## .. THE .. Drince Ediward Island Magazine

## Notes of a Trip to the Pacific Coast.

By J. Edward Rendle.

WE left P. E. Island on the 7th but kindly and courteous to us, and of March, crossing by the Stan- his wants seeming few-he must be ley to Pictou; and having the misfor- happy.
tune of being stuck in the ice long Nearing Levis we obtained our first enough to miss all train arrangements. view of Quebec. It was a sight I shall We were in the pretty town of Truro never forget: between us and that grand for a night and the best part of a day; old town rolled the St. Lawrence, ah ! here waggons were out, the streets be- if that noble river could speak what a ing bare. The next thing that struck wonderful tale she could recite of deeds us was a big snowstorm in the St. enacted before yon ancient Capital. BeLawrence valley, near the little French fore us on her massive battlements village of St. Paschal, a typical village floats the grand old flag of Britain under the old regime; with its little where once fluttered in the breeze the church in the centre acting as a hub lilies of France; the frost made the for all the old-fashioned genuine french- walls glisten like polished steel, their roofed houses to cluster around. Those glint was to be seen long after the city French villages are so Arcadian in became indistinguishable. We arrivstyle, the farms tilled in the most ed at Montreal at midnight, and as primitive manner, and they look like soon as possible we got to a hotel and a strip of riband, stretching if possible, a bed. I was much disappointed in this to a water front. The "habitant" great commercial metropolis: I looked himself, seemed to me, of what I saw for and expected the acme of perfection of him in a stay of eight hours in his in all phases that tend to make a city home; to be first of all, devout, true to great; the streets in general were narhis church. He seemed simple, sub- row, lined on either sides with good missive, credulous and unprogressive, buildings, no doubt; but of irregular

