



or the Montreal steamer, and desirous of making close connections, to take a bath and breakfast at their hotel before leaving for Lake St. John. Only a few hundred feet from the railway station is the splendid new iron bridge spanning the St. Charles river, 1,100 feet long, and which cost \$200,000 to construct. Immediately over the bridge is Hedleyville Junction, whence the Quebec, Montmorency & Charlevoix Railway branches off to Montmorency Falls and La Bonne Ste. Anne. But our train has only paused for an instant at the Junction, and is already dashing up the slope of the nearest chain of the Laurentian Hills that bound the horizon as we look northward from the city in the direction of the Lake St. John country. No mountain region on the face of the globe offers more interesting features to the geologist than that of the Laurentides. This range forms the backbone of the oldest mountain chain upon the crust of our globe. Thousands of years before Noah's ark grounded upon the summit of Mount Ararat, or the fiat had gone forth which first shed created light upon a world of chaos, the mountains of which these Laurentian hills then formed the framework, lifted aloft their hoary heads, white with the snows of a thousand years. There are a number of indications of this condition of affairs which forbid any doubt on the subject. On the heights of Lorette, nine or ten miles from the City of Quebec, where the old discarded line of the Lake St. John Railway was cut through a heavy sand-bank, there were found pleistocene deposits of saxicava sand, containing astarte, saxicava-rugosa, and pecten-Greenlandica shells in great abundance. These are the self-same shells which are to-day found inhabited by living mollusks, in the cold, salt sea which washes the base of Greenland's icy mountains. In the glacial period of our planet's history there is no doubt that a similar cold, salt sea to that of Labrador and Greenland covered a great part of this Laurentian country to a height of many hundred feet above the present level of our own St. Lawrence.

Charlesbourg.

This typical and charmingly situated French-Canadian village is the summer residence of many of Quebec's citizens, who leave the city in the evening by the 5.30 local express, and return to business in the morning by the train that reaches Quebec at 8.40 A. M. There are two stopping places for trains in this village, one at Charlesbourg, three miles from the city, the other three miles farther on, at Charlesbourg West. The village, whose double-spired church and neatly whitened cottages and farmhouses are so