

believed that after passing them he should reach China, and altogether had a "real good time."

Niagara we found disappointing. The Montmorency Falls, near to Quebec city and to the then pretty, rural Orleans Island, are, though of much lesser extent, perceptibly loftier and situated amid scenery far less tame. The British Columbian Thousand Isles, lying between Victoria and Prince Rupert cities, are also more beautiful than their Laurentian namesakes, much more extensive as regards the space they occupy, often individually larger—Princess Royal island, I was told, bearing near comparison with the Isle of Man—and possibly richer in the variety of their natural products, the giant pines included. Eastern Canada also lacks the grand scenery which is the pride of all dwellers in the Far West.

The "habitants" of the Province of Quebec are portrayed with photograph-like fidelity by W. H. Drummond, who in "Johnnie Courteau" and other works, sings (in print) of them delightfully. And the historian, Freeman, after visiting their land, declared that in the way of conservation of old customs, ideas, language, &c., it is transatlantic France which is the old country and European France the new. The remark is now many years old, but although P.Q., as it is often written, has a good deal changed since then, in many ways it is still the France of a past century.

Old or new, the huge Province, severed in twain by the St. Laurence, has a fascination all its own. Can remoteness from Europe and from the brusque manners now too often prevailing on both sides of the Atlantic where English is spoken account for the pleasant old-time ways which distinguish many French Canadians, and cause them to respond so readily to advances from a stranger when these are made in the French language? And in what other part of the North American continent than in gregarious Quebec could the fact be pointed out to the tourist that the banks of a great river highway are in places lined with lengthy single rows of unpretentious farm-houses standing almost as near together as do the detached "desirable villa residences" along old-world suburban roads? Resemblance otherwise there is none, for where else could one behold the narrow strip of land belonging to each homestead running sometimes for a great distance up hill and down dale so that the end of it is not always seen? The "tenderfoot" is told that the farm-lands are purposely made long and narrow so that the houses may be near enough to enable this sociable