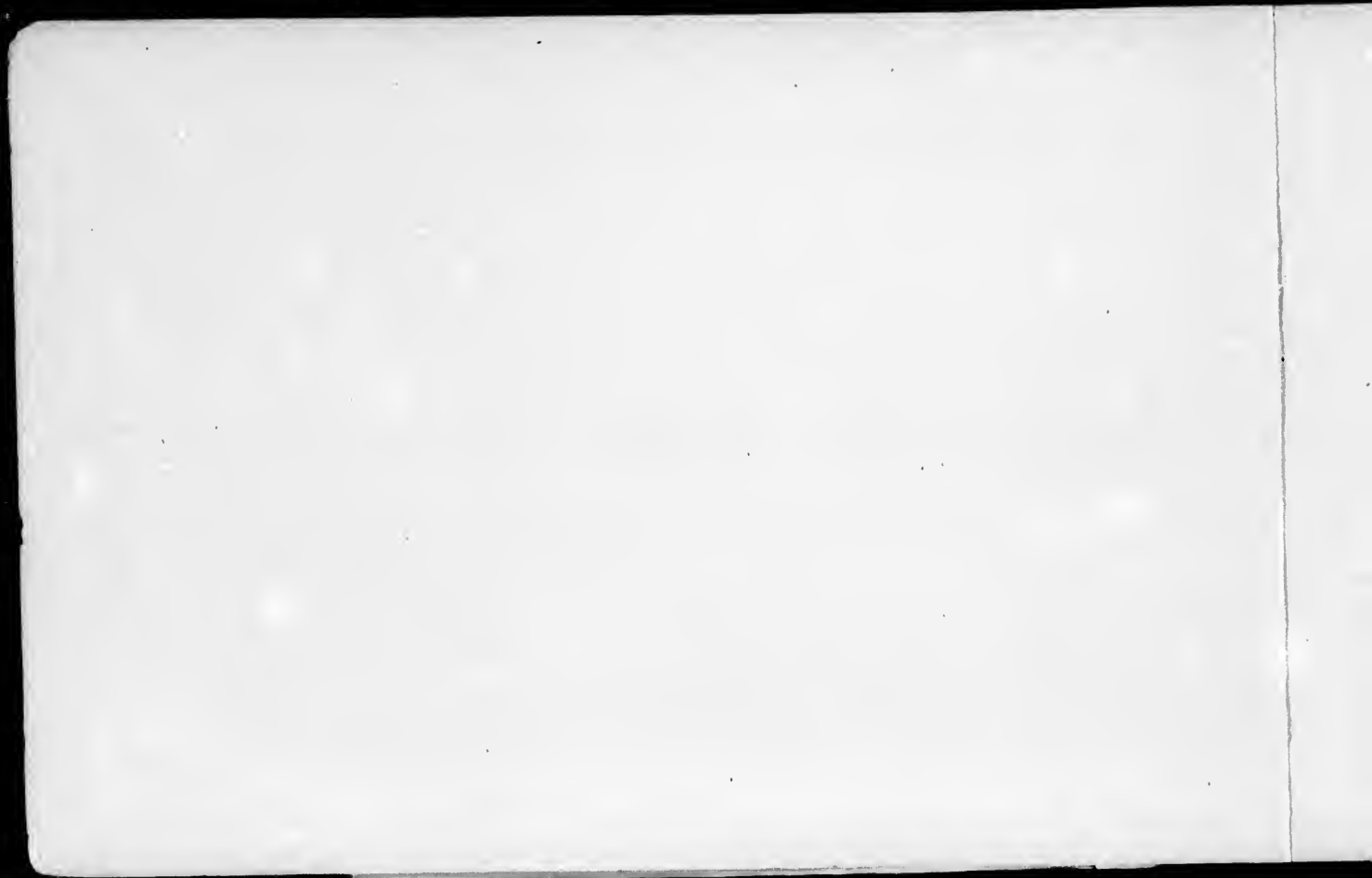
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ST. JOHN CITY AND HARBOUR.

(Photo by A. E. Clarke.)



Mary Archibald
June 1895

Where Breezes Blow.

An Illustrated Guide to St. John and Fredericton and the Province of New Brunswick, describing the Tourists' Resorts, Fishing and Bathing Waters and the Routes of Travel of a Delightful Country.

BY _____

W. G. MacFarlane.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

PUBLISHED BY

Mason & MacFarlane

1895.

PROGRESS PRINT



Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1895
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ALONG THE HARBOUR FRONT.

(Photo by J. S. Climo & Son.)



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WHERE BREEZES BLOW.

BY HARRY A. WOODWORTH.

Willows are drowsy in Acadie,
Clear and cool is the streamlet's flow ;—
O weary city-folk, come with me
Where breezes blow.

* * * * *

The blue sky smiles through a slumber-haze,
And the wind-kissed willow, "sleep's own tree,"
Dreams of its youth in the old French days
Of Acadie.

The woods are asleep, and the fields are asleep,
And stilled is the moan of the restless sea;
Only the chaste clouds vigil keep
O'er Acadie.

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But out of the stillness of the dream
Comes the bobolink's cheery cry,
And the woods and the fields and the waters gleam
With the light of the sky.

The fields are awake, and the woods are awake,
And the sea is flecked with the white-cap snow;
The birds from Heaven their keynote take,
And breezes blow.

But the lazy willow is unashamed;
This Rip van Winkle of Acadie
Sees the broad meadow-lands reclaimed
From the sullen sea.

Willows are drowsy in Acadie,
Land of the now and the long ago;—
O weary city-folk, come with me
Where breezes blow.



INTERVALE LANDS ON THE NERPIS.

(Photo by LeB. Robertson.)



INTRODUCTION.

THE land where breezes blow is a fitting term wherewith to describe the Maritime Provinces in summer. The sun never shines harshly upon the dwellers in this sea-girt land and gentle zephyrs always blowing invite contentment and repose. Here the days are balmy and the nights are nights of rest. The fragrant coolness that invades the bed chambers of the land induce slumber and the sultry heat that results in restless nights is unknown.

There are various things that supply the reason for this blessing of coolness. The northerly location of the country and the proximity of the gulf stream account in part for this climatic condition. But there is another reason arising from the irregular geographical formation of the provinces. The American coast from Florida to Maine presents a bold, unbroken front to Father Atlantic. When the old sea god sought to break through the sturdy opposing ranks he was repulsed. But when the boundary line was passed he found a weak point in the defense and the sea king cut great gaps in the ranks of his foe. Broad bays and basins eat their way into the country and divide it into narrow strips of land with shores washed and cooled by the Atlantic waters. Every town of importance is on the sea-board where the influence of the tempering waters and the breeze are felt.

The Bay of Fundy, the chief of these indentations, is a funnel-shaped arm of the sea and at its head is separated from the waters of the gulf of St. Lawrence by a narrow isthmus. Differences of temperature on the two bodies of water create currents of air that blow across Chignecto from Tidnish to Tantramar. All summer long the breezes are in motion and the air seems like the fabled shades, full of trouble and never at rest. Here is the rendezvous of the winds and the places that border on the bay, St. John, Annapolis and others, feel their light touch as they pass crowding up the funnel to meet at the head.

The breezes have been whispering words of welcome to visitors and their gentle invitation has been accepted by thousands in the hot towns and cities of the Eastern States. The tourist population have been looking toward the Maritime Provinces for their cooling place during days of midsummer heat. They have found here many things to commend it as a place of resort and during the last few years they have been flocking here in large numbers. It is the elysium for the great middle class of tourists and it does not need a prophetic voice to predict that here the bulk of this order of travel will turn. Here is every natural advantage in the way of climate and scenery; here are storied scenes and places made sacred by the deeds of heroes; here are strange phenomena of nature to please the fancy of the curious, and lastly what is perhaps the chief essential to the great body of dwellers in cities here is cheapness and much to be seen and enjoyed and little to be spent. For the Bluenose is a simple minded body, his ways are plain and he does not ask too heavy a return for his hospitality.

The hub of the Maritime Provinces, a city which will make a good first impression upon tourists, is St. John. When the word "hub" is used it is not meant to be implied that St. John claims to be the centre in importance of these provinces-by-the-sea, it merely means that it is the geographical centre, the place to which tourists would naturally turn first and the place from which as a base they would plan tours of the surrounding cities, towns and resorts. It is the purpose of the writer in the succeeding pages to guide his reader in imagination to this fair city, show him its many beauties and its novel sights and discourse to him of its rich historic and romantic associations.

There are two or three routes of travel to St. John from Boston, but the shortest, the most pleasant and the most desirable in every way is the direct route by the steamers of the International Line. Every accommodation and comfort is provided by the line for its patrons and the sail is a delightful one along the New England and Bay of Fundy coasts. The scenery is in places charmingly picturesque, and in others grand and rugged and at the mouth of the bay are some beautiful sea scapes.

At St. John everything is to be found to delight the tourist. The hotels are excellent and furnish every convenience to travellers. There are some charming drives along river bank and sea beach. There are excursions on St. John's most

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A SCENE IN ROCKWOOD PARK.





valuable possession, her river, and there is excellent sea bathing. Sports of some kind are going on all the time during the summer,— horse racing at the driving park, games at the athletic grounds, yachting and canoeing, and the other various forms. The finely built streets and the comfortable and complete electric car service are a satisfaction to those who dwell in cities and the Bostonian and New Yorker can feel that they are not without their city comforts.

There is much to study and to learn at St. John. But here there is a chance for a digression. Reference was made to the geographical formation of the Maritime Provinces. Let the reader look at the map of North America. There he will find these provinces jutting out from the rest of the continent and giving an impression of separateness. It is a little corner of the vast country detached from the rest and with an individuality all its own. There are peculiarities of climate, physical condition, people and history that in their novelty will enliven the interest of the most disinterested and to the student will be a source of delight.

Here are "all sorts and conditions of men" from the hardy Gael in the uttermost tip of Cape Breton to the sprightly French-Acadian in the northern bounds of New Brunswick. In St. John is found a truly American city, American in its habits and modes of thinking but thoroughly Canadian in its patriotism. Halifax on the other hand is the most English city on the continent and a paradise for the Anglonomiac. Up in Cape Breton the Scotchman and his Gaelic abound and all he lacks is a kilt and a laird to make him a true highlander again. At any rate he has his "parrich" and his good Scotch names and all the honest, hearty, humorous characteristics of the Scotch nature. Then again, along the northern and eastern coast of New Brunswick the Acadian French fill the land with all their picturesqueness of character and manners and their fund of folk-lore and stories of the early days. And so the atmosphere of the provinces is sometimes filled with the grating gutturals of the Gaelic and sometimes with the smooth flowing labials of the French.

The ivy leaves of fond memories and a romantic story cluster around the name of Acadia and down the avenues of the past appear vistas of brave deeds and picturesque scenes. Going back to primeval times there is the Gluskap legend and the stories of his mighty deeds about Blomidon in the Basin of Minas and about St. John. Then the Frenchman came upon the scene and lit up the page of history with a brightness that does not appertain to the sombre chronicles of New

England history. With their cavalier manners, their rich dress and sword clanking at their side, Champlain, Les arbot, De Monts, La Tour and other great Frenchmen from the gay cities of la belle France appear in succession of romantic events down the avenues of time against the dark background of virgin forest and plumed and painted braves. Their deeds would form a fitting subject for an epic. What painter could do justice to L'Ordre de Bon Temps, when in the beginning of the seventeenth century these hardy voyageurs held high carnival in the ancient town of Annapolis and reproduced the revelry of gay Paris amid the forest surroundings! What poet could do justice to the heroism of "the lady of Fort St. John," brave Madame La Tour, truly the noblest woman that ever lived, one who not actuated by any excitement or high ambition, as Joan of Arc and others, but out of pure devotion to her lord and master courageously held the fort against greater numbers and succumbed only to treachery! With artist inspiration Longfellow has told the story of the exile of the Acadians, an episode that was remarkable in history and was only equalled by another exodus when the Loyalists came into these provinces and occupied the still smoking farmsteads of the Acadians. Strange were the beginnings of the country and cities were reared in a day. There is in the whole world only one city that is a counterpart of St. John in origin, and that city is in Italy.

There are physical conditions which differentiate these provinces from other places. The tides present the most remarkable phenomena in the world and under varying conditions present startling pictures. At Grand Pre there are great dyked meadows and broad stretches of steel-grey and brownish-red flats where the water is now at one's feet and now miles away. Cornwallis, Avon and other rivers display their expansive mud bottoms, frequently not possessing a river's essential feature of water. At the head of the bay of Fundy, the phenomena of the tides result in complications which are now being considered in the experiment in marine architecture which is being made there. The first ship railway is being built and is drawing the attention of the world to Chignecto Isthmus. On the Petitcodiac there is the only tidal bore on this continent and it has sometimes reached a height of five feet. At St. John there is the singular phenomena, of which there is no counterpart existing, a reversible fall.

The most pleasant trip that can be taken from the city is the journey by the steamers of the Star line up the St. John

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ST. MARTINS, ROADWAY AND BLUFF.



to Fredericton. The sail is refreshing and exhilarating and the landscapes are charming, for there is no river in America which possesses finer natural beauty than the St. John. Fredericton is the capital of New Brunswick and is a pretty little hill-embowered city possessing many handsome buildings incident to the official nature of the city while its private residences are many of them elegant. The hotels are excellent and there is much to amuse and invite the attention of the visitor.

A point of great interest is the town of Marysville just across the river from Fredericton. Here two centuries ago in his fort Nashwaak the celebrated French warrior Villebon held his Acadian capital and conducted fierce marauding expeditions into New England. Now it is the domain of another leader, a leader in the war of wealth, Alexander Gibson, the multi-millionaire and the lumber and cotton king of the province. Marysville is much like the town of Pullman, it is owned by one man, but unlike the other it is always at peace, there is never any friction between capital and labor, for labor never has cause for grievance.

The more venturesome of tourists, the one who is looking for novelty will not miss the delights of a canoe journey from Grand Falls on the head waters of the St. John. From Fredericton the C. P. R. is taken to the point of departure and there a trusty hirel is obtained and carried by the rushing current the traveller drifts down amid grand and sombre scenery, past the town of Woodstock and along the island dotted reaches to Fredericton. Or again, there is the exhilaration of shooting the rapids of the Tobique, a St. John tributary, with a strong Micilite arm grasping the stern paddle of your bark and guiding her unerringly through the rocks and eddies. On the Tobique, too, in the proper season there is excellent trout and salmon fishing.

Another tour through the province which has much to recommend it to the tourist is that by the Intercolonial railway to the north shore. The line first traverses the Kennebecasis, a tributary of the St. John, which rivals the main river in scenery. But this trip is taken not especially for what is seen on the route but for what comes at the end, for on the Miramichi and Restigouche is found some of the finest angling in America and many celebrated American fishermen frequent these waters.

CHAPTER I.

EASTWARD HO!

LET us hope that the gentle persuasion indulged in in the introductory pages and the massed and tempting array of attractions therein set forth may induce the novelty-seeking tourist to taste and see the mysterious delights that lie just beyond the border. Let us hope that he will not be satisfied with the shadow, with the reflection of life and nature, as it is shown in insufficient black and white in the illustrations and descriptive matter of a guide book, but will gather together his impedimenta and, leaving the hot city behind, set himself down in the east, there to feel and know the realities of men and things as they are in the Acadian land.

Having succumbed to these promises of pleasure the first question that faces the tourist is how to get there. But it is not one fraught with much wavering of opinion. The best route will readily suggest itself to the traveller who is looking for rest and comfort. The all-water trip is the best, for the proprietors provide the whole broad space of the Atlantic ocean to breath in and they furnish especially for their patrons an unlimited supply of delightful ozone. You can sit upon the steamer's deck and fill your lungs to bursting and feel the salt sea air go right through your whole system, loosening your cramped limbs. You can feel the genial sun shed softly its beneficent rays, penetrating with their insinuating warmth every pore, reviving the circulation and giving tone to the nerves. Why, twenty-four hours spent on a steamer's deck on the broad Atlantic will counteract the effects of a year occupied with the engrossing cares and feverish turmoil of that which they call life.

Why men should destroy their health and drain their energies merely to get wealth or fame it is hard to understand. But they do, and so such tours as these are necessary. Get away from the hurly-burly then, and give yourself up to listless, long-drawn ease and fill your chest with great volumes of fresh air. Sunlight and oxygen are the best medicines, and so one of these steamers can accomplish greater medicinal results than half a dozen factories for producing panaceas.

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ST. MARTINS, HEADLAND AND BAY.



Having in mind all this, who would give himself to the narrow confines and limited range of vision of a car. And so the route by rail will not be taken. And then comes a mixed route by the steamers of the Yarmouth and Bay of Fundy steamship companies and the Dominion Atlantic railway. But the International line offer the best inducements. This is the shortest and most direct route, there is not the inconvenience of changing from steamer to car and vice versa, their accommodations are excellent and ample and there is the superb scenery to be seen at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy.

An old and well established line is that of the International Steam Ship Company and the service which they provide for their patrons is unsurpassed. They have three large steamers on the route, the "State of Maine" and "Cumberland," of about 1,600 tons burden each, and the "New Brunswick," of about 1,000 tons. They are side wheel steamers, full in the beam and steady on the waves and have ample accommodation for carrying hundreds of travellers. The appointments of the steamers are luxurious, the saloons and cabins handsomely furnished, the staterooms large and airy, the cuisine the best that caterer's art can furnish. The staff of employes of the line is large and complete and the company's undeviating rule is to demand of their officers the strictest courtesy and attention to the desires of travellers.

During the tourist months, from July to September, these steamers make four trips a week from Boston and two from Portland. Returning six trips are made from St. John. During these months the east-bound boats do not call at Portland as they do during the greater portion of the year. The distance to St. John, via Portland and Eastport, is 358 miles and it takes twenty-five hours to make the trip. But when Portland is not called at and the direct trip is made a considerable distance is cut off, probably about fifty miles, and the time is correspondingly diminished. So it may be seen that the boats are speedy, doing about fourteen miles an hour.

Toward the dusk of evening the steamer draws away from its mooring place at Commercial wharf, Boston, and steams down the harbor past many familiar scenes. The outlines of the city's masonry become dimmer and dimmer until they are absorbed into one great whole except where here and there a church spire points ever upward, a silent but potent exhortation to humanity. To right and left island after island loom up over the bow, glide past and fall into the rear. Then the broad expanse of Massachusetts Bay opens up, and over the port bow appear stretches of winding shore that seem to melt away

into nothingness, but are replaced by another line of beach and yet another. And so the panorama passes and each new shore seems more beautiful than that which preceded. At Boston, they say, the Norsemen made their home a thousand years ago and Massachusetts was their Vinland, while along these shores was their Wonderstrand, so called because of its many curved windings. Every scene in the succession of sea scapes that follows is beautiful and much profitable time might be spent in discoursing of them. But why take up the time of New England people in telling them of their own land that they know and love so well for its present worth and its historic associations.

Rocked by the boat's slow motion and with his inspirations timed to the steady throb of the piston, the traveller falls asleep, while the steamer speeds along past the Maine coast and in the morning he awakes to find himself approaching the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. Northward stretches the rock-ribbed and broken coast of Maine and eastward looms Grand Manan illumined by the morning sun. Soon Quoddy Head is reached and we are right among the beauties of sea scape and land scape that surround Passamaquoddy Bay, the first of the Canadian waters in the Bay of Fundy. Through the tortuous turns of Lubec channel the steamer winds its way and the landing at Lubec is reached. In front lies Quoddy Bay with its myriad delights of sea and shore. Off its mouth lie Grand Manan and Campobello, places much sought by artist and tourist because of their magnificent scenery and balmy air. On the mainland, at the mouth of the bay are Eastport and Lubec, two hustling little Yankee towns that look across to the New Brunswick shore, shall we say longingly. Then dotted over the bay are many islands with fishing craft and yachts fleeing hither and thither to and fro, while in the background the hills rise behind lovely wooded and pastoral slopes that descend to the water. Back of it somewhere beyond where the St. Croix enters are St. Andrews, St. Stephen and Calais, three fine thriving towns, much sought by summer saunterers because of the delightful scenery of lake, shore, river and waterfall that is found in the country all around and the excellent fishing and shooting that may be had.

Campobello is a delightful little island of some twenty square miles of area, provided with two artistically built and euphoniously named hotels, the Tyn-y-Coed and the Tyn-y-Mal, and possessing some charming little bits of scenery and some romantic stories of early days. Grand Manan with resounding name, one that might have stepped out of a page of

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MAHOGANY ISLAND BEACH AND THIRUM CAP ROCK.

(Photo by L. A. Griffiths.)



Homer, presents some wierd and majestic scenes and the artist looking for the terrible in nature goes there to see the waves of ocean lash in fury its iron cliffs. The peculiar conformation of the rocks here in many places is suggested by the names that they bear, the Southern Cross, Bishop Rock, Swallow Tail Head, &c. Here Glooscap the mighty warrior of the Micmacs accomplished many great feats in his conflicts with the evil magician and the Devil's Passage was scooped out in one of his displays of prowess. St. Andrews, four miles away, is reached from Eastport by steamer passing between the islands of the Passamaquoddy and past the numerous Indian settlements. Here there is another big hotel, the Algonquin, beautiful and magnificent in architecture, and splendidly equipped for the comfort and delectation of tourists. The traveler would fain tarry for awhile but let us on in our tour of imagination. Up the historic St. Croix, one time a scene of suffering when De Monts spent his first terrible winter in Acadia, the little Rose Standish steams and reaches the thriving, bustling, progressive towns of Calais and St. Stephen, the centre of the scenic beauty of Charlotte County.

But to return to the main trip! Leaving Eastport behind the steamer passes up the bay and the first promise of picturesqueness that was given in Passaquoddy Bay is fulfilled in the later scenes that pass in procession across the northern skies. First the Wolves, fierce and eager, chase one another across the horizon; then Point Lepreaux, its sharp rock cleaving the bay seems to approach the steamer; then cliffs of trap, basalt and porphyry succeed, broken here and there by little bays. Perhaps there may be a slight haze on the water which gives a dimness and mystery to the shore line and fantastic shapes to the rocks and the evergreen growth upon them. Mace's Bay, Dipper Harbor, Musquash Harbor and the uneuphonious Pisarino succeed one another in rapid succession and the islands that indicate the approach to St. John at length appear. First there is Taylor's Island hiding the marshes of Manawagonish. Then come Thrum Cap Rock and Mahogany Island, with its sandy beach and sloping meadows, the resort of bathers and picnic parties and all who enjoy a sail on the little steamer that plies between it and the city.

Guarding the harbor mouth is Partridge Island with its lighthouse, its fog whistle and its quarantine station. The first steam fog whistle ever established was placed here and from the lugubrious sound it gives its antiquity would be surmised. Rounding the island the journey's end is reached and the fair harbor of St. John, rimmed by its fairer city, is re-

vealed. On St. John's day three centuries ago, in 1604, De Monts and his party saw the place and just as it pleased their eye, then, so it has been a satisfaction to every one since to look upon the scene. The picture is an harmonious and symmetrical one. The oblong harbor lies just in front, bounded to the water's edge on every side by the habitations of the city. On the right side is the city proper built on its rocky peninsula, a mass of substantial stone and brick with high church towers and factory chimneys rising here and there. In rear on the crest of Fort Howe and Mount Pleasant are the residences of the North End. On the left and western side of the harbor are the homes of Carleton with the ancient round tower standing out boldly from the height above and the massive brick grain elevator rising high into the air at the water's edge and dwarfing the other buildings around. On every side the harbor is lined with broad wharf areas flanked by great warehouses and factories, the busy hive of the city where the brawny men, the great drays, and the almost human mechanical contrivances are busy. In the harbor there is a regular forest of shipping. In the centre lie great ocean tramps loading lumber from scows at their sides, and manned by men of all countries. Lying beside the wharves are steamers, ships and barks, while in the slips lie dozens of little coasting schooners. To and fro ever moving and keeping everything else on the move ply the active little tugs. In the rear of the harbor is Navy Island, a bare low piece of grey mud and if it is low tide the fish wiers that surround it with their gauzy appearance look novel and the artist is sure to get out his sketchbook and catch a suggestion from the sight. On the east side of the peninsula is Courtenay Bay, while shooting out obliquely from it extends the shore to Red Head and Cape Spencer. From Carleton toward Partridge Island extends the Negrotown Point breakwater, while beyond it are the favorite bathing beaches of the Bay Shore and Duck Cove.

But now the steamer is nearly at her wharf, the Beacon rising from the waves is passed and Reed's Point is attained. It is now the time when the afternoon ends and the evening begins and there are many, their work being through, down to see the boat arrive and to welcome those on board. Most demonstrative in their welcome perhaps are the coachmen, in this respect being not unlike those of other cities. Soon the traveller is whirled to his hotel and he proceeds to make plans for seeing the city and its environs, congratulating himself that he has come to such a pleasant appearing and comfortable feeling city, and that he chose the Bay of Fundy route with its beautiful scenery and splendid steamers to arrive there.

CHAPTER II.

A CITY SET ON HILLS.

ENTHRONED upon its foundation of solid rock St. John commands the proud position of warder to a noble river. Whatever of influence and prosperity has come to the city has been brought down on the river's flowing current. Toward New Brunswick's great artery the trend of life and trade has turned and thence down its length to the city at the mouth. The currents thus established have produced counter currents seeking St. John as their common centre and bringing trade to its wharves and warehouses.

The city's chief commercial importance is as a lumbering centre, and it annually sends away vast quantities of the products of the forest that border the river. Each spring the waters bring down on their bosom their treasure of logs and the busy whirr of life is heard in the dozen little milling villages that surround the city. There was a time too when St. John was encompassed with shipyards and the air resounded with the stroke of the hammer and mallet. Among the busy cities of the world she stood in the van and won the proud distinction of being the fourth city in the British Empire in the registry of her tonnage.

But time and change have wrought a revolution in affairs and her ships which once were seen in every port have now many of them disappeared. The ship yards are replaced by factory chimneys for the "wooden walls" are no longer built about St. John and capital has had to seek other investment. Other forms of manufacture have arisen, she is replacing the tools of a worker in wood for those of a worker in iron, and thus adjusting herself to changing circumstances. A case in point, large smelting works are shortly to be established in the city, and the natural facilities which St. John possesses as an iron working centre are thus to be made use of on a more extensive scale than heretofore. The site of these proposed works is on historic ground, the site of Fort La Tour, the spot where the history of the place began.

With its handsome buildings and noble streets St. John presents a substantial appearance. It is a city built on hills. It has not the seven hills of Rome, but they are almost that number. The main portion of the city is built upon a

rock peninsula lying between the harbor on one side and Courtenay Bay on the other. In the centre it rises into an eminence that slopes on three sides to the water and in the rear to the Valley. From the Valley rise abruptly the heights of Mount Pleasant and Fort Howe, and to the westward of these is the Head of Portland. Then on the opposite side of the harbor from the city proper and in rear of Carleton rise Lancaster Heights.

The pleasant diversity of hill and valley render the city attractive and charming views are innumerable. But the builders of the city would probably have been willing to give up the beauty to save their pockets. It cost much to build St. John for it was hewn out of the living rock. There are streets where the rocks rise high on either side giving them the appearance of mountain passes in miniature. Again streets climb in spiral progress the limestone cliffs where once there were only narrow paths and from the boulevards of Mount Pleasant and Fort Howe the sightseer overlooks the housetops rising immediately below. The rocks have had to give way before the hand of man and so has the water domain, and in a part of the "Valley" where once the harbor flowed, the C. P. R. has its Atlantic terminus, the terminus by the way of the only trans-continental line in America.

The athletic grace and healthy vigor of St. John's fair daughters has been charged to the fact that there is not a level street in St. John. Perhaps this is the source of the grace which visitors so much admire. And then there is the mystery of their clear complexions, and to the occasional fog which St. John has this is probably due. And now that the fog question is up, it must be admitted that St. John has fog. There is not enough though to cause discomfort but rather on the other hand it ministers to health and pleasure by cooling the air, cleaning it of all impurity and rendering it wholesome and free from contagion.

A couple of decades ago when a St. John man said "In the Beginning" he referred to the year 1783, when under strange circumstances the city was founded. But in 1877 occurred the "Great Fire" and a new date arose from which to reckon time. Eighteen years ago on the 18th day of June the city was swept by a terrible conflagration and a full third of the fair metropolis was rendered desolate. Twenty-seven million dollars worth of property was destroyed and thirteen thousand people were rendered homeless. But out of the ashes a fairer and nobler city has arisen and the wooden struc-

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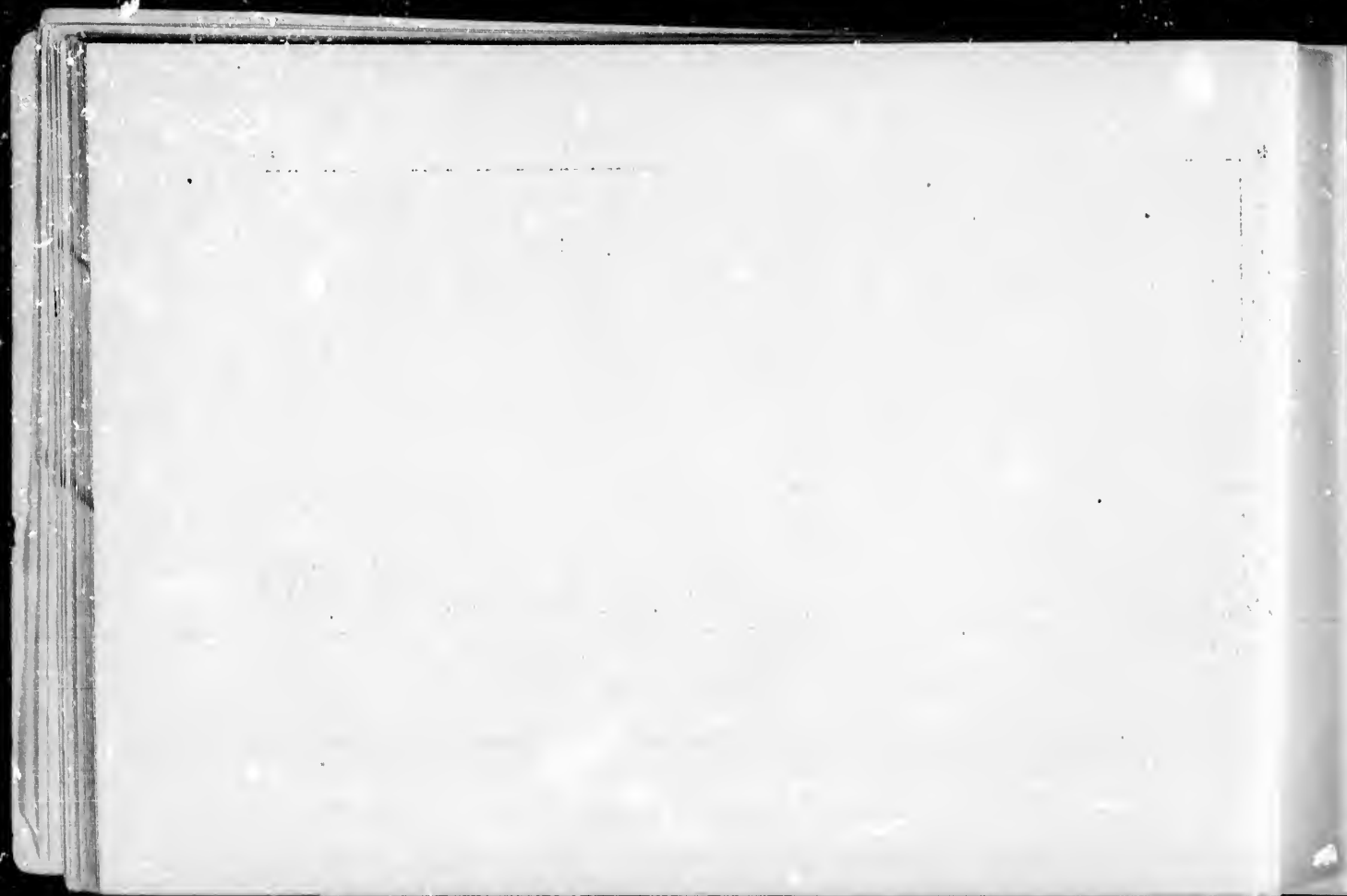
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PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

(Photo by J. S. Climo & Son.)



tures have been replaced by great stone and brick blocks. There are not among cities of the same size in America two finer or more substantial looking streets than King and Prince William.

Two of the most interesting episodes in all history are associated with the beginnings of French and English occupation of St. John. The landing of the Loyalists is one and the other is the warfare between La Tour and Charnisay. The story of the two rival chiefs resembles much the legends of German nobles who warred with one another from opposite towers on the Rhine. A broader space separated La Tour and Charnisay, the breadth of the Bay of Fundy, but it was not enough to keep them at peace. La Tour was at St. John and Charnisay was at Port Royal, and, as each port happened to be in the territory of the other, for La Tour was the lord of Nova Scotia and Charnisay was the lord of New Brunswick, their strife was aggravated. The story of their feuds and its immortal culmination has been told so much that it is familiar to all as being one of the finest romances in all history. Whittier has sung of Madam La Tour's noble devotion and several American novelists have idealized the story, if idealization was required. "Constance of Acadia," published in Boston a decade since, and "The Rival Chiefs," written by Harriet Cheney forty years ago, are two of these. The latest and best, however, is Mary Hartwell Catherwood's romance, "The Lady of Port St. John," a masterly delineation of Lady La Tour's character and a graphic portrait of the dramatic scenes in which she figured.

Over two centuries and a half ago Charles Amador de La Tour, a gay adventurer from France, who was seeking fame and fortune in the new world, came to the river St. John and at his mouth made his habitation. He erected there on the harbor shores a strong fort and as an Acadian capital the history of St. John began. La Tour was blessed in having a wife of wonderful force of character, a woman whose courage and determination were only equalled by her devotion to her liege lord. There in primeval solitude between the forest and the sea they held their little court amid their voyageurs, their soldiers and their Indians. They traded in the furs that the red men brought in and prosperity and a bright future dawned for this happy young couple.

For several years nothing arose to mar their peace, but at length a rival sprang up, who looked with jealousy upon their happiness. From his stronghold at Port Royal on the opposite side of the bay D'Aulnay Charnisay cast evil eyes

upon them. In a secret way he sought to fetch away La Tour's good name in the motherland. At length he succeeded in his purposes and the lord of the St. John was charged with treason. Then Charnisay followed this up with more open hostility and in February, 1643, under commission from the King he attacked La Tour and blockaded the harbor. But his foe was too quick for him. One night a boat put off from the shore near the fort, dropped down the harbor in the sheltering darkness and slipping past Charnisay's ships passed Partridge Island. It contained La Tour and his wife, whose daring spirits delighted in adventure. They boarded a ship from Rochelle that was out there and sailed away to Boston. Then obtaining reinforcements they returned and drove away their enemies.

After this La Tour seems to have been absent much of the time and Madam managed affairs at the fort. Her decision of character and business sagacity made his affairs safer in her hands than they were in La Tour's himself. Once when returning from Boston D'Aulnay had a fleet of vessels in the bay to intercept her. But she was prompt in action and at enormous expense hiring a fleet of her own she boldly sailed past him and he dared not accept her challenge. Instead he waited until she reached the fort and her protecting ships had gone away. Then learning from three renegade friars that La Tour was absent and the fort was manned by only fifty men he attacked her stronghold. In the spring of 1745, just two hundred and fifty years ago, occurred the memorable capture of Fort La Tour, a capture that was remarkable among the blockades of history, remarkable for bringing together as enemies the most noble woman and the most perfidious man in all history. In February he made his first attack upon the fort, but Lady La Tour by her heroic action inspired her garrison and her cannon were served so well that they shattered his vessel and put him to flight with thirty-three of his men killed or wounded. In April he again appeared before the fort and invested it from land and sea. But with her handful of men she fought bravely and for three days she kept him at bay. Had it not been for the treachery of a Swiss soldier, Charnisay might not have succeeded in his purpose. On Easter Sunday, while the garrison were as devout as the sentry allowed the enemy to approach without giving the alarm. Before the garrison were aware of their attack they were scaling the walls. Ever then the woman did not give up and she defended the fort so desperately that D'Aulnay fearing a repulse proposed honorable terms of capitulation. She accepted and then the vile nature of the man was disclosed. He broke his

vow and hanged all her men and heaped such indignities upon her that she died in three weeks of a broken heart. Losing his wife La Tour seemed to lose the strength of his life. The guiding hand had been taken away and where once Charnisay feared Madam La Tour now La Tour feared Charnisay. For five years he remained in solitude. At the end of that time Charnisay, in retribution for his sins, was drowned at Port Royal. Again La Tour came to the forefront and in 1653, such is the irony of fate, he married Charnisay's widow. He did it for political purposes which seemed to have become more important to him than his duty to the memory of his noble wife. Then as the final act in the drama La Tour met with the same fate that his rival had, for he too was drowned.

No monument in stone has been raised in memory of the brave woman. Her monument is in the noble ideal which is placed before the women of the world in the story of her life of work and courage and noble devotion. It is not even absolutely certain where Port La Tour was built. Some claim that it was at Fort Dufferin on the headland jutting out toward Partridge Island. But it is generally believed that it was on the point of land on the Carleton side of the harbor, opposite Navy Island that the fortifications stood. On a little knoll now covered with tenement houses, the tramp of French sentry was once heard on wooden palisades and bastions and the boom of cannon and the clash of arms resounded.

The fort had quite a history even after its capture by D'Aulnay. It remained in possession of the French for over a century and stirring events were seen there in the process of the hostilities between the French and English. At length in 1758 a large expedition was sent out from Boston and the fort was captured. It was rebuilt and named Fort Frederick, and for another century its history went on with the British colors floating over it. At length some decades since the troops were removed and fishermen built their habitations there. All that tells of the olden days of war is a portion of the embankment, the remains of the hearths dug up in some excavations there and some old and rusted weapons.

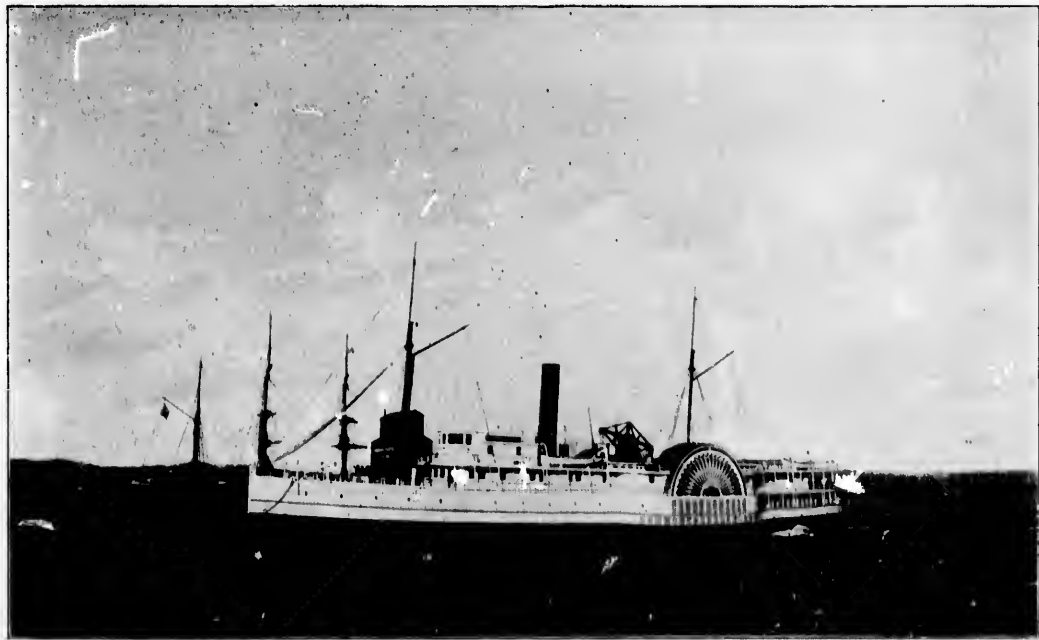
Until something over a century ago the history of St. John was merely the record of a military post and trading station. But one morning the fishermen, who had their few little huts on the rocky promontory that juts out into the harbor, woke up and found a city around them. True it was only a city of tents but it was the promise of a more permanent form of city, and it may be said that St. John was built in that one day. The 18th of May was that day of days to St. John, the day

on which the Loyalists landed. Twenty vessels brought them from their New England homes to their enforced exile amid the forest surroundings. But they were of the race of the Puritans, and, many of them in their comfortless tents, they braved the hardships of that first winter and reared a home and found happiness in the new country. All honor to the Loyalists who founded New Brunswick, a race of whom their descendants are proud. The historian has not yet arisen to tell of their life of hardship and privation but he will come in time and he will find an inspiring theme before him.

St. John is a city of about 40,000 inhabitants and is the commercial metropolis of New Brunswick. It has no one sphere of influence but its lines of enterprise are various. Lumbering, trade and manufacture are all engaged in and its capital is invested both in shipping and in factories. Its trade is chiefly with England and the United States and lumber is the chief export. It is the terminus of lines of steamers running to Great Britain, the West Indies, Boston, Annapolis and various province ports. It is an important railway centre being the terminus of the Canadian Pacific and Shore Line and one of the termini of the Intercolonial. Its excellent facilities for transportation both by water and rail have made it the chief distributing centre of the Maritime Provinces. Its chief manufacturing industries are cotton, wood working, nails, brass, &c., and though its chief market is the Maritime Provinces, the products of its factories are known throughout Canada and even as far away as Australia.

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STEAMER "CITY OF MONTICELLO."

(Photo by J. S. Cling & Son.)

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CHAPTER III.

SEEN FROM A CARRIAGE SEAT.

ST. John has an electric car service which cannot be excelled by that of any other city in America. The system consists of three loop lines that take in every portion of the city and cover an extent of several miles. It is a five minute service and the cars are splendidly built and comfortably fitted. The track is substantially laid, the rails being twice as heavy as those of a regular railway and the cars move as easily as those of the finest palace train. The service is as yet confined to the city but it is to be extended this summer and later to the various suburban resorts, the sea shore, Rothesay, &c. The city may be seen pretty thoroughly by taking a tour on the cars but the best way is to call into requisition the livery men and survey leisurely the points of interest from a carriage seat.

Leaving his hotel on King Street or King Square a tour is first made of the business streets. The consensus of opinion is that St. John is a finely built city and that its architecture is for a place of its size of a high order. King Street is a broad and handsome thoroughfare, whose slope from King Square to Market Square serves to set off its attractiveness to better advantage. It is lined with substantial brick and stone blocks containing the largest retail stores in the Maritime Provinces. At its foot is Market Square, bustling with traffic and a busy scene at all times. The square reaches down to the water's edge and Market Slip is the spot where on the memorable 18th day of May, 1783, the Loyalists landed. Prince William Street is the next in importance to King. It crosses the latter at its foot and while King has the finest stores in the city this is given up to insurance offices, lawyers' chambers, banks, &c. There are several very fine public buildings on this street. The Bank of Montreal is a large granite block on the corner of King and Prince William, adorned on each story with rows of Corinthian pillars. The City Hall and Post Office, both on Chubb's corner, and the Banks of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia just adjoining are substantial structures. The Bank of New Brunswick is of pure Grecian architecture and its Corinthian front with its massive pillars and capitals of acanthus, leaves is an ornament to the street. The Custom House is a large building about two hundred feet in length and five stories high. It is constructed of beauti-

fully finished free stone with well designed trimmings and gives a good impression of symmetry and solidity. It cost between three and four hundred thousand dollars in the first instance and, as it suffered considerably from fire a couple of years ago, there was a large amount expended in its reconstruction. The total cost of the building may be therefore placed at half a million dollars, but good authorities say that it is the most thoroughly fire-proof building in Canada. There is very little wood in the material of the edifice, that which was in formerly having been replaced by iron.

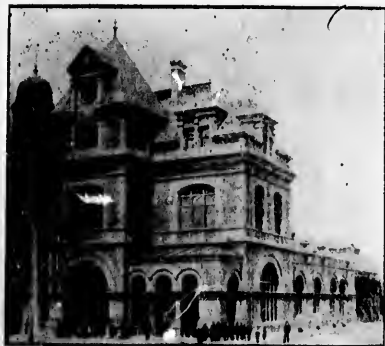
Germain is another street that crosses King, and it is noted especially for its handsome residences and churches. The Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Baptists have their most influential houses of worship on this street, Trinity, St. Andrew's Presbyterian and Germain Street Baptist. Trinity is the oldest and wealthiest church corporation in the city. It was established immediately after the coming of the Loyalists and is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. It is of rough grey limestone quarried near St. John with its facings and trimmings of cut freestone. In length it is nearly two hundred feet and the spire is very lofty. In the belfry is a pretty chime of bells and the interior of the church is very beautiful, chief among its articles of adornment being eighteen memorial windows. On the wall hang the Royal Arms, which the Loyalists brought from Trinity church, New York. They have a history for they were saved from the fire that destroyed that church and nearly all its contents in 1776, besides being brought to this province seven years later. The church cost about \$100,000 and the corporation owns besides valuable real estate and other property so that it is worth nearly a quarter of a million. Germain Street Baptist Church and St. Andrew's are among the most popular churches in the city both for the discourses and the music heard in them. Among the other best churches are the Roman Catholic Cathedral and Centenary Methodist Church.

King Square, Queen Square and the Old Graveyard are three pretty pieces of greensward adorned with foliage and flowers that make them delightful promenades right in the heart of the city. King Square and the Old Graveyard just adjoin and the two together cover a space of some acres. It sounds strange to call a graveyard a square, but in harmony with changing thought St. John has made the dwelling place of its founders a place of beauty and delight with fountains playing and garden beds decked with a profusion of flowers and with well trimmed lawns. Here on a sunny summer day

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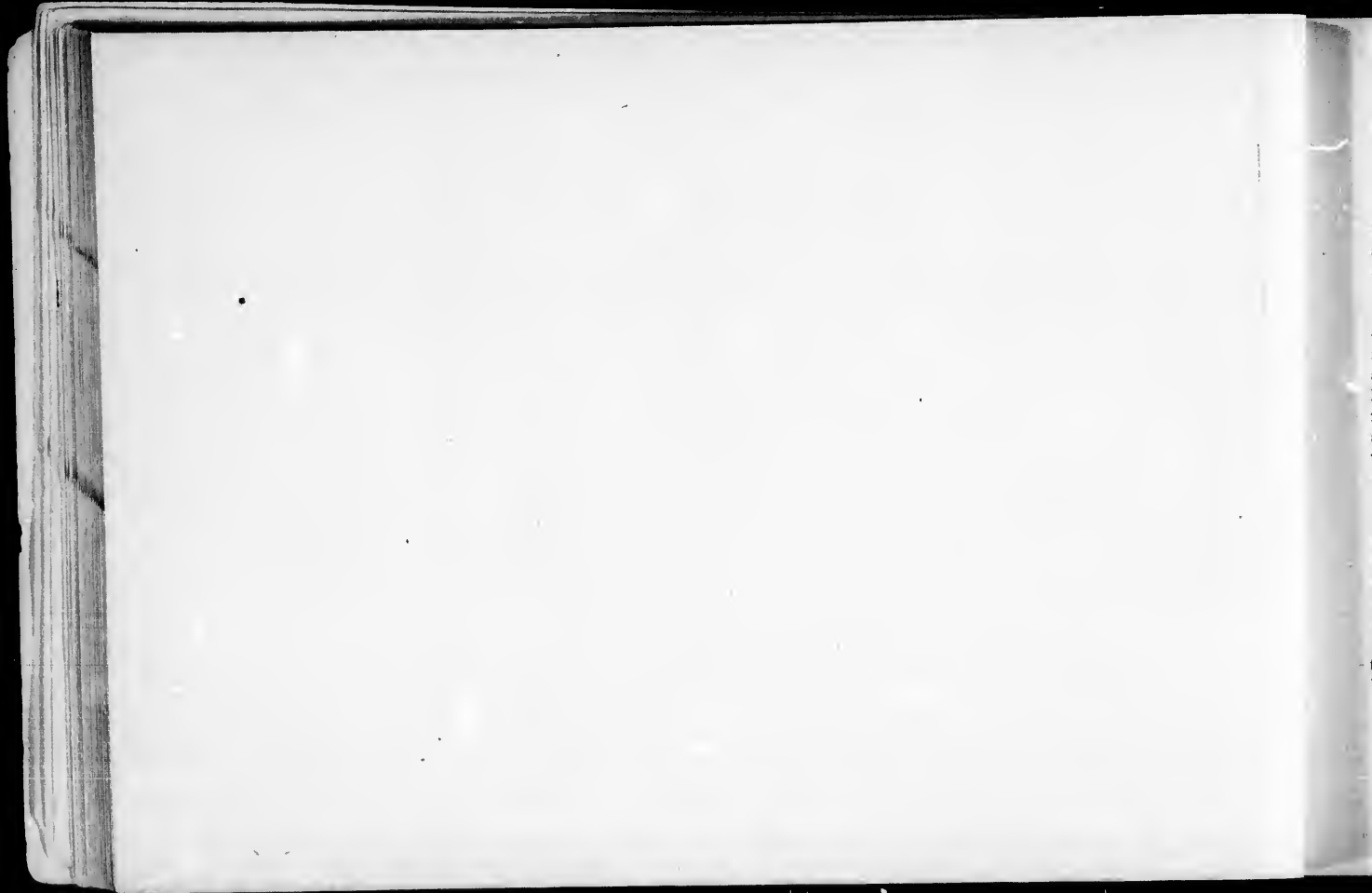
I. C. R. DEPOT. (Photo by Connolly.)



TRINITY CHURCH.



QUEEN SQUARE METHODIST CHURCH.



many children may be seen in care of nursemaids playing under the elms and maples or about the old fashioned flat tombstones. Truly it is a beautiful sight and its terrible aspect seems to be taken away from death to see and think of innocent and happy children playing about the graves. The squares are looked after by a society organized for the purpose, the Horticultural Association, and they keep them trim and pretty. The chief special object of interest on King Square is the Fred Young monument, which is the expression of the feeling of the city and province over the act of courage of one of the heroes of humble life. In the fall of 1890, when a terrific storm was raging in Courtenay Bay and the billows were rolling mountains high over the flats, a boy named Fred Mundeel fell from a wharf into the bay. Fred Young, a bright and promising youth, just merging into manhood, leaped into the waves in which a tug boat could scarcely have lived. He had fastened a life buoy about his breast and left the end of the rope in the hand of a bystander. But the man, not possessing the coolness of mind that the young hero had, passed it to a boy while he went for help. It was snatched away by the wind from his grasp and they were thus deprived of their only chance of succour. For a long while the young man remained in the water holding up the boy while an immense crowd gathered at the wharfs. Boats were launched but they were smashed to atoms. At last with a prayer upon his lips and in view of the multitude the devoted youth sank.

Queen Square is two or three blocks distant from King Square in a southerly direction, and its chief attractions are its residences. The finest homes of the city are here, including the Jones, Thomson and Boyd residences. The first was built about a dozen years ago by Mr. Simeon Jones, a retired man of wealth of the city. It is the handsomest piece of residential architecture in the Maritime Provinces and perhaps in Canada. It is after the type of the old English castles, and is a magnificent structure of limestone of a soft and pleasing color with sandstone facings. It cost many thousands to erect for it is substantially and gracefully built and the interior decorations are handsome.

The principal streets and squares of the very heart of the city have now been seen and the south end is the next feature in the programme. The finest building here is the Wiggins Male Orphan Asylum, a charity founded by a ship builder for the benefit of orphans whose parents had been connected with the industry. It is a handsome piece of Gothic

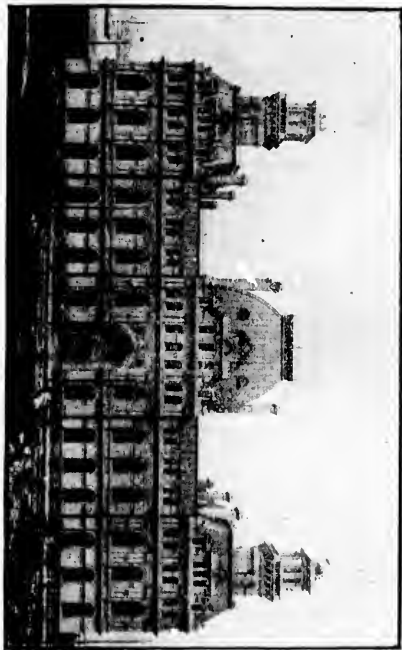
architecture built of red and grey freestone and granite, and it cost about \$100,000. The southern tip of the city is devoted to exhibition purposes. Here is the large and commodious exhibition building with its outbuildings where there have been many highly successful displays. Here also are the drill shed, barrack grounds, battery and offices devoted to the purposes of the local militia, the 62nd Battalion St John Fusiliers, the New Brunswick Battalion of Garrison Artillery and the St. John Rifles. These features may best be seen and a fine view obtained as well of the harbor, bay, Courtenay Bay flats and Red Head by driving around the boulevard that skirts the barrack ground. Returning through the city centre the east end is the next portion of the city visited. On Waterloo Street is the Roman Catholic Cathedral rivaling Trinity in its magnificence. It is built of marble and sandstone and is 200 feet long and 110 feet wide at the transepts. Over the eastern portal is a beautiful marble bas relief of the Last Supper. Adjoining the Cathedral are the Bishop's palace, the Nunnery and the Cliff Street orphan asylum. The whole property here is valued at nearly a quarter of a million. Further along Waterloo Street is the provincial general hospital, a large brick structure standing on an eminence overlooking the Valley. Haymarket Square, a triangular space, is at the foot of the street and from it branch off many pleasant drives, to Rothesay, Loch Lomond and Red Head. But these will be described later on.

Passing up Gilbert's Lane Lily Lake Park is reached and a brief time may be pleasantly spent amid its delightful drives. It consists of an area of hill, valley, lake and wood, intersected by carriage ways and beautified by a garden and greenhouses. The Horticultural Society established the park and in the brief time in which they have been working have accomplished a great deal. Lily Lake is the centre and they possess the lake and the land about it, some of it has been donated by public spirited citizens. It is a very fine natural park and the association propose not to stop until its native beauties have been enhanced and embellished by all that the art of landscape gardening can do. On Sundays the park is much sought and hundreds of people enjoy the fragrance of the woods and the comfort of the grassy slopes. Under the shade of a bank it is pleasant to lie and dream and watch the merry groups filling with life the home of nature and the bosom of the sleeping lake waked into ripples by the paddles of rowboats.

Mount Pleasant which adjoins the park is the next place visited and the stranger will no doubt be delighted with the

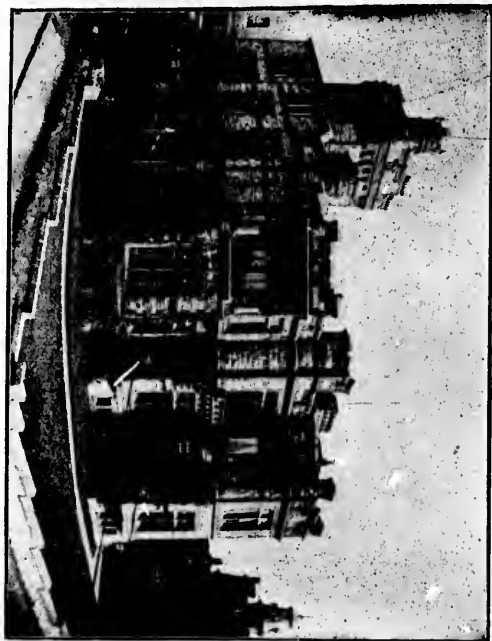
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CUSTOM HOUSE.

(Photo by D. L. Hutchison.)



RESIDENCE OF SIR JOHN JONES.



handsome villas and well kept grounds. Many forms of architecture are represented here and as the streets are very irregular in their construction the whole effect is very pleasing. On some of the avenues the residences are perched upon cliffs away above the street level while on others the street is built up with masonry, so that they look down on one side upon houses nestling underneath. Upon the very summit of Mount Pleasant commanding the finest view of the city is the Roman Catholic Convent of the Sacred Heart. It consists of a long rambling wooden main building, a pavilion and an observatory. From the observatory a bird's-eye view is obtained of the city, harbor and surroundings. Descending Mount Pleasant boulevard and up through the miniature rock pass of Rockland Road the next in the chain of hills back of the city is traversed. This is Fort Howe interesting chiefly because of its military history. Here is the city's chief antiquity, an old and dilapidated stone barracks. It is considerably over a hundred years old and was the first imperial barracks erected in St. John, being established before the coming of the Loyalists. Near this and on the highest eminence of Fort Howe is a little block house with several cannons mounted. The view of the city from this height is superb. In the Millidge field half way along Fort Howe and under the base of a rock that faces Rockland Road is Peggy's Well, an historic spot. Here it was that William Cobbett, the great British reformer, first met his wife. A hundred and ten years ago he was a corporal in the 54th regiment stationed at Fort Howe. One morning he went out for his accustomed walk at daylight and saw a bright and buxom sergeant-major's daughter busy over her wash-tubs at this spot. He was so entranced with her manner of disposing of the family washing that he fell in love with her at first sight and told a companion that she was to be his future wife. And sure enough she was and she proved as faithful and energetic in every line as she had seemed on that morning years before. In fact she was more faithful than Cobbett, for two or three years later when he was stationed at Fredericton he became infatuated with a dark-haired nymph of Blissfield on the Oromocto, and used to paddle there and back by night over thirty miles in order to spend Sunday with her. But at length he proved true to Peggy and the nymph of the river was left to mourn. But he says that if there had been one suggestion even of indifference from Peggy, he might have ended his days on a New Brunswick farm.

Passing from Rockland Road into Main Street, the North End is traversed. This was once the old city of Portland,

the line dividing the two towns passing through the Valley, but a few years ago they were joined making a city of over 40,000 people, the sixth in population in Canada. From the Head of Portland, Douglas Avenue is taken on the way to Carleton and Fairville. About a mile along the avenue are the chief attractions of St. John, the bridges and the falls.

In a gorge about five hundred feet in width meet the accumulated waters of a river system of about a thousand miles of length and the great and impetuous volume of the Bay of Fundy tide. Sometimes the river has the upper hand and falls with terrific onslaught through the gorge upon the heels of the tide. Then comes a breathing spell and the tide collects its strength and anon returns to the attack driving the river back upon itself and leaping through the gorge upon its flank. These falls have no counterpart anywhere. They put on an all day performance with a complete change of programme every three hours. At high tide there is a fall inward of about fifteen feet. Then as the tide drops the fall diminishes until at half tide there is slack water when vessels may go through. In three hours more there is low tide when there is a fall outward and in three more slack water. One of the most exciting trips that can be taken is to shoot the rapids and falls in a tug boat at quarter-tide. It is akin to tobogganing only it is much keener excitement. At freshet times the fall is much higher and it is a grand and inspiring sight to watch the water foam and tumble, the deadly eddies swirl and the river run like a mill race past projecting points of rock. The chasm is spanned by two bridges, both of which are splendid feats of engineering skill. The Suspension bridge was built in 1852 at a cost of \$80,000 and is owned by the provincial government. It has a span of 640 feet and is 70 feet above high water. Two previous attempts had been made to span the falls, but both had proved unsuccessful. On the first occasion in 1835 the structure fell into the river and seven workmen were killed. The railway bridge was opened for traffic in October, 1885, and its construction united the railway systems of the Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial and welded together by bands of steel the extreme ends of the continent from Canso in Nova Scotia to Vancouver. It is built on the cantilever plan and the main span is 825 feet. It is a graceful and enduring work. The iron superstructure is set upon strong stone piers and these upon limestone foundations.

Overlooking the falls is the large brick pile of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, and about the falls and the broad estuary above it is Fairville, the chief of the numerous milling villages about the city. Leaving the river behind, the

Fundy shore a mile or so away is sought and the coolness of the beaches is enjoyed. MacLaren's beach is the farthest away and that is seen first. Here is the annex and farm of the Lunatic Asylum and the Beach House, the club house of a number of prominent citizens. Then comes Duck Cove with its bathing houses and sandy shore and lastly the Bay Shore, another line of delightful beach. This is the most popular of the three resorts and on summer days hundreds may be seen here disporting in the surf or gathered in a merry picnic group. Overlooking the beach on one of the highest points of the city is Fort Drummond, whose truncated tower and narrow loopholes remind us of the ancient dungeon keeps of feudal times. It is small and it is not beautiful but it is very conspicuous, and one of the first questions that tourists ask is, "What is that old tower?" When Charles Dudley Warner was in St. John, he felt considerably aggrieved to think that no one could give him any information about it and so expressed himself in "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing." He seemed to think it one of the greatest things in St. John and his imagination conjured up no doubt wonderful things about it. It is hard to destroy these airy castles for the tower is a most commonplace affair. It cannot even claim the credit of individuality. It was built by the British in the war of 1812 as a protection to the city and others were built at various places at the same time. It has no history of battles or engagements. It passed a quiet life garrisoned by troops and at length was superannuated and stands on high admired for its feudal aspect. Fort La Tour on the other hand where romances and history were made, is given up to odors of fish and hopelessly modern tenements and no one would suspect what a tale could be unfolded there. Thus, everywhere, in the case of these two forts appearances are deceptive and Fort Drummond monopolizes the attention which should rather be given to Fort La Tour. Another fortification is Fort Dufferin, a modern one. It is on a point of land adjoining the Bay Shore beach and reaching out toward Partridge Island. Several cannon are mounted here and the whole entrance to the harbor and the approach up the bay are swept by them. Having disposed of these points Carleton lying just below is cut through and the ferry steamer is taken back to the city and the end of the drive. Crossing on the ferry an excellent view is obtained of the great brick grain elevator, a regular Brobdignag among the other buildings around. Ten or twelve miles have been covered in this drive and it may be done very nicely in an afternoon. It is the very best tour of the city that can be taken and every important point of interest is seen.

CHAPTER IV.

BY SEA BEACH AND RIVER SIDE.

WITH a growing volume of travel there has been an increased demand for hotel accommodation and in response to the cry the supply has been enlarged. To the list of first class hotels in the city two more have been added and this year there are half a dozen excellent hostels ready to receive guests. Besides the addition of these two new ones the old established houses have extended their accommodation, so that a thousand people can enjoy the comforts of the best hotels at any one time in the city. Then beside these there is a regular army of smaller houses suited to travellers of more limited means. The Royal and Victoria are located on King Street and are known as most modern in their equipment, handsomely furnished and possessing the best catering skill that can be had. The Dufferin is most pleasantly situated on King Square. It was closed for a time, but it has been enlarged and improved and opens again under excellent management and most auspicious circumstances. The Aberdeen has for its habitation one of the finest blocks in the city and its rooms cannot be surpassed anywhere for their attractiveness. It is run on both the American and European plan. A person cannot make a mistake if he takes either of these four houses. The Queen, Belmont and Stanley are also first-class places of resort.

There was a time once when life was thought to consist altogether in spending the whole time in the office or at the bench. But men's ideas have changed and play has come to be considered as great a necessity as work. It takes some time to educate people up to the idea of spending a day or a week occasionally at some pleasure resort but it is now pretty well inculcated into the minds of St. John people as the many mediums of pleasure and amusements will testify. The club life, the indulgence in sport and amusement and the frequenting of suburban resorts have become a very prominent feature and an integral part of the life of the city. The beach, river, lake and fishing resorts within easy reach of the city are many and are all well patronized by local people as well as visitors.

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THE REVERSIBLE FALLS AND THE BRIDGES.

(Photo by D. J. Hutchinson.)



The Union Club is the chief social organization of the city. It is a business-man's club and they occupy a neat and handsomely appointed brick building on the corner of Germain and Princess streets. The young men devote their attention chiefly to the Bicycle Club whose clubhouse is located on Sydney Street near King Square. They have a membership of over eighty and are an energetic body of young men noted for their hospitality to visiting wheelmen. The St. Andrews Club have their rink and club rooms on Charlotte Street where they "curl" in winter and have a bowling alley and hand ball courts in summer. The Camera Club devotes itself to amateur photography and some of the finest work in the city is done by two of their members, Messrs. L.B. Robertson and D. L. Hutchinson, one or two of whose pictures are shown in this book. These are some of the clubs which summer tourists would be especially interested to know about. There are two or three institutions whose welcome to strangers this book would be remiss if it failed to repeat. There are two public libraries and reading rooms, one on Germain Street adjoining Trinity Church, the other in the North End. The Y. M. C. A. have a building of their own on Charlotte Street well equipped and having many departments of work.

There is usually a pretty complete programme of amusements going on during the summer in the city. Some of the best dramatic and musical artists come down here to unite work and play, enjoying the climate here and at the same time appearing before the footlights in the play houses. The city possesses a splendid Opera House. It is a large brick block on Union Street and is well laid out with a main floor and two balconies. The seats are arranged in amphitheatre style and there is seating capacity for 1200 or 1500 people. The Mechanics' Institute is another popular playhouse.

St. John has long been known as an enthusiastic patron of legitimate sport and some of her giants in contests of physical power have been known the world over. The strong tides of the harbor and the long river reaches have developed oarsmen of the first rank and such famous men as the four-oared Paris crew and the world-renowned "Poinpey" Ross were born in St. John and here learned first to handle the oar. The Kennebecasis was, a score of years ago, the scene of some of the finest races ever seen and was a centre of attraction for sporting men of the whole continent. There Ross and Hanlan struggled for supremacy and there the Paris crew and the equally famous Tyne crew met and the Englishmen's stroke, Renforth, labored so hard for the honor of British aquatics that he died in his boat. In those good old boating days the

city was in a regular fever of excitement all the time and much good St. John money was placed upon their pride. Last year Samuel Hutton, one of the members of the Paris crew, met with a death as tragic as Renforth's and due just like the other's to his stubborn determination and horror of defeat. In his later years Hutton was an enthusiastic yachtsman and last summer as commander of the Priurose he engaged in a series of contests with the Maple Leaf, built, owned and commanded by Elijah Ross, another old Paris crew man. There were other yachts in the races but these were the two principal ones. In one of the contests, the Maple Leaf being ahead, a squall suddenly swooped down upon them. The others took in sail but Hutton took a stern chance and attempted to outride the gale, hoping if he did so to win. He lost, for the boat was capsized by the tremendous onslaught and he and seven others were drowned.

There is probably no city anywhere that has produced so many fine skaters as St. John, and in Hugh McCormick and others equal to him or even better the world has had record breakers. Every other form of sport, both of winter and summer, has its devotees in St. John. In summer, baseball, cricket, lacrosse and football are played. There are three athletic grounds, those of the St. John Amateur Athletic Association, the Shamrock Club and the barrack grounds. The first is a fine piece of turf and is provided with two pavilions and a large grand stand. Once the Maritime Provinces had the baseball fever in its wildest form and the best teams of Maine and even farther away met defeat at the hands of the St. John champions. There is an excellent half mile driving park at Mosepath, a mile out on the line of the Intercolonial. Bicycling is much indulged in at St. John and one of the most popular institutions of the city is the Singer Rink where a spin may be enjoyed under cover both summer and winter. Bicycles are here for renting so that riders coming to the city without their wheels can enjoy a run on the excellent roads leading out of the city. There is aquatic sport of various kinds. There are three or four yacht, boat and canoe clubs. The Neptune Boat Club have a good boat house in the harbor and a membership of about eighty. A yacht and boat club is being organized to have a boat house at Millidgeville on the Kennebecasis, a mile out of the city. At Rothesay on the same river nine miles from the city there is a canoe club.

No city can be found anywhere that has so many delightful drives and resorts about it and no matter which way the tourist turns attractions of sea beach, lake side and river scape appear on every side. The trouble is to choose the best out

of the many. There are four beaches within easy reach of the city where a dip in the surf may be enjoyed. The Bay Shore, Duck Cove and MacLaren's beach are reached by carriage. The first is particularly well supplied with bathing houses, refreshment booths and other necessary paraphernalia of a beach resort. Mahogany Island is perhaps naturally the finest of the four beaches. It lies some distance below the harbor and the steamer Storm King runs there regularly during the summer months. It is a charming half hour's sail and a half day spent on the island is delightfully invigorating. On the river there are several charming resorts within easy reach of the city. First, there are Rothesay and Westfield, two suburban villages where many citizens have their cottages and where there are summer hotels. Rothesay is nine miles out on the Kennebecasis, and Westfield is on the main river fourteen miles up the line of the C. P. R. A short distance above Rothesay on the opposite side of the river is the Willows, a summer hotel, kept by Hugh McCormick, the skater referred to, now retired. At distances of twenty-five and thirty miles up the main river are two hotels charmingly situated at the centre of the finest beauty of the river, the Cedars, kept by W. B. Ganong, and the Evandale, by John O. Vanwart.

There are seven or eight delightful drives out of the city and every variety of scenery unfolds itself upon each side of the broad carriageways. Water is essential to the beauty of a landscape and to the comfort of a tourist and a drive cannot be found where water scenes do not predominate, either of river, lake or sea. The most delightful of all these drives is that which skirts the lovely Kennebecasis, a tributary of the St. John, that rivals the main river in the beauty of its surroundings. It is a broad and lordly stream and gives an impression of opulent fertility. Its banks are, to use a Biblical phrase, flowing with milk and honey, and the deep and soothing green of their foliage and the happy, contented look of the villages that nestle in the shade of the uplands tell of the richness of the soil.

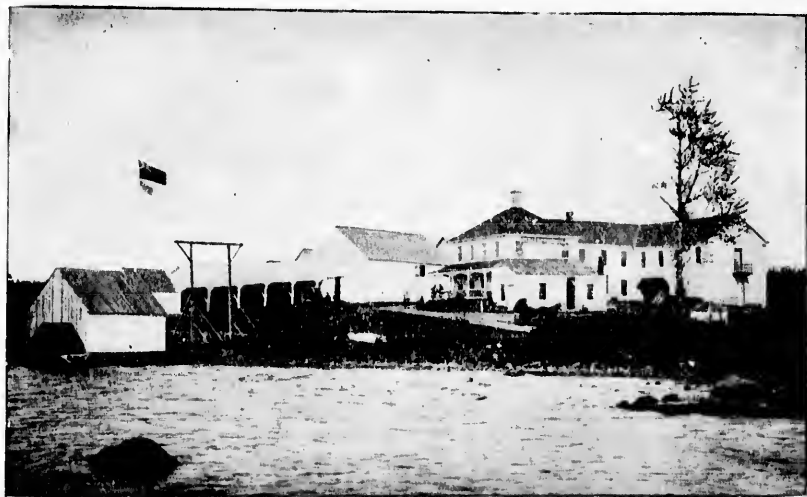
A favorite drive is that to Rothesay, nine miles from the city. About a mile and a half out the Marsh road which leads to this pretty suburban village is the Rural Cemetery. The area is beautifully laid out in walks and drives with well kept lawns and foliage and flowers in profusion. Hill and valley, groves, ponds and fountains add diversity to the scene and many may be seen there on summer Sabbath days decking the graves of departed ones. The drive follows the river nearly the whole way out and at Rothesay the view of the broad expanse of the Kennebecasis is very beautiful.

The best drive to take in order to enjoy most fully the scenery of the tributary river is to go up the left bank, cross about fourteen miles up and come down the right bank. It is a drive of about thirty miles and is just a good one for an afternoon. Passing through the north end the Kennebecasis is reached at Millidgeville and the steam ferry is taken to the other side. At Bayswater on the Milkish shore, where the cadet corps of the St. John Grammar school go under canvas in summer camp, the landing is made. The scenery here is very pretty, the expanse of water is broad and Kennebecasis Island and Milkish Bay studded with many little islets are attractive features in the riverscape. Along smooth roads past Chapel Grove, White's Point and Moss Glen the traveller is whirled and each new changing scene delights his eye. One of the prettiest spots on the river is Clifton. Descending a high bluff a beautiful picture spreads all around. Looking over your shoulder the deep-hued river with its many islets stretches behind and ahead other delights are unfolded, of farmsteads, hamlets and intervales. Clifton is a great berry growing district and if the Bostonian enquires of his fruiterer where his most luscious strawberries come from he will probably learn that they are from here. The banks slope abruptly at this place and descending the bluff to the village the road overhangs the river forty feet below. A short distance farther up is the Willows, a pretty summer hotel, and if the start has been made in the morning dinner can be had here. After that duty comes a novelty, that of crossing the river on the rustic ferries that are the mode. They are nothing more than scows and are propelled by sail, or when the wind does not serve, by sculls. These land their freight a few miles above Rothesay on the south bank of the river and the homeward journey is made.

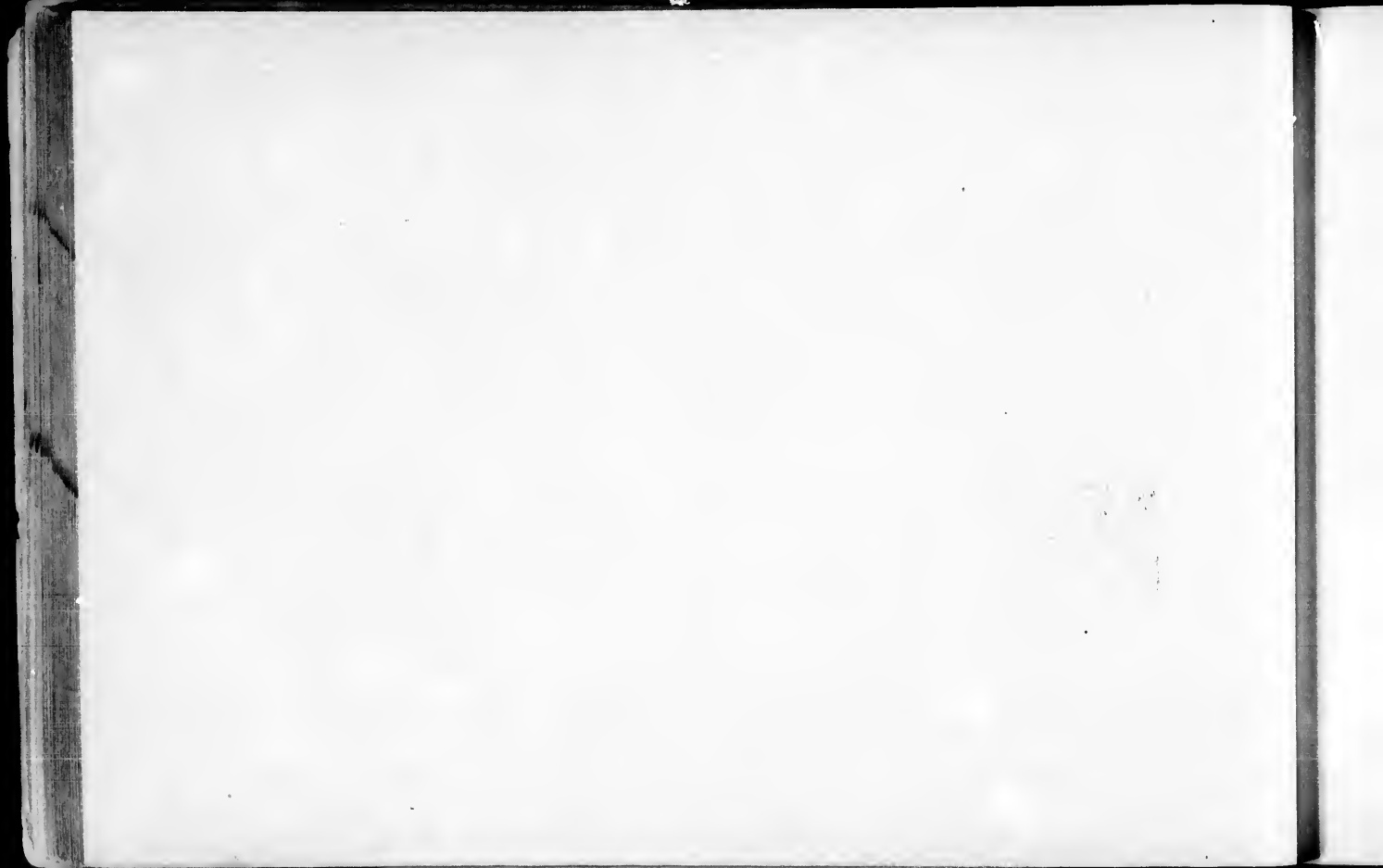
Another favorite drive is that to Loch Lomond, a distance of fourteen miles from the city. The objective point is usually the Ben Lomond House, a famous country hostelry where are found a most hospitable welcome and the most enjoyable repast in the whole countryside. The road is a broad smooth carriageway and passes by Silver Falls, Little River and Long's Lake, at length reaching the Loch, a fine expanse of water. After dining or supping at the inn another route is taken on the return journey. Retracing your course a little a cross road is taken to the Golden Grove thoroughfare. It is a pretty road and where it comes into the Golden Grove highway the landscape is especially fine. Coming in on the Golden Grove road a string of lakes is passed on the left with high hills dropping into the water.

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THE BEN LOMOND, A LAKESIDE RESORT.



Another drive skirts the shore of Courtenay Bay and follows the beach down to Mispee, ten miles away. It passes first through Crouchville, where there are a number of pretty residences besides the boys' reformatory and almshouse, and then traverses the Red Head shore affording a splendid view of the city in the distance. At Mispee the scenery is beautiful. It is a milling village at the mouth of a river of the same name. The stream is a rapid and turbulent one and the falls and rapids are charming bits of scenery.

Starting from Mount Pleasant the Howe's Lake road leads straight out to the Kennebecasis six miles away and is a very pleasant short drive. The country here is studded thickly with lakes and these with the succession of hills, valleys and woods that surround them make the place admirably adapted for a natural park. In fact it was proposed once to establish a park here to be known as the Highland Park but it did not reach an issue. However, when the Lily Lake Park is extended, it will be in this direction and will probably take in this district. Within a circuit of a dozen miles are a dozen pretty little miniature lakes, including Howe's, Half Moon and Dark Lake.

It is a drive of about twenty miles up the east side of the St. John river to the Cedars. The Kennebecasis is crossed at Millidgeville and the road strikes across the country to Carter's Point whence the hotel is reached along the river's bank. It is nearly a whole days drive and a favorite way to take it is to make up a party and get a buckboard for the purpose.

These drives are all eastward from St. John. There are two going westerly. It is a pretty one out the Manawagonish Road to Spruce Lake and the regions beyond of Pisarino or Musquash. The route is via the Suspension Bridge and Fairville. The Manawagonish Road is a sandy stretch of highway and is next to the Marsh Road in being the favorite place for "the flyers." At the old "Yorkshire Tavern" the shore road to Spruce Lake may be taken or the river road to Westfield. The latter is a very pretty drive of about fourteen miles around the shores of South Bay and Grand Bay, two large inlets from the river, and the scenery at Westfield is charming.

The fishing waters of New Brunswick are unsurpassed on the continent for the keen sport which they afford to the angler. Some of the most successful fishermen in the New England States frequent the far-famed salmon pools of the north shore and every year they come here to whip the streams that flow into the Bay Chaleur and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The most celebrated of the waters are the Restigouche, Nepisiquit and the Miramichi and here the monarchs of the finny tribe most thoroughly fulfill their appellation for their magnificent proportions and their game qualities make them worthy foes to conquer. It takes a most skilful hand and an exciting contest to land them and the sport is of the most exhilarating order. At the junction of the Restigouche and Metapedia rivers the Restigouche Salmon club have their splendid club house, and the fishing rights of the whole Metapedia stream and its tributaries are owned by wealthy Americans. Here forty pound salmon and seven pound trout are not uncommon. The Nepisiquit and Miramichi waters provide equally good sport, though the fish are not so large.

The north shore is the chief fishing country of the province, but there is excellent fishing nearer home. If the angler's ambition does not soar as high as forty pound salmon, if he will be satisfied with trout weighing anywhere up to seven pounds, he need not go far from St. John to find victims to his skill. Lake fishing abounds chiefly and the lakes are legion. Many of them are leased by clubs composed of St. John men, but there are quite a number where the privilege is free and where strangers may go without fear of trespassing. And then as far as the fishing clubs are concerned they are hospitable and their many guests can testify to the heartiness of their welcome to their club houses and preserves.

The best way to describe these waters is to take them up in succession as they are reached on the various roads that radiate from St. John. First comes Beaver lake on the Black River road about six miles out from the city. This lake is owned by a club of some twenty-five prominent St. John citizens. They have been organized eight or ten years and they have a club house and boat house. The lake is about three miles long and the fishing is very good. Half a mile further out on the same road is Stoker lake, which is not leased and furnishes fairly good fishing. Then three miles farther out is Ball's lake, held by a club of thirty or forty members, with Geo. McAvity, president, and W. A. Ewing secretary. They have a very fine club house and the fishing is very good.

Another of the leading clubs of the city is the Log Cabin Club whose seat of operations is Loch Lomond twelve miles from the city. They have a membership of twenty-five and own four hundred acres of farming lands beside possessing a club house not far from the Ben Lomond house. Loch Lomond is not one lake but a chain of three lakes and the fishing is

excellent. The club have stocked their waters several times with Lake Superior salmon trout and they are caught as large as three or four pounds. The privileges of these lakes are not all held. Farther out this road are Hind's, Taylor, Oter and Latimer lakes, all unleased and affording good fishing. Twelve miles beyond are Tracy and Henry's lakes. These are unleased and the fishing is splendid, the fish being very large.

Next comes the Golden Grove road. Kay's lake, which is the first, is held by two parties. Mr. George Blaisdell is one end and many can recall the pleasant time they have spent there as his guests. A very strong club of St. John men is at the other end of the lake and have erected there the finest club house in the southern part of the province. Long's lake is farther out and is leased by a club of local sportsmen. The fish are small but gamey. These two lakes are both within a few miles of St. John. Farther on is a chain of lakes that run the Golden Grove woolen mills. These are not leased nor is Deforest lake. Little Ben Lomond lake is held by a small club. On the French Village road which succeeds the Golden Grove road is Terrio lake. This is not leased and the fishing is very fine. The lake is supplied with boats which may be hired for a small charge. The lake is twelve miles from the city.

The finest fishing in the southern portion of the province is obtained in Kings county on the line of the Intercolonial railway and some of the loveliest beauties that an angler has ever exulted over have come out of the Chisholm and other lakes here. The first on this road is Ashburn lake, leased to a club of young men. They have a pretty little club house and nicely laid out grounds. The lake is only a couple of miles from the city and is stocked with bass. At Quispamsis is Ritchie's lake, unleased, where there are a few fish, and across the Kennebecasis from this place are Wetmore's, Giggey's, Telegraph and Pickett lakes, all unleased. Sussex is a thriving village, forty-four miles out from St. John, and the centre of the finest lake fishing of all. On the Dutch Valley road is Walton's lake where fish are large and plentiful. This as well as Arnold's lake on the Shepody road is unleased. Connor's and McKenzie lakes are good fishing waters and a person is sure of a good catch. These are not leased. Then come the chain of lakes held by the Chisholm Lake club, composed of nine Sussex gentlemen and five St. John men. They have a commodious club house, called the Squirrel Cot, with a boat house and ice house. These are on Chisholm Lake, and are distant from Sussex a drive of a couple of hours. The club have

the exclusive rights to a chain of six lakes, Chisholm, Dick's, Elbow, Grassy, White Pine and Dark. The first is one of the very best in the province and fish have been caught there as high as seven pounds. A good catch is a sure thing and they will range from one to four pounds right along. The club keep improving their preserves and are well up in the art of fish culture and of stocking the lakes to the best advantage. The fish are gamey as the delightful thrill that leaps along the rod tells and the sport is equal to landing a small salmon. Two miles east of Chisholm lake are the Portage lakes and McGarrick or Theohald lake. The latter is a famous rendezvous of the speckled beauties but is now being fished out.

On the line of the C. P. R. there are near Nerepis, a few miles from the city, a swarm of lakes that are much sought. They are Menzie, Nelson, Robin Hood, Ben Shorten, McGovern and Wedderburn. None of these are leased except the last which is owned by a group of St. John men. Caribou lake is at Welsford and some north end men have the sole right to fish here. The chief fishing water on this line is the south branch of the Oromocto stream. There is excellent fishing in South Branch lake which is leased from the government by some of the most influential men of the city. Disappointment lake is also on the South Branch. It is leased and the owners have stocked it well. Rocky lake is another leased lake here. At Fredericton Junction there is good brook fishing. At Prince William there is the north-east branch of the Oromocto and at Harvey are the Magagnadavic lakes, large bodies of water stocked by the government. Canterbury is quite a distance out on the line and Skiff lake is here. It is owned by an incorporated club composed of railway men with E. W. Crum as president. It is stocked with land-locked salmon and they have by this time attained quite a size.

About fourteen miles down the Shore Line of railway is the chain of lakes that have their outlet in Musquash river. These waters are leased by a party of Americans, the president of the club being Mr. Cobb, the Boston banker. They have a beautiful club house and a steam yacht there and everything fitted up in the most elegant style. There is one St. John gentleman on the membership list of this club. They have the exclusive rights to some valuable waters.

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A RIVER SCENE AT WESTFIELD.



CHAPTER V.

A RIVER IN ARCADY.

WHAT can be said that would be too laudatory of the river St. John! Words fail to give a true conception of its delights. It must be seen and its personality felt to be properly appreciated. Rising four hundred and fifty miles away in the wild forest regions of Maine it flows through a marvellously fertile valley, sometimes abounding in scenery of the sublime and rugged type and again offering peaceful pictures of pastoral simplicity. Receiving unto itself the contributions of many tributaries, some of them great rivers of themselves, it is the grandest river system on the Atlantic coast and New Brunswick's proudest heritage from nature's hand.

Some have called it the "Rhine of America," but away with the term! It does not desire to shine in the reflected light of another or to pose as an imitator. It has an individuality all its own and a beauty that is entirely different from that of the Danube or Rhine or Hudson. It does not depend for its interest upon the works of man, upon turreted castle keeps or elegant modern structures. Its beauty is its simplicity, its broad blue sweep, its terraced and fertile uplands, its tree-encircled intervals, its cliffs and waterfalls and island-dotted reaches. Though one has known the river all his life he can never tire of it and should he be called upon to leave its presence it would be like parting from an old friend. There is always some novelty to be found, some new way in which to explore its mysteries. Though the writer has seen it in various moods, though he has had many experiences upon it he has much yet to learn. He has camped at many places on both sides of the river and he has spent nights under canvas on a raft in the middle; he has travelled on many styles of vessel, from a bark canoe, through the stages of a rowboat, sailing yacht, &c., to a river steamer; he has shot the rapids and falls at the mouth and experienced the keenest exultation thereat and he has had other feelings while he wrestled with the eelgrass of Gagetown at midnight at the tag end of a twelve-mile row; he has seen her in her angry moods when the billows rolled high and in the dusk of evening he has watched the grey mist settle down upon the marshes and the eyes of the river grow heavy with sleep and heard the hushed voices of the night, nature's cradle song to her children, and felt as

in a dream the soothing caress of the river god. Stern at times is the river, but generally tender and beneficent to her chosen people. It is as sweet and fragrant as a benediction to spend a day upon the placid bosom of the St. John and no one who has come to the city should go away without that benediction.

There are seven or eight steamers plying on various routes between St. John and upriver points. The Star Line has two steamers making daily trips to and from Fredericton, 84 miles up. The Clifton ascends the Kennebecasis to Hampton, the Hampstead to Hampstead, the Springfield traverses the Bellisle and the Star the Washedemoak, both of them tributaries, while the May Queen goes to Salmon river via the Jensey stream and Grand Lake. Between Fredericton and Woodstock which is about 150 miles up river the steamer Aberdeen plies. Several of these steamers offer delightful excursions giving tourists a chance to spend a very pleasant day on the river. The May Queen, which is a commodious and comfortable boat, runs Tuesday and Friday excursions up as far as the Eyandale Hotel. It is a sail of about twenty-eight miles and a couple of hours are spent up there before returning. An excellent dinner is served on the boat or it may be had at the hotel. The lovely Kennebecasis is seen to perfection from the deck of a steamer and in its Thursday excursions to Hampton and back the Clifton has a great attraction. Another splendid excursion is that which the Star line offers allowing a person to spend Sunday on the river. On Saturday evenings they go up as far as Hampstead returning early Monday morning. This pretty village is 33 miles up and the Sabbath may be spent here or at any of the hotels along the route.

The chief attraction of the river of course is the through trip by the Star line steamers David Weston and Olivette to Fredericton. The steamers leave at nine o'clock every morning arriving at their destination at half-past four so that the day is not a tedious one. From the point of view of health a few hours occupied in this way are worth a week spent at any other place and if one is jaded and worn he will feel the reviving effect of the wonderful air of the St. John in a few minutes. The steamers are splendidly built and fully equipped with all that pertains to comfort and pleasure and when the river air has sharpened the appetite there is an excellent dinner to be had served in the most hospitable style.

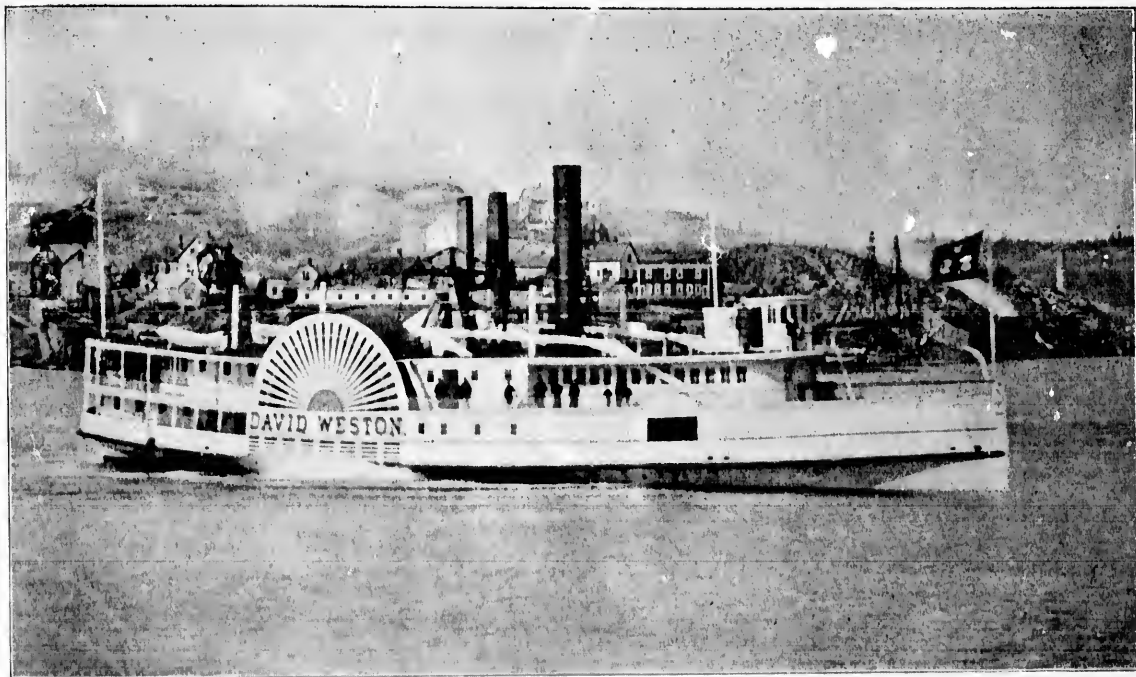
Either the electric cars or a cab may be taken from the hotel to Indian town where the steamer lies and a brief space

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STEAMER "DAVID WESTON."

(Photo by J. S. Climo & Son.)



having been spent in watching the confusion of hurrying teams and people the whistle sounds and the boat swings off into the estuary of the river. Just below are the Falls and just above are the Narrows. These are beetling cliffs of limestone attaining in places a height of 200 feet or more and resembling the Palisades of the Hudson. At the foot of the cliffs nestle lime kilns, in little coves are lumber mills and an air of bustling industry pervades the scene. Guarding the upper entrance to this narrow pass are Boar's Head and Green Head, two small promontories. Above these the river makes a sudden expansion into a space about ten miles wide. On the right is the capacious mouth of the Kennebecasis and on the left the broad area of Grand Bay. Here the wind blows freshly and yachts and sailboats may be seen cleaving the waves. Two or three miles further along is Westfield, the mouth of the Nerepis and Woodman's Point, constituting a pretty place for a summer resort. The Nerepis is a beautiful stream, serpentine in its windings and a pretty place for canoeing. It seems never to be disturbed by a ripple for it is narrow and protected by trees and shrubs that line the banks. Men who have canoed among the famous Thousand Isles on the St. Lawrence say that they cannot compare with this spot as the home of birch and paddle. Woodman's Point stands out prominently and commands a bend in the river. There was once a French fort there but now it is given up to pretty villas, the residences of St. John men. There are many summer residences at Westfield and the two places are joined across the mouth of the Nerepis by a long wooden bridge.

We are now at the foot of The Reach, and the scenery becomes quietly picturesque. A short distance up are Day's and Watter's landings, favorite picnic grounds. It is necessary to pass the Devil's Back in order to get to Brown's Flat, which is a place of spirited camp meetings, and then comes one of the finest spots on the lower river. On the left is Oak Point with its village, its wharf and its lighthouse peering out between the islands that cover it, Galop's Island and Fluter's which has the appearance of an immense dumb-bell of the gods. On the right are William's Landing and the Cedars, a pretty and modern summer hotel set prominently on the sloping banks and surrounded by verdure. The view from the hotel commands a long sweep of river which here widens out considerably, and the hills with verdure clad, the islands, the cultivated fields and the well kept farms are comprehended in one of the most beautiful river scapes that can be found on the Atlantic coast.

Just above Oak Point the Itellise joins the main river and here there is considerable marsh land. And just a word about this intervalle! It is one of the distinctive features of the St. John and consists of islands formed from the alluvium deposited by the river. They are flat, level stretches and each spring the freshets cover them and deposit their rich sediment. Splendid crops of hay are grown on the intervalles and it is frequently stacked on "straddles" raised above the freshet level. The intervalle lands are always bounded with trees, the roots of which serve to grip the soil together and to prevent it from being washed away. The foliage of the river is one of the things which gives it its charm. The uplands are clad with forests of evergreen while about the intervalles and lowlands are stately maples, elms, poplars, horse chestnuts and balm of gileads, their leaves responsive to the kisses of the zephyrs. The Mistake is a narrow creek that winds along beside the river and is separated from it only by a narrow neck of land. It seemed undecided whether to unite with the main river again or not but concluded not to, much to the chagrin of any one who has entered it thinking to come out at the other end. The Ryandale Hotel is the next point of interest and it stands picturesquely on a point at a bend in the river with its neat architecture serving as an adornment to the scene. After this comes Spoon Island and succeeding it Long Island, a lengthy stretch of intervalle with the pretty villages of Hampstead and Wickham facing one another from opposite sides of the river at its foot. The island is seven miles long and on its eastern side the Washademoak enters. Otnabog is on the mainland at its head and two miles further up is the Half Way Clamp, 42 miles from St. John and Fredericton. We are now among excellent shooting grounds and will be for some time. Here geese abound in spring and duck in the fall. Little Musquash Island and Musquash Island swarm with them and so do other places that are in the vicinity of Gagetown.

This latter place is 47 miles up and is the most important place on the river between St. John and Fredericton. It is a mile back from the main river on a creek of the same name and is a peaceful, pretty village with a couple of comfortable hotels and excellent attractions in the way of a beautiful surrounding country and good shooting. It is hid from the river by a long stretch of rich intervalle six miles in length and at its head the creek is connected with the river by Grimross canal cut across the intervalle. Gagetown is one of the favorite camping grounds of the Millicite Indians and it is interesting

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A VIEW IN WILMOT PARK, FREDERICTON.

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to watch them as they go about among their tents and canoes. An Indian in camp is very different from an Indian as seen on a city street. Amid the surroundings of civilization he looks dirty and miserable and out of place and the unprepossessing effect is heightened by his jargon of broken English and by the fact that he is probably drunk. But seen beside his native camp fire, his tent of birch and his bark canoe, with his soft rolling speech and his picturesque customs he is a pleasing sight to behold. Gagetown is a county seat and it has been the home of some of the best families in the province. Some of its ivy grown residences amid their broad acres could many a tale unfold. Across on the other shore from Gagetown is Jemseg with its river uniting the broad expanse of Grand Lake with the main river. Jemseg was the site of a French fort in the seventeenth century and about the same period, Louis, one of the four brothers D'Amours, among the most picturesque characters in French history, erected his home here. They were noted *coureurs de bois* and led romantic and wild lives frequently incurring the displeasure of the French governors by their intrigues with the Indians. The wife of Louis d'Amours was Marguerite Guyon, another of the admirable female characters that figure in the history of the St. John. She was a kindly and benevolent woman and was beloved alike by English, French and Indians. Many captives owed their freedom to her and a little incident in which she figured illustrates this statement. John Gyles, a young lad, was captured by the Indians at the taking of Fort Pemaquid and for several years he remained in their hands. At length after much privation his release was obtained by Marguerite d'Amours and she cared for him as though he was of her own family. Her kindness was rewarded for when in 1696 Col. Hathorn with 500 men led an expedition against the French on the St. John her house was passed by and was unmolested. Shortly after "Gyles," who was called by his benefactress "Little English," was sent back to his home in Boston.

Leaving Jemseg behind the boat steams on, passing the *intervale* in front of Gagetown on the left and at its upper end is "the canal" showing glimpses of Gagetown Creek, Hartz and Duck Lakes. Grimross Island is opposite the canal and a straight stretch of river opens to view ahead. After that come some of the finest farmlands on the river, those of Burton, Sheffield and Mangerville. The farms of Burton are watered by Swan Lake and the stretches of *intervale* here are very productive. Sheffield is a picture of pastoral beauty much like the typical English village with its white church, its

pretty academy and a cluster of cottages that form the hamlet. Mangerville was established a hundred and thirty years ago and was the first English settlement on the St. John. Along here the beauty of the river is unsurpassed. The banks recede in a succession of beautiful terraces clothed with evergreen relieved by frequent farm spaces. The water is here as clear as crystal and near the shore the fine white sand that shines through is a tempting sight and invites the bather. Gilbert's Island, Middle Island and Oromocto succeed one another and Lincoln, five miles below Fredericton, appears in sight while the river is profusely sprinkled with square wooden batments with lines of booms running across. At this place and also above Fredericton the logs that are cut on the upper St. John are made into rafts and these the sturdy tugs take down the river to the mills at the mouth. The river is always full of life, with steamers, great rafts of logs, woodbouts burdened with hay or kilnwood and pleasure yachts.

The first indications of Fredericton are the bridges, the mouth of the Nashwaak and the university on the hill. The city presents a pretty sight as it appears from the steamer's deck. It occupies a flat rounded point on the left bank with a hill rising behind it and forming an effective background to the confusion of handsome public buildings, beautiful residences and rich foliage. Opposite Fredericton are the towns of Gibson and St. Marys and further back behind these is Marysville on the Nashwaak, a river which enters the St. John opposite the city.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE.

THE first things in the outward appearance of Fredericton that impress the tourist are, the number of fine public buildings and handsome residences and the profusion of shade trees that line the streets. Viewed from the hill back of the city it seems almost buried in the luxuriance of the foliage of maples, elms and the other wide spreading trees that flourish in New Brunswick soil. Fredericton is a titled city and that accounts for its splendid architecture. It is the centre of important legislative, executive, military, educational and church institutions. It is the capital of the province, the shiretown of the county, the seat of a Canadian military school of instruction, a diocesan see and the location of a provincial university.

Two centuries ago the history of this place began when Villebon, the most daring governor who ever ruled over Acadia, established his capital behind his fortress walls at the mouth of the Nashwaak and from there conducted fierce marauding expeditions into the heart of New England. Then fifty years later a French settlement was established on the point where Fredericton now stands, and over a hundred years ago when the Loyalists came here they erected the town of Fredericton and made it their capital. Along the streets of their rough-hewn city moved stately judges and high officials from New England, plentifully bewigged and bepowdered; simple Acadian peasants, wild and savage red men, and the gay and careless younger scions of the British aristocracy with their red-coated soldiery. It was a picturesque sight to see all these different types brought together in one assembly.

Fredericton has always been a military city. Up to thirty years ago there was always a British regiment stationed here, and this, together with the fact of its being the capital, made it the centre of the social life of the province and during the season there was an endless succession of balls and levees. The Government House, now unoccupied, was the centre of all the festivity, and its ancient walls and shady nooks overlooking the river bank could reveal many a romance. Government House is just above the city and some distance above this again is "The Hermitage." Here in 1830 Hon.

Thos. Baillie built a beautiful residence in a small but lovely park and there dispensed a bounteous hospitality. Now the place is tenantless, but its beauty though grown wild has remained. But why speak of past glories? Fredericton is still a city of social prestige and when the legislature meets it is a scene of bustle, and public and private functions are many. It is still a military town, for the British regulars have been replaced by Canadian infantry. A company of Royal Canadian Infantry and a military school of instruction are located here and add much to the life and gaiety of the capital.

The first necessity of a city for tourists is hotels and the Fredericton houses of entertainment are of the very best description. The two first are the Queen and Barker, both of them located on Queen street facing the river front. There is not a more genial host than "Jack" Edwards of the Queen. The house has ample accommodation and excellent rooms. The Barker House is prettily situated opposite Officers' Square and its menu and catering are unsurpassed.

The drive about the streets of Fredericton is a pretty one and there is much to be seen and enjoyed. Queen street is a finely built street running along the river front with rows of first class stores on the side away from the water while the other side is devoted to public buildings. First comes the city hall and market, then the Provincial Normal School, a handsome structure of brick. Then the stone barracks of the Infantry School succeeds, followed by the post office and custom house. After that come the wooden quarters of the officers in the centre of a pretty square. Farther down is the county building. Thus nearly the whole river front is taken up by the buildings of the city, county, province and Dominion. Still farther down are the most splendid buildings of all. The parliament building is a large edifice of freestone with a handsome Corinthian front and beside it is a large and modern stone structure devoted to the departmental offices.

The last of this procession of pretentious buildings that line the river front is Christ Church Cathedral, a handsome Gothic pile that was built fifty years ago through the instrumentality of the late Bishop Medley, who during the latter years of his life had the honor to be the Metropolitan of Canada. The triangular grounds around it are beautified by a delightful grove. The lower end of the city is devoted to handsome residences adorned with pleasant grounds. Waterloo Row runs along the river front and the green bank and velvety sward about the 'Three Willows ar-mue' sought on summer evenings. Back of Waterloo Row are two charitable institutions, a deaf and dumb asylum and the Victoria Hospital, the latter founded

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WILMOT PARK AND GOVERNMENT HOUSE.



by Lady Tilley. Both of these buildings are very prettily constructed. Here too is the grass grown site of Rose Hall where Benedict Arnold resided for a short time after his departure from New England. Back on the hill is the stone home of the University of New Brunswick, a provincial institution with arts and engineering departments. It is seated upon a pretty terrace with a lovely grove below it. The churches of the city are, for a place of 6,000 or 7,000 people, creditable structures. Next to the cathedral in architecture are the Baptist and Presbyterian houses of worship, imposing and substantial structures situated on York street.

At the upper end of the town is Government House where many of the most distinguished of England's sons have slept, including the Prince of Wales when he was here in 1860. The building is of the colonial style of architecture being characterized by solidity more than by grace. On the other side of Government House Lane is Wilmot Park, one of the newest institutions of Fredericton. It bears the name of its founder, a name that has stood high in the affairs of the province, two of the family having been lieutenant governors. It is the gift to the city of Mr. Edward H. Wilmot, and his munificence has been justly appreciated. In 1891 he purchased twenty acres of beautiful grove and grass land, belonging to the estate of the Odells, a family of jurists equally prominent before and after the Revolution. The natural beauty of the place has been enhanced by the laying out of drives and walks, the planting of many elms and the construction of fountains. Mr. Wilmot's benefactions amount to \$20,000, of which \$10,000 is an endowment, the interest of which will be devoted to the annual cost of maintenance. The funds are administered by a park board of which Mr. G. E. Fenety, Queen's Printer, is chairman.

Several days could be profitably spent at Fredericton in exploring its lovely surroundings. There are drives in abundance, and the boating and canoeing are unequalled. Across the river from Fredericton are three other towns, Marysville, St. Mary's and Gibson, and the whole community is one of 10,000 or 12,000. They are united with Fredericton by two bridges spanning the broad expanse of the river. There is a wooden passenger bridge and an iron railway bridge, both of them built on trestles. The latter unites the C. P. R. and the Canada Eastern. And it is here worthy of remark that the city is an important centre of trade. It is the terminus of a branch of the Canadian Pacific, of the Canada Eastern, running

to the Miramichi region, where it taps the Intercolonial, of a line of railway running to Woodstock, and of the steamer lines to St. John and Woodstock. It is the distributing centre for the splendid agricultural regions of the interior portion of the province.

Marysville, which is at the mouth of the Nashwaak, is owned by one man,—its big cotton mill, the largest in Canada, its saw mills, its beautiful little church, its general store, and its dozens of tenements for the operators. The town is one of about 2,000 people, and Alexander Gibson is the owner. Starting from nothing, he now owns a town, hundreds of square miles of forest land along the Nashwaak valley and the Canada Eastern Railway, with the iron bridge. He is a benevolent and genial man, and is much loved by his employees, and dissensions or strikes never disturb the peace of Marysville.

A favorite drive from the city is that up the river front to Springhill, six or seven miles away, or further on to French Village, an Indian encampment, with a little chapel and the chief's house, and affording plenty of opportunity to study the Milicete character. Then there is the drive down river to Oromocto, that up the Nashwaak Valley, and that to Killarney Lake, where proprietor Coleman of the Barker House has a pretty residence.

Then what shall be said of the boating? Fredericton is the home of the bark canoe, and every man who hails from "the Celestial City" is an expert with the paddle. There is no greater delight possible than a moonlight evening spent in a birch on the beautiful little Nashwaaksis, a gem of placid loveliness, or among the islands that profusely dot the reaches above the city. There are two club and picnic places near the city where summer days are spent, Camp Comfort and Camp Contentment. Now the boating, canoeing and bicycling people have organized for the purpose of putting up a club house on the river bank near the parliament building.

If the reader inclines to adventure, there are trips that may be taken from Fredericton that will give him his fill. The canoeing on the upper St. John is superb and there is no greater delight than to drop down with the current from Grand Falls to Fredericton. The former place is 225 miles from the mouth and here the river rushes through a magnificent and rugged gorge and makes a sudden drop of 75 feet, forming a wonderful cataract. From here the start is made with the canoe, and it is well, by the way, to have an Indian guide. The scenery is sublime and majestic the whole way down

and nature is found in her primitive rudeness. Below Woodstock is one of the most exciting portions of the journey, the passage of the Meductic rapids. More exciting than this is the ascent and descent of the Tobique which enters the St. John two hundred miles from its mouth. It is famous for its wild scenery, its rapids, its hunting and its salmon pools. The ascent is made by "poling" and it requires a very skilful hand to make rapid progress. "Shooting the rapids" is an exciting pastime though mingled with danger to any but the most experienced.

A more hazardous and difficult journey still is to ascend the eighty miles or more of the Tobique to the lake which is its source. A "portage" of three miles is made to Nepisiguit lake and river and it is then descended to Bay Chaleur. Magnificent scenery is opened up, such as Bald Head, 2,200 feet high, an almost perfect cone, and the falls of the Nepisiguit, a series of four cataracts that drop 140 feet.

Then there are the bicycle tours and most of them follow the bank of the St. John where the roads are level and hard and unsurpassed for easy, pleasant riding. Hundreds go over the route from St. John to Fredericton on the road following the river valley. The distance is about ninety miles and there is no pleasanter wheeling tour anywhere, for the highway is cooled by the river breezes and the magnificent scenery of the St. John is seen all along. Many take the tour all the way up to Grand Falls, through Woodstock, and the run is a splendid one. Then too the riding along the I. C. R. to Moncton is delightful, and in every direction in fact from St. John the roads are well adapted for wheeling and the landscapes that line the pathway are charming.

CHAPTER VII.

TRIPS TO MANY PLACES.

PLEASANT tours may be taken from St. John in every direction, via steamboat or train. The river trips have been described. Then there is the sail across the bay and the trips by rail to the places that border along the I. C. R., C. P. R. and Shore Line. The favorite trip, either for a day's outing or a week's touring, is that over the blue waters of Fundy to the portal of Evangeline land. The lover of sea voyages can find no greater pleasure than a sail to Annapolis on the handsome and luxurious steamer of the Bay of Fundy line, the City of Monticello. If he would spend a few hours of listless ease on the bosom of the bay he can make the return trip between dawn and dusk. The whole journey occupies twelve hours and the boat remains long enough at Annapolis wharf for the traveller to get a glimpse of the oldest British town in America and of the ruins of its ancient fort among the oldest antiquities in Canada.

Two hundred and fifty years ago this route was first travelled over. In 1745 Charmsay was travelling to and fro from Port Royal to St. John on his mission of war and from the steamer as she lies at each end of the route the sites of Port Royal and Fort La Tour may be seen. There has been kinder to old Port Royal than to Fort La Tour and the high ramparts and earthworks and the stone sally port still remain, the sad monuments of "the good old days." In the cool and the haze of the morning the Monticello swings out from her wharf, drops into mid harbor and leaves the city behind. The rock cliffs of Partridge Island are passed and with face to the future and the breeze of the bay fanning his face and blowing new life into his nostrils the tourist gives himself up to the delight of the moment. Who that has tasted the pleasures of a sea-trip on a bright day and has sniffed the delightful salt in the air can find sufficient language to express his thoughts! What can the narrow confines of a steam car and the close atmosphere and contracted outlook offer in comparison!

As the day advances and the grey mist clears away the dark outlines of the Nova Scotia hills rise into view stretching in a long regular line across the southern sky. The whole Nova Scotia line of coast is protected by a giant earthwork, the North mountain, but at one particular spot just opposite St. John a rift of light shines through the dark rampart. It is the

traveller's goal. Here is Digby Strait and beyond it the smiling Annapolis Basin in sheer contrast to the rugged cliffs that stand like colossal sentinels guarding it.

As the steamer approaches the passage the view is a magnificent one. The massive rock rises high above on either hand and the straits swirl with eddies made by the rush of the waters. Beyond are glimpses of Arcadian simplicity, sloping meadows, long beaches, languid sails of fishing and pleasure boats and the peaceful white cottages of Digby embedded amid their orchard foliage.

The little town of Digby is the first stopping place on the trip and it has occupied from three to four hours to cross the bay to this pleasant harbor. The distance is forty-three miles and the steamer's record for covering the distance is 3 hours and 15 minutes. For the Monticello was built for speed and with her clipper build and graceful lines she is as pretty as she is speedy. Digby is a town of a thousand or two inhabitants and is prettily situated on the sloping hillsides that rise gently from the water's edge about a mile from Digby channel. It is a place of neat cottages and pleasant groves and of shady streets and orchards and verdant meadows. Its many hotels and its private homes are thronged with people every summer, including many St. John families beside the American tourists. In addition to pleasant walks and drives, yachting and canoeing, hunting and fishing, it has excellent bathing of all kinds. The rise and fall of the tides create splendid natural hot water bathing. When the water has covered the shallow stretches of flat it is confined by dikes and kept for the sun to heat into gentle warmth.

Leaving the long pier that shoots out from the main street of the town the steamer proceeds up the basin to Annapolis amid verdant slopes and rich forest growth. On one side are fertile meadows, sloping hill-sides, rivers hurrying to the basin and low islands hugging the shore. On the other side rise the heights of North mountain wooded to the water's edge with rich evergreen.

By this time it has approached the hour of one and the sea air has created an appetite. The welcome gong rings and it summons you to the palatial dining saloon where an excellent menu awaits the hungry man. The dinners on the Monticello are renowned. The line has an excellent caterer, and no better cookery or more attentive waiters could be

desired. The whole appointments of the boat are, in fact, of the very best, and the comfortable staterooms, rich upholstery, artistic decorations and elegant grand saloon are appreciated by the man used to comfort and luxury. The staff of officers and attendants is large, and from Capt. Flemming, the veteran commander, down, they are uniformly courteous and obliging.

And now the twenty miles of the basin's length are nearly traversed, and seated proudly at its head overlooking her fertile dominions, sits Annapolis, the portal to the fruit garden of the province. Prominent to view rise the storied mounds and ruined walls of Port Royal from their height above the basin overlooking the Annapolis river and the level stretches around. Though a bustling little town, Annapolis and its people still have time to think of things historic, and they are proud of the history and romance that surrounds the place. Annapolis Royal it was once called and before that Port Royal, and its only rival for the honor of being called the oldest town in America is St. Augustine, Florida. In 1605 it was founded by DeMonts and others of the brave French explorers who founded Acadia, and for two centuries it was the chief military station in the eastern provinces. As the capital of Acadie during the French regime, and as an important military and naval headquarters under British rule, it filled an important place in history, and the dumb and silent earthworks have witnessed wondrous events.

One of the brightest and most romantic scenes in all French history is that in which L'Ordre de Bon Temps figures in the first year or two of the founding of the colony at Port Royal. Here was inaugurated the first winter carnival in Canada, the land of carnivals. Amid the forest and the savagery around fifteen members of the colony founded the Order of the Good Time, and every day held a feast and high wassail. Each man was steward in turn, and he performed the duties of his office with the same pomp and circumstance that he would have displayed had he been in Paris itself.

The fort is square in outline and the enclosure occupies a space of about an acre. The earthen ramparts are about twenty feet high and beyond it is a deep wide ditch with earth-works flanking it. The position is commanding being on a high point of land between the Annapolis river on one side and a low marsh on the other. The ruined stone sally-port is very old and dates from the French period and there is also in the enclosure an ancient wooden barracks built under the British regime.

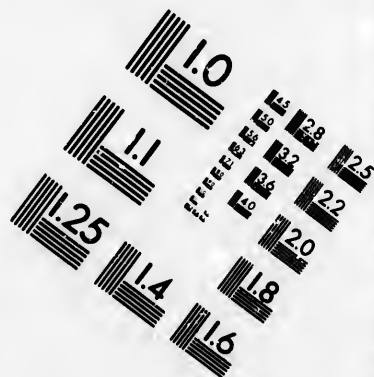
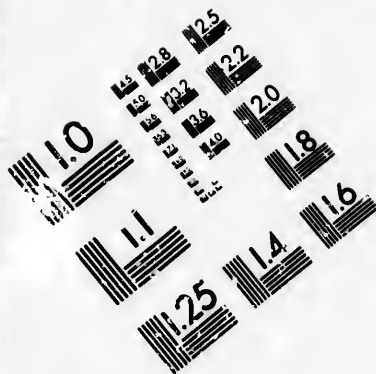
From Annapolis the trains of the Dominion Atlantic railway may be taken through the Annapolis and Cornwallis valleys and along the shores of Minas basin to Halifax. Or if the traveller is making the round trip he can return to St. John on the Monticello the same day arriving in the city about six o'clock.

The chief railway route from St. John is that via the Interecolonial railway. It is the pathway to the fishing waters of the north shore and to the delightful scenery of Cape Breton. The first portion of the road skirts the Kennebecasis and a varied panorama flashes before the car window. At Hampton there is a branch line that leads down to St. Martins, one of the prettiest spots for coast scenery on the whole Atlantic shore and the home of retired ship builders and ship captains.

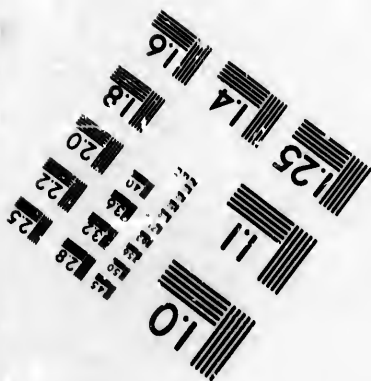
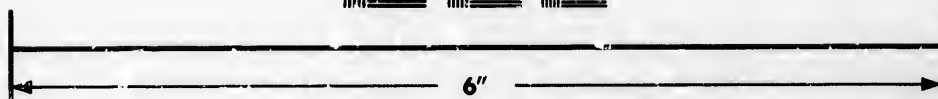
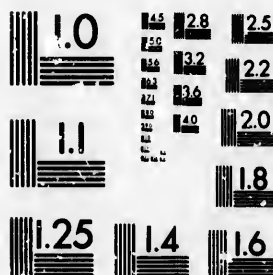
Farther along a country is reached where mineral springs abound that promise when they are fully developed to be valuable possessions. First come the Apohaqui alkaline springs. The water has a good reputation both here and in New England and it is claimed to be the only natural emulsifier of cod-liver oil. At Sussex there is an artesian spring and near Penobscus are valuable sulphur spa situated amid very pleasant surroundings. The Havelock Mineral springs are the best developed of all and their output is large. Then beside these on the I. C. R. there are springs at Pennfield, Charlotte county, at Jemseg on the St. John and at other places. The last are called the "La Tour" Mineral springs and their capacity is about 200 barrels a day.

Moncton is the first place of importance on the line of the I. C. R. It is a railway centre, the repair shops of the I. C. R., which by the way is a government road, being located here. There are several important industrial establishments and it is a busy and progressive city. The chief attraction to the tourist is "The Bore." The city is located on a bend of the Petiteodic which is a tidal river. Twice a day the tide comes rolling up the river in a wall filling the previously almost empty bed. Sometimes the bore is very small, at other times it reaches a height of five or six feet. It is worth going a long way to see for there is but one other tidal bore in the world, on the Tsien-Fang in China. Now a little sluggish rivulet covers only the very bottom of a muddy river bed with banks rising high above. Then off in the distance across the verdant and level stretches of meadow appears a long white advancing line. Nearer and nearer it comes in swift progression like the van of an advancing army but with an impression of greater irresistibility. Then a subdued noise is heard





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in the distance gathering volume with the closing up of the intervening space. Nearer yet and the wall of water is distinguished in front tumbled and broken into flying spray. At length it is at our feet and the ends of the column leap high upon the bank and with exulting clamor claim the smitten land. It is a scene of tumult and confusion and the noise is deafening. As swiftly as it came as swiftly it passes on and the water is placid again except that it is a river where once it was a stream. There seems something human or more than human in such a phenomenon of nature and it is an inspiring sight to see it and hear it in all its might.

There is a splendid hotel in Moncton, the Brunswick, kept by Mr. Geo. McSweeney. It is a large and roomy house and is excellently managed. From the city the road diverges in two directions, north to the Miramichi and Restigouche and east to Halifax, Cape Breton and the Annapolis Valley. Then again another road may be taken from Moncton to Prince Edward Island.

A man arriving at Moncton is apt to be divided between different opinions, and will find it rather difficult to decide between the attractions of the far north and the far east. If he is a fisherman he will go north, and if he is not he will go east to lovely Cape Breton, where many prominent Americans have summer homes, where there are splendid hotels, where the scenery of the Bras D'Or lakes is unrivalled in natural beauty, and where days may be spent in boat and yacht on the placid nooks and inlets of these wonderful inland waters. The two Sydneys are towns where many tourists flock. Baddeck is a place of delight that Charles Dudley Warner wrote about, and at Louisburg is the site of the great French fortress that New England captured in 1745. This year the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the occasion was celebrated by the establishment there of a memorial of the event.

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VIEW ON BRAS D'OR LAKES.



CHAPTER VIII.

A VARIETY OF INFORMATION.

IN the preceding pages the attractions which St. John and the province of New Brunswick present to tourists have been set forth quite fully. But there is another consideration,—apart from climate, scenery, novelty, or capacity for pleasure,—that in this utilitarian age must be taken into the thought. This is the question of cost, and in this, as in all other features, St. John is easily first. Everything is on a large scale, its hospitality and its attractions, except its bills. It requires only a very moderate sum to spend a week or two in the province, though, of course, a great deal may be spent if desired.

The regular return ticket from Boston to St. John by the I. S. S. line is \$9.00 and the ticket is good until used. Excellent board may be obtained in St. John for from one to three dollars a day, and for even less if a stay is made for a week or two. Then the trip on the St. John is the cheapest on the continent. It costs only \$1.00 to go to Fredericton, and there are excursion rates up one day and down the next for one fare. The very poorest need not be deprived of a summer's outing, for a week of enjoyment may be spent in St. John and on the river and it will not cost more than \$15 from the time of leaving Boston to the return. If one has something more to expend and has employed some days about the city and river, there are many cheap tours in all directions throughout the Maritime Provinces. The trip, for instance, across the bay is cheap, being only \$2 single fare to Digby, while there are excursions giving a free return trip.

The game laws of the province, as passed by the provincial legislature April 15th, 1893, and amended March 5th, 1895, make the close season for moose, caribou and deer from Dec. 31st to Sept. 15th; penalty \$200. During a season no one shall kill more than two moose, three caribou or three deer; and no number of persons forming a hunting party of three or more shall in a season kill more than one moose, two caribou and two deer for each member of such hunting party exclusive of guides; penalty \$20 to \$40. The hunting or killing of a cow moose, the hunting of moose, caribou or deer with dogs and

snaring or trapping them is made unlawful under heavy penalty. A license must be obtained before hunting or killing moose or caribou. They cost \$2, and the penalty of hunting without them is \$80. They are signed by the chief game commissioner, and may be obtained from the county game wardens, the chief game commissioner, or at the provincial secretary's office.

The close season for mink, otter, fisher, beaver and sable is May 1st to Sept. 1st, and for partridge, woodcock and snipe, Dec. 1st to Sept. 20th; for wild black duck, wood duck, teal or any other wild duck the close season is in the Bay of Fundy and River St. John counties Jan. 1st to Sept. 1st, and in the other counties May 15th to Sept. 1st. No person shall catch with a net, or kill with any device or instrument known as a punt-gun or swivel, any wild duck, wild goose, brant or other wild fowl of the game kind; nor use artificial lights at night for the capture or destruction of any such birds. A late provision makes it unlawful, for three years from 20th Sept., 1895, to kill for the purpose of sale, or to sell, any partridge at any place in the province; penalty \$20. Hunting or killing any of these birds or animals on Sunday is also forbidden under a penalty of \$50.

The fishery laws are enacted by the Dominion parliament, and the close seasons for New Brunswick, as they were in force Oct. 1, 1894, were as follows: salmon (net fishing), Aug. 15th to Mar. 1st; salmon (angling), Aug. 15th to Feb. 1st; speckled trout, Sept. 15th to Mar. 31st; large grey trout, lunge, touladi and land-locked salmon, Sept. 15th to May 1st.

St. John is noted for its great celebrations. Its exhibitions, carnivals, anniversary occasions, and times of welcoming important dignitaries have always been attended with much ceremony and dignity. The thousands who have visited the city on such occasions have invariably gone away delighted with what they saw. In such events as these the citizens always cooperate heartily and do their utmost to make the best impression upon their guests and to cause them to carry away a pleasant memory of their visit and good words for St. John.

This fall there will be a big international exhibition here, and thousands will come from all parts of the Maritime Provinces, Upper Canada and New England. It will be a complete show in every respect, and there will be many depart-

ments, including manufactures, machinery, agriculture, dairy, horticulture, stock, etc. There is a flourishing exhibition association in the city with one of the most prominent wholesale men as president, Mr. Ward Pitfield, and an active and energetic managing director, Mr. C. A. Everett. Their main building is a large and spacious structure, only a few blocks from the very heart of the city, and easily reached, and they have other buildings for agriculture and stock adjoining it, and ample grounds about.

The fair will open on September 24th and will continue until October 4th. The exhibitors will come from all over the continent, and from other countries as well, just as they have done at previous fairs. The prize list will be a large one, as the city, province and Dominion are aiding the association in their work.

Beside the attractions which the exhibition itself has to offer there will be other entertainment provided by its promoters in the way of sports and amusements of various kinds. These usually partake of the nature of field sports, base ball, horse racing, aquatic events, pyrotechnics, and musical and dramatic entertainment. With such a variety of programme the exhibition will be an excellent one, and it is the intention to make it surpass any that was ever held previously.

The following analyses of New Brunswick mineral waters were made by Mr. W. F. Best, analytical chemist at St. John: Apohaqui Alkaline Springs, (in about 100,000 parts of water, or about one imperial gallon).—Potassium Sulphate, .50; Potassium Chloride, 1.08; Calcium Carbonate, 1.25; Sodium Chloride, 76.00; Sodium Bicarbonate, 210.60; Magnesium, traces; Iron, traces; Silica, .90; Organic Matter, traces; total, 281.83.

La Tour Mineral Springs, (grains per imperial gallon).—Carbonate of Magnesia, 1.35; Carbonate of Lime, 0.53; Carbonate of Soda, 0.22; Sulphate of Soda, 1.49; Sulphate of Potassa, 1.16; Sodium Chloride, 0.72; Silica, 0.87; Oxide of Alumina and Iron, traces; Organic and volatile matter, 0.36; total, 6.70 grains.

Penobscuis Sulphur Spa.—Carbonate of Soda, 6 grs.; Carbonate of Magnesia, 4 grs.; Carbonate of Lime, 1½ grs.; Carbonic Acid Gas, 1-30 of the volume, and Sulphuretted Hydrogen 1-10 of the volume as freshly taken from the spring. Mr. Best states that in his opinion the water of the spring is quite as valuable as any sulphur spring in Europe or America.

When on alien soil enquirers after information usually seek the representative of their government. Consul Derby is the official representing the United States in St. John. His office is on Prince William street, in Troop's building, a couple of blocks from the I. S. S. landing.

The Y. M. C. A. have an information bureau, particularly in reference to hotels and boarding houses, and any enquirer who calls there is usually satisfied. They also have parlors and a reading room where a quiet hour may be spent with the newspapers and magazines. The association occupies a large building on Charlotte street near King Square.

The Board of Trade rooms on Canterbury street is another good place in which to obtain information about the city, and they too have a well equipped reading room. Consul Derby, Secretary Williams of the Y. M. C. A., and Secretary Cornwall of the Board of Trade, are all courteous and obliging gentlemen.

The hack fares are 30 cents to any part of the city proper, and 50 cents to the north end. Among the leading livery men are J. B. Hamm and David Connell. Bicycles for hire may be obtained from Coles & Sharp and Burnham & March.

A leading tailoring house is that of A. Gilmour. He buys from E. H. Van Ingen & Co., New York, importing the cloths direct from London, and consequently can sell them here at lower prices than Van Ingen can wholesale them in New York. He has a large staff of hands and only employs skilled ones. His stock is the largest and best assorted in St. John, and his trade is increasing. This business is the oldest in this line, having been established in 1841.

The Boston Dental Parlors are on Main street, north end, and tourists needing professional attendance should go there. Dr. J. D. Maher is a graduate of the Boston Dental College, and employs the Hale Method of painless dentistry. His apartments are comfortably and handsomely furnished, and he has a staff of three or four assistants.

The favorite tourists' route to Upper Canada is via the I. C. R., and this is how the trip has been described by a traveller: "The seasons come and go with their noticeable changes, but none are more perceptible than those to be seen while travelling over the Intercolonial Railway of Canada. This railway furnishes to the general traveller all the comforts

and conveniences of modern invention, while the pleasure-seeker, fisherman, and sportsman find few if any equals. Its summer resorts and places of interest are quite numerous, as it penetrates that portion of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces so noted for game of all kinds in great abundance. Quebec, old, quaint and romantic—noted for its ancient structures as well as modern improvements, is on the line of this road. The traveller in his journey over this famous route for hundreds of miles intersects with an abundance of noted rivers, cascades, cataracts, and scenery of vast and romantic beauty, such as cannot be found anywhere else—not even in the great Yosemite Valley of our western country. The hotels which furnish homes for our tourists or business men, are second to none, their tables laden with fish, game, and everything the appetite can crave. The dyspeptics and invalids cannot find elsewhere the health restoratives that nature supplies in the forests and fields of these Provinces. The traveller over this great line of road is brought to the proud old city of Quebec, one of the most noted in the world, and here has an opportunity to visit the Heights of Abraham, where the great battle between the French under Montcalm and the British under Gen. Wolfe occurred, in which both commanders were killed. No more delightful or interesting trip could be taken, as it passes through a land rich in the materials of history, romance and poetry. The line of road connects the famous cities of Quebec, St. John, and Halifax, passing through a great many other historical points of which we have not made mention. The management of this colossal thoroughfare has been such as to place it beyond criticism. Its patrons receive such attention as to warrant their implicit faith in the road.”

ROYAL HOTEL,

RAYMOND & DOHERTY,

PROPRIETORS.

KING STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

1895. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. 1895

BOSTON, PORTLAND, EASTPORT AND ST. JOHN LINE.

SPRING TIME TABLE.—April 29th to July 1st.

Leave St. John at 7.00 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 1st to September 10th.

GOING WEST,

STEAMERS LEAVE ST. JOHN AS FOLLOWS :

Monday,	7.00 a. m., and EASTPORT 12.30 p. m., for Boston direct; due 8.30 a. m. following day.
Tuesday,	7.00 a. m., and EASTPORT 12.30 p. m., for Portland, there connecting with Boston & Maine Railroad; due in Boston 11.10 a. m.
	Steamer runs only to Portland on this trip.
Wednesday,	7.00 a. m., and EASTPORT 12.30 p. m., for Boston direct; due 8.30 a. m. following day.
Thursday,	7.00 a. m., and EASTPORT 12.30 p. m., for Boston direct; due 8.30 a. m. following day.
Friday,	7.00 a. m., and EASTPORT 12.30 p. m., for Portland, there connecting with Boston and Maine Railroad; due in Boston 11.10 a. m. following day.
	Steamer runs only to Portland on this trip.
Saturday,	7.00 a. m., and EASTPORT 12.30 p. m. for Boston direct; due 8.30 a. m. following day.

From July 1st 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.

SEP. 10TH TO NOV. 1ST.

The same time table will be in effect as from April 29th to July 1st.

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,	- - - - - 5.00 p. m. No STEAMER FROM BOSTON on this day. ## 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,	- - - - - 5.00 p. m. No STEAMER FROM BOSTON on this day. ## Passengers take Boston and 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 connections with the steamer.

NOV. 1ST, 1895, TO ABOUT MAY 1ST, 1896.

Steamers 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, ROBINSTON, CALAIS, CAMPOBELLO AND GRAND MANAN. 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.

VICTORIA HOTEL,



D. W. MCCORMICK,

Proprietor.

KING STREET,

St. JOHN, N. B.



NORTH SYDNEY, C. B.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., Limited.

SHORTEST AND MOST PLEASANT ROUTE TO NOVA SCOTIA.

"CITY OF MONTICELLO"

Sails as below from **ST. JOHN**, 7.30 a. m., local time, for **ANNAPOLIS**, calling at **DIGBY**. Returning, sails from Annapolis for Digby upon arrival of Halifax Morning Express. Due at St. John 6.30 p. m.

The following are the proposed sailings:

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.
From **SAINT JOHN**, Wednesday and Saturday.
ANNAPOLIS and Digby, Wednesday and Saturday.

MARCH AND APRIL.
From **SAINT JOHN**, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.
ANNAPOLIS and Digby, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

MAY.
From **SAINT JOHN**, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
ANNAPOLIS and Digby, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

JUNE.
From **SAINT JOHN**, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.
ANNAPOLIS and Digby, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Saturday.
(Until 20th, when daily trips will be made.)

JULY AND AUGUST.
From **SAINT JOHN**, Daily trips (Sundays excepted).
ANNAPOLIS and Digby,

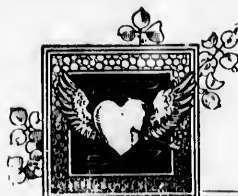
SEPTEMBER.
From **SAINT JOHN**, Daily until 9th.

BALANCE OF MONTH.
From **SAINT JOHN**, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday.
ANNAPOLIS and Digby, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday.

OCTOBER.
From **SAINT JOHN**, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
ANNAPOLIS and Digby, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.
From **SAINT JOHN**, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.
ANNAPOLIS and Digby, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

TROOP & SON, GENERAL MANAGERS,
Saint John, N. B.



The DUFFERIN,

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA.

This fine Hotel is now open for the reception of visitors, after extensive alterations, decorations and re-furnishing.

HOME COMFORTS.

Situated on Private Grounds. Promenade. Garden Concerts twice a week. First class Orchestral Music. Heated by Hot water. Splendid Baths. Certified Sanitation.

EXCELLENT CUISINE. PRIVATE ROOMS FOR LUNCHEONS, DINNERS AND MEETINGS.

This Department is entirely under the management of **Mr. E. M. TREE**, whose reputation as a Club and Hotel Steward, with upwards of thirty years experience, is firmly established on the northern half of this continent.

E. LeROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

* STAR * LINE * STEAMSHIP * CO. *

RIVER SAINT JOHN.

\$1.00

ST. JOHN TO FREDERICTON.

\$1.00

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

One of the splendid MAIL STEAMERS "David Weston" and "Olivette" will leave St. John (North End) for Fredericton, Gibson and Intermediate Landings every morning (Sundays excepted), at 9.00 o'clock (local time), and will leave Fredericton for St. John and Intermediate Landings every morning (Sundays excepted), at 8.00 o'clock (local time), due at St. John at 3.30 p. m.

Connections with trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway for Woodstock, Aroostook, Grand Falls, Edmundston, &c.; with Northern and Western Railway for Doaktown, Cnatham, &c. Connection made with Electric Cars of St. John City Railway, which run to and from Steamboat Landing. Fare only 5 cents to any point at St. John or Portland on their route.

Excursion Tickets from St. John to Fredericton and Intermediate Points, also from Fredericton to St. John, &c., issued on Saturdays at **one fare**, good to return free on Monday following, but no return ticket less than 40 cents.

On and after June 15th the Steamer "Olivette" will leave her wharf, at Indiantown, at 6.00 p. m. for **Hampstead** and Intermediate Landings. Returning, will leave Hampstead on Monday morning, arriving at Indiantown at 8.30.

FREDERICTON to WOODSTOCK.—While water is high, Steamer "Aberdeen" will leave Fredericton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m., and returning, leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8.00 a. m. Due at Fredericton at 1.00 p. m.

BELLEISLE ROUTE.—Steamer "Springfield" leaves Indiantown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12.00 noon, for Springfield, King's Co., returning alternate days, arriving at 1.00 p. m.

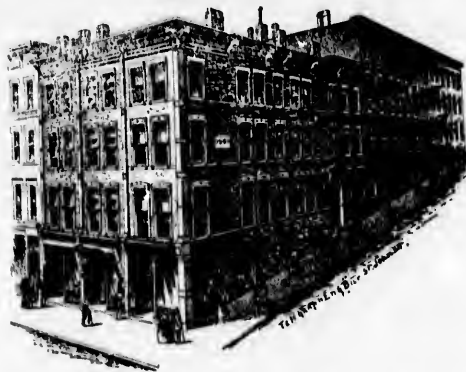
GEORGE F. BAIRD, MANAGER.

HEAD OFFICE AT STAR LINE WHARF, INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Hotel Aberdeen.

OPENED
16TH APRIL, 1895.

Everything New.



ROOMS AND MEALS

Separate if desired.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

G. R. PUGSLEY, PROPRIETOR.

What Was Required Has Been Provided !

INEXPENSIVE FASHIONABLE TAILORING !

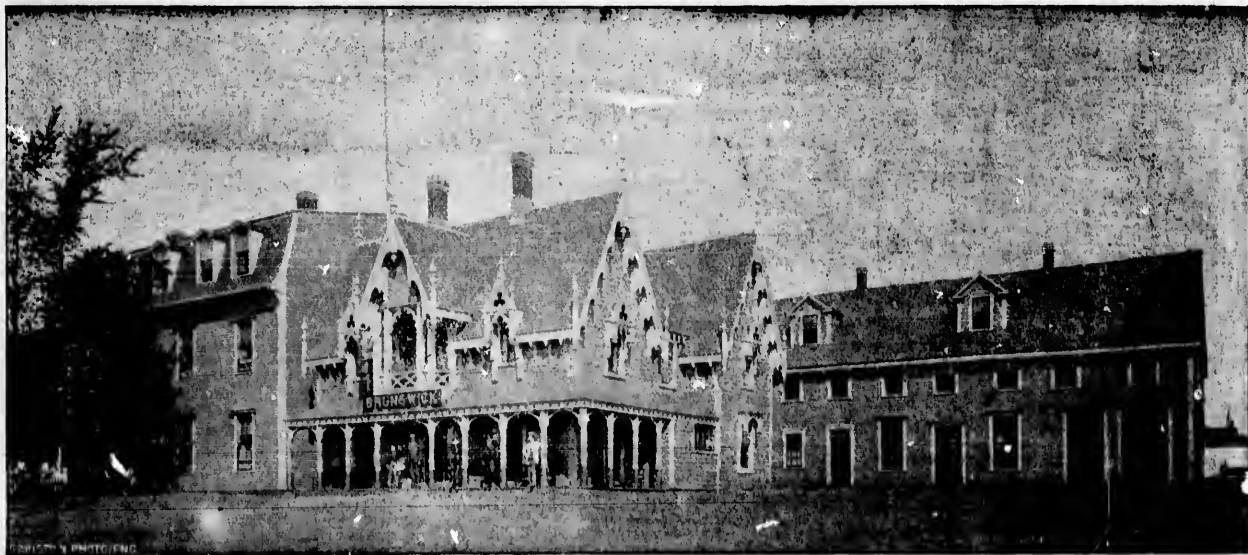
Our **CLOTHS** and **TRIMMINGS** are imported by ourselves direct from England and Scotland.
Prices of Tweed Suits begin at \$15.00. English Serge Suits from \$17.00.

We make a **CUTAWAY COAT AND VEST** of Clay Diagonal for \$15, which is matchless. While we can offer these surprisingly low prices for English goods, we carry the finest grades of Clay's and Martin's **Worsted**s, as well as the best Silk mixtures and Cheviots. Our stock of **Trouserings** is the largest and best assorted in St. John.

Our Stock is thoroughly well assorted even between seasons.

GILMOUR, Tailor,

72 Germain Street, near King, St. John, N. B.



HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

MONCTON, N. B.,
GEO. McSWEENEY, Prop.

Accommodating 200 guests; situated in the centre of spacious grounds and surrounded by elegant shade trees, making it specially desirable for tourists in summer seasons.

The Intercolonial



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THE PEOPLE'S RAILWAY.

CONNECTING QUEBEC, ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND SYDNEY.

The Popular Route for Summer Travel.

Unrivalled Attractions for Pleasure Seekers and Invalids.

Pure Air, Splendid Sea Bathing, and Delightful Views.

Sportsmen will find the Rivers, Lakes and Woods Unequaled.

STANDARD BUILT AND EQUIPPED. ♦ ♦ CAREFUL AND POLITE ATTENDANTS.

Connections made at **Point du Chene** and **Pictou** for **Prince Edward Island**.

Round trip Tourist tickets, Summer Excursion and Sea Bathing tickets, good for passage between **1st June** and **31st October**, on sale at all principal Railway and Steamship Agencies in Canada and the United States, where **GUIDE BOOKS**, **MAPS**, and **BOOKS OF SUMMER TOURS** and **TIME TABLES** can be had free on application, also from

N. WEATHERSTON,

West. Freight & Pass. Ag't, Toronto, Ont.

G. W. ROBINSON,

East. Freight & Pass. Ag't, Montreal, P.Q.

And from General Passenger Agent at Moncton, N. B.

Queen Hotel,

FRED. E. LAW, Prop

STRICTLY TEMPERANCE.



NO EXORBITANT PRICES.

One of the finest localities in the City.

ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

2 minutes' walk to Post Office. 1 minute's walk to King Street.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

HOTEL

STANLEY.

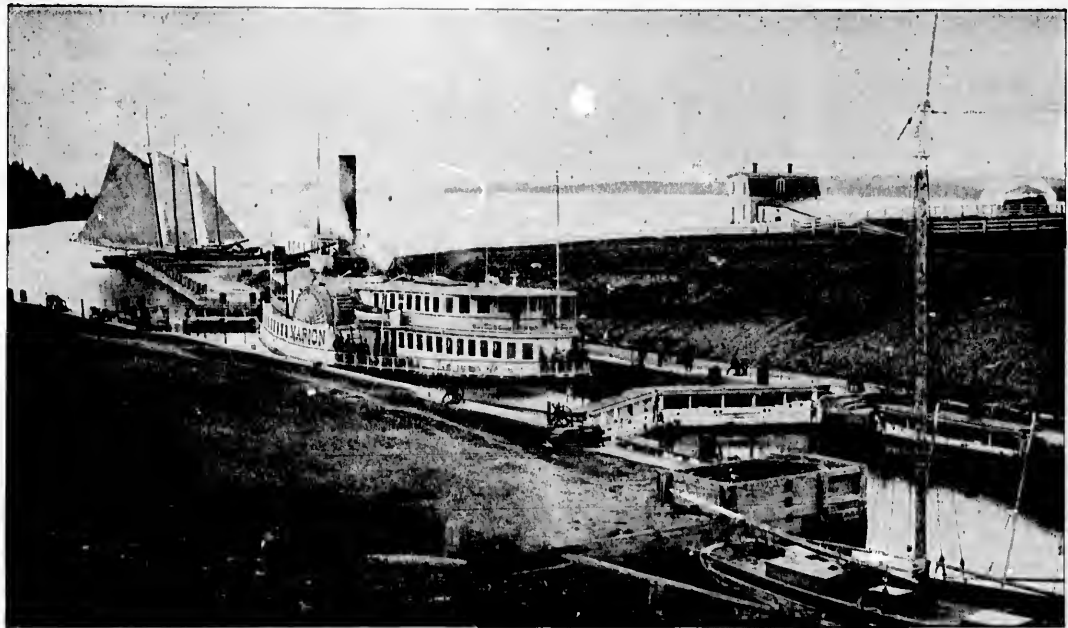
FINEST LOCATION IN THE CITY.

Fronting on King Square.

JUDSON M. FOWLER,

47 and 49 King Square,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.



ST. PETERS CANAL, ON THE LINE OF THE I. C. R.

Gagetown, Grand Lake, Salmon River
AND ALL REGULAR STOPPING PLACES.

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE STEAMER,
"May Queen,"

C. W. BRANNEN, Master,
 will leave her wharf, Indiantown, north end, for the above
 named places every

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MORNING,
 returning following days.

EXCURSIONS.

About the first of July this old favorite excursion steamer
 will commence her TUESDAY AND FRIDAY OUTINGS.

Tourists as well as others say they are most delightful.

Every Tuesday and Friday, weather permitting, she
 leaves her pier, north end, at 9.30. Fare, 50 cents.

EXCELLENT DINNER SERVED ON BOARD.

On these excursions disagreeable transfers from one
 steamer to another are avoided, as you go and return by the
 same steamer. Parties going by this boat have from one to
 two hours longer time ashore than by any other line.

C. BABBIT, Manager.

THE LOVELY KENNEBECASIS.

There is no more delightful excursion from St. John
 than that by the

Steamer "Clifton,"
TO HAMPTON AND RETURN.

There are three excursions a week, on
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY.

The Steamer leaves Indiantown at 8.30 a. m. for
HAMPTON AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

Returning, will leave Hampton at 3.00 p. m.

PRICE FOR RETURN TICKET, : : : 50 CENTS.

On **Saturday** the Steamer will leave Hampton at 5.00
 a. m. Returning, will leave Indiantown at 3.30 p. m.

Boat runs by Eastern Standard Time.

R. S. EARLE, : : Manager.

“QUEEN”

HOTEL,
 FREDERICTON. N. B.

This Hotel is finely situated on QUEEN STREET, overlooking the River St. John, in close proximity to the Parliament Buildings and the Anglican Cathedral.

It is equipped to accommodate many guests, and the

CUISINE IS EXCELLENT.

There are large Stables attached, and neat teams can be had by those who wish to enjoy the beauties of the surrounding country. There is everything in connection to contribute to the enjoyment of the tourist.

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Barker House,
 FREDERICTON, N. B.

The best in the City and second to none in the Maritime Provinces.

Centrally located on Queen Street, and commanding a beautiful view of River St. John.

TABLE NOTED FOR VARIETY AND EXCELLENCY.

Immediately in front of the Parlors are the spacious Tennis Courts of the Military, where the Band discourses sweet music.

 *Open air Concert every Sunday morning.*

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 FOR TOURISTS AND COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

F. B. COLEMAN, - - Proprietor.

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SELECT FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

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Meals served at all hours.

Dinner a specialty.

FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

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Forest's English Flies,
Guns, Rifles, Revolvers,

HARDWARE,
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W. H. THORNE & CO., LIMITED,
MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.



Belmont Hotel,

Opp. Union Depot.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

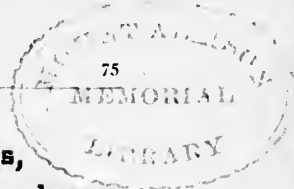
Electric Cars pass the House,
connecting with all Trains
and Steamers.

MODERN CONVENIENCES.
Baggage to and from Station free.

TERMS MODERATE.

J. SIME,

PROPRIETOR.



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Bicycle sundries.

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to roads, or other matters will be cheerfully
accommodated at our store.

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BRANTFORD BICYCLES.

90 Charlotte Street,
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Ice Cream Parlors.

THE FINEST

Soda and Mineral Waters

IN THE CITY.

HAND MADE AND IMPORTED

CANDIES.

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KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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St. John County, N. B. ◊ ◊ ◊ J. P. RICHARDS, Proprietor.

This House is situated on the shore of Loch Lomond, ten miles from St. John, but only four miles from the Bay of Fundy.
Loch Lomond contains excellent Trout and land-locked Salmon.

GOOD BOATING AND SHOOTING.

Partridge, Snipe, Woodcock, Black Duck and Deer in the vicinity.

Telephone and Post Office in the House.

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Waterloo Street, St. John, N. B.,

Is prepared to furnish tourists and travellers with **Horses and Carriages** of every description by the day or week, with careful and intelligent drivers when desired. He also has excellent **Saddle Horses** for ladies and gentlemen who like equestrian exercise. Parties conveyed to **Loch Lomond, St. Martins**, and all the famous Fishing Grounds and resorts about the City. He will send daily a well-appointed vehicle for six or eight passengers over the **Suspension Bridge**, through Lancaster, and past Spruce Lake to Musquash and return.

Communications by mail will have careful attention.

Telephone 98.

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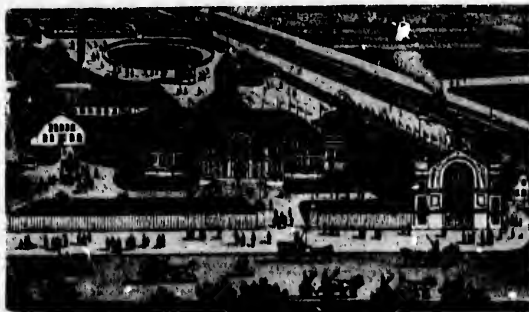
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SPACE & POWER FREE.



WITH EXHIBITS OF
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Other Live Stock,
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Poultry, &c.

The Products of
The Soil,
The Mines,
The Mills and Factories,
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Enlivened by many
SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS,
Varying from day to day.

The City of St. John is one of the finest maritime cities in the Dominion. Its port is never frozen. Cool in summer and warm in winter, it has special attractions for visitors. Here are located the Exhibition Buildings, sufficiently roomy to provide accommodation for the Manufacturer, Agriculturist and others. No better or cheaper opportunity is offered anywhere for exhibiting goods, or produce to the very large number of visitors who are sure to be in attendance.

THE EXHIBITION WILL BE OPEN SEPTEMBER 24TH TO OCTOBER 4TH, 1895.

Correspondence is invited from all persons who have attractive novelties to offer. Exhibitors invited from everywhere.

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A Team in attendance on all Steamers on their arrival.

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 TEETH FILLED OR EXTRACTED ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN,
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Eyes fitted in most approved manner.

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Dealer in fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry Silverware, Optical Goods.

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BALMORAL HOTEL,

Next north of
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109 CHARLOTTE STREET,
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A. L. SPENCER, Manager.

Central location, near beautiful King Square, convenient to wholesale and retail districts, public buildings, theatres, etc. Electric cars for all points pass the door. Large pleasant rooms, good table, efficient service.

RATES: \$1.50 per day. Per week, agreement.

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Special attention given teaching



Ladies to ride the Bicycle.
FROM 9 A. M. TO 2 P. M.

Visitors to the City should not fail to call at the Bicycle Academy.
BICYCLES TO RENT IN THE ACADEMY OR OUT.
 Music by Band Orchestra driven by Electricity.
BICYCLE REPAIRING: The most diltent work done satisfactorily. Prices moderate.
 Bicycle Lanterns, Bells, Trouser Guards, Cyclometers, &c
 Sole agents for COLUMBIA, HARTFORD and WAYERLY BICYCLES.
 Ice Skating Rink in the Winter.
BURNHAM & MARCH,
 239 & 241 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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UNDER VICTORIA HOTEL, (AS SEEN IN CUT.)

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THE BEAUTIFUL STEAMER

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leaves her wharf, at Indiantown, St. John, on

TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY,

at 9.30 a. m., standard time, returning alternate days, giving tourists the opportunity of spending Sunday in one of the most attractive spots in New Brunswick.

EXCELLENT FISHING AND SHOOTING
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FARE FOR ROUND TRIP, - - - - \$1.00.

Steamer "Springfield,"

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