

JULY 15TH. 1898.

HAVE YOU ever noticed the abominable selfishness that distinguishes nearly all tourists in the first excitement of getting settled? Bustling groups vie as to which shall prematurely kill the most stewards. In travelling, one's virtues becomes physical rather than mental, and in spite of your most altruistic principles, it is astonishing how disastrously contagious becomes this low-minded, every-man-for-himself spirit.

We interested ourselves in the partings: "When shall I see you again?" How often is it repeated, and I think it is Kipling who says this is a question that lies very near to the hearts of the world.

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At six, on the morning of July 5th, we awoke to realize that we were steaming down the St. Lawrence, "The Gallia" having crept away from Montreal some time in the night. Quebec was reached early that afternoon, and looking out on the ancient capital, I found myself peopling it with the charmingly drawn characters of Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty*; with "Master Devil" Doltaire, Captain Moray, Mathilde, Alixe Duvarney and Francois Bigot.

It has been said that Quebec is the one *finished* city in the world, and Henry Ward Beecher declared that it was a bit of mediæval Europe perched on a rock and dried for keeping. This gaunt, grey rock is the centre milestone of Canadian history. Around its war-scarred heights, how many storms of history have broken! The blood of the stolid English and versatile French that blended on that dull September morn so long ago, was the good seed from which has sprung this