

In Quebec, winter gets into its furs in December, tucks its fingers under the buffalo robe, and tells the pilot of the red-runnered jingle-belled chariot of ceremony to let 'er go for three solid snow-cruisted months—the months of the year.

*Winter
in
Canada*

When Champlain made his first little tentative settlement on Passamaquoddy Bay, he saw the Indians going round with what he called "racquets tied to their feet." And though he was a courtier, a soldier, a visionary apostle, and a map-maker of most amusing imagination, Champlain was also an explorer and a good fellow of sorts. So he straightway bought a pair of the quaint racquets for a string of blue beads and a little keen knife—and behold winter sport in Canada!—striding over white leagues and tall bushes, to come home, perchance, and write it all out for his friend the King of France, whose heart must have yearned mightily to let the ladies run Versailles (as usual), while he mastered the snowshoe.

Nowadays in Quebec, the snowshoe clubs have ladies' nights, when the gay-blanketed line tails out across miles of late-afternoon snowshine, to come to a friendly house in the pines—oh, the scent of the pines!—as dusk closes redly in. There's nothing in the whole world like the wide yellow shine of the welcoming doorway as the first-comers troop up, silhouetted against the warm light, unless it's the ecstatic way that the Club wrinkles its concerted nose as the crisp-cruisted meat pie, and the lowly onion, and the ever-to-be-celebrated coffee announce their presence in characteristic manner. French crullers are to be looked for, too, and those immense, red-cheeked, spicy Canadian apples that fill a place in one's gastronomic landscape that will never be an aching void again.

But the snowshoe hasn't things all its own way, as it used to have before Nels Nelson sailed from his white Norwegian hillside clear into the New World on his trusty skis. For the average visitor, snowshoes are undoubtedly safer. But for the man to whom safety is the greatest spoil-sport there is, the man who doesn't mind burying his nose in a ten-foot drift to-day, provided he can take a ninety-foot leap into blue air by the end of his vacation—ah, that's the man who makes friends with anyone who can teach him how to ski.

For Quebec has hills as thick as history—everything from the wee hill for the greenhorn to the towering, feather-white snowslide where Nels goes alone to commune with the infinite. And if the thrills of plain ski-ing fail at last to register, why, there's ski-joring, which is accomplished by means of one brown plush horse (with his winter coat on), and a ski-man who lets himself be whirled across country, up hill and down dale.

Then let Jean Baptiste serve you tea in the Chateau Frontenac tea-room—along with buttered crumpets and sliced pound cake—or permit Henri to make you a pot with his own hands in the Duke of Kent's erstwhile house out at Montmorency Falls, and you'll come away convinced that those English playwrights don't condemn a man to hard labor after all when they cast him to sip a cup at Lady Helen's reception.

One of the pleasantest diversions of Quebec is to ask for a wonderfully befurred sleigh and a driver who knows those marvellous winter roads, grooved in