

ren in the interests of the Society for the Promotion of Art. Oh, Sohmer Park is a great place, and it is greatest, and busiest, and has sometimes 15,000 people there on a Sunday.

At Montreal we changed steamers for Quebec. (There are two of them—the "Montreal" and "Quebec"—fine large vessels, with double tiers of staterooms, and each boat having a splendid orchestra on board.)

The restful, pastoral scenery of Longueuil, Boucherville, Varennes, Verchères, and Contrecoeur, are passed ere night sets in, and then we stop at Soré, situated at the mouth of the Richelieu River, the northern outlet from Lake Champlain.

Before reaching the ancient city of Quebec, we stop at Thro's Rivers and Batisseau. From here on the scene is changed—the pastoral, English-like scenery is gone. The river becomes deeper, and the coast bold and rocky, a *soupeon* of the awe-inspiring grandeur lower down.

Dear, quaint, old Quebec with its battlemented walls; funny narrow streets, and crumbling relics of a bygone age, which, in the Upper Town, give place to magnificent residences of stone, fine Provincial Buildings, the Basilica, the old Citadel, where a private in the British regiment now stationed there, acted as our guide, and incidentally informed us that he didn't know how the war was going, as he never saw the newspapers, and also that his regiment was soon to be ordered to South Africa. From here you get a splendid view of Lévis, the river, the Island of Orleans, and the beautiful country around. I must not forget the Wolfe and Montcalm monument, the Chateau Frontenac (the C. P. R.'s splendid hotel on the Dufferin Terrace), the Maison au Chien d'or (the interesting story of which has been so ably told by Mr Kirby), Montgomp's House, where the American General was laid out after being slain in his unsuccessful assault on the city in December, 1775. On Dufferin Terrace we saw, in course of erection, what promises to be a magnificent monument to Champlain, soldier, sailor, statesman, who was the first to plant the white flag of France on the battlements of Quebec, and was the real founder of New France.

I must also not forget the delightful little French hostelry (the Hotel Blanchard) facing the quaint old church of Notre Dame des Victoires, where Monsieur Cloutier holds sway, and where I never fail to stop when I am in Quebec.

Again we step aboard—this time the Canada or Carolina—I know them well, both fine specimens of palatial river steamers, the Carolina being particularly fast.

On the way down the river we stop at Baie St. Paul, Les Eboulements, Murray Bay, Cap a L'Aigle, Rivière du Loup, and Tadoussac, all of which are full of interest, but of which I have not the space to write at present.

It is at Tadoussac where we enter the far-famed and mysterious Saguenay, which is the outcome of some huge convulsion of Nature, when the mountains were rent in twain and the river thus formed. Minor convulsions of a similar volcanic nature are within the memory of man, when a boat's crew are said to have witnessed a mountain fall into the unfathomable depths of the river, which in places is over 2,000 feet deep, while some have claimed that it reaches a depth of a mile-and-a-half.

Near the entrance to the river porpoises abound, their white bellies shining in the sun as they roll over and over each other in sportive mood. A gentleman on board amused himself with popping at them with a rifle with but indifferent results. Here at Tadoussac we visited the Government Salmon Hatchery, and also a quaint little old church (the first ever built in Canada).

It was night, on the up trip, when we passed the famous capes Trinity and Eternity; but on the way down we had a splendid view. These capes are upwards of 2,000 feet high and are so stupendous as to utterly annihilate all power of calculation. Trinity has three elevations, on the second of which is a colossal statue of the Virgin, 36 feet high. Although this statue was erected in three pieces, goodness knows how it was ever got up to such an elevation. A little further up beyond the statue is a huge wooden cross. The devout navigators of the river never fail to cast reverent glances aloft at these symbols of their simple faith.

Chicoutimi, the terminus of the steamers, is an exceedingly interesting place, and possesses beauties which I have never seen chronicled.

At the back of the town, among the hills, is the most beautiful series of falls I have ever seen anywhere. These falls, the waters of which are a bright golden color, are situate in the Chicoutimi River, which has its origin in Lake Kenogami, and flows into the Saguenay. One of the most picturesque of the series is the L'Aubignière Chute, so called from a French artist who was the first to depict its beauties on canvas. On one of these falls a company has built a fine pulp mill, the raw material abounding in the district.

Opposite Chicoutimi is the village of St. Anne, near which, on a high bluff and visible for miles, is an immense wooden cross, which was erected in commemoration of a terrible conflagration some thirty or forty years ago which swept the country for over one hundred square miles. At St. Anne I took special interest in that picturesque race, the gentle Montagnais Indians, many of whom we watched while engaged in the peaceful occupation of making or mending their canoes in anticipation of the hunting season, their operations often extending to Labrador and Hudson Bay. The squaws are particularly picturesque, their beautiful hair being arranged with an odd little curl hanging in front of each ear, the head being covered with a pretty toque made of triangular pieces of red and black cloth, the shape of the cap somewhat resembling a tam o'shanter.

Lack of space forbids me writing more. I shall only add that, for a delightful summer trip abounding in novelty and constant interest, that down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay can scarcely be surpassed.

ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.