

know. He no doubt went to the palace, I to the Chateau. In the garbled glamour of the great hotel, cosmopolitan as a bit of Paris, yet rising somewhat out of a village scene of lounging folk on the plank promenade, I was satisfied to remain conscious of the eternal riddle of Quebec. The place was clattering with tourists. The souvenir books sold freely. The glasses clinked. The place was full of the soft music of the French. Underneath the old town lay like a squint into an old world, keeping the old ways while the city above was a mixture of the old and the new, of priests and politicians, soldiers and civilians, demoiselles and smart English folk, tourists from the United States, and simple small-town folk, to whom the city on the hill, the sparkling gem in the zone of the St. Lawrence must never become too big or it would lose its charm.

You can get as fine a paternoster in Quebec as in Rome. Also as good a cocktail as in Paris. In the Chateau they meet but never mix. And when you have enough of both you may take one of those cheerful river boats that are part of the great chain of travel from Fort William to the up-gorges of the Laurentians in far-down French-land—up to the haunting solitudes of the lordly Saguenay, where you get neither, but instead the old wine of a new life among the silent prayers of the eternal hills.

Maritime Meanderings

NOW, whether you like old St. John or not, you must get to it from westward by a riverway with a railway alongside that makes you dizzy when you try to dream how many moons of travel it would be to reach the old Eskimo "femme" in her kayak coasting along the Arctic. There is no river in Canada with more individual intimate beauty than the St. John, and the romantic chain of streams that run into it. Best of all in the mornings, perhaps. And before noon you are into the rare old city that blocks up on the Bay of Fundy, the city of two harbours and the tides, of many newspapers and much politics—of Courtenay Bay and the wharves, the fishermen and the optimist. St. John is peculiarly Canadian. And it is old; solid and simple, the home of a fine old-fashioned people of whom you take regretful leave in the crisp of an early morning and scud across Fundy to the fish-smacked, cherry-treed village of Digby, where ox-carts tinkle down the streets and the long, stolid fisherman slinks into the bush to cut fresh poles for his weir somewhere between Digby and Bear River among the old farms of Nova Scotia.

Presently, up from Yarmouth, comes the noon train. You could loaf in Digby for a week, but from there to Halifax is one of the finest railway trips in Canada—up through the valley of the land of Evangeline, from which many and many a man has rollicked away into various parts of the earth following the sea. That run of seven or eight hours is an unwearying delight. Almost anywhere you may stop and be within an hour or two of a cove where care never comes. But you are anxious to see Halifax—and that city on the greatest harbour in America is such a comfortable mixture of pleasures, ancient, mediaeval and modern, that you do violence to your own temperament if you escape from it in less than twice as long as you have time or money to stay.

Some fine morning out you go by the Intercolonial, and make the run over to Moncton—back to New Brunswick when you never know just where you cross the border. At Amherst, N.S., you marvel that so busy a town ever arose from so sleepy and Holland-like a country, where the sail luggers glide dreamily up among the tide-swept meadows, and the hay comes to crop three times a year.

You get to Moncton through a woodland that winds you into the region of the Petitcodiac and the land of the Bore; and here you are in a fascinating, restless and old-style town, that feels itself becoming new, and has for a long while been the metropolis of the I. C. R. Moncton is almost too hospitable. You know from the study of the timetable that the haunted Metapedia Valley lies beyond, eastward into the land of the St. Lawrence again. And it would need a small book to describe Metapedia, which with its climates and crescendos of great landscapes seems to be in another world from the St. John which you seemed to have been seeing two moons ago, whereas the time is precisely ten days.

Something better than half a railway day fetches you back to a place called Levis. And from Levis you behold again the ancient City of Quebec.

This condensed description must be read—between the lines. If at the end of such a beguiling journey any traveller hankers for more sensations, he can find millions of them by leaving the main lines of travel for a plunge into the wilderness.

SAMPLES OF EASTERN SCENERY



Rockbound Gorge at Grand Falls, St. John River.



The Marvellous Elms of Fredericton, N.B.



A Painter's Paradise on the Northwest Miramichi.