

wanted was being paid for by an American tourist. At least 800 other rooms were occupied by the same health-hunting compatriots from all the States contiguous to the great lakes, the St. Lawrence and the Quebec boundary. U. S. fathers had their families at the Chateau, costing them from \$30 to \$40 a day minimum, according to the number. U. S. girls travelling in flocks waited their turn at the weigh scales to notice how much extra avordupois the good St. Lawrence and Saguenay trout had given them. They crowded into the men's waiting room, where they took up six out of nine available desks for letters and picture cards. The luxurious lounge and feminine waiting room aloft was abandoned to the quiet spinsters and elderly mammas who did fancy-work, read and admired the superb lineaments of the Isle of Orleans and the twinkling parish villages on the north shore. The dining-rooms were crammed with Uncle Sam's folk. The tallyhos and the trolley omnibusses were full of a conventionalizing freemasonry held together by a passion for travel, a twang and a common love of "My country 'tis of thee," not denying that the St. Lawrence is a greater river than the Hudson, even though less beautiful, and almost as large as the Mississippi.

AND they all seemed to know Quebec—accent on the Que—almost as well as the 75,000 inhabitants of the place. With amazing gusto they dodged about among the monuments whose names they had learned from the megaphone orator on the tallyho; snapshotted one another in all manner of groups on the Terrace, bought Saturday Evening Posts and Indian Lorette curios at the news-stand, and worried the head-porter to know at what

a trolley charabanc to see Quebec. He chose the trolley because,

"By gum! I want to know how any man ever laid out these trolley routes in this town without puttin' in specifications for a smashup every three blocks," he said. "C'm on, maw."

Off they went. For two hours I saw no more of Stimson. Just as the string orchestra were striking up in the palm room at the Terrace here he comes with maw at his heels.

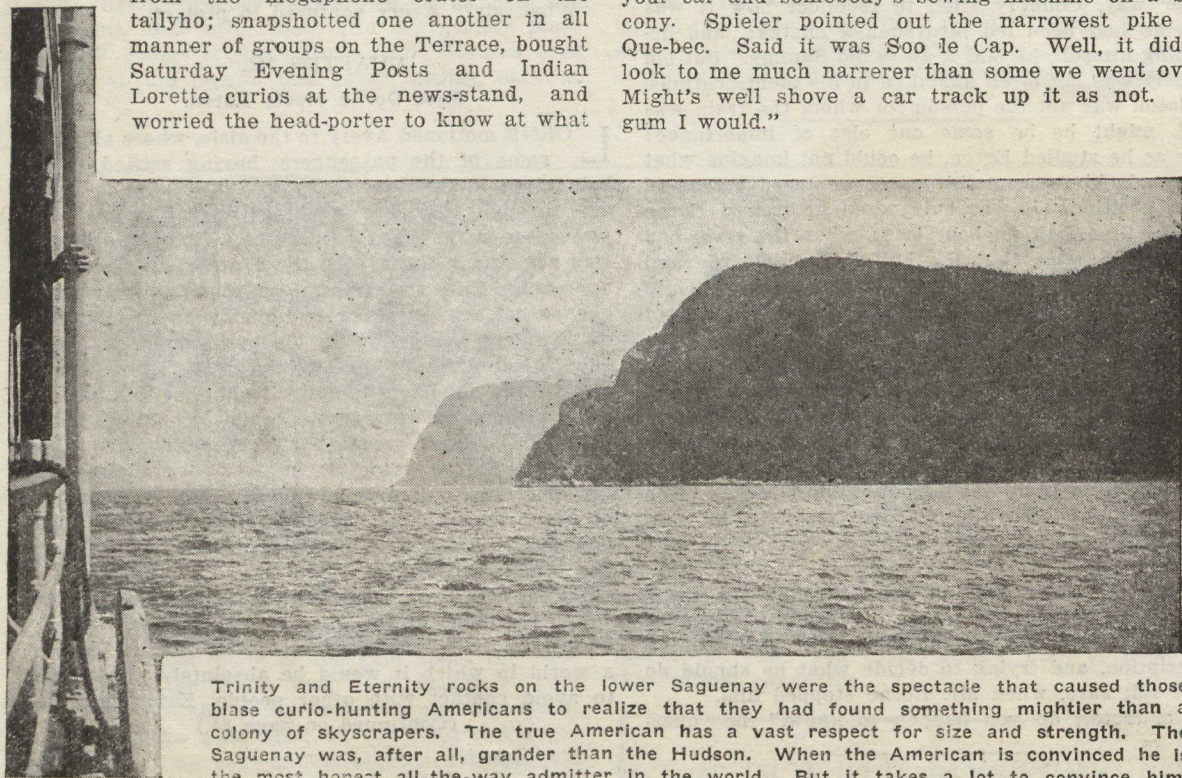
"Well, how did you like it?" I asked him, wanting to know.

He blew like a narwhal.

"By the great hornspoon," he sputtered, fanning himself with his helmet. "I ain't got over it yet. Say, if anybody was to ask me to make any kind'v a diagram how that car got away from here and back here without missing a church or a monument, well, it'd look as much like the price o' wheat in Chicago as anything else."

"Trifle twisty, was it?"

"Great labyrinthine corkscrews; was it? Well, I wanta tell yew that there ain't any scenic railroad, figger 8 and roller-coaster all combined that can hold a candle to a trolley-car loopin' the loop over this old town. It's a plumb merikle how we ever refrained from running clean into some o' them dormered windows. Streets? Well, I shouldn't call 'em that. They're coal alleys. But, by gum, there's always room for a horse between the headlight of your car and somebody's sewing machine on a balcony. Spieler pointed out the narrowest pike in Que-bee. Said it was Soo le Cap. Well, it didn't look to me much narrer than some we went over. Might's well shove a car track up it as not. By gum I would."



Trinity and Eternity rocks on the lower Saguenay were the spectacle that caused those blasé curio-hunting Americans to realize that they had found something mightier than a colony of skyscrapers. The true American has a vast respect for size and strength. The Saguenay was, after all, grander than the Hudson. When the American is convinced he is the most honest all-the-way admitter in the world. But it takes a lot to convince him.

hour the next boat for the Saguenay or Montreal was due to pull out.

These people were no strangers in a strange land. Most of them were on their regular summer tour in the Canadian highlands. They knew Que-bee better than Boston or New York. If they stopped to think it was only the accident of French-Canadian loyalty that had prevented the Plains of Abraham from becoming one of Uncle Sam's preserves. They were essentially at home in Quebec, these Americans who have keyed up the cost of travelling in that part of Canada, because they value money only to the extent that it keeps moving and take to hotel life as naturally as a Saguenay salmon to water. And they swung themselves about with the ease of people to whom trains, boats and hotels are as necessary as fire-works on the Fourth of July. For perfect, unconscionable ease in getting over the ground commend me to the American army that by thousands upon thousands invades Quebec every summer. Most of them stay only a day or two. Every morning the boats and the trains shunt in their fresh contingents that line up among the cordons of luggage in the rotunda, sign their names from half the States in the Union, shuffle into the elevator and prepare to go abroad. The crowd this morning looks about the same as that of yesterday. The crowd to-morrow will average up about the same as to-day. They are not New Yorkers, Ohioans, or Illinoisians. They are plain Americans, many of whom have seen every part of their own country that seems worth while and have temporarily included Canada in their itinerary till they get tired of that also, or until the war is over, when they can visit Europe and pick up bits of American-made shells on the battlefields for souvenirs.

One afternoon Ezra Stimson and his wife went on

"Not much traffic on it ten months of the year, perhaps?" I ventured.

"Yeh, but look at the crowd that ud go up it the other two," he mentioned. "Ain't nothing like this burg in our kentry. Nope. She's got'm all beat for engineerin' hazards. Take a master's high finance based on haulage to calkulate how in thunder any average mile o' this trolley system earns its keep. But I guess it does. Dog-gone! anybody that wants to do business up here on the hill has got to use'm, I guess. Course a lot o' them folks down there don't git up here more'n once in a blue moon, I guess. They don't need to."

BUT Stimson had to admit when evening came that a considerable part of Lower Town had found its way to the upper levels. The Quebecker knows the value of his scenery even a little better now than before the American tourist came to appreciate it. And the evening concourse on the terrace is one of the greatest popular sights in America. When the lights of Levis twinkle across the river and the full moon strikes a blaze of glory beneath the citadel the Ancient City comes into its own. The thousands that swing up and down the terrace to the music of the band are not Uncle Sam's people. The bandmaster doesn't even allow his band to play Dixie or Marching Through Georgia. Dufferin Terrace is French-Canadian; and from dusk until midnight it is a genial, glorifying concourse of a happy people who pay no attention to the Americans.

On the boat from Quebec the through list of passengers to the Saguenay was all American—except myself. About fifty were Quebeckers for various points along the river—including priests, nuns, villagers and a few visitors. The day was perfect enough to suit even Carrie Jacobs Band, who wrote "The

Perfect Day" in Chicago. I felt like remarking this to Stimson, who admitted that he knew the composer. But I refrained.

"Now, what's that white rock yunder?" he asked of maw, when we had got about ten miles below the Citadel.

"Why, Ezra, it's movin'!" she exclaimed through her field-optics.

"Montmorency Falls, sir," I ventured, timidly.

"Oh! She occupies a durn fine position on stage all right. Plumb in the front row. Oh, yes, we saw that, maw—day we went to St. Anne—what's her name?"

"De Beaupre," I suggested.

"Yes. That's the ticket. By George!"

For a while Ezra was silent and his wife scanned the guide-book, wondering when we should get to the white whales and the eagles above Cap L'Aigle. By early afternoon we came in sight of a vast headland checkerboarded with green fields and golden grain.

"Some farmin' proposition, that," remarked Ezra, half asleep. "Don't see no houses. We headin' in there?"

"Ezra, this must be Baie St. Paul," said maw. "There's the red and yellow house. That's the dock."

For best part of an hour the ship made signs at the headland at the base of which the dock-house stood.

"Yunder's the village," said Ezra. "I know it by the spire. By gum! there's always a church. Most religionized kentry I ever did see."

Presently we got in full view of the dock.

"My! see the cabs," said maw. The dock was lined with carriages.

"I twig it," says Ezra. "That this village was planted too far off on the bay to be port o' call. So they stuck that dock down here, and them carriages are the suburban railway."

LANDING twenty passengers at Baie de St. Paul was a comic opera. Here we saw the first of those up-and-down gangways, the sheep slope of which caused so many of the passengers to wonder, till Ezra explains.

"That's on account o' the tide. Dock's made tide high. High tide, up comes the gangway level. Low tide, down she goes sloped like she is now."

Sixteen frantic cabbies came in a body down the gangway, peering into the ship, gabbling in French. They were evidently determined to prevent the passengers from going ashore. Suddenly they all agreed to go aloft.

"Tout ensemble!" shouted one to a greedy logghead who stayed below to grab his first valise. "Tout ensemble!"

"That's the ticket," growled Ezra.

"Give everybody a chance."

And the ship was scarcely docked before the sixteen cabbies had the twenty landing passengers coraled. Away went the line of cabs trotting from the dock to the shore, dipped into the spruces, climbed a hill and trailed away to the village.

Our next spectacle was the porpoises when cameras got busy. Our next stop of importance was St. Irene, where Sir Rodolphe Forget has a castle on a hill, where Judge Routhier, author of the words of O Canada, has a summer home, and where Judge Lavergne and his son Armand also have a summer residence. But the most obvious feature of St. Irene was a mob of pretty French girls that came down the gangway—most dramatically. No comic opera chorus was ever more fetchingly staged than these abandonees who in a chorus of French seemed to be calling to some one by name of Paul. And when Paul, a quiet young man, made his advent on the gangway, he kissed one girl, ran the gauntlet of the others, and was all but carried off by that delightfully feminine mob. Happy Paul!

Stimson seemed highly agitated over these apparitions.

"Mighty sociable people!" he kept saying. "Kind o' wish I'd got a stopover at this burg—what's her name—St. Irene. Hmp!"

And the next was Murray Bay, where the French-Canadian crew took off seventeen kinds of freight, shoving truck-loads up the steep gangway on the full trot, galloping down again with the noise of an artillery section; as happy as lords.

"Dog-gone! if I ever seen anybody that seemed to eat work like them peasepods do," chattered Ezra. "But I miss my guess if they don't loaf a lot between times."

It was dusk when we got to Tadousac among the white whales that rolled about by hundreds in the shallows. Here Stimson, standing on deck engaged in an impromptu dialogue with a young English-speaking cabbie on the dock.

(Concluded on page 21.)