



MONTCALM'S HEADQUARTERS, QUEBEC.

Quebec must always be the delight of even the travel-worn tourist.

Once in the city the visitor is impressed by the constantly-recurring evidences of the past. The walls that are no longer a protection, with their ornate and dignified towers, turrets, and arches to mark the gates of the olden time, seem fitting companions of the saint-named streets, ever-recurring evidences of the unlearned pages of sacred history. History becomes vital in a city whose streets mark events, whose churches are the records of the steps of civilization on this continent. The cassock and round-crowned hat of priest and brother, the white and black robed figures of women

walking with downcast eyes from church to school, from convent to hospital, busily engaged in the vocation from which the world is viewed as a field of labour, but deepen the thought of the past, and make the present an intrusion in the inner city. One never ceases to be grateful that the Parliament House, with its modern systems and methods of government, lies outside the walls, in neighbourly relation with the Grand Allee, that magnificent avenue, with its modern houses, its car-tracks, and its air of the present time.

Everywhere the church and its service give the dominant note to the city's life. On Sunday morning absolute quiet prevails. No sound is heard on the streets but the steps of the people, and even these, with the voices, are hushed to the quiet prevailing everywhere. No street-cars are running, and



OLD FRENCH HOUSE, QUEBEC.