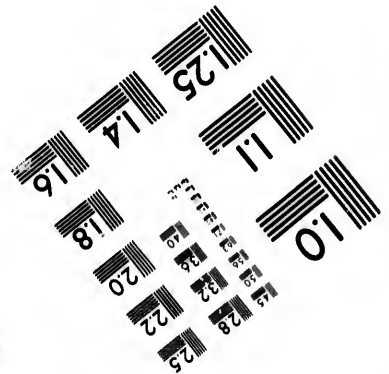
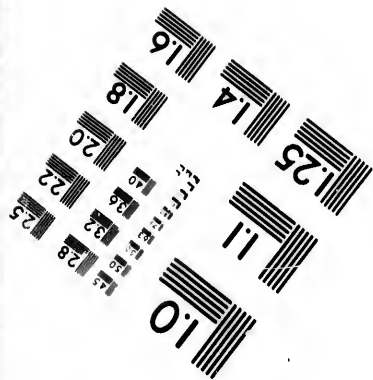
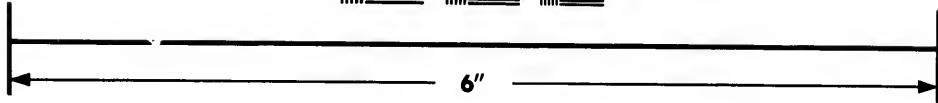
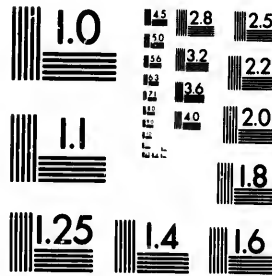


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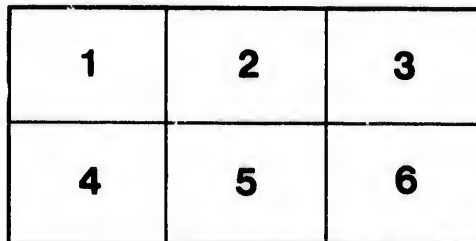
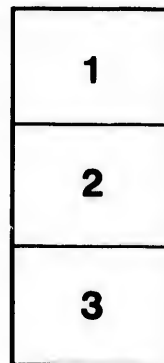
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TEN DAYS

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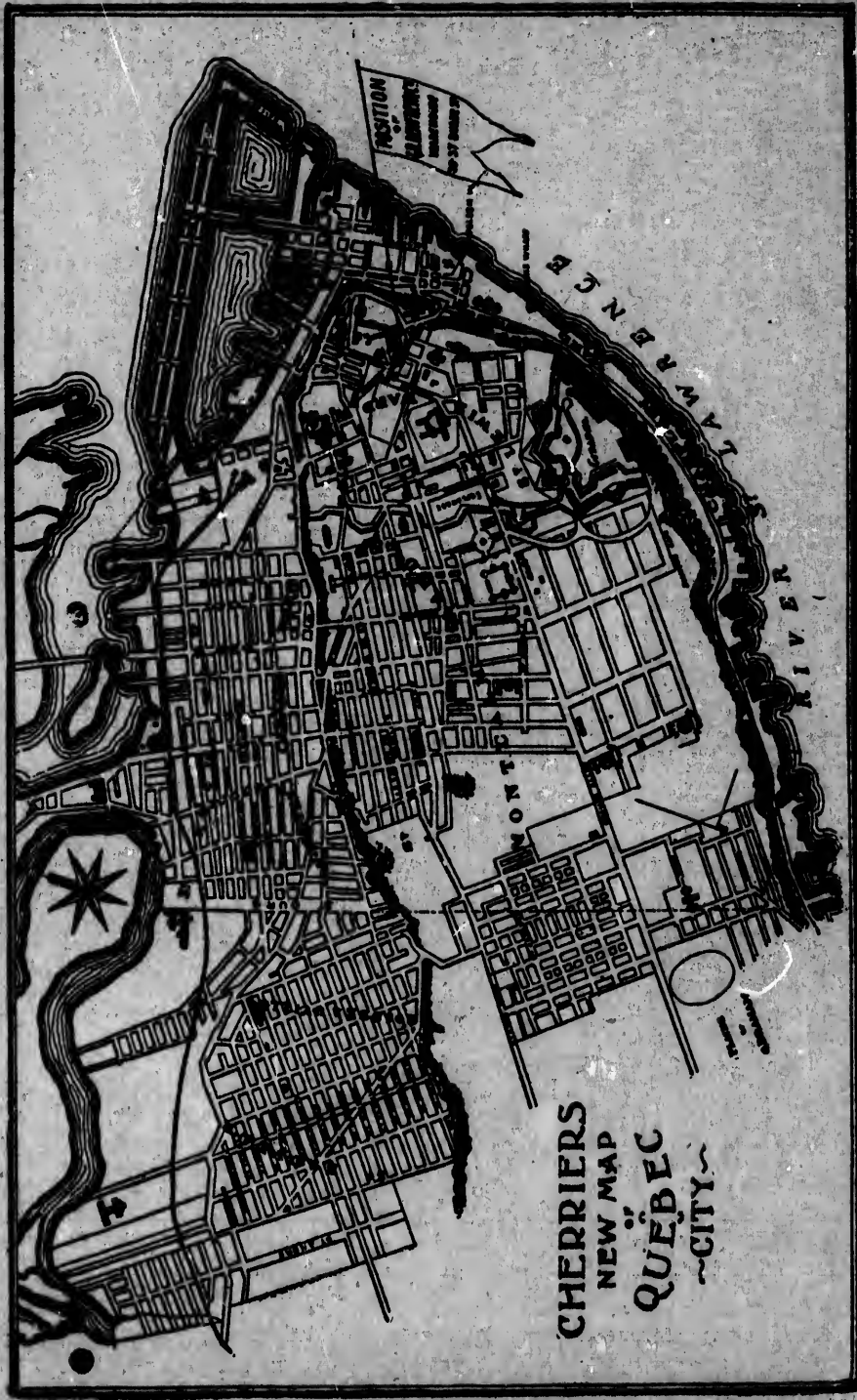
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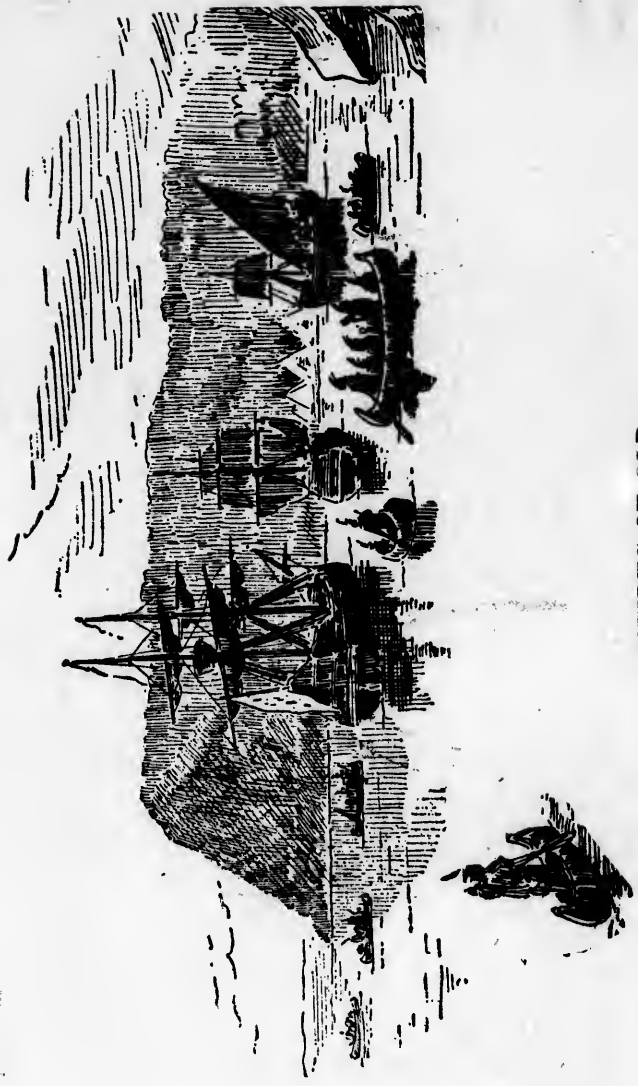
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QUEBEC OF OLD.

G. R. Renfrew & Co's Ten Days in Quebec, is a concise description of the principal objects of interest in and around the city, portioned out according to the stay the visitor can make. It is invaluable to the tourist, easily carried and clearly arranged.—QUEBEC DAILY TELEGRAPH.

A DAY IN QUEBEC.

THE tourist who has but one day to spare for Quebec, is naturally anxious to crowd into it as much as possible, and for him a rather arduous programme may be prepared.

The citadel is always the first "point of interest," and to save time it is well to drive there, securing a carriage whose driver can talk English.



KING'S BASTION.

The road up to the Citadel is somewhat like a maze, and you are driven through a chain gate that is worthy of notice but at the inner gate a sentry bars the way, and to proceed further, you must go on foot. You are given in charge to a soldier who makes

it his business to tell the weight of the different guns, to call your attention to the one captured at Bunker Hill, to inform you concerning the nature of the different buildings within the enclosure, and finally, to lead you to the King's Bastion, the highest part of the Citadel, from which a gun is fired at noon and at half past nine at night.

The view from that point is said to be unequalled in America. Where else can one see such a panorama? The wide stretch of the St. Charles valley, and nearer still the tin-roofed houses of Quebec itself, packed tightly together upon the steep slope, as if for mutual support.

But if you have only one day to stay, you must not linger long over that lovely prospect. You must be content with a distant view of the long drawn out village of Beauport leading to the falls of Montmorenci, with but a field-glass inspection of the church at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and quickly return to the Citadel gates, where your driver, or "carter" as he is called here, awaits you. Driving down Citadel hill he may suggest that you alight and walk along the ramparts for a short distance, joining him lower down at St. Louis Gate.

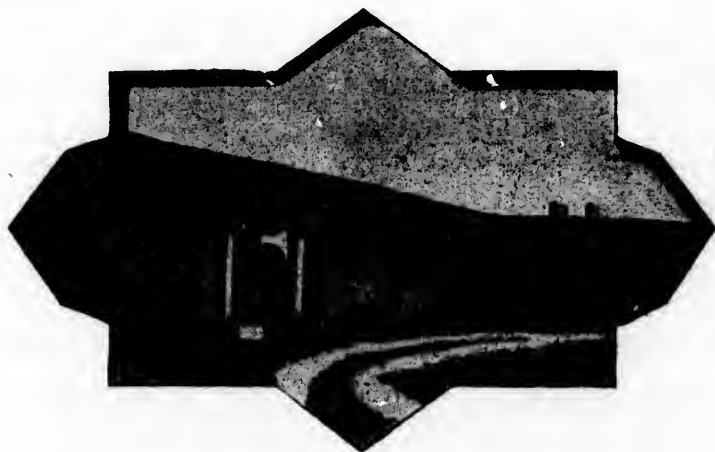
By so doing you will have another magnificent view of river, mountain and plain, which never look quite the same when seen from different points. You cannot avoid noticing how close upon the street all the houses within the walls are built, how each has its double door, and is clap-boarded over the stone or brick upon the side next the east wind, which is rampant here in winter.

Through St. Louis Gate you drive, past the grandly situated new Parliament Buildings on the right, and on the left the Skating Rink and Drill Hall. In front of the latter is the Short-Wallack Monument which commemorates the fact of these two gallant soldiers losing their lives when rendering assistance at one of Quebec's many large fires.

So on, out the Grande Allée to the toll-gate, where your driver will make a détour to the Plains of Abraham to show you the spot, upon which is erected a monument with the inscription :

“HERE DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS, SEPT. 13TH, 1759.”

If you are of an imaginative turn of mind you can fill in all the details of that brief, brilliant battle that changed the destiny of North America.



ENTRANCE TO CITADEL

A mile or so further out the road, if time permits, you can be driven into the grounds of Spencer Wood, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, beautifully situated on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and if you choose to walk over to the edge of the cliff you can see the ravine up which Wolfe brought his men to take Quebec.

Time flies, and you must hasten back to town, crossing from the St. Louis to the Ste. Foye Road by the winding, tree-bordered Belvedere. Driving in the Ste. Foye Road one gets to know, by

sight at least, the large suburbs of St. Roch's and St. Sauveur, in the valley below, with their spacious churches, and there is always the lovely mountain frame upon the horizon. There is an interesting monument upon this road erected to Generals Levis and Murray, in memory of the attempt by the French to re-take Quebec in 1760.

It is time for lunch when you get to town again and afterwards you will stroll into the venerable Basilica, or perchance into Renfrew's large fur store opposite, which is known as one of the sights of Quebec. This firm buys its pelts direct from the Indians, and the employees can tell many stories of the customs of that primitive people, who have become almost extinct in Eastern America.

Take a promenade on the Dufferin Terrace overlooking the river, and branch off into the Governor's Gardens, where is the joint monument to Wolfe and Montcalm. The elevator at the end of the Terrace will shorten your descent to Lower Town and will land you in Little Champlain Street, that narrow, planked alley with high roofed houses on either side. Still more quaint is Sous-le-Cap, which can be reached by taking the turn into Sault au Matelot Street, from Mountain Hill. You can drive through this street provided there is a guarantee that you meet no other vehicle. There are the same high, French roofs with peaked windows in them, and here and there a prop reaching across the way, frail enough supports, if the sturdy cliff which protrudes itself at intervals should take it into its head to advance further.

The Lower Town is the point of departure either by boat or train, and even if you have seen all that can be seen in one day, you will go away with a firm belief in the delightfulness of what you have not seen, and with an equally firm determination to come again.



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TWO DAYS IN QUEBEC.



IF you have two days to spare for Quebec, you will arrange the programme of the first a little differently. On your morning drive you need not cross from St. Louis to Ste. Foye Road by the



Belvedere, but can continue out the former to the crossing which takes you round by the village of Ste. Foye, whose huge church is a striking mark on the hill side, as seen from many miles to the

north and east. In this way you will pass the two principal cemeteries of Quebec, notable for the beauty of their situation, on the high bank overlooking the St. Lawrence, will drive through the picturesque hamlet of Bergerville, and have passing glimpses of the many fine residences on the St. Louis Road, whose extensive, well-kept grounds, remind one of English country seats. Upon the cross road leading through Ste. Foye, there is a considerable rise in the ground which enables one to get an extra peep, to stand on tip-toe, as it were, and thereby to see more of the wide panorama of river, mountain and valley, than has been possible hitherto. Driving in by the Ste. Foye Road, one who is interested in churches, may take time to alight at the imposing structures of St. Jean Baptiste, in St. John Street, which is next to the Basilica in importance among the French churches in the city.

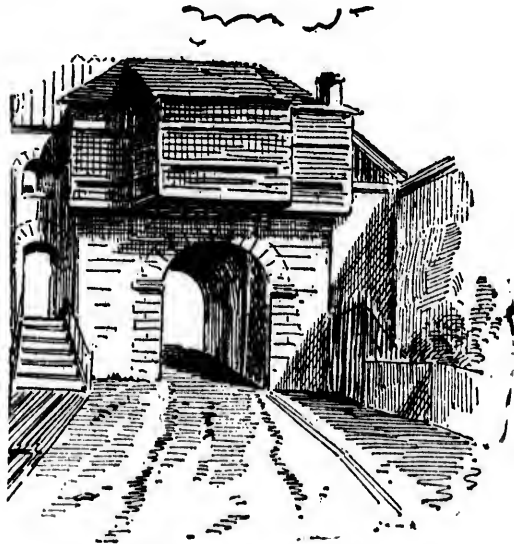
With a second day in view, the traveller may well leave over his visit to Sous-le-Cap and Little Champlain Street, and also his inspection of the furs in G. R. Renfrew & Co.'s until the afternoon of the second day, and on his first afternoon spend more time in the Basilica, where the pictures are worthy of attention. Some of them were sold for a song in France at the time of the Revolution. He may also visit the Seminary Chapel and have an hour or so for Laval University, where there is a museum and picture gallery, the latter particularly interesting. These are open to the public free on Thursday afternoons, and on other days by payment of a small charge.

If the weather be fine, the morning of the second day cannot be better spent than in taking the walk all round the ramparts. This is enough for a whole forenoon, because, though not a long distance, it is a somewhat fatiguing ramble, up and down hill; and in places it becomes a scramble, over bits of wall and across cannon ditches, where the very harmless-looking old guns so peacefully repose. You want plenty of time too, to allow of a seat here and there to enjoy the lights and shadow, on the distant hills viewed

from different points. The mountains have a kaleidoscopic habit of sliding behind one another, of jostling each other to peer over each other's shoulders and many other little tricks which render them fascinating in the extreme.

There are none of the original gates of the city left standing. Those on Palace, Hope and Mountain Hills have never been restored (St. John's Gate was removed in 1897) ; but the present St. Louis and Kent Gates, are picturesque in themselves, if somewhat out of keeping with the old grass-grown walls, and from the top of each, one gets charming views of the oddly planned streets of the Upper Town.

The walk on the ramparts will include the Grand Battery and will wind up with a turn on the Terrace, and a longer rest in the sheltered Governor's Gardens than was possible in the sojourn of a day. On many evenings in the summer the band from the Citadel or from a visiting "man-of-war" plays upon the Terrace to the delight of thousands of promenaders.



OLD PRESCOTT GATE.

THREE DAYS IN QUEBEC.

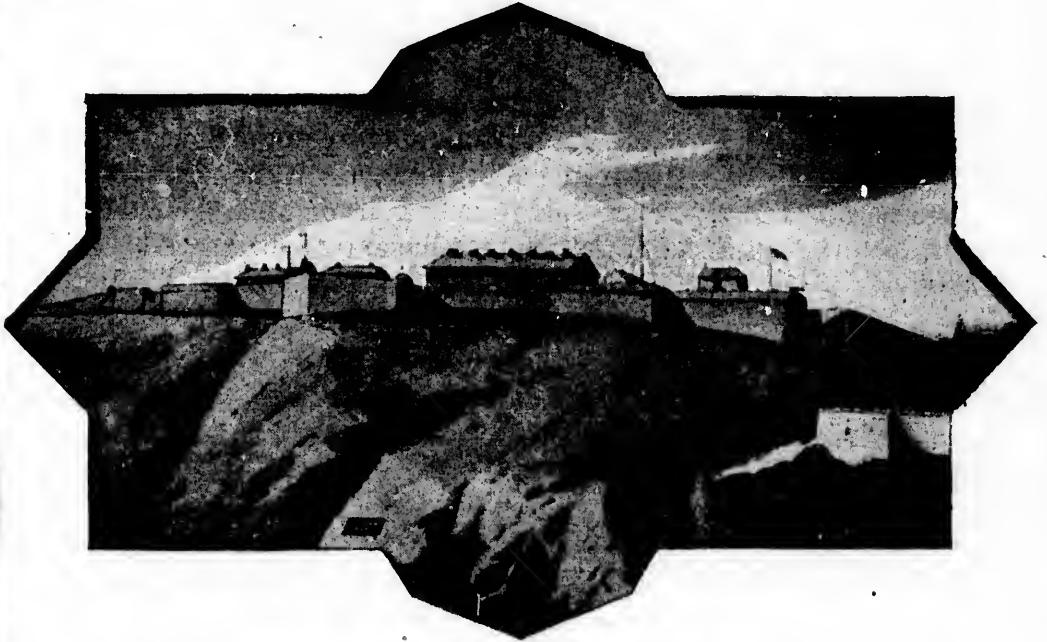


ON the third day, the tourist feels inclined to spread his wings a little, and it will be quite in order to spend the forenoon in visiting the famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. There is a train by the Quebec & Charlevoix Railway, which gives one a pleasant ride along the shores of the St. Lawrence below the cliff. On one side is the river, while upon the other is the string of white-washed cottages dotting the slope the whole way to Ste. Anne. From the train there is also a charming view of the Falls of Montmorenci, and looking up at them, one can realize their great height, which is said to be one hundred feet more than that of Niagara. Ste. Anne is reached in about an hour, and the church is within a few yards of the station. One hour is allowed there, plenty of time to see the sacred relics, the pilgrims who come to be cured by them, the pyramids of crutches, etc., left by the cured, the old original chapel of Ste. Anne, and the Scala Sancta which the faithful ascend upon their knees.

Returning to town, the afternoon may well be spent in taking a drive through Champlain street, and on by the lower road out to Sillery, or farther still to Cap Rouge, and back by the St. Louis Road, allowing time to drive through the beautiful Mount Hermon Cemetery on the way home. On the way out in Champlain street, one is driven over a considerable rise in the ground made by the fatal landslide of 1889, and looking up can see where the great slice was taken off the cliff at the time. Driving along under the cliff the information is thrust upon the least observant that

“HERE MONTGOMERY FELL.”

This is the only mark left of the American attack upon Quebec, except a notice in the wall of a house on St. Louis Street to the effect that it has been built upon the site of the small dwelling, into which the body of the American general was carried after his fall.



SPOT WHERE MONTGOMERY FELL.

Sillery and Cap Rouge are both interesting from a historical point of view, to which any reader of Parkman can testify, but were it not so, the drive to these points is one of the most beautiful around Quebec, which is saying a great deal.



FOUR DAYS IN QUEBEC.



ON the fourth day you will be unable longer to refrain from taking a trip to the fair Isle of Orleans, which has smiled up at you from so many different points. If you can spare the whole day for it, so much the better, for then you will have time to visit Maranda's Cave, an ideal picnic spot upon the South shore ; and you can return to town in the evening, when the sunset colors on mountains and rivers are things to dream of, and the old city itself, looming up through the mists, appears to be enveloped in the ghosts of her past. At any time of the day, Quebec from the Island boat is a sight not to be missed, showing as it does the commanding position held by the old town at the gateway of the St. Lawrence.

If the fourth be your last day in Quebec, the Island must not absorb the whole of it, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and an afternoon spent there will leave the forenoon free for the inspection of more of the old historic buildings, of which Quebec is full. The quaint little edifice, No. 36 St. Louis Street, now a barber's shop, was once Montcalm's headquarters, and a little farther out St. Louis Street, Campbell's livery stable marks the site of the doctor's office to which Montcalm was carried only to die. His remains were afterwards interred in the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent in Parloir Street, directly opposite. The brave soldier's sepulchre was a hole in the rock made by the bursting of a shell.

The Ursuline Chapel is open to visitors on application to the *portier* and contains some interesting relics. At one side of the altar is the grating behind which the cloistered nuns sit, to listen to the service.

No. 59 Louis street is the house which the wicked Intendant

Bigot gave to the unscrupulous Madame Pean, and which in those days was considered a palace. Any one interested in the footprints of the past, will be certain to have his attention directed to the "Chien d'Or" in the eastern wall of the Post Office, which keeps green the memory of the sturdy merchant foe of that same wicked Intendant.

There are two squares of great interest in the Upper Town, that opposite the Basilica being the site of the old market place—while upon the adjoining ground stood the old Jesuit College.

The "Ring," as the Place d'Armes is familiarly called, was the court yard of the old, original fortress of Quebec, the Chateau of



DRILL HALL.

St. Louis, upon the site of which has been erected the grand Chateau Frontenac Hotel. The splendid accommodation now provided for tourists will make Quebec even more popular than it has been in days of yore. There is something for every one in this old town, historical ground for the antiquarian, ample scope for the student of languages, charming walks for the botanist and geologist, endless subjects for artists, both literary and otherwise, and last, but not least, an opportunity unequalled in Canada for the purchase of furs, at the warehouse of G. R. Renfrew & Company.

FIVE DAYS IN QUEBEC.



THE fortunate possessor of five days in Quebec will undoubtedly devote a whole one to the Falls of Montmorenci, driving there through the straggling village of Beauport.

It is a hilly road, but the Canadian horse lays back his ears, makes a dash at every hill, and trots up and down with no semblance of a brake on the wheels behind. If you have chosen a coupé, a vehicle of which the cover can be thrown back, you will thoroughly enjoy the study in houses afforded by the Canadian dwellings, each with its steep roof, from which project one or more tiers of windows. Every house juts out a little beyond its neighbor in its desire to dodge the east wind. To your surprise you are told that this long street reaching to the Falls, is inhabited mostly by farmers, who have built their houses close together for warmth and convenience in winter time, when only one road is passable. The farms extend in long, narrow strips behind the houses, sometimes stretching far back into the country.

The Falls themselves you have already seen from the train going to Ste. Anne, but you will be unlike most people if you do not rejoice at the prospect of a nearer view, and descend the long flight of steps to be wet by the spray, and become more in sympathy with these pine woods and this tumbling mass of water. The surroundings of the Falls are all beautiful, but unless you insist on your driver taking you there, he will probably never mention the natural steps, which stand in the same relation to Montmorenci as the Rapids do to Niagara. The vigorous river is seen cutting its way through the deep, rocky gorge in its impatience to hurl itself over the cliff, and the terraces so formed in the rocks on either

side are the natural steps, which you must not fail to see. It is a charming spot with its own historical associations—like every other place about Quebec ; and if you wish to linger late, you can return by train, but lovelier by far is the drive back perchance by moonlight. The electric lights of Quebec shining in the distance through the evening haze, make it truly the most wonderful of cities “set on a hill, which cannot be hid.”



OLD ST. LOUIS GATE.

SIX DAYS IN QUEBEC.



IF your stay be of this duration the mountain air will have had its bracing effect, and in spite of the amount of sight-seeing you have done, in spite of the hills which you have climbed both inside and outside of the city, you will feel quite equal to rising at six or seven o'clock in order to visit the Champlain Market in Lower Town before breakfast when, on market days, the buying and selling are at their height. Most of the produce has been brought from parishes up or down the river by the market steamers which lie three or four abreast along the quay. The open space outside of the large stone market building is planked over; and upon it the "habitants" sit with their green stuff spread out on the boards around them. There they gesticulate and vociferate to assist their *patois*, with an energy indescribable.

This part of the Lower Town of which you have already had a bird's eye view from the Terrace, has a past as well as a present interest, for it was in this neighborhood that Champlain erected the first building of Quebec in 1608. Not far off is the oldest church in the city, perhaps also the oldest in Canada—Notre Dame des Victoires.

After breakfast you will be ready for a drive, and this time it shall be out to Jeune Lorette in a caleche, that jaunty, hooded, two-wheeled vehicle peculiar to Quebec, which reminds one of a covered buggy on stilts. Its height makes it rather hard to descend from, and therefore it were best not to take a calèche except for an uninterrupted drive.

On the road to Jeune Lorette the characteristics of French Canada will be apparent to the least observant. At the village

itself dwell the last remnants of the Hurons. They have inter-married largely with their French neighbors, but the Indian features and habits still predominate.

There is a very pretty waterfall in the village, and less than a mile farther on is the reservoir, formed by the damming back of the St. Charles River, which provides Quebec with water. That is a delightful spot to partake of the lunch which you have doubtless



MODERN CALECHE

brought with you, and if you be of an adventurous turn of mind you may take a canoe and paddle all the way up to Lake St. Charles, one of those lovely sheets of inland water within easy driving distance of Quebec. Returning from Jeune Lorette you may pass through the village of Charlesbourg and will return to town with enough remaining energy for an evening stroll on the Terrace, to watch the lights spring out in Lower Town and in Levis over the way.



SEVEN DAYS IN QUEBEC.



IF you spend a week in Quebec, one of your days must of necessity be a Sunday, and there are many churches from which to choose.

The English Protestant Cathedral, which is situated on a stately square near the Terrace, and surrounded by beautiful linden trees, is a fine old building and contains two tattered flags which create a romantic interest. They were left there by the 69th Regiment of the British Army when it was presented with new colors in 1870.

One of the spectacles on Sunday mornings is the assembling of the Canadian regulars in the Cathedral Square, after service and their quick march off to the Citadel headed by the regimental band.

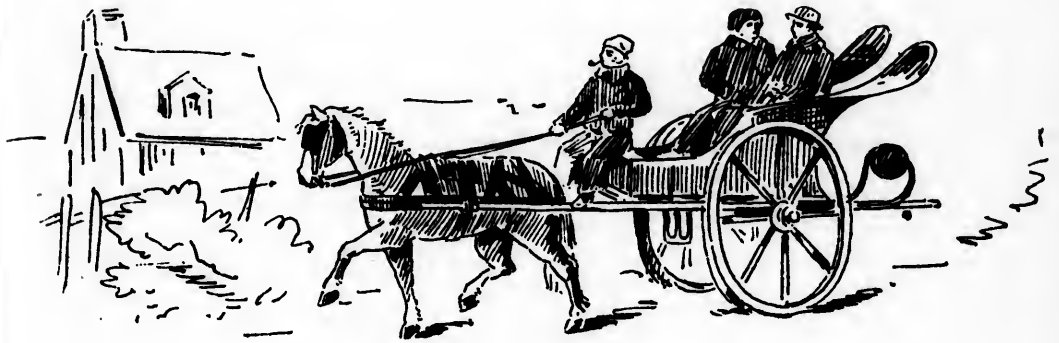
St. Matthew's Church, out on St. John Street, is surrounded on three sides by an interesting old burying-ground, in which near the street is a tomb-stone erected to the memory of a brother of Sir Walter Scott. Among the Roman Catholic Churches the Basilica has of course the best music; but those who want an English speaking preacher must go to St. Patrick's Church, the large edifice upon McMahan Street.

A sermon from nature may be found in a Sunday afternoon walk upon the *Glacis*, where one cannot be driven. Strolling along the heights one is elevated physically and spiritually by the sight of those peaceful blue mountains upon the horizon, and the quiet flowing St. Lawrence far below. Even the Martello Towers no longer suggest wars nor rumors of wars, for in these times of peace they do but keep watch upon the squads of red-coated golfers,

who during the week pursue their little white balls over the historic Plains of Abraham.

If you can tear yourself away from that "happy hunting ground," take a turn down Lachevrotière Street and hear the nuns sing their vespers at four o'clock, in the chapel of Le Bon Pasteur.

There are two Presbyterian, one Methodist and a Baptist Church at which morning or evening service may be attended; and some



OLD CALECHE

part of the day you will be sure to find your way to the Terrace, for an airing there seems indispensable upon Sunday to every resident of Quebec, even if he be but of one week's standing.



EIGHT DAYS IN QUEBEC



SO far the attention of the tourist has been confined to the North side of the river, and before this time he has probably been tempted to take a run over to Point Levis and to ramble up and down that queer, old town, which for steep streets, fine views, and French speaking population rivals even Quebec itself.

A more complete expedition may be made by taking the Island boat as far as St. Joseph, landing there and walking or driving back to Levis, returning thence by the ferry.

In this way a pleasant forenoon may be spent visiting the modern forts on that side of the river, instructive in themselves and altogether delightful from the charming prospect they command.

The afternoon's drive should be out the St. Louis or Ste. Foye Road to "Sandy Banks," a steep descent to the level of the St. Charles valley, from the top of which the wide stretch of country is seen to great advantage. The drive can be continued around a loop of the Little River, as the St. Charles is familiarly called, and its varied scenery, the frequent glimpses through the trees, of the shallow, stony stream with its high, wooded banks are a complete change from the grandeur of the mighty St. Lawrence.

There is an old-fashioned Catholic cemetery upon that road, where the "fourteen stations" are marked by as many iron crosses and the appropriate pictures.

The return to town is through the large and thickly populated suburbs of St. Sauveur and St. Roch's, each with its huge parish church, that of the former having its ceiling decorated with some extremely realistic pictures,

NINE DAYS IN QUEBEC.



FOR the ninth day in Quebec, a drive is recommended to Chateau Bigot, the country residence of the infamous French Governor already mentioned.

This will take you through the village of Charlesbourg, one of the most conspicuous of the "cities of the plain." The Chateau is



a ruin, not much to look at, but full of historical associations, and it has a good right to be haunted, if ever a ruin had. It stands in a field on an open space surrounded by thick woods, and the drive there and back, especially in a calèche, in September, when the

leaves are beginning to show the first signs of Autumn, is a thing that will not soon be forgotten.

If this expedition occupies the forenoon, the afternoon may be devoted to a sail up the river, and a landing at New Liverpool to see the fine pictures in the church; or a trip farther on to Chaudière, though it would take more than a day to exhaust the attractions of the latter place with its wonderful waterfall.

If the afternoon should be wet, as afternoons have a trick of being in this mountainous district, there is always G. R. Renfrew's to fall back upon—Renfrew's, with its politest of staffs, who speak French and English equally well, its large work rooms full of the prettiest Canadian maidens, and its drying room filled with the finest skins that the Hudson Bay regions and the Labrador coast can provide.

Queen Victoria herself fell a victim to the spirit of envy when she saw the exhibit of Renfrew & Co., at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London, and she became a customer to a large extent. The framed document in the elevator car testifies to whom it may concern that G. R. Renfrew and Company are bona fide "FURRIERS TO THE QUEEN"; and the different Governors of Canada and their suites find that loyalty, taste and economy induce them to follow her illustrious example.

The sleigh robes presented by the ladies of Canada to the Duchess of York upon her wedding were, as a matter of course, purchased from G. R. Renfrew & Co.; but the firm is prouder to call attention to the medals obtained at the different World's Fairs, which adorn the outer wall of their establishment, as they would the breast of a veteran.



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TEN DAYS IN QUEBEC.



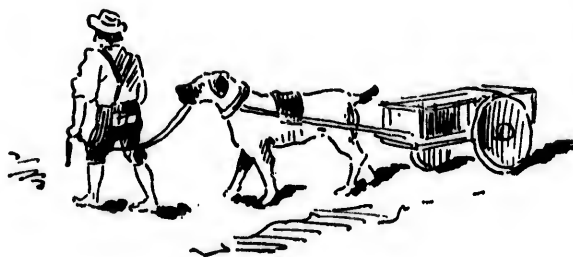
THE drive to Lake Beauport and back by Laval, is a whole day trip, but it will be a most memorable one to the man who is fond of the wildest lake and mountain scenery combined.

The allotted time has sped and nothing has been said of spending a whole day at Grande Rivière, the next station on the Railway beyond Ste. Anne, from which one can drive through most picturesque woods to the lovely falls on the Ste. Anne river ; nothing of St. Augustine and Lake Calvaire, which are beyond Cap-Rouge ; nothing of the steamer trip up the Saguenay, which takes but two days from Quebec ; nothing of the many charming watering-places down the river which becomes salt just below the Isle of Orleans ; but it is pleasant to leave a town with the feeling that you have not half exhausted its resources.

In time you will get into the habit of making a yearly trip to Quebec, to combine business and pleasure by enjoying the beauty of town and country, and preparing for the assaults of winter from the extensive stock of

Yours respectfully,

G. R. RENFREW & COMPANY.



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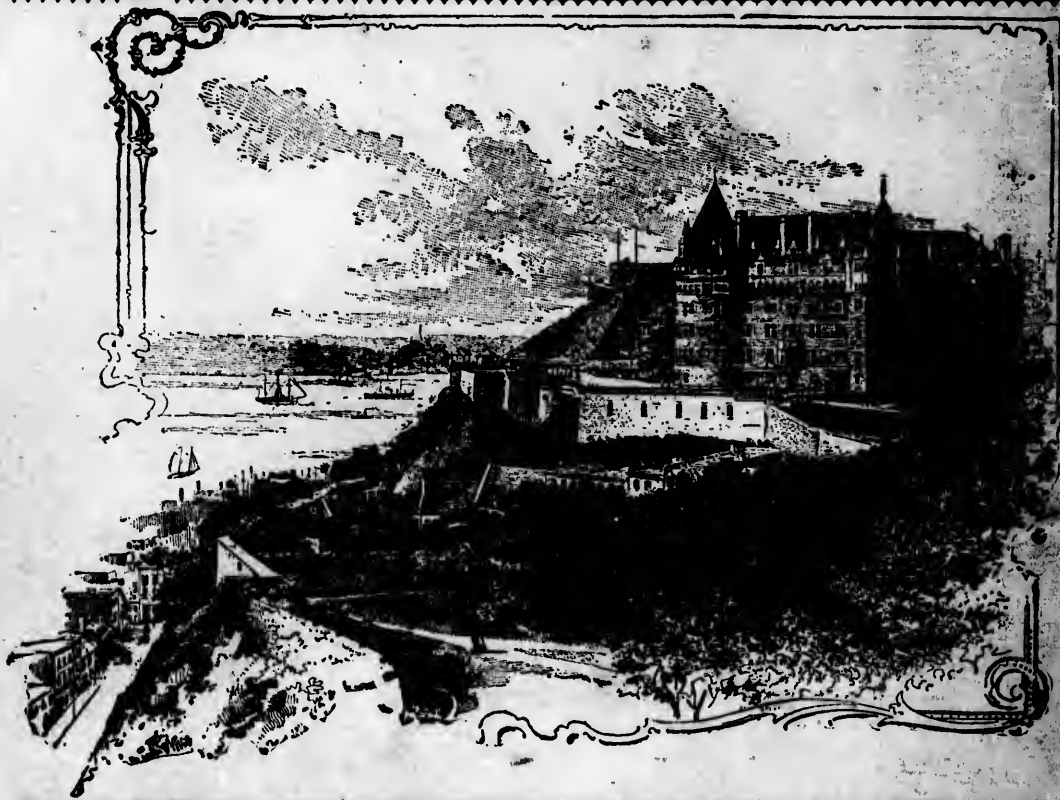
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A Magnificent New Hotel, stands at the Eastern end of the famous Dufferin Terrace, commanding delightful views of the St. Lawrence as far as the eye can reach, down past the Isle of Orleans, across to Levis and beyond, up stream to Sillery, and, to the left, the country along the beautiful valley of the St. Charles River. The grandeur of the scenery is indescribable; it is matchless in diversity and charming in effect. No grander site for such a structure could be found on the continent.

Address: J. A. BELIVEAU, Manager Chateau Frontenac, QUEBEC

