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# WINTER ON CANJANDA

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O.F.M. QUEBEC

# Winter in Canada

*Blessed with a Climate which we think is the finest on Earth, we desire in this Booklet, as a Seasonable Memento, to Demonstrate to our Friends by Word and Picture something of the Charms of our Canadian Winter from Coast to Coast.*



C. B. FOSTER,  
Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager,  
MONTREAL.

C. E. McPHERSON,  
Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager,  
WINNIPEG.

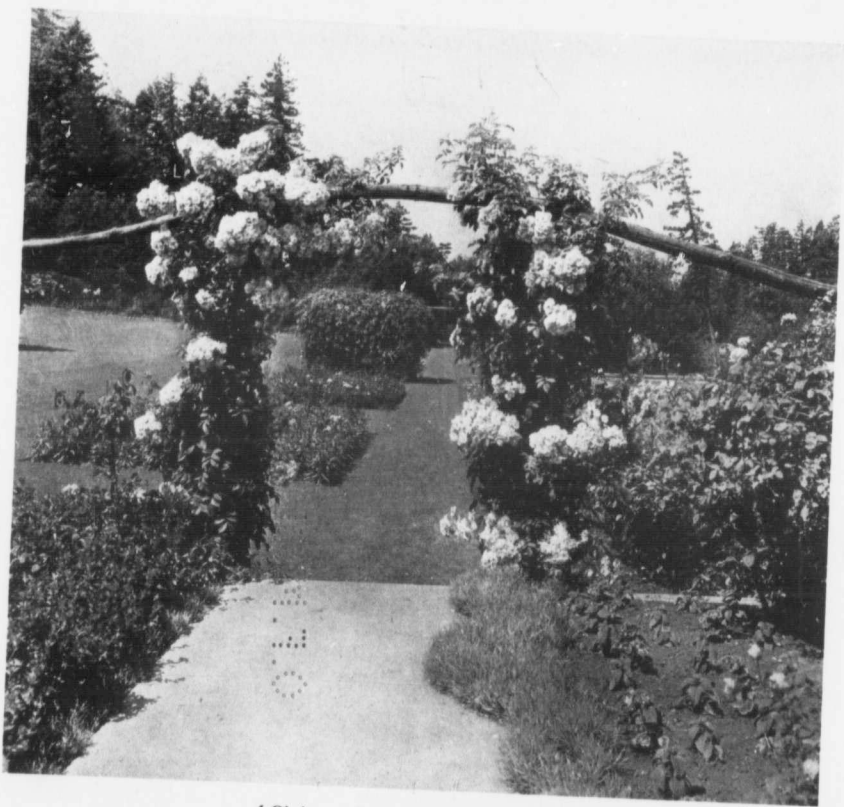
C. E. E. USSHER,  
Passenger Traffic Manager,  
MONTREAL.

W. R. MacINNES,  
Vice-President in Charge of Traffic,  
MONTREAL.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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*A Christmas Landscape at Victoria, B.C.*



THE wonderful increase in settlement, the building of railways from Coast to Coast, and the wider knowledge of climatic conditions in Canada, has entirely changed the old preconceived ideas of the northern half of the American continent. Canada is now found to be a country not of one, but of many climates, with roses blooming at Christmas on Vancouver Island, while Winnipeg is getting ready for curling and its annual bonspiel upon the ice. Moreover, the snowy winter of the colder areas proves not to be so formidable after all. It is the gay social season of the year, in which

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dances and concerts and entertainments of every kind crowd every evening of the week. If there are no roses on the trees, there are roses on the cheeks of the cosily clad Canadian girls, while to the children in particular the winter of snows is the most glorious of all times in the year. The snow problem no longer disturbs the railway engineer. He has devised the means of keeping the tracks clear, and the heaviest traffic of all travels over the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the winter months. These are the months when the great harvest of the West is moved overland to the seaboard, and the steady procession of freight trains laden with lumber glide over the passes of the Rockies. Comfortably warm in the up-to-date transcontinental trains, the passengers see these glorious mountains in their most fairy-like beauty.

There are some, indeed, to whom zero weather does not appeal, but these are finding in Victoria, Vancouver Island, and in Vancouver itself, winter resorts of mild and equable climate with comfortable hotels and opportunities for golf and motoring, which help to pass the time very pleasantly. The Vancouver Hotel, with its five hundred rooms, and spacious Empress Hotel, at Victoria, are gay indeed with winter visitors recuperating after strenuous summers, while the stream of travellers through these year-round open ports adds a cosmopolitan flavor.

The Eastbound transcontinental train, however, brings you overnight into majestic snow-clad valleys of a different atmosphere. Here one enters the home of winter sport—still in its infancy, as settlement in this part of the country is still sparse, but lusty and vigorous. Revelstoke, for instance, has winter sport rapidly growing in popularity, with a particularly fine reputation for its ski-jumping, while Banff, the capital of the Canadian Rockies, is ambitious to attract as many visitors to its winter carnival as it has attracted summer tourists to its pine-scented mountain trails.

For four years now, Banff has had its Winter Carnival, each more successful than the last, and the Ski-jumping Tournament has become one of the most important on this continent. Last February, the championship jump for amateurs was won by Nels Nelson, of Revelstoke, the amateur champion of Canada, over Stein Steinwell, the amateur champion of the United States. Little Iven Nelson, of Revelstoke, only 14 years of age, made the boys' world's record of 114 feet 6

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inches. Andres Hoergan, the longest-distance professional jumper in the world, made his record at Banff by jumping 214 feet, and hopes to return this coming winter to beat his record by jumping 225 feet.

The clear, dry air of Banff makes it possible to have a fine open-air skating rink, and beautiful exhibitions of figure skating may here be seen with a wonderful background of snow-clad peaks. Hockey on the ice is a favorite game, and the curling rink is very popular, owing to the strong local Scotch element in the population. The great toboggan slide, half a mile long, is one of the most exciting and fastest in Canada. Dog sleigh races and ski-joring are other sports which add variety to the usual Winter Carnival program in this exquisitely beautiful resort. One exceptionally novel feature is the race for the Amateur Swimming Championship of Alberta, held in the warm sulphur water pool of the Cave and Basin under the eyes of fur-clad spectators. There are several excellent hotels open all the year round at Banff, and the opportunities for having a gay and exhilarating winter holiday are unparalleled. Very handsome cups and trophies are competed for during Carnival week, which usually takes place early in February.

Leaving the Rockies, one comes to the prairies, where again winter produces several climates. In the dry belt of Southern Alberta, the comparative absence of moisture and the warm, dry winds enable the farmers to range their cattle in the open. Yet a city such as Calgary has its cold spells, though not any lack of gaiety. The Palliser Hotel is here the centre of festivities and of brightly social life. Calgary has started a Bonspiel which hopes some day to rival the great Bonspiel at Winnipeg. Curling is perhaps the most popular winter game in the prairie cities, and curling, indeed, reaches its finest flower of perfection in Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba.

There are many reasons why the Winnipeg Bonspiel is the greatest in the world. It is one of the best organized, has nearly every citizen of any account behind it, and offers the best sport that can be found in any place. There is hardly a town or village of any size in Manitoba and Saskatchewan that has not a curling rink of one or two sheets, and nearly every one of them affiliated with the Manitoba association. The growth of the Winnipeg Bonspiel has been so marvellous that, despite the fact that the city boasts of eight clubs which provides for nearly fifty sheets of ice, and that the Chisholm system of draw has helped very materially in cutting down the number of games, it is most difficult for the Bonspiel to wind up in less than two weeks, and for the majority of this time there are five draws a day played.

There are about one hundred and forty clubs in affiliation with the Manitoba Curling Association, giving a membership of approximately five thousand curlers, and each year increases the growth and popularity of the game which has stood the test in Western Canada for so long a period.

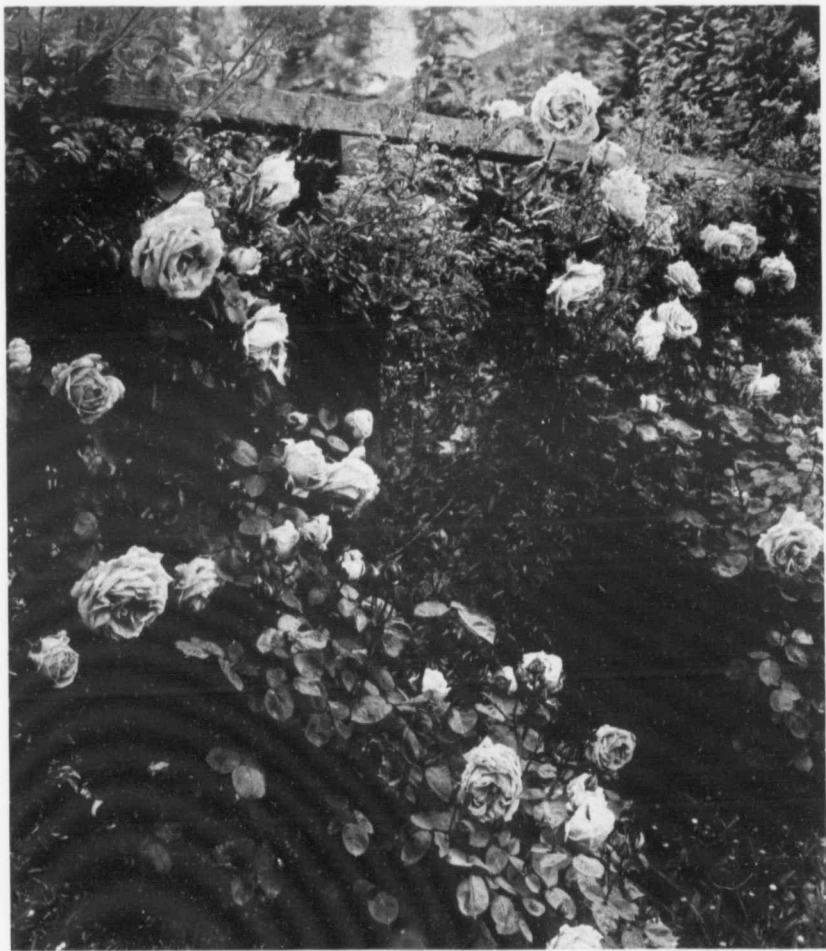
The Winnipeg Bonspiel is the magnet that draws every curler of any consequence from the far east, the west and south, all together in social and championship competition in which the very best exponents of the world take part. Winni-



*Mid-winter Golf at Victoria, B.C.*

*January at Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B.C.*

*Buffalo Wintering in Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C.*



*December Roses at Victoria, B.C.*





*A Ski-ing Party at Banff, in the Canadian Pacific Rockies*

*On the Ski Jump at Revelstoke*

*Skating on the Bow River at Banff*

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ping for many years has been supreme in curling. The city has developed some marvellous curlers, but of recent years the outsiders have been showing wonderful strength, with the result that many of the valuable prizes are being carried out of the city. The climatic conditions make Winnipeg ideal for staging such a mammoth affair. The ice is always in the very best of condition and the roar of the rocks as they slide along the slippery surface is sweet music for the hundreds of participants and followers.

From a spectacular standpoint, the game is nearly as popular as hockey with its many thrills. Every rink is pretty well crowded during each day of the Bonspiel, and wherever any noted rink happens to be performing, a very large gallery is generally on hand to enjoy the thrills of the contest. With an average attendance of some two hundred rinks, which means nearly one thousand players, the carnival has grown into a monster affair. The Royal Alexandra Hotel is Winnipeg's great winter centre.

Between Winnipeg and the Eastern cities of Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, stretch the forests which are the winter hunting grounds of many a hardy trapper. Toronto has its specialty of ice boating on the lake, the most exciting sport of all. From Toronto, one can make a most interesting trip to Niagara Falls, which in their winter garb of snow hills and gigantic natural ice palaces are more than ever among the wonders of the world. All through Ontario winter is a gay and attractive season. Both Toronto and Hamilton are high up in the world of hockey.

For winter sport at its very height, one turns to the snowy surroundings of Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec.

Ottawa as a winter sport centre attracts thousands of visitors each year. First and foremost of its attractions is hockey. Ottawa is now the home of the World's Championship and the Stanley Cup, the most famous of all Canadian sport emblems. Last season the Ottawas, headed by Eddie Gerard, formerly famed as a paddler and football player, annexed the championship of the National Hockey League and then defeated Seattle, finalists from the Pacific Coast, in the play-off for the world's honors and the Stanley Cup. The Ottawa team will be practically intact again, and as the National League has resolved itself into a "Big Four," consisting of Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, it looks as though hockey would enjoy one of its most prosperous winters. Ottawa has for years been known as one of the best hockey towns of the continent. The National Hockey League season will get under way in Ottawa about December 20th, and will continue until March 15th. The World's Series will be played at the Coast, but there will be twelve games on the local schedule.

Curling is another very popular form of sport in Ottawa. There are three well balanced local clubs, the Ottawas, Rideaus and Glebes, and they will resume operations about December 15th. They play in the Eastern Canada Bonspiel, and the Central Canada Association tournament will again take place in the capital. His Excellency the Governor General presents a prize annually for the double rink championship, and the final for this will take place on the Rideau



*Lady Ice Hockey Players at Banff*

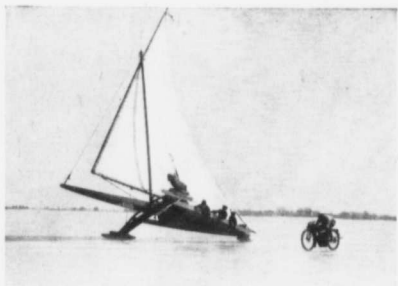
*A Change from Barracks—Curling at Banff*



*On the Banff Toboggan Slide*



*At the Winnipeg Bonspeil*



*Ice Boating on Lake Ontario*

*Niagara in its Winter Dress*

*Winter in a Lumber Camp*

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Hall ice in February. This is probably the biggest feature of the curling season, as it brings the Montreal and Ottawa finalists together for a trophy that is highly coveted.

Ski-running and ski-jumping have attracted hundreds of enthusiastic patrons in and around Ottawa during the past few seasons. The Ottawa Ski Club was reorganized a few years ago under the presidency of Mr. C. E. Mortureaux. Its success was instantaneous, and it was followed by the launching of the Cliffside Ski Club, which now has a very large membership. Its president is Mr. W. F. C. Devlin. Both the Ottawa and the Cliffside clubs hold weekly meets at Rockcliffe, followed by runs out into the districts. The Gatineau Valley, with its beautiful chain of hills, its snow-covered lakes, its lumber camps and its swift descents, offers a veritable paradise for ski enthusiasts. Each Sunday witnesses an exodus of happy-faced ski-runners out into the country for a day's sport. Both clubs have suburban quarters, and the annual jumping and cross-country running championships take place at Rockcliffe, where the clubs have erected a big chute, from which some of the most spectacular performances on record have taken place. Ski-ing has a fascination, not only to Canadians, but to visitors from the American side and from Europe. Visitors will find a warm welcome at both the Ottawa and the Cliffside clubs, and there is at Rockcliffe a cosy tea house whose attractions have also become well known.

Snowshoeing is likewise popular in Ottawa, though ski-running seems to have converted many of its followers. There are fine opportunities hereabouts for this sport, and weekly tramps attract large numbers. Indoor bowling will be in full swing again, and figure skating, fostered by the Minto Skating Club, with new headquarters at the Rideau rink, promises well. The Canadian figure skating championships for the Minto Cups will likely take place in Ottawa, and there is also a possibility that the international competitions will be held here. Their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are enthusiastic patrons of the Minto Skating Club, and their daughters, including little Lady Anne, may be seen nearly every day gliding over the keen surface at the Minto Club meetings. They have an open-air rink at Rideau Hall, and the Government House skating parties are notable features of the winter sports in Ottawa.

Montreal has always thrived on winter sport, the proximity of Mount Royal making it possible to indulge in the finest of ski-ing and tobogganing and snowshoeing, within half an hour of a first class hotel such as the Place Viger. Over five thousand enthusiasts watched the International Ski-Jumping Competition last February, and on nearly every Saturday afternoon and Sunday thousands of graceful figures may be seen swinging over the crisp snow on ski or snowshoe. The headquarters of the Montreal Ski Club is in the Club House on Mount Royal, ladies' nights being held each Wednesday, at which informal dances are a feature. The mountain headquarters of the Club are at Cochands, St. Margaret's. The "Get Together Run" is fixed for January 9th, after which the regular week-end trips to St. Margaret's commence, and a program of jumping and cross country



*Snowshoe Carnival at Sherbrooke*

*Snowshoe Parade at Three Rivers*

*Lacrosse on the Ice—M.A.A.A. Rink at Montreal*



*Tobogganing on Mount Royal near the Park Ranger's House  
Bob-sleighbing in the Laurentians at Ste. Agathe*





*Frank MacKinnon, Montreal Ski Club, Making Winning Jump at Quebec Provincial Championship  
Saturday Afternoon on the M.A.A.A. Rink, Montreal*



*A Fair Amateur Ski Jumper, Montreal*



*Learning to Ski, Mount Royal, Montreal*

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competitions. The first tournament of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association is dated for February 19th and 20th, and the Canadian Open Amateur Cross Country Championship for February 20th.

One of the sights of Montreal in winter is the huge skating rink of the Montreal Athletic Association at Westmount, where three or four thousand may be seen skating of an evening or on Saturday afternoon to the strains of a fine orchestra. In addition to the large general rink there is a figure skating rink, and also a hockey rink. The Annual Masquerade of the M.A.A.A. is one of the big things in the Montreal winter season. The Ski Club in connection with this Association has a large membership, and its cross country runs are very popular. Although there is a waiting list for the regular full membership of the M.A.A.A., visitors to Montreal interested in winter sport can usually be accepted for winter membership on application to Mr. R. E. Melville, General Manager and Secretary of the M.A.A.A., Peel Street.

There are several fine skating rinks in Montreal, and curling is carried to a high pitch of perfection with a very large following, owing to the strong Scotch element in the population.

The activities in curling on the Island of Montreal date from the 22nd of January, 1807, when the first club was formed; twenty members meeting on the above date and forming themselves into what is now known as the Montreal Curling Club. Thus it developed from a pastime, on the part of a few, into a sport which has now become a part of the life of the community. On the Island of Montreal there are nine clubs, with membership of over 1300, and the activity on the ice is only limited by the number of sheets of ice at their disposal.

The various clubs throughout the Province of Quebec have constituted themselves into what is known as the Quebec Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland, which represents a membership of over 3100. There are also branches in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Ontario and Manitoba.

The Laurentian Mountains are very accessible from Montreal through the excellent service of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and winter resorts of great popularity are growing up at Ste. Marguerite (St. Margaret's Golf and Winter Club), and St. Jovite (Grey Rocks Inn). The Mont Tremblant Inn, at Lac Mercier Station, will also be opened this year for winter guests, an excellent centre from which to explore the highly attractive and picturesque Tremblant region.

Ste. Agathe is another beautiful centre, but has lost its chief hotel facilities through the necessity of providing hospital accommodation for invalid war veterans.

As to Quebec, this beautiful city is in a fair way to become one of the most popular winter sport centres in North America. The magnificent Chateau Frontenac is here the centre of all social and winter sport life, and has its own skating and curling rinks, with the great toboggan slide on Dufferin Terrace just at its doors. Miss Betty Thornley, an enthusiastic visitor from New York, has written in the following pages her impressions of winter in the ancient city of Quebec.



*Bobsleigh at St. Margaret's, Laurentian Mountains*



*A Snowshoe Race at Quebec*

*Off for a Snowshoe Tramp*

*Under the Shadow of the Basilica, Quebec*



*Macdonald College Girls at Ste. Anne de Bellevue Playing Ice Hockey  
Sunday Morning on Mount Royal, Montreal*



*International Championship Skating Race, M.A.A.A., Montreal  
High School League Hockey Game, Westmount, P.Q.*





*Dog Sleigh, Quebec*

*The Harvest of Winter—Ice Cutting*

## WHEN CANADA'S IN FURS

By Betty Thornley



IT'S moonlight in Quebec!

There's a full moon, a great, riotous, silver-gilt lantern a-swing in a sky pale to the edges with the cold clear light of it. There are a few drowned stars twinkling down near the horizon. And then there's the earth—not a mere negligible brown blot on infinity, but a white, shine-carpeted hill-and-valley background for a high, grey medieval castle, ablaze with light. And stretching from you, on the top of the world, down to the foot of this phantasmal moonlit fortress, there's a long cut-steel bow, a triple-grooved, quarter-mile bow, hung on both edges with huge scintillant pearls!

No, you aren't dreaming it. The breath that frosts in the clear, cold air is your very own waking breath. And the nose that tingles till you rub it with your mittened hand is your very own nose. Likewise, the toboggan that pants to be off down that iced path of the lightning is the Chateau Frontenac's very own toboggan, and—as you're the Chateau Frontenac's guest—it will carry you safe and sound, a-tingle from your overshoed toes to the top of your tuqued head, and deposit you at the foot of Samuel de Champlain's plume-hatted monument, where every good Quebecois goes when he's feeling properly thankful to the gallant Marquis for having founded such an unparalleled town, a matter of three hundred odd years ago.

Twenty seconds after you've shoved off from the top of Citadel Hill—like a young meteorite joyriding through space—you've reached Champlain, a quarter of a mile away, and are ready for the return trip.

Let's eat! Normally, you'd be bored with that quarter-mile walk, back, and up. Normally, you'd feel inclined to petition the Governor-General-in-Council for an escalator. But there's something about those tingle-thrilling wide spaces, that cold diamond-clear lung-filling night air, that makes you think of long walks and hard climbs and heavy weights as so much sky-larking preparation for a hot supper—oysters? a real, whacking, big, thick, juicy steak with mushrooms? a bit of venison with tart red currant jelly? coffee?—

What, at ten o'clock? You wouldn't sleep? . . . My dear sir, my very dear madam, stop right where you are and put those treasonous thoughts in the pocket of your Canadian blanket-coat.

When you've catapulted through that freezing, joy-laughing, moonlight-and-star-dusted air for half an hour, you could digest the corner stone of the Basilica, if they'd give it to you—and write Rip Van Winkle a treatise on a good night's rest!



*At the Top of the Slide, Citadel Hill, Quebec*



*Among the Beeches at Mount Royal*

*A Week End Ski Party*



*Pacers in Trotting Races on the Ice*



*The Toboggan Slide on Dufferin Terrace, Quebec*



*Curling at Outremont, Montreal*

*Human Ice Palace*

*Grand Parade at the City Hall, Quebec*

In Quebec, winter gets into its furs in December, tucks its fingers under the buffalo robe, and tells the pilot of the red-runnered jingle-belled chariot of ceremony to let 'er go for three solid snow-cruisted months—the months of the year.

When Champlain made his first little tentative settlement on Passamaquoddy Bay, he saw the Indians going round with what he called "racquets tied to their feet." And though he was a courtier, a soldier, a visionary apostle, and a map-maker of most amusing imagination, Champlain was also an explorer and a good fellow of sorts. So he straightway bought a pair of the quaint racquets for a string of blue beads and a little keen knife—and behold winter sport in Canada!—striding over white leagues and tall bushes, to come home, perchance, and write it all out for his friend the King of France, whose heart must have yearned mightily to let the ladies run Versailles (as usual), while he mastered the snowshoe.

Nowadays in Quebec, the snowshoe clubs have ladies' nights, when the gay-blanketed line tails out across miles of late-afternoon snowshine, to come to a friendly house in the pines—oh, the scent of the pines!—as dusk closes redly in. There's nothing in the whole world like the wide yellow shine of the welcoming doorway as the first-comers troop up, silhouetted against the warm light, unless it's the ecstatic way that the Club wrinkles its concerted nose as the crisp-cruisted meat pie, and the lowly onion, and the ever-to-be-celebrated coffee announce their presence in characteristic manner. French crullers are to be looked for, too, and those immense, red-cheeked, spicy Canadian apples that fill a place in one's gastronomic landscape that will never be an aching void again.

But the snowshoe hasn't things all its own way, as it used to have before Nels Nelson sailed from his white Norwegian hillside clear into the New World on his trusty skis. For the average visitor, snowshoes are undoubtedly safer. But for the man to whom safety is the greatest spoil-sport there is, the man who doesn't mind burying his nose in a ten-foot drift to-day, provided he can take a ninety-foot leap into blue air by the end of his vacation—ah, that's the man who makes friends with anyone who can teach him how to ski.

For Quebec has hills as thick as history—everything from the wee hill for the greenhorn to the towering, feather-white snowslide where Nels goes alone to commune with the infinite. And if the thrills of plain ski-ing fail at last to register, why, there's ski-joring, which is accomplished by means of one brown plush horse (with his winter coat on), and a ski-man who lets himself be whirled across country, up hill and down dale.

Then let Jean Baptiste serve you tea in the Chateau Frontenac tea-room—along with buttered crumpets and sliced pound cake—or permit Henri to make you a pot with his own hands in the Duke of Kent's erstwhile house out at Montmorency Falls, and you'll come away convinced that those English playwrights don't condemn a man to hard labor after all when they cast him to sip a cup at Lady Helen's reception.

One of the pleasantest diversions of Quebec is to ask for a wonderfully befurred sleigh and a driver who knows those marvellous winter roads, grooved in



*The Snowshoers' Bounce—Initiation into the Club*



the snow and wind braked with pine bushes; who knows, too, the quiet little white French-Canadian villages crouched in the drifts, each with its big church as the centre of all life—Sillery, Cap Rouge, Jeune Lorette, and a dozen others, as quaint if more distant. When the St. Lawrence has done its duty, one may drive over to the Island of Orleans, too. Sometimes—owing to a tidal mystery—there will be clear water and a tugboat in full view and interesting proximity.

One may drive around dim old Quebec itself, with its high-shouldered shut-eyed Norman houses, each containing whispered history enough for a whole novel—the house where Angelique des Meloises lived and flaunted her golden curls in the face of all virtue—the still Convent of the Ursulines, where Madeleine de Repentigny's votive lamp has burned through two shifting centuries—Champlain's house where his picture hangs, and the wise tourist will make a wish, sure to be granted within six months. Notre Dame des Victoires, dark church of a stormy past—the Basilica, where those true old French Christmas Eve services are held. Last of all, of course, the sleigh will follow history up Mountain Hill Road again, where, if the occupant's eyes can look backward as well as out into the sunny air, there isn't any Chateau Frontenac at all, but rather just that little grey old Chateau St. Louis, where the good Governor's party once braved it out against the darkly-plotting Intendant Bigot, with La Pompadour behind him, until the English came and swept them all—ruffles and plumes, *bon mots* and snuff boxes, valor and villainy, sharp tongues and fair faces—pouf!—into the eternal limbo of the text books.

There was one thing they brought, these dour conquerors, that softened a little the uncolorful sternness of their regime. Scotch, a good many of them, they imported curling, that "roarin' game," with which a man might while away the afternoons of this glorious country where the ice was always "keen" and never "baugh," as so often happens in Scotland even when the Royal Caledonian Bonspiel is being held—three thousand veteran "soopers" at a time—on those narrow rinks that stripe the hallowedest cursing-ground to be found between the Border and the Isles.

The Quebec Curling Club is a hundred years old, and therefore worthy of attention when it asserts that, though the traditional thirty-five or forty pound granite stones quarried from "the Craig" are all very well for Scotland or the United States, or even Western Canada, yet the forty to seventy pound iron "stones" used for a century on the hard ice above the St. Lawrence, give the real curler his best opportunity of delivering "perfect patlids" every time.

Yet let it not be imagined that the ice is so good as to obviate the necessity for that wild brooming, and that still wilder "braid Scots" that give the game its unique character. The wonderful weather secures for the prideful skip a chance to set Bobby Burns to the tune of Harry Lauder every afternoon. And as there are twenty thousand curlers in Canada, to say nothing of visiting notables from America and Scotland itself, the Chateau Frontenac's new curling rink will prove a formidable rival to those other two rinks where the skaters twirl, and the hockey players dart like steel-shod swallows.

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Hockey, of course, is the Canadian national sport and doesn't need much introduction anywhere on the American continent to-day. For speed, it has baseball and football beaten back to the kindergarten, and the man who can watch a match—even his first match, between teams he doesn't know—without becoming a graduate fan, well, he's getting old, that's all, he's getting old!

Very different is Quebec from Victoria, that never could be like any other city in Canada if she tried—and be sure she wouldn't, the haughty beauty, descended from the Army and the Navy and the Japan Current. Victoria doesn't hold out gay red-mitted hands from a bob-sleigh. Victoria brings the Rolls-Royce to dignified anchor by a glossy hedge and suggests that you go for a January spin. For the capital of British Columbia, Northerner as she is, has no use for snow at all, but keeps summer singing on the windowsill all winter long, with golf and motoring and swimming and cricket and tennis and fishing and canoeing to give the fickle little wildling something to sing about. And yet, withal, there's a clear tingle in the air, a pulse that the Southland never knew, as though the grey-eyed North with her chin in her hands were staring over blue mountains at her strange foster child.

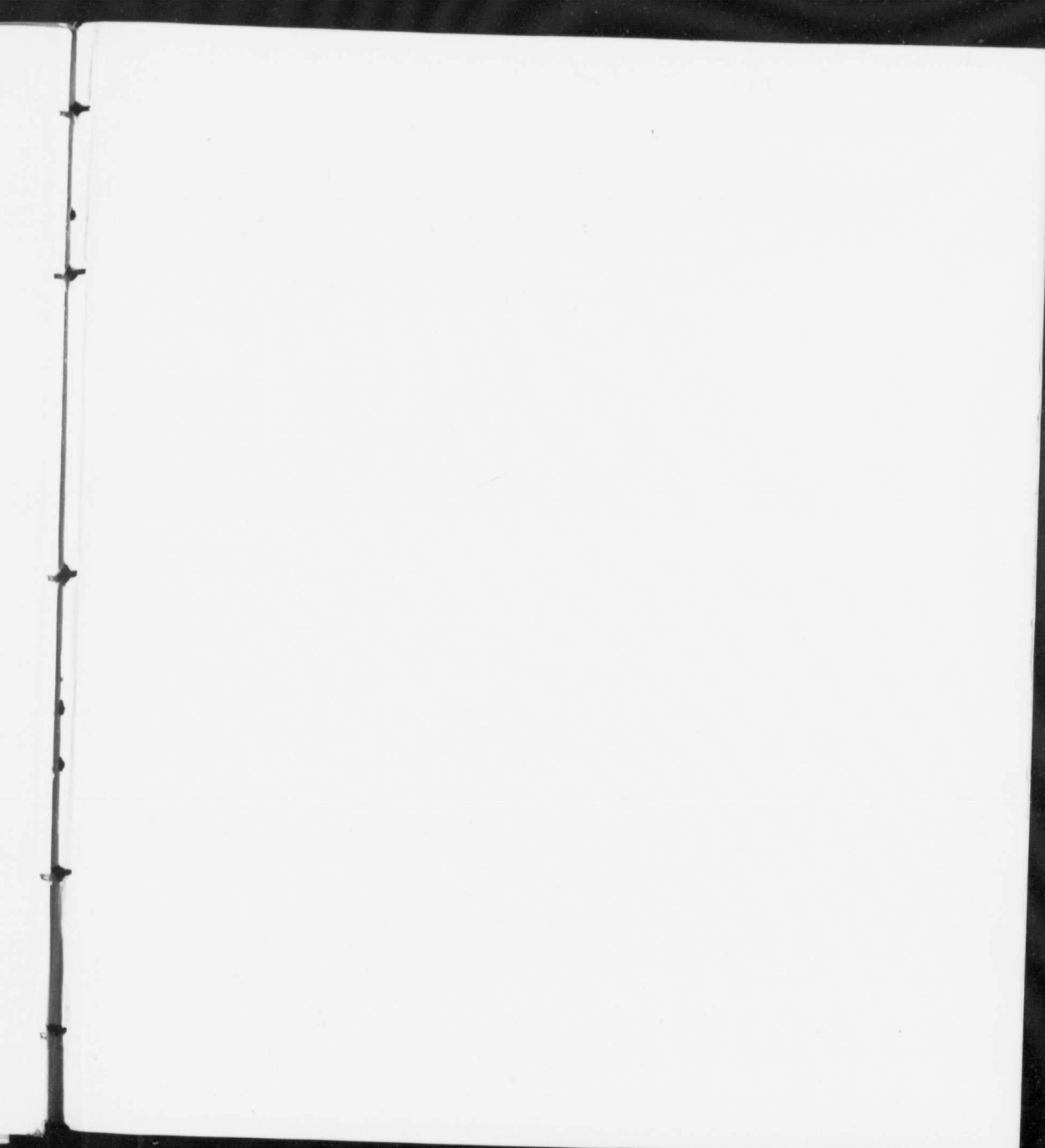
And now for the conclusion of the whole matter—for nobody wastes all these pink adjectives and good photographs just for the sake of adding to the high cost of printing.

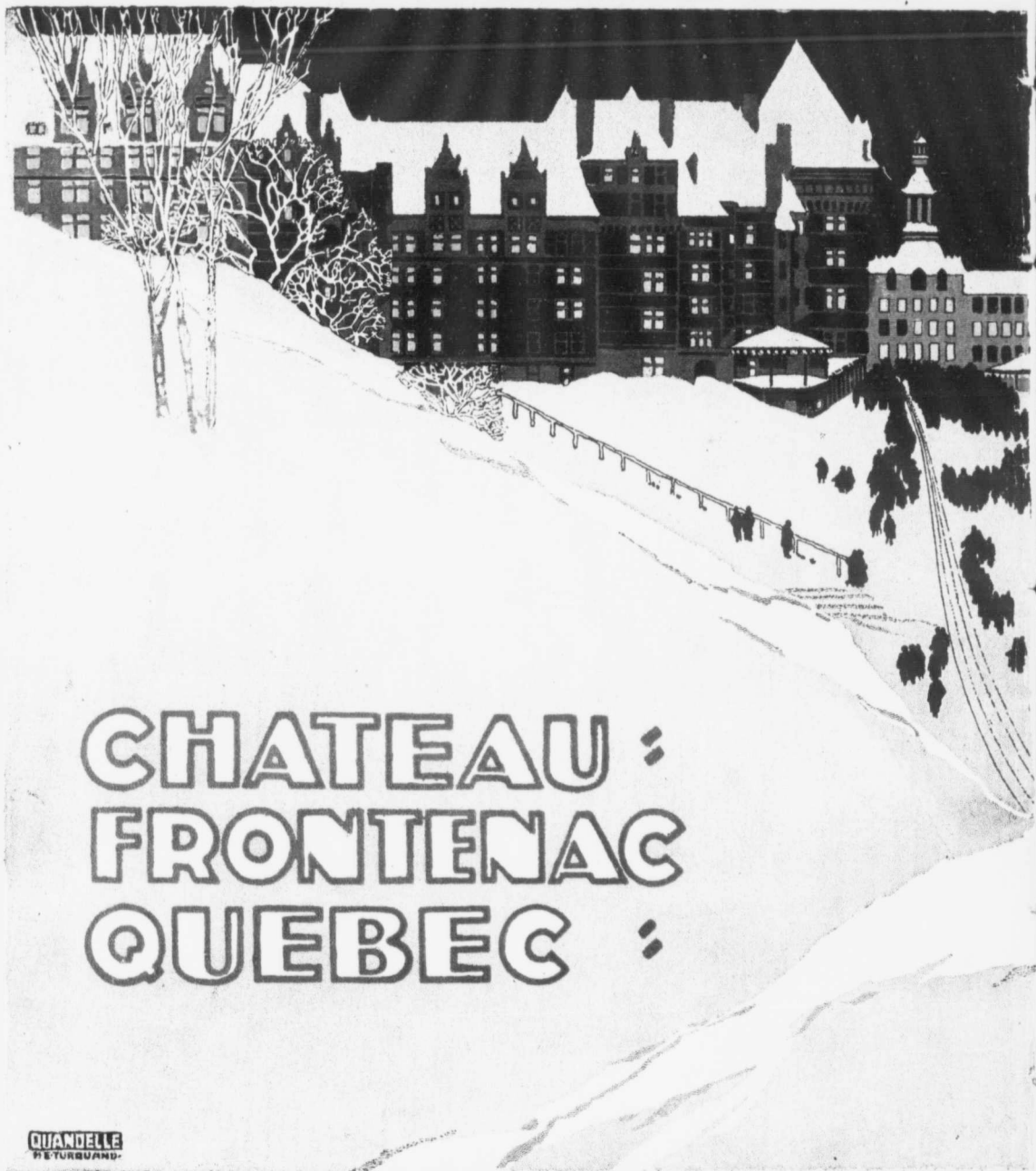
The conclusion is that if you know Canada when the fly is on the trout-stream and the canoe slides through white water in the spring, you know only one side of a very complex personality. If you know Canada when the snows trickle off Mount Sir Donald's white head into the summer-warm Selkirk Valleys, when the furtive birds of the high hills and the wise brown-grey marmots hold mysterious converse with the solitary trampler who prefers walking to golf in the clouds—you know more.

If you know Canada when the leaves turn and the moose crashes through wet underbrush and swims the mist-drenched lake in the chill autumn mornings—when the nuts drop in the woods, and the river of wheat creeps from the farthest limits of the Peace River country, to cascade into the Great Lakes fleets to feed the world—and navigation closes, and Superior mutters against the grey rocks of Thunder Bay—you've seen a bit, son, you've seen a bit.

But if you want to know Canada playing, Canada with her eyes alight and her feet dancing, putting her whole fierce joyous Gallic-Scotch-English unreadable soul into having a good time—

Catch her in furs, looking over her muff at you—laughing!





# CHATEAU : FRONTENAC QUEBEC :