

UNCLE SAM

IN QUEBEC



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Montreal
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UNCLE SAM IN QUEBEC

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Yankee in Quebec,"

"My Friend Bill,"

"Gard's Log Book,"

"National Hymn to the Flag,"

"Cuban Battle Hymn."

Etc., Etc., Etc.

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DEDICATED

TO ALL WHO HAVE MADE THIS, MY SECOND
VISIT TO QUEBEC, SO DELIGHTFUL.

UNCLE SAM.

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Canada, in the year 1902, by ANSON A. GARD, in the
office of the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa

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INTRODUCTION.

Books are not always put before the reading public on their merit alone, — there are times when an author who may be a “free trader,” must needs quickly turn “Protectionist.”

If this little volume should fall into the hands of the critics, I beg that they will treat it, not as a literary gem, for “literary gems” are not begun, written and arranged, ready for the printer, all in a single day, as this one has been written, every word, from title page to finish, since eleven o’clock this New Year’s morning.

Jan. 1, 1902.

A. A. G.

6,700 words.



READ



The Yankee in Quebec.



Sold Everywhere!

Read by Everybody!

Praised by all!



UNCLE SAM IN QUEBEC.

I was up here another time once—I tried to get into town but some of the old Quebeckers met me down there on Champlain street, and from their manner I judged they didn't want me, so I left, and haven't been back since, until the other day.

That was, I think, along in 1775 or '76. I'm not sure, but I am under the impression that it was winter, at any rate I was given a very cold reception. So unlike the way they have treated me on this my next visit.

It does beat all, the change since I was last here! Why, I went all over town the first day I got in, and really I couldn't find a single man, (no, not even a married one), whom I had seen

on that first visit. It did beat all, even the "oldest inhabitant" had moved away.

Now, while I wear the same style of clothes I did then, everybody up here has changed, and I haven't found a familiar suit, except some that Gale has stored away in the attic of his Old Curiosity Shop, down there on St. Staunislav street.

I find a lot of walls that were not here then, and a great fort on top of the hill they call "Diamond Cape," or "Cape Diamond,"—at any rate it is misnamed. It should be "Cannon Cape," as it is all "studded" with guns instead of the gems in the other name.

Speaking of guns, I found one of my own up there in the place they call the Citadel—I had missed for so long that I'd even almost forgotten about it, but the minute I set eyes on it, I knew it, and then remembered the day it was taken from me down there at Boston,

or near by, at Bunker Hill. It looked so natural ! It seemed to want to speak to me as I stood there looking at it. My, the changes since that day ! Why my shops now turn out *revolvers* larger than it is, while the guns I'm making—well they are large enough to speak for themselves.

All along that hill I tried to climb in 1775 they have built a wall and laid an Atlantic City board walk and call it

“THE DUFFERIN TERRACE,”

after the most popular Englishman who ever came to New France, or as they now call it, “Canada.” Why, you will note they have even changed the name of the country since I was here. As Arnold said to me once: “What Can-a-da bring forth !” I never spoke to Arnold after that ! This will explain why he made that deal with Major Andre.

THEY DINE AND "SCOTCH"
UNCLE SAM.

Right on this Terrace one of the best managed railroads in America — the Canadian Pacific—has built a magnificent hotel named the Chateau Frontenac, after one of my friends of the old days. It is a beautiful monument to a brave soldier. Apropos of this hotel, I must tell you of a dinner the new citizens gave me the third day I came to Quebec. It was an impromptu affair, but if Quebec is noted for any one thing, it is for impromptus. They know just how to do it. It's like this. They think: "Dinner for twenty-five!" and the hotel man Reads their thoughts and a menu fit for a king will be ready to the minute. But then as to the dinner. The twenty-five sat down at 6.30 and we didn't get up till 1.20. *Some* of us didn't get up till next morning—and I was with the

“some,” as I wasn’t used to the Quebec champagne, which they call, up here, “Scotch.” Wish I had a report of the speeches made that night—although they were like the dinner, impromptu, yet they were very gems of wit. Even Chauncy himself could not have excelled that one of Doc Stewart’s—It was “laughter and applause” from beginning to end. Ah it was a rare speech ! Fairchild, the artist, —poet,—author, was in the chair — (most of the evening). After calling on Stewart, Parent, Scott, Hardy, Henry, Gregory, ~~Hance~~, Deal, and the rest of the twenty-four, the chairman arose and said: “Here’s to our guest, once our enemy, now our friend; once we met him with solid shot and grape, now, we having long since buried the ‘solid shot,’ (to be dug up for summer tourists), we extend to him a welcome hand, and in that hand the juice of the

aforesaid grape, gentlemen, 'Our Guest' !

"Speech, speech!" from the twenty-four. Now if there's one thing I can't do, it is to talk and think on my feet—I'm like a friend of mine at home by the name of Twain. Mark always said he never could make an impromptu speech, unless he had had three weeks' time for preparation, and here I was, two days in town and called on for a speech. I gave Fairchild one beseeching, Hackensack look, but it was no use. He with the rest, was relentless. I *must* talk, "Well gentlemen," said I, "give me a subject, what'll I talk about?"

"Talk the United States!—Yes, I'll give you the United States!" said Fairchild, in his liberality. I "Scotched" up for the ordeal and started in with: "Gentlemen of the jury—no, Quebec—you have heard your chairman! You have heard his proposition and his

gift! The proposition is 'Take the United States.' That's a proposition which, up to the present time, has never been carried out, even by armed force. Though often tried, it has never yet been accomplished, and I refuse the commission. Now as to the 'gift,' 'I give you the United States.' This proves what I have always maintained that a man in private and a man in public are two distinct people! Only this morning this 'giver of States' offered me a town lot in a little town in a little county, in a little state, and if I'd tell you the price he asked for that one lot, you'd wonder that he could sit there in public and offer off hand as though he were a Monte Christo in wealth and a Peabody in philanthropy, the whole of that country to the south of you! Gentlemen, I refuse both the gift and the commission, and now

that I have started, I will choose my own toast—

“CANADA AS IT ISN'T.”

Then for a half-hour I told those twenty-four men what were the impressions of the ordinary citizen in my own country, about this beautiful Canadian Dominion, not one of which impressions was as I had found it throughout my journeyings over Canada. I also dwelt at some length on my former visit to Quebec, in 1775, and contrasted, with their own, the reception I had been given. I further corrected some questions that had gotten mixed by the innumerable historians during the periods from the long ago till now, and—well, I forget what else I said that night, and as I look back in my more sober—no, I mean more sedate moments, I fear I was liable to have said almost anything, as

they did *treat* me so well at that dinner, which, as I said before, ended at 1.20. Ah, that was a dinner! I've loved Quebec ever since. Dear old Quebec! Come up and see it for yourself, and bless your old uncle for telling you of its charms.

MAC SHOWS UNCLE SAM AROUND.

Not having long to stay in the charming old historic city, I negotiated with McDermot the King of Hackmen, to help me "do," the town and its environs, in the shortest possible time. "Mac," said I, "show me Quebec!"

"Jump in," said Mac, and in three minutes we had left the Chateau Frontenac and were driving up to the west along St. Louis street.

"There's the

COURT HOUSE,

to the right. That's the

DUKE OF KENT'S HOUSE

to the left. There's the United States Immigration Office to the right, with the

MASONIC HALL

on the top floor, and Frank Stocking's general railroad office on the ground floor next door, Here's the

ST. LOUIS HOTEL.

'The hotel that made Quebec famous.' Just across the street again to the right is the house where

MONTCALM

is said to have died. Here's the ruins of the

ONLY THEATRE IN QUEBEC,
burned two years ago." All these

places followed in such quick succession — not over a block in length—that I began to wonder if every house in Quebec had a history or was remarkable for something, worthy of mention. A little further on Mac said, "There's where

MONTGOMERY

was taken, after he was shot, down there on Champlain street, the day you and he tried to get into town"—Ah, how vividly I recalled that day, and had Mac stop while I dropped a sigh in remembrance. A half block further, on a cross-street, I saw my own flag waving, a few doors from the corner, and Mac told me that it was our Consul's office. I called later on the Consul,

GENERAL HENRY,

a genial Vermonter, who is here for a second term,

Next, another block to the west, to the left, Mac pointed out the

GARRISON CLUB,

to which everybody who is anybody belongs. Just after passing the club and before going through the beautiful St. Louis Gate, we turned into a lane at the left and drove up to

THE CITADEL

—a 40-acre stony field, walled in and guarded by some 200 good-looking soldiers—Canadian soldiers. The English soldiers had long ago gone back home and left the boys to look after their own country, and they looked well fitted for the trust, Mac showed me the

KING'S BASTION

or outlook, from which a magnificent view is to be had for hundreds of miles

square—I could even see from here the mountains of Maine, 60 miles to the south. I told you about the little gun, so won't repeat it—I wanted to take it with me. It did look so lonesome. Some day our two countries may be so brotherly that it will be given back to us. It looks so like a prisoner of war held long after peace has been declared. Not only held as a prisoner, but held on exhibition. Poor old gun! But such is the fate of war!

“There is

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S
RESIDENCE,

when in Quebec,” said Mac, pointing out one of the many houses inside the Citadel.

We drove back by the little lane to St. Louis street, and just before turning to the left through St. Louis Gate,

Mac pointed out an open square running up to the street and said,

“THAT IS THE ESPLANADE,

once used as a drill ground, but now mostly used for wheeling the Quebec babies.”

After passing

THE ST. LOUIS GATE,

St. Louis street changes its name and widens out into

GRANDE ALLEE.

To the left, a half block, is the

SKATING RINK,

used in summer as a place of amusement, sort of a theatre; to its right is the great

PARLIAMENT BUILDING,

surrounded by spacious grounds, Here the Parliament of the Province of

Quebec meets, besides being the offices of the various departments of the Province. From the top of its high clock tower a grand view is obtained. The one to the north over

THE BEAUPORT VALLEY

is certainly a beautiful view, and worthy a long study. A little further to the left, a block from the Allee is a great

DRILL HALL,

at the edge of the

PLAINS OF ABRAHAM,

which begin at the Citadel and run west to

MARCHMONT,

All along this street are some of the finest houses in the city. Wm. Price is building one of the most magnificent residences in Quebec. The view to

the south over the Plains and across the St. Lawrence River is very fine.

"We will drive in here," said Mac, "I want to show you where Wolfe was killed, Sept. 13, 1759—Here is a monument which was erected to mark the spot," said he, just as we stopped at a pillar-like shaft with a square base and an iron fence around it. Ah, how well I remembered the day, along towards Christmas, of that year when we heard about this battle. You know Wolfe and I at that time belonged to the same party, before we got into a quarrel over that tea. Poor Wolfe, I always admired him. "Now, Mac, I want to see that cove where Wolfe came up the morning of the fight." And away he drove out past Abraham's Plains—now owned by the city of Quebec, to be made into a park, destined to be the

MECCA OF AMERICAN PARKS,
for all time.

He must have driven nearly a mile beyond the city, when he turned short off to the left and followed down a lane to the river bank, where the road runs down very steep. "Here," said Mac," is the place of landing, and up which the army under General Wolfe climbed. It was then even more steep than now, yes, this is the historic Wolfe's Cove." At the bottom of the hill down along the river, runs a road, a continuation of Champlain street. This street should have been owned and beautified by the city or Province, as its natural beauty could have been made one of the great features of Quebec. Especially since it has acquired the Plains, but instead it is now to be turned into a railroad, and all its beauty destroyed, unless the company will have enough sentiment to make it park-like, as the Pennsylvania road has made its line west of Philadelphia.

We drove on to a little town called

SILLERY,

about three miles west of Quebec. In and near this town, with its churches and cemeteries, there is much of historic interest. From the Cove road we came back, at Sillery, to the St. Louis Road. A short distance to the west Mac showed me many beautiful houses, especially that of Hon. R. R. Dobell, called Beauvoir. Between Quebec and Sillery on the St. Louis Road, there are

SPENCERWOOD,

the residence of Sir Louis Jetté, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and

SPENCER GRANGE

Quebec *Historian*
the home of ~~one of the grandest men~~
~~I have ever known in any land,~~ Sir

James M. LeMoine. These two places are reached by beautiful wooded driveways, some half mile in length.

"Do you want to see

RAVEN'S CLIFFE ?"

asked Mac. "I certainly do," said I—"What's Raven's Cliff?" "Why, that's George M. Fairchild's home," said Mac.

"Oh," thought I, "Chairman Fairchild, of the dinner!" "Yes, indeed, can't miss his place, if he is out this way," so we drove on to near a small collection of houses called

CAP ROUGE

where Roberval and his men started out civilizing things before even Quebec was set in motion. I found Fairchild ~~quite recovered from the dinner,~~ and after a delightful hour with him we returned to the city by the

ST. FOYE ROAD,

another beautiful drive, overlooking the Beauport Valley. Just at the edge of town Mac stopped in front of a fluted shaft and said, "Here is the MURRAY, LEVIS MONUMENT, where was fought one of the battles along about the Wolfe times."

Next day I went out the Quebec Trolley line to

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE,

about 21 miles down the north shore of the St. Lawrence River. This is the great Ste. Anne, where tens of thousands of people go in pilgrimages every summer. It is a magnificent church situated near a little village. No one coming to Quebec should miss seeing it. Here are performed some remarkable miracles as is evidenced by the great number of crutches piled up at the doors just inside the church.

On the way back I stopped off the trolley at the

FALLS OF MONTMORENCY,

some nine miles from Quebec, and, following up the river, a mile or more, I saw the

NATURAL STEPS.

Both the Steps and the Falls are sights worth going far to see. The Falls are much higher than Niagara, and the like of the Steps, I know nothing, with which to compare them. They are unique.

To the left, across an arm of the St. Lawrence, to the east of Haldimand House (near the Falls) once the house of the Duke of Kent—father of Queen Victoria—is to be seen the historic

ISLE OF ORLEANS,

twenty-one miles in length, long and narrow. Near the

⁷
"The Cottage"
near

26

HALDIMAND HOUSE

is the home of one of the most prominent men in the province, Mr. ~~J.~~ M. Price. All about his house is historic ground, for here were camped the

ARMIES OF MONTCALM AND
WOLFE,

one on either side of the Falls, on the very edge of which extend the grounds of Mr. Price.

UNCLE SAM HUNTS FOR TOWN
SIGHTS.

I returned to the city in time to visit the following places that afternoon. A detailed description is not needed—you must look up your own history, if you want the historic facts, and right here I may say that hardly

an acre of old Quebec but what is historic.

THE GOVERNOR'S GARDENS,
near the Chateau Frontenac.

THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME
DES VICTOIRES,

in Lower Town. It is the oldest church in Quebec.

THE ENGLISH CATHEDRAL,
with much worthy of a visit.

THE GRAND BATTERY,
overlooking Lower Town.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE,
near the Post-Office—Post-Offices are always central points from which to direct, and especially so is this one in Quebec, for it stands where once stood

THE GOLDEN DOG STORE

of historic fame, vide Wm. Kirby's great book, *Le Chien d'Or* which, read, or miss a rare treat.

The church

BASILICA AND SEMINARY
CHAPEL

on Bande Street a block west of the Post Office. Here are to be seen many rare paintings by famous artists, a \$3,000 golden lamp, a cardinal's red hat, suspended from the high ceiling, and many things worth a visit to see.

THE CITY HALL

across the way, west of the Basilica.

The great wonder of this building is its cost, \$140,000. When I say that in my country, by the time the politicians, and other plumbers, had gotten through with it, \$1,000,000 would look like the proverbial "score and ten

FORE

Kirby's
ich, read.

pieces of copper coinage." The low cost of this building, which is large and well planned, and well built, is due solely to the

HON. S. N. PARENT,

NARY

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to see.

Mayor of Quebec and Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec. We have none to equal him among all our vast number of mayors in my country. May he long serve this people !

THE CHATEAU ST. LOUIS,

the site of which is beneath the Terrace, near the Frontenac.

THE PLACE D'ARMES,

silica.
building
say that
e politi-
gotten
would
and ten

immediately to the south of Morgan Brothers' great emporium of fashions in men's wear.

CHAMPLAIN'S MONUMENT,

in front of the Chateau. This in

beauty of pedestal and pose of figure of Champlain and its allegorical figures about its base, to my mind is one of the most beautiful monuments in America. It was the work of ~~Louis Hébert~~, who was also the sculptor of the statue of Maisonneuve in the Place d'Armes Square, in Montreal. This famous sculptor is a product of Canada.

Messrs. Chevre and Le Cardonnel & Co.

THE SITE OF THE OLD PARLIAMENT BUILDING.

THE OLD JESUIT COLLEGE.

THE OLD MARKET SQUARE.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY,

with its 100,000 volumes of books, rare paintings, valuable manuscripts, and many, many things to see, if one had a month to spend among the archives of this old college, named after the great Laval.

THE URSULINE CONVENT,

where was buried the loved General Montcalm.

THE HOTEL DIEU, A HOSPITAL. THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

in the Morrin College, where are collected a vast store of valuable old books devoted to Canadian history.

FORT JACQUES CARTIER.

This Cartier was the first on the ground—everything dates back to his 1535 expedition. Follow him up to Montreal, where you'll find all sorts of honors are paid him in the way of having rubber shoe companies, public squares (with somebody else's monument on one end, and all over the balance can be purchased on market mornings, chickens, butter, large wool-

en stockings, hanks of home raised tobacco, dressed swine from shoats up to 300 pounders, big mittens or red peppers) and Cartier's Unions named after or for him. Yes, Jacques was a historical character and deserves all the honors that might be given him. I always thought Jacques meant Jacob, or its quicker form "Jake," but instead it is "James." It never does to try to translate French names by the sound, as French is only as it happens.

BIGOT'S CITY PALACE.

which used to cover a whole block is now in part replaced by a brewery. Poor Bigot would turn in his grave if he could see the progress (?) of the nineteenth century—from palace to the brewery, reversing as it were
"From Palace to the wayside lane
Is but a step, if led by Bacchus' luring hand."

And this brings me up to the following morning, when Mac drove up early to the Chateau, ready for a trip to

CHATEAU BIGOT.

Of course, by this time you will have read Kirby's "Le Chien d'Or," and will know that this trip led out northwest of the city through and past Charlesbourg. Seven miles into the woods at the foot of the Elm Mountains to the place where once stood the country house of old Bigot, the wicked Intendant of New France. While you will only find two walls of stone of the old house standing, you will look at it and come away satisfied with having seen where once stood the Chateau of this profligate character, and as you turn from time to time to catch a glimpse of the remaining walls, you cannot but sigh: a "Poor Caroline !" in memory of the unfortunate maiden of the story, even though a century

and a half have passed away, leaving her but a memory.

You may see the name of this place under that of Beaum~~onnaire~~, or Castle Bigot, or the Hermitage. Under whatever name it is all the same.

On our return, Mac drove round through the part of Quebec called St. Roch's, where is much of interest, changed horses, and drove me in the afternoon to

THE CHAUDIERE FALLS

on the south side of the St. Lawrence, some four miles to the south-west of Levis (just across from Quebec, sometimes called the Jersey City of Quebec). If these falls were on our side of the line they would be ranked as a sight place, worth far more attention than is given them up here. The time will be when even here they will hold a higher place than they now hold, for they well repay a long drive.

On our return, Mac drove me past the three or four

FORTS

on the high elevation back of Levis, and round by the numerous fine Churches and Schools of this little 10,000 city. It surprises one to see what a well informed hackman can show one on a simple drive of a few miles. He shows you not only the places of note, but so many, many things of interest, which a guide book maker would never think to note down, but which the tourist would regret missing did he know of them. This is why I say never try to "do" a city alone, always be driven. The hackman can not only act as driver, but guide as well, especially if he is as well informed and fluent as Mac.

THE CITY'S GATES AND FORTIFICATIONS.

The only use these relics of a war-

like age can ever be will be the interest to the tourist who ever travels far to see the unique.

QUEBEC IS THE ONLY WALLED CITY IN AMERICA.

and will ever hold its place for its very uniqueness. Possibly no other city is so situated on a vast rock as Quebec. The east wall is nearly as nature made it, the west walls have been constructed at fabulous cost, far into the millions, including the Citadel and its defences.

THE CITY GATES

still remaining are the St. Louis and St. John. The Kent, a new one of modern times, is seen near the Esplanade. The Palace, Hope and Prescott have been removed. The last one, which crossed Mountain Hill was removed, in order to widen that once narrow street. If you should chance

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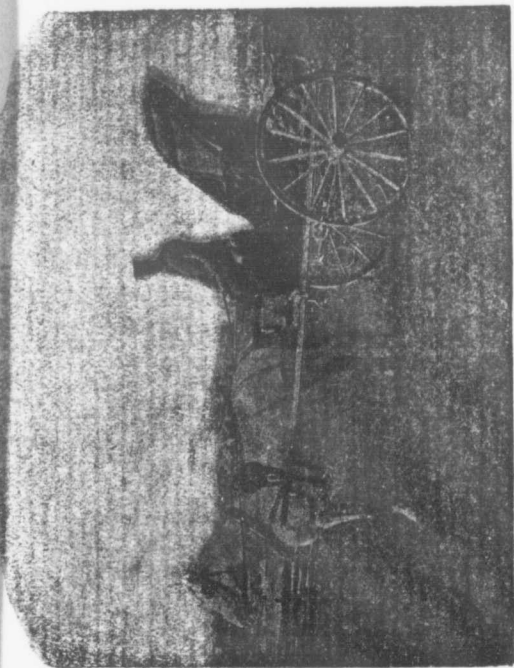
to be in Montreal, go visit McGill College, and ask the librarian to show you the models of the original gates, made by Mr. Thomas O'Leary. These are most accurate in their proportions, say those who knew the old. Those which you now see are new and modern, more beautiful, but less picturesque.

THE CONJUGATION OF THE CALECHE.

They have a very odd vehicle in Quebec—one you will never see outside that old city, save in some Ramzeyical museum, where they are kept in the vaults down stairs. I never tried to conjugate a calèche. I've often conjugated the Latin, amo—amas—amat, or the Greek boulouo—boulouice—bouloui, but never the French "calèche." Some friends of mine, however, did try it one day, but

the noun with which they started ended in a conjunction ; but why take your time—look at them for yourself, and see them conjugate the calèche. They told me afterward that next time they would treat that odd vehicle as a noun and “decline” it. The only trouble was they wanted to get over ground too fast, and finish the lesson too soon. The calèche ride should by all means be taken ; its hilarious and delightful.

The day I wanted a “cut” of a calèche, not having the time to have one made, I went to a prominent newspaper and was sent to the top floor to find the “cut” custodian. “Have you a calèche ?” I asked. He got down a large book with about 1,000 pictures of men and things, and began looking. He was very patient and ran leisurely through, scanning each page. Finally, he must have grown tired, and stopped to ask : “Where does he live, is he



CALECHE!

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CALECHED !!!

CALECHING !!

a Montreal man ?” “Who, what ?”
“Why this Mr. A. Calash, the fellow
you’re asking about !” This goes to
show that even outside of Quebec that
name is unknown, especially in large
newspaper establishments.

INDIAN LORETTE

is on the Quebec and Lake St. John
Railroad, out about nine miles. It has
its Falls worth seeing—Lake St.
Charles near by, from which Quebec
gets its water supply, and there as the
name implies, it has its Indians, the
few remaining Hurons, who gain a live-
lihood by bead and other trinket work.
Their part of the town is on a plan you
have never before seen. They build
their houses just as it happens, no plan
of erection, just drop them down any
place—so that there are no regular
streets, but like blocks from a basket

poured out, they stand where they fell,
and there you are !

There is here a very ancient Church,
to which nearly all the tribe belongs.
It is said that their Sunday attire is as
gaudy as an Italian summer feast, or a
Mexican outing.

UNCLE SAM GETS OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

The foregoing is but a hasty glance
at what is to be seen in and about
Quebec, and yet I have touched on all
points of interest. What the tourist
wishes to know is what to see. If he
finds anything of special interest to
him, let him make a note of it and read
up on that particular object, as volumes
have been written on the Ancient
Capital, and he can always find fully
described both the object and all its
history written out in detail. Possibly
no other city in America has been so

much written about as Old Quebec.

If your time be not limited, have Mac, or some other Mac, drive you out ten or twelve miles to

LAKE BEAUPORT.

In the very heart of the Laurentian Mountains, you will find nestled among the hills a little lake, so beautiful and picturesque, that you will thank me for telling you to seek it out. It is so near sea level in distance, and yet so far above in altitude, that one can but wonder how it could find its supply. There is most excellent trout fishing and boating — numerous boarding places, and a fairly good hotel. The drive to and from this lake is very picturesque. In the distance you will pass hundreds of little houses—the *maisons* of

THE FRENCH HABITANT,
or farmer. The architecture—if they

have any—is very odd, and nearly all of one pattern.

THE COUNTRY OF THE LAKES.

While in Quebec, and so near, you should not fail to visit “the Country of the Lakes,” reached by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railroad. It is a trip you will never regret, and thank your old “Uncle,” for telling you. You might go through Switzerland and yet find no more beautiful country than is to be seen along this road, with its hundreds of lakes, ranging from a half-mile to the great inland sea of over 400 square miles—Lake St. John—at the terminus of the railroad. On the way, stop at

LAKE ST. JOSEPH,

and go to the Lake-view House, and say that your “Uncle” Samuel sent you and the Whites will treat you to

the best, show you the good "fishing-holes," take you about the lake in the launch, and make you forget your troubles. This lake is about six miles long, and as wide as you please, possibly two and a half miles.

AT LAKE EDWARD.

One hundred and thirteen miles from Quebec you will see the largest lake (21 miles long) next to the great Lake St. John. At this station you will find the Laurentide House, with as genial a landlord, in R. Rowley, as you will meet on your whole northern outing. Bob not only knows how to do it but he does it. From this house you can reach, in a day's row, some of the most beautiful lakes you ever saw, and I won't modify that, even to the man who has been to see the Swiss lakes. Ask Bob to let you have as guides, Philip, the Frenchman, and George, the Indian, and I will vouch for the

care they will take of you. Get them to take you over the same lakes and portages they took your "Uncle," but if you want to hunt rather than *see*, you will have to wait one day longer than I did—for the moose and the caribou always turn up the day after. I left the day before, and came back without either moose or caribou, and was charmed with the hunting. I'd rather hunt than find. I had my finding days in the long ago, when one did not need to go to the far north, the game came to us.

From Lake Edward you go on to

ROBERVAL

at the terminus of the railroad. There you will find one of the most fashionable hotels in many a day's travel. Every device for summer pleasure can be had at the great

ROBERVAL HOUSE.

Ball, of every sort, from low to "high,"

base, foot, tennis, golf—there are excellent links here—to basket ball for the ladies. fine steamer plies back and forth across the lake to

THE GRAND DISCHARGE,

where is the Island House, another place of fun and fashion. The lake is full of fine fish. Here is found

THE OU .ANANICHE,

or land-locked salmon, one of the gamiest fishes that swims. Why, they told me up there that these fish had been known to come up out of the water and fight all the way into the boat. Those I caught couldn't have been Ouiananiche, or land-locked salmon, but then I caught 'em in a net lest they should fight. I don't like fighting; I've seen too much of it to enjoy it even in a Ou.ananiche. I like to say that word, it rolls off the tongue so smooth and

nice. You notice that "c" just before you come up to the "h"? Well, "Ou ananiche," is Indian, and the Indian never did take well to the "s," now we all say Ou.ananische. See? At any rate, Lake St. John is full of these fish, and if you want a summer's fun, go to Lake St. John and gun for the "Land-Locked."

The town of Roberval has over 1,000 inhabitants, and is growing fast. It reminded me of a western city, something like

WICHITA, KANSAS,

in the early seventies.

There are two ways of getting from Roberval to Chicoutimi, on the Saguenay River. First, cross the lake from the great Roberval Hotel, on the steamer, to the Grand Discharge, where you start down the

RAPIDS BY CANOE.

In this instance, I advise that you take out a very large insurance policy, as your widow may marry a poor man and need the money to support him. I do not wish to discourage you from this trip. It is

NOT ALWAYS FATAL,

but is very exciting at times when you go at railroad speed among the rocks ! The Indian guides have become very expert rock dodgers. The other way is much more prosaic, but far safer ; you simply get into a car on the Chicoutimi branch of the Quebec and Lake St. John railroad, and ride down quietly the 64 miles to the boat landing. You will possibly reach

CHICOUTIMI

at night, but don't let that worry you,

as you'll find a gem of a hotel (The Chateau Saguenay) here, where you will be treated so well that you are liable to want to stay over a few days, to visit the great pulp mills, and to see the great

SEETHING SAGUENAY RIVER

at a point four miles west of the town. One place you can look down from the railroad 300 feet to the river below, then up and down as far as you can see, is the placid water to the east and the boiling, tumbling waters of the rapids above. Across the river to the north are great palisades higher than those of the Hudson, and nestling on the top, down toward and almost opposite Chicoutimi is seen the pretty little village of Ste. Anne, with its ever present parish church. The railroad, before reaching Chicoutimi runs down grade

80 feet to the mile. If your time is unlimited ask the landlord of

THE CHATEAU SAGUENAY

to send you out to his lake, a few miles from the town, or better still, get him to take you, and you'll enjoy a rare time fishing for the "wily."

Chicoutimi is full of interest, with its fine churches, mills, and magnificent views. Just west of the town, and one and a half miles distant, the railroad crosses the Chicoutimi river, over a bridge sixty feet above the stream. This river is remarkable, owing to its many falls. In a distance of 17 miles the fall is 486 feet, by seven distinct plunges, and one continuous series of rapids.

DOWN THE SAGUENAY RIVER.

Now comes the *pièce de resistance* of the trip. Down the Saguenay river!

Grand beyond the power of your Uncle to describe! You go on board one of the palatial steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company at Chicoutimi in the morning, and float all day through

THE WEIRDEST, MOST PICTURESQUE SCENERY

you can find on the continent! The once great W. H. H. Murray said of this river: "It is a monstrous cleft opened by earthquake violence for sixty miles, through a landscape of mountains formed of primeval rock.

In old times a shock which shook the world, burst the Laurentian range assunder at its St. Lawrence line, where Tadousac now is, and opened up a chasm two miles wide and two thousand feet in depth and sixty miles in length straight westward. Thus the Saguenay was born."

Prof. Roberts said of it : " The Saguenay can hardly be called a river. It is rather a stupendous chasm cleft by earthquake right through the Laurentian hills."

A writer in the London " Times " calls it " Nature's Sarcophagus, compared to it the Dead Sea is blooming, and the Lethe or the Styx must have been purling brooks, compared with this savage river!"

The Indians called this river Pitchitanichetz, and I don't blame them for it. Our first stop was at the two laughs

HA ! HA ! BAY,

eleven miles from Chicoutimi, where a friend drove me up to see that genial Scotchman, McLean, whose hotel overlooks the Bay and surrounding country of pretty views. The Indian name of

the place is Hesknawaska, which is, "to laugh."

The river below narrows down to nearly a half-mile in width, which intensifies the beauty of the rock-bound banks of the mighty stream. Again it widens out and we pass "*La Descente des Femmes*," but none of them got down, and we reach and pass a great, almost perpendicular rock, hundreds of feet high, so smooth that one might think it had been polished in readiness to receive a picture. It is "*Le Tableau*." But all these dwindle into insignificance when compared to the mighty mountains of rock that loom up in the distance

TRINITY AND ETERNITY.

Their very names denote awful grandeur!—nearly 2,000 feet high. We go in close to the bank as we approach Trinity, and look nearly straight up.

A statue of a woman is seen far up on a rocky shelf. One of those jolly, wild creatures who see fun in the midst of the grandest of surroundings, wanted to know of the captain, "I wonder captain, would the lady of the mountain flirt?" as she waved her handkerchief. "Oh, no, Mamselle, ze lady of ze mountain no Yankee!" And my countrywoman went below, not being able to stand her ground with the good-natured French captain. We pass, a mile further on and across a sort of a little bay, the next great rock, Eternity, almost as high as Trinity. From these mountain capes to Tadousac, the river winds about, so that a new view is ever presenting itself to the pleased beholder. One never grows tired of looking, for one has ever some new view presenting itself.

AT TADOUSAC,

where ends the Saguenay, as it enters

the St. Lawrence, is much of interest to see. The steamer has freight to unload and more to take on, and we are given time to visit this old town, with its ancient church, salmon hatchery, fine hotel, and little workshops, where Indians are making their bead work and moccasins. "All aboard," and so ends the "Trip down the Saguenay." We enter the St. Lawrence, cross down and over to

RIVIERE DU LOUP,

then turn again, and come up the river to Quebec, stopping on the way at

MURRAY BAY,

one of the most fashionable resorts in Canada.

And so ended the circle from Quebec to Quebec. It was most ideal. One-half by rail among the lakes, the other half by steamer down

THE WEIRDEST RIVER IN AMERICA.

No one should go and come by the same route, when one can see so much by taking both.

UNCLE SAM SAYS GOOD-BYE.

Your Uncle must now stop. He has told you enough to show you the way, and he trusts, not enough to tire your patience.

If perchance you should want more in detail than he has given you, you will find enough and to spare in another happy-go-lucky book, known as "The Yankee in Quebec," a book of 262 pages, with 31 illustrations. It has already reached its sixth thousand, and yet is but a few weeks' old. How good it may be, I cannot say, but columns of almost extravagant praise have

been given it by the best writers in Canada.

Should this little volume fall into the hands of a lover of the pure in story, your Uncle's interested advice is to that one, get a copy of "My Friend Bill," shortly to appear in Canada in cloth and paper.

While your Uncle is advising, he will advise the prospective tourist that before coming to Quebec, the following lives should be read, and the early history well gone over. If any of the works of Sir James M. LeMoine can be had down home, read them before coming, as he has told more of the Ancient Capital than any other writer. Read the lives of

Jacques Cartier,

~~General~~ Roberval,

Bishop Laval.

General Montcalm,

General Wolfe,

General Murray,

General Levis,

General Frontenac,

Groomer ~~General~~ Montgomery,

General Arnold.



CONCLUSION.

Your Uncle Sam is tired. It is New Year's night, the first of the Twentieth Century. This book is not a large one, but large books are not written in one day, and this book has been written, every word of it, since eleven o'clock this morning.

If it has in any way afforded you pleasure, it will, in turn, please your

Uncle, for he has no greater joy in life than to know that he has made pass an hour more agreeably than had he not lived. There is no lasting pleasure in life that gives no comfort to others,—all selfish joys are but fleeting—they intoxicate but for the hour. The heart that absorbs and gives not back soon grows heavy.

To one and all a happy, prosperous
New Year greeting from your

UNCLE SAM.



Read that Talked-of Book,
THE YANKEE IN QUEBEC



LORD DUFFERIN, writing from England, says:—"I have read 'The Yankee in Quebec' with great interest, and am especially pleased with the charming manner in which the author speaks of a land and a people I so dearly love—Canada and the Canadians. The book should be sent broadcast. It cannot but do much good, in showing what Canada is—a beautiful land. The humor of the book is clear and wholesome."

GEO. MURRAY, of the Montreal "Star," in a half-column review, in which he says the author has distanced all guide books and become almost a rival to the great Sir James M. LeMoine, goes on to say that, "The people of Quebec should erect a statue to the author for the good he has done for their venerable city," and, further, that, "It sells for 50 cts. and is worth ten times the money to any man who can appreciate genuine humor at its full value."

SENATOR PROCTOR, in a letter to the author, says: "I read every word with interest. It is better than any guide book."

President Roosevelt paid the author the compliment of a personal letter on "The Yankee in Quebec."

As to the book itself, it is a volume of 262 pages, illustrated with 31 pictures, 19 full page half-tones, six cartoons by A. G. Racey, said to be the best caricaturist in the Dominion, and six other line cuts. The picture of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, taken at Lord Strathcona's, is the only one of them during their recent visit—aside from groups. The photograph from which this cut was taken sells at \$1.00. This picture will become historic.



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