

A statue of a woman is seen far up on a rocky shelf. One of those jolly, wild creatures who see fun in the midst of the grandest of surroundings, wanted to know of the captain, "I wonder captain, would the lady of the mountain flirt?" as she waved her handkerchief. "Oh, no, Mamselle, ze lady of ze mountain no Yankee!" And my countrywoman went below, not being able to stand her ground with the good-natured French captain. We pass, a mile further on and across a sort of a little bay, the next great rock, Eternity, almost as high as Trinity. From these mountain capes to Tadousac, the river winds about, so that a new view is ever presenting itself to the pleased beholder. One never grows tired of looking, for one has ever some new view presenting itself.

AT TADOUSAC,

where ends the Saguenay, as it enters