



The Charming Chateau Frontenac, Quebec



Short-Wallick



1889

of the snowshoe club lodges, before the tramp home commences at midnight.

The novelty of the Canadian winter is an added attraction. In addition to the curious costumes of the priests and soldiers and nuns, who are met in the strange old city at almost every turn, men, women, and children parade the streets in blanket suits and furs and moccasins; gorgeously-attired snowshoers march out with their bugle bands on club nights; the merry tingle of the sleigh bells is everywhere; while wheels have been superseded by runners, upon which are mounted gaily painted sleighs, and cosy carioles buried in furs.

There is scarcely a foot in Quebec which is not historic ground, and consecrated by well-established fact or tradition, to the memory of deeds of heroism, of instances of undying piety and faith. The old walls of the city are mantled with historical ivy. In the halls of the Chateau Frontenac the traveller may smoke the pipe of peace with the ghost of departed chieftains; he