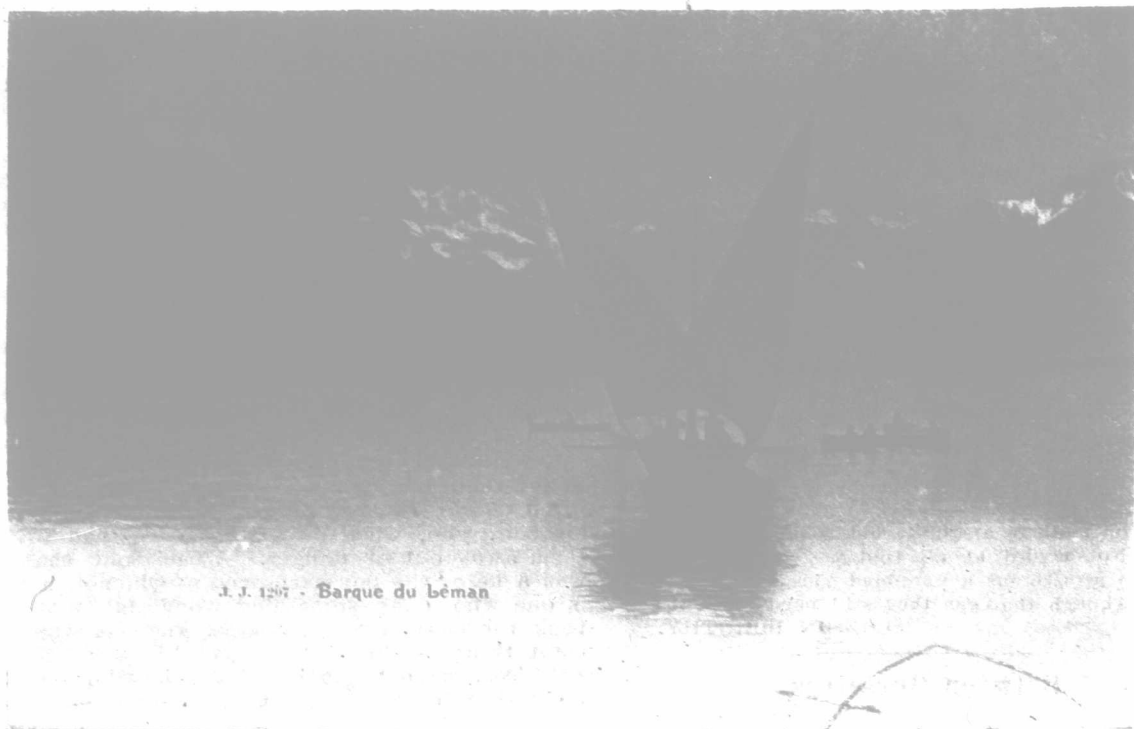




J. J. 1297 - Barque du Léman

LAKE LEMMAN, SWITZERLAND.
Visited by "Mollie" in her travels.

Travelling Notes.

Montreux, May 25th.

I have written this on Sunday afternoon, whilst the town and the streets are one whirl of excitement, for although the Swiss are a good people and keep Sunday better than the French, they have great license during this fete. They are a simple country lot, nicely dressed and respectable, and though here, and in France, wine—their own make, sour and poor—is the common drink, I never see an intoxicated person. I read in my guidebook that Switzerland is bounded on the north and east by Germany, on the south by Italy, and on the west by France. It is a republic formed of twenty-two cantons, and the population is composed of French, German, and Italian. The German language is spoken by the inhabitants in sixteen cantons, the French in four, and the Italian in two. Its greatest length from east to west is 200 miles, and its breadth, 156. Two-thirds of its surface consists of lofty mountain chains and valleys, the higher peaks being covered in perpetual snow. The two most important rivers are the Rhine and the Rhone. In its towering mountains and vast glaciers, its beautiful lakes and smiling valleys, its numberless Alpine streams and glittering cascades, Switzerland combines various features of grand and striking scenery. This is how Lord Byron describes it:

"Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain
man below."

So far we have only been into French Switzerland, going from place to place on Lac Lemman, better known to us as the Lake of Geneva. It has rained more than half the time, but they tell us it has been an unusually rainy May. It seems odd that no matter where one goes, if it is too hot or too cold, or too windy or too rainy, it is always the same story—"an unusual season, its like never before heard of!" Why this should happen just when we go to these places is unanswerable. In this case we can forgive the weather, for there have been so many nice things, which quite overbalance the disagreeables. The people are all most kind and friendly, no matter what nationality, and we have been a mixed party at some of the pensions, viz., Swiss, French, Germans, Italians, Russians, Greeks, English, and Canadians. The French language has prevailed, but nearly all speak English a little, fortunately for me, as I know but little French, and less German.

Montreux is a charming Swiss village, at the head of Lake Geneva, renowned not only for its beautiful scenery, but also for its healthy situation.

We are fortunate to be here this week, for Montreux is all in holiday attire, its streets are one mass of flags, Chinese lanterns, and flowers, the attraction being the annual "Fete de Nar-

cissus," and Battle of Flowers. Bands are playing, and hundreds of young people and little children, dressed in most picturesque style, are taking part in marches and pretty dances and minuets and singing. At the close of the programme in the park, they all go through the streets in floral carriages and big vans, and then follows a battle of flowers, somewhat similar to that which we witnessed on the Riviera, only with this difference, that here flowers are not so plentiful, except the narcissus, which grows wild and is gathered by the bushel. Confetti is used as well as flowers, so every man, woman and child, as well as the streets, are completely covered with both.

The Swiss railroad has been to us an object of friendly amusement. We had only got used to the sound as of a boatswain's pipe, of the French conductors, often resembling the cry of the peacock, when here we find the train is started by a small Christmas-horn, blown sometimes by a woman! Sleeping berths are an expensive luxury on the Continent—they will ask you from five to fifteen dollars for a single berth, so it is not strange the native prefers to doze away the night bolt-upright, or to crouch into a corner of the carriage. For myself, I have long since learned to break the journey, and sleep at some hotel over night. As one travels through this part of Switzerland, the eye falls upon a world of vineyards. In other words, the vines clothe all the little levels and vast slopes of the mountain-sides as far up as the cold will let the grapes grow. There is literally almost no other cultivation, and it is a pretty sight.

On the top of the mountains are the chalets, with their kine and herds of goats. At a sharp turn in the road, the other day, a little goat-herd and his flock came full gallop upon me; the boy roughshod, with a pointed stick in his hand, and behind him a merry troop, tinkling their bells in as many tones as their rough coats were

many-colored. The elder ones jogged along, sedate and full-saddled, in the forefront, but the kids danced, nimble-footed, deliberately foolish and frolicsome, bounding and turning upon themselves in sheer silly caprice.

There are many delightful excursions to be made round Montreux, viz.: Clarens, of which Lord Byron wrote in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:

"Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,
Undying Love's who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains
He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more"

and Vevey, where the world-known Nestle Food is made, and celebrated chocolates. Chillon is a fine old Gothic castle on the border of the lake. It is stated that a great Swiss general drew up his Helvetian forces here and quietly awaited the approach of a powerful Roman army under the Consul Cassius, grandfather of Julius Caesar's wife, B. C. 107. After a long and terrible combat, the Roman army was completely routed.

The illustrious Emperor Charlemagne, 742-814, repaired and strengthened Chillon. Bonivard, soldier, poet and patriotic reformer, enemy of Charles III., Duke of Savoy, was chained here to a pillar for four years, by the order of the Duke, until released by the Berne army in 1536. Lord Byron has made it famous in his noble poem, the "Prisoner of Chillon":

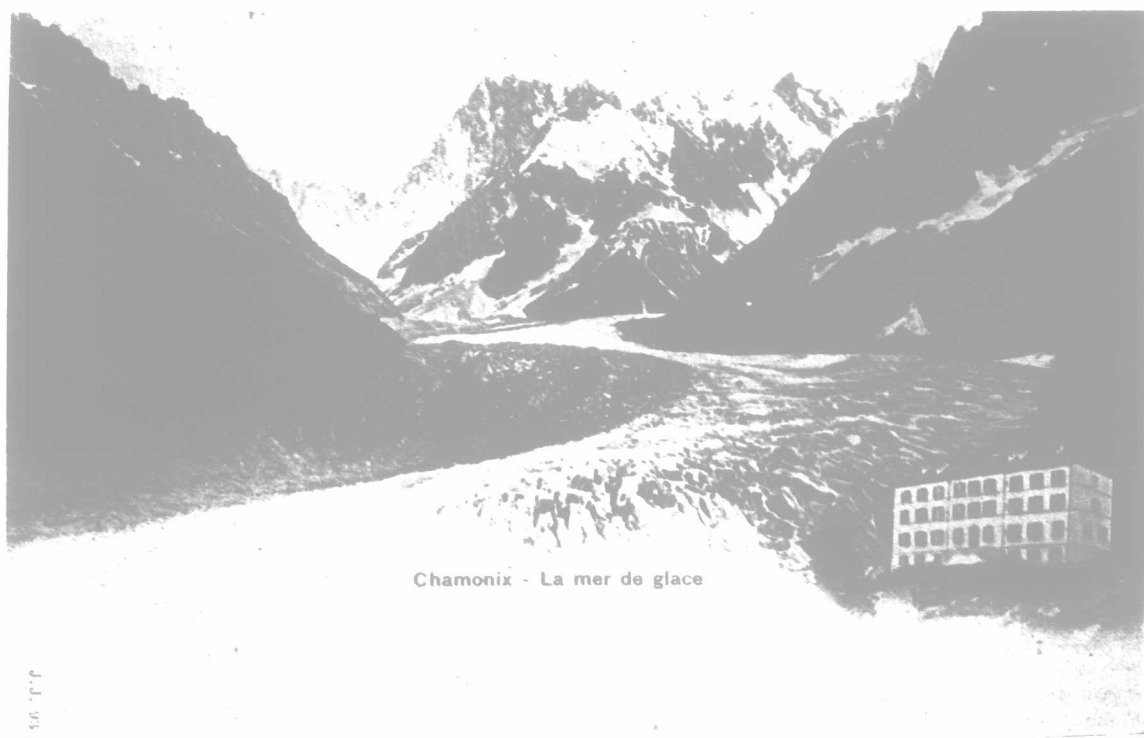
"Chillon! Thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard!
There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old
There are seven columns massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray.
Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement."

MOLLIE.

To Counteract Sunburn and Remove Tan.

If one fears to use drugs on the skin, it is pleasant to realize that few of them are more efficacious than simple remedies to be found at hand in all homes. Of these there is nothing better than fresh buttermilk for removing tan, freckles and sunburn. It has the great advantage that it does not injure the skin, but makes it soft, white and smooth. Take a soft cloth or sponge, and bathe the face, neck and arms thoroughly before retiring for the night; then wipe off the drops lightly. In the morning wash thoroughly, and wipe dry and rub the skin with a crash towel. Two or three such baths will take off the tan and summer freckles, and occasional applications of the buttermilk will keep the hands soft and smooth. If it is necessary to have the hands in dishwater or suds, rinse in buttermilk and dry with oatmeal or finely-ground cornmeal.

An old-fashioned cosmetic for tan and sunburn, which is agreeable to use, is the juice of crushed strawberries, or the milky juice from the stalks of flowering lettuce. It should be well but gently rubbed into the skin at night, and if persevered in for a week or more the change will be markedly for the better. Vegetable compositions are much better for the skin than other kinds, and will not make it flabby, as animal oils often do.



Chamonix - La mer de glace

CHAMONIX - LA MER DE GLACE, SWISS ALPS.
Visited by "Mollie" in her travels.