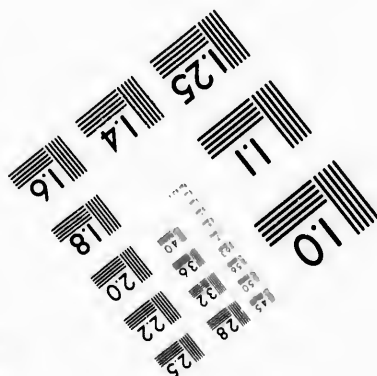
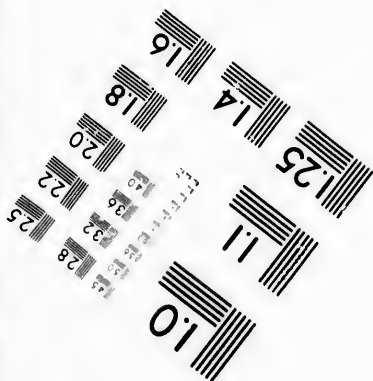
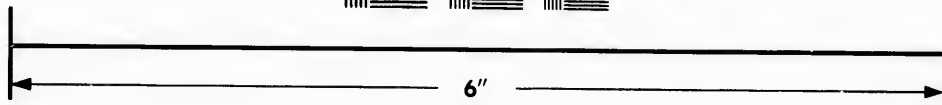
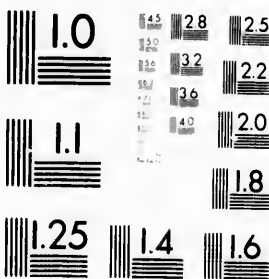


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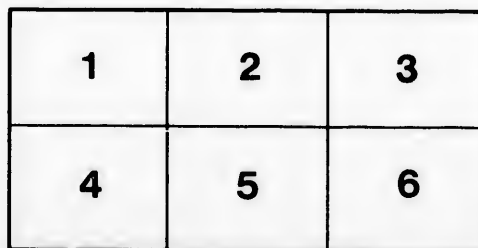
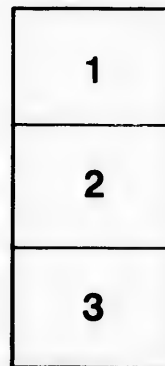
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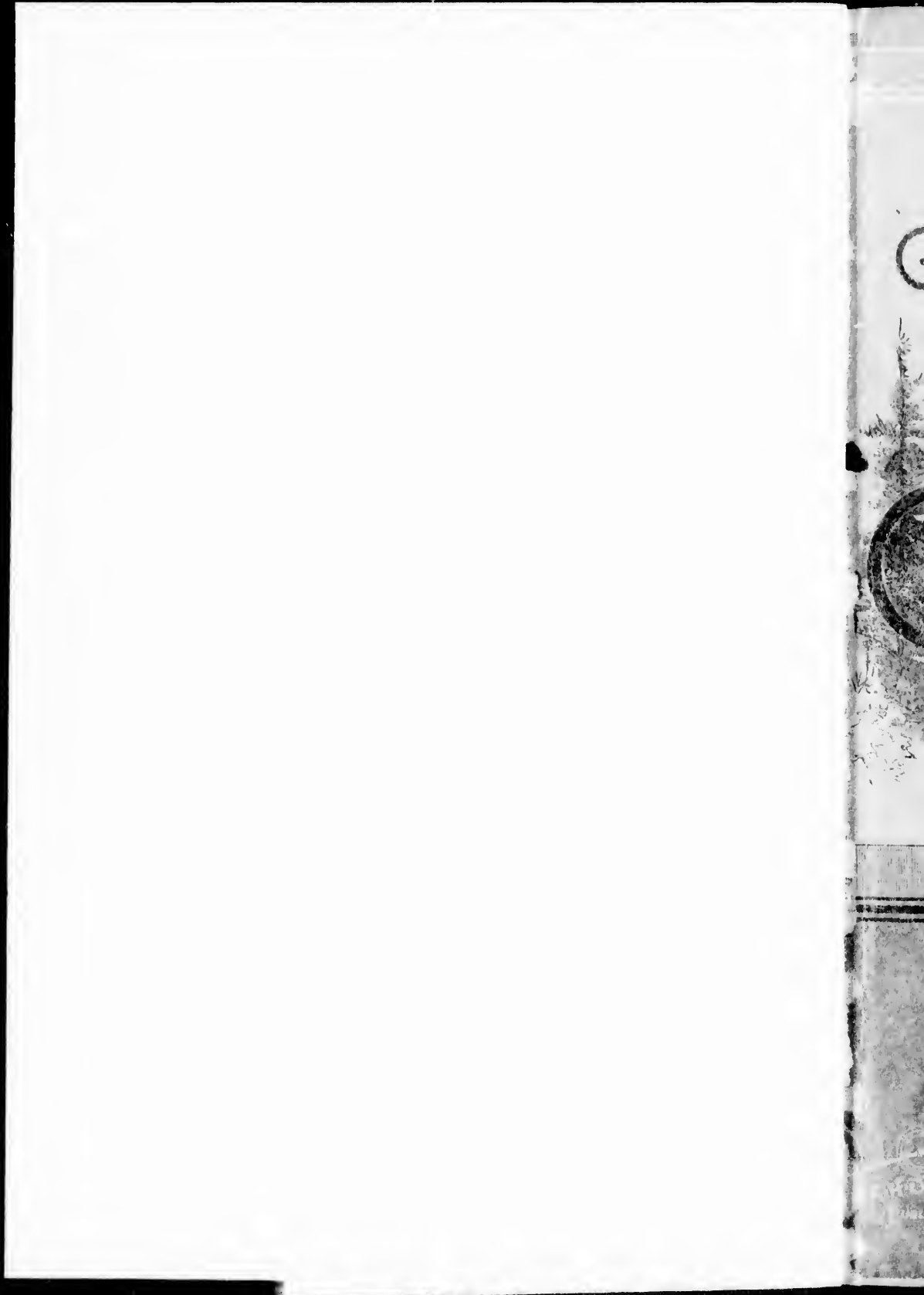
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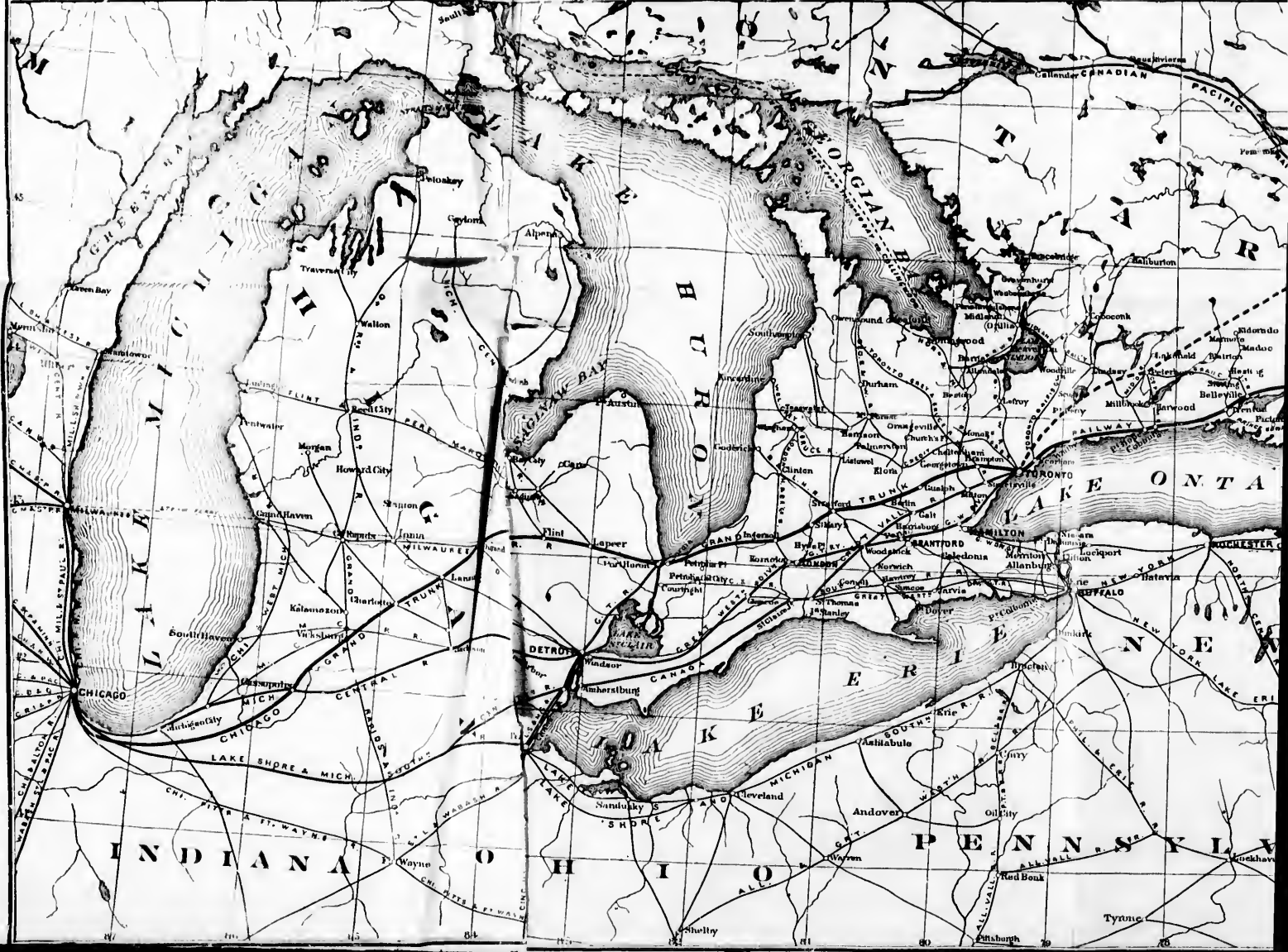
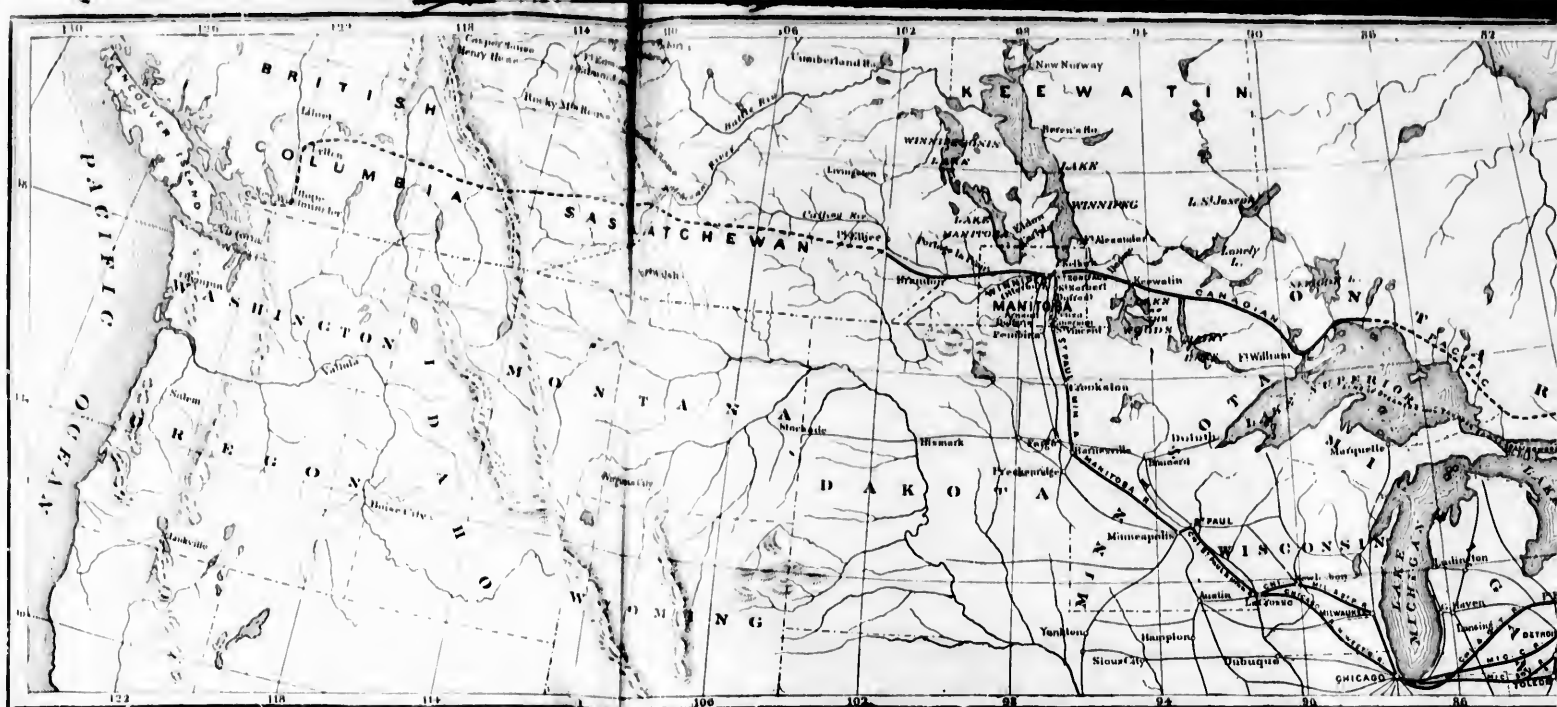


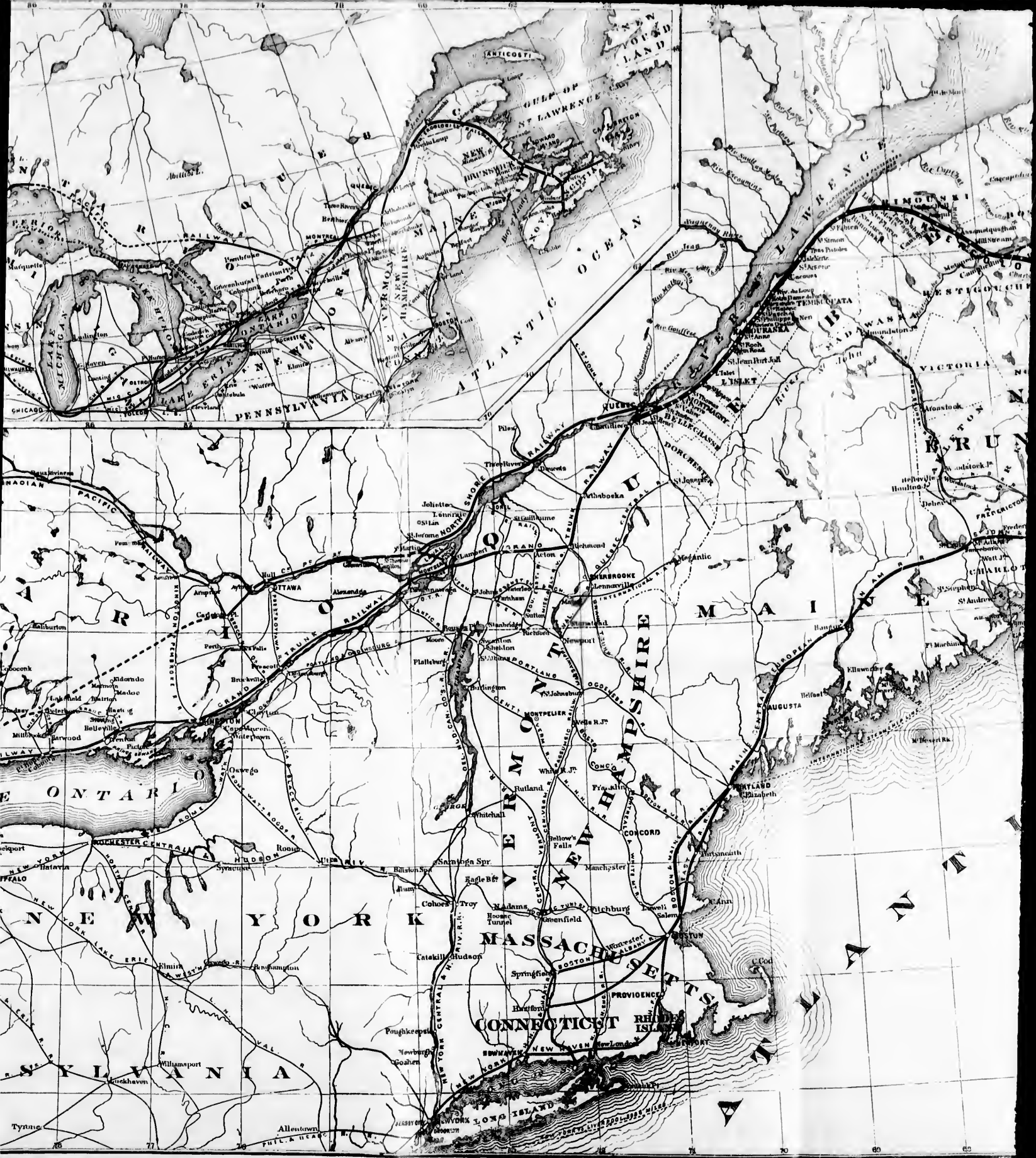
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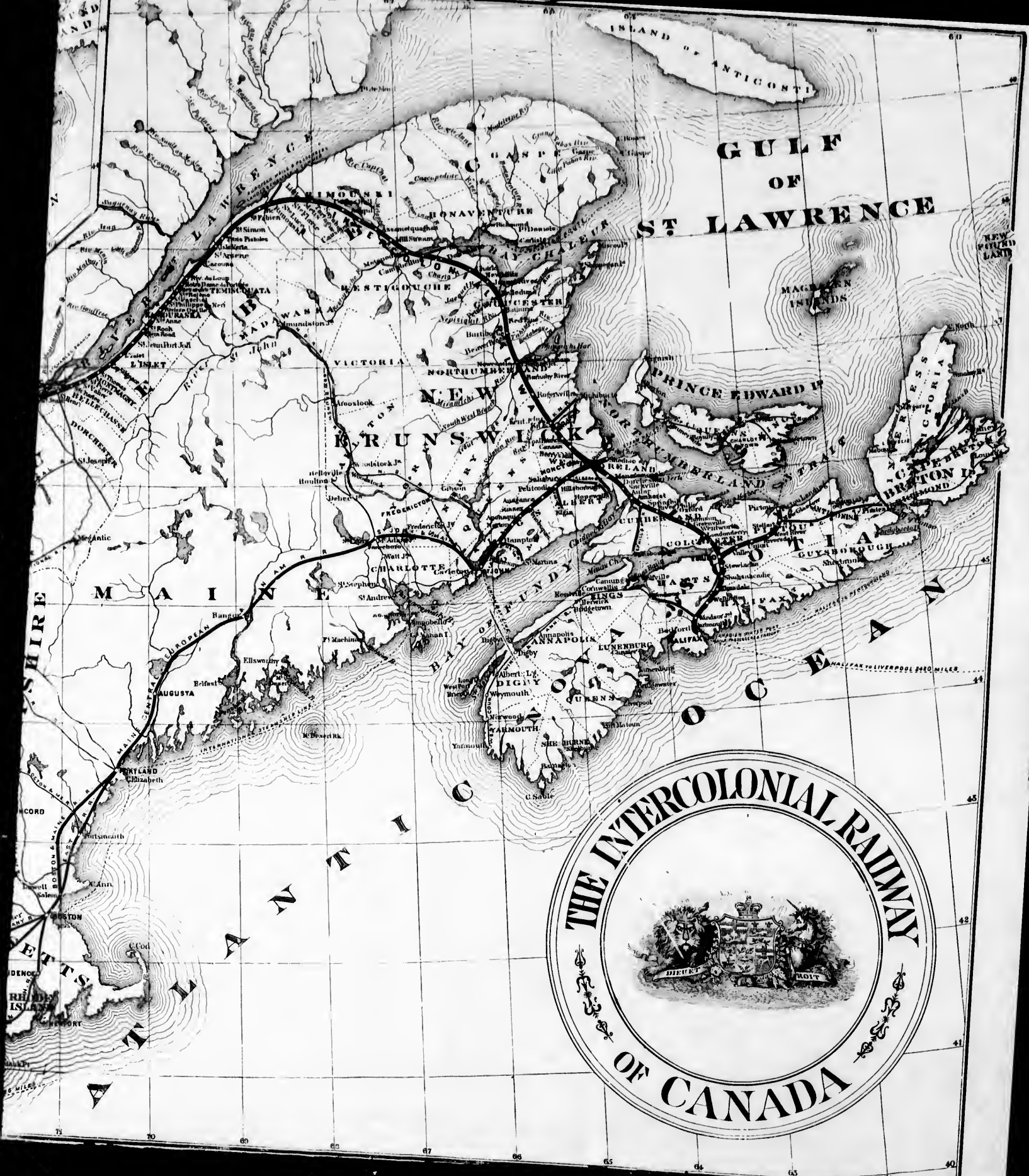




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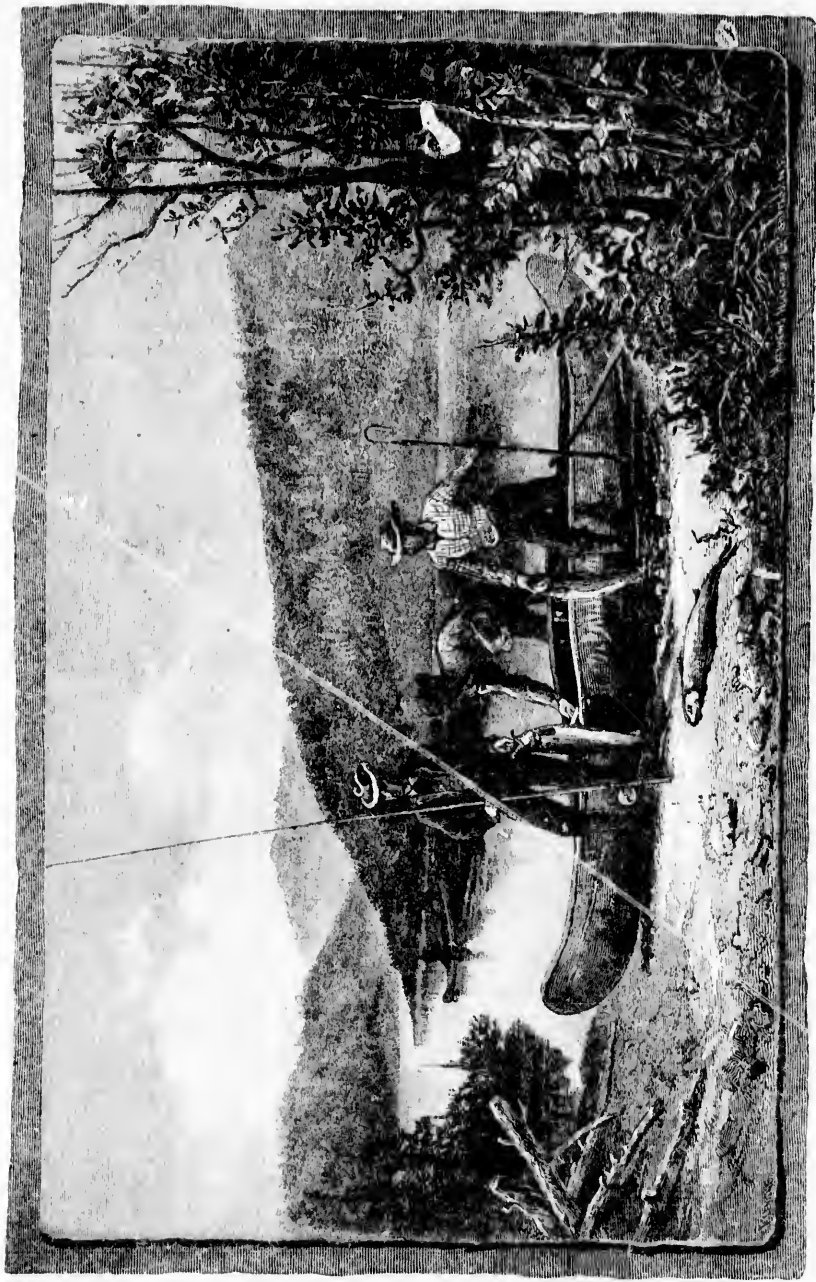
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SALMON FISHING ON THE METAPEDIA, P. O. MR. ARTHUR, SON OF PRESIDENT OF U. S., AND INDIANS.

A PROSCENIUM BOW.

THAT which we call a preface by any other name might tell as much. To be candid at the outset, this is really a preface; but the glittering bait of another title has been affixed, in order to induce the public to read it.

A book intended for the information of tourists is usually either a mass of dry facts and figures, or a collection of elaborate lies. In the following pages an effort has been made to find a medium between the two, and to avoid alike the monotony of the statistical bore and the mendacity of the colonization agent. This book is not intended for a cyclopedia or a gazetteer. The historian and statistician were abroad when the work was begun, and up to the hour of going to press had not returned. Their works are for sale by the leading publishers, and are more reliable than any epitome can possibly be. No family should be without them, but the traveller can suit his own taste.

What the writer has aimed at is a brief account of the country traversed by the Intercolonial Railway, and of some of the chief places of interest along the line. The design is to give the pleasure-seeker, the fisherman and the sportsman an idea of the places where their respective wants may be supplied. This work is necessarily a condensation of material which would suffice to fill a volume; and as there has been barely space enough to tell the truth, the statements may be accepted as tolerably correct. For a like reason no attempt has been made to become enthusiastic, and the scenes described will usually be found to more than realize the accounts of their various attractions.

As comparatively few people ever read a preface, the foregoing remarks would be omitted were it not that there are some who invariably do read a preface, and who would be annoyed if a book did not contain one. If this be found lacking in the elements which a preface ought to possess, a more lengthy, solemn and conventional one will be prefixed to the next edition.

W. KILBY REYNOLDS.

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AMERICA is a land of humorists, and the exceeding humor of its people shines forth in their habits of life. Life was made to be enjoyed, and they enjoy it whether the sun shines or not. Not that they are an idle people, for they are notoriously the reverse, but that they pass through ordeals which would test even the jollity of Mark Tapley, and profess themselves delighted amid their afflictions. In other words, a man of business will work hard for ten or eleven months of the year, and then, with the idea that he needs rest and recreation, will put himself and his family through a course of sprouts fearful to contemplate. This course of sprouts is humorously termed a fashionable pleasure excursion. It consists in a season of preparation and packing, of a setting forth "to join the innumerable caravan," and of several weeks of wretched unrest amid the dust, heat, crush and confusion of some popular resort where it is the correct thing for everyone to go. There is no little humor in all this. They seek freedom from restraint, and go to a vortex of fashion; they seek quiet, and are mingled in a Babel; they seek rest, and at the close of each day are ready to drop with fatigue. Gasping amid crowds on the hottest days, packed in overflowing hotels during the sultry nights, swindled by hackmen, bored by guides, pestered by humbugs, tormented by flies—crushed, wilted, worried, driven half mad—they, with infinite humor, term all this, pleasure!

Amid such a scene, while lying half-stuffed in a small but high-priced cell, near the eaves of some large but well crowded hotel, the weary traveller kicks the drapery of his couch from around him and lies down to troubled dreams. Amid them come visions of a land which lies by the sea and is fanned by cooling breezes from the ocean. In this land are green hills, shady groves and fertile valleys. From the distant mountains the crystal brooks come leaping with the music of gladness, and join

with noble rivers in whose clear waters dwell lordly salmon and scarce less lordly trout. Near at hand are forests, as yet so little disturbed that the moose, caribou and bear, now and again visit the farm-yards of the adjacent settlements, and gaze in bewildered surprise at the man whose hand is raised to slay them. Along the shore, for hundreds of miles, lie land-locked harbors where even the frail bark canoe may float in safety, yet upon the waters of the ocean; and upon the smooth sand beaches of which even a child may venture into the buoyant salt-water and fear not. In this country is scenery at times of sweet pastoral simplicity; at times of sublime grandeur. It is a land where civilization has made its way, and yet not marred the beauty of Nature. It is a country where the traveller sated with an excess of conventional "excursions" will find much that is novel, much that will charm, and much that will ever remain to him as a sweet remembrance of a pleasant clime.

"Ah!" sighs the dreamer, "would that such a lot were mine. Such places there may be, but where are they? My guide books tell not of them. To find them, one must abandon the comforts of daily life, go far beyond reach of daily mails and telegrams, become isolated from the busy world, and live hundreds of miles from the confines of civilization."

Not so. You have perhaps been down the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec, from which, as the *Ultima Thule* of your excursion, you returned to your home. Take your map and trace that line which leads from Quebec down the St. Lawrence, across to New Brunswick, and down its coast to Nova Scotia, where it ends at the City of Halifax. To the east and west arms reach out to Pictou and St. John, and another branch traverses Prince Edward Island. This is the Intercolonial Railway, one of the most substantially constructed and best equipped lines in the world. It runs through hundreds of miles of just such a country as

has been mentioned. Pleasure and sport may be enjoyed in numberless places and yet the traveller will be within the reach of daily mails and the telegraph, and may live like a prince at a very moderate outlay. It is the land for which you have sighed; try it and be convinced. Ho, for Quebec and the provinces by the Sea.

QUEBEC.

We are within the walls of one of the most notable cities of America—one of the most famous places in the world. There are cities which are more fair to look upon; there are some which the mere pleasure seeker esteems more highly; and there are many which have distanced it in the march of progress. There is but one Quebec,—old, quaint and romantic,—the theatre which has witnessed some of the grandest scenes in the dramas played by nations.

The story of Quebec is recorded in history, but no historian can do justice to the theme. From the day when the fleet of the intrepid Cartier cast anchor on these shores, down to the hour when the last gun was fired in anger from yon batteries, the story is a romance which fiction cannot surpass. What scenes of hope and fear, of deep patience, undaunted courage and unflagging zeal, have these old rocks witnessed! What dreams of ambition, what bold projects for the glory of God and the honor of France, have here been cherished. Hither, from across the sea, came heroes. Some sought fame, and found nameless graves; some grasped for wealth, and miserably perished; while some, animated solely by a zeal for the cross, won martyrs' crowns in the distant wilderness. For a century and a half the banner of France waved on this rocky height: Priest, soldier and citizen had followed the "star of empire" to the western world and found themselves in another France, of which Quebec was to be the Paris, and within the vast territories of which should arise a mighty nation. Here was the seat of the power of France in America; within these walls were held the Councils of State; and from this rock went forth the edicts for the temporal and spiritual guidance of the people.

For nearly a century and a quarter the English flag has floated over the citadel, but the language, customs and religion of France remain. The Vandalism of modern improvement has not spoiled the features of Quebec. Some of the old historic buildings are gone, but many remain. We may still view the solid masonry of two centuries ago. We may wor-

ship in the church which Champlain built to praise God for deliverance from the invaders; we may linger amid the shadows of the old cathedral, among rare old paintings by master hands, and think of the days when these walls echoed the *Te Deums* for the victories of France. We may roam through queer, crooked streets, and enter quaint old houses, in the dark corners of which we almost look for ghosts to come to us from the by-gone centuries. Everywhere may be found something to interest a mind given to contemplation. Of all the French settlements in Canada, Quebec best retains its ancient form. The hand of Time has swept away the ruins of Port Royal, and the grass grows over what was once the well nigh impregnable Louisbourg, but Quebec remains, and will remain, the Niobe of the cities of France in the western world. Here lives Europe in America; here the past and the present meet together; here the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries jostle each other in the narrow streets.

Everyone visits the citadel, and everyone is impressed with the wonderful natural advantages of the position. Had Montcalm remained within these walls, the courage of Wolfe would have been displayed in vain. As it was, fifteen minutes changed the destiny of New France, and made two names inseparable and immortal. Ascend a bastion and the panorama of the St. Lawrence and its shores is simply superb. Here one could sit for hours

"And come and come again,
That he might call it up when far away."

To see the places usually visited outside of Quebec one may employ a carter to advantage. There are plenty of them, and some of the local guide books give them a high character for honesty, but the safe course is to make an agreement as to price before starting, which agreement is arrived at by a species of Dutch auction, commencing at the figures named by the carter and bidding down until a fair price is reached. The more carters there are present the more interest is attached to the proceedings, and the better chance there is of a good bargain. The men as a rule, are cheerful and obliging, so much so, that when you trust to them as guides they will tell you more than the historian and geographer ever dreamed of in their philosophy. If stopping at the St. Louis, Russell House or Albion Hotels—all good houses—carters can be procured at the offices.

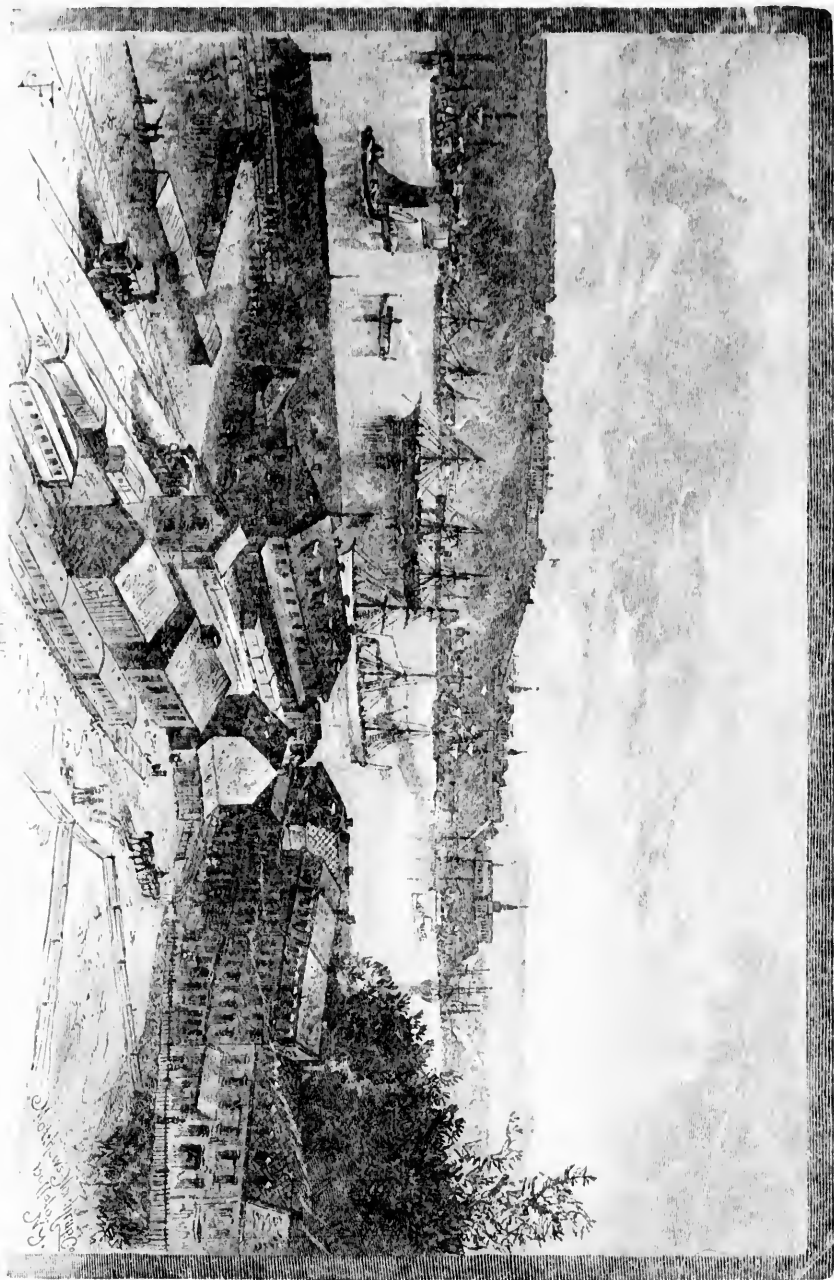
Outside of the city you will drive to the Plains of Abraham and picture out the scene of that eventful morning in September a cen-

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tury and a quarter ago. The inscription on one side of Wolfe's monument is as graphic and expressive as any sentence in the English language: "Here died Wolfe victorious!" It speaks volumes in the compass of a breath; it is sublime in its brevity.

Many are the pleasant drives around Quebec, varying from one mile to many in length. Many, also, are the toll-gates which bar the way until five cents' worth of open sesame procures a passage through. Some travellers consider these a nuisance, but all get accustomed to them at last, and feel lonely when they get back to the city, where there are none. So long as they exist, no enemy can steal a march upon the Ancient Capital.

Let those who love a scene of tranquil beauty go at the close of a day in summer, or autumn, to the Dufferin Terrace and linger during the long twilight of the evening. The heat and glare of the day have passed away, and a gentle breeze comes from the river. The last rays of the setting sun are gilding the hills on the shores beyond, while the line of the distant mountains is blending with the sky. For miles and miles the eye follows the river as it flows in silent grandeur to the sea. Distant sails seem like the white wings of sea birds, while "day in melting purple dying," lulls the mind into a dreamy calmness. The shadows deepen. The lights of Levis begin to cluster; the houses in the Lower Town are becoming more ghostly in the gathering darkness; a sound of soft music comes from an open casement. We are on historic ground. Here stood the stately Castle of St. Louis, where for two hundred years the French and English rulers held their court. Its glory departed amid a whirlwind of fire. Far below we can trace the outline of a street. It is Champlain Street. How black it looks; it reminds us of the darkness of that winter morning, long ago, when Richard Montgomery and his men rushed through it to their death. Every where around us have the horrors of war been felt; and to-night all is so peaceful that the thought of war seems out of harmony with the scene. The bells from the shipping in the harbor sound musically through the quiet air; the plaintive notes of the bugle are borne to us from the citadel; and the flash and roar of the evening gun tells of night fallen upon the Ancient Capital.

Poets have sung of Quebec, but it is a poem of itself which no language can express; its memories linger in the mind, like the sweet remembrance of harmonious music heard in the years long passed away.

LEVIS, AND BEYOND.

Across the broad river to Levis, and we are ready for our railway journey. If the time can be spared, a drive should be taken on the heights, for it is from these that Quebec, its harbor, the river and the surrounding country can be seen to best advantage. Here, also, can be seen additional evidence of the solitude of England for the safety of her colonies. Fortifications, of which the cost is reckoned by millions, command every point of land and water for miles. Peace has reigned here since they were built, but they are ready for the evil hour, should it ever come.

Having seen what there is of interest around this part of the St. Lawrence, including the Chaudiere Falls, the traveller surrenders himself to the comforts of the Intercolonial. The first point of importance reached is Chaudiere Junction, where connection is made with the Grand Trunk Railway, and thence with all parts of the Upper Provinces and the United States. Passing onward, the eye catches sight of one after another of the typical French villages, where the habitants live in peaceful quiet, little disturbed by the advent of strangers. Some of these villages are prettily situated and possess local traditions of more or less interest. Among these is Riviere Ouelle, which takes its name from the tragedy of which Madame Houel was the heroine, in the days when the Iroquois roamed upon these shores. The Abbe Casgrain tells the story under the title of "La Jongleuse," and mentions that the tracks of snow shoes, imprinted on the rocks of the beach, are to be seen defying the action of wind and wave. The imprints of human feet and hands in the rock were formerly visible, but have now disappeared.

Ste. Anne, one of several places of that name, is the seat of a convent of Grey Nuns and a college which will accommodate about 300 students.

Kamouraska is reached from St. Paschal Station, and is the first summer resort of note after leaving Quebec. A drive of about five miles from the station brings one to the village, beautifully situated on the shore. The native population is about 1,200, but the summer months see a large increase in the number of residents. Good accommodations may be had at the St. Louis Hotel, as well as at private houses. The place is well patronized by visitors during the season, and is growing in favor. Governors Morris and Macdonald, and other well-known public men, have been among those

seeking recreation and rest in this pleasant nook. The natural advantages, as a watering-place, are admirable. The beach is a fine one and well sheltered. Bathing here is a luxury. A little distance from the shore are a number of picturesque islands, around which pleasure boats glide, and upon which are the resorts of picnic parties. The situation of Kamouraska is all that can be desired.

Twenty miles below is the village of Notre Dame du Portage, deriving its name from the fact that the portage across to New Brunswick, a distance of about 26 miles, was formerly made from this point. The village is six miles from Riviere du Loup by rail, and connection is also had by a good carriage road. It is a retired spot, resorted to by families who are fond of a quiet vacation, but having a fine beach and good bathing is well worthy of a more extended fame. Those who have passed their summers amid its beauties have much to say in its praise.

RIVIERE DU LOUP.

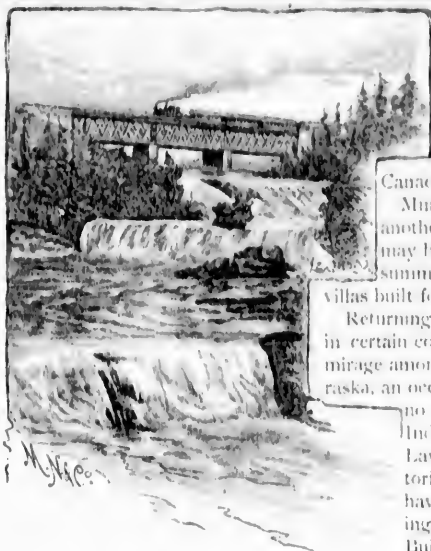
Here is a place not to be passed by under the impression that its chief beauties are to be seen from the car windows. It is a village of considerable importance, with a well established reputation as a summer resort, and is in many respects a most convenient place for the tourist. It is a centre from which one may go to various points, either on the St. Lawrence or back into the woods where game and fish abound, making this the head-quarters for the deposit of luggage and the receipt of mail matter. The full title of the place is Riviere du Loup, *en bas*, the affix being given to distinguish it from another village of the same name, *en haut*. As the two are two or three hundred miles apart, the distinction has not always been very clear to strangers. This is, however, *the Riviere du Loup* to which letters are sent in the absence of any qualifying words. The portion of the village near the water is termed Fraserville, in honor of the Fraser family, in whom the Seignorial Rights were vested, after the conquest of Canada in the last century.

Situated near the confluence of the Riviere du Loup and the St. Lawrence, and being directly on the shore of the latter, the place abounds in picturesque scenery of all kinds. Near the railway the smaller river makes a descent of more than 200 feet, by a succession of falls which make their way through a gorge over which high and precipitous rocks stand sentinel. In the vicinity, "hills peep o'er hills," clothed in all the varying hues of green, while

toward the St. Lawrence the open country, sprinkled with well-finished houses, makes a pleasing contrast to the rugged aspect of the land which lies in the rear. Upon the shore a glorious prospect is opened to the view. Here the estuary begins to widen in its journey to the sea, and the mountains on the northern shore, a score of miles away, stand out in bold relief against the clear blue sky. Upon the waters, just far enough away to "lend enchantment to the view," are the white-winged argosies of commerce, bearing the flags of every maritime nation. At times, a long, low shape on the waves and a long, slender cloud floating lazily away marks the path of the ocean steamship. Nearer the shore are smaller craft of all sizes and shapes—fishers, traders and seekers after pleasure. If one longs to join them, a boat is at hand and soon is dancing on the gentle billows, while the sea-birds skim the waters in their circling flights, and the solemn-eyed *loup-marin* rises near at hand, vanishes and rises again, as if sent by Neptune to demand the stranger's errand. It was from these creatures, say some, that the river derived its name, rather than from the ill-visaged wolf of the forest. It is more pleasant to think so, at all events.

The waters around us abound in all kinds of creatures, great and small. The chief of these is the white whale, the *Beluga Borcalis*, which is usually, but erroneously, termed the white porpoise. Its length is from fourteen to twenty-two feet, and each carcass yields something over a hundred gallons of oil. This oil, when refined, is worth about a dollar a gallon, and as there is no scarcity of the creatures, the fishery might be made a very valuable one. It requires considerable capital to fit out and carry on an establishment for this purpose, and so far only one gentleman has had sufficient faith to persevere in it. He has a steam-yacht, nets and other apparatus, and is confident that, properly managed, there is "millions in it." The halibut and sturgeon come next in order of size, after them the salmon and then all the smaller fish common to this latitude.

Returning to the shore, if the day be bright and warm, the long line of smooth beach, abounding in cosy nooks and corners, invites a bath. The adjective "warm" is the correct one for this part of the continent in summer, it being a relative term which denotes an absence of cold without an excess of heat. It is never hot here. The days when coats, collars and cuffs become a burden and humanity wilts in the shade are unknown on these shores. The rays of the midsummer sun are tempered



RIVIERE DU LOUP.

by gentle breezes, which invigorate the system, and a gamol amid the waters causes a degree of exhilaration which once enjoyed is not soon forgotten.

Among the more prominent people who have spent the summer months at Riviere du Loup, may be mentioned Lord Dufferin. It is not recorded that he spoke of the scenery as "the finest in Canada," though there are about twenty-five different places of which it is claimed that he made that remark, but he did express himself greatly pleased with the place. The views are charming, the walks and drives varied and beautiful, the bathing facilities are excellent, while the shooting and fishing in the vicinity afford ample recreation to the enthusiasts of the gun and rod.

Steamers call at the wharf daily, during the season, and afford an admirable chance for seeing fine places of note on the northern shore, chief among which are Murray Bay, Tadoussac and the Furel-Saguenay Riviere. The latter is one of the most remarkable places in America—"a tremendous chasm, like that of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea," says Bayard Taylor, "cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness." Its waters, black and St. guan, have vast depths everywhere, while the walls of rock tower aloft in a majestic gloom which impresses the most thoughtless mind with a deep sense of awe. Up this strange river one may ascend to Chicoutimi, the

head of navigation, about sixty-five miles from the mouth, calling at Ha! Ha! Bay. Tadoussac, at the mouth of the river, is an old and historic settlement, and contains the ruins of the oldest church in Canada. This was another of the favorite resorts of Lord Dufferin, and a number of others, Americans as well as

Canadians, have handsome summer residences here.

Murray Bay, about 90 miles below Quebec, is another spot where the wild and majestic scenery may be enjoyed. Numbers resort there during the summer, from various cities of Canada, many having villas built for their use during the season.

Returning to Riviere du Loup by the steamer, one may in certain conditions of the atmosphere, observe a singular mirage among the islands between that place and Kamouraska, an occurrence which must have been regarded with no small amount of superstitious awe by the Indians of the earlier days. All the Lower St. Lawrence is full of beauty and abounds in historical reminiscences and traditions. Those who have taste for such things should read the writings of LeMoine, Faucher, Casgrain, Taché and Buies, all of which are worthy of perusal.

FORESTS AND STREAMS.

Taking Riviere du Loup as a centre, the sportsman has a field only limited by his time and inclination to shoot and fish. Nature has been prodigal in her gifts, and though Indians and their white brothers have made sore havoc among the creatures of the woods, in the past, enough remain to employ the hunter for generations to come. In one respect, however, an unbridled license to kill has had its effect. Once the moose, king of the North American forests, roamed these woods in vast herds. Had they been shot simply for the purposes of food, or in the way of legitimate sport, they would have been plenty at this day. Unsparring hands spread destruction among them for the sake of gain, and drove them to more distant haunts.

The caribou, game fit for any sportsman, are still to be found in large numbers. The season for them, in this Province, extends from the 1st of September to the 1st of February; and they are to be found almost anywhere between St. Alexandre and Campbellton, within a short distance of the railway track. In some places this distance would be two, and in others ten, miles. Of course, skill, experience, and good guides, are necessary to find them at all times; but a sportsman who understands his business, and who goes to the right locality, need not be surprised if he bring down as many as twenty in a fortnight's hunt. To accomplish this, he

must be prepared for his work and be ready to stand some fatigue. From Riviere du Loup he can set out in a variety of directions for grounds which are known to be good, and where caribou are particularly abundant. One of these is in the direction of Temiscouata Lake, 38 miles distant, and over an easy highway. Here is a sportsman's paradise, amid scenery of the most beautiful description, the forest abounding in game and the lakes and rivers teeming with fish. Here one may five for weeks, and never weary in his absence from the busy haunts of men.

All the forest to the south of this part of the railway affords good sport. The sportsman can take his choice of going a long or a short distance. The back country of Maine can be easily reached from St. Alexandre, or one may go twenty miles from Riviere du Loup and find the St. Francis River, and follow it to the St. John. From Elgin Road, or L'Islet, the head waters of the Restigouche and Miramichi may be reached. All these are in the midst of happy hunting grounds.

Some of the best caribou hunting is to be had among the Shickshocks Mountains, in Gaspé. This is the land of the caribou. In the depths of the wilderness, amid mountains nearly 4,000 feet high, and surrounded by scenery of the most wild and rugged character, is an abundance of rare sport. This has been one of the resorts of Lord Dunraven, who has, indeed, hunted in all parts of this country, meeting with excellent success. On his last hunt, when accompanied by Campbell Maenab, Esq., he started as many as forty-one caribou in three days. Of these they killed fifteen. Mr. Maenab is an ardent follower of the chase, who gained his first knowledge of the country while engaged in the survey of the Inter-colonial. Impressed with its advantages as a field for sport, he subsequently took up his residence at Riviere du Loup, where he lives, surrounded by the trophies of his many and successful hunts. Mr. Maenab accompanied H. R. H. Prince Arthur on a successful hunt during the Prince's visit in 1869, and has also accompanied Count Turenne and other eminent sportsmen. An expedition with the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General, was declared "off," through circumstances requiring the presence of His Excellency elsewhere.

Other game may be had for the seeking, bears sometimes make their appearance when least looked for and often make lively episodes in the sportsman's journey. In August, 1879, Hon. W. W. Thomas, of Portland, Me., had a narrow escape at one of the Squatook Lakes,

not far from the Temiscouata. If he had not floored the bear, the bear would have floored him, but the gun proved true and a brilliant victory was the result.

Partridge are very numerous. When a weak or lazy man goes after them he has to take some one with him to carry the load home. So plentiful are they near Riviere du Loup, that Wm. Fraser, Esq., the present Seigneur, shot as many as fifty-four in one day, killing fourteen of them without moving out of his tracks. To him who has carried a gun mile after mile for a whole day and been proud to exhibit one unfortunate bird as his trophy, this may appear like a tough story. Nevertheless it is true. The man who goes after partridges in this vicinity does not have to sneak home by a back road to avoid the chaff of his neighbors for his bad luck. He stalks along with pride in his face and a load on his back, and is only vexed that the spectacle is too common to excite wonder.

Around the shores, geese, brant and ducks of all kinds are found in immense flocks in the fall and spring. Ile Verte and Kamouraska are, in particular, favorite resorts for this kind of game, and hundreds may be shot with ease.

Much that has been said in regard to the hunting in the vicinity of Riviere du Loup will apply to the country along the next two hundred miles, or until after the boundary of New Brunswick has been passed. Riviere du Loup has not been singled out as the only place, but simply as a sample of what very many are like as regards their surroundings, and to avoid a reiteration of the same facts in connection with each place. A similar course is taken in regard to some of the features of the fishing.

This is a land of fish, and such fish! One may eat them at every meal on his journey through the country. Halibut, salmon, herring and smelt from the St. Lawrence, and salmon, tuladi, sea, brook and lake trout from the waters that are tributary to it. Salmon are found in nearly all the rivers, and the majority of the streams are leased by the Government to individuals. It is not difficult, however, for a stranger to obtain permission to fish for them. Trout are found in all the rivers and lakes and are free to all comers. The usual size of those in the lakes is from five to six pounds; the river trout run from three to four pounds. All the trout of this region are very "gamy," and afford abundant sport. In the lakes is also found the tuladi, which seems identical with the togue of Northern Maine and New Brunswick. Specimens have been caught weighing as much as forty pounds each, or as large as a

good sized salmon. It has indeed been confounded with the lake salmon of Switzerland, and with others of the salmon family of Europe, but it appears to be identical with no one of them. It is usually very fat, and very reserved—not to say lazy. It lurks and lies in the deep waters of the deep lakes, as if given to contemplation rather than the gratification of appetite. For all that, it is a voracious creature and does approach the surface in the cool of the morning and evening. It does not rise to the fly, but may be taken by trolling. It is good eating, though less delicate than other trout or salmon.

All lakes are free to fishers, for all kinds of fish.

CANOE AND PADDLE.

The Intercolonial has one feature which few, if any, railways possess to the same extent. For a distance of several hundred miles it is intersected by navigable, but not dangerous, rivers. By these natural highways one may pursue his journey far into the interior, make a short portage from the head-waters of one to those of another and descend the latter to the line of railway. A glance at the map will show what ample opportunities there are, for this kind of recreation. Leaving the railway and ascending one river, coming down another and up another, spending days among the lakes, fishing, shooting, enjoying life to the utmost, one is as much in the wilderness as if thousands of miles away. Yet all this time he knows that, if necessary, a few hours will bring him to the railway, the mail and the telegraph—to communication with the busy world. He may leave the railway on the shores of the St. Lawrence and make a canoe voyage to the Baie des Chaleurs or the Bay of Fundy. When he arrives at his destination he will find his luggage and his letters awaiting him. The route may be varied and the voyage prolonged as may suit the voyager's taste. Particularly good fishing may be had at Lakes St. Francis and Temiscouata and on the Tolou River; but on such a trip one can fish and hunt everywhere

as he goes. In the Temiscouata region alone one may make a canoe voyage for at least eighty miles, and if he chooses can by portaging from one river to another descend the great Miramichi to the ocean. Portages can be made so as to reach any of the three great rivers of New Brunswick, the Miramichi, Restigouche or St. John. In fact, the whole country is open to any man who can sit in a canoe and ply a paddle.

CACOUNA.

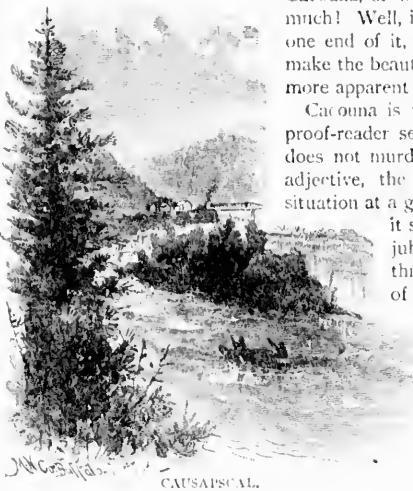
Rushing along on the express on a winter day one catches sight of a way station, 6 miles below Riviere du Loup. There does not appear to be much of a settlement in the vicinity, and, altogether, the attractions seem few and far between. Strangers inquire if this be Cacouna, of which they have heard so much! Well, it is, and it is not. It is one end of it, and serves as a foil to make the beauties of the other end the more apparent when one gets there.

Cacouna is papilionaceous. If the proof-reader sees that the compositor does not murder the foregoing select adjective, the public will grasp the situation at a glance. In the summer

it spreads its wings and is jubilant; its shores are thronged by the votaries of pleasure; boats dance upon the water; the gay and festive dance upon the land; there is music in the air, and brightness everywhere. In the winter, it subsides into an ordinary village; the natives sit alongside

of two-story stoves and dream of the coming summer; empty houses abound; and the great hotel is abandoned to silence, to darkness, and to Peter Donnegan.

Everyone who says or writes anything about Cacouna considers that his inspiration is particularly happy when he terms it "the Saratoga of Canada." The place has, however, acquired an individuality which will allow the borrowed title to become extinct, and the name of "Cacouna" is enough. This is the great summer resort of the Lower St. Lawrence, and the population is numbered by thousands during the season. A graceful bay, with a beautiful beach of gray sand fronts the village. In the rear the land rises to a height sufficient to command a view across the broad river to where



CAUSAPSCAL.

the sullen Saguenay makes its way through the mountains. Standing in a well-chosen position is the "St. Lawrence Hall" in which five hundred people can eat, drink and be merry during their stay. Scattered along the shore are private residences, for summer use, while numerous other houses are filled with summer boarders. The village is two miles from the railway station, and is also a place of call for the St. Lawrence steamers. Cacouna was one of the places visited by Prince Arthur, and was also visited by Lord Dufferin while Governor-General.

For those who wish to spend a summer at the sea-side, and yet enjoy the pleasures of society, Cacouna offers great attractions. Its hotel accommodation is excellent, the bathing, boating, etc., are all that can be desired, and all the conveniences of life are to be enjoyed. The sportsman will find good fishing and hunting; the lovers of excitement can find fascination in the horse-races; while the devoutly inclined will find not only the usual parish church, but what is somewhat rare in this country, two Protestant churches as well. Cacouna is, in all respects, a well equipped watering-place.

LES HABITANTS DE LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE.

The railway and telegraph of the nineteenth century run through a country in which hundreds of people are to all intents and purposes in the seventeenth century. Not to their disrespect be this said, but as showing the tenacity with which they adhere to their language, manners and customs. The Canadian *habitants* are probably as conservative as any people on earth. Where innovations are thrust upon them by the march of progress they adapt themselves to the changes; but where they are left to themselves they are happy in the enjoyment of the life their fathers led, and are vexed by no restless ambition to be other than they have been. Their wants are simple and easily supplied; they live peaceful and moral lives; and they are filled with an abiding love for their language and a profound veneration for their religion. By nature light-hearted and vivacious, they are Optimists without knowing it. Inured to the climate, they find enjoyment in its most rigorous seasons. French in all their thoughts, words and deeds, they are yet loyal to the British crown, and contented under British rule. Their ancient laws are secured to them by solemn compact; and their language and religion are landmarks which will never be moved. In places where the English have established themselves, some of the *habitants* understand

the English language, but none of them adopt it as their own. The mingling of races has a contrary effect, and the English tongue must yield to the French. There are many Englishmen in Quebec whose children do not understand a word of their father's native tongue; but there are no Frenchmen whose children are ignorant of the language of France.

A traveller is very favorably impressed by the manners of the country people. Many of them are in very humble circumstances; books are to them a sealed mystery; and their circumstances of life are not such as are supposed to conduce to refinement of manners. Yet everywhere the stranger meets with courtesy, and finds the evidence of true politeness—not mere ceremonial politeness, but that which is dictated by sincerity and aims at the accomplishment of a stranger's wishes as a matter of duty. Where one does not understand the language they will take great trouble to comprehend his meaning; where he can speak even indifferent French, he can make himself perfectly at home.

The railway runs through the land of the French Canadian, until after the Metapediae is reached. Everywhere is seen the familiar church; no hamlet is too poor to have a good one. Should you seek the curé, you will find him a man whom it is a pleasure to meet—well informed, affable and full of the praises of the land in which he lives. The *habitants* have a sincere regard for their spiritual advisers, who are truly pastors to their people, and whose lives are devoted to the well-being of their flocks. They follow in the steps of the pioneer missionaries, whose heroic devotion in the past must forever be honored by men of every creed.

Leaving Cacouna, the next place of interest reached is Trois Pistoles, and it has a charm for the traveller at whatever hour of the day or night he may arrive. This consists in the Railway Dining-Room, which is a model of neatness and has a table fit to charm the most fastidious taste. One does not require to be very hungry to enjoy the viands of this place, which, under the present management, need not fear comparison with any in the country. Trois Pistoles village is prettily situated, and there is good lake and river fishing in the vicinity. Lake St. Simon, a beautiful sheet of water, deserves particular mention. The name of the village is derived either from three pistoles being originally given for a piece of land in the vicinity, or from a man losing that sum, or from a trade with the Indians in which that sum changed hands. The antiquarian can choose whichever of the three traditions seems most reasonable.

There is no good authority for any one of them.

Eighteen miles more of a railway ride brings one to

BIC! BEAUTIFUL BIC!

You are in the air above it when you first catch sight of the village, with its harbor and islets. In order to get through this part of the country, the railway had to be carried around Bic mountain, and is in one place 150 feet above the post road. The mountain rises over the railway again for a height of 250 feet more. A vast amount of labor was expended on this part of the road. In some places the rock was blasted to a depth of eighty feet to allow space for the track to hug the mountain side. From this height a splendid view of the St. Lawrence is obtained, the estuary being about twenty-five miles wide and rapidly widening below until it merges with the world of waters. Was it not from the heights of Bic that anxious eyes watched the fleet of Wolfe, sailing quietly up the St. Lawrence on a fair day in June, long years ago? Nearer it came, and oh, joy! the vessels carried the flag of France. The long expected succour had come from beyond the sea. Every heart was filled with joy; swift messengers started to carry the glad news to Quebec. Suddenly the flag of the leading vessel was run down; a moment later and the flag of England screamed out to the breeze. It was the fleet of the enemy with thousands of soldiers destined to conquer Canada! Among the watchers on shore was a priest whose nerves had been strung to the utmost tension with joy. When the dread truth so suddenly burst upon him, Nature could bear no more, and he fell to the earth—dead!

Descending the mountain, Bic village is soon reached. It is one of the finest natural watering-places on the whole St. Lawrence. The mountains are around it, and it nestles at their feet amid the beauties of the scenery. There is more here than a mere stretch of shores. There is a harbor in which an ocean steamer may ride, a haven wherein vessels may hide from the wrath of the storm-king. Romantic islets lie amid the waters, and crags of rugged beauty rear their heads around the shores. Pleasant beaches tempt the bather; placid waters invite the boatman; and beauty everywhere summons the idler from his resting place to drive or ramble in its midst. The harbor is simply charming to one who first beholds it, and "time but the impression deeper makes." It never becomes monotonous; one never wearies of gazing upon it.

Long ago the French recognized the value of Bic and its harbor. Here they proposed to erect fortifications and maintain a naval station. England, too, found its value as a port when her men and munitions of war were landed here from the *Persia*, at the time of the Trent trouble. Since the completion of the railway, Bic has become better known than before. Lovers of beauty have located summer residences in the village, and year by year enjoy the summer breezes. Fishing is had in abundance; and if there were no fish, the streams winding their way among the hills, through all kinds of picturesque dells, would well repay full many a toilsome tramp.

No account of Bic would be complete without some reference to the story of *L'Îlet au Massacre*, one of the isles near the village. The tale is an old one. Donnacona told it to Jacques Cartier on his second visit to Canada, and it has been told in a great variety of forms ever since. The tradition is that a band of Micmacs, consisting of about two hundred men, women and children, heard of the approach of a party of hostile Iroquois and fled for concealment to the large cave on this island. The Iroquois discovered the place of retreat and laid siege to it, but met with an obstinate resistance. Finding themselves unable to dislodge the Micmacs by ordinary means, they advanced behind shields of boughs, carrying torches of bark, and by igniting all the dry wood in the vicinity compelled the enemy to come forth. A general massacre took place, in which all the Micmacs, save five, were slaughtered and their bones left to bleach upon the island. Here the narrative usually ends, but Mr. Taché, in his *Trois Légendes*, gives a sequel which, whether historically correct or not, gives a better dramatic effect and is more satisfactory to lovers of fair-play. He alleges that all who were in the cave were killed, and that the five said to have escaped were despatched, at the first alarm, a part to demand assistance from the friendly Malacites at Madawaska, and the others to act as scouts. Twenty-five Malacite warriors responded to the summons, but too late to prevent the massacre. They then, aided by their five allies, secretly followed the track of the Iroquois, and unseen themselves, dealt death among the party as it proceeded. The scouts had previously removed the canoes and provisions which the Iroquois had left in the woods, and so they marched, dying by the hand of an unseen foe and threatened with famine ere they could reach their own country. At length they reached the open woods, near

Trois Pistoles River, feeble and discouraged. The band had shrunk to twenty-seven men. Finding traces of moose they began a hunt, and were led into an ambush by the foe, who burst upon them and killed all but six. These were made prisoners; one was tortured by the allies in the presence of the other five. The latter were then divided, and the Malicites carried their three to Madawaska. The Micmacs returned to Bic with their two, and tying them with their faces to the island, put them to death with their most ingenious tortments. They then quitted Bic forever. Tradition has peopled the neighborhood with the ghosts of the slaughtered Micmacs, now dancing on the waters, now moaning among the crevices of the rocks, shrieking at times as with the agony of souls in pain.

Hattee Bay is another delightful spot, not far from Bic. The scenery, though not so impressive as that of the latter place, is very attractive. One of the features is a natural terrace, and the facilities for all kinds of exercise and recreation are abundant. A number of English families reside at this place, and it has many admiring visitors during the summer season.

RIMOUSKI.

Everyone has heard of Rimouski, in connection with the arrival and departure of the ocean steamers. Here they call on their way out to receive mails and passengers, and on their way in to land them. A branch of the railway runs down to the landing place, at the end of a pier nearly a mile long, and a steamer is employed as a tender for the service. Lively work it is, sometimes, to get on board the outward-bound steamer when the weather is a little rough. Everyone gets aboard safely, however, and rather likes his experience after it is over.

Rimouski is no common-place village, but a town of something under 2,000 inhabitants. It is the shire-town of the county and the seat of the Bishop of the Diocese. Lawyers and clergymen are alike numerous; business of all kinds is carried on briskly; and there is a general appearance of thrift on every hand. Some of the buildings make a fine appearance, notably those devoted to religious uses. The Cathedral is a noble structure, while the Bishop's palace, convents, etc., are of a character in keeping with it. The Seminary, a fine structure, was, with much of value contained in it, destroyed by fire in April, 1881. The loss, about \$100,000, has been largely made up by friends of education in various parts of the

province, and another fine building will adorn the site of the former one. The town, the full name of which is St. Germain de Rimouski, is thoroughly French in its characteristics, and though English is understood at the hotels, there are plenty of places of business where it is not. A stranger will have no trouble in getting along, however, and will find the place and the people equally agreeable. Fishing can be indulged in with good success. The Rimouski River is one of the noted salmon streams, and has, of course, any quantity of trout. The scenery is fine all along the banks, up to the lake from which it flows, close to the New Brunswick boundary. From this lake only a short portage is necessary to reach the Quatawankedgwick, which empties into the Restigouche. In the woods back of Rimouski, sport of all kinds awaits the hunter. Caribou are abundant and both gun and rod can be kept busy for weeks during the proper seasons. Speaking of fishing, a prominent gentleman informed the writer that at Seven Lakes, about 35 miles from the town, three men caught forty thousand trout in three days. As a man can fish, at most, for about fifteen hours a day, this made the remarkable average of nearly a thousand an hour. On an opinion being expressed that the catch was an unusually good one, and the best rod-fishing on record, the gentleman took a second thought and remembered that it was forty dozen, instead of thousands; this, though less marvellous, was not a bad exhibit either, and spoke well for the fishing of Rimouski. Salt-water fishing, boating and bathing may be had on the St. Lawrence, the shore being protected from the outside swells by the island of St. Barnabé, which lies opposite the town. This island has borne its name since early in the seventeenth century. It is about two miles long, contains a small lake, is well wooded, and is a favorite resort for picnic parties. It has its story, and M. de Guay, now curé at Ste. Coem, has preserved its details in his *Annuaire de Rimouski*. An outline, with additions gleaned from other sources, will suffice here.

The fair land of Old France held no hearts more loving than were those of Toussaint Cartier and his betrothed Louise when the new year of 1723 dawned. Just turned of manhood, handsome in person, versed in knowledge of books and agreeable in manners, he was the envy of the lads of his native village. He had long known the beautiful Louise, and they had learned to love each other with a love surpassing the power of words to tell. She was the daughter of a rich father, who had

pledged her at an early age to the profligate son of his richest neighbor. Toussaint was poor, and his poverty became a crime in the sight of the lucre-loving old father of the love-lisping Louise. The lovers had three courses open to them to overcome the difficulty. One was to break the engagement and return all letters, rings and photographs. This would have been dutiful on the part of Louise, but she failed to see it in that light. Another course was to engage the services of some popular assassin and bribe a coroner's jury to bring in a verdict of death by the visitation of Providence; and the third was to get secretly married and go west. The latter course was adopted, and the happy couple embarked for Quebec. All went well. They reached the St. Lawrence and lay becalmed off Rimouski. The day was fine and young Cartier took a boat to visit Ile St. Barnabe. While he was ashore a fearful tempest arose, and the vessel and all on board were engulfed before his eyes. The body of Louise was soon after washed ashore on the island, where Toussaint buried it and made a solemn vow to live on the lonely isle for the remainder of his days. This vow he faithfully observed, living a life of deep religious devotion, year after year, until his locks were silvered with age. All who knew him revered him, even the birds loved him and came to feed out of his hand: but his heart was broken, and he watched year by year pass by, counting each only as a step nearer to his reunion with the one of whose smile through life he had been so rudely deprived. Forty odd seasons passed, and at length, one January morning, he was found lying dead on the floor of his humble abode. The lovers were united at last. His remains were buried within the old church of Rimouski, and to this day his name is honored as that of an holy man.

There are other versions of the story. Some of them omit all reference to the love affair, and make it appear that he arrived on foot and came by the way of Metapediae. The foregoing is the prettiest, however, and ought to be true, whether it is or not.

Six miles below Rimouski is Father Point, so well known as a telegraph and signal station in connection with ocean steamers, and to it there is a charming drive along the shore. Four miles above the town is the village of Sacre Coeur, where there is a beautiful and well sheltered beach and admirable opportunities for boating and sea bathing.

Soon after leaving Rimouski the St. Lawrence is lost sight of, and the road makes its way toward the Metapedia Valley. St. Flavie,

eighteen miles from Rimouski, is a place of some importance, and is the terminus of the well known highway, the Kempt Road, built at a heavy expense and so long used for a mail route between the upper and lower provinces. Here we begin to take leave of the land of the French pure and simple, and enter a country where English is spoken to a greater extent. In the midst of the woods is Little Metis Station, not a place over which one could grow enthusiastic, but nevertheless leading by a road of about six miles to the beautiful watering-place of

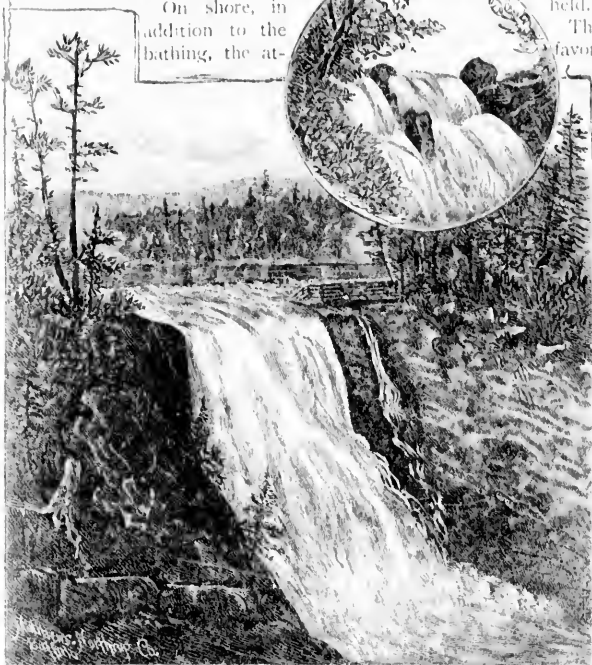
LITTLE METIS.

Three score and ten years ago the Seigneur of Metis was a Mr. McNider, whose name has such a genuine Caledonian ring that no one will imagine that he was a Frenchman. Warmly attached to the place, and fully impressed with its beauties, there was yet one defect which grieved his heart. Nature had neither located Metis in Scotland nor sent the Scotch to Metis. This want he determined to supply, and the result was the arrival of several hundred men, women and children from Old Scotia. These were located in various parts of the Seigneurie, and aided by Mr. McNider until their farms became adequate to supply their wants. Since then they have prospered, and Metis is a flourishing farming district. What is more to the purpose of the tourist, it is one of the most pleasant places on the shore for those who are seeking to enjoy the summer months. Numbers have already found out its beauties, but there is room for many more.

Little Metis is situated along the shore of the St. Lawrence, at a point where the estuary begins to widen out so that the opposite shore is a faint line in the distance and much of the horizon is as level as upon the ocean. This gives the place more of the air of a sea-side resort than many less favored watering-places, and the salt waves rolling in upon the sandy beach confirm the impression. This beach is about four miles long, hard, smooth and safe for bathers. On some parts of it the surf beats with a sullen roar, yet numerous coves, sheltered from the swell, afford every security, as well as absolute privacy, to the bather. Boats, of all sizes, from a skiff to a schooner, are available to the visitor, and if one desires to run across to the other shore he will find safe and swift vessels crossing every day. If a party desire to have a good time and feel free and independent, they can charter a small schooner for about \$3 a day, secure a good

sailing master, lay in a supply of provisions, and go where they please. The St. Lawrence is between thirty and forty miles wide in this part, so there is plenty of room for excursionists at all times.

On shore, in addition to the bathing, the at-



GRAND AND PETIT METIS.

tractions are abundant. First of all there are good hotels. Astle's will accommodate about two hundred, Turiff's about half that number and the Victoria has room for forty board is very reasonable, averaging about a dollar a day. If one prefer a private boarding house, Mrs. Boyd, Featherston, and others, can furnish good accommodation for about five dollars a week. Besides these, nearly every farmer has a spare house which can be hired for about \$60 for the season, including water and fuel. Where families want to have a good time, free from restraint, the latter course is the best one. The weirs furnish a plentiful supply of fresh fish, while other provisions, including berries of all kinds and dairy products are to be had in abundance. A number of residents of Montreal and other places have villas here. Among them are Principal Dawson, of McGill College, Profs. Murray and Dorey, Dr. Frenholm, Mr. John Savage and Mrs. Redpath. One can live as quietly as he pleases here and

have thorough enjoyment. On Sunday those who incline to the Presbyterian or Methodist faith can attend places of worship of those denominations, and during the season Episcopal service is also held.

The Little Metis River is a favorite haunt of the salmon, which is found there in large numbers. Trout are found wherever there is a lake or a brook. The best fishing is at Metis Lakes, the nearest of which is about three miles from the centre of the village. Further back is a chain of lakes, all containing plenty of large trout, and all comparatively easy of access.

The country in the rear of Metis is a favorite resort for herds of caribou. Geese, duck and sea-fowl are found all along the shore, while partridge are met with in every part of the woods.

The scenery is varied and attractive. One may drive for miles along the shore and enjoy the panorama and the sea breeze until weary. Inland, are beautiful vales with nooks and brooks and charming bits of scenery. All the farmers have wagons to hire, and drives may be had at a small expense. One of the favorite drives is to the falls, seven miles away. Here a heavy body of water pours over the rocks with a grandeur which must be seen to be appreciated. Both Grand and Petit Metis rivers have waterfalls, situated amid most enchanting scenes of the forest.

Last year between 800 and 1,000 tourists visited Little Metis during the season. Enough to show that the place has attractions, but not so many as to overcrowd, or to impose the restraint incident to older and more fashionable resorts.

Further along the shore is Matane, chiefly renowned for the abundance of salmon and trout in the river. This also is in favor as a summer resort, and like Metis, is a port of call for the steamers between Quebec and the Gulf Ports.

Leaving Metis, we leave the St. Lawrence behind us and journey south to the Metapediae

Valley. Passing Tartagne, the railway which has kept out of the way of the mountain ranges by hugging the shore for two hundred miles, makes a bold push and crosses the hills at Melfaut Lake. Here the tourist is nearly 750 feet above the sea, higher than he has been since he left Quebec, and higher than he can be on any other part of the line. Down the grade the cars go, until again on the level in the midst of a beautiful valley, where the hills rise on each side six and eight hundred feet for a distance of many miles. The French villages are no longer seen; the French names are no longer heard. In the place of the latter come the names bestowed by the Indians who once peopled the land. Some of these names are musical, after you get used to them. No doubt they were musical to Algonquin ears when uttered by Algonquin tongues; but the true pronunciation of many of them is lost, and as the Indians had no written language there is no rule as to how they should be spelled. Some of them are believed to have had poetical meanings, but there is a good deal more fancy than fact in many of the interpretations. It is just as well, however, to attach some poetry to them in the Metapedia; for all the surroundings are of a poetical nature. It is supposed to have been somewhere in this vicinity that the first and last of the Aboriginal Spring Poets ventured to warble, and was put to death, with horrible tortures, as a warning to Spring Poets for all time to come. His effusion is believed to have consisted of a hundred and sixteen stanzas. He desired his Chief's opinion as to their fitness for publication. The criticism was promptly given, for when the poet had reached the end of the fifth stanza he was gagged, tried and condemned to the stake. Tradition says the verses were:

ODE TO SPRING.

Hail, Metapedia! Upon thy shore
The Souriquois may sweet seclusion seek;
Calaraqui distrusts his thoughts no more,
Nor seeks he gold from Souleannuagadeek.

Hail Restigouche and calm Causapsal,
Tartagne, Tobegote and Sayabec,
Amqui, Waganis, Peske-Ammik — all
The scenes which Nature doth with glory deck.

At Assametquaghan and at Upsalquitch
The busy beaver builds his little dam;
His sisters, cousins and his aunts grow rich
At Patapedia and Obstehquasquan.

I've wandered by the Quatawanke-gwick,
The Madawaska and the famed Loostock,

The Temiscouata, Kamouraska, Bic;
I've climbed the hill of Wollojadamook,

And everywhere do thoughts of spring arise,
Till this Algonquin doth an ode produce.
Hail, brother Mareschites and Abnakies!
Hail, balmy month of Amusswikizooos!

Gachepe and Kigicapijiok —

It was at this stage that the poet was gagged. Like unto the swan, his song and his death swiftly followed each other. It was the first and last appearance of the Spring Poet among the Red Men.

METAPEDIA LAKE AND VALLEY.

Beyond Sayabec lies the beautiful sheet of water called Lake Metapedia. It is the noblest sheet of inland water seen along the route. All lakes have a beauty which appeals to the imaginative minds, but this enshrined among the mountains must impress the most prosaic nature. About sixteen miles in length, and stretching out in parts to the width of five miles, its ample area gives it a dignity with which to wear its beauty. Embosomed on its tranquil waters lie isles rich in verdure, while shores luxuriant with Nature's bounty make a fitting frame to so fair a picture. He who has told us of Loch Katrine could sing of this lake that she:

"In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the lovelier light:
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

Upon this lake the canoe may glide amid scenes which can wake the artist's soul to ecstasy. Here, too, may the sportsman never ply his craft in vain. These clear waters are the home of the salmon, and kings among the fishes await the angler's pleasure. The trout and the salmon are of a size and flavor which will charm alike the eye and the taste. They are simply majestic—

None know them but to love them,
Nor name them but to praise.

The outlet of the lake is the famed Metapedia River. It is usually spelled without the final "e," and some use an "a" instead of the first "e." It is a matter of taste, but it is highly probable no one of the three is like the original Indian word. Cascapedia, for instance, is a corruption of Kigicapijiak, and probably the original of Metapedia is something even worse. It is just as well not to be

too particular, for the corruption of Indian words is generally an improvement so far as relates to the ease of pronunciation by the tongues of white men. The name is said to denote Musical Waters, and the title is well deserved. Through the green valley it winds in graceful curves, singing the music of the waters as it runs. It has 222 rapids, great and small, now swift and deep, now gently rippling over beds of shining gravel and golden sand. Here and there are the deeper pools in which lurk salmon of astounding size, for this is one of the salmon rivers of which every fisherman has heard. For mile after mile the traveller watches the course of the river, so strangely pent in by the mountains on either hand, rising from six to eight hundred feet in every shape which mountains can assume. Some are almost perfect cones; others rise swiftly into precipices; and others have such gentle slopes that one feels that he would like to stroll

far removed from the path of travellers, save those whose necessities obliged them to traverse the military road to St. Flavie. The building of the railway has opened it to the world, and thousands are now familiar with it where hundreds had heard of it in other years. It is a country which has attractions for all. Those who seek the beautiful in Nature may here find it, while those who are disciples of Nimrod or Walton may here find the days only too short, and the weeks passing away all too swiftly.

THE SHOOTING AND FISHING.

You can stand on the railway track and shoot partridges in this valley, and by going two miles into the forest you can shoot caribou. As was previously mentioned, vast quantities of moose once roamed here, and some are still left; but the caribou must content the hunter as regards large game, unless, indeed, he have the luck to

meet a bear or two. By climbing the mountains, plenty of game of all kinds is found in the forests, which cover a large area of country. The Metapediac has several other salm-



MILL STREAM METAPEDIA.

insurely upward to the summit. In some places, the river, the highway, and the railway, crowd each other for a passage between the foot of the hills, so narrow is the valley. All kinds of foliage, and all shades of Nature's colors are upon the hillsides; and in the autumn when the grand transformation of hues takes place the effect is magnificent beyond description. Along the river, grassy banks here and there await the angler's feet to press the turf in joyful haste, as the lordly fish leap from the waters to seize his hook. Beauty is everywhere; here all the charms of retirement can be found, amid a Northern Paradise. Switzerland lives in miniature amid the mountains; England and Scotland are around the lakes, streams and springy heather. Everyone praises Metapediac; many grow gushing over its beauties; no one presumes to suggest that it could have been better than it is.

For year after year this glorious country was

on rivers flowing into it. The Causapsal is one of these, and it was where the streams join that the Princess Louise landed the forty pound salmon, a year or two ago. Royal fish are these salmon, and fit sport for royalty. Take any part of the Metapediac in the latter part of June or the early part of July, when, as a rule, the fish are most abundant, and there is fishing enough to keep a good sized crowd pretty busy. The Americans have found out the advantages of the country, and a club of wealthy New-Yorkers now own a club-house and hold a fishing lease on the Metapediac. Their house is at the junction of the river with the Restigouche, the place formerly so well known as "Dan Fraser's."

For early salmon fishing, the Metapediac and its tributaries have an especially good name, but at no time during the season is the fishing poor. The Metapediac trout are as large as some fish which pass for salmon in other coun-

tries, and one of them is a "square meal" of itself. Where forty and fifty pound salmon exist, seven pound trout are merely in proportion, as they should be. At Assametsquaghan (a place more beautiful than its name), at McKinnon Brook, and at Mill Stream, will be found particularly good trout fishing. A party of two men has gone out of an afternoon and remained until noon the next day, securing nearly 250 pounds of trout, each trout averaging four pounds in weight, but many running as high as seven pounds.

Mr. Fraser formerly kept an excellent hotel at Metapediac Station, where the house of the "Restigouche Salmon Club" stands. After disposing of the latter place, he erected a new hotel about one mile further down the river, and close to the line of railway. He has a number of excellent salmon pools near this hotel, and from his knowledge of the river he is also a valuable man for fishermen to meet with.

The last of the Metapediac is seen at the village which bears the name of the river, at the junction with the Restigouche. It is a place of singular beauty, and the eye lingers lovingly on the beautiful panorama as it passes from the view and the train rushes onward to the boundary of New Brunswick. Here we catch sight of the river Restigouche, spanned by a beautiful railway bridge, over a thousand feet in length. A few miles beyond, the train passes through the tunnel on Morrissey's Rock, on the side of Prospect Mountain. This is the only tunnel through which transpiss, though, hidden from the eye of the ordinary traveller, are a number of others by which rivers have been diverted in the work of construction. There are, however, miles of snow-sheds, which answer all the purposes of tunnels, so far as linked darkness, long drawn out, is concerned.

At the Head of the Tide a bright picture meets the eye. The river is thickly dotted with low-lying islands, rich with meadow land, their hues of green contrasting finely with the silver surface of the river. In truth, this part of the road is a succession of bright pictures—a panorama, wherein are shown some of Nature's fairest scenes.

CAMPBELLTON.

We are in New Brunswick, and pretty near what might have answered for a jumping-off place in old times. Now-a-days the residents repel such an insinuation, and point with pride to the present prosperity of the village (but

don't call it that!), and to its great possibilities in the future. Well, Campbellton has great possibilities, and it has probabilities as well. It is no longer gay or sad as lumber is high or low, and it lives in airy independence of the hoisting or slanting-down of the saw-mills. It is improving every year. By and by it will be very much improved, and will be one of the most popular resorts on the railway.

What are its possibilities? In the first place, its situation is a convenient as well as a very charming one. Convenient, because it is central upon the line of the Intercolonial—neither too far south for the people who are above it, nor too far north for those who are below. It is 314 miles from Quebec, 372 from Halifax, and 274 from St. John. It is convenient, too, because it lies in the midst of one of the finest regions for sport on the continent. The Restigouche and Metapediac, with their tributaries, afford only a part of the splendid fishing to be had, while the land to the west and the north contains all manner of game to entice the sportsman to its forests. It is convenient if you wish to visit the famous Land of Gaspé, for from it a steamer runs twice a week and calls at grand sporting places on the way. If one has a taste to visit Anticosti, he will find packets at Gaspé to take him there, or should he desire to see the quaint regions of the Magdalen Islands, he can easily get there from Paspébiac. Besides, Campbellton looks into the fair and famous Bauges Chaleurs, which is of itself worth coming from afar to sail upon; and, finally, it is convenient as a cool, but not cold, watering-place with every facility for salt-water bathing, salt-water fishing and a good time generally. The situation is beautiful, because Campbellton lies at a point where a broad and beautiful river unites with the waters of a bay which has no rival in Canada. Beautiful, because the mountains rise near and far, their cones pointing heavenward with a grandeur not to be described, while the varying shades are blended with a harmony which all may admire, but which can be appreciated only by the artist. Yes, Campbellton is well situated, and when it has a St. Lawrence Hall, like that at Cacouna, it will be a place which no one can afford to miss.

One of the finest views to be had is from the top of the Sugar Loaf, a mountain about a mile and a half above the town. Do not be alarmed when the people tell you that the summit is nearly a thousand feet high. The

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View of the Falls of the River St. Lawrence



climb is not so much as that. The highest measurement it ever got was by the reflecting circle of Sir Howard Douglas, which gave 844. Later and better authority makes it 730 feet. That is high enough to give you a magnificent view, and as the mountain side is precipitous you will be quite as tired as if you went up a thousand feet on any ordinary mountain. After you get up, look to the north and the grand old mountains of Caspé are before you; to the south is a smiling country rich in vegetation, while to the southward and eastward lie the Restigouche and the Baie des Chaleurs, with Dalhousie and the other flourishing places of the North. The scenery has been called superior to that of the Susquehanna. Whether it is or not can be best judged by those who have seen both places. Another fine view is to be had from the top of Morrissey's Peak—in fact, there are fine views everywhere, and no toll-gates on the roads to them.

Reference has already been made to the sailing and bathing. Both may be enjoyed to any desired extent. The fame of the Restigouche salmon and trout speaks as to the fishing at Campbellton and in its vicinity. It was a Restigouche salmon that tipped the scale at fifty-four pounds, and rumpers have been caught which were of the respectable weight of forty-eight pounds each. Salmon fishing commences about the middle of May, and all the rivers abound with these great and glorious fish.

Fishing for the abnormally large trout already mentioned is had both in summer and winter. It is usual to commence fishing through the ice about the first of March. After the river is clear of ice, early in May, plenty of five and seven pound trout can be caught in the tide with bait. From the middle of May until July they will take either fly or bait, but for good fly-fishing take the month of July. Here are some of the favorite haunts: The Escumiac, 15 miles distant; Little Nouvelle, 22; Little Cascapedia, about 45 or 50, by steamer; Parker Lake, 3; Head of Tide, 5; and Mission Lake, 3 miles from Cross Point on the opposite side of the river. Guides are easily obtained and are reliable men. Parties going to Escumiac can find both accommodation and guides by going

to Daniel Brown; and those at Nouvelle will do equally well to make the acquaintance of Thomas Clare. A great deal of information may be had from Mr. O. A. Barbarie, station master at Campbellton, an enthusiastic fisherman and one of the best amateur fly-tiers in the country.

Some of the best fishing to be had is at Cascapedia. It was here that an English M. P., Mr. Ellis, had unprecedented success in 1879, the party of three hooking several thousand pounds. Mr. Ellis spoke of the scenery at Cascapedia as the finest he had



SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN NEAR CAMPBELLTON.

ever seen, and it is fine. President Arthur, before he was put on the limits by virtue of his exalted position, also made Cascapedia his favorite resort. Grand Cascapedia is a favorite resort of the Vice-Regal party, the Governor-General having a fishing lodge on that river.

Besides these places, the sportsman is near the Metapediae Valley, and has the Restigouche and all its many tributaries to afford him recreation.

SHOOTING.

A time-honored poem, the author of which is unknown, used to say:

"Oh, were you ever in Restigouche,
To see the Injun shoot-um goose,"

and the words apply as well to-day as they did fifty years ago. Indians, to the number of about six hundred, have a village opposite Campbellton, and geese, duck, and brant, hover around the shores in flocks of thousands. They are in their glory in the fall and spring, but where there is open water some of them light it out on that line all winter.

Partridge and snipe shooting is also a success in this locality. Plover are found at times, but a strict regard for truth compels the admission that a man who goes after them and wants nothing else may be disappointed.

Caribou are abundant. The woods are full of them, figuratively speaking. A year or two ago one was caught at the freight house at Campbellton, and Mr. Thos. Clure, of Nouvelle, also apprehended one which he found loafing around his barn-yard. Moose are also to be had by going back into the woods, while a pleasing variety is given by the occasional appearance of a bear or loup-cervier.

THE RESTIGOUCHE.

Should one wish to visit an ideal wilderness, let him ascend this great river to its source, some two hundred miles away.

The Restigouche is part of the northern boundary of New Brunswick, and if it were straight would reach quite across the Province. Nature, however, is not partial to straight lines, and so the Restigouche makes some wild bends, at all kinds of angles, from its source to its mouth. It has been recorded by some one, and believed by a great many, that the meaning of Restigouche is "river that divides like a hand." The latter, however, is believed to be the meaning of Upsalquitch, and Restigouche means Broad River, a name eminently more in unity with the general fitness of things. Some of the Aburakis used to call this region Papechuginach, the place of spring amusements which had no reference to spring-traps, but may possibly have borne upon the unlimited chances for the shooting of wild geese and ducks. Be its name what it may, it is a noble river and is good for an unlimited amount of fishing and hunting. Its head-waters lie near Metis Lake in one direction and Tenoucouata in another, and for much of its length it flows through the dense wilderness rarely trodden by the foot of man. The country drained by it and its tributaries is a land of mountains and valleys—the former rising grandly two thousand feet towards the clouds; the latter having forests, in which solitude and silence reign. In these regions there are lakes

where the beaver has no one to molest nor make it afraid, there are valleys whose rocks have never echoed the report of a gun; there are miles upon miles which have never been explored, and where the treatment of the forest runs as freely as they did a hundred years ago. One can retire into the heart of New Brunswick and reach rivers which lead to all points, such as the Tobique and St. John, Nepisiguit, Miramichi and others of lesser note, as well as rivers which run to the St. Lawrence.

Ascending the Restigouche, the first object of interest is Point Bourdo, where once stood the French village of Petit Rochelle, destroyed by Captain Byron in 1766. Four French vessels of war had taken shelter in the river and were followed by Byron's fleet and destroyed. The inhabitants of the village fled to the woods, their houses were laid in ruins and the fortifications destroyed. Many relics of the engagement have been found and preserved, and a few years ago the hulls of some of the sunken vessels could be seen at low water.

Some six or seven miles after passing the mouth of the Metapedia, the Upsalquitch is reached, being the first tributary on the New Brunswick side. By ascending this, the head-waters of the Nepisiguit and Tobique are reached. About 29 miles further is the Patapedia, by which the Metis and other rivers may be found; then comes the Quatawan-kedwick, some 21 miles further leading to the head-waters of the Rimouski. By following the Restigouche into the Wagansis, a portage of about three miles will bring one to Grand River, a tributary of the St. John. The Tenoucouata and Squatook Lakes may also be reached—indeed, the by-paths in the wilderness are innumerable, for streams run in all directions. All of any size are safe for canoe navigation, and all abound with the best of fish. So safe is the navigation, that even ladies, with proper escort, have ascended the St. John, crossed the narrow ridge of land and descended the Restigouche. They, of course, did not explore the wild country to be found by ascending the branches of the latter river, the land of the hunter and his game.

Returning to Campbellton, the traveller will find fair hotels and cheap living. For those merely passing through, an excellent Dining-Room will be found at the station.

DALHOUSIE.

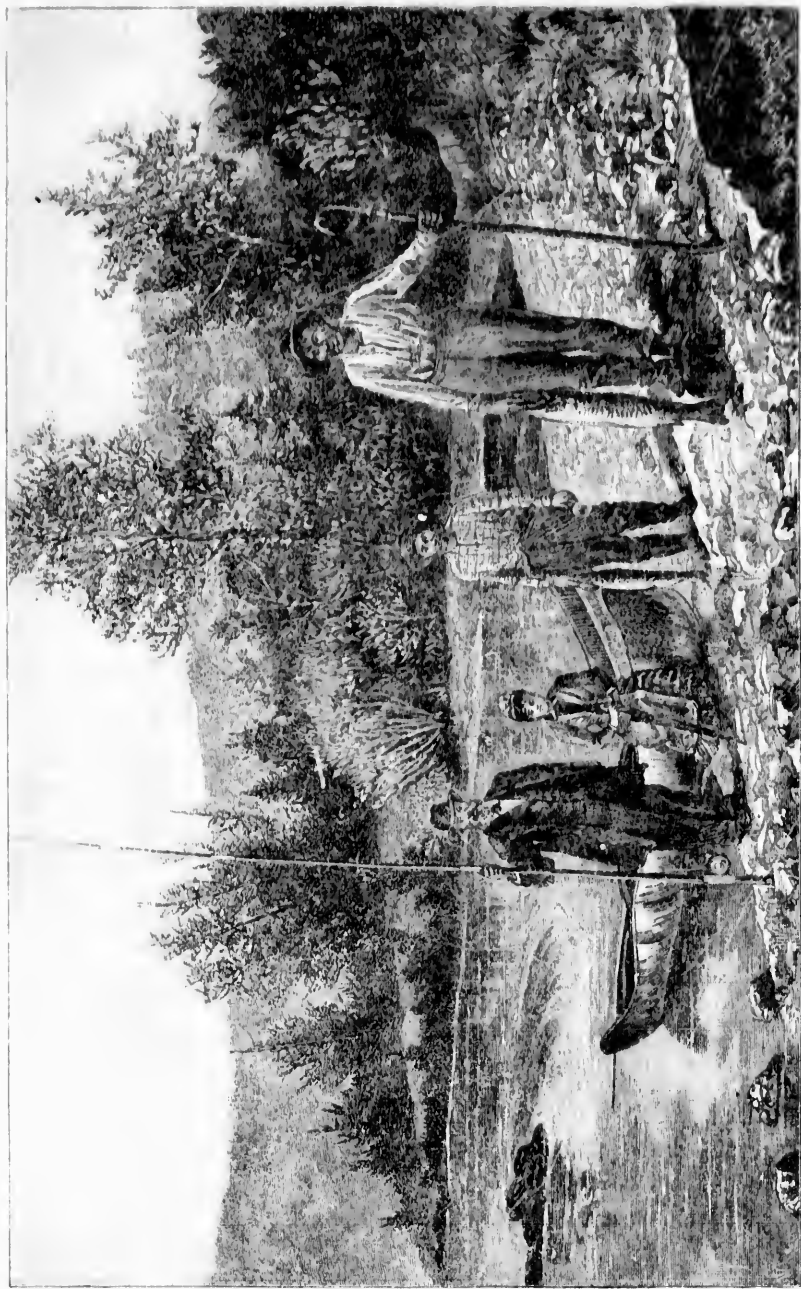
This place is a few miles away from the railway line, but is well worthy of a visit. It

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SALMON FISHING ON THE RESTIGOUCH, N. B.

has a commanding position on a hill overlooking the Baie des Chaleurs, and in this respect is even more attractive than Campbellton. In the vicinity is bold and striking scenery, and there is a great deal of natural beauty to excite the admiration of visitors. The harbor is an excellent one, and gives every opportunity for recreation on, as well as in, the water of the bay. Dalhousie is well situated for a summer resort. From here, too, the distance to the fishing resorts on the Quebec shore is but short, and one can cross whenever it is desirable to do so.

Leaving Dalhousie, the railway soon touches the shore of

LA BAIE DES CHALEURS.

one of the most beautiful havens in America. Ninety miles long, and from fifteen to twenty-five wide, there cannot be found in its waters either rock or other hindrance to the safe passage of the largest of ships. Jacques Cartier gave the Bay its present name to commemorate the grateful warmth which he there felt after coming from the cold shores of Newfoundland. The Indians called it Eek-etuan Nemaachi, or Sea of Fish, a name far more appropriate though less musical than that which it now bears. The railway runs close to its shore for many miles, and few fairer sights are to be seen than the broad and beautiful expanse of water, with its numerous little inlets on the New Brunswick side and the lofty and imposing mountains rising grandly on the shore of Quebec. For miles, too, the land around the bay is settled, and the green fields of well-tilled farms add another charm to the landscape. Of a summer day, with a gentle breeze rippling the smooth surface of the water, the yachtman feels that he has at last found the object of his dream. There is no finer yachting bay on the North Atlantic coast.

The waters of the bay abound with net fish, and there is, also, a fine chance for line fishing. Catching mackerel is a favorite recreation, the season lasting from early in July until the last of September, or later. The fishers go out in small boats and use lines from ten to twenty feet in length. Fine "hopped herring" are thrown overboard to attract a "school," and soon one has work enough to tend his lines and haul in the mackerel as fast as caught. Where two lines are used it is lively sport, and a hundred an hour is a common catch. The Gulf of St. Lawrence mackerel are large in size and are usually in splendid condition. There is

another kind of mackerel fishing—that for the huge and oily horse-mackerel, or tunny, which is sometimes a dozen feet long, and has been known to attain the weight of half a ton. The specimens caught here are usually smaller than this and not hard to manage. A heavy chain and hook are used, the water is "baited," and when a big fish takes the hook all there is to be done is to haul in the chain, and keep his head above water until he can be speared in a vital part. It is "as easy as rolling off a log"—after you get in the way of it.

All the rivers which flow into the bay are good fishing streams. Sea trout are found in the estuaries, and brook trout in the waters above. They are not so large as those further north, but are of good size and flavor. The sea trout weigh four and five pounds; the others run from half a pound to four pounds. Both branches of River Barbo have good privileges, both for trout and salmon, and are not under lease. Game sport is also had at the lakes, about four miles from the village. Another, and well known stream, is the Jaquet River, which is leased for salmon fishing. July is a good time to commence to look for sport on it, while August and September make suspicion of this kind a certainty. The scenery on the river is wildly grand, the waters running between precipitous rocks, roaring in cascades, and foaming amid the boulders in the rapids. Guides are to be had at the village. If one wishes to be unattended, he can go up by a good portage road, and will find excellent fishing as he goes. He is sure to have it at Sunnyside, eight miles from the station, or at the Pot Hole and Kettle Hole, four miles higher up. The best plan is to fish all along between the two places, and one is sure to have good luck. Another choice place is at the first falls, twenty miles from the station. Belledune Lake, six miles from the station, in another direction, also has a good name for gamy trout running from a half to two pounds in weight.

The shooting along the bay and in the woods further inland is of the same fine character as that mentioned in connection with the Restigouche—ducks and geese near the water, and bear, caribou, moose, etc., in the forest.

There is one thing which the tourist may hear of at Jaquet River, or in its vicinity, which may puzzle him. It will puzzle him still more if he sees it. It is the phantom light of the Baie des Chaleurs. What it is, no one seems to know; the people along the

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

BATHURST

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

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

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

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

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

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

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CARRIBO AND MOOSE HUNTING, BOB MINN, OF THE MICHIGAN.



and lakes have trout. You can cast a line anywhere and something will rise to it.

The Nepisiquit is about 84 miles long to the head of Upper Lake. From this point one can portage to the Upsalquitch, and thence to the Restigouche; to the Tobique, and down the St. John, and to the Northwest Miramichi and thence to Newcastle. The country is wild enough in the interior, and abounds with lakes and streams not laid down on any of the maps. These forests are peopled with all kinds of game.

A FINE COUNTRY FOR SPORT

lies between Bathurst and Newcastle. The Tabusintac River, about half-way, is one of the best sea trout rivers in America. The fish-stories told of it are perfectly astounding to a stranger. The trout are said to be as large as mackerel and so plenty that the fishing of them is like being among a mackerel "school." This may be taken with a little allowance, but there is no doubt that the river is an unusually fine one for sport. The visitor will find good accommodations on the banks, at the house of Mrs. Goodwin, and from there he will go about six miles to the best trout pools. A horse and canoe are useful on the journey. The Tracadie River has also a splendid reputation. There are several other trout streams in the district, but this one is most worthy of mention.

Caribou! Yes, the caribou plains extend from the Northwest Miramichi to the sea coast; and as to bears, the Bartibogue region points proudly to the record of the bounties paid on the bruins slain in its midst. Partridges are plenty in every part of this country, and fly across the path of the traveller on every highway.

MIRAMICHI.

It is just as well for people to believe that Miramichi means "Happy Retreat," rather than to credit the greater probability that it is derived from Miguamaghee, "Miac Land." Happy Retreat is more poetical and gives visitors a chance to say how well the designation suits the place, and to gush over the noble river and goodly land which was once the heritage of the Red Man. The name and the fame of Miramichi have spread all over the world. Some people in distant lands know it because of the lumber, some because of the fish, and many have a vague idea that it is a place in Canada where there was a destructive fire years before they were born. Well, this is Miramichi, and the first

place one stops at is Newcastle, a town fair to look upon as it slopes gently to the waters of the great river, which here broadens into an arm of the sea as it meets the waters of the Gulf. There was a time when one man, Denis de Fronsac, owned the whole of this part of the country, and yet felt his importance a good deal less than many a bank clerk does to-day. That was a long time ago; the value of real estate has risen since then, and the 2,000 square miles granted in 1690 are now cut up so that Denis would not recognize them if he came back again.

Miramichi has always been a pretty place and has always been praised by its visitors. Jacques Cartier came all the way from France to have a look at it in 1535, and gave it a first-class notice in the guide book to Canada which he subsequently wrote. Every other guide-book man has done the same, and every one has told the truth. It is a stirring, wide-awake country, and its people have a right to feel proud of it and to praise it. They duly exercise that right, and are happy in the enjoyment of their lovely heritage. The Miramichi River takes its rise two hundred or more miles from its mouth, its head-waters lying in Carlton and Victoria counties, within easy reach of the St. John and its tributaries. The Northwest Branch commences near the head-waters of the Nepisiquit, and the two branches unite at Beaubere island, a short distance above Newcastle. Both branches are fed by numerous large streams, and the river drains over 6,000 square miles of country, an area equal to about a quarter of the Province. It is navigable for large vessels for forty-six miles from the mouth, and for canoes for many hundred miles. The vast country which it drains has never been thoroughly explored; even the ubiquitous lumberman has but a partial knowledge of it; and it will readily be seen that its resources for the hunter are practically without limit. Moose, caribou, deer, bears, wolves, foxes, raccoons, loup-cerviers, and all the smaller animals range these forests, while fish leap from every lake and stream. By this great natural highway, and its connections, one may reach every section of the Province where a hunter wishes to go. No pent-up shooting park contracts his powers; it is for himself to limit the extent of his journey.

One whose time is limited does not need to wander far from Chatham or Newcastle in order to find abundant sport. As for fishing, he is in a fish country, from which the annual exports of salmon, smelt, bass, etc., are something almost

incredible. Rod fishing may be had in every direction. Many good salmon privileges are not yet under lease, as, for instance, the Little Southwest and Renous rivers and their lakes, some of which have never been fully explored. Wherever there is a high bank on one side and a low beach on the other, will be found a pool to which salmon are sure to resort. The Ox Bow, on the Little South West, a mile above Red Bank, is a favorite spot for fishers. The main North West is a particularly good river; one of the noted places on it is the Big Hole, five or six miles above the Head of the Tide. There salmon or grilse can be caught at almost all times, but are particularly abundant immediately after a rain. The Big and Little Sevogles, which empty into the river just named, have a good reputation. The former is a very pretty river with a fine water-fall, in the basin beneath which is excellent fishing at certain seasons. Immediately below is the Square Forks, where the north and south branches meet, a place with scenery of rather a striking nature. The Miramichi salmon is not large, ten pounds being a fair average, but its flavor is very fine. Grilse average about five or six pounds. They are very gamy, and afford splendid sport.

Trout fishing is had in all the rivers, brooks and lakes. The Tabusintac has already been mentioned. The sea trout in it and in the Tracadie are very large. On both rivers there is good fishing for many miles from the mouth. Early in June, when the water of the Miramichi is low, fine sea trout are caught as far up as Indiantown. As for flies, the "Jock Scott" is considered good for all purposes. The "Silver Doctor" is another favorite, while for spring fishing a red body with white wings is found to have "a very taking way."

During the summer, mackerel and codfish are taken with the hook in the Miramichi Bay, and in September there is also good bass fishing inside of Horse Shoe Bar, at the mouth of the river. The winter fishing for bass, with bow nets, is followed on the North West River, and fish as large as twenty pounds are taken. The winter smelt fishing has also grown to a great industry. Smelt take the hook as well, and are fished for in the fall and winter with jiggers, four hooks being used.

As already stated, bear and caribou are plenty between Newcastle and Bathurst. Messrs. Connell and Kenna, who live at Bartibogue, have a wide reputation as hunters, and strangers can procure their services as guides. Partridge are very plenty. Plover and snipe are also found in the fall, and a few, but not

many, English woodcock. The great fall and spring sport is the shooting of geese, brant and ducks of all kinds. They are found at Tabusintac Gully, mouth of Tabusintac, Neguac Gully, Black Lands Point and Grand Anse, on the north of the river, and Baie du Vin, Fox Island, Point Esequimiac, and other places on the south side.

Newcastle has a large trade in lumber, and the saw mills are found in every direction outside of the town. The fish business gives employment to a large number of people and represents a large amount of money. Trade of other kinds is brisk and there is a general air of prosperity. The situation of the town, its regular streets and numerous fine residences make it a place most agreeable to the eyes of the visitor. Chatham, six miles below, is a busy place, with a large trade. Its wharves are in continual demand for the large quantities of shipping which come hither from all parts of the world, and its streets and stores have a rush of business pleasant to witness. It is the seat of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chatham Diocese, and has numerous fine buildings, both public and private. The Chatham Branch Railway, nine miles in length, connects the town with the Intercolonial, and steamers ply several times a day between Chatham and Newcastle, and also make trips to Indiantown, twenty miles above the latter place. The adjacent country is well settled and has numerous beautiful drives. Excursions are made by steamer from Chatham to Bay du Vin, a distance of 25 miles, the round trip costing the moderate sum of fifty cents.

The scenery of all this part of the country must be seen to be appreciated. The magnificent river and the rich country through which it flows combine to make a vision of beauty not soon to be forgotten.

THE GREAT FIRE

of 1825 has become a matter of history. No partial account can do it justice, and anything like a description is necessarily excluded from these pages. It may be briefly summed up as one of the greatest conflagrations of which there is any record. It rushed over the country in a sheet of flame one hundred miles in length and burned all before it over an area of eight thousand square miles. The damage which it did to the lumber woods cannot be computed; in the settlements it destroyed over a million dollars' worth of property. It has never been known how many lives were lost; the lowest estimate was one hundred and sixty, in the Newcastle district, but the whole num-

ber was undoubtedly much larger. Whole families were destroyed, and hundreds were made homeless and destitute. Newcastle was swept from existence almost in the twinkling of an eye. In three hours from the appearance of the sheet of flame, every house, save one or two, had vanished, and desolation was upon the land. It was a scene of which the terrible grandeur can be but feebly realized; the most common place accounts of it as related by the few survivors to-day are thrilling in the extreme. The reality must have been appalling in its horrors.

After leaving Newcastle, the Miramichi Railway Bridges are crossed. Every one admires their beauty, and no one is surprised when told that the cost of this part of the road was in the neighborhood of a million dollars. This represents a vast amount of work, much of which is hidden under the water. Each of the bridges is 1,200 feet in length, and they are models of strength combined with beauty.

From Miramichi until Moncton is reached the railway passes through a country which has no particular attractions for the eye. It is so far from the shore that none of the flourishing settlements are seen, and the traveller is apt to gain a poor idea of the country. There is, however, a fine farming and fishing district all along the coast, and some large rivers of which only the head waters are crossed. The Richibucto is one of these, and the town of the same name is worthy of more than a passing mention. A branch railway is being carried to it from Kent Junction.

MONCTON.

Here is the heart of the Intercolonial, the centre from which the busy operations of the system are controlled. No one can doubt that he is in what is essentially a railway town. You smell a railway odor in the air; you hear the noise of a railway at all hours of the day and night; you see railway trains going this way and that way, and you meet railway men in all sorts of places. The railway finds Moncton a convenient point, and Moncton is pleased to have the offices and work shops in its midst. It dreamed of such a time as this when it was only known as The Bend, and the railway was merely a vision of the future.

Moncton is now a town of between five and six thousand inhabitants, and is still growing. Its streets are spacious and regular. Those in the business portion are lined with stores in which a large amount of business is done. In the other parts of the town are private

residences of tasteful design, and in many cases the grounds are arranged in a beautiful manner. Hotels are numerous and their representatives salute the stranger, as he steps from the cars, with a "greeting glee," of which the words, "Free Coach," etc., form the burden. The Weldon House is the most popular hotel. There is also a railway dining room at the depot. Various industries incident to a place of this size are successfully carried on. The Sugar Refinery is one of the late additions, and speaks volumes for the enterprise of the leading citizens. A large cotton factory is also in course of erection. Ship building has been carried on to some extent, and, take it all in all, Moncton is one of the live towns of New Brunswick.

The town is located at the Bend of the Petitecodiac, one of the rivers to which the traveller must get accustomed ere he proceeds much further on his journey. At high water it is quite a majestic stream, though a trifle discolored; at low water the river disappears, with the exception of some water in the channel, and acres of smooth, slippery mud appear. This mud is not a nice thing to get into, but as a fertilizer it is a great success—the manure with which Nature enriches the vast areas of marsh which are found at the head of the Bay of Fundy. The Petitecodiac River, at Moncton, is a good place to see the tide come in with a "bore." Thousands of well read people, trusting to books written by men of imaginative minds, have lived and died in the belief that the tide at the head of the Bay rose 120 feet. Old editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* used to say so, and one geographer is responsible for the statement that this extraordinary tide was seen thirty miles away approaching in one vast wave and with a prodigious noise. The truth is, that the Bay of Fundy tides rise as high as 60 feet and upwards, and with great rapidity, but take plenty of time to fall. When they enter certain long and narrow estuaries a bore of six feet, and in some cases, even higher, is formed. This is, however, worth seeing, and worth keeping out of the way of, if you are out in a boat and don't know how to manage it; but a traveller who has set his heart on a bore of sixty or a hundred feet is apt to be disappointed.

Seven miles beyond Moncton is Painsie Junction, where the tourist changes cars for

SHEDIAC.

Everyone has heard of the Shediac oysters, those marvels of flavor on the half-shell or in

an A 1 stew. This is the place where they live when they are at home, and where one may admire their open countenances as they come fresh from their native element. Shediac has more than oysters to recommend it, however, for it is one of the most pleasant summer-resorts on this shore. As yet, strangers have hardly found it out, but its beauties are well known to the people of New Brunswick, many of whom pay it a visit during the summer months. All who go to Shediac enjoy themselves. The village of itself is a pretty place, and the locality is a charming one. The harbor is a beautiful sheet of water, about a mile and a half long, and from three to five miles wide. All around it is a smooth and gently sloping sand beach, affording every facility for bathing in the pleasantly warm water. Bath houses have been erected for those who desire them, and though the water is the salt sea, from the Gulf, there are no under-tows to play tricks upon the weak and unwary. There are neither squalls nor rough seas in the harbor, and it is a splendid cruising ground for pleasure boats, which can be furnished by Mr. Snarr and others who live near at hand. The Island, a short distance away, is much in favor for pleasure parties. A visit to the Cape, one of the prettiest places in the vicinity, will well repay one for the trouble.

Point du Chene, two miles below Shediac, is the deep-water terminus and port of shipment. Here, in the summer, may be seen large numbers of square-rigged vessels, loading with lumber for ports across the ocean. Daily communication is had with Prince Edward Island, by steamer.

A great deal of quiet enjoyment may be had from the trout fishing in this vicinity. The streams most sought by the angler are the Shediac and the Seadouc. On the former, good places are found at Bateman's mill, four miles from the village, and at Gilbert's mill, two miles beyond. Between these places and Point du Chene sea trout may be caught, weighing three and four pounds each. On the Seadouc, the best fishing is at Smith's mill, two and a half miles distant. The trout in these rivers average two and three pounds each. Fishing commences in the latter part of May, and the fly preferred is the red hackle. Down the shore, good fishing is had at Dickey's mill, three miles, and at Aboushagan, eight miles distant. Good bass and mackerel fishing is had in the harbor and off the Island, in the fall. In September and October, three and four-pound bass can be caught from the wharf at Point du Chene.

Oysters, of course, are abundant, while sea-clams, mud clams and lobsters are found everywhere along the shore.

Plover shooting commences on the 1st of September, and good success is had on the shore from Point du Chene to Barachois, a range of about four miles. This shore is also a good place for geese, brant and ducks in the spring and fall, and another good shooting ground is at Grand Digue, about eight miles distant by road.

Board is very reasonable and excellent accommodation is provided. The Weldon House, which runs a free carriage to and from the steamers at Point du Chene, is well conducted. The rate is only \$1.50 a day, and board may be secured for \$5 and \$6 a week. The Gulf Port steamers call at Point du Chene, and Shediac and its vicinity shows no small amount of stir in the summer. With fine climate, fresh sea breezes, sunny days and cool nights, the place is remarkably healthy; more than that, it is exceedingly pleasant.

The traveller can go from Shediac direct to Prince Edward Island, he can return to Moncton and thence to St. John; or he can return to Painsec and continue his journey south. Taking the latter course, he enters upon a fine country, which becomes more settled and better cultivated as he proceeds. Memramcook is a settlement largely composed of Acadian French. St. Joseph's College and other educational institutions (R. C.) are the chief features of interest. A few miles beyond is Dorchester, prettily situated on rising ground. The Maritime Penitentiary, for long-term prisoners, is a conspicuous object in approaching the village. Copper is mined in the vicinity and ship-building has been carried on actively for many years. Dorchester has furnished the Province with one of its Governors and the Supreme Court with one of its judges. Being the Shire-town of Westmoreland, law and politics enter largely into the elements of its daily life.

Eleven miles beyond this is Sackville, a place which would be quite a town if the houses were close together, but which is scattered over miles of country. Farming is extensively carried on, and some of the finest cattle in the Lower Provinces are raised here. The thousands of acres of fertile marsh are a rich heritage, and the farmers are fully aware of their value. The Mount Allison College and Academies (Methodist) are located in Sackville and afford every facility for thorough education. They are finely situated and are well attended.

It has been the dream of Sackville, for many

years, to have a railway to Cape Tormentine, communicating with Prince Edward Island, and this now bids fair to be realized.

Local sportsmen find fair goose and duck shooting at the lakes above Sackville, and snipe shooting is also carried on to some extent.

Leaving Sackville, the road takes its way over the Tintamarre Marsh for several miles, close to the head of the Bay of Fundy. Au Lac station is another proposed terminus for the Cape Tormentine Railway, and was also the point at which the Baie Verte Canal would have commenced, had it been built. The isthmus at this point is a little over eleven miles wide from water to water, and it is not twenty miles from one anchorage to the other. The country is well settled between the two shores.

A short distance beyond Au Lac is a hill upon which may be seen the ruins of Fort Cumberland, the Beauséjour of the French. Those who would learn its story, and the story of France in this part of America, should read Hannay's History of Acadia, a work which has all the fascination of a romance. "These wasting battlements," he says, "have a sadder history than almost any other piece of ground in Acadia, for they represent the last effort of France to hold on to a portion of that Province which was once all her own, which she seemed to value so little when its possession was secure, yet which she fought so hard to save. This ruin is all that remains of the once potent and dreaded Beauséjour." The fort once had accommodation for eight hundred men, and was the chief of a system of fortifications on the isthmus. It was taken by Colonel Moncton in June, 1755, and with its fall the struggle in Acadia was at an end. The English gave the place the name of Fort Cumberland. As the years rolled by it was suffered to fall into decay, and now only the ruins remain, "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

AMHERST.

Everyone who visits Amherst gets the impression that it is a busy place. The business portion of the town is compactly built, and there is a stir upon the streets at all hours of the day and evening. The people move around as if they had something to do and meant to do it, and the stores have a business-like aspect agreeable to witness. The location, too, is a pleasant one, on gently rising ground, and the centre of the town is sufficiently near the railway to save trouble and yet not near enough to have discomfort from the

noise and bustle of the station yard. The private residences show good taste as well as a regard for comfort, and every street has its flower-gardens, which show careful attention on the part of their possessors. Amherst is a live place, and is rapidly growing in size, with a corresponding increase in the amount of its trade. When the Chignecto Ship Railway, for carrying vessels overland across the isthmus, is constructed, Amherst will be a still more important place. The adjacent country abounds with flourishing settlements which make Amherst a centre, and even the villages across the border favor it largely with their custom.

In the winter, when navigation across the strait is impracticable by ordinary means, Amherst is the point of arrival and departure for mails and passengers *en route* for P. E. Island by that extraordinary means—the ice-boat. An ice-boat in the common usage of the term denotes a triangular affair on runners, fitted with sails, and speeding along over the smooth ice with a speed which no other kind of craft, or vehicle, can hope to equal. This is hardly the kind of boat that crosses the Straits of Northumberland. The traveller, well prepared for the journey, goes by the stage to Cape Tormentine, and puts up at the house of the celebrated "Tom Allen." If the weather be clear, and the condition of the ice and water not absolutely bad, he will not be delayed long before the boat is ready to start. The distance to Cape Traverse is about nine miles, part solid ice, part drifting ice, part water, and sometimes a great deal of broken ice or "lolly." The "ice-boat" is a strongly built water boat, in charge of trusty men who thoroughly understand the difficult task that is before them. To this boat straps are attached, and each man, passengers included, has one slung over him. So long as there is any foothold, all hands drag the boat along, and when the water is reached they put the boat in it and get on board. In this way, sometimes up to the waist in water, but safely held by the strap, pulling and hauling over all kinds of places, the journey is accomplished. Sometimes, when the conditions are good, the trip has less hardships than when a large amount of loose ice is piled across the path; but at any time the "voyage" is sufficiently full of novelty, excitement and exercise, to be remembered for many days. There is nothing like it in the ordinary experience of a traveller. It is an unique style of journeying, yet so far, it is the only sure method of communication with the island in the winter season.

Numerous pleasant drives may be had around the vicinity of Amherst. One of these is to Fort Cumberland, from which there is a splendid view of the Bay and the surrounding country for many miles. The drive to Baie Verte and vicinity will also prove of interest, and indeed, as the country is well settled and good farms meet the eye in every part, it is hard for one to take a drive which will not afford pleasure.

The shore to the eastward abounds with duck and geese at the proper seasons. This shore is well settled and has some fine harbors. That of Pugwash is an especially good one, safe, commodious, and deep enough for vessels of any size. Moose are found among the mountains to the south of Amherst, and in other places not far away. The east branch of River Philip, 27 miles distant, and Shulee, 40 miles, are both moose grounds.

The best fishing to be had is at Fountain Lake, Westchester, which is reached by going to Greenville station, from which a drive of five miles brings one to Purdy's hotel. Here there is capital accommodation. The lake is about six miles beyond this, a pretty sheet of water which contains a very gamy salmon trout. "Tom, the Hermit," who dwells by the lake, will answer the stranger's hallo, and make him at home with the best fishing places. Mr. Purdy will, however, see that the visitor is well fitted out and fully posted on all points.

The chief hotels in Amherst are the Lamy and Hamilton Terrace, and the charges are very moderate. The Railway Dining Room is well conducted, and every attention is paid to its patrons. One great feature of the line is the ample time allowed for meals. There need be no indecent haste in eating, and one can do full justice to the good cheer placed before him.

The first station of importance after leaving Amherst is Maccan, near which the Chignecto Coal Mines are situated. Stages run from here, daily to Minudie and the Joggins Mines. Minudie does a large business in grindstones, and the Joggins Mines have a heavy annual output of coal. Beyond Maccan is Athol, from which one may take the stage for Parrsboro, and have a pleasant drive of 22 miles through a very beautiful country. If he prefer to go by rail, he can leave the Intercolonial at Spring Hill Junction and make a journey of 32 miles on the S. H. & P. line. On the way he will see, and may stop at, the well-known Spring Hill Mines. Here stands a busy mining village where ten years ago were but a few farm houses. There are two slopes, reaching

a depth of something like a thousand feet, and a third has just been opened. Last year 170,000 tons of coal were raised and shipped, a portion by the Intercolonial and a portion in vessels from Parrsboro. The slack, or culm, coal is sent chiefly to the United States; the other kinds are used for home consumption.

PARRSBORO

is a place with rare attractions, and is one of the most eligible summer-resorts in the Maritime Provinces. On this point, its residents and its visitors are alike unanimous in their opinion. Situate

"In the Acadian Land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas."

the scenery in its vicinity ranges from the serenely beautiful to the impressively grand. Sea and land, mountain and valley, lakes, rivers, forest and field, all appear in their most pleasing aspect and unite to form a most harmonious whole.

Parrsboro was settled by the American Loyalists, who, like their companions at the mouth of the St. John, named their settlement after Governor Parr. The village has now about 1,200 inhabitants, and is a busy place during the summer months. Large quantities of lumber from the mills in the surrounding country, and of coal from the Spring Hill Mines are shipped from this port. Vessels are continually arriving and departing. The entries and clearances average about five each day and there were nearly a thousand in all last season. Communication is had with St. John, Windsor, Kingsport and Wolfville by steamer, a new, powerful and commodious one having been recently placed on the route.

The tourist who desires to avoid monotony, either of scenery or climate, will find Parrsboro adapted to his wants. A little distance inland is the warm breath of summer, "with spicy odors laden" from the forests and the fields, while upon the shore are the gentle salt-water breezes, not raw and chilly as upon the Atlantic sea-board, but tempered until they become most grateful to the senses. The fogs which sometimes enter the Bay of Fundy rarely intrude here, and never remain sufficiently long to cause a feeling of discomfort.

The most pleasant spot in the vicinity of Parrsboro is Partridge Island, about two miles from the village. It is a peninsula with an area of about fifty acres, but becomes an island during high tides, when the water covers the low ground in the rear. From

this low ground the land rises grandly to a height of about 250 feet, and exposes a bold and majestic bluff to the waters of the basin. Through the beautiful woods by which it is covered, a road winds gracefully to the summit, the timber being cleared at intervals to allow unobstructed views of the surrounding country. These views are simply glorious. The Basin of Minas, famed for its beauty, is here seen to its best advantage. A splendid panorama of sea and land flashes upon the spectator. Far down, where the waters of Fundy become broad and deep, is seen Cape D'Or overlooking the bay. Nearer, as the channel enters the basin, stand Capes Sharp and Split, like sentinels to guard the pass, while Blomidon, rising from the waves, looks down upon the fair and fertile marshes of Grand Pré—the land of Gabriel and Evangeline. Within the basin, the eye ranges far up into Cobequid Bay and across to where the broad waters of the Avon seek their journey to the sea. All around the shores are seen the tokens of a goodly land and a prosperous people. Here and there are islands of rare beauty, while on all sides the mountains, valleys and plains, blend with a harmony which no painter can portray.

The "Ottawa House," at Partridge Island, is a first-class hotel, under the management of Mr. Tabor. It is located on a pleasant part of the shore, and will be found adapted to the requirements of tourists. An hotel, which is more for private board, is also kept by Mr. Kelsoe.

In addition to Partridge Island, the drives and walks in the vicinity of Parrsboro are numerous and most enjoyable. The roads are always good, for the soil is of clean gravel, and mud is unknown at any season of the year. In whatever direction one goes, there are roads upon which it is a pleasure to drive. If another good view is desired, a drive of two miles up the basin to Fraser's Head, or Silver Crag, will be of advantage. Cascade Valley, three or four miles from the village, has a picturesque waterfall, and another, having a descent of perhaps a hundred feet, is found at Moose River, seven miles distant. One of the most attractive drives, however, is to the beautiful Five Islands, twelve miles away. Much of the road thither is romantic in the extreme, presenting all kinds of scenery. For four or five miles the way lies in a gorge between the mountains, while the towering cliffs overshadowing the scene awaken the most sublime emotions. The beauty of Five Islands, too, is something to be long remem-

bered, and, indeed, the place has long had a wide fame, among searchers for the picturesque in Nature. Many prefer to visit Five Islands by sail-boat, and excursions are very frequent. The hotel kept by Mrs. Broderick will be found worthy of patronage.

Those who have never seen one of the curious natural roadways known as horse-backs should take a drive in the direction of River Hebert. This horse-back commences at Fullerton's Bridge, ten miles from Parrsboro, and continues for about eight miles. It much resembles a railway embankment, having the river on one side and low, marshy land on the other. It formed part of the old Military Road to Fort Cumberland, and bears the not specially poetical name of the Boar's Back.

Another pleasant drive is to Advocate Harbor, 30 miles down the shore; but it is hardly necessary to name all of the many drives which are open to the visitor. They are all beautiful ones, through picturesque valleys, amid mountains clothed with every variety of foliage, and by brooks that murmur musically through woodland scenes.

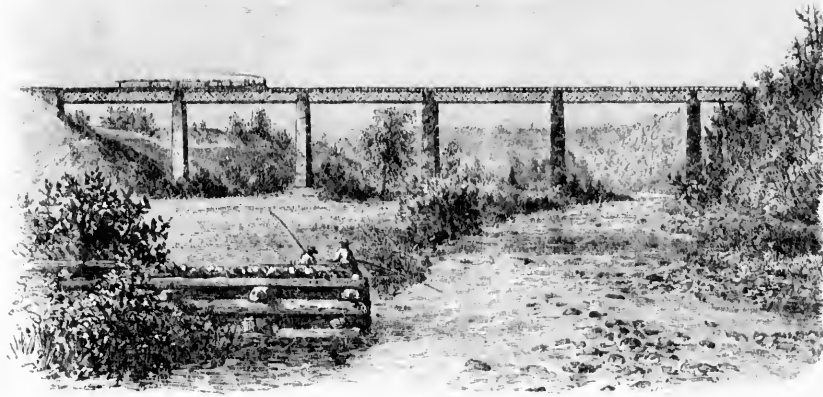
As for trips in yachts and smaller boats, it is enough to say that the Basin of Minas lies before one. Day after day may be spent around its shores, visiting Blomidon, the Islands, and the numerous peaceful bays. Sheltered from rude winds and heavy seas, safe, capacious and beautiful, the Basin has all that pleasure seekers may desire.

Thirteen miles to the north and west of Parrsboro, at Sand River, is found some of the best caribou and moose hunting in Nova Scotia. Here there is a large area in which, from the middle of September to the last of January, an abundance of shooting may be had, both of this game and of bears. Nearer to Parrsboro, are large numbers of partridge, so plenty indeed, that as many as thirty-two have been shot in one afternoon. Geese, brant, ducks and other sea-shore game are abundant around the shores. This part of the country always had a good reputation for sport. Two hundred and fifty years ago, it is written, game was so plenty that the Indians of this part of Acadia had so little exertion to make in hunting that they were considered sedentary in their habits. They have almost disappeared, but the game is still to be found.

This is not notably a salmon country, though some are found in Partridge Island and Five Island rivers, and are present, to a certain extent, in others. The trout fishing is fair, there being plenty of medium size. Partridge Island, Moose, Diligent and Half Way Rivers are the

best fishing streams. Some sport may also be had at Leak's Lake and Lake Pleasant, close to Parrsboro; at Fullerton's Lake, 5 miles away and at Caspereaux Lake, 6 or 7 miles distant. Good salt water fishing may be had in the Basin, where cod, halibut, hake, pollack and haddock are found in abundance. Fresh fish may, therefore, be had all through the season, while the best of farm products are got from the surrounding country. It is a place where farming can be followed with profit, as is proved by the experience of Dr. Townshend, Collector of Customs. Last year he raised no less than 520 bushels of potatoes from one acre of ground. This extraordinary

villages on the north shore will not be time spent in vain. The railway is now ascending the well-known Cobequid Mountains, the summit of which it attains at Folly Lake, 607 feet above the sea, the highest point on the line, with the exception of the Summit on the other side of the Metapediae Valley. The scenery while going over the mountains is picturesque. At times the valley is seen far below, the river flowing through its green intervals, and again the train passes through cuttings where the rocks bear witness to the labor involved in the construction of the road over the mountains. Over the Folly Valley is a viaduct six hundred feet long and eighty-



FOLLY VIADUCT.

field shows that the country is as substantial in its resources as it is beautiful in its appearance, a lively combination of *utile cum dulci*.

Regaining the line of the Intercolonial at Spring Hill Junction the visitor passes a fine country, of which the settlements seen from the cars convey no proper idea. At Oxford, the extensive factories, one branch of industry being the manufacture of the celebrated Oxford cloths, which have a reputation which has spread even to distant lands. At Thomson connection is made, by stage, with Pugwash; from Greenville, access is had to the Westchester fishing grounds, and at Wentworth stages are taken to Wallace, Tatamagouche and New Annan. A visit to the flourishing

two feet high. It is substantially built and literally "founded upon a rock."

At Londonderry a branch railway runs to the Acadia Iron Works three miles distant, the operations of which will be of much interest to those not familiar with the manufacture of iron from the ore. Stages also run to the mines, and to Great Village, Economy and Five Islands.

TRURO.

Less than a century and a quarter ago the land where Truro stands was without a habitation built by Anglo-Saxon hands. The first settlers found one or two old barns which the

French had built a few miles from the present town, and being more matter-of-fact than poetical, bestowed the name of Old Barns upon that part of the township. This name survives until the present day, for the people of Nova Scotia have a pride in being conservative, and in preserving their ancient landmarks. Fortunately for the peace of the fashionable society of the town to-day, nothing old, not even a horse, was found on the site of Truro, and so the settlement was honored with a rather euphonious name. Well, it merits a pretty name, for it is a pretty place. The reader may possibly get the idea that the term "pretty place" is getting somewhat monotonous in these pages, but he must remember that there are various degrees of beauty in places as well as people. Besides, such adjectives as "pretty," when applied to places, and "beautiful," when applied to scenery, are too convenient to be ignored for the sake of synonyms in less general use. Truro, therefore, is pretty, and every visitor must endorse the statement. Its long, wide streets are adorned with shade trees, the houses have lawns and flower gardens beautifully arranged, and the entire town presents a neat and attractive appearance. Yet the town is more than good looking; it is active and enterprising. Quite a number of factories, of various kinds, are in operation, and others are projected. The stores do a brisk business; some of the merchants are direct importers to a large amount; and, as a whole, the commercial aspect makes a favorable impression on the mind of the visitor. The population of the town is between five and six thousand. The Provincial, Normal and Model schools are noteworthy features of the place, while numerous other buildings of a substantial character are found in the various streets. Hotels, too, are abundant. Several are located near the station, but the "Prince of Wales," in the upper part of the town, has the most pleasant location for tourists. It is situated near the County Buildings and faces the public square.

While at Parrsboro, the visitor had a chance of looking up to Cobequid Bay. From Truro he can reverse the picture and look down. By ascending Penny's Mountain, three miles from the Court House, a splendid view is had of the bay, taking in the range of the North Mountains, terminating at Blomidon, while the river meanders gracefully through the valley on its way to the troubled waters of Fundy. From Wollaston Heights, a mile from the Court House, is found another fine view of the surrounding country, while the best views of the town, down to the bay, are had from Wim-

burn and Foundry Hills. A drive to Clifton will be found of interest, stopping at Savage's Island, a mile and a half from the town. Here are the traces of a former Indian burial ground, but this circumstance did not give rise to the name of the island. It was called after an old-time owner of the soil—a Savage by name, but not by nature. The wooden monuments of the ancient race can still be seen; and at times the tide, washing away portions of the bank, lays bare the bones of those long since departed "to the Kingdom of Pouemah." The Shubenacadie has a bore, similar to that of the Petiteodiac which may be seen rushing past the island. After one has seen water coming up here, he can return to Truro and see it going down, in a picturesque cascade, on Leper's Brook, half a mile from the town. No one seems to know how this brook got its peculiar name, but as there is no record of any lepers in this part of Canada, the word is probably a corruption of some French name. It may be from *Laper*, to lap, or from *Laperou*, a young rabbit, or from one of a dozen other words. It doesn't make any difference. Another curious name is that of Bible Hill, which is a beautiful part of Truro. Sam Slick spoke of it as "a situation of most consummate beauty," and he was a good judge of nature—as well as of human nature.

If one has not seen the Acadian Mines, a drive to them from Truro, a distance of 20 miles, is well worth the trouble. The road is good and the scenery fine. Another drive of 20 miles over Tatamagouche Mountains to Farm Lake takes one through a rich variety of mountain scenery. All the trees of the forest are to be seen on the road, at times on lofty hills, at times in pleasant vales. In many places the branches over-arch the road, and amid these umbrageous shades, the voices of the birds and the music of the brooks falls sweetly on the ear. At the lake, elevated over a thousand feet above the sea, the fisherman may enjoy a calm content amid Nature's beauties, and have a further reward in an abundance of excellent trout. Lake trout of the best quality are found in all of the numerous lakes in this vicinity.

The fishing around Truro is chiefly confined to trout. Salmon exist, but the pursuit of them is usually under difficulties. Sometimes they take the fly, but more times they don't. The North and Salmon Rivers have been re-stocked from the government establishment at Bedford, and will doubtless afford good sport, in time. In the latter river fish known as graylings are caught in large quantities. Some allege that

this fish is a trout and others that it is a young salmon. Whatever it may be, it is a lively fish under the rod. It ranges from two to six pounds in weight. When large salmon are caught in this river, it is in the month of August. None of the Nova Scotia rivers are under lease for salmon, and it costs nothing to try one's luck, which may, at times, prove very good. The Shubenacadie and Steviacke Rivers are worth a trial, and Crystal Lake, near Brookfield, has afforded sport in the past. In the last named rivers the "Admiral" is the favorite fly. Trout and grayling are found in the streams already named, in the Folly and Debert Rivers, and in Folly Lake. The latter is a pretty sheet of water with clusters of islands, and boats are kept for the use of visitors. This lake has also been stocked with white fish from Ontario. The "Red Hackle" is a good fly for any of the lakes; the "Brown Hackle" is good in all places; while the "May Fly" does excellent service in the early part of the season.

A thick forest covers almost all of the range of mountains from Truro to Tatamagouche Bay, and naturally affords good sport. The best moose ground, however, is among the Steviacke Mountains, commencing, say, fourteen miles from the town. Johnson's Crossing, five miles, and Riversdale, twelve miles, have also good reputations. Caribou are migratory, and not to be depended on, but a likely place for them is at Pembroke, twenty-three miles distant. Indian guides can be hired in Truro for about a dollar a day. They will do all the cooking and camp work, and are to be relied on in matters of woodcraft.

Partridge are plenty, and after the latter part of July, snipe, plover, and curlew may be bagged on the marshes within a hundred yards of the Court House. Ducks, geese, and brant, frequent the lakes in the fall and spring.

The most profitable kind of game in this county is the fox. The silver and gray reynards are not to be despised; but rare and valuable creature, the black fox, means something over a hundred dollars a pelt. One of the residents struck a bonanza last winter by trapping four of them, and exchanged their skins for over four hundred dollars in cash. It is but just to add that black foxes are not sufficiently numerous to be a nuisance to the farmers, nor is the trapping of them to be depended on as a permanent means of livelihood.

DOWN AMONG THE COAL MINES.

The branch of the Intercolonial which joins the main line at Truro, passes through the



most extensive of the Nova Scotia coal-fields, and ends at Pictou, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Coal is king in this part of the country, and to speak of a respected resident as a "Carboniferous" man, is simply a compliment equivalent to "as good as gold" in other places. It answers the same purpose to say that his conduct as a citizen is solidly "based upon conglomerate and amygdaloidal trap;" it is purely a matter of taste as to which is the more elegant term.

Nova Scotia is a very carboniferous sort of country. Coal seams are found in a great many places, while in some instances the deposits are something of which the term "immense" gives the best conception of the area and depth. The strata seen at the Joggins mines, where the sea washes the cliffs, is said to be the best display of the kind in the world. The Pictou field is a continuation of the same field—the great Nova Scotia Coal field, with its 76 seams of coal and a thickness of no less than 14,750 feet of deposits. It took a long time for all this to form. It was so long ago, that every kind of animal which roamed in the forests of the period has been extinct for thousands of years. Yes, the coal fields are pretty old; it took ages to form each one of the seams; and yet when the fisherman barks his shins on the granite rocks of the Nepisiguit he feels something a good deal older than the coal. It may mitigate his wrath and repress his profanity to know that he is bruised by what was part of the bottom of an ocean, "before a single plant had been called into existence of the myriads entombed in the coal deposits." So it will be seen that coal is quite a *parvenu*, as compared with some of the old geological families; but it is old enough for all practical purposes where man is concerned.

To say that the scenery along the line from Truro to New Glasgow is magnificent, would be an unwarrantable departure from the standard of probity elevated by the late talented proprietor of Mt. Vernon, Virginia. It is not interesting, and that is all that is necessary to

be seen. Stellarton, where some of the celebrated coal mines are situated, is forty miles from Truro, and three miles beyond this is

NEW GLASGOW.

The names of the place and of its residents are in complete harmony. Here, as in other parts of Pictou County, everything is as essentially Scotch as it can be after a growth of a century on the soil of America. Old and immortal names in Scotland's history adorn shop after shop and descendants of those who fought with Bruce and Wallace stand behind the counters, surrounded by all the insignia of peace. New Glasgow is a town in which a great deal of industry is manifest. Many fine vessels have been built here, and Iron Works, Steel Works and Glass Works speak most favorably for its enterprise. It has some fine buildings, the Masonic Hall among the number, and a full supply of hotels. The Halifax and Cape Breton Railway runs from here to the Strait of Canseau, and affords an easy means of communication with the island of Cape Breton.

The nearest place from which a good view of the surrounding country can be had is Fraser's Mountain, about a mile and a half from the town. This view takes in Prince Edward Island, Pictou and Pictou Island, and down the shore as far as Cape St. George, besides the country in the rear. He who wants to see coal mines and some good scenery as well should drive to Stellarton, through the collieries, calling also at Middle River and winding up at Fitzpatrick's Mountain, Green Hill. From the latter place the country can be seen in all directions for a distance of something like forty miles. A drive to Little Harbor, six or seven miles, and a bathe in the salt-water is also "not hard to take." At Sutherlands River, six miles distant, is a fine waterfall with picturesque surroundings.

Gentle reader, were you ever in a coal mine? If not, and not likely to be, get some able bodied friend, a tub and a rope, and allow the former to lower the latter and yourself into a dark, damp and not over clean cellar where there is a coal bin. This method is cheap, safe and convenient, and has many points of resemblance to the genuine article. If you must visit a mine, however, visit one of those in Pictou County. You will have no trouble in finding one, and after rambling among the darkness a thousand feet or so under the earth, you will feel glad to see daylight again. Some one has said that no one can appreciate cold water so well as a man who suffers from the thirst following a debauch; no one can better

realize the beauty of green fields, the blessing of pure air, and the glory of the sunlight than one who has been down among the coal mines.

PICTOU

is an old, important and well-known town. The railway runs to within a mile of it, and the rest of the journey is performed by a steamer across the harbor. This is a pleasant trip, for the harbor is a beautiful and well sheltered one—the best in this part of Nova Scotia. The town, rising on a hill, makes a particularly good appearance from the water. A closer inspection shows some fine buildings, such as the Custom House, Court House, Christian Association Building, Pictou Academy, the Convent, Chapel, and a number of Churches. Vessels of all sizes and rigs are in the harbor and at the wharves, and the scene is altogether an inspiring one. The town does a large shipping business, and vast quantities of coal are sent from here to places near and far. Business of other kinds is brisk, and large numbers of travellers visit the place during the summer. Two lines of steamers run to Prince Edward Island—the P. E. I. Steam Navigation Company make four trips a week and the Gulf Ports Line two trips. The former also run to Cape Breton and the latter to Quebec, calling at intermediate ports.

Some good scenery may be found in the vicinity of Pictou. In the town an admirable view of the surrounding country and the waters to the north and east may be enjoyed from the roof of the Academy. Drives in the vicinity of East, West and Middle Rivers will also repay one. Fitzpatrick's Mountain and Green Hill have already been mentioned, and another good view is from Mount Thom. Another drive is down the shore to Caribou Point and between Caribou River and River John. For bathing, a good place is at Caribou Cove, less than two miles from the town, where there is a fine sandy beach. Other good bathing places and good views may also be found with little trouble. The county, with its low land along the shore and hills and valleys in the interior, its lakes and its rivers, has many scenes of real beauty for the lover of Nature.

The fishing in the county is chiefly confined to trout. Salmon enter the streams only in the spawning season, about the 1st of September, and go out before the ice begins to form.

The trout streams are Barney's French, Sutherland Rivers and River John. These have good sea trout during the summer.

Middle and West Rivers have small runs of trout, but, taken as a whole, the rivers in this vicinity have been pretty well "fished out." Fine trout are, however, taken at times in Maple and McQuanie's Lakes. Mr. Prichard, of New Glasgow, is fishery overseer, and will be able to "post" visitors as to the best places. Some good sport may be found in fishing for mackerel, cod, etc., on the coast.

The country to the southward of Pictou has an abundance of moose. Let one take a trip, with guides, from West River, through Glengarry, Stewiacke, Nelson's and Sundy Brae, and over to Caledonia, or Guysboro, and he is pretty sure to have fair luck. Caribou are found at times, but moose is the chief game to be relied on. Bears are plenty, and so are partridge. Along the shore, snipe, plover, curlew, geese and all kinds of ducks are found in large numbers.

ANNO MURIUM.

Somewhere around this part of Nova Scotia the stranger may be fortunate enough to find one of the very oldest inhabitants who was an eye-witness to those most extraordinary events which happened in the Year of the Mice. The younger generation appear to know little about it, though it was a memorable epoch in the history of the country. It was, in fact, a plague of mice, which visited Pictou, Colechester and Antigonish, as well as Prince Edward Island. As long ago as 1699, Dierville wrote that the latter place had a plague either of mice or locusts every seven years, but in more modern times the phenomenon has been witnessed but once. That once was enough.

It was in the year 1815 that the mice took a "Grand Farewell Benefit," in the presence of a large but far from admiring audience. They began to show themselves at that period in the year when the Spring Poet warbles and the sap runs from the maples. By planting time their numbers had augmented to an extent which struck terror to the hearts of the people; and the cry was, "Still they come!" They were not little field mice, such as Burns has immortalized, but were more nearly of the size of rats. If Burns had been there he would not have stopped to write poetry, but would have got out a field roller and crushed them by the thousand. They ate everything that mice can eat, and nearly ate up the people, for when molested they sat on their haunches and squealed defiance with their glistening teeth laid bare. As with the rats at Hamelin Town in Brunswick:

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chat,
By shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

It took a brave dog to face a mob of them, and ordinary cats proved that good generalship is often shown by a timely and skilful retreat. Dr. Patterson, in his History of Pictou, is authority for the statement a farmer attempted to sow oats at Merigomish, and was disgusted to find that the mice ate them as fast as he sowed. Finding that his labor simply amounted to feeding part of a hungry horde, he finally got out of patience, threw all his oats at them and went home in intense disgust. Spreading over the country as the season advanced, they devoured all before them. Acres were stripped of growing crops, and still the mice grew and their appetites increased apace. Trenches were dug, and all sorts of expedients resorted to, but in vain. The mice question became an absorbing one, when all at once the intruders made up their minds to get up and get. But, like the army of Napoleon in Russia, and the followers of De Soto to the Mississippi, death marched in their midst. Thousands of those that had achieved such brilliant conquests lay down and died. Thousands more reached the sea-shore, but only to die. All along the coast their bodies lay piled up in masses like lines of sea-weed, and for many weeks the fish caught in the bays were found to have their maws filled with the remains of the annihilated army of mice.

For many years after this remarkable visitation, it was the custom of many of the people to reckon births, marriages, deaths, etc., as being such and such a time after the year of the mice. *Anno Murium* took the place of *Anno Domini*; but as succeeding generations grew up, this system of chronology became obsolete; and it has long since ceased to be known, save to the ones who "were there and helped kill 'em."

ANTIGONISH.

If you want to find able-bodied men, take the H. & C. B. Railway and go to Antigonish. Here you will find the descendants of Highlanders who look able for all comers. Six feet and odd inches tall are they, and stout in proportion.

Antigonish is called the prettiest village in Eastern Nova Scotia. Its neat, tidy dwellings stand amid beautiful shade trees on low ground, while the hills rise in graceful cones near at

hand. Among these hills are sweet and pleasant valleys and the brooks are as clear as crystal. The village is the capital of the county, and is also the seat of the Bishop of Arichat. St. Ninian's Cathedral is a fine edifice, built of stone and erected at a large expense. It is said to seat about 1,200 persons. St. Francois Xavier College is situated near it, and has a large attendance. The community is largely composed of Scotch Catholics, and as many of the older people speak Gaelic only, sermons are preached in that as well as the English language. The harbor is eight miles from the village and has a good, though rather shallow, beach. The village has several hotels.

banks rise abruptly from it and have a very beautiful effect. It was of this lake that the late Hon. Joseph Howe said,

"Far down the ancient trees reflected lie,
Stem, branch and leaf, like fairy tracery,
Wave 'round the homes of some enchanting race,
The guardian nymphs of this delightful place."

The Sherbrooke road is a good way by which to reach some of the fishing and hunting grounds of Guysboro. By going about 20 miles St. Mary's River is reached, at the Forks. Here there is good fishing, all along the river, and good accommodation may be had at Stewart's hotel, Melrose. From here to the Still-



FALLS OF THE TARTAGUE RIVER.

Those who like a quiet and home-like place should go to Mrs. Randall's.

Though the word "Antigonish" means Big Fish River, yet the fishing in this vicinity does not amount to much. The shooting, also, is poor, but good scenery is plenty. The "Lord's Day Gale" and other storms have done a large amount of injury to the forests, but enough beauty remains to satisfy the sight-seer. By all odds, the most attractive spot is at Lochaber Lake, on the road to Sherbrooke, six miles from the village. This lake is about six miles long and the road runs along its bank for the entire distance, amid foliage of the most attractive character. The water is very deep, and remarkably clear and pure, while the

water Salmon Pools is seven miles, and some fine salmon may be caught. Accommodation is furnished by John Archibald. Sherbrook, a few miles lower down, is a very pretty place, and here one may catch not only fine sea trout, but salmon ranging from fifteen to forty pounds in weight. The fly best suited to this river is one with light yellow body and dark yellow wings. In the other salmon rivers the "Admiral" is a favorite, as well as another with turkey wing, gray body and golden pheasant tail. Guysboro Lakes have fine trout in them. The mountains of this county, too, are the haunts of moose and caribou. It is an excellent country for sport.

Following the railway from Antigonish one

may stop at Tracadie, where there is a fine harbor and a splendid view of St. George's Bay and the Gulf. There is fair fishing in the vicinity. Here there is a Trappist Monastery, the brothers of which have mills in operation and are also expert farmers. Nearly all the land in the county is fertile, and fruit can be raised with good success. There is also an Indian Reservation at Tracadie, and plenty of the aborigines are found along the shore.

The railway runs down to the Strait of Canseau amid picturesque mountains, with fine views of the Bay to the north, as far as Cape St. George. The road is a very easy one, well equipped and makes good time. On reaching Pirates' Harbor, a brakeman puzzles the traveller by shouting, "Strait of Canseau! All who are going to take the boat stay aboard this car!" This does not mean that the car and the boat cross over in company, but that the train will run up to Port Mulgrave, the deep water terminus. Before going, however, one will want to see a little of this side of this famous Strait.

The Strait of Canseau, the great highway between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the North Atlantic coast, is some fourteen miles in length and about a mile in width. It is of itself a picture worth coming far to see, on account of its natural beauty; but when on a summer's day hundreds of sail are passing through, the scene is one to delight an artist's soul. On the Nova Scotia side the land is high and affords a glorious view, both of the Strait and of the western section of Cape Breton. The prospect both up and down the strait is pleasing in the extreme.

At Pirates' Harbor a comfortable hotel is kept by Mrs. Maguire. There is excellent bathing in the vicinity and some bold and impressive scenery. Some fair trout fishing may be found near at hand. Morrison's Lake, which lies under the shadow of Mount Porcupine, is two miles from the wharf, and is reached by an easy road. Big Tracadie Lake is three and a half miles distant; and Chisholm's Lake lies between the one last mentioned and the highway. The road is a good one and through a settled country. To the southward of the wharf are the Goose Harbor Lakes, a chain which extends from three miles beyond Pirates' Harbor to the southern coast of Guysboro. Mr. S. T. Hall, Station Agent at Mulgrave, will be found a good authority as to the fishing in the county, as well as on other subjects.

CAPE BRETON.

The limits of this work will allow but a passing glance at this valuable portion of Nova

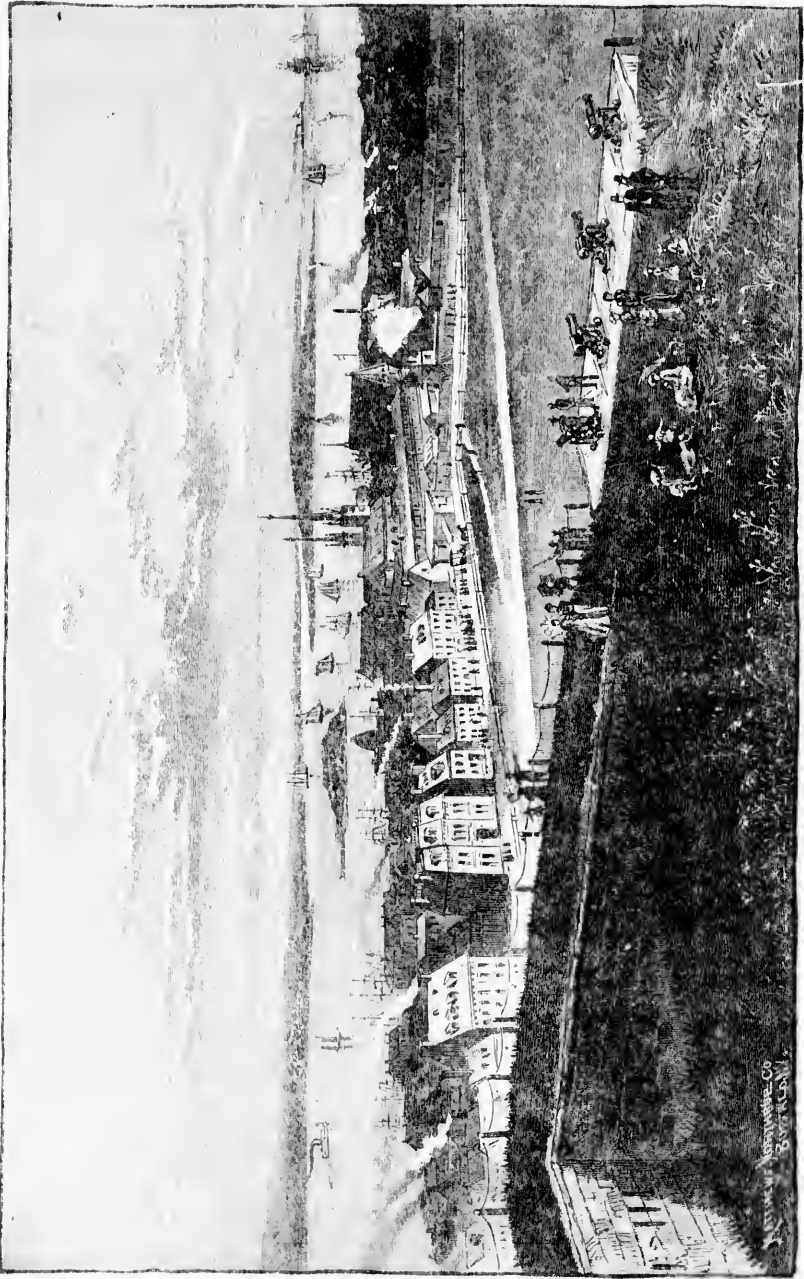
Scotia—a place which retains so much of its natural and primeval beauty, and which evokes the warmest praises from all who journey over its face or traverse its noble waters.

Taking the H. & C. B. Railway steamer at Mulgrave, the trip across the strait is soon made. On the way a headland to the northward, on the Nova Scotia side, will attract some attention. It is Cape Porcupine, and from its summit the telegraph wires once crossed to Plaister Cove, high over the waters. The strongest of wires were used, but breaks would occur at times and then all cable business between England and America, by the way of Newfoundland, had to wait until the break was repaired. Submarine cables are now used and give less trouble. Arriving at Port Hawkesbury the traveller can take the steamer "Powerful," which makes daily connections with trains, and lands passengers at the head of East Bay, ten miles from Sydney. The "Neptune" makes a trip every second day. These steamers call at St. Peter's Canal, and then proceed up the famed Bras D'Or.

Who can describe the beauties of this strange ocean lake, this imprisoned sea which divides an island in twain? For about fifty miles its waters are sheltered from the ocean of which it forms a part, and in this length it expands into bays, inlets, and romantic havens, with islands, peninsulas and broken lines of coast—all combining to form a scene of rare beauty, surpassing the power of pen to describe. At every turn new features claim our wonder and admiration. Here a cluster of fairy isles, here some meandering stream, and here some narrow strait leading into a broad and peaceful bay. High above tower the mountains, with their ancient forests, while at times bold cliffs, crowned with verdure, rise majestically toward the clouds. Nothing is common, nothing tame; all is fitted to fill the mind with emotions of keenest pleasure.

Sydney is an old and eminently respectable town. The Sydney coal is known wherever coal is burned, and the quantity of this article available in the coal fields of the island is estimated at a thousand million tons. This does not include seams under four feet in thickness, nor the vast body of coal which lies under the bed of the ocean between Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Sydney has a splendid harbor, and is a coaling port for ocean steamers. It is a pleasant place to visit, and is well supplied with hotels and private boarding houses. The largest are the Mackenzie and Intercolonial.

North Sydney is a lively business place, and



HALIFAX FROM CITADEL.

W. & A. BROWN & CO.
NEW YORK

is reached from Sydney by a ferry steamer, making three trips daily, and by a daily stage. Stages also run to Glace Bay, Lingan, Cow Bay, and all other points of interest. The chief hotels at North Sydney are the Presto and Belmont.

While space will not allow even a mention of many of the places of interest in Cape Breton, there is one which merits more than a passing notice. It is Louisbourg, once one of the strongest fortified cities of the world, but now a grass-grown ruin where not one stone is left upon another. Once it was a city with walls of stone which made a circuit of two and a half miles, were thirty-six feet high, and of the thickness of forty feet at the base. For twenty-five years the French had labored upon it, and had expended upwards of thirty millions of livres in completing its defences. It was called the Dunkirk of America. Garrisoned by the veterans of France, and with powerful batteries commanding every point, it bristled with the most potent pride of war. To-day it is difficult to trace its site among the turf which marks the ruins. Seldom has demolition been more complete. It seemed built for all time; it has vanished from the face of earth.

Every New Englander should visit Louisbourg. Its capture by the undisciplined New England farmers, commanded by William Pepperel, a merchant ignorant of the art of war, is one of the most extraordinary events in the annals of history. The zealous crusaders set forth upon a task, of the difficulties of which they had no conception, and they gained a triumph which should make their names as immortal as those of the "noble six hundred." It was a feat without a parallel—a marvel among the most marvelous deeds which man has dared to do.

Restored to France by the peace of Aix la Chapelle, Louisbourg was again the stronghold of France on the Atlantic coast, and French veterans held Cape Breton, the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The brief truce was soon broken, and then came the armies of England, and Wolfe sought and won his first laurels in the new world. Louisbourg fell once more and the knell of its glory was rung. The conquest of Canada achieved, the edict went forth that Louisbourg should be destroyed. The work of demolition was commenced. The solid buildings, formed of stone brought from France, were torn to pieces; the walls were pulled down, and the batteries rendered useless for all time. It took two years to complete the work of destruction, and then the once proud city was a shapeless ruin. Years passed by;

the stones were carried away by the dwellers along the coast, and the hand of time was left to finish the work of obliteration. Time has been more merciful than man; it has covered the gloomy ruins with a mantle of green, and has healed the gaping wounds which once rendered ghastly the land which Nature made so fair. The surges of the Atlantic sound mournfully upon the shore—the requiem of Louisbourg, the city made desolate.

Another Louisbourg exists to-day, across the harbor from the site of the former city. It has a population of about 1000 and is reached by the Sydney & Louisbourg Railway, a narrow gauge line, 31 miles in length. The fare from Sydney is only 75 cents and tourists should make the trip. Some fine scenery is found on the road at Catalone Lake and Miré. The Louisbourg Land Co.'s Hotel affords good accommodation; and apart from its historic interest the place is worthy of a visit. The site of old Louisbourg may be visited and the lines of some of the fortifications traced, and one who has a history which gives a good account of the sieges may be interested and instructed in following out the plans of the attacking parties. Then there is a magnificent harbor which opens on the broad ocean, and one may enjoy all the pleasures of life by the sea-shore. The views are admirable, and altogether a large amount of pleasure may be had.

Lake Ainslie and the Margarie River are great fishing resorts on the Island, having both salmon and trout. They are reached by going to Port Hastings and travelling from twenty to thirty-five miles, by road. River Dennis, another good locality, is reached by taking one of the Bras D'Or steamers to Whyecomogh. Other good fishing may be had in the various streams of the Island.

The counties of Inverness and Victoria occupy the northern part of Cape Breton, and are to a great extent wild and unsettled. Taking the steamer to Baddeck a few hours' journey will take one into a country where moose and caribou are plenty, and where he may either camp out among the mountains in the depth of the forest or make his head-quarters among the well-to-do farmers in the occasional settlements.

Cape North and Cape St. Lawrence are the extreme northerly points of the island and from the former to Newfoundland is a little over sixty miles. The ocean cable is landed at Aspy Bay.

From Cape St. Lawrence it is only fifty miles to the Magdalen Islands. These waters have seen terrible destruction of life and property.

One of the most notable was the Lord's Day Gale, of 23d August, 1873, which carried mourning to the homes of so many fishermen's families in Massachusetts and the Provinces. Traces of this terrible gale are to be found all along the shores on this part of the Gulf. The graphic description by E. C. Stedman is only too faithful:

Cape Breton and Edward Isle between,
In strait and gulf the schooners lay;
The sea was all at peace, I ween,
The night before that August day;
Was never a Gloucester skipper there,
But thought ere long, with a right good fare,
To sail for home from St. Lawrence Bay.

The East Wind gathered all unknown,—
A thick sea-cloud his course before;
He left by right the frozen zone
And smote the cliffs of Labrador;
He lashed the coast on either hand,
And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
Into the Bay his armies pour.

He caught our helpless cruisers there
As a gray wolf carries the huddling fold;
A sleet — a darkness — filled the air,
A shuddering wave before it rolled:
That Lord's Day morn it was a breeze,—
At noon, a blast that shook the seas,—
At night—a wind of death took hold!

From Saint Paul's light to Edward Isle
A thousand craft it smote amain;
And some against it strove the while,
And more to make a port were fain:
The mackerel gulls flew screaming past,
And the stick that bent to the noonday blast
Was split by the sundown hurricane.

There were twenty and more of Breton sail,
Fast anchored on one mooring ground;
Each lay within his neighbor's hail, {round:
When the thick of the tempest closed them
All sank at once in the gaping sea,—
Somewhere on the shoals their corpses be,
The foundered hulks, and the seamen drowned.

On reef and bar our schooners drove
Before the wind, before the swell;
By the steep sand cliff their ribs were stove,—
Long, long their crews the tale shall tell!
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks three score;
Of the Province sail two hundred more
Were stranded in that tempest fell.

TRURO TO HALIFAX.

An abrupt transition from the wild and rugged scenery of Cape Breton to the fair inland villages of Colchester, and soon we are among the Stewiackes. This is a fine part of the country, the most flourishing portion of which

is not seen from the railway. Large tracts of rich intervals and excellent upland make the district a good one for the farmer,—one of the finest in Nova Scotia. Through this district flows the Stewiacke river, which takes its rise among the hills of Pictou and flows for forty miles, or so, until it empties into the Shubenacadie at Fort Ellis. The Shubenacadie is a large and swift stream, and was at one time looked upon as the future highway of commerce across the Province. More than half a century ago the people of Halifax grew excited over the idea that the trade of the Basin of Minas was being carried to St. John. Nature had placed a chain of lakes at the source of the river, and it would seem that art would have little trouble in constructing a canal. Meetings were held, surveys and speeches were made, money was subscribed and the work was commenced. It was never finished, and never will be. The enthusiasm subsided, the supplies ceased, and the Great Shubenacadie Canal was abandoned. The ruins still exist, but the railway has taken the place of a canal for all time to come.

Both the Stewiacke and Shubenacadie have good fishing, and so have the lakes beyond the latter as Windsor Junction is approached. Grand Lake has fine grayling fishing in June, July, September and October. Four years ago, 120,000 whitefish were put into this lake and are believed to be doing well. All the lakes of Halifax county afford good fishing, but the rivers, with a few exceptions, are short and rapid streams which become very low during the summer season.

The country from Shubenacadie, east to Canseau abounds with moose and other game, as has already been intimated in connection with Guysboro.

Windsor Junction, 14 miles from Halifax, has admirable facilities for the pasturage of goats, and the procuring of ballast for breakwaters. Here the line branches off to Windsor, and down the Annapolis Valley by the W. & A. Railway. Passing by the Junction, the next station is Bedford, nine miles from Halifax, and here is seen the upper end of that beautiful sheet of water—Bedford Basin. Along its shores the train passes and as the city becomes nearer the beauty of the scene increases. At length the city is reached and the traveller alights in that finest of the Intercolonial structures, the North Street Depot.

HALIFAX.

Everybody has heard of Halifax, the city by the sea, and of its fair and famous harbor.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, HALIFAX.

This harbor, they have been told, is one of the finest in the world—a haven in which a thousand ships may rest secure, and yet but a little removed from the broad ocean highway which unites the eastern and the western worlds. They have been told, also, that this harbor is always accessible and always safe; and all of this, though true enough, does the harbor of Halifax but scanty justice. All harbors have more or less of merit, but few are like this one. Here there is something more than merely a roomy and safe haven—something to claim more than a passing glance. To understand this we must know something of the topography of the city.

Halifax is located on a peninsula and founded on a rock. East and west of it the sea comes in, robbed of its terrors and appearing only as a thing of beauty. The water on the west is the Northwest Arm, a stretch of water about three miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width. To the south and east is the harbor, which narrows as it reaches the upper end of the city and expands again into Bedford Basin, with its ten square miles of safe anchorage. The Basin terminates at a distance of nine miles from the city, and is navigable for the whole distance. The city proper is on the eastern slope of the isthmus and rises from the water to a height of 256 feet at the citadel. On the eastern side of the harbor is the town of Dartmouth. In the harbor, and commanding all parts of it, is the strongly fortified George's Island, while at the entrance, three miles below, is McNab's Island, which effectually guards the passage from the sea. This is

a brief and dry description of the city. It would be just as easy to make a longer and more gushing one, but when people are going to see a place for themselves they don't take the bother to wade through a long account of metres, bounds and salient angles. Halifax must be seen to be appreciated.

Halifax is a strong city in every way. It has great strength in a military point of view; it has so many solid men that it is a tower of strength financially; it is strongly British in its manners, customs and sympathies; and it has strong attractions for visitors. Let us analyze some of these points of strength.

First, the military. There was a time when the military element was necessarily the first to be considered. One of the first acts of the first settlers was to fire a salute in honor of their arrival, and as soon as Governor Cornwallis had a roof to shelter his head, they placed a couple of cannon to defend it and mounted a guard. They had need of military. Indians saw in their arrival a probable "boom" in scalps, and every Indian in the neighborhood sharpened his knife for the anticipated "hum." These Indians were neither the devotional ones whom Cowper holds up for the imitation of Sunday-school scholars, nor yet the playful and docile ones who borrowed tobacco of the late William Penn. They were savages, as destitute of pity and sentiment as they were of decent clothes. It was, therefore, essential that the men of Halifax should be of a military turn of mind, and every boy and man, from sixteen to sixty years of age, did duty in the ranks of the militia. Later

the town became an important military and naval station; ships of the line made their rendezvous in the harbor and some of England's bravest veterans were quartered in its barracks. Princes, dukes, lords, admirals, generals, captains and colonels walked the streets from time to time; guns boomed, flags waved, drums beat and bugles sounded, so that the pride and panoply of war were ever before the people. And so they are to-day. The uniform is seen on every street, and fortifications meet the eye at every prominent point.

Chief among the fortifications is the Citadel, which crowns the city, commenced by the Duke of Kent, and altered, varied and transposed, until it has become a model of military skill. Its history has been a peaceful one and is likely to be. If it should be assailed it appears well able for a siege. The citizens, too, are truly loyal to the Crown; and the people who expect to hurrah when the British flag is lowered in submission to Provincial Home Rulers or foreign foes will have a long while to wait. Visitors are allowed to inspect the works, but the man who always follows Captain Cuttle's advice to make a note of what he sees, is recommended to refrain from using pencil and paper within the limits of any of the forts. It is bad taste; and, besides, the authorities will not permit it.

The seeker after a good view of the city and its surroundings may have the very best from the Citadel. It commands land and water for many miles. The Arm, the Basin, the Harbor with its islands, the sea with its ships, the distant hills and forests, the city with its busy streets—all are present to the eye in a beautiful and varied panorama. Dartmouth, across the harbor, is seen to fine advantage, while on the waters around the city are seen the ships of all the nations of the earth. No amount of elaborate word-painting would do justice to the view on a fine summer's day. It must be seen, and once seen it will not be forgotten.

The fortifications on McNab and George's Islands, as well as the various forts around the shore, are all worthy of a visit. After they have been seen, the visitor will have no doubts as to the exceeding strength of Halifax above all the cities of America. The Dockyard, with splendid examples of England's naval power, is also an exceedingly interesting place, and always presents a picture of busy life in which the "oak-hearted tars" are a prominent feature.

The financial strength of Halifax is apparent at a glance. It is a very wealthy city, and

as its people have never had a mania for speculation, the progress to wealth has been a sure one. The business men have always had a splendid reputation for reliability and honorable dealing. The banks are safe, though the people did business until comparatively recent times without feeling that such institutions were necessary. A cash business and specie payments suited their wants. At length several leading men started a bank. They had no charter and were surrounded by no legislative enactments. No one knew how much capital they had, or what amount of notes they had in circulation. No one cared. They were "solid men," and that was enough; and so they went on for years—always having the confidence of the public and always being as safe as any bank in America. The chartered banks now do the work, but the solid men of Halifax are still to be found, in business and out of it.

Halifax is the most British city on the continent. Long association with the army and navy has accomplished this. There are some Provincial people who after a six-months sojourn in the United States are very much more American than the simon-pure Yankee. This could not happen to the citizens of Halifax. They are, for once and for all, the faithful and liege subjects of Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, and the fashions and tastes of the people must be governed by the land beyond the sea. Between their ideas and the ideas of Yankeeeland there is a great gulf fixed; the roar of the lion and the scream of the eagle can never be confounded. So the people have all that is admirable in English business circles and polite society. That is to say, they preserve their mercantile good names by integrity, and their homes are the scenes of good, old-fashioned English hospitality. A stranger who has the *entrée* into the best society will be sure to carry away the most kindly recollections of his visit. In no place will more studious efforts be made to minister to the enjoyment of the guest—it matters not what his nationality may be.

The strong attractions for visitors are so numerous that a city guide-book is necessary to explain them in their proper order. The drives can be varied according to the taste and the time of sojourn. To skirt the city one may drive down the Point Pleasant road and up the N. W. Arm. This gives a fine view of the harbor and its objects of interest. The Arm is a beautiful place, and around it are many elegant private residences, the homes of men of wealth and taste. This is one of the



MILLVILLE ISLAND, BUREAU HARBOR.

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most pleasant parts of Halifax. From the Arm one may drive out on the Prospect road, and around Herring Cove. The view of the ocean had from the hills is of an enchanting nature. Another drive is around Bedford Basin, coming home by the way of Dartmouth; or one may extend the journey to Waverley and Porto Bello, before starting for home, the drive being in all about twenty-seven miles. If one has a fancy for bathing in the surf, he should go to where the sea rolls in with a magnificent sweep, at Cow Bay. This beautiful place, which furnishes another instance of the horribly literal nomenclature of the early settlers, is ten miles from Halifax, on the Dartmouth side. The drive to it is through a pretty piece of country. All around Halifax are bays, coves, islands and lakes, any one of which is worthy of a visit, so that the tourist may see as much or as little as he pleases. Excursions to McNab's Island, at the mouth of the harbor, are also in order during the fine days of summer.

In the city itself, there is a great deal to be seen. It is expected that strangers will visit the Fish Market, and it will be well to attend to this before it is forgotten. The people are proud of it—not the building, but its contents—and the visit is a very interesting one, to those who like to see fish. Then, of course, one must go to the Province Building, which Judge Haliburton claimed to be "the best built and handsomest edifice in North America." Then comes the New Province Building, with its fine museum open to the public. After these come the churches, asylums, and all kinds of public institutions—some of which bear glowing tribute to the charity and philanthropy of the people. Halifax has a large number of charities in proportion to its size, and the results cannot fail to be good. The Public Garden belonging to the city will be found a most pleasant retreat, with its trees and flowers, fountains, lakes, and cool and shady walks. Here one may enjoy the fragrance of nature in all its glory, while the eye is feasted with nature's beauties.

One should have a sail on Bedford Basin, that fair expanse of water, broad, deep, blue and beautiful. Here it is that yachts and boats of all kinds are to be found taking advantage of so fair a cruising ground, spreading their sails before the breezes which come in from the Atlantic. It was on the shore of this Basin that the Duke of Kent had his residence, and the remains of the music pavilion still stand on a height which overlooks the water. The "Prince's Lodge," as it is called,

may be visited during the land drive to Bedford, but the place is sadly shorn of its former glory, and the railway, that destroyer of all sentiment, runs directly through the grounds. It was a famous place in its day, however, and the memory of the Queen's father will long continue to be held in honor by the Halifax people.

Halifax has communication with all parts of the world, by steamer and sailing vessel. Hither come the ocean steamships with mails and passengers, and numbers of others which make this a port of call on their way to and from other places. A large trade is carried on with Europe, the United States, and the West Indies, and from here, also, one may visit the fair Bermudas, or the rugged Newfoundland. Steamers arrive and depart at all hours, and the harbor is never dull. One can go to Europe or any of the leading places of America without delay—Liverpool, Glasgow, the West Indies, New-York, Boston, Portland, Newfoundland and Quebec—these are some of the points with which direct communication is had by steamer. The man who wants a sea voyage can take his choice.

OUTSIDE OF HALIFAX.

The traveller may go east or west along the shore, according as his taste may be for sport or for a mere pleasure trip. To the eastward is a somewhat wild country, on the shores of which fishing is extensively carried on, and which has numerous arms of the sea which admirably suit the occupation of its people. Back from the shore, the country abounds in heavy forests, and is abundantly watered with lakes. This is the great country for moose and caribou. They are found in all the eastern part of the county, and within easy distance of the settlement. Here is the place for sportsmen—a hunter's paradise. It was down in this county, at Fangier, that the first discovery of gold was made in Nova Scotia. The finder was a moose hunter, a captain in the army. Gold mining is still followed, and some of the leads have given splendid results.

To the west of Halifax the great attraction is to take the Lunenburg stage line and go to Milne Bay. The drive is one of the most beautiful to be found. For much of the way the road skirts a romantic sea shore, with long smooth beaches of white sand, on which roll the clear waters of the ocean. The ocean, grand in its immensity, lies before the traveller. Along the shore are green forests, wherein are all the flora of the country, while

at times lofty cliffs rear their heads in majesty crowned with verdure and glorious to behold. One of these is Aspotagoen, with its perpendicular height of five hundred feet, the first land sighted by the mariner as he approaches the coast. All these beauties prepare the stranger for Chester, a most alluring place for all who seek enjoyment. It is only 45 miles from Halifax, the road to it is excellent, and the stages are models of speed and comfort. The village has two hotels—the Lovette House and Whitford's—and private board is also to be had with all the comforts one desires. The scenery of Chester is not to be described. It is magnificent. Whether one ascends Webber's Hill and drinks in the glorious views for mile upon mile; or roams on the pure, silvery beach; or sails among the hundreds of fairy islets in the bay—all is of superb beauty. No fairer spot can be chosen for boating, bathing and healthful pleasure of all kinds than Mahone Bay and its beautiful surroundings.

The fishing of this part of Nova Scotia is to a great extent for sea trout, which are found in the estuaries of all the rivers. Salmon is found where the river is of good volume and the passage is not barred. Gold River, at the head of Mahone Bay, has good salmon fishing in May and June. In the other rivers to the westward the best time is in March and April. The sea trout are found in the estuaries at all times during the summer. To the east of Halifax, fine sea trout are caught in Little Salmon River, seven miles from Dartmouth, in the month of September, while further down both salmon and sea trout are caught from June to September in such streams as the Musquodoboit, Tangier, Sheet Harbor, Middle and Big Salmon River. Besides this, it will be remembered that trout are found in all of the many lakes.

Returning to Halifax, to bid it adieu, the visitor will have leisure to examine the Intercolonial Depot before the departure of the train. This building is a fine specimen of architecture, handsome in appearance, roomy, comfortable and in every way adapted to the wants of the travelling public. It is so well fitted up, and so convenient, that the ordinary nuisance of having to wait for a train is so thoroughly mitigated that it is almost converted into a pleasure.

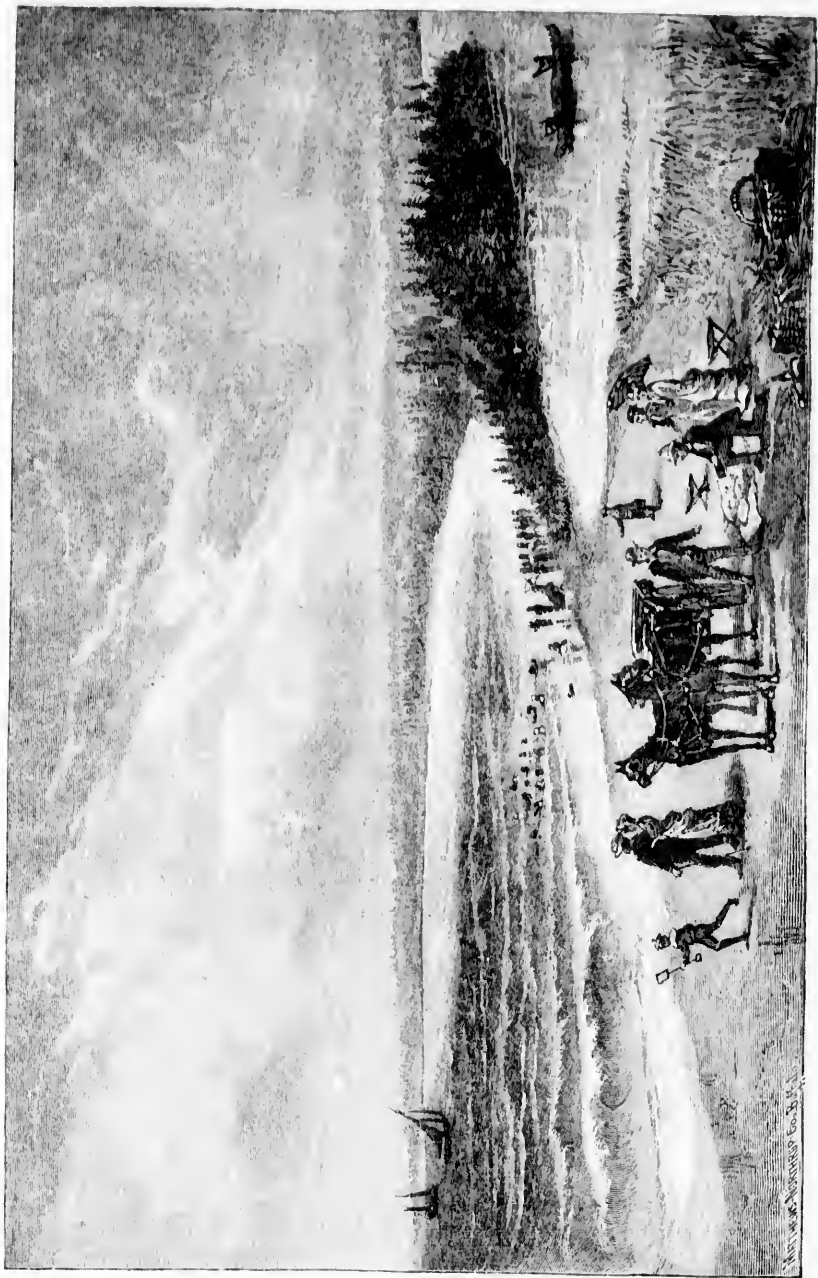
The trains of the Windsor & Annapolis Railway run from this depot, and can be taken twice a day by those who wish to visit the fair Annapolis Valley. The main line is left at Windsor Junction, and the traveller prepares

himself to see the beauties of the "Garden of Nova Scotia."

Do not be in a hurry! The garden is not in sight yet—these rocks and scraggy woods are not part of it—and it will be just as well not to look out of the window for a while, until the land assumes a more cheerful aspect. This will not be long. The appearance of the country improves after a few miles of travel and soon becomes really attractive. Windsor is reached—classic Windsor—and the broad Avon River is crossed by a splendid iron bridge.

No one can deny that Windsor is a pretty place, with its hills, meadows, and the Basin of Minas within view. The Avon is a noble river at high water—at low water its banks of mud are stupendous. It is the tide from the Basin which gives the river its beauty, as it does nearly a score of other rivers, great and small. Despite of the mud, Windsor has a peculiar charm about its scenery and well merits the name of one of Nova Scotia's beautiful towns. Leaving Windsor the road ere long enters the country which Longfellow has made famous. Since "Evangeline" was composed, no one has ever written of this part of Nova Scotia without quoting more or less of the poem. It is considered the correct thing to do so, but for once there shall be an exception to the rule. The temptation is great, but it is nobly resisted. The recent death of the poet has made his works more familiar than ever, and people know Evangeline without having it done up to them in fragments. Let the task be left to newspaper correspondents, and to the noble army of those who have written "Lines on the death of Longfellow."

Grand Pré, as all know, means great meadow, and we have only to look around to see how fitting is the name. The Acadians had about 2,100 acres of it when they had their home here, and there is more than that to-day. In the distance is seen Blomidon, rising abruptly from the water, the end of the North Mountain range. The Basin of Minas, which runs inland for sixty miles, shines like a sheet of burnished silver in the summer sunshine. It is a beautiful place which the sweet singer has made famous; and yet he lived and died within two days' journey of it and never saw it. Do you know why? It was that he cherished a sweet ideal which he feared the reality would mar. He need not have feared, for though he would have looked in vain for the forest primeval, and might have found some of his statements open to grave doubt, he could not have failed to admire the placid beauty of the scene. It



COV. BAY, NORTH HAVEN HARBOR.

W. W. WOODS & CO. ENGRAVERS

is not too much to say that the poem of "Evangeline" has done more to make Nova Scotia famous than all the books which have ever been written. The author could well have boasted, as Horace did, "*Elegi monumentum esse perennis.*"

Few traces of the French village are to be found. It has vanished from the earth, but the road taken by the exiles, as they sadly made their way to the King's ships, may still be traced by the sentimental tourist. Let such a one not search too deeply into history, lest his ideas of the Acadians receive a change, but let him be content with the poet's version, and feel that,

"To their annals linked while time shall last,
Two lovers from the shadowy realms are seen,
A fair, immortal picture of the past,
The forms of Gabriel and Evangeline."

Wolfville is another beautiful place, and beyond it is Kentville, where the General Offices of the W. & A. Railway are situated, and a point from which Mahone Bay may be reached by stage across the country. Kentville has many attractions for the lover of the beautiful as found in peaceful landscape, and is well worthy of a visit. A little later the famed Annapolis Valley is seen and traversed until Annapolis Royal is reached, at a distance of 130 miles from Halifax.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

the ancient capital of Acadia, is the oldest European settlement in America, north of the Gulf of Mexico. Hither came Champlain in 1604, four years before he founded Quebec; and soon after, the French colony was established on this well chosen spot. It was then Port Royal, and it remained for the English, a century later, to change the name to Annapolis, in honor of their queen. Deeply interesting as its history is, it can not be outlined here. It is enough to say that it has shared the fate of other Acadian strongholds and its fort has become a ruin. To ascend the elevated ground and look down upon the broad river and on the hills and vales around, one sees much that is beautiful to-day; and can well realize how Poutrincourt was charmed with the vision that greeted his eyes when he and his comrades set foot upon this shore. The early settlement was a few miles further down the river than the present town, but all we tread is historic ground. This fair river and goodly land have been the scenes of many a fearful fray, and swift death has claimed its victims on every hand. Now all is peaceful, beautiful. The "war drum throbs no longer, and the battle

flags are furled;" the fort is the play-ground of the children, and the flocks of the farmers graze upon the earth-works raised by man to resist his fellow-men.

The Annapolis Valley is famed for its fertility. It lies between the North and South Mountain ranges; and thus sheltered, with a soil unusually rich, it has well earned the name of the Garden of Nova Scotia. For mile after mile the railway runs past orchards white with apple blossoms or laden with tempting fruit. The air is fragrant, and the eye never wearies of the fair farms and their fertile fields. One of the villages is called Paradise, and the name does not seem misplaced. Farmers may here live amid peace and plenty, and toil little for a rich reward. It is a fine country—a beautiful valley.

The whole coast, from Brier Island to Blomidon, a distance of 130 miles, is protected by the rocky barriers. The range rises at times to the height of 600 feet, and effectually guards this part of Nova Scotia from the cold north winds, and the chilling fogs which sometimes prevail in the Bay of Fundy.

One can go from Annapolis direct to Boston, by steamer; or he can take the steamer across to St. John, a short and pleasant trip. On the way he can stop at Digby, a fine watering-place, with the best of sea-bathing, plenty of fruit, and much natural beauty.

If the tourist has not already visited

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

he should do so before leaving the Maritime Provinces. The Garden of the Gulf is easily reached, either from Point du Chene or Pictou; and once arrived, the railway takes one to all parts of the island.

The island has more good land, in proportion to its size, than any part of the Maritime Provinces, and grows amazingly large potatoes and surprisingly heavy oats. Its people raise enough food to supply all their wants and have as much more to sell to outsiders. It is altogether a flourishing country, and withal, fair to look upon, pleasant to dwell in, and as cheap a place as one can find in a month's journey. There was a time when it was even more cheap for strangers than it is now; and it is a positive fact that men have gone there, had a good time, and while paying for everything, found the expense amounting to nothing. The difference in the currency did it. A man could buy up sovereigns, "short quarters," etc., at their ordinary value in the other Provinces, take them to the island, pass them at their much higher local value, and make money

by the operation. Besides, every coin that was uncurrent anywhere else found a refuge here, and at times almost any bit of metal which looked like a copper or a penny was current coin. The result was that the island had the most extraordinary and heterogeneous currency to be found in America. This state of affairs has somewhat improved of late years, but the island is still a pleasant place for a good, old fashioned, "high old time."

You can land either at Charlottetown or Summerside. If at the former place, you will admire Hillsborough Bay and the beautiful harbor. The town is pleasantly situated and has numerous pleasant places in its vicinity. Tea Hill, Governor's and St. Peter's Islands, Lowther and Spaw Points, Cherry Valley, Penmarth, and East, West and North Rivers, are all worthy of a visit. The rivers in the vicinity have good trout, and fine sea-trout fishing is also to be had off the mouth of the harbor. All kinds of wild fowl are found along the shores, and woodcock and plover are also to be shot at the proper season.

Rustico Beach is a favorite summer resort, and Newson's Hotel and the Rustico House, furnish good accommodation. Fine bathing, shooting and fishing may be had here, as indeed, may be said of nearly all the places on the Island shores.

Tracadie, 14 miles from Charlottetown, is an excellent place, both for sportsmen and pleasure seekers. All kinds of sea fowl, and excellent trout fishing may be had here, and the Ocean House has accommodation for all who come. Five miles from this is Savage Harbor, and six miles further is St. Peter's--both good places for shooting and fishing.

Summerside has much to commend it to visitors, with its fine harbor and pleasant islands. The chief hotel is the Mawley House. A journey of a mile or two from it will bring one to Malpeque Bay, on the other side of the Island. It is one of the peculiarities of the country that, though it is nearly thirty miles from shore to shore in one part,

there are three places where there is only a narrow strip between the waters. The island is thus a series of peninsulas and some six or seven miles of digging would make four islands of the one.

The railway runs from one end of the Island to the other, and winds around the hills in a way which will be novel to those who have been accustomed to through lines. There is one advantage in this: the traveller sees more of the country than if the line were straight. The hills are not high, for the surface is of the undulating kind; but the absence of bold scen-

ery is amply atoned for by the fair fields which speak so much for the Island as a home for the farmer.

Those who seek a pleasant land, with pure air and beautiful climate, should visit the Island. All the pleasures of the seaside may be there enjoyed, with freedom from fog and flies and numerous other evils which are sometimes found upon the mainland. One will be well treated, thoroughly enjoy himself, and never regret the visit.

MONCTON TO ST. JOHN.

A journey of four hours or less is required to take one from Moncton to the commercial capital of New Brunswick. The greater portion of the distance is through a well settled country, attractive in appearance, but devoid of anything striking in the way of scenery.

The first station of note is Salisbury, where connection is made with the Albert railway, which runs to the village of Albert, a distance of 45 miles. The first part of this distance is through a monotonous wilderness, but when Hillsboro is reached, with the Petiteodiac River flowing by the broad marshes, the beauties of the country are better appreciated. The celebrated Albert Mines were near this place, but they are now abandoned, and no other large deposit of the peculiar "Albertite Coal" has yet been found. The quarrying and manufacturing of plaster is, however, still an important industry. As the road nears Hopewell, the country is a fine one, with its mountains in the distance and vast marshes reaching to the shores of Shepody Bay. There are few places where a short time can be better enjoyed in a quiet way than in the vicinity of Albert. It is a rich farming country, and fair to look upon. Large crops are raised and some of the finest beef cattle to be found come from Hopewell and Harvey.

On the main line, the next station reached is Petiteodiac, a stirring village, from which the Elgin Branch Railway runs to Elgin Corner, in the best farming district in Albert County. From Petiteodiac until Sussex is reached the various villages make a fine appearance and give one an excellent impression of New Brunswick as a farming country.

SUSSEX

is one of the places which is rapidly increasing in size and importance, and has the promise of as fair a future as any village in the Lower Provinces. It is situated in the beautiful Valley of the Kennebecasis, and has some of the

most famous of the New Brunswick farms. Nature has made all this part of the country surpassingly fair to look upon; and it is just as good as it looks. The earth yields abundantly of all kinds of crops, and the dairy products have a most enviable fame. Besides this, the people have push and enterprise and are making rapid strides in all branches of industry.

Some fair trout fishing is to be found in this part of the country. To the east and south are Walton, Grassy, Theobald, Bear, White Pine, Echo, Chisholm and other lakes, all within eighteen miles of the village. Eight pound trout have been caught in Chisholm Lake, though fish of that size are the exception. In Theobald Lake one man has taken ninety trout, averaging a pound each, in two days.

The visitor who is interested in mining should visit the manganese mines, ten miles from the village; and if he would like to see how the best of table salt is obtained, his curiosity may be satisfied by going to the Salt Springs, four miles away. As for views, the best to be had is from Blanch's Hill, which overlooks the village and a large portion of the surrounding country.

Geologists tell us that these hills and bold heights seen in the vicinity of Sussex are the effects of a terrific current which once flowed through the valley, when all the country was submerged by a mighty flood. It is thought that this was once part of the valley of the St. John River, but when that "once" is something as uncertain as the authorship of Ossian's poems. It was a long while ago, at any rate.

From Sussex to St. John, a distance of 44 miles, the country along the line is well settled, and abounds in beautiful villages. Hampton, the shire-town of Kings County, is in great repute as a summer resort for the people of St. John, a number of whom have fine private residences here. From this point the St. Martins & Upham Railway runs across the country to the flourishing village of St. Martins, on the Bay shore. Hampton is a very pleasant place, and like Sussex, is making rapid advances year by year. Rothesay, nine miles from the city, has some handsome villas, the residences of St. John business men and others, who find all the pleasures of rural life within less than a half-an-hour's distance of their offices and counting-rooms. The ornamental trees and carefully arranged grounds have a very pleasing effect. The Kennebecasis River flows close by the track for a distance of several miles, the hills rising on the distant shore in picturesque beauty. As Riverside is

reached, one of the finest race-courses on the continent is seen. Here is the scene of some famous aquatic contests by famous oarsmen—Hanlan, Ross, and others of lesser note. It was here on a beautiful autumn morning, years ago that the renowned Paris and Tyne crews struggled for victory. It was nearly opposite yonder wharf that a man of the English four was seen by the excited thousands to fall from his seat, and as the Paris crew shot ahead what a cheer echoed from that vast crowd of human beings! Yet, how quiet was all a few minutes later when from the shore beside the wharf the Champion of England, James Renforth, was carried up the hill to die! It was a strange, sad scene—the most memorable in the annals of this memorable spot.

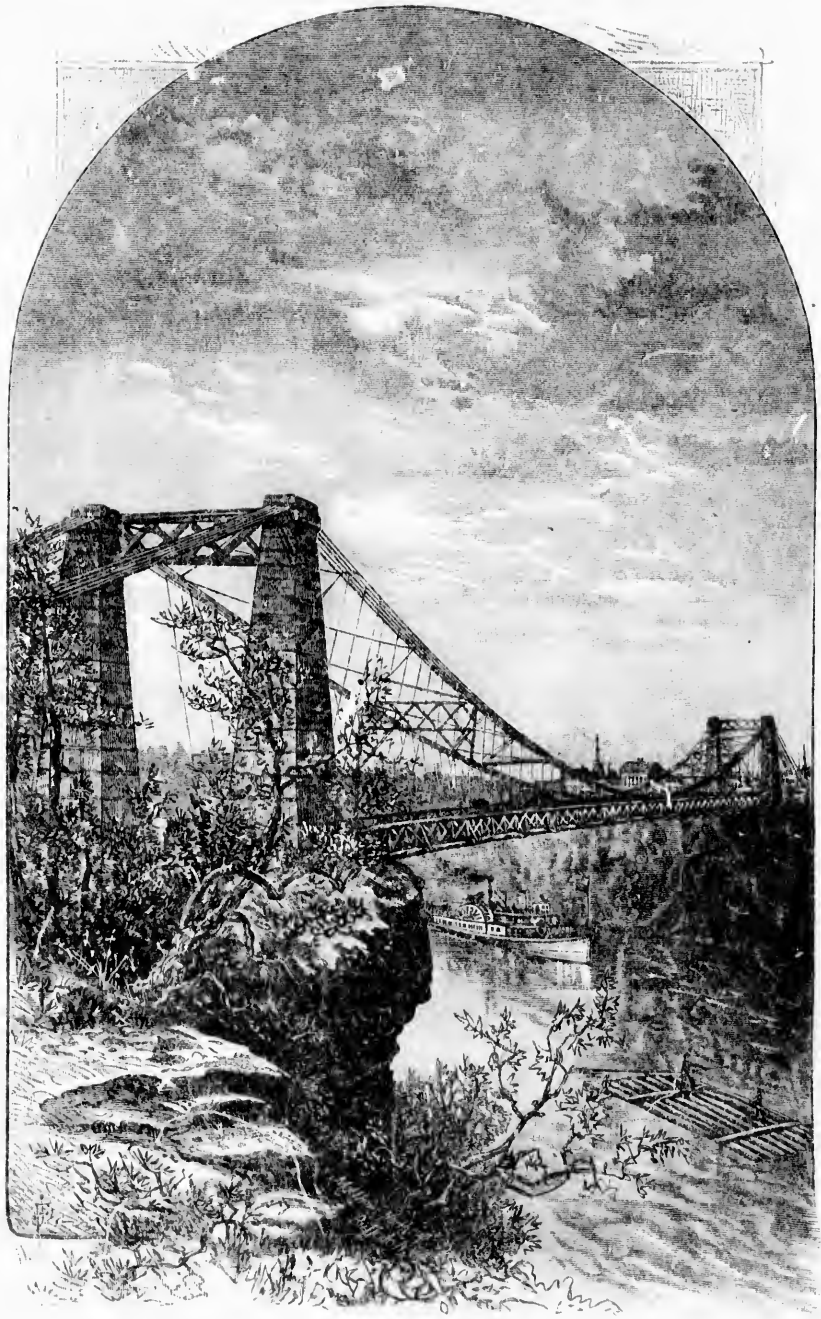
SAINT JOHN.

The man who visits St. John within the next twelve months will doubtless hear a sufficiency of centennial history to satisfy his most ardent desires. A hundred years ago, on the 18th of May, 1783, the American Loyalists landed on the shores of the harbor and laid the foundations of the present city. Their descendants, animated by the centennials held in the United States, propose to celebrate the event in ample form. The occasion will be one of much interest to all who are present, for the people of St. John have never failed to make their celebrations worthy of the name. They are already warming up on the subject, and the day will surpass all other days in the hundred years of the city's history.

St. John has, however, a history which extends back for much more than one century—to the days when the land was Acadia and the banner of France waved from the forts of the harbor and river. The story of La Tour and his heroic wife is one of the most interesting in the annals of the colonies. Such a tale—a romance—deserves a better fate than to be presented in a mutilated form; the space at command in these pages would fail to do the narrative justice.

Apart from its Acadian annals, the history of St. John has little to interest the stranger. The city has no extensive fortifications, no memorable battle-fields, nothing ancient or quaint to fascinate the antiquarian. It is a modern city. Even the best part of its old buildings have been swept away by fire, and new and substantial edifices line the great majority of the streets. St. John is to be seen for what it is—not for what it has been.

The great fire of the 20th of June, 1877, swept



PUBLIC ROAD SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER, ST. JOHN, N. B.

over 200 acres of the business part of the city, destroyed more than 1,600 houses, which occupied nine miles of street, and caused a loss which has been estimated at figures all the way between twenty and thirty million dollars. The destruction was swift and complete, and the effects of it will be felt for many years to come. The new city has made rapid progress; and brick and stone have taken the place of the wood so generally in use in former times. To one who knew it in other years, St. John seems another place. Everything has changed, all the old associations are gone. The surroundings of the people are different. It is much as if some old familiar picture gallery were so renovated that all the old lights and shades were gone, and the dear old paintings brightened, varnished and set in new and gaudy frames.

Many of the new buildings are splendid specimens of architecture. The Custom House is one of which any city might be proud. The Post Office, the churches, and numerous other buildings, public and private, cannot fail to evoke admiration. The city is naturally well adapted to show its buildings to the best advantage, with its streets wide, straight and crossing each other at right angles. The new part of the city has a gentle slope towards the harbor, and seen from the latter makes a fine appearance. A closer inspection does not dissipate the first favorable impression, and St. John is voted a rather nice sort of a place.

Outside of the city are several fine drives. One of these is on the Marsh Road, visiting the beautiful Rural Cemetery. This City of Tombs is situated most admirably for its purpose and none can fail to be struck with the quiet beauty which is everywhere seen throughout its shady walks. Another, and very attractive, drive is over the Suspension Bridge. The river St. John takes its rise in the State of Maine and flows for 450 miles until it is emptied in the harbor on the Bay of Fundy. It, with its tributaries, drains two million acres in Quebec, six millions in Maine and nine millions in New Brunswick. Yet this great body of water is all emptied into the sea through a rocky chasm a little over five hundred feet wide. Here a fall is formed. It is a peculiar fall. At high tide the sea has a descent of fifteen feet into the river, and at low tide the river has a like fall into the sea. It is only at half-tide, or slack water, that this part of the river may be navigated in safety. At other times a wild tumult of the waters meets the eye. Across this chasm is stretched the Suspension Bridge, seventy feet above the highest tides, and with

a span of 640 feet. This structure was projected and built by the energy of one man, the late William K. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking, and he therefore assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government and is now a free highway. Beyond this is the Lunatic Asylum; a mile further, after passing Fairville, is that famous drive, the Manawagonish (Maogenes) Road, a splendid highway, in full view of the Bay of Fundy, with the line of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. This is one of the most pleasant drives to be had around St. John. Returning, Carleton, which lies across the harbor, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. Do not make the same blunder as the gifted Bayard Taylor, and mistake the Martello Tower for this fort. La Tour's stronghold is not so conspicuous, and there is very little to be seen of it. Houses are built on this historic ground, and they are not by any means imposing in their character; slabs and sawdust are numerous, and the air is at times pervaded with a decidedly plain odor of fish. Such is Fort La Tour to-day; such is the place where lived and died "the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptred queen in European story."*

A superior natural bathing place may be found at the Bay Shore, a short distance from Carleton. The situation is excellent, and were the place properly prepared for visitors, it would doubtless be much more extensively patronized than at the present time.

Leaving the city and driving through Portland, a town which may some day be part of the city proper, or may send Fort Howe, have a grand view of the harbor and city, and then proceed to the bank of the broad and beautiful Kennebecasis. Or one may go by the way of the Marsh Bridge to Lake Lomond, a famous place for pleasure parties, where fishing, sailing, etc., may be enjoyed to perfection. Should a shorter and still pleasanter drive be desired, one may ascend Mount Pleasant, have another magnificent view of the city and vicinity, and proceed to Lily Lake. In fact, it were tedious to enumerate all the pleasant places which may be visited by those having a team at their disposal for a few hours of a summer day.

* Hannay.

The harbor of St. John is one of its great features. Deep and capacious, its swift currents and high tides render it free from ice during the most severe seasons. Ships of any size can lie safely at its wharves, or anchor in the stream, well sheltered from the storms which rage without. At the entrance is Partridge Island, a light, signal, and quarantine station; and this once properly fortified, and guns placed on the opposite shore of the mainland, no hostile fleet could hope to gain the harbor without a desperate struggle. The harbor proper bounds the city on the west and south; to the east is Courtenay Bay, which becomes a plain of mud when the tide is out. Some fine vessels have been built on this Bay, and it has excellent weir fisheries. The fisheries of this and other parts of the harbor are prosecuted with excellent success and give employment to a large number of men. It is from these fishermen that such oarsmen as the Paris crew, Ross, Brayley and others have risen to be famous.

St. John is essentially a maritime city. Its wharves are always in demand for shipping, and vast quantities of lumber, etc., are annually exported to other countries. It is indeed the fourth among the shipping ports of the world, and St. John ships are found in every part of the seas of both hemispheres. Before the introduction of steam, its clipper ships had a fame second to none, and voyages were made of which the tales are proudly told even unto this day.

The commercial outlook in St. John is most encouraging. The citizens have rallied from the terrible blow dealt them by the fire, and industries of all kinds are increasing in number and importance. The Cotton Factory now in course of construction is but one example of the recent enterprise of the people, and numerous other instances might be adduced to show that one and all are working with a will to advance the prosperity of the city.

One thing makes a favorable impression on the stranger. The people have intermingled so much with the Americans that they have much of their off-hand frankness and cordiality. Little attention is paid to caste in this democratic city, and the best society has only those barriers which sound common sense render necessary. The men who occupy the highest positions in the city to-day have worked hard to gain a living; and they are not ashamed to own it, or to be the friends of other workers who are still at the foot of the ladder.

The sympathies of the people are always with the stranger. They like to see visitors.

Years ago, when there was no railway to Bangor, and but two trips a week were made by the steamer to Boston, the arrival and departure of the "Yankee Boat" were events of great local interest. About noon on the days the boat was expected, people began to inquire at the express office to learn the hour of her arrival at Eastport. So soon as the expected telegram came, the agent, in order to have time to attend to his business, put out a large sign, announcing the hour the steamer would reach St. John. Men read the words, glared at their watches, and regulated their business so as to be on hand at the proper time. Ladies hurried their shopping so as not to be late on the great occasion. Everyone looked pleased. Shortly before the hour named large numbers would gather around Reed's Point, and secure the most eligible places for the show. At length the long, loud whistle would be heard down the harbor, and at the sound coaches, express wagons and private teams all came tearing down town, while on the sidewalks men, women and children hastened with joyful feet to the scene of action. The ceremony over, the people quietly dispersed, and strangers who had seen the crowd on the wharf, and saw what they supposed to be other crowds walking the streets, were most favorably impressed with the life so apparent among the people. If this account be just a little overdrawn, the writer has no fear. St. John people are not "thin-skinned," and can enjoy a joke at their expense, on any fair subject. The most caustic allusions to the log cannot disturb their good nature, and altogether they can give and take to any extent, provided the shaft be not tipped with downright malice.

The ascent of the river to Fredericton is a very enjoyable trip. Steamers leave every morning during the summer. Steamers also cross the Bay to Digby and Annapolis; and three regular trips a week are made by the International Line to Eastport, Portland and Boston. The St. John & Maine Railway runs daily trains to Fredericton and Bangor, and from the latter place to Boston, and other ports of the Union. The Grand Southern, a new line, runs to St. George and St. Stephen every alternate day. It will be thus seen that there are excellent facilities for reaching St. John; and what is equally important, there is good hotel accommodation after one arrives. The Dufferin, Royal and others, furnish every convenience which the traveller can desire.

Several of the lakes in the vicinity of St. John afford fine trout fishing, while excellent

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SHIP YARD, BOSTON



duck and goose shooting is had at Maces Bay, a distance of 30 miles by road down the shore.

Our journey is ended. Only those who have attempted a similar task can realize the difficulty of attempting, in limited space, to do justice to the various points of interest in a range of country so great, and where the facilities for recreation and sport are so abundant. Much has been left unsaid. No effort has been made to fire the imagination by glowing descriptions of natural scenery or the pleasures of a sojourn amid the places which Nature has made beautiful. It is better that the tourist should learn of these beauties by personal observation, and then more fully appreciate them. These pages will assist him to find some of the most desirable resorts, while the enjoyment must depend upon the time at his disposal and the nature of his tastes.

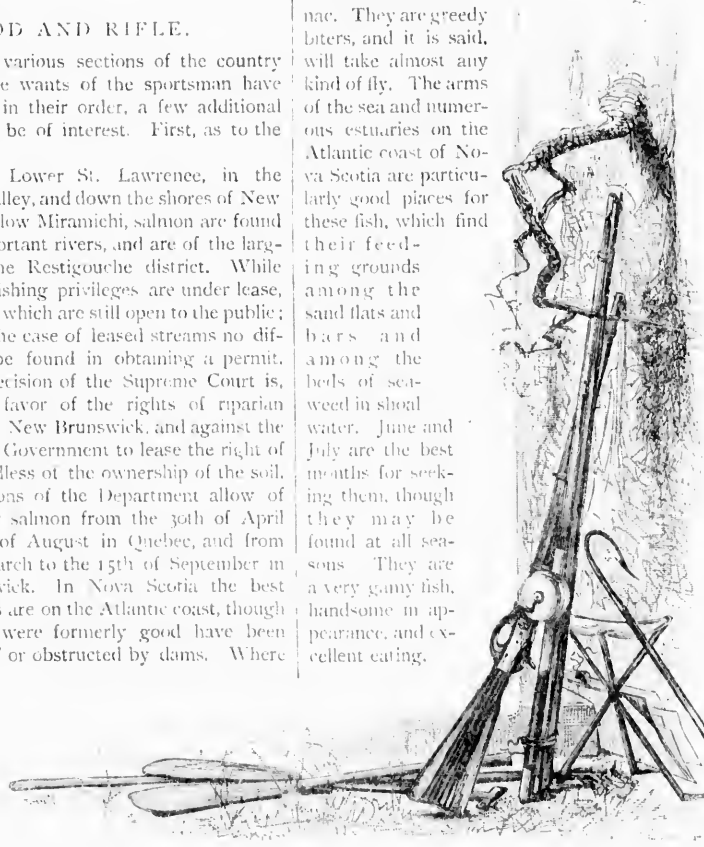
ROD AND RIFLE.

While the various sections of the country adapted to the wants of the sportsman have been noticed in their order, a few additional remarks may be of interest. First, as to the fishing.

Along the Lower St. Lawrence, in the Metapedia Valley, and down the shores of New Brunswick below Miramichi, salmon are found in all the important rivers, and are of the largest size in the Restigouche district. While many good fishing privileges are under lease, many remain which are still open to the public; and even in the case of leased streams no difficulty will be found in obtaining a permit. The recent decision of the Supreme Court is, however, in favor of the rights of riparian proprietors in New Brunswick, and against the power of the Government to lease the right of fishing regardless of the ownership of the soil. The regulations of the Department allow of fly fishing for salmon from the 30th of April to the 31st of August in Quebec, and from the 1st of March to the 15th of September in New Brunswick. In Nova Scotia the best salmon rivers are on the Atlantic coast, though some which were formerly good have been "fished-out," or obstructed by dams. Where good fish-ways have been put in, the streams are not injured, but some of

the old ways seem adapted for almost any purpose rather than the passage of salmon. One river, which does not empty on the Atlantic coast, deserves mention. It is the Shubenacadie, on which some fine sport has been had and will doubtless be had in the future. Salmon cannot be fished for in the rivers to the westward of Halifax between the 31st of July and the 1st of March, nor in the other rivers between the 15th of August and the 1st of March. None of the rivers of Nova Scotia are leased.

Trout are abundant in all the lakes, rivers and estuaries along the line of railway, and the fishing is a free one. The close season is from the 1st of October to the 1st of January. The sea trout found in the estuaries are fine fish, and though abundant in very many places, they are found in their perfection in the Tabusintac and Escuminac. They are greedy biters, and it is said, will take almost any kind of fly. The arms of the sea and numerous estuaries on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia are particularly good places for these fish, which find their feeding grounds among the sand flats and bars and among the beds of seaweed in shoal water. June and July are the best months for seeking them, though they may be found at all seasons. They are a very game fish, handsome in appearance, and excellent eating.



The brook trout, though very like the sea trout, is admitted to be a different fish. It is found in its excellence in lakes which have an outlet in the sea, and is a very beautiful creature. The best fishing commences about the middle of May; but good sport is had all through the season, except perhaps during the hottest part of the summer, when the fish are a little dull. So soon as a few cool nights lower the temperature of the water, the fish are again alert, and continue so until the ice forms. In seeking for the best flavored trout avoid muddy and swampy lakes, and choose those with good bottom and clear water.

As to flies, it is difficult to give much advice. Some have been named from time to time in the preceding pages, but no attempt has been made to give full information on this point. "Doctors differ," in regard to the best flies for the best places, and a fly which some claim to be the best in use for certain rivers, is pronounced worthless by other equally good authorities. The sportsmen should always carry a good assortment, and he will seldom fail to find out what is wanted in a particular water in which he fishes. Captain Hardy, a good authority, recommends a particular fly for the Nepisiquit — "a dark fly, body of black mohair, ribbed with fine gold thread, black hackle, very dark mallard wing, a narrow tip of orange silk, and a very small feather from the crest of a golden pheasant for a tail." The variety of flies is large; and instances are not rare where a fly hastily extemporized from the first materials to be had has proved to be most killing in its effects. Ask fishermen now; there is a great deal in "luck."

The Lower Provinces afford the best opportunities for moose and caribou hunting. The country lying back of the rivers on the north-east shore of New Brunswick, and the forests of Cumberland, Colchester, Halifax and Guysboro, in Nova Scotia, will give all the sport desired. As already stated, Quebec has a prohibitory game law as regards moose, and this will continue in force until the 1st of September, 1883. After that date, the close season will be from the 1st of February to the 1st of September. Caribou can be killed in Quebec, and the season is the one last mentioned. The penalty for violation is from \$5 to \$20. The close season for partridge is from the 1st of January to the 15th of September; for woodcock, snipe, etc., from the 1st of February to the 1st of September; and for geese and ducks from the 15th of April to

the 1st of September. An hour before and after sunset are also set apart for the protection of snipe, woodcock, ducks and geese. Non-residents are required to take out a hunting license, the cost of which is \$30, and the penalty for the non-compliance is double the amount of the fee.

In New Brunswick, the close season for moose, caribou and deer, is from the 1st of February, to the 1st of August. The penalty is a fine of from \$10 to \$60. Hunting with dogs is forbidden, under a penalty of \$20, and any person may kill dogs which are chasing, or can be proved to have chased, such game. Three moose, five caribou or five deer, are allowed to be killed by each party in any one season. The flesh of such game must be carried out of the woods within ten days after the killing, with the exception of such as is killed during the latter part of December, when the flesh must be carried out within the first five days of January. The close season for partridge is from the 1st of March to the 20th of September; for woodcock and snipe, to the 14th of August. Non-residents are required to take out a license, the cost of which is the same as in Quebec. The fee for officers of Her Majesty's service is five dollars.

In Nova Scotia the close season for moose and caribou is from the 1st of February to the 15th of September. No one person is allowed to take more than two moose and four caribou in any one year or season. The flesh is to be carried out of the woods within ten days after killing, and game killed during the latter part of January, shall be carried out during the first five days of February. The penalty for the violation of these provisions is from \$30 to \$50, and a fine of \$25 is imposed for hunting with dogs. The close season for partridge is between the first days of January and October, and that of woodcock, snipe and teal between the first days of March and August. Woodcock must not be killed before sunrise or after sunset. Blue-winged duck must not be taken between the first days of April and August. The annual licenses for non-residents expire on the 1st of August. They cost \$30 each, but in the case of officers of Her Majesty's service, the charge is only \$5 each.

The foregoing are some of the provisions of the Game Laws of the three Provinces. There are other provisions, in regard to trapping, using nets for wild fowl, hunting with artificial lights, etc., but as no sportsman will resort to such practices, these provisions need not be quoted.

In procuring the information contained in these pages, the writer has experienced much kind attention from many to whom he was a stranger, and whom he desires to thank. An especial acknowledgment is due to Hon. Gedeon

Oumet, Supt. of Education, Quebec, and Mr. W. C. Milner, Collector of Customs, Sackville, N. B., for books of reference containing valuable information.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. HOTEL LIST.

The following list of principal hotels, with their capacity for the entertainment of guests so far as known, on the line of the Intercolonial Railway, between Halifax and Quebec, is given for the information of tourists and the travelling public generally:

HALIFAX.			SUSSEX.		
NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	No. GUESTS.	NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	No. GUESTS.
Halifax,	H. Hesselin & Son, . . .	120	Intercolonial,	P. McKay,	40
International,	Archibald Nelson, . . .	100	Depot House,	A. McLean,	40
Waverly,	Miss Roman,	50			
BEDFORD.			ST. JOHN.		
Claremont House,	H. B. Sellon,	40	Royal,	T. F. Raymond,	100
Belle Vue,	Thos. Beech,	40	Dufferin,	F. A. Jones,	100
			International,	R. S. Hyde,	80
PICTOU.			Waverly,	J. Guthrie,	100
Eureka,	D. Munro,	60	New Victoria,	D. W. McCormack,	60
Waverly,	Mrs. McLean,	30	Park,	Edwards & Phillips,	80
NEW GLASGOW.			CHATHAM.		
Norfolk,	H. Murray,	75	Bowser's,	Mrs. Bowser,	—
Royal,	S. C. Graham,	50	Metropolitan,	—, Jardine,	—
Banquet House,	D. McDermid,	20	Canada House,	W. J. Johnson,	—
AMHERST.			NEW CASTLE.		
Hamilton Terrace,	W. J. Hamilton,	35	Waverly,	A. Stewart,	75
Lamays,	N. C. Calhoun,	40	United States,	J. Faye,	40
			McKean's,	J. McKean,	25
SACKVILLE.			BATHURST.		
Brunswick House, G. B. Eastabrooks & Sons,		40	Wilbur's,	J. H. Wilbur,	60
DORCHESTER.			Carter's,	J. T. Carter,	15
Dorchester House,	W. D. Wilbur,	50	Albert House,	Mrs. Grant,	15
Weldon House,	W. L. Wilbur,	50			
SIDEDIAC.			JACQUET RIVER.		
Weldon House,	J. Weldon,	—	Barclay's,	W. Barclay,	60
POINT DU CHENE.			DALHOUSIE.		
Point du Chene House, Geo. L. Hanington,		50	Murphy's,	—, Murphy,	50
			Thomson's,	Mrs. Thomson,	20
MONCTON.			Delaney's,	—, Delaney,	20
Weldon House,	W. J. Weldon,	50	Incharron House,	Mrs. Grant,	100
Royal,	W. Wallace,	40	Phillips',	Miss Phillips,	—
Phoenix,	E. White,	40			
PETITCODIAC.			CAMPBELLTON.		
Mansard House,	—, Ritchie,	30	Northern House,	R. Dawson,	25
			Royal,	J. Sprout,	25
			West's,	J. West,	25

LIST OF HOTELS AND RATES OF POSTAGE

METROPOLIS (Mar.)			CACOUNA		
NAME OF HOTEL	PROPRIETOR	No. GUESTS	NAME OF HOTEL	PROPRIETOR	No. GUESTS
Fraser's	Daniel Fraser	100	St. Lawrence Hall	Sam'l Wallace	100
LITTLE METIS			KAMOURASKA		
Turrill Hall	R. Turrill	100	St. Louis	Mrs. A. Gagne	20
Sea Side House	W. Ritte	150	Beaubien's	Mrs. Beaubien	40
Turrill's	Wm. Turrill	30	Beaupres	Lewis Beaupres	30
Featherstone's	Mrs. Featherstone	30			
RIMOUSKI			ST. THOMAS		
Dominion	Mrs. Lepage	40	Berniers'	E. X. Berniers	20
Rimouski	Mrs. St. Laurent	40	Lefortincau's	Louis Lefortincau	25
St. Lawrence	A. S. St. Laurent	40	Cote's	Mrs. C. Cote	16
BIC			POINT LEVI		
Be House	Mrs. Deschere	30	Victoria	Mrs. Tofield	10
TROIS PISTOLES			QUEBEC		
Cote's	Miss P. Cote		St. Louis	W. Russell, Manager	500
Dery's	David Dery		Russell House	W. Russell	200
Damour's	Jules Damour		Albion	E. Blouin	200
RIVER DU LOUP			Henchy's	H. Henchy	100
Barochilles	Carmier & Dionne	50	Mountain Hill House	E. Dion	50
Fraserville	Jos. Deslouriers	20			

CANADIAN RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters — Drop, or local (and Newspapers and Periodicals for delivery by carriers), 1 cent each; to any part of Dominion or United States, 3 cents per ½ oz.; to Newfoundland and Great Britain, 5 cents per ½ oz.

Post Cards — Dominion or United States, 1 cent each; to Newfoundland, Great Britain and Postal Union Countries, 2 cents.

Newspapers and Periodicals printed in Canada, not less frequently than once a month, mailed from office of publication, or a News Agency to subscribers or News Agents in Canada, not residing in place of publication are free; also, those published in the United Kingdom, and sent by mail to booksellers or News Agents in Canada, may be remailed by them to subscribers, free of postage.

Transient Newspapers and Periodicals can be sent to any part of Canada, Newfoundland or United States at 1 cent per 4 ozs.

Books, patterns, samples, legal and commercial papers, etc., can be sent by mail to all parts of the world, at low rates, and registered. Anything liable to Customs duties can be sent by mail to the United States only.

Money, or articles of value, should be registered. A Post-office order is safer than registration for money.

Explosive substances, glass or liquids, cannot be sent by mail.

Mails close about an hour before the departure of the trains or steamers on which they are carried.

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