

WHERE THE METAPEDIA MEETS THE RESTIGOUCHE—See Page 41

FOREST, STREAM AND SEASHORE



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Forest, Stream and Seashore



IT is the mild statement of a fact to say that the Intercolonial Railway of Canada and its connections traverse a greater variety of tourist country than does any railway system in the world. There are other lines which give access to glorious summer lands and to places which it has been and will be the ambition of thousands to see. There are lines which lead to localities where history has been made and the map of a continent changed. There are a few which include some of the world's great wonders. Others, again, penetrate famous hunting grounds, or carry one to noted fishing resorts. By other routes are reached the sea-bathing shores and yachting havens. Then there are lines which have the fashionable summer resorts for their attraction, and some which hold out the promise of a country where there is absolute rest and quiet. Every important railway relies on some one or more of these features to attract tourist travel, but no ordinary road professes to have them all. Railways, like individuals, have their limitations, and as a universal genius is rare among men, so it is hard to find a tourist route which can cater successfully to the wants of all sorts and conditions of health and pleasure seekers.

Now and then, it is true, there is found a man who can do many things inconsistent with each other and do them all well. So there may be a railway system embracing in its territory such an infinite variety of attractions that the requirements of every class of pleasure seekers

may be met. Such a system is that of the Intercolonial Railway. Its 1600 miles of track traverse the richest and most varied tourist grounds of this continent, and there is nothing to equal those grounds on any other continent. The world may be searched in vain for a stretch of territory containing within the same area such a diversity of features to attract all classes of summer visitors. The Intercolonial and the Prince Edward Island lines constitute "The People's Railway" in more than a limited or even national sense. At the western terminus of these lines is the metropolis of Canada, the great and ever growing city of Montreal. To the eastward of this, down to the shores of the open Atlantic and through Prince Edward Island, is a wonderful summer country. So vast is this tourist territory and so many and diverse are its features, that no one can hope to enjoy them all in the course of a single season. There must be a choice of good things, and this choice is a wide one. The man who wants the luxury of modern hotels while sojourning in historic cities need limit his pleasures only by the length of his purse. Equally great is the opportunity of him whose means are small and with whom economy is an object. All classes may adapt their excursions to their circumstances, and in no country of the world may so much enjoyment be had for so small an outlay of money. As compared with the hackneyed tourist resorts of other lands, the cost of living is so small as to excite the wonder of those who have had the experience of extended travel.

There is so much to be had at such trifling expense that the question of cost is less of a consideration than that of how to best improve the opportunities in the

limited period of a summer outing. This depends on what is sought. For the sportsman there are unrivalled forests and streams, lakes and shores. For hundreds of miles the eye of the artist may revel in the sight of the grandest of scenery upon the mountains, in the valleys and by the sea. The student may tread where some of the great pages of history have been written in blood. The lover of the quaint and curious may search out places and people which are in the nineteenth century but are not of it, while all who seek rest, recreation and health, may find it in a land and a climate without a rival.

On the map of Canada may be traced a line which reaches from Montreal, the commercial capital, to the city of Quebec, the ancient capital. Thence it stretches along the Lower St. Lawrence and on through the picturesque Metapedia Valley. Beyond this it skirts the shore of the famed Baie de Chaleur and goes on through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to the historic city of Halifax. Arms reach out here and there, having an aggregate length equal to that of the main line, and extending to the most important points in the Maritime Provinces. These lead to the city of St. John and the Bay of Fundy and to the Sydneys, in that summer paradise, Cape Breton. Still another branch traverses Prince Edward Island, the Garden of the Gulf. This is The Intercolonial Railway System. Begun as a national highway and from a commercial point of view, the wonderful opportunities the country offered the health and pleasure seeker were scarcely dreamed of in the early days of its history, and are even now but in part understood by the increasing numbers who yearly seek rest and recreation in this glorious summer land.

The word "numbers," in this connection, is not a noun of multitude which implies a crowd and a crush. In the great area of territory covered by these railways there are so many attractive places that there is no overcrowding at one point more than at another, and the lover of quiet can always find his peaceful haven.

If he so desire, he can enjoy the solitude of nature "far from the madding crowd" and yet have all the privileges of the daily mails and the telegraph. Whatever be the taste of the tourist, he can be suited; and in no part of the world can so much be had for so small an outlay.

To the world-weary tourist, who has been used to the confusion of the conventional summer resort, there may come a vision of this country,—a country which lies by the sea and is fanned by cooling breezes from the ocean. In this land are green hills, shady groves and fertile valleys. From the distant mountains the crystal brooks come leaping with the music of gladness, and join with noble rivers in whose clear waters dwell lordly salmon and scarce less lordly trout. Near at hand are forests, as yet so little disturbed that the moose, caribou and bear, now and again visit the farmyards of the adjacent settlements, and gaze in bewildered surprise at the man whose hand is raised to slay them. Along the shore, for hundreds of miles, lie land-locked harbors, where even the frail bark canoe may float in safety, yet be upon the waters of the ocean, and upon the smooth sand beaches of which a child may venture into the buoyant salt water and fear not. In this country is scenery at times of sweet pastoral simplicity; at times of sublime grandeur. It is a land where civilization has made its way, and yet not marred the beauty of nature. It is a country where the traveller will find much that is novel, much that will charm, and much that will ever remain to him as a sweet remembrance of a pleasant clime.

The Growth of a Great Railway

In the year 1857 the total mileage of all the railways in British North America was about 200 miles less than that of the Intercolonial alone to-day. Canada itself then included only what are now the provinces of Ontario and Quebec; for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, were separate colonies, each of which had its own government,

after the manner of the island of Newfoundland at the present time. There was no political or commercial union, while the vast country to the west was undeveloped and but little known.

Each of what were later the four original provinces of the Dominion, Canada West, Canada East, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, had undertaken to solve the problem of railway facilities for itself. As early as 1836, a few years after the opening of the first line in England, a passenger railway fifteen miles long was in operation in what is now the province of Quebec, and a few years later New Brunswick and Nova Scotia started railway enterprises which, under the circumstances, were wonderful instances of pluck and ambition. In New Brunswick, indeed, even prior to the date mentioned, some daring residents had organized a company to build a line from the Bay of Fundy, at St. Andrews, through the woods to the city of Quebec. Later they began this great undertaking, but never saw it completed.

For many years the railway question was the topic of paramount importance in the Maritime Provinces. The problem to be solved was the construction of a line from Halifax to Quebec. Each province was in earnest, but without substantial aid the task was beyond its resources. Each, however, built according to its ability. The way to better things was made clear when, in 1867, the provinces were united and the construction of the Intercolonial Railway became one of the terms of Confederation.

The story of the various epochs in the history of this great highway cannot be told here. In 1876 the last gap was closed and Halifax and Quebec were united. The vision of Lord Durham in 1839 became a reality. The first organized effort to build an inter-provincial railway had ended in fulfilment. It seemed that the goal was reached. It was not.

In these days, when the resources and possibilities of this great country are better understood than they were by the people of a generation ago, projects which

then seemed vast are now seen to be limited and incomplete. For more than a score of years previous to Confederation the great ambition of the people was for a railway to connect Halifax and Quebec. Such a line appeared sufficient for all practical purposes, and under the conditions of those times it was so. There was then no Great West as we know it now, and there was no railway to the Pacific coast throwing open the gates to the lands beyond the seas. The conditions of commerce were different from those of to-day. Even in the last twenty years there have been radical changes in the requirements of places and of people. There have been still more radical changes in the methods of doing business, and in the nature of business itself. There has been a constant and rapid commercial growth. The railway facilities that would have been more than sufficient for our fathers are wholly insufficient for us. Quebec was their goal, and a grand one in their day, but time has changed the conditions. For years it has been recognized that the railway operated by the government in the interests of the people should follow the current of business and reach the great centre of trade.

A few hours to the westward of Quebec is the city of Montreal, the commercial capital of Canada. Always an important centre, its importance has vastly increased with the wonderful development of the country to the westward. It is now the great emporium of the Dominion, the trade centre in touch with the Atlantic and the Pacific and with all parts of the territory that lies between Halifax and Vancouver. The necessity that the Intercolonial Railway should extend to Montreal has been as urgent of recent years as was the need of such a railway to Quebec a generation ago.

The extension of the line from Quebec to Montreal has marked a new era in the history of the Intercolonial and of the country. The earlier part of the year 1897 found a fast passenger service in operation between the metropolis and the cities by the sea in the Maritime Pro-

vinces, and the people's line was serving the people more fully than at any period in its history. With one of the best built roads on the continent, with a rapid through service by trains equipped with all that can make modern travel a luxury, the Intercolonial is alike the route for business and for pleasure. That it is the great tourist route will be realized to some extent by those who read these pages, but they can only understand it fully by seeing for themselves. In dealing with so

long a route there are limits to which description must be confined, and there are places upon places to which no mere description can do even partial justice.

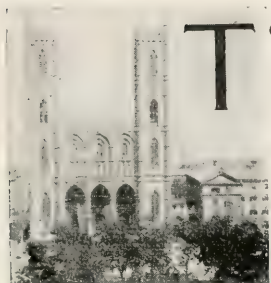
While the Intercolonial may be reached by various connections at different points along the line, it may be well in this instance to assume that the journey is begun at the western terminus and continued to the distant points of the provinces by the sea. Let Montreal be the starting point.



MONTREAL FROM MOUNT ROYAL

Intercolonial Route

Montreal, the Metropolis



TO apply the term "magnificent" to this great city of Canada is not a misuse of language. From every point of view—in situa-

tion, environment and commercial importance, it is admirable in its details and magnificent as a whole. The largest city in Canada, it stands above all others in the extent and variety of its commercial relations with other parts of the Dominion. At the head of ocean navigation on the greatest of Canada's rivers, Montreal is the great market place, the ever busy commercial exchange of the country between ocean and ocean. Here the railways centre from all points of the east, the west and the south. Hither come the steamships from across the seas and the sailing craft from places near and far. From this centre are distributed the products of many lands and from it are sent out to all the country the fruits of its own many and mighty industries. It is not a city of one race but of several, and in each the best national characteristics are shown to the fullest advantage in the social and commercial relations of one with the other. It is a city of great enterprises where mighty results are achieved, with a record for stability second to that of no city in America, and it is rapidly advancing year by year in its progress to a still greater future.

As the ages of cities are reckoned in this new world, Montreal is ancient indeed. The story of its settlement goes back so far that it is lost in the mists of antiquity. It was a city beyond the time of which the traditions are preserved, and it may have flourished as one when the Basque fishermen began to sail to the shores of the continent they did not explore. Centuries later, when Columbus, Cabot and Cortez astonished the world by their discoveries there was still this patriarch of cities in the north, of which they knew nothing. It remained unknown until the year 1535, when Jacques Cartier found it an ancient walled city of the Indians, with a future which even the ardent imagination of the discoverer would have failed to picture.

Three quarters of a century after Cartier came that great and singularly good man, Samuel de Champlain, to found a city in the name of his king and under the flag of his country, but more that thirty years passed before the building of that city began with the mission of Ville Marie de Montreal. Two centuries and a half have gone by, and now upon the site of ancient Hochelaga stands the fair and flourishing metropolis of Britain's possessions in America.

Not without struggle and strife has been a portion of that period. In the contest for supremacy between England and France in the New World, the story of Montreal stands out boldly on the pages of history. The spots made memorable in that struggle are found on every hand. The student of history may tread where great men and their followers have trod,

and may stand where were witnessed some of the brightest and darkest scenes in the evolution of a nation's destiny. Since 1760 the flag of England has waved undisturbed over the city, and the once rival races contend to-day only for supremacy in the arts of peace.

To describe Montreal is a work for a volume by itself. In the limits of a railway guide book nothing like an attempt at description is possible. Whatever the subject be—the vast trade and commerce,

of a population. During the last year for which returns are available, goods to the value of over \$53,000,000 were imported, while the exports in the same period were nearly \$63,000,000. Though the distance of Montreal from the sea is as great as the total length of Great Britain, it is yet a busy port with an annual arrival of between 800 and 900 sea-going vessels, representing more than a million and a half of tonnage, in addition to 7,000 inland vessels. Nearly fifty million



DOMINION SQUARE

Intercolonial Route

the people, the churches, the institutions or the beauties of the city and its environs—no one of these can be adequately dealt with in the compass of a few pages, nor is there an opportunity for even a comprehensive summary of all that merits attention.

Briefly stated, Montreal is the largest city of Canada and of an importance commensurate with its size. With its suburbs, which are in reality a part of the metropolis, it has now about 330,000

bushels of grain, flour and meal are received from the West and shipped annually, while on an average over 100,000 head of cattle and vast numbers of sheep are sent to ports in Europe during each season of navigation. The money turned over in the cattle trade alone may be roughly approximated at from eight to ten millions of dollars annually. The value of animals and their products shipped in a year is over \$25,000,000, while that of the agricultural products amounts

to about twenty-three million dollars. So it is, proportionately, with other branches of trade.

These are some of the figures shown by the custom house entries, but they give no idea of the enormous and increasing trade of Montreal with all parts of Canada. The amount of the business done in dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, groceries and the like, can be but partly realized by the fact that in city and village alike over the length and breadth of the Dominion, wherever business of any kind is carried on, the representatives of the great commercial houses of the metropolis will be found pushing their trade. There is no settlement so remote that Montreal goods have not found their way to its people.

The city tells at a glance the story of its commercial greatness. Four miles long by two miles wide, there are no sleepy thoroughfares in the whole of this area. There are quiet streets in the select residential sections, where the homes of the more prosperous citizens are found, but these in their very nature are the evidence of a progressive people who by their energy and enterprise have made life worth living for its social pleasures. In the business districts, however, the rush and bustle of a metropolis are seen and

heard from early morn till evening late. There are miles of busy streets with block after block of massive buildings, each of which is a veritable hive of industry. The great business houses are recognized as great throughout the continent, for with all the enterprise characteristic of the west, they have the practical method which distinguishes the east. The business growth of Montreal has been a solid and sure one, based on legitimate founda-

tions. It has been due to no speculative era, no sudden boom. There has been no inflation, and hence no depression. Sound principles have always prevailed, and as a consequence capital from abroad has sought investment here. The great wealth of the commercial community has thus enabled the city to increase its trade, even



INCLINE RAILWAY

Intercolonial Route

when the general conditions elsewhere have been adverse. Thus, in some years, while the business of Canada as a whole has been below the expectation, the trade of Montreal has shown a notable expansion. In the nature of things it must continue to expand, however the world may wag.

Montreal is therefore a great city, commercially and in other ways. There is greatness, too, in many of the objects of interest. The church of Notre Dame,

which will hold 15,000 people, is the largest on the continent north of the city of Mexico, while its great bell is the largest in America and one of the largest in the world. Montreal College is believed to be the most extensive series of connected buildings in Canada or the United States, while McGill College ranks with the great Universities beyond the seas. Here, too, is the Bank of Montreal, the greatest financial institution in America, and the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the most wealthy educational establishment on the continent. Then, among a choice of good hotels, is the Windsor, with its stately edifice in which a regi-

of all creeds, would of themselves demand pages, and after all but an imperfect idea would be conveyed of what there was to see in connection with them. In like manner nothing can be said of the public buildings, the religious and benevolent institutions, the harbor and the public works, including the Lachine Canal. Least of all, can any idea be given of the beauty of the residential sections, the magnificent parks or the suburbs with their picturesque scenery and historic associations. Much might be said of Mount Royal, of itself, with its walks, its drives and its panorama of glorious views of the surrounding country. All these



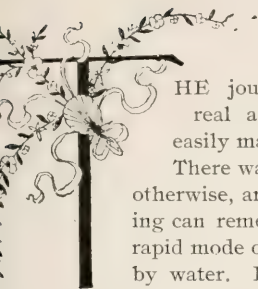
VICTORIA JUBILEE BRIDGE, MONTREAL

Intercolonial Route

ment could be lodged, and with a spacious main corridor and dining hall which are the admiration of visitors from all quarters of the world. Much more is to be seen which partakes of greatness in the details that go to make up the harmonious whole in Canada's great city. These details are so numerous that it would be in vain to attempt to mention a tithe of them here. The notable churches,

things, and many more, must be seen by those who would get an idea of Montreal and its attractions. The metropolis would have glory enough for any one city if it had nothing to boast of beyond its commercial supremacy, but from a purely tourist point of view it is a place which every traveller in Canada must visit. In this respect, and in others, it can speak for itself better than its story can be told.

Montreal to Quebec



THE journey between Montreal and Quebec is now so easily made as to be a pleasure.

There was a time when it was otherwise, and many who are living can remember when the most rapid mode of communication was by water. In that respect, however, Canadian enterprise was early to the front. The pioneer steamboat of the world was put on the Hudson in 1807, and in 1809 a steamer for the route to Quebec was put on the St. Lawrence by John Molson, a citizen of Montreal. The people of half a century later had the luxury of a railway, but there are evolutions in railways as in other things, and it remained for the year 1897 to see a line suited to the more pressing requirements of the present age.

The route taken by the Intercolonial Railway is the most easy and direct method of communication between the two cities. From the Bonaventure depot in Montreal to the station at Levis, opposite Quebec, is 163 miles, or ten miles less than the shortest route before the new line was opened. Topographically, it is as near an air line as the physical conditions of the country will permit, as may be judged from the fact that in the 115 miles, composing what was once known as the Drummond County Railway, there are 106 miles of tangents. As to grades, there are none in excess of 52 feet to the mile, and most of them are very much below that. On this portion of the Intercolonial, as on others, as fast time can be made as on any road in America.

In going out of Montreal a portion of the Lachine Canal is seen. This canal, begun in 1821 when such enterprises were in their infancy, is eight and one-half miles long and is interesting from the fact that it is one of the early improvements in what is now the largest and most important system of inland navigation in the world. By this system, which

extends from the Straits of Belle Isle to Port Arthur at the head of Lake Superior and thence to Duluth, Wisconsin, a clear waterway is found between Liverpool, England, and the Western States, a distance of 4,618 miles. More than half of this distance is included in the inland navigation. The St. Lawrence system alone reaches through the country for 2,260 miles and includes about 72 miles of canals. The Lachine canal extends from Montreal to the town of Lachine, overcoming the Lachine Rapids, the first encountered in the ascent of the River St. Lawrence.

Leaving Montreal on a train of the Intercolonial, the Jubilee Bridge, opened in 1897, gives passage over the St. Lawrence. This splendid structure was built to take the place of the famous Victoria tubular bridge, around and outside of which it was constructed on the same piers, so that railway traffic was not interrupted. The work was under the direction of Joseph Hobson, chief engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the new bridge is as great an example of modern engineering as was the former one an instance of the skill of engineers of a former generation. The old bridge, designed by Robert Stevenson, was a tubular structure of iron, having a width of 16 feet and a single railway track. It had a weight of more than 9,000 tons and cost nearly seven million dollars. The whole structure, from the foundations of the piers to the rivets of the roof, was a solid and substantial piece of work, built to stand many times more than the greatest possible strain from the tide, the ice, the weather and the railway traffic. The bridge was formally opened for use by the Prince of Wales, during his visit to Canada in 1860. The present bridge is a graceful and most substantial structure. It has a length of 6,592 feet and consists of 25 spans, with 24 piers. The spans have each a length of 242 feet, except the central span which is 330 feet. The bridge has a width of 65 feet, with double tracks, electric railway tracks and roadway. The truss work has a height of 28

feet. The weight of the steel structure is 22,000 tons, and the cost was two million dollars.

Following the line built by the Grand Trunk Railway, St. Hyacinthe is reached, 36 miles from Montreal. It is a flourishing and beautiful place with about 8,000 inhabitants, and is the seat of a number of important industries. It has many handsome buildings, including religious and educational institutions, and the well ordered streets have an abundance of shade trees which add much to the attractive appearance of the city. St. Hyacinthe is in favor with many of the residents of Montreal as a place of sojourn during the summer months.

Two miles from St. Hyacinthe is St. Rosalie Junction, the point of departure from the Grand Trunk Railway for the Intercolonial short line to Quebec. In the next 27 miles the railway passes the prosperous villages of St. Edward, Ste. Helene, St. Eugene, Duncan and St. Germain, until Drummondville is reached, 65 miles from Montreal. Excellent farming land is found all along the route.

Drummondville, on the St. Francis river, is a town of 2,200 people, a large proportion of whom are French Canadians. On the river at this point is one of the finest water powers in the province of Quebec. Here are situated Lord's Falls, with 31 feet of descent, and a substantial dam controls what is now 10,000 horse power and can be increased as the requirements may demand. The available manufacturing sites are admirably situated for the convenience of shipment by rail. The river furnishes the town with an abundant water supply.

One of the chief industries of Drummondville is a foundry and a blast furnace, the charcoal for which is made from wood cut in the vicinity. From 8,000 to 10,000 cords are annually used for this purpose. A large business is also done in pulp wood and other descriptions of lumber.

Drummondville was settled in 1815, by Colonel Heriot and a body of his associates who named the place in honor of

Sir George Drummond, the hero of Lundy's Lane. It is not, therefore, an old settlement, as age is computed in the province of Quebec, but it claims the distinction of having had the first church in the Eastern Townships. At the present time it has two churches, Anglican and Catholic, a convent and a school for boys. There are attractive drives in the vicinity of the town.

The St. Francis river is spanned at Drummondville by a steel railway bridge 410 feet long, and by a steel highway bridge with a length of 420 feet. The river has two sources, and while the main stream is called 85 miles long, the total is a length of about 150 miles. One of these sources is at Lake Memphremagog, which extends over the boundary line into the state of Vermont, and the other is at Lake St. Francis, in the county of Beauce. The river empties into Lake St. Peter, on the St. Lawrence, about 24 miles below Drummondville. All along its course is fine fishing, but especially at the rapids in the vicinity of the town and at the Cascades, three miles above, as well as the Basin, nine miles below. The fish which are found are black bass of three and four pounds weight; maskinonge, running all the way from eight to eighteen pounds, and pickerel which range from one to ten pounds in weight. These are usually caught with minnows, either real or artificial. It is not necessary to tell the angler that the St. Francis is not a trout river, for the presence of pickerel is evidence of that fact. When trout and pickerel meet they carry their argument to extremes, and the pickerel always gets the better of it. No self-respecting trout will remain any length of time in a stream where pickerel are abundant. Sturgeon are also found in the St. Francis, and fished for with worms.

There is, however, plenty of good trout fishing along the line of railway east of Drummondville, and this is especially true of the rivers Bras d'Edmond and Duchene, which lie within three-quarters of a mile of each other on the route,

while another good trout stream is the River Henri, four miles further east. At Bras d'Edmond, last season, one man who had half an hour to spare caught 28 trout in that time, and was dissatisfied because he had not two more, so as to make an average of a trout a minute. The trout were from eight to sixteen inches in length. Good fishing is also found at other points to which reference will be made later.

The Abenakis Springs, near the mouth of the St. Francis river, have a wide and increasing reputation for the salutary effects of their waters. At Pierreville, in the same vicinity, is an Indian village, and in this part of the country are manufactured two-thirds of the Indian wares produced in the province of Quebec.

Drummondville lies between two rich farming districts, St. Germain on the west and St. Cyrille on the east, but they are only part of what has long been recognized as a rich agricultural region. Dairy farming, in particular, is carried on with great success, and a partial evidence of this is found in the fact that boxes of cheese, by the hundred thousand, are handled by the railway in the course of a year.

The railway passes St. Cyrille, Carmel and Mitchell, until St. Leonard Junction is reached, 19 miles from Drummondville. Active lumber operations are carried on in this vicinity, and the saw mills are a prominent industry at Mitchell. At St. Leonard the Nicolet river is crossed by a steel railway bridge 720 feet in length.

From St. Leonard Junction a branch of the railway runs to Nicolet, a distance of 16 miles, passing the flourishing village of Ste. Monique midway between the two places.

The Nicolet river is another stream which has two sources, and the separate branches, after running a distance of about 80 miles, unite at a point a few miles from the outlet, which is at Lake St. Peter, on the St. Lawrence. Half a mile or so below this junction of the waters is the town of Nicolet, a typical French-Canadian place of about 3,500

inhabitants, among whom are but a few English-speaking families. While this part of the country is a splendid farming region, it is also engaged to a considerable extent in the lumber industry. The four saw mills at the town produce from eight to ten million feet of sawn lumber a year. There are also four large mills in the two miles between Nicolet and Lake St. Peter, and no less than 35 in the county. In the county, too, are about 30 grist mills and an equal number of cheese and butter factories, the number increasing every year.

This is a great country for dairy products. Some of the farmers keep as many as thirty cows each, and at the World's Fair in Chicago no less than thirteen prizes for cheese and butter came to Nicolet and the adjoining county of Yamaska. All the exhibits were above 96 per cent. and some of them were as high as 98 per cent., which may be considered a close approach to perfection. All this district may, indeed, be well called a land flowing with milk and honey. In the counties of Bagot, Drummond and Arthabaska, Nicolet and Lotbiniere alone the last census showed about 52,000 milch cows to a population of less than 21,000 families. The production of home made butter amounted to about two and a quarter million pounds, with cheese in proportion. As for honey, not including the county of Lotbiniere, the yield was in excess of 100,000 pounds, while the forests yielded more than a million and a quarter pounds of maple sugar.

The town of Nicolet has much to attract the summer visitor who seeks rest and quiet amid beautiful surroundings. One attractive feature is the abundance of shade trees of all kinds, including birch, maple, oak and pine, some of which are of a girth rarely seen in these days of the demolition of forests.

The history of Nicolet goes back to 1660, and the place takes its name from Jean Nicolet, the well known voyageur and courier du bois. In 1680 the settlement had only five families, but it has

grown steadily and preserved its French characteristics down to the present day. It is one of the places where the tourist who wants to have a chance to practice conversation in the French language can spend a few weeks without having his purpose frustrated by people insisting on talking in English.

Nicolet is the titular see of a bishop. It has a fine cathedral and several educational and religious institutions, including a long established academy, two convents and the schools of the Christian Brothers. In the cathedral are a number of noteworthy paintings, chiefly copies of Raphael and other masters, which are claimed to be well nigh equal to the originals. Some of the works, indeed, are originals, but the authors cannot be identified. There are ten paintings, and for one of them it is said thousands of dollars have been offered and refused. Three especially fine ones are a copy of the Holy Family (Raphael), Ste. Teresa and the Crucifixion. The latter is a most striking work and will bear careful study.

These pictures have a history. A century ago, in the fierce days of the French revolution, when a vandal mob trampled under foot all that savored of culture and refinement, great havoc was wrought in the world of art. They sacked the palaces and destroyed works which centuries of labor would not suffice to replace. Paintings which had been the triumphs of world famous artists were thrown into the streets to be trodden under foot. Others were torn from the walls and rolled up in bundles to be sold for enough money to buy drink. A drunken sans culotte would stand at a street corner and auction a roll of paintings as if it were so much old carpeting. Some of the clergy, not without difficulty and danger to themselves, managed to secure a number of these rare works and had them sent to Quebec, where most of them remain to this day. Nicolet, through some favor, was able to secure a few of them for its parish church, and thus it is that in this town are paintings

which were once among the glories of the most cultured city in the world.

At Nicolet easy communication is had by water with Three Rivers, Sorel and all points around Lake St. Peter.

Returning to St. Leonard, and proceeding east, the railway passes St. Wenceslas, and at Aston Junction it crosses the Arthabaska line of the Grand Trunk railway to St. Gregoire. Thence it continues to Maddington Falls, Forestdale and Moose Park, and by Laurier and St. Apollinaire to Chaudière Junction, near Levis. Evidence of the lumber industry is seen in the mills at Forestdale and Moose Park.

At Kingsburg Junction, six miles beyond Moose Park, the line is crossed by the Lotbiniere and Megantic railway.

From Forestdale until Laurier is reached, 19 miles west of Chaudière, the railway runs through some 28 miles of forest, much of it untouched by the axe and in its primitive glory. This is a great hunting ground, abounding with deer and caribou. Moose are not unknown but are less common. This is not a moose country, but the possibilities of it as such are shown in the circumstance of a moose having been run over and killed by a train, at Aston Junction, not many months ago. Deer, however, are very plentiful in the Lotbiniere forests and in particular at River Duchene. They have frequently been shot by the train hands within a short distance of the railway track, and it has been considered no remarkable feat for the workmen along the line to capture them alive.

Partridge are found in large numbers in these forests, and all along the line of railway where there are woods. Woodcock are found in the clearings at a number of places, and may be easily secured in the immediate vicinity of Drummondville.

The best duck shooting is at Lake St. Peter, especially among the islands between the mouth of the St. Francis and Sorel. When one is at Nicolet a sail of a few miles will take him to localities where there is an abundance of this sport.

Lake St. Peter, that beautiful expansion of the River St. Lawrence, is about twenty miles long, not including the islands at its head, and is some nine miles across at the widest part. Around its shores are many places of a nature to attract the summer visitor. Further down the St. Lawrence are Gentilly and Becancour, reached from Forestdale station; Lotbiniere, ten miles from Laurier station, and St. Croix village, five miles from the station. Good fishing is found in the vicinity of Gentilly and Becancour, the latter being situated near the mouth of the river of the same name.

That part of the country along the line which includes St. Croix, St. Apollinaire and St. Nicholas, has a fame for the quantity and quality of its cheese and potatoes. In respect to the latter commodity, St. Nicholas takes a very high place. Its annual yield, according to the last census, was 133,143 bushels, or considerably more than half of the total raised in all the thirteen districts of the county of Levis, of which it is a part. This record is not approached within 40,000 bushels by any district in the province of Quebec east of Montreal, and is exceeded by only one place in the province—the great potato district of St. Laurent. A farmer at St. Nicholas is only

helping to keep up the average among his neighbors when he raises five or six thousand bushels of potatoes in a season.

Passing Laurier, the railway, which is about 24 miles from the St. Lawrence at Drummondville, draws closer to the south shore. Beyond Laurier it is only five miles distant, at Chaudière the distance is less than three miles, while at Levis, opposite Quebec, the rails run to the wharf and the grandest river of Canada is seen at what is, to many, the grandest part of its shores.

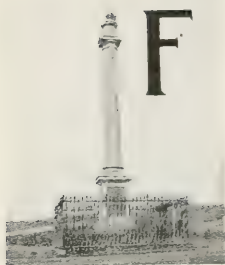
Chaudière Junction, where there is a connection of the Intercolonial Railway system with the Grand Trunk, is of interest chiefly because of the beautiful falls of Chaudière, a glimpse of which may be had from the train, but which require a special visit in order that their beauties may be seen and understood. It is from these falls that the name "Chaudière" (cauldron) is derived, and the fitness of such a title can be realized by those who see the turmoil of the waters after they have accomplished their descent. The Chaudière river, though more than a hundred miles in length, is less than 400 feet wide at the falls, and as the body of water is forced over the rocks three divisions are made in the face of the cataract, which unite as they approach the bottom, 130 feet below.



QUEBEC FROM LEVIS

Intercolonial Route

In the Ancient Capital



FROM Chaudière Junction to Levis is about nine miles, and for the latter part of the distance the River St. Lawrence is in full view where it forms the harbor of Quebec. Approaching Levis, the harbor and river are seen to be dotted with every kind of craft, from the ocean steamer to the canoe. The eye beholds the historic heights at Sillery, the Plains of Abraham and the grand old city itself. There is Quebec as the stranger has seen it pictured, but he now realizes that no picture can do it justice. The cliffs, the citadel, the spires, the tin roofs glistening in the sunlight—all are very real to him, and he longs to enter the city which is so majestic in its past and present. Prominent on the heights, and in such thorough architectural harmony with the surroundings that one would think it had always been there, is the Chateau Frontenac, a palace hotel with a site unrivalled in Europe or America. Built in the style of a sixteenth century chateau, faithful to the design in its details, it is yet in the highest sense a modern hotel where the luxury of travel is exemplified as at few places, even on this continent where great hotels are far from being rare. The Chateau is, of itself, one of the sights of the Quebec of to-day.

Quebec is beyond description. It is unique among the cities of the continent. Could one forget his past and live only in the thought of his surroundings, he might imagine himself dropped down in some

corner of Europe. To him who has come from the busy cities to the south and west, everything is strange and new. Other places anticipate the future; Quebec clings fondly to the past. It is well that it should be so, for, in this practical and prosaic age, but few places retain the halo of romance that surrounded them in their early years. Here, despite of the marked commercial progress of the city, the past and present are inseparably interwoven. As in the case of the modern post office and the ancient Chien d'Or, the structures of later years often derive much of their interest from the history of their sites and their surroundings. It is in vain that old buildings give place to new ones, and that the needs of men have brought into use the latest discoveries of an inventive age. None of these give their character to the city. Its old-time charm will not depart. The Quebec of to-day reminds one at every turn of the Ancient Capital as it was in the centuries that are dead and gone.

A wonderful old city it is. One does not realize its grandeur until he stands on this or that spot—it matters little where it may be—and looks around him. Everywhere are monuments of a strange and eventful history. On every hand are the survivals of the seventeenth century. There are buildings and places of which volumes would be needed to tell the history. Books upon books have been written, and still the recorded story of Quebec is incomplete. The task of telling all that could be told of the churches and religious institutions would of itself be a prodigious one. Yonder is the Basilica, begun in 1647 when Louis XIV was king and the star of France shed a bright light over the eastern and western worlds.

With the exception of that at St. Augustine, Florida, this church is the oldest on the continent. It has treasures within its walls, some of which have been the gifts of kings. Here are the most costly vestments in America, and here are paintings dating back far into the centuries, representing the work of the great schools of Europe. Notable among these is that wonderful picture of Our Saviour on the Cross, painted by VanDyck in 1630, and it is only one of a treasury of the masters to be found in the Basilica, Laval, the Ursuline Convent and other repositories of art in Quebec. How these pictures came from the old world to the new has been mentioned in connection with the cathedral at Nicolet. In the days of the French Revolution, when neither art nor religion were held sacred and when churches and palaces were despoiled, it was only by the efforts of such men as the Abbé Desjardins that these pictures were rescued from vandal

hands and brought to the churches and institutions of Quebec. Their value to-day can scarcely be estimated, and it need not be, for they cannot be purchased. Dr. George Stewart is authority for the statement that when Prince Napoleon visited Quebec, some years ago, he offered any price that might be named for one picture in the Ursuline Chapel, but was told that no offer could be entertained. The pictures of Quebec are a theme of themselves. An irreparable loss was sustained when some of them were destroyed by the burning of the Seminary Chapel a number of years ago, but enough remain to make Quebec the new world's treasure house of the old world masters.

There is place after place in Quebec where one may step from the bustle of to-day back into the seventeenth century before he realizes that he is doing so. He may stand where the greatest of their time have stood, and where their ashes are mingled with the earth. Only a



THE CITADEL, QUEBEC CITY

readily entered doorway separates the tangible reality of to-day from the generations who have departed. All around are odd corners where the din of the present does not disturb the silence of the past—from which is shut out the sound of the steam whistle, the rumble of electric cars and the ring of the telephone. To-day is side by side with yesterday. In the Lower Town, for instance, is an open market place where the farmers, their wives and the throng of customers, make an animated picture of the present. It is a very busy place on certain days of the week. Close at hand is the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, bearing on its front the date of 1688. In the same way the tide of traffic in the Upper Town surges around seven acres in the heart of the city where the cloistered Ursulines abide in a convent founded half a century before the old church in the Lower Town was begun. In the Chapel of the Ursulines stands an altar erected by Bishop St. Valier, as it has stood for more than two hundred years, and it is only one of many objects that remain as they were in the centuries that have vanished. The halo of antiquity is everywhere around the Ancient Capital. We see and touch what has been seen and touched by the people of one generation after another from the early days of the old regime. We realize our individual littleness in the contemplation of so much that history has made famous—that has itself been the material for history that is imperishable.

The tenacity with which all that is old in Quebec clings to existence was shown when the demolition of the Jesuits' College was undertaken, in 1871. This queer rambling pile, the former seat of a college which existed before Old Harvard was founded, resisted the despoilers to the last. So well had the builders wrought that years were required to efface their work, and then only by the use of dynamite—pick, crow and sledge having proven useless as weapons of destruction.

Look where one will, the search for what is of interest is not in vain. A day might be spent around Laval with its

pictures, its library of 120,000 volumes and its rare manuscripts, though weeks would be too short for some lovers of such treasures. Street after street in the city has a history worth hearing, and house after house its traditions. At such places as the Citadel, Wolfe's Cove and the Plains of Abraham, the steps of the victors and vanquished in the great contest may be traced. Wherever one goes he treads historic ground. Wherever he may have been among the famous places of the earth, he recognizes Quebec as unique, and in its peculiar features as supreme among the cities of the continent. There is but one Quebec—old, quaint and romantic—the theatre that has witnessed some of the grandest scenes in the dramas played by nations.

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



LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET, QUEBEC

Intercolonial Route

Five generations of men have seen and honored the English flag on the Citadel, but in a very great degree the religion, language and customs* of old France remain. Modern improvements have come here, as elsewhere, but not to overshadow or diminish. The past speaks as does the present. We may roam through queer, crooked streets, and enter quaint old houses, in the dark corners of which we almost look for ghosts to come to us from the by-gone centuries.

Of all the French settlements in Canada Quebec best retains its ancient form. The hand of time has swept away the ruins of Port Royal, and the grass grows over what was once the well-nigh impregnable Louisbourg; but Quebec remains, and will remain, the Niobe of the cities of France in the western world. Here lives Europe in America; here the past and the present meet together; here the seventeenth and twentieth centuries jostle each other in the narrow streets.

Yet, out of these narrow streets, rises the city set on a hill, on the rock foundation that such a city should have. From the heights are seen glorious panoramas across the mighty river and far down the face of its waters. Not less attractive as a point of view is that grand parade, the Dufferin Terrace, crowning the cliff for fifteen hundred feet. It is the ideal place for a morning walk, but he who has poetry in his nature may rather linger there in the long twilight of a summer evening. The garish light of day has passed. A gentle breeze comes from the river. The last rays of the setting sun have gilded the hills on the shores beyond, while the line of the distant mountains is blending with the sky. For miles and miles the eye follows the river as it flows in silent grandeur to the sea. Distant sails seem like the white wings of sea birds, while "day in melting purple dying," lulls the mind into a dreamy calmness. The shadows deepen. The

lights of Levis begin to cluster ; the houses in the Lower Town are becoming more ghostly in the gathering darkness ; a sound of soft music comes from an open casement. We are amid scenes fraught with strange memories. Here stood the stately Castle of St. Louis, where, for two hundred years, the French and English rulers held their court. Its glory departed amid a whirlwind of fire. Far below we can trace the outline of a street. It is Champlain Street. How black it looks ; it reminds us of the darkness of that winter morning long ago, when Richard Montgomery and his men rushed through it to their death. Everywhere

around us have the horrors of war been felt ; and to-night all is so peaceful that the thought of war seems out of harmony with the scene. The bells from the shipping in the harbor sound musically through the quiet air ; the plaintive notes of the bugle are borne to us from the Citadel ; and the flash and roar of the evening gun tells of night fallen upon the Ancient Capital.

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



DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC

Intercolonial Route

Canada's Famous Shrine



SCORE of miles from the city of Quebec is a mere country village of a few hundred inhabitants, which is, in one sense, a still more remarkable place than the Ancient Capital itself. Every year there flock

to this village thousands to whom Quebec, with all its wealth of historic associations, is but of passing interest, who come from widely distant points animated by a wonderful faith, and who are seeking through that faith the boon of health which all humanity craves. This place is Canada's famous Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

The name and fame of this little village and its wonders have gone abroad over the face of the earth. It is known on both sides of the ocean. It is the objective point of pilgrims from all quarters of the globe. As many as 130,000 have visited it in the course of a year, numbering people of all ages and of all ranks of life. The whole parish of Ste. Anne has a resident population of considerably less than 2,000, but there are days in summer when from 5,000 to 7,000 strangers visit the shrine and crowd the roads. In addition to these multitudes throughout the season, there are undoubtedly many individual visitors who do not register their names, and of whom no record is kept. There are pilgrims by the hundred even in the dreary months of winter, for no season is too severe for the sufferer who hopes that his faith may be rewarded by the cure of his bodily ills.

To the matter-of-fact man of the world to-day, the existence of the Shrine of Ste. Anne and its miracles may appear an anachronism in the twentieth century.

The age of miracles is past, says the doubter; in reply, Ste. Anne de Beaupré points to its thousands of crutches and other tokens of the lame, the halt and even the blind, who have come to the shrine and have walked away cured. Whatever be the creed of the visitor, however he may strive to account for what takes place, the substantial evidence that it does take place is before him. He may even chance to see one who has been known for years as a cripple rise up and walk in the presence of thousands, and he may collect the testimony of eye witnesses in hundreds of other cases. The marvels which are chronicled are not of to-day alone, but date back for more than two hundred years. They have been testified to by the people of each generation back to a date a century before England conquered Quebec, and the opening of the twentieth century finds increasing multitudes seeking this shrine in as the proportion advance of science abridges time and space by improved facilities for travel.

Ste. Anne de Beaupré is situated close to the water on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, about twenty-one miles below Quebec, from which city it is very easily reached either by rail or steamer. Both the station and the wharf are close to the church grounds and the group of hotels. The Quebec railway follows the shore, and for the whole distance it runs through what is practically a continuous village on one side, with the broad St. Lawrence on the other side. There are stations every few miles, and no less than eleven in the course of the journey. Along the route are seen many of the farms which, from the amazing disproportion of their length to their width, are a puzzle to the stranger in various sections of the country along the Lower St. Lawrence.

The explanation of their peculiar form is simple enough when it is understood that these farms, originally of fair width, have from time to time been divided among heirs by the simple process of running the lines from front to rear so as to give each a share of frontage on the highway. In some instances this has made the strips very narrow. In the twenty-one miles covered by the Quebec railway 360 deeds were required to secure the right of way from the various proprietors. Among the deeds were two from two brothers, living side by side, each of whom owned a farm nine feet wide and a French league of three and three-quarter miles long.

Montmorency Falls, a little more than six miles from Quebec, are seen on the route to Ste. Anne, the railway passing so close to them that, in the spring and autumn when there is a heavy run of water, the spray keeps the track wet. These falls have a height of 250 feet, or nearly a hundred feet more than Niagara, and they merit a special visit on their own account, as well as on account of the objects of interest in the vicinity, including the natural steps and the Hall mansion, once the residence of the Duke of Kent. The falls may be reached by a delightful carriage drive from Quebec, and by the electric railway, which now extends to Ste. Anne.

Beyond Montmorency, on the line of railway, are the historic villages of L'Ange Gardien and Chateau Richer. The oldest working grist mill in Canada is that belonging to the latter seigniori, operated by the waterpower of the Petit Pré stream.

Ste. Anne de Beaupré would be a village of no importance if it were not for its relation to the shrine. The whole parish, indeed, has less than three hundred dwelling houses, the greater proportion of which are one-storey buildings. In the immediate vicinity of the church, however, are nearly twenty hotels and boarding houses, several of them being large structures. There are many days in the year when these are crowded to excess by the vast tide of humanity, while

hundreds get their meals at the convent or beneath sheds in the open air.

The church is in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers. It is a large and handsome edifice, and the front is surmounted by a colossal statue of Ste. Anne, richly gilded. The interior of the church has much that is beautiful to the eye, in the main building itself and in the fourteen side chapels. Everything is of the best material and workmanship, as may be judged from the fact that the high altar and baldachin, both of elaborately carved white marble, are valued at about \$12,000. Behind this is a painting by the famous Le Brun, donated by the Marquis de Tracey, viceroy of Canada, as far back as 1666. In the treasury are gifts in solid gold and silver, many of them of great value, and here is the costly vestment given by Queen Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV. of France, and worked by her own hands. This royal gift was sent as long ago as 1667, but time and use have not yet marred its beauty. There are many things to be seen, indeed, but it is within the church proper that the interest must centre. Here are the relics of Ste. Anne, of which the church has four, portions of bone from her body, and each day a relic is exposed for veneration. In the main aisle is a pillar upon which is a crowned statue of Ste. Anne with the Blessed Virgin in her arms, and on feast days the crowns they wear are of solid gold. In the railed enclosure around this pillar are some of the canes and crutches left by those who have gone away healed. These memorials are but few, however, compared with the great collection of them to be seen in the form of high pyramids near the entrance doors and on the stairway leading to the choir. There are crutches, canes, shoes with all kinds of thick soles, shoes with supporting irons, surgical appliances, harnesses for short legs and crooked legs, bottles half filled with discarded medicines, bandages, pads—in short, such an array of all kinds of the belongings of disease and deformity that one might suppose an army of cripples had suddenly vanished, leaving

its equipments behind. All ranks of life are represented. There are the rough, home-made sticks of the very poor and the finely finished work of the scientific instrument maker. There are hundreds of them, and yet the pyramids are but the accumulation of a recent period, for if all had been preserved that have been deposited since pilgrims began to come, another building would be required to contain them. Each has been left by its

rings and many trifles of little intrinsic value, but once prized by their owners. In one of the frames is a revolver, the offering, doubtless, of some youth who valued it above all his possessions. It was the best material gift he could make in token of his gratitude to La Bonne Ste. Anne. The offerings thus made are of every class. The solid gold and silver in the treasury have already been referred to, and there are besides costly watches,



IN THE CHURCH AT STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

Intercolonial Route

former owner as a token of the benefits derived from a visit to the shrine, and the story of some of the individual crutches is of deep interest. Hung upon the wall in another part of the church is seen a frame in which are arranged scores of spectacles, left by those whose sight has been restored. Of touching interest are several other frames containing a curious assortment of all kinds of jewellery and trinkets. There are watches, chains,

some richly adorned with jewels, and so the offerings represent all classes, down to the humble habitant who gave from the depths of his heart when he left his cheap ring or even his favorite tobacco pipe.

In the vicinity of the church are a number of objects of interest. There is the fountain, to the waters of which marvellous virtues are ascribed, and there is the grotto by the roadside. In the old chapel are many things which were in the

church of 1666, on this site, and there are curious paintings, each of which has its history. The Scala Santa, on another part of the hill, is a copy of the stairs on which the Saviour walked on the way to and from judgment. These stairs are intended to be ascended kneeling, with a prayer at each of the twenty-eight steps, and strangers who wish to reach the upper floor will find ordinary stairways by going around to the rear on the first floor. Then there is the convent of the Franciscan nuns, where meals may be

had, and to many visitors a very curious place is the burial ground with its peculiar monuments. On the hill above this is the Calvary with the open air Stations of the Cross, each cross having in it a piece of stone from the Holy Land. There is, indeed, so much to be seen in the neighborhood that the visitor who merely stops to take the return train gets a very imperfect idea of how much there is that demands attention. In all America there is no place that in any way resembles Ste. Anne de Beaupré.



INTERIOR OF CHURCH AT STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

Intercolonial Route

The Lower St. Lawrence



LEAVING Quebec, the journey is resumed by way of the Intercolonial at Levis, on the opposite shore. Levis itself, while a place of much historic interest, is not a point where the tourist

is wont to linger. It is, however, well worth a visit in connection with a sojourn in Quebec. Millions of dollars have been expended by the British Government in the construction and improvement of the system of fortifications that crown the heights, but the chances are that ocean steamers, rather than cannon, will continue to send forth the smoke which casts the shadows on the broad and beautiful St. Lawrence.

For the next two hundred miles or so after the departure from Levis, the traveller passes through a purely French-Canadian country. One after another the typical villages come into view, with their long, narrow farms, their low-lying buildings and quaint cottages, built to be delightfully airy in the summer and yet to withstand the keen cold of winter. In every village is seen the parish church, usually a substantial edifice of stone, while here and there a large cross, on some distant hill, stands out in bold relief against the sky. A peaceful people are these habitants of the Lower St. Lawrence, simple in their tastes, primitive in many of their ways, and having an abiding devotion to their mother tongue and mother church. In the tenacity with which they adhere to their language, their customs and their faith, they are as conservative as any people on the earth.

Where innovations come with the advance of the country from year to year, they adapt themselves to the new conditions, but change little of themselves. When left to be as they have been their wants are few and easily supplied. They live tranquil and moral lives; and they are filled with an abiding love for their language and a profound veneration for their religion. By nature light-hearted and vivacious, they are optimists without knowing it. Innured to the climate, they find enjoyment in its most rigorous seasons. French in all their thoughts, words and deeds, they are yet loyal to the British crown and content under British rule. The ancient laws are secured to them by solemn compact; and their language and religion are landmarks which will never be moved. In places where the English have established themselves, some of the habitants understand the language of the intruders, but none of them adopt it as their own. The mingling of races has a contrary effect, and the English tongue yields to the French.

How thoroughly French some portions of this country remain is shown by the census returns. In the counties of L'Islet and Kamouraska, through which the Intercolonial runs for more than sixty miles, the population was given at 34,277. Of these only 61 were not French Canadians, and in the matter of religious belief only five were other than Catholics. It is needless to remark that this part of Canada is not disturbed by factions due to rival races or creeds.

Eighty miles from Levis is Rivière Ouelle, which takes its name from a tragedy in which Madame Houel was the heroine, in the days of the Iroquois, as told in L'Abbe Casgrain's "La Jongleuse."

It is said that the tracks of snowshoes and the imprints of human hands and feet were to be seen in the solid rock at this place in former years. The hotel at the wharf is about six miles from the station and will accommodate upwards of seventy-five people. A number of summer cottages have been built in the vicinity.

St. Paschal station is eighty-nine miles from Levis, and a drive of five miles from it brings one to Kamouraska, a village beautifully situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence. It is located on a point which reaches seaward, and has a fine, well sheltered sand beach about half a mile in length. The visitors here are largely those who own or hire cottages by the season, and who seek for more quiet and rest than can be found at the larger watering places. Of recent years many strangers have found out the beauties of the place, and it is becoming more popular every season. It has great natural advantages, and the bathing is especially good. A number of picturesque islands in the vicinity afford additional pleasures to boating parties. Kamouraska has much to commend it to the tourist.

At many places along this shore only a narrow strip of land separates the St. Lawrence from the head waters of the River St. John and its tributaries, in New Brunswick. These places, affording as they do ready means of communication, are called portages. Twenty miles below St. Paschal this distance between the waters is twenty-six miles, and hence the name of the village of Notre Dame du Portage. It is a quiet, retired spot, but its fine beach and excellent facilities for bathing make it a very enjoyable resort for the families who spend their summers there.

Rivière du Loup

The appearance of Rivière du Loup, when one arrives there by train, is suggestive of a railway centre, but the place is a summer resort as well, and one of long established reputation. Beyond the environment of the station is Fraserville, so called from the Fraser family, in

whom the seigniorial rights were vested. Beyond this again is the St. Lawrence, with all its splendid possibilities for bathing, boating, fishing and shooting, in the proper seasons. Many of the men prominent in Canadian public life have spent portions of their summers here, and it has also been the holiday resort for some of the governors-general. Apart from its own attractions, it is a convenient centre from which one may go to various points either on the river or into the forests where fish and game abound. While a visitor remains in Rivière du Loup, however, there is much to interest him. The scenery is charming, the walks and drives are varied, the bathing facilities excellent, while the shooting and fishing in the immediate vicinity afford ample recreation. Fine views may be had from many points. Situated near the confluence of the Rivière du Loup and the St. Lawrence, and being on the shore of the latter, the place abounds in picturesque scenery of all kinds. Near the railway, the smaller river has a descent of more than 200 feet by a succession of falls, which make their way through a gorge over which high and precipitous rocks stand sentinel. In the vicinity, "hills peep o'er hills," clothed all in the varying hues of green, while towards the St. Lawrence the open country, sprinkled with well finished houses, makes a pleasing contrast to the rugged aspect of the land which lies in the rear. Upon the shore a glorious prospect is open to view. Here the estuary widens in its journey to the sea, and the mountains on the northern shore, a score of miles distant, stand out in bold relief against the clear blue sky. Upon the waters, just far enough away to lend enchantment to the view, are the white-winged argosies of commerce, bearing the flags of every maritime nation. At times a long, low shape on the waves and a dark, slender cloud floating lazily away mark the path of the ocean steamship. Nearer the shore are smaller craft of all sizes and shapes—manned by fishers, traders, and seekers after pleasure. If one longs to join them, a boat is at

hand and soon is dancing on the gentle billows, while the sea birds skim the waters in their circling flights, and the solemn-eyed loup-marin rises near at hand, vanishes and rises again, as if sent by Neptune to demand the stranger's errand. It was from these creatures, say some, that the river derived its name, rather than from the ill-visaged wolf of the forest.

The waters abound in all kind of creatures, great and small. The chief of these is the white whale, the *Beluga Borealis*, which is usually, but erroneously, termed the white porpoise. Its length is from fourteen to twenty-two feet, and each carcass yields something over a hundred gallons of oil. The halibut and sturgeon come next in order of size, after them the salmon, and then all the small fish common to this latitude.

The beaches along this shore offer excellent facilities for bathing, and the water is of an agreeable temperature. As

for the temperature of the air, it may be said of all the Lower St. Lawrence that the summer climate is everything a tourist could desire. The breeze is of itself a most invigorating tonic.

Temiscouata Lake, reached from *Rivière du Loup* by a run of fifty miles over the Temiscouata railway, is a fine place for taking tuladi and lake trout by trolling during June and July. This lake is about twenty-eight miles long, varying from a mile and a half to three miles in width. Good brook trout fishing is also to be found along this line of railway.

Across the Broad River

Steamers calling at *Rivière du Loup* furnish opportunities for visiting the notable watering places on the northern shore. Mention may be made of Murray Bay and Tadousac, but by far the most wonderful sight for the tourist is the famed Saguenay River. It is one of the most remarkable of nature's works in a



TADOUAC

Intercolonial Route

continent where natural wonders abound. Bayard Taylor has described it as "a natural chasm, like that of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness." This terse description is a word picture, but he who would grasp the details of that picture must see the Saguenay for himself. Its waters, black and silent, have vast depths. The river is said to be deeper, by 600 feet, than the mighty St. Lawrence into which it empties. There are people of the country who believe its depths cannot be fathomed, and they tell of thousands of feet of line which have been paid out in the vain attempt to find bottom in certain places. Let one imagine such a river flowing between walls of rock, which tower in places to a height of nigh 2,000 feet, and he will realize the significance of such names as Cape Trinity, Cape Eternity and Eternity Bay. In the majesty and gloom of such surroundings, the reflective mind must ever feel the most profound reverence and awe.

At the mouth of the Saguenay is Tadousac, a wonderful old settlement, with enough eventful history of its own to supply material for a volume, were the records but available. It is undoubtedly the oldest European settlement in Canada, and perhaps in America. Before Champlain began to build Quebec, it existed. Nay, before Jacques Cartier left St. Malo to find out Canada, Tadousac was the resort of the Basque fishermen, whose fathers had resorted thither before them. One writer, W. H. H. Murray, has evolved the theory that not only were the Basques here before Columbus was born, but that their ancestors, the sea-roving Iberians, visited this harbor even before Christ was sent to man or Rome was founded.

So it is with profound reverence that one looks upon this spot, which is historically older than the country of which it is a part. It was the ancient metropolis of Canada, the chief trading station before one of the cities of to-day had sprung into existence. Here was erected

the first stone house, and here, too, was the first church. The present structure, a modern affair dating back a little more than 150 years, is built upon the site of the first place of worship, and it is said that the Angelus is rung out to-day with the bell by which it was sounded more than three hundred years ago.

It is of this bell that a strange story is told—a story not made mythical by its antiquity, but coming so near our own times as to be told by those now living who heard it from those who were living then. It has appeared in various forms, but so far as is known not in such a way as to be accessible to the ordinary traveller. For this reason, and because it is worthy of preservation, an outline is given here.

In all that pertains to the history of Canada from the advent of Cartier until the cession to England, religion is everywhere interwoven. The courage, zeal and self-devotion of the Jesuit missionaries will be remembered while the world endures. They never wearied or looked back, and long after the confiscation of their property and the suppression of their order they continued their labors among the savages. Among the last of the Jesuit missionaries in Canada was Père Coquart, whose grave is in Chicoutimi, nearly a hundred miles up the Saguenay. With him in his labor of preaching the Gospel was Père Jean Baptiste Labrosse, a good—nay, from all that is told, a saintly man, whose tomb is at Tadousac. For nearly thirty years the gentle Père Labrosse wrought to bring the Indians to a knowledge of the Cross, and in 1782 he had reached the allotted age of three score and ten, yet, as with Moses, "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." On the 10th of April in that year he spent the evening with his friends at Tadousac, but at nine o'clock he arose from their midst, with a look of strange peace on his face, and bade all farewell until eternity. He would die at midnight, he said, and when his spirit left the flesh the church bell would toll to tell his people that he was

gone from among them. He departed. At midnight the bell tolled, the people hastened to the church, and there before the altar, as if in a peaceful sleep, Père Labrosse lay dead. At the same hour that night, in every settlement where the departed missionary had preached, from the head waters of the Saguenay to the Baie de Chaleur, the bells of the churches, tolled by invisible hands, bore to his converts the tidings of his entering into rest.

When morning came a dense darkness overhung the Saguenay. On the St. Lawrence a fearful storm was raging, and the huge masses of drifting ice threatened destruction to any craft, even within the well sheltered harbor. Yet Père Labrosse had directed that a boat be sent to Ile aux Coudres, sixty miles distant, that Père Compain might come to Tadousac and inter his remains with the forms of the church. Four men, firm of faith, launched a canoe, and as it advanced the ice floes parted, leaving smooth water for its passage. So it was until Ile aux Coudres was reached, and there, on the shore, stood Père Compain, who told them of their errand before they could announce it. The bell of his church had tolled at midnight, a voice had spoken, telling of the death of Père Labrosse and of the mission of the four men who would come to the island. Such is the story of the good Jean Baptiste Labrosse and the bell which rings to-day in the little church which stands near the shore in the harbor of Tadousac.

The trip between Rivière du Loup and the Saguenay is one to delight the eye, for in the clear atmosphere of this climate the scenery of both shores is seen to great advantage. On the north side are the Laurentian mountains, which reach from Labrador to the remote regions of Lake Superior, and along these shores attain their greatest height, rising to 2,000 feet at Cape Tourmente. With certain conditions of the atmosphere singular mirages are sometimes seen as the south shore is approached, and one in particular, among the islands of the Rivière du Loup and Kamouraska, is worthy of

special note. All the Lower St. Lawrence is full of beauty, as well as rich in historical reminiscences and traditions.

Forests and Streams

Taking Rivière du Loup as a centre, the sportsman has a field only limited by his time and inclination to shoot and fish. Nature has been prodigal in her gifts, and though Indians and their white brothers have made sore havoc among the creatures of the woods in the past enough remains to employ the hunter for generations to come. The moose, king of the North American forests, was once to be found in every part of the country. It retreated gradually before the advance of civilization, but for a long time vast herds of these creatures were to be found in the Metapedia valley, where they were an easy prey to the pelt hunters. They were still abundant when the British troops came to Canada at the time of the "Trent affair," in the latter part of the winter of 1862. Moccasins were needed for the soldiers, and to procure them the Indians sought the Metapedia and entered on their work of slaughter. Hundreds of the noble animals were slain, stripped of their hides and left to rot in the woods. For months afterwards the air was tainted with the odor. It is not strange that the moose forsook the valley for years. They are still to be found in various parts of this country, and under the game laws of recent years they can no longer be openly and needlessly slaughtered as of yore.

The caribou, game fit for any sportsman, are still to be found in large numbers almost anywhere between St. Alexandre and Campbellton, within a short distance of the railway track. In some places the distance would be two, and in others ten miles. Skill, experience and good guides are necessary to find them, but a sportsman who understands his business, and who goes to the right locality, need not be surprised if he bring down as many as the law permits in a very short time. To accomplish this he must be prepared for his work and be ready to stand some fatigue, if necessary. There

is a choice of good grounds, when one is at Rivière du Loup. In the direction of Temiscouata Lake, for instance, to which reference has already been made, the forests abound in game, while the lakes and rivers teem with fish. Indeed, there is good shooting to be had in all the forests, and the hunter may make his cruise as long or as short as he pleases. The back country of Maine can be easily reached from St. Alexandre, or one may go twenty miles from Rivière du Loup and find the St. Francis River, and follow it to the St. John. From Elgin road or L'Islet, the head waters of the Restigouche and Miramichi may be reached. All these are in the midst of happy hunting grounds.

Some of the best caribou hunting is to be had among the Shickshocks Mountains, in Gaspé. This is the land of the caribou. In the depths of the wilderness, amid mountains nearly 4,000 feet high, and surrounded by scenery of the most wild and rugged character, is an abundance of rare sport. It was in this part of the country that Lord Dunraven started forty-one caribou in three days.

As for other kinds of game, there are few parts of the country where it cannot be had for the seeking. Bears can be found almost anywhere outside of the settlements at certain times of the year, and are especially plenty around the barrens in the autumn, when blueberries are in season. Partridge are so common that anybody who can handle a gun may secure all he wants, when the law permits them to be shot.

Around the shores geese, brant and duck of all kinds are found in immense flocks, the soft fresh water grass, so plentiful along the rivers, furnishing an abundance of food in which they delight. The black and grey duck, the curlew, the golden plover, and the English snipe, are very abundant during the months of September and October. Isle Verte and Kamouraska are favorite resorts for these birds, but there are many other places along these shores where hundreds may be shot with ease.

Much that has been said in regard to the hunting in this vicinity will apply to the country along the next two or three hundred miles, or until long after the boundary of New Brunswick has been passed. The sport at Rivière du Loup is only a sample of that all along the line.

So it is in regard to the fishing, which is of more immediate interest to the summer tourist. The enthusiastic hunter regards not the weather, and is willing to endure cold and wet in his quest for game, but fish are to be had when nature is at her loveliest in this glorious summer land. This is a country of fish, and such fish! One who is not a fisherman may eat them at every meal on his journey. He may have halibut, salmon, herring, and smelt, from the St. Lawrence, and salmon, tuladi, sea, brook, and lake trout, from the waters that are tributary to it. Salmon are found in nearly all the rivers, and the majority of the streams are leased by the government to individuals. It is not difficult, however, for a stranger to obtain permission to fish. Trout are found in all the rivers and lakes, and are free to all comers. A not unusual size of those in the lakes is from five to six pounds; in the rivers they run from three to four pounds. All the trout of this region are very "gamey," and afford abundant sport. In the lakes is also found the tuladi, which seems identical with the togue of Northern Maine and New Brunswick. Specimens have been caught weighing as much as forty pounds each, or as large as a good sized salmon. The average weight of them in Temiscouata Lake is 27 pounds. The tuladi has been confounded with the lake salmon of Switzerland, and with others of the salmon family of Europe, but it does not appear to be identical with any of them. It is usually very fat and very reserved—not to say lazy. It lurks and lies in the deep waters of the large lakes, as is given to contemplation rather than to gratification of appetite. For all that, it is a voracious creature and has a sly way of approaching the surface in the

cool hours of the morning and evening. It does not rise to the fly, as a rule, but may be taken by trolling. It is good eating, though less delicate than either the trout or the salmon.

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

Canoe and Paddle

The Intercolonial has one feature which few, if any, railways possess to the same extent. For a distance of several hundred miles it is intersected by rivers easily navigable for small boats or canoes. By these natural highways one may pursue his journey far into the interior, make a short portage from the headwaters of one to those of another and descend the latter to the lines of railway in New Brunswick. A glance at the map will show what ample opportunities there are for this kind of recreation. Leaving the railway and ascending one river, coming down another and up another, spending days among the lakes, fishing, shooting, enjoying life to the utmost, one is as much in the wilderness as if thousands of miles away. Yet all this time he knows that, if necessary, a few hours will bring him to the railway, the mail and the telegraph—to communicate with the busy world. He may leave the railway on the shores of the St. Lawrence and make a canoe voyage to the Baie de Chaleur or Bay of Fundy. When he arrives at his destination he will find his luggage and his letters awaiting him. The route may be varied and the voyage prolonged as may suit the voyager's taste. Notably good fishing may be had at Lakes St. Francis and Temiscouata and on the Touladi River; but on such a trip one may fish and hunt everywhere as he goes. In the Temiscouata region alone one may make a canoe voyage for at least eighty miles, and if he chooses can, by portaging, descend the great Miramichi to the ocean. Portages can be made so as to reach any of the three great rivers of New Brunswick, the Miramichi, the Restigouche, or St. John. The whole country is open to any man who can sit in a canoe and ply a paddle.

Cacouna

Six miles below Rivière du Loup is Cacouna station, and by an easy drive of three miles over a smooth highway, Cacouna Beach, the famed watering place of the Lower St. Lawrence, is reached. Here is St. Lawrence Hall, a completely equipped seaside hotel, with ample accommodation for 400 people and a capacity for half as many more should occasion require. It is conducted in line with the most modern ideas of hotel life and enjoys the favor of the best class of tourists. It is situated close to the shore and overlooks a beautiful stretch of sand beach a mile long. Here may be enjoyed the fullest luxury of sea bathing, and the beach presents an animated scene during the season. In addition to the large number who make the St. Lawrence Hall their home for the time, there are many who find accommodation at the smaller hotels, of which there are several, and others again who are found in their own summer cottages. Some of these cottages have been built by wealthy residents of Montreal and Quebec at a large cost, and are models of their class. Their number is increasing every year, for the advantages of Cacouna as a health resort have long been beyond dispute. A month or so at Cacouna is a common prescription of some of the leading physicians in the larger Canadian cities, and it is one that is very pleasant for a patient to take. The doctors often take it themselves.

The Church of England clergy also make Cacouna, in a way, an official summer resort. A few years ago what is known as the Clergy House of Rest was established here, chiefly through the efforts of Bishop Williams, of Quebec, assisted by private subscriptions. The idea was to have a place where clergymen could spend their holidays to advantage, securing excellent accommodation at a limited cost. It is, in fact, a ministerial hotel with the charges fixed at a rate intended to defray the running expenses. It is pleasantly located near the Anglican church, is fitted in modern

style and will accommodate upwards of twenty people. Among other conveniences it has a library as part of its equipment. The management is in the hands of a committee under the supervision of the Anglican Bishop of Quebec, and the patrons of the house include clergymen from many parts of Canada.

At Cacouna, as at some of the other summer resorts on the St. Lawrence, there are opportunities for families to rent cottages for the summer months. Some farmers own two houses, one of which they occupy while the other is

for them with nothing more than a boat and pair of oars.

In all of this part of Canada, while winter comes early and lingers late, nature maintains a balance by the quickening power of the summer. Everything that is planted has a rapid and vigorous growth. This is noticeable at Cacouna, in instances where ornamental trees have been set out. English willows have been known to grow at the rate of two, and even three feet a year, and that in spite of the rocks among which they were planted.



BEACH AT CACOUNA, QUEBEC

Intercolonial Route

leased for the season. In this way some of them derive an income sufficient to support them in the lonely winter, when the stranger has gone, and the natives sit alongside of two-storey stoves and dream of the coming summer.

With the mountains on one side and an arm of the sea on the other the air is very pure. It is so clear that one can scarcely believe the opposite shore is twenty-one miles away, but it is fully that in a straight line to the mouth of the Saguenay. So near do the distant hills seem that one might feel tempted to start

The name Cacouna has a sound suggestive of the waves and the shore, but it has no such meaning. It signifies "the place where many Indians are buried." One would think that there should be a legend connected with this, but no one appears to have any idea of the origin of the name. No ancient Indian graves have ever been found here. The only place of burial which has any story attached to it is on Cacouna Island, where the wild flowers grow undisturbed on the graves of fifteen shipwrecked sailors.

Good trout fishing is found in this

vicinity. Trout Brook is the nearest point, three miles distant, but still better results can be obtained by a drive to the lakes, fifteen miles away, and which are reached by a good road.

Two miles from Cacouna is St. Arsene, the most convenient point from which to reach Lake St. Hubert, twelve miles distant. In this lake are plenty of speckled trout, with an average weight of from half a pound to one and a half pounds, and which have a high reputation on account of their excellent flavor.

Trois Pistoles village is prettily situated, and there is good lake and river fishing in the vicinity. Lake St. Simon, eighteen miles from here, is a beautiful sheet of water, and merits special mention. The origin of the name of Trois Pistoles is more obscure than even that of Cacouna. It may have been derived from the circumstance that the first settler gave three pistoles for a piece of land, from somebody losing or finding that sum, or from a trade with the Indians in which that amount changed hands. The antiquarian can choose the tradition that seems most reasonable. There is no good authority for any of them.

Bic ! Beautiful Bic !

A village on the low land by the shore, with mountains separating it from the country beyond, confronted the engineers when they sought to locate the line of the Intercolonial at a point fifty-five miles below Rivière du Loup. It was Bic, then as now well termed the Beautiful. To-day the railway winds around the mountain, one hundred and fifty feet above the post road, passing places where the rock was blasted to a depth of eighty feet that a bed might be made for the track. On the one side the steep acclivity rises to a height of two hundred and fifty feet above the passing train ; on the other is a panorama of bay, river and islets, which seem as the environment of an enchanted summer land. From this height is seen the St. Lawrence, twenty-five miles from shore to shore, and rapidly widening in its

journey until it merges into the world of waters.

It was from these heights, on a fair day in June, long years ago, that anxious eyes watched a fleet of war-ships making its way up the St. Lawrence. Nearer it came until the watchers could discern that it carried the flag of France. There was joy in every heart. The long expected succor had arrived from beyond the sea, and swift messengers made ready to carry the glad tidings to Quebec. Suddenly, as they looked, the ensign of the leading vessel was run down and the red cross of England fluttered in the breeze. Having come thus far, stratagem was no longer needed. The vessel was the Richmond frigate, carrying General James Wolfe, and with him was an army equipped for the conquest of Canada. The fleet cast anchor within sight of Bic Island. Among the watchers on the heights was a priest, whose nerves had been strung to the utmost tension with joy at the sight of his country's flag. When the dread truth was so suddenly revealed to him, nature could bear no more, and he fell to the earth—dead.

Bic is one of the finest natural watering places on the Lower St. Lawrence. The mountains are around it, and it nestles at their feet amid a wealth of beautiful scenery. There is more than a mere stretch of shore. There is a harbor in which an ocean steamer may ride, a haven wherein vessels may hide from the wrath of the storm-king. Romantic isles lie amid the waters, and crags of rugged beauty rear their heads around the bay. Pleasant beaches tempt the bather ; placid waters invite the boatman ; and beauty everywhere summons the idler from his resting-place to drive or ramble in its midst.

Had it not been for the fleet that lay at anchor beyond the island on that mid-summer day in 1759, Bic might have been a fortified town and its harbor a naval station. Such was one of the projects of France, and there would have been a safe and convenient rendezvous for the fleets in these waters, for Bic is accessible at

seasons when the ice bars the passage to Quebec. It was here, in the bitterly cold winter weather of 1862, that England landed men and munitions of war for the defence of Canada. It does not seem, however, that Bic should have anything to do with war. Everything is suggestive of pleasure and peace. Strangers are not numerous, but lovers of beauty and seekers after rest have located summer residences in the village, and year by year

told it to Jacques Cartier, and it has appeared in a great variety of forms ever since. Briefly stated, the tradition is that a band of Micmacs, consisting of about two hundred men, women and children, heard of the approach of a large party of hostile Iroquois, and fled for concealment to the large cave which is to be seen on this island. The Iroquois discovered the place of retreat, and finding themselves unable to dislodge their hidden foes by



"L'ISLET AU MASSACRE," BIC

Intercolonial Route

enjoy the cooling breezes. Fishing is in abundance; and if there were no fish, the streams winding their way among the hills, through all kinds of picturesque dells, would well repay full many a toilsome tramp.

One of the islands near at hand is known as L'Islet au Massacre, and associated with it is a tragic story of Indian war. The tale is an old one. Donnacona

ordinary means, resorted to a thoroughly savage expedient. Heaping dry wood in and around the mouth of the cave, they advanced behind shields of boughs, carrying torches of bark, and ignited the pile. The Micmacs were forced to leap through the flames, and as fast as they appeared were slaughtered. All who were in the cave were killed, and their bones lay bleaching on the island for many a year

thereafter. They were swiftly and terribly avenged. Mr. Taché, in his "*Trois Legendes de Mon Pays*," says that five of the Micmacs were sent from the island at the first alarm, a part to demand assistance from the friendly Malicites at Mada-waska, and the others to act as scouts. Twenty-five Malicite warriors responded to the summons, but too late to prevent the massacre. They then, aided by their five allies, secretly followed the track of the Iroquois, and unseen themselves, dealt death among the party as it proceeded. The scouts had previously removed the canoes and provisions which the Iroquois had left in the woods, and so they marched, dying by the hand of an unseen foe and threatened with famine ere they could gain their own country. At length they reached the open woods near Trois Pistoles River, feeble and discouraged. The band had shrunk to twenty-seven men. Finding traces of moose they began to hunt, and were led into an ambush by the foe, who burst upon them and killed all but six. These were made prisoners; one was tortured by the allies in the presence of the other five. The latter were then divided, and the Malicites carried their three to Mada-waska. The Micmacs returned to Bic with their two, and tying them with their faces to the island, put them to death with their most ingenious torments. They then quitted Bic forever. Tradition has peopled the neighborhood with the ghosts of the slaughtered Micmacs, now dancing on the waters, now moaning among the crevices of the rocks, shrieking at times as with the agony of souls in pain.

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

Rimouski and the Hermit

Many people know of Rimouski chiefly as a place where the ocean steamers receive and land mails and passengers on the voyage to and from England in the summer. Anxious to depart or get home, they see little of the place beyond noting that it is a thriving town, and that the pier running out to deep water is of a most surprising length. It extends for nearly a mile, and is a most agreeable promenade in summer days, when a constant cool breeze is borne over the water.

The village of St. Germain de Rimouski, which is its full title, is the shiretown of the county and the seat of the bishop of the diocese. The cathedral, bishop's palace, seminary, convents and other buildings devoted to religious uses, are imposing structures of stone, erected at a large cost. The clergy are seen at every turn, and the French language is heard in every house. Save at the hotels and some public offices, the thousands of English who have passed through Rimouski have done very little to leave the sound of their tongue or the impress of their journey.

The Rimouski River is the first important salmon river below Quebec, and it is under lease. Strangers who are sportsmen and gentlemen have, however, often been permitted to fish in its waters, which extend to a lake close to the boundary of New Brunswick, and from which only a short portage is necessary to reach the rivers Quatawamkedgwick (commonly known as the Tomkedgwick) and the Restigouche, by means of which a canoe can reach the Baie de Chaleur. The salmon of the Rimouski are not of the largest size, averaging less than twenty pounds, but there are plenty of them, as well as an abundance of trout. The latter fish are easily to be had by those who go after them, for there are about fifty lakes, large and small, within the county. At Seven Lakes, 25 miles from the village, there have been some remarkable catches of trout. As for shoot-

ing, the woods are full of all kinds of game. The situation of Rimouski is such as to offer attractions to families who seek a quiet summer with the enjoyments of the sea side. There are excellent facilities for salt-water fishing, boating and bathing, the shore being protected from roughness of water by the island of St. Barnabé, which lies a short distance off.

This island, which has borne its name since early in the seventeenth century, is about two miles long, contains a small lake, is well wooded and is a favorite resort for picnics. It has its story, and a very touching one. There are several versions of it, but that given by Monseigneur Guay in his *Chronique de Rimouski* is probably the most authentic. So far as can be gleaned from all sources, this is the story of the hermit :

The fair land of Old France held no hearts more in unison than were those of Toussaint Cartier and his betrothed Louise when the new year of 1723 dawned. Just turned of manhood, handsome in person, versed in knowledge of books and agreeable in manners, he was the envy of the lads of his native village. He had long known the beautiful Louise, and they had learned to love each other with a love surpassing the power of words to tell. She was the daughter of a rich man of high degree, who had pledged her at an early age to the profligate son of his wealthy neighbor. Toussaint was poor, and his poverty became a crime in the sight of the lucre-loving father, but, as is ever the case, opposition served only to cement the stronger the affections of the devoted pair. They were secretly married and embarked for Quebec, to seek a home in the land of which so much had been told. The voyage was a prosperous one. The ship reached the St. Lawrence and lay becalmed off Rimouski. The day was fine and young Cartier took a boat to visit Ile St. Barnabé. While he was ashore a fearful tempest arose, and the vessel and all on board were engulfed before his eyes. The body of Louise was soon after washed ashore on the island,

where Toussaint buried it and made a solemn vow to dwell there in solitude for the remainder of his days. This vow he faithfully observed, living a life of deep religious devotion year after year, until his locks were silvered with age. All who knew him revered him, even the birds loved him and came to feed out of his hand ; but his heart was broken, and he watched year by year pass by, counting each as a step nearer to his reunion with the one of whose smile through life he had been so sadly deprived. Forty odd seasons passed, and at length one January morning he was found lying dead on the floor of his humble abode. The lovers were united at last. His remains were buried within the old church of Rimouski, and to this day his name is honored as that of a holy man.

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

Soon after leaving Rimouski the St. Lawrence is lost sight of, and the road makes its way towards the Metapedia Valley. Ste. Flavie, eighteen miles from Rimouski, is a place of some importance, and is the terminus of the well-known highway, the Kempt Road, built at a heavy expense and so long used for a mail route between the upper and lower provinces.

Little Metis station, 90 miles from Rivière du Loup, is the stopping place from which to reach the well known watering place of Little Metis, situated on the shore about six miles from the railway. It is a resort that has been greatly developed of recent years, and its popularity is increasing each season. There are several large hotels, and a number of wealthy Canadians have made it their summer home. For people of moderate means who do not wish to invest in property and build for themselves,

this is a part of the country where houses are easily to be had for the whole or a part of the season. The farmers are very accommodating in this respect, and in some instances they will go so far as to give up their own homes for the summer, shifting for themselves as best they can, while strangers occupy their homesteads. Thus, at a reasonable rent, a party may live quite at their ease, having a house furnished with all the essentials for house-keeping, and may either do their own cooking or take their meals at an hotel, as may suit their fancy.

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

The Grand and Little Metis rivers are favorite haunts of the salmon, and trout are found wherever there is a lake or brook. The best places to secure the latter fish are at Metis Lakes, the nearest of which is about three miles from the centre of the village. Further back is a chain of lakes, all containing plenty of

large trout, and all comparatively easy of access.

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

The scenery is varied and attractive. One may drive for miles along the shore and enjoy the panorama and sea breeze until weary. Inland are beautiful vales and nooks and brooks and charming bits of landscape. All the farmers have waggons to hire, and drives may be had at a small expense. One of these is to the falls, seven miles away. Here a heavy body of water pours over the rocks with a grandeur which must be seen to be appreciated. Both Grand and Little Metis rivers have waterfalls, situated amid most enchanting scenes of the forest. Grand Metis falls are most easily reached from the railway by driving from St. Octave station, from which they are about three miles distant. When one is sojourning at Little Metis, however, the falls may be included in a carriage drive that has many other attractions.

Grand Metis river and the seigniorial rights were purchased by Lord Mount-Stephen, a number of years ago. A large sum was paid for the property, and fully four times as much was afterwards expended in the improvement of it. A part of the improvement was the building of what is modestly termed a fishing lodge. It cost about \$45,000 and is the finest house of its kind in Canada. It is located on a height overlooking the St. Lawrence, close to the shore at Grand Metis. The building is designed with every regard for comfort and convenience, and a feature of the interior is the finish of polished woods brought from the Pacific coast.

The Grand Metis falls are approached by a road which winds along the bank of the river, high above the water, where the stream makes its way through a deep gorge. The ascent of the road is very steep in places, but even were one to make the journey on foot the view of the

falls and their surroundings would well reward him for his exertion. The height of the fall is about one hundred feet, and the sight of the river pouring over the rocks into the gorge below is one not to be forgotten.

Further along the shore is the Matane, a small river, but with an abundance of

but it was purely commercial in its aspect. As long ago as 1688 Sieur Riverin established a fishery, and thrived until his wicked partner defrauded him. He found all the shore, for a distance of sixty miles, very abundant in codfish, while whales were common everywhere from Matane to Cape des Rosiers, a distance of nearly 250

miles. So plentiful were they near Matane that at one period, for the space of three months, as many as fifty would be seen on the surface at one time, within less than two miles from the shore. So tame were they that men could approach near enough to hit them with oars. Sieur Riverin, filled with visions of wealth, formed a company to prosecute whaling—and succeeded in getting swindled.

Leaving the St. Lawrence, the course of the traveller is south to the Metapedia Valley. Passing Tartague, the railway, which has kept clear of the mountain ranges by following the shore for two hundred miles, makes a bold push and crosses the hills at Malfait Lake. Here the traveller is nearly 750 feet above the sea, higher than he has been since he left Quebec, and higher than he can be on any other part of the

line. Down the grade the cars go, until again on the level in the midst of a beautiful valley, where the hills rise on each side six and eight hundred feet for a distance of many miles. The French villages are no longer seen; the French names are no longer heard. In the place of the latter come the titles bestowed by the Indians



FALLS OF GRAND METIS

Intercolonial Route

salmon and trout. It was by this river, so long ago as the time of Champlain, that the Indians of the Baie de Chaleur reached the St. Lawrence, by way of the Restigouche and Metapedia rivers, making a portage from Metapedia Lake.

There was fishing at Matane before the tourist came with his rod and flies,

who once peopled the land. Some of these words are musical, after you get used to them. No doubt they were musical to Algonquin ears when uttered by Algonquin tongues; but the true pronunciation of many of them is lost, and as the Indians had no written language there is no rule as to how they should be spelled. Some of them are believed to have had poetical meanings, but there is a good deal more fancy than fact in many of the interpretations. It is just as well, however, to attach some poetry to them, for thus they are in harmony with the surroundings. The Metapedia Valley should be the poet's paradise.

Metapedia Lake and Valley

Beyond Sayabec lies Lake Metapedia. It is the noblest sheet of inland water seen along the route. All lakes have a beauty which appeals to the imaginative mind, but this, enshrined among the mountains must impress the most prosaic nature. About sixteen miles in length, and stretching out in parts to the width of five miles, its ample area gives it a dignity with which to wear its beauty.

Embosomed on its tranquil waters lie isles rich in verdure, among which the canoe may glide amid scenes that wake the artist's soul to ecstasy. The shores are a fitting frame to so fair a picture. Here, too, will the sportsman never ply his craft in vain. These clear waters are the home of the salmon, and kings among the fishes await the angler's pleasure.

The outlet of the lake is the famed Metapedia river. It is sometimes spelled with a final "c," and some use an "a" instead of the first "e." It is a matter of taste, but it is highly probable

no one of the three is like the true Indian word. Cascapediac, for instance, is alleged to be a corruption of Kigicapigiac, though another authority says it is from Keskebâk, a wide paddle, and probably the original of Metapedia is something even worse. It is well not to be too particular, for this corruption of the native dialect is generally an improvement, so far as relates to the ease of pronunciation by the tongues of white men. The name is commonly said to denote Musical Waters, and the title would be well deserved, but according to the late Dr. Rand, an authority, the real word is Madabegeak, "roughly flowing,"



CAUSAPSICAL METAPEDIA RIVER

Intercolonial Route

which is literally correct. Through the green valley it winds in graceful curves, singing the music of the waters as it runs. In thirty miles of its course it has 222 rapids, great and small, now swift and deep, now gently rippling over beds of shining gravel and golden sand. Here and there are the deeper pools in which lurk salmon of astounding size, for this is one of the salmon streams of which every fisherman has heard. For mile after mile the traveller watches the course of the river, so strangely pent in by the mountains on either hand, rising in every

shape which mountains can assume. Some are almost perfect cones ; others rise swiftly into precipices ; and others have such gentle slopes that one feels that he would like to stroll leisurely upward to the summit, but the height, as a rule, is from six hundred to eight hundred feet. In some places in the Metapedia the river, the highway, and the railway crowd each other for a passage, so narrow is the valley. All kinds of foliage, and all shades of Nature's colors are upon the hillsides ; and in the autumn, when the grand transformation of hues takes place, the effect is magnificent beyond description. Grassy banks make easy the path of the angler, as the lordly fish dart from the pools to seize his hook. Beauty is everywhere ; here all the charms of retirement can be found in a Northern paradise. Switzerland lives in miniature amid the mountains, while England and Scotland are around the lakes, streams and springy heather.

Gun and Rod in the Metapedia

Some moose are still to be traced in the vicinity of the Metapedia valley, but if one seeks for them he will do better by penetrating the wilds of the Gaspé Peninsula or on the Restigouche. Caribou, however, are still to be found in abundance in all parts of the country, and the trapper will be at no loss to find the haunts of the beaver and many other fur-bearing animals. Partridge are to be had everywhere, close to the line of railway, and very often can be shot without leaving the track.

The Metapedia owes its chief fame to the salmon fishing, which is found everywhere for at least forty miles along the course of the stream, to say nothing of the other rivers by which it is joined. One of these is the Causapsal, and some rare fishing is enjoyed at the forks, where the Princess Louise once landed a forty-pound salmon. Further up, the Causapsal is rather rough along its banks, and merits its name, which means, in the English tongue, the Rocky River.

The best fishing in this vicinity is from the middle of June to the middle of July. Trout may be caught with ease all through the season, not only in the rivers, but at such places as Amqui and Trout lakes. The Metapedia trout are as large as some fish which pass for salmon in other countries. Where forty and fifty pound salmon exist, seven pound trout are only in proportion, as they should be. At Assametquaghan (a place more beautiful than its name), at McKinnon Brook, and at Millstream, will be found particularly good fishing. A party of two men has gone out of an afternoon and remained until noon the next day, securing nearly 250 pounds of trout, each one averaging four pounds in weight, but many running as high as seven pounds.

At the junction of the Metapedia river with the Restigouche is Metapedia station and village. Close at hand is the house of the Restigouche Salmon Club, the members of which are men to whom money is no object in the carrying out of their ideas. The club is composed to a large extent of wealthy residents of New York and other cities of the United States, who are willing to pay well for the royal sport which this part of the country affords. A calculation of the expenses some years ago showed that in one season \$25 was expended for every salmon caught, while in another season the figure was as high as \$37. This was not because salmon were scarce, for in the first named season the number secured was 1,130, and they averaged 22½ pounds each, but it was because the club paid out nearly \$30,000, not including such incidentals as servants' wages, railway fares and express charges. In the following season 1,480 salmon were killed, but the expenses that year were over \$54,000. Taking all the fishing rivers of this part of Quebec and of the north shore of New Brunswick, the amount expended by clubs and individual lessees, season after season, is something enormous.

It is a rule of the Restigouche Salmon

Club that no member or his guest shall kill more than eight salmon in one day's fishing on waters controlled by the club. The line has to be drawn somewhere, and eight is considered a reasonable number.

This part of the Metapedia is a place of singular beauty, and the charm of the scenery of mountain, valley and winding river, appeals to all that is artistic in the soul of the traveller.

From Metapedia station the Atlantic and Lake Superior railway goes down into the Gaspé Peninsula a distance of 100 miles to New Carlisle, and it is intended to go as far as Gaspé Basin. This is one of the ways by which this land of the fisher may be visited, the traveller connecting with the steamer at some of the points at which it calls on its regular trip between Dalhousie and Gaspé Basin. The other way is to take the steamer direct from Dalhousie. In connection with the latter route a more extended reference will be made to the

peninsula and its attractions for the tourist.

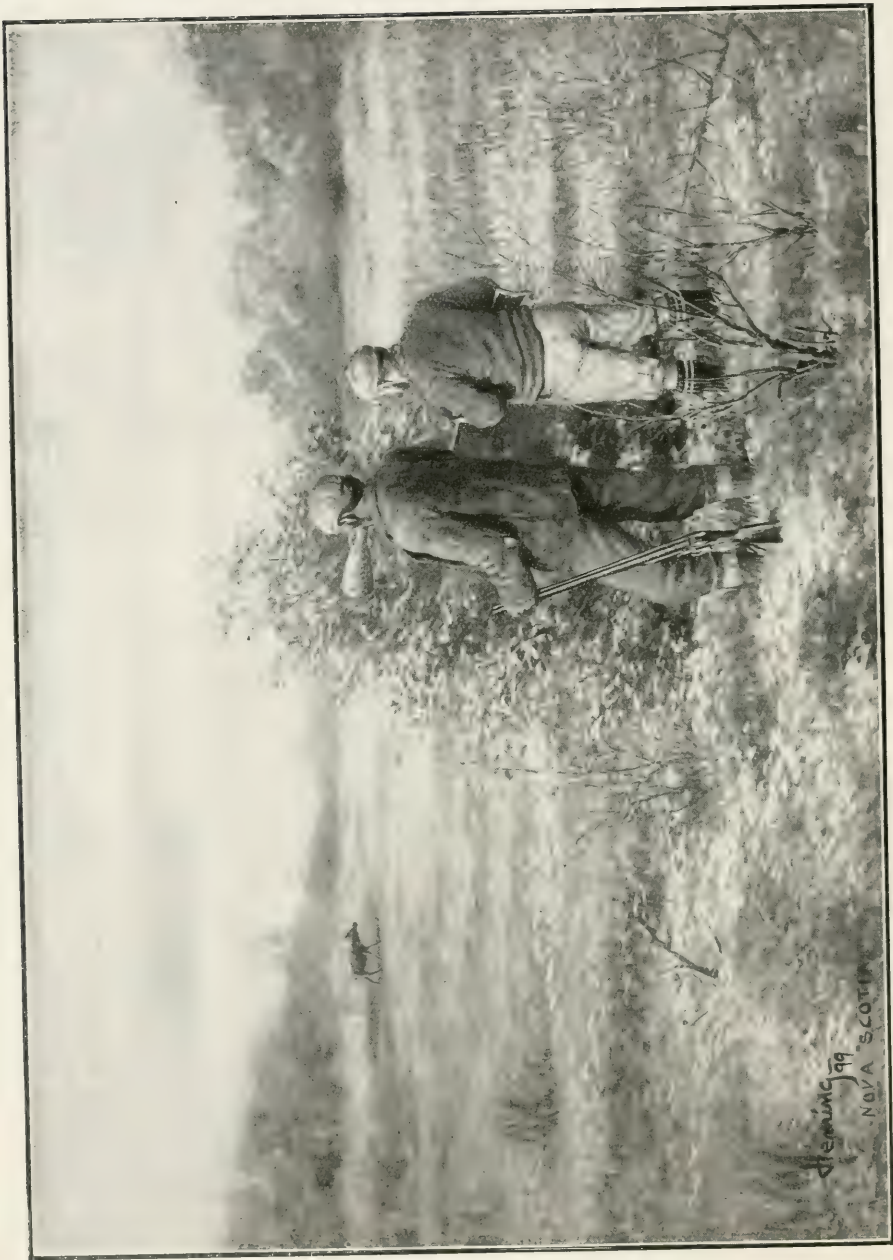
Leaving Metapedia, the Restigouche river is seen, and he who looks upon it sees one of the most famous of the great salmon streams. The Restigouche is crossed by the Intercolonial Railway on a most substantial bridge, over one thousand feet in length. A few miles beyond this the railway passes through its only overhead tunnel, at Morrissey Rock, on the side of Prospect Mountain. When one is at Campbellton, a trip to the top of this rock will be well repaid by the magnificent view which may be had of the beautiful country for miles around.

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



IN THE METAPEDIA VALLEY

Intercolonial Route



Fleming 99
NOVA SCOTIA

CALLING THE MOOSE

In Northern New Brunswick



CAMPBELLTON, on the south side of the boundary river Restigouche, is the first place in New Brunswick seen by the traveller from Quebec. It is a town of some 4,000 people and

is rapidly growing. It is a very convenient centre of operations for the fisherman and hunter of game, and though it has not catered to tourist travel by the erection of a summer resort hotel, it is really an attractive place in itself and its surroundings. Thus it has great possibilities. It is conveniently situated, because it is a central point on the line of the Intercolonial, neither too far south for the people who are above nor too far north for those who are below. It is 466 miles from Montreal, 303 miles from Quebec, 371 from Halifax, and 274 from St. John, and it lies amidst one of the finest regions for sport on the continent. The Restigouche and Metapedia, with their tributaries, afford only a part of the splendid fishing to be had, while the land to the west and north contains all manner of game to entice the sportsman to its forests. Besides, Campbellton is on the estuary of the Restigouche emptying in the famous Baie de Chaleur, which is of itself worth coming from afar to sail upon; and it is convenient as a cool, but not cold, summer resort, with every facility for salt-water bathing, salt-water fishing and a good time generally. The situation is beautiful, because Campbellton lies at a point on a broad and beautiful river which unites with the waters of a bay

that has no rival in Canada. Beautiful, because the mountains rise near and far, their cones pointing heavenward with a grandeur not to be described, while the varying shades are blended with a harmony which all may admire, but which can be appreciated only by the artist.

There is fine scenery in whatever direction one may go in this vicinity, and the principal roads are easy for either carriage or bicycle. Mention has already been made of the view from the top of Morrissey Rock, but a still broader and grander outlook may be had by climbing the Sugar Loaf, a mountain some 950 feet high, close to the town. The view embraces mountain, valley, river and sea for many miles and is well worth the somewhat steep climb.

On the north side of the river, opposite the town, is Cross Point, the old Oiginagich, or Coiled Snake Point, of the Micmacs, where Woodanki, or Indian Town, dates its beginning far back among the centuries. There is now an Indian reserve of 840 acres, inhabited by 120 families, with a population of about 500 natives. They have a neat village, a school taught by a native teacher and are a very orderly people. The mission is in charge of the Capuchin Fathers, who have had a monastery here since 1894. There had been a mission here, however, for more than two centuries before they took charge, the beginning of the work dating back to the early days of the Recollets in Canada.

Both boating and bathing may be enjoyed to any desired extent in the waters around Campbellton, and the fame of the Restigouche salmon and trout speaks as to the fishing. It was a Restigouche salmon that tipped the scale at fifty-four

pounds, and numbers have been caught which were of the respectable weight of forty pounds each. Salmon fishing begins about the middle of May, and all the rivers abound with these great and glorious fish.

After the river is clear, in the early part of May, plenty of five and seven pound trout can be caught in the tide with bait. From the middle of May until July they will take either fly or bait, but for good fly-fishing take the month of July. Here

gards the lakes in the immediate vicinity at Campbellton, the man who seeks for trout will never be disappointed. The favorite resorts are Parker Lake and Inner Parker Lake, the former of which has a wide fame. It is not a large body of water, as lakes go in this country, but in its length of half a mile or so every square yard would appear to contain a trout weighing from half a pound to two pounds. It is of no avail, however, to go there with fancy tackle and a book



MORRISSEY ROCK, NEAR CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

Intercolonial Route

are some of the favorite haunts : Escuminac, 9 miles distant ; Little Nouvelle, 22 ; Little Cascapedia, about 45 or 50 by steamer ; Parker Lake, 3 ; Head of Tide, 5 ; and Mission Lake, 3 miles from Cross Point, on the opposite side of the river. Guides are easily obtained and are reliable men.

The rivers in question are on the north side of the Baie de Chaleur, in the province of Quebec, and further reference is made to them on another page. As re-

gards the lakes in the immediate vicinity at Campbellton, the man who seeks for trout will never be disappointed. The favorite bait is the agile grasshopper, and it never fails to do its work. One of the many instances of successful fishing here, within the writer's knowledge, is that of three men who in three hours filled a huge wooden bread tray and two large fishing baskets, and were then obliged to leave a quantity of trout because they had no way of carrying

them home, even though the road to Campbellton was all down hill. Parker Lake is situated on the back of Sugar Loaf Mountain, and the ascent to it is a trifle toilsome, but an hour or two around it will repay even a climb on foot. Good camping ground is found here, as indeed is almost invariably the case with the lakes in this part of America. The lake is on private property, but a gentleman will not find it difficult to obtain a permit to satisfy himself as to its resources. The station agent

they are prone to linger long. The Baie de Chaleur and the rivers that empty into it have been their favorite haunts since a "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." A few years ago a man killed fourteen black duck at one shot, on the Little Muni river.

As a matter of course, partridge are plenty, and so are snipe, in their season. Plover are found at times, but not in large numbers.

Caribou are very abundant on both



THE DYING MONARCH

Intercolonial Route

or any of the hotel-keepers, can give him all the information he desires as to the fishing in any part of this country.

In the autumn and spring the wild geese hover around the shores of the Restigouche in immense flocks, while all the many species of duck known to this latitude are on the wing by thousands. Nor do the wild fowl look upon the mouth of the Restigouche as a mere way station in their journey. They linger there, and where there is open water

sides of the river. They occasionally show themselves around the barnyards of farmers in the smaller settlements. Even the boys go hunting big game in this part of the country, and a fine caribou was shot by the twelve-year-old son of Mr. Barbarie, the station agent, a short distance from Campbellton, during a recent winter.

Moose and deer are the reward of those who look for them around the Restigouche, and the restrictive laws of a few years ago have increased the numbers.

Bear and loup-cervier are also easy game to find.

On the Restigouche River

The Restigouche is part of the northern boundary of New Brunswick, and if its length of two hundred miles were in a straight line it would reach quite across the province. The line is only not straight, but makes some extraordinary bends between its source near Lake Metis and its mouth at Baie de Chaleur. The distance between Metapedia and

straight distances between them. The occasional rapids are not dangerous, and a canoe voyage over the broad and beautiful stream is an experience which must be long and pleasantly remembered. The high and thickly wooded hills form steep banks in many places, and their rich verdure is reflected in the calm waters as in a mirror. Looking further into the clear depths the salmon may be seen moving lazily on the pebbled bottom, waiting only for the tempting fly to lure them to the surface. This is no un-



A MORNING CATCH OF RESTIGOUCHE SALMON

Intercolonial Route

Patapediac, for instance, is 37 miles by the river, but only 21 miles in a direct line. It is but six and a half miles from Upsalquitch to Brandy Brook by land, but it is not less than thirteen miles by the river. Even more remarkable is the bend at Cross Point, a few miles further up, where a walk of a few hundred feet across a strip of land will save a journey of about a mile by water. Yet the river is not really crooked; it simply has abrupt bends, with long stretches of

common sight on any part of the Restigouche. Even at the railway bridge as many as a hundred salmon have been seen swimming slowly around at one time, and it is probable that more or less of them could be seen almost any day in the season were the train to stop so that the passengers could have a look at the water. It is no idle boast to say that the Restigouche is the finest salmon river in the world.

Some may wonder at the Indians with

their matter-of-fact habits of nomenclature did not bestow the title of River of Fish on this noble stream. That they failed to do so may be accounted for on two grounds: First, that salmon were then even more abundant in all the rivers than they are to-day; and next, because they had another and more significant title. The word "Restigouche," which is a corruption of "Lust-a-gooch," has had various interpretations given it. Many have believed that it signifies "river that divides like a hand," but the late Sam Suke was of the opinion that those words were the translation of "Upsalquitch." Others have asserted, upon some unnamed authority, that Restigouche is "Broad River," but the old missionary chronicles give the meaning as "River of the Long War." This war is said to have had its origin in a quarrel between two boys over the possession of a white squirrel. The misunderstanding lasted forty years, by which time, presumably, the squirrel had ceased to be of commercial value to either of the claimants.

The aboriginal designation of all this region was Papechigunach, the place of spring amusements, which doubtless had reference to some great annual pow-wow in the times of peace. It is the place of the white man's summer sport to-day.

The head waters of the river lie near Lake Metis in one direction and the tributaries of the St. John in another, and for much of its length it flows through a dense wilderness as yet undesecrated by man. The country drained by it and its tributaries includes more than two thousand square miles in Quebec and New Brunswick, and is a land of mountains and valleys—the former rising grandly two thousand feet towards the clouds; the latter having forests in which solitude and silence reign. In these regions there are lakes where the beaver has no one to molest nor make it afraid; there are gorges whose rocks have never echoed the report of a gun; there are miles upon miles which have never been explored, and where the creatures of the forest roam as freely as they did a hundred

years ago. One can retire into the heart of New Brunswick and reach rivers which lead to all points, such as Tobique and St. John, Nepisiguit, Miramichi and others of lesser note, as well as the rivers which run to the St. Lawrence.

The estuary of the Restigouche is a beautiful sheet of water, more like a lake than the outlet of a river. It extends from Dalhousie to where the tide and the fresh water meet, eight miles below Metapedia, and in some places is three miles wide. Ascending the river the first place of interest is the site of Petit Rochelle, three miles above Point Bourdo, destroyed by the British, under Captain Byron, in July, 1760. Byron, with a fleet of five vessels, attacked four French vessels which had run up the stream to this point. After five hours of fierce combat, two of the French frigates were sunk. The remaining two sought shelter under the stone battery at Indian Village, but in doing so one of them, *Le Marquis de Marloize*, went ashore, leaving *Le Bienfaisant* at fearful odds against the five vessels of the English. The captain was ordered to haul down his flag, but instead of obeying he went below, applied a light to the magazine and blew his vessel to atoms. Byron then went ashore with his men and burned the villages at Bourdo and Petit Rochelle, and only the ruins of what was then a place with a population of 300 families are to be seen at the present day.

Passing the mouth of the Metapedia, a distance of seven miles brings the voyageur to the mouth of the Upsalquitch, the "river that divides like a hand." Here is seen Squaditch, or the Squaw Cap, a mountain 2,000 feet in height, and if one cares to ascend to Upsalquitch Lake he will find another conical cap which rises to the height of 2,186 feet. Should he continue his journey beyond the lake, he will reach the head waters of the Nepisiguit, by which he can reach Baie de Chaleur at Bathurst, or the head waters of the Tobique, by which he can descend the St. John to the Bay of Fundy.

About twenty-nine miles above the Upsalquitch is the Patapediac, by which the Metis and other rivers emptying into the Lower St. Lawrence may be reached. Then comes the Quatawamkedgwick, and a trip of about six miles up its waters will bring the angler to a spot famous for seven and eight pounds sea trout. This river leads to the head waters of the Rimouski.

By following the Restigouche into the Wagansis, a portage of about three miles will bring one to the Grand River, a tributary of the St. John. The Temiscouata and Squatook Lakes may also be reached—indeed, the by-paths in the wilderness are innumerable, for streams run in all directions. All of any size are safe for canoe navigation, even with ladies in the party, and all abound with the finest of fish.

Dalhousie

One of the fairest spots on the line of the Intercolonial is found at the town of Dalhousie. Even when this place was not connected with the railway it attracted large numbers of visitors, and now that it is so easy of access it is one of the most popular of summer resorts. Its location at the mouth of the Restigouche, where the glorious Baie de Chaleur begins, would in any event make the site one of unusual beauty; but nature has done much for Dalhousie in giving it hills and heights which command a prospect of sea and land as far as the eye can reach. All varieties of scenery may here be found, from the gently murmuring groves to the rugged rocks of most fantastic form which in places skirt the shore. The harbor, with a depth of more than ten fathoms, and in places from fifteen to twenty fathoms, is an excellent one for all purposes. Protected by a natural breakwater of islands, it is perfectly safe for all kinds of boating, and is large enough to afford an abundance of room for recreation. Beyond it are the broad river Restigouche and the Baie de Chaleur. Fine beaches and

water of moderate temperature tempt the bather. The sheltered position of the place gives it a freedom from raw winds, and fog, that terror of so many tourists, is never known around this shore. It is not only a spot where the strong and healthy may enjoy themselves, but it is one where the weak may become strong, and the invalid take a new lease of life.

The views in the vicinity are such as to charm every lover of the beautiful. To the north the bay at the mouth of the Restigouche is only about six miles wide so that Point Maguasha and the hills on the Gaspé side are seen to advantage. Nearer at hand, the varying shades of the summer foliage are seen in striking contrast with the bright red rock which here and there stands out in bold relief upon the hillside. To the southward and westward La Baie de Chaleur widens to the magnificent proportions which entitle it to the name of a sea, while as far as the eye can reach along its southern shore are seen the white houses and the tapering spires of the distant villages.

The visitor to Dalhousie need never lack for recreation, apart from the sailing, bathing and fishing. There is a fine beach for long walks, and there are good roads for carriage or cycle. They lead to many pleasant places, and one of these is Mount Dalhousie. From this mountain there is a fine view of the country, but notably attractive is that which embraces Campbellton and the Restigouche river.

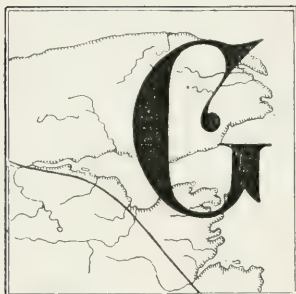
Boats and boatmen can be had at the beach at all times, and excursions may be made to various parts of the bay at a moderate cost. The favorite trips are to Carleton and Maguasha, on the Gaspé side, and Eel River and Charlo, on the New Brunswick shore.

Dalhousie has several hotels which are in favor with the travelling public. It is the shiretown of Restigouche county, has a population of about 2,700 and does a large business in the shipment of lumber by water to ports on the other side of the ocean.



SKINNING THE MOOSE

Along the Gaspé Shore



ASPÉ Peninsula has been described as a huge finger, reaching out from the continent

into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The proportions of length and breadth, however, are rather those of a thumb, and a thumb that has been hit by a hammer. In straight-away measurement, it has a length of about 120 miles and a breadth of some 90 miles in the widest part. This means an area of more than 10,000 square miles, all of which is included in the two counties of Bonaventure and Gaspé. If this large territory were equally divided among the 45,000 inhabitants, or rather, among the 7,000 families, each would have a farm of very respectable size. As it is, farming is only a secondary consideration with the people. This is not for the want of good land. Apart from the thousands of miles of untillable mountain and forest, there is an abundance of rich soil which needs but cultivation to prove its fertility, and which may be had on easy conditions. The government of Quebec has nearly a million of acres which await the settler on this peninsula, much of it at the price of twenty cents an acre, while the best is only fifty cents an acre.

That the land does not attract the people is due to the surpassing wealth of the waters. The Gaspé fisheries are the richest in the world. This part of America is pre-eminently the region of fish, and was famed as such even before Columbus discovered what he believed to be a new

continent. It was the fishing ground of the Norseman at least eight hundred years ago, and probably of the Basques centuries before that. This is a reasonable belief, even though the fishery statistics for that period are not available.

The land of Gaspé is out of the route of general travel, and emphatically out of the rut. To the tourist who is not informed on the subject, the country has not a promising look on the face of the map. The greater part of it seems to consist of mountains, the settlements look to be merely a fringe around the shore, and the interior is unmarked by any evidence of human habitation. In this interior, over an area of hundreds of miles, there are neither towns or villages; there are no railways; there are not even highways. It is this unoccupied territory that is the land of the hunter. The attraction for the summer tourist is around the shores.

There are several ways of making the tour of the shores of Gaspé. Mention has been made of the Atlantic and Lake Superior railway from Metapedia. If one is not pressed for time, a delightful carriage journey may be made on the highway, starting from Cross Point, opposite Campbellton, and continuing as far as may be desired. The excursion may be continued all around Gaspé county to Cape Chatte, on the St. Lawrence, over a highway which is close to the sea for the greater part of the distance of 280 miles. For most of this distance the road is level and the journey is made with ease. From Cape Chatte one can push forward to Metis and connect with the Intercolonial Railway.

The usual way of visiting the peninsula is to take the steamer which leaves Dalhousie twice a week during the sea-

son of navigation. This steamer calls regularly at the more important points along the coast, and at any others when there are passengers or freight to be taken aboard or put ashore. The trip is a delightful one, and the numerous ports of call permit of the traveller going ashore at this or that place, continuing the journey by land as far as he pleases, and resuming the steamer route when it may suit his convenience. There are

In all but a few districts, and these are found in the first part of the journey, fishing is the great industry of the people.

Truly, a pleasant journey it is along this main street of the big peninsula. On the one hand is the sea, as calm at this season as it can be turbulent when lashed by the gales of spring and autumn. On its smooth surface, far and near, is an ever-changing panorama, in which all



THE WEALTH OF THE WATERS OF GASPE

Intercolonial Route

parts of the shore where it is a pleasure, if not a luxury, for the worn and weary pilgrim from the busy world to travel for mile after mile in sight of the summer sea. From Cross Point to Port Daniel, for instance, the highway is like one long village street. The settlement is practically continuous, a church every ten miles or so telling of the different parishes. The population is chiefly Roman Catholic and the prevailing language is French.

kinds of craft, from the tiny boat to the stately ship and ocean steamer, have their place. The waters are a source of delight to the eye, while cool breezes temper the heat of the midsummer sun. On the other hand rise the eternal hills, mountains overtopping mountains, some of them, far in the interior, rising to a height of 4,000 feet, clad in the darker hues of ancient forest growth. There are places where the mountains leave but a

narrow strip between their base and the sea, while again they are so far off that the sunshine on their foliage blends it in harmony with the rocky cliffs that here and there stand out against the sky.

Following the shore from Cross Point, the first place of note is Nouvelle, at the head of the Baie de Chaleur and just outside of Restigouche Bay, with a river famed for the size and abundance of its trout. The Nouvelle Basin opens into Tracadigache Bay. "Tracadigache" is understood to mean Little Tracadie, and "Tracadie" denotes a camping ground. The latter name will be met with again in each of the maritime provinces.

Carleton, reached by rail, steamer or highway, is a village which is crowded between the mountains and the sea for a distance of several miles, varying in width from considerably less than a mile up to a mile and a half. From the rear of the farms rises a chain of hills more than 1,800 feet in altitude, and when one has scaled these heights he will find hills beyond hills and mountains beyond mountains, far away into the interior. The people here are not fishermen, but farmers, and it is in connection with farming that most of the fishing is done in this part of the country. Herring are used by the ton to fertilize the potato fields, thousands of barrels of them being scattered over the land and ploughed in, season after season. The last returns put the potato crop of Carleton at about 50,000 bushels, which makes an average of a third of a thousand bushels to each of the 150 families in the parish.

Carleton was settled by the French, who sought a refuge here after the dispersion of their race in Acadia. They came to stay, and the fact that in a population of 1,078 the census gives only four who are not French-Canadians would imply that there is little danger of the Acadian being crowded out in the immediate future.

During the summer months, however, there is an increase in the English population, and one of a very desirable kind.

A number of residents of Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec, spend their vacations here, and tasteful cottages have been built along the shore. A prominent Ottawa physician sends patients here to get the benefit of air which is not so strong as that further down the coast, while the bathing is all that can be desired. The beach is excellent and the water warmer than where there is a wider stretch of sea. Along these shores are occasional finds of "Gaspé pebbles," in the form of jaspers and agates.

Adjoining the township of Carleton is Maria, a quiet place where farming is the chief occupation. A few miles beyond the village is the mouth of the Grand Cascadepedia, where there is an Indian settlement. Further on and emptying into the same bay is the Little Cascadepedia. These are famous salmon streams, and the former especially has a truly royal reputation. Being the river of the Governor-General of Canada, royalty itself has delighted to lure the kingly fish from the cool, clear pools that are found along its banks.

New Richmond, at the head of Cascadepedia Bay, is midway between Carleton and New Carlisle. It has a population of about 2,000, and is a port of call for the Gaspé steamers. There is also a daily train service of the Atlantic and Lake Superior railway. There is much of quiet beauty to attract the tourist here, and an abundance of drives on good roads amid fine scenery. The bathing is excellent, and it is needless to say that there is good boating here, as there is in all parts of the country. Here one is in the heart of the great salmon fishing district, and, while the rivers as a rule are leased, yet visitors may easily obtain permission to fish for trout in the latter part of the season. Sea trout are also found at the mouths of the rivers, and fishing for them is free. The various kinds of salt water fish that abound in this part of Canada may be caught in the bay and harbor. Good shooting for wild fowl may be had in the spring and autumn. Partridge abound in the woods, and this is a con-

venient base of operations for moose and caribou shooting. No less than five of the Governors-General of Canada have made New Richmond their summer home including the Marquis of Lorne, and his consort the Princess Louise, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Stanley, the two latter building for themselves summer cottages. Even since the Grand Cascapedia has ceased to be the reserved river of the Governors-General, Lord Aberdeen has spent two summers at New Richmond, and the Earl of Minto has also spent a portion of one summer there. It will be found a very pleasing summer resort for those in search of rest and quiet.

Some Salmon Streams

The Grand Cascapedia leads all the rivers of this part of Canada in the matter of fly-fishing for salmon. The records run to fish of over fifty pounds in weight. The whole of the Cascapedia was formerly reserved for the Governor-General, but portions of it are now under lease.

Among the salmon rivers of note between the Restigouche and Gaspé Basin are the Little Cascapedia, Bonaventure, Grand and Little Pabos, Grand River, St. John, York and Dartmouth, but these by no means exhaust the list. The Grand River may be taken as a sample stream, having a dozen pools within sixteen miles of the mouth. It is not a big river, as might be inferred from the name, but it is a fine one, abounding in striking scenery, and with crystal waters fed by springs which make the stream of almost icy coolness, even in the hottest days of summer.

Before the Intercolonial Railway made these rivers easily accessible to the lovers of sport, fishing leases could be secured at figures that would now seem ridiculous. Twenty dollars was then considered a fair price for a stream that now costs \$2,000 or more, and a river to lease at the latter figure need not be an extraordinary one. The Bonaventure is an instance of such an advance in value, but it is a fine stream for sport. The

salmon taken on it have an average weight of eighteen or twenty pounds. As many as sixty-three such fish have been counted lying and lurking in a pool and refusing to give a satisfactory account of themselves. This happened in August, when the water was low and warm, and when the fish not only declined to rise to the fly but scarcely deigned to move when stirred up with the end of a rod.

New Carlisle

The upper part of the Baie de Chaleur has a width of ten miles or so at Carleton, but widens out to nearly double that distance at Cascapedia Bay and has a rapid widening near Point Bonaventure, due to the capacious Nepisiguit Bay, on the New Brunswick side. For the first hundred miles of the trip by water, until after the steamer gets out of the bay and into the Gulf, the shores of New Brunswick are in sight to the southward, and so, too, are they in view when one is at the villages along the Gaspé coast. The prospect of the broad and beautiful bay, with the land in the distance, is most entrancing, and at no time is it more so than when, at early morning or just before sunset, one has climbed the mountain height and has revealed to him all the glories of the broad vista before him. Of the Baie de Chaleur itself, more is told elsewhere in these pages, and reference is made to the mysterious phantom light. The people along this shore have seen the light, as have their New Brunswick neighbors, both in summer and winter, and are equally at a loss to explain what it is or why it should be.

New Carlisle is the shiretown of Bonaventure county and has a population of about 800. Here the English and Scotch are in the majority, for the place was settled by United Empire Loyalists at the close of the American Revolution, liberal grants being made to them. At that time Gaspé was a province of itself and had its own lieutenant-governor, who resided a part of the time at New Carlisle and the remainder at Percé and Gaspé Basin.

There is much that is attractive about New Carlisle. The town is situated about half way between the Grand Bonaventure and Nouvelle rivers, and either of these fishing streams is reached by a drive of ten miles. For a short drive, the road to Paspebiac, three miles distant, is all that could be desired. Black Lake, a mile and a half back of the town, is an admirable picnic ground.

The beach at New Carlisle is admirably adapted to the requirements of bathers. It is smooth, free from obstructions, and its attractiveness is added to by a fine growth of woods which skirts the shore

one of more than common importance in this part of the country. As the steamer draws near, the most conspicuous objects are two immense storehouses, painted white with red trimmings, and a number of smaller buildings showing the like colors. On the fronts of the large buildings, respectively, are merely the initials "B. B." and "C. R. C." Brief as are these inscriptions, they mean a great deal in the past and present of the history of Gaspé Peninsula. The "C. R. C." has been a power in the country for more than a hundred years. Its beginning, indeed, dates back to the time when the



ON THE BONAVENTURE RIVER

Intercolonial Route

and affords a grateful shade from the summer sun.

Good board can be obtained in this vicinity at very reasonable rates, and teams are always to be had for excursions into the surrounding country.

New Carlisle, as before mentioned, is the present eastern terminus of the Atlantic and Lake Superior railway. A part of the company's plan is a steamer between this point and Gaspé Basin.

Where Codfish is King

Just below New Carlisle, three miles distant, is Paspebiac, a busy place and

English-speaking people on this continent, from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay, were loyal subjects of King George the Third, in the earlier and happier years of his reign. It was in 1766 that Charles Robin, the founder of the house, left his native island of Jersey in the brig "Sea Flower," crossed the Atlantic and explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence to find a suitable place for the pursuit of the fishing trade. He found the finest codfishing waters on the face of the globe, and he saw before him a magnificent future. Casting anchor at Paspebiac, he began a most important era in

the history of the country. Fortune attended his ventures and for twelve years he prospered even beyond his early dreams. Then came disaster. England and her colonies were at war with each other, and though it is doubtful if the fishers of Gaspé took much interest in the struggle, they were ere long brought to a painful realization of the fact that there was a war. Two privateers, manned by New England sailors, sailed into the Baie de Chaleur, made their way to Paspébiac and plundered the stores of all that could be conveniently taken away. They also made prizes of Mr. Robin's two fishing vessels and sailed away to the Restigouche in quest of new laurels. It was but a small satisfaction to the despoiled Jerseyman that both privateers and prizes were soon after taken by British war vessels, for the salvage he was required to pay so crippled his operations that he returned to his native island. After the peace, in 1783, he returned to the fishing grounds, and since then the name of Charles Robin & Co., or "C. R. C.," as it is usually called, has been to Gaspé much as the name of the Hudson Bay Company was, in its day, to the far north land. The house of LeBoutillier Brothers, "B.B.," came at a later date, and these two concerns have practically ruled the fishing trade of the entire coast. There are, indeed, other fishing establishments, here and there, but they are not many in number, and the operations are on a very much smaller scale.

The "C. R. C." has owed its success, first, to the wonderful fisheries of these waters, and next, to its strict and unvarying business methods. Its agents and clerks are from over the sea, and in almost every instance from the small but closely peopled island of Jersey. Until a few years ago, it was an imperative rule that not one of these employés could have a wife in this part of the world. When this rule was broken, as was sometimes the case, "C. R. C." had no further need of the offender's services. There were married men among the agents and

clerks, it is true, but their wives and families were in Jersey, to be visited at intervals of about every two years. The time for such vacation was in the winter, the dull season, the ships leaving early in December, flying swiftly before the northward and westerly winds, and reaching Jersey in time for Christmas greetings.

While "C. R. C." and "B. B." are found all along the coast, and notably at Percé, their chief stores are at Paspébiac, on a curious bar which is part of a triangle, enclosing a barrachois and reaching out from the mainland, a mile in length and several hundred feet in breadth. The exteriors of the great structures give token of the immense business done, but when one views the interiors the astonishment at the extent and completeness of the operations is increased tenfold. From here go fish to many a foreign land, over the sea to the south and to the east. Great, too, is the export of that valuable product of the cod, the oil. Much, also, in the way of merchandise, comes from over the sea to Gaspé. The stores of these big concerns seem to have everything that can be desired, not only in such necessities as food and raiment, but in what are luxuries in the lives of the fisher folk. There was a time when everything was imported from across the ocean, but in these days the concerns buy Canadian products when they can do so to advantage, though much still comes from the British markets.

The original Charles Robin returned to Jersey, a millionaire, in 1802, leaving the control of the business to his nephews, to be conducted on a strict, unvarying code of laws. In this way the operations have been carried on year after year, even though those who are really "C. R. C." to-day have their habitation thousands of miles beyond the sea. Everything is done by rigid system, and the most minute details, if within the rules, are as faithfully adhered to as are the most essential regulations.

Now and again one reads of destitution, and even famine, among the fishermen of Newfoundland or the people of Labrador.

No such calamity ever comes to Gaspé. There are poor people here, as there are everywhere, and some of them are very poor, but the fisherman who brings his catch to the great concerns during the summer and autumn has no fear of hunger and want in the long, cold winter. He will be provided for, and though he may find himself in debt in the spring, he knows that there are more fish in the sea for him, if he lives; if he die, what

cerns. While everything around Paspébiac tells of business, there is also, apart from the business, much that appeals to the eye by its beauty.

Reference has been made to the fisheries of Gaspé as being the finest in the world. This is no mere boast. Much has been heard of Newfoundland, but Gaspé places itself ahead of even that world-renowned home of the cod. As to quality, the fish caught in this portion of the Gulf have



SPLITTING COD IN GASPE

Intercolonial Route

matter? He will have had a living, as his father and grandfather had before him. In this way the toilers of the sea are apt to become fatalists.

Paspébiac has more than the great stores, warehouses and packing establishments. Back from the shore, surrounded by well kept grounds, are dwellings characterized by taste, and even elegance, in their appearance, where reside those who are employés of the gigantic con-

probably no equals. Here is their great feeding place. Here they find the smelt, the capelin and the young fry of the vast schools of herring which make the Gulf and its bays their spawning ground. The cod taken in these waters in the summer and autumn are, therefore, in the best condition, the fatness of their livers giving abundant evidence of their vigor.

The value of the fisheries of Gaspé may be put at about a million dollars a year.

In some years it is much more, and in the county of Gaspé alone, including the Magdalen Islands, there are seasons when the value is considerably over three-quarters of a million. In the two counties about a score of vessels and 4,500 boats are employed in the work and they are manned by some 8,000 men, exclusive of those employed on the shore. The nets and seines used, if fastened one to the other in a single line, would reach around the coast of the Gaspé Peninsula so as to leave no opening between the mouth of Restigouche Bay and Cape Chatte, at the boundary of Gaspé county on the St. Lawrence, a distance of about 250 miles. Yet Gaspé and Bonaventure are only a part of the "Gulf Division" of the fisheries of Canada.

The cod is not the only source of wealth afforded by these waters. About one hundred and fifty tons of salmon, taken from the sea off the coast, are exported in ice each season, to say nothing of the salted salmon. Of herring there are vast quantities, and when there are off seasons in which they are less abundant than usual the effect is marked in the decrease of the great staple of cod. In some recent years 40,000 barrels of herring have been secured for bait, and there have been years when twice that quantity has been used for manure. In an ordinary year about 25,000 barrels of herring are sent away salted, while large quantities are shipped fresh, frozen or smoked. More than a million pounds of canned lobsters are sent away in an average season, while tons of them are shipped fresh from the sea. Then there are mackerel, hake, haddock and halibut, as well as sea trout and smelt. This is, in truth, a great country for fish.

In this part of the world codfish is king. The harvest of the dried fish amounts to about fifteen million pounds in some years, while such products of the cod as oil, tongues and sounds, are put up and shipped in like proportion.

The summer codfishing usually begins early in May and continues until the middle of August, after which the fish

are not in good condition until September or October, when the fall fishing begins and is continued until the early winter. When there is an abundance of small herring, the catches of cod are sometimes enormous. In the autumn of a recent good year there was a period when some of the boats at Paspebiac landed as many as thirty drafts each in a week. There are times in the summer when the fishermen cease to take cod, simply because the fish cannot be split and salted as rapidly as they are brought ashore. Continuing to take them would be a wilful waste. This, however, is not an annual occurrence. There are off years in fishing, as in farming, when herring are scarce and the catch of cod below the average. If every year were a good one, the Gaspé fisher would have little to trouble his mind.

From Paspebiac onward, in the proper seasons, all phases of the fishing operations may be seen, from the bringing ashore of the shining catch to the final turning of the split and dried fish on the flakes. These flakes are rough frames of poles and boughs, at a convenient height from the ground, on which are laid the salted fish to be cured by the sun and the breeze. During this process they are tended with great care, and turned and turned again, day by day, until they are the dried cod of commerce, ready to be shipped to Europe, South America, the West Indies, or any other part of the world where codfish may be in demand. Acres of these drying fish may be seen spread out in the fields, and there are huge circular piles of thoroughly cured fish, which look, at a distance, like gigantic grindstones or the foundation tiers of martello towers.

Scenes of Sad Stories

Below Paspebiac the lobster fishery begins to assume larger proportions, at such places as Nouvelle, Port Daniel, Shigawake and L'Anse aux Gascons. The canning factories form an important industry on this part of the coast.

It was at Port Daniel that Jacques



PIERCED ROCK, PERCE

Cartier cast anchor when seeking a haven in the "Baie of Heat." The coast in this vicinity is rough, and suggestive of shipwrecks in stormy weather. There is a grim suggestion, too, in the title of Cap d'Enfer, alias Cap au Diable, which is to the eastward of the harbor. The heights are rugged enough to make the gloomy designation seem not altogether inappropriate. A still more awesome place, no less by its formidable rocks than by its record of disaster, is Point au Maquereau, or Mackerel Point, famous for the wreck of the "Colborne" in the midnight darkness of the night and morning of the 15th and 16th of October, 1838.

Point au Maquereau marks the end of the Baie de Chaleur, as does Miscon Island on the New Brunswick side, some eighteen miles distant. The Point is also the beginning of the boundary line between the counties of Bonaventure and Gaspé. Beyond it lie Newport, Pabos and Grand River townships. The rivers of the two latter places have already been referred to in connection with fly-fishing for salmon. All along these shores of the Gulf is the best of codfishing, while the lobster trade assumes still larger proportions than along the coast already passed.

The next important headland, some twenty-five miles to the eastward, is Cap d'Espoir, or Cape Despair, as many prefer to call it. It looks forbidding enough to warrant the latter title, especially in rough weather. At this point, two and a quarter centuries ago, Denys found, or thought he found, two winds blowing in contrary directions. Here, too, in 1711, one of Admiral Walker's ill-fated squadron, which came to grief later in the St. Lawrence, met its fate. This vessel is believed to have been the "Feversham," carrying 36 guns and manned by 196 men, all of whom were lost. The story is told that the fishermen in this vicinity found the hull of this ship lying on the top of a cliff, twenty feet above high water, where it had been landed by a mighty wave. There is a tradition that,

after this disaster, there were nights when, all being calm, a storm would suddenly rage, and in the midst of it a phantom frigate would be driven on the rocks, the cries of those on board rising above the tempest. Then there would be a crash, the frigate would disappear, the storm would cease, and quiet would again prevail upon the waters.

Percé and the Rock

Not until one sees Percé can he have an adequate conception of the beauty of the scenery of the eastern end of the Gaspé Peninsula, and having once seen it, he realizes the difficulty of doing it even scanty justice by any attempt at verbal description. It is one of the places in regard to which language fails to convey to those at a distance a correct idea of what is revealed to the eye. Especially is the impression strong when one has been landed from the steamer after dark and awakes in the morning to get his first look at the place in the clear light of day. The term "clear" is not idly used in this connection. In the wonderful atmosphere of this part of the gulf, the distinctness with which objects are presented to the view is surprising. In the case of Percé Rock it is almost startling. Seen from the shore, this singular natural monument stands out against the sea and sky, as sharply defined as if cut by the chisel of some Titanic sculptor. It looms in solemn grandeur as a revelation exceeding all that the fancy had been led to anticipate. In the early morning the sharp, bold outline of this huge mass of solid rock rises in vivid contrast with the softened hues of the cloudless heavens and the unruffled sea, while the bright green turf which mantles the promontory near at hand is in no less contrast with the reddish tints of the rugged cliffs which rise abruptly from the waters at their base. He must be of a stolid nature who, at such a time, is not impressed with a feeling of admiration which is akin to reverence for the handiwork of the Creator.

It is from this rock that Percé derives

its name. Imagine an island in the form of a block of reddish conglomerate and sandstone, springing with perpendicular cliffs from the sea to a height of nearly three hundred feet, with a length of about fifteen hundred feet and a width of some three hundred feet, each extremity seeming as straight up and down as if cut to a plumb line, and there is the first impression of what the rock is like. Near the outer end of this mass, and rising as abruptly, is another rock, sugarloaf in form, a clear channel separating the two. This is the outer pillar of what was once a natural arch, one of three mentioned in the narratives of early explorers. Of these three one has utterly disappeared. The single arch remaining is near the shoreward end of the great rock, and the passing through it may be made at high water by a good sized boat with full sail set.

The top of the pierced rock is a green plateau, the highest part being near the mainland with an incline to the seaward, and on this territory are gulls and cormorants, apparently numbering thousands. A singular fact is that the colony of the gulls and that of the cormorants each has its well defined boundary, so that the intrusion of any of either species on the possessions of the latter is the cause of a terrible commotion, which ceases only with a restoration of the status in quo ante bellum. These conflicts occur very many times in the course of a day. When hostilities are thus declared, the contending forces rise in clouds, filling the air with the noise of their screaming and keeping up a terrific din. The noise of these birds has its uses to man at times. For many generations it has been of no small service to the mariner on occasions when, in the darkness and the storm, his course has been guided by these signals which told him of his bearings.

The top of the rock is not accessible to the sightseer. The practicability of an ascent by anybody was considered to be out of the question for more than two hundred years after these shores were

settled, and when two adventurous fellows accomplished the feat, early in the past century, great was the wonder at their achievement. At only one point was the ascent possible, and then it was accomplished only at great hazard. Others found the way there later, but as they made havoc with the birds and their nests, the authorities passed a by-law which tabooed such incursions for the future.

It could not be otherwise than that the rock should have its phantoms. The Indians, with their keen sense of the sublime, peopled all this land with good and evil spirits, while still more weird stories have been handed down from the early days of the French regime. "*Le genie de l'Ile Percé*" is said to be the misty form of a female on the summit of the rock, with arms outstretched as if in appeal. This spirit has been visible only in dark and tempestuous nights, and those to whom it has appeared have sailed away as rapidly as possible, without stopping to investigate. These facts may give some color to the materialistic belief that imagination has conjured a phantom from the mists of the sea and the clouds of restless sea birds hovering above the cliffs.

"*Le Rocher de Percé*" is believed to be all that remains to be seen of an isthmus that once reached from the mainland to what is now the Island of Bonaventure. Mount Joli, a promontory with frowning cliffs, marks the point of junction with the land. On the green slope of this headland the most conspicuous object to-day is the æsthetic summer residence of a well known New York artist, whose choice of a site does no discredit to his taste.

Guarding the Percé shore against the winds and waves of the Gulf is Bonaventure Island, some two and a half miles distant. Seen from the village, its landward slope gives little token of the formation of this island. Seen from the seaward, it has another aspect. Save on the surface, it is a mighty rock, with a line of cliff reaching from 250 to 500 feet

above the sea and forming a precipitous front. The formation is of red sandstone intermixed with conglomerate. The island is a little over two miles long and three-quarters of a mile broad. It is a fishing station of considerable importance. This rocky isle was formerly the property of one Captain Duval, of whose prowess as a privateer, in the wars of the First Empire, some stirring stories are chronicled. In the time of Denys de

nearly 1,300 feet above the sea. Here is a handsome monument in honor of Ste. Anne, and here are the cannon which, on great occasions, send out their voices over many leagues of land and sea. So steep is this mountain at the summit that, passing on the highway, one would be inclined to consider it next to inaccessible, but the ascent is made without difficulty when the right direction is taken. Once the top is gained, a surpassing view meets



PERCÉ VILLAGE AND SHORE

Intercolonial Route

Fronsac, who had a grant of Percé, the island was famed for an abundance of rabbits and wild pigeons.

The walks and drives in the vicinity of Percé are delightful. The chief of them is that to the mountain, which gives a good idea of the possibilities of this part of the world in respect to scenery. Up, up the hills one travels, until at last "La Table-à-Rolland," the summit of Mont Ste. Anne, is reached, at a height of

the eye. The visitor is standing on a height which is visible to vessels at least sixty miles away, and some say to a third more than that distance. The Gulf is dotted with near and distant sails, and for many leagues to the north and south is the outline of the shore, with its bays and headlands, the white houses marking the line of the highway along the coast. Only to the rear, where the rugged mountains rise, seems there a limit to the view,

and even there the majesty of the forest-clad hills must impress the lover of the sublime in nature.

Percé was visited by Jacques Cartier in 1534, and has been famed as a fishing station for more than three hundred years. It was a place of note long before Quebec was founded, and is thus an old part of the new world in the story of the advent of the European. While not an historic battle ground, it had its experience of war in 1690, when the French settlement was destroyed by a force from two English frigates. The township has a population of about 1,800. The fishing district is one of the richest on the Gaspé coast.

Gaspé Basin and Village

The most convenient way to get from Percé to Gaspé is by water, but if one is fond of rugged scenery, he can have it to his heart's content by taking the highway for a part of the distance, catching the steamer further along the coast. Though much of the journey will be out of sight of the water, the road will be around Mal Baie, as it is called in these days, though Morue Bay is the true title, derived from the abundance of codfish found there. Across this bay, from Percé Rock to Point St. Peter, is only some seven or eight miles, but to follow the road requires a journey of about double that distance. The first half of the trip is up and down long and prodigiously steep mountains, around which the narrow road curves in the most fantastic and, to a stranger, alarming manner. Here and there along the route are small hamlets, or there are lonely houses, so far away on the sides of mountains, or at the bottom of valleys, that a stranger is bound to wonder how people ever got there, in the first place, and why they ever settled there to live and die, when there was plenty of room for them in so many more accessible parts of the world.

Point St. Peter, with its low lying rocks of dark freestone, relieved by the white houses of the fisher folk, marks the en-

trance to the Bay of Gaspé. It is an important fishing station, and one of the points on the coast where the fury of a storm is likely to be felt. In fair weather, however, the Point and its surroundings have many attractions. To the north of this, within the bay, is Le Chien Blanc, a place which has a record for shipwrecks in former years, and it has an equally dangerous vis-a-vis in La Grand Grève, on the north shore, near Cape Gaspé.

The Bay of Gaspé, with the latter cape and Point St. Peter as its guardians, is some sixteen miles in length and about six miles in width for the first ten or twelve miles after entering it. Then, narrowing between two points, it leads to a commodious and land-locked harbor where is the beautiful Gaspé basin, one of the safest and fairest havens in all America. On the south shore of the bay, before reaching Cape Haldimand, are several settlements of note. One of these is Seal Cove, where the native Irish tongue may be heard in everyday conversation, and Douglstown, a place which shared with New Carlisle the liberal grants to the United Empire loyalists who sought homes on the peninsula. Off Douglstown is a safe and ample anchorage for even a fleet of ships. That fine salmon river, the St. John, empties into the bay at this point, and there is here, as at Mal Baie, a barrachois, with the highway on the narrow strip of bar which encloses the lagoon. The entrance to Gaspé harbor is between Cape Haldimand and Sandy Beach. Beyond are the north-west and south-west arms, the latter of which is the basin, with an entrance a little more than a thousand feet wide. These arms are the outlets of the Dartmouth and York rivers, famous for their fly fishing.

Gaspé Basin at morning, at evening—at all times—is a place of wonderful beauty, and dull must be the nature that is not inspired by the charm of the calm waters and the glorious landscape which appeals to one wherever the eye is turned. The stately hills rise in graceful dignity as a setting for this peaceful haven, and the

pure, bracing air is a tonic beyond the physician's art. Here, too, is historic ground, for on the sandy point at the entrance is the spot where Jacques Cartier took formal possession of the land in the name of his king, Francis the First. On the 24th day of July, 1534, in the presence of his enthusiastic comrades, and to the wonder and perturbation of "many savages," he caused to be erected a cross thirty feet high, with an escutcheon bearing three fleurs-de-lys, over which was carved in the wood the inscription, "Vive le Roi de France." Thus was Gaspé the first place in Canada on which the French explorers planted the symbol of the Christian faith, even as tradition says it was planted there, ages before, by a white missionary from the unknown country beyond the great sea.

The convenience of Gaspé Basin as a place of shelter, and the facilities it afforded for traffic with the Indians, as well as for the fishing business, caused it to be a place much frequented from the first. The Basin was at a later date, in 1711, the scene of the only triumph of Sir Hovenden Walker, who started with a fleet to capture Quebec and never got further than Egg Island. Calling at Gaspé, he destroyed a few houses and fishing boats, and captured a French merchant ship, which he afterwards burned because he could not take it out of the harbor. Still later a call here was made by some of the ships of Wolfe's fleet, on their way to lay siege to Quebec, in 1759. Royalty visited the Basin, in the person of the Prince of Wales, in 1860, and from first to last there have been many famous callers at these shores.

Hills meet the eye throughout the passage of the Bay of Gaspé, and on the north shore is a succession of cliffs so magnified by the clear atmosphere that they seem to rise to a distance far beyond their actual height. These hills so securely shelter the harbor that it seems the ideal of a place of shelter whatever storms may rage. Gaspé village is finely situated on the heights overlooking the

Basin, and is a place from which one may make a variety of pleasure excursions by land or water. It has good hotel accommodation, and is in many ways a desirable place of sojourn for those in search of health or pleasure. Trips by carriage or boat may be made to many points, and everywhere will be found something worth seeing.

Vast quantities of coal oil are believed to underlie this part of the country, and considerable capital has been expended in sinking wells. Some of the results have been very encouraging, and the time may come when this part of the peninsula will be known as one of the great oil regions of America.

In the meantime, fishing is the great industry. In and around the Bay of Gaspé each season a thousand men go out upon the waters and return day by day, until the results of their toil are seen in the millions of pounds of cod credited to this portion of the shores. The cod taken between Percé and Cap des Rosiers in an average year will make over three million pounds of dried fish, while the annual value of all the fisheries in that limit is over \$200,000. In these may be included some 100,000 pounds of fresh salmon in ice and a like quantity of canned lobsters. These figures, it must be remembered, apply only to the small stretch of shore around this part of the peninsula. They represent only about one-third of the results of the Gaspé fisheries in these particular lines, not including the returns of the outlying district of the Magdalen Islands, which belong to Gaspé county.

No one who has the time can afford to leave Gaspé without a closer examination of the surroundings than a steamer voyage can give. A visit to the Cape and to Ship Head will reveal a magnificent panorama of land and marine scenery.

Within the Bay, as the Cape is approached, are miles of shore dotted with the depots of the great fishing concerns and the white houses of the fishermen. The Cape itself, a regular headland of limestone, is a notable place, and on

the north side is a range of grand cliffs rising some 700 feet above the sea. Ship Head was once noted for a peculiar rock, detached from the shore, known as "The Old Woman," which finally yielded to the force of tempest and tide. From this rock, say some, the designation of "Gaspé" was derived, the word being a corruption of the Indian term "Katsep-iou," or "separate." There seems more probability, and certainly more significance, in the more generally accepted belief that "Gaspé" means "Land's End."

If this term conveys to anybody the idea of a jumping-off place, only to be seen for the lack of some better attraction, let it be understood that there is most certainly nothing in a name in this instance. The visitor to Gaspé will find himself well rewarded for his journey, and if he is of an enquiring mind he will learn more about fish and the fisheries than is dreamed of in the philosophy of the cities.

La Baie de Chaleur

The journey over the Intercolonial Railway is resumed at Dalhousie. In reaching this place from Gaspé the voyage has been made on La Baie de Chaleur, one of the most beautiful havens in America. Ninety miles long, and from fifteen to twenty-five wide, there cannot be found in its waters either rock or other hindrance to the safe passage of the largest of ships. Jacques Cartier gave the bay its present name to commemorate the grateful warmth which he there felt after coming from the cold shores of Newfoundland. What the Indians had called it is a matter on which there has been a difference of opinion. A good authority (Rand) says their name for it was Mowebahktabayayk, meaning the biggest bay. Others have claimed that the original name was Eeketaam Nemaachi, or Sea of Fish, a name far more appropriate, though less musical, than that which it now bears, for in this genial climate, with its breezes from the sea, the weather is never hot, as heat is understood by the summer tourist. Cartier, however, may be pardoned for

his enthusiasm, for it was a warm day in July when he arrived, and he had been displeased with the appearance of the north coast of Newfoundland. In contrast with the latter, the mainland and the beautiful bay seemed like a vision of Paradise. "The country is hotter than the country of Spain, and the fairest that can possibly be found," was his verdict, and he named the peaceful haven "The Bay of Heat." It is sometimes described in the plural form as Baie des Chaleurs, but without any authority. Locally, it is known as Bay Chaleur.

For many miles the Intercolonial railway runs close to the shore, and few fairer sights are to be seen than the broad and beautiful expanse of water, with its numerous little inlets on the New Brunswick side and the lofty and imposing mountains rising grandly on the shore of Quebec. For miles, too, the land is settled, and the green fields of well-tilled farms add another charm to the scene. Of a summer day, with a gentle breeze rippling the smooth surface of the water, the yachtsman feels that he has at last found the object of his dream. There is no finer yachting bay on the North Atlantic coast.

The waters of the bay abound with net fish, and there is also a fine chance for line fishing. Catching mackerel is a favorite recreation, the season lasting from early in July until the last of September or later. The mackerel of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are of large size, but here as elsewhere the mackerel are capricious in their movements. In some seasons they are very abundant. Horse mackerel, or tunny, can also be caught in the bay by those who have a taste for that kind of sport.

The shore fisheries on the New Brunswick side of the bay are a great source of revenue to the people. The value of the fish of all kinds taken around the coast of Restigouche and Gloucester counties each year is about one and three-quarter million dollars. Between three and four thousand men are engaged in fishing, and a large amount of capital is invested.

Herring are a cheap fish, but the value of those caught here in an average year is upward of half a million dollars. Smelt are another cheap fish, and it takes a number of them to make a pound. Some 1,600,000 pounds, which means many more million individual fish, are the yield of the sea around Restigouche and Gloucester in a year. The cod make a showing of between six and seven million pounds.

With such wonderful salmon rivers as the Restigouche and Nepisiguit emptying

into this bay, it is not surprising that the toilers of the sea secure their share of this much sought fish. In the two counties named, in some years, nearly a million and a half pounds of salmon are sent away fresh in ice, while large quantities are shipped as canned goods. There is nothing remarkable in talking about salmon by the million pounds in this part of the world, where they can sometimes be seen by the ton. As many as two hundred salmon, with an average weight of twenty pounds each, have been seen lying on the



PORT DANIEL, BAIE DE CHALEUR

Intercolonial Route

floor of a freezing-house, just as they had come from the nets without picking or sorting.

As for lobsters, about a million pounds of them are sent from Restigouche and Gloucester in cans each season, and a much larger quantity are sent away fresh. There are many other products of the sea which go to make up the great aggregate and establish the fame of this part of the country for the wealth of its waters.

All the rivers which flow into the bay are good fishing streams. Sea trout are found in the estuaries, and brook trout in the streams above. While not so large as those found in the streams further north, they are of good size and excellent flavor. The sea trout will average four and five pounds; the others run all the way from half a pound to four pounds.

The Charlo is a fine river for this kind of angling, and it is at its best after the middle of August, though there is good fishing at any time from the first of July to the middle of September. The best brook trout are found on the South Branch, above the falls, the latter being three miles from the railway, and the fishing is good from there for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles back. A basketful, containing from 150 to 200, averaging about two to the pound, is not an unusual record of a day's fishing by one man. Sea trout are caught anywhere in the three miles between Henderson's bridge and the bay, and some famous catches have been made. Good sport may also be found at the lakes, a few miles from the village.

Another well known stream, both for salmon and trout, is Jacquet river, about fifteen miles below Charlo. The scenery on it is wild and striking, the waters running between precipitous rocks roaring in cascades and foaming amid the boulders in the rapids. Guides are to be had at the village. If one wishes to be unattended, he can go up by a good portage road, and will find excellent fishing as he travels. He is sure to have it at Sunnyside, eight miles from the station, or at the Pot Hole and Kettle

Hole, four miles higher up. The best plan is to fish along between the two places, and one is sure to have good luck. Another choice lot is at the first falls, twenty miles from the station. Belledune Lake, six miles from the station, in another direction, also has a good name for gamey trout, running from a half pound to two pounds in weight.

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

A view of the Baie de Chaleur, from the New Brunswick shore, is at all times pleasing, but never does it impress the mind more than in the silence of a calm, clear night in summer or autumn, when the moon gives a silvery softness to everything on land and sea. At Charlo, for instance, where the opposite shore is not so far away as to be obscure, the sight is one to inspire the most prosaic soul. Not the least striking object in the scope of vision is Tracadieguash Mountain, nearly 200 feet high, which, though ten miles distant across the water, seems in the clear air of this climate as if it were but a league away.

The bay has its legends, and there are tales that the old people are loath to tell, lest they be assailed with the ridicule of this scoffing and materialistic age. There is yet one uncanny thing which relies not on legend for its fame, but asserts itself by appearing from time to time to mortal eyes. It is the phantom light of La Baie de Chaleur.

For the last one hundred years at least, or as far as the English residents have had the story orally transmitted from their grandfathers, this light has been seen in various parts of the bay from above Jacquet River as far down as Caraket, and its advent has been accepted as the prelude of storm and tempest. Nobody knows what it is, for it has never approached within less than a mile or two from shore, and it has disappeared from the view of the few bold sceptics

who have sought to reach it by the aid of boats. Sometimes it has the semblance of a burning vessel many miles away. More frequently it looks like a ball of fire, apparently close at hand. Now and then it darts like a meteor, and again glides along with a slow and dignified motion. Occasionally it mounts rapidly in the air, sails away and descends on a distant part of the bay. It is altogether mysterious and eccentric. One may watch for months and fail to get a glimpse

lost during a storm and immediately after the event the light began its vagrant existence. It is one of the strange things that come in with the tide.

Bathurst and the Nepisiguit

The early settlement of what is now Bathurst dates back to the first half of the seventeenth century, when the French were masters of the land. As early as 1645 the Jesuits had a station at the mouth of the Nepisiguit, and two years later they



COMING INTO CAMP

Intercolonial Route

of it, but many reliable persons have seen it time after time. It is usually followed by a storm, and the most singular part of the story is that it has appeared above the ice in the depth of winter. There is, of course, a tradition, and it is to the effect that just before the light appeared for the first time a part of the crew of a wrecked vessel were murdered by their companions, who appropriated all the plunder they could get. The piratical sailors were subsequently

built a chapel near the site of the present town. The first Englishman to make the place his home was Hugh Sutherland, who came in 1789, and the Sutherland name as well as the manor may be found there to this day. The settlement was originally known as Indian Point, and the harbor as St. Peter's Bay, but when Governor Sir Howard Douglas designed the plot of the town he gave it the name of Bathurst. It is well laid out, and was duly founded in 1828, when Sir Howard

visited it for that purpose, and drank all the wine in the place. In those days there was no Intercolonial, and no chance to procure supplies at short notice. The announcement of the proposed official visit filled the public with dismay—there was but one bottle of that which maketh glad the heart to be had for love or money.



TETAGOUCHE FALLS, NEAR BATHURST *Intercolonial Route*

The reception committee were equal to the occasion. When the banquet was spread, the wine was placed before Sir Howard, while the natives drank the toasts in water so ingeniously colored that His Excellency never suspected the innocent deception.

There is a comfortable, old-fashioned look about many of the houses of Bathurst; the streets are wide and shade trees are plenty, while the situation of the town is in all ways attractive. The roads in this vicinity are very good, and the opportunities for boating in the harbor and around the bay are unlimited. In connection with the latter there can be successful line fishing for mackerel, smelt, cod and bass.

At what is known as The Point, three miles from the station, is a fine sand beach, which attracts many visitors in the bathing season. The Point, indeed, is of itself in favor as a summer resort, and there is no lack of accommodation for visitors who wish to remain there for a time. Good board can be secured at the houses of well-to-do farmers, and houses may be rented by those who want to do their own housekeeping. These are rented furnished and a cook supplied, so that parties may have all the comforts of home without the drudgery of domestic affairs.

What is known as Bathurst village, to distinguish it from Bathurst, the shire-town, is just across the bridge from the latter, over a shallow estuary. It is also known as St. Peter's, the original name of this settlement.

Bathurst is beautifully situated on a hill which commands a fine prospect to the seaward and is a very healthful place. There are delightful drives in the

vicinity. One of these is to the Tete-a-gauche, the falls of which are in a rocky gorge about seven miles from the town. The word "Tete-a-gauche" is one of the instances in which an attempt has been made to give a French form to a purely Indian word. The Micmac name was Too-doo-goosk, according to Prof. Ganong, who has made a study of the place nomenclature of New Brunswick, but it has been spelled in all sorts of ways by various writers. There has been a cherished belief that the meaning is "Fairy River," but Ganong thinks that this is probably not correct, though it may mean a small river. Fairy River is a good enough name for it, however, whatever the Micmacs may have meant.

Another of a number of drives worth taking is up the Nepisiguit river to the Pabineau Falls, a distance of eight miles, taking in the Rough Waters on the return. At the latter place the river has a very rapid run for about a mile, amid huge granite boulders, fragments of the prehistoric rock over which the sea flowed in four centuries of the unrecorded ages.

The Nepisiguit derives its name from its turbulent nature, the word being a corruption of, and possibly an improvement on Win-peg-ij-a-wik, the meaning of which is rough or troubled water. The river is about eighty-four miles long to the head of Upper Lake and is a famous stream for salmon and trout. There are salmon pools all along the river as far as Grand Falls, twenty miles from Bathurst, and the choice spots are at the Rough Waters, three miles; Pabineau Falls, eight miles; Middle Landing, sixteen miles, and at the Grand Falls. The latter are in two pitches and have a descent of one hundred and five feet. The Pabineau Falls are more in the nature of a series of rapids.

The Nepisiguit salmon are not large, as salmon go in this part of the world, but they are what are known and valued as gamey fish. They run to eighteen or twenty pounds or over, but the average is ten or twelve pounds. The river is composed of rapids, and one may place a fish

for every foot of it. The river is under lease, of course, and has some fine camps on it, but a visitor may arrange for fishing on it by applying to the postmaster at Bathurst. Fishing guides may be had for \$1.25 a day.

It is an equally good trout river, and while these fish are found at all points, they are especially plenty above Grand Falls. Many of them weigh four pounds each. At Devil's Elbow, about half way up the river, is a famous trout pool, and there are numerous other places where the fisherman will be well rewarded.

At the head waters of the Nipisiguit are five lakes, around which may be found, in their season, an abundance of duck and geese. From these lakes one can portage to the Upsalquitch, and thence to the Restigouche, to the Tobique, and down to the St. John, and to the Northwest Miramichi, and thence to Newcastle. The country is wild enough in the interior, and abounds in lakes and streams not laid down on any of the maps. These forests are peopled with all kinds of game.

It is not necessary to go far from Bathurst for game, however, even for big game. During a recent season a gentleman from Halifax, so limited for time that he could spend only seven days in the woods, secured two caribou, a moose and a bear, at Gordon Brook, between Pabineau and Grand Falls. Some sportsmen from Chicago were three weeks around the river and got three bear, three moose and three deer. Taking the Nepisiguit as a whole, the region is one of the finest in New Brunswick for moose, caribou, deer and bear. This is the opinion of William Gray, jr., a guide of twenty years' experience in the hunting grounds of the province. One of the best moose and caribou districts is at the Bald Mountains, about fifty miles from Bathurst. During the autumn of 1897 no less than 147 caribou were counted in this vicinity in three days, and on the same cruise thirteen moose were seen in one day. Sportsmen in pursuit of moose and caribou can be located on suitable ground in from two hours to three or four days after

arriving at Bathurst, and with a certainty of success. This will give some idea of what the country is like. Guides who thoroughly know the woods can be engaged at \$1.50 and \$2.00 a day.

Trout fishing with bait, begins about the 10th of May, and large quantities of sea trout, weighing from half a pound to six pounds, are taken in the harbor. About the last of June, or first of July, the rivers begin to get good and continue so until the middle of September. During the summer a red, or brown, or small grey fly brings good success, and in the fall when the fish take bait readily one who prefers a fly would do well to take a white one with a good deal of tinsel. All the rivers and lakes have trout. A man can cast a line anywhere and something will rise to it.

A large extent of country, noted for its fishing, its shooting and its opportunities for health and recreation, is opened to the traveller by the Caraquet railway, which starts from Bathurst daily, connecting with the Intercolonial railway at Gloucester Junction, and runs along the south shore of the Baie de Chaleur, connecting with the Gulf Shore railway. This makes such places as Shippegan, 65 miles, and Tracadie, 71 miles, easily reached by the tourist, and there are many places along the route which are well worthy of attention. At such points as Salmon Beach, Clifton, New Bandon, Pokeshaw, Grande Anse and Caraquet, will be found all kinds of salt water fishing, such as cod, bass, mackerel and smelt. Lobsters are very plentiful.

There is good trout fishing in the rivers of this part of Gloucester, the Pokemouche, Caraquet and Tracadie rivalling the famed Tabusintac for sea trout. Duck, geese and brant are very abundant all around these shores.

Sea bathing may be enjoyed anywhere on these shores, but the best places are at Shippegan and Tracadie. At Big Tracadie river a new hotel has been opened, to be run in modern style for the accommodation of tourists. In addition to the fish already named, the energetic eel is to the

front in the harbors and lagoons along this shore, and the spearing of eels by torchlight is a novelty which will interest the amateur. The inner bay at Tracadie is a favorite place for this kind of fishing. It is some nine miles long and three wide, and there are evenings when the lights from the boats illuminate it from one end to the other. The goose, brant and duck shooting at Pokemouche and Tracadie is unexcelled anywhere in the world.

Tracadie has a gloomy fame as the place where the Lazaretto for lepers is located. These unfortunates are cared for by the Dominion Government and have every care and attention.

At Miscou Island, beyond Shippegan, is some of the best sea fowl shooting in America, and Point Miscou has a special reputation in this respect.

A fine country for sport lies between Bathurst and Newcastle. The Tabusintac river, about half-way, is one of the best sea trout rivers in America. The fish stories told of it are perfectly astounding to a stranger. The trout are said to be as large as mackerel and so plentiful that the fishing of them is like being among a mackerel "school." This may be taken with a little allowance, but there is no doubt that the river is an unusually fine one for sport. A horse and canoe are useful on the journey. There are several other trout streams in the district, but this one is most worthy of mention.

The moose, caribou and deer region extends from the Northwest Miramichi to the sea coast, and is especially good at the Tabusintac and Eskedellocc rivers. As to bears, the Bartibogue region points proudly to the record of bounties paid on the bruins slain in its midst. Partridges are plentiful in every part of this country, and fly across the path of the traveller on every highway.

Miramichi

When Monseigneur Jean de St. Valier, the second Bishop of Quebec, made a missionary tour of certain parts of Acadia, in 1686, he found the Restigouche and Richibucto called by the names they bear

to-day, but what is now the Miramichi was then known to the Indians as the River of the Cross. They had a tradition of their deliverance from trouble by the symbol of the Cross, hundreds of years before, and they had long venerated it ere the Gospel was preached to them. Before that date, however, various names more or less like "Miramichi" had been put on the maps of the early explorers, but the origin and meaning of the word may now be said to be hopelessly obscure. It was not Miramichi in the first instance, but it has become famous by that name in modern times, and there is no probability that it will ever be called by any

1690 he would have had to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

Since then the value of real estate has increased, and men have made fortunes on bits of land that Denis would have given to have his flask filled when he ran out of supplies on a fishing trip. In these later days the name and the fame of Miramichi have extended over the civilized world. Ships of every nation carry its lumber and its fish to distant lands, and before the days when Chicago, Boston and St. John astonished mankind with their pyrotechnics it stood pre-eminent as the scene of the biggest fire on record.



NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI

Intercolonial Route

other title, whatever the philologists may bring to light about it. The name is said to mean "happy retreat," but it does not mean anything of the kind. This much is definite, and the rest can be left to imagination.

There was a time when one man, Denis de Fronsac, owned the whole of this part of the country, and yet felt himself less important than does many a bank clerk to-day. Land in those times was of value to a proprietor only when it was already cleared and convenient to the shore. If Denis had been obliged to pay taxes on the 2,000 square miles granted to him in

Miramichi means more than a river, for it comprehends a district where the land and the waters have alike been a source of wealth for generations past and will be so in the generations to come. The first place of note reached by the Intercolonial railway in this part of the country is Newcastle, the shiretown of Northumberland county. It has a population of about 2,000, and is beautifully situated on the north shore of the river, which here is practically an arm of the sea, though thirty miles from the open Gulf. Above Newcastle, the northwest and southwest branches unite, forming a

mighty stream, which is nearly a mile wide at this point, broadening as it flows until it is seven miles wide at the mouth. Vessels from all quarters of the seas may be seen loading lumber at the wharves of the saw mills along the shores in this vicinity and for miles below. From the railway bridges, indeed, as far as Loggieville, five miles below Chatham, are no less than half a dozen lumber centres, so that the total population of this district is at least six times as large as that of Newcastle town itself. In some years Miramichi sends more than one hundred

bass in a year, or two-thirds of the product of the whole county. The yield of smelts in the county is nearly ten times as much as the yield of bass, and of this Chatham is credited with about a million pounds. Large quantities of other kinds of fish are shipped each season.

Chatham, about six miles below Newcastle by water, and considerably further by rail, is a busy port from which large shipments of lumber, fish and other products of the country are made. Reference has been made to the quantity of smelts sent from this port, but it comes to



UP RIVER FROM PONDS, CHATHAM

Intercolonial Route

million superficial feet of sawn lumber across the ocean, to say nothing of the large quantities of small lumber disposed of in the markets on this side of the water. The value of the lumber produced in the whole county annually is about \$1,145,000, or nearly a fourth of that of all New Brunswick. It is not equalled by any county in the Maritime Provinces, except the county of St. John:

The fish business is another live industry in this county. The Northwest river alone produces about 200,000 pounds of

the front in other lines as well. Among these may be quoted considerably more than a third of a million cans of sardines and nearly a million and a half pounds of tom-cod or frost fish. In the lumber business one shipper sends away about 26,000,000 superficial feet in a season. It was at Chatham that the first steam saw-mill in Canada was built. Here also is a very extensive pulp mill. Chatham ranks next to St. John as a ship owning port of New Brunswick, and is in other ways a place of commercial importance.

It is the seat of the Catholic Bishop of Chatham and has numerous fine buildings.

Chatham is connected by rail with the Intercolonial system by what was originally the Chatham Branch railway, and later a portion of the Canada Eastern, extending from Fredericton to Loggieville, five miles below Chatham, a total distance of 125 miles. The connection with the main line of the Intercolonial is at Chatham Junction, ten miles south of Newcastle.

The river trip between Newcastle and Chatham is a delightful one, and there is a good steamer service at regular hours. During the shipping season the river is a busy place, and the flags of all nations may be seen on the shipping in the stream and at the mills along the shores on both sides. Numerous excursions may be made to points below Chatham and outside into the bay. A very enjoyable one is that to Baie du Vin, twenty-five miles from Chatham, for which regular steamer trips are made. Yachting is a favorite recreation around Miramichi, and each season sees keen contests between boats which are models of their class.

The sportsman in search of wild fowl will find one of the best localities in the country at Point Escuminac, which rivals even the famed Point Miscou as a resort of ducks and geese. Then, too, those who are not sportsmen may find much to interest them at various points along the river. If they have read Canadian history they will remember that the ship which carried General Wolfe's body from Quebec to England put in at Miramichi for fresh water. Six men were sent ashore at Henderson's Cove, where Gilmour and Rankin's mill was afterwards built, and were murdered by Indians. The captain, supposing that the French had committed the deed, proceeded to silence the battery at French Fort Cove, then went to Canadian Point, destroyed it and killed most of the people, and on his way down river stopped long enough to burn the church at what has ever since been known as Burnt Church Point. He

appears to have been a man of considerable energy, but it was a bad mistake and rather hard on the Acadians.

The Miramichi river is 225 miles long, its head waters lying in Carleton and Victoria counties, within easy reach of the St. John and its tributaries. The Northwest Branch begins near the head waters of the Nepisiguit, and the two branches unite at Beaubair Island, a short distance above Newcastle. Both are fed by numerous large streams, and the river drains over 6,000 square miles of country, an area equal to about a quarter of the province. It is navigable for large vessels to the bridges above Newcastle, and for canoes for many hundred miles. The vast country which it drains has never been thoroughly explored; even the ubiquitous lumberman has but a partial knowledge of it; and it will readily be seen that its resources for the hunter are practically without limit. Moose, caribou, deer, bears, wolves, foxes, racoons, loup-cerviers and all the smaller animals range these forests, while fish leap from every lake and stream. By this great natural highway and its connections one may reach every section of the province where the hunter wishes to go.

One whose time is limited does not need to wander far from Chatham or Newcastle in order to find abundant sport. As for fishing, he is in a fish country from which the annual exports of salmon, smelts, bass, etc., are something incredible. Rod fishing may be had in every direction, and some of the lakes have never been fully explored. Wherever there is a high bank on one side and a low beach on the other will be found a pool to which salmon are sure to resort. The Ox Bow, on the Little Southwest, a mile above Red Bank, is a favorite spot for fishers. The main Northwest is an especially good river; one of the noted places on it is the Big Hole, five or six miles above the Head of the Tide. There salmon or grilse can be caught at almost all times, but are particularly abundant immediately after a rain. The Big and Little Sevogles, which empty into the river just

named, have a good reputation. The former is a very pretty river with a fine waterfall, in the basin beneath which is excellent fishing at certain seasons. Immediately below is the Square Forks, where the north and south branches meet, a place with scenery of rather striking nature. The Miramichi salmon is not large, ten pounds being a fair average, but its flavor is very fine. Grilse average about five or six pounds. They are very gamey, and afford splendid sport.

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

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

Partridge are very plenty. Plover and snipe are also found in the fall, and a few, but not many, English woodcock. The great fall and spring sport is the shooting of geese, brant and ducks of all kinds. They are found at Tabusintac Gully, mouth of Tabusintac, Neguac Gully, Black Lands Point and Grand Aune, on the north of the river, and Baie du Vin, Fox Island, Point Escuminac, Tracadie and Pokemouche, all of which are reached by the Caraquet and Gulf Shore railway from Bathurst.

As for large game, it has already been intimated that the county of Northumberland has an abundance of moose, caribou and deer, as well as of bear in their season. The best hunting grounds, lying northwest and west from Chatham and Newcastle, are easily reached by good roads, and in some instances part of the journey may be made by rail from the towns mentioned. The Canada Eastern will be found convenient for getting at some of the country to the westward. In other cases teams are required from Newcastle.

The provincial government of New Brunswick has of recent years given increased attention to the wonderful resources the country possesses in the way of game, and to the preservation of such game for the benefit of legitimate hunters. At the instance of the Surveyor-General, much valuable information has been collected as to localities and facilities for reaching them. According to reports furnished the chief game commissioner, St. John, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche have a number of choice localities for the hunter. Besides the district of the west and northwest, already mentioned, the country to the north and east, as well as that to the southeast and south, along the Kent county line, is excellent for moose and caribou. Here are some of the localities in various parts of the county:

Guaggis lake, on the Little Southwest river, is fifty miles from Newcastle by road. It has ample room for a number of hunting parties.

On the North west Miramichi and branches a good and but little hunted moose and caribou country is at the Portage and Tomoganops rivers, twenty-five miles from Newcastle by a good road. Little River and Mountain Brook lakes are forty miles from Newcastle, of which thirty-eight may be made by team and the remaining two miles is over a good trail. This is not only a good moose and caribou country, but the lakes abound with trout. Bald Mountain, which has

been referred to in connection with Bathurst, may be reached from Newcastle by going thirty-eight miles to Camp Adams, on the Northwest Miramichi, and twenty-two miles by canoe or road.

Bartibogue, reached either by road or by going to Bartibogue station, twenty-one miles from Newcastle and twenty-three from Bathurst, has extensive caribou barrens, while moose are also found there. The district has a wide reputation for bear hunting.

is reached by going to Rogersville station, from which it is a journey of nine miles.

Information as to these localities, guides, etc., may be had from William Wyse, game warden, Chatham; R. H. Armstrong, Newcastle, or H. Bishop, Bathurst.

The Great Fire

"All it required to complete a picture of the General Judgment was the blast of



MILL COVE, NEAR NEWCASTLE

Intercolonial Route

Millstream, reached from Newcastle by going nine miles by rail to Beaver Brook station, or the same distance by team, is a fine caribou country. There are also some moose, and deer are on the increase.

Mention has already been made of the good district at the Tabusintac and Eskeddeloc rivers, twenty-five miles from Newcastle and about the same distance from Bathurst.

What some have called the home of the moose, at Sabbies and Cain's rivers,

a trumpet, the voice of the archangel and the resurrection of the dead." In these words the local historian, Cooney, gives his impression of the fire which swept over Miramichi, in the year 1825. In the years which have passed since then nearly all the traces of that great calamity have been effaced, and probably all of those who were of an age to realize the terrible grandeur of the scene have passed away beyond recall.

It was the good fortune of the writer, several years ago, to hear from the lips

of some of the aged survivors the story of that dreadful day, and to write the facts as they told them. The pictures which their minds retained were thrilling in the extreme; the reality must have been appalling in its horrors.

They remembered the Miramichi of their youth as a country rich in resources, with a large and rapidly increasing timber trade. Newcastle had then a population of about 1,000, while probably a third of that number were settled at Douglastown, a few miles below. The vast region through which the river and its tributaries flowed contained a wealth of magnificent timber, of such a character that it would be difficult for one to calculate its value if it were available at the present day. An idea of its size has been gained from the remains of the immense stumps of charred pine unearthed from time to time during the building of the railway, the like of which cannot be found in what is even now a wonderful lumber country.

The summer of 1825 was a prosperous one, and hundreds of men in the woods and settlements looked forward to still more extended operations in the winter. The autumn came with even more than the usual splendor which attends it in this northern land. The sky was unclouded for weeks. Not a drop of rain fell over the vast range of country, and the forest cracked with unwonted dryness, while the grass withered and the flowers faded. The little rivulets ceased to flow, and the great river shrank far from its accustomed bounds. The ground was parched as in midsummer drouth, while the air was close and a sultry heat oppressed the senses. October came, and as the days of its first week passed the air grew more stifling and the heat more oppressive, though the sun was less bright than it had been and shone like a disc of copper through a faint smoke which seemed to come from a distant region. Some said that the woods were afire far to the north and west, but for this the dwellers on the Miramichi cared little. The axe rang in the depths of the forest, the harvest

was gathered in the settlements, and trade flourished in the growing town of Newcastle.

On Friday, the 7th of October, the townspeople observed a dark cloud above the woods on the Northwest Branch, but no apprehension was felt. So little thought was given to any danger by fire that some believed that which was smoke to be a rain cloud, and they rejoiced at the prospect of the refreshing showers by which it would be followed. The twilight of that day was followed by a darkness so deep that those who were abroad in the town had to grope their way along the roads. A colored man, named Preston, was preaching in one of the houses, and a number of people had gathered to hear him. During the service they were disturbed by the loud beating of a drum outside. They supposed it was in derision of the preacher, and gave it little thought. The drum was beaten by William Wright, who had come from the lumber woods, and knowing that a great fire was sweeping over the country thus sought to warn the people of its approach. Few heeded the warning.

The sermon was finished, and those who had comprised the congregation started for their homes. The night was still very dark, for as yet no light from the fire was visible in Newcastle, save the outline of a lurid and seemingly distant zone, which gave the people no intimation of present danger. The air was full of smoke, the wind had increased to a gale, and borne upon it was a hoarse roar, like distant thunder. Suddenly a bright light pierced the darkness, and a moment later a sheet of flame flashed from the woods at the top of the hill. Near this place was the new Presbyterian church, the corner stone of which had been laid by Sir Howard Douglas, a few months before. It was the first building to take fire, and it vanished almost in an instant. The wind had increased to a hurricane, and the burning brands were carried over the town, spreading destruction in their path. There was no longer dark-

ness, and in the awful light the terrified people were seen hurrying for their lives and knowing not where to look for safety. It is not strange that many of them believed the Day of Judgment was at hand, and panic-stricken, ceased their struggles, to implore mercy from Heaven.

On what is now the public square stood the court house and jail. The court had that day finished its assize, and several prisoners had been sentenced. Two or three had been condemned to death, and one of them was a negro woman who had murdered her child. When the fire burst upon Newcastle the prisoners saw their danger, and a fearful shout, a wail of supplication mingled with the agony of despair, came from the windows of the prison. Some men who were on the street paused long enough in their flight to burst open the outer door, but by the time the prisoners were at liberty a sea of flame and smoke surrounded them. The woman ran out, but scarcely had she cleared the portal when she fell to the earth and yielded up her life to the flames by which she was surrounded. The scene at this awful hour defies description. Half naked men and women, shouting and shrieking, were fleeing for their lives, some seeking only their own safety and others striving to rescue those who were helpless by reason of childhood, age or infirmity. The greater portion fled to a marsh west of the town, and among them were several suffering from typhoid fever and small-pox. Few of the fugitives attempted to save any of their worldly goods. Even the money in the tills was left untouched, and one man fled from his house without stopping to take one of a thousand silver dollars which it had required years for him to accumulate. One man has told the writer that he would have left a peck of doubloons undisturbed, so certain was he that the end of the world had come. Others, less excited, threw their money and valuables in the river, and then sought safety for themselves. Some tried to escape by crossing the Miramichi on sticks of timber, but as the river was like an angry

sea many met a death in its waters. An entire family, consisting of husband, wife and several children were among those drowned. In another instance, at Bartibogue, one girl was the survivor of a family of nine who perished in the flames.

The fury of the fire made its duration brief after its further progress was checked by the broad river. In three hours Newcastle and the settlements in the vicinity were in ashes. Only one or two buildings in the town escaped. At Douglastown the only house spared was that in which lay a corpse awaiting burial.

Those who were in the woods have told how they owed their escape to their taking refuge in the river and plunging their heads beneath the water from minute to minute during that terrible night. All around them, in some instances, were alike the fiercest and most timid beasts of the forests, harmless and trembling in their terror of a common danger. Even the water was but a partial refuge, for so hot was it in the shallow places that myriads of fish were literally cooked to death.

Briefly stated, the Miramichi fire was one of the greatest of which the world has any record. It swept over the country, from the head waters of the river, in a sheet of flame one hundred miles broad, and burned all before it in an area of more than four thousand square miles, four hundred miles of which was settled country. It will never be known how many lives were lost. Cooney says there were one hundred and sixty, but as many who perished in the woods were strangers without kindred to trace their disappearance the estimate is undoubtedly a low one. Whole families were destroyed, and hundreds made homeless and destitute, though abundant relief came to them later, not only from the British possessions but the United States. Apart from the incalculable loss in the forests, the fire destroyed about a million dollars' worth of property, including six hundred houses and nearly nine hundred head of cattle. The light

of it was seen as far as the Magdalen Islands, and its cinders were scattered over the streets of Halifax. In the fury of the hurricane huge tree tops and burning roofs were whirled high in the air, and as they descended were

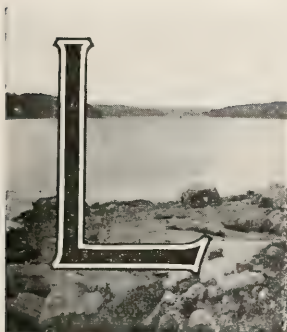
believed by those at a distance to be balls of fire rained from the heavens in token of the Almighty's wrath. No element of horror which the mind could conceive was wanting in that fearful scene.



ALONG THE LINE

Intercolonial Route

Miramichi to Moncton



HAVING Newcastle for points south, the Miramichi bridges are crossed. They are fine structures, each having a length of 1,200 feet,

and span the Northwest and Southwest branches a little above the union of the two streams.

From Chatham Junction to Fredericton by the Canada Eastern railway is 108 miles. Along this route, and in the country on each side of it, are some fine fishing rivers and great hunting grounds. Boiestown, for instance, may be said to be in the centre of a sportsman's country. Further reference to the resources of this part of the province will be found in connection with what is said of Fredericton and the Canada Eastern line.

Between Miramichi and Moncton the Intercolonial railway passes through a country that does not show its merits when simply seen from the car windows. The line is so far from the shore that none of the flourishing settlements are seen, and the traveller gets a wrong impression of what is a really fine part of New Brunswick. There is a rich farming and fishing district all along the coast, and there are some good rivers, of which only the head waters are crossed by the railway. The Richibucto is one of these, and the village of the same name, twenty-seven miles from Kent Junction, is reached by the Kent Northern railway. It has much to commend it as a summer resort. The bathing and boating privileges are un-

limited, and the scenery is never marred by the presence of fog. The village of St. Louis, seven miles distant, is noted as a resort for the sick and infirm, who seek the healing waters of a grotto in the nature of the famed one of Our Lady of Lourdes, and return to their homes with their afflictions banished. The vicinity of Richibucto affords many other walks and drives of interest, while all kinds of game invite the sportsman, and fine fishing is found on the river and in the harbor.

The hunting grounds of Kent county lie to the westward of the Intercolonial railway, and the most convenient point from which to reach them is Kent Junction. On the grounds between the head waters of the Kouchibouguac and Richibucto rivers and the heads of the branches of Salmon river as many as forty-seven caribou have been seen in one drove. Moose are also abundant in this region and to the westward in Queen's county.

In the fifty miles or so for which the Intercolonial runs through Kent county no traveller would suspect that over half a million pounds of mackerel and considerable more than that amount of lobsters were sent away from the places along the shore during the course of a season. The last returns of the smelt fishery give the quantity sent from Kent as 2,793,000 pounds, which is the best showing of any of the counties. All the fisheries of Kent are valuable, and a very large business is done in canned goods.

Moncton and the Bore

Twenty-five years ago Moncton had a population of less than 2,000, but it has been making very rapid strides in every year since that time. It is now a city of some 11,000 or 12,000 people, and probably of more than this if there were included



THE BORE, PETTICODIAC RIVER, MONCTON, N.B.

in the enumeration a large number who really belong to Moncton but reside outside of the corporate limits. This is merely an estimate. The census of 1891 gave the city population as 8,762, but this was as against 5,032 in 1881, showing an increase of more than 74 per cent. in ten years. This was a greater ratio of increase than was shown during the same period in any place in the Maritime Provinces, with the exceptions of Springhill Mines and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Allowing the same steady increase since 1891, the population to-day would be really in excess of the estimate given. In the period named the amount of capital invested in industries was more than doubled. It is a place of great possibilities and it appears to be living up to them.

The fact that the general offices and workshops of the Intercolonial railway are at Moncton has had an important bearing on the prosperity of the city, but apart from this Moncton has taken advantage of its opportunities and has done a great deal for itself. The people have shown an enterprise based on their faith in the future of the place. Some of the industrial undertakings are on a large scale, and there are few places where building operations are carried on year by year in the same proportion. Many of the structures, public and private, are of noticeably fine appearance.

The buildings of the Intercolonial railway are a conspicuous feature of the place. The large structure used for the general offices is one of the first to meet the eye of a stranger on arriving. The new passenger station is an exceedingly handsome building of buff brick with red freestone trimmings, and is thoroughly modern in its appointments within and without. The interior is beautifully finished, and the whole structure is not only ornate but artistic.

Moncton has a special attraction for tourists who are fond of seeing the curious in nature. It is "the bore" of the Petitcodiac, a phenomenon that is to be seen every time the tide comes in, though sometimes it is seen to much better

advantage than at others. In order to understand what "the bore" is, one must have an idea of the relation of the river to the Bay of Fundy, and of the Bay of Fundy to the Atlantic ocean. All three are necessary to constitute the bore as it is seen twice in every twenty-four hours at Moncton.

The Micmacs called this river the Petkoat-kwee-ak, meaning a river that bends in a bow, and Moncton itself was originally called "The Bend." In course of time the name of the river assumed a French form, and as a matter of easier spelling and pronunciation the modernized form is probably more acceptable to the general public than the original would be. It is one of the rivers that depend very much on the tide for their importance. In fact, when there is no tide the river goes out of business for all practical purposes, and only shows what a chance there would be for a river if there were enough water to fill the yawning hollow between the two banks. There is some water, it is true, but the quantity looks to be so small as it flows along the channel, with the hundreds of feet of sloping banks of red mud on each side, that it is scarcely worth considering. There are miles of this smooth, slippery mud, inclined at an angle of repose, and for several hours of each day the vessels at the wharves are as clear of the water as if they were in a hay field. This is the way the Petitcodiac appears when the stranger goes to see the bore.

In the meantime, however, the tidal wave of the Atlantic has struck the coast of North America, and pouring into the Bay of Fundy has risen higher and higher as its volume has become compressed by the narrowing shores. Reaching the head of the bay, it is forced into the estuaries, and at high water has risen a distance of from twenty-five to fifty feet, the height varying with the spring and neap tides at various seasons. In the Shubenacadie river, Nova Scotia, there are sometimes sixty feet tides. The fact that there are such tides, and that they enter some of the rivers with a bore,

gave rise to some extraordinary statements in the old time geographies, and, indeed, in works which were standard authorities. It was the belief of many people in other lands that the tides of the Bay of Fundy rose to a height of 120 feet, because the *Encyclopedia Britannica* said they did, and one of the geographers declared that this prodigious flood could be seen when thirty miles distant, approaching the shore in one tremendous wave and with a mighty noise.

The stranger who looks for anything like this will be disappointed. The tide takes its time to rise, but after it enters the wide mouth of the Petitcodiac it meets with a check to its regular flow by the narrowing of the river about eight miles below Moncton. The flood does not pause, but comes through the narrow space in a hurry, rolling itself up the river in a wave which looks like a rapidly advancing wall of water: This is the bore. The height of it varies according to the conditions by which the outside tidal wave is governed. There are occasions when it is a bore of only one or two feet, but at spring tides, at the full moon, there may be a wave of from seven to ten feet high, or possibly higher. It is seen with peculiar effect by moonlight. On a still summer night those who are waiting on the wharves high above the bed of the river hear in the distance a low rumbling which becomes a roaring as the seconds pass. When the bore comes in sight the contrast between the advancing flood and the bare bed of the river suggests, for a moment, the old Bible pictures of the Red Sea divided for the passage of the Children of Israel, or rather the closing of that sea after the chosen people had passed over. In another moment the foaming, rushing volume of water has covered the channel and risen high up on the banks. Another wave follows, and ere long what was but a little while before a muddy hollow is a broad and beautiful river, glistening like molten silver in the moonlight.

There are times when the bore is disappointing to those who have been led to expect too much, but under anything like favorable conditions it is a sight well deserving of a stranger's time and trouble. In months when the spring tides are full it is worth going a long distance to see.

Buctouche, thirty-two miles from Moncton by the Buctouche and Moncton railway, and twenty miles from Richibucto, has a long established fame for the excellence of its oysters. It has a fine harbor, and with a good farming country behind it has many natural advantages as a summer resort. It attracts many visitors every season.

Seven miles beyond Moncton, on the line of the Intercolonial, is Painsec Junction, from which a branch of the railway runs to Shediac, nine miles, and Point du Chene, eleven miles. At this junction the traveller changes cars to take the steamer which runs between Point du Chene and Summerside, Prince Edward Island, during the season of navigation.

The stranger who knows something of the French language naturally falls into the popular error of supposing that the name of Painsec has some reference to "dry bread." It is, however, a corruption of Pin sec, or "dry pine," and the place was formerly known as Pine Hill.*

Shediac and Point du Chene

The Shediac oysters have a long established reputation on account of their excellent quality, for there are oysters and oysters, and while all are good some of them are better than others, according to the locality in which they are found. Shediac has more than its oysters to recommend it, however, for it is one of the most pleasant of the summer resorts on this shore. The village is prettily situated, while the harbor is a beautiful sheet of water, about a mile and a half wide, and from three to five miles long. All around it is a smooth and gently sloping sand beach, affording every facility for bathing in the pleasantly warm water. Bath houses have been erected

* "Place-Nomenclature of New Brunswick," by Dr. W. F. Ganong, in *Trans. Royal Society of Canada*, 1896.

for those who desire them, and though the water is the salt sea from the Gulf there are no under-tows to play tricks upon the weak and unwary. There are neither squalls nor rough seas in the harbor, and it is a splendid cruising ground for pleasure boats. Shediac Island, a short distance away, is much in favor for pleasure parties. A visit to the Cape, one of the prettiest places in the vicinity, will well repay one for the trouble.

Point du Chene, two miles below Shediac, is the deep water terminus and port of shipment. Here, in the summer, may be seen large numbers of square-rigged vessels, loading with lumber for places across the ocean. Daily communication is had with Prince Edward Island by steamer. All that has been said of Shediac applies with equal force to the Point, and the latter has for the tourist additional advantages. The view from the shore on a calm summer day is one which cannot fail to charm. Add to this the fresh, invigorating breezes from the water, with excellent bathing and boating, and Point du Chene is one of the places to be sought as a quiet, healthful and restful retreat.

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

Oysters, of course, are abundant, while sea-clams, mud-clams and lobsters are

found everywhere along the shore.

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

Board is very reasonable at and in the vicinity of Shediac, and indeed in all this part of the province.

The tour of Prince Edward Island will be described further on in these pages. For the present it will be assumed that the tourist has returned from Point du Chene to Painsec Junction and resumed his journey to Nova Scotia. After leaving the Junction he enters upon a fine farming country, which becomes more settled and much better cultivated along the line of railway as he proceeds.

Dorchester and Sackville

Memramcook, nineteen miles from Moncton, is a prosperous district, chiefly peopled by the Acadian French. At College Bridge, two miles beyond Memramcook station, is St. Joseph's University, with other institutions, under the charge of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, which has been a powerful factor in the education of the Acadian people. The gentle slope of the valley gives an admirable location for the grounds and buildings.

Dorchester, twenty-seven miles from Moncton and twenty-one from Amherst, is the shiretown of Westmorland county and a place to which the province is indebted for some of its distinguished sons, on the bench, at the bar, and in political life. It has also given New Brunswick one of its governors. The village is pleasantly situated on the high ground above the valley through which the railway runs, and has a large hotel, modern in its appointments and designed to meet the wants of summer tourists.

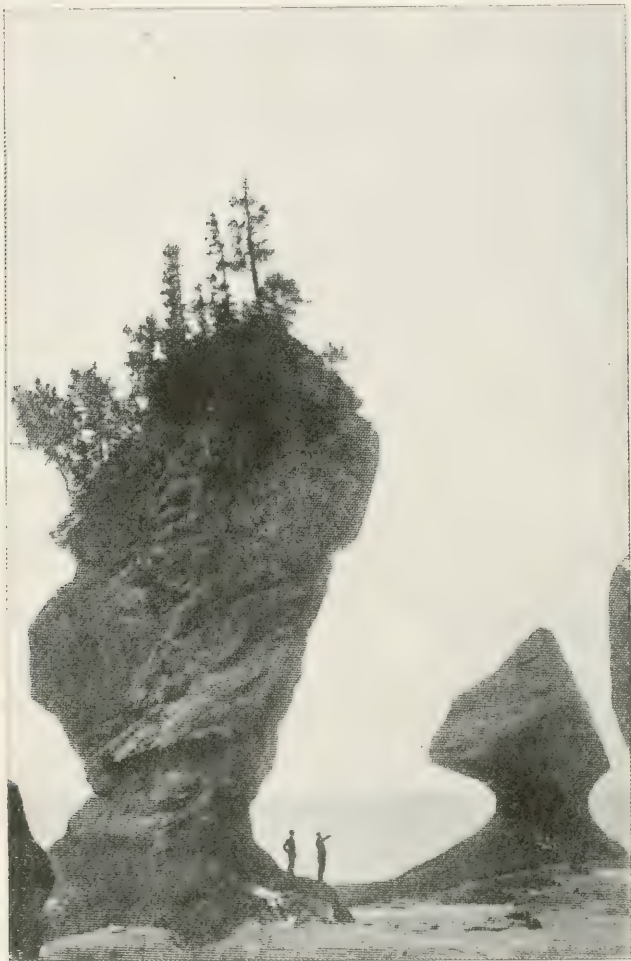
The convenience of Dorchester to the tidal waters allows of excellent oppor-

tunities for bathing along the shore of the harbor, and a number of the leading residents have erected bath houses there. The beach is a good one and the water of a very agreeable temperature.

In approaching Dorchester the Mari-

Eleven miles beyond Dorchester is Sackville, a very thriving village which extends along the main highway for a distance of several miles. The population of the parish is over five thousand, about half of which may be credited to the

village, which is rapidly advancing. The natural advantages of this part of the country for agricultural purposes is very great, and farming is carried on with great success. Some of the finest cattle in the eastern part of America are raised here, for nature has made the lands at the head of the Bay of Fundy adapted to the needs of vast herds of live stock. Here and there, on the way from Moncton, the traveller has caught glimpses of broad stretches of verdant marsh meadows. When he leaves Sackville he begins to realize the extent of them in this part of the world. The thousands of acres which he sees are but a small portion of the ever fertile areas which are found around the head of the Bay of Fundy,



ROCKS AT HOPEWELL CAPE

Intercolonial Route

time Penitentiary buildings are seen on the hill near the village. This institution is for convicts from the Maritime Provinces, Dorchester being a central point in relation to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

and which have been a rich heritage to its people from the earliest days. Some idea of their extent and value will be given a little later, in connection with the country between Sackville and Amherst.

The Methodist educational institutions, for both sexes, are important features of Sackville. They are splendidly equipped for their work, and their graduates are found to the front among the professional and head men of the provinces. The University of Mount Allison College, the Academy and Commercial College, the Ladies' College, Owens Institute and Art Conservatory of Music, all have a liberal patronage and are doing a large amount of work.

The New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island railway runs from Sackville to Cape Tormentine. Before a suitable steamer ran from Pictou to the Island the only method of conveying mails and passengers in winter was by means of ice boats between the Capes, a journey always attended with excitement and often with danger. The distance across is nine miles, and between the two shores, in cold weather, lies a formidable barrier of broken and irregular ice fields, through which no vessel can pass, and over which no land vehicle can travel. Drift ice from the Gulf of St. Lawrence adds to the accumulation, and piles it up in hummocks like those encountered in the Arctic regions. In some places there will be open water,

while again there will be stretches of lolly—a mixture of broken ice and water—through which some expert knowledge and applied muscular energy are required in order to force a passage. The ice boat which is in use is a very different kind of



ROCKS AT HOPEWELL CAPE

Intercolonial Route

a craft from the ice boat as understood on the great rivers and lakes. The latter is really not a boat but a platform on runners, equipped with a sail and capable of flying over the frozen surface at a high rate of speed. The ice boat of the Strait

is actually a boat, constructed with special reference to the work it has to do. It is about eighteen feet long, five feet beam and a little over two feet deep. The design is to combine strength with lightness, and so the stout frame has a covering of cedar boards sheathed with sheet tin. The two keels, shod with iron, act as runners on the ice. On each side of the boat are straps, and by the aid of these the boat is dragged over the frozen surface. In this work all able bodied passengers have to do duty with the regular crew or pay for the exemption. Ladies and invalids are allowed to remain in the boat. When the open water is reached, all climb aboard and the oars are used. When the conditions of the ice and water are favorable the journey between the Capes is made in less than four hours, but there are occasions when a much longer time is required. The experienced men in charge of the boats know when it is safe or not safe to attempt the passage, and thus it is that while there have been some perilous journeys, due to sudden snow storms and the like, and occasions when a boat has been reported as lost, there have been no fatalities since the year 1855. At that time a boat got astray and was missing for some days. One of the passengers died from exposure. At the present time the journey is a safe one, and to one who does not mind a little work it is an interesting experience.

The government steamers Stanley and Minto, constructed especially for forcing a passage through fields of ice, run between Pictou and Georgetown during the winter. There are occasions when they cannot make the passage, however, and then the mails and passengers are sent by the primitive ice boats between the Capes. The ice boat service is maintained by the Canadian Government.

Cape Tormentine is a more inviting place in the summer for those who want to enjoy the sea breezes than it is for those who journey there in the winter.

Local sportsmen find fair goose and duck shooting around the lakes in the vicinity of Sackville, while they tell of

some good bags of snipe and plover in the proper season.

Leaving Sackville, the road takes its way over the rich salt water meadow known as Tintamarre Marsh for several miles, close to the head of the Bay of Fundy. Aulac station was the point at which the Baie Verte canal would have started had it been built. The Isthmus of Chignecto at this point is a little over eleven miles wide from water to water, and it is not twenty miles from one anchorage to the other. The country is well settled between the two shores, and its people include progressive farmers who have learned to regard agriculture as a science.

A word of caution as to proper names may not be out of place here. If the stranger wants to talk to the people about the marsh he will save himself from correction by calling it "Tantramar," though there is no reason why the French "Tintamarre" should ever have been so corrupted. In the same way Buot's Bridge—"Pont à Buat,"—is known only as Point de Bute, while Jolicœur will be Jolicure to the end of time. The early English settlers here had little patience with the French or their nomenclature, and the French themselves have long since departed from the land.

They did not go without a struggle. Just beyond Aulac is the ruined monument of the last days of their occupancy. It is all that is left of the solidly built Fort Beausejour, erected nearly a century and a half ago, when the thriving settlement of Beaubassin had 2,500 communicants and was the largest in Acadia. One may still stand within its solid casemates, or trace the bastions which have thus far resisted the hand of time, and he may ponder on the last struggle of the French regime to hold its own against the invading forces of England. The importance of the Isthmus between the provinces was recognized only when it was out of the power of its holders to retain it. This fort had accommodation for eight hundred men, and had what was, in those days, an elaborate system of outworks.

It was taken by Col. Moncton, in June, 1775, and with its fall the struggle in Acadia was at an end. The English gave the place the name of Fort Cumberland. As the years rolled by it was suffered to fall into decay, and now only the ruins remain.

Within a cannon shot to the south is the site of Fort Lawrence, which was built and occupied by the English. It is only the site, for the ground is now a well tilled farm, and not a trace of the original works is left to remind one of its story.

Near Fort Lawrence may be seen the western end of what was intended to be the Chignecto ship railway. The work was begun and carried on for several years, but it was finally abandoned. The design was to carry vessels of any size over the seventeen miles of isthmus between the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The vessels were to be raised from the docks by hydraulic lifts, conveyed on trucks over the railway and placed in the waters by a reversal of the process by which they were lifted in the first instance.

"At Chinictou there are many large and beautiful meadows, extending farther than the eye can reach," wrote Father Pierre Biard, the Jesuit missionary, when he made a visit to the head of the Bay of Fundy, in the year 1612. It is as true of this part of the country to-day, and the vast areas of natural salt marsh have been greatly increased during the present century. Even at the present day the work of adding to these marshes has been continued, and in 1897 a canal was dug near Point de Bute with the design of adding about 2,000 acres by making fertile fields of the mossy and unproductive land.

The meadows, locally known as marshes, at the head of the Bay of Fundy have no equal on the continent. Before the traveller crosses the boundary river Missiguash, separating the two provinces, he has passed by 100,000 acres of them in the last forty miles of his journey through New Brunswick, and, when he reaches Amherst, he is in the vicinity of 70,000

more, of which 40,000 are close at hand. Many thousands of these have been reclaimed from the sea in recent times, but the greater proportion has been steadily mown for the last two hundred years. A marsh, once established, is always fertile. It needs no manure save that supplied by nature in the deposit of rich alluvium which is left when the turbid tides are allowed to overflow the land. It is said that four inches of this muddy sediment, supplied in layers of perhaps a tenth of an inch at any one tide, will insure abundant crops for a century. One of the Cumberland marshes is known as the Elysian Fields, but all of it may be termed a bovine paradise. The famous Westmorland and Cumberland cattle here revel in rich grasses in which their hoofs are hidden from sight, and here are supplied the bone and sinew of the horses in which the farmers delight. Marsh land is worth from \$100 to \$200 an acre, according to the care that has been given it, and three tons of hay to the acre is a common yield. If need were, much more than hay might be produced from these fertile fields, but, under existing conditions, the old-time staple is the most profitable to the farmer. His marsh is a bank which insures him more than compound interest, and can never fail.

All along the shores of the territory traversed by the Intercolonial railway from the Restigouche to the head of the Bay of Fundy, within the limits of the province of New Brunswick, are splendid fisheries. Some references have already been made to these in the counties along the Baie de Chaleur, but a summary of some of the leading fisheries in the area named may be of interest.

The value of the fisheries in this district in a recent year was more than \$3,175,000. Of herring alone the value was upwards of \$890,000, while nearly two million pounds of salmon, fresh, canned and smoked, had a value of about \$383,000. Nearly eight million pounds of smelts were caught, with a value of over \$381,000, while the catch of cod was

8,290,000 pounds with a value of more than \$373,000. Of lobsters the harvest was nearly three million pounds, the greater portion of which were canned by the 180 canneries along the coast. The lobster fishery employed over 4,000 hands. There were more than 18,000 barrels of oysters, valued at upwards of \$72,000. Besides those already named there were large quantities of all the other fish found on these coasts. Over \$1,000,000 is invested in boats, buildings and equipment for carrying on these fisheries, and the value is increasing every year.

Amherst and Vicinity

When the Nova Scotia census was taken in 1861 the population of the whole parish of Amherst was 2,767. In 1871 it was

vicinity is much in favor for building purposes in various parts of Canada, and orders for it come from as far west as Ottawa. The quarries are within a short distance of the town.

Amherst is a busy manufacturing place, and among the important establishments are car works, engine and machine works, an extensive boot and shoe factory, a casket factory, foundries, planing mills, saw mills and many other flourishing industries. These increase year by year. In the two years preceding 1891 the number of establishments was nearly doubled. More than twice as many persons were employed in that year than there had been in 1881, while the capital invested jumped from \$81,000 to \$457,000. The business portion of the town is com-



AMHERST, N.S.

Intercolonial Route

but a little over 3,000, but after the completion of the Intercolonial railway between St. John and Halifax, in 1872, the town began to grow at a faster rate, and of recent years the growth has been a steady and very rapid one. The increase in population between 1881 and 1891 was at the rate of more than 66 per cent. At the present time Amherst town alone has a population of about 5,000, and is a place which shows evidence of its progress on every hand. The stranger who visits it at intervals of a year or two finds fresh indications of the growth and prosperity of the town every time he comes. New and substantial buildings are to be seen each year, and some of these are noticeably handsome structures of stone. The freestone found in the

pactly built and contains some handsome blocks. The whole appearance of the town is business like, yet Amherst is a very desirable place from a residential point of view. The location is a pleasant one on gently rising ground, and the centre of the town is sufficiently near the railway to save trouble and yet not enough to have discomfort from the noise and bustle of the station yard. The private residences show good taste as well as a regard for comfort, and every street has its flower gardens, which show careful attention on the part of their possessors. The adjacent country abounds with flourishing settlements which make Amherst a centre, and even the villages across the border of New Brunswick favor it largely with their custom.

The opportunities for pleasant drives around Amherst and vicinity are numerous. One of these which must interest the student of Canadian history is that to the ruins of Fort Cumberland, the Beausejour of the days of the French occupation. From this point there is a fine view of the bay and of the surrounding country for miles. A trip to Baie Verte and vicinity will also prove of interest, and, indeed, as the country is well settled, and good farms meet the eye in every part, it is hard for one to take a drive which will not afford pleasure.

Tidnish, on the shore of Northumberland Strait, seventeen miles from Amherst by the highway, is much in favor locally as a seaside resort, and is a delightful place during the summer months. There is good bathing, boating and fishing, and a number of the residents of Amherst have summer cottages there. The beach is of sand and permits the bather to go out a half or three-quarters of a mile from the shore. The fishing is chiefly for black bass, ling and trout. Pugwash, another summer resort, will be referred to later.

The shore to the eastward abounds with duck and geese at the proper seasons. This part of the country is well settled and has some fine harbors. Moose are found among the mountains to the south of Amherst, and in other places not far away. The east branch of River Philip, in one direction, and Shulee and Sand rivers, in another, are both moose grounds.

The best fishing to be had is at Westchester Lake, which is reached by going to Westchester station, from which a drive of five miles brings one to Purdy's hotel. Here there is capital accommodation. The lake is about six miles beyond this, a pretty sheet of water, which contains very gamey salmon trout.

The government experimental farm is situated at Nappan, a few miles beyond Amherst, and the next station is Maccan, where the Nova Scotia coal fields begin to show themselves. A branch railway connects the Intercolonial with the Joggins Mines, which have a heavy annual

out-put, and beyond them is Minudie, famous for its grindstones. Beyond Maccan is Athol, from which one may take the stage for Parrsboro and have a drive through a very beautiful country. If he prefer to go to the latter place by rail, he can leave the Intercolonial at Springhill Junction and make a journey of thirty-two miles on the Cumberland railway. On the way he may stop at the Springhill Mines, where he will get an idea of what a Nova Scotia coal mine can yield.

The coal fields of the county of Cumberland have an annual output of approximately half a million tons, by far the greater portion of which is from the mines at Springhill. The quantity raised at these mines in 1896 was 411,320 tons, and more than a thousand persons were employed in the work. Yet it is only within the last quarter of a century that these mines have been worked on a large scale, and there are many now living who can remember when only a few small houses and a country store stood on the ground where there is now a busy town. The census of 1891 gave the figures of the population as 4,813. This was an advance from the figures of 900 in 1881, an increase of over 434 per cent. in ten years, which was not only the best showing of any town in the Maritime Provinces, but of any place in the Dominion of Canada.

The most terrible mine explosion ever known in this part of Canada occurred here on the 21st of February, 1891, causing the loss of 125 lives, and sending sorrow into many hundreds of homes. Had it not been for the prompt relief sent from cities and towns far and near blank destitution would have been the fate of the most of the stricken widows and orphans. The town has also been a heavy sufferer by fire, but it emerges from its troubles only to take a fresh start and continue in its rapid development.

Parrsboro, reached by rail from Springhill Junction, is on the shore of the Basin of Minas, and has many attractions for

the tourist who wants quiet enjoyment. Partridge Island is an imposing headland in the vicinity of the village, from which there are fine views of the Basin and the surrounding country. An attractive point for excursions is Five Islands.

Thirteen miles to the north and west of Parrsboro around Sand and Shulee rivers is found some of the best caribou and moose hunting in Nova Scotia. Here there is a large area in which, from the middle of September to the last of January, an abundance of shooting may be had, both of this game and of bears. Nearer to Parrsboro are large numbers of partridge, so plenty, indeed, that as

Junction, a branch of the Intercolonial runs to Pictou by way of Brown's Point, a distance of sixty-nine miles. From Brown's Point, also, the railway goes to Stellarton, twelve miles, on the Truro and Mulgrave division. From this point the traveller can continue on to Cape Breton, connecting with the express from Truro.

Fifteen miles from Oxford Junction, on the Oxford branch, is Pugwash Junction, from which place a branch five miles long runs to Pugwash harbor and village. The distance from Amherst is fifty miles.

Pugwash is already highly appreciated as a summer resort, and probably has a much greater future. The name is said



PARTRIDGE ISLAND, PARRSBORO

Intercolonial Route

many as thirty-two have been shot in one afternoon. Geese, brant, ducks and other sea-shore game are abundant around the shores. This part of the country always had a good reputation for sport. Two hundred and fifty years ago, it is written, game was so plenty that the Indians of this part of Acadia had so little exertion to make in hunting that they were considered sedentary in their habits. They have also disappeared, but the game is still to be found.

Pugwash and Tatamagouche

At Oxford Junction, thirty miles from Amherst and thirteen from Springhill

to mean "deep water," and is no doubt derived from the deep navigable harbor by which the village is divided, and which is commodious enough for vessels of any size. Pugwash is a shipping port of importance with special reference to the lumber trade, and in the days of wooden ships had a reputation for its shipbuilding. The harbor proper, which opens into Northumberland Strait, is a mile in length, but as a matter of fact the harbor runs inland for seven miles under the title of the Pugwash River. In this distance are a number of small islands, and the scenery everywhere in the vicinity is of a picturesque and inviting character.

The bathing here is all that can be desired, while the opportunities for boating can hardly be excelled. The trout fishing is very good in the vicinity, up the Pugwash River, at Wallace River and at Carr's Brook. There is plenty of bass fishing in August, and mackerel, from two to seven pounds in weight, can be caught at the bridge within a short distance of the railway station. As for shooting, partridge are abundant and sea fowl even more so in their season. Faulke's Harbor, in particular, has a reputation for ducks, geese and brant.

There are several hotels in Pugwash, at which there is very satisfactory accommodation at reasonable rates. In addition to these are a number of private houses in the village and at Pugwash Point where excellent board can be secured. Houses can also be had to lease by those who wish to have homes of their own for the season.

Further along the shore, at Wallace, are the quarries from which the famous Wallace freestone, one of the finest of building stones, is obtained in large quantities and shipped to many points of the compass. There is a fine harbor at Wallace.

The railway runs so close to the shore at Tatamagouche that the traveller may see from the train the physical feature from which it is possible the place got its name. The word Tatamagouche is said to mean "like a dam," and a ridge which rises from the water may have suggested the idea to the practical mind of the red man. This disposes of any theory that the term was used in a profane sense. The Indians, neither having to team oxen nor put up stove pipes, had no use for swear words. It is highly improbable that they ever said "tatamagouche" in the way of ironical comment. There is, however, another theory that "Tatamagouche" means a place where three rivers meet. The traveller can take his choice of the versions.

Much that has been said of Wallace will apply to Tatamagouche. The village lies between the Waugh and French

rivers, and there are excellent facilities for boating and bathing both on the river and harbor shores. Some of the most desirable bathing on this part of the shore is at Sand Point, Chambers' Point and the Narrows, a land-locked harbor a mile from the village. At Blockhouse Point are the ruins of a blockhouse built during the French occupation.

Tatamagouche Bay has a reputation for its oyster beds, while clams and lobsters are equally easy to find in this part of the country. Of lobsters, indeed, nearly half a million pounds are canned along this part of the Gulf shore in the course of a season. Large sized trout are found in all of the numerous lakes on the Cobequid Mountains, within a few miles of the village, and in these mountains some good shooting can be had in the fall of the year, partridge being very abundant. The roads in the neighborhood are good and lead to some beautiful bits of scenery. Urquhart's Falls, on the Waugh river, are reached by a pleasant drive, and there are picnic grounds at Drysdale's Falls, on the west branch of the same stream. Board may be had in the village, at the hotel or in private houses at very moderate rates.

River John, twenty-two miles west of Pictou, is another pleasant place for quiet recreation and rest. Such places as Cape John, with its long beaches of white sand, McDonald's Cove and Brule are within a radius of five miles from the village. On the way to Brule, on a September morning, hundreds of seals may be seen sporting in the water close to the shore. Then, too, there is fair fishing in River John, while trout are found in great abundance in all the lakes.

Apart from the attractions to be found along the shore, this branch of the railway runs through a settled country where the land has long been tilled with profit and the people are of the substantial farming class. It needs but a brief glance by a stranger to note the abundant evidence of the energy and thrift of the owners of the soil.

Pictou

The town of Pictou, on the harbor of that name, is a place with about 3,500 inhabitants, and is an important shipping port. It is reached either by the railway from Oxford Junction or from Stellarton, on the line between Truro and the Strait of Canseau. It is an old and substantial town, with the best harbor to be found in this part of Nova Scotia. Rising on a hill as it does, it makes a fine appearance when viewed from the water, or from the train as one approaches the station. A closer inspection shows some handsome

Charlottetown, while in the winter the government steamers Stanley and Minto make the passage between Pictou and Georgetown.

Pictou has been mentioned as an old place, and nobody knows how long it is since the aborigines had a knowledge of it as a locality. What is known is that wood, fashioned by savage implements, has been found in the earth over which grew trees that bore the ring marks of nearly three centuries. The Indians had been there long before that tree began to grow, for at a remote period their ancestors had feared the place, because of



PICTOU, FROM THE HARBOR

Intercolonial Route

public and private buildings. Vessels of all sizes and rigs are in the harbor and at the wharves, and the scene is altogether an inspiring one. The town does a large shipping business, and vast quantities of coal are sent from here to places near and far. Trade of other kinds is brisk, and large numbers of travellers visit the place at all seasons. It is one of the points of departure for Prince Edward Island, both in summer and winter. During the summer a steamer of the Charlottetown Steam Navigation Company makes daily trips to and from

an ever burning fire. Therefore, they called it "Booktaoo" or "Bucto," though there are other theories as to the name. The untutored mind did not understand that a camp fire, a stroke of lightning, or spontaneous combustion, had started a flame in a coal seam, which burned from one generation to another. It may sound like an anecdote of Glooscap, the champion liar of the Indians, but it is really the statement of Prof. H. C. Hovey that when he visited the Albion Mines, a number of years ago, an ancient bed of ashes, with an area of two acres, still

retained the heat of the fire which must have ceased to burn nearly three centuries before. It is probable that some of the heat lurks there to this day.

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

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

Barney's, French and Sutherland rivers and River John have good sea trout during the summer. Middle and West rivers have small runs of trout, but, taken as a whole, the rivers in the vicinity have been pretty well "fished out." Fine trout are, however, taken at times in Maple and McQuarrie's Lakes. Some good sport may be found in fishing for mackerel, cod, etc., on the coast.

The country to the southward of Pictou has an abundance of moose. With good guides, a trip from West river, through Glengarry, Stewiacke, Nelson's and Sunny Brae, and over to Caledonia or Guysboro, should be attended with good luck to the hunter. Caribou may also be found. Bears are plenty, and so are partridge. Along the shore, snipe, plover, curlew, geese and all kinds of ducks are found in large numbers.

Those who wish to visit the Magdalen Islands will find a subsidized steamer

leaving Pictou once a week for that little known part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. An account of the Magdalens will be found later on in these pages.

The famous Pictou coal fields will be dealt with in connection with the account of the country along the line between Truro and New Glasgow.

Over the Hills to Truro

Resuming the journey on the main line, at Oxford Junction, the traveller is carried over the Cobequid Mountains, and when he reaches Folley Lake he is 607 feet above the sea, if he stands on the track, and somewhat higher if he is in the upper berth of a sleeping car. This is the highest point on the Intercolonial, with the exception of a summit beyond the Metapedia, and the air is very bracing. Before the days of steam, electricity and lawn tennis the people in this part of Nova Scotia used to live to an abnormally old age, and fine specimens of the old inhabitant are to be found in every settlement to this day. The scenery among the mountains is more than picturesque. The traveller can supply his own adjectives, according to the mood he is in and the state of the weather. Sometimes the eye will catch a pastoral picture of a winding valley, dotted with cottages in the midst of fertile fields, while far below him a glistening of water tells where the river flows through the bright green intervals, or leaps in fairy-like cascades in its journey down the hillside.

At other times the train passes through long and deep cuttings, where the masses of rock bear witness to the labor required to break down the barriers of nature. Then again the road takes a short cut from hill to hill, as at Folley Valley, which is spanned by a viaduct six hundred feet long and eighty-two feet above the little stream which trickles below.

At Londonderry a branch railway runs to the Acadia Iron Works, three miles distant, the operations of which will be of much interest to those not familiar with the manufacture of iron from the

ore. Stages also run to the mines, and to Great Village, Economy and Five Islands.

The Londonderry iron is said to be second in value only to the Swedish for the manufacture of steel, and its well-known strength causes the occurrence of its name in the stipulations of many an important contract.

The beginnings of Truro as a settlement were humble enough. It was settled in 1761 by a colony of natives of the North of Ireland who had been living in New Hampshire and were induced by the British government to come to this part of Nova Scotia to help to build up the country. They consisted of fifty-three families, numbering one hundred and twenty persons. At that period there was little to be seen in this part of the country but woods, water and mud. The agents of Governor Lawrence had been so zealous in their work of exterminating the French that even the score or two of houses which had been scattered over this part of the country had lighted the fugitives with their blazing thatches. The new comers found no cottages to shelter them, and as they laid the groundwork of their settlement it is probable not one of them would have credited a prophecy that in the course of seven score years there would be a flourishing town of some 7,000 inhabitants there, increasing in population at the rate of between four and five per cent. every year.

Truro is in truth an attractive and enterprising place. It is admirably situated on gently rising ground, with the railway running along the valley at its base, near enough to be convenient to the business centre and yet not near enough to interfere with the attractions in which good taste has been combined with what nature has done to make the place beautiful. The long, wide streets are adorned with shade trees; the houses, great and small, have well kept lawns and tasteful flower gardens, and visitors are always well pleased with the town. Yet the town is more than good looking; it is

active and enterprising. A number of important industrial establishments are in operation, including a condensed milk factory, hat and shoe factories, foundries, wood-working factories and others, employing a large number of hands. Between 1881 and 1891, Truro's industrial establishments increased from fifty-five to one hundred and thirty-one, the invested capital from \$156,000 to \$368,000, with proportionate increase in the number of hands employed and the amount of wages paid. The town is the business centre for a large lumbering and farming district, and in this respect is every year becoming of greater commercial importance. The stores are many and are well stocked, and some of the merchants are direct importers to a large extent. Many of the buildings, and notably some of the more recent ones, are handsome and imposing structures. Truro is in every sense a live town, and one evidence of this is found in the excellence of the leading hotels. The normal school and the agricultural school are among the institutions worthy of special note.

While at Parrsboro the visitor had a chance of looking up to Cobequid Bay. From Truro he can reverse the picture and look down. By ascending Penny's Mountain, three miles from the Court House, a splendid view is had, taking in the range of the North Mountains, terminating at Blomidon, while the river meanders gracefully through the valley on its way to the troubled waters of Fundy. From Wollaston Heights, a mile from the Court House, is found another fine view of the surrounding country, while the best views of the town, down to the bay, are had from Winburn and Fundy Hills. A drive to Old Barns, otherwise known as Clifton, will be found of interest. The Shubenacadie has a bore, similar to that of the Petitcodiac, which may be seen rushing past the island as a part of the highest tide on the continent.

Close to the town, yet wholly apart from the surroundings of every day life, is Victoria Park, a place which nature

has admirably adapted to the purposes of a pleasure-ground. One portion of it is a picturesque gorge through which tumbles a murmuring brook. Following its windings and travelling the paths which lead around the well-wooded hillsides the visitor finds a cascade of singular beauty, pouring over a barrier of rock that rises to a height of fifty feet or more above the pool which the waters form at its base. This is the place of which the gifted Joseph Howe wrote, three score

Falls. Further up the stream is another waterfall amid romantic surroundings, while the park, as a whole, is so charmingly rustic that the best of judgment has been required to guard against too much of alleged improvement by man.

If one has not seen the Acadia Mines, a drive to them from Truro, a distance of twenty miles over a good road, is well worth the trouble. Another drive of twenty miles over Tatamagouche Mountains to Farm Lake takes one through a



JOE HOWE FALLS, TRURO

Intercolonial Route

years ago, that "never was there a more appropriate spot for our old men to see visions and our young men to dream dreams." It is the ideal of a lover's trysting place, where to-day, as in the olden time, "many an expression of pure and sinless regard has burst from lips that, after long refusal, at length played the unconscious interpreters to the heart." After such a tribute it is but just that the memory of its author should be honored in the name of the Joe Howe

rich variety of mountain scenery. All the trees of the forest are to be seen on the lofty hills and in the pleasant vales. In many places the branches over-arch the road, and amid these umbrageous ways the voices of the birds and the music of the brooks fall sweetly on the ear. At the lake, elevated over a thousand feet above the sea, the fisherman may enjoy a calm content amid nature's beauties, and have a further reward in an abundance of excellent trout. Trout of

the best quality are found in all of the numerous lakes in this vicinity.

Some good fishing, especially of trout and grayling, is found in the rivers in the vicinity of Truro and in Folley Lake. The latter is a pretty sheet of water with clusters of islands, and boats are kept for the use of visitors.

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

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

Apart from the town of Pictou, the places to which reference has been made since leaving the boundary of New Brunswick are in the counties of Cumberland and Colchester, Amherst being the shiretown of the one and Truro of the other. These are counties rich in resources, to some of which passing reference has been made. In the lumber industry Cumberland leads all Nova Scotia, producing over a million dollars' worth in a year, while Colchester also makes a fine showing in the same line. Both counties are rich in agricultural products, and the farmers are thrifty and prosperous. Poor farmers are not to be found, and in a country where wheat has been raised at the rate of forty-six bushels to the acre there is no reason why farming should not be a profitable business in good years and bad years.

From Truro to Halifax is a distance of sixty-two miles, but before enjoying the

pleasures of the capital it may be well to make Truro the starting point for Cape Breton, leaving both Halifax and St. John to be dealt with later. From Truro to Mulgrave, on the Strait of Canseau, is one hundred and twenty-three miles, and across the Strait is Cape Breton. On the way thither, however, is much that is worthy of more than a passing glance.

Among the Coal Fields

Stellarton, forty-one miles from Truro, is one of the notable places in the Pictou coal field, and is the oldest in respect to mining, for the Albion mines were first operated more than seventy years ago. There are other mines in this part of the country, however, such as the Drummond and Acadia collieries at Westville, three miles from Stellarton, on the branch line leading to Pictou, and the Vale colliery at Thorburn, six miles from New Glasgow.

This is a coal country. Nobody knows how much of a deposit there is in Nova Scotia. Geologists have made estimates in regard to the areas of which they have knowledge, and not even the argus-eyed "Old Subscriber," who keeps a scrap-book for the purpose of correcting the newspapers, has ever attempted to disprove their statements. Enough is known to show that the eastern part of the province, including Cape Breton, was not big enough to hold the immense deposit, and that if the seams were followed out under the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean fuel would be found in sufficient quantity to convert every iceberg of the Polar Sea into boiling water.

While one of the mines in Cape Breton actually extends under the sea the day is far distant when resort must be had to submarine mines because of the failure of those on the mainland. The pick has been plied since the French began the work at the Joggins and in Cape Breton, more than two centuries ago, and the mines could be worked to a much greater extent than they are without any fear of scarcity for centuries to come. The quantity raised in 1896 was 2,503,728

tons, and nobody doubts that very many more millions of tons remain for the workers of the future. According to the Statistical Year Book, the quantity is at least seven thousand millions of tons, and it may be much more.

The counties of Cumberland and Pictou are good neighbors for the county of Colchester, with its inexhaustible supply of iron. In the Pictou field, according to Sir William Logan, there are 5,567 feet of strata, containing one hundred and forty-one feet of coal, in sixteen beds, which vary in thickness from three to forty feet. The coal area of the province covers about six hundred and thirty-five square miles.

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

Rich as the Pictou coal field is, its area is only about thirty-five square miles. It is in the form of a basin, ten miles in its greatest diameter, and its coal deposit is

enormous because of the thickness of the seams. The main seam at the Albion colliery is the thickest in the world.

The four collieries to which reference has been made employ nearly 1,400 men. In the Drummond, the average number of persons employed in the summer season is 500, and the daily output is 900 tons. The main slope is 4,200 feet deep. This mine was the scene of a fearful explosion in 1873, by which sixty-nine lives were lost. Another memorable disaster was that of the explosion at the “Ford” pit, Albion colliery, in 1880, when forty-two lives were lost. The waters of the East river were turned into the mine to extinguish the fire, and though much pumping has since been done only a portion of this part of the mine has been reclaimed. The bodies of those who were killed by the explosion rest where death overtook them a thousand feet below the surface of the earth. Other parts of the Albion are now being worked, and yield large returns.

One of the pioneer railways of America was that built from the Albion mine to Pictou landing, a distance of six miles. The work was begun in 1836 and the line opened in 1839. One of the most remarkable facts in this connection was that the road was built on what it required a generation of experience to learn was the standard gauge for all railways. The engine first used on this road was built by Hackworth, a competitor with Stephenson, and was in use at the mines up to 1885. It is now owned in the United States, where it was sold after being on exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Pictou, of which an account has already been given, is fourteen miles from Stellarton by rail. Two miles beyond Stellarton, on the line going to Mulgrave, is New Glasgow, the commercial centre of this part of the country.

New Glasgow

The town of New Glasgow made a gain of over forty-five per cent. in its population in the ten years preceding 1891, and

at anything like the same rate it must now be a place of nearly or quite 5,000 inhabitants. In the same period it increased its industrial establishments from forty to one hundred and twenty-three, multiplied the invested capital by six until it amounted to more than a million dollars, employed 1,100 men where there had been less than 400, and increased the value of its products from less than a third of a million dollars to more than one and a half million. It has continued

350 feet high, is two miles from the post office, and from this height one may have a grand and comprehensive view of the country for a long distance. This view takes in a portion of Prince Edward Island, Pictou and Pictou Island, and shows the Strait of Canseau as far as Cape St. George, beyond which rise the mountains of Inverness, Cape Breton. Looking to the south, a beautiful farming country is seen, the prospect extending some thirty miles to the Antigonish



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to grow in the number and extent of its industries, and besides all that it has of itself it is the chief town in a manufacturing district which includes such important works as the blast furnaces at Ferrona, the steel works and steam forge at Trenton, to say nothing of the extensive collieries, of which mention has been made. There is no doubt New Glasgow is a very live place.

Some fine scenery is to be found in the vicinity of the town. Fraser's Mountain,

The view in all directions embraces hills, valleys and level country, dotted with the houses and churches of the outlying settlements. New Glasgow is close at hand, and among the other sights which attract the eye are Weaver's Mountain, McLellan's Mountain, the Vale Colliery, Trenton, Stellarton, Westville, Hopewell, Ferrona and Pictou. The river, with its serpentine windings, is a picturesque feature of the landscape.

One of the drives which will be found

of interest is that to Stellarton, through the collieries, calling also at Middle river and winding up at Fitzpatrick's Mountain, Green Hill. From the latter place the country can be seen in all directions for a distance of something like forty miles. A drive to Little Harbor, six or seven miles, and a bath in the salt water, will also have attractions for the pleasure seeker. At Sutherland's river, six miles distant, is a fine waterfall with picturesque surroundings. A pleasant excursion may also be had by taking a sail to Pictou and returning by the railway through Westville and Stellarton. Those who are fond of fishing may spend a part of a day at McLellan's Brook, four miles from the town, where some very good catches have been made.

Anno · Murium

Though one may no longer find any of the old inhabitants who remember the year of the mice, there are yet many who have heard their fathers tell of the remarkable events in that memorable period of the history of this part of Nova Scotia. The year in question was 1815, when an army of mice marched over Colchester, Pictou and Antigonish counties, eating everything before it as it advanced. It was a veritable plague, as serious for a time as that of the frogs sent upon the land of Egypt, and which has had nothing to compare with it in the provinces in more recent times, with the exception of the invasion of the army worm. The incursion of the mice, however, seems to have been purely local in its character, though Prince Edward Island also had its experience, and had, indeed, known such visitations at an earlier period of its history. As long ago as 1699, Diérville wrote that the Island had a plague, either of mice or locusts, every seven years. This was evidently a traveller's tale, but in respect to the mice it seems to have had some foundation in fact.

The farmers of Pictou and Antigonish, never having heard of such a plague, were taken very much by surprise when

the mice made their appearance. According to Dr. Patterson's History of Pictou County, the first evidence of the invasion was in the spring of the year, when the sugar makers were annoyed by finding numbers of drowned mice in the sap troughs in the maple woods. An occasional mouse meeting with such a fate would have made no trouble, and might even have improved the syrup and the sugar by giving it more of a body, but when so many rushed to their death as to crowd the troughs the sugar makers were alike amazed and alarmed.

The intruders were field mice of the largest kind, like half-grown rats, and they had a boldness more than proportioned to their size. They came from the woods, but how they got into the woods nobody has attempted to explain; and it is in just such cases as this that the present century misses the ingenious liars who invented the legends of the Greeks, Romans and North American Indians. Nobody knows where the mice started from, but their number increased day by day as the season advanced. By planting time they had taken possession of the fields and bade fair to put an end to farming operations for the season. With added numbers they increased in boldness. They ate everything that mice can eat, and nearly ate up the people, for when molested they sat on their haunches and squealed defiance with their glistening teeth laid bare.

It took a brave dog to face a mob of them, and ordinary cats proved that good generalship is often shown by a timely and skilful retreat. Dr. Patterson is authority for the statement that a farmer attempted to sow four bushels of oats at Piedmont, and was disgusted to find that the mice ate them as fast as he sowed. Finding that his labor simply amounted to feeding part of a hungry horde, he finally got out of patience, threw all his oats at them and went home in intense disgust.

Spreading over the country as the season advanced, the mice devoured all before them. Acres were stripped of

growing crops, and when food failed above the ground the diligent destroyers burrowed into the earth and consumed the seed potatoes and grain. Cats and dogs fought the invaders nobly, and even the martens came out of the woods to aid in the conflict, but with little apparent effect. Trenches were dug and filled with water, but the diggers had their labor for their pains. It became a question whether the mice or the people were to possess the country, and for a time the odds seemed in favor of the mice. The plague ceased when the cool weather

For many years after this remarkable visitation it was the custom of many of the people to reckon births, marriages, deaths, etc., as being such and such a time after the year of the mice. As succeeding generations grew up this system of chronology became obsolete, and it has long since ceased to be known, save to the very oldest inhabitants.

Antigonish

Three score and ten years ago Judge Haliburton recorded his opinion that Antigonish was one of the prettiest villages



ANTIGONISH

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came in the autumn. The army of occupation became demoralized, the fierce invaders grew languid and died by the thousand. "They could be gathered in heaps, and their putrefying carcasses might be found in some places in such numbers as to taint the air. At Cape George they went to the water and there died, forming a ridge like seaweed along the edge of the sea, and codfish were caught off the coast with carcasses in their maws." So says the historian already quoted, and his words are confirmed by those who have heard the story from their fathers.

in the eastern section of Nova Scotia, and his judgment on this point requires no revision at the present day. It is beyond doubt an attractive place. Its tidy dwellings stand amid beautiful shade trees on low ground, while the hills rise in graceful cones near at hand. Among these hills are sweet and pleasant valleys and the brooks are as clear as crystal. The village is the capital of the county, and is also the seat of the Bishop of Antigonish. St. Ninian's Cathedral is a fine edifice, built of stone and erected at a large expense. It will seat 1,200 persons. St. Francois Xavier College is located

near it and has a large number of students from all parts of the provinces. The college and church grounds are beautifully situated, and many of the private residences are remarkably tasteful in their appearance and their surroundings.

The community is largely composed of Highland Scotch, and certain historic family names are so well represented that many of the prominent residents are known by their Christian names coupled with some distinguishing title, frequently one showing the line of descent. In this part of the country, as through Cape Breton, the Gaelic language is extensively spoken, and for the benefit of many of the older people sermons in that tongue are preached from time to time in the cathedral.

The mouth of the harbor is eight miles from the village, and a number of the residents have summer cottages there. The beach is of smooth sand and permits the bather to go out a long distance from the shore.

It is believed that the word "Antigonish" is a corruption of the Indian "Nalkitgoniash," which means either Forked River or Big Fish River. An other theory is that the original word was Nalegitkooneech, a place where branches are torn off by the bears gathering beechnuts. The scenery is good in all parts of this district. The "Lord's Day Gale" and other storms have done a large amount of injury to the forests, but enough beauty remains to satisfy the sightseer. By all odds the most attractive spot is at Lochaber Lake, on the road to Sherbrooke, thirteen miles from the village. This lake is about five miles long, and varies in width from a few hundred feet to nearly half a mile. The road runs along its bank for the entire distance, amid foliage of the most attractive character. The water is very deep and remarkably clear and pure, while the banks rise abruptly from it and have a very beautiful effect.

There are excellent roads in this part of the country, and abundant opportunities for driving or making a bicycle journey.

A favorite drive, in addition to that to Lochaber, is to St. George's Bay, a little over six miles from the village, from the shore of which there is a grand view extending far out to the waters of the open sea.

Antigonish is in touch with some of the famous gold mining districts of Nova Scotia, such as the Sherbrooke, Forest Hill and Isaac's Harbor mines. These are reached by a journey of forty miles or so over good highways. The Sherbrooke road is a convenient way by which to reach some of the fishing and hunting grounds of Guysboro. By going about twenty miles, St. Mary's river is reached at the Forks. Here there is good fishing all along the river, and good accommodation may be had at Melrose. From here to the Stillwater Salmon Pools is seven miles, and some fine salmon may be caught. Sherbrooke, a few miles lower down, is a very pretty place, and here one may catch not only fine sea trout, but salmon ranging from fifteen to forty pounds in weight. The fly best suited to this river is one with light yellow body and dark yellow wings. In the other salmon rivers the "Admiral" is a favorite, as well as another with turkey wing, grey body and golden pheasant tail. Guysboro lakes have fine trout in them. The mountains of this country, too, are the haunts of moose.

In approaching Antigonish by the railway, after leaving Barney's river, the road runs through a canyon, extending for a number of miles, and which is part of the beautiful Piedmont valley. Far away and near at hand rise tree-clad hills, on which the sunshine gives a glory to the varying hues of summer foliage, to show in vivid contrast with the shadows cast in the vales beneath.

Near Antigonish is Sugar Loaf Mountain with a height of 750 feet—from which is a view of sea and land that includes even the shore of Cape Breton. Only a few miles from Antigonish is Gaspereau Lake, which is 500 feet above the water in the harbor, so it will be seen that there is no lack of hills, with all

kinds of scenery, in this part of the world.

There is some fair trout fishing in the rivers of this vicinity, good partridge shooting and amazing opportunities for bagging wild geese in their season. Three men have secured twenty-five in three days on the shore of St. George's Bay, near at hand, and only recently an Indian shot twenty geese at Town Point, six miles from the village, and walked into Antigonish staggering under the weight of his acquisitions. The man had more than he could dispose of, and it is understood that he made a vow never to shoot as many at one time again unless the prospects of a market were better.

Leaving Antigonish, South river is the first place to claim attention, with its picturesque islands and green hills, while here and there the white plaster rock brings out the colors of the forest and field in brighter relief. If the journey be made in the autumn it is almost a certainty that wild geese and ducks will be seen at South river. It is no uncommon thing for an approaching train to cause several flocks to rise from the river close at hand, while at a distance may be seen the heads of thousands of others, as they float tranquilly on the water.

The Trappists of Tracadie

It has already been explained that the word "Tracadie" means a camping ground, and that it designates a locality in each of the Maritime Provinces. The Tracadie of New Brunswick is best known to the world from the fact that the Lazaretto for lepers is located in its vicinity, and the Tracadie of Nova Scotia has a claim to distinction in having had the only Trappist Monastery in Canada south of the St. Lawrence, and one of the few on the continent.

Tracadie station is twenty-one miles from Antigonish, and there is a good harbor near at hand, opening into St. George's Bay. There is an Indian reserve in the neighborhood.

The Monastery of Our Lady of Petit Clairvaux, which was its proper title, was

founded in 1820. The members of the community were Cistercian Monks, though commonly called Trappists from their obedience to the rule of La Trappe, the founder of the order. They had between five and six hundred acres of land connected with the monastery, much of which was in a high state of cultivation. Within the last few years, however, the community suffered heavily from fire, losing the monastery, grist mill, carding mill and barns, on two different occasions. A new monastery was erected, but the work of replacing all that was destroyed was of necessity slow and attended with difficulty, and the community, numbering only about a score of monks, who were chiefly Belgians, became discouraged at the outlook and emigrated quite recently in a body to a new home. Another community of Trappists in France, numbering sixty persons, it is however now announced, have secured the vacated property and will shortly arrive to take up the work of their predecessors.

The life of a Trappist is devoted to prayer, manual labor and silence. The ordinary hour of rising is two o'clock in the morning, except on Sundays and feast days, when the hour is half-past one. The remainder of what most people would call the night is spent in chanting the offices of the church, in meditation and other religious duties. The fast is broken by a light meal at 7.30 in the summer and 11.30 in the winter, the latter season being kept as a Lent. The monks never eat meat, fish or eggs, and it is only of recent years that butter has been allowed in the preparation of the vegetable food. The discipline is strict in all other respects, for the Trappist life is the most rigorous of all the monastic orders. Conversation, when necessary, is carried on by signs, except in addressing the abbot.

The monks, in addition to their own manual labor, furnish considerable employment to others who assist them in their work, and they are excellent farmers. In their religious duties they

seek to make reparation for the sins of the outside world. Despite of what seems a severe life they enjoy excellent health and live to a great age, as a rule. All their life, however, is a preparation for death. The burial place is close to the monastery, where it is continually in sight. When a monk dies he is buried in his habit, uncoffined; and when the grave is filled in another grave is opened to remind the survivors that one of them must be its tenant in his appointed time.

On an Ocean Bye-Way

If the Atlantic be a highway for the commerce of nations, what but a bye-way, or convenient short cut, is the Strait of Canseau. It is the great canal which nature has placed between the ocean and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, by which not only is distance shortened, but the perils of the sea are, in many cases, reduced to a minimum. Fourteen miles or so in length, and about a mile in width, its strong currents assert its claim to be part of the great sea beyond, while the thousands of sail passing and repassing year after year tell of its importance to the trade of the whole Atlantic Coast.

The Intercolonial railway reaches the Strait of Canseau at Mulgrave. Here the high land on the western shore affords some glorious views, both of the long stretch of water, dotted with all kinds of craft, and of the sloping hills of the island beyond. The most prominent of the heights on the mainland is Cape Porcupine, from the summit of which the telegraph wires once crossed, high over

the waters, to Plaister Cove. In the early days of ocean cables those slender threads in mid air were a part of the tie which united Europe and America. When breaks occurred—and in such an exposed situation they were bound to occur—the link between two worlds was broken. The adoption of submarine cables solved the problem for all time.

Mulgrave has not only an hotel but a number of private houses where excellent accommodation can be had by those who wish to remain for a time or make this the centre from which to visit some of the places along the Strait. The roads are good and there is fair fishing in the



PORT MULGRAVE, N.S.

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vicinity. Morrison's Lake, which lies under the shadow of Cape Porcupine, is two miles from the wharf, and is reached by an easy road. Big Tracadie Lake is three and a-half miles distant, and Chisholm's Lake lies between the one last mentioned and the highway. The road is a good one and through a settled country. To the southward of the wharf are the Goose Harbor lakes, a chain which extends from three miles beyond Pirate Harbor to the southern coast of Guysboro.

As for salt water fishing, it may be had all along the Strait. Indeed, one lad has

a record of seventy bass caught by him fishing from the wharf at Mulgrave in one morning. They averaged from four to six pounds each.

Port Hawkesbury and Port Hastings, on the other side of the Strait, are also good places for those who are in search of rest and quiet, with plenty of sea breeze, a good view of the waters east and west and every chance for boating, driving or wheeling. Good accommodation is to be found at both places.

Steamers leave Mulgrave on certain days of each week for Guysboro and Canseau, on the Nova Scotia shore to the southward, and for Arichat on the Cape Breton side. A steamer also runs up the north shore of Cape Breton to Port Hood, Mabou and Margaree Harbor. In both directions are places to delight those who want to get thoroughly out of the ordinary course of the tourist, and yet find much that is novel and of interest.

Guysboro

The distance from Mulgrave to Guysboro by water is about twenty-five miles, and it is an exceedingly pleasant trip on a summer day. Guysboro is situated at the head of Chedabucto Bay, and when it was settled by some military men, in the last century, they seem to have had an idea that it was likely to be quite a city. The streets were laid out at right angles, with a width of a hundred feet, and they are that width to-day, save where they have been encroached upon. The place is delightfully quiet and restful, and the surroundings are full of beauty. The harbor is one to excite admiration, while there are unlimited opportunities for boating, bathing and fishing. The river, for about ten miles up from the village, has high hills on each side and abounds with picturesque scenery.

No one need lack for fishing in this part of the world, and there is a great variety of it. In the salt water are mackerel, cod, haddock, perch and smelt. Sea trout are plenty in the rivers which empty into the bay, and brook trout may be caught in all the rivers and lakes in

this part of the province. The favorite places for them are Salmon river, Goose Harbor and Guysboro rivers, Cole Harbor, New Harbor, Donahoe's Lake and Trout Lake. Salmon are found in Salmon river, and the rivers at Guysboro Intervale, Cole and New Harbors. Tor Bay, on the Atlantic coast, has a high reputation for its sea trout.

Geese and ducks are found everywhere along these shores, partridge abound in the woods, and the country to the rear of Guysboro is famed as a resort of moose.

Chedabucto Bay is about twenty-five miles long and varies from four to ten miles in its width. It is famed for the abundance of mackerel caught in its waters, and in the more prosperous mackerel fishing days it was the resort of great numbers of Gloucester fishermen. It is said that at one time there were three thousand fishermen's huts on the beach at Fox Island, between Queensport and Canseau.

Canseau and Its Fisheries

Canseau is an ideal place for those who want to enjoy the sea and learn how the fisheries are carried on in this part of the world. It is and always has been the central point for fishermen on a coast famed for its fisheries. The French resorted here in the early days, and the New Englanders had their station here more than half a century before the United States came into existence. That their business was no small one may be inferred from the fact that in a raid by the Indians, in 1720, the loss was estimated at about \$100,000. In 1725 Canseau was looked upon as the proper place for the seat of government of the province, because there were more English here than at any other settlement. Here, a score of years later, Pepperell's fleet made its rendezvous while on the way to attack Louisbourg, and time out of mind it has been a harbor of refuge and a place where fishermen have put in for supplies at all seasons.

The name of Canseau has been spelled in various ways, and there are an equal

number of theories as to its origin and meaning. Some allege that it is derived from the Spanish "ganso," a goose, others that it is from the Indian word "cansoke" or "cansoke," a frowning cliff, while the old fashioned and proper way of spelling it is "Canseau."

Baron de Lery brought some cattle to Canseau, from France, in 1518, and an ancient mariner by the name of Scavolet made a fishing voyage hither in 1565 and kept up his excursions every year until 1607. The actual foundation of Canseau as it is to-day, however, dates back to 1812, When Abraham Whitman came here from Annapolis to settle down and grow with the country. He suc-

Isaac's Harbor and Salmon river nearly 1,400 boats are engaged, and some of the individual fishermen are said to be men of wealth. In the year named some 2,000 tons of fish were sent up the Strait to Mulgrave, to be forwarded to Montreal and other points. These were chiefly fresh fish, for in these days of refrigerator cars and warehouses and rapid transit over the government railways the old style of salting fish is not as common as it was years ago. The shipments of fresh fish meant about \$80,000 to the Canseau fishermen. There were some dried fish produced, however, and the quantity was ten million pounds, worth \$300,000. It took thirty million pounds of fresh fish to make this quantity, and if sold fresh



STRAIT OF CANSEAU, FISHING FLEET

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ceeded despite such occasional interruptions as that caused by the swooping down of the redoubtable Paul Jones, in 1813, and the great fishing establishment of the Whitmans to-day bears evidence to the wisdom of its founder in the choice of a location.

In the year 1896 the fishermen along this part of the coast, from Isaac's Harbor to Canseau, took about twenty-two million pounds of marketable fish, not including lobsters, and of these considerably more than one half were taken between White Head, on the Atlantic coast, and Queensport. In the same year Canseau shipped about a million pounds of lobsters, and including the coast for fifteen miles on each side, three million pounds. Between

the amount realized would have been just twice as much. Of the six million pounds of fish handled in Guysboro county, two-thirds came from the thirty miles of coast east of Isaac's Harbor, of which Canseau is the chief place.

So much for the fish question, which is a very important one in this part of Nova Scotia. Apart from it, Canseau has many attractions for those who love the sea. The situation of the village is charming, and there is no lack of facilities for boating, bathing and all kinds of fishing. The sea is the farm of the people, and boats are their chief means of conveyance, though teams are easily procured by those who wish to drive around the country. Some of the fishing boats are very neat

craft, and in the annual regatta, which is a great event, fine records are made. One of the sights on any fine morning or evening during the fishing season is to see a fleet of some one hundred and fifty of these boats going to the fishing grounds or returning laden with the spoils of the deep. There are times when some of these boats earn as much as forty or fifty dollars each in a day. The fishing grounds are anywhere beyond a mile from the shore, but the best are from ten to fifteen miles distant. The coast along this part of Nova Scotia, and the corresponding portion of the Cape Breton shore, nine miles away, are said to yield a larger quantity of fish to the mile than any other part of this country of deep sea fisheries. One is impressed with this fact when he goes to the wharf at Canseau, after the boats have come in, and sees the quantities of halibut, cod, haddock, hake, mackerel and the like, which are the result of a day's work.

A sail around the waters in the vicinity of Canseau is full of delightful surprises in the way of scenery. In and about the passages between the islands are not only all kinds of landscape and water views, but one may go upon the open ocean, with Ireland as the nearest land to the eastward. Cape Canseau is the most easterly point on the mainland of the Dominion of Canada, the last point seen by ships and steamers when leaving the coast of Nova Scotia to cross the Atlantic. It is one hundred and twenty miles east of Halifax. In this vicinity have been some notable wrecks, and thrilling tales of the sea may be heard. On a summer day, however, a sail around the shore is suggestive only of pleasure, while even the numerous seals and the sea birds appear to be taking life easily and in peace. There are about thirty islands in the vicinity of Canseau of varying sizes and every variety of form.

Canseau is in close touch with every part of the world, through being the cable station for both the Western Union and Commercial Cable companies. The former is in the village and the latter is

at Hazel Hill, two miles distant, which is practically a town of itself controlled by the company. It has a population of about 300, chiefly the employees of the company, and everything has been done to make the staff comfortable. The cable buildings are finely furnished and equipped, and the houses and grounds of the staff are models. Hazel Hill has its own electric light and water supply, a fire department and other features of a city. A club house for the young men is a feature of the place.

Canseau has good accommodation, both in the way of hotels and private houses.

Arichat and Isle Madame

In the early part of the century Arichat was the chief commercial port of Cape Breton, but it is a quiet enough place now, though it has many natural advantages which in due time must bring it more favorably to the notice of the summer tourist. It is a restful place, with good bathing, boating, salt and fresh water fishing and good roads for driving or wheeling. It is the chief port of Isle Madame, which is separated from the main island of Cape Breton by Lennox Passage. Isle Madame, which includes some smaller islands, is about sixteen miles from east to west, and a little more than half that distance from north to south. In addition to its boundary of Lennox Passage, it is bounded on the east by St. Peter's Bay, on the south and west by the Atlantic Ocean and Chedabucto Bay, and on the extreme west by the waters at the southern entrance of the Strait of Canseau. Arichat is a place with a population of about seven hundred, and was formerly the seat of the Bishop of Arichat, until the see was removed to Antigonish.

Arichat is prettily situated on high ground and has a fine harbor. There is another good harbor at West Arichat. The situation of the island makes the climate delightfully cool in the warmest of weather.

This place was one of the important stations of the Jersey fishing houses, and

the Robins still have an establishment here. In the township are many Acadian French, some of the families having come here from Grand Pré at the time of the dispersion.

Houses are easily procured at Arichat by those who wish to board themselves during the summer, and some visitors from Massachusetts have come here regularly for several years, boarding themselves and making bicycle journeys around the country. There are some attractive bits of scenery around the island, and the marine views are excellent.

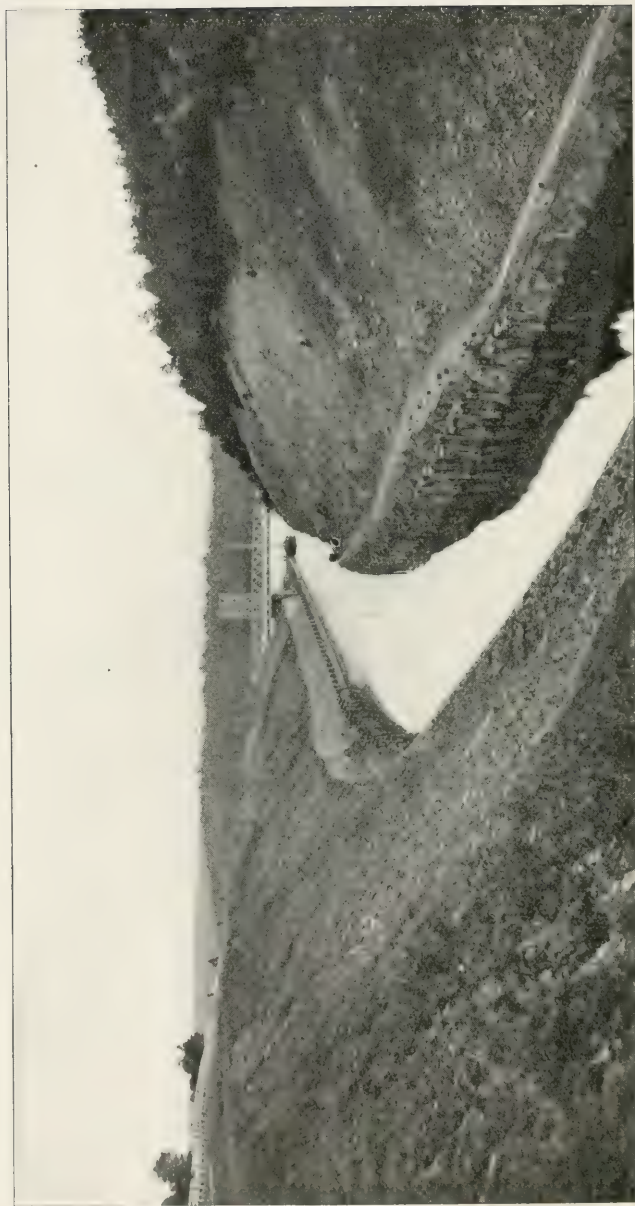
St. Peter's and the Canal

In going from Mulgrave to the Bras d'Or by steamer the route taken is along the Strait of Canseau and through Lennox Passage to St. Peter's, where the canal gives access to the famed inland sea. This is one of the places where Cape Breton gets the addition of an island by the presence of a narrow water passage between two sections of land, though in this instance it is the work of man and not of nature. Man was a long while about it, too, after he decided that it ought to be done. As man found Cape Breton, the whole four hundred and fifty square miles of water in the Bras d'Or had communication with the sea outside only by way of what is known as the Great and the Little Bras d'Or, on the northeast coast. In other words, if one wanted to sail from the Strait of Canseau to Sydney, or to any point within the great lake, it was necessary to go around the coast of Cape Breton to do so. At St. Peter's Bay, however, only a neck of land, less than half a mile wide, prevented a southwest passage into and out of the Bras d'Or, with the avoidance of all the risks of navigation around the coast and the advantage of a great saving of time and distance. From very early times there had been a portage across the land for small boats at this place, and finally it was decided there ought to be a canal. The survey was made in the year 1825, and

estimates were given for a canal to cost \$68,600. Thirty years later the canal was begun by the provincial government, and at the time of Confederation, in 1867, \$156,500 had been expended, but the canal was not open for traffic. It was completed by the Canadian government a year or so later, and since then has had a large amount expended on it. The canal is about 2,400 feet in length, has a breadth of fifty-five feet on the water line and a depth of nineteen feet. At its northern end is St. Peter's Inlet, which opens into the Bras d'Or at its widest part. From this point the journey may be continued to Sydney by steamer, or the Cape Breton division of the Intercolonial railway taken at Grand Narrows for Sydney, Mulgrave or any intermediate places.

St. Peter's was settled by the French before they went to Arichat, and was one of the places reported upon for a stronghold before Louisbourg was chosen. At what is called Brickery Point, in the bay, the clay was procured for the brick used in the construction of Louisbourg. The sites of both English and French forts are easily to be traced at the present time. The latter, indeed, is close to the canal and the house of the lockmaster is upon it. The old earthworks are plainly to be seen, and occasional finds of bayonets and other evidences of warfare are made. A few years ago a hooped cannon was unearthed, undoubtedly belonging to a period long prior to the building of the "Port Toulouse" fort here in 1749. It had probably been the property of Denys de Fronsac, who had a settlement here as long ago as 1636. Fort Granville, used after the English occupation of Cape Breton, was on the hill to the east of the canal lock.

There is good bathing at St. Peter's, and as a matter of course there is every facility for boating, both in the bay and the inlet at the other end of the canal. Excellent trout fishing may be had by going a short distance. Some of the best streams are River Tière and its branches, two miles; Scott's river, seven miles;



ST. PETER'S CANAL

Intercolonial Route

Thom's brook, fifteen miles and Grand river, a like distance. There are salmon in the last named river.

It is claimed that the roads in this part of the country are the best in Nova Scotia. They are well made and from the nature of the soil they do not become muddy. Among the attractive drives are those to River Bourgeois, five miles, and to Grand River along the shore through L'Ardoise. A favorite water excursion, on the Bras d'Or side, is to the quarries at Marble Mountain, a distance of fifteen miles. On the way thither is Point Michaux, or Cape Hinlopen, or Hinchinbroke. It has all three names, but is usually known by the first one. Here there is a beautiful driving beach, two miles long and an eighth of a mile wide. It is very level and of such hard, smooth sand that the hoofs of the horses do little more than make a slight impression on it.

St. Peter's Inlet is studded with islands clad in verdure, and there are times when the scene is unusually beautiful, even for a land of which beauty is everywhere. On a calm summer morning, for instance, the peaceful sea is a mirror which reflects in rare beauty the red, purple and golden hues which the sunlight gives the hills. On the land the colors are strangely bright, while the waters soften and blend the whole into a picture which must ever linger in the memory.

The Bras d'Or will be dealt with more fully in connection with the railway journey through Cape Breton. In the meantime another excursion may be made from Mulgrave along the Strait of Canseau, going through St. George's Bay and along the northwest shore of Cape Breton to where the open Gulf of St. Lawrence lies to the northward.

St. George's Bay and Port Hood

The tides run through the Strait of Canseau at the rate of from four to six miles an hour, and they defy the tide tables by rising superior to all rules by which men look for tides to be governed. Their course is determined to a large

extent by the force and direction of the winds outside, and they may flow in one direction for days at a time. The tourist can tell whether the steamer is going with or against the tide by watching the spar buoys and noting the direction in which they point. It makes some difference in the length of the voyage whether the steamer is being carried along with the current or is putting on more steam to overcome it.

The section of Cape Breton from Hastings to Port Hood, Mabou and Broad Cove, a distance of fifty-seven miles, has recently been made more convenient of access by the opening of the Inverness and Richmond railway. This railway opens up a fine piece of farming country and at the same time provides a winter outlet for the large quantities of coal being produced at Port Hood and Broad Cove. The road follows the coast line for the entire distance from Port Hastings to Port Hood, and an exceedingly fine panorama of land and sea is disclosed to the view. A daily passenger service has been inaugurated, connection with the Intercolonial at present being made by ferry from Mulgrave. Work is, however, under way to connect the two roads at Point Tupper and is expected to be completed shortly.

A steamer also runs from Mulgrave to Port Hood, a distance of twenty-six miles, on regular days of each week. Port Hood is near the entrance to the bay, and from there the journey may be continued to Mabou, Broad Cove, Margaree Harbor and Cheticamp, beyond which there is little on the north coast to interest the tourist, unless he is anxious to have a bracing cruise around Cape Lawrence and Cape North to see the grandest scenery in Cape Breton. Of this further mention will be made later in the journey.

Port Hood is a place of about 1,500 people, and is the shiretown of Inverness county. It is the commercial centre of a good farming and fishing district, and considerable general business is done. It is a place not much known to tourists, but a stay here may be made very enjoy-

able to those who want rest and quiet, with every chance for boating, bathing and fishing. The hotels are good, and private board can be secured when desired. Port Hood has of late experienced some of the "boom" which other parts of Cape Breton has enjoyed, and it is largely due to the opening up of the Port Hood Coal Company's mine and the active operation thereof. This company's property is sixteen square miles in extent, under land and water, and there are two principal seams, one seven feet and the other eight feet in thickness. The two seams are variously estimated to contain from seventy to one hundred and sixty-eight million tons of coal. The mine is at present capable of producing five hundred tons per day. The coal is said to be of a superior quality for steam producing and domestic purposes. A natural result of this development is that building has become active and real estate has attracted many investments.

There are good boats and skilful boatmen here, and excursions may be made around the shores and to the islands. The latter consist of Outer Island and Smith's Island, the latter being a most fitting name from the fact that of the fifteen families resident upon it no less than thirteen are Smiths. They are a very prosperous community, and the five hundred acres of the island are divided into flourishing farms which raise four and five tons of hay to the acre and other crops in proportion. Each family has a score or more of sheep and four or five cows, and after providing for these there is considerable hay left for export.

Fish, however, rather than agriculture is the great industry of the island, and it is due to the fish offal that such fine crops are raised. About half a million pounds of dried cod, haddock and hake are sent from here to Halifax in a season, and nearly fifty thousand pounds of canned lobsters are sent from the factory. In the days when mackerel were more plentiful than of recent years these

waters were the best mackerel grounds in Canada, and there were enormous catches of herring. A few years ago a whale, sixty-five feet long, followed a school of herring so closely that it ran ashore at the island and was secured, but it is right to add that whale catching is not looked upon as a regular industry.

The shipment of fresh fish is now being actively prosecuted, the facilities provided by government bait freezers, refrigerator cars, etc., making it much more profitable than to ship dried fish.

All the country along the north shore is known as a good sheep district. One steamer alone took some 3,400 head from Port Hood and Mabou recently, as many as five hundred going in a single lot. They were sent chiefly to Halifax, by way of Pictou. There is good pasturage, and under the pastures are deposits of coal. There is a coal field all along the shore from Port Hood to Margaree, from two to six feet thick, but of course it is much better at some points than at others. Around Port Hood a man can go down to the shore and dig his winter's coal as easily as he digs his potatoes. If he is not disposed to do all the work at once, he can go from day to day with a shovel and a bag or bucket, just as he would go to his coal bin. He may have to go down four or five feet before he strikes the seam, if he is trying in a new place, but coal is sometimes struck in digging the holes for fence posts.

A proposition to build a breakwater, closing up the northern entrance of Port Hood harbor—which formerly had a natural breakwater, but which has been gradually carried away by the action of the water—will likely be put into effect shortly, and will have the effect of making this harbor one of the safest along the coast.

Mabou and Vicinity

Mabou is very beautifully located, on the riverside a few miles from the harbor. The rivers which empty into the harbor are called the Southwest and Southeast branches, and there is excellent trout

fishing in both of them. A number of other rivers within easy distance also furnish fine sport. One of these is Hay river, Lake Ainslie.

The scenery in this vicinity is everywhere attractive, and there is no limit to the excursions which may be taken by carriage or boat. One of the drives is to the coal mines, and to Cape Mabou, a mountain 800 feet high, level on the top, and commanding a grand view of the Gulf, as well as of the interior of Cape Breton for many miles. This view shows a very beautiful part of the country, including the rich agricultural district of Strathlorn.

Mabou has good bathing places, and the accommodations for visitors are very satisfactory both at the hotels and at private houses. It is an easy drive of twenty miles or so across the country to Orangedale Station on the Intercolonial.

In going up the coast, cliffs 300 feet or more in height are seen along the shore between Mabou and Broad Cove, and the water is correspondingly deep. On the tops of some of these cliffs the highway can be seen winding around what would appear to be places fraught with danger to the traveller who did not heed well his path. This is not the main highway, but a shore road. The country is well settled all the way between Port Hood and Margaree, and there are some very thrifty farmers.

Broad Cove is an indentation of the coast, about twelve miles long and two miles deep. Here there are coal mines which are now being vigorously worked by Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann, who are also proprietors of the railroad which has its northern terminus at Broad Cove and runs to Port Hastings. Up-to-date machinery has been installed in these mines and the output will be largely increased. It is the intention to establish a coal carrying trade to the St. Lawrence and to American points. A large amount of money has been expended in making a harbor, or rather in making a channel to a basin which has needed only an entrance in order to be as good a harbor

as could be wished. This basin, or lake, has been cut off from the sea by a strip of land a few hundred feet in width, and to open and dredge a deep water channel through this has been a work requiring no small amount of labor and capital.

Margaree and Cheticamp

The old inhabitant rises to remark that it used to be called Marguerite, but that Margaree is the name by which it has been known in modern times, and by which it must be spoken of if there is a desire to have people know what locality is meant. The Indian name of the river was Weeukuch, red ochre, and the mouth of the river was Owchaadooch, meaning "where they get it" (red ochre). Approaching Margaree harbor by water, Margaree Island, which has also been known as Wolf Island and Seal Island, is seen standing out in bold relief, rising high above the sea. It is a dreary looking place, and in addition to the lighthouse and a lobster factory has only the houses of some fishermen upon it.

Margaree harbor is rather shoal, and the landing from the steamer is effected by means of boats. The village is a quiet place, with good farms in the neighborhood and good sea fisheries along the shores. The great fame of the Margaree district, however, arises from the wonderful trout fishing found on the river and in the other waters of the interior. The fishing grounds are usually reached by taking the Intercolonial railway to Orangedale station, twenty-nine miles from Point Tupper, and going to the interior by way of Whycocomagh. In this way fishing may be had at various points along the route, but the best pools are thirty-seven miles from Orangedale and eight miles from Margaree harbor. While dealing with the latter place, however, it may be well to speak of the fine opportunities the fisherman has in this part of the world.

Leaving the village and travelling four miles along the Margaree river, the stranger enters on one of the most beautiful meadows in all Nova Scotia. It is a

dead level, one mile in width, with picturesque hills on each side, and has a length of four miles. In that distance are some of the famous pools. At the end of this meadow is the junction of the Northeast and Southwest branches. This is the Forks. The Northeast branch has its source twenty-five miles back in the forests of the interior, and coming down from the hills makes its winding way through wood and meadow, the scenery being fairly enchanting at times. The salmon go up this branch to the pools near its source. Both salmon and trout are abundant in their season. From the Forks along for fifteen miles is the Northeast Margaree settlement, one of the most thriving and attractive in eastern Nova Scotia. Here the visitor can get excellent accommodation in the houses of well-to-do farmers. The pools of this branch are considered the best in the province.

The Southwest branch flows to the Forks in an opposite direction to the other branch. It is the outlet of Lake Ainslie, the largest body of fresh water in Cape Breton. This lake is triangular in shape, twelve miles long and about seven miles in extreme width. It has a wide reputation for the size and number of its trout. The lake is about fourteen miles from the Forks. The Southwest branch affords trout and alewife fishing, and salmon in the fall of the year. From the head of Lake Ainslie to Whycocomagh is only five miles. Good fishing is also to be had at Trout river, Lake Ainslie. Further points about this part of the country will be mentioned in connection with Whycocomagh, in describing the Bras d'Or.

To the south of Margaree the settlers are chiefly Scotch, together with the descendants of the U. E. Loyalists. All over this part of the country the Gaelic language is in common use, some of the

older people speaking it exclusively, while the younger generation learn to talk it as they grow up. It is a very necessary language for a clergyman or a doctor. North of Margaree the settlers are Acadian French, and at Cheticamp is the largest of their settlements in the province of Nova Scotia. There are about 3,000 French here and less than 200 of all others.

Eastern harbor, Cheticamp, five miles long, with an average width of half a mile, is one of the safest harbors along the coast. It is well suited for boating and bathing. There is a gradually sloping sand beach, three miles long, with not a rock along its entire length. Good accommodation can be secured at Cheticamp, and vacant houses can be rented for the whole or a portion of the season. A conspicuous object, seen for many miles away in approaching Cheticamp by water, is the Catholic church, a new and handsome structure which will hold about 4,000 people.

There is good trout and salmon fishing in Little river, which empties into Eastern harbor, but not to the same extent as on the Margaree. Of salt water fishing there is a great variety, for this is one of the great sea fishing districts of the Gulf, and is a station of the famous Jersey firm of Charles Robin & Co. During the season the farmers move from their farms to temporary homes on the shore, and the annual catch of cod, herring, mackerel and other fish, as well as of lobsters, is very large. The catch of codfish alone at Eastern harbor and Cheticamp is about three million pounds a year, producing one million pounds of the dry fish. The annual value of the fisheries in this district is upwards of \$75,000. Along this coast, from Port Hood up to Pleasant Bay, the value of the fisheries in the last year reported was over \$316,000.

Along the Beautiful Bras d'Or



RETURNING to Mulgrave, the tourist crosses the Strait of Canseau, to take the railway along the Bras d'Or. If he wishes to go by steamer by way of

Lennox Passage and St. Peter's canal, to which reference has already been made, he can arrange to return by rail.

Cape Breton is usually spoken of as an island, but it actually consists of a number of islands, while there are numbers of peninsulas out of which even more islands could be made, were there any occasion for the work. Water, fresh and salt, has been distributed very liberally in this part of the world, and it is to this that Cape Breton owes much of its charm as the paradise of the summer tourist.

The land does its share as a part of the beautiful picture. There is enough of it and some to spare, for of the more than two and a half million acres only about a moiety is fit for cultivation. The rest of it is good for other things. The productive coal measures, for instance, cover about two hundred and fifty square miles, and there are other sources of wealth in the earth, some of which are known and some of which have yet to be developed. Whether the land is good or not is of little moment to the pleasure seeker, for it is enough for him that it is one of the finest places in America for a summer outing. It has been so far removed from the bustle of the world in the past that

there is a freshness about it that may be sought for in vain along the beaten highways of travel. The primitive simplicity which amused Charles Dudley Warner and other humorous writers is still to be found in many districts, but it is no longer a troublesome journey to reach even the mysterious Baddeck from any part of the continent. The Intercolonial has opened up the land, and the Cape Breton railway, which is a part of the Intercolonial, reaches from the Strait of Canseau to the harbor of Sydney, on the eastern shore. For much of the distance it runs along the borders of that wonderfully beautiful inland sea, the Bras d'Or, or of the rivers and bays that are tributary to it. The scenery is never tame, because it is ever varied, and there are places where the speed of the slowest train will seem but too fast to the lover of nature's beauty.

The railway begins at Point Tupper, just across from Mulgrave, and has a length of ninety-one miles. At the outset, in aiming to provide a route as direct as possible, it necessarily passes through a part of the country a little removed from such settlements as those which cluster around River Inhabitants and other places of note. For the same reason, it bridges some big gaps which the valleys have made. The trestle over McDonald's Gulch, with a length of 940 feet, and a height of ninety feet above the bed of the stream, is the second longest in Canada.

So it is that in the first half of the journey but little is seen of the people of the country. The country itself, however, begins to give glimpses of its beauty at such places as Seal and Orange Coves,

McKinnon's harbor, and the various inlets of Denys river. Then comes the famed Bras d'Or.

Who can describe the beauties of this strange ocean lake, this imprisoned sea which divides an island in twain? For about fifty miles its waters are sheltered from the ocean of which it forms a part, and in this length it expands into bays, inlets and romantic havens, with islands, peninsulas and broken lines of coast—all combining to form a scene of rare beauty,

The Bras d'Or waters have a surface area of 450 square miles, and while the width from shore to shore is as much as eighteen miles in one place, there are times when less than a mile separates shore from shore. So, too, the depth varies in somewhat the same ratio as rise the surrounding hills. In one part of Little Bras d'Or there is a depth of nearly 700 feet, the depression equalling the height of the surrounding land. Every variety of landscape meets the eye of the



ENTRANCE TO BRAS D'OR LAKES, CAPE BRETON

Intercolonial Route

surpassing the power of pen to describe. At every turn new features claim wonder and admiration. Here a cluster of fairy isles, here some meandering stream, and here some narrow strait leading into a broad and peaceful bay. High above tower the mountains with their ancient forests, while at times bold cliffs crowned with verdure rise majestically toward the clouds. Nothing is common, nothing tame; all is fitted to fill the mind with emotions of keenest pleasure.

delighted stranger, and it is because of this variety that the eye never wearies and the senses are never palled.

It would be useless, and doubtless impolitic, to attempt to convince the traveller that "Bras d'Or" is only the corruption of a word that is not French and has a wholly different meaning. As one sees the calm surface made glorious by the rising or setting sun, with an ambient light like that which shone in the subtle distillations of the alchemists

of old, there comes the thought that no other title than the "Arm of Gold" so well befits this Mediterranean of the Acadian Land. Yet there are not wanting those who argue that this summer land had its name in common with that of "the cold and pitiless Labrador," and that both are from the Spanish *Terra de Laborador*—land that may be cultivated. This would apply to the surrounding country, but there is another theory which has been used in reference to the recognized Labrador, and will apply with equal force here. It is that of M. Jules Marcou, in a paper "Sur l'Origine du Nom d'Amerique," to be found in the Transactions of the Quebec Geographical Society for 1888. He avers that the name "Brador," or "Bradaur," is an Indian word which means "deep and narrow bay," pushing forward through the land and corresponding to the Norwegian *fjord*. It may also be remarked that Denys' map, dated 1672, shows "Le Lac de Labrador," in what is now Cape Breton.

Between the claims of the Indians, Spaniards, French and English, including the abominably bad spellers who undertook to write books and make maps, there is a good deal of haziness about some of the names in this part of the country. It is rarely that the people who are residents can throw any light on the subject, and an appeal to the aged Indians sometimes makes confusion worse confounded. It is only an occasional Indian who is ready to swear that Skudakumoochwakaddy—the name of a high island on the Bras d'Or, once used as a burial ground—means merely "Spirit Land." It may be that the average inquirer does not give just the right accent to these names, and hence is misunderstood. The words are not always easy to pronounce according to their spelling and even the judicial mind of Judge Haliburton considered "Malagawaatchkt" to be what he termed a crabbed name.

In following the railway the stranger will occasionally see what looks like a

shallow pond, a hundred feet or so in diameter. It may surprise him to learn that the bottom is sixty or a hundred feet from the surface. This is a country of heights and depths, where at times the train runs through long cuttings where the white plaster rock looms up on each side, to travel for hundreds of yards on high embankments in which the excavated material has been made to bridge a valley. There is nothing flat about the scenery, unless it may be the water, and even that is so only in a purely literal sense.

Nor is that always as flat as some would like it to be when they have to cross the Bras d'Or after a heavy gale. The inland sea is but a part of the Atlantic, and an outside sea may sweep its waters into fury. The direction of the wind makes all the difference in the world.

Whycocomagh

It is a question whether "k" rather than "c" should not be used in the spelling of this word, but it is not an essential matter. The main point is how to get there and what to see.

Orangedale, twenty-nine miles from Point Tupper, is the point on the railway from which Whycocomagh is reached by a drive of seven miles, and teams are in waiting on the arrival of express trains. Orangedale is at the head of one of the numerous little arms of the Bras d'Or which are found in this part of the journey, and near at hand are Denys river basin and Great and Little Malagawaatchkt. The latter are two inlets of the great lake at the head of West Bay, on the northern shore. The uncouth name is said to mean "First Barrel," and there is a tradition to explain it. It is pronounced "Malagawatch."

Whycocomagh is situated on the basin which is the termination of St. Patrick's Channel, which has its mouth more than twenty miles to the eastward, beyond Baddeck. To go from this part of the railway to Whycocomagh wholly by water would mean a journey of about forty miles, but a few miles east of

Orangedale is an inlet which extends so as to leave only half a mile of land to cross in order to reach Whycocomagh Basin. This was the canoe portage of the Indians, and it may have been in this connection that they called the place Whycocomagh, meaning "ending of this mode of travel."

The drive from Orangedale is an attractive one, the latter portion of it being around the shore of the basin. Whycocomagh village is in a location which leaves little to be desired by tourists, and the surroundings both on land and water are full of beauty. The summer climate here, as indeed in all this part of Cape Breton, is well nigh perfect. It is an exceedingly healthful place. Consumption and kindred complaints are unknown, and no disease ever becomes epidemic. It is one of the few parts of the world where children rarely die from any cause, and a lady relates that when she went to school the case of a child struck by lightning was the only instance of the death of anybody of school-going age.

The bathing around the shores, which are well shaded by trees in many places, is very inviting. Boating in the basin is equally alluring and is absolutely safe. There has never been a drowning accident. Indian Island, a little distance away, is owned by the Indians, who number about twenty-five families and have a reservation of 1,800 acres near the village. Some of the farms make a good appearance.

A mineral spring, which is claimed to possess many virtues, is easy of access in the village. Good board can be secured both at the hotel and in private houses owned by leading residents.

A number of good fishing rivers may be reached from Whycocomagh. The most distant are the famous pools at Margaree, elsewhere mentioned. To go to these a drive of five miles is taken through Ainslie Glen to the head of Lake Ainslie. Following the eastern side of this lake, which is twelve miles long, the Southwest Margaree is reached and its course followed to Margaree Forks, where

the first of the series of pools is found. The distance is thirty miles, and to Margaree harbor the distance is thirty-eight miles. There is good fishing at a shorter distance, however, at Lake Ainslie itself and at Trout river, only five miles from the village. Fair fishing is also to be had at times in the Whycocomagh and Sky rivers.

From Whycocomagh across the country to Mabou is about fifteen miles. The River Denys, another fishing stream, is reached from the railway, eight miles from Orangedale. As for pleasure drives around Whycocomagh there is a wide range included in the surrounding country. A drive around Salt Mountain, to the eastward, gives some fine views of the Bras d'Or. Salt Mountain is 850 feet high. Sky Mountain, reached by a drive of six or seven miles, has a height of 950 feet. A double team can be driven to the top of it, where there is a good bit of farming country. From this height there is a great view over a large area of land and water, including a large portion of the Bras d'Or, Cape Porcupine on the Strait of Canseau, and even Prince Edward Island, when the air is clear. There is a fine chance for drives all around the vicinity of Lake Ainslie.

Grand Narrows

The half-way point between the Strait of Canseau and Sydney is Grand Narrows, forty-five miles from Point Tupper by the railway. It is a central point as regards travel to some choice spots on the Bras d'Or, and has a well equipped hotel. At Grand Narrows the hitherto wide expanse of water, with a width twelve, fifteen and eighteen miles from shore to shore, is left behind as the journey is continued to the eastward, and the Bras d'Or changes from a broad basin to make its way through a passage less than a mile in width, the name of which is Barra Strait. Grand Narrows is a pretty place, with many opportunities for the tourist to find summer recreation. The climate in all this part of the country is delightful. With all the benefits of salt

water breezes there is very little fog, and what there is of it is neither frequent, thick nor of long duration. A prominent resident of Grand Narrows is authority for the statement that he has known five consecutive summers to pass without a trace of this moist visitant.

Grand Narrows is centrally situated as regards some of the most inviting spots in Cape Breton. Baddeck is only twelve miles distant by water, and a trip of twenty miles from it takes one to the beautiful Whycocomagh. It is hardly necessary to say that opportunities for good bathing and safe boating are found everywhere in this diversified region of land and water, while there is an abundance of fishing. Trout are caught with the fly from the Bras d'Or as close to the hotel as the railway bridge, and what is more singular, fine fat codfish also rise to the fly in the autumn and are easily taken. Good sized trout are also found at Benacadie, a few miles away, and at Eskasonie, a little further removed. The River Denys has also a fine reputation among anglers.

Fresh codfish may be had here every day in the year, if the trouble is taken to catch it. Salmon are netted in front of the wharf, and smelts are also abundant. The mackerel in the Bras d'Or are very large and fat. Here, too, are extra large lobsters, and oysters are so natural to the country that they actually grow on trees.

This may seem to be a remarkable statement, but it is literally true. Along some parts of the shore where the soil yields easily white birch and other trees occasionally topple and fall so that their tops become submerged. The young oysters, seeking a lodging place, attach themselves to the branches, and remaining there, continue to grow on trees in the literal sense of the term. In past years from three thousand to four thousand barrels of oysters have been taken around these waters in the course of the season, and some of them have been shipped as far west as Port Arthur.

The view from the top of Grand Nar-

rows mountain, about 1,000 feet above the water, is a very extensive one. It takes in the great lake up to St. Peter's, West Bay, Malagawaatchkt, Baddeck, the Little Bras d'Or for thirty miles and a portion of East Bay. In it are included the Whycocomagh mountains, River Denys mountains and the higher mountains to the north and west. One of the most attractive of the drives is that around Narrows Head and Piper Cove, taking the highway leading east from Grand Narrows and making an almost circular drive of seven or eight miles.

Then, as for game, the sportsman may find all the partridge he seeks in the woods, and thousands of plover, black duck, curlew and other sea fowl, at all the inlets along the shore for many a mile along the line of railway. Grand Narrows has not a monopoly of the good things, but it is convenient because of its central situation.

The railway bridge which crosses Barra Strait at Grand Narrows is a handsome as well as substantial structure, with a length of 1,697 feet. It is the link which connects the eastern and western divisions of the road. It was formally opened in October, 1890, by Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada. His Excellency stood in the cab of the engine and acted as driver during the passage across.

Baddeck

Daily week day steamer trips are made, during the season of navigation, between Grand Narrows and Baddeck, a distance of twelve miles, and calls are made at both places by the steamers on the route between Mulgrave and Sydney.

Baddeck is a place of which much has been heard in recent years, and its reputation has been increased by the fact that several wealthy citizens of the United States have made their summer homes here, living in their own houses. Many strangers, doubtless, have an idea that there is nothing to equal Baddeck in Cape Breton, and that when they have seen it and made a hasty trip through

the Bras d'Or they have got a sight of all that is worth seeing. The truth is that, while Baddeck is a place with many advantages and much natural beauty, it is only one of a number of points which ought to be visited in order to get an intelligent comprehension of the attractions of this summer land.

Nobody should miss seeing Baddeck, however. Going by water from Grand Narrows, Iona is passed on the northern shore, and further along lies

called from its fancied resemblance to a pair of glasses.

Baddeck, which is the same word as "Bedeque" with a different spelling, and was Ebadete—a sultry place—to the Indians, has a population in the village and district of about 1,500. It is the most central place in Cape Breton, and when one is here he can easily get to any other part of the island. In a business sense the village is a centre for a large area of the surrounding country. It is a



BADDECK, CAPE BRETON

Intercolonial Route

Moolasaalchikt, or Big Harbor. About three miles beyond this is the headland known as Watchabukctekt on the left, and Beinn-Bhreagh on the right. These guard the harbor of Baddeck and the entrance of St. Patrick's channel, which leads to Whycocomagh basin. On the side of Beinn-Bhreagh, otherwise known as Red Head, is the beautiful summer cottage of Dr. A. Graham Bell, of Washington, the inventor of the telephone. In the harbor is Spectacle Island, so

place of call for several steamers, including the French mail steamer for St. Pierre.

The situation of the village, on the gentle slope which rises from the landlocked harbor, gives it a fine appearance, and those who seek an outing here are not disappointed in the many natural advantages which Baddeck affords for the health and pleasure seeker. The facilities for bathing and boating are especially good, and the water is delightfully warm.

The scenery everywhere in this vicinity is of a beautiful description, and the chances for excursions both by land and water are practically without a limit. They can be made to embrace the north shore of Cape Breton, the Bras d'Or lakes, and even the open Atlantic, by way of St. Anne's Harbor and Bay, to say nothing of the many attractions in the limited area of a few miles around the village. One of the latter is found at Uisge-Ban (pronounced Uish-ka-Ban) Falls, which are in the forest nine and one-half miles from the village. These falls first came into public notice about fifteen years ago. They are in the Baddeck mountains and are three in number. From the bottom of the first to the top of the third there is a rise of 800 feet in a mile. The highest cataract is seventy-five or eighty feet. These falls are reached by a good road. There are still larger, but less picturesque, falls on Middle river, some twelve or fifteen miles from Baddeck.

Baddeck is a point from which the best trout and salmon fishing in Cape Breton can be reached. A drive of twenty-eight miles takes one to the famed Margaree river, where both salmon and trout are found. Middle river, within a few miles of the village, has probably the finest sea trout on the island. Sea trout are also found in Baddeck river and in North river, St. Anne's, the latter being a favorite stream. The trout taken in it average from a pound to a pound and a half in weight. Another fishing water reached from Baddeck is Lake Ainslie, which has already been mentioned in connection with Whycocomagh. The best trout fishing is from about the 20th of June to 20th of July. There is good shooting, according to the season, in the woods and along the shore in this vicinity.

There are two hotels at Baddeck, and excellent board can also be secured in a number of private houses. Among those who have found Baddeck attractive enough to make it their summer home and build cottages here are George

Kennan, of Siberian fame; Mr. Carruth, of Boston; Charles J. Bell and Alexander Graham Bell. The latter owns the headland called Beinn-Bhreagh, or Beautiful Mountain, where he has land to the extent of something over eight hundred acres. On a gentle slope on the side of this mountain, surrounded by well kept grounds and commanding a grand view of land and water, is his house. It is an ideal summer cottage, finely finished and designed with every regard for comfort and convenience. Here the great inventor and his family spend a large part of each year, sometimes remaining until late in November.

The experience of Dr. Bell is interesting, and has a moral for those who have had no experience of the benefits of the climate of this part of the world. Some years ago, having specially in view the health and comfort of his children, Dr. Bell sought to find the right kind of a place to make his summer home. He tried the Atlantic coast around Cape May, Cape Cod and at other points, but in every instance there was something which appeared to be a defect. He wanted the advantages of the salt water without the cold winds, fogs and other drawbacks of some of the otherwise attractive seaside resorts. When he came to Cape Breton, he found that of which he was in search exemplified at such places as Baddeck and Whycocomagh. Here he found a country rich in scenery and with a glorious summer climate. While the air was refreshingly cool, the water in the Bras d'Or, though coming from the ocean, was so tempered in its passage as to be of a most agreeable warmth in the harbors and bays. In connection with this he observed the fact that the water in the sheltered haven at Baddeck retained this heat until late in the autumn, so that the leaves remained on the trees in this vicinity long after the time when they are supposed to fall in this latitude, and as a matter of fact long after the forests on the mainland were bare. The situation was sufficiently retired, and yet easy of access. He there-

fore purchased the mountain peninsula, and year by year has gone to a large expense in beautifying and improving it. Much of the land near the shore is under cultivation, and nine miles of roads have been constructed. Winding roads lead to the top of the mountain, which is 600 feet high, and the ascent affords a succession of views extending over the country on all sides. A sheep ranch, where improved merinoes are kept, is one of the features of what is in many respects a model farm.

Dr. Bell does not come here to rest, so far as he is personally concerned. He is a very busy man, and in his well equipped laboratory and its annex he is able to carry on his scientific investigations free from interruptions. He has a staff of trained assistants, and all find plenty to occupy their time and engage their attention.

Grand Narrows to Sydney

Leaving Grand Narrows the railway follows the south shore of the Bras d'Or for about thirty miles until George's river is reached, when it diverges to the south to reach Sydney. About twelve miles from Grand Narrows the Little Bras d'Or is seen. This is the minor outlet of the lake, separated from the main outlet, the Great Bras d'Or, by Boulardarie Island. This island, which is about twenty-six miles long and from

two to three miles wide for the greater portion of its length, has its eastern end on the Atlantic. The Little Bras d'Or is from two to three miles wide for twenty miles or so, and is very deep in places. The greatest depth of water in the whole Bras d'Or, indeed, about 700 feet, is found opposite Boisdale, eighteen miles beyond Grand Narrows. In the last six or seven miles of its course the Little Bras d'Or is very narrow, and is navigable only for vessels of light draught. This part of it is not seen from the railway.

The railway journey permits of some extended and beautiful views along the Little Bras d'Or. Especially is this the case in the vicinity of Long Island, where some fine stretches of water and picturesque bits of landscape are seen.

In the forty-five miles between Grand Narrows and Sydney the country is not only more settled but more fertile as the traveller proceeds, and in the vicinity of the Sydneys the evidences of thrift and prosperity are seen on every hand. One can hardly believe that two centuries ago the Indians and one or two missionaries were the only occupants of all this part of America. The practical settlement of Cape Breton by the English dates back to but little more than a hundred years ago.

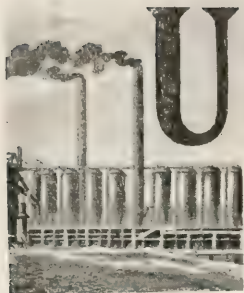
In going to Sydney by steamer, the passage of the Great Bras d'Or is made, and the trip is continued around the coast until Sydney harbor is reached.



A SEQUESTERED NOOK

Intercolonial Route

The Sydneys and the Boom



UNDER the term of The Sydneys are included the towns of Sydney and North Sydney. Apart from their names the one has

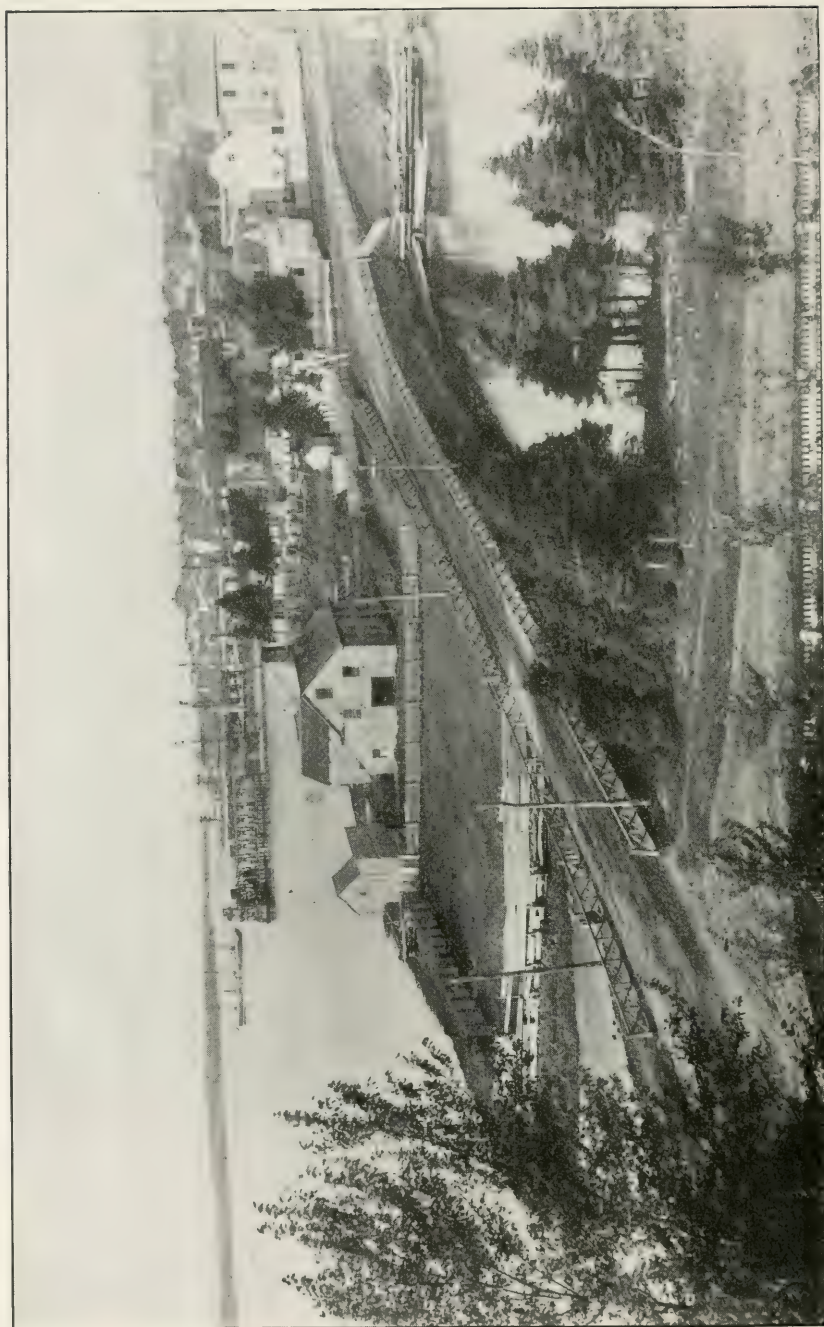
little relation to the other, for they are five miles apart by water and seventeen miles from each other by land. The Sydney Mines lie beyond North Sydney, and thus the whole district has come under a general title with specific designations.

To understand the location of the Sydneys one must know something about the harbor. This is one of the best in America,—safe, capacious, easy of access and navigable at all seasons. It opens into the Atlantic Ocean and is nearly two miles wide at the entrance. Of great depth and so sheltered as to protect it from the force of storms, no haven on the North American coast is more easily entered by ocean going craft, and none is more secure. It is absolutely clear of obstructions, and it is commodious enough for the fleet of a nation to ride at anchor and leave plenty of room for the demands of the commercial marine. At a distance of four miles from the mouth it divides into the Northwest and South Arms. On the north side of the harbor, before the division is reached, is the town of North Sydney, with a population of about six thousand people. Close to it is the settlement of Sydney Mines, which had about three thousand of a population

when the last census was taken. Sydney is situated on the South Arm. It had a population slightly less than that of North Sydney by the last census. In July, 1899, the same relative proportions were preserved, but a few months later Sydney had a population of some seven thousand, while it now has probably twelve thousand. It is all due to the boom, which began in August, 1899, and appears to have come to stay.

This boom is due to the fact that the Dominion Iron and Steel Company has chosen Sydney as the scene of its operations. Since the company has decided to locate at Sydney the town has experienced such a boom as is a novelty in eastern America. Real estate has advanced beyond the dreams of its former owners, new buildings, some of them of the most substantial character, have been erected, and more are continually under construction. The influx of strangers has included mechanics, tradesmen and men of all classes of occupation, each impressed with the idea that Sydney was the coming place in the Maritime Provinces, if not in Canada. The population is still increasing, and it is likely to do so for years to come, for not only do the present works mean much of themselves, but there is little doubt that they will be followed by other important industries. The boom is a solid one.

Whatever may be the commercial outlook of Sydney, it must continue to be the objective point for tourists by the Intercolonial railway. Apart from all that is implied by a journey through the glorious summer country of Cape Breton, Sydney itself is beautifully situated on the rising ground of the Southwest Arm, a most attractive sheet of water which



SYDNEY C.B.

becomes part of the main haroor a short distance below. There is every opportunity for the best of boating, yachting and bathing in these waters, while the drives to beautiful parts of the country in the vicinity are limited in variety only by the time at the disposal of the visitor. One of these, around the head of the harbor to Barn Lake, is through a very fine part of the Sydney district, and still more enjoyable is that to Mira river, a distance of twelve miles. Lingan, Glace Bay, Port Morienne, Louisbourg and Gabarus, most of which may be reached by rail, offer many attractions for excursions by the highway. The coal mines may be reached both by highway and rail.

Mention has been made of the extent to which the Gaelic language is heard in some parts of Cape Breton. At Sydney is published the only purely Gaelic newspaper in the world. It is called the "Mac Talla," or the Echo. It is issued weekly and circulates on both sides of the ocean. Gaelic sermons are still heard at times in one of the Presbyterian churches of Sydney.

North Sydney, in its geographical relation to Sydney, is seventeen miles distant when the course of the railway is followed around the head of the harbor, but it is only five miles distant by the ferry steamers, which make regular trips between the two places. North Sydney, on the shore of the main harbor, is the shipping and commercial port, and in a little over a quarter of a century it has developed from a village along the shore to a seaport town where a very large amount of business is done. Sailing craft of every description and of all maritime nations, ocean steamers, liners and tramps, cruisers of the British, United States or French navies all cast their anchors in these waters in the course of a season. They may come in the depth of winter if they choose, for the harbor is open then as in the summer, and from this port the steamer Bruce makes its regular trips to Newfoundland throughout the year. Other lines of steamers

make this their terminus, and an extensive trade is carried on both with Newfoundland and the French islands. Here, too, is the Western Union cable station, of which frequent use is made both by the navy and merchant marine calling at this port, and there is a marine railway where vessels are put under repairs when required. There are a number of industrial establishments, and the town is generally in a flourishing condition. The important settlement of Sydney Mines, a mile or two distant, has also its influence on the prosperity of the town.

North Sydney has shared to a considerable extent in Sydney's advance, and in anticipation of the establishment of another extensive steel works and kindred industries is preparing for a boom on its own account. North Sydney has probably the finest water system of any town in the province, being supplied from a lake of three miles in length with an average width of a mile and a half immediately behind the town, and the town is now engaged in the installing of a sewerage system costing in the vicinity of \$100,000. For residential purposes North Sydney offers inducements second to none in the province.

The Nova Scotia Steel Company, of Ferrona, has secured the old Sydney mines, where there is an eight foot seam of coal free from sulphur, and it has also purchased limestone quarries at a large cost. This company owns two-thirds of Bell Island, to which reference has already been made in connection with the works at Sydney, and has therefore an inexhaustible supply of all the essentials for carrying on the manufacture of iron and steel, which is said to be their intention. For a water supply it has Pottle's Lake, which is good for a supply of seven and one-half million gallons a day in the dry season. So far as facilities for carrying on the operations go, nothing is to be desired.

With these works once in operation it will be seen that both the Sydneys are included in what is known as "the boom."

Sydney Mines, three miles from North Sydney, and with almost the same population when the last census was taken, is a famous place in the history of the coal development of Cape Breton. Here is the oldest mine in this part of the country. It has a perpendicular shaft more than seven hundred feet deep, and the mine itself extends about a mile under the sea.

Coal is an important factor in the prosperity of the Sydneys, and there is a never failing supply of it. The quantity available in the fields of Cape Breton is estimated at a thousand million tons. This does not include the numberless seams less than four feet in thickness, nor the vast body of coal which lies under the ocean between Cape Breton and Newfoundland, one area of which is believed to contain two thousand five hundred acres, with an estimated yield of thirty-five million tons.

A number of notable mines are found to the eastward of Sydney harbor and along the coast as far as Port Morien. Among these are: Caledonia, at Caledonia; Reserve at Reserve Mines; International and Dominion No. 1 at Bridgeport; Dominion No. 3 and Dominion No. 4 at Caledonia. These mines are the scene of exceedingly active operations. From 5,000 to 6,000 men are employed in them, and from Sydney harbor alone upwards of 800,000 tons were shipped in the course of a season, while large quantities are shipped from the two piers at Louisbourg. The completion of another mine, Dominion No. 2, between Bridgeport and Glace Bay, will add to the district one of the largest in America, and will require for its operation alone over 2,000 men. The output of the mines of Cape Breton county far exceeds that of any other coal district of Nova Scotia, and is between a million and a half and two million tons a year. Some of these mines are as completely equipped as any in the world, and the Caledonia, lighted with electric light and furnished with improved cutting machines, is worthy of special note. The shipments of coal during the present

season are enormous, aggregating over 50,000 tons a week, and on one day recently 15,000 tons were sent away. With the opening of Dominion No. 2 these will, of course, be largely increased.

The coal trade gives the Sydneys a large shipping business, and many steamers put in here for a supply the year round, in addition to the regular coal carrying lines. The French navy has a coaling station here, and hence the frequent visits of its cruisers, to which reference has already been made. The harbor at both Sydney and North Sydney presents a most animated appearance throughout the summer. With the attractions on the land and on the water the tourist usually finds the time he has limited for his stay at the Sydneys all too short for what he wants to see and enjoy.

Some fine sea trout fishing is had during the month of August at North river and Indian brook, on the north shore of St. Anne's Bay, reached by a steamer which makes the trip from Sydney and North Sydney twice a week, the voyage taking about three hours. The trout are from four to seven pounds in weight, and occasionally still larger. This part of the country may also be conveniently reached from Baddeck. Continuing the journey further up the coast to Ingonish, the most rugged and sublime scenery in Cape Breton is found. Here are hills towering high above the sea, and in some instances they are sheer precipices. At South Bay, Ingonish, is the highest precipice in Cape Breton, commonly known as Old Smoky, which is a far from elegant translation of the Cap Enfumé of other days. The village at South Bay is on the beach, and above it the mountains rise to a height of from 500 to 1,100 feet. In a fearful storm in 1894 twenty-two houses, practically the whole village, were swept away. The occupants managed to save their lives, but little else. One saved a barrel of flour and a leg of mutton out of property valued at \$6,000. There is always a roar of the sea on the beaches of this part of the coast, and all the surroundings are sublime.

Along the shores of this coast and in the forests of Ingonish are great chances for shooting. Caribou, geese, duck, curlew, plover, snipe and partridge abound, and of late moose have also been found in the woods. Tourists can get good accommodation at South Bay.

Sydney's Steel Works

The operations of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company at Sydney are on a very large scale and have had a most

foundland, where it is estimated that the ground owned by this company contains twenty-nine million tons of ore, and a much larger body existing under the sea. The supply of iron is therefore practically inexhaustible, and it can be landed at Sydney on the most advantageous terms. As for coal, Cape Breton is one vast coal field, and it is ready at hand, as is the limestone and delomite required in the manufacture of steel.

There are four large blast furnaces at



COAL MINES NEAR NORTH SIDNEY, C. B.

Intercolonial Route

important effect on the history of the progress of that part of Canada. The progress of the work has been very rapid, having started in August, 1899, and a portion of the works being now in operation, with the remainder nearly completed. Sydney is peculiarly situated for the manufacture of iron and steel at rates which put it beyond competition with any place in America. The best quality of iron is obtained from an inexhaustible supply at Bell Island, New-

Sydney, each eighty-five feet high, and eighteen feet in diameter at the widest part. Each of these will produce from three hundred to three hundred and fifty tons of pig iron in a working day. There are five great blowing engines of two thousand five hundred horse power each, and each engine will supply fifty thousand cubic feet of air per minute. These engines are the largest ever built in the world, each weighs six hundred tons, and they have a total power equal to the

power that can be exerted by twelve thousand five hundred horses. The cost of these five engines was half a million dollars. The boilers consist of sixteen batteries of two boilers each of sixteen thousand total horse power, and capable of pumping six million gallons of water per day of twenty-four hours. The area of ground covered by the works of the company is four hundred and eighty acres, and is one of the busiest spots on the continent. The four blast furnaces have an estimated capacity of one thousand two hundred tons of pig iron daily, and in addition to these are ten fifty-ton open hearth steel furnaces, and four hundred by-product coke ovens. It is estimated that the production will be some three hundred thousand tons of pig iron and sixty thousand tons of steel blooms annually, and in the present year the production of pig iron will be about four hundred thousand tons.

The works are most advantageously situated in every respect, being close by the waterside, connected with the Inter-colonial railway, and with an abundant supply of water for manufacturing purposes. The latter is procured from the Sydney river, where a dam has been constructed which is capable of supplying three million gallons of fresh water daily. The length of the water mains is eight miles. The grounds and works are lighted by electricity, and in all the operations machinery of the most modern description has been employed. On the construction works alone between two and three thousand men have been employed, at a total daily pay roll of between three and four thousand dollars. When the works are in full operation at least 2,500 men will be employed, and the pay roll will amount to about \$5,000 daily, or \$1,825,000 per year. The limits to which the works may be extended cannot be defined, but the possibilities are something enormous.

The whole works form practically a town within themselves, where, with the blast furnaces, the stock yard, offices, open hearth ovens, blooming mill, rail

mill, plate mill, machine shop, foundry, shacks, hospitals, store rooms, etc., a thorough system of a busy city is found. The machine shop and foundry of themselves cover more than 60,000 square feet of ground. The company has a capital of over \$20,000,000. It is believed that in a few years Sydney, which three years ago had a population of about 2,500, will have at least 30,000 inhabitants, all due to its great industry. Thus Sydney represents a typical boom town, but one with such a solid foundation that the bottom can never drop out.

The wonderful advantages of Sydney for producing iron and steel at the lowest prices can best be shown by a comparison of it with Pittsburg. At Sydney the coal is close at hand and the coke ovens save all the volatile constituents of the coal. At Pittsburg the coal is brought from a distance of about eighty miles by rail, and the limestone, which at Sydney is close at hand, has to be brought a distance of one hundred and thirty miles to Pittsburg. Apart from this, Sydney is one of the most convenient seaports on the Atlantic coast, whereas the nearest seaport to Pittsburg is over 350 miles by rail, and that seaport, Philadelphia, is 878 miles further from Europe than Sydney is. It will thus be seen what enormous advantages lie with the iron gateway of Canada, as it is called.

The effect of the boom on Sydney has been to enormously increase the value of real estate, the price in many instances having been multiplied many times beyond their original value. A most substantial class of buildings has been erected and, as a whole, Sydney perhaps furnishes the most remarkable example in modern times of a city of rapid progress.

Sydney to Louisbourg

The Sydney and Louisbourg railway affords an easy way of reaching the famous fortifications, or what is left of them, and of seeing some places of interest between the two points. The distance to Louisbourg is forty-two miles by rail, as the

railway goes around the shore. By the highway from Sydney, going across the country, the distance is twenty-four miles.

Along this line, at Dominion, Bridgeport, Glace Bay and Morien, are seen the evidences of the great coal mines of this part of Cape Breton. At Big Glace Bay is a fine surf beach where the best of sea bathing may be enjoyed. Cow Bay, or Morien, is another place naturally beautiful and well adapted to be a watering place. It has an excellent beach.

The choice place for a summer resort, however, is Miré, with its splendid beach and yet more beautiful river. The beach is a mile in length, and slopes so grad-

Salmon are netted in large quantities around Miré Bay, and are sometimes brought to Sydney by the cartload. Another good place for trout at Miré is at McLean's marsh.

Miré ferry, by which one reaches the fishing grounds, is twelve miles from Sydney by a good road. There has been a proposition to have a summer hotel at Miré, but so far it has not been carried into effect.

Scatari Island, which lies off the coast south of Miré Bay, is the extreme "Down East" of the Dominion of Canada. South of it is Cape Breton, from which the whole island has derived its name. It is the most easterly point of the land,



RUINS OF FORTIFICATIONS AT LOUISBOURG, C.B.

Intercolonial Route

ually that the bather may walk out for two hundred feet from the shore. Miré river, or Miré Gut, as it is called by some, is a peculiar body of water more resembling a long and narrow lake. It has a length of about thirty miles, and in some parts it is more than a mile wide, though much more narrow for the greater part of its course. It receives the waters of Salmon river, and is navigable for boats of five feet draft for a distance of twenty-five miles. The scenery is of a beautiful description, and the fishing includes both salmon and trout. The river has also been stocked with whitefish. The sea trout is found both in the Miré and at Trout brook, in the same district.

and he who visits it may be impressed by the fact that for more than 2,300 miles to the eastward and over 1,600 miles to the southward lies the unbroken Atlantic Ocean.

Louisbourg

The railway from Sydney has its terminus at the village of Louisbourg, on the northern side of the harbor. The fortifications, on the southern side, are reached by a drive of four miles or so, but when a boat can be obtained a better way is to go by water. The village itself has little to interest the stranger, but the harbor is a notably good one. The chief interest of visitors, however, is in the ruins

Desolate enough are the fortifications of Louisbourg to-day, and only to be traced by the aid of a plan and a description of the place as it was. The order for the demolition of the fortress, in 1760, was all too faithfully carried out, and the very stones have from time to time been carried off to enter into the foundations and chimneys of buildings all along the coast of New England and the provinces. Thus it is that Louisbourg, once one of the strongest fortified cities in the world, is now a grass-grown ruin where not one stone is left upon another. Once it was a city with walls of stone which made a circuit of two and a half miles, were thirty-six feet high, and of the thickness of forty feet at the base. For twenty-five years the French labored upon it, and had expended upwards of thirty millions of livres or nearly six millions of dollars in completing its defences. It was called the Dunkirk of America. Garrisoned by veterans of France, and with powerful batteries commanding every point, it bristled with most potent pride of war. It had embrasures for one hundred and forty-eight cannon and the fosse was eighty feet broad. In the garrison were six hundred regulars and eight hundred armed inhabitants, at a time when there were not more than one hundred soldiers in garrison elsewhere from the Lower St. Lawrence to the eastern shore of Lake Erie. To-day it is difficult to trace its site among the turf which marks the ruins. Seldom has demolition been more complete. It seemed built for all time; it has vanished from the face of the earth.

The achievement of the capture of Louisbourg by the New England forces under Pepperell, aided by Warren, has been commemorated by the erection of a monument by the Society of Colonial Wars on a commanding position amid the ruins. The monument was formally dedicated on the 150th anniversary of the capture, in 1895.

The capture by Pepperell in 1745 was the first, but not the final conquest. Restored to France by the peace of Aix

la Chapelle, Louisbourg was again the stronghold of France on the Atlantic coast, and French veterans held Cape Breton, the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The brief truce was soon broken, and then came the armies of England, and Wolfe sought and won his first laurels in the new world. Louisbourg fell once more and the knell of its glory was rung. The conquest of Canada achieved, the edict went forth that Louisbourg should be destroyed. The work of demolition was begun. The solid buildings, formed of stone brought from France, were torn to pieces; the walls were pulled down, and the batteries rendered useless for all time. It took two years to complete the destruction, and then the once proud city was a shapeless ruin. Years passed by; the stones were carried away by the dwellers along the coast, and the hand of time was left to finish the work of obliteration. Time has been more merciful than man; it has covered the gloomy ruin with a mantle of green and has healed the gaping wounds which once rendered ghastly the land that nature made so fair. The surges of the Atlantic sound mournfully upon the shore—the requiem of Louisbourg, the city made desolate.

Having seen the Bras d'Or and paid a visit to Louisbourg, many tourists, pressed for time, do not seek out the many beauties of Cape Breton to which reference has been made in the foregoing pages. In this they miss more than they realize. Weeks may be profitably spent in this fair summer land, and those who come season after season find new attractions at every visit. The charms of Cape Breton are many, and time is required to see and appreciate them.

Truro to Halifax

From Truro to Halifax the railway runs through a fine country, the most flourishing portion of which is not seen by the traveller. Large tracts of rich intervale and excellent upland combine to make one of the finest farming districts in Nova Scotia. Through this flows the

Stewiacke river, which takes its rise among the hills of Pictou and flows for forty miles or so until it empties into the Shubenacadie at Fort Ellis. The Shubenacadie is a large and swift stream, and was at one time looked upon as the future highway of commerce across the province. Nature had placed a chain of lakes at the source of the river, and it would seem that art would have little trouble in constructing a canal to Halifax. Meetings were held, surveys and speeches were made, money was subscribed, and the work was begun. It was never finished, as originally designed, and it probably never will be. The enthusiasm subsided, the supplies ceased, and the great Shubenacadie canal was abandoned. The ruins still exist, but the railway has taken the place of a canal for all time to come.

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

Game is abundant in the country between Shubenacadie and Canseau, and some of the finest moose in Nova Scotia have been found in that district. Moose, indeed, are occasionally captured close to the railway, and it is only a few years since three of them were run down and killed by an express train near Wellington, twenty-one miles from Halifax.

Windsor Junction, fourteen miles from Halifax, is important from a railway point of view. Here a branch of the Intercolonial, under lease to the Dominion Atlantic railway, runs to Windsor and connects with that line for the Annapolis Valley and the western part of Nova Scotia. From Windsor Junction, also, a branch of the Intercolonial runs to Dartmouth, opposite Halifax, a distance of thirteen miles, taking in the Waverley gold mine.

Passing Windsor Junction the next station is Bedford, nine miles from Halifax, and here is seen the upper end of that beautiful sheet of water—Bedford Basin. Along its shores the train passes and, as the city becomes nearer, the beauty of the scene increases. At length the city is reached, and the traveller alights in one of the finest of the Intercolonial structures, the North Street depot.



PRINCE'S LODGE, NEAR HALIFAX

Intercolonial Route

The City of Halifax



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

Halifax is located on a peninsula and founded on a rock. East and west of it the sea comes in, robbed of its terrors and appearing only as a thing of beauty. The water on the west is the Northwest Arm, a stretch of about three miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width. To the south and east is the harbor, which narrows as it reaches the upper end of the city and expands again into Bedford Basin, with its ten square miles of safe anchorage. The Basin terminates

at a distance of nine miles from the city, and is navigable for the whole distance. The city proper is on the eastern slope of the isthmus and rises from the water to a height of two hundred and fifty-six feet at the Citadel. On the eastern side of the harbor is the town of Dartmouth. In the harbor, and commanding all parts of it, is the strongly fortified George's Island, while at the entrance, three miles below, is McNab's Island, which effectually guards the passage from the sea. This is a brief and dry description of the city. It would be just as easy to make a longer and more gushing one, but when people are going to see a place for themselves they don't take the bother to wade through a long account of metes, bounds and salient angles. Halifax must be seen to be appreciated.

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

The military spirit dates from the beginning, as far back as 1749. One of the first acts of the settlers was to fire a salute in honor of their arrival, and as soon as Governor Cornwallis had a roof to shelter his head they placed a couple of cannon to defend it and mounted a guard. They had need for defensive measures. The Indians of those days were hostile and made their presence felt whenever the opportunity offered. It was, therefore, essential that the men of Halifax should be of a military turn of mind, and every boy and man, from sixteen to sixty years

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

additions are continually being made to these works, which are very complete and strong beyond doubt, but there is much about them that is of necessity a matter of knowledge for the military authorities rather than for the public.

Halifax has a special interest for the stranger from the fact that it is now the only city in Canada garrisoned by the Imperial troops, and that it is also a British naval station. One may see here some of the finest troops of the line and some of the most famous of modern cruisers. The sham fights which take place now and then during the summer are of



HALIFAX, FROM CITADEL

Intercolonial Route

Citadel hill, 256 feet above the level of the harbor, is the crowning height of Halifax as seen from the water. On it are fortifications begun by the Duke of Kent, altered and improved for a time to keep pace with the advances in the science of warfare, but now regarded as obsolete. There is a thoroughly modern system of fortifications in and around Halifax, however, the islands and prominent points of the shores being fully equipped for purposes of defence with the latest armament of quick-firing and disappearing guns. Improvements and

themselves no small attraction for those who would learn something of the art of war without its horrors.

The seeker after a good view of the city and its surroundings may have the very best from the Citadel. It commands land and water for many miles. The Arm, the Basin, the harbor with its islands, the sea with its ships, the distant hills and forests, the city with its busy streets—all are present to the eye in a beautiful and varied panorama. Dartmouth, across the harbor, is seen to fine advantage, while on the waters around



POINT PLEASANT PARK, HALIFAX

Intercolonial Route

the city are ships of all the nations of the earth. No amount of elaborate word-painting would do justice to the view on a fine summer day. It must be seen, and once seen it will not be forgotten.

The fortifications on McNab's and George's Islands, as well as the various forts around the shore, are all worthy of a visit. After they have been seen the visitor will have no doubts as to the exceeding strength of Halifax above all the cities of America. The dockyard, with splendid examples of England's naval power, is also an exceedingly interesting place, and always presents a picture of busy life in which the "oak-hearted tars" are a prominent feature. The financial strength of Halifax is apparent at a glance. It is a very wealthy city, and as its people have never had a mania for speculation the progress to wealth has been a sure one. The business men have always had a splendid reputation for relia-

bility and honorable dealing. The banks are safe, though the people did business until comparatively recent times without feeling that such institutions were necessary. A cash business and specie payments suited their wants. At length several leading men started a bank. They had no charter and were surrounded by no legislative enactments. No one knew how much capital they had, or what amount of notes they had in

circulation. No one cared. They were "solid men," and that was enough; and so they went on for years—always having the confidence of the public, and always being as safe as any bank in America. The chartered banks of Halifax now do the work, but the solid men of Halifax are still to be found in business and out of it.

Halifax is a British city in a very pronounced degree—the most British on the continent, nor is this strange when it is considered that it has always been a



POINT PLEASANT PARK, HALIFAX

Intercolonial Route

garrison town and naval port that its commercial relations with the mother country have been very extensive, and that the family ties between the people of Halifax and those of England are very numerous. So it is that the people have all that is admirable in English business circles and polite society. That is to say, they preserve their mercantile good names by integrity, and their homes are the scenes of good old-fashioned English hospitality. A stranger who has the *entree* into the best society will be sure to

attractive place, especially when the drive is continued past Melville Island and as far as the Dingle. From the Arm one may drive out on the Prospect road and around Herring Cove. The view of the ocean had from the hills is of an enchanting nature. Another drive is around Bedford Basin, coming home by way of Dartmouth; or one may extend the journey to Waverley and Portobello before starting for home, the drive being in all twenty-seven miles. To the drives around Dartmouth reference will be made



REGATTA ON NORTHWEST ARM, HALIFAX

Intercolonial Route

carry away the most kindly recollections of his visit. In no place will more studious efforts be made to minister to the enjoyment of the guest—it matters not what his nationality may be.

The attractions for visitors are so many, in and around Halifax, that one must look to the local guides for more complete information. There are many choices in respect to drives, which can be varied according to the time at one's disposal. A favorite one is down the Point Pleasant road and up the Northwest Arm. The Arm is a peculiarly

later. Excursions are also made to McNab's Island and others of the islands. Indeed, speaking generally, it may be said that all around Halifax are bays, coves, islands and lakes, any one of which is worthy of a visit, so that the tourist may see as much or as little as he pleases.

In the city itself there is much to interest a stranger. Apart from all that pertains to the army and navy, there are many public buildings and institutions which are worthy of attention. Among these are the historic Province Building,



PUBLIC GARDENS, HALIFAX

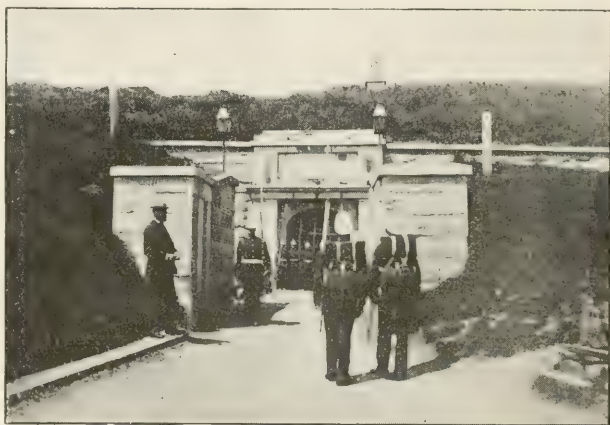
Intercolonial Route

with its legislative hall and the provincial library, the beautiful Dominion Building, several historic churches, handsome modern churches, asylums and all kinds of public institutions—some of which bear glowing tribute to the charity and philanthropy of the people. Halifax has a large number of charities in proportion to its size, and the results cannot fail to be good. The Public Gardens belonging to the city will be found a most pleasant retreat, with their trees and flowers, fountains, lakes, and cool and shady walks. Here one may enjoy the fragrance of nature in all its glory, while the eye is feasted with nature's beauties. These gardens, in proportion to their size, have no superior in the cities of America. Their area is about fourteen acres, and every yard of the cultivated ground

bears evidence of the best of taste in design and execution. Point Pleasant Park is another exceedingly beautiful place, with its drives and pathways and the sea close at hand.

One should have a sail on Bedford Basin, that fair expanse of water, broad, deep, blue and beautiful. Here it is that yachts and boats of all kinds are to be found taking advantage of so fair a cruising ground, spreading their sails before the breezes which come in from

the Atlantic. It was on the shore of this Basin that the Duke of Kent had his residence, and the remains of the music pavilion still stand on a height which overlooks the water. The "Prince's Lodge," as it is called, may be visited during the land drive to Bedford, but the place is sadly shorn of its former glory, and the railway, that destroyer of all sentiment, runs directly through the grounds. It was a famous place in its



ENTRANCE TO CITADEL, HALIFAX

Intercolonial Route

day, however, and the memory of the Queen's father will long continue to be held in honor by the Halifax people.

The facilities for seeing Halifax easily and at a small cost have been improved by the formation of a Tourist Association, with an office at 134 Hollis street, where strangers can get all desired information, both as to accommodation in the way of board and as to routes around the city and through the province. By the efforts of this association a harbor steamboat service has been arranged, making two trips a day around Bedford Basin, the Eastern Passage and the Northwest Arm, at a very moderate charge to passengers, and open air band concerts are given two nights each week at Greenbank during the tourist season. It has also secured a vote by the city council of a sum sufficient to provide a number of bathing houses, and is in other ways seeking to aid the stranger in his agreeable task of seeing the city and its surroundings to the best advantage.

The population of Halifax, which does not include the town of Dartmouth on the other side of the harbor, is over 40,000. The city is the seat of many important industries, and its business houses have a high standing in the commercial world. Conservative as have been the business methods, the city is abreast of the times in its commercial enterprise, and some of the business blocks are models of their kind. There is a fine electric railway service, and in other respects, including the hotels, the city, with all its ancient associations, is in line with the wideawake cities of the age.

The marine railway and dry dock are among the objects of interest, and when one begins to go around the harbor he finds more than enough to engage his attention. Halifax is a very live seaport. It has communication with all parts of the world by steamer and sailing vessel. Hither come the ocean steamers with mails and passengers, and numbers of others which make this a port of call on their way to and from other places. A large trade is carried on with Europe, the

United States and the West Indies, and from here also one may visit the fair Bermudas. Steamers arrive and depart at all hours, and the harbor is never dull. One can go to Europe or any of the leading places of America without delay.

The harbor of Halifax is well termed one of the finest in the world. The commercial interests of the city have always been most extensive, and shipping is always around its waters in craft of all kinds and of every nation that has a foreign trade. This harbor is six miles long with the average width of a mile, and is not only a capacious sheet of water but a very beautiful one.

Dartmouth and Vicinity

The town of Dartmouth, with a population of about 7,000, is situated across the harbor from Halifax and is easily reached by a finely equipped steam ferry. As already mentioned, it may also be reached from the Intercolonial railway by taking the Dartmouth branch at Windsor Junction. The town is a very thriving place, having the marine railway, a sugar refinery and a large number of factories. An attractive part of the town is the park, which comprises about sixty acres and has a beautiful location on high ground. The views from this part of Dartmouth are extensive and varied, that from Mount Edward being an especially fine one.

It is by way of Dartmouth that Cow Bay is reached by a drive of nine miles, for six of which the salt water is in view. Cow Bay is a beautiful place which furnishes one of the instances of the horribly literal nomenclature of the early settlers. It has a fine beach, where the sea rolls in with a magnificent sweep, and where the bather can safely go a long distance from the shore. The beach is about half a mile long, and close at hand is a fresh water lake. On the road to Cow Bay, three miles from Dartmouth, is Fort Clarence. The Cow Bay gold mines may also be visited on this trip.

A most interesting drive from Dartmouth is that which takes the road to

Waverley and follows the course of the old Shubenacadie canal, begun in 1826 but never completed, though used to a limited extent for local purposes. At the outset the estimated cost of the canal through the chain of lakes to the Shubenacadie river was \$300,000, towards which \$60,000 was granted by the provincial government. The distance was about fifty-four miles. Over \$400,000 was spent when the work was abandoned. Portions of the canal are still in a good state of preservation, and may be seen to advantage at First Dartmouth Lake, Porto Bello and other points along the route. Several gold mines are found in the country between Dartmouth and Waverley, there being two or three at the latter place. Nearer Dartmouth are the Montague Mines, a place where some rich finds have been made. In the summer of 1897 one blast disclosed \$2,500 worth of gold, and one nugget worth \$300 was found. These mines are seven miles from Dartmouth.

Other places of interest in this part of the country are Seaforth, twenty miles from Dartmouth; West Chezzetcook, twenty miles, and Lawrencetown, fourteen miles. Here will be found good scenery and bathing, while all kinds of sea birds are abundant.

At Cole Harbor, where there is an Indian settlement, snipe, plover, yellowlegs and curlew, are also plenty.

Blue wing duck and teal are found along the lakes between Dartmouth and Waverley from September to March, while woodcock, snipe and partridge are found in various parts of this district.

Good trout fishing may be had in Spider Lake, six miles from Dartmouth,

and in Soldier Lake, twelve miles from the town. Grayling are caught in Waverley Lake, seven miles from Dartmouth, and the fishing stand is close to the highway. May is the time to fish for them

East and West of Halifax

The county of Halifax extends along the Atlantic coast nearly a hundred miles, and has a number of fine harbors. Its shore fisheries are extensive and are an important source of revenue to the people. The Halifax fish market is, indeed, one of the sights



YACHT RACING, HALIFAX

Intercolonial Route

of the city, and nowhere can there be seen a greater variety of the finest fish of the sea.

The traveller may go east or west along the shore according as his taste may be for sport or for a mere pleasure trip. To the eastward is a somewhat wild country, on the shores of which fishing is extensively carried on, and which has numerous arms of the sea which admirably suit the occupation of its people. Back from the shore the country abounds in heavy forests, and is abundantly watered with lakes. This is the great country for moose and caribou. They are found in

all the eastern part of the country, and within easy distance of the settlements. Here is the place for sportsmen—a hunter's paradise. It was down in this country, at Tangier, that the first discovery of gold was made in Nova Scotia. The finder was a moose hunter, a captain in the army. Gold mining is still followed, and some of the leads have given splendid results.

To the west of Halifax the great attraction is to take the Lunenburg stage line and go to Mahone Bay. The drive is one of the most beautiful to be found. For much of the way the road skirts a romantic sea shore, with long smooth beaches of white sand, on which roll the clear waters of the ocean. The ocean, grand in its immensity, lies before the traveller. Along the shore are green forests, wherein are all the flora of the country, while at times lofty cliffs rear their heads in majesty, crowned with verdure and glorious to behold. One of these is Aspotagoen, with its perpendicular height of five hundred feet, the first land sighted by the mariner as he approaches the coast. All these beauties prepare the stranger for Chester, a most alluring place for all who seek enjoyment. It is only forty-five miles from Halifax and may be reached either by steamer or stage coach. The road to it is excellent, and the stages are models of speed and comfort. The village has two hotels, and private board is also to be had, with all the comforts one desires. The scenery of Chester is not to be described. It is magnificent. Whether one ascends Webber's Hill and drinks in the glorious views for mile upon mile, or roams on the pure, silvery beach, or sails among the hundreds of fairy islets in the bay—all is of superb beauty. No fairer spot can be chosen for boating, bathing and healthful pleasure of all kinds than Mahone Bay and its beautiful surroundings.

The fishing of this part of Nova Scotia is, to a great extent, for sea trout, which are found in the estuaries of all the rivers.

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

Returning to Halifax, to bid it adieu, the visitor will have leisure to examine the Intercolonial depot, before the departure of the train. The building is a fine specimen of architecture,—handsome in appearance, roomy, comfortable, and in every way adapted to the wants of the travelling public.

The Land of Evangeline

At Halifax trains may be taken by the Dominion Atlantic route for Windsor and points in the Annapolis Valley, the Land of Evangeline. Beyond Windsor lies Grand Pré, the great marsh meadow of former days. The Acadians had about 2,100 acres of it when they had their home here, and there is more than that to-day. In the distance is seen Blomidon, rising abruptly from the water, the end of the North Mountain range. The Basin of Minas, which runs inland for sixty miles, shines like a sheet of burnished silver in the summer sunshine.

Few traces of the French village are to be found. It has vanished from the earth, but the road taken by the exiles as they sadly made their way to the King's ships may still be traced by the sentimental tourist.

Wolfville and Kentville are attractive places. Beyond them the Annapolis

Valley is traversed until Annapolis Royal is reached, at a distance of one hundred and thirty miles from Halifax. Annapolis Royal, the ancient capital of Acadia, is the oldest European settlement in America, north of the Gulf of Mexico. Hither came Champlain in 1604, four years before he founded Quebec; and soon after, the French colony was established on this well chosen spot. It was then Port Royal, and it remained for the English, a century later, to change the name to Annapolis, in honor of their Queen. Deeply interesting as its history is it cannot be outlined here. It is

Moncton to St. John

In many instances St. John is the starting point of the tourist who comes from the United States to visit the Maritime Provinces, while with others it is the last place seen before returning homeward. A notice of the city may be appropriately made here, Halifax having just been visited, though it yet remains for the traveller to see the beauties of Prince Edward Island, and to go, if he chooses, to the quaint and little visited part of Canada's possessions, the Magdalen Islands.

The journey from Moncton to St. John, a distance of eighty-nine miles, is very speedily and easily made. The road runs through a well settled country, much of it good farming land, while in each village is seen the evidence of general prosperity.

At Salisbury, thirteen miles from Moncton, connection may be made with the Salisbury and Harvey railway, which runs to the village of Albert, forty-five miles, and has a branch to Harvey, three miles from

Albert. The railway is continued sixteen miles as the Albert Southern to Alma, on the Bay of Fundy. After leaving Salisbury the first place of importance is Hillsboro, where one begins to see the beauties of the country as the Petitcodiac river flows by the broad and fertile marsh meadows. The celebrated Albert mines were near this place, but they are now abandoned, and no other large deposit of the peculiar "Albertite Coal" has yet been found. The quarrying and manufacturing of plaster is, however, still an important industry. As the road nears Hopewell the country



PURCELL'S COVE, HALIFAX

Intercolonial Route

enough to say it has shared the fate of other Acadian strongholds and its fort has become a ruin.

The Annapolis Valley is famed for its fertility. It lies between the North and South Mountain ranges; and thus sheltered, with a soil unusually rich, it has well earned the name of the Garden of Nova Scotia. The whole coast, from Briar Island to Blomidon, a distance of 130 miles, is protected by the rocky barriers. The range rises at times to the height of 600 feet, and effectually guards this part of Nova Scotia from the cold north winds.

is a fine one, with its mountains in the distance and vast marsh meadows reaching to the shores of Shepody Bay. There are few places where a short time can be better enjoyed in a quiet way than in the vicinity of Albert. It is a rich farming country, and fair to look upon. Large crops are raised and some of the finest beef cattle to be found come from Hopewell and Harvey.

Continuing on the main line the next station reached is Petitcodiac, a stirring village from which a branch railway runs to Elgin and Havelock. From Petitcodiac until Sussex is reached the various villages make a fine appearance and give one an excellent impression of New Brunswick as a farming country.

Sussex and Vicinity

Sussex, with a population of about 3,500, is one of the places outside of the cities which is rapidly increasing in size and importance. It has the promise of as fair a future as any village in the Maritime Provinces. Situated in the beautiful Kennebecasis Valley, it is the centre of a great agricultural district, and some of the best of New Brunswick farms are in the vicinity. Nature has made all this part of the country surpassingly fair to look upon, and it is just as good as it looks. The earth yields abundantly of all kinds of crops, and the dairy products have a most enviable fame. Besides this the people have push and enterprise, and are making rapid strides in all branches of industry. The village of Sussex has a number of factories and other industrial enterprises, and is fully abreast of the times in many other respects.

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

Geologists tell us that the hills and bold heights seen in the vicinity of Sussex are the effects of a terrific current which once flowed through the valley, when all



SHOT AT SALISBURY

Intercolonial Route

the country was submerged by a mighty flood. It is thought that this was once part of the valley of the St. John river, but when that "once" was is something as uncertain as the authorship of Ossian's poems.

From Sussex to St. John, forty-four miles, the country along the line is well settled and has a number of thriving villages. At Norton connection may be made with trains of the Central railway for the interior of Queen's county, one of the finest moose hunting regions in the provinces. Of this a further mention will be found in connection with St. John.

Hampton, the shiretown of King's county, is in great repute as a summer resort for the people of St. John, a number of whom have fine private residences here. From this point the Central railway runs across the country to the flourishing village of St. Martins on the Bay Shore. Hampton is a very pleasant place, and, like Sussex, is making rapid advances year by year.

Rothsay, nine miles from St. John, has for many years been growing in favor as a place of residence for St. John business men and others, who find all the pleasures of rural life within a few minutes' journey from their offices and counting rooms. Many who are not permanent residents spend their summers here with their families, and the large hotel is well filled throughout the season. Many of the residents have gone to a large expense in the erection of handsome villas, and the tastefully arranged grounds with their ornamental trees and shrubbery make a fine appearance. The Kennebecasis river flows close by the track for a distance of several miles, the hills rising on the distant shore in picturesque beauty. As Riverside is reached one of the the finest water race-courses on the continent is to be seen. Here is the scene of some famous aquatic contests by such oarsmen as Hanlan, Ross and others of lesser note. It was here on a beautiful autumn morning, years ago, that the renowned Paris and Tyne crews struggled for victory in the race which cost the life of James Renforth, the champion of England.

The Indian names of a number of the

stations between Moncton and St. John are likely to excite the curiosity of the stranger, and to cause him to wonder why they have been so carefully preserved in this part of the country. Thereby hangs a tale.

This portion of the Intercolonial was built as the European and North American railway, from St. John to Point du Chene, and was completed in 1860. In locating the stations along the line several existing Indian names were adopted, such as Apohaquai and Petiscodiac, somewhat changed from the original sounds. At several points, however, there were no Indian names and the local designations did not seem suitable for the title of stations. In this emergency the railway commissioners came to the front with a brilliant idea. It was simply to take the local titles and translate them into the Indian language. With the aid of an intelligent native they carried this plan into execution.

Thus it was that when a new name was wanted for Stone's Brook they took the word "penobsq," a stone, and "sips," a brook, and the word Penobsquis entered into the railway nomenclature of the continent. In the same way they translated Salmon river into Plumweseep, and at one place where there was no English name the existence of a little lake suggested "quispem," a lake, and "sis," the diminutive term. Thus it is we have Quispamsis.* The other Indian names along the line, however, are usually modifications of those which the aborigines bestowed on the respective localities.

* Ganong's Place-Nomenclature.

The City of St. John



THE city of St. John has a history which extends back to the days when the land was Acadia and the banner of France waved from the

forts of the harbor and river. The story of La Tour and his heroic wife is one of the most interesting in the annals of what was an age of romance. It is familiar to all who have read even the outlines of the early history of the provinces, and those who have not yet read it should do so.

The story of the fall of Fort La Tour dates back to 1645. Nearly 120 years later, in 1764, a few English settlers made their home at what is now St. John, but the founding of the city dates from the landing of the Loyalists in 1783. The latter, and those who took their places, labored faithfully and well to build a city, and thus they continued to labor for nearly a century, when the fire of 1877 came and the greater portion of the city was swept out of existence in a few hours. The fire burned over two hundred acres of the business district, destroyed more than 1,600 houses, occupying nine miles of street, and caused a loss which has been estimated at figures all the way from twenty to thirty million dollars. The destruction was swift and complete. With a surprising energy, however, considering the far-reaching effects of the calamity, the people began their work anew, and the

city of to-day is far more substantial and beautiful than the city of former years. Few cities of the same size, indeed, make a better appearance in respect to the general character of the buildings, public and private, and some of these, such as the Intercolonial depot, custom house, post office, banks and churches are specially fine specimens of architecture. The streets in the greater portion of the city are laid out at right angles, are of good width and are kept in excellent condition. The electric car service is a very efficient one.

There is no lack of attractive drives around St. John. One of these is out the Marsh road, a smooth and level highway which is a favorite place for the wheelmen as well as the owners of speedy horses. The drive may be continued to Rothesay, or beyond it. On this road, near the city, is the rural cemetery, located on a naturally beautiful site and made more beautiful by the care shown in recent years in the development of the park idea.

Another drive, diverging from the Marsh road, is to Loch Lomond, a favorite place for pleasure parties, where there is good fishing and boat sailing.

Driving through the North End, formerly the city of Portland, the stranger may ascend Fort Howe, have a view of the harbor and city, and then proceed to the banks of the broad and beautiful Kennebecasis. Or he may continue along Fort Howe to Mount Pleasant and thence to Rockwood Park. This pleasure ground, which comprises some 178 acres, has been established only a few years, but in that time much work has been done to improve what is naturally an admirable park ground. Lily Lake is included in

the grounds and the drive around it is a pleasing part of the route.

All strangers who undertake to see St. John make a visit to the Reversing Falls. To see these at their best they should take care to go at or about the time of low water, for at half tide the falls disappear. The phenomenon is easily understood when the nature of the river in reference to its outlet is considered. The river St. John takes its rise in the State of Maine and flows over 450 miles until it is emptied in the harbor on the Bay of Fundy. It, with its tributaries, drains two million acres in Quebec, six millions in Maine, and nine millions in New Brunswick. Yet this great body of water is all emptied into the sea through a rocky chasm a little over 500 feet wide. Here a fall is formed. It is a peculiar fall. At high tide the sea has a descent of fifteen feet into the river, and at low tide the river has a like fall into the sea. It is only at half-tide, or slack water, that this part of the river may be navigated in safety. At other times a wild tumult of the waters meets the eye. Across this chasm is stretched the Suspension Bridge, seventy feet above the highest tide, and with a span of 640 feet. This structure was projected and built by the energy of one man, the late William K. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking, and he, therefore, assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial government and is now a free highway.

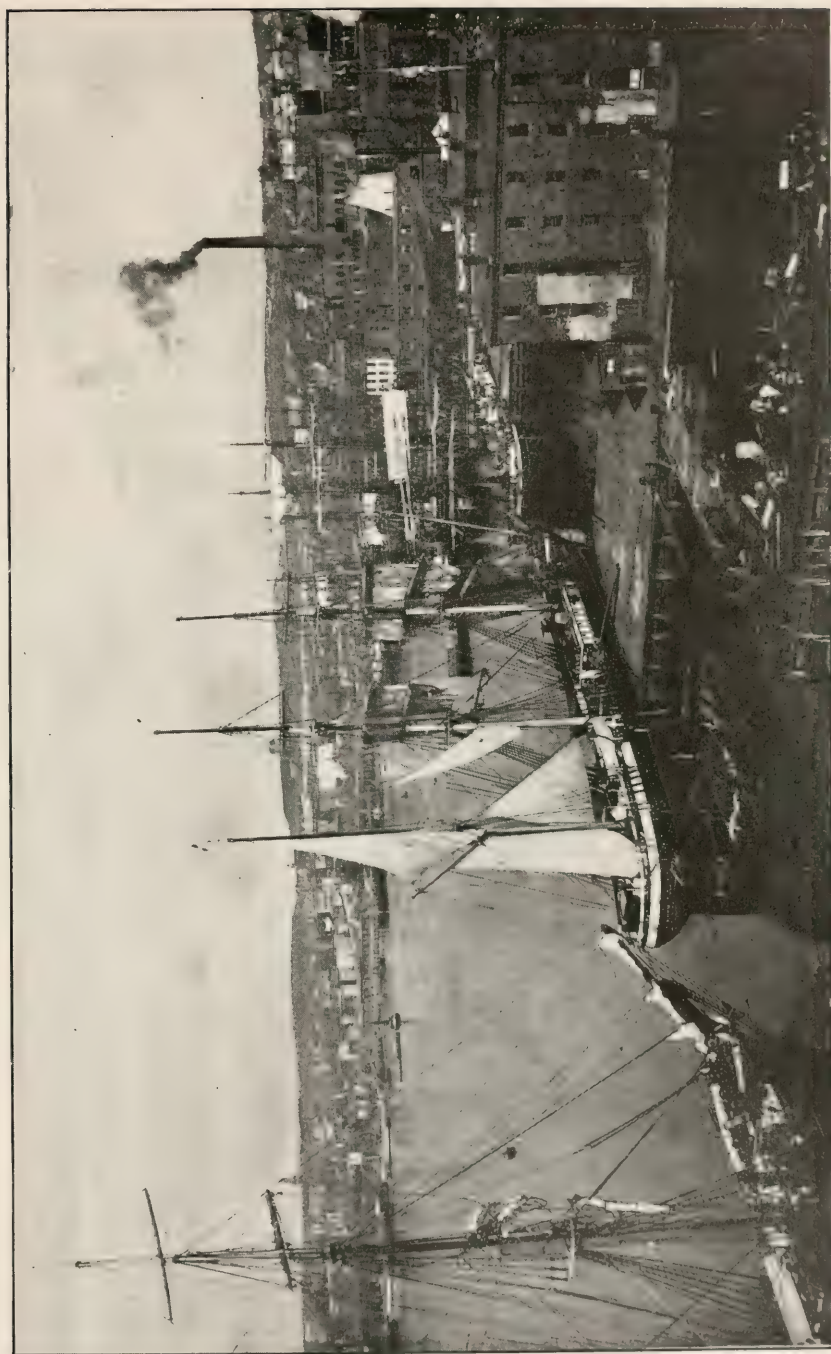
A short distance above the Suspension Bridge is the splendid Cantilever Bridge which gives the Intercolonial connection with the Canadian Pacific railway and the vast systems of the Dominion and the United States. Until 1885 travellers to and from Western New Brunswick and the New England States were obliged to cross the harbor by ferry and be driven across the city in order to make connection. In October of that year the bridge

was opened for traffic, and the former gap of two miles between the two railways was forever closed. The bridge is a beautiful and most substantial structure. High above the rushing waters its graceful outlines, seen from a distance, convey no idea of its wonderful solidity and strength. Solid and strong it is, however. All the resources of modern engineering have been utilized in its construction, and its foundations are upon the solid rock. The main span is 447 feet in length.

Near the bridges, on the west side of the river, is the Provincial Lunatic Asylum. Beyond this is the busy village of Fairville, after passing through which one reaches a splendid highway known as the "Mahogany" road. That is simply a convenient way of pronouncing the name. It is usually spelled "Manawagonish," but if one wants to be still more accurate he will spell it "Manawagonessek," which is understood to be the Maliseet term for "the place for clams." Along this road is a fine view of the Bay of Fundy, with the line of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. Returning, a visit may be made to the Bay Shore, where there is a fine beach with excellent facilities for sea bathing.

Carleton, that part of St. John which lies on the western side of the harbor, is in a municipal sense the West End, and has an importance in the commercial affairs of St. John from the fact that extensive harbor improvements have been made at Sand Point. Here is situated the grain elevator, with a capacity of 300,000 bushels, and in the construction of wharves, warehouses and docks the city has expended over \$800,000 within the last few years. During the winter season several lines of transatlantic steamers make this their Canadian port for loading cargoes sent by rail from the west, and this part of Carleton is a very busy place throughout the season.

The tides in the harbor of St. John have an average rise and fall of twenty-six feet, and ice is unknown during the most severe winters. The harbor is a good



International Route

ST. JOHN ALONG THE HARBOR FRONT

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

Partridge Island, like Grosse Ile, below Quebec, has a melancholy interest from the fact that it is the resting place of the bodies of more than six hundred Irish immigrants, who died there of the ship fever (typhus) in the year 1847. Over looking this on the Carleton heights is a martello tower, dating back only to 1812, but which strangers often imagine is an old French fort. The site of the famous Fort La Tour is further up the harbor on the Carleton side, opposite Navy Island. The place has been built upon, but a portion of one of the bastions, built either in the time of the French or during the English occupation of Fort Frederick, may still be traced. While the surroundings of to-day are not suggestive of the sublime, this is really a notable spot to those who have read the early history of the country. This is the place where lived and died Madame La Tour, "the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptred queen in European story."^{*}

The N. B. Tourist Association, which has an office at the Board of Trade rooms,

85 Prince William Street, is seeking to make the attractions of St. John and the province better known abroad, and will be glad to furnish to strangers information on points of interest, as well as to hotels and houses where private board can be secured.

St. John has a population of about 50,000. It is an essentially maritime city, and vast quantities of lumber and other products are annually shipped to other countries. In the days of wooden ships, ship-building was a prominent industry, but with its decline other more varied and more permanent industries have taken the place of the ship-yards, and the number of industrial establishments is steadily on the increase. The city is a terminus of the Intercolonial, Canadian Pacific and Shore Line railways, and is thus in touch with all parts of Canada and the United States. It has communication by steamer with Boston, Digby and Annapolis, Fredericton and points in the Bay of Fundy, and is easily reached from any point of the continent. The climate, like that of all parts of the Maritime Provinces, is a bracing one, a delightful feature being the cool nights during the summer. The leading hotels have a deservedly high reputation.

Many sportsmen are not aware that St. John is the most convenient point from which to reach one of the best moose hunting grounds in the province. These are in Queens county, and are reached in the short space of five or six hours, without the usual fatigue entailed by a long and tiresome journey over rough roads. Arriving in St. John the hunter can procure everything required in the way of supplies, and taking a train on the Intercolonial can connect with the Central railway at Hampton or Norton. The latter road will take him to Cody's, at Washademoak Lake, and from there he can drive up the Canaan river, twelve or fourteen miles, to the Forked Streams. He will be in the moose country from the time he leaves Cole's Island, and he will find moose to the north, south, east and west of him. Guides can be found

* Hannay's History of Acadia.

at Cole's Island, where there is also an hotel. The road follows the Canaan river to Havelock, and only a few miles of walking will be necessary. Two-thirds of Queens county is a moose region, and it has been but little hunted by sportsmen.

To Fredericton by the River

There seems no good reason why the much hackneyed term of "the Rhine of America" should be applied to the River St. John. Apart from the notable differences in the characteristics of the two rivers and the countries through which they flow, the St. John has sufficient individuality to be able to stand on its own merits, and its admirers should have faith enough in its attractions to speak of it as it is, without seeking to give it a title which was a misfit in the first instance. Who ever heard of the St. Lawrence, or the Saguenay, or the Hudson being called the this or that of America? True, these are peculiar rivers, and beyond comparison. So, in its way, is the St. John.

Some of the peculiarities of the river have already been mentioned in connection with the falls at the outlet. The ascent of the river by the traveller usually begins at that part of the city known as Indiantown, a short distance above the falls, easily reached either by coach or the electric cars. Steamers run daily between St. John and Fredericton, a distance of eighty-four miles by water, and recent arrangements have been made by which a fast service, with improved boats, is furnished to the travelling public. Steamers also run to other points on the St. John and the adjacent waters, including the Washademoak Lake and the Kennebecasis.

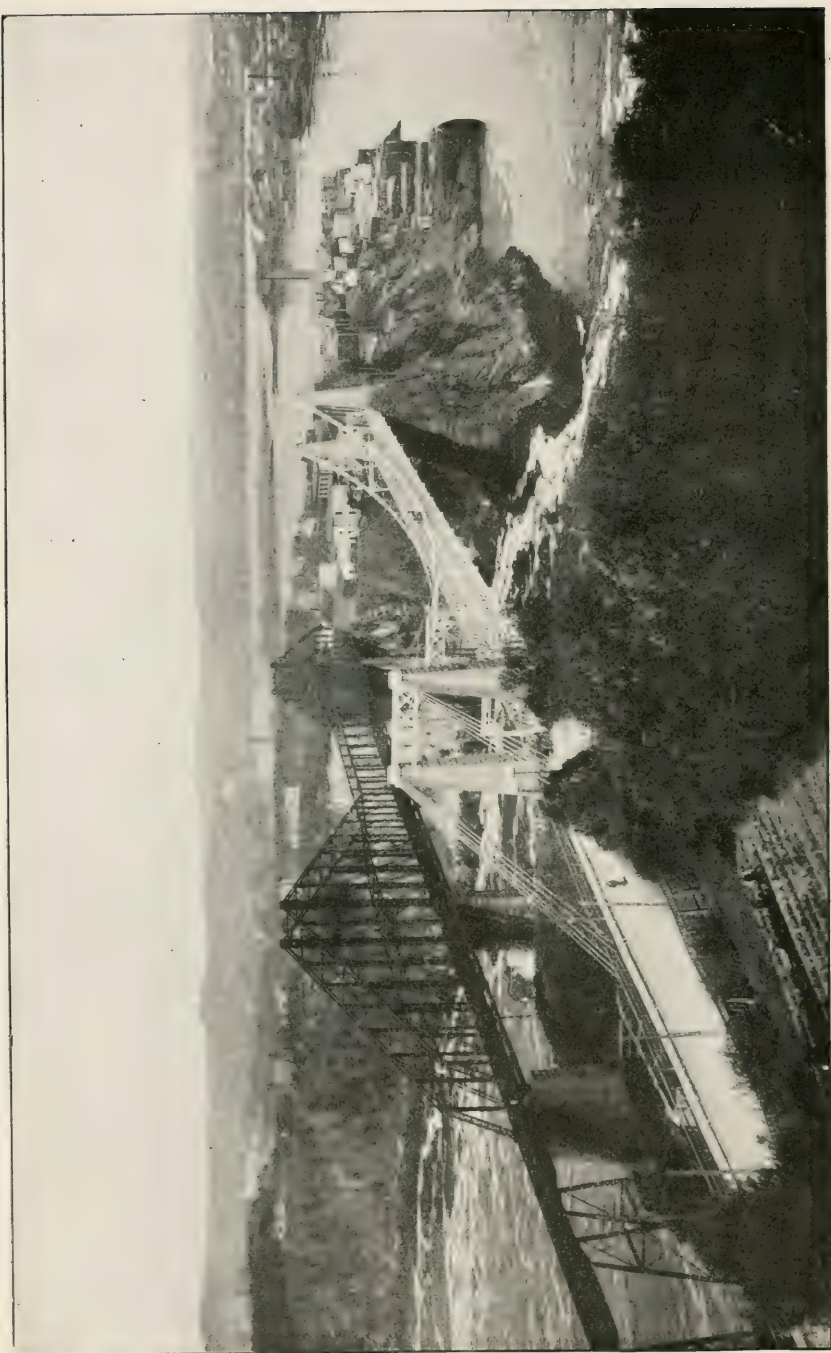
Leaving St. John the lower portion of the river reveals some bold and striking scenery, with high hills on each side. At Grand Bay the river widens, and on the right is seen Kennebecasis Bay, where the river of that name unites with the St. John. While the whole river is of a character to delight the yachtsman,

special mention may be made of Kennebecasis Bay, a beautiful stretch of water on which a yacht may sail for twenty miles without starting a sheet. This bay is claimed to be as deep as Behring Straits and deeper than the Straits of Dover.

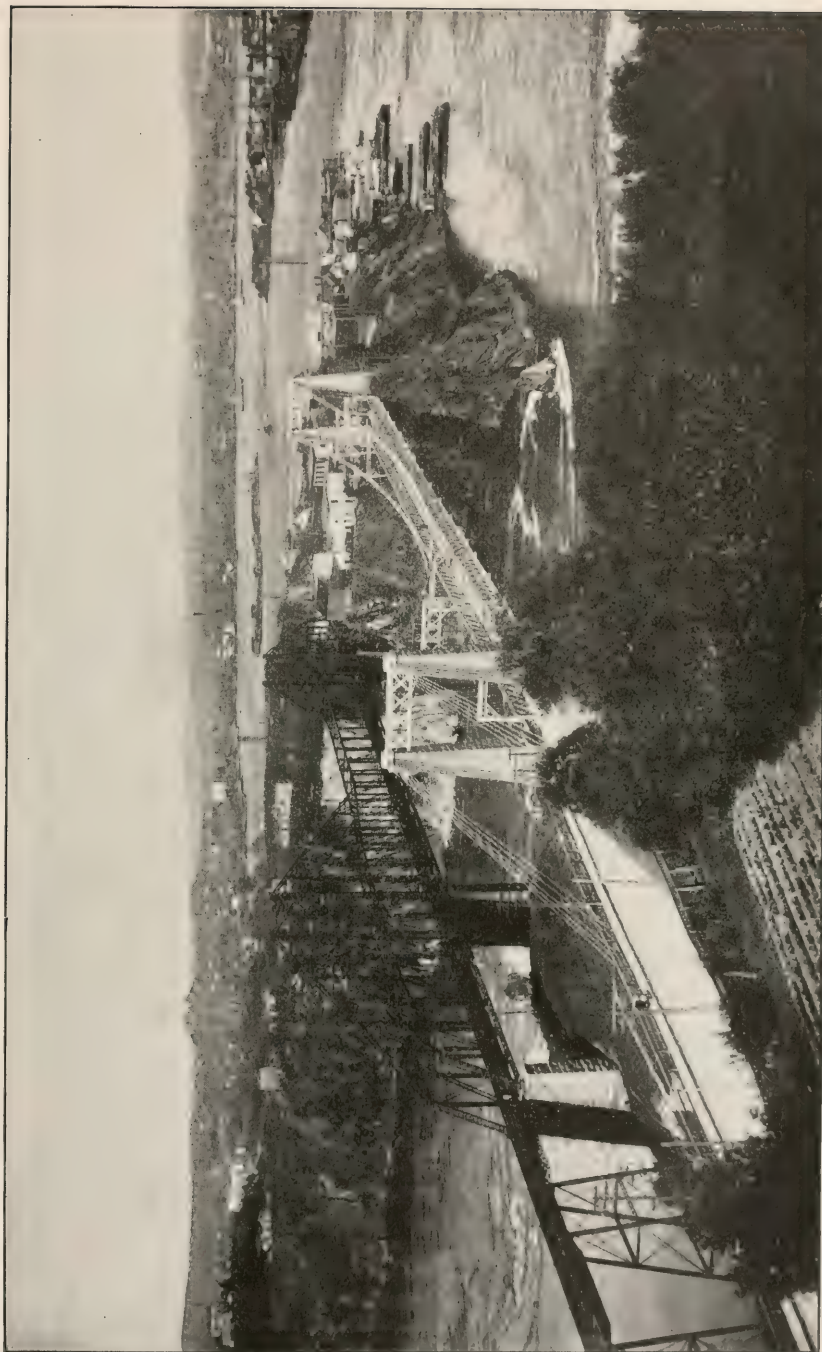
Westfield, ten miles from St. John, is much in favor as a summer resort for the city people. Above this is the Long Beach, with a length of sixteen miles and a width of from one to three miles. Before entering this the mouth of the Nerepis, another tributary of the main river, is passed. As there are about forty places between St. John and Fredericton where landings are made it would be too long a task to refer to them. At the Jemseg (Ahjimsek) is what was a historic place during the French occupation of Acadia. Gagetown, Sheffield, Manguerville and Oromocto are among the many attractive places along the river, and they are in a glorious farming country. The country is level and miles upon miles of rich agricultural district charm the eye. The extremely fertile alluvial soil is found in immense tracts along the route. A sail up or down the river is, indeed, one continued panorama of beautiful scenery.

Fredericton, the fair capital of New Brunswick, has a population of about 7,000, and is a very delightful place for a summer sojourn. Beautifully situated on the riverside, it is one of those places which are suggestive of rest and comfort. Not that the city is dull in a business sense, but that the people, in their homes and surroundings, give one the idea that they appreciate and enjoy the country in which they live. The residential portions of Fredericton are very attractive, shade trees being abundant and excellent taste being shown in respect to houses and grounds.

Fredericton is not only the seat of government, but it is the cathedral city of the Church of England in New Brunswick. The cathedral itself is a beautiful edifice. The city is also the seat of the University of New Brunswick, an old and notable institution. The university has



BRIDGES OVER REVERSING FALLS, LOW TIDE



REVERSING FALLS AT ST. JOHN, TIDE RUNNING UP

a commanding location on the hill in the rear of the city. The provincial government buildings are fine structures, and there are many other buildings worthy of attention, including the former quarters of the Imperial troops, now occupied by the Canadian infantry, usually known as the military school, and the very complete Victoria hospital.

The opportunities for driving and boating in the vicinity are so numerous that it would be out of the question to attempt to enumerate them here. They embrace excursions in all directions, and all will be found worth the time and trouble.

The Fredericton park is well laid out, and every season sees an increase in its attractions as a pleasure ground for the people.

The Canada Eastern railway runs from

Fredericton to Chatham, a distance of 119 miles, connecting with the Intercolonial at Chatham Junction, 108 miles from Fredericton. Crossing the River St. John by a steel bridge the flourishing towns of Gibson and Marysville are the first places worthy of note. They are the scene of a number of large industries, and are monuments of the enterprise of Alexander Gibson, known as the lumber king.

The Canada Eastern follows the Nashwaak river for about twenty-two miles, and after reaching Boiestown, forty-eight miles, it continues along the course of the Southwest Miramichi until it reaches the Intercolonial at Chatham Junction. Both north and south of it are good moose and caribou grounds, reached from any point on the Intercolonial by way of Chatham Junction.



ROCKWOOD PARK, ST. JOHN

Intercolonial Route

Prince Edward Island



HE celebrated William Cobbett appears to have been in a particularly bad humor when he designated what is now known as the Garden of the Gulf as "a

rascally heap of sand, rock and swamp, called Prince Edward Island, in the horrible Gulf of St. Lawrence." That was in 1830, but the world to-day knows more about this country than was known then, and the Island now needs no defender of its soil and climate. Each season it grows more in favor with the summer tourist as one of the most attractive places on the whole coast of America.

The only part of the indictment which is now recognized as truth is that which asserts there is sand on the island. So there is, but it is not the dry, barren sand of Nantucket and such islands, but a very fertile quality of fine soil from which simply marvellous crops are produced. There is no swamp worth mentioning, and as for rock there is so little that most of the stone for building purposes is imported. Prince Edward Island is, indeed, one of the most fair and fertile areas in America. It has a history unique in the annals of the English colonies in the new world. The Indians called it Epayguít—anchored on the waves—and when Champlain came he gave it the title of l'Ile St. Jean. It kept this name, in the French or English form, for nearly two hundred years, but in 1800 it received

its present designation in honor of Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

When the island was ceded to England, in 1764, the government sent a surveyor to find out what kind of a place it was. If he had taken the view that Cobbett took later, a great deal of trouble would have been saved, for the settlement would have been made in due time, in a natural way. As it was, he gave such a good account of the soil and climate that the paternal government decided to colonize it with the least possible delay. The Earl of Egmont had a proposition by which he was to be monarch of all he surveyed. His happy thought was to establish a genuine feudal system, in which he was to be Lord Paramount of the island. The land was to be divided into baronies, held under him. Every baron was to have his castle, with men-at-arms, lords of manors, and all the paraphernalia of the middle ages, adapted to the climate of America in the eighteenth century. The government did not accept this extraordinary proposition, but it did what was nearly as bad, and which led to all sorts of wrangling and trouble for the next hundred years. It divided the island into blocks, which it apportioned among some of the gentlemen who had real or supposed claims on the favor of the Crown. There were certain conditions annexed, as to placing a certain number of settlers on each lot, but with an honorable exception, that was the end of the matter so far as the absentee landlords were disposed to exert themselves. Thus it was that the land question was the plague of the country until the island became a part of the Dominion, and laws were

passed for the appraisement and purchase of properties by tenants who were tired of the old style of tenure.

From tip to tip of Prince Edward Island is about 130 miles, while the width varies from two to more than thirty miles. In the two thousand and odd square miles of country embraced in these varying widths the island has more good land, in proportion to its size, than any part of the Maritime Provinces. It grows amazingly large potatoes and surprisingly heavy oats, while the farmers raise hundreds of the best of horses and thousands of the fattest of sheep, every year of their lives. The eggs shipped away each season are counted by the million. The people raise enough food to supply all their own wants and have as much more to sell to outsiders. It is altogether a flourishing country, and withal, fair to look upon, pleasant to dwell in, and as cheap a place as one can find in a year's journey.

The island is reached in summer either from Point du Chene, N.B., or Pictou, N.S., on the fast and finely equipped steamers of the Charlottetown Steam Navigation Company. Going by the first named route the landing is made at Summerside, and Charlottetown is reached by a journey of forty-nine miles on the Prince Edward Island railway, a part of the Canadian government railway system. Leaving Pictou the trip is direct to Charlottetown. There is a daily service on each route.

In the winter the government steamers Stanley and Minto run between Pictou and Georgetown. When they are unable to make the passage mails and passengers are conveyed by the ice boats between the Capes, of which mention has already been made.

The run across the Strait of Northumberland on a fine day in summer is a most enjoyable trip. There are times when the water is as calm as that of a placid lake. When going by the way of Point du Chene, to the south is seen the New Brunswick shore, gradually growing fainter as the shore of the island comes

in view. As distant Cape Tormentine dwindles to a faint line, with the smoke of a far off steamer marking the passage between it and Cape Traverse, the bold outline of Cape Egmont becomes clearer and clearer to the north. As the island shore is approached the red of the earth and the bright green of the verdure show with most picturesque effect as a background to the smooth stretch of water, in which is mirrored the glory of the sunlight from the western sky. Under such conditions the first impressions of Prince Edward Island must always be such as will long be remembered, wherever one may go.

Summerside is the landing place by this route, and is prettily situated, with much to commend it to the tourist. A beautiful little island, seen to the right on entering the harbor, has been deemed a good site for a summer hotel, while just beyond it is the mouth of the Dunk river, one of the best of the trout streams and also a salmon river. The town overlooks the waters of Bedeque Bay, and the distance overland to Richmond Bay, on the north shore, is but a few miles, for this is one of the several places where but a narrow slip of soil separates the waters of the Strait from those of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It would not be difficult to separate the various peninsulas and make four islands where nature has placed only one, and thus rival Cape Breton as a much cut up country.

From a hill in the rear of Summerside is a glorious prospect of the country and of the waters to the north and south. Looking one way, Bedeque Bay is seen, with all its attractive surroundings, while beyond it lies Northumberland Strait, with the coast line of New Brunswick in the distance. In the other direction is Richmond Bay with its seven islands, and beyond it the Atlantic, while the irregular line of shore and the islands that dot the water make a fitting foreground for a truly entrancing picture.

Charlottetown, the capital and the commercial centre of the island, has a population of about 11,000. It has a fine harbor,

opening into Hillsborough Bay, and when seen from the water the city makes an especially fine appearance, built as it is on land which has a height of about fifty feet above the tide near the shore and rises to three times that height at the rear of the city. A closer acquaintance with the city confirms the good impression formed of it. Charlottetown is an exceedingly attractive place. It is well laid out, and the streets are of a generous width. There are a number of handsome public buildings, and much taste is shown in the private residences and their surroundings. Several of the churches are fine specimens of architecture, and the new Catholic Cathedral is one of the finest structures south of the city of Quebec. Queen Square, while in the business part of the city, is a place with many attractions, being practically a public garden which is tastefully designed and is kept in excellent order. Some substantial business blocks are found in this vicinity, and here are the post office, court house, old province building and the market house, the latter being a place well worth a visit on the regular market days. Among the institutions of learning in and around the city are Prince of Wales College and St. Dunstan's College.

Victoria Park, the natural beauties of which have been preserved, is convenient to the city, and is reached by a beautiful driveway which skirts a portion of the harbor, passing Government House and old Fort Edward. At this end of the city are some excellent bathing places, and the water is of an agreeable temperature throughout the summer.

Charlottetown has a good water system, the electric light and other modern improvements. It has not an electric railway, nor does it need one, for the highways are excellent and the opportunities for driving or wheeling are most inviting. Beautiful scenery is found in every direction, and with Charlottetown as a centre one can spend the summer in different parts of the island, finding a great variety of attractions. The general offices of the Prince Edward Island rail-

way are situated here, and by means of this road all the principal points on the island may be easily and speedily reached. For points which lie along the shore, away from the railway, good teams are always obtainable, and several of the summer hotels send their own teams daily during the season to the railway station most convenient to their houses, or to any other place when notified in advance by the travellers who are on the way. The island is a country famed for its good horses.

There is much that is of interest in the immediate vicinity of Charlottetown. The harbor, with its various arms, and Hillsborough Bay with its inlets, give good opportunities for boating and bathing. Boat excursions may be made to Governor's and St. Peter islands, while such drives as those to Tea Hill, Pownal, Squaw Point, and to Cherry Valley, Penarth, East, West and South rivers, are only a few of many that could be named. Keppoch, a few miles from the city, across the harbor, is a beautiful spot by the bay, on the high land of which are a number of summer cottages. The marine view is a grand one, and there is a beach which makes bathing a delight. Steamer excursions along the rivers also supply a good means of seeing some of the beauties of this part of the island. The rivers have good trout, and fine sea-trout fishing is also to be had off the mouth of the harbor. All kinds of wild fowl are found along the shores, and woodcock and plover are abundant in their season.

No one can approach Prince Edward Island in daylight without being impressed by the wonderful beauty of the shores. The rich color of the red sandstone rising from the sea, crowned with the vivid green of the fields and the darker green of the woods, gives a picture in which earth, sea and sky combine their glorious hues with what seems like magical effect. In no part of Canada can more striking combinations of color be found than are met with in a trip to the island. In



THE SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

Intercolloquial Route

the clear atmosphere of the Gulf their brightness appears to be intensified.

Several well known summer resorts are to be found on the north shore of the island, within easy distance of Charlottetown. These are found at such places as Hampton, Stanhope, Brackley Beach, Rustico, Malpeque and Tracadia Beach.

Brackley Beach is reached by a carriage drive of fifteen miles from Charlottetown, and is well situated for surf bathing, salt water fishing and trout fishing. The hotel is well filled throughout the season with boarders from the United States. Close to the hotel is the well appointed summer cottage of Mr. G. A. Crane, of New York. Good trout fishing is had in Black, Whitley and Glasgow rivers, the trout being of good size. As for salt water fishing, one amateur has caught thirty cod in a day. Wild geese and duck are very abundant, and geese are frequently caught alive when they get mixed up with the domestic geese around the shores.

Rustico Beach is reached either by a regular coach from Charlottetown, or by taking a train to Hunter river, where passengers for the hotel are met by a team. There is good surf bathing at Rustico, and the hotel is pleasantly situated near the shore. The harbor is one of the best on the north side of the island. The trout fishing at Mill Vale, seven miles away, is especially good, and there is also good fishing at Wheatley River Bridge, Oyster Bed Bridge and New Glasgow Bridge, all about four miles from the hotel.

Tracadie Beach is reached either by driving from Charlottetown, about fourteen miles, or taking the train to Bedford, where a carriage meets passengers for the hotel, four miles distant. There is a fine sand beach, and one may have either surf bathing or bathing in calm water further inshore. There are ample facilities for boating and fishing, as well as for shooting geese, duck, plover, etc., in the proper season. Trout are found

at Winter river and at Campbell's Pond, the latter being an especially good place. Deep water fishing for cod and mackerel may be enjoyed here, as at all points along this shore.

At Stanhope, a few miles along the shore from Tracadie, is found another splendid summer resort. There is an excellent hotel, and every facility for boating and bathing, the beach being particularly fine. Here also is to be found the handsome summer cottage of Mr. Alexander Macdonald, of the Standard Oil Company, Cincinnati.

Hampton, a beautifully situated resort, is reached by driving from Charlottetown.

Taking the railway to Kensington a drive of nine miles takes one to the shore at Malpeque, though it is only seven miles to the hotel. Malpeque, in addition to its other attractions, has a fame for the plover and sea fowl shooting in the vicinity. Good brook and sea trout fishing are also to be had near at hand. Here is Richmond Bay, a large and

beautiful sheet of water ten miles long, which, like Bedeque Bay, on the south side of the island, but less than three miles distant from here, has a great fame for its oysters. The island oysters are much in demand on account of their size and flavor, but especially for the latter quality. The large oysters are not esteemed as much as those of a medium size, but if large ones are desired they can be found measuring a foot in length in the vicinity of New London. The best flavored oysters are those found up the rivers.

Richmond Bay has not only oysters, clams and lobsters, but many other kinds of fish. In old times oysters were dug here and in other bays to be burned in heaps in order to make lime, but it is a long while since that expensive process has been permitted. Oyster shells, however, are still used in vast quantities as fertilizing material, but they are the shells of oysters which have been a long time dead. They are dug in the form of



RUSTICO BEACH. P.E.I.

Intercolonial Route

what is known as mussel mud, from the fact that there is a deposit of mussel shells on the top. Beneath, however, are layers upon layers of dead oyster shells, sometimes to a depth of twenty feet, the accumulations of a long period, and so brittle that they readily become pulverized when spread on the land. At a cost of about \$10 a farmer can build himself a machine to raise this mud, the work being done through the ice during the winter. For this trifling expense he can get as much of this great fertilizer as he chooses to expend his labour upon. The mud is free to all comers. It is largely by aid of this natural manure that the island raises such crops of potatoes, oats and other crops. The oats, in particular, are as fine as can be raised on this side of the Atlantic.

In going from place to place over the island the stranger cannot fail to be impressed by the neatness which marks the farms and the generally prosperous look of the farmers and their surroundings. There are no poor districts, and there is no poverty in the country places. The farmers own their farms, and some of these farms are models, supplied with everything required in the line of improved machinery. Nearly every man who raises oats has a threshing machine of his own and is fully fitted out in other ways. The farmers are all of a well-to-do class, and many of them are wealthy. In the fields are seen hundreds of acres rich with growing crops, while the abundant pastures furnish the food of the horses and sheep which have a fame wherever the name of Prince Edward Island is known. The scenery is always attractive and often beautiful. The absence of rocks and mountains is not felt in the pleasure derived from the contemplation of more pastoral scenes, while the gently undulating surface of land permits most enjoyable journeys over well made, dry and level roads.

Alberton, in the western part of the island, has some fine fishing within a radius of a few miles from the village. Sea trout are found at Kildare, Conroy,

Miminegash river and at Beaton's, while there are brook trout in several mill ponds in the neighborhood. There is good cod and mackerel fishing in the bay, with an abundance of geese, brant and other fowl in the season. There is a continuance of the opportunities for sport in the vicinity of Tignish.

At Emerald Junction, thirty-one miles from Charlottetown, a branch of the railway runs to Cape Traverse, on the Strait of Northumberland, where the fine scenery and other attractions make a summer sojourn very pleasant.

Souris is sixty miles east of Charlottetown, by rail. At Mount Stewart Junction a branch runs to Georgetown, to which place reference will be made later. On the way to Souris is the Morell river, which is called the best fishing stream on the island and which abounds with the most picturesque scenery. The Morell, with the Marie, Winter and Dunk rivers, is a reserved stream, but fishing permits are easily obtained. The Morell is also a salmon river.

Souris has a great fishing and shooting country around it, and this part of the island is most inviting to the tourist in all other respects. The whole shore may be called a pleasure ground and the opportunities for enjoyment are limited only by the time at the disposal of the visitor.

Sea trout are not only abundant in the lakes along the shore and in the bays, but they are of large size and particularly good quality. Some of the favorite localities are East and North lakes, in the direction of East Point, twelve miles from Souris, Black Pond, two miles, and Big Pond, eight miles. The finest sea trout on the island are caught in the small estuaries at Rollo Bay, five miles, and Fortune Bay, eight miles distant in the direction of Georgetown. They run as high as five pounds in weight, and are in such fine condition that the fat can be skimmed from the top of the water in the pot in which they are boiled.

Morson's mill pond, at Dundas, thirteen miles from Souris and about the

same distance from Georgetown, is another notable fishing water. The pond abounds in boiling springs, and hence the excellent quality of the fish. While not sea trout, they have every appearance of being such, and are fully their equal in size, color, firmness and other desirable qualities. Some great, but true, stories are told of the catches at this pond. One man and a boy caught sixty-five between two o'clock in the afternoon and sunset. Another man caught 150 in

ridge, are all abundant. The shooting of black duck at the ponds and rivers begins on the 10th of August and continues until November. Golden plover and curlew shooting begins on the 20th of August and continues until the 15th of September. Geese are very plentiful at East Point early in the spring. Partridge shooting begins on the 1st of October, and these birds are abundant everywhere in the woods in this part of the island.

All the places which have inducements



SOURIS, P.E.I.

Intercolonial Route

a day. A good day's catch by the same man was of forty, ranging from half a pound to two and a half pounds in weight. This gentleman is an American who spends several months of each year at Souris, for the sake of fishing and shooting. In the summer of 1896 his record was 1,750 trout in two and a half months. And there are others.

The shooting is equal to the fishing, and there is a great variety of it. Geese, duck, golden plover, curlew and part-

for the fisherman and sportsman are easily reached from Souris by a drive of from five to twelve miles over level roads, which are kept in excellent condition and have many attractions in the way of scenery. Good board can be had at the farm houses, when desired, for about a dollar a day, at such places as East Lake and West River.

There is excellent surf bathing and deep sea fishing in the vicinity of Souris. The harbor is a good one, and the town

is a busy one in a commercial sense. It is a port of call for the steamer between Pictou and the Magdalen Islands, and a convenient point of departure for those who wish to go direct from the island to the latter place.

All along the coast between Souris and Georgetown are found the bays and rivers where trout and sea fowl abound. Unless on such a mission, however, the tourist will go to Georgetown on the railway, by way of Mount Stewart Junction. While

and like Charlottetown, has very wide streets laid off at right angles. Much of the town plot, however, still lacks the buildings, and the place has an air of peculiar peace and quietness. There is good accommodation, nevertheless, for those who wish to spend a portion of their time here.

Georgetown harbor is one of the best in this part of Canada, and as it has the advantage of being free from ice for the greater portion of the winter, it is the



POW'NAL BAY, P.E.I.

Intercolonial Route

at Mount Stewart Junction he can see a fine part of the country, with some attractive scenery, and he can also get some good fishing, by driving to Murray harbor, to which place a line of railway is being constructed.

Georgetown is beautifully situated in what is known as the district of Three Rivers, at Cardigan Bay, and is an ideal place for those who seek rest and quiet with agreeable surroundings on land and sea. It is the capital of King's county,

"winter port" of the island. The steamers Stanley and Minto run between here and Pictou after the close of navigation at Charlottetown and Summerside. This is also a port of call for the steamer between Pictou and Magdalen Islands. The harbor receives the waters of the Cardigan, Montague and Brudenell rivers, from which the name "Three Rivers" is derived.

Much that has been said of the fishing around Souris will apply to Georgetown,

Morson's pond being midway between the two places and the bays along the coast being easily reached. There are also fine sea trout at Seal river, three miles from Georgetown, and at Morrison's Beach, a mile and a half distant. To the south Murray Harbor and McClure's Mills, both have fine fishing.

Around the rivers already mentioned is found very pleasing scenery. A drive, by way of the ferry, to Montague river shows a flourishing farming country, in which the air of general prosperity is very evident. There are no poor looking farms, while many of them are worthy of special attention by those who are interested in agriculture.

It is needless to say that there is every chance for bathing, boating and salt water fishing around Georgetown.

Cardigan Bridge, six miles from Georgetown by rail, has attractive surroundings and there is good fishing in the river. A

lad has caught fifty trout here in an evening. From here to the Morell river is five miles, and Morson's pond is eight miles distant. Good accommodation can be had in the village.

The fisheries of the island are worth about a million dollars a year. More than a third of this is derived from the lobsters, taken in the 329,000 traps around the shores and put up in the canneries, nearly 200 in number. The oyster trade amounts to considerably over \$100,000, and the herring taken off shore amounts in value to nearly double that sum.

Much more than has been told of Prince Edward Island in this short sketch will be found by the visitor who explores the land for himself. It is a fair and flourishing country, with pure air and a most healthful climate, where people of varied tastes can find recreation and rest. It is a delightful part of Canada that no tourist can afford to miss.



HUNTER RIVER, P.E.I

Intercolonial Route

The Magdalen Island Group



HE Magdalen Islands, situated in the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, are little known to the tourist or even to the average Canadian. There

is a hazy idea that they are a long way from the beaten path, that they are desolate rocks, remarkable chiefly for shipwrecks in the past and for famines among fishermen in the present. One great reason why so little is known of them appears to be that, with a few notable exceptions, much that has been told of them has been the work of writers who have either got their information at second-hand or have merely touched at the islands in the steamer and come back on the return trip. Hence it is that the travelling public, many of whom have not read such reliable accounts as those of Sir James LeMoine, S. G. W. Benjamin and Rev. Dr. George Patterson, miss a curious part of Canada when they fail to go to the Magdalens.

The Magdalens are very easily reached by steamer from Pictou, N.S., calling at Georgetown and Souris, P.E.I. From East Point, the most easterly point of Prince Edward Island, to Amherst Island, the nearest of the inhabited Magdalens, the distance is only fifty miles. As the steamer leaves Pictou early in the afternoon the latter part of the voyage is necessarily made at night, the islands being reached very early in the morning. The port first made varies on different

trips, but the steamer spends the day among the islands, going from one to another, landing passengers, freight and mails at the principal places and calling again to receive them. As there is a mail only once a week, at least two hours must intervene between landing the mails and calling for them at such places as Amherst and Grindstone, in order to give the people time to answer their letters. At such points the tourist can go ashore and have a look around if they propose to go back to the mainland on the return trip. A better way, however, is to stay by the steamer and make the tour of the waters among the principal islands. There are many days in summer when the sea is as calm as the proverbial mill pond and the water is like a mirror. On such a day, cruising among the islands is a rare pleasure, and though there is much the trip will not reveal of the land and its people, a most pleasant impression of the journey will be retained.

To see the Magdalens one should make this day's trip, and go ashore at the last stopping place with the intention of remaining until the steamer makes its next trip, in the following week. In doing this he must be prepared to take the Magdalens for what they are. This has not been the land of the tourist and there are no summer resort hotels, though excellent board may be had at Amherst and Grindstone, at the houses of the Misses Shea and of Mr. Nelson Arseneault respectively. Life will be found to be quiet, and to some temperaments it would be monotonous, but those who are pleased with the salt water, who want to breathe absolutely pure air from the ocean, who are fond of fish and are interested in stories of the perils and

dangers of the sea, should find it easy to make their week on the islands one of enjoyment.

The Magdalen group is usually described as consisting of thirteen islands, but in this computation are included some rocks which never have been and never will be inhabited. One of them, indeed, the Little Bird, is fast disappearing and there are many who believe that even the Great Bird is destined in time to a like fate. Then, again, several islands which are so joined by sand beaches as to be actually one are counted separately, as at Grosse Ile, though indeed, a number of the larger islands are thus united after a fashion. The chief islands of the group are Amherst, Entry, Grindstone, Alright, Grosse Ile (with Coffin Island, East Island and North Cape), Bryon Island, Bird Rock and Deadman's Island. The latter is a barren and uninhabited rock, nine miles west of Amherst. The general direction of the group is northeast and southwest, the extreme length being about fifty-three nautical miles, while the width where the islands are united at the southern end is about fourteen miles. In relation to the other parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Grindstone Island, on the west, is about 150 miles from the entrance of Miramichi Bay, New Brunswick; Amherst, at the south, is fifty miles north of East Point, P. E. Island, and about sixty from Cape St. Lawrence, Cape Breton; from East Point, in the Magdalens, to Cape Aguille, Newfoundland, is about ninety miles; from Bird Rock, at the north, to East Cape, Anticosti, is about eighty-five miles, while from the same point to the Bay of Gaspé is about 150 miles. Thus it will be seen that the islands are pretty well in the centre of the Gulf, and that the people are not bothered by their neighbors on the shores of the mainland. In the winter, however, as will be seen later, this seclusion has its disadvantages, and there are times when they are very serious ones.

It is possible that many people in other lands have an idea that the Magdalens are in the immediate vicinity of Labra-

dor, and that Deadman's Island is the most important of the group. Nearly a hundred years ago Tom Moore wrote his "Lines on Passing Deadman's Island," and it would seem that every man who has written of the Magdalens since that time has felt it a solemn duty to quote these verses. There is even a French version of them, and there may be a Gaelic one. As a result, the spirited lines have become a trifle hackneyed by this time, but a more serious objection is that they are misleading. Moore thought the name a striking one for a poem, and pictured a ghost ship starting for the island from "the dismal shore of cold and pitiless Labrador," which is a good 200 miles to the north. The average reader does not stop to consult a chart, and thus the Magdalens and Labrador are confounded in the popular mind. Besides, Deadman's Island does not take its name from any disaster, but from its shape. Seen at a distance, it resembles a giant body, shrouded and laid out ready for burial. It is a huge rock without vegetation, is a mile long and rises sharply to a height of 170 feet. It has probably been the cause of wrecks in the past, but so far as is known it has been much less of an offender in this respect than Bird Rocks, Bryon Island or the dreaded North Beach. The fishermen resort to it at certain seasons, but they do not regard it with any special awe. It may here be said that the people of the islands are very free from superstition, and that one may look in vain for the weird legends such as are heard around Baie de Chaleur and the Lower St. Lawrence. The fishermen have to face such stern realities in struggling for a living that they have no disposition to be imaginative as to their surroundings.

The Magdalens are a part of the county of Gaspé, Quebec, but send a member of their own to the provincial legislature. Discovered by Cartier in 1534, the first extensive settlement of them was by Acadian families in 1763. The population of all the islands is now between 5,000 and 6,000, of whom only about 500

are of the English race. A Church of England clergyman ministers to the latter, while three priests are stationed among the French, under the Bishop of Charlottetown.

A hundred years ago, in 1798, Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, in cruising the Gulf, took a notion that he would like to own the Magdalen Islands, and as he deserved well of the British government he easily obtained a grant of them and was legally designated as "Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, Admiral of the Red in His Majesty's Fleet, Proprietor of the Magdalen Islands." One seventh was reserved for the support of the Church of England clergy. With the exception of one or two of the outside islands, such as Bryon and Deadman, the Magdalens are still owned by the Coffin family, the present representative of which resides in France. The estate has always had an agent on the islands, and the occupants of land pay a rental of twenty cents an acre annually. Under recent legislation the Coffin estate is now obliged to sell when a tenant makes a cash tender of a sum based upon the capitalization of the rental, but most of the tenants are not in a position to purchase. While the whole area of the islands is about 100,000 acres, much of that still owned by the Coffin estate yields no rental, and the total sum collected is really quite small. In a financial sense the Magdalens are not a paying investment for the estate, but apart from that it is something to be the owner of a Canadian archipelago.

Amherst, Grindstone and Coffin Islands, while separate and distinct from each other, are so joined by sand bars that in another sense there is practically only one island from Sandy Hook, at Amherst to East Point, a distance of about forty-five miles. The ordinary way of going from Amherst to Grindstone, ten miles, is along the connecting sands, at low water. There are two distinct bars, more than two miles apart, at the Amherst end. One must know how to ford the intervening inlets, however, in order to be safe. Between Grindstone and North

Cape is a stretch of sand twenty-two miles long, known as the North Beach. Half way between the two places is Wolf Island, a grim enough name, but not more grim than the place merits. On this sandy barrier have been more shipwrecks than in any part of the Gulf. Before the establishment of lights and other safeguards by the Canadian government, wrecks were all too common around the Magdalens, lying as the islands did directly in the path of commerce. Many a missing ship, of which the fate has never been known, has crashed in the darkness upon the Bird Rocks, Bryon or the North Beach, and none of those on board have been left to tell the tale. Even the list of known disasters in the memory of men now living is a large one. Some thirty wrecks with loss of life can easily be counted for the North Beach and East Cape alone. It was at the latter point, half a century ago, that the emigrant ship *Miracle* was wrecked, with a loss of 350 lives out of the 678 on board. The priest and Mr. Fontana, agent of the Coffin estate, with a few others, buried more than 200 bodies in the sand.

A weird coming ashore was that of the English brig *Joseph*, many years ago. In broad daylight, with all sail set, the vessel came steadily on until it struck at North Cape. Not a sign of life was to be seen on the decks. Mr. Fontana went on board, entered the cabin and there found five men lying dead with their throats cut. The brig's papers were missing and the name had been scraped off wherever it had occurred. By a slight clue, the identity of the vessel was afterwards disclosed through correspondence with Lloyd's, and it was learned also that some sailors had landed from a boat on the coast of Newfoundland and had disappeared. They were undoubtedly the mutineers, who having murdered the others had made for the land, leaving the corpse-laden vessel to its fate.

The weather observer and telegraph operator at Grindstone is Augustine

Le Bourdais, a man who lives to tell of a terrible experience on the North Beach. He was mate of the brig *Wasp*, of Quebec, which went to pieces five miles west of Wall Island in a blinding snow-storm in November, 1871. He was the only survivor of a crew of eleven, and having gained the shore he wandered around the beach from Tuesday until Saturday, eating snow and finally taking shelter in an old hut, where he fell into a deep sleep until he

and grey sandstone. In some places this rises in perpendicular cliffs sheer from the sea, or at times overhanging where the force of the waves is wearing away the base. Some of these cliffs are more than 500 feet high. At other places the hills slope gradually to the water. At Grindstone and Amherst there is a succession of hills and valleys, and the Summit, at Grindstone, has a height of 602 feet. Five of the other hills on the same island are over 500 feet each in



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was discovered. Both feet were so frozen that they subsequently came off at the ankles. There was then no doctor on the islands, but LeBourdais had a strong constitution and lived to get to Quebec in the spring, where both legs were amputated below the knees. Securing his present position from the government, he returned to the Magdalens, married and settled down within a few miles of the scene of his remarkable experience. The foundation of the islands is a red

height. The highest hill at Amherst is 550 feet. The soil is of fine and fertile earth, but as fishing is the business of the people little attention is given to agriculture beyond raising hay and potatoes.

Entry Island, which is at the entrance of Pleasant Bay, to the eastward of Amherst, is one of the most picturesque of the Magdalens, with its hills rising to a height of nearly six hundred feet and its cliffs ranging from three hundred to

four hundred feet above the water. It is about two miles long and is inhabited by only a small number of families.

Amherst, or Havre Aubert, is in Pleasant Bay and is the capital of the Magdalens. It has a court house, a portion of the lower storey of which is intended to be used as a jail in case of necessity. So rare are prisoners, however, the cells are seldom in use. There are never any grave crimes committed, and even the petty offenders have usually been visiting sailors or other strangers. One of the latter was a man who attempted to peddle liquor, and who got a sentence of three months in jail. Before the expiation of his sentence the time drew near for the last trip of the steamer for the season. Should he serve out his term he would have to remain on the islands for four or five months after his release, and he might insist that the authorities should defray his expenses. Confronted with this problem, application was made to the Minister of Justice, and the sentence was remitted in time to enable the stranger to get back to his home by the last boat of the season.

At Amherst, Grindstone and other places of call by the steamer, the stranger will notice the absence of wharves, except small structures at which boats lie. The freight and passengers are received and discharged by boats, except at Grand Entry and at Etang du Nord. At the latter place is a breakwater. The islands are without wharves of any size, and there is a belief that no wharf extending to deep water could be built strong enough to stand the tremendous force of the sea at certain seasons. The islands are without harbors, or rather, what may be a harbor with the wind in one direction is exposed to the full fury of the blast when the wind is in a different direction. Thus it was that in the memorable August gale of 1873, while the Gloucester fishing vessels lay in Pleasant Bay, snugly sheltered from the northeast gale, the wind came round to due east and forty-two of them were driven ashore at Amherst like so many

chips. So close did they lie on the shore that a man walked over the decks of twelve of them, stepping from one to the other without the need of a plank to serve as a gangway. One vessel was landed high and dry in a field.

When the wind blows over the Magdalens in the stormy season it blows in earnest, especially when it sweeps down the Gulf from the northwest. Weather observer Le Bourdais says the greatest velocity it attains is seventy-four miles an hour, but at much less than that rate it can make matters lively. It hangs against the houses as though it would carry them along with it, but it never does so. It would carry a man away, however, if he were rash enough to stand on the top of one of the cliffs in a gale. As for the sea, it comes at the islands with a force that makes the rocks tremble, and masses of overhanging sandstone tumble into the ocean. It does not require anything like a gale to send the spray flying over the lantern of L'Etang du Nord lighthouse, 110 feet above the water. All this, however, is in the stormy season, and is not a part of the experience of the tourist who visits the Magdalens during the peaceful days of summer.

Amherst Island has a population of about 300 families. To the west of the landing is Demoiselle Hill, so called because some vivid imagination saw in its outline the figure of a recumbent woman. The cliffs here rise 550 feet from the sea, and are the highest on the islands. Ten miles to the north, across Pleasant Bay, is Grindstone Island, the largest and most important of the group. Cape Meule, at the entrance of the harbor, has a height of 280 feet, but the remarkable feature of it as seen from the water is a singularly clear cut profile formed by the rough masses of rock. Some have seen in it a resemblance to the face of Gladstone. Grindstone has a population of about 350 families, and is a place of considerable commercial importance in respect to the fishing industry. The island is some five miles long and of nearly the same width. At the western side is the settlement of

Etang du Nord, where there is a large shallow lagoon in which fine sea trout are caught.

Between Grindstone and Alright islands is a boat harbor known as Havre au Maisson, or House Harbor. Alright is about four miles long and half as wide, and has about 250 families. At House Harbor is a convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame, where the young women of the islands are educated and from which the school teachers on all parts of

has been mentioned as lying between the sand dunes which extend to Alright. The Great Lagoon is in all twenty-five miles long, and from half a fathom to five and six fathoms deep. At Grand Entry it is over five miles wide and its greatest width in any other part is three miles. In many parts it is very narrow. The western entrance is at House Harbor.

Nine nautical miles from Grosse Ile, and wholly separate from the group to which reference has so far been made, is



THE LANDING AT BIRD ROCK

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the Magdalens have been graduated. Between Alright and Grosse Ile are the long stretches of sand of which the North Beach is one, with a shallow and narrow passage between them. Wolf Island is a small elevation about half way along the North Beach. Cape Alright, on the island of that name, has a height of 500 feet.

Between Grosse Ile and Coffin islands is what is known as Grand Entry harbor, the entrance to the Great Lagoon which

Bryon Island, nearly five miles long and varying in width from the distance of a pistol shot to something less than a mile at the widest part. It is the property of Mr. William Dingwell and has only some five families resident upon it. The island is a splendid fishing station, however, and at certain seasons the population is much larger. Bryon has no harbor and is not an easy place to land in rough weather. Some of the cliffs have a height of over 200 feet. On the north

side of this island there is a record of ten wrecks.

Eleven miles east of Bryon and about twenty northeast of Grosse Ile is the most remote and inaccessible part of the Magdalens, the Bird Rocks. The smaller of the two islands has been broken up by the action of the sea. The Great Bird is simply a rock, about two acres in area, rising from the sea to a height of 140 feet. So perpendicular are the sides of this rock that the visitor and supplies are alike landed by means of a box lowered to the water and hoisted by means of a windlass. There is a series of ladders up the face of the rock, to be used in case of an accident to the hoisting gear. Boats can approach the rock only in calm weather, for the fury of the sea is so terrific here in times of storm that the rock itself can be felt to shake. The island takes its name from the immense numbers of gannets, gulls and other sea birds which have made it their home from time immemorial, and which continue to inhabit it despite the presence of the lighthouse and the fog gun. The flocks of birds are at times like huge clouds. On the rocks their nests are found in every direction, and in other ways the habitat of the birds is *en évidence* to more than one of the senses. The island is not "with spicy odors laden from Araby the blest." In former years a regular business was done by parties going to this island and securing large quantities of eggs, which were shipped to Halifax.

The Bird Rocks are about a mile apart, with a sunken reef between them and continuing for another mile beyond the Little or North Bird. On these rocks, before the days of lighthouses and signals, have been uncounted wrecks of which no one has lived to tell the tale. The lighthouse and explosive fog signal are of comparatively recent date. The keeper, with his family and two assistants, constitute the population of the island, and though the light is burned only during the season of navigation the lighthouse crew remains there throughout the year.

The Magdalen Islands depend wholly upon the fisheries for their prosperity, and in seasons when the fish fail the inevitable result is not only adversity, but distress which may amount to a famine. In the winter of 1897-98 it was necessary for the Quebec government to send supplies to the islands early in the season to aid in the relief of the destitute inhabitants. When the writer was there, in the previous autumn, it was known there was a hard winter ahead. The season's catch had amounted to little, for the men had waited and watched for the schools of mackerel that never came. They could have fitted out for cod, but they did not, because cod were low in price and a short season of mackerel would be far more profitable than many weeks of coddling. So, in something of a win or lose spirit they prepared for the mackerel only to find that mackerel were a failure. The lobsters helped them some, for the Magdalens produce three-quarters of all the lobsters in the county of Gaspé, but owing to the conditions of the climate even the lobster season was short, and so hard times came, as they had come before.

The steamer from the mainland usually stops running about the 15th or 20th of December, when the ice forms around the shore of the mainland. It is much later before the great fields of ice come down from the north and blockade the Magdalens, and they remain later in the spring. The steamer may be able to make a trip in April, or it may be much later. In one memorable year, a year of scarcity, it did not come until the first week in June. There are thus four or five months in which the people of the Magdalens are shut off from the rest of the continent, in which they get neither letters nor newspapers. There is a cable, it is true, but it is not used for news purposes, and it may be out of order for the season. When the steamer arrives in the spring the man who wants to know what has happened in the world for the preceding four or five months has a heavy contract ahead of him in getting himself read up to date.

The people of the islands are used to these winters, and are content enough when times are not too hard. A field of solid ice surrounds the main group of islands, extending for two or three miles from the shore. Beyond this are miles and miles of ice which are not fixed, and any part of which may be shifted by the winds and currents. The solid ice between the islands makes a fine highway for sleighing parties and there is a constant exchange of visits between

to get to House Harbor. Five men started from Amherst with a sealing float, reached the schooner and succeeded in getting a barrel of flour. They divided it into five parts and each put his share in a bag. On their way home the neighbors besought them so eagerly that little was left of their stock. One of them told the writer that he had only two or three pounds of flour in the bottom of his sack when he reached his own house.

There is an impression that sealing is a



A CORNER OF BIRD ROCK

Intercolonial Route

the people of the different districts. When the seasons are bad the people get along the best they can. When flour fails, they resort to potatoes, and when these are exhausted in one house, resort is had to more fortunate neighbors. In that year when the steamer did not come until June all classes were on short allowance and potatoes were doled out a half dozen at a time. Early in May a schooner was seen outside of the ice at Pleasant Bay, trying

great industry at the Magdalens. It was so years ago, when 26,000 seals would be secured in a season. At that time a seal skin was worth a dollar, and the oil brought a dollar a gallon. Men could make twenty dollars or thirty dollars in a day. Of late years, however, seals have diminished in number and in value. In the season of 1896-97, only 2,000 were taken around the islands, and the skins and oil brought only a quarter of the old prices. Parties go sealing on the ice all

the way from Etang du Nord to Bird Rocks, hauling their floats over the ice and rowing in them across the open water. It is hard and perilous work, and many lives have been lost when the ice has begun to move, carrying the sealers out to sea to perish. On one occasion forty-two men were thus carried off, and seven died from exposure before a rescue was effected. A more recent case was that of Damien Cormier, Charles Turbide and Arsene Turbide in the month of March, 1897.

Cormier, an elderly man, was in temporary charge of Bird Rock light at the time, and the Turbides, who were young men, were on a visit there. About three o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, March 6th, they saw some seals on the ice and started after them, leaving Cormier's wife alone at the light. They secured a few seals and started to return, when the ice began to move. The current made it impossible to launch the float, and soon after the wind arose and a storm of snow and sleet followed. The ice continued to move, while the unfortunate men walked in the vain hope of finding a chance of escape.

Between twelve and two o'clock on Sunday Charles Turbide, aged nineteen, the youngest of the party, became exhausted and died. The others had fed him with the warm blood of a seal, but to no avail. They remained by the body, and the next day the old man Cormier became exhausted. He urged Arsene Turbide to leave him and try to save himself, and when death was apparent Turbide covered the two bodies with the upturned boat and began to walk to the south. He kept on until he reached Cape North, Cape Breton, where he arrived at eight o'clock Monday night, after fifty-three hours of exposure. His feet, hands and face were frozen, and he was in a dying condition when a doctor reached him. He lived a few days, long enough to tell the story of one of the most remarkable adventures in the history of the islands.

There were formerly forests on the

Magdalens, but they have been cut away, and in a few years there will not be enough wood for fencing and fuel. Foxes and rabbits are found, but no larger game. The islands, however, are the kingdom of birds, of which there are over 120 varieties. As for geese, ducks, brant and other sea fowl, there are vast numbers. The best shooting is from the fifteenth of September to the tenth of October, and the best shooting grounds are at the ponds at East Point and West Point, where there are geese, black duck, teal, golden plover, small plover and yellowlegs. There are also plover along the North Beach. Two men have shot forty geese in a day at West Point. Non-residents must take out a license.

Sea trout are found at several inlets and especially at Etang du Nord. Three men have caught thirteen dozen of them in two days and a half.

The average temperature at the Magdalens is 55° in summer, and from 15° to 25° above zero in the winter. The winter is not severe except for the winds. The warmest weather is during the last of August and the first of September.

The people of the Magdalens are simple in their habits and lead good lives. Their lot is often a hard one, but they accept it patiently, thankful for the good and submissive to the ills. The stranger who visits these islands will find much to interest him both in the place and in the people.

The Lord's Day Gale.

The waters which lie between Cape Breton, the Magdalens and Prince Edward Island witnessed a heavy loss of shipping and of life in the great gale of the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of August, 1873. As the stranger is likely to hear more or less of this gale when he is round any of the shores named some reference to it may be useful. The gale began on Saturday, August twenty-third, and reached its height on Sunday, bringing destruction to the province fishermen and the Gloucester fleet, both in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on George's Banks. The loss of property among the Gloucester

vessels alone was about \$100,000, and 138 lives were lost. The figures of the losses among the province fishermen are not at hand, but they were very large. The disaster has been commemorated in E. C. Steadman's verses, "The Lord's Day Gale," of which only an extract can here be given :

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

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

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

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

On reef and bar our schooners drove
Before the wind, before the swell ;
By the steep sand cliff their ribs were
stove,—
Long, long their crews the tale shall
tell !

Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks three
score ;

Of the Province sail two hundred more
Were stranded in that tempest fell.

May of the stranded vessels were subsequently got off and saved. The loss around the Magdalen Islands, singular to say, was small. Over 300 vessels were in Pleasant Bay for shelter when the wind changed from east to south-east, but most of them rode out the gale. Of the forty-two that were driven ashore at Amherst, as already narrated, the greater portion were subsequently got off the sandy shore by a wrecking company. One which went on Demoiselle Hill was knocked to pieces with the loss of three lives. All along the coast, however, at Whitehead, Canseau, Mulgrave, Port Hood, Cape North and other places were wrecks, besides a large number that foundered in the open sea. An Arichat schooner drifted ashore at Port Hood with the whole crew of six men drowned in the cabin. Two Canseau schooners were lost with all on board.

The gale was felt with great force on the land. At Canseau the Catholic church was lifted bodily and moved about ten feet. At Guysboro, according to an unpublished history, every wharf was dashed to pieces, scarcely a stone near the water was left standing, and the tidal wave left a mark twelve feet above the highest previous waterline. A number of boards, the remains of a fallen barn, were lifted by the wind and driven through the side of the Methodist church, some distance away. With such force were they propelled that some of them were carried through one wall into the interior of the church and driven through the laths and plaster high up on the opposite wall. Those that still protruded through the outside of the building were so firmly embedded that they had to be sawn away. Much damage was done to property all along the coast.

Conclusion

THE foregoing pages have taken the reader over the entire system of the Intercolonial railway (including the Prince Edward Island railway) and the territory served by that system. An effort has been made—it is hoped successfully—to point out the many attractions to be found in that territory, and much detail regarding summer resorts, fishing and hunting grounds, and how to reach them, has been given. In journeying over the Intercolonial railway from Montreal to Halifax and return, the traveller finds the pleasure of the grand scenery not a little enhanced by the luxury of the noted Maritime Express. This is a complete vestibule train, and is not only a most handsome affair, within and without, but it is exceedingly comfortable and convenient, and modern in every respect. A special feature of the service on this train is that of the dining car. The cuisine has been developed to a high state of efficiency and every effort is made to meet the wishes of the most fastidious tastes. Frequent comment on this branch of the service has been most favorable, and in some respects at least it is the best in the country.

The express, baggage and postal cars, also, are models of their kind, while the colonist cars are superior to the first-class coaches of many smaller lines. They might fairly pass muster in the latter grade, were it not that the first-class coaches of the Intercolonial are again far superior to the ordinary cars of their class. Each of them has a length of eighty feet and a weight of fifty-one tons. The finish, within and without, is of polished South American mahogany, and everything pertaining to the cars is of an

equally elegant character. The ceilings are beautifully finished, the aisles are carpeted and the seats are designed with a special view to comfort. Panel mirrors are placed between the window spaces, and the whole appearance is rather of a parlor car than an ordinary day coach. A special feature is the smoking room, a compartment on the same principle as the smoker in a sleeping car, but so large that, in addition to the fixed seats at the ends, four movable wicker arm chairs are on the floor to be placed as the occupants may desire.

The sleeping cars are rich in design, but with plain moulding which permits no lodging place for dust. The finish is of polished mahogany beautifully inlaid with lighter woods. The ceilings are of green and gold, in the Empire style, and the upholstering is of a rich green plush. Wilton rugs adorn the floor and yield softly beneath the feet. The drawing rooms are two in number, and may be used singly or *en suite*. They are rich with heavy plate glass mirrors, and each room has its separate toilet conveniences. Each of the sleepers is eighty-two feet in length and weighs fifty-six tons. The lighting is by the Pintsch gas, the lamps throwing the light down instead of obscuring it, as in the older systems of car lighting. The lavatory is large and allows plenty of room for performing the toilet, and, indeed, in all respects, the sleepers have the latest and most approved ideas in their details of construction and arrangement.

The dining cars, like the sleepers, have each a length of eighty-two feet, and the finish of the woodwork and ceilings is in the same style. Each car will seat thirty persons at the tables, and these tables are

arranged both for four and for two each. Movable chairs and plenty of floor space add greatly to the comfort of the occupants. A handsome mahogany side-board is a conspicuous feature of each car. The service is of solid silver, and all the table appointments are of the best quality to be obtained. The kitchens are so situated that the culinary operations are

not visible to those passing through that end of the car, and they are supplied with the most approved appliances for their work. In a word, they are as complete as modern ingenuity can devise. The meals served on these diners are equal to those at any first-class hotel, and the rates charged are very moderate for the excellent service given.

If special information is required in respect to a particular locality, routes, fares, etc., address either E. TIFFIN, Traffic Manager; or JNO. M. LYONS, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, Moncton, N.B.; H. A. PRICE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, 143 St. James Street, Montreal; J. B. LAMBKIN, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Halifax, N.S.