

beaten path, some of the grandest can only be obtained by a little roughing, and also although the scenery all along is beautiful and in many places exceptionally so, yet the picture-maker will find it absolutely necessary to stop over a day or two at at least five places (unless he wishes to bring back nothing more than what Mr. H. P. Robinson calls topographical records), and not do the round trip in three days as it can be done and many do, losing in consequence some of the very finest scenery imaginable. Roughly, the route is triangular—Quebec, Lake St. John, and Tadousac at the mouth of the Saguenay, forming the apical



In the Discharge. Lake of St. John.

points—and the total distance just short of 500 miles. Making Quebec our headquarters, after a short hustle around to note points of photo advantage to be used on returning, we leave by the 8.30 train from the Que. and L. St. John Ry. station, and he must be fastidious who fails to find himself luxuriously comfortable in the company's fine cars. Standing on the end of the rear car, several pretty views may be had with a hand-camera as the train speeds along, notably at Lorette, the Yacques Cartier River, and Lake Sergent. The shutter should be set at a speed not slower than $\frac{1}{50}$ sec. to avoid blurring owing to the

motion of the train, and if the view is taken broadside from the train, $\frac{1}{100}$ of a sec. is the slowest speed I have found admissible for exposures from a fast moving car. The country up to St. Raymond, 36 miles, is fairly well settled and comparatively flat and uninteresting, but at St. Raymond one might stay over a day and get some pretty views around the village. There are several boarding houses at one dollar a day, where grub and accommodation are fair considering, but as there is such a feast of fine scenery coming I would hardly advise the stoppage. 58 miles up, Riviere a Pierre is reached, and 8 miles beyond—the Batiscan River. The railway track follows the bank of the river almost continuously for 30 miles, and the whole run is one glorious succession of river and mountain scenes. The river varies from 100 to 300 feet in width, and long, dark, deep reaches and pools shadowed by heavily wooded and precipitous bluffs 800 to 1500 feet high, alternate with foaming rapids and shallows, where the rushing waters swirl round and over great boulders of rock fallen into the stream from the heights above, and swinging round sharp bends and points crowded with graceful overhanging silver birches and maples, form a series of pictures that make the enthusiastic amateur fairly gasp. To get these views, however, is the hardest part of the whole trip. Unfortunately there is no recognized stopping place where one can stay over a day or two. The train does stop at three points along the river course, but these are merely stations formed by the club houses of fishing clubs or section men's cottages, or rather huts, and the former are only used as temporary stopping places by the members themselves, while the necessary conditions of ex-