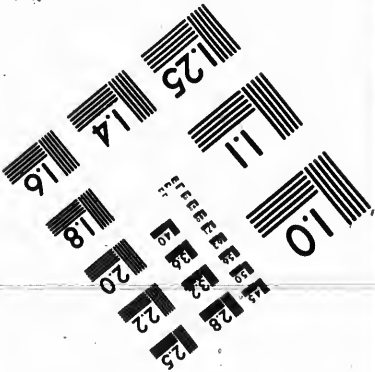
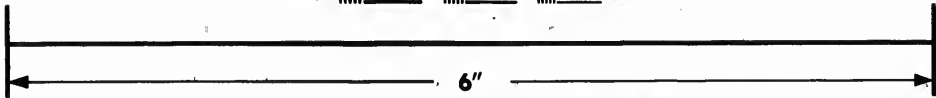
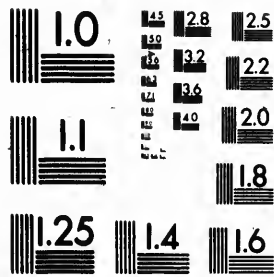


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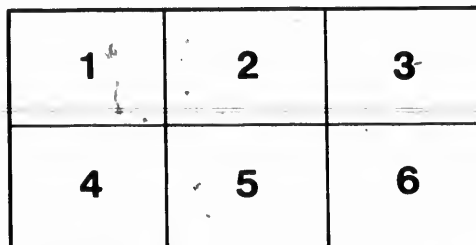
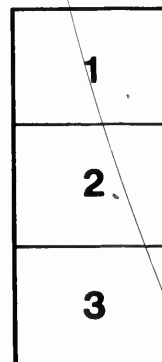
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## Beauties of the St. Lawrence.

### THE TOURIST'S IDEAL TRIP

VIA

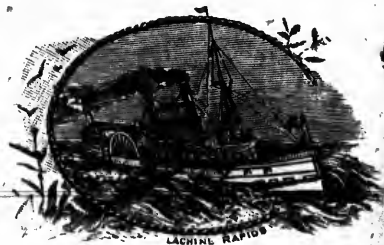
The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company's Steamers.



MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT.

It is strange that people rush away across the Atlantic to enjoy the mountain glories of Switzerland, or the rugged grandeurs of the historic and castellated Rhine, while within a few hours of their homes, here upon the American continent, in the Dominion of Canada, are to be found scenes of interest and wonder, as well as of instruction and amusement, far surpassing the vaunted attractions of old Europe. Any person who would read the beautifully illustrated souvenir books of Canadian cities, cannot fail to feel that there is, perhaps, in the world to-day a more attractive trip than that of the St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands, the famous rapids, Montreal, Quebec and the celebrated Saguenay River.

We have but short space at our disposal, still we purpose drawing the attention of the public to a few of the most interesting facts connected with these places, and to some of the most striking features in the unsurpassed scenery of the land through which we invite the reader to hurry with us. We say hurry, for we can but mention a few of the beauties that crowd in on the view from the time we embark on one of the Richelieu Company's splendid steamers at Toronto, until a landing is made at Quebec, the Gibraltar of America. The steamer keeps closely to the north shore of Lake Ontario all the way from Toronto to Kingston, a distance of over one hundred and fifty miles, and as our staunch boat glides quickly over the placid waters of this, the most



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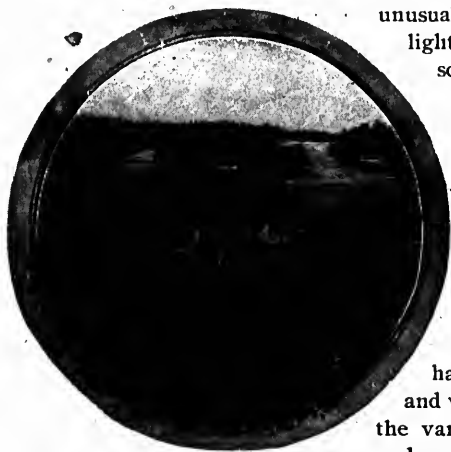
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*The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company's*

beautiful of all the great chain of lakes; the cool, invigorating breezes, and the town-dotted shore line ever in view, add to the enjoyment of a trip that will long be remembered as one of the best "outings" to be had on the American continent. At the foot of the lake, where the majestic St. Lawrence begins, is that famous old limestone city, Kingston, with its Martello towers, its Military College, its magnificent public buildings and beautiful homes. A day might well be spent there, but we must hasten on, for an all-day sail of



NIAGARA FALLS.



A GROUP OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

unusual interest and keenest delight lies before us in the descent of the noble river.

For forty miles, of the hundred and sixty from Kingston to Montreal, the path of the steamer is through the labyrinthine windings of the far-famed Thousand Islands. These are scattered over the bosom of the river with a prodigality which Nature has hardly elsewhere shown, and which is equalled only by the variety, in size, form, color and general aspect, of the islands themselves. In number, they are

reckoned to exceed 1,750, the largest, being some hundred acres in extent, the smallest, a mere speck of verdure-clad rock, crowned, it may be, by a single tree, proudly reflecting its autumnal glory in the gleaming expanse of the lake.

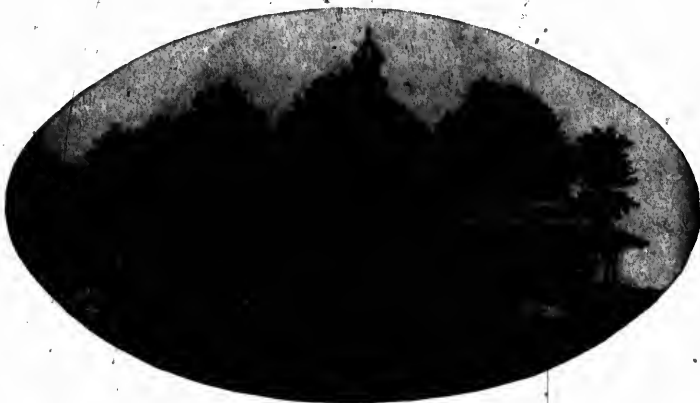
From the deck of the Richelieu Company's steamers the traveller has a glorious opportunity of becoming acquainted with the beauties, the ever changing, kaleidoscopic attractions of that wonderful natural panorama. At times the speed of the vessel is slackened in order to afford the tourist ample time to drink in all the glories of the ever shifting scene. Now and again the steamer runs past a timber raft, and the fire in the "cookerie," the smoke over the "camboose," the bending oars, the singing raftsmen, all contribute to the novelty of the picture. He hears snatches of the Canadian boat songs, the characteristic beguilement of the *voyageur*, as he "poles" his raft or bends, with rhythmic measure to the dripping oar. Very musical are those old Norman and Breton *chansons*, though rude are their couplets.





4 *The Richeliéu & Ontario Navigation Company's*

To the lover of Nature, in her placid moods and restful tranquillity, we are not sure that the intrusion of the thousands who now gather at the several great denominational camps on the Island



THOUSAND ISLAND SCENERY.

Parks in the vicinity of Alexandria Bay, will by any means be an attraction. But man is a social animal. In the main, he loves a crowd and high excitements, with proximity to hotel comforts and even luxuries. So the vogue has to be fallen in with, though the excitement, we should imagine, must pall, and the temptation soon assert



IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

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its force, to steal away to the repose and beauty of the many delightful sylvan retreats in the quieter parts of the river. Meanwhile the afternoon sun finds our steamer unconsciously increasing her pace, as she nears the rapids, and excitement among all on board arises as the traveller feels the novel sensation of "going down hill by



A STREET IN TORONTO.

water." These descents in the bed of the St. Lawrence are, like descents in the bed of other rivers, no scientific marvel; but it is a marvel, and an exhilaration of more than usual novelty, to sweep down them, not in a canoe, but in a large and densely crowded steamer. But while there is the maximum of excitement, there is,

we believe, the minimum of danger, though the experience is often trying to the nerves, especially when the steamboat makes a lurch in the chaotic waters and a volume of spray is dashed in the faces of the thrilled voyagers. Nor are the nervous reassured by a glance at the extra-manned wheel-house, and from that to the foam-lashed avenues of waters, down which the vessel speeds as if to certain destruction. The situation becomes more thrilling with the descent of the rapids nearer to Montreal. These increase in violence in their headlong course down the river, while the danger seems to



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

become more appalling as the channel is hidden in spray. At last, comes a return to still water—that is, still in comparison with the maelstrom from which the vessel has emerged.

Proceeding onward we catch sight of that modern structure, the Canadian Pacific Railway Bridge, which spans the St. Lawrence at Lachine and connects the Canadian Pacific Railway with Montreal. This bridge illustrates in a striking manner the change that has taken place in engineering methods of bridge building since the erection of the Victoria Bridge. It is constructed on the cantilever

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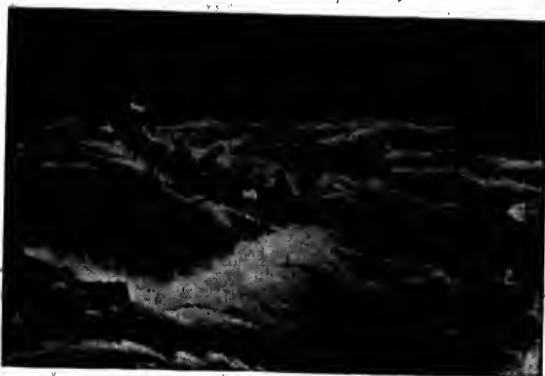


CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BRIDGE, LACHINE.

principle ; its light, airy, seemingly fragile spans offer no resistance to the wind, and combine the minimum of weight with the maximum of stability. This bridge gives Montreal an alternative trans-



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



SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS—FAST.

continental route by rail, and confirms the commanding position of the city as an entrepôt at the head of ocean navigation for the commerce of the East and West.

A little farther on we recognize at a glance the celebrated Victoria Bridge, one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest engineering feat of the age, connecting the Grand Trunk Railway with the Island of Montréal and the south shore of the St. Lawrence. It is built of iron on the tubular principle. There are two long abutments and twenty-four piers of solid masonry. The length of the bridge is two miles. The tube through which the railway track is laid is twenty-two feet high and sixteen wide. The total cost of the structure was \$6,300,000. It is the creation of the same genius that spanned the Menai Straits, Robert Stephenson and A. M. Ross having been the engineers who planned this great work. To look from one of the openings in the



INDIAN VILLAGE OF CAUGHENAWAGA, OPPOSITE LACHINE.

centre piers on to the St. Lawrence rushing past in one grand stream far below, sweeping under the bridge in eddies and whirlpools, or bursting into spurts of angry foam as it strikes the sharp edges of the masonry,—to look along the sides of the iron tube, which tapers away at each end in the distance till it seems a mere rod of metal, one cannot but be astounded, not only how such a design was carried out, but how it could ever have been conceived as practicable.

Our interest increases as the fair ~~royal~~ city of Montreal comes grandly into view.



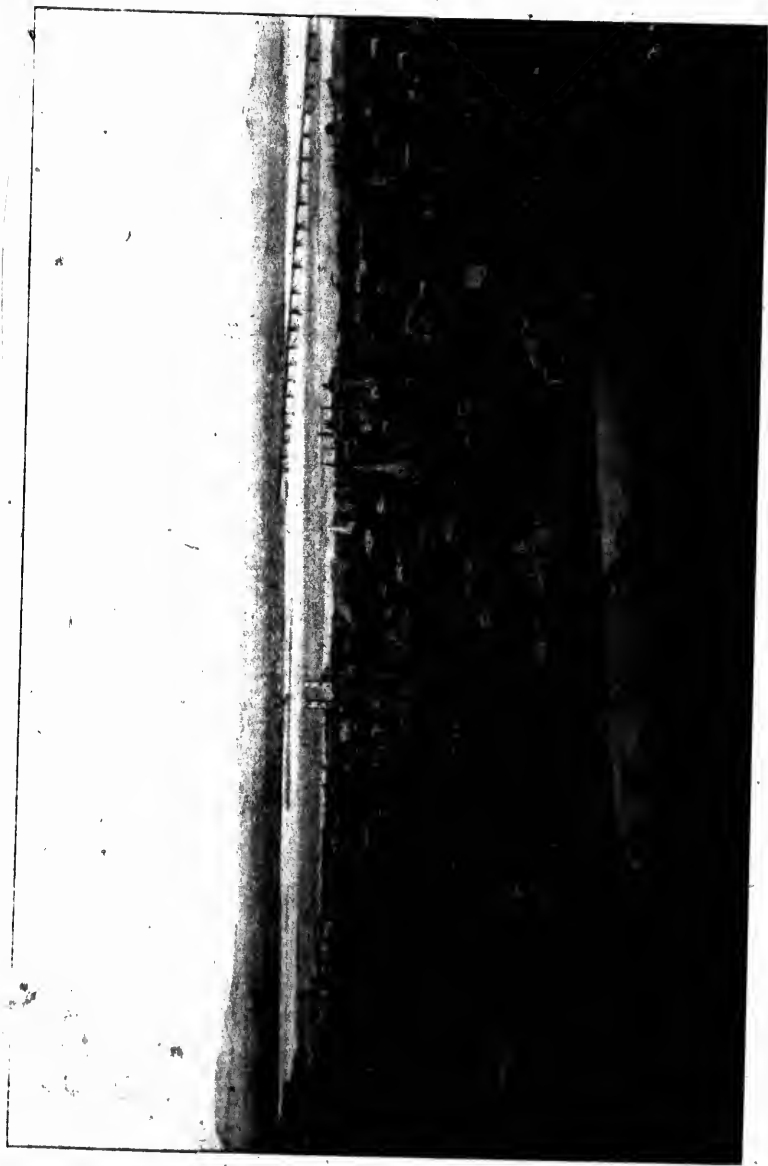
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A RICHELIEU STEAMER SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS—PRESENT.

Montreal, the City of de Maisonneuve, the Hochelaga of the Indian, the commercial metropolis of Canada to-day, nestles, or rather, once nestled, between the foot of majestic Mount Royal and the giant flood of the still more majestic St. Lawrence. It was so in days gone past, but in our time the city has so expanded, its avenues have so far stretched in all directions, save to the southward, its rising edifices have so usurped the surrounding country, that nestle is no longer the expression; we should say that it crowds its huge proportions in between river and mountain and bursts out towards the east





MONTREAL, FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

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and west, running riot into the adjoining districts. It is from the Mountain Park, upon the summit of Mount Royal, one of the grandest parks on the continent, led up to by one of the most charming drives in the world, that the best *coup d'œil* of the city and its surroundings is to be obtained. While awaiting the palace-like steamer, that will carry us forth, this evening, upon the waters of yonder mighty flood, and bear us seaward to Quebec, let us, from the top of the mountain, pause and catch a glimpse of the panorama before us.



MOUNT ROYAL PARK DRIVE.

Beneath our feet, and spreading out upon all sides, in grand and solid proportions, with broad-paved avenues, maple-adorned streets, brilliant squares, open parks, hundreds of spires, cupolas and domes, and high above all, rising conspicuously, the huge towers of Notre Dame and the colossal form of St. Peter's, we behold the Montreal of to-day. Montreal with its wealth and its poverty, its grandeur and its beauty, its wonderful paintings, its museums, galleries and libraries; Montreal with its banks, its vast warehouses, its rush and noise; Montreal, in all its attractions, is there before us, not a sound ascending from its life-filled streets, not



(THE CENTURY)

THE CITADEL QUEBEC.

a move perceptible in that endless hive of human industry. Away beyond the din and clatter, the dust and flurry, we can calmly count the objects of attraction, and our guide-book, "Illustrated Montreal," tells us the historical event connected with every temple and edifice.

Away to the right run the two picturesque roads to Lachine, and between is the famed canal, where the steamers ascending, seem to be running on dryland, while, from the distance, the world-re-

nowned rapids appear within a stone's throw of the canal boats. Lower down, like a huge leviathan of the prehistoric epochs,

stretched fully across the broad St. Lawrence, pier after pier, and span after span, the great Victoria Bridge flings its huge proportions, its diminishing tail touching the shore at St. Lambert and its monster head swallowing up a train that rushes from St. Cunégonde into its iron jaws. And lower still we behold St. Helen's Island, once famed as a military stronghold, now a gem-like park, within a few acres of the vast wharves. Over its magazine-crowned hillocks, we catch a glimpse of the slender and elegant spire of the Longueuil church, one of the finest in Canada, and the blue back of towering Belœil Mountain, the summer resort, *par excellence*, of Montreal's citizens. Broader grows the St. Lawrence, and faintly distant appear the sparkling steeples of Varennes and Boucherville, as they scintillate in the beams of the setting sun. Yonder, between the two temples, like the Pillars of Hercules at the entrance of another Mediterranean, comes a dark object with its curling column of smoke. It is an ocean steamer ploughing its way against the mighty force of the current. It reminds us that away down the river, in the regions which that vessel passed, other scenes and other events await our coming. From our eyrie-like outlook we take one more parting glance at the city of the Royal Mountain, and then, in the sheets of glory that the setting sun has flung around the blue summits, between the two grand cemeteries of the city, we descend into the life and noise of the world below, we drive along the clean and mansion-adorned streets, on towards the wharf. There we go on board a really floating palace, and in a few moments are seated upon deck, looking back at the mountain, the city, the sleeping ocean steamers and the imposing iron structure of the Victoria Bridge.

At seven o'clock our magnificent palace steamer, "Montreal," "Quebec" or "Carolina," swings out majestically from the wharf,

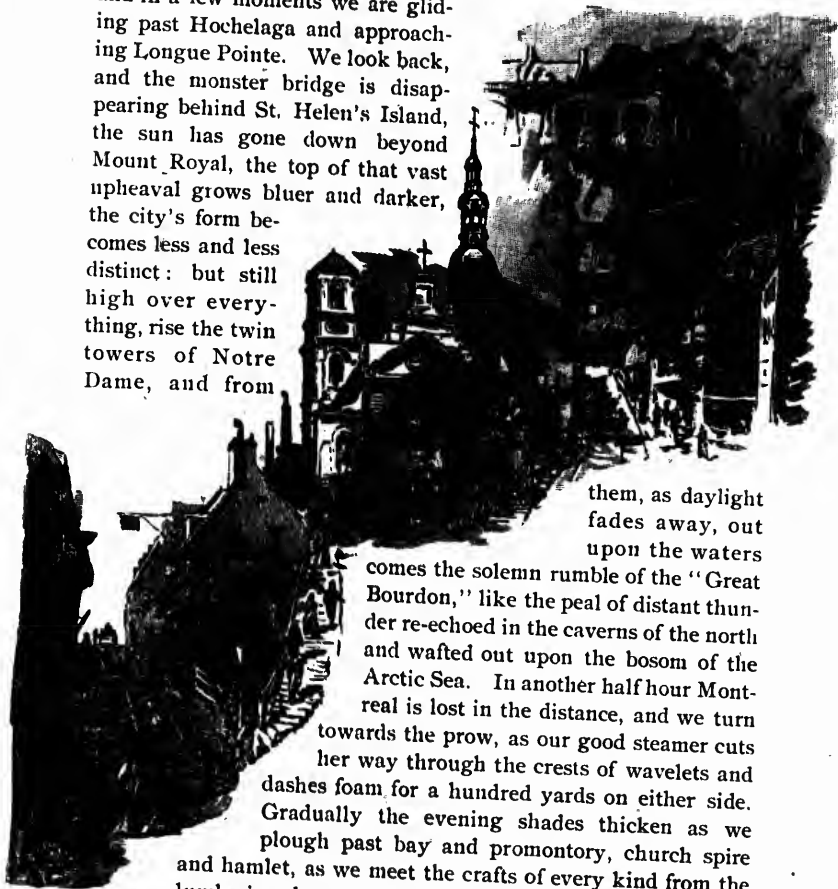


A MEMORY OF QUEBEC.

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and in a few moments we are gliding past Hochelaga and approaching Longue Pointe. We look back, and the monster bridge is disappearing behind St. Helen's Island, the sun has gone down beyond Mount Royal, the top of that vast upheaval grows bluer and darker, the city's form becomes less and less distinct: but still high over everything, rise the twin towers of Notre Dame, and from



RANDOM SKETCHES  
OF QUEBEC.

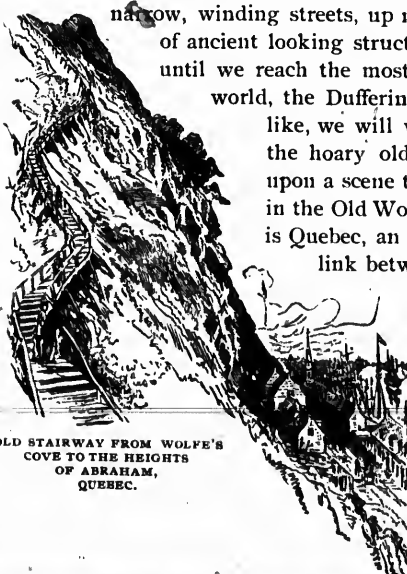
them, as daylight fades away, out upon the waters comes the solemn rumble of the "Great Bourdon," like the peal of distant thunder re-echoed in the caverns of the north and wafted out upon the bosom of the Arctic Sea. In another half hour Montreal is lost in the distance, and we turn towards the prow, as our good steamer cuts her way through the crests of wavelets and dashes foam for a hundred yards on either side. Gradually the evening shades thicken as we plough past bay and promontory, church spire and hamlet, as we meet the crafts of every kind from the lumbering barge to the ocean greyhound, and silence falls upon the ever changing scene. "It was on such an evening that we once entered upon the heaving bosom of Lake St. Peter, that immense expansion of the St. Lawrence, midway between Montreal and Quebec."

What an evening that was. Behind us the receding shores of the great river, before us that immense lake, where the descending waters commence their first struggle with the fringes of the Atlan-

tic's tide. To us, as to Chateaubriand, "it seemed as if the Almighty were bending over the abyss of the sky, staying with one hand the sun as it descended in the west, raising the moon with the other, in the east, and lending, throughout all immensity, an attentive ear to prayers of the humble peasants, summoned by the tinkle of the little bell that comes to us from yonder hamlet." There is something surpassingly grand in the passage across Lake St. Peter.

By midnight we retire for a few hours repose. At dawn we are again on deck, for, as the sun that set last night behind Mount Royal appears this morning over the battlements of old Levis, our steamboat plashes past New Liverpool on the one side, and Sillery on the other, while away above Wolfe's Cove, upon the historic Plains of Abraham, is to be seen the monument that stands upon the spot where that heroic leader fell. The number of vessels riding at anchor in mid-stream, or loading timber in the coves, the dark frowning rocks, the seemingly inaccessible heights, the houses of ancient build huddled along the narrow strips of shore at the bottom of the cliff, the grey walls and sombre citadel, all tell, in the language of silent eloquence, that we are nearing Quebec. In a few moments we round the great head of Cape Diamond, and the ancient city of Champlain appears before us in all its picturesqueness and antiquated attractions.

"See Naples and die," is an Italian saying; "See Quebec and live" would be more appropriate. Let us at once land, and through narrow, winding streets, up mountainous hills, between rows of ancient looking structures we climb, for half a mile, until we reach the most magnificent promenade in the world, the Dufferin Terrace. Higher still, if you like, we will work our way up to the foot of the hoary old citadel, and there look down upon a scene that cannot be duplicated, either in the Old World or in the New. Beneath us is Quebec, an historical hyphen, a connecting link between the days of the old *régime* and the present. All the memory-haunted scenes of a glorious past, in panoramic succession, sweep before our gaze. Under our view are the antique gables, the peculiar



OLD STAIRWAY FROM WOLFE'S  
COVE TO THE HEIGHTS  
OF ABRAHAM,  
QUEBEC.

roofs, the quaint spires and the historic walls that transport us one hundred years into the past; side by side with them, the grand structure of Laval, the new Parliament Buildings, the renovated gates, the Court House and all these modern edifices that tell of nineteenth century advancement and civilization. Once more we take our guide-book, "Illustrated Quebec," in hand and 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 immedi-

ately 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 any details as to the peculiar historical attractions of Quebec; we will take a rapid glance at the scene before us, and then proceed on our hurried trip towards the Saguenay.

Quebec, in many ways, surpasses Naples for beauty of scenery; it is another Heidelberg, if viewed from the standpoint of ancient buildings and mediæval aspect; it is a



(THE CENTURY)

CALECHE DRIVING, QUEBEC.

second Gibraltar, if considered as an impregnable fortress; it is a Dublin and Paris combined, if considered from a social point of view. In fact, it is a unique city, standing alone in all the world as a bond between the days that are and the days gone by.

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



ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

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."

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 more humble but still more interesting chapel of the Indian village of Lorette. Lorette, the home of the Huron, the last resting 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



MONTMORENCY FALLS

shoot arrows at the coppers and silver pieces that 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 St. 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 memorable conflict.

But if we linger too long in our contemplation of old Stadacona, we may risk encroaching upon the tourist's guide and charming souvenir

book "Illustrated Quebec"—and we might miss the Saguenay boat that is about to leave the wharf below. Let us take a time-honored caleche and drive down Mountain Hill to the landing. Keep your breath as the peculiar vehicle dances down the incline plane of the main street from the Upper to the Lower Town, and close your eyes, unless you are accustomed to trapeze exercise or balloon ascensions. At last, heaven be praised! our jehu dismissed, we are safely on board the Saguenay River palace steamboat, and are bidding farewell to the city of historic memories. One more glance at the frowning citadel and we turn our faces seaward.

Leaving the Island of Orleans to our right, we glide along past villages, pointed spires, towering hills and on towards the Cape of Torments. Montmorency, like a snow-white curtain, drops its two hundred feet of folds and prismatic fringes over the rock formations. Chateau Richer appears in the distance, and the mind's eye can catch a glimpse of the armed guards of France's famed Intendant, as



they hover about the memory-haunted ruin. Yonder is a blue peak; around it the clouds roll and the mountain birds sail towards its inaccessible eyries. It is Beauré. Beneath it, is the Shrine of Ste. Anne, the Mecca of so many pilgrims of our day. How attractive it looks with its gorgeous church, its sacred grotto, its "air of sanctity." There is a rough but sublime grandeur about the place. Nowhere else could we meet with a more variegated landscape, bluer hills, greener woods, neater cottages, brighter skies and purer waters than at Beauré.

But "time, tide" and steamboats wait for nobody, and we glide past this most fascinating resort. Still moving downward we pass Grosse Isle. As one gazes upon that speck of green in the purple scarf of the St. Lawrence, the memories of '47 and '48 arise. Over that spot hung the scarlet bird of fever, and beneath the shadow of its wing thousands of emigrants perished. The island, so far, is their only monument, but some day a cairn may rise over their commingled dust to mark how far they came from home to only find a grave.

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 little town of Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. It is an ancient village where stands the first church ever built in Canada. What weird memories and ghostly phantoms arise as one enters that little church, where the first grand prayers were offered up, and where the children of the "forest-primeval" first learned to chant those hymns wherewith David once made melody amongst the hills of Zion. At half-past eight we return to the steamer and she prepares to face the mysteries of the world-famed Saguenay.



ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

We move slowly out from the wharf, round a cape and then enter, as it were, "the jaws of death." We fairly plunge into a cavern of darkness. The sound of the engine, the numberless echoes on all sides, the awful height of the rocks, the very blackness ahead, all combine to render the first moments fearful. Suddenly, where the rocks are farther apart, a flood of moonlight falls upon the waters ahead. Like a silver mirror set in a frame of ebony appears the brightness before us. Into it we plunge, dashing white spray on all sides and ploughing up brilliant waters. Again ahead the rocks seem to close in and our vessel appears to be running up against the mountain barrier. But no; on we move and the steamer seems followed and surrounded by a dozen other steamers. No pen can picture a moonlight trip on the Saguenay. We will leave it to the imagination of those who ne'er enjoyed one, and to the memory of those who have taken the trip. But let us glance at the Saguenay in daytime. The tourist may object and say that the weather is uncertain. Even so; whether it be gloomy or bright, a trip up to Saguenay, from Tadousac to Ha! Ha! Bay, is worth half a life-time of labor to secure and enjoy.

One feels incapable of doing justice to the panorama of that river. It is easy to admire, to stand in awe, to feel, as Arthur Buies says, "as bewildered as those giant rocks when first they arose from the convulsions of the cataclysm in which they had birth;" this is all easy, but to pen those feelings language seems inadequate. Is it upon a dark day that you ascend the Saguenay? Then gloomy black clouds rest on the mountains and seem to double their height, pouring over the rugged cliffs in a stream of mist, till, lifting suddenly with the hoarse gusts of wind, they allow short glimpses into what may be called the terrors of the Saguenay scenery. It is on such a day, above all others, that the savage wildness and gloom of the extraordinary river are seen to best advantage. The tourist emerges from the darkness of long lengths of sombre mountain tunnels, and looks back upon them as great vaults, nature's sarcophagi, where life and sound, save the puff of the engine and the endless echoes, seem never to have entered.

"Compared to the Saguenay, under these circumstances, the Dead Sea is blooming and the wildest ravines are smiling. It is wild without variety and grand in spite of itself." At two places, Ste. Marguerite, and between Capes Trinity and Eternity, where small tributaries pour into the deep, dark stream, a breach occurs in.

the walls of rocks, as if some giant hand had torn them forcibly back and left them strewn in unsmooth lumps upon the valley below. These are the only openings in that immense adamantine barrier.

But should you visit the Saguenay on a fine summer day, according as your vessel moves onward, the multiform rocks, the bays and projections, the perpendicular walls, slanting sides, overhanging cliffs, all change with the rapidity of a kaleidoscopic view. There is no monotony; you feel as though a part of that mountain's greatness, adamantine strength and rugged grandeur were imparted

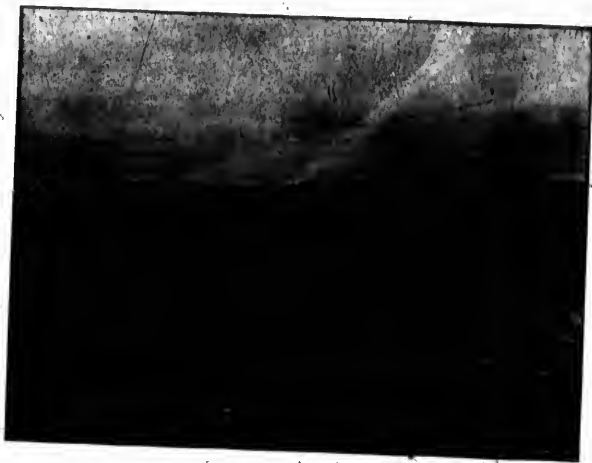


TADOUSSAC FROM SAGUENAY RIVER.

to yourself; you feel as if you had grown suddenly into a giant, your mind expands in proportion, until the dizzy heights, the numberless echoes, the deception of distances, the perpendicular rocks, some thinly mantled with pines and spruce, others thickly clad in balsam and evergreens, combine to make you feel like a new being in a new creation. The shades contrasted with the sunlight form combinations that no painter ever imagined and no poet ever dreamed. When the shadow of Cape Eternity falls upon the surrounding slopes, the opposite cliffs, the waters below, and when the mammoth head of the bald mountain, with its circling aureola of firs, is lit with the rays of mid-day, rising from the blackness of night, and like the last mountain of the deluge, catching the full glow of bright-

ness above, no earthly picture can equal it, and a journey of thousands of miles is repaid by that one hour under Cape Eternity.

From this most interesting spot until you reach Ha! Ha! Bay (so called on account of the echoes of every laugh that reverberate around the place), a distance of about thirty miles, you glide along



CHICOUTIMI, SHOWING STE. ANNE, SAGUENAY RIVER.

between those two immense walls of limestone rock, half a mile apart, but apparently within stone's throw of either side of the vessel. At the head of navigation is a beautiful bay, with a picturesque habitant village—the little church on a rising mound and the white-washed cottages lining the shore. On the beach the women and children are washing and bleaching clothes, while small carts, drawn by Canadian ponies, and loaded with blue-berries, stand upon the wharf, awaiting the steamboat that is to convey the fruit to the markets of Quebec and Montreal.

A short drive through a most romantic region of pine hills and leaping waterways brings us to Chicoutimi, a raw Canadian lumber town with the magnificent triangle of the old Norman style of French beauty cast over it. Full of picturesque Canadian cottages. Leaving Chicoutimi to turn homeward, watching the long procession of headland and hill, the scattered hamlets, the silver threads of cascades occasionally trickling down the dark preci-

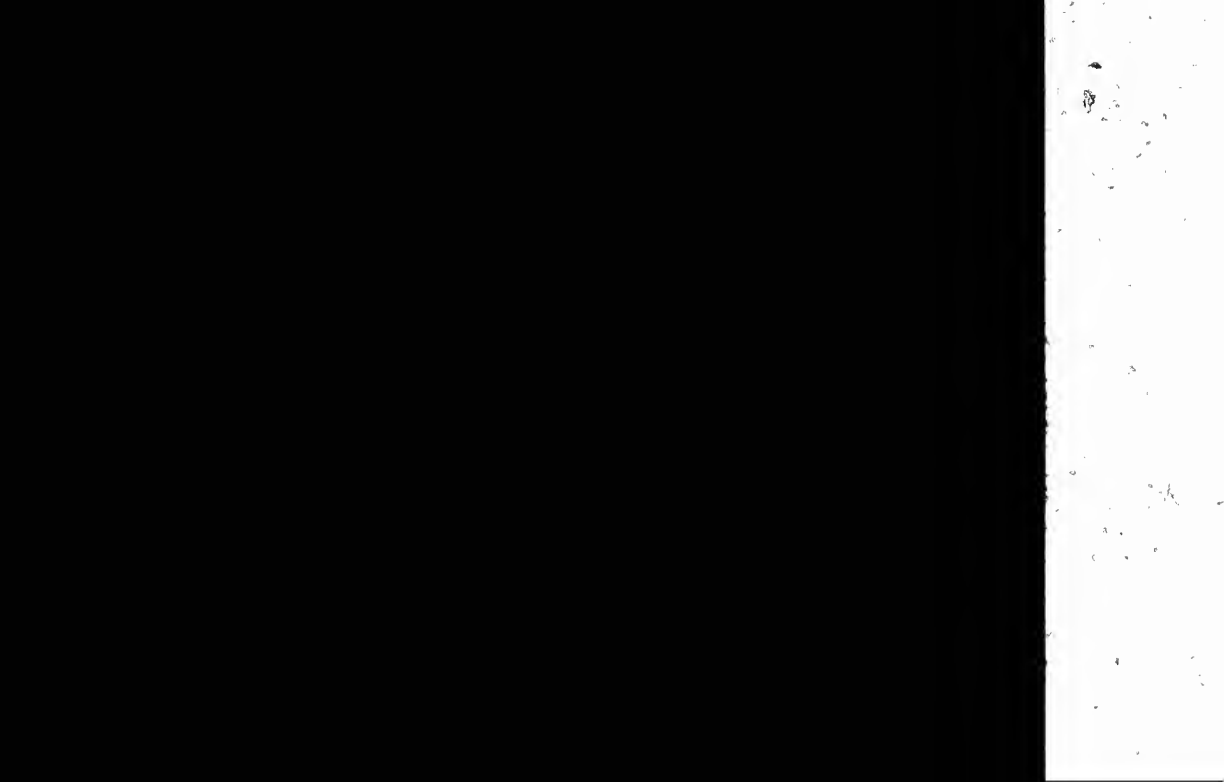


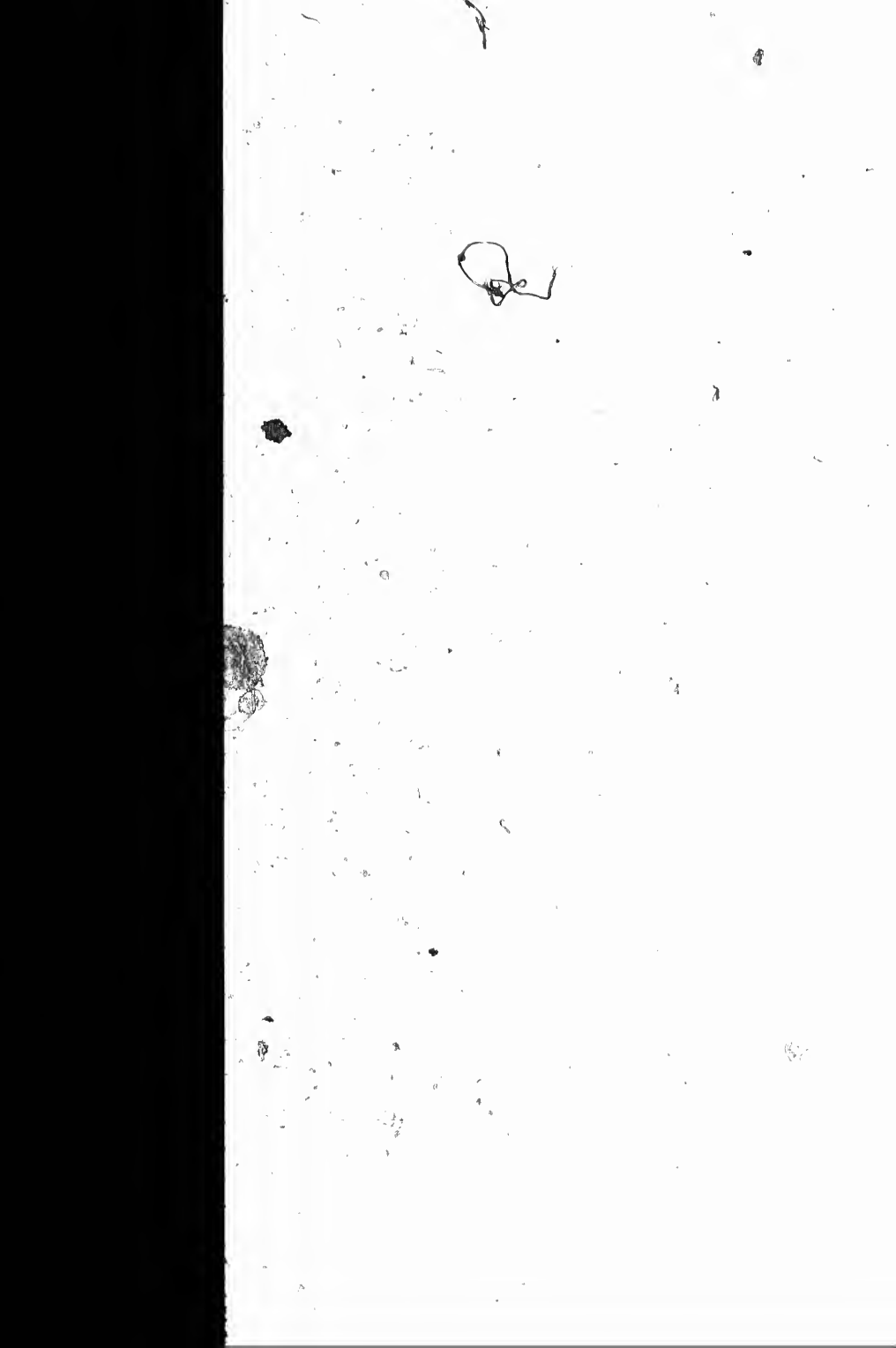
pices, and wondering at the perpetual variety and general sameness of colour and form. But lo! afar, a great grey Titan looms behind the distant headland, piercing the sky, and the passengers begin to crowd the forward deck with eager outlook. As we draw nearer, the vast breadth and height of Cape Eternity uprears its mighty mass overhead, its summit seeming lost in the sky, across which grey clouds are rapidly drifting. But speedily our attention is called away from it to a still grander headland, a mighty triple profile; we are rapidly nearing, in a direction opposite to that of a few hours previous, that wonderful giant Cape Trinity! As this sublime rock unfolds its triple unity, both vertical and lateral, each way divided into three distinct heads, we forget Cape Eternity in this far more definite individuality. As the steamer seems to pass just under it, yet actually too far off for the strongest arm to hit the seemingly close rock with a stone, a feeling of subduing awe steals over us, while we



CAPES TRINITY AND ETERNITY—BAGUENAY RIVER.

throw back our heads and try to scan those lofty splintered summits that seem to rear their weather-worn heads into the very empyrean. Here and there a stray bit of vegetation, that dares to cling to the mountain's rugged face, seems to emphasise its stern majesty.







But we pass on—far too rapidly—and, with the swiftly receding outline of Cape Trinity, fading into dim remoteness, it seems as if the central figure, the chief interest, had passed out of the scene. And after the long strain of observation, the effort to take in all the ever changing grandeur of the panorama, it is almost a relief that the passing showery clouds which had gathered so grandly about Cape Trinity have deepened into a sombre grey, and that mists and rain begin to blot out all the nearest hills. As we somewhat drowsily mark their still continuous procession, however, a rift opens in the cloudy pall, and one distant summit, possibly Cape Trinity itself, glows out like a vast garnet amid the dim gray mountain waves. It is a sight to remember and carry away as "a joy forever."

And so, treasuring closely this parting glimpse of glory, we approach the rocky nook of Tadousac. We can just distinguish, in the starlight, the massive wooden pier, the dusky crags and pines above us, while cheery points of light twinkle out here and there along the wooded heights. In a short time we are fairly out of the Saguenay and once more on the wide expanse of the St. Lawrence, with its distance bounding hills. As the lights of Tadousac remain long visible amid the darkness, our thoughts are carried irresistibly back to the time when Christianity and civilization first touched that rugged shore, and when from it twinkled almost the only lights, feeble though they may have been, that then shone out over a dark continent. In the morning we are back at old Quebec, where again the palace steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Company's line will take us along our journey to within reach of any line of railway by which we may wish to travel and end our pleasant outing at "Home Sweet Home."

