

QUEBEC—THE CITADEL, FROM ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

constantly changing so that one never tires of surveying it.

Ha-Ha Bay, so called because of the exclamation which escaped the French explorers who discovered it, is ensconced in a rich valley of arable land, extending some miles back to the mountain foothills which recede from the river's bank at this spot.

The small settlements, with their white cottages strewn along the water's edge, the little hamlets of St. Alphonse and St. Alexis seem lost in the vast amphitheatre.

Below this point the river widens, the banks grow higher and more precipitous, and the foliage becomes tall and sturdy. As our boat plows along the scene takes on an impressive grandeur we had not noticed before. The immensity of everything is forced upon us. Broad bays without number skirt the river, walls of solid rock rise a thousand feet above our heads, the craggy sides of which are gray with lichen, blotched with mossy cushions and belted fantastically across by long seams, out of which grow underbrush and hardy saplings that none can ever hope to touch with human fingers.

A sprinkling of clouds has sprung up, intensifying the artistic possibilities of the landscape, not hazy, indolent clouds, but active, cumulus ones, fleet of wing and very dense.

The Saguenay is a most moody river. When it is wrapped in sunshine no more peaceful scene can be found anywhere, but let the clouds intervene and the view suddenly changes to one of awful barrenness and waste. It is mostly painted in its gloomy mood, for it is in this aspect that it is singularly unique, but the reader must not infer because of this that it is a place where the sun never shines, the winds never cease and the storms are unabating. No fairer sight can be had anywhere than that

which the Saguenay discloses on a clear day. The broad river stretches along invitingly between acres and acres of trees, miles and miles of timber of every shade of living green. The dark water reflects the blue sky and the innumerable little cascades which come tumbling down nearly two thousand feet over the brown rocks, while the clouds make pretty pictures on the hills all day long. The mind can recall no more beautiful picture than that which a sunny afternoon on the Saguenay will create to be forever treasured in the inmost

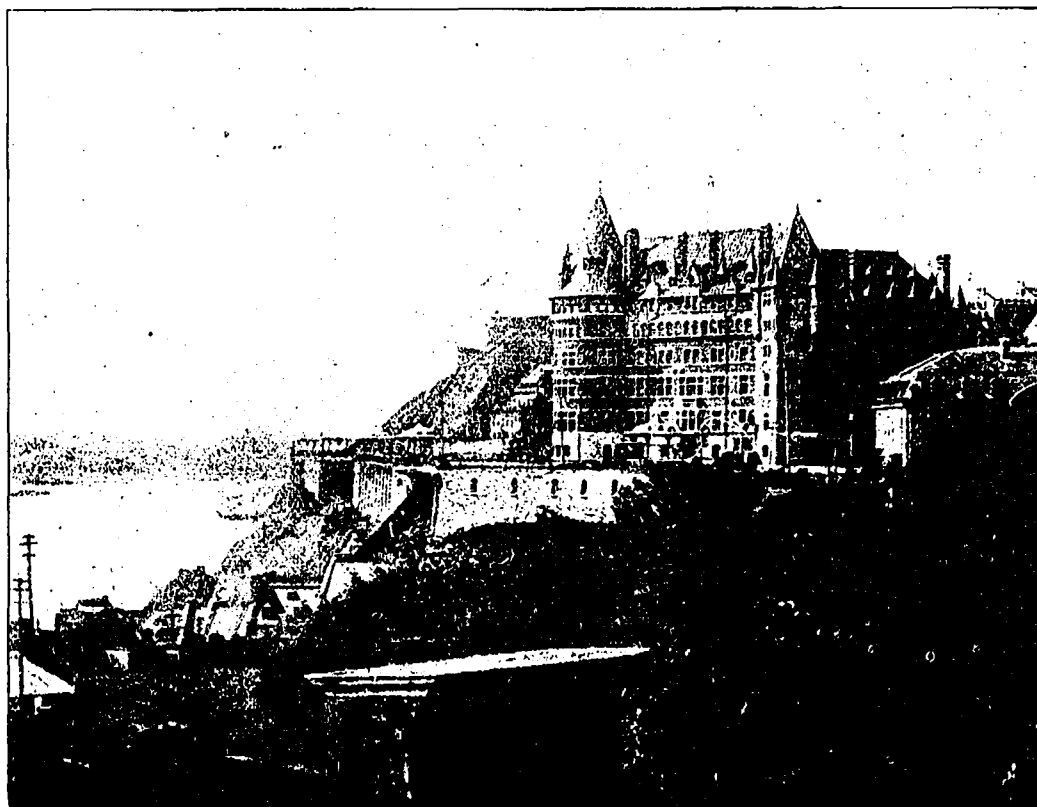
the water's edge fifteen hundred feet, whose sinuous seams take on the strangest contortions imaginable.

And now the triune cape appears before us, with its three component ledges surmounted by crests of spruce and pine. Beyond lies its shadowy sister, Cape Eternity, with her waving plume of green immersed in sunlight and standing out in clear relief while the base lays bathed in mist, giving to her the appearance of a picture suspended in mid air. Presently our steamer turns sharply to starboard, and we

recesses of one's memory.

But let the landscape assume its portentous air. Bid the elements take on their mood of strife, and the wildest confusion reigns supreme. No pen-picture will adequately portray the rugged grandeur or the awful turbulence of this singular stream during a storm. A very chaos of precipice in savage confusion, a multiplicity of echoes in a clamorous chorus, a tempest of black waters lashed to foam, winds shrieking about you and tall giants of the forest bending over as if they were saplings—this is what one sees when the Saguenay is sullen.

As our steamer approaches Cape Trinity the river broadens, the trees grow larger and the banks rise to an altitude simply alarming. Ledge upon ledge of craggy granite tower up from



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