

respondent, "when one of the tires on my comrade's wheel gave out, and while he stopped to repair it I rode on to the nearest village, lying about a mile off, leaving him to follow and overtake me, which he did in due course. Now in every village of any size in Western Ontario there is usually a hotel," explained the correspondent, "and every hotel has its quota of village loungers, often very rough men with protuberant stomachs, who float about like balloons with no perceptible means of support, but who are ever ready, nevertheless, to listen to tales of adventure or stories of athleticism which travellers are frequently wont to dispense gratuitously upon the slightest provocation. Accordingly, it so happened that when my friend rode up he found me deeply absorbed in a fairy tale which I was relating to a group that surrounded me on all sides, of these unsuspecting gentry, in regard to having wheeled one hundred and ninety miles that day already, and expecting to cover the same distance again before nightfall. I was in the middle of a momentous point rela-

The correspondent having been thus reminded that it was dinner-time, we repaired down stairs to where an affable little French man, all smiles and urbanity, received us with open arms and showed us to our seats. The meals the tourist receives on board the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's steamers are first class and cannot be excelled at the best hotels. Everything is served up in such a dainty, tempting style, the linen is white and the waiters so polite and attentive, anticipating your every want. A delicious surprise in store for those who have not made the trip is the fish one gets on board these steamers. I wish I could give the reader a sniff of the boiled Saguenay salmon, or a taste of the lake trout which they tell me is procured from the little lakes on top of the mountains. Dainty little morsels they are; certainly worth going a long distance to receive; pink in color like the salmon, but with something of the aroma of a kernel, and the flavor of a peach about them, that immediately suggests to an epicure like our correspondent, absolute enjoyment and

fully through this menu sheet, first in English, to make sure that he missed nothing, and then beginning again would pick things out indiscriminately in French with the greatest daring and utmost disregard of conventionality of any man I ever saw. I contemplate sending my friend one of these menu sheets as a Xmas card; I know it will be appreciated.

When our party appeared on deck again we could see that our steamer was entering St. Paul's Bay. This is one of the few places which Boucher in 1663 writing to Colbert, the Finance Minister to Louis XIV, says are at all inhabitable from Cap Tormente to the mouth of the Saguenay, and even it is a barren looking place. From the rugged hills, where in pre-historic days nature's mighty forces wreaked their vengeance with devastation and waste, to the water's edge the scene is a forbidding one. Deposited in a cleft that one of the numerous earthquakes, for which this district has long been noted, made in the gaping hills it looks like the pictures one sees of primitive Scanidnavian settlements.



CAP TOURMENTE.

CAP GRISBAUNE.

tive to the number of prizes I had won, and concerning my intention of challenging for the world's championship, when Brown, who was ever known to be rash and indiscreet, rushed in upon me all out of breath, exclaiming, 'Say, old man, that's blame slow riding, only thirteen miles in seven hours. I expected to be in [Sarnia to-night!]' Well, we were thankful to leave that town alive, that's all," said our correspondent, with an emphatic blow upon his knee.

At this juncture the conversation turned to the relative merits of the Hudson River and the St. Lawrence. Our vivacious chaperon gave it as her opinion that the scenery was very similar. Our correspondent said that the heat of the former was too oppressive for him, while our artist expressed the view that the water of the St. Lawrence, being much clearer than that of the Hudson, he would rather, if it came to a choice of evils, be drowned in the waters of the former than bathe in those of the latter, which drew forth the retort from the American lawyer that he supposed it was a matter of taste.

recreation, perfect contentment and peace.

The menu card also presented a tasty appearance. On one side the long list of edibles appeared in French and on the other it was written in English. When we wanted a very fancy meal we of course ordered in French. In this way we got some very unique dishes indeed—I mean, when the waiter by some extraordinary chance caught a distant glimmering of what we meant to say. To our correspondent this menu sheet at first proved a very great source of worryment because by paying too much attention to that side which he didn't understand he found himself through his meal rather sooner than he expected. But that unsatisfactory state of things did not last long. He suddenly developed an abnormal taste for French and every lone moment was spent in studying a purloined copy of that bill of fare with an assiduity that was alarming, until finally, before we parted company with him, he had a very decided opinion that the system should be adopted generally throughout Ontario. At every meal he would, without feeling any inconvenience whatever, go care-

The country from here through to Hudson Bay has been the scene of many eruptive disturbances which have left their effect upon the landscape in wild and barren tones. In 1638, 1658, 1663, 1727, 1755, 1791, 1860 and in 1870 have shocks been felt in the district of Baie St. Paul.

It is one of the oldest French settlements on the banks of the St. Lawrence, having been inhabited originally in the time of Louis XV, but the continual encroachments of the river, the volume of which of late years has steadily decreased above Quebec, have sadly diminished the size of the ancient village and almost all that is left to-day is to a degree modern.

The mode of landing at this quaint place proves a source of novelty to the passengers. Our steamer draws up at a lighthouse pier in the middle of the bay, where those wishing to disembark are transferred to a small sail-boat which comes up alongside the dock. This diminutive vessel runs in as far as it can to shore, and from there the sailors carry their passengers to the beach in their arms; certainly a unique experience, but one gets used