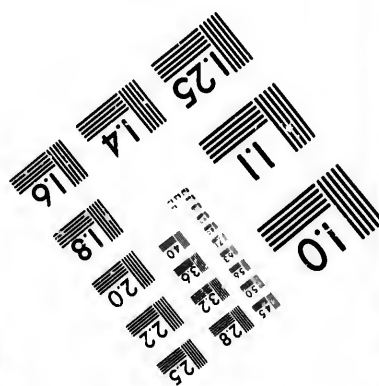
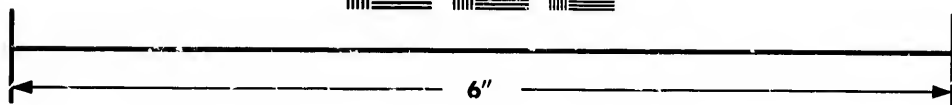
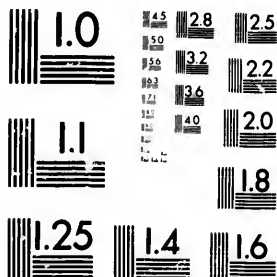


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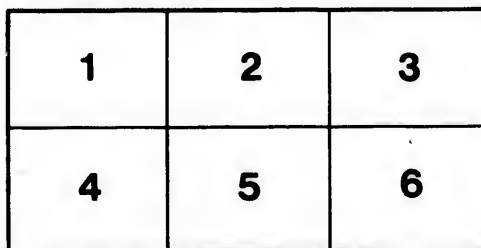
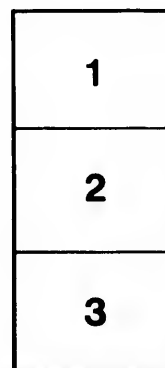
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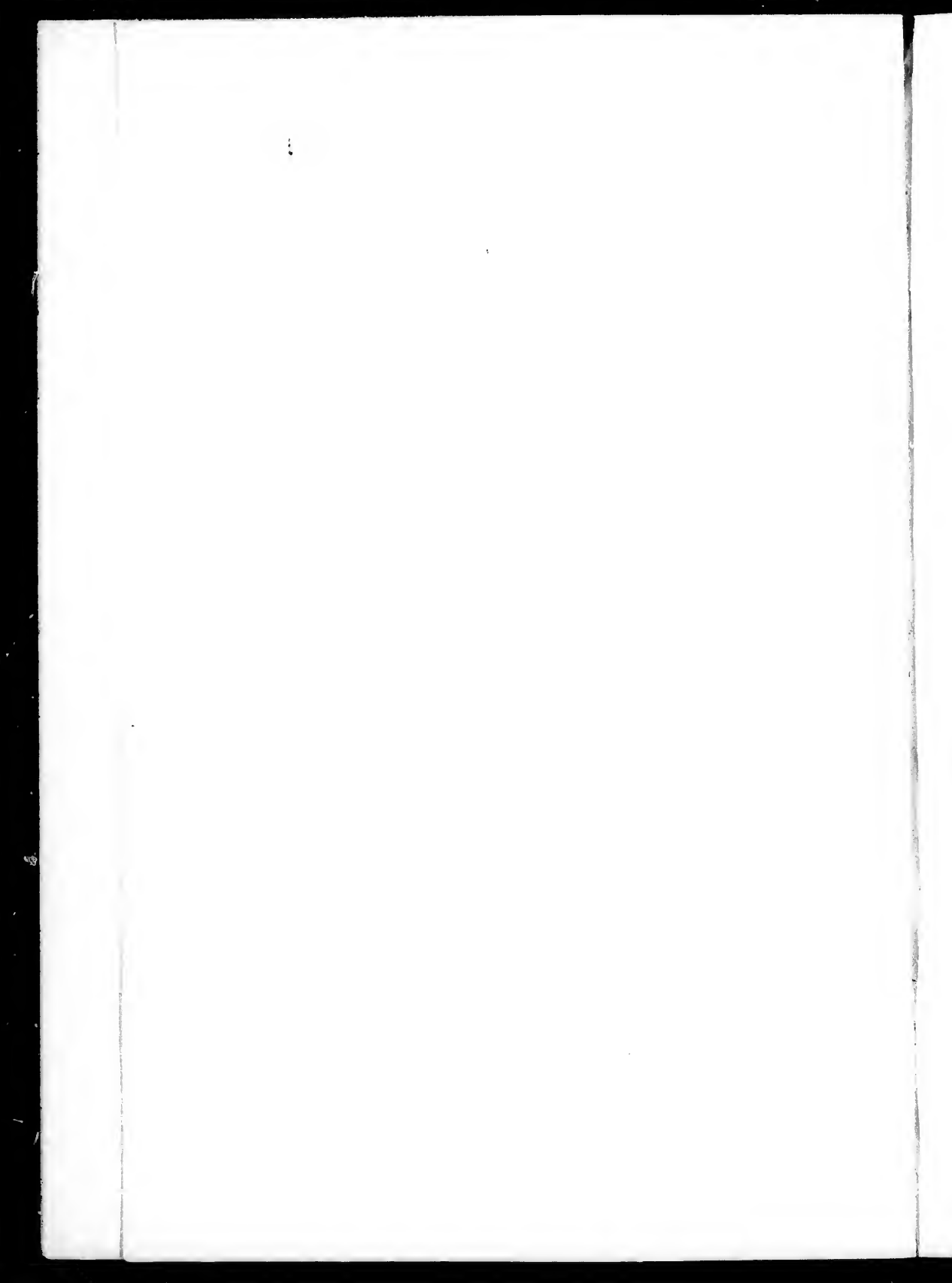
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From Niagara to the Sea.



L. J. FORGET,
PRESIDENT RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.

OFFICIAL GUIDE, 1896.

From Niagara to the Sea

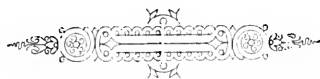
Descriptive of that Delightful Trip down the River
St. Lawrence and up the world-famed
Saguenay.



Issued by the Passenger Department
of the

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company,

No. 228 St. Paul Street, Montreal.



Engraved and printed by Desbarats & Co.,

No. 73 St. James Street, Montreal.

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From Niagara to the Sea.

Here, side by side, the Old and New
Has each a charm spread out to view ;
From where Niagara's thunders roar
By scarped cliff and frowning shore ;
In fertile fields and island groves,
By winding streams and wrinkled coves,
In haunts of pleasure gay with life,
In scenes of peace and ancient strife.



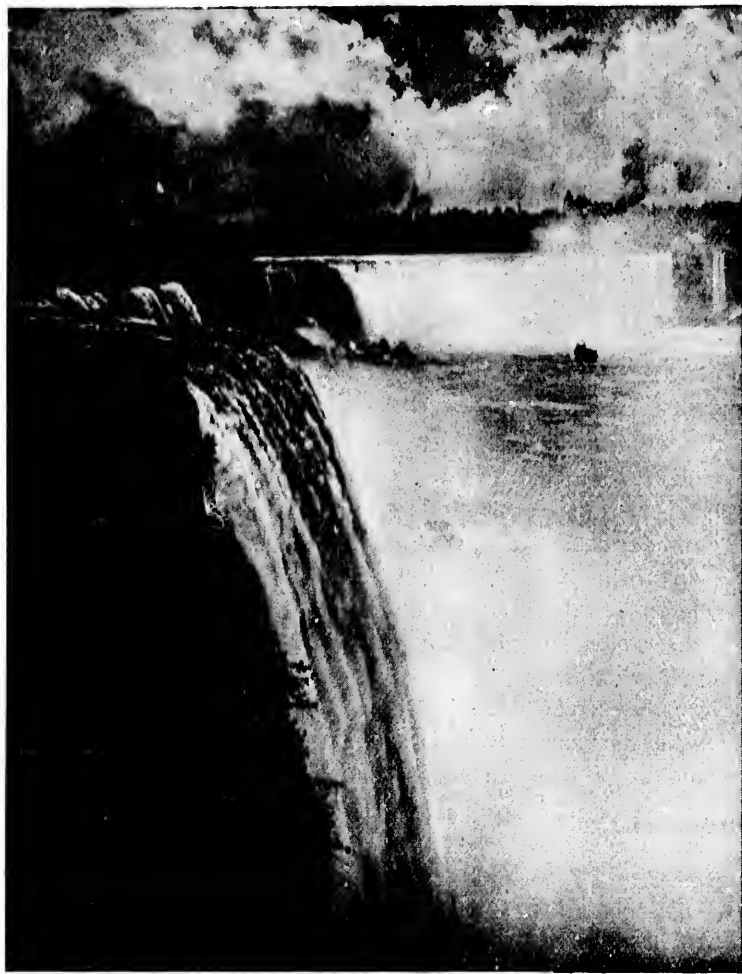
HERE is no more beautiful scenery on the continent of America than that which lies between Niagara and the sea. Commencing at the Falls of Niagara on the southern shore, then crossing Lake Ontario to Toronto, the Queen City of the West ; embarking on one of the steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, following the course of the Lake past the romantic waters of the Bay of Quinte to Kingston, thence down the St. Lawrence, threading in and out of the Thousand Islands into the open stretch to Lake St. Francis, shooting the rapids, stopping over at Montreal and Quebec, and finally reaching the crowning glory of all, the incomparable grandeur of the Saguenay River.

Before civilization had changed the aspect of North America, the grandeur of Niagara was known to the inhabitants of the Old

NIAGARA FALLS.

World ; and to-day, when the facilities of transportation have brought the most remote places within easy access, it is still regarded as Nature's greatest creation. The scene is much changed since the day when it was regarded as an object of superstitious fear by the Indians. Then, perhaps, its environment was more harmonious. Hemmed in by a dense forest, the approach to the Falls in those early days must have inspired a feeling of reverence and awe. The only means of access was a narrow Indian path, but long before the majesty of the scene burst upon the spectator, the rumbling and crashing of its waters was heard, increasing with every step. No wonder that, to the Indian, Niagara was sacred, or that at stated periods pilgrimages were made

to propitiate its anger. As an offering to the wrathful deity, a beautiful young girl was yearly bound fast in a canoe, and then set adrift in the rapids, while singers chanted her death song till her



NIAGARA FALLS.

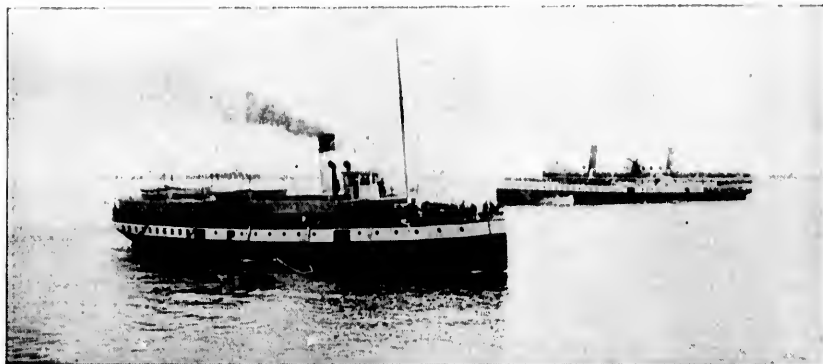
frail bark was swept over the cataract and swallowed up in the foam and spray beneath. Time also has left its impress on this inexplicable wonder. Slowly but surely the massive granite is being worn away by the unceasing turmoil of the waters, and, in 1850, a

large portion of the Table Rock was precipitated into the gulf with a crash that was heard miles from the scene. Perhaps the best description that has ever been written is from the pen of Charles Dickens, which we give herewith:—"At length we alighted; and then for the first time I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet. The bank is very steep, and was slippery with rain and half melted ice. I hardly know how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom, and climbing, with two English officers who were crossing and had joined me, over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. We were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, or situation, or anything but vague immensity. When we were seated in the little ferry boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before the cataracts, I began to feel what it was; but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock and looked—great Heaven, on what a fall of bright green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one— instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace. Peace of mind, tranquility, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty; to remain there changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever. Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out



SPOT WHERE SIR ISAAC BROCK FELL AT
QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

upon me from its gleaming depths ; what Heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made ! * * * To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view, to stand upon the edge of the great Horse-shoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below ; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down ; to climb the neighboring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge ; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below ;



ON TORONTO BAY.

watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap ; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and grey as evening slowly fell upon it ; to look upon it every day, wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice ; this was enough. I think in every quiet season now, still do these waters roll and leap and roar and tumble, all day long ; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO; RESIDENCE
OF THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—light—came rushing on creation at the word of God."

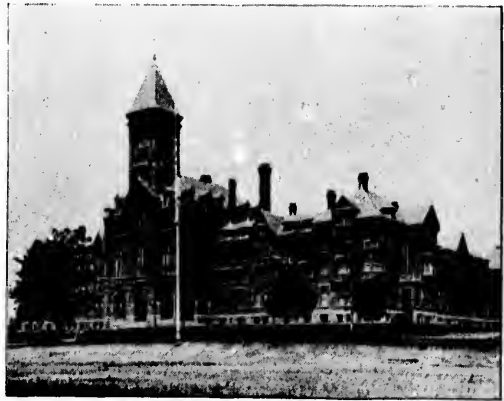
Since the memorable visit of Dickens, the immediate vicinity of the Falls has been trans-

formed. Beautiful parks form an agreeable setting to Nature's work. Hotels have been erected and bridges span the river. The region of the Falls, above and below, presents a series of delightful pictures that will claim the leisure of the visitor. One of the most picturesque spots, though seldom explored by tourists, lies between the whirlpool and Queenston. We must now leave Niagara, and proceed on a short journey, either by rail or electric car, to the historic village of Queenston, where from the Heights we can review much of the scenery we have seen in detail. The country here is particularly

interesting. Yonder on the eminence is the monument erected by Canada in honour of Sir Isaac Brock, who fell during an engagement with the American troops

**BROCK'S
MONUMENT.**

on the 13th of October, 1812. From the gallery at the top of the column, reached by a spiral stairway, a fine view is obtained. On the opposite shore is the American village of Lewiston, and from the gorge above we see the river as it comes foaming down, eager to end its struggles in the calm expanse of the Bay into which it spreads



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, TORONTO.

itself, sweeping on in serene grandeur to merge into the waters of Lake Ontario.

From Niagara we embark on one of the elegant steamers of the Niagara Navigation Company, passing down the River towards the Lake. On the American point is Old Fort Niagara which played an important part in the early history of the country. **FORT NIAGARA.** It was here that La Salle erected a palissaded store-house in 1678, when he was building the "Griffin," the first vessel, with the exception of a birch bark canoe, ever launched on



TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

Lake Erie. This store-house, after its destruction by the Indians, was rebuilt by the French in 1687, and finally a stone fort was erected on the site in 1749 by the Marquis de la Jonquière. Ten years later it was taken by the British and remained in their possession until the close of the War of Independence, when it was ceded to the United States. As the steamer proceeds the Old Fort is left behind, and soon the whole country, once sacred to Nature and the Indian, disappears from view. We are now in the stately waters of Lake Ontario, and our destination is Toronto. The broad expanse of water is a novelty after the turbulence of Niagara, while the cooling breeze is truly refreshing and invigorating. From the deck we are soon able to distinguish the shore to which we are heading, presently tall spires and massive buildings loom in the distance. The narrow strip of land which stretches out into the Lake and forms part of the natural harbour of Toronto, is Hanlan's Island, recently transformed from an unsightly strip of land into a pictu-

resque pleasure ground. As many will wish to visit some of the most interesting places in Toronto, we give a brief outline of its history, the better to enable them to retain a fair impression of the Queen City.

The city of Toronto, population 188,000, the second in importance of the business centres of the Dominion, is of comparatively recent growth. In the middle of the last century the site was a

TORONTO. trackless wilderness, the only inhabitants being a powerful tribe of Indians. In 1749, under the govern-

ment of France, a trading post was established, bearing the name of Fort Rouille, not long after, the country passed into the hands of the British, and we do not hear much of what took place at Fort Rouille until 1793, and there seems to have been little change during the next half century. In 1792 Lieut.-Governor Simcoe arrived in the colony from England, and established his government at Niagara. During the following year, being dissatisfied with the location of his quarters, he set forth to select from the vast domain under his rule a site on which to establish a permanent seat of government worthy of the territory it was to represent. He had not far to seek, nor has the wisdom of his choice since been questioned. Crossing the Lake, he was attracted by the advantages of the Bay, as forming a natural harbour capable of meeting the



MONUMENT IN QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO, ERECTED TO
RIDGEWAY VOLUNTEERS.

greatest demands of commerce, advantages which had probably led the French to adopt it as a trading post fifty years before, in opposition to the English post on the Oswego.

On landing, Simcoe pitched his tent near the shore, and soon a large body of men were clearing the forest and cutting roads. Simcoe named the city York, and remained for several months superintending the development of the infant capital. The first road that was cleared was Yonge street, connecting the seat of

government with the Holland River, and opening up the waterway to the West. The residence of the Governor and Parliament buildings were established near the shore, and from this date, 1793, the city of York takes its birth.



SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, TORONTO.

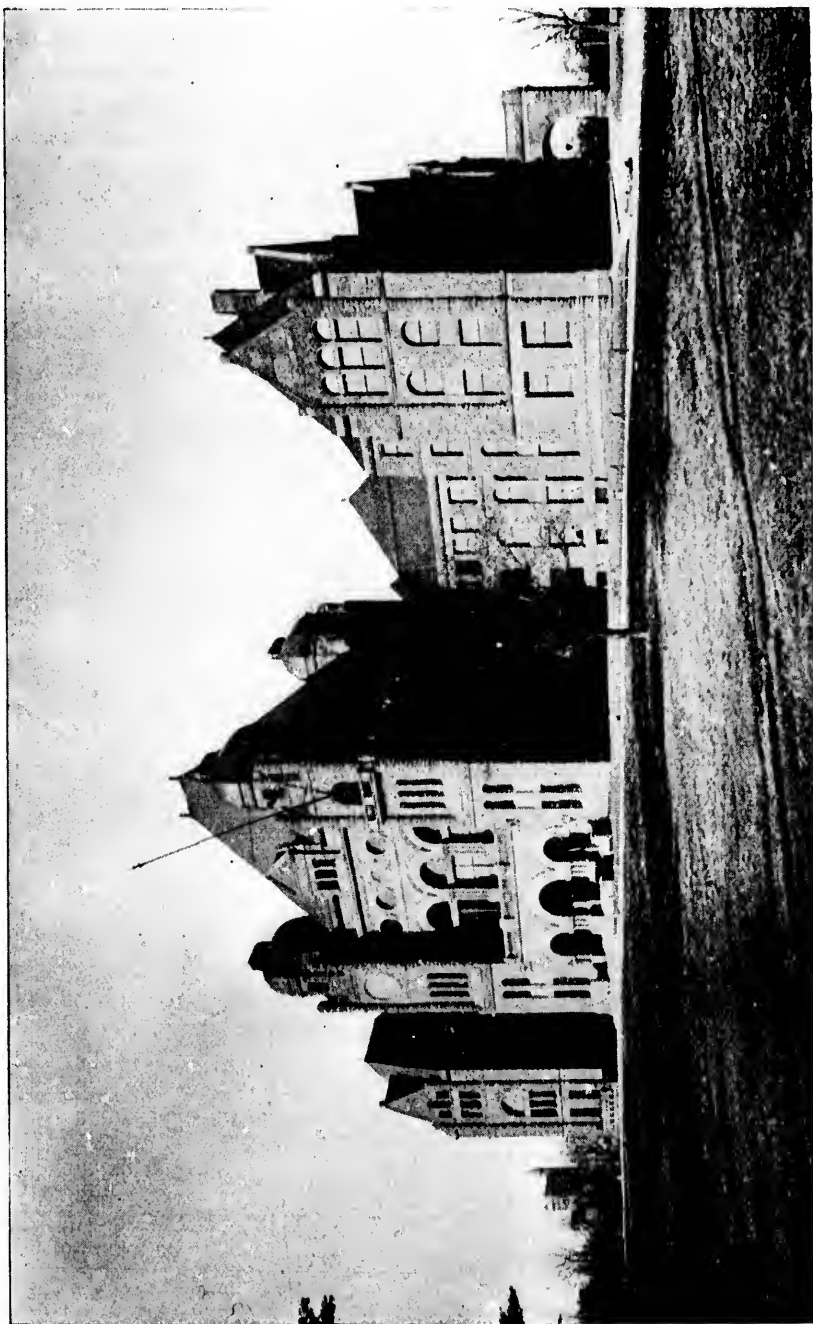
There is little left in Toronto or in the neighbourhood suggestive of its early history, the principal feature that re-

calls its memory, is a massive granite boulder in the Queen's Park, bearing this inscription :—

THIS CAIRN MARKS THE EXACT SITE OF
FORT ROUILLE, COMMONLY KNOWN AS FORT TORONTO,
AN INDIAN TRADING POST AND STOCKADE, ESTABLISHED
A. D., 1749, BY ORDER OF THE GOVERNMENT OF
LOUIS XV. IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REPRESENTATIONS
OF THE COUNT DE LA GALISSONNIÈRE, ADMINISTRATOR
OF NEW FRANCE, 1747-49.

ERECTED BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF TORONTO, 1878.

The administration of Simcoe was of brief duration ; he was recalled to England in 1796, and little improvement was made under his immediate successors. Troublesome times were in store for the young city ; its pioneers were early taught that security and independence were only to be obtained after bitter conflict. Early in the year 1812 a threatened invasion by the adjoining country turned all thoughts into the more serious channels of defense, and for



PROVINCIAL HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, TORONTO.

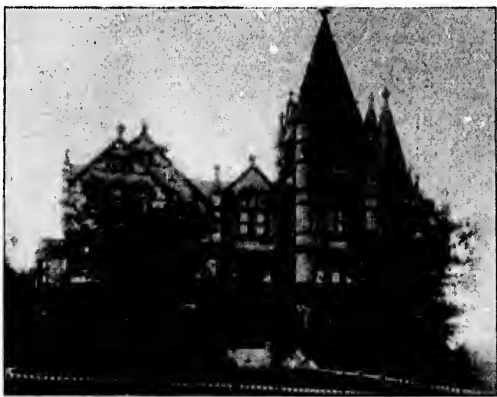
nearly three years the city was under arms. An era of comparative peace appears to have followed, during which institutions were established, and the city placed again on the highway of prosperity.



OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO.

In 1834 the city was incorporated under the name of Toronto, but the seeds of internal strife were beginning to take root and threatened to plunge the community into all the horrors of civil war. The continued aggressiveness of the Colonial Government aroused the opposition to the point of rebellion, and an insurgent force was raised at the

north end of the city that, for some days, menaced its security. Actual warfare, however, was prevented by the timely appearance of the militia, but discontent reigned for a long time, and it was not until a revision of the legislation of the Province took place that harmony was restored. In 1867 a new era dawned for the city; by the federation of the provinces, Toronto became the capital of the Province of Ontario, which gave a great impetus to its commerce and substantially assisted in placing it in the proud position it occupies to-day. Another factor in the development of Toronto was the completion of the gigantic railway system of Canada, which has placed her in communication with the entire length and breadth of the continent. The site of the city is low, although it rises gradually from the water's edge to an elevation of over 100 feet above the level of the Lake. The streets resemble in arrangement those of the modern cities of the United States, and there is an up-to-date appearance about the whole



VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

city. The bulk of the buildings are substantial and many of them are of beautiful architectural design.

In the section of country north of Toronto are situated the famous Muskoka Lakes, known as the "Highlands of Ontario," a favourite summer resort of many of Toronto's wealthy citizens. The Muskoka district has about eight hundred lakes of all shapes and sizes, at an elevation of 750 feet above Lake Ontario. The



THE ISLAND PARK, TORONTO.

healthfulness of the region is proverbial, while the hunting and fishing are not surpassed anywhere. It is within easy access, through the lines of the Grand Trunk Railway to Gravenhurst, whence a delightful trip can be taken on the steamers of the Muskoka and Georgian Bay Navigation Company.

Having briefly reviewed the principal points in the history of the city, we prepare ourselves for sight seeing. We will start from our comfortable, well-equipped hotel, the Rossin House, at the south-east corner of King and York streets, and drive up to Queen's Park, stopping at the Parliament buildings, a stately pile, but recently completed. Hurriedly we walk through its spacious corridors, glance in at the library, admire the beauty of the Assembly Chamber, and then resume our drive. But a few rods away, in the western part of the Park, is Toronto University, the pride of the city.

Not long ago an eminent English traveller observed that "the University of Toronto was, perhaps, the only piece of collegiate architecture on the American continent worthy of standing-room in the streets of Oxford." In its architectural features it belongs essentially to the Old World. The buildings are the special glory of the city; the style is Norman, the proportions being noble and the harmony of the whole exquisite. The University was founded under a Royal Charter in 1827, and it has an endowment of one



TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

million eight hundred thousand dollars. Its faculties include those of Arts, Science, Law, Theology and Medicine, and it is in federation with University College and Victoria University. It has also provision for residence, in this respect differing from most of the Canadian universities. The University proper, as in London and elsewhere, is a degree-conferring body, teaching being vested in the colleges.

Leaving the academic shades we wander through the beautiful drives and walks of the Park which forms part of the endowment of the University, but many years ago was leased to the Corporation, by the authorities, for the benefit of the citizens. Situated near the University is the monument erected to the memory of the Canadian volunteers who fell while defending the frontier during the Fenian invasion of 1867.

Osgoode Hall—the palace of justice—where the highest courts of the Province are held, will claim our attention while in this vicinity. Interesting is the exterior structure of this building, but its beauty is altogether eclipsed by the richness and elegance of its interior.

Another building on Queen street, worthy of note, is the University of Trinity College, founded in 1852, and having an endowment of \$750,000. The buildings have an ecclesiastical air about them, and the interior is beautiful.

Still driving through Queen's Park, we approach Victoria University, much smaller than its sister, but architecturally a gem. As we leave the Park we catch a glimpse of McMaster University, a grand looking structure of cut stone and pressed brick. Driving along Bloor street, westward, we pass up St. George street, one of the best residential streets in the city. The stately homes tell the tale of prosperity and comfort. Winding around eastward we cross Yonge street and enter the charming suburb of Rosedale. Here the drives wind in and out in a delightfully irregular manner, while on every hand are the magnificent homes of Toronto's wealthy citizens. One of the charms of Toronto, in fact the one that impresses us all, is the beauty of the lawns and extensive grounds, which surround so many of the homes. We have not time to drive through the Rosedale ravines, but catch glimpses of these sylvan retreats as we cross the many high bridges leading back to Bloor street. Then we drive down Jarvis street over the smooth asphalt, and, gazing with delight at the charming homes and well-trimmed lawns, gaily bedecked with flowers, we, too, are forced to admit that Jarvis street



CORNER OF SHUTER AND CHURCH STREETS, TORONTO.

is one of the finest streets in America. At Carlton street we turn eastward, so as to pass by the Horticultural Gardens, gay with flowers, and catch the merry laugh of children as they play about



THE PAVILLION—HORTICULTURAL GARDENS—TORONTO.

on the velvety sward, under the maples and stately elms. "The Gardens" is a favorite spot during the summer months, especially in the evenings when either the band of the "Queen's Own" or "Grenadiers" discourses sweet music. Passing down Sherbourne street we turn westward along Queen street to Church street.

As we turn southward on Church street we pass the Metropolitan Church, belonging to the Methodist denomination. In the rear of this is located the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Michaels.

Driving down Church street to King, we come to the most noted of all the Toronto churches, the Anglican Cathedral of St. James. Passing westward along King street we find ourselves in the very heart of the business portion of Toronto. The buildings are in keeping with the rest of the city, massive, substantial and yet with considerable claims to architectural beauty. We soon reach St. Andrews Church, Presbyterian, a noble looking stone structure, notable even in this city of churches. Turning southward toward the Lake we pass "Government



KNOX COLLEGE, TORONTO.

House," the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, and, in the next block, the old Parliament Buildings.

Turning westward along the water front we drive through the grounds of the "Old Fort." Here the quaint old buildings, the block-houses, the remains of the stockades and palisades, as well as numerous old canons attract our attention, and we — one and all — long to linger in this historical spot and conjure up the scenes



THE WOODBINE (RACE TRACK), TORONTO.

of long ago, when "men went to war," and the red men of the forest vainly sought to drive the white intruder from the home of his adoption. On, westward, we drive past the New Fort and soon enter Exhibition Park, where, for two weeks in each September, is held a great exposition. The Park itself is well worth driving through. Passing out by the western gate we drive along the Lake shore through Parkdale, a charming residential quarter of the city. Turning eastward again we quickly pass the Mercer Reformatory, a Government institution for the reformation of young girls; then northward past Trinity University, and again eastward until we

reach the Rossin House, where a comfortable meal and cosy room will greet us after our day's excursion.

In the morning, after an early breakfast, we visit the Canada Life Building, and get a grand view of the whole city and Bay from



McMASTER UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

the tower of that magnificent structure. Then we stroll leisurely along King street and up Yonge street to the Confederation Life Building, one of the most striking in the city. But two blocks away we pause to admire the Freehold Loan Building, then pass on to Toronto street, the Wall street of Toronto, at the head of which stands the General Post Office, a rather unpretentious structure. Passing down Toronto street, we turn west-

ward on King, then down Yonge street to the Board of Trade Building. From the rotunda we obtain another delightful view of the Bay and Lake, then hurry across the street to take a peep at the interior of the Bank of Montreal. Time is up, so we reluctantly wend our way to the hotel, have luncheon, and immediately drive to the wharf where the staunch steamer of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's line is waiting to take us on our journey eastward.

The little that we have seen of Toronto has made us wish to become better acquainted with the extent and charms of the city. We have an interesting journey before us, however, and must hasten towards our point of departure and then refresh ourselves while the beauties of Nature are being spread out before us.

The steamers for Montreal leave Toronto docks at 2 o'clock P. M. daily (except Sundays). Slowly they trace their difficult way

among the hordes of small craft of every kind that swarm the Bay, and point their prow toward the eastern outlet of the harbour, past Wiman's baths on Hanlan's Island and the new breakwater on the mainland side. On the right hand side is the Don Valley issuing from the two converging Rosedale ravines, which in their solitary grandeur of stupenduous depth and lofty pine within their fold, remain the monument of some primeval drift. In front is the island which protects the harbour from the boisterous weather of the Lake, extending its narrow strip of land almost across the entire breadth of the city. Upon the surface of the Bay can be seen the almost incessant movement of shipping vessels, the island yachts with their gracefully bulging sails, and canoes and skiffs dotted here and there among the larger craft. The whole scene is an imposing one and reflects great

credit upon the boasted beauty, natural and acquired, of the Queen City, and the spectator is content to watch with the growing enchantment which increasing distance lends, until the picture grows dim before the eyes and fades from view in an indistinguishable haze.

After issuing from the narrow strait into the broad expanse of blue waters that stretches far beyond the reach of human vision, the stately ves-



BROADWAY TABERNACLE.

sel, instinct with the power of her mighty enginery, braces up to meet the freshening wind and undulating seas that threaten to oppose her progress, and her ponderous wheels are felt to quicken their pulsations as, gathering strength, she strikes with vigorous strokes into the bosom of the Lake.

Scarcely has the radiant beauty of the distant city disappeared from view when the steamer draws near its first stopping place, Port

PORT DARLINGTON. Darlington, about 44 miles from Toronto. It is a small place, but important, both on account of its brisk and flourishing flour and grain trade, and on account of its being the lake port of the town of Bowmanville (5,000), which is beautifully situated inland about two miles and a half, in the midst

of a fine agricultural territory. It is built on an elevated plateau, from which proud eminence it commands the boundless sweep of Lake Ontario's bowing waters. It is an enterprising town of important manufacturies (such as organs and pianos), and of great industrial activity. The two sinuous streams that flow on either side of the town into the Lake contribute an element of



LIBRARY OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

natural beauty as well as, in the water power they afford, of utility to the industries of the place.

Our steamer speeds on past shores filled with the mystery of unwritten history, for already in the distance we may see the dim outline of the lighthouse of Port Hope, and our footsteps may soon press—

where centuries ago
The red men fought and conquered, lost and won.
Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,
Have found the eternal hunting grounds, and run
The fiery gauntlet of their ancient days."

Here, though largely shrouded in mystery, were fought the fiercest and most relentless battles for the possession of the Midland region of Canada. The territory was well worth fighting for. It is the fabled "happy hunting ground": deer, black bear, lake salmon, sturgeon, bass and lake trout were found in lavish abundance, and still amply repay the skill of the sportman; and wild rice and maize

grew over vast tracts. No wonder, then, that Huron and Algonquin struggled valiantly, though unsuccessfully, to retain possession against the attacks of the Iroquois, that race of athletes who lorded it over half a continent, and whose alliance was eagerly courted by France and England.

A few miles inward is the Indian settlement of Hiawatha, named after the Hercules of Objiway mythology, whom Longfellow has immortalized in his melodious trochaics. Here we may wander



TORONTO—KING STREET, EAST, FROM YONGE STREET.

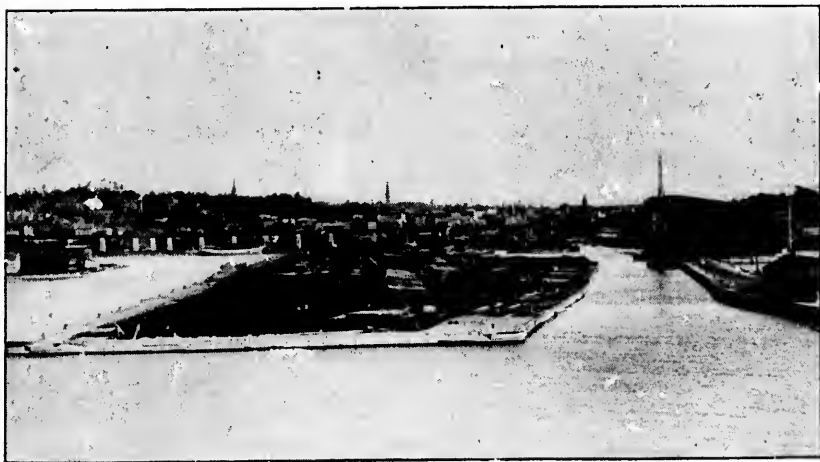
by the "groves of singing pine trees, ever singing, ever sighing," and perchance follow in the trail trod centuries before by moccasined feet or black robed priest. How changed the aspect: the struggles for supremacy are ended, and the old tragic scenes are rapidly passing into the twilight of Homeric legend.

Our thoughts are quickly turned into other channels as we draw nearer to the prosperous town of Port Hope, which once bore the Indian name of Ganaraske. The town is most picturesquely situated on the north shore of the Lake, rising in the background to a noble eminence, rendering it one of the most healthful of residential situations. To the sportsman it is

PORT HOPE.

a paradise, as from its position it is the gateway to the sporting territory of the region.

The next stoppage is six miles further along the coast, at Cobourg (5,000), a town of considerable business activity, it being the distributing centre of an exceedingly fertile portion of the Province. It is a place of no mean pretensions to beauty, its streets being broad and neatly laid out, as well as frequently adorned by elegant public and private buildings.



PORT HOPE, ONT.

The drives along the eastern approaches of the town are very beautiful.

Soon after the steamer leaves Cobourg, the day is drawing near a close, and the voyage acquires a fresh interest for the mind that is responsive to the picturesqueness of nature. The western sun is settling with its great halo of crimson light behind the Northumberland hills; eastward the clouds that hang like filmy draperies in heaven are roseate from the setting sun, while toward the south and east, Ontario's waters, stretching far away into the grey horizon, reflect the splendour of the sunset scene from their imperial bosom, until the view slowly dissolves itself, and the shadow of the coming night begins to brood upon the face of things.

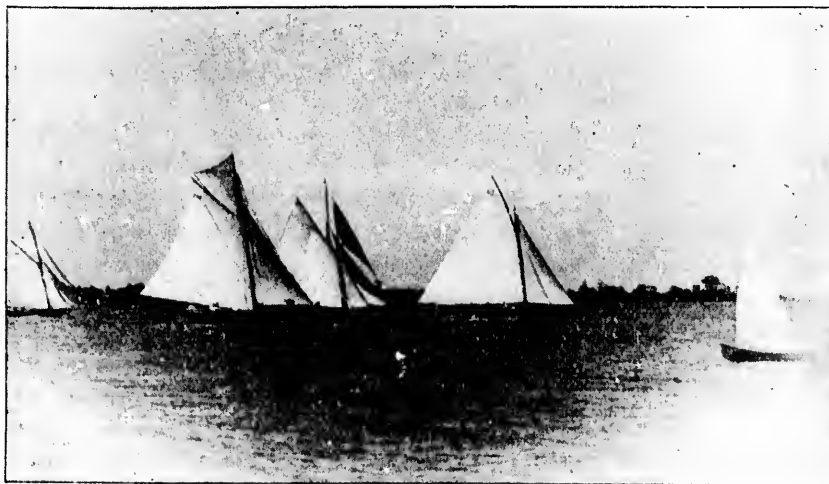
Darkness creeps along the distant reaches of the deep, and possibly the moon, full-orbed or crescent, comes to shed its luminous rays upon the dark watery pathway of the great steamer as she

moves along the coast of Prince Edward County, past the Ducks, down toward the lower gap which opens into Kingston, the next stopping point.

While she is plying her midnight way into the early hours of the morning,—we shall leave her with all her slumbering passengers to trace a very pleasant detour through Murray Canal and Bay of Quinte, available to tourists by means of the Richelieu Company's new iron steamer "Hamilton," which alone takes this route down, whereas all the steamers take this course on their return trip.

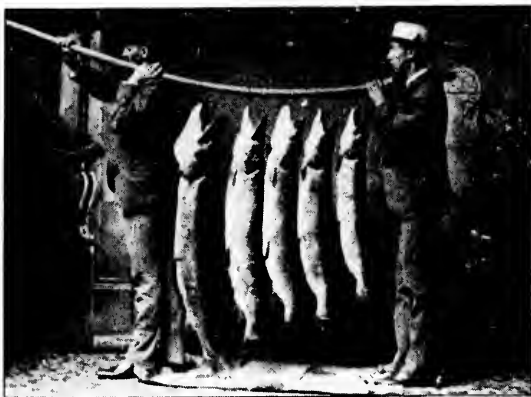
The steamer takes a circuitous course from Cobourg to its next stopping place, Brighton, passing in the distance on the right the Sandbanks, the Scotch Bonnet Light and Weller's Bay. After rounding the Presque Isle light into the bay of the same name, it has to trace a devious way among the difficult and intricate channels, buoyed by a system of range lights to facilitate navigation among its shoals, until finally the Port of Brighton is reached. This has a well-sheltered harbour, and is a district of considerable industrial activity, its manufacturies covering flouring and plaster mills, a tannery, and cannering works.

From Brighton we cross the end of Presque Isle Bay to the Murray Canal, which has recently been constructed across the narrow isthmus that joins the Prince Edward Peninsula to the main land. This construction has been the means of opening up for



YACHT RACING ON THE BAY OF QUINTE.

a highway of steamboat traffic, the sinuous picturesqueness of the Bay of Quinte, with its splendid scenery of elevated shore, capped by tall trees, and of long reaches which give the place a romantic beauty eminently fitting it for a field of summer pastime and recuperation. We cannot issue from the narrow water of the canal with its four spanning bridges (railway and three highway bridges) into the broader waters of the Bay of Quinte, without allowing our thoughts to drift back to the heroic Fenelon, brother of the famous



CAUGHT NEAR BELLEVILLE, AUGUST 31st, 1889.
Total weight, 137 lbs.

Archbishop of Cambray, who, in 1668, directed his steps into the heart of these solitudes. Reared amid the refined luxury of his ancestral home at Perigord, with the prospect of the alliance of his house with one of the most powerful families of France, there is a tinge of romance mingled with his deeds. But as we

peruse the narrative which history has preserved of the struggles, privations and dangers to which he was exposed in extending the cause of religion, terminating with his life at the early age of thirty-eight, the romantic spell is broken and there gathers around his memory the aureole of martyrdom.

Leaving the Murray Canal, the steamer courses along the south shore, past Indian Island over to Trenton (5,000), at the mouth of

TRENTON.

This is at once the centre of a fine agricultural district and the home of vigorous and varied industries which are favoured by the presence of exceptional water power and the distributing media of the Grand Trunk Railway and the steamboat lines. The town has a beautiful and commanding site at the head of the Bay of Quinte, of which it has the sweep clear up to Belleville. On the west it is flanked by the sister mounts Pelion and Ossa from whose elevated summits the lowlands and the bay, with its beautiful indentations of coast line, stretch before the eye in splendid panorama. Northward the eye can catch, amid the

undulating hills of Sydney and of Murray, the gleaming waters of Trent's meandering stream, while southward, beyond the bay and the peninsula as far as the sight can reach, lies Lake Ontario's boundless blue, the waters of an inland sea.

Leaving Trenton, the steamer passes Baker's and Nigger's Islands on the left up the bay towards Belleville. On our right is Rednerville, the principal shipping port of the Townships of Ameliasburg and Hillier, well known for their fruit industries. Their apple production is exceedingly progressive, both in quantity and quality.



BAY OF QUINTE BRIDGE.

In the distance over our bows looms up by this time the long and graceful span of Quinte Bridge, which is said to be the longest highway bridge in America—the creditable product of one of Belleville's manufacturing companies (G. & J. Brown). To the left before we reach the bridge is seen the Provincial Deaf and Dumb Institute, whose purpose is to instruct its unfortunate pupils into a practical knowledge of some useful trades and arts: to the males, printing, carpentering and shoemaking; to the female pupils, domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, sewing, knitting, use of sewing machines and fancy work. As we near the massive bridge, its ponderous draw is opened at a signal from the steamer's whistle,

and we glide swiftly through the chasm of the high structure which, from the distance, seemed to present an impossible barrier to our progress.

Entering the harbour we are confronted by the city of Belleville at the mouth of the Moira River. A brief glance at the situation

and surroundings of the city is sufficient to convince

BELLEVILLE.

the tourist or sportsman that nature has singled out this spot as an ideal summer resort. Far out in the open waters, or winding in and out along the shore, hidden among its time-worn coves, are a series of camping and fishing grounds, the discovery of which will thrill the sportsman with delight. Here, amidst an infinite variety of scenery, and the enjoyment of rare and pure atmosphere, for which the district is famous, the pleasures of boating and yachting may be indulged in to the heart's content. Bass fishing is the main sport of the Bay; this gamey fish is very numerous in its waters, giving place in season to the more exciting sport of maskinonge fishing, while a few miles inland are famous trouting grounds. Not only in the summer, but at all seasons, Belleville holds out special inducements to those devoted to pleasure or sport. In the fall duck shooting attracts numerous sportsmen to the Bay, and blue bills and black ducks, mallards, red heads and widgeon are found in abundance along its marshes, and fair partridge shooting is to be had. In autumn the famous deer hunting grounds of the Province may be conveniently reached from the city. This is the prospect presented to us before we set foot on the shores of the city commonly known as the "Beautiful." From any elevated site its claim to this title will be found justified. In the centre of the valley through which the river Moira flows to the Bay, is the business part of the city, with its substantial buildings and well-ordered streets, picturesque even in its busiest thoroughfares. On the hills which rise gradually from the vale are scattered the homes of its citizens amid shrouded nooks and retreats, combining the pleasures of rural life with the advantages of a thriving city.

Four rivers flow into the Bay of Quinte and facilitate communication with the interior of the Province. The natural advantages of its situation early attracted settlers to its shores.

Cautious and steady in its progress from the commencement, its industries and institutions are on a solid foundation, while its possibilities are only yet dimly realized.

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BELLEVILLE, ONT.

From a commercial standpoint Belleville is unique, its resources render it practically independent of competition. Within a radius of thirty miles, and easily accessible by rail or water, are extensive mines of iron ore, gold, galena, lithographic stone, slate, marble, phosphate, actinolite, mica and asbestos, while on the opposite shore, connected by the bridge, is Prince Edward County with some of the finest grain and fruit producing lands of the province. With



ALBERT COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE.

water power for developing raw material, with rail and waterways penetrating inland, and with the facilities of its harbour, its proximity to Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, Belleville appeals forcibly to the manufacturer.

It is also the terminus of the Midland and Grand Junction

Railway Systems, and the seat of the Bay of Quinte District Exhibition, which is to the Midland District what the Western Fair is to London, and the Canadian Fair to Ottawa. These advantages and its connection with Prince Edward County, virtually make it the county seat of two counties, and the commercial centre of the Midland district. The markets are amply supplied with every luxury, and attract, for the abundance and cheapness of the produce offered, both English and American buyers.

A most important industry is the Corbyville Mills and Distillery, which assume the proportions of a village near the city. Interest is also centered in its extensive lumber, planing, paper and flour mills.

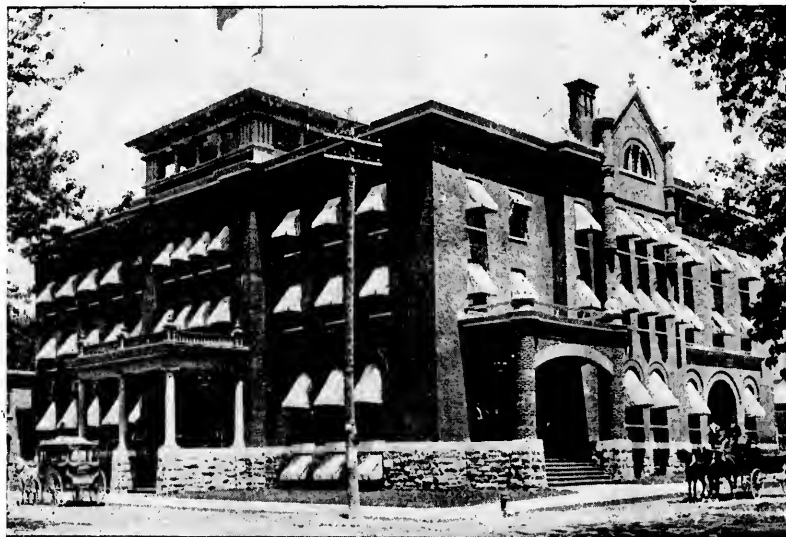
The manufactures of Belleville are widely known, and almost every enterprise is represented. Woollen mills, corset factories, machine works and potteries, tinware factory, box and basket factory, tanneries, foundries, carriage works, mining and engineering shops, biscuit and canning factories, etc., while among its attractions is that of a flowing mineral water well, which attracts further interest to the city. Scott's Emulsion and Kennedy's Medicines are here

manufactured and shipped to the wholesale druggists throughout Canada.

The curative properties of the mineral waters, and the establishment of mineral baths, are calculated to give a still wider reputation to the city, while the completion of the projected smelting works will promote its mining interests. Side by side with the commercial progress of Belleville we may trace its social, municipal and educational development in the substantial and handsome dwellings of many of its citizens, in its public buildings and improvements, in its churches and schools. In hotel accommodations the city stands pre-eminent, for nothing finer is to be found in the Province than the Hotel Quinte. It is handsome in appearance, constructed on a good plan, furnished with all the improvements that art and wealth could suggest, and capable of meeting the requirements of the most fastidious. The situation of the hotel is favourable, as it commands an extensive view of the Bay and the surrounding country.

The Court House, approached by a terrace of green sward and ornamental trees, is one of the finest in the Province, and occupies a striking position. The Hospital and Home are beautifully situated on the Bay shore and are a monument to the enterprise of the ladies of Belleville. The principal seat of learning is Albert College, a group of buildings, comprising chapel and class-rooms, dormitory

**Some of the Buildings
of Belleville.**



HOTEL QUINTE, BELLEVILLE

and professors' residence, and gymnasium and museum of natural history. It was founded in 1857, and owns property to the extent of \$100,000. By its affiliation with the University of Toronto it gives to Belleville many of the advantages of a university city. Albert College maintains a large staff of professors for the education of young ladies and gentlemen, giving an advanced course in music, literature and arts, as well as a commercial education, the excellence of which is acknowledged throughout the Dominion.

The substantial brick building, on Church street, known as the High School, was erected in 1872 at a cost of \$30,000.

Ontario Business College, located at the corner of Bridge and Front streets, has obtained an enviable prominence in the field of commercial education. It was founded in 1868, and is in a flourishing condition, and attracts students not only from every Province in the Dominion, but from the United States and West India Islands. Belleville Business College covering a considerable area, is a similar institution devoted to commercial education. It receives liberal patronage and enjoys an extended reputation.

The Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, situated west of the city, is among the important buildings of Belleville. Its surroundings are extremely picturesque.

The Armoury and Drill Hall, located on Church street, is a solid structure recently erected at a considerable outlay. It is the headquarters of the 15th Battalion A. L. I., and contains several trophies of the regiment. Its appointments are very complete. The gymnasium and the officers' quarters will prove of interest to visitors.

The Post Office, the City Hall and the other Government buildings in the same district are in keeping with the requirements of the city.

The Carman Opera House is a spacious and well appointed building, quite equal to any in Ontario.

In a tour through the city many of the churches representing various denominations will meet the eye. Some of them are beautiful in design, while others, less pretentious, are interesting, as being associated with the earliest development of Belleville, and are all worthy of a city whose churches have sent out men of distinction to all parts of Canada.

St. Thomas' Church, a handsome stone structure of Gothic design, replaced a quaint looking edifice, which was consecrated in 1828 by Bishop Stewart.

St. Michael's Church is a beautiful structure. It was built in 1886 by the Right Rev. Monseigneur Farrelly. The congregation of St. Michael's first assembled in a small chapel built about 1827. This was replaced in 1833 by a more substantial edifice, which in turn gave place to the present church.

Bridge Street Methodist Church is an imposing building, and its history dates from the earliest settlements. Its congregation was the first in Canada to introduce instrumental music into the services



BRIDGE STREET, BELLEVILLE.

of the church, and it was the first to have a spire and bell. In it was convened the first General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada which consummated the union of Methodism in the Dominion.

The new St. Andrew's Church (Presbyterian) is architecturally beautiful and the interior is perfect in design and equipment. The handsome and costly stained glass windows are much admired.

Suburban Belleville is not less beautiful than the immediate limits of the city. There are a number of charming drives, and quiet secluded retreats that appeal to every lover of the beautiful, and either by land or water the scenery presented is enchanting.

The old Dundas or Kingston road, which is famed as the original stage route between Hamilton and Montreal in the days previous to the building of the Grand Trunk Railway, passes along the bay shore and through the city. It is considered one of the finest coaching thoroughfares in Canada. That portion of it which lies between Cobourg and Kingston, passing through Belleville, is always taken by bicyclists for the century fast runs, on account of its smoothness and general excellence. A drive or ride (bicycle or horseback) along this road is a delightful and healthy exercise.

There are three famous fishing grounds in the Bay of Quinte, besides the sport which may be found in almost every part of these waters. About twenty-five miles east of Belleville, is Hay Bay, in which there is as good fishing and duck shooting as any found in the vicinity. There are no hotels in the neighborhood and sportsmen must depend on farm houses.

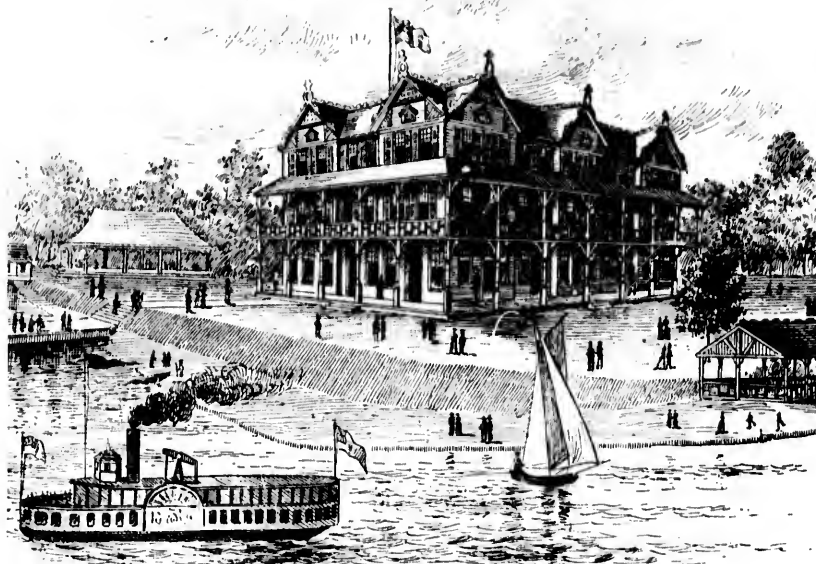
Fine maskinonge fishing is to be obtained in Mosquito Bay, between Goose and Indian Islands, also at Hay Bay and Glen Island. Massassaga Hotel is about two miles from the shore of Mosquito Bay and there are also farm houses.

At the west end of the Bay of Quinte, near the Murray Canal, is Trenton Bay. Here there is excellent maskinonge fishing, and as the spot may be reached by the daily steamers from Belleville, it is a most desirable ground.

Guides to conduct sportsmen to the best spots are always on hand and every requisite for the tourist or sportsman may be obtained in the city.



HOSPITAL AND HOME, BELLEVILLE.



MASSASSAGA PARK HOTEL AND GROUNDS.

Our steamer now crosses over the Bay to Belleville's charming summer resort, Massassaga Point, opened up to tourists by the enterprise of one of its prominent citizens. It contains a first-class hotel and several cottages, and is set in the midst of a scene of unequalled beauty. Besides being in the centre of the haunts of the maskinonge, it provides for every kind of amusement. The park is well laid out with cricket and archery grounds, lawn tennis courts and croquet grounds, protected by the shade of spreading trees. Since its opening, a few years ago, it has gradually increased in popularity and adds yet one more attraction to the city of the beautiful. A mineral well was bored here some years ago, and the water is furnished to hot and cold baths, which have been found highly beneficial to rheumatic patients.

Leaving Massassaga Point, the steamer enters an expansion of the Bay across which she traverses past Ox Point and Point Ann, with their inexhaustible limestone quarries, and Big Island. To the right is the village of North Port, the shipping place of the township of Sophiasburg, a district which produces large quantities of apples, cheese and hops.

Moving on westward, Telegraph Island is passed with its light-house, Peterson's Ferry on the right, and on the left the Mohawk

Indian Reserve of Tyendenaga, a block of territory which the white intruder left to the ancestral owners of the whole land. It is populated by the Six Nation Indians—Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas and Tuscaroras—remnants of the intrepid Iroquois who left the main stock of their people in New York, in 1784, and came to Canada. Here they have settled down in peace while the white man, with his rushing railways and his noisy manufactories, is rapidly obliterating the traces of his old hunting grounds, in the principal solitudes which stretched along the margin of the great lakes. They are a Christian community as is attested by the grey spire of the church, that can be seen from the Bay, lifting its head above the clustering trees. A gift to which the Indians point with pride, is a silver communion service, presented to them by Queen

Anne, carefully preserved and loyally cherished. In many ways they show exceptional gifts, especially in the line of practical arts, such as needle work, for which the Mohawk mothers are famous. Even the children show a natural skill in drawing, in which they evince a decided superiority over white boys of the same



MARTELLO TOWER, KINGSTON.

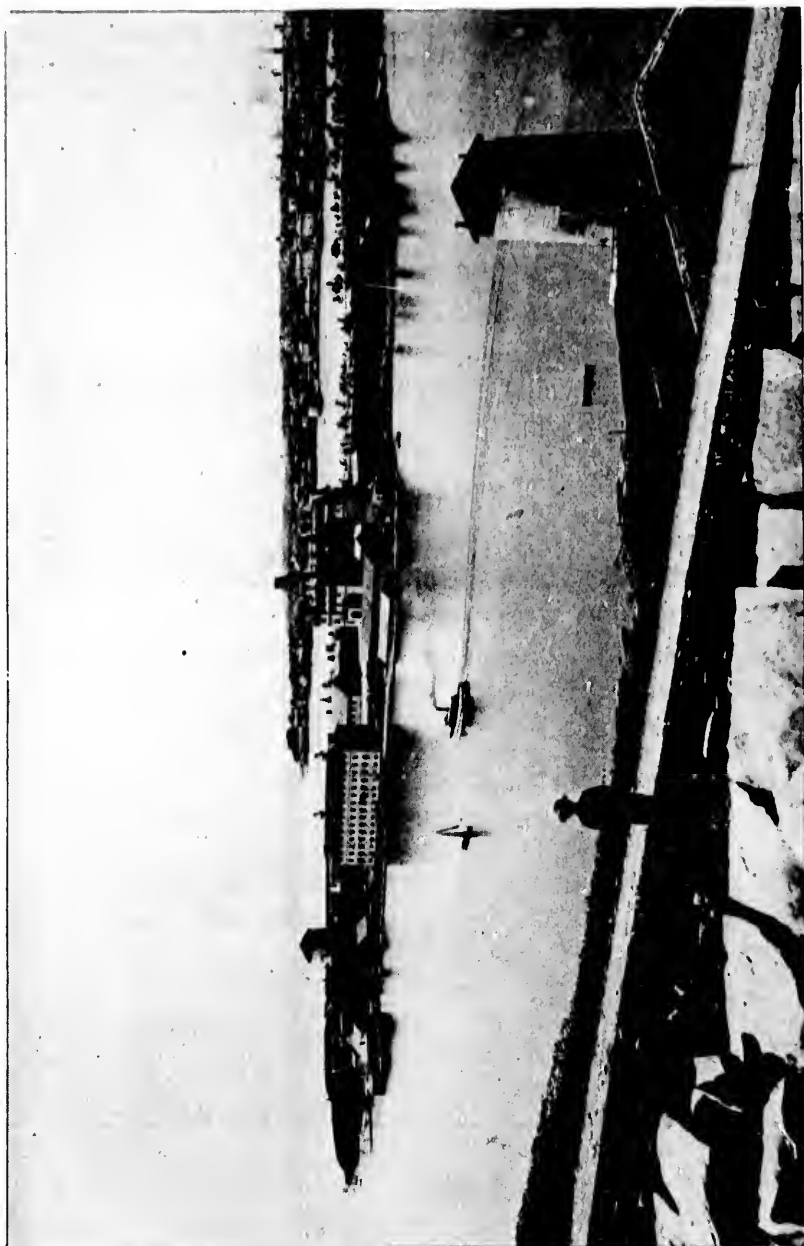
age. The men occupy themselves either at agricultural pursuits or in the employment of some of Deseronto's manufactories.

As we draw near the Docks of Deseronto our steamer passes Forester's Island Park, owned by Dr. Oronytechka, a pleasant summer resort commanding an extensive view. This island was a part of the domain of the powerful Mohawk chief, whose name is perpetuated in the busy port we are now entering.

Deseronto is conspicuous from the distance by the massive lumber piles, the tall smoking chimneys from the numerous large factories, some brick-colored and some of the color of zinc; by the **DESERONTO.** dock-yards, with the steamers and vessels in process of construction or repair, all giving a prepossession to the spectator that this is surely a place of great industrial activity.

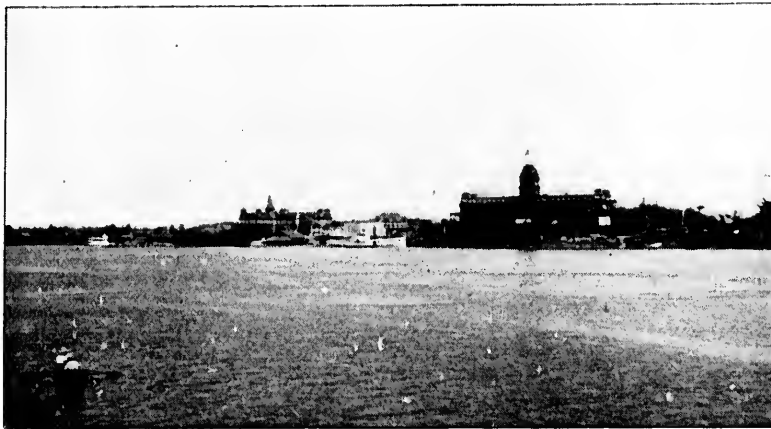
The town is built on a hill which rises gradually from the water's edge northwards. Situated on an elbow of the Bay where the Belleville Reach abruptly turns from the north-east to south into the

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THE MILITARY COLLEGE AND CITY OF KINGSTON.

Picton Reach, it has a survey of the beautiful scenery of both as well as, towards the east, of the tortuous channels of the Napanee River. Towards the west the Telegraph Island Light looms up in the misty distance like a fairy tower floating on the water's surface ; towards the south, the long stretch of elevated coast, clothed in foliage green,



ALEXANDRIA BAY, THOUSAND ISLANDS.

seems to approach so close to the opposite shore away ahead as to leave apparently only a narrow gorge between, through which, now and then, appear the white sails of yachts and schooners working up the Reach.

We now cross the Long Reach for Picton on the picturesque shores of Prince Edward County. The passage is enhanced here by the beauty and variety of the scene which greets the eye.

PICTON. The entry to Picton Bay, enclosed by two lofty shores, is impressive, lending beauty to the prospect of the town which is now in full view. We may point out that from the elevation of these shores, a marvelous stretch of lake and woodland grandeur is obtainable. From the sheltered position of its harbour Picton is highly favoured as the shipping centre of Prince Edward County. Fruit and grain are grown in abundance in this region and distributed from Picton. It is a manufacturing town of importance, having large canning factories, foundries, and a ship yard for the building and repairing of vessels. It is also the terminus of the Central Ontario Railroad.

The town is provided with all modern improvements in the way of water works, electric light, fire alarm, telephone and telegraph

systems. The drives on either side of the town are very fine, the roads being excellent and tracing a way among rich farm-lands, splendid orchards, rural homes, and beautiful inland lakes, as they near the shores of Lake Ontario.

About ten miles from Picton on the Lakeside of Prince Edward County are the Sandbanks, mounds of shifting sand on the margin of the great lake.

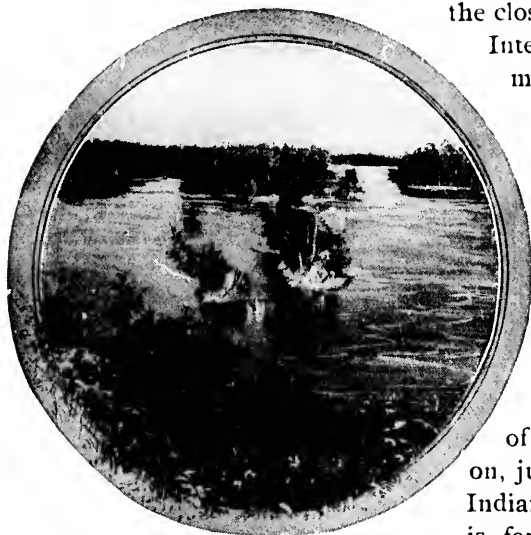
On leaving Picton the steamer courses along the shore in the direction of Glenora, where the land rises abruptly to an elevation of nearly two hundred feet. Huddling at the foot of the mountain, with scarcely room for a footing, are the Glen House for tourists, extensive flouring mills, foundry and machine shops, deriving their power by water carried through a narrow pipe from the lake on the summit of the cliff, the celebrated Lake on the Mountain. It is a little circular sheet of blue water, nestling like an Alpine lake among its trees in cosy solitude. There is a romantic beauty about this lake, as well as a tinge of mystery. Being on a level with Lake Erie, and with no apparent inlet, it is supposed to be connected with it by means of subterranean channels. Clear and crystal are its depths, which remain unfathomed, an ideal spot around which to weave dainty stories that may vie with the beauty of classic legend.

The view from the summit of the mountain is enchanting. Across the stretch of water lie the pleasant camping grounds and cottages of Dingman's Island. To the right is the cataract that overleaps the edge of the mountain into a romantic chasm, near the base



THOUSAND ISLANDS SCENERY.

of which is a well-known cave. Leaving this delightful spot we arrive at the historic Adolphustown, with its beautiful memorial chapel which perpetuates the memory of the United Empire Loyalists, a body of sturdy men, so named from their devotion to the British Crown during the Revolutionary War. It was through their efforts that this district was settled after the close of hostilities in 1812.



A GROUP OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Interesting and varied scenery meets the eye as we take in the surrounding prospect. To the left is Fredericksburg, and just beyond Pruiyers Cove, a favourite mooring ground for yachts, furnishing excellent sport in the form of pike fishing and also affording a safe harbour in the event of storm. Two miles further on, jutting out into the Bay, is Indian Point. Its gravel beach is formed by the washings of the waves coming in from the

Upper Gap. A dense grove of cedars covers part of the shore, making it a desirable camping ground.

The steamer now issues out upon the waters of the Upper Gap, and again we catch sight of endless blue over our starboard. Behind us lie the jutting headlands of Quinte, backed by the dark-green hills of Glenora down the Adolphus Reach. Over our quarter is the coast of Amherst Island which we are rapidly approaching, as we point our bow for the North Channel, which separates the Island from the mainland on the north. Around us roll the slow swells of the lake, barely making themselves felt in the slight undulatory motion of the vessel. Here and there, upon the water, can be seen the graceful forms of white gulls careening on the waves. As we approach they lift successively on their narrow crescent wings, perform a mazy tracery of motion in mid-air, crossing and recrossing one another, circling and intercircling in mystic figures, until they again alight in the distance upon the rolling water.

On the right, as we pass into the North Channel, is Emerald, the upper landing of Amherst Island. It is the port of a prosperous agricultural district, and is the home of old artist Daniel Fowler, whose achievements in landscapes and still-life representations have won him considerable praise.

On the mainland shore, a little farther on, is the town of Bath, formerly known as Ernesttown.

The next port of importance is Stella (Amherst Island), 12 miles west of Kingston. It is a place not only of brisk industries in the agricultural line, but is a most pleasant summer resort with **STELLA.** its picturesque and sheltered bay. There is a large summer hotel on Stella Point for accommodation of tourists, and the fishing grounds are excellent. It is a convenient as well as a pleasant retreat by reason of its neighboring supply stores, cable communication with the mainland, daily mail and steamboat service. The drives about the island are beautiful.

The steamer now steers a clear course for Kingston, past the Three Brothers Islands at the foot of Amherst, and Salmon Island, across the broad waters of the Lower Gap, leaving the picturesque Bay of Quinte finally behind.

Proceeding along the north shore we see the village of Cataraqui, adjoining which is Kingston's "City of the Dead," where repose, among its silent tombs, the remains of the celebrated Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, and Sir Alexander Campbell. Farther on we behold the village of Portsmouth, distinguished for its ship-building industry and transshipping facilities. Here



EEL BAY, FROM PALISADES, THOUSAND ISLANDS.

also are located the Kingston Penitentiary, the Rockwood Asylum, and the Church of the Good Thief.

And now we are at Kingston, the Woolwich or West Point of Canada, with its Military College, its massive grey stone forts, its martello towers, its imposing public buildings. It is **KINGSTON.** beautifully situated at the foot of Lake Ontario, at the head of the River St. Lawrence, and at the mouth of the Rideau or Great Cataraqui River which, with the Rideau Canal, connects it by waterway with Ottawa.

A settlement was begun here by the French under Governor De Courcelles (1672), with the name of Fort Cataraqui, for the purpose of protecting the fur traders from the murderous depredations of the Indians. His successor, Count de Frontenac, built a massive stone fort, giving it his own name, which still attaches to the county. This fort was alternately seized and delapidated by the French and English, until it was destroyed by the English under Colonel Bradstreet in 1758. It was again rebuilt under the name of Fort Henry, which it retains to-day. At the time of the union of Upper and Lower Canadas (1841), Kingston was made the seat of Government, but it was afterwards removed to Montreal (1841).

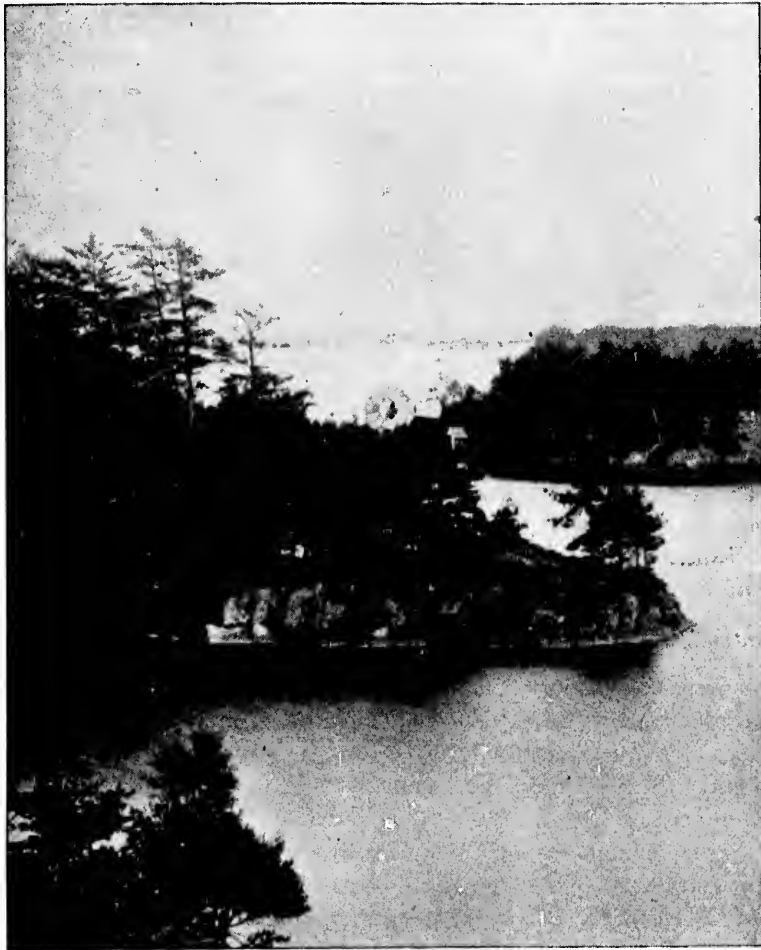
At Kingston, vessels, constructed for lake navigation only, transfer their cargoes to barges and river boats for conveyance to Montreal, while in turn these tranship their cargoes brought from Montreal to the lake boats.

Kingston has quite extensive industries in ship building and ship repairing, it carries on an extensive grain trade, and has large smelting works for extracting metal from the ore.

It is also a great educational centre. Its colleges are of continental repute. They are Queen's University, Royal Medical College (for male and female), Royal Military College, School of Gunnery, School of Art, Science Hall, School of Mining, Kingston Business College, Congrégation de Notre-Dame, St. Mary's on the Lake Convent, and Kingston Ladies' College.

The general appearance of the city is that of solidity and antique beauty. Its prevalent limestone architecture has secured for it the name of the "Limestone City." It is well laid out, and here and there is adorned by massive buildings, such as the City Hall, Court House, with its pillars and dome in Grecian Ionic style, Custom House, Post Office, St. George's (Anglican) and St. Mary's (R. C.) cathedrals, which latter are accredited with being the finest churches

of Canada, west of Montreal ; in fact, the tower of St. Mary's, as recently rebuilt, is a masterly monument of Gothic architectural art, and will eminently repay personal inspection by the tourist. The city is provided with a well-appointed electric street railway which



ON THE CANADIAN SIDE—THOUSAND ISLANDS.

adds to its general comeliness as well as to its conveniences. It has first-class hotel accommodation, the Frontenac, being a modern, well-managed hotel.

From Kingston may be taken a pleasant trip through the Rideau Lakes to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. The "James Swift,"

a large and comfortable steamer, makes the round trip twice a week, and, for beauty of scenery, the country it traverses is unsurpassed. The region abounds in pleasant camping grounds, and good hunting and fishing may be obtained on the lakes.

We now launch out at early morn upon the silent bosom of the majestic St. Lawrence. Behind us lie the cold, grey structures of



IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

the Limestone City, with its domes and pinnacles bathed in the rising lustre of the morning sun. Toward the south-west stretches the vast calm surface of Ontario beyond the **THOUSAND ISLANDS.** gap dimmed by the lifting mist, and bearing on its bosom the shadowy outline of a distant ship. Across the river stands Garden Island, with its cluster of shipping, and City View Park, on Wolfe Island, with its undulating groves. Before us lies the entry to the sinuous channels of the famous archipelago of the *Thousand Islands*.

These commence near Kingston with Wolfe, the largest of their number, where the waters of Lake Ontario issue into the broad channel of the St. Lawrence, and extend down to Brockville, a distance of some fifty miles. They number in all some 1700, varying in size, shape and appearance, from a small lump of barren rock projecting from the surface of the river, to the large fertile area of land, crowned with richest foliage and lofty trees, and ornamented by neatly colored summer residences, or left in their primeval rudeness. As we wind in and out amid these charming islands—sylvan gems which deck a crystal stream—the rapidly changing picture

almost bewilders us. Delightful, indeed, would be a short vacation spent in their midst. Here we could

Leave the town with its hundred noises,
Its clatter and whirr of wheel and steam;
For woodland quiet and silvery voices,
And a forest camp by a crystal stream.

The picture is too vast for us to be enabled to unite it into one grand scene, its devious water courses sometimes opening into swelling lakes or closing into narrow gorges across which the shadow of the island trees throw their image; with their clustering groups, head above head, like Neptune's flocks asleep; with their prodigality of decorative coloring, both from the hand of man, in neatly ornamented cottages, and from the more artistic hand of nature, in her mosses, lichens, flowers and the arabesque of dark in-woven leaves, penetrated by the radiance of the pale blue sky; but most of all with their shifting kaleidoscope of scenes which throng the vision as the steamer traces its way among the labyrinthian channels. Here and there the course seems completely closed and we think the boat must back out, when nearer approach to the moss-grown shores discloses a hidden outlet by a sudden turn, perhaps into a sheer-sided rock-bound strait, whose shores we can almost touch from the decks, or into a beautiful amphitheatre of lake, bounded by myriad isles. Their scenery has indeed more of the element of the beautiful and pretty which wins the spectator by its delicate and varied loveliness, than of the sublime which holds our minds in



FIDDLER'S ELBOW—LOST CHANNEL—CANADIAN ISLANDS

awe and reverence before the majesty of power or of size. Their uniqueness is not in their grandeur, but in their daintiness of tints, of shifting scenes, of growing and dissolving views, of land-locked bays and lakelets and sinuous transparent streams that wind and intersect in wildest tracery. They are the nearest approach perhaps

that the world presents to the realization of the ancients' dream of the "*Fortuna Insula*," the embodiment of ideal beauty of garden-land and stream.

These islands were the scene of several thrilling and romantic adventures during the days of the rebellion. The burning of the "Sir Robert Peel" occurred here in 1838, by a band of outlaws, headed by "Bill Johnson," a kind of political Robin Hood, who had conceived the idea of conferring on Canada the boon of freedom. The story of his devoted and daring daughter "Kate," who rowed him from hiding place to hiding place, and kept him supplied with food, gives a touch of the charm of legend and adventure to these rocky mazes.

The passage through the islands extends several hours. The steamer courses between Howe and Wolfe Islands, past Grindstone Island, stopping first at Clayton (New York), on the American mainland. It is a favourite summer resort, both on account of the natural beauty of its scenery, it being just opposite the upper group of the Thousand Islands, and on account of the splendid fishing grounds in the vicinity where black bass, pickerel, maskinonge abound. All lines of steamers stop at Clayton. It is connected with Niagara Falls, Albany, New York and Utica by railroad. The trip from New York and Utica can be made in thirteen and three hours respectively without any changing. The place is also provided with excellent hotel accommodations.

Taken as a whole, the scenery of the Thousand Islands, the advantages for boating, fishing and camping, and the purity of the climate, contribute towards making the region the most unique of Canada's pleasure grounds.

Almost directly opposite Clayton, on the Canadian shore, is Gananoque, about eighteen miles east of Kingston. It is a place of 5000 inhabitants, and has won for itself the name of the "Sheffield of Canada," because of its vigorous manufacturing industries.

From Clayton, the steamer courses along the American channel of the river, past Round Island. This island (one mile by one thousand and four hundred feet) is one of the finest
ROUND ISLAND. gems in the entire Ariadne's Crown of Isles. Its many pretty cottages, beautiful grounds, luxuriant foliage, substantial docks and splendid water front, make it a most attractive spot for tourists. Round Island possesses a truly superb hotel, The Frontenac. It is a truly luxurious summer hotel, and is surrounded



A CANADIAN ELYSIUM: VIEWS IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

by beautiful lawns, amply supplied with pleasure boats and yachts, in one word an ideal summer home.

A few miles farther on, in the very heart of the archipelago, the steamer passes Thousand Island Park, on Wellesley Island—a religious summer encampment under the direction of the Methodists. It is a very beautiful place of resort, having some four hundred



OVEN ISLAND, NEAR ALEXANDRIA BAY.

cottages and an immense tabernacle for worship, lectures, concerts, etc. They usually engage, for the services in this building, some of the foremost minds of America.

The run of the steamer, from Thousand Island Park to Alexandria Bay, is superb in the character-

istic island scenery. Hundreds of islands lie across the steamer's tortuous and zig-zag course, all differing in size, coast and coloring, and forming an intricacy of channels, through

ALEXANDRIA BAY.

which only the experienced pilot could guide the way. Now we are entering a narrow pass between cliff-like banks covered with moss and trailing creepers, then we open into a lake-like expansion, then again among winding courses through clustering islands and around rocky points, until we finally emerge from the labyrinth into Alexandria Bay. This is the "Saratoga of the St. Lawrence," and is undoubtedly the central attraction of the whole summer life of the Thousand Islands. It is one of the most popular as well as one of the most fashionable watering places in America, and numbers among its frequenters some of the wealthiest and best known men of the United States. The place boasts of several good hotels besides numerous cottages of beautiful design. The adjacent islands are dotted with cottages in all sorts of picturesque surroundings, some showing from among the trees perched on rocky bluffs, others snugly placed on low-lying islands and nestling in their beautiful coves. Thousands of people from all parts of the world visit this place annually, attracted there by the fame of its natural beauty, wholesome atmosphere, pleasant society and excel-

lent fishing. This Mecca of the pastime seekers of all America is built upon a massive pile of rocks, and has an excellent view of the Thousand Islands scenery. In the vicinity is a position whence a hundred isles can be seen at one view. Visitors to the Thousand Islands who wish to take the trip through the Bay of Quinte can do so by taking any of the Richelieu Company's steamers on the trip up the river.

About opposite Alexandria Bay, on Wellesley Island, is the Presbyterian resort, Westminster Park. This covers an area of five hundred acres of irregular uplands, reaching sometimes to an altitude of one hundred and fifty feet. From these heights, easily accessible on foot or by carriage, the Thousand Islands can be viewed along the river for a distance of twenty miles. There are an excellent hotel and many pretty cottages strewn about. Worship is conducted every Sunday throughout the season.

The steamer now leaves Alexandria Bay and runs down the widening channel among the outskirting islands, some decked with pine and firs, and some but arid granite rocks, until it passes the "Three Sisters," the final pickets of the archipelago, and leaves the Manatoana, the Garden of the Great Spirit, as the Indians named the Thousand Islands, finally behind.

Scarcely have we won ourselves from the still lingering images of the beautiful island scenery we have passed through, when we come in view of the spires and roofs of the town of **BROCKVILLE.** Brockville. This town, named after General Brock, the hero of Queenstown Heights, 1812, is built on an elevation which ascends by successive ridges from the St. Lawrence. It is on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway, and a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway runs from it to Ottawa. It has connection by ferry with the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railway. Its population is about 9,000, and it is a progressive



A PICNIC PARTY AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

business centre. Its public and private buildings compare favourably with any in Canada.

The steamer next comes to Prescott named after General Prescott, a town of some 4,000 inhabitants, just about opposite the American city of Ogdensburg. Among its note-worthy places of interest are Fort Wellington, named after the Iron Duke, the Tomb of Barbara Heck, one of the founders of Methodism in America, at the little blue church on the river bank, and the famous Windmill, with its narrow loop-holes peeping from its side. This is the windmill that figured in the insurrection of 1837 as the stronghold of the "Patriots" under the unhappy Van Schultze. These desperate men were forced to surrender, after several days' defence, and Van Schultze and nine others were executed at Fort Henry. The Government have since converted the Windmill into a splendid lighthouse. Prescott has several large commercial houses, amongst others, J. P. Wiser Manufacturing Company's distillery, The Prescott Brewing Company, and several others. Daniels' Hotel is the favourite resort for travellers.

Leaving this historic ground, our steamer courses serenely on her way, and now bearing to the right discloses the imposing group of buildings of the Point Airy New York State Asylum, the central, administration building, of which we give an illustration. Perched upon the banks which overhang the river, their situation is magnificent. A little further on, to our left, we pass Chimney Island, which during the French regime was strongly fortified. The calm stretch of the river varied here and there by a few islands would scarcely prepare us for the boisterous scenes we are soon to pass through. But soon after the last glimpse of Prescott fades in the distance, we pass through the first of the troubled waters of the St. Lawrence, the Gallops. These are only a foretaste of what is to follow, for as the spires and roof tops of the town of Morrisburg are seen through the trees, we find ourselves,

on rounding an intervening point, in full view of the Rapids du Plat, as they swirl their dark green waters among a group of wooded islands and beneath the shadow of their



overhanging trees. After shooting the du Plat, the steamer glides with steadily increasing motion, past a picturesque point named

LONG SAULT RAPIDS.

Woodlands and in among bolder shores, on the north side of Croyles Island, into sight of the turbulent surface of the Long Sault, with its snow-crested billows of raging water. This, the first one of the really remarkable rapids of the St. Lawrence, extends some nine miles down stream to



A VIEW ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, FROM THE STEAMER'S DECK.

Cornwall, divided into two main channels by numerous beautifully wooded islands. The "shooting of the rapids," as the descent by boat is called, is a most exciting experience. We see before us a seething mass of churning waters, rushing with headlong speed down a decided declivity which stretches ahead, apparently without termination, far as the eye can reach. Each moment we feel ourselves and our great vessel being further drawn into the Charybdis jaws of the mighty current, among its angry darkling eddies, past jutting headlands, close to insidious rocks, while the roar of the surges, the foaming spray that dashes over the vessel, intensifies the excitement caused by her swift downward and undulating movement. With her steam almost completely shut off, she dashes

in among the waves that seem to advance to meet her up the hill, and is carried along, by sheer force of the current, at a speed of twenty miles an hour, guided alone by the extra-manned helm, past the dangerous places amid the ocean roar and tumult of the lashing surf. Navigation of the Long Sault requires exceptional nerve and precision in piloting as well as extra power to control the helm; hence, in "shooting the rapids," the rudder is provided with a tiller (besides the regular apparatus), and this is manned, while four men are kept at the wheel to ensure safe steering; and, as a result of such precautions, fatal accidents never occur.

The first passage of the Long Sault by steamer was made, about 1840, under the pilotage of the celebrated Indian Terorhiagere. The channel followed was that which has until recently been considered the only safe one, namely the southern, on the American side of the dividing islands. But examinations have been made in these later days and the northern channel proven quite navigable, so that it has become as much the highway of steamboat traffic as the southern.

To our right is the picturesque Indian village of St. Regis, with its little cluster of houses and the glittering roof of its church standing conspicuously among them. This church, or rather its



HOPEWELL HALL AND CASTLE REST, THOUSAND ISLANDS.

bell, is connected with an historical incident of savage Indian revenge, in the early days. On its passage from France, the bell was captured by an English cruiser, taken to Salem, Mass., and sold to the church at Deerfield, of the same

state. The St. Regis Indians, hearing of the capture and the destination of their bell, proceeded stealthily to Deerfield, attacked the town, massacred forty-seven of the inhabitants and brought one hundred and twelve captives back with them along with the bell, which now hangs in the St. Regis Church.

Nearly opposite this pretty Indian village, on the left, is the thriving town of Cornwall, with its extensive woollen and cotton mills. The completion of the Cornwall Canal, some
CORNWALL. twelve miles long, with seven locks, offers a safe passage to small craft on the eastern journey, and is the only course possible for all craft bound westward. We are now near the line which



ONE OF THE MANY BREEZY POINTS AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

divides Canada from the United States, as well as the line separating Eastern Ontario from Quebec. The bed of the St. Lawrence expands near Cornwall, forming the beautiful Lake St. Francis. The shores on either side present a pleasing prospect diversified with woods and farms. "But," says a well-known writer: "the chief glory of a sail down Lake St. Francis, is the distant mountain range, blue against the horizon, filling up the lack which the eye has vaguely felt in the flat unbroken horizon which bounds the greater part of Ontario. It is the Chateauguay range—a spur of the Adirondacks—sometimes drawing nearer, sometimes receding into cloud-like indistinctness. At the lower end of the lake we draw up by the long wooden
COTEAU. pier of Coteau du Lac, whose straggling row of little French houses, looking still smaller in contrast with the great stone church and gleaming spire, gives evidence that we are now in French Canada. A charming scene does this old Coteau make as seen at sunset on the return trip, when Lake St. Francis,

still as a mirror, reflects the rich crimsons and purples of the descending sun; while the old brown timbers of the pier, and the equally old and brown French Canadian houses, with the rather Dutch looking boats moored by the pier, compose a picture to which only a Turner could do justice."



PULLMAN ISLAND, THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Across from Coteau, on the southern side, is the distant town of Valleyfield, with its huge cotton mill, at the upper end of the Beauharnois Canal.

After leaving Coteau Landing, the steamer passes under the magnificent iron bridge of the Canada Atlantic Railway, one of the greatest engineering masterpieces that adorn the St. Lawrence. It is about one mile and a half long. Shortly below this bridge we enter the Coteau Rapids. This is a very beautiful stretch of rapids about two miles in length, and frequently having an exceedingly swift current. It was among them that the detachment of men, sent to Montreal during General Amherst's expedition (1759), were lost.

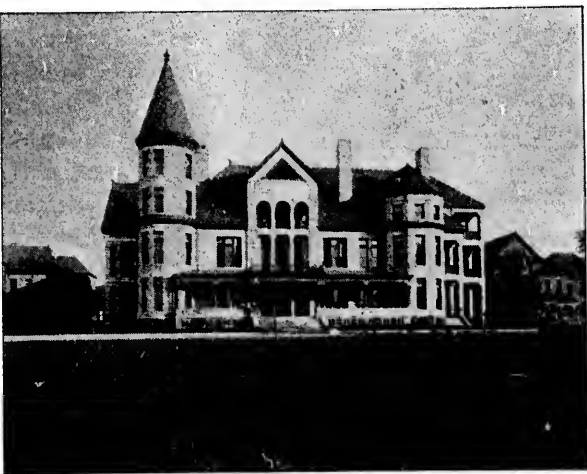
About seven miles further down, we sweep past a small island whose thickly foliaged trees almost dip at the margin into the hurrying stream, round a sharp curve into the Cedar Rapids. This is a very turbulent stretch of water and its passage is most exciting. At times the steamer seems to be settling as to sink, but she swiftly glides from threatening danger, from ominous rock to rock, until she emerges from the rapids.

But scarcely has she left the Cedars when she enters what on approach bodes to be the most perilous of all—the Split Rock

Rapids—sentineled by huge boulders guarding the entry. One cannot help a shudder of fear as ship approaches this threatening rock, but the skilful hand of the helmsman, at the opportune moment, deftly turns the boat aside and it passes away unscathed.

The Cascades, the last of this series of rapids, is conspicuous by its white-crested waves which mount tumultuously from the dark green waters in such a choppy, angry way, that they make the vessel lurch and toss as though at sea. This group of four rapids following one another in close succession have a descent of eighty-two and one half feet, and extend in all, about eleven miles.

Below the Cascades, the river expands into Lake St. Louis. Almost at its head, where the Cascades' seething waters soften into calm, the Ottawa River discharges one of its branches into the broad St. Lawrence, and the dark waters of the northern stream glide into the calm deep bottom of the great river, to find a purer home and greater glory in the resplendent beauty of the lake. On a high spot, along the south shore of this beautiful St. Louis Lake, is a cross reared like the serpent in the wilderness for men to look unto in time of peril and distress—symbols not only of human weakness and human need, but of Divine support by faith in Him who, raised upon the cross, was typified by the brazen symbol of the Arabian wilds. The scenery is very fine along this lake. Calm and shadowy, the Chateauguay hills rear their lofty heads behind the trees, lower down the dim outline of Mount Royal can be seen while further on, the cloudy tops of Belœil, St. John and Shefford loom against the sky. From the point of confluence of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, the shore, on our left as we go down, is the Island of Montreal. Along its margin can be seen the cottages of campers from Montreal who come here in large numbers to spend the sum-



POINT AIRY STATE ASYLUM (OPPOSITE PRESCOTT.)

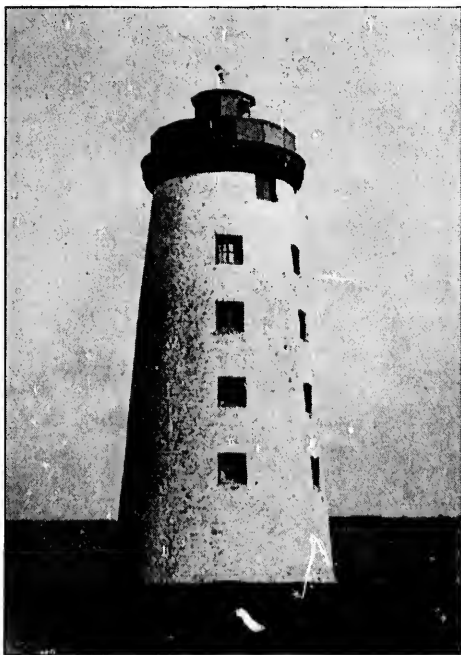
mer months. It is a most pleasant place of resort both on account of its convenient proximity to the city and on account of its engaging scenery and wholesome surroundings. There are several yacht and boating club houses here and there, such as the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, a little above the head of Dorval Island, also the Forest and Stream Club.

After issuing from the lake, we come to the town of Lachine, nine miles from Montreal. This place is associated with the name of La Salle, who, about the year 1670, obtained a grant of **LACHINE.** land from the Seminary of Montreal, and here formed a settlement, giving to it the name of Lachine. It was La Salle who, during his wanderings in the land of the Illinois, first pitched upon Chicago as a trading post.

At this village, the famous Lachine Canal commences, having been built to overcome the descent of the river in the Lachine Rapids. Even as we pass along, we can see the enclosed waters of the canal bearing upon their bosom the huge form of some up-going steamer. It is to this little village of Lachine that people come from

Montreal by train to shoot the rapids. A most exciting method is to shoot the rapids in a skiff, under the skillful guidance of the Indians as is shown in cut on page 60. It is apparently, at first sight, impossible for so small a boat to live in so wild a current of waters, but the Indians are so thoroughly acquainted with the shoals and dangerous places, as well as with the frantic humours of the fierce current, that the feat is sometimes risked by those seeking excitement.

Across from 'Lachine is the Indian village, Caughnawaga, on the south bank of the river. Its name,



OLD WINDMILL NEAR PRESCOTT
(HELD BY PATRIOT REBELS IN 1837.)

meaning "praying Indian," is very appropriately attached to the inhabitants who are devoted adherents of the Roman Catholic faith, and annually, in June, join in the celebration of the Fête-Dieu, accoutred in their tribal paint and ornaments.

After passing this village, we come to the magnificent iron bridge of the C. P. R. It is a beautiful structure built on the



INDIAN VILLAGE OF CAUGHNAWAGA, OPPOSITE LACHINE.

cantilever principle, much resembling the International Railway Bridge at Niagara.

Passing under the bridge, the steamer glides into the mid-stream that moves with the calm majesty of irresistible power and speed, indicative of the coming rapids, which appear full in view as we sweep around an intercepting curve.

LACHINE RAPIDS.

And now we are before the fiercest, most celebrated, most difficult of navigation, as well as the last of the great St. Lawrence rapids—the Lachine. A universal stillness reigns among the passengers on deck, and their hearts throb with a dubious expectation as they look forward to the glittering sheet of foaming breakers ahead, with their two little green islets, dashing through the spray. Human speech can find no tongue in such a scene, but awe and the overpowering sense of the mighty forces in raging activity around, inspires the thrilling stillness of a mingled fear and pleasure in every soul—fear at the awful possibility of some miscarriage in our descent, pleasure in the triumphant exhibition of the "flash and cloud of the cascade, of the earthquake and foam-fire of the cataract," combined with the howling multitude of waters and the vast sweep and

surging of the ocean wave. In we plunge among the breakers, and the headlong current bears us towards the shelving and insidious rocks, sometimes hidden, sometimes disclosed to view with the dark suggestion of others couched unseen beneath the water. Deftly we pass them by within a few yards of their treacherous edges, through foam, through mountain billows, with our bows sometimes apparently submerged, through hurrying eddy and swirling whirlpool, through clouds of spray ascending from the churning abyss crowned with the iridescence of a hundred rainbows, and amid the thunderous voices of the surging deeps. A moment more, we have completed the descent and ride in tranquility the placid bosom of the river beneath, with a sense of relief born of the contemplated danger past. Had we but deviated to right or left by so much as a few yards, or cast our length athwart the stream, we had been hurled, by the angry current, upon the rocks to utter wreck, or instantly capsized, submerged and rolled amid a raging wilderness of waves. But the cool hand and clear eye of the pilot is equal to the perilous work, and it is a notable fact that no accident of any consequence has ever happened, nor has a single life been lost in the course of many years of steamboat navigation on these wonderful rapids.

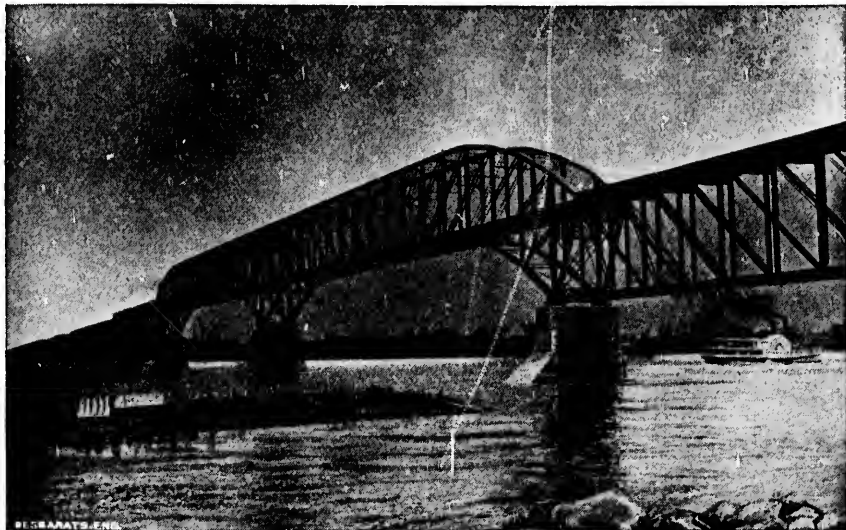
Passing by the beautifully wooded shores of Nun's Island, we come before the famous Victoria Bridge—one of the wonders of the continent and one of the greatest engineering achievements of the age. It connects Montreal with the south shore of the St. Lawrence

by the Grand Trunk Railway, and thus, with the Canadian Pacific Railway Bridge above, provides the alternate route by rail across the river. It is built of iron on the tubular principle. There are two abutments and

twenty-four piers of solid masonry, extending in all some two miles. The tube, through which the trains pass, is some twenty-two feet high by sixteen feet wide. The structure cost \$6,300,000. It is the product of the same minds that spanned the Menai Straits, Robert Stephenson and A. M. Ross, and it stands a lasting monument to their genius, the embodiment in iron and stone of the glorious ideas which



gave it birth. It is a striking contrast to the more modern Canadian Pacific Railway Bridge with its lighter, more aerial structure. The latter gives the impression of neatness, even of frailty, while the former has stamped upon its face the mark of massiveness and enduring power, like the great primeval works of nature made to stand forever. It is a grand sight to stand upon this bridge,



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BRIDGE, LACHINE.

looking forth from one of the openings in the central piers, and watch the shipping passing underneath upon the bosom of the curling waters, to see the hurrying streams gather in mounds before each pier, then glide away on either side in angry eddy and in wave; to look along the row of massive piers converging in the distance, with the great iron tube upon their shoulders, reaching into Montreal.

Sweeping beneath the great bridge, we come in full view of the city of Montreal, with its teeming harbour, with its beautiful public buildings of massive stone; its churches, its cathedrals with gleaming pinnacles, and domes and cupolas; its famous parks; its learning, its colleges; and, most of all, with its royal mountain, lifting its imperial head above the rush and din of commerce like an altar open to great and small, to rich and poor, to come to, offering up their sacrifice of adoration for so much beauty and grandeur freely given them, both from the hand of man and from the hand of nature.

As we move through the crowded harbour, we pass here and there the huge forms of ocean vessels at their moorings. Away ahead we catch a glimpse of the towers of Notre Dame and the massive dome of St. Peter's rising above the other structures, giving us a distant foretaste, in their sunset glory, of the myriad beauties which lie wrapt in the hidden bosom of the splendid city. We come to port near St. Helen's Island, once a military stronghold, but now transformed into a magnificent park; the steamer first stopping at Commissioners' Wharf to transfer its passengers to the Quebec steamer, and then continuing to canal basin.

As tourists generally prefer to visit Montreal on their way home, we will reserve for the return trip a description of the interest-



SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS—PAST.

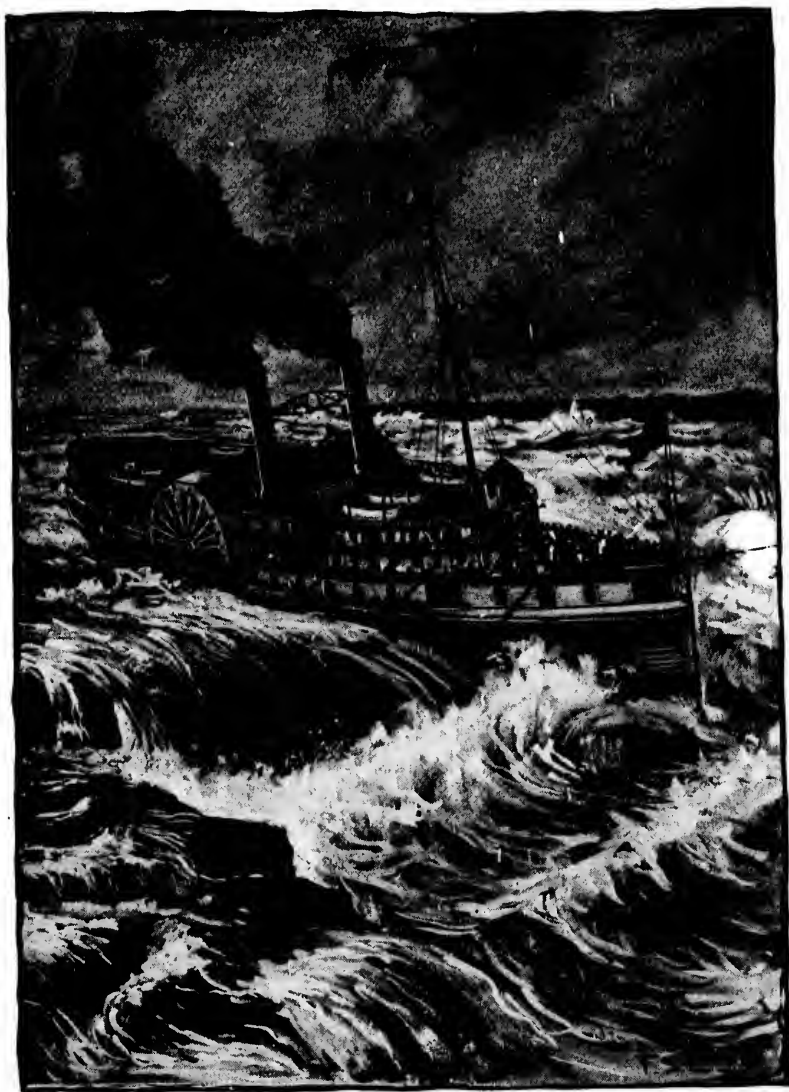
ing points of the city, and sail on down the St. Lawrence towards Quebec and the Saguenay.

The journey down the S. Lawrence, from Montreal to Quebec, in one of the palatial steamers that ply on this route, is as pleasant a trip as could be taken anywhere in America.

Leaving Montreal in the evening, we first pass Longueuil, a small village on the south bank, and the summer residence of many Montrealers. Longueuil is memorable in history for the repulse of General Carleton, in 1775, by the Americans. A little down on the north shore is Longue Pointe. At a distance of nine miles from Montreal, we see Pointe-aux-Trembles, founded in 1674. Here is one of the old

**DOWN THE
ST. LAWRENCE.**

French churches, built in 1709. Soon afterwards, we find ourselves among the Islands of Boucherville. These islands are mostly low and flat, with very shallow water among them, and a thick growth of reeds and weeds, affording excellent duck shooting and pike fishing, but wanting in scenery from their extreme flatness. Here



A RICHELIEU STEAMER ENTERING THE LACHINE RAPIDS—PRESENT.

it is that the ice grounds, on the break up of winter, occasionally causing an inundation. At a distance of fifteen miles we pass Varennes, one of the most prettily situated places between Montreal and Quebec. It lies with the St. Lawrence in front and the Richelieu in its rear. Mineral springs of great virtue are situated here.



IMMIGRANTS' MEMORIAL STONE.

At a distance of forty miles we pass Berthier, on the north shore, opposite to the entrance of the Richelieu, and to numerous islands similar to those of Boucherville; till five miles farther down, at the junction of the Richelieu, we arrive at Sorel, lately raised to the dignity of a city. Sorel was once called William Henry, after William IV., who, when in the navy, and lying off Quebec, visited this place, coming up in his vessel to Lake St. Peter, whence he took a small boat upwards. It stands on the site of the fort having been built by de Tracy in 1665, and was for many years the summer residence of successive governors of Canada. There is splendid snipe shooting in this neighbourhood in October, and very good fishing all through the year, among the numerous islands which here stud the surface of the river. About five miles further down, the river expands into a vast sheet of water, about twenty-five miles long and nine miles broad, which is known as Lake St. Peter. This lake is, for the most part, quite shallow, except in the channel, which has been dredged so as to enable the largest ocean steamers to pass up and down. In passing through this lake, the traveller, is sure to see several rafts on their way downwards. The songs of the raftsmen were once a delightful melody on these waters, but the towing system has done away with much of the old romance of the river.

Passing the mouth of the St. Francis, which flows in from the Eastern Townships, near which is a settlement of the Abenakis

Indians, we arrive at the city of Three Rivers, situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, at the mouth of the St. Maurice River, which here separates into three channels, whence the name of the city is derived, and lying about midway between Quebec and Montreal, being about ninety miles from either of the cities. This is a most interesting place in many respects. Benjamin Sulte, the French Canadian poet and historian, has worked its mines of historical lore to noble uses, and given it a fame greater than its lumber and iron industries could ever achieve. The French began the smelting of iron here as early as 1737. Three Rivers is the see of a Roman Catholic bishopric. The cathedral is a stately edifice, and the neighbourhood is rich in associations to any one who cares to explore them.

Opposite Three Rivers is Doucet's Landing, the terminus of the Arthabaska and Three Rivers branch of the Grand Trunk Railway, thus keeping this section easy of access from the south, as the railway on the north shore does on the other side. Here we may be said to be at the head of tide water, the home of the Tommy-cod fishery. Continuing our journey, we pass Batiscan, called after a famous Indian chief known to the first settlers; then Ste. Anne and the Jacques-Cartier River, after which the land on the river banks begins to rise, presenting a more bold and picturesque appear-



VICTORIA BRIDGE, G. T. R., MONTREAL.

ance as we near Quebec. Ste. Augustine and St. Antoine, two pretty villages, are soon passed, and the mouth of the Chaudière is the next object of interest. Here, some twelve or more miles from

Quebec, in the seclusion of the woods, are the falls of the Chaudière, a river which, flowing through the auriferous district of the Eastern Townships, and bounding, through its course of one hundred miles, in rapids, precipitates itself downwards over a hundred feet into a rocky and chaotic basin, where, during the spring floods, the roaring of the waters and the fantastic cliffs and hedges on either side combine to make a deep impression on the mind.

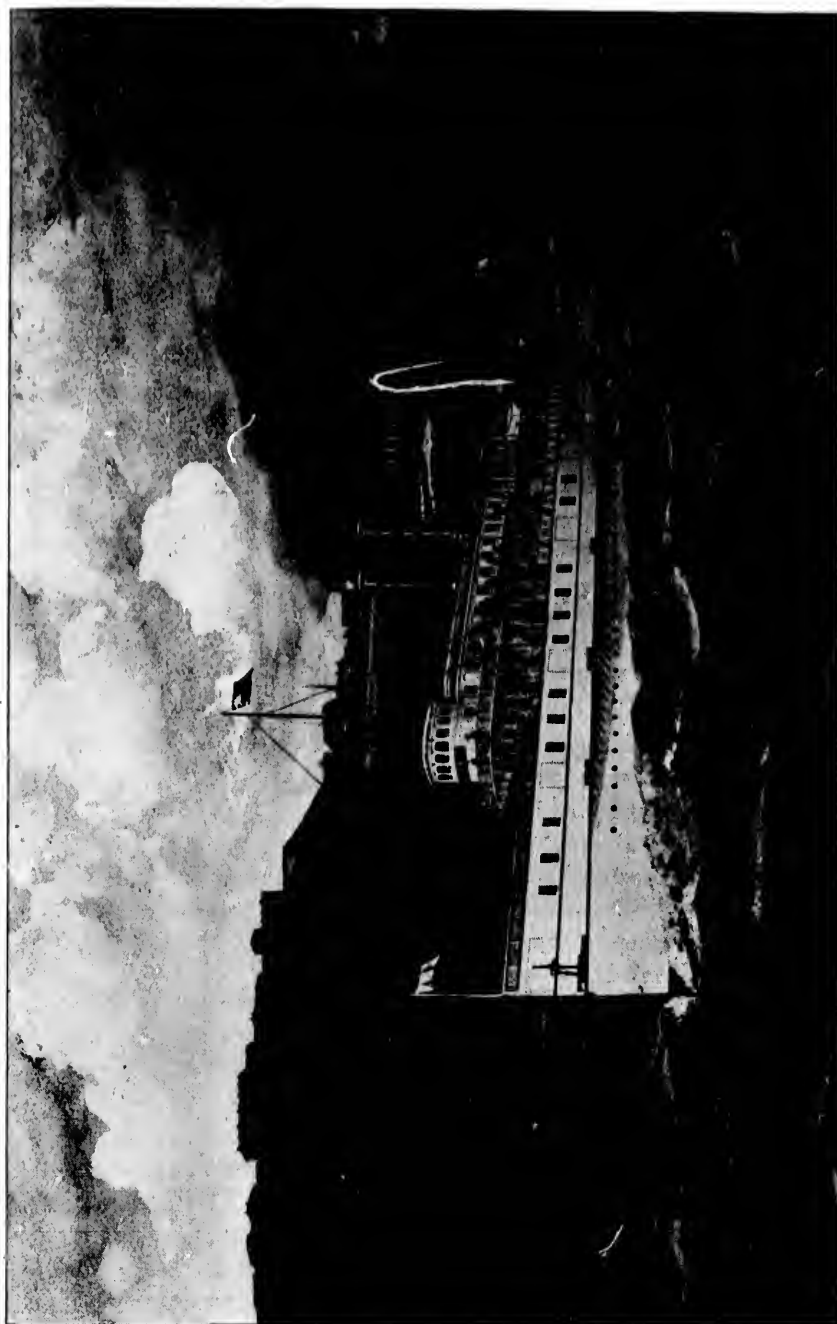


Continuing our way, we come to Pointe Lévis, nearly opposite Quebec, on the south-western shore. Before us is the gran gateway of the St. Lawrence, the famous Citadel of Quebec, with its majestic memories of mystery, adventure, victory and defeat. The battle ground where Wolfe won for England, and the Celto-Brittanic race, the illimitable Dominion of the North and West.

From these high cliffs and from under these grey old walls, the first pioneers of what is now the granary of the world, went forth into the unknown wilderness. From this antique city, also, departed the first missionaries, carrying the message of the cross to distant tribes and nations. But that which must forever give Quebec its chief claim to the attention of the traveller is its historical battle-field. It is impossible to stand here and reflect on the momentous consequences of Wolfe's victory without feeling the influence of the spirit of the scene.

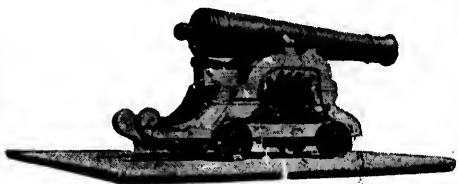
But philosophic melancholy in these days gives way at Quebec to more joyful influences, for it is one of the most delightful places socially to be found anywhere in the world. Whether it be summer or winter, the people of the ancient capital take full enjoyment out of life and strive to make the stranger





THE R. & O. NAV. CO.'S STR. "QUEBEC" LEAVING QUEBEC FOR MONTREAL.

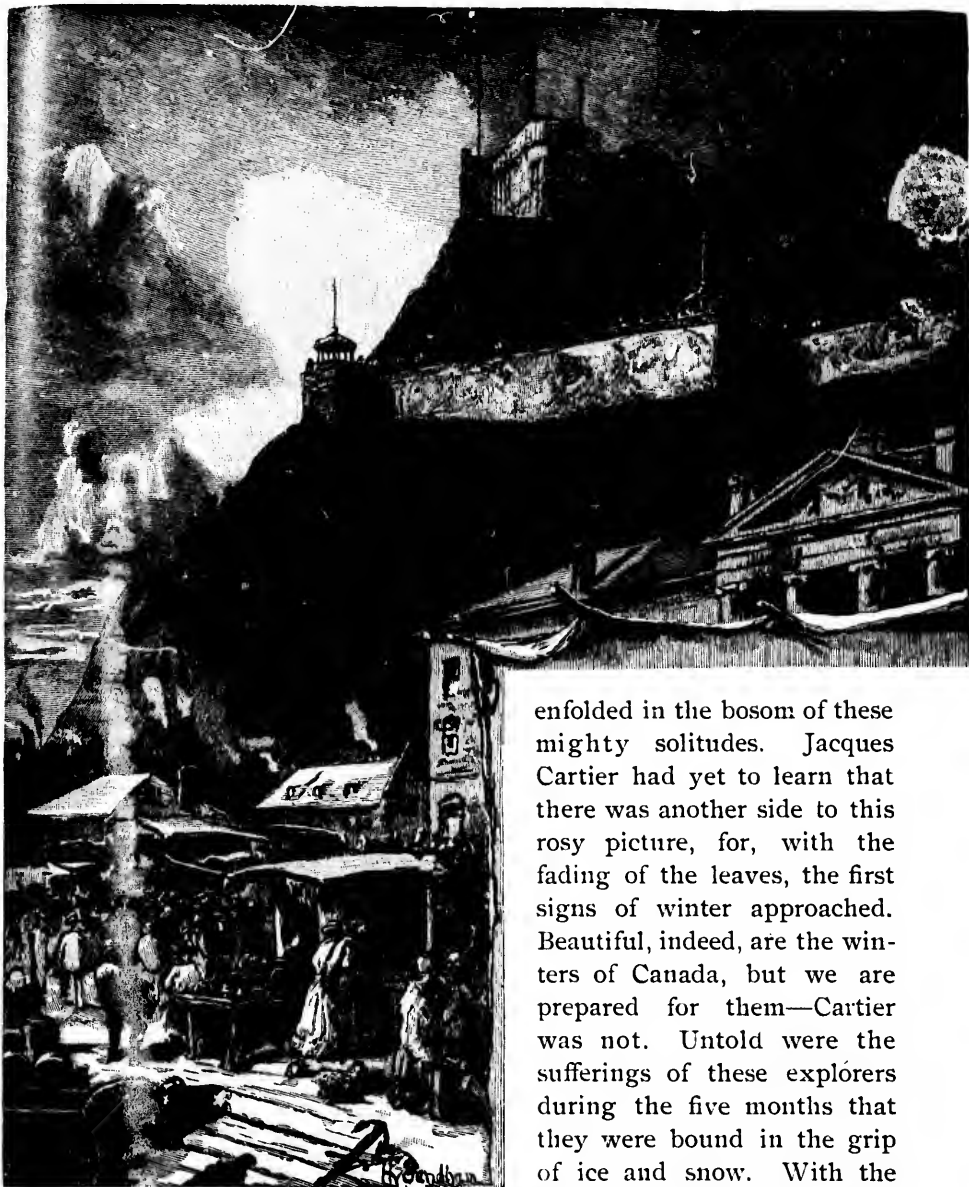
feel at home. Founded by Samuel de Champlain, A.D. 1608, nearly three centuries have given the fortress city a history rich in material for the philosopher, the poet and the romancer. Among the records, associations, and scenes thus brought together, the traveller, if so inclined, may find endless fields for research, acquaintanceship or observation. He will find the pretty souvenir book, "Illustrated Quebec," which he can buy for one dollar, a charming guide and memento of his visit.



To all old friends, to those who dwell
Secure in yonder Citadel
To old Quebec, whose glorious fame
Few cities of to-day may claim.
Quebec: Past, present and to be
Greeting, our pen shall tell of thee.

Quaint, curious old Quebec, whose winding streets and frowning battlements are pervaded with the atmosphere of departed centuries. Here is the spot where the refined luxury of the Old World first touched the barbaric wilderness of the New. Here is the cradle of Canada. Quebec seems to have been specially formed by Nature for the important part assigned to her in the drama of this continent, for, from her commanding eminence, she holds the position of guardian and sentry of Canada. In reviewing the history of Quebec we meet the interesting figure of that intrepid explorer, Jacques Cartier. In 1535, Jacques Cartier sailed from France, under a commission from Francis I., in hope of discovering a new highway to the Indies, and also of adding to the possessions of his native land. Sailing up the magnificent river, he gave to it the name of St. Lawrence, and, on the 14th of September, he reached the mouth of a little tributary, which he called Ste. Croix. Here he cast anchor. The natives of the village of Stadacona, headed by their chief, Donnacona, paddled out in their birch bark canoes to meet the strangers, having been attracted by the novelty of their wondrous vessels.

The meeting of Jacques Cartier and the chief appears to have been friendly, for he willingly conducted the explorers to the summit of the rock, and to the little village which nestled beneath. What a wondrous picture was spread out before him from this noble height. Clothed in the primeval grandeur of Nature, enriched with the glory of autumnal tints, no prospect could be more enchanting, no wealth more unbounded, than that which was



THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

enfolded in the bosom of these mighty solitudes. Jacques Cartier had yet to learn that there was another side to this rosy picture, for, with the fading of the leaves, the first signs of winter approached. Beautiful, indeed, are the winters of Canada, but we are prepared for them—Cartier was not. Untold were the sufferings of these explorers during the five months that they were bound in the grip of ice and snow. With the return of spring, Jacques Cartier sailed again for France, but nothing came of his voyage. The time had not yet come, and nearly a century was to elapse before the founder of New France appeared. In 1608, Samuel de Champlain

planted the white flag of France upon the heights of Quebec. Champlain was a man of undaunted courage, a soldier, sailor, statesman, and possessing the heart and soul of a hero. No man was ever more fitted to found, develop and rule an empire than he. And it is to his untiring efforts and genius that we are indebted for the Canada of to-day.



NEW ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

But let us wend our way through the winding streets until we gain the summit of the frowning rocks, where we can take in a view none the less beautiful than that which met the gaze of Champlain or Jacques Cartier. From Dufferin Terrace, or from the Citadel, still higher, the pictures spread out beneath our feet can nowhere else be duplicated. Here the lily banner of the Bourbons and the time-worn flag of England have been unfurled in token of supremacy. All the memory-haunted scenes of a glorious past sweep before our gaze. Yonder is the spot where the noblest sons of France and England fought for the empire of this land, in the memorable battle of the Plains of Abraham. No pen is needed to tell the glory of their death. Behind Dufferin Terrace, in the Governor's Garden, the granite column tells their story, by its simple inscription: "In Memory of Wolfe and Montcalm." Vanquisher and vanquished lie silent in the tomb, but their names are linked together in an indissoluble wreath of glory. Nestled together below us are the antique gables, the peculiar roofs, the quaint spires, and the historic walls that take us back into the last century, and

side by side with them, increasing their interest, are the grand modern structures of the present.

With a copy of "Illustrated Quebec," in hand, we commence a leisurely survey of the picture before us. Every stone in the walls of Quebec has a history, and every spot of ground is rendered sacred by the souvenirs of the past.

Behind us rise the grey walls of the ancient citadel, and immediately under us is the city with its strange confusion of buildings, all cast, as it were, at random upon the declivities of a mountain, and tumbling down in wild confusion to the shores of the great river below. We do not propose going into all the details of the peculiar historical attractions of Quebec ; we will take a rapid glance at the scene before us.

Looking away beyond the churches and monuments, the ramparts and gates, we behold a picture that no pencil could delineate and no poet could describe. Over the heights of Lévis, and above its frowning fortifications, rises the summer sun ; his beams gild the spires of a hundred historic buildings, each with a story that might be the basis of a real romance. Still looking to the right, the Isle of Orleans divides the waters of the St. Lawrence, and looks up to the citadel as a child to a protecting parent. Then across the stream

"Where yonder mountains cracked
And sundered by volcanic fire,
Sings Montmorency's cataract ;
Fit chord for such a granite lyre."



OLD ST. LOUIS GATE (INTERIOR) QUEBEC.

Then the long thin village of Beauport stretches its serpentine length along the shore and basks in the rays of the rising sun. Beyond the Beauport Flats arise the blue Laurentians, mound over mound, till they blend with a few fleecy clouds upon the distant horizon. From out the forests and fields glances the steeple of the Charlebourg Church, a hamlet with a history of its own ; behind this again appears the humble, but still more interesting, chapel of the Indian village of Lorette. Lorette, the home of the Huron, the last resting-



GRAND BATTERY. QUEBEC.

place of that warrior tribe as its braves disappear like the snow before the sun of civilization. Of yore, the Huron of Lorette treated with Montcalm, and fired his arrows at the invader ; to-day the old chief sits at his door and teaches the rising generation to shoot arrows at the copper and silver pieces which the traveller sets up to test their skill. Still turning westward, we notice the sinuosities of the St. Charles, as it rolls through green meadows down to its confluence with the St. Lawrence. Yonder is the " Monument of the Brave," on the Ste. Foye Road, beside it is a Martello tower, nearer still is the Wolfe Shaft on the Plains ; scenes once glorious and terrible in the days of immemorable conflict.

We will start our visit to the city with the Chateau Frontenac. The site of this beautiful hotel is that of the ancient Chateau St.

Louis, for above two centuries the seat of the Government of the Province. The hall of the old fort, in the early days of the colony, was often the scene of terror and despair at the inroads of the Iroquois, who, having passed all the French outposts, threatened the fort itself, and massacred some friendly Iroquois within sight of its walls.

The Chateau Frontenac is a magnificent new fire-proof hotel, situated at the eastern end of Dufferin Terrace, commanding delightful views of the St. Lawrence as far as the eye can reach,—down past the Isle of Orleans, across to Lévis and beyond, up stream to Sillery, and, to the left, the country along the beautiful valley of the St. Charles River. It has been planned with that strong sense of the fitness of things. In exterior it blends with its surroundings; it is part of the wondrous picturesqueness, while the interior is a monument to the skill of the architect, who has retained the maximum of comfort and beauty without sacrificing the outlook; which has been obtained by constructing the hotel in the shape of a horseshoe.

The foundations of the original castle, dating 1620, can be seen still under Dufferin Terrace.

While we are mentioning hotels, we cannot omit the Hotel Victoria, a more modest and homelike hotel, situated on St. John street, outside of



the city walls, and commanding a view of the valley of the St. Charles River.

Dufferin Terrace was first laid out by the Earl of Durham, Governor-General of Canada in 1838. During the administration of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, however, it was improved and enlarged into the present promenade, and has since been known as Dufferin Terrace. "Of all the historic monuments," writes Mr. LeMoine, "connecting modern Quebec with its eventful and historic past, none more deservedly hold a higher place in the estimation of the antiquarian, the scholar, and the curious stranger, than the former gates of the renowned fortress. These relics of a by-gone age, with their massive proportions and grim mediæval architecture, no longer exist, however, to carry the mind back to the days which invest the oldest city in North America with its peculiar interest and attraction." But Quebec

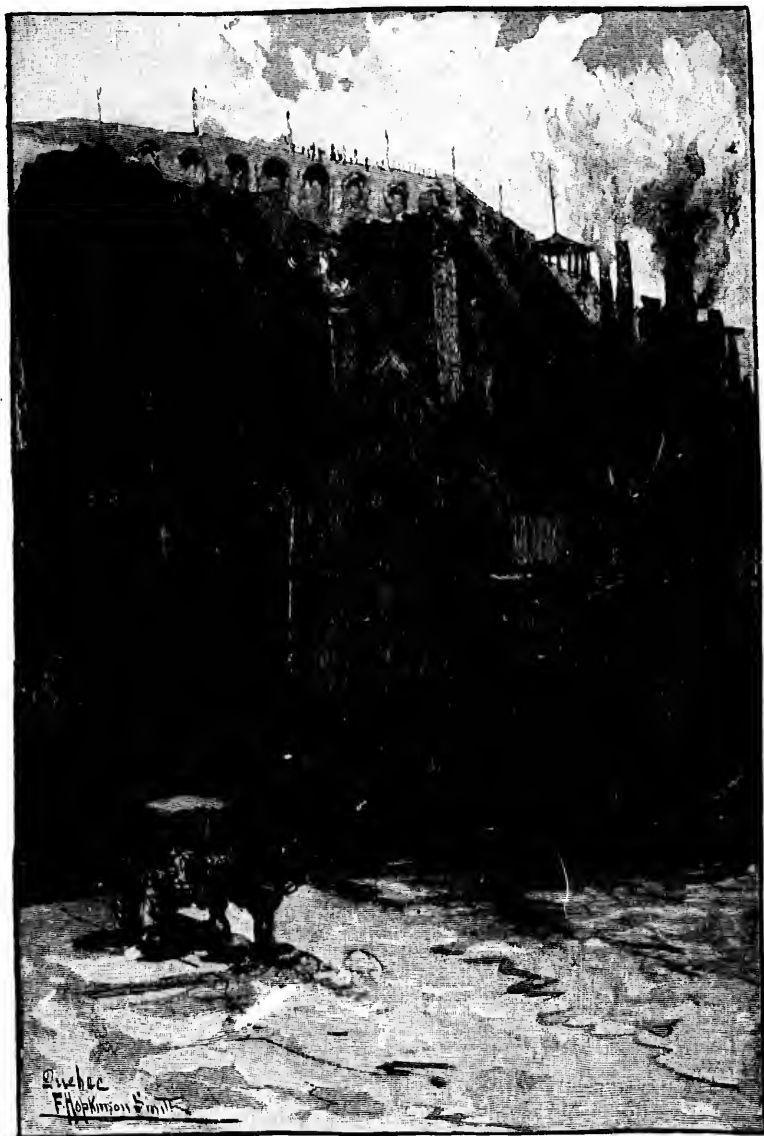


MARTELLLO TOWER.

is still a fortress, and through the efforts of Lord Dufferin, a scheme of restoration was carried out which preserves the ancient character of the city, and facilitates the requirements of modern progress.

A stroll around the ramparts, and an inspection of the picturesque and substantial archways, gives the visitor a good idea of the military strength of the city. In the midst of these standing evidences of defiance or defence, we may trace the dominant influence of a greater power, in the embodiment of its religious institutions, still breathing the monastic spirit of the seventeenth century. Crowning the cliffs stands the University of Laval, the chief seat of French culture in the Dominion. In its foundation may be traced the intellectual development of the country. To the visitor the University possesses a peculiar charm, and many a priceless relic and work of art may be found within its walls. It has been called after the famous bishop, Mgr. de Laval de Montmorenci, who endowed it liberally, as did all his successors. Apart from the boarding house—for medical and law students—and the special buildings for the medical classes, the main body of the University consists of an immense six-story edifice about two hundred and fifty feet in length and seventy in depth. It looks down from the high rock—two hundred feet above the river—upon the most magnificent

scene that nature, combined with human invention, can present in America. Its triple towers and cross-crowned cupola, seem to rise into the very heavens. Imposing as the edifice is from the outside, it is a treasure-house within. Its lecture halls, its professors' rooms,



IN CHAMPLAIN STREET, LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC.

its classes of chemistry, physics, and mechanical science—filled with specimens of every modern invention or appliance, would suffice to keep a stranger hours in pleasant investigation. Its vast library, one of the most extensive and rare in Canada, is a treasure in itself. Its museum certainly surpasses anything of the class in the country. Among the celebrated masters represented in the gallery of Laval may be mentioned Salvator Rosa, Teniers, Romenelli, Joseph Vernet, Paget, and Perocci Poussin.

On the cliff, near the entrance, may be pointed out the spot where the gallant General Montgomery fell, at the head of the storming party, December 31, 1775.

Another fine edifice that claims our attention is the Basilica, near the old Market Square. It is built on the site of the ancient Church of Notre-Dame-de-la-Recouvrance, erected in 1633, by Samuel de Champlain, to commemorate the restoration of the colony by Britain. Within this ancient church were interred the remains of Laval—perhaps the most historic figure in the annals of New France—Frontenac, and many other of her worthies. The Basilica contains, amongst other valuable paintings, the Christ of the Cathedral, by Van Dyke, and the Ecstasy of St. Paul, by Carlo Maratti. Some of the pictures were brought to Canada from France during the Revolution. The square opposite where the new City Hall is being erected, is the site of the old Jesuit College, the last trace of which was removed a few years ago. There is interest even in the site of this old building, for it was the oldest college in America, dating from the year 1635. Within its walls the martyrs Lalement, Brebeuf, and Vipond, taught, and Père Marquette drew his plans that led to the establishment of Christianity on the banks of the Mississippi. Adjoining the Basilica is the Cardinal-Archbishop's Palace, the residence of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau.

The next building that claims our attention is the Ursuline Convent, on Garden street. The convent is beautifully situated in a garden of seven acres extent, and owes its origin to the religious zeal of Madame de la Peltrie and Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, two remarkable women, whose devotion has formed themes for poets and historians. The date of the earliest foundation was 1641, and of the present 1686. There is a small picture preserved here which portrays a touching tradition of the early days of Canada. Montcalm, who fell so gloriously in the battle contending with Wolfe for supremacy on the Heights of Abraham, is buried in the chapel.



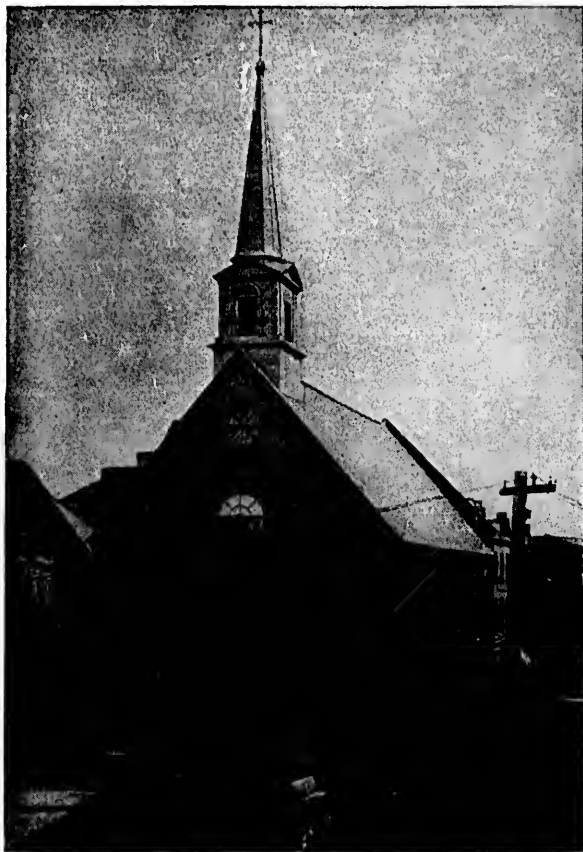
Lord Aylmer, Governor-General of Canada in 1831, caused a simple marble tablet to be placed above the tomb, bearing this inscription :

HONNEUR
À
MONTCAIM
LE DESTIN EN LUI DÉROBANT LA VICTOIRE
L'A RÉCOMPENSÉ PAR UNE MORT GLORIEUSE

Montcalm's tomb is said to have been formed by the bursting of a shell during the siege of the city.

The Hôtel-Dieu, or Hospital of the Precious Blood, was founded in 1639, by a niece of Cardinal Richelieu. During the seventeenth century it played an important part in the religious life of the French

colony. Attached to the convent is the chapel which contains the bones of Father Lalement and the skull of Father Jean de Brebeuf. An interesting episode in the history of Canada, during the last century, attaches to a relic in the possession of the Ladies of the Hôtel-Dieu. In 1742, a soldier of the Montreal Garrison professed to be a sorcerer, and, in furtherance of his pretensions, had profaned sacred objects. He had



NOTRE-DAME-DES-VICTOIRES, QUEBEC.

taken a crucifix and, covering it with an inflammable substance, exposed it to the flames, at the same time reciting certain passages of Scripture. Public indignation was so great that he was arrested and sentenced to make a public reparation in front of the parish church of Montreal. The Bishop of Quebec obtained the crucifix and presented it to the Ladies of the Hôtel-Dieu, where it is still piously preserved.

A place that is specially attractive to visitors from the United States is number 42 St. Louis street. In it were deposited the remains of Brigadier-General Montgomery, on the 31st December, 1775.

The quaint old Church of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, erected in 1688, must also be visited, as it is associated with several warlike events: the memorable repulse of Sir William Phipps' attack on Quebec, on the 16th October, 1690, and the providential escape of the town from surrender to Sir Hovenden Walkers' formidable fleet, wrecked on the 22nd August, 1711. During the siege of Quebec, in 1759, a portion of the church was destroyed by the batteries from Lévis.

Every turn that we take in Quebec brings us face to face with some memorial of the past, and most of its streets perpetuate the names of its worthies. Among the curious streets that every visitor is sure to see may be mentioned Sous-le-Cap and the site of the once famous Breakneck Stairs. Even that modern-looking building, the Post Office, has its history, for it is built on the site of an old legendary-haunted house, known as *Le Chien d'Or*. There, in the wall, we can see the curious old stone, with its inscription, and its golden dog gnawing its bone as of old, and in Mr. Kirby's novel, "*The Golden Dog*," we can learn still further of its history.



MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM, QUEBEC.

A very enjoyable tour may be made, commencing at the Governor's Garden, along St. Louis street. On the right is Place d'Armes, a pretty square: a military parade ground in the days of the French regime. On the left is Kent House, the residence of the Duke of Kent, while in Canada. It has not many attractions to offer to the tourist, but in its day it was regarded as a palace. In

striking contrast is the Court House, on the opposite side of the street. But contrasts are common in Quebec, for here the old and new meet together as they meet nowhere else on the continent. Close by is the Music Hall, and opposite is the little old-fashioned house once occupied as the headquarters of General Montcalm. Here he held his councils of war and prepared his plans for the defence of the city in 1759. Further on we pass the Esplanade, beside the city walls, used by the British troops as a parade ground. From here we can see the Garrison Club, a very interesting place, and much appreciated by the officers. Immediately outside the gate, on the right, is the Skating



HOPE HILL, QUEBEC.

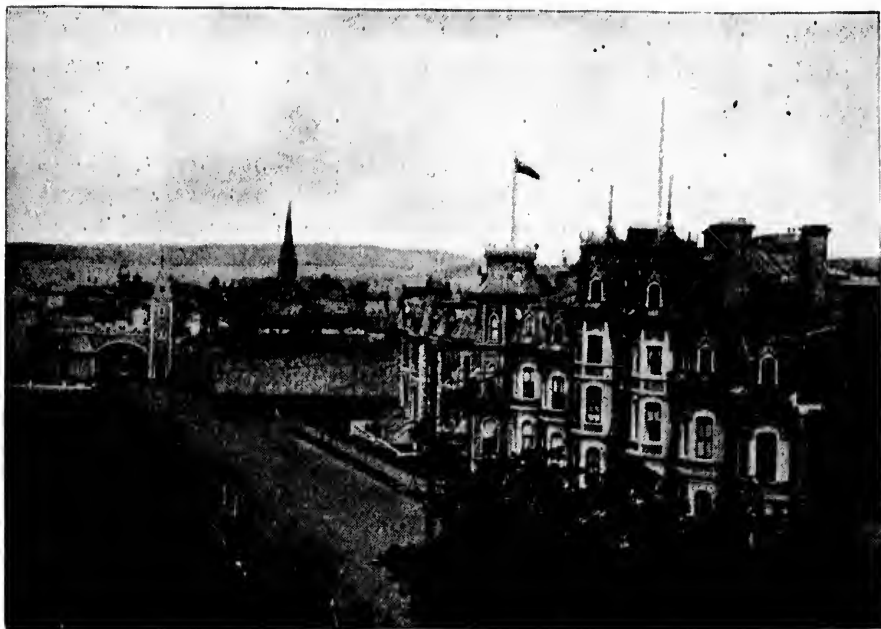
Rink, and here we come in view of the handsome buildings of the Provincial Legislature, which overlook the historic Plains of Abraham.

Turning into those extensive fields that reach from St. Louis Road to the Cliffs over Wolfe's Cove, and from the Citadel to Spencerwood, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, the tourist finds himself walking upon soil rendered sacred by the heroic

memories of the past. There, beneath the monument that tells a glorious story—"Here Wolfe fell victorious"—are the ashes of countless heroes. On such a spot well might the lines of Campbell be repeated :

" Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath your feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

Beyond are the Martello Towers, built in 1812 for the better defence of the city's fortifications. Below you, and on the Ste. Foye Road—which is reached by the Belvedere drive—stands the Monu-



GRANDE ALLÉE AND ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

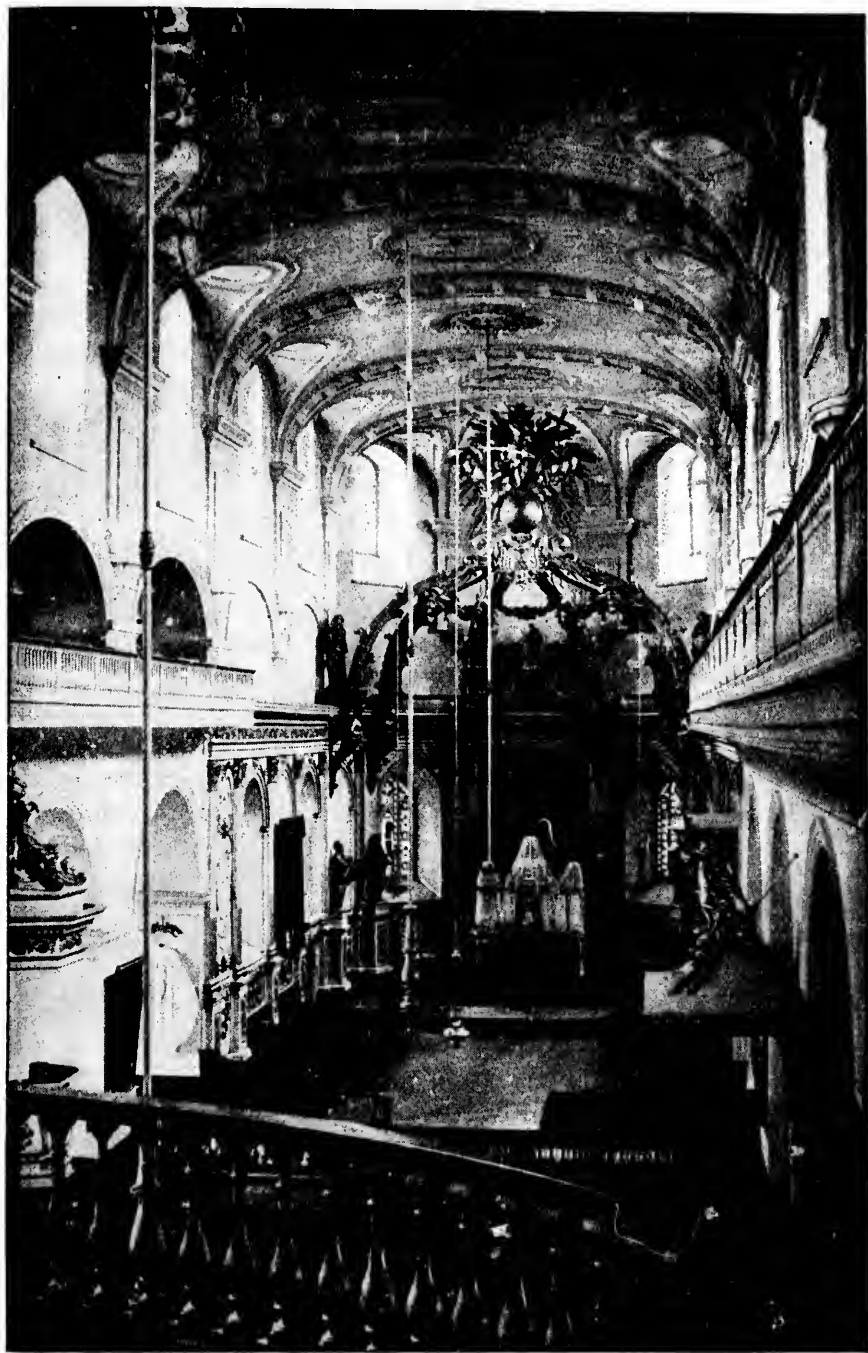
ment of the Brave. It has been erected to commemorate the heroism of the men who perished at the battle of Ste. Foye.

We must now leave Quebec and cross over on the ferry-boat to Pointe Lévis, an the opposite shore. This place is equally as interesting, in proportion to its size, as is Quebec itself. The finest possible view of the old city is to be had from the Lévis heights. Especially at night, when a thousand electric lights flash upon the scene. Quebec resembles a Venice, plus the frowning Citadel and terraces of brilliancy rising one above the other.

It was from Lévis that the British cannon played upon Quebec in 1759. The fortifications to-day are of a superior class in every sense. Immense sums have been spent upon the forts and batteries of the hilly town. From the heights a magnificent view of the Montmorency Falls can be had, and the drives around Lévis are as picturesque and attractive as those that lead from Quebec to the numerous points of interest that surround the place.

Before saying adieu to these scenes of heroism, to the crumbling relics of ancient Quebec, the tourist should join the pilgrim procession to that spot hallowed by the mystery of numerous miraculous cures, visited by hundreds of thousands of pilgrims annually—the Canadian Mecca—Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Let us leave Quebec, by the Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix Railway, and, as we fly along, take a glance at the beauties of the surrounding country.

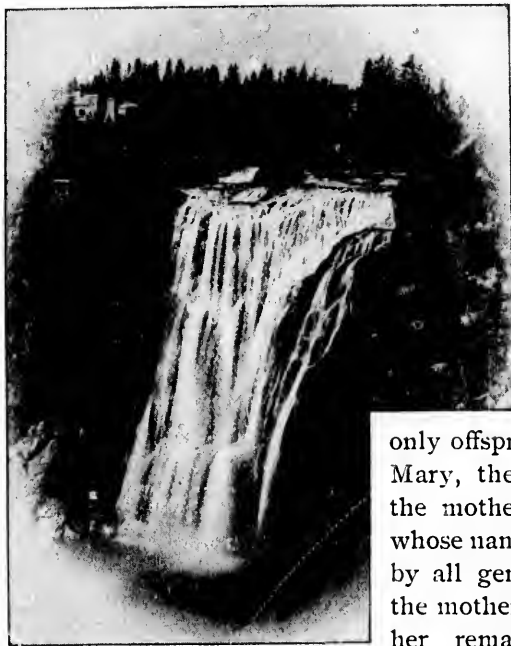
The sun flings a sheet of glory over the broad St. Lawrence, the green Island of Orleans, the white curtain of Montmorency. Off to the north, the rays of morning dance upon the steeples of Charlebourg and Lorette, pierce the white clouds upon the summits of the Laurentians, and finally disappear in the gloom of the pine forest that marks the limit of cultivation and the beginning of primeval wildness. We glide past the long serpentine form of Beauport, as it lays basking upon shore; the little villages on Orleans, the Isle of Bacchus, as Champlain called it, display their white cottages and tapering spires, they whirl away into distance and give place on the scene to fertile vales and cultivated farms. On our left, the mountains grow larger and bolder, and the huge proportions of Cape Tourmente break the uniformity of blue hills and green roads. The last steeple on the island has just vanished, and the St. Lawrence broadens out before us. From out a wilderness of trees, high over a long stretch of regular fields, behind several mounds, one peak appears to cleave the sky. Above it, birds of prey hover in security, at its foot the hamlet of Beaupré reposes—it is the mountain of Ste. Anne. Our train suddenly draws up at the little depot on the skirts of the village. We descend and immediately find ourselves in the midst of another land, in the centre of an age long past. The rude habitant carts, the bare-footed urchins, and wooden-shod women, the simple primitive Norman costumes, the pleasant manners of the natives, the quaint sign-boards on the hotels, the hurrying pilgrims and silent devotees, the grotto with its statue and fountain, the convent of the Hospital nuns on the slope of the hill, the inspiring



INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA, QUÉBEC.

edifice of the new temple of worship, the long wharf stretching out, as it were, to catch and hold each passing steamer, the banners, crosses, processions, and, above all, the religious seriousness of every person, all tell emphatically that we are at last in presence of the world-famed shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

To tell the story of Ste. Anne, we must draw upon the Book of Holy Writ, upon history and upon tradition. We will strive to tell briefly who the honored patron of the sacred locality was and how



MONTMORENCY FALLS.

the spot, so remote from the then known path of civilization, became the focus to which converged so many rays of faith. Two places, Nazareth and Sephoris—at the foot of Mount Carmel—contend for the honor of being the residence of Ste. Anne. Her husband was Jo-Achim, or Eli-Achim. The

only offspring of that marriage was Mary, the one destined to become the mother of the Redeemer, and whose name was to be called Blessed by all generations of men. When the mother of the Holy Virgin died, her remains were interred near Jerusalem, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. From that vale, in the days

of the Emperor Trajan, when Christianity was yet but a century old, tradition tells us that a rudderless ship swept over the Mediterranean with the most precious freight ever borne upon that tideless sea. This treasure was the body of Ste. Anne, which was being carried to France and placed in the keeping of St. Auspicius, first bishop of Apt, a town in Provence. It was there that the great Christian monarch, Charlemagne, found it. In after years, Ste. Anne became the patroness of Brittany, and at Auray a shrine was built in her honour, and the faith of the simple Breton taught that she there performed miraculous cures for all who trusted in her.



MOUNT STE ANNE, BELOW QUEBEC.
FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE.

It was in 1608 that Samuel de Champlain founded the city of Quebec. A few years later, a crew of Breton sailors were buffeted most unmercifully by a terrific tempest; all hope seemed to have fled; all earthly succor was despaired of; when, naturally, they turned to the protection of their people, and they vowed to build a shrine in honour of Ste. Anne d'Auray, should she guide them safely through the storm. They landed, at last, under her protection, at the spot where now stands the beautiful basilica. They built a little chapel, in fulfilment of their promise. In 1660, it became



GETTING WATER FROM THE WELL AT STE. ANNE'S.

necessary to rebuild the unsubstantial edifice—a primitive one indeed it was—and a Mr. Etienne Lessard gave the land necessary for the purpose. At that time, a Sulpician father—de Quen—was parish priest of Quebec, and he deputed Rev. Mr. Vignal to go and bless the corner stone of the new church. The then governor of New France, M. d'Ailleboust, went down to the ceremony and officially presided at the laying of the foundation of the first shrine to Ste. Anne in Canada. There were then only ten churches in the country. In 1670, the chapter of Carcassonne, in France, sent out a relic of Ste. Anne, to be kept in the new shrine. Rich presents came from

the Court of Louis XIV., and the Queen mother—Anne of Austria—embroidered a chasuble for the service of Ste. Anne's new altar. These were days of great faith and great glory ; this was the age when the spirit of heroism had been revived by Turenne ; the spark of chivalry had been stirred up by Condé ; exploits of navigators and explorers were repeated from lip to lip ; voyageurs brought back stories of the wonderful shrine upon the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence ; religious fervor and national enthusiasm combined to lavish gifts upon the humble church that stood amidst primeval grandeur upon the confines of a new world. The Marquis de Tracey, Viceroy of New France, had vowed, in the hour of shipwreck, to lay a gift at the feet of Ste. Anne. He fulfilled his compact by presenting a painting by the famed artist Lebrun — representing Ste. Anne and two pilgrims. It hangs over the high altar of the church, and beneath it are the arms of the donor. Bishop Laval de



IN THE CHURCH, STE. ANNE.

Montmorency gave two pictures from the brush of Luc Lefrançois, a Franciscan Friar, and a silver reliquary set in precious stones. In 1706, LeMoine d'Iberville, the heroic pioneer soldier, presented the massive silver crucifix now on the altar. Previous to 1866, the magnificent new church was erected, also an auxiliary chapel built with the materials, and having the decorations, steeple and bell, of

the primitive church, was placed at the north side of the large temple. The new church is two hundred feet long, one hundred and five feet broad, fifty-six feet high internally, and has a number of lateral chapels and a large sacristy. It was solemnly blessed and opened, for public worship, on the 17th of October, 1876. It was consecrated with imposing ceremonies, upon the 16th of May, 1889, by His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau. Two years after its completion—1878—it was placed under the charge of the Redemptorist Fathers. It is of Corinthian architecture, and its twin-towers rise to a height of one hundred and sixty-eight feet. Over the doorway, between the steeples, is a colossal statue of Ste. Anne, which is fourteen feet high and of exceptional beauty. On entering, the traveller is impressed by the richness and grandeur of the temple, as well as surprised at the novelty of all he beholds. At either side of the main entrance are pyramids of crutches and various surgical appliances that have been left by some who found relief from their infirmities and sufferings. One might easily spend a pleasant day examining the beautiful paintings, diving into the lateral chapels, watching the processions of "the lame, the halt and the blind" coming and going, and taking in scenes that cannot be duplicated upon the American continent. In 1889, the number of pilgrims ran up to one hundred thousand, and in 1892, there were one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred and ninety who passed in and out of that temple. It has only been within the past twenty or thirty years that pilgrims have carried away the water from the little fountain, but marvellous efficacy is attached to it. As to the authenticity of the miracles performed at the shrine of Ste. Anne, we are not prepared to speak, nor is it within the limits of our present purpose. But whether the wonderful cures—hundreds of which are as well authenticated as any fact of history—are due to the miraculous intervention of the Saint, or to the faith of the devotees, or to natural causes that have never been explained, still the cold, undeniable, glaring facts are there. The lame have thrown away their crutches and have walked, the blind have recovered their power of vision, the paralytic have been relieved from their sufferings, and numberless other infirmities have disappeared at Ste. Anne de Beaupré. The writer witnessed one case—of an invalid who had not walked for years and was carried on a chair to the altar-rails—and the result was astounding. The infirm pilgrim arose, at a given moment, from the chair, even as if the Son of God had repeated His words: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk."



HOLY COMMUNION AT THE SHRINE OF STE. ANNE:
TROPHY OF PILGRIMS' CRUTCHES.

It matters not with what preconceived ideas you approach this sacred place, whether you believe or disbelieve in the intercession of the Saint and in the miraculous effects of the prayers offered up, you cannot fail to be stirred into emotion by all the surroundings. If the traveller is a Roman Catholic, he finds something sublimely unusual in a pilgrimage to



A STREET IN THE VILLAGE OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

a sacred shrine ; he is wafted back to the "Ages of Faith" when the pilgrim, with staff in hand and cross on breast, trod the weary and lengthy paths that led to the centres of devotion ; he feels an indescribable inspiration in the presence of so much fervor, so much evidence of sincerity and its reward ; he bends before the altar, in presence of a pyramid of crutches, canes, and other objects that tell of the hundreds of cures operated, and he rises up a better man, a truer Christian, with higher ideals, loftier conceptions. If the tourist, be a non-Catholic, he cannot fail to admire the simple faith of the numerous pilgrims that he will meet at the shrine, he must see in it all a something, so unlike our matter-of-fact electric and steam-working age, that it leads him back irresistibly into past ages. He there beholds what he might never adequately comprehend—the fervor with which millions have been filled by enthusiastic preachers of holy pilgrimages ; he can satiate the most craving appetite for the mystic. Even were the excursionist

an unbeliever—an Atheist—he must be improved in some way or other by a visit to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. The traveller who goes to Ste. Anne for devout purposes most decidedly has chosen the proper route and the proper terminus ; the one who visits the place through curiosity is certain to have full and entire satisfaction, and may rely that in leaving he will have felt perfectly contented with the trip ; the person who undertakes the journey, no matter with what motive or with what intention, and who has eyes to see and ears to hear, as well as an imagination to be kindled and a soul to be stirred into life, must return home thankful that, before his voyage of life has drawn to a close, he has enjoyed a real education and excursion combined.

With Ste. Anne's we must close our description of the interesting spots in the vicinity of Quebec, and embark on board the Saguenay River palace steamboat on our journey seaward.

Up to June 13th, Steamers leave Quebec for the Saguenay and intermediate Ports, on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 8 a.m.

From June 16th to July 14th, the splendid Steamers *Carolina* and *Canada* will leave on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, and from July 13th until further notice, daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 a.m.

The Steamers leave Chicoutimi the day following their departure from Quebec, at 9.30 a.m.

Leaving the Island of Orleans on our left, we glide along past picturesque villages, pointed spires, towering hills, on towards the



BAIE ST. PAUL, BELOW QUÉBEC.

Cape of Torments, and the region so rich in folk-lore. Chateau Richer, and the blue peak of Mount Ste. Anne appear in the distance, and soon we pass Grosse Isle, the quarantine station of the St. Lawrence, where, in 1847-8, thousands of emigrants perished



MURRAY BAY.

during a frightful rage of fever. From here the river begins to expand, and we are soon in the broad open waters that seem to have the proportions of a sea. Soon we come in view of Baie St. Paul and Isle aux Coudres. In 1663, Baie St. Paul was the scene of a fierce elemental war. For six months and a half shocks were felt throughout Canada. Along the St. Lawrence meteors filled the air which was dark with smoke and cinders, the grass withered and crops would not grow. New lakes were formed and the appearance of the shore was altered, and a hill descended into the waters, and emerged to form an island. Isle aux Coudres has its legend gathering round the memory of Père La Brosse, the faithful priest of the Hudson's Bay post at Tadousac. The legend runs that the priest, one evening, while conversing with his little flock, told them that at midnight he would be a corpse, and at that hour the bell of the chapel would toll for the passing soul. He told them not to touch his body, but to hasten, whatever the weather, on the following day to Isle aux Coudres to fetch Monsieur Compain, who would be

waiting for them to wrap his body in its shroud. At the first stroke of midnight, the little band was startled by the tolling of the bell, and on rushing to the church they found the priest dead before the altar. With dawn came a violent storm, but faithful to their promise, they set out for the Isle aux Coudres, where, as foretold, Father Compain was waiting, breviary in hand, having been warned in a vision, and by the tolling of the bell of his own chapel. For years after, the Indians, going up and down the Saguenay, never passed Tadousac without praying in the church where reposed the body of him who had been to them the image of their Heavenly Father. Prostrating themselves on his tomb, and placing their mouths at a little orifice made in the floor of the choir, they talked to him, as in life, in perfect confidence. The ingenuousness and simplicity of the faith of these swarthy Montagnais, is a touching monument to Père La Brosse. The relics of Père La Brosse, whose memory is revered to this day, were removed many years ago to the church at Chicoutimi.

All along this route a series of wild and rugged grandeur is presented to view, forming a fitting prelude to the splendor of the Saguenay.

Murray Bay is now reached, a favourite watering-place of the



CAPES TRINITY AND ETERNITY, SAGUENAY RIVER.



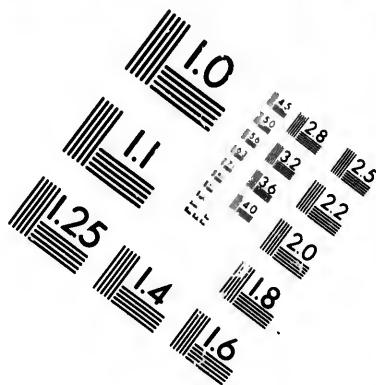
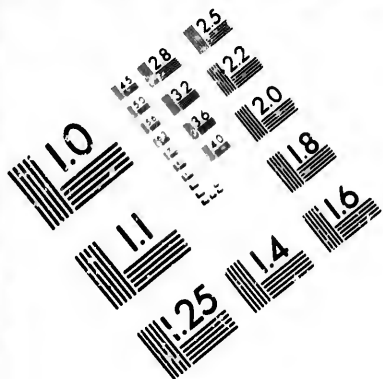
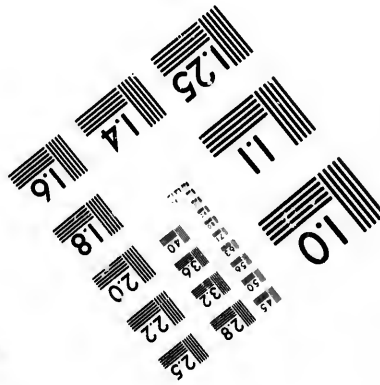
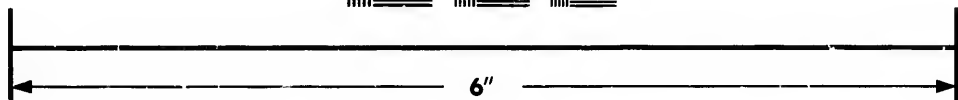
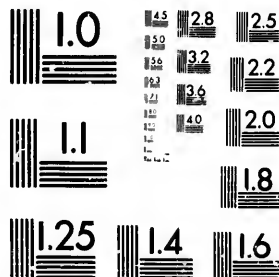


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Lower St. Lawrence. The village is picturesquely situated amid frowning hills and wild scenery ; it is a favourite summer resort for the fashionable world, the comfortable hotels, well-furnished and well-arranged boarding-houses, and numerous cottages which are rented to visitors giving a varied choice of accommodation. Here also is a valuable mineral spring, whose waters are highly recommended to invalids ; it possesses also good sea-bathing and fine, bracing air. It is renowned as a sporting place, both for anglers and field sports, surrounded by numerous lakes, all well stocked



TADOUSAC, FROM SAGUENAY RIVER.

with the reputed trout usually supplied on board the Company's Saguenay steamers. Some miles below Murray Bay, the Pilgrims are seen. They consist of a remarkable group of rocks, which, from their height, are visible at a great distance, the "mirage" seeming constantly to dwell about them, due to refraction of the sun's rays, owing to the rocks being sparsely covered with vegetation.

Steaming across the river, it is evening when we reach that beautiful summer resort, Rivière du Loup, five miles from the famed watering-place, Cacouna, the Newport of Canada. Across the river, twenty odd miles, we steer towards the town of Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. Tadousac was the first settlement

made by the French on the St. Lawrence. It was their principal fur-trading post, and the large revenues from this trade were a prolific source of contention during most of the time in which the kings of France held sway in Canada.

As the fur bearing animals, however, disappeared, so did the commercial and political glory of Tadousac, and now, a quiet hamlet, still glorious in its surroundings, is what is left of the former active life of this historic spot.

There is a very comfortable Hotel here, owned and kept by the



CHICOUTIMI, SHOWING STE. ANNE, SAGUENAY RIVER.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, which is well patronized. The atmosphere, at this locality, is especially bracing; the salt air from the gulf of St. Lawrence and the breezes from the Saguenay hills meet here, and probably at no place in North America can the denizens, from heated localities, find greater relief or lay in a larger amount of health than at Tadousac. We are here given time to walk over and visit the village, including the little church, the first ever built in Canada, and at half-past eight we return to the steamer and she prepares to face the mysteries of the world-famed Saguenay.

On leaving the wharf, we slowly round a cape and enter a scene

which pen has never yet described. No one can realize this picture all at once; everything is deceptive, and it takes time to grasp the magnitude of the surroundings. But by degrees the immensity and appalling grandeur assert themselves, and the beholder feels and knows that he is in close communion with the awful majesty of Nature. Here, above all other places the grandest works of man sink into insignificance, and the very silence seems to do homage as to a god. Calm and unbroken is the solitude of Nature in this her temple. Mirth and laughter may ripple over the waters, but she heeds them not. Storms and tempests may rage around, and the sun's fierce rays descend upon her brow seeking to disturb her serenity; but in vain. Victorious in some elemental conflict she ceases from her labours. Peace, inviolate, is the guerdon of her warfare, and the loneliness of her grandeur the highest monument of her triumph.

Thus are we made to feel as we enter the seclusion of these waters. As our vessel moves onward, at every turn some new and unexpected beauty meets the eye, distinct, bearing the stamp of individuality, and yet, in some mysterious manner, inseparable from the whole. There are, however, no rivals among those gorgeous scenes. Projecting rock and sheltered cove, fir-crowned cliff and open bay, each to the other lends a charm, and each reiterates the same grand theme. Even the silent bosom of the waters contributes its meed of praise, for in their unfathomable depths are mirrored the heights which soar into the infinite.

Who can picture this scene by moonlight? Vision is replaced by feeling. Yonder in the distance a silvery beam of light seems to have lost its way among these frowning sentinels and to tremble in their keeping. On we glide through its fairy-like shadows into darkness again, and the rocks appear to bar our progress. But no; still we move, and wonder only succeeds wonder.

But let us change the scene to daylight, in the golden glory of a summer's day. As the vessel moves onward, the multiform rocks, the bays and projections, the perpendicular walls, slanting sides and overhanging cliffs, all change with the rapidity of a kaleidoscopic view. But there is no monotony, only unceasing loveliness. From the summit of these rocks crowned with sunshine, to the depths of the transparent waters, all is beauty and deep and lasting peace. The scene grows upon you hour by hour until you seem to form a part, and share in this wondrous manifestation of Nature. The



OUIATCHOUAN FALLS.

shades contrasted with the sunlight, form beautiful combinations, but when the shadow of Cape Eternity falls upon the surrounding slopes as if the sun had withdrawn its light, while high above we can



THE RISE.

see its glittering crown, a picture is formed which no words can paint, for no scene will ever replace that formed under the shadows of Cape Eternity.

But our journey is not yet ended. On we pass, surrounded by Nature in her wildest

moods, until we reach once more the scenes of civilization. The sight of the beautiful open water known as Ha Ha Bay comes as a relief after the majesty we have left behind us. The bay was named, so the story runs, from the surprised laugh of the earliest French explorers, who, sailing as they thought straight up the river, found themselves in this huge cul-de-sac. A scattered, picturesque village decks the shore, and the tourist will meet with an interesting type of Canadian character in the villagers. A short drive through a romantic country, enjoying the breeze of the pine-clad hills, or a sail in the steamer round the bend of the river will bring us to Chicoutimi.

Beautifully situated on a hill, Chicoutimi seems to form a little world of its own. Its name appears to be singularly appropriate, meaning in Cree, "Up to here it is deep."

Chicoutimi was one of the earliest



THE STRIKE.

Jesuit missions, and a great fur-trading centre, becoming afterwards one of the principal posts of the Hudson's Bay Co., and it could boast of a church as early as 1670. But other thoughts claim our



THE STRUGGLE.

attention, we are near the famous hunting and fishing grounds of the Saguenay region. Tourists who wish to reach the paradise of wild wood sport in the vicinity of Lake St. John, may take their passage at Chicoutimi *via* the Quebec and Lake St. John Rail-

way, as the Richelieu steamers connect with the trains on this line.

The beautiful and fertile region of the Lake continues to attract sportsmen to its shores. Here are the homes and haunts of the landlocked salmon, rejoicing in the euphonious Indian name of Ouan-anische, and may well be described as a mailed warrior of surpassing courage and determination when he takes the hook. Dear to the true hunter, he is not only a good fighter in the water, but a delicately delicious guest at the table.

Good fishing is to be had anywhere on the rivers and lakes of the gloriously diversified region around Lake St. John. And there large game—deer, bear, moose and the wapiti—are to be found in season with capable and companionable guides to lead the hunter to their native fastnesses. Nowhere in the world will the sportsman and the lover of the grand and beautiful in nature find better rewards for



THE VICTORY.

his toil. Many American, as well as Canadian, fishing clubs have leases, or own lakes among these hills. But there is room for thousands more ; the country is so vast and its lakes and rivers simply inexhaustible. There are good hotels and every accommodation to be had in the villages around Lake St. John. Guides and canoes are available there for sportsmen, and an elegant steel steamer, the "Mistassini," having a capacity for 400 passengers, runs daily between Roberval and the fishing grounds on the other side of Lake St. John.

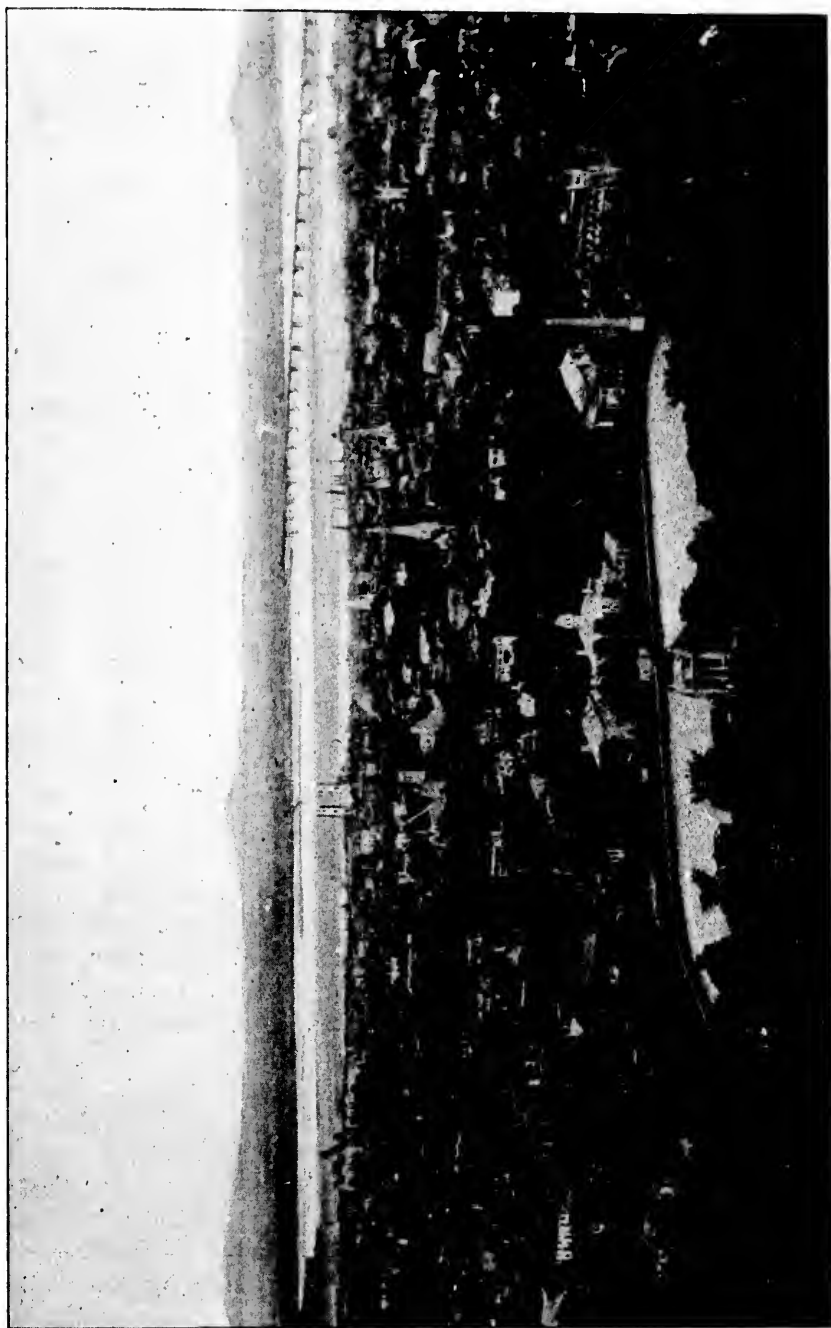
It is time, however, to return to our steamer. Leaving Chicoutimi behind, we pass again through the magnificent scenery which is still further impressed on our memory. Rapidly we glide by the long procession of headland, rock and hill, the scattered hamlets, the silver threads of cascades here and there trickling down dark precipices, until towards evening we approach the rocky nooks of Tadousac. We can just distinguish in the starlight the massive wooden pier and the lofty pines above us. In a short time we are fairly out of the Saguenay and enter the wide expanse of the St. Lawrence.

In the morning we find ourselves again in Quebec, with a whole day before us, which will afford ample time to visit the picturesque suburbs of Quebec. A point of particular interest within pleasant driving distance is the site of the old hunting lodge of the Intendant Bigot, beyond the village of Charlebourg. All that now remain of the building known as Chateau Bigot are its weather-beaten walls, in an open glade beside a stream, with a few bushes which indicate the presence of a garden. Here the wicked intendant was wont to hold his carousals with his boon companions of the hunt, after the fashion pictured in *Le Chien d'Or*. The building has its legend of a buried hoard of silver, and of a beautiful Huron girl, who loved Bigot, and died a violent death.

Another very enjoyable trip, through open and fertile country, may be made to the Indian village of Lorette, inhabited by a remnant of the Huron tribe, and where the last traces of this primitive race are to be found. In the house of one of the chiefs is preserved a portrait bestowed by royal hands on a former chief.

A charming drive, nine miles below Quebec, leads to the Falls of Montmorency.

The old, long, quaint village of Beauport, where may still be seen the remnants of Montcalm's forts—and in the centre of which



MONTREAL, FROM THE MOUNTAIN PARK.

is the famous asylum—stretches nearly the whole distance. Like a huge pre-historic monster, it lies along the shore of the river, its head resting upon the bridge over the St. Charles and its tail lashing into foam the wonderful Falls of Montmorency. It would be impossible to give an accurate description of the beauty, the majesty, the thundering might of those falls, either in winter or in summer. Down



POST OFFICE, MONTREAL.

a precipice of over two hundred feet, the Montmorency River plunges into the St. Lawrence, and, as if recoiling after its terrible fall, it bends back in spray, that, when frozen, leaves a cone fifty feet high, in winter, between the torrent behind and the sheet of ice in front.

We must not forget to visit the Island of Orleans, the summer residence of so many Quebeckers. It is a charming sail down stream dur-

ing which we get a panoramic view of Quebec, Beauport and the Montmorency Falls, on one side, and Lévis on the other.

An enjoyable day may be spent visiting either of the places mentioned, while those who prefer to remain in the city will find many new and interesting features.

In the evening the steamer leaves for Montreal, and as the last trace of Quebec fades from view, we begin to prepare ourselves for the interesting scenes we are to visit on the morrow. A glance over the following pages will enable the tourist to become familiar with the city of the Royal Mount.

Montreal is happily typical of Canada, for, besides being the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, from its position at the head of ocean navigation, it still retains in its streets and in its inhabitants, many traces of French and English occupation. Here the Old World mingles with the New, and the rapid strides of progress seem only to make the contrast more apparent. It is not only to the Canadian tourist that Montreal appeals with special interest; visitors from the sister country will find amid its memorials much which speaks to them of their own country, and many a link that binds them in a friendly bond of union.

The little sketch we propose to give, and the illustrations accompanying it, will serve to assist in a tour of inspection, and be



CUSTOM HOUSE, MONTREAL.

worthy of preservation as a souvenir of a visit to the Metropolis of Canada. The first place we will visit is the Custom House, a short distance to the west of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's wharves. Our mission is not to decide any question of tariff, but to view the cradle of Montreal. Affixed to this building are two tablets which read as follows: "This site was selected and named, in 1611, 'La Place Royale,' by Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Canada," and "Near this spot, on the 18th day of May, 1642, landed the founders of Montreal, commanded by Paul de Chomedey, sieur de Maisonneuve; their first proceeding being a religious service."

The city, it is seen, was founded in 1642, by Paul de Chomedey, a knight of the mediæval school, who was accompanied by a Jesuit,

Father Vimont.



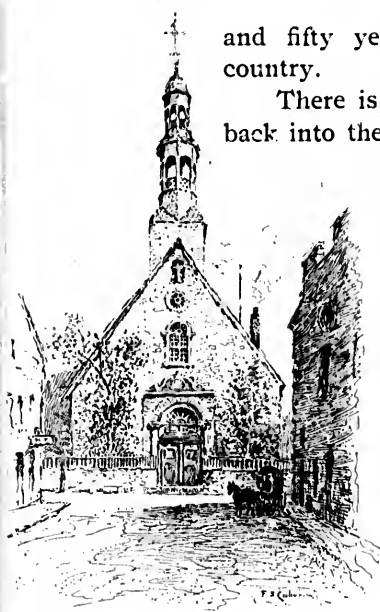
OLD SEMINARY GATE AND CLOCK, MONTREAL.

While we are in the vicinity, it may be interesting to learn something of the ceremony attending the foundation. As eve approached, Maisonneuve and his followers assembled at the place, indicated by yonder obelisk, where the first mass was

sung. History has preserved for us part of that early scene in these words: "Tents were pitched, camp-fires were lighted, evening fell and mass was held. Fireflies caught and imprisoned in a phial upon the altar served as lights, and the little band was solemnly addressed by Vimont in words which included these: 'You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land.' " Such, then, were the beginnings of the city, and the foundation of the educational and commercial system which in the space of two hundred



THE DE MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT, PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.



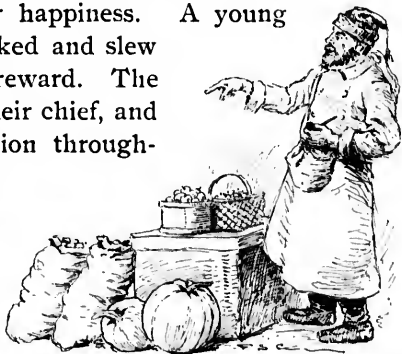
BONSECOURS CHURCH, MONTREAL.

and fifty years has changed the aspect of this vast country.

There is, however, an earlier period, which takes us back into the age of discovery, gathering around the name of Jacques Cartier, without which no description of Montreal would be complete. In 1535, Jacques Cartier, shortly after his discovery of Quebec, sailed up the St. Lawrence in search of the kingdom of Hochelaga, of which he had received glowing accounts from the Indians of Stadacona. On the 2nd of October, the exploring party, consisting of about fifty sailors and their officers, in a small galley and two long boats, approached the shores of the mysterious kingdom. An Indian path led through the forest to the fortified town or kingdom of Hochelaga, situated at the base of the mountain. All trace of this village, however, had disappeared at the time of Champlain's visit, and its inhabitants had either been massacred or

carried away into captivity during the war after Jacques Cartier's visit.

The history of the war between the Iroquois and Hurons has been preserved by a descendant of the latter tribe, from whom we learn that the Hurons and Senecas lived in peace and friendship for many a generation at the town of Hochelaga. They intermarried and had no cause for quarrel, till, for some reason, a Seneca chief refused his son permission to marry a Seneca maiden. Enraged at the action of the stern parent, the lady refused all offers of marriage, declaring that she would only wed the warrior who should slay the chief who had interfered with her happiness. A young Wyandote, smitten by her charms, attacked and slew the old chief, and received the coveted reward. The Senecas, however, adopted the cause of their chief, and a terrible fratricidal war spread desolation throughout the Huron country, nor did it cease until the Iroquois had completely broken and almost exterminated the Hurons. The story of the heroine has been compared to that of Helen, and the fate of Hochelaga to the siege of Troy.



A FRENCH CANADIAN HABITANT.

While in this vicinity, Bonsecours Church and Bonsecours Market claim our attention. The Church of Notre-Dame-de-Bonsecours, from which the adjoining market derives its name, is, to the antiquarian, of the deepest interest. Its foundation dates from 1657, only fifteen years after the foundation of the city, when de Maisonneuve donated a piece of land on which to build a chapel. The first building measured thirty by forty feet, but it was soon found to be too small, and in 1675 a larger church was commenced which stood until its destruction by fire in 1754. The present church was commenced soon after, but not completed until 1771. There are

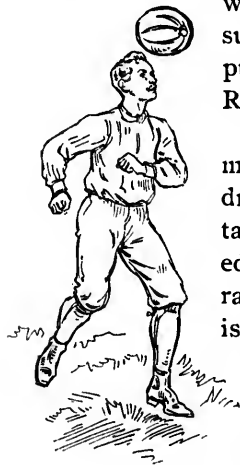


VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.

many old paintings in the church to which great value is attached, but the principal object is the time-honoured statue of the Blessed Virgin. This was acquired by Sister Mary Bourgeoys, from a noble of Brittany, where it was reputed for miracles. She, in consequence, brought it over, built the chapel for it, and set it up where it now stands, and where it has remained the patron of the French sailors for nearly two centuries and a half. Bonsecours Market is specially worthy of a visit on one of its market days. Here an illustration of the provincial life of the habitant may be obtained. To the observer of human nature, the habitant and his methods of doing business will furnish an interesting study. In the midst of the



St. Lawrence, nearly opposite the market, is a favourite resort in summer, known as St. Helen's Island, named by Champlain after his wife. The island is laid out as a park and, being thickly wooded, has many shady walks. Within an enclosure containing a fort is a space reserved for military purposes. The island is reached by the boats of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company.

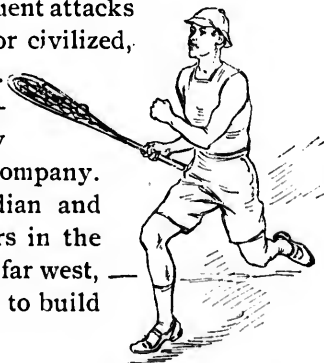


To enable the tourist to take in at a glance the magnificence of the city's situation, we propose to drive to the Mountain Park. Ascending the mountain by a series of winding roads, a glimpse is obtained here and there through the foliage of the panorama spread out below; but it is not till the summit is reached that an idea of the vastness of the scene is realized. It was from this point that Jacques Cartier viewed the fertile country he had come to claim for France, when, uplifting the cross, he gave to it the name of Mount Royal.

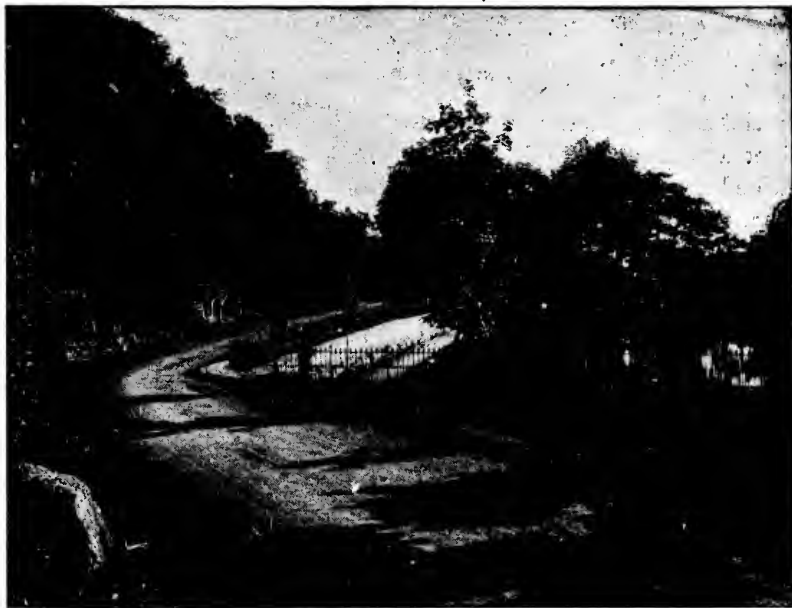
"Therefrom one sees very far," he wrote, and his words are re-echoed to-day. On one side stretches out the city with its spires and domes, glittering in the sun, the palatial homes of the wealthy, the meaner dwellings of the poor; broad avenues and parks and tokens of industry, and beyond Nature's watery highway lined with docks and shipping, the prosperous towns and villages which rise from its southern shore. And turning, through the shadow of the trees, may be seen the beautiful and silent city of the dead.

It may be observed that with the rise of commerce the city has crept nearer and nearer to the foot of the mountain. For fifty years after its foundation, the limits of the town were strictly confined within fortified walls, on account of the frequent attacks of the Indians, but as they were subdued or civilized, suburbssprang up outside of these boundaries.

We may trace the recognition of Montreal as a commercial centre as being largely due to the operations of the North West Company. This association of wealthy French-Canadian and Scottish merchants made their headquarters in the town, while developing the fur trade in the far west, and their activity and enterprise did much to build up the commercial fabric of Canada.



The advantageous position thus obtained has become permanent, for, backed by the great lake and canal systems which connect it with Chicago, Duluth, and other cities, its influence pierces far into the interior, and the Canadian Pacific Railroad, with headquarters in Montreal, brings the commerce of India and China across the continent. In the year 1672, the population of Montreal was 1520, and an idea of the progress made in fifty years may be gleaned from the fact that about this time the village of Laprairie, on the southern shore, was founded by a band of Christian Iroquois. A



MOUNT ROYAL PARK DRIVE, MONTREAL.

hundred years later, in 1770, we find the following description :
“ Montreal is situated on an island of that name, the second place in Canada for extent, buildings, and strength. The streets are regular, forming an oblong square, and the houses are well built. The city has six or seven gates, large and small, but its fortifications are mean and inconsiderable. The inhabitants, about five thousand, are gay and lively, and more attached to dress and finery than those of Quebec, and, from the number of silk sacks, laced coats, and powdered heads that are constantly seen in the streets, a stranger would imagine that Montreal was wholly inhabited by people of

independent fortunes." As the present population is about three hundred thousand, considerable progress is manifest since 1770.

For a long time Commissioners street, on the water front, was the great business thoroughfare; then St. Paul street doffed its private character and assumed a commercial aspect.

Later on business found its way into Notre-Dame street and thence into St. James street, but here its limitations were marked for many years. At this time Craig street was an open ditch, that surrounded the old fortifications of the city. This, in time, was filled up and transformed into a broad avenue, and then trade still crept further north. Within the past few years, St. Catherine street, so long devoted to private residences, has become the centre of great activity, and dwellings are constantly being converted into stores. Important improvements have been completed by the municipal authorities within the past ten years that contribute to the beauty and facilities of the city. Nearly all the streets



NEW BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, MONTREAL.



BANK OF TORONTO BUILDING, MONTREAL.

have been paved, and several of the leading thoroughfares have been widened. There has also been a notable increase of buildings erected by corporations and business firms. Among these may be mentioned the stations of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Railways, both of which were comparatively insignificant buildings until within this period. On St. James street in particular, several handsome structures have been completed, including the lofty building of the New York Life Insurance Company, at the corner of Place d'Armes; the Temple

Building, on the site of St. James Methodist Church ; the Canada Life Insurance Company's building, at the corner of St. Peter street. and the Bank of Toronto, at the corner of McGill street, wherein the consul for the United States has his offices ; while the Imperial Building, the Mechanics' Institute, and the City and District Savings Bank buildings have undergone extensive alterations. On Notre Dame street, the Sun Life Insurance Company's offices, and the Balmoral Hotel have been added to the list of large buildings. while on St. Catherine street, the most important structures erected within this period are St. James Methodist Church, Morgan's dry



BONAVENTURE DEPOT, G. T. R., MONTREAL.

goods store, Henry Birks & Sons' Building, and Murphy's Building. The Montreal Street Railway, on the corner of Craig street and Place d'Armes hill, have also a fine office building. A corresponding activity has been noticeable in the erection of private dwellings, and many stately homes which have been completed within the past few years, are proof of the prosperity of the city.

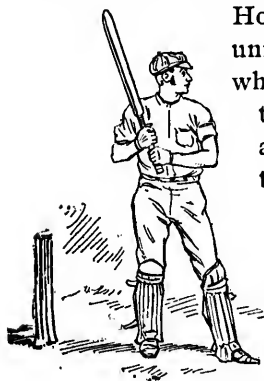
Descending the mountain road, we pass under the elevator on the eastern slope, and gaining the main road, leave the Exhibition Grounds on the left, and the links of the Montreal Golf Club. The large stone building facing us, with its prominent dome, is the Hôtel-Dieu St.-Joseph-de-Ville-Marie. It was first founded over

two hundred and fifty years ago, by the Duchess de Buillion, and much of the early history of Montreal is bound up with it. Turning into Pine avenue, we have a good view of the handsome buildings of Victoria Hospital, the joint gift of Sir Donald A. Smith and Lord Mount-Stephen. It is constructed on the most approved plans, equipped with all modern appliances, and recognized as one of the leading hospitals on the continent.

Driving down McTavish street, a good view of the Reservoir is obtained, and soon the interesting buildings of McGill are seen.

McGill University. The grounds and buildings of McGill College occupy a part of the ancient town of Hochelaga.

A tablet on Metcalf street, in front of the western portion, reads thus: "Site of large Indian village, claimed to be the town of



Hochelaga, visited by Jacques Cartier, 1535." The university owes its origin to the Hon. James McGill, who, by his will, dated 8th January, 1811, devised the estate of Burnside, consisting of forty-seven acres of land with the manor house and buildings thereon erected, and also bequeathed the sum of £10,000 to the Royal Institution of Learning to establish a university to be distinguished by the appellation of McGill. With the proceeds of this estate the present institution was commenced, and a Royal charter obtained in 1821, and re-organized by an amended charter in 1852.

The William Molson Hall, being the west wing of the College building, was erected in 1861, by the donation of Mr. William Molson. The Peter Redpath Museum was donated to the University, in 1880, by Mr. Redpath. In 1890, Mr. W. C. McDonald gave the McDonald Physics Building and its equipment to the University, which is one of the most valuable additions to McGill, and in the same year the Redpath Library was added as the gift of Mr. Peter Redpath. The Donalda Building is the gift of Sir Donald A. Smith, as a college for the higher education of women.

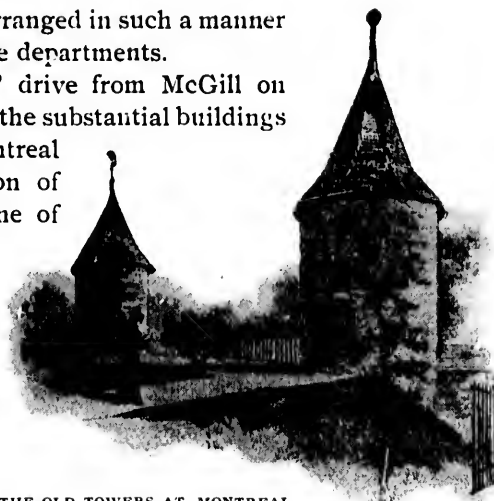
There are also a large number of endowed chairs; and endowment for pension fund, and a number of exhibitions and scholarships. There are fifty professorships and thirty lectures on the staff of the University in the faculties of arts, applied science, medicine, law, comparative medicine, and veterinary science. The Peter Redpath Museum contains large and valuable collections in botony, zoology,



MCGILL UNIVERSITY AND GROUNDS, SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL.

mineralogy, and geology, arranged in such a manner as to facilitate work in these departments.

Within a few minutes' drive from McGill on Sherbrooke street, we reach the substantial buildings and ample grounds of Montreal College, under the direction of the Sulpicians. This is one of the best classical colleges in America. In connection with it is the Grand Seminary, and recently a new school of philosophy has been erected on the hill near the Botanical Gardens, to accommodate the increasing number of students. From



THE OLD TOWERS AT MONTREAL COLLEGE.

this College priests have gone forth into almost every diocese of the United States. Close to the entrance of the new building may be seen the ruins of capitulation house, which is asserted by tradition to have been the headquarters of General Amherst when he occupied the heights on approaching to the siege of Montreal, then a small town miles away. A tablet also marks it thus: "Tradition asserts that the capitulation of Montreal and Canada was signed here, 1760."

From the mountain, and during our drive, we have been able to form an idea of the extent as well as the aspect of the city. It



MONTREAL COLLEGE.

now remains for us to direct attention to the numerous buildings and institutions that are calculated to prove of interest.

The Laval University is to the French, what McGill is to the English—their principal seat of learning. The chief seat of Laval,

however, is at Quebec. It rose out of the **The Laval University.**

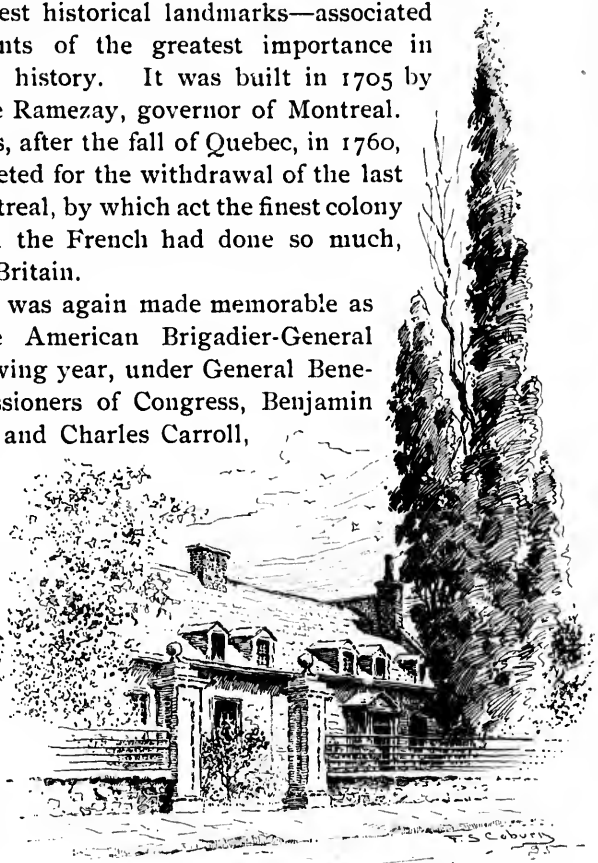
Seminary of Quebec, founded by Mgr. Laval, a princely prelate, who endowed the institution with his vast wealth. The university charter is dated 1852, and therein is given the name of its founder. The lectures of the faculties in Montreal have hitherto been delivered in various buildings scattered over the city, but recently a new and handsome building has been erected on St. Denis street.

Amongst Montreal's most interesting buildings is the Chateau de Ramezay—one of the oldest historical landmarks—associated with events of the greatest importance in Canadian history. It was built in 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, governor of Montreal.

Within its venerable walls, after the fall of Quebec, in 1760, arrangements were completed for the withdrawal of the last French garrison from Montreal, by which act the finest colony of France and for which the French had done so much, became the possession of Britain.

In 1775 the Chateau was again made memorable as the headquarters of the American Brigadier-General Wooster, and in the following year, under General Benedict Arnold, the Commissioners of Congress, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, here held council. To Benjamin Franklin Montreal was indebted for its first printer—Fleury Mesplet, who established the *Gazette*, which is still in existence, as one of the leading papers of the city.

For years after the British conquest the Chateau was recognized as the official residence of



CHATEAU DE RAMESAY.

English governors while here. For a time a portion of the building was used as the Circuit Court, but it is now converted into a museum, in which repose many interesting souvenirs associated with the history of the Province.

A visit to the spacious vaults will give an idea of the stability of the structure, which could not be obtained from an exterior view.

To the west of the Chateau is situated the Court House, recently enlarged to meet the legal requirements of Montreal and the District. Affixed to this building is

a tablet bearing this inscription : " Here stood the church, chapel, and residence of the Jesuit Fathers. Built 1692, occupied as military headquarters 1800. Burnt 1803. Charlevoix and Lafitau, among others, sojourned here. On the square, in front, four Iroquois suffered death by fire, in reprisal, by order of Frontenac, 1696."

This square was also, during the present century, the site of the Town Pilory, so that the administration of justice, in various forms, seems to have been meted out from this spot from the earliest to the present time. The north side of the Court House overlooks a large open space, known as Champ de Mars, still used as a military parade ground. The soldiers of France and the British troops have both

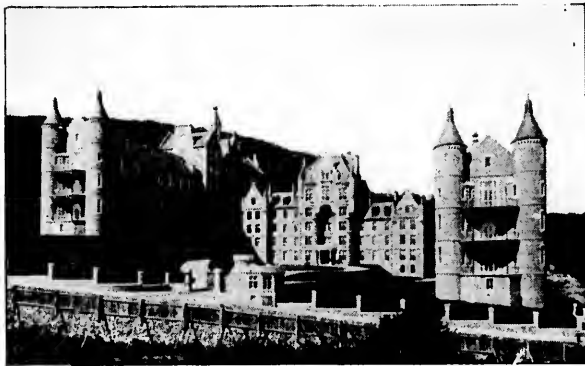
trod this historic ground.

East of the Court House is the City Hall, a handsome structure of grey cut stone. From the tower a fine view is to be obtained.

The Natural History Muse-



ART ASSOCIATION BUILDING, MONTREAL.



ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL, MONTREAL.

um, situated on University street, is a small, unpretentious building, but it will undoubtedly prove interesting to many of our visitors. The library is rich in scientific lore, while many priceless collections are to be found in the museum. The Ferrier collection of Egyptian antiquities is probably the most perfect in America. The Natural History Society, which publishes the *Canadian Record of Science*, has its headquarters in this building.

The Art Gallery, located on Phillips Square, contains a fine collection, in which Canadian art is well represented, but frequently loan exhibitions are held here, when works are on view from the private galleries of wealthy citizens. Some of the most valuable pictures in the world are the property of Montrealers. The only public library in Montreal is the Fraser Institute, on Dorchester street. The number of volumes is somewhat small, though the selection is good. In the French section there are many exceedingly valuable works.



CITY HALL, MONTREAL.

The Board of Trade, on St. Sacrament street, is probably the largest public building in the city. It is a fine solid structure of red stone, six stories in height and well laid out. Many of the large manufacturers and corporations have offices in the building. The Board's exchange hall occupies an area of over four thousand square feet, while the safety vaults beneath cover an area of three thousand square feet.

The Post Office, on St. James street, is built in French Renaissance style, and has recently been altered to meet the requirements of the city, but it is still considered too small for the vast amount of business transacted.

In this Square, past and present interests are united. On the north side is the Bank of Montreal, one of the wealthiest institutions on the continent, having a capital of \$12,000,000, and a reserve fund of \$6,000,000. The style of its architecture, of the Corinthian order, forms a pleasing contrast to the buildings which surround it. The sculpture of the pediment, representing Canadian scenes, is the work of Mr. Steel, R. S. A. Some of the frescoes of the interior are considered very fine and should be seen. The northern boundary of the city, in 1721,



THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

extended as far as this building, the stone fortifications running through its site.

Facing the Bank, on the south side, is the parish church of Notre-Dame, with its two impressive towers, which rise to a height of 227 feet. The length of the church is 255 feet, with a breadth of 135

feet, and a seating capacity of 14,000. To see this vast edifice crowded, as it is on important festivals of the church, such as midnight mass at Christmas and similar occasions, is a most imposing spectacle.

A new chapel at the southeast of the church has been recently consecrated, and is a beautiful specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. The view obtained from the west tower is a remarkable one; on a clear day, in the far distance, may be seen the hills of Vermont. The great bell, named *Gros Bourdon*, weighing 24,780 lbs., is also located in this tower. Many fine specimens of art are to be found in the church, which is open at all times. Adjoining the church is the Seminary of St. Sulpice, which is interesting as preserving the ancient style of architecture of the building of the city. Many

curious volumes are to be found in the library of the seminary, one of special interest being the first parish register of the church, in which the signature of de Maisonneuve, the founder of Montreal, frequently occurs.

On the eastern corner of the square is a tablet reading thus: "In 1675, here lived Daniel de Grésolon, Sieur Dulhut, one of the explorers of the Upper Mississippi, after whom the city of Duluth was named."



THE CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME, MONTREAL.

A little further east, is the site of the house of the founder of another American city, distinguished by a tablet reading: "In 1694, here stood the house of La Mothe Cadillac, the founder of Detroit."

The whole of the ground in this vicinity possesses a charm for the antiquarian and historian. The centre of the square, now adorned by a monument to the founder, was once the scene of a battle. The event is recalled by an inscription on a building to the east of the Bank of Montreal: "Near this square, afterwards named



WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.

La Place d'Armes, the founders of Ville Marie first encountered the Iroquois, whom they defeated; Chomedey de Maisonneuve killing the chief with his own hands, 30th March, 1644." The monument, unveiled last July, illustrates some of the principal

events in the founder's career, and also perpetuates the memory of several of his contemporaries.

On this square, picturesquely situated, are many of the important buildings of Montreal. The Windsor, one of the best hotels in

Dominion Square. Canada, occupies a commanding site at the

corner of Dorchester street. The hotel is thoroughly equipped and provides accommodation for seven hundred guests. A large hall adjoining, with a seating capacity of 1600, is utilized as a ball-room and as a hall for private or public receptions. Both in winter and summer a large amount of business is done, and in past years, when the winter carnival was held on the square, a splendid view of the ice palace and other buildings could be obtained from the windows of the hotel. Facing the southeast corner of the hotel is the Macdonald memorial, erected to the memory of the late Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada and one of

the "Fathers of Confederation." The monument was unveiled on the 6th of June, 1895, by Lord Aberdeen, the present Governor-General.



ST. JAMES CLUB, MONTREAL.

The bronze figure, under the canopy, represents the Premier in the robes of a Grand Commander of the Bath, of which order he was a member. The canopy is crowned with a figure of Canada, encircled by the nine provinces of the Dominion. The bas relief panels are illustrative of scenes of Canadian in-

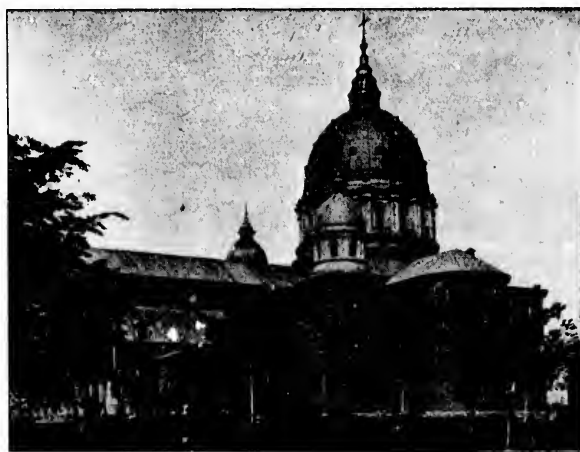
dustry. The figures were designed and modelled by Mr. Wade, an English sculptor.

At the southeast of the square, facing Dorchester avenue, is St. James' Cathedral, claimed to be the largest church on the Continent. The foundations were commenced in 1870, and much of the work is still incomplete. The ground plan of the cathedral is designed in the form of a cross, 330 feet long and 222 feet wide, after the model of St. Peter's at Rome.

The dome, which always attracts visitors, is 70 feet in diameter and rises to a height of 210 feet inside, while the extreme height to the top of the cross is 250 feet.

Adjoining the cathedral on the south is the palace of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Montreal.

Facing the west end of the cathedral, on Dorchester street is the new stone and brick struc-



ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

ture of the Y.M.C.A. The appointments of this building are very complete, and it has a large membership.

Located at the southwest of the square is the massive grey stone building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The exterior appearance would scarcely indicate that it was the terminus of a modern railroad; its substantial tower and turrets, with their ancient loopholes, suggesting rather the days of feudal might. However, any such illusion is immediately dispelled on going into the interior, where the luxurious waiting rooms and admirably arranged offices point to the highest civilization of the nineteenth century.

At the foot of the hill is the handsome red brick building, the principal station of the Grand Trunk Railway. The spacious offices of this company are, however, located at Point St. Charles.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Within a few minutes' drive of the square, on Dorchester street, is a building always attractive to visitors—the Grey Nuns' Hospital. It was founded in 1747, by Madame de Youville, the widow of

an officer. Many objects of interest are to be seen here, such as the personal belongings of the foundress. There is also a legendary interest attached to portions of the grounds. The story of the red cross, which is to be seen at the corner of Dorchester street, takes us back to the days of the rack, for it is said to mark the grave of one who, after conviction of murder and robbery, was condemned to be broken alive.

In Montreal, after 250 years, by Mr. Lighthall we find that the punishment inflicted on this unfortunate individual was as follows: "He was condemned to torture ordinary and extraordinary, and then to have his arms, legs, thighs and reins broken, alive, on a scaffold to be erected in the market-place of the city, then put on a rack, his face towards the sky, to be left to die."

The daughter of the founder of the State of Vermont, Ethan



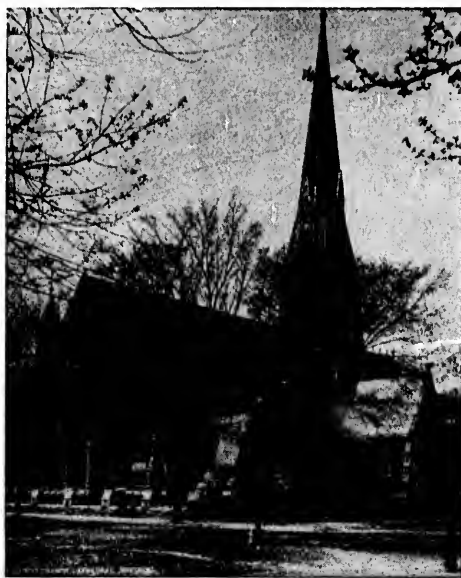
VIEW ON SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL, LOOKING WEST.

Allen, was a member of the order of the Grey Nuns, and there is a pretty legend connected with her and a picture of St. Joseph which led her to finally adopt the vows of the sisterhood.

Montreal is known far and wide as the city of churches and there are many others besides those we have already mentioned that are worthy of inspection.

Christ Church Cathedral, on St. Catherine street, is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, and its proportions are very beautiful.

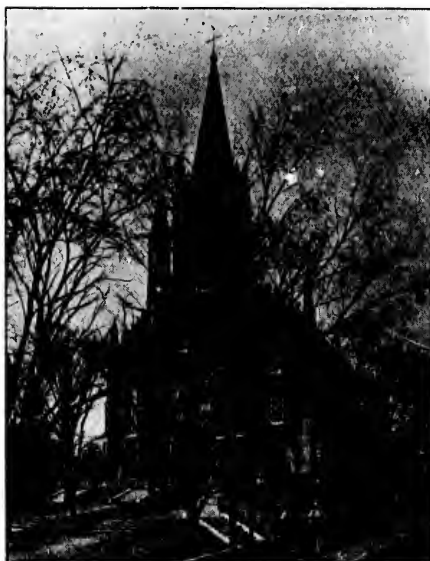
On Bleury street is the Church of the Gesu, built after the plan of the Gesu at Rome, from a design by Mr. Keeley, of Brooklyn, N. Y. It was consecrated on December 3rd, 1865. The edifice is one hundred and ninety-two feet in length, and one hundred and forty-four feet wide at the transept; the height in the centre is seventy-five feet. The towers, which will be the principal external attraction, have not yet been built. There is a profusion of altars on both sides of the church, and in the niches and corners. The paintings of the Gesu are, however, the great attraction for all visitors.



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

St. Patrick's Church is one of the finest structures in the city. It is *par excellence* the shrine where the Irish Catholics worship. It is surrounded by extensive grounds. The church is under the direction of the members of St. Sulpice, and its aisles have witnessed some of the most imposing ceremonies ever beheld in Montreal.

On St. Catherine street, immediately east of St. Denis, is the gem-like Church of Notre-Dame-de-Lourdes. This was built in 1874. It was erected in honor of the Immaculate Conception and of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadetta Soubirous, in the Grotto of Lourdes, in the Upper Pyrénées.



ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

To the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal we are indebted for the numerous tablets, which, with their inscriptions, indicate places **Ancient Buildings,** of historic interest that would otherwise be lost sight of.

At the corner of St. Peter and St. Paul streets a tablet is affixed to a building, the inscription of which reads as follows: "Here lived Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, 1668." The name of La Salle stands out boldly in history, and reference has been made to him previously in connection

with the village of Lachine. To Americans and Canadians his deeds appeal with equal force. Of him the late Francis Parkman, of Boston, wrote: "Beset by a throng of enemies, he stands, like the King of Israel, head and shoulders over all. He was a tower of adamant, against whose impregnable front hardship and danger, the rage of man and the elements, the southern sun, the northern blast, fatigue, famine and disease, delays, disappointments and deferred hopes, emptied their quivers in vain. The very pride, which, Cariolanus like, declared itself most sternly in the thickest press of foes, has in it something to challenge admiration. Never under the impenetrable mail of paladin or crusader, beat a heart of more intrepid mettle, than within stoic panoply that armed the breast of La Salle. America owes him an enduring



ST. JAMES METHODIST CHURCH, MONTREAL.

memory, for, in his masculine figure, she sees the pioneer who guided her to her richest heritage." La Salle met with a tragic fate, being assassinated by two of his followers in Louisiana, in 1687.

Another house that will interest visitors from the sister country, is situated on the southeast corner of St. Peter and Notre-Dame streets. It is an old-fashioned building, but it was once the most magnificent dwelling in the city, with grounds extending across Notre-Dame and St. James streets, and terminating at Craig street. It was here that the gallant American, General Montgomery, took up his headquarters in 1775, and it was afterwards occupied by



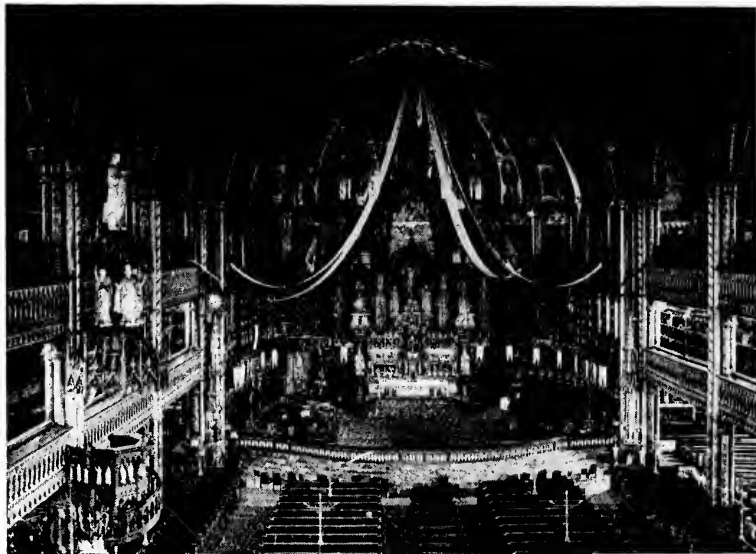
HOTEL-DIEU, MONTREAL.

Generals Wooster and Arnold, of the United States Army. The interior decoration appears to have been very elaborate, for we find this description: "The principal rooms were wainscotted up to a certain height, and, above that, tapestried richly with scenes from the life of Louis XIV." A tablet fixed to the building reads: "Forrester House. Here General Montgomery resided during the winter of 1775-6."

Another site that appeals to tourists, is located on St. Paul street, between Place Royale and St. Sulpice street, as being the birth-place of Pierre LeMoine in 1661. It was he who conquered the Hudson's Bay for France, in 1697, and who discovered the mouth of the Mississippi, in 1699. In 1700 he was elected the first governor of Louisiana. His brother, who founded New Orleans, in 1717, and was afterwards governor of Louisiana for forty years, was born in this house.

De Catalogne House, on St. Vincent street, is memorable as the home of one of the earliest engineers of Montreal. An inscription on the building reads: "1693. House of Gédéon de Catalogne, engineer, officer and chronicler. Projector of the earliest Lachine Canal."

"Beside the dark Ottawa's stream, two hundred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought which all the world should know."



INTERIOR OF NOTRE-DAME CHURCH, MONTREAL.

In an old French street, off St. James street, between St. Peter and McGill streets, known as Dollard Lane, is a tablet reading: "To Adam Dollard des Ormeaux, who, with sixteen colonists, four Algonquins, and one Huron, sacrificed their lives at the Long Sault of the Ottawa, 21st May, 1660, and saved the colony."

The story of the heroism of Dollard has been told over and over again in prose and verse, and is familiar to a large number of Americans thereby. A few remarks, however, at this period may prove interesting. At the time that Dollard appears upon the scene, the garrison of Montreal, or Ville Marie, was held in a state of terror by the threatened invasion of the Iroquois, who had vowed to exterminate the French from the face of the earth and carry off the

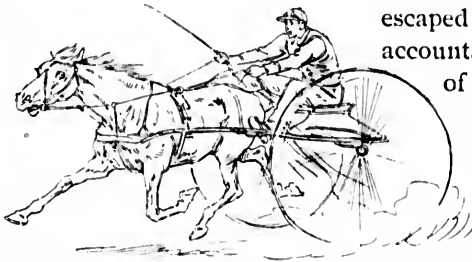
nuns to their villages. Adam Dollard, a young man lately arrived from France, had conceived the purpose of ascending the Ottawa to an advantageous post and surprising the Iroquois, and then inflicting



ELEVATOR ON THE EASTERN SLOPE OF MOUNT ROYAL.

such punishment upon them as would relieve the garrison of the strain which was paralyzing it. Dollard and his followers, in all about sixty-three, after having attended mass at the parish church, set forth on their encounter, marching by night until they reached the foot of the Long Sault of the Ottawa. Scarcely had they taken up a position when a band of the enemy, numbering two hundred, was seen descending the rapids in canoes. Dollard and his men then fortified themselves in an old Algonquin fort

and successfully repulsed the enemy. The next day the forces of the Iroquois were strengthened by five hundred Mohawks, and fighting was kept up under these conditions day and night for a space of ten days. The French were now suffering the pangs of thirst, and thirty of them, on the promise of life, leapt over the palisade and joined the enemy. Dollard was now left with only twenty-two followers, and, seeing the weakness of his position, the Iroquois sent demanding the surrender of the fort, but their message was answered with fire. This increased the ferocity of the Indians, and with a determined savage onslaught, they rushed over the bodies of their slain and scaled the palisade. Amidst a scene of the wildest confusion, the infuriated Iroquois engaged in a hand to hand encounter, and of the twenty-two who remained faithful to Dollard, only one, a Huron,



escaped and reached Montreal. The accounts that he brought to the priests of the Seminary is to be found in the register, which may be seen in the library before referred to. After the capture of the fort those who were not dead were eaten by the savages. The bravery of those twenty-two heroes so awed the Iroquois that they abandoned the project of a combined attack on Montreal.

"What tho' beside the foaming flood entombed their ashes lie,
All earth becomes the monument of men who nobly die."

With a brief sketch of the sports of Montreal we must close our sketch of the city.

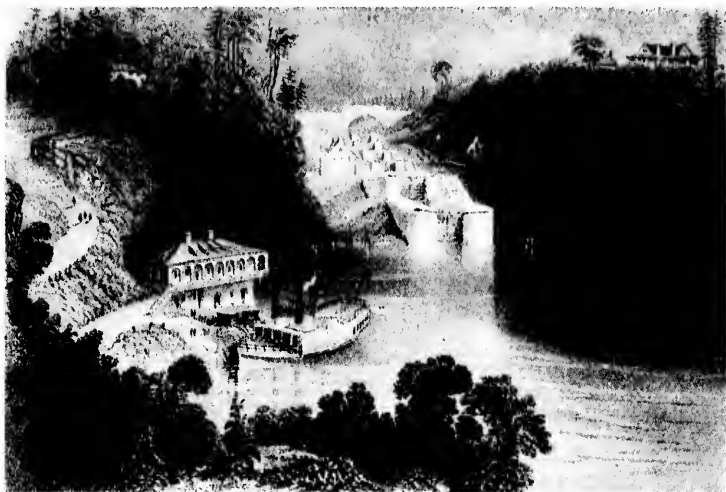
Montreal is famous for its athletic clubs. The largest body of athletes is the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, whose magnificent grounds are situated on St. Catherine street west, on the direct line of the cars. The national game is lacrosse, which is carried to greater perfection here than elsewhere. The Shamrock Lacrosse Club have recently opened up their beautiful grounds in the north of the city. The athletic club house, behind the mountain, is the winter resort of the snowshoers, who tramp over the snow-clad fields and mountain roads by night, to the astonishment of those unaccustomed to the severity of a Canadian winter. The Montreal Hunt Club have a fine pack of hounds, which may be seen at the kennels. As the winter is the season for sports, when the skating rinks and curling clubs are in full swing, very little idea can be obtained at the present of the extent or of the enthusiasm with which the various sports are indulged in.



MONKLANDS, VILLA MARIA CONVENT
(FORMER RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.)

The trip that we proposed is now an accomplished fact, and wherever our homes, it may be conveniently reached from Montreal.

OTTAWA. The beauty of the scenes through which we have passed may tempt visitors to penetrate further into the interior. To those who have leisure at their disposal, we would suggest a visit to the capital of the Dominion, the city of Ottawa. The capital is beautifully situated on the banks of the Ottawa River, and may be reached from Montreal by the Canada Atlantic and Canadian Pacific railways, both modern and well-equipped lines, or if preferable by the boats of the Ottawa River Navigation Com-



RIDEAU CANAL, OTTAWA, (from an old engraving.)

pany. By rail or water the scenery obtainable during the journey is pleasing. Ottawa is the centre of the great lumbering interests of the Dominion, where one may watch the huge logs as they are deftly drawn out of the water and converted in a few minutes into saleable lumber, ready for the markets of America and Europe.

Visitors may also experience the novelty of the descending the slides, whereby the hardships of the lumbermen's life, for a few exciting moments becomes the attractive sport of venturesome seekers of strange thrills.

The descent of the slides is a feature so peculiar to the city, that all her illustrious visitors have been introduced to its charms, as a matter of course, and have thereby been initiated into the craft of the raftsmen. A part of the various scenes connected with the lum-



POST OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE, OTTAWA.

bering industry, the principal feature of the city is the Parliament and Departmental buildings. The first stone of these handsome buildings, which cover an area of over four acres, was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1860.

The buildings form three sides of a huge square, which is laid down in grass, beautifully kept, whose fresh green surface, crossed by broad paths, stands above the level of Wellington street, from which it is separated by a handsome railing.

Rising above this square, on a stone terrace, the central block, with a massive tower 220 feet high in the centre, faces the square. This building contains the two Chambers: one for the Senate and the other for the Commons. Behind the Chambers is situated the



Parliamentary Library, a building of exceptional architectural grace. It is fitted with every convenience, and is admirably arranged for reading

purposes. The collection of the Library is exceedingly valuable. Running entirely round the three blocks of the Parliament buildings is a broad drive, and at the sides and in the rear of the Library, the grounds are laid out in well-planted beds, with great stretches of green lawn overlooking the cliffs. From here a commanding view is obtained of the Ottawa River. The drives in the vicinity of Ottawa are charming. About two miles from the city is Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General.

The city is up to date in every way, it has an excellent electric railway system and several first-class hotels.

Before saying *au revoir* to the tourist we wish to draw his attention to the hotels, railways and supply houses who are advertisers in this book. None but first-class houses have been accepted for these pages, and travellers can depend on the reliability of the firms whom we recommend. An index of these houses will be found on pages 137 and 138, and will serve as a guide to tourists wishing to select a hotel or to make purchases.

TOURIST RATES.

FROM NIAGARA FALLS TO		SINGLE.	RETURN.
Toronto		\$1.50	\$2.25
Kingston		6.35	10.35
Clayton		6.35	11.75
Alexandria Bay		6.85	12.50
Montreal		11.25	19.00
Quebec		14.25	24.00
Murray Bay		16.65	28.00
Rivière du Loup		16.65	28.00
Tadousac		17.25	29.00
Chicoutimi, Ha Ha Bay, Saguenay River		18.25	32.00
Roberval, (boat to Chicoutimi, thence rail)	34.70
Roberval, (up rail, down boat)	34.00
FROM TORONTO TO			
Kingston		5.00	8.50
Clayton, Alexandria Bay		5.00	9.00
Montreal		10.00	16.70
Abenakis Springs	*17.00
Quebec		13.00	21.70
Murray Bay, Rivière du Loup		15.40	*24.00
Tadousac		16.00	*25.00
Chicoutimi, Ha Ha Bay, Saguenay River		17.00	*28.00
Roberval, (boat to Chicoutimi, thence rail)	*30.70
Roberval, (up rail, down boat)	*30.00
Gaspé, Que., R. & O., to Quebec, thence Quebec SS. Co.		22.50	37.95
Percé, Que., do		23.50	39.65
Summerside, P. E. I., do		27.50	46.45
Charlottetown, P. E. I., do		29.00	49.00
Pictou, N. S., do		29.50	49.85
Boston, R. & O. to Montreal, thence rail		19.00	32.20
R. & O. to Quebec and return to Montreal, thence rail		24.00	..
R. & O. to Quebec, thence rail		24.00	..
New York, R. & O. to Montreal, thence rail		20.00	34.95
R. & O. to Clayton, thence rail		14.50	..
R. & O. to Montreal, thence <i>via</i> Lakes Champlain and George, and rail		21.50	..
R. & O. to Montreal, thence <i>via</i> Adirondacks		20.00	34.95
R. & O. to Quebec and return to Montreal, thence rail		25.00	..
R. & O. to Quebec, thence rail		25.00	..

EAST.

FROM MONTREAL TO		SINGLE.	RETURN.
Abenakis Springs	\$2.00
Quebec		3.00	5.00
" (going Saturday, returning Sunday)	3.00
Murray Bay, Rivière du Loup [or Cacouna]		5.40	9.00
Tadousac		6.00	10.00
Saguenay		7.00	13.00
Roberval, (boat to Chicoutimi, thence rail)	15.00
Roberval, (up rail, down boat)	15.70
Cacouna, (boat to Lévis, thence I. C. R.)		5.60	9.20
Little Metis, do		7.40	11.60

*An additional charge of \$3.00 will be made for passengers returning by rail from Montreal, Kingston or intermediate points.

TOURIST RATES—Continued.

EAST.

FROM MONTREAL TO		SINGLE.	RETURN.
Metapedia, (boat to Lévis, thence I. C. R.)		9.25	14.40
Dalhousie, do		9.75	15.10
Moncton, do		\$13.00	\$21.00
Pointe du Chêne, (optional, rail or boat between Lévis and Rivière du Loup)			20.90
Pointe du Chêne, (boat to Lévis, thence I. C. R.)		13.00	21.50
St. John, (boat to Lévis, thence I. C. R.)		13.00	21.00
Halifax, (boat to Lévis, thence I. C. R.)		15.00	25.00
Pictou, boat to Lévis, thence I. C. R.		15.00	25.00
Sydney, do		18.00	27.50
Carleton, boat to Lévis, I. C. R. to Dalhousie, thence North Amer. Trans. Co.,		10.50	16.60
New Richmond, do		11.00	17.60
New Carlisle, do		12.00	19.60
Paspébiac, do		12.25	20.10
Grand River, do		12.75	21.10
Percé, do		13.00	21.10
Gaspé, do		13.25	21.10
Boston, boat to Quebec, thence rail		14.00	
New York, do do		15.00	

WEST.

Alexandria Bay, and Thousand Island Points	4.00	6.50
Kingston	4.00	8.50
Toronto	8.00	16.70
New York, N. Y., R. & O. to Clayton, thence rail	13.50	
Niagara Falls, N. Y. :		
Steamer to Toronto, Niagara Nav. Co. to Lewiston, thence N. Y. C. & H. R. R.		19.00
or steamer to Toronto, Niagara Nav. Co. to Queenston, thence Niagara Falls Park and River Ry.		19.00
or steamer to Toronto, "Empress of India" to Port Dalhousie, thence G. T. R., N. Y. C. & H. R. R.		19.00
Buffalo : Steamer to Toronto, thence all routes <i>via</i> Lewiston, or Queenston, or Port Dalhousie		19.90
Cleveland : Steamer to Toronto, thence all routes <i>via</i> Lewis- ton, or Queenston, or Port Dalhousie	18.85	24.60

EAST.

FROM QUEBEC TO		SINGLE.	RETURN.
Murray Bay, Rivière du Loup		\$2.50	\$4.00
Tadousac		3.00	5.00
Chicoutimi		4.00	8.00
Roberval, (boat to Chicoutimi, thence rail)			10.70
" (up rail, down boat)			10.00

WEST.

Abenakis Springs		4.50
Montreal	3.00	5.00
Alexandria Bay, and Thousand Island Points	7.00	13.50
Kingston	7.00	13.50
Toronto	11.00	21.70

TOURIST RATES—Continued.

FROM QUEBEC TO		WEST.		SINGLE. RETURN.	
Niagara Falls, N. Y. :					
Steamer to Toronto, Niagara Nav. Co. to Lewiston,		thence N. Y. C. & H. R. R.		\$12.45	\$24.00
or steamer to Toronto, Niagara Nav. Co. to Queenston,		thence Niagara Falls Park & River Ry.		12.45	24.00
or steamer to Toronto, "Empress of India" to Port Dal-		housie, thence G. T. R., N. Y. C. & H. R. R.		12.45	24.00
Buffalo : Steamer to Toronto, thence all routes <i>via</i> Lewiston,		or Queenston, or Port Dalhousie		15.00	24.00
Cleveland : Steamer to Toronto, thence all routes <i>via</i> Lewiston,		or Queenston, or Port Dalhousie		15.85	29.60
Boston, R. & O. to Montreal, thence rail				11.00	18.00
New York, R. & O. to Montreal, thence rail				12.00	23.00
		R. & O. to Montreal, thence <i>via</i> Lakes Champlain			
		and George and rail		13 50	.
		R. & O. to Montreal, thence <i>via</i> Fabyan's, Boston			
		and rail		16.50	29.00

ABOUT TICKETS, STATEROOMS, ETC.

Rooms reserved on application in person, by mail, or wire.

Communications requesting stateroom reservations should be brief, and should give the address of the writer, in order to insure proper attention and acknowledgement.

When it is not possible to assign such staterooms as may be desired, the best room, remaining unassigned on receipt of request, will be allotted.

Half fares charged for children five years of age, and under twelve years. Children under five years of age will be carried free.

Stop-overs, where allowed, will be granted upon application to Purser.

Passengers are required to exchange their tickets at the Purser's Office, before obtaining keys to stateroom.

STATEROOMS CAN BE SECURED

on application by letter or telegraph to the undersigned Agents, stating clearly number of berths required, from and to what port and date of starting.

COMPANY'S OFFICES:

J. F. DOLAN,
2 King St., East, Toronto, Ont.

THOS. HANLEY, Agent,
Kingston.

L. H. MYRAND,
Dalhousie St., Quebec, P. Q.

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, Passenger Agent,
128 St. James St., Montreal.

CONNECTIONS.

HAMILTON.—With Grand Trunk, and Toronto, Hamilton, and Buffalo Railways.

TORONTO.—With Niagara Navigation Co., Steamer "Empress of India," Hamilton Steamers, and Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways.

KINGSTON.—With Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific, through sleepers from the West (trains run to steamboat dock).

CLAYTON.—With Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railway, through sleepers, and with all steamers for the Thousand Island hotels.

MONTREAL.—With Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, Canada Atlantic, Central Vermont, Delaware & Hudson, New York Central Railways, for New York, Boston, White Mountain and Adirondack summer resorts.

QUEBEC.—With Intercolonial and Quebec & Lake St. John Railways, and Quebec Steamship Co.

Express trains from Halifax at 12.20 and St. John at 16.30, Tuesdays and Fridays, will make connection at Dalhousie following mornings with steamer for Gaspé.

Passengers for Gaspé and other Baie des Chaleurs points, from Quebec and the West, will leave Lévis on Tuesdays and Fridays, by express trains, at 14.30 o'clock.

MONTREAL, BAY OF QUINTE AND HAMILTON SERVICE.

In addition to the regular mail line between Toronto and Montreal, steamer "Hamilton" leaves Hamilton every Monday at 12 noon, and Montreal every Thursday at 4 p.m., passing through the beautiful scenery of the Bay of Quinte and Thousand Islands, by day light, and calling at intermediate ports. Tickets include meals and berths.

Hamilton (Monday)	12 00 noon	Montreal (Thursday)	4.00 p.m.
Toronto	6.00 p.m.	Valleyfield (Friday)	1.00 a.m.
Darlington	9.30 "	Cornwall	4.00 "
Port Hope	11.00 "	Morrisburg	9.00 "
Cobourg	12 00 mid.	Iroquois	11.00 "
Brighton (Tuesday)	3 00 a.m.	Prescott	1.00 p.m.
Trenton	6.00 "	Brockville	2.00 "
Belleville	7.30 "	Gananoque	6.00 "
Northport	9.00 "	Kingston	10.00 "
Deseronto	9.45 "	Glenora (Saturday)	5.00 a.m.
Pictou	11.30 "	Pictou	6.00 "
Glenora	12.00 noon	Deseronto	7.30 "
Bath	2.00 p.m.	Northport	8.00 "
Kingston	5.00 "	Belleville	9.00 "
Gananoque	7.45 "	Trenton	10.30 "
Brockville	11.00 "	Brighton	12.00 noon
Prescott	12.00 mid.	Cobourg	3 00 p.m.
Iroquois (Wednesday)	3.45 a.m.	Port Hope	4.00 "
Morrisburg	5.00 "	Darlington	6.00 "
Cornwall	7.00 "	Toronto	9.30 "
Coteau	12.00 "	at Hamilton (Sunday)	2.00 a.m.
at Montreal	2.00 p.m.		

This steamer also runs the rapids.

Return tickets are good for passage on daily mail line going West on payment of one dollar extra.

Rates of fare are :—

Montreal to Hamilton \$ 8.50

Montreal to Hamilton and return 16.00

TIME-TABLE.

Commencing June 1st, steamers will run tri-weekly, and from June 15th daily (except Sunday) between Toronto and Montreal, on the following timetable, until about September 14th.

Commencing Monday, 13th July, and until further notice, a steamer will leave Kingston, Clayton, and intermediate ports, every Monday morning, making a daily steamer through the Islands and Rapids to Montreal, during the height of the season of pleasure travel.

ROYAL MAIL LINE STEAMERS.

MIs	DOWNWARDS.	UPWARDS.
	Lv. Toronto daily (Sundays excepted)	Lv. Quebec daily (Sundays excepted)
	" Darlington (Bowmanville)	Ar. at Montreal next morning.
44	" Port Hope	Lv. Montreal (Canal Basin)
64	" Cobourg	every morning (Sundays excepted)
70	" Kingston	" Lachine (connect with noon train) from Montreal
178	" Clayton	" Valleyfield
202	" Round Island	" Coteau Landing (connects with train leaving Montreal at 5 p.m.)
208	" Thousand Island Park	" Cornwall
216	" Alexandria Bay	" Dickinson's Landing
241	" Brockville	" Prescott
255	" Prescott	" Brockville
299	" Cornwall	" Alexandria Bay
329	" Coteau Landing	" Thousand Island Park
	Ar. at Montreal (go alongside steamers for Quebec to transfer passengers and Baggage)	" Round Island
		" Clayton
	Lv. Montreal daily (Sundays excepted)	Ar. Kingston
		Lv. Kingston
556	Ar. at Quebec next morning, connecting there with steamer for the Saguenay River , and at Pointe Lévis (opposite Quebec) with the Intercolonial Railway for all places in the Maritime Provinces	" Deseronto
		" Belleville
		" Trenton (Foot Canal)
		" Brighton
		" Cobourg
		" Port Hope
		" Darlington (Bowmanville)
		Ar. Toronto

SUNDAY SERVICE.—Commencing about May 24th, Steamers leave Quebec and Montreal at 3 p. m. every Sunday, until September 7th inclusive.

These steamers meet at Three Rivers at 11 p. m. and passengers so desiring can return to Quebec or Montreal from this point.

Passengers from Montreal can make connection at Sorel with steamer "Berthier," and return to Montreal about 10.45 p.m.

Parties leaving Three Rivers at 1 p. m. by steamer "Berthier" can make connection with down steamer at Sorel and return to Three Rivers by eleven o'clock.

SAGUENAY LINE.—Up to June 13th, steamers leave Quebec for the Saguenay and intermediate ports, on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 8 a. m.

From June 16th to July 14th, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, and from July 13th until further notice, daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 a. m.

The steamers leave Chicoutimi the day following their departure from Quebec, at 9.30 a. m.

RATES FOR MEALS AND BERTHS.

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

(Going East)

Staterooms	\$2.00
Breakfast or Supper	0.50
Dinner	0.75

Going West between Montreal and Toronto, Meals and Berths are included.

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

Staterooms, according to location.	
Supper or Breakfast	\$0.50

QUEBEC AND THE SAGUENAY.

Supper or Breakfast	\$0.50
Dinner	0.75
Staterooms, according to location.	

CHAMBLY LINE.—Steamer "Chambly" leaves Montreal, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 1 p. m. Returning Thursdays and Mondays, at 9.30 a. m.

A most fascinating trip can be made on this steamer. Fare going Tuesday, \$4.00, going Friday \$5.00, for the round trip, meals and berth included. Or take G. T. R. train 4 p. m. Saturday, connecting with steamer at Belœil at 5 p. m. Fare, round trip, \$4.50.

THREE RIVERS LINE.—Steamer "Berthier" makes the trip to Three Rivers on the same time-table as the "Chambly." Going Tuesday \$4.00, going Friday \$5.00 for the round trip, meals and berth included.

Steamer "Terrebonne" leaves Montreal daily (except Saturdays and Sundays), at 3.30 p. m., for Boucherville, Varennes and Verchères, connecting at Varennes with steamer "Rivière du Loup," for Bout de l'Île, St. Paul l'Hermite and L'Assomption.

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, the steamer "Terrebonne" goes as far as Contrecoeur.

MUSIC.—A First-class Orchestra on Quebec Line all Season.

Write for Musical Programme.

... DRINK ...

Sparkling, . . **RADNOR**, . . . Empress of
Delicious . . . Table Waters.

"A pure natural water, brilliant, pleasantly sparkling, and delicious to the taste." —The "Lancet," London, Eng.

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