dyke and palisade that the glory of France might be upheld on the new continent. A hundred guns were mounted in the embrasures of the main battlement, and seventy more upon the outworks of Lighthouse Point and Battery Island. Six hundred picked regulars filled the caserns, and there was a large body of armed citizens. Louisbourg, the insouciant, boasted that so impregnable were her bulwarks that, if need be, wives and mothers of the town could keep the garrison gates.

The fortifications were scarcely completed when war was again declared between France and England. The New Englanders had for a long time chafed against the rising power of their neighbours on the north and in 1745, after a siege lasting many weeks, forced the surrender of "the best equipped fortress in North America" under conditions which have not yet ceased to astonish the world. Colonel Pepperell, a former merchant who had attained high position in the Massachusetts militia, commanded the land attack from Gabarus Bay, on the south. Admiral Warren was at the head of the fleet.

The outline of the New Englanders' camps is still traceable above Kennington Cove. Remnants of the French stockade and breast-works, and a wall pierced by four crumbling arches are to be seen by driving south a short way from New Louisbourg. On the spot where Pepperell accepted from Governor Duchambon the keys of the

citadel, the American Society of Colonial Wars erected a commemorative column in the one hundred and fiftieth year after the surrender.

New England's spectacular achievement was annulled by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1749) by the signing of which Britain ignominiously disregarded the valour of her colonies and bartered Cape Breton for the island of Madras. But in another ten years hostilities were again renewed between the rival contestants for the realm of Canada. Out of the harbour of Halifax sailed Wolfe and Amherst in the spring of 1758. Louisbourg was again besieged from the land and from the harbour, and for the second time capitulated before the superior strategy of her assailants. Following Wolfe's victory, English troops were drilled on the fields of Louisbourg for the struggle which was crowned by the defeat of Montcalm. Walls, breast-works, bastions, all were demolished after 1760. For months, labourers worked with pick and powder to level the ramparts of the City of Louis. Cellars and chimneys of the fishing hamlet which grew up in later years were made of stone brought originally from France to build the fortifications. A circuit of the bastion sites,— King's, Queen's, Dauphin's, Princess',— comprises a drive or walk of about two miles. A plan is now being agitated to restore some of the old forts and town buildings, and to raise memorials in the cemeteries to those who died for Britain and for France.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND THE GASPÉ SHORE

CHAPTER IX

ST. JOHN AND THE SOUTH COAST

The Islands of Campobello and Grand Manan.

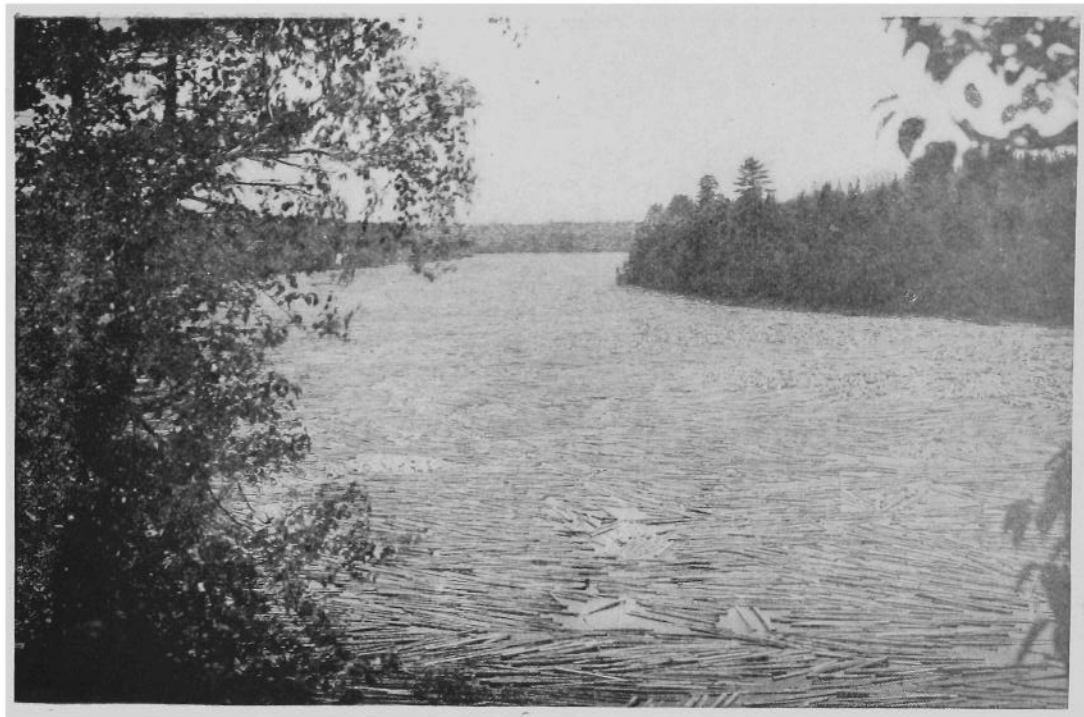
. . .

St. John.

St. John is accessible from the United States by more routes than any city of the Maritime Provinces. Moreover, all New Brunswick roads lead to it directly or by connection, and it is separated from Nova Scotia by a water journey of but 47 miles. Its rapid advance as a shipping port to the rank of second largest in Canada is due to its being the Atlantic terminus of two transcontinental railways, the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk System, and the Canadian terminus of more than a dozen cargo and passenger steamer lines sailing to and from every quarter of the world. As a winter port for trans-Atlantic companies, St. John is in the ascendency over Halifax. Though the latter city is two hundred and fifty miles nearer Liverpool, it is a third again further from Montreal than is the commercial centre of New Brunswick, and a much longer distance from New York and Chicago. It is authoritatively stated that the

harbour of St. John is the only one north of Cape Hatteras which has never been frozen, the Fundy tides having in this case proved a beneficent agency. Once there were but three ports under the British flag where more vessels were owned than in St. John, but that was in the period before metal hulls superseded hulls of stout green-heart.

The entrance to the harbour from the Bay of Fundy is flanked by rocky arms which narrow toward the outlet of the great river discovered by Champlain and de Monts on the fête day of St. John the Baptist, June, 1604, following their voyage to the Annapolis Basin. Partridge Island frowned upon their intruding sails as it frowns still upon the labouring, steaming, drifting procession that constantly passes beneath its gloomy banks. Into this "port of heroes" sailed the ships of de la Tour and Charnisay, and gallant Villebon. Frigates battled at its mouth whose masts flew the Lion and the Fleur de Lys. The timorous craft of New England settlers and the black hulks of reckless privateers braved the tidal estuary before May, 1783, when a valiant fleet of twenty vessels bore three thousand Royalists to a place of disembarkation on the right bank of the harbour opposite old Fort Frederick. The landing was at the foot of the street which was fittingly called "King" by the Tory founders of the city. In 1784 there were more than nine thousand Loyalists on the sterile site of St. John. It was not



A NEW BRUNSWICK RIVER IN LOGGING TIME

until a year later that the settlement first called for Governor Parr took the name of its river.

"The scenery around St. John," says an old-time writer, "possesses nothing indicative of the fertile regions to which it leads." In truth the city is builded on rock whose acclivities have defied time and the blaster. Ecclesiastical towers crown the dun pile of buildings which rises from the harbour-front to the long rolling crest that looks off to the Bay of Fundy. Steamers land at Reed's Point at the end of Prince William Street. The latter thoroughfare, which shows an imposing row of façades belonging to commercial and government buildings, terminates in the market-place at the foot of King Street. The tram line crosses the same open space coming from the Union Station and runs up the King Street hill past the Tourist Bureau, railway ticket offices, shops, banks and the Royal and Victoria Hotels. The progress of this wide main street is interrupted at Charlotte Street by King Square. Principal stores and theatres, and many of the city's best churches and residences are within four blocks of this shady plaza. A little to the east is the plot where the Fathers of St. John buried their dead. Children roll their hoops and nursery-maids trundle perambulators down paths edged with sunken stones which present to the curious eye archaic tributes carved a century and more ago.

The Loyalist Church stood on the opposite side

of King Square. All that was left of it following the fire horror of 1877 which levelled ten miles of streets and 1600 buildings was the escutcheon of the British Empire which had hung in Boston State House during the turbulent years that immediately preceded the revolt of the Colonies. The coat-of-arms is now in Trinity Church whose lofty spire rises above the site of the city's first meeting-house.

Other public structures in the vicinity of King Square are the Masonic Hall, Court House, City Market, Imperial Theatre and Opera House. Beyond the latter on Waterloo Street is the Roman Catholic Cathedral with good interior decorations and windows.

The magnates of St. John rebuilt their clubs and homes out Germain Street and about Queen Square after the fire. In Germain Street is St. Andrews Church, grandmother of all the Presbyterian congregations of New Brunswick. Even a brief tour of the city should include a sight of Queen Square and its mansions. A three-century-old French cannon hoisted from the bed of the harbour, and a life-size bronze of Champlain add historical interest. The Exhibition buildings and a new Armoury occupy prominent situations at the seaward end of the St. John peninsula. To the east is Courtenay Bay which every twelve hours becomes alternately a stretch of water and a yawning bed of ooze. The bay, and the harbour-front

west of the city are the object of far-reaching plans which will materially increase St. John's terminal and manufacturing facilities.

At the top of Germain Street's aristocratic incline, looking toward the north, stands the stolid Church of St. John's with its broad stone base and old-fashioned steeple dating back ninety years. The aspect of this rising lane of substantial stone buildings capped by the sombre self-contained temple is the most typical in the city. In contrast with the ancient edifice is the domed and porticoed Library Building erected ten years ago by the bounty of the Scot whose name is chiselled over the doorway. In 1883, St. John founded the first free library in Canada. Among its 30,000 volumes is a collection presented by the British Museum from its duplicate books. The wall bears a tablet placed in honour of Samuel de Champlain and Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts,[1] on the three hundredth anniversary of the day the harbour and river were first entered by the explorers of the Bay of Fundy.

An old house in this neighbourhood offered hospitality to the Duke of Kent, and also to his grandson, Edward, Prince of Wales. A short walk west of the Library brings one to the Museum of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick which contains a creditable array of Abenaki curios and

[1] Champlain was born at Brouage, Province of Saintonge, 1567 and died at Quebec on Christmas Day, 1635. De Monts also born in Saintonge, in 1560, died at Paris, 1611.

craft implements, besides specimens of native minerals and animal life. A curator is in attendance and the admission is free.

The summits of the North End of the city are ascended by tramway, motor-car or sight-seeing wagons; some for whom an unremitting climb has no terrors go on foot down into the vale and up the steeps. Ruts in the highway show rock beneath a thin stratum of earth. Almost no trees are to be seen until Rockwood Park is reached, beyond the Public Gardens. Only horse-drawn vehicles may enter this five hundred-acre recreation ground of varied delights, executed by nature and but lightly touched by the guiding hand of man. Lily Lake verges on the Drive which continues into Mount Pleasant Avenue. Above the road, beautiful homes with vine-draped walls have as their daily meed one of the superb views of the province.

Directly above Navy Island and the wide turn of the harbour is the sheer eminence from which, in 1778, the first Fort Howe watched against New England privateers, who had already ravished Fort Frederick on the Carleton shore. The existing fortification is of later construction. From this elevation one sees on a day unmisted by fog the harbour, its thronged wharves and the Bay of Fundy in the foreground, and in the rear, the islands, coves and verdant promontories of the famed Kennebecasis.

A hill-side road descends to the river from Port-

land Heights past Riverview Park, with its stilted memorial to South African War heroes. At a point where the high, rocky banks of the stream are contracted to a width of less than five hundred feet, two splendid bridges span a restless chasm. From this vantage-point we may observe the spectacle of a river flowing three ways at every change of tide — downward, on a level and upward. The dignified St. John having throughout its course of four hundred and fifty miles received the tribute of countless minions in Maine and New Brunswick,— having drained great lakes and wide inlets, is confronted in its augmented majesty by a tortuous channel-gate at the very jaws of the Bay of Fundy. This were complication enough for a river that had been swollen, then abruptly compressed. But the out-fall of the St. John is still further harassed by prodigious tides that rise here to a height of twenty-five feet. An engineer who in 1761 witnessed the phenomenon of a river turned back upon its course twice in every day, reported: "The current runs down till half-flood, and up till half-ebb. The falls are smooth every half tide for fifteen to twenty minutes. The greatest rise at the rapids is equal to half the rise of the tide." At low tide, the piled-up waters of the river are higher than the sea. At full tide the incoming flood of Fundy is higher than the river. Therefore the fall at the gorge is down-stream when the surge is toward the sea, and up-stream

when the sea shoulders back the river. For one hour in each twenty-four the struggle is relaxed, the strength of the forces then being equal. Small boats take advantage of the armistice to skim in or out through the twisted passage, but no vessel, little or big, ever dares the fury of the waters when in combat.

The drive through the suburb of Fairville and out the Manawagonish Road is especially enjoyable for the views of the open Bay and of inland beauty-spots. The Old Manawagonish leads back to Lancaster Heights whose landmark is the circular watch-tower built just a century ago by British regulars as a guard over the approach to the harbour. During early Italian wars such towers contained alarm bells which were struck with hammers. The name Martello may be derived from the Italian word for hammer or, what seems more plausible, it is applied out of compliment to the Corsican designer of round outlooks who was surnamed Martelli. Below the turreted sconce is the beach from whose stones it was fashioned, and further south a bay-side pleasure park.

Fort Dufferin commands the mouth of the river from the west or Carleton side of the harbour. This depressingly ugly suburb whose water-edge is faced with immense warehouses and deep water terminals is a ferry-trip distant from the foot of Princess Street, St. John. A short walk north

from Nelson Slip are the remains of Fort Frederick, which the English took from the French in 1758, defended against the Indians in 1776 and lost to the Americans the year after. Though authorities do not agree as to the situation, it is commonly accepted that the Huguenot trader, Charles La Tour and his wife had their station on the Carleton shore, and that Fort Frederick stands upon the foundations of the original four bastions built in 1635. The enmity between La Tour and Charnisay, rival lords of Acadie, has received brief mention in another chapter.[2] Lady La Tour's romantic exploits have been immortalised by poet and fabulist, and extolled by historians as among the bravest deeds performed by woman in any century. During de la Tour's absence in Boston to secure assistance against de Charnisay, who was commissioned by the French court to arrest him, Marie, Lady of La Tour, stayed alone at the fort attended by a garrison of half a hundred. She had already proved her mettle by crossing to France and England in her husband's behalf and in escaping at one time under the very nose of Charnisay's ships to a relief vessel from Rochelle which had carried Charles and Marie to Massachusetts, where a fleet had been assembled formidable enough to temporarily vanquish their enemy.

In the winter of 1645 Charnisay, learning from

[2] See under Annapolis, Chapter VI.

spies that Lady La Tour was in command of the fort, attacked with a single ship. But Marie Jacqueline was possessed of resource and courage that over-matched the foe's assurance. The besieging vessel retired with two score dead and wounded, and without having brought down the flag above the stockade.

Still La Tour did not return, fearing capture by the enemy's ships, and in two months de Charnisay mustered his forces at Port Royal and made a new onset, this time from the land along the Carleton shore. He met resistance so effectual that defeat would again have been his portion at the hands of the Lady Marie but for the connivance of a sentinel, who for a bribe kept silent at the approach of the attacking party. Even then the Baron of Port Royal could not capture the garrison by force but made terms which his heroic opponent accepted to save the lives of her supporters. When he found himself in possession, he violated his word, hung the garrison man by man, and compelled Madame La Tour to look upon the execution. Even a heart staunch as hers could not surmount such accumulation of misfortune. In less than a month after the surrender of the fort so long and ardently guarded, her spirit failed and she passed away. It was six years before her husband returned in possession of patents that established him master of the trade of Acadia, his rival having been drowned in Annapolis Basin the

previous year. The marriage of Madame de Charnisay and La Tour in 1653 achieved, surely at the cost of sentiment, "the peace and tranquillity of the country, and concord and union between the two families."

All that St. John lacks in personal attractiveness is compensated by the fairness of her surroundings. A week of drives, sails and walking-trips will not reveal all the nooks and vistas that await discovery. Rothesay, Loch Lomond, Millidgeville, Grand Bay, Westfield lie on good roads that pass within sight of river or lake shore through country diversified by woods and farmland. Water-trips are available by steamers that leave regularly by the River St. John for Fredericton (84 miles) and towns on its numerous auxiliary bodies.[3] A pleasant course is taken by a small steamer which leaves several times a day from Millidgeville (tram from St. John) for landings on Kennebecasis Bay. Schedules, routes and fares are conveniently outlined in a booklet issued by the Tourist Association, 23, King Street, together with information about hunting and fishing trips.

The South Coast – Campobello and Grand Manan. The Shore Line Sub-Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway has a daily service from West St. John (Carleton). The line follows the coast to St. George (48 m.), Bonny River, and St. Stephen (84 m.) near the Maine fron-

[3] See Chapter X.

tier. At Brunswick Junction (69 m.) connection is made with St. Andrews over a line running from McAdam Junction (St. John – McAdam Jc., 84 m., on the way to Montreal, Bangor and Boston via Vanceboro, by Canadian Pacific). Schedules are so inconveniently arranged for the connection to St. Andrews at Brunswick Jc. that the route usually taken is the Canadian Pacific out of West St. John and from McAdam Jc. to the coast via Watt Jc. By this route, St. John – St. Andrews, 126 m. St. Stephen may also be reached via McAdam Jc.[4]

The Maritime Steamship Company has a small vessel in service between St. John, St. George and St. Andrews which leaves Thorne Wharf every Saturday morning.

Twice a week the *Grand Manan* sails from Turnbull's Wharf, St. John, and calls at Campobello Island and Eastport, Me., on the way to the Island of Manan. The same steamer has regular sailings between St. Stephen, Campobello, Eastport and St. Andrews.

The tri-weekly Coastwise Service of the Eastern Steamship Corporation (St. John – Portland – Boston) makes its first call at Eastport, from which there are local lines to towns also served by the *Grand Manan*.

St. George has but a single bait for tourists and that a waterfall formed by the Magaguadavic River which a short distance from the village sweeps over a ledge and springs a hundred feet into a turbulent chasm. Bonny River, 6 miles beyond St. George on the railway, is at the entrance to the Magaguadavic Valley game district of Fredericton County, which is dotted with camps and hunting lodges.

[4] Northwest from McAdam Jc. a branch of the Canadian Pacific proceeds to Woodstock, Grand Falls and Edmundston. These towns are also reached from Fredericton.

Passamaquoddy Bay is separated from the outlet of the St. Croix River by a hilly triangle. St. Andrews occupies the tip of the wedge. Deer Island faces it, and Campobello and Grand Manan lie in the order named out in the Bay of Fundy, off the coast of Maine. Sheltered, yet cooled by breezes from every quarter, St. Andrews has long been a retreat affected by summer colonists. Within the earthworks of a dismantled fort above the town is the summer residence of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. On Minister's Island, Sir William van Horne has erected a palace and a bevy of barns. The new Algonquin Hotel overlooks the water from rising ground. The St. Andrews Inn is near the beach. Both are under Canadian Pacific management. The Golf Course is the scene of annual tournaments which attract the best players of the Canadian Clubs. The social atmosphere is more rarefied in St. Andrews than at other Provincial resorts. The writers of pamphlets like to call it the Newport of New Brunswick. The old families of the Scotch seaport, the Pagans, Garnetts, Potes and Campbells, have much fine plate and many heirlooms in mahogany. The frames of some of the houses were brought from the United States during the Loyalist hegira. The Tories who settled here were especially reputed for the fervency of their patriotism. One Scotch father who had seven sons recognised in

them an opportunity to express his zeal for the Crown. Each new arrival was baptised George in honour of the reigning sovereign.

The tourist will not fail to see the canopied pulpit in the Greenock Church. The building itself was begun in 1817 and completed a few years later by a well-to-do captain who essayed to make it a monument worthy of the town and of his generosity. He ordered a carved oak tree to be embossed upon the face of the tower in memory of his native Greenock, or Green Oak, in Scotland. To the cabinet-maker who fashioned of mahogany and bird's-eye maple "the finest pulpit in the province" he gave a free hand. No nails were used in fitting the parts. Exquisite care was expended upon joints and panels, and the cost, according to St. Andrews' tradition, was twelve thousand dollars. The first minister of the church is buried in the adjoining yard. Besides performing his clerical duties he had time and disposition to found the "St. Andrews Friendly Society" to which all the town's best-born of a hundred years ago belonged. The members bound themselves to converse only "upon Religion, Morality, Law, Physics, Geography, History and the present or past state of nations." As this curriculum would keep their meeting-hours reasonably well occupied, they agreed, Scotchmen all, to make pause for no other refreshment than "spirits and water."

The Passamaquoddy Indians, a tribe peaceable

enough now, have a legend that white men planted a cross on the edge of the bay and called the spot St. André. In this way they account for the name of the town and for that of the river, St. Croix. Beneath the shadow of Chamcook Mountain, which is no mountain, but an abrupt hill 400 feet high standing back of St. Andrews, a French ship dropped anchor on a June day in 1604. From it were unloaded cannon, implements, brick and provisions upon an island which was baptised St. Croix. On the way up river by steamer from St. Andrews to St. Stephen one gets an excellent impression of this island, now called Doucet's or Dochet's. This was the location chosen by de Monts for his first colony. He, Champlain and eighty companions lived within and about the fort which was placed at the upper end of the island. Grain was planted, and other preparations were made looking toward the establishment of a fixed settlement. Then winter came down upon them with a fury undreamed-of in their native France. Hostile Indians, the ravages of an incurable scurvy, a meagre supply of fuel and water combined with the cold to make hideous this first season in the New World. With the arrival of spring all that was portable was removed to Port Royal, and St. Croix was definitely abandoned. The island is now included within the limits of the town of Calais, Maine. A boulder north of the lighthouse carries on its face a bronze tablet to keep in

mind those who lived here three hundred winters ago.

Lescarbot's *Chronicles* describe the formation of a literary society by members of the pitiful colony "in order that the spirits might be sustained by sundry pleasantries." At intervals, a series of papers were issued under the title *Maitre Guillaume*, which Lescarbot called "a bulletin of mirth." There is no question that this handscript composed by witty, brave and cultured Bretons was the *avant-coureur* of all the journals of our continent.

At St. Stephen one may take a trolley car into the United States. Calais is at the other end of the bridge which crosses the international boundary formed by the St. Croix River.

Campobello Island, 16 miles from St. Andrews, is separated by a narrow passage from Moose Island, on which is situated the Maine town of Eastport. From St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen and Eastport, Campobello is accessible by steamer. Though within the bounds of Canada this sea-blown isle with contorted shores belongs in its entirety to an American Stock Company who have erected a large hotel and annex, laid out a golf course and improved the paths and roads which dart among the woods and ride the cliffs in endless number. One might spend a year of holidays exploring this little realm composed of

beaches, cliffs, glens and acres of cone-bearing trees. A Welsh grantee, William Owen, named the island in 1770 for Lord William Campbell, then Governor of Nova Scotia, of which New Brunswick was still a part. The soil being fertile, he contrived the pun — Campo-bello, a Fair Field. Before 1765, the English called it the Great Island of the Passamaquoddy. In its many Welsh place-names it reflects the nationality of the family who retained the property, two miles wide by ten miles long, for over a century. On the east shore there are sharp-pointed cliffs, on the west arable slopes. The principal drives from the Tyn-y-Coed Hotel [5] are to Southern Head; to Bunker Hill and Eastern Head, the last-named peaks being the highest on the island; to Man-of-war Head via the hamlet of Welshpool, and to Herring Cove.

On the way from wintering on St. Croix, the remnant of de Monts' colony "took shelter over night at Menane during which night were heard the voices of the sea-wolves." Champlain said this island "six leagues in extent" was called by the Indians, Manthane. The Passamaquoddy word *munaan* means "the island." Petit Manan draws close to the Maine coast, but Grand Manan stands doggedly against the tides at the very portals of Fundy. Boisterous currents which catch among its scraggy reefs hurl their spray

[5] Terms, $3.50 to $5 a day. Another hotel, the Owen, is less expensive.

high against tall cliffs that hurl it back again in the face of old ocean.

The length of the island from north to south is under 20 miles, the extreme width 7 miles, the distance from the borders of Maine, 9 miles, and from Campobello, 12 miles. The steamer lands at North Head, the principal port of the island with unpretending hotel accommodations. Here the bluffs rear sky-ward with the vigour of Blomidon. Behind the town is a cemetery filled with graves of the ship-wrecked. The west coast opposes to the mainland a wall several hundred feet high which affords only one refuge for fleeing vessels. Dark Harbour and Money Cove are haunted by tales of treasure-trove and Captain Kidd. A road from North Head passes through half a dozen little fishing-ports and emerges upon the out-flung ledge of Southwest Head, where gulls wheeling about the light-house remind us that on this point Audubon studied these sea-birds before writing his book about them. Gannet Rock, 4 miles to the southwest, is the most isolated of the Manan group. On the fangs of its spreading shoals many a fog-blinded pilot has driven his ship to its death. Board may be obtained at small inns or private houses in North Head, Whale Cove, Grand Harbour and Sprague's Cove. For the splendour of its marine and cliff views, its unconventional villages and bracing atmosphere, Grand Manan merits high praise as a vacation island.

CHAPTER X

THE VALLEY OF THE RIVER ST. JOHN

St. John — Fredericton — Woodstock — Grand Falls — St. Leonards — Edmundston.

. . .

The rail route from St. John to Fredericton is via the Canadian Pacific (66 m.) through Grand Bay, Westfield and Fredericton Junction, where the road turns north from the main line, St. John – Montreal.

The Victoria Steamship Company and the Crystal Stream Steamship Company leave on alternate week-days from Indiantown, North End, for the capital city, 84 miles up the St. John River.

The *Victoria* and the *D. J. Purdy* are moderately good river-boats, though far inferior to those found elsewhere in the world on streams of so great importance as highways of travel. The journey to Fredericton consumes about 8 hours by the *Victoria*, which is somewhat faster than its competitor. The noon meal served on board is rather better than those experienced — one uses the word advisedly — on most Provincial steam-boats.

THE river whose flow is deepest and broadest between St. John and Fredericton has been extolled as a superior combination of the most romantic water-ways of this and other continents. It must needs be a very prodigy of a river to merit the comparisons drawn by exaggerative visitors and by native writers over zealous for the scenic fame

of their mother province. A commissioner writing from Annapolis in 1783 pronounced it "equal to the Connecticut *or* the Hudson," but more recent scriveners have declared it paramount in pictorial beauty to the Hudson *and* the Rhine. Between the shaggy snout of Boar's Head and Gagetown (47 m.) ranges of sharply silhouetted hills are effectively displayed on either bank; the river's width is amplified by deep bays and coves, and grassy islands mark the middle course. Bounteous pastures and well-planted farms rise from the water-edge and cover the breast of the upland. Along the lower reaches of the river are inviting colonies of villas and rustic cabins among groves that cling to the ledge of bluff and shelving beach. Beyond Gagetown the prospect subsides in breadth as in beauty. Above sedgy-looking shores is an occasional knoll with its dawdling village; steamer landings are stacked with the crated harvest of orchard and farm; log-rafts drift past the tawny mouths of down-creeping rivers; here is an Indian canoe, there a skimming launch, or a lumber schooner with bellowed sails. The St. John has no thrilling moments. One is impressed by it as by broad-bosomed maternity. Its presence is stately, benevolent. It gathers its children from the west and the east and moves spaciously down a productive valley to the sea. In the spring it bestows an alluvial blessing upon island and low meadow, so that thick grasses spring up and

form herbage " unsurpassed by the natural grasses of any portion of the American continent." The apples grown in valley orchards have a high reputation for their flavour and blooming cheeks. One of the eight New Brunswick shires watered by the St. John, the County of Kings, produces in a year a million and a half pounds of rich cheese and butter. In profile, the narrow peninsula of this county which lies across the outlet of the river plainly resembles on the map of the valley a running horse with ears laid back and mouth dropped open. Along the under line of the outstretched neck is the expansive bay formed by the Kennebecasis River. Long Reach, a straight passage 20 miles in length, extends from the muzzle to the ears, and Belleisle Bay from the crest to the withers of this imaginary steed.

The steamer makes frequent calls at wharves from which passengers and produce are embarked. Above Hampstead (33 m.) the channel is cumbered by a group of oddly-shaped islands endowed with " intervale " soil. Twisted Long Island has a pond in the centre. Lower Musquash admits the river to its heart through a slender strait. At this point Washademoak Lake joins the out-going flood. Ten miles to the north is Gagetown, the seat of Queens County.[1] On the other side of the river

[1] The St. John Valley R. R. (St. John – Grand Falls) has recently been under construction between Gagetown, Fredericton and Woodstock.

Grand Lake emerges between the curved shores of the Jemseg. The largest colliery in New Brunswick is on the banks of this sizeable body of water which is traversed bi-weekly by steamers from St. John to Chipman, on the Salmon River, a total distance of 100 miles. The estimated supply of the Grand Lake coal-field is 150,000,000 tons. Duck, deer and moose inhabit this district.

The mouth of the Jemseg was chosen as a strategic point of defence by the French in 1640. The fort erected here was the object of an assault by the English in 1654 and was held under the English flag for nearly twenty years. Villebon, Governor of Acadie, made Jemseg his capital until 1692 when, on account of its susceptibility to floods, he abandoned this position for one 30 miles up-stream nearer the Malecite villages. A memorial has been set up on Emenenic Island to a company of Frenchmen from St. Malo who established a settlement there in 1611.

Tributary to Grand Lake are Maquapit and French Lake on whose borders have been unearthed examples of pottery used in the Stone Age. One urn tooled in the rush pattern and decorated with lines of dots, is in the possession of the New Brunswick Historical Society. It was taken from an island in Maquapit Lake in 1904. Similar discoveries have been made in the Kennebecasis Valley, where implements fashioned from carnelian and chalcedony have been spaded from

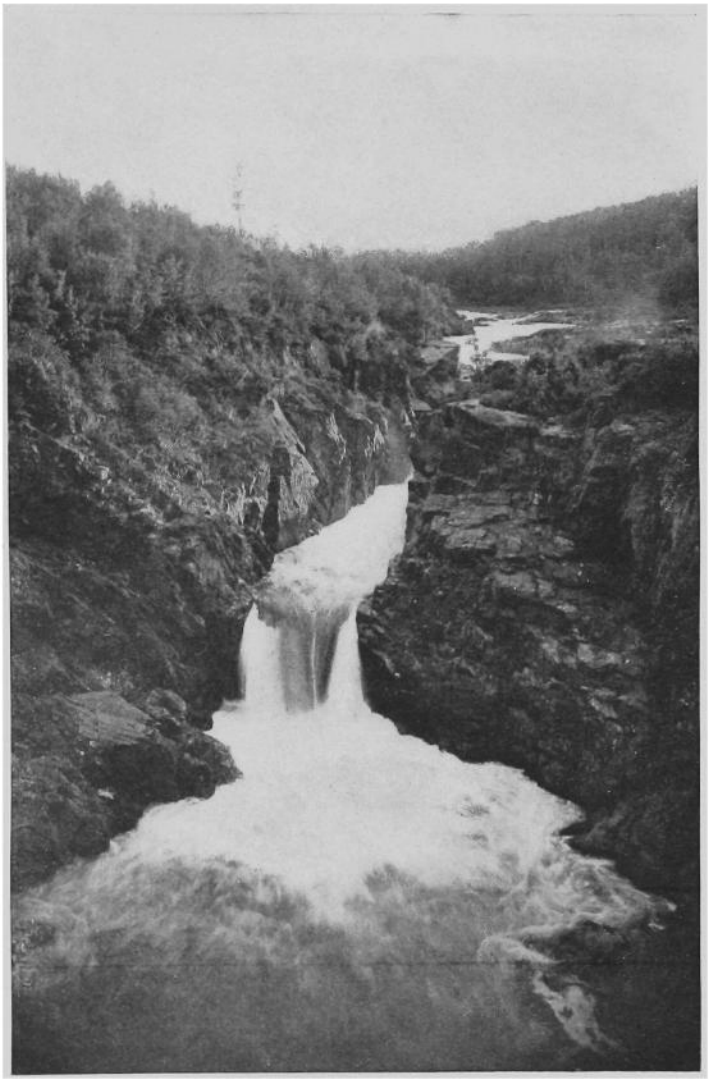
their hiding-places. Opposite the convergence of the Oromocto River and the St. John is Maugerville (71 m.), significant as having been the scene of the parent settlement of the English in this province (1763). This part of the Valley has always been a hunting-ground for the Indians of the Malecite branch of the Abenaki or Etchemin family. Their Micmac cousins are also Abenakis, and both tribes are of basic Algonquin stock. The language of the Malecites resembles the Passamaquoddy rather than the Micmac tongue. Champlain who was the first to record their existence called them *Les Etchemons*. By 1679 they were almost exterminated through contests with the English. A few years later a French priest wrote that they were "brave as the Francs and Romans," severely chaste and honourable. He declared there was no blasphemous word in their language and that lying, thieving and vulgarity were almost unknown. Many of the Malecites, of whom there are about 700 in New Brunswick, have intermarried with the French of the upper St. John counties.

A few miles above Maugerville appear the embowered banks and hills of the capital of the province.

Fredericton is a base for hunters in the fall and winter, and for fishermen in the spring. At all times it is an agreeable place of residence. Tourists are most impressed by the park-like rows

of shady streets and by the bulk and effectiveness of provincial and government buildings which seem irrelevant in so village-like and placid a community. Fredericton is remote enough from larger and more broad-minded towns to be and also to appear self-sufficient. Since 1787 it has been the seat of the province and until the last quarter century barracks and drill-ground were gay with red coats. Before New Brunswick's first governor called it Frederick Town for the second son of King George III, the town then occupied by French Acadians was known as St. Anne's Point. Villebon's fort on the opposite bank of the St. John was the centre of a still earlier settlement which, in 1696, was cannonaded by a Massachusetts force assembled to avenge the joint French and Indian attack against Pemaquid. In this engagement the New Englanders lost twenty-five men and precipitately retired to their sloops, leaving Villebon's garrison almost intact.

The steamer landing is within a short walk of the shops and hotels on Queen Street. In the centre of the town surrounded by a level sward is the old Officers' Building whose balconies and arcades make a pleasing appeal. The things-to-see in Fredericton are limited to the Anglican Cathedral and the Parliament Building in east Queen Street, the handsome Post Office and old Government House in the west end of the town, and the University. The cathedral's Gothic walls



FALLS OF THE NEPISIGUIT RIVER, NEAR BATHURST, NEW BRUNSWICK

show softly grey against a background of heavy foliage. Architecturally the edifice has unusual merit. A tablet within commemorates General Smyth, the one-time Lieutenant-Governor of the province whose name was given to the first steamboat which ran between St. John and Fredericton, the year being 1816. The Parliament Building is visited for the tower view, for the portraits in the Assembly Hall and the treasures of the Library.

Near the cathedral, at River House, lived the English woman of letters, Juliana Horatio Ewing whose husband, Major Ewing, was stationed at this garrison for two years. One of Fredericton's sons is Bliss Carman, born in 1861 in a house also on the shadowy river-bank. He and his cousin, Charles G. D. Roberts, who is a native of Douglas, New Brunswick, are great grand cousins of Emerson. In the country north of the Bay of Fundy, Roberts acquired his first knowledge of woodcraft, but began his career as a writer after coming to live in the capital.

When Prince Edward of Wales came here in 1860 he stayed at Government House on the outskirts of the town. In the grim stone mansion he received the visit of a party of Indians who came in canoes from their village across the river and made him presents of blankets and feather-work. Later he returned their visit. Other notable guests entertained under this historic roof were

the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught (1869), the Earl of Dufferin, Sir John McDonald, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Derby, Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Lansdowne and Earl Minto.

The University of New Brunswick is situated a little over a mile from the town on a well-shaded height.

Visitors remaining in Fredericton for any length of time will enjoy driving past Wilmot Park and the grounds of The Hermitage to Spring Hill on the way to Woodstock, and across the bridge to Marysville, a lumbering town 3 miles up the Nashwaak. The Fredericton Tourist Association will outline canoe trips and shooting and fishing excursions into the great game woods of which Fredericton is the rail centre.

The Fredericton Division of the Intercolonial Railway runs for 129 m. northeast along the course of the Nashwaak and Miramichi Rivers to Loggieville on Miramichi Bay, Gulf of St. Lawrence. At Chatham Jc. (112 m.) the road crosses the trunk line of the Intercolonial Railway, Halifax–Montreal. The timber country served by this branch is important for the production and manufacture of lumber, and is visited during three seasons of the year by trout and salmon fishermen, and trackers of deer, moose, bear and caribou. Boiestown and Doaktown are principal outfitting headquarters for sportsmen and their guides.

McGivney's, 34 m. from Fredericton, is at the junction of the Intercolonial branch and the Transcontinental Railway, Moncton–Edmundston (230 m.) via Chipman (Grand Lake), Plaster Rock, Grand Falls and St. Leonards. This line traversing the forests of the province from the south-

east to the northwest corner is the New Brunswick Division of the great national highway of the Grand Trunk System which is to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific.

As indicated above, the Grand Falls of the St. John may be reached from Fredericton by the Transcontinental Railway via McGivney Jc. A more frequented route is over the Canadian Pacific Road, Fredericton – Woodstock (via Newburgh Jc.) – Grand Falls, 138 m. Another route is by way of the new St. John Valley Railway (see Note 1, this chapter).

The Middle St. John may also be viewed from the river-boat which goes from Fredericton to Woodstock (64 m.) via Kingsclear, the impressive outlet of the Pokiok River, Canterbury and Northampton. The river rapids provide rugged sport for the canoeist, who may go all the way to Grand Falls or make by-excursions on tributary streams with short portages.

Woodstock — Grand Falls — Edmundston.

Few tourists essay the routes that wind west and north of Fredericton, but those who do are compensated by the breadth of vigorous forests and wild river views, and by the glorious cataract of the St. John, which of itself is enough to reward a journey to this section of New Brunswick.

Woodstock is situated on the short road which links the Canadian Pacific line from Fredericton with the one that runs up from St. Andrews and McAdam Junction to the Maine frontier (see Note 4, Chapter IX). From the Grafton side of the twelve-piered bridge that spans the St. John, the town makes a graceful picture reclining in an arena of rounded hills with the river for foot-stool. Carleton County, of which Woodstock is the capi-

tal, ranks in fertility and abundance of miscellaneous crops with the richest agricultural areas in a province said by a Harvard authority to be superior as a farming region to any New England state.

Beyond Woodstock and Newburgh Junction the journey along the St. John is diverted by characteristic New Brunswick scenery — steep hills running up to low mountain peaks, rough patches of trees with peaceful intervening pastures, the paraphernalia of lumbering and milling, logs hurtling through boisterous waters, brooks chattering down secretive glens, grey river rocks that serve as precarious pedestals for well-accoutred fishermen . . . In this country angling that is sport for well-dowered visitors is a vocation for men to the wilderness born. At Perth, 48 miles above Woodstock, a railway follows the classic Tobique for 28 miles to Plaster Rock on the Transcontinental Line. Across the St. John from Perth is the village of Andover which to fishers of salmon signifies canoes, guides and the provisioning of weighty pack-baskets. Guests at Perley's forget the ticker-tape in comparing rods and the newest thing in reels. Friendships are made or sundered on the question of a fly, reputations gauged by the scales.

Canoemen know a way to paddle and pole from Andover to the Bay Chaleur by the Tobique and

Nepisiguit Rivers, with short and infrequent carries.

The railroad swerves close to the frontier at Aroostook Junction, and sends off a branch into Maine. The Aroostook Valley as far as Presque Isle, 34 miles from the Junction, belonged to New Brunswick for fifty years following the international boundary settlement of 1783. Consequent upon a show of arms in a border dispute that waxed hot enough to threaten the peace of two countries, the territory was conceded to Maine in 1839 by a complacent British commissioner.

The railway climbs higher among the hills during the journey of 18 miles from Aroostook Junction to Grand Falls. Here the river makes a wide detour and holds the village within the curve. As the train nears the bridge which carries the rails to the opposite bank of a frothing gorge the Falls come startlingly into view up-stream. Over the lip of a daring precipice the narrowed flood vaults in a perpendicular cascade that caroms from ledge to ledge and sends off clouds of mist. The town is on the level plain above. A little way from it we come to the edge of the river and follow its course to the brink where without warning it tumbles over with a protesting roar. The measure of its descent is 80 feet. Spume and prism-ray light the sullen chasm and play against the bold wet flanks. In the logging season the

sticks of voyaging trunks pierce the luminous vapour like black arrows, or leap far above the foaming stream, then drop again to grind and tangle in whirlpools at the base of the canyon. Any town child will show the way to the stairs that give a view of the cataract from the side, or will point out the Caves and the seething Coffee Mill, the Great Well and Pulpit Rock, and relate without fail the old tale of the Mohawks and the Malecite women which is adapted to the exigencies of every important water-fall in the province.

Beyond Grand Falls the River St. John performs a service for the Dominion and the United States by marking the boundary for nearly a hundred miles. Madawaska County was settled by the Acadians who were dispossessed when the English occupied central New Brunswick. St. Leonards is the terminus of the International Railway which takes the general direction of the Restigouche River and crosses the Upsalquitch on its way to Campbellton, a station on the main Intercolonial line.[2] These names signify less to the tourist than to the sportsman. The journey of 112 miles from the St. John to the Bay of Heat has its distractions in scenes relating to the deep woods. Lumbering and farming are the occupations of all the male inhabitants who are not engaged in the remunerative profession of "guiding"— remunera-

[2] By following this route a circuit of the province can be made without retracing steps. Campbellton – Moncton, 186 m.– St. John, 276 m.

tive at least in the moose yards and on the sovereign streams accessible by rail from St. Leonards. The New Brunswick forests are especially rich in hemlock, hackmatack, spruce, maple, elm, oak, birch, beech and ash, of which exports to the value of $5,000,000 are annually shipped from the province. About 300,000,000 feet of lumber is cut in a year. A modest proportion of the total output is retained for the domestic manufacture of wood pulp, shingles, laths, boards, blinds, doors, sashes. On main rivers there are numerous saw-mills which are fed by branching streams that carry the felled trees swiftly, with the aid of agile "drivers," to the place of their dismemberment. Each log bears its owner's brand on the butt so that little confusion arises at the "sorting" when individual rafts are assembled to be towed down navigable currents by tugs.

The hotel at St. Leonards is quite surprisingly modern in its appointments, the proprietor having had consideration for the trend of sporting traffic from the United States over the Boston and Albany and Canadian Pacific Roads into the heart of the New Brunswick woods. The new International Bridge crosses the St. John from St. Leonards to Van Buren, Maine, where connection is made with the Bangor and Aroostook Railway.

The route northwest of St. Leonards bears through an Acadian farm country to Edmunds-

ton, also a railway centre of some importance. Three lines join here, two of them to diverge again in opposite directions. This is the end of the Canadian Pacific division from Fredericton. The new Transcontinental Railway continues from Edmundston into Quebec. The Temiscouata Railway, whose northern terminus is on the St. Lawrence River at Rivière du Loup, Quebec, makes a right angle at Edmundston (81 miles) and follows the St. John to Connors, N. B., 32 miles west of Edmundston. A few miles beyond Connors, the St. John River enters Maine, the state of its birth, its head being near the source of the Penobscot, 450 miles from the sea.

CHAPTER XI

ST. JOHN — HOPEWELL ROCKS — MONCTON MIRAMICHI — BATHURST — CAMPBELLTON DALHOUSIE

. . .

A FOURTH of the ninety-mile journey from St. John to Moncton is beautified by successive scenes along the Kennebecasis Bay and River. Opposite Riverside the middle bay is obstructed by Long Island which shelters on the west the picturesque rowing course that has served many valiant oarsmen. A road leads away from the bay to the misted hills and blue waters of the Lomond chain of lochs where there are good hotels frequented by anglers and lovers of gentle vistas.

Rothesay is a most delectable suburb. Its views, its water-life and its summer society distinguish it among all the towns about St. John. Lakeside and Hampton are its nearest rivals on this route. All three turn their backs to the railway. Their comely features are better appreciated from a punt or a sail yacht on the bay.

Another resort much in favour for its fair situation is St. Martins, on the Bay of Fundy, 30 miles from Hampton by a branch whose time-table

varies according to the day of the week. St. Martins boasts a conchoidal beach as symmetrical, if not so vivacious, as Spanish San Sebastian's, and though no king lives upon her harbour hills there is sport fit for kings in pond and brook. Moreover — here New Brunswick distinctly scores over Biscay — wild deer are so tame and plentiful that they join the cows browsing in the field, and feathered game hover within rifle shot of the hotel verandah.

Norton, 10 miles beyond Hampton and the head of Kennebecasis Bay, is the gate-way to another primitive game region pierced by a mining railroad that extends 45 miles to Chipman on Grand Lake. Sussex and Petitcodiac are the market towns of prosperous farming country. At Salisbury, 13 miles below Moncton, a daily train takes its leisurely way to Shepody Bay, Fundy's uppermost arm, passing in sight of the Petitcodiac River and its contiguous marshes, and arriving in something less than two hours at Hillsboro, 24 miles to the east. From that point the rails turn south to Alpha on Chignecto Bay, nearly opposite Sussex. Hillsboro's thoughts are centred on plaster, but the traveller who strays thither is bent upon reaching by an 8-mile road the tide-sculptured phantasies of Hopewell. A motor drive of 20 miles from Moncton is a less fatiguing means of arriving at the same end. The goal of both routes is Hopewell Cape which twice a day bears

the onslaught of Fundy as it charges the bar of the Petitcodiac. A rampart of reddish cliffs two miles long and 40 to 80 feet high, rasped and distorted by the friction of the currents, twisted, arched, modelled by the diablerie of the waves, presents a gallery of rock forms unequalled in their wanton, oft-times sublime caprice. Along the base of the wall are caverns supported by columns wherein one fears to discover crones mumbling sorceries and brewing strange draughts. The Sphinx and The Little Giant are detached shapes cunningly etched by wind and water. A pillar 50 feet high is poised on a slender pediment as true in balance as though a master craftsman had installed it. Fundy was the craftsman. Fundy's handiwork created the magic of the Hopewell Rocks.

Two miles across the neck of Shepody from Hopewell Cape is the shore of the long peninsula that divides the brown waters of this bay from Cumberland Basin. Here at the mouth of the Petitcodiac are created the conditions immediately responsible for the breaking of the bore below Moncton. The tide of the Atlantic having been quickened and heightened by a progressively narrowing coast line all the way from Cape Sable, the maximum impetuosity is reached in the cramped channel of Chignecto Bay which in turn compresses to Shepody Bay, whose torrent is vented in the Indians' Pet-koat-kwee-ak, "the

river that curves in a bow." About 15 miles above Hopewell Cape the river's straight sides draw together, then veer abruptly. The lower stratum of the inrush is checked, but the crest of the water forges on, forming a watery ridge that carries around the bend and sweeps past Moncton. The wave parapet is most impressive at high noon on a spring day when the moon is full. Under such conditions it reaches a height of five or six feet. But visitors who betake themselves to Bend View, where there is a little park off the main street of Moncton, below the Post Office, usually see a moving wall not more than two or three feet high, and sometimes disappointingly less. The bore exhausts itself below the railroad bridge. Quite as interesting as this natural curiosity is the rapidity with which a vale of slippery, sandy clay is transformed into a river of sea water. The return of the flood, whose escape has left red desolation in its wake, is announced by a far-away murmur that deepens to a roar as a line of white wheels 'round the curve at the head of the invading column. In an incredibly short time disheartened ships straighten on their keels, the water steals up to the plimpsails and erases the glaring ugliness of denuded banks. The rise and fall of the tide approximates 30 feet at Moncton, though spring tides may attain twice this height.

The river before the city of Bordeaux, France,

60 miles from the sea, has a bore similar to that of the Petitcodiac whose approach is announced to idlers on the Place des Quinconces by the loud tolling of a bell.

Moncton is a comparatively new city of 14,000 inhabitants whose homes, churches, school buildings and street improvements reflect a rising prosperity. Industrially it is progressing when other Canadian towns are standing still. Its manufactures vary from barrels to wire fencing, from biscuits to caps. The Intercolonial car shops employing 2000 men, occupy an extensive area on the outskirts. The executive offices of the system are in the centre of the town, surrounded by attractive residences. Particularly charming are the flower gardens of the General Manager of the Government Railways, whose house is close to the station, and nearly opposite the grounds of the Brunswick Hotel.

An inexhaustible supply of natural gas is obtained from wells across the river,— or across the river-bed as one must say at certain times of the day,— 9 miles from the city. The first wells were sunk in 1859. The New Brunswick Petroleum Company has a lease until the year 2107 of 10,000 square miles in Albert County. Of the seventeen wells operated, ten are "gushers." The gas obtained is said to be the purest and to have the highest heat power known. It is produced at the rate

of some millions of cubic feet a day. The cars of the efficient Moncton street service are run by natural gas power.

As a converging point for New Brunswick rail lines Moncton is next in importance to St. John. It lies half way between Halifax and the Quebec border. The Intercolonial road to St. John starts from here. The branch to Shediac and Point du Chene (18 miles) via Painsee Junction gives communication between Moncton and the Prince Edward Island steamer landing. Another branch 32 miles long connects this busy centre with Buctouche, a cool village on Northumberland Strait whose name to epicures is synonymous with good oysters.

East of Moncton on the main Intercolonial route to Nova Scotia are the towns of Memramcook, Dorchester and Sackville (38 m.). Between the last-named station and Amherst [1] the train traverses the sea-made and dyke-reclaimed Marshlands of the Tantramar, through which the provincial boundary-line passes. Sackville is the seat of Mt. Allison University which comprises colleges for both sexes. An important group of buildings is situated in the centre of the town. One of the very few public collections of paintings in the Provinces is exhibited in the Art Institute.

The Government has recently taken over the New

[1] See head of Chapter VIII.

Brunswick and P. E. Island Railway which runs between Sackville and Cape Tormentine (37 m.). At the latter point the Island mails are despatched in the winter when the Strait is so jammed as to be navigable only by the unique rowing-sledges that manœuvre water or hummocky ice with equal facility. Cape Tormentine will be the terminal for the Car Ferry to be instituted by the Government between the New Brunswick shore and Cape Traverse, Prince Edward Island, 9 miles distant.

At Memramcook, 16 miles from Moncton, the College of St. Joseph was established more than forty years ago by the sainted missionary, Père Lefebvre, who ministered to both the Acadians and the Indians. The Micmacs still speak endearingly of him as "Pèle Lefeble." His church would have honoured him with titles and monuments. He was the Junipero Serra of the Provinces. Like the great Franciscan he deprecated homage and acclamation. When he was asked what memorial should mark his tomb, he answered poetically, "Sow the grass over my grave, and if flowers grow there, do not pluck them."

North of Moncton the shore is almost entirely peopled by French fishermen whose villages, if served at all by railways, lie on branch lines. From Kent Junction, 50 miles on the way from Moncton to the Quebec frontier, a road goes to Richibucto and St. Louis. The latter is the New

Brunswick St. Anne de Beaupré. The Acadians have faith in its sacred well for the healing of physical affliction.

The Kent County fisheries are immensely productive, the waters of the Strait and the Gulf of St. Lawrence yielding oysters, clams, lobsters, and millions of pounds of mackerel and smelt. On either side of the Intercolonial main line, between Kent Junction and Chatham Junction are tracts teeming with trout streams. Toward the centre of the province are the big game forests traversed by the railway between Fredericton, Chatham and Loggieville.[2]

Chatham, 11 miles from the Junction, is on the shores of Miramichi Bay, which widens from the mouth of the assembled Miramichi Rivers into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Six thousand square miles of the huge, thinly populated square, whose four corners are Chatham Junction, McGivney Juncton, St. Leonards and Campbellton, are drained toward the sea by the Southwest, the Little Southwest and the Northwest Miramichi, which together form the second most important river system in this well watered province. Chatham is the most active shipping-port on this easterly coast, and together with Newcastle is an outfitting point for sportsmen going into the Miramichi preserve, whether it be for bass, trout, grilse or salmon, caribou, moose, deer, wolves, foxes or bear,

[2] See fine print following Fredericton, Chapter X.

THE MEETING OF THE RESTIGOUCHE AND MATAPEDIA RIVERS, AT THE QUEBEC FRONTIER

or for a birch-bark canoe journey away into the wilderness. The head waters of Miramichi tributaries are within comparatively easy portages of the St. John and the Tobique Rivers on the other side of the province. In 1825 scores of lives and 3,000,000 acres of Miramichi Valley forest were destroyed in an appalling conflagration which, nearly a century later, the inhabitants awesomely refer to as the Great Fire.

There are 52,000 French in the Catholic diocese of which Chatham is the ecclesiastical capital. Journeys by launch or steamer to Bay du Vin and Burnt Church, and up the Gloucester Coast to Tabusintac, Pokemouche and Shippegan afford passing impressions of grey little hamlets that from season to season are whipped by the raging gulf winds. Often must these *pecheurs* repeat with their Breton brothers:

> Lord, ere we go, to thee we trust our all,
> Thy sea is mighty, and our boats so small!

A railway skirts this coast from Tracadie to Shippegan and Caraquet and goes thence to Bathurst on the main line.

The name Burnt Church calls to mind the reprisals unjustly committed against Acadian settlers who inhabited the north side of Miramichi Bay a century and a half ago. The commander of the vessel which was bearing Wolfe's body to England sent members of his crew ashore at the

mouth of the river for fresh water. When they did not return and their bodies were found savagely mutilated, the French were accused of the deed. The captain forthwith slew the inhabitants, destroyed fortifications and burned the church opposite Bay du Vin, only to discover when the tragedy was complete that the Indians, perhaps the very ancestors of those who still live hereabouts, were the authors of the crime.

At Escuminac Point, east of Bay du Vin and about 35 miles from Chatham, Cartier first sighted this shore in June, 1534, and landed somewhere near.

The river forms a pleasant highway by which to proceed from Chatham to Newcastle. From both the water and the land side the seven towers of the radio telegraph station at Newcastle make a formidable display. Danish capital financed the construction of the plant and of its companions on the coast of Ireland and California. Messages have been sent overland from this port in Eastern New Brunswick to San Francisco, 3250 miles away. Aërograms from Ireland, received at the rate of 150 words a minute, are relayed by wire to Montreal, which is the company's main distributing point for press and commercial messages. The central receiving tower is built of steel and is 500 feet high.

Newcastle, seat of Northumberland County, rivals Chatham in the importance of its lumber

and fish industry. More than 125,000,000 feet of sawed timber goes out of these ports in a year. The two northwest townships of the County of Northumberland have an area of a million and a half acres, of which only a thirtieth part is inhabited, the remainder being an almost trackless forest interlaced by lake and river. Here the moose is suzerain and man the intruder.

At Bathurst, 122 miles northwest of Moncton, Joseph Cunard once had a shipyard on the estuary of the Nepisiguit River. Nicolas Denys, a still earlier inhabitant of neighbouring shores, spelled this Indian name for "rough water," Nepigiguit. Somewhere on the border of Nepisiguit Bay he is thought to be buried. We have his own record that he had a habitation "*sur le bord de ce bassin.*" Probably it was to Ferguson's Point that he retired in 1672 "*aprés l'incendie de mon Fort de St. Pierre en l'Isle du Cap Breton.*" His house was guarded by a palisade with four bastions and he had "a spacious garden."

Summer attractions are not wanting within the confines of so well-situated a town as Bathurst, but the traveller who breaks his journey here will do so with the main intention of seeing the Falls of the Nepisiguit. A mining road from a junction ten minutes' ride south of Bathurst carries one to the Pabineau Rapids and up to the cataract. The distance of 20 miles may also be covered by motor-car. "The roaring, destroying giant" of

the Malecites, one of the five great salmon courses of New Brunswick, follows a rock-fretted channel to the ledge of a precipice where it casts the full breadth of its stream down a granite stair 30 to 40 feet wide, then crashes with tremendous effect into a ravine deep shadowed by upright cliffs. From a hill above the falls one gets an unobstructed view of the master leap and the tumultuous aftermath.

Four times a week passenger trains leave Bathurst by the Gulf Shore Railway for Caraquet, the harbour of Shippegan and Tracadie Mills (80 m.). Norman, Acadian and Jersey French compose the population of Caraquet (50 m.) which is distinguished as being the largest and oldest French settlement in New Brunswick, and one of the chief fishing centres of all the province. Here, off the tall cliffs of Chaleur Bay, are the most northerly oyster grounds on the Atlantic side of the continent. This thoroughly characteristic fishing-port was the site of a Robin entrepôt as early as 1837. That the mackerel fisheries are profitable may be judged from the experience of one fisherman who took 7000 of the largest possible size —" so big their tails had to be turned up in packing "— from a string of 35 nets in a single night.

Near Caraquet in Le Bocage, a grove of beech and birch, is a hallowed chapel to St. Anne. From this woodland shrine there is a wonderful

view of the Gaspé Mountains on the north shore of Bay Chaleur. Caraquet has other visions less material. On nights preceding heavy wind and storm the horizon is blazoned with the shape of a flaming boat. This is the Fire Ship. Every one has seen it at some time, to many it has appeared more than once. And all whose eyes behold are fearful of the morrow. On the night of June fifth, 1914, the blazing vessel ignited the heavens. There are plenty to tell you so. And on the sixth day of that month was there not a lashing hurricane so terrible that the fleets of all this coast paid crushing tribute in lives and ships?

Under the left pinion of Chaleur's winged outline the railroad keeps on toward the Quebec border with the bay almost constantly in view. The station at Jacquet River receives its quota of anglers. At Charlo more vacationists alight, attracted by the Charlo woods and the romantic Charlo River. The branch train is waiting at Dalhousie Junction for passengers who have elected Dalhousie as their goal. If they have come by the Ocean Limited from the south it will be after dark when the rambling wooden hostelry is reached which fronts the sea a mile or two from town. Thus the revelation of the view from the hotel windows is reserved until morning. With the coming of daylight the stranger is confronted by the notched sky-line of the Gaspé shore above the Bay de la Chaleur, a vista unsurpassed in the

Provinces. The Gaspé Mountains lift their spires over 3000 feet toward the dome whose radiance is but rarely misted by fog. The winds of the gulf moderate in the bay to refreshing zephyrs. The water is warmer than at resorts much further south. Before the Inch Arran's doors are four little islands where guests row out to picnic or to pay cautious visits to lively lobster-pots. Those geologically inclined seek the arched rock and other remarkable formations on the beach below the hotel. Scientists frequently come here to examine the peculiar cellular rock fabric, and strange agates and fossils. The Indians called this shore, "a place of bright stones." There are knolls back from the water where one looks off to the range that companions the Restigouche, and down to Dalhousie at the river's outlet.

Balmy hours slip by amid the long grasses or the range light point. Across the water a cargo schooner flying Norway's flag glides to port along the Gaspé shore. Indian nomads plash by at your feet, canoes heaped with rods, buckets and knotted bundles. The women's bronze faces gleam where the sun strikes cheek-bone and forehead. The men wear broad hats, but their squaws' black hair is bared to the ruffling wind. They paddle silently, ignoring the white man's salutation. Suddenly, something quivering high against the blue holds their gaze and yours. An osprey! With eyes telescopic he sees from a great height

what is passing in the water. He cannot swim, but when he has gauged well the position, he drops unerringly, is immersed, the prey is grasped in his spiky talons, and rising heavily the fish-hawk makes off with his silvery burden.

> The sailing osprey high is seen to soar
> With broad winnowing wings, and circling slow
> Marks each loose straggler in the deep below,
> Sweeps down like lightning, plunges with a roar,
> And bears his struggling victim to the shore.

Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Restigouche, is only 6 miles from Maguacha Point on the Gaspé shore. Further west on the triangular estuary of the same river is Campbellton. One of the final contests between the French and the English which definitely "quenched the glory and destroyed the western dominion of France" took place in this vicinity in July, 1760.

Campbellton, ringed by a barricade of hills, is at the junction of the Intercolonial line and the International Railway to St. Leonards. Every Wednesday and Saturday morning a small, not overly comfortable steamer leaves this port for Dalhousie and towns on the Gaspé coast. The voyage to Gaspé Basin consumes a day and a night. A steam ferry connects Campbellton with Cross Point, 13 miles from Metapedia on the Quebec Oriental Railway.

The Restigouche is navigable for 180 miles and has a harbour 18 miles long. Its devious track

through the wilderness is bordered by stately heights and shadowed by cliffs and dense forests. Only a tenth of the area of Restigouche County has been taken up by settlers. A little way above Matapedia the Upsalquitch swells the flood of the Restigouche, which here forms the frontier line between New Brunswick and Quebec. At Matapedia Village the full-flowing stream rounds into the Matapedia River at the base of tree-clad steeps which rise in majestic perspective from every shore.[3]

Having crossed into Quebec our journeyings during the next chapter will carry us along the Bay Chaleur and the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the eastern extremity of the Gaspé Peninsula, now a part of Quebec but formerly numbered among the Maritime Provinces.

Matapedia – New Carlisle, 98 miles by the Quebec Oriental Railway. New Carlisle – Gaspé Basin, 104 miles by the Atlantic Quebec and Western Railway. A through passenger train leaves Matapedia every week-day at 10:20 A. M. Atlantic Standard Time, and arrives at Gaspé Basin 20:25 (8:25 P. M.). As the railway dining station at New Carlisle is not reached until after 3 o'clock and the present very astute management has barred food shops and vendors from the vicinity of way stations and from the cars, travellers will do well to provide themselves with a cold repast to be eaten en route.

Eventually this coast line is expected to be taken over by the Government, when the service throughout will doubtless be improved. Whatever the present inconveniences of slow

[3] See under "Sports — Fishing," Chapter II.

and crowded trains, the beauties of Percé and Gaspé and the scenes en route more than compensate. Half-fare tickets are issued to "nuns, priests, children and Indians." A considerable saving on whole-fare tickets is effected by purchasing a return ticket, Matapedia – Gaspé Basin – Matapedia. Travellers may, however, find it agreeable to vary the journey by going one way by steamer from or to Campbellton.

The Quebec Steamship Company maintains two steamers which touch at Halifax, Pictou, Charlottetown, Summerside, Percé and Gaspé on the way to Quebec and Montreal. See under "Steamers from the United States" and "Steamers from Canadian Ports," Chapter I. Leaving New York on Saturday, Gaspé is reached on the following Wednesday.

CHAPTER XII

THE GASPÉ SHORE

THE Bay de la Chaleur is responsible for the creation of the great "near island" of Gaspésie which but for this deep indentation would continue from the portals of the River St. Lawrence into the New Brunswick coast line. The interior of the Peninsula is a maze of mountains, forests, mines, fishing waters, plains and high barrens. The area of nearly three million acres is portioned into three counties, Matane, Bonaventure and Gaspé. The north shore has fewer villages than the south, and no railway. Above the Bay Chaleur defiles a splendid range of serrated peaks which climb down to the margin of the sea, terminating there in massive cliffs and ramparts.

The principal settlements are on coves and bays where fishing craft flock like homing sea-birds. Into these serene havens sailed the Bretons who entered this "biggest bay" long before Cartier piloted his ships thither while seeking a water route to far Cathay.

Lescarbot disputed Cartier's statement that this *golfe* was "hotter than Spain," saying a rule had

been implied from an accident of heat, "for the bay being in 48½ degrees latitude could not be so hot as that country even though it was in July that he came here." Cartier's account in the original makes it very plain that he meant no reflection, but rather wished to emphasise the balminess and fertility of these northern shores where the natives revelled in fruits and wild grains and were so little restricted by inclement weather that they went about their fishing clad "like the Egyptians." Baedeker and other writers of handbooks persistently denote this arm of the sea as the "Bay des Chaleurs." Map-makers name it the "Baie du Chaleur." Cartier who christened it said, "*Nous appellasmes ce golfe, golfe de la chaleur.*"

Not only the seas but the rivers of Gaspé are full of fish. The Nouvelle, a mountain stream sought for its lively trout, has its outlet near Carleton opposite the wide mouth of the Restigouche. Carleton lying in the shadow of Mount Tracadièche is the commercial centre for a productive agricultural district and in summer-time commands a clientele which enjoys the fishing and the mild boating and bathing. The Grand Cascapedia is the Restigouche of Peninsula rivers, a salmon stream pre-eminent for the weight and vigour of its fish. New Richmond set round by the hills behind Cascapedia Bay was for many years the favoured fishing resort of the Dominion's Governors-Gen-

eral. Lessees of the Grand and Little Cascapedia go into their lodges from New Richmond and Cascapedia Village. New Carlisle is the headquarters for sportsmen who follow the salmon of the Bonaventure, and is the capital of Bonaventure County. This was another of the many locations chosen by Loyalist emigrants in 1784. Free land and free provisions for a year were granted by a grateful Crown.

After the fall of Quebec, capitalists came from the Island of Jersey to establish fishing stations in Cape Breton and on the coast of the Bay Chaleur. One of the first of such firms to traffic in cod on the Gaspé coast was the one founded by Charles Robin who came to Paspebiac in the brig *Seaflower* in the year 1767, following the final concession of Canada to the English. The Robin vessels were lost to American privateers who invaded this bay in 1788 when its shores were wild and unpeopled, but business was resumed a few years later. Robin, Jones and Whitman whose headquarters are in Halifax have succeeded to the trade and maintain the traditions of the original establishments. Each one of their thirty stations has a staff residence for the bachelor clerks of warehouse and store. The dried cod is exported to Portugal, Spain, Brazil, and the West Indies. In good seasons the fishermen may earn from $300 to $500 each. Le Boutillier Brothers, another firm of Jersey origin founded at Paspebiac in 1838,

has important interests on the Gaspé shore, the initials "BB" denoting their ownership of docks and drying plants.

Herring so burden the nets of this richest fishery that like the caplin in Newfoundland and Miquelon they are used to fertilise the soil.

Beyond Sea Wolf Cape and Mackerel Point the coast leaves Chaleur and breaks into buttes and sharp forelands facing the open Gulf. The view from the water embraces the undulating summits of the Shikshock Mountains looming behind the cliffs and forming a great sheltering wall for the little harbours at their feet.

At Cape Cove (160 m.) Percé Mountain comes so close to the sea that the railway must tunnel it to reach Corner of the Beach (173 m.). At either of these stations, or at Caron's Crossing, 3 miles east of Cape Cove, arrivals for Percé will be met if the proprietor of the Percé Rock House is notified in advance.[1] The distance from the Crossing is 5 miles by way of Anse à Beau-fils — Son-in-law Cove — and down a hill road which keeps in view the Island of Bonaventure, the Pierced Rock and the brilliant cap of Mount St. Anne. The approach from Corner of the Beach is usually by

1 Guests having heavy baggage should so advise the hotel management and should alight at Cape Cove or Corner of the Beach, as there is no depôt or baggage master at the Crossing. The train from Matapedia arrives at Cape Cove at 6:30 and at Corner of the Beach at 7 P. M. The journey from Percé to Gaspé may be continued by launch (3½ hours).

launch across Mal Bay, an alternate route being the arduous but magnificent way over the mountain. From the bay the faces of the ragged Murailles are unbared like cross sections of the earth variegated in tint and structure. The Grand Coup is a 650-foot precipice of brick red whose flattened apex shows a shroud of green from the land side. The Little Cut adjoins it. Loveliest of all are the three turreted cliffs that form the corner flank of the amphitheatre which rises behind the village.

As a picture town Percé is without an equal on the Atlantic littoral and more to be admired than many places annually marked for pilgrimage by throngs of tourists. The composition of its background, the grouping of vivid cliffs and isolated domes declining in bright green slopes to the Gulf were spectacular enough. Add to the stagery sinuous roads that lace the velvet pall with buff, and bosk and coppice spread like dusk shadows across the sward; place low white houses and a towering steeple at the plinth of the smooth mountain-side and the implements of sea toilers along ribbon beaches whose coves are separated by a high estrade, and culminate the scene by mooring opposite the jutting plateau and within bow-shot of it a detached crag with upreared prow — a colossal block of bare limestone meshed with the tints of sunset, veined with white, gemmed with crystals, fringed by a grassy lambrequin and clouded

SOUTH COVE, PERCÉ, SHOWING THE PIERCED ROCK

by the wings of flapping gulls and cormorants.

The Rock is more than 1400 feet in length. The prow-shaped or landward end measures 288 feet from tip to base, the broad sea end, 154 feet. Beyond is the outer column of a mighty arch which collapsed over seventy years ago. A French writer of 1675 said there were then three perforations. In 1815 the centre one had been so expanded by the force of the waves that boats in full sail could pass through. Forty years ago the present large opening, high enough to accommodate a thirty-foot mast, was only twelve inches across. Many incipient arches show on the sides. One has pierced the pillar that stands astern. Masses of rock fall each year. Imbedded in the flaming stone are millions of fossils so rare that weighty treatises have been inscribed upon them.

A hundred years ago several tons of hay were cut every summer from the slanting summit, the feat being accomplished by means of ropes and an ingenious scaffolding. But Peter the Eagle once ventured too daringly on a sheer point of rock and fell to his death. Those in charge of the community's well-being from that time forth forbade the ascent. Recently, complaints reached the Government that the cormorants which for untold decades have shared the top of the *Rocher Percé* with nesting gulls were destroying the salmon nets of Mal Bay fishermen. A youth from Bonaventure Island who inherits the temerity of a

privateering ancestor vouchsafed to climb the almost vertical sides and destroy the marauders. Protests from the townsfolk spared the birds, for which all lovers of wild life will be grateful. One has only to observe the feathered colony through a telescope to refute the thread-bare fiction that the gulls and the cormorants inhabit separate ends of the rock and make war upon intruders from either band. In the meadow of tall herbage the slender sea-crows and grey herring-gulls mingle with indifference, maintaining their households, preening their coats, stalking awkwardly about their common domain, trying their wings at the edge of the cliff, chattering with such vehemence that the clamour sounds all day in the ears of the village. The gulls lay their eggs on the ground, their black neighbours build upright nests of twigs. The cormorant weighs about seven pounds, being larger and longer bodied than a wild goose. In England and also in China this diver is bred and trained to fetch fish for its owner, as spaniels retrieve birds. At the British Court there used to be an officer who bore the title, Master of the Cormorants. The gulls and the gannets fly in groups of five to fifteen, keeping always above the sea but as close to shore as possible when foraging. The cormorants fly singly. All the bird dwellers leave Percé Rock in the winter but in the spring come winging back to make their home on this chosen pinnacle.

At low tide the Rock is separated from Mount Joli by a narrow sand-bar. Denys believed they had once been united by an arch, and this is confirmed by savants who find geologic relation between the two. Structurally the Percé cliffs, gullies and mountain crests are of immemorial origin. Geologists come here to fathom principles of the earth's tissues, to learn from scarred surfaces by what processes this primordial coast attained its disparate forms. The beach facing the Rock is a source of limitless instruction and amusement. Here are stones mottled red and purple, tipped and barred with white, streaked with chocolate, ruled like a chessboard, spangled with lime crystals. The boulders heaped about the base of Mount Joli present profuse examples of rock texture and stratification. Occasionally a split stone is found bearing the imprint of a fossil or the fragment of a petrified vertebrate. Dr. Clarke, Curator of the New York State Museum at Albany and a scientist especially versed in the wonders of the Gaspé coastal formation,[2] was one day searching this beach when he casually tapped with his hammer a large cobble. What was his elation to disclose in its petrified bed an unblemished specimen, seventeen inches long, of a trilobite, "great-

[2] The Gaspé region is geologically related to New York State. See *The Heart of Gaspé*, by J. M. Clarke, and the Memoir prepared by Dr. Clarke for the New York State Educational Department, *Early Devonic History of New York and Eastern Canada.*

est grandfather of the lobster." The average length of specimens found in fossiliferous rock about Percé is from one to two inches. Mr. Briard, the agreeable and well-informed Jerseyman who keeps the store near the steamer landing in North Cove, frequently has small fossils and other geological curios in his show-case.

The grass-grown promontory of Mount Joli divides North from South Cove. On the brink at Cap à Canon is the villa of æn American artist, the late Mr. Frederick James, who first came to Percé thirty years ago and returned each summer enticed by its lights, its colours and amazing outlines. Many individual tableaux were perpetuated by his master brush. Certain canvases have been excellently reproduced on post cards which are obtainable from Mr. Briard, or at the Percé Rock House of Mr. Bisson. A royalty of one cent a card is devoted by the widowed mistress of the villa, the beloved Lady of Percé, to a fund for the poor.

Immediately below Cannon Cape, whose name brings to mind Anglo-French and Anglo-American naval battles fought in sight of the Rock in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is South Cove where the Robin drying stage and houses are. The company store is elaborately stocked with commodities ranging from spices and spinning-wheels to hand-made laces. In this part of the world a wheel for twisting wool or linen thread is

an every-day article of merchandise whose staple price is five dollars.

The crimson half-dome of Mount St. Anne crowns the emerald glacis that stands behind the village. Twelve hundred feet above surf is a shrine to which pilgrims climb on the name-day of the fishermen's patron. Visitors not infrequently make the ascent for the out-reaching view of the Gulf and Mal Bay, of the rich-hued landmark which legend has compared to a great ship forever sailing to a phantom goal, of the Forillon ridge beyond Gaspé Basin, of the tempest-riven coast to the south and the rolling chain in the interior.

The drive of five and a half miles "around the mountain" merits the term sensational for its array of canyons and naked heights that hold between them the precarious road. At the yawning of riven gorges segments of the Mal Bay appear, flecked by swelling sails. Climbing tortuously, the road emerges from a vale of sombre splendour to broad highlands patched with planted fields and forests. Again the stony highway runs on the flange of a hilly fastness and peers fearfully down an unguarded precipice. The White Mountain shows its chalky crest high above and behind the pate of St. Anne. Another breathless pitch, and the circuit is nearly complete. Below lies the Rock and the oval mound of *Bonne Aventure.*

A morning ride in the *Alpha* to the island whose rounded bulk the gnawing sea has cut away from

the mainland shore reveals all the roseate ochres and lavenders of the *Isle Percée* in the brilliancy of the sun. The water off its outer flank is deep enough for a battleship to anchor. The current runs high here and heaves the launch to plunge it down again excitingly. The throb of the engine beating against the sea wall of Bonaventure Island startles from their ledges the hordes of gannets, puffins, kittiwakes and sea pigeons that range these sandstone shelves like china birds in a shop. Some fly off in such a storm of wings and gleaming breasts that the sky is blotted out and the ears stunned by the uproar. The puffins, allied to the auk in species, are small white diving-birds with a short beak. Through all the turmoil consequent upon the motor's passing they sit, rows upon rows of them, rolled like demure snowballs on their high red ridges. The gannet is larger and whiter than the herring-gull. The body is three feet in length. The pouch beneath the six-inch bill has space for half a dozen good-sized fish. The gannet drops like the osprey into schools of herring, mackerel and pilchard. In their nests of grass and weeds, which are always made on the highest, steepest cliffs above the sea, one egg is laid a year, or a second, or even a third if the first is stolen. The eggs and young birds are eatable, unlike the eggs and flesh of the cormorant, which even the Greenlanders omit from their ménu.

As the launch rounds the lower end of the island, groups of gannets with ash-grey plumage are descried bathing at the water edge and strutting the beach promenade. Perched on rocky minarets are lone birds that scan the sea like hired look-outs.

The Isle of Good Fortune was once inhabited by a certain Jerseyman, by name Captain Peter Duval, who during the Napoleonic war between France and England commanded a lugger-rigged privateer under license from the British king. The 100-ton *Vulture* with its four guns plundered the French coast from Normandy to the Pyrenees. It is related that Bayonne merchants fitted out a brig of 180 tons, armed it with four times four guns and went in pursuit. Her battery had been so well masked that the *Vulture* mistook the two-master for a merchantman and ran alongside. When suddenly the deck of the Bayonne vessel was cleared for action, the dashing captain perceived his error but drove in his craft so close that the shots of the Frenchmen went over, while he was able to deliver disastrous blows to the body of his antagonist. This manœuvre resulted in the slaying of half the French crew and the loss of but one on the *Vulture*. When still a young man the hero of this stratagem crossed the sea to Gaspé, forswore the ways of pirates and became a planter. In the cottage of his descendants is preserved the glass with which he was wont to scrutinise the

horizon for unwary prey. Near the hotel on Mount Joli is his tomb-stone bearing this inscription couched by a mourning relict:

Sacred to the memory
of Peter John Duval
Native of the Island of Jersey
who after a short but painful illness
departed this life at the Island Bonaventure
on the 25 day of July, 1835.
Time and separation
may calm the sorrows of the soul but
never will they obliterate the regrets which
the loss of a kind and tender husband
has awakened in the breast of his
afflicted survivor.

A gracious epitaph for a buccaneer!

Percé was the landfall of the Royal squadron which in August, 1860, conveyed to Canada the Heir Apparent of the British throne and his suite, which included the Duke of Newcastle and officers of the imperial army and navy. A contributor to *The Gleaner* published at Chatham, Miramichi, under date of September 8, 1860, thus describes the passing of the *Hero*, the *Ariadne* and the *Flying Fish* under the very eaves of the Rock.

The Squadron first hove in sight, or rather was seen from the heights about 2 P. M., on Sunday the 12th inst., and the ships passed between the Island of Bonaventure and Percé Rock between 4 and 5 P. M. approaching the latter so near, that the seamen and Fishermen say they have never seen small schooners nearer. His Royal Highness and Suite must therefore have had an excellent view, not only of the

rock, but of all that was passing on shore. Where Mr. Gibant as the representative there of Messrs. Chas. Robin & Co. was not unmindful of the ancient prestige of Jerseymen for loyalty. A salute of 21 guns was fired — all the employés of the Firm, Fishermen and other inhabitants were then mustered on the high fish flakes and gave three hearty British cheers. The ensign was dipped three times and the compliment duly returned on board of the *Hero*. Every yard of bunting or anything resembling a flag was floating aloft, in all directions, to welcome the first born of England's noble Queen.

The calling of the Royal Squadron off Percé was quite unexpected, consequently all who could possibly leave their business, or their homes, had wended their way to Gaspé Basin. Hence, no salute was fired either by Mr. Philip Le Boutillier or Messrs. Le Boutillier Bros. at Bonaventure Island. Had the managers of the Firms been on the spot, there is no doubt that each would have fired a Royal salute. All were animated by the one feeling — all were anxious to testify their loyalty. The progress of the Squadron from the time they rounded the Western end of Bonaventure Island was very slow, until they had passed the rock — thus affording His Royal Highness ample time to revel on the scenery, and His Royal Mother's liege subjects a good view of the ships in all their pride. Once to the Eastward of the rock the Squadron proceeded at full speed, passing close to Point St. Peters, where a large assemblage again greeted the Heir to England's throne, and a Royal Salute was fired by Messrs. J. & C. Collas.

The next point at which the Prince was greeted was Cove St. George and Grand Grève, where Mr. Perrée and Mr. Dolbel, as the representative of Messrs. Wm. Fruing & Co. were not sparing of their powder. The Squadron finally anchored at Douglas Town about 8 P. M., immediately in front of the residence of our worthy friend Chas. Veit, Esq., J.P., who, anxious to prove his loyalty and welcome the future King of England, illuminated his house. This we must observe was at the instigation of Mrs. Veit, who proudly told us that, "with all due reverence for the

Sabbath, she could not refrain from paying some slight homage, however humble — to the Prince who represented Her of whom her sex had just reason to be proud."

In the roadstead opposite Irish Douglastown, the *Hero* which had on board the Prince of Wales ran aground on its way into Gaspé Basin, "an untoward event" which vastly chagrined the Gaspesians. After an anxious delay of upwards of an hour and a half the flag-ship was floated. During this time, continues our scribe, "boats filled with ladies and gentlemen who could command the services of small craft of any kind — from the birch canoe, fishing boat and ships boat to Messrs. Charles Robin & Company's 16 oared cutter, hovered round the *Hero* — all anxious to catch a glimpse of the Hero of the day" — who no doubt, from the deck of his stranded ship, returned with characteristic good humour the salutations of his mother's eager subjects.

Three and a half centuries before the arrival of British Edward, the Discoverer of Canada had touched shore at the mouth of the River St. Jean during the first of his voyages. From July fourth to twelfth he had stayed in the harbour now known as Port Daniel. Failing to find the passage hoped for, he set sail again, anchored for a night between Bonaventure Island and Cape Whitehead, and proceeding northward lay for two days near the site of Douglastown. A storm arising in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he went "7 or

8 leagues farther up the stream in a good and safe harbour." Cartier's reception committee was a band of more than two hundred Indians of the Huron-Iroquois family. The men and their women and children had come to Gaspé Basin for the mackerel fishing. Cartier found them very poor. "These creatures are indeed savages. Besides their fishing boats and nets all that they had was not worth five sols." When they crowded about in canoes to traffic with the white men he gave combs and tin bells to the maidens and knives and glass paternosters to the males, who expressed their delight by singing and dancing in their boats. "*Sur la pointe de l'entrée de ce port*," probably at Sandy Beach, the Norman captain planted a cross thirty feet in height on which he hung a shield painted with three lilies. In large letters the legend, *Vive le Roy de France* was cut in the wood. When Cartier had thus dedicated a New France to his King he knelt on the ground and prayed with the Indians about him. The following day, July 25, 1534, he departed for Anticosti Island, 50 miles to the north, and from there passed through the gateway of the River St. Laurent which conducted him to Stadaconé and Hochelaga.

Gaspeg was the Indians' name for Land's End. At the tip of the crooked finger of the spindling Forillon [3] is Cape Gaspé. Facing it, on the other

[3] "This word is generically used by the French for a

side of the St. John's estuary, is Point St. Peter. Between them the gulf flows inland for 20 miles and forms the winding Basin of Gaspé. The inlet's irregular shape protects it from outside storms. Its enveloping hills spread noble terraces for the repose of village and farm. The radiant air enhances the azure of the water and the motley tints of pasture and glade and billowy groves of evergreen, and brings into relief the ridge of the gulf range, whose silhouette makes a jagged blue mark against the eastern sky.

Gaspé Village is across the water from the railway station. A gasolene ferry plies between the two shores. Above the docks and the shops and warehouses that cluster on the low bank, a bluff rises steeply to the single street which passes the length of the hilly settlement. Gaspé has for many years been the chosen summer residence of discriminating Canadians and Americans. Some of them have built mansions and surrounded them with parks and gardens. Others are content to taste Gaspé delights as guests of Baker's Hotel, a house whose felicitous personality has been reflected in an earlier chapter. A more restful port is not to be imagined. Merely to sense remoteness from throngs and proximity to an utter wilderness is exhilarating. Fair prospects from bluff and

rock or island standing close to the mainland with a very narrow channel between, which is dug or bored out by the constant action of the waves."—*Howley.*

terrace satisfy the eye. The incomparable atmosphere has sparkle and warmth. In the Baker pools on the York and St. John Rivers salmon 16 to 20 pounds in weight rise to the fly. Camping parties come and go with their reports of forest happenings. Even if one is not ambitious to hunt or fish he gets a taste of the wild life by driving a rugged road to the St. John, there feasting among the boulders *à la nature* and after the open-air banquet, well-seasoned with the piquant sauce of appetite, making a thrilling canoe run down stream with master guides at bow and stern. Yachting and motor-boating while sunny days on the bay. At Hauldiman's Beach the rollers provide sport for sea bathers. Unforgettable views are disclosed during the drives to Cape Gaspé, and by the Kings Road across the Forillon peninsula from Grand Grève to the gulf, and southward toward Barachois and Percé. A road bordered on every hand by pastoral beauties follows the right bank of the basin, crosses the York River and returns by the left bank to the railway station. Here the carriage is run onto a scow which the motor ferry tows to the opposite shore. In a clearing above the left bank lives Abner Coffin whose life is nearing its hundredth mile-stone. His ancestor, Long Tom Coffin, was a Nantucket whaler who came to Gaspé with other Tory seafarers. Abner was a whale-killer like Long Tom. If you sit with him and his aged wife in the front

room of the homestead with its spindle chairs and mahogany settees, his nimble mind will spin tales for you of days of his youth when hump-backs and sulphur-bottoms roving the gulf were hunted for their oil, and bow-heads were pursued in hand to hand conflict for their rich treasure of balleine.

People are loth to die in this benign Gaspesie. A venerable character of the district constructed years ago the chest which was to hold his bones and put it beneath his bed in anticipation of an approaching demise. The casket has fallen to decay, but its intended occupant is still hale as "the green-robed senators" of these mighty woods.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

CHAPTER XIII

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND[1]

. . .

THOUGH the youngest and the smallest member of the Maritime Federation lies so close within the embrace of her sister provinces she bears them slight resemblance in features or temperament. The appeal of the bow-shaped isle is not to the tourist, but rather to the summer resident who finds contentment in rustic surroundings that are spiced by briny zephyrs and livened by salt water scenes and diversions. From Tignish to Souris, from Rustico to Argyle Shore there is not an impassioned vista, nor one which recalls a stirring episode. But there are many stretches of country that are refreshing and harmonious just as a bit of fertile Ohio might be if uprooted and put adrift on a balmy sea. Throughout the island's length of 150 miles there is no brusque elevation, nor gorge, nor rock, nor any frown on the face of na-

[1] On arrival of trains over the Intercolonial, steamers leave every week-day afternoon about 4 o'clock from Pictou for Charlottetown and from Point du Chene for Summerside. See under "Provincial Railways and Steamers," Chapter I. Also "Steamers from the United States" and "Steamers from Canadian Ports." See under Pictou, Chapter VIII, for steamer to Souris, P. E. I., en route to the Magdalens.

ture. A great part of the million undulating acres which compose the pastoral kingdom are improved. In this regard Prince Edward is more like the Mother Isles than any Canadian province. Geologically it is of the newest period, as Gaspé is of the oldest. Its florid sandstone, the only dramatic note in a lyric landscape, accentuates the green of groves and sleek meadows and the yellow of the oat-fields. Carmine embankments hem the wide arms of Northumberland Strait; on the gulf shore white sand hills girdle a succession of bays and lagoons which are frequented in summer by the islanders and their visitors. Strangely, the deepest inlets are on the side least vexed by the winds and breakers. The province is nearly divided into three by the intrusion of the bays of Hillsboro, Bedeque and Malpeque. This intimacy of sea and country-side is one of the island's most pleasing characteristics. Besides, there are fresh water streams that run all ways to the surf,—rills, creeks and placid rivers in which trout, and only trout, abound.

Canadians east of the Quebec line call the junior province "The Island"; the Indians in accordance with savage custom gave it a descriptive appellation, "Home on the Wave." Probably Champlain, though some say Cabot, called it Isle St. Jean, the name it retained until English landlords changed it to New Ireland. In 1800 it was christened for Edward, Duke of Kent, at that time

commander of the British troops in North America. Cartier explored the southerly shore and found Indians there in 1534. The earliest settlement of white men was made by Acadians in 1715. Others came in the eviction year and after the fall of Louisbourg. When France ceded "Canada with all its dependencies" to Great Britain, St. John Island was made part of Nova Scotia. On becoming a separate province it was apportioned to British adventurers who received land free for the ploughing and undertook to colonise their grants in the proportion of five settlers to each parcel of a thousand acres. When, a century later, the province allied itself with the Canadian Confederation the heirs to these baronies were paid by the Provincial Government £160,000 for their holdings of 845,000 acres, which were in turn sold to the tenants whose protests against absenteeism had brought the land question to a climax.

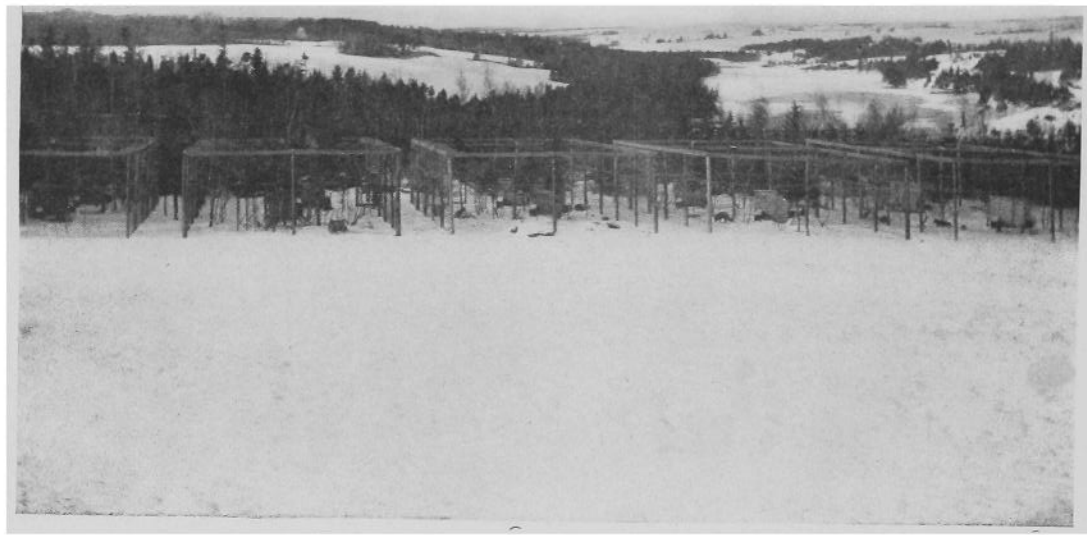
The natural fruitfulness of the native red loam is preserved by dressings of shell mud, seaweed and fish refuse. The decayed jackets of mussels, oysters, clams, crabs and lobsters form a highly valued deposit which the farmer hauls from the outlets of bays and rivers to spread upon his grain and truck fields. Fourteen thousand Island farmers produce each year about $8,000,000 worth of grains, hay and vegetables.

The sea as well as the land yields this Midas isle an inexhaustible harvest. In a year, 10,000 bar-

rels of oysters and 50,000 cases of lobster are fished around its shores. The value of all fish taken annually in island waters, including bivalves, crustaceans, cod, hake, haddock, herring and mackerel, is approximately $1,500,000. A bank report says this province with its population of 100,000 has savings deposits of $10,000,000 and is per capita the richest rural community in the Dominion.

More remunerative than its industries of agriculture and fishing is the fur farming of Prince Edward Island, an enterprise which in the past few years has made a sensational advance. More than a quarter of a century ago a merchant of Tignish secured a pair of silver foxes from an Anticosti trapper and bred them so successfully that three companions joined him in experiments with animals captured in the island woods until a profitable ranch was established. At first the litters of captive black foxes were valued solely for their skins, which frequently brought from one to two thousand dollars each at the London auctions. The industry is at present confined to breeding for live foxes. Animals of known strain find a market at $12,000 to $30,000 a pair. Companies are capitalised with two pairs or more as assets, the average number of their pups being three in a year.

The pedigreed fox has "thin mobile ears; a full neck, short and arched from the back; width over



A FOX RANCH, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

shoulders and through the heart; long delicately turned head; a springy pelt and pink skin covered with a wealth of fine lustrous hair, particularly marked on limbs and under-body; and a large heavy 'brush.'" Says Dalton, the dean of breeders, "The black fox, silver fox and red fox are all the same species, differing only in colour. Litters have been found in the woods with some black pups among the reds, or silvers among the reds. The black fox is distinguished from others by the total absence of white or silver hairs, except on the tip of the tail. The hairs are three inches long. In the black fox each individual hair has a blue section one and a half inches long next to the body and the rest of the hair is black. In the silver fox, each individual hair is made up of the following — starting with the body — blue, for one and a half inches, black one-half inch, white one-half inch, black one-half inch.[2]

"The firm of Lampsons, London, are the great fur-brokers of the world. It is upon their sales that the quotations of the world are based. They hold four auction sales every year in January, March, June and October, and these are conducted as follows — Eight days before the date of the sale the furs are arranged in lots, generally, as to silvers, one skin in each, seldom more than two. These lots are all numbered. The expert buyer

[2] One of the precious features of the black and silver black fox fur is the impossibility of imitating it by artificial methods.

examines them, takes down their number, and places opposite each the maximum amount one can afford to pay. He determines the value entirely upon merit. The name of the breeder and the place where they were secured are not known to him. The auction is held in a different place from where the furs have been exhibited. Ten shillings is the minimum bid. The sales are made with great rapidity, scarcely a word is spoken, a nod from the buyer suffices. Often, it takes only fifteen seconds to dispose of one lot. The larger percentage of poorer skins are usually offered in October and June. The principal sale is held in March. It is then that the greatest competition is met with for good skins. Since I first began to ship, the falling off in the world's supply of silvers has been about sixty per cent. The average price for ordinary grades has increased by 200 per cent.: for the higher grades about 400 per cent.

"The lowest grade is the pure silver, the whole body covered with silver. The second grade is black between the ears, shoulders, back of the neck and belly. The rest of the skin is silver. In the next higher grade the black would extend half down the body, and the silver would not be very bright on the rest of the body. Going higher up the scale there is the three quarter black and the one quarter silver, with no distinct dividing point, the change being gradual from one colour to the other.

"The highest quality is the pure black. Year after year there has been an increased demand for the black and a steady increase in price."

The only rivals of the native black and silver black fox are the almost extinct sea otter, the Russian sable and the South American chinchilla. The island's cool damp climate and non-alkaline soil produces the heaviest, glossiest fur yielded by the fox family. Ninety per cent. of the world's captive foxes are held by 128 individuals or companies on Prince Edward Island's 300 ranches. The latest Government estimate of the value of old and young Blacks, Silver Blacks, Silvers, Patches, Reds and Blues contained therein is more than $15,000,000.[3]

The ranches are enclosed by a high wire netting bent over at the top and under at the bottom to prohibit the possibility of the occupants leaping or gnawing their way to freedom. Within the enclosure, pairs are divided from other pairs by aisles and fences. Each fox is provided with a sanitary sleeping pen. Reared for generations in captivity, most of them from Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland stock, the parent foxes and particularly the lithe keen little pups are frequently on playful terms with their guards, some

[3] Fur buyers designate as "silver" all shades of grey and black. A writer of 1806 enumerates the red, grey and black fox as inhabiting the island and declares that "sometimes five or six have been shot by one person in the course of a few hours." Wild mink and marten are also abundant on the island.

of whom are constantly on duty about the ranch to protect their charges from alarm and from thieves. The Legislature of 1913 enacted a bill providing that "every one who, without the consent of the owner or caretaker of a ranch or enclosure where foxes or other fur-bearing animals are in captivity for breeding purposes, shall enter the grounds occupied by these animals or go within twenty-five yards of the outer fence or enclosure within which they are kept, shall be deemed guilty of an offence and liable to a fine not to exceed $1000 nor less than $500."

The domesticated and even the wild fox is not malicious by nature, but is inordinately timid — sometimes disastrously so in the case of vixens which destroy their new-born whelps in attempting to hide them from prying eyes. For three weeks or more after the arrival of the litter the utmost caution is necessary to avoid the loss of the five or six thousand dollar babies. This valuation does not refer to the pelt's worth but to the estimated (sometimes grossly over-estimated) rating of the offspring as reproducers of their species. A female which lives the maximum period of eleven to fifteen years may give birth to from twenty to forty pups during her life-time. So long as there is demand for breeding pairs no foxes will be killed for their skins unless they become old or injured. It is believed that several more

years must elapse before the island pelts again appear on the English and German markets.

Companies owning prolific Class A vixens have paid sumptuous dividends to their stock-holders, most of whom have been farmers, shop-keepers and other moderately circumstanced citizens living on the island. Everywhere one sees new foundations, rebuilt barns, expanded acreages as a result of wealth acquired with intoxicating ease. A man and wife had saved a thousand dollars to build a house. Instead they put it in foxes. Now they have the house and $30,000 besides. A druggist in Montague bought stock in five companies which earned in one year dividends of 110, 125, 60, 200 and 130 per cent. respectively. A bookkeeper's investment of $300 returned him $45,000 in three years. These are not exceptional cases. Farm-hands, women clerks, ministers, Government officials will tell you others to match them *ad nauseam*. Substantial men of affairs say the demand for captive breeders is justified by the unfailing prestige and market valuation of the pelt which for centuries has been one of the chosen furs of Madame Crœsus.

The introduction of mongrel foxes from the Far West, the over-capitalisation of stock companies, the unprincipled advertisement of broker and promoter and the uncertainty of nature's decrees are the sinister elements of a venture which in princi-

ple is as legitimate as the rearing of blue ribbon live-stock or pedigreed hens. Other farms have been established to raise sable, marten, mink, skunk and the Karakúl sheep which gives Persian lamb, Astrakhan, broadtail and krimmer fur under differing conditions of breeding and birth.

The economic revolution which has swept the island during this earlier and most lucrative period of fur ranching has brought about bizarre conditions unparalleled in a country community. Labourers of a few years back are the masters of their former employers. Ranch presidents ride in cars who cannot sign the cheques that buy them. Their wives wear jewels so immense that strangers unaware of the suddenly achieved gains as a matter of course think them artificial. Sons who always ran barefoot now tilt their sun-browned noses at any but the costliest boots. Farmers' daughters who once sighed to possess a cottage organ are bored by their new pianolas. Many modest fortunes have been acquired, but more immodest ones if we are to judge by the swagger of their makers.

The shops of Charlottetown and the press of bright new vehicles about Queen Square reflect the island's exuberant prosperity. "Charlotte Town" says the author of an ancient *Account of Prince Edward Island in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, North America,* "has a situation both centrical and convenient." It is not only the politi-

cal capital of the island but the social and commercial seat. It has roomy streets, parks and flowering plazas that are pleasing to the eye. The Government Buildings on Queen Square and some of the churches are dignified structures. Three converging rivers and the harbour formed by their united streams, as well as the shores of Hillsboro Bay offer opportunities for tranquil excursions by steamboat. The roads to Government House and Victoria Park, to Rocky Point and Pownal (7 m.) are the favourite promenades by carriage. Stages run daily to Cherry Valley, Bonshaw, Hampton, a vacation beach on the Strait, and Fort Augustus. On the outskirts of the capital are the Driving Park and Golf Links. Though Charlottetown is a pleasant enough place as a residence,— its founders called the site Port Joy,— it has no attraction for the tourist in search of the historic or unusual, unless one excepts an antiquated fort in the recreation ground at Rocky Point overlooking the bay, and the grey pile of Parliament House in whose Council Chamber were laid the foundations of the Dominion, September, 1864.

The towns of the island are consistently charmless; they are neither picturesque, quaint, shady nor home-like. On hot days the sun blazes upon their dusty and defenceless streets, making them places to flee from. The principal gulf resorts, Tracadie, Stanhope, Brackley Beach, Rustico are

all within 20 miles' drive of the capital over straight smooth roads.

The Government narrow gauge railway which ambles hither and yon, dodging inlets and linking isolated ports to the main track, has as its chief centres Charlottetown and Summerside, the termini of the two steamer services from the mainland. On the trunk line, if one may use so impressive a term to describe so unimposing a road, and on the four principal branches there are two trains every week-day, a "Passenger" and a "Mixed," running in both directions. From Charlottetown to Tignish via Royalty Junction is a distance of 116 miles. One leaves by the "Passenger" at 7:30 in the dewy morning and arrives at dewy eve. The tedium of the journey is aggravated by an enforced stay of more than an hour in grimy Summerside (48 m.). Hunter River, 20 miles from Charlottetown, is the station for Rustico Beach and Cavendish, the former an attractive bathing and fishing resort on the North Shore. At Emerald Junction an 11-mile branch turns off to Cape Traverse, destined to increase in importance at the installation of the Car Ferry from Tormentine. At this point New Brunswick is only 9 miles distant. From Kensington, a few miles beyond Emerald Junction, stages run to Malpeque Beach on the gulf shore, and to towns on Malpeque or Richmond Bay. The bottom of this spreading arm of the gulf has been surveyed for

the culture of oysters by the Provincial Government. Malpeque "eyesters" already have an extra-insular reputation. About seven thousand acres have been leased to individuals and firms who propose to increase by scientific methods the diminishing oyster crop. Formerly Prince Edward Island led all the provinces of Canada in its oyster production. Along its 400 miles of shore fronting on gulf and strait there are more than 180 lobster canneries.

Summerside facing the strait and the New Brunswick coast lies only 3 miles from Malpeque Bay, which stretches 10 miles in from the gulf. A hill on the intervening isthmus has an outlook upon marine views to the south, the west and the north. Even the railway littérateurs can find nothing to say of Summerside except that sitting in a draught of sea air it is always cool when other towns are not. Hoping for this reason to attract vacation visitors its citizens bestowed the present delusive name, vice former Princetown.

The Micmac chief lives with all the Indians of the Prince Edward district on Ellis Island, the station for which is Port Hill. The reservation is an orderly community and has its own schools taught by native teachers.

On both sides of the willowy road to Tignish there are glimpses of the sea, of fishing rivers and of ponds where wild fowl congregate. The woven fences of fox farms show among thinned-out groves.

Here and there in the midst of well-tilled acres are new farm-houses, built with the earnings of a lucky investment. One hears a great deal in cars and on way-side platforms of "September deliveries," options and soaring dividends, but very little of dividends that dwindle and collapse because mothers have borne patches instead of blacks, or borne none at all, or buried Class A litters that they feared to have confined in over-warm pens.

On Cherry Island in Alberton harbour the pioneer fox farmer, Charles Dalton, laid out the ranch upon which all later fox studs were modelled. Not without tribulations did he found the new industry. "At first," he says, "I kept the animals in ordinary board sheds, connected by chutes. They used to lose their litters, owing to the disturbances usually associated with a barn-yard. The first year I kept them in a wire enclosure. I had no over-hang, and two foxes climbed out. At first I had only one strip of wire between each pen. The foxes used to get their legs through and kill each other. I stopped this by doubling the partitions. At first I kept two females in one pen. This resulted in jealousy and when the two had young in the same pen, they destroyed each other's litters. Then, I had trouble with the water getting in their nests, and causing death to the pups."

It was a rancher at the other end of the island who wakened one winter morning to find three full-grown foxes in a yard where there had been only

two. The stranger was a wild seven-eighths patch or red-and-silver cross-breed who had heard the call of his kind and had vaulted an eleven-foot fence into the enclosure by means of a convenient snow-drift.

Alberton is an unkempt town of 2000 inhabitants whose only attraction is its good air and proximity to fishing and shooting grounds — both of which are attributes possessed by other places more agreeable and less inaccessible, on the island and off of it. Within driving distance are the trout streams of Kildare and Miminegash. Wild geese flock to near-by marshes. A hotel with more pretensions to comfort and good service than is usually afforded by island houses has recently been opened in a renovated mansion surrounded by shade-trees.

Tignish, 12 miles further on, is an uninteresting fishing-port. A drive of 8 miles brings one to North Point, one of the horns of the island crescent.

Starting again at Charlottetown, the traveller who is bent upon traversing the length of the province may cross by branch railway to the other side of the Hillsboro or East River and journey southward 48 miles to Murray Harbour, a little town which looks directly across to Port Hood on the Cape Breton shore, 25 miles away. Highways go north from here through an increasingly pleasant farm country to Montague and Georgetown. The same places are served by the railway branch

which runs off from the Charlottetown – Royalty Junction – Souris line at Mount Stewart Junction. Between these two junctions is York (9 m. north of Charlottetown), station for Brackley Beach and Stanhope where there are good beaches, famous cliffs and several over-crowded summer hotels. Beyond are Bedford and Tracadie, the stations for the Acadia Hotel and the strand on Tracadie Bay. The train from Mt. Stewart (22 m.) to Georgetown (46 m. east of Charlottetown) runs into Montague and backs out again on the way to its terminus. All this eastern region is incomparably prettier than the western end of the island. The hills are higher and the scenery in every way more agreeable.

At Montague on the high bank of the river there is a group of birches so stately, white and tall that a metaphor might be based upon them, "fair as the birches of Montague." If artists knew of this grove they would set up their easels and stay the summer-long, inspired by the sensitive shadows, the marble pureness, the noble symmetry of these rounded trunks and the delicacy of their lofty foliage. The few strangers who do come to this pleasantly-situated little village stay at McDonald's, an inn of unassuming hospitality, fragrant cleanliness and unexceptionable home cuisine. In the neighbourhood there are several interesting fur ranches, a notable apple orchard

covering 30 acres, and some thoroughly delightful hill drives.

Georgetown, 12 miles distant by railway, is a port on Cardigan Bay facing across the gulf to Cape Breton. When the ice blocks the strait harbours the Pictou steamer calls here in the winter. It must be some such exigency as this which would inveigle the traveller to so flat and arid a town as the moribund capital of Kings County. Its shipping interests are said to be considerable but the streets have no charm of scene or life. Shuttered stores indicate that the shire-town has been drained of even its one-time commercial vigour. The county's inhabitants poke fun at King George's sprawling namesake and say that it is in truth well laid out. Neighbouring rivers and bays attract hunters of sea fowl and fishers of sundry kinds of the omnipresent and versatile trout.

Souris bears the same relation to the east coast as Tignish to the west. The railway from Charlottetown by way of Mt. Stewart halts there after a winding journey of 60 miles. The towns on either side the road invite anglers and summer boarders in search of an economical and peaceful holiday. Souris was settled by the Scotch who came to the island in 1803 under the patronage of a Highland Earl. In the vicinity are lakes, rivers and estuaries where fabulous catches of fish are taken and plover, duck, brant, partridge and cur-

lew swarm in tempting bevies. Due north lies the Magdalen archipelago with which this port is connected by a bi-weekly steamer from Pictou.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

CHAPTER XIV

TRANSPORTATION — ROUTES — HOTELS GENERAL INFORMATION — FISHING AND HUNTING.

. . .

Transportation — Routes.

THE only direct route from the United States to Newfoundland is via the Red Cross Line [1] whose steamers, *Stephano* (5000 tons displacement) and *Florizel* (4500 tons) leave every Saturday morning from June to October, and at less frequent intervals during other months, from Pier 32, adjoining Hamilton Ferry, Brooklyn, N. Y. In clear weather the outbound trip is usually made through Long Island Sound. The port of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is reached in about 46 hours. After a call of 24 hours' duration, the voyage to St. John's, Newfoundland, is resumed. The arrival is scheduled for Thursday morning. Summer excursionists are entitled to remain on board the steamer at Halifax and at St. John's. The return voyage is begun on Saturday; another 24-hour stay is made at Halifax and New York is reached the following Thursday, twelve days after departure. The minimum rate for this vacation tour is $5 a day.

Passengers arriving at St. John's, on the south-

[1] See under "Steamers from the United States," Chapter I.

east coast, may leave the steamer there and, after making various trips by rail and steamer, continue to Port-aux-Basques at the southwestern extremity of the island. The all-rail route thither is by the Reid-Newfoundland road (546 miles in 28 hours). The all-sea route is maintained by the Bowring mail steamer which sails every other Wednesday from St. John's, calls at east and south coast ports before reaching Port-aux-Basques (446 m.), and continues 100 miles up the west coast to Bonne Bay. A rail journey of 82 miles from St. John's to Placentia provides a way of reaching the south coast without the necessity of rounding dire Cape Race in a craft of under a thousand tons. A Reid boat is scheduled to leave Placentia weekly and touches at south coast harbours as far as Port-aux-Basques. Time about four days. Distance, 385 miles.

At Port-aux-Basques a Reid Line steamer is scheduled to leave every night except Saturday for North Sydney, Cape Breton, and to arrive every morning except Monday from North Sydney. The departure from North Sydney is at 10:30 every night except Sunday. No trains run on the Intercolonial Railway's Cape Breton road on Sunday; this affects the sailings of the Newfoundland boats. In good weather the journey of 100 miles across Cabot Straits consumes seven to eight hours. In the winter of 1914 the new and splendidly equipped *Lintrose* of this service was

sold to the Russian Government as an ice-breaker, but the sister ship *Bruce* was kept on the route with the Labrador steamer *Kyle*.[2]

Travellers who enter Newfoundland at Port-aux-Basques may leave for St. John's and intervening stations by any of the three lines before-named and return to Halifax or New York by the Red Cross steamer. Or at Port-aux-Basques they can make connection every other week with the Bowring steamer which leaves St. John's alternate Wednesdays for Bonne Bay. At the latter place they can meet the Reid steamer, Humbermouth – Bonne Bay – Battle Harbour, Labrador (379 m.). Another side of the triangular island may be compassed by returning in a Reid or a Bowring boat from Battle Harbour down the east coast to St. John's. The S.S. *Kyle* of modern and exceedingly sturdy construction leaves the Reid Line's dock, St. John's, every other week in summer for Battle Harbour (495 miles) and calls at as many ports between this point and Nain (1065 miles from St. John's) as the movement of the ice will permit. Nain is usually reached two or three times in a season. Time about 18 days, round-trip. Fare, including meals, $38.

At intervals throughout the railway journey from one side to the other of the island there are stations at which small steamers of the Reid System

2 See under "Steamers from Canadian Ports," Chapter I, for Black Diamond Line, Montreal-St. John's.

may be taken for excursions on Conception, Trinity, Bonavista, Notre Dame and Green Bays, all of which deeply indent the easterly coast of rugged Terra Nova. The Reid-Newfoundland Company controls all the railways on the island, the total number of miles being 726, including main line and branches. Exclusive of the service to North Sydney, Cape Breton, and to Nain, Labrador, the total number of miles covered on the bay routes is 2350. The steamers are very small, but are clean, modern as to sanitation and lighted with electricity. The food is of good quality and the attendance exceptionally courteous and obliging. Those affected by sea-sickness may suffer some unhappy moments even during comparatively sheltered passages, because in making successive ports the little crafts frequently round promontories which are exposed to the open Atlantic. However, in the middle of summer the ocean itself is often as calm as a bay. Rough water may be avoided in such long indraughts as Placentia and Trinity Bays by leaving the steamer at some picturesque port and staying ashore until after the steamer has completed the more exposed portion of the trip, at most a matter of three or four days. Steamer fares including meals average $2.50 a day.

Newfoundland's first railway was laid about twenty-five years ago, its promoter, builder and operator being Sir Robert Reid whose three sons

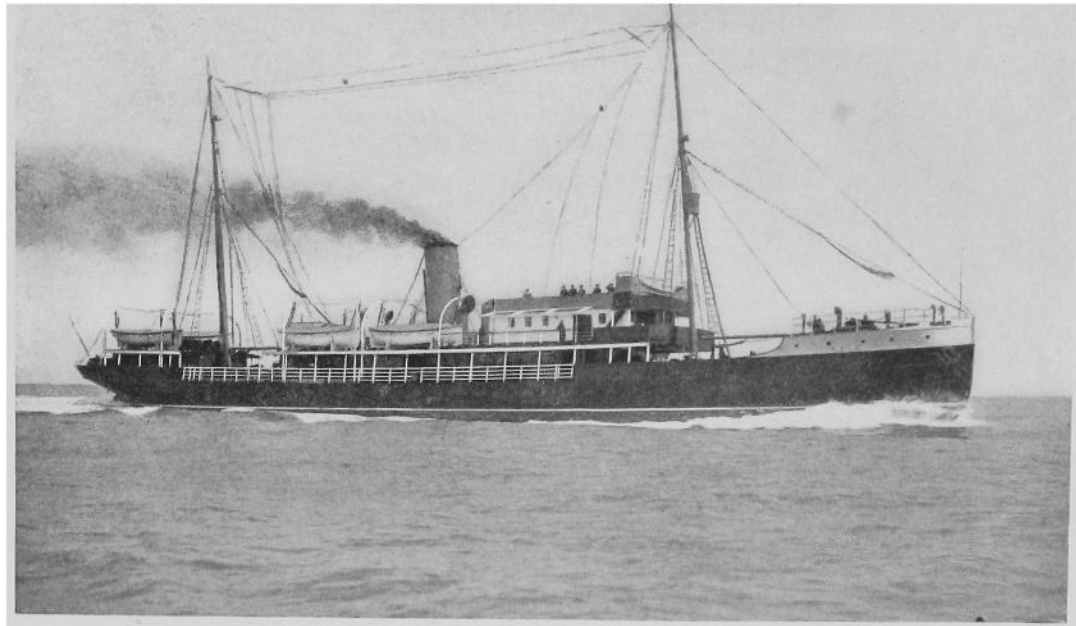
now control the Newfoundland Rail, Steamer, Express and Telegraph Lines. The track is narrow gauge throughout the total mileage but the trains are well equipped with comfortable cars including diners. The rate for second-class is half the price of first-class accommodation. Only one train crosses the island daily in each direction. The sleeping-car berth rate is $3 for the distance of 546 miles. First-class fares, three cents a mile.[3] All tourists and sporting tourists who travel over the Reid Line remark the invariably pleasant conduct of its officials and its train and station staffs. The magnanimous attitude of " the Reids " toward their many hundreds of employés induces a sense of devotion, if not affection, which is reflected to the traveller in innumerable comments and brief incidents, readily related to those who will listen. The stewardess on the little coasting steamer — she was the wife of the agent at an obscure station. Her husband took sick and died. That was some time ago, but her voice trembles yet telling you how the company paid the bills, gave her the use of a freight car to move her household things, and then found a berth for her where she can make a living wage for herself and her children. An old track-walker seeks the stranger's ear at a wayside platform to eulogise the company's president who was not too busy to heed when the humblest of his

3 The Guide issued by the company for free distribution contains a list of 32 rail and steamer tours, with cost. Address, the Reid-Newfoundland Company, St. John's.

employés found himself one time in distress. Newfoundland is a very human place and therefore democratic. The people are by nature appreciative, chivalrous and unaffected. Those who serve the travelling public are so attentive and well-intentioned that even if road-beds are rough and cars sometimes acrobatic, the visitor will be inclined to overlook annoyances which under other conditions he would think cause for grumbling.

Hotels.

The Newfoundland of the present is primarily for the angler, the hunter and the woodsman. Scenically it is as magnificent as its pools and barrens are sportive. But it is not a luxurious country and tourists unwilling to content themselves with moderate comforts of travel coupled with, for the most part, the most unassuming hotel accommodation will be happier not to come. The only tourist hotels which offer anything like first-grade service are the inns, some of them conducted by sportsmen, which have been erected near stations at the western end of the railway — St. George's Bay (Stephenville Crossing), Spruce Brook, Humbermouth (Bay of Islands) and Grand Lake. Grand Falls, a new town brought into being by the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, has adequate hotels. At Torbay, Topsail and other coast towns near St. John's there are modest summer hotels, and at most railway and steamer junc-



THE BULL-DOG OF THE NORTH. S. S. *KYLE* OF THE REID-NEWFOUNDLAND LABRADOR SERVICE

tions and terminals there are fairly comfortable public or private houses. The rooms are usually very clean. The bill of fare, except in late summer, is apt to be restricted to coarse vegetables with meat, salt and fresh-water fish, and plain desserts. Green vegetables are not often sown until June. In August and September the wild berries mature in great abundance, raspberries, strawberries, bake-apples, partridge and whortle berries, all of them delicious in flavour. Terms for board and room vary from $8.50 to $18 a week, or $1.25 to $3 a day. Waterford Hall, in the suburbs, is the most comfortable hotel of the capital. In comparison with houses of similar grade elsewhere than in expensive Newfoundland its charges seem excessive. Nearly all imported commodities, including food-stuffs and fruits, are heavily taxed by the insular Customs, the maintenance of the Government being almost solely dependent upon the Customs revenue. Travellers who arrive at St. John's by the Red Cross Line will find it in every way greatly to their advantage to remain on board ship as long as possible while they are touring the city and its environs. It is not a question, as a visiting journalist put it, as to which is the " best " of the hotels within the city limits, but which is the " least worst."

General Information.

Newfoundland Customs Circular Number 15 says:

When Tourists, Anglers and Sportsmen arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Anglers' Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions: —

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes and Tent Equipage. A receipt (No. 1), according to the form attached, shall be given for the deposit, and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt, as well as in the marginal cheques. . . .

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The examining officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free, and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

The money of the colony is similar in denomination to that of Canada. Canadian and United States currency, paper, gold or silver, passes at full value.

Letter postage is one cent in St. John's for city

delivery. Elsewhere on the island, 2 cents per ounce. To Canada, the United States and Great Britain, 2 cents per ounce. To other foreign countries, 5 cents per half-ounce. Letters posted after the advertised closing hour can go forward by that mail if an additional "late fee" of 2 cents is paid. There are licensed stamp vendors at book-sellers', druggists' and other shops.

The local telegraph rate is 25 to 50 cents for 10 words, name and address free. Messages to New York and Boston cost $1.10 for 10 words, and 9 cents each additional word; to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick 85 cents for 10 words. Fifty-word "night letters" are despatched to Canada and the United States at the 10-word day rate.

The minimum cab-fare by the course is 30 cents, the hour-rate 80 cents within the city of St. John's. Except for the trolley line on Bell Island, Conception Bay, owned by the Iron Mines, the street car system of St. John's is the only tram service in the colony.

There are naturally good roads well maintained out of St. John's toward Conception Bay and down toward Cape Race and Trepassey. Along the south coast there are no roads at all; in the interior there are a few used by lumbermen. Thirty years ago there was not a dwelling 5 miles back from the coast. The railway has advanced the timber, pulp and mining industries and increased tourist facilities, but except for the towns and

infrequent farms directly on the main road and its branches no inland settlements have followed its inauguration.

Newfoundland is not at its best until mid-July. The month of June is often so cold that winter clothing is worn. From July to November the skies are usually blue and the air bracing and not subject to extremes of either heat or cold. Fogs are rare in late summer and early fall after the Arctic ice has passed down. Western Newfoundland has very little fog and the cold raw spring departs sooner there than on the coasts which face the Atlantic. Crossing by the railway, snow may be seen on the Topsails at the crest of the interior upland as late as August in some years. During the winter 1914–1915 there were only ten days of hard "frost" and not enough snow to make good sleighing on the roads. After severe winters the frost is not out of the ground before the middle of June. The expansion of the warming earth has its effect on the road-bed of the railway which, unfortunately for those who must travel in that month, is not rock-ballasted. This is quite as potent a reason as any for the Newfoundland tour being delayed until mid-summer. When the frost is "working out," train tables are perforce disregarded, the daily express is often hours behind schedule time, and "tip-overs," especially of the rear or Pullman car, are so frequent as to cause but passing comment in the public prints.

Fishing and Hunting.

As a fishing country, Newfoundland has no equal on this side of the Atlantic. The salmon of Scottish streams are larger, but their pursuit is attended by almost prohibitive expense. In Newfoundland, salmon rivers and trout ponds and streams are free. The foreigner may fish anywhere within the law on payment of the angling fee of $10. The most famous salmon brooks and rivers are in the west and all of them, Little River, Grand Codroy, Crabbe's Brook, Robinson's Brook, Fishel's Brook, Harry's Brook, the Lower and Upper Humber River, and Kitty's Brook are directly accessible from the railway. Salmon are also taken in the Gander and Exploits Rivers, further east. The fishing from Doyle's (25 miles north of Port-aux-Basques) on the Grand Codroy is best in June. Pools further from their river's mouth are best fished in July. The legal season for salmon and trout is January 15th to September 15th. The largest salmon ever taken on a fly in the Grand Codroy weighed 35 pounds, the largest taken in the season of 1914, 32 pounds. The largest salmon known to be killed with a rod and line in the whole island of Newfoundland was taken at Little Codroy a few years ago and weighed 41½ pounds. The Little Codroy runs within two miles of the Grand River Codroy. The Humber River and Harry's Brook will furnish fish of 30 pounds. The average is 9 to 15 pounds.

The camps, hotels and boarding-houses which cater to "sports," as angling and hunting guests are termed by the natives, are prepared to furnish guides, boats, canoes and outfits. Guides may be hired for $2.25 a day, their board being additional. The black fly is less annoying late in the summer than earlier in the fishing season.

Sea, lake, brook (brown or "mud") trout are found in such abundance in every part of the island as to exceed imagination. There are ponds (Newfoundlanders so designate even expansive lakes) lying within a mile or two of railway stations which are practically unfished. A telegrapher at Brigus Junction, east of St. John's, sallied forth on a June morning to one such lake and returned shortly after noon with fifteen dozen trout weighing half a pound to over a pound each. A Newfoundland trouter always refers to his catch in dozen lots. "Any luck?" "Not much — only five or six." "Five or six?" "Dozen of course."

The interior plateau is a rambling net-work of flashing lakes and water courses that swarm with trout. Almost every inlet and bay in the southern half of the island has its tributary stream which sea trout, usually several pounds in weight, enter in the summer-time and pass through for miles to favoured pools.

Grand Lake, 182 miles northeast of Port-aux-Basques, is at the heart of a renowned sporting district. Here there is a modern bungalow hotel

where tourists may turn anglers without the necessity of roughing it. Adjacent to St. John's are many notable lakes and streams which on the Wednesday half-holiday are frequented by hundreds of excursionists.

The country drained by the Gander River, Triton Brook and Terra Nova River, east of Bonavista Bay, is perhaps the most versatile of all Newfoundland's gamey acres. Trout and salmon are taken in its rivers, and south of the railway big-antlered caribou inhabit vast barrens. Another great caribou district is situated along the base of the peaks called by the sea-faring natives, the Gaff, Mizzen, Main and Fore Topsails, a little west of the central plateau, near Grand Lake. In the fall the deer move across the railway to the south past Red Indian Lake, and in March return to the north again. Caribou is the French transliteration of the Micmac *xalibu*, "pawer" or "scratcher," so called because the lichen food is uncovered in this way from under the snow. The caribou or American reindeer reach their highest development in Newfoundland and British Columbia. The woodland is larger than the barren-ground caribou, but in proportion to the size of their bodies the latter have the mightier antlers. This species is distinguished from others of the deer family by having brow antlers. The cow caribou also has horns. The stag's horns are at their prime in September and are shed or "dropped"

two months later. Antlers that have 30 to 40 separate prongs or "points" are good in the sportsman's estimation. To bring down a stag carrying 50 points is so exceptional as to enroll the name of the hunter on the Nimrod's scroll of honour.

The open season for caribou is from August 1st to September 30th, and from October 21st to January 31st. The limit in a season for each licensee is two stags and one doe; the non-resident fee is $50. Moose and elk are protected.

Willow grouse, also called partridge and ptarmigan, plover, snipe, curlew, duck, wild hares, rabbits, beavers, otters, foxes, black bear are found in various sections of the island preserve. The game laws affecting the shooting of them are given in the booklet of the Reid-Newfoundland Company mentioned in Note Two.

"Any person except a traveller on a journey found on a Sunday carrying firearms shall be subject to a fine not exceeding $40, and, in default of payment, to imprisonment for a period not exceeding one month."

CHAPTER XV

CHRONOLOGY — ST. JOHN'S — SOUTHEAST COAST — LABRADOR

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THE Senior Colony was first settled when "Ireland was inhabited by barbarians, England and Scotland were separate kingdoms and men wore plate armour." Hundreds of years before that interesting period, Bjarni and Leif Erikson [1] looked on its granite east wall, if sagas are credible. John Cabot's landfall in 1497 is identified by most historians with Cape Bonavista, the land he "first saw" from the deck of the *Matthew*. A generation later Jacques Cartier sighted the same outstanding naze but because of ice in the bay landed in a more southerly harbour, which he named St. Katherine for his wife, home in St. Malo.

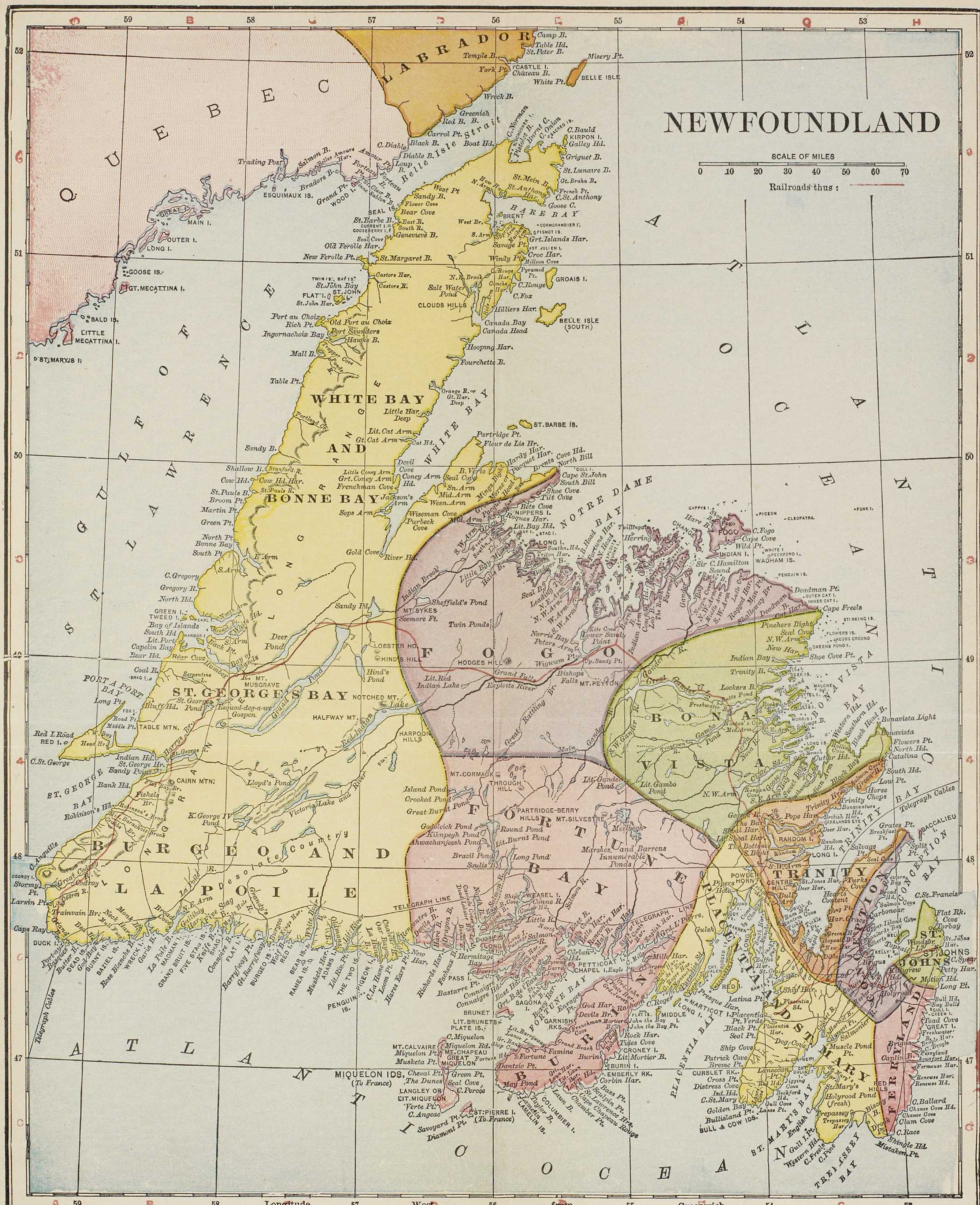
Previous to Cabot's and Cartier's discoveries fishermen from Brittany and Biscay had profited by the fisheries of the western continent. Later came Portuguese, Spanish and English adventurers unafraid of stormy seas and took their toll of cod inshore and off the Banks of Newfoundland. A map of 1541 represents the New-founde-launde as

[1] See Chapter III.

a group of thirty islands great and small. Only a short stretch of the coast had then been explored, the thousands of mariners who crossed from Europe every spring being interested solely in what the neighbouring shoals held for them.

The first patentee of the uncharted tract was Sir Humphrey Gilbert who made an attempt at colonisation in 1583. On his return to England he was lost in the ten-ton pinnace *Squirrel*. No heirs claimed his Newfoundland plantation. In 1610 it was granted to the "Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London and Bristol, for the Colony of Newfoundland." The company comprised many noblemen, among them the Earl of Northampton and Sir Francis Bacon. The latter wrote the prospectus, "a truly Baconian production" in which he compared the fisheries of the New Isle to the mines of Peru, to Newfoundland's advantage.

The first settlers sent out by the London and Bristol Company were conducted by John Guy, a Bristol alderman who arrived in Conception Bay in 1610. He found on the shores Indians of the Bethukan family who coloured themselves, their utensils and weapons with red ochre. Though of lighter complexion than most North American aborigines, they were for this reason called Red Men. The French and their Micmac allies eventually banished or massacred the Beoths, so that a century ago not one could be found in the island



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when an exploring party was sent to search for them.

The merchants who owned the fishing fleets opposed the colonisation of Newfoundland and for a hundred years an incessant conflict was waged by the planters and the fishing admirals who represented the companies in England.

Newfoundland was created a colony in 1728 at the beginning of a more lenient era for her settlers, but the construction of permanent buildings was not permitted until almost another century had elapsed. The covetousness of the French and the tenacity of those to whom the island belonged by right of discovery, led to years of assault and antagonism which four treaties failed to govern. The French established themselves on Placentia Bay but surrendered their claims in 1713 and retired to the Miquelon Islands and Cape Breton. However, as late as the end of that century they were still attempting to bring about the colony's surrender to the French flag.

In return for her renunciation of territorial rights France had been granted by Bute, Prime Minister of England following William Pitt, certain fishing privileges on the west and north shore of the island which they wished to construe as giving them an inviolable hold upon 500 miles of coast line to the exclusion of the colonials themselves. The English maintained that the foreign fishermen were permitted only to catch and cure cod on this

"French Shore" during the fishing season. These contentions were not adjusted until 1904 when France withdrew her claims upon advantageous terms.

In 1818, United States fishermen were given concessions in west coast waters which led to misunderstandings that were finally submitted to the Hague Tribunal in 1910, which found in favour of Newfoundland.

The colony was granted Representative Government in 1832 and became a self-governing colony in 1855. A Governor sent from England represents the Crown, aided by an Executive Council, or Cabinet of Ministers. The Crown appoints a Legislative Council of twenty members for life. The thirty-six members of the House of Assembly are elected by the people.

St. John's.

"The oldest place in the oldest colony" lies deep within a steep-walled basin whose portal opens narrowly to the sea. A gloomy bulk of bare rock masses rises from the edge of strait and harbour. On the right is Signal Hill, with an outlook 500 feet above harbour and ocean. At the head of the spacious bay whose waters gleam the brighter for the sombre ramparts that shut them in, the unlovely city of St. John's piles up the hill from wharves and low warehouses to square cathedral towers. Unpaved streets ascend abruptly

from the one main business thoroughfare, which runs parallel with the water-front. The capital is a reformed fishing village dignified by the appurtenances of Government and by establishments whose solidity is based on industries of the sea.

The " bankers " of four centuries ago chose this harbour as their rendezvous. The fleets of to-day are manned by crews of the same West-of-England stock that Cabot selected as best suited to hardy marine service. Less than a hundred miles south is the upper end of the mountainous shoal 500 miles long and 300 miles wide which is formed by the conjunction of the Gulf Stream and the Arctic Current. The cod returning from polar waters where they go to spawn — one medium cod lays 9,000,000 eggs at a time — find on the ledges of the sand-bank favourite small fish, crabs, worms and sea insects. The codders bait them with herring, caplin and squid and take in an average year over 125,000 quintals (112 pounds to the quintal) on the banks alone. Besides, Newfoundland controls the fisheries of the Atlantic Labrador coast, and her local fisheries are of vast importance. The best cod for eating are plump near the tail and have undulated sides. Most of the catch is " hard " or salt cured. Nearly every cove of Newfoundland's 6000 miles of coast line shows a straggling group of huts and drying stages on the restricted beaches or clinging to the shelves of grim cliffs.

The first week of March sees the departure from St. John harbour of the seal-killers, nowadays on strong steam vessels. Their goal is the moving field of ice which jams about the northern shores of Newfoundland and carries on its surface herds of harp and hood hair-seals. The hood is a savage and unsociable native of Greenland. The male when attacked blows an inflated skin over his head. The harp family returning to their habitat in Hudson's Bay from the winter migration climb on the ice floe in the neighbourhood of Belle Isle, but being a mild and gregarious species maintain a separate community from the hoods. The young of both tribes are born on the ice toward the end of February. The date when they may be slaughtered — mother seals, dogs and "white-coats"— is governed by law. The pups grow at the rate of 15 pounds a week during the first month after birth. The hair seal is valued for its fat, from which oil is rendered, and for its hide. The sealing steamers, some of them carrying crews of 200 to 300 dauntless Newfoundlanders, are outfitted by their owners. The best ships are captained by skippers who in past seasons have secured the greatest number of seals. They work on a salary and percentage basis. The crew is "found" and receives one-third of the cargo of seals. The steamers for the gulf fishery sail from St. John's for Port-aux-Basques and from there ascend the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They are per-

mitted to make one trip only, and must be back in St. John's by the first part of April. When the fields are entered they run head on into the floe, back away, then steam ahead to crush the " pans " or cakes of ice and force leads. At word from the captain the crew goes on the ice from different positions at day-break of each morning equipped with " gaff or heavy boat-hook, stout rope, ' sculping knife,' skin boots, warm cuffs, close-fitting working suit, and coloured goggles to prevent ice-blindness." The seals may be congregated miles from the waiting vessel. When they have been killed by blows over the head or by shots from a revolver, their fat-laden coats must be dragged over heavy ice to the spots where each vessel's catch is piled, the flag of the ship's owner being thrust into each mound to denote ownership until the lots are picked up and loaded on board. In 1910 one vessel, the *Florizel* of the Red Cross Line, secured 49,000 seals valued at over $90,000, this being a record catch. The *Neptune*, commanded by Captain Bob Bartlett, brought in 40,000 seals in April, 1913.

In the event of a blizzard arising when the men are on the ice, they may be isolated from the steamer over-night. Under such conditions forty-eight of the *Greenland's* crew were lost in March, 1898. In March, 1914, eighty of the *Newfoundland's* men perished from exposure. On the last day of that month in the same year, the *Southern*

Cross, loaded to her scuppers with a cargo of 17,000 seals, foundered in a storm off Trepassey Bay, carrying down one hundred and seventy stalwarts, "pick of a Viking race."

The bodies of the *Newfoundland's* crew recovered by the *Bellaventure* from the ice were assembled at the Seamen's Institute on Water Street, St. John's, and were later transported in sleighs to the railway station. All the east coast was thrown into mourning by these twin disasters. Whole settlements were robbed of their able-bodied men. One hamlet which had sent twelve sons to the seal fishery received back only one. A fund of $300,000 was contributed by Newfoundland, Canada, the United States and England to provide for the families of those who perished on the floes and in the sea.

The Seamen's Institute, whose patron is King George the Fifth, is the first building of importance which the visitor passes on ascending from the steamer landing to Water Street. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell was the instigator of this enterprise which received support from many of his American friends. The cost of the edifice was $180,000. It was inaugurated in December, 1912. Lodgings are provided at 20 to 35 cents a night. There are reading and game rooms and special conference halls for captains of vessels, for sealers and members of the Royal Navy. The Institute is also headquarters for ship-wrecked crews which are

received and cared for without religious, racial or national distinctions.

Water Street is solidly built of grey stone. The most conspicuous buildings are the Court House whose corner-stone was laid by King George when Prince of Wales, the Post Office, and the railway station, at some distance from the passenger wharves. The Colonial Museum is an interesting exposition of native products, animals and Indian relics.

Strangers admire the pure Gothic of the Church of England Cathedral, and visit the ridge above it to see the painted ceiling and altar-piece of the Romanist Cathedral and the pillared House of Parliament. Government House, a mansion of dark stone, is at the head of a wind-blown and unsightly street overlooking the harbour. Nearly all the buildings of this "most stubbornly English" of all the Empire's over-sea capitals are of dull coloured wood. Few trees gain a footing in the shallow soil which covers the city's rocky foundations. The brighter the summer sun the more dreary in contrast is the municipal landscape. There are, however, several drives and vantage-points which dispel the memory of St. John's gracelessness.

From the crest of Signal Hill is unfolded an inspiriting panorama of bays, looming sea-walls, the spreading ocean, inland meadows, lakes and groves. Cabot Tower was erected at the peak to

commemorate the island's Italian discoverer. From this point the approach of vessels is signalled to the city. Cape Spear, at the harbour mouth, is 1213 miles from Sandy Hook, 885 miles from Boston, 488 miles from Halifax and 1921 miles from Liverpool.

In June, 1762, the French Government outfitted four warships for the capture of St. John's. The town had a small garrison in forts which had been long neglected and was guarded by a single sloop armed by twenty guns. The French forces numbering 700 men easily captured Signal Hill and strongly fortified it. During a bloody engagement in September of that year they were dislodged by Scotch and American colonial troops who marched overland from Torbay and Quidi Vidi, and stormed the seemingly impregnable defences with such valour that the interlopers were routed at the point of the bayonet.

Excursions from St. John's.

The country on the border of the capital is in fertile contrast to the bleak splendour of the sea front. Beyond the green-fringed lake of Quidi Vidi, where summer boating regattas are held, is as characteristic a fishing village as may be found on this crenated coast. A ring of dark-hued rocks girdles an irregular basin graced by drooping sails. In the rough shacks below the clean-swept houses of the Quidi Vidi fishermen the cod are headed,

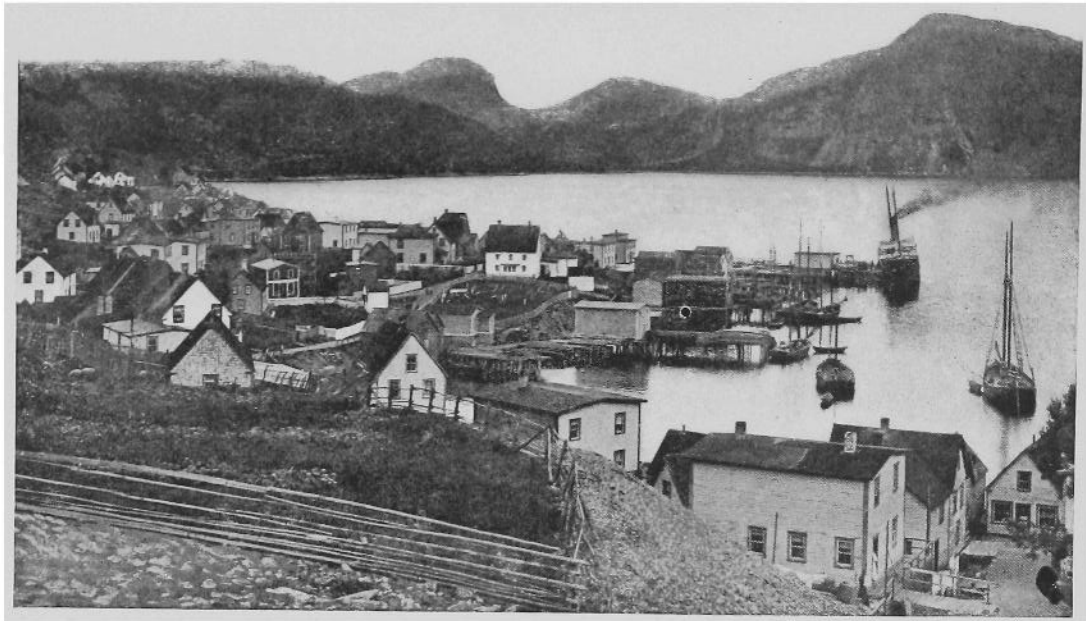
split and boned preparatory to the process of salt curing. The drying flakes are made of cross-laid hemlock boughs. Every one is busy, cheerful and well-mannered. Here one will detect less the Irish brogue that marks the speech of St. John's, but may be confused to hear a gusty wind called a flaw, a stormy day, a coarse one, and a fine day, a civil. A girl is a maid; a kitchen, the house-place. Like the Highlanders of Cape Breton and the Acadians of Clare, the inhabitants of the outports have held more tenaciously to the archaic speech of their ancestors than have natives of the British Isles, or peasant French who still dwell in Normandy. The dialect and the use of obsolete English words varies in different communities according to the County from which the original settlers came. In some obscure villages the accent is almost unintelligible to ordinary ears and is not easily understood even by the inhabitants of present-day Dorset, Devon or Somersetshire. The pronunciation of certain words recalls terms used by Chaucer. In some sections the boy "runned" and the fleet "goed." On the south coast a plural subject is used with a singular verb, and vice versa, with quaint, not unpleasing effect.

The drive of 8 miles from St. John's to Torbay affords views of the surf at Logie Bay and of the fjord and headland scenery for which the island is most renowned. Even casual tourists will not miss the scenes about Torbay and Pouch Cove on the

upper reach of Avalon peninsula, and about Portugal Cove on Conception Bay. The composition of the land and sea-scape is so characteristic of the entire coast that those who go no further afield than these short motor-runs from St. John's will gain an understanding of the overpowering grandeur of the island's ravaged, cliff-guarded, isle-studded sea-board whose uncountable harbours are cleft between bastions of stone.

A railway is promised to the lower Avalon coast which is now reached by the highway that connects St. John's with Petty Harbour, Bay Bulls (20 m.), Cape Broyle, Ferryland (44 m.) Fermeuse, Renews, Cape Race (64 m.) and Trepassey. The road is sufficiently good for comfortable motoring, but the lodging accommodation is of the plainest. The trip may also be taken by the Bowring fortnightly mail steamer which touches at the most important harbours on Avalon peninsula and proceeds from Placentia to ports on the south and west coasts.

The southeast shore was the first to be colonised by English grantees. Ferryland, according to so excellent an authority as Bishop Howley, is a corruption of forillon, a narrow peninsula whose adjoining bay has been bored out by the action of the waves. Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, had a grant in the seventeenth century of the Avalon coast from Bay Bulls to Cape St.



THE HARBOR OF BURGEO, ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Mary's, including Ferryland. Cartier referred to the bay of *Rougnoze* which Howley believes was known to the Basques and Bretons before Cabot's voyages. The name has descended through fantastic stages to Renouze, Renowes and Renews.

Cape Race was called by the Bretons, Cap Raz. Situated at the southeast corner of the island and stormed by all the winds of the Atlantic, it is the sepulchre stone of myriads of vanished ships. Steamers crossing between New York and Liverpool set their course by this point. Its grey wall is equipped with a beacon, a fog-whistle and a Marconi telegraph station.

Nine miles west of Cape Race is the emerald Bay of Biscay and beyond it the harbour of Trepassey which is destined as the terminal of the projected railway from St. John's.

St. John's to Nain, Labrador.[2]

During the month of August the thousand-mile voyage "down" the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador is usually attended by comparatively fair seas and a cloudless sky. The *Kyle's* excellent service enhances the pleasure of the trip which until late years was known only to the professional fisherman, the explorer and the sportsman. The coastal area is analogous to that of Newfoundland, rock-built, bleak, stupendous. Nearly all friths receive the tribute of rivers which

[2] See under "Transportation," Chapter XIV.

frequently fall to sea level in splendid cataracts. The procession of "growlers," bergs and floating pans moving southward on the breast of the Arctic Current, the wild life of birds and sea creatures, the activities associated with the summer fishery during which thousands of Newfoundland labourers toil near the Labrador, the life of the Esquimau [3] and the savage antics of his dogs — such scenes stimulate sensations uncommon to the tourist.

On the way north the steamer makes brief calls at more than fifty ports. Travellers who wish to acquaint themselves more intimately with the stern beauties of miles-long fjords and turbulent streams can find lodgings with the "liveyers" or permanent settlers, or at the houses of managers in charge of fishing stations, and factors of Hudson's Bay posts, or at the Grenfell and Moravian Missions. Dr. Grenfell's benefactions on the Labrador are well known in the United States. For twenty years he has given his talents and energies to bettering the physical and spiritual state of the deep-sea fishermen. In the capacity of surgeon and physician he cruises during the summer among the fishing fleets and settlements in the hospital ship *Strathcona*. At various places he has established

[3] The name first given in the form of Excomminquois in 1611 by the French, is derived from the Abenakui word, Esquimantsic. According to the *Handbook of the Indians of Canada* published in 1913, there are about 1300 Esquimanx in Newfoundland Labrador.

institutions for the sick, schools, and co-operative stores. During the winter he performs heroic service with his dog-sledge, journeying for miles over the ice to those in need of him.

Early in the summer the steamer takes to the Labrador as passengers hundreds of "landsmen" or independent fishermen from eastern and northern Newfoundland ports.[4] From Twillingate in Notre Dame Bay the course is laid for Battle Harbour on the Labrador side of Belle Isle Strait. This land-locked basin sheltered the *Roosevelt* on the return of Rear-Admiral Peary from his final expedition to the Arctic. There is a wireless station here and a Grenfell Mission. The steamer makes stops above this point at frequent intervals, dropping off groups of codders, parties of trout and salmon fishermen and an occasional tourist, all bent upon their own pursuits. Anglers frequent the rivers which enter the head of Sandwich Bay and the great watercourses of Hamilton Inlet. Cartright Harbour is a Hudson Bay station. Indian Harbour has striking island scenery and bold shores. Before entering its broad roadstead, the steamer passes up the narrows of Hamilton Inlet to Rigoulette. The Grand River falling into Hamilton Inlet, whose head is 150 miles from the sea, forms a cascade whose successive leaps total a descent of 800 feet. From Rigoulette the Inlet

[4] The Bowring S.S. *Prospero* calls at all principal ports in the five main bays on its bi-monthly trips to and from Battle Harbour.

may be ascended by the mail packet which serves the Hudson's Bay post on Northwest River and the mill at the mouth of the Grand River.

Indian Harbour is about half-way to Nain, the destination of the staunch *Kyle*. Between Nain and Cape Chidley, at the entrance to Hudson's Bay, the coastal spurs and ranges present the loftiest, wildest views on the Labrador. About Cape Mugford the mountains bordering the sea attain an altitude of 2000 to 3000 feet. Rivers, gorges and waterfalls of the far north are accessible to the cruising launch or schooner. Good harbours occur frequently the entire length of the coast and at nearly every one there is some sort of settlement. Much of the Labrador voyage lies within the protection of scattered islands which are separated from the shore by narrow channels known to the native as " tickles."

The *Laboratoris Terra,* Land of Labour, was so named following the sixteenth-century explorations of the navigator Cortoreal, who enslaved some of the indigenes and transported them to Portugal.

CHAPTER XVI

TOURS BY RAIL AND STEAMER

Conception Bay: Trinity Bay

St. John's to Placentia: Placentia to Port-aux-Basques by steamer.

Bonavista Bay. Notre Dame Bay.

St. John's — Grand Falls — Grand Lake — Humbermouth (Bay of Islands — Bonne Bay) — Spruce Brook — St. George's Bay — Doyle's — Little River — Port-aux-Basque) by rail.[1]

Port-aux-Basques — Bay of Islands — Bonne Bay — Battle Harbour by steamer.

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*

St. John's — Brigus Junction — Carbonear (Conception Bay) by rail.[2] Carbonear — Clarenville (Trinity Bay) by steamer.

THE railway to Brigus Junction (42 m.) skirts for more than half the distance the south shore of Conception Bay. From Topsail, Manuel's, Kelligrews and Holyrood, attractive vacation places, Bell Island is in plain sight. This is an expanse of iron-bearing rock 6 miles long whose mines are owned by the Nova Scotia Steel and the Dominion

[1] The trans-insular express leaves St. John's every evening except Friday, and Port-aux-Basques every morning except Monday. See "Transportation," third paragraph, Chapter XIV.

[2] This trip may be made a day's excursion by leaving St. John's on the morning local train and returning from Carbonear by afternoon branch train to Brigus Junction where connection may be made for St. John's (2 hours), arriving 9:15 P. M.

Iron and Steel Companies. The amount of ore in sight is estimated at 2500 million tons.

To refer to recurring coast views as extraordinary becomes monotonously repetitious. The larger eastern bays differ only in the degree of grandeur by which one excels the other. The least of their coves has an artistic appeal. Conception Bay, enthrallingly lovely in every aspect, is enclosed by precipices less sublimely tall than those of Trinity Bay, but is none the less satisfying for that. A peninsula 85 miles long divides these two immense arms of the Atlantic. The railway which traverses nearly half its length is to be extended to Grates Cove at the northern end.

Grotesque ridges of unclad rock close in the village of Brigus, which lies a mile from the railway station at the head of a walled blue harbour. In this stony lap were reared all the Arctic captains who navigated the ships of the Peary expeditions, and the men of this immediate coast composed Peary's crews. In a cottage house surrounded by trees and a neatly plotted garden lives Captain William Bartlett. He and his brothers, Captains Sam, John and Henry were all born to the ice. The first of the Bartletts to go with Peary was Captain Henry who later lost his life coming from Philadelphia with a cargo of coal. Captain John was skipper of the *Hope* when Peary's meteorite was brought south. Captain Sam who, if necessary "would ship for the Polar Seas in a bath-

tub," in the words of the regretted Borup, stayed during the winter of 1900–1901 at Cape Sabine with the wife and daughter of the explorer while the latter was afield. It was he who superintended the building of the *Roosevelt* at Bucksport, Maine.

The last of the Peary captains was the eldest of four sons and four daughters born to Captain William and his wife, Mrs. Mary Leamon Bartlett. The best ice-master of the North, the trail-maker of the final expedition, who more than any one else besides the Commander was responsible for the discovery of the Pole, had been three times a member of the Peary forces before his surpassing seamanship put the *Roosevelt* at Cape Sheridan. For all but the last five of the pole-ward marches he hewed the way on foot, exceeding by 13 miles a day all previous records for progress over the ice. At the eighty-eighth parallel Captain Bob planted the flag of his native colony. Peary and his companion went on 130 miles from there. When he returned to civilisation the Commander telegraphed Governor Williams at St. John's, "I congratulate Newfoundland on its part in the discovery."

The *Roosevelt's* navigator and, more recently, the hero of the *Karluk* adventure was born in this rock-belted cradle of vikings in 1875. At seventeen he skippered a cod steamer and when still a youth piloted sealing craft in the March gulf fishery. His examinations for second and chief mate were taken at the Navigation School in St. John's, but

his mother, a charming lady of West County ancestry, declares his first schooling in ice seamanship was gained when with his companions he spent winter play-hours jumping from pan to pan in the harbour, "copying" the sealers. As a toddler he sailed the frigid waters in a borrowed tub with a broom as propeller. Brigus youngsters are like that. They skim the thinnest ice, swim the coldest seas, disport themselves on the slipperiest bergs, scale the straightest flanks of the raggedest cliffs. Little wonder that their deeds in later life excite no wonder among their townsfolk. Heroism is at a discount in this nook of the world where adventure is bred in the bone and danger is the sauce of life.

Brigus was originally the port of departure for the seal-killers. In the sixties, forty craft manned by fishermen from Placentia, Burin, Trepassey and other outports were accustomed to leave the ice-choked harbour. As the sailing vessels fell off and steamships took their place the sealing fleet made St. John's the assembling and outfitting port.

The *Terra Nova*, one of the Bowring fleet, carried the Scott Expedition to the Antarctic. On her return she was re-bought by the St. John's firm. During the seal fishery of 1914 she was commanded by Captain William Bartlett, who brought back a catch of 28,000 seals.

In June and July the men of this coast bark their nets, forge their trawl anchors and make ready

their parbuckle for the Labrador cruise. The "merchant," usually the owner of the schooner, supplies a "planter" with provisions, the latter hires the crew, paying them $100 to $120 a season. If the men fish on shares they may earn more, but they risk earning much less. Those who live on the schooners during the summer are "floaters," the men who hire out to no one, but provision themselves and fish from the shore in dories are "landsmen."

The farm country behind Brigus, Clarke's Beach, Bay Roberts and Spaniard's Bay combines with the prospects of sparkling bays to make indescribable pictures. The wagon-roads are good if one prefers to drive north from Brigus (where there is an immaculate inn) to neighbour towns. Harbour Grace is second to St. John's in point of inhabitants, but "second by a long way," having only about an eighth of the capital's population of 32,000. The docks of Harbour Grace were in use over 300 years ago. A Marine Railway has been constructed within recent years which makes it possible to raise and repair ships without their cargo being unloaded.

Twice a week a Reid steamerlet leaves Carbonear for a tour of Conception and Trinity Bays. The course which lies north to Bay de Verde and the bird-haunted Bacalieu Islands, rounds into the magnificent bay to the west after a call at Catalina. The town of Trinity (76 m.)

has a superb harbour. The outlook from Gun Hill comprehends weird and mighty cliffs that rise out of the waters of the rectangular firth with no beaches to break their ascent. Gorgeous contours strike up in the offing as the *Ethie* takes her diminutive way to the haven of Heart's Content which is of importance to the outer world as the converging point for trans-Atlantic cables. Further down the bay, out of the drift of travel or news is Heart's Delight. Near the entrance to Lady Cove, which gives narrow access to Clarenville, is Lake Heartsease.

Clarenville, about 150 miles from Carbonear by the alternating routes of the steamer, is on the main railway line, 131 miles northwest of St. John's. On Mondays and Fridays the *Ethie* starts back to Conception Bay. The total depth of Trinity Bay is 60 miles.

St. John's – Placentia: Placentia – Port-aux-Basques by Water.[3]

At Placentia Junction (62 miles southwest of St. John's), a branch diverges at right angles to Placentia (20 m.) on the wedge-shaped southern bay of the same name. Between the junction and Clarenville the main track runs on an isthmus less than two miles wide which acts as a dam between Placentia and Trinity Bays. At Come-by-Chance

[3] Before leaving to make steamer connections, it is advisable to inquire of the Reid-Newfoundland Company at St. John's as to the exact time of departure, as delays not infrequently occur which alter schedules.

the trisected peninsula of Avalon is almost severed from the remainder of the island.

Placentia Bay is nearly 70 miles wide at the mouth and extends for the same distance into the land. Its upper area is thronged with islands which shield the course of the steamer *Argyle* as it makes its weekly rounds from Placentia to Rose au Rue, to Harbour Buffet, Haystack and Merasheen. The same craft has a sailing every week for Paradise, across the bay from Placentia town, and other ports down the east coast of Burin Peninsula, which are also served by the *Glencoe*, Placentia – Port-aux-Basques.

Placentia village covers a low spit of water-worn gravel beach, lapped on either side by long sea-arms whose tree-covered bluffs rise to a height of several hundred feet. Though it lies low on the water, no town in Newfoundland has a more gracious site. Students of nomenclature believe the bay was named by Portuguese voyagers who found it as fair as the situation of ancient Placentia on the Tagus. In 1662 Charles II sold to Louis XIV of France this portion of the southern shore. The French forthwith fortified it and on several occasions defended it against the English, who resented their sovereign's generosity. The French esteemed it " a post of the greatest importance and service . . . in regard that 'tis a place of refuge to the ships that are obliged to put into a harbour, when they go or come from Canada, and

even to those which come from South America when they want to take in fresh water or provisions."

Castle Hill, on the "Jersey side," had natural advantages for defence by which the French were quick to profit. Under the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht the settlements and its forts reverted to the English. The ghost of a French officer still keeps watch on Castle Hill over the treasure his mates left at the surrender of Placentia. Imaginative villagers have seen his pacing form arrayed in full uniform and an old-style army cap. When the garrison evacuated the fortress it was decreed, according to a very old tale, that one should be shot so that a spirit might sentinel the buried gold until the owners should come again to possess it. Similar traditions are heard about the coves of Grand Manan in the Bay of Fundy and in out-of-the-way ports of northern Newfoundland. One of those to whom the Castle Hill ghost has appeared is the Irish night-guard of the freight vans at the Placentia dock. Though not often lonely in the still watches (the spirits of dead "townies" keep him company) yet it is a bit melancholy to be alone in the caboose when the voices of the ship-wrecked are wafted on an in-shore wind. . . .

Placentia is a dog-less town. Not so much as the flirt of a tail will give you greeting as you ramble the sea-washed streets. Anti-canine legislation was deemed necessary to rid the country-side of the sheep-killers. Some of the people protested

whose big woolly dogs helped to drag cod into the dories and hauled wood and deer-meat in the winter, but they were in the minority and were voted down. So all the dogs of the Placentia district were done away with. When you see those who survive at other outports you regret that in mercy to the brutes themselves the law has not been applied throughout the colony.

In the Church of England grave-yard are the broken head-stones of a Basque fisherman and the officer of a French frigate; the first-named bears the date 1676. The inscriptions,

Ioanes Sara

and

Nis
Dehir
Iart

have been deciphered by Monsignor Légasse, of whom we shall hear more in connection with the church at St. Pierre-Miquelon.

If the constable is not away somewhere on his forty-mile beat up and down the east shore of the bay, he will with good grace leave his ploughing and exhibit the relics of church and court house: the communion silver given by the Prince of Wales who became King William IV and who visited this southern village in 1787; the Hanoverian staff in the court-room; the service of Channel Island silver lustre owned by the widow of the jailer.

Quite as proud is he to show the cells devoid of prisoners, but cluttered with broken chairs and paint cans and the jailer's widow's spinning-wheel.

The *Glencoe's* run across the bay to lovely Marystown on the eastern margin of Burin Peninsula is accomplished in six or seven hours. Great Burin is the second call on the way from Placentia to Port-aux-Basques. The force of the ocean is broken by natural breakwaters about the mouth of this matchless harbour—"the best in Newfoundland." The steamer winds among hillocky islands to the town which perches wherever it can gain a foot-hold about the sides of rough knolls. Intersecting channels are spanned by walks laid on wooden piers. One of the highest hills is named for Captain Cook who made a complete survey of this coast in 1763. On the top is the cairn he erected. The inlets and "back arms" of Burin invited the establishment by Jerseymen and West-of-England firms of important fishing-rooms whose trade with foreign countries once made this harbour one of the most active of the southern outports. A "room" in Newfoundland parlance is the premises of a fishing firm or individual. "A family room" descends from father to son. Originally the term was applied only to the hall where the commercial transactions were consummated. Later it came to include warehouse, docks, stores and drying-stages.

One of many likely and unlikely tales which im-

bruc Burin with romance relates to the wife of a fishing magnate who belonged to the gay world of Paris and was obsessed by a love of gambling. By degrees she wagered and lost all the profits of her husband's business in far-away Burin. When at last she staked in one grand coup two whole cargoes of cod, and lost again, the firm was thrown into bankruptcy, the direst poverty fell upon *la belle française*, and she and her husband were reduced to receiving alms.

One of the oldest inhabitants of Burin is a physician of New England ancestry and a graduate of Harvard Medical School to whom fishermen from Lamaline to Isle Valen bring their sick and injured in sailing boats. Burin has no connection by road with any place except Fortune, 20 miles across the elongated boot of the peninsula. Construction has been commenced on a railway which, starting at Northern Bight, below Clarenville, will unite all the towns on the west side of Placentia Bay with the main highway of traffic, 100 miles to the northeast.

The steamer puts in at St. Lawrence at the heel of the peninsula before breasting the heavy seas which mark the passage between May Point and the Miquelon Islands. Unless fog obscures them the bare peaks of French St. Pierre will show black against the southwestern horizon. An occasional schooner or gasolene launch carries passengers from Grand Bank, on Fortune Bay, or the tourist

may cable for a tug to come from St. Pierre at a cost of $20 to $30 for the three-hour passage back to the island. These considerations aside, the only alternative is to go on to North Sydney from Port-aux-Basques and catch the mail steamer which runs between Halifax, North Sydney and St. Pierre, and which with regular and intermediate summer sailings leaves the Cape Breton port about every seven days.

Once safely around Dantzic Head,— or Point Mal de Mer as under average sea conditions it might more fittingly be called,— the *Glencoe* makes Fortune and Grand Bank, staying long enough at each port to discharge and load cargo. Grand Bank prides itself on its Methodism and the prosperous appearance of its neat stores and white-faced, shutterless houses. Fortune Bay is nearly as long as Placentia Bay but only half as wide. The best scenery of this marvellous coast which turns broad-side to the Atlantic is found beyond Belleoram in the fjords of Harbour Breton, Hermitage, Pushthrough, Burgeo-of-the-many-isles and Rose Blanche (280 miles from Placentia). The disadvantages of the tour are the fogs and choppy seas which attend the journey except on favoured mid-summer days. If one is of a mind to leave the seaworthy little *Glencoe* and sojourn in a fascinating village that clutches the ledges above a cliff-bound haven he may find it difficult to secure lodgings. There are no hotels, but hos-

pitable housewives sometimes surrender their spare chambers to the travelling salesman and to that much rarer *avis*, the summer tourist.

The habits, the speech, the folk and sea-lore of this remote fringe of a far-north island are of distinct and absorbing interest. The manners of the people are winning. Crime is almost unknown. If a constable dies in even so comparatively important a district as Burgeo, it may be months before one is appointed in his place. Occasionally a man who has signed for the Banks fails to appear at the hour of his schooner's sailing, or a master runs his vessel ashore to collect fraudulent insurance. The courts rarely have other offences to deal with. Sometimes the stranger comes upon a fact startling in its primitiveness. One may be cited, almost unbelievable and yet reasonable enough when local conditions are weighed: few of the inhabitants ever saw a horse. A frowsy little beast of the Newfoundland pony type being transported to Port-aux-Basques on the deck of the *Glencoe* drew wide-eyed groups at every port between its point of embarkation and its destination. At Rencontre beyond the whale factory at Balena, there were some older folk who remembered a blind horse that had died thirty years before, but those whose memories were more restricted found of the utmost interest the pony's tail, its rough brown coat and flexible ears. Once upon a time a south coast inhabitant received as a present a white horse.

"The animal strayed away. It was shot for a caribou, and the hunter called up the neighbours to see the white stag with iron shoes on his hoofs."

The bi-weekly arrival of the mail boat is of prime importance to the outport population. Even the village dogs know when the funnel shows off the harbour and race down the hills for the tidbits that a kind-hearted cook throws from the galley. Fed on scant doles of dried herring, regarded only for the services they perform and burdened with dreadful yokes to prevent their jumping the bars to rob sheep-pens, these mongrels of the south coast form a pitiable crew. By law, all dogs that run at large must wear suspended about the neck a seven-pound piece of wood eighteen inches long and three inches in diameter. The weight of the dragging rope causes unspeakable sores on the poor necks. The dogs attack the sheep because they are starved. They are starved by masters who will not humanely kill them but keep them alive because of their value as *chiens de trait*. Needless to say there is no society in Newfoundland for the protection of animals from cruelty.

A harrowing vision often seen by the folk of this shore before a storm is a white eight-oared gig manned by a headless crew. Another ghostly apparition is a headless Frenchman who haunts the fish-houses of one of the harbours. On one of the rare beaches that are good for landing, no boat

HUMBERMOUTH, NEWFOUNDLAND

painter will stay tied. Spirit hands loosen the firmest knots.

The *Glencoe* has gone in and out of these granite orifices and beaten along the reefs and straight cliffs of this remarkable coast for nearly twenty years, through September gales and March hurricanes, and never lost a life. Before the advent of steam vessels so many fatal wrecks were recorded every year between Cape Race and Cape Ray that the inhabitants were able to construct and furnish houses and even apparel themselves from the flotsam scattered on the waves. Judge Prowse in *The Newfoundland Quarterly* relates the story of an Anglican clergyman who held service in an isolated south port. "Having been formerly an officer in the army, he was very particular about his clothes. His plain black coat was of the very best material. The old fisherman, his host, eyed him for some time; then laying his hand on the coat sleeve, smoothing it down, he said: 'That's a mighty fine piece of cloth, sir; never seed such a splendid bit of cloth in my life before. Get'ee out of a wrack, sir?'" In those days the best that any one had was reaped from the sea.

Four miles east of Port-aux-Basques are the Isles aux Morts, the Islands of the Dead, where a hundred years ago the immortal George Harvey rescued from ship-wrecks many scores of human beings. Cape Ray, the extreme southwesterly

headland, is approximately the same distance on the other side of the Port of the Basques.

Bonavista Bay.

The rail journey from Shoal Harbour (133 miles northwest of St. John's) to the town of Bonavista is fraught with inconveniences. Three days in the week the "Accommodation" leaves at 1:22 in the morning, and on the remaining week-days, if the express is on time and the stars are propitious it departs five hours later. Six hours are consumed in making the journey of 88 miles. A less strenuous and more picturesque route is via the *Dundee* which leaves Port Blandford (18 miles beyond Shoal Harbour) on Mondays and Fridays for a three days' tour of twenty ports in the isle-fretted bay. At Bonavista, the chief town, connection can be made with the Reid and Bowring Labrador steamers.

Looking on the fearsome reefs of Cape Bonavista one wonders how Cabot and Cartier had courage to approach so inhospitable a land. The harbour of Catalina to the south is believed to be the one the Norman voyager named St. Katherine. There his ships remained ten days until the weather was favourable for a continuance of his first and most memorable journey in the New World.

Between Port Blandford and Notre Dame Junction (94 m.) the main line of the railway crosses

the Terra Nova, Gander and Triton Rivers, all of which traverse an unsurpassed hunting and fishing country.

Notre Dame Bay.

A 10-mile rail journey from Notre Dame Junction terminates at Lewisporte at the bottom of Notre Dame Bay. Twice a week a steamer goes as far to the northeast as Fogo, calling at Exploits, Herring Neck, Twillingate and other harbours en route. Another steamer has bi-weekly sailings toward the west and north to Leading Tickles, Pilley's Island, Springdale, Green Bay ports, Nipper's Harbour, Snook's Arm and Tilt Cove. Either way there are inconceivably beautiful views of green heights and islands " numerous as glittering gems of morning dew," and of armlets that environ farm and fishing hamlets with placid deep-blue streams.

Exploits is due north of Lewisporte at the delta of Newfoundland's largest river. Twillingate, " the northern capital," is 14 miles beyond. One of the crowning vistas of the whole bay is disclosed at Herring Neck. Southward is Dildo Run with unusual rock formations. Fogo, situated on two islands, was formerly reputed for its pure-bred Newfoundland dogs. The species has now so far degenerated that when the King of England, then Prince of Wales, visited the island a few years back there was a great to-do to find one thorough-

bred animal in the colony worthy to be presented to so illustrious a guest. At present England breeds the only Newfoundland dogs that emulate in type Landseer's "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society" painted in 1838, and later chosen as the model head for a now somewhat rare Newfoundland stamp. According to the best standards the coat should be liver and white, black and white, or all black. If all black, white hairs are permissible on chest, toes and tip of tail. A strong active male dog should stand 29 inches tall and weigh 120 to 140 pounds. Other distinguishing points of the thorough-bred are web-feet, a broad massive head, small ears and an expression intelligent, kindly and dignified. Robert Burns' poem "Twa Dogs," written in 1786, extolled the qualities of the Newfoundland. To a noble member of the same species Byron erected at Newstead Abbey a monument

> To mark a friend's remains . . .
> I never knew but one, and here he lies.

On Fogo Island was born toward the end of the eighteenth century a child whose beauty in later years fascinated all of France. As Pamela Sims the young Newfoundlander became a member of the household of the Duc d'Orléans and was taken to wife by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Irish revolutionist. The poet Sheridan also fell under the spell of this "very Hebe, such as Thorwalsden

might have wrought," whose portrait may be viewed in one of the galleries at Versailles.

Passengers on the *Clyde* can transfer at Exploits to the *Home* without returning to Lewisporte. The eccentric sculptured cliffs of Leading Tickles appear beyond Fortune Harbour. Springdale, at the mouth of Hall's Bay, is the starting point for noted trout and salmon streams. The *Home* continues across Green Bay to Nipper's Harbour where weird-looking rocks rising out of the sea remind one of scenes about Brigus. This coast is so pregnant with minerals that in places the ore may be seen glittering beneath the water. The Tilt Cove Mines have produced in the fifty years of their operation nearly $20,000,000 worth of copper.

Tunny-fish, often six feet in length, enter this northern bay in great numbers. In the summer, Green, Trinity and Bonavista Bays are visited by fleets of fishing-boats in quest of the tentacled oddity known locally as squid. When a few inches long they make tempting cod bait. Grown to maturity they become devil-fish. They are caught by hanging unbaited hooks over the side of the boats and " jigging " them up and down. In this economical manner many barrels of bait are annually secured.

The Bowring steamer *Prospero*, St. John's – Battle Harbour, a comfortable craft of a thousand tons, calls in Bonavista, Notre Dame and White

Bays and proceeds up the exposed east shore of Newfoundland's uppermost arm to St. Anthony, and across the Strait of Belle Isle to Labrador. At St. Anthony Dr. Grenfell has successfully bred large herds of Lapland reindeer.

A small Reid boat leaves Lewisporte every Wednesday for Tilt Cove, Coachman's Cove, St. Anthony, Battle Harbour and intermediate points.

Notre Dame Junction — Grand Falls — Grand Lake — Humbermouth — Spruce Brook — St. George's Bay — Doyle's — Little River — Port-aux-Basques.

Beyond Notre Dame Junction the main railway penetrates the forest lands of the Exploits River. At Grand Falls (276 m. from St. John's) the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company has created a new city, well built, well paved and lighted, as an adjunct to the mammoth pulp mills whose product feeds the presses of the Harmsworth publications in England. Bishop Falls is the seat of a similar industry. Grand Falls is situated a little way off the railway near the dam above the rocky plunge of the Exploits River. A tall sulphur tower marks the site of the mills. The bulk of the timber used is spruce. The forests of Newfoundland, which cover about a third of its total area, have until recent years been practically untouched by commerce. At the present rate of development, the island's timber tracts and its iron,

copper and coal deposits bid fair to rival the fisheries in value. One of the most extensive lumber districts centres about Red Indian Lake, south from Millertown Junction. This region was one of the last strongholds of the now extinct tribe of Beothics, the aborigines of Newfoundland.

The road climbs the higher levels of a spreading plateau. Here above the steppes that in spring and fall are frequented by migrating caribou, "the Topsails" spring upward with strange and telling effect. Snow often rests on these pyramidal buttes until the summer is well advanced. The rough-fashioned landscape has its own charm, but from the railway few mellow scenes appear until the Humber is approached. On the way is Grand Lake, the largest of the myriad fresh-water seas that strew the island. Near the railroad the plain is bereft of trees due to forest fires, which to a large extent have been ignited by sparks from passing engines. Settlers who live near the iron way complain that they must now take a day's journey to secure fire-wood, whereas all the heights hereabouts and still further east were formerly cloaked in green. Away from the railroad, abutting the long-drawn shores of the lake, are deep plushy growths of spruce, juniper, fir and pine which are the chosen haunts of sportsmen. In this district the Reid Syndicate have profitable coal-fields.

At the completion of the branch from a place

beyond Grand Lake to Bonne Bay, this pictorial gem of the west coast will be accessible without recourse to steamer.

The game country of the Upper Humber is reached from Deer Lake station. Two days are usually needed to arrive at the salmon pools below the Grand Fall. The Humber rises in Birchy Lake, a few miles south of the lowest inlet of White Bay. Gliding downward between pale-coloured hills, twisting by the impasse of wooded spurs that seek to bar its course, the river flows through Deer Lake and sweeps with broad mien past Humbermouth. There are few river views more inspiring than the one which stretches to the west through Birchy Cove to Bay of Islands.

This intensely blue estuary of the Humber 13 miles distant from the railway, is crossed by the Reid steamer *Meigle* on its Wednesday trip from Humbermouth to Battle Harbour, via Bonne Bay and other points on the west coast. See last section of this chapter.

At Curling, 3 miles beyond Humbermouth, good accommodations are available in a new and attractive summer hotel. Excursions up and down the Humber and to Bay of Islands can be arranged by launch. This spot more nearly approaches a tourist resort than any place on the island.

Rivers and lakes are so commonplace in Newfoundland, a third of her surface is absorbed by inland waters, that fair-sized streams are as often called brooks as rivers, and even Grand Lake, 60

miles long and 6 miles wide, is named on the map a pond. Spruce Brook and Harry's Brook thread a realm renowned for fish, big game and alluring canoe-ways. The Log Cabin at Spruce Brook Station is a pleasant inn at which even on the border of the wilderness the conventions are not disregarded. At Stephenville Crossing is another hotel for sportsmen and tourists, near the head of lovely Bay St. George. This is a famous lobster region. In season one may feast on the toothsome crustacean at an absurdly small outlay. They are offered by fishermen at 11 cents each. Salmon is 5 cents a pound. Trout cost 25 cents for a dozen weighing one and a half to two pounds each. Emptying into this bay are numerous other streams inhabited by the mystic *salmo salar*.

At South Branch the rails bridge the Grand Codroy on its way to the gulf. From this station and from Doyle's (25 miles above Port-aux-Basques) the pools are conveniently fished. From Doyle's store the river is a mile distant. Almost on its banks is a genial house on a five-hundred-acre farm frequented year after year by a loyal clan. "Doyle's" has an individuality that is not to be ascribed to the merit of near-by pools nor to the scenery, which here comprises a wide curving river, apple-green intervales and two rows of grim snow-flecked ranges. Though past three score and ten, the mother of the Doyle boys, "mother" also to all her hungry boarders, assumes the tasks of

housewife, cook and waitress — nimbly broiling new-caught trout, emerging with platters of fat salmon from the steam-misted kitchen where the guides are supping, piling plates with brown biscuits, surreptitiously filling half-emptied milk glasses from the quart cream pitcher, hovering with heaped ladles to replenish dwindling portions, beaming on the guests who take two helpings of everything, chiding those who for most excellent reasons cannot.

In the morning early the fishermen are off to the Cascade or the Overfall. Rubber-breeched and stoutly booted, their pockets bulge with fly-books, hooks and reels. The guides shoulder poles, gaffs and frying-pans and a Mother Doyle sack of provisions. They descend to the boats and pole two or three miles up river between fruitful meadows and knolls dotted with browsing sheep. Across the wide flats the Anguille Mountains make a wall to bar out the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Above tidewater good pools occur at short intervals. On these Newfoundland streams the first rod holds possession. In other words, a pool is a man's own until he deserts it. The price he pays is the $10 fishing-fee to the warden. The custom of leasing water rights obtains nowhere on the island.

At the close of the day catches are weighed and compared, adventures recounted, condolences exchanged over the gamey ones that got away after hours of sulks and rushes. Some of the salmon

are consigned to the smoke-house. The biggest are ice-packed and shipped home to friends.

A fine road goes down the valley 7 miles to Searstown facing the gulf. Here one sees salmon by the dory-load taken from nets set a specified distance off the river mouth. The cod brought in to Searstown is sold in pickle to a firm from Gloucester which buys from all the little rooms up and down this coast.

Tompkins', on Little River, is another resort in favour with American and Canadian anglers who are rewarded by big catches of salmon and lake and sea trout. Port-aux-Basques is 20 miles south of Little River station. The train runs alongside the steamer landing for the boats to Cape Breton. The main settlement is at Channel, a mile away.

Port-aux-Basques — Battle Harbour.

The tourist arriving from St. John's by rail or coasting steamer can make connection with the *Portia* (as already outlined under "Transportation," Chapter XIV) for Bay of Islands and Bonne Bay (250 m.). Rounding Cape Ray and Cape Anguille the first to be reached of the five main indentations of this west coast, known still as the French Shore,[3] is the broad-mouthed Bay of St. George, whose lower margin is overlooked from the railroad. At Port au Port on the other side

[3] See "Chronology," Chapter XV.

of the bay one can walk a short distance and come to the lower arm of a second inlet which opens to the north, almost cutting away an immense section of land at whose point is Cape St. George. There is a reflex here of former French occupation in the names, Port au Port, Le Petit Jardin, Le Grand Jardin, Les Vaches. English names are less euphonious, Charlie Sheare's Cove, Black Duck Brook, Rope Cove, Bear Cove. Over-topping the latter is a mountain which bears the familiar name of Blomidon. This peak over 2000 feet high exceeds Blomidon of Minas in altitude and scope of vision if not in romantic association. To the west is the open gulf; to the north, the Bay of Islands (90 miles from Bay St. George) and the crest of Mount St. Gregory. The longest of the bay's three great arms is the one which receives the Humber. To do justice to this lovely sheet of water and its cleft shores one should tour by launch along the arms and among the sylvan islands which lie off the course of the *Portia* and the Reid steamer *Meigle*, down from Humbermouth. Both steamers go on to Bonne Bay (40 m.) where the most sophisticated tourist will experience new sensations. About the margin of this peerless fjord are arrayed the island's sublimest pinnacles. Above tiers of red headlands climb barren hills, and above the hills massive, deeply undulated summits whose crevices are inlaid with glittering snow.

Bonne Bay village makes a white line along the

base of these wild sea mountains. At this point one may turn back with the *Portia* or continue on the Reid craft to the northern limits of the island — a journey of nearly 300 miles. The Long Range follows the coast from Bonne Bay to Hawke's Harbour and Ingornachoix Bay. Sportsmen leave the steamer at Port Saunders for salmon streams that lead up toward the mountains.

Isolated summits peer above Bay St. John whose uppermost promontory is New Ferrole, which lies on the fifty-first parallel north latitude. At Flower's Cove the *Meigle* crosses the Strait of Belle Isle to Salmon Bay on the coast of Canadian Labrador, and in doing so cuts the waters which in February are overlaid by the Arctic floes that form the breeding grounds of the seals of Greenland and Hudson's Bay. Blanc Sablon is on the boundary line between the Dominion of Canada and the in no wise related state, the Colony of Newfoundland.

The steamer loops in and out of desolate ports on the upper side of the strait, calls at Chateau Bay and then at Battle Harbour, due north of Cape Bauld, the topmost of Newfoundland's headlands.

From Battle Harbour, St. John's may be reached direct by the *Kyle* or the *Prospero*.

A HOLIDAY ON THE MIQUELON ISLANDS

CHAPTER XVII

A HOLIDAY ON THE MIQUELON ISLANDS

* *
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DRAW a line from Cape Cod to Newfoundland and it will cleave an island group where the three-barred pennant of France snaps from mast and pole, and hamlets are guarded by French gendarmes. Shrines at the angle of low-gabled streets, groups that play at Basque Ball on the square, dogs that strain at burdens denote the nationality of this archipelago, which lies only a little way off northern steamer lanes, but is less familiar to travellers than many isles in remote seas.

Here, cafés that smell of *byrrh* and good Bordeaux are served by damsels Gallic in tongue and gesture, and *place* and quay are cumbered by the tread of wooden-soled boots which, like smiting pink socks, broad caps and swaggering sashes call to mind the costumes of Brittany and its neighbour provinces.

Steamers from New York and Boston tie up at Halifax near the mail packet which leaves twice a month for St. Pierre. If arrival and departure are well-timed, a fair weather voyage of scarcely three

days separates the capital of New England from the chief town of the Miquelon Islands, last fragment of New France.

When not only the capital of New England but that of Scotland's namesake had been put behind us, the Adventurer and I, and Happy the terrier, betook ourselves from the cold mist which obscured receding Halifax to the packet's trim cabin. About the table where tall bottles stalked, the ship's company — buyers of oil, sellers of motors, visiting Pierrais from the States — made reference to crossings quite the opposite of fair, when a week of days and nights had been needed to make this passage alone. We were fortunate, so every one said, to find ourselves in these waters in mid-summer. At other seasons, buccaneer gales of the St. Lawrence Gulf and the Atlantic not infrequently exact toll from far prouder ships than the little craft on which we had somewhat fearfully embarked for a vague land of Fog, Fish and Frenchmen.

At break of a sullen morning, the port-holes framed, first, a long barren island which was Great Miquelon, then a grassy one which was Langlade, then another, steep and green — Colombier. On our right rose a lofty rock wall whose length of three or four miles was the length of the island called for the Great Fisherman. There were other islands, those of the Conquerors, the Massacre, the Pigeons and the Dogs. But the one in which

travellers are most interested is that of St. Peter.

When we had rounded the promontory which faces Newfoundland, 18 miles to the north, our altered course disclosed the capital of the Miquelons ascending from an oval harbour toward the heights which crown the island. Inside the basin's reefy gate the drying nets of over-sea trawlers bellowed like brown ensigns; in the misty wind, schooners' sails breathed to and fro as gulls lift waking wings. On the out-reaching cliff of Galantry Head the mighty pharos that flashes afar the menace of these shores, still did duty through the dawn. Here and there, lights glimmered from cottages that bossed the hillside above our prow, but for the most part the grey village of St. Pierre still stretched on its ledge asleep.

At the foot of the gang-plank the same uniform confronted us as confronts one at Villefranche or Boulogne. And we answered, as there, "*Jai rien à declarer, Monsieur,*" and were chalked free with a negligent smile. A few men, broad-bodied, dressed in sea clothes, leaned against the walls of shuttered stores to watch the disembarking of passengers and the unloading of the cargo, mainly composed of food-stuffs from Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, hardware from Connecticut and brick and cement from Bangor. Below the quay dorymen busied themselves with spark plug and petrol. But in the silence of early morning the wide embankment was blank and still except

for a whistling baker-boy who halted before doorways set deep in white stucco to deliver little breads from his ample head-basket. The round-skirted women who answered his call, the roofs that sloped toward the lintels of the opened doors were as veritably French as though the mother country were not an ocean apart from this colonial child.

We inquired for a hotel. A lusty idler replied in surprising pure accent that there were boarding-houses only, and but three of those. The coiffeur's behind the *magasin* of Monsieur Frecker might suit, only — Madame would perhaps find it not to her taste having to pass always through the hair-dressing shop to reach the family rooms. So that left two. . . . And both were on corners of the same streets, and the cuisine was as reputed at one as at the other.

Thus with no prejudices to guide us we sought a cinder road which left the quay near an archaic and water-less fountain and took its up-hill way past windows wherein watches and demijohns, tinted saints and merchandise would later in the day induce custom. Houses and shops were nearly all of dun-painted wood. Door-steps rose immediately from the roadway as in other French villages. And upper casements gazed directly upon the heads of the two strangers who paused to tap discreetly, for it was not yet seven o'clock, upon a certain green panel.

If we had known that Madame C—— had but

recently announced herself heir to a legacy and indifferent to trade, we should better have comprehended the stir of draperies, the whispered peering of heads at neighbouring panes. Better have understood, also, the reluctant flap and shuffle of slippered feet which preceded the narrow gaping of the door, and the curt "*Eh Bien?*" which was our greeting.

"We seek breakfast, Madame," with caution, noting the chill of the appraising eye.

"*Seulement déjeuner?*" from lips that were keen as the glance.

One could not be sure . . . if the terms were right —

Whereat the green door snapped shut.

No more decisively, however, than another that had been waiting flew open. "Over here if you please," summoned a voice so compelling that over there we went to engage a chamber which resembled the best room in any French cottage from its gold wedding clock to its wedding four-poster. The furnishings, so it was volubly disclosed, had to the very image of Saint Mary been brought across the sea in a Brittany sailboat. In the same way is still conveyed much that the good people of Miquelon wear, eat and use.

During the fortnight we spent as guests of Madame Miller we slept, as in rural France, upon and beneath a ticking of down, and were wakened each

morning by Albertine piping *chansons* as she dusted the stair. Appetizing odors drew us often to the dining-room where through an open door we could see the genie of the kitchen peering into kettles, sniffing under lids, mincing with fastidious, pottering hands herbs into a sputtering pan. At the table, we shared the concoctions of Madame, likewise tinned delicacies from France, good wine and puffy *gateaux*, with a monsieur lately arrived from Paris to install a new plant for the mogul called Thélot who dictates to St. Pierre how many watts it may have for its centimes. So potent is the name of this luminary that in his orbit it is synonymous with the light itself. "*Où est Thélot?*" mothers ask to invite their babes' reply, "*Là est Thélot!*" at the turning of the switch. If the evening current is belated, householders sigh in the dusk, "Thélot is late tonight," or if the light is poor, "Thélot is dim."

The broad world, its habits and terms mean little to St. Pierre. Many born on the island have never left it for so much as a day's excursion to Big or Little Miquelon. Their universe is this pinnacled isle bounded by the Atlantic.

A short way down a shabby street from our *pension* was the square about which the social and religious life of the village rotates, even as the quay is the hub of local commerce. Near-by is Government House. Facing the *place* is the café of the high world. But the most significant struc-

ture is the long, two-towered church deeded to the parish under exceptional circumstances by a bishop, member of the island's Basque aristocracy. This bishop made it his mission to preach the needs of St. Pierre from the north to the south of France. As the result of his campaign, half a million francs were given him to be used as he found best. Even the windows in the church he built bear the inscription, "A gift to Monsignor Légasse." The building, its altar ornaments and feast-day hangings became the property of the cleric, and he gave it outright to the parish, thus thwarting forever its forfeiture to the State. For the inhabitants of St. Pierre had felt the heavy hand of secularization, and like the ardent Churchmen they are had rebelled against it. In 1908 they made a demonstration before the Governor's house following the closing of the parochial schools, and threatened with vehemence to transfer their allegiance to the United States. Whereupon the home Ministry came tolerantly to terms.

Tolerantly, because these possessions, referred to by Voltaire in his *Life of Louis XV* as the Isles of Michelon, are no longer of value to France. Drastic conditions have affected the trade of St. Pierre, the capital-port. For years it has waned in population and prosperity, and those who stay on in its weather-worn houses wonder dully what is to become of them and their children. A fourth of the buildings are empty and only a score of

schooners remain from the fleet of more than ten score which formerly bore "St. Pierre" at the stern.

Most of the inhabitants descend from those Norman, Basque and Breton companions of Champlain and de Razilly who were the forefathers of the exiles ruthlessly driven from New France by the English. Acadian outcasts found an asylum on these islands which had been known to Norse, French and Spanish voyagers in the Middle Centuries, and which Jacques Cartier is said to have visited before touching the mainland of America. In 1713 a troublous history began when they were granted with Newfoundland to Great Britain. Following Wolfe's victory on the Plains above Quebec, they were conferred upon vanquished France as a sop, with the stipulation that they be used henceforth only as an unfortified fishing-station. During the next fifty years, England and France were the alternate masters of Miquelon, but in 1815 the islands were definitely ceded to the French.

Recognising that Britain's prowess on the sea was first established by the ancient crews of Devon and Dorset who sailed a stormy tract to the Newfoundland feeding-grounds, France utilised the advantageous depôt of St. Pierre as an aid in training her naval recruits. The cod industry was encouraged for two reasons: it yielded boundless riches,

and it afforded hardy practise for marine conscripts.

In 1884, St. Pierre was the premier fishing-port of the world. A visitor of that period, contributing to the *Century Magazine*, said of it, "Only at the wharves of Liverpool or New York can crowds of shipping be seen gathered in such dense masses of masts interlocked by ropes and yards." The commerce in salt and fish alone then approximated 40,000,000 francs a year. Each spring, passenger ships left the French coast towns of St. Malo, Dieppe and St. Brieuc for the little island on the other side of the sea. There the local fleet of fishing vessels was outfitted and despatched to the Banks with its Breton and Norman crews. When holds were full, schooners returned to land the fares of fish and take on new stores. While the fleet was away, fisher-wives and beach-boys spent their days on the gravel-flakes "making the cod." On every quintal of 112 pounds of fish the Government granted, and still grants, a bounty of nine francs, or about one-third the value of the catch. But in those royal days of thirty years ago St. Pierre had twice its present resident population of three thousand, and in addition, from May to October, ten thousand "Frenchmen from France" swarmed thither at enriching intervals. Everything they consumed was brought to the island and sold at a profit by merchants and shipowners whose swollen purses provided expensive

houses and living, whose children were sent abroad to be educated, and returned to adorn functions that reflected the lustre of Paris.

As St. Pierre's wealth had been drawn from finny depths, so it dwindled, not through lack of cod, but through want of small fish to bait them. For without herring upon the hook, what avail the hordes that swim the shallows of the Banks? Newfoundland was the traditional source of dependable bait supply, and Newfoundland, long resentful at having to compete in open market with French codders who benefited by a Government bonus, took her revenge. A law was enacted making it illegal for her fishermen to sell bait to any vessel of a foreign nation. Thus was accomplished the ruin of St. Pierre.

With the local run of bait uncertain, *armateurs* hesitated to engage and pay the transportation of the sailors from France. Gradually, new methods prevailed. Vessels outfitted in Brittany, secured periwinkle bait on the Banks, shipped their catch in brine direct to France by transports provided for the purpose, and called at St. Pierre only when in need of repairs or minor provisions.

A fleet of one hundred and fifty brigs, brigantines and barkentines now leaves France in normal years for the Banks. Besides, there are twenty trawlers or more which have no need for bait, but like their brothers of the North Sea, trail cornucopia nets behind them.

The village "journal of Social Democracy," *La Vigie*, in its issue of June sixth, 1914, comments editorially that the colony of St. Pierre-Miquelon, "sole débris of our important possessions in New France," is to-day on the point of vanishing completely. Said a shop-keeper as he gazed at impoverished shelves, "We are only poor relations now, hanging to the skirts of France. Our flakes are bare, the wharves where vessels once ranged in a treble row stern to stem are nearly deserted. If our *patrie* contrives no new industries for us, then we must find occupation elsewhere, as hundreds of us have already done — some in Canadian mines and factories, some in Gloucester and Lynn. We Miquelonais do not like Canada, the land from which our ancestors were expelled by British usurpers. Nor do we forget that we owe all our misfortune to the vengeance of a British colony. Most of us, like the Acadians, will find our refuge in America. Our island will be left alone with its staring houses."

Despite predictions justified by the present state of commerce, new projects are being discussed for the sustenance of the colony, and beach and wharves still show activities fostered by the presence of an ever-changing fleet. Each year, many English vessels as well as French are placed under the economical and expert hands of St. Pierre workmen. As we walked one morning along the harbour road, the air was lively with the tapping

of riveters renewing the plates of a rusted prow. On the dock near-by was a group squatted about a heap of ruddy sails that ruddier hands struck the needle through. Other groups were sorting cod on the deck of *Our Lady of Good News*. In dusky sheds, bare-footed girls laughed and sang as they shovelled pyramids of Cadiz salt into barrows for other girls to wheel to outgoing ships. Constantly we marvelled at the speech of even these humble natives of St. Pierre who have no uncouth accent or *patois* but speak the pure tongue of Tours and Orléans.

On the road to Galantry there are shops fragrant with tar and oakum, where anchors and hard-tack are sold by the pound, squid-hooks by the card, and rope by the metre. In this direction are the premises of a corporation euphoniously known as The French Codfish, *La Morue Française*. Besides flocks of trawlers, *goëlettes* and cod transports, it owns a great drying-plant at Fécamp, near St. Malo on the Norman coast.

A stony hill behind the company's warehouses surveys the town, rising from its mast-fringed water-front to cheerless terraces. As a "symbol and work of faith" there stands above this village of fading hope a crucifix on a far-seen mound. Beyond a ravine are other mounds and crosses enclosed by a fence — a "sad colony" that the grave-blaster will guide you about. He blasts because one cannot dig rock, and St. Pierre is an

island whose ribs are stone beneath a veil of earth. He blasts in summer because the frost and the rock together defy his tools in winter-time. So you find him in July preparing the sometime bed of one knows not who — his own perhaps, as he reminds you.

Catholic and Protestant lie in the common plot. One corner is reserved for sailors; the graves of the shipwrecked are marked by nameless crosses.

A fog winds in from the Atlantic, and we hasten down to the quay where yard-arms stretch dark and stiff in the mist and moisture stains the flagging. Before the despatch board of the French Cable office a group of black-shawled women is discussing the report that an Emperor's heir has been murdered. "A bad business," they murmur, knowing no more than the rest of the world, what a very bad business it should prove to be.

Some one taps on the window. "*Entrez mes amis!* There are fresh cables — a fine wedding for Madame, *la boxe* for Monsieur. . . ." It is forbidden, this "leaking" of small news, but if one has spent an amiable evening with the director who is one's landlady's brother-in-law, rules need not be too strictly kept.

In the grimy booth we hear that the French cabinet is in difficulties, that Carpentier has invaded Britain, and a submarine has gone down — to stay. Opinions are launched and disputed, argument runs high among the loungers in the office.

Only a stalwart with his back to the winking stove says nothing. He is a grappler just in from a job at splicing, from the deck of a repair-ship, two finger-thick cables leagues down in the sea. Laws and athletics are tame talk to him.

When we go out again to the Quai de la Roncière the fog has passed and the sun is pushing through. St. Pierre's gloomy moods are not always so quickly dispelled. Often she sulks in a mist for days together, but through the late summer one may be reasonably sure of bright days.

A brusque wind makes sport of hats and petticoats as we cross the broad pavement. Café doors slam shut on drinking sailors; oxen, drawing carts which move on Roman wheels of wood, bend still lower their wool-padded heads; on the landing, an old dame in long cape and muslin bonnet waits shiveringly for the boat to Dog Island. But no one complains of the wind, for it rends the fog, bane of St. Pierre.

The Governor's Residence, a modest mansion flanked by offices of the island's bureaucracy, is on a parterre fronting the harbour. One called merely an Administrator has succeeded to the chief office, and even his powers are not infrequently confided now to a lesser official. Though the rank of the appointee from Paris has declined with St. Pierre's glory, France maintains an appearance of maternalism in suave cablegrams which deceive no one, but which explain with what care the Govern-

ment is considering the choice of a new and worthy head for the neglected colony.

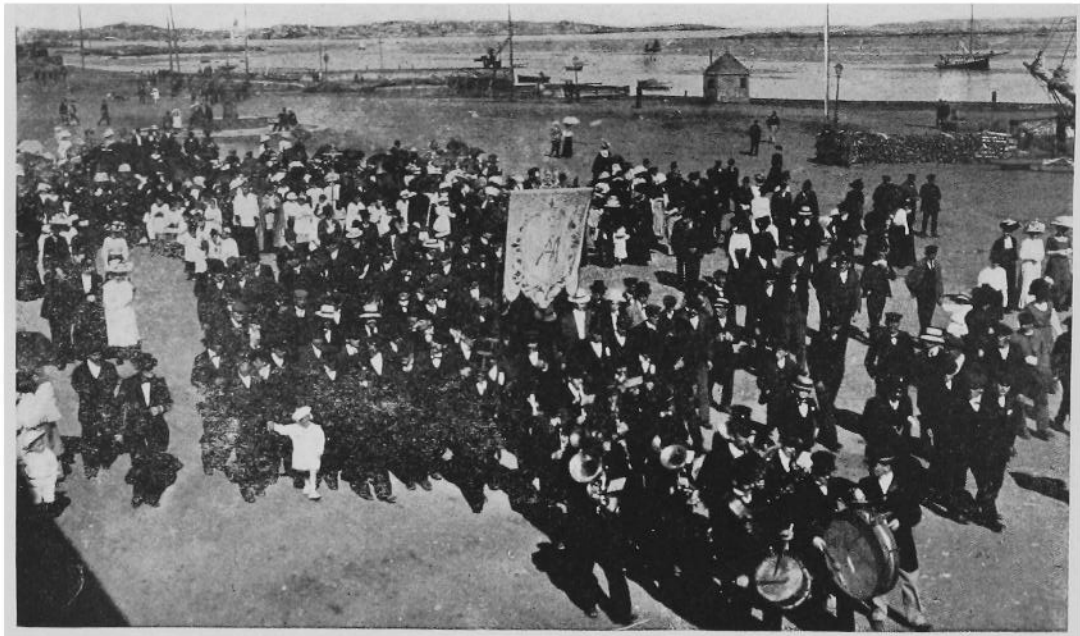
The Island of St. Pierre, the Isle aux Chiens and Miquelon Island have each a municipal council elected by the townsfolk. The mayor is chosen by the council and serves without compensation in the liberal way Latin mayors seem to do. The civic head to whom we paid our *devoirs* came by appointment from his clerk's desk at The French Codfish to receive in the municipal sanctum. Politics rage with fervour in St. Pierre. We knew that the gentleman who was at the moment occupying the official swivel chair had been the candidate of the family Légasse, who control *La Morue Française*, and have at least two fingers in every St. Pierre pie.

The wedding salon of the *Mairie* was arrayed in green dust sheets quite discouraging to sentiment. "November is the marriage month," explained the mayor, and cited the thrifty reason that in November the fishing season is ended and would-be grooms know better then the state of their finances.

In St. Pierre's heyday, this chamber witnessed many unions between Newfoundland girls of Irish descent and native lovers who made them a home on the island, or took them back to Brittany, there to bear a Franco-Celtic progeny which is represented now among crews of visiting fishermen. The maids of Burin and St. Lawrence emigrated as servants to the great houses of St. Pierre and

had a share in the life of a generation ago. Now one finds them in the public wash-house, or spreading fish to dry for winter use, or stringing cod tongues for their French-speaking children to sell. The cartloads of tongues, cheeks and sounds which the little hucksters vend are drawn by dog-teams, harnessed with rope and gingham-bound collars and bitted with a straight twig of wood. The dogs of Miquelon merit an ode to their fortitude and docile sagacity. Most of them boast a strain of that Newfoundland breed of which even a trace seems to ennoble the most outlandish of mongrels. Nearly all fishing vessels carry dogs as retrievers of cod which fall from the deck in loading; as fog detectors — it is said they can scent approaching vapour as well as land — and as augurs of good luck. When the master puts out to his vessel, Jacko swims after, though the distance may be upwards of a mile and the water wintry cold.

One comes to the beach where the dory fishermen land their daily catch by following the Street of the Army of Italy, which begins at the north end of the quay. On the way, one passes the three cannon which overlook the channel, and which comprise the last French armament in North America. The antiquated trio was formerly a quartette. But upon the occasion of a national fête a patriot thought to discharge a blast, and annihilated both the gun and himself in doing so. Thus he attained



THE QUAY AT ST. PIERRE-MIQUELON, WITH DOG ISLAND BEYOND.

The Procession of the Virgin, August Fifteenth

the distinction of being recorded the sole victim of this historic battery.

As the weather had been favourable for fishing, the wharves on the channel beach presented a characteristic picture when we strolled one day to the little cove to watch the unloading of the dory fleet. The gleaming cod were tossed from the bottom of capacious motor-boats to platforms about the workers' benches. Women with white kerchiefs tied about their heads helped in the various processes and lightened the somewhat sombre scene with their banter. On adjacent wharves long tables were devoted to the dressing of the tiny caplin which " strike in " each June or July, burdening the breakers, and littering the shore with stranded fins so that buckets are filled by being merely dipped in the surf. Fried fresh they excel in tastiness the smelt or sardine. Salted and dried they are in demand in the delicate-eating shops of Paris at a sou apiece. Their preparation is mainly carried on by women, and by Breton beach-boys who come out to serve a year on shore before spending another two years on the Banks to complete their naval apprentice-ship.

Many of these boys speak the language of Brittany, which resembles English more than French. " Count for M'sieur and Madame," urged his employer of one who stood stockily in his sabots before a fish-laden table. When he complied, to the amusement of his nudging companions, we could

understand nearly every number from one to twelve. The *patron* of the Breton boys was Basque. He courteously demonstrated the throaty difficulties of Eskuara, the rugged tongue of the mountain dwellers on the shores of Biscay Bay.

There was another Basque. We saw him first in the uniform of the "Suisse" at the ceremony of the First Communion in the white church on the square. Cocked hat and gold-braided coat were no grander than his stride. At proper moments he brought his sacristan's staff ringingly to the floor. When veiled little figures defiled beneath pended models of sailing-ships, which hang in this church of St. Peter as they hang in the fanes of Normandy and Brittany, Jean-Baptiste led off, significant in bearing and array of the dignity of Church and State. "I should like to see him on a week-day," said one, following with respect the departing figure. "Do you imagine he carries such pomp into every circumstance?"

The next day, a sunny Monday, we were on the hill road which runs below the ruin of the old barracks when we heard at some distance the heavy plod of oxen's feet and the chiding of a driver. The camera was hastily uncased. "*Arretez, s'il vous plait . . . un moment* —" as the attelage hove round the corner. The wheels paused. Readily the driver gave permission to make the photograph, which, so it appeared, he had long desired, for he loved his *boeufs*,— which were of

course not his at all but his employer's, who sold coal to the villagers. However, when one walked all day beside the patient brutes, what would you? They became like one's own, was it not so?

We heard in a daze. Cap and baggy breeches, slothful gait, rough shoes, warming smile — to what had our "Suisse" descended? For him it was we had so peremptorily halted. Obligingly he drew the oxen toward the sun and posing his elbow on a glossy back, shouldered his goad. "*C'est bien?*" he inquired, and without being asked looked pleasant.

When the exposure was made we took his address. "Jean-Baptiste Barnèche, St. Pierre-Miquelon,— only it is unnecessary to write more than Baptiste," he added with a hint of the Sunday air. "Every one knows me, the sacristan." Gently he prodded a flank. "*Bon jour, M'sieu, Bon jour, M'dame.* I shall look for the picture you have promised."

"*Bon jour,* Monsieur Barnèche," we answered, recalling the ring of a staff and blare of gold.

"*Hu dia!*" he summoned the oxen. Then looking back, "In this way Basque drivers everywhere address their *bêtes.*"

"That explains the manners, the versatility, the honest smile," said my companion as we continued up-hill. "He is Basque."

On the way to the first height that tops the town, palings were decked with multi-coloured woollens hung there by women who busily paddled and

rinsed, each in an individual pool which had been made by the damming of a juvenile stream. From the peak of the hill, the bare summits of the Sentinel and the Sugar Cone were in full view behind us. Below was the ocean, level to-day as a pavement of lasuli laid to the round rim of the sky. The vast interval between sky and ocean was filled with a blue lustre characteristic of these northern summer seas.

Wild flowers grew feebly in the scant earth about us. We were at pains not to crush them knowing with what effort they had bloomed at all. The few gardens of St. Pierre are enriched each spring by mould brought from Newfoundland in the holds of fishing-boats. On our way down hill we lingered to flatter a patch of zinnias inside a decrepit gate. The one who had planted them came out of the house. She looked as French as any Pierraise, but she was a Terra Novan who spoke English with a French accent. It was her boys we had photographed as they toiled up hill with a hand-barrow full of linen, aided by a dog tethered at the side. "What had the *étrangers* meant by 'Turn around' and 'Hold still'?" they had run to her to ask, so she related, untying her head *mouchoir* as if by so doing to fix more firmly her claim to British birth. As we talked she told us of the St. Pierre vessel that had foundered years before. Thirty-six fathers had been drowned, her husband among them. Her eldest son was now at sea.

"On windy nights we mothers lie awake," she said . . . "Did you hear the wind last night?" No, we answered, ashamed to have slept so calmly.

"Do the wives and mothers of fishermen never get used to the worry?" we asked, feeling very unlearned in sorrow in this woman's presence.

"Never used to it. But if there has been a storm and the boats are late in coming in, we don't give up so quickly as others might. 'Hopes from the sea, never from the grave,' we say, and keep heart till wreckage drifts ashore, or somehow we *know*."

In the American consulate there is a chart which displays in vivid manner the frequency with which the shores of these islands have witnessed the last hours of tortured ships. Langlade and Miquelon are joined by a bar where until a hundred years ago the tide swept through. The map designates by a series of dots the wrecks which have occurred on this shoal alone. There are double rows of such dots on either side the sand-bank. Vessels approached thinking to pass between the islands, and went to their fate. Over the dead hulks the sand has crept to form a heavy shroud, and one walks over them as over sunken graves in a cemetery.

The mail-boat makes the 30-mile trip to Miquelon on stated days, calling at Langlade on the way. The farms and lobster-pots of the latter supply produce for St. Pierre tables, and its streams being famous for their trout, officials and employés of

the Government and of the two cable stations — the French and the Anglo-American — come here to spend their holidays.

The town of Miquelon is laid out along a single street and has a population of about five hundred. Most settlers chose St. Pierre as a residence because of the harbour.

Dog Island, a mile distant from St. Pierre, is a sprawling flat of land humped in the middle and strewn with rocks, drying-flakes, fisher huts and drowsy dogs, whose numbers give the island its name.

The village kindergarten had just been dismissed as we arrived opposite the shop of Madame Auguste Pinson, who for thirty-nine years has taught school behind the shop. Her pupils having been duly posed, with a few mothers hovering on the border, we were pressed to view the school-room where walls were ringed with four-inch benches, and adorned with the injunctions, " Never lie," and " Love your parents," together with other mottoes equally calculated to affect the morals of little Dog Islanders.

Returning across the harbour we hailed a boat-load of fishermen rowing to the French vessel whose banner of smoke foretold early departure. They waved flat blue caps at our bobbing launch, happy deep-chested fellows who, though no one guessed it then, were soon to be ordered home to a sterner task than setting trawls and baiting hooks.

As their ship went to sea, we knew eyes would turn, as do the eyes of all who leave and approach St. Pierre, toward the niche in the cliff where the Virgin of the Waves stands serenely above the coast road to Cap à l'Aigle. It was among the crags of this point of land that there appeared to Chateaubriand the sailor-girl to whom he refers in *d'Outre Tombe* as his "Cap à l'Aigle sweetheart."

We sauntered the road to the Eagle's Cape; we drove behind one of the island's few horses to the hamlet of Savoyard, where the odour of curing cod betrays the vocation of its inhabitants; we climbed and descended steeps to the shelter where the Anglo-American cable rises out of the sea; we visited the cable quarters where messages are relayed from New York and Duxbury to Heart's Content on the Newfoundland coast, and thence to England.

One evening, above the toot and boom of the village band practising *Sambre et Meuse* for an approaching holiday, came the wailing alarm of the fire trumpet. In a moment, the road below our hinged windows was alive with running feet. "*Feu! Feu!*" the women cried, while husbands lent a hand with the water-cart and little boys raced up and down to point the way. An empty house had caught fire. The blaze was soon drowned. The town was apprised of the fact by the ringing of the church bell, and the desisting of the horn. But long after bed hour excited voices

bore up to us the meagre details of the conflagration.

The holy days of the Church are observed with true French ardour. On Corpus Christi Day the route of the procession from one street altar to another is marked by a brave showing of damask and fine linen hung on outer walls in lieu of the silken draperies of more affluent communities. At the Feast of the Mother of God on August fifteenth banners are borne through the town in fulfillment of a vow made at the burning of the old church a decade ago. In March a service is held by the island fishermen to ask a blessing upon the coming season, and in November thanks are given for what the season has brought forth.

There is no theatre to furnish frivolous amusement; even the cinema impresario has deserted St. Pierre for a more lucrative field. The Fall of the Bastille is celebrated by parades of French marines and receptions to visiting officers. Dog Island is host on a Sunday in August at the blithest function of the year when the greased pole and sack race vie in hilarity with games of more essentially local invention.

The salons of the Cafés de Joinville, du Midi and Biarritz which were formerly bright with balls and sprightly cabarets are dull now except at the "green hour" when merchants and officials gather to discuss news dripped by the cables, or announced at street corners by the paid crier of auctions,

sales, lost articles, rewards and municipal decrees.

Shopping in St. Pierre is a profitable pursuit provided one's wallet is filled with American coin or bank-notes. Though articles are priced in francs and centimes, the currency of the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, England and Switzerland is accepted, and change is made in any one or all of these. Strangely, very little French money is in circulation, and a bonus of two per cent. is demanded on French gold wherewith to pay customs fees. An American dollar, silver or paper, is worth 108 sous. Observe then: one enters the Bureau des Postes near the square and tenders an American quarter of a dollar in payment for stamps approximating in French money 1 franc, 25 centimes. Instead of taking a discount on the foreign coin, the uniformed representative of the Government returns with the stamps two copper sous. With these two sous another stamp may be purchased which has a carrying value of two American cents.

Again, one yearns for a certain chocolate bar, made in the States and sold there for five cents. St. Pierre shops offer the confection at five sous each. You buy two for ten sous, and receive in change for a fifty-cent piece, forty-four sous, instead of the forty expected. Four sous is the price of a siphon of soda which if desired will be sent to your door as a bonus on two bars of American candy, whose cost is less here than in the States.

For no apparent reason, French tobacco which

sells for a franc the package in Paris may be had in St. Pierre for half the amount, unless the supply is low, when a bounty of ten or twenty centimes is asked until a ship comes in.

We found stores lacking certain stocks because of the loss of the *Marie-Amélie*, which had sailed from France with the spring orders of the island merchants and had disappeared with its crew — had never reached its haven. A favourite brand of cigarettes, the *Elegantes Jaunes*, were wanting — "*Je regrette, Monsieur — la Marie Amélie, vous savez* —" And the re-order had not yet arrived. So every one smoked something else until shelves could be replenished. There was a certain kind of silk. We searched for it in the tidy shops, but always came the answer, "Ah, yes — there should be bolts of it — *mais, la Marie-Amélie . . .*"

It was the same with French biscuits at Madame Littaye's whose establishment is a little Louvre from perfume to hats; and with Fourteenth of July lanterns at Monsieur Briand's, who makes photographs, besides selling butter and Algerian wine; and with the buttons needed for a coat. The loss of the *Marie-Amélie* affected rather keenly our shopping tours. But increased, also, the sense of romance and tragedy which pervades isolated St. Pierre.

TOURIST TOWNS AND RESORTS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES

POPULATION * — HOTELS † — BANKS ‡

(The presence of an American Consulate or Consular Agency is designated thus ¶)

NOVA SCOTIA

Amherst; pop., 9000; hotel, St. Regis.

Annapolis Royal ¶; pop., 1000; hotel, Hillsdale and cabins.

Antigonish; pop., 1780; hotel, Royal George.

Arichat, Isle Madame (20 miles from Mulgrave by boat); hotel, Commercial.

Baddeck (12 miles from Iona by boat); pop., 1700 (district); hotels, New Bras d'Or, Telegraph.

* Where population of towns is not given, figures are not available in Canadian census volume, 1911. Population of Nova Scotia, 492,338; New Brunswick, 351,889; Prince Edward Island, 93,728.

† Hotels are conducted on the American plan. Principal hotels in Halifax, Sydney, Yarmouth, St. John and Charlottetown charge $2.50–$3.50 a day up; smaller hotels and boarding-houses, $2–$2.50. Rates in other important towns and at frequented resorts, $2–$4 a day (average $2–$2.50); $8–$10–$12–$20 a week. Hotels and boarding-houses in unimportant villages, on farms and at sportsmen's retreats, $1–$1.50 a day; $5–$7–$8 a week. Whenever possible, essentially commercial hotels have been excluded from this list in favour of those best suited to fill the needs of the tourist and sojourner. The Intercolonial, Dominion Atlantic and Halifax and Southwestern Railway vacation folders give the address of numerous private boarding-houses and camps.

‡ In most Provincial towns branches will be found of at least one of the banks given opposite principal places in this list.

Barrington; hotels, Barrington House, McMullen's.

Barrington Passage; pop., 750; hotel, Victoria.

Bear River; hotels, Bear River, Commercial.

Bedford (9 miles by rail from Halifax); pop., 1100; hotel, Costen.

Bridgetown; pop., 1000; hotel, St. James.

Bridgewater ¶; pop., 2775; hotel, Clark's, Fairview; banks, Royal, Montreal, Commerce.

Caledonia; hotels, Alton, Camp Rossignol.

Canning; pop., 600; hotel, Waverley.

Canso (20 miles from Mulgrave by boat) ¶; pop., 1600; hotels, Wilmot, Hilton.

Centreville, Digby Neck (reached by road from Digby or boat from Weymouth); hotel, Dakins.

Chester; pop., 1000; hotels, Hackmatack Inn and cottages, Lovett, Columbia, Venture, Pinehurst, Carroll furnished bungalows.

Cheticamp (Eastern Harbour); hotels, Mrs. Lawrence's, Royal.

Church Point, Clare; hotel, Comeau's Boarding House.

Clark's Harbour, Cape Sable Island (steam ferry from Barrington Passage); hotels, Sea View, Symonds.

Deep Brook (9 miles by rail from Digby); hotel, Sea Breeze.

Dartmouth; pop., 5000; hotel, Thorndyke.

Digby ¶; pop., 1250; hotels, New Lour Lodge, annex and cottages, Myrtle, Manhattan, Trefry, Columbia, Winchester; bank, Royal.

Freeport, Long Island, St. Mary's Bay (boat from Weymouth and Tiverton, Digby Neck); hotel, Morrell's.

French Village; hotel, Dundella (6 miles from station).

Glace Bay (9 miles from Sydney); pop., 16,500.

Grand Pré (3 miles by rail from Wolfville); hotels, private houses in the village, Prairie View Farm.

Grand Narrows; hotel, Grand Narrows.

Guysboro (24 miles by road from Heatherton; 30 miles by boat from Mulgrave); pop., 1000; hotel, Grant.

Halifax ¶ (Office Board of Trade Tourist Committee 231 Hollis Street); pop., 47,000; hotels, Queen, Halifax, Elmwood, Waverley, Hillside Hall, Grosvenor, Birch-

dale and Azimghur (North West Arm); banks, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Bank of Montreal, Royal Bank of Canada, Bank of Nova Scotia, Union Bank, Bank of British North America.

Hawkesbury; pop., 680; hotels, Farquhar, American.

Hubbards; hotel, Gainsborough and cabins.

Ingonish; hotel, Peters.

Inverness; pop., 2700; hotel, Imperial.

Kedgemakoogee Lake (35 miles by road from Annapolis; 12 miles from Caledonia); Rod and Gun Club House and cabins, Minard's Camp.

Kemptville (12 miles by road from Brazil Lake Station); Walton and Oakland Camps.

Kentville; pop., 2300; hotel, Aberdeen.

Kingsport; hotel, Central.

Little River, Digby Neck (by road from Digby or steamer from Weymouth); hotels, Hillcrest, Central.

Liverpool ¶; pop., 2100; hotel, Mersey.

Lockeport; pop., 780; hotel, Hillcrest.

Louisbourg ¶; pop., 1000; hotel, Louisbourg.

Lunenburg ¶; pop., 2600; hotel, King's.

Margaree Valley; hotel, Callie McLeod, Northeast P. O. (23 miles by road from Inverness; 28 miles from Baddeck; 13 miles from Margaree Harbour where steamer calls en route from Mulgrave to Cheticamp).

Mahone Bay; hotel, Royal.

Middleton; pop., 800; hotel, American.

Milford (15 miles by road from Annapolis); hotel, Milford and cabins.

Mulgrave ¶; pop., 770; hotel, Seaside.

New Glasgow; pop., 6300; hotel, Vendome.

North Sydney; pop., 5400; hotels, Vendome, Belmont.

Parrsboro ¶; pop., 2850; hotel, Grand Central.

Petite Rivière (20 miles by road from Bridgewater); hotel, Sperry,

Pictou; pop., 3200; hotel, Wallace.

Port La Tour (reached by road from Barrington); hotel, La Tour.

Port Maitland (12 miles by road from Yarmouth); hotel, Ellis.

Port Medway; hotels, Kempton, River Bank (Mill Village).

Port Mouton; hotel, Scotia.

Pubnico; hotel, Goodwin's.

Sandy Cove, Digby Neck (reached by road from Digby or boat from Weymouth); hotels, Sandy Cove House, Hillcote Farm, Bonnie Brae Croft.

Saulnierville, Clare; hotels, Potter's, Acadia Villa.

Shelburne; pop., 1400; hotel, Atlantic.

Sherbrooke (40 miles by road from Antigonish); pop., 500; hotel, Caledonia.

Smith's Cove (3 miles by rail from Digby); hotels, Harbour View, Out of the Way Inn, Argonaut Knoll and Shoemaker furnished cottages.

Springhill Junction; hotel, Lorne.

Stellarton; pop., 3900; hotel, Tremont.

St. Peter's; pop., 500; hotel, Morrison's.

Strathlorne, Lake Ainslie; Dunbar Farm, North Lake P. O. (4 miles from station by road).

Sydney ¶; pop., 18,000; hotels, Sydney, King George; banks, Montreal, Royal, Commerce, Nova Scotia.

Truro; pop., 6100; hotels, Stanley, Learment.

Tusket (10 miles by rail from Yarmouth); hotels, American, Killam's.

Westport, Brier Island, St. Mary's Bay (reached by boat from Weymouth or Yarmouth); hotels, Central, Morrell.

Weymouth; pop., 650; hotels, Goodwin's (Weymouth station), Bay Side Farm.

Whycocomagh (8 miles by road from Orangedale; 25 miles by boat from Baddeck); hotel, Bay View.

Windsor; pop., 3450; hotels, Victoria, Somerset.

Wolfville; pop., 1450; hotels, Acadia Villa, Kent Lodge, many private boarding-houses.

Woods Harbour; hotel, Harbour View.

Yarmouth ¶ (Office Board of Trade Tourist Committee, Main Street); pop., 6600; hotels, Grand, Bay View (opposite Yarmouth on an island), Markland (Cape

Fourchu), many private boarding-houses; banks, Nova Scotia, Royal, Montreal.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Bathurst; pop., 960; hotels, Robertson, White.

Bathurst Beach; Youghall Cottages (20).

Boiestown; hotel, Duffy's.

Bonny River; hotel, Bonny River.

Campbellton ¶; pop., 3800; hotels, St. Louis, Waverley.

Campobello Island, Bay of Fundy (16 miles from St. Andrews by boat); pop., 1400; hotels, Tyn-y-Coedd, Tyn-y-Mais, Owen.

Caraquet; hotel, chateau, Blanchard's.

Charlo; hotel, Bay Shore.

Chatham; pop., 4660; hotels, Touraine, Adams; banks, Montreal, Nova Scotia.

Dalhousie; pop., 1650; hotels, Inch Arran (on bay shore), Queen (in town).

Dorchester; pop., 1080; hotel, Windsor.

Edmundston ¶; pop., 1800; hotel, Royal.

Fredericton ¶ (Office Tourist Association, 608 Queen Street); pop., 7200; hotels, Barker, Queen; banks, Montreal, British North America, Nova Scotia, Royal, Commerce.

Gagetown; pop., 230.

Grand Falls; pop., 1580; hotels, Curless, Commercial.

Grand Manan Island, Bay of Fundy (reached by steamer from St. John's, Eastport and St. Andrews); hotels, inns and farmhouses at North Head, Whale Cove, Sprague's Cove and Grand Harbour.

Hampton; pop., 550; hotels, Wayside Inn, Riverview.

Lakeside, Hampton P. O. (Kennebecasis River); hotel, Prospect Knoll.

Matapedia, Quebec, see under Gaspé Shore.

McAdam Junction; hotel, McAdam (Canadian Pacific management).

Moncton ¶; pop., 11,300; hotel, Brunswick; banks, Nova Scotia, Montreal, Royal, Commerce.

Newcastle ¶; pop., 2900; hotel, Miramichi; banks, Nova Scotia, Royal.

Point du Chene; hotel, Point du Chene.

Rothesay; hotels, Kennedy, Hillhurst.

Sackville; pop., 2000; hotel, Brunswick.

Salisbury; pop., 300; hotel, Depot.

Shediac; pop., 1400; hotel, Weldon.

Shippegan; pop., 600; hotel, De Grace.

St. Andrews-by-the-Sea; pop., 987; hotels, New Algonquin, St. Andrews Inn (both under Canadian Pacific management).

St. George; pop., 990; hotel, Boyd's.

St. John ¶ (Office New Brunswick Tourist Association, 23 King Street); pop., 42,500; hotels, Royal, Victoria, Dufferin, Prince William, Clifton, Lansdowne House; banks, Bank of Montreal, Bank of Nova Scotia, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Royal Bank, Union Bank, Bank of British North America.

St. Leonards; pop., 1000; hotel, Cyr.

St. Martins; pop., 2800; hotel, St. Martins.

St. Stephen ¶; pop., 3100; hotels, Queen, Windsor; banks, Royal, Nova Scotia, British North America.

Sussex; pop., 1900; hotels, Maplehurst, Spruce Lodge.

Woodstock; pop., 3800; hotel, Carlisle.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Alberton; pop., 700; hotel, Albion Terrace.

Brackley Beach (by road from York or Hunter River); hotels, Shaw's, Sea View.

Cape Traverse; hotel, Railway.

Cardigan; hotels, Smith, Cardigan.

Charlottetown ¶ (Office Publicity Bureau, Royal Bank Building); pop., 11,200; hotels, Victoria, Queen, Rocky Point Dining-room and cottages; banks, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Bank of Montreal, Royal Bank, Bank of Nova Scotia.

Georgetown; pop., 1200; hotel, Aitken.

Hampton; hotel, Pleasant View.

Hunter River; hotel, Hunter River.
Kensington; hotel, Clark.
Malpeque; hotels, North Shore, Hodgson.
Montague; pop., 600; hotel, McDonald.
Mt. Stewart; hotels, Ross, Savoy.
Murray Harbour; hotels, Prowse, Albion.
Murray River; hotel, Hume.
Pownal; hotel, Florida.
Rustico (by road from Hunter River); hotel, Orby Point.
Souris; pop., 1000; hotel, Sea View.
St. Peter's; hotel, Bayview.
Stanhope (by road from Bedford); hotels, Cliff, Mutch's.
Summerside ¶; pop., 2600; hotel, Clifton; banks, Nova Scotia, Royal, Commerce.
Tracadie Beach (by road from Bedford); hotel, Acadia.

THE GASPÉ SHORE (QUEBEC)

Carleton; pop., 1000.
Gaspé; pop., 600; hotel, Baker's; banks, Toronto, Nationale.
Matapedia (New Brunswick frontier); pop. 600; new hotel building.
New Carlisle; pop., 1500; hotel, Caldwell's; banks, Nationale, Nova Scotia.
New Richmond; pop., 2500; hotel, Gauthier's.
Paspebiac ¶; pop., 500.
Percé (by road from Cape Cove or Caron's Crossing; by launch from Corner of the Beach); hotel, Percé Rock House.
Port Daniel; pop., 350; hotel, Le Grand.

NEWFOUNDLAND *

Population of the Colony, 1911, 238,000; of the Labrador coast, Blanc Sablon to Cape Chidley, 4000.

Bay Bulls; pop., 800; hotel, Fern.

* At places where no hotels are indicated board can usually be secured in private houses. At very few outports are there hotels of any sort, or even boarding-houses which an-

Bishop Falls; pop., 340.
Bonavista; pop., 3911.
Bonne Bay; pop., 1130.
Brigus; pop., 1160; hotel, Cabot.
Burgeo; pop., 1040.
Burin; pop., 500.
Cape Race; pop., 27.
Carbonear; pop., 3450.
Catalina; pop., 1000.
Channel; pop., 880.
Curling, Bay of Islands; pop., 600; hotel, Fisher's; bank, Montreal.
Doyle's; hotel, Doyle's.
Exploits; pop., 90.
Ferryland; pop., 480.
Fogo; pop., 800.
Gambo; pop., 340; hotel, Gambo.
Grand Bank; pop., 1600.
Grand Falls; pop., 1640; two new hotels.
Grand Lake; sportsmen's hotel.
Harbour Breton; pop., 600.
Harbour Grace; pop., 4300; hotel, Gordon Lodge.
Heart's Content; pop., 100.
Holyrood; pop., 600; hotel, O'Rourke.
Kelligrews; hotel, Anchorage.
Lewisporte; pop., 500; hotels, Lewisporte, Somerset.
Port-aux-Basques; pop., 350.
Placentia; pop., 560; hotel, Phippard's.
Renews; pop., 580.
Rose Blanche; pop., 680.
Salmonier; pop., 460; hotel, Riverside.

nounce themselves as such. The people of all classes are well-disposed toward strangers and willingly give assistance in finding accommodation. All things considered, terms throughout the colony are higher than in the Provinces. The rates at the sporting hotels on the railway are more reasonable in proportion to the service than at many less attractive houses. At Tompkins, Doyle's Stephenville Crossing, Spruce Brook and Grand Lake the minimum rates vary from $1.50 to $2.50 a day.

Spruce Brook; hotel, Log Cabin.

St. John's ¶; pop., 32,300; hotels, Crosbie, Balsam, Waterford Hall (on the outskirts); banks, Bank of Nova Scotia, Royal Bank, Bank of Montreal, Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Stephenville Crossing; pop., 150; hotel, St. George's.

Tilt Cove; pop., 800.

Tompkins, Little River; hotel, Tompkins.

Topsail; hotel, Seaside.

Torbay; hotel, Seaview.

Trepassey; pop., 650.

Trinity; pop., 500; hotels, Royal Oaks, Sea View.

Twillingate; pop., 3500.

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