

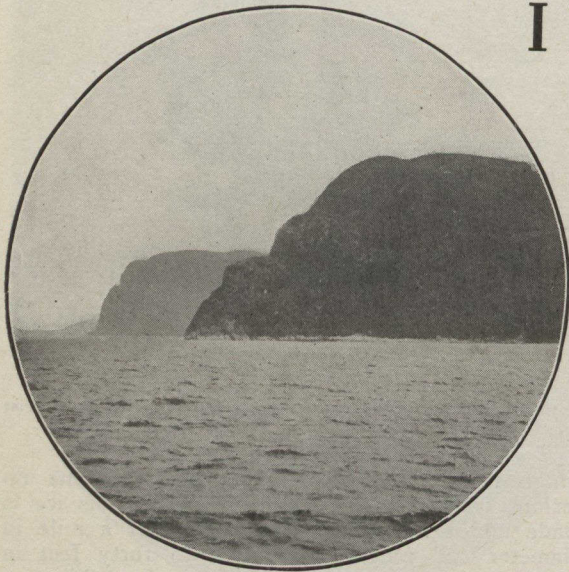
Lazy Market Schooners at the River Docks of Old Quebec.



Quebec Timber for a 4,000-mile Drift to Manchester.

IN OLD QUEBEC AND BEYOND

QUEBEC has been a world resort for tourists since the days of Champlain. The traveller in the St. Lawrence Valley sees enough to convince him that Canada is a land not merely of "magnificent distances," but of magnificent sight-seeing. The Maritime Provinces are the front door. Quebec is the vestibule. There is none other like it. Behind the St. Lawrence the blue mountains, the solitudes of Saguenay and the wilds of Ungava. Blase Englishmen, who have travelled on all the seas, keep their field-glasses trained on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It is the thousand-mile highway of history and of war, of commerce and scenery. And the foreigner who reaches the prairie by the St. Lawrence route—will he ever forget Quebec?



THE SPLENDID AND SOMBRE SAGUENAY.
One of the Finest Tourist Rivers in America.



UNLOADING BAGGAGE AT QUEBEC.
The Incoming Tourist's First Real Excitement.

BY-WAY HAUNTS IN ONTARIO

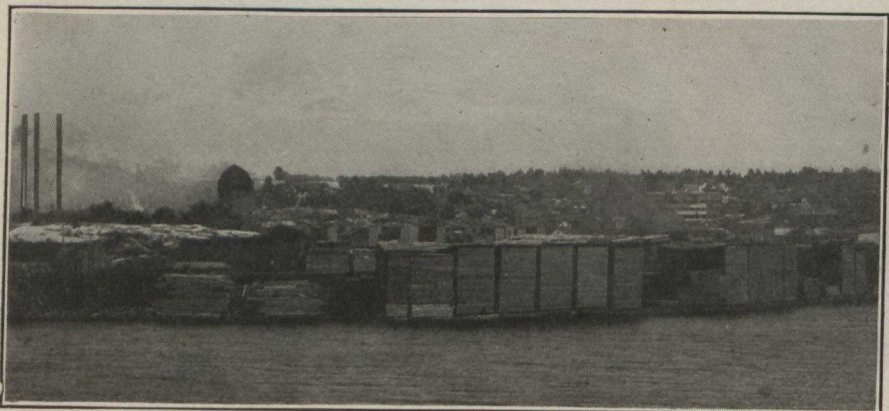
LEAVING Montreal by train, travelling northwest through Ottawa to Kenora as fast as modern railways can carry him, the tourist spends about thirty-six hours in Ontario. If he goes from Toronto to Sarnia or Owen Sound, thence by lake steamer to Port Arthur and on by train again to the borders of Manitoba, he is more than two days—still in the Province of Ontario. Or he may go from Windsor to Moose Factory by the fastest routes available, and spend most of a week getting to the northward limit. Ontario is a wonderful land. Its scenery contains everything except real mountains—though some of her great rock hills would be counted as mountains in Europe.



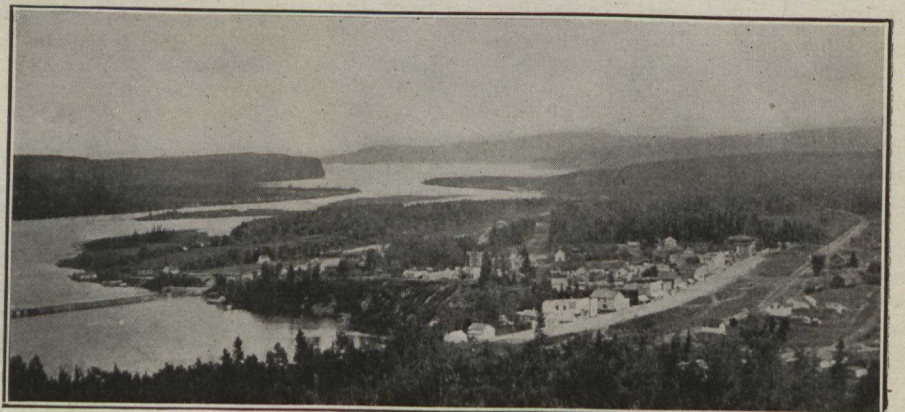
A Woodland Glimpse of the Chateau Laurier.



"Fry'm good and crisp, Dad."



Not Long Since Parry Sound Began to Eat Up the Trees in Northern Ontario.



The Best Trout Fishing in America is Up at Nepigon.