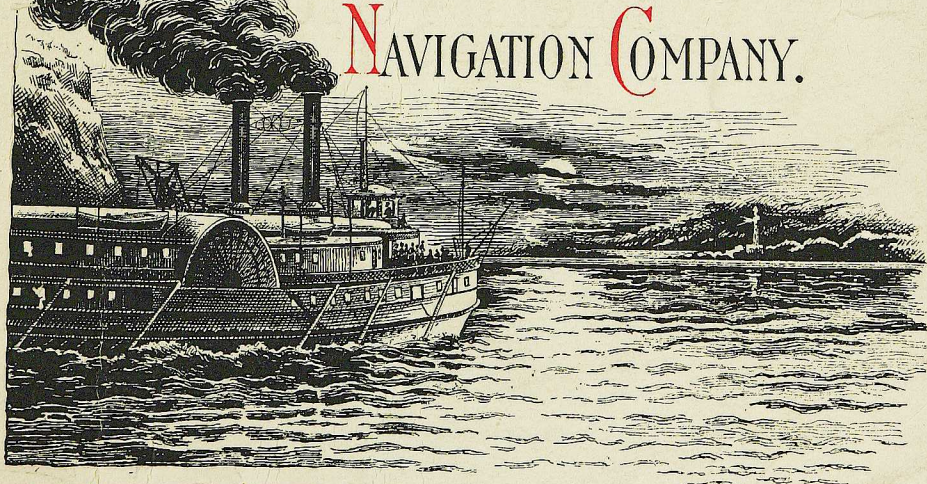


THE BEAUTY  
SPOTS  
of CANADA.



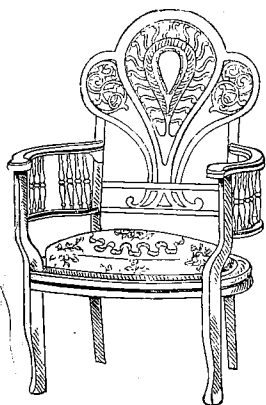
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NAVIGATION COMPANY.



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THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF CANADA.



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

THE  
BEAUTY SPOTS  
OF  
CANADA.

DESCRIPTIVE OF THAT DELIGHTFUL TRIP DOWN THE RIVER  
ST. LAWRENCE AND UP THE WORLD-FAMED SAGUENAY.



OFFICIAL GUIDE, 1895

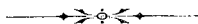
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RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.,

228 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL.



ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY DESBARATS & CO.,  
73 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

OFFICERS  
OF THE  
RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.

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C. F. GILDESLLEEVE, *General Manager.*

ALEX. MILLOY, *Traffic Manager.*

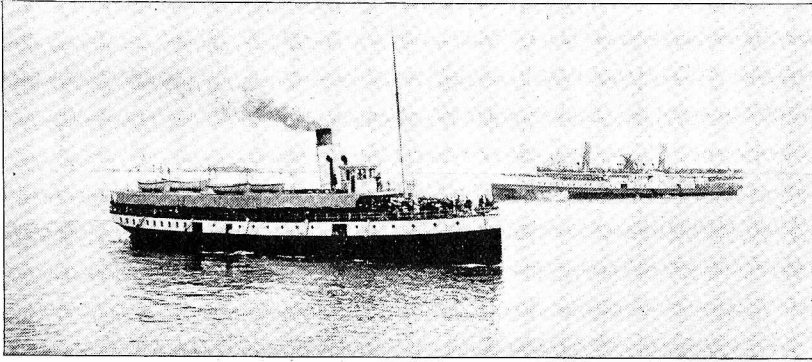
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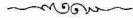


Entered, according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1895, by  
WM. A. DESBARATS,  
at the Department of Agriculture.



ON TORONTO BAY.

## The Beauty Spots of Canada.



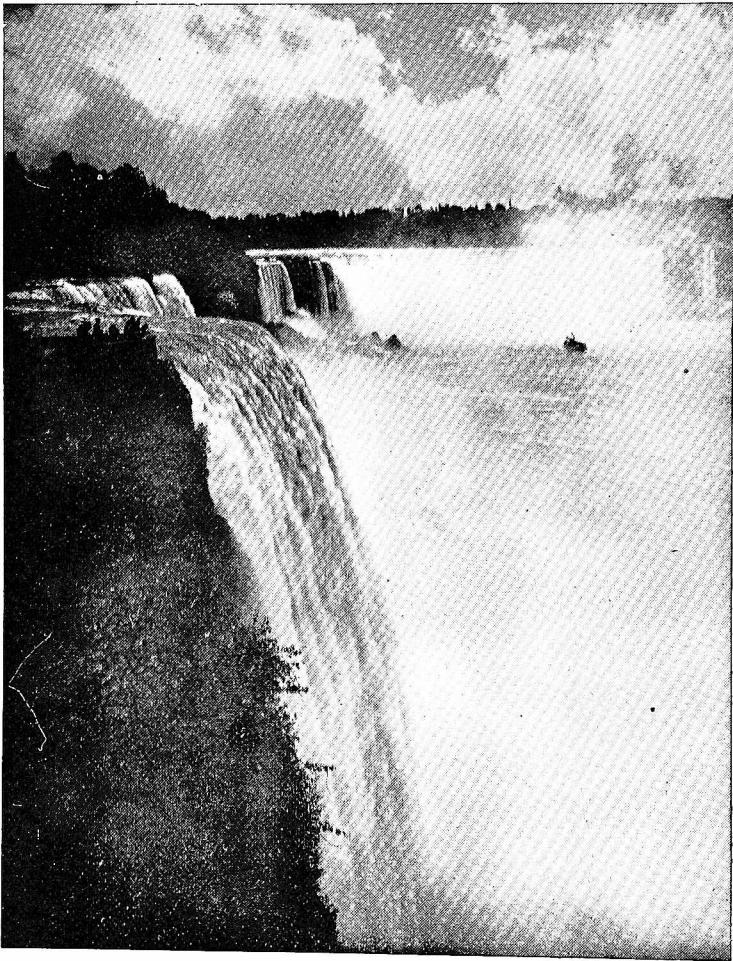
THERE is not in the wide world to-day a more beautiful river than the St. Lawrence, and no more attractive trip than that beginning at Niagara Falls, thence across Lake Ontario to the beautiful city of Toronto, then by one of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's steamers, down Lake Ontario to Kingston, on down the far-famed St. Lawrence, winding in and out among the Thousand Islands, shooting the rapids, visiting Montreal and Quebec, and capping the climax with the indescribable grandeur of the scenery of the Saguenay River.

### WILL YOU TAKE THE TRIP ?

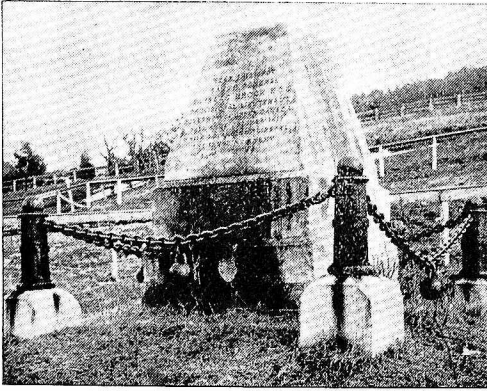
Let us rendez-vous at Niagara Falls and spend a day within the roar of that mighty cataract. If time permitted we would run over to Buffalo, and get a glimpse of its shipping ; of its beautiful streets and palatial buildings, but that pleasure must be reserved for another occasion. At present we have decided on seeing Niagara Falls, then ho ! for a trip down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay.

Sheer over a precipice one hundred and sixty-four feet in height the waters of Lake Erie come tumbling in one mighty plunge on their way to Lake Ontario. A grander spectacle is not to be seen on the American continent, if in all the world. Waterfalls there are of greater height, but the immense volume of all the waters of

the upper lakes, with the awful descent in one unbroken plunge, give a sublimity to Niagara that height alone cannot impart. The rapids above the Falls, the deep gorge below through which the river flows, and the many points of observation from which the scenery may be viewed, all join their forces to make this resort the most celebrated on the continent. To describe Niagara is impossible. The finest writers in the English language are compelled to acknowledge the feebleness of words in attempting to convey to



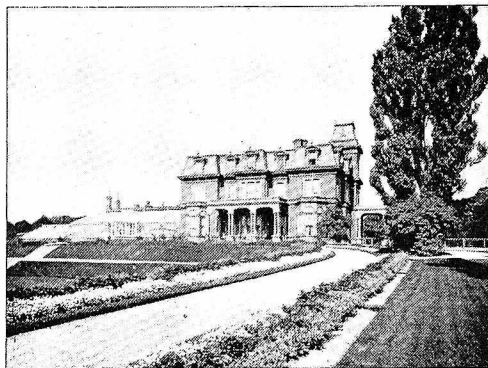
NIAGARA FALLS.



SPOT WHERE SIR ISAAC BROCK FELL AT  
QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

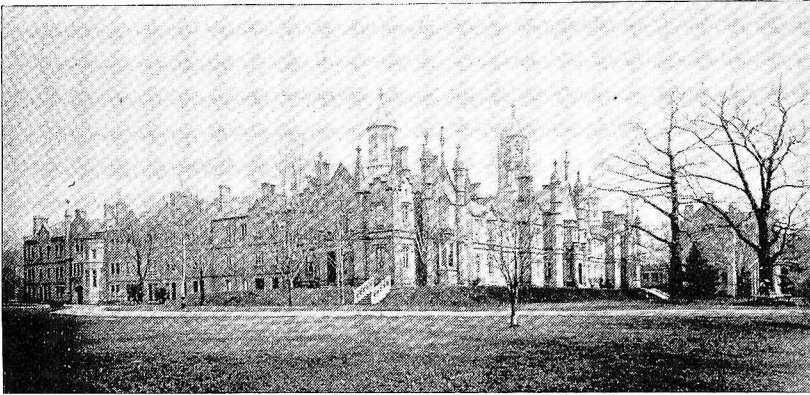
water, and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet. The bank is very steep, and was slippery with rain and half melted ice. I hardly know how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom, and climbing, with two English officers who were crossing and had joined me, over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. We were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, or situation, or anything but vague immensity. When we were seated in the little ferry boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before the cataracts, I began to feel what it was ; but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock and looked—great Heaven, on what a fall of bright green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous

their readers an impression of the grand spectacle. That most graceful of modern English writers, Charles Dickens, describes his feelings on first beholding Niagara, in his *American Notes*, and probably no description has been more widely read or more frequently quoted. He says :—‘ At length we alighted ; and then for the first time I heard the mighty rush of



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

spectacle, was Peace. Peace of mind, tranquility, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness ; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty ; to remain there changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever. Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground ! What voices spoke from out the thundering water ; what faces,

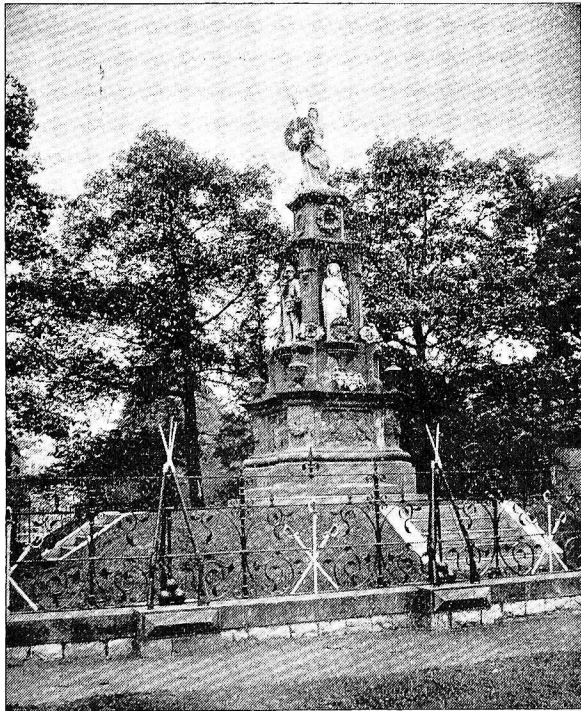


TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths ; what Heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made ! \* \* \* To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view, to stand upon the edge of the great Horse-shoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below ; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down ; to climb the neighboring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge ; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below ; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap ; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and gray as evening slowly fell upon it ; to look upon it every day,

wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice ; this was enough. I think in every quiet season now, still do these waters roll and leap and roar and tumble, all day long ; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid ; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—light—came rushing on creation at the word of God."

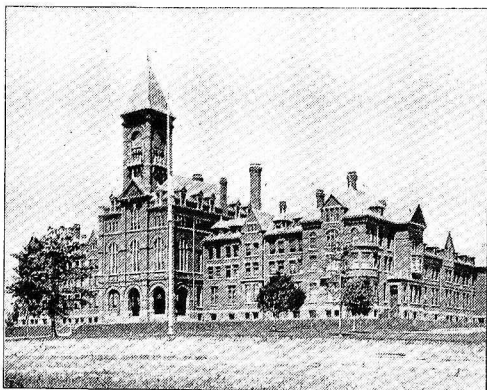
Since Dickens penned his magnificent description of one of Nature's grandest works, the river below the Falls has been spanned with bridges, hotels have sprung up on either shore, and facilities of approach have been multiplied, affording easy access to the visitors. The governments of Canada on the one side, and New York on the other, have won the gratitude of all by wresting from speculators the most desirable points of access, and creating five public parks, and enabling the scenery to be enjoyed by visitors without the endless clamor for "back-sheesh" in the



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

way of tolls, etc., such as formerly characterized this well-known resort.

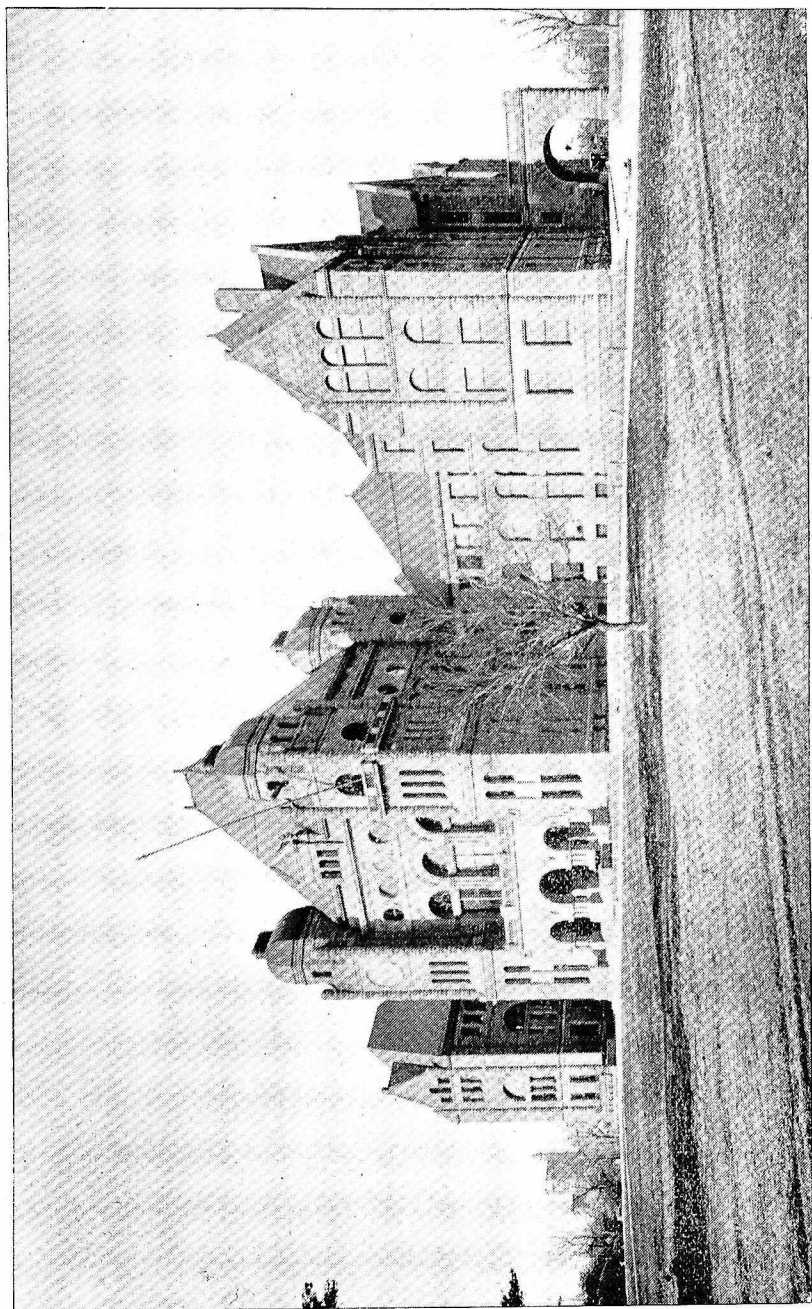
Tearing ourselves away from the grandeur of Niagara, we go by electric tramway or railroad to Queenston, getting a good view of the monument erected to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock who fell at the battle of Queenston Heights. Then we embark on one of the palatial steamers of the Niagara Navigation Company's line for Toronto. Steaming swiftly down the river, Old Fort Niagara is soon passed, and we are fairly out on the sparkling blue waters of Lake Ontario. It is a delightful two hours sail across to Toronto,



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, TORONTO.

for "Ontario" is generally on its good behavior. The cool, refreshing breezes, the merry sunshine sparkling and glinting on the pellucid waters of this, the most beautiful of all the great lakes, has a restful effect on our nerves, and makes us all the more eager to enjoy our visit to Toronto. "Queen City of the West."

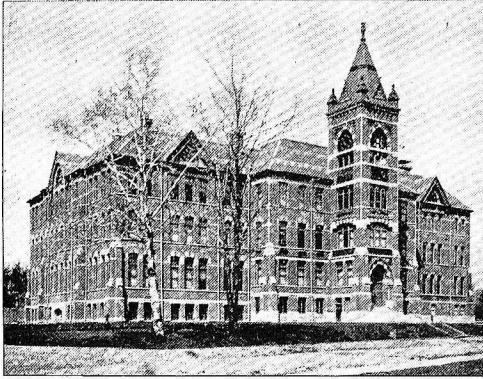
As we approach the land the tall towers and spires of the many churches first greet our view, then the massive buildings loom up, and finally the whole city can be seen spread out for miles along the water front and occupying the great slope which stretches down to the lake from the hills, or high terraces, about four miles inland. About a mile off shore is Hanlan's Island, a long, low stretch of land which aids in forming Toronto Bay, a magnificent natural harbor. Hanlan's Island has been greatly improved and beautified both by the city and private owners, so that it is now one of Toronto's greatest attractions in the summer months. As we approach the wharf a hasty consultation is held, and we agree to remain over for a day and "take in" the chief sights of the Queen City. Toronto has been well named the "Queen City," for she holds a proud position among the cities of the world, not alone as being thoroughly enterprising and "up-to-date" in every particular, but for beautiful homes, stately churches, magnificent public buildings.



PROVINCIAL HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, TORONTO.

charming drives, and, in fact, in all that goes to make up an ideal city, Toronto ranks second to none. The splendid electric car service which extends to every part of the city makes sight-seeing

easy, but we prefer taking carriages, as our time is limited, and we can only visit the more important points.

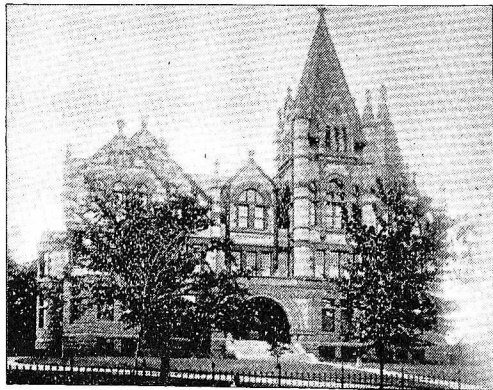


SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, TORONTO.

much to interest us. In it, that able writer, G. Mercer Adam tells of the founding of the city by John Graves Simcoe, the first Governor of the Province. The little settlement on the banks of the Don was then known as York. Mercer Adam says:—"As the years pass by the patriot citizen will with increasing interest let his imagination linger on that memorable scene, witnessed by a handful of Mississauga Indians, in Toronto harbour, on that beautiful May morning in the year 1793. The subject is one worthy to be commemorated by the skilled brush of the historic painter. It is a procession of state barges, in one of which sits erect the sturdy figure of the Governor of the youthful colony, scanning with eager delight the finely sheltered basin which he had just entered, and whose experienced eye, observing the cleared delta of the Don, at one fixed upon it as the site of the future capital. History has preserved to us a contem-

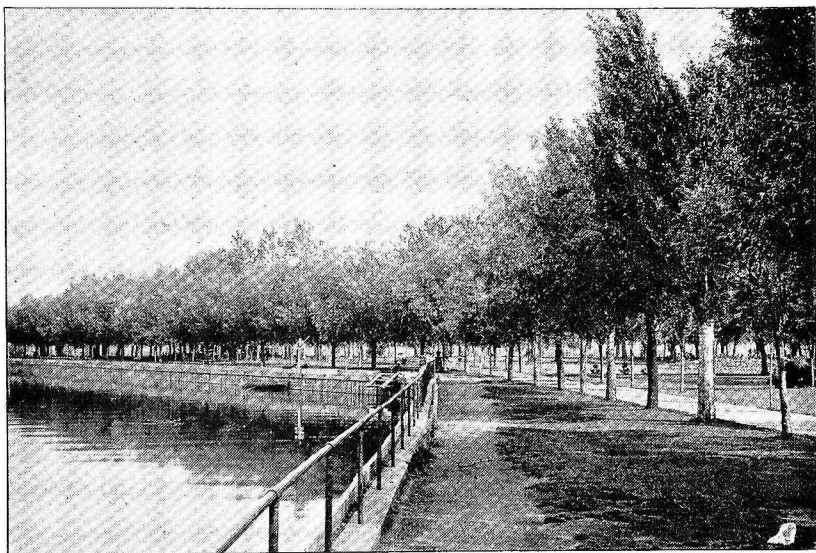
#### EARLY HISTORY OF TORONTO.

While waiting for our carriages we obtain a copy of the "Souvenir of Toronto," at the hotel newstand, and glancing through its pages find



VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

porary record of the appearance of Toronto harbour, in a descriptive reminiscence of Surveyor-General Bouchette, then engaged in a professional tour of the lakes. 'I distinctly recollect,' says the pioneer hydrographer, 'the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when first I entered the beautiful basin. Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the lake and reflected their inverted images in its glassy surface. The wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage



THE ISLAND PARK, TORONTO.

—the group then consisted of two families of Mississagas—and the bay and neighbouring marshes were the hitherto uninvaded haunts of immense coveys of wild fowl.' In the Indian language Toronto means 'The Place of Meeting,' for here it was that the old Huron and Algonquin tribes were wont to assemble.

When Simcoe made choice of his capital, he went energetically to work to create it. To those who look upon Toronto in the glory of to-day, it must be said, he builded better than he knew. Marvelous has been the transformation, and that within the brief space of a century! As yet, however, it was but the cradling-time of the city-that-was-to-be; and modest were its outlines even long after the Simcoe regime. The real germ of the town was the Governor's

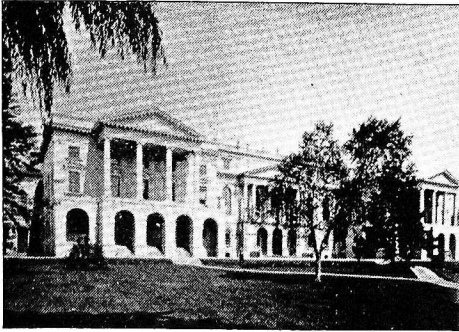
canvas tent (it had belonged to the navigator Captain Cook), in which, on an open space by the mouth of the Don, the sturdy soldier-administrator spent a winter, while the Queen's Rangers were set the task of hewing down the forest and clearing a site for the Upper Canada 'Westminster.' The latter consisted of two large halls, in one of which met the Courts of Justice, in the other the Provincial Legislature. Circumstances, unhappily however, cut short Simcoe's stay in Upper Canada, and his removal came before



CORNER OF SHUTTER AND CHURCH STREETS, TORONTO.

the buildings were ready for the first meeting of Parliament in the infant capital, which, in honour of the King's soldier-son, he had christened the royal town of York. This was the name the city bore up to the year 1834, when, with incorporation, it resumed its old Indian designation, the beautiful and sonorous appellative of Toronto.

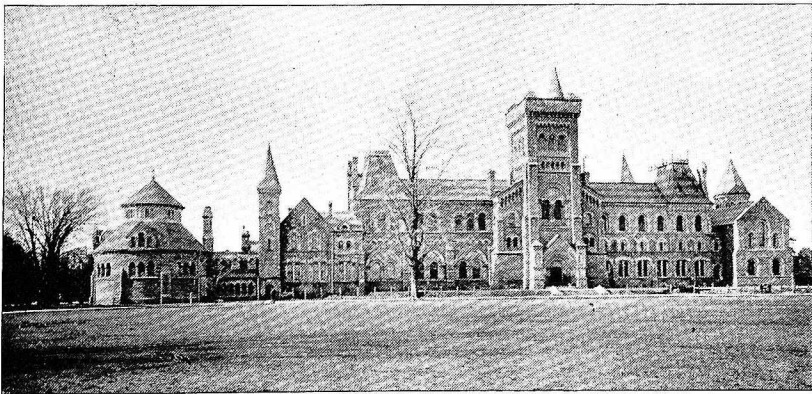
With the year 1812, the infant city had for a dry nurse the hag of War, and heavy was the hand that reared her for nearly thirty months afterwards. Very noble is the story of this era in the annals of the young commonwealth. Though war was declared, nominally, against Great Britain, its brunt fell wholly, or almost wholly, upon Canada. Fortunately, she had then as acting-admi-



OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO.

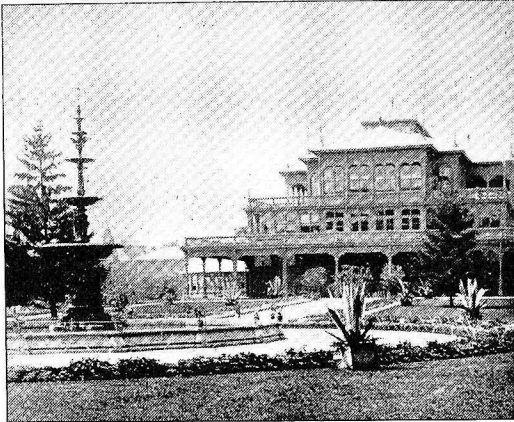
fortunes of Toronto. The war broke out in June, 1812, and within a month an American army of 2,500 men crossed the Detroit river and entered Canada. At other points, chiefly on the Niagara frontier, and in the Lower Province, the country was subsequently invaded, but in all quarters was invasion heroically and stubbornly resisted. In the West, the invading army, having fallen back on Detroit, surrendered to General Brock; but the joy with which this success was hailed was ere long turned to sorrow at the death of the young nation's hero on Queenston Heights. With Brock there fell many a loyal citizen of York and gallant yeomen of the Province, and their death brought mourning into numberless bereaved homes. But York itself was now to suffer from a closer contact with the enemy. In the spring of the following year, the Americans fitted out some ships of war to

nistrator a gallant English officer, Sir Isaac Brock, with a patriotic and high spirited community at his back to meet with courage and determination the sore trial through which the country was about to pass. Into the details of the contest it is unnecessary here to enter, save in so far as they connect themselves with the



TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

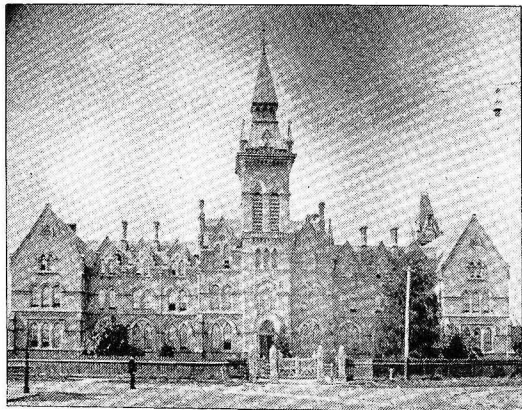
harass the brave little colony on the waters of Ontario. About the end of April, the white-winged menace made its descent upon the capital, Dearborn's troops effecting a landing near the Humber



THE PAVILLION—HORTICULTURAL GARDENS—TORONTO.

River, under cover of a hot fire from the fleet. The attacking column, which was led by Brigadier Pike, marched at once upon Fort Toronto; but though its defences were weak and the Canadian militia in numbers a mere handful, the invaders received, as it seems by accident a horribly sharp and unexpected welcome. Thinking

to take the fort easily by *coup de main*, Pike pushed on his assaulting column until it gained the outworks, when, suddenly, there was a terrific explosion, and the American brigadier, with 200 of his command, were unceremoniously shot into the air. The powder magazine, so tradition has it, had been fired by an artillery sergeant of the retreating defence, no longer able to hold the fort. The fuse was lit, it is said, undesignedly, at the crisis of the attack, and calamitous indeed was the result. Despite the fell check, the Americans advanced upon the town, much of which was incontinently sacked and given to the flames; the Houses of Parliament were burned, together with the library and the public records, while everything of value that



KNOX COLLEGE, TORONTO.

could be removed was put on board the fleet. Three months later, the ill-starred capital had to submit to a further scorching at the hands of the Americans, to avenge the aid given by the York militia to the British commander in his defence of Burlington Heights. The war closed with well-won honours for the brave little colony, the Treaty of Ghent having been signed towards the close of the year 1814.



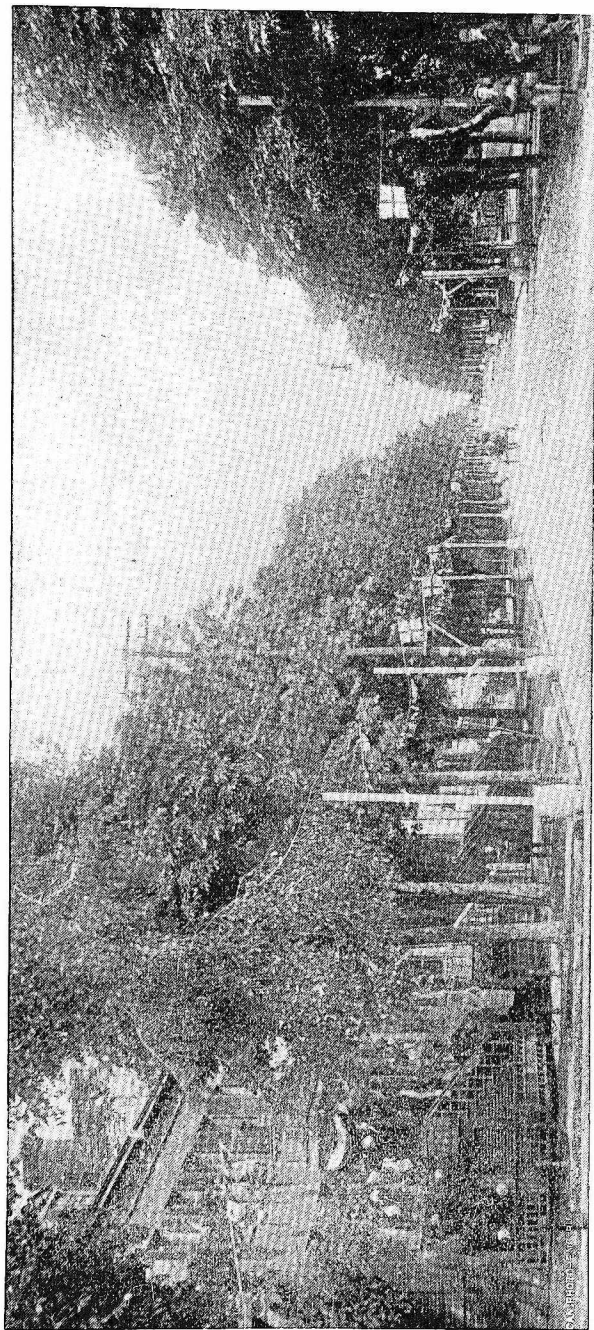
THE WOODBINE (RACE TRACK), TORONTO.

With the return of peace, York set itself the task of laying anew the foundations of its material advancement. Immigration set in, and increase of numbers not only gave a fresh impulse to the city, but led to the further development of the Province. Since that time its growth has been steadily upward until to-day. What was once the little hamlet of York, is now the sturdy city of Toronto, with a population of over two hundred thousand."

But our carriages have been waiting for some time, and, regretfully we close Mercer Adam's interesting book and prepare ourselves for sight seeing.

First of all, then, we drive up to Queen's Park and make our first stop at the Parliament buildings, a stately pile, but recently completed. Hurriedly we walk through its spacious corridors, glance in at the library, admire the beauty of the Assembly Chamber, and then resume our drive. But a few rods away, in the western part of the Park, is Toronto University, the pride of the city.

Not long ago an eminent English traveller observed that "the University of Toronto was, perhaps, the only piece of collegiate architecture on the American continent worthy of standing-room in the streets of Oxford." In its architectural features it belongs essentially to the Old World. The buildings are the special glory of the city; the style is Roman, the proportions being noble, and the harmony of the whole exquisite. Still driving through Queen's Park we approach Victoria University, much smaller than its sister, but architecturally a gem. As we leave the Park we catch a glimpse of McMaster University, a grand looking structure of cut stone and pressed brick. Driving along Bloor street, westward, we pass up St. George street, one of the best residential streets in the city. The stately homes tell the tale of prosperity and comfort. Winding around eastward we cross Yonge street and enter the charming suburb of Rosedale. Here the drives wind in and out in a delightfully irregular manner, while on every hand are the magnificent homes of Toronto's wealthy citizens. One of the charms of Toronto, in fact the one that impressed us all, was the beautifully kept lawns and even quite extensive grounds which surround so many of the homes. We have not time to drive through the Rosedale ravines, but catch glimpses of these sylvan retreats as we cross the many high bridges leading back to Bloor street. Then we drive down Jarvis street over the smooth asphalt, and gazing with delight at the charming homes and well-trimmed lawns, gaily bedecked with flowers, we, too, are forced to admit that Jarvis street is one of the finest streets in America. At Carlton street we turn eastward, so as to pass by the Horticultural Gardens, gay with flowers, and catch the merry laugh of children as they play about on the velvety sward, under the maples and stately elms. "The Gardens" is a favorite spot during the summer months, especially in the evenings when either the band of the "Queen's Own" or "Grenadiers" discourses sweet music. Passing down Sherbourne street we turn westward along Queen street to Church street. As we turn southward on Church street we pass the Metropolitan



JARVIS STREET, EN FÊTE, TORONTO.

Church, more like a cathedral than a church, and just in the rear of it, a vast structure which we are told is St. Michaels (R. C.) Cathedral.



McMASTER UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

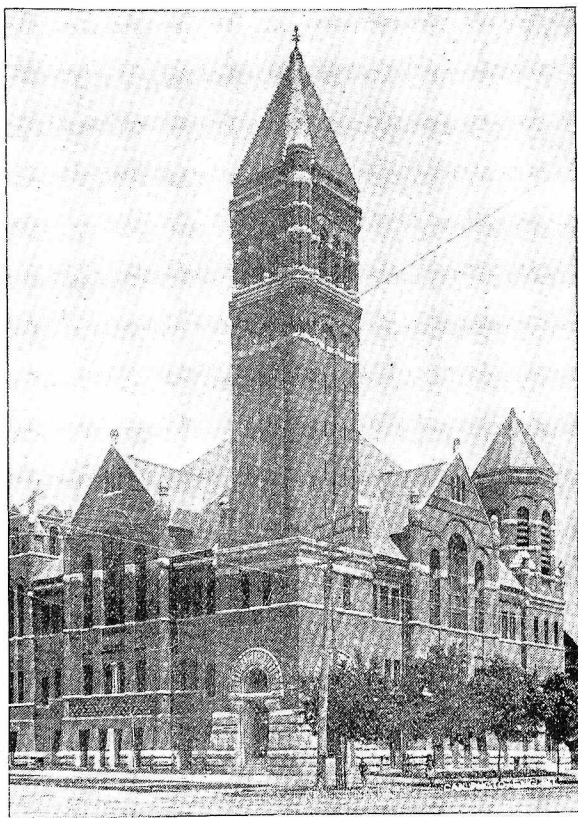
The Metropolitan belongs to the Methodist denomination. Driving down Church street to King, we come to the most noted of all the Toronto churches, the Anglican Cathedral of St. James. Passing westward along King street we find ourselves in the very heart of the business portion of Toronto. The buildings are in keeping with the rest of the city, massive, substantial and yet with considerable claims to

architectural beauty. We soon reach St. Andrews (Presbyterian) Church, a noble looking stone structure, notable even in this city of churches. Turning Southward toward the lake we pass the Government House, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, and, in the next block, the old Parliament Buildings.

Turning westward along the water front we drive through the grounds of the "Old Fort." Here the quaint old buildings, the block-houses, the remains of the stockades and palisades, as well as numerous old cannons attract our attention, and we—one and all—long to linger in this historical spot and conjure up the scenes of long ago, when "men went to war," and the red men of the forest vainly sought to drive the white intruder from the home of his adoption. On, westward, we drive, past the New Fort and soon enter Exhibition Park, where, for two weeks in each September, is held the greatest annual exposition on the American continent. The Park itself is well worth driving through. Passing out by the western gate we drive along the lake shore through Parkdale, a charming residential quarter of the city. Turning eastward again

we quickly pass the Mercer Reformatory, a government institution for the reformation of young girls ; then northward past Trinity University, and again eastward until we reach our hotel. We are sorry that we have not time to visit some of the public schools of Toronto, about which so much has been written ; sorry, too, that we could not spend a Sunday in the city and visit some of the grand looking churches we had passed in our drive, and, if we must confess it, still more sorry that we could not avail ourselves of a kind invitation to have a sail on the bay on one of the beautiful yachts that rode gracefully at anchor in plain view from the hotel piazza.

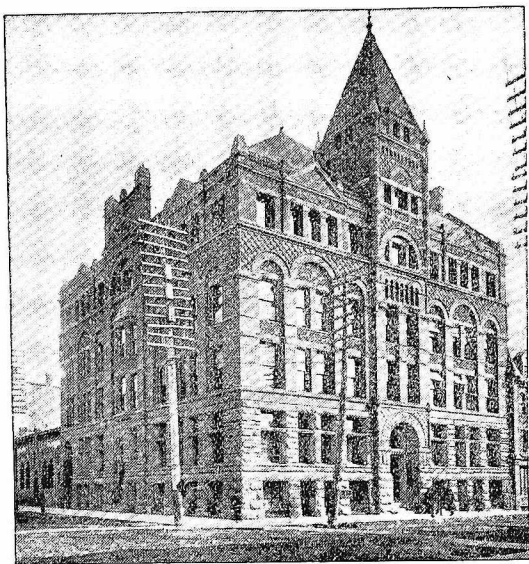
In the morning, after an early breakfast, we visit the Canada Life building and get a grand view of the whole city and bay from the tower of that magnificent structure. Then we stroll leisurely along King street and up Yonge street to the Confederation Life building, one of the most striking structures in the city. But two blocks away we pause to admire the Freehold



BROADWAY TABERNACLE.

Loan building, then pass on to Toronto street, the Wall street of the Canadian metropolis. At the head of the street stands the General Post Office, a rather unpretentious structure. Passing down

Toronto street, we turn westward on King, then down Yonge street to the Board of Trade building. From the rotunda we obtain another delightful view of the bay and lake, then hurry across the



COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

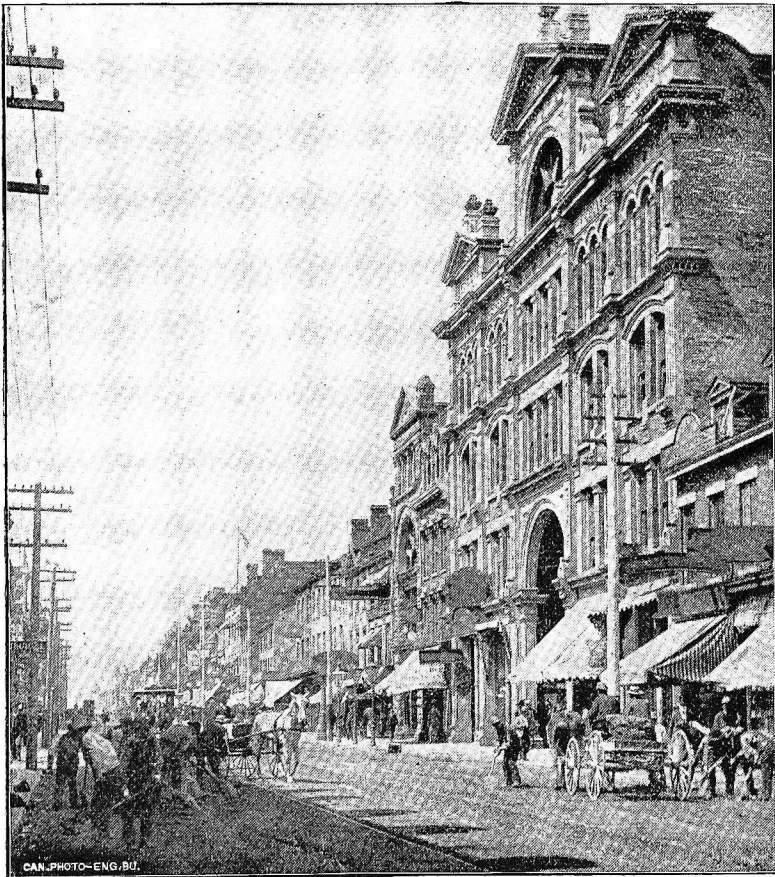
street to take a peep at the interior of the Bank of Montreal. Time is up, so we reluctantly wend our way to the hotel, have luncheon and immediately drive to the wharf where the staunch steamer of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's line is waiting to take us on our journey eastward.

The little that we had seen of Toronto but made us long for another and longer visit, and, later on, we

found that Toronto always leaves that impression with tourists and travellers.

The steamers for Montreal let loose from the Toronto docks at 2 o'clock P. M. daily (except Sundays). Slowly they trace their difficult way among the hordes of small craft of every kind that swarm the bay, and point their prow toward the eastern outlet of the harbour, past Wiman's baths on Hanlan's Island and the new breakwater on the mainland side. After issuing from the narrow strait into the broad expanse of blue waters that stretches far beyond the reach of human vision, the stately vessel, instinct with the power of her mighty enginery, braces up to meet the freshening wind and undulating seas that threaten to oppose her progress, and her ponderous wheels are felt to quicken their pulsations as, gathering strength, she strikes with vigorous strokes into the bosom of the lake. While yet the steamer is within sight of the receding city, it is well for us to take our stand toward the stern and take a bird's eye view of the place. There it stands, or rather reclines against

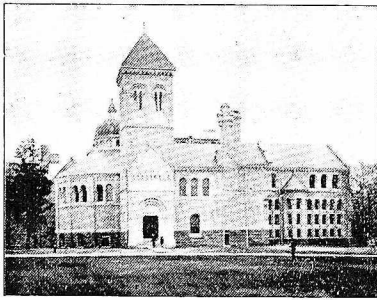
the sunny surface of the long declivity which extends from two or three miles down to the turbid waters of the bay. Stretching backwards, perpendicularly, from the waters margin, are her great parallel lines of north-south streets which intersect all the remaining streets of the city at right angles, thus giving the appearance of regularity and compactness to the whole. On the right hand side is the Don Valley issuing from the two converging Rosdale ravines, which in their solitary grandeur of stupenduous depth and lofty pine within their fold, remain the monument of some primeval drift. In front is the island which protects the harbour from the boisterous weather of the lake, extending its narrow strip of land almost across the



KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

entire breadth of the city. Upon the surface of the bay can be seen the almost incessant movement of shipping-vessels, with their tall masts, steamboats plying between Toronto and other cities, or the island yachts with their gracefully bulging sails, barges and myriad of canoes and skiffs dotted here and there among the larger craft. The whole scene is an imposing one and reflects great credit upon the boasted beauty, natural and acquired, of the Queen City, and the spectator is content to watch with the growing enchantment which increasing distance lends, until the picture grows dim before the eyes and fades from view in an indistinguishable haze.

Scarcely has the radiant beauty of the distant city disappeared from view when the steamer draws near its first stopping place, Port Darlington, about 44 miles from Toronto. It is a small place, but

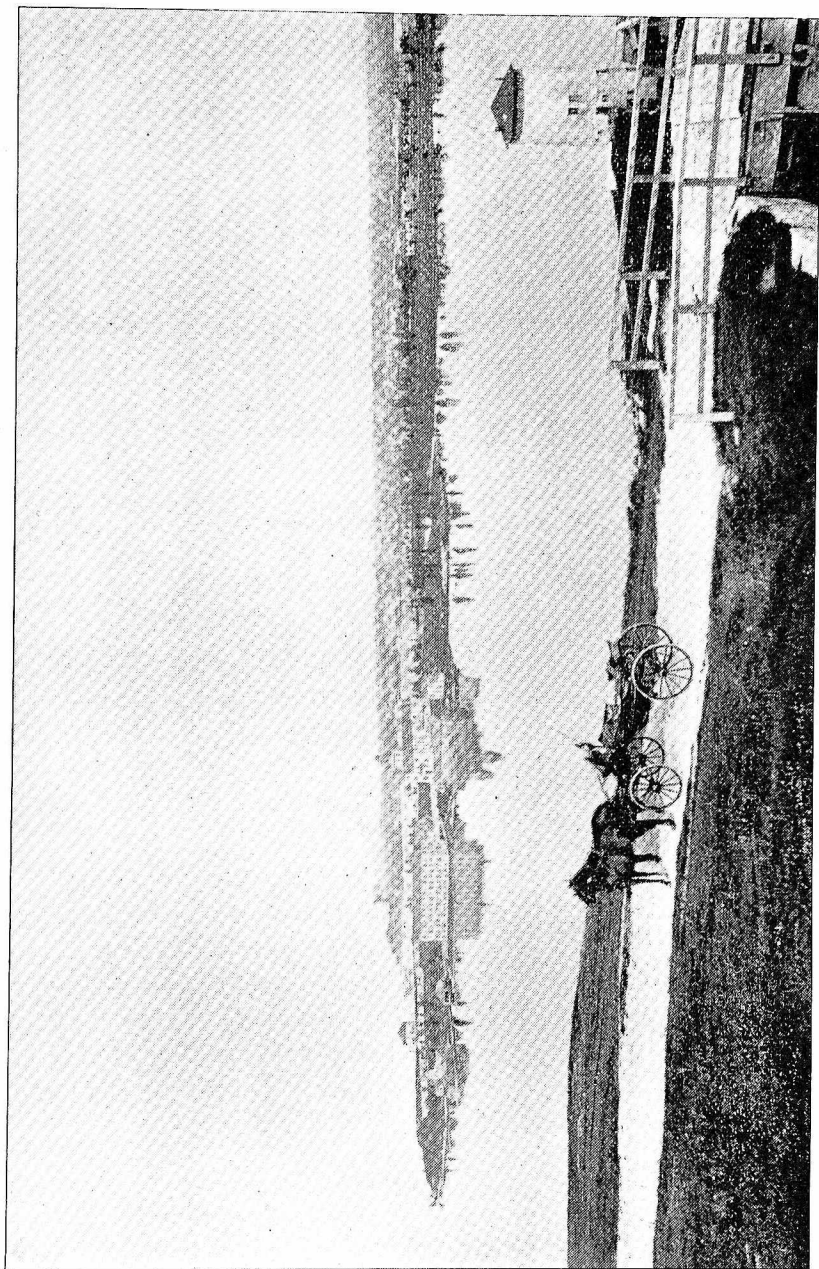


LIBRARY OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

important, both on account of its brisk and flourishing flour and grain trade, and on account of its being the lake port of the town of Bowmanville (5,000), which is beautifully situated inland about two miles and a half, in the midst of a fine agricultural territory. It is built on an elevated plateau, from which proud eminence it commands the boundless sweep of Lake Ontario's bowing waters.

It is an enterprising town of important manufacturies (such as organs and pianos), and of great industrial activity. The two sinuous streams that flow on either side of the town into the lake contribute an element of natural beauty as well as, in the water power they afford, of utility to the industries of the place.

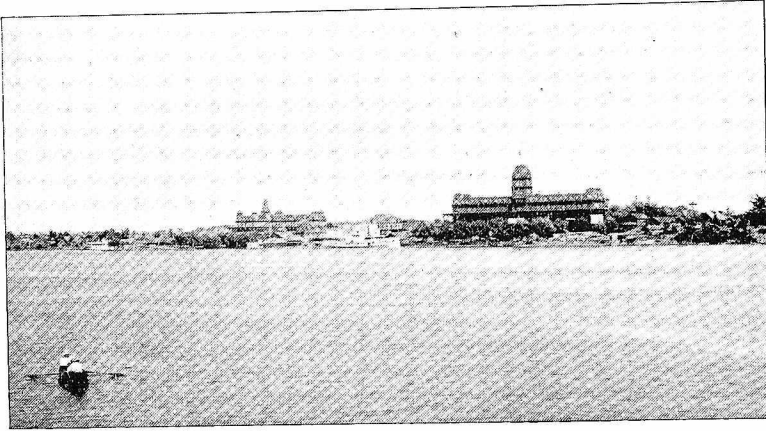
The next stopping point is Port Hope, about 19 miles further along the coast. It can be descried from a long distance by means of its red-topped lighthouse, its tall elevators, the shipping within its harbour, as well as by the folded hills within and upon which the town nestles in comfortable security. It is a very beautiful town, built as it is on either side of a valley through which flows a small stream. On the western side the hills rise gradually one above another fold on fold, until we reach the highest summit called Fort Orton, from which we have a commanding prospect of the interior, northward along the line of the Midland Railway, or if we turn our



THE MILITARY COLLEGE AND CITY OF KINGSTON.

eyes southward from among the foliage of the trees that crest these hills with nature's crown of glory, we can catch the distant swell of the gleaming wilderness of waves.

The next stoppage is six miles further along the coast at Cobourg (5,000), a town of considerable business activity, it being



ALEXANDRIA BAY, THOUSAND ISLANDS.

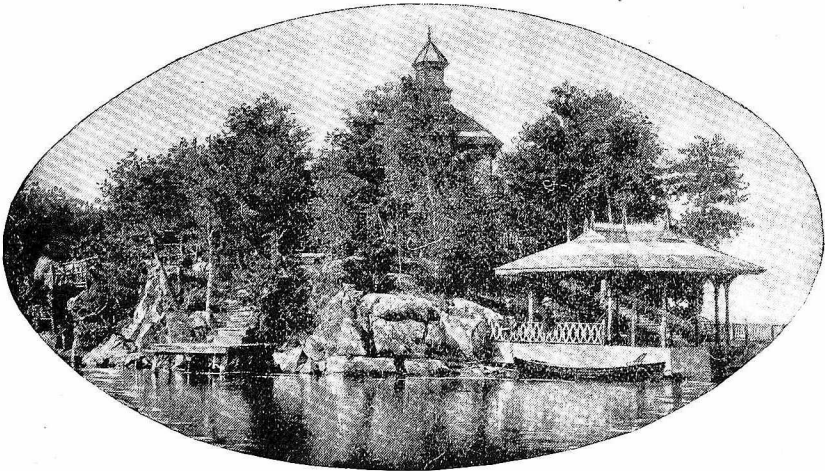
the distributing centre of an exceedingly fertile portion of the Province. It carries on an extensive trade in grain, iron ore, and other products in which it is favoured by the possession of a safe and commodious harbour and by its situation along the line of the G. T. R. It is a place of no mean pretensions to beauty, its streets being broad and neatly laid out, as well as frequently adorned by elegant public and private buildings. The drives along the eastern approaches of the town are very beautiful. It has moreover until quite recently (1892) been the seat of one of the best academic institutions on the continent, Victoria University, which has since taken up its abode in Toronto.

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

until the view slowly dissolves itself, and the shadow of the coming night begins to brood upon the face of things. Darkness creeps along the distant reaches of the deep, and possibly the moon, full-orbed or crescent, comes to shed its luminous rays upon the dark watery pathway of the great steamer as she moves along the coast of Prince Edward County, past the Ducks, down toward the lower gap which opens into Kingston, the next stopping point.

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

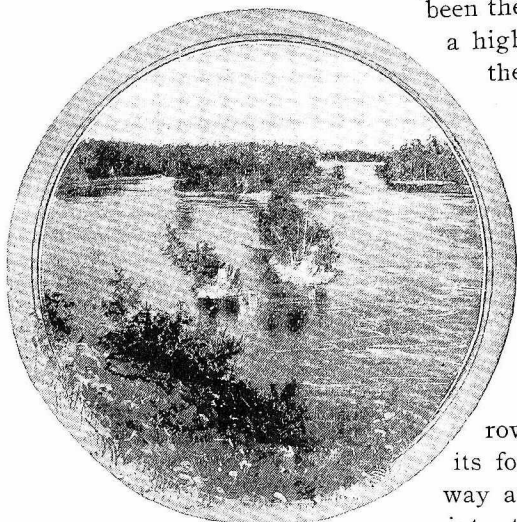
The steamer takes a circuitous course from Cobourg to its next stopping place, Brighton, passing in the distance on the right the Sandbanks, the Scotch Bonnet Light and Weller's Bay. After rounding the Presque Isle light into the bay of the same name, it has to trace a devious way among the difficult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



THOUSAND ISLANDS SCENERY.

industrial activity, its manufacturies covering flouring and plaster mills, a tannery, and cannering works.

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



A GROUP OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

been the means of opening up for a highway of steamboat traffic, the sinuous picturesqueness of the Bay of Quinte, with its splendid scenery of elevated shore capped by tall trees, and of long reaches which give the place a romantic beauty eminently fitting it for a field of summer pastime and recuperation. We

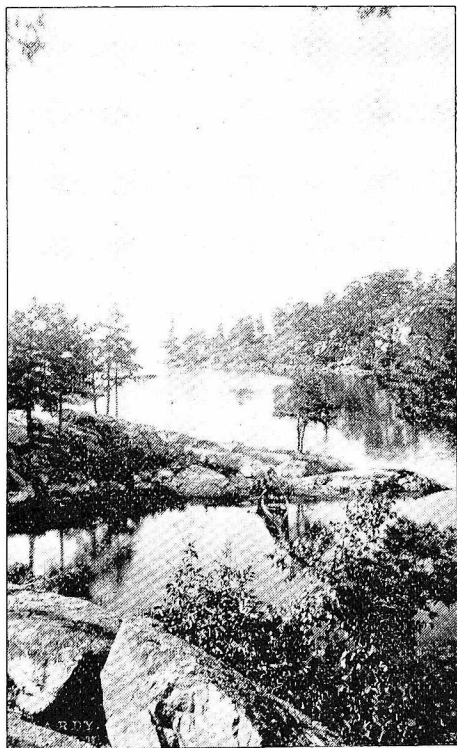
cannot issue from the narrow water of the canal with its four spanning bridges (railway and three highway bridges) into the broader waters of the Bay of Quinte, without recalling

to mind the historical incident connecting the name of the celebrated Champlain, founder of Quebec, with the place. This intrepid explorer, with his gallant friend, La Salle, penetrated beyond Lachine, the Ultima Thule of the colony in those days, into the dark forests of the western country, untrodden hitherto, except by the Indian, portaged this narrow neck of land from the carrying place to Weller's Bay, thus being the first white men to traverse in their birch canoes the devious windings of this sheet of waters, beside the sounding solitudes of nature's primeval forestry that clothes its banks.

After leaving the Murray Canal, the steamer courses along the south shore, past Indian Island over to Trenton (5,000), at the mouth of River Trent. This is at once the centre of a fine agricultural district and the home of vigorous and varied industries which are favoured by the presence of exceptional water power and the distributing media of the great Grand Trunk Railway and the

steamboat lines. Its manufactures include sash, door and blind factories, paper mills, foundry and bridge works, flouring mills, canning, stove and heating factories, machine and cabinet shops, carriage and pump works, fanning mills works, and principal of all Gilmour & Co.'s mammoth lumber mill, one of the greatest on the continent. The town has a beautiful and commanding site at the head of the Bay of Quinte, of which it has the sweep clear up to Belleville. On the west it is flanked by the sister mounts Pelion and Ossa from whose elevated summits the lowlands and the bay, with its beautiful indentations of coast line, stretch before the eye in splendid panorama. Northward the eye can catch, amid the undulating hills of Sidney and of Murray, the gleaming waters of Trent's meandering stream, while southward, beyond the bay and the peninsula as far as the sight can reach, lies Lake Ontario's boundless blue, the waters of an inland sea. In the district is a notable monument of some primeval glacial drift which swept across the country southward, leaving this memorial altar of the passage. It is a huge boulder, situated near Gordin's Mills (some 22 feet high, length 42 feet, breadth 22 feet), one of those gigantic letters of self-revelation which Nature has bequeathed to human science to spell out into the history of her origin.

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



EEL BAY, FROM PALISADES, THOUSAND ISLANDS.

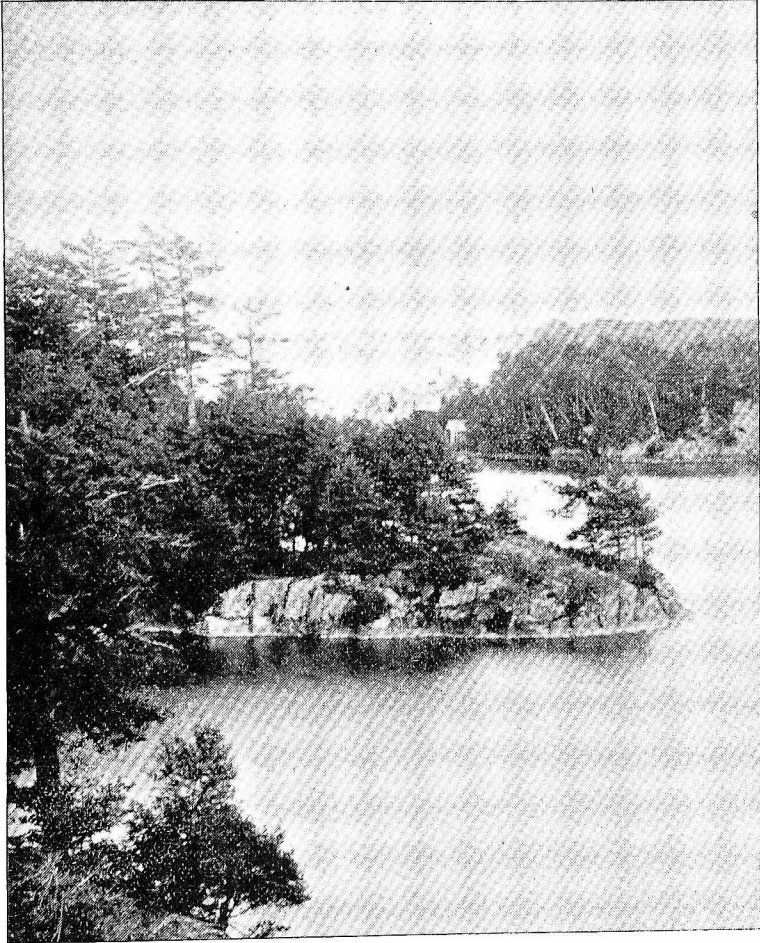
production is exceedingly progressive, both in quantity and quality.

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

Immediately we are entering the harbour of the most populous place (11,000) of the district, Belleville, "the city of the bay." It is situated at the mouth of the Moira River down whose tumbling waters large numbers of logs are annually sent and which furnishes unlimited power for the numerous manufacturing industries of the city. These include bridge works, agricultural, mining and steam engine machine shops, furniture and upholstering factories, axe and stove works, omnibus, carriage and street car factories, canning factories, biscuit and corset factories, woollen and flouring mills, tannery, potteries, etc.; for the industrial life of the city is very active and is surely destined to multiply and expand when the rich neighboring mines of iron, gold, galena, lithographic stone, slate, marble, mica, asbestos, are further developed, as they must in time, with the result of making Belleville one of the greatest exporting centres of Canada, both by land and water. A progressive city commercially, well built, well lighted, well paved, and provided with an electric street railway system, it is besides a place of no mean æsthetic pretensions. Its frequent beautiful residences, its hotels, its educational institutions, its county buildings, its well ordered streets and tree-lined avenues, as well as the pleasant bay-side drives along either the eastern or western approaches of the city, all combine to make Belleville a very attractive place of temporary abode for tourist, or home for perpetual dwelling.

After leaving the city's docks and the roar and din of commercial life, the steamer scours along past Massassage Point, Belleville's

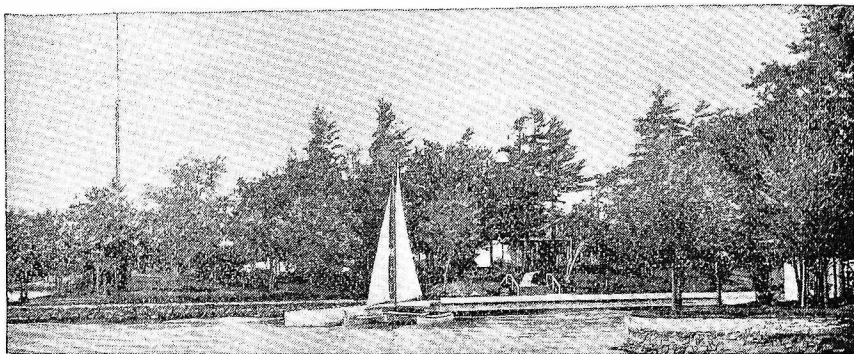
pleasant summer resort, across the bay. It is a very attractive place, with its handsome hotel and numerous cottages within 'near reach of unexcelled fishing grounds, the haunts of the bass and maskinonge.



ON THE CANADIAN SIDE—THOUSAND ISLANDS.

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

Moving on westward the steamer passes Telegraph Island with its lighthouse, Peterson's Ferry on the right, and on the left the Mohawk Indian Reserve or Tyendenaga, a block of territory which the white intruder left to the ancestral owners of the whole land. It is populated by the Six Nation Indians—Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas and Tuscoraras—remnants of the



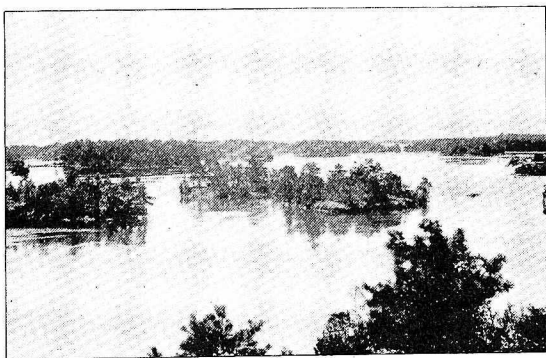
IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

intrepid Iroquois who left the main stock of their people in New York in 1784 and came to Canada. Here they have settled down in peace while the white man, with his rushing railways and his noisy manufacturies, is rapidly obliterating the traces of his old hunting grounds, in the principal solitudes which stretched along the margin of the great lakes, and where the Indian used to trail his stealthy way in hunt of animal or human foe. They are a Christian community as is attested by the grey spire of the Church that can be seen from the bay lifting its head above the clustering trees. In many ways they show exceptional gifts, especially in the line of practical arts such as needle work, for which the Mohawk mothers are famous. Even the children show a natural skill in drawing in which they evince a decided superiority over white boys of the same age. The men occupy themselves either at agricultural pursuits or in the employment of some of Deseronto's various manufacturies.

Before entering Deseronto's docks, we may take a passing glimpse of Captain John's Island, a summer resort, just opposite Deseronto, which has recently been fitted up at considerable expense. Its green-tinted hotel and cottages give it a very attractive appear-

ance, while its position, at the angle of junction of the Picton and Belleville reaches, gives it a commanding view of a large portion of the scenery of both.

Deseronto is conspicuous from the distance by the massive lumber piles, the tall smoking chimneys from the numerous large factories, some brick-colored and some of the color of zinc ; by the dock-yards, with the steamers and vessels in process of construction or repair, all giving a prepossession to the spectator that this is surely a place of great industrial activity. And certainly Deseronto is a very energetic commercial centre. All its mass of varied industries is controlled by one company, the Rathbuns. They are the life centre of the whole industrial organism of the place. It is they who guide it all—saw mills, sash, door and blind factories, dry kiln, ship yard, marine machine shops, locomotive works, passenger and other car works, charcoal kilns, terra cotta works, pressed brick, hydraulic and Portland cement works, cold storage and elevators, a steamboat service including half a dozen steamers which touch at all bay ports and many of the American ports on Lake Ontario ; a railway system of considerable mileage penetrating northward to the summer resorts of the lakes in the adjacent counties. In fact the Rathbuns have been the agency by which this town has sprung from an insignificant bay-side wharf, near the Mohawk Indian settlement, to a thriving prospering town of great industrial promise. About 1848 Hugo B. Rathbun settled here and erected large saw mills, etc., which have expanded into the colossal manufacturing system now under the



FIDDLER'S ELBOW—LOST CHANNEL—CANADIAN ISLANDS.

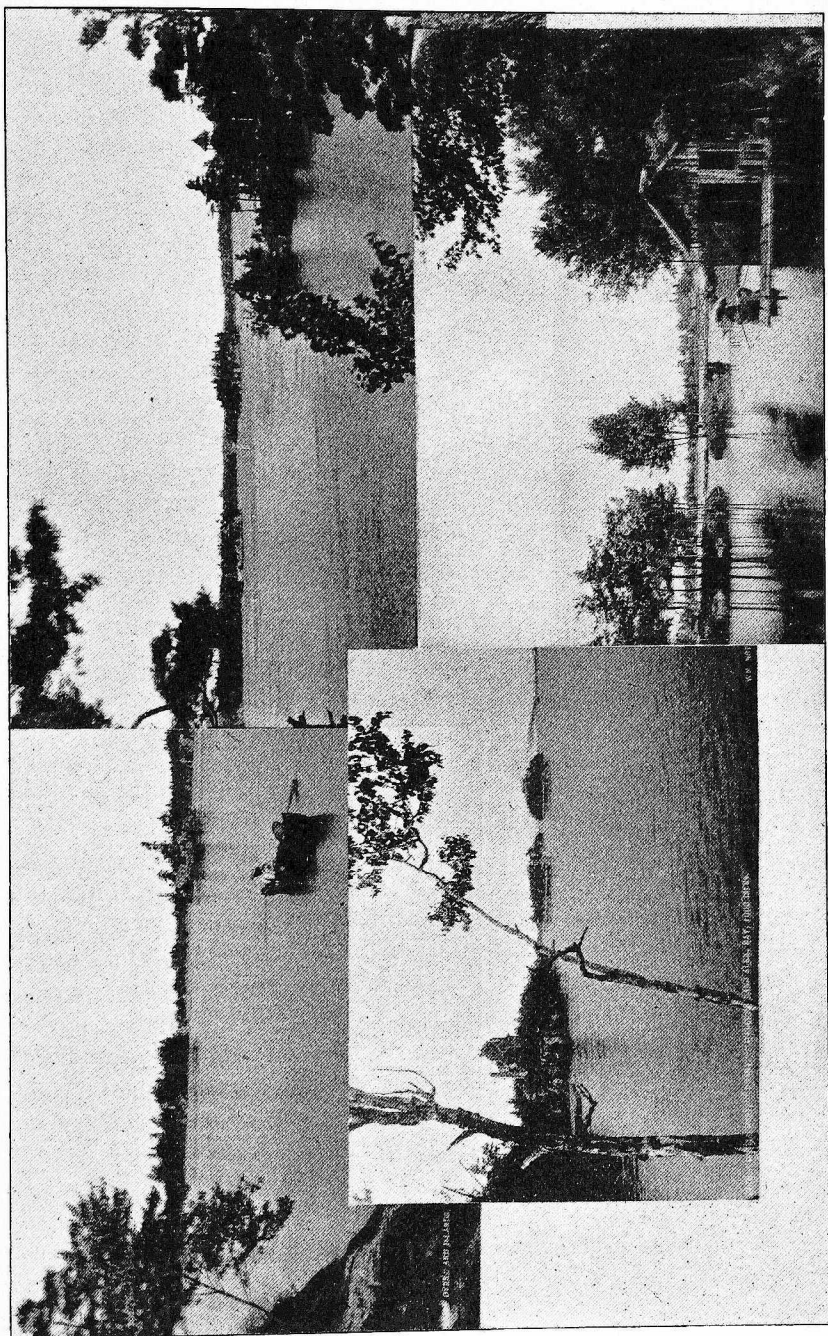
direction of his son, E. A. Rathbun. The name of the place was changed successively from Culverton's to Mill Point, and in 1881 to Deseronto.

The town is built on a hill which rises gradually from the water's edge northwards, thus giving it an imposing appearance

from the bay as it rests against the background of dark tinted trees which stand upon the hill. Situated on an elbow of the bay where the Belleville reach abruptly turns from north-east to south into the Picton reach, it has a survey of the beautiful scenery of both as well as, towards the east, of the tortuous channels of the Napanee River. Towards the west the Telegraph Island Light looms up in the misty distance like a fairy tower floating on the water's surface; towards the south, the long stretch of elevated coast, clothed in foliage green, seems to approach so close to the opposite shore away ahead as to leave apparently only a narrow gorge between, through which now and then appear the white sails of yachts and schooners working up the reach.

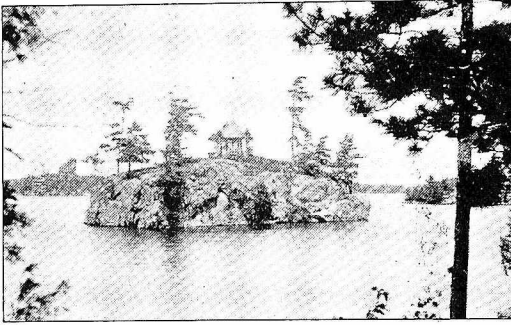
As the steamer passes up towards Picton, through this so-called Long Reach, we find the scenery fully worthy of its promise from the Deseronto docks. The shores on the right, or Sophiasburg side, are, for the most part, precipitous, rising often abruptly from the water's edge with only a narrow margin of gravel beach, but in some places it is less steep, and the grassy banks lead by a gentle declivity down to the water side. However, the farther we go on towards Picton, the more cliff-like the shore becomes, until finally it looks like a perpendicular slab, with a few venturesome pines hanging from its beetling side. On the west side the shore is far less precipitous, but makes up in picturesqueness by its beautiful coast irregularity and undulating hills. One of the deepest indentations of this coast is the famous Hay Bay which extends inward some fifteen miles. It is well known for its duck and goose shooting grounds, and bass, sturgeon and Maskinonge fishing, as well as for being the historic home of the first Methodist church built in Canada, which stands there even yet, decrepit and venerable, with its dismantled burial place, by the lonely waters of the bay, slowly ripening to destruction beneath the burden of a hundred years.

The approaches of Picton are very beautiful, the shores being high on both sides, precipitous on one, though more sloping on the other, so that the farm-lands and pastures run down the declivity to the water's edge. The place has an excellent and well-sheltered harbour, which favours its extensive shipping trade, making it, in connection with the Central Ontario Railway, which terminates there, a good distributing centre for Prince Edward's fruit and grain products. It is a manufacturing town of some importance, having several canning factories and foundries, and a ship yard for building



A CANADIAN ELYSIUM: VIEWS IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

and repairing vessels. It is a town provided with all modern improvements in the way of water works, electric light, fire alarm, telephone and telegraph systems. The drives on either side of the town are very fine, the roads being excellent and tracing a way among rich farm-lands, splendid orchards, rural homes, and beautiful inland lakes, as they near the shores of Lake Ontario. Only ten



OVEN ISLAND, NEAR ALEXANDRIA BAY.

miles distant from Picton are the Sandbanks, with their mounds of shifting sand, on the margin of the great lake.

After leaving Picton the steamer courses along the sloping shore towards Glenora, where the land takes the form of an abrupt mount extend-

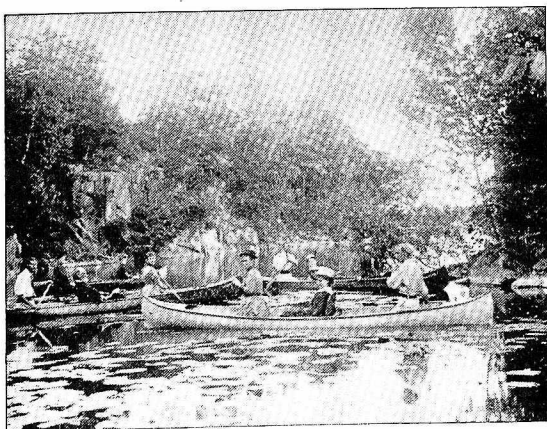
ing some 190 feet almost sheer above the bay. Huddling at the foot of the mountain, with scarcely room for a footing, are the Glen House for tourists, extensive flouring mills, foundry and machine shops, deriving their power by water carried through a narrow pipe from the lake on the summit of the cliff, the celebrated Lake on the Mountain. It is a little circular sheet of blue water, nestling like an Alpine lake among its trees in cosy solitude. The notable thing about this lake, which is only about three miles in circumference in all, is that its central depth has never been fathomed. As it has no visible inlet and is of the same altitude as Lake Erie, some have supposed that it is fed by water brought therefrom by an underground channel. One cannot restrain a tremor of dread as he gazes into the translucent waters of the still little lake, when he thinks of the fathomless deeps and mysterious subterranean channels away beneath its smiling surface, baffling the exploration of man. He cannot help distrusting the siren music of its wavelets as they break upon the rocky beach, for he feels that underneath it all, below its rippling bosom, is crouched a yawning monster, more terrible and merciless than the barking Scylla, unto which the siren sea-nymphs, by their music, lured unwary seamen coasting the Campanian shores.

The scene from the mountain top is splendid. The angular bay lies stretched before the eye beneath, with its camping grounds descried across the water by their colored cottages and tents and flags on Dingman's Island. Away ahead are the converging shores of the Deseronto reach, with its tongue of water reaching in between the rounded cliffs. Directly under us are the huddling roofs of the buildings at the foot of the crag connected with us, by a winding road up the steep. To our right is the sounding cataract that overleaps the edge of the mountain into a romantic chasm, a little above the base of which is the well-known cave in the face of the rock with a square entry just large enough for a person to crawl through.

Passing up the bay we come to the historic Adolphustown of United Empire Loyalist fame. Here there is a beautiful memorial chapel erected to those sturdy men (U. E. L.) who settled the bay after the war of 1812.

The scenery along this reach is quite in keeping with Bay of Quinte reputation. Lifting shores and irregular coast-lines, crouching docks, just visible in the distance, under the shadow of surrounding hills and trees, all add their influence to make this part of the trip interesting.

As we advance we pass Friedericksburg wharf on the left side, and Prinzer on the right, well-known for their fruits, viz., grapes, apples, plums and pears, etc. A little beyond on the right side is Prinzer's (or McDonald's) Cove, a splendid refuge harbour in case of storm, and particularly picturesque in its high abrupt bluffs covered by majestic trees. It is a favourite mooring ground for yachts from all waters furnishing them excellent sport in form of pike fishing, etc. Two miles further on is what is known as Indian Point, which juts out into the bay like a dividing boom. It is a gravel beach formed by the washings of the waves coming in



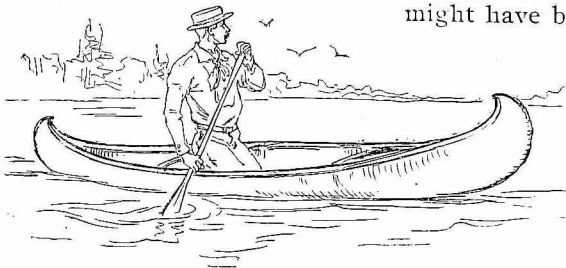
A PICNIC PARTY AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

the Upper Gap from the lake. It is partly but bald gravel on which stands a huge split-trunked elm visible for miles up and down the bay. The other part is overgrown with a dense grove of cedars whose shade makes it an attractive camping ground, and in earlier times made it a favourite haunt of passing Indians, many of whom now lie beneath its over-bowering trees, wrapt in the silence of eternal sleep.

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

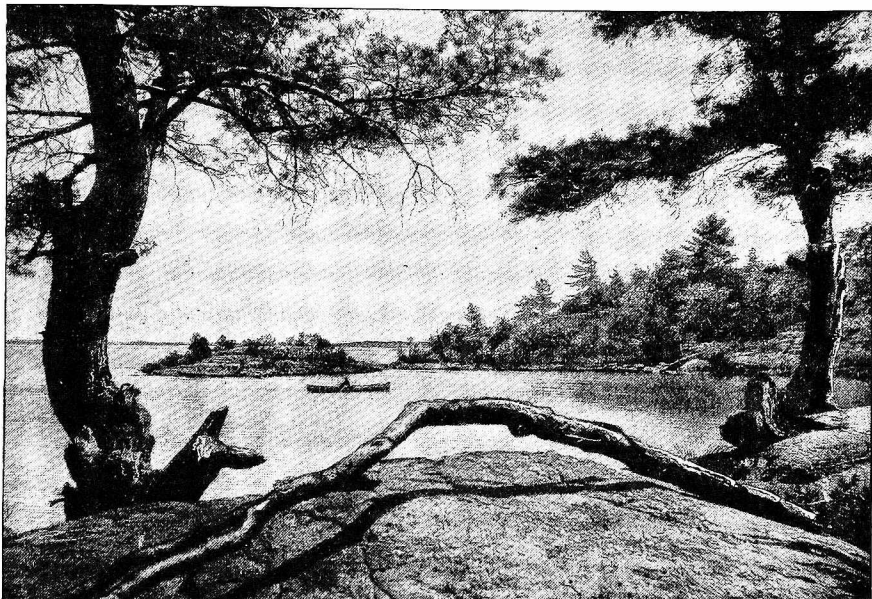
On the right, as we pass into the North Channel, is Emerald, the upper landing of Amherst Island. It is the port of a prosperous agricultural district, and is the home of old artist Daniel Fowler, whose achievements in landscapes and still-life representations have won him considerable praise.

On the mainland shore, a little farther on, is the town of Bath, formerly known as Ernesttown. This used to be one of the centres of civilization in Upper Canada, and it gave promise of developing into a flourishing city. But though it is the centre of a rich agricultural district and does considerable trade in grains, fruits and fishes, it has not expanded as rapidly as might have been expected.



The next port of importance is Stella (Amherst Island), 12 miles west of Kingston. It is a place not only of brisk industries in the agri-

cultural line, but is a most pleasant summer resort with its picturesque and sheltered bay. There is a large summer hotel on Stella Point for accommodation of tourists, and the fishing grounds are excellent. It is a convenient as well as a pleasant retreat by reason of its neighboring supply stores, cable communications with the mainland, daily mail and steamboat service. The drives about the island are beautiful.



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

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

Proceeding along the north shore we see the village of Cataraqui, adjoining which is Kingston's "City of the Dead," containing the remains of the celebrated Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada for so many years, and Sir Alexander Campbell among its silent tombs. Farther on we behold the village of Portsmouth, distinguished for its ship-building industry and trans-shipping facilities. Here also are located the Kingston Penitentiary, the Rockwood Asylum, and the Church of the Good Thief.

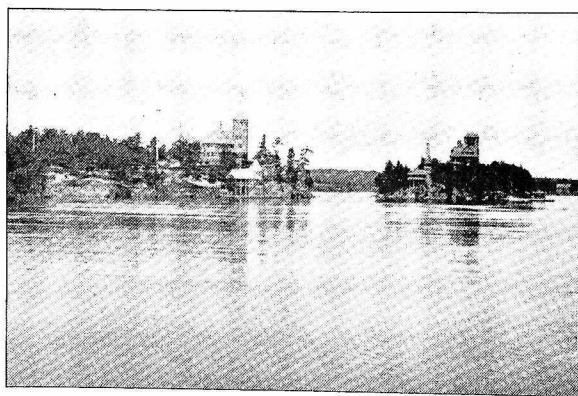
And now we are at Kingston, the Woolwich or West Point of Canada, with its massive grey stone forts, its martello towers, its imposing public buildings. It is beautifully situated at the foot of Lake Ontario, at the head of the River St. Lawrence, and at the mouth of the Rideau or Great Cataraqui River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

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

Its position at the foot of Lake Ontario is important in lake and river navigation. Vessels, constructed for lake navigation only, transfer their cargoes here to barges and river boats for conveyance

to Montreal, while in turn these tranship their cargoes brought from Montreal to the lake boats.

Kingston has quite extensive industries in ship building and ship repairing, besides the stock manufactories which cluster in



HOPEWELL HALL AND CASTLE REST, THOUSAND ISLANDS.

a city of good railway and waterway connections. It carries on a large grain trade, and has large smelting works for extracting metal from the ore.

Kingston is a great educational centre. Its colleges are of continental repute. They are Queen's University, Royal Medical Col-

lege (for male and female), Royal Military College, School of Gunnery, School of Art, Science Hall, School of Mining, Kingston Business College, Congr gation de Notre-Dame and St. Mary's, on the Lake Convent, Kingston Ladies' College.

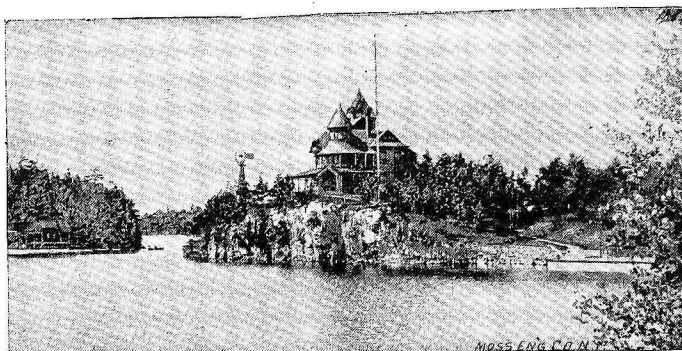


ONE OF THE MANY BREEZY POINTS AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The general appearance of the city is that of solidity and antique beauty. Its prevalent limestone architecture has secured for it the name of the "Limestone City." It is well laid out, and here and there is adorned by massive beautiful buildings such as the City Hall, Court House with its pillars and dome in Grecian Ionic style, Custom House, Post Office, St. George's (Anglican) and St. Mary's (R. C.) cathedrals, which latter are accredited with being the finest churches of Canada, west of Montreal; in fact, the tower of St. Mary's, as recently rebuilt, is a masterly monument of Gothic architectural art, and will eminently repay personal inspection by the tourist. The city is provided with a splendidly appointed electric street railway which adds to its general comeliness as well as to its conveniences.

We now launch out at early morn upon the silent bosom of the everlasting sweep of waters of the great St. Lawrence. Behind us lie the cold grey structures of the Limestone City with its domes and pinnacles bathed in the rising lustre of the morning sun. Toward the south-west stretches the vast calm surface of Ontario beyond the

gap dimmed by the lifting mist, and bearing on its bosom the shadowy outline of a distant ship. Across the river stands Garden Island, with its cluster of shipping, and City View Park, on Wolfe Island, with its undulating groves. Before us lies the entry to the sinuous channels of the famous archipelago of the *Thousand Islands*.

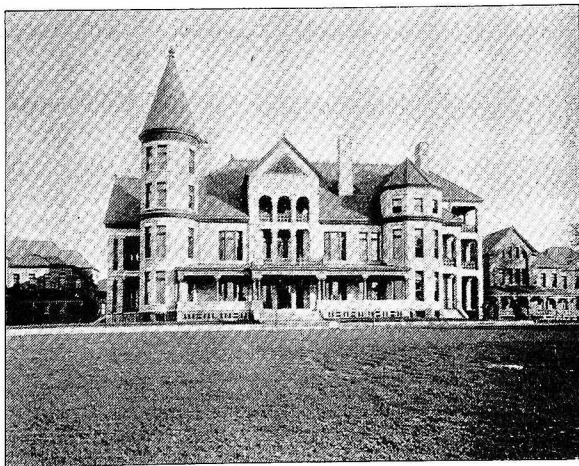


PULLMAN ISLAND, THOUSAND ISLANDS.

These commence near Kingston with Wolfe, the largest of their number, where the blue waters of Lake Ontario issue into the broad channel of the St. Lawrence, and extend down to Brockville, a distance of some fifty miles. They number in all some 1700, varying in size, shape and appearance, from a small lump of barren rock projecting from the green surface of the river, to the large fertile area of land, crowned with richest foliage and lofty trees, and ornamented by neatly colored summer residences, or left in their primeval rudeness untouched by the hand of artificial improvement. Some of the islands are hilly with bold rocky banks dipping down abruptly into the water, whereas others scarcely rear themselves above the river's surface, while the overhanging branches of their margin trees and shrubbery bend to drink the waters of the mighty stream. Taken all in all they form a most beauteous and fantastic scenery with their devious water courses sometimes opening into swelling lakes or closing into narrow gorges across which the shadow of the island trees throw their image; with their clustering groups, head above head, like Neptune's flocks asleep; with their prodigality of decorative coloring, both from the hand of man in neatly ornamented cottages, and from the more artistic hand of nature, in her mosses, lichens, flowers and the arabesque of dark in-woven leaves, penetrated

by the radiance of the pale blue sky ; but most of all with their shifting kaleidoscope of scenes which throng the vision as the steamer traces its way among the labyrinthial channels. Here and there the course seems completely closed and we think the boat must back out, when nearer approach to the moss-grown shores discloses a hidden outlet by a sudden turn, perhaps, into a sheer-sided rock-bound strait whose shores we can almost touch from the decks, or into a beautiful amphitheatre of lake, bounded by myriad isles. Their scenery has indeed more of the element of the beautiful and pretty which wins the spectator by its delicate and varied loveliness, than of the sublime which holds our minds in awe and reverence before the majesty of power or of size. True, they cannot boast of a scenery such as that of the Hudson with its magnificent cloud effects and terrific storms, or such as the Alpine scenery of Switzerland with its mountain pinnacles capped by columnar snow, throwing their shadow into the "silence of uninhabited ravines," but for all that they have a glory which is quite and inalienably their own. Their uniqueness is not in their grandeur, but in their daintiness of tints, of shifting scenes, of growing and dissolving views, of land-locked bays and lakelets and sinuous transparent streams that wind and intersect in wildest tracery. They are the nearest approach perhaps that the world presents to the realization of the ancients' dream of the "*Fortunæ Insulæ*," the embodiment of ideal beauty of garden-land and stream.

These islands have been the field of some exciting and romantic escapes during the Canadian rebellion of 1837. Here many of the refugees fled for safety from the Canadian Government. One man, particularly distinguished for his intrepidity and ability, found a safe asylum here protected by the



POINT AIRY STATE ASYLUM (OPPOSITE PRESCOTT.)

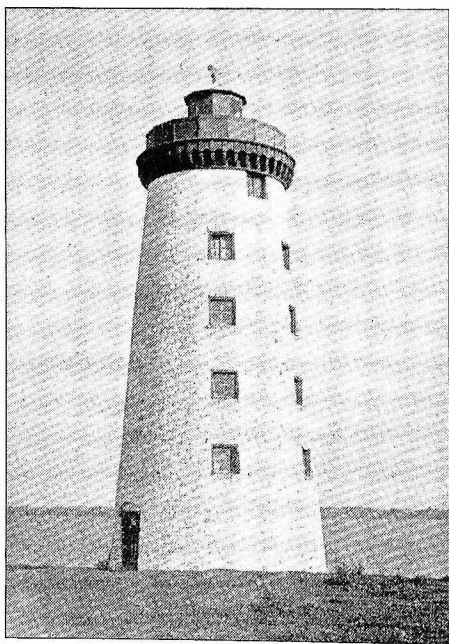
intricacies of the river. He was supplied daily with food by his daughter, by means of her canoe, and when too closely pressed by the officers of the law escaped with her in the canoe by simply losing his pursuers in the windings of the myriad channels.

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

Almost directly opposite Clayton, on the Canadian shore, is Gananoque, about eighteen miles east of Kingston, at the confluence

of Gananoque River and St. Lawrence. It is a place of 5000 inhabitants and has won for itself the name of the "Sheffield of Canada," because of its vigorous manufacturing industries, especially in the line of iron and steel. It has a position of unexcelled natural beauty and is a favourite resort of tourists as a consequence.

From Clayton, the steamer courses along the American channel of the river, past Round Island. This island (one mile by one thousand and four hundred feet) is one of the finest gems in the entire Ariadne's Crown of Isles. Its many pretty cottages, beautiful



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

grounds, luxuriant foliage, substantial docks and splendid water front, make it, with its magnificent Hotel Frontenac, a most attractive spot for tourists.

A few miles farther on, in the very heart of the archipelago, the steamer passes Thousand Island Park, on Wellesley Island—a reli-



INDIAN VILLAGE OF CAUGHNAWAGA, OPPOSITE LACHINE.

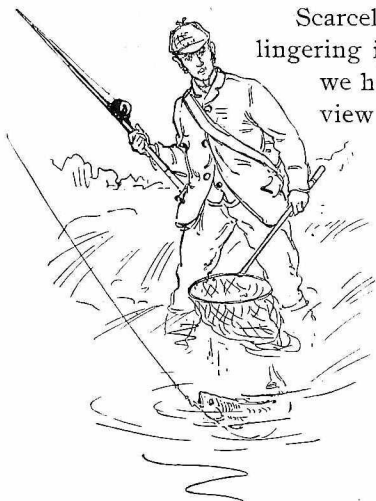
gious summer encampment under the direction of the Methodists. It is a very beautiful place of resort, having some four hundred cottages and an immense tabernacle for worship, lectures, concerts, etc. They usually engage, for the services in this building, some of the foremost minds of America.

The run of the steamer, from this place to Alexandria Bay, is superb in the characteristic island scenery. Hundreds of islands lie across the steamer's tortuous and zig-zag course, all differing in size, coast and coloring, and forming an intricacy of channels through which only the experienced pilot could guide the way. Now we are entering a narrow pass between cliff-like banks covered with moss and trailing creepers, then we open into a lake-like expansion, then again among winding courses through clustering islands and around rocky points, until we finally emerge from the labyrinth into Alexandria Bay. This is the "Saratoga of the St. Lawrence," and is undoubtedly the central attraction in the whole summer life of the Thousand Islands. It is one of the most popular as well as one of the most fashionable watering places in America and numbers among its frequenters some of the wealthiest and best known men of the United States. The place boasts of several good hotels besides

numerous cottages of beautiful design. The adjacent islands are dotted with cottages in all sorts of picturesque surroundings, some showing from among the trees perched on rocky bluffs, others snugly placed on low-lying islands and nestling in their beautiful coves. Thousands of people from all parts of the world visit this place annually, attracted there by the fame of its natural beauty, wholesome atmosphere, pleasant society and excellent fishing. This Mecca of the pastime seekers of all America is built upon a massive pile of rocks, and has an excellent view of the Thousand Islands scenery. In the vicinity is a position whence a hundred isles can be seen at one view.

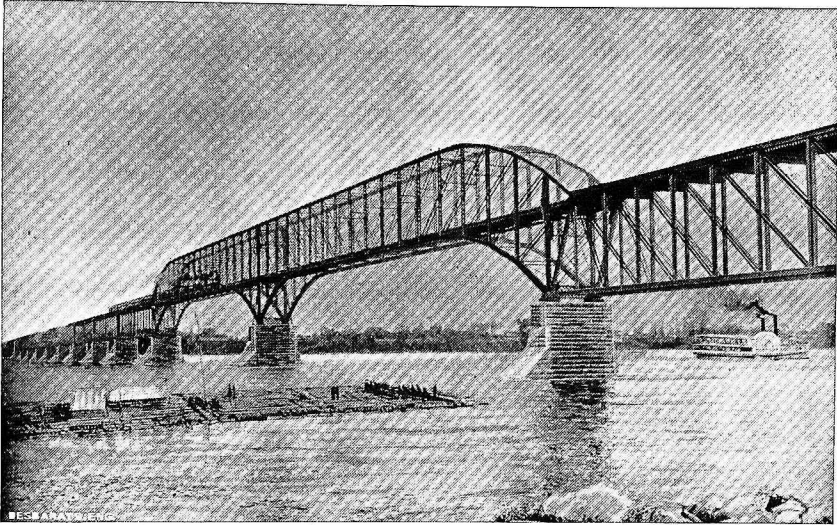
About opposite Alexandria Bay, on Wellesley Island, is the Presbyterian resort, Westminster Park. This covers an area of five hundred acres of irregular uplands, reaching sometimes to an altitude of one hundred and fifty feet. From these heights, easily accessible on foot or by carriage, the Thousand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

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



Scarcely have we won ourselves from the still lingering images of the beautiful island scenery we have passed through, when we come in view of the spires and roofs of the town of Brockville. This town, named after General Brock, the hero of Queens-town Heights, 1812, is built on an elevation which ascends by successive ridges from the St. Lawrence. It is one of the most beautiful places in Canada, and makes a fine summer resort, a pleasant resting place for travellers, both on account of its wholesome atmosphere and St. Lawrence scenery. It is on the main line

of the Grand Trunk Railway, and a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway runs from it to Ottawa. It has connection by ferry with the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railway. Its population is about 9,000, and it is a progressive business centre. Its public and private buildings compare favourably with any in Canada. The best hotels are the Revere House and St. Lawrence Hall.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BRIDGE, LACHINE.

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

Shortly after passing this historic lighthouse, we course abreast on our right of the Point Airy New York State Asylum for lunatics.

It is a most conspicuous and imposing group of buildings, especially the central administration building of which a cut is given, as they sit there perched high upon the cliff-like banks overlooking the magnificent river. It is said these buildings cost some six million dollars. They occupy more than a thousand acres of ground.

On our left we pass by Chimney Island which formerly, in the time of the French regime, was a strong fortification in their possession.

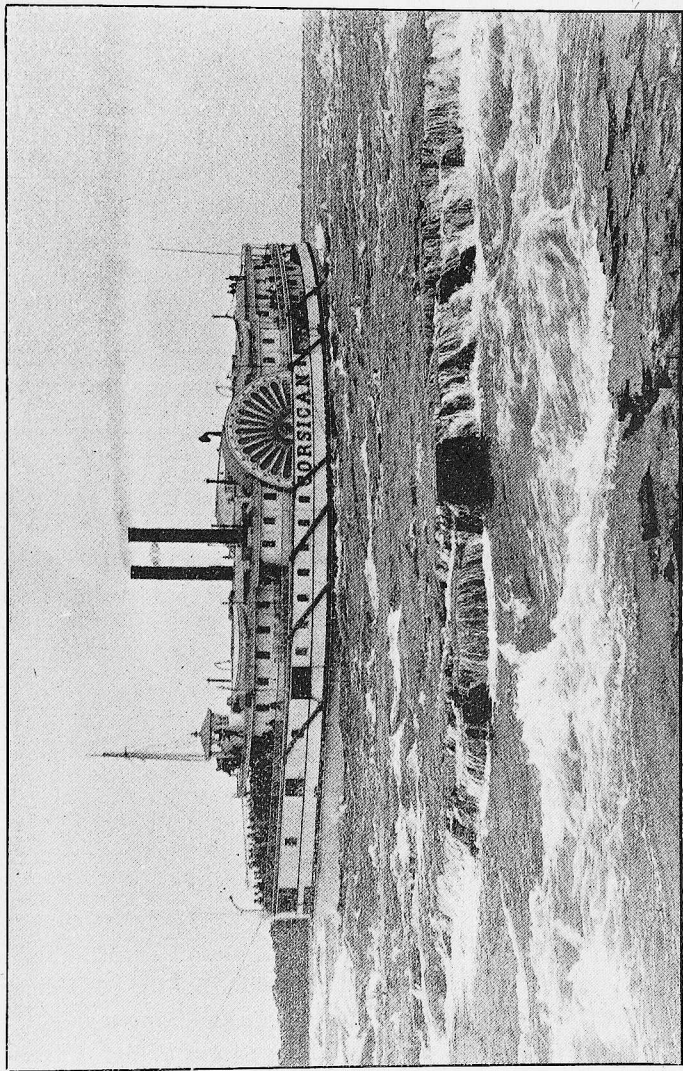
About six miles below Prescott, we come to the first of the many rapids of the St. Lawrence, the Gallops. They are but the mild precursors of what is to follow, but serve to prepare the traveller for the more boisterous waters to come.



SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS—PAST.

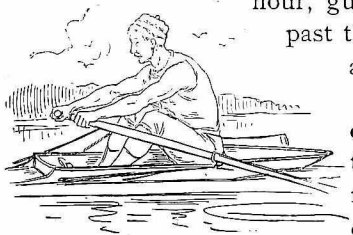
Just as the steamer comes in sight of Morrisburg, with its spires and roof tops rising from amid the trees, we find ourselves, on rounding an intervening point, in full view of the Rapids du Plat, as they swirl their dark green waters among a group of wooded islands and beneath the shadow of their overhanging trees.

After shooting the Du Plat, the steamer glides with steadily increasing motion, past a picturesque point named Woodlands and in among bolder shores, on the north side of Croyles Island, into sight of the turbulent surface of the Long Sault with its snow-crested billows of raging water. This, the first one of the really remarkable rapids of the St. Lawrence, extends some nine miles down stream to Cornwall, divided into two main channels by numerous beautifully



A RICHELIEU STEAMER ENTERING THE LACHINE RAPIDS—PRESENT.

wooded islands which enhance the striking character of the scene. The "shooting of the rapids," as the descent by boat is called, is a most exciting experience which only they can know who have passed through it. We see before us a seething mass of churning waters, rushing with headlong speed down a decided declivity which stretches ahead, apparently without termination, far as the eye can reach. Each moment we feel ourselves and our great vessel being further drawn into the Charybdis jaws of the mighty current, among its angry darkling eddies, past jutting headlands, close to insidious rocks, while the roar of the surges, the foaming spray that dashes over the vessel, intensifies the excitement caused by her swift downward and undulating movement. With her steam almost completely shut off, she dashes in among the waves that seem to advance to meet her up the hill, and is carried along, by sheer force of the current, at a speed of twenty miles an hour, guided alone by the extra-manned helm, past the dangerous places amid the ocean roar and tumult of the lashing surf.



The passage is undoubtedly one of danger, for if the vessel should veer from the direct course or "broach to," in nautical language, she would be immediately capsized and either hurled upon the imminent rocks or be sunk, with her human freight, beneath the tumultuous avalanche of water. On this account, navigation of the Long Sault requires exceptional nerve and precision in piloting as well as extra power to control the helm. Hence in "shooting the rapids," the rudder is provided with a tiller (besides the regular apparatus), and this is manned while four men are kept at the wheel to ensure safe steering. And, as a result of such precautions, fatal accidents never occur.

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

As we hurry on into the smoother waters at the foot of the Long Sault, we notice from the decks, as we pass the steep sides of a little

island which intervenes, the Indian village of St. Regis, with its little cluster of houses and the glittering roof of its church standing conspicuously among them. This church, or rather its bell, is connected with an historical incident of savage Indian revenge, in the early days. On its passage from France, the bell was captured by

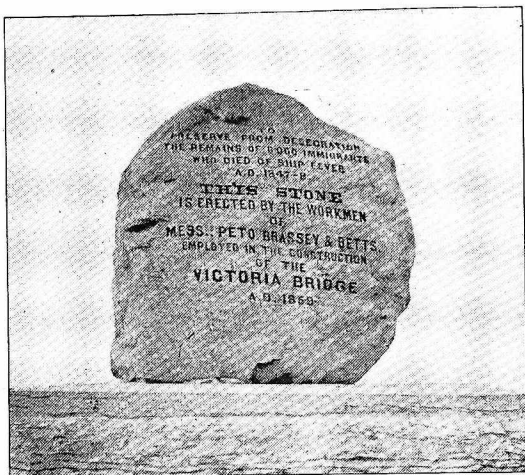


OLD WINDMILL ON THE LOWER LACHINE ROAD.

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

A canal twelve miles long, with seven locks, has been constructed on the Canadian side, and offers safe passage down for such craft as dare not venture themselves upon the merciless current of the rapids, and upward passage for all shipping since none can steam up the Long Sault. At the head of this canal is Dickinson's Landing,

a village of some 500 inhabitants, while at the foot thereof is the town of Cornwall.



IMMIGRANTS' MEMORIAL STONE.

This has, in recent years, become an important manufacturing centre by reason of its large blanket factory and cotton mill. The boundary line between the United States and Canada passes near the village. The line is marked by a flag-staff on one of the islands and henceforth the

broad stream of the St. Lawrence flows entirely within the British Dominion.

About Cornwall, the St. Lawrence expands into the beautiful Lake St. Francis, which extends between curving shores forty-five miles down to Coteau du Lac, and the islands which herald the next rapids. This lake, with its farmlands and its woods, marked here and there by tents and summer residences, with its pretty little islands strewn at intervals along its bosom, with its distant view of the eternal hills of Chateauguay—a spur of the Adirondacks—is an exceptionally attractive place.

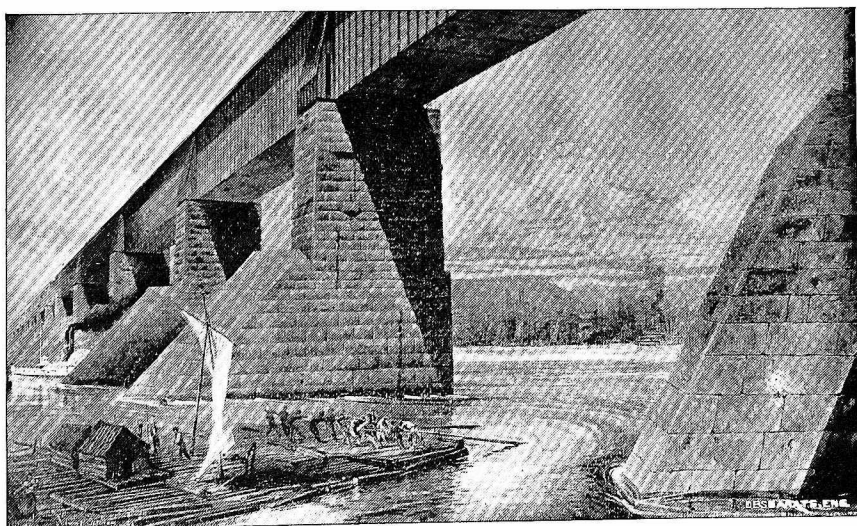
At the foot of the lake, the steamer draws up before the long wooden pier of Coteau du Lac, with the grey stone and gleaming spire of its church towering above the straggling rows of little French houses. It is said that the sunsets over Lake St. Francis, seen from this place, are exceedingly beautiful as they throw their golden radiance over its long smooth surface. These sunsets can be enjoyed on the return trip of the steamer.

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

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

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

But scarcely has she left the Cedars when she enters what on approach bodes to be the most perilous of all—the Split Rock Rapids—sentineled by huge boulders guarding the entry. One cannot help a shudder of fear as with bated breath he sees the ship



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

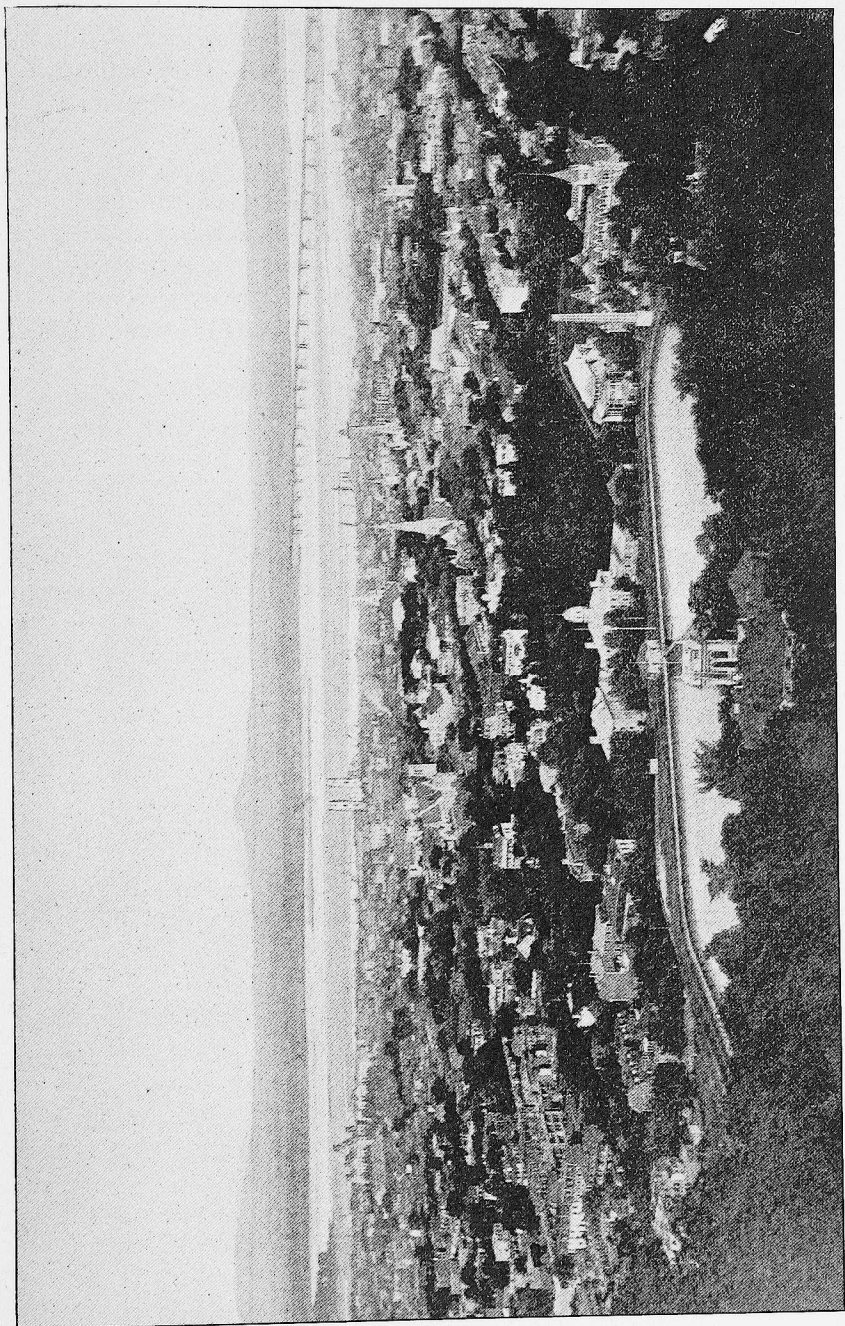
approaching this threatening rock, but the skilful hand of the helmsman, at the opportune moment, deftly turns the boat aside and we glide away unscathed.

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

Below the Cascades, the river again expands into a lake, St. Louis. Almost at its head, where the Cascades' seething waters soften into calm, the Ottawa River discharges one of its branches by divided channels into the broad St. Lawrence, and the dark waters of the northern stream glide into the calm deep bosom of the great river to find a purer home and greater glory in the resplendent beauty of the lake. On a high spot, along the south shore of this beautiful St. Louis Lake, is a cross reared like the serpent in the wilderness for men to look unto in time of peril and distress—symbols not only of human weakness and human need, but of the divine support by faith in Him who, raised upon the cross, was typified by the brazen symbol of the Arabian wilds. The scenery is very fine along this lake. Calm and shadowy, the Chateauguay hills rear their lofty heads behind the trees, while moving clouds cast their transient shadows here and there athwart their forms. Down the St. Lawrence the dim outline of Mount Royal can be seen while further on, the cloudy tops of Belœil, St. John and Shefford begin to loom against the sky.

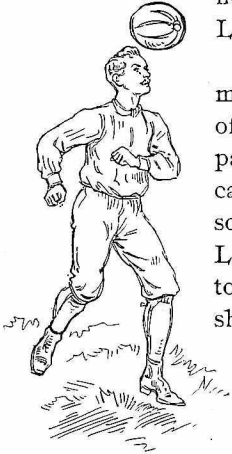
From the point of confluence of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence in Lake St. Louis, the shore, on our left as we go down, is the Island of Montreal. Along its margin can be seen the tinted cottages of campers from Montreal who come here in large numbers from the city to spend the summer months. It is a most pleasant place of resort both on account of its convenient proximity to the city and on account of its engaging scenery and wholesome surroundings. There are several yacht and boating club houses here and there, such as the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club House, a little above the head of Dorval Island, also the Forest and Stream Club.

After issuing from this lake, we come to the town of Lachine, nine miles from Montreal. Its name was given it, by the early



MONTREAL, FROM THE MOUNTAIN PARK.

settlers, because they thought they had found a road there which would lead them to China. It was from this place, then known as La Chine, that La Salle, the intrepid explorer and discoverer of the Mississippi, started on his expedition to find a north-west passage to China. The upper portion of Lachine is a favourite summer resort of Montrealers.



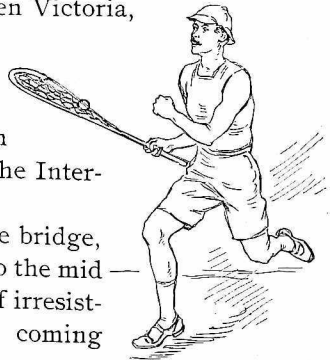
At this village, the famous Lachine Canal commences, having been built to overcome the descent of the river in the Lachine Rapids. Even as we pass along, we can see the enclosed waters of the canal bearing upon their bosom the huge form of some up going steamer. It is to this little village of Lachine that people come from Montreal by train to shoot the rapids. A most exciting method is to shoot the rapids in a skiff, under the skillful guidance of the Indians as is shown in cut on page 48.

It is apparently, at first sight, impossible for so small a boat to live in so wild a current of waters, but the Indians are so thoroughly acquainted with the shoals and dangerous places, as well as with the frantic humours of the fierce current that the feat is sometimes risked by those seeking excitement.

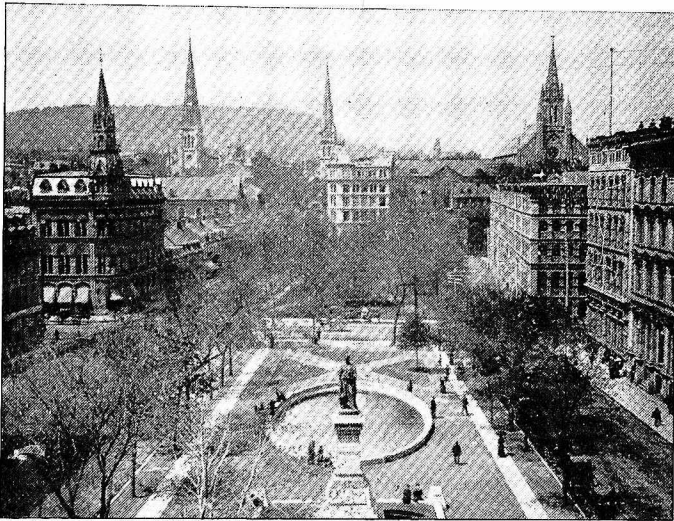
Across from Lachine is the Indian village, Caughnawaga, on the south bank of the river. Its name, meaning "praying Indian," is very appropriately attached to the inhabitants who are devoted adherents of the Roman Catholic faith and annually, in June, join in the celebration of the Fête-Dieu, accoutred in their tribal paint and ornaments. The village is distinguished for its lacrosse players. From among its numbers were chosen the original part of the team which played before Queen Victoria, in 1876.

After passing this village, we come to the magnificent iron bridge of the C. P. R. It is a beautiful structure built on the cantilever principle, much resembling the International Railway Bridge at Niagara.

**LACHINE RAPIDS.** Passing under the bridge, the steamer glides into the mid-stream that moves with the calm majesty of irresistible power and speed, indicative of the coming



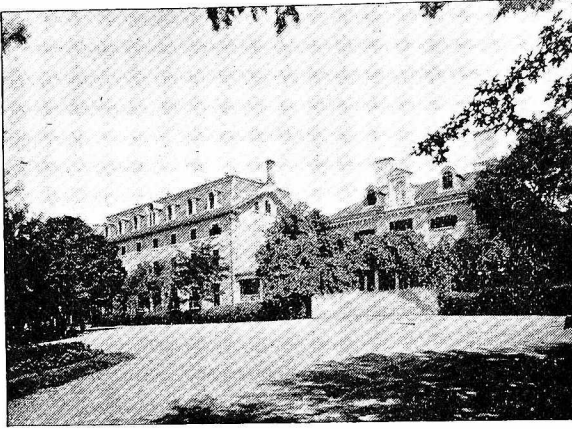
rapids, which appear full in view as we sweep around an intercepting curve, among rocks clad with trailing creepers and banks lined with towering elms. And now we are before the fiercest, most celebrated, most difficult of navigation as well as the last of the great St. Lawrence rapids—the Lachine. A universal stillness reigns among the passengers on deck, and their hearts throb with a dubious expectation as they look forward to the glittering sheet of foaming breakers ahead, with their two little green islets, dashing through the spray. Human speech can find no tongue in such a scene, but awe and the overpowering sense of the mighty forces in raging



VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.

activity around, inspires the thrilling stillness of a mingled fear and pleasure into every soul—fear at the awful possibility of some miscarriage in our descent, pleasure in the triumphant exhibition of the “flash and cloud of the cascade, of the earthquake and foam-fire of the cataract” combined with the howling multitude of waters and the vast sweep and surging of the ocean wave. In we plunge among the breakers, and the headlong current bears us towards the shelving and insidious rocks, sometimes hidden, sometimes disclosed to view with the dark suggestion of others couched unseen beneath the water. Deftly we pass them by within a few yards of their treacherous edges, through foam, through mountain billows, with our

bows sometimes apparently submerged, through hurrying eddy and swirling whirlpool, through clouds of spray ascending from the churning abyss crowned with the iridescence of a hundred rainbows, and amid the thunderous voices of the surging deeps. A moment



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

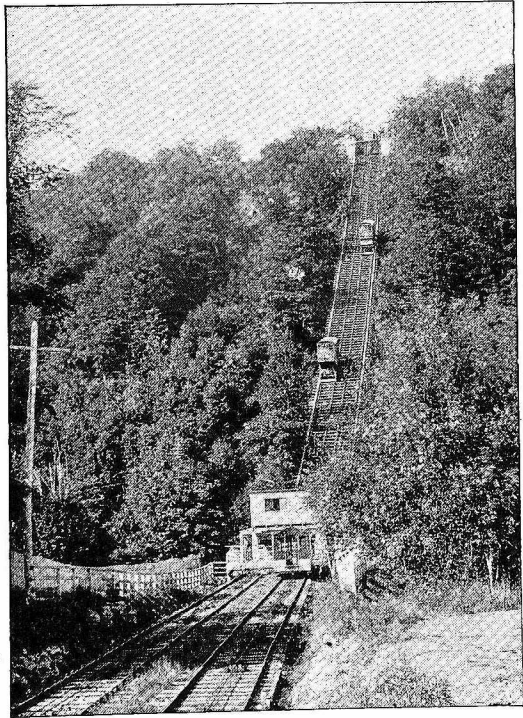
more, we have completed the descent and ride in tranquility the placid bosom of the river beneath, with a sense of relief born of the contemplated dangers past. Had we but deviated to right or left by so much as a few yards, or cast our length

athwart the stream, we had been hurled, by the angry current, upon the rocks to utter wreck, or instantly capsized, submerged and rolled amid a raging wilderness of waves. But the cool hand and clear eye of the pilot is equal to the perilous work, and it is a notable fact that no accident of any consequence has ever happened, nor has a single life been lost in the course of many years of steamboat navigation on these wonderful rapids.

Passing by the beautifully wooded shores of Nun's Island, we come before the famous Victoria Bridge—one of the wonders of the continent and one of the greatest engineering achievements of the age. It connects Montreal with the south shore of the St. Lawrence by the Grand Trunk Railway and thus, with the Canadian Pacific Railway Bridge above, provides the alternate route by rail across the river. It is built of iron on the tubular principle. There are two abutments and twenty-four piers of solid masonry, extending in all some two miles. The tube, through which the trains pass, is some twenty-two feet high by sixteen feet wide. The structure cost \$6,300,000. It is the product of the same minds that spanned the Menai Straits, Robert Stephenson and A. M. Ross, and it stands a lasting monument to their genius, the embodiment in iron and stone

of the glorious ideas which gave it birth. It is a striking contrast to the more modern Canadian Pacific Railway bridge with its lighter, more aerial structure. The latter gives the impression of neatness, even of frailty, while the former has stamped upon its face the mark of massiveness and enduring power, like the great primeval works of nature made to stand forever. It is a grand sight to stand upon this bridge, looking forth from one of the openings in the central piers, and watch the shipping passing underneath upon the bosom of the curling waters, to see the hurrying stream gather in mounds before each pier, then glide away on either side in angry eddy and in wave, to look along the row of massive piers converging in the distance, with the great iron tube upon their shoulders, reaching into Montreal.

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



ELEVATOR ON THE EASTERN SLOPE OF MOUNT ROYAL.

Away ahead we catch a glimpse of the towers of Notre Dame and the massive dome of St. Peter's rising above the other structures, giving us a distant foretaste, in their sunset glory, of the myriad beauties which lie wrapt in the hidden bosom of the splendid city. We come to port near St. Helen's Island, once a military stronghold, but now transformed into a magnificent park, the steamer first stopping at Commissioners' Wharf to discharge its Quebec passengers, and then continuing to canal basin where we disembark. We must next find our quarters for the night, for it is already approaching, and let the thronging scenes, passed through on the trip, fade off to give place for the coming wonders of the royal city which we will view on the morrow.



CUSTOM HOUSE, MONTREAL.

## MONTREAL,

THE CITY OF THE ROYAL MOUNTAIN, THE COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS  
OF CANADA.

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"He told them of the river whose mighty current gave  
Its freshness, for a hundred leagues, to Ocean's briny wave;  
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,  
What time he rear'd the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height."  
T. D. MCGEE.

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Since that day, whose story McGee has woven into song, when the French navigator returned to lay before his monarch the record of all he had discovered, of the grand dominion that he had given to France, three centuries and a half have rolled away into the boundless, eternal ocean. Two centuries and a half have swept past, like clouds, over the face of a blue Canadian sky, since at the foot of the majestic mountain—called, by Cartier, Mount Royal—the pioneer and explorer De Maisonneuve laid the foundations of what was destined to become the commercial metropolis of Canada. While it is true that Quebec is *par excellence* the historic city of Canada, in fact of this northern portion of our continent, still, Montreal has some of the most interesting of memorials to attract the student of history, and such as the tourist loves to explore and develop. We will linger together, for a few hours, in and around this peculiarly situated city, which is a veritable connecting-link between the days gone by and the days that are.

Montreal once nestled between the foot of Mount Royal and the flood of the majestic St. Lawrence. But of late years, within the last quarter of a century particularly, the city has so expanded, its avenues have so far stretched in all directions, its rising



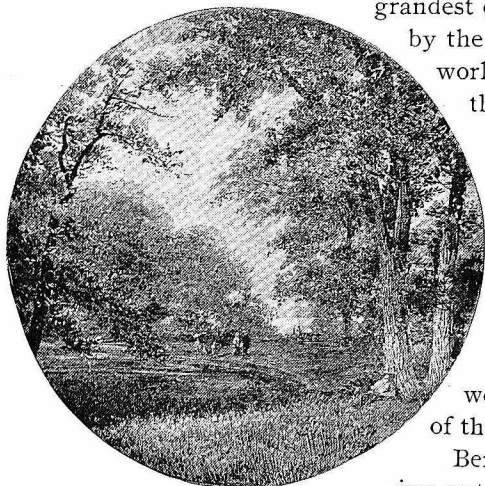
THE OLD BATTERY, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

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 and west, running riot into the adjoining districts. It is from the Mountain Park, on the summit of Mount Royal, one of the

grandest on the continent, approached by the most charming drives in the world, that the best *coup d'œil* of

the city and its surroundings is to be obtained. The Mountain rises over seven hundred feet above the level of the river and the park thereon covers four hundred and thirty acres.

From the "lookout" on the Mountain summit, we will take a bird's eye view of the city.



ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

Beneath our feet, and spreading out on all sides, in grand and solid proportions, with broad paved

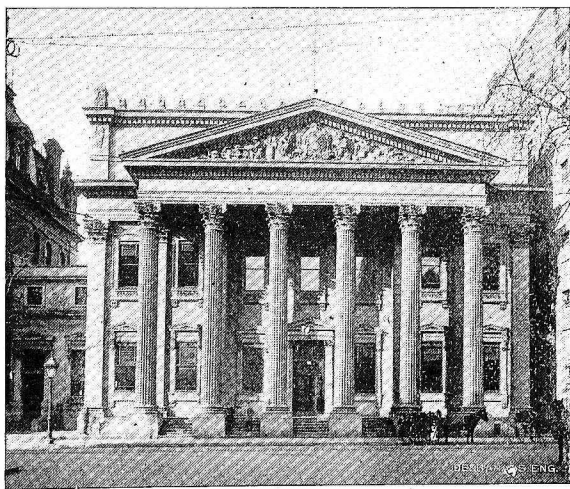
avenues, maple-adorned streets, brilliant squares, open parks, hundreds of spires, cupolas and domes, and high above all, rising conspicuously, the huge towers of Notre Dame and the colossal form of St. James' Cathedral (a fac simile of St. Peter's in Rome), we behold the Montreal of to-day. Montreal with its wealth and poverty, its grandeur and its beauty, its museums, its art-galleries and libraries; Montreal with its banks, its vast warehouses; Montreal, in all its attractions, is there before us, not a sound ascending from its life-filled streets, not 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, most of which we shall endeavour to visit.

The scene that frames in the picture of the city is as magnificent as it is varied. 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 dry land, while, from the distance, the world-renowned rapids appear within a stone's throw of the canal boats. Lower down, like a huge leviathan of prehistoric

epochs, stretched across the broad St. Lawrence, pier after pier, and span after span, the Victoria Bridge flings its huge proportions. 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 wharves. Over its magazine-crowned hillocks, from our present standpoint, 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 of thousands of Montreal's citizens. Broader grows the St. Lawrence, and faintly distant appear the sparkling steeples of Boucherville and Varennes as they glisten 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 that river, in the regions which the vessel has passed, other scenes and other events await our coming.

#### THE CITY SQUARES.

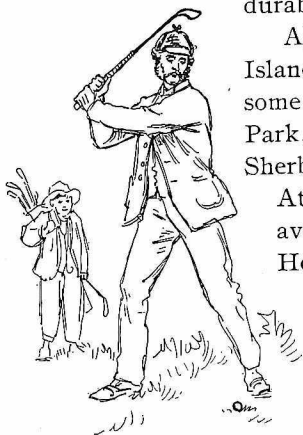
As the starting point, we shall take the Windsor Hotel, in front of which lies Dominion Square, divided in two by Dorchester Street, intersected by well laid out walks, rich in the profusion of flower-beds and elaborately designed *parterres*. That square is set in a framework of varied and imposing architecture. The Young Men's Christian Association building—a splendid modern structure of grey-stone and brick



THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

—forms one corner. Opposite is the fac simile of St. Peter's in Rome, the stupendous Cathedral of St. James the Minor. On

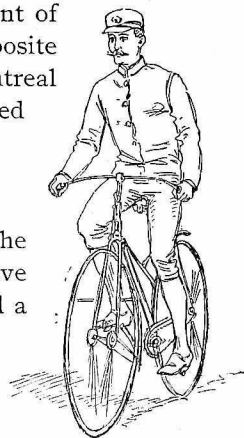
another corner is the Canadian Pacific Railway depot, one of those solid and elaborate edifices, which resembles, in its strength and durability, the immense company that owns it.



Apart from the Mount Royal and St. Helen's Island parks, there are a number of other handsome squares in Montreal. There is the St. Louis Park, in the upper end of the city, not far from Sherbrooke Street and facing St. Denis Street.

At the southern end of the latter residential avenue is the Viger Square. Behind the Court House and City Hall, and facing the drill-shed and armory, is the Champ de Mars, the historic parade ground of Montreal. In front of the City Hall, and extending to the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's wharves, is the Jacques Cartier

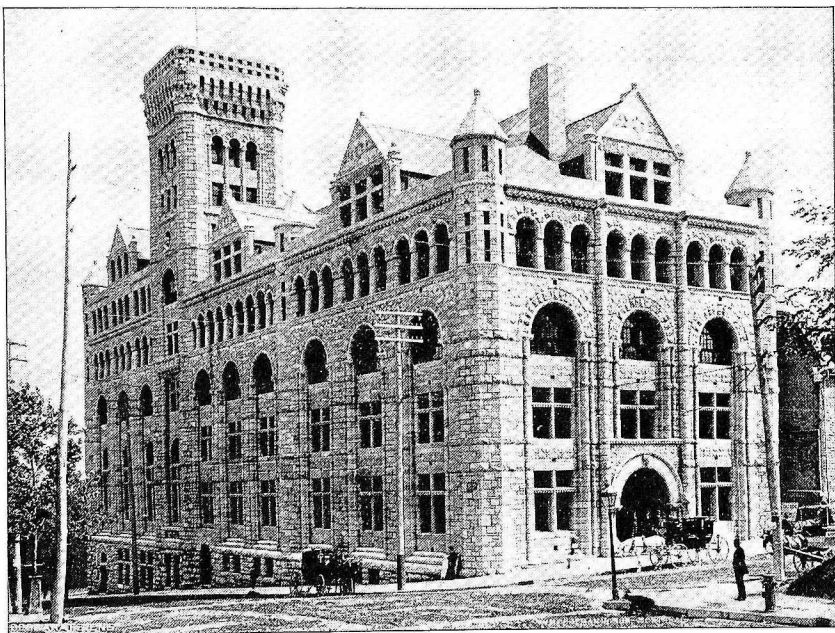
Square, with its fine old column, surmounted by the statue of Nelson. This statue was erected, in 1808, by the Montreal merchants, shortly after the death of the great admiral at Trafalgar. Victoria Square is at the Junction of McGill and St. James streets, on the site of the old hay market. A colossal statue of Queen Victoria, in bronze, by Marshall Wood, an English artist, was erected in 1860, when the Prince of Wales visited Canada, and stands there to-day as perfect as on the day of its completion. In front of the Bank of Montreal, is the Place d'Armes Square. It derives its name from an historic fight between the early colonists and the Iroquois. This square was the ground chosen for the first Roman Catholic cemetery. On one side towers aloft the imposing front of the famed Church of Notre Dame; on the opposite side are the Imperial Building, the Bank of Montreal and the Post Office; on the east is the many-storied New York Life Insurance Building; and on the west some of the finest structures in the city. Besides these principal squares, there are several minor, but very picturesque public grounds; in the east end, the Papineau Square and the Bellerive Park; in the west end, the Richmond Square and a number of other large open squares where the citizens resort to enjoy the fresh air of mountain and river.



Montreal has been called a "City of Churches." Mark Twain once remarked that he never saw so many churches, within a stone's throw of each other. Not

**THE CHURCHES OF MONTREAL.**

only are they numerous, but of all sizes, forms, styles of architecture and peculiarities of situation. There are seventy-six, apart from chapels and private places of worship. There are twenty Roman Catholic churches, eighteen

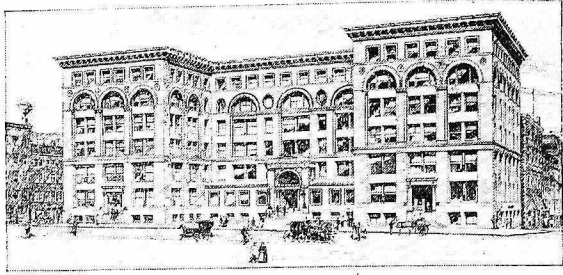


WINDSOR STREET STATION, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, MONTREAL.

Presbyterian, fourteen Episcopal, one Reformed Episcopal, twelve Methodist, three Congregational, four Baptist, one Swedenborgian, one United Free Church, one Lutheran, one Unitarian, and three Jewish Synagogues. To visit all would be impossible, and still more would it be to describe even the principal ones of the number. It becomes absolutely necessary that the tourist should go from one to the other and secure the different guide-books descriptive of the decorations, paintings and ornamentations.

The first grand church, that looms up before the tourist, is the Cathedral of St. James the Minor. It faces northward and sides on

Dominion Square, opposite the Windsor Hotel. Many erroneously call this immense temple "St. Peter's," because it has been constructed after the model of St. Peter's at Rome. The foundation was laid in 1868, and last year, on the 1st May, the blessing and inauguration took place amidst most imposing ceremonies. The

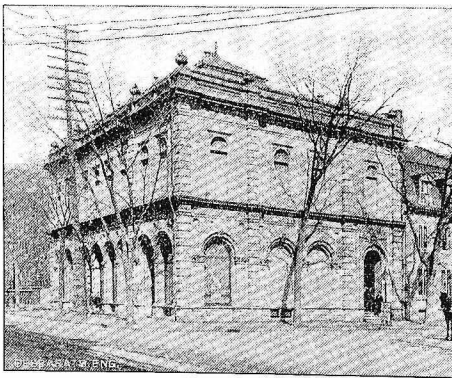


NEW BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

Montreal cathedral is about half the size of the Roman basilica. While smaller in dimensions, yet the Montreal model is perfect in every detail and is of immense proportions. To the top of the cross it is two hundred and fifty-eight feet, that is two hundred and forty to the dome, and eighteen to the summit of the cross, which is twelve feet across and weighs fifteen hundred pounds. The stone work is one hundred and thirty-two feet high. The dome, above this, is one hundred and eight feet. The extreme length of the building is three hundred and thirty-three feet, exterior, and two hundred and ninety-five feet interior. The greatest breadth is two hundred and twenty-two feet exterior, and two hundred and sixteen interior. The walls are between three and four feet thick. The foundation wall is eight feet. The circumference of the outside of the dome is two hundred and forty feet. From all ends of the city

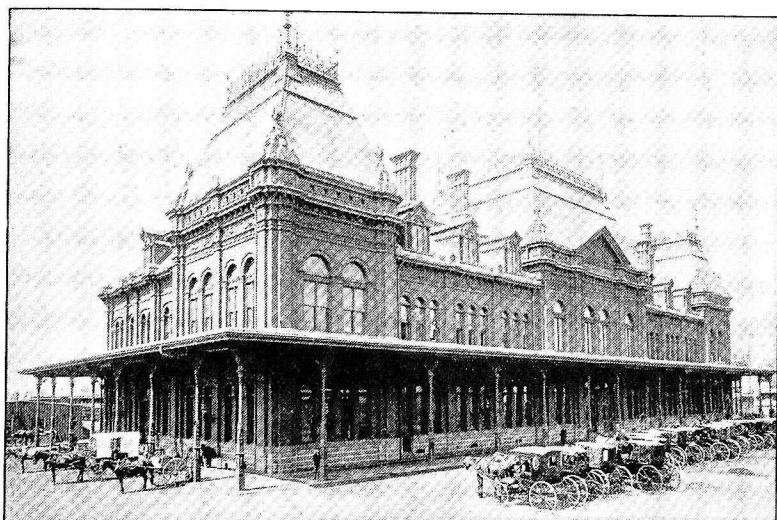
and the surrounding country, this dome can be seen—even as the most famous dome on earth appears over the confusion of Rome's buildings, and out of the solitude of the vast Campagna.

Next in size, and far older in fame, is the parish Church of Notre Dame. It stands on Place d'Armes Square.



ART ASSOCIATION BUILDING, MONTREAL.

This immense church was planned by O'Donnell, a Protestant architect, who personally superintended its construction. The corner stone was laid in 1824, and the first mass was celebrated in 1829. The church holds ten thousand people comfortably, and can give room to fifteen thousand on special occasions. It is two hundred and twenty-five feet long and one hundred and thirty-four feet wide. The two towers are two hundred and twenty-seven feet high. The biggest bell in America, the Great Bourdon, that hangs in one tower, weighs twenty-four thousand seven hundred and eighty pounds, and cost twenty-five thousand dollars. It is eight feet and seven inches in diameter, six feet and nine inches in height, and one inch thick.



BO NAVENTURE DEPOT, G. T. R., MONTREAL.

Besides this, there are ten bells in the other tower. The church cost, it is said, six million dollars, and is, after the Cathedral of Mexico and the new Cathedral of Montreal, the largest temple of worship on the continent. Its internal fittings are admittedly superb. Its pillars, its double rows of galleries, its pulpit, and its altars, are a marvel of decoration, or wood carving. But if Notre Dame proper is a grand and imposing edifice, the Chapel, in rear of the church, surpasses it in gem-like beauty and perfection of painting. This chapel is about completed, and some of the most gifted artists have touched it with their brushes. It is so exceptionally

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exquisite that tourists, who leave the city without visiting it, cannot claim to have seen its churches. From the west tower of this church, a magnificent view of the city may be had by taking the elevator of the tower.

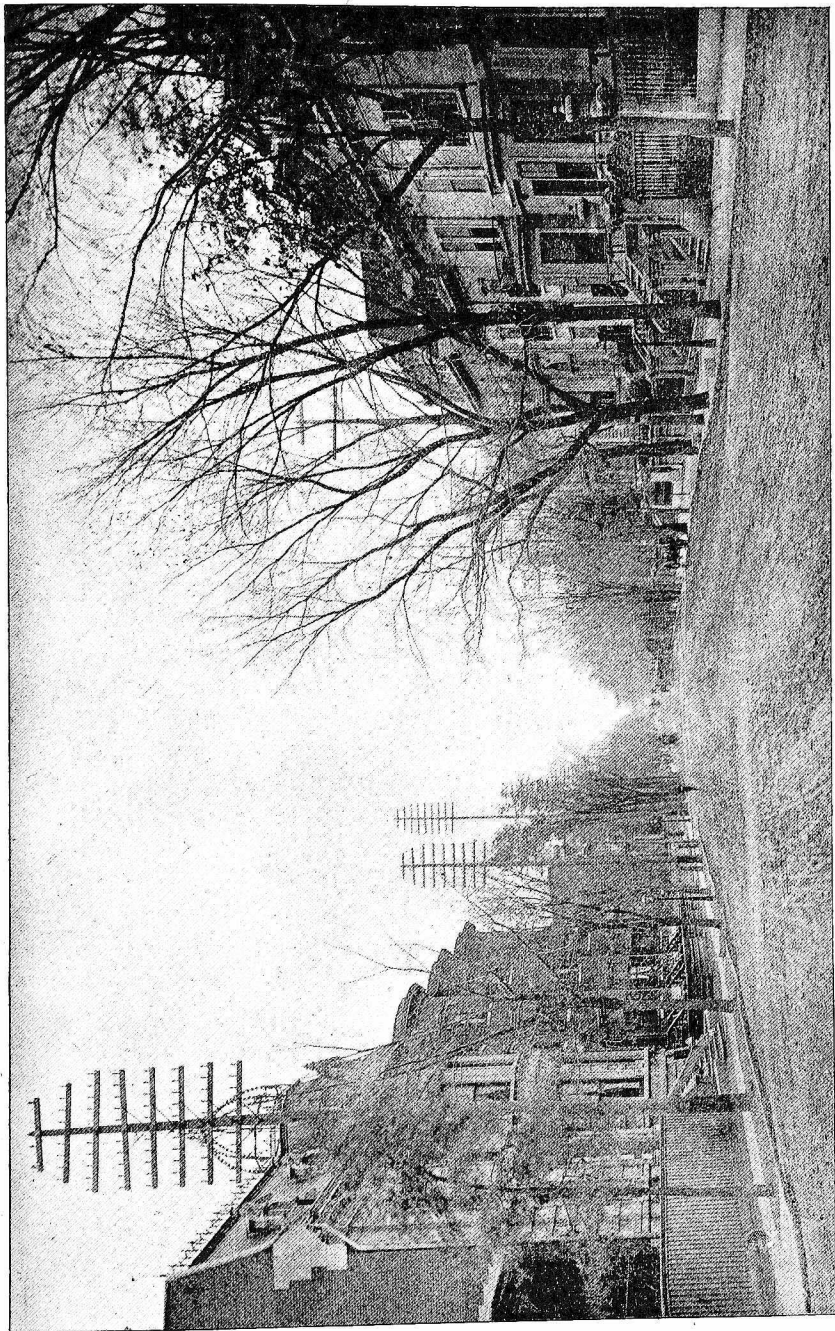
On St. Catherine Street, immediately east of St. Denis, is the gem-like Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes. This was built in 1874. It was erected in honor of the Immaculate Conception and of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadette Soubirous, in the Grotto of Lourdes, in the Upper Pyrénées.

Directly across the street, is the grand structure of St. James Church, the one in which many of the aristocratic French-Canadian families adore. And a little east, on Visitation Street, is St. Peter's Church, a grand building, under the charge of the Oblats of Mary Immaculate. Off Notre Dame Street, at the head of St. Lambert Hill, is the pretty Chapel of our Lady of Pity; it is approached by a monastic-like passage, between commercial houses and through the grey-walled alley that divides it from the old mother house of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

On the wharf, looking out over the river, from the end of the Bonsecours Market, is a most unique chapel—the Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours (Our Lady of Good Help). It is the oldest church in the city, having been built in 1771. On the tower is a colossal statue of Our Lady of Good Help, extending her arms over the St. Lawrence, and apparently embracing with welcome the sea-toilers who come up stream to the great port. An elevator in the church takes us up to the little chapel under the statue.

There remain two Catholic churches that must be visited: the Gesu, or Jesuits' Church, on Bleury Street, and St. Patrick's, on St. Alexander Street. There are a number of other handsome Catholic churches, but they possess less interest for the tourist.

The Jesuit Church—as it is generally called—is after the plan of the Gesu in Rome. On the 19th March, 1864, the site was chosen, and the work of construction commenced. The plan was furnished by Mr. Keely, of Brooklyn, N. Y. It is undoubtedly a high work of art. It was blessed and opened on the 3rd December, 1865. The edifice is one hundred and ninety-two feet in length, and one hundred and forty-four feet wide at the transept; the height in the centre is seventy-five feet. The towers, which will be the principal external attraction, have not yet been built. There is a profusion of altars on both sides of the church, and in the niches and



VII  
VIEW ON SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL, LOOKING WEST.

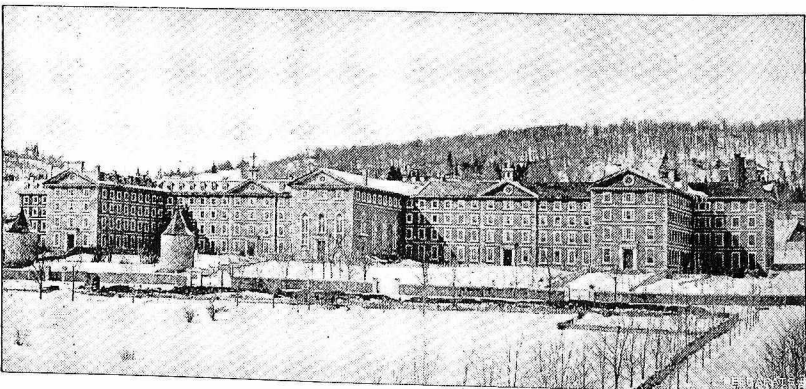
corners. The paintings of the Gesu are, however, the great attraction for all visitors.

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

Of the Protestant churches, the first and most important is Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), on St. Catherine Street.

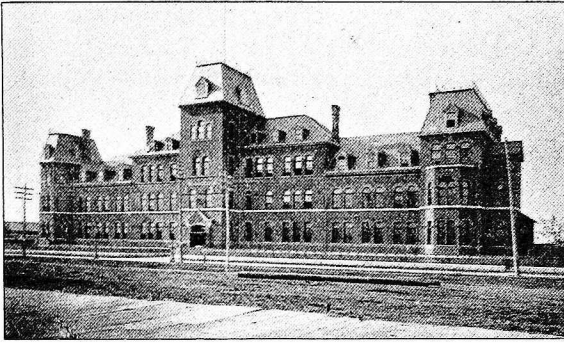
**THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES.** It is, according to most eminent critics, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in North America. In the grounds outside the church is a Gothic memorial monument, upon which the name of the Right Reverend Bishop Fulford—first Anglican bishop of the See—appears, and which is a most elegant and historic piece of workmanship.

Next, in importance and in architecture, come St. George's Church and the Church of St. James the Apostle. On St. Catherine Street, not far from Christ Church Cathedral, is one of the most beautiful, in fact one of the very grandest churches in the city—St. James (Methodist) Church. This vast temple stands upon a large square, and amidst a world of busy commerce it rears aloft its reddish sandstone perfections.



MONTREAL COLLEGE.

Of the Presbyterian churches, Crescent Street Church, St. Paul's Church, and the American Presbyterian Church, receive the



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OFFICES, MONTREAL.

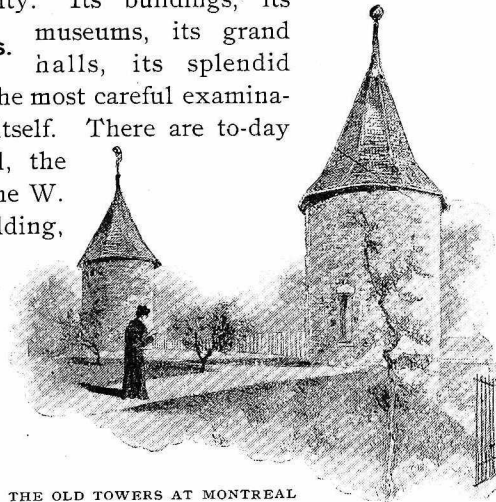
most attention from tourists, on account of the purity of their style of architecture. St. Gabriel Street Presbyterian Church is the oldest Protestant church existing in Canada. It was built one hundred and two years ago—1792. It stands under the shadow of the Court

House, and looks down St. James Street. There is also the Young Men's Christian Association, the oldest institution of its kind in Canada, on Dominion Square, directly opposite the Windsor. The reading-room and library are open all day. Prayer meetings, Sunday services and men's Bible classes are held at regular hours. There is also the Young Women's Christian Association rooms, on Metcalfe Street, a similar and very useful institution.

The most widely known, and important educational establishment is McGill University. Its buildings, its

**EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.**

museums, its grand halls, its splendid grounds, are all worthy of the most careful examination. It is a very city in itself. There are to-day the William Molson Hall, the Peter Redpath Museum, the W. C. McDonald Physics Building, the Thomas Workman Department of Mechanical Engineering, and the W. C. McDonald Engineering Building and Library, besides the many endowed chairs, exhibitions and scholar-

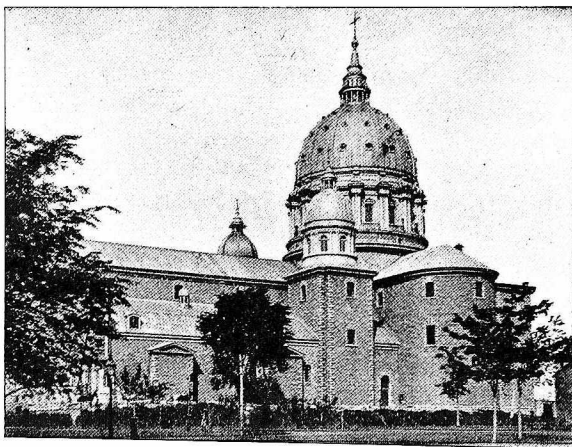


THE OLD TOWERS AT MONTREAL COLLEGE.

ships, to tell the world what has been done for higher education in Montreal. No tourist should leave the city without first having spent a full day, or at least part of a day, in and around McGill. It is the Oxford of this country. Its museum, library, galleries of collections and numerous other attractions can be fully studied by aid of the university annual catalogue, and by a personal visit to its halls.

There is another prominent Protestant institution known as the Presbyterian College of Montreal, devoted to the education and training of missionaries and clergymen, connected with the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

Near the foot of the mountain, on Sherbrooke Street, stands the



ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

Montreal College, under the Sulpicians. This is one of the best classical colleges in America. In connection with it is the Grand Seminary, and recently a new school of philosophy has been built to accommodate the students in that advanced branch.

It has sent forth priests to almost every diocese in the United States, and is considered one of the best theological institutions on the continent.

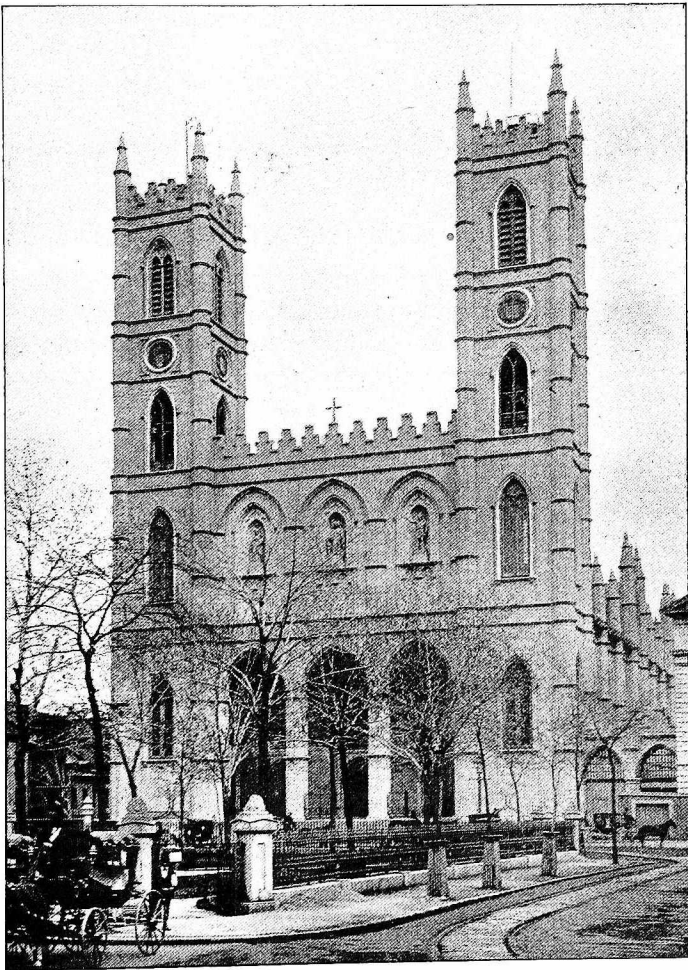
Besides these, there are dozens of schools, academies, colleges and classes in the city.

What might be called the public buildings proper, are of a class equal to those in any city on the continent, and superior, in proportion to Montreal's extent and population, to those in any city that the ordinary tourist may chance to visit. The Court House, which has recently been improved and enlarged, is a most massive edifice, looking out upon Notre Dame Street, and giving back upon the Champ de Mars and the whole

#### **PUBLIC BUILDINGS.**

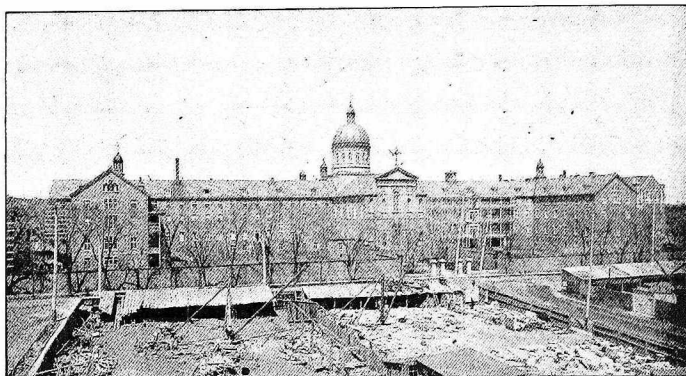
northern section of the city. Side by side with the Court House, is the new City Hall. This building contains all the civic or municipal offices, and is a vast structure of cut stone, with a very imposing front, while being airy and comfortable within.

The Bonsecours Market should be seen on Tuesday, or on Friday ; these are the market days, and no pen could ever picture the wonderful scene of regular confusion, the hubbub, the clatter, the din, that seem to surge and swell around the base of that



THE CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME.

immense building. The Custom House, the Examining Warehouse, the Harbour Commissioners' Building, the Inland Revenue Office, and the magnificent Board of Trade Building, all seem crowded into a small—and yet very large—space between the river front and Notre Dame Street. Of these, the Board of Trade Building, which



HOTEL-DIEU.

is an elaborately constructed red sand-stone building, with well furnished offices, restaurant, reading-room, exchange, and several meeting rooms, is a picture of internal perfection of arrangement. There is the Dalhousie Station in the east end, which forms the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway's Quebec line, and is also the grand shipping depot, at which the ocean-bound vessels get their precious loads of grain and cattle for Europe. But in the west end are the Bonaventure—or Grand Trunk Station,—and the Windsor—or Canadian Pacific Station.

If banks can be styled public buildings, Montreal has a profusion of them, and they are worthy of careful inspection.

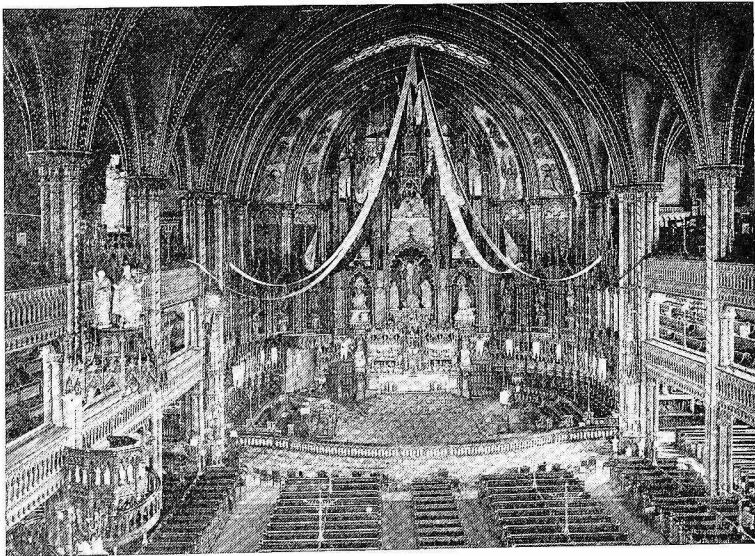
The Bank of Montreal, on Place d'Armes Square, is a massive structure of solid carved stone, with huge Corinthian pillars, supporting a grandly designed portico. Internally it is fitted up in a manner in accord with the millions it represents. On St. James Street also is the Canadian Bank of Commerce, which has its offices in the building of the Standard Insurance Company. The Bank of British North America, on the same street, is a solid, substantial looking edifice. The Merchant's Bank of Canada, and the Molson's Bank, are also on this street. The Molson's, although not as large as some of the other treasure-containing buildings, is a gem of

architecture and richness. The Bank of Toronto has just moved into a new, and one of the most attractive, buildings of the city, on the corner of St. James and McGill streets.

The Jacques Cartier Bank has a pretty building on Place d'Armes Square, and the "Banque Nationale" on the north corner of the square, and last, but not least, the "Banque du Peuple" has just completed a tastefully finished building on St. James Street, a few doors east of Place d'Armes Square.

Although not situated in the city proper, we may well consider the great Victoria Bridge as one of the public structures of Montreal.

**THE VICTORIA  
BRIDGE.** It has long been numbered amongst the eight wonders of the world. "It is one and seven eighths miles long between stone work, and two miles long including approaches. It is made of twenty-five tubes, supported by twenty-four piers, and two end abutments. The lower side of the centre tube is sixty feet above the level of the St. Lawrence. It was erected in 1859, by James Hodges, from the design of Robert Stephenson and Alexander M. Ross." It was inaugurated, by the Prince of Wales when in Canada, in 1860, and called Victoria in honor of the Queen.



INTERIOR OF NOTRE-DAME CHURCH.

If Montreal is a city of churches, it is none the less one of benevolent and charitable institutions. There are Protestant, Catholic, French, English, Irish, Scotch, German, Italian **BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.** and Hebrew establishments for the purposes of helping the poor, caring for the sick, protecting the insane, giving homes to the aged and the orphan, and for objects of mutual benefit.

Of the Protestant institutions, the most celebrated are the Insane Asylum, at Verdun, and the Montreal General Hospital, on Dorchester Street. The General Hospital was founded in 1822, and has increased yearly in influence and strength.. Up by the mountain, right under its frowning southern declivities, looking out over Fletcher's Field, in one of the most healthy localities in all the city, is the grand and imposing structure of the Royal Victoria Hospital.

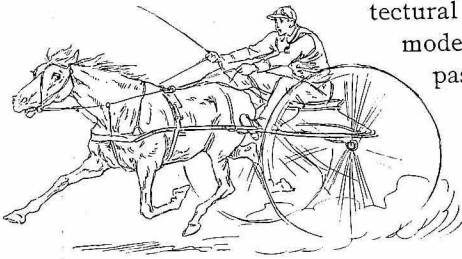
This institution, both from an architectural standpoint and that of its modern accommodations, is unsurpassed on the continent. The existence of this hospital is due principally to two of the millionaire merchants of the city, Sir Donald A. Smith, and Lord Mount Stephen.

There are several smaller, but equally necessary Protestant institutions.

Turning to the Catholic institutions, we find that the Hôtel-Dieu Hospital is the oldest establishment of the kind in the city. It was founded in 1644. It is under the care of the Hospital nuns who came here, with Mlle Mance, in the days of de Maisonneuve.

The next most important Roman Catholic hospital is that of Notre Dame. Although specially under the governorship of Catholics, its doors are open to the sick of all denominations. It is situated on Notre Dame Street, near the Canadian Pacific East End Railway Station, and has an ambulance service—even as has the General Hospital.

The Sisters of Providence have eight institutions in Montreal, and have charge of the Insane Asylum at Long Point. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have an institution on Sherbrooke Street, where females who are homeless or have fallen into moral misfortune are cared for. It is an immense establishment, and, as in the case

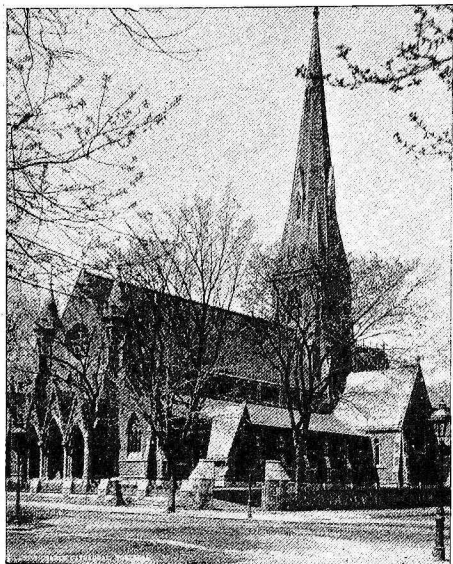




MONTREAL, LOOKING NORTH-WEST, FROM TOWERS OF NOTRE-DAME.

of the Hôtel-Dieu, the nuns are cloistered; but the chapel—or church—is public.

There remains one grand institution that we speak of last,



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

because it deserves more attention than, perhaps, any other similar establishment. It is the Grey Nunnery, on the corner of Guy and Dorchester streets. What a wonderful building; a very town in itself. Its grounds seem limitless, and its lengthy corridors appear to stretch off into endless vistas, and to divide into a very labyrinth of high, clean, elegant, airy, passages. In former days, this was an hospital; but at present it might be more properly styled a foundling institution, and a home for the aged.

Montreal contains some magnificent libraries and institutions where the literature of the country is encouraged and where the citizens may glean knowledge while breathing the pure and elevated atmosphere of the learned and refined.

**SCIENCE, LITERATURE  
AND ARTS.**

The McGill College Library contains twenty-five thousand volumes; the Advocate's Library, in the Court House, contains fifteen thousand volumes; the Presbyterian College Library contains ten thousand volumes, and the Montreal College Library (Catholic) contains as many volumes as the three put together, it is said to hold fifty thousand books. Besides these, there are public libraries at the Mechanics' Institute, the Fraser Institute, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Jesuit College, and in many of the other city institutions. There are a number of musical societies in Montreal; amongst them, the most noted and most thoroughly organized is the Philharmonic Society. Then there is the Art Association, whose building, on Phillips Square, off St. Catherine Street, should

be visited by every lover of painting and sculpture. The institution was founded by the late Bishop Fulford and the late Bediah Gibb. The collection, which is augmented every year, is a permanent one. The galleries are open all day long ; a small fee of twenty-five cents is charged, but on Saturday, except in case of some special exhibition, the doors are open to the public and admission is free.

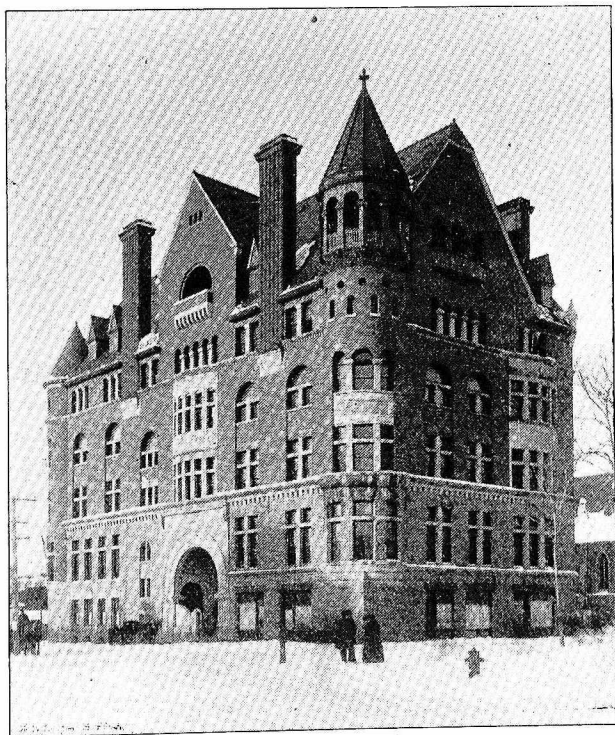
Apart from the Art Gallery is the Natural History Society's Museum on University Street.

Montreal is not only a religious city, it is also a city of amusements. In the first place, it is the grand centre of the national game of lacrosse. Its teams have for years held the world's championship for that most splendid form of exercise.

**PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.**

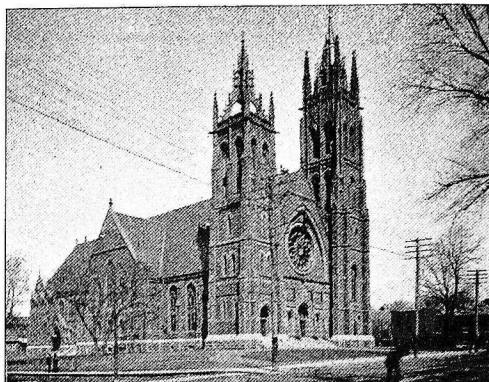
Any tourist, who happens to reach Montreal towards the end of a week in summer, is almost certain to be on time for a good lacrosse game. As to theatres, there are no end of them. Adjoining the Windsor Hotel is the Windsor Hall, which is principally

leased for lectures and concerts. A couple of blocks further down St. Catherine Street are the Academy of Music and the Queen's Theatre—both first-class in all their accommodations. And on St. Catherine Street, east of St. Dominique, is the French Theatre, a very popular resort with

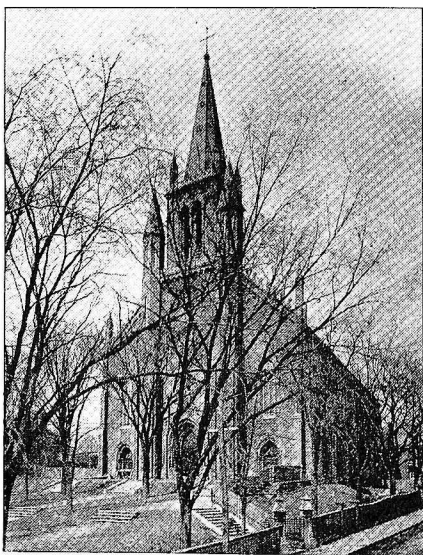


YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

the French citizens. Apart from these are numerous halls—notably that in the Monument National on St. Lawrence Street. Of course, in winter Montreal has its tobogganing, skating, and its gymnastic halls, but, as far as the general tourist is concerned, even in mid-summer, there is generally something going on at the Academy, Queen's Hall, or Windsor, that will satisfy the visitor with an evening's entertainment, and the winter out-door sports are replaced by lacrosse, foot-ball, golf and tennis, and yachting and boating at the various summer resorts in the vicinity.



ST. JAMES METHODIST CHURCH.



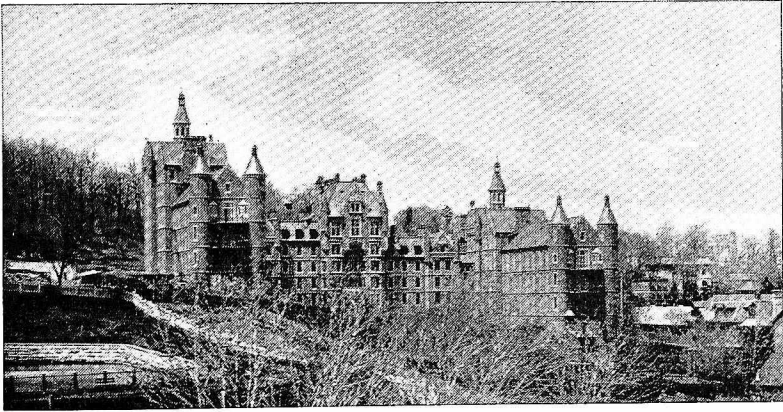
ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

extent, with the  
**HISTORICAL** Montreal of to-day,  
**ITEMS.** we shall now ask  
 them to bear with us for a short time while we call up the memories of the past, and with them the scenes and events that bind them with the present. Through the vistas of time, we look back upon the dead by-gone, and lo! two hundred and fifty years, with all their changes and transformations, rush, in panoramic rapidity, before the eye.

Out of the distance appears a caravel, and at its prow stands Jacques Cartier, the

discoverer of Canada. It is the year 1535, and the season is advanced. The vessel touches the shores of the island, and the devout crew descends from the deck. Through a very wilderness of trees, they move towards the foot of the mountain, when suddenly a clearance opens out before them, dotted with primitive wigwams, from which a lazy smoke curls aloft. The occupants of the different tents come forth, at their head a feathered chieftan; they pause in awe, admiration and wonder, for they have never seen such a display as that which dawns upon them. They are the Indian inhabitants of the great village of Hochelaga.

Cartier, standing in their midst, tells them, by signs and through the instrumentality of an imperfect interpreter, of his mission.

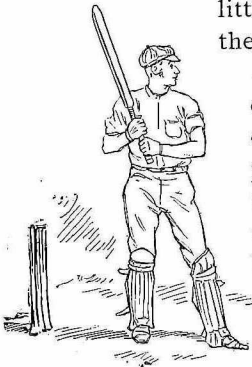


ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL, MONTREAL.

One hundred and seven years roll past. Along the shore there is less forest, and near the river there appears an open space that Cartier did not perceive. Up the stream come a number of vessels. They are loaded with human freight, and gorgeous in the sunlight are the helmets, swords and buckliars of the soldiers that surround the brave and imposing personage who leads. It is de Maisonneuve, the chief of that band which came to settle the Island of Montreal.

With de Maisonneuve came the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, of Troyes, in France, the foundress in Canada of the first educational establishment for young women—the Congregation of Notre Dame. Those were heroic days. While the nun taught and

trained the Indian children in an humble stable that the Governor allowed her to occupy, the leader of the colony kept the Iroquois in check, protected the settlers, encouraged the Indians, and, in a word, laid broad and deep the foundations of Montreal. A year or so later, and we find Mlle Mance, a lady of the royal court of France, exerting herself in the cause of civilization and Christianity. Jean Jacques Olier, a French clergyman, organized the Community of St. Sulpice, and the priests thereof came over to Canada, and received from the French Crown—in perpetuity—immense grants of land on the Island. By degrees, changes came over the scene. The forest gradually disappeared, wooden structures were replaced by firm and antique-looking stone buildings, the Indian wigwams were removed from beyond the fortified limits of the little town, and civilization seemed to blend with the remnants of barbarism.

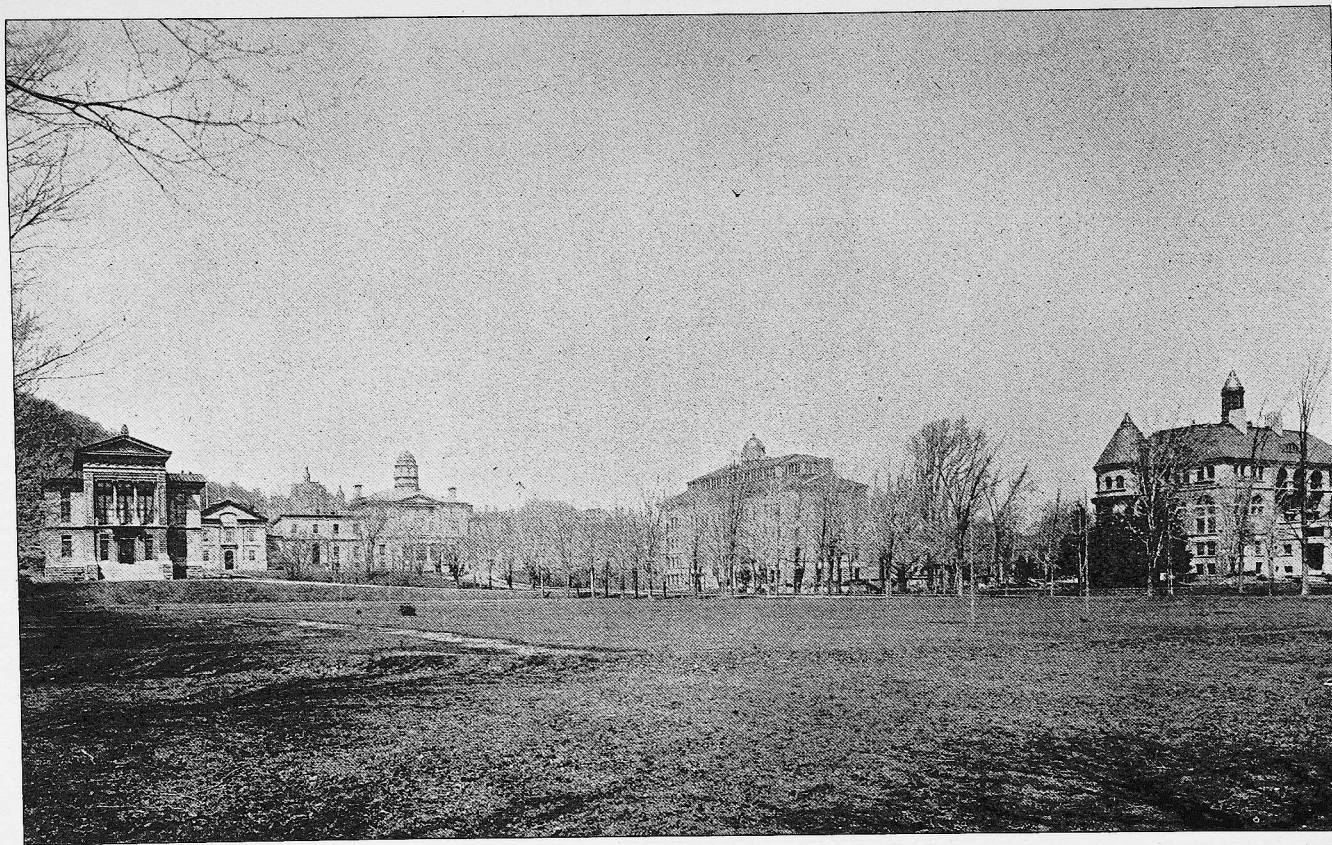


A quarter of a century more, and we behold a commercial city, combined with a military town, occupying the place where not long ago was the primeval forest. At about that period, the liquor traffic began and the agents and factors of the various commercial, or fur-trading companies, brought the "firewater" to stir up the latent passions of Huron and Iroquois. As a result, bloody wars, savage massacres, and nameless outrages terrorized the people.

On the 5th of February, 1665, a fearful earthquake commenced, and, according to the annals of the different archives, the trembling of the earth lasted seven months, fortifications were razed to the ground, the hills seemed to contend for possession of the valleys, and the Indians declared that "the streams ran fire water, and the forests were drunk;" the heavens displayed most wonderful phenomena; lances of fire danced in the sky, and sheets of flame covered the heavens.

But the terrific tornado went past; the elements ceased their warfare; and on the debris of their churches, houses and institutions, the colonists commenced the work of rebuilding the city of the Royal Mountain. Still do we behold the "lily flag" of France, floating from the governor's residence. But another and a mightier change is at hand.

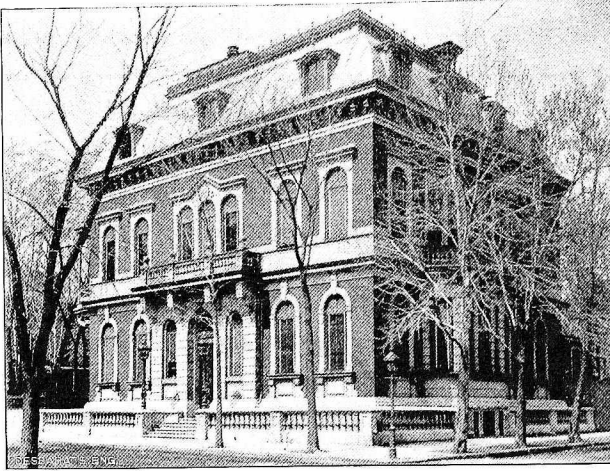
We behold contending forces advancing upon each other. It is no longer the fierce Indians and the sons of old Europe that are in



MCGILL UNIVERSITY AND GROUNDS, SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL.

the arena ; it is the representatives of two great powers, whose arms have clashed against each other on many a field in Europe, that advance in hostile movement to secure or retain possession of this land of promise.

Another century, and we see the city of Montreal surrendered to the British forces, under Generals Murray and Amherst, on the



ST. JAMES CLUB, MONTREAL.

8th September, 1760. This was the signal for the downfall of French power in Canada. Already had Wolfe captured Quebec and died in the arms of victory. The old fortifications, that run along what is now called

Fortification Lane, were rebuilt and patched up after the many hard raps they had received, but it was only to behold another enemy beneath their ramparts. The "Fleur de Lys" was replaced by the red Cross of St. George, the British generals had made Montreal their head-quarters and the focus of all their operations. The French had given over the country, by treaty, to the new masters, but these latter were not destined to remain long in peaceful possession.

Beyond the line forty-five, a world-shaking rebellion had taken place. The United States of America had declared their independence, and turned their attention to Canada. As a result, on the 12th November, 1775, the British were driven out of Montreal, Montgomery set up his tent on Place d'Armes, and over the walls floated the "Stars and Stripes." The story of Montgomery's trials, difficulties, miseries, his long and brave endurance, his attempt to secure Quebec, and his heroic death, have passed into history. Once more, the British were successful, and, on the 15th June, 1776, the "Union Jack" was seen above the fortifications of old Montreal.

With the final capture of Montreal by the English, we may say that its military history ceased. Through the break in the war-cloud, we behold vast vistas of peace and prosperity, until the rebellion of 1837-38, with consequences that only terminated ten years later, rolled its tide over the city.

After the rebellion of 1837-38 was over, Montreal seemed to take a fresh start on the highway of commercial prosperity. The

**THE LAST  
HALF CENTURY.**

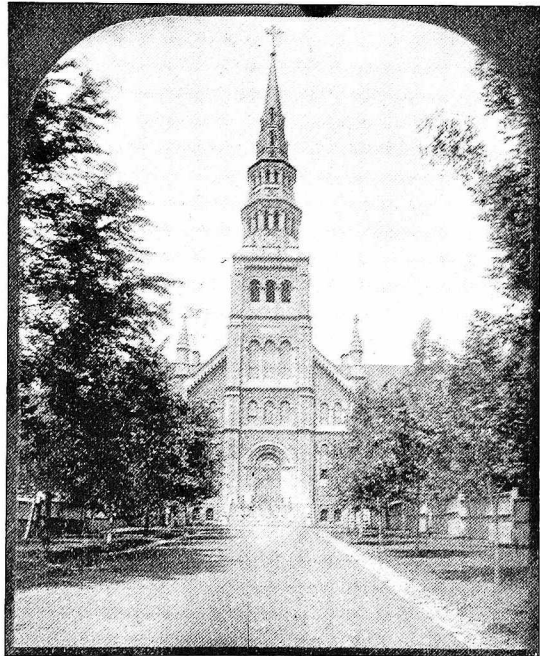
two leading nationalities, the French and English-speaking citizens, joined hands in building up the commercial greatness of their city. The seat of Government at Confederation, in 1867, was removed to Ottawa, the present capital of our dominion, and the city of Montreal—ever increasing, ever changing, ever progressing—became the great emporium of Canada.

The streets were widened; new streets were built up, splendid edifices replaced the remnants of the olden time buildings, and, finally, the whole aspect changed in accordance with the electric age that was coming on.

The journey down the St. Lawrence, from

**DOWN THE  
ST. LAWRENCE.**

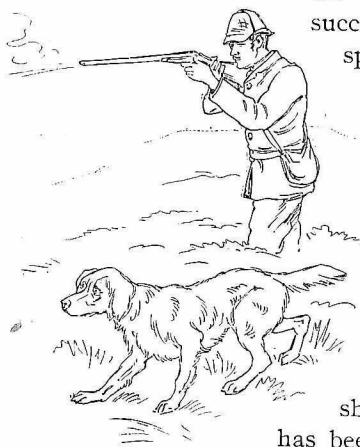
Montreal to Quebec, in one of the palatial steamers that ply on this route, is as pleasant a trip as could be taken anywhere in America.



CHAPEL OF THE GREY NUNNERY, MONTREAL.

Leaving Montreal, usually in the evening, we first pass Longueuil, a small village on the south bank, and the summer residence of many Montrealers. Longueuil is memorable in history for the repulse of General Carleton, in 1775, by the Americans. A little

down on the north shore is Longue Pointe. At a distance of nine miles from Montreal, we see Pointe-aux-Trembles, founded in 1674. Here is one of the old French churches, built in 1709. Soon afterwards, we find ourselves among the Islands of Boucherville. These islands are mostly low and flat, with very shallow water among them, and a thick growth of reeds and weeds, affording excellent duck shooting and pike fishing, but wanting in scenery from their extreme flatness. Here it is that the ice grounds, on the break up of winter, occasionally causing an inundation. At a distance of fifteen miles we pass Varennes, one of the most prettily situated places between Montreal and Quebec. It lies with the St. Lawrence in front and the Richelieu in its rear. Mineral springs of great virtue are situated here. At a distance of forty miles we pass Berthier, on the north shore, opposite to the entrance of the Richelieu, and to numerous islands similar to those of Boucherville, till five miles farther down, at the junction of the Richelieu, we arrive at Sorel, lately raised to the dignity of a city. This place was once called William Henry, after William IV., who, when in the navy, and lying off Quebec, visited this place, coming up in his vessel to Lake St. Peter, whence he took a small boat upwards. It stands on the site of the fort having been built by de Tracy in 1665, and was

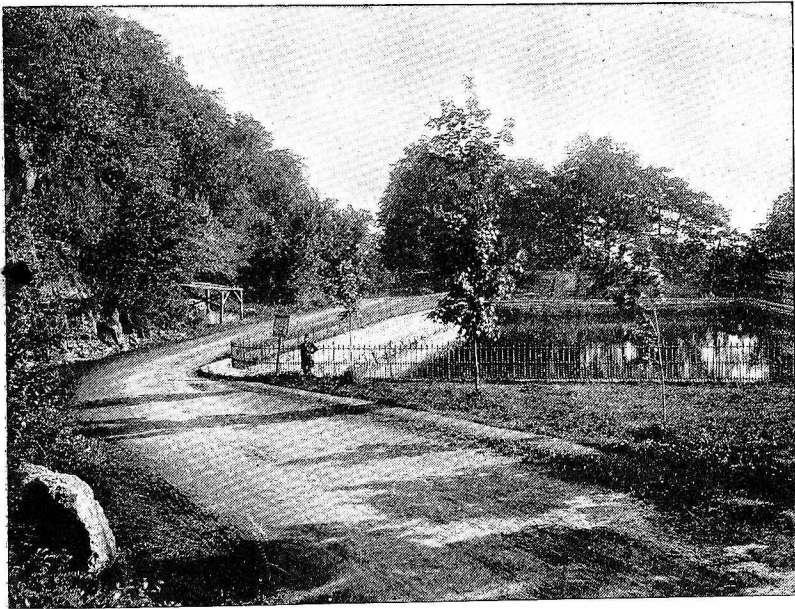


for many years the summer residence of successive governors of Canada. There is splendid snipe shooting in this neighbourhood in October, and very good fishing all through the year, among the numerous islands which here stud the surface of the river. About five miles further down, the river expands into a vast sheet of water, about twenty-five miles long and nine miles broad, which is known as Lake St. Peter.

This lake is for the most part quite shallow, except in the channel, which has been dredged so as to enable the largest ocean steamers to pass up and down without difficulty. In passing through this lake, the traveller is sure to see several rafts on their way downwards. The songs of the raftsmen were once a delightful melody on these waters,

but the towing system has done away with much of the old romance of the river.

Passing the mouth of the St. Francis, which flows in from the Eastern Townships, near which is a settlement of the Abenakis Indians, we arrive at the city of Three Rivers, situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, at the mouth of the St. Maurice River, which here separates into three channels, whence the name of the city is derived, and lying about midway between Quebec and Montreal, being about ninety miles from either of the cities. This is a



MOUNT ROYAL PARK DRIVE, MONTREAL.

most interesting place in many respects. Benjamin Sulte, the French Canadian poet and historian, has worked its mines of historical lore to noble uses, and given it a fame greater than its lumber and iron industries could ever achieve. The French began the smelting of iron here as early as 1737. Three Rivers is the see of a Roman Catholic bishopric. The cathedral is a stately edifice, and the neighbourhood is rich in associations to any one who cares to explore them.

Opposite Three Rivers is Doucet's Landing, the terminus of the Arthabaska and Three Rivers branch of the Grand Trunk Railway,

thus keeping this section easy of access from the south, as the railway on the north shore does on the other side. Here we may be said to be at the head of tide water, the home of the Tommy-cod fishery. Continuing our journey, we pass Batiscan, called after a



THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA, MONTREAL.

famous Indian chief known to the first settlers; then Ste. Anne and the Jacques-Cartier River, after which the land on the river banks begins to rise, presenting a more bold and picturesque appearance as we near Quebec. Ste. Augustine and St. Antoine, two pretty villages, are soon passed, and the mouth of the Chaudière is the next object of interest.

Here, some twelve or more miles from

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

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

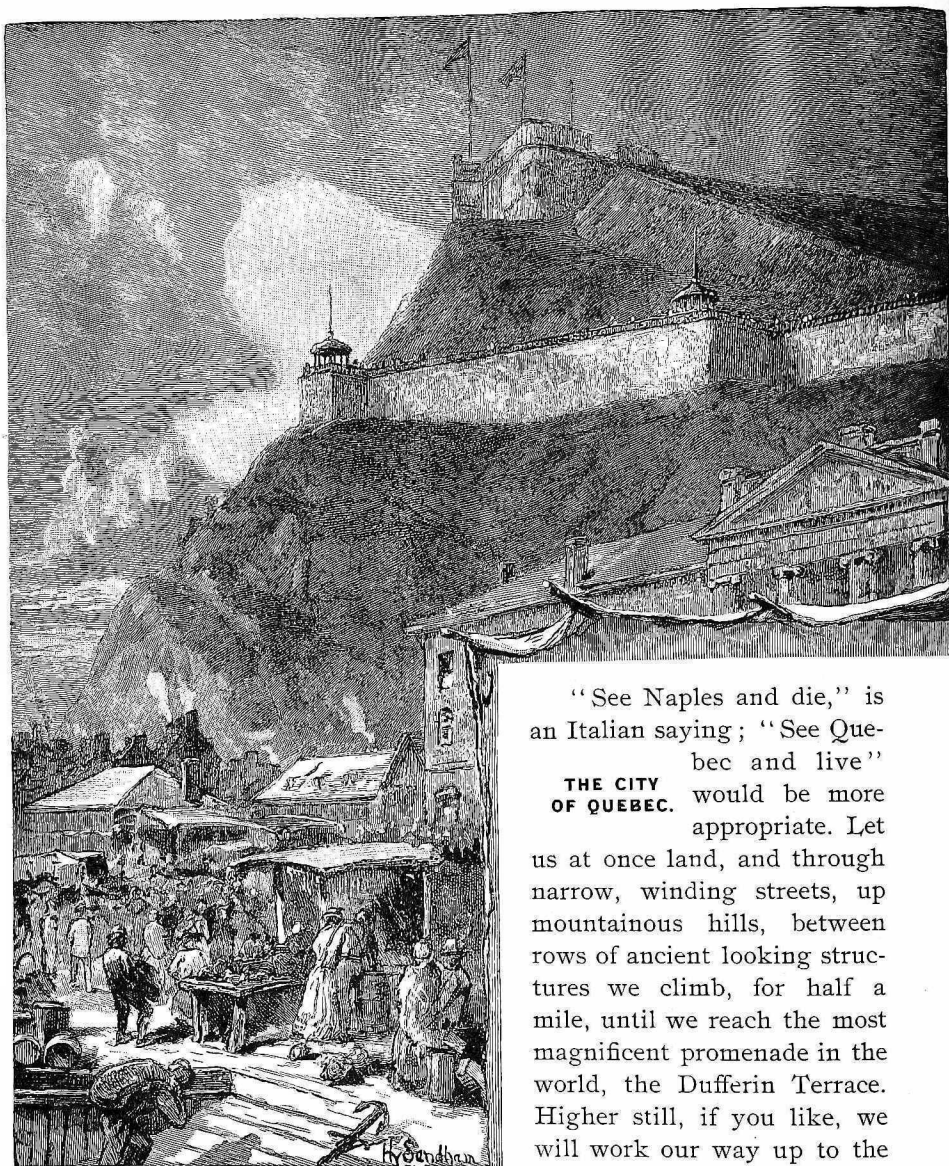
From these high cliffs and from under these grey old walls, the first pioneers of what is now the granary of the world, went forth into the unknown wilderness. From this antique city, also, departed the first missionaries, carrying the cross of salvation to distant tribes and nations. But that which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

But philosophic melancholy in these days gives way at Quebec to more joyful influences, for it is one of the most delightful places socially to be found anywhere in the world. Whether it be summer or winter, the people of the ancient capital take full enjoyment out of life and strive to make the stranger feel at home. Founded by Samuel de Champlain, A. D. 1608, nearly three centuries have given the fortress city a history rich in material for the philosopher, the poet and the romancer. Among the records, associations, and scenes thus brought together, the traveller, if so inclined, may find endless fields for research; acquaintanceship or observation.

He will find the pretty souvenir book, "Illustrated Quebec," which he can buy for \$1.00, a charming guide and memento of his visit.



THREE RIVERS.



THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

"See Naples and die," is an Italian saying; "See Quebec and live"

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

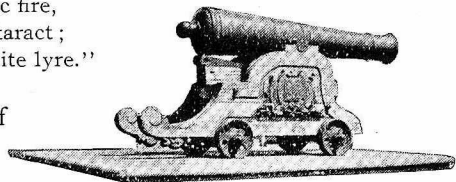
Behind us rise the grey walls of the ancient citadel, and immediately under us is the city with its strange confusion of buildings, all cast, as it were, at random upon the declivities of a mountain, and tumbling down in wild confusion to the shores of the great river below. We do not propose going into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

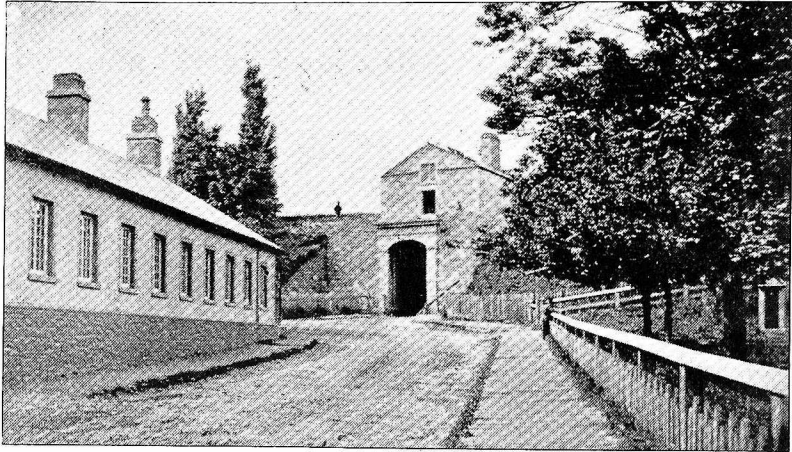
Looking away beyond the churches and monuments, the ramparts and gates, we behold a picture that no pencil could delineate and no poet could describe. Over the heights of Lévis, and above its frowning fortifications, rises the summer sun ; his beams gild the spires of a hundred historic buildings, each with a story that might be the basis of a 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 serpent-



ine 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



OLD ST. LOUIS GATE (INTERIOR), QUEBEC.

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 shoot arrows at the copper and silver pieces which the traveller sets up to test their skill. Still turning westward, we notice the sinuosities of the St. Charles, as it rolls through green meadows down to its confluence with the St. Lawrence. Yonder is the "Monument of the Brave," on the 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 immemorable conflict.

Now that we have had a general glimpse at Old Stadacona, the question is, where to commence our excursions around the city, and what first to visit. Remember that we are in the most historical place on the American continent.

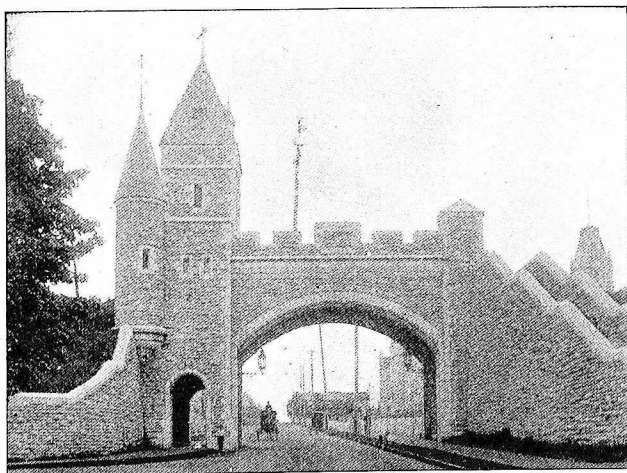
Wars have for centuries lashed around the Citadel-crowned sides of Cape Diamond, and the devastations of war have seemingly left no

more traces than have the ravages of the great tempests that come down, in winter, upon the ancient fortress.

We will start from the Château Frontenac, Quebec's new hotel, which looks out upon what has been long called the Dufferin Terrace, the finest promenade on this continent. Formerly, this platform was much less extensive and was called, after an early governor of Canada, the Durham Terrace. But, under the memorable administration of Lord Dufferin, the extensions and improvements made, so changed the form and augmented the size of the promenade that it was deemed only just to call it the Dufferin Terrace.

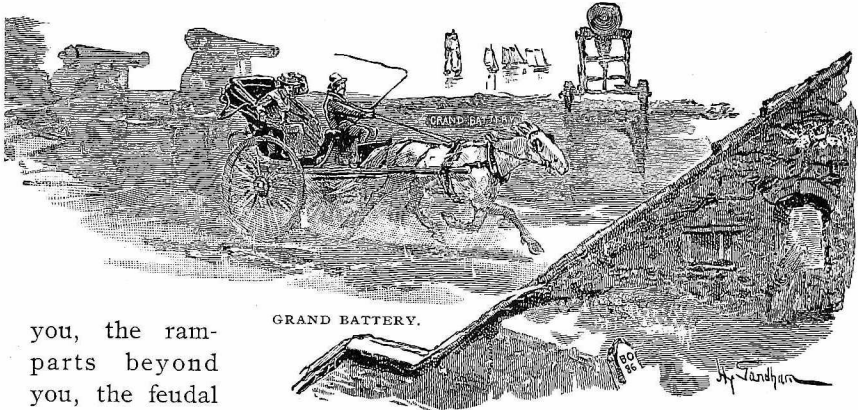
This remarkable terrace extends for over a quarter of a mile and is about sixty feet wide. It is under the shadow of the Citadel, and overhangs, so to speak, all the lower portion of Quebec. From its railings, the tourist can look down about two hundred feet upon the river, and across the river at Lévis, and beyond upon a scene of unequalled and of most varied and natural beauty and magnificence. There are five kiosks upon the terrace, apart from one much larger which is used as a band-stand, where, on summer evenings, the military musicians from the citadel discourse sweet strains for the enjoyment of all who seek recreation upon the crowded terrace.

Glancing down from the terrace, immediately under you, is a confusion of houses, the upper windows of some looking into the lower windows of others; one could almost see down the chimneys, were it not for the black smoke curling out of their tiny craters. There is Champlain Street—the long, narrow, winding thoroughfare that separates the foot of the rock from the edge of the river; there



NEW ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

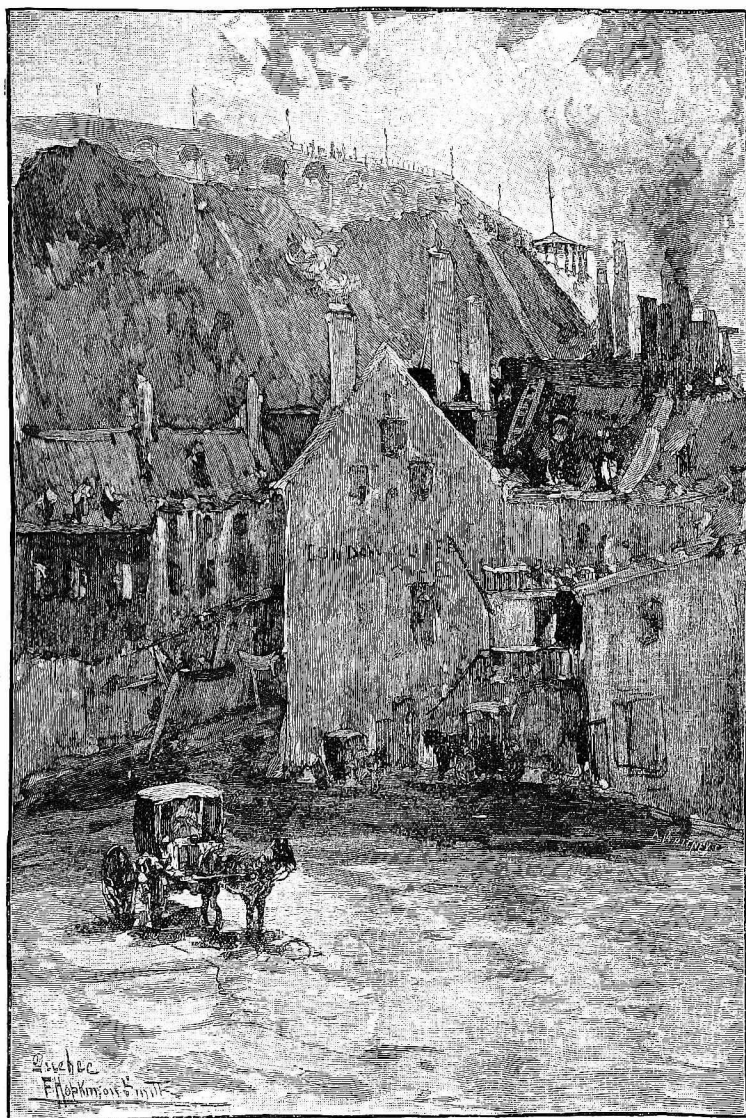
is the Champlain and Findlay markets with their crowds of moving, jostling, shouting humanity ; there are the countless market boats, come up or down from the different parishes along the St. Lawrence ; there is the great ocean steamers' wharfing place, where the huge leviathans seem to frown upon the puffers, the police-boats, the tugs and the skiffs that rush in and out in all directions ; there is the Richelieu wharf where awaits the boat that just brought you from Montreal ; and beyond, and down by the Custom House, are the vessels of all nations riding at anchor in the balast-ground. So picturesque, so unique is the picture, that one might easily imagine himself translated to Algiers, or some ancient feudal town. The confusion of colors and variety of sounds, added to the activity on the market, might suggest the bazaars of the east ; the Citadel above



you, the ram-  
parts beyond  
you, the feudal

ruin beneath you, might call up visions of the great fortress on the Mediterranean ; while the grandeur of landscape, the charms that nature has lavished upon the scene, must necessarily tell a story of another Naples—a Naples minus its Vesuvius.

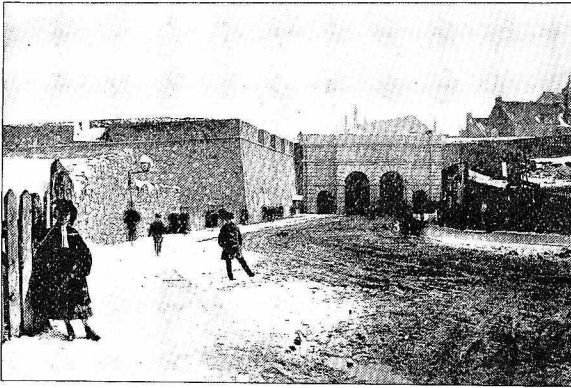
This is truly historic ground ; every stone in those walls, every building on those streets, has a story to tell. Hardly a foundation can be upturned without disclosing some relic of war, cannon balls, firearms, etc. Quebec is peopled, it is haunted by the spirits of the past ; dead memories of departed glory arise on all sides, and like ghosts—even at mid-day—flit across the path of each one who wishes to see them. The Citadel, which has been the object of so many attacks, stands three hundred feet above the level of the river, and from its bastion the cannon can sweep the country at all points of the compass. To enter the Citadel, it is necessary to pass through



IN CHAMPLAIN STREET, LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC.

a series of winding, deep, military trenches, and the chain gate called after Governor Dalhousie. To-day, the Canadian Government uses this fortress as headquarters for companies of militia. It can hold 20,000 men and provisions, as well as ammunition of war for the same. Gray and hoary as it is, the Citadel is one of the most interesting points in all the city. Apart from the gates and ramparts, the Martello Towers and the batteries, it might be styled the crown of Quebec.

Between the "Château Frontenac" and the base of the glacis that lead to the Citadel, is a beautiful park, called the "Governor's Garden." It is small, but very picturesque. The chief attraction



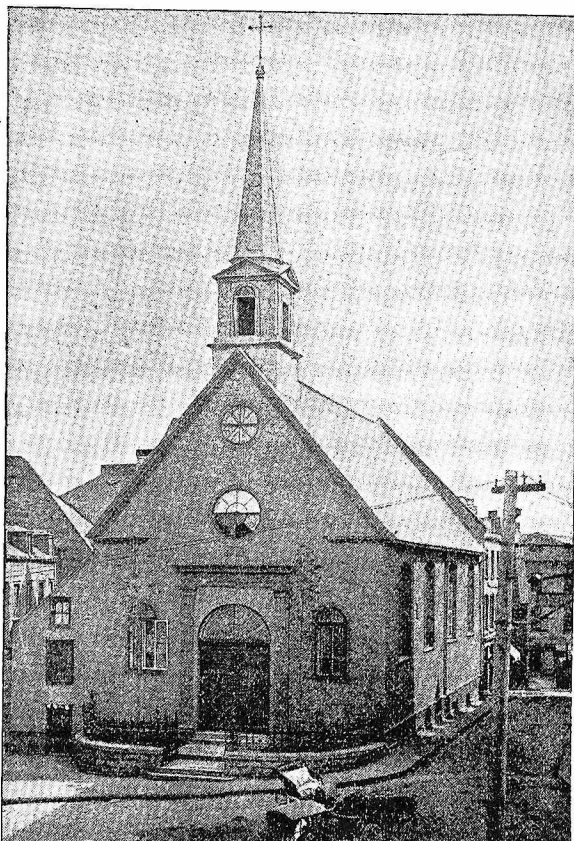
ST. JOHN'S GATE, EXTERIOR.

of this public garden is a huge shaft of granite, that in 1828 was erected to the memories of Wolfe and Montcalm. Its inscription is considered one of the finest pieces of memorial composition in the country. The two heroes, one

leading the French troops, the other cheering on the British detachments, met on Abraham's Plains one September morning, 1759, and there was decided the fate of Canada for all time. Gloriously defending the Lily flag of France, Montcalm fell mortally wounded, and in dying expressed his satisfaction that he did not see the surrender of Quebec. Heroic soul! In the arms of victory, with the dawning of British power in the land, Wolfe was killed, and in dying he expressed his contentment to go, since he had won the great Dominion of the future for the land he loved and served so well. Immortal spirit! To-day, the races of French and English-speaking Canadians blend in peace and honest emulation, and this monument, built to the memories of the victorious and the vanquished leaders, is an emblem of the union that has since sprung up in the land.

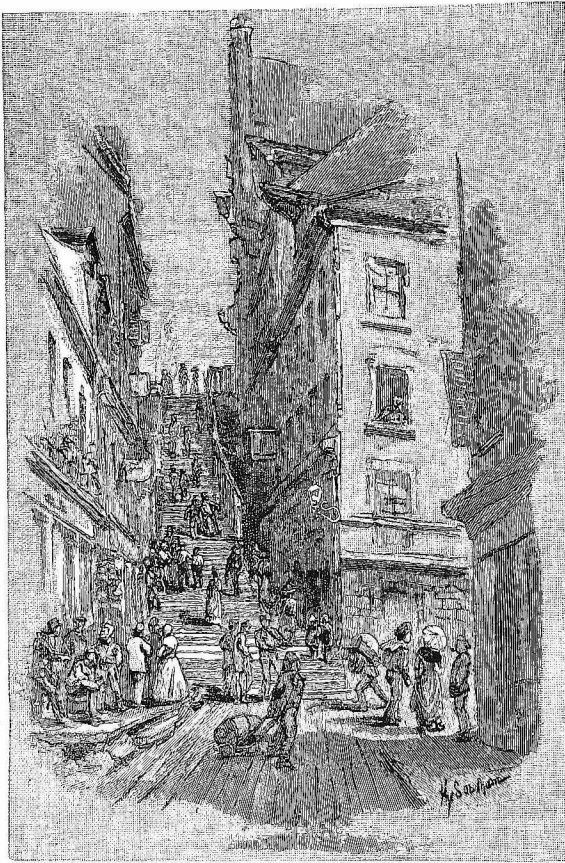
A short walk along St. Louis Street, from the Governor's Garden, will be of interest. To your right is the Place d'Armes, a pretty square, once the scene of military evolutions in the days

of the French regime. On your left is the "Kent House," the residence, for some time, of Queen Victoria's father. It is ancient looking and unattractive, but in its day it was considered a palace. It contrasts somewhat strikingly with the splendid new Court House, recently erected on the opposite side of the street. In truth, all over Quebec you meet with surprises in the shape of similar contrasts. The next place—and only four or five steps



NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES, QUEBEC.

farther on—is the Music Hall which is Quebec's time-honoured theatre. Directly opposite this hall is a small house, one story and a half. It is partly a restaurant, and partly a barber shop. Old and apparently worn out, as this house may be, it is one of the most interesting in all Quebec. It was headquarters of General Montcalm, and it was there that he held his councils-of-war and prepared all his plans for the defence of Quebec, in 1759. We will skip by the corner of the next street; it leads to the Ursuline Convent, and



BREAK-NECK STAIRS, QUEBEC.

we must visit its famous chapel later on, when we are on an excursion for the purpose of examining the churches and the religious institutions of Quebec.

Continuing out St. Louis Street, we pass the Esplanade, a magnificent parade ground that lies beside the city walls, running from the St. Louis to the St. John's gates. This ground has been, for the British troops, what the Place d'Armes was, in olden times, for the French,—a military parade

field. Before passing under the new St. Louis Gate—for the old one has long since been removed and replaced by a representation of it, sufficiently large to suit modern travel and traffic—you see the Garrison Club, which is at the entrance to the Citadel. Immediately outside the gate, and on the right-hand side, is the grand new skating rink, and then come the Legislative Buildings with their smooth lawns. Although modern in construction and of very recent date, these buildings deserve a special visit and close examination. Except the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, there is nothing in the country as rich, as imposing, as magnificent as the Legislative Halls of old Quebec. But there they stand, clad in a nineteenth

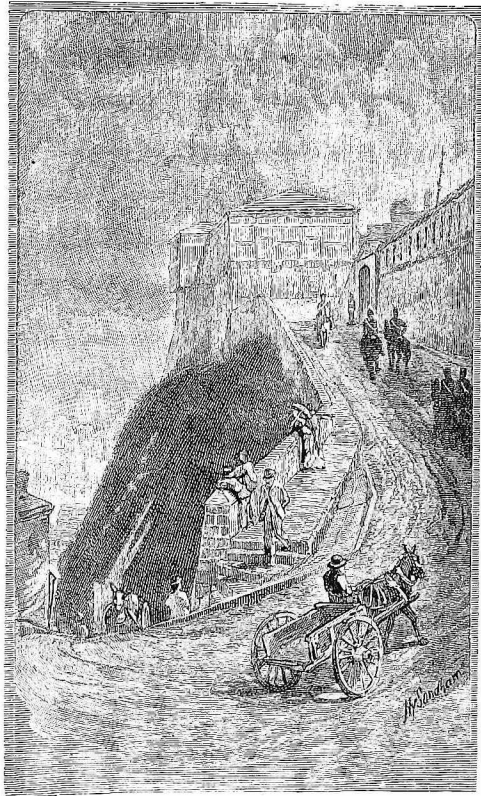
century garb and looking across the way at the historic plains of Abraham.

Turning into those extensive fields that reach from St. Louis Road to the Cliffs over Wolfe's Cove, and from the Citadel to Spencerwood, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, the tourist finds himself walking upon soil rendered sacred by the heroic memories of the past. There, beneath the monument that tells a glorious story—"Here Wolfe fell victorious"—are the ashes of countless heroes. On such a spot well might the lines of Campbell be repeated :

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

Beyond are the Martello Towers, built in 1812 for the better defence of the city's fortifications. Below you, and on the Ste. Foye Road—which is reached by the Belvedere drive—stands the Monument of the Brave. It has been erected to commemorate the heroism of the men who perished at the battle of Ste. Foye.

It would require volumes upon volumes to detail all the places of war-like interest in and around Quebec. But one more must be mentioned : the placard on the face of the rock, midway between the Citadel and the river, with an inscription — much bat-



HOPE HILL, QUEBEC.

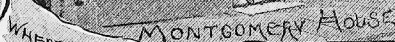
tered by time and storm—telling that there fell General Montgomery, 31st December, 1779. Although it is not the exact spot where the gallant leader was killed, still it is a reminder that at the foot of Cape Diamond his brave life went out, in an attempt to scale the Citadel. There is at present considerable talk about a fitting monument to General Montgomery. His admiring and loving fellow-countrymen are desirous of securing the permission to place a suitable memorial some place in Quebec. It is high time that we should turn to some other historical glories of old Quebec. It would take days and weeks to examine the different churches, to visit the convents, to see the relics, to study the paintings and to glean an idea of Quebec's past history from its present memorials of the days long dead. Let us, however, take a hurried run through those institutions.

Standing in front of the Basilica of Quebec, one of the oldest, most venerable and most historic churches in Canada, the tourist

**THE CHURCHES  
AND INSTITUTIONS.**

will notice a vast open space that apparently was once a market or a public square. There stood, until 1878, the Jesuit College, built in 1635, one year before Harvard; the oldest institution of its class upon the continent, occupied for two hundred and fifty odd years that spot. It was subsequently turned into a barrack for British troops, and finally, when it was destroyed, it took a considerable time to tear the walls to pieces. Picks, powder and dynamite were used and still the stones, that had been cemented to last for centuries, resisted the hands of the demolishers. That was the first institution of education—in the form of a college—built in America. Inside its walls, and under its roof, the famous martyrs Lallemand, de Brébœuf, Nouë, Jogues, Daniel and Vipont taught. There, too, did Marquette draw his plans of discovery that led to the establishment of christianity on the banks of the Mississippi. The new Quebec City Hall is to be built on this site.

In front of the Basilica is that square. And what a wonderful mediæval edifice that cathedral is. It is ancient in its form, its towers, its cupolas, its peculiar roof, its vast proportions; it is the picture of some of those temples that one meets with in Spain, or Germany. Interiorly it is all brightness. While the air of the past seems to cling to it, its white walls and gold decorations lend a richness to its appearance that serves to bring out in grander relief the numerous old master-works of art that adorn its walls. All the



WHERE MONTGOMERY HOUSE

HERE THE BODY OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY WAS LAID OUT



Rich<sup>d</sup> Montgomerie



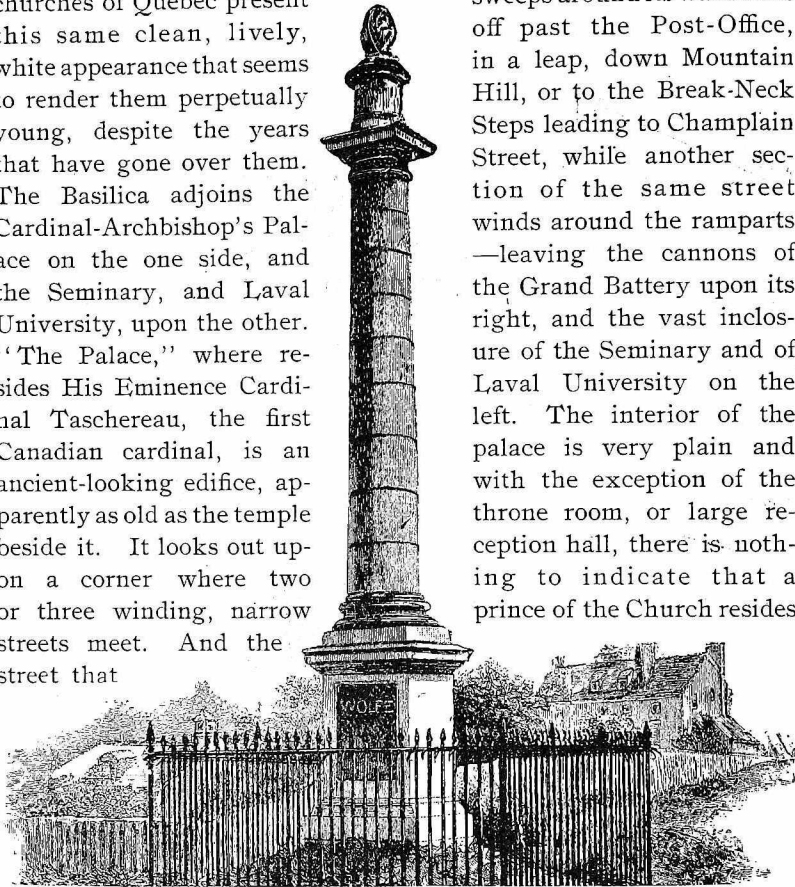
WHERE GENERAL MONTGOMERY



DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY

churches of Quebec present this same clean, lively, white appearance that seems to render them perpetually young, despite the years that have gone over them. The Basilica adjoins the Cardinal-Archbishop's Palace on the one side, and the Seminary, and Laval University, upon the other. "The Palace," where resides His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, the first Canadian cardinal, is an ancient-looking edifice, apparently as old as the temple beside it. It looks out upon a corner where two or three winding, narrow streets meet. And the street that

sweeps around its walls runs off past the Post-Office, in a leap, down Mountain Hill, or to the Break-Neck Steps leading to Champlain Street, while another section of the same street winds around the ramparts—leaving the cannons of the Grand Battery upon its right, and the vast inclosure of the Seminary and of Laval University on the left. The interior of the palace is very plain and with the exception of the throne room, or large reception hall, there is nothing to indicate that a prince of the Church resides



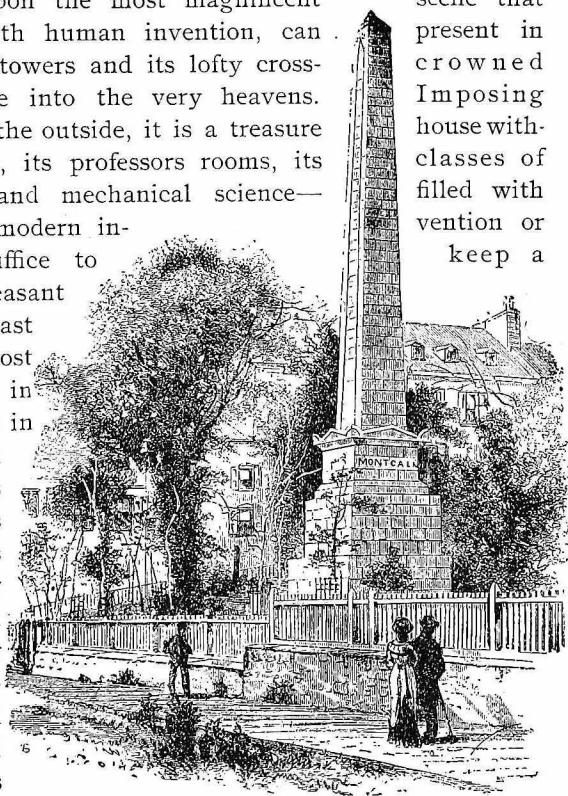
SPOT WHERE WOLFE FELL, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

there. This reception room is richly furnished and filled with busts, statues and portraits that different popes gave to the various predecessors of the present cardinal.

The Seminary and the Seminary Chapel may be reached by means of labyrinthian corridors from the Basilica, or they may be entered from Fabrique Street, in front of the church. The Seminary Chapel is most unique. It contained, until quite recently, a number of beautiful old paintings, but they were destroyed by fire. There is at present a beautiful mosaic in the chapel which is well worth seeing, also numerous monumental slabs that tell, in themselves, a

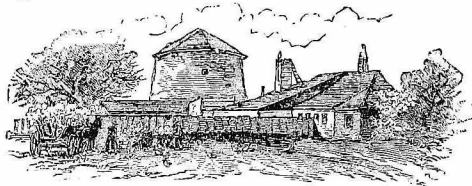
veritable history of Quebec. There, beneath its humble altars, slumber the ashes of many of the pioneer missionaries, of the great prelates and bishops whose names are forever stamped upon the annals of Canadian history.

From the Seminary, Laval University may be reached. The Seminary was founded in 1663, and Laval University is an outgrowth of that institution. Laval ranks amongst the leading universities on the continent. It has been called after the famous bishop, Mgr. Laval de Montmorenci, who endowed it liberally, as did all his successors. Apart from the boarding house—for medical and law students—and the special buildings for the medical classes, the main body of the University consists of an immense six-story edifice that is about two hundred and fifty feet in length and seventy in depth. It looks down from the high rock—two hundred feet above the river—upon the most magnificent scene that nature, combined with human invention, can present in America. Its triple towers and its lofty cross-cupola, seem to rise into the very heavens. Imposing as the edifice is from the outside, it is a treasure house with- in. Its lecture halls, its professors rooms, its classes of chemistry, physics, and mechanical science—filled with specimens of every modern invention or appliance, would suffice to keep a stranger hours in pleasant investigation. Its vast library, one of the most extensive and rare in Canada, is a treasure in itself. Its museum certainly surpasses anything of the class in the country. It is so extensive that four and five hours would be required in order to glance at the perfectly arranged and carefully catalogued relics and curiosities that it holds. But, of



MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM, QUEBEC.

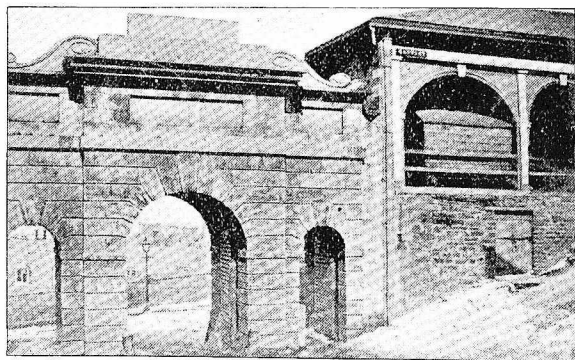
all the treasure-departments of Laval, that of the Art Gallery is the most wonderful. Before entering those lengthy halls, hung with the choicest specimens of painting, it would be well to visit the grand reception room, where hangs the portrait of the present pope. The different paintings in that parlour are all from the brushes of



MARTELLO TOWER, QUEBEC.

masters; and, on the large central table, in a magnificent gold-bound casket, is the charter of the University and the documents proclaiming its canonical erection. In that hall did Lord Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne, Mgr. Conroy, and others, hold receptions. In the gallery of paintings itself, there are several originals from the brushes of the great masters. There are two Salvator Rosas, three Téniers, one Romenelli, one Joseph Vernet, one Paget, two Van Dykes, one Perocci Poussin, and a vast number from other equally celebrated masters. In a word, Laval University is one of the great glories of old Quebec.

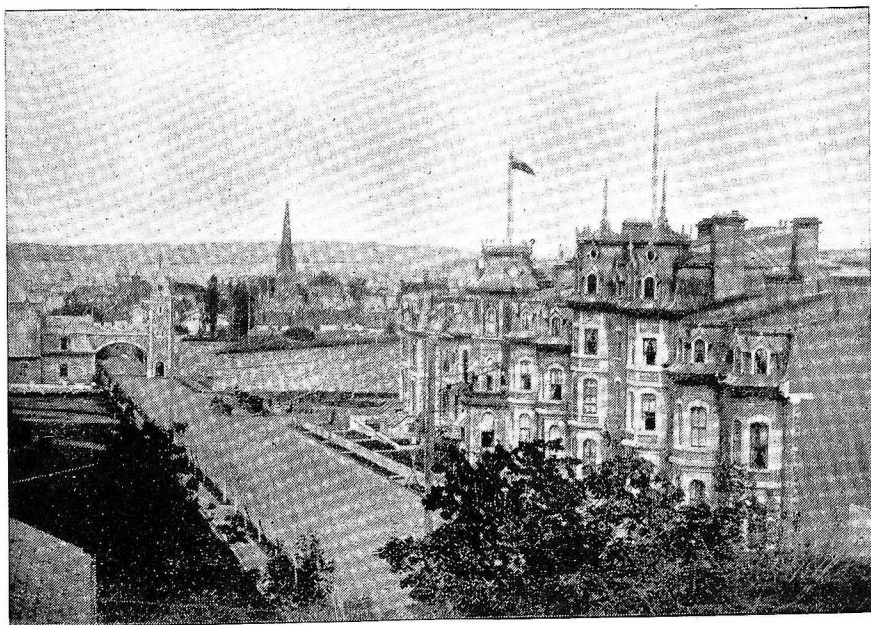
But we must hurry on! Here is the Ursuline Convent, an institution founded by the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation, in the year 1639. At the same time, another lady conceived the plan of erecting a Hotel-Dieu for the Indians, under the charge of the Hospital nuns. Strange to say that the two bands of religious sailed from Dieppe on the same vessel. To-day the Ursuline Monastery is considered to be one of the best educational establishments, for young ladies, in the New World. The great interest that the tourist finds in the Ursuline Monastery is the grand and rare



OLD PALACE GATE, QUEBEC.

paintings that adorn its chapel. Van Dyke's, Champagne's and others of equal value and renown look down upon the visitors from their silent resting places. Under the Ursuline

Chapel is buried General Montcalm, the heroic defender of the city at the close of the French regime. In the chaplain's parlour, under a glass globe, and upon a richly adorned mat, is the skull of the immortal French héro. The side of the skull shows the work of the crushing wound that might be called the last blow at France's power in this section of North America. We would like to linger with the reader in and around the convent and to tell some of the stories of deep interest connected therewith; but we must not omit the Hôtel-Dieu. This is the institution founded by a niece



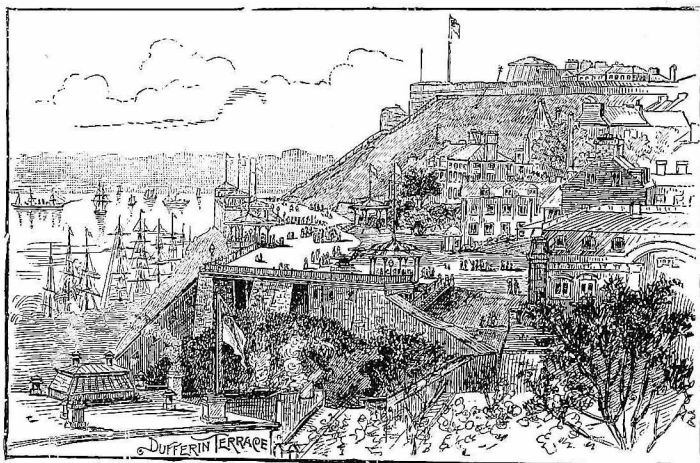
GRANDE ALLÉE AND ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

of Cardinal Richelieu, and one of the grandest and best equipped hospitals that exist in the country. It also is full of rich paintings, and in its parlour may be seen the head of the famous Jesuit missionary martyr, Father de Brebœuf. The churches of St. John, St. Patrick, St. Roch, and Notre Dame de Lourdes at St. Sauveur, are well worth a visit.

But we must see Notre Dame des Victoires, in lower town. This is one of the most interesting historical edifices in Quebec. During the siege of Quebec, in 1759, the batteries from Levis

partially destroyed the original church of Notre Dame des Victoires. The church derived its name from the feast of Our Lady of Victories, established in gratitude for the victory over General Phipps, in 1690, and which was celebrated on the 7th October, each year. The church was rebuilt after the bombardment, or rather it was renovated, and stands to-day as a relic of the past.

It is now time to cross in the ferry-boat to Point Levis, the town on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence. This place is equally as interesting, in proportion to its size, as is Quebec itself. The finest possible view of the old city is to be had from the Levis heights. Especially at night, when a thousand electric lights flash



CITADEL AND TERRACE, FROM THE GRAND BATTERY, QUEBEC.

upon the scene, Quebec resembles a Venice, plus the frowning citadel and the terraces of brilliancy rising one above the other.

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

We have spoken of the two beautiful roads leading from Quebec to Cap Rouge—nine miles north—the St. Louis and the Ste. Foye's roads. Than these there are no finer in America. Besides that

drive, there is one to the ancient Indian village of Lorette, where the remnant of the Huron tribe is still to be found, and where the last traces of the primitive inhabitants are to be seen. Then there is a most charming drive to the Falls of Montmorency, nine miles below Quebec. The old, long, quaint village of Beauport, where may still

**SOME OF THE  
DRIVES.**



OLD PRESCOTT GATE, QUEBEC.

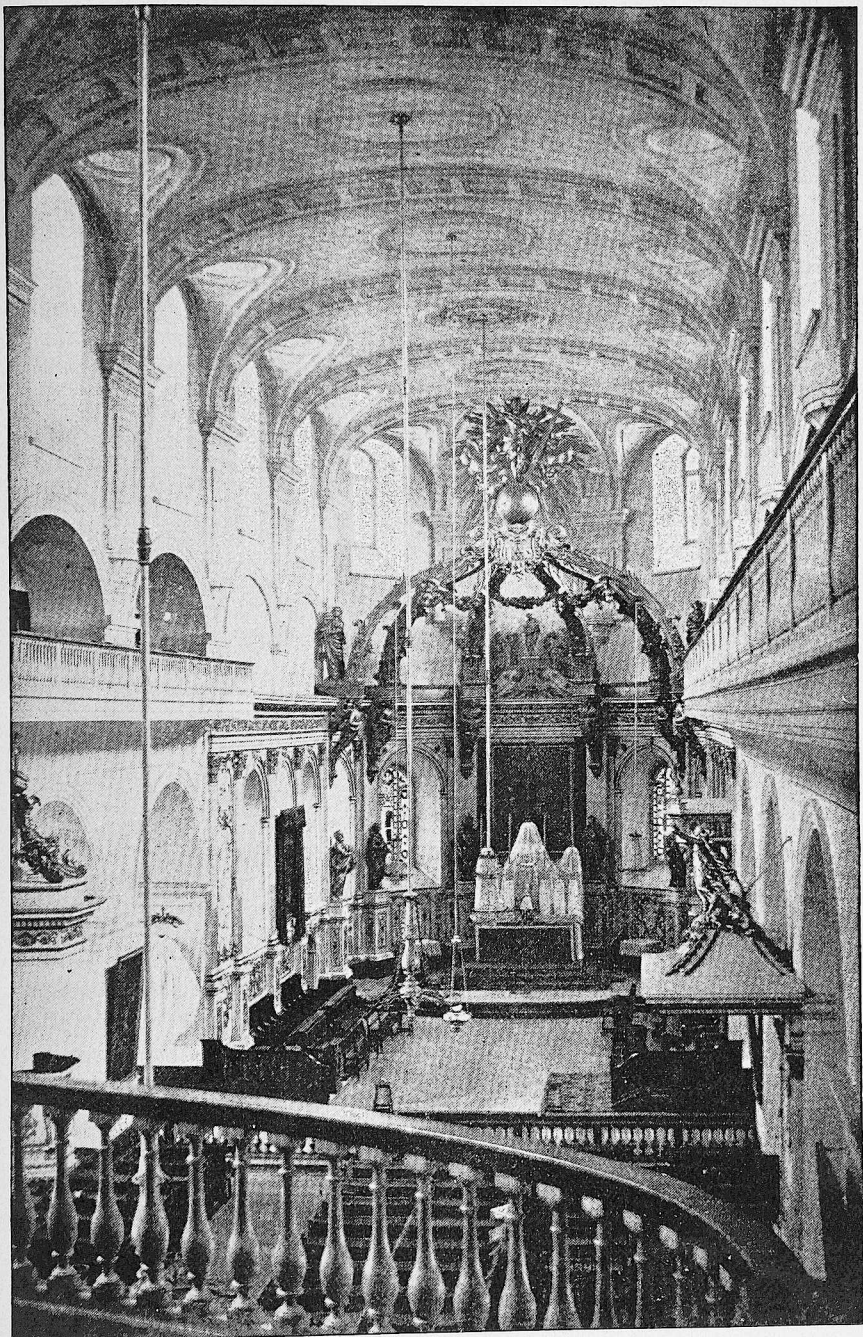
be seen the remnants of Montcalm's forts—and in the centre of which is the famous asylum—stretches nearly the whole distance. Like a huge pre-historic monster, it lies along the shore of the river, its head resting upon the bridge over the St. Charles and its tail lashing into foam the wonderful Falls of Montmorency. It

would be impossible to give an accurate description of the beauty, the majesty, the thundering might of those falls, either in winter or in summer. Down a precipice of over two hundred feet, the Montmorency River plunges into the St. Lawrence, and, as if recoiling after its terrible fall, it bends back in spray, that when frozen leaves a cone fifty feet high, in winter, between the torrent behind and the sheet of ice in front.

We must not forget to visit the Island of Orleans, the summer residence of so many Quebecers. It is a charming sail down stream during which we get a panoramic view of Quebec, Beauport and the Montmorency Falls, on one side, and Levis on the other. A very pleasant afternoon may be spent in this way and the evening boat will bring us back to Quebec, to dream over the history which has been unfolded before us.

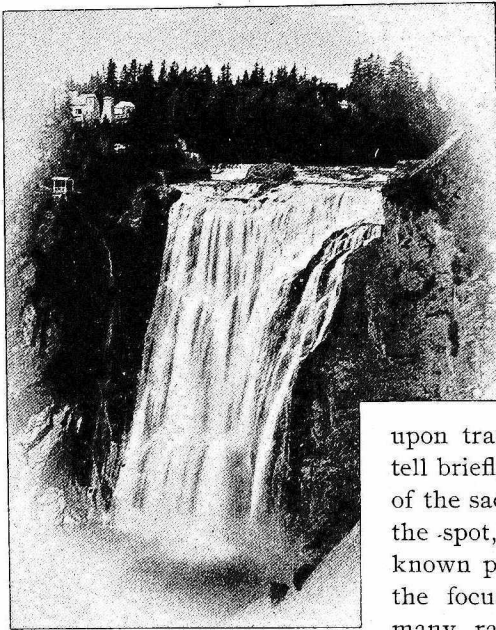
Before saying adieu to these scenes of heroism, to the crumbling relics of ancient Quebec, the tourist should join the pilgrim procession to that spot hallowed by the mystery of numerous miraculous cures, visited by hundreds of thousands of pilgrims annually—the Canadian Mecca—Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Let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

The sun flings a sheet of glory over the broad St. Lawrence, the green Island of Orleans, the white curtain of Montmorency. Off to the north, the rays of morning dance upon the steeples of Charlebourg and Lorette, pierce the white clouds upon the summits of the Laurentians, and finally disappear in the gloom of the pine forest that marks the limit of cultivation and the beginning of primeval wildness. We glide past the long serpentine form of Beauport, as it lays basking upon shore; the little villages on Orleans, the Isle of Bacchus, as Champlain called it, display their white cottages and tapering spires, they whirl away into distance and give place on the scene to fertile vales and cultivated farms. On our left, the mountains grow larger and bolder, and the huge proportions of Cape Tourmente break the uniformity of blue hills and green roads. The last steeple on the island has just vanished and the St. Lawrence broadens out before us. From out a wilderness of trees, high over a long stretch of regular fields, behind several mounds, one peak appears to cleave the sky. Above it, birds of prey hover in security, at its foot the hamlet of Beáupré reposes—it is the mountain of Ste. Anne. Our train suddenly draws up at the little depot on the skirts



INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA, QUEBEC.

of the village. We descend and immediately find ourselves in the midst of another land, in the center of an age long passed. The rude habitant carts, the bare-footed urchins, and wooden-shod women, the simple primitive Norman costumes, the pleasant manners of the natives, the quaint sign-boards on the hotels, the hurrying pilgrims and silent devotees, the grotto with its statue and fountain, the convent of the Hospital nuns on the slope of the hill, the inspiring edifice of the new temple of worship, the long wharf stretching out,

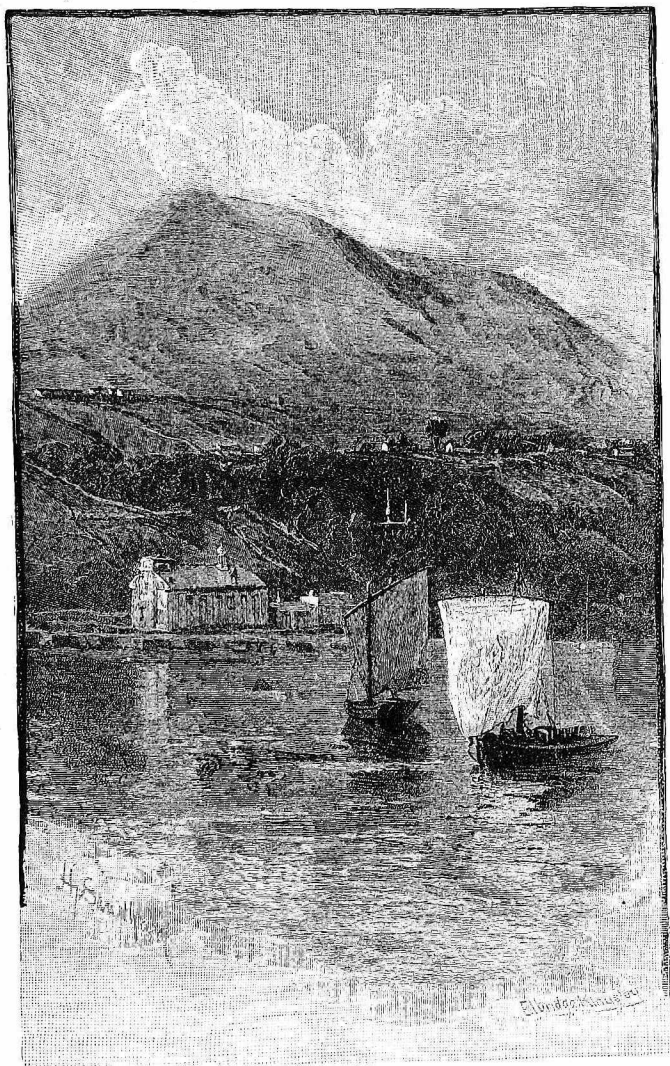


MONTMORENCY FALLS.

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

To tell the history of Ste. Anne, we must draw upon the Book of Holy Writ, upon history and upon tradition. We will strive to tell briefly who the honoured patron of the sacred locality was and how the spot, so remote from the then known path of civilization, became the focus to which converged so many rays of faith. Two places, Nazareth and Sephoris—at the foot of Mount Carmel—contend for the

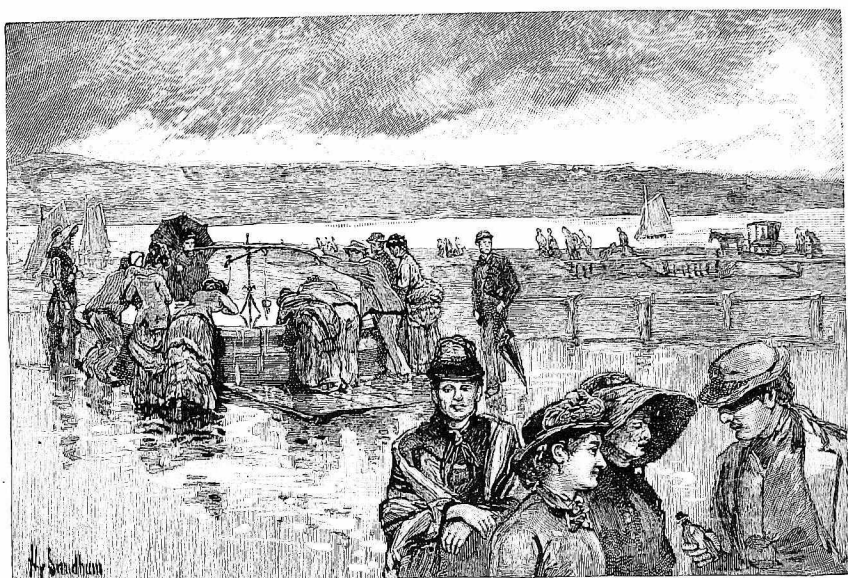
honour of being the residence of Ste. Anne. Her husband was Jo-Achim, or Eli-Achim. The only offspring of that marriage was Mary, the one destined to become the mother of the Redeemer, and whose name was to be called Blessed by all generations of men. When the mother of the Holy Virgin died, her remains were interred near Jerusalem, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. From that vale, in the days of the Emperor Trajan, when christianity was yet but a century old, tradition tells us that a rudderless ship swept over the Mediterranean with the most precious freight ever borne upon that



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

tideless sea. This treasure was the body of Ste. Anne, which was being carried to France and placed in the keeping of St. Auspicius, first bishop of Apt, a town in Provence. It was there that the great Christian monarch, Charlemagne, found it. In after years, Ste. Anne became the patroness of Britany, and at Auray a shrine was built in her honour, and the faith of the simple Breton taught that she there performed miraculous cures for all who trusted in her.

It was in 1608 that Samuel de Champlain founded the city of Quebec. A few years later, a crew of Breton sailors were buffeted



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

most unmercifully by a terrific tempest; all hope seemed to have fled; all earthly succor was despaired of; when, naturally, they turned to the protection of their people, and they vowed to build a shrine in honour of Ste. Anne d'Auray, should she guide them safely through the storm. They landed, at last, under her protection at the spot where now stands the beautiful basilica. They built a little chapel, in fulfilment of their promise. In 1660, it became necessary to rebuild the unsubstantial edifice—a primitive one indeed it was—and a Mr. Etienne Lessard gave the land necessary for the purpose. At that time, a Sulpician father—de Quen—was parish

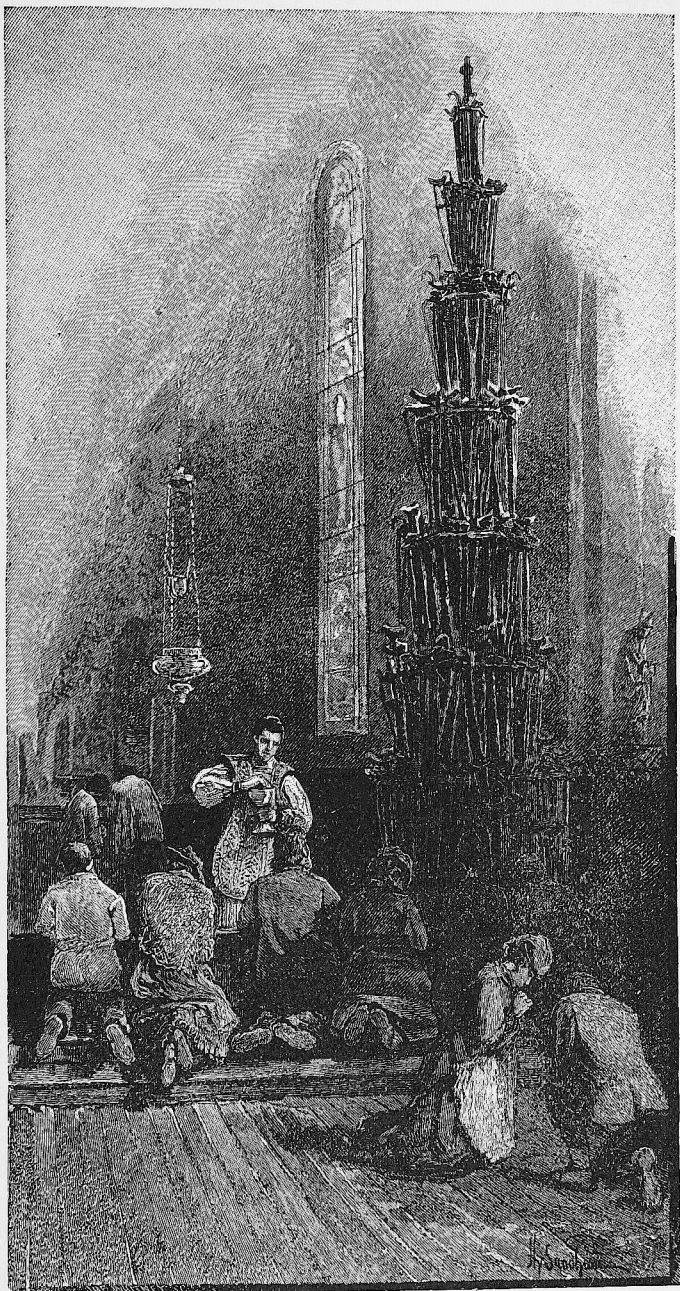
priest of Quebec, and he deputed Rev. Mr. Vignal to go and bless the corner stone of the new church. The then governor of New France, M. d'Ailleboust, went down to the ceremony and officially presided at the laying of the foundation of the first shrine to Ste. Anne in Canada. There were then only ten churches in the country. In 1670, the chapter of Carcassonne, in France, sent out a relic of Ste. Anne, to be kept in [the new shrine. Rich presents came from the Court of Louis XIV, and the Queen mother—Anne of Austria—embroidered a chasuble for the service of Ste. Anne's new altar. These were days of great faith and great glory; this was the age when the spirit of heroism had been revived by Turenne; the spark of chivalry had been stirred up by Condé; exploits of navigators and explorers were repeated from lip to lip; voyageurs brought back stories of the wonderful shrine upon the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence; religious fervor and national enthusiasm combined to lavish gifts



IN THE CHURCH, STE. ANNE.

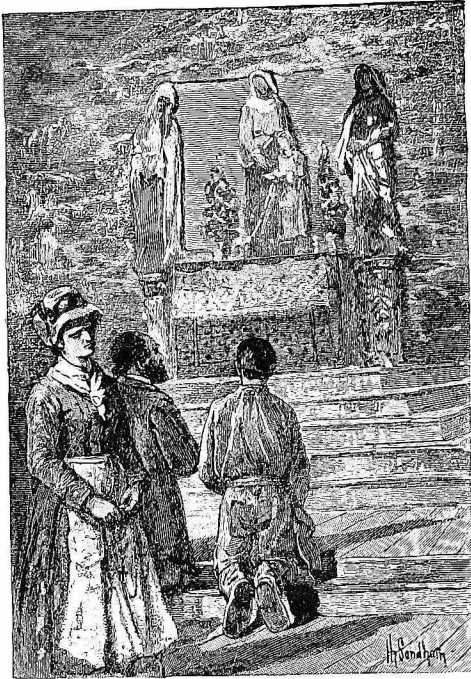
upon the humble church that stood amidst primeval grandeur upon the confines of a new world. The Marquis de Tracey, Viceroy of New France, had vowed, in the hour of shipwreck, to lay a gift at the feet of Ste. Anne. He fulfilled his compact by presenting a painting by the famed artist Lebrun—representing Ste. Anne and two pilgrims. It hangs over the high altar of the church, and

beneath it are the arms of the donor. Bishop Laval de Montmorency gave two pictures from the brush of Luc Lefrançois, a Franciscan Friar, and a silver reliquary set in precious stones. In 1706, LeMoine d'Iberville, the heroic pioneer soldier, presented the massive silver crucifix now on the altar. Previous to 1876, the magnificent new church was erected, also an auxiliary chapel built with the materials, and having the decorations, steeple and bell of the primitive church, was placed at the north side of the large temple. The new church is two hundred feet long, one hundred and five feet broad, fifty-six feet high internally, and has a number of lateral chapels and a large sacristy. It was solemnly blessed and opened, for public worship, on the 17th of October, 1876. It was consecrated with imposing ceremonies, upon the 16th of May, 1889, by His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau. Two years after its completion—1878—it was placed under the charge of the Redemptorist Fathers. It is of Corinthian architecture, and its twin-towers rise to a height of one hundred and sixty-eight feet. Over the doorway, between the steeples, is a colossal statue of Ste. Anne, which is fourteen feet high and of exceptional beauty. On entering, the traveller is impressed by the richness and grandeur of the temple, as well as surprised at the novelty of all he beholds. At either side of the main entrance are pyramids of crutches and various surgical appliances that have been left by some who found relief from their infirmities and sufferings. One might easily spend a pleasant day examining the beautiful paintings, diving into the lateral chapels, watching the processions of "the lame, the halt and the blind" coming and going, and taking in scenes that cannot be duplicated upon the American continent. In 1889, the number of pilgrims ran up to one hundred thousand, and in 1891 there were one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred and ninety who passed in and out of that temple. It has only been within the past twenty or thirty years that pilgrims have carried away the water from the little fountain, but marvellous efficacy is attached to it. As to the authenticity of the miracles performed at the shrine of Ste. Anne, we are not prepared to speak, nor is it within the limits of our present purpose. But whether the wonderful cures—hundreds of which are as well authenticated as any fact of history—are due to the miraculous intervention of the Saint, or to the faith of the devotees, or to natural causes that have never been explained, still the cold, undeniable, glaring facts are there. The lame have thrown away



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

their crutches and have walked, the blind have recovered their power of vision, the paralytic have been relieved from their sufferings, and numberless other infirmities have disappeared at Ste. Anne



BEFORE A SHRINE, STE. ANNE.

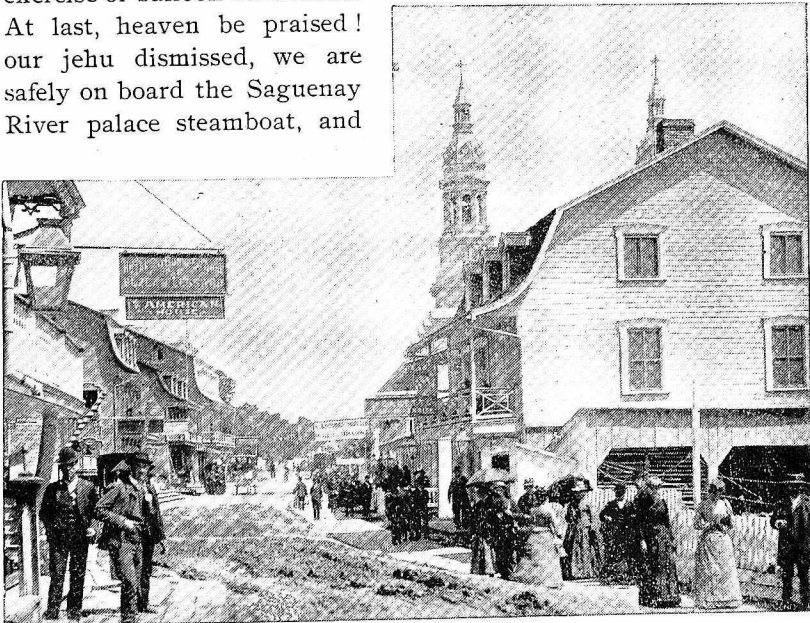
de Beaupré. The writer witnessed one case—of an invalid who had not walked for years and was carried on a chair to the altar-rails—and the result was astounding. The infirm pilgrim arose, at a given moment, from the chair, even as if the Son of God had repeated His words, “Arise, take up thy bed and walk.”

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

finds something sublimely unusual in a pilgrimage to a sacred shrine; he is wafted back to the “Ages of Faith” when the pilgrim, with staff in hand and cross on breast, trod the weary and lengthy paths that led to the great centers of devotion; he feels an indescribable inspiration in the presence of so much fervor, so much evidence of sincerity and its reward; he bends before the altar, in presence of a pyramid of crutches, canes, and other objects that tell of the hundreds of cures operated, and he rises up a better man, a truer Christian, with higher ideals, loftier conceptions. If the tourist be a non-Catholic, he cannot fail to admire the simple faith of the numerous pilgrims that he will meet at the shrine, he must see in it all a something, so unlike our matter-of-fact electric and steam-working age, that it leads him back irresistibly into past ages. He

there beholds what he might never adequately comprehend—the fervor with which millions have been filled by enthusiastic preachers of holy pilgrimages ; he can satiate the most craving appetite for the mystic. Even were the excursionist an unbeliever—an Atheist—he must be improved in some way or other by a visit to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. The traveller who goes to Ste. Anne for devout purposes most decidedly has chosen the proper route and the proper terminus ; the one who visits the place through curiosity is certain to have full and entire satisfaction and may rely that in leaving he will have felt perfectly contented with the trip ; the person who undertakes the journey, no matter with what motive or with what intention, and who has eyes to see and ears to hear, as well as an imagination to be kindled and a soul to be stirred into life, must return home thankful that, before his voyage of life has drawn to a close, he has enjoyed a real education and excursion combined.

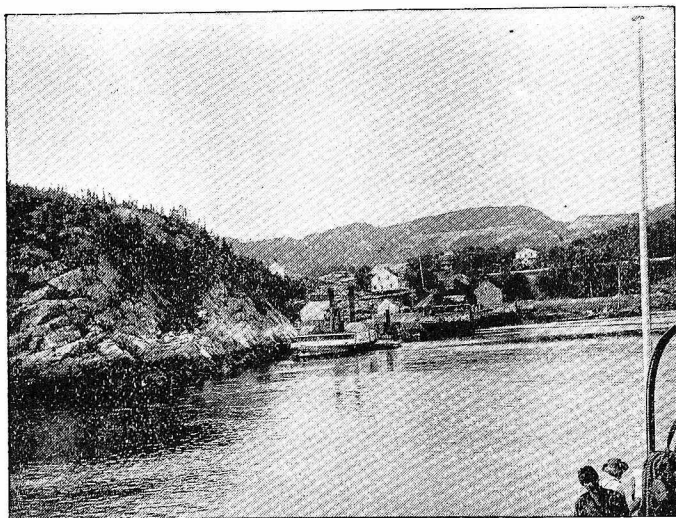
Having seen Ste. Anne's, let us continue our journey seaward. Let us take a time-honoured caleche and drive down Mountain Hill to the landing. Keep your breath as the peculiar vehicle dances down the incline of the main street from the Upper to the Lower Town, and close your eyes, unless you are accustomed 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



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

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 left, we glide along past villages, pointed spires, towering hills and on towards the Cape of Torments. Montmorency 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 the blue peak of Mount Ste. Anne. How attractive it looks with its gorgeous church, its sacred grotto,



TADOUSAC, FROM SAGUENAY RIVER.

its "air of sanctity." There is a rough but sublime grandeur about the place.

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.

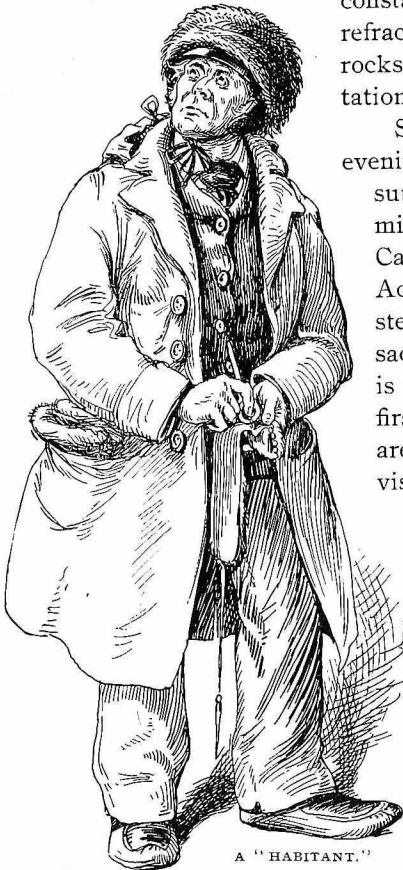
At this point the river widens considerably, and ere long has reached such a width as to render its shores almost invisible from the deck of the steamer. Passing onward, we view Baie St. Paul and Isle aux Coudres. All along the route the river presents one continuous panorama of the wildest scenery, only second to the noble Saguenay River.

Murray Bay is now reached, a favourite watering-place of the Lower St. Lawrence. The village is picturesquely situated amid frowning hills and wild scenery ; it is a favourite summer resort for the fashionable world, the comfortable hotels, well-furnished and



CHICOUTIMI, SHOWING STE. ANNE, SAGUENAY RIVER.

well-arranged boarding-houses, and numerous cottages which are rented to visitors giving a varied choice of accommodation. Here also is a valuable mineral spring, whose waters are highly recommended to invalids ; it possesses also good sea-bathing and fine, bracing air. It is renowned as a sporting place, both for anglers and field sports, surrounded by numerous lakes, all well stocked with the reputed trout usually supplied on board the company's Saguenay steamers. Some miles below Murray Bay, the Pilgrims are seen. They consist of a remarkable group of rocks, which from their height are visible at a great distance, the "mirage" seeming



A "HABITANT."

constantly to dwell about them, due to refraction of the sun's rays owing to the rocks being sparsely covered with vegetation.

Steaming across the river, it is evening when we reach that beautiful summer resort, Rivière du Loup, five miles from the famed watering-place, Cacouna, the Newport of Canada. Across the river, twenty odd miles, we steer towards the little town of Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. It is an ancient village where stands the first church ever built in Canada. We are here given time to walk over and visit this little church, and at half-past eight we return to the steamer and she prepares to face the mysteries of the world-famed Saguenay.

We move slowly out from the wharf, round a cape and then

**UP THE SAGUENAY.** 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 height of the rocks, the very blackness

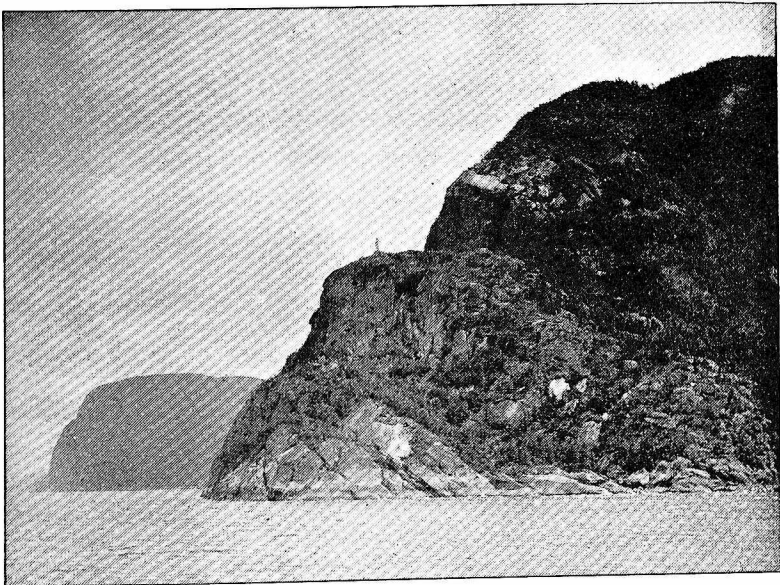
ahead, all combine to render the first moments fearful. Suddenly, where the rocks are farther apart, a flood of moonlight falls upon the waters ahead. Like a silver mirror set in a frame of ebony appears the brightness before us. Again ahead, the rocks seem to close in and our vessel appears to be running up against the 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.

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.

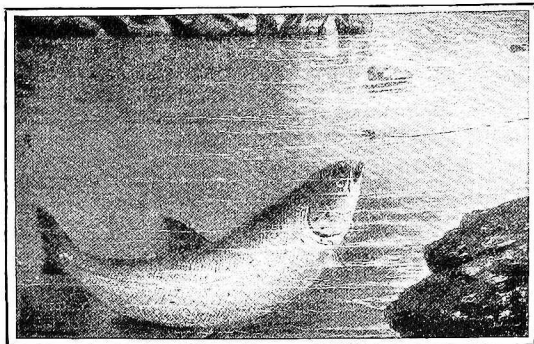
"Compared to the Saguenay, under these circumstances, the Dead Sea is blooming and the wildest ravines are smiling. It is wild without variety and grand in spite of itself." At two places, Ste. Marguerite, and between capes Trinity and Eternity, where small tributaries pour into the deep, dark stream,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



CAPES TRINITY AND ETERNITY, SAGUENAY RIVER.

There is no monotony; you feel as though a part of that mountain's greatness were imparted to yourself, your mind expands in proportion, until you feel like a new being in a new creation. The



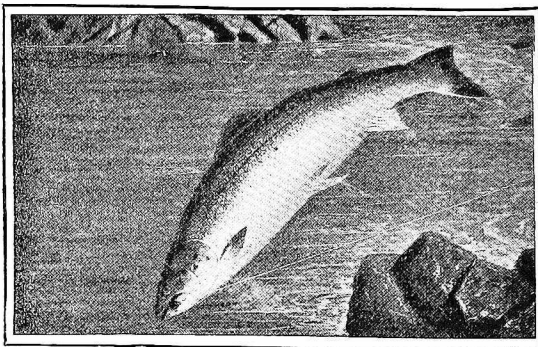
THE RISE.

shades, contrasted with the sunlight, form beautiful combinations. When the shadow of Cape Eternity falls upon the surrounding slopes, 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, no earthly picture can equal it, and a journey of thousands of miles is repaid by that one hour under Cape Eternity.

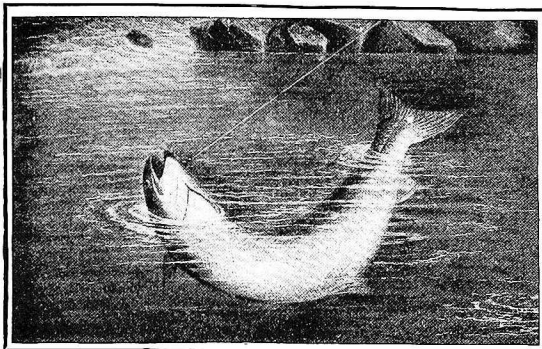
From this interesting spot, until you reach Ha! Ha! Bay (so called on account of the echoes of every laugh that reverberate around the place), a distance of about thirty miles, you glide along between those two immense walls of limestone rock, half a mile apart. At the head of navigation is a beautiful 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 steam-boat that is to convey the fruit to the markets of Quebec and Montreal.

A short drive through a most



THE STRIKE.

romantic region of pine hills and leaping waterways, or a sail in the steamer around the bend of the river, brings us to Chicoutimi, a raw Canadian lumber town with the mellow mantle of the old



THE STRUGGLE.

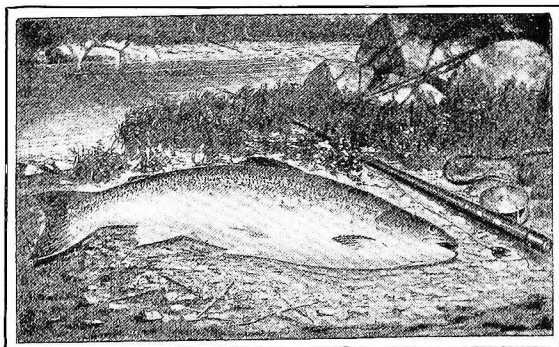
Norman style of French beauty cast over it. It is full of picturesque Canadian cottages.

The Saguenay country has always

been famous as an excellent hunting and fishing region. Sportsmen seldom stay over for any

length of time at Chicoutimi. They journey on, up the Saguenay, to Lake St. John and its affluents sixty miles north, the paradise of wild-wood sport. Many tourists going thither reach their destination *viâ* the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, from the town of Chicoutimi—where the Richelieu steamers connect with the trains of this line.

This beautiful and fertile region is fast filling up with settlers, still, every fisherman who has tried his luck there returns to tempt other enthusiasts with the relation of most wonderful fish stories. Lake St. John is the habitat of a land-locked salmon who rejoices in the euphonious Indian name of Wa-na-nish, and may well be described as a mailed warrior of surpassing courage and determination when he takes a hook. Dear to the true hunter, he is not only a good fighter in the water, but a delicately delicious guest at the table.



THE VICTORY.

Good fishing is to be had anywhere on the rivers and lakes of the gloriously diversified region around Lake St. John. And there large game—deer, bear, moose and the wapiti—are to be found in season with capable and companionable guides to lead the hunter to their native fastnesses. Nowhere in the world will the sportsman and the lover of the grand and beautiful in nature find better rewards for his toil. Many American, as well as Canadian, fishing clubs have leases, or own lakes among these hills. But there is room for thousands more; the country is so vast and its lakes and rivers simply inexhaustible. There are good hotels and every accommodation to be had in the villages around Lake St. John.

But to return to our steamer—leaving Chicoutimi behind, we turn homeward, watching the long procession of headland, rock and hill, the scattered hamlets, the silver threads of cascades occasionally trickling down the dark precipices, until towards evening 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. In the morning, we are back at old Québec, where again the steamers of the Richelieu and 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."



The Hotel Quinte is one of the most modern and best equipped hotels in Canada, the cuisine and furnishings being unequalled in the Dominion. For tourists en route from Niagara Falls to Montreal, Belleville affords a most pleasurable "stop over," the scenery being unsurpassed in Canada.

## TOURIST RATES.

FROM TORONTO TO	SINGLE.	RETURN.
Kingston . . . . .	\$5.00	\$8.50
Clayton . . . . .	5.00	9.00
Alexandria Bay . . . . .	5.00	9.00
Brockville . . . . .	6.50	11.00
Prescott . . . . .	6.75	11.00
Montreal . . . . .	10.00	16.70
Quebec . . . . .	13.00	21.70
Murray Bay . . . . .	15.50	25.70
Rivière du Loup . . . . .	15.50	25.70
Tadousac . . . . .	16.00	26.70
Saguenay . . . . .	17.00	29.70
Roberval (boat to Chicoutimi, thence Q. & L. St. J. Ry.) . . . . .	18.90	32.40

From July 1st, the following schedule of rates will be in force :

## EAST.

FROM MONTREAL TO	SINGLE.	RETURN.
Quebec . . . . .	\$3.00	\$5.00
Quebec (going Saturday, returning Sunday) . . . . .		3.00
Murray Bay . . . . .	5.50	9.00
Rivière du Loup . . . . .	5.50	9.00
Tadousac . . . . .	6.00	10.00
Saguenay . . . . .	7.00	13.00
Roberval (boat to Chicoutimi, thence rail) . . . . .	8.90	15.70
Roberval (up rail, down boat) . . . . .		15.00
Cacouna (boat to Levis, thence I. C. R.) . . . . .	5.60	9.20
Little Metis " " . . . . .	8.40	11.60
Metapedia " " . . . . .	9.75	14.40
Dalhousie " " . . . . .	10.25	15.10
Chatham " " . . . . .	12.30	18.20
Moncton " " . . . . .	13.50	21.00
St. John's " " . . . . .	13.50	21.00
Pointe du Chêne " " . . . . .	13.75	21.50
Truro " " . . . . .	16.50	24.50
Halifax " " . . . . .	16.50	25.00
Mulgrave " " . . . . .	18.50	26.25
Carleton (boat to Levis, I. C. R. to Dalhousie, thence steamer "Admiral" . . . . .	11.00	16.60
New Richmond " " . . . . .	11.50	17.60
New Carlisle " " . . . . .	12.50	19.60
Paspebiac " " . . . . .	12.75	20.10
Grand River " " . . . . .	13.25	21.10
Cape Cove " " . . . . .	13.25	21.10
Percé " " . . . . .	13.25	21.10
Gaspé " " . . . . .	13.50	21.10

FROM QUEBEC TO	SINGLE.
Father Point <i>via</i> Quebec S.S. Co. . . . .	\$6.50
Gaspé . . . . .	13.50
Percé . . . . .	14.50
Summerside . . . . .	21.00
Charlottetown . . . . .	23.00
Pictou . . . . .	24.00
St. John, <i>via</i> Pointe du Chêne . . . . .	24.75
Halifax, <i>via</i> Pictou . . . . .	26.90

*Ypsiloge to  
Chicoutimi return with extra*

*\$ 8.00*



## TOURIST RATES.

FROM TORONTO TO	SINGLE.	RETURN.
Kingston . . . . .	\$5.00	\$8.50
Clayton . . . . .	5.00	9.00
Alexandria Bay . . . . .	5.00	9.00
Brockville . . . . .	6.50	11.00
Prescott . . . . .	6.75	11.00
Montreal . . . . .	10.00	16.70
Quebec . . . . .	13.00	21.70
Murray Bay . . . . .	15.50	25.70
Rivière du Loup . . . . .	15.50	25.70
Tadousac . . . . .	16.00	26.70
Saguenay . . . . .	17.00	29.70
Roberval (boat to Chicoutimi, thence Q. & L. St. J. Ry.) . . . . .	18.90	32.40

### EAST.

FROM MONTREAL TO	SINGLE.	RETURN.
Quebec . . . . .	\$3.00	\$5.00
Quebec (going Saturday, returning Sunday) . . . . .		3.00
Murray Bay . . . . .	5.50	9.00
Rivière du Loup . . . . .	5.50	9.00
Tadousac . . . . .	6.00	10.00
Saguenay . . . . .	7.00	13.00
Roberval (boat to Chicoutimi, thence rail) . . . . .	8.90	15.80
Roberval (up rail down boat) . . . . .		16.70
Cacouna (boat to Levis, thence I. C. R.) . . . . .	5.60	9.20
Little Metis " " . . . . .	7.90	11.60
Metapedia " " . . . . .	9.25	14.40
Dalhousie " " . . . . .	9.75	15.10
Chatham " " . . . . .	11.80	18.20
Moncton " " . . . . .	13.00	21.00
St. John's " " . . . . .	13.40	21.00
Pointe du Chêne " " . . . . .	13.25	21.50
Truro " " . . . . .	16.00	24.50
Halifax " " . . . . .	16.15	25.00
Mulgrave " " . . . . .	18.00	26.25
Carleton (boat to Levis, I. C. R. to Dalhousie, thence steamer "Admiral" . . . . .	10.50	16.60
New Richmond " " . . . . .	11.00	17.60
New Carlisle " " . . . . .	12.00	19.60
Paspebiac " " . . . . .	12.25	20.10
Grand River " " . . . . .	12.75	21.10
Cape Cove " " . . . . .	12.75	21.10
Percé " " . . . . .	13.25	21.10
Gaspé " " . . . . .	13.25	21.10

FROM QUEBEC TO	SINGLE.
Father Point <i>via</i> Quebec SS. Co. . . . .	\$6.50
Gaspé . . . . .	13.50
Percé . . . . .	14.50
Summerside . . . . .	21.00
Charlottetown . . . . .	22.50
Pictou . . . . .	24.00
St. John, <i>via</i> Pointe du Chêne . . . . .	24.75
Halifax, <i>via</i> Pictou . . . . .	26.60

Fifteen per cent. reduction made on return tickets.

Meals and berths are included in rates *via* Quebec SS. Co.

*Quebec to  
Chicoutimi return Montreal*

\$ 8.00

**TOURIST RATES — Continued.**

WEST.			
FROM MONTREAL TO		SINGLE.	RETURN.
Prescott . . . . .		\$3.00	\$5.00
Alexandria Bay, and Thousand Island Points . . . . .		4.00	6.50
Kingston . . . . .		4.00	8.50
Toronto . . . . .		8.00	16.70
Niagara Falls, N. Y. :			
Steamer to Toronto, Niagara Nav. Co., to Lewiston,			
thence N. Y. C. & H. R. R. . . . .	9.45		19.00
or steamer to Toronto, Niagara Nav. Co. to Queenston,			
thence Niagara Falls Park & River Ry. . . . .	9.45		19.00
or steamer to Toronto, "Empress of India," to Port			
Dalhousie, thence G. T. R., N. Y. C. & H. R. R. . . .	9.45		19.00
Buffalo :			
all routes, <i>via</i> Lewiston, or Queenston, or Port Dalhousie	10.00		19.90
Meals and berth are included, going west, between Montreal and Toronto.			

**ABOUT TICKETS, STATEROOMS, ETC.**

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

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

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

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

Stop overs are allowed upon application to Purser.

**CONNECTIONS.**

TORONTO.—With Niagara Navigation Co. and Hamilton Steamers, Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Montreal, Bay of Quinte, and Hamilton Service.**

In addition to the regular mail line between Toronto and Montreal, steamer "Hamilton" leaves Hamilton every Monday at 12 noon, and Montreal every Thursday 4 p. m., running through the Bay of Quinte on upward and downward trips, and calling at all intermediate ports.

Rates of fare are :—

Montreal to Hamilton . . . . .	\$8.50
Montreal to Hamilton and return . . . . .	16.00

## TIME=TABLE.

Commencing **June 3rd**, steamers make tri-weekly trips leaving Montreal and Toronto respectively every Monday, Wednesday and Friday until **June 15th**, when they begin daily trips (Sundays excepted).

### ROYAL MAIL LINE STEAMERS.

Mls	DOWNWARDS.		UPWARDS.	
	Lv. <b>Toronto</b> daily (Sundays excepted) . . . . .	2.00 pm	Lv. <b>Quebec</b> daily (Sundays excepted) . . . . .	5.00 pm
44	" <b>Darlington</b> (Bowmanville) . . . . .	5.20 "	Ar. at <b>Montreal</b> next morning . . . . .	6.30 am
64	" <b>Port Hope</b> . . . . .	6.50 "	Lv. <b>Montreal</b> (Canal Basin) every morning (Sundays excepted) . . . . .	10.00 "
70	" <b>Cobourg</b> . . . . .	7.20 "	" <b>Lachine</b> (connect with noon train) from Montreal . . . . .	12.30 pm
178	" <b>Kingston</b> . . . . .	5.00 am	" <b>Valleyfield</b> . . . . .	6.00 "
202	" <b>Clayton</b> . . . . .	6.20 "	" <b>Coteau Landing</b> (connects with train leaving Montreal at 5 p.m.) . . . . .	6.40 "
205	" <b>Round Island</b> . . . . .	6.30 "	" <b>Cornwall</b> . . . . .	9.30 "
208	" <b>Thousand Island Park</b> . . . . .	7.00 "	" <b>Dickinson's Landing</b> . . . . .	2.30 am
216	" <b>Alexandria Bay</b> . . . . .	7.15 "	" <b>Prescott</b> . . . . .	7.30 "
241	" <b>Brockville</b> . . . . .	8.45 "	" <b>Brockville</b> . . . . .	8.30 "
255	" <b>Prescott</b> . . . . .	9.30 "	" <b>Alexandria Bay</b> . . . . .	10.30 "
299	" <b>Cornwall</b> . . . . .	12.45 pm	" <b>Thousand Island Park</b> . . . . .	10.40 "
329	" <b>Coteau Landing</b> . . . . .	2.45 "	" <b>Round Island</b> . . . . .	11.00 "
	Ar. at <b>Montreal</b> (go alongside steamers for Quebec to transfer passengers and baggage) . . . . .	6.30 "	" <b>Clayton</b> . . . . .	11.30 "
	Lv. <b>Montreal</b> daily (Sundays excepted) . . . . .	7.00 "	Ar. <b>Kingston</b> . . . . .	1.00 pm
			Lv. <b>Kingston</b> . . . . .	3.00 "
556	Ar. at <b>Quebec</b> next morning, connecting there with steamer for the <b>Saguenay River</b> , and at <b>Pointe Lévis</b> (opposite Quebec) with the Intercolonial Railway for all places in the Maritime Provinces . . . . .	6.30 am	" <b>Deseronto</b> . . . . .	6.15 "
			" <b>Belleville</b> . . . . .	8.00 "
			" <b>Trenton</b> (Foot Canal) . . . . .	9.30 "
			" <b>Brighton</b> . . . . .	11.00 "
			" <b>Cobourg</b> . . . . .	1.30 am
			" <b>Port Hope</b> . . . . .	2.10 "
			" <b>Darlington</b> (Bowmanville) . . . . .	3.30 "
			Ar. <b>Toronto</b> . . . . .	6.30 "

**SUNDAY SERVICE.**—Commencing June 2nd, steamers leave Montreal and Quebec at 3 p. m., every Sunday, until further notice.

Passengers can make convenient connections with steamer going in opposite direction at Three Rivers, both steamers leaving this port at 11 p. m., and at Sorel with steamer "Berthier," arriving at Montreal at 11 p. m.

**SAGUENAY LINE.**—Up to June 15th, steamers leave Quebec for the Saguenay and intermediate ports, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7.30 a. m.

From June 15th to July 15th, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, and from July 15th until further notice, daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 a. m.

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

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

A most fascinating little trip can be made on this steamer. Fare going Tuesday \$4.00, going Friday \$5.00, for the round trip, meals and berth included. Or take G. T. R., train 5 p. m. Saturday, connecting with steamer at Belœil at 6 p. m. Fare round trip \$4.50.

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

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

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

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On Saturdays, steamer "Bohemian" makes a trip down the river, leaving at 2.30 p. m., and returning at 8 p. m. Supper served on board.

On Sundays, steamer "Bohemian" will make a trip to Sorel, leaving at 8.00 a. m., and returning at 8 p. m. Giving two hours at Sorel. Meals served on board.

MUSIC—A first-class Orchestra on Quebec Line all season, and on Saguenay Line, from June. Write for musical programme.



## GENERAL INFORMATION.

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To help the tourist in his selection of hotel accommodation and to point out some of the best houses dealing in tourists' and other requisites, we have obtained advertisements from some of the leading houses, and we recommend them to the patronage of the travelling public.

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## THE ST. CLAIR SUB-MARINE TUNNEL

From Sarnia, Ont., to Port Huron, Mich., under the St. Clair River, completes the Link between the



of Canada . . .

and its Affiliated Lines, viz.:—

**CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY,  
CINCINNATI, SAGINAW & MACKINAW RAILWAY,  
DETROIT, GRAND HAVEN & MILWAUKEE RAILROAD,  
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY (in State of Michigan),  
TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKOGON RAILWAY.**

### REMEMBER!

... THE ...

**G**RAND TRUNK RAILWAY is the only line, under one management, from Portland and Quebec to Niagara Falls, Detroit, Port Huron, Milwaukee and Chicago, passing through Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, London, and the most populous Cities and Towns in Canada. Passengers, travelling *via* this Great International

**T**RUNK LINE, cross the St. Lawrence River, at Montreal, over the world-renowned VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE, nearly two miles long; and while crossing the well-known Suspension Bridge, over the Niagara River, a magnificent view is obtained of the Whirlpool Rapids and the majestic Niagara Falls. This

**R**AILWAY is double tracked between Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton. Dining Cars are run on the Southern Division between Niagara Falls and Detroit, furnishing the best and most elaborate meals at reasonable prices. This Company being the first to establish a Dining Car Service, enjoys the distinction of being the

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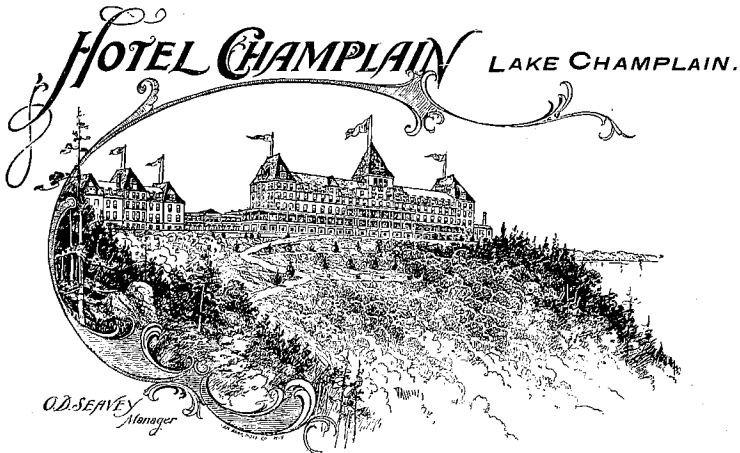
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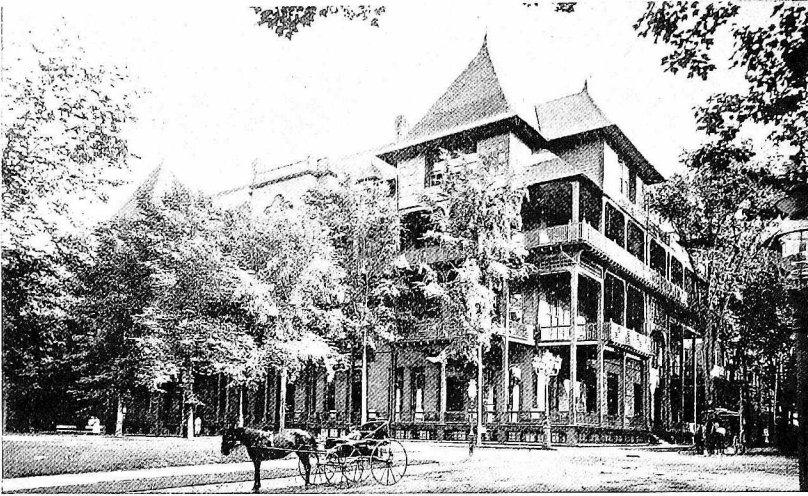
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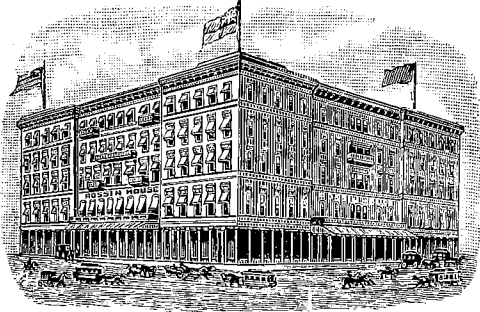
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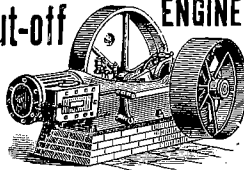
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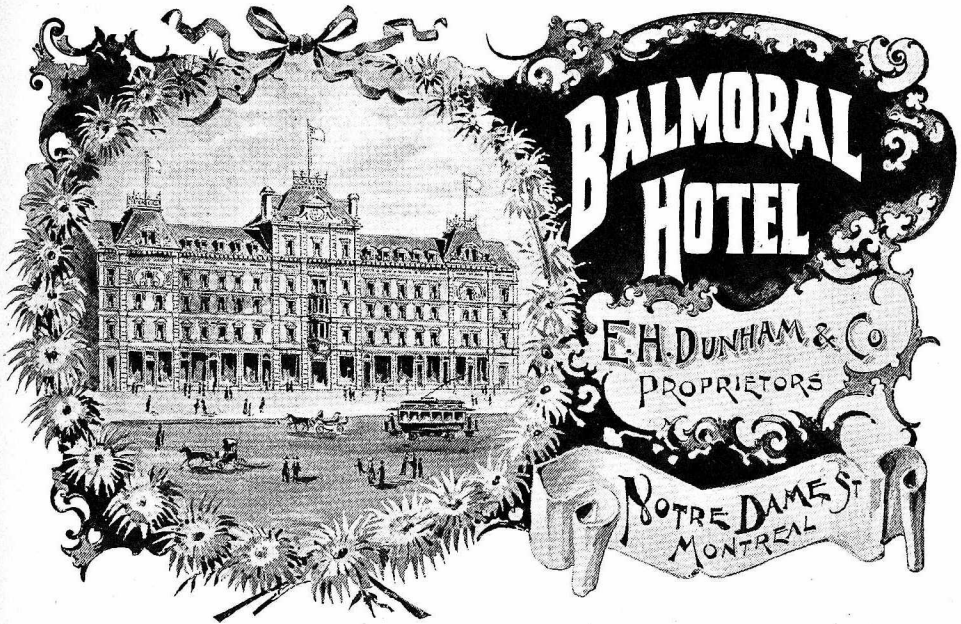
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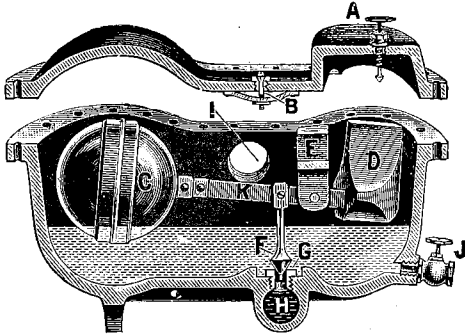
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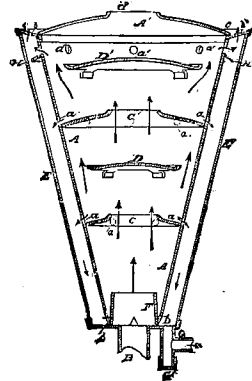
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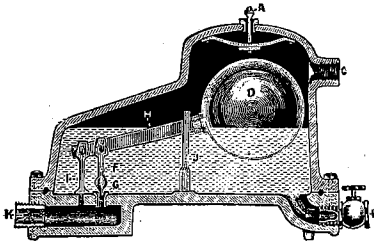
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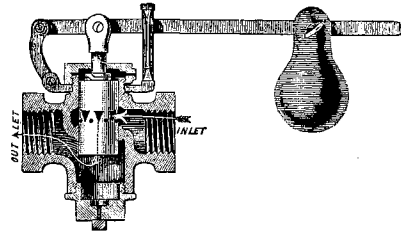
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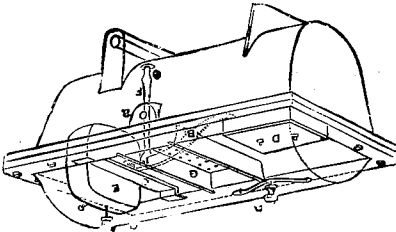
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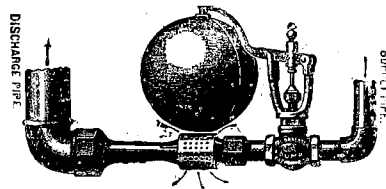
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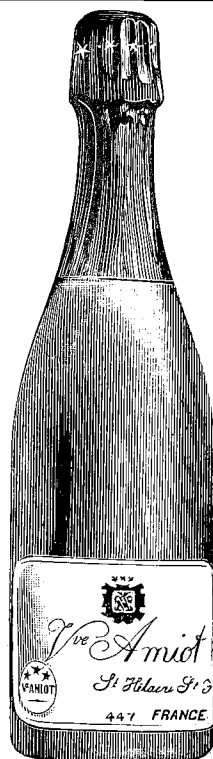
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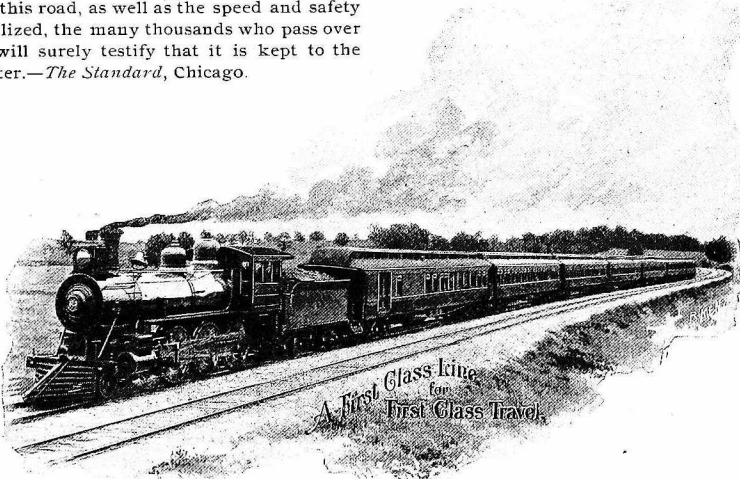
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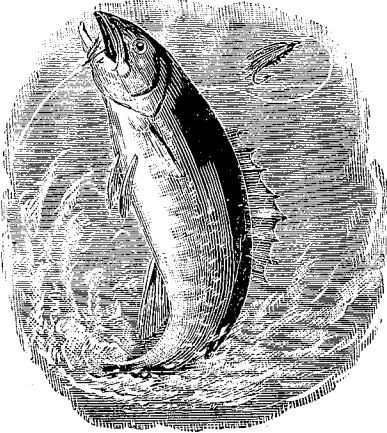
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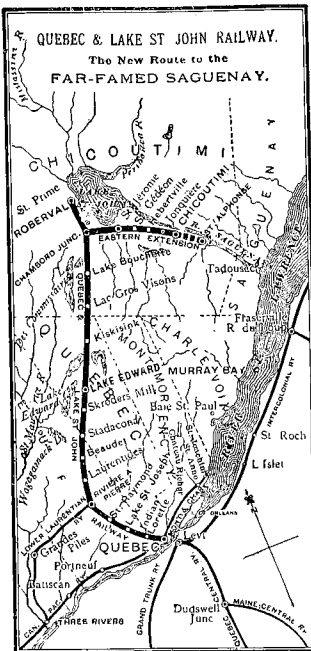
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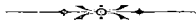
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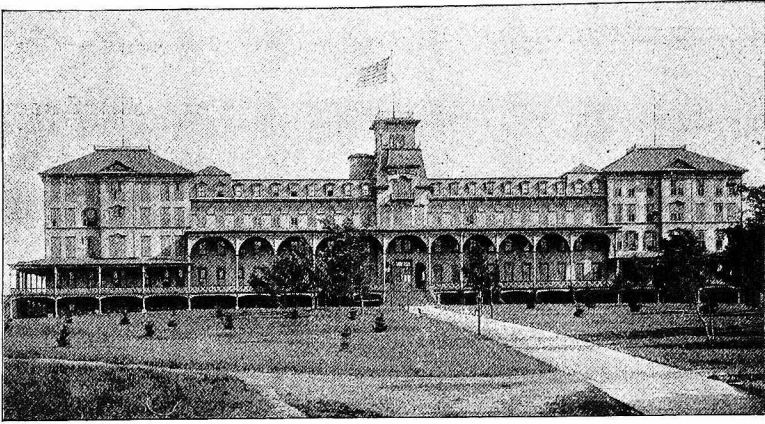
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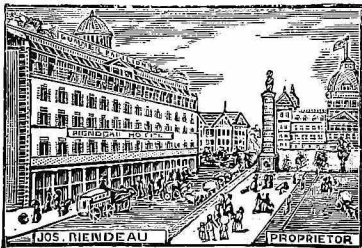
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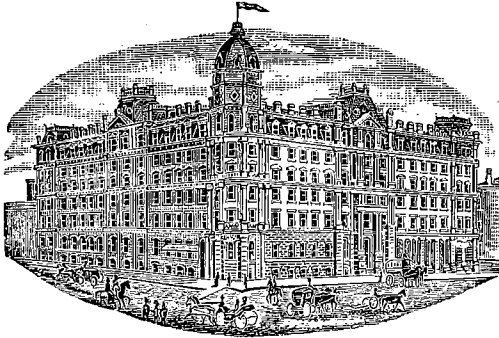
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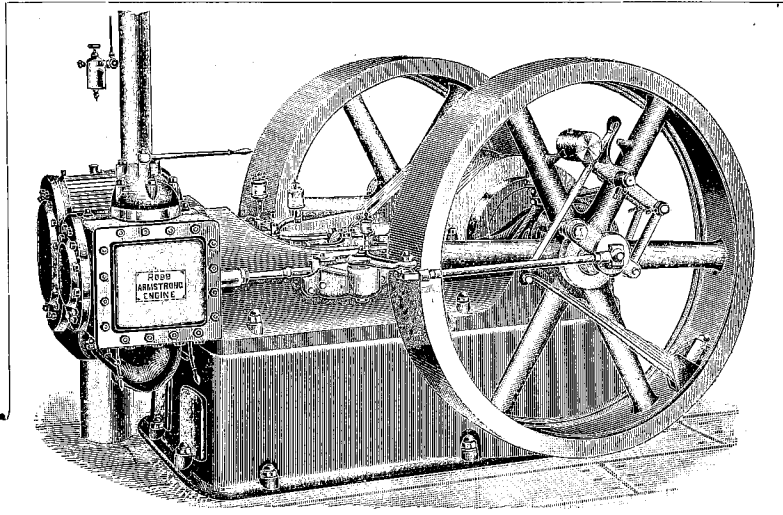
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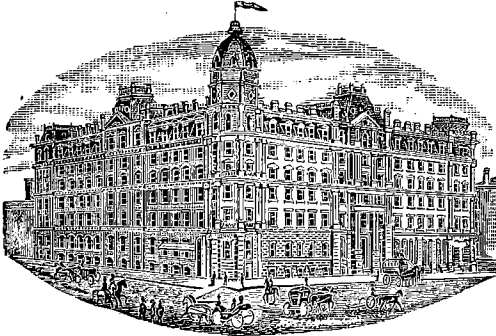
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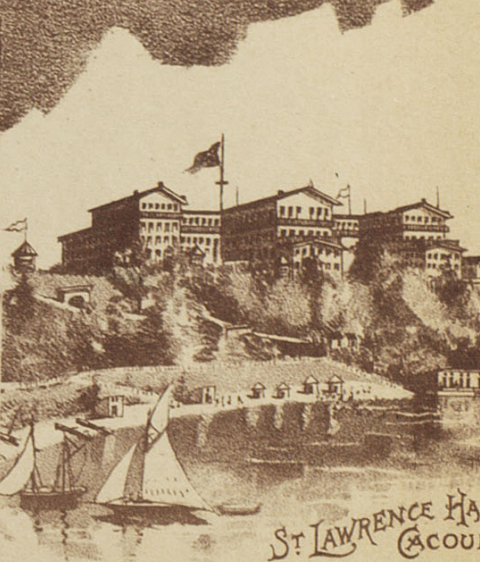
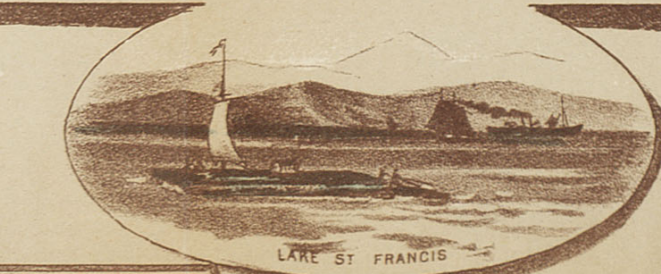
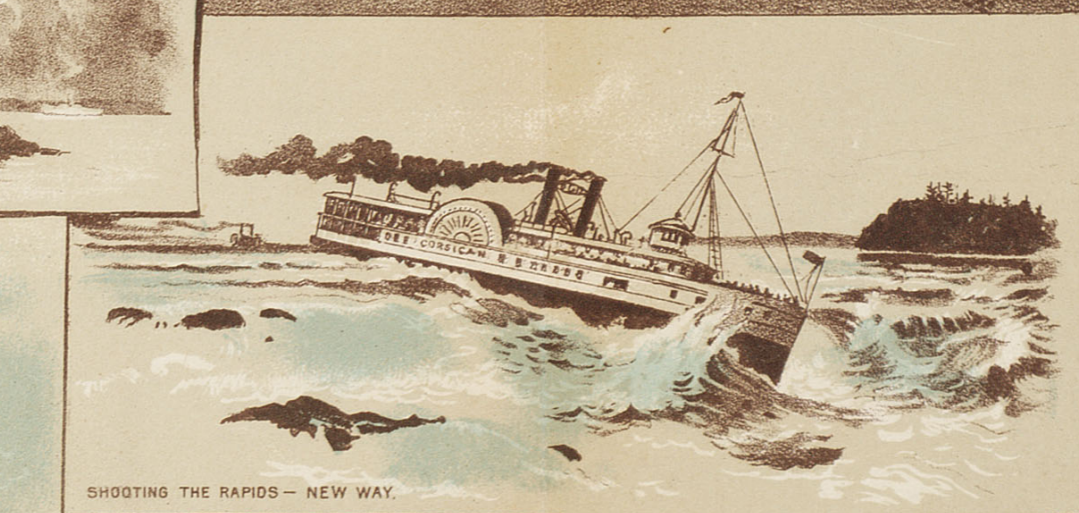
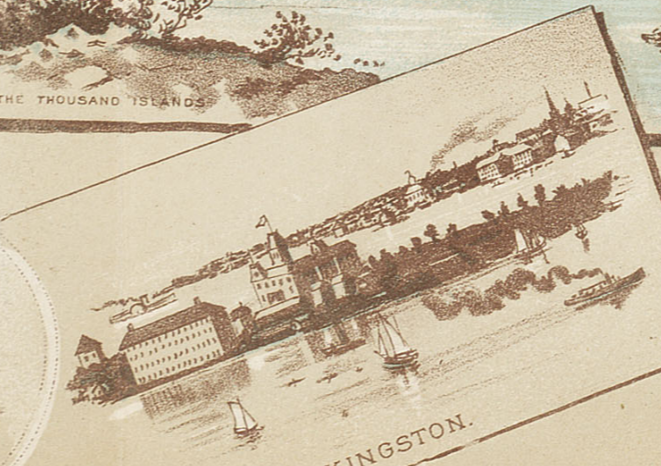
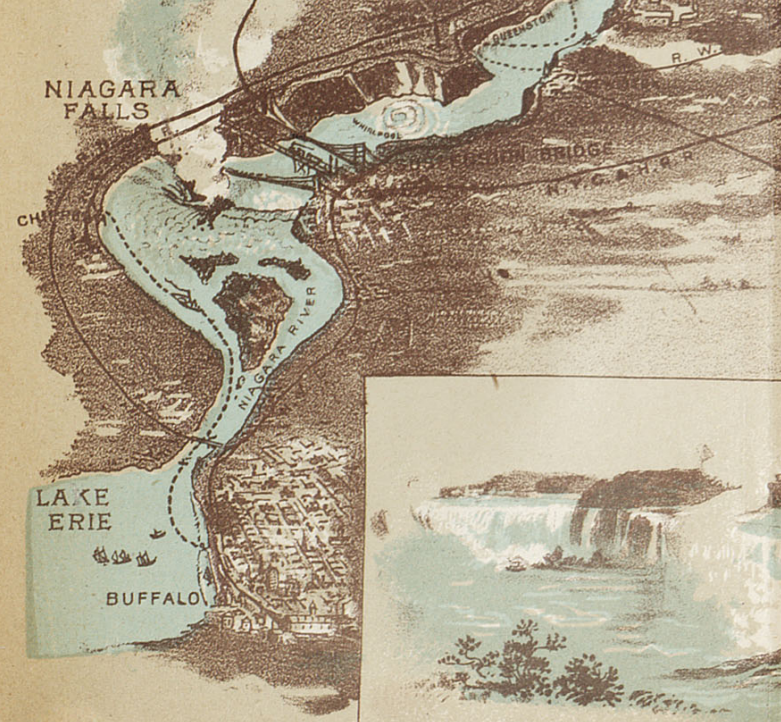
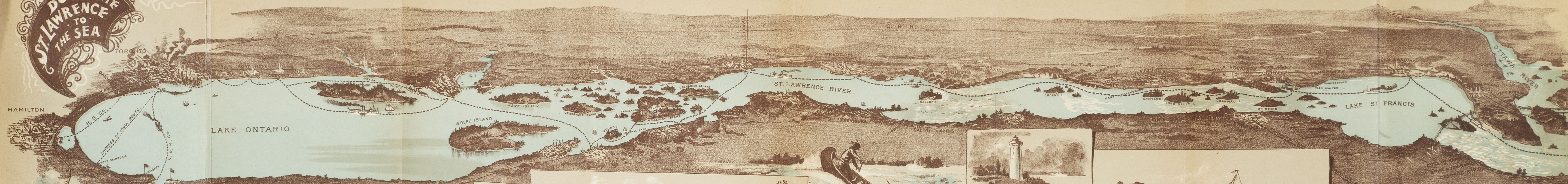


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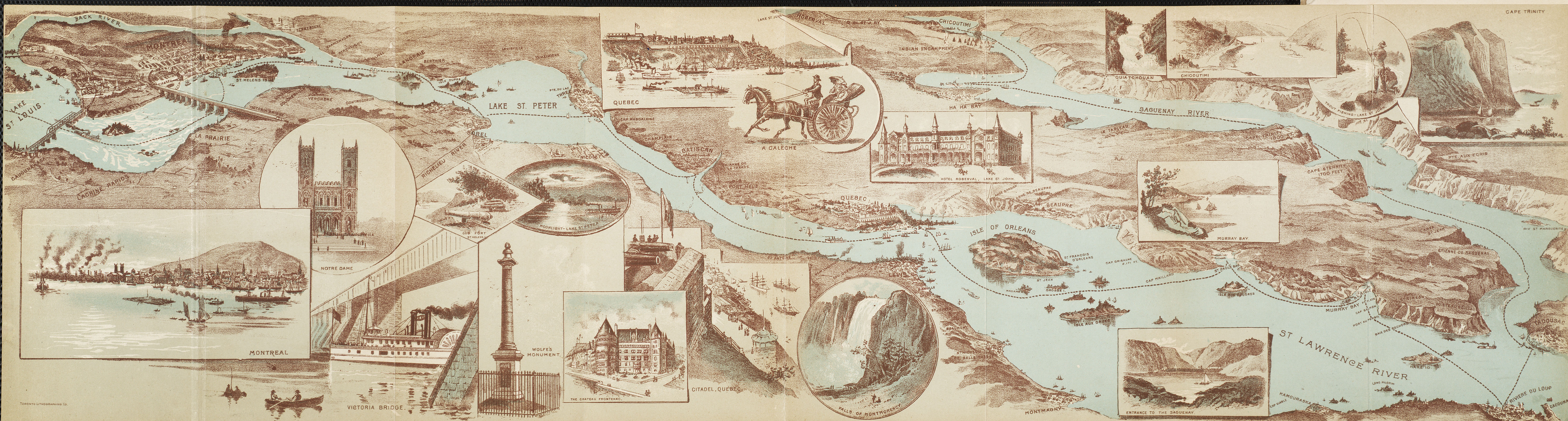
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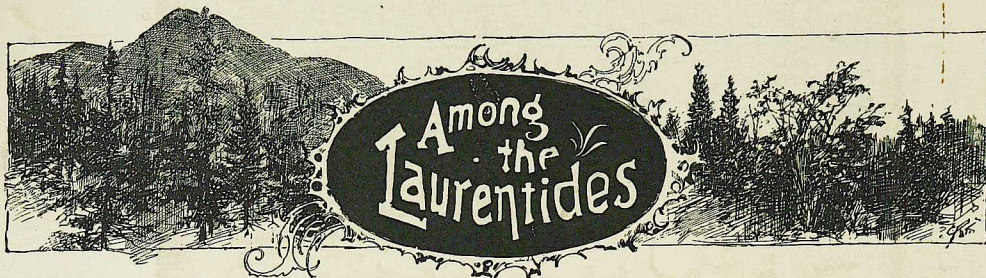
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