



FRENCH CANADIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

IF you have never visited the Côte de Beaupré, you know neither Canada nor the Canadians," says the Abbé Ferland.

The beautiful strip of country that borders the St. Lawrence for a score or so of miles below the Falls of Montmorency does, indeed, afford the best possible illustration of the scenery, the life, and the manners of the Province of Quebec, the people of which, not content with naming the Dominion, claim Canada and Canadian as designations peculiarly their own. All that is lovely in landscape is to be found there. The broad sweep of "the great river of Canada," between the ramparts of Cape Diamond and the forest-crowned crest of Cap Tourmente, is fringed with rich meadows rising in terraces of verdure, slope after slope, to the foot of the sombre hills that wall in the vast amphitheatre. In the foreground the north channel, hemmed in by the bold cliffs of the Island of Orleans, sparkles in the sun. Far away across the Traverse, as you look between the tonsured head of Petit Cap and the point of Orleans, a cluster of low islands breaks the broad expanse of the main stream, the brilliant blue of which