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# ALONG THE GASPE COAST

— BY —  
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M. L. C.

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# ALONG THE GASPE COAST

By Hon. FRANK CARREL, M.L.C.

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For a holiday, Gaspesia is one of the most charming and attractive spots in all Canada, but to Quebecers the railway transportation problem is certainly an objectionable one. You must leave Levis at 12.30 a.m. to make connections with the coast railway otherwise you have to sleep at Matapedia where there is very little accommodation. On returning to Quebec you arrive at the unreasonable hour of 4.00 a.m. There is no alternative but to make up your mind to accept the situation as it is, until Quebec's business men bestir themselves to improve such conditions of travel. Another objection is the difficulty with which sleeping car accommodation is obtained. It would seem as though the entire service of the Canadian Government Railway was arranged for the special benefit of Montreal and Halifax, and of course one can hardly take exception to this because Montreal is Canada's big commercial centre. If, however, our business men would make some effort to have one of the many sleeping cars that are attached to almost every train passing Levis, side-tracked at that station or even in Quebec, it would not make much difference in the general train service, but it would be of incalculable benefit to the trade of Quebec as it would afford the merchants down the river on the Gaspé Coast, an opportunity to trade in Quebec, rather than going one hundred and eighty miles farther to Montreal.

When we applied for sleeping accommodation, we found that there

was only a very limited reservation allotted to Quebec, so started in to make application to Montreal over a week ahead of time. This cost us in phone messages and telegrams, almost half the value of the reservation, another extra tax placed upon the cost of living in Quebec.

There were seven sleeping cars on our train, a sign of the large amount of travel on the Government road and all the more reason why Quebec should at least be represented by one car.

## MATAPEDIA

A night's run and we reached Matapedia at the junction of the river by that name, and the Restigouche, two of the three best salmon rivers in Eastern Canada. The salmon season was on and everywhere were seen rich American sportsmen with their guides some of whom belonged to the swarthy Indian tribes from nearby reservations.

Here we changed cars for the Gaspé coast over the Quebec-Oriental-Atlantic and Quebec and Western Railways. It was not parlor car day, but one of the three days on which the solitary passenger train from this point to Gaspé only consists of first and second class cars. We were too large a crowd for the one first class car so an additional one was added to relieve the congestion. There was an immense amount of express and baggage, so much so, that some of the baggage had to be placed in the postal coach. This took time and we were over an hour late in starting, but the only man

complaining was a rich banker from Montreal, who was not going on the train. It was not a luxurious train of cars such as one would find on the C. P. R. or Pennsylvania, but it was a god-send to the people of Gaspesia and it was this that should be appreciated. Several years ago the Government permitted the sale of the steamers that were providing the hardy fishermen of Gaspe with an outlet for their fish and market products, with the result that they were now almost entirely dependent upon this railway for their very existence. This steel rail highway represented many millions of English capital which was not earning one cent of interest. Such was another landmark of Canadian finance which has made the English investor cautious of Canadian investments.

#### WHAT THE RAILROAD PRESIDENT SAID

We travelled with the president of the road who was making his annual tour of inspection, and we were pleased to hear him say that the company was spending every cent of surplus, little though it was, in bettering the roadbed rather than attempting to put on palatial cars over a poor roadbed. By this system the lives of the people on the coast would be better protected.

Thus we travelled along the coast, not at the rate of fifty miles an hour, but at a reasonable speed and we were given an opportunity of viewing the diversified scenery of the passing villages until we reached New Carlisle, the principal town of the county of Bonaventure.

#### GASPESIANS RETURNING FROM THE WAR

On the train were three Gaspesians returning from the war. One of them by name of Dunn, of Gaspe, was one of three brothers, all the male members of his family who had donned the King's colors to respond to his country's call. He wore a wound stripe on his sleeve. A brother had been discharged a year ago only to die at home during the influenza epidemic which raged along

the Gaspe coast at the same time as it spread over Quebec. His remaining brother was in hospital when he left England. He was returning to Gaspe to see an aged mother, his father being dead, before going to Montreal to take up his trade as a carpenter. Judging by the large number of lapel buttons worn by the young men of the coast, Gaspe and Bonaventure must have supplied their quota of as sturdy a lot of fighters as were found in the Canadian lines. As we motored down the coast from New Carlisle, we passed the homestead of the Rev. Colonel Almond, Director of Chaplain Services for Canada and also the residence of Dr. Enright, who made the supreme sacrifice for Liberty, Freedom and Civilization, on the ill-fated, "Llandovery Castle." Even the fishermen did their bit. We were in a small gasoline launch one day circling the Perce Rock and Bonaventure Island when we put out to sea for a mile or two to see two lonely but busy fishermen hauling in cod from four lines, two on either side of a small fishing boat. The run of cod was excellent at that moment and the two men were pulling in two, three and four cod at a time, an operation of a minute or two. One of these two fishermen, quite a young man, had just returned from the front, where he had seen several years of the horrors of war. Now he was back at his old occupation as though nothing unusual had happened and certainly he had not forgotten the art of catching cod.

New Carlisle probably provided the greatest amount of humor in connection with the return of one of her heroes, who had a twin brother at home. The station was crowded when the young man alighted from the train and was generously welcomed and kissed by old and young while his twin brother looked on with much amusement, for the twins had changed clothing at Mata-pedia where the two had met and where they hatched this joke on their friends. It is said that both of the twins wanted to enlist so badly that one of them made a pretext

of going to Campbellton from whence he wired his brother that he had enlisted and that he had to stay at home with the old folks; by this means outwitting his brother.

### NEW CARLISLE A BUSY TOWN

New Carlisle is the busiest centre of the two hundred miles of coast railways, for it is the end and the beginning of the two coast lines of about one hundred miles each. The two railways are now under one system of management. Here are the engine houses, machine shops, and general offices of the companies. In winter time it is an all-night stopping place for trains running in either direction, as the funds of the railway do not permit the system to be kept in full operation night and day; then again it insures passengers against night travel with most of the dangers that lurk upon the tracks. Some complaint has been made against this over night stop, but if the people want it overcome they must be willing to assume the extra cost of night travel, as the Government will not pay it.

In driving through the shady main streets of New Carlisle one might think that they were in some of the pretty New England towns passed on the way to Boston or New York. The public buildings including the Court House, City Hall, Academy, schools, and shops are in keeping with the well built and commodious residences of her citizens who number among them Hon. John Hall Kelly, Legislative Councillor and Mr. Bugeaud, M.P.P. for Bonaventure county. There is even a skating rink for the lovers of that pleasing winter pastime. One is immediately impressed on arriving at New Carlisle with the prosperity of the place by its fresh appearance and the number of motor cars which are constantly seen in the streets. In both respects New Carlisle is over proof and her houses and buildings do not seem to have suffered from the increased cost of paint. Even the proverbial garage and modern gasoline filling hydrant pumps are as common a sight on the roads as in any part of Western Canada. But this

is not extraordinary for the fishermen are all now using gasoline engines in their fishing smacks and they are as apt mechanics in this direction as they are adepts in handling the line and hook. We asked our host if he had any difficulty in having his motor cars repaired or overhauled when out of order. He replied, "Well we have a man in this town conducting a garage who was in charge of one in Boston for over six years." And then as if in apology for his presence in such a small town, in comparison with Boston, added, "He fell in love with a girl from the coast and came back with her." Thus we see the Gaspesian women are true natives of the soil and far better repatriation agents than those employed by the Government, for we are told that colonization work has not been a huge success on the Gaspé peninsula.

New Carlisle has a fishing village on either side, Paspebiac three miles east and Bonaventure seven or eight miles west. The former is the coast's main branch of the largest and oldest fishing firm in Gaspé, being a descendant of the old French firm of Robin which has now amalgamated with a New Brunswick fishing firm and is known as Robin, Jones & Whitman. The history of the Robin firm starting from 1776, would fill a volume in itself. It is the Hudson Bay Company of the Gaspé coast fishermen. It introduced the Guernsey and Jersey people with their English and French methods of doing business, which they endeavored to retain until more recent years. There are many old employees of the paternal firm to-day who broke away to start up business for themselves who still recount stories of their early days with the old firm when they worked for five pounds a year on a contract of five or six years with an increase of salary each year until it had reached the magnificent sum of twenty-five pounds. Few holidays were given in those days and the work generally started at sunrise and finished at sun-set. To-day, the laborer, except the fish-

erman is adopting the shorter hours of toil, and business runs on just the same, if one may judge by the prosperous condition of the large fishing firms, with few exceptions.

### **COD THE MAIN ASSET OF THE GASPE FISHING**

The cod is the main asset of the fishing industry of the Gaspé coast. This excellent eating fish is caught all the summer from June to September, and even in October, November and December, when the season is an open one. The principal fishing grounds are in the vicinity of Perce, where the fishermen without going very far from shore can fill their boats without much trouble during a good fishing day, and half fill them on others. Their work is a gamble. While they make an average of five hundred dollars a season, many go over this amount and some of them, the expert ones and those with larger vessels, who go further out to sea, clear fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. The codfish between L'Anse a Beaufils and Perce are considered the best on the Atlantic. The fishermen receive a little less than two cents per pound for their fish but it has to be cleaned and dressed and made ready for salting which would mean about one cent per pound if sold otherwise, or, as they are sold upon the Quebec markets. By this the Quebec housewives will have a slight idea of the profit that is made by the middleman handling this fine food fish which should be delivered in the city of Quebec within twenty-four hours of the time they are captured, but instead, rarely reach the retail stores or three or four days after they have been taken from the water. If Quebecers had only one store in the city making a speciality of importing direct by express, fresh fish from the Gaspé coast, Quebecers would eat three times the present quantity and enjoy delicious dishes and meals that are sold in all the leading hotels on the Gaspé coast, especially at Perce, where one's appetite for fish is developed. Why do the merchants of our city not join together and sell direct from

the fish firms of Gaspé and Bonaventure, and make double their present profit and at the same time, provide their customers with delicious table food at a low cost—?

### **AFTER LEAVING METAPEDIA**

After you leave Metapedia and travel westward along the coast you hear a slightly different accent in the French and English languages. The English of New Carlisle, and the French of Gaspé are both characteristically softened by the English and French of the Jersey and Guernsey forefathers of this settlement. Then there are the Acadians and the U. E. Loyalists, who crossed over the bay from the south side to segregate away from their American and English enemies. Here for over one hundred years this happy family of mixed races have been living quietly and peacefully in their respective districts, apparently taking very little interest in the outside world and principally confining themselves to fishing and agriculture. So contented with their lot in life are these people that inside of several days stay with them we came across a number of residents who had never been to a city, or, "off the coast" as they put it. They had never seen an electric street car and yet when we asked one young woman, a waitress in the hotel, if she had never desired to visit Quebec or Montreal, she smilingly replied: "No, not until I have sufficient money to go there for pleasure." Here was philosophy in its simplified form. She preferred to work and earn her living on the coast. Then we have recounted how the garage man from Boston came to New Carlisle by marriage. At Perce we saw a man who resided on Bonaventure Island, a few miles from the shore, who had never been further away from the Island than Perce. He had spent all his life on an island three miles long by one wide and in his open boat on the surrounding sea.

### **GASPESIANS LOVE THEIR SOIL**

All this evidence proves that the Gaspésians love their soil. Few of

the world's allurements or disillusionments have distracted them. Only those who leave the district and taste of life's excitement, worries and pitfalls when they are young are satisfied to go beyond the coast and many of these ultimately drift back again, for they, like the birds of passage that make their nests upon the Percee Roek and the cliffs of Bonaventure Island, can never give up their attachment for their open life by the sea.

This is why the outside visitor to this attractive bit of Canada returns with an admiration for those people and their honest straightforward ways of doing business, old-fashioned if you will, but so comforting in this busy world. It is said that no one looks their door on the Gaspé coast and we believe this as there was no lock and key on the door of the two hotels we put up at, but the best example of true principles of character were exhibited by the local hotel proprietor of a very prominent summer hotel who had not raised his rates on his summer patrons since the war started. He said he had not the conscience to do it and hoped that before long the excessive increase in the cost of food would resume normal conditions again. We also found the kindness of heart of the people, few of whom were in want but when a deserving case is known it obtains immediate sympathy from the people in a practical and substantial way. A young woman near Percee who was left with a farm and no means to conduct it, was helped to start a little tea-house which is now bringing her in sufficient revenue to make her a comfortable existence. We stopped at her house, up in the mountains with a magnificent sea and valley view, on the bluff where in the morning, we enjoyed a fresh cup of tea, thick rich cream, rhubarb and delicious home made cakes, on a white table cloth spread upon the ground. One might think themselves in some pretty spot in Switzerland instead of on a promontory of two large mountains north of Percee, which may be reached in a six-cylinder car.

Another case was related to us of a local merchant in a small village, known for his many charitable acts. He told us of a young man with a large family who had fallen down the hatch of a ship belonging to a well known world steamship company and was seriously injured for life. He lay on his bed all winter and but for this merchant, his family would have starved, and when the steamship company was appealed to for assistance under the Taschereau Workmen's Compensation Act, it disclaimed any responsibility, stating that the ship was under charter to the British Government. To take action against the British Government would mean a lengthy delay and extra expense. A lawyer, an ex-member of one of the two coast counties, interested himself in the case, as he had in previous similar situations, and we were present when he informed the merchant that he was expecting a settlement in a day or two and he would be paid his debt for supplying the injured man with almost a year's provisions. Such cases are legion on the coast where no deserving man or woman is allowed to be in want while any of the residents have the means of offering relief. It is also said that in no part of Canada, do the English and French-Canadians and the Catholics and Protestants get along so well together.

#### FIRST DAY IN NEW CARLISLE

The first day spent at New Carlisle was devoted to a picnic on the Bonaventure River. We left after lunch in a comfortable seven-passenger car for the mouth of the river, about nine miles westward. The road which was in excellent condition bordered the beach all the way in full view of the odd fishing boats scattered in all directions, some making for shore with their night and day catches, while others were going seawards to their fishing grounds several miles out from land. The breeze was not sufficient for them to set their sails, so the tooting of the gasoline engines in the near-by craft could be distinctly heard over the water's surface.

We passed Point Souci light house, opposite which we were told a British man-of-war went aground some years ago but was floated off at high tide by the sailors dancing a horn-pipe on board, which caused her to be more buoyant and gently lifted off the sandy bottom. At another point we passed two sea-gulls sitting on two posts. Our host said that they made this their rendez-vous on land and resented any disturbance or intrusion. We stopped the car and tooted the horn about fifty feet away and true enough they showed as much excitement and indignation as was possible in two such birds. They also carried on a constant flow of invective jabbering in their own peculiar way until we moved on again. We passed this point on two consecutive days and found these birds at the same station and as much affected by our presence as they were on the first occasion. The gull is not such a dull old bird after all.

#### ON THE BONAVENTURE RIVER

At another point on the road we saw two fishermen unloading their day's catch from their large two-masted schooner, into a smaller boat. Two single horse teams and three dogs were waiting on the shore to convey the fish to the storehouse. We called out to the fishermen that we would like to buy one or two of their catch and they knew our host so well that they came ashore with a couple of cods weighing about five pounds each for which they asked twenty-five cents. They received fifty cents for their extra trouble. This was to form part of our "al fresco" meal that evening. Then we passed through a little village, and crossed over the large steel bridge which spans the Bonaventure River, leaving the main road for a side one which ran south of the river bank, until we reached another bridge. Here we left the car and in canoes descended the waters of this delightful river, a few hundred feet wide in deep and shallow stretches. Farm houses border it on both sides where the land is suitable for agriculture. Particularly is this

noticeable on the west side of the river for a distance of several miles from the mouth. On the way we met Mr. J. E. Livernois, of Quebec, fishing in the middle of a pool in a wide stretch of river in a portion of his own licensed waters. He had killed two salmon that morning and one that afternoon, and he very courteously pulled up anchor and came over to our canoe and showed us a splendid salmon of eight or nine pounds. Fishing, he told us, had been very slow so far, this season, the fish being exceedingly few in comparison to other years.

Further on down the river we passed Mr. Read and Mr. Gordon president and general manager of the Quebec, Oriental, Atlantic and Western Railways, casting lines from the shore. Still further we came upon Mr. Henry Miles, recently elected to the Provincial Legislature, for one of the Montreal divisions.

There is a very large amount of lumbering carried on on the Bonaventure river, which at times in the spring, fills these waters with logs and pulpwood. This timber is brought to the mouth of the river and transported across the bay, some twenty miles, to Bathurst where it is sawn into lumber by one of the large Canadian lumber companies. The natural site of the mill for the treatment of this timber is at the mouth of the river at Bonaventure, but owing to a disagreement between the village and the company the latter erected the mill across the bay, at Bathurst, which must be a severe loss to the people of Bonventure.

#### THE SALMON POOLS

It might be well to say that the salmon fishing rights on this river are bought in pools, from the land owners, by various sportsmen. Sometimes a club will purchase a number of pools, erect a club house and appoint guardians to protect their waters. Each pool is valued by the number of salmon which sojourn in it, while the spring influx wend their way up to their spawning grounds, going down again in the late fall or the following spring. A pool may be a stretch of five hundred or one thousand feet on any one

side of the river. Sometimes, two men or clubs, will own only half a pool, which is an inconvenience to both parties unless some mutual arrangement can be made to use the entire pool alternately. These rights are purchased outright or leased for a number of years, generally about twenty years. A club may purchase twenty-five to fifty pools which may cover a stretch of five or more miles of the river. Some stretches of the river are considered barren territory, where the salmon are seldom seen in their recesses. The salmon enter this river in the spring of the year at three different periods, namely the middle and end of June and the first week of July. Those arriving in June make their way up the river as far as forty to fifty miles to deposit their spawn; those who arrive in July go up the river about eight miles and then enter a tributary river. Twenty-five miles up river there is a pretty waterfall of twenty five feet in height over which the salmon are able to make their way up by short jumps upon rocky ledges, which are so evenly spaced that the guides believe that they are specially made by the Supreme Being.

### SALMON POACHING

Our guide was relating this fact to us while we were silently gliding down the river admiring the variable panorama with the soft changing colors of clouds fired by the setting sun, adding beauty to the surrounding scene.

All we said was, "How do the salmon descend the falls? Do they make one big jump or do they use the ledges?"

"They never come down," he said, with a suspicious and guilty countenance.

"Why?" we asked.

"Because they generally get killed before they have a chance."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I used to be a poacher myself some years ago and I think I know all the tricks of the trade."

This made us still more curious to learn more of this poaching game,

and we inquired if he had not been afraid of being caught by the guardians, to which he replied with a wink and a smile, "Don't you think we know as much as the guardians?" By this he meant that if the guardians knew where to catch the poachers, the latter knew how to keep out of their reach. Thus they set their nets and spear the salmon on the upper reaches of the river, on a long stretch where there are but few guardians to watch them. The salmon which get by the sportsman's pools, make the supreme leap to the upper levels of the river, evading the fisherman's deceptive fly, are only rewarded by running into a poacher's net or a flaming torch and spear, with ninety-nine in one hundred chances of ever seeing the sea again. The odd one which escapes returns to the lower waters, a very thin and emaciated fish, probably in the spring of the year, and is known as the black salmon.

### HAUNTS OF THE SALMON

The salmon scarcely move during the day but select some snug pool generally where there are rocks and there almost motionless, they pass the day. They are seen by the guides in the morning and reported to the sportsmen, who cast the fly over them for hours at a time, hoping that they will become so irritated and annoyed that they will finally make a dash upward from their quiet retreat, on the bed of the river, to tear the fly to pieces. In this reckless state of rage and passion they go to their doom unless a fisherman's rod and line breaks in some of the mad rushes they make for liberty once they become aware that they have struck a snag and are held by a taut line with a gentle pressure to lead them nearer to the landing net. The

fighting salmon may find himself in shallow water and then under control of an expert fisherman or guide may roll himself ashore where he is easily caught or, he may run foul of a large heavy net that will sweep him out of the river into the canoe when he is nigh exhausted from the fisherman's play.

## A GOOD STORY

Our guide told us a story of how he nearly got caught when engaged in poaching. He had just set a net when he noticed a guardian coming down the river. At the same time a salmon was trapped in the mesh and was making a loud, splashing noise.

"What are you doing?" said the guardian.

"I think there is a net set around somewhere here," he said. "I am listening to the splashing of a salmon that has been caught in it."

The guardian then listened and the noise was even louder, so much so, that the guide thought there must be two salmon in it.

"Let us look for it," said the guide, and of course it was not long before they immediately found it with two fine salmon in it.

"Now let us divide the spoils," said the crafty guide, "you will take the fish, and I will take the net."

"No," said the guardian, "You take the fish and I will take the net," much to the disappointment of the guide, but fate was against him on that occasion, so he took the two fish ashore and a little later, when thinking how well he had managed to escape detection, for sometimes the poachers are caught, he heard the guardian call out to one of the other guardians to come ashore and see him burn a net belonging to our guide, calling him by his full name.

We descended the spacious river, sometimes carried along at a rapid rate by the swift current, other times, by the aid of poles, which are ever within reach of the deft guides whose skill enables them to handle a pole and paddle with equal dexterity. We ascended the Hall River, a small but pretty stream named after the grandfather of Honorable John Hall Kelly, M.L.C.

### PREPARING FOR SUPPER

Then we landed and prepared for supper. There was nothing unusual in this, excepting that we fried the fresh cod which we had bought a few hours previously and we enjoyed

our meal while the sun was setting in splendor. The real piece de resistance, of our repast, was gourgole, which our guide prepared. This is a special fisherman's sweet dessert, which we recommend to all campers as a delicious finish to an outdoor meal. A few slices of fat pork, not too thin, are placed in a frying pan with a half glass of water. When the pork is well browned a pint of Barbadoes molasses is poured into it. This is stirred up for four or five minutes and then poured on buttered bread. Try it campers!

It beats all the sweets you have ever eaten in the woods.

We made a few casts going down the stream, after which we continued on under the iron bridge at the mouth of the river. Here we found our motor car and returned after a delightful afternoon to New Carlisle, passing the two gulls on their pedestals and as much perturbed at our passing as they were before, and the lighthouse with a few fishermen going out to fish for herring bait for the morning's fishing.

### HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE FISHERMEN

Now the fishermen along the shores of Gaspé are really cod fishermen as this is the principal species caught during the whole summer, from the first days of June until the end of October, and sometimes in a mild fall season, like that of last year, even as late as Christmas and New Year. His work is considered hazardous and irregular. In many instances he is half farmer, owning a small piece of land near or back from the shore. If the latter, he spends the week days with his fishing boat and tackle, on the beach and his week-ends at home with his family. Some of the fishermen live in small hamlets in the mountains probably five or six miles away from their fishing grounds. After six days and nights of fishing with an interval of a few hours or so in between for sleep which might be in their chambre de barge (a

small covered compartment in the forepart of their smack) just large enough to hold a small stove and two bunks and only about three feet high. Life is all much the same to the cod fisherman. He starts about eight o'clock in the evening after supper in his own shack by the beach or, that of the company he is working for, which gives him a bunk, heat, light and a place to call home, when he has a few hours ashore, for \$4.00 per month. With his companion, for boats are invariably manned by two, they motor a few miles out and set their nets for herring, mackerel, squid, etc. While drifting the crew takes turns at a few hours sleep. When sufficient bait has been taken on board it is probably about two or three o'clock in the morning when they start their gas engines, if the wind is not favorable, and head for their fishing grounds from five to ten miles further seaward. Here they anchor and throw out four lines, consisting of a thick cord of a quarter of an inch in diameter, about one hundred and eighty feet in length with a lead weighing two and a half to four pounds. On these lines are four hooks with bait weighing a quarter of a pound. If fishing is good these men keep up a steady toil of pulling in first one line, then another, with one or two cod on each. If the bait is plentiful his chances of a large catch is so much enhanced, but the bait was very scarce during our visit, in fact, so much so, that the fishermen frequently had to return to shore, and if the tide was falling they would hunt for clams, a substitute for sea bait. Oftentimes it meant a lost day for the fishermen. Then there is a great deal of luck about fishing. In the inspection of a day's catch of a number of boats returning to shore about six o'clock in the evening the comparison of catches was very interesting. We counted over six hundred cod in one boat, while the other one had about one hundred and fifty. In the large catch was a mackerel, several cod weighing over thirty pounds and one of seventy pounds. This catch averaged 5½ drafts at \$4.20 per draft, and two dollars or

ten cents per pound for the mackerel, netted these two fishermen for their day's labor over \$24.00, not at all bad for a day's work. This is of course the exception. The fish is handed over to a local fish establishment, which has a crew of fish cleaners who immediately start to work to decapitate the fish and clean them. Everything is thrown away but the livers which are a valuable by-product and which are beginning to bring a good price on the coast. The cod liver oil refinery which is operated by Mr. M. Wick at L'Anse a Beaufuls, is now making a specialty of this product which in time promises to rival some of the large oil refineries in Norway and Sweden. During our visit the prices of good fat healthy livers was raised fifty p.c.

### FISHERMEN ARE BORN GAMBLERS

The fisherman is a born gambler, not the kind we meet in cities, on race tracks or other places, but he gambles with nature and storms and the running of fish. Besides they are simple and very superstitious, like most men who live by and on the sea, some even lose their nerve, like men who have been in a bad auto smash, and will not take a chance in going out in threatening weather when the remainder of the men, with more grit, are prepared to face the elements at all times and in all sorts of weather, excepting the very worst, when fishing is out of all questions.

Wherever there is a good bay, anse or barrachois, which is a sand bar across a bay, there you will find a fishing fleet, per a a wharf, not repaired since the terrible devastating storm, of three years ago, a good general store generally conducted by a fishing firm or, company, who buy an trade with the fishermen who use to company's boats or their own. These boats now cost with a gasoline motor, about four or five hundred dollars. In the olden days before the railway was constructed and before there was anything like a coast steamer

service, the fishing business was entirely owned and controlled by Jersey fishing companies, who sold most of their fish to European markets. The first fishermen were brought out under long years of apprenticeship or indentature. It was of course to the interest of these firms to keep their men in ignorance of things outside of the coast which to-day probably accounts for the large number of old residents, who have not yet seen a big city. It was also another reason for not allowing the men to bring out their families or marrying in Canada. With their dearest family ties in the Channel Islands, the fishermen never had thought or desire for more than had temporary settlement on the coast, and always lived with the hope of one day accumulating sufficient fortune to return to their families. Whether many of them ever realized this dream is problematical if one thinks of the small wage remuneration which was in vogue at the time.

#### HOW GASPE IS CHANGING

But things have changed; the old conditions could not go on forever. The world was moving and the evolution of things was bringing about many changes on the Gaspé Coast, and with it came education and extensive agricultural development. It produced a larger inland population, who found the land fertile and productive with the result that little independent villages sprang up, the forests were cleared and there was more general business and trade among the people. Then came a steamship service, followed by the foot of the steam engine and with it, outsiders began to arrive and see the wonderful possibilities of the coast. Many of the head men of the old firms went into business for themselves, and became competitors of the old firms and the fishermen quickly benefitted by this competition. Canadian travellers and Canadian goods began to make their appearance and a new atmosphere of trade followed. The Gaspé fish began to find its way into Canadian and American markets. Then came

the Maritime and American fishing firms. Some of the very old firms disappeared in this era of progress, while others joined forces with the newcomers and to-day one sees the firm of Robins, one of the oldest on the coast, in partnership with Jones and Whitman, of Nova Scotia, and with the new blood came new methods of doing business, which may be seen in the fine new general stores of Robins, Jones and Whitman, all of which have been built since 1900. A number of them, especially that at Paspébiac, is as modernly constructed and operated as any up-to-date city store, with its cash trolley system glass counters, and electric lights. Then came the American firm of Gordon Pugh & Co., of Gloucester, Maine, who have arrived within the past two or three years. But the latest to arrive is an American fisherman with a modern net system for catching mackerel, and a Norwegian expert in the person of Mr. M. Wick, whom we have already mentioned. The latter is developing many new and up-to-date uses for fish by-products, in the way of boneless fish, refined cod liver oil, and canned lobster, and salmon, which are bound to increase the natural assets of the coast, by many hundreds of thousands of dollars. It has been even hinted that he will soon be supplying bait to the fishermen, to avoid their losing so much valuable time during the summer months searching for it, especially when it is scarce. He will have a specially built coastal steamer which will go among the fishing boats supplying those who have been unlucky in their bait catch during the previous night. Mr. Wick has done much to educate the people as to the value of fresh fish and modern treatment of same from the time it leaves the water until it reaches the consumers' table. Already he has established a number of agents on the coast, whom he personally visits and imparts instruction to.

#### QUEBEC IS GASPE'S NATURAL FISH MARKET

All these innovations mean much

for the people of the coast in the future development of their principal industry, and one thing certain, the Gaspé coast can produce one hundred times as much fish as it is doing at the present time, and it is to be hoped that all the local interests, including the transportation companies and the Government will work together to bring this about. Gaspé is several hundred miles closer to the cities of Montreal and Quebec, than the Maritime Province fish-exporting ports and is consequently the natural fishing grounds of these cities and their suburban towns and villages. At the present time the fish business is being transacted in too small a way. It must be increased, that is to say, there should be sufficient fresh fish caught on the Gaspé Coast every day to fill one or two express refrigerator cars which should be landed in either of the two big provincial cities every morning. If this were done millions of pounds of the most delicious sea food would be served on our tables and thus make a considerable reduction in the cost of living for our people. But to do this there must be some initiative spirit and perhaps this could be brought about by the formation of a coast-wide board of trade or fishing organization. If this is ever consummated it will require more than one or two cars every day. Instead, it will take many carloads to supply the people of the New England State, including the large nearby American cities. This is another means of helping to develop Canada's natural resources which should receive much more encouragement from our government, than it has in the past. But it is not too late for this aid to be forthcoming. The fishermen of the coasts have been sadly neglected of late years, and their wharves and harbors, are in a disgraceful condition.

#### HOW GASPE'S NATURAL RESOURCES ARE NEGLECTED

When one thinks of the millions of dollars the Government has spent in building up unnatural Canadian industries which have only helped

to enrich promoters at the expense of the general public, one is surprised at the apathy of the Government towards the development of the fishing trade on the Gaspé coast. Far worse is the after conditions of this unwise political policy, for it has done more to kill honest industry than anything else and has indirectly attracted over six hundred branches of American factories to this country, which may be a welcome sign in its way, but it is virtually handing over our manufacturing interests to Americans, because the profits of all these institutions and the higher positions which they offer, will, for all time to come, be filled by Americans. Here on the coast one sees the greatest opportunities for the development of an enormous fishing trade which would become a life-long asset to our country and help to reduce the depreciated Canadian dollar in the United States, left to shift for itself, with the result that the little shelter harbors are filling up with sand, the wharves are decaying and if the Government does not immediately come to the rescue, our opportunity of natural development of the fishing industry at this point, in Canada, will be merely used by the Americans to gather up our fish and transport it to American ports, and there make profits that would otherwise accrue to Canada. What is being permitted throughout Canada will eventually kill the very best industrial interests in this country. Such a state is being fostered through apathy and neglect in Gaspé, and this is one of the reasons why we are determined to leave no stone unturned to place Gaspé's reasonable appeal for help before the Government, with the hope that this fishing industry will be retained with all its profits and its labor for Canadians. If a change is not forthcoming the present condition of affairs will ultimately drive our Canadian companies out of the field entirely. Watch American factories build in Canada to compete with our watered stock companies and the end is not difficult to foresee. What is the result of this American industrial development in

Canada? Our politicians and multi-millionaires who have made their millions in this unwise policy will tell you that we should welcome with open arms these new industries. This is quite true but at what a cost! Canada is too close to the United States to ever force any of those men who come to Canada as heads of those concerns to ever make a change of citizenship and certainly the profits of these concerns will not long remain in Canada. This movement has been going on for the past twenty-five or fifty years, but it has assumed a more aggressive form of late. Now, while our politicians are going to reason things out in this direction there will be little heard of the poor fishermen of the Gaspé coast who are among Canada's most loyal Canadians developing and enriching this country by several millions of dollars every year, with their fish catches. Let us look at the Government's neglect of the deserving fishermen of Percé, one of the prettiest spots and although a fishing village of over fifteen hundred inhabitants and one hundred and twenty boats. It is nine miles from a railway station and for the past few years has had little or no boat service. Three years ago a storm broke away four hundred feet of a very badly constructed wharf of a total length of seven hundred feet. Now, instead of the Government immediately going to the aid of this village and quickly repairing and constructing its destroyed wharf which made a little harbor of refuge for its fishing fleet, nothing was done. No boat with any draught is able to moor at it and in consequence, all incoming and out-going freight, by water, has to be taken off or on with lighters, adding considerably to the cost of everything not to speak of the inconvenience and loss of time which has to be made in order to carry on this trade.

L'Anse au Beaufils, which might resemble any of the European fishing coves, is a snug artificial harbor, the mouth of which is filled up with sand. All that is wanted is a dredge for a few days work and yet it is not certain if the Government will allow a nearby dredge to do this

work in time to be of any use this season. In a storm the poor fishermen make for this harbor for shelter, but can only enter during high tide. The wharf inside is also disintegrating and falling to pieces caused by the inroads of destructive worms. All the heavy timber is showing signs of complete decay and ruin, and no heed is being paid to the earnest prayers of the lonely fisherman. There are innumerable other places in similar neglect and it is a crying shame to see all this going on when the Government is appealing to Canadians to develop Canada's resources. Here is one, a most important one, awaiting a little financial help, a mere bagatelle in comparison to its vast importance to the country at large.

### NEW CARLISLE

It had not rained for several weeks; the farmers were complaining of the drought and with the sportsman and lumbermen, were praying for rain and the rise of the water of the rivers. Perhaps this accounted for our finding the road between New Carlisle and Percé, a distance of about seventy miles, in excellent condition. A few miles behind Chandler, might be considered rough-going in wet weather, but, otherwise, the drive was through one continuous series of villages, as might perhaps be found in any other part of Canada. There were English speaking villages, established by United Empire Loyalists, French speaking by Acadians, French from the Channel Islands, Irish from Ireland and Scots from Scotland. Then there were the fishing and agricultural villages. It was interesting to note the prosperous condition of the people. On the whole way one obtains a magnificent sea view sometimes from an elevation of several hundred feet, than for stretches along the shore, crossing rivers, over mountains, not high, it is true, but sufficiently elevated to give one a commanding panorama of scenery of exceptional beauty and diversity. On our right was the broad expansive Baie de Chaleur, with Bathurst, on the opposite

shore, twenty odd miles distant, with the outline of the coast visible on very clear days. Then the opposite shore passed out of view and we gazed out into the expansive ocean. Everywhere within ten miles of the land the surface was dotted with fishing boats, some at anchor quite near, others going out or returning from the fishing grounds. In the bays there was generally a few quietly at anchor. On our left the handsome and well built houses of the farmers, invariably double the size of the farm houses of Quebecers, and all showing a plain artistic architecture, that spelled prosperity. The occupants had just emerged from four years of war and almost every home with several young men of age had sent two or three volunteers to the front. The cosy homes of the villagers were painted harmoniously, for the colors blended well with the deep blue waters that rolled upon the shore, the red cliffs and green covered lands made fragrant from their nightly dew baths. Only the fishing villages seemed to show up a little in contrast to the fresh painted villas of the farmers, for they were inhabited by men who took more care, interest and pride, in the upkeep of their fishing boats and tackle than their farm dwellings. Sometimes the fishermen own larger boats than the ordinary two men craft, and under such circumstances, perhaps the whole family, if it be a small one, with grown up children, make their home, their vessel and their little shack on the shore generally of one or two rooms is their resting place only between cruises, to the far off fishing banks, probably forty or fifty miles away.

#### **GASPESIANS LIVE TO A MERRY OLD AGE**

Among the prettiest and most picturesque nooks along the road was the summer villa of Rev. Colonel Almond at Shigawake and still further on the residence of Dr Enright, at Port Daniel, who gave up his life on the "SS. Landoverly Castle." We stopped at two of the most respected and best known residents of the coast, Messrs. David

Duguay and Louis Rail. Both these men are splendid types of the Gaspé coast. They have spent their lives with the people, seeing them through in all their hardships and helping them in trouble and sickness. Both men have seen three score years; brought up large families, are well-to-do, and the personification of the splendid physique and good health which exists throughout the coast, which produces more men and women with longevity than in any other part of the province.

"C'est la vie," said one old fisherman whom we took for sixty years of age, when he was seventy-four. One has only to look at the children for the reason; straight-boned, broad shouldered, vigorous stature and bright eyes and rosy cheeks, are characteristic traits among them from one end of the coast to the other, as far as we travelled, from Matapeedia to Cap des Rosier. Nowhere have we ever seen such children and with one exception we never saw a cripple or any appearance of deformity. The infantile death rate of this part of the province must be exceptionally low if the appearance of the children is any criterion.

#### **GOOD WORK OF THE GASPE AUTO CLUB**

But to refer to good roads. They are in fair condition because there is a club on the coast, one of the largest organizations of the kind in Canada, with a membership of over one thousand. Through the efforts of this club which possesses an excellent method of calling the attention of the land-owners to the bad state of their respective roadways, the thoroughfare along the Gaspé coast has shown wonderful improvement in the past few years and everybody seems to be elated over the fact, particularly the motor car owners, and they are increasing very fast. For instance, in Gaspé three years ago there were only three automobiles, whereas to-day there are twenty-six, with a number on order that cannot be delivered at this season. On the coast the roads have to be taken care of by each respective land-owner, which is not considered a good system, as

the indolent man has always the worst road, but if two or three members of this club sign a blank form and send it to the club's advocate, the parties in question receive a warning letter, and if they do not heed the notice given them, they have to face an action in court. Fortunately such recourse is not of frequent occurrence as the influence of the club has spread throughout the coast and the population have so realized the benefits of good roads that they all pull together. The people are of a very law abiding class and believe that it pays to keep out of the court-house on trivial matters of this nature. Good roads are now as much a thought in the mind of the people on the coast as in any other part of the province and even in Gaspé municipalities, we find long stretches of road repair under a very modern and creditable construction plan.

Between New Carlisle and Perce there were two incidents worthy of note. Almost every passer-by gently and courteously salutes you, a custom we trust will never leave the Gaspé coast. It makes the stranger feel so much at home and is a gentle reminder of the fine French stock from which this population have sprung. It is not long before the stranger gets the habit and you begin to feel that you have more real friends on the Gaspé coast than anywhere else in the world. The other remarkable incident was that the only complaint which we had to make relative to the condition of the road was where those who had made repairs to it had been over-zealous and used too much gravel in repairing the approaches to a bridge with the result that we got stuck in one of the soft spots. Naturally our host was indignant, immediately located the haunts of the mayor, who was not at home, and left an urgent order through his daughter, who was in charge of his store at the time, that if the bridge approach was not attended to inside of twenty-four hours he would hear from the attorney of the auto club.

## CHANDLER A BUSY PULP MANUFACTURING TOWN

We arrived in Perce late in the afternoon, stopping at Chandler for lunch and two or three other places to make calls upon some of the old residents.

At the former place we met Mr. Trudel, for many years associated with the staff of the Chateau Frontenac, but who is now manager of a pulp company's hotel and their outside interests in that locality. The mill is one of the latest and most modern of its kind, with an almost everlasting supply of pulpwood to keep it going. It is one part of the aggregation of such enterprises that are under the management and control of Mr. J. E. A. Dubuc, of Chicoutimi. This mill has an output of 150 tons per day and is equipped with the latest and most modern machinery, and quite naturally, a thriving new town is building around it.

It is said that the Government is going to work to erect a harbor at this point. If so we trust that it will not overlook the immediate wants of the poor fishermen who are deserving of every consideration when their very lives are dependent upon their wharves which have been carried away by storms through their slow deterioration and poor construction.

We saw many fine churches on the way, in fact in every parish, and where the locality was Protestant, perhaps two or three smaller ones. At Grande Riviere we visited the new Roman Catholic church, a really excellent piece of architecture and interior decoration. It was built in 1904 and will seat a congregation of two thousand.

## PERCE THE PICTURESQUE SEA TOWN

Though the famous Perce Rock with one, two or three acres in it has made the name of this place world famous, it is one of the few sight-seeing places of the world so little frequented by globe trotters or even the Canadian or American

tourists. If it was, there are no hotels of any size that can take care of many visitors and it is not a place that can be visited in a day or two because there is only one passenger train a day going up the coast and another one going down, and none on Sunday. In addition, the nearest stopping place of the railway is nine miles from Perce. Before the war there was a small steamship service and a long seven hundred foot wharf, which made a visit to this charming and pretty spot, by water, another added attraction provided one could obtain hotel accommodation, but now there is no available boat service, and if there was, there is no wharf to meet the contingency. So tourists are almost prevented from seeing one of the most romantic and interesting natural pictures of sea and land, in all Canada.

It is a haunt for artists and some have found it out already, including a well-known American painter from New York, who took such an interest in it that he purchased one of the local vantage points and upon it has erected an artist's home. He did much to enhance the place and in his generosity did gracious acts of charity and set a christian-like example, in endowing both Protestant and Catholic churches with stained glass windows. Unfortunately, his time of enjoyment of his new found summer home was cut short by death, but his devoted wife now lives alone in one of the most interesting houses on the coast, both as to its site, and rich and historic furnishings on Cap Cannon, which overlooks Perce Rock and commands a magnificent panorama. In this home is collected old pottery, willow, chinaware, rare and antique furniture that have been gathered together from the houses of the coast. Strange to relate, many articles in this collection, were held in little value by their owners, so much so, that this artist very often had to force payment for them upon their possessors. Frequently he discovered an old teapot being used in some home, for which the artist paid as high as five to ten dollars, to the great amazement of their owners, who quickly replaced it by a

more modern and perhaps a more appreciated utensil, at one-tenth the value of the old one. There is little in the home, upon the walls or on the floors that does not link up with the past history of the lives of the oldest inhabitants. It was one of this artist's delights and pleasures to roam the district, even on Bonaventure Island, where many odd and varied pieces of antique ware were picked up; oftentimes of so little value to their possessors that they were delighted to present such pieces to him, whom they admired. There was much for the antique hunter along this coast, but the field is perhaps well gone over now and what remains is as dearly prized by the present day owners as by anyone else, which makes them almost inseparable. The widow of this artist now spends all seasons of the year in Perce, living with the spirit of her husband in the laudable and charitable work he accomplished while there. Being a modest, unassuming and graceful hostess, we enjoyed a short visit to this home during our stay in Perce, in fact a visit to Perce without doing so would be the loss of a rare and interesting treat.

#### PERCE HAS NO SCENIC COMPETITOR

In endeavoring to form a mental picture of Perce one must remember that it has no scenic competitor, therefore, is in a class of its own. It is not a lone mountain or valley, sea or river, but is like a beautiful emerald set in the midst of diamonds. It is not in the magnitude or immensity of its attractions that one goes into ecstasies over it, but in its apparent perfection and harmonious composition. Everything has been moulded and made to fit into one of the most enchanting tit-bits of scenery in all Canada. It is a picture that grows upon you each day you remain there and when you have left it is still in your memory in its tranquil serenity. The straight hewn lines of Perce Rock, shaped like the hull of a battleship, with all the shades of red, tinged with white, black and grey streaks, and crowned with a

flock of birds, gulls, cormorants, meows, kitterwacks, ganats, etc. We circled Perce Rock and then Bonaventure Island, the latter three miles long by one wide. The sun was shining brightly and the thousands of different species of birds making their nests upon these barren ocean monuments, hovered in our wake in such large numbers that they almost shaded the sun's rays. Why they followed us or our little motor boat, is not accounted for, as there are few ships or steamers arriving or departing from Perce from which these birds could have been trained to follow for what they might pick from the galley refuse thrown overboard. The habit must be traditional, instinctive, or perhaps, they go south to seaports where they enjoy such sport, which they certainly miss around Perce Rock.

About two miles away is Bonaventure Island. Upon it is a fishing station belonging to Leboutellier & Frère but it was closed when we passed, notwithstanding, this locality is said to be one of the best fishing grounds of the coast. One of the residents, now a very old man, had never been off the island excepting to visit Perce on the main land and what is still more extraordinary he was living all alone in his home, his wife having died and his family had moved elsewhere.

Perce, from the sea, makes a charming view, but the sea from Perce mountain crests is something for artists and poets to dream about. Perhaps they have but their works and writings have not set the world on fire, for there is still time and opportunity for the rising generation in these callings to find virgin treasure lore on this point of the coast.

### MOTORING OVER THE MOUNTAINS

We motored by the mountainside to Redbead peak, a ragged-edged promontory, gradually sloping up from the pretty village, until it reaches an elevation of a thousand feet, then it abruptly cuts away perpendicularly to the sea. The slope was covered with a carpet of dark green grass and wild-flowers

in such abundant profusion and mixture, that one had to stop to admire the pretty scene. Sitting on the red uncovered gravel summit, from which it draws its name, one looks out into the broad ocean and then to the left along the coast one can see the delightful Little Corner of the Beach Village, and down the green slope the village of Perce, with its graceful cathedral-spired church, the houses on Capes Cannon and Mont Joli, a cross upon one, and the residence of Mr. James upon the other. Beyond Perce, and Bonaventure Island, surrounded by the sea, the fishing boats and nets, and store houses, then to the right Mount St. Anne, which seems to shelter and protect Perce from the mainland winds. The whole picture is one of intense interest and diversified configuration, and a picture that is difficult to surpass.

One day we motored around the two mountains behind Perce in a seven-passenger car, the first of its class that had ever made the tour. One might be motoring in the Tyrol, the Black Forest or the Rockies. The roadway for long stretches seemed to hang on the sides of the mountains, giving one at times breathless thrills, at the thought of the car losing its balance and sheering over the fenceless and perpendicular cliffs into the yawning chasms below. There are few places for two vehicles to pass, so one has to take chances, excepting one meets a sign which reads, "Be sure there is no vehicle coming the other way before you pass here." But on our whole tour on these roads, a distance of over ten miles, we never met another vehicle.

For miles we motored on the edge of a precipice, without even a railing or fence to prevent our rolling over into the depths beneath. Here and there through these mountains one might meet a small hamlet of fishermen's cottages, perhaps an odd farmhouse, but, otherwise, the view was one successive panorama of mountains and valleys clad in a thick foliage of fir, balsam, pine and cedar. We came to stretches on the roadway where there was not a house or patch of cultivated land

visible as far as the eye could see, nothing but that dark green foliage, soft in its appearance and beyond, perhaps five or six miles, the blue sea. It was all so beautiful that glorious day. Then we began the descent to the beach and came upon the little village known as the Corner-of-the-Beach. Nothing we saw in all our trip compared for a pleasing sight with this little cluster of comfortable houses, about twenty-five in number, skirting the beach, with the prettiest little church, built near the road which we passed in arriving at the water's edge. Fishing and agriculture are the principal occupations of the small population, shut out from the rest of the peninsula by a mountain range, yet, closer to the outside world for all that by a railway connection, for the coast line which crosses over the barreshoir or sand bar, at the neck of Malbaie, nearby makes a loop to take in the village. Boys were bathing and fishing boats were lying idle in the calm waters that were gently lapping the pebbled beach a few feet away from the straight line of houses by the sea.

Our return journey to Perce was back through the same range of green clad mountains, but by a different road which took us up to a flat summit overlooking the Corner of the Beach village. There we stopped at a little farm house and though eleven o'clock in the morning, we were given a delicious cup of tea, berries and cream, rhubarb, preserves and several sorts of cakes. To visit Perce and not see this charming observation point is to miss one of the sights of the place. When we arrived we found the lady of the house working alone in the fields dressed in a bloomer costume, which she quickly changed, being in a much perturbed state for having been found so attired. It was certainly a very unexpected hour to call for "five o'clock tea."

We arrived home for lunch with a ravenous appetite and did justice to the menu supplied at the Perce Rock Hotel. This little hostelry is the cleanest and most ideal summer resort hotel we have ever visited and could only be likened unto some

Swiss chalet. It is conducted by a Jersey couple who believe that cleanliness is next to godliness, and with this belief they also spend all their efforts to see that there is nothing lacking with the cuisine, to mar the impression that the place at once makes upon newcomers. It can only accommodate about thirty or forty guests and it is said that the same group of summer visitors patronize it from season to season. Possibly, if the hotel were enlarged, it would quickly change, for this efficient couple, who personally look after everything, would not be able to keep up to their present standard of comfort and satisfaction which the guests receive to-day. Would that our Province were supplied with more of these hotels?

### EVEN THE CLERGY FLOCK TO PERCE

While walking through Perce Rock mountains we met Monseigneur Gauthier, of Montreal, Rev. Father Perrin, for many years principal of the Canadian College at Rome, and another confrere. We enjoyed this meeting very much as they all seemed to be as appreciative of the scenery and to have the same love and admiration for it as we had.

We compared the surrounding scenery with that of Switzerland and the Canadian Rockies, with which the ecclesiastics were familiar. Here among these beautiful crags and rocks and amid the aroma of balsam and fir they were enjoying a well earned rest from their clerical duties in the big cities. Monseigneur Gauthier has been an annual summer visitor to Perce for many years.

On Cap Cannon, near the Perce Rock Hotel, is the little park commemorated to Sir William Logan. Near by is a plain marble slab erected to the memory of Peter John Duval, the inscription on which reads as follows: "Native of the Island of Jersey, who after a short but painful illness, departed this life on the Island of Bonaventure on the 25th of July, 1835, aged 41 years. Time and separation may calm the sorrows of the soul, but never will they obliterate the regret which the

loss of a kind and tender husband has awakened in the breast of his afflicted survivor."

Four wooden posts and a wire fencing surround this plain marble slab.

### AN HISTORIC GASPE CHARACTER

Duval was one of the historic characters of this point of the Gaspé coast and the story of his life and the interesting incidents connected with it are better told in a recent work entitled, "Treasure Trove in Gaspé and Baie des Chaleurs," written by Mrs. MacWhirter and printed by the Telegraph. Her account reads as follows:

"Captain Peter Duval, during the Napoleonic war between France and England commanded a lugger-rigged privateer, under license from the British King. The 100-ton Vulture with its four guns, plundered the French Coast from Normandy to the Bay. It is related that Bayonne merchants fitted out a brig of 180 tons, armed it with four times four guns and went in pursuit. Her battery had been so well masked that the Vulture mistook the two-master for a merchantman and ran alongside. Suddenly the deck of the vessel was cleared for action, the dashing captain perceived his error, but drove in his craft so close that the shots of the Frenchman went over, while he was able to deliver disastrous blows to the body of his antagonist. This manoeuvre resulted in the slaying of half the French crew and the loss of but one in the Vulture. Captain Duval was the proprietor of Bonaventure Island."

### JERSEY FRENCH AND PURE ENGLISH

Here in Perce we heard two old residents talk and the conversation was as Greek to us, yet it was Jersey French. On the other hand, we entered the Post Office and listened to the most pure English. Such are some of the interesting experiences for the tourist on this coast. If you talk about them to any of the residents they will tell

you that there is very little outside immigration to change the native tongues and the pronunciation of the French and English languages. Nor do you ever hear the honest, simple Gaspésien, so delightfully hospitable, ever boast of their seclusion or their isolation. They do say that they are proud of their traditions and ancestry and think quite rightly that they have much to be thankful for and much to be comforted in this respect. You may talk about the hardships of the fishermen's lives, but they will simply say that occasional accidents and loss of life in unexpected storms are the will of God and as such accept all hardships with resignation.

### ON THE OCEAN WAVE IN A GASOLINE LAUNCH

After two days stay in this delightful spot we left early one morning in a twenty-five foot motor launch belonging to Mr. M. Wick, a Norwegian fish exporter of L'Anse, a Beaufils, for Gaspé, about thirty miles distant. We crossed Malbaie which indentures the coast line west of Perce, to Point St. Pierre, about nine miles across the mouth of the Bay, in a choppy sea with light head winds, in the speedy little craft all housed in with top cabin. We rounded the cape and between the lighthouse and the shore where the head wind and the tide met in opposite directions we rolled and pitched for a few minutes as though we would topple over, but the sun shone and the thought of a dip in the sea that magnificent day could have no fears for even the most timid sea-going voyager. There was, of course, no danger; the staunch little craft had a weighty keel and could weather under such control as that of its intrepid owner any storm that struck the Gaspé coast, for he had sailed small open boats in the fjords of Norway, when he was but a boy nine years of age. In speaking of his early days, Mr. Wick would recall the nights when he left his father, far out at sea, to return to shore, a distance of ten miles away, in a large open sail boat. In those days the fishing business was carried

on entirely by sail and had to be made in storm or calm, for there were no gasoline engines to aid the fishermen to reach port when wind and tide failed.

### GASPE BASIN

We rounded Cap St. Pierre and entered a calm sea under the protection of two protruding capes which guard the entrance to the bay of Gaspé, and for several hours speeded between the two shores of this magnificent inlet, passing many fishing smacks, so close that we always exchanged pleasant salutations, and those from the fishermen were of the most cheery sort in answer to our query: "How is fishing this morning?" There was not a down-hearted soul among them. It all went to show the happy, contented frame of mind, in which these fishermen live in their open boats on the crest of the waves. "Not so bad, sir," came from some of them, while others replied "They're running fairly well, sir." We know by an inspection of the catches the day before that fishing was not up to the standard or equal to the average, but no doubt these fishermen realized that it was as good as it could be under the circumstances.

Then we passed Douglstown where there is an excellent Government wharf and at which was moored a big steamer. Here, coal for the Chandler Pulp Mill is landed and carried by rail to the mill. Freight is also shipped abroad for there is no deep water accommodation at Chandler, although the Federal Government has voted a sum of money this year to start the building of a harbor at this point.

### THE TOWN OF GASPE

We entered the basin of the bay at the mouth of the York River, on the shores of which is situated Gaspé, of which so much has been said and written, but perhaps no event will ever give it such historic prominence in the future, as it has obtained in connection with the gathering of the ships of that grand Canadian armada, that carried the first troops to England, to participate in the

world war. It was a perfect day, when we landed, perhaps a little hot, though this fact might have been more conspicuously impressed upon us, by the breeze on our ocean voyage from Perce.

Prominent on the north bank are the Roman Catholic Church and Baker's Hotel. On the left is a huge pulp mill and the terminus of the coast railway. We had landed and registered at one of the most famous and well known hotels, not only in Gaspé, but in Canada. We surveyed the surrounding panorama from the gallery and found it enchanting, but for the pulp mill. We thought that this could have been erected behind the bluff on the opposite shore instead of in full view of the north shore, but this is one of the incongruities of life. In the old world no one would have dreamed of despoiling such scenic beauty by the erection of a mill, but in the new world there is a different mentality. Of course, this mill and another behind the point upon which the town is situated, employ over five hundred hands. All this helps to swell the wealth of Gaspé and this is naturally a very important factor in the life of the town.

### BAKER'S HOTEL

It is unnecessary to praise Baker's Hotel, for it has stood upon its present site for almost half a century. We can remember it forty years ago. Then it was famous for its comforts and appointments, and in this respect it has not changed one iota up to the present time. This is probably due to the fact that it has been conducted for this length of time, by the same personal management. Here congregate the leading visitors to the town of Gaspé. In the summer time they include a number of the prominent citizens of Toronto, Montreal, Quebec and the leading American cities, with many distinguished sportsmen from the United States. Only a few miles away are very fine salmon fishing pools owned by Mr. Baker, the genial and hospitable proprietor of the hotel. He is as great a lover of sport as any of his guests, but to-day he is more anxious that they should have the first strike of

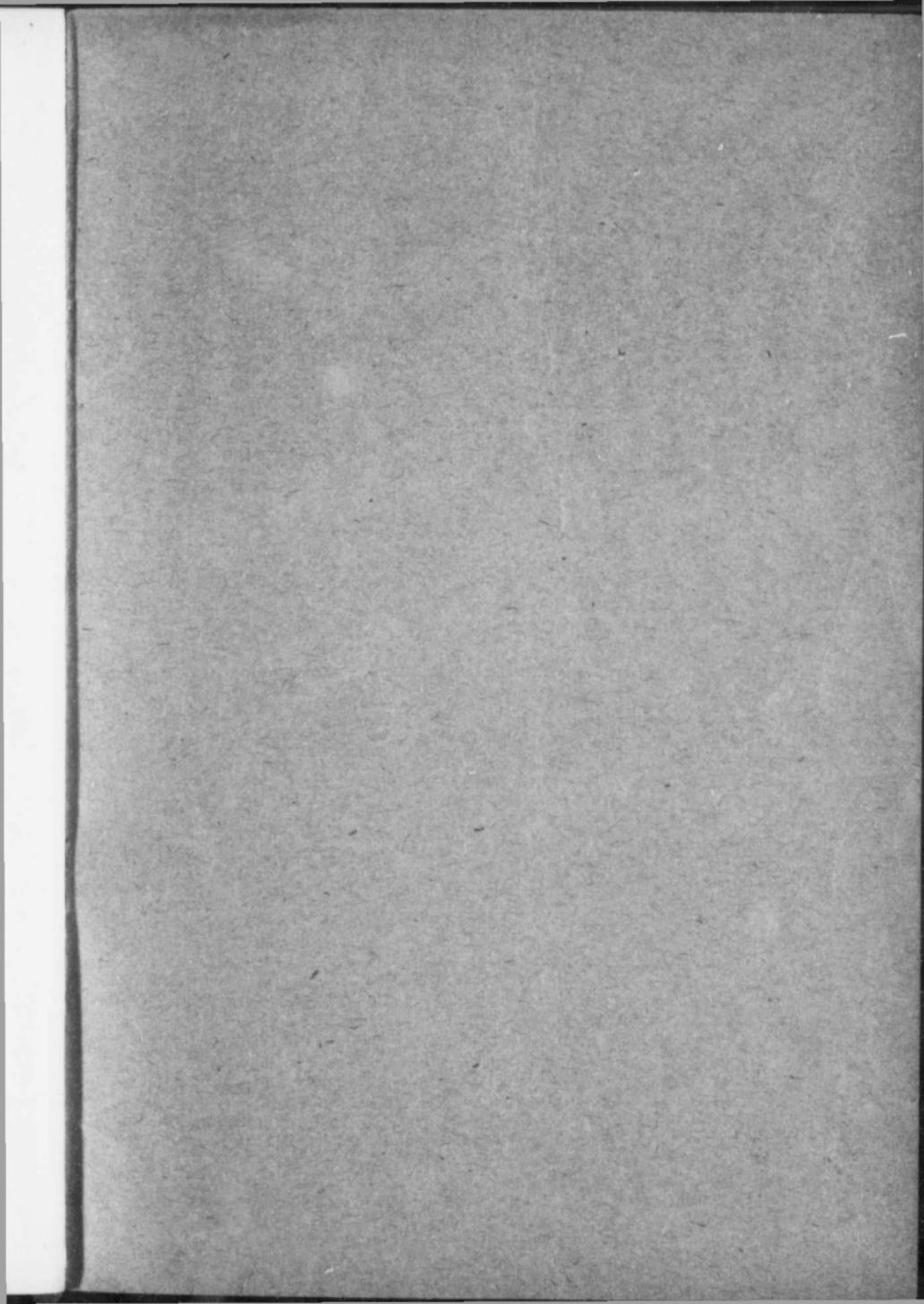
salmon in summer or the first moose antlers in the fall and winter. His hotel is a veritable museum of some of the trophies of his early day marksmanship, when the villagers always waited to see what Col. Baker would bring out of the woods or the dark recesses of the salmon pools, and the speckled trout haunts of the inland lakes. There is a serene quietude about this hotel which we experienced at the Perce Rock Hotel. If you desire a real rest go to Gaspé. There seems to be something soothing in the atmosphere of the place. Even the animals exhibit this quieting influence and it is said that you barely ever see a dog fight, the animals are so friendly to one another, cross words are a rarity, so are the growls of dogs. We became fascinated with a young bull who ate grass out of our hands in as appreciative a manner as a dog would accept a bone. He even displayed his lonesomeness by a melancholy bellow at our departure, and came toward us whenever we appeared in his field.

At the time of our visit Gaspé municipality was engaged in the construction of a long stretch of roadway from the lumber mills to the town, a work that will be appreciated by the population, and which was fathered and promoted by Mr. A. T. Carter, Gaspé's progressive mayor. Recently this gentleman succeeded in obtaining the usual financial grant of the Government towards the building of this road, which will be a great acquisition to the locality.

There are many pretty drives around Gaspé, but none can compare

to that which leads to Cap des Rosier, twenty-six miles distant, where from its crest one views the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Anticosti Island on one side and on the other the Baie des Chaleurs. The condition of the road was above our expectations while the general prosperous appearance of the farms and the population along the entire way gave evidence of the sterling qualities of the inhabitants, who, like most of the people of the coast, fish and farm. What struck us with more than ordinary surprise was the excellent condition of the farms and the crops upon them. There was not one sign of poverty to be seen anywhere and the children were of the same healthy happy stock that we had seen on our previous tour along the coast. Village after village was passed inhabited by the different creeds and nationalities, all living together as one big happy family, ready to help one another in trouble or sorrow. Looking down from the heights of Cap des Rosier, upon the lighthouse and the little village behind it, at dusk of evening, was one of the glorious moments of our visit to the Gaspé Coast. This view is as thrilling and entrancing as any that can be found. The cliffs jut out abruptly upon the St. Lawrence River, and leaning upon the iron railing you look down seven or eight hundred feet into the water beneath. Away out in the distance, probably thirty or forty miles, the outline of Anticosti Island are visible on clear days. The view holds one spell-bound and should be one of the great attractions of the Gaspé coast for all time to come.

(The End)



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