

alike, and everything that runs on wheels was pressed into the service. The clouds of the morning had by this time rolled by and the heat of the mid-day sun was tempered by a deliciously cool breeze, making a perfect day. The road to the Cascades runs through the main, in fact, *the* street of the town, and the keen eyes of the visitors were quick to notice every point of interest, and they were many, that passed under their view. At the first turn, the Rivière du Nord was seen running close alongside the street, but at a depth of many yards below. At this point, the broad, shallow, rapid-running stream was literally covered, almost choked, with logs in most admirable disorder—crossed, re-crossed and interlaced—as if piled there by the irresistible force of a terrible cyclone. At this point are situated the woollen mills of Mr. Scott, whose motive power is derived from the stream. The street itself is of fair width, and the sidewalks are clean and in good order. The buildings are more picturesque than imposing, few of the houses being more than two stories in height. The leafy verdure of the shade trees, with which the street is liberally supplied, was as grateful to the eye as the refreshing breeze was pleasant to the cheeks of the delighted visitors. Passing the quaint parish church, the bells, ten in number, which are ranged in a row *on the street*, attracted much notice. These bells are destined for churches in parishes settled along the North River under the enterprising guidance of the Curé Labelle. The wooden sidewalk extends for about two miles outside the town proper, and the road is lined with comfortable and picturesque looking wooden cottages, which are mostly as bright and clean as paint and the persistent use of the scrubbing-brush could make them.

The Cascades are about four miles from the railway dépôt, and on arrival at this delightful spot the party commenced to scatter, some going to inspect the paper and wood pulp mills situated at the foot of the fall, some seeking out sheltered spots for a mid-day lunch, and some, with all the ardor of enthusiasts, tapping at stones with the heavy geological hammer or digging up strange ferns or roots, or chasing