

Canadian Government Railways



*Summer Provinces
by the Sea*

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but by noble deeds of noble men—

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INTRODUCTORY

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

Communicating with the world's greatest system of inland waterways; washed by the salt spray of the rolling Atlantic; blessed with innumerable lakes, majestic rivers, dashing waterfalls and sparkling brooks; clothed with noble forests; featured by towering mountain chains, and swept by cool health-bringing breezes—these delightful domains are surely the summer provinces of all America.

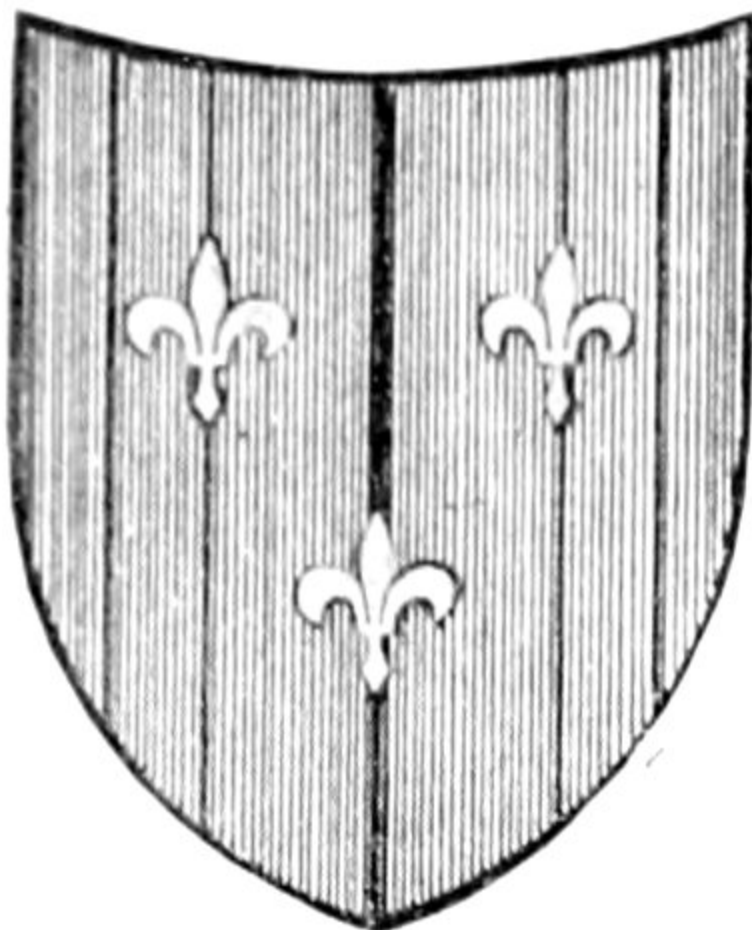
Who has not read with fascination and delight the thrilling pages of Canada's romantic history; or has not been stirred with deep emotion over the adventures of that trio of great explorers: Cabot, Cartier and Champlain!

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

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



There is a fascination in seeing places where the people of long ago have lived, and where epoch-making events have occurred; for there we may learn at first hand and from personal observation many things that cannot be read in the printed page.



How delightful to stand where Jacques Cartier planted his symbolic cross with its emblazoned shield bearing the royal lilies of France, and to remember that here his banners were first unfurled to the breezes of this western land. And while the loyal sons of St. Denis saluted the fluttering flags as the guns were discharged in joyful salvo to mark the birth of an empire beyond the seas did the wondering Indians understand the full meaning of the ceremony, or realize that this handful of men was but the advance guard of a mighty host propelled by a still mightier force—the power of civilization—that would compel the poor “sons of the forest” to give way before the irresistible onrush?

This sixteenth century invasion of Canada seems very remote to us; but long before Columbus, Cabot or Cartier set

foot on the Western Continent, other Europeans had visited it.

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

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

* * * * *



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



Riviere Ste. Anne

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

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



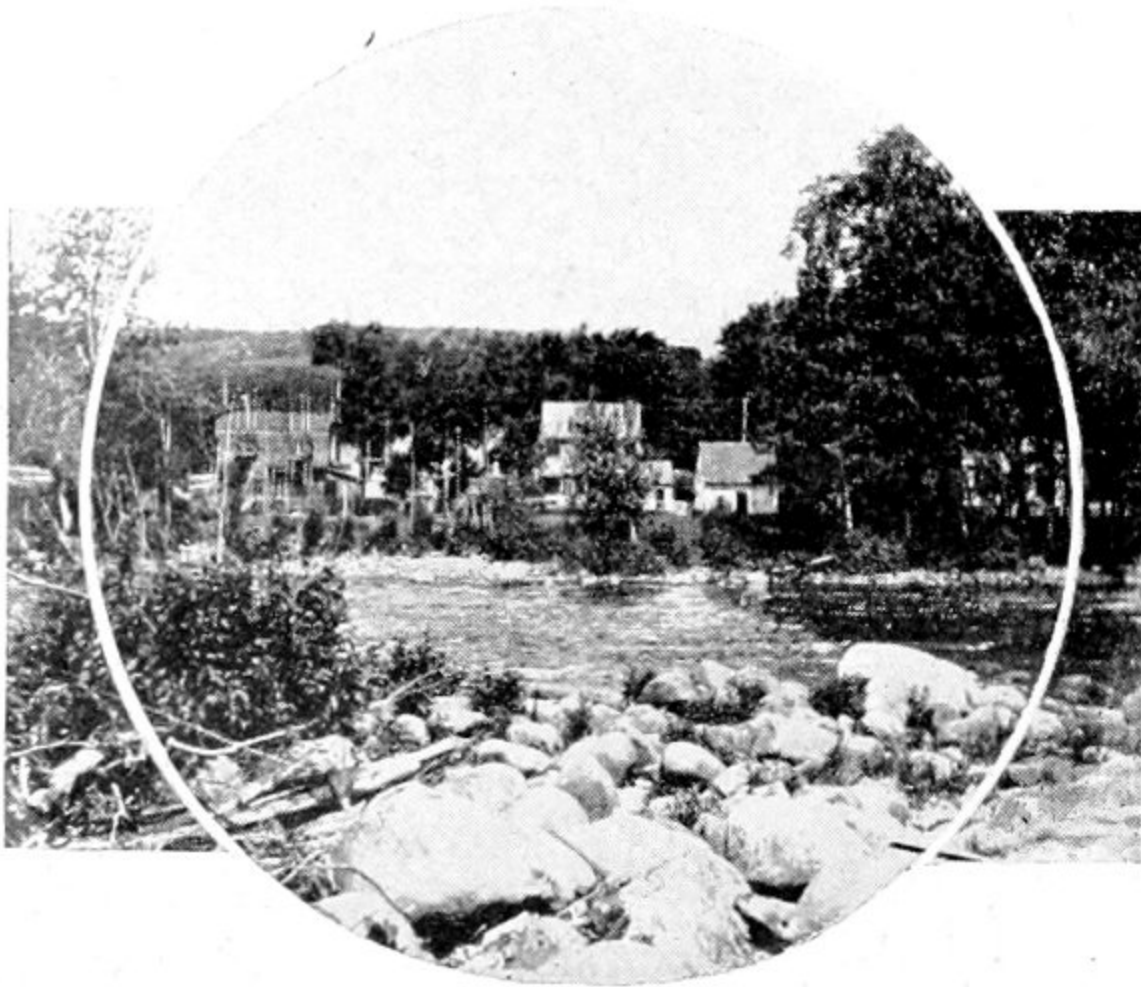
The Province of Quebec is highly diversified and mountainous, and full of ever-changing pictures of great beauty. Its eastern borders are famed for their fine highland scenery, picturesque lakes and romantic glens. In many parts the scenery is majestic, with everything on a grand scale; and the mountains,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

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

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

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

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



There is such a wealth of scenic beauty in the Province of Quebec, and such a delightful, old-time life is found in its many quaint villages, that a tour in any part of the province is full of very pleasant 9 surprises. Without much imagination you may believe you are in a province of Old France. Thoreau, the naturalist, thought it appeared as old as Normandy itself, enabling him to realize much that he had heard of Europe and the Middle Ages. When you leave the United States you travel in company with the saints, for the names of villages such as St. Fereol, Ste. Anne, The Guardian Angel, and of mountains such as Belange and St. Hyacinthe are all along your route. The names "reel with the intoxication of poetry"—Chambly, Longueuil, Pointe aux

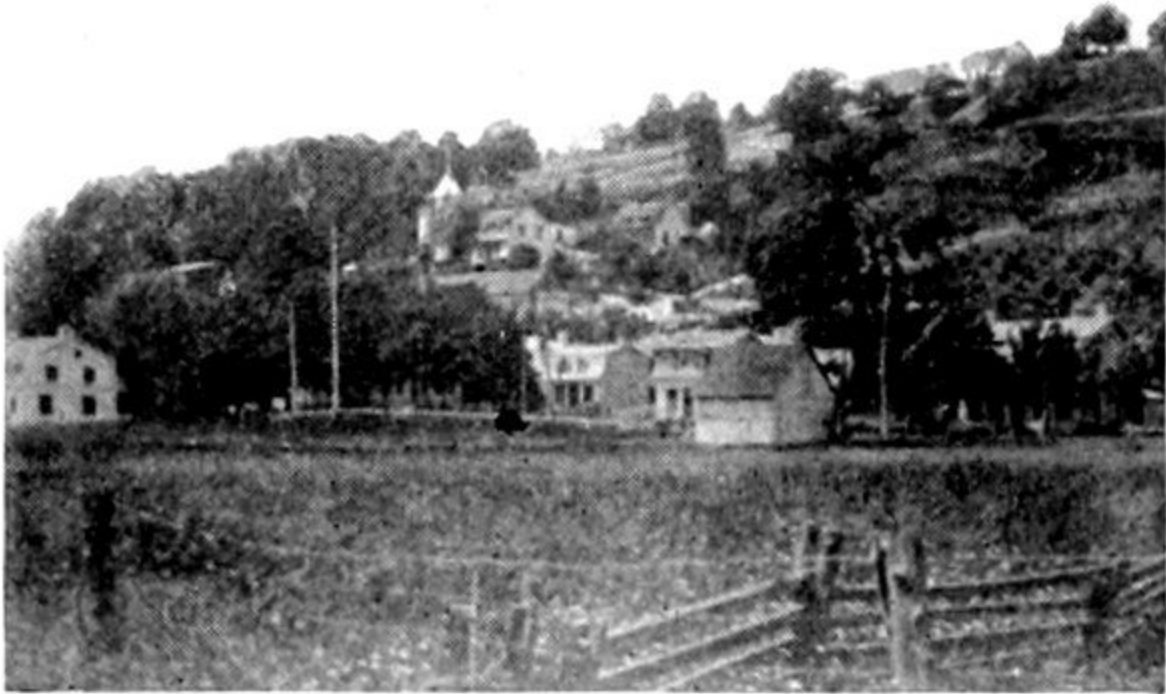
Trembles, Bartholomy, etc. Like Thoreau you will “dream of Provence and the Troubadours.”

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

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

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

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



All along the south shore of the St. Lawrence are numerous pleasant summer resorts; and from Rivière Ouelle Junction on the Intercolonial Railway the train may be taken to the riverside wharf from whence the steamship Champlain makes a pleasant trip to the trio of 10 splendid resorts on the north shore: Murray Bay with its sublime Alpine scenery, rugged Cap à l'Aigle, and charming St. Irénée.

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

“Near her grim citadel the blinding sheen

Of her cathedral spire triumphant soars,

Rocked by the Angelus, whose peal serene

Floats over Beaupré and the Lévis shores.”

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

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

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

It is related that a touring party in an automobile arrived recently at Quebec at 8.30 in the morning. They had breakfast, ‘did’ the city and surrounding country, had luncheon and were off for other parts by 1.30. This is surely a ‘record’; but..... poor Quebec! or rather, poor travellers! for pity should be theirs.

A stay of a month will bring daily joys to the one that loves legend and romance, and all that is quaint and beautiful. The walks and drives and boating trips, the numerous pretty lakes, the fine rivers Chaudière and

Jacques Cartier, as well as the Ste. Anne and smaller streams, supply constant incitement for healthful exercise; and above all there is the story of Quebec that will call him daily in every direction to drink at the fountain head of historic lore.



Trout Creek, Sussex

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



A Summer Camp

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

In the sylvan province of New Brunswick none should go thirsty; for such a prodigality of rivers, streams, cascades, brooks, 13 rivulets and springs, all sparkling like crystal, was never seen. In addition to its network of waterways, the province borders on the great deep; so that from any part of the interior it is easy to reach the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Chaleur and the Bay of Fundy. Nearly all of the principal rivers are intimately connected with each other, either by communicating streams or short portages.



De Monts and Champlain were the pioneer explorers who were sent by King Henry IV. of France at the opening of the seventeenth century to colonize Acadia, in which old-time domain New Brunswick was included. Stirring events have taken place, and many a clash of arms has been heard on the St. John River. The story of the gallant Charles La Tour and his brave wife Frances, "the Heroine of Acadia," is a thrilling one. It is an episode of which all Canada is justly proud.

"But what of my lady?"

Cried Charles of Estienne:

On the shot-crumbled turret

Thy lady was seen:

Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,

Her hand grasped thy pennon,

While her dark tresses swayed

In the hot breath of cannon!

* * * * *

Of its sturdy defenders,

Thy lady alone

Saw the cross-blazoned banner

Float over St. John.



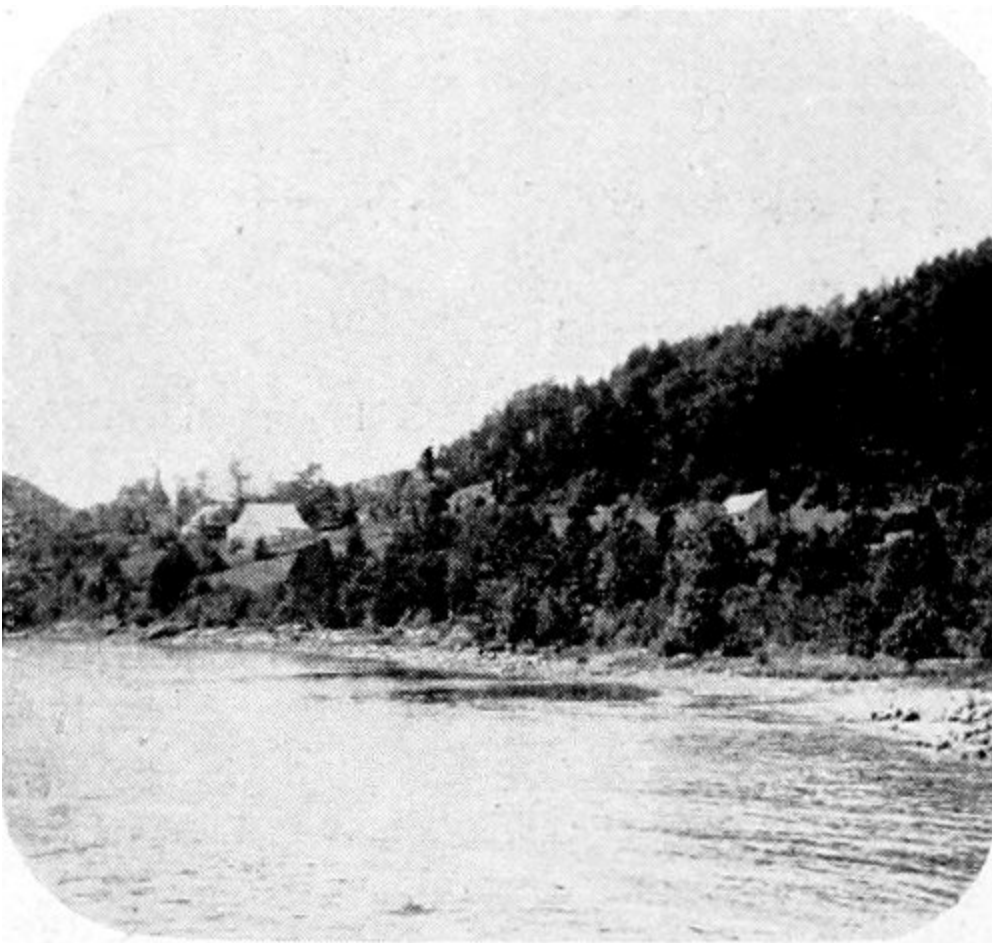
The St. John River is the chief member of that great system of lakes and rivers that has won for this province the distinction of being "the most finely watered country in the world." It is one of the most delightful waterways known, and it is questionable whether any part of America can exhibit greater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

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

The woods and rivers of New Brunswick are so famous that they lure sportsmen and nature-lovers from all parts of the world. Who has not heard of the Restigouche River? a truly noble and stately stream, receiving a number of fine

tributaries, and which has been termed "all things considered, the finest fishing-river in the world."

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



This province is the natural home of the canoe, and to the native Indians we owe that bird of the wave with its birch-bark wings. In every direction towns, villages, lakes and streams are met that still retain their musical Indian

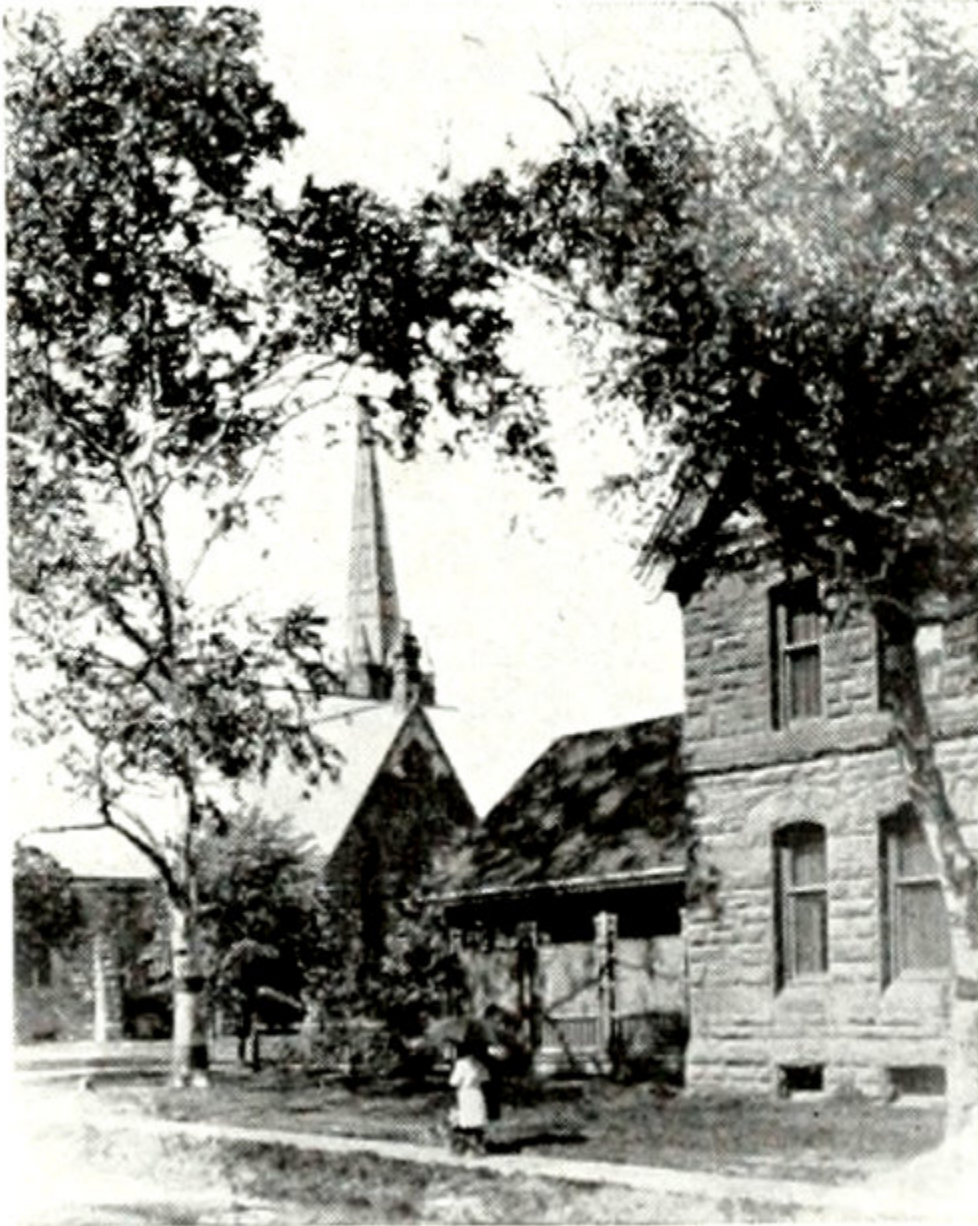
names. Who would wish them changed? Scattered through the forests and by the side of many a river may be found the obliging Micmac and Maliceet Indians, skilled in canoeing and woodcraft, and with some of whom for guides delightful outdoor vacations may be enjoyed.

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

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

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

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



This pleasant and sunny little isle is well provided with attractive names. Because of its delightful situation, its balmy air and prolific soil it is known far and wide as the "Garden of the Gulf." Many of the Micmac Indians made it their home in the early times, and from them has come the beautiful name, musical as well as poetical, Abegweit or "Resting on the Wave."



A Prince Edward Island Beach

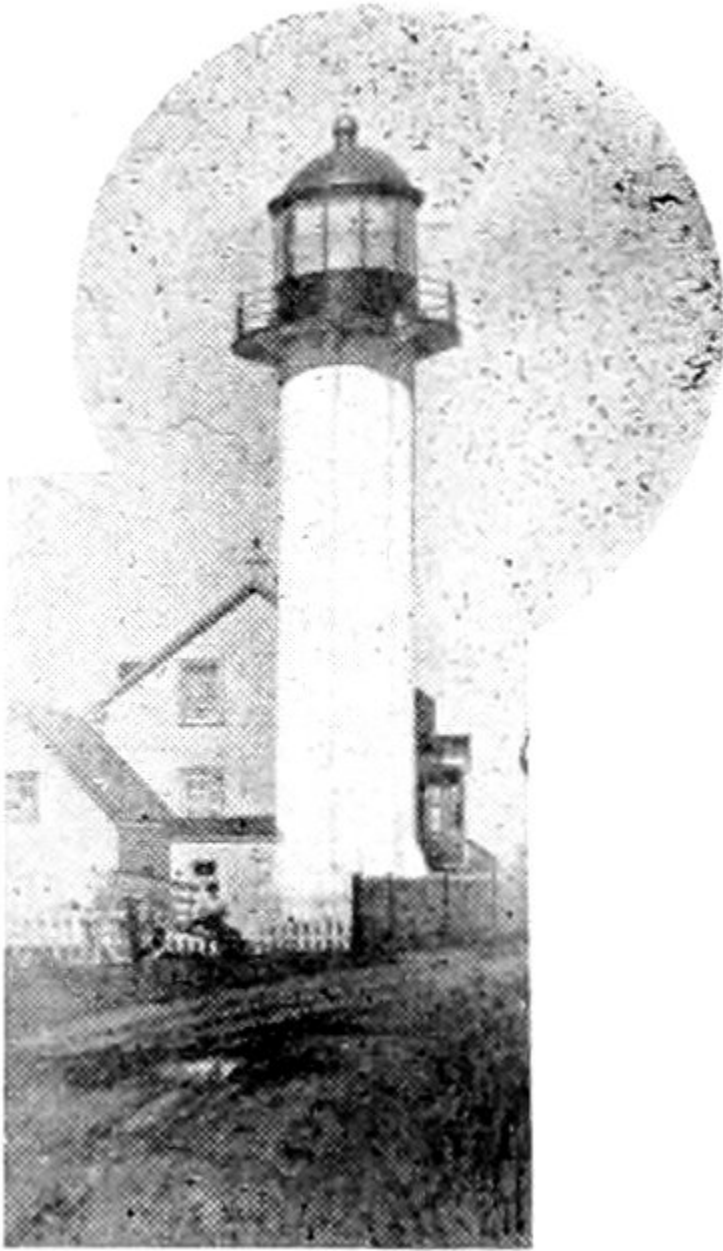
"A speck of green in the restless sea,

Its edge girt around with red,

Fanned by the sea-breeze wand'ring free—

A clear blue sky o'erhead."

There is a pastoral simplicity and freshness about the island that has a fascination for those who visit its shores each year in such numbers. The early settlement by French peasantry from Bretagne, Picardy and Normandy, the Acadian French from Nova Scotia, and the English and Scotch settlers who followed, all give the pleasant little towns and villages an interesting character. There are good and safe harbors on the south side; but on the north it is difficult to find one, unless it be where:

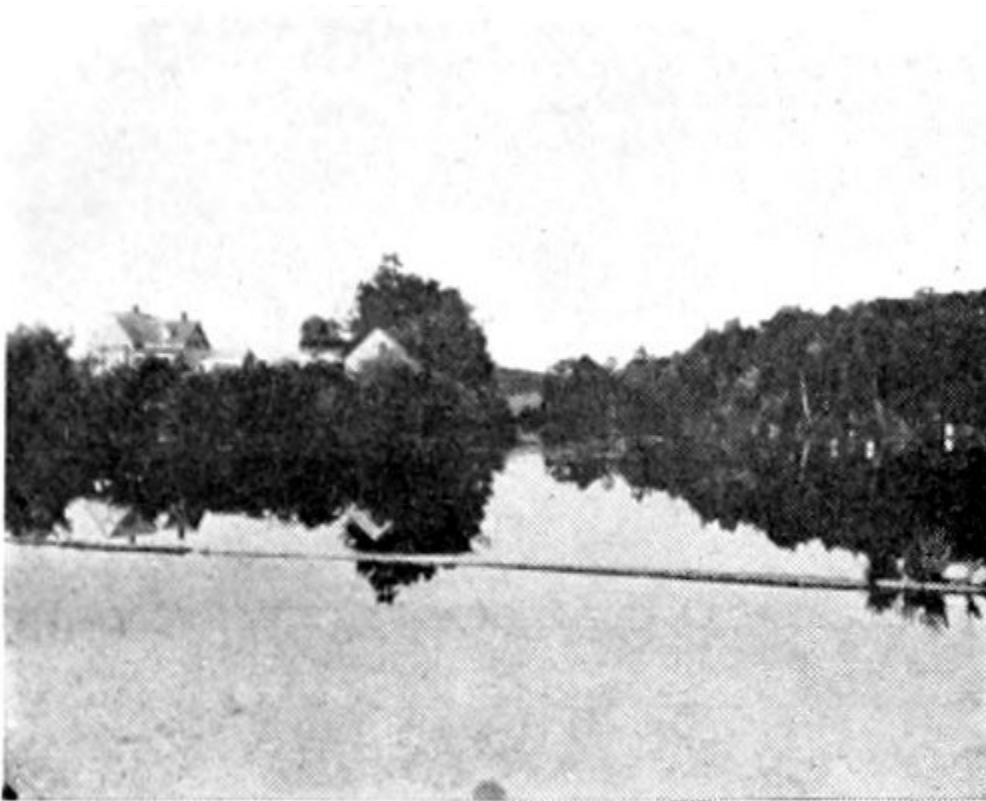


“When nearing home the reapers go,
And Hesper’s dewy light is born:
Or Autumn’s moonbeams soft and slow
Draw dials round the sheaves of corn,
Southward o’er inner tracts and far
Mysterious murmurs wander on—
The sound of waves that waste the bar,
The sandy bar by Alberton.”

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

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

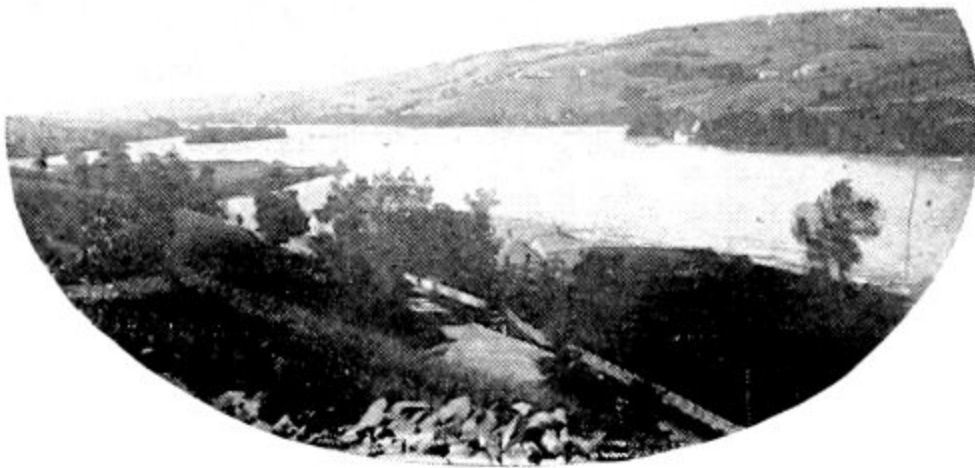
“And one still pool as slow the day declines,
Holds close the sunset’s glory in its deeps
In colors that no mortal tongue could name.”



Nova Scotia and Cape Breton may be termed the seawalls of the Maritime Provinces, for they are on the outer

edge or Atlantic front where they receive the first violent shock of the turbulent rollers that later sweep into the Gulf and inner waters with rapidly lessening force, spent and defeated after their struggle with the giant headlands of granite.

As would naturally be expected, the scenery gradually changes as Quebec and Northern New Brunswick are left behind, not in the sense that it deteriorates, however—it simply alters its character. There are districts, such as the Wentworth Valley, that have become famous for their loveliness; and, as is now well known, Cape Breton has a wild and rugged beauty—like to that of the Scottish Highlands—that gives it a first place in the estimation of many. Indeed, in relation to travel interest generally, it is remarkable what great variety or diversity of scene is found in going from one part to the other of the Maritime Provinces. It may truly be said that each province has its own distinct features of beauty, and those who go to one district for the mountains will have their counterpart in others who will seek the sea and the open shore.



Over the cool green wall of waves advancing

Glistens a crested line of feathery foam,
Till along the beach the billows scatter, glancing

A mist of spray as over the waters comb,
Then fades the white-capped crest all slowly sinking
Where silent, shadowy sands are ever drinking, drinking.
Over the sea, miles out, a ship is riding,

Threading the ocean paths with oaken keel,
And under her bow the baffled waves are sliding

As over her sails the rising breezes steal,
And in her wake a foamy track is lying
As northward far she sails still flying, flying.