Summer Provinces by the Sea

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY

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A description of the Vacation Resources of Eastern Quebec and the Maritime Provinces of Canada, in the territory served by the Canadian Government Railways:—

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY

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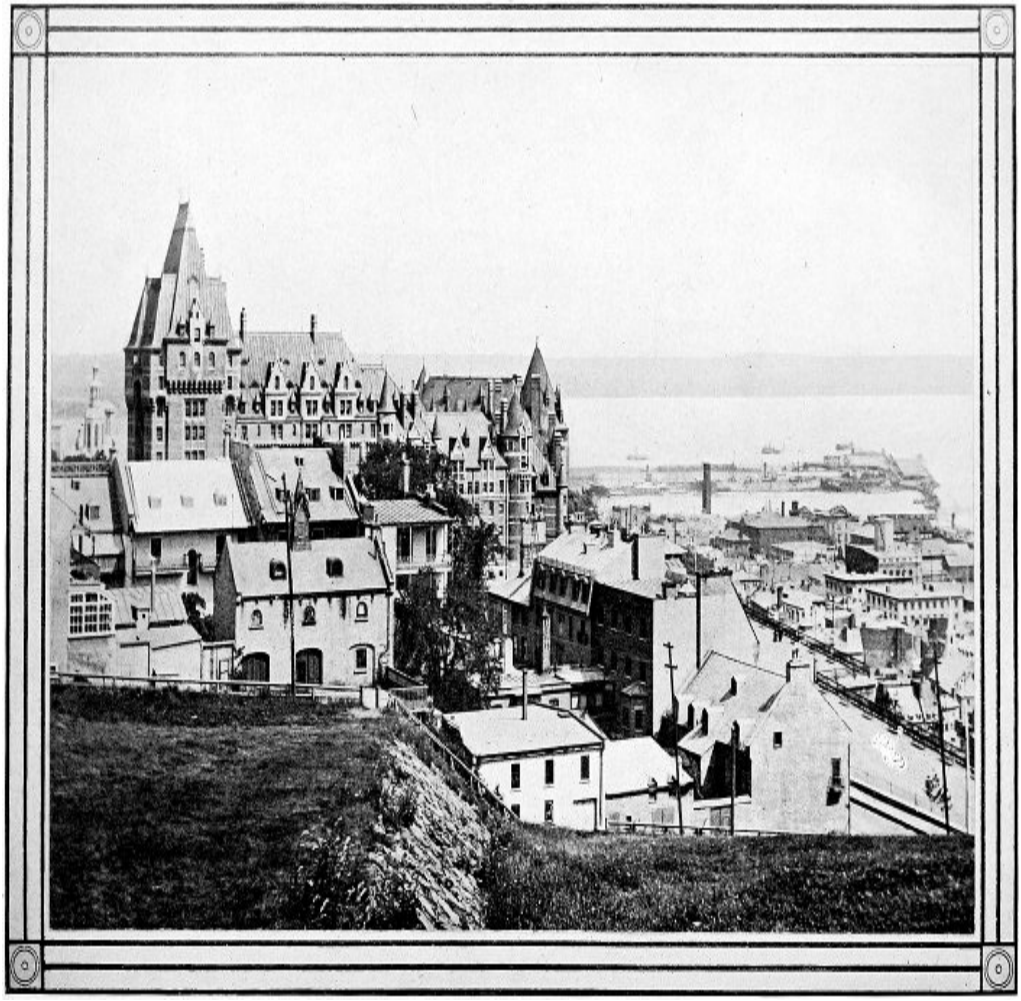


Chateau Frontenac, Quebec

INTRODUCTORY

One glance at a map of the Western Hemisphere is all that is needed to show the splendid situation of Eastern Quebec and the Maritime Provinces of Canada as the natural summer recreation centres for the people of a continent.

Communicating with the world's greatest system of inland waterways; washed by the salt spray of the rolling Atlantic; blessed with innumerable lakes, majestic rivers, dashing waterfalls and sparkling brooks; clothed with noble forests;

featured by towering mountain chains, and swept by cool health-bringing breezes—these delightful domains are surely the summer provinces of all America.

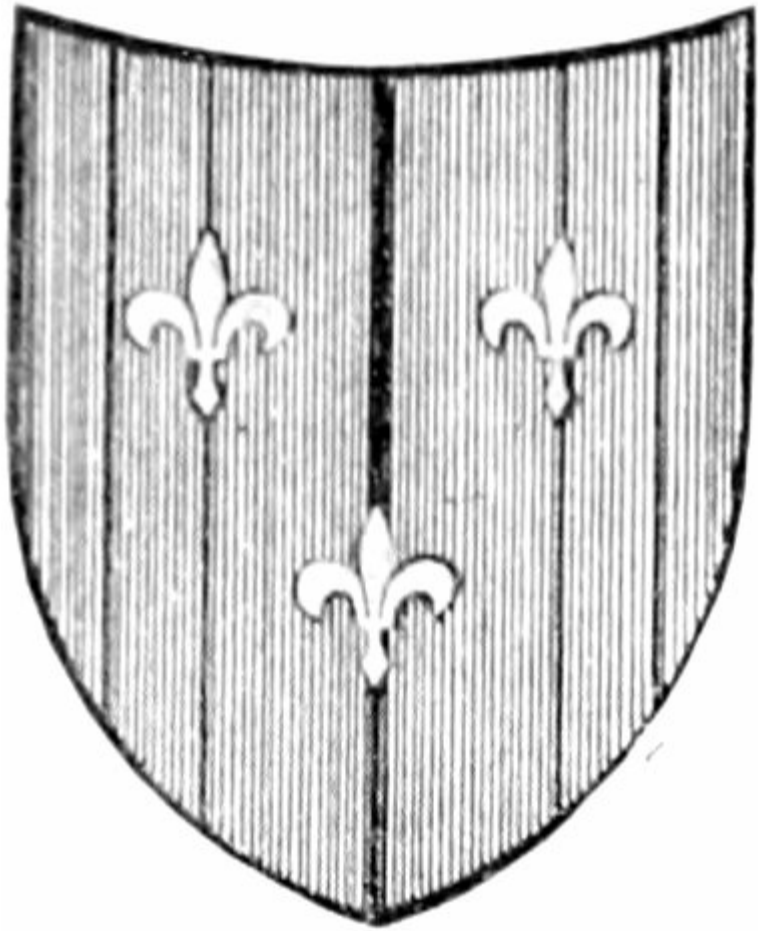
Who has not read with fascination and delight the thrilling pages of Canada's romantic history; or has not been stirred with deep emotion over the adventures of that trio of great explorers: Cabot, Cartier and Champlain!

The desperate struggles of the early colonists with the savage Iroquois Indians; the long and fluctuating conflict for supremacy between France and Great Britain; the incursions of the New England Colonists; the mixed settlement of Colonial Loyalists, French, English, Scotch and Irish; the Acadian Expulsion—all have combined to make Quebec and the Maritime Provinces a field that is rich in interest and quite unlike any other part of the continent.

Here buried treasures of legend and story are on every hand, promising rich reward to the happy discoverers.

There is a fascination in seeing places where the people of long ago have lived, and where epoch-making events have occurred;

for there we may learn at first hand and from personal observation many things that cannot be read in the printed page.



How delightful to stand where Jacques Cartier planted his symbolic cross with its emblazoned shield bearing the royal lilies of France, and to remember that here his banners were first unfurled to the breezes of this western land. And while the loyal sons of St. Denis saluted the fluttering flags as the guns

were discharged in joyful salvo to mark the birth of an empire beyond the seas did the wondering Indians understand the full meaning of the ceremony, or realize that this handful of men was but the advance guard of a mighty host propelled by a still mightier force—the power of civilization—that would compel the poor "sons of the forest" to give way before the irresistible onrush?

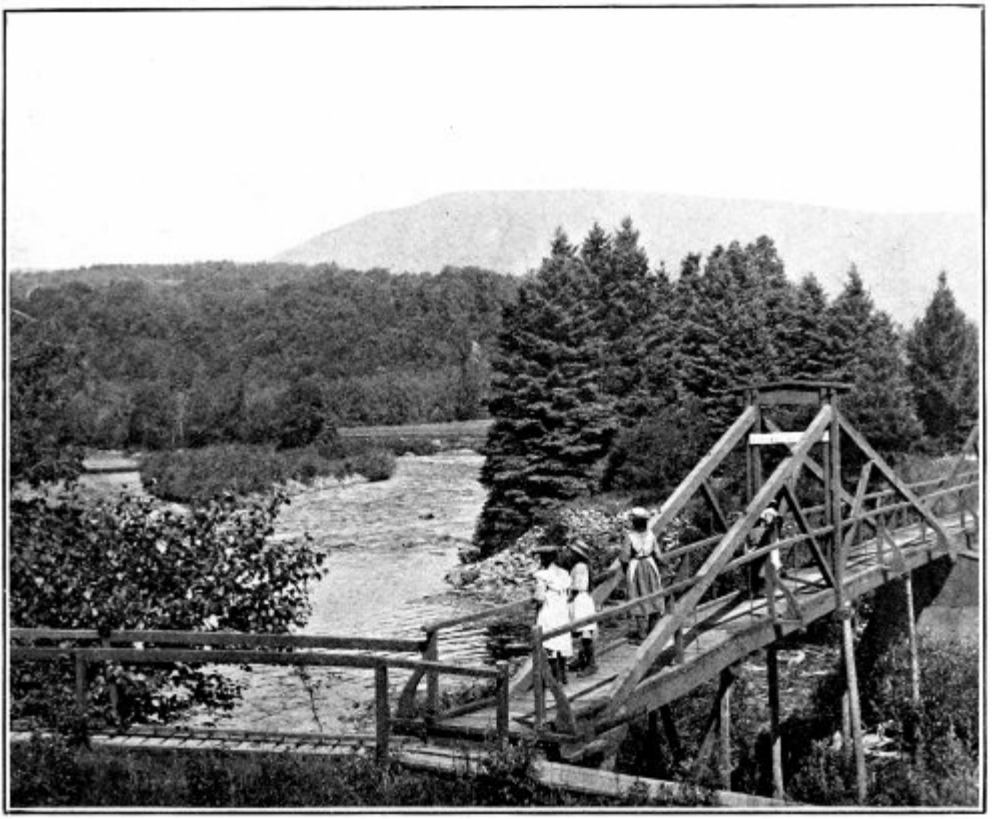
This sixteenth century invasion of Canada seems very remote to us; but long before Columbus, Cabot or Cartier set foot on the Western Continent, other Europeans had visited it.

From the first contact of the white man with his red brother, the Aboriginal tribes living along the North Atlantic coast had well defined and century-old traditions of a wonderful ship that had been cast ashore manned by strange white men who were all drowned. In Norse history, also, there is the Saga of Eric the Red relating to the discovery of the east coast of North America, before the Christian Era was a thousand years old. Whittier refers to this in his legendary verses, "The Norsemen":

> "What sea-worn barks are those which throw
> The light spray from each rushing prow?
> Have they not in the North Sea's blast
> Bowed to the waves the straining mast?

* * * * *

Onward they glide,—and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew,
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky;
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Norseman's yellow hair."



Riviere Ste. Anne

The Vikings are believed to have had a fishing station at Gaspé in the tenth century, and it is almost certain that in the few following centuries Norman and Basque fishermen sailed up and down the waters of the St. Lawrence.

But early history, although interesting to those who would know something of the land in which they sojourn, is only a background for the natural beauty and other material features of the provinces. Beginning, therefore, with Quebec,—which although ocean-swept and geographically maritime, is not one of the Maritime Provinces,—and proceeding east, a brief survey is

now made of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia inclusive of Cape Breton.

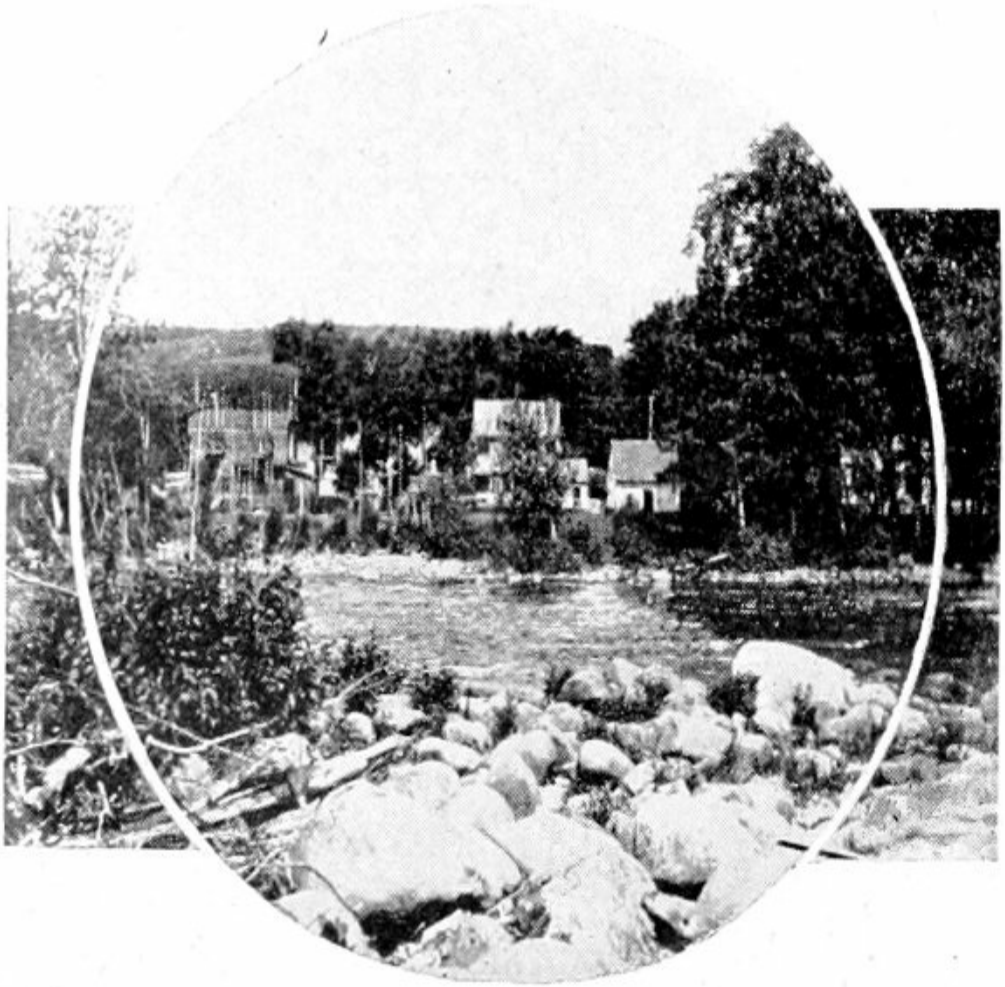
The Province of Quebec is highly diversified and mountainous, and full of ever-changing pictures of great beauty. Its eastern borders are famed for their fine highland scenery, picturesque lakes and romantic glens. In many parts the scenery is majestic, with everything on a grand scale; and the mountains, woods, lakes, rivers, precipices and waterfalls all combine to make the country one of the grandest in the world. Canada's beautiful Mediterranean, the noble St. Lawrence, traverses the province from south-west to north-east, and receives as tributaries the great rivers Ottawa, Richelieu, St. Maurice and the Saguenay, as well as a multitude of other rivers of considerable size.

“What river is this?”.....asked Cartier of his Indian pilot, when first he sailed over the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence. With impressive dignity came the reply, “A river that has no end.” How apt this conception was is apparent when we remember that in its widest sense—for the great lakes are but river beds of the Ice Age—the St. Lawrence system is over 2200 miles long.

It is interesting to remember that all the early navigators sailed up the St. Lawrence with the hope of thus reaching China and the Indies. It was this quest for a direct western seaway to the Orient that led to the discovery of the North American continent. Indeed, in Roman times and many centuries before the Norse discovery of a thousand years ago, Iberian shipping, bound west, is believed to have reached the St. Lawrence as far as Tadousac and the Saguenay River. All of these daring navigators believed that the Western shores reached by them were the bold headlands of the Asiatic continent.

The value of Cabot’s discovery of the Western continent in early days—or the niggardly character of the ‘royal’ Henry—may be inferred from the following entry in the expenditure account, for the year 1497, still to be seen in the British Museum: “August 10th.....To hyme that founde the new Isle.....£10.”

The great Champlain, in his search for a western waterway to China, penetrated as far as the lake in the State of New York that now bears his name.



There is such a wealth of scenic beauty in the Province of Quebec, and such a delightful, old-time life is found in its many quaint villages, that a tour in any part of the province is full of very pleasant surprises. Without much imagination you may believe you are in a province of Old France. Thoreau, the naturalist, thought it appeared as old as Normandy itself, enabling him to realize much that he had heard of Europe and the Middle Ages. When you leave the United States you travel in

company with the saints, for the names of villages such as St. Fereol, Ste. Anne, The Guardian Angel, and of mountains such as Belange and St. Hyacinthe are all along your route. The names "reel with the intoxication of poetry"—Chambly, Longueuil, Pointe aux Trembles, Bartholomy, etc. Like Thoreau you will "dream of Provence and the Troubadours."

The beauties of Tadousac, and the grandeur of the "Dread Saguenay, where eagles soar"—will be of deep interest to all who reach Rivière du Loup on the opposite shore by Intercolonial Railway, and who cross over on the steamships of the Trans-St. Laurent Company.

There are few places in the world where such a delightful trip of two-and-a-half hours can be taken across a great waterway. Probably the best view of the whole north shore is that seen from here. The blue water, the gorgeous clouds, the great mountain ranges and the 'tang' of the sea air will ever be remembered.

> "I saw the East's pale cheek blush rosy red
> When from his royal palace in the sky,
> The sun-god, clothed in crimson splendor, came
> And lit the torch of day with sudden flame,
> While morning on white wings flew swiftly by
> Bringing a message that the night was dead."

Picturesque Tadousac,—with its delightful life—the tremendous chasms of the Saguenay, the majestic capes, the noble mountain stream of the Chicoutimi, the great lake of St. John, and the perpendicular cliffs and roaring rapids of the Marguerite; all show nature in her grandest aspect.

All along the south shore of the St. Lawrence are numerous pleasant summer resorts; and from Rivière Ouelle Junction on the Intercolonial Railway the train may be taken to the riverside wharf from whence the steamship Champlain makes a pleasant trip to the trio of splendid resorts on the north shore: Murray Bay with its sublime Alpine scenery, rugged Cap à l'Aigle, and charming St. Irénée.

And then Quebec, the old-world city, the capital of the province, the historic centre of Canada and all America, the city of Wolfe and Montcalm! Surely the thought of her glories brings a flush of pride to the faces of French and British alike. No city in all America is more famous than this.

> "Near her grim citadel the blinding sheen
> Of her cathedral spire triumphant soars,
> Rocked by the Angelus, whose peal serene
> Floats over Beaupré and the Lévis shores."

Seen from the river, Quebec is noble, grand, and superb. Its cupolas, minarets, steeples and battlements give it the appearance of an Oriental city. Some find here a resemblance to Angoulême, Innspruck and Edinburgh; and the surrounding scenery has been likened to the unsurpassed views of the Bosphorus. The whole prospect of mountain, river and citadel-capped city cannot be surpassed in any part of the world.

The great interest excited by a near approach to the old capital is heightened as one steps ashore, thrilled by the novelty and beauty of all the surroundings. It is a city of striking contrasts; and full of the quaint and curious sights that make Old World travel so delightful.

The environs, too, and the whole surrounding country are rich with historic, romantic and picturesque interest.

It is related that a touring party in an automobile arrived recently at Quebec at 8.30 in the morning. They had breakfast, 'did' the city and surrounding country, had luncheon and were off for other parts by 1.30. This is surely a 'record'; but.....

poor Quebec! or rather, poor travellers! ..... for pity should be theirs.

A stay of a month will bring daily joys to the one that loves legend and romance, and all that is quaint and beautiful. The walks and drives and boating trips, the numerous pretty lakes, the fine rivers Chaudière and Jacques Cartier, as well as the Ste. Anne and smaller streams, supply constant incitement for healthful exercise; and above all there is the story of Quebec that will call him daily in every direction to drink at the fountain head of historic lore.

Trout Creek, Sussex

If haply the visitor can remain for several months, he will find ample occupation in this rich and inexhaustible locality; and if his heart-chords are those of the poet, the scholar, the man of letters, the artist, the soldier, the student, or the lover of the beautiful, he will leave the city with deep regret; and with sad heart, a moist eye, and broken utterance will the words “Farewell to dear Old Quebec” be said.

A Summer Camp

In such a large, well-wooded and splendidly watered province as Quebec, the facilities for camping, boating, hunting and fishing are some of the best the world affords; and with a river as vast as an ocean, and widening out grandly until it meets the Atlantic, there is an unlimited choice of bathing and summer life at almost any reasonable temperature. The peninsula of Gaspé, too, with its legends and tales of adventure, is one of the world's choicest fishing and hunting regions; while the far northern shores of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence are watered by splendid rivers, with merely a fringe of settlement, so that the untrodden interior will give real occupation for

naturalists, sportsmen and explorers for many a year to come.

In the sylvan province of New Brunswick none should go thirsty; for such a prodigality of rivers, streams, cascades, brooks, rivulets and springs, all sparkling like crystal, was never seen. In addition to its network of waterways, the province borders on the great deep; so that from any part of the interior it is easy to reach the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Chaleur and the Bay of Fundy. Nearly all of the principal rivers are intimately connected with each other, either by communicating streams or short portages.

De Monts and Champlain were the pioneer explorers who were sent by King Henry IV. of France at the opening of the seventeenth century to colonize Acadia, in which old-time domain New Brunswick was included. Stirring events have

taken place, and many a clash of arms has been heard on the St. John River. The story of the gallant Charles La Tour and his brave wife Frances, “the Heroine of Acadia,” is a thrilling one. It is an episode of which all Canada is justly proud.

“But what of my lady?”
Cried Charles of Estienne:

On the shot-crumbled turret
Thy lady was seen:
Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon!

* * * * *

Of its sturdy defenders,
Thy lady alone
Saw the cross-blazoned banner
Float over St. John.

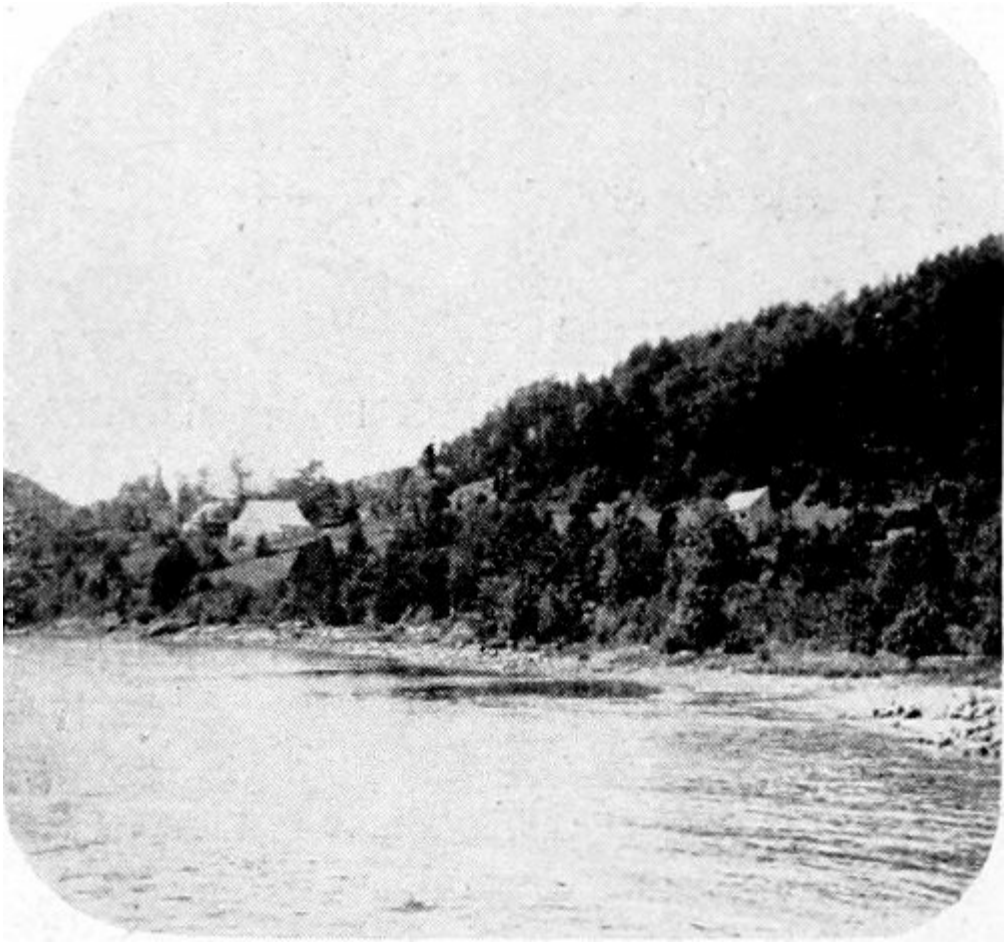
The St. John River is the chief member of that great system of lakes and rivers that has won for this province the distinction of being “the most finely watered country in the world.” It is one of the most delightful waterways known, and it is questionable whether any part of America can exhibit greater beauty than that seen in a cruise over its entrancing waters. Steamers may navigate a hundred miles from its mouth, and canoes may go up another hundred miles without other obstruction than an occasional rapid.

The city of St. John is full of commercial and shipping activity, and is the natural centre of a very extensive and attractive country. It enjoys the proud distinction of having the great

reversing fall, the only one in the world.

The woods and rivers of New Brunswick are so famous that they lure sportsmen and nature-lovers from all parts of the world. Who has not heard of the Restigouche River? a truly noble and stately stream, receiving a number of fine tributaries, and which has been termed “all things considered, the finest fishing-river in the world.”

Then the enticing Upsalquitch, the murmuring Matapedia or “Musical River,” the charming Miramichi River with its hills of verdure and valleys of green, and the wild Nepisiguit, leading to a marvellous hunting country; these rivers, with others, are Nature’s highways leading to the haunts of bear, moose and caribou, and to pellucid depths and sparkling falls where the lordly salmon struggles so bravely against capture.



This province is the natural home of the canoe, and to the native Indians we owe that bird of the wave with its birch-bark wings. In every direction towns, villages, lakes and streams are met that still retain their musical Indian names. Who would wish them changed? Scattered through the forests and by the side of many a river may be found the obliging Micmac and Maliceet Indians, skilled in canoeing and woodcraft, and with some of whom for guides delightful outdoor vacations may be enjoyed.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou would read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

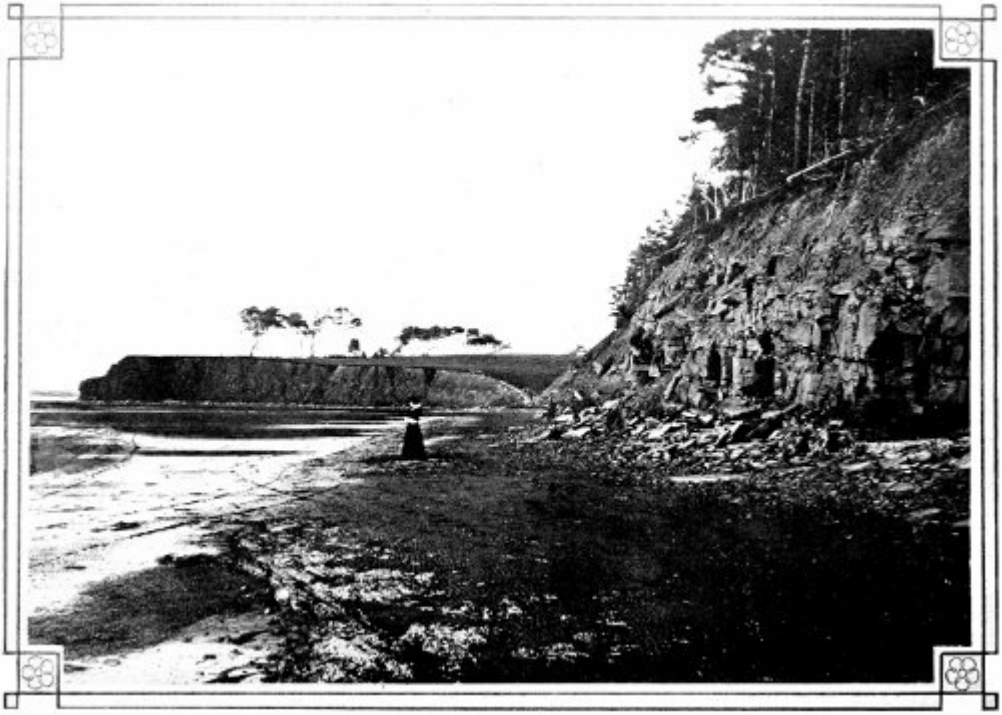
Prince Edward Island was first named L'Isle St. Jean by Champlain when he visited it in the early years of the seventeenth century. Cabot is supposed to have called there some fifteen years earlier, but there is no definite record of such a visit.

The Island is very pleasantly placed in the southern part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and has deep water on every side. It was formerly covered with dense forest growth, but this has nearly all been cut down, and the whole island is under cultivation and is very fertile. It presents a striking appearance on a near approach from the sea, because of its red soil and the abundance of sandstone. The air is delightful, and the climate somewhat milder than that of New Brunswick.

Prince Edward is the Rhode Island of Canada, for with a total population of not one-third of that of Toronto, and much less than a fifth of that of Boston, the little province is self-governing, and it has a governor, a legislature and its own premier and cabinet, etc.

This pleasant and sunny little isle is well provided with attractive names. Because of its delightful situation, its balmy air and prolific soil it is known far and wide as the “Garden of

the Gulf." Many of the Micmac Indians made it their home in the early times, and from them has come the beautiful name, musical as well as poetical, Abegweit or "Resting on the Wave."

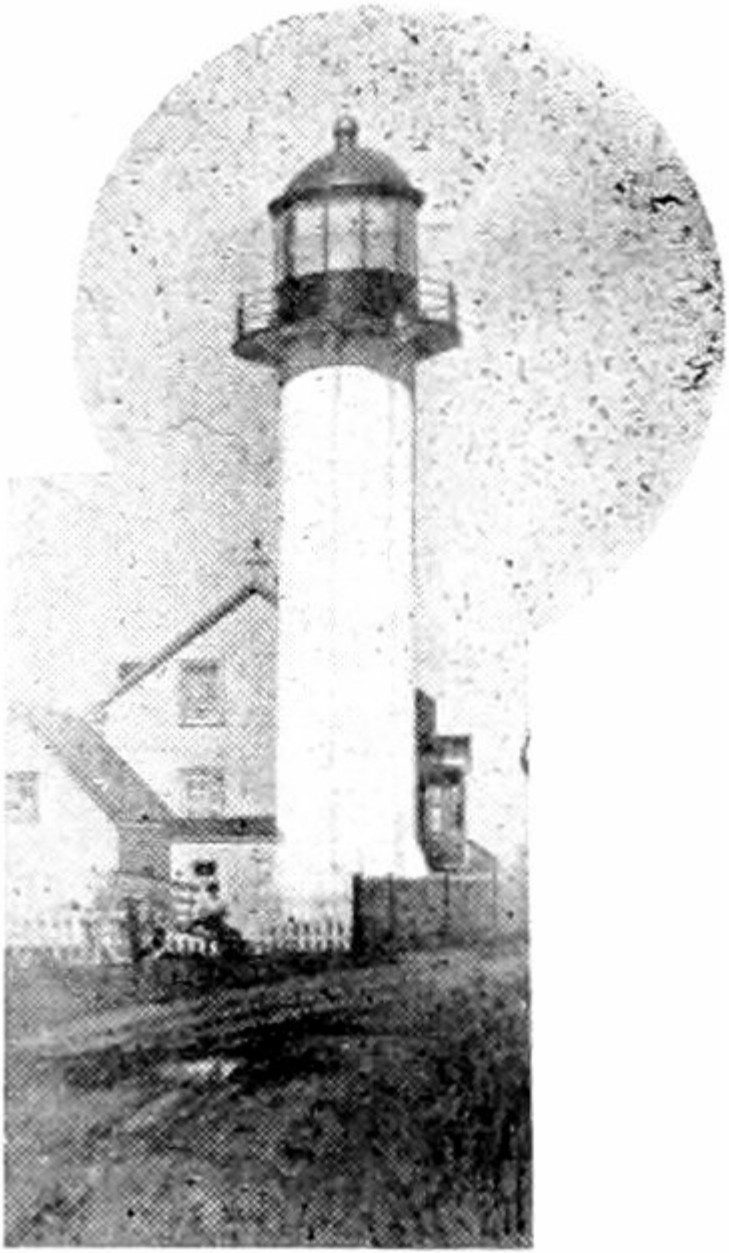


A Prince Edward Island Beach

"A speck of green in the restless sea,
Its edge girt around with red,
Fanned by the sea-breeze wand'ring free—
A clear blue sky o'erhead."

There is a pastoral simplicity and freshness about the island that has a fascination for those who visit its shores each year in such numbers. The early settlement by French peasantry from

Bretagne, Picardy and Normandy, the Acadian French from Nova Scotia, and the English and Scotch settlers who followed, all give the pleasant little towns and villages an interesting character. There are good and safe harbors on the south side; but on the north it is difficult to find one, unless it be where:



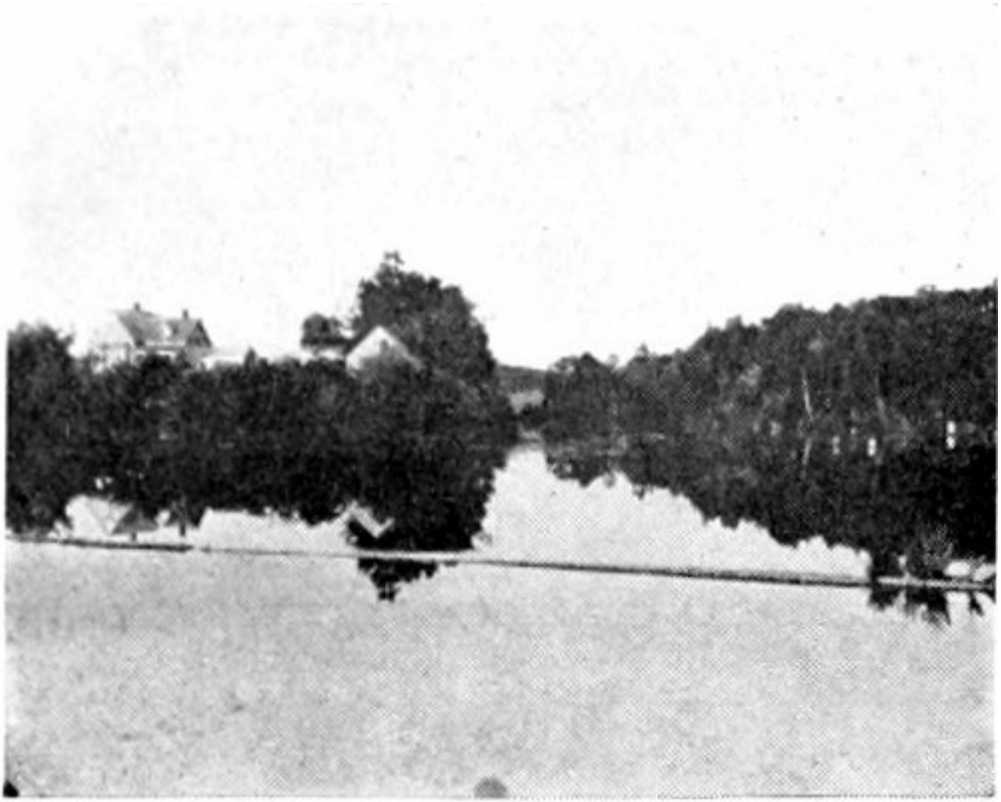
“When nearing home the reapers go,
And Hesper’s dewy light is born:
Or Autumn’s moonbeams soft and slow

Draw dials round the sheaves of corn,
Southward o'er inner tracts and far
Mysterious murmurs wander on—
The sound of waves that waste the bar,
The sandy bar by Alberton."

The miniature rivers of the province have a character all their own; and while the land is not one of "mountain and torrent," the rippling streams, wooded banks, and smiling verdure on every hand make walks, drives, and boating and canoeing pastimes of happiness and delight.

Numerous and picturesque brooks and mill-streams are quite noticeable features in journeying over the land; and artists, nature-lovers, and those who admire the beautiful will surely linger in many a tranquil and secluded spot on this happy "isle of the summer sea" to drink deep of scenes that are both choice and unique.

"And one still pool as slow the day declines,
Holds close the sunset's glory in its deeps
In colors that no mortal tongue could name."



Nova Scotia and Cape Breton may be termed the sea-walls of the Maritime Provinces, for they are on the outer edge or Atlantic front where they receive the first violent shock of the turbulent rollers that later sweep into the Gulf and inner waters with rapidly lessening force, spent and defeated after their struggle with the giant headlands of granite.

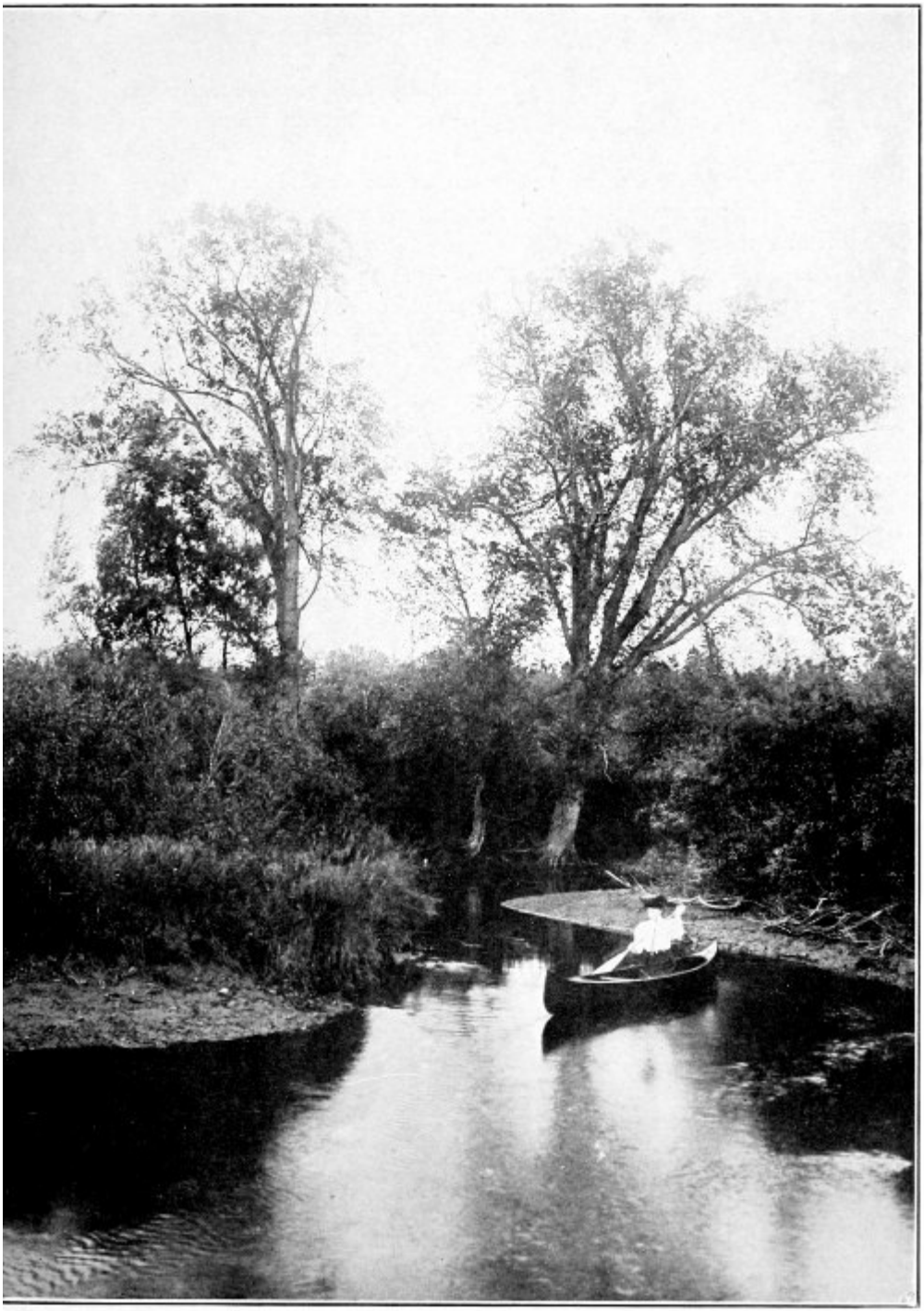
As would naturally be expected, the scenery gradually changes as Quebec and Northern New Brunswick are left behind, not in the sense that it deteriorates, however—it simply alters its character. There are districts, such as the Wentworth Valley, that have become famous for their loveliness; and, as is now well known, Cape Breton has a wild and rugged beauty—like to that

of the Scottish Highlands—that gives it a first place in the estimation of many. Indeed, in relation to travel interest generally, it is remarkable what great variety or diversity of scene is found in going from one part to the other of the Maritime Provinces. It may truly be said that each province has its own distinct features of beauty, and those who go to one district for the mountains will have their counterpart in others who will seek the sea and the open shore.

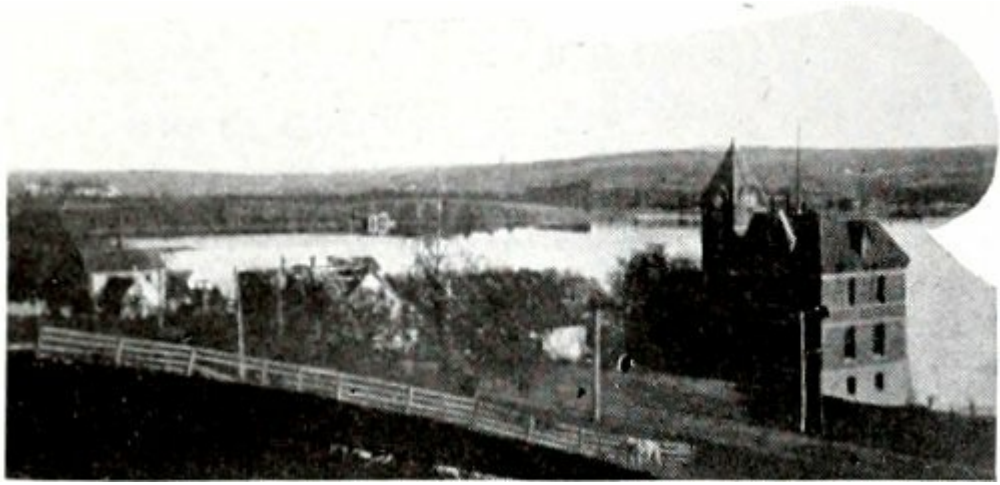
Over the cool green wall of waves advancing
    Glistens a crested line of feathery foam,
Till along the beach the billows scatter, glancing
    A mist of spray as over the waters comb,
Then fades the white-capped crest all slowly sinking

Where silent, shadowy sands are ever drinking, drinking.

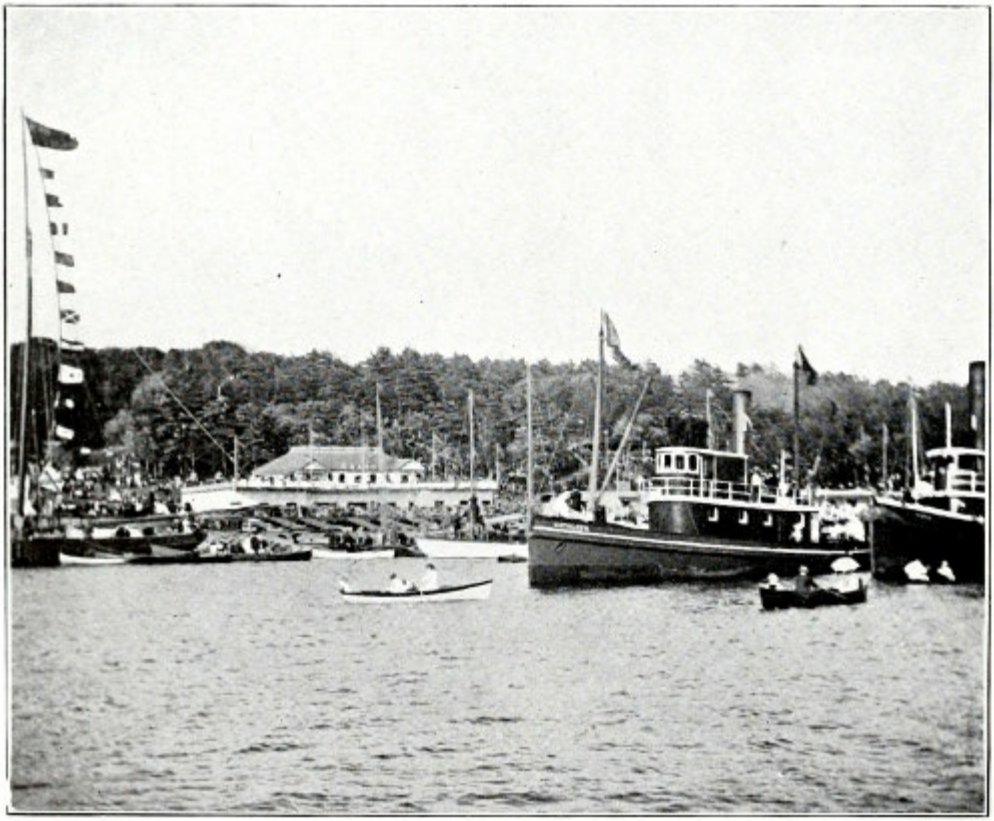
Over the sea, miles out, a ship is riding,
    Threading the ocean paths with oaken keel,
And under her bow the baffled waves are sliding
    As over her sails the rising breezes steal,
And in her wake a foamy track is lying
As northward far she sails still flying, flying.



Canoeing on the East River, near New Glasgow



Nova Scotia proper—for Cape Breton, once a separate province, is now included politically with the Atlantic peninsula—is almost an island, being connected to New Brunswick by an isthmus that is only eight miles wide in its narrowest part. It is well watered by rivers and lakes, and has many fine harbors. The climate is mild and delightful, and makes it one of the most desirable places in which to spend a summer. Although there is no lack of sunshine, the Atlantic breeze is so refreshing, and the Arctic current that sets in against the shore is so cooling that no one can suffer from the heat. This gives a delightful stimulus to all outdoor recreation and sport, for, no matter how active the employment, there is no discomfort or lassitude as a result.



Regatta Day—North West Arm, Halifax

The climate of this province is, therefore, a glorious natural heritage of inestimable value; and, as the years go by, the truth of this statement will become more and more apparent as the country becomes better known by summer-suffering millions to the south.

This is the province where fine deep-sea fishing may be had at so many places along the coast, and where the giant leaping-tuna, and huge, darting swordfish may be caught—royal sport, indeed!

De Monts and Champlain enter into the history of the province,

as do the La Tours, father and son. Annapolis Royal, the old Port Royal of French days, has been the scene of many a conflict in which French, English and New England Colonials took part. The Acadian French were quite numerous here previous to the time of their expulsion. It is a mistake, however, to presume that the whole Acadian interest centres in one part of the Bay of Fundy side of the province. Such is not the case; for Acadian families and villages may be found in many parts of the Maritime Provinces.

The City of Halifax—the Cronstadt of America—has become the Mecca for annual thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. With its quaint and old-time appearance, its military and naval interests, its magnificent situation, its World-Harbor, its picturesque environs, lakes, forests and grand water privileges for yachting and boating, Halifax is unique as a centre of attraction. Moreover, it is the most convenient place from which to start for excursions down the romantic south-shore, as well as for the Annapolis Valley, and for all the great fishing rivers and hunting districts that lie east between the Atlantic and the line of the Intercolonial Railway, and extend as far as Guysboro and the Strait of Canso.

Nor must the beautiful country around Truro, and east and west of it, be forgotten; nor that along the northern water front of the province from Tidnish to Tracadie, with all the restful shore places included in that water-bow.

Nova Scotia is indeed a summer country, *par excellence*. It has splendid woodland and a fine system of rivers and lakes. Go where you will in any part of it and you are never more than thirty miles from the shore. Sea life is, therefore, a prominent

feature, and with all the forms of recreation and amusement so bountifully provided, summer days passed in the Atlantic province go all too quickly by.

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,

There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Cape Breton was originally called L'Isle Royale by the French in the time of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV. Its history is an eventful one.

At Louisbourg on the east coast, once known as the Dunkirk of America, titanic conflicts have taken place. Its fortifications erected there in the early part of the eighteenth century, from plans by Vauban the celebrated military engineer, took over twenty years in construction. Citadel, massive stone bastions, a protective moat and huge gun batteries once existed there; and powerful fleets have battled in front of it for New-World supremacy.

As in other parts of the Maritime Provinces, the New England Colonials have left their impress on the history of Cape Breton. Here, too, are many Acadian settlements, made up of the descendants of those who fled from the mainland while this land of refuge was still a French possession.

It would be difficult to find a summer climate more agreeable than that of Cape Breton. The days are bright and sunny, tempered by cool and refreshing sea-breezes. There is no scorching heat at any time, and it affords a delightful contrast with the torrid conditions that prevail in districts a few hundred miles to the south.

House Boat on the Bras d'Or Lake

It is the land of the mountain and the sea, and has been aptly likened to the Scottish Highlands in its general character.

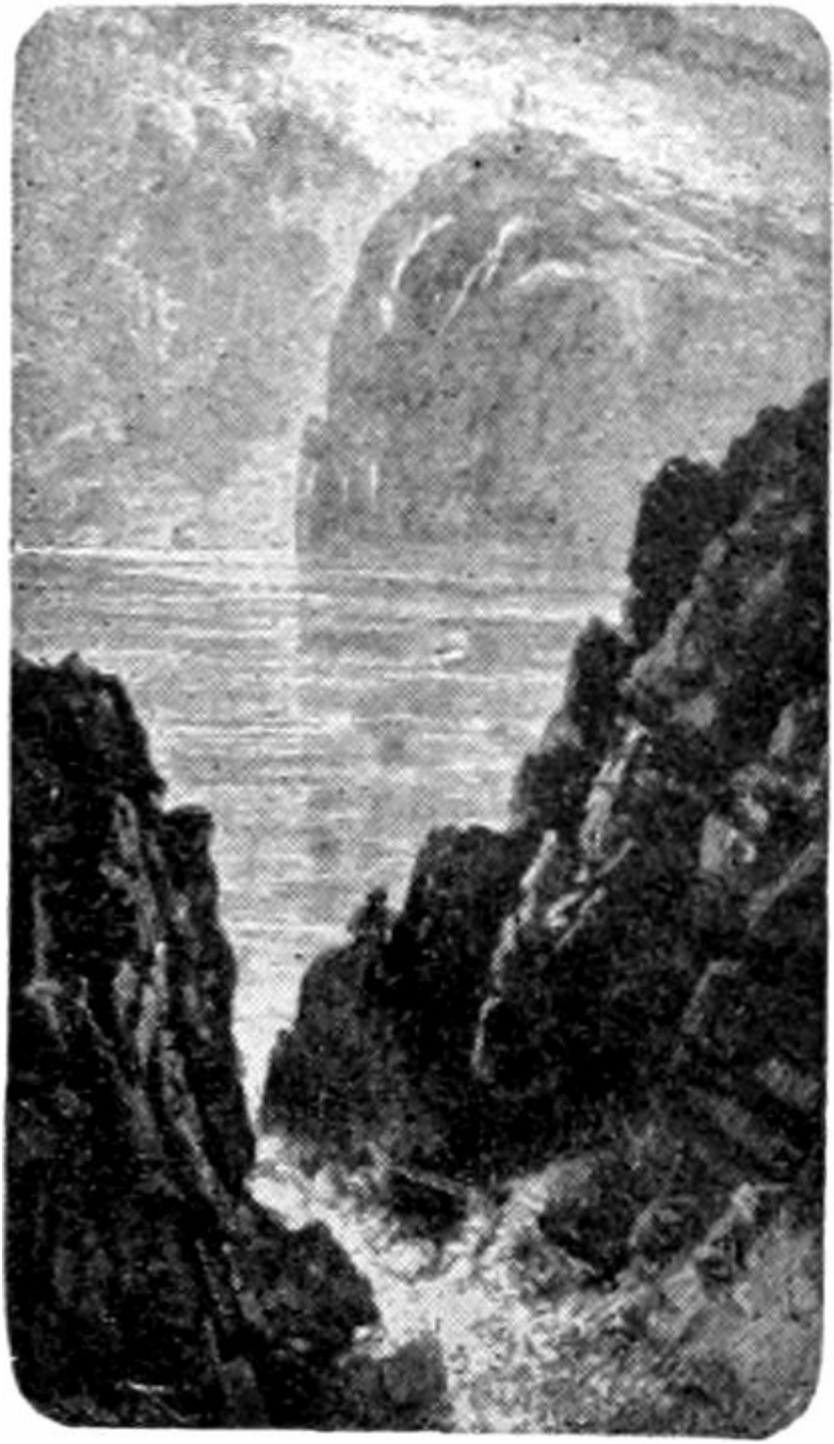
> "Two voices are there—one is of the sea,
> One of the mountains—each a mighty voice."

The great salt-water lake known as the Bras d'Or, or 'Arm of Gold,' runs through the whole extent of the island, with many ramifications; and it has connection with the Atlantic by two narrow channels. It is almost a 'tideless ocean,' for before the water can lower itself to any appreciable extent, the Atlantic low tide has turned and is becoming high again. It is therefore an ideal place for yachting and motor boating; while in the pretty

rivers and lagoons are found choice waters for boating and canoeing.

Fine mountain ranges and magnificent scenery make Cape Breton a delightful country for summer pleasures. A drive along the 'Arm of Gold,' and in almost any part of the island, is a delightful experience. Baddeck, Whycocomagh, Arichat, Louisbourg, the Sydneys, Ingonish and Mabou, as well as the Margaree and Middle Rivers, are all places of delight for vacationists. Fine forests of oak, birch, maple and ash, with plenty of the woods more commonly seen, are here in great profusion.

A climb up the great height of Old Smoky, the *Cap Enfumé* of the French, lands one almost in the clouds; and on a clear starlit night when the moon is in the heavens, a view is spread out below that can never be forgotten. The walks and drives in the lovely valleys, with towering mountains ever visible—the white gypsum at their base—a shimmery halo above; they, too, take a deep and fond hold on the memory.



"Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

The Intercolonial Railway forms the greater part of the system known as the Canadian Government Railways. With the road known as the Prince Edward Island Railway, together with other shorter branch lines gradually coming under Government control, to their betterment, the whole system gives ready access to all of Central and Eastern Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

This system may truly be called the fairy godmother of the Maritime Provinces, for with outstretched arm it has placed the five extended fingers of a fostering hand over the important commercial centres of Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax and Sydney, causing them to pulsate with life, and bringing them into intimate relation with the great centres of the sister provinces from Atlantic to Pacific.

Merely to sit in one of the numerous comfortable trains, and observantly tour the main line, is a novel experience, a revelation of beauty and an education in itself; but if to that is added a sojourn in one or more of the localities best suited for the individual preference of the traveller, the result will be satisfactory and exhilarating.

While it is true, in a measure, that almost any part of the Intercolonial summer country will amply satisfy all general requirements for vacation pleasures, it should be remembered that an intelligent choice should be made of a district that is rich

in those things essential for the enjoyment of those who intend going there.

To this end the present book has been written. It will be found accurate and reliable; and a careful perusal of its contents will give full information on all points of interest. Through its pages are distributed Indian legends, Acadian tales, and stories of hunting, fishing, boating, canoeing, and camp, tent and bungalow life, etc., embodied in the description of the districts to which such incidents properly belong. The natural history, or nature-interest, in animal, bird, fish and wild-flower life is a feature of the book that must give pleasure to those who go to a country like that described to enjoy life in the open.

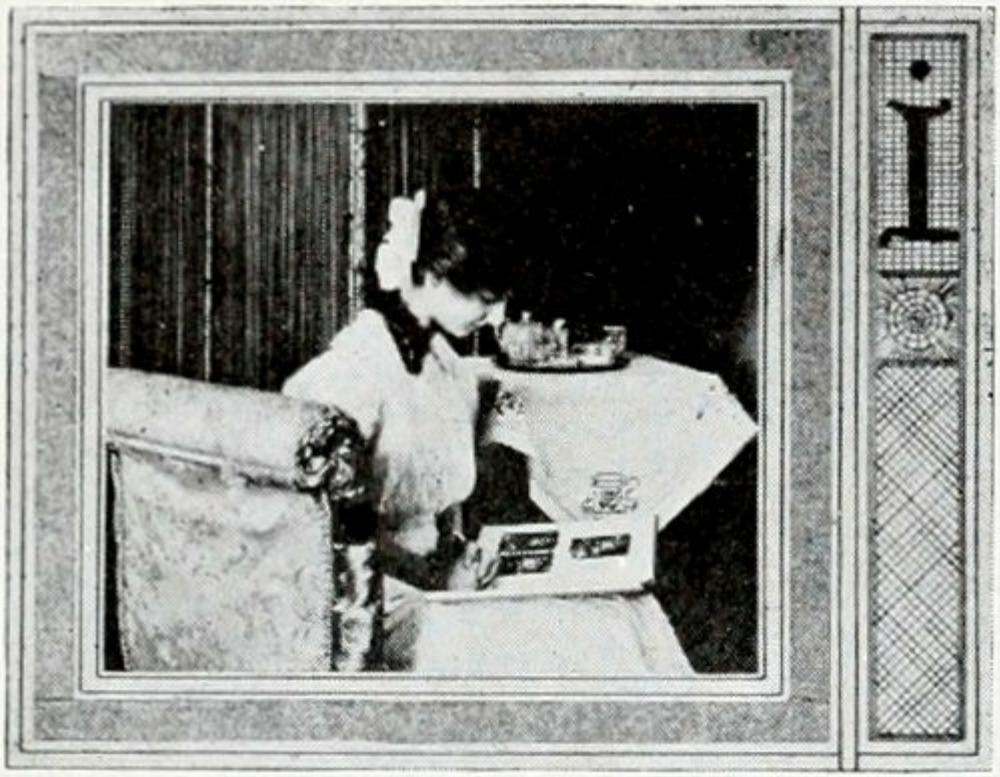
A comprehensive index is also provided of events, subjects, districts, places, persons and things. When the reader has completed the first reading of the book, this index will afford ready means for turning to those subjects that linger in the memory, that enlighten travel and that enhance the pleasure of it; while as a practical and every-day guide for things it is necessary to know, the same index is sure to be helpful in looking up all necessary information from time to time.

All Aboard!

Swinging through the forests,
    Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches
    Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains
    Buzzing o’er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant
    Riding on the rail!

Soldier's Monument, St. Louis Gate, Quebec

Historic Quebec



It is undoubtedly best to approach Quebec by way of the south shore; the city, as is generally known, being on the north side of the St. Lawrence. Whether coming from Montreal and the south-west, or St. John, Halifax and the east, the Intercolonial Railway brings the traveller to the most convenient point, Lévis, immediately opposite Quebec.

Here, taking one of the ferries, and with a seat under the awning of the upper deck, a splendid view is had of the further shore as the steamer makes its way across the river. No need to ask,

“What place is this?” or “Is this Quebec?” Such a question would be absurd, for here in all its grandeur is the great St. Lawrence River, there clusters Quebec around the grim old rock, and yonder, high up, where proudly floats the flag of empire in the active breeze, is the King’s Bastion, with the old citadel, the Château Frontenac and all the spires, peaks and towers that make this place like an ancient picture from the Old World.

What a delightful experience it is to look upon sights and scenes that are novel and beautiful, full of charming local color, and permeated with that atmosphere of grandeur and power that quickens the pulse and causes the thrill of emotion to telegraph its way through the nerve centres. As soon as Quebec is approached it becomes immediately apparent that it is rich in all those things that excite human interest; and if the opinion of others is needed, the testimony of that galaxy of the great, famous in geography, literature, science and art—that long procession of renowned men and women that has taken its way hither in unbroken pilgrimage through the past centuries—is all based on the one majestic keynote of wonder, admiration, reverence and love for all that Quebec typifies for the people of two hemispheres.

How pleasant to sit and view the magnificent prospect up and down the noble river, and see the great mountains that tower and then disappear in the distant blue haze. What glorious clouds; and what beautiful effects of light and shade the bright sun paints on the broad outspread canvas of nature that surrounds us! It needs but the sight of Quebec in its grand setting of striking beauty and the simple melodies of the people heard from violins and harp amidships, to transport the mind in a

delightful reverie of the past.

In fancy we see the Henrys, the Edwards, Good ‘Queen Bess,’ James, poor Charles, the sturdy Lord Protector, Cromwell, and all the long line of crowned heads whose history is woven in with that of Eastern Canada. And then the French King Francis, the two *Henri*, and the four *Louis*, with Champlain, Jacques Cartier and Frontenac; the noble missionaries who came here to

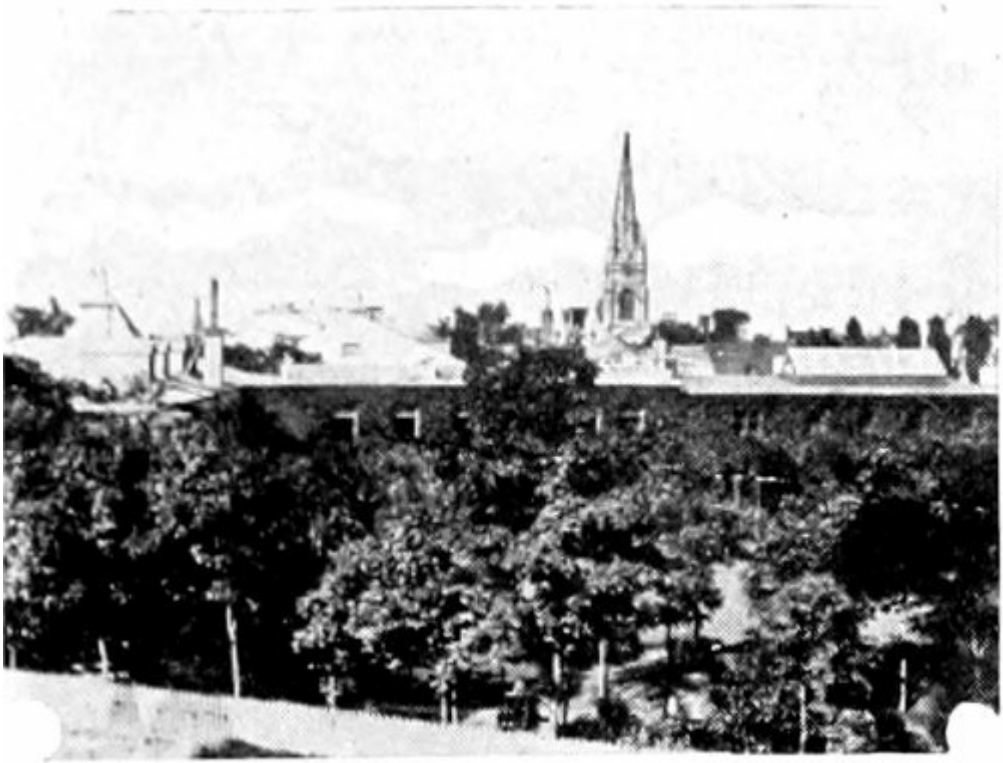
teach the savage Indians—murdered, or burnt at the stake for their devotion; the great captains, including England's Nelson, the brave soldiers down to Wolfe and Montcalm, and since; the Norman and Basque peasant settlers, the *coureurs du bois*, the buccaneers, privateers and adventurers; all these have figured in Quebec's remarkable history.

A bump at the landing dock recalls us to the present, and as we step ashore it is with reverence akin to that which we feel when standing under the towering Norman greatness of Durham Cathedral, or when in the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey where lie buried the genius and achievement of centuries.

And now Quebec is reached, and some of the things that will ever be in mind after this memorable visit are now before us; and weeks of happy experiences are about to unfold their treasure to our admiring gaze.

There is no better way of understanding and appreciating what the old city holds in store than that of first rambling about in every direction on foot. With occasional car trips and with a drive now and again in a *caleche*, the plan of the city and its environs becomes gradually clear. The sight of the quaint streets and of the many old features that are so novel on the new continent will be enjoyed because seen without guide or premeditation. The process known to our English cousins as 'knocking about,' which is to saunter where you will, on foot and without haste, is the best way in Old Quebec. It is on foot that terrestrial things are seen intimately, and when we have made a dozen 'rounds' of the lower town, walked along the ramparts again and again, rambled in the citadel,

promenaded on Dufferin Terrace, quenched our thirst at the Frontenac, climbed the glacis, walked the parapets, viewed the majestic scene from the King's Bastion, sauntered over the Plains of Abraham, and circled the city until every spot is known; then, and not until then, shall we drink in enough of the atmosphere, and be in a condition to take an intelligent view of all that surrounds us, awaiting the keen examination that cannot be made in a hasty or superficial manner.



Of the general appearance of Quebec it will be enough to quote from the words of three of its famous visitors. Thoreau wrote: "I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was in the nineteenth century." Dickens recorded: "The impression made upon the visitor by

this Gibraltar of America, its giddy heights, its citadel suspended, as it were, in the air; its picturesque, steep streets and frowning gateways; and the splendid views which burst upon the eye at every turn, is at once unique and lasting;" while Henry Ward Beecher set down these as his impressions: "Curious, old Quebec!..... of all the cities on the continent of America, the quaintest..... We rode about as if we were in a picture book, turning over a new leaf at each street!"

A brief survey of the history of New France, or Eastern Canada, is a necessary preliminary for the full enjoyment of all those things for which Quebec is famed.

Commissioned by Henry VII. of England, Cabot sailed west in search of a route to China and India, and discovered America. This new land he set down as the coast of China. The discovery was not immediately followed up by further exploration or settlement, and not until the year 1534 did Jacques Cartier, the St. Malo navigator, make a voyage of discovery for the French sovereign Francis I. The intrepid sailor succeeded in reaching the western continent, or New France, and landed at Gaspé, where he erected a cross with an inscription on it claiming the country for the King of France.

Winter approaching, he made his way home again. Before leaving he had entrapped two natives, and these he took with him as evidence of his success.

In the year 1535 Cartier made a second western voyage, and this time he sailed up the great river which he named the St. Lawrence. At that time the fish were so plentiful that the progress of the little flotilla of three tiny ships was often

greatly impeded. Bears, also, were very numerous, and quite expert in catching the fish for their food. It was a common sight to see Bruin plunge into the water, fasten his claws in a great fish and drag it ashore.

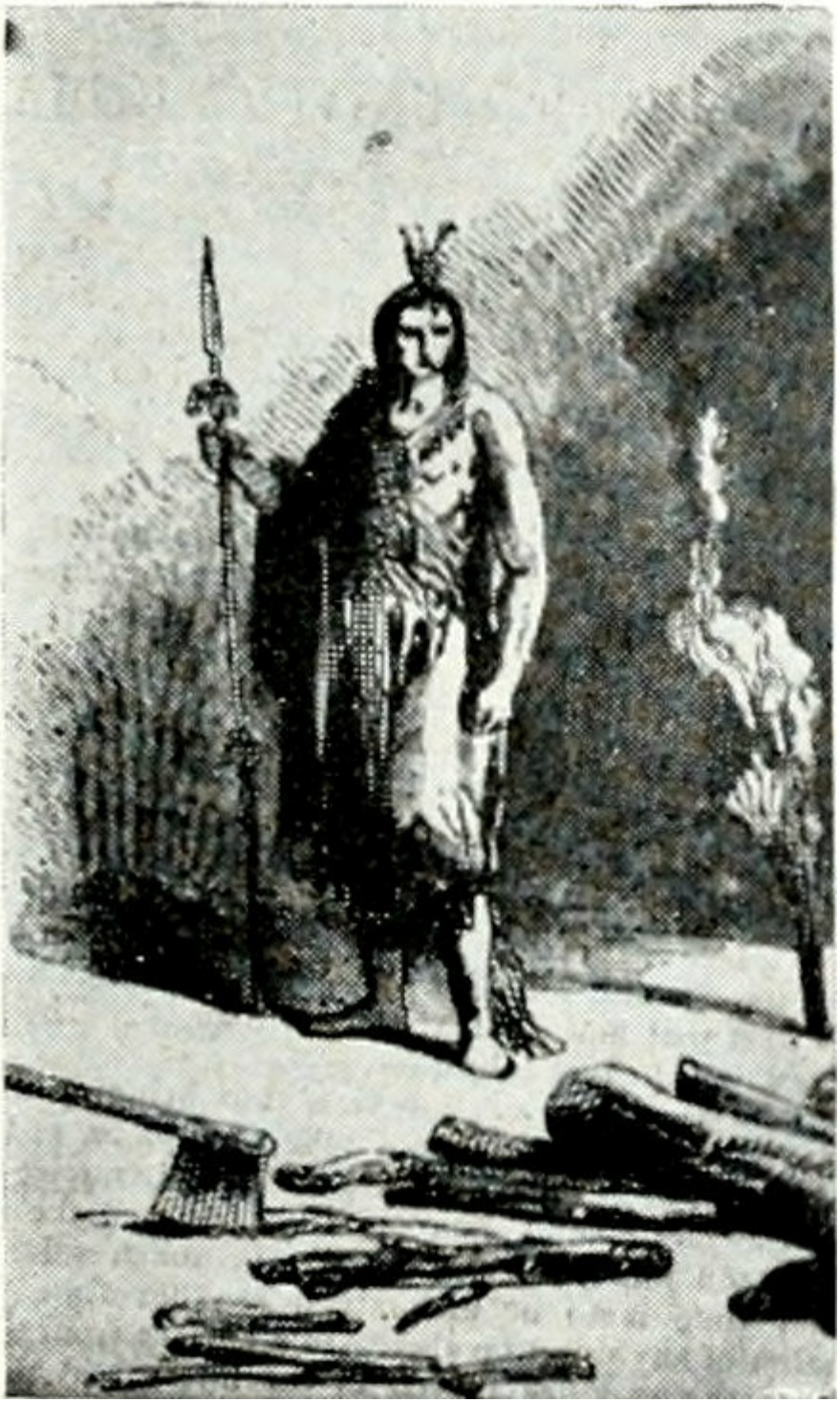
The native Indians were also seen, in canoes, hunting seals and catching white whales. Alarmed by the approach of the strange men in their marvellous vessels, the savages paddled off with haste; but on being addressed in their own tongue by the two returned captives on Cartier's vessel, they abandoned their flight and returned to gaze with astonishment and child-like wonder at all they saw.

Cartier was informed of the existence of an Indian village of considerable size at Stadacona, quite near to Quebeio or Quelibec, and there he met the great chief Donnacona, the 'Lord of Canada.'

There is no complete agreement on the origin and meaning of the name 'Quebec.' Some have traced its derivation from the word 'Kepek,' the aboriginal equivalent for 'come ashore,' supposed to have been addressed to Jacques Cartier when he hove-to near Stadacona. Others have surmised that it sprang from the exclamation of a Norman sailor on first seeing the great cape —"Quelbec!" ("What a cape!") Again, the Abenaquis word 'Quelibec,' meaning 'narrowing' or 'closed,' is supposed to be the real derivation; while a very strong claimant for recognition is the Indian word 'Kebeque,' which means 'a narrowing of the waters.'

Learning of another large native village on the St. Lawrence, a considerable distance above Stadacona, Jacques Cartier determined to proceed there with one of his vessels. The chief Donnacona, a shrewd old savage, did not favor further penetration of his domains, and calling to his aid some of his tribe dressed as 'devils,' he hoped to frighten the bold navigator with the frightful whoopings and noisy invocation to the demons

who were supposed to inhabit the forests.



Cartier pushed on, however, and leaving his vessel near the place now known as St. Maurice, and proceeding in the ship's boats, reached Hochelaga, the site of the present Montreal. The village was circular in form, with a strong palisade surrounding it. The one entrance was well guarded by removable barriers, and platforms were erected inside from which stones could be showered on possible assailants. The square or assembly-ground was in the centre, having grouped around it the birch-bark wigwams or houses. Their weapons and implements were of rock, and their simple life was communal.

The impression made by the advent of the white-faced men from another land had a pathetic side; for the diseased and blind were carried out from their rude shelters in order that the great White Chief should cure their infirmities by the 'laying on of hands.' But alas! the white man was not divine—and the poor Indians were consoled by presents of hatchets, knives and beads, etc., followed by the thrilling sound of a 'flourish of trumpets.'

During Cartier's absence a fort and winter camp had been constructed at Stadacona by his men, the site of which may be seen on the River St. Charles. Cartier gave the name of Mount Royal to the mountain overlooking Hochelaga village, and this name has survived in the Montreal of Canada's commercial capital.

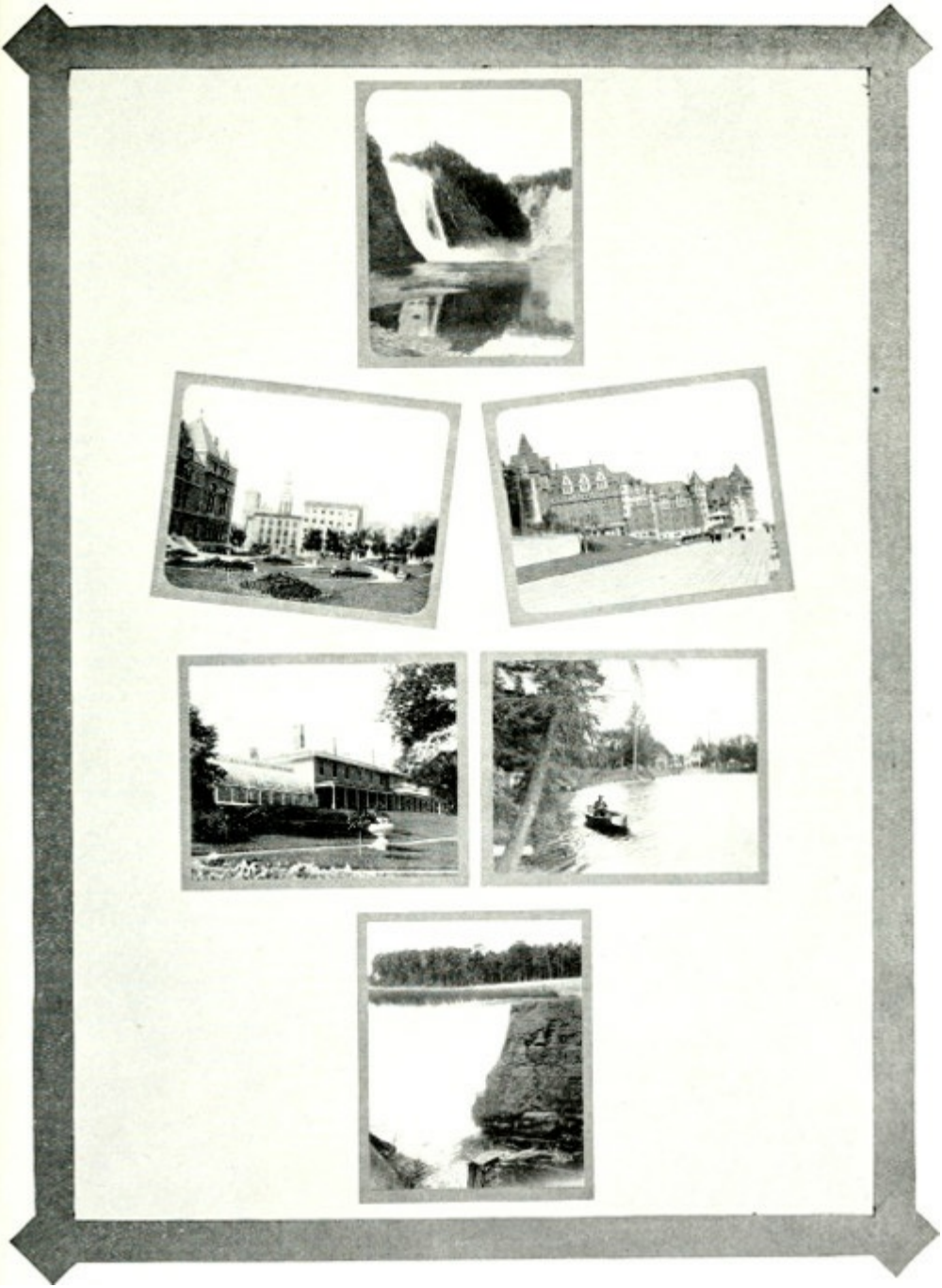
Early next Spring Cartier, and all the remnant of his band that survived after a severe attack of scurvy, sailed for France. A serious blemish in Cartier's character is shown by the record of his having carried off by force—torn from their homes and country—poor old Donnacona, 'Lord of Canada,' and other chiefs. They died in captivity, far from their kin, and with the

sad memory of their great river and noble forests ever with them to the end.

Cartier returned to New France a third time after some five years; but the seed of distrust was sown in the minds of the natives by the absence of their stolen chiefs, and it was not long before the fruit of hatred and strife developed and gradually grew until it steeped the country in continual war and bloodshed. Cartier again set out to proceed up the river to Hochelaga, but finding the natives had been warned and were becoming hostile he turned back to Stadacona. He eventually returned with Roberval to France, and died in his native St. Malo about the middle of the sixteenth century.

It is interesting to learn that Roberval's titles were Viceroy and Lieutenant-General of Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belleisle, Labrador and Baccalaos.

France was now seeing stormy times in her home affairs, and no well-directed effort was made to follow up Cartier's work—although other explorers and fur-traders crossed the stormy seas in their endeavor to make a settlement in the New World.



QUEBEC

1. Montmorency Falls
2. City Hall Park
3. Chateau Frontenac
4. Government House, Spencer Wood
5. Boating on the Lorette
6. Upper Fall, Montmorency

At last the brave and capable Champlain sailed from Harfleur in 1608, and reached Stadacona or Kebec in safety. Here at the foot of the rock where the quaint street Sous le Fort has since been made, a settlement was laid out which Champlain called

‘l’Abitation de Kébec,’ and which consisted of three lodgings and a store-house, all fenced in and surrounded by a ditch.

Champlain made several trips to France, each time bringing back missionary-priests and settlers. He built, a fort on the height above his ‘Abitation,’ on the spot where his statue has since been erected. The little colony commenced to grow, and soon numbered some fifty people. And now began the troubles that were to shake the infant settlement, rumblings of more desperate encounters, for a hostile British fleet arrived, and Quebec was compelled to capitulate. Champlain again sailed for France, where he remained until Charles I. of England gave back Quebec to King Louis.

The founder of Quebec at last, returned to the beloved home of his adoption, where the work of building had to be done a second time—fire having destroyed both ‘Abitation’ and fort, as well as other buildings. With energy and skill, supported in the main by the love and esteem of his fellow colonizers, Champlain toiled on; his noble character showing in all he did. To keep on good terms with the neighboring Algonquins and Hurons he took part in their struggles with the fierce Iroquois, and penetrated inland as far as the Georgian Bay and southern shore of Lake Ontario. The greatest vigilance was now more than ever necessary, for the savage Iroquois crossed the great lakes in their war canoes, came down the St. Lawrence and lurked in the woods, ever ready to cut off and scalp the French when found in small numbers. In addition, the inexperienced Colonists were quite unprepared for the severe winters, and they were often on the verge of starvation.

Other serious troubles came. The British appeared in naval

force, and again Quebec capitulated—Champlain being taken to England as a prisoner of war.

The political kaleidoscope now took another turn, and Quebec was once more given back to France by Charles I. of England.

For the last time Champlain again returned to Quebec, this time as governor, and his customary energy was shown in all that related to the welfare of the colony. In the fulness of time, rewarded by the success of his labors and beloved by his

fellows, the great man breathed his last. He is justly considered to have been the ablest and best of all the early explorers and governors.

The new governor Montmagny was a worthy and capable man. He greatly improved Quebec and commenced the stone construction of Fort Saint-Louis. It is interesting to note that during his incumbency the Jesuits built their college. It was commenced in the year 1638, which makes it the oldest institution of learning in North America, antedating Harvard College by one year. A few years after this the Château Saint-Louis was built within the walls of the fort.

Frontenac next ruled the destinies of Quebec with a firm hand. Excepting Champlain he was perhaps the ablest governor, although his character was marred by arrogance and sell-will. He, perhaps better than any, understood how to hold the Indians in check. The brave d'Ibberville ably seconded the aggressive governor during his second term of office—recalled to stem the victories of the Iroquois and to repel the threatened attack on Quebec by a British fleet. This fleet arrived and anchored off the Isle of Orleans. To the haughty summons from Admiral Phipps, to surrender within an hour, came the proud reply of Frontenac, "It is through the mouth of my guns that your general will hear my reply." The attack was a failure—so well did the guns talk. After that the able Frontenac strengthened the defences of Fort Saint-Louis to such an extent as to convert it into a real citadel.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century Frontenac passed away. The troubles of Quebec were not by any means ended. A great army and fleet under the British Admiral Walker was sent out to reduce and occupy Quebec. In going up the St. Lawrence River during a dense log, a number of the transports were wrecked on Egg Island. More than a thousand men were drowned. This calamity saved the threatened city, for the officers of the expedition became disheartened and abandoned the project.

Governor's Garden, Quebec

As a sequel to that terrible loss of life in the great outer waters of the St. Lawrence there has survived one of those traditions of which the story of 'The Flying Dutchman' is the prototype. In the words of Moore:

"There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador
Where, under the moon upon mounts of frost,

Full many a mariner's bones are tossed.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!"

The Treaty of Utrecht brought peace to France and Great Britain in a division of the land for which they had contended. It was agreed that Canada, Isle Royal (Cape Breton) and l'Isle St. Jean (Prince Edward Island) should belong to France; while Great Britain received Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and the Hudson Bay Territory.

In the succeeding years the two countries again drifted into war, and by the year 1759 it was apparent that Quebec was once more to be attacked. Before the year was half over, a British fleet bearing 18,000 men dropped anchor near the eastern end of the Isle of Orleans. Troops were landed to the east of Montmorency River, and batteries were erected there and at Point Lévis opposite Quebec. A bombardment lasting two months soon followed. The ensuing land struggle, known as the battle of Montmorency, brought face to face the two great leaders, Montcalm and Wolfe, upon whom France and Britain respectively depended in the contest for supremacy on the North American continent.

Wolfe was studying his plan of attack, and making feints in several directions to confuse the enemy. Finally on the last day of July the British troops forded the Montmorency River, and with the guns of the fleet shelling the enemy's trenches the

attacking force made a concentrated rush on the western bank to carry the position by assault.

The French were well placed, and the plan of defense was excellent. The lines had previously been strengthened at every favorable attacking point by the able general Montcalm, and he had a picked reserve at hand ready to hurl it in whatever direction it should be most needed.

The British lost heavily, and Wolfe abandoned the attack in that direction and recalled his troops across the river.

This trial of strength was the prelude to more serious work. Wolfe, weakened by illness—and against the counsels of his officers who were almost unanimous that the siege should be abandoned—persisted in his determination to reduce Quebec. More than a month passed by before new plans were perfected, but at last towards the middle of September a new assault was commenced.

Soon after midnight the boats of the British stole quietly along the Sillery shore under cover of the darkness. In the foremost boat was a Highland officer who spoke the French language. “Qui Vive!” rang out the challenge, as a sentry detected the shadowy boat making inshore. Fortune surely favored the British, for the Scotchman had no difficulty in passing himself off as a French officer in charge of a detachment bringing expected supplies for Quebec. Some of the boats had drifted further east beyond the inlet now known as Wolfe’s Cove. Here what had always been regarded as an impossible ascent was found practicable by the sturdy mountain-climbing Highlanders. Swarming up the unprotected height they immediately

overmastered the scattered sentries, captured in his tent the sleeping officer in charge, and sent back word to General Wolfe that the ground was clear. The troops were disembarked at once, and the dawn of day revealed the British lines on the Plains of Abraham, their right wing extending to the heights and their left on the St. Foye Road.

Montcalm was not aware of the momentous occurrence until the heights had been occupied in force. His troops were at Beauport, some miles away, and before they could be brought up to resist the advance of the invading force the morning was well in progress. As soon as it was known that the British were making entrenchments, the French general decided upon an immediate attack to prevent them from strengthening their position.

Soon after ten o'clock on the bright September morning, Montcalm advanced impetuously to the charge. Down the ravine the French rushed, the formation of the ground causing some confusion. They stopped to re-form within a few hundred yards of the advancing British, but ere they could climb the hill a

frightful volley, hitherto held in reserve, now wrapped the advancing host in a death-flame that caused terrible havoc. Montcalm was in the forefront, heroically urging forward his wavering troops; while Wolfe on the right of the British advance was in the thick of the deadly fray.

A bullet struck the British general on the wrist. It was hastily bound with a handkerchief. At the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers he pressed eagerly forward, when he was struck a second time and dangerously wounded. His bright uniform made him a mark for every sharpshooter. And now a bullet entered his breast. He staggered. Alas! the wound was mortal. “Support me,” he hastily cried, “my brave men must not see me fall.” He was carried to one side and laid on the grass. “A surgeon!” cried a grenadier officer. “It is useless,” faintly uttered the gallant Wolfe, “I am done for.” He was gradually lapsing into unconsciousness.

“They fly,” came eager comments from the sad group

surrounding the dying general. “Who?” quickly uttered Wolfe, arousing himself by one last, painful effort. “The enemy!” came the glad reply, “they are yielding in every direction.” Wolfe immediately gave the important order to speed to the St. Charles River, capture the bridge and thus cut off the enemy’s retreat. He turned on his side, and, as he murmured, “the Lord be praised, I die in peace!” his dauntless spirit took its wing, leaving the dead hero a victor, and the founder of an empire that great then, and greater now, is yet only in the infancy of its splendid course.

The ‘Great Commoner’ of England, William Pitt, has well said: “The horror of the night, the precipice scaled by Wolfe, the empire he with a handful of men added to England, and the glorious catastrophe of contentedly terminating his life where his fame began .....Ancient story may be ransacked, and ostentatious philosophy thrown into the account, before an episode can be found to rank with Wolfe’s.”

On the French side the gallant Montcalm in vain tried to rally his retreating forces. The path of defeat led him towards the gate of Saint-Louis, but ere he could enter he was twice wounded. He was assisted inside, but his injury was soon seen to be mortal. To those around him weeping the brave Montcalm spoke: “It is nothing, kind friends; pray do not weep over me.” When told by the attending surgeon that he had only a few hours to live, he replied, “I am glad of it, I shall not see the surrender of Quebec.” Before morning his earthly struggles were over.

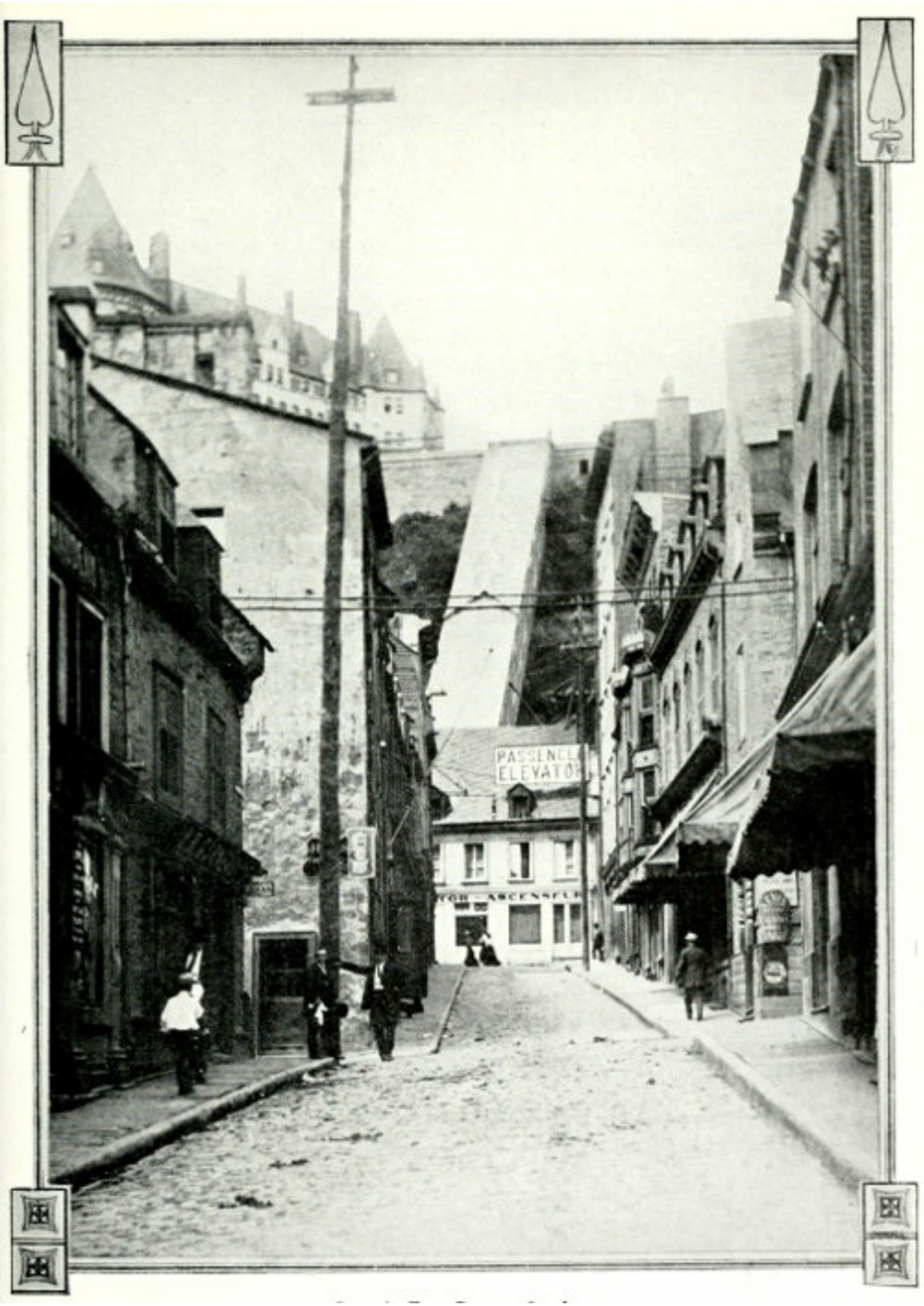
Subsequent efforts to retake Quebec from the British failed, and ere long it was seen that the ‘Battle of the Plains’ was final in its results.

The monument to Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham is erected where the great general breathed his last; while the joint memorial to Montcalm and Wolfe, erected in the Governor's Garden overlooking Dufferin Terrace, fittingly marks the great struggle that has joined two races in one empire of happy union and effort.

As the coming centuries go by, this battle will not only rank equal to that of Waterloo in importance—it will far surpass it on account of the momentous bearing it will have on the future of the British Empire and the progress of the world's true civilization.

Time passed on, and in the troublous days of the American War of Independence the much-tried city of Quebec was destined to besiegement for the fifth time in its history. This time the attack came from New England; a daring one it must be admitted, for the whole of the invader's forces were brought over the Kennebec and Chaudière Rivers in the face of many obstacles. Arnold and Montgomery, after a siege of two months, planned to

capture the citadel by a bold, surprise attack.



Sous le Fort Street, Quebec

The defense, however, was an alert one, and when Montgomery advanced with his force—as he thought, unawares—and was almost within the walls, a frightful volley was fired in their very faces. This discharge killed the revolutionary general and many of his followers. The others fled. Nor was Arnold more successful, although he escaped with his life; a life that if there ended, like Montgomery's, would have terminated more gloriously for the able but misguided American than did his after years.

Many prisoners were taken, the remainder escaped and returned to New England, and the siege was raised.

Since then no alarm of War has been heard in Old Quebec; and although the War of 1812 brought suffering to many parts of Canada, none of the various struggles came nearer than Montreal.

The foregoing outline is intended to provide some knowledge of historic events as an aid to the appreciation of scenes, incidents and sketches in connection with people and places that have been prominent in bygone years. All such details now follow in the description of those parts of the country to which they properly belong.

One of the first things to claim the visitor's attention will surely be the fortifications of the city. Because these are unique and peculiar to Quebec, not being found elsewhere on the American continent, they command the greater interest. Leaving out of consideration their many picturesque features, the fact that they represent in all the glory of almost perfect preservation a system of defense that is centuries old, and that here—one of the few

such places in the world—we may tread on the undisturbed spot and in the very streets and houses where great, stirring events have taken place, gives a never-failing and absorbing interest to the outer walls and inner places of Old Quebec.

The advent of heavy ordnance on disappearing carriages, or in wrought-iron turrets, the strength given to concealed batteries through the use of smokeless gunpowder, the improvement of harbor defense by the use of mines, torpedoes, submarine boats and electric light, and the imminent use of aerial explosives; all these have united to sound the knell of the old style of fortification. The day of the hand-to-hand conflict has almost gone by, and probably we may never again read of assault and repulse at outer walls, never hear of the carrying of outer defenses, of the desperate struggle from one inner defense to the other, or of the last glorious stand around the colors on the bastion or keep. No! for man fights now more with brain and eye than with hand. Science and invention in future will destroy or annihilate the strongest defenses, and whole armies will walk out and surrender without a blow. This was so at Metz.

If the old days and ideas are gone, and the picturesque defenses of moat, rampart, bastion, keep and inner stronghold will never again be constructed, how important it is that we should admire and enjoy to the full their splendid survival in Quebec, before the lapse of time and the inevitable encroachments of modern city life shall destroy these dearly beloved monuments of the past.

The Citadel, Fortification Walls and Gates of Quebec now invite examination. Starting from the convenient point where

stands Champlain's monument, near the Château Frontenac, do not forget that a fort was first constructed by Champlain on the very spot where the monument now stands; and that Montmagny replaced the wooden walls of his predecessor with substantial stone work. Frontenac extended the defensive lines considerably, and added forts and bastions. Later the fortifications were again extended and solidified under a comprehensive plan drawn up by the great Vauban.

Damaged by sieges, and imperfectly repaired from time to time, the important stronghold was often neglected; but at the end of the eighteenth century the present works were finished by the English. The plans were approved by the 'Iron Duke' himself, and the construction cost an enormous sum. The solid stone facings, the batteries behind the glacis, the loopholed walls that seem strong enough to defy everything but dynamite, the ditches, gateways, underground passages, magazines, etc.; and all the accessories of a great defensive system are present.

Even during their first construction by the French so much money had been required that Louis XIV. once asked if the fortifications of Quebec were made of gold.

The citadel covers about forty acres, and access to it is gained by the solid Dalhousie Gate. There is also a great chain gate. The soldiers' quarters are well protected against gun-fire, and the more important buildings are bomb-proof. The view from the King's Bastion is one of the most beautiful it is possible to imagine. The Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery have their quarters in the barracks within the citadel. They muster a strength of from three to four hundred men.

By means of the halyards of the flagstaff on the King's Bastion, from which floats the 'Union Jack,' two American prisoners once escaped after they had succeeded in drugging the sentry. The height above the river is 350 feet, and a look over the bastion at the drop below will show the daring nature of the venture.

Great guns command all the landward approaches. The waterway can also be swept by powerful cannon, while on the Lévis side of the river are strong batteries that dominate the river and both shores.

The Governor-General's residence is on the Citadel Square, and not far away is the interesting Artillery Museum.

That portion of the defenses known as Grand Battery is at the eastern end of Dufferin Terrace, on the edge of the cliff that runs from the top of Mountain Hill towards Palace Gate. Here a number of guns are disposed in crescent form. In addition to this, and not counting those in the citadel, the following batteries may be seen: Assembly, Half-Moon, Hope Gate, Montcalm, Nunnery Nos. 1 and 2, Wolfe's Grand Battery, and, finally, two that are smaller and unnamed.

The ponderous old gates that gave security to those within the citadel walls no longer exist. In French days there were three of these: St. Louis, St. John and Palace. The two gates added by the British in later days have also disappeared. These were known as Hope and Prescott Gates. What a pity that, all five were not allowed to remain as they were! What an irreparable loss!

Walking around the ramparts and beginning with the picturesque modern gateway or arch that stands where stood the former gate whose name, St. Louis, it bears, it will be well to remember that the old gate was venerable with age. It was built in the year 1694. Through this outlet sorties must frequently have been made against attacking Iroquois, and through this gate the brave and dying Montcalm with many of his soldiers passed into the city after the defeat on the Plains of Abraham. The handsome arch with its graceful Norman spire, now known as the St. Louis Gate, is mainly due to the keen interest that Lord Dufferin took in all that related to the improvement of Quebec.

Proceeding north along the ramparts, Kent Gate is reached. No gate existed here in olden days, and the cut in the fortifications was made necessary by the desire for increased traffic facilities. The effect of the structure is a pleasing one, and considerable interest attaches to it because it is a memorial to Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Canada's well beloved Queen Victoria. Added interest will be found in the fact that the Princess Louise participated in the perfection of the artistic design.

Just a short distance north is the site of the old St. John Gate.

There is now neither gate nor arch here, but the portal demolished was as old as the St. Louis Gate. In Montcalm's day the old gate swung open to allow some of his defeated troops to pass in, and it was against this gate that part of the American effort was directed in the futile attempt of 1775.

There are no remains of the old gate on the busy Palais thoroughfare that leads from St. John Street, down towards the River St. Charles, nor has any memorial tower been erected yet to mark the site. The street took its name from the palace or residence of the French intendants, and the ruins of that building may still be seen at the foot of the hill. The old Palais Gate had many memories attached to it, and it withstood frequent attacks from besieging foes.

The comparatively modern gates of convenience, Hope and Prescott, have both been demolished in the demand for unobstructed streets, but it is proposed to some day mark their sites by suitable memorials. Hope Gate was on the north side, while the Prescott Gate commanded the steep Mountain Hill on the eastern water front.

Champlain's 'Abitation' was near the foot of Mountain Hill, but right out on the water. The place where he landed in 1608, and from which the founding of Quebec dates, was about two hundred yards to the south-west, where King's Wharf now is. Champlain's Old Fort, stood on the very spot where now stands the fine monument to his memory as founder of Quebec.

Close by, on the site now occupied by that magnificent hostelry, the Château Frontenac, once stood the Château St. Louis, in which Champlain, Frontenac and Carleton successively lived.

The cellar of the former building still remains under the terrace platform. The Old Fort extended back and included what is now known as the Place d'Armes or Ring.

The old Château St. Louis was once the seat of a power that ruled from the Mississippi River to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It was destroyed by fire in the year 1834, and thus was lost a priceless relic of the past.

The unsurpassed view from Dufferin Terrace and the pretty retreat known as the Governor's Garden are the magnets that compel instant admiration from all comers. Every resident of Quebec is justly proud of the Dufferin Promenade. It is the very heart of its social and recreational life.

In a ramble, or by taking a car along the Grande Allée, the martello towers erected about a hundred years ago may be seen, and a little further west is the shaft erected to the memory of the immortal Wolfe. Near these towers there were several fierce struggles when the British advance came that way—Wolfe lying mortally wounded only about a quarter of a mile distant.

The monument to Wolfe marks the spot where he died. He received his fatal wound a few hundred feet nearer the city, but was carried back here to breathe his last in comparative peace. His body was interred in the family vault at Greenwich, England, a national memorial of him was erected in Westminster Abbey, and by special proclamation a day of thanksgiving for his great victory was appointed throughout the British Empire.

It is well worth while to extend the walk west to Wolfesfield, for on the riverside is Wolfe's Cove where the British landed in

1759; and the difficulties of the steep and narrow path up the face of the rocky height, and the midnight ascension to fame, and death, will come vividly to mind.

The "Monument aux Braves" on the Ste. Foye Road may be reached by the St. Louis and Belvedere Roads. Here was fought the Battle of Ste. Foye between the French and English under De Lévis and Murray respectively. Murray was defeated. It was a sanguinary conflict, for over four thousand brave dead are here buried. The struggle brought no advantage to France; it was evident by this time that the British were too firmly rooted to release their hold.

A very interesting monument is that to Wolfe and Montcalm in the Governor's Garden near the Château Frontenac. The English translation of the Latin inscription is:

"Valor gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument."

This beautiful dedication is surely an evidence of that happy union of French and British that has resulted in the enlightened and practically independent Canada of to-day.

The brave Montcalm was buried in the Ursuline Convent, and here may be seen the French and British monuments to that gallant general.

General Montgomery, who fell in the American attack on Quebec, was buried in a small enclosure near the ramparts by the St. Louis Gate. The British consenting, his remains were removed to New York after an interval of over forty years, and were interred in St. Paul's Church there. A

tablet with the inscription, ‘Here Montgomery Fell, Dec. 31, 1775,’ now marks the scene of his death. The tablet to ‘Her Old and New Defenders’ who ‘unitedly guarded and saved Canada’ by defeating Arnold, should by no means be overlooked. It is placed on the Molson’s Bank near the Sault-au-Matelot where the barricade then stood that was so ably defended.

The last of Quebec’s great historic monuments is that to Jacques Cartier on the way to Lake Beauport, to the left of the Charlesbourg Road, and about a mile from the city. Here the St. Malo navigator wintered in the year 1535-6, built his first fort, and erected a large cross inscribed with the name of King Francis I. and bearing the royal arms of that ruler. Here was also erected a few years later the first Jesuit monastery of New France.

There yet remain to be seen four monuments of general interest. The first, that to Queen Victoria in the Victoria Park over the St. Charles River; the second, to Bishop de Laval near to the Post Office; the third, on the Grande Allée, to the memory of Short and Wallick, who lost their lives in the work of checking the great fire of 1889; and the Soldiers’ or South African Monument, which stands on the Esplanade, close by the St. Louis Gate.

This last monument was erected by the citizens of Quebec to the young heroes who lost their lives defending the British flag in the Boer War. On a tablet is inscribed:

“Not by the power of commerce, art or pen, shall
our great Empire stand; nor has it stood,
but by noble deeds of noble men—

heroes' outpoured blood."

A walk along the Grande Allée, and on St. John and St. Valier Streets will be rich in interest. Palace Hill, too, and the old streets of St. Paul and St. Peter are full of character; while in the cluster of old-town streets, alleys and passageways that extend from below the eastern ramparts to Little Champlain below Dufferin Terrace, the visitor will find the quaintest sights the new world has to show. Mountain Hill, Sous-le-Fort and Sous-le-Cap are streets the like of which may be seen nowhere out of Quebec. St. Louis Street, the Esplanade and St. Roch's will repay close intimacy and examination.

Sous-le-Cap Street, Quebec

In a ramble that has for its object an inspection of the chief public and historical buildings of the city, the ruins of the Intendant Bigot's old palace claim attention. They are at the foot of Palace Hill and are now used as ale and porter vaults.

Bigot was a high-placed scamp of the worst description. The times in which he lived were somewhat loose, but even then he excited much unfavorable criticism by living with a woman to

whom he was not married. One evening he got drunk, a not infrequent event with him. Stumbling homewards he lost his way in the woods, where he slumbered away some of his drunken stupor. Unfortunately for her a pretty French-Algonquin maiden was passing when he awoke. He saw and admired her, and like more than one of the royal masters of France he built a bower for his Caroline in the woodland depths. It is claimed she was his unwilling prisoner. The Intendant's pseudo wife soon learned she had a rival hidden away somewhere. Driven mad by jealousy she stealthily followed the unsuspecting Bigot and found his retreat. She returned to the city and said nothing, but soon after that a scream aroused the sleeping Intendant while spending the night in his sylvan bower. He rushed to Caroline's room and found her lying there, murdered, with a knife in her heart. There are many versions of this terrible affair, and in this connection the novel of William Kirby is well worth reading.

Over the Post Office there is an effigy known as the 'Chien d'Or,' or 'Golden Dog,' which has excited much interest on account of its enigmatical inscription, a translation of which here follows:

> "I am a dog gnawing a bone,
> While I gnaw I take my repose.
> The time will come, though not yet,
> When I will bite him who now bites me."

The stone tablet bearing this effigy and inscription was originally in the walls of the old house owned by one Philibert, which house formerly stood on the post office site. When the old house was demolished, the tablet was saved and incorporated in

the new building. A story of murder and revenge appears to be connected with the strange inscription, but like most of the old traditions it is a matter of dispute. Kirby's 'Golden Dog' gives one version that makes interesting reading.

A beautiful maiden of Quebec was nearly the cause of closing the naval career of the great Nelson. Had it not been for the interposition of a true friend, the young sailor, who visited here in the *Albemarle*, man-of-war, at the outset of his great and glorious life, would probably have been lost to England, and Trafalgar would have been unfought. Fortunately the insane determination of the young sailor to stay and woo his *inamorata*, and abandon his ship when it was ordered to India, was overruled by Davison, his true friend. Whether persuasion or bodily force brought about the result, after Nelson—having said 'good-bye' to his distinguished and lovely young sweetheart—secretly stole ashore again, is uncertain. What is known is that he was persuaded to adhere to his duty—and the world knows the sequel.

The Parliament Buildings are on the Grande Allée, and a splendid view of the fine pile may be had from almost any point, so well chosen is the site. From the main tower of the building the grand view of the superb surroundings should be seen. The interior corridors and chambers are very attractive, while the bronze groups and heroic figures of the great in Canadian history, by Hebért, in recesses along the façade are splendid in conception and execution. There is an excellent library where valuable archives of olden times are preserved. Americans will be interested in the two hickory trees sent from General Andrew Jackson's old home in Tennessee and which are growing on the Grande Allée to the south.

Spencer Wood, with its leafy, winding roads and shady avenues, is at the extreme western end of the city's suburban extension, not far from Wolfe's Cove. The delightful, old roomy mansion to be seen there was formerly used as a Governor-General's residence. It is now occupied by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.

The Château Frontenac stands on a site of such prominence, and commands such a glorious view, that few places in the world may compare with it. The delightful architectural presentment of all that is picturesque and graceful in old-time buildings, carries us easily back to the fourteenth century, and even to prior times. From its turrets, dormers, pierced towers and hundreds of windows a prospect meets the eye that is uplifting and

irresistible in its appeal to those who love that rare combination, man's work at its best and nature in her grandest mood. The panorama of the great river carrying its proudly floating ships to and from the ocean, the Lévis shore, the citadel, the terrace with its ever-varying throngs, the old town away below in the giddy depths, the mountains, the distant country dotted with its white houses, the fleecy clouds, the shimmering haze and the far away perspective of varied beauty; all these make a picture upon which the gaze may be intently turned, without weariness, again and again.

As is befitting, the plan of the structure is irregular, and, in the olden way, the principal entrance is through an interior court of considerable size. The Château is built of Scottish brick and grey stone, roofed with copper. Over the main entrance is a shield bearing the arms of Frontenac who lived in the old Château St. Louis—as did Champlain and others—that stood on this very site. In plan it is more homelike and comfortable than the usual palatial hotel, and there is an absence of the customary annoying rush, public promenading in corridors, etc., found in the large hostelries of the American continent. In fact the general plan is that of a sumptuous and princely castle-mansion of olden times, sufficiently modernized to give all necessary comforts for those who stay here. The interior decorations, panel effects, tapestries, heraldic and symbolic ornamentations, and the artistic furnishings will commend themselves to all. There is so much to be seen, that all visitors to Quebec should introduce themselves to the courteous management and take the opportunity of making a thorough examination of the Château interior. Do not hurry; avoid the modern detestable rush and indigestion of sights, scenes and ideas. Make a preliminary tour of all public places in the building, and then go through it at

leisure, making notes of all the numerous features that in themselves, alone, are an education.

Laval University is famous for its treasures of art and splendid library. It has a fine picture gallery and museums. A beautiful and extended view of the surrounding country may be had from the promenade on the roof of the building. In the smaller seminary adjoining were confined the American officers who were taken prisoners at the time of Arnold and Montgomery's attack on Quebec in 1775. The buildings contain many things of interest for the general visitor, and here a whole day may profitably be spent.

The Ursuline Convent, Hotel Dieu, and Cardinal's Palace are also places of great interest. In the chapel of the convent the remains of the brave Montcalm are interred. Here may be seen the monument erected to his memory, bearing an inscription prepared by the French Academy. A second memorial, erected by Lord Aylmer, has an inscription of which the translation reads:

"Honor to Montcalm!
Fate in depriving Him of Victory
Rewarded Him by a Glorious Death!"

The Hotel Dieu, or hospital, is the oldest institution of the kind in all America. It was founded in 1689 by the Duchess d'Aguillon, who was a niece of the great Cardinal Richelieu. Some of the oldest houses in Canada originally stood in this locality. The Hotel Dieu contains some very excellent paintings and valuable relics of the early Jesuit missionaries who were martyred by the Indians. While in Quebec read the story of this

terrible martyrdom, and learn what incredible suffering was endured by those brave men who assisted in opening up the heritage we now enjoy so complacently.

The Cardinal's Palace at the crest of Mountain Hill Street is worthy of a visit to inspect its fine apartments and reception chamber.

The English Cathedral and the Basilica are the two principal churches of the city, although there are, of course, many other churches well worthy of a visit. On the site where now stands the English Cathedral formerly stood the ancient church and convent of the Recollêt Fathers. The last survivor was pensioned by the British Government. He was well known for his wit. It is recorded that he was once asked if he knew that a priest had arrived in town who was noted for his appreciation of the good things of the table, but who, ever ready to be a guest, never entertained others. The good old Father replied. "I saw him to-day, 'going about seeking whom he may devour.'"

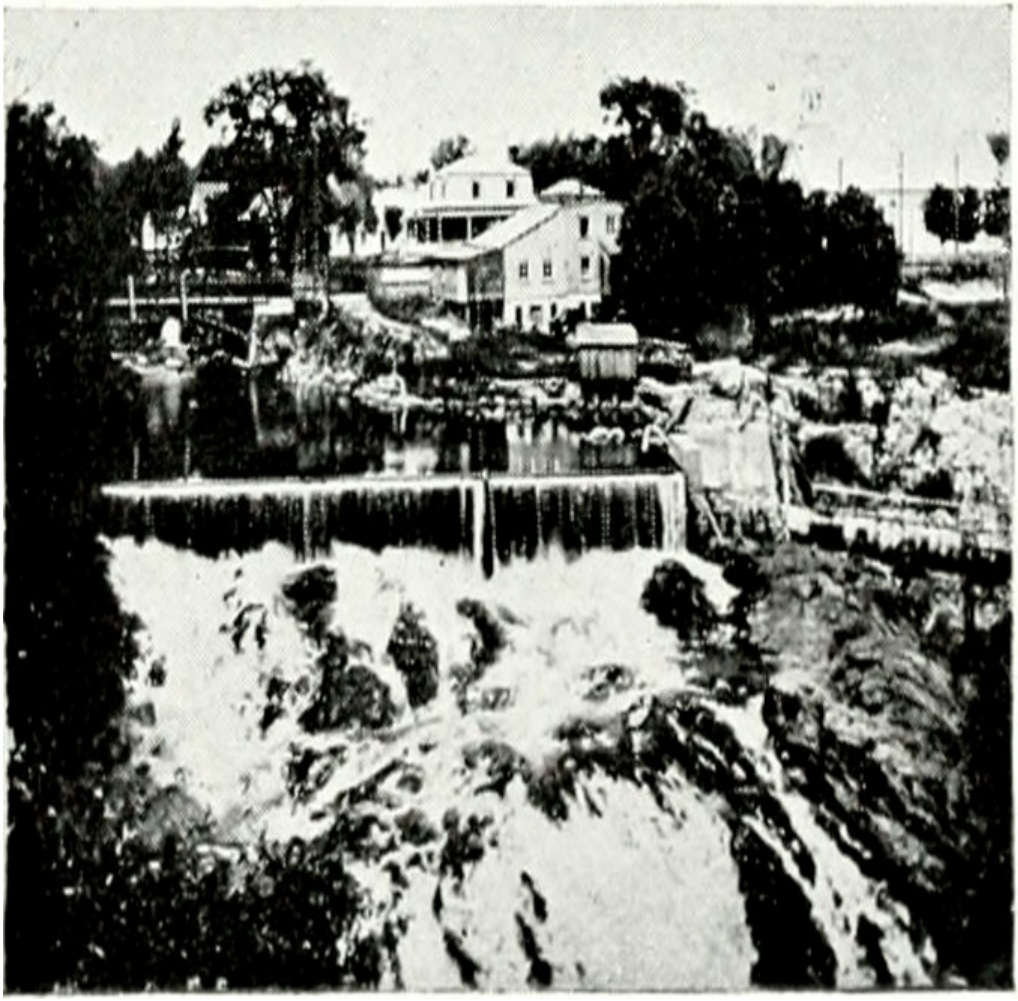
The Cathedral contains splendid monuments, a fine chancel window and a silver communion service of exquisite design and superior workmanship. It was a present from King George III. What is frequently seen in Europe, but rarely in America, is the decoration of a church interior with old battle-torn regimental flags, and here the former colors of the 69th British regiment are draped over the chancel. In the Cathedral enclosures once stood a precious elm under which Jacques Cartier is believed to have assembled his followers on their first arrival in this part of Canada. It was blown down over a half-century ago. The treasures contained in the Cathedral will be appreciated by all

who wish to understand Quebec and its past.

The Basilica is venerable with age, dating back to the year 1647. Two years previous to that, twelve hundred and fifty beaver skins had been set aside to commence a fund for the building of this Cathedral. Although it has suffered much from fire and siege, the foundations and parts of the walls are those of two-and-a-half centuries ago. Champlain's 'Chapelle de la Recouvrance' was in the rear of the Basilica, and traces of its walls are still visible. The edifice contains many beautiful paintings and it is also rich in memorials of great historic value. In fact many of the works of art seen here are almost priceless. Rare gifts from the 'Grand Monarch,' Louis XIV. may here be seen; and the building contains enough of interest to occupy a good portion of a rainy day.

Many pleasant spots are in the immediate neighborhood of Quebec, and some that are also intimately connected with events of the past. A drive through the pretty village of Charlesbourg and beyond, and some four miles east, may terminate at the ruins of the Château Bigot, known as

Beaumanoir, and also called the ‘Hermitage.’ It was here the tragedy in connection with the beautiful maiden of French and Algonquin extraction took place; for it will be remembered that this was the woodland bower or country house of the infamous Intendant Bigot whose city residence was the palace at the foot of Palais Hill. The building was originally a very extensive one, with many secret passages. Until within recent years the burial place of poor Caroline was marked with a flat stone that had the letter ‘C’ chiselled on it.



Indian Lorette may be reached by carriage, or by a short run on the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. The country through Charlesbourg is very pretty, mountainous and splendidly wooded. There is a grand fall of water at the Indian village where the Lorette courses along a romantic bed and dashes madly through wild and rocky gorges. Huge masses of stone have fallen from the cliffs, and in places small trees have gained a foothold on the apparently bare tops of these rocks. They often

assume odd forms, and particularly so when they grow sidewise from the perpendicular clefts in the face of the rocky banks. The bottom of the gorge is rugged and striking. Huge table rocks slant upwards, and the torrents of water dashing against them rear up and pass over or around the obstructions. The volume of water precipitated over the fall is very great, and the whole scene as the eye follows the river bed is most striking. It is a novel experience to stand or sit on a ledge fronted by a huge boulder in the middle of the narrow channel or gorge. The Lorette gaining here in depth rushes down with great force, and as the river is deflected it rises up a seething pillar of water, so that, at only arm's-length the curious sight may be viewed. Nearly everyone feels the fascination of a waterfall like this, with its ever-changing form and merry, boisterous song. The romantic descent into the ravine is something to be remembered —nothing could be wilder or so touched with Nature's art. Just above the village is the Château d'Eau, from in front of which the water is conveyed by conduits to Quebec. The scenery on the river above the Château is charming, and a boat or canoe trip may be taken to Lake St. Charles through a most delightful sylvan country.

The Hurons live in the Indian village. They are industrious and peaceable, carrying on the manufacture of snowshoes, moccasins, and basket work, etc. In the height of the summer a good number migrate to the populous resorts of Murray Bay and the Lower St. Lawrence.

There is a fine view to be obtained by going up the eminence on which stands the attractive French village of Lorette.

Lakes St. Charles and Beauport, the Jacques Cartier River, Lake St. Joseph, and the river Ste. Anne are all delightful objectives, and they are within convenient reach of the city.

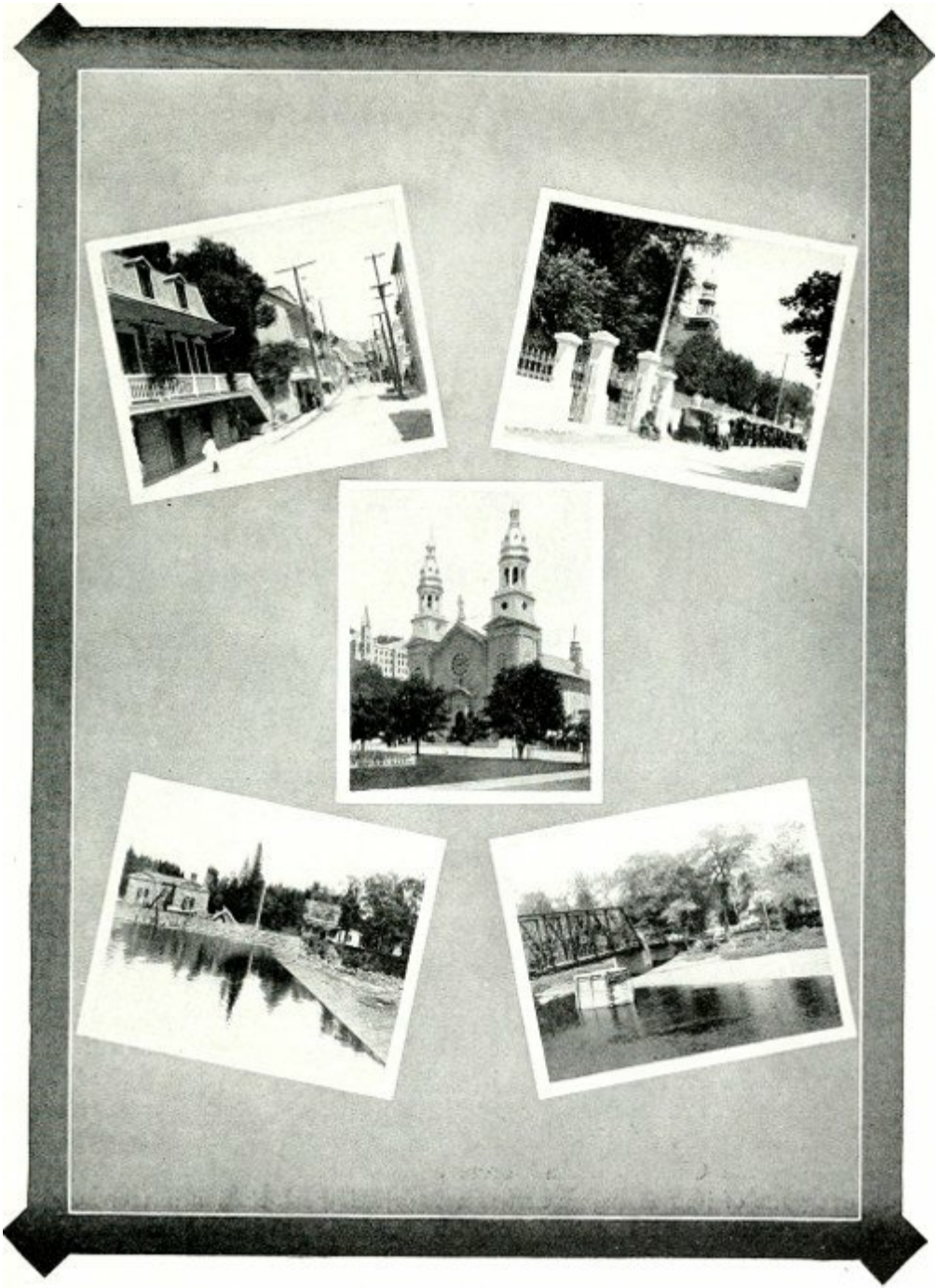
Quebec is fortunate in the possession of beautiful environs, and at Montmorency Falls there is a spectacle of grandeur that in itself is worthy of a pilgrimage of hundreds of miles to behold. Montmorency is about eight miles from the city, and it may be reached by carriage over the St. Charles River and by way of Beauport, or by the electric railway. The cataract has a fall of over 250 feet. The roar of the waters, the fascination of the billowy masses of white foam, and the rainbow-like play of colors in the dashing spray all hold the spectator spellbound. A fine general view is obtained from the station of the electric railway; but no adequate conception of the real grandeur of the sight may be formed until the view is taken from the observation platforms. A full descent should be made to the bottom of the steps that have been provided, and the view should be seen from the upper platforms or terraces as well.

The piers of the old suspension bridge are still standing near the brink of the falls. The bridge gave way and swept to destruction a farmer and his family who were driving across at the time.

Another good view of the falls may be obtained by crossing the Montmorency Bridge to the park on the eastern side of the river.

The natural steps in the solid rock of the river bed, about a mile above the falls, are no longer visible since the height of the river at that point has been much increased by the dam below. They were hewn out by the action of the rushing water of past centuries. While they were visible thousands of people were attracted there to wonder over the strange sight. The Fairy River nearby should also be seen, and a walk through the fields to the power-house will bring a reward in the grand view of towering rocky banks and the bridal-veil of water that falls over the

height.



STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

1. Main Street
2. Pilgrims Buying Relics
3. Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré
4. Waterworks at Lorette
5. Ste. Anne River

Near where Montmorency village stands was fought the first battle between Montcalm and Wolfe, this engagement being the prelude to the great attack on Quebec that resulted in the death of both illustrious generals and the permanent addition of Canada to the British Empire.

Governor Haldimand's fine old mansion, the Kent House, where the Duke of Kent once lived, is now a delightful hostelry of that ideal kind where a semblance of home life may be enjoyed amidst restful and picturesque surroundings. There is a glorious view in every direction from the breezy highlands, and no one should miss the picture of Quebec seen from this vantage ground.

The Falls of Montmorency have not the breadth or extent of the celebrated Falls of Niagara. Their height, however, is much greater; and the rural and picturesque environment, as well as the graceful and lofty character of the waterfall, combine in a splendid prospect that has no equal anywhere.

Of the pleasant recreations in and about Montmorency, the Zoological Gardens maintained by Holt, Renfrew & Co., of Quebec, afford never-ending occupation for young and old alike. The numerous animals, etc., are well arranged for purposes of observation, and the interesting collection shows animal life in a way that is sure to bring many hours of enjoyment to those who ramble along the pleasant paths that have been laid out in various directions.

Everyone has heard of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, the quaint and medieval village, some twenty miles from Quebec, where the celebrated Church of La Bonne Ste. Anne is situated to which

pilgrimages are ever being made by the faithful, and which is so full of interest and local color for those who merely go there to enjoy a pleasant excursion.

If an early riser, it is a good plan to take the electric limited train, known as the "Fast Pilgrimage," at 6 a.m. This train stops first at the Church of La Bonne Ste. Anne and discharges nearly everyone of its passengers at the pretty little park-station in front of the church. The train then runs on a few hundred yards to the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, where that particular run terminates. Those who go to worship will, of course, pass into the church at once in time for the early mass. As they do so they will not fail to notice that nearly every passenger goes direct to the church. One or two sightseers—for the hour is early—will saunter about and enjoy the delightful air and very foreign surroundings to pass away the time before having a country breakfast at one of the numerous hostelries with which the neighborhood is provided.

The Church of Ste. Anne presents a fine appearance, both within and without. The style of architecture is very pleasing, and the church stands in the midst of beautiful and well-kept surroundings. The interior, with many quaint decorations and numerous little chapels, is especially interesting, while a never-failing attraction for all is the huge pile of crutches and other appurtenances of bodily suffering or infirmity that have been thrown away by their happy owners who, it is stated, were miraculously cured here after making their devotions at the shrine of the celebrated Ste. Anne.

There is so much that is novel to be seen here—indeed it is the only place of the kind in the whole continent—so much beauty in

the surroundings, and so much of the grandeur of nature everywhere, that he whose heart is not actively stirred must be too dead and inert for the wonderful appeal to move him.

With no stretch of the imagination the district may be called American Alpine, and almost equal to the Swiss Alps in real interest. In fact this is an older civilization, and all the accessories of race, customs and manners, and country lend themselves naturally to the production of the strangest effects. What quaint narrow streets are here; and see the overhanging balconies at almost every story of the foreign-looking houses that are placed at the foot of the steep hills, nestling close to them.

Almost every building in the village is a hotel, restaurant, or store for the sale of relics, curios, novelties and souvenirs. Everything contributes to the general *fete* or holiday-like appearance of the place.

In addition to the constant stream of visitors coming from Quebec, etc., by electric trains, special trains arrive at Lévis and Quebec that come from all parts of the provinces, quite

frequently. Sometimes as many as four and five trainloads will be here in one day—all brought out to the church by the comfortable electric cars.

There is no better way of seeing the beautiful valley of Beaupré than by walking from the Church of Ste. Anne to the village of St. Joachim, a distance of something less than five miles. The high mountain-sides are liberally wooded with noble trees to near the roadway, where banks that are clear of wood slope more gradually, and not too steep to climb with a little effort. The daisies are so profuse in many places that the effect is nearly like that of a snowstorm. Particularly so where the young orchard is springing up, the spaces between the rows of trees being quite white.

No country could be richer in waterfalls of all sizes, from the precipitous and mighty fall of Montmorency down to the dashing cascade that starts out from the mountain side. In some places they may be heard but not seen, until in looking beyond the road a tiny stream is seen to be making riverwards, and further examination reveals a charming fall in some leafy copse on the other side of the road. The tones of these waterfalls, cascades, rivulets and springs are musical, grateful and soothing to ear and spirit beyond the power of words to describe; while the water, sparkling and clear, is pure and refreshing to the thirsty wayfarer.

Wildflowers are very prolific, sweet-scented and a constant joy to the eye.

"In the cool and quiet nooks,
By the side of running brooks;
In the forest's green retreat,
With the branches overhead—"

will be found the iris, violet, trillium, water lily, and, at times, delicately colored orchids; while crowning the neat white fence of many a humble cottage festoons of trailing roses gladden the way.

There is a pleasant walk at Château Richer, up to the mill by the bend of the rippling Rivière à la Puce. The still water above, the dark shade and the peaceful calm, all repay the little *detour* necessary to visit this charming spot. This is surely the land of the waterfall, for the falls of St. Fereol, Ste. Anne, Seven Falls and the fall of La Puce are all romantic and wonderfully picturesque. Though difficult of access, they are like hidden jewels—well worth the effort necessary to reach them.

So precipitous are the mountain heights hereabouts, and so well wooded, that although there are houses on the very brinks above the roadways, nothing can be seen of many of them from below save chimney tops and curling wreaths of smoke. A near view of the chimneys shows them to be of generous size, and in appearance like the old-fashioned stoves or ranges with the lids off—the orifices, however, being oblong, and not round.

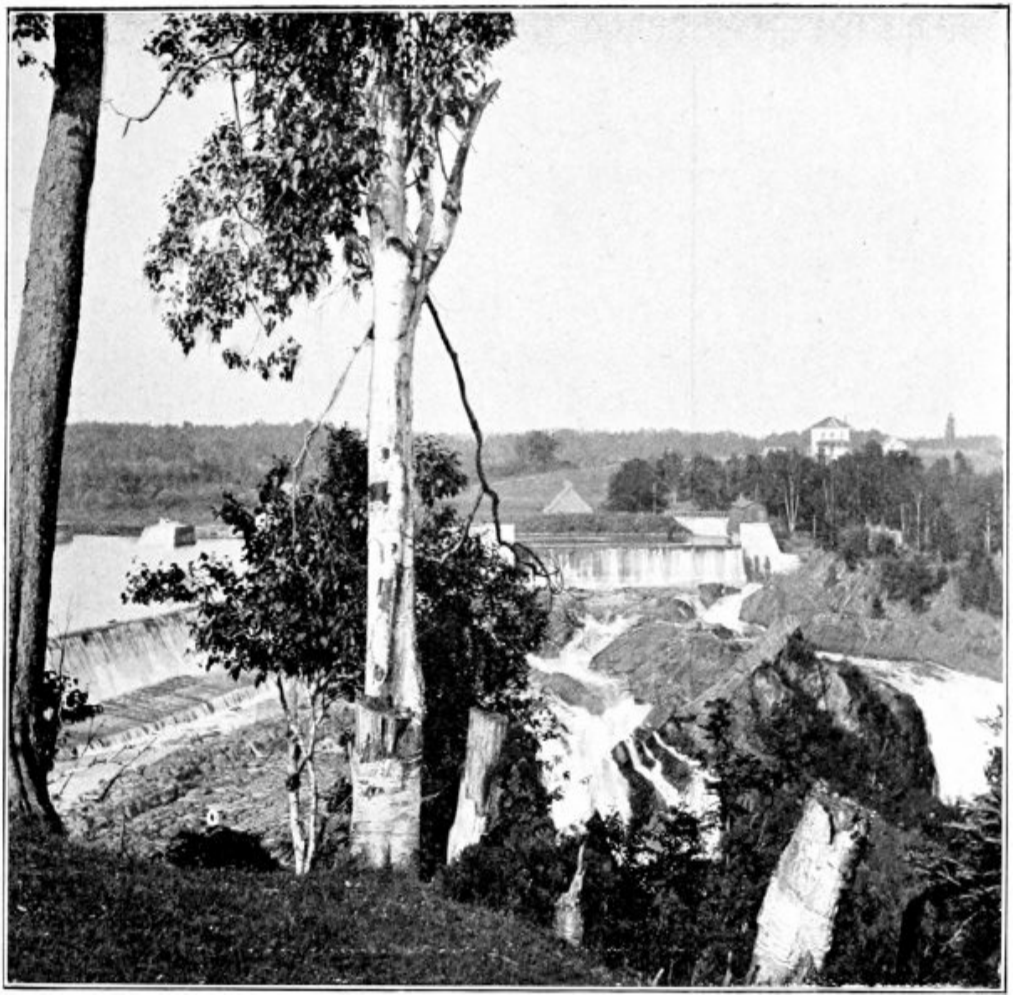
Bake-ovens of huge proportions are often found in the gardens, under the protection of a few boards to give shelter to the cook from rain and sunshine. Owing to frequent subdivisions of the farms, as sons grew up and had a strip allotted to them by their fathers, some of the fields are so narrow that there is barely room to allow a horse and plough to turn.

All along the road the prevailing feature is the Alpine-like scenery, the towering heights and the white houses nestling in the mountain side at dizzy heights. Many houses are approached from the road by steps and a narrow walk between two habitations. On the next rise the same rule prevails, and so on up to the highest point. There is seldom an attempt at a hill-side street—it would be useless, because impossible to ascend without steps. A substitute for steps, however, is sometimes found in a sloping pathway that passes obliquely from the front of one house to the rear of the next, and so on until it reaches the top.

The old manner of laying out or planning a house still prevails. The kitchen generally runs the whole length and breadth of the house—often a kind of half-basement effect is seen, open in front on the road, but closed entirely by the hill behind. Here cooking, washing, spinning, sewing and the general household work of the industrious *habitants* is carried on, and here is where dinner is generally served. The whole activity of indoor life centres here; and so much was this the case in one house that a dog and five puppies occupied the hearthstone, a cat sat in the window nipping the green leaves of a plant, and a playful pet lamb frisked about unrebuked while four people were in the midst of preparations for serving the dinner. The houses are generally of substantial construction, and capacious barns are a

noticeable feature in passing along the country side.

Montmorency Falls



Riviere Ste. Anne

A favorite trip for those living or staying in Quebec is that on the ferry steamers to the Isle of Orleans, originally called *Isle de Bacchus* by Jacques Cartier on account of the rich clusters of grapes that lined its shores when he cast anchor near. The island was occupied by Wolfe at the time of the fall of Quebec. There are many summer residences here, and it is a favorite place in summer for many who like to enjoy the cool river breezes.

The Falls of the Chaudière, not far from the railway junction of that name, should be seen by everyone coming anywhere near this locality. They are within easy reach of Quebec by steamboat or railway, being only about nine miles from the city.

The river has a considerable width and falls gently over the dam in a long line of silver. Passing then towards its lower channel it

falls beautifully in two, and sometimes three, cascades into the depths below. There is a great volume of water in motion, and the swelling sound of the roaring and foaming plunge makes pleasant music. A climb down into the deep channel is very novel, and the additional views thus obtained are quite striking. Here is slate enough to supply schoolboys the world over for many a century to come. There is a good foothold, when once in the river bed, on the inclined and shelving stratification; and by going to the edge of the principal fall, the war of waters against rock may be seen in all its intensity, and, in addition, the seething depths below will cause a shudder as the full meaning of the word Chaudière, "the cauldron," comes to mind.

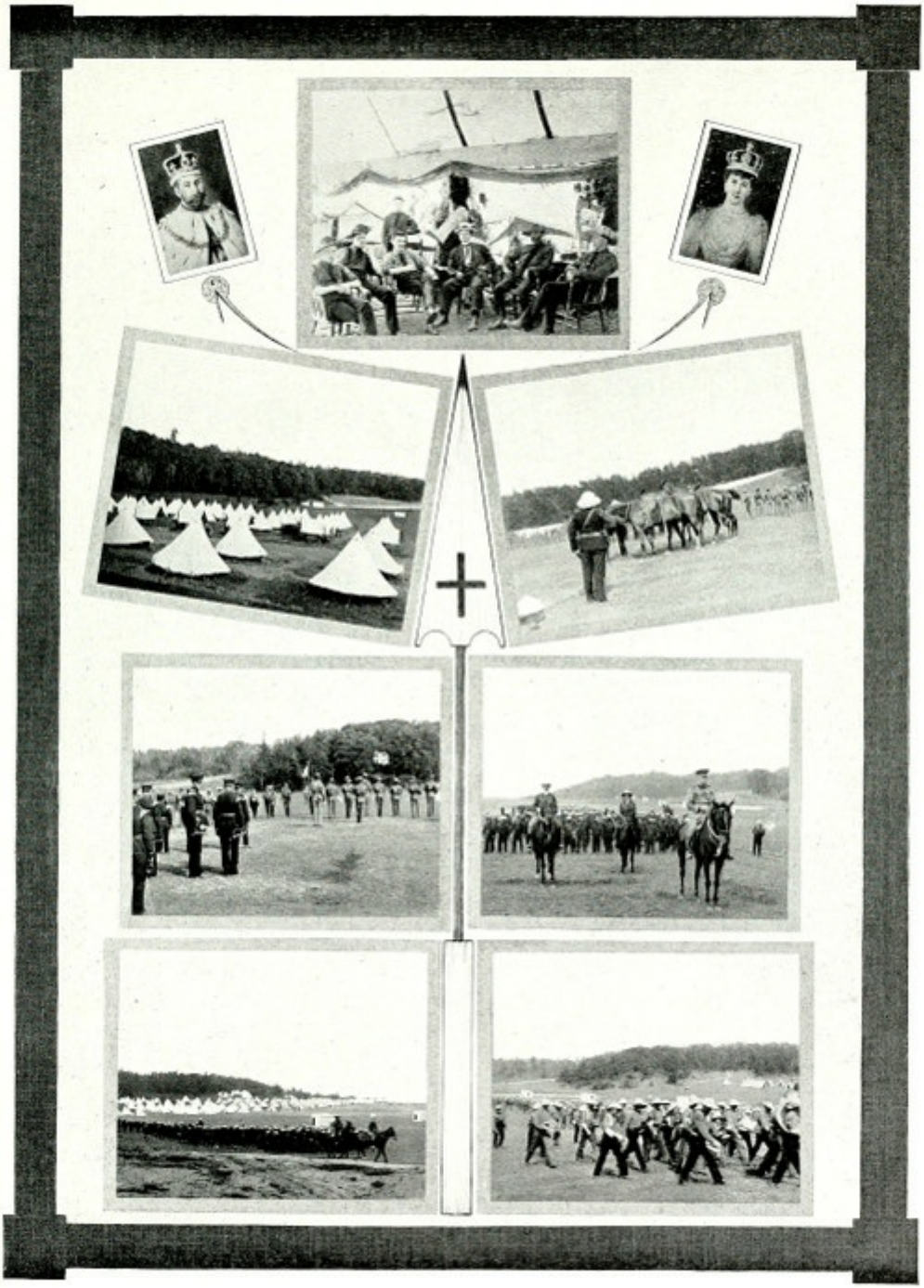
The country is beautiful and well wooded. There is a charm in the whole view when seen from the high bank from under the shade of the noble trees: it can never be forgotten. Enough has not been made of this district and all that it contains. It has been overlooked in the wealth of beauty that surrounds Quebec. It is so easily reached from either Quebec or Lévis that everyone should include the Chaudière in their round of beautiful sights. Nothing could be more enjoyable on a fine day than to take a luncheon and enjoy a picnic in the fine woods by these famous falls.

It was by the valley of the Chaudière that Montgomery came from New England when he made his disastrous attempt on Quebec.

Instead of returning to Quebec by steamer or railroad, the electric car to St. Romuald and Lévis may be taken. The Church of St. Romuald is one of the most important on the whole St. Lawrence River. It has some magnificent paintings, fine altars

and choice wood carving.

As the car speeds along, the freshness of the verdure and the bright gold of the buttercups will call for notice. It would be impossible to toss a cent out of the window without causing it to lodge in one of those gorgeous yellow cups. Nature asserts her sway over man's inroads, for the railway embankments are covered with beautiful *parterres* of purple, white, yellow, and blue blooms, with here and there a cluster of rich, wild lupine. No more beautiful country could be found, and the view of the great St. Lawrence, the village-capped heights, the gentle sloping mounds nestling for protection under the shelter of the high mountain chain, and the romantic cuttings through the chain of hills nearby—all these make a strong appeal to lovers of the beautiful. The little river running off to the south-east is the Etchemin, and in it there is a pretty waterfall.



Scenes in the Militia Camp at Lévis

From the opposite shore of Lévis one of the finest views of Quebec may be had. In fact, for miles up and down the south shore some of the grandest standpoints for extensive views may be found. The massive forts at Lévis, auxiliary to the fortifications of Quebec in the general scheme of defence, are worth seeing. It was from the Lévis heights that Wolfe's artillery destroyed Quebec previous to its capture. The three solid structures that now constitute a strong line of defence are said to be very similar to the celebrated forts of Cherbourg. The Government Graving Dock is well worth a visit, especially at a time when a large vessel is docked there; for by descending the steps, walking along the bottom and then looking up at the great mass above, some adequate idea may be formed of the huge proportions of the modern "leviathan of the deep."

Too much cannot be said of the grandeur of scene, the beautiful wood and dale, and the extensive panorama of country to be viewed from the vicinity of the Engineer's Camp at St. Joseph de Lévis. The characteristic and charming view of the Montmorency Falls, with the beautiful St. Lawrence in the foreground, should be seen by everyone.

A military camp for general drill and evolutions is held here every summer, and in an amphitheatre of finely-wooded hills and gentle slopes running down to an almost level campus or plain, the citizen soldiers have ample room for comfortable quarters and extensive operations.

On a recent occasion six regiments of militia were encamped here, the 17th, 18th, 61st, 87th, 89th and 92nd. No better spot for the purpose could well be imagined. The tents on the slopes, open at the side for the air, and disclosing tastefully-grouped

flags and other interior decorations, were all well placed to take advantage of shade and other natural advantages. In the officers' quarters were mess tables comfortably placed in an annex or wing. The tents of the men gradually reaching down and on to the margin of the plain, the groups amusing themselves, preparing for the afternoon muster, fixing and cooking rations, etc.; and the orderlies and others passing from group to group all made a busy picture. An impromptu concert was in progress on a shady knoll where an artist on the accordeon was sweeping the air in long curves as he sent music in every direction. Men were playing quoits, or reading books and writing letters under the cool shade of the maple trees. The post office at the entrance of the encampment, the sentinel, the quarters of the staff below, the clean hospital, and, at the foot, the view of the broad St. Lawrence with its receding background of bold mountains, all made the scene a stirring and well-remembered one.

Group of Officers, Militia Camp, Lévis

The energetic Colonel-Commander and his efficient aides had plenty of work before them in conducting the evolutions, and the men—many of whom were doubtless in camp for the first time—did very well indeed. And now the band formed, some regiments closed up their ranks, formed columns and marched off up the slope for skirmishing and outpost drill; while lower down other troops going through manual drill sent gleams of light from their gun barrels into the dark fir trees as the sun's

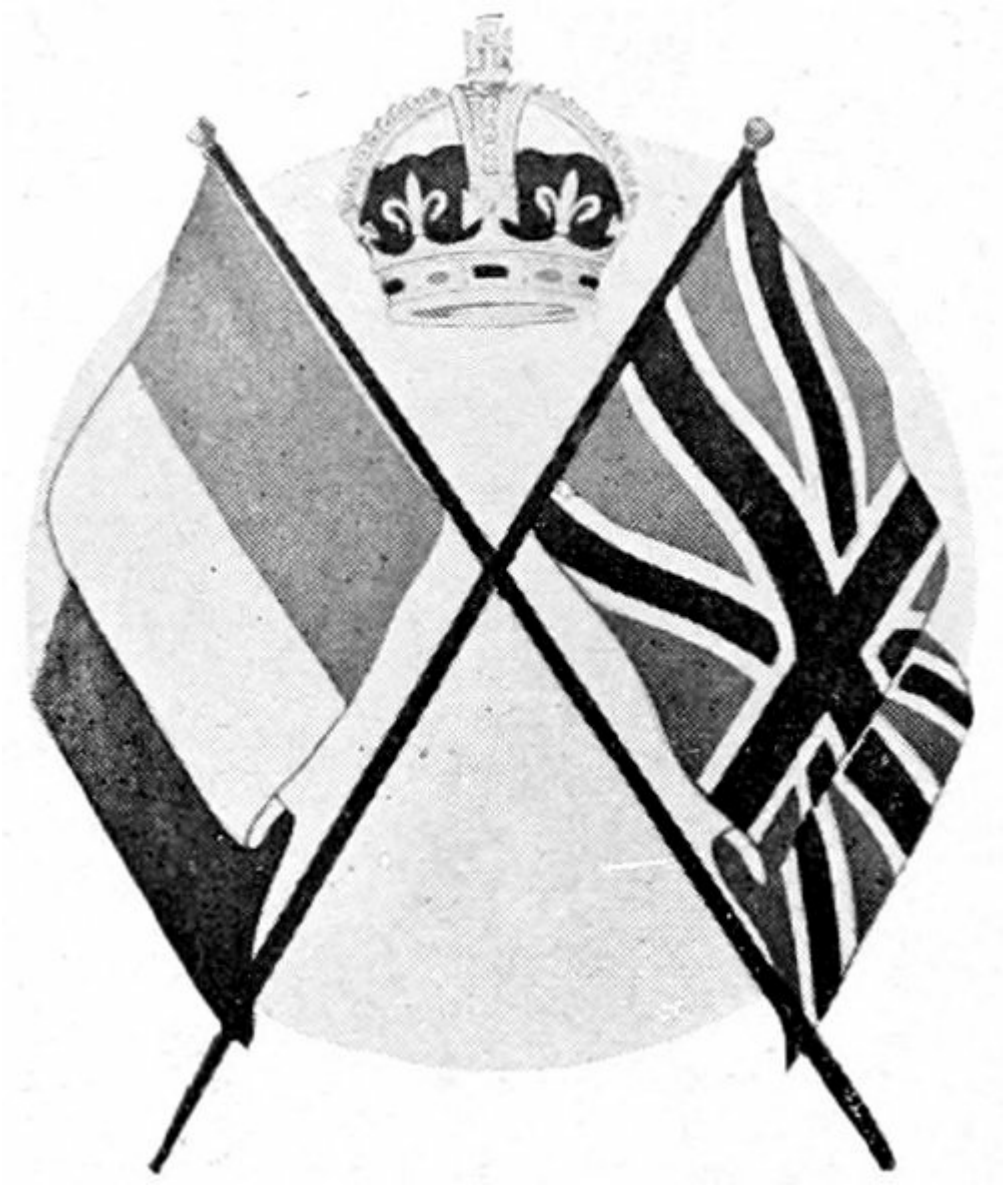
rays were deflected with brilliant effect. That persistent waving of flags on yonder distant knoll has its explanation in the corresponding signals that are being transmitted across the width of the broad amphitheatre from the edge of a clump of maples just behind us.

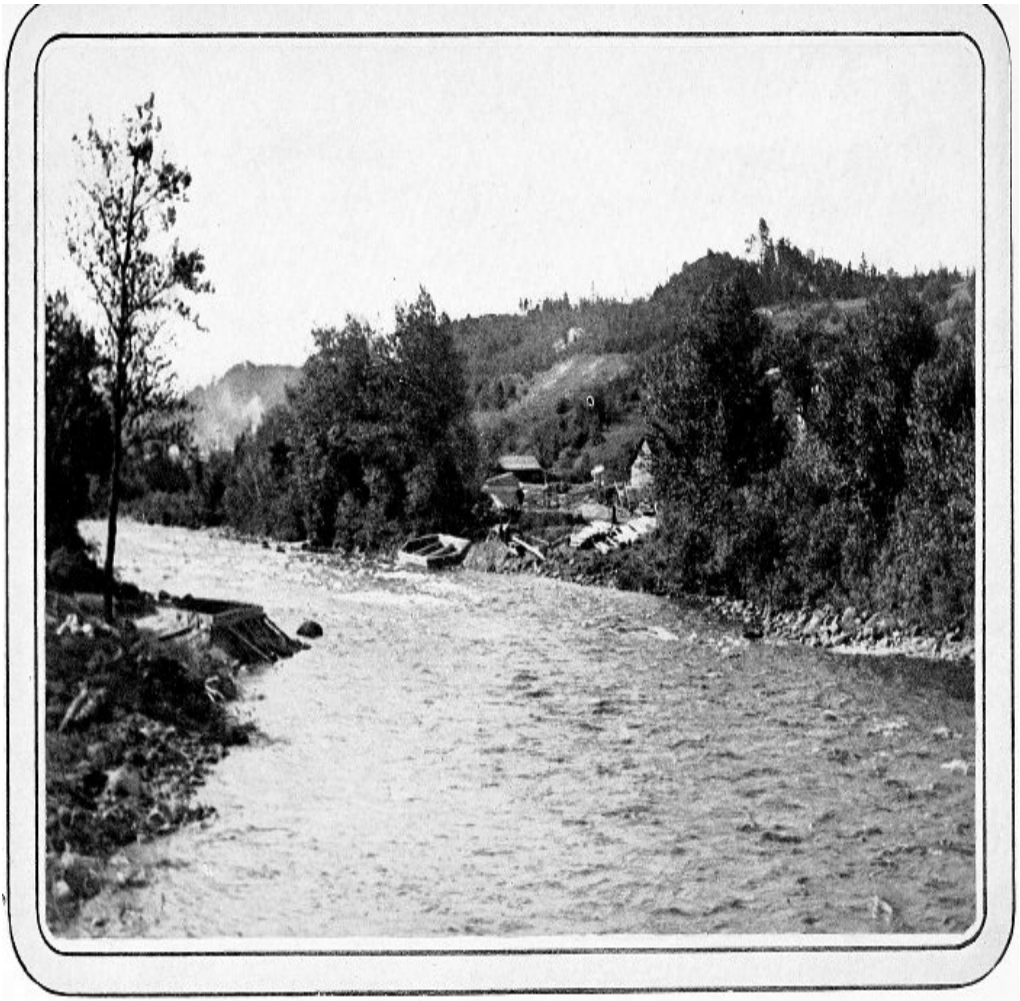
Colors were to be presented to one of the regiments, and a preliminary drill was being held for that occasion on the morrow. The ceremony, a very impressive one, takes place in the centre of a hollow square, the troops facing in; and to the imposing and patriotic strains of the national anthem the colors are unfurled.

To write that a peregrination through this whole country is beautiful and inspiring is to feebly express the charm of it all. The pleasure, too, of spending a day in the field with our citizen soldiery in the midst of such magnificent and heart-stirring scenery is great; and it brings a satisfaction and uplift to the mind that should cause thousands to visit this neighborhood.

Those who sojourn in Quebec, whether for weeks or months, will find no want of varied amusements. There are walks too numerous to mention where wild flower, the song of the bird and the music of the gushing rill and rocky fall enliven every step of the way. Boating may be carried on almost everywhere, and canoes may be placed on dozens of waters that are either quiet or rippling; according to choice. The interior lands of this district are the very best for hunting purposes; and many of the larger rivers are splendid salmon waters. In all of the surrounding streams and in the pure waters of the adjacent lakes lovers of trout fishing will find ample occupation and unstinted reward. Motor-boating, automobiling, golf, tennis, and all the

sports of the field may be enjoyed here to their full; while as a centre or starting place for railroad and steamboat trips and tours in every direction Quebec assuredly takes first place.





Murray Bay River

Summer Resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence

From the town of St. Croix, west of Quebec, where the river is

three miles wide, to Sillery Cove and the outlet of the Chaudière, the St. Lawrence gradually narrows to a width of less than one mile. After passing Quebec, however, and through the double channel that includes the Isle of Orleans, it broadens considerably, until opposite Baie St. Paul the great river has a width of over sixteen miles. Where the Saguenay empties it is eighteen miles across, at Little Metis it is over thirty-six miles, and finally to the west of Anticosti, where it meets the waters of the Gulf, it has a breadth of over one hundred miles.

The St. Lawrence carries an amount of water to the ocean that is exceeded by no other river on the globe save the Amazon. Its tributaries are all clear trout and salmon streams, and no water system can compare with it for purity. It has well been said that "Its waters shake the earth at Niagara; and the Great Lakes are its camping grounds, where its hosts repose under the sun and stars in areas like that of states and kingdoms."

Long before it reaches the end of its course the river has become as saline as the sea, its tide like that of the ocean, its atmosphere about as breezy as that of the open Atlantic; and in the various resorts that are found on both shores—but principally or altogether on the south shore after easting from Tadousac and Les Escoumains—considerable variety of climate will be found.

From Quebec to Cape Breton, and Baie des Chaleurs to Halifax a geographical quadrangle is bounded that includes a diversity of scene and climate, and range of temperature, that cannot be found elsewhere; and this great variety of climatic condition enables the Canadian Government Railways to provide on its own system congenial places to meet requirements that are

widely different in character.

The whole area of Eastern Quebec and the Maritime Provinces is much cooler than the New England States, and cooler also than Ontario and the West. It will be understood that Eastern Quebec is cooler than Western, and that a still cooler climate than that found in Eastern Quebec is obtained by going to the Atlantic Seaboard on the east side of Cape Breton or Nova Scotia. East and South-East New Brunswick are cooler parts than North, and North-West and West. Prince Edward Island occupies a middle ground in temperature between Quebec and Cape Breton or Eastern Nova Scotia; while in Cape Breton and Nova Scotia themselves the eastern or Atlantic front is cooler than the western or protected side.

In considering summer resorts the matter of climate and temperature is very important. What will suit one will not satisfy another. The broad and just statement may therefore be made that differences in temperature between various parts of the Maritime Provinces are more equalized after sundown. At night it is cool everywhere. Compared with the country to the south and west it is cool in any part of the Maritime Provinces, even at high noon. In the east the thermometer cannot rise high because of the cooling sea breezes. The temperature in the west is therefore a few degrees higher, and on that account the western and middle parts are often preferred by those unaccustomed to the bracing sea air of the open Atlantic coast.

The St. Lawrence in its progress oceanwards passes many a fair island on its way. Some of the most charming views may be obtained on and from these islands, and many of them are choice spots for picnic and camping-out parties. The most of these

islands will be found opposite such places as Montmagny, Cap St. Ignace, L'Islet, Baie St. Paul, St. Alexandre de Kamouraska, Rivière du Loup, Isle Verte, Trois Pistoles and Bic, etc.

"I love to gaze upon those river isles,
Where beauty sleeps, and blooming verdure smiles;
Or view the nodding ships with swelling sails,
Borne onward by the tide and gentle gales;
Those winds that bring the vessel'd stores of wealth
Bear on their wings the healing balm of health."

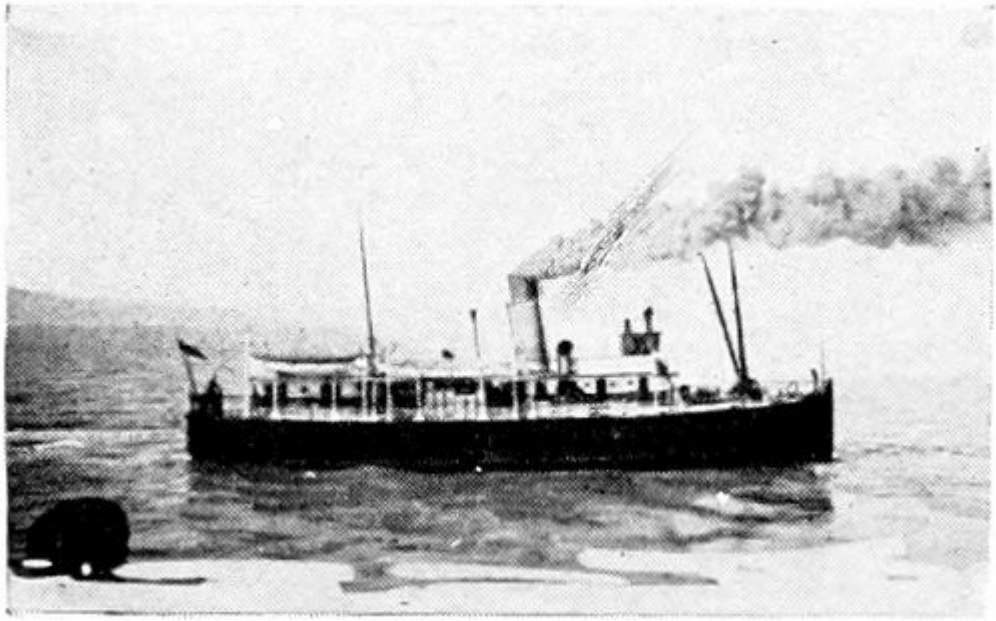
Proceeding east over the Intercolonial Railway along the south shore we pass in turn the prosperous towns of Montmagny, Cap St. Ignace, L'Islet, St. Jean Port Joli and Ste. Anne de la

Pocatière opposite Baie St. Paul and the Isle au Coudres. Montmagny is fairly near the railway station, but the other places are on the river front and a drive of a mile or two is necessary from each station to reach a town.

Baie St. Paul, on the north shore, is a place of call for the St. Lawrence steamboats, and is within easy reach of Quebec. In a country where the grandeur of nature is visible on every hand, it is difficult to do justice to all the beautiful sights without seeming to overpraise them. And yet in this romantic little resort is a wealth of beauty that must be seen if all that is lovely in nature is not to be slighted. It is French through and through, and therefore delightful. Looking up the valleys of the two rivers, Gouffre and Moulin, there is a fine view of a mountain range that fades away in the far distance in different shades of blue. Following the rapid course of the Gouffre there is a road from which many charming views may be seen. The beautiful groves of trees, the bright cottages, and the water falling over the precipice in long, silvery bands are pleasant features of the landscape. There is a grand view from the top of Cap au Corbeau, after the birds that make this place their haunt have been frightened away. It was off Les Eboulements that Jacques Cartier's three little vessels, the *Grande Hermine*, *Petite Hermine* and *Emerillon*, anchored in the bay, near the end of Isle aux Coudres, when he made his second voyage to the West.

Isle aux Coudres is even more French than Baie St. Paul. Here Jacques Cartier landed on his second voyage to New France. He gave to the island the name it has since retained, a name derived from the numerous hazel trees he found here. It is recorded that in 1663 a mountain was lifted by an earthquake and cast bodily over the water on to this island. It was thus

made much larger than before. At present the inhabitants are content with their acreage, and have no desire for further additions of this kind. A survival of the old Norman life is here, and for this and the view of island and mainland it is worth a visit. Small white whales are often caught near here in great abundance.



A quartette of famous north-shore resorts is brought within pleasant reach by the Canadian Government Steamship *Champlain*. There is a hotel here where people from nearby places stay in the summer time to enjoy the cool river air. The steamship *Champlain* leaves the wharf twice daily for north-shore resorts, making connection on its return with trains going east and west each morning and afternoon. On Sundays the boat goes to and returns from Pointe à Pic only, but as the other resorts are only a few miles from that place, it is

easy to reach them by carriage. Stopping at Rivière Ouelle Junction, taking the train there to the wharf and boarding the smart river steamship, an enjoyable run of about sixteen miles brings up at St. Irénée, from which place the *Champlain* passes on eastward to Pointe à Pic and Murray Bay, and thence to Cap à l'Aigle. On alternate trips the order of calls is reversed; the *Champlain* proceeding first to Cap à l'Aigle and then going west calls in inverse order at the other points.

The four resorts are entirely different in character, and to some extent in scenery. The name Murray Bay is frequently applied to the whole district reaching from Pointe à Pic to Murray Bay, a distance of about three miles. This causes some confusion in addressing and receiving letters, and it is well to remember that the steamboat landing is at Pointe à Pic, that the Manoir Richelieu, most of the hotels, and the heart of the resort, all within easy driving distance of the wharf, are included in the Pointe à Pic postal district; while the name Murray Bay properly belongs to the postal district surrounding the old village on the Murray Bay River some three miles distant.

Pointe à Pic is a beautiful summer resort much in favor with wealthy people. It is decidedly fashionable in its general tone, and there are many handsome residences and bungalows on the heights and down along the cliffs and sloping fields of the Bay shore. Carriage-driving, tennis, golf and boating are the chief amusements. Murray Bay, by which is meant the old French village near the river bridge, is a quaint place, less fashionable, much more compact and town-like, and where the hotels—smaller and not so expensive as those at Pointe à Pic—are in the midst of the busy little main street, but within a stone's throw of the open country on both sides of the river. St. Irénée is smaller

and quieter than either of the foregoing places. It is about six miles south of Pointe à Pic. Here a delightful life may be enjoyed at a quiet family hotel right on the beach, in the midst of a charming country side for walks and rambles. Cap à l'Aigle is the quietest resort of all. It is about three miles east of Murray Bay. There are no hotels, but the roomy farm houses on the cliffs have been adapted for the reception of visitors, and the summer life is altogether rural and free from fashion's trammels.

ST. IRÉNÉE

Pointe à Pic is gay, lively and fashionable; Murray Bay, town-like and not lonely; St. Irénée, a beach resort for quiet people who take with them their own amusements; while Cap à l'Aigle is suited for those who like farm and country life, with good air and walks along the cliffs and through country fields. Pointe à Pic and Murray Bay are nearly connected; and as St. Irénée and Cap à l'Aigle are just a few miles south and east, there is plenty of occupation, even for those who live in the quiet outer resorts; for the St. Lawrence steamboats call at all the wharves, and it is easy to go from one place to the other by steamer, as well as by carriage. Summer costumes from nearly every part of the world make gay the long wharf at Pointe à Pic, and with the hundreds of carriages drawn up for the reception of visitors and guests arriving by steamer the scene is animating, lively and full of interest.

The scenery of St. Irénée is very fine. The shore is green and fresh. There are no unsightly landslides, and no bare rock. The elevation is a bold one, with high mountains behind fading into grey and blue. The gentle-sloping shore dotted with white cottages runs to a point at the south that is shaped like the bastion of a fort. The shore is of rock and gravel, with sand in some places. A stone road extends along the shore and makes a pleasant promenade. A short distance from the wharf, north and south—in fact directly at the wharf—is the open country where the *habitants* still live the simple life of other days. St. Irénée is essentially a summer place—there is neither town nor village. The main road to Pointe à Pic makes a very enjoyable course for a country ramble, as it abounds in by-roads and quiet paths

that lead through hill and dale where may be heard the merry music of many a dashing cascade and sprightly rill. The bungalows are all prettily placed at varying heights—always in choice spots that command a direct view of the water and shore. There is no obtruding village life, and no place where 'shopping' may be done. All the signs of life are contributed by the summer residents. There is little or no formality. Ladies and children lounge on the hotel piazza, saunter along the hillside and country roads, or form sociable groups on the shore as they do fancy-work and sewing, or write letters—the children taking their fill of pleasure from the shore with spade and pail.

A few tied-up schooners float lazily at the wharf, awaiting their next period of activity. River steamboats between Quebec, Murray Bay and Tadousac call here, and it is also a port of call for the Government Steamship *Champlain*.

The pleasant residences of the Forget family are prominent on the shelving hillside. The balustraded promenade, high up, with its projecting bastion or observation terrace, its garden, walks, seats and prettily arranged grounds, is a delightful point from which to enjoy a commanding view of the shore, the wharf and the broad vista of waters. A short walk from each end of the main or shore promenade brings out at little hamlets or groupings of cottages of the native residents. They present many

points of interest for visitors, and pleasant rambles may thus be enjoyed by those who would see how quaint a life the people of remote parts in this province still enjoy.

A short distance to the north of the wharf there is a fine stretch of clean sand, backed by rocks and turf. There are generally low piles of newly-sawn lumber, stacked up near the wharf end of this beach, where children may have jolly times playing 'hide-and-seek,' or climbing and building houses on the shore from drift-wood, 'ends' and cuttings. A walk of but half a mile leads to the attractive little stream that here falls into the St. Lawrence, and meets real waves as it plunges into its seaward goal. Across the little stream the stray logs that have grounded, the rocks, the cottages on the hill, the rustling trees, the soaring height of the near-hills, the bright green of the small point, the darker green of the great cape beyond, the dim outline of the far-away mountain range and the broad stretch of cool waters dotted with gracefully floating vessels; all these make ideal summer surroundings. It is a pleasant spot. A great charm for many will be the simplicity of all, unspoiled by crowds—fashion left out. Children may here realize all the joys of early youth; and adults, as they rest on the beach, will live over again the joyous days of the care-free long ago. Few who roam the delightful strand would know it was not the seashore. It is salt water, of course; and it may be called an inner sea without the decided range of temperature experienced on the open Atlantic coast.

Pointe à Pic (Murray Bay, South) is known the world over for its magnificent landscapes and the rugged grandeur of the scenery with which nature has endowed it. Precipice, gorge and cloud-capped peaks are everywhere, and the general view, Alpine, Scottish and wild, is superb.

Cape Blanc, Murray Bay

Champlain called here, and it was he who named it Malbaie on account of its rapid tide. The native French still use that name; for the words Murray Bay are difficult to pronounce, and when they do use this name it sounds like Mooriebay with a long 'Moore' and a short 'bay.' Pointe à Pic, on the other hand, rolls off their tongues with a delightful piquancy; no wonder they prefer to use it.

There is fishing, boating, sailing and bathing of a very enjoyable kind. Aquatic life has not been developed as much as it should have been with so many choice privileges right at hand. Carriage driving, tennis, and, particularly, golf are supreme.

Perhaps this is not to be wondered at when the splendid and inexhaustible drives the neighborhood affords are considered; and the golf links are so beautiful and in such a splendid situation that the popularity of this healthful recreation is easily understood.

There are hundreds of pleasant cottages, many spacious bungalows and not a few country mansions. These are dotted in long picturesque lines by the shore of the Bay and on the cliffs that follow the bend of the water. These houses are to the right and left of the long road that runs from Point à Pic to the bridge at Murray Bay River, on which street or roadway the village houses, rented cottages and some of the hotels are placed. Many of the bungalows have charming situations right on the water, with pleasant gardens and decorative stone walls between main road and shore. Others are embowered in the hilly land that follows the contour of the Bay, where with breezy porches, enjoyable gardens and delightful air, the roofs and gables are all that show from the lower road. Rustic gates, zigzag steps up the grassy heights, handrails of saplings with the bark unstripped, and arbour-covered terraces or 'rests' with shady seats on the way up, all mark the country-like aspect of the surroundings.

There are many alluring drives in this neighborhood; few anywhere can compare with them. A more romantic trip than that to the Upper and Lower Falls of the Fraser River could hardly be imagined. Leaving the carriage, exploring the wood and descending into the ravine, a beautiful view is seen. The upper fall descends in two drops to a depth of two hundred and ninety feet, and the lower fall has a descent of one hundred and fifty feet. The Thou, Chute, Desbiens, and the Nearn Fall with its

salmon leap, are favorite objectives for enjoyable driving excursions.

The long wharf at Point à Pic is a bustling centre when steamboats are coming in or going out. Rows of carriages are backed in compact lines as far as the eye can see. It is almost equally lively at night, and presents a gay sight with its strings of electric light and clusters of summer people congregating on

the wharf to meet the coming and speed departing friends. Everyone comes to see the boats arrive and depart. Furniture, cots, etc., are being unloaded rapidly, and there, as a box is passed ashore the strong electric light shows it is addressed to —Cabot; historic name! The busy scene on steamer and wharf, the plash of the water, the bustle of the moving carriages, the long line of the pier thrown out from the stern cliff, the beautiful air and the fascination of a St. Lawrence sunset with its fairy panorama of fantastic cloud, silver tinted under the influence of the rising moon—these things constitute a scene that is truly delightful.

A Home in the Woods, St. Irénée

Owing to the fine drives in the neighborhood, carriages are very numerous. Almost every house of a *habitant* has its stable, and whether he be a grocer, a shoemaker or what not, his *voiture* may be seen emerging from its lane by the trim little cottage to meet every steamboat that calls at the wharf.

The life at Murray Bay is very pleasant; and it is sure to be enjoyed by all who like driving, walking, boating, bathing, tennis, golf, etc.; all of which recreations may be followed here to their full in the midst of ideal surroundings.

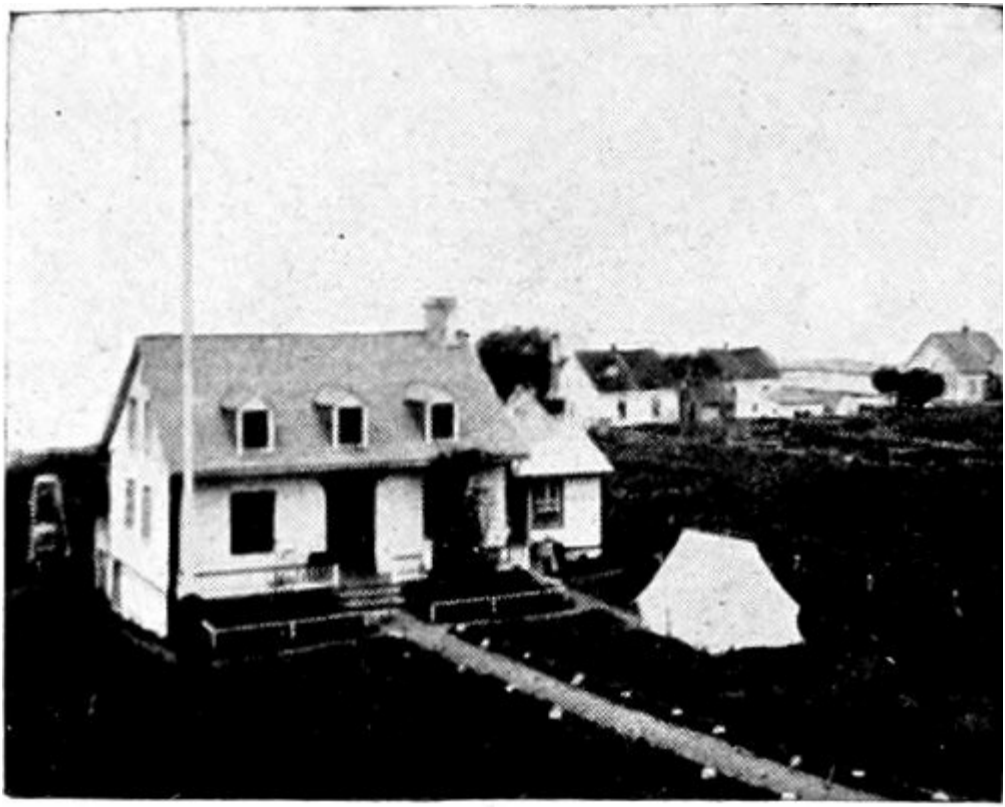
Cap à l'Aigle may be described as a farm-village resort. It has a pleasant little strip of shale and gravel beach. It has a waterfall, where, although the volume of water passing over it is small, the view is very picturesque. Beach life is not prominent in any of the Murray Bay resorts, unless it is at St. Irénée. This is because of the wonderful attraction the surrounding country has for walks, drives, and other outdoor recreations. A few houses cluster at the top of the road leading up from the wharf at Cap à l'Aigle, and farm houses extend along the tops of the cliffs in the direction of St. Fidèle and St. Simeon.

There are numerous pleasant walks along the breezy heights, and the road to Murray Bay River and village is an enjoyable one. Cap à l'Aigle has a quiet, restful, and simple life that suits it for those who desire to spend the summer not too near to a town; and in addition, it has the advantage of being within reasonable distance of the busy summer centre at Murray Bay.

On the south shore of the St. Lawrence, almost opposite Cap à l'Aigle, lies bright and picturesque Kamouraska, with its white houses lining the river, and its five verdant islands reposing within convenient reach for the enjoyment of boating, bathing and fishing. There are summer cottages here pleasantly placed along the banks, and a number of stopping-places for visitors are found on the quiet streets. Driving, walking, and tennis are the recreations, with the usual social life found in country vacation centres. The village is very prettily laid out; and the enjoyable stretches of beach, with the abundant tree-growth of the neighborhood, make this a favorite spot. Kamouraska is near the Intercolonial Railway station of St. Paschal, from which place it is reached by a carriage drive of about six miles.

MURRAY BAY

1. **Bungalow**
2. **Cape Fortin**
3. **Lower Fraser Falls**
4. **Bungalow**



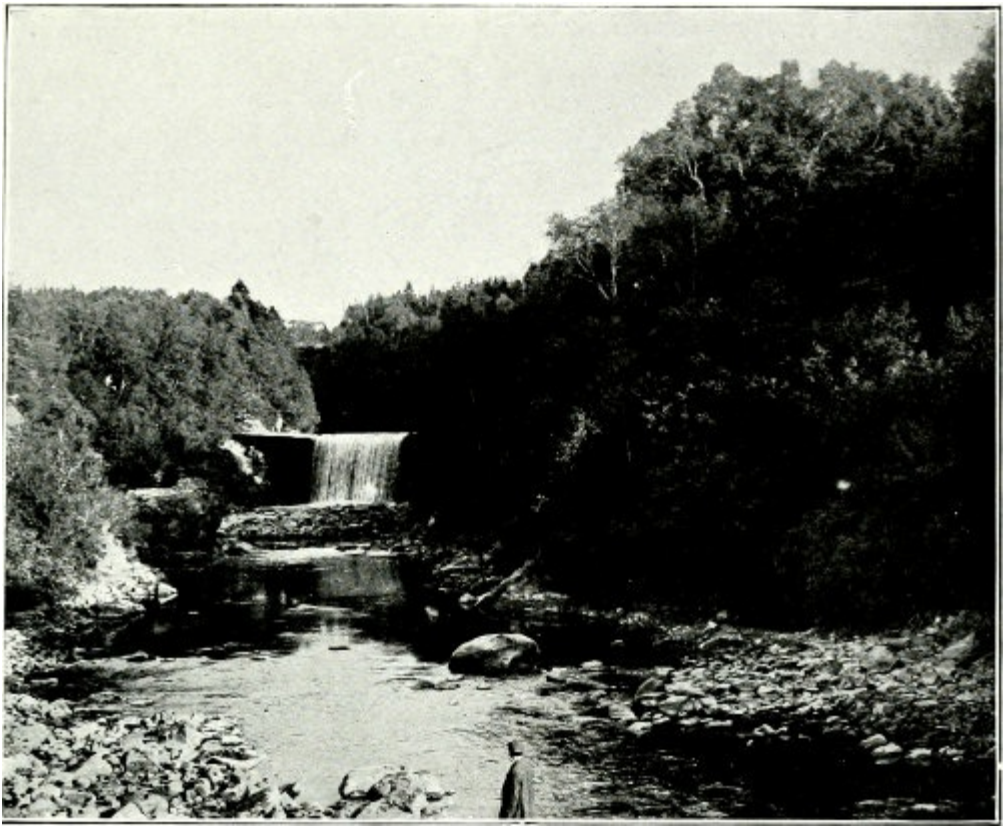
Rivière du Loup, some twenty-three miles down the St. Lawrence from Kamouraska, is a growing city of considerable importance. It took its name from the seals, once very numerous by the mouth of the river. It has a pleasant situation on high land, and on that account it has cool air. The long main street stretches continuously to Fraserville, and follows the channel of the river for some distance. It is a natural tourist centre; and the hotel accommodation is good. The hotels at the Fraserville end are particularly suited to those making a stay in the neighborhood; for some are large and roomy, with nice gardens and a fine view of the river from the quiet porches and balconies on the St. Lawrence side. There are pleasant drives to Notre Dame du Portage village, Cacouna, etc.; and enjoyable trips may be made

over the lines of the Intercolonial and Temiscouata Railways, as well as on the river in various directions. Lake Temiscouata, or 'Winding Water,' the Touladi River and Lake, the Madawaska, or 'Never-Frozen' River and the Acadian village of Edmundston are all reached by going over the line of the Temiscouata Railway. These places are all in the heart of a good fishing and hunting country.

At 'The Point' on the river, numerous cottages have been built for the enjoyment of cool river breezes, and here, too, good summer hotels are found where gay companies spend happy days in boating and other amusements. The wharf with its promenade 2,500 feet long is a favorite spot at all times, and from this point the steamers of the Trans St. Laurent Company leave for Tadousac and the Saguenay, almost immediately opposite on the north shore some twenty-five miles across.

The celebrated Falls of the Rivière du Loup are still beautiful, although mills, etc., have made sad inroads on their beauty. They are seen to best advantage by crossing the Intercolonial Railway bridge and walking through the fields to a point down stream where a high bank commands a full view of the river bed and the fall above.

Rivière du Loup is the centre of an interesting district; its stores are very attractive, and its streets shady and well kept; while the Fraserville district and the summer resorts of 'The Point' affords attractive opportunities for passing many a restful week in the summer days. From this point, too, may be had one of the best views of the north shore mountains found along the whole river.



The Falls, Rivière du Loup

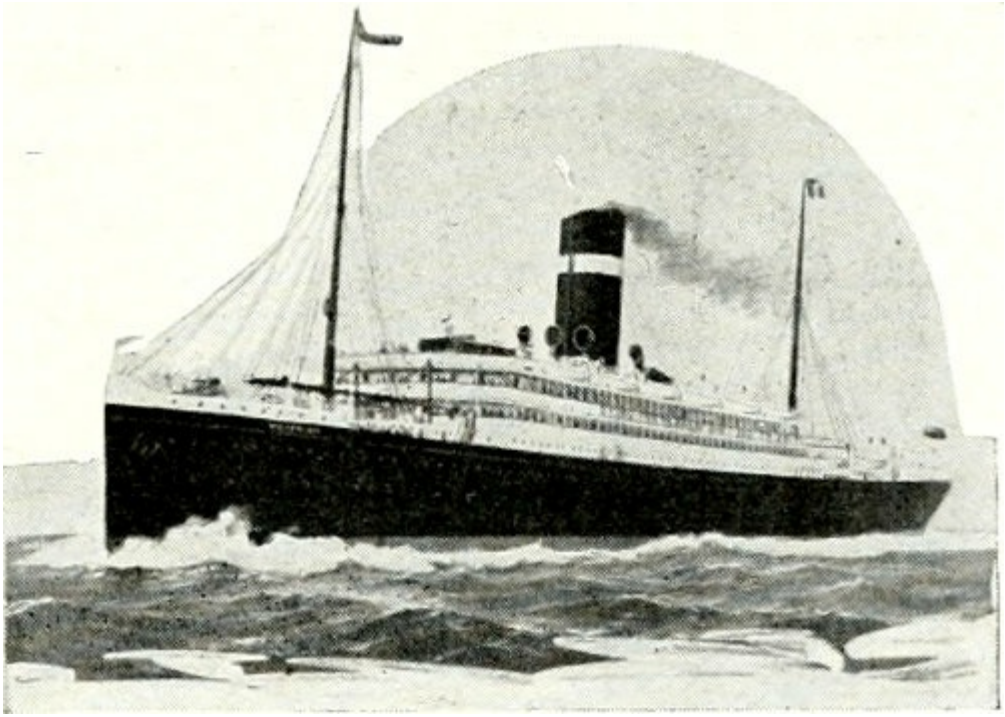
No more pleasant a way of reaching Tadousac and the world-famous Saguenay River can be imagined than that enjoyed by taking a steamer of the Trans St. Laurent Company from Rivière du Loup wharf. It is a delightful trip of about two hours and a half, and it is doubtful whether any other way of approaching the Saguenay gives the pleasure and breadth of prospect that this commands.

Near where the steamboat lies at the starting wharf, great three-masted merchantmen anchor to discharge and take on freight, and tied up by the wharf itself huge steam barges receive their

freight of pulp wood for the U. S. A.

Scenes at CAP À l'AIGLE

As the crossing is made, numerous craft of all kinds come into view. Boats, launches, barges, yachts, schooners, steamships, ocean liners and naval vessels all pass by. The air is delightful and invigorating, and the salt breeze from the ocean is both perceptible and stimulating. The water is smooth, with just a gentle swell. There is hardly a ripple to be seen, save here and there where without apparent reason a tiny wavelet bursts on the surface and spreads its milky froth around for a brief second or two, and then becomes lost to the sight in the general silvery calm that prevails. The sky overhead is clear, while near the horizon beautiful clouds of grey and sun-lit white lend enchantment to the distant mountain range on the north, now drawing nearer and nearer and gradually becoming distinguishable. To the west a barge is crossing south, and its long trail of black smoke reaches down to the Hare Islands where it mingles with the white fleece of the cloud horizon and reflects a glint of sunshine over the island slopes.



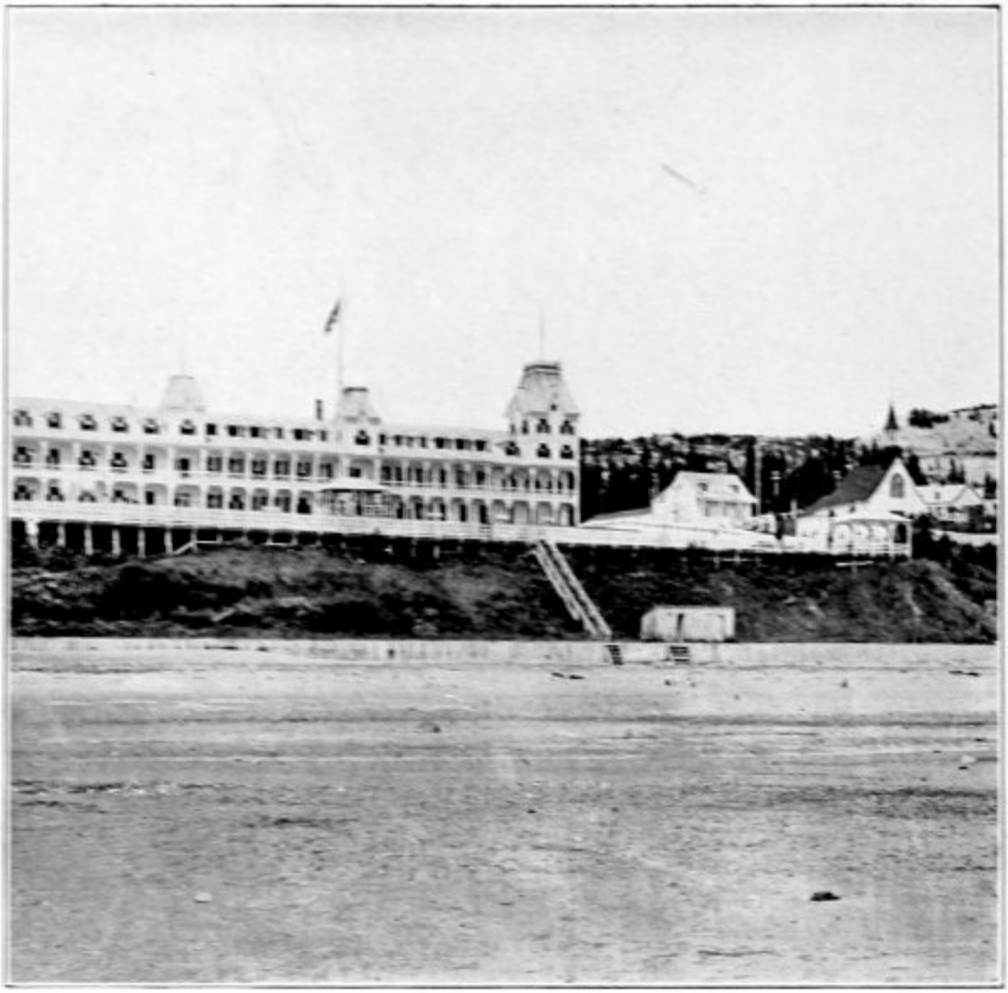
To the far west the Allan liner that passed by an hour before is mingling its smoke and vapor with that of the barge, and building strange and fantastic castles in the air. To the east Red Island looks like a long pontoon craft calmly sailing over the waters. Before us the mountain range that erstwhile was dark, and dimly visible, is now clearing and coming within view, and shows light and shade of green fields and darker woodland.

As if by magic, the water has suddenly taken on a deep blue, and the effect is to make the distant hills further off than they seemed before. Now we pass through a river of molten silver, the wake of a vessel that went by long ago. Gliding through, we reach a lake-like expanse, cerulean in hue, and St. Catharines comes into view over the bow of our vessel, with Tadousac beyond on the right.

We are now nearing the famous Saguenay, where the mariners of ten centuries ago tarried after their long voyage to the 'Ultima Thule' of those remote days.

That which appeared to be a huge cloud bank over the rent in the mountain range, where pours out the river in a mighty flood, is now assuming form as a second and greater range beyond, dwarfing more and more the high riparian hills into comparative insignificance.

But Tadousac is near, its grand prospect is spread out for our gaze on every side, and we are making fast to a wharf in a romantic, rocky cove—both wharf and cove presenting the appearance of having dropped out of some picture-book in the clouds, so charming and striking is the whole scene.



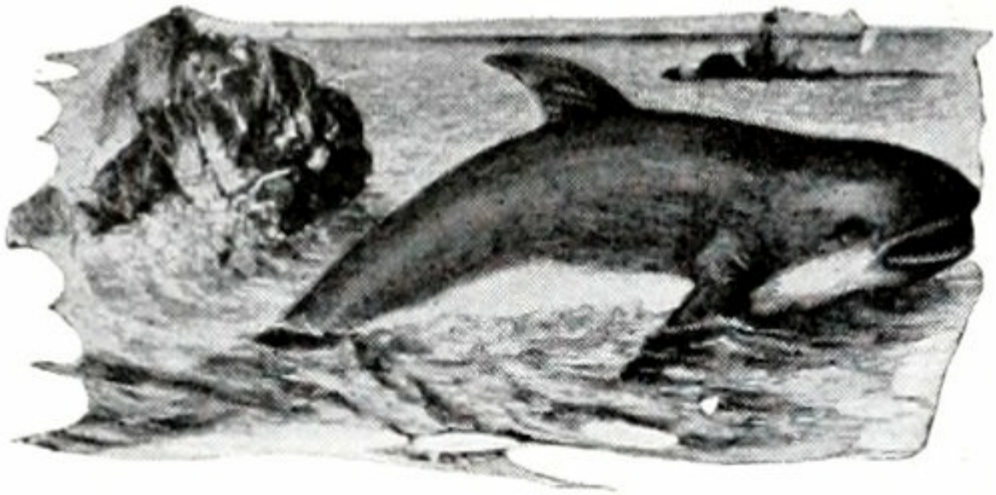
Tadousac

Tadousac was named by the native Montagnais Indians, the word meaning mounds, or, as in this case, mountains. It has been said that the village is placed like a nest in the midst of granite rocks that surround the mouth of the Saguenay. It is built on a crescent-like terrace, backed and flanked by mountains, and has a fine view over the harbor, river, and distant shore of the St. Lawrence. The whole life of the place is so tranquil and uncommercial that it does not intrude on the visitor's pleasure. It

does not follow from this that there is an absence of life here—quite the contrary, for Tadousac is a favorite resort of thousands; but what is meant is that throngs are rarely seen on the streets or roads. A thousand people may arrive on one of the great steamboats, and for a while a scene of activity prevails at the wharf; but in a short time they disperse for the roads, woods, lakes, park, shore and hotels, and soon the usual tranquility prevails. There is nothing to mar the repose of the slumbering little Chapel of the Jesuits on the heights; and its bell, over three centuries old, still rings true. The Government Piscicultural Station, or salmon hatchery, is beautifully placed and kept, overlooking the wharf and rocky cove. Here the little creek Anse a l'Eau makes out, and the tiny waterfall, the lake, the platform walks, the summer house, and climbing on the rocky slopes, attract many to a quiet enjoyment of their beauties.

Golf, tennis, walks, boating, etc., are the chief amusements, and children find plenty of occupation playing on the fronting sand beach, or in climbing the rocks and hills. There is a pleasant promenade in front of the principal hotel. It faces south-east, commands one of the noblest prospects ever seen, and is immediately above the beach and open to the cool summer breeze. Summer houses or pergolas dot the walk on the top of the cliff, and there is no lack of pleasant walks in many directions. There are places where the first thought on arrival is, "how can I occupy my time?" The thought that immediately comes to mind here is, "how can I see what is to be seen here in a few days—a week—or a month?"

The display of the Aurora Borealis is often magnificent in this region. The Indians call this the reflection of the Camp Fires in the Happy Hunting-Grounds. On a night when the sky is cloudless, and brilliant with stars, it is a joyous experience to camp out. Possibly there is just enough of a breeze to fan the flickering flame of the camp fire. The broad expanse of the St. Lawrence is unruffled by a single ripple, and as the gaze follows its surface the glorious stars are mirrored like shining jewels. Looking to the mountains, great rays of white shoot upward from behind their far-away heights. Stupendous arches of purple mount into the blue sky, transient, evanescent; for soon the dream-like fabric crumbles and disappears, to be followed by red or crimson flames and a suffused glow as of some cosmic conflagration in far-off space.

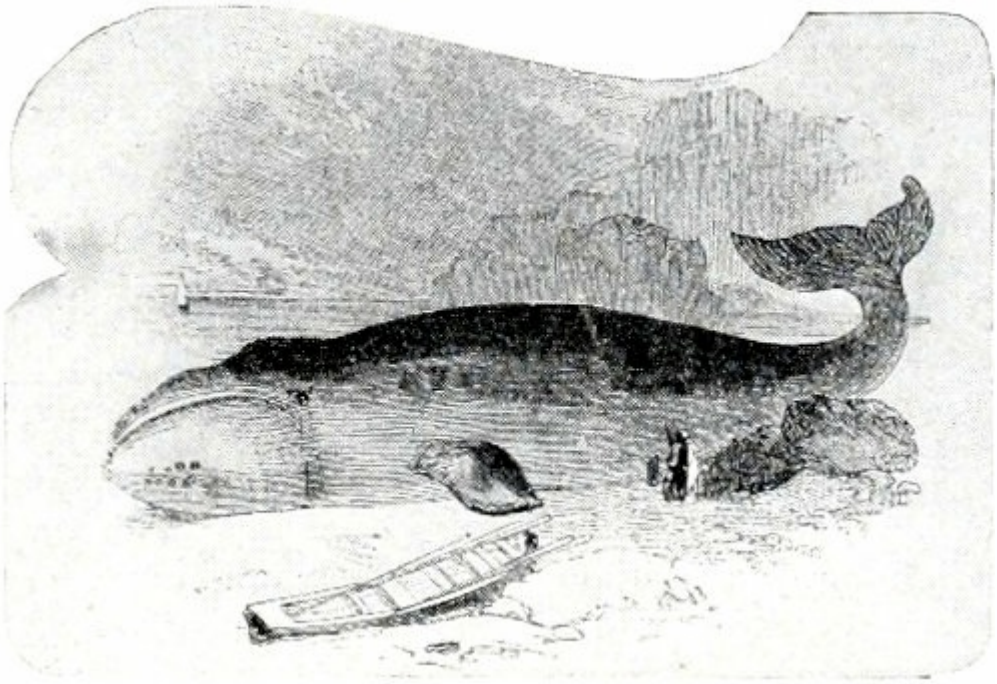


The white porpoise is hunted with harpoons on the Saguenay and St. Lawrence rivers. A length of fifteen feet for this fish is not uncommon. They are not unlike the whale in appearance and are often mistaken for their more unwieldy brother. Much art is used to draw sufficiently near to make a good ‘strike.’ A boat with a white bottom has been used for this purpose, with a wooden porpoise, or decoy, painted slate-color in imitation of the young fish. Fenced enclosures, formed like a trap, are quite common in many parts of the river. The fish enter, become confused in seeking an outlet, and are easily caught when the tide lowers. Seals are also caught in this locality, and even small whales are harpooned at times.

A broad sand-bank reaches out into the St. Lawrence just a short distance above the Saguenay. It is related that here a whale was pursued by a swordfish. The fish, provided by nature with its sharp weapon of offence, was chasing the unlucky whale, which moved with great rapidity in the direction of the shore, making huge leaps out of the water and giving out loud bellowing

sounds as it sped along. The whale was all of forty feet in length, and its enemy was fully grown and must have measured twenty feet over all.

Confused by the near approach of its dread enemy, the whale went too close to the sand-bar and was soon floundering about in only ten feet of water. The swordfish now made off, possibly alarmed by the tremendous splashing and the too-near approach to land. As the tide was rapidly going out—it falls some eighteen feet here—there was danger for the whale in being stranded high and dry. It lashed out with its tail and churned the water with billowing foam. At last after repeated rolls towards deep water it got off, and soon its joyful spouting could be seen in the distance as it escaped and made its way down the Gulf.



Seals are also caught with the harpoon. To get near them unperceived, Indians have made holes in the sands at low tide. Here they hide under a blanket and imitate the cry of the seal. The seals down by the water's edge are attracted from their native element, and gradually draw near. They make very slow progress on the land, and when too far away to escape back to the water the Indians pounce out and kill dozens with blows from their hatchets.

The Saguenay River is possibly the chief tributary of the St. Lawrence. In every way it is remarkable. Deep, bold, and with headlands of awful height, a trip over its waters from Tadousac to Chicoutimi is an unique experience; for nowhere else can similar scenes be found. The source of the river is in those streams that empty into the head waters of Pikouagami, or Lake St. John, the principal of which are the Peribonka and Mistassini rivers. The Metabetchouan, an important stream, also flows into Lake St. John; and these rivers with the Chicoutimi, Marguerite, Ha-Ha, and numerous smaller rivers, all unite to swell the great flood of the almost bottomless Saguenay. There are numerous lakes north and south of the river, and, almost needless to state, the whole district abounds in mountain, gorge, and waterfall scenery of the wildest kind. Tumultuous rapids are everywhere; and the awful contrast with them of cloud-capped mountain and the silent, still and deep, unfathomable water below is almost overpowering.

It has been said of the Saguenay that it is not properly a river. It is a tremendous chasm like that of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles almost in a straight line through the heart of a mountain wilderness. There is not a part of the river that does not impress one with its grandeur and sublimity.

The Indians, in their usual direct nomenclature, called the river Saggishsekuss, ‘a river whose banks are precipitous’; and from that name the more pronounceable Saguenay has been derived. Jacques Cartier and Champlain both sailed on this river, and tradition has it that Roberval penetrated far inland and never returned.

Shallow water in the lower Saguenay must not be expected, and even at the head of navigation a name is found that signifies ‘deep water.’ This is Chicoutimi, a delightful village where Scandinavian vessels come to load up with lumber. Some claim that the name of the village is derived from the Indian word Ishkotimew, meaning ‘up to here the water is deep.’ Be that as it may, it is a picturesque place, where many of the cottages are roofed with birch-bark, and where trim flower gardens, and cottage doors festooned with climbing vines, may be seen. The dashing mountain stream Chicoutimi, which has a wild descent of near 500 feet in seven miles, enters the Saguenay just above the village, and puts on a white bridal-fall in honor of its union with the stern Saguenay.

On the way from Tadousac to Chicoutimi, the mouth of the

Marguerite River is passed. This river is distant from Tadousac about 14 miles, and it has a beauty of its own claimed by some to compare with that of the larger river, but, of course, on a smaller scale. The scenery is romantic in the extreme. Swirling eddies and foaming rapids turn sharply around the high cliffs, which are water-worn and smooth below from the action of the dashing foam. Here and there are quiet pools, deep and silent; and some are in almost perpetual shade from overhanging cliff and woodland.

Some seventeen miles above stands Cape Eternity, with Eternity Bay between it and the giant twin-brother Cape Trinity. Many have felt that here the 'climax of the awe-inspiring scenery of the Saguenay is reached.' A huge wall of limestone here towers up and projects boldly over the river. Those who pass beneath it give a shudder of apprehension as they realize that a fall would mean annihilation for all below. The great column has been likened to a colossal stairway of three enormous treads, fit ascension to the clouds for the giant gods of the early Indian's dream. Cape Eternity is 1700 feet high, and Cape Trinity 1500 feet. These enormous bulwarks of rock are stern and grand in the awful majesty of their height and power. As the eye soars upward, the pine-trees that have gained a foothold in the fissures serve to accentuate the prodigious heights, for onward and upward they loom until lost as specks of nothingness.

As Chicoutimi is gradually neared, the water of Ha-Ha Bay opens up on the south. It received its odd name from the peals of laughter indulged in by the early French explorers who took it for the main channel of the river, and who found their mistake when they reached the end of the cul-de-sac.

In and about Chicoutimi and the neighboring villages are numerous places of great interest; and doubtless many who visit this district will wish to go part or all the way to Lake St. John for the pleasure of returning by canoe, and of enjoying the lively sport of shooting the rapids in care of two skilful Indian guides. At Portage de l'Enfant an Indian child managed to perform a feat that few could be likely to imitate successfully: that of going over the 50-foot fall in a canoe, and escaping uninjured. For lovers of the curious, the church at Chicoutimi contains an ancient bell with an inscription on it that no one has been able to decipher.

If so minded, the traveller who finds himself in this delightful

district may go by rail from Chicoutimi to Roberval at the south-western end of Lake St. John. Here, in more open country, another series of excursions may be had, and, not forgetting the pleasure of a stay at Roberval as a centre, those who are fond of steamboat trips, driving, walking, boating and canoeing may go in many directions.

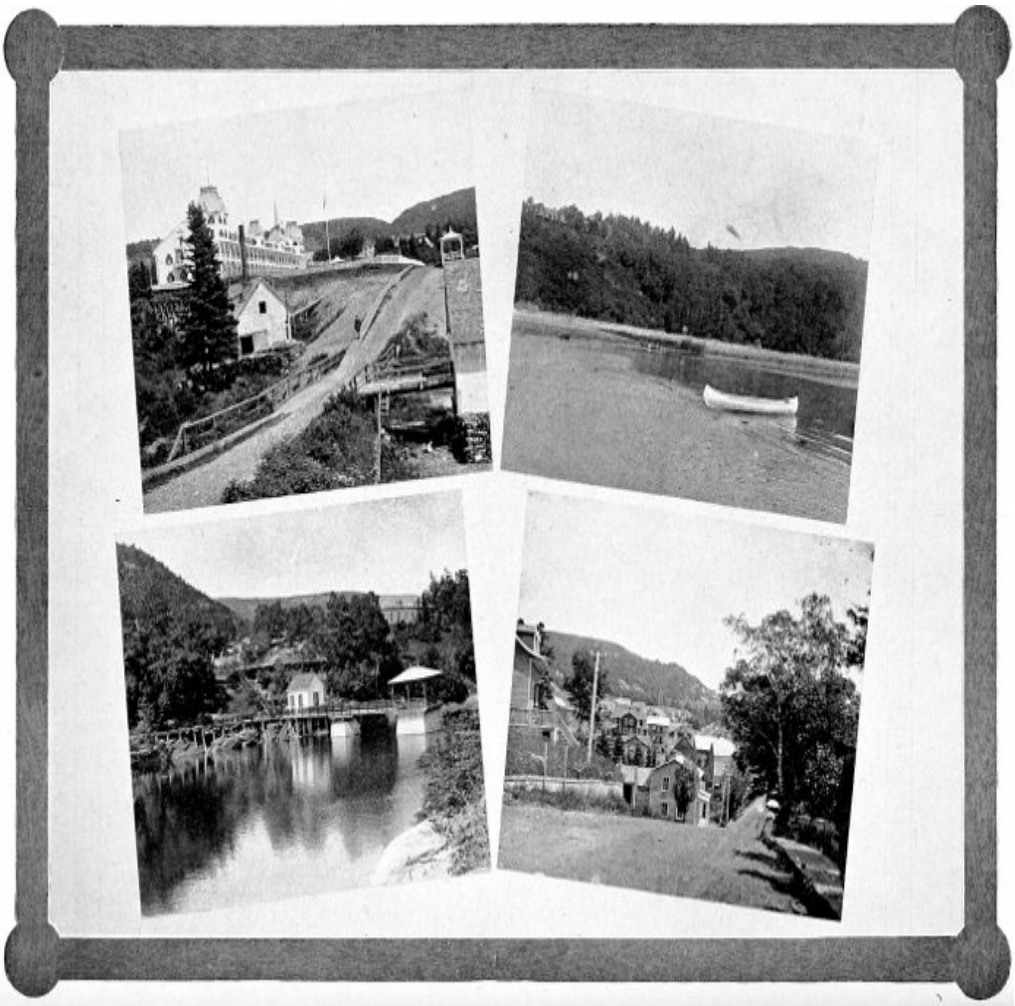
The steamboat trip from Roberval to the Grand Discharge and 'Thousand Isles of the Saguenay' is a favorite one. There is nothing similar to it elsewhere. The drives to Ouiatchouan Falls, picturesque and nearly 300 feet high, and the Montagnais village of Pointe Bleue are full of interest and novelty. Many other trips are possible.

Much of the country to the north of the lake is unexplored. The same remark applies to the rivers of the northern district, or rather to their upper waters. Across Lake St. John, therefore, is ground where the experienced huntsman or nature-lover may find ample occupation in new fields.

The happy sojourner in these regions will soon become accustomed to the Indian names, and, if the use of 'fire-water' is eschewed, words like Chamouchouan and Ashuapmouchouan will roll trippingly from the tongue.

And now for an Indian legend. Tonadalwa was an Indian maid beautiful to look upon, and desired by every young brave of her tribe. Her eyes were dark and lustrous, her form was lithe, supple and beautifully moulded, words from her lips were sweeter than honey, and her song was like unto that of the bird that soars joyously in the sky at the first flush of the rosy dawn.

Tonadalwa's heart had never quickened its tender fluttering under the glances of her dusky wooers. One only, Po-kwa-ha, had any place in her affections. He had saved her from drowning, years before, and it filled her memory. In a canoe as light as a feather, that her lover had made for her, and with the stroke she had learned from him, she would take her way over the water, skimming the white-crested waves with a grace and speed beautiful to behold.



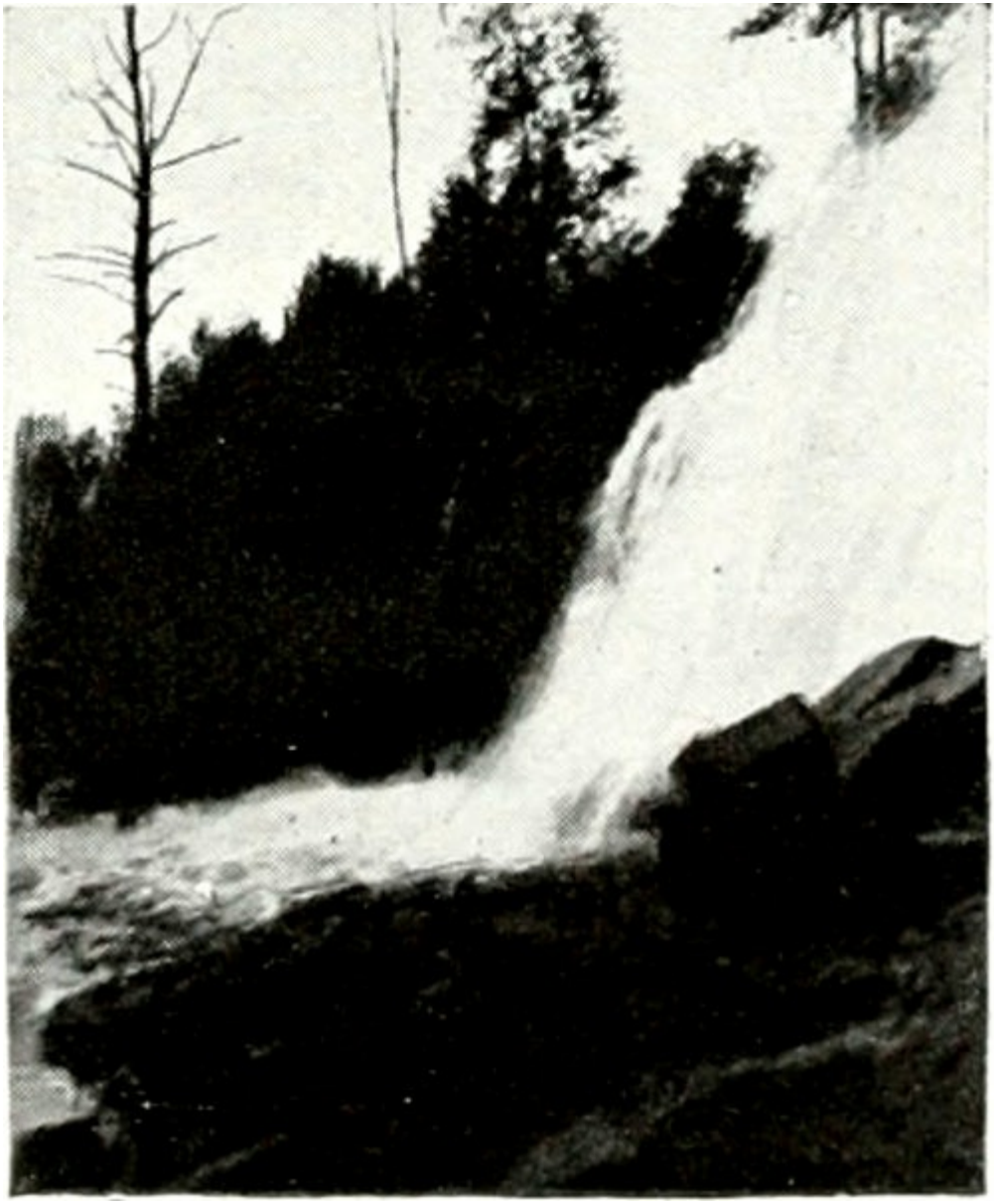
One day as the soft summer air played languidly in and out of

the quivering tree branches, while the sun poised over the horizon and assumed its dying robe of crimson, Tonadalwa's canoe glided out from the village shore and took its way down the great river. Taking only an occasional stroke to keep in mid-channel, the maiden floated on. The faint musical ripple of the gliding canoe and the gentle swish of the paddle made a fitting accompaniment for girlish fancies that lightly came and went on the wings of thought, and soon the soul of Tonadalwa was deep in communion with nature, and her paddle rested motionless over the water.

But a sound from the shore interrupts her reverie. She listens. Yes, it is her lover's voice. He calls her, as he has done before. She waits to see if his canoe puts out, but it does not. Again his voice is heard, and, this time quickly immersing her paddle, she speeds for the shore. But it is a cruel ruse of a rejected suitor, for when too late she sees the hated brave dash out in his canoe, and the thing she has dimly dreaded from the evil glance of Ka-wis is about to happen. She screams and turns to flee. The dastard brave drops his paddle, springs to his feet, and, knowing that the maiden will escape in her light canoe, sends an arrow on its deadly errand of revenge. But Tonadalwa's eye was quick and her action fleet, for she dropped prostrate ere the arrow sped where she had stood a moment before. Alas! she had lost her paddle in the quick movement, and as she drifted down, not daring to look up, she soon heard the roar of the dreaded fall below.

All too soon she realized her peril. A cry now reaches her ear. The cry rings true this time, her heart tells her, and, springing up, she looks to the bank, sees that Ka-wis has fled and that her brave Po-kwa-ha is running rapidly as he tries to overtake her.

Ere he can draw near to take the plunge of desperation and love, the whirling eddies have caught the Indian maid in their grasp, the seething rapids toss her canoe from billow to billow, and Death seizes her in his cold embrace as the frail bark is dashed over the foaming cataract.



Po-kwa-ha sees the dreadful catastrophe, as for one brief moment the beloved form of Tonadalwa is outlined clearly against the evening sky; and then, with one last involuntary cry for help, she extends her arms to her lover—and she has gone.

With his loved one torn from his very grasp, with despair in his heart, and all desire for life extinguished at one stroke, the poor lover rushes madly to the brink and plunges over the cataract to his death.

But the Good Manitou is kind to the brave, the good, the pure, and the true; shadowy forms, spirits of dead braves, rise from the foaming depths below, and ere the hungry waters can overwhelm the Indian maid, she is borne up, rescued, and returned to life.

Nor was the lover to meet the death he sought; for the same arm that had rescued the maiden now held up the form of the young brave, and placing her in his arms, Tonadalwa and Po-kwa-ha were united in life; and, bearing her tenderly to her home and safety, they were soon united in happy matrimony amidst the rejoicing of the whole tribe.

Ka-wis was seen no more. When he shot the arrow, he, too, lost his paddle, and was swept over the dreaded falls. As he sank in the terrible abyss below no pitying spirits upbore him, and Death claimed him as its own.

As we make our way back to Chicoutimi and towards the St. Lawrence, we cannot fail to be impressed by some of the amazing features of the Saguenay River. By actual soundings many parts of the river are over one thousand feet in depth, and none are less than one hundred feet. In places it is as deep five feet from the shore as in the middle of the channel. To boat or canoe on such waters and in the midst of such majestic and sublime surroundings is the one thrilling experience of a lifetime. The stoutest heart must pay involuntary homage to

nature when gliding beneath boldly over-hanging masses of rock that must weigh millions of tons.

In addition to such scenes, there are softer effects that appeal to all lovers of the beautiful. Picture the scene when on a fine, clear day, with just a gauzy haze on the topmost heights of the cliffs, a boat passes out of the shadows into the full light of the beaming sun. The blue smoke wreathing gently upwards is from an Indian encampment just behind yon hill. Here are fine salmon leaping bodily out of the water; above is a soaring eagle showing like a mere speck against the sun, while on the surface of the water seals are showing their dog-like heads and lazy porpoises are playfully spouting sparkling fountains of spray.

Tadousac, the Harbor

The oldest and purest Indian dialect is that of the Montagnais, or 'mountaineers.' They were the original inhabitants of those sky-reaching regions, but of late they have gradually retired in the direction of Hudson's Bay. Indian dialects, as a rule, are very musical, and the manner in which Indians in general express themselves is full of poetry and imagery. Most of the legends that have survived of these people are grotesque in character—of the Glooscap kind. The romantic

tales and fancies will soon be lost unless some effort is made to gather and preserve them.

But the line of the Intercolonial Railway sends a strong call from the opposite St. Lawrence shore, and severing present connection with all the attractions of Tadousac and the Saguenay and Lake St. John district, Rivière du Loup is regained and the journey north-east is resumed.

A drive of between two and three miles from the railway station at Cacouna leads to the pleasant resort of that name.

Cacouna has been called the Brighton of Canada, its bathing on smooth beach, tennis, boating, walking and driving attracting many here to spend the whole summer. It is a dangerous place for bachelors, so great is the display of youth and beauty. In the words of the French-Canadian gradually mastering the intricacies of the English language:

"You can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
An' go all de place, I don't care——
Ma frien' dat's a fack, I know you will say,
Wen you come on dis countree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
De nice little Canadienne."

There are many pretty cottages of summer residents along the high and wooded banks, and there is plenty of accommodation at the hotels and boarding places. Pleasant excursions are enjoyed to the nearby lake in the hills, as well as along the country and river roads, and there are enjoyable drives to St. Arsène and St. Modeste. The view of the St. Lawrence from the heights is very beautiful, and the air is cool and pleasant. The sunset views enjoyed here are famous. The quiet and enjoyable social life of Cacouna is its distinct feature.

BIC

1. Bic
2. Bic Falls
3. Woodland Falls, Little Metis Beach

Interior of Church, Trois Pistoles

The name of the village is Indian, and signifies 'the turtle,' from the shape of the great mass of rock connected to the mainland

here by a low isthmus.

Passing Isle Verte, the old village of Trois Pistoles is reached. A very pretty fishing-river, with tributaries, is here; and summer cottages have been built for the enjoyment of the fine scenery and good air. A beautiful church interior may be seen in this quiet village. The church is near the centre of the village and is known as Notre Dame des Neiges, or 'Our Lady of the Snows.' To see it is worth a trip of hundreds of miles. The village itself is quaint, and full of old-time atmosphere.

Who was it exclaimed, "I wish I were Queen of Bic!" and in that short sentence expressed a just appreciation of all the beauties in which this district abounds? Along Alpine heights the Intercolonial Railway takes its way, and the approach, far and near, is exquisite for the varied and magnificent panorama of scenery. At one point the train threads a mountain gorge hundreds of feet in the air, and, as it winds along, most charming kaleidoscopic effects are displayed to the admiring gaze.

Long years ago an old inn existed by the wayside, in connection with which gruesome tales are told of travellers and their strange disappearance. The village was originally known as Pic. Jacques Carrier entered and named the harbor Islet St. Jean. At one time it was intended to make it a harbor for French war vessels, and to make it a grand outpost in the general scheme for the defense of Quebec. A long wharf into deep water is now under construction.

Bic is just the place for those who do not care for town life at the shore. The village is very interesting and well situated, and there are many good walks through varied and picturesque

country. The land-locked bay is very pleasant at high tide. At the outlet there is a wharf and a cluster of summer cottages. The new wharf for steamers of deep draught leads right under frowning cliffs, the points of which have been blasted away to give room for the new construction. Here the general scene is bold and striking, and the water view is very pleasing. The cottages are well placed for those who would enjoy a quiet vacation amidst pleasant surroundings.

Hattee Bay nearby has a fine stretch of sand, with a few bungalows on the overlooking heights.

A story of massacre has caused one of the Bic islands to be named 'L'Islet au Massacre,' or Massacre Island, from a terrible deed of blood that took place in a cave there. It is related by M. Tachê in the 'Soirées Canadiennes':—Two hundred Micmac Indians were camping there for the night; the canoes had been beached and a neighboring recess or cavern in the lofty rocks which bound the coast offered an apparently secure asylum to the warriors, their squaws and papooses. Wrapped in sleep, the redskins quietly awaited the return of day to resume their journey; they slept, but not their lynx-eyed enemy, the Iroquois; from afar, he had scented his prey. During the still hours of night, his silent steps had compassed the slumbering foe. Laden with birch-bark fagots and other combustible materials, the Iroquois noiselessly surround the cavern; the fagots are piled around it, the torch applied. Kohe! Kohe! Hark! the fiendish well-known warwhoop! The Micmacs, terror-stricken, seize their arms; they prepare to sell dearly their lives, when the lambent flames and the scorching heat leave them but one alternative, that of rushing from their lurking place.

One egress alone remains; wild despair steels their hearts; men, women and children crowd through the narrow passage amidst the flames; at the same instant a shower of poisoned arrows decimates them; the human hyena is on his prey. A few flourishes of the tomahawk from the Iroquois, and the silence of death soon invades the narrow abode.

Now for the trophies; the scalping, it seems, took some time to be done effectually.

History mentions but five, out of the two hundred victims, who escaped with their lives.

The blanched bones of the Micmac braves strewed the cavern, and could be seen until some years back.

Those who escaped travelled day and night to reach a large Huron camp some distance away. A rapid march was then made by the whole Huron force to the track by which the Iroquois would return. Not expecting an attack the Iroquois were in turn taken by surprise, and tradition has it that they were slaughtered to a man.

The pleasures of Bic are not exhausted by the recounting of its water-joys, air, scenery and social life. The walks and drives are a grand feature of summer existence, and moreover they are full of variety. How delightful to take a river drive in either direction. Possibly a walk is preferred, and, with a swinging step adapted to a six or seven mile excursion, a start is made in the direction of the bridge over the South-West River. Passing up the long main street, the varied character of the buildings is noticeable; and the quaint and foreign appearance causes the walk to be arrested at many a spot. Towering woodland heights on the left, beautiful islands on the right and haze-capped sugar-loaf mountains before, it is not long before street merges into country lane. Soon are passed the clustering cottages and gardens, and neat-appearing farms are at hand. Here where the Intercolonial Railway is high up on an observation terrace cut in the side of the mountain, the country road leads down hill, and, with many a pleasurable incident on the further way, and an occasional English-French chat with the *habitants*, the bridge is reached.

But dark clouds begin to build up moist tire-laden pyramids, and low rumblings of distant thunder are beginning to be heard. A

St. Lawrence thunderstorm in this mountainous locality is a thunderstorm, and when it rains, it rains. Right-about-face—Quick, March! and off we go. A few miles are covered, but the storm is imminent. Several *cartiers* pass uttering their monotonous and plaintive cry, "*Marche donc*"—a sort of querulous question, 'why don't you go on?' addressed to their patient horses. You decline the oft-repeated proffer of a ride—and a wetting—and execute a double-quick run for the shelter of a friendly cottage. Your energetic knock is quickly answered by a young girl of seventeen summers who has in her engaging face all the sweet characteristics of the daughters of France.

"May I shelter here until the storm has passed," you ask, stepping in. "*Pardon, Monsieur?*" comes the reply, as the door is hastily closed against the pelting rain.

Your linguistic powers are varied, yet limited; having been acquired by brief residences in four or five different countries. You manage to remark, "*Un jour de pluie*," and as the young girl smiles indulgently over this very obvious fact, while rain dashes against the window,—lightning flashing and thunder rolling—you manage to explain "*un abri*." "*Avec plaisir, Monsieur*," is the reply in liquid and sweet intonation.

Removing your rain-coat you gratefully repose in the solid arm-chair, and examine with keen interest all the fittings, ornaments and family souvenirs of what you plainly see is an old-time French interior. Your amiable hostess has gone for a moment, but soon reappears, followed by father, mother, grandfather, brother and sister. You rise, bow politely, and shake hands all round, not forgetting your 'good angel of the storm,' whose

ingenuous eyes reflect the pleasure of having a visitor from the outer world. "*C'est un grand plaisir*," you remark; and then indicating her, you add, "*Ma bonne ange de l'orage*."

At this all laugh heartily, and none more so than *'la bonne ange'* herself. "I hev bin in de State," the oldest, a son, remarks, as all the family smile proudly over his knowledge of English. The elder daughter now invites you to sit near her on the settee while she leafs over the album of family portraits for your entertainment. You are immediately surrounded by the others; all leaning over, pointing out the portraits and relating choice bits of family history. Everyone talks at once, and your frail linguistic bark founders in the deep sea of voluble conversation.

And now a blinding flash of lightning is followed immediately by a tremendous crash of thunder. The house is shaken by the concussion. '*La Bonne Ange*' quickly runs to the old-fashioned cupboard in the corner, takes out a bottle and sprinkles *l'eau benite* over the door lintel and window frame. Her sister having run out of the room after the alarming thunder-peal, '*La Bonne Ange*' shares your settee and explains that the little ceremony she has just performed is to keep lightning out of the room. She goes out and brings back a French-English conversation lexicon. She turns to one of the sentences arranged in parallel columns, speaks the French and asks you to pronounce the English. This done, you exchange; she speaks the English and you speak the French—each correcting the pronunciation of the other until both are right. The others look on eagerly, and smile encouragement over your progress. Every time you speak without the necessity for correction, all cry out delightedly, "*Oui, Oui, Monsieur*."

At last '*La Bonne Ange*' closes the book, and makes you understand that without looking at it you are to address her in French.

The thunder has ceased, the clouds have passed, and the returning light illumines the room and the kindly faces about you. A golden sunbeam casts an aureole around the head of '*La Bonne Ange*,' and turning to her you say, "*Vous etes tres jolie,*

mademoiselle!" A peal of happy laughter from the family greets your remark, followed by a clapping of hands; and as she looks down demurely, '*La Bonne Ange*' replies, "*Vous parlez français tres bien, Monsieur*;" at which we all laugh more heartily than before.

You rise to go, expressing your thanks for shelter the while. A kind and hearty invitation to remain and sup is given; but this you reluctantly decline, explaining that duty calls you away by the evening train. All press around to bid you good-bye, and as you leave and turn the bend of the road all the members of the family salute you from the porch with waving hands, while in their midst, fluttering her handkerchief, stands '*La Bonne Ange de l'Orage*.'

Proceeding down the St. Lawrence, St. Germain de Rimouske, or Rimouski, is reached, a thriving town and pleasant summer resort, with good hotels, a fine river and attractive scenery. The beach at Sacré Coeur, a few miles away, is a good one. There is a fine Government wharf here. Father Point, a 'Wireless' station and place of call for large ocean-going vessels, may be reached from here, or from the next station, St. Anaclet, on the Intercolonial Railway. Passing Ste. Flavie, from which a short connecting railroad runs to Métis Beach, Matane and Matane-Sur-Mer, and going by St. Octave with its fine fall on the Grand Métis River, the station of Little Métis is reached, from which a drive of about six miles terminates at the well-known St. Lawrence resort, Métis Beach.

On the Links, Metis Beach

This delightful watering-place with its combined charm of country and shore is a favorite summer place for all who love quiet and restful surroundings, with walks and drives in a country that is full of interest. It has been termed the 'Bride's Mecca' or nearest mundane approach to the groves of paradise. It is one of those nice spots favored by people of quiet tastes and avoided by lovers of glare and noise.

Boating, bathing, golf, tennis, walking and driving, are the chief amusements. There is also an enjoyable social life. The summer cottages are delightfully situated, being almost hidden in the trees: each has its own outlook over the broad St. Lawrence,

here some forty miles wide. The Golf Links are most beautifully situated amidst ideal surroundings. The hotels are right on the water, with plenty of shade from the generous tree-growth so noticeable in this district.

On the River, Matane

The beach, one of the best along the St. Lawrence shore, is not used as much as it should be. It is of pebble and sand, with clusters of rock that have fallen from the bold cliff. A very romantic waterfall cascades through a rocky defile and falls on to the beach near one of the principal hotels of the resort; and this waterfall—so accessible, so enticing—is surely one of the

most charming pictures that could possibly be imagined. After it reaches the beach it courses down over the pebbles in miniature rapids and foaming rills. No greater fun for children could be found than that of wading in the dashing and sparkling streams that make their way down the beach and out into the salt St. Lawrence.

Rambling along the beach here, under the shade of the trees, is very enjoyable; and rocky knolls with nooks and shelters are conveniently near.

About eighteen miles down the river, Matane-Sur-Mer is reached, a very pleasant spot that has recently been opened up by a short railroad that connects with the Intercolonial Railway at Ste. Flavie. Near the lighthouse, and the lighthouse-keeper's cheerful home adjoining, bungalows and cottages are being built on a nicely-wooded elevation that overlooks a long strip of pebble beach. It commands a fine view of the broad St. Lawrence, and is a good situation for those who like perfect rest and quiet.

A very enjoyable walk leads to the river Matane, at the mouth of which the bright and busy village of Matane is placed. Large lumber shipments are made here, and the place promises to grow steadily as the St. Lawrence lower coast trade develops. Matane stands on a well-chosen site, and it has good facilities for bathing, boating, etc. There are many fine views from the surrounding heights, and the walks in and about the village, as well as in the adjacent country, are very enjoyable.

Matapedia Valley

The Country Across The Base of The Gaspé Peninsula, and Some Superb Fishing Streams

Saying ‘Good-bye’ to the hospitable shore of the St. Lawrence, and with mind well stored with pleasant memories of happy days and joyous hours, a course across the base of the Gaspé Peninsula is now taken by the line of the Intercolonial Railway, which here makes a south-easterly dip to reach Matapedia at the head of the Baies de Chaleurs.

Regaining Little Métis station a good view of interesting country is obtained on the way to Kempt. Mountain ranges rise on each side, with high table land, bold slopes, and lines of hills running off to the north. The woods are beautiful, the white birches brightening up the various shades of forest green. Beyond Kempt the hills broaden out at times into wide plains marked by gentle undulations of rich green. Rocky cuttings, protected by high snow-fences, are passed, and soon a well-defined valley is reached that is quite narrow in places. At the left, for some distance, runs the river. Other rocky cuttings are entered, beyond which another valley, with the still-flowing river, is reached, After passing the little lumbering village of St. Moise the road again leads through the hills; higher and higher, with dense forest on every hand, and soon it is necessary to cut through their very midst.

At Sayabec the region of beautiful Lake Matapedia is reached, and at Cedar Hall is the most convenient stopping-place for

seeing the lake and its scenery. Together with Amqui and Lac au Saumon these places are small lumbering centres. They all have fine surroundings, but the district has not been fully opened up, and only moderate accommodation can be found.

The course now leads by the murmuring Matapedia River, and at Causapscal is found an ideal spot for a restful vacation. It is only suited for those who have quiet tastes and a love for the beautiful, or for those who can enjoy woodland and river walks. It is one of the most beautiful and restful little spots ever seen. It is a picture from Switzerland, and more. No matter how extended the journey, a stay of a few days should be made at Causapscal to drink in some of its soothing balm.

The Matapedia courses right through the village—one of the cleanest in all Quebec, by the way—and one may stop at a comfortable little hostelry, look right out on the river just across the highway, and be lulled to calm slumber by its gentle murmur. Here the houses are built only on one side of the road, and this gives a pleasant view of grassy sward and rippling stream from any part of the village. There are fine views on every hand. The Causapscal River unites with the beautiful Matapedia quite nearby, and along the banks of both streams many choice walks may be enjoyed.

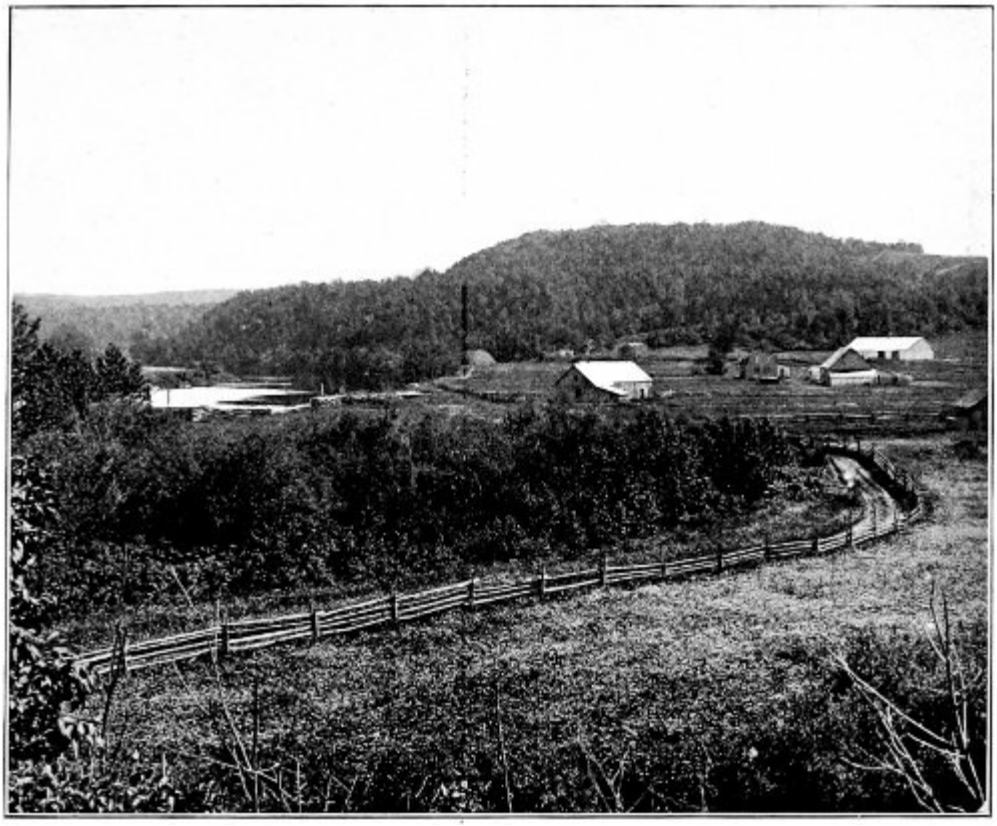
The junction of the two rivers is between high banks, and here is a favorite fishing-haunt for those who own the fishing rights. The Matamajaw Salmon Club House is on the top of the bank, close by.

Beau Rivage is a peaceful hamlet, framed by the far-reaching

hills that are here broadened out to a considerable extent. Those who would see the beauties of the famed Matapedia Valley will find ample occupation as the train speeds along.

The Matapedia, or 'Musical' River, flows along with soothing murmur and sings a song of peace the while. The rows of cedar logs piled high on the bank, for shipment over the railroad, are turning grey under the summer sun and they blend harmoniously in the landscape effect. Flowers are springing up everywhere, and the tall lambkill is beautiful to behold. How glorious is the country with its absence of formalism and inane repetition of stereotyped patterns! Here the river narrows and throws up two long islands of white and grey pebbles. The water, confined to small channels for the time, dashes forward and springs up, leaping and foaming. How joyful its music! The course now bends suddenly, just where the current is foaming and descending in a noisy rapid. The clear water breaks in rippling waves of snow-white foam, and passes in well-marked ridges for some distance, until the widening channel permits it to resume its erstwhile tranquil way.

Now it passes under the shade of a high and beautifully-wooded mountain, and immediately the water is tinged with a darkening shade—the sun eclipsed by the overhanging trees. On many of the mountains so thick is the foliage that not one tree-trunk can be seen uncovered, excepting, here and there, a white birch sapling.

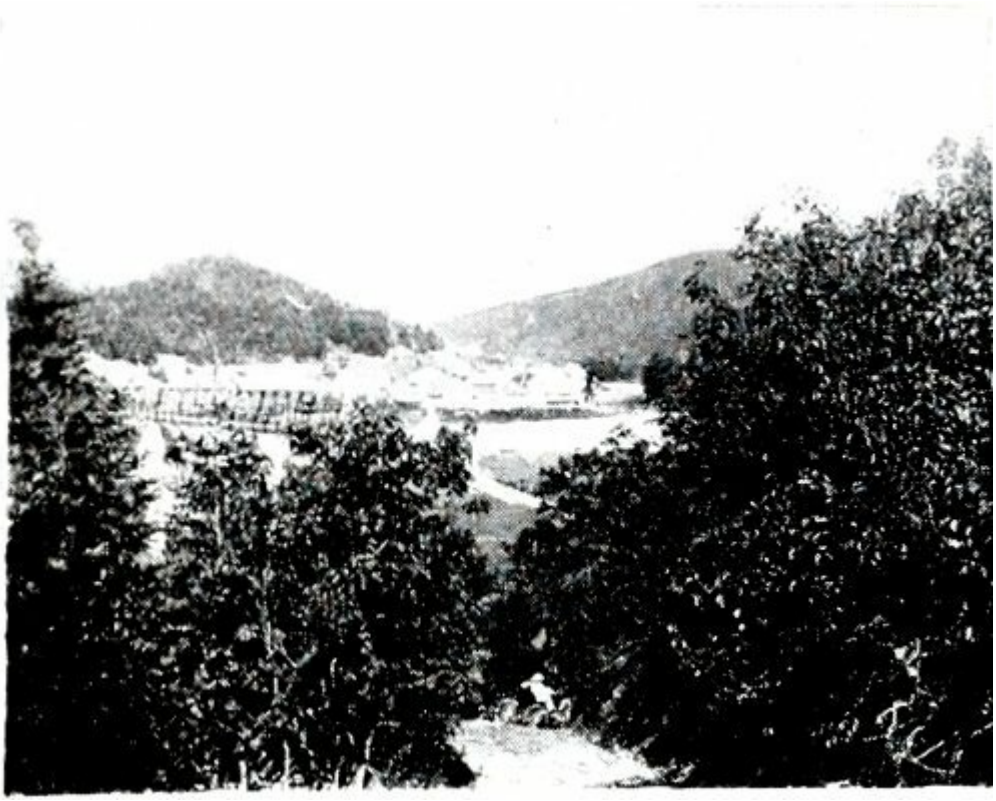


Restigouche Valley

The scenery of the river and valley between Assametquaghan and Glen Emma is particularly bold and grand, and most enchanting views of the winding Matapedia meet the gaze at every turn of its sinuous course. The mountains rise higher and higher, and as the train turns in and out, far-away glimpses of the silvery stream are frequently caught. Just below the railroad a mass of rocks has fallen from the mountain side into the bed of the river, almost closing the way. Leaning out of the window, as we slow up, the spray is almost at hand.

At times the stream broadens considerably, and the mountains

run to foot-hills that diminish to gentle slopes at the river's brink. Looking along the valley at such points, a grand panorama of mountain, hill, dale, valley and winding stream enchants the artistic eye. There a long line of beautiful trees is seen on an islet, once part of the mainland. As the train goes down stream the island seems to come up under full sail to meet it; and all around, in valley, on mound and hill, and up the steep sides of the mountains, the gorgeous pink bloom of the prolific rhododendron gives joy to the senses.



Here the Matapedia has changed its pebble bed for one of rock, and as there is a considerable fall,—which is also quite

noticeable on account of the easy running of the train—the churning waves and dashing foam show beautifully below. At a point where the stream deepens and flows on with darker hue and unruffled surface the train crosses again to the left bank and approaches Millstream—the smallest of hamlets in the most ideal situation that could well be imagined.

On the shore of the river, not far away, is an encampment of happy vacationists, with tent, and shack for cooking; their boat moored below, and the stream singing of health and cool summer joys as it dashes gaily by.

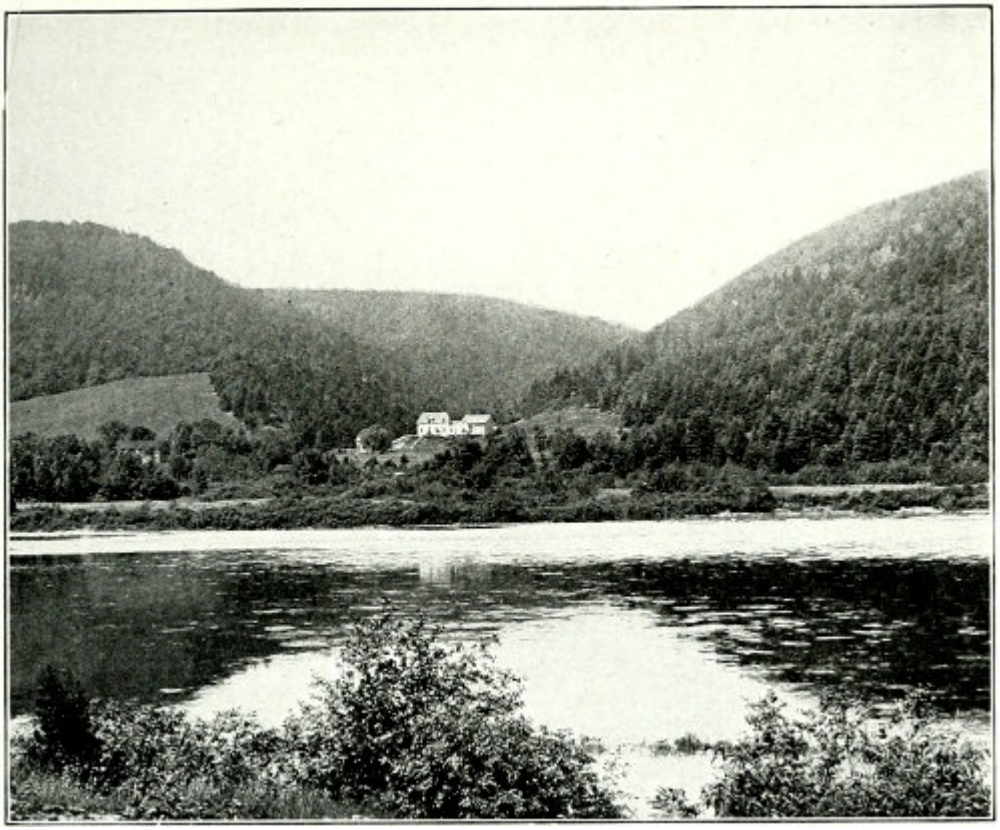
The village of Matapedia has a choice and romantic situation at the confluence of the Matapedia and Restigouche Rivers, known as 'the meeting of the waters.' A railroad runs from here along the south shore of the Gaspé Peninsula. The surrounding country is magnificent, and a wealth of beauty is found in the river scenery and fine walks of the neighborhood. It is one of the choice spots of Canada, and numerous sites for cottage retreats and river bungalows will be found along the valley of the Matapedia River, above and below the village.

The canoeing waters of this lovely district are exceedingly choice.

Very nearly all of the country traversed hitherto has been rich in rivers and streams. In addition to the great inland sea of the St. Lawrence, and all the numerous rivers previously named, the district bordered by the Matapedia River has excellent water privileges that cover a wide area. That fine river, the Rimouski, and the charming little Neigette are within easy reach of the Métis River, indeed the smaller river runs into the Métis; and

the Métis itself is almost touched by the Patapedia which runs on and connects with the Restigouche and Matapedia Rivers.

Rich as Quebec is in watercourses, the province of New Brunswick, into which we are about to pass, is endowed to even a more extraordinary extent with those supreme additions to the beauty of a landscape; and which provide, when communicating, such pleasant and convenient means for going from one part of the country to the other.



Matapedia, Looking over the Restigouche River

The system of nearly-connecting rivers just traced extends

through New Brunswick in a wonderful manner; for over the Upsalquitch, Nepisiguit, Miramichi and other rivers, and by means of the Madawaska and Tobique, and over the widely ramifying waters of the noble St. John, a grand highway of water travel is provided. In addition, there is an almost countless number of tributary streams that intersect the country in every direction, and which serve to bring remote inner districts into communication with the seaboard. As has been seen, some of the rivers are very rapid—dashing headlong through rocky gorges and over stony beds. Others are wide and tranquil, and some ripple a quiet way over sandy beds.

Nor must the myriad streams of smaller proportions be forgotten —the cascade, the brook, the clear and sparkling waters where fish abound. Surely the whole of this beautiful country is that of which the poet of olden days wrote:

MATAPEDIA VALLEY

1. Meeting of the Waters, Causapscal
2. Tunnel near Matapedia
3. Meeting of the Waters, Matapedia

"The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and greene
In whose cool hours the birds with chaunting song
Do welcome with their Quire the Summer's Queene;

The meadows faire, where Flora's gifts among
Are intermixt the verdant grass between,
The silver skaled fish that softly swimme
Within the brookes and cristal wat'ry brimme."

The Matapedia, or 'Musical,' River received its name from the sound made by the wind in the branches of the trees as it courses over and through the numerous ravines. The river rises in Lake Matapedia, and is over sixty miles long. Its principal tributaries are the Causapscal and the Kassimiguagan. It runs a rapid course between two extensive mountain ranges, and terminates in the Restigouche at a point some twenty miles south-west of Matapedia village.

Along the Tobique River are mountains and mountain ranges of great beauty. Bald Head, on the Riley Brook, near the Northern Forks, is nearly 2,300 feet above sea-level. The Blue Mountains of the Tobique Valley are very picturesque—some rise as high as 1,200 feet above the river level. The loftiest heights are attained on the south branch of the Nepisiguit, between Nictor and Nepisiguit Lakes and the eastern branch of the Tobique. Here a height is attained of 2,600 feet above the sea-level. There are several odd-looking mountains on the portage from

Nepisiguit River to Upsalquitch Lake, and a good view of the surrounding country is obtained by climbing one of these heights.

The Tobique is considered by many to be the most picturesque stream in all New Brunswick. The fishing is fine and the scenery beautiful. Nictor Lake is well worth the journey necessary to reach it, and the whole trip up and down the river is a unique woodland and water experience. Near the high land separating the Tobique waters from those of the Miramichi and Nepisiguit, the highest lakes of New Brunswick are found, many of them being over 1,200 feet above the level of the sea. The whole province abounds in lakes. Those off the regular travel routes are seldom visited, although they are quite attractive.

The Restigouche has been called the 'noblest salmon river of the world.' It is navigable for 130 miles or more above Campbellton. It has bold and rugged shores as well as scenes of softer beauty. The country on both sides of the river is exceedingly grand and impressive. There are huge lofty mountains, often of irregular shape, covered with tall pines and rich hardwood. Its chief tributaries are the Matapedia, the Upsalquitch, the Patapedia, and the Quatawamkedgewick, or 'Tom Kedgewick.' The head waiters are within fifteen miles of the St. John, and that river may be reached by canoe with a portage of only three miles along the Grand River connection.

The Meeting of the Waters

The length of the Restigouche is over 200 miles. It flows generally over a north-east course, and broadens gradually as it nears its mouth at the Bay of Chaleur. It is the first large river to be met that is entirely free of rapid and fall not practicable for a canoe. It is full of windings and abrupt turns which add to the beauty of its scenery, and where pools are so often found in which fish like to lie. There are places where the flow of the water is so tranquil that it can hardly be noticed. Others there

are where gay and frothy little rapids bubble and dance as they toss their white crests in the air, but here a canoe may be poled through with ease. Even in those places where swirling eddies and foaming waters are found, little difficulty is experienced in making a way through to the quiet water above. In the quiet and still parts of the river the fish are to be seen swimming about many feet below the surface, and this is true, also, of the Green River, which connects with the upper forks of the Restigouche.

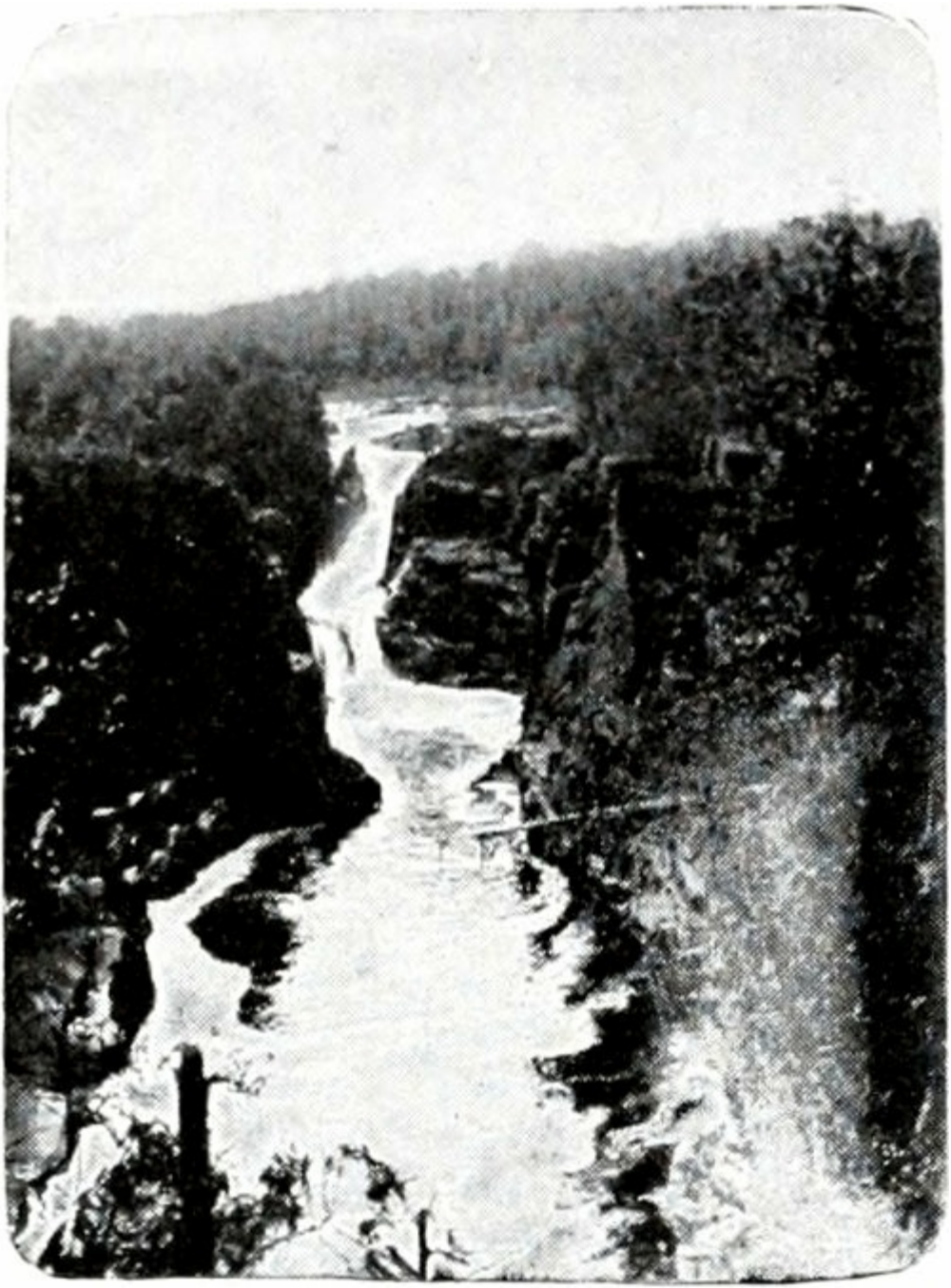
The Upsalquitch is a stream of many tributaries and sparkling branches. It abounds in salmon and trout. It is related that on one

journey over this river the fish were so plentiful that considerable effort was necessary to force a way through with the canoe. On another trip down to the Restigouche a pool was passed through where not less than two hundred salmon jumped and darted in every direction when they were thus disturbed. These fish would only average about twenty pounds each; but others weighing over forty pounds are frequently caught.

From Campbellton over the line of the International Railway to St. Leonard's, many districts of the Upsalquitch, Kedgewick, Restigouche, Tobique and St. John Rivers may be reached.

The Nepisiguit, or 'River of Foaming Waters,' is a fine fishing stream. But great as this attraction is, it has even a greater, for its scenery is rugged, romantic and exquisitely varied. The picturesque Pabineau Fall is a lovely sight, and the Grand Falls of the Nepisiguit, about twenty miles from Bathurst, should be seen by every one. Connection is made by a short railroad with the line of the Intercolonial Railway at Nepisiguit Junction, near Bathurst. The Grand Falls tumble precipitately in four descents through a huge rocky gorge. The roar of the water, the foaming curtain of the descending torrent and the spray that floats some distance down—all combine to make a striking scene; while the sight of the river rolling away in the shuddering depths below has a strong fascination for all. Above the Grand Falls there are picturesque rapids where by walking over the great rocks—and over giant tree trunks that have lodged in immovable positions in their descent of the river from the lumbering region higher up—a good view of river and hilly banks may be obtained. By going down the railroad for about one quarter of a mile, and climbing up on to a bluff, a full view of the gorge, the fall and the foaming depths far below may be had.

Pabineau Fall takes its name indirectly from the small stream Pabineau that falls into the Nepisiguit a short distance below the Fall. It was once called Pabina, and had the English name of Cranberry Falls as well. Although the word is of Indian origin, its present form is believed to be Acadian French, meaning the Highbush Cranberry. The Indians used to spear a canoe-load of salmon at a time by the Pabineau Fall in the days before fishery wardens were appointed to patrol the river.



There are splendid trout lakes on the upper waters of the

Nepisiguit, and the whole region is one of the choicest for sportsmen, lovers of nature, and those who do not mind being away from the towns. To see the river at its best, it is necessary to camp out with guides accustomed to the management of canoes, and who are also skilled in woodcraft. There are many such guides living all along the lower part of the river. There are some excellent private fishing-club houses, as well as a few where guests are received.

Theodore Roosevelt, who, in addition to his other qualifications, is a genuine nature-lover, scout, woodsman and Nimrod, is always at home in the upper waters of the Nepisiguit. Of this country he wrote: “Goodbye, lovely Nepisiguit, stream of the beautiful pools, the fisherman’s elysium; farewell to thy merry, noisy current, thy long quiet stretches, thy high bluffs, thy wooded and thy rocky shores. Long may thy music lull the innocent angler into day-dreams of happiness. Long may thy romantic scenery charm the eye and gladden the heart of the artist, and welcome the angler to a happy sylvan home.”

The country just described is perhaps the best in all North America for hunting and fishing. Some details and incidents relating to this region will therefore be of interest.

The hibernating or marvellous winter sleep of bears is doubtless well known to all. A large bear crawled out one April from under a bridge of logs in the Upsalquitch district over which timber had been hauled noisily all winter without arousing him from his long, deep sleep.

Bruin plays queer antics. A bear broke into a lumber camp,

turned the tap of the molasses barrel, rolled over and over in the sticky syrup, broke open a flour barrel with one stroke of the paw and then rolled about in the flour until he looked like a polar bear.

An Indian without a gun was once chased by an infuriated she-bear, whose cub he had stolen. His only refuge was a hollow tree, down which he lowered himself with the cub. The old bear

descended bear fashion, tail first. The Indian seized her by the stumpy tail, whereupon he was drawn to the top, and giving the bear a thrust off on top of the stump, master of the situation.

A bear caught in a trap on the Patapedia by an Indian was met by the hunter, marching around with the trap on one foot and shouldering the pole to which it was attached, biting savagely at the knots and boughs of trees he passed and inflicting terrible wounds on the defenceless wood. Knowing there was a bounty of three dollars a bear on the New Brunswick side of the boundary, the Indian succeeded in driving him across the dividing brook. This done, he shot him and got his bounty.

Another wily Indian cut off the snouts of two large Newfoundland dogs, and producing them to the magistrate demanded the bounty money. Being asked for the customary oath, he said, 'Swear me in Indian, me no understand English well.' 'All right,' said the unsuspecting justice. The guileless Indian then swore in the Indian tongue that he had killed two large black dogs—and pocketed the six dollars.

A story showing the humor of a Maliceet Indian, who was a great snuff-taker, is the following: "One time I go huntem moose, night come dark, rain and snow come fast; no axe for makum wig-wam; gun wet, no get um fire; me bery tired, me crawl into large hollow tree; I find plenty room, almost begin sleep. By-and-by me feelum hot wind blow on my face, me know hot bear's breath. He crawl into log too; I takeum gun, she no go; I think me all same gone, all eat up. Then me thinkum my old snuff-box. I take some snuff and throw 'em in bear's face, and he run out, not very much likeum. I guess me lay still all night, he no come again, little while, bear he go O-me sneezum, over

and over, great times. Morning come, me fixeum gun and shoot 'em dead; he no more sneezum, no more this time."

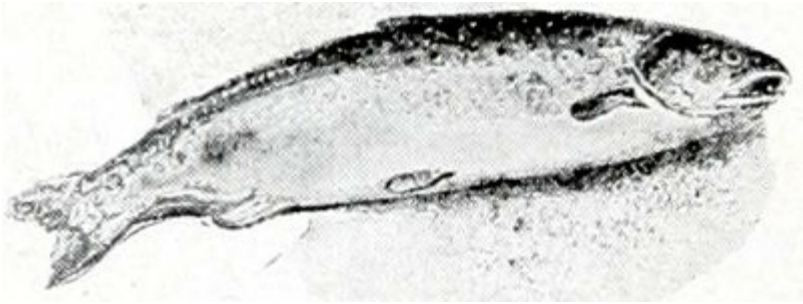
When an Indian catches a bear in a trap, he apologizes to the animal, and asks that vengeance shall not be taken for his death. He promises to respect his bones, and this promise he keeps; for Indians burn bears' bones instead of giving them, like other bones, to the dogs.

Bruin is often very wily. A bear once dropped to the fire of a hunter's rifle. Carefully reloading, the hunter advanced and poked the animal to make sure it was not shamming. The bear was motionless. The gun was laid down and a sheath knife drawn to prepare Mr. Bruin for the camp bearers. Just as the hunter grasped the forepaw the bear raised up, and a terrible struggle ensued. A son of the hunter was commanded by the father to shoot, but the boy was too nervous to risk a shot. Finally the hunter was worsted and succumbed to his injuries just as the son gained command of himself and lodged a bullet in Bruin's head. A singular part of the story is the positive statement that only one bullet was found in the bear's body—and that was the son's bullet that killed the animal at the last.

Another story of a bear shamming has a happier ending, for in this case the hunter reloaded and approached by stealth after seeing Bruin drop like a stone to his rifle shot. This time the bear 'came to life' too soon. He was found standing, and ready to give battle, until a second shot really hit him and ended all shamming.

Fish stories are always in order in a fishing country; and when that country is the best the world has to offer, the stories may

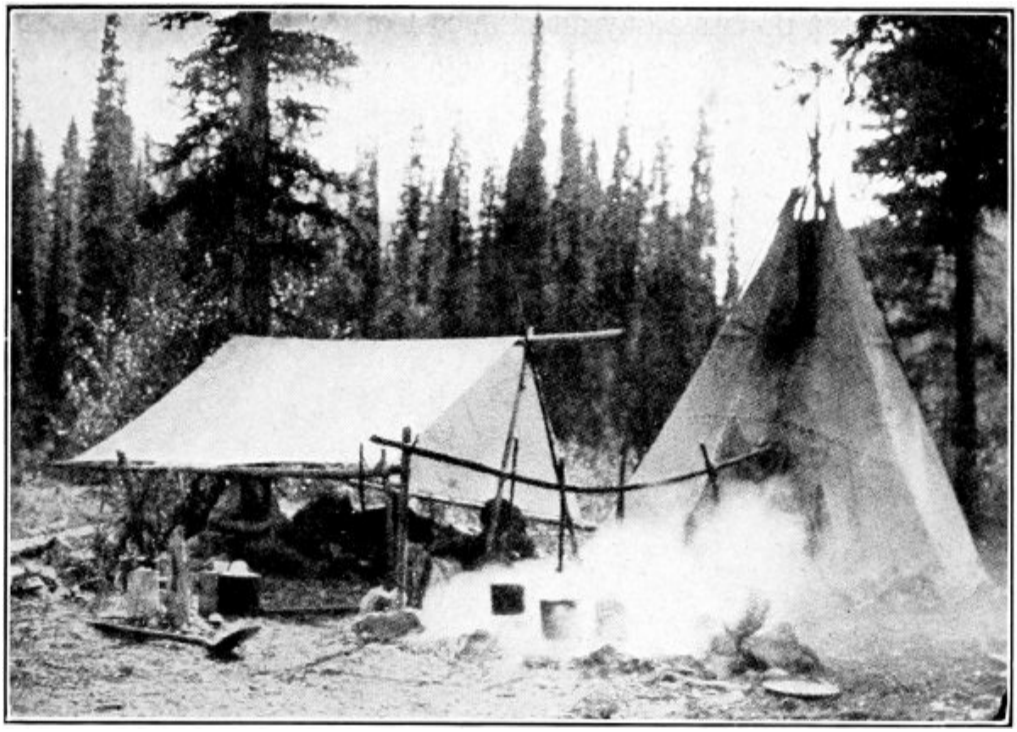
properly be of fair proportions.



On the Nepisiguit River a 45-pound salmon has been known to leap from the water into a canoe. This reverses the usual practice of suicides; and perhaps it will be well to explain that as a fish has to jump out of water to commit felo-de-se, the salmon in question took the easiest course.

Squirrels in swimming across a river are sometimes swallowed by trout. As trout have often been caught weighing six pounds, this story seems quite credible:

On a trouting excursion in this region so many fish were caught that the fishermen became completely exhausted through the incessant labor of hauling in the fish. On the homeward journey they reached a place where large trout poked their heads out of the water, but the fishermen had not enough energy left to throw a line.



In Camp

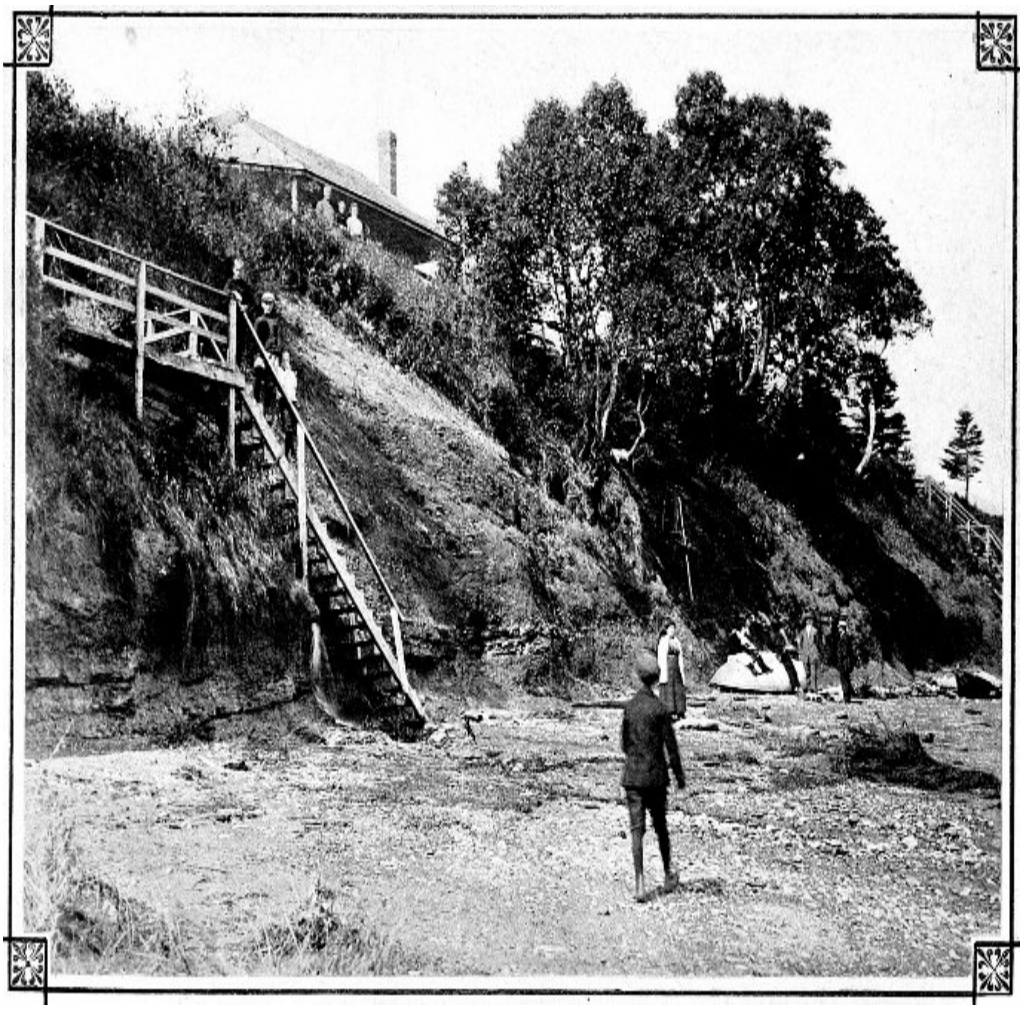
In good fishing waters, strange as it may seem, two trout have been caught on the same hook with one cast of the line.

It may be well to remark that in Quebec and New Brunswick the system of private leases of fishing privileges prevails. That is to say, the fishing rights on a stream are either owned by those who have bought land with river frontages, or they are leased outright by the Government to fishing clubs of wealthy sportsmen who can afford to have the river patrolled by fishery guards. A privilege may include the right to cast a line in one pool, in a stretch of water a mile or two in length, or over the course of the river for a distance of fifty or even a hundred miles.

Club-houses are built at the principal spots where the best fishing may be had, and there wealthy fishermen make their stay in comfortable quarters during the salmon season. At Matapedia, Campbellton, etc., may be seen whole truck loads of large boxes some four feet long, each box having one or more fine salmon packed in snow for transportation to friends of the anglers at New York and other distant points.

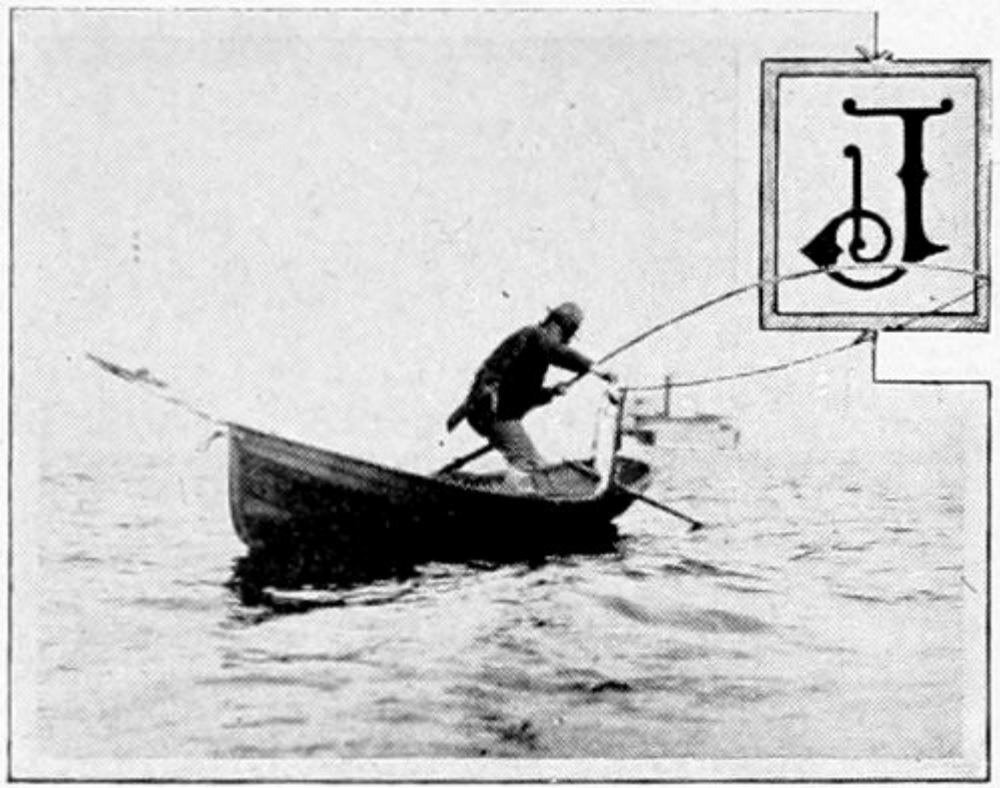
The expense of maintaining the club-house, buying fishing rights, employing fish guardians, etc., is borne by the members of the club; and all things considered the sport of salmon-fishing is a royal amusement costing a considerable amount of money.

The best rights are all bought up; but there are still some places, as on the Upsalquitch River, where fair salmon-fishing may be had at ten dollars a day and the cost of the fishing permit added. In some streams, where fish do not abound, the cost is much less. Sportsmen should bear these facts in mind before planning a fishing trip. If really good sport with fine fish is desired, the best plan is to communicate with the I. C. R. Agent at the nearest point to the centre selected, and he will procure all the information required. If planning a trip in June and July, do not wait until the fishing-rights are let out and all the guides and boats are engaged—write in good time, not later than the month of April or May, and have definite arrangements made well in advance, including the important detail of where to stay. Some of the best places for fish have neither cabin nor camp anywhere near. In selecting a spot like this, arrangements for tents and supplies, teams and guides, etc., should be made at least some months ahead.



Bungalow at Charlo, Bay of Chaleur

The Bay of Chaleur



Jacques Cartier entered and named La Baie des Chaleurs in the year 1535, but before that time the unnamed waters had been frequented by European fishermen, drawn there by the splendid fishing for which this bay has long been known. The name 'Bay of Heats' was probably given to mark the genial temperature of these waters as compared with that of the more frigid waters of the Newfoundland shore. In very early maps it is termed La Baie des Espagnols, or 'Spanish Bay', from the fact that many of the early fishers were from Spain. The Indian name, Ecketuam Nemaache, the English of which is 'Sea of Fish,' is quite

appropriate, too; but the use of the name Bay of Chaleur is now universal.

The Bay is more than ninety miles long, and receives the waters of fully sixty rivers and streams. Sea and brook trout are found in nearly all of these tributaries, and in many of them the finest salmon are caught. It is rarely stormy, on account of the protection afforded by the projecting peninsulas, and the outlying islands, Shippegan and Miscou. The air is clear and pleasant, and fog is comparatively unknown. The tides, also, are quite moderate.

American fishing fleets visit these waters every year. They may be seen in the spacious harbor of Miscou Island when they come there from the outer waters for shelter in stormy weather. The Bay of Chaleur has always been a favorite fishing-ground for New Englanders; for it was a Yankee captain of whom Whittier wrote in his "Skipper Ireson's Ride," describing the punishment meted out to that hard-hearted man for his cruelty in abandoning to its fate a sinking craft manned by his fellow-townsmen.

"Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's people on her deck!

'Lay by! lay by!' they called to him.
Back he answered, 'Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!'
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,

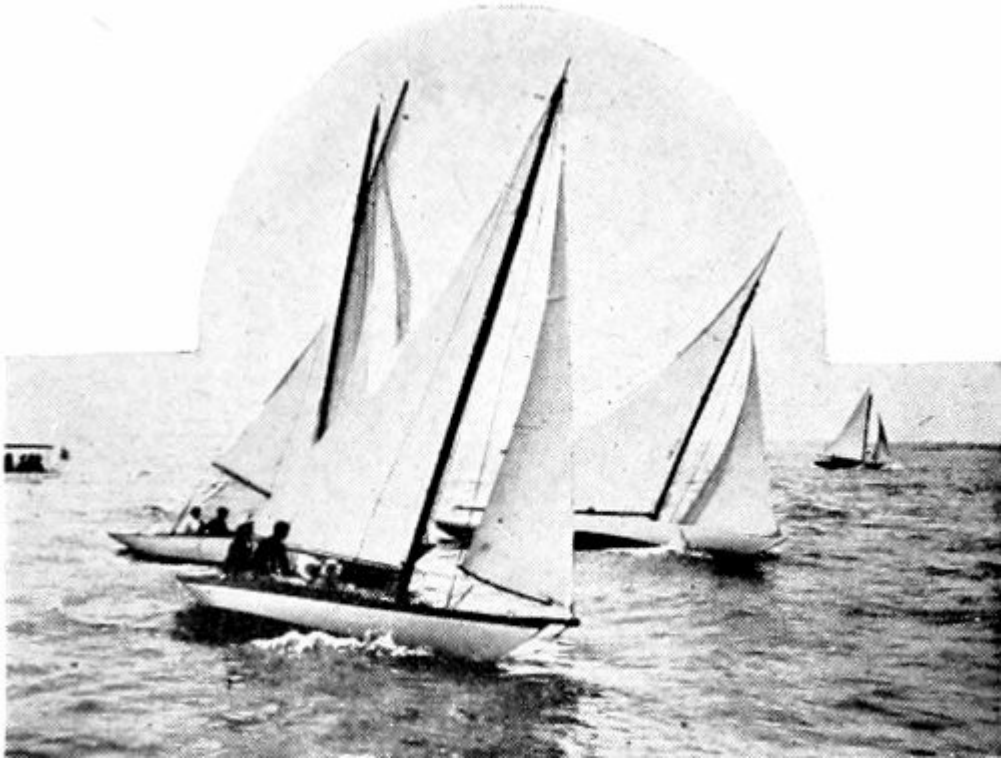
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!”

The land on the north side of the bay is very bold, and considerably varied. The Shickshock Mountains, running through the centre of the peninsula, attain a height of nearly 4,000 feet. The southern shore is much lower, with occasional elevations. The outlying parts of Chaleur Bay and much of the coast may be seen to advantage by taking a steamer from Montreal or Quebec down the St. Lawrence and into the bay. The boats of the Gaspé Steamship Co. run from Montreal to Gaspé and Port Daniel, calling at Matane and many other parts of the south shore of Gaspé Peninsula. The boats of the Quebec Steamship Co. also run from Montreal to Gaspé and other parts of the Maritime Provinces.

A very good plan is to go from Campbellton to Gaspé by the *Canada* of the Campbellton and Gaspé Steamship Co. The boat puts in at many of the places along the north shore of Chaleur Bay, and affords an excellent opportunity for viewing the coast scenery. If preferred, the return journey may be made over the line of the Quebec Oriental Railway from Gaspé, its present terminus, calling at Douglastown, Barachois and Cape Cove, etc.; or it may be varied by taking the steamship from Gaspé to Grand River, to see the eastern Gaspesian coast by daylight, and making the remainder of the western journey by train from Grand River. The railway touches the towns and villages along the coast, connects with a ferry for Campbellton, and terminates at Matapedia. On the return trip a stop-off may be made at the principal places along the line. This trip may be reversed and changed as may be found most convenient.

Presuming it has been decided to go all the way to Gaspé by steamship, and to return by way of Grand River and the railway to Campbellton, a description of the country traversed now follows:

Leaving Campbellton at about 11 a.m. and putting in at Dalhousie on the south shore, the steamship calls at Carleton, New Richmond, Bonaventure, New Carlisle, Port Daniel, Grand River, and Percé, etc., arriving at Gaspé the next morning at 9 o'clock.



The Bay of Gaspé is both long and wide, being about twenty

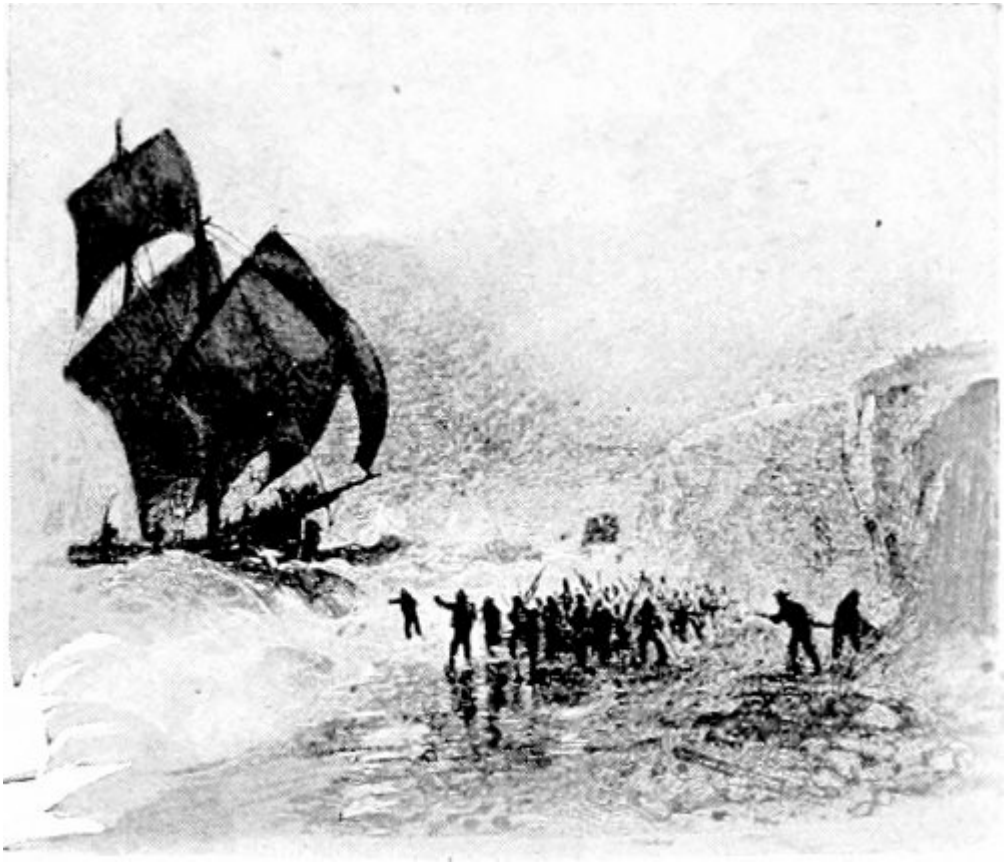
miles in length, with a width of five miles or more in its widest part. Rather more than half-way in a small peninsula makes out from the sandy beach to the south, and another from the northern shore. These afford admirable protection for the upper water or harbor, where there is room for a great fleet to ride at anchor. The view from the water approach to the town is delightful.

> "The mountains of Gaspé are fair to behold,
> With their fleckings of shadow and gleamings of gold."

Several rivers empty into the bay and harbor, there are noble hills around, and behind the town the high mountains rise. A goodly fleet of whalers and fishing schooners leaves from this port, and the smaller craft with the numerous boats, etc., add greatly to the pleasant view that meets the eye on entering the port. No better spot could be selected for enjoying yachting, boating and fishing; while the cool air and splendid scenery leave nothing lacking for the enjoyment of those who come here. There are many visitors in the summer, and the life is a pleasant and social one.

It was at Gaspé that Jacques Cartier landed, took possession of the country in the name of his king, and erected a cross thirty feet high adorned with the fleur-de-lis of France. Here, also, a great naval engagement took place between the French and English, and here, too, in later years a great English fleet arrived and captured the village. The Gaspé Peninsula was formerly a province, with its seat of government in this very town of Gaspé. It is now part of the Province of Quebec. In this part also there survives a distinct tradition of the Norse discovery of America.

The early Indians of this region are said to have been the most intelligent of all the North American tribes or peoples. They were far advanced in civilization, and had a fair knowledge of geography and astronomy. In connection with the visits of the Spaniards Velasquez and Gomez, and their meetings with the Gaspesian Indians, a fanciful tradition survives in relation to the origin of the word 'Canada.'



The oft-repeated remark, "aca nada," or 'there is nothing here,' made by the Castilian adventurers when disappointed in their

search for gold, was judged to be of importance by the Indians, who frequently repeated it to Jacques Cartier. Cartier is supposed to have mistaken this oft-heard expression for the name of the new country. A more likely derivation, however, is found in the Indian compound word Caugh-na-daugh, or 'village of huts;' and this, it is thought, has gradually settled into the euphonious and easily pronounced name of 'Canada.'

In later years the Micmac Indians were along the shores of the Gaspé Peninsula in large numbers, but more recently they have almost deserted the region, and are to be found in New Brunswick, etc.

It is related that when Lord Aylmer was Governor-General he once went on an excursion to Gaspé. Micmac Indians to the number of nearly 500 flocked to welcome the 'great chief.' When the governor landed with a brilliant staff, he was met by Peter Basket, the great Micmac Chief, at the head of the aboriginal deputation. The chief, a fine, powerful man, and surrounded by his principal warriors, at once commenced a long oration in the usual solemn, singsong tone, accompanied with frequent bowings of the head.

It happened that a vessel had been wrecked in the Gulf some months previously, and the Indians proving themselves ready and adroit wreckers had profited largely by the windfall. Among other things they had seized for personal adornment was a box full of labels for decanters, marked in conspicuous characters, 'Rum,' 'Gin,' 'Brandy,' etc.

The chief had his head liberally encircled with the usual ornaments, and, in addition, had dexterously affixed to his ears

and nose some of the labels as bangles.

At first they were not particularly noticeable amid the general novelty of the spectacle, but while listening to the prolonged harangue of the chief, the governor began to scrutinize his appearance and dress; and then his ears and nose with the labels inscribed ‘Brandy.’ ‘Gin,’ ‘Rum,’ etc. Glancing towards his staff he could no longer maintain his gravity, and was joined in a hearty but indecorous burst of unrestrainable laughter.

GASPÉ PENINSULA

The indignant chief, with his followers, immediately withdrew, and would neither be pacified nor persuaded to return, although the cause of the ill-timed merriment was explained to him.

Sunrise on the Gaspé is a beautiful sight. The long stretch of sandy beach, the opposite shore with the pine and fir trees in the far background, the houses of the fishermen, the boats on the strand, the waving fields of grain, the ever-brightening sun tinting all with increasing light, and in the distant offing the dark hull of a vessel that has not yet passed into the bay; all make a new picture.

“What a delightful haven of rest Gaspé is for the overworked and sleepless New Yorker!” remarked a Gothamite who makes this his summer home. Another, on his return from mackerel fishing exclaimed, “What a glorious spot to recuperate exhausted nature! No noise, no telegrams, no trusts, no bank troubles, no corporation frauds, no boodlers, no presidential elections!..... Instead, sleep, bracing air and incomparable landscapes.”

No one is in a hurry here. They get up when they like. They do not rush—they saunter. No feverish haste to do anything. If a thing is not done to-day—very good, it may be done tomorrow. Idle older people smoke all day, gossip a bit, take a walk, and otherwise amuse themselves. They retire early and sleep soundly, undisturbed by civilization’s din.

A characteristic little story is related by Lemoine in his excellent 'Maple Leaves,' or Explorations in the Lower St. Lawrence. It seems that the government of the day had sent a commissioner to Gaspé to enquire into the discipline, etc., of the county prison there. When he arrived, he found the jailer sitting on the court house steps, in an easy chair, smoking a huge Dutch meerschaum. This is a transcript of the dialogue that ensued:

"Won't you step in, Mr. Commissioner, and see how we manage here. My turnkey is away catching his winter's cod. My prisoners are all in good health, and I have eighteen of them."

"I should like to see them," replied the visiting official.

"Are you in a hurry—will it do after supper?" asked the genial jailer. "I will have them all here then."

"I cannot wait," replied the official, "as I have to make up my report at once."

"Sorry you have so little time," the jailer now remarked; "the fact is, my prisoners take a turn in the country every morning, then they do up my garden, catch a few fresh trout for dinner, and do other little things; but at sundown all come back here to sleep. I treat them well, and they don't mind staying in at nights. Wait until the evening, they are looking up my two cows that are off in the woods, and I promise to trot out every man-jack of the eighteen."

There is excellent fishing in the York and Dartmouth Rivers, as well as in the waters of the harbor and bay; and visitors in pleasant Gaspé have no lack of general summer amusements.

Steering south and crossing Mal Bay, the fishing village of Percé is reached, a district made remarkable by the neighboring Percé Rock and Bonaventure Island. After leaving Percé, the steamship passes between island and rock and affords fine views of both.

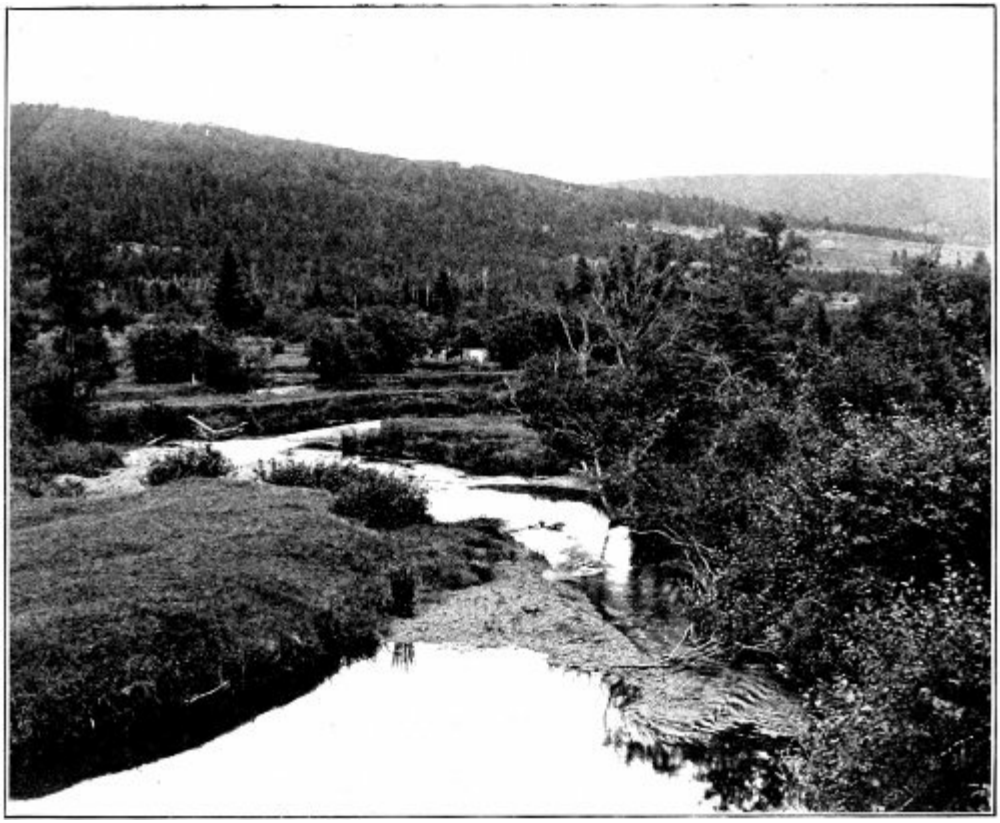
Bonaventure Island acts as a breakwater for the Percé shores

from which it is distant about two-and-a-half miles. Its inhabitants are fishermen. The island is a mass of rock with cliffs nearly 500 feet high, and a sail around it is very enjoyable. Several desperate naval engagements have taken place nearby. It is at the Percé Rock, however, that interest centres itself strongly.

Percé Rock is nearly 300 feet high and about 500 feet long. Its precipitous sides rise directly from the sea. The huge cliff is pierced by a lofty arch under which boats sometimes pass. Formerly there was a second arch or tunnel near the outer end of the rock, but it fell with a great crash, leaving only a high pillar of what had stood before. The top is covered with grass; and sea birds in great numbers make it their home. Their loud cries have often helped to guide home the mariner when caught in a fog.

Of the general scenery found here much may be written that is favorable. The village has two coves and is divided by the Mont Joli headland. Artists and lovers of wild and romantic scenery may find here all that their hearts desire. Mont Ste. Anne in rear of the village rises almost abruptly to a height of 1300 feet or more, and is the first sight of land obtained from vessels coming up the Gulf to the south of the Island of Anticosti. On a clear day it may be seen sixty miles away. The ascent towards French Town commands a good general view, and makes an excellent standpoint from which to see the Percé Rock. A climb up Mont Ste. Anne will disclose an outspread panorama the like of which is rarely seen. As many as two hundred sail have been counted on the surrounding waters. On the slopes, too, may be found fossil remains of elevated beaches, and interesting specimens of fine quartz crystals,

jasper and agate.



In the Gaspé Country

The road through the mountain gorge or highway connecting Percé with Gaspé Basin has been likened to the best of Swiss scenery.

A number of quaint legends have their origin in connection with the Percé Rock. These all turn on the white and ghost-like vapor often seen over the rock in the dim light, caused by flocks of birds circling overhead in fantastic array before alighting. It is told that a Breton maid lost her life here and that her spirit still

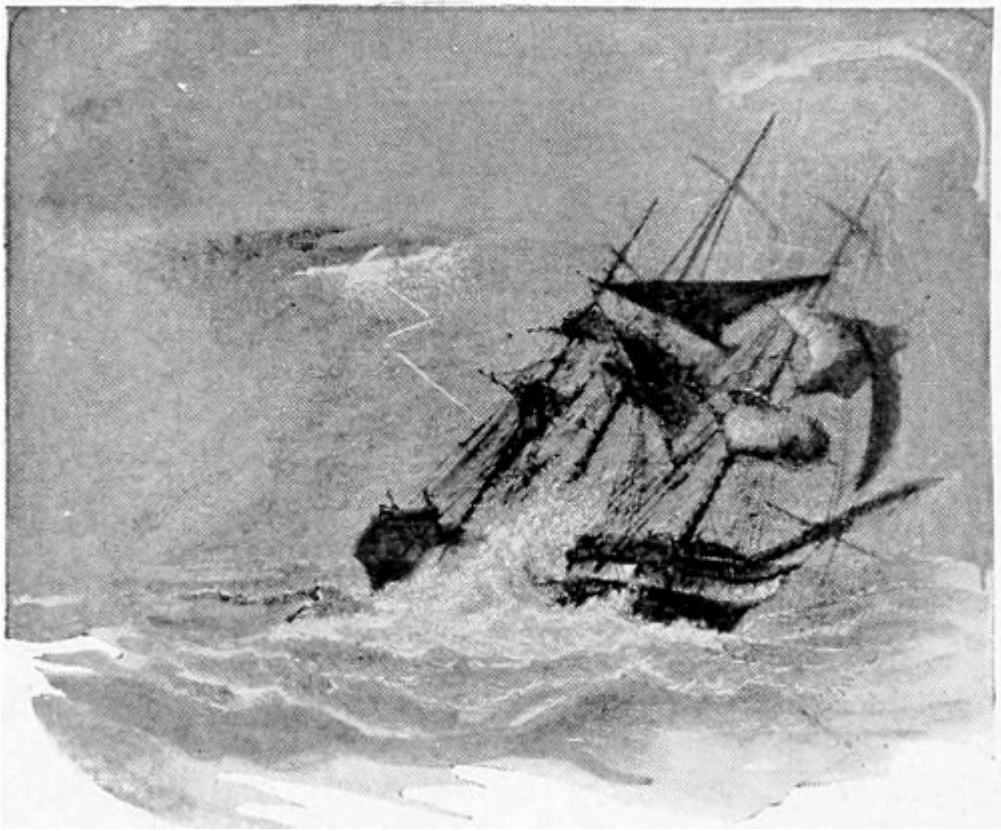
haunts the scene. Her lover in the days of long ago came to the New Land to seek his fortune. She, his promised bride, he left behind, until he could make a living and a home for her. He prospered, and soon sent back word for her to come. She left, but met a terrible fate on the way, for her ship was captured by Spanish corsairs and she alone was spared to become the wife of the pirate captain. She refused, and he swore she should never reach Quebec. When he knew her story he threatened he would sail past Percé; and in sight of her lover she should be put to death.

This preyed on her mind to such an extent that at last, when they drew near the place that was to have been the scene of her happiness, she jumped overboard—the vigilance of her watchers for a moment relaxed. She sank, and all attempts to rescue were vain. As they were cruising about and searching the water, the lookout discovered what appeared to be a woman rising from the water with dripping garments. It was nearing sunset and the vessel gradually drew near the rock, lured by the figure. It was soon discovered that the ship was slowly sinking, and orders were given to wear away from the haunted spot. In vain the crew tried to obey. It was hopeless; for the ship was turning to stone, her masts had become pillars of iron, her sails —slate.

Rapidly sinking she drew near to the Percé Rock, and before the pirates could jump over to swim ashore, they were turned to stone. The doomed ship immediately struck the rock and became part of it. Yonder point is said to have been the vessel's bowsprit, there was the foremast, here the stern. Once clearly visible, they are now worn down by wind and wave so that they appear to be an integral part of the rock itself; but although the

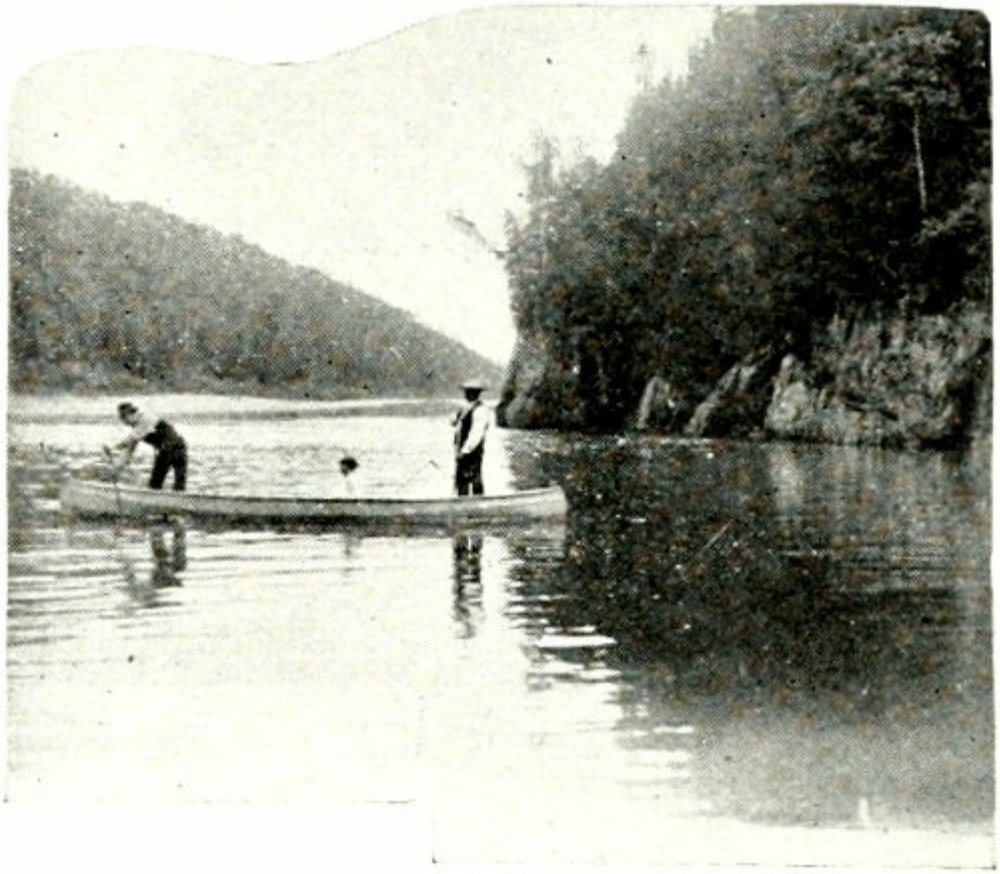
ship's identity is lost, the wraith of the poor Breton maid lingers ever near the spot. Those living near believe she will depart and be at rest when the last vestige of the pirate ship shall have vanished.

It is said that sunset is the time to see the ghostly presence, and so well is this believed that no fisherman dares to drop a line near the spot when the evening sun dips low.



Some ten miles south-west of Percé is Cape Despair, near which Queen Anne's great fleet under Admiral Walker met

grave disaster in the great storm that scattered and almost destroyed it. Eight large vessels were wrecked, and the bodies of several thousand men were strewn along this shore and on that of Egg Island. Fragments of the wrecks were to be seen along the coast until quite recently. Here the "Flying Dutchman" is still believed to prolong his phantom existence, for the natives say that sometimes when the sea is quiet and calm, vast white waves roll in from the Gulf bearing on their crest a phantom ship crowded with men in old-style uniforms. An officer stands on the bow, with a white-clad woman on his left arm, and as the surge sweeps the doomed ship on with terrific speed, a tremendous crash is heard and the clear, agonizing cry of a woman—and then, nothing is left to view save the stern cliffs and the tranquil sea.



The coast now makes off almost west, and soon the little fishing village of Grand River, on the river of that name, is reached. This was the former terminus of the coastal railway that now extends to Gaspé. If desired, the return journey by rail to Campbellton may start from here. Grand River has a good wharf and is a place of call for steamers from Montreal, Campbellton, Dalhousie, etc. The country is pleasant and rolling, while the scenery on the river is both varied and picturesque. The fishing rights are leased, as is the custom through the greater part of this province. The open sea washes the shore, and the air is very enjoyable. The river affords excellent canoeing.

Passing Pabos and the outlets of the Great and Little Pabos Rivers, the spreading village of Port Daniel is seen, comfortably placed on and near the river of that name and its tributaries, as well as by the head of its own picturesque little bay. Near here, at Pointe-au-Maquerau, the steamship *Colborne* went ashore with a valuable cargo of silks, wine, hardware, silver-plate and specie. This was strewn in great confusion along Harrington's Cove, and even at Port Daniel. Much was picked up by wreckers from Gaspé and Percé; and the auction sale of the salvage brought wealth to many along the shore, for the cargo was worth over $400,000. From the top of the Cap au Diable mountain range a splendid panoramic view may be seen. The rivers of this district are full of wild fowl in the spring and fall. The Grand Pabos is quite a fine stream. Not far away is Duck Cove, a pretty spot with a clear little stream running down to the sea. West of Newport there is a rocky little island close to the shore, well wooded in the center and admirably suited for the erection of a small bungalow or summer home.

Percé Village

Further west is some of the wildest hill scenery, with rocky gorges, and where foaming brooks may be seen cascading seawards in a series of minute waterfalls. A bold and rising series of hills marks the approach to the Gascon Capes, in the valleys of which the streams make sheer plunges down to the shore line with many a fall of picturesque beauty.

Just between Gascons and Port Daniel a branch of the Port

Daniel River winds a devious course to the ocean. On one side a huge precipice rises, inaccessible and almost vertical. The river washes its base, while on the other side rolling hills and a more-shelving shore make it possible to walk near the river bed. Some of the headlands and caves are very striking. The minute beaches or sand-strips are covered at high tide, so that at such time it is impossible to obtain a view save from above, or from the tip of some further projecting rocky spur thrown out from the main cape.

Near Port Daniel may be observed a feature that is common on the north Chaleur shore, for the inrush of the tide has carved out lateral scoops in the sides of the inlets and bays, so that inwardly projecting horns make a good anchorage for boats and vessels where the sound of the breaking waves may plainly be heard coming from the outer sides. Sometimes a short distance of ten or twenty yards is all that separates the active sea from the quiet haven.

Some of the smaller streams have trees on opposite banks, meeting close and mingling their shade overhead for mile after mile. In many cases the only way to fish or view some pleasant water-course is to walk in the water—for the banks generally rise abruptly. It is only by the wider streams that gravel strips or edges of green sward give a dry foothold. The pretty brooks and streams between Grand River and Cascapedia have pure and sparkling water in their channels, and these, like the streams to the east, are bordered by perpendicular banks that are grass-grown and plentifully covered with a profusion of wild flowers.

Paspebiac, the inhabitants of which are called “Papsy-Jacks” by the English-speaking people hereabouts, with part of the village

towards the shore, tree-embowered, presents a pleasing aspect with its group of vessels of good size lying in its clear waters. It stands on a gentle slope that runs down to the sea. Near here the railroad track runs very close to the brink of the cliff, so close that it will not be long before the inroads of the sea below will cause it to be moved in.

The Bonaventure is a river of fair size on which lumbering is done, as on all the important streams of the peninsula. Clean lumbering, such as the floating of logs, does not spoil these excellent fishing rivers. It is the sawdust and mill refuse that is harmful, and there is a strict provision against this and other

forms of pollution throughout the whole of the Maritime Provinces.

In the neighborhood of New Richmond and the Grand and Little Cascapedia Rivers the hills are mountainous and beautiful, and a fine panorama of country is unfolded in proceeding west. The village of Cascapedia is delightfully situated; and the river takes a charming course through the finest of scenery, dividing into forks and making many a turn in its course.

New Richmond is prettily situated in the midst of hills and valleys in a country that is finely wooded. The district is well watered, situated as it is between the two Cascapedia Rivers. The head waters of the main stream reach well up towards the St. Lawrence, and almost into connection with the Matane. There are lakes of good size within convenient reach.

The country from here to Carleton, at the foot of the majestic Tracadiegash Mountain, is full of interest and beauty. Gray sand, dark firs seeking a foothold on the mountains, the meadows, the hay fields, the bright yellow of the grain crops, the dark brown nearer mountains and the blue-black distant range, overcapped by clinging clouds, and the steamy vapor in long filaments lining the folds of the hills that fade away into distance to right and left, are all fair to behold. The pure white wings of the seabirds, even when far away, are outlined with sharp cut distinction against the lofty mountain background.

Here and there a tiny little hamlet hides modestly behind the sheltering green, and the first glimpse of its presence is often the top of the church spire barely showing through the leafy canopy. Yonder a few dark roofs peep out from over the trees of lesser

growth, and down the shore are lighthouses and neat little wharves for vessels and steamers. Owing to the long and narrow dimensions of the farms, and their subdivision for various crops, the shore often presents the appearance of a great checker-board, the dark and light patches frequently alternating with exact regularity.

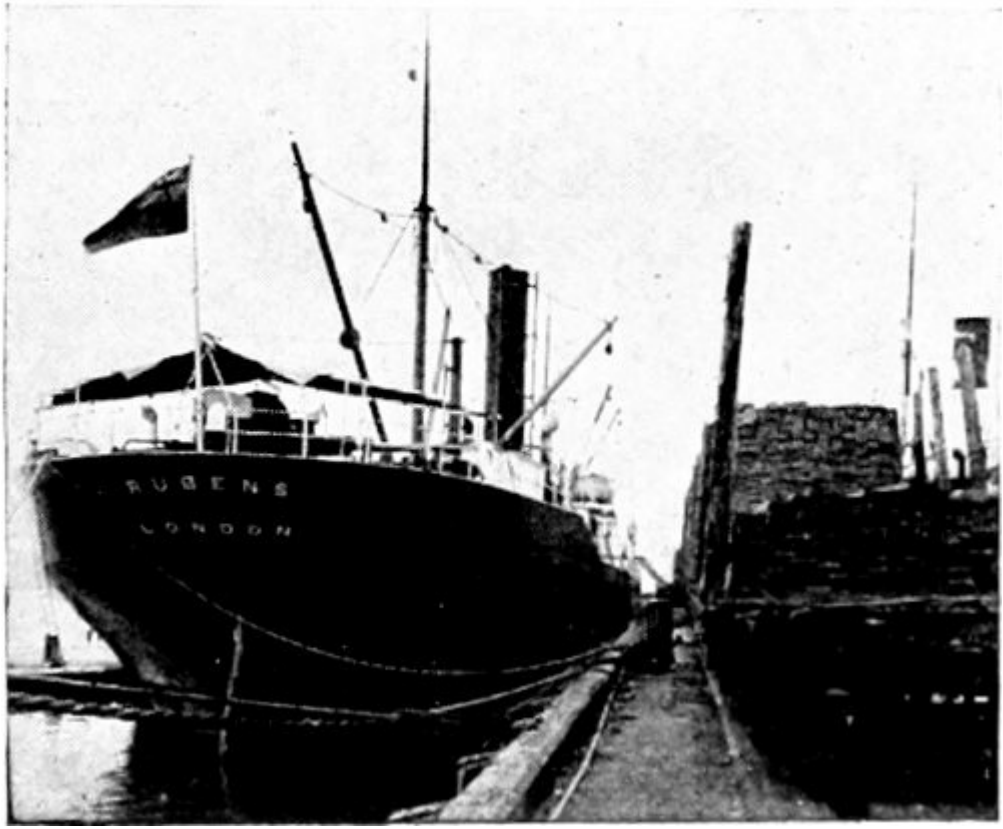
Carleton is a pleasant and cool little spot, spreading out crescent-shaped on table land at the foot of the hills and right on the shore, fronted by a clean sand beach. The village is peopled by descendants of the Acadian French who came here from Tracadie. It lies almost in a nook, nicely sheltered. The Bay of Carleton is a fine sheet of water, with the points of Miguasha and Tracadiegetch at its western and eastern boundaries. The little river Nouvelle empties into its western end. It is a good place for sea fish, and the brooks and streams inland are stocked with trout.

The Chaleur Bay shore of the Gaspé Peninsula has many attractions for summer visitors, for being somewhat removed from the regular highways of travel it still preserves its old-time appearance. Those who spend a vacation in any of its homelike villages or towns cannot fail to be pleased with all they will find there. The great hunting and fishing opportunities are described under the chapter “Where to Go.”

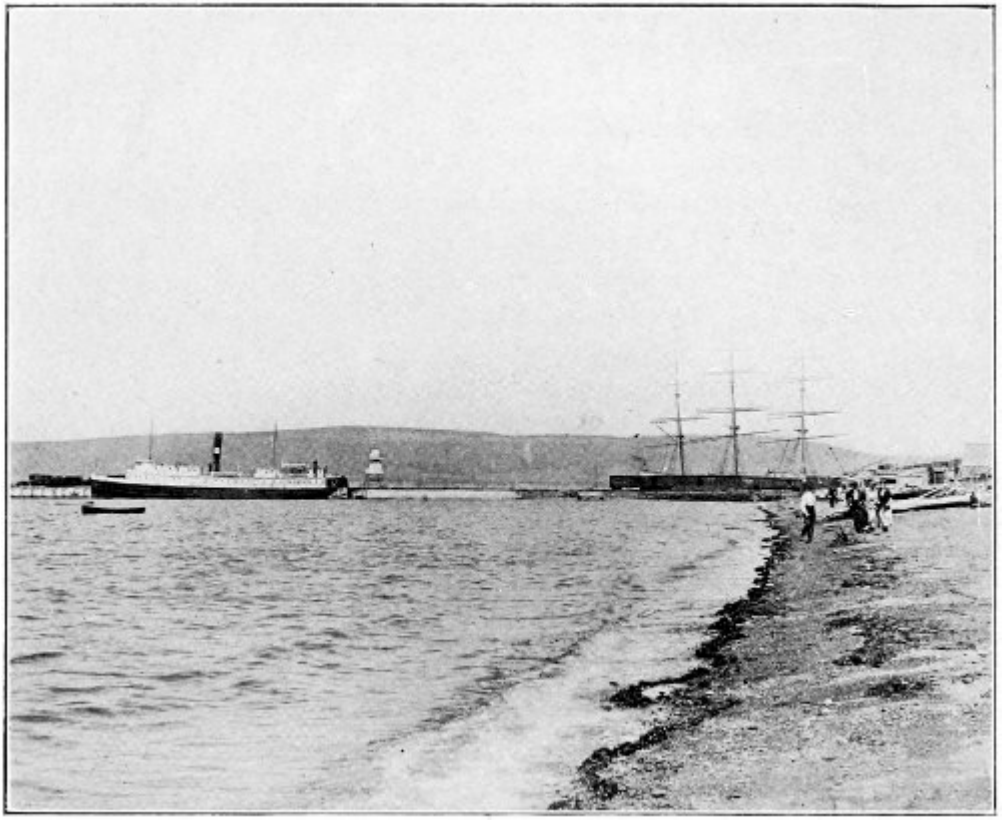
In leaving the Gaspé shore, the province of Quebec is left behind, and further progress east and south is in the province of New Brunswick.

The once fire-swept, but again busy and prosperous, town of Campbellton stands at the head of the navigable deep-water of

Chaleur Bay. The surrounding country is well diversified and exceedingly picturesque with its valleys and conical hills. The Sugar Loaf boldly overlooks all from an elevation of over 900 feet. An excellent view of the broad Restigouche River may be had from almost any part of the town. Campbellton has good wharves and much shipping; it is also a busy Intercolonial Railway centre. Because of its admirable situation it is a natural centre for hunting, fishing and canoeing trips, and it makes a good base for camping-out parties. It is also finely adapted for summer residence of those who like to spend their vacation in a town centre convenient to outlying country and places of interest.



Almost directly over the river is Cross Point, sometimes called Mission Point. Here there is a reservation occupied by 500 Micmac Indians. They are skilled in woodcraft and the management of canoes, and make excellent guides.



Dalhousie—Along the Harbor Shore

A few miles up the Restigouche above Campbellton a naval encounter took place between the French and English, off Restigouche, that resulted in the capture of the French and the destruction of the shore defences at Battery Point. The whole place went up in flames. Pieces of the old French vessels, and artillery, shells and scraps of camp fittings have been found in

the neighborhood.

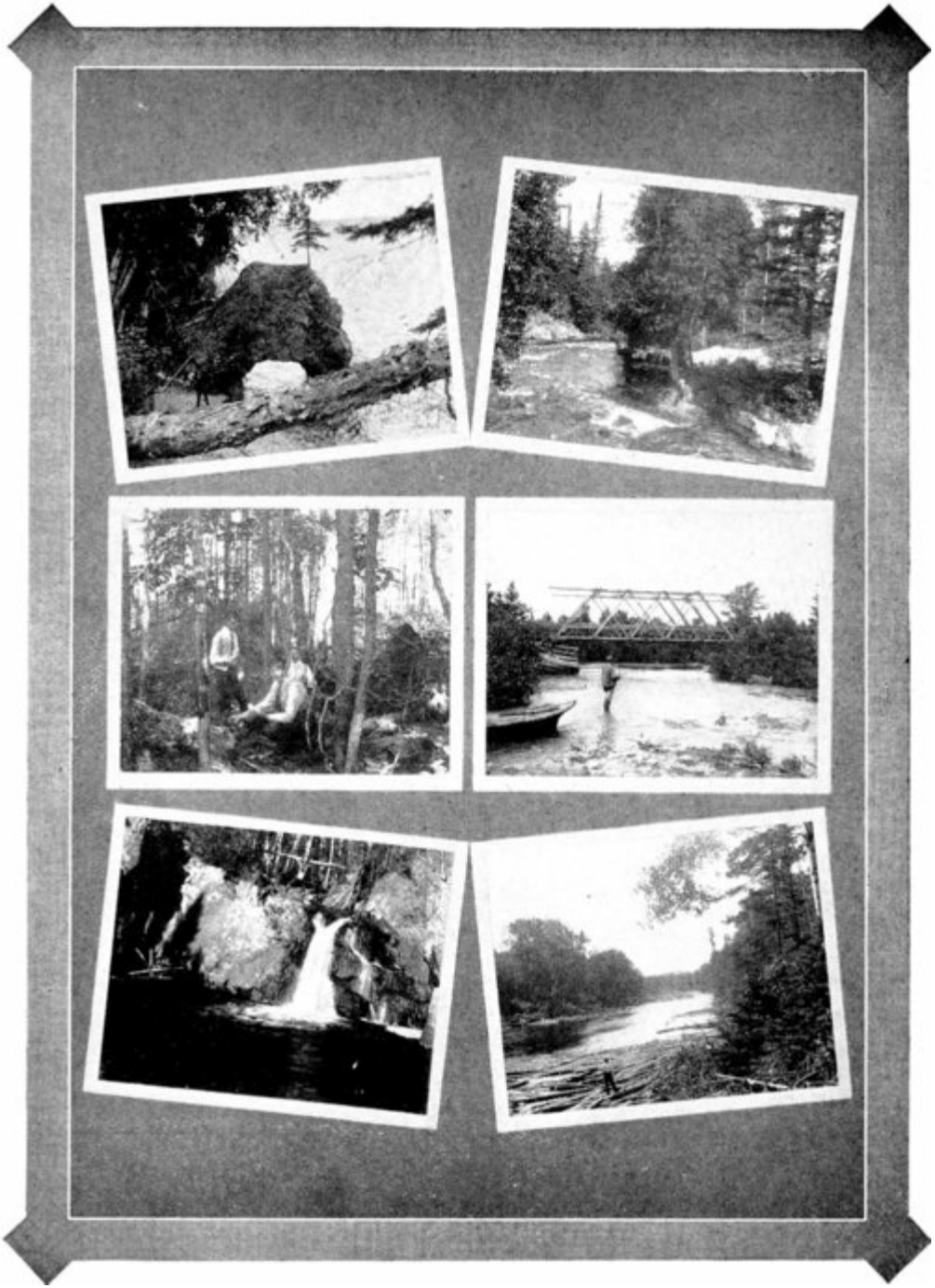
Dalhousie with its extensive water front, divided between river and bay shore, its streets of generous length and proportion and its pleasant walks and cool air, is a quiet place for summer enjoyments. Here, as at Campbellton, there are splendid opportunities for motor-boating open to those who take their own boats. There is a very comfortable and homelike summer hotel on the ocean front, about two miles from the Intercolonial Railway station. Here boats are provided free of charge to guests. There is excellent bathing, with good country and coastwise walks and rambles. A pleasant life with restful surroundings may be enjoyed here. The islands off the shore make pleasant objectives for boating trips, and the natural arch of rock in a little sandy cove, reached through the fields, is a good direction in which to take a quiet stroll. The beach is very enjoyable, and ladies spend many happy hours here watching the children boating and playing in the sand.

Charlo River is one of that fine chain of watering places or summer resorts that stretches down the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Atlantic shore, following the line of the Intercolonial Railway. From Charlo, and east, the wide, open

waters of the Gulf are gradually reached; but strong as this district is in water privileges and cool air, it has other features that are almost greater. For Charlo is one of those delightful country places where fine woods abound, where glorious country roads stretch out in many a shady avenue of noble trees, and where a romantic river dashes and plays over rocks, tumbles over falls, courses through gorges, ripples under bridges, rests by the meadows and slumbers under the shady hills. For fishermen it has great attraction, because it is an "open" stream; but a still greater lure is the fact that fine salmon are caught there, and the waters are not fished out. For some reason, probably because of its pure water, salmon often turn into the Charlo in large numbers. On that account and because of the total absence of urban life, excellent fishing is the result.

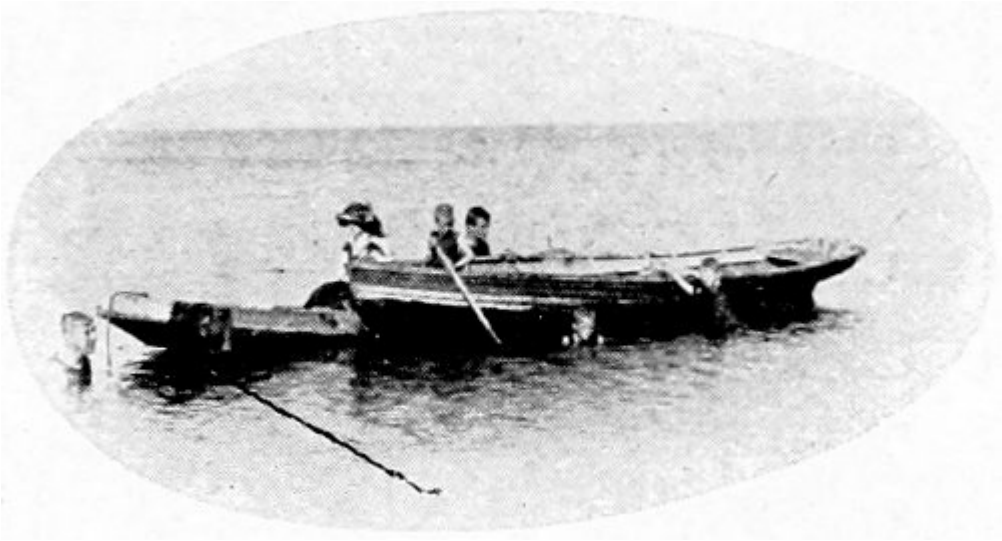
The Charlo is a stream full of beauty, and one that the nature-lover may enjoy to his heart's content. The country around and every approach to the river is clean, picturesque and unspoiled by vandal crowds. There are no excitements and no startling incidents in the quiet life of the place. On the other hand, there is every suitable surrounding and inducement to enjoy nature, to live a life of quiet ease varied by healthful recreation amidst enjoyable surroundings—a life that best fits the vacationist for active winter work in the crowded city.

The conformation of the country through which the river runs is such that fishing may readily be done in many places without boats. Another advantage is that the river is close at hand. It is not necessary to go a considerable distance before a line may be well cast, for a short walk leads to woodland depths, leafy shade and the secluded, rippling stream.



CHARLO RIVER

1. **Natural Arch, Dalhousie**
2. **The Rippling Charlo**
3. **Tea in the Woods, Charlo River**
4. **Fishing in the Charlo River**
5. **Charlo Falls**
6. **Jacquet River**



A pleasant and comfortable place is found at Henderson's, near the bay shore, not far from the mouth of the Charlo River, where there is a combination of country hotel, farmhouse and home. Here visitors will feel at home from the moment they arrive.

The house, built somewhat on the old French plan with an open court behind and upper story verandas, has excellent porches surrounding it, a pleasant outlook, and the bay shore a short distance in its rear accessible for boating and bathing.

Bungalows are being erected, and a very enjoyable social life is

enjoyed by the happy fraternity that congregates here from various parts of Canada and the U.S.A. A plan sometimes followed is that of living in a simple but comfortable bungalow on the shore, taking meals at the inn. Shacks and tents are also put up by the proprietor for those who wish to enjoy outdoor life to its full extent.

Charlo, then, is one of those rare places where the sportsman may take his wife and family, with the certainty of being comfortably housed and cared for, and where all may amuse themselves with quiet recreations of a healthful kind while he is away fishing the stream for the noble salmon. It is also one of those summer places where there are no throngs, and where the number found assembled in the summer time is just right for social blending in one happy colony. When the fishermen have returned, and all have admired the day's catch, and when supper is over, how pleasant as twilight is setting in to gather on the porches for intercourse, to recline in easy chair, or to swing lazily in hammock for rest.

And as the young people wander off in "twos" and "threes," but mostly in "twos," to see the glorious sunset from the porch of a St. Lawrence bungalow or cottage; the fisherman, the nature-lover, the charming bevy of young married ladies, their attentive husbands, the sedate couples of riper age, and even the militant suffragette who did not go off in one of the "twos"—all these gather to enjoy the *dolce far niente* of a cool, summer evening in Charlo.

A larger stream than the Charlo, but one that has its fishing rights leased, is the Jacquet River. Arrangements may easily be made, however, by which a day or two or a week's fishing, or longer,

may be obtained at moderate cost. There is a growing feeling in many pleasant places, such as Jacquet River, that individual fishing rights retard the growth of a place, and it is likely that here and in other districts leading men of the neighborhood will buy in the fishing rights, not for their own use, but to charge a reasonable fee by the day or week for those who would then come to fish.

Charlo—A Path through the Woods

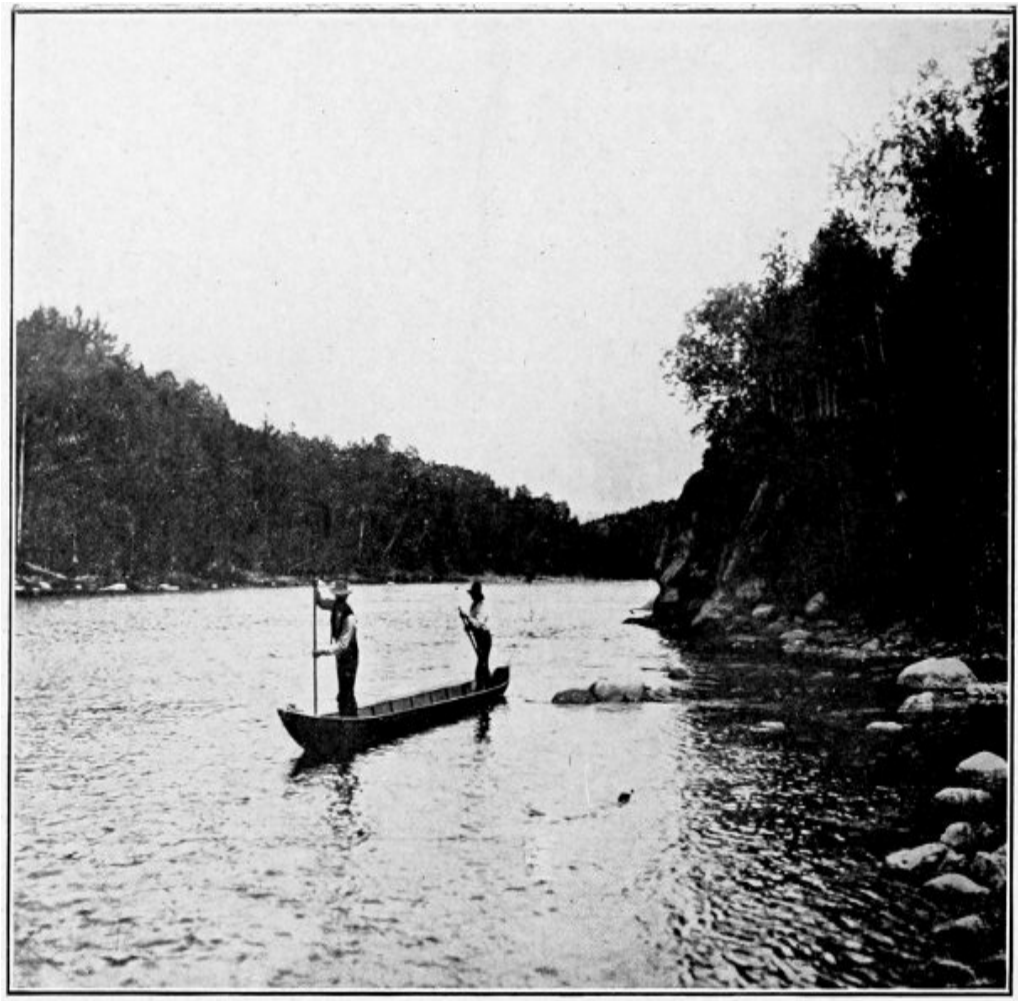
The whole neighborhood of the Jacquet River is a pleasant one, with good woods and shady roads. There is a picturesque little cove, with high and rocky banks, where boats may be kept, and the sandy beach of which offers a desirable spot for children's play. The upper reaches of the river are quite pretty, the drives are good, and the country is well varied with hill and dale.

Passing east along the bay shore and dipping south by the water-bend that forms Nepisiguit Bay, the town of Bathurst is reached. This, one of the principal sporting centres of the province, is in itself a pleasant summer resort, and, in addition, is a starting point for a series of inner country places, as well as for tours and journeys over the Nepisiguit River and to the interior lakes. The town is situated on a tidal lagoon which is an inlet from the great Chaleur Bay. The Nepisiguit and three smaller rivers empty their waters here, and one of these, the Tête-a-gauche, or Fairy River, has a small but very picturesque fall. The Nepisiguit, as is well known, is one of the finest salmon rivers of the province, and the Nepisiguit Lakes teem with trout. Moose, deer and game birds are also here in abundance. Guides and canoes may be obtained in the district. Those interested in hunting and fishing should consult Chapters IV. and XV. where other information of the kind is given.

Pabineau, the Grand Falls of the Nepisiguit, and the upper waters of the river may all be reached from Nepisiguit Junction, from whence the short line of the Northern New Brunswick Railway leads, and by which a way to these places and the inner lakes is opened. In this direction many pleasant outings may be enjoyed. To picnic by the rushing rapids, or on a bluff in full

view of the falls, is a unique experience and one that will be long remembered. The short railroad referred to, which connects Bathurst with the iron mines of the Nepisiguit, is a regular sporting highway—in summer for the fishing, and in the fall for hunting.

The eastern arm of the Chaleur Bay is traversed by a railroad that runs from Gloucester Junction and Bathurst to Caraquet, Shippegan and Tracadie. There are several quiet places on this shore that are quite quaint, and suited for those who wish to be off the main route of travel. Caraquet is a pleasant little Acadian settlement where sea fishing is carried on. Shippegan is on an excellent harbor, and here deep-sea fishing and cool air may be enjoyed. From Shippegan a crossing may be made by boat to the island of the same name, a distance of about a mile. From Miscou Harbor, at the northern end of Shippegan Island, a crossing may be made in quiet water to the outermost island of Miscou, or a boat may be taken instead from Caraquet. Both of these islands afford the best of wild-bird shooting in the fall, such as geese, duck, plover, etc. Miscou is an old French settlement, and from its harbor many boats were formerly engaged in walrus hunting. Off Miscou a curious fresh-water spring spouts up through the briny sea and retains its freshness. Fishermen obtain drinking water here without the necessity for going ashore.

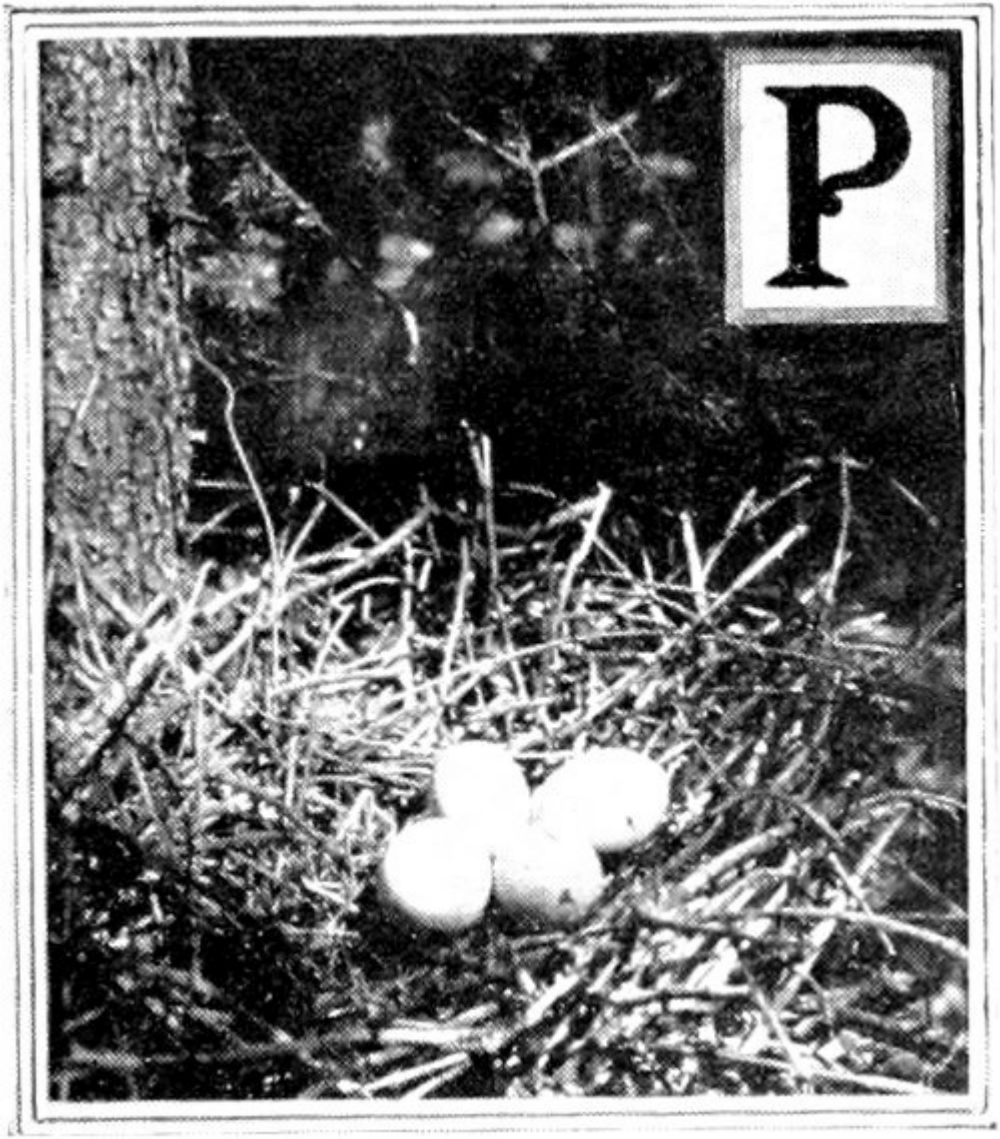


Poling up Stream

The whole Chaleur shore from the region of Charlo River down to Bathurst is a network of small rivers and streams where trout may always be found; and because of their favorable position the pleasant towns and villages that line this coast are sure to grow and increase in favor as summer places.

By the Miramichi River

The Miramichi River and Nashwaak Valley Districts



Proceeding south on the Intercolonial Railway, the important

centre of Newcastle on the Miramichi River is reached. Here the fine river Miramichi empties into Miramichi Bay, passing first through the island-protected inner bay that makes such a broad approach to Chatham and the wide Miramichi at Newcastle. The prosperous towns of Chatham and Newcastle are therefore natural centres for outfitting and starting on river journeys of such extent that the whole of Central New Brunswick may easily be reached; and not only that, but also Tobique River and the west, the St. John and Madawaska to the far west, the Restigouche and Matapedia Rivers to the north-west, the Upsalquitch and Nepisiguit Rivers to the north, the Nashwaak and St. John Rivers to the south-west, and Grand Lake, Canaan and Kennebecasis Rivers and the Bay of Fundy to the south are all made accessible by the Miramichi River.

This grand system of waterways has no parallel elsewhere. Canoeing, fishing, etc., over such an extensive chain of rivers is a joy that, once tasted, calls back the happy nature lover again and again to the fascination of continued exploration in a country that is full of variety and beauty.

By this time the traveller has fairly entered New Brunswick, and he cannot have failed to observe many differences between this province and that he has recently left. Quebec is the old world, with scarcely anything of the new in it, save its scenery, distinctive of the Western Continent. New Brunswick, in its life, seems to typify admirably the happy position occupied by all Canada, a position midway between that of Old England and the great republic to the south. With a strong sheet anchor of conservatism and respect for old and tried institutions fastened firmly in Britain's shore, the far-reaching and unbreakable cable, or indissoluble bond, of attachment and love for

the mother country reaches out; but the sails of the ship of state are not furled, and the good ship *Canada* does not ride inactive while the breezes of modern progress and thought pass idly over her bare spars; for her sails are unfurled and turned to the growing breeze, and when that wind blows steadily from one direction instead of in cats-paws, eddies and squalls—the noble vessel will draw up on her anchor, and her canvas will fill to the breeze as she sails steadily forward.

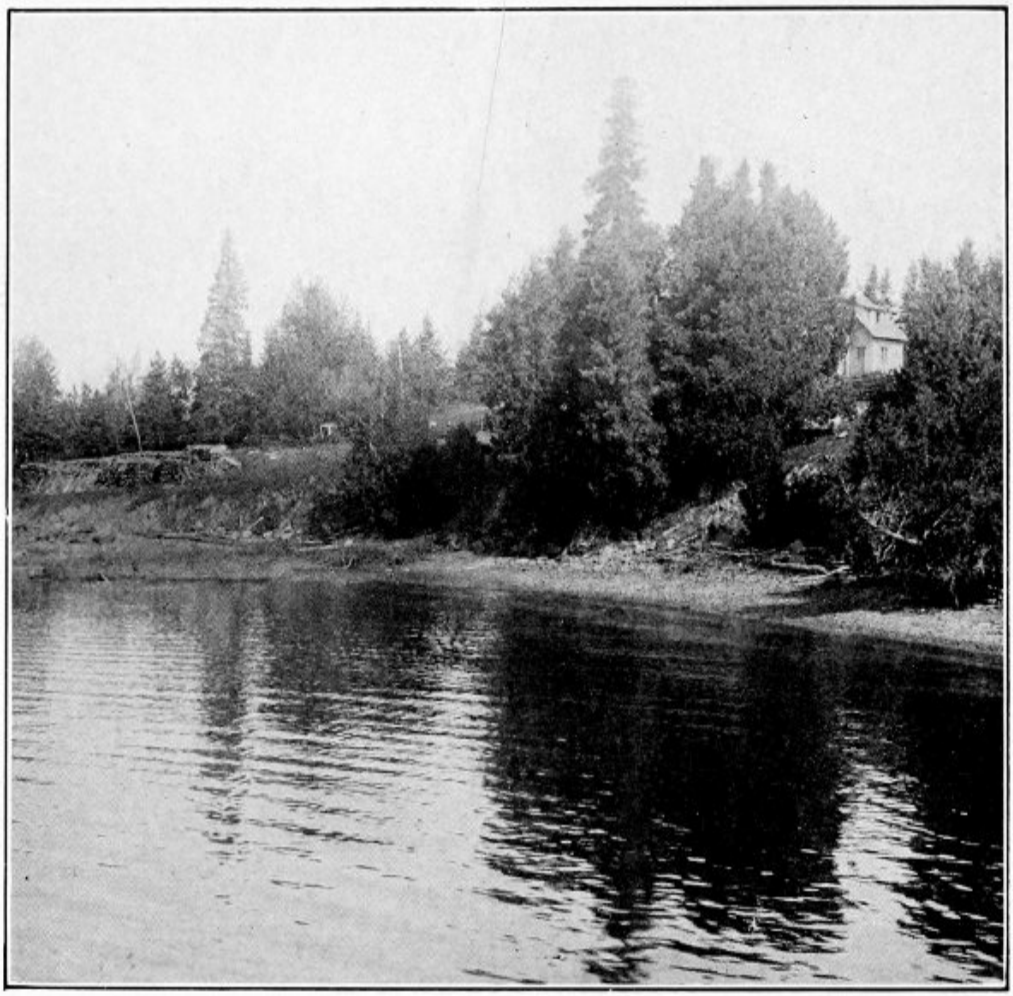
And so the New Brunswicker, if you ask him how he is, will not reply, like our British Cousin, “Quite well, thank you; how are you?” Nor will he tell you he feels “great” or “fine”, like our American cousin. Instead, he will tell you he is “Not too bad!” which, as will be apparent, is about half way between the other expressions. If you ask a New Brunswicker, “Is it going to rain to-day?” he will reply, “I don’t think!” Do not be deceived. This does not mean that he does *not* think; it is his way of saying “I think not.” He will be found genial, pleasant and manly, with a keen eye to the main chance, but not making money his worship —as yet.

Miramichi Bay, or “Bay of Boats,” was visited by Jacques Cartier. So many savages put out in their canoes that the bay was literally covered by them—hence the name. Indeed, Cartier had to fire off cannon to frighten them away lest they should swarm on and overrun his little vessels. The next day the explorer made friends with the Indians by giving a red hat to their chief.

The town of Chatham has a particularly fine situation near the mouth of the river. Here large ocean steamships load their cargoes of pulpwood blocks, timber and lumber, etc., for all parts of the world. It is a splendid point for fitting out with fishing and hunting equipment, and a convenient base for hunting, fishing and camping-out parties. Enjoyable shorter trips may be taken down the bay to Tabusintac, Neguac and Portage Island, as well as to Fox island, Loggieville and Escuminac. Some of these places are excellent for trout and wild-birds.

At Kent Junction, south of Chatham, on the line of the Intercolonial Railway, train connections may be made for Kouchibouguac Bay, the Kouchibouguacis River, and

also for the pleasant resort of Richibucto.



On the Miramichi River

Newcastle is another centre, equipping-point and starting-place for river trips, fishing, hunting, etc. It has a fine situation on Miramichi Bay, and considerable shipping may be seen at the wharves and mills on the water front. On this river, as on the rivers of New Brunswick generally, the extent of the lumbering

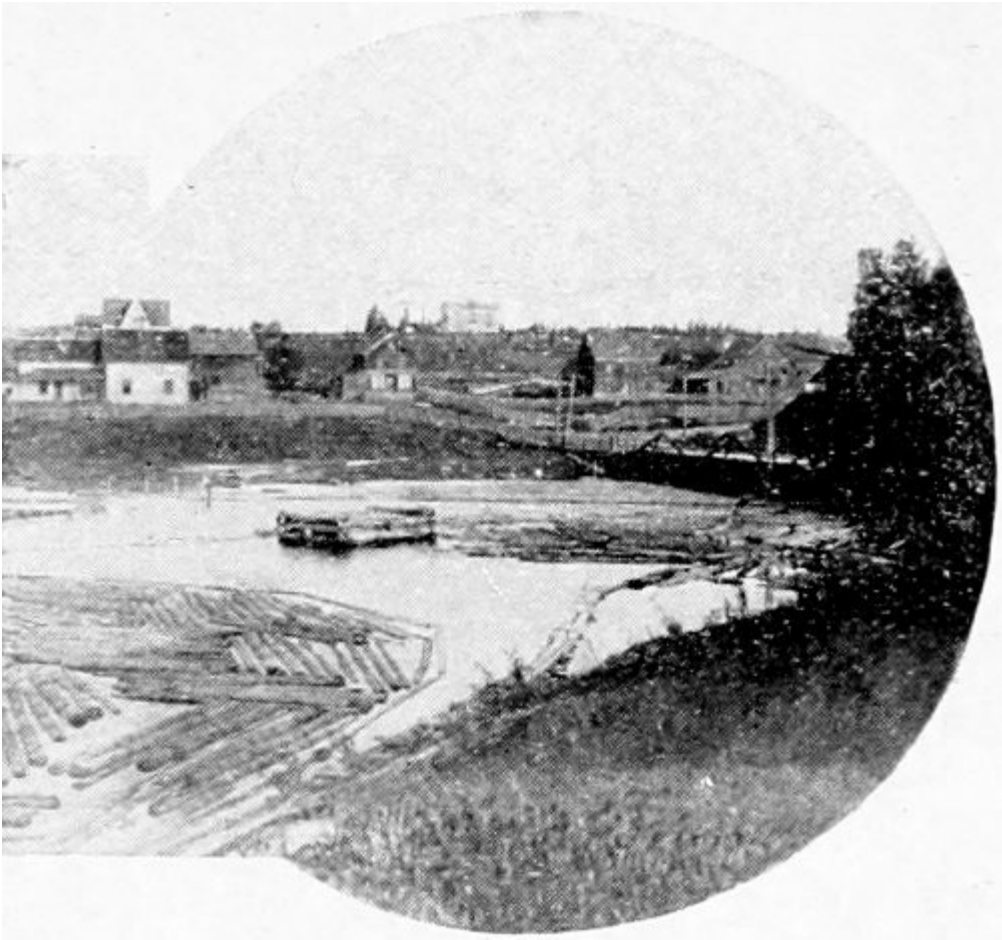
operations may be judged from the timber rafts and immense quantities of logs floating down stream on their way to the timber-booms and saw-mills.

There is a pleasant trip up the Miramichi by steamer as far as Red Bank, and down the bay to Chatham, and seaward there are other interesting steamer routes. Newcastle makes a very pleasant summer stopping-place, as it is quite convenient to many places of interest in the neighborhood.

From Derby Junction on one side of the river and from Chatham Junction on the other, two Intercolonial lines run by the Miramichi to Blackville, where they join. From this point the line runs to Fredericton along the river valley, and, from where the Miramichi turns westward, the railroad keeps its southern course and follows the Nashwaak river to its junction with the St. John.

The Indian word Miramichi means "Happy Retreat," and this describes its character not only for the old-time "Children of the Forest," but for the summer visitor as well. It is one of the largest and most important rivers of the province. It has its source in a lake not far from the distant Tobique River. It flows with considerable rapidity in some places, and in the main over a bed of shingle and gravel. The North-West and the Little South-West branches are dotted with pleasant little hamlets in their lower reaches. The Renous, Dungarvon, Batholomew and Cain's Rivers all discharge into its lower waters, and well above Blackville the pretty little Taxis River at Boiestown marks the westerly turn of the main or South-West Miramichi. At Cross Creek the easterly running Nashwaak turns abruptly south, and over the heights and along this picturesque valley the

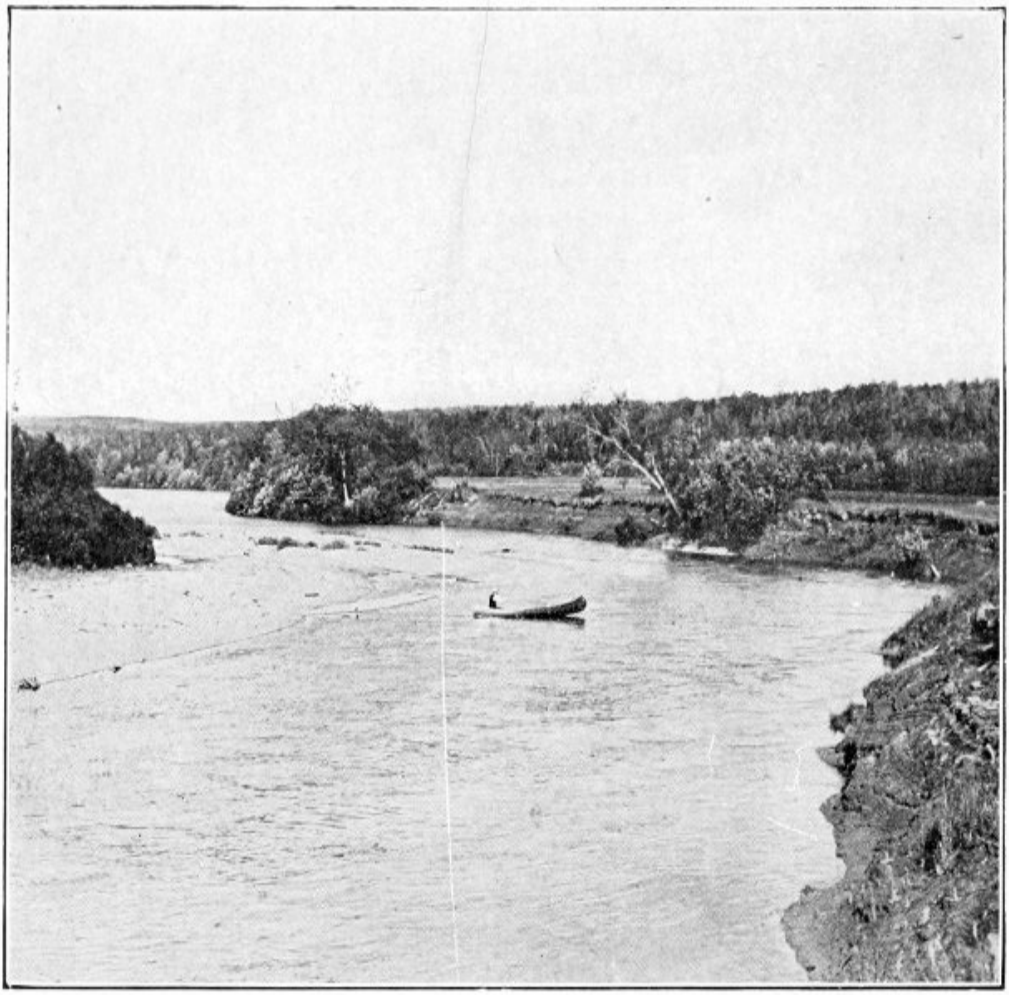
railway reaches the St. John River, and crosses over it to the southern bank on which Fredericton is so beautifully placed.



In addition to the main river and its large tributaries, there are numerous smaller streams and brooks that plash and fall or glide smoothly along to swell the Miramichi; and there is hardly a town or village along the route just traced that does not afford good fishing and hunting, as well as all the joys the nature-lover knows well he will find in such a superbly-watered and well-

wooded country. For touring to see the beauties of nature, for drives from the principal centres, and for walking expeditions, no richer or prettier country could be found. This is also the very heart of a great hunting country. Indeed, it is a common thing to look from the passing train and see the deer browsing and bounding gracefully within a stone's throw of the track, or standing motionless by the edge of some nearby thicket.

The Nashwaak itself has its own network of pretty little tributaries, not least of which is the charming Tay; and here as in so many parts of New Brunswick it is difficult to alight at random in a place that has not water and canoeing facilities.



Canoeing on the St. John River

The following description of a canoe trip on the Nashwaak is typical of hundreds of similar journeys that can be taken along the course recently traced, and indeed on any of the rivers and waterways, great and small, with which the province is so liberally endowed. As it is most convenient to make this particular excursion from Fredericton, that place is taken as the starting point from which the canoe puts out.

It is a bright morning, the air is playing in a gentle breeze, and the St. John River gleams with many a dancing ripple as we take our way well up stream to drop down quietly with the current as we drink in the glorious view on every hand. Higher up, where the banks become bolder, the lumbermen's piers of stone, cribbed in with timber, and overgrown with young tree shoots and wild-flowers in profusion, line the centre of the stream like so many ornamental gardens.

Yon shimmering surface in the distant valley, at the foot of a bold hill, is not a placid lake bathed in the beams of the early sun—it is a white and fleecy morning mist catching the side rays horizontally and reflecting them in long pencils of light.

NEW BRUNSWICK SCENES

1. **Boating on the Nashwaak**
2. **A New Brunswick Waterfall**
3. **Boating on the Nashwaaksis**
4. **Armstrong's Brook, Jacquet River**
5. **New Brunswick Farm Scene—Pigs in Clover**

At times the hills and woodland over there terminate abruptly in long stretches of perfectly smooth meadow-land, stretching out like a well-laid carpet, and with only an occasional high tree by the edge to mark the course of the river.

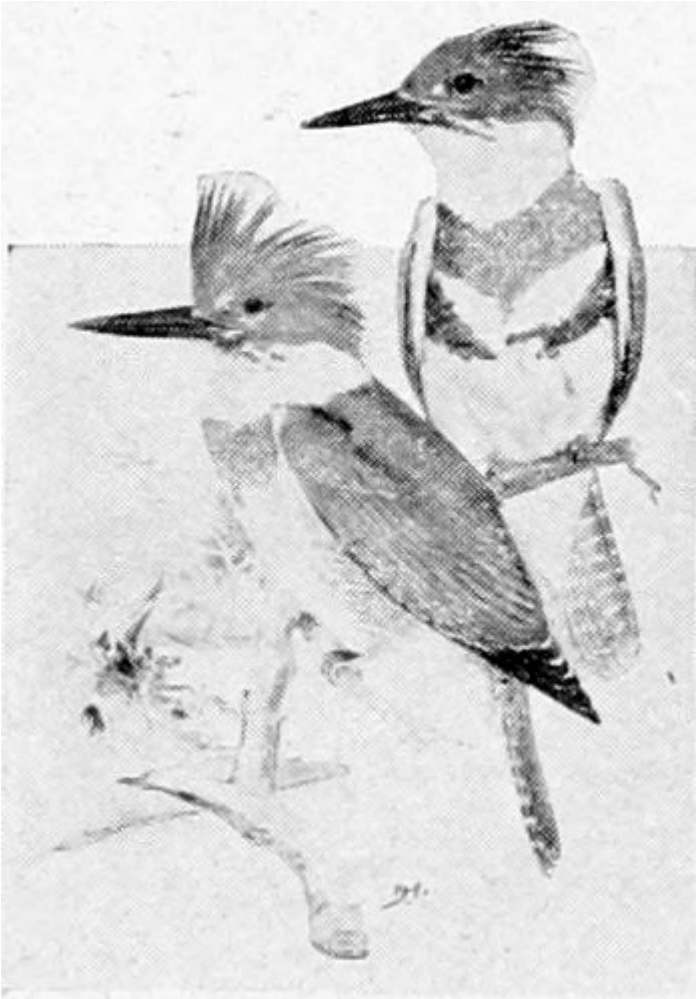
We are nearly opposite the Nashwaak, and paddling across the northern half of the broad St. John we reach the rich meadows that lie at the mouth of the stream upon which we shall soon float.

Gliding up stream with easy paddling, the covered bridge is reached and we thread our way through the loose floating boards and made-up rafts of deal that mark the lumberman's highway. A little further up, however, a stop is made, for here is a boom of heavy timbers, chained directly across the stream. We soon find a place where there is a clear waterway near the shore, some three or four feet wide, and pushing through this we speed on.

But the rippling murmur of water falls on our ears, and looking ahead we see the wavelets, eddies and bubbles that mark a swiftly flowing current. Bending to with a will, and at times using the paddle as a pole in very stiff water, we manage to work our way up higher.

And now another obstruction is met, a boom that completely closes the way, with no water passageway of any kind. And so,

keeping inshore and balancing on one of the logs, while using one hand for support against the almost perpendicular bank, we pull the canoe over the boom, step in, and once more proceed on our way.



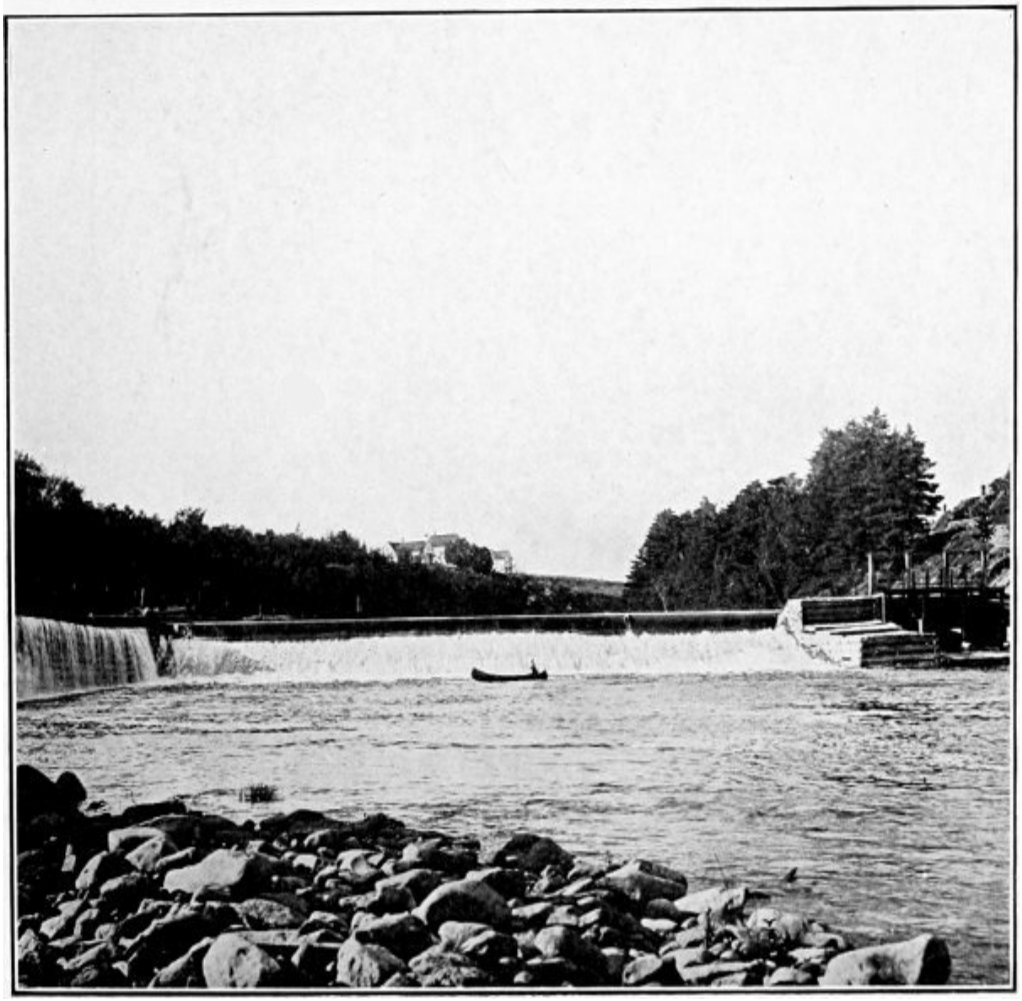
The lively kingfisher makes flights up the stream in advance of our progress, sweeping down at times with unerring eye to seize his prey from under the surface of the water, and then resting on

some projecting tree branch he gives opportunity for admiring his comely appearance before our near presence warns him to renewed flight. Well up above the water, but skimming the trees and brushing the leaves as he flies, he keeps us company, and soon is joined by other merry fellows that make the way lively.

Here is a huge eagle with a wing-spread of five or six feet, at least. Seemingly unafraid, he drops almost alongside on the bank that runs down to a flat sand strip; and as he stands still as we pass, we can see the pure white of his head and tail, and notice his powerful wings as he again soars in the air.

Wild canaries, also, are quite numerous; and the canoe voyager on the Nashwaak has no lack of pleasant company.

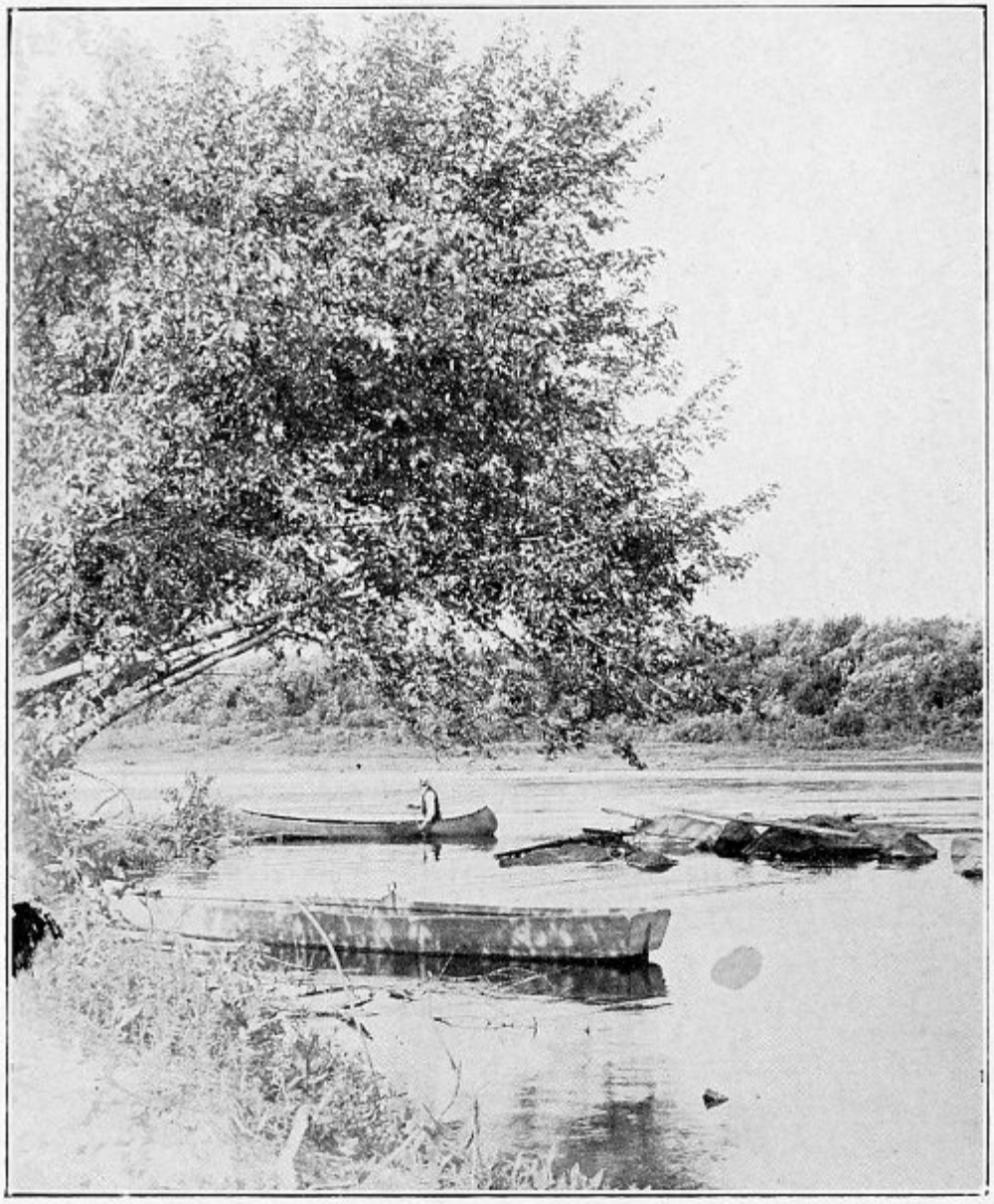
Several pieces of swift water have been passed, and at one point where the river meets an island and has a steep descent and sharp bend of the channel, the rushing fall of water carries us nearly into the shore; and it takes both paddles to make any progress by “poling” or pushing on the bottom of the river.



Under the Dam—Nashwaak River

Going further, we look with apprehension on an apparently insurmountable barrier in the form of an immense log, wedged solidly across stream between the high banks, with a very narrow channel and, of course, plenty of rushing water. The log does not touch the water, being held in position about a foot, or less, above it. Holding to the huge barrier we force the head of the canoe beneath it, and pressing down with united weight we manage to get past by scrambling

over the log and dropping into the canoe as it passes clear.



On the Nashwaak River

A very pretty stretch of water now marks the gradual approach to the Marysville dam, and here occasional streaks of rapid water are found as the channel contracts. At last we reach the foaming run, or rapid, just below the fall, and a lively time ensues before the canoe is brought right under the curtain of the waterfall. Turning now to descend, the full current of the rapid is behind. Watching until we head right, and planning to reach a quiet pool below, to rest awhile, our skilful guide propels us boldly into the midst of the foaming current.

Hurrah! This is fine! We are where the current is swiftest, and where waves curl and boil over with dashing foam. There! a sheet of white spray! and we have tasted the Nashwaak. We take the water like a duck, are whisked past the point at a tremendous speed, and then, with a powerful stroke of the paddle, we make a quick and giddy turn—to find ourselves in still water, taking a few moments of well-earned rest.

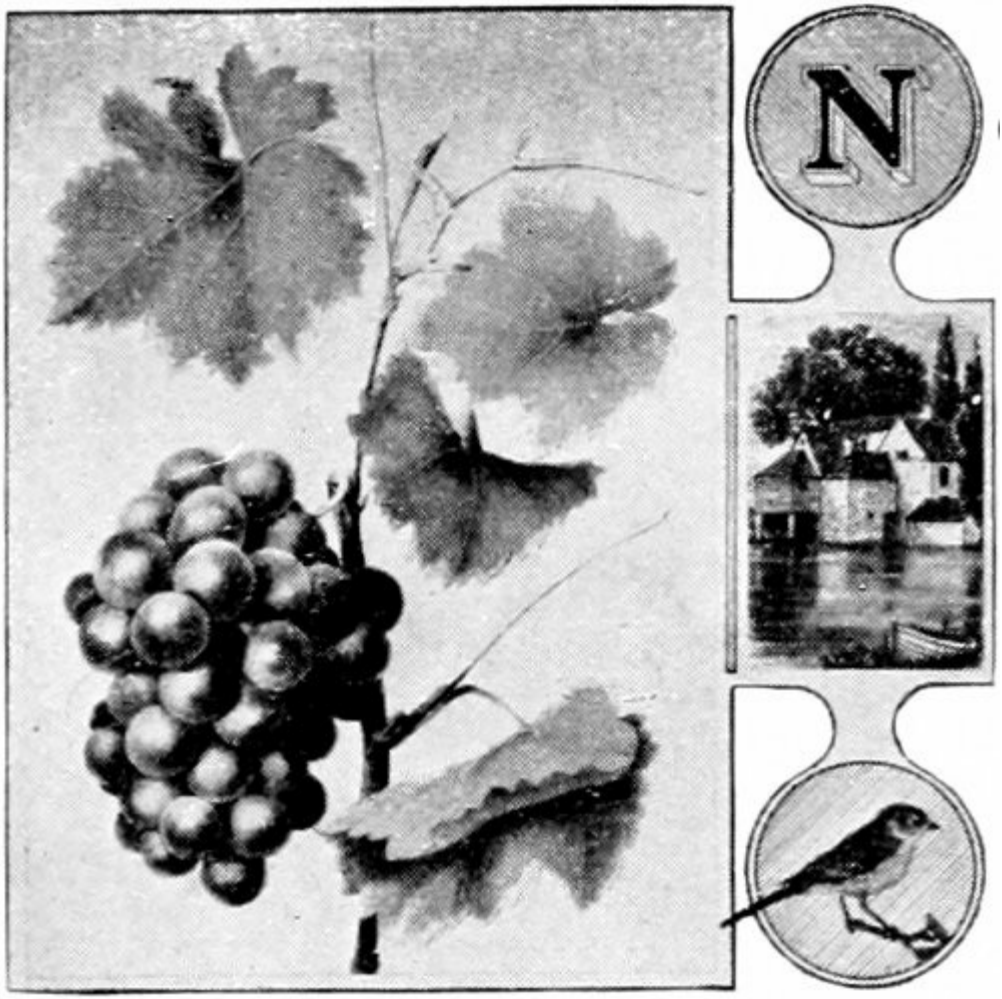
While the Nashwaak, in the main, may be termed a meadow stream, it has many places in its upper waters where high and rugged banks, wild woodland and steep fall make scenes of romantic beauty. It is not open in the sense that a canoe may go all over its course without meeting obstruction, as may be done on so many other rivers in the province. It is one of those small streams that many prefer just for the fun of making easy portages and crossing such barriers as those described, as well as over occasional bars of sand or gravel in shoal places.

A journey of 20 to 25 miles may be taken up stream in this way. One in each canoe is best for the upper waters. There are pleasant little settlements all along the shore, and simple refreshment may be obtained, as well as sleeping

accommodation, if the canoeist desires to prolong the trip and take time to see the inner country at his ease.

Calling the Ferry, St. John River

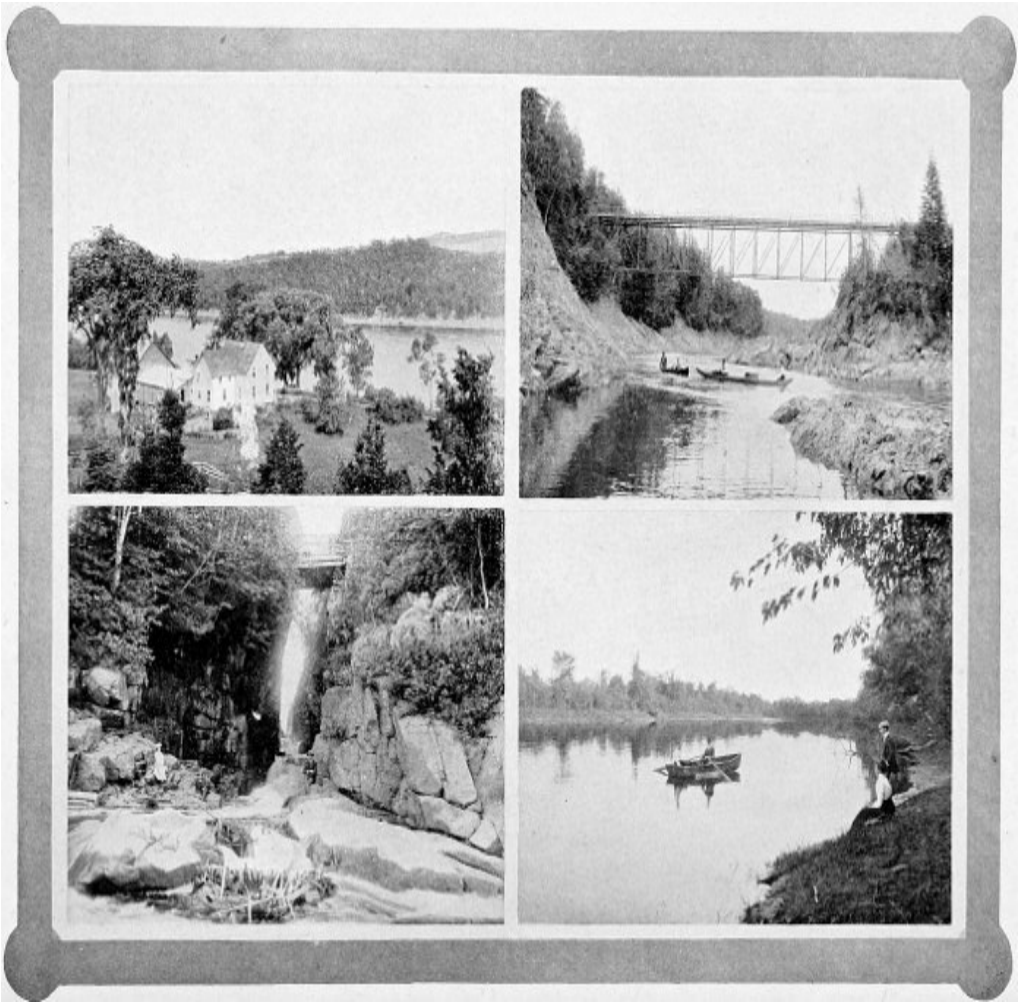
Fredericton and the Upper St. John River



No matter how Fredericton may be approached, from north, east, south or west, by land or water, train, carriage, in steamboat or canoe, the impression sure to be received, as the capital is neared, is that of forest depths, great rivers and immense natural resources. A feeling of admiration and awe,

akin to that felt by our humble Indian brother as he roamed the depths of these noble forests, casts a spell over the thinking mind. “For,” says Bryant in his ‘Forest Hymn’:—

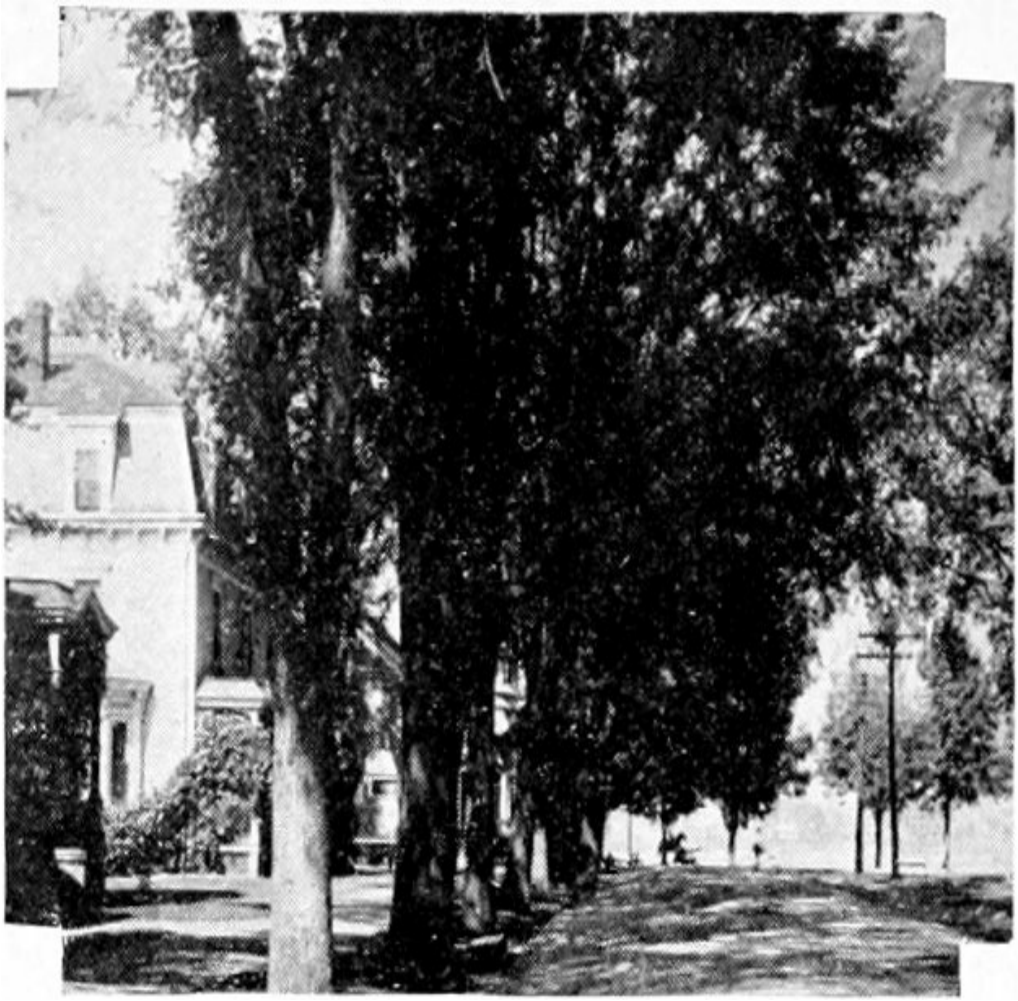
> “His simple heart
> Might not resist the sacred influences
> Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
> And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
> Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
> Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
> All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
> His spirit with the thought of boundless power
> And inaccessible majesty.”



ST. JOHN RIVER, above Fredericton

As is meet and proper, we do not plunge into the hurly-burly of modern life in Fredericton, the capital city of the province. Instead, we reach a peaceful, tree-embowered and altogether delightful forest city. Here is refinement of life and civilization enough to meet all reasonable demands, yet back of all there still reigns the too-quickly-vanishing spirit of rest, the absence of haste, the old-time simplicity. How delightful if all towns and cities were no larger than charming Fredericton, with

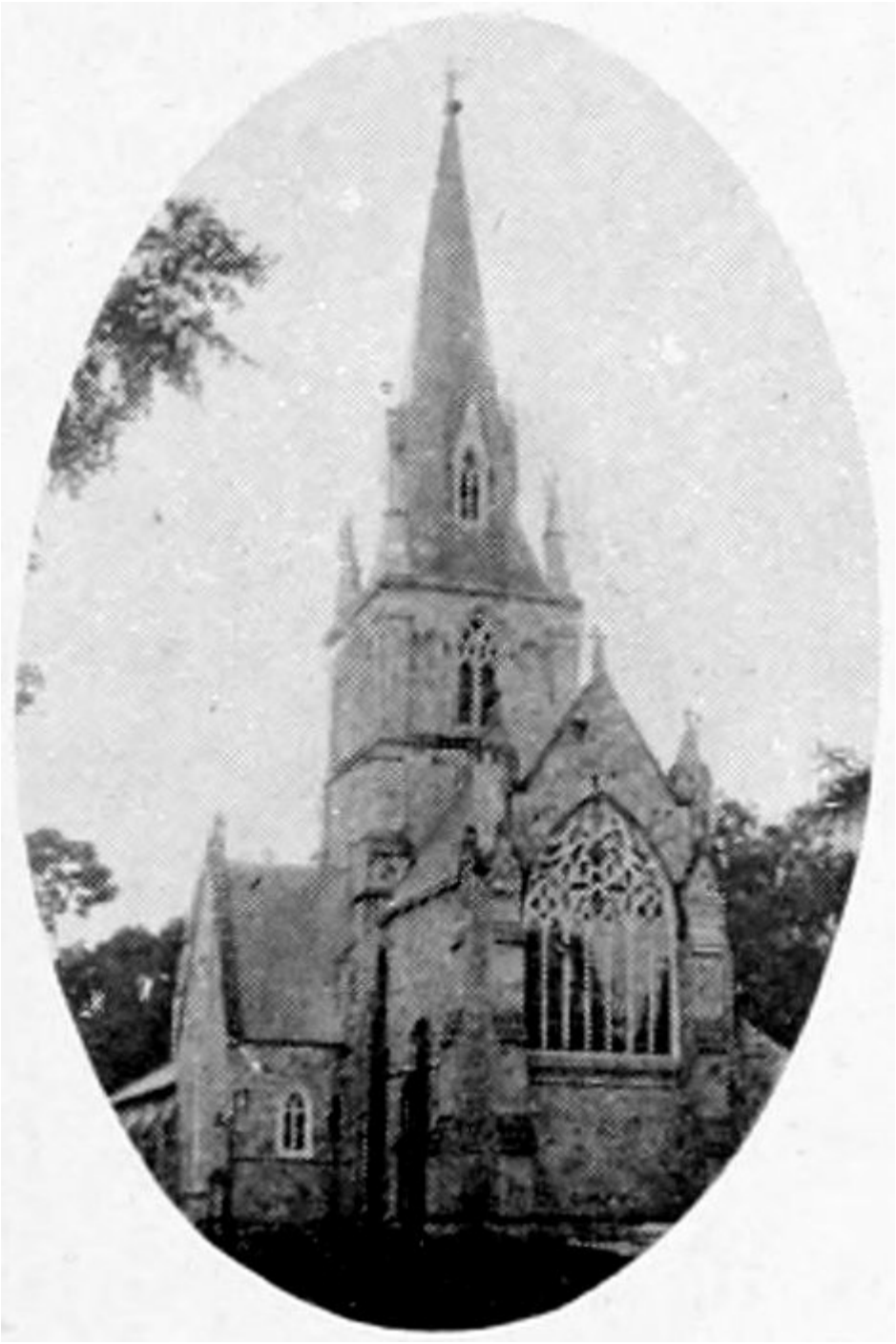
its modest 8000 inhabitants. No trusts! No cold storage! No horrid skyscrapers! No cars! It sounds too good to be true. And yet at Fredericton no cars are needed; and, as a result, all who visit the homelike capital will know more of it than they possibly do of their own city. Here it is a delight to walk and ramble; and, of course, driving is a great joy with such woodland surroundings and fine river scenery. An inhabitant of Fredericton once actually expressed a desire to live in New York! Incredible! Impossible! you cry. And so say all of well-balanced mind. But mortals do not always know when they are well off; and a fit of temporary insanity sometimes gains a flitting lodgment in the brightest mind.



Few cities are better or as well situated as Fredericton. It stands on the noble St. John, which here is nearly three quarters of a mile wide. The five older streets and the two newer ones all run parallel with the river. There are shady trees on pleasant streets wherever you go. In the heart of the city you are still in the country. Nature everywhere is so profuse and abundant that it almost shuts out the view of Cathedral Church and Parliament Buildings, and enwraps fountain, statue and river-bank-seat with

its wealth of foliage; while in many a shady street the tree branches knock at the house windows for admittance, and place smiling clusters of bloom in the hands of those who throw open the casement in response to the call.

Queen Street is the principal thoroughfare. At its west end is the substantial building known as Government House, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. Between Queen Street and the river, in a central situation, are the large barracks that were formerly the headquarters of the British army in this province. At the lower end of the street is the handsome Parliament Building, where a small but choice library may be consulted, and from the dome of which building an extensive view may be enjoyed.



Christ Church Cathedral, the recent fire damage to which has been repaired, is patterned after that delightful type of old English church seen in many a quaint parish of the distant motherland. It has a graceful spire and pretty interior, with a beautiful stained glass chancel window presented by the Episcopal Church in the United States.

The substantial building so firmly seated on the southern hills is the University of New Brunswick, the higher education centre of the province. Here there is a geological museum; and from the cupola of the building a wide view may be had of the river and surrounding country.

The glory of Fredericton is the St. John River with its fine scenery and numerous excursions up and down stream; nor must there be forgotten the added pleasure of sailing over the tributary streams such as the Nashwaak, the Nashwaaksis, the Keswick, the Oromocto, the Jemseg, etc.; and of reaching Grand and Washademoak Lakes, and the numerous smaller lakes that are all about.

There are excursions up the river to Woodstock and the numerous riverside places on the way. It is even possible to go all the way to Grand Falls by water. Then the St. John River steamboats go down the river daily to St. John and the towns and villages along the banks of the river.

Nearly opposite Fredericton at the mouth of the Nashwaak formerly stood an old French fort erected by Villebon. Acadian refugees flocked to Ste. Anne at the time of the “Expulsion,” and sought refuge under the protection of the fort; but after the American Revolutionary War the exiled American Loyalists

drove away the Acadians to Madawaska, and settled themselves along the shore in their place.

A world of pleasant exploration lies above the Grand Falls in the upper waters of the St. John and its tributaries, but this region while quite accessible from Fredericton, is somewhat remote for the average summer visitor, and the Middle St. John from Grand Falls to Fredericton is the district herein described.

Like many of the great rivers that have numerous tributaries and increase in their descent almost to the proportions of inland seas, the middle waters of the St. John, deep in places, have shallow reaches and rapids where the current is very swift. Some distance above Fredericton it becomes turbulent and foaming in many a seething descent; but it is possible to take an outing over a considerable distance, without portages, in a canoe with two men using poles.

A swift motor-canoe of light draft may easily make a two-days' journey up, giving four days on the St. John, with stops for meals, etc., at convenient places. The river is sufficiently well settled to lay out in advance a plan for stopping-places for meals, as well as for resting or putting-up at night. This is much more convenient and not nearly so expensive as taking guides and tent equipment, food and cooking utensils, etc.

Boiling the Kettle

For those who desire to spend several weeks on the river it is necessary to have guides, canoes and tent equipment, especially if remote places are to be visited. There can be no doubt that camping out on the St. John is one of the most delightful ways of spending a healthful vacation. A plan by which the expense of guides may be avoided is that of camping out in a choice place not far from a settlement, or a farm, and where there is plenty of recreation in walks, sailing the river, fishing for trout, etc.,

without the necessity for exploring the untrodden woods. Where any kind of exploration is to be done, or unfrequented places visited, it will be understood that guides are necessary; and it is illegal to go without them for hunting, etc.

In camping on the river to enjoy boating, bathing, fishing and outdoor life, the plan is recommended of employing someone in Fredericton to take out the party and equipment, and leave them in a locality where supplies, such as milk, bread, etc., are easily obtained. At the expiration of the fine holiday that will thus be enjoyed, those employed to bring out the party will come and take them back to Fredericton. There are many springs of cool and sparkling water all along the whole route, and farms on both sides of the river where produce, poultry, butter and eggs, as well as bread, may be bought by previous arrangement. To have the full pleasure of the river in such an outing, a canoe or row boat of very light draft should be left with the camping party, and poles as well as paddles or oars should be provided.

In addition to choosing a convenient place for water, shade and supplies, etc., care should be taken to place the camp at some point on the shore where there is a good stretch of easy water for several miles above and below. This will afford pleasant cruising, without the constant labor of poling through swift water.

Such a place is the “Reach,” above Long Island, and below Tapley Bar and the Koack Islands. In the neighborhood of Hawkshaw and Pokiok will also be found good camping-grounds meeting all needful requirements, and within easy reach of the Shogomoc River and Lakes. There are other good places

nearer Fredericton if desired. Of course, if there are athletic young men in the party—not forgetting young women who love outdoor life and are able to handle pole and paddle—the locality of a difficult piece of swift water, or even that of a sheer rapid, may purposely be chosen to have plenty of fun close at hand.

For those who have never yet cut loose from the ties of hotel or

other stopping-place, a vacation of this kind is strongly recommended; for the freedom and joy of living so close to nature, and, it may truthfully be added, nature at her best, is an experience that brings back youth to the middle-aged, and exuberance of spirits to young and old alike.

Oh! the fascination of the musical rapid, and ah! the glory of the starlit evening with its gentle breeze and its hours of calm repose followed by sweet and health-giving sleep—the tent well open to the fragrance of the balmy air.

As an example of a pleasant excursion from Fredericton, an account of a two-days' journey of some 45 miles up the St. John in a motor-canoe is now given, and this could be extended to a trip of some weeks, or even months, by exploring the upper tributaries to their headwaters. Many of the places nearer Fredericton may be reached, and the starting point regained, in a day, or even in half a day, and the route may constantly be varied by taking the different tributaries in turn.

A start was made from Fredericton in the early morning; and, in addition to handbag and raincoat, a bag of fruit was taken to give variety to our meals at the farmhouses along the river.

Our eighteen-foot canoe with a 2½ h.p. motor, piloted by the able and obliging Davidson, of Fredericton, started gaily up-stream and passed under the graceful iron town-bridge—the sun behind thick banks of cloud, and apparently threatening rain. As the clouds screened us from the hot rays of an August sun, we took little thought of the dark sky: for we knew by experience that such a beginning often ended in a bright and clear noonday.

After splendid running for a few miles, we tied up at Springhill and climbed the path up the bank to the lumber-camp and boarding-house above. Here were roadside inns in the olden days, with their quaint names, such as “Dewdrop inn,” or “Rest and be Thankful.” Here the jolly and amphibious red-shirted raftsmen used to congregate, and here, too, their good-hearted successors make their down-river headquarters.

It took a few minutes to prepare our breakfast of coffee, toast, fresh eggs from the fine poultry run, and new milk from the cows browsing in the pretty tree-bordered meadows hard by.

Breakfasting and taking a refreshing draught of cool spring water, we regained our canoe, and as the upward course was resumed the sun burst through its cloudy barrier and shone down with cheering effect. Passing Percy Bar and the Keswick Islands we have an opportunity of testing the important question of speed, for in the narrower channels the current has a velocity of four to six miles an hour, and sometimes even faster.

Before entering a rapid or piece of swift water, we

carefully oil the working parts of the motor, and see that everything is in trim for our struggle against the stream. Off we go for our first tussle, and in a minute more we are in swift water, with circling eddies and a foam-lined shore.

The water is higher than usual, owing to recent rain and well-swollen tributaries. The whole current of the great river flows through the one channel we have just entered. Fortunately, the river is deep here, and it gives a good hold for our rapidly revolving screw. The engine working well, the lever is pushed to "full-speed," and in a moment we are cleaving the water into two high ridges at our bow, while the throbbing motor settles down to its best speed.

We look ashore a little anxiously, it must be admitted, for we appear unequal to our task, the trees alongside and the rocks by the shore holding fixed positions on our beam. It is only for a moment, however, for soon we creep along shore, slowly, very slowly; and yet we are gaining. After half-an-hour's steady going we emerge into a wider channel, the current loses its force and now we go ahead with increasing speed.

Here we are in a run that is clear save for the quantities of logs floating downstream, and which are being gathered in and made up into rafts to be towed or guided with poles to the maws of the rapacious mill. The long boom of logs fastened together end-wise, the walking platform and the small floating shanty, together with the constant downward stream of logs of all sizes going down singly, in "twos" and "threes," and, at times, in great bunches, all make an interesting incident in the trip; and to thread a devious way in and out of the swiftly passing timber keeps our rudder in constant oscillation as we follow the ever-

changing path.

Here is Lunt's Ferry. We see the high, steel cable strung across the river, with the running block and gang ropes connecting it with the side-railed flat barge or ferry. These floats are often propelled across stream by the force of the current. Just as a ship makes headway by the side wind running off her sails obliquely, so does a boat cross a stream by the action of the tide, if care is taken to have the boat's head turned partly against the current. The boat being fastened to a transverse cable and running block to prevent it from being driven down stream, the tide strikes the hull obliquely and causes progression in that direction towards which the boat is headed. When the tide is sluggish a gasolene boat is frequently used to ensure more rapid progress. Moored alongside, it soon pushes the ferry across; and

when traffic is active this is the best motive power.

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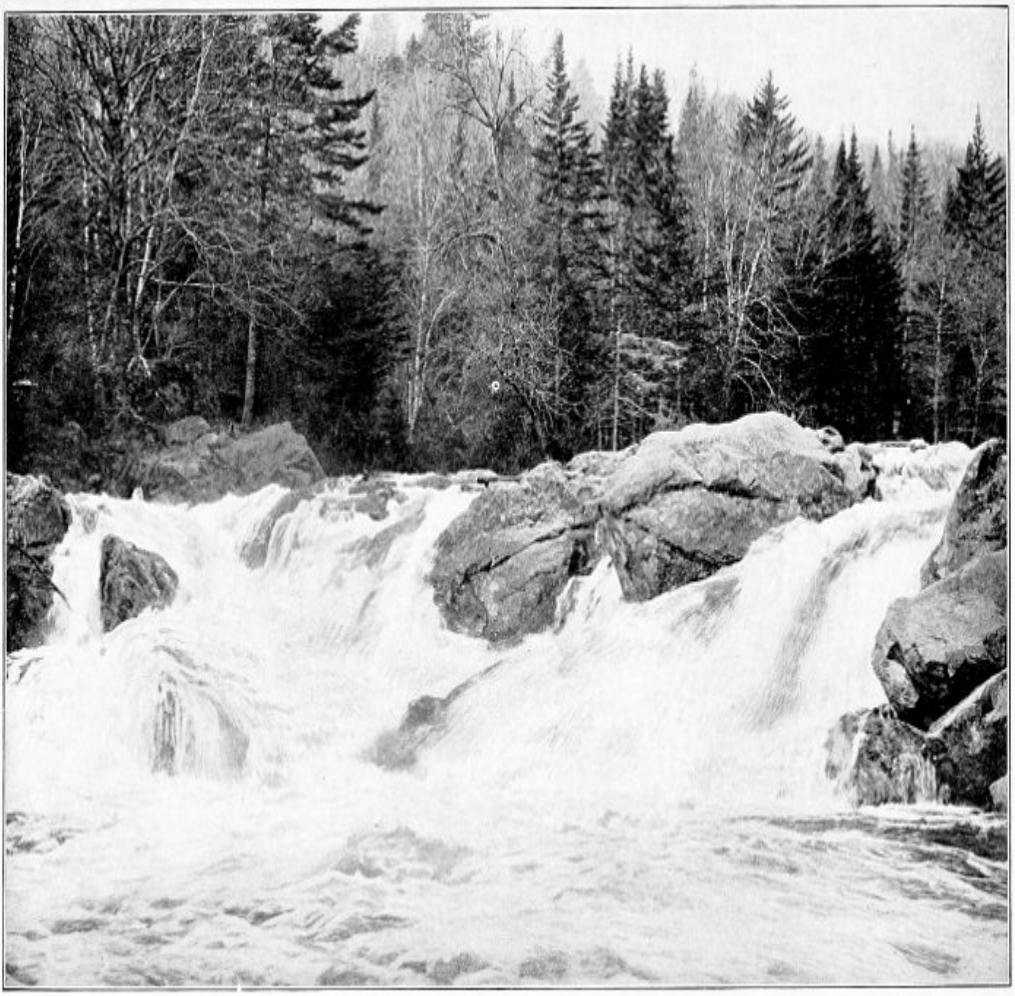


Wanawassis Falls

Soon we run under high bluffs and notice the fine growth 162
of woods covering the almost perpendicular heights, and which touch the side of the steep slope with their projecting side branches. The varying shades of green in the woodland, the

giddy height, the far-extending reflection in the now sunlit river, all combine in a beautiful picture; and again are we tempted to land and drink of a sparkling stream that can be seen flowing down the mountain side in a minute but clearly-defined rivulet.

Giving the engine a few minutes' rest, we again push on, and, after passing French Village, the pretty little Macinquac stream joins ours on the right, and directly under the picturesque bluff, with its quaint white church showing like a beacon through the trees, a landing is made and we push our canoe tip into the mouth of the little stream, drinking in the while all the beauties that are on every hand.

Once more afloat, for we are thinking of a place for dinner, and we wish to find refreshment without waiting. In this way we may push forward and cover the considerable distance of swift water that intervenes before we reach our destination where we are to sup and lodge.

Fortunately, a suitable place is fairly close at hand, and, dinner over, we resume our course upstream. The engine now "kicks-up" a little, as all self-respecting motors must do, sooner or later. Again oiling the parts, we push from off-shore again, for we had pulled in to avoid being drawn down by the current, and thus losing ground.

But we do lose ground, for when we push off into deep water to give the screw a chance to revolve without chipping the rocks, the canoe is turned right around, and downstream we go, the engine obstinately refusing a single turn.

Back to the shore we go with paddle, and after a few operations

with the motorist's beloved tool, the wrench, and sundry squirts here and there from his much cherished oil-can, the engine starts to revolve with savage energy. It came so unexpectedly that we are off full speed downstream before we recover. Putting the helm over we head up the river and are just settling down to regain the lost way, when—the engine stops!

"Variety is the spice of life," so we take to the shore again and hold fast to a log conveniently stranded for our use. These little incidents, it may be remarked, give added pleasure to the excursion, and for the true motorist they supply that fulness and

joy in life that cannot be obtained in any other way. This time the real seat of the trouble is found—moisture bridging the spark-gap.

Hurrah! Now we are off, in real earnest, and triumphant smiles come quickly as swift water is passed and we finally get over Big Bear Island Bar with only a few glancing knocks of the propeller on a stray rock or two.

Twilight has come and gone. The trees are still, and not a breath ripples the long and straight course of the river wide and ghostly, and reaching into darkness at the end of a lengthy vista that is only dimly defined—partly by the tall trees on each side, but more by the patch of faint light that falls on the water down the avenue before us. Gray forms float on the surface of the stream, turning a ghostly white as they near us. We look over to examine more closely, and find small floating islets of froth or foam, made hours before far up, and now borne on the glassy surface of the tranquil stream, gathering in size as they descend, or breaking against obstructions and vanishing suddenly out of sight.

Soon the surface of the river shows a pale gleam of light, and the white trunks of the silver birches begin to lose their spectral appearance as they stand out, one by one, from the dense pall of overhanging foliage. We look behind and enjoy to the full that glorious spectacle, moonrise on a wide and beautiful river, in a country rich in mountain and vale; and as the increasing light brings into view one feature after another of the unfolding landscape, we marvel at its beauty, and at the softness and delicacy of all when pencilled by that companion and friend of the traveller by night—the gentle moon.

As we look behind at the dancing wavelets left in our wake, the crest of each gleams white and brilliant ere it subsides in milky foam; while down the widening and rippling channel just made by the revolving screw a thousand gleams of light are refracted into a glorious play of ever-changing color.

The sound of the motor is jarring when viewing a scene so fair. So turning the canoe and stopping the engine, we drift inshore to view the surroundings in perfect quiet.

How bright the planets show when seen from a deep valley on such a night, and how marvellous and grand the sight when from almost total darkness and confused or indistinguishable detail the whole beauty of the view steals out, line by line, giving time to admire each new feature as it springs into sight, until finally the whole glorious landscape and wondrous river are spread before in a soft blending of light and shade impossible to adequately picture or describe.

Reluctantly, though supperless, we turn our canoe and continue our way upstream. We are now on a river of molten silver, floating down a path at once fantastic and beautiful. The reflected and inverted banks of the river are close to us on each hand, the tree branches sharply outlined and gently quivering under the influence of a balmy zephyr that now steals with velvet touch over the surface of the water.

Are we really in cloudland? we ask, so spiritual is the scene—and as if to dispel all uncertainty a distant gleam of light reveals the far-away course of the river, as it seems to pass on to the sky, where it flows through the splendid portals of a gorgeous palace built in the clouds and limned with outlines of pale silver

by the artist moon.

“All journeys have an end.” Journeys are also said to “end in lover’s greetings.” Sometimes, however, they terminate with a fine supper cooked by the obliging wife of a good-hearted farmer for two supperless men dropped from the clouds, as it were, one hour before midnight. And here we are at Davidson’s Ferry, a good supper with a night’s repose on a comfortable bed surely making a happy ending for one part of our trip.

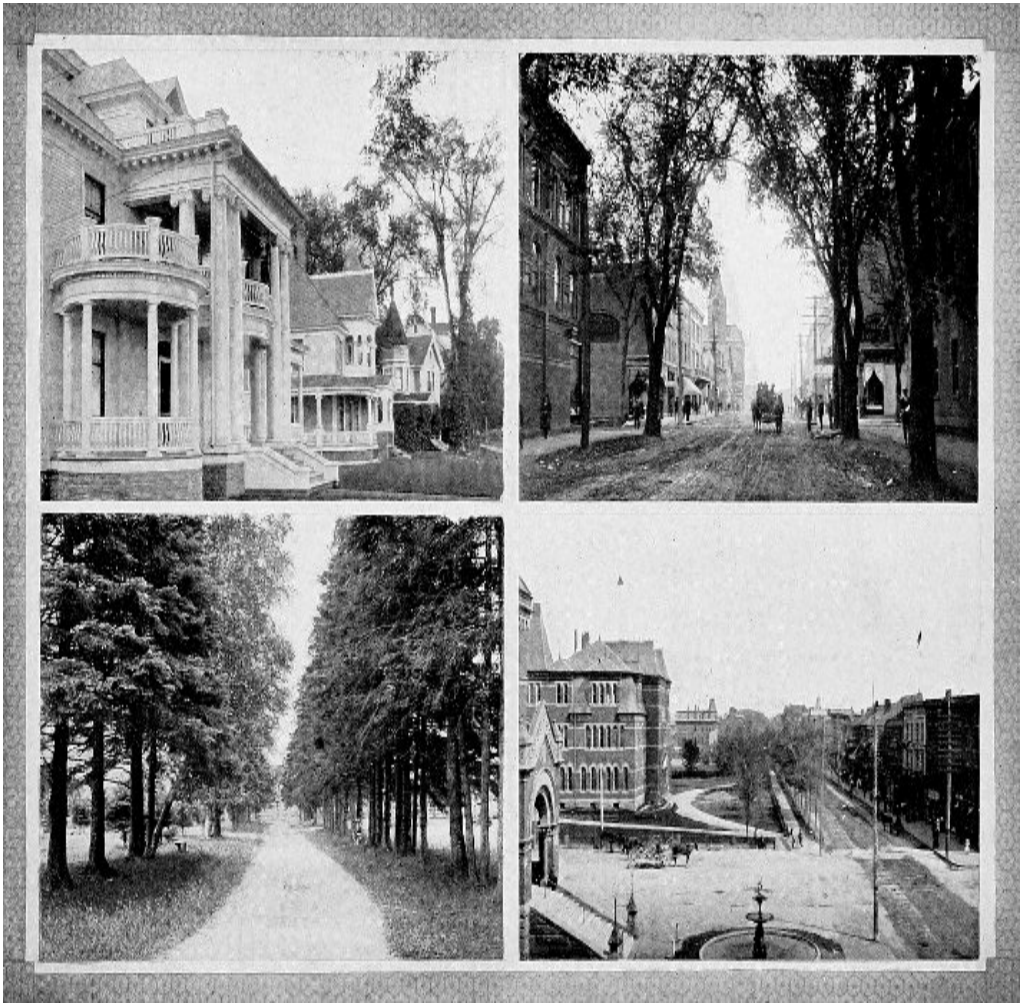
After a 6 o’clock breakfast next morning the canoe is headed up the lovely St. John—for are we not bound to reach the Nacawick stream, Pokiok, the narrow gulf, and its waterfall, Clare Mountain, the Meductic Fall and the Shogomoc Rapids. And we do reach these in good time, and after admiring the rocky banks of the river near Hawkshaw, the beautiful views at Pokiok, the narrow chasm and the little waterfall at the Gulf, and the bold Clare Mountain, we finally reach our goal—the Shogomoc Rapids. Here we turn inshore in full view and sound of the famed swift water.

What an exhilarating spectacle, and how the waters dash, foam and roar as they are hurled headlong down the steep descent. What a splendid place to camp anywhere near here—one would surely never tire of such delightful surroundings. As we sit and watch the water assume ever-changing forms, we think of the Indians and their life on these waters in the long ago, and in fancy we see them mounting the crests of the billows and passing up and down the river in perfect safety.

Up and down is doubtless wrong, for who could propel a boat upstream against a foaming current going over ten miles an hour, and often nearer fifteen! Discussing this with our guide, he declares he feels like going up in the motor-canoe as far as he can, and, he adds, “By George, I believe I can get through!” We laugh him to scorn. He persists in trying it. At last we decide to join in the experience.

We oil up and make all ready. Off we go! right into the midst of the foam at the lower end of the rapids. The engine works furiously at full speed while we watch results.

We are making rapid progress in the wrong direction; for working full speed ahead, we gain just enough way to get into the direct current and then downstream we go, stern first, Davidson joining in the laugh at his expense. “Never mind,” we say, “we were right in the midst of it, and the boat did splendidly.”



FREDERICTON

1. **Waterloo Row, Fredericton**
2. **York Street, Fredericton**
3. **Walnut Park, Fredericton**
4. **Phoenix Square, Fredericton**

Is there need to describe the pleasures of the return journey? How our host of the previous night, Davidson's brother—who had come with us from his ferry to the rapids—insisted on our stopping off at his house for dinner; how we did

so and found by experience that city “cream” has a very rich but distant relative known as “country cream” which turns tea into nectar. Nor is there need for a description of how we operated the ferry, said “good-bye” and went downstream—wind, current and gasolene all in our favor—at a clip of twelve miles an hour and sometimes faster; nor how we sped by the men poling their rafts downstream, giving them time only to greet us with a friendly call and wave of the hand before we were well by; or how we gasolened triumphantly into Fredericton by eight at night, just in time for a nice supper at the hostelry near to the steamboat landing, and to take a little turn on the Promenade before retiring for sleep that came so fast as to almost close our eyes before head could be well cushioned in downy pillow..... all the details attending these various incidents must be left to the imagination: and also those of the moose we saw in the woods, the wild birds on the wing, the flocks of wild ducks in the water—twenty and more at a time—that allowed us to pass close by without taking fright, the young deer that watched us cunningly from woodland and thicket, the partridges, the soaring eagles, the leaping salmon, and the fishermen hauling in their well-stocked nets.

On the way to Pokiok two small streams are passed, the Indian names of which have been humorously embodied in the last two lines of this extract from De Mille:—

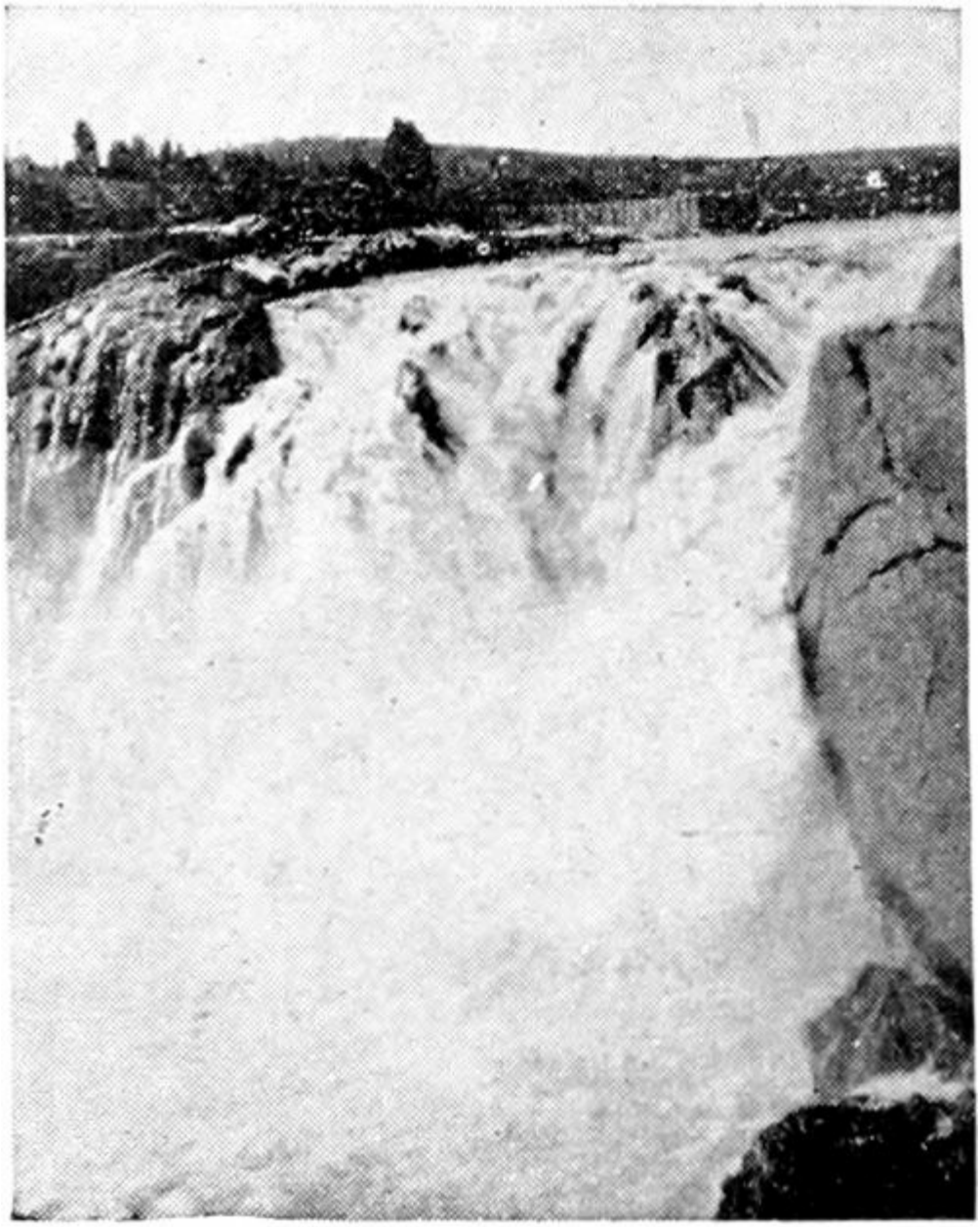
"Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy,
  Shall we seek for communion of souls
Where the deep Mississippi meanders
  Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls?

Ah no! in New Brunswick we'll find it—
A sweetly sequestered nook—
Where the sweet gliding Skoodawabskooksis
Unites with the Skoodawabskook."

Few who reach Fredericton and the Middle St. John River will care to turn back without seeing the Grand Falls. It is one of the three greatest cataracts of the upper continent. It has almost a perpendicular drop, and the volume of water falling and thundering on "Split Rock" below is a sight to be long remembered. A great column of spray surmounts the lower rocks, and throws to the bright sunlight a play of rainbow-color with beautiful effect against the sombre foam-washed rocks. It is a splendid sight to see great logs passing over the brink. Even in the channel above great timbers of forty feet in length are tossed out of the water bodily, and when they are hurled headlong over the fall and into the depths below—often piled there momentarily, in almost inextricable confusion—the spectacle has a fascination in it that compels intent observation. There is a winding gorge below, and there are places such as "Pulpit Rock," the hollowed-out "Great Well" and the "Coffee Mill" whirlpool that are of great interest. Logs are sometimes caught in the whirlpool, where the fierce spinning round to which they are subjected rapidly wears away the ends to sharp points, just as they would be if turned in a lathe.

Of the approach to and general aspect of the cataract, the view from above is a fine one, for here the river after making a wide and grand sweep makes an abrupt turn and takes a forty-foot plunge in a solid mass. In continuous succession below is one fall after another until a total descent of 80 feet is reached. The

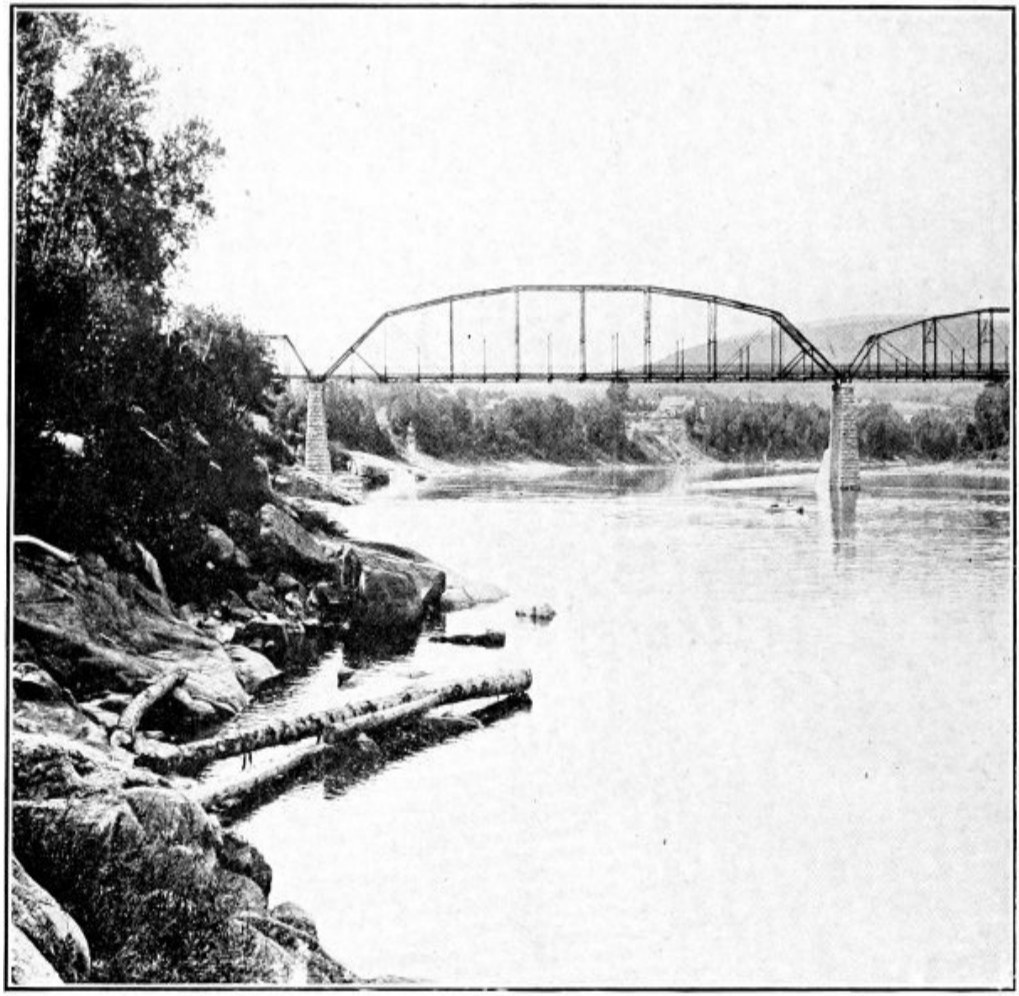
water rushes through a high and winding chasm after it falls by rocky walls that are perpendicular. From the first fall to the last the water is lashed into angry sheets of foam; and no matter from where viewed, the scene is impressive and striking, and holds the onlooker spellbound.



The full significance of the Indian legend connected with this locality will be realized as the gaze goes over the whole mass of turbulent and seething water. The legend, in brief, is this:—

Long ago a great war party of 500 Mohawks came by Temiscouata Lake and the Madawaska River to destroy the Maliceet village of Medoctec on the St. John. Before they reached the mouth of the Madawaska they surprised a Maliceet hunter with his family. The man and his family were instantly killed, but the woman was spared on condition that she should guide the war party to the doomed village by a safe path. (One version has it that it was a Maliceet maiden who was thus captured.) She was placed in the chief's canoe and guided them safely over the portage by the Madawaska Falls and into the St. John River.

Tobique Narrows, St. John River



At Hawkshaw Bridge

Assured by their guide that there were no more falls to pass, the canoes were lashed together and drifted down the tide while the weary Mohawks sank in slumber. By and bye a sound of falling water aroused one of the chiefs; but being told that it was only the noise of the waterfall at the mouth of a nearby river, he again slept. But suddenly the full roar of the tremendous cataract strikes on the ears of the sleepers. Springing to their feet the horror of the situation is at once apparent. Paddles are seized

and frantic efforts are made to stem the fierce tide. It is useless, and a terrible cry of despair goes up as they are swept to the brink of the foaming cataract. She had saved her father and her native village:

"Then with a shout of triumph, the Indian maiden cried,
'Listen, ye Mohawk warriors, which sail on Death's dark tide!
Never shall earth grave hold you, or wife weep o'er your clay.
Come to your doom, ye Mohawks, and I will lead the way.'

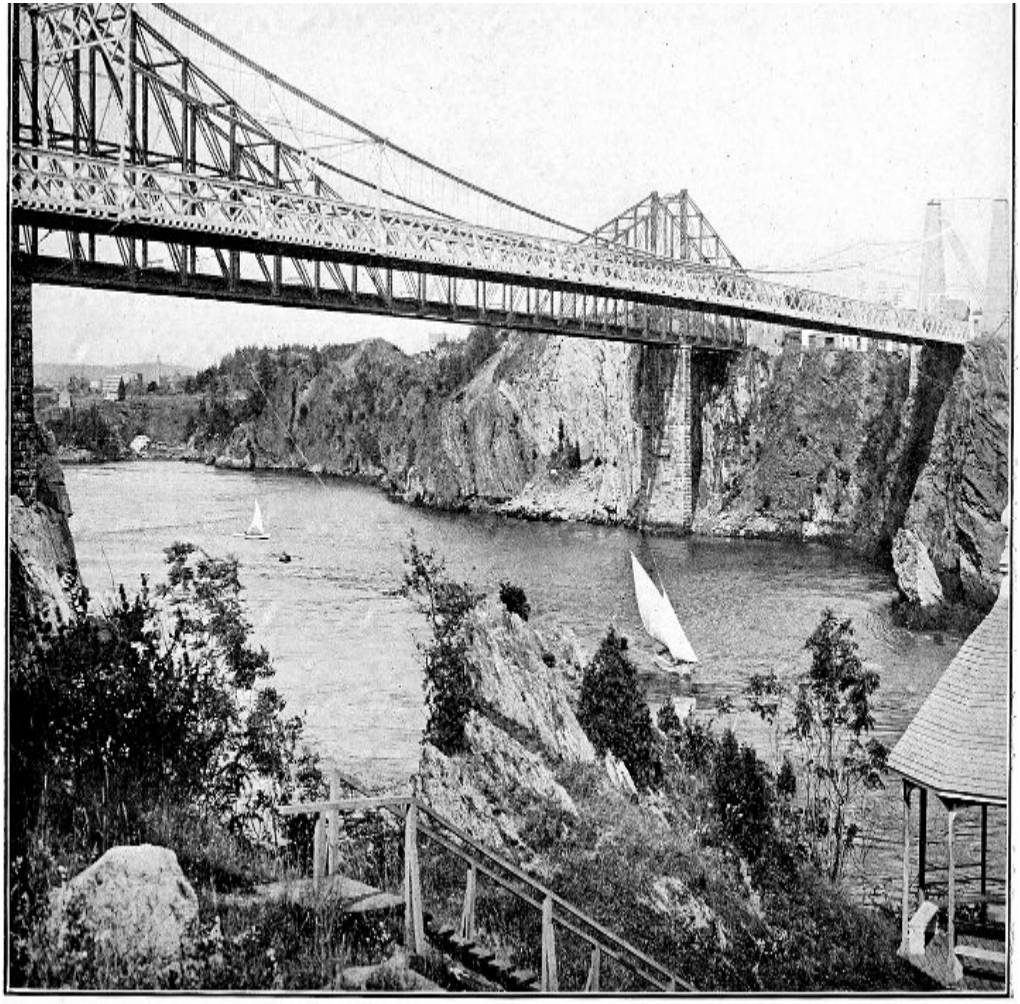
* * * * *

"And many a day thereafter, beyond the torrent's roar,
The swarthy Mohawk dead were found along the river's shore.
But on brave Malabeam's dead face no human eyes were set —
She lies in the dark stream's embrace, the river claims her yet.

"The waters of five hundred years have flowed above her grave,
But daring deeds can never die while human hearts are brave.
Her tribe still tell the story, and round their council fires,
Honor the name of her who died to rescue all their sires."

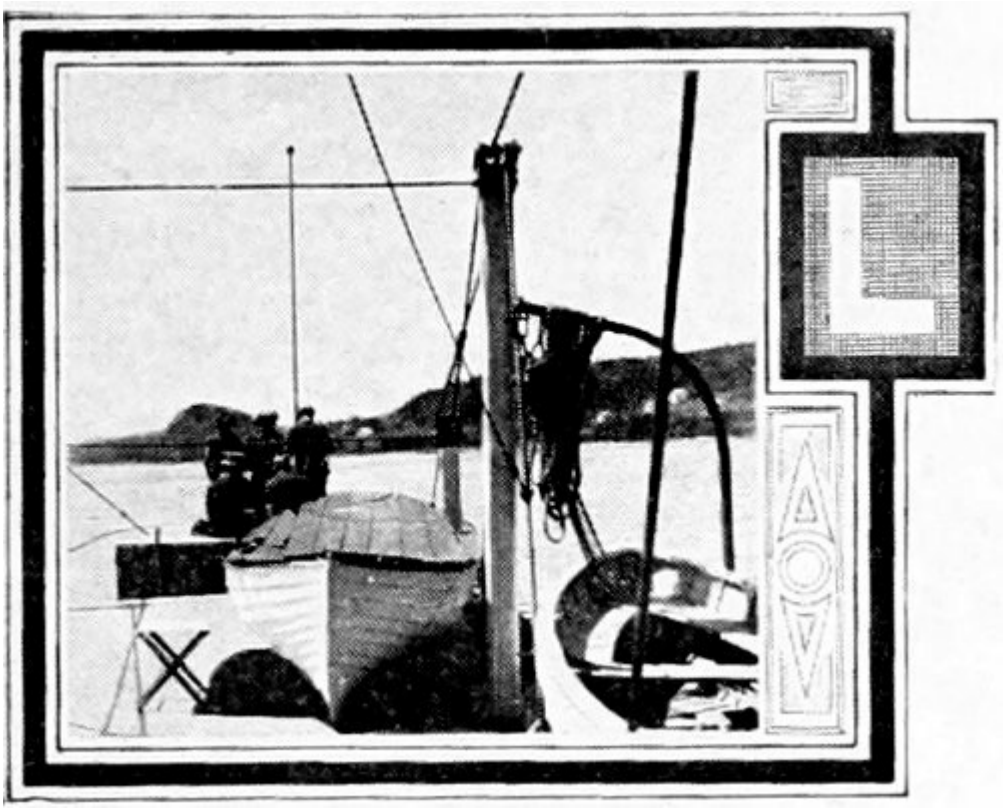
Almost needless to state, there are many other legends and tales of the Indians in connection with their villages that are on the banks of the St. John above and below Fredericton. The whole district is so full of beauty, has so many attractions for the

vacationist and nature lover, and is such a superb centre for hunting, fishing, boating, canoeing, etc., that no one may hope to exhaust its possibilities, even if a lifetime of summers should be spent in the exploration and unfolding of all that it contains.



Reversing Fall, St. John River

The City of St. John and Lower St. John River



Leaving Fredericton at 8 o'clock in the morning, a start is made on the trip down the river to the city of St. John, the commercial centre of the province and greatest shipping port on the Bay of Fundy.

The journey is full of interest and variety. There are numerous stops on each side of the river, and few daylight trips of eight or nine hours can be taken elsewhere that will compare with this in

pleasure. As the boat cleaves the waters of the winding and continually-widening waterway, new incidents mark each mile of its progress.

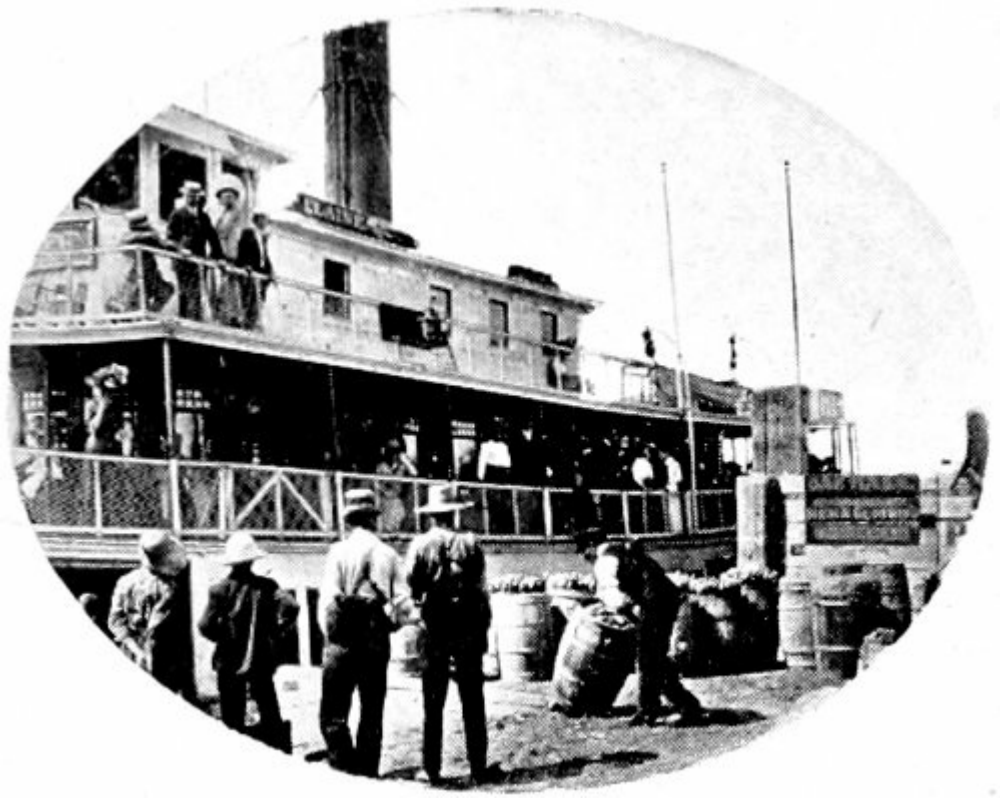
Here is a small tug whose engine capacity is out of all proportion to its size. It is towing a huge raft of timber, and, notwithstanding the heavy pull, is making good progress upstream and against the current. Now, the deep and wide Oromocto River is reached, and a busy scene is enacted at the wharf as all hands on the steamer are pressed into the work of loading produce of every kind on board.

We go only a short distance across stream before reaching another landing, where squash, cucumbers and other vegetables by the barrel, and in immense quantities, are loaded on the lower decks.

Now a wharf is neared where, it so happens, there are no passengers awaiting the steamer, and none to get off. A man puts off in a small boat and makes fast to our boat, well out in the river, transfers some crates of tomatoes—the vessel still in motion and pushes back to the shore.

Nearing a spot where meadow and rolling upland mark a particularly rich agricultural district, a great flat barge or hay-boat is almost ahead, and the steamer slows up to give the boat an opportunity for coming alongside. She is loaded with fine-looking pressed hay, fresh from the fields and done up in the usual bales which are piled on the low boat to such a height as almost to be level with the decks of the large river steamer. No sooner is the barge made fast than men pour out on to the hay, and, while we are still proceeding on our

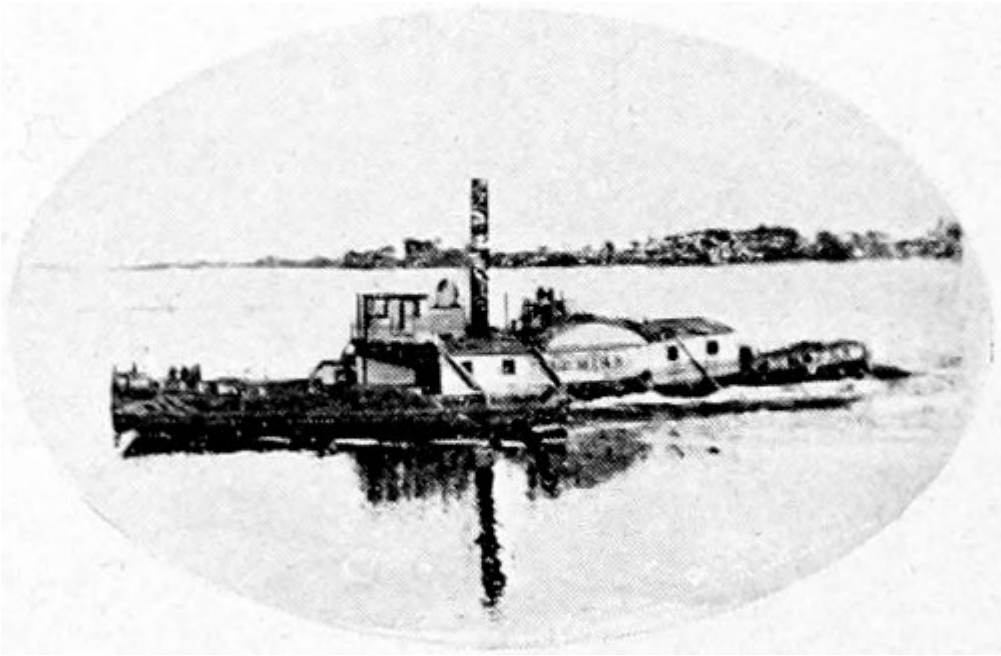
downward course the product of the meadow is quickly stowed away below. It seems only a minute or two before the empty float rises high out of the water, and saluting the two men with a wave of the hand as they cast off, we go ahead under full steam.



A garden country now comes into view, where fair plots of all kinds of vegetable growth greet the eye in great profusion as we pull inshore. The wharf is stacked with hundreds of barrels of fresh corn and other produce destined for St. John as a consuming and distributing point. There is barely room to move about, but the united forces of steamer crew and wharf gang make short work of the huge stack, and in a few minutes all is

nicely stowed away on the lower decks. Ingenious packers they must be down there to stow away such immense quantities so quickly.

Here a delightful little point is passed, dotted with bungalows and having trim yachts and smart launches moored offshore in a snug little cove. A very pretty picture of comfort, cool breezes and aquatic pleasures it makes, and we are just turning out into midstream when a mellow-toned salute from an upstream passenger boat greets the ear. Passing to the offshore side of our boat a fine full view is had of a St. John River steamboat churning a way to Fredericton at full speed, freighted with a goodly company of happy people all engaged with the superb views of the noble river.



And now a trading sloop passes by so close that we can call to and converse with her crew; and here, as elsewhere, evidence is found of the general courtesy and happy disposition of Maritime Province people, for the men of the small craft crowd to her side and wave their hands in pleasant greeting—as much as to say, “You are on the famous St. John; enjoy it as we do that have been on it all our lives, and love it dearly.”

ST. JOHN RIVER

1. Bluff Camp, near Fredericton
2. Westfield, St. John River
3. Willow Avenue, Rothesay

A word to the happy brides and devoted grooms who spread off over summer highways and byways from June to September, and who appreciate ideal and romantic scenery on routes that are not too crowded for comfort, and who like, at times, a little isolation. The St. John River steamers are roomy and capacious, and they have many little nooks and corners where there is just room for two, with a little squeezing, and from which the scenery may be enjoyed with that quiet and ideal environment so suited for the "two hearts that beat like one." The little spot near the Captain's wheelhouse deserves to be called "Bride's

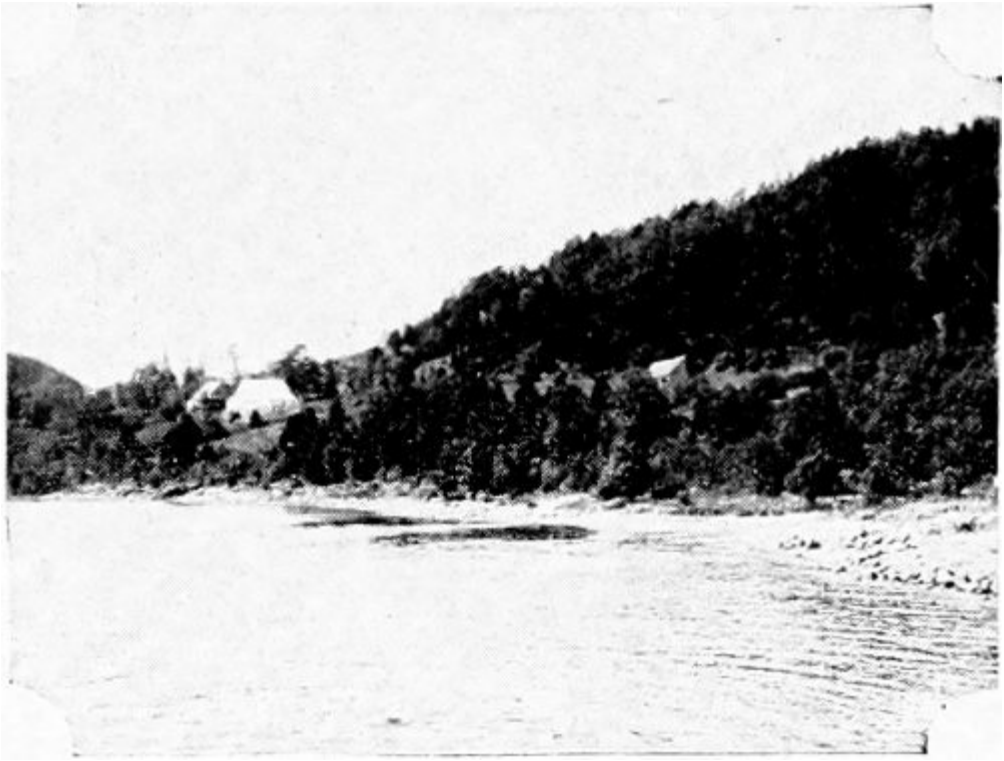
Corner." It is so used, again and again, and from this delightful coign a full view of the river may be had, and it is also a quiet point of observation for viewing life on the forward deck of the steamer.

What if it is breezy at times, so that a wisp of golden hair passes feathery fingers over the bronzed cheek of the happy groom! What if summer gusts festoon her chiffon veil so that clearer view of peachy cheeks is revealed, and what if that filmy and insubstantial shoulder-wrap is displaced by a particularly lively current that comes from the nearby valley! Surely the happy man does not object to the delightful opportunities thus given for adjusting refractory draperies, and for holding them in place with his arm around her shoulder when the gusts are heaviest. Ah! me.... "Bless you, my children," we whisper in benediction. "May your life ever be like a voyage on the tranquil St. John."

Here is a charming spot, Camp Bedford, only seventeen miles from St. John, and just the place for the summer homes or bungalows of those who like some social life, and who do not wish to "commune with nature" alone in some more remote spot. A number of pleasant cottages line the heights by the shore, and as the occupants throng the wharf to greet us, the enjoyment they find in life is reflected in their happy faces.

And so with the numerous choice spots that now follow quickly as our destination looms up more nearly. Here the great river widens out to large proportions; and as we pass the frowning cliffs and massive rocks that mark a way to the harbor, it is apparent that few ports have such fine approaches as this, few rivers can match this for scenery—scenery that is unique and all its own. The steamer ties up at St. John at what is locally

known as Indian-town.



The St. John may fairly be termed an Imperial River, for at different times in the past it has “annexed” large portions of other great rivers, and turned their waters into her own. Both the Restigouche and Miramichi Rivers lost heavily in this way. The length of the river is nearly 450 miles, and no better trip could be planned anywhere than one up to the head waters of this great waterway.

The city of St. John was formerly called Parr Town, but was finally named from the great stream whose mouth it guards. De Monts and Champlain discovered and named the St. John River

in the year 1604, or some seventy years after Jacques Cartier's exploration of the St. Lawrence. That arm of the Atlantic in front of St. John, and known as the Bay of Fundy, was originally named La Baye Françoise by De Monts. On Dochet's Island in Passamaquoddy Bay the exploration party under De Monts passed a severe winter. The following summer they left the neighborhood and founded a colony at Port Royal in a protected basin on the south shore of the Bay of Fundy. Nearly thirty years later a fort was built near the mouth of the St. John River by Charles La Tour, a man who had much to do with the development of the then French province of Acadia, and whose wife Frances earned undying fame by her noble defense of the St. John Fort while La Tour was absent in Boston.

"Of all the gallant Frenchmen whose names and deeds endure
In old Acadian annals, the greatest was Latour.

* * * * *

He built a potent fortress beside that harbor deep,
Thro' which the broad and strong St. John flows with a mighty sweep.

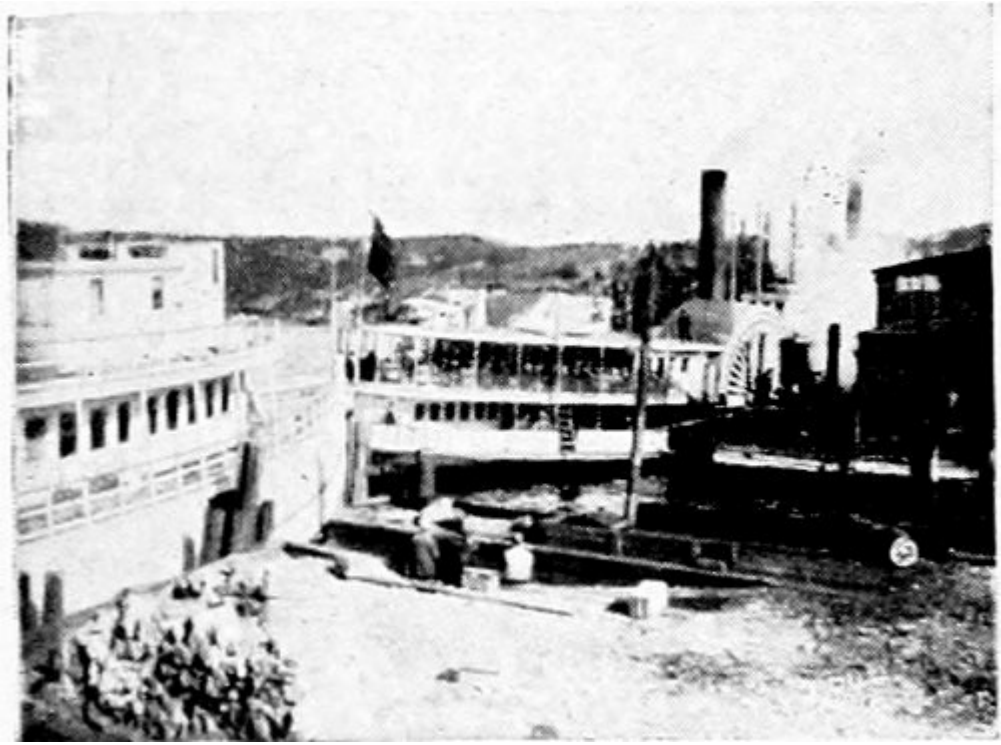
* * * * *

Strong were its earthen bastions, its palisades were tall,
Heavy and great the cannon that frowned above the wall;
And bold and true its soldiers, all men of fair Rochelle—
Stout Huguenots who knew no fear, but loved Latour full well.

* * * * *

But none within that fortress, tho' tried in many a fray—
Sons of the gallant men who fought on Ivry's bloody day—
Possessed more dauntless courage to dare or to endure,
So kind and yet so brave a heart, as the wife of Lord Latour."

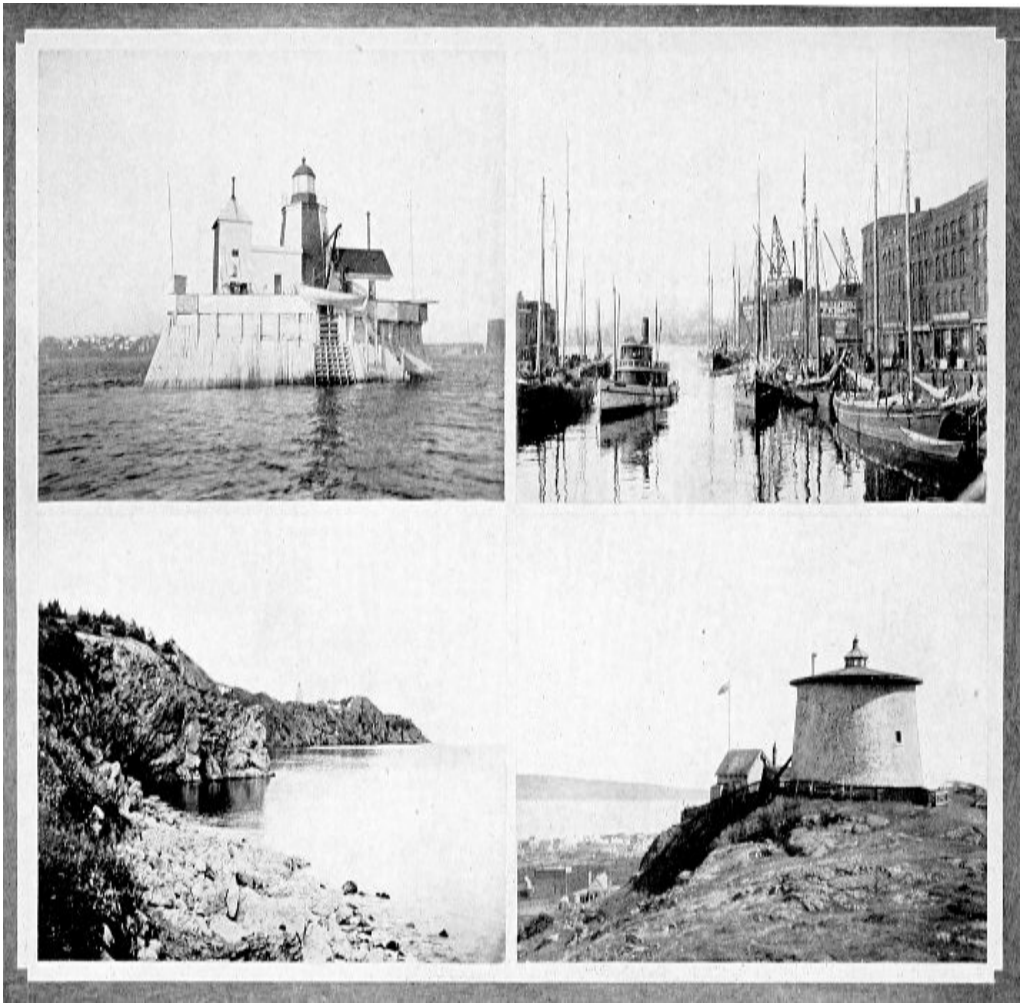
The French occupation gave way to the English about the middle of the eighteenth century, but the real settlement of St. John was made by United Empire Loyalists, or expatriated loyalists from New England, at the close of the American Revolutionary War.



St. John is a very homelike and pleasant city where cool sea breezes may be enjoyed all through the summer. It has restful small park areas or squares, as well as extensive outlying parks

and public gardens, and it is surrounded by a wealth of drives, resorts, boating places, beaches and places where all kinds of outdoor sport may be enjoyed. In addition, over one hundred outlying places of much interest are readily accessible from it as a centre, and for fishing and hunting it occupies a position only exceeded by those of the great sporting districts. For maritime pleasures, deep-sea fishing, etc., it shares supremacy with two or three other places such as Halifax and Sydney. It has good hotel and other accommodation, and for chance wet days it has a most excellent public library. In this connection may also be mentioned the Museum of the Natural History Society on Union Street.

It was at the foot of what is now King Street, the principal store thoroughfare, that the American Loyalists landed in 1783 and founded the city. What are presumed to be the remains of earthworks marking the site of Fort La Tour may be seen in West St. John at the foot of Middle Street. It was here that La Tour's wife, the "Heroine of Acadia," made such a gallant defense of her husband's cause. She is supposed to have been buried somewhere near where Governor Villebon is known to have been interred. In this connection the old French cannon on Queen Square is believed to have been taken from the French fortifications, and it is altogether likely to have been one of those to which Whittier referred in his poem, "St. John," on Charles La Tour and the noble Lady La Tour:



ST. JOHN HARBOR

1. Beacon in St. John Harbor
2. Market Slip, St. John, High Water
3. North Head, Grand Manan
4. Martello Tower

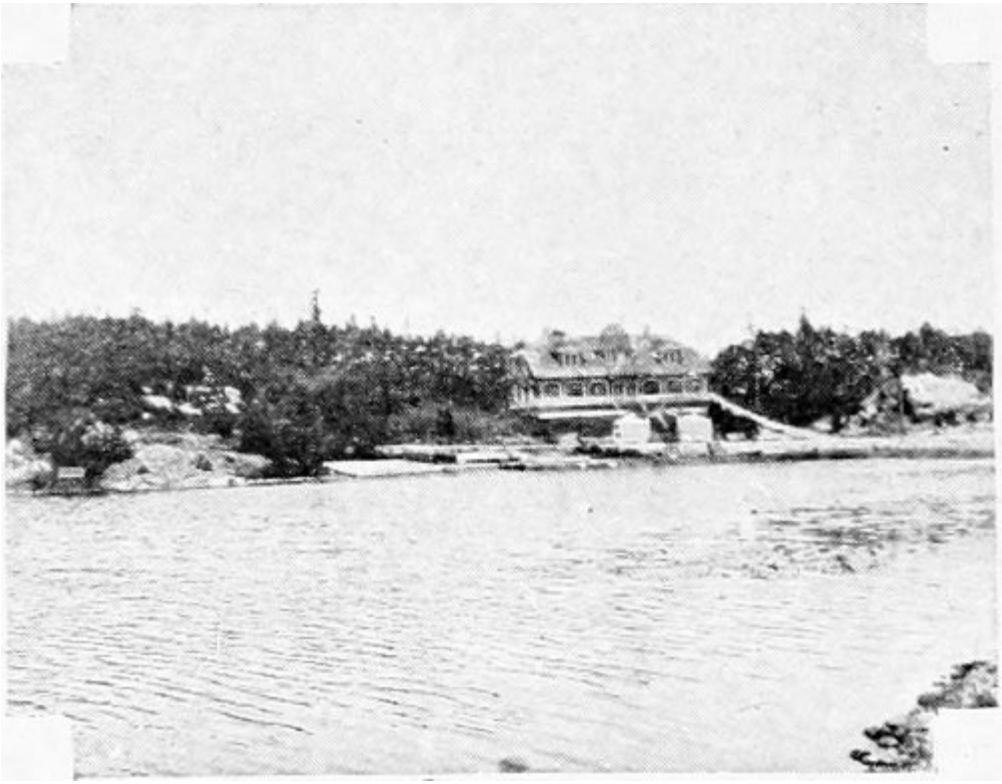
"Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon!"

Fort Frederick, built by the British, and now generally known as the "Old Fort," stands on the site of the former Fort La Tour. On the Carleton Heights stands a Martello Tower erected by the British about one hundred years ago. It is well worth a visit, and the caretaker has an interesting collection on view inside. There is an excellent view from the top of the tower. At Jemseg up the river an old French fort was occupied by Villebon, before he abandoned it for the fort he built on the Nashwaak, opposite Fredericton.

The harbor of St. John is deep and large, and shipping from all parts of the world may regularly be seen at its wharves. Its

waters have been the scene of many a naval engagement in times long gone by. The famous "Reversing Falls," the only phenomenon of the kind in all the world, may be seen at the huge rocky pass where the St. John pours out its great flood into the harbor. An immense body of water passes through this channel, representing the natural river drainage of over 25,000 square miles of country. It is not a fall as ordinarily understood, nor a sheer drop from high to low level. The outlet, though wide, is not sufficiently large to admit the inflow of the tidal water. The tide packs up, therefore, and falls into the river. In the same way the tide recedes in the harbor much faster than it can escape from the river channel, and at such time the fall is outward. Apart from the curiosity of such a strange sight, there is much beauty in the view from the Suspension Bridge. The view of the river from the Fairville side is very good, and the general scene from Prospect Point is also excellent.

There is a spot below the Fall where a rocky cavity causes a whirlpool effect at times. It was known in La Tour's time, and was called the "Pot." Floating timber was often caught in it and confined in a floating circle for days and weeks. One great tree is known to have been impounded there for many years. In connection with that tree it is told that the Indians called it Manitou, or "the Devil." To propitiate the evil spirit that lodged—as they thought—within it, they offered homage of beaver skins, which they attached to the tree with an arrow head made of sharpened moose bone.



Rockwood Park is quite close to the city, and is a delightful place in which to spend summer days. It is quite extensive, and is particularly interesting from the fact that it is full of natural beauty, having hill and dale, little glens and waterfalls, ponds, bridges, terraces, etc., and a variety of features that make it an attractive spot. There is rarely any crowd there, and those who love pleasant walks under shady trees, with a fine prospect in addition, may take a book and enjoy country repose on the very threshold of the city. Lily Lake is a pleasant sheet of water, within the park and not far from the entrance. The rocky fall at one end of it is very picturesque, and the climb down reveals a pretty scene. Five other lakes have been constructed to form a feeding chain for the park lake, and these, with the numerous

paths and roads that are laid out to them and through the rocks, glens and lakes, add greatly to the recreational resources of the park. If it is visited several times, a complete circuit of its beauties may gradually be made, and the views of the surrounding country, and those of the Bay of Fundy waters, will well repay all who engage in the delightful occupation. The opportunities for rambles, secluded walks, and for discovering many a charming spot, are almost unlimited.

The Public Gardens are at the west end of the park, and a pleasant hour or two may be well spent in either ramble or rest, to view the floral clusters so tastefully displayed.

There are golf, tennis and yachting clubs in or near the city; and unlimited opportunities for the enjoyment of sailing, yachting, boating and canoeing are found on different nearby waters suited to each preferred form of aquatic recreation.

Nearby Bay Shore beaches are found at Seaside Park, Blue Rock, Broad View and Bay Shore. These are all reached quite easily by street railway or ferry.

Trout fishing is free at the fine expanse of lakes known as Loch Lomond. There are hotels at which to stop and from which boats may be hired. A drive of about eleven miles is necessary to reach the first lake. There are many other choice lakes and

streams where the fishing rights are private. As a general statement permission to fish in many of the private waters may be obtained on application at the Tourist Bureau in the city.

There are many pretty drives along the country roads to nearby places. One of these is by way of Adelaide Street to Milledgeville on the Kennebecasis River, where will be found the club house of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club. The return may be made by Ragged Point, for the sake of the fine view from there of river and islands with boats and vessels of every description passing in all directions. Another is to Indian Town, Pleasant Point, Fairville, the Suspension Bridge and Reversing Fall; crossing the bridge and returning by way of Douglas Avenue with its lawns and comfortable homes. By crossing on the Carleton Ferry many pleasant roads are available, and in this direction the Bay Shore may be reached where there are pleasant coves and bathing places. Still another is to 'Three Mile House,' and Rothesay on the Kennebecasis River. Then Adam's and McConnell Lakes, Loch Lomond, Golden Grove and Chamber's Lake, as well as the Bay of Fundy, by way of Black River Road and Enchanted Lake, are pleasant drives. Good views of the city are obtained from Fort Howe Hill and from the heights of Mt. Pleasant.

Beaty's Beach, St. John

The best way to enjoy all that St. John contains is to settle down quietly in a comfortable hotel or other stopping-place, call at the Tourist Bureau, register and obtain their St. John Booklet with map, purchase McAlpine's Road Map of St. John, N.B., and County, and then become familiar with the city and environs by using the street railway, and taking rambles from place to place. Helpful maps also are the St. John River Steamship Co.'s, showing the places on the river as far up

as Fredericton; the Kennebecasis Steamship Co.'s, showing the Kennebecasis River as far as Hampton, and the May Queen Steamship Co.'s, showing Grand and Washademoak Lakes, and the places between St. John and Chipman. With these at hand the surrounding topography will soon be known, and a logical plan of operations can soon be planned out. There are other river steamboats with short runs, and still others that make occasional excursions; but particulars relating to these are best obtained on the spot.

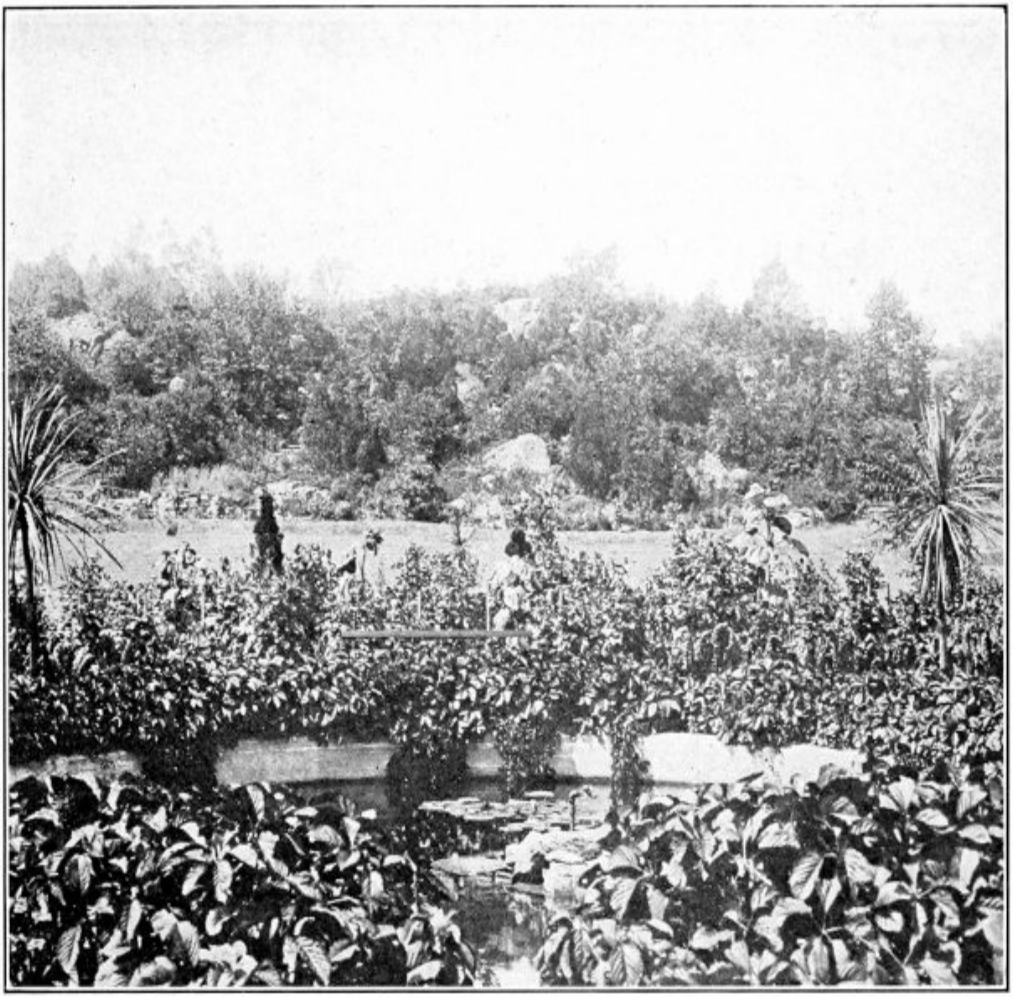
The favorite sea trips are those to Digby by Dominion Atlantic ferry Prince Rupert, and to lovely Campobello, pleasant Eastport and picturesque Grand Manan (island of bold and romantic cliffs) by the Grand Manan Steamboat Co. There are trips also to Parrsboro and Kingsport on the Minas Basin at the head of the Bay of Fundy.

Many of those who reach St. John by sea, principally from the West, make it the whole object of their trip, sojourning there, taking local excursions and finally returning over the route by which they came. Others, of course, make a stay there, and then visit the interior by way of the St. John River to Fredericton, going over the Intercolonial Railway from thence to Miramichi Bay and Bay of Chaleur, and so on to Quebec and the St. Lawrence. Or they pass over the St. John-Moncton division of the Intercolonial to Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island or Cape Breton. Wherever they go they will find Indian villages and encampments; and a few words on this feature of Maritime Province life will not be amiss here.

Visitors who wish to enjoy their vacation to its full extent should not make the mistake of taking a flying trip through an

Indian village. Our life would not be understood by a stranger who took only a momentary glimpse of it, and this is true in a much greater degree of Indian life. The Indian does not live nearly so much on the surface as we do, for he is silent and uncommunicative; and we are apt to err in judging from superficial observation that there is little in his life worthy of note.

The Indian has to be drawn out. Gain his confidence—let the newness of strangership wear off gradually—go and be piloted by him over many a foaming rapid—go with him in the woods—share a tent with him under the moon by night—put up your own tent near his village, and visit his humble little home—do all this, and you will learn much.



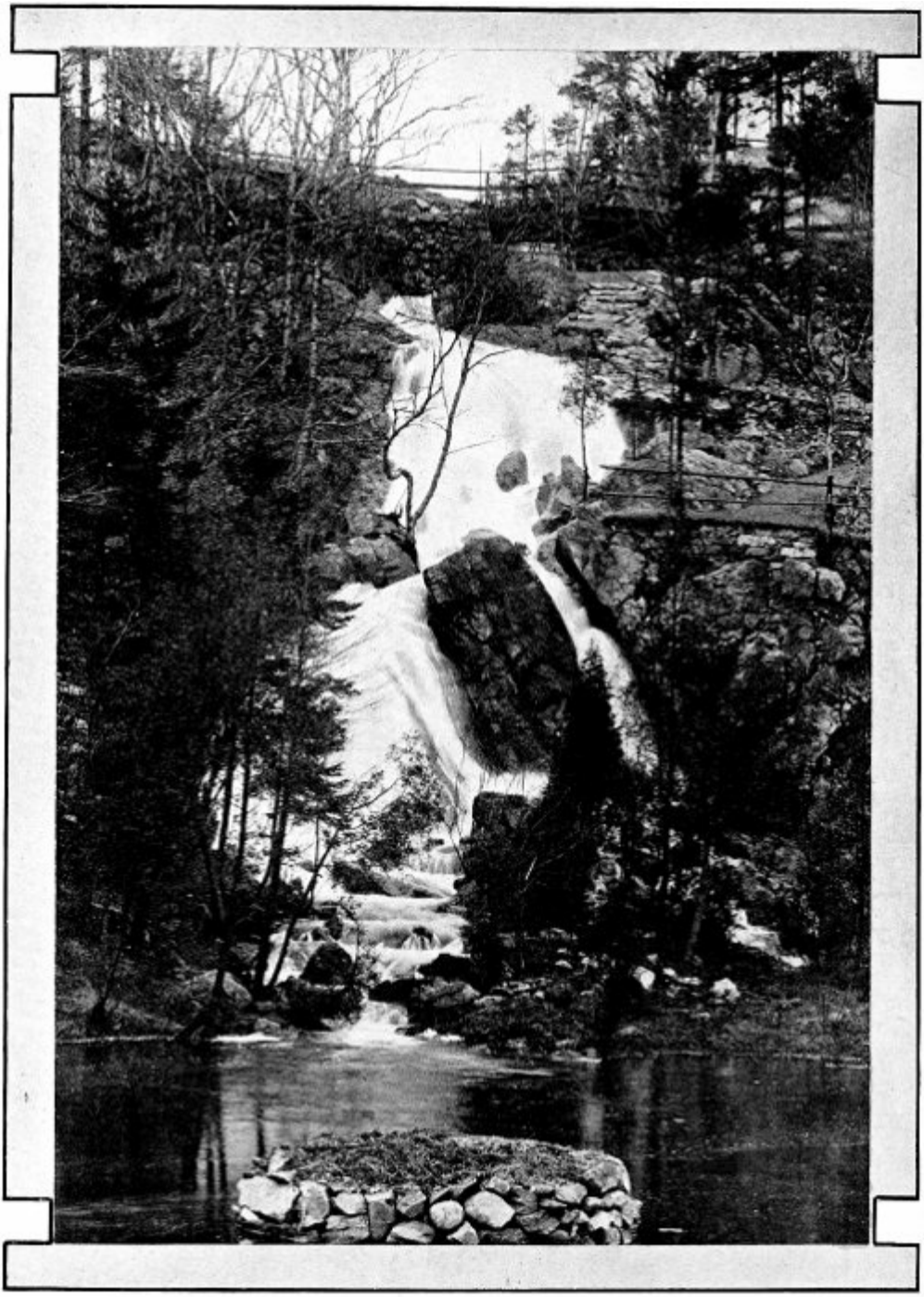
Public Gardens, St. John

"He makes his way with speed and ease
  Through woods that show the noonday star,
The moss-grown trunks of oldest trees
  His lettered guide books are.

Needs he a fire? The kindling spark
  He bids the chafed wood reveal.
Lacks he a boat? Of birchen bark

He frames a lightsome keel.”

Some of the older Indians have a natural dignity and beauty of expression that is wonderful. In time you will hear many quaint incidents of their lives; and if you are patient and gain their confidence, tales they have heard and the traditions of their fathers will gradually be yours.



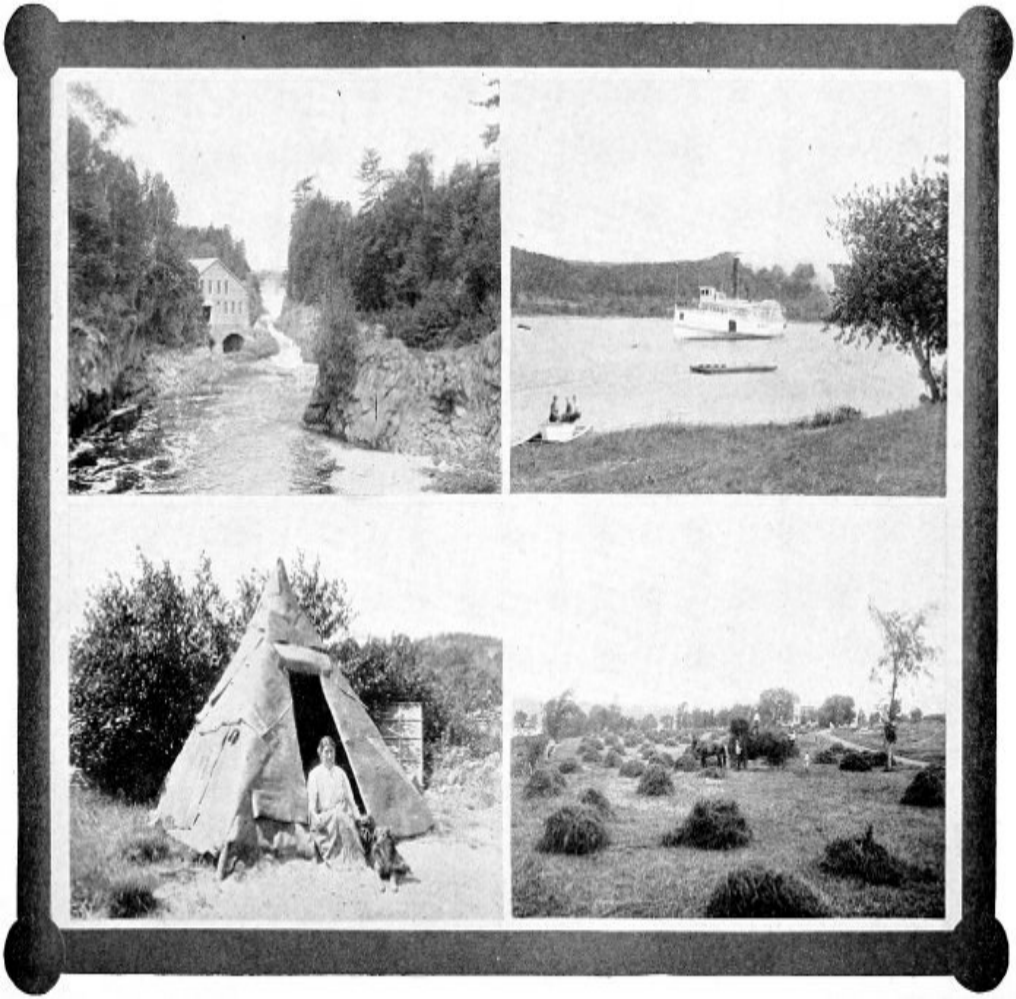
In Rockwood Park, St. John

It is, of course, difficult to understand an Indian properly in any tongue other than his own. His English is often broken and peculiar. Here is a "snake story" just as told by a Maliceet: "From dis landin', 'bout tree, may be four mile, I s'pose, dere's a loggin' road. 'Bout nine years ago, in de fall, I was goin' down dat road with Archy Lodge, when we saw big pine log lyin' right cross de road. Archy he say, 's'pose we have chop dat log to get team by.' I say, 'Yes, s'pose'; an' Archy he get off an' go to git de axe. Den dat tree he move right out de road, an' go trough de brush like de devil, an' break down maple saplin's big's my arm. So 'twas a big snake!"

Maliceet Indians are now found chiefly on the St. John River and its tributaries. The Micmacs are found in eastern parts of New Brunswick, and in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The Micmacs are not a cross between the Irish and Scotch—as has been humorously remarked might be thought from their name. Both Maliceet and Micmac trace their descent from the great Algonquin nation.

Indians are eloquent. Read the reply of the old Maliceet chief to

the Government Commissioners who were sent to dispossess the Indians of their lands at Medoctec on the St. John. The commissioners asked: “By what right or title do you hold these lands?” The old chief, with knowledge of right on his side, pointed to the little enclosures by the river as he gravely said, “There are the graves of our grandfathers! There are the graves of our fathers! There are the graves of our children!” To this argument the commissioners could make no reply, and the Indians were left in possession.



ST. JOHN RIVER

1. St. George Falls, N.B.
2. Evanisle, St. John River
3. Indian Camp, St. John River
4. Haying at Lakesie, N.B.

An Indian courtship was formerly a very simple affair. If a young brave decided to marry—his relatives approving—he would go into the wigwam where an "eligible" maiden lived, and look at her without saying one word. If he liked her

appearance he tossed a chip into her lap. This was “popping the question.” The maiden would shyly pretend to examine it closely while taking covert glances to “size up” her admirer. If “smitten,” she would throw the chip at him with a pleasant smile, and then nothing was wanting but the service of the priest to bind the marriage tie. If, however, the young brave was not a man to her liking, the chip would be tossed aside with a frown, and he would then be obliged to seek elsewhere.

A full wedding ceremony took place in the following way. On the appointed day the happy brave, accompanied by his relatives, went to the bride and her assembled friends. She was “given away” by her father, and was then dressed in a handsome costume, a present from the groom. All then took their way to

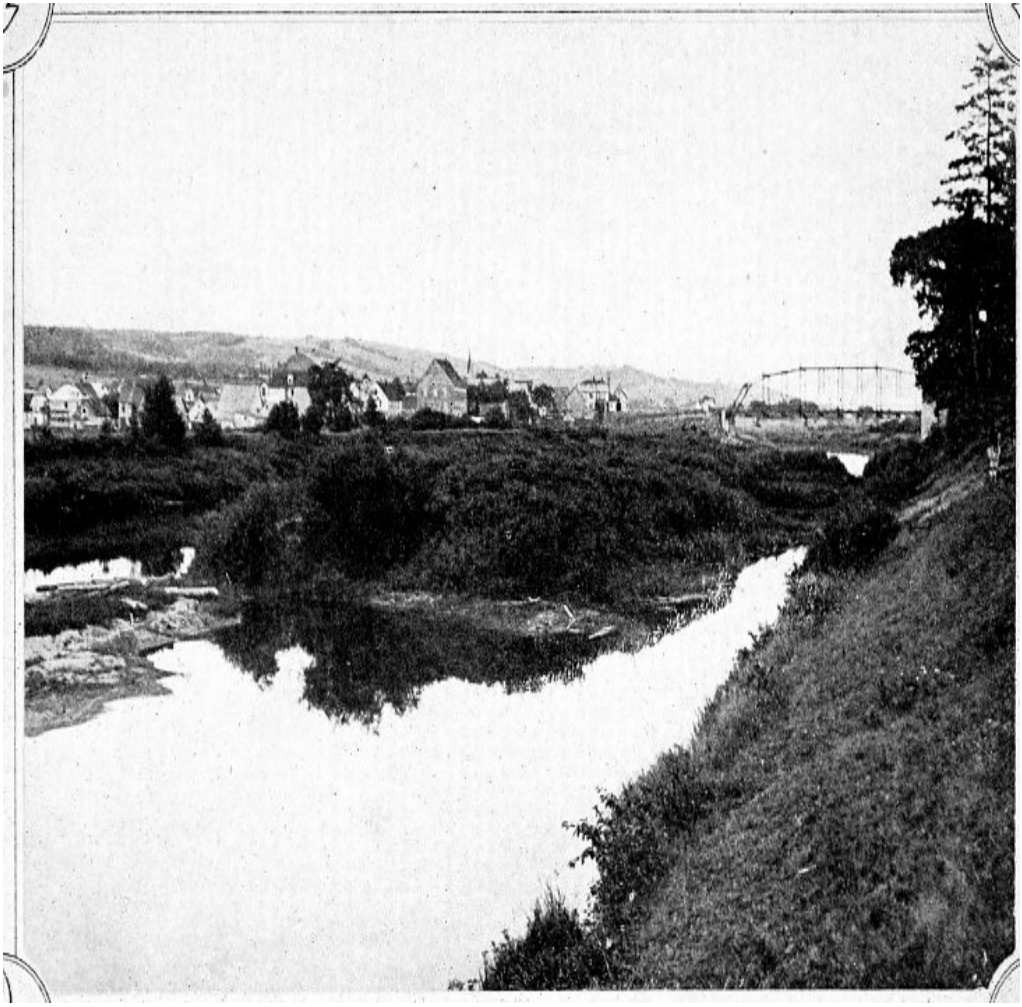
the village green to participate in the wedding dance, at which the whole village was present. The following day the newly-wedded pair started on a canoe honeymoon trip. At some choice spot, chosen for its beauty and romantic surroundings, both knelt together and made vows of unending affection, The neighborhood of some great rock was always preferred, and the enduring rock was invoked to witness the vows thus made. A tree was rarely chosen because of its being more perishable than a rock.

The superior civilization of the Indian knows little of infidelity, and nothing of divorce.

All the Indian peoples of Canada had, and still have, superstitious and strange fancies. Animals, plants, mountains, rivers and great rocks were supposed to have indwelling spirits. They were, therefore, treated with respect. Even to animals of the chase, such as bear and beaver, etc., they would offer an apology for the necessary pursuit. Fishing-nets were even included in a ceremony which consisted of an address to the fish begging them to take courage and be caught, soothing them also by the promise that due respect should be paid to their bones. Plants had souls, the Indians believed; and, in addition, they held the belief that elves and fairies of great beauty and marvellous powers dwelt in hill and valley. The high mountain tops were supposed to be inhabited by gods with wonderful attributes; and the sound of thunder, the voice of the rapid, and the roar of the great cataract were all manifestations to them of individual divinities. Above all was the overruling Manitou or Great Spirit.

The Indian settlements on the St. John River and elsewhere in

New Brunswick, as well as in Nova Scotia, etc., are well worth a visit; and all who wish to understand the life and ways of those who have so well been named "Children of the Forest," should give some time to a pleasing form of recreation that is sure to bring many hours of happiness in its train.



Kennebecasis River

St. John to Moncton and Point du Chene

The trip by steamboat from St. John up the Kennebecasis will

have given many a view, distant and near, of the beautiful valley and the garden country surrounding it. The course of the river steamboat is to the west of Long Island, and hence of such pretty suburbs as Renforth and Rothesay only distant glimpses may be had. Hampton is the head of steam navigation; but the river runs up to Norton, Apohaqui, Sussex and beyond, in all of which places pretty views may be seen. These places, therefore, are best seen from the Intercolonial Railway, which passes through the heart of the several districts; and, in addition, the road runs up to Petitcodiac village and along by the river of that name as far as Moncton.

Renforth, Rothesay, Hampton and the various summer resort in the vicinity of St. John lying on or near the Kennebecasis are all pleasant vacation spots, justly prized by the inhabitants of the prosperous city for which they provide such convenient and delightfully situated country places.

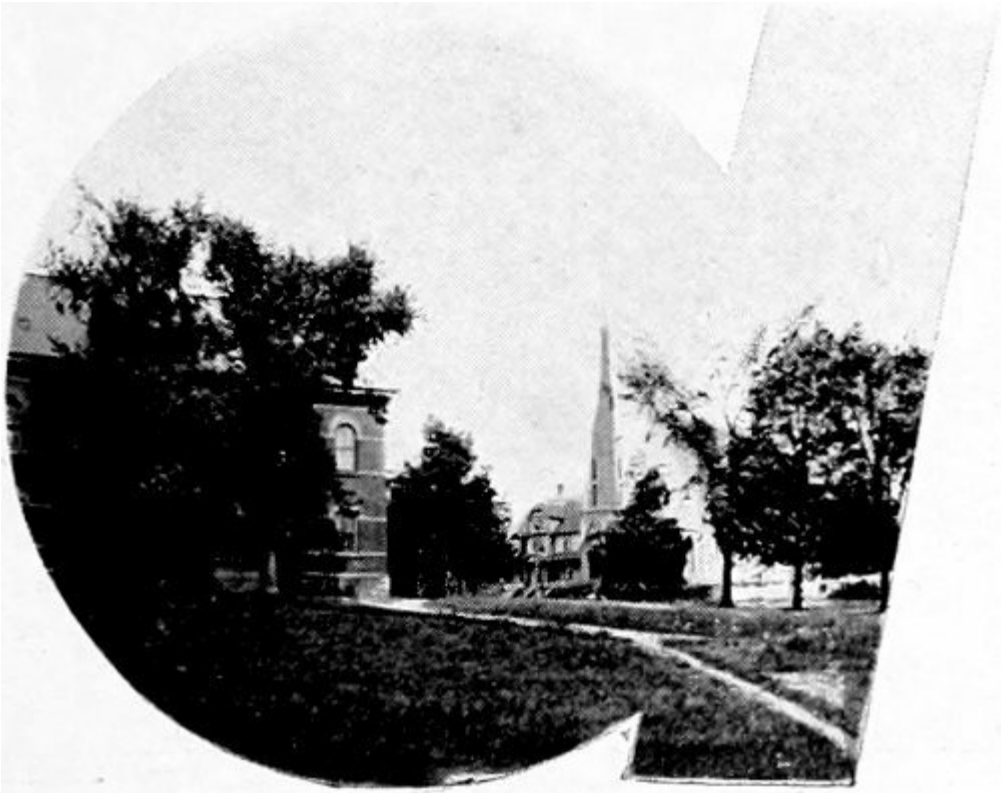
At Renforth there is a choice little cove or bay where summer cottages face riverwards along a breezy ridge that follows the course of the stream at this point; while at Rothesay the bungalows are very prettily disposed in the woods by the shore, and on the pleasant slopes above. At both of these places good boating, sailing, and canoeing may be had, as well as motor boating. River bathing is enjoyed by nearly all who summer in these charming spots. While not so cool as seaside places, they are appreciably cooler than town or city, and on that account they have become favorite resorts for St. John people, as well as for others from more distant points.

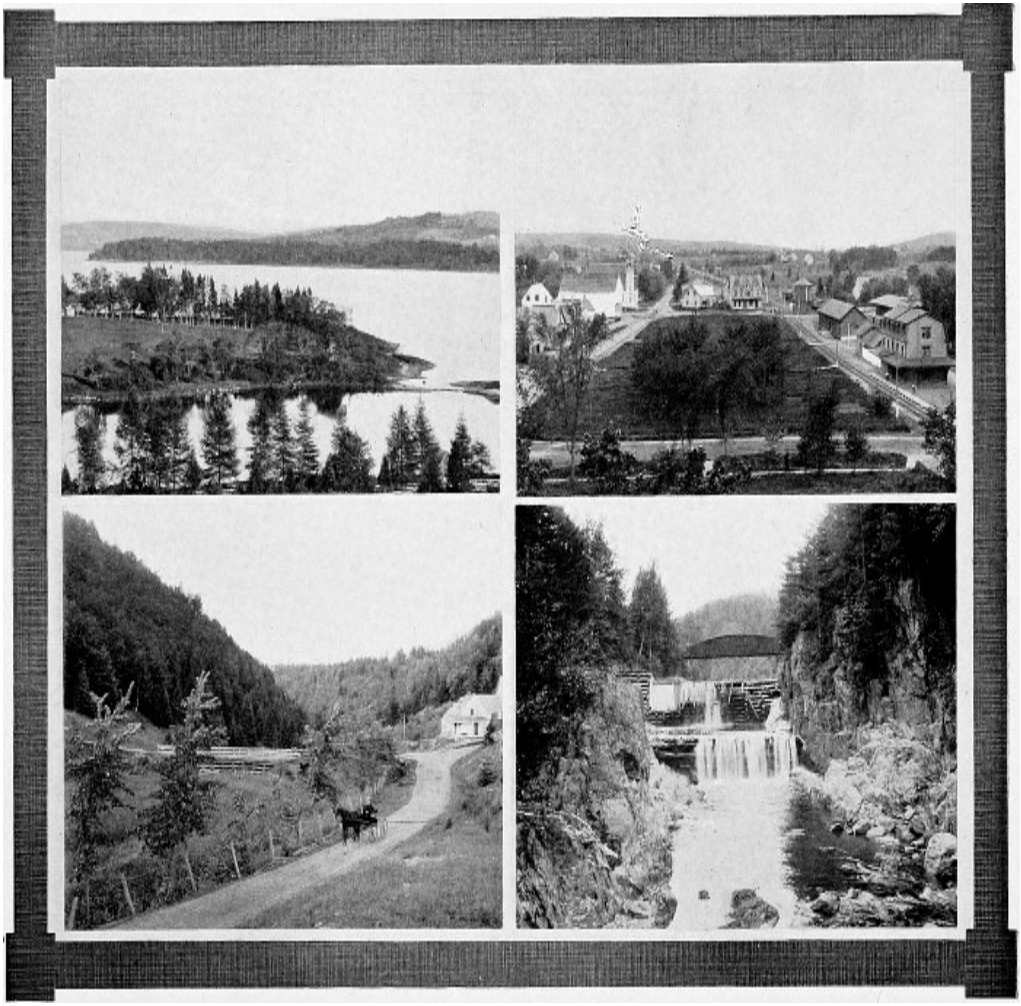
Above Rothesay the railroad strikes inland a mile or two from the river, but at Jubilee and Nauwigewauk it resumes its river course and holds it until near Hampton, where it is about a mile from the part of the village that fronts on the water. Hampton, however, may be said to run almost from the station to the river, and with the pleasant inn or summer hotel close by the station, the pretty village, the Court-House green, and the splendid view from the hills, together with the many shady walks, this part of

the village has many attractions.

Hampton is the head of Kennebecasis River navigation for steamboats; and as all the pleasant resorts just named are either on the river or near it, those who summer in this neighborhood will soon become familiar with the enjoyable scenery of the Kennebecasis. At Hampton-by-the-River, it should be added, there is a comfortable homelike hotel or stopping-place. The surroundings of the whole village are all picturesque, and such as conduce to pleasure in walks, drives and rambles.

An enjoyable water outing may be taken on the river by boarding the steamboat at Hampton and going downstream to St. John. At first a way is threaded through the meadows by a varied channel that makes it necessary to “double” and often head in an opposite direction, to pass some island or follow the devious windings of a stream that makes bends and turns and double-bends in its course. At last the meadows are passed, however, and a typical river course with regular channel is entered. Here high hills and steep ridges line the way. The view at Clifton is very fine, and at Moss Glen and Chapel Grove it is almost equally good. As St. John is neared the steamboat passes into the waters of the larger river and takes its way past the Boar’s Head, and round south to the Indiantown Wharves.





ST. JOHN TO MONCTON

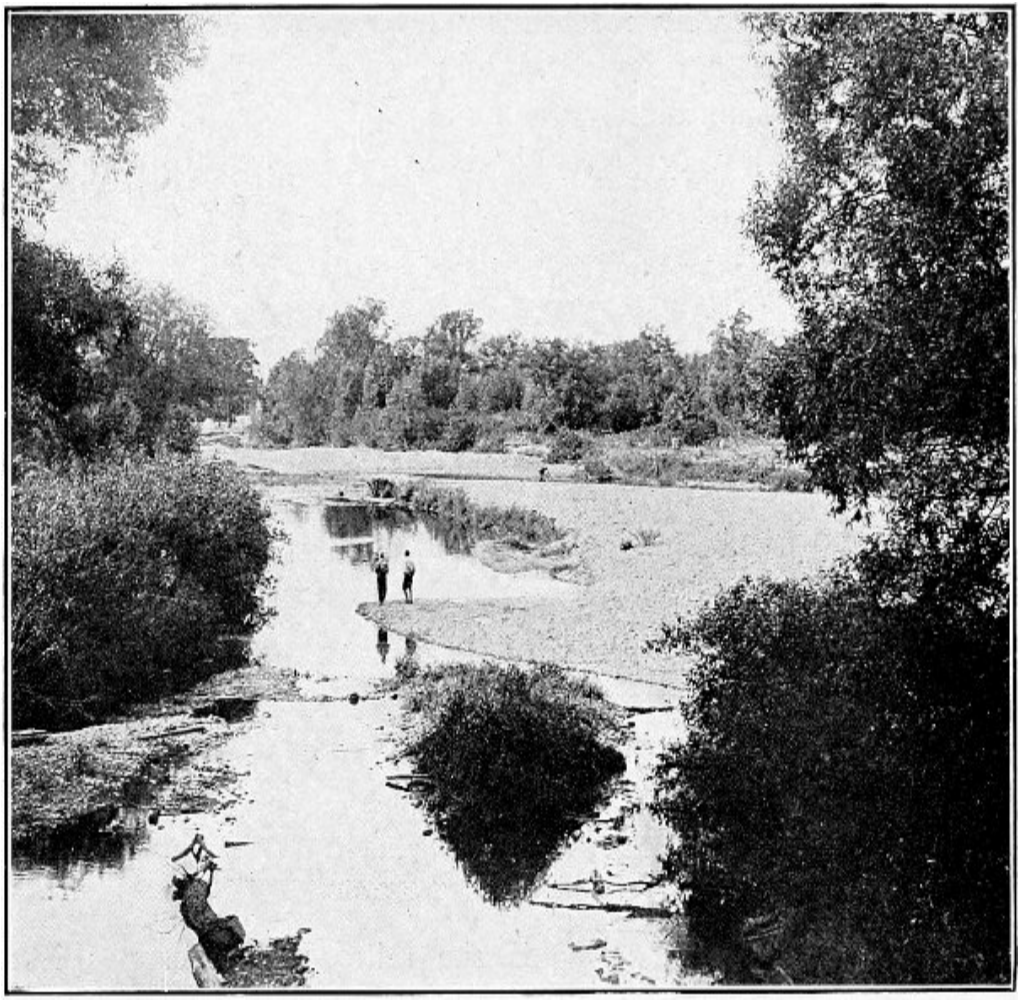
From Hampton a short railroad runs to St. Martin's and Quaco on the Bay of Fundy shore. St. Martin's is a favorite excursion point that is readily reached by a short sea journey from St. John. Quaco, almost immediately joining on the south, has a very pretty harbor. Bold cliffs and little stony beaches are prominent features in its attractive scenery.

Journeying north-east from Hampton along the line of the Intercolonial Railway the course of the upper Kennebecasis River is approximately followed by way of Norton, Apohaqui and Sussex through a very pleasant pastoral country. These are all excellent summer places, and from nearly all of them fishing is within easy reach. From Norton a short railroad runs through choice country to Grand Lake, Chipman and the Salmon and Gaspereau Rivers. Apohaqui has a favorable situation at the mouth of the branching Millstream, while the smart little town of Sussex has a delightful site with its own pretty little waterway stretching off through the Sussex Vale to the southeast.

After leaving Penobsquis the railroad soon crosses North River, and the upper waters of the Petitcodiac; then following a course first west and then north of the Petitcodiac River, it reaches Moncton. Petitcodiac is not only a pretty village itself, but it has much romantic scenery surrounding it. The Pollet River Falls to the south-east are well worth seeing, and the river itself invites to many a ramble.

At Salisbury a short railroad runs east to Hillsboro on the Petitcodiac River, and from thence in a southerly direction along the west shore of Chignecto Bay to Albert, Harvey and Alma. The country round about Albert is very picturesque, and Alma on the Bay Shore is an attractive village. The peculiar Hopewell Cape Rocks are generally reached by driving from Hillsboro. Ample recreation is found through this district in fishing, walking, and driving; and there is boating on Chignecto Bay, etc.

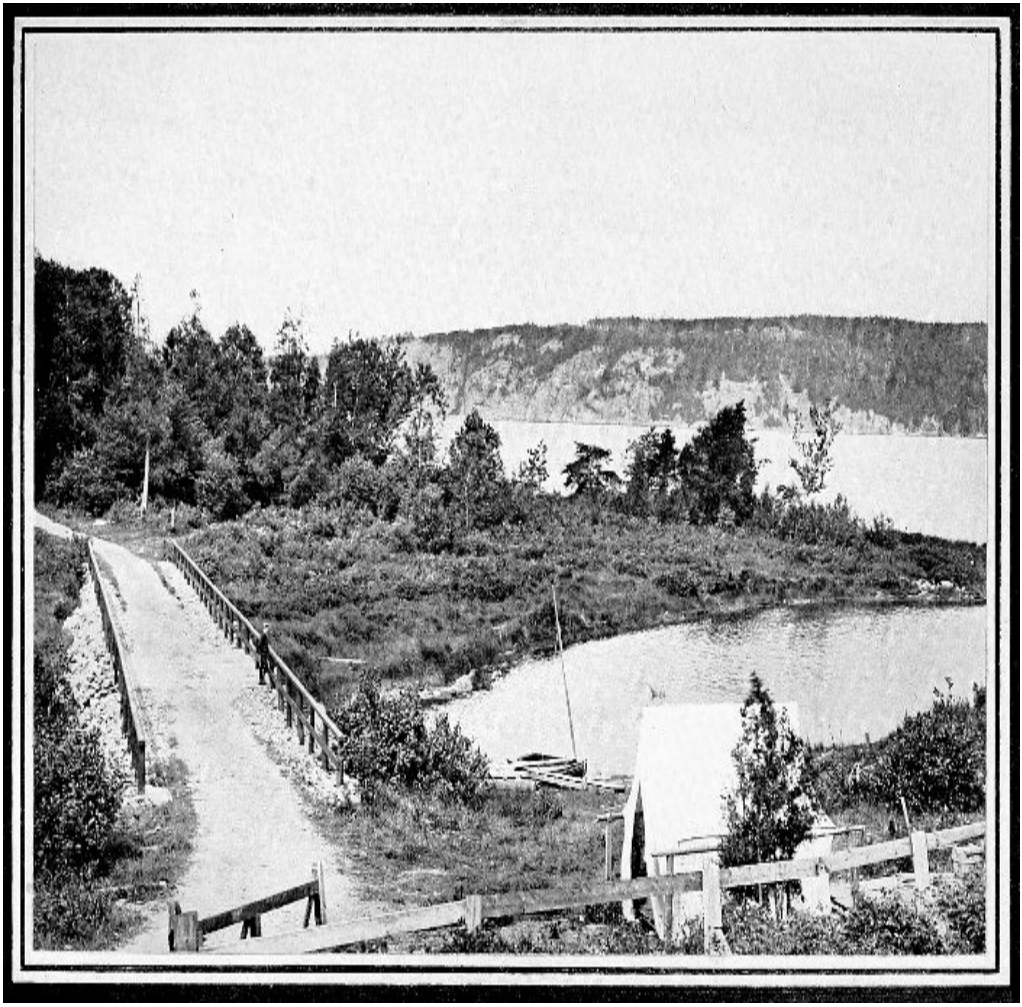
Few would recognize the progressive and prosperous city of Moncton as the place that originally came into being under the modest name of "The Bend." The name applied to the river, Petitcodiac, which seems a blending of French and Indian, means a "bend." Soon after the middle of the eighteenth century the place was named after General Monckton, once Lieutenant-General of Nova Scotia, who had served at Louisbourg, served also as second in command under General Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, and who later was British Governor of New York.



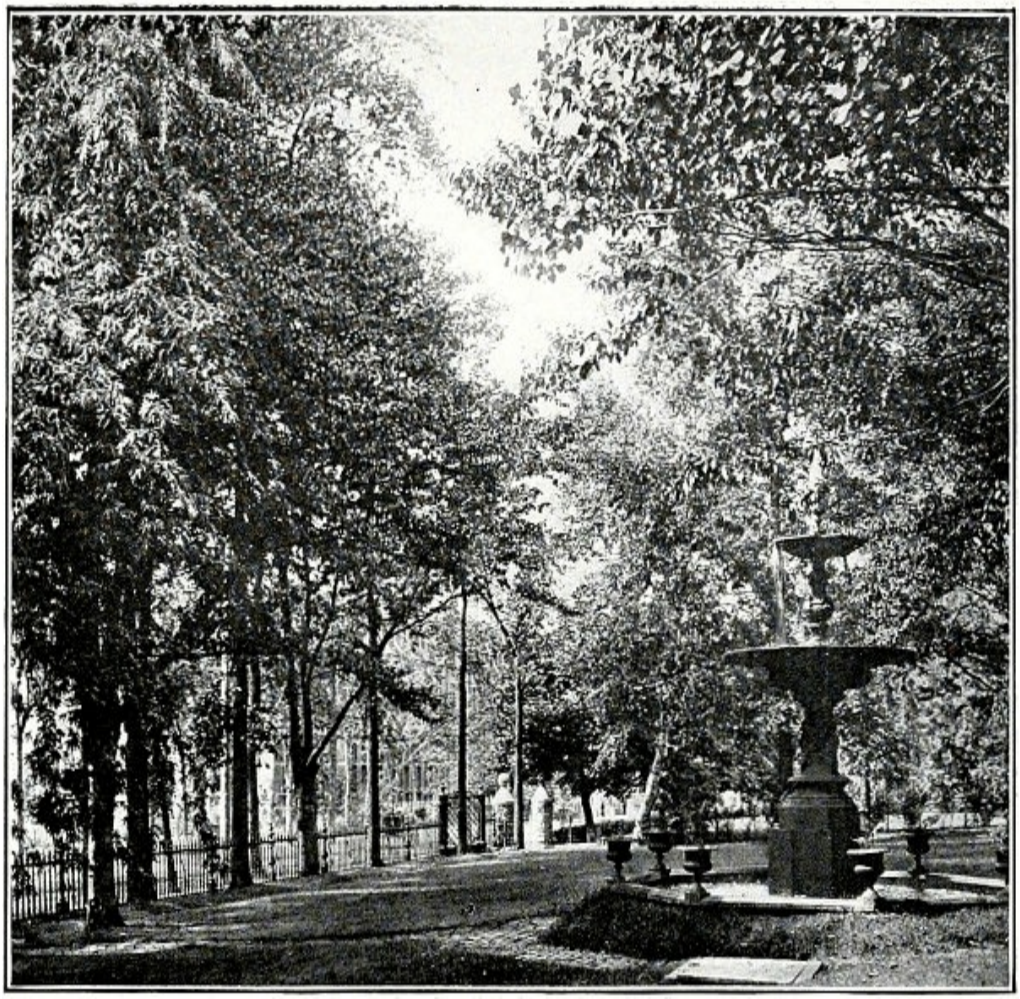
On the Kennebecasis River

Some of the early settlers of "The Bend," as Moncton was then known, came from Philadelphia and the Delaware River in pre-revolutionary days. One of these early settlers built a log house on the spot where now stands the railway round-house. Some United Empire Loyalists assisted in the settlement later on. The place had a gradual growth until 1872, when it commenced a new life by becoming an Intercolonial Railway centre, with workshops, etc., and to-day, as a consequence, it is an important

town, full of life and vitality.



Rothesay Park Bridge



Moncton—General Offices of the Intercolonial Railway through the Trees

The management and administration of the Intercolonial Railway, as well as the clerical, constructive and auxiliary staffs, all centre in Moncton. As a consequence, about 2500 of the town's population are in Intercolonial employ.

The General Offices of the Railway occupy a prominent position adjoining the station grounds. The building has recently been extended to give much needed room, and with its pleasant

surroundings gives comfortable quarters for the working staff of the system.

The city bears on its face every evidence of prosperity, and it has many excellent stores and pleasant residential streets.

The Moncton and Buctouche Railway has its headquarters here; and Moncton is also the eastern terminus of one of Canada's trans-continental railway systems, the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The phenomenon of the Bay of Fundy "Tidal Bore" is best seen on the Petitcodiac River at Moncton. The rise and fall of the tide here shows a difference of thirty feet between extreme high and extreme low. At favorable times the height of the incoming wall of water, or "bore," is between four and five feet. At such times it is a very wonderful and interesting sight.

There are a number of pleasant walks and drives in and around the city, with drives of a more extended character to Shediac and Hopewell Cape and Rocks. By rail, too, it is easy to reach many pleasant spots in a very short time.

Many will be surprised to learn that there are splendid oil and gas fields in the neighborhood of Moncton. A number of wells have been drilled, and some are exceedingly productive.

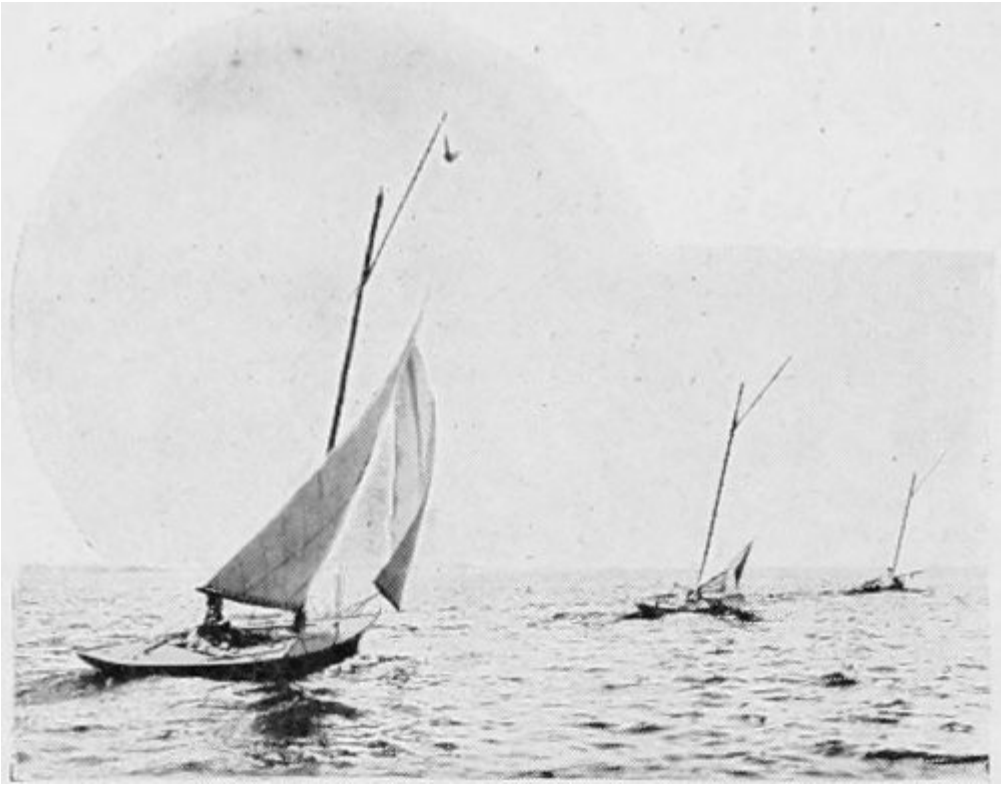
The importance of this development will be understood from the mere statement of the present capacity of the gas wells, which is fifty millions of cubic feet daily; nor does this represent a maximum capacity, for the industry is just in its infancy; the first public consumption of gas in Moncton dating only from the year 1912.

The Intercolonial Railway uses nearly two million feet of gas daily in its workshops, and manufacturing plants generally are hastening to adopt gas as a substitute for coal. As is well known, gas is much more efficient and economical than coal as a fuel; and the product of the local gas wells is of excellent quality, its thermal value being high. A striking modern example of the use of gas fuel is demonstrated in Moncton, for here the electric power for street railway purposes, for the pumping station at the waterworks and for street and domestic lighting is all generated economically through the use of gas as a fuel.

Although natural gas is used so generally by manufacturers and residents of Moncton, and is also piped into the village of Hillsboro, in Albert County, its use is less than ten per cent. of the yielding capacity of the present gas wells. It is also believed that other wells will be discovered, and many experts are of the opinion that the gas field has merely been tapped on the fringe.

The early expansion of Moncton as a manufacturing and residential centre will be apparent to those who study economic conditions, for in addition to the low cost of gas as a fuel for manufacturing and general power purposes, the use of it as a substitute for coal in the important detail of house heating in winter shows a saving of over eighty-five per cent.

It will be remembered that from Newcastle and Chatham Junction a course by the Miramichi River was traced, followed by another along the Nashwaak to Fredericton. From that point a further course was traced down the lower St. John River to the city of St. John, and thence to Rothesay, Hampton, Sussex and Petitcodiac to Moncton.



Starting now from the Miramichi River and Chatham Junction and proceeding along the main line to Moncton, a section of country is traversed that is inland from the Northumberland Straits Coast a varying distance of twenty to twenty-five miles. The railway line in its progress crosses the main Barnaby River as well as its upper waters, bridges the Kouchibouguac, the Kouchibouguacis and the Richibucto Rivers, and passes over the headwaters of the Canaan, Buctouche, Cocagne and North streams. At Kent Junction railroad connection is made for Richibucto and St. Louis; and from Moncton a line runs to Buctouche.

Richibucto and St. Louis are Acadian settlements, the former a

prosperous place from which timber is shipped. There is bathing not far from Richibucto, with boating and other shore recreation.

Some of the small streams between the Barnaby River and Moncton are used for logging in the spring, the headwaters of some of them being not over twelve feet wide. In places where the river has not risen high enough, the logs may be seen packed side-by-side, like matches, or piled high in a confused heap with projecting timbers, presenting the appearance of a *chevaux-de-frise*. With a heavy rainfall, however, these streams swell to considerable proportions; and the logs are easily borne down to the mills, and to the coast, with some attention here and there to free the timber when it jams.

Buctouche, at the mouth of the river of that name, is a little Acadian watering place about two hours' run from Moncton over the Moncton and Buctouche Railway.

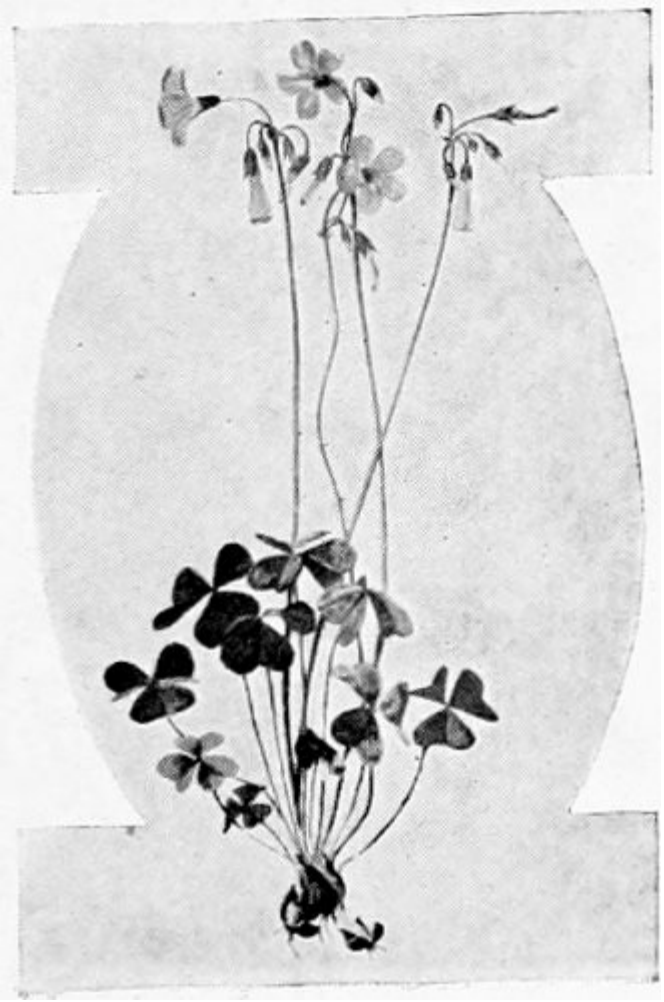
In a north-easterly direction from Moncton the line of the Intercolonial Railway reaches Painsec Junction. The main line here passes to the east, after throwing off a short branch that leads to Shediac and Point du Chêne.

Shediac is a pleasant town situated on a broad harbor, sheltered by Shediac Island. It has a good sand beach, and is celebrated for its fine oysters. There is excellent fishing here, both in fresh and salt water. The place was once strongly garrisoned by French troops.

North of Shediac is a large Acadian settlement, the Cocagnes, reached by coast road, or by boat around

Cocagne Cape and into the mouth of the Cocagne River. East of Shediac are other interesting Acadian villages; these also are accessible by coast road and boat.

Point du Chêne is well placed as a pleasant little Summer place for boating, etc., but it is chiefly known as the place of departure for the passenger steamships crossing the Northumberland Straits to Summerside, Prince Edward Island. Steamships for other parts of the same island leave from Pictou, some 140 miles east; but the Point du Chêne route is preferable for all but those who come from Cape Breton, Halifax, etc., and the comfortable and smart-looking steamships of the Prince Edward Island Navigation Co. that cross from Point du Chêne to Summerside leave nothing to be desired in the way of equipment and speed.



Prince Edward Island

Evening cloud effects of a beautiful character are frequently seen when crossing the Straits of Northumberland from Point du Chêne to Summerside on Prince Edward Island. On one occasion it had threatened rain on leaving the mainland, but when the steamer was well over and nearing Summerside the

clouds began to disperse. The sun was about to dip below the horizon, and its upward slanting beams gave marvellous coloring to the dispersing cloud drifts. These assumed the deepest and richest tints of pink and terra cotta, with an infinite variety of fantastic forms; and this lovely Prince Edward Island sunset, with all its gorgeous display of form and color, was the topic of conversation then and afterwards amongst those on the steamer, and who met by chance on the Island later on.

In approaching the Island the first feature of the land that attracts attention is the red sandstone. Red may be termed the Island's color, for everywhere the red sandstone and the light hue of the soil—almost as vivid as the well-known Pompeian clay—is to be seen. It affords a beautiful contrast with the vivid green of the fields and the darker green of the fir and spruce trees that freshen the landscape.

> "Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
> Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade;
> Where'er you tread the blushing flowers shall rise,
> And all things flourish where you turn your eyes."

Prince Edward Island has been well christened. It is doubtful if Cabot ever called there. Jacques Cartier is said to have done so, however, and it was he who called it the "Low and Beautiful Island." The Indians called it Abegweit, or "Resting on the Wave." Champlain named it L'Isle St. Jean; the English rechristened it after Edward, Duke of Kent, as "Prince Edward Island," and it has since been termed the "Garden of the Gulf," and the "Million Acre Farm."

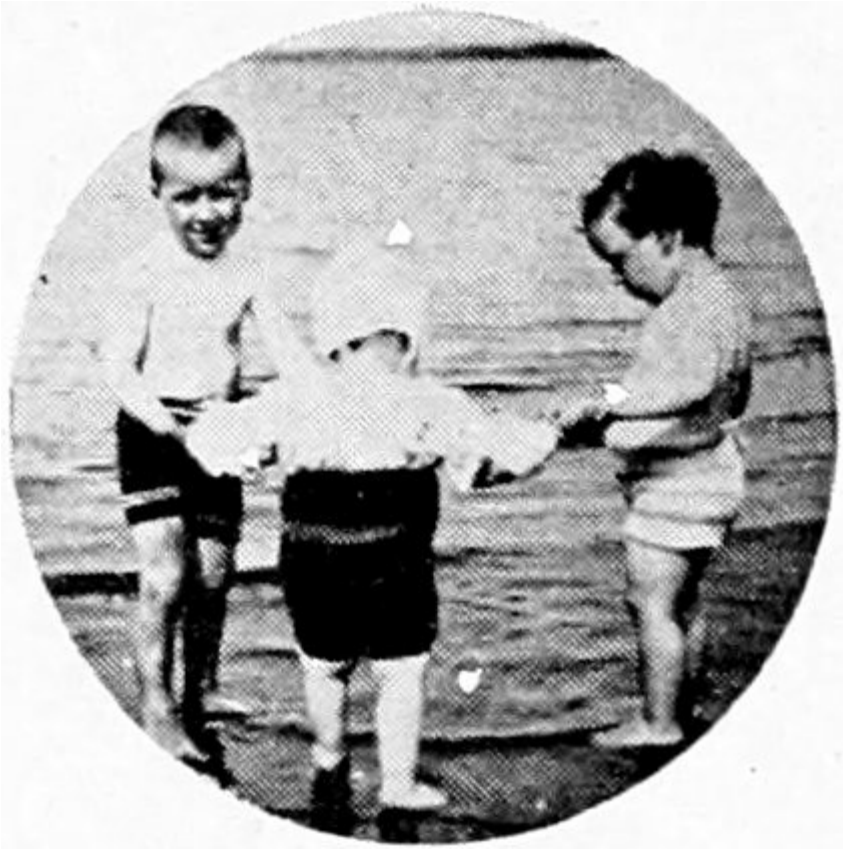
Together with the Magdalen Islands it was tentatively settled by the French in 1663, and was always included as part of Acadia; but its real settlement dates from the time when the Acadians came hither after being expelled from Nova Scotia. Peasants from Bretagne, Picardy and Normandy participated in the settlement; and later, English and Scotch settlers followed. Many hoards of arms, furniture, cooking utensils, etc., have been found hidden in the woods, placed there by the early Acadians.

Some ten thousand descendants of this hunted people are living on the Island, and as they do not readily mix with others, and thus preserve their old manner of living, they are a very interesting part of the population. To some extent they live by themselves in their own villages, speaking the original tongue, wearing the simple dress and keeping alive the old traditions. They are simple and kindly, and give color and charm to the more populous communities that surround them.

In these places the maidens still weave, sew and lay by linen for the expected marriage; and the simple social gatherings for weddings, barn-raisings, etc., still attract their people of all ages. Many of them still believe in “Loups-garous” and other fictions of ghost, and haunting spirits, etc. The principal Acadian settlements are at Rustico, Tignish, Abram’s Village, and Miscouche.

The quaint broken English of the old Acadian is shown in this extract relating to our little friend the grosbeak:

"An' mebbe you hear de grosbec
   Sittin' above de nes'—
An' you see by de way he's goin'
   De ole man's doin' his bes'
Makin' de wife an' baby
   Happy as dey can be—
An' proud he was come de fader
   Such fine leetle familee."



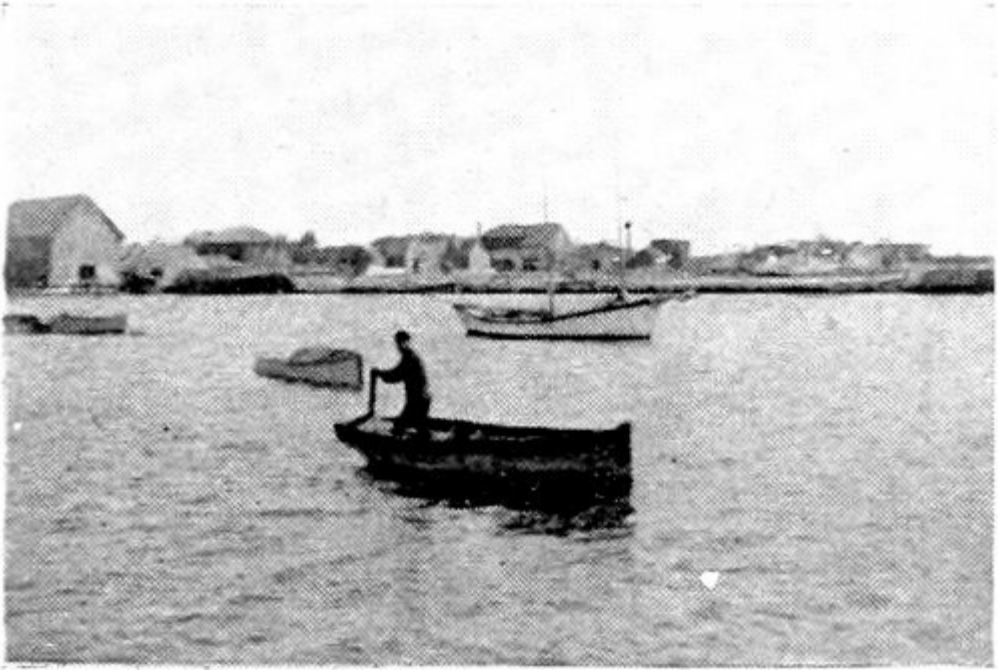
There are a few hundred Micmac Indians living along the north shore. They are good hunters, and an outing with them for trout and wild birds is a pleasant experience.

The water surrounding the island is shallower than that of the mainland coast, and on that account, and because the temperature is higher, the bathing here is not too cool, and is much enjoyed. It is warmer than New Brunswick or Nova Scotia—Atlantic Nova Scotia being the coolest place of all. The summer temperature of the Island ranges from 65 to 80

degrees, and higher on exceptional occasions.

It has been remarked that, “there will come to the world-weary tourist visions of a beautiful land in the midst of the cool sea—a land fanned by healthful breezes, a land of green hills, purling brooks and fertile fields. The crowded fashionable watering places have lost their charm for him, and he yearns for some place of rest and repose where quiet summer days can be obtained”—and all this is true of Prince Edward Island.

A recent census of the Island shows the largest population per thousand of people over seventy years of age in any province of Canada. In most countries a fourth generation is rare, but Prince Edward can boast of a fifth. This is the Poirier family of Tignish, the men are fishermen who all “pull together” in excellent health. The head of the family, great-great-grandfather Poirier, has 202 living descendants, and at 97 years of age rises at daylight, turns his fish on the “flakes” to dry, and chops and saws his wood.



But we have entered Bedeque Bay, and are at Summerside, bound for Alberton and Tignish at the western end of the Island. A very pleasant harbor indeed is this, and the not too pretentious summer town is nicely laid out with good stores and shady streets. There is good boating for yachts, sail-boats, launches, row-boats and canoes, and the life is that of the seaside resort, with pleasant excursions and an enjoyable social life. The Wilmot and Dunk Rivers empty into the harbor. On the Dunk will be found many pretty views; the fishing, too, is good—trout of large size. It was a view of this river that inspired the couplet:

> "Pause here—and look upon a sight as fair,
> As ever painter limned of poet's dreams."

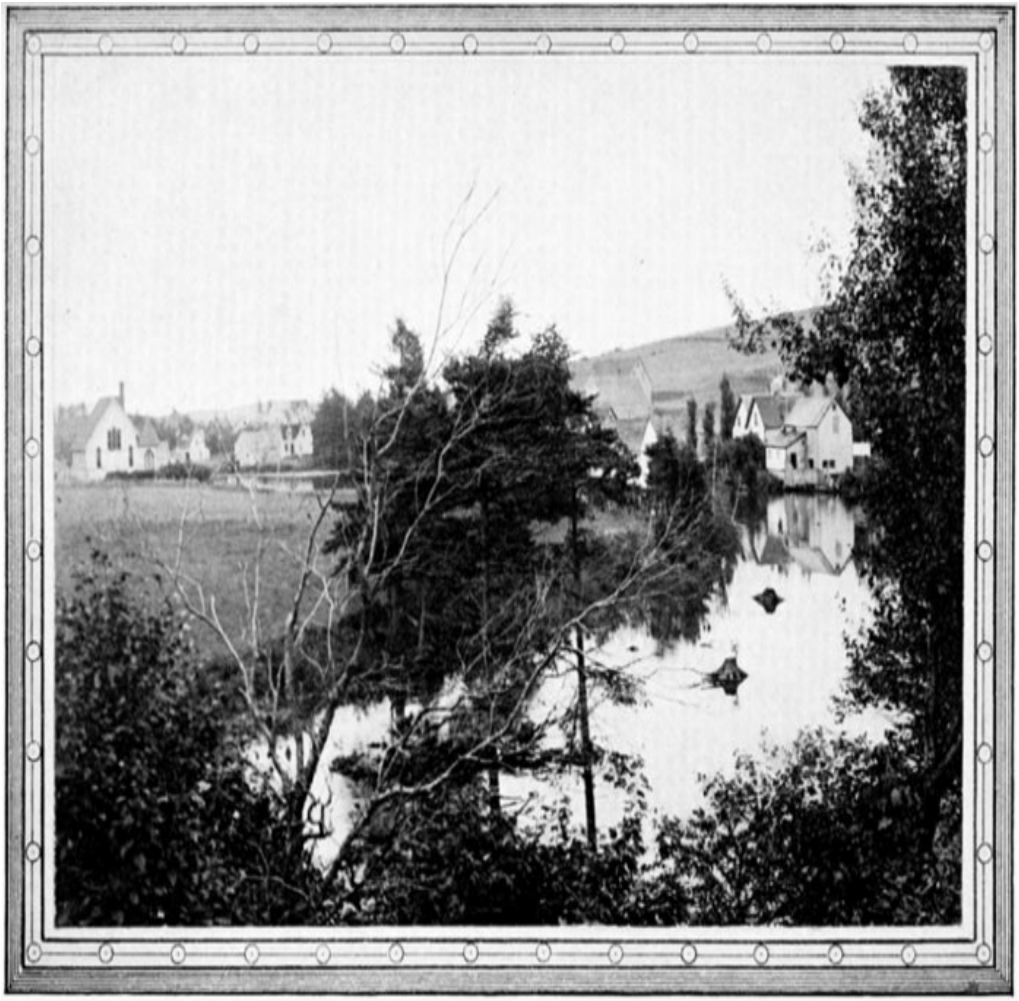
Everyone in Summerside walks down to the wharf to see

the steamship come in from Point du Chêne. The usual hour, 7.30 p.m., is convenient for all. The two trains for east and west go down to meet the steamer and then return to the station to start their runs. In summer both steamer wharf and train platform are crowded with the youth and beauty of the town. The scene is always a lively one.

But a start is made for the west, and the country is almost immediately reached. Here plenty of evidence is seen of the great productiveness of these eastern lands, for "stooks" of wheat are standing on end in great quantities. At Wellington the small upper waters of a stream flow northward. It is tributary to the Ellis River, into which other streams flow. This stream soon widens out considerably and runs into Richmond or Malpeque Bay on the north shore. The river and the lakes nearby are all fished, and lobsters and clams are plentifully found. At Port Hill and adjoining places, fine-looking sheep are seen in large numbers, grazing in good pastures, and there are herds of the cleanest cattle in the fresh-appearing meadows. The land hereabouts is like an almost level prairie, and everywhere the harvest of wheat and oats meet the eye in pleasant array; newly gathered and dotting the whole of the surrounding fields with innumerable sheaves, stacked up on end, and ready to gather into the barns that will surely be overtaxed—so rich and plentiful are the crops of this verdant isle.

In the neighborhood of Portage there are extensive tracts of young woods, and in places, for miles around, the country resembles cultivated park lands. In some parts there is plenty of evidence that heavy timber has formerly been cut down, for, the harvest work about done, fierce and glowing fires are seen consuming great tree-stumps to make a perfect clearing.

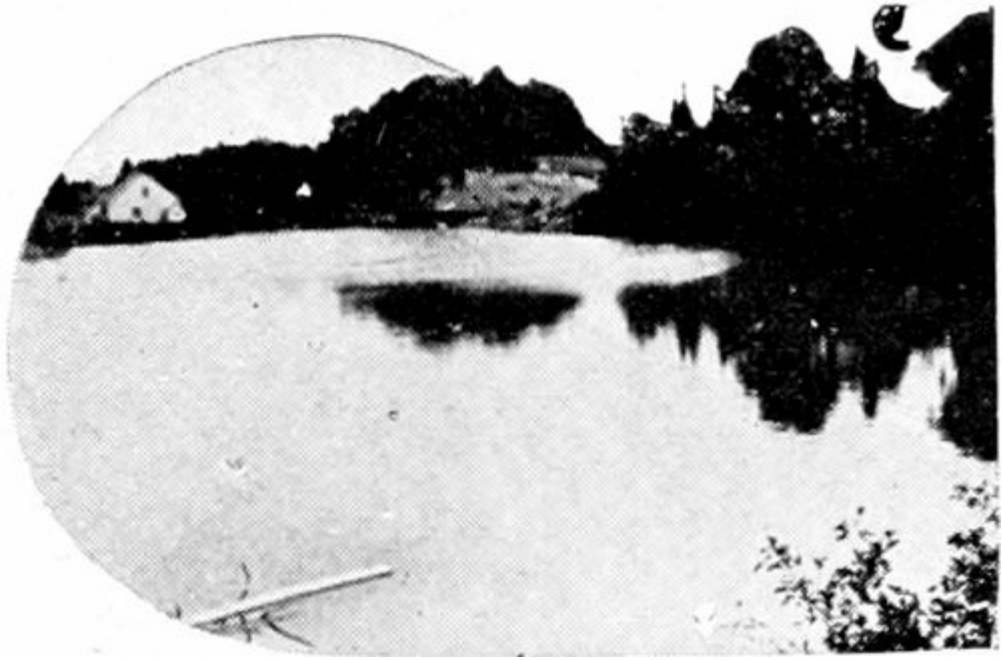
Mixed trains, usually avoided by all who are not compelled to use them, are really the best for seeing all the pleasant little by-places of the Garden Province; for while freight is being handled at each station, it is possible to alight and ramble a little in nearby luxurious paths that fringe the railroad along its whole extent. This applies not only to the route from Summerside to Tignish, but also to the whole railway system of the Island. As is perhaps generally known, the Prince Edward Island Railway is part of the extensive system known as the Canadian Government Railways.



Hunter River, P.E.I.

Little barefoot boys with freckled faces—health showing in every movement of their active limbs—watch the passenger cars as the shunting is being done. They stand on the station platform and gaze wonderingly at the stranger from the outer world. Little girls, too, emboldened by the presence of their older brothers, pluck up courage to pass the car windows and take shy glances at the people from the great cities. To see their fresh young faces and artless simplicity of manner is alone

well worth the railway fare from some far-off metropolis.



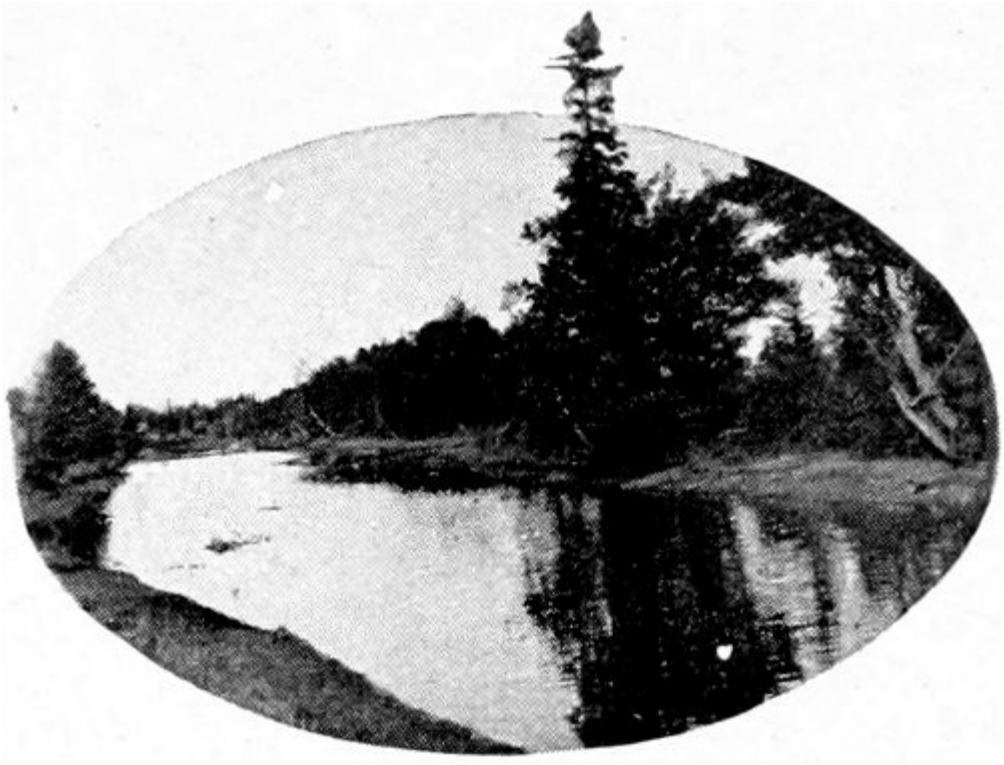
Extensive dairying farms are seen as Elmsdale is neared. Pleasant knolls of land spread out in every direction, and the belts of trees of various tints, as well as the trim orchards, give an attractive appearance to the whole countryside.

And now Alberton is reached, near to Holland or Cascumpeque Bay:

> "The echoes of the surges roar
> About the bar by Alberton."

Alberton is quite an interesting village on the north side of the Island. Near to it is the Kildare River, and the pretty district of

Montrose. The harbor of Alberton is probably the most available place for shipping along the whole north shore. American vessels often take refuge here from heavy storms. A peculiarity of the St. Lawrence Gulf side of the Island is the absence of good harbors, and the presence of long and narrow sand bars, or dunes, that lie about a mile or less from the land towards the western end of the Island, and continue in an almost unbroken line for a distance of 25 miles or more to the east. The Indian name Cascumpec, or "Floating through Sand," sufficiently describes the outer waters of many of the rivers that empty on the northern side. These sand bars have narrow inlets in places through which small vessels may pass into the protected inner waters known as lagoons or narrows. The harbor at Alberton has a convenient entrance, with a lighthouse; and vessels of average size may enter at any tide. The sand bars towards the eastern end of the Island are different in character. Instead of being in one long line with narrow breaks, they are found in completely detached sections, generally across the mouth of bay or river, and sometimes making out from the side of a headland to the opposite shore, and thus nearly closing the entrance.



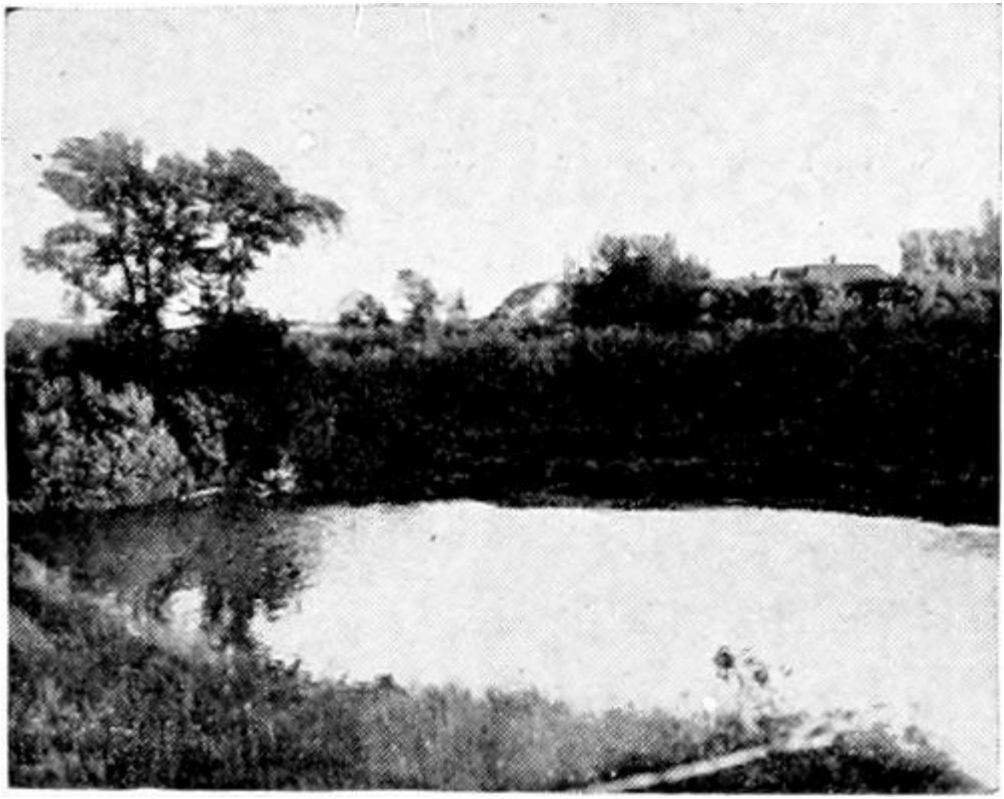
On the outer sides of these sand bars the waves break with magnificent surf—inside all is calm and peaceful. High cliffs are not found on the northern shore, but bold land of romantic appearance is found in places.

The neighborhood of Alberton, Montrose and the Kildare River is an attractive one, and many pleasant walks and drives may here be enjoyed.

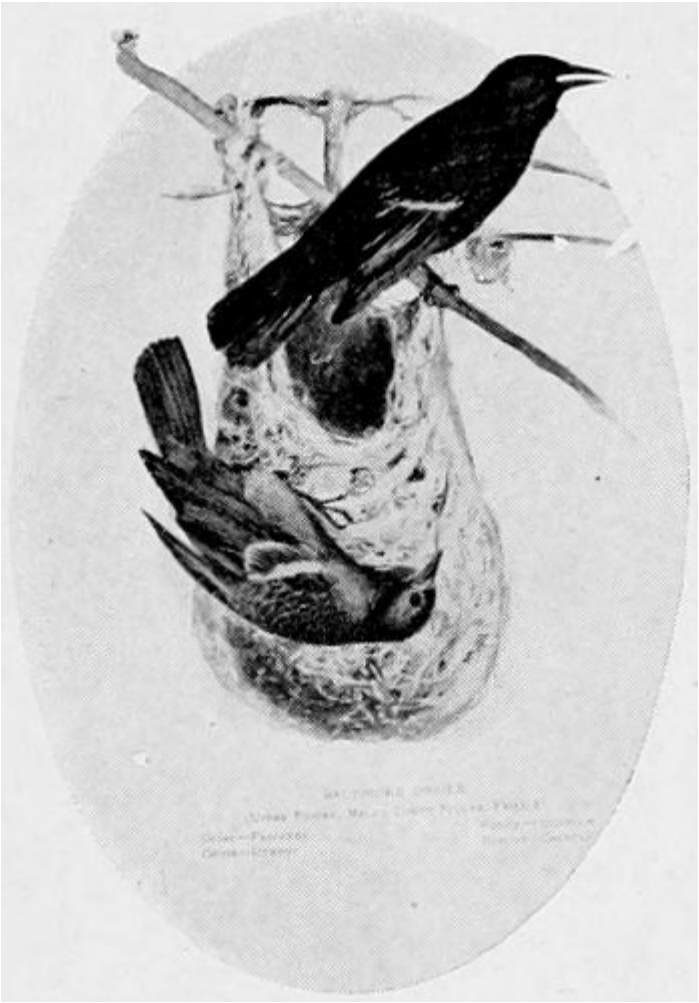
A feature of this part of the Island is the numerous “fox farms” that, are springing up, where these animals are raised for the value of their pelts. Large sums have been paid for a pair with which to start a ranch or farm—as much as two and three thousand dollars, it is said.

The climate of Prince Edward Island is well suited for operations of this kind, and much money has already been made by those engaged in the business. Several new fox farms have recently been started in various parts of the island, and as fox breeding appears to be both interesting and profitable, the number of these farms is sure to increase.

But we have left Alberton and are making north. That little hamlet, where we stopped for a few minutes, has houses that may easily be counted upon two hands; and the young girl with pleasant face and engaging brown eyes who has just waved a free and ingenuous ‘good-bye,’ was the same who waited at our hotel table in Summerside, a few days since. A week of town life has satisfied her; and she has gone “back to the farm.” Sensible girl!..... and happy father and mother, whose life in the comfortable and snug little cottage over there is still to be cheered by a bright, youthful face and sunny smile.



And now, Tignish, the French-Scotch fishing village, and quietest of quiet little summer resorts; modest, unpretending, and just what it appears to be on first arrival, a country retreat. A place of unbroken sleep and absolute calm, and where the commotion and tumult of the world frets none. A natural sanitarium to which a man may flee to escape for a season the daily avalanche of letters; the battery of visitors; the quick-fire of telegrams.



A tale of French-Indian life by Jessie Hogg may here be told to show the relations that existed on the Island between the two races long ago. “Belle Marie” was a pretty Indian maiden who had received that name from the French people living near the native village. She was much loved by her father, the chief of the tribe. She had been trained by him in Indian arts and was a surer shot with the arrow than even he. One of the French officers took great interest in her as a child, and told her of the

Old World and its wonders. Without knowing it she taught him the lesson of love. Being much older than she, he was able to keep his feelings a secret. For some reason she gradually changed, and her former girlish manner became more demure and maidenly, her eyes became softer and acquired a new light, and she came less frequently to hear the tales she loved so well.

A jealous lover of her tribe had told her the officer was only amusing himself for want of companionship with his own people.

One day the now lonely Frenchman found her in a little rocky nook on the shore. The sky was clear, and the incoming tide was gently drawing near unheeded by the maiden, whose thoughts were far away as she gazed over the water intently, unconscious of the earnest gaze bent on her.

“Belle Marie!” he said softly.

She started, and a wave of color told a tale that surely anyone could have read. Until then her sole lessons had been learned from the songs of the birds, the winds sighing through the trees, the perfume of the flowers, and the murmuring of the waters as they beat upon the shore.

“Mon Maitre!” she replied, as she rose suddenly, pale and startled.

“Where have you been, ma belle?” he asked.

“In the woods; on the shore; with my people,” was the disjointed reply, as she looked down at the sand beneath her feet.

“You have not been to see me for so long—I have missed you very much. Why did you stay away?” He came near.

She turned with the fury of a young tigress, as she told him he only talked to her to pass the time away. But suddenly she broke down, and burst into tears as she covered her face with her hands.

“I love you, Belle Marie!” said the officer, in earnest tones.

“Love me?” she cried—“An Indian maid? A forest girl? Why, your people would scorn you for it.”

“My people are nothing to me now,” he sadly replied—then drawing near, he asked, “Will you marry me, Belle Marie?”

But she bounded off, and disappeared without reply.

One morning, some days after this, she stood at the opening of his tent. “Yes, I will be your wife,” she exclaimed, “if you love me, and me only!”

Another chapter now opens, for the old chief demurred. “Belle Marie must marry a brave of her own race,” he declared.

But finally the love of the Frenchman prevailed, and the old chief consented to the marriage.

In the meantime Belle Marie’s former suitor, the jealous one who had interfered in the early days, seemed to take it all in good part.

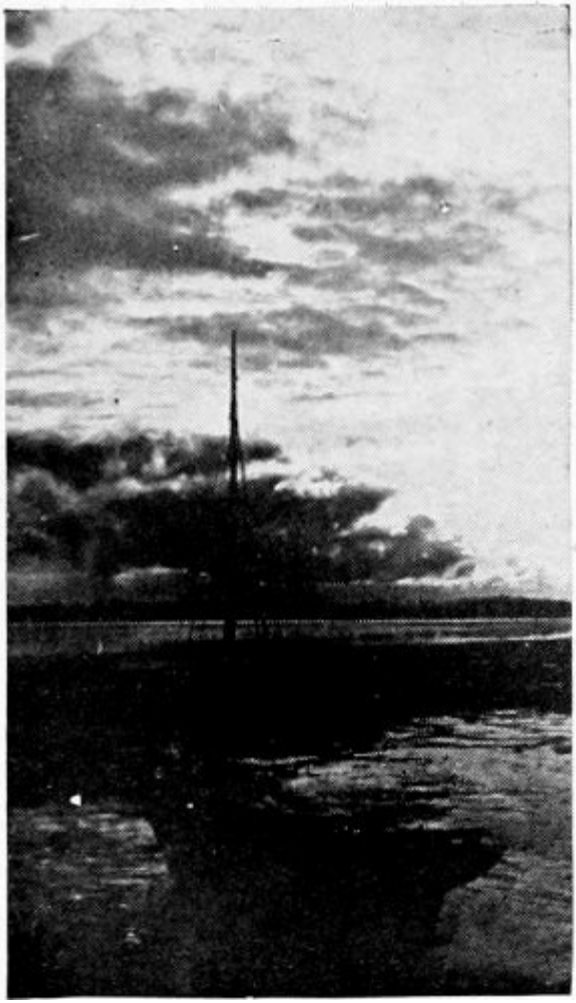
One day as the happy girl was walking in the distant woods she

came across her affianced, struck down and dying in the snow. With bursting heart she staggered homewards, bearing him in her arms. Senseless and almost gone, she nursed him back to life, assisted by her kind-hearted father. With loving devotion, and with just enough of sleep and food to maintain life, she nursed the wounded man to complete recovery.

The wedding was now decided upon without further delay, and one bright spring morning the ceremony took place in the little church that had been decorated with ferns and wild-flowers.

Under a bower of leafy branches and fragrant bloom the happy pair stood. Dozens of canoes lined the shore, and the wedding festivities were well underway. The low sobbing heard from the assembled tribe as Belle Marie stood at the altar by the side of the man of her choice told how much the darling of her tribe would be missed.

Scarce was the ceremony ended, and the two turned away from the altar, when with a cry that resounded far and near—a cry that pierced the hearts of all who heard it—and one that sent a thrill of terror to all, Marie threw herself before her husband, shielding him from view, but not before an arrow, sped with the sure aim that hatred and revenge could prompt, had found its resting place in her heart instead of his.



He caught her as she fell, clasped her close to him with a moan of agony, and in all a strong man's anguish, called her every endearing name that love could bring to mind.

But she looked up at him with those eyes that had always contained such an unutterable love in their depths, and said slowly as the life-blood ebbed over altar steps and floor:—"I ..... saved ..... you. I ..... saw ..... it ..... coming. My ..... own

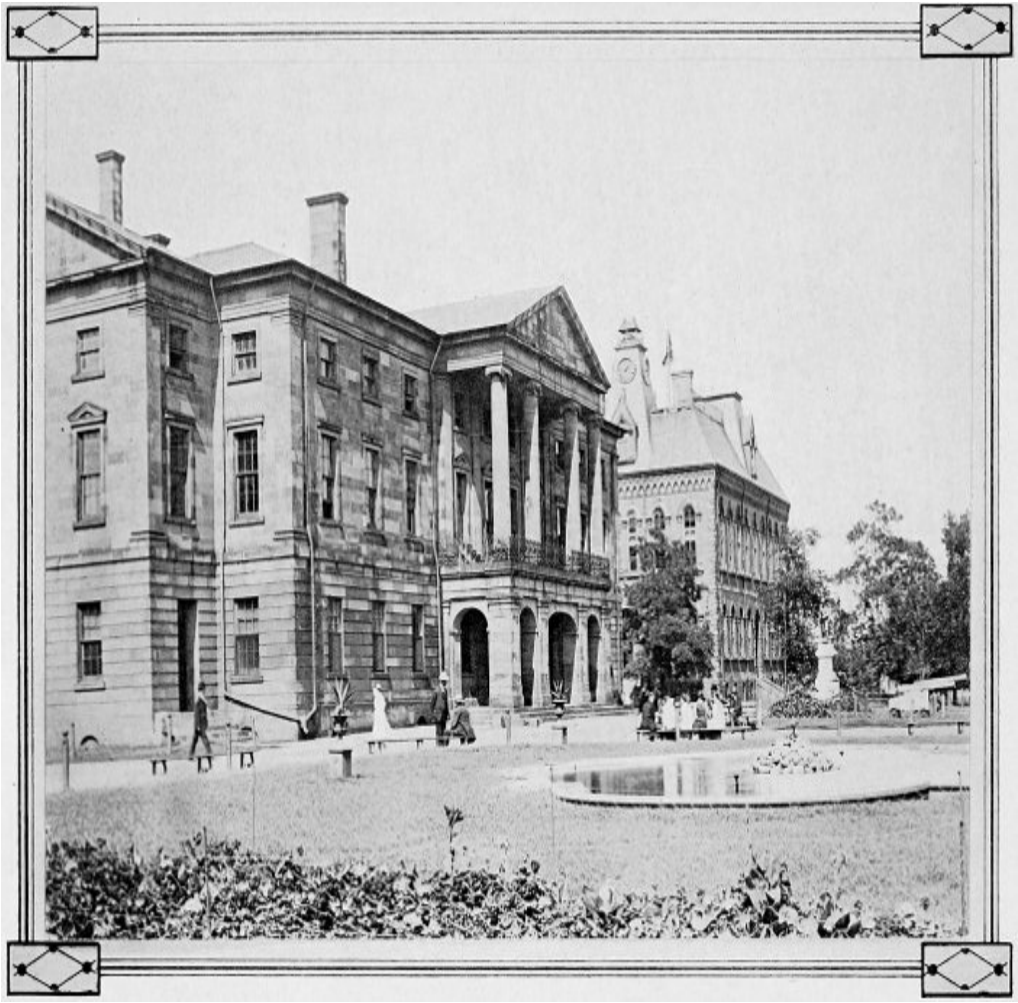
..... love.”

Returning east to Summerside, and passing Kensington, with its pretty, stone station-building, the quiet village of Bradalbane is reached. This makes a good centre from which to visit the districts of New London, Mill River, Stanley Bridge, Trout River, New Glasgow, Hunter River outlet and Rustico. This whole district is about as pleasant and picturesque as could well be imagined, and days spent in driving and walking will bring much enjoyment.

From New London harbor in the bay to the north the fishing boats may be seen putting out to sea:

> “The wind is blowing freshly up from far-off ocean caves,
> And sending sparkling kisses o’er the brows of virgin waves,
> While routed dawn-mists shiver as fast and far they flee,
> Pierced by the shafts of sunrise and the glitter of the sea.”

The pretty scenery of Mill Vale, the Trout River and Stanley Bridge is sure to enchant. A noticeable feature of this and other districts is the number of lovely streams of diminutive character, and the nearby, always picturesque, mill ponds. A story illustrating the method of the bear when he "trees" a man, and showing, also, the intelligence of a little dog is related of the Stanley Bridge district.



Provincial Building, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

“Before bridges were built throughout the Island the rivers were crossed by ferries, and the ferry was generally named after the individual who ran it. Where Stanley Bridge now is, Fyfe’s ferry formerly plied. Mr. Fyfe was the owner of a little white dog, of which he was very proud, and with reason, for it once saved his life.

“One day walking in the woods near his home he was suddenly

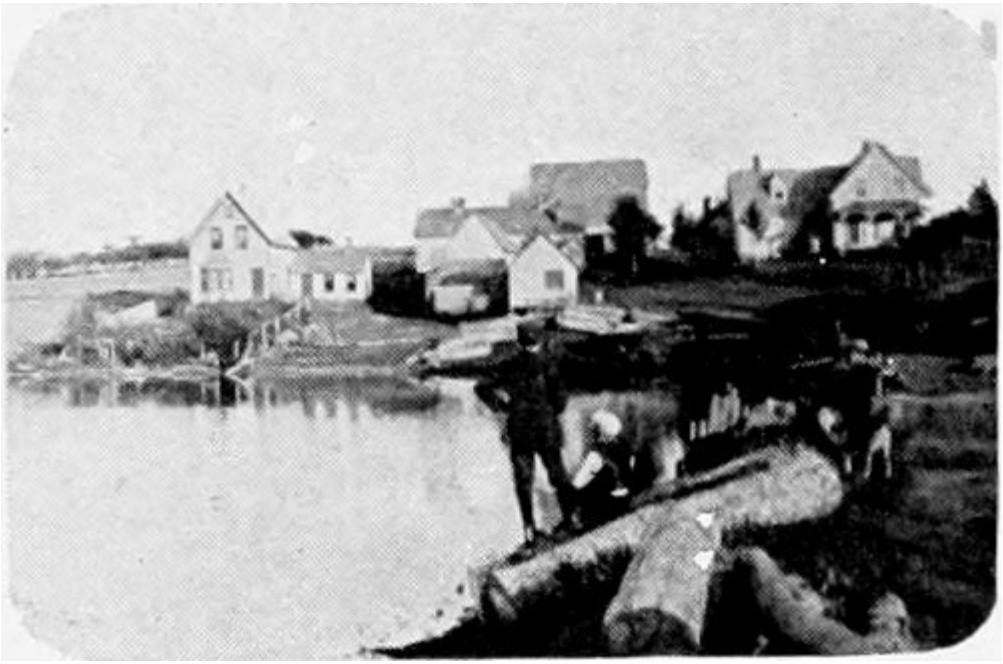
set upon by a huge bear that was evidently very hungry and was out foraging.

“The ferryman managed to elude his pursuer for a short time, but the bear was not to be cheated of his prey without making a good fight. Hard pressed, the now desperate man brought all his wits to bear on the situation, and he decided to climb a tree which was the only refuge anywhere near. He lost no time in putting his plan into execution, but he had forgotten that bears can climb and Bruin must have thought that he had his victim in the right place, also. Immediately the animal started up the tree after the disappearing ferryman, and quickly came within reach. He had only taken hold of the man’s boot-heel when he felt a stinging sensation at his own pedal extremities. He immediately dropped to the ground where he recognized in his antagonist the little white dog. The dog suddenly disappeared, but not out of sight of its master, whom it was bent on saving from a horrible death. Accordingly, every time the bear attempted to climb the tree, the dog took hold of his heel, and finding the pain so severe from the bites, Bruin had to come down again and again; until, finally, tired out he sat down to watch his victim whom he had treed. The bear was not to enjoy this situation long, for the barking of the dog had aroused the fears of Fyfe’s neighbors, who thought something must be wrong, and started for the scene armed with rifles.

“Taking in the situation at a glance they quickly dispatched Mr. Bruin, and, the danger past, the ferryman came down. Almost needless to state no kindness was ever too much for the little dog after that.”

A change has now come over the scene, for the forests have

fallen before the woodman's axe, and Bruin has also disappeared.



The Hunter River, Rustico Bay and Wheatly River districts are all well worthy of exploration in drives and walks. The principal north shore resorts are Rustico, Tracadie, Stanhope, and Brackley Point. From nearly all of these places summer visitors may put out with the fishermen and join in the cod and mackerel fishing.

The city of Charlottetown has a fine and most unusual situation. It is on the East or Hillsborough River, the York or North River is on its south side, the West or Elliott River joins the York just a little to the south of the city, and thus all three streams mingle

their waters and pass out into Hillsborough Bay, the Bay being also near, and almost in front of the Island Capital.

Charlottetown has wide, leafy and pleasant streets, covers considerable ground, has a delightful atmosphere, and is altogether one of the most homelike and attractive little cities to be found anywhere. It suggests the capital of some neat European principality, with its substantial Queen Square and public buildings grouped or arranged with such good taste in the park-like heart of the city. In the square is a monument to the memory of the Prince Edward Island Volunteers who fell in the South African War. The flower beds in the open space are neatly laid out and refreshing to the eye. Here are shady seats where on summer nights one may sit and hear the music of the band. The principal stores of the city are grouped along the sides of the square.

The Provincial Building with its Legislative Halls and excellent library is a delightful place to visit. The obliging librarian is ever willing to extend courtesies to the visitor. There is an air of solidity and quiet dignity as well as an individuality about the building that is very agreeable. It makes a strong appeal to those who would cherish all that is good in the old order of things, and seems a standing rebuke to the present day of big things—to hurry, crush, noise, confusion, modern "rush," and overcrowded

and congested cities—and while every loyal inhabitant of Charlottetown devoutly hopes for and believes in the great future growth of the city, let an admiring stranger, who has tasted its hospitality, express the fervent wish that it may not grow too large; that for many years to come it may remain just about as it is—perfect.

In olden days French sailors who first entered the harbor of Charlottetown were so pleased with what they saw that they named it Port la Joie. The surrounding scenery is pleasing, but not impressive. A general characterization of the Island scenery would be that of pastoral tranquility, well-tilled fields, verdant pastures and quiet rivers; with a medium temperature, cool night air and an ever-present sense of peace, rest and repose over all.

Drives and walks for pleasant air may be taken in many directions, and there are steamer trips to the Indian encampment at Rocky Point, where relics of the old French occupation may be seen; to Southport, to Orwell, to Mount Stewart and Hampton and other more distant places, as well as to Victoria on the South Shore. Longer steamboat journeys are those to Quebec and Montreal, and to Boston by way of Hawkesbury and Halifax. Keppoch, a summer resort outside of the city, is within easy reach by carriage.

Victoria Park by the waterside is a favorite recreation spot, for it has winding roadways that are well shaded, and fine views of the surrounding waters. There are public cricket grounds here, and tennis courts as well. The Golf Links at Belvidere are well laid out, and afford much enjoyment for lovers of this fine exercise; and an excellent view of the East River may be had from here.

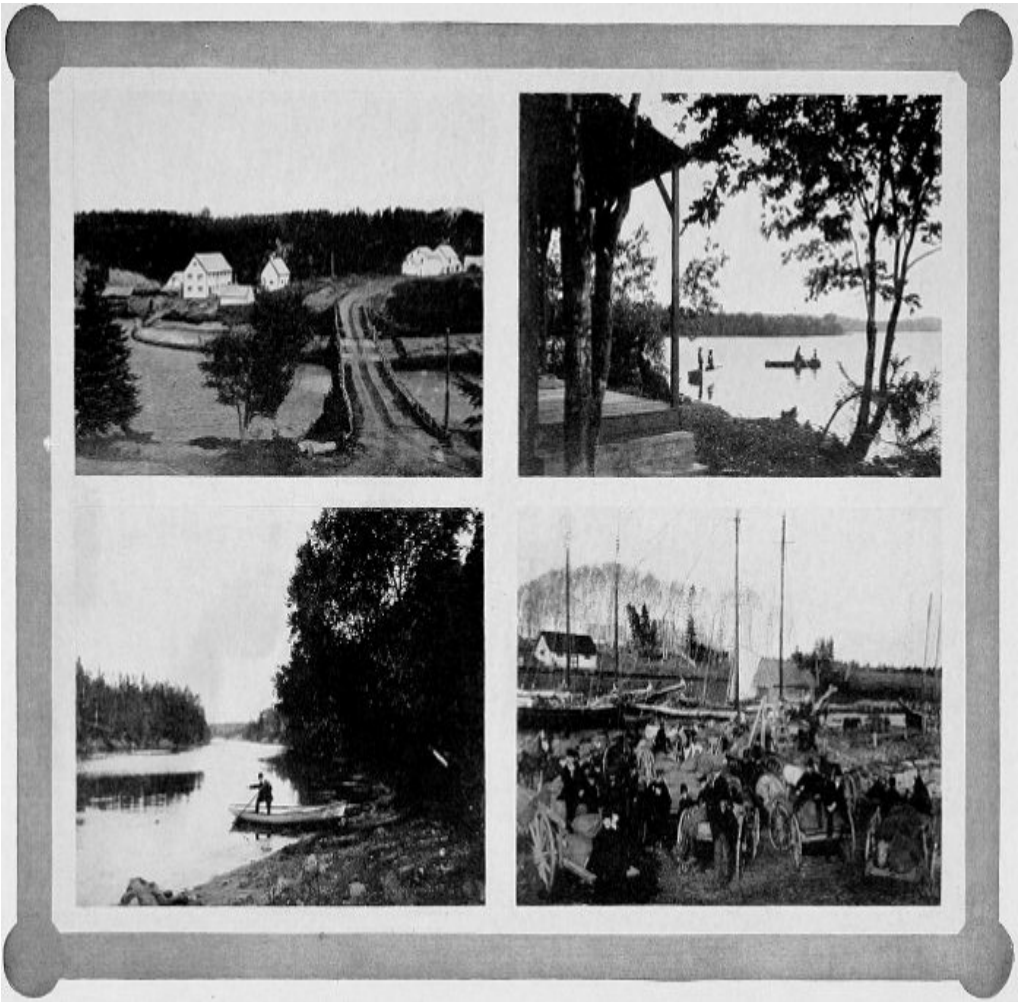
A visit to the Farmer's Market will prove especially interesting to city people.

Boating of all kinds may be had in the rivers and harbor, and motor-boats and yachts have a wide field for pleasant excursions on the nearby waters. A fine motor-boat excursion is that to Bonshaw, up the West River.

In one of the rivers near the city mackerel were once so abundant that an ox-cart was driven through, and a full load was obtained with a scoop-net in crossing.

A division of the Prince Edward Island Railway runs from Charlottetown to Souris and Georgetown, on the east coast, branching at the attractive little village of Mount Stewart. Following the northern branch, Tracadie is reached. It is on the north shore, where bathing is most enjoyed on the numerous sandy beaches. Here are marshes and ponds where springs rise out of the ground, and where wild fowl make their homes in the reeds and long grass; often shut in by wooded banks, and only separated from the sea by sand dunes with wreckage and projecting drift. Everything is fresh, bright and clean; and such

scenes, so difficult to describe, must be seen to understand the impression they make on the mind.



Scenes in the Montague District, P.E.I.

On the Morell River

The Morell River is a delightful spot for camping grounds. There are cold springs of pure water everywhere, the banks are wooded and pleasantly varied, it has numerous trout pools, and there is a clear run up the winding river for a number of miles. Canoes may ascend six or seven miles, at least. The river flows into St. Peter's Bay. Along the banks of the lakes and rivers of the neighborhood, and by the shore, the remains of many cellars are found over which formerly stood the houses of the Acadian

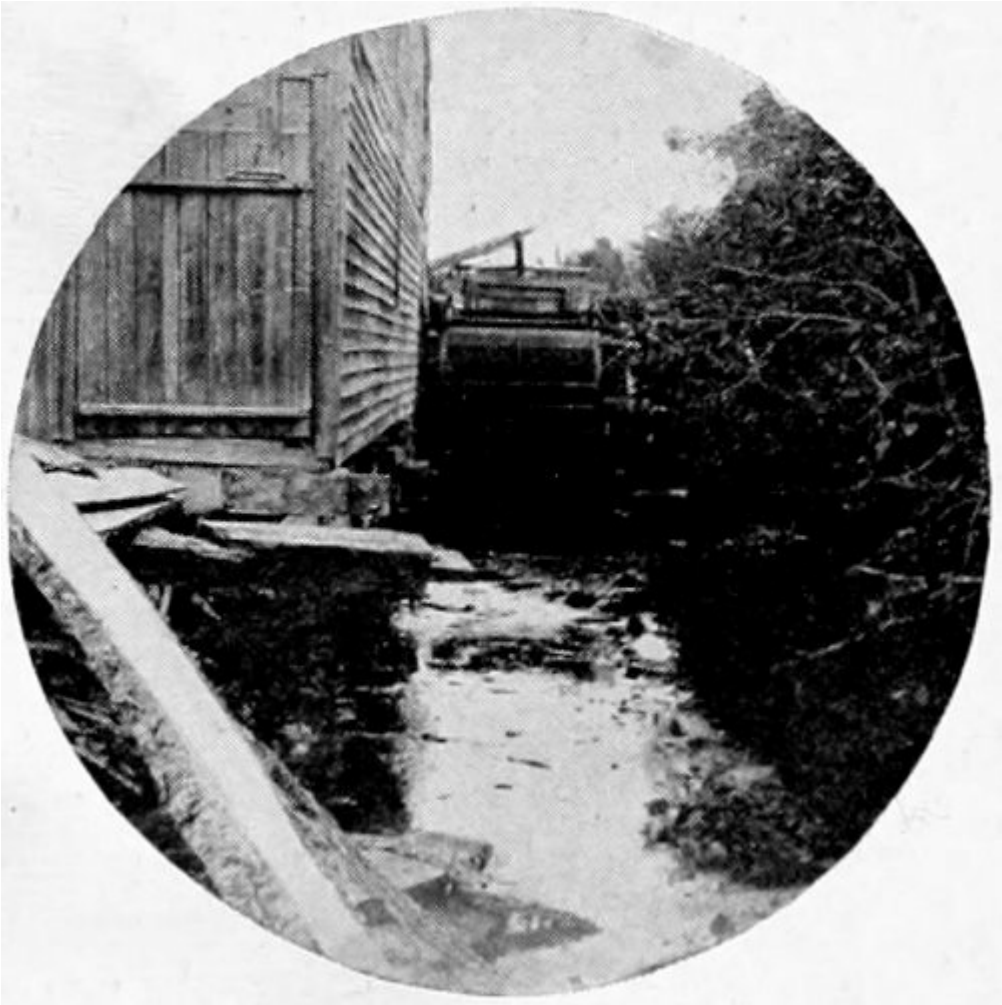
fishermen.

St. Peter's, as is fitting, stands on a hill—if not on a rock—and has a good situation overlooking the head of the bay, with the comfortable-looking little church crowning the top of the wooded slope. The river from the east winds in and out, and the bay waters make larger curves as they run to the sea. Cattle feed on the meadow land bordering the stream. A very nice run for small boats is here, as the water is land-locked for a mile or two. Larger boats may find plenty of water nearer the sea. The train runs along the whole shore. Numerous winches are seen in passing. They are used for digging oyster shells from the deposits at the bottom of the channel, the shells being ground for fertilizing purposes.

The little hamlet just passed is known as Five Houses. Only four can be seen, but doubtless the other is there behind one of the trees. There is a fine prospect of rolling country, and far in the distance the white farmhouses may be seen dotting the slopes. At times we stop at a pleasant little clearing in the wood. At such places a sort of glorified summer house acts as station or shelter, with shady paths leading off through the woodland. Following these a mile or two, little settlements are found nestling against a bank, or reposing by a mill pond; or maybe on the crest of a hill that overlooks a dainty and peaceful valley, where a pellucid brook flows rippling by as it sings gaily on the way to "its bourne below the hill."

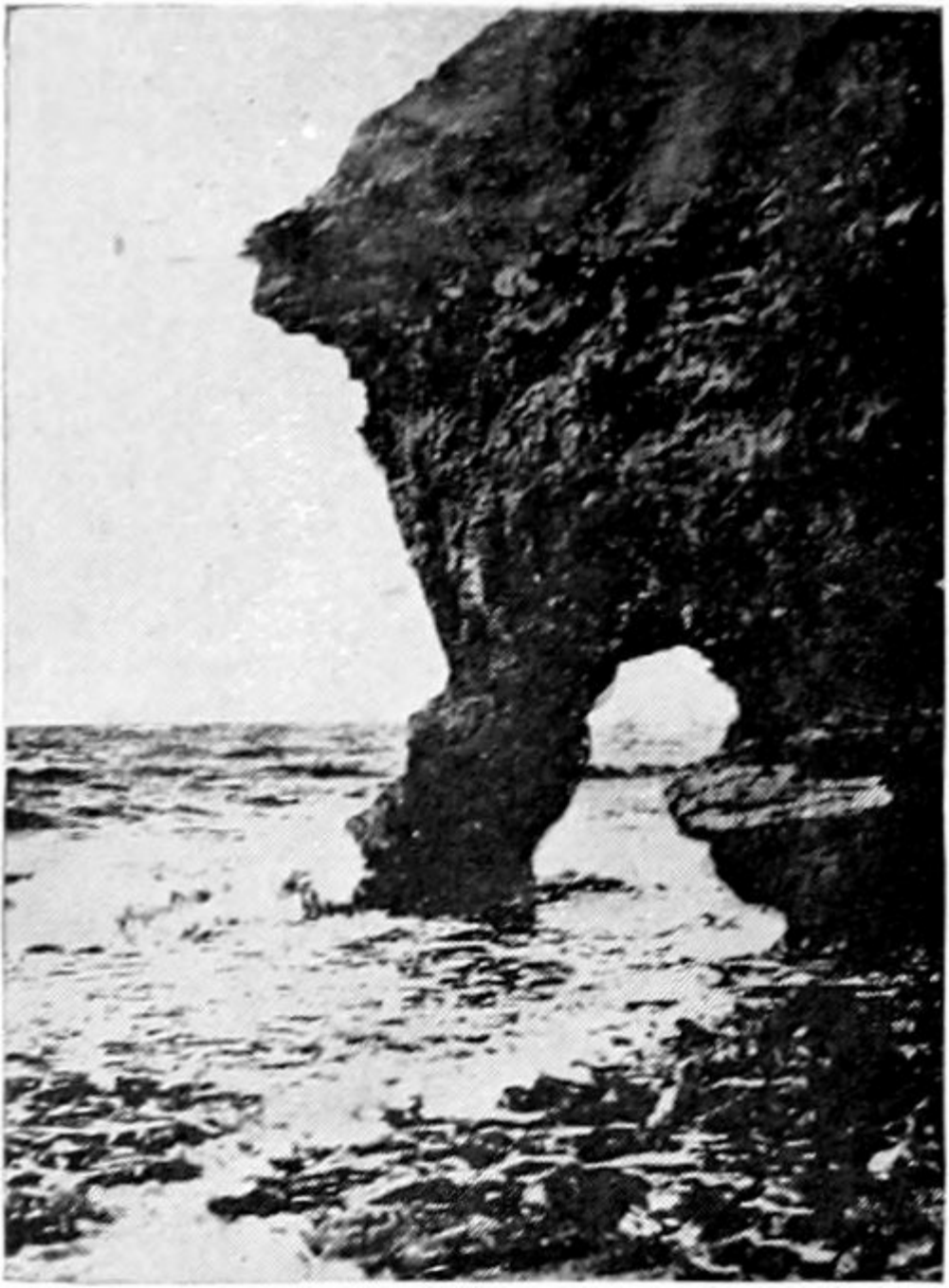
"Oh, for a romp through that blissful land,
The Isle of the summer sea,
Where nature appears in her fairest dress,
Where the days are cool, and no heats oppress,

And the heart must dance with glee.”



The headwaters of numerous small streams are passed in further progress east, until at Harmony a network of rivers is on every hand. North Lake, at almost the extreme east of the Island, on the north shore, is reached from here. It is decidedly picturesque, and would well reward the artist in search of good subjects. For

camping it offers ideal sites at its western end, where it receives the clear little stream that flows through and out into the sea. This is a choice spot for trout; in fact one of the best.



Years ago, on one of the pretty wooded knolls overlooking the shore at a point distant from any settlement, a summer camp was pitched. Three girls of the party were one day taking a long ramble along the coast, when they walked unexpectedly into a group of armed men so busily engaged, or so confident of isolation, that they had forgotten to station a look-out to warn them of anyone approaching. They were smugglers, but otherwise respectable; and, fortunately for the girls, the days of freebooters were past. The girls were immediately surrounded, and an angry discussion ensued between the men who numbered some eighteen or twenty. The smugglers had been caught in the midst of their work, and they were not nearly ready to leave. Hence it was proposed to hold the girls captive for the next day or two, to prevent an alarm being given. The girls were, of course, greatly distressed, and the incident threatened to cause grave trouble.

Finally one of the girls, who had assumed the leadership of her party in the controversy, spoke out and frightened the leader by telling him they were three of a large party, the remainder of which would soon come and look for them. As a matter of fact the party only numbered seven, all told, of whom five were women. In addition the girl volunteered, and so did her companions, to preserve strict secrecy about the matter if they should be allowed to leave. A consultation was again held, as a result of which, after exacting the strictest secrecy under pain of future penalty, the girls were allowed to depart, the name and address of the spokeswoman being taken, however, in precaution.

The girls left, and returned to the camp. For two days their companions could not understand the feverish anxiety with

which they watched two schooners that were hovering about some miles off shore. At last the vessels departed. The girls kept their secret well, and the incident gradually passed out of active memory.

One day, however, a package was mysteriously left at the door of that one of the girls who had assumed leadership in the negotiations with the smugglers. It was found by the young lady herself. It contained material for a handsome silk dress, and, in addition a roll of finest French lace. On an enclosed card was marked the single word, "Thanks." The package had been laid at the door, and there was no way of returning it; so what was to be done?

It is said that women "wink" at smuggling, sometimes, in order to add to their fascination by the addition of sundry little pieces of *lingerie*; and so please the men. Be this as it may, it is recorded that a certain young lady soon appeared in gorgeous raiment, in which real French lace played no unimportant part; and it is also recorded, though hard to believe, that one woman had been found who could keep a secret, for not even the other two of the trio ever learned the origin of the handsome gown.

An extract relating to camping life will be of interest to all who enjoy that method of "living close to nature."

"Here are ladies to spend the day! Let us meet them at the station. This is the carriage—a hay wagon, with boards across for seats. In we pile. Crack goes the whip, and we are off, a merry party enough as we hold on to one another for dear life, to keep from being jolted out. 'Oh! what a bump!' But what matters a bump when the heart is light; and we wake the echoes with

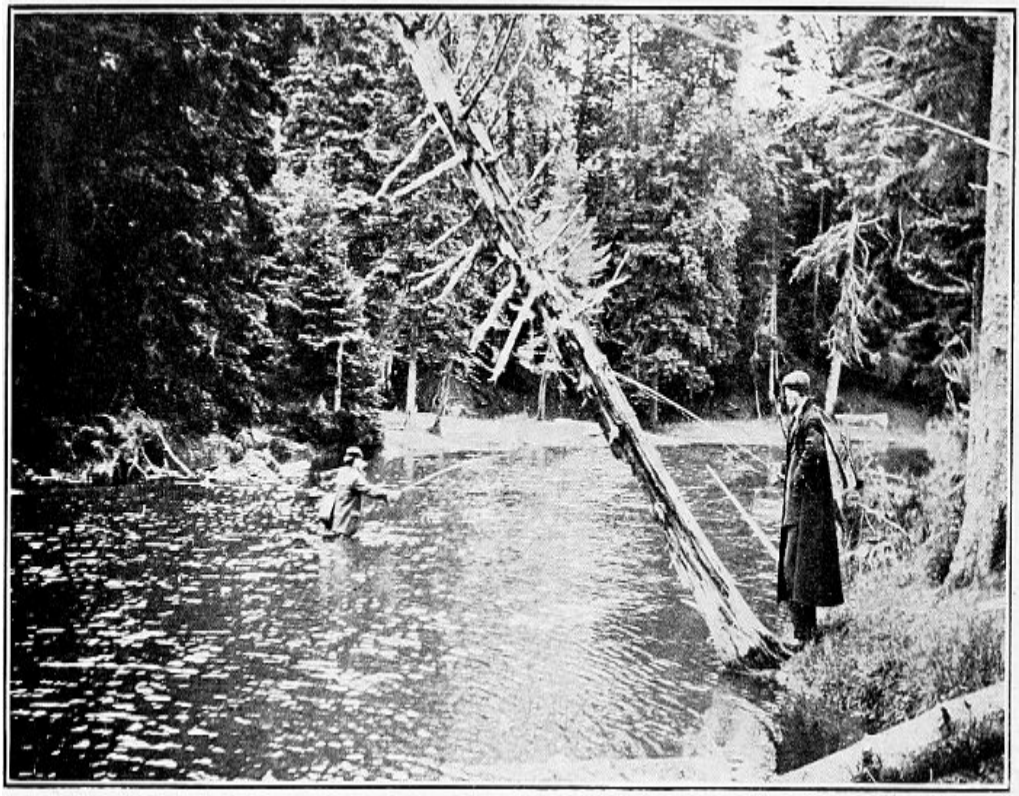
song and glee.

We are all starving when we reach camp, and culinary operations are soon in full swing.

All shortcomings are overlooked or made light of. If anyone puts salt in his tea, or drinks vinegar for lime-juice, the mistake increases the fun; but when the coffee won't pour, and an investigation discloses a chicken inside, the climax is reached. After that all are sober—because they cannot laugh any more—and lie around in picturesque confusion, enjoying a shady rest in the heat of the day. Some swing in hammocks, novel in hand, but perhaps not in thought, for the novelty of the situation exceeds that of the story. Some have a quiet game of cards—a log for table. The lazy man sleeps the sleep of peace, till wakened by the cry of Kitty, the energetic member of the party, who exclaims 'Oh, dear! I did not come here to sleep! I'm off to explore. If only I were on the opposite side,' with a longing glance across the water. Cousin Will gallantly comes to her assistance; and taking her up like a feather, is soon in mid-stream. 'Quick! snap them!' cries Florence, 'and we will send the picture to Will's best girl'; while plump Fanny, with her 150 pounds avoirdupois, looks longingly on.

At evening we drink a cup of tea and look to our fishing gear. Flies, rods, and baskets are put in order. All clothing of any value is discarded. Top boots pulled on, pipes filled, and we wend our way up or down stream, to some favorite pool. Everything is quiet but the swish of the lines. The fish are lively but small; and just as we are tiring of that kind of sport our hearts are gladdened to see, peering through a cloud, the bright full moon. Her silver light replaces the fading after-glow

of the sunset. The small fish suddenly pause and disappear as if they had gone to their bed; and silence reigns in the forest.



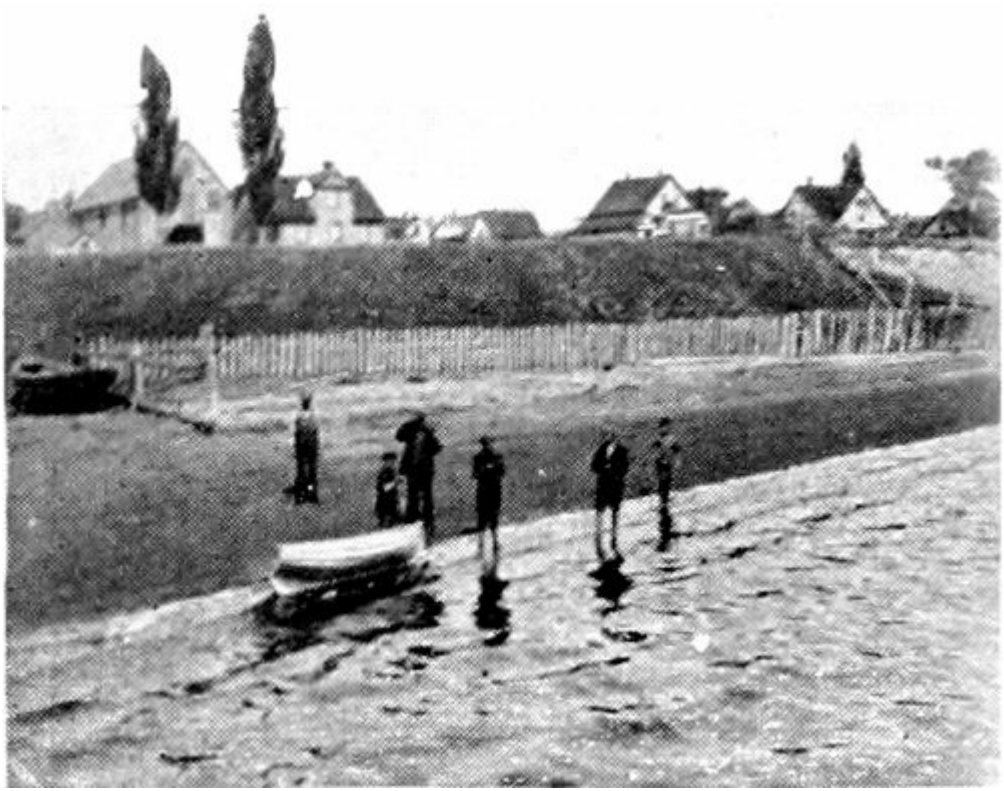
Trout Stream—Prince Edward Island

Now we know that the real fun will begin, if there is to be any. Sure enough, before long, and without the slightest warning, a quick splash breaks the water, and the click, click, of Tom's reel announces the hooking of the first three-pounder. The sportsman's heart beats high, as with practiced eye and feeling hand he follows the wild rushes of the speckled beauty, and finally, with doubled rod plays him into the shallows, where he is secured. And now the sport waxes warm. The water is beaten with foam as we fight with the struggling leviathans, and the enthusiastic Harry rushes in to the neck, net in hand, to capture a fish that pulls like a whale. We take our way back to camp with light hearts and heavy baskets. The ladies apostrophize the moon and the beauty of the night; but sentiment gives way to cake and coffee. Soon we start for the railroad station. Various and comical are the adventures of the shady roads, though, finally, we catch the train, and bid adieu to our tired but happy visitors. Such were our days in camp—oases in the desert of life."

Souris, Prince Edward Island

The town of Souris is on Colville Bay at the eastern end of the Island. As would be expected from its remote situation, it is quiet and peaceful, and, like most of the Island resorts, it offers attractions only to those who enjoy living in isolated places. Such places always have a character or individuality of their own not found in or near crowded centres. They also offer the great advantage of inexpensive living. Steamers leave from here for Pictou, N. S., and also for the Magdalen Islands. These

islands are populated by Acadian fishermen, and are visited by many on account of the quaint old-world life that may be seen there. A very large fishing industry is carried on from the Magdalen Islands, and many American and Canadian vessels frequent those waters. Lobstering and sealing are carried on there in the proper seasons, and sea birds are found in remote parts in enormous number.



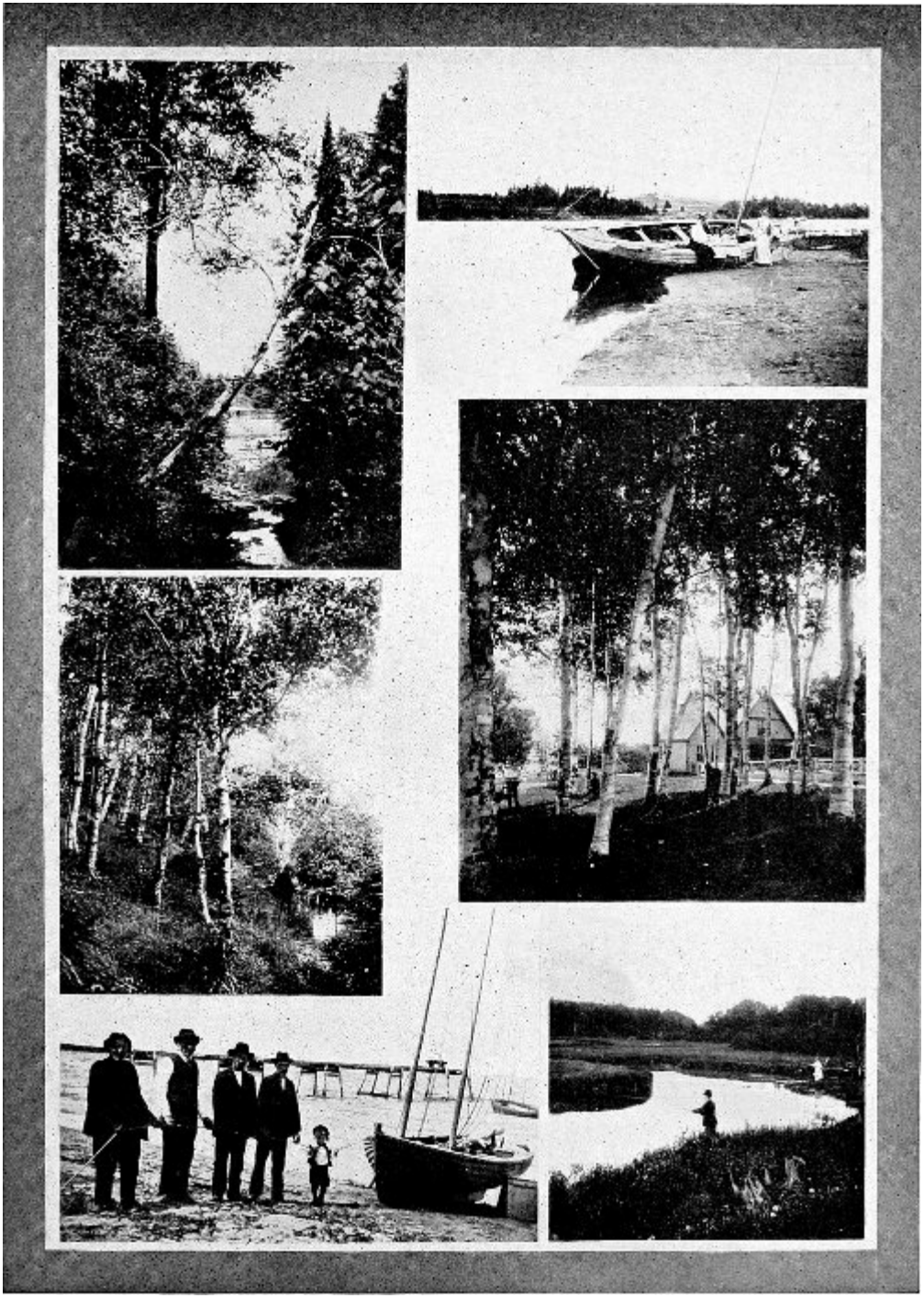
Souris itself is an old Acadian village. It has a pleasant strip of sand beach, and enjoyable summer days are spent by those who seek the quiet hospitality of the cool little place.

Going east from Mount Stewart Junction on the southern loop of the eastern division of the Prince Edward Island Railway, the Cardigan River is reached. This empties into Cardigan Bay to the north of the promontory on which stands Georgetown, a small seaport and summer resort. Passing Brudenell, Georgetown, by the Junction of the Brudenell and Montague Rivers, is reached. A very pleasing picture is presented by the flocks of sheep and young, sportive lambs feeding in the fields just recently harvested, together with the smiling "stooks" of grain, and the never-failing dark green belt of trees for a background.

After Charlottetown, Summerside, and the district bounded by Bradalbane, New London, Rustico and Hunter River, there is no doubt that the Georgetown-Montague River district comes next in importance. Indeed, the first two centres are named in that order chiefly because they are populous, with some life, and on that account have superior attractions for the average summer visitor. The quadrangle bounded by the four next named points takes its place because the scenery is good, and the district quite accessible. But for beauty of scene the more remote Georgetown-Montague River district is surely second to none, and without fear of contradiction it may be termed picturesque and charming. The six-mile run from Montague Junction to Montague through beautiful woodlands, with occasional prospect of hill, valley and stream, is most enjoyable; and lovely Montague, and quaint Georgetown with its wide, quiet, and pleasant streets and modest little shore bungalows, are both places that should be seen by all.

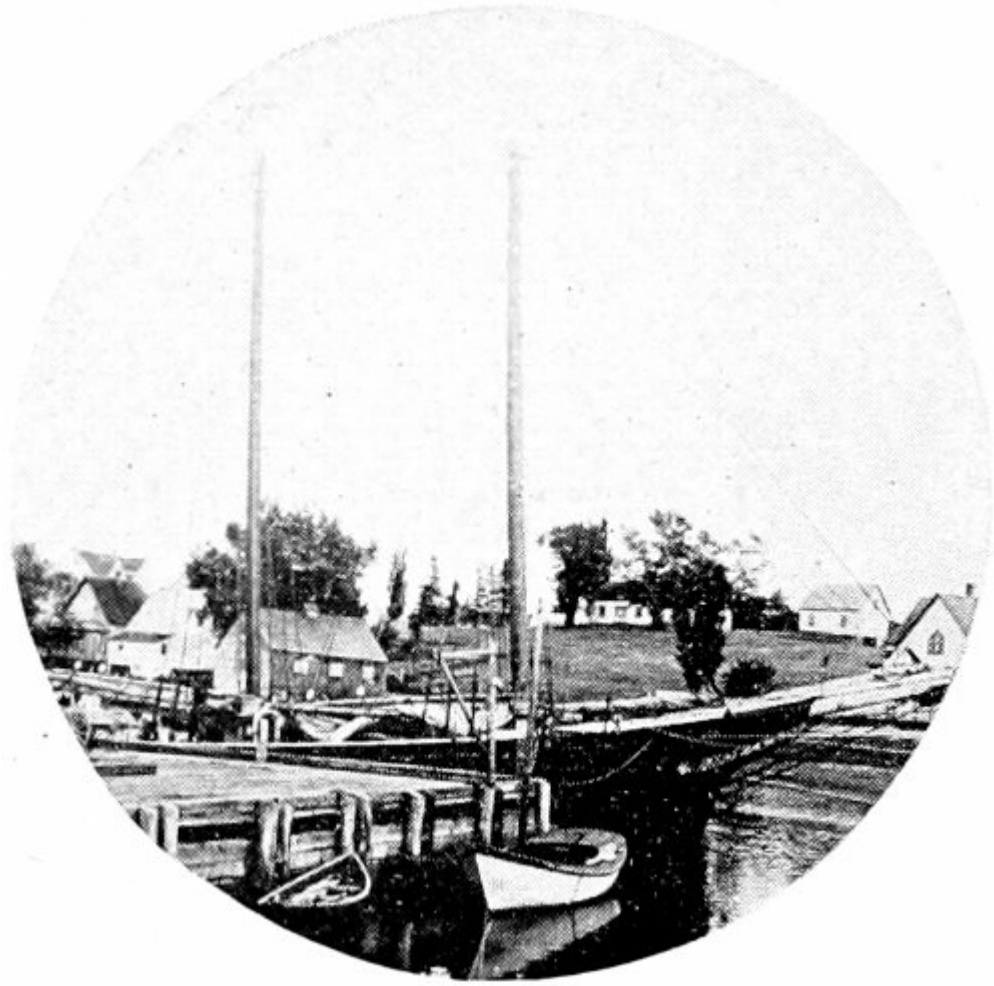
Georgetown carries on a small shipping trade, and fishing is an industry. Anyone that loves a quiet and old-fashioned place,

with grassy streets and tranquil shore, will be sure to be at home in the pleasant little resort. Steamers leave from here for Lower Montague, Charlottetown, Pictou and the Magdalen Islands. There are ample opportunities for boating and canoeing on the harbor and outflowing rivers.



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

1. A Cool Retreat, Montague
2. Montague
3. Montague
4. Woodland Scene, Montague
5. Five Generations
6. Fishing in the Dunk River



From Charlottetown another easterly division of the Prince Edward Island Railway, the most southerly of all, runs to Murray River and Murray Harbor. Dipping south, and in the main following the contour of the coast a few miles in, it has its terminus at the most southerly harbor on the east coast.

The scenery along this route is quite interesting, and there are a number of Scottish villages of small size along the way. Murray Harbor is another little stopping place where there is a very homelike hotel at which to sojourn. There is boating and driving, and, of course, sea-fishing. Like Alberton and Tignish, etc., it is one of the quietest places that can be found anywhere; and as there is good air, very pleasant days may be spent with its hospitable people.

Lawrence W. Watson's description of a summer scene is well adapted to give a glimpse of Island life for those who are nature-lovers. "Some love the open countryside where golden-rods wave their orange plumes, and blue and white asters bestar the field borders. Others like the wet swamp with its tangle of grasses and sedges and succulent plants delighting in moisture. Some love the brookside fringed with the white-flowered spikes of the snake-head, and the light graceful sprays of the balsam dangling its golden jewels by the water's edge.

"Others delight in the flats near the seashore where the prickly saltwort roots, and silverweed spreads its finely cut, pinnate leaves with their backing of silver, and above, on the banks, where the Kingfisher nests, the pale yellow evening primrose mingles its blossoms with those of the oxeye daisy, and of its sister, the mayweed with its finely dissected leaves.

“But a more delectable retreat than any of these is the cool grateful shade of the shadowy woodland, where the sun enters but shyly to brighten and nourish, while the verdure may languish in the open beyond. Here are the pearly-pink bells of the pyrolas, and the one-flowered pyrola—that exquisitely scented, firm, waxen flower. Here the Clintonia spreads out its three smooth leaves,—handsome, spotless, myrtle-hued beauties—and later replaces its yellow-green lily-cups with berries challenging the blue of the heavens.

“Here, too, the ‘wake-robin’—the shy, painted trillium—opens its three tender dark-pencilled petals, resting in strong relief against the background of its whorl of three leaves. Nearby the tenderest flower of the woodland—the delicate white, purple-veined, lonely flowered wood sorrel. Here, too, are orchids, and here we find the strange Indian-pipe.

“Above us the cool waving canopy of foliage, around us the stately columns of tree trunks, mosses and leaves thick-strewn pave the pathway, fair forms of flowers enriching the carpet. Thus nature patterns her spacious cathedral with pillars and arches, groined roof and rich carving: the soft, balmy breezes breathe exquisite music and waft towards heaven the flowers’ devotion—a subtle, sweet incense, grateful, refreshing.”

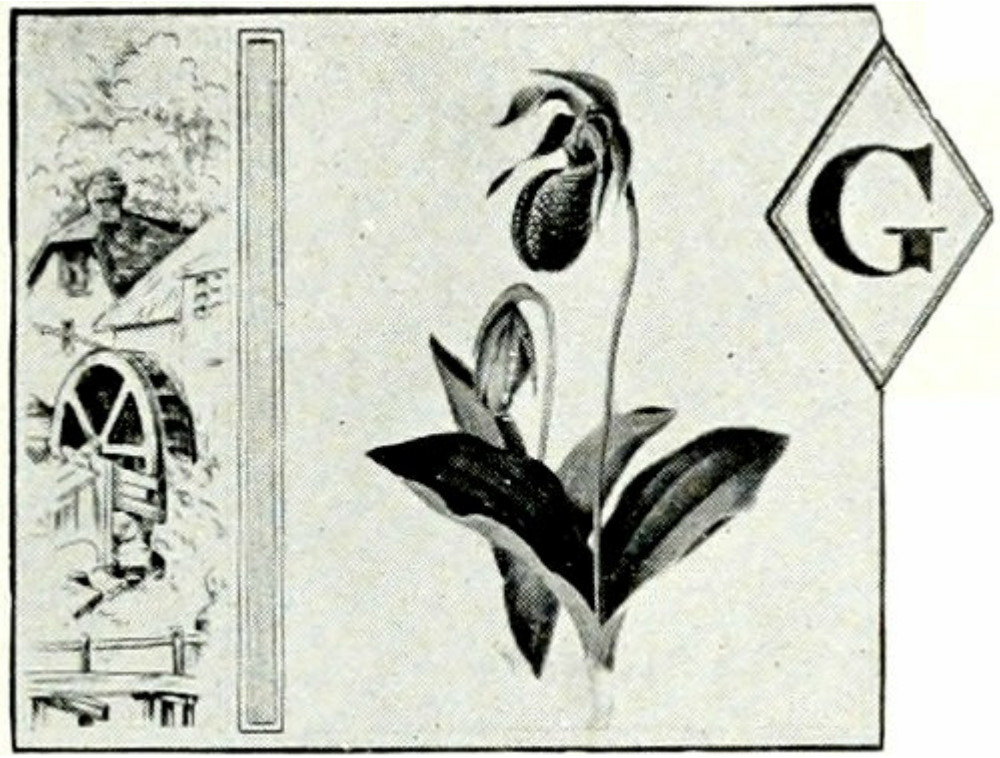
Those from southern climes who seek these shores for cool summer joys will be interested in a brief account of the Ice Boat Service between Prince Edward Island and the mainland in the depth of winter. “During about two months in mid-winter the crossing of the ice-crushing steamers is supplemented by a service of ice-boats. These boats have double keels which serve for runners, and sometimes the ice-fields are packed in

solidly between the two shores, enabling the boats to cross on the ice without putting them into the water at all. Four leathern straps are attached to each side of a boat for pulling it over the ice; and, of course, the boats are strong and adapted to float the ice-strewn wave when nearly open water has to be crossed. Rough or hummocky ice renders the crossing very laborious and difficult, but frequently lanes of open water enable the crews to row. Should snow storms arise there is danger of losing the bearings, and travelling far out of the course. Compasses, provisions, fur wraps, etc., are part of the regular equipment of this ice-boat service. For a distance of about one mile on each side of the Strait, the ice is attached solidly to the shore and is known as the 'board ice.' The crossing is made between Capes Tormentine and Traverse, where the Strait is only nine miles wide. This leaves only seven miles for the ice-boat ferry, but owing to the tide, which runs about four miles an hour, carrying with it the ice fields, the distance travelled by the boats is considerably increased. Teams carry the passengers from the edge of the board ice to the railway stations. A trip by the capes in winter is certainly an unique experience."

Finally, it should be stated that the people of the Island, like the climate, are pleasant and genial; and a stay in the "Garden of the Gulf" is sure to bring the double reward of health and pleasure.

Truro Park—The Wishing Well

Moncton to the Atlantic over the Halifax Division



Going from Moncton, and turning east at Painsec Junction, the main line of the Intercolonial Railway to Truro and Halifax may now be followed. The line soon dips south and crosses the peninsula that juts out into Chignecto Bay. Dorchester and Sackville are thus reached, and then the boundary line is passed that marks an entrance into the province of Nova Scotia.

The first district thus traversed is that of the Memramcook Valley, with its interesting Acadian villages. The scenery of the

almost level valley and its high wooded ridges is very pleasant. Dorchester, with its excellent farming land, has water communication with and is almost on the Chignecto Bay. Sackville is a growing and prosperous place at the mouth of the Tantramar River. It is widely known for the excellent educational advantages it provides for the acquirement of many branches of learning, by both sexes. The University of Mount Allison College grants degrees in Divinity and Arts, and has honor courses in Classics, Mathematics, Science, Philosophy and English Language and Literature. In the study of Law it has an affiliation with the Dalhousie Law School. The Academy and Commercial College is well equipped for good work, and the Ladies' College has a splendid music department (Conservatory of Music) with every facility for thorough study, including a fine three-manual pipe organ. The Owens' Museum of Fine Arts, in connection with the Owens' Art Institution, has a notable collection of over four hundred works of art. All of these institutions have an excellent reputation, and they enjoy a liberal patronage from all over the provinces. The Tantramar River also empties into Chignecto Bay. The Tantramar marshes are widely known for their enormous crops of excellent hay. Heavy shipments are made of fine cattle that have been raised in this district.

"Tantramar! Tantramar!
I see thy cool green plains afar.
Thy dykes where grey sea-grasses are,
Mine eyes behold them yet."

A short railway line runs from Sackville to Cape Tormentine.

In winter the Northumberland Strait is frozen in heavy ice, through which the regular summer steamships cannot force their way. Special ice-breaking steamers are therefore placed on the most open route between Pictou and Charlottetown or Georgetown; but the ice is occasionally so thick that even these powerful vessels are unable to force their way across the frozen strait. At such times the short crossing from Cape Tormentine to Cape Traverse is used, and the mail is carried in ice-boats with double keels made to act as "runners." These are pushed by hand over the ice, and put into open water as required. An account of a trip in this novel kind of "ferry" forms part of the

description under the heading “Prince Edward Island.”

The Missiguash River being now passed, and the province of Nova Scotia entered, a brief description of the main features of the seaboard province is here given.

The peninsula of Nova Scotia is so nearly surrounded by water that it is frequently termed an island. It is connected to New Brunswick and the mainland by a comparatively narrow isthmus at the head of Chignecto Bay. The province of Nova Scotia is made up of this peninsula and the adjoining island of Cape Breton to the northeast, separated only by the Strait of Canso, which is not much more than a mile in width at its narrowest part.

As has already been stated, the four provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia offer wonderful contrasts in scenery and natural configuration. They also offer a pleasing variety of climate. As would be expected, it is cooler the nearer the approach to the open Atlantic shore; and it is cooler again the farther east and north one proceeds along the Atlantic seaboard. From this it will be understood that on the north, or Bay of Fundy and Northumberland Strait shore, it is warmer than on the south or open Atlantic side. On the north the climate approximates closely to that of the Lower St. Lawrence and southern part of New Brunswick. The south shore, then, is the coolest part of the Maritime Provinces, and on the south shore itself an increasingly lower temperature may be enjoyed as progress is made up the coast in an easterly direction. It is important to remember this, for out of the variety thus provided it is possible to choose a climate suited to almost every need. In the chapter “Where to go—

Recommended Places," these features are clearly explained.

The peninsular part of Nova Scotia is not nearly so mountainous as the sister provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick, although it is much more so than Prince Edward Island; but the island part of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, has ample variety of mountain and vale, and has in many parts of it all the bold features found in rugged and mountainous countries. The peninsula is not without its own mountains and chains of hills; but its bold and striking scenery is found chiefly on the Atlantic coast side, the rocky bays and headlands of which receive the

full force of the fierce winter gales.

Nova Scotia has a coast line of over one thousand miles, and it is rich in bays, inlets and fine harbors. Its rivers, though numerous, are not large. No great system of intercommunicating waterways is found in the province, but the peninsula is so well watered by lake, river, and stream that fully one fifth of its area is thus occupied. In Cape Breton, for instance, the inland sea known as the Bras d'Or Lake is about fifty miles long. It fully answers the purposes of great intercommunicating waterways, for this enclosed sea has an interior reach over a very large extent of country. Peninsular Nova Scotia has numerous lakes, mostly of moderate and small dimensions, although Rossignol Lake and a few others are quite large.

The province is bountifully blessed with many beautiful bays. The easterly extension of the Bay of Fundy, known as Minas Basin, reaches inland some sixty miles; and here the equinoctial tides have been known to show the wonderful difference in level of forty to fifty feet.

The Maritime Provinces are bound together by the strongest ties. Each province has its own advantages peculiar to its situation and natural resources. In many cases what one has the other has not; and climate and beauty of scene will be found in such delightful contrast in passing from one province to the other that few not acquainted with these facts could believe.

It is now matter of general knowledge that the early settlement of Nova Scotia was made by the French. De Monts and Champlain explored parts of the south shore, entered the Annapolis Basin, made choice of a site there for

settlement, and explored the Minas Basin. Later they founded Port Royal, in the year 1605, but abandoned it a few years after. Some Scottish settlers endeavored to open up the country. They made little progress, and it was the French who increased most in numbers. Then came the Acadian Expulsion, followed by a more rapid general settlement; for by this time Halifax had been founded, German colonists began to arrive, and, in later years, disbanded British regiments and United Empire Loyalists commenced to swell the population. In the meantime the province as part of Acadia, and later as Nova Scotia, had several times been owned in turn by the French and English; but finally after the taking of Quebec by Wolfe, and after the close of the American Revolutionary War, a lasting peace ensued, and Nova Scotia, as part of Canada and the British Empire, has prospered. Other details of history that are of sufficient importance are brought out in connection with the descriptions of localities.

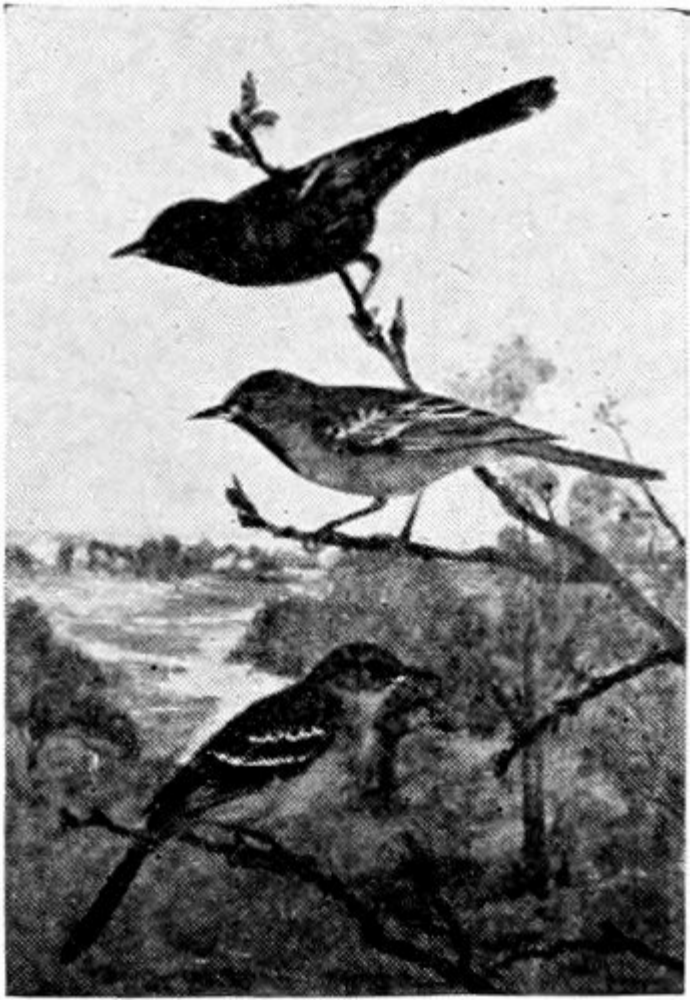
Resuming the description of the country traversed by, and that tributary to, the Intercolonial Railway, at the boundary line of the two provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the railway, immediately after crossing the line, reaches Amherst, not far from Cumberland Basin.

The bright and prosperous town of Amherst is a pleasant centre for a number of other interesting places. To the north is Tidnish on the Northumberland Straits, a little watering place where good boating and deep-sea fishing may be enjoyed. Stages run

N.E. to Head of Amherst, and there are other places, remote from the railroad, that are quite interesting.

The works of the Chignecto Marine Transport Railway are within easy reach by carriage. This abandoned project was intended to lift ships of a thousand tons, place them on huge ship-carriages by means of hydraulic power, and then haul them by locomotives to the terminus on the Northumberland Straits near Tidnish, where they were again to be put in the water and so save the great distance a vessel must now go to reach the St. Lawrence from the Bay of Fundy.

A few miles north-west of Amherst are the ruins of Fort Cumberland beyond the Aulac River. On this site formerly stood the French fort of Beausejour. It was from Fort St. Lawrence, also in the immediate neighborhood, that the attack was made on the French fort that resulted in its capture. In revolutionary times the Americans attacked Fort Cumberland after it had passed into the possession of the British. The attack failed, and the Colonials were compelled to give up and retire on the St. John River. The view of Fort Cumberland is still an interesting one, and many Acadian relics have been found in the vicinity. The view from the bastions of the old fort is superb and far-reaching.



At Maccan Station coaches may be taken to Minudie and Joggins. It will come as a surprise to many when they learn that the “Elysian Fields” are near here. But such is the case, for that is the name of the rich meadows near Minudie on the Chignecto Peninsula. The Joggins Shore is not far from Minudie. It received its odd name from the remarkable configuration of the cliffs which “jog in” and out so wonderfully that many have been attracted here to study the phenomenon. The cliffs are

strikingly bold, often approaching four hundred feet in height. Fine views may also be seen by taking the long drive to Apple River. Advocate Harbor is another quaint and distant place, well worth a visit. Good fishing is found on the upper waters of the Apple River which reach out to Caribou Plains.

At Springhill Junction a short railroad leads west and south to Parrsboro on the north shore of the Minas Basin. Here will be found a pleasant little summer resort where boating and fishing may be enjoyed, with good hunting in season. Fine views are obtained from Partridge Island in front of the harbor. There are also good roads and pleasant drives to places nearby. Moose River and Five Islands to the east may be reached in this way, as well as Advocate Harbor and Cap d'Or on the west. Massive Cape Blomidon, the end of the North Mountain chain, is only eight miles distant on the projection that makes out from the opposite or southern shore of Minas, and excellent views of it may be had from the steamboat running between Parrsboro' and Kingsport.

At River Philip and Oxford Junction, on the Intercolonial Railway, a very pretty country is found, and both for fishing and country rambles the district is an excellent one.

The country between Westchester and Folleigh Lake is remarkably beautiful, and this, the Wentworth Valley, is one of the garden spots of Canada. Many pretty views are had from the train as it climbs the Cobequid Mountains which here run from east to west.

Wallace River, Wentworth Valley

A drive or, better still, a walk through the valley will bring a hundred pleasures to those who love nature and the beautiful. Here is the winding Wallace River, and here, too, are fifty tiny streams, waterfalls and brooks. Some are dashing headlong and sparkling in the sun; others, with white foam shaded to a cream by the overhanging trees, have inner depths that the eye cannot fathom until accustomed to the narrow limits of light and shade.

The air is musical with falling and rippling water, so here let us take a seat by the side of this merry cascade and listen to Nature's harmonies. So various are the notes, each waterfall having its own, it is not difficult to select sounds that make melodies. But whatever the melody, the dominant harmony is

that of joy and gladness, and as the eye views mountain, valley, woodland, river, waterfall and plashing brook, surely no fairer scene could well be imagined.

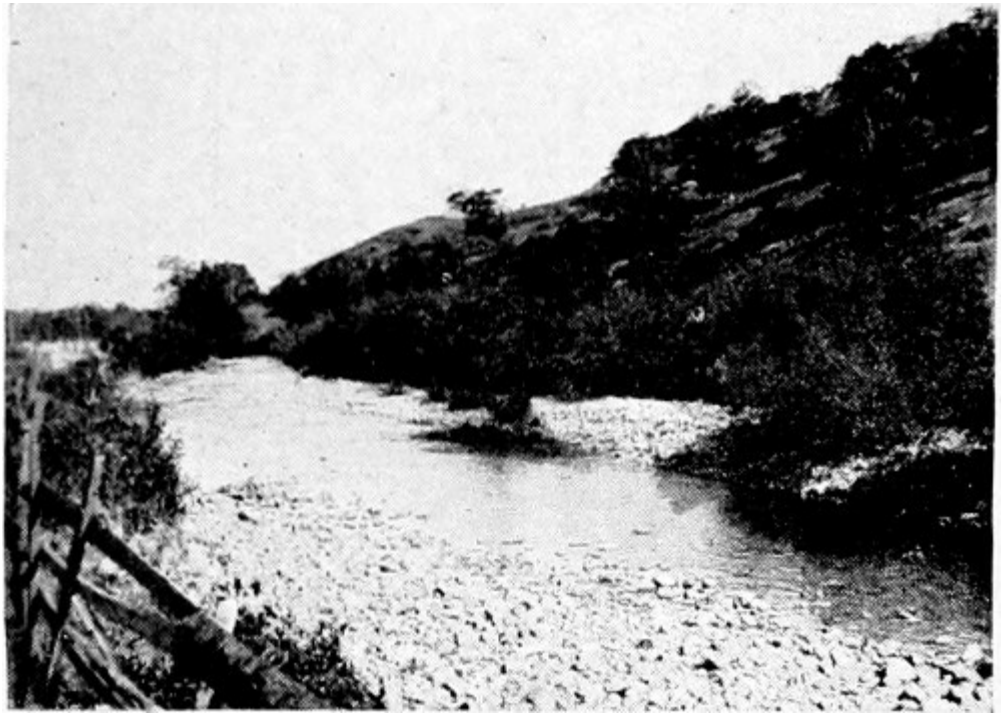
And listen to the birds as they add their merry roundelay.

> "Break out and sing, ye happy birds!
> Your tender music needs no words
> To tell us everything."

But the green shade of the woodland is inviting, and following the gayest and most dashing of little streams that ever ran from mountain side to woodland depths, we trace a path by the wild flowers, and pass in, deeper and deeper. Right at the threshold is the daisy.

> "No shame feels she, though in lowly place,
> No envy of rivals gorgeously clad,
> Contentment gleams from her pure, fresh face,
> And her glance can gladden a heart that's sad
> By its radiant grace."

But deeper in we go. What splendid solitude. How quickly every fibre responds to the thrilling call of nature. The faintly rustling leaves, the plash of the brook, now subdued to becoming solemnity, the distant silvery note of the bird at the edge of the forest, the shade and restful monotone of the filtered light, the delightful air, the unbroken calm, and above all the mysterious note of life and creation that emanates from the very ground—all these compel thought and enjoyment of the kind that ever leaves an ineffaceable imprint on the memory.



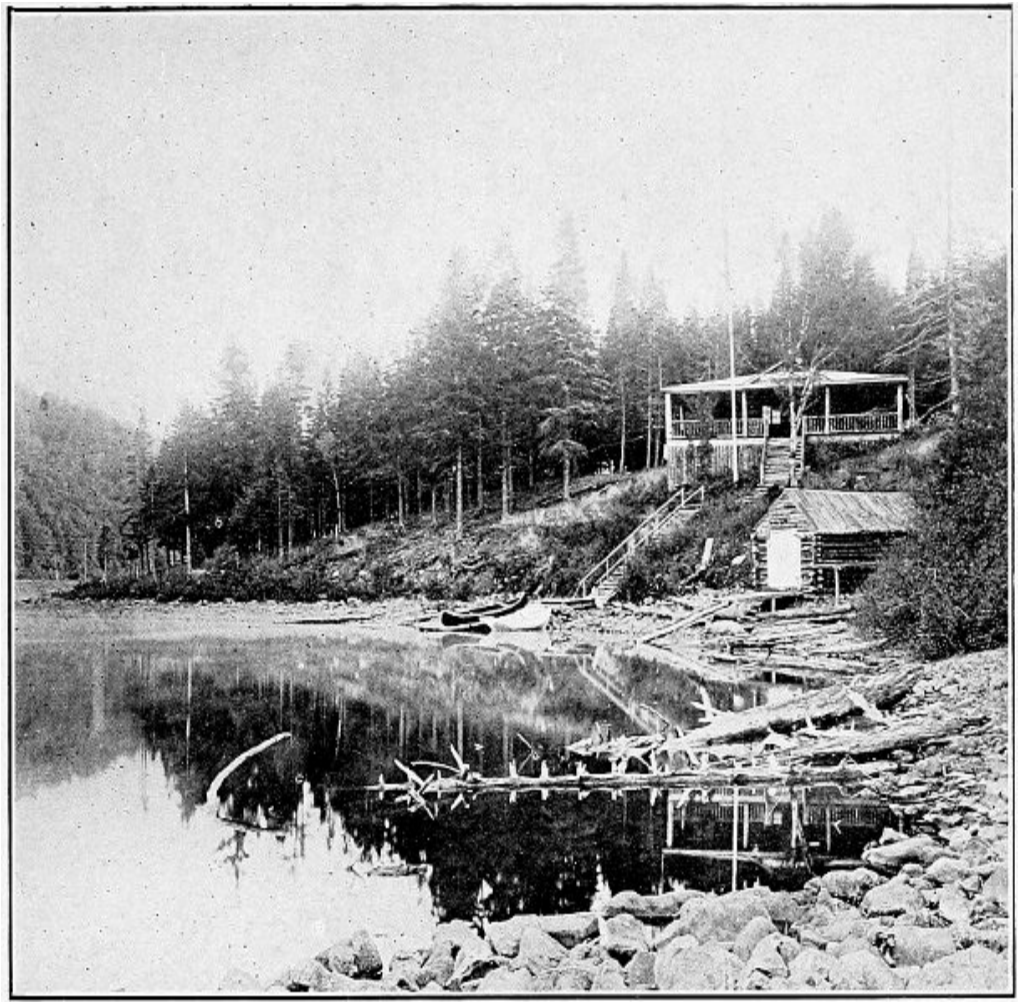
What noble trees! Here is one that throws lofty arms far out, and covers with a fresh green roof a space that is rich in violets and many of the humbler flowers. And see! in sheltered spot, far in and screened from the mellow light, this tiny orchid beneath the shelter of her giant brother:

> "Nestled at his root
> Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
> Of the broad sun."

But now in company with our little woodland stream we pass out into the more open valley. As we do so a sound as of a swelling echo from the mountain range to the left falls on the ear, like unto the great forest murmur of the bending pines when under the influence of a strong upland breeze. It increases more

and more, until suddenly it is apparent that the sound comes from the twin-mountain chain to the right. Looking up, and following the wave of sound with straining eyes, we search for the cause, without perceiving it. Far up we gaze, where the trees and the fleecy white clouds are outlined against the deep blue of the sky; and then we realize that an Intercolonial train has passed high up in the air, somewhere between sky and valley, but entirely concealed by the dense forest growth—so much so that not even a trace of smoke or vapor can be seen, so effectually have they been filtered and dissipated by the thick woodland screen.

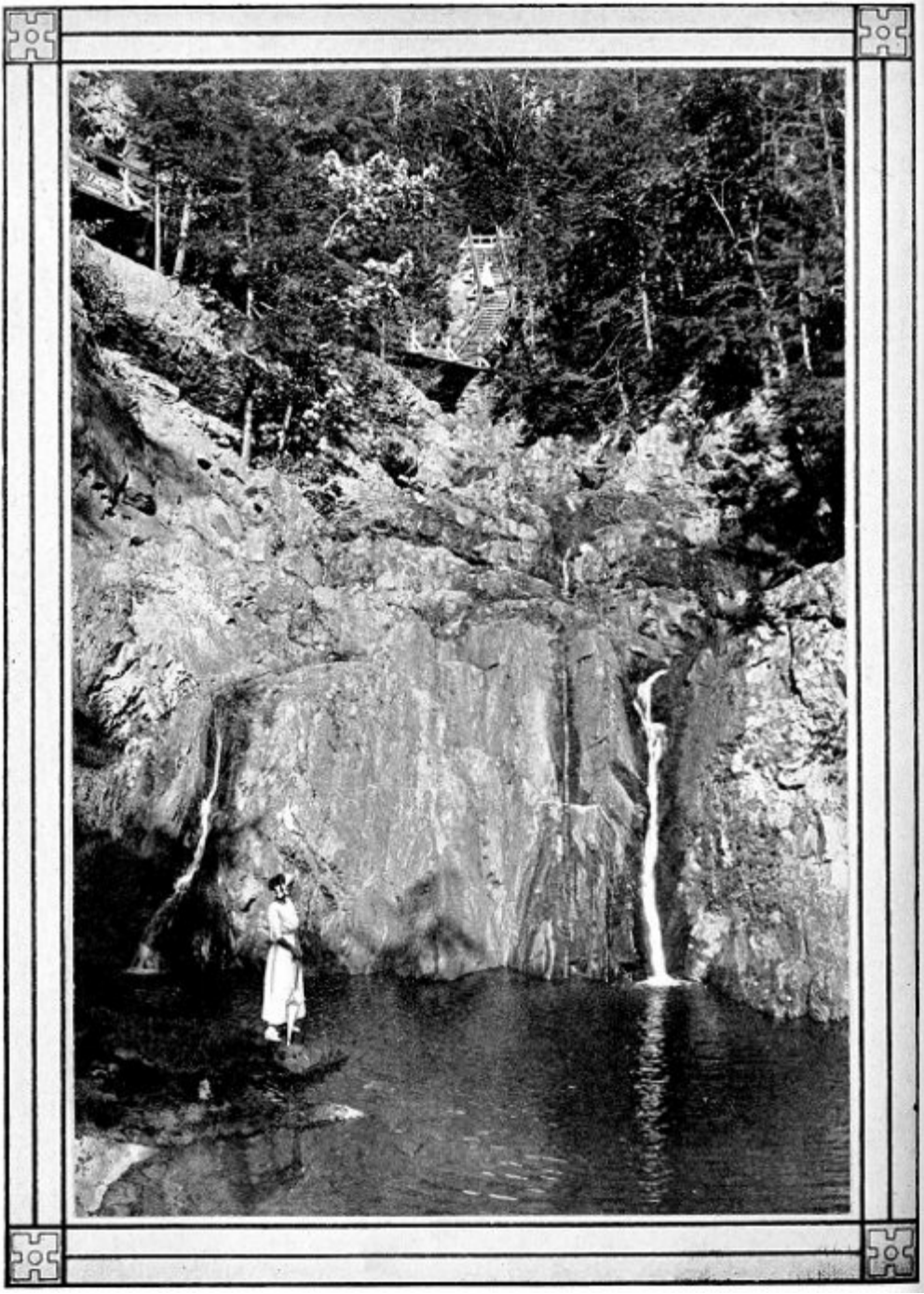
"Oh! tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,
And merrily sway the beeches;
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,
And the pines rehearse new speeches;
The elms toss high till they reach the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches,
But the tree I love all the greenwood above
Is the maple of sunny branches."



Bungalow, Folleigh Lake

Climbing the hills to reach the level of Folleigh Lake brings a reward in the form of a gorgeous sunset; and if sunset is entrancing in this quiet spot, what may be said of a row over the lake in the early morning in time to see the golden sunrise of a bright August day. There is calm for the minds of those who stay here in bungalow or cottage along the margin of the lake, and the pleasant vista of wooded banks and beautiful sheet of water in front lays immediate siege to the heart. How everything sparkles

in this beautiful mountain, and how delightfully fresh and green are all the surroundings. It is one of the few places where railway station and water tank strike no discordant note in the general scene, so strong is it in simple beauty. The long bright lines of rail that plunge abruptly into the forest and disappear so mysteriously—leaving no trace of their whereabouts—look like lines of beauty; and they soothe by their presence, for we know that in good season we can regain the outer world when the all-too-brief vacation has been spent.



Truro Park—A Romantic Spot

But mountain days are over for the present, and so leaving the lake behind, and with it the invigorating air of the heights, we gradually pass through Londonderry, over the Folleigh River and into Truro, obtaining many pleasant glimpses of Cobequid Bay along the route thus taken.

Although Truro is a prosperous manufacturing town, and an important Intercolonial centre as well, it is yet one of the prettiest and most homelike places in Nova Scotia. A pleasant river runs nearby, and it is surrounded by graceful and well-wooded hills. The streets are well laid out and have abundance of shade; and the public buildings, the stores, and the general appearance of the smart town make a strong impression from the first. It is within a mile or two of Cobequid Bay, and the farming land round about is excellent.

Acadian French once lived here, but the real settlement of Truro dates from a few years after the "Expulsion."

Truro is a very pleasant inland town in which to spend a vacation. There is beautiful and romantic country on every hand, with excellent roads. The fishing round about is fair; the hunting, in season, excellent. There are many interesting places within easy reach, both by road and rail; and the town offers a pleasant social life that is very enjoyable for those who like to summer in a country town where comfort and some variety in life may be had.

On the meadow-lands traces have been found of the dykes thrown up by the Acadians. Willows planted by them have survived to this day.

The joy and pride of Truro is her beautiful pleasure ground, usually called Victoria Park; but just as often termed the Joe Howe Park, from the fact that it contains the Howe Falls, named after him, and also because it is proposed to erect a Howe memorial there later on. The park has been described as "Nature's fairyland, ... with its groves, its deep ravines and its beautiful waterfall." This is about as good a brief description as could be made. The park is so beautiful that merely to describe it as one of the best in the province is to rob it of its just due. It has really all the characteristics of a great park, deserves to be classed with the chief pleasure grounds of Canada, and is, in fact, superior in natural beauty to any of the well-known North American parks. It is surely only a question of time before excursion trains will bring people from all over to enjoy the delights of this picturesque place.

The entrance to Victoria park is at the front door of the town, for it is close to the Intercolonial Railway Station. Scarcely anything has been done here to alter the approach or surroundings. It has been left almost as found, and the result is very satisfactory. The deep ravine that runs through the park, and contributes so much to its romantic aspect, has its opening at the place selected for an entrance, and a pretty little stream winds

its way in the channel thus provided. A carriage drive penetrates for some distance, but the strong feature that pleases all who visit here is the multitude of walks and romantic by-paths that lead off in every direction.

Here are innumerable little dells with banks of brightest green; and under shady birches or maples are comfortable seats for three or four people—generally holding two, however—where with a pleasant book, or dainty fancy work, many enjoyable hours may be spent in delightful company with birds and flowers. Yonder is a rocky bluff, tipped with green, and down its face trickles a little rill, wetting the projecting edges of the rock and causing them to glisten like silver. Just opposite are even bolder heights that are clothed in a wealth of woodland growth reaching up to the very top.

Here the park brook turns off into more secluded ways, and following it, instead of the road, a charming sylvan dale is found where not one sound intrudes save the music of the birds and the gentle ripple of the water—surely a fit retreat for artist, poet or dreamer. Here where "nature reigns":

> "Within its banks this little stream includes
> A world remote from all the world of men;
> And hides a kingdom far from mortal ken,
> In the green depths, where never foot intrudes."

Would you stand by the "Wishing Well," and give expression to your fondest day-dreams? The well is here, up a gentle slope where all is tranquil and secluded. Would you climb "Jacob's Ladder"—steps up to heaven—and land with your head in yon fleecy cloud? Here are the rustic steps reaching to the top of the

height. Would you visit the "Holy Well," where Acadian infants were christened in the long ago? Bible Hill is a little distant, so here in the park is a "Holy Well" from which, by no stretch of imagination, the same water flows.

Perhaps you are anxious to keep your youth, and to stave off the days of grey hairs, wrinkles and rheumatism? Pray sit in the "Rejuvenating Seat" by the Joe Howe Falls, and if you do not grow younger as you watch the lovely sight—nothing else can stay the hand of time.

Then possibly you wish to test your self-control by peering over the brink of the "Sheer-Drop" without shuddering; or you would entrench yourself on the heights of "Spion-Kop," ask important questions of the "Sphinx," from the bridge nearby, walk along the "Observation Gallery," or pass to the lower depths by "Muir's Descent."

In your walks about, the beauty of everything has taken complete possession of you. The noble trees spreading a magnificent canopy over your head bring to mind the words of Bryant, for here nature has "hewn the shaft, laid the architrave and spread the roof above." In such a cathedral the mind soars upward:

> "Ah, why
> Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
> God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
> Only among the crowd, and under roofs
> That our frail hands have raised?"

But here comes a maiden on her way to the "Nymph's Grotto." She is too young, and floats along too buoyantly, to have come

by way of the rustic “Bridge of Sighs.” Barely eighteen, she cannot have interrupted her tripping course to rest in the “Widow’s Proposal Seat”; but in all probability she has stopped at the “Lily Cauldron” to admire the virgin bloom:

> “The white water-lilies, they sleep on the lake,
> Till over the mountain the sun bids them wake.
>
> At the rose-tinted touch of the long, level ray,
> Each pure, perfect blossom unfolds to the day.
>
> Each affluent pearl outstretched and uncurled
> To the glory and gladness and shine of the world.”

Scenes in TRURO PARK

1. Below the Falls
2. "What Have You Found?"

In Victoria Park, Truro

As the Truro vision in white, with happy lace and the light exulting step of early youth, passes by, it is evident she will never need to sit in the "Leap Year Engagement Seat," where

“no man may say ‘no’ to a self-respecting, modest woman.” Let us hope that the heart of the male to whom the leap-year question is here “popped” will not be affected by the “Cold Chamber” nearby. And see, our pretty maiden does not stop and rest in the “Irresistible Engagement Seat”; for is she not irresistibly engaging herself, without art or other allurement.

And now by a happy inspiration we guess her name. She is “Phyllis,” of course, and she is on her way to her own seat high up and tree-embowered, where her lover has long and impatiently waited her coming, as all true-lovers ever have done.

“Thou art a fool, said my head to my heart,
Yea, the greatest of fools, thou art,

To be caught with a trick of a tress;
By a smiling face or a ribbon smart—
And my heart was in sore distress.

Then Phyllis came by and her face was fair,
And the sun shone bright on her golden hair,
And her lips they were rosy red.
Then my heart spake out with a brave, bold air—
Thou art worse than a fool, O head!"

In the park will be found a spacious, amphitheatre-like picnic dell with tables and conveniences for those who must indulge in the prosaic occupation of eating. It is a delightful spot, and too much cannot be said in its praise.

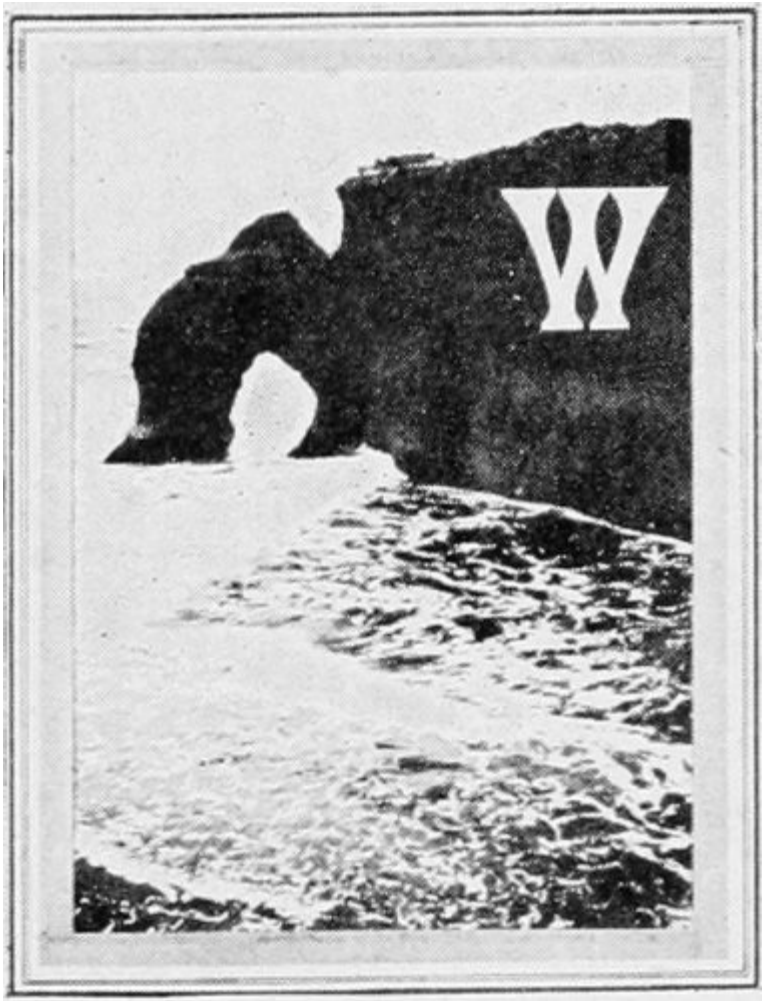
And finally, far in the woodland depths, where a fine tree has fallen across the ravine, there will be found a choice spot known only to the favored few at present, but which will be sought out by increasing numbers as it becomes known. It is called "Toll-Bridge," and here, unobserved of prying eyes, the happy lover has the right to exact "toll" from his *inamorata*, or sweetheart, for assisting her over. Not a single maiden has been known to cross "unassisted," and none may successfully resist the payment of toll in true-lover's coin.

In proceeding from Truro to Halifax, the train passes not far from the pleasant little village of Stewiacke. It then meets the Shubenacadie River and stops at the busy little village of that name. From this centre many places east of Halifax may conveniently be reached by stage. Maitland, Gay's River, Upper and Middle Musquodoboit, and even Guysboro and eastern shore points may all be reached in this manner. Passing by the

shore of Grand Lake, stopping at Windsor Junction—from which place the picturesque village of Waverley may be reached, as well as Annapolis Valley and north-shore points—and proceeding along the shore of the beautiful Bedford Basin, the city of Halifax soon comes into view, and the outer Atlantic shore has been reached.

In Point Pleasant Park, Halifax.

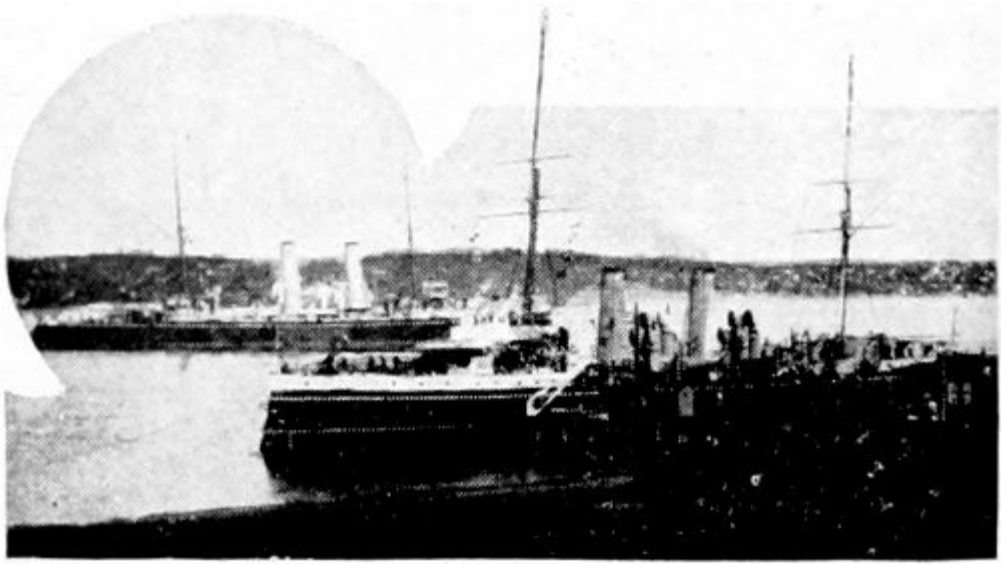
Halifax—an Ocean Gateway



With a splendid situation on the slopes of a great harbor, Halifax invites within her hospitable gates all who would sojourn for a while on the shore of the breezy Atlantic. Here is surely a world-harbor, with magnificent approaches, where fleets from every country may ride in security, and here, more than in any

port of Canada, the marine of every nation, and the giant warship, too, may be seen. As many as fourteen men-of-war, or battleships, have anchored here at one time, and the Atlantic liners, the traders, the coasting steamers, the sailing vessels and the multitude of sloops, fishing-smacks, yawls, sail boats, launches and row boats all contribute to the general busy life of the port. Its position on the eastern coast is supreme and cannot be challenged, a position that indeed makes it an Empire port in every sense. So much is this the case that with the assured growth of Canada, Halifax must always keep pace; and at no very distant day a harbor rivalling that of New York, a second Liverpool, will come into being, and Halifax will be the seaport of a great British Canadian Empire.

The city has been termed the Cronstadt of America, and it well deserves the name, for its wharves and anchorages are at the inner end of a great five-mile waterway, the banks and islands of which provide commanding positions for the eventful day when “war’s alarms” shall make defense inevitable.



Active and stirring scenes have been witnessed here during the past century. Privateers, blockade-runners, convoys or merchantmen, and war vessels with prizes have well covered the inner waters of the harbor. Busy times those, when in one day forty full-rigged ships, brigs and schooners, with cargoes, were all sold at auction! But better days have come, and peaceful commerce now prevails.

The Indian name for the water approach to Halifax was Chebucto, the meaning of which is "greatest of havens." The old name was well given, for it is undoubtedly one of the world's great harbors. The settlement received its present name about the middle of the eighteenth century, in compliment to Lord Halifax, the sponsor being Cornwallis.

The founding of Halifax was attended with great difficulties owing to the hostility of the French and their Indian allies. The original settlers came from England and the New England

colonies, as well as from Louisbourg when it was given up to the French by treaty. At that time the woods ran to the water's edge, and every foot of ground where now stands the city had to be carved out of the forest. Boards and squared timber were brought from Boston to build the first shelters.

Some twenty years after the settlement was showing signs of a steady growth considerable excitement was caused by the arrival of 600 Maroons who had been transported from Jamaica for participation in a rebellion against the authorities of that island. They caused much trouble, and showed a general unwillingness to work or do anything useful. At first this did not show strongly, and work was done by them on that part of the fortification known as the Maroon Bastion. But later they became disaffected and troublesome. One complained that he had to work his farm to get food. Another objected because yams, bananas and cocoa would not grow in Nova Scotia. A third was angry because there were no wild hogs to hunt. Instead of being a help to the Colony, they were an encumbrance; and troops had to be detailed to keep guard and prevent an outbreak.

Their life was altogether foreign to the country in which they found themselves, and their customs could not be grafted on the tree of Nova Scotian life. They became dissipated, and the only work they would do was to hunt or fish. They were polygamous; they buried their dead with unheard of rites in the hollows of the rocks, provided rum, pipe, tobacco and two days' rations, and thus sent off the ghost of the departed for his journey to the undiscovered land.

Fortunately at this time a place was found for them in Sierra

Leone in the land from which they had originated, and greatly to the relief of Sir John Wentworth, the governor at that time, they departed, accompanied by general rejoicings of all in Halifax. Maroon Hall, their former headquarters, has completely decayed; but the great cellar may still be seen by the waters of Cole Harbor to the east of Halifax.

Purcell's Cove, Halifax

The city retains more traces of its British origin than any other place in America. Just as Quebec is essentially French, so is Halifax peculiarly British; and to go from one of these places to the other, and yet to realize that both are on the Western Continent, is to experience many surprises. Canada is not old enough to have imposing cities. To many this is cause for congratulation, for who would care to go from New York to Halifax to see a second Gotham; while visitors from Chicago, Philadelphia, Ontario, and Western Canada find in old Halifax much that is absolutely new to them. May these conditions continue for many years to come, for there is nothing incompatible between progress and the preservation of all old

and well-tried things that fit in with and do not block the wheels of the car in which we all travel, and that has marked above it the direction "Onward!"

Halifax is one of those restful and delightful places where each day's recreation and exercise brings a night of peace and repose, and where all the conveniences of modern life may be enjoyed without the turmoil and din of the too-bustling city. And the country, the woods, the lakes and the streams are all quite near; so that a life half-city, half-country, may be lived without the inconvenience of having to study traffic conditions at "rush" hours, etc.

In your rambles without the city you will come to a charming little lake, with a fairy like boat resting tranquilly on its quiet surface, where wild flowers spread a fragrant carpet around, and gay little songbirds are in concert on the quivering birches. You will stop to drink in the beauties of the delightful scene, and possibly as you do so you will notice a young couple whose marriage, apparently, is only a week or two in the past. Could there be a better paradise, the world over, for bridal couples than the Maritime Provinces! They are gazing with rapt attention at the scene, and you believe they are talking. Are you curious to know what he is saying and what she replies. Listen! he is speaking.

"There's not a little boat, sweetheart,
That dances on the tide;—
There's not a nodding daisy-head
In all the meadows wide,—

In all the warm green orchards,

Where bright birds sing and stray,
There's not a whistling oriole
So glad as I this day."

* * * * *

She said, "In all the purple hills,
Where dance the lilies blue,
Where all day long the sleeping larks
Make fairy-tales come true.

Where you can lie for hours and watch
The unfathomable sky,
There's not a breath of all the June
That's half so glad as I!"

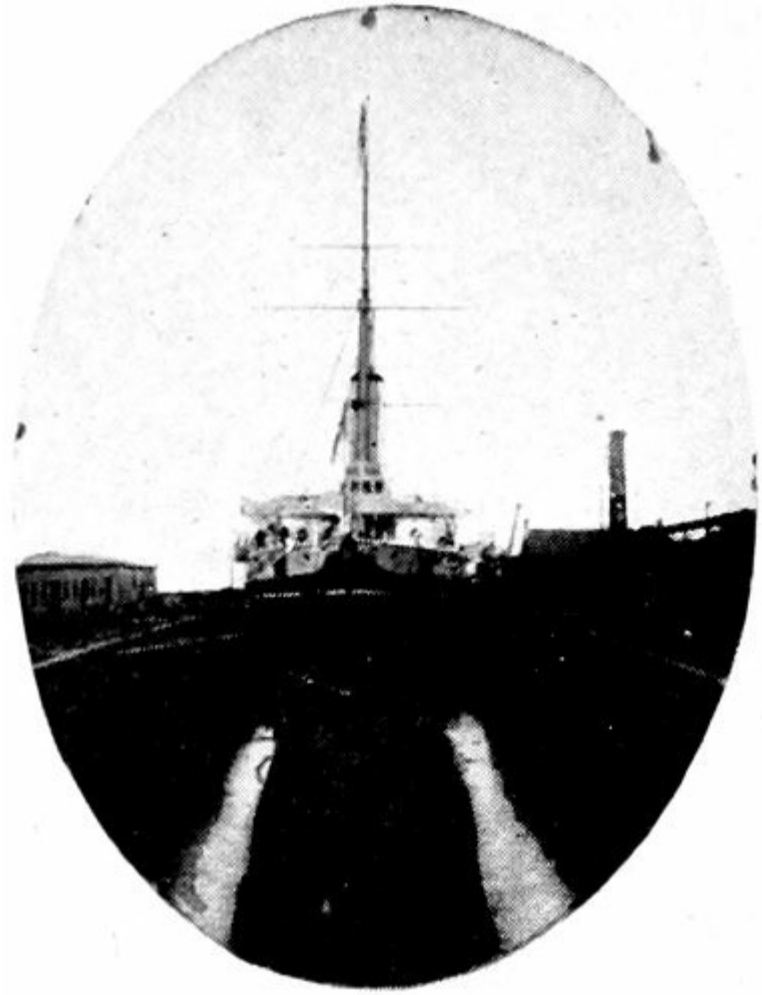
A conspicuous feature, visible from almost any part of the city, is the Citadel. From its height a splendid and inspiring view may be had of an immense stretch of country; while the harbor, the coast and the surrounding waters are spread at the feet like a huge map in relief. There is no better way of becoming acquainted with the plan of the city and environs; for by walking around the ramparts every outlying area may be seen reaching in to the streets immediately below. By the Citadel gate may be seen two mortars that were used at Louisbourg when that fortress surrendered to Amherst and Wolfe. Visitors are admitted to the citadel on payment of a small fee. The masonry work is enormously strong, and the old-world appearance of glacis, moat and bastion suggest great strength. It all typifies a fast-decaying system of fort defence, and on that account, and because so picturesque, it is worthy of the closest examination and interest. The one o'clock gun still booms from the upper

rampart of the Citadel.

HALIFAX

1. City Hall, Halifax
2. Provincial Building, Halifax
3. Sebastopol Monument, Halifax
4. Herring Cove, near Halifax

The modern fortifications for the defence of city and harbor are on the islands, and along the shores that make out to the entrance. On George's Island is Fort Charlotte, and opposite is Fort Clarence. Forts Ogilvie, Cambridge and Point Pleasant are in the park. Ives' Point and Fort MacNab are on MacNabs Island. York Redoubt crowns a bluff on the western side of the harbor, and Spion Kop is at Sambro by the harbor entrance.



The Dockyard is an interesting place to visit, and the huge Dry Dock should be seen when a great vessel is within its gates.

A favorite recreation on summer evenings is to row or drift in the harbor, and listen to the music given by the bands of the flagships when naval squadrons are in port.

The Provincial Parliament Building contains many interesting historical portraits, and an excellent library that is strong in

provincial, Acadian and early history, etc. The long oak table from the cabin of the *Beaufort* transport, around which sat the council when Cornwallis took the oath as Governor of Nova Scotia, is preserved in a room adjoining the Council Chamber. In the grounds may be seen the South African Memorial of the Nova Scotian soldiers who fell in the Boer War, and also the Statue of the many-sided Joseph Howe.

A memorial to the soldiers who fell in the Crimean War is erected near the gates of St. Paul's Old Churchyard; and not far away is Government House, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. City Hall stands in its own enclosure, and close by is the quaint old clock tower erected by the Duke of Kent near the foot of Citadel Hill. Punctual himself, he expected others to be equally so. In a nearby building will be found a Natural History Museum, open daily, and well worth seeing. St. Paul's Church still includes as part of its structure much of the old portion erected soon after the founding of Halifax. American visitors will be interested in learning that the frame of the old building was imported from Massachusetts.

Point Pleasant Park is one of the chief attractions for all who visit the city. It is a park of great natural beauty, situated at the outer end of the peninsula that includes Halifax. Here by the rocky points, on the banks, or from seats under the trees, splendid views of the harbor approaches may be obtained. Far out in the offing is the open sea where white-sailed vessels from many parts are drawing nearer together as they make the harbor. Sea birds are circling and skimming the waves in easy flight, and the cool breeze blows landward, bringing with it that invigorating salty tang of old ocean, every breath of which seems like a draught from the fabled "Fountain of Youth."

"Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.

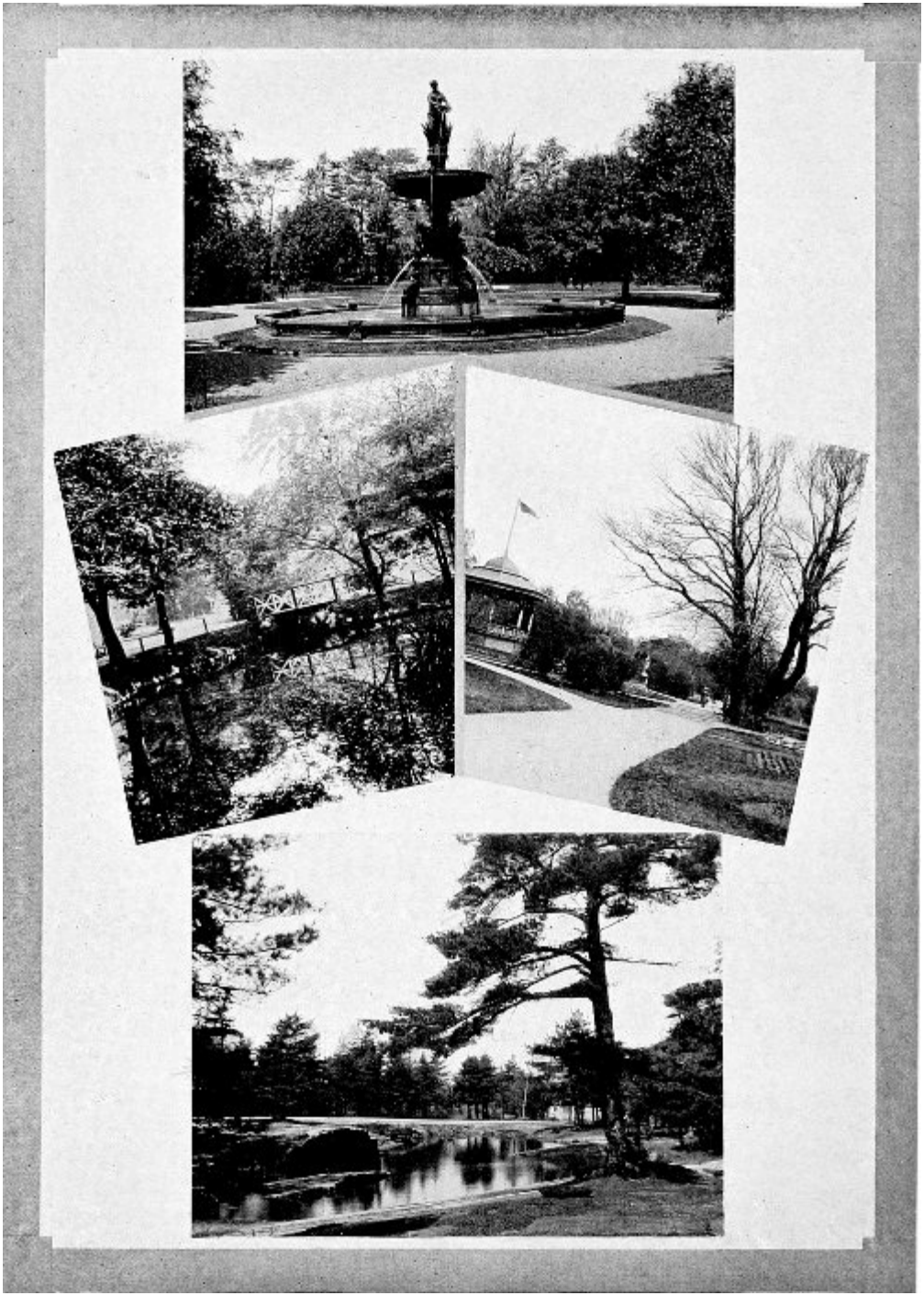
Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore!

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."

Ocean liners, steamships, sailing vessels, motor-boats and

yachts are constantly passing, and the sight is full of pleasant variety. A walk to the old Martello Tower may be enjoyed by striking in from the sea over one of the ingoing paths; and enjoyable walks by the old Chain Fort, past the masked batteries, and around to the beautiful prospect of the North-West Arm, are all of convenient length, The Club House of the Royal Nova Scotian Yacht Squadron is near the Pleasant Street entrance to the park.

The Public Gardens are easily accessible from almost any part of the city, being centrally situated. There are larger, but no finer botanical gardens than these, and the spreading trees, the shady walks, the ponds and lakes, the trim-kept green, the plants, and the great beds of splendid flowers, always in constant succession of bloom, make the "Gardens" a beautiful spot. It is a favorite centre of outdoor recreation and life, and here military band concerts and garden and water *fetes* are given through the summer.



HALIFAX PARK SCENES

1. Fountain in Public Gardens, Halifax
2. Rustic Bridge, Public Gardens, Halifax
3. Pavilion, Public Gardens, Halifax
4. In Point Pleasant Park, Halifax

Everyone living anywhere near Halifax takes great pride in the beautiful expanse of water known as the North-West Arm. It is, as its name indicates, an arm of the sea that branches off from the bay and flows inland to the south of the city, in a north-westerly direction. It is about four miles long, and is crowned on each side by wooded banks. It is a great centre for canoeing, rowing, yachting, motor-boating, etc., as well as for bathing, diving, swimming and general aquatic sport. Here in the height of the summer the famous regattas are held, when the numerous club house porches, the banks of the water and every available

spot is occupied to witness the races. The sight is gay, unique and peculiar, in its extent, to Halifax. The excursion steamers, sailing vessels, tugs, and boats of every description, as well as private yachts, launches, rowing boats and canoes that line the long course make an exhilarating scene, and one that brings many from hundreds of miles distant to witness it.

Cricket, golf, tennis, curling, boating, canoeing, bathing and diving may all be enjoyed in or near the city; and the locality is a centre for good fishing and the best of hunting.

Of the many favorite drives, one of the best is that along the shore of the Bedford Basin. High hills look down on the noble sheet of water, and at Bellevue, Bedford, etc., are comfortable stopping-places. Here the Duke of Kent lived, at that part of the shore known as Prince's Lodge. The house has fallen in ruins, and all that remains is the bandstand. Many pretty bungalows and pleasant summer places are found along the shore.

Along this shore camped the survivors of the great French Armada of 1746, that was to have conquered all British America. Of the 40 warships and 30 transports that left Brest, only a scattered remnant survived storm and disaster and was able to return to the home port. Halifax, Louisbourg and Annapolis were all to have been taken from the British by this formidable fleet. But disaster followed in the wake of nearly every vessel of the great squadron; for after being dispersed and scattered by heavy storms that destroyed many vessels of the fleet, the survivors became the prey of a violent and fatal sickness. They wintered along the shore of the Bedford Basin, and died there by thousands. The commander, d'Anville, died suddenly and was buried on the island now

known as George's Island. The second in command, D'Estournel, committed suicide on his sword, in a fit of despair. La Jonquière then assumed command of the weakened and dispirited force. He burned one of his frigates, and other vessels, the remains of which may still be seen in the Bedford Basin near the Three-Mile House, and also close to Navy Island. Then rallying his command he left to attack Annapolis, but again was the fleet battered and dispersed by storms, and the survivors had to endure many hardships before they reached their native France. Rust-eaten muskets and swords have frequently been found along the Bedford shore when clearing away the underbrush.

Other good routes are those to Dutch Village and the Dingle, to the Chain Lakes, and to the Rocking Stone on the way to St. Margaret's Bay.

Lawrencetown, about two hours' drive from Dartmouth, has a good beach with surf-bathing, and may be reached by stage. Chezzetcook, an old Acadian settlement, is also quite accessible in the same way. York Redoubt, Falkland Village and Herring

Cove all make pleasant drives.

The Musquodoboit River country to the east of Halifax had French settlements fully half a century before the first British settler arrived at what is now the great stronghold and capital city of Nova Scotia.

Crossing to Dartmouth on the ferry a pleasant road leads to the Dartmouth Lakes. This beautiful chain of lakes is part of a system of waterways intended to be made continuous from Halifax and Dartmouth to the Bay of Fundy, at Maitland and Cobequid Bay, by means of the Shubenacadie River. A canal was to have connected the lakes and river, but the project fell through. The ruins of the old locks at the Dartmouth end are well worth seeing. Excellent views may be enjoyed from Dartmouth and Prince Arthur Parks. Many camping parties are found on the shores of the first and second lakes, and boating is there a favorite recreation.

Another pleasant road is that to Cow Bay, where a fine beach and good bathing may be enjoyed.

Regetta Day, Halifax

"I leave the town with its hundred noises,
Its clatter and whir of wheel and steam,
For woodland quiet and silvery voices,
With a camp of bark by a crystal stream.

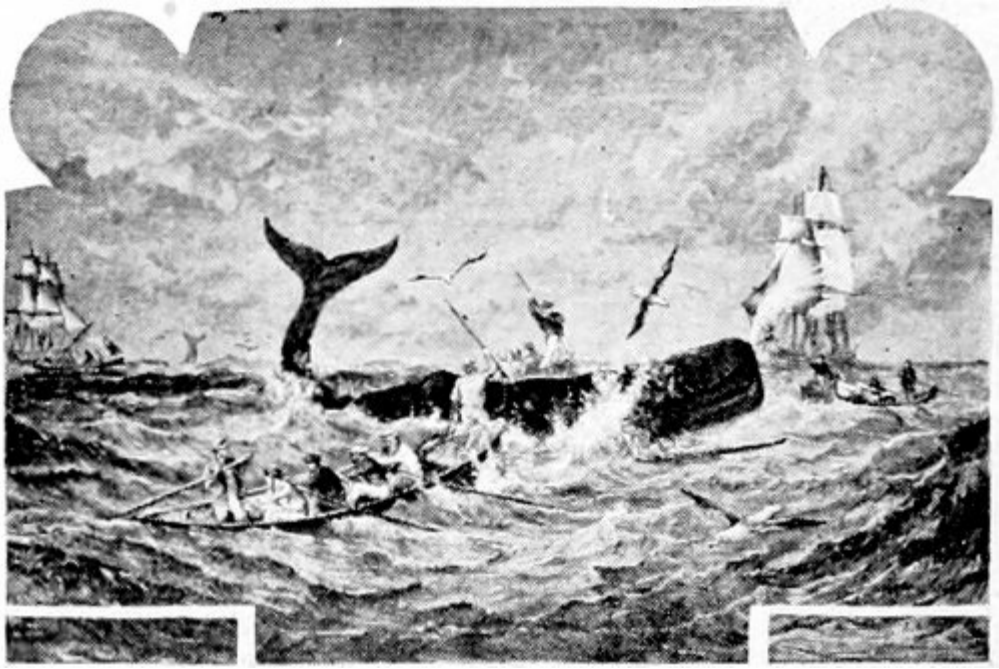
Oh, peaceful and sweet are forest slumbers
On a fragrant couch with the stars above,
As the free soul marches to dulcet numbers
Through dreamland valleys of light and love."

Enjoyable trips may be made from Halifax to the Minas Basin, Grand Pré, and the Annapolis Valley; along the south shore to St. Margaret's Bay, Chester, and Mahone Bay, Liverpool,

Lockeport and Shelburne, and to Lakes Rossignol, Keejim-Koojie, Ponhook, etc.

No port of Canada offers the numerous water trips that may be made from Halifax. Steamers leave here for St. John's, Newfoundland; St. Pierre-Miquelon, Magdalen Islands, Pictou and Prince Edward Island, Gaspé peninsular points, Sydney, Ingonish, Aspy Bay, Louisbourg, Glace Bay, Bras d'Or Lakes, Port Hood, Mabou and many other Cape Breton points; Guysboro, Mulgrave and other ports in the Strait of Canso; Country Harbor, Isaacs Harbor, Sherbrooke, Liscomb, Sonora, Jeddore, Ship Harbor, Tangier, Sheet Harbor, and many places along the east shore; Lunenburg, Liverpool, Shelburne, Yarmouth on the south shore; St. John, N.B.; and finally, not including transatlantic ports, there are trips to Jamaica and Santiago: and to New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

Other particulars of Halifax and eastern shore localities will be found in the chapter on "Where to Go." The deep-sea fisheries of the South Shore are very large and important, and at Halifax and elsewhere along the coast ample opportunities are found for catching swordfish, leaping tuna, mackerel, codfish and haddock, etc. Whaling was formerly carried on by numerous vessels outfitting and sailing from Halifax. A settlement of Nantucket Whalers was made in Dartmouth, but they afterwards left; and the whaling industry gradually died out as a result of the great slaughter of those fish in early days.



East River, near New Glasgow

Nova Scotia, North and East

Between Truro and Stellarton there is a continuance of the pleasant scenery found in the Truro Valley; but the Northumberland Straits Shore and neighboring territory between Oxford Junction and Stellarton, and beyond that to Mulgrave and the Strait of Canso, has features of its own quite unlike those of the country previously described. The nearest approach in general characteristics is found at the mouth of the Miramichi, and in the neighborhood of Point du Chene. It is a country of meadow lands and tranquil rivers, although as Antigonish and other places are approached the meadows are frequently varied by the addition of hills and occasional rolling land.

It is a land of verdure and freshness; and if bold mountain ranges are absent, in their place will be found prolific meadows, luxurious tree-growth, quiet streams, singing birds, and abundant floral life.

> "'Twas in June's bright and glorious prime,
> The loveliest of the summer time,
> The laurels were one splendid sheet
> Of crowded blossoms every where;
> The locust's clustered pearl was sweet,
> And the tall whitewood made the air
> Delicious with the fragrance shed
> From the gold flowers all o'er it spread."

Pugwash is a quiet and modest little watering place on the Northumberland Straits, only a short run from Oxford Junction. There is bathing on the shore, and boating in the excellent harbor. Some bungalows have been erected in a fine situation for the water view and the cool evening air.

Like most of the places that are a little remote from the beaten highway of travel, Pugwash is quite quaint in its appearance and everyday life. The streets are very pleasant, there are plenty of

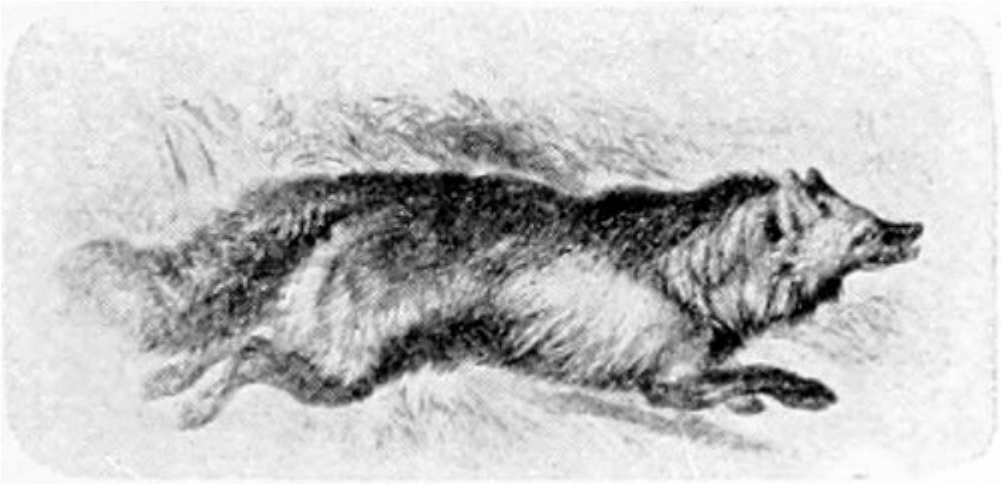
river views and walks, and there are many good roads. It is one of those places where a very quiet and restful summer may be spent at very moderate expense.

The scenery by Tatamagouche River, and also by the Swiss settlement of River John, is very enjoyable. A pleasing sheet of water is at Tatamagouche. The land is low, but the bay winds and turns and has little coves in it, so that it makes an attractive waterway for boating and canoeing. Malagash Point makes out at the far western extremity of the main bay. The Tatamagouche is a pretty little stream with picturesque banks—the flat country here gradually taking a moderate elevation in parts. River John

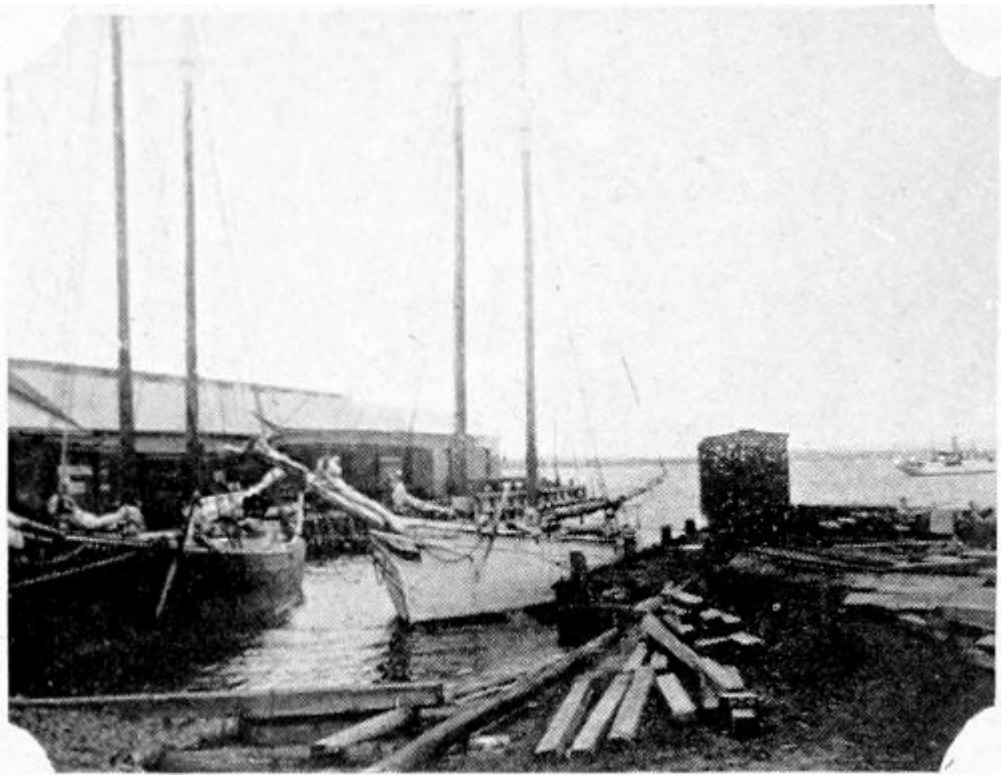
is a stream of fair proportions, nicely wooded with young trees along its gentle sloping banks of brightest green. Going east from here the country becomes somewhat undulating, and on approaching Lyon's Brook and Pictou, hills of bolder height are seen.

The country through which we are passing is that of the blackbird and the bobolink, and the rivers, water reaches and tall grasses are the homes of wild fowl of almost every kind.

"The redwinged merle, from bending spray
On graceful pinions poising,
Pours out a liquid roundelay
In jubilant rejoicing.
The cock-grouse drums on sounding log,
The fox forsakes his cover,
The woodcock pipes from fen and bog,
From upland leas the plover.



The speckled trout dart up the stream,
Beneath the rustic bridges,
While flocks of pigeons glance and gleam
O'er beach and maple ridges.
The golden robin trills his note
Among the netted shadows,
The bobolink with mellow throat
Makes musical the meadows."

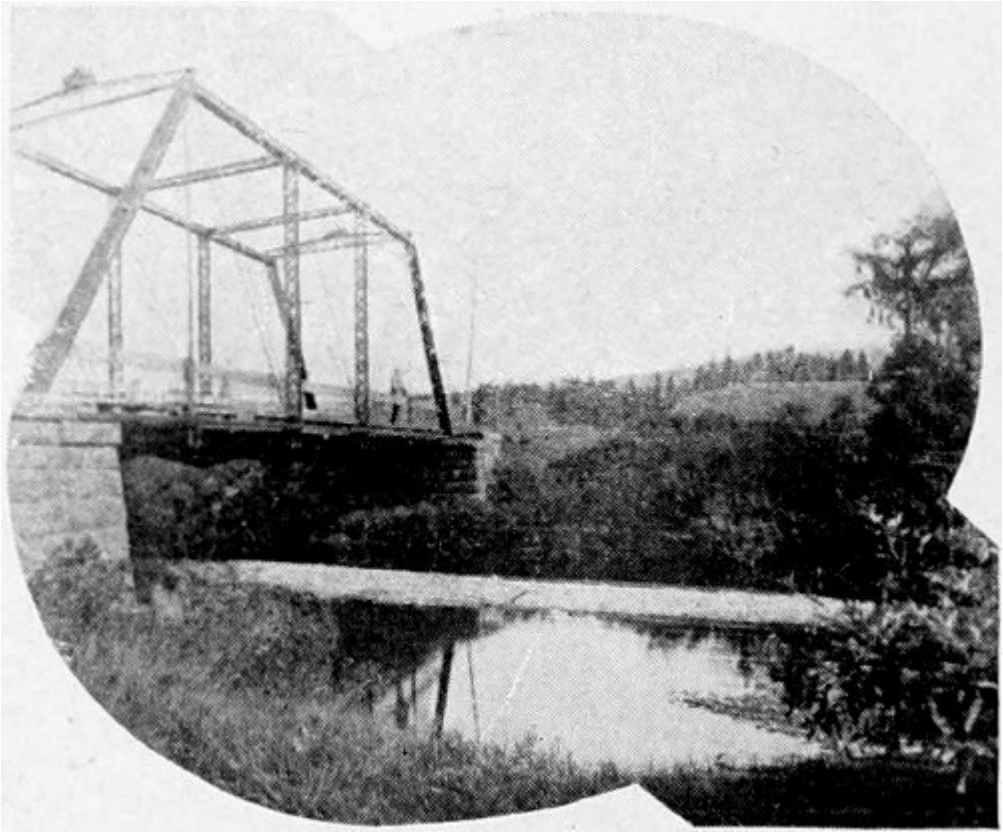


Pictou is situated on a fine harbor, possibly the finest along the shore, which has three rivers emptying into it. It is a delightful little summer resort, where many enjoyable drives may be taken into the surrounding country. Walks about will reveal many

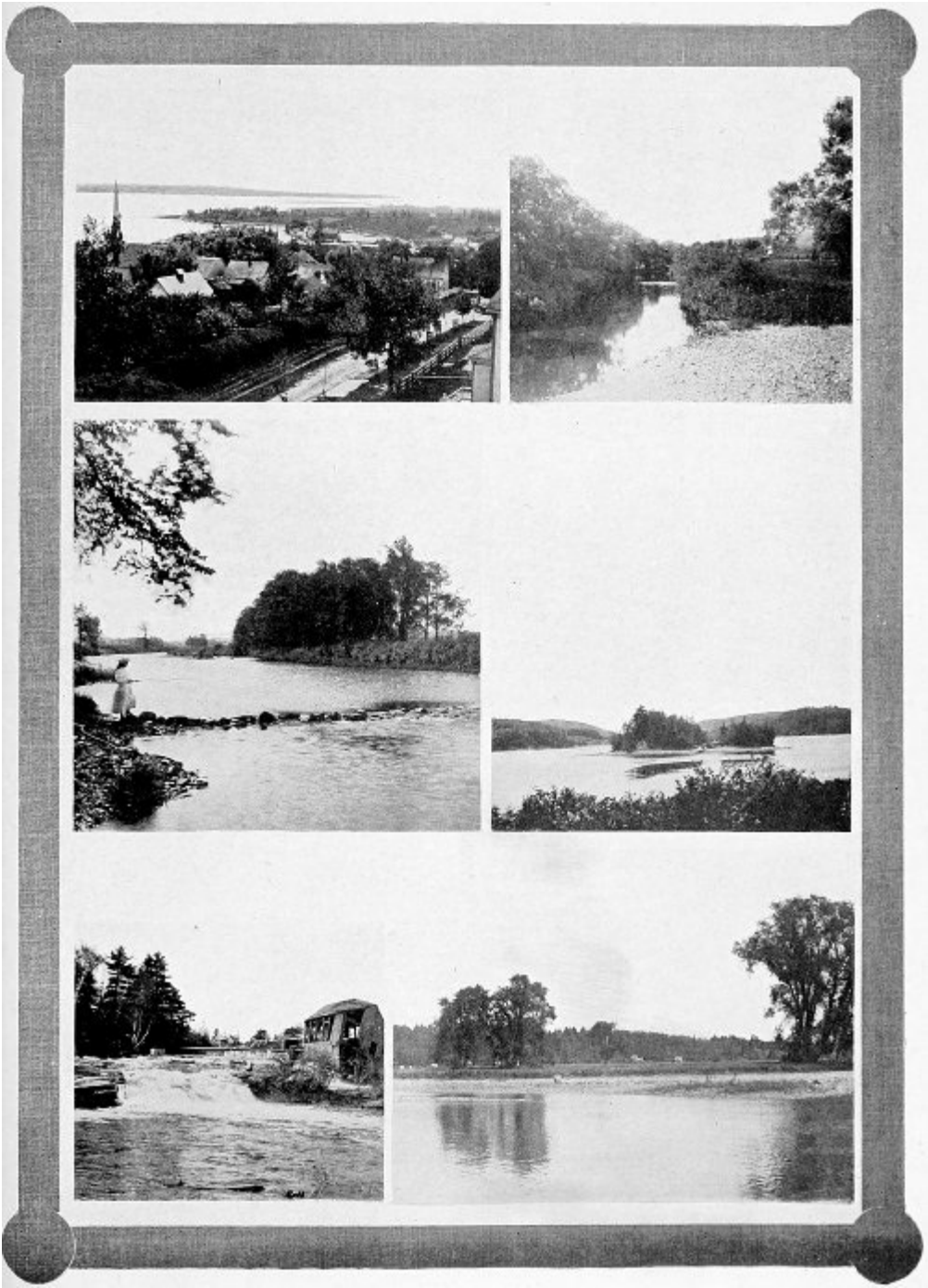
charming spots. There are pretty brooks, and refreshing woodland walks. The boating is excellent, and the nearby shore offers pleasant variety in coves and tiny creeks. There is a clean sand beach for sheltered or harbor bathing. Good trout fishing will also be found in the surrounding streams. Lord Strathcona has a summer home in the neighborhood. The East River communicates with New Glasgow, only some 9 miles distant. The growing town of Westville is on the Middle River. West River has much pretty scenery along its course, and it is here that most of the fishing is done.

Pictou was once the site of a large Indian village. Later the French tried to build up a settlement and they were followed by Pennsylvanians from the neighborhood of Philadelphia. Finally, many hardy Highlanders found their way here, and by them the real settlement was made. At the mouth of Pictou harbor the last fight between the Kennebec and Micmac Indians took place.

Stages leave here for many places of interest along the shore, and also to some inland points. Steamships also leave for Prince Edward Island, for Quebec and St. Lawrence Gulf ports, for Hawkesbury and the Strait of Canso, and for West Cape Breton and the Magdalen Islands.



The whole neighborhood is a pleasant one, and, in addition, there is some of the life of a busy little town that many tourists consider essential in a summer stopping-place.



ANTIGONISH

1. **Pictou**
2. **South River, Antigonish**
3. **West River, Stellarton**
4. **Garden of Eden Lake**
5. **Grey's Falls, Hopewell**
6. **Antigonish, Cattle on the Intervale**

The country between Truro and Stellarton on the southern loop or main line of the Intercolonial Railway has not been opened up or developed for summer visitors. It is nevertheless a beautiful country; and walks, drives and excursions by rail from Truro or New Glasgow along the pretty hills, vales and streams will bring much pleasure.

Stellarton and New Glasgow are growing and prosperous coal-mining and manufacturing centres. Stellarton is the centre of a coal district from which immense quantities of that valuable fuel have been mined. New Glasgow is a bright and up-to-date town with excellent stores and commercial facilities. There are pleasant drives along the East River, and to the south.

Proceeding east past Merigomish and other small places, the very interesting and pretty town of Antigonish, at the head of a small harbor on St. George's Bay, is reached. It is a Scottish settlement that has more individuality and charm than would be thought possible for a town on a railroad. It is a place of pleasant shady streets, picturesque hills, winding streams and numerous bridges. Its fine Catholic Cathedral and modern College are conspicuous objects from all around. Antigonish is not spoiled by the proximity of a large city, and so the life of the surrounding country centres in the busy little place; and it is one of those delightful places that somehow appeal to the heart from the first moment of arrival.

The harbor is some distance off, and, being shallow, is little used. There are very pleasant drives in every direction. For a pleasant stay in a pretty country town, few places will please more than this; and for those who like that pastime, some canoeing may be done in the adjacent waters. The climate is very enjoyable, mild and temperate. The nights are lovely.

"On summer nights the yellow stars
Shine through the watches held on high
Suspended from the countless spars
Of cloud-fleets anchored in the sky;
And wafted past upon the breeze
Slow winding down from distant heights
There comes the roll of far-off seas
On summer nights.

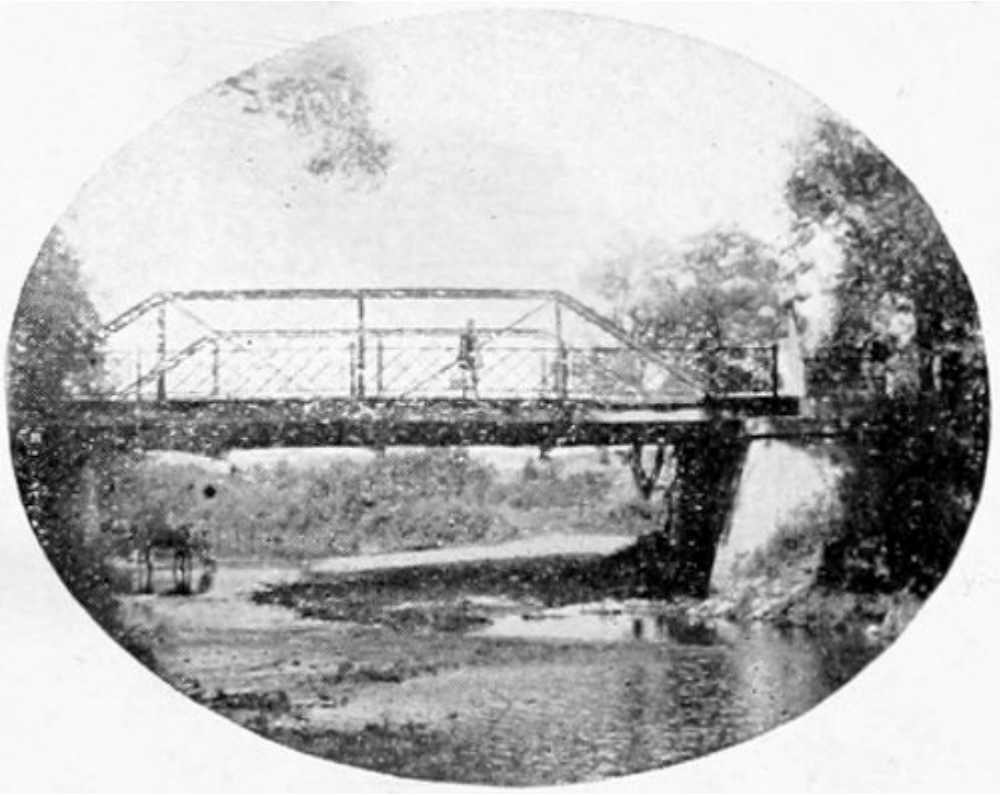
* * * * *

On summer nights the steadfast stars
Swing from the masts of shadow ships
That lie within the harbor bars
Where the long sea-roll curls and dips;
And still there comes in divers keys
Down drifting from those beacon lights
The spectral wash of far-off seas
On summer nights."

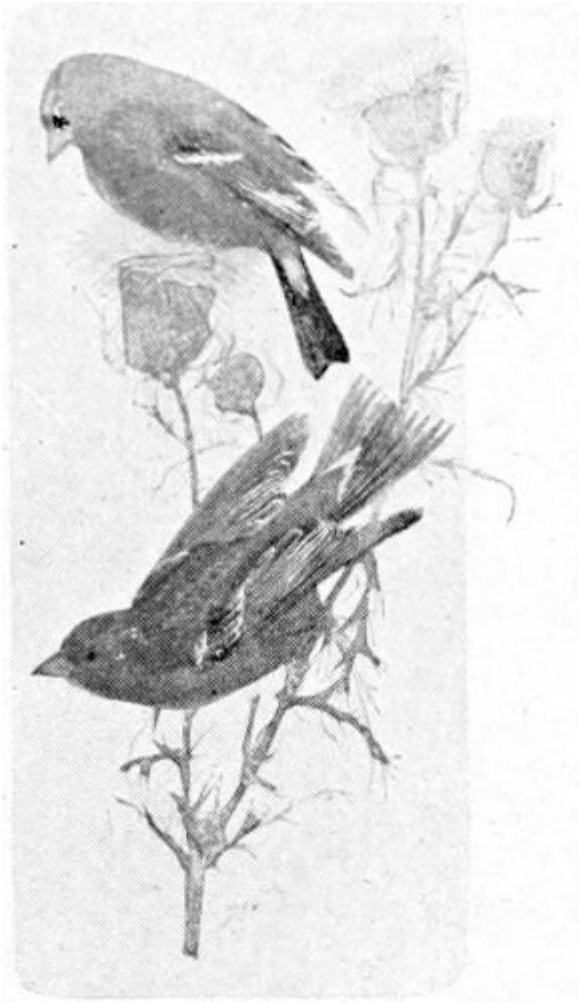
Antigonish is an important centre for stage coach and other drives to many places of great interest. The route to Lochaber, College Lake and Sherbrooke leads past the Antigonish Mountains to the St. Mary's River and Atlantic Ocean on the south, and is full of variety. There are drives to Morristown and

Georgeville, and to Malignant Cove by a delightful road through the hills. It was here that the British frigate *Malignant* took the shore in a heavy gale. Near here is the Scottish settlement of Arisaig, which has a romantic situation and a little shelter-harbor.

At Heatherton Station a stage may be taken for Guysboro at the head of Chedabucto Bay. It is a most interesting drive. Beyond Heatherton lies Tracadie, a quaint French district where there is a Trappist Monastery, the Belgian Monks of which make excellent farmers. Both in Tracadie and Harbor au Bouche a quaint old-time life is lived, and the places are well worth a visit.

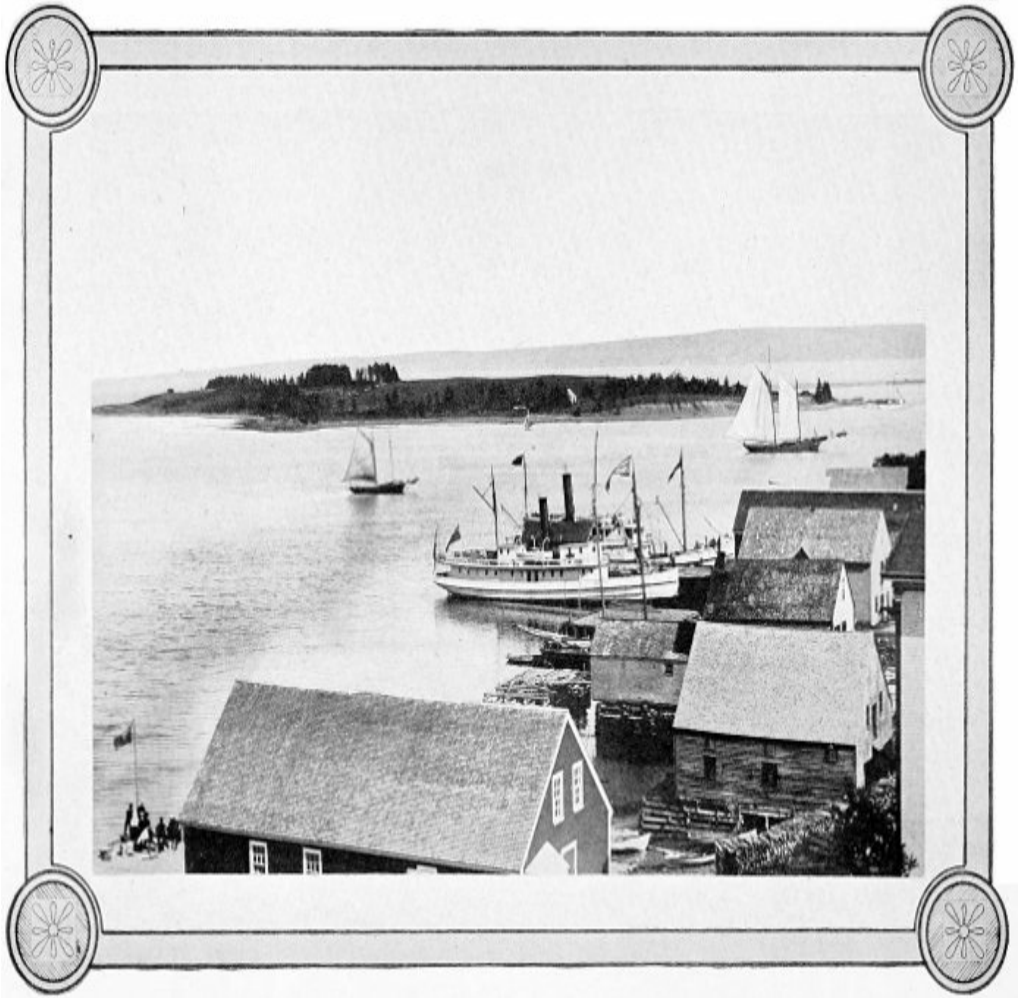


Proceeding now to the most easterly railroad point in peninsular Nova Scotia, the village of Mulgrave is reached. Mulgrave is on the Strait of Canso, the much-travelled marine highway from the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and by the use of which the long voyage around the Island of Cape Breton is rendered unnecessary. It has been termed the "Golden Gate of the St. Lawrence," and without doubt is a most picturesque waterway. Thousands of vessels pass through here every year, and at almost any hour of the day the sight is a pleasant one and full of variety. Bold and plentifully wooded hills flank the splendid waterway for a considerable length of its fifteen-mile course. Here the Intercolonial Railway ferry crosses and recrosses to Cape Breton Island on the opposite shore of the Strait, carrying over passengers, cars, etc., to and from Sydney and intermediate stations on the island. There are many pleasant trips from Mulgrave by steamboat to Guysboro, Canso, Arichat, Port Hawkesbury and Port Hastings, Bras d'Or Lake by way of St. Peter's, Port Hood, Margaree and Cheticamp on the West shore of Cape Breton, and to Montague and Georgetown on Prince Edward Island.

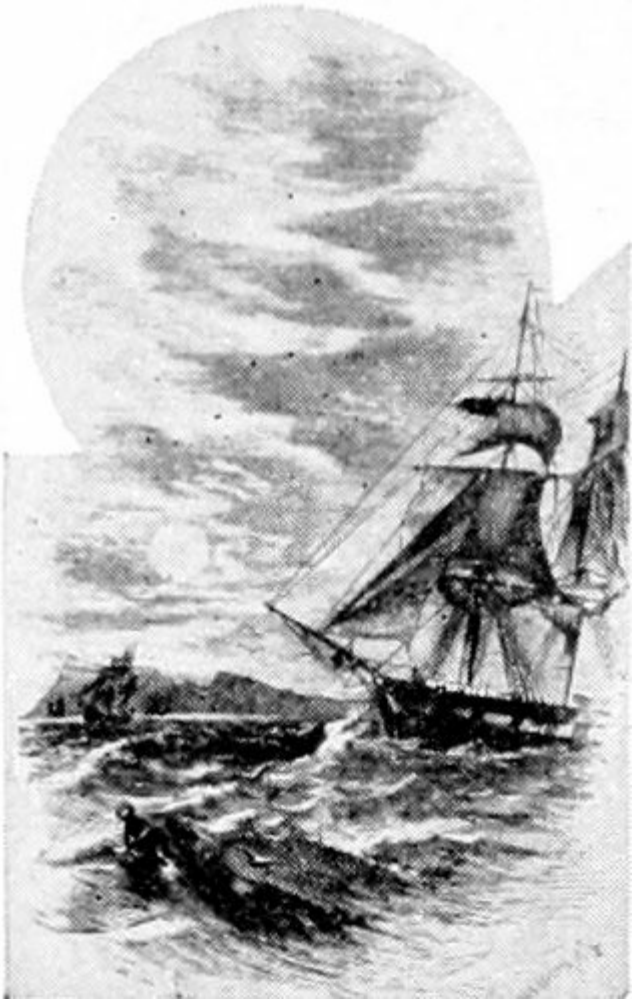


The town of Guysboro is quite an old settlement, for Nicholas St. Denys had a fishing station at the place now known as Fort Point. The fisheries here have always been very valuable, and Chedabucto, at the head of which Guysboro is, has been the resort of many vessels engaged in fishing for mackerel, herring, codfish and pollock. The settlement itself with its long street of most generous width lying along the water, at a little distance from it, and the grassy little streets on the overlooking hills, is

very attractive as a quiet summer resort, with good boating and canoeing. As a centre for sailing and excursions by water, and also for drives in every direction, it is excellent. Being somewhat remote, it is a place where a restful summer may be spent, with cool air and genial surroundings. Like Antigonish, it is a place with a homelike air that takes the fancy from the very first; and here, of course, boating and fishing are at the very door. There are pleasant water trips nearby to Milford Haven and Boylston, and innumerable longer excursions to places on Chedabucto Bay, to Isle Madame and other Cape Breton points, as well as to Hawkesbury and Mulgrave on the Strait of Canso. There are good drives, also, with fishing sport, to Salmon River and surrounding lakes, as well as to Whitehead, Tor Bay and other places on the outer Atlantic coast. In summer the water of Chedabucto Bay is ordinarily quiet and smooth, and it takes just a moment to pass out into the open bay from Guysboro's little shelter-harbor. When a gale blows from the east, the sea piles up in rollers and sweeps up to the harbor entrance in fine commotion. It is a place half-country and half-shore, with sea life predominating.



Guysboro



“I picked up shells with ruby lips
    That spoke in whispers of the sea,
Upon a time, and watched the ships,
    On white wings, sail away to sea.

The ships I saw go out that day
    Live misty—dim in memory;
But still I hear, from far away,

The blue waves breaking ceaselessly."

The coast line west of Chedabucto Bay is rich in bays and roomy inlets, with numerous lakes and rivers in communication. The St. Mary's River waters a fine tract of country, and connects with the beautiful Lochaber Lake some thirty miles inland. A stage-coach drive across the peninsula from beautiful Antigonish to the head navigation waters of the St. Mary's River at Sherbrooke is an enjoyable summer outing. The scenery is finely varied, and the whole district is full of interest.

On the middle St. Mary's River good salmon fishing is often found at the Crow's Nest, a typical interior country place.

Considerable salmon fishing with nets is carried on in the lower waters of the river between Sherbrooke and Sonora on the coast, a distance of about nine miles.

The village of Sherbrooke has a very pleasant situation on the river, and it is one of those quiet and remote places where a thoroughly restful vacation may be enjoyed by those who love country life and pleasant rambles. There is excellent boating at Sherbrooke, as well as above and below it. Motor-boats have a fine nine-mile run to the ocean, with numerous excursion points within easy reach of the mouth of the river.

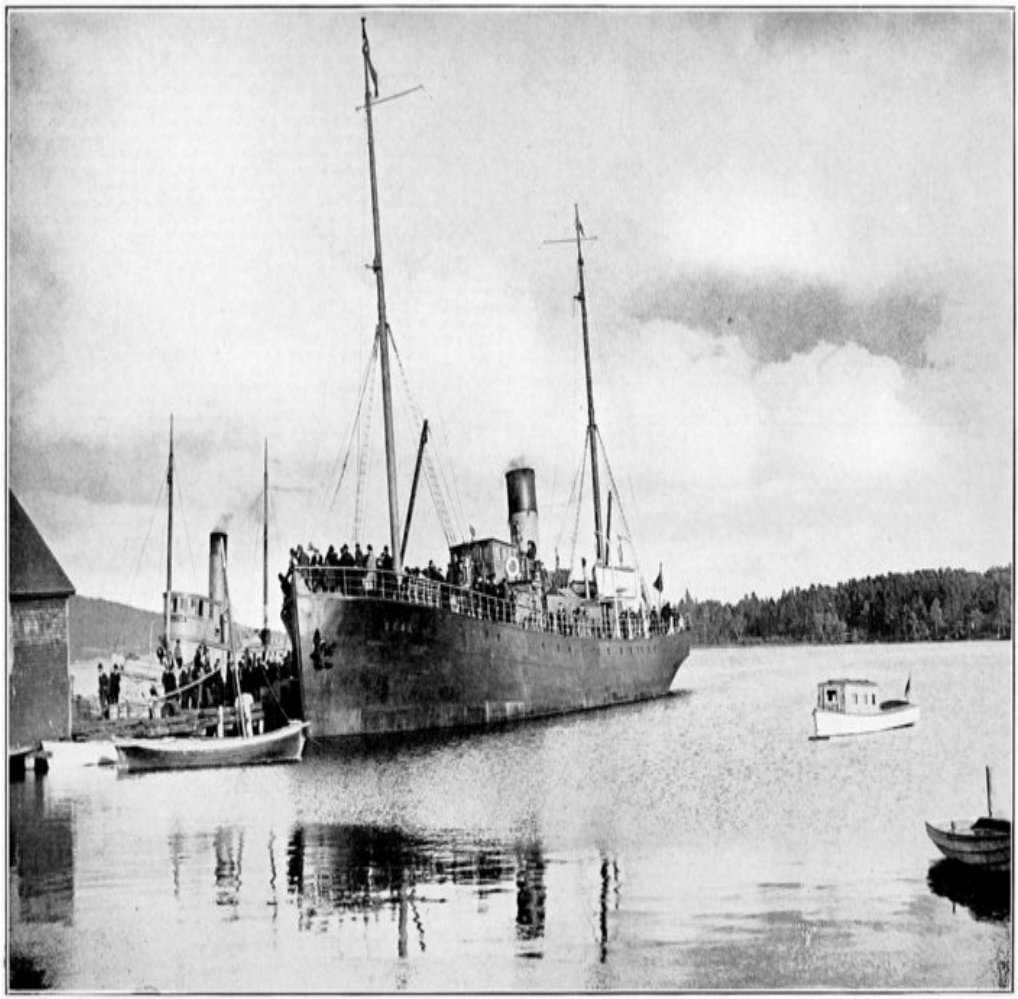
The canoeing waters of Sherbrooke are excellent. A delightful holiday may be spent by making headquarters in the village to explore the upper waters of the river. There are pleasant settlements all along the course up to its head waters. Being remote from regular travel routes, the district is fresh and unspoiled; and those who enjoy absolute quiet, unconventional

life and a friendly welcome will be sure to feel at home in Sherbrooke.

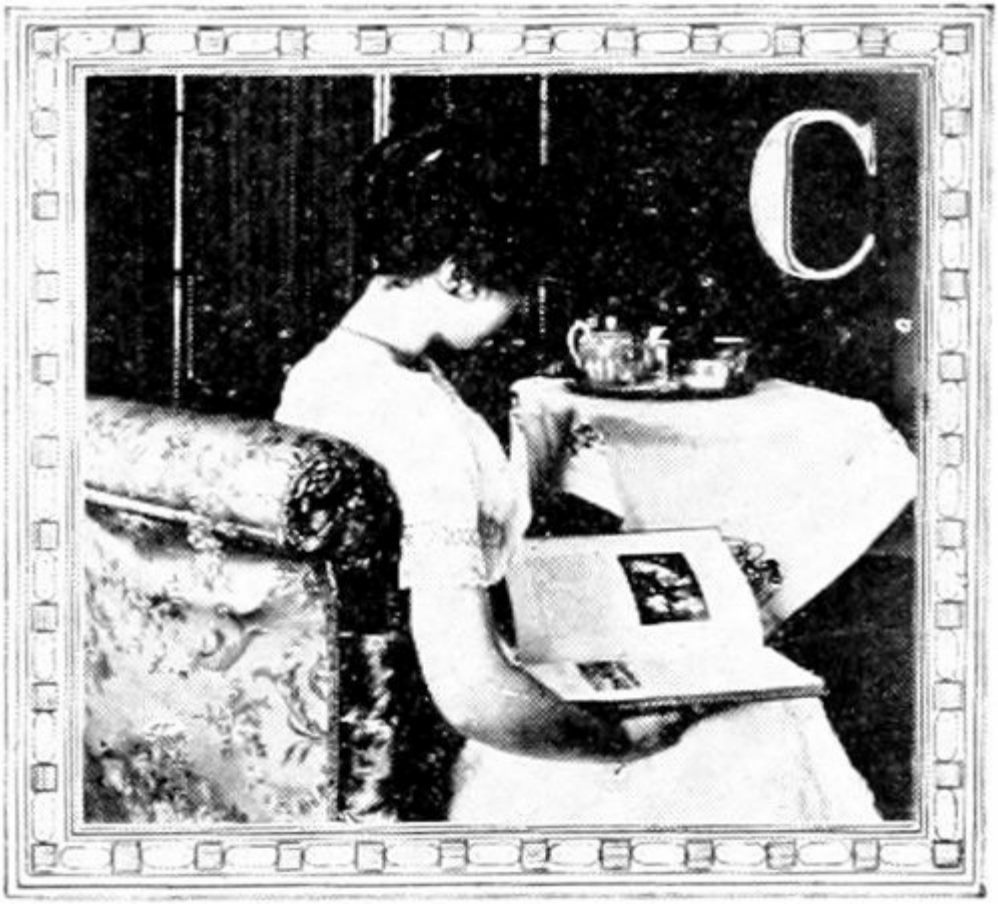
Country Harbour to the east, and Sheet Harbour, Port Dufferin and Musquodoboit to the west are all pleasant little places.

Antigonish

A railroad is to be built, along the south-east shore between Halifax and Guysboro. When it is finished, the fine harbors and the rugged and romantic places along the shore will be brought within easy reach of the summer visitor. In the meantime such places are fairly accessible by stage-coach from points on the Intercolonial Railway between Shubenacadie and Heatherton or Antigonish; and they may also be reached by steamboat from Halifax and Guysboro or Mulgrave.



Cape Breton Island



Cape Breton Island, lying at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, has been termed the “front door” of Canada; a distinction that should properly be shared with Newfoundland; for the naval power that holds these Atlantic outposts could destroy or dominate the whole maritime trade of the great river.

If the Norse voyagers discovered North America, and sailed

into the Gulf of St. Lawrence a thousand years ago, as many believe, they must have passed by and seen Cape Breton; and, in all probability, they must have been the first Europeans to land upon its shore.

The first name of the Island, Baccalaos, is held by some to indicate an early visitation of the Portuguese, much earlier than Cabot's time; for Baccalaos is a Portuguese word meaning "cod fish," and it is well known that early European fishermen frequented these waters, and engaged in the cod fishing. The Portuguese are believed to have made some attempt to found a settlement at or near the present village of Ingonish. It is not certain whether Cabot landed here on his voyage of discovery in the year 1497; nor has it been established that Verazzano, the Florentine navigator, landed at or near Cape Breton in the year 1524. It is not even certain that Jacques Cartier landed on the island in any of his three American voyages, although he is thought to have given the old French name of Loreine to a cape at the northern end of the Island.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a British mariner is said to have visited Cape Breton. His name was Richard Strong, and he came in his little bark, the *Marigold*, of 70 tons. He is supposed to have landed near where the town of Louisbourg now is. About this time fur-trading commenced to attract European sailors, and by the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign fully two hundred English vessels were engaged in bartering for furs, and fishing for cod and other fish in upper North American waters.

Cape Breton received its present name from the Breton fishermen who either "discovered" the Island, or, what is more likely, fished in its waters. It is easy to understand that

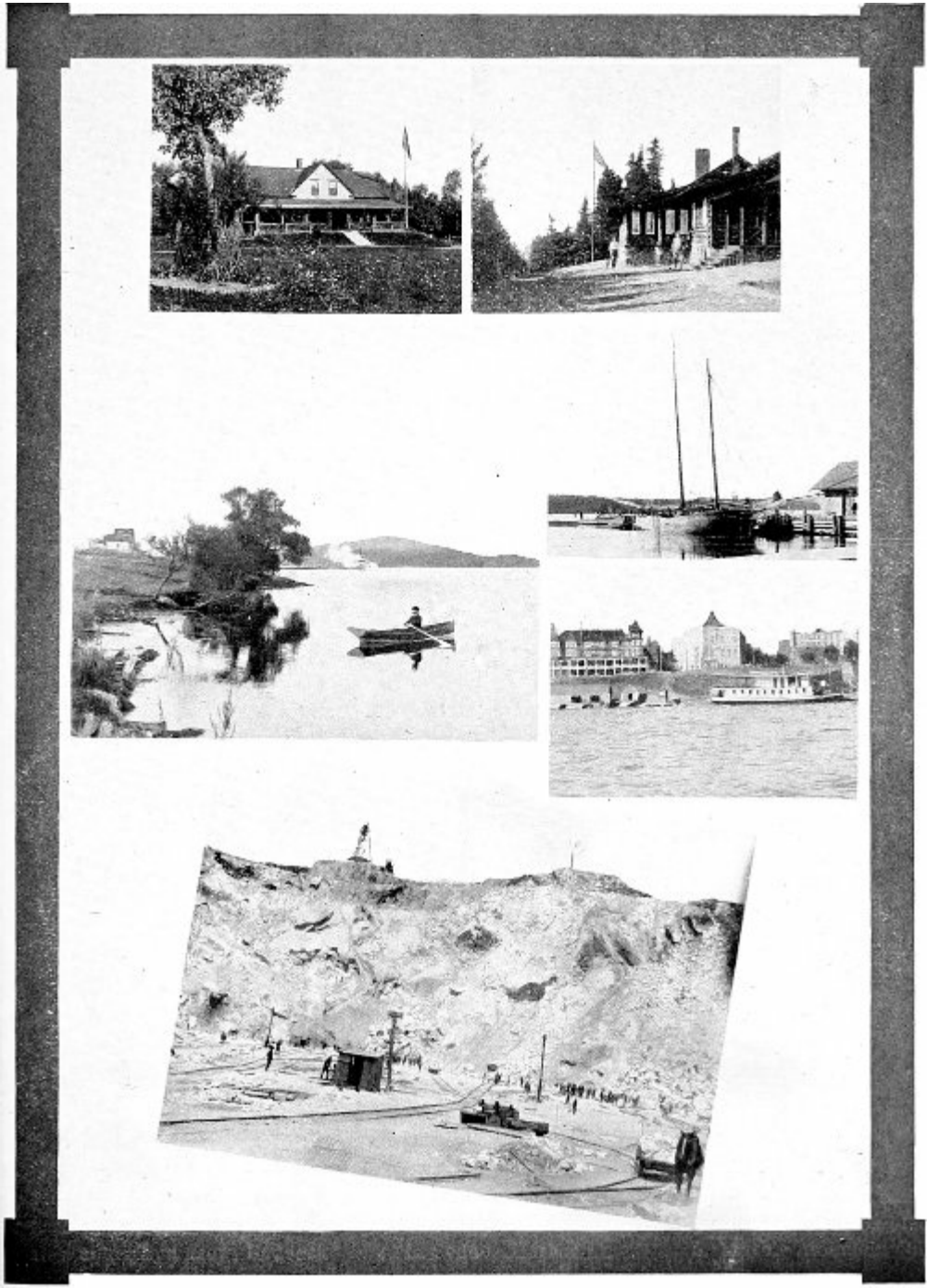
where they congregated to fish might most readily be named the Bay or the Cape of the Bretons. During the time that it was a French possession it was by them called L'Isle Royale, but since 1758 it has been known by the name it now bears.

With the exception of some low lying and undeveloped places on the south shore, the whole Island offers all that the summer visitor holds dear, bold scenery and fine prospects, charming vale and river districts, beautiful woods, romantic gorges, sparkling waterfalls, sunny skies, delightful temperature, and invigorating air. The summers from May to October are probably as enjoyable as those in the most favored part of the world that may be chosen for comparison. For its northern and eastern position there is remarkable immunity from fog. The southern end is where fog may be seen when it prevails.

Only those that have gone over the whole ground can realize the wealth of picturesque beauty and variety found in Eastern Quebec and the Maritime Provinces of Canada, and this variety is again exemplified in Cape Breton; for after passing from Quebec to New Brunswick, from New Brunswick to Prince Edward Island, and thence to southern and eastern Nova Scotia, and finding constant variety at almost every stage—here in Cape Breton the contrast is still maintained. The growing popularity of these provinces is perhaps only natural when their situation and advantages are considered. They are rapidly becoming what nature evidently intended they should be—international vacation grounds for the people of the western hemisphere.

There are no fashionable resorts in Cape Breton. For the majority this is perhaps one of its strongest recommendations. There are luxuries in a few centres, and comforts in many more,

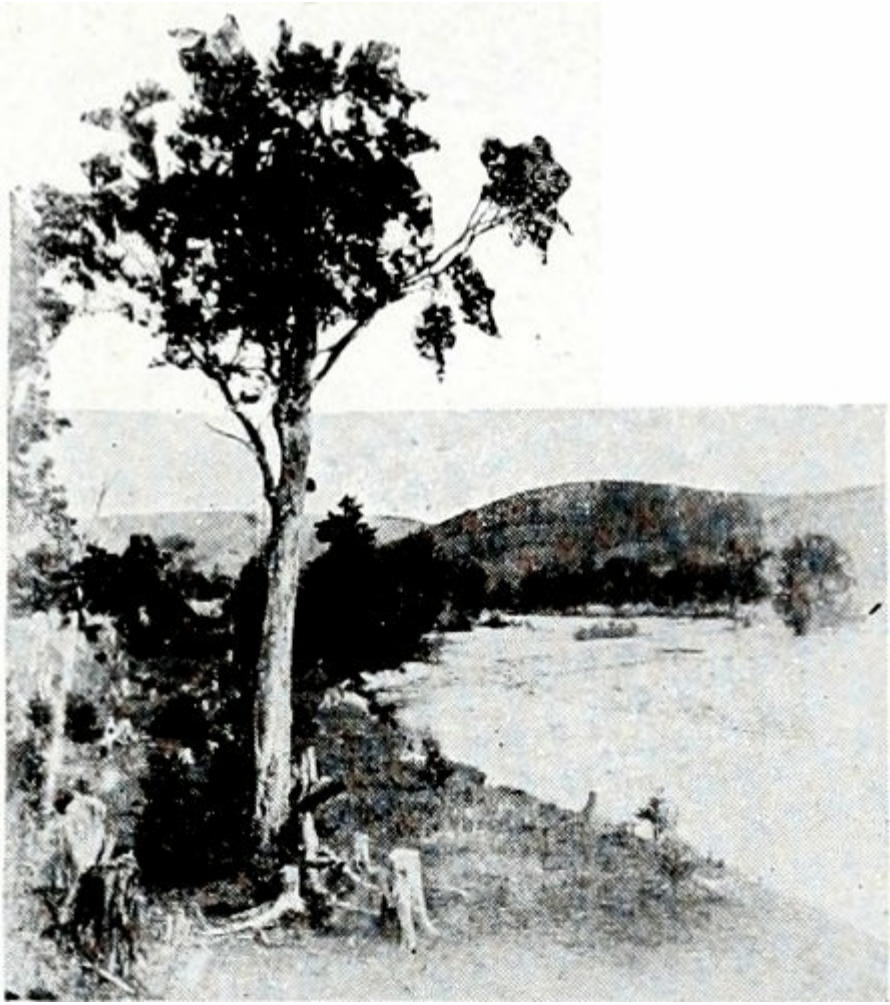
with plain but substantial living in most of the smaller places. The railroad mileage is not very extensive, as yet, but it is supplemented by steamboat traffic along the east, west and south coasts, and over the waters of the Bras d'Or Lake. Carriages are used for reaching interior parts that are remote from rail or steamboat routes. Because of this a systematic description following the coast line, etc., is not advisable, and in place of it the plan is followed of describing the accessible parts of the island from the chief centres of railway, steamboat and carriage travel.



1. Kennan Bungalow, Baddeck

2. Webber Bungalow, Baddeck
3. Boating at Wycocomagh
4. In Sydney Harbor
5. At the Wharf, Baddeck
6. Marble Mountain Quarry

In some places, such as the Sydneys, Grand Narrows, etc., excellent accommodation is found. In other resorts, such as Baddeck, Whycocomagh, Louisbourg, St. Peter's, Mabou and Ingonish, quite comfortable quarters may be found. In the Margaree, Middle River and North River districts, also, there are here and there little inns where very pleasant and comfortable days may be spent.



Whether seen on foot, or from train, steamboat or carriage, there can be no doubt that Cape Breton is one of the most enjoyable spots on earth. Gushing springs, dancing rills, plashing brooks, cascading rivulets, musical streams, murmuring rivers, everywhere. What a wealth of graceful ferns; what gardens of wildflowers; what splendid trees and noble forests; what tranquil vales; what majestic mountains! And the blue sea, the crested waves, the milky foam, the fleecy clouds! Surely such

scenes as these were in Sir Walter Scott's mind when he wrote his Highland Scene:

Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;

* * * * *

Aloft the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock,
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

The early settlement of Cape Breton was entirely French. At the time of the expulsion of the Acadians from the peninsular part of Nova Scotia, many took refuge in the then L'Isle Royale, or Cape Breton. The early French, and the Acadians by whom they were afterwards joined, have retained their old life in a remarkable degree. It is a delight to meet them in modern up-to-date America. Scottish Highlanders, too, are in Cape Breton in large numbers; and the virtues and customs of this rugged and estimable people may be studied against the

pleasant background of mountain and flood, so like the home scenery of "Caledonia, stern and wild." Micmac Indians are here, too; but not in such great numbers as formerly.

First, following the line of the Intercolonial Railway from Point Tupper by way of the Bras d'Or Lake to Sydney, the general appearance of the country may be noticed.

The first view of the Island when approaching by the railway ferry is quite impressive, although the peculiar features do not grow until the interior is gradually reached. After passing McIntyre's Lake there is considerable up-grade to gain the height of the bold hills that are capped in the distance by a still

higher formation. The scene as the height is gained is very striking, entirely distinct in character from either the open, soft beauty of the Wentworth Valley, or the combination of river, forest and mountain seen in the Matapedia district.

Here an immense valley lies in the very depths to the left. The tops of the trees are far below, and, although we climb up and up, the great trees still crowd the forest, with here and there a glistening stream showing through the valley rifts. The woodland view is one of unparalleled grandeur.

Descending, we skirt a huge mountain with tier after tier of woodland stretching up into the heights; and here we dash out on an elevated plateau to see a peaceful hamlet smiling in white and green in the tranquil depths below.

River Denys is a pretty stream of modest proportions running at the foot of, and almost shut in by tall trees that tower up majestically in all the glory of height and symmetry. A peculiar and picturesque aspect is given to the woodland by the tall and slender birches, like palm trees—devoid of branch and leaf below, and having only a feathery, outspreading growth at the top.

There is a pleasing water view at Orangedale, with a charming vista of green shores stretching out to the lake. The first impression of the Bras d'Or Lake is one of peaceful calm, as the evening sun crimsons the broad and far-reaching expanse of water.

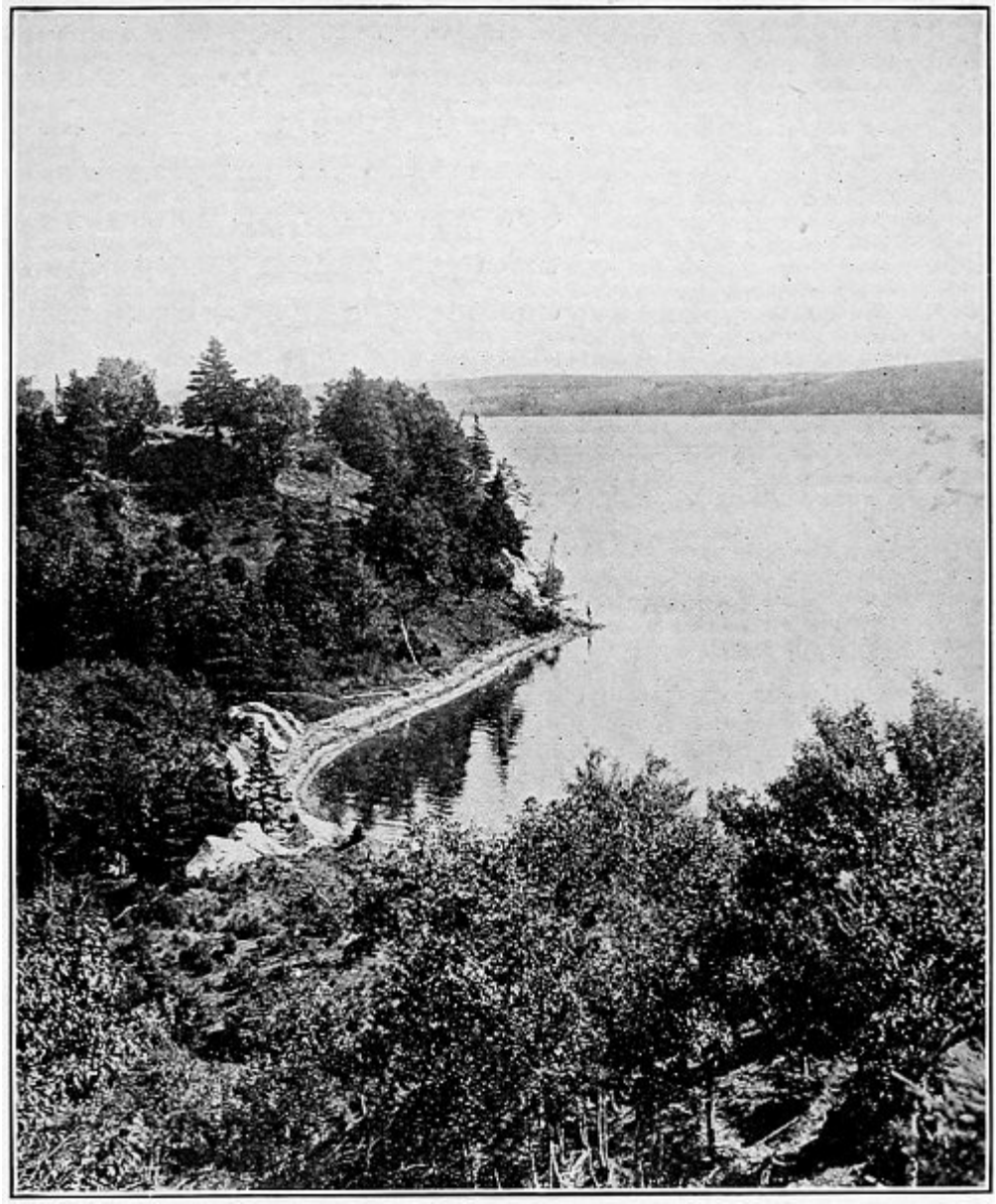
The Great Bras d'Or Lake is about 45 miles long and nearly 20 miles wide. It is very deep in nearly every part of it, varying from 90 to 350 feet. In one place a depth of 1200 feet has been found, just a short distance from the shore. Old maps and references give the name "Labrador" for this beautiful lake. It may also be mentioned that Nicholas Denys published a book in Paris in the latter half of the seventeenth century in which he refers to the Bras d'Or Lake as "Le Lac de Labrador." The present name is undoubtedly founded on the old one. It is almost identical in pronunciation, too; and as it has a meaning, "arm of gold," that describes the appearance of the lake at sunrise and sunset, it has come into general use.

The Little Bras d'Or Lake, exclusive of channels, is about ten miles long; its breadth nearly six miles. It has a depth of 700 feet in places. Two peninsulas nearly meet at the Grand Narrows and thus almost separate the Great from the Little Bras d'Or. The two lakes are called the Bras d'Or Lakes; but because their waters communicate so that a passage from one to the other may easily be made through the Grand Narrows channel, the whole water system is now frequently called the Bras d'Or Lake.

The Bras d'Or Lake is really an inland sea, or, more correctly, an arm of the Atlantic Ocean. In the waters of the upper or smaller of the two lakes is the long and narrow island,

Boularderie, some 28 miles long, and nearly three miles wide at its northern end, where it fronts on the Atlantic. East and west of it are channels or inlets from the ocean. That on the east, tide-swept and impassable for large boats, is the Little Bras d'Or or St. Andrews channel. The wider channel on the west side may be traversed by any vessel afloat, as it has a depth of from thirty to two hundred feet. Both channels lead south through the Grand Narrows into the larger of the two lakes, where at the southern end the narrow isthmus has been cut, and where a canal with locks enables vessels to pass in and out.

It has been said of the Bras d'Or that it is the most beautiful salt-water lake ever seen. The substance of Warner's comment is seen to be true by all who visit these shores. "The water runs into lovely bays and lagoons, having slender tongues of land and picturesque islands. It has all the pleasantness of a fresh-water lake, with all the advantages of a salt one." There is practically no tide, the comparatively narrow sea entrances acting to resist the flow of water out and in. The difference in level is usually less than a foot.



Boularderie Island, Bras d'Or Lake

One or more of the numerous cruises on these waters, described later, should be taken, as well as the journey over the railway, now resumed.

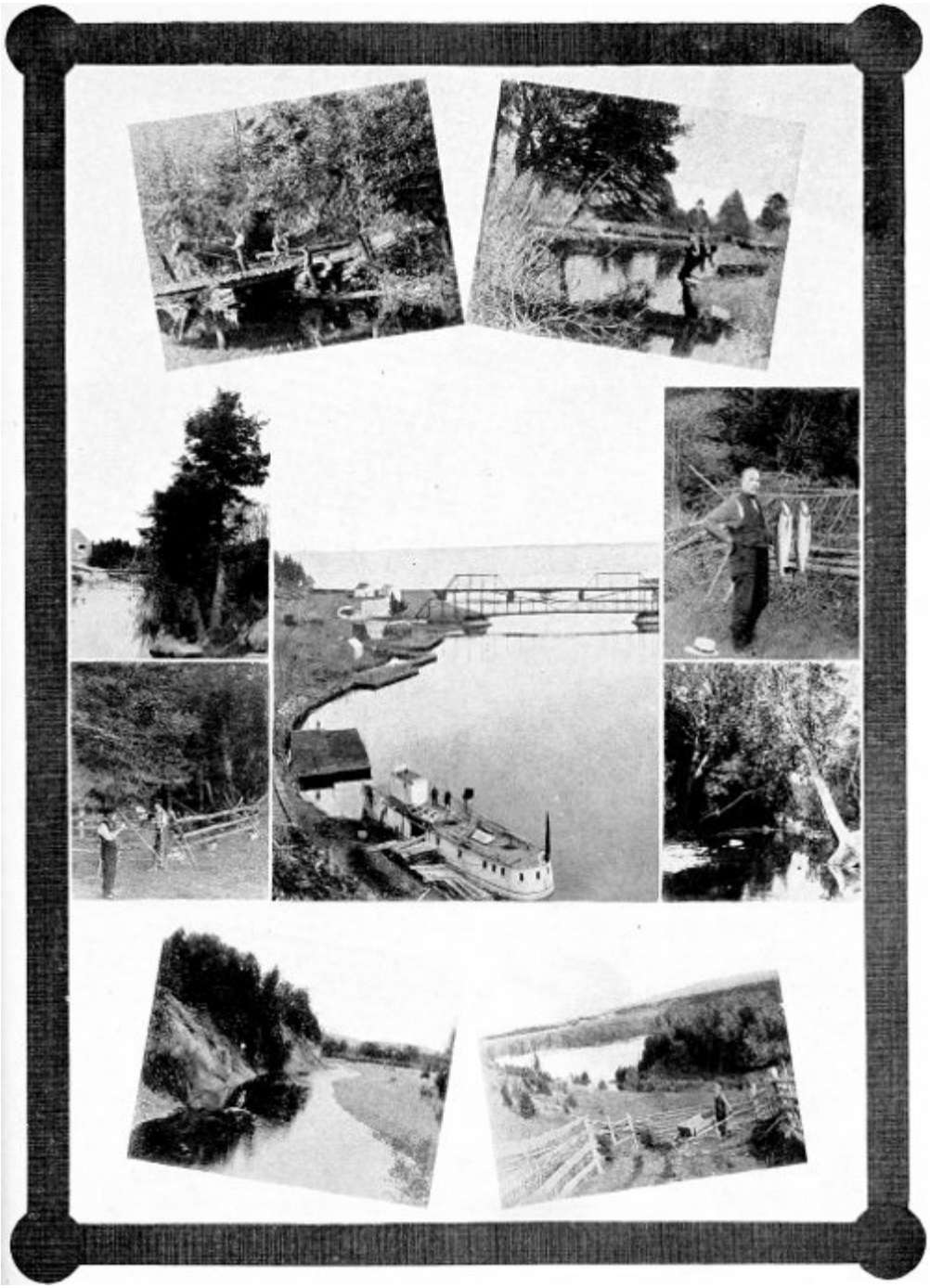
The view of the lake as McKinnon's Harbor is approached is beautiful. The tree growth is larger, fantastic little islands dot the smooth water, and the whole panorama of mainland, island and broad lake is indeed magnificent. Nearing Iona the peculiar appearance of the landscape whitened by the outcroppings of gypsum or plaster rock is very noticeable. In many places the shore view of headland and water is very similar to that on the Atlantic coast, except in the placidity of the water. At Ottawa Brook a lovely view of island-dotted lake is seen stretching out in a far-away and pleasing vista to the south. At a small siding, nearby, a small meadow stream meanders fantastically through a verdant plain that is dotted with haystacks, and has here and there little bridges raised high above the general level to keep them secure in the time of spring and flood—a time of utmost consequence to farmers of intervale, for it brings rich deposits of alluvial mud to fertilize the low-lying fields.

From Iona, and Grand Narrows on the opposite shore, the steamer *Bluehill* makes connections for Baddeck, and from Grand Narrows another boat leaves for St. Peter's and other points. At Iona station, by the "narrows," passengers may take the opportunity of alighting to see the fine Intercolonial Railway bridge that spans the channel. It has a "draw" near the Grand Narrows side to allow vessels to pass from upper lake to lower, or the reverse. Grand Narrows attracts tourists to its

comfortable hotel on the water, as it makes a good centre for seeing the surrounding country. It is also a place of call for the lake steamboats. There are fine views to be had in the vicinity.

The run over the railway from Grand Narrows by Boisdale, Barachois and George's River to Sydney is a pleasant one along the eastern shore of the upper lake; and it should be made both ways in order to see the water after sunrise and at sunset—the two effects being quite different. Journeying and looking out on the shore, at times a sandy crescent is seen to run out into the lake and terminate in gentle mound, green sward and comely tree-growth. Often there are small lakes, and frequently a little chain of such; and at these places, with the boats of the fishermen drawn up on the strand between the great lakes and the lakes in miniature, the scene is novel and most striking.

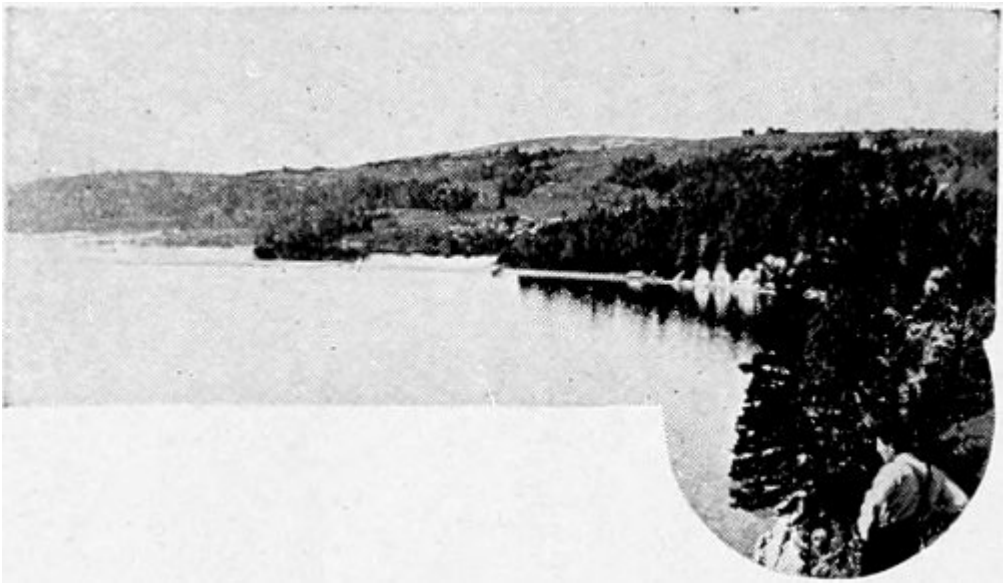
Here are two sandy arms running out, and drawing together at their outer ends—forming a harbor within a harbor—where a little flotilla of brown-sailed fishing craft rides snugly, protected even from the windy scud of a stormy day.



CAPE BRETON SCENES

1. **Woodland Scene**
2. **Brook Scene**
3. **An Old Mill**
4. **Farm Paddock**
5. **Mira River**
6. **Catch of Salmon, Margaree River**
7. **River Denys**
8. **Middle River**
9. **St. Ann's Bay**

Over there a small headland of some forty feet in height has lost its crown of brown rocks that lie in picturesque disorder at its base, lapped by the gentle ripple of the tide, and mimicking the giant scenes of the rugged Atlantic shore. Nor are bolder effects wanting, for yonder, across the channel, a huge mountain rises proudly to the sky; and it, too, has thrown part of its rocky cap down and far out into the deeper tide.



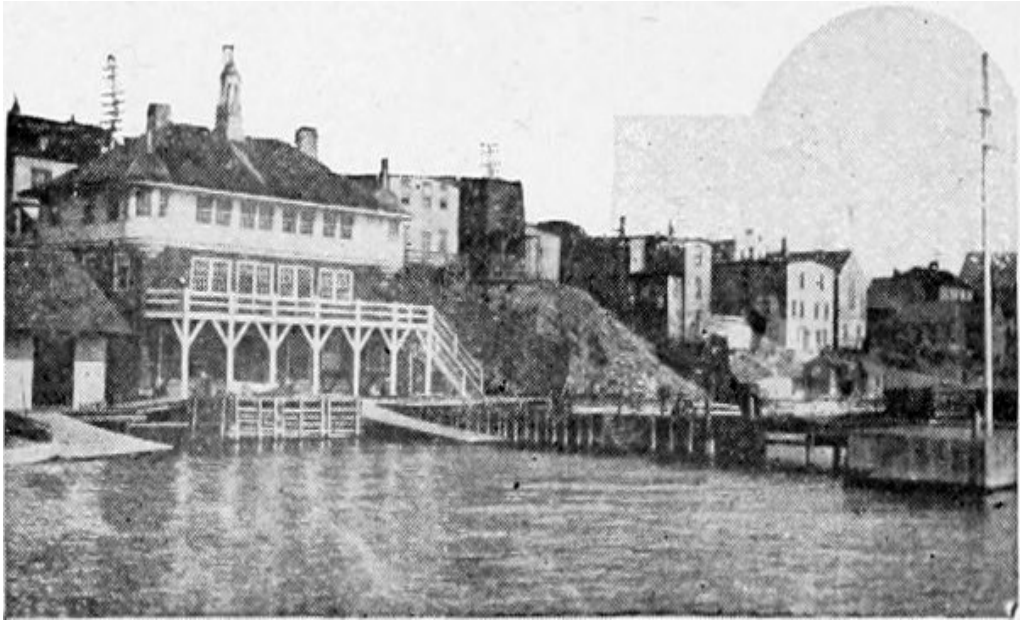
No more beautiful view of mountain, blue water and gently-sloping wooded shore can be seen than that between Barachois and Sydney River; and on a morning when the bright sun has dissipated the early mists, and rides resplendent in a sky dotted here and there with fleecy clouds, the picture is truly superb.

The pleasing effect of the tree-dotted sand bars running out from the shore—making lagoons whose tranquil silver surfaces, protected by tiny headlands, show in delightful contrast with the deep blue of the more ruffled outer waters—must be seen before an adequate conception of their great beauty can be formed. There is a great difference between coast scenery and that of what may be termed an inner coast shore, such as that of the Bras d'Or Lake.

If the scenery of outer coast is striking and grand in its rugged majesty, that of the calmer and more protected inner shore compels admiration for its softer effects—no less striking in their tranquil beauty—scenic miniatures in nature's most exquisite setting.

The city of Sydney has become the centre of a district that is rapidly increasing in population and commercial importance. It is the capital of Cape Breton, and the great mining and manufacturing industries of the Island centre altogether in this eastern district. It is the present terminus of the Intercolonial Railway. It has an exceedingly fine harbor. This harbor is divided into two arms, known as the ports of Sydney and North Sydney, and the average depth of water is fifty feet. The water area is very extensive, so much so that Sydney ranks as one of the world's great harbors. The north and south bars at the entrance act as natural break-waters, and the inner waters are

easy of access.



While it is generally known that the distance from Sydney to Liverpool is much less than that from New York to the British port, it will come as a great surprise to most when they learn how much closer Sydney is than New York to points in South America and South Africa. For instance, Pernambuco, at the most easterly projection of the South American continent, is nearer to Sydney than New York by 24 miles. New Orleans, an extreme southern port of the United States, is even more distant from the South American point named by a stretch of over 575 miles; and, strange as it may seem, the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa is very much shorter from Sydney than from United States ports.

Sydney River offers a broad and pleasant stream for boating.

The country by the lower part is flat, but becomes hilly and nicely wooded as the upper waters are gained. For some distance inland there are excellent runs for motor-boating, sailing, rowing and canoeing. Crawley's Creek is also a good boating place. There are many pleasant drives to the lakes in the vicinity, as well as to many pretty inlets on the coast, and by the inner waters of the harbor. There is an excellent view from Victoria Park at the end of the peninsula. The district surrounding Sydney has a number of pleasant features, and the city itself may be chosen as a centre for excursions to Port Morien, the Mira River and Louisbourg.

North Sydney is the port from which the steamers of the Reid-Newfoundland line leave for Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland; and from this port steamers may be taken for St. John's, Newfoundland, as well as to Hawkesbury, Halifax, Charlottetown, Montreal, Quebec, St. Pierre and Miquelon. There is a good ferry service between here and Sydney, local lines for points on the Bras d'Or Lakes, and, in addition, there are steamers to northern points along the eastern shore of Cape Breton.

Those who visit here from the great manufacturing and mining centres of the United States will, of course, be familiar with coal mining and steel plants; but many others who come from other industrial centres will find it both interesting and instructive to visit the works of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company and collieries, etc., in the neighborhood. The various industries of this kind hereabouts will soon rival the giant industries of Pennsylvania; and all interested in such industries should spend some days in seeing the many novel sights they offer. Those who have never seen a similar sight should by all

means see a cast made at the Dominion Steel Works. The coal industry is now an immense one. In these days of coal at seven dollars a ton it seems strange to read that at the time of the inglorious Quebec Expedition under Admiral Walker, coal in quantities was taken from the Sydney cliffs with iron crow-bars.

A Cape Breton Road

The Marconi "Wireless" Station at Table Head, Glace Bay, with its four towers, is sure to be an object of interest to all who go near this part of the coast.

That giant fish the Albacore, or leaping-tuna, weighing from 500 to 800 pounds and over, is caught along the North Atlantic coast in certain favored spots. At Lockeport and other places on the South Shore of Nova Scotia they are caught in great trap nets. They are also caught off the Cape Breton coast; and as the honor of catching the first of these monstrous fish with rod and line not far from Sydney fell to the well-known sportsman, Mr. Ross, of Montreal, a description from Patillo of a hand-line expedition for albacore is here given.

"Stout cod-lines were used, 32 fathoms long. The hook was of steel, three-eighths of an inch thick. It was eight inches wide, and had a three-inch shank. A stiff, moderately low boat was used, and the lines were attached to swivel reels to run them on and off. Herrings were taken for bait. We started off and soon reached the fishing ground. Presently one of the fishermen casting nets nearby called out to us, 'Halloa, boys! here's a fellow!' meaning an albacore, followed by a shout from another, and still another that they were about their boats; so we slowly moved outside the range of the boats, throwing over a herring every few yards to toll them along with us. When far enough away we secured the reel to the boat athwart, for we were a bit afraid of the fish we expected to grapple with. Then I threw over a herring to see if there were any albacores near us, and to our delight a monster rushed for it just under the surface, so I threw another loose herring, and then one attached to the hook. He rushed for the first one, whirled and took hold of the other, and we had hold of him. Then for a few minutes we had a

good imitation of the antics of a wild prairie horse when first haltered. He jumped his full length out of the water, which gave us a very vivid idea of the monster we were attached to; then he started at an awful pace across the harbor. The line was running out swiftly, so that we had to move as quickly to get it into the notch in the stern, which we had wisely thought to make. Then I seized an oar and placed it for steering, while we both got positions to trim the boat. We feared something might break if the boat remained motionless; so to obviate this my friend succeeded in grasping the line partially, and thereby gradually started the boat, while I helped by sculling, so that by the time it was all off the reel, she was moving faster than ever she did before. The fish kept up the pace for at least ten minutes, towing us directly into the harbor; then he made a jump, turned and took us straight back to the fishing grounds. The men in fishing boats had been watching us with great interest, not supposing for a moment they were to have any part in it; but when they saw us going directly for them, the shouting and hooting and swearing that suddenly started from them would have been laughable to disinterested spectators. We could see plainly that if he continued the course he was then taking us, nothing short of a collision with one or more of the boats would follow.

"Pandemonium appeared about to reign. The boats were very near. We were all greatly excited, for we realized there was danger of foundering. I jumped with my knife to free the fish. In the rush my foot slipped, and I went headlong on my mate, the knife flying overboard. Before anything could be done to free the albacore, we ran into a boat with a heavy crash, filling it with water, and upsetting most of their herring. The sudden resistance caused the albacore to spring again, when, to save ourselves from being spilled out, one of the men

cut the line.

“Then the boats were baled out and work resumed. After the danger was over we all roared with laughter, scream after scream.

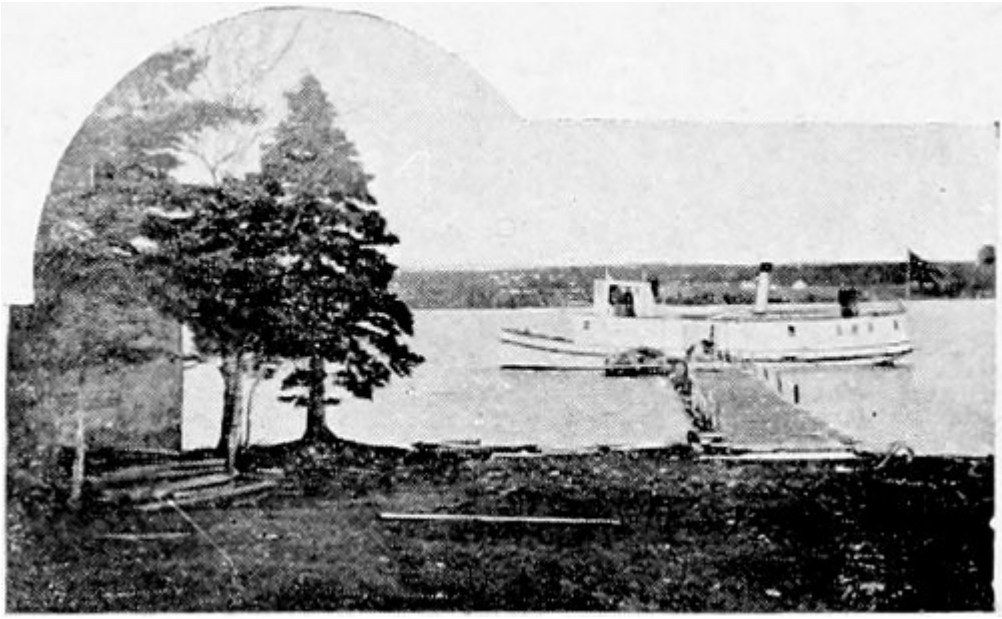
“The freed albacore paraded all around the harbor that day, jumping out of the water dozens of times with our line still attached to him.

“Seeing so many around, we decided to try for another. The fishermen, however, hesitated about supplying us with bait, fearing a repetition of the peril if we hooked another. After coaxing, we got what we wanted and started off again, throwing herrings as we went. When we thought ourselves well out we stopped to make ready for another strike.

“I stood up and threw out a herring. In a moment it was grabbed. Then the baited hook went over, was seized in a trice, and once more we had a fish. This second fellow was even more lively than the first, and his rushing and jumping was something wonderful to witness. He began pulling us off at once. To make his speed less we crossed our oars and held back water, which acted like a drag. Suddenly like the other, he turned at right angles and led us off in the new direction, fully ten minutes. Then he headed for the boats—mischief in his eye. We were now threatened with mishap worse than before, for the boats were by this time deeply loaded. What was to be done? He made another leap at this juncture, falling more clumsily than before. He was weakening! The men in the boats were now gesticulating and yelling for us to set him free. But we were growing hopeful as the speed of the boat grew perceptibly less.

Soon we were able to gather in line to within a few fathoms of him. Within 150 yards of the boats he stopped short. We hauled up. What a beauty! Ten feet long, and weighing over 600 pounds. Three cheers were given as with a rope through his gills we towed him to the beach. We gave him to the men whose herrings we had spilled. Surely a royal sport. The equal of any fishing on the Pacific Coast."

Port Morien is reached by the Sydney and Louisbourg Railway, a line running east to the coast, and then south to Louisbourg. The little town on the coast has a harbor, breakwater, excellent beach, and a considerable fish industry. It also has valuable coal deposits.



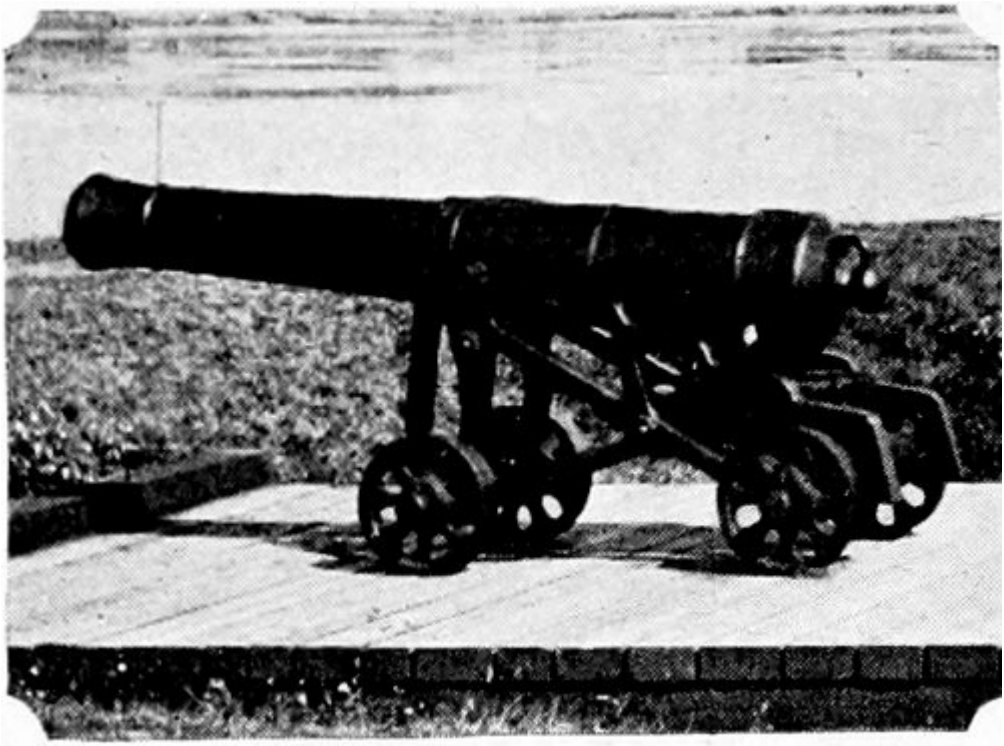
The Mira River district, half-way down the coast towards

Louisbourg, abounds in picturesque views; and a journey over the beautiful river, with its remarkable clear water, is a veritable treat. An old French shipyard was once here, some remains of which are still visible; and the hulls of many small craft may be seen below water. The course leads through a ravine that is sheltered from the sun for most of the day, the coves and small headlands of which give many pretty views. Pleasant fishing streams and brooks empty themselves along the course of the Mira River, and numerous evidences of the early French days are seen as the upper waters are reached. Pleasant islands, also, vary the way, some of them in picturesque clusters. A number of inviting-looking bays and several villages are passed, and as Marion Bridge is gained the country becomes more hilly and varied. Salmon River, which empties into the Mira, is a favorite fishing stream, and, in addition, it offers many beautiful views. Near the head of Mira River is Victoria Bridge, from which pleasant drives may be taken to Gaberouse on the bay of that name, to Framboise, and to Fourché, all quiet fishing villages remote from travel highways, and on that account interesting to see.

When the Treaty of Utrecht gave France the right to hold and fortify Cape Breton, the name of the Island became L'Isle Royale, and choice of a place was soon made for the erection of a stronghold or fortress to maintain possession of this commanding approach to her vast inland territory. Havre a l'Anglois was the place selected, and its name was changed to Louisbourg in honor of the French monarch of that time, Louis XIV. The history of this interesting place was for many years the history of the whole island.

Work on the fortifications of Louisbourg was commenced in the

early part of the eighteenth century. It continued for over twenty years, and the whole defensive system was planned by Vauban, the great French engineer. So strong was the place made that it became known as the Dunkirk of America. Towards the middle of the century the population of Louisbourg had increased to 4000, and it was rapidly becoming a place of great importance. Islands in the harbor were strongly fortified to command the water approach, while on the land the solid fortification walls, over ten feet thick and more than thirty feet high, protected by a great ditch with earthworks, glacis, bastions and citadel, all united to form an almost impregnable position. The approaches could be swept by gun fire from nearly 150 cannon.



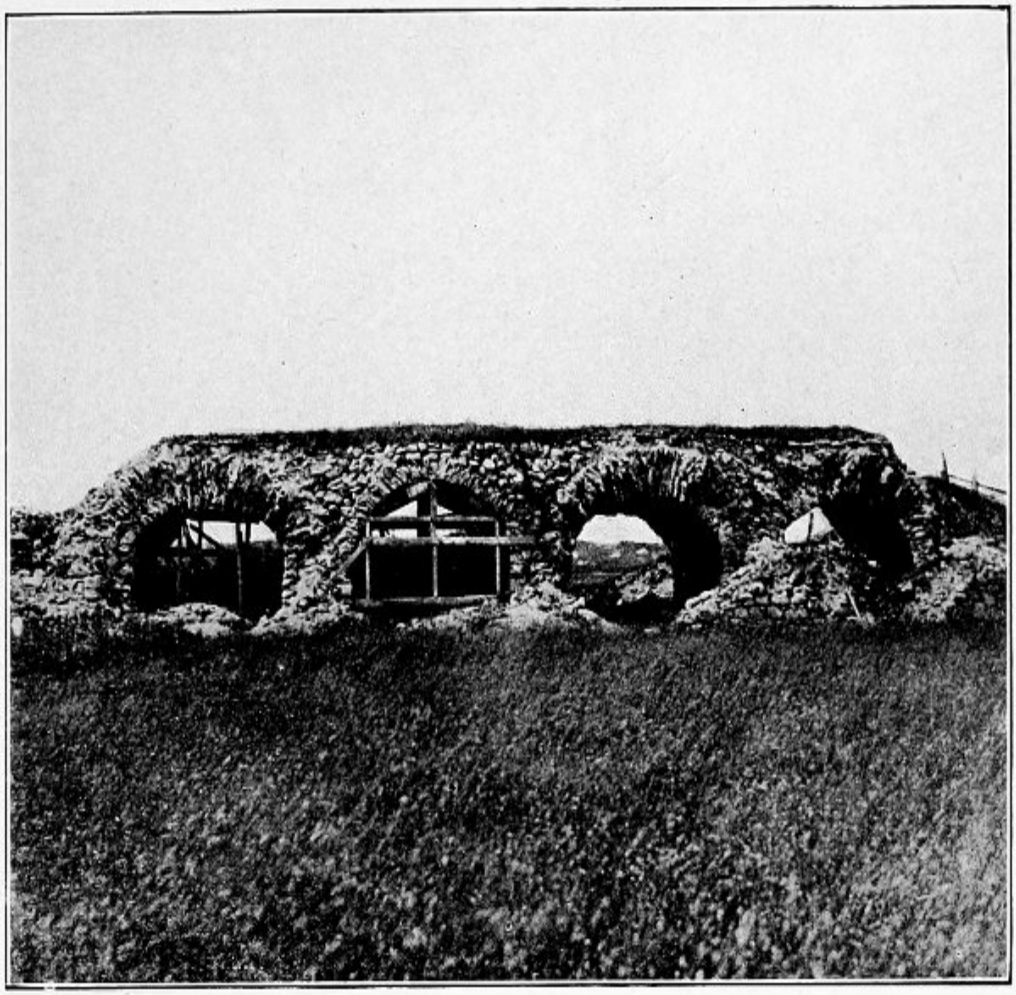
It was not long before the British colonists of New England took alarm at the construction of such formidable works in a place where they could be used as a basis of operations against them; a plan for attacking the fortress by volunteers from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire was agreed upon, and a strong expedition left Nantasket for Cape Breton waters.

From the very first, success attended the efforts of the Colonials; and after many spirited attacks, the place, though ably defended by the French, fell before the continued assault. This was in 1745. Three years later Cape Breton and its great fortress of Louisbourg were given back to France by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

But there were to be other struggles between France and England for supremacy in North American waters, and it was inevitable that Louisbourg would again be attacked; and so in another ten years a British fleet assembled in Gabarus Bay to the south of Louisbourg, and another great struggle ensued. Boscawen, Amherst and Wolfe took part in this assault; and the place was again ably defended by the French, this time under the gallant de Drucour, who was able to direct the fire of over two hundred cannon against the invaders—so much had the defenses been strengthened. The formerly successful plans of the Colonials were again followed, and, as before, success came to the invaders, and Louisbourg fell with immense stores and munitions of war. A strong naval station being in existence by this time in Halifax, it was decided to totally destroy the fortifications of Louisbourg, and accordingly the whole of the defenses were demolished by an engineer corps from England, sent out for this purpose. Shortly before the opening of the

American War of Revolution, Britain's conquest of all Upper Canada was confirmed by treaty, and peaceful development of Cape Breton has since ensued.

Louisbourg, thus interesting historically, is conveniently reached from Sydney by rail. It has a pleasant harbor, free from winter ice, and is a fairly busy little shipping port. The site of the old fortress is at Point Rochefort a few miles distant from the railway station; but from first leaving the train, evidences of Louisbourg's former greatness may be seen, and relics are in main of the houses in the village. Cannon balls are still found in the surrounding fields, and many of the houses contain stone from the demolished walls of the fortress. The situations of the bastions may still be traced, and some of the casemates used for sheltering the women and children from gun fire during the attacks are now used as shelters by flocks of sheep. That women can rise to any height when emergency demands, is shown by the incident remembered of Madame de Drucour, wife of the French Governor in the second siege, who with her own hands fed the cannon with powder and balls.



Ruins of Fort Louisbourg

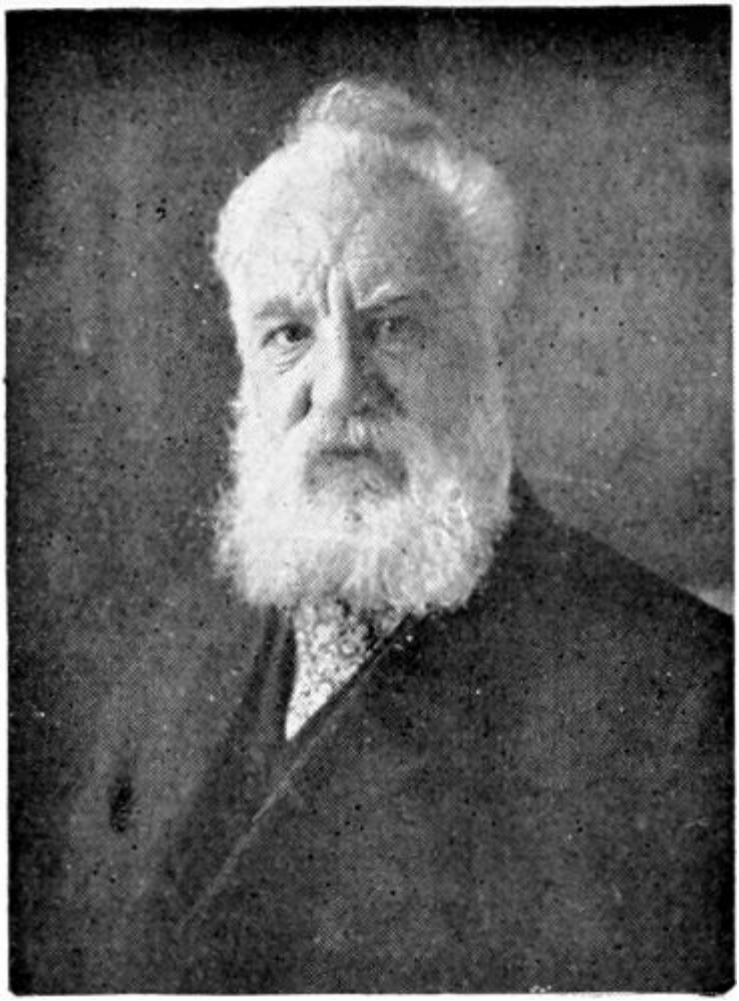
No systematic exploration of the ruins has yet been attempted. The graveyard, too, where French, English and Colonial dead lie in hundreds, rests unmarked by stone of any kind. There is a general monument, however, erected on the very spot where the keys of the fortress were handed to General Pepperell when the fortress fell before Colonial arms. It was erected by the Society of Colonial Wars, and bears the simple inscription, 'To Our Heroic Dead.'

Cod fishing was formerly carried on extensively from Louisbourg. Several of the old-time inhabitants owned thirty or forty vessels each.

There are several small fishing settlements in the neighborhood to which driving excursions may be made, and in summer time a pleasant sailing trip may be taken to several villages on Gabarus Bay to the south.

Leaving the South Shore to be visited from its most convenient centre, St. Peters, the town of Baddeck may next be chosen as a favorable place from which to view the central districts of the Island, as well as those lying along the upper east and west coasts. It will be remembered that steamers leave Sydney for east coast points, and Mulgrave for places on the west coast; and these trips are both enjoyable on fine summer days, affording as they do pleasant views of many a quaint little harbor and village. But for a thorough and intimate acquaintance with the beautiful island scenery, driving trips and walks should be taken from Baddeck, Whycocomagh and Mabou. Baddeck is easily reached from Sydney by Intercolonial Railway to Grand Narrows or Iona, from which places the steamer *Blue Hill* connects with incoming trains. Baddeck may also be reached by steamer from Sydney.

The town of Baddeck is a pleasant little centre from which to see much of the surrounding country; in addition, it is in itself a homelike and quiet resort where enjoyable days of rest may be spent, varied by drives and walks, and the comings and goings of the several steamers that make this a place of call. It is a fine place for boating and sailing, and it is one of the centres that most tourists prefer, quiet and tranquil, but not deserted, and where some social pleasures with other visitors may be enjoyed. It is undoubtedly one of the best centres from which to see characteristic Cape Breton scenery. The town is on a bay harbor of the upper Bras d'Or Lake, about midway between the northern outlet to the Atlantic and the southern reach that ends in Whycocomagh Bay, being about twenty miles or more from each place.



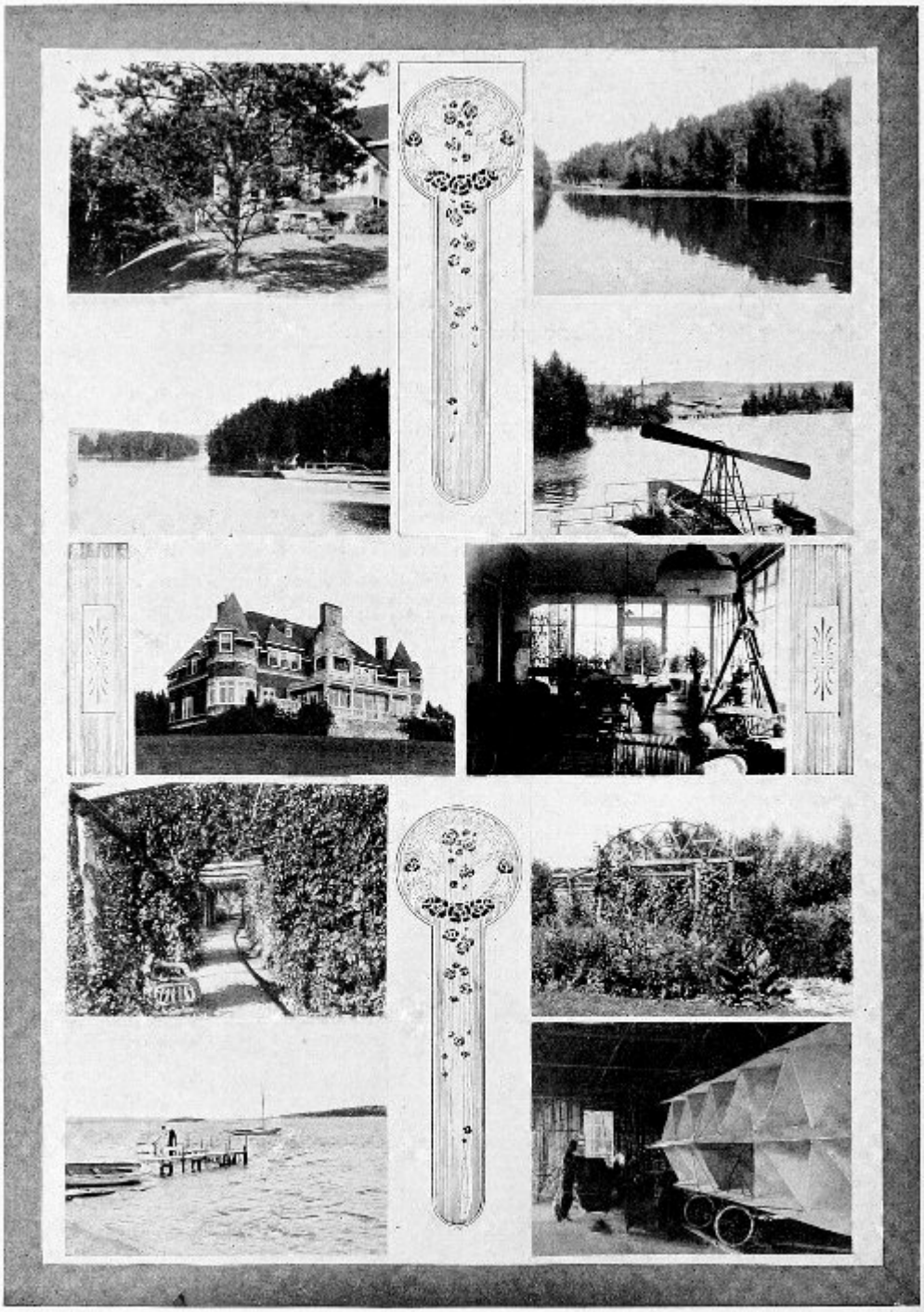
There are some beautifully-placed bungalows along the shore, one of the number belonging to George Kennan, where that *litterateur* and energetic traveller may be seen gardening in his moments of leisure.

On a beautiful estate of a thousand acres, not far from Baddeck, the eminent scientist and inventor, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, has his summer home. Wherever the telephone has reached, Dr.

Bell's name is known; and that is tantamount to saying he is one of the best-known men of the world. Dr. Bell is the exemplar of the scientific inventor, the type that builds on sound knowledge, rational induction and logical experiment, building up patiently and through years of toil and diligent application, step by step, a scientific edifice that would once have been deemed a daring conception of an imaginative mind. More fortunate than other inventors, who, like the alchemists of old, have toiled without rest or intermission—and the fruits of whose labors have been denied them—Dr. Bell has reaped the reward due to an honored member of that profession which advances the progress of civilization by bounds of a thousand years at a time; and here in Beinn Bhreagh, or "lovely mountain," he lives a life that is one of enjoyment—although not one of ease in the sense that he "does nothing."

The estate is one that may be termed a perfect heaven for the absorbed worker in scientific, literary or other mental effort requiring surroundings favorable for concentration of thought. Here with machine and wood-working shops, electrical laboratory, erecting places and store houses for aeroplanes, wharves, shelter houses and lake for testing hydroplanes, the busy inventor works away a good part of the year when not at his Washington home.

Dr. Bell also gives time to scientific stock-farming, and keeps elaborate records of the excellent results that are gained from time to time. He has a competent staff of workers, all housed in the midst of ideal surroundings on his estate.



Professor Bell's Estate, Beinn Bhreagh, C.B.

The drives about Beinn Bhreagh are exceedingly lovely, and the ever-changing water view is a continual source of delight. “Surprise View,” well above the level of the lake, has been well-named, for in following the winding woodland road a glorious panoramic scene of great beauty suddenly springs into view as if by magic.

A fine observation tower crowns the heights over all. From it an unsurpassed view may be had of ocean, lake, woodland crest, high mountain and pastoral valley.

The natural beauties of the neighborhood are truly remarkable. Even the farms on the western or greater channel, facing Boularderie, are beautifully situated on the heights, with picturesque ravines and dells, and lovely little brooks of crystal that flow along shady ways to the lake far below.

The whole wide world possesses few nobler views than that seen from the living rooms and porches of the Beinn Bhreagh home. It is an inspiring prospect, beautiful each morning as the sun illumines the new continents and mountain ranges of cloudland; and lovely by night when under the glorious tranquility of the stars, the moon and her handmaidens, the fleecy clouds, weave arabesques of unparalleled splendor.

"White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep.
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

* * * * *

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning through
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue.

* * * * *

I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

* * * * *

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of nature's own exceeding peace."

A favorite drive is that from Baddeck to the upper waters of the Baddeck River, and also by way of St. Ann's to the North River. It was at St. Ann's that Nicholas Denys had one of his fortified posts in early days. The river scenery is everywhere charming, with pretty brooks, green woodland, banks of ferns, and clustering patches of wild flowers. At St. Ann's and North River the water views are very choice, and the drive is a constant succession of delights. There is a grand side to the scenery of this district, for the mighty hills have been riven asunder in many places, and romantic gorges are seen from numerous places on the way. Indian Brook, with precipitous banks, and rocky waterfall, is a delightful scene.

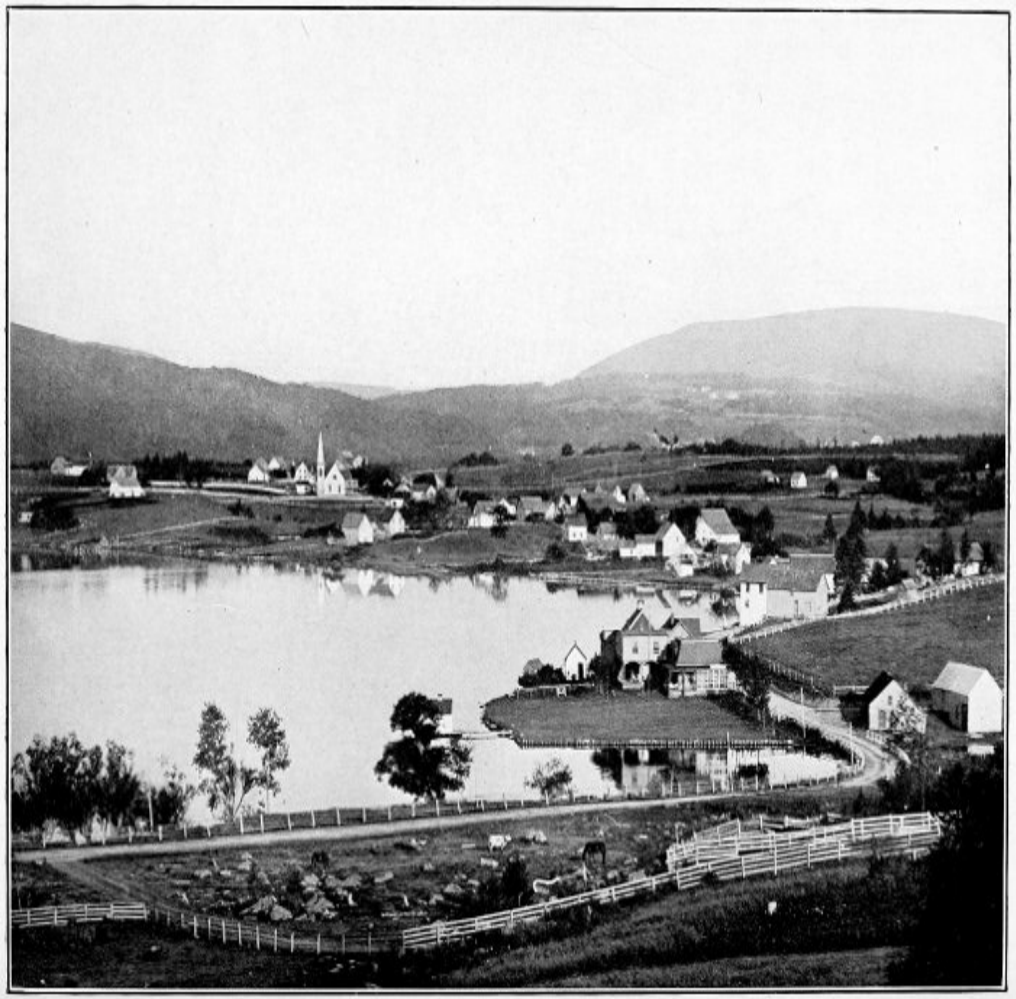
The little places on the coast road to Ingonish are far remote from travel routes, and they are full of interest. The scenes are extremely bold and striking, and by some are thought to resemble the features of Norway. Cap Enfumé, commonly called "Old Smoky" on account of its almost perpetual cap of mist, is a bold object in the view, for it towers up almost perpendicularly for some twelve hundred feet. This cape has been termed one of the eastern bulwarks of North America, where the mighty deep lashed into fury by the eastern tempests, thunders in vain against this eternal rampart.

One of the finest panoramic views, and innumerable others at close range, may be seen at and around Ingonish. Mountains, islands, beautiful bays, nestling villages and glorious air are here. Walks and excursions on foot and by boat may be had in many directions, and the beauties of the place need fear comparison with no other district. The descent on the other side is believed to be one of the sights of the Maritime Provinces. The village on the broad beach, the three harbors of Ingonish,

the picturesque lighthouse, beautiful Ingonish Island, with its Sentinel Rock, and the far away Cape North range of mountains, make a picture of superb beauty. Franey's Chimney itself is no inconspicuous object, being nearly 1400 feet high. A French cruiser once went ashore not far from Money Point, and active tides were wont to throw up gold coins from the wreck on to the strand. For some years people used to go gold fishing, with long poles having the ends daubed with pitch to which the coins adhered. Ingonish was known in French days as Inganische, and relics of those days may still be found. There is excellent bathing at Ingonish and it is a splendid place for a summer vacation of a restful kind. Neil's Harbor, Aspy Bay and Cape North are usually reached by steamer, and inland from these places will be found unexplored land where caribou and bear are still found. This whole area, including Bay St. Lawrence, is beautiful, and destined to become more and more frequented as hotels are built and roads and other facilities are improved; and in due time a railway will doubtless skirt the coast.

Out in the Atlantic in the direction of Newfoundland, about 15 miles north-east of Cape North, is the rocky island of St. Paul's. It is right in the highway of ocean travel to and from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Many wrecks have happened here, with the loss of thousands of lives. A hundred years ago as seamen

approached the Island, they used to keep a look-out for the sight of the immense flocks of sea-fowl known as the great auk. These birds, now extinct, used to keep inshore; and never ventured out to sea. They were thus a sure indication of the proximity of land. They were so innocent that sailors could draw near and capture them by the boat-load. They were about as large as a goose, with short wings, coal black head and back, white beneath, and a milk-white spot under the right eye. Of negligible value in those days, a stuffed specimen of the great auk to-day is worth fifteen hundred dollars. The island has now lost most of its dangers, for the sailor of to-day sees the bright flashes from the lighthouse when nearly twenty miles out at sea, while in thick weather he is warned by the fog-gun. A splendid series of drives may be taken from Baddeck, by way of Hunter's Mountain, and through the Wagamatcook or Middle River district, by Lake O'Law, to Margaree Forks and Margaree Harbor on the west coast. No scenery can charm more than this —it is delightful. The Middle River waters are exceedingly pretty, the valley is a beautiful one, and the pastoral scenes are as fresh and enjoyable as can be. There is a comfortable and homelike hostelry in this district. The Margaree River, a splendid salmon stream, is full of romantic interest, for it affords a constant succession of charming views, and here, too, everything is fresh and smiling. None may pass through such spots without enjoying to the full that feeling of exhilaration that accompanies the sight of such a wealth of all that is beautiful in nature.



Whycocomagh

The drive may be prolonged to Cheticamp, by putting up overnight at places between Baddeck, Middle River, Margaree, etc. It is an Acadian fishing village, the inhabitants of which have lived their simple lives for more than two centuries undisturbed by all that goes on in the outer world. The interior country is beautiful, and is much diversified by streams of the clearest water. This, too, although remote, is a favorite spot for the nature-lover who would see the quiet life of the people in

such far-away settlements. There is much that is picturesque in the region of the hilly Cheticamp valley, and it is a district that will also be opened up in due time on account of the gold and other minerals that have been found there.

The return to Baddeck may be made by way of Inverness, Strathlorne, Lake Ainslie, Mabou and Port Hood, in which event it is not much out of the way to include Whycocomagh in the circuit. Or the journey may temporarily end at Whycocomagh, and that place be chosen as a centre from which to see the surrounding country, without the necessity of returning to Baddeck. As there is a steamer from Baddeck to Whycocomagh, and as it is a very enjoyable trip, made pleasant by the fine scenery on the way, many may prefer to see the east coast and central districts from Baddeck, and then view the west coast, middle-west and south-west districts from Whycocomagh.

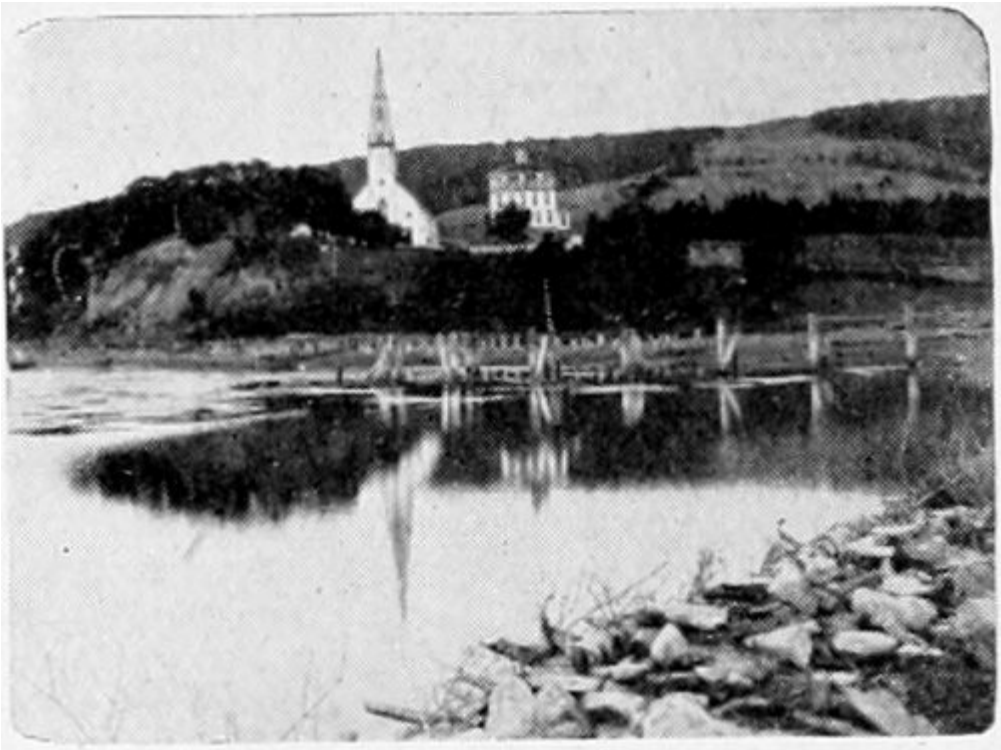
The scenery in and around Whycocomagh is very beautiful, and its picturesque bay has been called the "Naples of America." The country round about is most varied, and from the top of Salt Mountain a splendid view is commanded; nor is it necessary to climb that height unless so disposed, for the scenery by the shores of the bay is exceedingly fine. Whycocomagh is an ideal centre for boating and canoeing, and here, as at Baddeck, splendid opportunities exist for enjoyable cruises by motor-boat. There is bathing also, and fishing; and many pleasant days may be spent at this peaceful little resort.

A Picnic Party

Port Hood, Mabou and Lake Ainslie are all within convenient reach by carriage. Port Hood has coal mines, a safe harbor, and is the centre of a good farming district. Mabou is one of Cape Breton's most characteristic little places, and the scenery all through this neighborhood is charming. The town itself is very quaint and enjoyable, while the river and woodland walks and drives are all excellent. There is a very comfortable little hotel here, and a restful vacation may well be spent in this pleasant

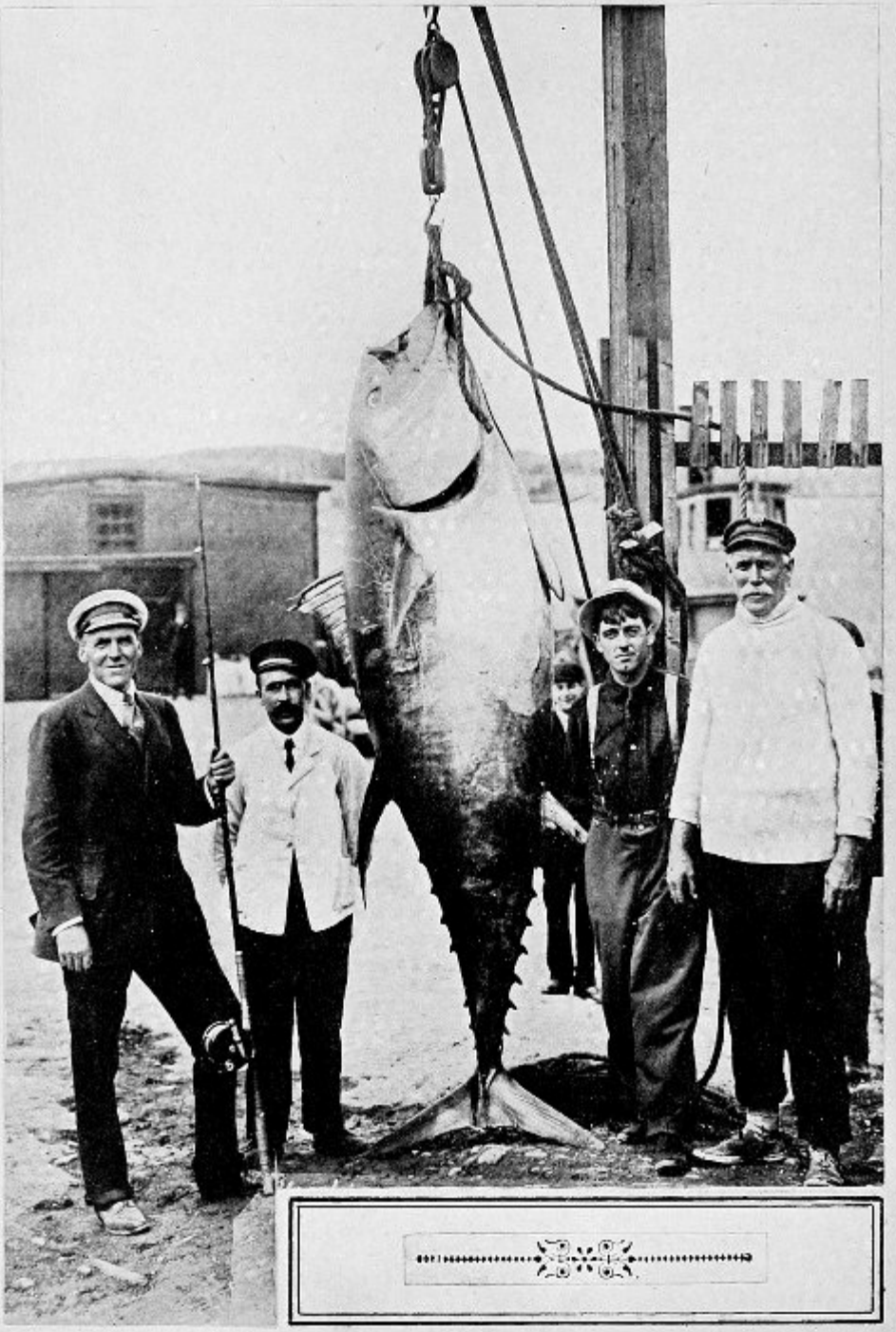
place as a centre for a series of quiet excursions in quest of nature's beauties. The Trout River and Lake Ainslie are also good objectives for drives and rambles, for the scenery in this region is full of charm.

Returning to Whycocomagh, and taking the steamer to Baddeck, and through the Bras d'Or Lake to St. Peter's Canal at its southern outlet, a stay may be made in quiet St. Peter's, the Port Toulouse of olden days, to enjoy its calm and tranquil summer life. This place was formerly known as Port Toulouse and was one of the fortified trading stations founded by N. Denys. It may be well to note here that several places on this coast, though still retaining their French names, are now exclusively peopled by the Scotch. While the scenery of the south coast districts does not compare with that of other parts of the island, the neighborhood of St. Peter's is a thoroughly pleasant one. From here excursions may be made to the beautiful island-studded body of water known as Loch Lomond, to L'Ardoise and also to Arichat, Petit de Grat, and D'Escousse, on the island known as Isle Madame. Here the visitor will find himself in another world—the Acadian world of long ago; and the quaint life so different from that of a few hundred miles south cannot fail to make a lasting impression on the minds of all that sojourn for a while in these remote little outposts.



The return to Point Tupper and Mulgrave may be made either by rail or steamer.

There are splendid fishing rivers in Cape Breton, and fine trout streams are everywhere. Hunting, and shooting of wild birds, in season is excellent, too. Particulars relating to all Cape Breton outdoor sports will be found in the Chapter “Where to Go.”



Where to Go—Recommended Places

The choice of a vacation place suited to individual requirements is a matter of considerable importance, and for those planning to visit a country that is new to them, a brief description of the merits of various places will be very helpful. The amusements and recreations of each district are here given concisely. A

preliminary study of this chapter will enable visitors to make intelligent choice of a locality best suited to their needs; and full particulars of any place under consideration may be read in the detailed description of the district finally chosen.

There are, of course, hundreds of delightful spots where happy vacations may be spent if the visitor has no preference for any particular recreation. As is well known, however, some prefer the shore, while others like the interior life by woodland and stream. Others again are happiest when in or near some fairly busy town centre, where some luxuries and a social life may be enjoyed. There are others who prefer the simple and inexpensive life of the quiet little village resort, and others yet who like the life of a fashionable watering place. Then those who delight in yachting, boating, canoeing, and all the pleasures of outdoor life, as well as fishing, etc., have their preferences; and the object of this chapter is to afford a ready choice from those places exactly suited to particular requirements.

After the visitor has become familiar with the attractions of the neighborhood selected, by actual residence there, he will be able to explore in every direction; and in this way many a charming place will be discovered that has in it the something for which he has always longed—the life, the atmosphere so difficult to describe and which appeal direct to the heart in some unexplained way.

It is so well understood that visitors come to the Maritime Provinces for summer pleasures—and not to make a display of dress as at Atlantic City and similar resorts—that all who wish to do so may wear plain and sensible attire, and be as unconventional as they please. Of course in a few

centres, such as Quebec, Murray Bay, etc., fashionable costumes are in evidence; but even in these places plain and sensible costumes do not call for remark; and while it is not necessary to avoid the best hotels where richer people congregate, there are always other comfortable hotels and stopping-places where people of moderate means may live more quietly and be just as happy.

Those who make a short stay in any one place will have little time for social life; but, after the day's pleasure is over, pleasant social intercourse may be enjoyed—in all but the smallest places—with those who are sojourning in the same locality. In the larger centres social life is quite an enjoyable feature of the summer vacation, and here, too, visitors mingle on the porches, etc. at night, and pass many pleasant hours in discussing the scenery and other features of the district. If making a stay of weeks or months at any one place, it is a good plan to have introductions to some of its leading people, as in this way many delightful hours will be spent in pleasant society. Canadian people are very hospitable, as a rule, and in many places of small and medium size, visitors will frequently be asked to participate in tennis, boating and driving, etc., as soon as they have settled down in summer quarters. In all places of any pretensions as summer resorts, golf, tennis, bathing, etc., are provided by the management of the principal stopping-places, and in such resorts the visitor enjoys such recreation without having to await an invitation from residents—as must necessarily be the case in small places where no public facilities of the kind are provided.

Where an asterisk * is inserted before the name of a place or district, under any heading such as "Historic Interest," "Summer

Vacation Life," "Yachting," "Canoeing," etc., it denotes a place of commanding excellence for the enjoyment of that particular interest.

Places of Historic Interest:

*Quebec, Tadousac, St. John, Halifax, Annapolis Valley, Annapolis Royal, Louisbourg.

Places that are Centres for the Enjoyment of Beautiful Scenery:

*Quebec, *Murray Bay (via Riviere Ouelle), *Tadousac (via Riviere du Loup), Bic, Metis, *Causapscal, *Matapedia, Bathurst, Newcastle, Chatham, *Fredericton, *St. John, Montague River (P.E.I.), *Truro, *Wentworth Valley, *Halifax, *Chester, *Baddeck, St. Ann's, *Ingonish, Mabou, *Whycocomagh.

Places that are Centres for Romantic and Interesting Country:

All of those in the preceding division, and Riviere du Loup, Campbellton, Dalhousie, *Charlo, Shelburne, Antigonish, Guysboro, Sydney, Middle River, *Margaree River, Cheticamp.

Watering Places that are well frequented and where some life is going on, suited for those who like a little gaiety:

*Murray Bay, *Tadousac. (For those who like life in cities, *Quebec, *St. John and *Halifax may be here included.)

Watering Places of smaller size, where the usual quiet life of the small resort may be enjoyed:

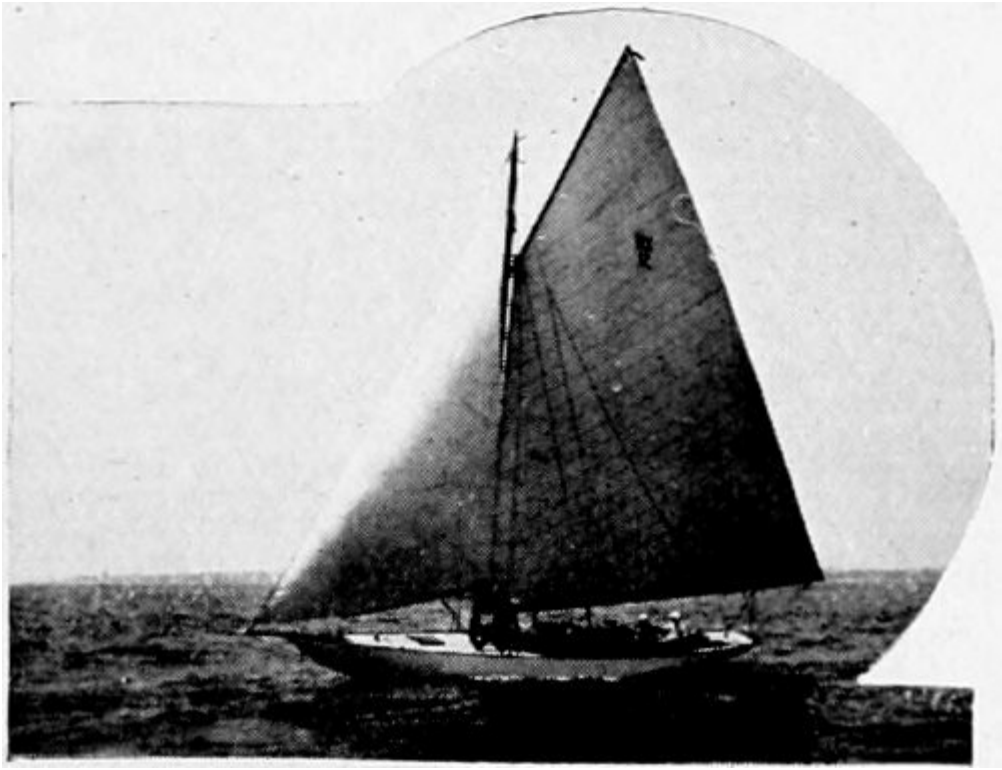
Riviere du Loup (Fraserville), Cacouna, Kamouraska, Bic, Rimouski, *Little Metis, Dalhousie, *Charlo, Jacquet River, Bathurst, Newcastle, Chatham, *Rothesay, *Fredericton, *Charlottetown, Summerside, *Chester, Antigonish, *Baddeck, Grand Narrows, *Ingonish, Montmorency.

Watering Places of the smallest size, where very quiet days may be spent:

*Causapscal, Folleigh, Pugwash, Pictou, Shediac, Tignish, Alberton, Tracadie, Souris, *Montague, Georgetown, Murray Harbor, St. Peters, Cheticamp, *Middle River, *Margaree Forks, *Mabou, *Chateau Richer.

Small Places in which, although water is near, country features predominate:

Montmagny, *Causapscal, *Jacquet River, *Folleigh, *Hampton, *Sussex, Petitcodiac, Boiestown, Doaktown, Blackville, Hunter River, *Bradalbane.



Yachting waters of most enjoyable character are found at Quebec and all St. Lawrence River resorts; and at *Campbellton, *Dalhousie, *Bathurst and other Bay of Chaleur points, including several places on the Gaspé peninsula; *Newcastle and *Chatham, on Miramichi Bay; *St. John and on the Lower St. John River; Charlottetown, Summerside, Murray Harbor, Georgetown and Souris on Prince Edward Island; Pugwash, Pictou and Mulgrave, in Northern Nova Scotia; *Halifax, St. Margaret's Bay, *Chester and *Shelburne, on the South Shore; Guysboro and other harbors on the south-eastern shore; and on *Bras d'Or Lakes, *Baddeck, *Whycocomagh, *Sydney, St. Ann's Bay and several harbors of the Cape Breton coast.

Motor-boating may always be enjoyed where good yachting waters are found, and hence all the places just enumerated as most suitable for yachting are also well adapted for motor-boating. The motor-boat being independent of the wind has an increased range of action, and on that account additional places are now named from which cruises may be made as a centre. As motor-boats are also able to move in more restricted water than the wind-propelled yacht, additional river places having

pleasant cruising waters are here added, such as the *Saguenay, *Miramichi, *Fredericton, Kennebecasis River, the lower waters of the larger Prince Edward Island rivers, Mira River, Canso Strait, the splendid harbors and rivers east of Halifax, Minas Basin and on the waters of several of the large interior lakes accessible from or contiguous to convenient towns of fair size.

Quiet waters for pleasant boating amidst enjoyable surroundings will be found at every one of the numerous St. Lawrence River resorts from Quebec to Matane, on all of the fine rivers in the four provinces, in the Bay of Chaleur from *Matapedia, *Campbellton and *Dalhousie along the south shore of the Gaspé Peninsula as far as *Gaspé Bay, along the southern and eastern shores of Chaleur, along the whole interesting water front of the Northumberland Straits, and along the Bay of Fundy shore. As a matter of fact, good rowing waters are found within convenient reach of nearly every station on the Intercolonial Route, and all the places named in connection with yachting and motor-boating will be found to have suitable boating waters nearby.

One of the most enjoyable and healthful recreations is that of canoeing; and, as is well known, the canoeing waters of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces are without a rival in any part of the world. A whole lifetime of summers may be spent on these beautiful waters without exhausting the novelty and interest of scene that everywhere abounds. Every river of the four provinces has its canoeing attractions; and for a vacation of perfect delight no better plan can be followed than that of shipping a canoe over the Intercolonial Railway to the chosen centre of operations, and from there explore the district,

to become acquainted with all its beauty and charm. All along the St. Lawrence River, and in its numerous tributaries, splendid canoeing waters are found. The great *St. John River, with its sparkling tributaries flowing through unfrequented woodland depths, is a superb highway full of romantic interest. The *Miramichi, *Nepisiguit, *Matapedia, *Tobique, *Restigouche, *Temiscouata and a host of other rivers in Nova Scotia (including Cape Breton) and Prince Edward Island give such a wealth of delightful canoeing waters that a choice is almost embarrassing. Nor must the smaller streams be passed by without notice, for in these also are found the wooded islands, murmuring rapids and sylvan retreats dear to the hearts of those who “paddle their own canoe.” There are hundreds of such places in the Maritime Provinces, and consequently a study of this book as a whole is recommended in order to make intelligent choice of that locality best suited to the tastes of the individual canoeist.

Tennis courts will be found in nearly all places larger than the small village of a few hundred inhabitants. In any place frequented by summer visitors the Tennis Clubs make provision for summer membership of visitors on payment of a small fee. In many places where no regular club has been established the privileges of the court are extended to visitors. In all of the summer resorts of the lower St. Lawrence excellent tennis facilities are provided, and this is true of the resorts of the

provinces generally. In the small and restful stopping-places not yet known as resorts, but to which some summer visitors find their way, tennis courts are generally found—so universal has this healthful outdoor recreation become. It should not be forgotten that all through the Maritime Provinces the summer climate is so temperate that full enjoyment of tennis and outdoor sports brings with it none of the enervating fatigue inseparable from such recreation in warmer climes.

Golf links are not as commonly found as tennis courts, but nearly all summer hotels and resorts, other than the smallest, have made provision for the enjoyment of this exhilarating game. Some of the courses in the Maritime Provinces are the finest to be found anywhere; and there the game may be enjoyed with all the accompaniment of beautiful scenery, bracing air and romantic surroundings. Eastern Canada is the land of summer sports, where generous physical exercise may be taken without lassitude or undue fatigue; and in a game such as golf, where much ground must be covered, a cool climate greatly enhances the enjoyment of outdoor exercise.

The bathing waters of the provinces offer various temperatures to suit different classes of bathers. Leaving out of consideration river and lake bathing, the sea-bathing waters will be found to offer a considerable range of temperature. The inner waters of the *Bay of Chaleur, and the various places along the *Gaspé Peninsula, along the Northumberland Strait shore, and those of *Prince Edward Island generally, will be found best suited to the average bather. Many go to the St. Lawrence River resorts

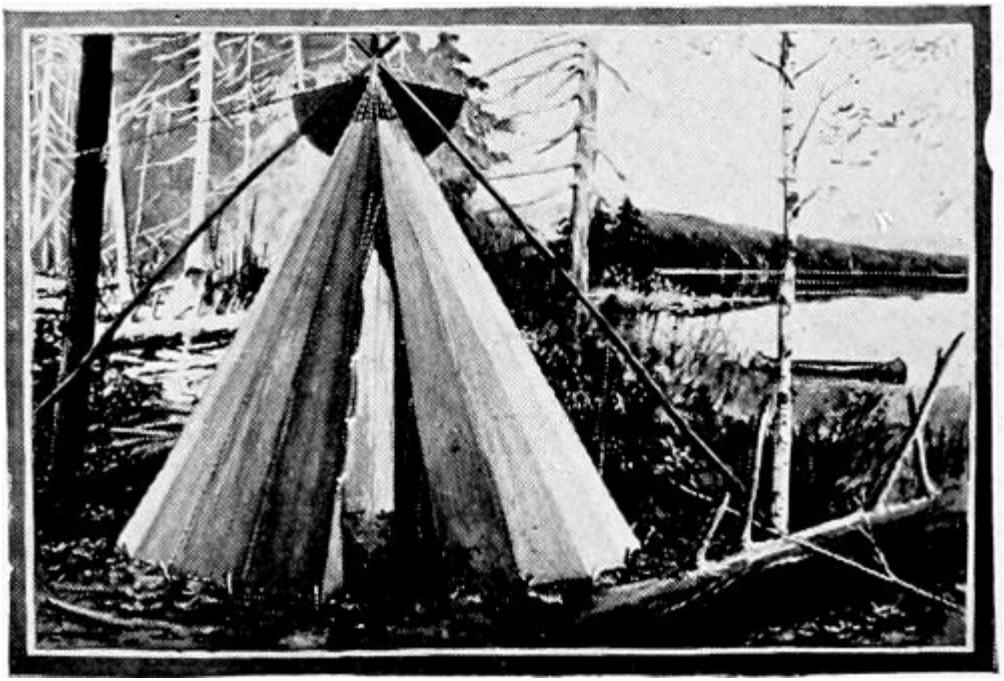
between Murray Bay and Little Métis because there the water is warmest. This is not river bathing as some might suppose, for even at Murray Bay resorts one bathes in the briny water of old ocean. As the St. Lawrence River reaches the Gulf it broadens to ocean proportions, and at *Little Métis and *Matane, and along the Gaspé shores, bathing in pleasantly-warmed sea water may be enjoyed. Prince Edward Island enjoys a reputation for pleasant bathing at a moderate temperature, but as the outer waters near Cape Breton are reached, an increasing coolness is noticeable, until the outer Atlantic shore is gained, and here, of course, the tidal water is the coldest, and best suited for those of robust physique. West and east of Halifax, however, there are numerous inner waters of lagoon or almost land-locked character, and many outer bay waters, too, where the sun warms the sand shoals at low tide, and where, consequently, warmer bathing may be enjoyed than that found on the open or outlying beaches.

Restful Days

The fishing waters of Eastern Canada are renowned all the world over. Who has not heard of the *Restigouche, *Miramichi, *St. John, *Nepisiguit, *Matapedia, *Tobique, *Upsalquitch, *Patapedia, *Godbout, *Bonaventure, *Cascapedia, *Margaree, and all that immense host of other rivers of various sizes that so liberally water the Maritime Provinces, and afford fishing sport of the best kind for those who love to catch the kingly salmon and princely trout.

The power of wealth is felt in the angling world, just as in other departments of life, and hence the most of the best fishing rights have been bought up by wealthy men and reserved for their own use and that of their friends and summer guests. But there are many places where the best of fishing may be had by previous arrangement, and other places, such as the *Charlo River in New Brunswick, where royal fishing may be enjoyed without permit other than the usual fishing license. The best plan is to read through "Summer Provinces by the Sea" so as to become acquainted with the country as a whole, and, after a district has been chosen, a letter of inquiry to the nearest Intercolonial Station Agent will elicit the latest and most accurate information on the fishing of the neighborhood. The "Fishing and Hunting" booklet issued by the Intercolonial Railway contains much valuable information relating to the fishing streams of the four provinces. This booklet will be forwarded from the offices of the Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B., on application.

The joy of pitching a tent, and of living next to nature on the shore of the deep Atlantic, is a fascination that must lure increasing thousands from the crowded and stifling cities; and for those who desire more of the comforts of civilization, with a life as near nature as possible, there are bungalows by lake, river and sea where deep draughts of cool and invigorating air may be enjoyed on porches, or in living rooms that may be thrown open at will to admit every health-giving breeze that blows.



A Country Drive

All of the places mentioned in the chapter "Summer Resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence," and many places in their neighborhood, are suitable for bungalow and tent life, and well adapted for those who prefer the more quiet and inner sea waters; and many charmingly-placed summer homes will be found all through this attractive district, at *Murray Bay, *St. Irénée, Rivière du Loup, *Cacouna, *Bic, and Little Métis, etc. In New Brunswick, on the banks of the St. John and other rivers,

on the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay of Fundy shores, and in the interior woodland by lake and waterfall are many finely-placed summer cottages and vacation homes that are half-shack, half-tent, and where a glorious outing may be enjoyed at only a nominal cost. Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island both provide ample variety for this kind of life, while the eastern extremity of Nova Scotia, the Island of Cape Breton, offers a wealth of beautifully situated and romantic sites for summer tent and bungalow that cannot be surpassed in any country of the world.

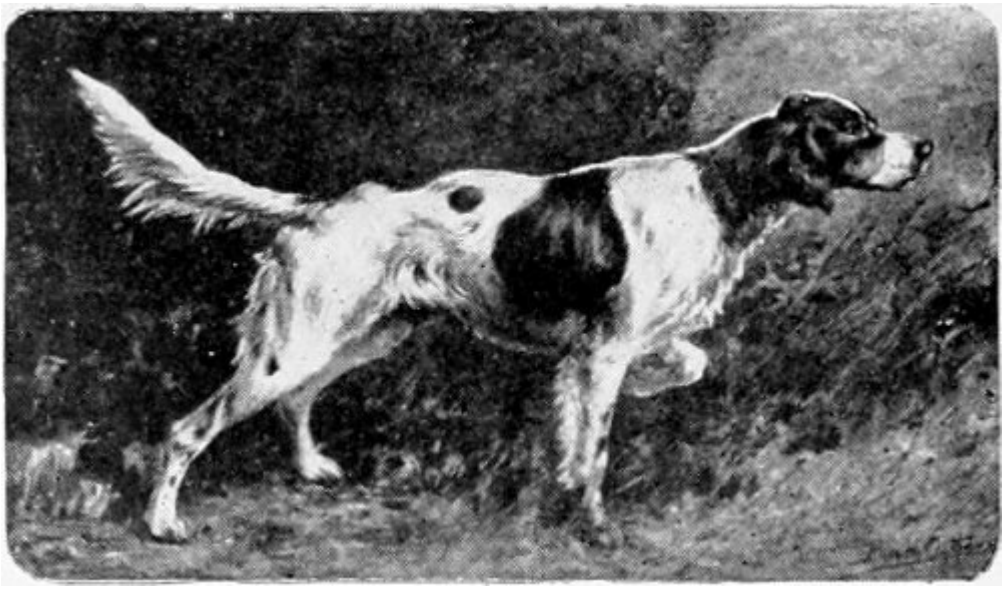
For driving and country rambles, woodland walks, botanizing, gathering ferns and wild flowers, observation of the habits of birds and animals, and for the student of nature, the artist, the nature-lover and all who appreciate the profound thought and concentration promoted by the quiet and tranquility of woodland, forest and secluded country lane, the Maritime Provinces offer all that is beautiful in nature, combined with cool days and glorious nights. Who that walks about by day, in such a climate, can help feeling the buoyancy of spirit and feeling as of walking on air; and who that rambles by river, lake or shore at night but realizes that here he is indeed under the stars. The perfume of the flowers, the song of the birds, the wind whispering through the trees, and the far-away echo of the surf on the moonlit strand, all bring joy to the heart; and as we take our way by a forest of noble birch trees, the mysterious and thrilling sounds that come from its depths seem like an invitation to enter and tarry awhile—to “adore, and be still”—to spend an hour of quiet contemplation in yonder glade, where the moon’s soft light clothes every graceful, bending flower in a robe of gleaming splendor. The districts around *Quebec are particularly interesting to the nature-lover, while the *Bay of

Chaleur, Prince Edward Island, the *Wentworth, *Matapedia, *Miramichi and *Nashwaak Valleys, the Upper and Lower *St. John River districts, and all the bye-places of Nova Scotia, and particularly of the *Cape Breton district, are full of interest for drives, rambles, etc., in the enjoyment of nature.

Many who enjoy country life will find their way to Quebec, St. John, Charlottetown, Halifax, and Sydney, etc., and from these places will afterwards pass on to some quiet spot where the simple life may be enjoyed on a farm at very small expense, and from which stopping-place, as a centre, drives and rambles may be taken in every direction.

The route of the Intercolonial Railway is through a country that is rich in game; indeed the Maritime Provinces are the chief hunting grounds of North America. Moose and deer are still abundant, and in parts of Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia there are districts not difficult of access where bears may be shot. The upper part of Cape Breton Island is excellent for large game. From any of the principal centres in Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia hunting parties may be equipped, and guides obtained, in the proper season.

Like the fishing places of the Maritime Provinces, the hunting localities are so numerous that it would be impossible to do justice to them in this book of general description. A special booklet, "Fishing and Hunting," will be forwarded from the offices of the Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B., on application.

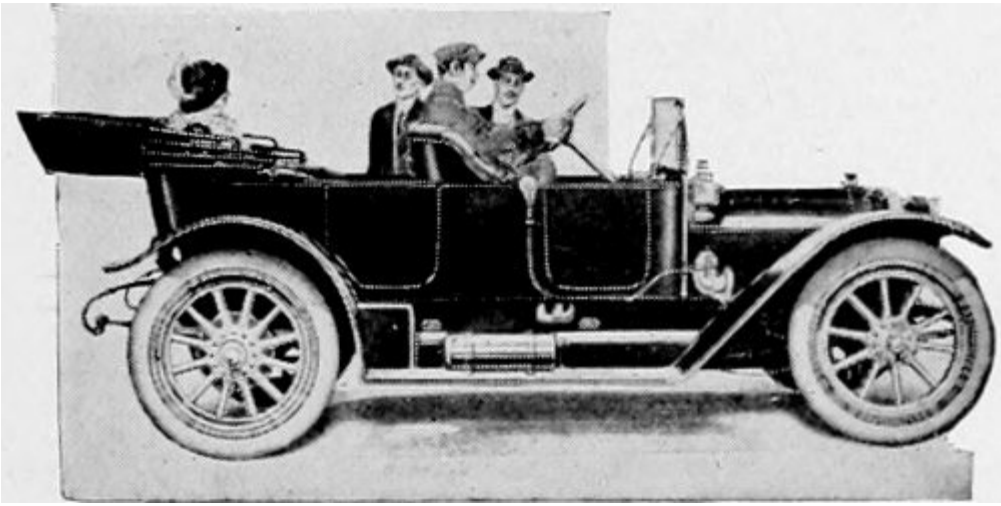


Wild fowl, small game and shore birds are found in almost

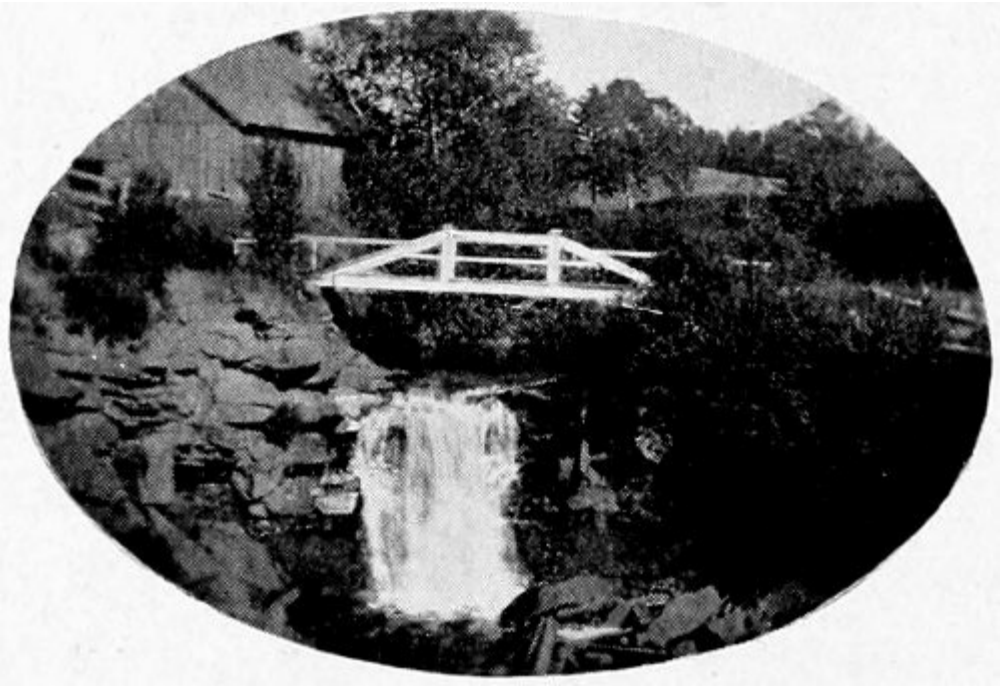
every part of the Maritime Provinces. The *Bay of Chaleur, *Prince Edward Island, and the shore along the *Straits of Northumberland all have numerous places where good shooting may be had in season. The interior rivers and many of the coast streams also afford fine shooting; and it is almost impossible to find a locality in which small game of some kind is not abundant. Particulars relating to small game and wild fowl districts will be found in the hunting pamphlet to which reference has just been made.

Automobile traffic is becoming world-wide, and with the attention that is now given to road improvement in nearly all parts of Canada, the highways of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces have not been overlooked. In Prince Edward Island the use of automobiles is prohibited, but in Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia there is a splendid choice of interesting tours. Particulars of these in detail may be obtained from the road maps published in New York; and the Automobile Clubs of Quebec, St. John and Halifax, etc., are always glad to give specific information relating to their province.

To enjoy intimate views of woodland, stream, lake and waterfall, it is often necessary to leave the main roads or highways. Inner glades, breezy heights, forest depths, the rocky bed of some foaming cascade, or the winding course of a plashing brook, bordered by wildflowers, must all be sought on foot.



In all districts that are rich in such beauties it is best to tarry at the nearest hostelry and enjoy the country by rambling about on foot. If such excursions are supplemented by trips in canoe, row-boat, sail-boat, and motor-boat of ordinary speed, an intelligent view of the country, its people, and its great resources of natural beauty will then be possible—a view that would not be within the reach of those who limit the field of observation to what may be seen from the seat of a speeding automobile.



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[The end of *Summer Provinces by the Sea* by Canadian Government Railways]