

CANADA — *East and West* .

## THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

After leaving Woodstock, a night's run—during which the trains leave New Brunswick and enter the Province of Quebec—Levis, on the south side of the St. Lawrence River is reached in the morning. The river is crossed on the famous Quebec Bridge, which has been called the "eighth wonder of the world," and the historic city of Quebec is reached.

Quebec Bridge or the spanning of the St. Lawrence at Quebec was planned as far back as 1853; a charter which was never used was obtained in 1882; the Quebec Bridge Co. was incorporated in 1887 and construction proceeded until the south cantilever arm collapsed in 1907 and the Government took hold of the undertaking. The St. Lawrence Bridge Co. then received the contract and the work was about completed, when on Sept. 11, 1916, the centre span collapsed while being hoisted into position—owing to the failure of one of the castings in the hoisting apparatus. On Sept. 20, 1917, the new span weighing about 5,000 tons was finally lifted into place. The bridge provides 10 railways with passage across the river and quick connection between the immense pulp forest and mills of Northern Quebec and the markets of the Eastern States.

**The Portals of  
the Dominion;  
Scenic Beauties  
of the  
St. Lawrence**

As with the Thames in England, the Seine in France, the Rhine in Germany, the Mississippi in the United States, the Ganges in India, the Tigris in Asia Minor, myriad traditions and the history of nations have left their impress around the name of the St. Lawrence. This great river comes down to the Gulf of St. Lawrence under various names. From the little River St. Louis it pours through the great inland sea of Lake Superior and the St. Mary's River, with its crowded canals, into Lake Huron; thence in another outflow, through the St. Clair and Detroit Rivers to Lake Erie and from there by the Niagara River and its wonderful Falls, to Lake Ontario.

From Lake Ontario, for 750 miles, it rolls to the Gulf and the ocean under its own historic name and is never less than a mile in width. As it broadens and deepens into beautiful lakes or narrows and shallows into restless rapids; as it sweeps past cliffs crowned with verdure or great natural ridges capped with dense forests; as these break frequently to reveal fertile valleys and a rolling country, or rise into rugged and yet exquisitely picturesque embodiments of nature such as the Heights of Quebec there comes the thought that here, indeed, is a fitting entrance to a great country, an adequate environment for the history of a romantic people, a natural stage-setting for great events and gallant deeds.

Though greater than any other Canadian river, the St. Lawrence is a natural type and embodiment of them all. Sweeping in its volume of water, sometimes wild and impetuous, never slow or sluggish, on its way to the sea; ever changing in its currents and rapids and waterfalls, in its lakes and incoming river branches; passing through varied scenery yet always preserving in its course a degree of dignity which approaches majesty; it reveals a combination of volume and vastness, beauty and sombreness which make it, in more senses than one, the Father of Waters on this continent—"the great river without an end," as an Indian once described it to Jacques Cartier.

If, indeed, the French sailors seeking new, unknown lands in far Cathay, or the French explorers planting roots in the soil of a vast new continent, more deeply and more firmly than they knew, had deliberately sought the most splendid setting in the world for dominion and settlement, they could have found none greater than that of the New France which grew slowly around and beyond Quebec with the St. Lawrence at its feet. Cartier and Champlain and De Roberval, and the stream of French voyageurs and trappers, soldiers and priests, noblemen and peasants who traversed the waters of the great river in the 16th and 17th centuries, saw, however, no such scene as can be witnessed today with its peaceful accompaniments of civilization and commerce.

The greatness and the gloom, the grandeur and the grace, the sternness and the silence of the majestic river were purely as nature had made them. There were long miles of lofty cliffs surmounted by dark forests which echoed from time to time the wail of the wolf or the war-song of the savage while all the icy blasts and unknown terrors of winter, on the verge of some vast wilderness, were faced by men fresh from the sunny slopes of France; there were the marvellous and gloomy portals of the Saguenay, the varied scenery at the mouth of other great rivers, as they poured from mysterious inland reservoirs into the great waterway;