

against the green mass of the mountains behind. From the feet of those hills to the heights of St. Foye, on the plateau extending westward some eight miles from Quebec to Cap Rouge, is a broad stretch of plain, filled in pre-glacial terms, by an arm of the St. Lawrence, now known as the valley of the St. Charles. The soil here is of alluvial formation and it is one of the most fertile farming districts in the Province. The rest of the view we can get better from the Princes Bastion, the most westerly and the highest point on the Citadel. But that is another story; and on looking back over these notes I have come to the conclusion that they had better finish right here lest the editor should make an end of them and me together. We started out for a twenty mile jaunt, and have not got as far as the sally-port. But that is all right. What is the use of being a Rambler if you cannot stop when you want to? Perhaps some day, when you are in the humour, we may go further with it.

F. W. L. M.

La Citadelle, Quebec, 8 Fevrier, 1901.

How Tom Heron's Dream Came True.

MAC'S Alec was a limb. There were other branches on the family tree—eleven others, in fact—each of whom had his peculiar title to limbship; but Alec was “the” limb par excellence.

He was responsible, either directly or indirectly, for half the mischievous pranks played in the village. If a farm wagon broke down, it might safely be assumed that Mac's Alec knew what had become of the lynch-pin. Did a farmer's wife find her dairy had been despoiled? She complained to Mac that Alec had been “at his tricks” again; and Mac purchased peace and quiet at the price of a gallon of molasses or a pound of tea;