

Trip 3 – Episode #3: New Brunswick/Nouveau Brunswick – Quelle Surprise!



One of the things I failed to mention about our time in Quebec was how embarrassing it was to attempt to speak French. In some areas, the cashiers I dealt with looked just as perplexed when I tried to speak French as they did when I went back to English. Both were equally unintelligible to them.

At one stop, a very polite man told me my French was okay and I replied that it was only okay because he spoke English!

When we first entered New Brunswick, we were surprised that people we met were much more inclined to speak French than English.

It was the first of several surprises we encountered during our time in New Brunswick.

Our first stop was in Edmundston, where we overnighed in a nice, green campground, right near a botanical garden. Which had this spectacular topiary at its entrance.



The next day we headed toward Grand Falls, which has always been a favourite stop of ours. The surprise there was that at this time of year they hold back a large percentage of the water to provide hydro power. The decrease in the volume of water plunging over the rocks was definitely noticeable.



As thrilling as it looked, we didn't feel compelled to zipline over Grand Falls like these two. Anyone surprised?



Even though we'd seen it much grander, we were glad we made the stop at Grand Falls.



We continued on our way, taking 105, by the Saint John River, which was much more interesting and picturesque than the main highway.



Having passed by a huge McCain's plant a few kms earlier, we weren't at all surprised to see fields and fields of potatoes growing.



What did surprise us was the grandeur of the Saint John River. Much more impressive than the Rio Grande, which we'd walked across easily during our time in Texas.



We stopped right by the river for lunch, and discovered this lovely little lookout, so nicely designed in the shape of the maple leaf, and well-maintained.



Another surprise was the number of covered bridges in New Brunswick. There are lots of them!



And in Hartland, we discovered the world's longest covered bridge!





Fortunately, Jim's pointing skills are just as keen as ever.



Although we theoretically could have driven Charles across, we opted to walk it instead.



There were no lights to control who could enter the bridge, so if a car approached and there wasn't another car entering at the other end, they got the right of way. It seemed to work pretty smoothly.



We continued driving along the Saint John, enjoying the views and the small towns we passed through.







We hadn't booked a place to stay and weren't really sure where we were going to end up for the night, but we thought we might be able to find something in Woodstock.

We drove around enough to see that Woodstock had some things to recommend it.





And then we found a “boondocking” (as in free) spot, right on the water. We couldn’t have asked for a better place to spend the night. It was lovely and private and quiet, and our only company was a flock of Canada geese.







And we even got an evening show - an exciting thunderstorm roared through.







It rained on us for a good portion of the night, but in the morning ...



Peace was restored.

We continued on our way, following the mighty Saint John, ready for any surprises that might come our way.

And they did.

