

Since that first trip on the Osprey, I have sailed on the bosom of the old river at different times of the year, and under many and varied conditions. I have seen the sun rise like a ball of liquid fire from the bosom of the calm and peaceful stream as we entered it at five in the morning, and I have seen it so wild, so tempestuous, and foggy below Quebec that the big steamer was obliged to anchor for seven hours in the middle of the river (nearly opposite Kamouraska) there to wait for daylight. It is his many and varied moods that enhance the beauties of the great father of the waters, and endear him still more to those who know him well.

On my many trips on the steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, which, by the way, is the only means of reaching and running the Rapids (from Toronto), and absolutely the only means of visiting the far-famed—the mysterious—the awe-inspiring, and ever-beautiful Saguenay. For years I have travelled on both rivers, and always on these comfortable and commodious boats.

The Corsican, the Algerian (the old Kingston, which carried the Prince of Wales safely down the Rapids), the Passport (Caspian), Magnet (Hamilton), Corinthian (burned in the Coteau Rapids), Abyssinian, Grecian, Spartan. These are names to conjure with, and dearly beloved by the old tourist of the St. Lawrence, who feels a jealous pang shoot through him when he reads of the splendid new boats Toronto, and her twin sister, who are soon to join the fleet. All of the old popular boats must have been splendidly constructed originally, their hulls, I believe, being of steel, and practically indestructible, while their interior arrangements are exceedingly comfortable and commodious.

Of the service in regard to meals, staterooms and attendance, naught but the highest praise can be given, and I speak from long experience. On the trip this summer we had fruits, new potatoes and other early vegetables, when they had not yet made their appearance in Toronto, and our whole party were intensely enthusiastic over the beef-steak, as genuine Britishers will at times. As to the Saguenay trout, one of our party described it as "a delightful dream of unscaled finny perfection."

The trip from Toronto to the old city of Kingston is full of interest, and the city itself has many noteworthy points, among which are the penitentiary, which a former inmate once grimly described to me as the "Lake Ontario Hotel"; Rockwood Asylum, the Church of the Good Thief, Royal Military College, and ancient Martello towers.

On a Sunday, Kingston is the quietest, sleepest, dead-alive place in the whole of Canada. A witty Irishman, who keeps a little restaurant on King street, and who, in defiance of the powers that be, ministered to our wants, informed us that "we are not allowed to even give food to the people who come off the boats," and they, the said people, "must go to grass." "I am the only one who keeps open now. They have hauled me up once or twice, but could never make a case, and now they leave me alone,—why, man alive, a boat that is in danger of sinking could not be caulked in Kingston on Sunday!"

Now comes the magnificent sunrise on the St. Lawrence (if you are lucky or fortunate), and the entrancing fairland of the Thousand Islands, especially down the American Channel, where the art of man has tried to enhance Nature's own handiwork, and, to a certain extent, succeeded, although for natural scenery give me the Canadian islands in all their pristine loveliness. However, the rustic magnificence of Hopewell Hall, Castle Rest, and the other charming spots, which wealthy American owners have transformed into little individual Gardens of Eden, are well worth seeing, and never fail to attract on deck tourists, armed with camera and field glass.

Clayton, Round Island, Thousand Island Park, Alexandria Bay, Brockville and Prescott are all points of interest. Then comes the smaller rapids—the Galops and Du Plat, after which we enter the Long Sault (9 miles in length), and, in my humble estimation, the most beautiful of all the Rapids. Next comes Cornwall and Coteau Landing, and then, in rapid succession, the Coteau, Cedar and Split Rock Rapids, and lastly, when the striking form of Mount Royal can at length be seen in the distance, comes the exciting and dangerous Lachine Rapids.

I met a little party of American globe-trotters on the boat, and they assured me that, although they had sailed up the Rhine, on the Nile, the Amazon, and, of course, the Mississippi, for scenery that is nobly grand and inspiring, the St. Lawrence surpasses them all.

It is out of the province of a short sketch of this nature to say much about the city of Montreal. Suffice it to say that the old place is full of rare interest, historical and otherwise. What interested our party most was the Mountain and the trolley trips around the same, the old French church of Notre Dame, St. James Cathedral (which is modelled after St. Peter's at Rome), the Church of the Gesu, the ancient Chateau de Ramcay with its curios and relics, the magnificent Maisonneuve monument, which is a triumph of the sculptor's art, and was the work of that clever French Canadian, Philippe Hebert.

Last, but not least, we strongly advise everyone who stops over in Montreal to visit Sohmer Park, a pleasure resort which has become famous all over the continent. In the large pavilion at this restful spot the tourist may mingle with as large a cosmopolitan crowd as may be found anywhere in the whole world. And there he may listen to Levigne's splendid band, hear comic opera and portions of grand opera given capitally, witness a good vaudeville show, leave the pavilion during the intermission and sit out in the grounds around little tables, under spreading trees, where he can partake of liquid refreshment furnished by nimble-footed waiters, and thereafter go and waltz, or even take a hand at the roulette tables, of which there are many, and which were told are