

old College. Towards the beginning of the nineteenth century the British authorities utilized it as a military barracks—hence the title it received of "the Jesuit Barracks." In 1875 the old edifice was torn down, and thus vanished one of Quebec's most monumental landmarks.

At one time that old college had sheltered the venerable Marie de l'Incarnation, foundress of the Ursulines, and Marie de St. Ignace, the foundress of the Hotel Dieu. The buildings in which the communities established by these ladies now live are objects of deepest interest for the traveller and lover of history.

The men who taught in that old college had occupied the highest positions in the largest colleges of France, and names like Lejeune, Lallemand, Ravignan, Chastelain, Vimont, and de Quen are associated with the histories of leading educational establishments in the old world. That College also sheltered Louis Joliet; it was inside its walls that Marquette drew the plans of his famous voyage of discovery to the Mississippi; under its roof lived and labored the now famous martyrs Now, Jogues, Daniel, de Brebeuf, Garnier, Chabanel, Bateux, Garreau, Pierron and Gabriel Lallemand.

It is on the site of this most interesting historical institution that now rise the splendid proportions of Quebec's modern and attractive City Hall.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

To give a list of the places of interest in and around Quebec one would require a small volume. Firstly, we must pause in presence of the citadel. Up there, upon what is called the "King's Bastion," you are 314 feet above the level of the St. Lawrence, and the eye can range, as far as the horizon will allow, over a scene that cannot be duplicated on this continent.

The Citadel covers an area of forty acres. In 1832 it was completed, at a cost of twenty-five million dollars. Quebec had been besieged five times, and relics and memorials of each of the sieges may be found scattered over the city. In 1699 David Kirkc, a native of Dieppe, in the service of England laid siege to it. In 1699, same Admiral Phipps; then, in 1744, Sir Hovenden Walker; in 1759, Wolfe; in 1775 Montgomery and Arnold.

From the Citadel you can see the Plains of Abraham, whereon rises a monument over the spot where Wolfe fell victorious, and around which took place the famous battle that gave Canada to England, that replaced the Bourbon Fleur-de-Lys, by the Red Cross of St. George, and that witnessed the death of the gallant Montcalm.

Below you, back from the Terrace, and within a step of the Chateau Frontenac Hotel, is the Governor's Garden, in the centre of which rises a majestic monument to the joint memories of Wolfe and Montcalm. The conqueror and the conquered are equally commemorated. In the ponderous weight of the granite shaft crushes out the divisions and emmi-

ties of the past, its summit, like an index, points to the regions where the souls of the heroes are united.

The Terrace is actually built on the site of the old St. Louis Castle—that famous chateau that witnessed the splendors of de la Gallissotiere and the heroism of Frontenac, and below it, huddled together against the rock, are the antique gables, quaint roofs, peculiar spires and historic walls that carry us back into the last and second last centuries.

The Dufferin Terrace was originally called Durham Terrace, after the Governor, who in 1838, had it constructed. Later it was called Dufferin Terrace, the name it still retains, in honor of Lord Dufferin, who had it enlarged, and who did so much to embellish the city of Quebec.

The hotel erected by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, at a cost of one million dollars, is a veritable castle, in the style of Louis XV. The foundations of the original castle still to be seen under the Terrace, date from 1620.

There are other hotels in Quebec. The St. Louis Hotel, The Clarendon Hotel, and down in the Lower Town, amidst a tangle of quaint, old, narrow streets, on a little cobble-paved square stands the Blanc Hotel, and in front of it is the oldest church in Quebec, and possibly in Canada—"Notre Dame des Victoires." The altar was given by Louis XIV and the old flags that fluttered in battle two and a half centuries ago, hang from its sanctuary walls. This church must be visited, otherwise you have not seen historic Quebec.

Take a stroll around the Ramparts; they are about all of the ancient fortifications that remain to tell of battles and sieges in times that are gone. The gates have all disappeared, to be replaced by new and more modern imitations, gates constructed more like arches, in view of the increasing demand for wider thoroughfares and of present day traffic.

As you ramble around the Grand Battery you pass the door of Laval University, the chief seat of French learning in Canada. It was founded by Mgr. Laval de Montmorenci. Just in front of the post-office, at the head of Mountain Hill, a space has been secured to erect a monument in honor of the great pioneer Bishop. There his effigy will look up to the spires and magnificent proportions of the University, across at the Arch-episcopal palace, where dwells his last successor, and again across at the ancient Basilica, built on the site of the olden temple of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, erected by Champlain in 1633. Laval University contains a museum, a library and an art gallery that should be carefully visited. In the art gallery are works of the great masters, amongst them may be mentioned: Salvator, Rosa, Teniers, Rembrandt, Joseph Vernet, Paquet and Poussin. The Basilica, as well as the seminary chapel and the Chapel of Ursulines, contain a veritable collection of the old masters.

Driving around the Cape, along the narrow street that lies between the

frowning rock and the river, there is a placard—high up on the face of the cliff—that announces the death of Montgomery, 31st December, 1775, at that spot.

It would be impossible to detail every place of interest in the Ancient City. The spirits of departed heroes, pioneers, governors, intendants, and bourgeois hover over the town, and each stone seems to have its story to tell. Quebec is the resume of Canada's history during two hundred and fifty years of its existence. So easy of access is the place, so many avenues converge towards it—railways and steamboat lines, and ocean steam lines—that it is now becoming generally accepted that every tourist or traveller of note has seen Quebec.

OUTSIDE QUEBEC.

One of the finest and easiest excursions outside of Quebec is to the far-renowned shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. Every hour the electric car leaves for that rendezvous of pilgrims, and stop-over privileges are granted for Montmorency Falls and historic Chateau Richer. The drive to Charlebourg affords an opportunity of visiting the scene of the infamous Intendant Bigot's life of mad debauchery. Between that country seat and the famous Chien d'Or, or Golden Dog, in Quebec, took place the events so admirably recorded in Kerby's romance of the "Golden Dog." In fine, no matter in what direction you go, either by electric car, or in carriage, or in the unique old caleche, you have scenery the most magnificent on all sides, and memorials of days that live only the annals of the past. On the Ste. Foye road towers the Monument of the Brave, a bronze statue of the goddess Bellona, on a lofty shaft of granite—commemorative of the men who fought and fell in that valley "where the shades of heroes flit around us, never yet enshrined in song." Up and down the avenues of Canadian history you can journey, in imagination, as you linger around the old rock city, or as you rush out to the country surrounding it.

No more delightful view of Quebec can be had than that which beheld from the slope of the hills, down which wind the roads of Lorette and Charlebourg, except it be the glimpse of the panorama from the deck of a boat coming up from the Isle of Orleans.

From Quebec you can go daily by boat down the St. Lawrence to Murray Bay, to Tadoussac, and up the world-famed Saguenay, or you can leave Quebec by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway and travel northward past Lake Edward, and on to Roberval and Lake St. John—thence to Chicoutimi, where you can take the steamboat down the Saguenay and back to Quebec. If you do not care to enjoy the poetry of motion as you glide up the St. Lawrence, on one of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation steamers—should you be too hurried—you can return to Montreal by the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Quebec City. Or you can cross to Levis and return by the Grand Trunk. Or you can go eastward to the Maritime