

Schedule of
Train

Distance from
Montreal

Stations en
Route

" Quebec, the grey old city on the hill,
Lies with a golden glory on her head,
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair, so still,
Of other days and all her mighty dead.
The white doves perch upon the cannons grim,
The flowers bloom where once did run a tide
Of crimson, when the moon rose pale and dim
Above the battlefield so grim and wide.
Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow
Of pride, of tenderness—her stirring past—
The strife, the valor, of the long ago
Feels at her heartstrings. Strong, and tall, and
vast,
She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace,
A wondrous softness in her grey old face."

From the citadel marvellous views are to be obtained. Down the river where it takes a sharp turn on its way to the sea, is the picturesque and historical Island of Orleans, rich in its verdure and pastoral scenes. Across the river is the town of Levis, with its fortified hills in the background. Glancing across the St. Charles in the foreground, is a gently sloping open country, with the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupre and its famous shrine standing out clear and distinct. For over 250 years this shrine has been the Mecca of devout pilgrims seeking restoration of health, and in a great many instances obtaining it, as the great piles of crutches left behind testify. An hour's ride by electric car or steam railway from Quebec lands one at the shrine, a trip no one should forego. Nine miles down the river are the famous Falls of Montmorency, in height a hundred feet greater than the Falls of Niagara. The house occupied by Wolfe when investing Quebec 160 years ago still stands at Montmorency, and not far from it, old guns which are relics of the occasion. Further inland to the north a distinct view is obtained of a part of the Laurentian Mountains with their marvellous and varied color effects.

But aside from the uniqueness of its situation and the picturesque grandeur of its environment the City of Quebec has a historical charm wider and deeper than that of any city on the continent. Three hundred and eighty-five years have elapsed since Jacques Cartier, the bold mariner of St. Malo, France, set foot on its site, then bearing the Indian name of Stadacona, and held a friendly pow-wow with Donnacona, the chief of the great Algonquin tribe. Its definite history, however, began in 1608, seventy-three years later, when Samuel de Champlain formally took possession of it in the name