

Gradually descending the slope, the line follows the valley of the St. Charles River, finally entering Quebec by the Palais Union Station. This is one of the most artistic and conveniently appointed stations on this continent, and has been designed to harmonize with the quaint, old-world architecture of the city.

That Quebec is unique among the cities of the continent there can be no doubt. In more respects than one there are none corresponding to it. In part it is a city of the Old World set upon the shores of the New World. One of the best ways to realize this is to ramble through its streets, along its ancient walls, and about its environment in general. And while rambling through the narrow, quaint streets of the lower town it does not require a superlative imagination to recall the days of a couple of centuries ago when the men and women who laid the foundations of the Canada of to-day, clothed in the costumes peculiar to the times in which they lived, passed to and fro in these same thoroughfares. This is what that famous American naturalist and author, Henry David Thoreau, did, an experience which led him to write: "I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was in the nineteenth century." And the man who to-day rambles through the streets of the "Ancient Capital," with his mind alternately switching from the past to the present, and vice versa, will pass through an experience similar.

But in the upper part of the town, little more than a gunshot from the lower part, conditions the opposite will be found, for in that part is a city with broad, well-paved streets, striking public buildings, and handsome residences, quite modern and up-to-date.

In its situation Quebec is also unique. Resting on the rocky promontory of Cape Diamond at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles, it slopes from its apex of some three hundred feet to the margin of these two rivers thickly covered with buildings ancient and modern. Viewed from a mile or two down the St. Lawrence, just as the summer sun is setting behind the citadel which crowns the rocky promontory, one's eyes feast upon a scene that time cannot efface. A sort of holy halo, punctured with church spires and towers and citadel walls, resting upon its head, reminds one of the visions which St. John records having seen on Patmos' sacred isle. It was probably the scene a Canadian poetess saw when she sang:

Stations on
Route

QUEBEC
(Palais Sta.)
Population 101,000

Distance from
Montreal Schedule of
Train

175.6 Miles Arr.
4.00 P.M.
Oct. 10th