

doubted when you read, and you perceive how far short they come of doing justice to the gorgeous spectacle displayed. Now you recall to your mind's vision all the pictures you have seen of this spot, and you reflect how inadequately they portray the grace and loveliness arrayed before you. What a wealth of color is here exhibited; what a treasury of light and shade your range of vision commands; what a storehouse of delicate mists, of soft grays and indefinite neutrals; what an exhibition of rich browns, of velvety reds and atmospheric blues. Quebec at once suggests a palette full of splendid colors. From the gray turrets of the citadel above to the mossy greens of the foliage below; from the emerald slopes beyond the Plains of Abraham to the brown rugged rock in the precipice of Cape Diamond; from the distant blues beyond Laval University on the extreme right to the fringe of shipping in the harbor below, the combination of tones is peculiar and requires an unusual treatment, entailing a rare knowledge of the painter's art to portray it truthfully. The tinselled roofs of the lower town demand a color you have never

Drawn out tortuously along the water's edge in a serpentine form it lays before you basking in the morning sun. Beyond, the white falls of Montmorency tumble two hundred feet over a palisaded precipice into the blue St. Lawrence and lift their curtain of mist high into the piny atmosphere.

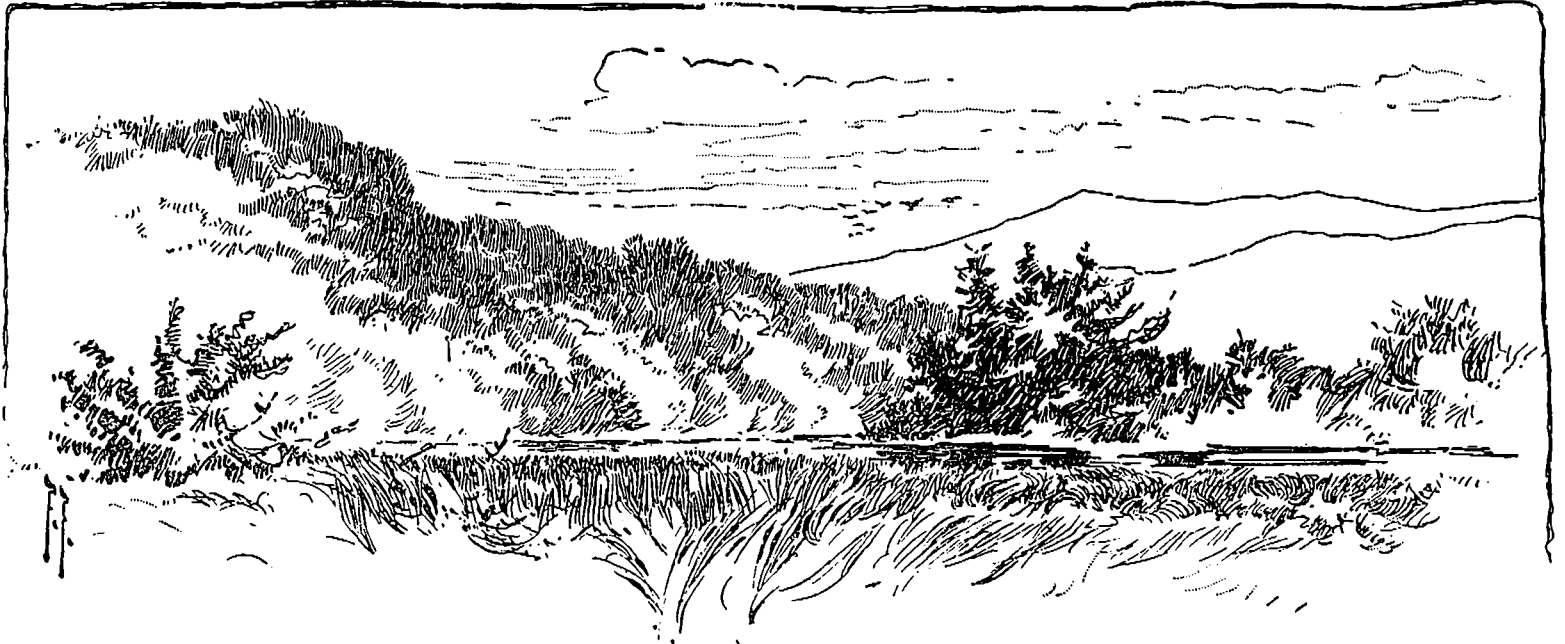
From the roofs of diminutive villages, over to the right on the south shore, can be seen tiny specks of silver, scintillating in the sun's rays.

Here the St. Lawrence suddenly broadens, as if the better to display its charms, and in the midst of these charms, reposing on the purple scarf of the St. Lawrence, the Isle of Orleans (which Champlain called Bacchus) stretches its wooded slopes twenty-one miles down the river. On the port side we pass its green meadows, its white villages and its church spires, and point a course for Grosse Isle, the quarantine station, to the north-east. From the lower end of Orleans Isle we catch a glimpse of the fertile Cote de Beaupré, with its rich pastures and fields of waving grain, its orchards and its maple groves, while beyond is the village of

stupendous immensity, spreading away to the horizon like an arm of the open sea. Seventeen miles wide it is—so wide, in fact, that only in places can the southern coast line be determined. With such a panorama around us we are steaming N.E. by N. at the rate of twelve miles an hour for the Baie St. Paul, whither we will arrive two hours hence.

Having introduced the reader to the landscape and placed him in a position to follow up the friendship, if he so desires, let us now acquaint him with the company in which he is travelling, that he may not feel lonely or depressed, for sight-seeing, especially on paper, is a tedious occupation and requires plenty of good company as well as a diversity of scenes to make it at all enjoyable or fairly interesting.

Our passenger complement was the most cosmopolitan one I have ever met with. We had tourists from England, visitors from Texas, excursionists from Florida, and sight-seers from New York. French-Canadians, educated and uneducated, and English-Canadians who, having just returned from a trip round the world, might be said to have come



NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE MONTMORENCY.

used before, while the rich, red tiles above call for every sanguine-hued tube in the sketching-box, so that when you get through with the roofs you have nothing left for your sunsets, not to mention the numerous fences that require painting at every stopping place from here to Chicoutimi.

Pushing off from Levis, which is the terminus of the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways, we point for Quebec, where in five minutes' time our steamer runs up alongside that leaving in a few minutes for the Saguenay. At present we have only time for a cursory glimpse of the historic town; we will survey it more closely on our return journey. Steaming away to the north east on our splendid steamer *Saguenay* (Capt. St. Louis) we pass the heights of Levis, with its modern batteries, to starboard, and casting a lingering glance at the fortress city we now again fairly enter upon the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence. The scene grows more entrancing as we proceed, the aspect becomes grander momentarily. Away to the left can be seen the quaint old village of Beauport, where the remains of Montcalm's fortifications are still visible.

St. Anne de Beaupré—the Canadian Mecca—lying at the foot of Mount St. Anne, which towers two thousand feet above it.

On the horizon a blue, indefinite formation which we have been watching for some time suddenly becomes focused to our sight, and we recognize the bold outlines of Cap Tourmente, with Cap Grisbaune beyond, and from here to the mouth of the Saguenay the banks of the St. Lawrence assume stupendous proportions. For the most part covered with coarse timber, chiefly spruce, they look like gigantic banks of moss, but in many places too precipitous for foliage they present a wild, rugged and barren aspect. Beyond the rock formations, and behind the wooded slopes, can be seen the cloud-tipped blue Laurentians, and the outlying districts of the illimitable pine forests, which have their centre in the Lake St. John district. Wild and gloomy and bleak the broken coastline appears. The loneliness, intensified here and there by a solitary white lighthouse perched meekly at the base of a brooding mountain, over which a screaming bird of prey gyrates leisurely away up near cloudland. A glance seaward shows the mighty St. Lawrence in its

from anywhere and everywhere. Clergymen and priests, professional men and men of business. Young men and old men, middle-aged women and children. In twos and threes, in groups and scores were they scattered about the forward promenade. There was a gentleman from Baltimore with a heavy overcoat and patent leather shoes who talked a great deal to a California lady, and there was a man from Scotland whose history you learnt without his having opened his mouth—the habili-ments about him told of a princely connection with an aristocratic clan and an Inverness accent as thick as your wrist. In our midst we had a newly-married couple from Ottawa, a bride and groom from Kingston, and an old gentleman and his wife all the way from Australia.

Surrounded by a cosmopolitan gathering of this kind one does not usually want for other means of entertainment, but add to this the silver strains of an orchestra and the grandest scenery imaginable and you have at once a programme fit for the kingliest prince. In a trip of this kind, where all are intent upon pleasure, everybody becomes acquainted, and the