Quebec

Summer and Winter

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Quebec — Summer and Winter

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QUEBEC, FROM LEVIS

Quebec

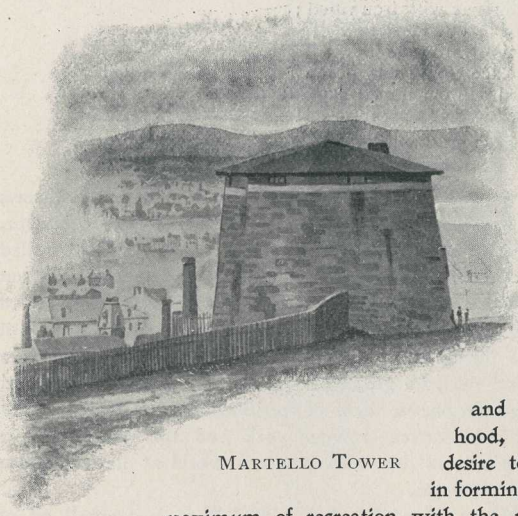
SUMMER ... AND WINTER

Here sailed Jacques Cartier bold, and great Champlain,
Here vigorous Frontenac with iron ruled ;
Here fell two heroes ; one in victory
Scarce realized ; his rival in defeat
Scarce known. Peace from their glorious graves has schooled
The ancient discord, till our minstrelsy
Sings growth united in war's vacant seat !—ALFRED THOROLD.

THERE is not a spot in all America richer in historic treasure, or more lavishly endowed by Nature in the beauty, grandeur, and splendor of its surroundings, than the quaint old walled city of Quebec, which, guarding the portal of the great inland waters of the continent, has not inaptly been termed the "Sentinel City of the St. Lawrence." Historically it stands pre-eminent. Here the germ of European civilization was planted in this new northern land, and the two greatest of old-world monarchies battled for half a continent; where mediaeval ideas of fortification and defence may be seen; and where the bold fortress-crowned rock and the majestic river flowing with the watery tribute of the whole western world at its feet, show nature in her most wonderful works.

It is of Quebec that Henry Ward Beecher said: "Here is a small bit of mediaeval Europe perched upon a rock, and dried for keeping—a curiosity that has not its equal in its kind on this side of the ocean." "Strolling in Lower Town one might fancy himself in Amiens or Dieppe, and along the Grand Allee, running right across the Plains of Abraham, you might be in Brussels or Paris," adds another writer, "only that Clifton Terrace seems to recall you to Kensington. Travellers for whom Europe is too distant are advised to go to Quebec, there to find a bit of the mediaeval Old World

transplanted to the New, but still embalmed in its ancient religious sentimentalism, upon which the rush and roar of modern unrest produces as little effect as the Atlantic breakers on the cliffs of Cape Breton." And the wondrous beauty of the city's environments is thus described by another gifted writer: "The majestic appearance of Cape Diamond and the fortifications, the cupolas and minarets blazing and sparkling in the sun, the noble basin like a sheet of purest silver, in which might ride with safety the navies of the world, the graceful meanderings of the river St. Charles, the numerous village spires on either side of the St. Lawrence, the fertile valley dotted with the picturesque *habitant* houses, the distant falls of Montmorency, the park-like scenery of Point Levis, the beauteous Isle of Orleans, the grim purple mountains, the barriers to the north, form a picture which it is no exaggeration to say is unsurpassed in any part of the world."



MARTELLO TOWER

It is the purpose of this brochure to furnish in a concise form such information concerning this ancient city, its approaches, surroundings, and accommodation for tourists as may assist that numerous and yearly increasing brotherhood, or such of them as may desire to visit the St. Lawrence, in forming their plans to ensure the maximum of recreation with the minimum of trouble.

The city of Quebec is such a convenient resting place between Montreal and the several points of interest on the Lower St. Lawrence, and is of itself so interesting and so unlike other cities of the continent, that very few making the tour of the St. Lawrence pass its memorable walls without spending a few days within them. They desire to see where Cartier, the Columbus of the North, first landed, where Champlain founded the first French colony, where Wolfe fell and Montcalm received his death wound, and

where Montgomery, the American general, who was killed while besieging the city on 31st December, 1775, breathed his last within the English lines. The streets of Quebec are redolent of the religious and military history of early Canada, and more historic memories linger about this ancient stronghold than around any other city on the continent. Every spot now dismissed in a sentence was the centre of events which seemed to the actors of them to be fraught with far-reaching consequences, as indeed many of them were. It is over three hundred and sixty years since Jacques Cartier anchored off what was then the Indian village of Stadacona, and of course claimed the rest of it, all, whatever it might prove to be, for the King of France. He made no permanent settlement here, but in 1549 the Sieur de Roberval spent one winter with a small colony he had brought out, and then retired. In 1608 Champlain arrived and succeeded in establishing the French possession of the country and commenced to provide material for history. His romantic reign as practical King of the St. Lawrence, and the eventful times of his French successors, have been so frequently and so well described by Parkman, Kingsford, Stewart, Le Moine, Bourinot, Chambers and Harper, that it is not necessary to say more of them here. Quebec has seen more war, probably, than any other place on the continent.

The mere sight of the city recalls to memory the long succession of historical events in which many nations were deeply interested. The French, the English, the American, and the aboriginal Indians have all played their parts in the stirring drama whose scenes were laid around the fortress-crowned rock; and the final struggle for Canada between the French and English which closed on the Heights of Abraham, saw the end of France in the northern half of the continent, and commenced the regime which was inevitably destined to result in the self-governing liberty which Canada now enjoys.

HOW TO GET THERE.

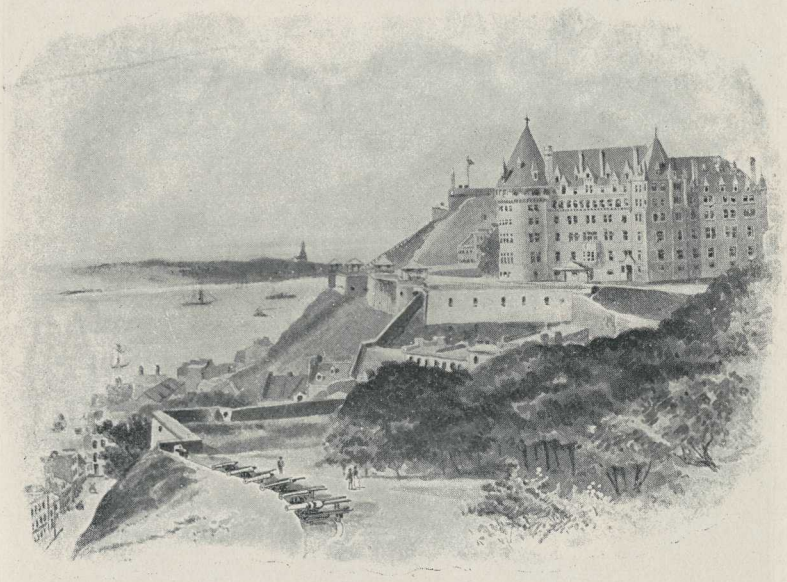
QUEBEC is easily reached from all directions. From Montreal, which may be regarded as the starting point for the Lower St. Lawrence, there is a choice of routes by rail and river. By the Canadian Pacific Railway it is about five hours' run along the north bank of the river, through the old French settlements that in many places are almost as primitive as in the days of Champlain and Frontenac. The railway runs directly under the walls of, and yet into, the city, which has largely outgrown the area enclosed within the defences. The Grand Trunk and the Canadian Government Railway, on the other side of the St. Lawrence, run to Levis, directly opposite Quebec, the river being crossed by steam ferry. During the season of navigation the steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. ply between Montreal and Quebec. Tourists from the New England States who do not wish to visit Montreal can reach the Ancient Capital by way of Sherbrooke, thence via the Quebec Central or Grand Trunk Railway, or by Dudswell Junction, and thence by Quebec Central to Levis. Those from the Maritime Provinces reach Levis either by the Canadian Pacific Short Line to Megantic and thence by the Quebec Central, or by the Canadian Government Railway; and in summer numerous steamships from European and Lower St. Lawrence ports all make Quebec a stopping point.

IN AND AROUND QUEBEC.

WHERE TO STOP.

The Chateau Frontenac, a magnificent new fire-proof hotel, erected by a number of capitalists of Montreal, stands at the eastern end of a splendid esplanade known as the Dufferin Terrace, just below the King's Bastion of the Citadel, commanding delightful views of the St. Lawrence as far as the eye can reach,—down past the Isle d'Orleans, across to Levis and beyond, up stream to Sillery, and, to the left, the country along the beautiful valley of the St. Charles River. The grandeur of the scenery is indescribable; it is matchless in diversity and charming in effect. No grander site for such a structure could be found on the continent, and it would not be easy to combine the advantages it possesses in any place the world over. This elegant hotel, on

which nearly $1,000,000 has been judiciously expended, and which is being enlarged to meet the increased demands of travel, is erected on an historic spot of more than ordinary interest—the site of the old Chateau St. Louis, so famous in Canadian history, and once the vice-regal residence of the Governors of Canada, both before and after the conquest. "A massive, shapely edifice is this grand hotel on Dufferin Terrace," writes the well-known authoress, Faith



CHATEAU FRONTENAC

Fenton; "a veritable old-time chateau, whose curves and cupolas, turrets and towers, even whose tones of gray stone and dulled brick harmonize well with the sober, quaint architecture of our dear old Fortress City. Chateau Frontenac has been planned with that strong sense of the fitness of things. In exterior it blends with its surroundings; it is part of the wondrous picturesqueness. The interior magnificent outlook and hotel luxury are so commingled that neither seems to have been sacrificed to the other. The architect, Mr.

Bruce Price, must have a cunning brain to have thus devised this quaintly shaped hotel, and so mapped out its interior that all the offices and service rooms, even the main entrance hall, with its pillared gateway, look out upon the inner curve, leaving every bit of the outer circle, that faces the magnificent stretch of river and sky and far-off hills, to be devoted to guest

PARLOR, CHATEAU FRONTENAC

rooms. It was a clever and difficult planning; it required an equally clever and difficult furnishing; for this splendid edifice possesses as many interior curves and corners as outer ones. It is delightfully unexpected in its ways. Rooms that are bow-shaped, crescent-shaped, circular; rooms that are acute-angled, obtuse-angled, triagonal, sexagonal—everything except right-angled. And then the stairways—they are everywhere, and equally pretty and unique in effect. Every corner that one peeps into along these wide, curving corridors

holds an inviting little stairway—bright and soft, with rich crimson carpeting and oak bannisters—that tempts one to ascend or descend just to find where it leads. The broad entrance hall and offices, the great rotunda and reading-room, have tessellated floors, and are large, light, airy, and finely furnished. The stairways and bannisters are of oak—a wood that is much used throughout the building. Ascending the main stairway, which leads by easy turns from the vestibule, we come upon one of the most artistic effects in the building, for, standing in the broad corridor, beautiful with its white panellings, oak floor, and crimson Axminster, we look between large, creamy, daintily-moulded pillars into the long drawing-room, and beyond it into the ladies' pavilion. It is a wonderfully pretty and artistic entrance that these white, carven pillars afford. It brings a suggestion of the Renaissance and the white and gold days of Louis Quinze. The ladies' pavilion is delightful. It might be called the ladies' rotunda, for it corresponds with that of the one below. It is perfectly round, of course, with those fine square carven pillars forming the entrance way, and a central round pillar supporting the graceful sprays of lights. Half of the circling wall is filled with windows that look out upon a scene, than which no fairer one exists. From the gray Citadel, along and adown the river, to Isle d'Orleans—with Lower Town lying beneath the Terrace and all the landscape beauty across the rapid water—truly, it is a superb eastern portal, a fit correspondent for Canada's magnificent mountain guardians of the west."

There are many suites in this big hotel, some of them containing as many as eight rooms, and of one the following description is given: "Two dainty bedrooms and two equally dainty bathrooms, in white marble and gold, lead from either end of a bow-shaped boudoir, whose curve is one unbroken line of beautiful windows, richest Axminster of glowing crimson, creamy panellings, tinted walls and ceiling, deep window seats—all these the room possesses, but one sees them not; they are as nothing compared to the great curve of radiance that shines and sparkles from this splendid bow of light. . . . The hotel throughout is carpeted with Axminster and Wiltons in deep crimsons and moss greens—our footfalls press away into softest plush. The furniture is chiefly oak. The bedroom furnishings are much alike throughout—handsome brass bedsteads, oak furniture, and cosy upholstering in each room.

"It is one of the features of Hotel Frontenac that, from lowest to topmost story, everything is of the best. It is equally a feature that the fourth, fifth and sixth stories are more desirable than the lower ones, for the higher one climbs the wider the panorama of river, hill and sky that unrolls to one's view.

"The dining hall is rich and in absolute harmony with the Louis Quinze conception. It is a very large, square, airy room, with windows looking out upon the river. The floor is of oak, in herring pattern. The wainscoting is of leather, studded with brass nails. The wall above is freely panelled in oak, and decorated between with richly tinted tapestries, representing an important event in the Roman empire. This warm, dull, tinted tapestry, crowded with quaint figures, is an amusement and delight to the eye, and under the soft electric glow the result is absolutely satisfying. . . A peep into the kitchen—a great, wide, cleanly place, made busy at that moment with dinner preparations—is a revelation. One of the things a woman notices first is the table furnishings. And these at Chateau Frontenac have been chosen with perfect taste; from the simple, silver-rimmed castor, with its square-cut bottles, to the tiny fruit spoon—everything harmonizes in the most satisfying way."

ENTRANCE TO CHATEAU FRONTENAC COURTYARD FROM DUFFERIN TERRACE

Another writer, Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, in his "Guide to Quebec," says: "How home-like and comfortable are the rooms in the princely Chateau, and how unexcelled anywhere are the *cuisine* and *menus* have been testified to by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen and their suite, by the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Astors, and thousands of prominent tourists from all parts of the world."

DUFFERIN TERRACE.

The pride and the glory of Quebec is Dufferin Terrace, an unrivalled promenade and public rendezvous. From it, or better, from any of the windows in the Chateau Frontenac, which stands at its eastern limit and at the base of the Citadel, a view, unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur, bursts upon the beholder. The broad promenade is fully a quarter of a mile long, and erected on it are five handsome kiosks, to which the names of Plessis, Frontenac, Lorne and Louise, Dufferin, and Victoria have been given, besides another for the use of bands of music, which at times are those belonging to British and French men-of-war visiting the port. Elevated 200 feet above the St. Lawrence, which here contracts its high banks until but a mile separates them, it is a point of vantage from which to drink in the feast of scenic splendor which is spread out before one. There is the mighty river—described by Howells as the "Little Giant"—on whose bosom float craft of every description, from the huge ocean greyhound to the primitive canoe of the Indian; across the water is Levis, on whose crowning cliffs, rising higher even than those of Quebec, are three immense forts erected by the British Government at a cost approaching $1,000,000; down the stream is the beautiful Isle d'Orleans—the Isle of Bacchus of Jacques Cartier, and at a later time known as Sorcerer's Island, for in the firefly lights that danced over its swamps the native Indians and the early French settlers saw the work of His Satanic Majesty and his uncanny followers. Farther away is Cape Tourmente, and along the shores are the quaint villages of the *habitants* and the narrow-stripped farms which excite the surprise and curiosity of the traveller. To the left the St. Charles gracefully sweeps and blends its waters with the greater stream. Forest and river and mountain and cultivated broad acres combine to make gorgeous landscape, and in the rear tower the Laurentian Hills, whose purpled crests lose themselves in the fleecy clouds. At one's feet is the bustling Lower Town and the ships in port, and above is the frowning Citadel whose hoary walls have environed Quebec with a glamour of romance and renown.

Every foot of land here is historic ground; the very air breathes of deeds of valorous daring and military prowess, which even the peaceful aspect of the present or the hum and bustle of everyday business near by fails to dispel, for here the Kings of Old France sent their men and treasure to build up a New France on this side of the Atlantic, where these gallant adventurers lived and plotted and fought and wrested countless leagues of land from the savages, and whose prowess shed lustre on *la belle* France. Looking

down from the Terrace front, the narrow street bearing the name of the founder of Quebec is seen, and its long length followed to the foot of the Citadel cliff, just beyond which is the narrow pass where heroic Montgomery fell mortally wounded while gallantly leading his men in a rash and daring attack on the city. Almost directly under the northern end of the Terrace, where the cliff stands back farther from the river and the streets and buildings huddle closer together, is the historic Church of Notre Dame des Victoire, and a little to the south is the Champlain market hall, and very near its site the first building in Quebec was erected in 1608 by the adventurous and chivalrous Champlain. It included a fort, a residence, and stores. Here was the first clearing made; the next was that upon a portion of which the Chateau Frontenac now stands, where Champlain erected the Chateau St. Louis, which played so prominent a part in Canadian history, at a later era being the castle whence the French Governors exercised undisputed sovereignty from the mouth of the Mississippi to the great inland lakes of Canada, and along the shores of the St. Lawrence and its Gulf. Its cellar still remains under the wooden covering of the present Durham Terrace, immediately adjoining the Chateau Frontenac. In the rear of the Chateau St. Louis was the area of the fort now covered by the Place d'Armes and a part of the hotel, which was frequently attacked by the intrepid and ferocious Iroquois, who, having overthrown the outposts, more than once threatened the fort itself, and just beyond are the high-peaked Commissariat building of the Imperial Government, the Kent House where resided Her Britannic Majesty's father when commandant of the Imperial forces in Canada, the headquarters of Montcalm, and the place where that gallant soldier died, the old building having been replaced by a modern structure now occupied as a livery stable and numbered 45 and 47 St. Louis Street.

LEVIS, FROM QUEBEC

THE CITADEL.

The Citadel occupies the most commanding position in Quebec, overlooking the St. Lawrence and the country round, and having a clear range for its guns in every direction. It stands 303 feet above the river, and at one time was a formidable position of defence, so much so that Quebec has sometimes been called the Gibraltar of America. Though still a fortress, its present chief use is as a barrack, and in it are kept immense military stores and arms for 20,000 men. Access is gained to the trenches by the Chain gate, and to the Citadel by the Dalhousie, named after a former Governor. The Citadel is about ten minutes' walk from the Chateau Frontenac.

THE GOVERNOR'S GARDEN.

The Governor's Garden is a public park a little in the rear of the Dufferin Terrace, and between the Chateau Frontenac and the Citadel. It is a pretty little retreat, and in it is a dual-faced stone column to Wolfe and Montcalm, erected in 1827 and 1828 in joint honor of the illustrious generals, to whom, in the words of the inscription, "Valor gave a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument."

PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

The Plains of Abraham is one of the chief points of interest. Here was the battlefield where Wolfe fell and Montcalm fought his last fight. The plain is the tableland on the crest of the heights on the north bank of the St. Lawrence River, which were thought to be too precipitous for an enemy to climb. The heights were, however, quietly and successfully scaled, and on 13th September, 1759, the memorable battle fought on their edge which decided the fate of Canada. A tall marble shaft now stands to mark the spot where Wolfe fell, mortally wounded, and bears the inscription: "Here died Wolfe victorious." His illustrious rival, Montcalm, also wounded, retreated within the walls to die there. On the plains, where some of the heaviest fighting occurred in the famous battle, are three Martello towers, not erected, however, until 1812, which, while formidably built, were weakly constructed towards the city, so that in case of capture they might easily

be destroyed. The field of the battle is a short and pleasant walk or drive from the hotel, a little beyond the St. Louis gate, on the road to Spencerwood, the official residence of the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and in olden days the home of the Governors-General of Canada. A short distance off, on the escarpment overhanging the St. Lawrence, is the path by which the British troops scaled the cliffs on the night before the battle, and at the foot of the rocks is Wolfe's Cove, two miles above which is Sillery, a place of historical interest, where Maisonneuve spent his first winter in Canada, and the scene of the horrible massacre of Christian Hurons and their missionaries by savage Iroquois in 1655.

THE URSULINE CONVENT.

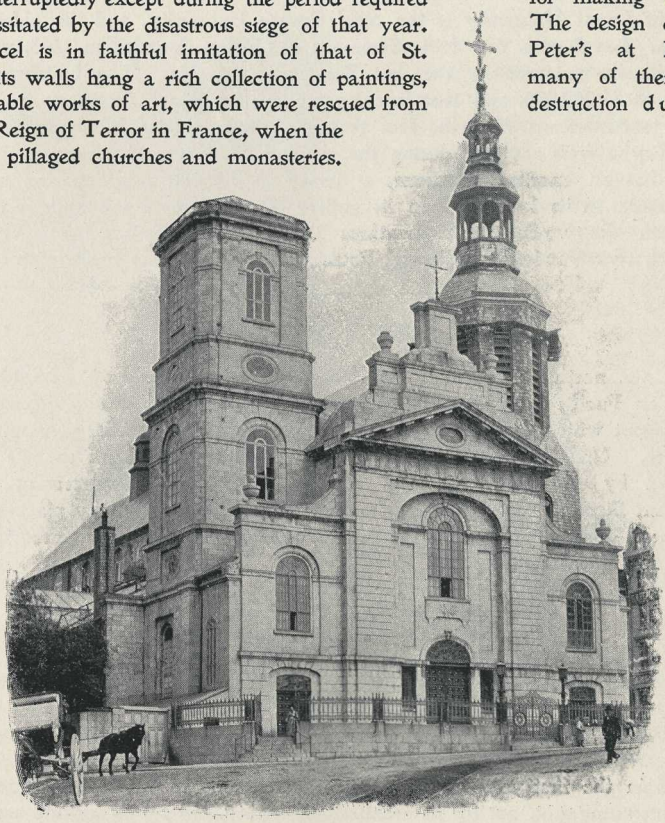
The Ursuline Convent is directly connected with this important battle on the Plains of Abraham, by reason of its containing the remains of Montcalm, whose body is buried in the Convent, while his skull is kept in the chaplain's parlor, to which visitors are freely admitted. This, the oldest convent in Quebec, was founded in 1639, destroyed by fire in 1650, rebuilt to meet a similar fate in 1686; but the original foundations and the walls of the second building are still utilized in the third structure. The convent is a pile of massive stone edifices, and the chapel contains the remains of Montcalm and what are claimed to be the following relics: The body of St Clements, from the Catacombs of Rome, brought to the Ursulines in 1687; the skull of one of the companions of St. Ursula, 1675; the skull of St. Justus, 1662; a piece of the Holy Cross, 1667; a portion of the Crown of Thorns, brought from Paris in 1830. It is open to visitors, who may there see some rare works of art, including paintings by Vandyke and Champagny, the property of the Sisters of the Convent.

THE HOTEL DIEU.

The Hotel Dieu, a convent and a hospital, founded by a niece of Cardinal Richelieu, contains some fine pictures. In the chapel of the convent is the skull of Jean de Brebeuf, the great Jesuit missionary, of whose doings Parkman and Charlevoix have given a most interesting and trustworthy account. The establishment is open to visitors on application to the Lady Superior.

THE BASILICA AND CARDINAL'S PALACE.

Facing the historic old market square, which dates back to 1686, where in olden times stood the public pillory, is the Basilica, the mother church of Roman Catholicism in North America. Its erection was commenced in 1647, and since its definite opening in 1657 services have been held in it uninterruptedly except during the period required for making repairs necessitated by the disastrous siege of that year. The design of the chancel is in faithful imitation of that of St. Peter's at Rome. On its walls hang a rich collection of paintings, many of them invaluable works of art, which were rescued from destruction during the Reign of Terror in France, when the mob pillaged churches and monasteries.



BASILICA

Amongst other paintings is Vandyke's Christ on the Cross. Adjoining the Basilica and Laval is the palace of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau. In its grand *salon de reception* are the throne of the Cardinal, busts and portraits of all his predecessors, and his rare gifts from the Pope.

THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

The Laval University is the chief French University, and the oldest in Canada. Laval grew out of the Seminary of Quebec, founded in 1663, which was liberally endowed by the first Bishops of the See. The buildings are valued at $1,000,000, and that one known as the Minor Seminary is interesting to Americans, from the fact that the officers under Montgomery and Arnold who were captured during the siege of 1775 were incarcerated in it. Laval has an excellent museum, a library of 100,000 volumes, and many art treasures in its keeping. In its gallery of paintings—a miniature Vatican collection—are two Salvator Rosas, three Teniers, a Romenelli, a Joseph Vernet, a Puget, two Vandykes, a Perocei Poussin, and many other masterpieces.

CHIEN D'OR.

In the northern facade of the post-office, on Buade Street, opposite the Canadian Pacific's city ticket office, is the gilt figure of a dog gnawing a bone, about which exists a legend which Kirby has woven into a charming romance. Under the French regime, a coffee house stood upon the site now occupied by the post-office, and its owner, having a disagreement with Intendant Bigot or some other high official, revenged himself by placing this sculptured tablet in front of his house, with accompanying lines in French, the translation of which reads:—

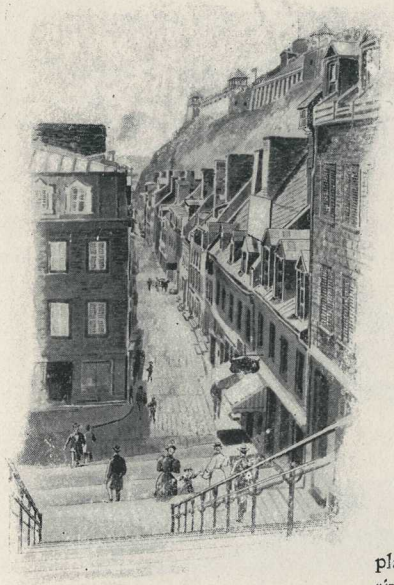
I am a dog gnawing a bone,
While I gnaw I take my repose,
The time will come, though not yet,
When I will bite him who now bites me.

THE ENGLISH CATHEDRAL,

Erected in the first years of the present century by the British Government, is an interesting spot, not for its architectural beauty, but for its historic associations and for the splendor of its mural monuments, chancel window and

elaborate solid silver communion service, the latter costing $10,000 and being a present from King George III.

There are many other buildings in Quebec interesting to a visitor who is or who desires to place his mind *en rapport* with the early history of Canada, and there are modern edifices, such as the City Hall (on the site of the Old College of the Jesuits, erected in 1637, which after the estates of that Order were escheated by the Crown was occupied by the British troops, and was known as the Jesuits' Barracks), the Legislative buildings on the Grand Allee, in the fashionable residential quarter, custom-house, Y. M. C. A. building, court-house, armory and drill-hall, etc., and modern public works like the immense tidal basins, which can hardly fail to attract attention. Sauntering about the city the American tourist will constantly meet with curious and unaccustomed architectural sights. The Grand Battery, on the very edge of the cliff overlooking the river, mounted with guns and mortars of obsolete pattern, is a favorite resting-place from which splendid views of the river and surrounding country are obtained. At its southern extremity, overlooked by the Chateau Frontenac, formerly stood the Canadian Parliament buildings, which were twice destroyed by fire. The "Break Neck Steps" (leading from Mountain Hill to Little Champlain Street, once a leading thoroughfare), although demolished and replaced by a modern structure, will yet strike the visitor as well deserving their name, and in that portion of the city called "Sous le Cap" he will see a great contrast to corresponding portions of any American city he is acquainted with.



LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET

THE CITY'S GATES AND WALLS.

The gates which pierce the fortifications are comparatively modern structures, and only two remain—Kent and St. Louis—the former being named after the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, who at one time

ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC

was commander of the British forces in Canada. St. John's was demolished in the summer of 1897 to give right of way to the invading electric car. The last vestige of the original portals—St. Louis, Palace and St. John—disappeared many years ago, and the structures with which they were replaced, with Hope and Prescott gates, built by the British since the Conquest, have within recent years met a similar fate, with the exception of St. Louis, which was erected in 1879.

The walls of the city, which afford a pleasant promenade, can be reached by stone steps at either St. Louis or Kent gates or along the *glacis* at the Esplanade, an expanse of tree fringed verdure extending from St. Louis to St. John's gates. The walk on the walls can be extended in one direction to the Citadel and in the other to where the Palace gate once stood.

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.

This historic little edifice is one of the interesting sights of the Lower Town, having been partially destroyed by the fire of the Levis batteries during Wolfe's siege of Quebec in 1759, and subsequently rebuilt upon its old walls. The *fete* of Notre Dame de la Victoire was established in sacred commemoration of the defeat of the British invaders under General Phipps in 1690, to be annually celebrated in the church on October 7th, and after the shipwreck of the second British invading fleet, fourteen years later, which the French inhabitants regarded as a miraculous interposition of Providence in their favor, the edifice was given the name it still bears.

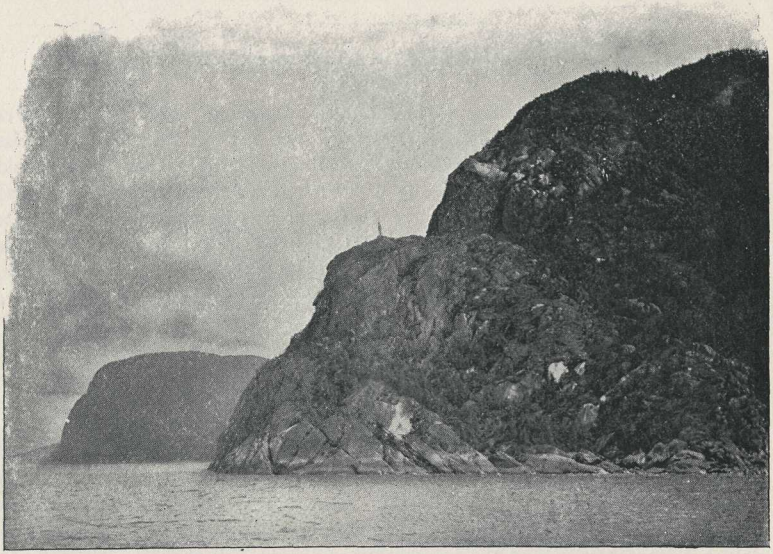
HISTORIC RUINS.

Over in the valley of the St. Charles, the gaunt ruins of the famed Chateau Bigot still remain. The tower in which perished by poison, at the instigation of her fair rival, the young Algonquin mistress of the profligate Intendant, still stands in the midst of the forest labyrinth; but the ruins give only a faint conception of the immensity and grandeur of the original building. Another of Bigot's palaces stood within a stone's throw of the Canadian Pacific Railway station, its solid foundation walls being utilized by a brewing company in the erection of one of its offices.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

From Levis a magnificent view of Quebec and its surroundings can be obtained. The military forts, on the heights above, from which, during the summer of 1759, the cannons of the English bombarded the city with shot and shell until the whole of the Lower Town was a confused mass of ruins, are worth visiting, and so is the Engineers' Camp at St. Joseph de Levis—magnificently wooded meadows, once the camping ground of the Royal

Engineers, whose name it has continued to bear. A splendid vista is to be obtained of both shores of the St. Lawrence, and in a great cleft in the high northern bank of the river the Falls of Montmorency leap down into the stream in full view of the camp. Near by is the Government graving dock,



CAPES ETERNITY AND TRINITY

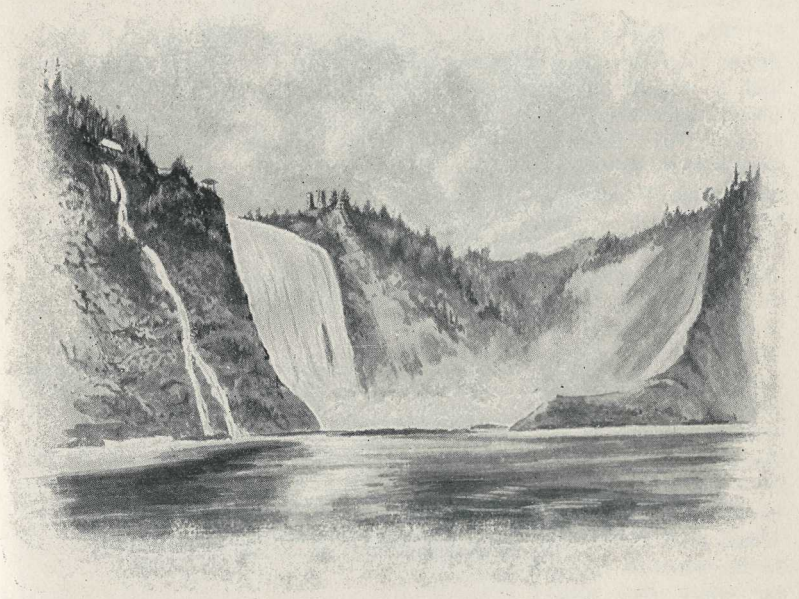
a massive piece of masonry. It is a pleasant drive to the Falls of Chaudiere, which may also be reached by train or steamer. En route is Etchemin (or New Liverpool), which possesses one of the handsomest churches in America, its frescoes eliciting the admiration of all who have visited the edifice.

ISLE D'ORLEANS.

A sail down the river to this beautiful island, where a number of wealthy Quebecers have summer residences, is one of the attractions which should not be missed, and an afternooon can be pleasantly spent by taking steamer immediately after luncheon and returning to the Chateau Frontenac in time for dinner.

THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

These are situated about seven miles below Quebec. The drive to them —a favorite trip with all visitors—is through an almost continuous succession of French Canadian farms and cottages. On the road is Beauport, a



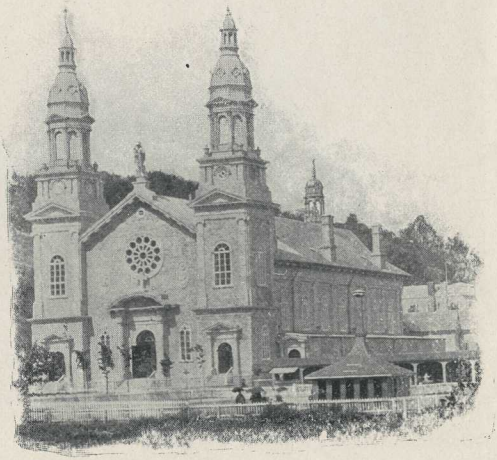
MONTMORENCY FALLS

place bombarded by Wolfe, and now containing one of the principal Canadian hospitals for the insane. The Falls of Montmorency are 100 feet higher than those of Niagara, and in winter a large cone of ice, which is frequently utilized by pleasure parties from Quebec as a toboggan slide, usually forms at the foot. The Natural Steps, about a mile above the falls, where the river dashes wildly through a deep canon, are among the grandest features

of Montmorency. The riverside parishes of L'Ange Gardien and Chateau Richer, the former of which was destroyed by Wolfe's soldiery in 1795, afford excellent fishing. The tourist may also go to Montmorency by the Quebec, Montmorency & Charlevoix Railway, and by steamer in summer.

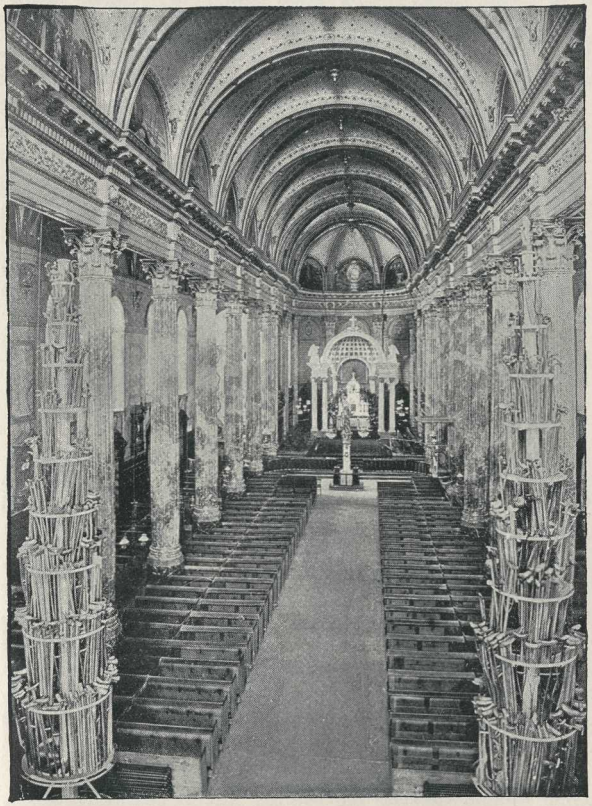
LA BONNE STE. ANNE.

The shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, for over 250 years the Mecca of devout pilgrims seeking restoration of health, is twenty-one miles from Quebec, and is reached by the Quebec, Montmorency & Charlevoix Railway, which closely follows the bank of the St. Lawrence, or by steamer in summer. Tradition relates that in the early part of the seventeenth century some Breton mariners, who were overtaken by a violent storm while navigating the St. Lawrence, solemnly vowed to Ste. Anne that, if delivered from the dangers which encompassed them, they would erect a sanctuary in her honor on the spot on which they should land. Their prayers being heard, they built a small wooden chapel in fulfilment of their vows, which has since become famous. The primitive little church was replaced by a larger structure in 1660, which was subsequently enlarged; then, after about a century's existence, it was almost entirely rebuilt in 1787, and again in 1878, and converted into a chapel—still occupying its original site near this "sacred spring," whose waters have, it is claimed, miraculous properties. Across the street, in wide contrast to this unpretentious building, is the magnificent edifice which



CHURCH OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

although opened for public worship in 1876 and raised to the dignity of a Basilica by Pope Pius IX. ten years later, was not entirely completed until 1889. It is a fine specimen of Corinthian architecture, and is of immense proportions. A colossal statue of Ste. Anne, of marvellous beauty, surmounts the facade between twin towers rising to a great height. The interior of the sacred edifice rivals the most famous cathedrals in the world in beauty and imposing grandeur, the magnificent paintings and statuary representing the life of Christ from Bethlehem to Calvary. On each side of the entrance are large pyramids of crutches and canes and trusses and splints left by former owners as mute testimony to the efficacy of the saint's intervention on their behalf. Near the altar is another statue of Ste. Anne, resting on a column of marble, to which some deeply venerated relics are attached; and in the sanctuary are a fragment of a finger bone of the saint, procured by Laval, the first bishop of New France; a part of the saint's wrist, sent by Leo XIII.;



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

and a portion of the rock from the grotto in which Ste. Anne gave birth to the Virgin Mary, besides many valuable gifts from distinguished personages, amongst which is a superb chasuble sent by Anne of Austria, Queen of France and mother of Louis XIV. The Scala Santa, or "sacred stairs," which the zealous supplicants ascend upon their knees, is built in imitation of Pilate's Palace at Jerusalem, each step containing a relic of the Holy Land. Thousands of tourists visit this fragment of old-time Palestine, impelled by the curious scenes witnessed there and the costly works of art possessed by the sanctuary; and the high esteem in which the patron saint is held is shown by the remarkable increase in the perennial pilgrimages to her shrine. In 1874 there were 17,200 visitors; in 1897, the pilgrims alone numbered 123,455. Formerly the pilgrimages were from the Province of Quebec only; but now they are from the other provinces of Canada and from the United States and Europe. Accommodation is provided for visitors on a large scale. Six miles away are the beautiful Falls of Ste. Anne, and beyond them again are the Seven Falls.

LORETTE.

Lorette is another place to which visitors are fond of driving. It is an Indian village on the St. Charles River, about nine miles from Quebec, and there are some beautiful falls in the immediate neighborhood, differing widely from the cataract of Montmorency, but equally as striking in their beauty. Here will be found the remnant of the once powerful Hurons, who, after the treacherous massacre of their tribe by the Iroquois, sought refuge near Quebec, and, adopting the religion and language of the early French settlers, allied themselves with them in resisting the incursions of the common enemy. The village was first settled in 1697. The Lorette Chapel, nearly 200 years old, is of the same model and dimensions as that of the Santa Casa, from which the image of the Virgin, a copy of that in the famous sanctuary, was sent to the Indians.

In every direction around Quebec the country affords charming drives, and at the French-Canadian villages, which occur with more or less frequency, a stranger will be able to compare the peculiarities of life amongst a people who, more than any other in America, have preserved the traditions of their ancestors, with the essentially modern customs and lines of thought which characterize the rural settlements of other parts of the continent.

LAKE ST. JOHN.

One hundred and ninety miles from Quebec, via the Quebec & Lake St. Iohn Railway, through a country whose wild grandeur has earned for it the title of "The Canadian Adirordacks," is the great inland sea—Lake St. John.

TADOUSAC, ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE

It is a favorite resort for health and pleasure-seekers, Roberval, on the lake, having magnificent hotels. The fishing is excellent. Tourists, in summer, are offered an enjoyable round trip from Quebec to Lake St. John and thence to Chicoutimi by rail, and down the famed Saguenay, whose scenery is awe-inspiring, and back to Quebec by steamer.

DOWN THE GULF.

A pleasant trip down the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence is afforded the visitor to Quebec. Passing Cape Tourmente and Grosse Isle, the quarantine station for Quebec, and indeed for the entire St. Lawrence trade, many islands of remarkable scenic beauty dot the river. Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna and Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, are fashionable watering resorts, with good hotel accommodation and excellent bathing facilities. The trip can be extended down the Gulf to Prince Edward Island and to St. John's, Newfoundland, Halifax, N.S.; and to New York, Boston and other American ports.

QUEBEC IN WINTER.

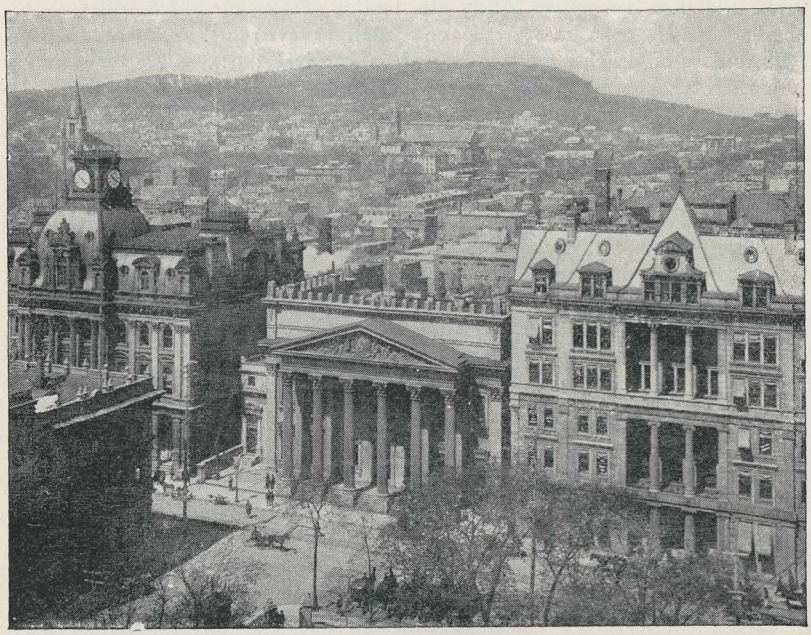
While Quebec is pre-eminently a charming summer resort and an interesting city at all times, it perhaps possesses the greatest attraction to many during the winter months. At the first appearance of snow and frost the city awakens into new life, and prepares for the merry season which is prolonged into the early days of spring. The whole country is covered with a spotless white mantle of snow, on which the northern sun plays in dazzling brilliancy; glorious sunsets flood the heavens, burnishing the city's minarets and spires with a golden tinge, and, as the shadows of evening creep on, the matchless aurora borealis, the dancing rainbows of the northern sky, entrance one with their ever-changing resplendent beauty. The streets of the city take on a new appearance: thronged with warmly clad groups, and hundreds of carioles, queer little sleds peculiar to this quaint old place, dash along, their jingling bells filling the air with silvery music. The season is one of pleasure and recreation, and there are countless means afforded for indulging in delightful pastimes that are invigorating and health-giving—tobogganing, most exhilarating and exciting of sports; skating in mammoth covered rinks, snow-shoeing, curling, sleigh-driving, and other seasonable pleasures which find a fitting nightly finale in the social functions given by the most hospitable of people. Glorious sport is obtainable during January and February in fishing for tommycods through the ice of St. Charles River, whose estuary meets the eye from the Chateau. In those months countless little cabanes occupied by fishermen, many of whom are visiting tourists, dot the river's frozen surface.

"The city itself and the winter life within its walls," writes Julian Ralph, the well-known correspondent, "are prime curiosities. The great granite walls capped and flanked with snow; the narrow curving streets heaped with snow; the houses all fringed with ponderous icicles; the trees whose every limb is outlined with a coating of snow; the sleighs all buried in furs; the people in blanket suits and furs and moccasins; the gorgeous snow-shoers; the priests and soldiers and nuns—all these shown off beside the ice-glutted river are quite enough to satisfy the tourists without the added trifles of a curling match or a masquerade on skates, or even a vice-regent's ball." These days of delights are accentuated in carnival times, when the Merry Monarch occupies his winter capital. Quebec is an ideal carnival city, and contrives to evolve from its winter rigors a series of fairy-like spectacles that can only be dreamed of as happening in an enchanted land. The city is *en fete;* mirth and jollity and good-fellowship prevail; and visitors, whether inclined to participate in the festivities or not, enjoy a season of unalloyed delight and sight-seeing without parallel in the world. Huge ice castles and fortresses, aglow with a thousand scintillating lights, are stormed by a host of gaily-costumed snow-shoers, armed with weapons whose discharge is followed by elaborate pyrotechnical displays; magnificent arches of ice and evergreens beautify the streets so profusely and of such a varied character as to be almost bewildering; the public squares are adorned with historic figures neatly shaped in ice; there are grand military pageants, and picturesque Indian, lumber and sugar camps, which give a glimpse of a curious life strange to many; and the accustomed outdoor sports are indulged in with augmented vigor. The days and nights are replete with innocent and healthful amusements, to which zest is added by the keenness of the climate, which inspires one to live out-of-doors, and not infrequently by an old-fashioned snow-storm. In these bright, glorious days, the stranger is advised to wrap warmly if he would participate in the mid-winter pleasures of the snow-mantled "White City of the North," whose clear, invigorating, hyperborean air is not less delightful in its season than are the balmy breezes which waft gently from the old Laurentians and make the Ancient Capital an ideal resting place in the summer days.

MONTREAL,

THE COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS.

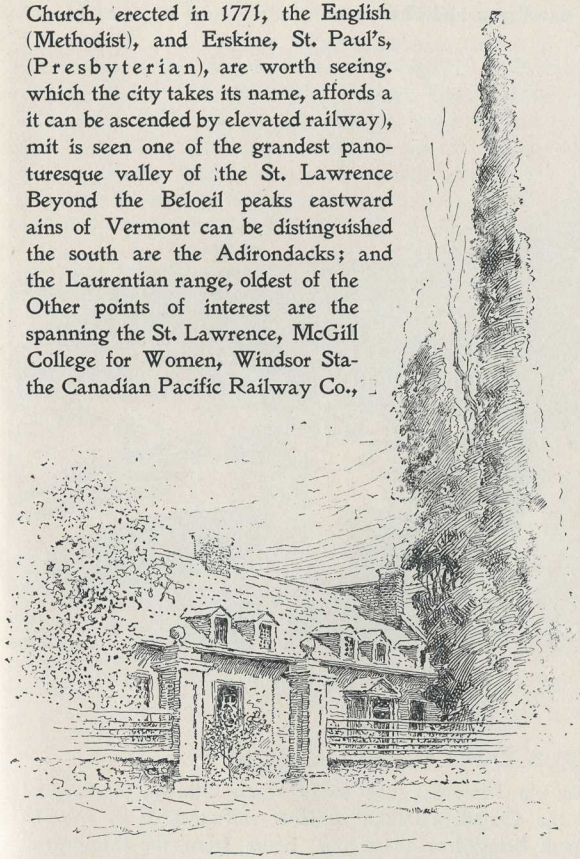
Montreal, the largest city in Canada, is second only to Quebec in historic interest. It is picturesquely situated on an island in the St. Lawrence River, at the head of ocean navigation, and yet over 600 miles inland, and is the



MONTREAL FROM MOUNT ROYAL

commercial metropolis and railway centre of the Dominion. Montreal ranks amongst the most beautiful cities of the continent, and has very many attractive and historic spots which cannot fail to interest and delight sight-seers. It distinctively presents all the aspects and elements of metropolitan life, with evidences of material wealth and prosperity on every hand. It is pre-eminently a city of churches, surpassing Brooklyn itself in this respect, and in the midst

of the bustle of the city's commerce are gray old sanctuaries and stately cathedrals which rival the grandest edifices of Europe in splendor and historic interest. The cathedral of St. James, modelled after St. Peter's at Rome, the old church of Notre Dame with its famous bell, which is classed amongst the largest in the world, the Jesuit Church and College, Bonsecours Church, erected in 1771, the English Cathedral, St. James (Methodist), and Erskine, St. Paul's, and St. Andrew's (Presbyterian), are worth seeing. Mount Royal, from which the city takes its name, affords a delightful drive (or it can be ascended by elevated railway), and from its summit is seen one of the grandest panoramas of the picturesque valley of the St. Lawrence that is obtainable. Beyond the Beloeil peaks eastward the Green Mountains of Vermont can be distinguished on clear days; to the south are the Adirondacks; and along the north runs the Laurentian range, oldest of the world's mountains. Other points of interest are the Victoria Bridge spanning the St. Lawrence, McGill University, Donaldaton College for Women, Windsor Station and Offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., Nelson Monument, Champ de Mars (the military parade ground of the early days), the Maisonneuve Monument on Place d'Armes, the Sir John Macdonald Monument on Dominion Square, Windsor Hotel, new Royal Victoria Hospital, the City Hall, Court House, Board of Trade, Place d'Armes, Chateau de Ramezay, Bonsecours Market, Viger Gardens and new C. P. R. Station



CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY, MONTREAL

and Hotel, etc. A run down the Lachine Rapids and a visit to the curious old Indian village of Caughnawaga, opposite Lachine, the home of the remnant of a once powerful nation, St. Helen's Island, Back River, Bout de L'Isle, Isle Grois Bois, or any of the numerous city parks and public buildings, are worth making. Montreal has an admirable electric street car system, and its cab service is noted for its excellence and cheapness.

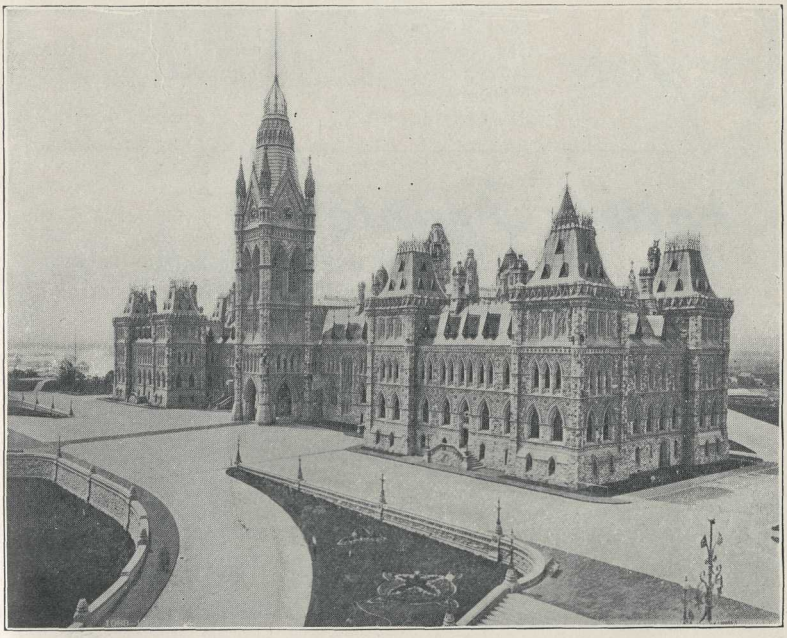
DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL, FROM CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. STATION

OTTAWA,

THE CAPITAL OF CANADA.

Visitors to Quebec, via Montreal, can easily reach Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion, by the Canadian Pacific or other railways, or by river in summer, the railway run being less than four hours from the commercial metropolis. The site of Ottawa for picturesque grandeur, it has been stated, is only second to that of Quebec. It is located on the Ottawa River, where the Rideau and Gatineau join, and where the waters of the first named hurl

themselves over the Chaudiere Falls into the seething cauldron below. But it is the national buildings which are the chief pride of Ottawa, and the principal objects of interest to tourists. They stand out boldly on Parliament Hill, overlooking the Ottawa, in all the beauty of seemingly varied architecture. They were erected at a cost of about $5,000,000. The octagonal-shaped library in rear of the Houses of Parliament is one of the most complete in the world, and contains 155,000 volumes, some of which are exceedingly rare books. Other objects of interest are Rideau Hall, the home of the Governor-General of Canada, Rideau Canal, built in 1827 for military purposes, Major Hill Park, the city buildings, extensive saw-mills, and the timber slides by which the square timber from the Upper Ottawa passes down without damage into the navigable waters below. To go down these slides, as nearly every visitor does, is an exciting and exhilarating experience. Opposite Ottawa is the French city of Hull, and combined they have a population of over 60,000.



MAIN BUILDING, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA.

YOU SHOULD SEE

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Martello Towers
Grand Battery
Wolfe's Monument
Laval University
Cardinal's Palace
French Cathedral
English Cathedral
Ladies' Protestant Home
Short-Wallick Monument
Chateau d'Eau
Beauport Asylum
Lake St. Charles
Cap Rouge
Wolfe's Cove
Forts of Levis
Sous le Cap

Dufferin Terrace
Chateau Frontenac
Governor's Garden
Duke of Kent's Residence
Montcalm's Residence
The Esplanade
The City's Gates
Ursuline Convent
Parliament Buildings
New Court House
Falls of Montmorency
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MOST of these publications are handsomely illustrated, and contain much useful information in interesting shape. "Time Table with Notes" will be found a valuable companion for all transcontinental travellers. Other pamphlets descriptive of the Dominion—"Western Canada," "British Columbia," "The Gold Fields of Cariboo and Kootenay," "The Klondike in the Yukon Gold Belt," "New Ontario Gold Fields," etc.,—are also issued by the Company. Copies may be obtained FREE from Agents of the Company, or will be mailed to any address on application to undersigned. The Company have also published a new map, on the polar projection, showing the whole of the northern hemisphere, and the Canadian Pacific Railway's Around the World Route in a novel and interesting way, and another of Canada and the northern half of the United States, showing the entire system of the Company in detail. These maps will be given away for public and prominent display. The Company now have on sale, in their hotels, principal ticket offices, and on the trains, several series of handsomely finished views of scenes along their line of railway. Size: 10 by 12 inches, in portfolios suitable for the table (twelve views in each series), Price $1.50; and views, 22 by 28 inches, suitable for framing (three views in the set), in mailing tube, Price $1.00.

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