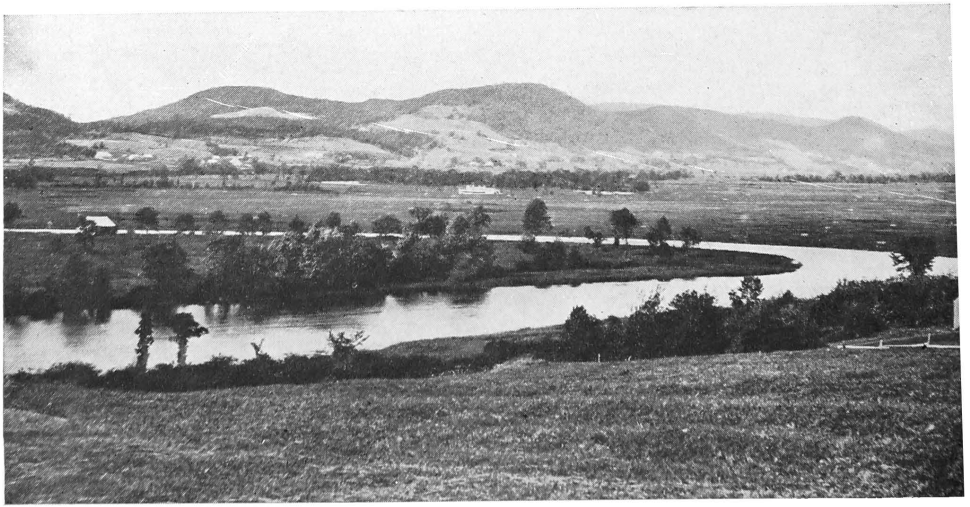
BY FUNDY'S TIDES

EILEEN C.
CUSHING



The Kennebecasis River, with the famous Picwauket Mountain in the background

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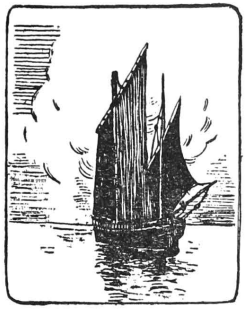


EILEEN C. CUSHING

MARTELLO TOWER.

Notable in Construction, Has Wealth of Early Saint John History.

It doesn't matter how you have entered the city of Saint John, you cannot be within its confines long before you notice a round building on top of a high hill on the western side of the city. If you have not been where you have seen anything like it, your first question very naturally is, "What is it?"

The answer will be, "It is Martello Tower."

If you do not ask, "What is it?" you are sure to ask, "Why was it built and by whom?"

May your curiosity be great enough to cause you to go and see it for yourself. If you are a good walker take the ferry at the foot of Princess street to Carleton, and after you leave it lift your eyes to the tower and walk straight toward your goal. But if that is too strenuous for your taste, why take a street car or taxi.

When the war of 1812 broke out, the citizens of Saint John felt a great dread of an attack by some of the ships of the United States. They wondered what they could do to protect their families and their homes. They knew, of course, that some kind of fortifications were needed. That was a simple remedy: but what form should they take? A Martello Tower was suggested. It was something that all English-speaking people put great faith in, for had not the first one erected at Martello Point (from

which it took its name) in Corsica, successfully with stood the cannonading of the English fleet under Lord Hood in 1794. How natural, then, that the fear of an invasion of England by Napoleon should cause these towers to be built on headlands along the English coast. Their popularity as a means of defence spread quickly to the English Colonies and soon many were built there.

Soon it was decided that a Martello Tower should be built; but where? The site had to be chosen, but that caused little delay, because the high commanding hill, in what is now Carleton, seemed to be the logical spot. These towers were always built where they could overlook the harbor, which they were to protect. It was a situation of unusual vantage, possessing as it did a view of the city and harbor of Saint John, looking over to Partridge Island and across to Nova Scotia, or down the Bay past Sheldon's Point to where the ships from the open sea must appear.

What is a Martello Tower? It is a small round one, about forty feet high, with thick stone walls pierced by loopholes. The stones had to be brought to the top of the hill from the shore half a mile distant and far below it. This the men of the 104th regiment of English Regulars, then quartered in Saint John, proceeded to do. It was strenuous labor, for there was no machinery. Bit by bit the walls rose, as stone was cemented to stone. Two narrow openings were made, fifteen feet apart, not very far above the ground; so as to provide a current of air for the inhabitant, whoever he might be, of the dungeon.

A year went by, the walls rose higher, the dungeon was roofed over. Another year saw a brick column

rising from the centre of this roof or floor. When this column was several feet high, the bricks were so set that they curved outwards from all sides of the structure and spread out in an ever widening circle until the whole building was roofed over. It is a beautiful piece of work and so excites the interest of engineers that a few years ago one of the United States engineering magazines carried a cut of this part of the building with a few remarks on the wonderful workmanship of the men who had so set the bricks that they fanned out from the central column until there was a large enough circle to completely cover the tower, and so kept their position that there was no need for any support for the roof from the centre to the edge. Inside the brick pillar were the steps which led to the roof, around which ran a parapet, pierced by places for guns. It was eight years before the tower was completed.

After you have read this brief history of how the tower came into being, you are no doubt ready to explore for yourself. Perhaps you have reached the summit of the hill upon which it stands, and as you walk around the base of the building, towards the flight of wooden steps that lead upward to the heavy iron door set flush with the thick stone walls, a man comes to meet you. He has a pipe in his mouth, keys in one hand and an old blackthorne stick in the other; he pauses, leans on his stick and welcomes you with a smile.

He leads the way, unlocks the door and swings it inward, urging you to duck your head as you enter, for a man cannot stand upright until he is within the room beyond. You find yourself in the brick roofed room already described. It is not very light, for only

one small window is set in the walls. A rough wooden table and chair are placed before it, and as you wait for your guide to light the old fashioned lantern you wonder who sat there in years gone by. He picks up the lantern and by its feeble gleam you look for the stairs that he tells you lead to the roof. Where are they? You follow him to that brick column that rises straight from the centre of the floor until it curves outwards and over you and forms the roof. The stairs are inside this brick structure and as you mount them, within the narrow space the lantern gives a light that you would never have believed it to possess.

You are carried back over a hundred years or more. You reach the top and stand on what at one time was the roof, surrounded by a stone parapet of several feet in height; which shows the places where soldiers of long ago were posted and where the guns were mounted. Can't you picture them as they changed guard or sat at ease in the room below when off duty.

Our guide tells us that the roof over our heads is a wooden affair built after Confederation to protect the whole building. In the sides are small windows placed close together, and he says to you: "Look out here, not down, but straight out. There is the water of the Saint John river near Westfield; from this window you see the City of Saint John spread out before you as in a panorama, the harbor in front and Mount Pleasant lying behind; then from another spot you see Red Head, Spencer's Light in the distance, and nearer at hand Partridge Island. Again you look out, and across the Bay you perceive a dim line, which is the shore of Nova Scotia. Turning to your right you look down past Sheldon's Point, to

the islands beyond it, and now once more over to Manawagonish Ridge, with a speck of water, showing blue beyond the marsh lands below it."

"What a view!" you exclaim, and you find your guide eyes you with a complacent smile. He knows that no human being with a soul could see so much in so short a time, and only by moving a few feet this way or that, without being impressed. Nothing hinders your vision. River, city, hills ,harbor, bay, and sea have each in their turn laid their beauty at your feet.

You descend within the brick column until you once again stand in the brick-vaulted room.

"Would you want to go down to the dungeon?" asks your guide.

Of course you do, so down wooden steps you go, lighted by the feeble gleam from his lantern. You reach the floor made of unevenly-laid slabs of stone, to your right is the iron door of the dungeon. You enter and walk around it as it follows the curving wall, and see from the inside the two grated openings that provided air for the prisoners. But practically no light came through them, they were so small and the walls so thick.

A Frenchman was imprisoned here for a short time before Confederation. One can imagine what it must have been to be shut off, not only from everyone and everything but to also be in almost complete darkness. Two things could be said in this dungeon's favour, it had air and the floor was dry.

The part of this section of the tower not taken up by the dungeon was used as an arsenal.

We mount the steps, then stand and listen as with a few graphic words our guide paints for us a scene

that was common long ago. "At one time fourteen men under a sergeant were stationed here. They wore red coats, blue trousers and red braid down the seams. The orders of the day stated that every man must shave and blacken his boots every morning and be paid twenty-four cents every day. I well remember where those twenty-four cents went," with a reminiscent smile. "Do you see that house at the foot of the hill? There used to be an old brown building there that was a beer shop, and into its till went every man's pay.

"Volunteer soldiers at the time of the Fenian Raid were quartered here," he went on to say. "The Fifteenth Regiment was the last to use the tower before they sailed for India from the Pettingill wharf, where the band played, 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' to the weeping and wailing by those left on shore.

"Years went by and the tower was vacant, except for the small space allotted to the collection of Indian arrow heads, discolored buttons off soldiers' uniforms, and other mementoes of military life that were continually coming to light and being treasured by the caretaker of that time.

"Then came the Great War and for a short time the tower again awoke to life. It was a sad one, though, for it was used as a 'clink.' Now it is empty once more except when I guide a party through it or sit by that recessed window and smoke a quiet pipe."

You dip your head and pass through the door to the outside world. It clangs behind you and with it a page of history is closed.

You pause a moment before you descend the step and enter the work-a-day world.

By courtesy of the Times-Globe.

THE SILVER HORDE.

Woven into the life of every sea-port are the stories of the men who go out from its shores to fish. Saint John, like other ports, sends its sons out to bring back different fish for its own use and to ship to inland cities.

The first sign of spring is the "put-put" of the motor boats starting out early in the morning, with their string of dories, on their fishing expeditions. The spring air gives a different sound to their noisy

MARKET SLIP

engines, and as I hear it through the open window I feel a longing for a beautiful beach down the coast a bit, where I have often watched from another window another kind of fishing.

There a little way out from the shore at low tide or a long way out at high, men have driven poles deep

into the sand, making an almost complete circle, with a long leg extending shorewards. Around these poles, they stretch a net. The tide comes in, the herrings (the sardines to be) come too. They swim along, the weir catches them. There they await the fisherman's pleasure.

Some night a small schooner comes to anchor, out beyond. The fishermen take their motor boat with its string of dories and go out to their weir. They load their boats with herring and soon you will hear voices calling back and forth, perhaps with shouts of laughter, as the load is moved from the dories to the holds of the schooner, soon to set sail down the coast where the herrings become sardines.

Then again the weir may be empty, for the herring may have changed their feeding ground, or they may have been inside and won their liberty through the torn nets, destroyed by the strong dog-fish, their enemy, too.

The fishermen have an original use for a scare-crow. They attach one to one of their weir poles, and as it flaps in the wind it frightens the dog-fish when they come to the surface for air. When this does not prove successful they go out themselves and perch on a board nailed to two poles and shoot the dog-fish.

One morning, jumping out of our beds early, so we could have a swim before going to town, my cousin and I wondered what glistened like so much silver in the sun all along the cresent of the sandy stretch of beach in front of us. We donned our bathing suits and ran quickly down the steps,— for it was early in September and the air was brisk,— to see what the strange sight meant. It was a beautiful scene from far off, but cruel as we came nearer, for there lay

hundreds of herring, dead and dying. They had been chased by the dog-fish, and swimming on towards shore they had crowded each other ever forward, until as the tide receded, they were left stranded.

Soon people arrived on the beach with baskets. One was amazed. Where had they all come from, there being so few cottages near at hand? While they worked, they laughed and chatted. The human note had destroyed the mystery and beauty of the scene. But what a harvest was reaped, and how many kept a fish day. Then other fish were salted down for winter use, and so what seemed a fearful waste proved a blessing to many households.

By courtesy of the Times-Globe.

SAINT JOHN STREETS LINKED WITH GREAT NAMES IN HISTORY.

The streets of Saint John are, in a sense, avenues to historical education.

If one wishes to become familiar with the names of famous figures of the early days of the city — not only the local notables but Empire men and women of prominence at the time — a simple way is to study how the streets got their appellations.

Paul Bedell was the man who originally planned out Saint John.

The King's American Dragoons were stationed here at that time and they asked that a street be named for Prince William Henry, who had given their regiment its colours — and so we have Prince William Street.

Besides, we have other streets named after the titles or by the names of the royal family, such as Charlotte, after the wife of George IV, and Adelaide, after the consort of William IV.

Carleton, named for the first governor of New Brunswick, was always a part of Saint John; so Queen, Duke, Princess and King Streets, starting on the east side of the harbour, carry their names across the water to the streets on the west side.

And there, in recent years, the French influence has been recognized by new streets being called De-Monts and Champlain.

We also owe to royalty the names of Orange, Crown, Hanover, Brunswick, Coburg, Mecklenburg, and Germain.

The street facing the Bay of Fundy was South Street. Then it became Sheffield in honour of Lord Sheffield, who had interested himself in the British navigation laws which were of great importance to all colonies. And as he married Lady North, daughter of the second Earl of Guilford, we have a Guilford street.

Main Street was the principal thoroughfare of the young city; but the road to the town of Portland was known to all as "Ye Maine Street to the Indian House." It ended at Indiantown. Thus when Saint John and Portland were united, it being the most important, it kept its name and also gave to the other streets the standard for their width; while the other Main Street became Broad.

Another dividing line between the city and town was "The City Road" still called City Road.

The patron saints of the countries from which our citizens came gave names to the new streets; St. Andrews, St. Patrick, St. David, and St. George.

And when people coming from fashionable Prince William Street to attend Church felt that they were late, they hurried up Church Lane, now Church Street.

Incidents give names in the most unexpected way. On a lane off Golding Street there lived a little girl named Rebecca. One day she wandered away from home over to the falls and fell in and was drowned. Where her home was began to be called Rebecca's Street, hence today Rebecca Street.

After the old Loyalist burying ground was closed, ground back of a building on Germain Street, owned by Thomas Horsfield, was used. The bodies were removed to Fernhill Cemetery and a street opened which was named Horsfield Street.

Then, too, a man by name Jeffries built a house half way down a hill and around it he made a wonderful garden, the joy of all passersby. The hill was known as Jeffries Hill. The city grew and prospered. The hill was a part of it, it was now a street. What name do you think it received? Garden Street! The man's name has disappeared, but his garden is commemorated each time you speak of this street. To mark the celebration held seventy-five years after the turning of the first sod for the European and Northern American Railway (first railway built in the Maritimes) the short lane that ran along there received the name of Celebration Street.

Industries, though they have vanished, have here and there left their imprint. Where rope used to be manufactured is Rope Walk Road. Chesley Street is all that remains of the foundries run by men of that name, just as Hilyard Street is the only sign of the Hilyard mills. Pond Street is over the pond where lumber was stored, and Mill Street fittingly

reminds one that Saint John was once a milling centre.

It was to England that the faces of the citizens of the young country naturally turned, and no doubt many had been in Canterbury Cathedral and thought often of it — so Canterbury Street. For Englishmen, who had an influence or who were much admired by their fellow countrymen, of course streets were named —Pitt, Carmarthen, Wentworth, Durham, Clarendon and Cunard.

Governors and governor-generals are remembered by Dufferin Row and Place; by Lansdowne Avenue and Winslow Street.

Outstanding men gave their family name to streets. In pre-Loyalist days we got Hazen, Simonds and White. The latter, who was sheriff, gave us Sheriff Street.

Women are not forgotten. Besides the Christian names of English queens, we have Ann Street for one of the Simonds and Brindley for a Hazen.

The majority of our streets bear the names of early settlers, often the names of those to whom land was originally granted. We have Millidge Avenue, and we had a lane, too, which was renamed Cranston Avenue. There is also Ludlow, Chubb, Chipman, Drury, Harris, Peters, Paddock, and so on down the list.

Then we will find names that once figured largely in everything to do with the city, but which by various accidents have disappeared.

Physical features have caused certain places to be known by a descriptive term, for instance, Cradle Hill, now Park Street. Then, there is Rock Street, Rockland Road, Prospect Street, Falls View Avenue and Cliff Street.

From Canon Harrison was derived Harrison Street and from Canon DeVeber, for years rector of St. Paul's Church, we got Canon Street, not from a cannon as one might be easily led to think.

War has given an interesting group of names. The Duchess of Richmond (Richmond Street) gave a large ball at Brussels (Brussels — now Prince Edward —Street) before the Battle of Waterloo (Waterloo Street), and the Duke of Wellington (Wellington Row) was the English commander. Others present were Exmouth (Exmouth Street) and Elliott (Elliott Row). The Crimean War left its mark on us by Alma Street.

India has sent us Delhi Street. And we have Lord Kitchener, remembered by Kitchener Street.

The four seasons are present in Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter streets; and the evergreen trees native to our woods —Pine, Spruce and Cedar; besides the flowering Hawthorne and the beautiful Elm, lend a more peaceful tone.

The boon which raised the hopes of many left behind in its wake, two streets named for Royalty, Alexandra. and Edward VII.

Thus we see history in the making. Stone by stone the structure is built by the thoughts and feelings of men. Men who envision the future and who impress their personalities upon the community in which they live.

So we can see how a careless change of name breaks a thread in the continuous weaving of generations and readily agree with Archdeacon Raymond when he quoted from the Bible, "You should not remove your neighbor's landmark."

By the courtesy of the Times-Globe.

STONE CARVINGS.

Tour of Saint John Streets Shows Surprising Things.

To a man who enjoys using his hands there is a keen enjoyment in the handling of tools.

And when the lover of tools uses them, one of the common mediums of expression is carving in wood.

By the figure heads on the ships that sailed from here and by the lion crouching over a doorway on Waterloo Street, we know that this medium of expression has been freely used.

So when I started to read an article on "Stone Carvings," which was published recently in a metropolitan daily, the question arose in my mind, if Saint John men practised wood-carving, why not stone-carving?

And as I read on and the explanation of how the article came to be written was unfolded by the author, how it was on a casual walk about his native city, when he was in a peculiarly receptive mood, that caused him to notice the beauty of the stone carvings on the buildings he passed.

The question rang and rang through my mind, "What has Saint John done in stone carving?" until I was forced to go out and see for myself.

Of course I knew that many buildings carry on their face the date of their erection. But when I looked with a clearer vision then ever before, I found that these old figures, 1881, being the one most frequently noted, were not blurred by time, but showed with what skill the ancient craftmen must have followed their calling.

One of these men came back to Saint John this summer and though the old Dufferin Hotel is gone and its carvings are no more, he saw his handiwork on the Lansdowne House and vividly remembered his sensation of sitting on a seat hung by ropes across the front of these buildings, as he busily chipped away.

Whether it be relief (high or low) or in the round, all good stone carving has a certain character. The first constituent of this character is called plasticity, it is the quality of solidity, of being in three dimensions. The beauty of stone carving is dependent upon this quality.

Prince William Street has many interesting examples of this work — the old Post Office, the old Bank of New Brunswick building, and others; but of all, the coat-of-arms of New Brunswick is most worthy of note. The delicacy of the art which could hew this out of a piece of stone and still have every trifle so clear cut, fills us with wonderment.

It is only a block down towards the ferry and there is the Furlong building, with its numerous figures, each one different, and still all were alike when men hoisted them to their position in their original state of pieces of smooth stone.

Trinity Church shows a rather plain face to Germain Street, but on the Charlotte Street side there are many scrolls and leaves with a cross high up and a bar in high relief below, on one end of which is the letter B and at the other the date 1879, year of its erection.

Speaking of churches, let us look at Stone Church, with its carved shafts that thrust themselves heavenwards, and the scroll work that outlines its doorway.

And there is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, with its very impressive carving of "The Last Supper" depicted on its wall. It has the only picture in stone that our wanderings brought to our eyes. If it were not for it, many smaller carvings,—for instance, the angel—would have received deeper enthusiasm.

Right next are the lions that guard the Bishop's Palace and which have aroused the interest of children for generations as they pass to and from school.

And speaking of children, how many grown-ups of today went as children into the old Saving Bank with their pennies? This old building has a lot of beautiful carving, but notice especially those pieces resembling "Princess Feathers."

Just around the corner of Canterbury Street, the word "NEWS" is boldly and clearly cut on the face of a building. It seems that the word is all that remains of the daily paper that was once issued within those walls.

The most surprising building, the one with the greatest amount of work on it, the most ornate, is situated at the corner of Charlotte and Horsfield Streets. Scrolls, leaves, lilies and roses mark the doors and windows.

As it is flush with the street, you will hardly realize

their beauty unless you stop and look carefully at them.

Then the wonder of the work dawns upon you — work done years ago, by hands that long since have been dust.

To them their work was a loved art. A stone carver was an artist who worked out his figures or designs as his intuition guided him.

And are we not grateful for the beauty these craftsmen have left in our midst.

By courtesy of the Times-Globe.

SIGNS.

Here's a Little of Their History; Few Old-timers Remain Here.

When few but the clergy could read, there had to be some way for the various caterers to people's needs to make their presence known.

So in Scotland a whisp of straw was tied to a pole to distinguish an ale-house, and in England a birch-pole was erected before it.

But in time this was too primative and signs succeeded birch-poles.

In "Whimzies," or a New Cast of Characters, 1631, reference is made to this in the following words, "Here he (the painter) and his barmy hostess drew together, but not in like nature, she in ale and he in oyle; but her commoditie goes better downe, which he means to have his full share when his work is done. 'If she aspire to the conceit of a signe and desire to

have her birch-pole, hee will supply her with one.'"

Thus as the vogue grew, heraldry was searched to procure emblems of the various trades. You see words were not wanted, it was pictures that were needed to convey the message intended: so lions, blue and red, falcons, dragons of all colours; heads of John the Baptist; flying pigs and hogs in armour appeared.

These signs grew in numbers until, on a stormy day, they creaked and groaned on Fleet Street as they swung back and forth. Nervous people were much afraid. Finally in George II's reign, one fell, killing four people. So he ordered that all signs be fastened flat to the houses.

This custom was brought over the seas to Canada, and in Saint John there are still a few examples of the old way of marking a trade without words.

The most interesting of these is the "Lamb" that stands outside Davidson's. It denotes that wool is sold within and goes back beyond the recollection of many citizens.

In the past, three golden balls were hung outside pawn-shops. They were really the arms of a set of Lombardy merchants. Years ago they used to hang at what is known as the Golden Ball Corner and the garage that is situated there now perpetuates the name.

Many men can remember when all barber shops were marked by parti-coloured poles. There are a few left; two on Prince Edward Street and half-sized ones on Charlotte and Union Streets.

How many know that it is such an old custom that its origin is lost in antiquity.

But, according to an old book, it was to show that,

"The master of the shoppe practised surgery and could breathe a vein as well as mow a beard."

Glass globes filled with coloured liquid marked the apothecary shops and some of our drug stores still retain them.

Each country develops an idea or custom to suit its needs, so North America adopted the life-size figure of an Indian to stand outside its tobacco shops and tell the passerby what was for sale

For the use of tobacco has been very popular in the country where it originated.

Not so long ago these Indian figures were to be seen on the Saint John streets.

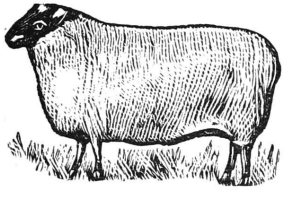
Picturesqueness fled before the straight wooden signs that told in plain letters the goods sold and the name of the seller.

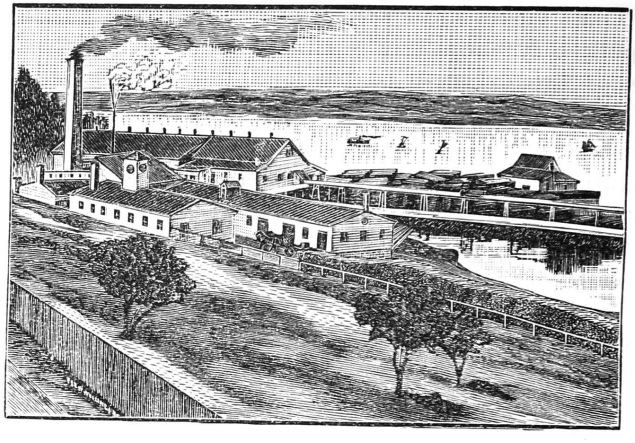
Then with electricity came the lighted sign and soon after the moving electric sign.

Perhaps in the future what seems so commonplace now will be as odd to the generation then living as the old way seems to us.

But the "Lamb" still attracts strangers and causes tourists to ask many questions.

By courtesy of the Times-Globe.





THE MILLS THAT LIE IDLE.

There has been much written of the death of the ship-building trade and what it has meant to the port of Saint John. What of the mills that lie idle along the river banks? There is an appeal to the imagination in the putting piece by piece of wood together until a thing of grace and beauty is built that will ride the waves and carry one, if only in imagination, to far-off lands. These very ships were builded and often loaded with the products of the now idle mills.

At first the logs were cut near the mill, but as time went on the logs were cut farther and farther from the place where they were to be sawed. They were cut in the winter, so as to have the snow to haul them on, put near a stream, and the spring freshet brought them down the river, when they were claimed by the mill-owner for whom they were intended.

The logs are no longer brought in their hundreds of thousands to the waiting saws. The machinery is still. The crews of these saw mills are widely scattered, and the most skilled men are now old and living in the past. There is many a racy tale they tell, for there was a feeling of loyalty to their own mill and a spirit of rivalry between different crews.

One of the tales I have heard told is about the sawmill that used to stand on Union Point. In the days I write of, tugs had not come into use. The lumber was taken in scows from the mill through the falls, and under the bridges to the wharf where a ship was waiting for its cargo.

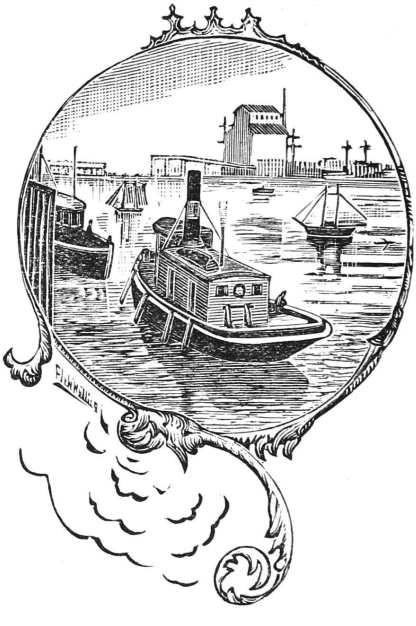
Terence O'Brien tells this story. He would awake some morning before daylight, the wind blowing a gale, snow falling thick and fast, or perhaps on a May morning with fog so thick that you couldn't see a solitary thing. If the lumber were to go through the falls without fail, he must hurry out of bed. Surely no one would expect a man to go through the falls when he couldn't see a hand in front of him; it mattered not if it was snow or fog that prevented him.

Then just as he was turning over in bed for another snooze, the thought of that man who ran the mill, and who he knew was expecting him, made him jerk himself awake and jump out of bed and gather his crew together. They picked up scull oars, hurried to the water's edge, and set the scow adrift. Some way or other, by the sixth sense or what, for they could not see where they were going, they found the right current. Down under the bridges they went, past the shores of Carleton and on past Navy Island. Then as Terence wondered how he was to know at which wharf he should make fast, there rang a voice

across the water, "Terence O'Brien, is that you?" and "I answered," says Terence, "Aye, aye, sir, and I sez to myself. By gorry, I'm glad I made that trip, for sure there was the Boss."

Another man of that same mill crew often ends his stories of old days by saying: "Those were the days of wooden ships and iron men, these are the days of iron ships and wooden men."

By courtesy of the Times-Globe.



AUTUMN.

Its Glories, Beauties, Joys Along the Saint John River.

"Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may see
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing winds."
—*Keats.*

The magic word means so many things to any one who spends a few days in the country at this time of year.

The countryside changes, the city people have mostly left, only a few who know and love the out-of-doors for it's own sake remain, and it is really to those chosen few that nature opens and reveals its inmost heart.

The heavy dew on the grass that sparkles in the sun and dries so slowly; the clear sparkling air that nothing equals in powers of stimulation; the sense of well-being a person has when he steps out into it and draws deep breaths — and how the sense of smell is satisfied with whiffs of wood smoke.

The very earthiness that arises from the wet ground when the sun pours on it and the richness of ripening apples warmed by the rays of the sun seem to make us one with nature.

Many gardens are deserted and they look it; but to the gardens to which humans still cling there comes a belated fragrance and beauty.

It is as if with one last spurt every flower tries to

grow as many blossoms as possible before the frost touches it. The pansies for a brief space regain the size that was theirs in early summer; the zinnias with their varied colours add brightness to the scene, while the begonias are a glory of brilliant colouring, vieing with the bright yellow of the turning trees and with the scarlet of the stray maple here and there that has already turned.

The rich green of the potato, the golden yellow of the unpicked squash and the reds and ruddy shades of the apples that are as yet on the trees.

Then looking upwards, the soft blue sky is dotted with whispy clouds of that fleecy kind that drift hither and yon, as if they too were only marking time, until the strong cold winds begin, when they have to firmly hold their place in the sky or be driven mercilessly before the wind.

The river lies quiet except where broken by a sail or motor boat on which are people to whom the autumn days are more precious than the long summer ones. Now comes a wood-boat, now the water is cleft by the bow of a river steamer bringing produce to town or by an oil steamer taking supplies to Fredericton.

The wind stirs in the poplars and soon little waves are chasing each other on the river's bosom and making it more difficult for the wild ducks swimming in triangular formation to reach their haven, the Nerepis Marshes. They rise and wing their way in. Little they know of the hunters who will lie in wait early in the morning and at dusk, when they are seeking food.

The banks of the Nerepis are bursting forth into gay colours until it really seems as if Jack Frost is

using his paint brush with a more lavish hand than usual, and the reflections that are cast into the water below are things of surprising beauty.

The crows are everywhere. Always they seem so much more talkative at this time of year, as if they were settling things of great importance.

And the tops of trees are full of small twittering birds, who do not belong here but have stopped, on the flight south, to rest. They flit back and forth, anxious to tell you their worries, for your part of the country is strange to them.

Then Tom Peabody sings his shortened song, and you are glad to know that among all fleeing things he or some member of his family will still be with you.

And over all there is that waiting hush that heralds a change. Isn't that very change, that waiting for the intangible something, that gives to autumn it's great charm?

That clearness and transparency of air which carries sounds so clearly through space to us.

There's a man walking along the railroad ties, with a bag slung over his shoulder. We wonder about him.

The creak of wheels, a cheery whistle. A laden country cart goes slowly by.

The crickets sing their song.

By courtesy of the Times-Globe.

WILD DUCKS.

When the stores that display fishing rods in the Spring have guns and camping outfits in their windows, while over the doors small or large signs creak or rustle in the wind, we know that they all carry a message that stirs the blood in many a manly breast.

Read one, "Hunting Licenses Sold Here." Four plain words; but they chant softly to themselves as they swing in the breeze, and soon an undercurrent runs below the every-day life of the city and it whispers to one and all, "The Hunting Season is here, the Hunting Season is here." The crisp mellow days add to the enchantment that a ready imagination hardly needed.

In many homes the guns that have lain idle for months are brought out, cleaned anew and greased.

Shot is bought and plans are made to leave the office early, the first fine afternoon.

The wild ducks are coming down from the North on their way South for the winter. Their stopping-places are the mecca for many trips.

Many summer residents have prolonged their stay in the country so as to be near some haunt of the ducks during this season.

The residents of Westfield are the most favoured in this respect. The marshes of the Nerepis, which form a favorite feeding and resting spot for the ducks, are almost at their front door.

As soon as the men get out from town, they change into older and warmer togs and rush down to the shore munching a sandwich as they go. Quickly a canoe is slipped into the water, guns and shells laid in the bottom, then with paddles in hand, they start on their short trip across the intervening bit of the St. John River between them and the Nerepis. The paddles move briskly and with precision, for the weilders wish to pass under the bridge and on their way into the marshes as soon as possible.

When the bridge is passed, they do not follow the main stream of the Nerepis; but go to the left along a narrow reed edged ribbon of water that winds this way and that. Here it branches to the right; will following it lead them to one of the many minature pools? Would it be better to take the left turning?

After much discussion, they decide that there are better chances to get near a small sheet of water by paddling towards the right. When lo and behold, they see a man's head high above the wild rice, as he stands up in his boat to scan the sky for ducks; so

slowly backing away, they push on until they find a suitable location.

They paddle as far into the reeds as they can find open water in which to dip their paddles. Then they pull their canoe further in, by holding unto the heavy tough stems, until not even a tip of it protrudes. They then proceed to bend and pull the rushes over the sides of the canoe, so that its line, from bow to stern, will be so broken and distinguished that it will not be apparent to some low flying duck or warn it of a foreign subject in its favoured waters.

Preparations have all been made. It's now only a question of sitting quiet until some ducks fly over, giving a chance for a shot. Three pairs of eyes are fixed on the sky. Tongues are still. As it is with fishing, so is it now, the human voice disturbs the prey of man.

Low as they sit in their canoe nothing can be seen; but the reeds around them and the sky above. First one and then another tilts his head backward to get a sweeping view of the heavens.

The sun is setting, the hills in the distance stand prominently out from their background. Bald Mountain catches gleams of splendour. The ring of trees around the marsh are gay in their autumn garments which they boldly flaunt in the evening breeze. There is so much beauty that one is held entranced, as the after-glow is fading and the ducks begin to cone.

There is a whirr, a whistle, and a pair of ducks pass diagonally overhead, an easy shot, but missed; because they had gotten careless by waiting so long.

The ducks are circling about, high in the air, the swiftly moving wings flap more slowly as they look for hidden bits of water on which to alight. Some

one sights, then fires; the flock rises, no bird is hit. In a few minutes a rattle can be heard like hail-stones make against a window pane; it is shot falling into open water. That flock, so badly frightened, have winged their way to the upper marsh where there is safety for them. No boats have penetrated that far to-night.

One man can call the ducks; for he can quack so much like them that their curiosity brings them near to investigate. The suspense is great; their last circle has brought them within reach of a shot. The gun is sighted, fired, and slowly a duck drops into the water. They think that they have spotted the place where he fell by eye and ear, for there was a splash; but carefully as they hunt they cannot find their duck.

Others fly near the canoe; but though the shots are fired only two birds come down.

It is getting duskier and duskier, and though the ducks are coming in in greater numbers and flying lower, you can only see them for a second after you hear them. The sky shields them. They appear out of nothing and then fade into it again.

It is time to go home. The canoe is pushed out into the more open water; but this is not so easy as it sounds. They have provided themselves with flashlights; but instead of helping them to find clear water, it makes the surroundings look like a solid mass of tall waving grass.

Many false starts are made; but finally a promising opening is found, partly by the guidance of the splash from some one else's paddle and partly by that inate sense of direction that tells one where to go.

Soon a home-made dugout canoe approaches with two men, standing erect in it, silhouetted against the

fading landscape. As they dip and lift their paddles, their bodies are things of grace, for they swing in rhythm to their strokes.

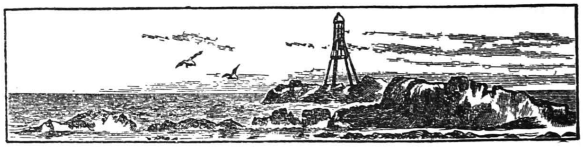
They call, "What luck?"

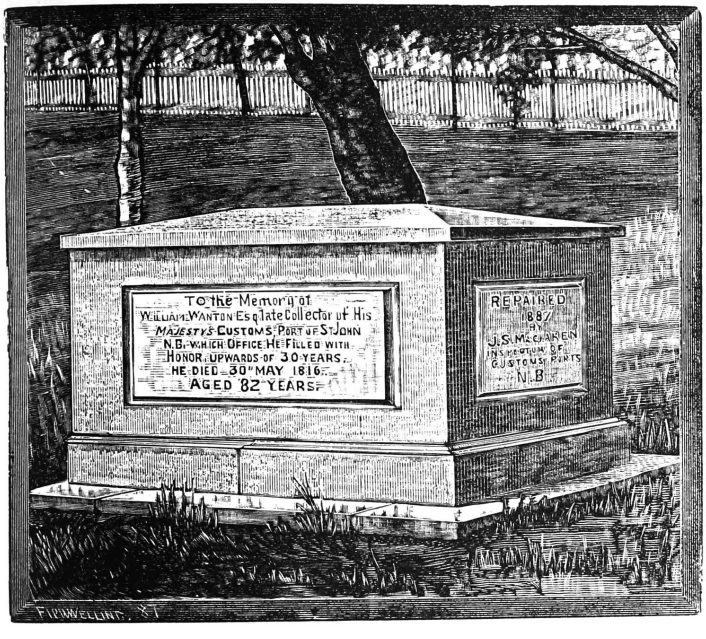
"Two," the answer comes back, "what is yours?"

"Eight," they say, as with powerful arms they drive their heavy craft quickly by and take the lead.

Two men in a Chestnut canoe come out into the open water from what seems an impassible bank of green. They ask the same question, and it happens that the three in the canoe that they hail have had the same luck as themselves. Two birds shot, but no luck in finding one; so five men return home.

No need to keep quiet now. No need to hurry; except that the growing urge within for the warm supper awaiting them drives them on.





THE OLD BURIAL GROUND.

There is a spot within the City of Saint John that numbers of its citizens never step on or think about. Others pass through it so often that they take little heed of it; it is too familiar to them to arrest their attention. In the morning, at noon and at night, its main walks resound to the footsteps of hurrying people, going to and from their work. At all other times it is quiet and undisturbed save for the voices of little children. There are a group over there playing house, with their doll rags spread out on a

large flat stone. There sits a woman with a pattern in her hand, she is planning how to make a dress, while her baby sleeps in its carriage. And there by the fountain sits a man reading. The trees are budding, the air is soft, it is Spring and in everything life is stirring. In everything, no, not below the stones that mark the passing of other lives. How many stop and think of them?

It is a foggy night and few are abroad. The place is deserted, when a voice breaks the stillness. It is a ghostly voice, one harsh from disuse; but the question it asks is startling.

"Shall we use these misty nights to tell our stories and wile the weary hours away?"

A murmer was heard that signified assent; but to unbelieving ears it was the rustle of the wind through the leaves.

"I will begin. It is fitting that we, who mark the graves of Loyalists, should dwell a little on their deeds as May 18th approaches. It will be one hundred and fifty-three years on that date since a fleet of vessels sailed up the Saint John Harbour bringing three thousand souls. These were people whose loyalty to their King had driven them forth to seek new homes. The five hundred people living here could make no adequate provision for them, so they suffered all kinds of hardships and sickness which brought about many deaths. Many were buried here whose graves are now unknown, for the wooden head boards were burned when a brush fire swept over the hillside. When I was erected to the memory of Conradt Hendricks, who was a native of New Jersey and who died in 1783, this place was very different from what it is now. It had been chosen as a last resting-place

because it was quite far from the usual activities of the town and was a retreat loved by many. It was covered with grass, berry bushes and trees, and birds and squirrels made their homes, while a fox or two had his burrow. A brook ran bubbling down the hillside and kept the lower part in a swampy condition."

Another voice took up the story. "I mark the grave of Caleb Merritt of the State of New York, who was one of the United Empire Loyalists. When I was erected in 1784, things had changed a bit and there were more paths."

"I too, mark the grave of a Loyalist, the Hon. John Robinson, who served during the war of 1776 as a Lieutenant in the regiment raised by his father, Col. Beverly Robinson, and who when the war was over came here and lived a life of great usefulness to his city and province. I am a large flat slab laid upon supports and form a table. I am often used now as a place to lay things on by the children. I love them near me."

"I am much younger than either of you. Friends of the young officer whose grave I mark erected me as a mark of esteem to him. On a Friday morning in 1833 Lieutenant William Cleeve mounted his horse to ride in discharge of his military duties. The horse was fresh, and seeing something that frightened him, shied, reared and ran, and his rider fell to the ground and was so severely injured that he died the following Sunday when only twenty-two."

"We have all seen many sad scenes and it seems to me that many of the graves we mark have been the result of accidents. There have been many who have perished by drowning in the sea and in the river, but perhaps I mark the grave of one of the saddest

accidents. A party of young people went down the harbour on a pleasure jaunt one fine day, a storm came up and the ship had to drop anchor. One of the party, Andrew Scoullar by name, tripped over the cable rope and fell backwards into the sea. All attempts of rescue failed. Later a boat lifting anchor brought up the body, which was buried, and I was laid flat over the grave, following an old English and Scotch custom of putting large heavy stones on top of graves to prevent them from being opened and the body stolen by body snatchers."

"I don't think you have heard about a Loyalist from Connecticut; such a man's grave is marked by me. His name was Thatcher Sears and within the iron fence where I am are several other stones that mark the graves of his family. He, too, left all for a new land."

"I, too, mark the grave of a Loyalist, but Honorable Christopher Billop came from Staten Island where he had an estate, and after distinguishing himself as an officer in the Royal cause sought refuge here."

"Many of us mark the graves of the doctors who served the people long and faithfully, but I would tell you of Dr. Boyd who served His Majesty in many parts of the world and was a beloved physician."

"Some of the names that are recorded here have passed out of the life of your community, their descendants having moved away, while others are familiarly on your lips as you speak to friends and acquaintances; but I bear the name of one who came to your shores a stranger seeking health. I mean Pierre Darant Racord, a planter from St. Lucia. In those days there was a large trade between here and the West

Indies and the younger men of each place frequently accompanied the captains of their father's ships or the ships laden with goods of their fathers. Thus friendships were established between people living far apart. So it came about that when young Racord was ill, he was sent north to see if a bracing climate would not help to cure him. Though kindness was shown him and he was cared for by loving friends, he died. Years afterwards two Frenchmen came to town and as they stood by me and talked I learned that I was the end of a long quest. They had visited many graveyards throughout North America, because of an estate in France, which could not be settled until the date and place of the death of one of the original owners was established. All they had known was that he was a planter of St. Lucia who had gone north for his health and never returned."

"It is coming near daylight and perhaps you have heard as many stories as you feel like listening to. But I would like to tell you that I am a large flat stone, but instead of lying down, I stand upright. I have cut upon my face the name of David Waterbury, a Loyalist from Connecticut, one who served this city prominently and well in many ways."

There are so many that have not spoken who could tell us such interesting stories of the establishing of new homes in the land granted to them by the Crown; of the voyages made by the men whose names they commemorate; of the accidents that befell people, bringing sorrow and grief to many homes, as for instance, what is cut upon the face of the stone marking the grave of John Venning, who fell to the ground while at work repairing the tower of Trinity Church.

"No wasting sickness or long lingering pains."

Daylight breaks and with it comes a strong north wind. The fog lifts and the sun comes out. The Old Burial Ground is no longer a lonely spot with mists hanging over it and making the tombstones loom out at you like suddenly appearing ghosts, but again is alive with the sound of hurrying footsteps and the bright good mornings that a fine day always causes people to salute one another with.

As you go for a walk some day, spare a few minutes and stroll through this interesting spot. You'll find so much to interest you as you read the quaint epitaphs, that begin, "Here lies the body"— or "Sacred to the Memory of the Relict of"— and wonder why the stones did not go on recounting the lives and stories of people who have lived and died.

By courtesy of the Times-Globe.

BIRDS FIND REFUGE IN GOD'S ACRE.

Through the years the visitor to Fernhill Cemetery has been delighted with the natural beauty of the spot, and as the years passed with the added beauty man has wrought.

But this summer the ear is filled by beautiful sounds coming from the throats of grateful birds, who here find a safe retreat, for every effort is being made to keep and attract them.

What could be more appropriate than that land set aside as a burial place and so fittingly called "God's Acre" should become a sanctuary for the little feathered creatures of which it is spoken, "Are not five sparrows sold for a farthing and not one of them forgotten of God."

The visitor has barely entered the gates and started up the main walk before he hears the robins call for rain, if it be a cloudy day.

As he looks around about him to see where the red-breasted favorite is, his eye is caught by a pretty miniature of a country church, hung high on a tree to his left.

The red-roofed white structure with its green base and trim moves gently in the breeze and makes one feel that through that high narrow doorway old fashioned figures should move slowly in, ladies in their hoop skirts and men with their high hats and stiff bosomed shirts, going to add their pean of praise.

Instead there is a swoop, and with folded wings Father Marten enters his home. He is very particular and likes his rooms to be of a certain size, long and narrow, so we know if it has met with his approval that the man who planned and built it for our friends the martens must love them as do all bird lovers.

If the visitor continues on his way he slowly walks up a path bordered on each side with boulders, into whose crevices plants have been cunningly tucked, here a bit of forget-me-not, here a piece of alpine moss, and here a clump of columbine, that old favorite that seems to belong to all old-fashioned gardens.

As the walker continues, he sees another church, then another and later still another, until he wonders how many there are.

Each home is a church, for it is fitting that in a quiet, reverent atmosphere like that of the City of the Dead there should be only churches which stand for the love of God to bird as well as to man.

There are thirty-six of these little homes, suspended in air, attached to trees by "eyes," so that they can

be quickly and easily taken down to repair or paint.

They are scattered all over the cemetery, no section having more than its allotted quota and every one is occupied.

How happy must be the conceiver of the idea to know that it has been so well received by his prospective tenants.

It would seem that, as one person put it, we as citizens have become bird conscious.

Let us hope in this wonderful setting, when the robins whistle early in the morning and the songs of other birds delight us, that in time it will be a veritable centre of music. Then as the birds carol their happy songs sad hearts will be gladdened and lightened.

And each spring will see returning the robins, martens and others to mate and rear their young in safe seclusion.

By courtesy of the Times-Globe.

AN OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM, THE LICH-GATE.

When people seek new homes in a new land, they invariably bring with them the customs from their old homes in the old land. This is, of course, particularly noticeable concerning the English families who settled in New Brunswick. The years have swept away many of these customs, but in a village not far from Saint John is a survival of one of the oldest. After twenty miles or so of the old post-road to Halifax has been covered, an iron bridge is seen on the left. If you cross this you are on a curving road which follows the shore of the Kennebecasis River through Lakeside to Hampton.

Just over the brow of the hill on this road stands a little Church of England church. In front of it is a picket fence. When the people come to worship they have to pass through a covered gate called a lich-gate. This gate, which shelters them for a few minutes from the sun or rain, closely resembles a bricklayer's hod (without a handle) turned upside down. A lich-gate, though rarely seen here — there are only two others in New Brunswick — belongs to one of the oldest English customs. It harks back to Anglo-Saxon days.

Lic or lich meant corpse; so lich-gate or lych-gate was literally the gate by which the corpse entered the

graveyard for burial. There were the lich-owl, the screech-owl, which heralded death; the lyke-wake, the night wake kept over the dead body; the lich-bell, hand-bell rung before the corpse; the lich-way, the path over which the corpse was carried to burial; and the lich-stones, the body stones on which the uncoffined body was rested under the lich-gate.

These gates grew to be numerous all over England, but never became popular in Scotland. There is one near the River Tweed at Peebles in Peebleshire, however. Most of these gates were made of wood and have disappeared with time. An exception is the one at Bray, Berkshire, marked 1448. A few were of stone, for instance, the one at Barrynabor, Devonshire, which is in the shape of a cross.

An odd one or two were elaborate, with a room over the gate and in some cases joined to the church; but in the main they were simple, as became the little Church of England churches and graveyards of which they formed a part and were suitable in the villages that they all three served. At Troutbeck, in Berkshire, there was another type of elaborateness; three lich-gates had been built about one graveyard.

In the late fourteenth century, in any part of England, but more often in Devonshire, these gates separated the churches from the dusty village street. Then and for many years afterwards a common scene upon such a street was a double line of people, walking slowly; some of whom, viewed from a distance, seemed to be carrying a long box. When they came nearer the faint tinkle of the lich-bell could be heard, which proved to the watcher that their burden was a coffin. They approach close to the lich-gate, and if there were lich-stones under it they would uncoffin

the body and lay it on them. The clergyman would meet them there and commence to read the service for the dead. After a portion had been read, the body was returned to its coffin and carried into the church, where the remainder of the service took place; from the church it would be taken out into the graveyard, where it was lowered into a newly dug grave, while the oft repeated words, "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes," were pronounced, as the old gravedigger threw the first spade of earth upon the newly deposited coffin.

When there were no lich-stones the coffin was laid down under the lich-gate. If, as was sometimes the case, the lich-gate formed a small chapel, then all the service was read there and the body would be taken directly from there to the graveyard. These graveyards always lay to one side or a little behind the church. Tennyson has two line in Alymer's Funeral which speaks of a lych-gate:

> "Yet to the lich-gate, where his chariot stood,
> (He) strode from the porch."

It was one of the most familiar sights in English villages and closely related to their church life. To this day, in Crailing, Devonshire, people meet at the old lich-gate. Strangers are taken through it and shown the beautiful thirteenth century window, which adds so much to the glory of the old church, and to which the villagers point with so much pride.

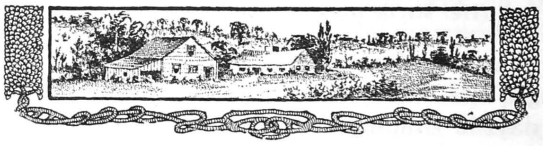
Lakeside has something to which it, too, may well point with pride when strangers come to worship within the walls of St. Paul's. Before they can do so they must pass under and through its lich-gate. It is not one of the grander ones, intricately carved

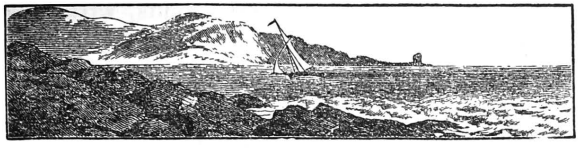
or built of stone; but just a simple wooden structure. It is a lich-gate, though, and so something very closely knit to the history of the English people.

It shows that it was built and used by people who still thought of some quiet English village and of the church of their childhood; even if their present necessity and ambition had led them far away.

No doubt as the body of some one near and dear was laid down by tired arms under the lich-gate, another scene would rise before their eyes and bring the homesick feeling to their already aching hearts.

By courtesy of the Times-Globe.





ALONG THE KENNEBECASIS.

"I took a day to search for God"

—*Bliss Carmen.*

All along the Kennebecasis, where cottages scatter or cluster, Spring has come in the woods and fields and by little bubbling brooks.

Just go out with a little child, who will show you the hidden things that mark God's footsteps.

Hand in hand we step along and come to a winding path through open woods.

What's that! The first star flower, all alone, its brothers and sisters have not as yet opened their eyes. It is eagerly plucked. My small guide will be the first one to bring it to school.

Next comes a spot just carpeted with white violets, those sweet retiring flowers that we always want to pick when we see them so as to keep their exquisite fragrance with us; but so seldom feel we have the time, or shall we say the patience.

"There's a purple violet," piped a childish treble, and so there is. If we look very sharply we may find two or three just showing where others will soon be at the root of yonder alders, whose fluffy ends promise a beauty which they do not fulfil.

Looking up as we hear some grackles overhead we spy a wild cherry here and there to our right showing brownish leaves and long slender buds, with a faint tinge of white.

The red maples are all in bud, with hanging strings of red; while the golden yellow ones have wonderful bunches of delicate yellow things that are so glowing that they lighten a dark room. The maples feed our souls with beauty all the year around.

Then passing into a deeper part of the woods we come to beds of dark green speckled leaves and yellow blossoms, the dog-tooth violet. Both little hands and large ones gather until a deep browg bowl will be filled when we return home.

And sharp little eyes find a few rich red trilliums to add a bit of contrast.

The ferns are uncurling and some are putting forth fragile fronds. It seems as if they were testing the air for warmth, before they would allow themselves to expand in the sunshine that comes down from above, because the trees have not as yet leafed out to guard their retreat.

The stalks of the Solomon Seal are standing erect among a mass of leaves, but the buds upon it are round tight balls.

Little feet are growing weary, they have covered so much extra ground; so we turn and retrace our steps, pausing to drink in the wonder and glory we have already seen and to sense a deeper beauty. The call of birds, a scampering squirrel, keep the woods from being lonely.

We come to chestnut trees, which look as if a good puff of wind would cause their leaves to open with a rush.

While near the house, rows of bobbing daffodils sway in the light breeze and arabis clings close to the ground, displaying quantities of its white flowers, and a hardy pansy or two is already lifting its face to the rays of the sun.

And there in the lilac hedge is a flicker of yellow; one of our summer songsters has arrived and from the lawn comes a whistle, Father Robin is seeking worms.

As tangible results of the walk: one has treasure troves for school tomorrow, the other odds and ends with which to bring the spirit of Spring into the home; but oh, how much more both have got, as they have been in close contact with nature.

"I took a day to search for God."

These two found Him in the flower, in the tree and in the trilling bird.

By courtesy of Telegraph-Journal.