

On the other side of the Murray River, which empties here, is the Murray Bay Manor—also of stone but covered with wood; a long, low, whitewashed building set in a garden full of old-fashioned flowers, monk's-hood, sweet-william, dahlia, and columbine, and evidently built substantially to withstand the rigours of a Canadian winter, imposing in its simplicity and typical of the solidity and depth of purpose of the man who, having left home and country to fight for his King, was rewarded by the gift of this land, rich in the beauty of hill and valley, rivers full of trout and salmon, and forests of spruce and cedar.

While crossing the bridge built by the late Hon. H. Mercier, one gets a beautiful view up the Murray River, fringed luxuriantly with trees, till lost in the bend of the upper reaches. Quantities of lumber are stacked on the beach, where at high tide schooners are hauled up and laden for Quebec or more distant ports.

The village of Malbaie transports one at once to some quaint seaside port in old France, with crooked streets and sharp corners, overhanging verandahs and sloping roofs. The houses are painted or "washed" in pale shades of lemon or green, pink, blue, or mauve; square "boxes" with brilliant doors and overhanging eaves, from which a spout shoots the rain into the soft-water barrel at the corner of the gallery.