

buried the hopes of the Canadian people, for indeed "the funeral of Montcalm was the funeral of New France."

Impossible is it not to attempt to describe or enumerate all the historic buildings of Quebec, for every stick and stone in the place is fraught with interest. Chief among the beautiful buildings is that glorious monument of the first bishop of Canada, Laval University, built in conjunction with the seminary which was founded by him.

Passing down to lower town by what was once called "Break Neck Stairway," but now rebuilt and modernized, we come to the little church Notre Dame de Victories, built in 1688, in commemoration of Frontenac's victory over the English colonists when Sir Phipps fleet was destroyed. Farther on, almost below the citadel, a huge slice seems to be cut off the rock. This is where the dreadful landslide occurred a little over a year ago when several houses were crushed under the mass of falling rocks and many lives lost.

One place which is always visited by tourists in the early morning is the Champlain Market, where the hucksters come from miles up and down the river in boats. It is a quaint sight to see the women sitting with their baskets of vegetables, fruit and flowers around them, no carts to be seen, the usual accessories of a market place.

A charming drive is over the St. Charles River and to the typical French-Canadian village of Charlesbourg, where a short distance above the pretty old church are still to be seen the ruins of Chateau Bigot where lived that wicked intendant. He is called the first great Canadian boodler, who, for his peculations at the expense of the then infant colony, was recalled to France, indicted, tried and banished.

In one of the secret passages of the old chateau was enacted the tragedy described in Kirby's entrancing historical romance, "The Golden Day" which resulted in the violent death of a beautiful Acadian maiden at the instigation of her jealous rival, another favorite of Bigot's, the beautiful Angelique de Meloise, afterwards Madam de Pean.

Farther on is the Indian village of Loulle, where dwell the descendants of the Christian Hurons who sided with the French and were so cruelly treated by the savage Iroquois. Their little chapel, of which they are very proud, is over a hundred and fifty years old and has many sacred relics sent to them by churches in France; one is a copy of the image of the virgin in the chapel of Santa Casa.

One of the most beautiful evenings I ever remember we spent on the Dufferin Terrace listening to the music of a fine orchestra. Below