

Lilian M.
Beckwith
Maxwell

Lilian M. Beckwith Maxwell was born in Fredericton, in the vicinity of which place had lived seven of her great-grandparents, all Loyalists and pre-Loyalists. She has spent her life in New Brunswick, with the exception of the years when she accompanied her husband, a civil engineer, on professional business. Books written by Mrs. Maxwell include: *The History of Central New Brunswick*, *How New Brunswick Grew* and *The River St. John and Its Poets*. She has edited *Israel Kenny and His Descendants*, and *The Old Graveyard, Epitaphs*. She has also written newspaper serials and magazine articles along historic lines. Mrs. Maxwell has done research work for the University of New Brunswick, and for the York-Sunbury Historical Society. She graduated in Arts with honours from the University of New Brunswick which later gave her its honorary LL.D. degree. She is a past member of the Senate of her university.

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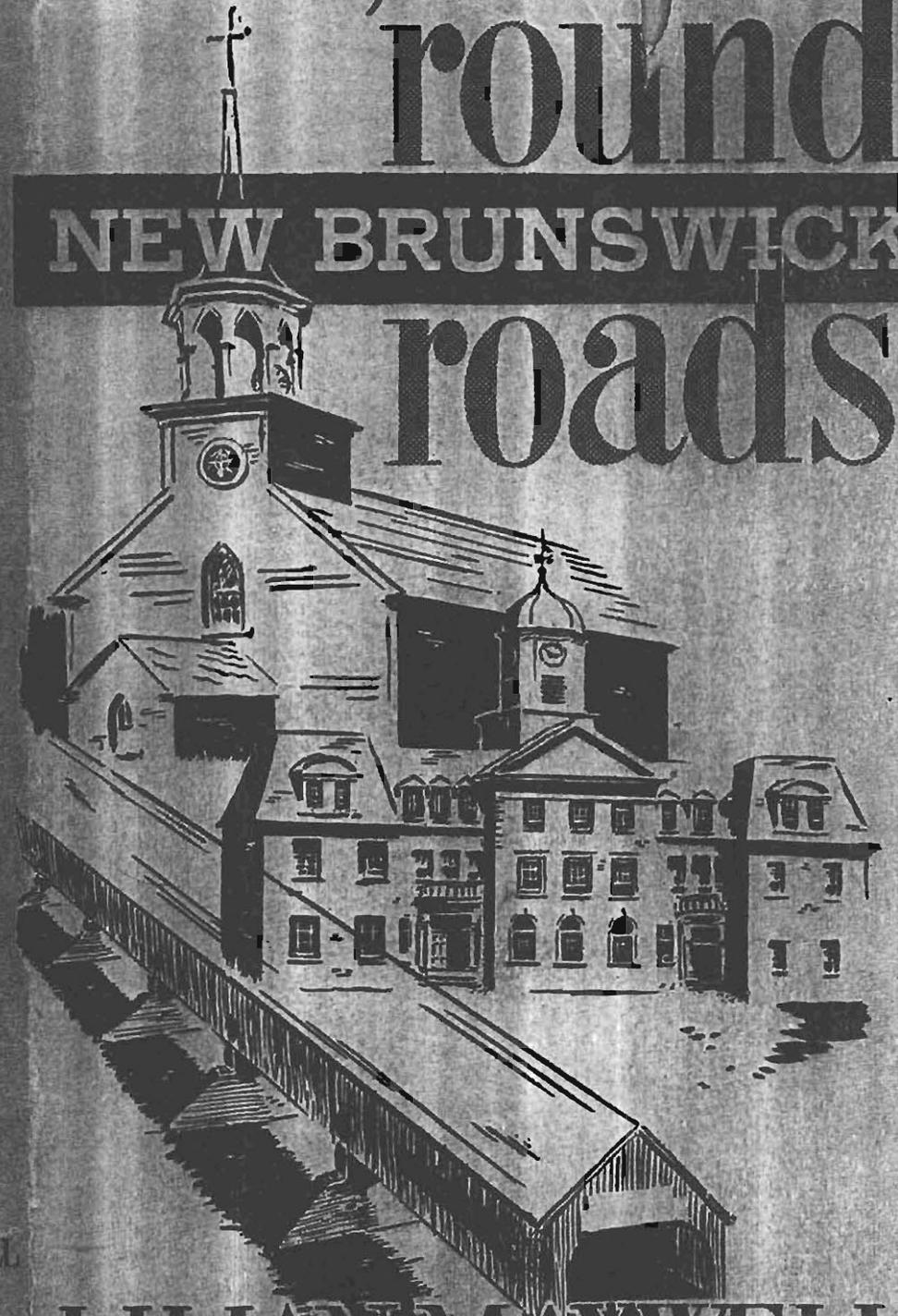
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MAXWELL

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NEW BRUNSWICK

roads



LILIAN MAXWELL

Southwest New Brunswick

Swing you tides, up out of Fundy!
Blow you white logs, in from the sea!
I was born to be your fellow:
You were bred to pilot me!

BLISS CARMAN

ON A MORNING IN JULY WE—a friend of mine who owns a little coupe, and I who had only book knowledge of New Brunswick—following a prearranged plan, met in St. Stephen at the Canadian end of the international bridge. We were starting on a tour of New Brunswick.

St. Stephen, which lies along a side hill, was therefore the first town we were interested in. Settled first by Loyalists, the town grew from lots laid out at right angles to the "King's mast road," now King Street, down the hill of which pines were once hauled from the "Old Ridge" for His Majesty's navy. During the hey-day of lumbering and ship-building when the saws in the mills and the hammers in the ship-yards were never silent, the town grew apace and most of St. Stephen's fine old houses were built at this time. The present St. Stephen is a busy manufacturing town, and its most interesting factory, to us, was Ganong Brothers' candy factory, where the delectable

G.B. chocolates are made. St. Stephen's extension up along the St. Croix is called Milltown, not because it has a large cotton mill, similar in every way to the cotton mill of Marysville, N.B., but because in the days of long lumber here were eleven sawmills on both sides of the St. Croix, the eleven mills getting their power from the falls of the St. Croix. There is a good view of the falls and of the International Bridge from the Dover Hill Inn, St. Stephen. The Inn, a large building of stone and wood, was originally the homestead of the Todd family, lumber barons.

St. Stephen has two unusual features, its cemetery and its water supply. The town's earliest burial ground, however, is a small lot halfway up King Street hill, a grave-yard which was started by a sea captain who wished to give decent burial to a sailor who had been killed by a fall from a yard-arm. The St. Stephen cemetery, however, which we found a mile or two west of the town, lies under the boughs of sixty-four acres of primeval pine trees. It is a place of dignity, of peace, and of quietude except for the eternal lullaby made by the sough of the pine. Nor is there any noise of lawn mower because the shaded ground is covered with the needles of the pine. This cemetery was incorporated in 1856 with Freeman H. Todd president of the corporation. Circular in shape, it is laid out in concentric rings and is bounded by a tall cast-iron fence, the money for which was raised by the ladies of St. Stephen.

One of the stones which we noticed in the cemetery bears the name of Captain Nehemiah Marks, "One of the Loyalists who came to this Province A.D. 1784. Died July 10, 1797. Fear God and Honour the King." The dining-room of the Queen Hotel in

St. Stephen was part of the home of Captain Marks. He it was who, when the town opened its first bank, backed his dump-cart filled with Spanish doubloons up to the door of the bank—so they tell, and they say, too, that Captain Nehemiah owned a privateer!

Another stone reads, "In grateful memory of Duncan McColl Pioneer Missionary of St. Croix. Born in Scotland, August 10, 1751. Died Dec. 17, 1830. This monument was erected in 1880 by friends who desire to show their appreciation of his faithful labours."

Duncan McColl, we were told, had been a soldier in the Revolution and had so many escapes from death that his superior officer told him that he must have been preserved for some good purpose. After the war Duncan McColl spent his life serving the spiritual and bodily needs of the people living on both sides of the St. Croix, and he it was who is credited with keeping the St. Croix Valley out of the War of 1812.

Driving back to the town and turning north, we went out three miles along a country road to Maxwell's Crossing to see the biggest spring anywhere, the source of the water supply of four towns. We found it in the middle of a field when we saw a round metal cover thirty feet in diameter sitting on the top of a round earthen embankment. The spring itself, thirty feet across and thirty feet deep, is visible through windows in the metal cover. About a hundred feet away a brick building houses the diesel engine which pumps the water through the water-main to St. Stephen. From St. Stephen the water goes across the international boundary, the St. Croix River, into Calais, Maine, then to Milltown, Maine, and from there back across the river to Milltown, New Brunswick, an

arrangement which would have pleased the Rev. Duncan McColl. The engineer at the pumping station told us that when the water was first pumped through the pipes—that was about 1900—water in a brook about a mile away sunk down. Whether or not the water comes from a large spring, or an underground spring or lake, the people living in these border towns drink pure water which has never seen the light of day until drawn from the faucet.

About twelve miles farther north, at a place called Tower Hill, the Dominion Government has a laboratory for research in blueberry culture, so at some future date we will be able to order black blueberries, blue blueberries, high bush or low bush blueberries. The Blueberry Association in Charlotte County is big business. Last year they exported two million dollars' worth of the berries.

We left St. Stephen to drive to St. Andrews, twenty miles south. (The first settlers of Charlotte County blessed their chosen land, and besides St. Stephen and St. Andrews, they named the parishes of St. David, St. James, St. George and St. Patrick.) We drove with the St. Croix River on our right, and nobby green hills, vales and then farmland on our left.

Six miles from St. Andrews we passed Dochet's Island, an island about half a mile long with no sign of life on it except a light-house rising above the trees. The island lies where the St. Croix begins to broaden before becoming a harbour. The location of Dochet's Island, called by the Indians Muttonegwenish, meaning the going-in place,¹ was once sought by England, the United States and Canada.

When the treaty of peace which closed the War of

¹ See end of each chapter for references.

the Revolution was signed in 1783, it was agreed by both Britain and the United States that the international boundary should begin at the mouth of the River St. Croix, so named by Champlain, being the river which had a little island near its mouth, upon which island Des Monts and Champlain had passed the winter of 1604, thus making the first settlement of white men in North America, north of Florida.

The question in 1783 was, however, where was the River St. Croix with a little island near its mouth, the present river of that name being then called the Scoodic? The argument about the location of the St. Croix lasted for twelve years, the British claiming the Penobscot as the boundary, while the United States said that the Magaguadavic, forty miles east, and even the St. John River, sixty miles east, of our St. Croix was the wanted river. Finally Ward Chipman, Senior, one of the British commissioners and later Chief Justice of New Brunswick, dug into the records of the past, and the Loyalists of St. Andrews who were most anxious to stay east of the international line dug into the earth of Dochet's Island, and the early French settlement was brought to light, and the River St. Croix was established.

That was in 1795 and was just the start. The ownership of the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay was the next point to be dealt with. This question was settled at a meeting in Boston in 1817,⁹ at which meeting it was agreed that Britain should have those islands which had belonged to Nova Scotia before 1783, and this included all the islands except little ones between Campobello and Maine.

The international line which runs north to the nose of New Brunswick was another long argument which

was not settled until 1843, when the decision of Lord Ashburton was accepted. That left the ownership of the little islands west of Campobello to be determined, and it was not until 1910 that the commissioners came to an agreement that these islands should go to the United States. Dochet's Island belongs to the United States also.

Two miles from St. Andrews we passed, on our right, the Atlantic Biological Station and soon we came to some of St. Andrews' beautiful homes, then the golf course of the Algonquin Hotel, the Algonquin itself, and below us opened the magnificent panorama of Passamaquoddy Bay.

The Indian town of Quinaskankek once stood on the site of St. Andrews, the word meaning, at the place of the pointed gravel bar.² The present town of St. Andrews was laid out in 1783 by the Surveyor General of Nova Scotia for the occupancy of a party of Penobscot Loyalists. These Loyalists had been Tories of Maine who, expecting that the River Penobscot would be the international boundary, had settled on the east side of that river, but later when it seemed likely that the boundary would be as far east as the St. Croix (then called the Scoodic), the Penobscot Association of Loyalists boarded ship for the east side of the mouth of the St. Croix, carrying with them their personal possessions, even to some of their dismantled houses, and so became the founders of the town of St. Andrews.⁹

Many factors contributed to the rapid growth of St. Andrews, particularly its situation at the mouth of the lumber-bearing St. Croix at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and the fact that it was the shiretown of Charlotte County. By 1803 forty-two ships had been

launched at St. Andrews and soon Saint John was the only town in the Province that did more business than St. Andrews. In 1835, just ten years after the first railroad in the world was opened, an association was formed in St. Andrews to build the "St. Andrews and Quebec Railroad" in order to make St. Andrews the winter port of Canada. But when in the course of time the long lumber was exhausted and wooden ships disappeared from off the seas, then the growth of St. Andrews ceased. However, the period of early prosperity left to us homes of such fine architectural lines that the visitor of today takes pleasure in walking about the town. That they have been preserved is due to the interest of our American friends.

We began at the eastern end of the waterfront, going into a building which we were told was full of live lobsters. We found two hundred thousand pounds of them, very much alive in a number of large low tanks through which runs a continuous flow of sea water. These lobsters are brought alive from the lobster pound in nearby Deer Island, which we proposed to visit later. Walking past a tank there on the concrete floor, upside down, flopped a huge fifteen-pounder which had crawled over the edge of a tank. It looked, for all the world, like a great green spider spotted with yellow, and we decided that we had seen enough lobsters for the time.

We drove along the wide main street to see the Block House at the western end of the town. It is the last of a number of blockhouses built in the Province during the early wars. It does not seem possible that such chunky little buildings meant protection from attack. Two streets back from the waterfront on the east side of the town we found the County Court House

and the County Gaol. The Court House is a small white building consisting chiefly of one large room, while the most notable feature of the building is the British coat-of-arms cut in relief and gleaming with red, blue and gold paint, the whole stretching across the face of the low building above supporting pillars. The gaol, too, is small and of one storey but built of stone. Across the front of this building are what I took to be loop-holes a foot in height and four inches wide. Looking within one of these openings, I remarked that a man could lay his rifle within the wall as it was so thick, but afterwards I learned that these openings were intended to let a ray of light into the cells. There is a row of little windows high up in the same wall but so covered with a basket-work of iron strapping that little light can penetrate. This little building has the figures 1832 cut above the door. On the Court House are the figures 1840.

From the Court House we drove west, looking for the steeple of Greenock Church. "Greenock Church, finished June 1824," the inscription over the door reads. This kirk was designed in Scotland at the order of Christopher Scott of St. Andrews, formerly of Greenock, Scotland, and by him presented to the Scots of St. Andrews."

We stood long in study of the perfection of the craftsmanship of this building, because we were told that throughout its construction not a nail had been used. On the base of the steeple is a carving in relief, painted in natural colours, of an oak tree. The oak tree is the crest of the city of Greenock on the Clyde, the word Greenock being a corruption of Green Oak. The pulpit in this kirk is made of mahogany and bird's-eye maple, and is so high that when the parson

has taken his stand at the top and looks down into the enclosed pews, he has climbed three flights of steps. Not long ago carpenters making repairs to the building found a lively hive of bees in one of the walls and took out pail after pail of honey, the product of years.

The imposing Algonquin Hotel, one of the C.P.R.'s magnificent hostelries, overtops everything in St. Andrews, whilst on the hills and islands near the town railroad magnates and men prominent in Canadian affairs, from appreciation of the beauty, peace and perfect summer climate of this region, have built summer homes which rival each other in attractiveness.

Let anyone from the inland want knowledge of the sea, its might and power, its currents and tides, its changeableness from fog to sunny waters, its productivity of fish and sea-birds, its flavour and tang, he will find it all near St. Andrews. Three of Charlotte County's parishes lie completely in the sea, parishes whose boundaries are seen only on maps, namely the parishes of Grand Manan, Campobello and West Isles, the latter being a cluster of islands, the largest of which is Deer Island. These islands are hills or small mountains of rock which rise from the sea bottom through four hundred feet of water to become islands covered with small trees. These islands of Passamaquoddy Bay may be visited by the motor ship *Grand Manan*.

Planning to make the trip and to see Grand Manan first, near boat-time we went out upon the long pier. All the piers and wharves in Passamaquoddy Bay reach away out into the sea and are high and strongly built to withstand the force of the fifty-foot tide. From the pier we watched the crane of the *Grand Manan* swing high the cars before placing them gently

on the second deck, then looked out over the island-enclosed harbour where pleasure yachts, herring boats (to the casual eye different from the yachts in that they carried a little crane) and square-sterned lobster boats lay at anchor. Over all the gulls wheeled, but to us coming from the inland the best was the cool salt tang of the sea.

The *Grand Manan*, a comparatively new ship, pulled away at one o'clock and everybody went below to an excellent dinner. Up on deck again we found that we had passed on our right St. Andrews Island, white with sea-gulls, and were following the coast of Maine. Incidentally, we were still in the River St. Croix whose fresh water, when the tide is running out, follows the coast of Maine and turns out to sea at the southern end of Campobello Island. But first we passed on our left some small islands, and then came picturesque Deer Island, nine miles long. The islands, high out of water, resemble seaweed-draped stone ramparts and are surmounted by evergreen trees. At the southern end of Deer Island and almost attached to it is a small island, Indian Island, with a long history which we later learned.

We rounded the southern end of Deer Island through waters twisting and swirling, the commotion caused by the meeting of the tide with many cross currents. Once a month, when moon and tide are in a certain position, a whirlpool occurs here which the people of Deer Island declare to be the second largest whirlpool in the world! Small boats keep their distance at that time.

Having passed Indian Island, we made an upward curve to go about the northern end of Campobello Island and made a landing at Wilson's Beach on the

northeast side of the island. Pulling out again from the pier, we started on the last and longest lap of the trip, sailing southeast for eighteen miles to land at the northeast end of Grand Manan, the largest of the Passamaquoddy Bay islands. Before we reached land we saw far out at sea a fountain of water and knew that a whale had spouted.

Grand Manan, a parish of Charlotte County, has a population of three thousand, is thirty-one nautical miles from St. Andrews, and is sixteen miles long and seven wide at its greatest width. The western side of the island is uninhabited, the coast being a sheer precipice from three hundred feet to four hundred above the ocean. The island, which is generally flat on top, slopes towards the eastern coast, which is indented with bays and coves, and there being fresh-water ponds near the shore-line and islands of differing sizes, the scenery along the eastern coast is varied and beautiful. The name Grand Manan is French and Indian for "the large high island."¹

During the French rule the island was given as a seigneury to Sieur de Perigny but whether he lived here or not is not known. However, the number of French names still in use on Grand Manan shows that the region was familiar ground to the French.² With the close of the Revolution, Loyalists landed on the island in large numbers but only two remained permanently, Moses Gerrish and Thomas Rose.

Drawing near to Grand Manan on the steamer, we passed on our right the great North Head, three hundred feet high, then the precipice known as the "Seven Days' Work," because it shows seven distinct layers of rock. Next came Whale Cove, called by the Indians Pedepwthigun,³ meaning whale trap, because

the cove contains submerged ledges of rock upon which, it is said, the Indians used to drive whales.

Having passed Whale Cove, we rounded the peninsula called "Fish Head"—it looks like one on the map—and after rounding the "Swallow Tail" we tied up at the high pier in Flagg Cove.

There we were met by our hostess with her car. The highway, as in the other two large islands of Passamaquoddy, follows the sea-coast, linking together the fishing villages situated wherever coves appear between the rocky headlands. We drove on paved roads through four villages where the houses, far from being the small cottages of fishermen, which I had pictured, looked to be modern suburban villas, and someone in the car remarked, "Fishing must pay!" We passed smokehouses for the curing of the herring, which were sheds with shuttered windows, no chimneys but ventilators along the peaks of the roofs.

At Red Point we turned off for our destination, the "Anchorage," formerly a farm with a large farmhouse and two large barns, one of which had been turned into a recreation hall and the other into a dining-room with many windows overlooking the sea. From the width, eight inches, of the trunk of two lilac bushes beside the front door, the house must be very old. Our hostess, a retired business woman from New York, turned the farm into a delightful retreat, "a place of rest and peace for intelligent people who have been going at top speed," and in this dining-room of an evening there gathered about the big piano, musicians and a teacher of dramatics and many delightful people. After dusk a group of artists wandered in, lugging their paraphernalia after a day spent along the sea-

shore. There was a Doctor of Botany, too, who had taken upon himself the over-sight of the garden.

Looking from my window on the morning after our arrival, I saw a sun-lit crescent-shaped harbour, and near the house a vegetable garden in which stood what I took to be curious scare-crows but which I found were to scare deers. For twenty years the "Anchorage" has been a wild-life sanctuary and the deer have learned to gather here, and so have the wild ducks on the fresh-water ponds on the place. The crescent-shaped harbour is made by two rows of islands. On the right are Wood Island and Outer Wood Island, and on the left lie Ross Island, Cheney and White Head Islands. Directly in front, but six miles out, is Kent Island.

At Outer Wood Island there is a life-saving station and a light-house, one of the six light-houses about Grand Manan. On the left side of the harbour it is possible, once a month at dead low tide, with shoes and stockings off, to walk from the mainland across the so-called "Thoroughfare" to Ross Island, then across Ross Island and the mud flat called Cheney's Passage to Cheney's Island. A Dutch family living on the latter island can be induced to use their ox-cart for the next lap, a mile walk across Cow Passage (which has a beautiful sea garden), to White Head Island. Return is made by motor boat. All the fishermen's boats are equipped with engines, the only sail boats being private yachts.

The great naturalist and artist, J. J. Audubon, visited the above White Head Island in 1833 and wrote of seeing gulls there nesting high in the trees in order to save their eggs from marauding fishermen.⁴ I asked if the gulls on this island still nest in this curious

manner, but there was a difference of opinion about the matter. The sea-gulls have now a more formidable enemy. Men from the Dominion Biological Station spray the eggs when the gulls increase too rapidly because they feed on the herring in the weirs. It used to be thought that the gulls were an aid to fishermen because they followed and showed the presence of schools of fish. White Head Island received its name from the gleaming white pillars of limestone and marble which tip the point of the crescent-shaped harbour.

Kent Island, farther out, is a bird sanctuary. How it came to be one is rather interesting. Mr. Allan Moses of North Head, Grand Manan, is an ornithologist and has a valuable collection of marine birds. Some years ago while in Africa, Mr. Moses shot a specie of bird life that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the philanthropist, had long sought, and Mr. Rockefeller, rejoicing over the *rara avis*, asked Mr. Moses what could be done to commemorate the event. Between them the Dominion Government was persuaded to set aside Kent Island as a bird sanctuary, and Bowdoin College, Maine, agreed to take charge of the sanctuary. This instance of partnership between Canada and the United States is only one of many in this border region.

On Kent Island are many young petrels, otherwise known as "Mother Carey's chickens." The young birds live in holes in the ground where at night they are fed by the parent birds. After seventy-five days of living underground the young petrel comes forth and makes its way to the Antarctic.

One morning the kind owner of the "Anchorage" took us in her car to see the southern end of Grand Manan. We stopped first in Seal Cove, where the

first settler, we were told, was a Dr. John Faxon who came in 1800 and who built the only full-rigged ship of over five hundred tons ever to be launched in Grand Manan. I noticed more smokehouses in Seal Cove (the large herring are smoked, the little ones become sardines), and I saw a seine stretched out to dry in a field—it seemed a block long. I noticed, too, the twin Baptist churches. It seems that a Baptist congregation had a difference in thought, so agreed to differ and built two identical churches on the one lot about fifteen feet apart. In Seal Cove we fell into conversation with people who were descendants of old ship-building families and they told us that on the island all the tall trees had been cut down during ship-building days, but I wondered if that shallow soil would grow tall trees!

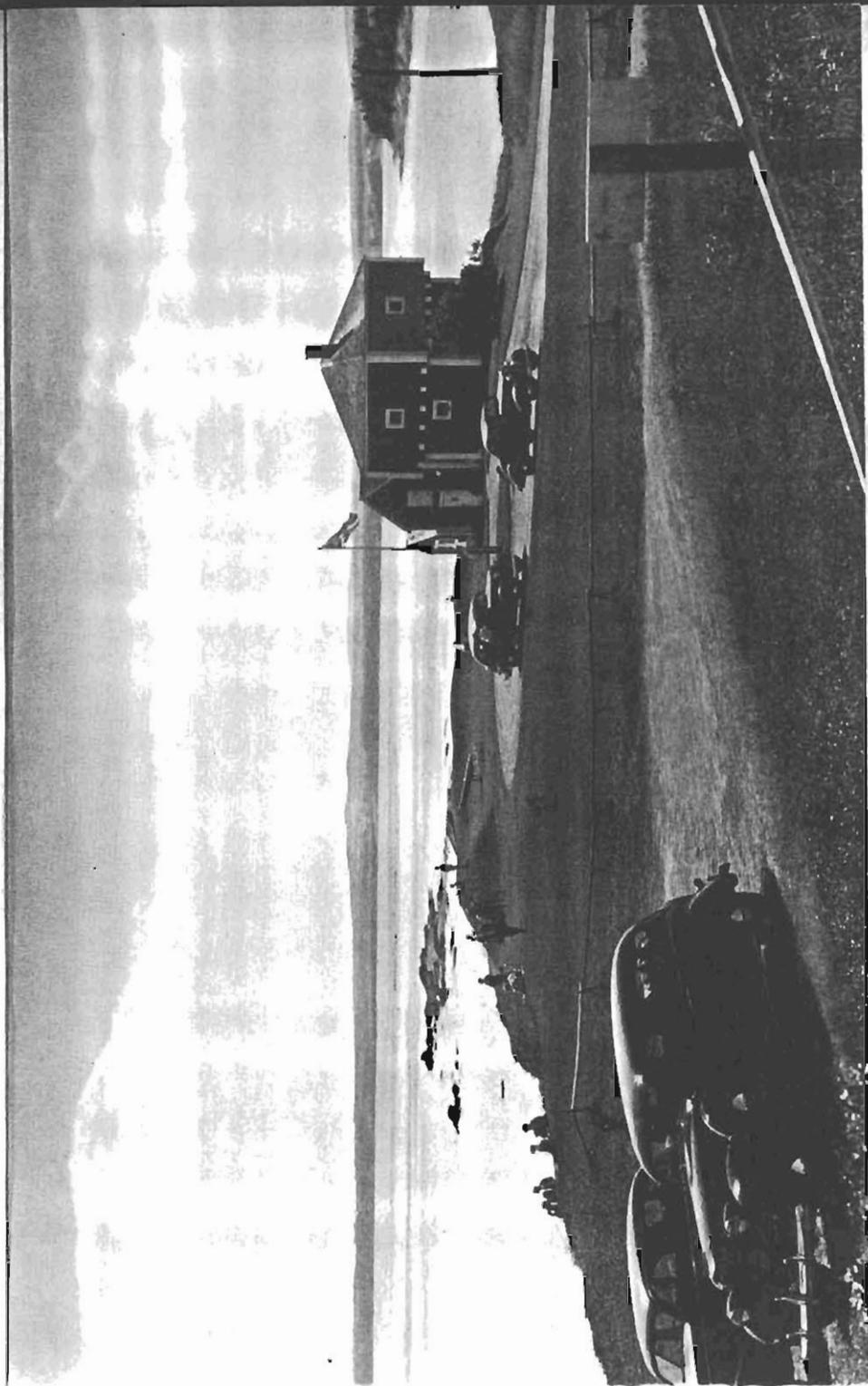
I had taken with me on my visit to Seal Cove M. H. Perley's *Report on the Fisheries of the Bay of Fundy*, published 1851, and read from it a description of trouble among the fishermen caused by fishermen from outside coming in large vessels at night. These strangers robbed the nets of the local fishermen and even cut the nets with scythes fastened to the keels of small boats. Some of the present residents knew the story and said that a British man-of-war had arrived and ended the trouble by ordering that there be no fishing between sunset and sunrise, at which times the man-of-war fired a cannon. One old lady remembered that sunset gun and said that the thieving fishermen had come from a little island off Nova Scotia.

We drove to Southern Head and climbed to the top of the light-house where it perches on the top of a two-hundred-foot precipice. Seven miles south we saw Gannet Rock, the most southerly point of New

Brunswick. Gannet Rock appeared to be a ship coming under full sail, when actually the Rock is an acre in extent and marks the site of dangerous underwater ledges. The light on Gannet Rock was turned on for the first time on Christmas Day in the year 1831. The erection of this light was instigated by citizens of Saint John, N.B., so many Saint John ships having been lost here.³

Perley wrote, too, that it was off Southern Head that the herring spawned and at spawning season the net rope would be as big as a man's arm with spawn and a vessel's cable the size of a five-gallon keg. At Southern Head I noticed, too, plants unknown in the centre of the Province. The ground was matted with evergreen juniper, and there was the buttercup-like cinque-foil, and dewberries which looked and tasted like blackberries but grew low on the ground. Between the ground plants and the spruce trees there were no half-way shrubs such as elderberries and chokecherries and there were few alders. Perhaps this was on account of the rigor of the wind in the winter storms.

On another day my friend and I hired a car and drove north along the eastern coast, passing first through the village of Grand Harbour. In Grand Harbour is the telegraph and post office and a large brick consolidated school. The three largest islands of Passamaquoddy Bay have each a consolidated school with its accompanying school bus. In Grand Harbour, too, is the little stone Anglican church of St. Paul's. Erected in 1840, it covers about forty-six by thirty-six feet of land and has very thick walls. Here, too, is a tablet which reads, "In memory of twenty-six seamen. Drowned on the 19th of January,



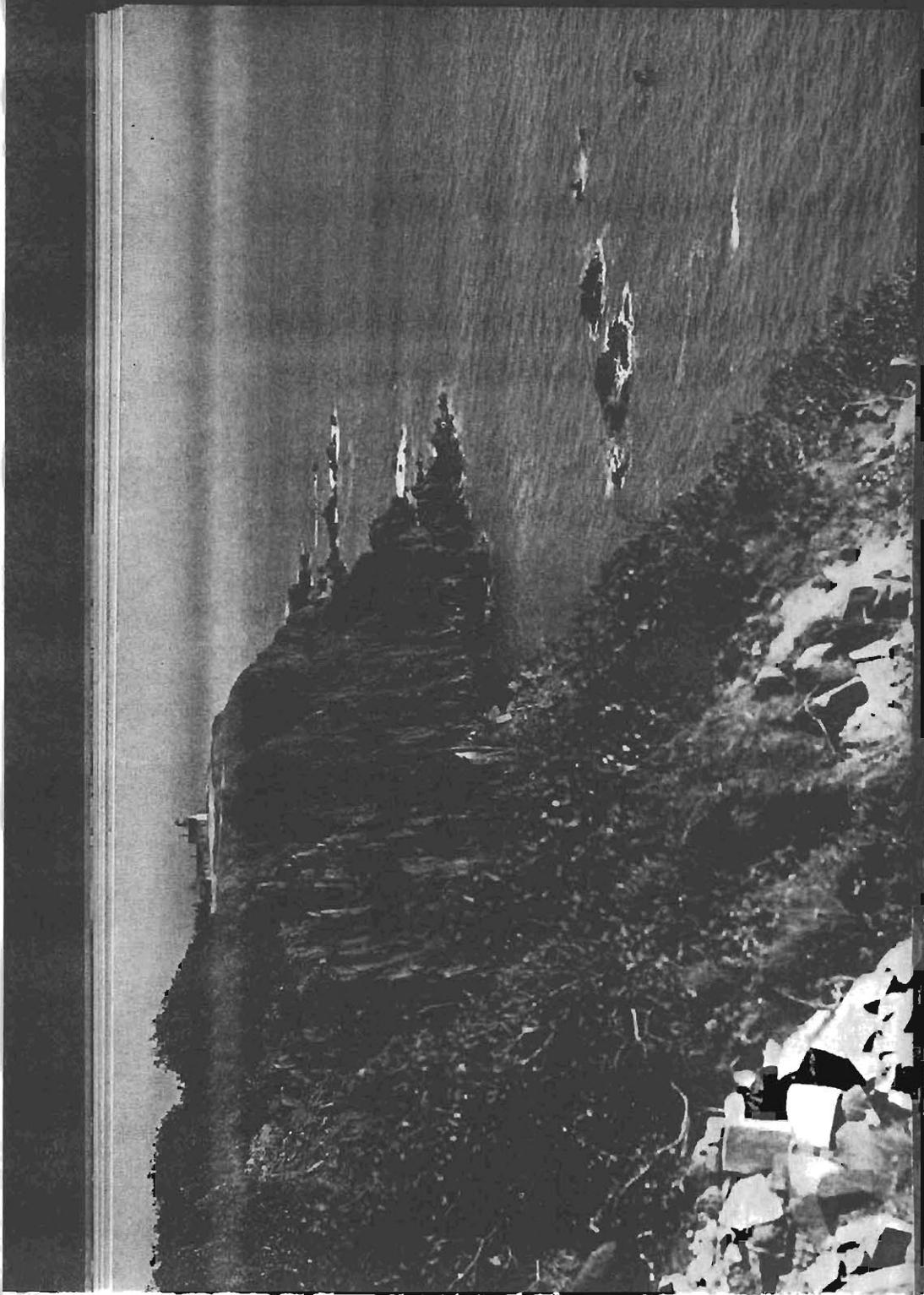
Old Block House at St. Andrews

1851, Belonging to the ship *Lord Ashburton*, wrecked on the North Head of Grand Manan."

We drove north to the village of Castalia and there made a left turn to take the only road which crosses the island, crossing at the centre. We were starting for Dark Harbour, half-way along the western coast. Dark Harbour is an indentation in the precipice which makes the west coast, where during the course of years waves and currents have built up a sea-wall across the mouth of the recess. Man has cut and keeps clear a channel through this sea-wall and so has made a quiet and secure little harbour, the only refuge along that coast in a storm. We ventured down the face of the cliff by a precarious road, hoping to get some dulse, that sea-weed which New Brunswickers love, as we saw on the sea-wall a dozen little shanties used by dulse gatherers, but because our driver entertained us with stories of rock slides on that particular road we scrambled back on top, dulseless.

A mile or more north along the cliff, Money Cove Brook plunges down an eight-hundred-foot ravine to a little beach and the sea. Captain Kidd is supposed to have buried two hogsheads of Spanish doubloons in this little beach. A mile farther and a little below North Head, Indian Beach lies at the foot of the cliff. Perley wrote of Indians using this beach as a place for boiling out the oil from carcasses of porpoises which they had shot. The Indians have continued to come here and it is only lately that the Indian "Jim" has ceased to paddle his canoe the eight miles from Eastport to this spot where he camped for the summer, and wind and tide permitting, would paddle his "friends" around the island.

The business centre of Grand Manan is at North



Head. Here the steamer lands at the government wharf. Here is a hospital, several good hotels, Mr. Moses' museum, a war memorial guarded by two cannon, and a sardine factory. There are beautiful walks leading out of North Head, with amazing views. A favourite path to take goes out the Swallow Tail, returns by the Fish Head, then follows the Ashburton Trail. A "trail" or path lies along the top of the precipice on the western coast, if you have got a good head.

Fishing is the major industry of Passamaquoddy Bay. The word Passamaquoddy is the English form of the Indian pes-kat-um, a loose translation of which is, full of pollock.¹ Grand Manan is encircled with weirs (pronounced wheres) or circular fish traps, about a hundred of them. From the "Anchorage" we looked out on the building of a new weir in Long Pond Harbour in the construction of which a pile-driver and a diver were engaged. These weirs are not permitted to be built within a thousand feet of another weir, subject to the inspection of the fishery inspector.

The weir is constructed by driving a framework of poles vertically into the bottom in a circle, and connected to the land by a wing of poles. Sometimes the bottom is too rocky to drive poles, so cribs are constructed and then sunk by piling rocks onto their horizontal framework. To the large long poles, sometimes sixty feet in length, are attached horizontally and at regular intervals from the bottom to the low-water level, smaller poles called ribbands. Hardwood brush is then nailed, close together, to the ribbands below low-water level. Weir building is a hazardous and gruelling occupation, for work must be done when the tides permit.

Every weir has its name, and some weirs have remained in the same place for years. Some of the names are Star, Struggler, Try Again, Martha, and one of Campobello's weirs, owned by a barber, is called Hair-cut. As they are expensive things to build and keep in repair, each weir as a rule is owned by several fishermen. The size of the catch is pure chance but from the appearance of the islanders and their homes fishing pays.

To empty a weir, first the weir is tested for quantity of fish and, if it seems worthwhile, the seine boat is brought. This is a scow boarded over, upon which is a huge reel about which the seine net is wound. The seine, with wooden floats about its upper edge and weights on the lower, is unwound about the inner side of the weir, crossing the opening. Then the pucker string of the seine is pulled tight and you have your fish in the bag. The herring boat now uses its crane and dip-net to lift the fish into the scale boat. This latter boat is broad and deep with a false slatted bottom, and contains a little water. In the scale boat the fish do so much jumping around that the scales are knocked off and are gathered into bushel baskets, kept moist with salt water and then sold to the pearl factory in Eastport. (In Perley's time a hundred years ago the scales were removed by the fishermen dancing about among the fish. At that time, too, the fish were handled with pitchforks, were not properly cleaned, and the large proportion spoiled were sent south for the consumption of the slaves.)

We decided to go to Campobello Island by returning first to the mainland, although we could have dropped off at Campobello on our return trip by the *Grand*