



THE  
FAST LINE  
INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY OF CANADA

A SOUVENIR

FOR  
TOURISTS,  
SPORTSMEN,  
AND INVALIDS.

# The **Intercolonial Railway**

OF CANADA

“THE PEOPLE’S RAILWAY”

THE POPULAR ROUTE FOR SUMMER TRAVEL.

CONNECTING { QUEBEC, ST. JOHN AND SYDNEY,  
HALIFAX, CAPE BRETON.

**N**O OTHER ROUTE in America presents to Pleasure-Seekers and Invalids, so many unrivalled attractions. PURE AIR, SPLENDID SEA BATHING, and a PERFECT PANORAMA OF DELIGHTFUL VIEWS.

## A PERFECT TRAIN SERVICE.

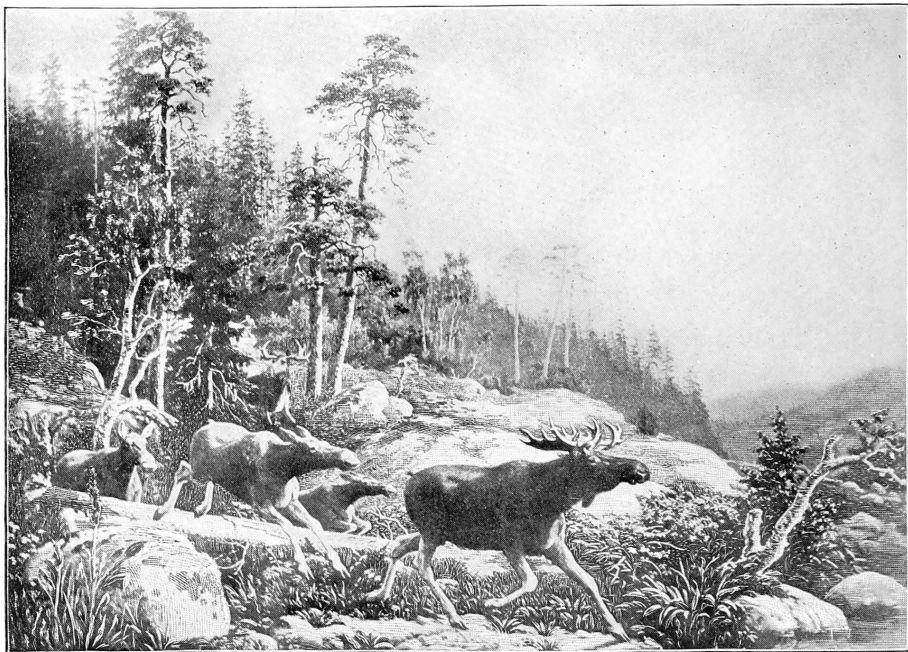
Standard Built and Equipped. Automatic Air Brakes. Trains Lighted by Electricity. Elegantly Equipped Parlour and Buffet Sleeping Cars. Careful and Polite Attendants.

## SAFETY, SPEED AND COMFORT

Fast Time and Low Fares. Its high Standard of Excellence has been established by years of careful consideration of the requirements of the people.

D. POTTINGER, JNO. M. LYONS,  
General Manager Canadian Gov't Rys. General Passenger Agent Intercolonial Ry.  
MONCTON, N.B., CANADA.



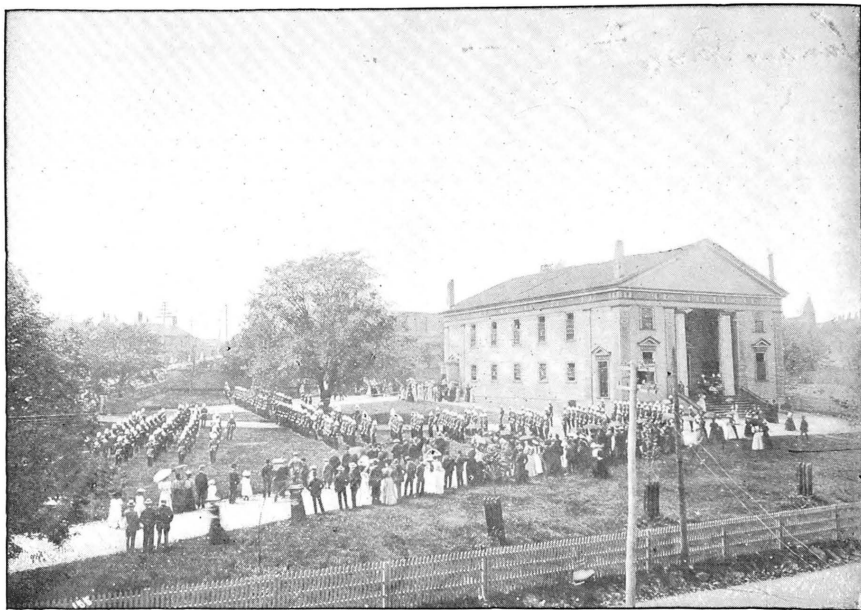


The Alarm.



A SOUVENIR  
OF THE  
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY  
THE  
POPULAR AND SCENIC ROUTE  
OF CANADA

OTTAWA  
GOVERNMENT PRINTING BUREAU  
1896

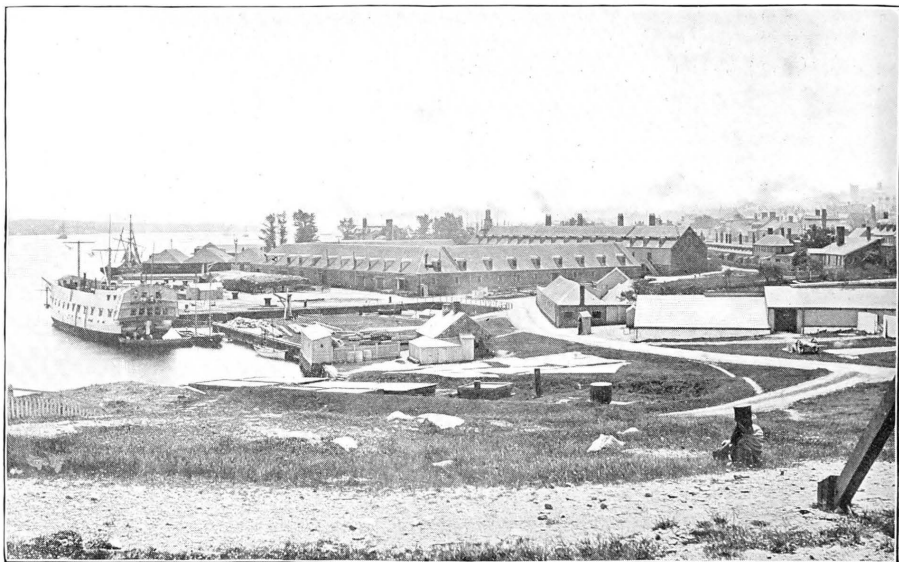


Sunday Service Parade, Halifax, N.S.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

## SOMETHING ABOUT EXCURSIONS.



AMERICA is a land of humorists, and the exceeding humour of its people shines forth in their habits of life. Life was made to be enjoyed, and they enjoy it whether the sun shines or not. Not that they are an idle people, for they are notoriously the reverse, but that they pass through ordeals which would test even the jollity of Mark Tapley, and profess themselves delighted amid their afflictions. In other words, a man of business will work hard for ten or eleven months of the year, and then, with the idea that he needs rest and recreation, will put himself and his family through a course of sprouts fearful to contemplate. This course of sprouts is humorously termed a fashionable pleasure excursion. It consists in a season of preparation and packing, of setting forth "to join the innumerable caravan," and of several weeks of wretched unrest amid the dust, heat, crush and confusion of some popular resort where it is the correct thing for every one to go. There is no

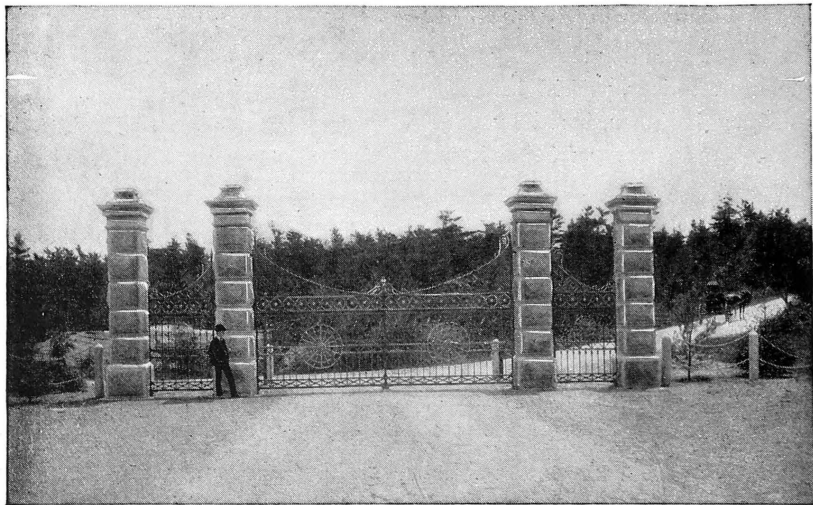


Dock Yard, Halifax—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

little humour in all this. They seek freedom from restraint, and go to a vortex of fashion ; they seek quiet, and are mingled in a Babel ; they seek rest, and at the close of each day are ready to drop with fatigue. Gasping amid crowds on the hottest days, packed in overflowing hotels during the sultry nights, swindled by hackmen, bored by guides, pestered by humbugs, tormented by flies—crushed, wilted, worried, driven half mad—they, with infinite humour, term all this, pleasure !

Amid such a scene, while lying half-stifled in a small, but high-priced cell, near the eaves of some large but well-crowded hotel, the weary traveller kicks the drapery of his couch from around him, and lies down to troubled dreams. Amid them come visions of a land which lies by the sea, and is fanned by cooling breezes from the ocean. In this land are green hills, shady groves and fertile valleys. From the distant mountains the crystal brooks come leaping with the music of gladness, and join with noble rivers in whose clear waters dwell lordly salmon and scarce less lordly trout. Near at hand are forests, as yet so little disturbed that the moose, caribou and bear, now and again visit the farm-yards of the adjacent settlements and gaze in bewildered surprise at the man whose hand is raised to slay them. Along the shore, for hundreds of miles, lie land-



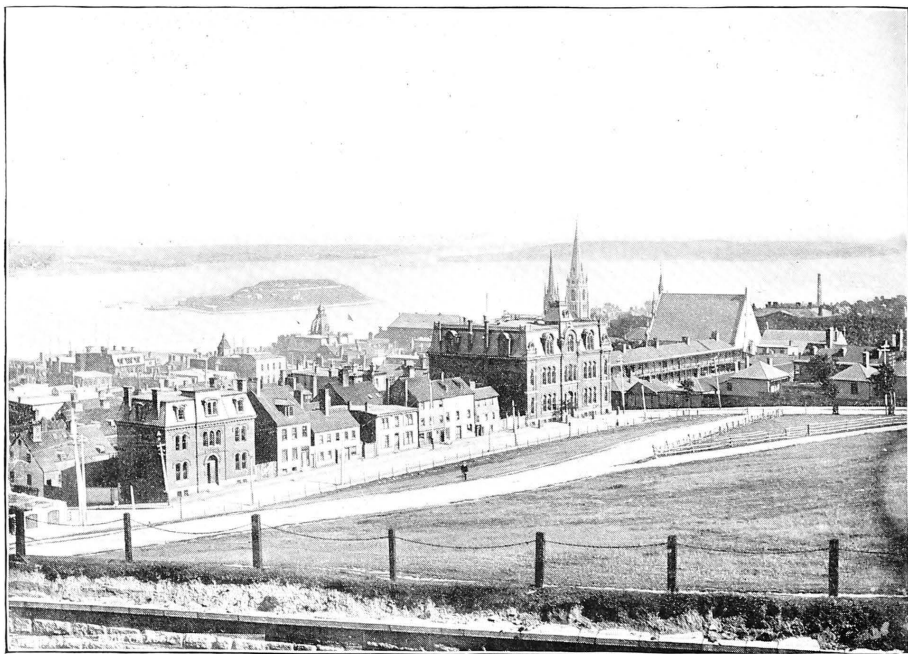


Entrance to Park, Halifax, N.S.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

locked harbours where even the frail bark canoe may float in safety, yet upon the waters of the ocean ; and upon the smooth sand beaches of which even a child may venture into the buoyant salt-water and fear not. In this country is scenery at times of sweet pastoral simplicity ; at times of sublime grandeur. It is a land where civilization has made its way, and yet not marred the beauty of Nature. It is a country where the traveller sated with an excess of conventional "excursions" will find much that is novel, much that will charm, and much that will ever remain to him as a sweet remembrance of a pleasant clime.

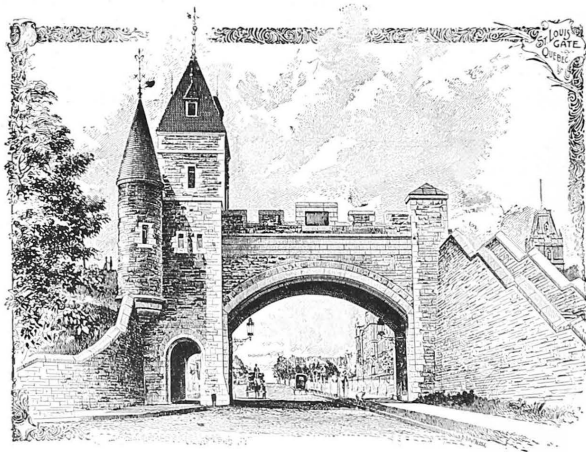
"Ah!" sighs the dreamer, "would that such a lot were mine. Such places there may be, but where are they? My guide books tell not of them. To find them one must abandon the comforts of daily life, go far beyond reach of daily mails and telegrams, become isolated from the busy world, and live hundreds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

Not so. You have perhaps been down the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec, from which, as the *ultima Thule* of your excursion, you returned to your home. Take your map and trace that line which leads from Quebec down the Lower St. Lawrence across to New Brunswick, and down its coast to Nova Scotia,



Halifax, N.S., from Citadel, looking S. E.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

where it ends at the City of Halifax. To the east and west arms reach out to Pictou, Sydney and St. John, and another branch traverses Prince Edward Island. This is the Intercolonial Railway—"The People's Railway"—one of the most substantially constructed and best equipped lines in the world. It runs through hundreds of miles of just such a country as has been mentioned. Pleasure and sport may be enjoyed in numberless places and yet the traveller will be within the reach of daily mails and the telegraph, and may live like a prince at a very moderate outlay. It is the land for which you have sighed ; try it and be convinced.



St. Louis Gate, Quebec.



# THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

## The Northern Terminus of the Intercolonial Railway.



QUEBEC is a restful place, and fitting point from which to enter upon a land which offers rest. It is unique among the cities of the continent. Could one forget his past and live only in the thought of his surroundings, he might imagine himself dropped down in some corner of Europe. To him who has come from the busy cities of the south and west, everything is strange and new. Other places anticipate the future ; Quebec clings fondly to the past. It is well that it should be so, for, in this practical and prosaic age, but few cities retain the halo of romance that surrounded them in their early years. New York may afford to grow wealthy and forget New Amsterdam, but the Quebec of to-day reminds one at every turn of the Ancient Capital as it was in the centuries that are dead and gone.



St. George's Island (Fortified), Entrance Halifax Harbour—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

The man who has read the story of Quebec, and is prone to attach a sentiment to the ancient and historic city, should have his first view from the water or opposite shore. There he will see the stronghold as it has been pictured to him and as he has dreamed of it. The cliffs, the citadel, the spires, the tin roofs glistening in the sunlight,—all seem very real to him, and he longs to enter the city so rich in the legends of the past.

There is so much to be seen that only the local guides can point it out, and even they are often sadly lacking. Everywhere are monuments of a strange and eventful history. Yonder is the Basilica, or French cathedral, begun in 1647, when gay Louis XIV. was king, and the star of France shed a bright light over the eastern and western worlds. The edifice was consecrated in 1666, and with the exception of the church at St. Augustine, Florida, is the oldest on the continent. There are treasures within its walls, apart from the golden vestments and rich ornaments, some of which have been the gifts of kings. There are here rare paintings, some of them dating back to the time when French art received a new impetus under the protection of Henry IV. ; and there, too, is our Saviour on the Cross, by Van Dyck. In the troublous times of France, when neither art nor religion were held sacred, faithful hands guarded these



View in Public Gardens, Halifax, N.S.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

pictures and placed them beyond the reach of the vandal mob. Later, they were brought to the new world and placed within the old cathedral, and there it is fitting they should ever remain.

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





Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

# A GREAT HOSTELRY.

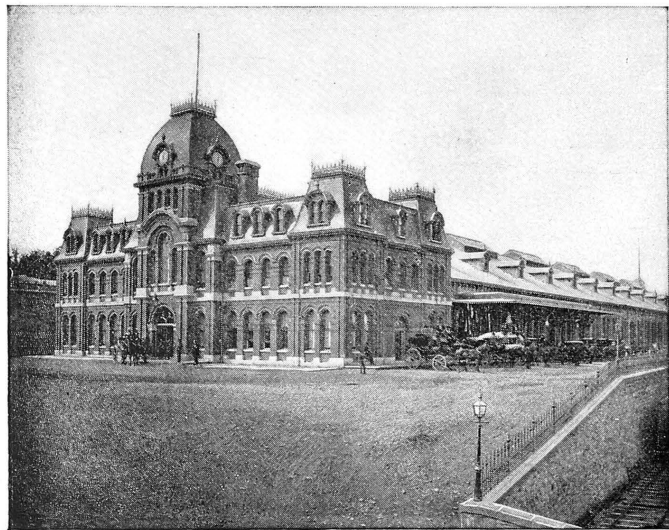
## The Chateau Frontenac Hotel at Quebec.



THE Chateau Frontenac is of the style of the old French chateau or castle of the sixteenth century, modified to suit modern requirements.

It is built right upon Dufferin Terrace, affording a view probably unsurpassed by any site in the world. This terrace, built at successive periods and at the expense of the city of Quebec, affords all the advantages of a promenade built exclusively for the use of the guests of the hotel.

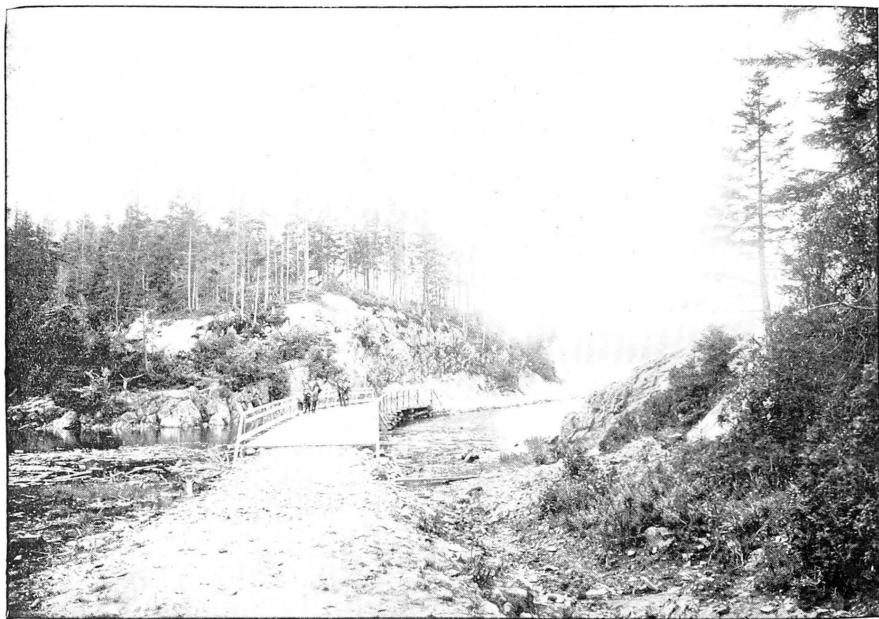
Every room has a view of unsurpassed beauty and interest. From those facing down the river one might see the mighty St. Lawrence, the Isle of Orleans and the falls of Montmorency. Those fronting in an opposite direction look out upon the Citadel, the upper town and towards the famous heights of



North Street Station, Halifax, N.S.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

Abraham. Those facing to the north have spread before them the grand range of the Laurentians and the little Indian village of Lorette, the present abode of the last survivors of the old Huron tribe.

Every foot of the land about the hotel is historic ground ; the very air breathes of deeds of daring and military prowess, which even the peaceful aspect of the present and the hum and bustle of everyday business fails to dispel.



Lily Lake, St. John, N.B.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

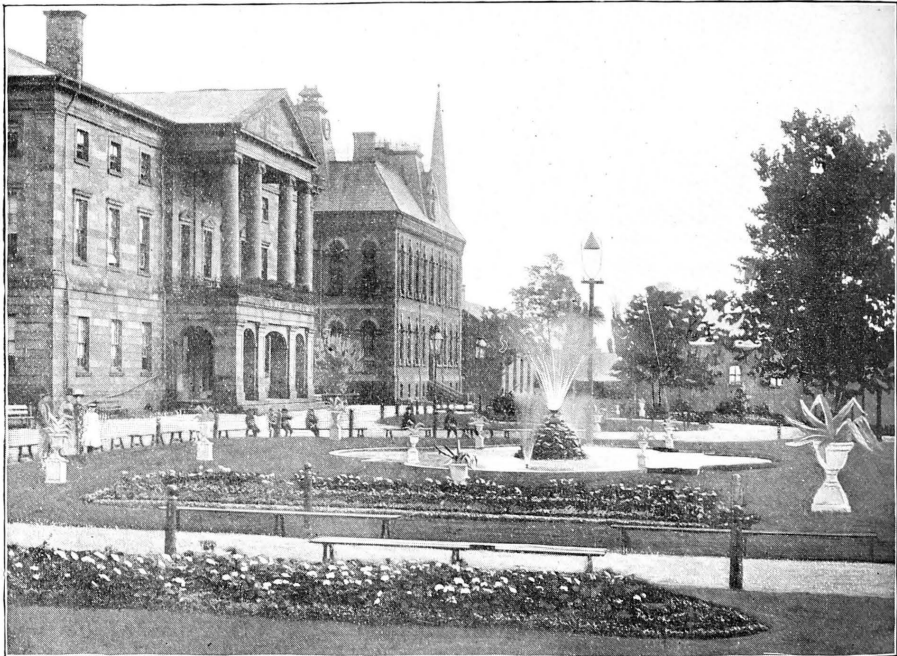
# THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

## What is said by a Distinguished Writer



**O**f the magnificent St. Lawrence River, the shores of which are skirted by the Intercolonial Railway :

“There is in North America a mighty river, having its head in remote lakes, which, though many in number, are yet so great that one of them is known as the largest body of fresh water on the globe, with a flow as placid and pulseless as the great Pacific itself, yet as swift in places as the average speed of a railway train. Its waters are pure and azure-hued, no matter how many turbid streams attempt to defile them. It is a river that never knew a freshet nor any drying up, no matter how great the rain or snow fall, or how severe the drought on all its thousand miles of drainage or of flow, and yet that regularly, at stated intervals, swells and ebbs within certain limits, as surely as the spring tides each year ebb and



View in Queen's Square Gardens, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, reached by the Intercolonial Railway of Canada and its connections.

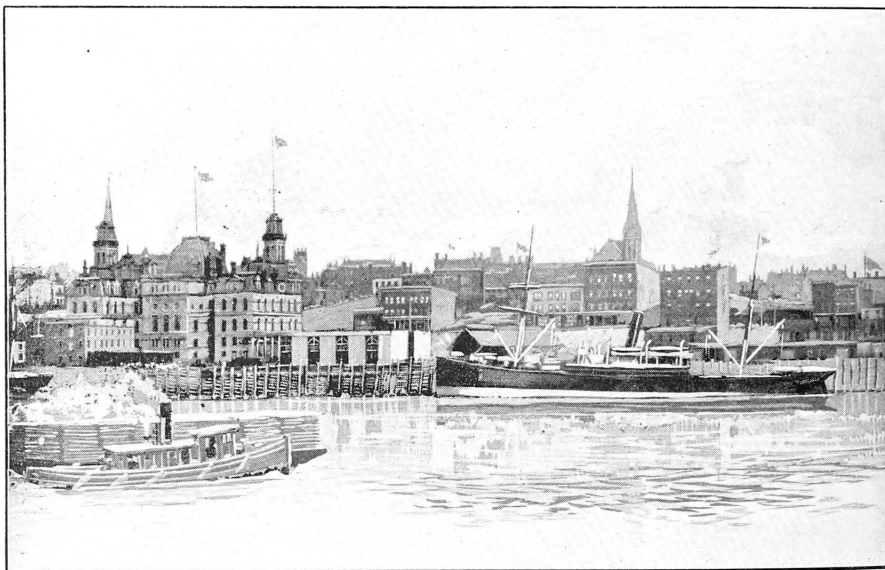
flow in the Bay of Fundy—a river so rapid and yet so placid as to enchant every traveller—so grand and yet so lovingly beautiful as to enthral every appreciative soul—which rises in a great freshwater sea, and ends in the great Atlantic—some places sixty miles wide, at other less than a mile : a river that never has yet had a respectable history, nor scarcely more than an occasional artist to delineate its beauties.

“ It lies for a thousand miles between two great nations, yet neglected by both, though neither could be as great without it ; a river as grand as the La Plata, as picturesque as the Rhine, as pure as the lakes of Switzerland. Need we say that this wonderful stream is the St. Lawrence, the noblest, the purest, most enchanting river on all God’s ‘ beautiful earth.’ ”

What a recent traveller has said of the Intercolonial Railway :

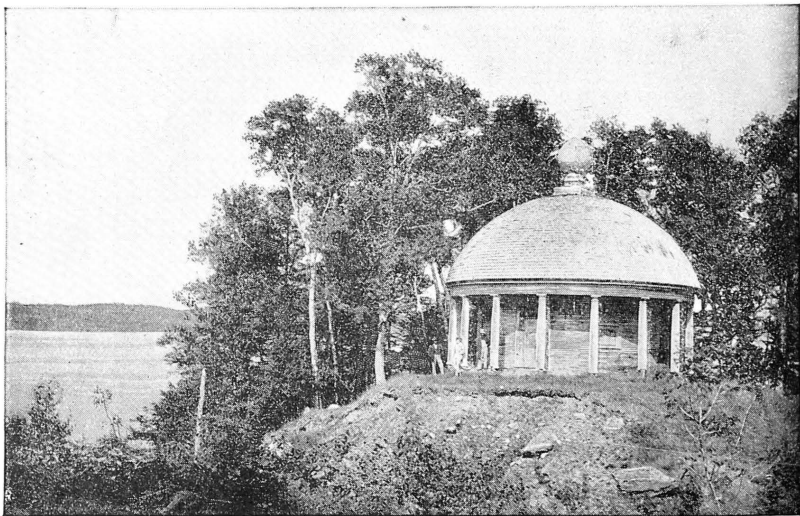
“ It has decidedly the advantage from the standpoint of picturesqueness. It skirts—and I only refer to the through route—the shores of the beautiful Baie des Chaleurs—following for miles the curves of the bay, each bend revealing a scene of ever-changing beauty. Leaving the sea-shore it follows the windings of the Restigouche and Metapedia—now dashing wildly along an





St. John, N.B., Harbour and Water Front—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

overhanging declivity with the foam-crested waters of the rushing river below—by and by approaching a chasm only to dart across an iron causeway setting aside the barriers of nature—here are towering hills, looking to-day, despite a garment of snow, dark and threatening, but to-morrow the buds upon countless trees will be the harbingers of a luxuriant summer's foliage. Away to the north speeds the train until it reaches the shores of the mighty St. Lawrence, where every mile presents an ever-changing panorama of river scenery. Many railroads, more talked about, possess far less charms than the Intercolonial. It is not a tid-bit of scenic picturesqueness here and there—such as has served to make the fortune in tourist travel of many a railroad; but a constant presentation of such scenery until it culminates in the magnificent view which suddenly breaks upon the sight as the tourist approaches the ancient capital of Canada. The Isle of Orleans in the centre of the river with a wide stretch of water on either side; the towering heights of Montmorency with the mighty falls tumbling into the still mightier St. Lawrence; the ancient city of Quebec with its myriad of tin roofs reflecting the dazzling sunlight; the towering height capped by the historic citadel which still holds the key of the St. Lawrence; the Plains of Abraham beyond, whereon was fought that mighty battle upon which the fate of the continent depended; the majestic river bearing upon its bosom not



Band Rotunda, opposite Prince's Lodge, near Halifax, N.S.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

merely a crowd of pleasure crafts, but a merchant fleet gathered from all nations, command universal admiration.”

“The seasons come and go with their noticeable changes, but none are more perceptible than those to be seen while travelling over the INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA. This railway furnishes to the general traveller all the comforts and conveniences of modern invention, while the pleasure-seeker, fisherman and sportsman find few if any equals. Its summer resorts and places of interest are quite numerous, as it penetrates that portion of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces so noted for game of all kinds in great abundance. Quebec, old, quaint and romantic—noted for its ancient structures as well as modern improvements, is on the line of this road. The traveller in his journey over this famous route for hundreds of miles intersects with an abundance of noted rivers, cascades, cataracts and scenery of vast and romantic beauty, such as cannot be found anywhere else—not even in the great Yosemite Valley of our western country. The hotels which furnish homes for tourists or business men, are second to none, their tables laden with fish, game, and everything the appetite can crave. The dyspeptics and invalids cannot find elsewhere the health restoratives that nature supplies in the forests and fields of these provinces. The



Monument to Heroes of Nova Scotia, Halifax, N.S.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

traveller over this great line of road is brought to the proud old city of Quebec, one of the most noted in the world, and here has an opportunity to visit the Heights of Abraham, where the great battle between the French under Montcalm and the British under Gen. Wolfe occurred, in which both commanders were killed. No more delightful or interesting trip could be taken, as it passes through a land rich in the materials of history, romance and poetry. The line of road connects the famous cities of Quebec, St. John and Halifax, passing through a great many other historical points of which we have not made mention. The management of this colossal thoroughfare has been such as to place it beyond criticism. Its patrons receive such attention as to warrant their implicit faith in the road."

The journey over the Intercolonial Railway begins at Lévis on the opposite side of the river from Quebec City, and for the next two hundred miles or so, the traveller passes through a purely French Canadian country. One after another the typical villages come into view with their low-lying buildings and quaint cottages, built to withstand the keenest cold of winter. In the midst of these looms up the church, usually a substantial edifice of stone, while here and there a large wayside cross, on some distant hill, stands out in bold relief



Victoria Park, Truro, N.S.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

against the sky. A quiet people are these habitants of the Lower St. Lawrence, simple in their tastes, primitive in their ways, having an abiding devotion to their mother tongue and mother church.

A drive of five miles from St. Paschal Station brings one to KAMOURASKA, a village beautifully situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence. It is located on a point which reaches seaward, and has a fine, well sheltered sand beach about half a mile in length. It has great natural advantages, and the bathing is especially good. A number of picturesque islands in the vicinity afford additional pleasures to boating parties.

RIVIÈRE DU LOUP is a summer resort of long established reputation. A long and somewhat hilly road leads from the station to what, though apparently a part of the village, is known as Fraserville. Beyond this again is the St. Lawrence, with its splendid privileges for bathing, boating, shooting and fishing, in the proper seasons. Most of the leading men of Canada, including the Governor General, spend portions of their summer here.

Steamers furnish opportunities for visiting the more notable watering places on the northern shore. Mention may be made of Murray Bay and





Beach at Cacouna, Que.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

Tadouzac, but by far the most wonderful sight for the tourist is the famed Saguenay River. It is one of the most remarkable of nature's works in a continent where natural wonders abound.

Six miles below Rivière du Loup is CACOUNA Station. The name has a musical sound, but as seen from the cars there is little to attract the eye. The CACOUNA of which the pleasure seeker is in search is about two miles distant, and is reached by an easy drive over the smooth highway that descends to the shore. Then this great watering place of the Lower St. Lawrence invites the stranger to tarry and rest. With the mountains on one side and an arm of the sea on the other the air is very pure. It is so clear that one can scarcely believe the opposite shore is twenty-one miles away, but it is fully that in a straight line to the mouth of the Saguenay. So near do the distant hills seem that one might feel tempted to start for them with nothing more than a boat and a pair of oars.

A village on the low land by the shore, with mountains separating it from the country beyond, confronted the engineers when they sought to locate the line of the Intercolonial at a point fifty-five miles below Rivière du Loup. It was BIC, then as now well termed "the Beautiful," an artist's paradise.

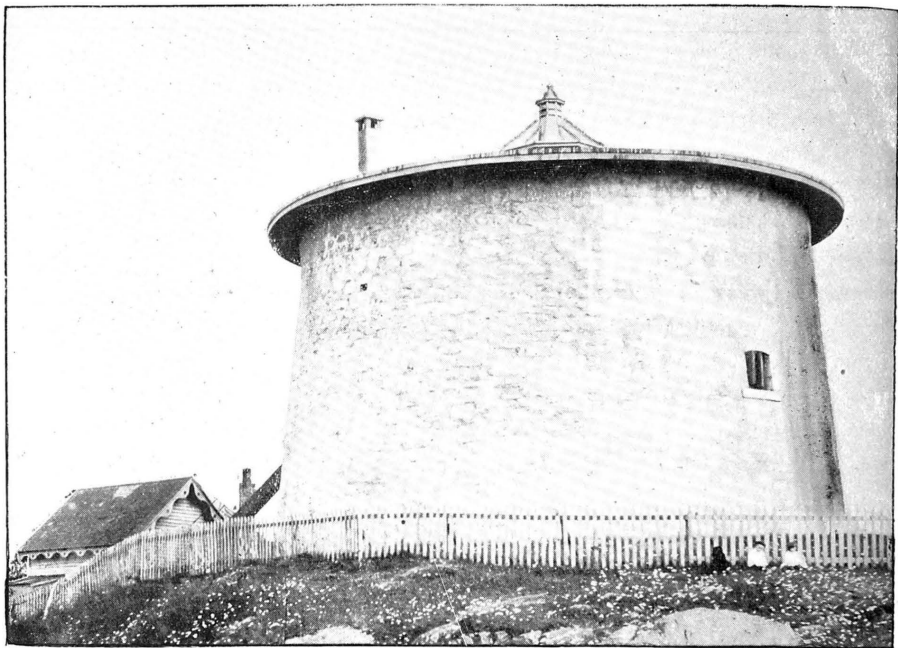


Little Métis, Quebec, on the Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

The mountains are around it, and it nestles at their feet amid a wealth of beautiful scenery. There is a harbour in which an ocean steamer may ride, a haven in which vessels may hide from the wrath of the storm-king. Romantic isles lie amid the waters, and crags of rugged beauty rear their heads around the bay. Pleasant beaches tempt the bather ; placid waters invite the boatman ; and beauty everywhere summons the idler from his resting place to drive or ramble in its midst.

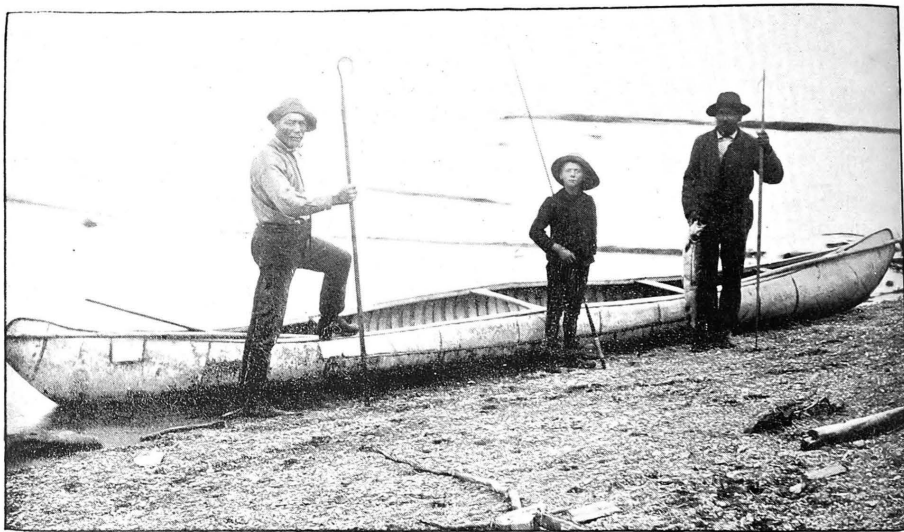
LITTLE METIS is situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence, at a point where the estuary begins to widen out so that the opposite shore is a faint line in the distance and much of the horizon is as level as upon the ocean. This gives the place more the air of a seaside resort than many less favoured watering places, and the salt waves rolling in upon the sandy beach confirm the impression. The beach is about four miles long, hard, smooth and safe for bathers. The scenery is varied and attractive. One may drive for miles along the shore and enjoy the panorama and the sea breeze until weary. Inland are beautiful vales, nooks, and brooks, and charming bits of landscape. Drives may be had at a small expense. One of these is to the Falls, seven miles away.

Leaving the St. Lawrence, the course of the traveller is south to the METAPEDIA VALLEY. Thousands are now familiar with it where hundreds had



Martello Tower, St. John, N.B.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

heard of it in other years. It has attractions for all. Those who seek the beautiful in Nature may here find it, while those who are disciples of Nimrod or Walton will find the days only too short, and the weeks passing away all too swiftly. The name Metapeda is said to denote musical waters, and the title is well deserved. Through the green valley the river winds in graceful curves, singing the music of the waters as it runs. In thirty miles of its course it has 222 rapids, great and small, now swift and deep, now gently rippling over beds of shining gravel and golden sand. Here and there are the deeper pools in which lurk salmon of astounding size, for this is one of the salmon streams of which every fisherman has heard. For mile after mile the traveller watches the course of the river, so strangely pent in by the mountains on either hand, rising in every shape which mountains can assume. Some are almost perfect cones ; and others have such gentle slopes that one feels he would like to stroll leisurely upward to the summit, but the height, as a rule, is from six hundred to eight hundred feet. In some places in the Metapeda, the river, the highway and the railway crowd each other for a passage, so narrow is the valley. Here Switzerland lives in miniature amid the mountains, while England and Scotland are around the lakes, streams and springy heather.



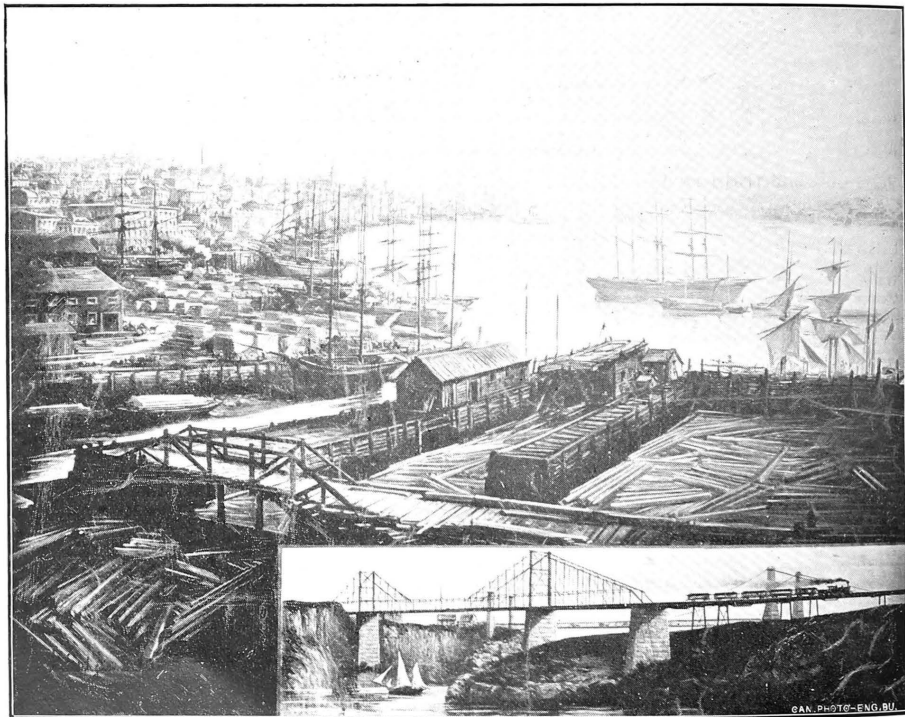
Little Jack after he killed his first Salmon.

The last of the Metapedia River is seen at the village which bears the same name, at the junction of the Restigouche. It is a place of singular beauty, and the eye lingers lovingly on the beautiful panorama as it passes from the view and the train rushes onward to the boundary of New Brunswick. Here we catch sight of the River Restigouche, spanned by a beautiful and substantial railway bridge, over a thousand feet in length. The river is thickly dotted with low-lying islands, rich with meadow land, their hues of green contrasting finely with the silver surface of the river. In truth, this part of the road is a succession of bright pictures, a panorama wherein are shown some of nature's fairest scenes.

CAMPBELLTON, the first stopping place in New Brunswick, is a village with great possibilities. It is a summer resort, with every facility for salt-water bathing, salt-water fishing, and a good time generally. The situation is beautiful, because Campbellton lies at a point where a broad and beautiful river unites with the waters of a bay which has no rival in America.

Little Jack is the son of Mr. O. A. Barberie, Agent at Campbellton, New Brunswick, for the Intercolonial Railway. Mr. Barberie is a veteran sportsman and an enthusiastic follower of both the rod and the gun, but we think that





St. John, N. B.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

the rod is his best girl. That the son, though only 10 years of age, is a chip of the old block goes without saying, and in due time the father will find son Jack turning the governor down on all sporting points, and we imagine we can hear the worthy parent say, "Well, boys, I never met my match until I raised one."

Jack's feat in connection with the picture herein occurred on 5th August, 1895, in the waters of the "Camp Harmony's Angling Club," when he hooked and brought to gaff within 12 minutes, a 14 lb. salmon, using an 8 oz. rod, and handling his rod like any veteran sportsman without exhibiting the slightest evidence of excitement. With the aid of his imagination, he increased wonderfully in his avoirdupois, in the morning, or before he killed his fish, he weighed 60 lbs., and in the evening, when in camp, said he thought he weighed 200 lbs. Jack's admirers, and there are many, say they feel safe in claiming that this achievement of Jack's is the finest bit of fishing ever accomplished by a boy of Jack's age and normal weight.

One of the fairest spots on the line of the Intercolonial is found at DALHOUSIE. Even when this place was not connected with the railroad, it attracted large numbers of visitors, and now that it is so easy of access it is one of the



Entrance to new Park, St. John, N. B.

most popular of summer resorts. Its location at the mouth of the Restigouche, where the glorious Baie des Chaleurs begins, would in any event make the site one of unusual beauty. Fine beaches and water of moderate temperature tempt the bather. The sheltered position of the place gives it a freedom from raw winds, and fog, that terror of so many tourists, is never known around this shore.

The BAIE DES CHALEURS is one of the most beautiful havens in America. Ninety miles long and from fifteen to twenty-five wide, there cannot be found in its waters either rock or other hindrance to the safe passage of the largest of ships. For many miles the Intercolonial Railway runs close to the shore, and few fairer sights are to be seen than the broad and beautiful expanse of water with its numerous little inlets on the New Brunswick side and the lofty and imposing mountains rising grandly on the shore of Quebec.

On a summer day, with a gentle breeze rippling the smooth surface of the water, the yachtsman feels that he has at last found the object of his dream. There is no finer yachting bay on the North Atlantic coast.



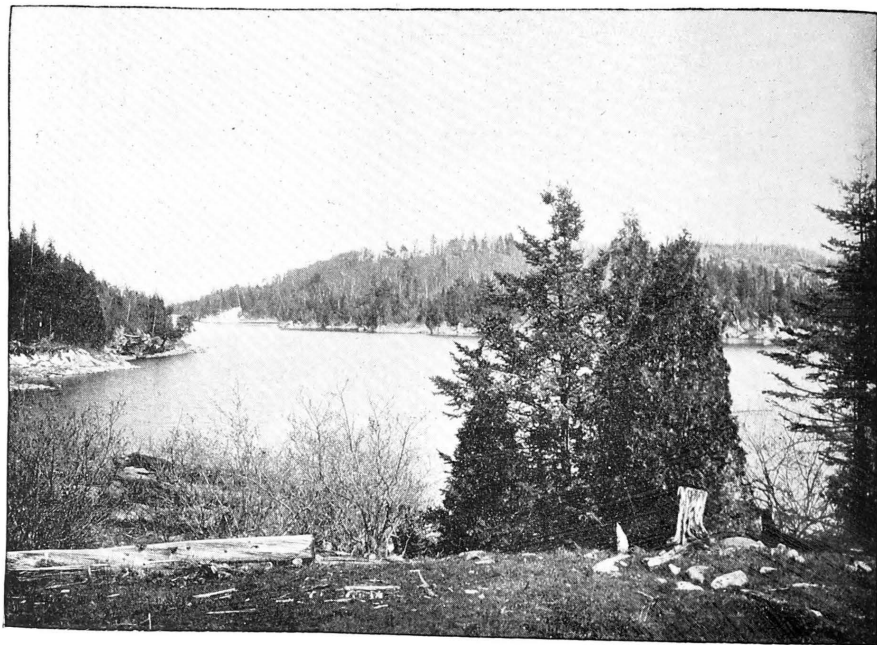
St. John City, N.B.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

## BAIE DES CHALEURS TO GASPÉ BASIN.



THE land of GASPÉ is out of the route of general travel, and is consequently out of the rut of the hackneyed excursion trips through Canada. It has not a promising look on the face of the map and the tourist who has not learned something about the country in advance will be very likely to seek his summer outing in parts of the land which seem more abundant in places and people. If he does so, he will miss very much that is of the rarely quaint and curious kind, much that can be found on no other part of the American continent.

To the weary and worn pilgrim from the busy world it is a pleasure, if not a luxury. From Cross Point to Port Daniel, the highway is like one long village street. It is settled from one end to the other, house after house cheers the sight, while the prospect everywhere is such as to appeal to the keenest senses of those who love the beauties of nature.

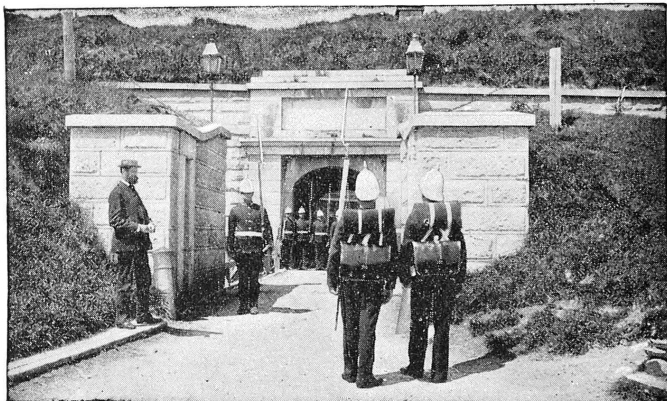


Drury Cove, near Brookville Station Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

Truly a pleasant enough journey it is along this main street of the big peninsula in the summer days when one is free from the cares of business and time is no object. On the one hand is the sea, as calm at this season as it can be turbulent in the dark night of the spring and autumn. On its smooth surface, far and near, is an ever changing panorama in which all kinds of craft, from the tiny boat to the stately ship and ocean steamer, have their places. Whether the way be along the Baie des Chaleurs, by the open waters of the Gulf or on the south shore of the Lower St. Lawrence, the waters are ever a source of delight to the eye, while the cool breezes gratefully temper the heat of the mid-summer sun. On the other hand rise the eternal hills, mountains overtopping mountains, some of them rising to a height of 4,000 feet, clad in the darker hues of ancient forest growth. There are places where the mountains leave but a narrow strip between their base and the sea, while again they are so far off that the sunshine on their foliage gives them varied and mellowed shades from the lightest to the deepest of green, while rocky cliffs stand stern and sombre in their native grandeur.

CARLETON has been mentioned as an Acadian village, and it has remained almost wholly so since it was founded by the French who sought a refuge here

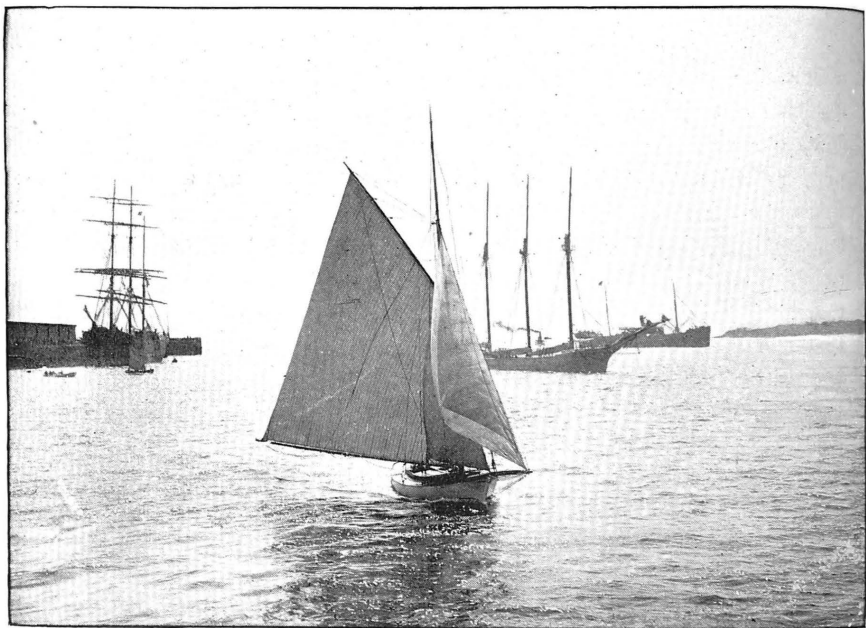




Entrance to Citadel, Halifax, N.S.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

after the dispersion of their race in Acadia. More than nine-tenths of the residents are of Acadian descent, while French is the language spoken by all, and exclusively by many. The wealthiest land owner here, however, the proprietor of a fine old manor house, is not of that race. In recent years, too, English residents of Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec, have spent their vacation here, and several typical summer cottages already dot the shore, while more are to be built. A prominent Ottawa physician sends patients here to enjoy an air that is not so strong as that further down the coast, while the bathing is all that can be desired. The water here is warmer than it is where there is a wider stretch of sea, and the beach is excellent. Along these shores occasional valuable finds of "Gaspé pebbles," in the form of various coloured jaspers and agates, are made.

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



St. John Harbour, looking towards Partridge Island—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

fed by springs which make the stream of almost icy coolness, even in the hottest days of summer.

NEW CARLISLE has much about it that is attractive. The average stranger is delighted to find that English is the language in the business community and that there is a regular arrangement of streets at right angles to the main street. Many of the modern houses, with their surroundings, are very tasteful in appearance, while there is a simple dignity about some of the older dwellings. One is more than ever impressed with an old manor house which appears to be of wood, when he is told that the wood is only a covering, and that not only are the main walls of stone, but even the partitions are constructed in the same substantial old time fashion.

Not until one sees PERCÉ can he have an adequate conception of the beauty of the scenery of the eastern end of the Gaspé Peninsula, and having once seen it, he realizes the difficulty of doing it even scant justice by an attempt at verbal description. It is one of the places in regard to which language fails to convey to those at a distance a correct idea of what is revealed to the eye.

Whatever may be the thoughts of the stranger who lands at Percé before seeing the place, he can have but one feeling when he has seen it in the clear

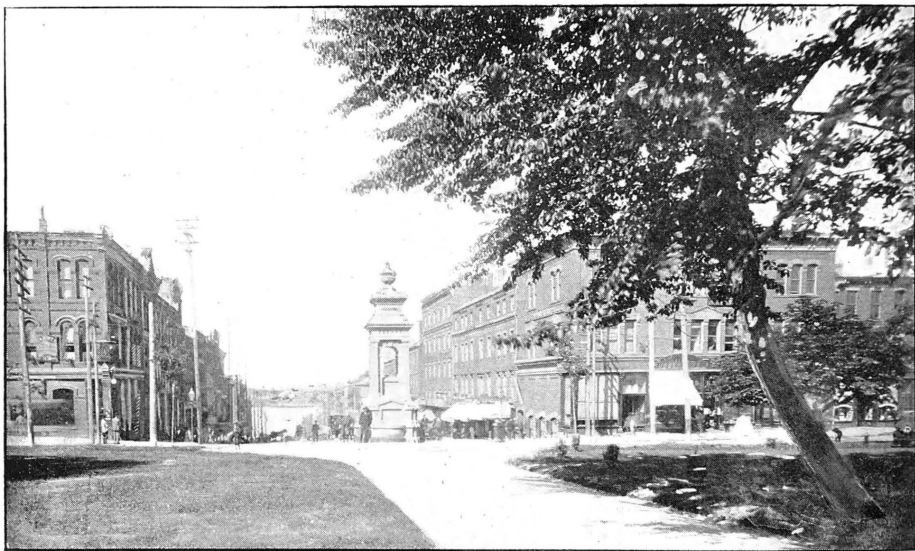


Band Stand, Public Garden, Halifax, N.S.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

light of day. The term "clear" is not idly used in this connection. In the wonderful atmosphere of this part of the Gulf, the distinctness with which objects are presented to the view is surprising. In the case of the PERCÉ ROCK it is almost startling. Seen from the shore, this singular natural monument stands out against the sea and the sky as sharply defined as if cut by the chisel of some Titanic sculptor. It looms in solemn grandeur as a revelation exceeding all that the fancy had been led to anticipate.

The walks and drives in the vicinity of this place are delightful, the chief of them is that to the mountain, which gives a good idea of the possibilities of this part of the world in respect to scenery. Up, up the hills one travels, until at last "La Table-à-Rolland," the summit of Mont Ste. Anne, is reached, at a height of nearly 1,300 feet above the sea.

The most convenient way to get from Percé to Gaspé is by water, but if one is fond of rugged scenery he can have it to his heart's content by taking the highway for a part of the distance, catching the steamer further along the coast. Though much of the journey will be out of sight of the water, the road will be around Mal Baie, as it is called in these days, though Morue Bay is the true title, derived from the abundance of codfish found there.



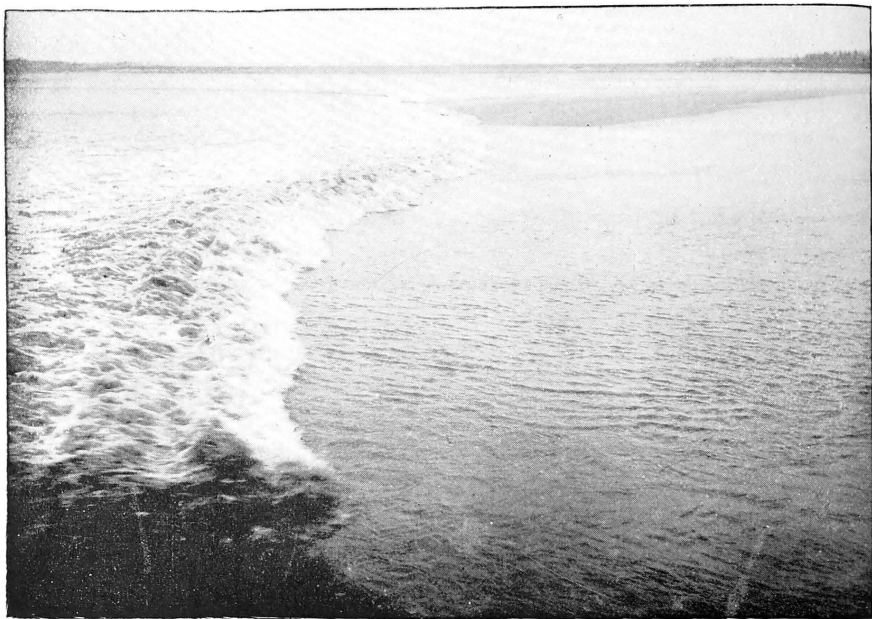
Head of King Street, St. John, N.B.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

GASPÉ BASIN at morning, at evening, at all times, is a place of wonderful beauty, and dull must be the nature that is not inspired by the charm of the calm waters and the glorious landscape which appeals to one wherever the eye is turned. The stately hills rise in graceful dignity as a setting for this peaceful haven, and the pure bracing air is a tonic beyond the physician's art.

The town bearing the same name as this basin is finely situated on the heights overlooking that water, which is so securely sheltered by the hills that it seems the ideal of a place of shelter, whatever storms may rage. There is good hotel accommodation in the town, and the variety of pleasure excursions by land and water need only be limited by the time and inclination of the visitor. In whatever direction he goes will be found something he will be glad he did not miss.

No one who has time can afford to leave Gaspé, which is a place of refuge whither the weary and worn would flee for refreshment and rest, and where he who is troubled by the din and distraction of the busy world may find a haven of perfect peace, without a closer examination of the surroundings than a steamer voyage can give. A visit to the Cape and to Ship Head will reveal a magnificent panorama of land and marine scenery.





“The Bore,” (Tidal Wave), Moncton, N.B., height, 5 ft. 4 in.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

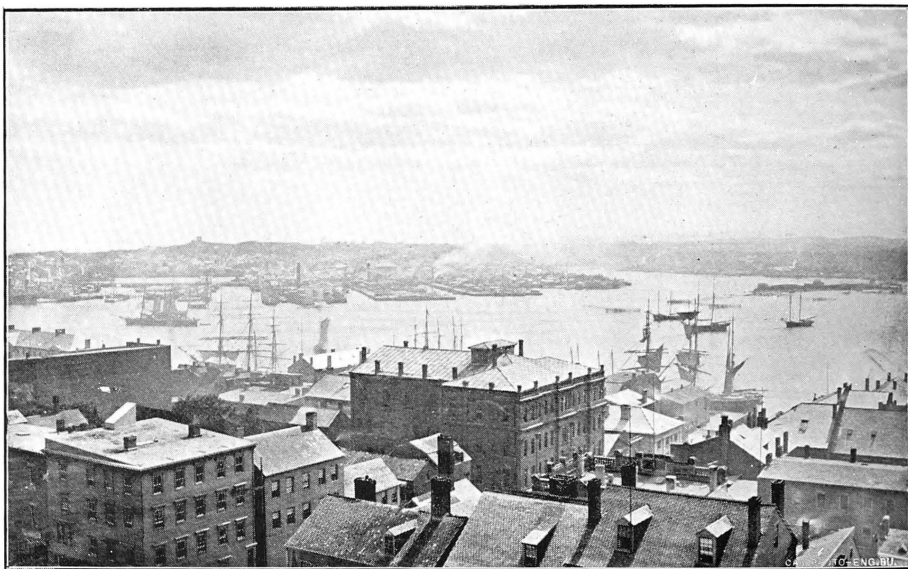
## BACK TO THE RAIL TRIP.



FROM Dalhousie the tourist returns to the main line of the Inter-colonial via Dalhousie Junction, passing ideal spots such as Charlo, Jacquet River, Bathurst and Newcastle. From here on, until MONCTON is reached, the railway passes through a country so far from the shore that none of the flourishing settlements are seen.

The great spectacle of Moncton is its “bore,” a most astonishing effect of the Bay of Fundy tides, which come tearing up the Petitcodiac River bed in an impetuous wall of water from four to eight feet in height; this is truly worthy of a stop for the express purpose of witnessing, and adds one more to the already numerous phenomena of the Bay of Fundy.

A journey of about three hours is required from Moncton to St. John. The greater portion of the distance is through a well settled country, attractive in appearance.



St. John, N.B., looking towards Carleton—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

ST. JOHN, the commercial capital of New Brunswick, is one of the principal gateways to points on or reached by the Intercolonial Railway for tourist travel from Western Canada and the Atlantic Coast States, being the terminus of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways, "All Rail Line" between St. John and Boston, and steamers of the International Steamship Company, and its varied industries are giving it a wealth of importance of which it scarcely dreamed in former years. Fine specimens of architecture are seen in the Intercolonial Depot, the Custom house, Post office, churches and numerous other buildings, public and private. Electric street cars furnish rapid transit. The wide straight streets cross each other at right angles and the location of the city is admirable in every respect. It is holding its own among the cities of Canada, and its growth is a healthy one.

Strangers, of whom increasing numbers visit this city every year, have a choice of several attractive drives. One of these is on the Marsh road, visiting the beautiful rural cemetery on the way. Another and very attractive drive is over the Suspension Bridge. A sail up the St. John River (the Hudson of New Brunswick) to the city of Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, is a trip that tourists should not fail to make.



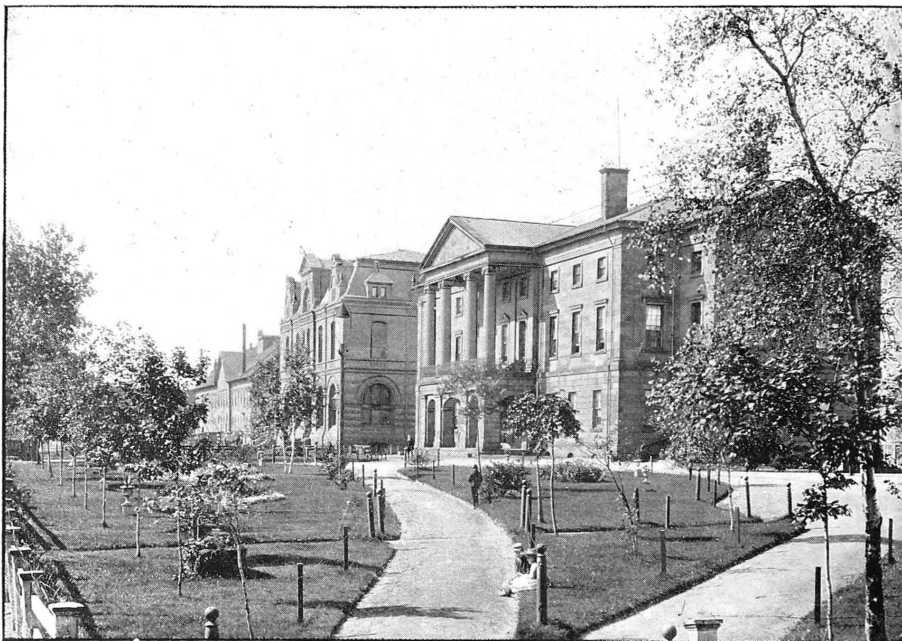
St. John Station on the Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

Before continuing our trip further east over the Intercolonial, we will divert here and cross to Prince Edward Island, "The Garden of the Gulf."

Returning to Moncton the Intercolonial Railway carries the traveller nineteen miles eastward to the landing of the Charlottetown Steam Navigation Company at Pointe du Chêne, where modern built steamers cross the Straits of Northumberland. We pass on the way the attractive town of Shediac, where bathing can actually be enjoyed in mild waters.

From Pointe du Chêne to Summerside it is thirty-five miles of delightful sailing, and it is hard to imagine the nearly insuperable barrier that separates these two points in winter.

**SUMMERSIDE.** As the steamer approaches the island, the first land sighted is the headland of Cape Egmont, in the far north, after which the course leads into Bedeque Bay and the busy ship-building town of Summerside. In this harbour lies the picturesque little island at the mouth of the Dunk River, which has been for several years quite a resort with its hotel and woodsy roads. Prince Edward Island is but three miles wide just here, the Bay of Richmond penetrating to that point on the other side. A little trip by rail to Tignish



A view in Queen Square Gardens, Charlottetown, P. E. I., reached by the Intercolonial Railway of Canada and its connections.

will reveal the quaint settlements inland and along-shore of Scotch and Irish origin, and the pastoral beauties so characteristic of the whole island.

CHARLOTTETOWN is the important city of the island, and is attractively and generously laid out. Its Public Squares, full of flowering plants and well arranged walks, are surrounded by substantial, not to say handsome buildings, that might do honour to a more important city. With all of its local attractions, Charlottetown offers a series of delightful land and water excursions and a host of fishing waters that are truly remarkable. The hills, though not high or abrupt, are gently undulating, and fresh with the colours of thrifty farm production, slope gently to the shores, where often-times the eye is caught by glorious patches of the bright orange and red of the red sandstone, and rise abruptly in places to a height of fifty or seventy-five feet.

The possibilities for a roundabout route, taking in other attractions upon the return, are great. For one may, instead of retracing the route via Summer-side and Pointe du Chêne back to Moncton, leave the island at Charlottetown, crossing by steamer to Pictou on the Nova Scotia shore of the Mainland.

To reach Nova Scotia and Cape Breton one leaves Moncton by the Inter-colonial, and is carried with a whirl southward through Memramcook and out





“The Coll.”

on the great marshes of the same name. It is not too much to declare this great marsh land the most impressive on Canadian territory, if not on the continent. Near Memramcook station and on through Dorchester and Sackville to Amherst it reaches its full grandeur, the broad and simple plains broken here and there by the tidal river or the clustering haystacks.

From WENTWORTH the train begins a long climb of several miles up the slope of the Cobequid Mountains, that line the northern shore with the picturesque bay of the same name. The outlook, which has been monotonous and limited, now opens into a landscape of irresistible beauty ; one of quiet pastoral charm, as seen from a high mountain ; stretching away for miles toward the strait, reaching its climax with the enthusiasm of the beholder near Folleigh Lake, a little eye set in its deep mountain socket, six hundred feet above the sea.

TRURO, which is at the head of Cobequid Bay, is a charming town ; large, prosperous, aristocratic looking, in fact to Nova Scotia what Fredericton is to New Brunswick, the most attractive of its size. It possesses a remarkably pretty park and the most varied assortment of drives across mountain or marsh.



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“The Answer.”

HALIFAX, the terminus of the Intercolonial, is another important gateway for tourist travel from Atlantic Coast States to points on or reached by the Intercolonial Railway.

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

It is a strong city in every way and has a great strength in a military point of view ; it is strongly British in its manners, customs and sympathies ; and it has strong attractions for visitors.

The seeker after a good view of the city and its surroundings may have the very best from the Citadel. It commands land and water for many miles. The arm, the basin, the harbour with its islands, the sea with its ships, the distant hills and forests, the city with its busy streets, all are presented to the eye in a beautiful and varied panorama.



CAN. PHOTO-ENG. BU.

” The Finish ”

The water on the west is the North-west Arm, a stretch of about three miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width. To the south and east is the harbour, which narrows as it reaches the upper end of the city and expands again into Bedford Basin, with its ten square miles of safe anchorage. The Basin terminates at a distance of nine miles from the city, and is navigable for the whole distance. The city proper is on the eastern slope of the isthmus and rises from the water to a height of 256 feet at the Citadel. On the eastern side of the harbour is the town of Dartmouth. In the harbour, and commanding all parts of it, is the strongly fortified George's Island, while at the entrance, three miles below, is McNab's Island, which effectually guards the passage from the sea.

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

From New Glasgow to ANTIGONISH are stations whose names are either Scotch or Indian, little towns among fertile fields or along marshy streams; with now and then a glimpse across to the Antigonish Mountains. We are in the suggestively named townships of Maxwelton and Arrisaig.

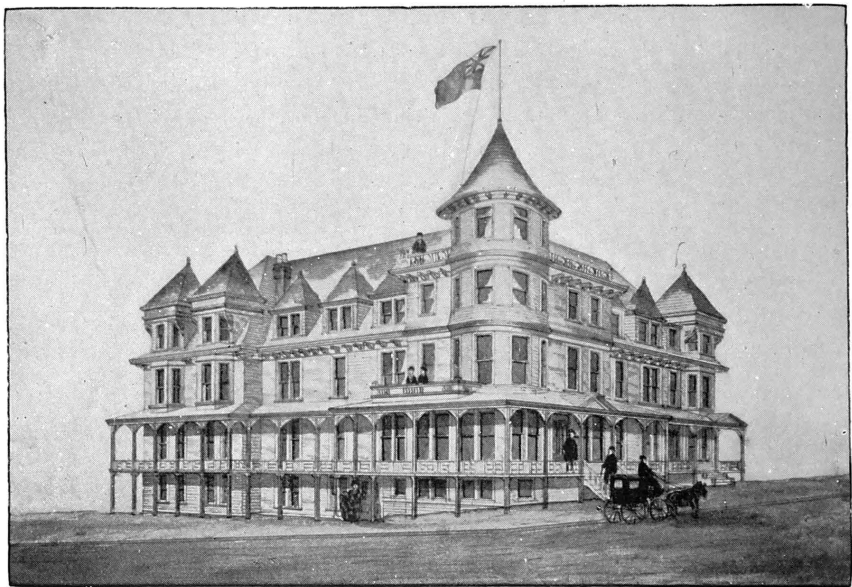


“ In Camp.”

These views, "The Call," "The Answer," "The Finish," and "In Camp," are from photographs kindly loaned by Mr. A. O. Pritchard, of New Glasgow, N.S., and are from the camera of the late Mr. Lawson Bell, of New York, a gentleman who has spent much of his time in the forests of Pictou and Guysboro counties, Nova Scotia, hunting moose and caribou. The three men represented in the cuts are Mr. W. B. Moore, John Paul, a Micmac Indian, and Ronald McQuarrie, one of the best hunters and moose-callers in the province. Mr. Moore has many friends among American sportsmen who occasionally visit our woods in quest of the moose. Hunting has been his favourite pastime from boyhood, and he regards the camp, with its beds of spruce boughs and its log fire, as the *summum bonum* of his existence.

The horn used by the caller is made of a piece of birch bark. With this he is able to produce a sound closely resembling the cry of the male or female moose. In "The Call," the hunter is supposed to be imitating the cry of the cow moose. In "The Answer," the hunters are anticipating the advent of the unwary monarch of the woods, who, in response to the call, rushes frantically through the dense underbrush, bounds over windfalls and every other obstacle. In the last scene, "The Finish," he is covered by the rifles of his lurking foes.





Sydney Hotel, Sydney, Cape Breton—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

Beyond HARBOUR AU BOUCHE the bristling head of Cape Porcupine looms up over the wilderness, a glimpse of the far away George Bay is caught, then the train swings sharply to the right and with applied brakes we glide down into MULGRAVE and cross by ferry the glorious Strait of Canseau to the *ultima Thule* of our travels and expectations, the fair island of CAPE BRETON.

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

Gentle reader, were you ever in a coal mine? If not, and not likely to be, get some able bodied friend, a tub and a rope, and allow the former to lower the latter and yourself into a dark, damp and not over clean cellar where there is a coal bin. This method is cheap, safe and convenient, and has many points of resemblance to the genuine article. If you must visit a mine, however, visit one of those in Cape Breton. You will have no trouble in finding one, and after rambling among the darkness a thousand feet or so under



Baddeck (Bras d'Or), Cape Breton—Intercolonial Railway of Canada

the earth, you will feel glad to see daylight again. Some one has said that no one can appreciate cold water so well as a man who suffers from the thirst following a debauch ; no one can better realize the beauty of green fields, the blessing of pure air, and the glory of the sunlight than one who has been down among the coal mines.

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

Speaking of the famous Bras d'Or Lakes, Charles Dudley Warner says :

“The way was more varied during the next stage ; we passed through some pleasant valleys and picturesque neighbourhoods, and at length winding



Grand Narrows, Cape Breton—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

around the base of a wooded range, and crossing its point, we came upon a sight that took all the sleep out of us. This was the famous Bras d'Or."

"The Bras d'Or is the most beautiful salt water lake I have ever seen, and more beautiful than we had imagined a body of salt water could be. If the reader will take the map, he will see that two narrow estuaries, the Great and Little Bras d'Or, enter the Island of Cape Breton on the ragged north-east coast, above the town of Sydney, and flow in, at length widening out and occupying the heart of the island. The water seeks out all the low places, and ramifies the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote country farms and settlements, the flavour of salt, and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea. There is very little tide at any time, so that the shores are clean and slightly, for the most part like those of fresh water lakes. It has all the pleasantness of a fresh water lake with all the advantages of a salt one. In the streams which run into it are the speckled trout, the shad and the salmon ; out of its depths are hooked the cod and the mackerel, and in its bays fatten the oyster. This irregular lake is about a hundred miles long, if you measure it skilfully, and in some places ten miles



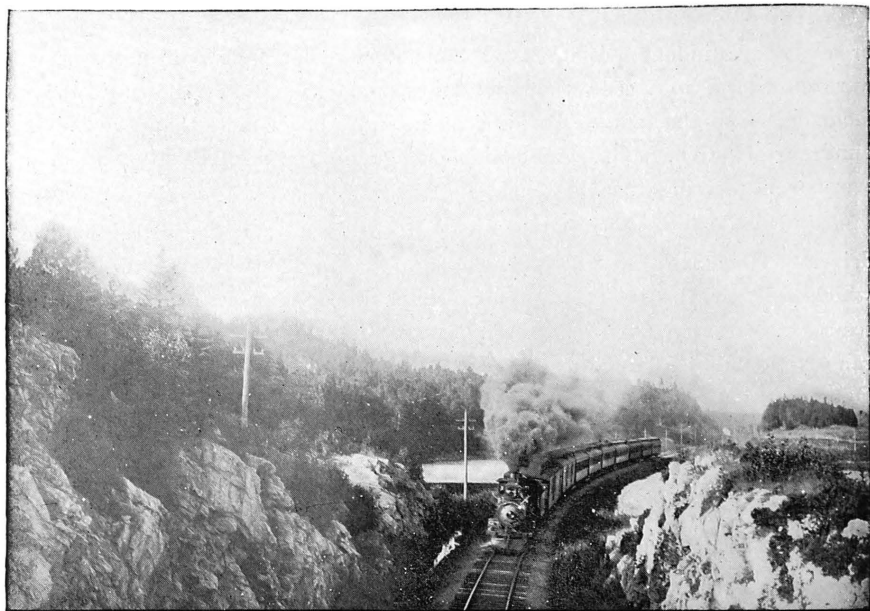
Sydney, Cape Breton, reached by the Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

broad ; but so indented is it that I am not sure but one would need, as we were informed, to ride a thousand miles to go round it, following all its incursions into the land. The hills about it are never more than five or six hundred feet high, but they are high enough for reposeful beauty, and offer everywhere pleasing lines.

“What we first saw was an inlet of the Bras d’Or—or called by the driver—‘Hogamah Bay.’ At its entrance were the long wooded islands, beyond which we saw the backs of graceful hills, like the capes of some poetic sea-coast. The bay narrowed to a mile in width where we came upon it, and ran several miles inland to a swamp, round the head of which we must go. Opposite was the village of ‘Hogamah.’ I had my suspicions from the beginning about this name, and now asked the driver, who was liberally educated for a driver, how he spelled ‘Hogamah’—Why-ko-ko-magh.”

On this coast, too, is a place made famous ere the English flag waved in supremacy over Canada. It is LOUISBOURG, once one of the strongest fortified cities of the world, a city with walls of stone which made a circuit of two and a half miles, were thirty-six feet high, and of the thickness of forty feet at the base. For twenty-five years the French had laboured upon it, and had





Lawlor's Lake, near St. John, N. B.— Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

expended upwards of thirty millions of livres, or nearly six million dollars, in completing its defences. It was called the Dunkirk of America. Garrisoned by the veterans of France, and with powerful batteries commanding every point, it bristled with most potent pride of war.

The capture of Louisbourg by the undisciplined New England farmers, commanded by William Pepperell, a merchant ignorant of the art of war, was one of the most extraordinary events in the annals of history.

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



N. W. Arm, Halifax, N.S.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.

dwellers along the coast ; and the hand of time was left to finish the work of obliteration. Time has been more merciful than man ; it has covered the gloomy ruin with a mantle of green and has healed the gaping wounds which once rendered ghastly the land that nature made so fair.

The PICTOU and OXFORD branch of the Intercolonial which extends from Pictou to Oxford Junction a distance of 69 miles, may be made part of the route to Prince Edward Island or Cape Breton, or it may be utilized on the return journey. The road is finished with the same careful attention to details as is so noticeable on the main line, and it opens up a very important section of the country. By it access is had to Pugwash, Wallace, Tatamagouche, River John, and other places which have long had a prosperous existence and a more than local fame.



King's Square, St. John, N.B.—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.





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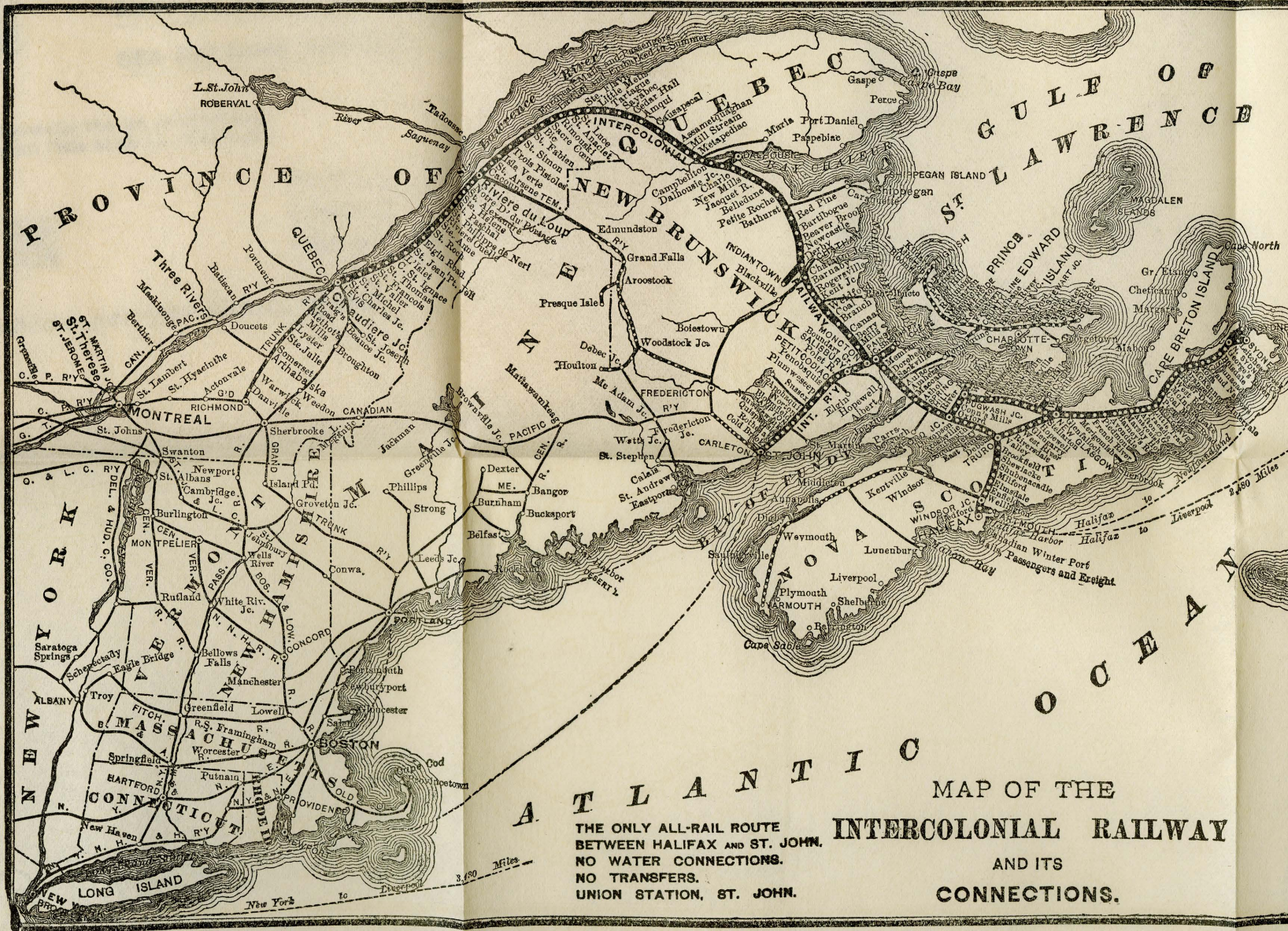
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SPLENDID  
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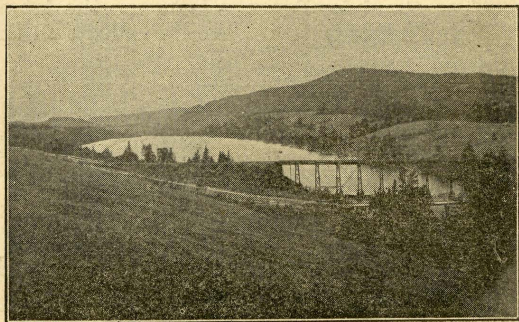
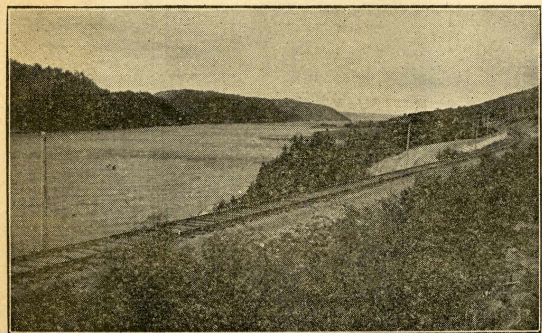
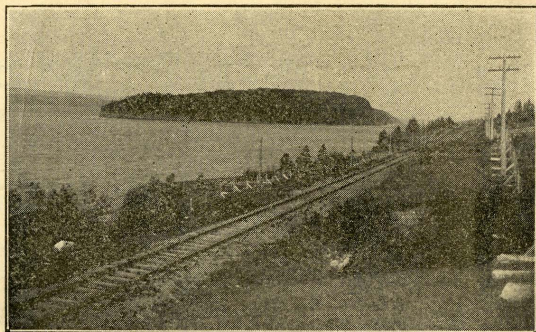
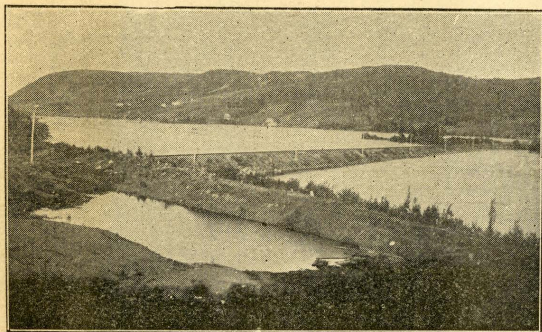
RAILWAY AND

STEAMSHIP

AGENCIES

IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.





Views around Barachois and George's River, Cape Breton—Intercolonial Railway of Canada.