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THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMP'Y.

A CANADIAN TOUR.

1889.

On Annual Excursions.

Up, up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up, up! my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?

—Wordsworth.

I ADDED and sick of the weary mill-round, spent with the enervating heat of the busy city or town, nervous and fretful with intermittent fits of the "blues," thousands of overworked men every year querulously ask, "What is the best cure for out-of-sortishness?" or, "Where is the best place to get braced up?" To the first question some chronic dyspeptic will probably recommend his nostrum, which would be of about as much use as a paper umbrella would be as a protection from rain. Not but it is indisputable that his ailment may be at the bottom of most every-day complaints, no matter what the season. And no wonder when the barometer and the thermometer are dancing horn-pipes on the hallway all day long, and the weather changes with every swing of the pendulum! But there is a much surer and pleasanter remedy than the nostrum—change of scene and air. The latter is not difficult of attainment, but it loses half its effect if not combined with the former. Monotony breeds melancholy. Familiarity with places destroys the charm of freshness and variety, that is so essential to the thorough enjoyment of a holiday. The man who would extract the same amount of pleasure and benefit from an "annual outing," as he used to, must seek fresh fields

and pastures new wherein to pass it. As old Pindar says:—

Lo! novelty's a barber's strap or hone
That keenness to the razor-passions gives,
Use wearth out this barber's strap or stone.
Thus, 'tis by novelty enjoyment lives.

Those, then, who would enjoy a holiday with the old vim, and would benefit from it to an appreciable extent, must seek it out of the beaten track. Now, what are the attractions offered by the Grand Trunk? Commencing at Quebec, standing on the deck of one of the many ocean or river boats, we see to the left, stretching into the distance, the richly wooded heights, the town of Point Levis, the Grand Trunk terminus, nestling at their feet. On the right is the quaint old town of Quebec, spread, as it were, over the hill. Between rolls the river, busy with strange-looking craft. And to the north lies the right bank of the river, in all the smiling luxuriance of a fruitful soil.

Quaint Quebec.

It is not easy to realize in Quebec that one is in a British stronghold. The town looks French, one hears French spoken on every side, and the Lower Town often smells French. But it is for all that delightful. It is a seventeenth century town—just that and nothing more—and is beautiful in its antiquity. That too energetic firm, "Goth, Ostrogoth, Vandal & Co.," have not "improved away" the curious buildings erected on thoroughfares occupying the identical paths used by the Indians