

Rouge, Gribanne, Millard and Grande Pointe flit by us in rapid succession, and, then at the foot of a mountain 2,640 feet in height, we catch a glimpse of the picturesque little village of St. François-Xavier.

Soon Baie St. Paul our first port of call is reached and we are afforded an opportunity to view the habitant in his native environment. Baie St. Paul, its church steeples conspicuously prominent lies in a hollow between two great promontories at the base of one of which, a mile or so from the village, we dock. In this bay there is splendid salmon fishing.

Under way once more we proceed to Eboulements, passing Isle aux Coudres (the Island of Ravens), especially interesting geologically, from having been separated from the mainland by volcanic action many years ago. The island was further reduced in 1640 by a terrible earthquake that, according to available historical records, overturned mountains and made trees stand on their branches.

Passing Cape St. Joseph, the primitive little hamlet of Notre-Dame and Capes Martin and Goose, with the Eboulements mountains always in view, we make a short call at St. Irénée and some twenty minutes later reach Pointe-au-Pic or Murray Bay, a most exclusive summer resort and a famous rendez-vous for fashion from all over America. Very different from that at our last two ports is the scene at Murray Bay; different perhaps from any scene to be found on this continent. Above us, amid the pines, rises the palatial Manoir Richelieu, beyond to our right in partial seclusion the ancient village typical of French Canadian rural life. The Murray river discharging into the St. Lawrence can be seen from the boat. Murray Bay, just ninety miles from Quebec, commanding a magnificent view of the river St. Lawrence at this point fourteen miles in width, in winter time is a quaint old French Canadian village differing in no important detail from the hundred and one villages of the picturesque old province. But in the summer season when the spinning wheel and the hand loom have been laid aside it is transformed into a meeting place of fashion, patronized by visitors from all over the continent. Here Ex-President Taft has his summer residence and on its fine golf course finds complete abandon in his favourite pastime.