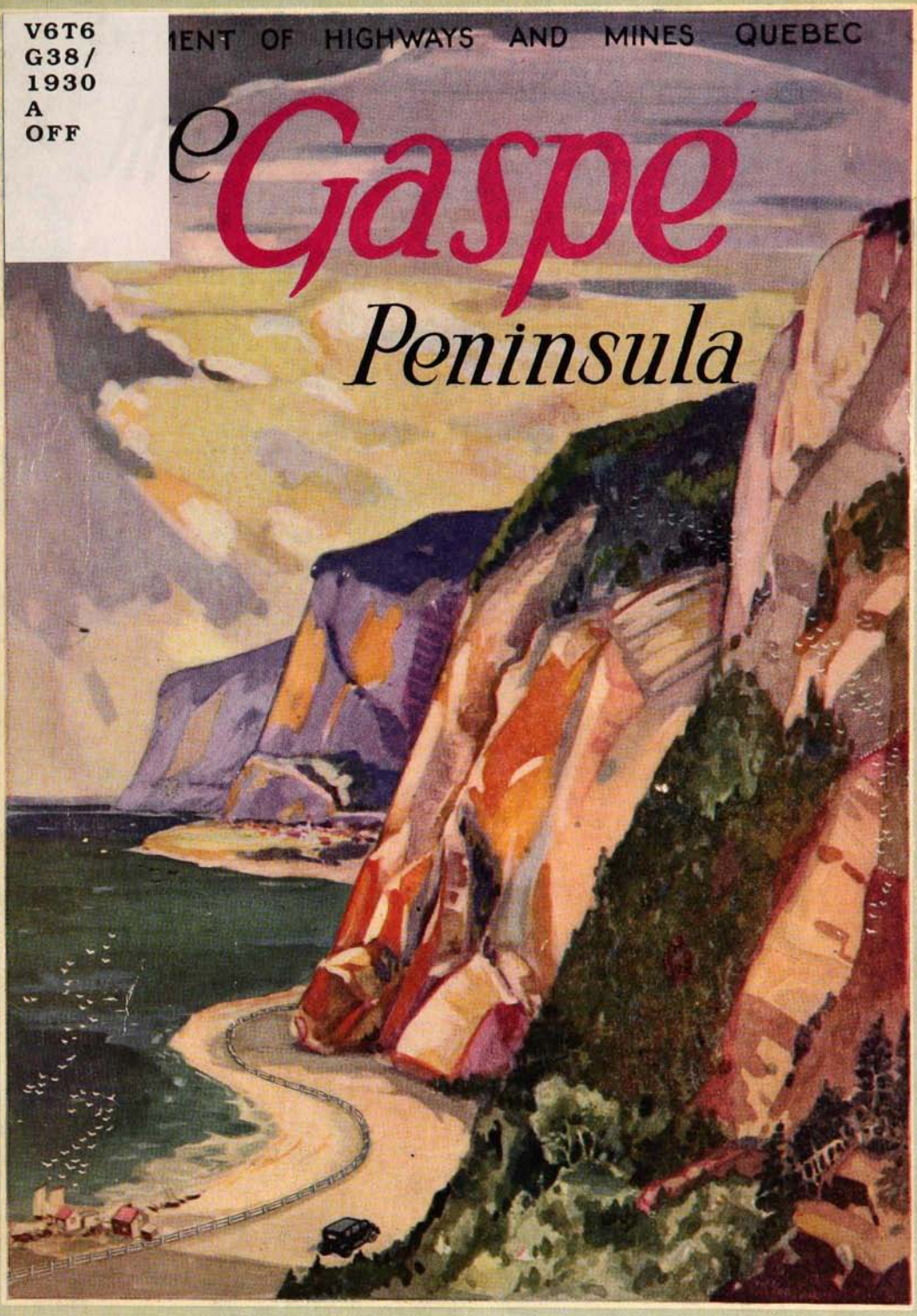
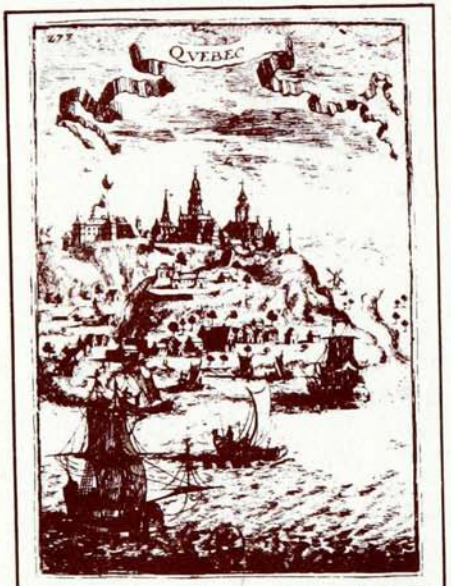
V6T6
G38/
1930
A
OFF

ıENT OF HIGHWAYS AND MINES QUEBEC

e Gaspé Peninsula



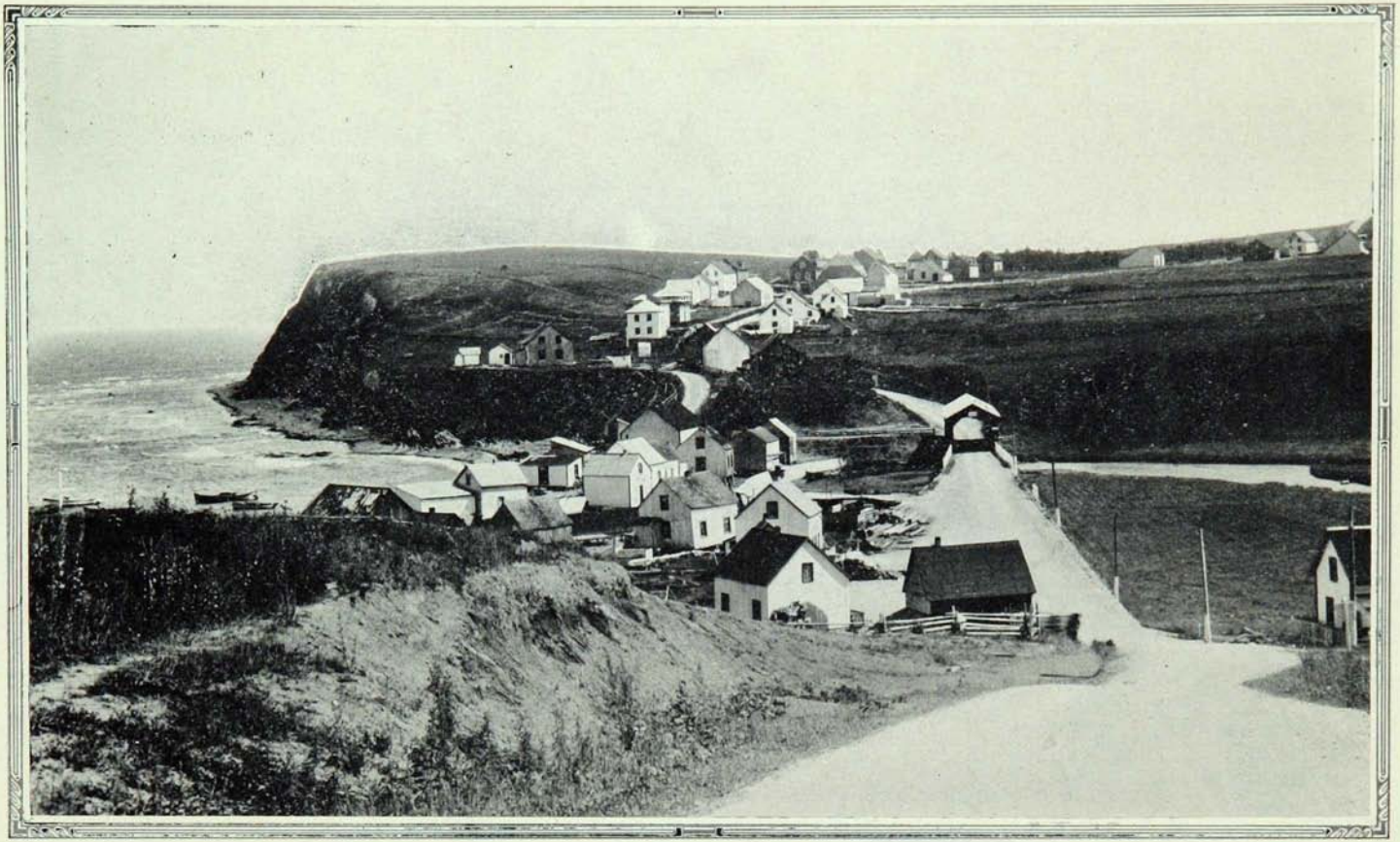
History, Legends, Resources, Attractions



Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec

(Gaspésie) 25$
hxt
(dw)
$2

THE GASPÉ PENINSULA



Pretty sand beach in the shelter of a great cliff

THE GASPÉ PENINSULA

HISTORY, LEGENDS, RESOURCES, ATTRACTIONS.



Published by the
DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS AND MINES
(PROVINCIAL TOURIST BUREAU)
QUÉBEC
April, 1930

HON. J. E. PERRAULT
Minister

J. L. BOULANGER
Deputy Minister

ARTHUR BERGERON
Secretary

PRINTED IN CANADA
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, 1929

V6T6
G38/
1930
A
OFF

Table of Contents

	Pages
Foreword	7
The Gaspé Peninsula	9
Historical Gaspé	15
Natural resources	18
The North Shore	23
Rivière-du-Loup	25
Canada's Vacation Land	31
Ile-Verte	35
Harvesting Sea-Weed	36
Trois-Pistoles	40
Adrift on the Ice	43
Bic the Beautiful	49
Ile-au-Massacre	52
Sacré-Cœur	57
The Home of the Dog	58
Scene of Great Wreck	61
On the Boulevard	64
Sainte-Flavie	66
Fashionable Watering Place	67
Baie-des-Sables	70
A Battered Sea Shore	72
Industrial Centre	75
Entering the Highlands	78
Mountain and Forest	81
Nature's Own Sculpture	84
The County of Gaspé	85
St. Anne of the Mountains	88
The Porpoise Menace	93
Overpowering Scenery	95
Sound your Claxon	100
Weeping Cove	106
Cap Gros-Morne	110
Manche-d'Epée and Madeleine	111
Excelsior	112
Grande and Petite-Vallée	115
The Devil's Own Cavalier	119
Pointe-à-la-Fregate	122
Saint-Maurice-de-l'Echouerie	124

Pages

Important Fishing Post 128
A Weather-Beaten God 131
Half Way around. Gaspé Village 136
The Land of the Cod 147
Catching and Preparing Cod 152
The Baie des Chaleurs 157
Barachois 164
A Challenge to Satan 168
Glorious Percé 171
Magnificent Scenery 174
The History of Percé 181
Souvenirs and Curios 183
The "Gou-Gou" 187
Surprise Hill 187
The Phantom Ship 193
Saint-Adélaïde-de-Pabos 196
An Industrial Centre 197
The Land of the Rising Sun 203
New Carlisle 205
Beautiful Summer Resort 208
Saint-Charles-de-Caplan 211
The Cast-Away Maiden 213
Swiss Scenery 214
A Home away from Home 217
An old Settlement 221
Historic Sites 224
The Matapedia Valley 231
The Realm of the Salmon 234
Entering the Valley 235
The Causapscal River 236
Lights and Shadows 239
Queen of the Valley 241
Some Distances 249
Distances by Rail 250
A few Distances by Water 251
Some High Spots on the Boulevard 251
Quebec Traffic Laws 252
Summary of Fish and Game Laws 253
Canadian Customs Regulations 254
United-States Customs Regulations 255
Authors Consulted 255
Road Markers and Symbolic Signs 256
Other Publications 257

FOREWORD

In presenting to the travelling public this new descriptive guide-book of Quebec's great Wonderland, the Gaspé Peninsula, the Department of Highways wishes to make it possible for the Tourist to more fully enjoy what is to-day acknowledged as one of the best holiday outings on the American continent.

The "Gaspé Tour", over the splendid Perron Boulevard, a 553 mile circular highway, if accomplished with the aid of this book, is sure to prove a most pleasant, instructive, and inspiring vacation.

Time, trouble and expense, in the preparation of this guide, have been secondary considerations only. The aim of the Department has been to provide the visitor to Quebec with all possible accurate information to make his visit to this Magic Land of Canada, a holiday, long to be remembered with most pleasant recollections.

The book constitutes a "personally conducted" tour of the Peninsula, a section of the Province heretofore practically unknown to the traveller.

The call of the "land of mountain and sea" has been heard throughout the American continent and it has already been answered by a large number of lovers of nature. But a regular host of vacationists are certain to invade that land of scenic splendor, and this guide will help them along and make their stay a most delightful one.

Those who are unable, for some reason or another, to visit the Gaspé Peninsula in the near future, will, however, find this book a pleasant fire-side companion. It will give them an insight

of the great holiday land and fully prepare them for the voyage along the wondrous shores of the St. Lawrence and the Baie des Chaleurs, which they are certain to make some day.

Care has been taken, throughout the book, to supply the tourist with most accurate and complete information, but slight inaccuracies may perhaps be detected. If so, the Department will be pleased to consider any constructive criticism that may be offered, and to correct or rectify any errors that may have slipped into the pages of the guide-book.

If the book may help the tourist to more fully enjoy his trip, make this beautiful region better known. and bring to its people a little additional prosperity and happiness, any expenditure and labor its preparation may have occasioned, will all be fully justified.

THE GASPÉ PENINSULA

"Il n'est pas de pays, pas d'endroit sur la terre
"Où souffle un vent plus pur, où vit plus de beauté."
(BLANCHE LAMONTAGNE BEAUREGARD,
in her collection of poems "Ma Gaspésie".)

"Just a little bit of heaven fell from out the sky one day", is the poetic description of the Emerald Isle, in a well known song or ballad. Ireland has its beauty wrapped up in its mantle of green, fringed with the rocks of its sea battered coast, but it has, during the centuries of its existence been despoiled and ravished of much of its pristine splendor. Man, in his ruthless march towards progress, has trodden all over the land of Saints and Scholars, and trampled under foot its shamrock and its verdant sod.

Erin is still endowed with many of her rich natural jewels, but she has felt the blight of time, and her radiance is shadowed and blurred by sadness, sorrow and melancholy.

There is on this side of the Atlantic another land of green, bordered by gigantic cliffs and monstrous boulders scattered along its coast as by the hand of some mighty protean giant.

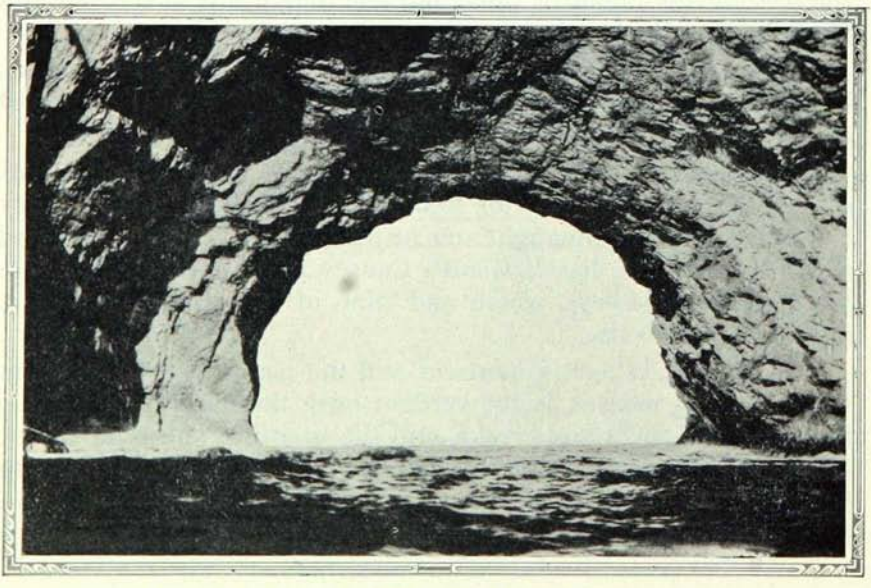
The hills of Connemara and the vales of Kildare, the forests of Leinster and the lakes of Kenmar, Lough Neagh and Bantry Bay, the wilds of Connaught and Antrim's ragged shore, the Head of Kinsale and the basalt Giant's Causeway, are all duplicated in the mountains, valleys, woods and lakes of Canada's wonderland, the Gaspé Peninsula.

In the Shickshock mountains and the plains that lie between their crushing masses, is the verdant bush that covers their steep flanks, in the coves and creeks, and the beautiful sheets of water, in the rugged distorted jumble of rock on the northern coast, in the great headlands that plunge into the foaming waters of the ocean, and the titanic cliffs with which the entire seaboard is

fringed, there is in the Peninsula the same scenic beauty, enshrined in the same rough setting, that Ireland offers to the gaze of poet and artist.

What Ireland must have been centuries ago, Gaspe is to-day. Modern progress has not stripped it of its natural picturesqueness and God-created loveliness. While man penetrated its vast solitudes and followed its shore-lines more than three hundred years ago, nowhere has he left the traces of the reckless manifestations of his inborn desire to conquer nature. His passage through the forest and mountain gorges, his invasion of the pine clad hills and the valleys in-between, have not even left the imprint of his wandering footsteps. Calm and quiet reign throughout the vastness of the long peninsula, and peace and repose nestle in the shadow of the many church spires, sole monuments to the placid conquest of the more beautiful spots of the land, by the descendants of the settlers who came across from Normandy and Brittany and other parts of France in the earliest days of the colony.

For Gaspé is essentially French. French in its origin, French in the majority of its present population, French in most of its customs and habits, French in its most pure and unadulterated form. Round the pretty stone or wooden churches of the many



The "Arch" through the Roche Percée

picturesque villages, scattered along its shores or spread upon the slopes of mountains and hills, are gathered the humble but comfortable homes of the fisher folks, merchants and country squires.

Happy and contented in their simple faith, free of mind and rustic in their desires and wishes, they tend to their daily tasks, love their land, venerate their pastors, and live the lives their forefathers, the hardy sailors and fishers from St Malo and Dieppe and the Channel Islands, and the exiled farmers of Acadia, lived in centuries gone by.

Hospitality is an inherited virtue with them, and the traveller is always welcome and soon made "at home".

French is the tongue spoken by the majority of the people, a French perhaps somewhat harsh to the ears of those who have been educated in colleges and universities, but nevertheless a French which is probably purer than that spoken in many other parts of the province of Quebec.

The Catholic religion predominates, although there are some Protestants, descendants of former French Huguenots and Scotch and English settlers.

The Gaspe Peninsula extends between the shore of the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of the St. Lawrence and the famous Baie des Chaleurs.

The Baie des Chaleurs (Bay of Heat), so called by Cartier himself, who apparently reached the great stretch of water when the weather was extremely hot, has been called the Canadian Mediterranean. It has a circumference of one hundred and eighty-five miles and an area of 1,437 square miles. It begins at Pointe au Maquereau (Mackerel Point), where it is only fifteen miles wide, and ends at the estuary of the Ristigouche river, giving it a length of a little over seventy-five miles. It is twenty-five miles wide between Cap d'Espoir and Miscou Island.

The Peninsula is about 170 miles in length with a maximum width of 85 miles. It covers an area of 11,400 square miles or about 7,300,000 acres. It is about ten times as large as the State of Rhode Island, in the United States, and more than five times the size of Prince Edward Island. It has nearly the same area as Belgium which has a population of over 8,000,000 souls.

No other part of Canada, and possibly no other country in the world, offers the same variety of scenery, and splendid, though

at times awe inspiring, landscapes. Mountain, forest and sea can all be seen in the same vista ; lakes, rivers and foaming streams, dashing over a bed of rocks and boulders, through narrow valleys, or in the midst of the emerald green fields and prairies, give a touch of mellow sweetness to what might otherwise be too rugged a panorama. The immediate proximity of mountains, some of them of huge size, to the mighty St. Lawrence or to the sea in the Baie des Chaleurs, results in a series of deep cut bays and inlets, hewn out of the solid rock, bordered by gigantic cliffs. The river and sea reflect in their deep placid waters, the fearsome shadows of the dark green forests on the flanks of the hills. The entire coast line, all along the road which skirts both the river and the bay, forming a magnificent belt-line round the peninsula, is most colorful in its rugged strength and beauty. Reds of a brick tint, blacks of coal-like hue, alternate with splotches and splashes of yellow ochre and ashy grey ; and wild flowers and light green shrubbery with the clumps of brown twigs of berry bushes and trees of stunted growth, all go to produce a mixture of color such as no artist ever spread upon canvas. Seen at sunrise or when daylight is fading, the rocks, giant boulders, and titanic masses of stone, take on the appearance of monstrous beautiful jewels, encased in nature's own setting of the heavens above and the waters below.

In calm weather, wavelets roll monotonously, with a gentle tap tap, on the deep fine sand beaches which stretch like a pale yellow ribbon or tape along the foot of the cliffs, or in the many coves and creeks ; but when the storm winds lash the otherwise calm surface of the river or sea, mighty waves and rollers dash in impotent fury over reefs and breakers, upon the rock bound shores, or wash in splashing surf over the pebbles and sand of the beaches.

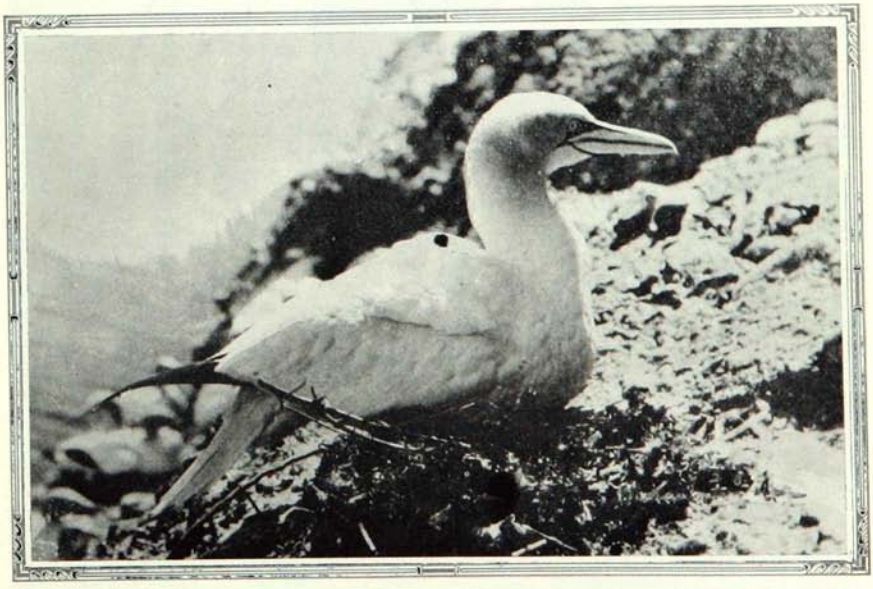
Both the St. Lawrence and the Bay are generally very peaceful in summer. At times only a ripple mars the mirror like surface of their waters, but in Spring and Fall, they have their angry moods, and can give every outward manifestation of the most tempestuous ocean in all its wildest fury.

This wondrous land of "mountain and sea", the paradise of the fisher and the hunter, as well as the land of scenic beauty, can now be easily visited by the automobilist through the construction, by the Department of Highways of the Province of

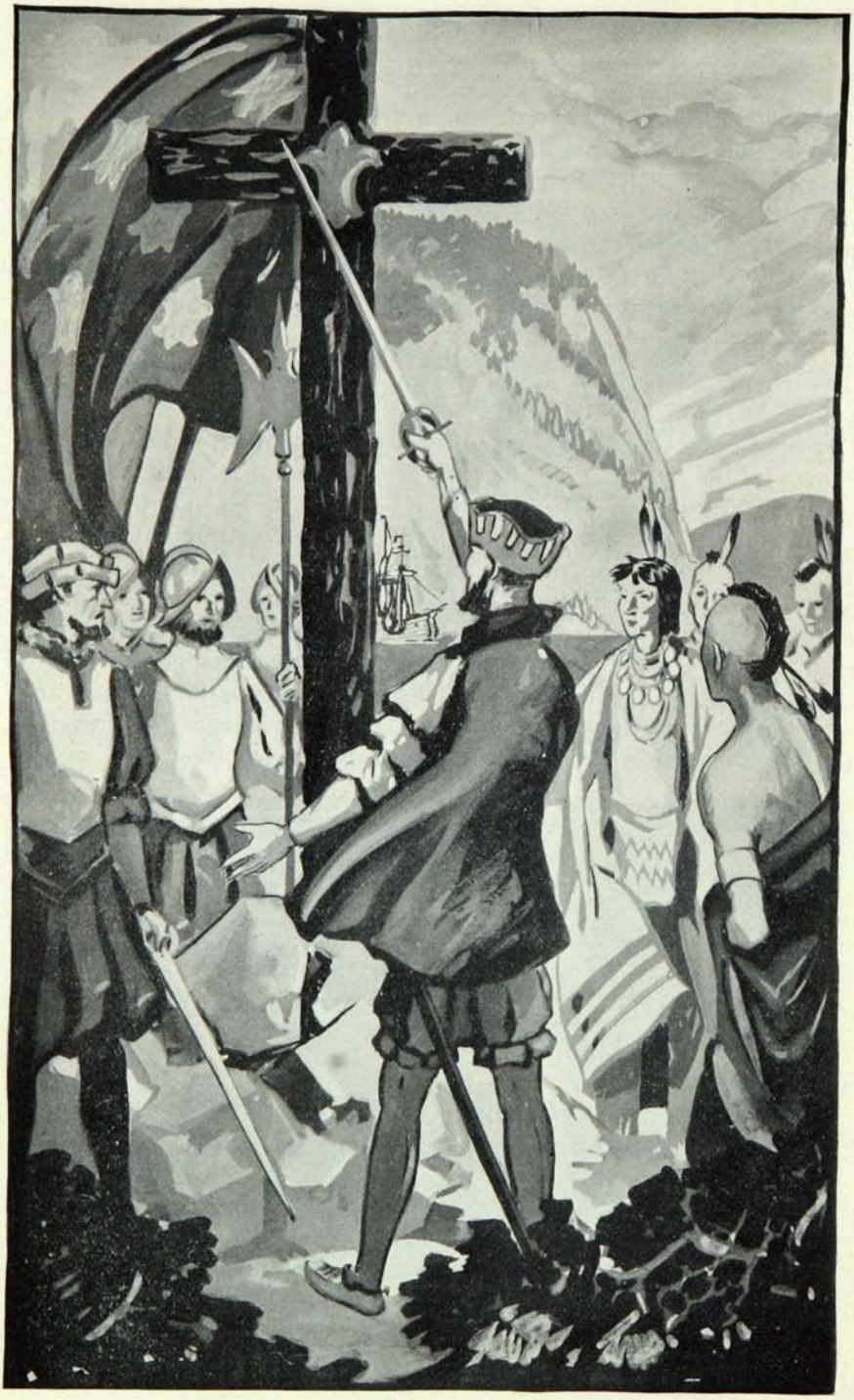
Quebec, of the highway known as the Perron Boulevard, as it was built while Honorable J. L. Perron, now Minister of Agriculture, was Minister of Highways.

This descriptive guide-book is intended to be the "vade mecum" of the tourist, the silent "cicerone", the "man from Cooks" less his intrusive chatter ; the guide that can be consulted when required or set aside when not wanted.

The visitor who intends to make the trip along the road, which in most places skirts the shore of the St Lawrence or the Baie des Chaleurs coast line, would be well advised to peruse the present book and thus keep himself well posted as to what he will meet on his travels, what he is to see, and what localities he would prefer to stop at. He will thus be able to learn what yonder spire on the horizon means, what village or settlement shows as a mere spot on the distant blue of the sky, what peaks and mountain tops raise their heads into the clouds in the far-off distance, who are the people who live on either shore or in the many pretty villages further inland, how their ancestors got there, and what is their past history, what are their occupations in summer and winter, and how some of the places were given the attractive, or in some cases seemingly outlandish, names they bear on the



Gannet nesting on bird sanctuary



Taking possession for God and the King

road maps. Even the denizens of the deep, the finny tribes that inhabit the mighty river or the deep recesses of the turbulent waters of the Baie des Chaleurs, including the many kinds of fish and the voracious porpoises ; and the birds of the air, and the wild game that roams through the forest in the hinterland, are described in the following pages.

There is no fiction or romance in this book, it contains nothing but facts, but to render the bill of fare somewhat more spicy and appetising, there are interlarded a few legends and brief stories or tales, as are still told to-day, by the fire-side, on the farms, in the country homes and in the most humble fisherman's hut.

HISTORICAL GASPÉ

A brief sketch of the history of the Gaspé Peninsula, the first part of Canada to be visited by white men, may help stimulate the interest of the reader in this land of wonder and mystery.

While the first authentic records of the actual discovery of Canada indicate that Jacques Cartier, the famous French navigator and explorer, landed on the Gaspé coast in 1534, there are certain historians who claim, that as far back as the twelfth century, fishermen from Greenland and Iceland visited the Gulf of the St. Lawrence and established fishing stations on the Gaspé coast. There are no official records to establish the fact, but in support of this contention there is the fact that certain early missionaries mention that the natives they met, when they first arrived in this country, had most probably been in touch for some time with white men, since they possessed certain knowledge they could not otherwise have acquired.

A description of the landing of Cartier and of his taking possession of the land in the name of the King of France, will be found in the chapter dealing with the village of Gaspé.

When Cartier returned to France and reported what he had seen in the land he had discovered, a number of Frenchmen organized fishing expeditions that came to this side of the Atlantic and established fishing stations on the Gaspé coast. Most of those

stations did not constitute permanent settlements. They were mere posts where the fish was landed and prepared to be taken back to France, and they were used only during the fishing season.

It was not until 1638 that, according to available historical data, the first actual settlers came to Gaspé, when a number of Acadians formed, near the mouth of the Ristigouche river, a colony known as New Rochelle.

Later, due to the influence of the missionaries, particularly the Jesuit and Recollet Fathers, other settlements were gradually brought into existence.

After the War of Independence in the United States, a large number of "Loyalists", residents of the New England States, preferring to remain under the British domination, emigrated to Canada and settled on the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs. They had been preceded there by many fishers from the Channel Islands who had been attracted by the accounts of the great abundance of fish on the Gaspé coast and had established themselves permanently in parts of the country where their descendants still reside to-day.

Later still, after the government had taken a deeper interest in that far off region, colonization was undertaken on a much larger scale than it had been during the days of the missionaries, and gradually the Peninsula gained in population, until to-day it is fairly well settled along the coast lines, with every prospect, now that it has been opened up through the completion of the Perron Boulevard, of a constant growth and considerable development.

Misfortunes of war

The Gaspé coast settlements of the early days were unfortunately situated along the direct line followed by the fleets of those enemies of New France who were seeking to wrest the colony from the dominion of the King of France, and as it is always considered bad policy in war time to leave an enemy in your rear, they were subject to attack and several times ravaged and destroyed.

The first raid on the coast was conducted by Admiral Phipps, who, on his way to Quebec, destroyed the stations of Percé and

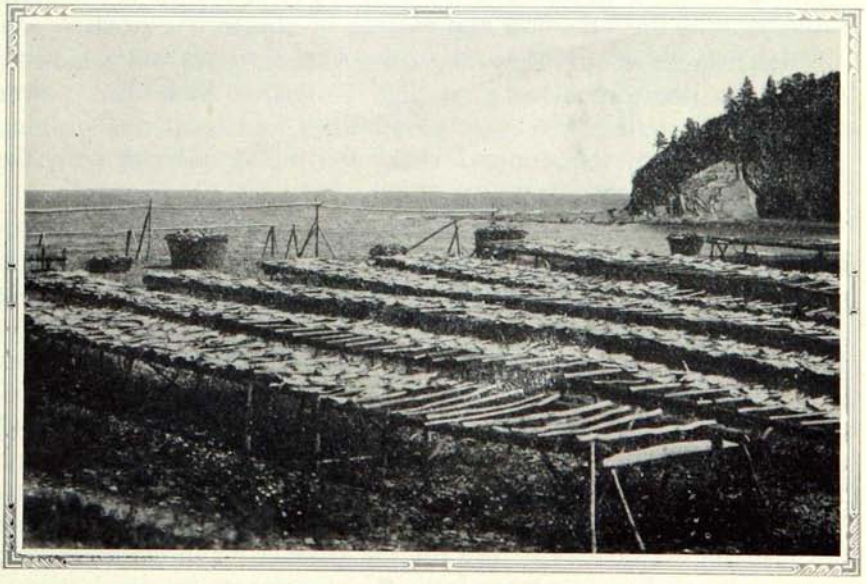
Bonaventure. He failed, however, in his attempt to capture the capital of the new colony and was forced to return to England.

Shortly after the capture of Quebec by the British, another raid was made on the Acadian settlement on the Ristigouche river, and a large number of those unfortunate people were led into captivity.

In 1758, seven warships carrying 1,500 soldiers, were sent by General Amherst and Admiral Boscowen, to destroy the fishing stations and other settlements between Louisbourg and Gaspé. General Wolfe was in charge of the expedition, but raiding peaceful villages did not appeal to him and he let his subaltern Murray do all the "dirty work". In making his report to General Amherst, Wolfe remarked: "We committed many misdeeds and spread the terror of His Majesty's armies, but added very little to their reputation".

Wolfe, as is mentioned in the chapter dealing with the village of Gaspé, remained at Gaspé itself for some considerable time, and the ruins of his old residence are still visited by tourists.

The Baie des Chaleurs, or at least that extremity of it known as the estuary of the Ristigouche river, was the scene of the last battle for the possession of Canada. It consisted in a naval



Drying cod on the "flakes"

engagement, in 1760, between an English and a French fleet, the latter being completely defeated after a most stubborn and heroic fight.

When peace once more settled over the land, the posts, stations and settlements that had been destroyed, rose Phœnix-like from their ashes. Many of the inhabitants who had fled into the woods, drifted back to the scene of their former homes, and reconstructed their farms and their houses.

Thanks to the exceptional interest the governments of the time took in that part of the country, Gaspé enjoyed a new era of relative prosperity. Colonization of the land was helped financially by the Government, fishing was encouraged by substantial grants and appropriations, a new impetus was given to agriculture and the lumber industry, and now, through the construction of the Perron Boulevard, an even brighter future is dawning for the Gaspé Peninsula.

Rich natural resources

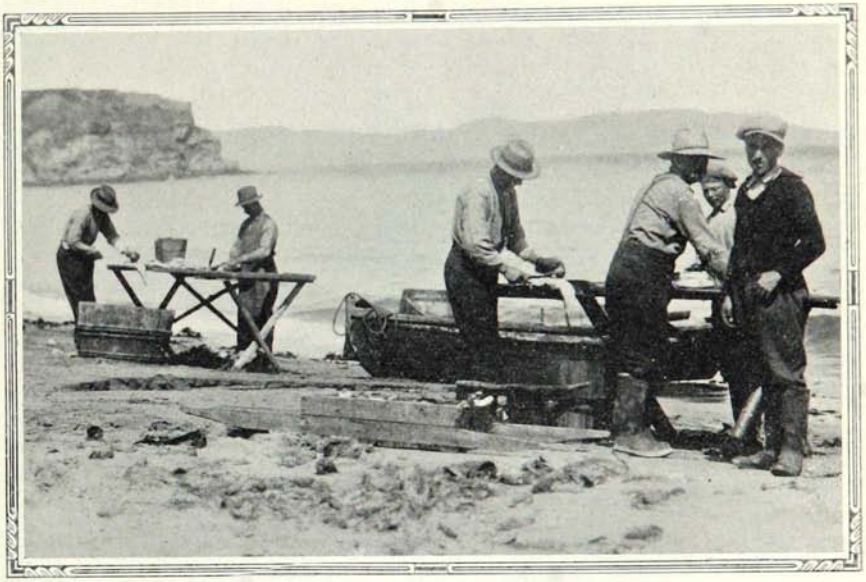
Gaspesia is a land of great potential development. It is eminently suited, in many of its districts, to agriculture, the dairy industry and the breeding and raising of choice live-stock.

Its fishery resources are inexhaustible ; its forests constitute one of its greatest riches ; it has extensive hydraulic power resources, and there are vast possibilities and most encouraging prospects in the rich mineral deposits in the interior of the Peninsula.

Population is of course an important factor in the development of a country or district.

At the present time, the population of Gaspé, which according to the latest figures published by the Municipal Statistics, numbers 102,515 souls, made up of a vast majority of French-Canadians and Acadians, and the English speaking people, who are descendants of Loyalists and emigrants from the British Isles and the Channel Islands, is mostly interested in farming and fishing. There are, however, a number of people employed in the various industries and in the many trades and occupations that provide the primary necessities of life for the ever growing communities.

It will be interesting and instructive, to the reader of this



Splitting cod fish on beach at Percé

book, to peruse a few brief remarks on some of the natural resources of a country he intends to visit. Scenery and landscapes are much more attractive, and leave a more lasting impression, if one has some closer knowledge of the land, its people and its commercial and industrial possibilities.

Agriculture, and the dairy industry have made considerable progress during the last few years. According to the latest available federal statistics, the total value of the farm products, field crops, vegetables, fruits and maple syrup, forest products, stock sold alive or slaughtered, and animal products, in the counties of Gaspé, Bonaventure, Matane and Matapédia, is estimated at $15,597,873, while the total land values, including land, buildings, implements and machinery, is estimated at no less than $56,-161,600.

The fishing industry

Commercial fishing employs nearly 5,000 men along the Gaspé coast, and this does not include all those who are engaged in the final preparation and actual marketing of the harvest of

the sea. A fair idea of the value of the Gaspé fisheries will be gained when it is known that an average of 105,000 cwt. of cod, valued at $795,000 ; 42,000 cwt. of mackerel, of a value of $125,-000 ; 39,000 cwt. of herring, worth $69,000 ; 8,000 cwt, of salmon, valued at $76,000 ; 2,500 cwt. of lobster, of a value of $48,000 and 1,500 cwt. of smelts, worth $23,000, are produced yearly.

According to the latest statistics available the total value of the fish marketed in 1924, was $1,153,222, and the capital invested in boats, traps, nets, piers, wharves and ice-houses, amounted to $650,000.

In addition there is a large amount of capital invested in a number of large canneries which produce goods valued at nearly half a million dollars.

Forestry Resources

The Gaspé Peninsula, with its vast forests, is one of the most beautiful timbered regions of the Province of Quebec. It is roughly estimated that there are over 70 million cords of available timber, of which 23 million cords are suitable for pulpwood.

The Gaspé forests contain a great variety of timber, including: white birch, oak, white and black spruce, maple, ash, red and jack pine, hemlock, balsam, aspen and cedar.

The vast wooded areas ensure a remarquable future to this region, in so far as the commercial lumber industry is concerned.

Mineral wealth

The mineral wealth of the Peninsula has not yet been developed, but exploration work so far carried out would seem to indicate that there are vast deposits of various kinds of ore, particularly in that territory situated between Sainte-Anne-des-Monts and New Richmond, in the heart of the Peninsula, and in other parts of the hinterland.

Water Power

Data prepared by the Quebec Streams Commission and figures supplied by the Federal Government show that the Gaspé Peninsula contains great sources of water power. The eight principal

streams, namely : the Mitis, Matane, Cap-Chat, Madeleine, Dartmouth, Petite-Cascapedia, Bonaventure, and Grand-Pabos rivers, could be made to yield about 12,500 horse-power.

A bright future

As will be seen by the brief summary of the natural resources of the Gaspé Peninsula, the region contains all the elements of a most promising industrial and commercial development, and the people of Gaspesia can look to the future with the utmost confidence, particularly since they are now supplied with better and more adequate means of communication, through the opening of the Perron Boulevard, and the improvement of the railway facilities since the Canadian National Railways took over, in 1929, the railway lines which run along the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs from Matapedia to Gaspé village.

Religious organization

The erection of the diocese of Gaspé, May the 5th, 1922, detached from the diocese of Rimouski the counties of Bonaventure and Gaspé.



A lake-like river in Gaspé

On December 11, 1922, His Grace Monseigneur F. X. Ross was appointed bishop of the new diocese which has 39 parishes and 14 missions, with a Catholic population of nearly 52,000 souls.

There are in the diocese of Gaspé, His Grace the Bishop, who resides in the village of Gaspé, 57 secular priests, 12 regular priests, 11 religious communities, 1 seminary, 2 hospitals, 53 churches and chapels and 1 normal school for girls.

The two other counties in Gaspesia, Matane and Matapedia, and 4 parishes in the county of Bonaventure, or in all 29 parishes, belong to the diocese of Rimouski, which was created in 1867.

So that there are 68 parishes and 14 Catholic missions in the Gaspé Peninsula.

Civil and political organization

Gaspesia has three federal electoral districts : the counties of Bonaventure, Gaspé and Matane, and four provincial electoral divisions : the counties of Bonaventure, Gaspé, Matane and Matapedia.

Since 1867, the year of Confederation, the Peninsula has been represented by 15 members in the Federal House at Ottawa, and by 28 members in the Quebec Legislative Assembly : Bonaventure has had 6 members at Ottawa and 12 at Quebec ; Gaspé has had 7 at Ottawa and 8 at Quebec ; Matane has had 2 at Ottawa and 1 at Quebec, and Matapédia has had 1 at Quebec.

In addition, Gaspesia is also represented by a senator in the Senate at Ottawa and by a Legislative Councillor in the Legislative Council at Quebec.

There are 86 municipalities in the Gaspé Peninsula, divided as follows :

25 municipalities in the county of Bonaventure

28 municipalities in the county of Gaspé

14 municipalities in the county of Matane

19 municipalities in the county of Matapedia

THE NORTH SHORE

STARTING THE TRIP

THE GREAT HIGHWAY

Previous to 1925, the Gaspé Peninsula was practically isolated. On the south shore there were no roads or highways worth mentioning, the only means of communication being over what was known as the "Lemieux Road", built specially for colonization purposes, and which, while it was passable in dry weather, was almost impassable, except for horse-drawn vehicles, in the Fall or Spring. And the "Lemieux Road" was constructed only as a connecting link between some of the municipalities in Bonaventure county and a few parishes in the County of Gaspe. On the north shore there existed what was known as the "maritime" or seaboard road, starting from Matane, but it was really called a "road" only through courtesy and as an acknowledgment of the praise-worthy efforts of those who had conceived and built its various disconnected sections. Under normal good weather conditions it could be travelled over as far as Ste. Anne-des-Monts by horse-drawn vehicles, although buggy springs were often subjected to a very severe test by passing over its rudimentary surface. Beyond Ste. Anne-des-Monts most of it could only be called a trail. The 157 miles between Ste. Anne-des-Monts and Gaspé were worse than the proverbial "rocky road to Dublin", only about 70 miles being considered safe to travel over in fair weather. Here and there, there were strips of "dirt roads" running uphill and down dale in a most haphazard manner, and giving very little satisfaction to the population in that part of the Province. For many miles the only means of communication, in years gone by, was by using the shore at low tide.

It was realized that to open that region to settlement, and thus allow it to develop along normal and reasonable lines, new

roads were required. The Department of Colonization, undertook to supply this long felt want, and in 1920 it began the construction of new roads along the north shore of the Peninsula. Five years later the Department of Highways took over the task, and by improving the already existing roads, building new sections, and linking together those portions that had previously been built, completed the great circular highway or belt line, known to-day as the Perron Boulevard, in honor of Honorable J. L. Perron, who was minister of Highways when the undertaking was successfully completed, and the road was thrown open to traffic, in the Fall of 1928.

While the Perron Boulevard, the great belt-line around the Gaspé Peninsula, really only begins at Ste. Flavie, the tourist will be taken, through the pages of this guide-book, from Rivière-du-Loup, over highway No. 10 (Rivière-du-Loup-Ste. Flavie) to Ste. Flavie and hence by the "Boulevard" (Highway No. 6), on his wondrous trip through the most picturesque country on the American continent.

The reason for making the start at Rivière-du-Loup, is to provide a foretaste as it were, of the magnificent, and at times awe inspiring, landscapes that will unfold before his gaze once he actually strikes the Perron Highway about 85 miles further out.

The tourist will thus be led from a busy industrial and commercial centre, where civilization and modern ideas have created an up-to-date, bustling city, through peaceful, restful summer resorts,—some of them delightful in their quietude and calm repose,—through little watering places and small settlements, where dwell a peaceful population of permanent residents and summer vacationists, to regions where people still live the life of centuries ago. He will travel through settlements and villages more than two hundred years old, that were founded by the early pioneers of this country and where many of the ancient customs and habits of Old France are still observed and practised. The dwellings, farm houses and barns, many of them of ancient construction, still bear the quite evident stamp of the typical architecture which prevailed in Brittany and Normandy when Jacques Cartier left his native land, in quest of new countries to add to the domains of the King of France.

Here and there, along the road-side, stand the old open-air

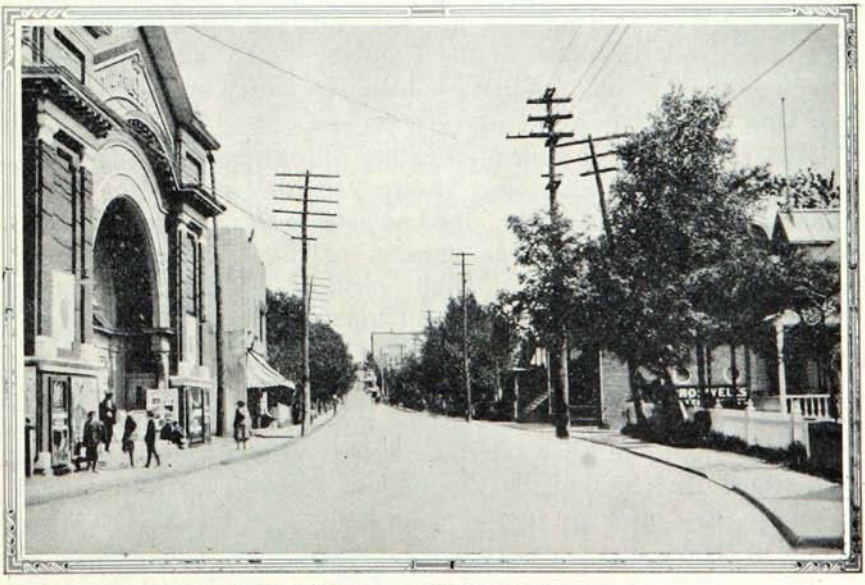
clay covered ovens, striking reminders of past ages, and still used by the "habitant" to bake delicious white bread, such as no modern steam or electric bakery can possibly turn out, and which will be one of the tit-bits the tourist will find on many tables in inns, small hotels and boarding-houses along the road.

This preparatory sauntering through the slightly undulating region will help the traveller to more fully—savor,—if the word can be used in that connection, the sensations and emotions which are certain to surge through his most inner being, when he penetrates, later during his journey, into the more mountainous district on the north shore-land, the first of three different stretches of country it will be his privilege to visit during his tour of the Gaspé Peninsula.

Without any more ado, and with the sincere hope of proving ourselves a satisfactory travel companion, we will, as it were, take a seat by the side of the driver of the car and describe the scenery and localities along our road of travel.

Rivière-du-Loup

Rivière-du-Loup, situated at 122.07 miles from Levis, has a population of about 9,000 souls. It is the most important in-



Lafontaine street—Rivière-du-Loup

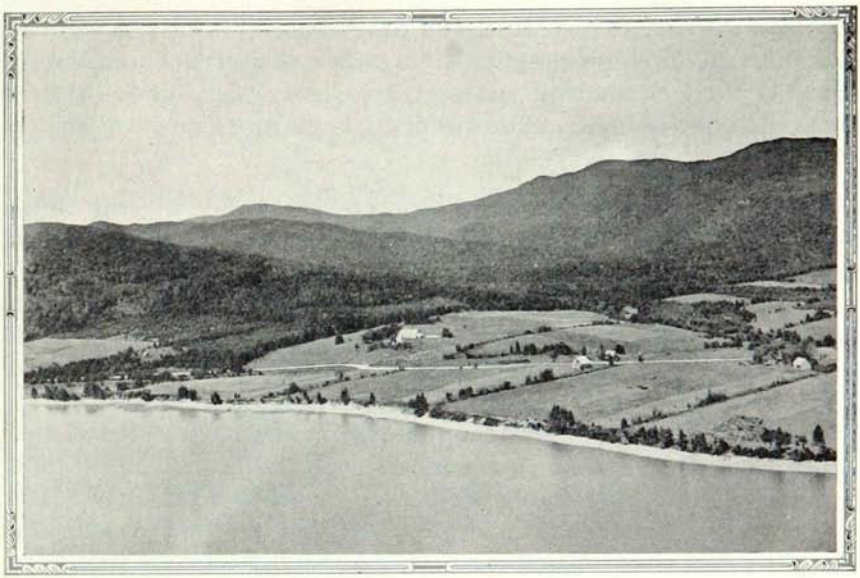
dustrial and commercial centre in the Province of Quebec, east of the city of Levis, and a divisional point on the Canadian National and the Temiscouata railways. Large repair shops and supply stores for both those railways are located within the city limits, and a great many residents find profitable employment in the railway shops and offices. Considerable traffic passes through Rivière-du-Loup station, since it is situated on the main railway lines leading into New-Brunswick and Nova-Scotia, and the service between Rivière-du-Loup and Québec and Montreal is an excellent one. During the summer months there is a regular daily ferry service between Rivière-du-Loup, St. Siméon and Tadoussac by a steamer which can carry forty automobiles, and which provides a connecting link between south and north shores of the St. Lawrence. The tourist is thus given the choice of a variety of roads on his way back to Quebec or Montreal from his trip around the Gaspé Peninsula. More will be said about the return home via Tadoussac, after the trip, this guide deals with in particular, has been fully described, and the traveller has returned to Ste. Flavie and has swung his car around on the final lap to his original starting point.

Though description of the country between Quebec (Lévis) and Rivière-du-Loup is without the scope of this publication, the tourist might be well advised to "keep his eye open" while he is travelling over that part of the Highway, as he will be passing through some very old and historic localities which are well worth something more than a cursory glance "en passant".

Rivière-du-Loup is built on a rather hilly site along the shores of the St. Lawrence, where the "Loup" river flows into the great Canadian waterway, and the city lies astride the smaller stream, which is dotted with a large number of falls whence the city derives its electric power and light services. Those falls, some of them in the heart of the city, add considerably to the picturesqueness of the locality.

Where the river got its name of Rivière-du-Loup (Wolf River), is a mystery, but it is claimed that at one time there were numerous wolves in that district, while others maintain that it was there that Samuel de Champlain, the founder of the city of Quebec, first met an Indian tribe known as the Wolves (les Loups), of which there is not a single known descendant living.

The growth of Rivière-du-Loup, from a small settlement to



Sea, meadows and mountain

an up-to-date and most modern city, has been a most remarkable one. A little over half a century ago, it was a mere grouping of small wooden buildings, with an occasional more pretentious stone structure, mostly occupied by men employed in the railway shops or offices, or those merchants who dealt in the necessities of life. Wood burning, ancient smoke belching engines, drew the mixed freight and passenger train which left every evening for Québec "weather permitting", to return the following morning. Some of the older residents still recall those "pioneer" days, and speak with pride of the marvelous development of their city.

The settlement had an early beginning, since it was a mission as far back as 1683. The first original parish was founded only in 1833, when the first resident priest was appointed, and it was given all its canonical and civil rights, and in 1874 it was incorporated as a city under the name of Fraserville in honor of Alexander Fraser, a former "seignior" of the district. Fraser was a descendant of one of Wolfe's Highlanders of the 78th Regiment. The old Fraser "manor" and traditional grist-mill are still in existence. The name was changed to that of Rivière-du-Loup only a little over ten years ago. To-day the city is divided into three distinct parishes: St. Ludger, east of the river, St.

François Xavier, to the west, and St. Patrice (St. Patrick's), also known as Rivière-du-Loup Centre, which is the territory extending towards the neighboring summer resort of Pointe-de-la-Rivière-du-Loup, and forms the main residential and more modern portion of the city.

With well paved streets, concrete sidewalks several miles long, three Catholic churches and one Protestant, several convents, an academy, a hospital, a large theatre, a fine city hall and court house, elaborate bank buildings, a well constructed post-office with four branch offices and other fine public buildings, large well stocked stores and business premises of every description, first class hotels and restaurants, and beautiful private residences, Rivière-du-Loup is indeed an up-to-date modern city. It has two police and fire stations which are splendidly organized and equipped and provide ample protection for life and property. The city operates its own light and power system and owns a splendid aqueduct and water distribution service, taking its supply of pure water from Cedar Lake about fifteen miles away.

Besides the large wholesale and retail trade which is carried on in the city, and its many commercial activities, it finds a source of prosperity in a great pulp mill and numerous other manufacturing plants, particularly those which produce furniture and a variety of articles made of wood, a large foundry, the railway shops, and other establishments which all provide abundant employment for a large portion of its population. Farming on a large scale and truck gardening are also carried out with considerable success throughout the entire district.

If the tourist happens to arrive at Rivière-du-Loup in the evening and does not wish to travel at night, he will find most excellent accommodation in first class hotels, some of them as good as can be found in any of the larger cities on the American continent. He will have a great choice of places to stop at overnight and at rates to suit every purse. Following are the principal hotels with the number of their rooms, the accommodation they offer and the average rate charged for room and board. The charges given here are only approximate, as such rate vary somewhat slightly according to the size of the room and its location in the building, the special accommodation provided, the time spent at the hotel, and other considerations which can be

ascertained from the desk clerk when making reservations. The rates mentioned are the regular prices charged at the various hotels for rooms and meals per day :

"Le Manoir" with 100 rooms (75 with bath, and 35 suites), $4.00 and up.

"Château Granville", with 60 rooms (20 with bath), $4.00 and up.

"Bellevue Hotel", with 60 rooms (10 with bath), $3.50 and up.

"Victoria Hotel", with 40 rooms (10 with bath), $3.00 and up.

"Montcalm Hotel", with 15 rooms, $2.50 and up.

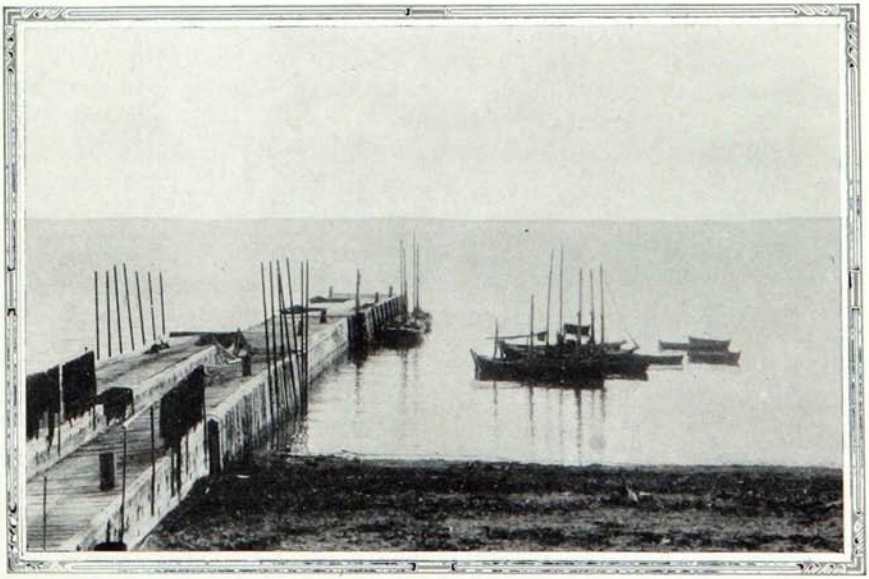
"Ophir Hotel" with 20 room, $2.50 and up.

All those hotels have running water in all the rooms, and there are in addition a number of smaller establishments and boarding houses.

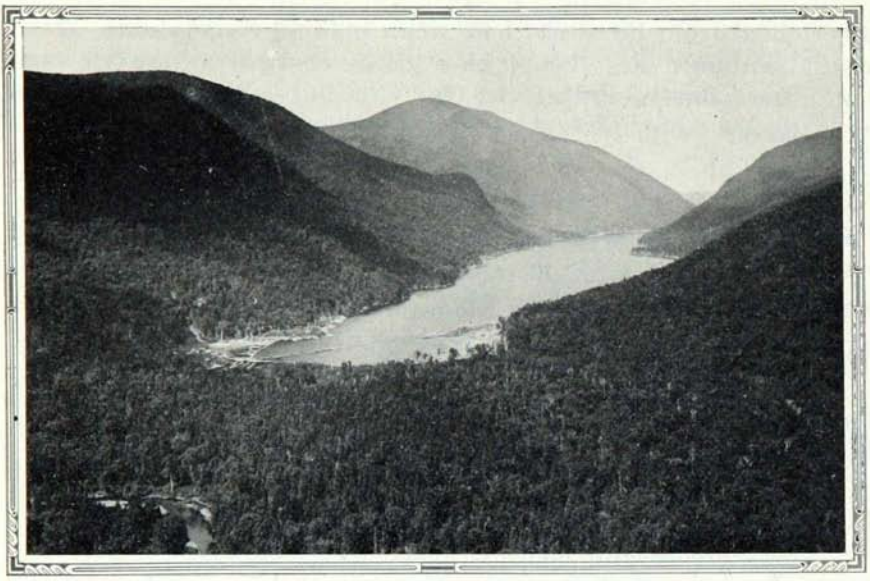
The Quebec Liquor Commission has a store in Rivière-du-Loup and there are five merchants licensed for the sale of beer.

There are several good garages fully equipped, where all kinds of repairs can be made, and spare parts of every description may be purchased.

For those who prefer to "camp" rather than stop at a regular hotel, there are good camping grounds, one at "Anse-au-



A fishing fleet in harbor



A lake in the mountain

Persil", on the shore of the St. Lawrence, with good buildings, and within easy reach from the city by a good road. At another, at St. Patrick's, about 1½ miles from the city proper, there are six unfurnished rooms, electric light, water taps and toilet rooms, and a grocery where all kinds of provisions can be obtained. The charge is $1.00 a day per car for camping privileges and $1.50 per day for the use of the camp and one room. Gas and oil can also be secured at the camping ground.

If the traveller wishes to spend some time in Rivière-du-Loup before proceeding on his journey, he will be able to arrange for good fishing excursions to the lakes and streams in the neighborhood by enquiring at the hotel where he is stopping, and if he happens to be there in the Fall, he can enjoy a good day's shooting with the aid of competent guides at a moderate cost.

Among the best lakes, within easy reach by the highway or the Temiscouata Railway, where speckled trout and other fish are found in great abundance, and which are unleased, are: Grande Fourche, St. Hubert, Grosse Truite, Squateck, Touladie, and Temiscouata, lakes.

There are many very pleasant auto drives in the immediate neighborhood of the city, and before he starts on what is to be his

main trip, the tourist should not fail to visit Pointe-de-laRivière-du-Loup, a suburb of the city, a most fashionable resort with beautiful residences, occupied during the summer months by some of the most prominent people in Canada and their families, among them the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, His Honor H. G. Carroll ; the Prime Minister of the Province, Hon. L. A. Taschereau ; the Federal Minister of Justice, Hon. Ernest Lapointe ; the Solicitor General of Canada, Hon. Lucien Cannon ; Hon. Judge Audette of the Exchequer's Court of Canada ; Hon. Antonin Galipeault, Minister of Public Works and Labor of Quebec ; Lieut. Col. J. H. Woods of Ottawa, and many others. It was for fifteen years the summer home of Canada's great statesman, the late Sir John A. Macdonald, one of the Fathers of Confederation.

Rivière-du-Loup is on the way to the Unites States via Edmundston, New Brunswick, and Van Buren, Maine ; or via St. Andrews by the Sea, N. B., St. Stephen, N. B., and Calais, Maine.

CANADA'S VACATION LAND

Leaving Rivière-du-Loup which is merely the " taking off " point for the Gaspé trip, the traveller enters at once into Canada's great vacation land.

From the moment he leaves the outskirts of the city of Rivière-du-Loup, he gets his first real impression of an entirely new country, the " flatlands ", through which he will travel many miles, over solid gravel covered roads, meeting on his way many picturesque sites, typically French-Canadian villages and settlements. The entire country-side is redolent with the atmosphere of antiquity, tempered with just enough of modern civilization to make for combined comfort and pleasure.

Balsam and pine groves, through which ripples an occasional little streamlet of cristal clear water, border the highway on both sides, but through narrow clearings in the miniature forests, appear flashes of silver from the glittering surface of the St. Lawrence river to the left.

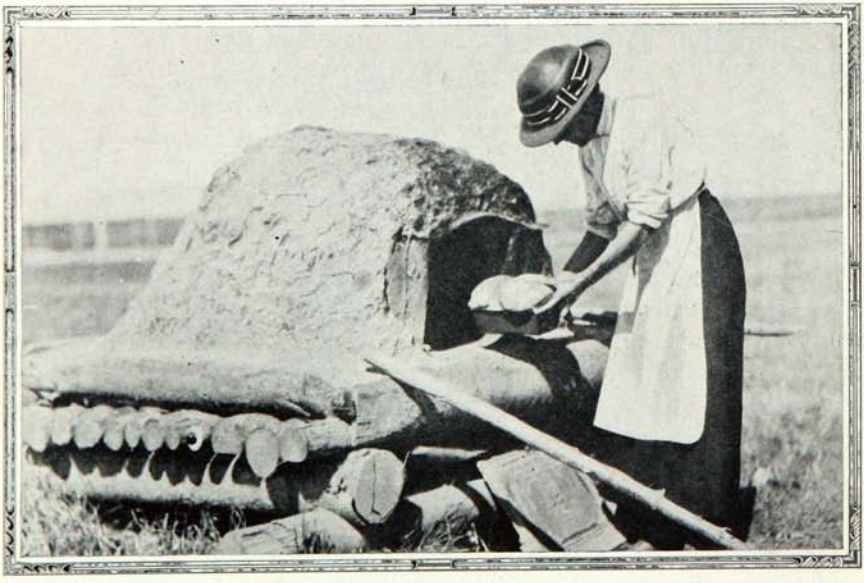
Beautiful Cacouna

Just a little over six miles out of Rivière-du-Loup the tourist reaches the pretty summer resort of Cacouna, one of the most fashionable watering places in Eastern Canada. Long before he

gets into the village proper he will slip by many magnificent summer residences, some of them stately mansions standing in beautiful grounds, the country homes of wealthy residents of Montreal and other large Canadian cities. The "main street" itself is bordered with substantially constructed houses and tidy little cottages, surrounded by velvety grass lawns and beds of many hued flowers and shrubs.

A little to the rear of the first row of houses, a few acres distant from the main thoroughfare, extends the famous Cacouna beach, over a mile long. It is a beautiful stretch of white sand, which is ideal for bathing and all other kinds of aquatic sports. White winged sailing yachts glide over the waters in the distance, driven by the fresh off-shore breezes, and trim motor boats and cruisers pop up and down upon the wavelets of the river. The sands are the playgrounds of adults and children who enjoy in the fullest security the pleasures of bathing and other health giving exercises.

There are many fine attractive summer homes along the water front, and in the evenings family gatherings and pleasant social functions add to the attractions of the popular summer resort.



An old-time clay-covered oven



A small fleet of motor fishing boats

There is a first class golf course, and tennis has many devotees among Cacouna's summer population, while fishing and canoeing are aslo favorite pastimes of both old and young.

There is first class accommodation at very reasonable rates in the village at the following hotels :

The " Mansion House " : 30 rooms, several with bath, $3.50 and up.

The " Cacouna House " : 25 rooms, several with bath, $3.00 and up.

The " Joffre " : 20 rooms, $3.00 and up.

The " Dufferin House " : 25 rooms, $3.00 and up.

The " Summer House " : 25 rooms, $3.00 and up.

The " St. George " : 20 rooms, $3.00 and up.

Cacouna is an Indian word " Kakouna ", meaning the " home of the porcupine ", the name being given to the place by the red-men owing to the great number of those quill covered animals that used to gather there at certain times of the year. The porcupine has, however, long since, withdrawn to more secluded and less frequented localities.

The parish of Cacouna, the complete name of which is St.

Georges-de-Cacouna, was founded in 1806, but it remained a missionary station until 1825, when the first parish priest was appointed. The pretty church was built in 1845.

Cacouna has a permanent population of about 1,100 souls which is considerably increased during the summer by those who gather there for the vacation season from all parts of the Province of Quebec and from other parts of Canada. The people's principal occupation is farming and truck gardening.

The village itself is situated about two miles from the railway station on the Canadian National Railways.

The St. Lawrence river at Cacouna is over twenty miles wide, and the air at this resort is remarkably pure, making it an ideal place for delicate people and convalescents from serious illness. Cacouna has at times been patronized by members of the British Royal family, and several of the Governors General of Canada have on various occasions spent week-ends at this delightful watering place.

Even during the hottest days of summer, owing to the fresh winds which are constantly blowing off the St. Lawrence, mosquitoes and other winged pests are unknown in Cacouna.

Leaving Cacouna, the road swings gently around, a little closer to the St. Lawrence river. It is still, for a short distance, through wooded country, but the farms, houses, barns and other buildings, soon appear at more rapid intervals. They are whitewashed and thus give the landscape a brighter aspect.

Only about half a mile out of Cacouna, the tourist will spot, to the left of the road, the first open air oven. Those ovens, dating back to the early days of the settlement, are low conical structures, generally covered with a heavy coating of white clay. They are small mounds with an iron door, in many instances elaborately decorated with mouldings, in front. They are heated with long sticks or logs or wood, and when the proper temperature has been reached, the loaves of bread are showed in by means of a long handled wooden shovel. The bread baked in those ovens is light and fluffy with a golden yellow crust, and even when several days old, it is never "stale" or "soggy", it always retains its delicate texture, tasting like the finest of unsweetened "sponge cake", and to the city dweller, who has been fed on heavy, some times rubber-like, products of the modern bakeries, it is "cake"

indeed. Even the most " grouchy " dyspectic can freely indulge in a hearty feed of the " habitant " bread, without the slightest fear of any subsequent digestive troubles.

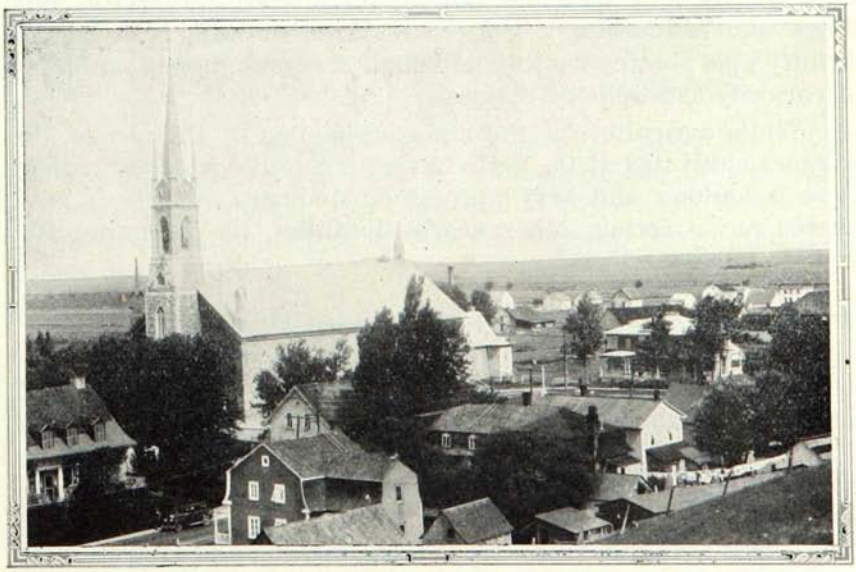
Similar ovens will now be seen at nearly every farm or dwelling along the road-side, so that, if the traveller does not locate the first one, he will have many opportunities of examining a number of others.

About half way betwen Cacouna and Ile Verte (Green Island) the next settlement, is a small cove, at a place called Rivière-aux-Vases, (Muddy River), which is said to have been, at one time, a favorite landing place for smugglers.

Ile-Verte

Ile-Verte, a pretty village of about 2,400 inhabitants, is situated at 16½ miles from Rivière-du-Loup, along the shore of the St. Lawrence, on the Canadian National Railways. It takes its name from an island bearing the same name, some distance off shore.

When in 1928, the word flashed around the world that the " Bremen ", the first airplane that succeeded in crossing the



Nestling round the church at Ile-Verte

Atlantic ocean from east to west, had landed at Greenly Island, and the news became known at Ile Verte (Green Island), a number of the villagers set out in boats to visit the island a little distance off their own shore, believing that it was there the trio of flyers had dropped from the air completing their epoch making flight. They knew of no other " Green Island " in the St. Lawrence.

Ile Verte is a locality of some historic interest, since Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, on his second trip out from France, stopped there more than three hundred years ago, and in fact gave it the name it bears to-day, on account of the verdant aspect of the island and the mainland covered with dense woods of pine and maple. Cartier anchored off the island to obtain a supply of fresh water for his ships.

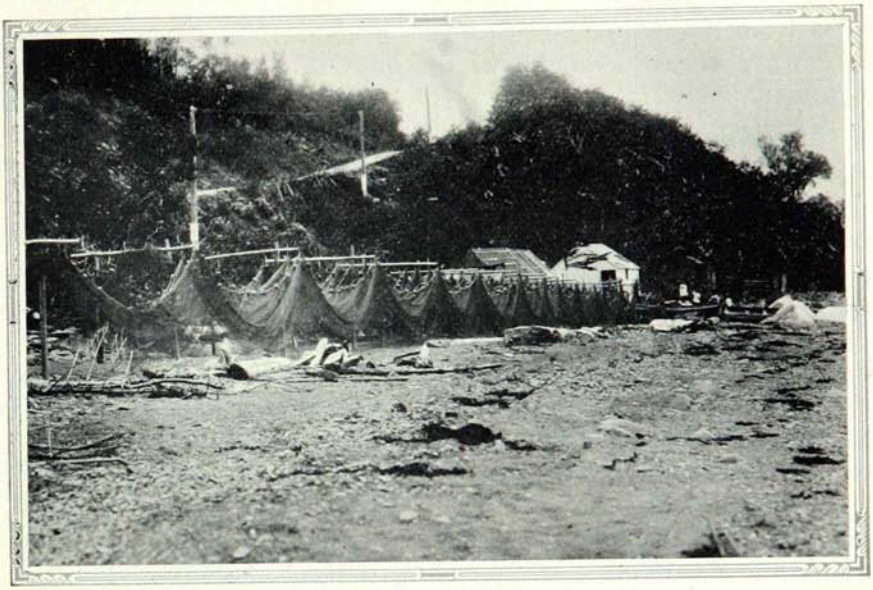
The settlement has another claim to distinction since it is the birth place of the Archbishop Cardinal of Quebec, His Eminence Monseigneur Raymond-Marie Rouleau, the third cardinal in Canada.

Ile Verte was founded as a parish in 1713, and from that date until 1782, it was merely a missionary station. From 1782 until 1827, the spiritual wants of its population were attended to by a resident missionary, and a regular parish priest was appointed in 1827. There is a very fine church, surrounded by pretty, tidy stores and residences. The old St. Laurent mill, built over a century ago, is still standing, although it is now merely an object of curiosity as a relic of the past.

While agriculture is the main occupation of the people, the potatoes cultivated at Ile Verte having a country wide reputation, there is another and very uncommon industry, which is also carried on in certain other nearby localities, the gathering and drying of sea-weed.

Harvesting sea-weed

As the tourist drives east of the village of Ile Verte, he will catch an occasional whiff of salt laden, slightly pungent air. It is the iodine impregnated atmosphere wafted from the fields, along the road, where the sea-wrack grass, kelp and dulse, are spread in the sun, like hay on a meadow. The weed, when dried and " sun-cured ", is used for upholstering furniture and automobile seats, and making springy mattresses. It is very resilient, and will



Drying nets on the sea shore

not "pack" like wool or other similar materials. It is cheaper than horse hair and much easier to obtain. It is also fire-proof and largely used in making boards which are employed in the construction of fire-proof buildings. At one time the industry of collecting and drying the sea-weed, was a very considerable and profitable one along the shores of the St. Lawrence river.

The parochial name of Ile Verte is St-Jean-Baptiste-de-l'Ile-Verte, the name being given to it in honor of one of the oldest residents, Mr. Jean Baptiste Côté, and if also recalls that of one of the first missionaries of the early settlement, Rev. Father Jean Baptiste de la Brosse.

There is good hotel accommodation at the "Hotel Beauchesne" with 17 rooms and a daily rate of $2.50, and at the "Hotel National" with 12 rooms and a rate of $3.00, and there is a small garage where minor repairs can be made.

Near Ile Verte are several camping grounds with small stores and lunch rooms for the accommodation of automobilists.

L'Ile Verte, the island which constitutes the parish of Notre-Dame-des-Sept-Douleurs-de-l'Isle-Verte, is situated about three

miles from the mainland. Gasolene boats, to take tourists to the island, are always available at the quay of l'Ile Verte, on the mainland.

The island was named by Jacques Cartier himself and it later gave its name to the other parish on the mainland.

The first settler, according to the most authentic records, was a Scotchman by the name of Fraser, who is believed to have been a colonel in one of the regiments belonging to General Wolfe's army. Peter Fraser was about 25 years of age when he was given the island as a reward for his splendid conduct at the battle of the plains of Abraham which resulted in the capture of the city of Quebec by the British. He married shortly after he had established himself on his land and had five sons and one daughter. Many of his direct descendants still reside on the island.

Ile Verte is the site of a large lighthouse which was erected over a hundred years ago, but has been modernized and is still used as a warning to navigators. The lighthouse has been in charge of the same family ever since the time it was erected, and the present keeper is a descendant of the original guardian of the signal station.

The people on the island are fishers or farmers. Sea-weed gathering constituting one of the main occupations of a number of the inhabitants.

The old French traditions and customs have been preserved in their purest form among the residents of the island, who are simple, kind-hearted, hospitable people, who extend to the visitor a most hearty welcome.

The tourist who stops at Ile Verte, on the mainland, should not fail to visit the island, where he will find a beautiful sand beach and some magnificent scenery. He will be able to enjoy some delightful fishing trips, sails on the river and pleasant walks along the most picturesque shores.

Although there is no hotel on the island, the visitor is always sure to find accommodation at the homes of the residents. A visit to the Curé will lead the tourist to a house where he will be certain to get the most kind reception and where he will be well taken care of.

A short distance from Ile Verte is another picturesque small

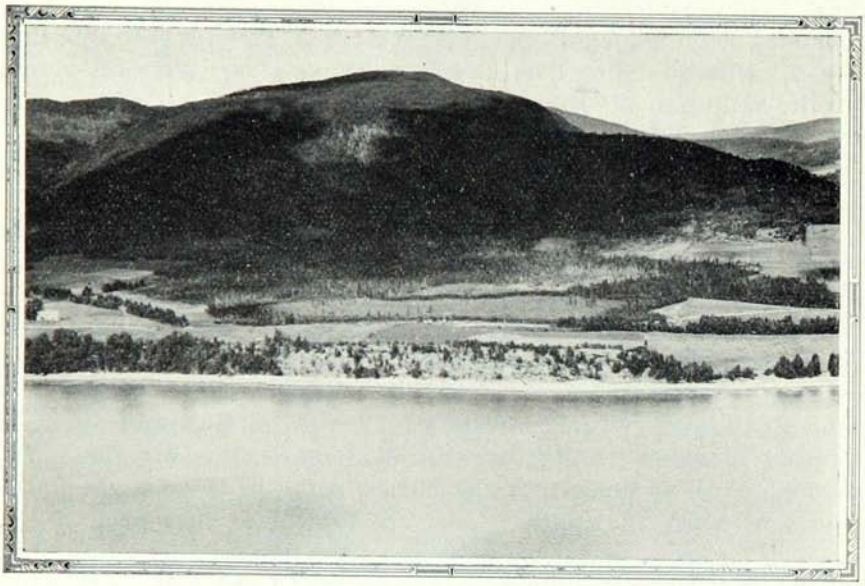
island, known as "Ile Rouge" (Red Island), and a trip to it, either by gasolene or sailing boat, is sure to prove a very pleasant outing to the visitor to the main island.

Rock strewn shore

After proceeding down the hill some short distance from Ile Verte, one comes closer to the water's edge, shortly after going over the bridge. This stretch of road is very picturesque. While the country looks eminently peaceful, there is a great ruggedness in part of the landscape. As one comes to Tobin, a very small settlement, one will notice how the shore is strewn with rocks and small boulders. At a distance it looks much like a large field freshly ploughed. The traveller will meet all along the north shore, many of those rocky stretches, some of them a couple of miles or more in length. They are typical of that part of the Gaspé Peninsula, and constitute one of the peculiarities of the first of the three entirely different countries the tourist will visit during his trip. The north shore, as far as the village of Gaspé, along the St. Lawrence, is the land of forest clad mountains, broad river expanse, rock strewn shores and towering cliffs ; the south shore,



Main Street—Trois-Pistoles



Flatlands at the foot of mountains

from Gaspé to Matapédia, along the Baie des Chaleurs, is remarkable for its innumerable fine sand beaches and its frowning headlands of huge bald rock ; the final stretch of the road, from Matapédia to Ste. Flavie, runs inland through the peaceful, yet so beautiful, valley of the Matapédia, with its green bedecked hills, its winding rivers and streams and its deep dales and soul entrancing glades.

The difference in the lanscape is so striking that one is reminded of the saying " East is East and West is West and the twain shall never meet ", which can well be applied here, with a mere change in the points of the compass.

Trois-Pistoles

To at once dispell any misconception as to the name of Trois-Pistoles, it may be stated that it has nothing at all to do with " pistols ", or any other kind of fire-arms. " Pistole " is a French word to designate an ancient gold coin, just as " doublons " or " pieces of eight " were the names of the silver and gold currency when Spanish galleons sailed the seven seas.

There are several traditions regarding the origin of the name

of "Trois-Pistoles". The generally accepted one is, that about 1621, when a number of ships, carrying at their mast heads the "fleur de lys" of the Kings of France, were sailing past this particular point, one of the vessels touched ground. While it was in that position, and while waiting for the high tide to take it off, a boat was lowered and several sailors were sent ashore to obtain a fresh supply of drinking water from a limpid crystal clear river seen in the distance. A little up-stream, to ascertain that the water was really "fresh", one of the sailors dipped a good pewter goblet into the river. It slipped from his grasp, and as is sank to the bottom, the "old salt" exclaimed: "There go three pistoles", referring to the price he had paid for the goblet.

When the incident was reported on board ship when the men returned, the river, where the water had been obtained, was immediately called the "Trois Pistoles" river. Later the name was extended to the seigniory along that river and to the village and the parish when they were established.

Trois-Pistoles is a very old settlement. The parish was founded in 1713, and until 1783, it was a mere mission station. From 1783 until 1806 there was a resident missionary there, and



High tide on sea-like river

at the latter date a parish priest was appointed. The territory forms part of the old seigniory of "Trois Pistoles", granted to Mr. de Vitré by the King of France, in 1687.

From the above it will be seen that Trois-Pistoles was "born" in the early days of the colony. In spite of the fact that it is to-day a very modern little town, with a population of about 4,000, it still retains some of its most ancient landmarks. On an island about three miles from the main land, are still to be found the traces of the passage there of "Basques", those hardy fishers from the shores of the "Bay of Biscay" on the French and Spanish coast. The island is called "l'Ile aux Basques", and on it are the ruins of a number of "rendering" stations, where the Basque whalers converted "blubber" into oil. Those Basques, certain authors claim, visited the St. Lawrence River towards the end of 1400, long before Jacques Cartier had even thought of setting out to discover new worlds, and before the official discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. The island, though not inhabited, was occupied for many years by a "hermit" who had built a very primitive hut along the shore and spent his life all alone and without ever coming to the mainland. Where he came from or who he was, and what decided him to live this lonely and miserable life, nobody knows. His hut was shunned by the fisher-folks who had occasion to land on the island, as they were convinced that the "hermit" was in league with Satan and had some kind of diabolical powers.

The tourist, by applying at one of the hotels at Trois-Pistoles, can secure a boatman to take him to the island for a small consideration. It is well worth a visit.

But if Ile aux Basques is of great historic interest because it would indicate that the St. Lawrence river was visited long before Jacques Cartier "discovered" Canada, there are other islands off the shore of Trois-Pistoles, that are even better known to the residents of that part of the coast, because they are connected with what the people consider a "miraculous" event.

Practically the entire male population of Trois-Pistoles narrowly escaped destruction about 75 years ago, and they were saved, according to popular belief, only through heavenly assistance obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The story of the dramatic happening, which nearly cost the lives of all the men in Trois-Pistoles, is as follows :

Adrift on the ice

One early morning, news spread throughout the village, that a huge herd of seals had taken refuge on some little islands known as " Les Rassades ". Here was wealth untold, richess beyond all expectations, for the people of Trois-Pistoles, if only the precious fur bearing animals could be secured. The river was frozen solid and the islands could easily be reached by travelling over the ice field. The entire male population organized at once for the chase. Arms of every description were secured, and the small army set out over the frozen waters. Just before they reached their intended prey, the ice field began suddenly to move away from shore and to the leaward of the islands. Horror stricken, the women and children who had gathered on the shore, to watch their men folks march towards the islands, now saw their beloved ones, fathers, sons, husbands and other relatives, carried out to the open waters of the river and to what looked like certain destruction.

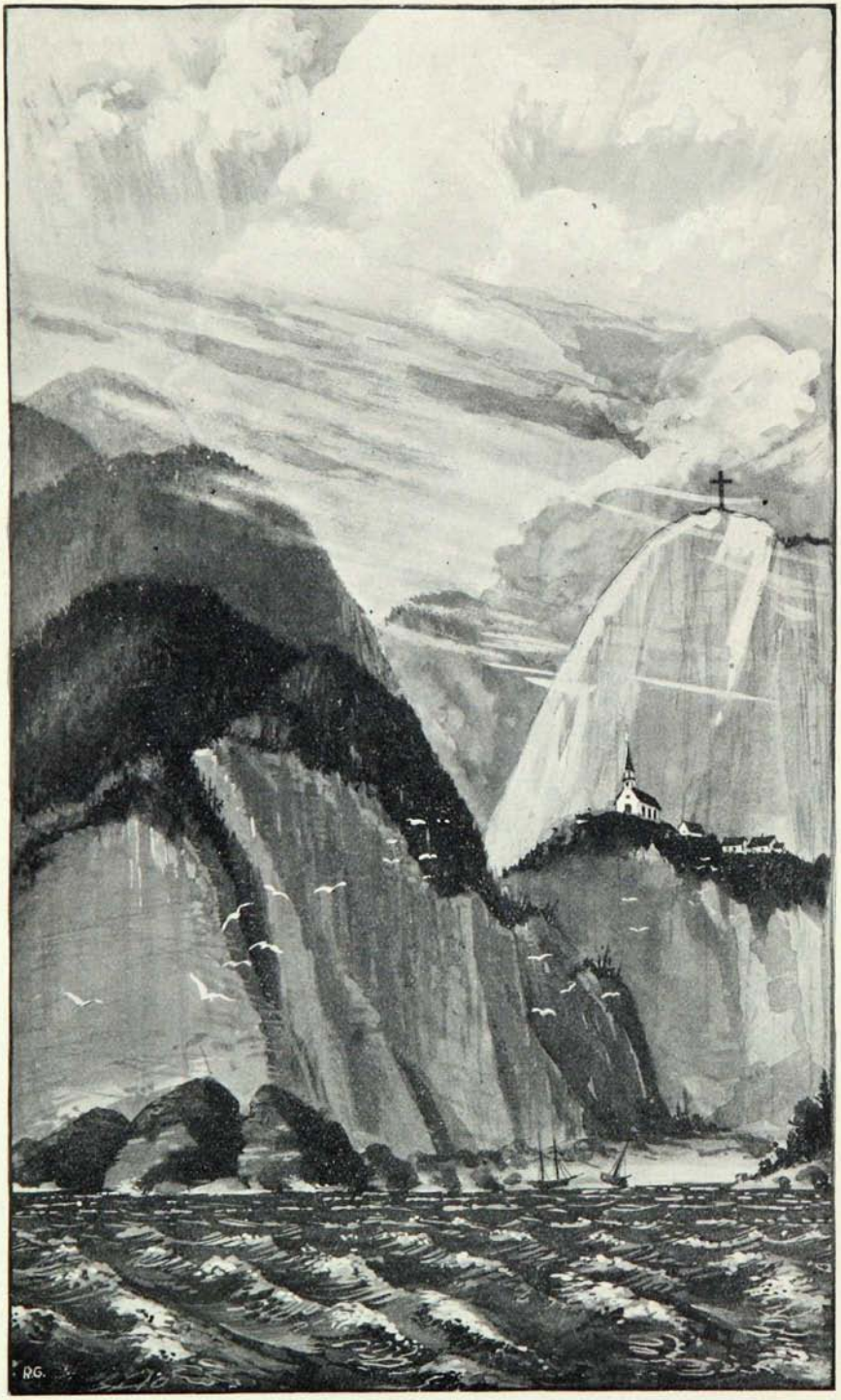
The parish priest realized that only a miracle could prevent a horrible catastrophe. He called upon the women and children and old men, to pray. They all fell to their knees on the snow covered ground and joined their pastor in calling upon Heaven to help them in their distress.

Suddenly the great cake of ice, for some unexplained reason, started to drift back to land and soon the crowd of seal hunters were able to scramble ashore to safety.

The scene that followed can better be imagined than described. The entire population then repaired to the parish church where a thanksgiving service was held in gratitude for the miraculous rescue.

A fine monument, to commemorate the event, has been erected in the village. A memorial tablet tells in very few words how the men were saved from a watery grave in the icy St. Lawrence through the intervention of the Holy Mother of God.

Trois-Pistoles, the religious name of which is Notre-Dame-des-Neiges-de-Trois-Pistoles, while it is essentially a farming locality, has a number of prosperous industries, among them a shoe factory, several saw-mills, a flour-mill, and several plants for the manufacturing of door and window frames and sashes. Smelt and herring fishing also provide employment for a portion of the population, and all their products can reach ready markets, thanks



NORTH SHORE
Rugged mountains and rock-strewn shore

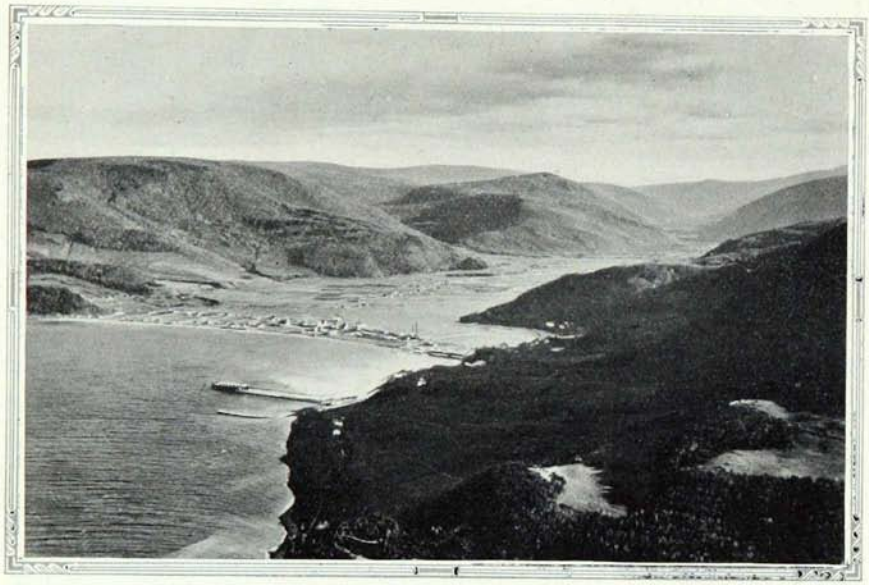
to the good roads and the Canadian National Railway which passes through the parish. In addition there is a regular ferry service between Trois-Pistoles and Les Escoumains, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence river.

There are several old buildings in Trois-Pistoles, the most interesting being the " manor " of a former seignior of the district, Nicolas Rioux. The house is still very much in the same condition it was a hundred and fifty years ago. It has been the ancestral home of seven generations of Rioux, and contains many souvenirs and relics of the past.

Besides being a progressive town, with various industries, Trois-Pistoles is also a well known summer resort. It has a very fine sandy beach, where bathing, boating, canoeing, and other aquatic sports can be indulged in, and a number of people from Quebec and other parts of the Province have their summer homes in or near that locality. There is good accommodation at two hotels containing 70 rooms. The " Hotel Trois-Pistoles " has 35 rooms, 10 with private bath, and the rates are $3.00 and $3.50 a



Fishing smacks at anchor



A rugged Gaspé landscape

day, the " Victoria Hotel " has 25 rooms and the charges are $1.00 per rooms, and 75 cents per meal, and the " Hotel Labrie " has 10 rooms and the rate is $2.50 a day.

While the country around Trois-Pistoles cannot be said to be very rich in big game, most of it having been driven further inland, there is, however, some fairly good shooting in the nearby woods, and on the moor-lands in particular, where there is always a lot of hares, some partridge and other small game, and along the water front where duck and various other kinds of water fowl, are fairly plentiful during the hunting season.

There is very good fishing, particularly lake trout, in the lakes and river. The principal lakes are " Bouleau " and " Delisle ", which can easily be reached from Trois-Pistoles, and good sport can also be secured on the river " Bouabouscache ". The hotel proprietors will arrange to supply guides for either fishing or shooting, for visitors who wish to enjoy a day or so with rod or gun

PRETTY VILLAGES

St. Simon and St. Fabien

About nine miles out from Trois-Pistoles, always following the river St. Lawrence, the tourist comes to the pretty settlement of St. Simon, a village of about 900 population. Although the people spend most of their time tilling the soil, general agriculture and the dairy industry being their main occupations, some of them are engaged in fishing on a fairly large scale. Markets for both the products of land and cattle, and the harvest of the sea, are available through the good gravel roads and the railway connections over the Canadian National Railways.

St. Simon is also well known as a fox breeding locality, the most modern and up-to-date establishments and equipment being used for the reproduction of some very fine and valuable fur bearing animals. Visitors, interested in this particular industry, are always welcome at the " fox ranches ", and all the information they may desire will be cheerfully given by the owners or caretakers.

The parish of St. Simon was founded in 1823 and the first resident parish priest was appointed in 1827.

There is good shooting near St. Simon, and fishing can be indulged in at lake St. Mathieu, about 4 miles from the village. The proprietor of the hotel Caron, where there are five rooms with running water, and the charges are only $1.00 per rooms, and 75c. per meal, or of the boarding houses, will indicate how to get to the lake, and if requested, will secure guides for shooting or fishing excursions.

Following St. Simon, ten miles further, we reach the picturesque village of St. Fabien, which has a population of about 2,600, but looks even much larger, owing to the manner in which the houses are clustered around the very pretty parish church. While the village itself is situated at about two miles from the river St. Lawrence, it is a favorite and well patronized summer resort.

The St. Lawrence forms a beautiful bay with a splendid sandy beach, down at the foot of the slight declivity leading from the church and main street.

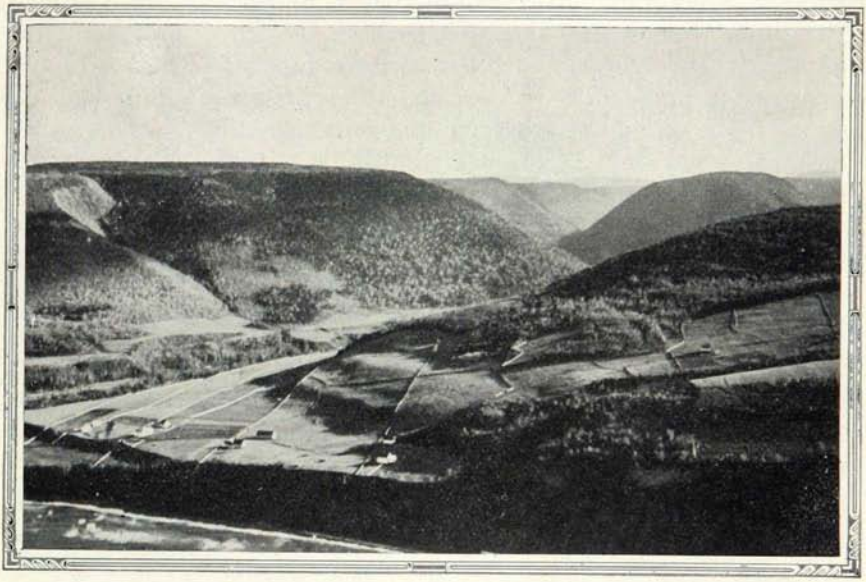
The landscape at St. Fabien, begins to assume quite a different aspect. The village itself nestles at the foot of the hills, and the valleys nearby are charming in their deep and dense brush and heavy texture of green grass and darker berry bushes. The rolling hills, that form the background to the landscape that greets the tourist as he approaches the village, are as a frame to a picture distinctly different from the lowlands that have been travelled through since leaving Rivière-du-Loup, less than fifty miles back. The scenery here is exquisite and, although he has only really started on his long "jaunt", the tourist will feel like tarrying a little while in this beautiful little spot along the highway. He should, in any case, not rush through, but should stop long enough to visit a fine shrine, or grotto, a replica of the famous rock of Lourdes in France. It is situated to the left, near the water front, and can very easily be reached by motor in a few minutes.

The parish of St. Fabien, which was founded in 1828, was a mission until 1855, when the first resident parish priest was appointed.

It is essentially an agricultural centre, the dairy industry in particular being the most profitable occupation of a hard working and industrious population.



Picturesque rural Quebec, Saint-Fabien



Winding valley through mountain maze

There is good access to outside markets through the fine government roads and by rail over the Canadian National Railway which runs through the parish.

There are some good lakes in the immediate vicinity, among them, " Lac des Joncs ", " Lac Malobes ", both leased, but fishing permits can be obtained, without too much trouble, through the proprietor of the Hotel Gendreau, where rooms can be had for $1.00, and meals at 75 cents each. There are several little streams where one can freely angle for small brook trout. Game is fairly abundant in the nearby woods.

"Bic the Beautiful"

" Bic ". The name itself would lead one to expect something unusual at the next stop along the road, about nine miles from St. Fabien, and the " unusual ", true to expectations, actually does turn up at " Bic the Beautiful " as it has been named by Sir James Lemoine in his " Chronicles of the St. Lawrence ".

The village of Bic is situated on the shores of the river and on the Canadian National Railways. It is one of the most picturesque localities along the great St. Lawrence waterway. There are

so many mountains, hills and huge rocks about Bic, that there is a tradition that at the time of Creation, the Lord gave all the mountains to one angel, with instructions to scatter them all over the face of the earth. The angel gathered them in the folds of her garment and flew away on her mission. She had many of them left when she soared over what is to-day Bic. She intended to distribute them all over the district, but suddenly a corner of her garment slipped from her grasp, and a regular shower of mountains and hills dropped on the spot occupied at present by the village of Bic. A most fanciful explanation, but one which appeals to the simple minds of a artless people.

It is much more "likely" that the distorted but beautiful landscape at Bic, was created by some very early upheaval of the earth similar to that which tore asunder, twisted and contorted the whole shore line of the opposite side of the river St. Lawrence.

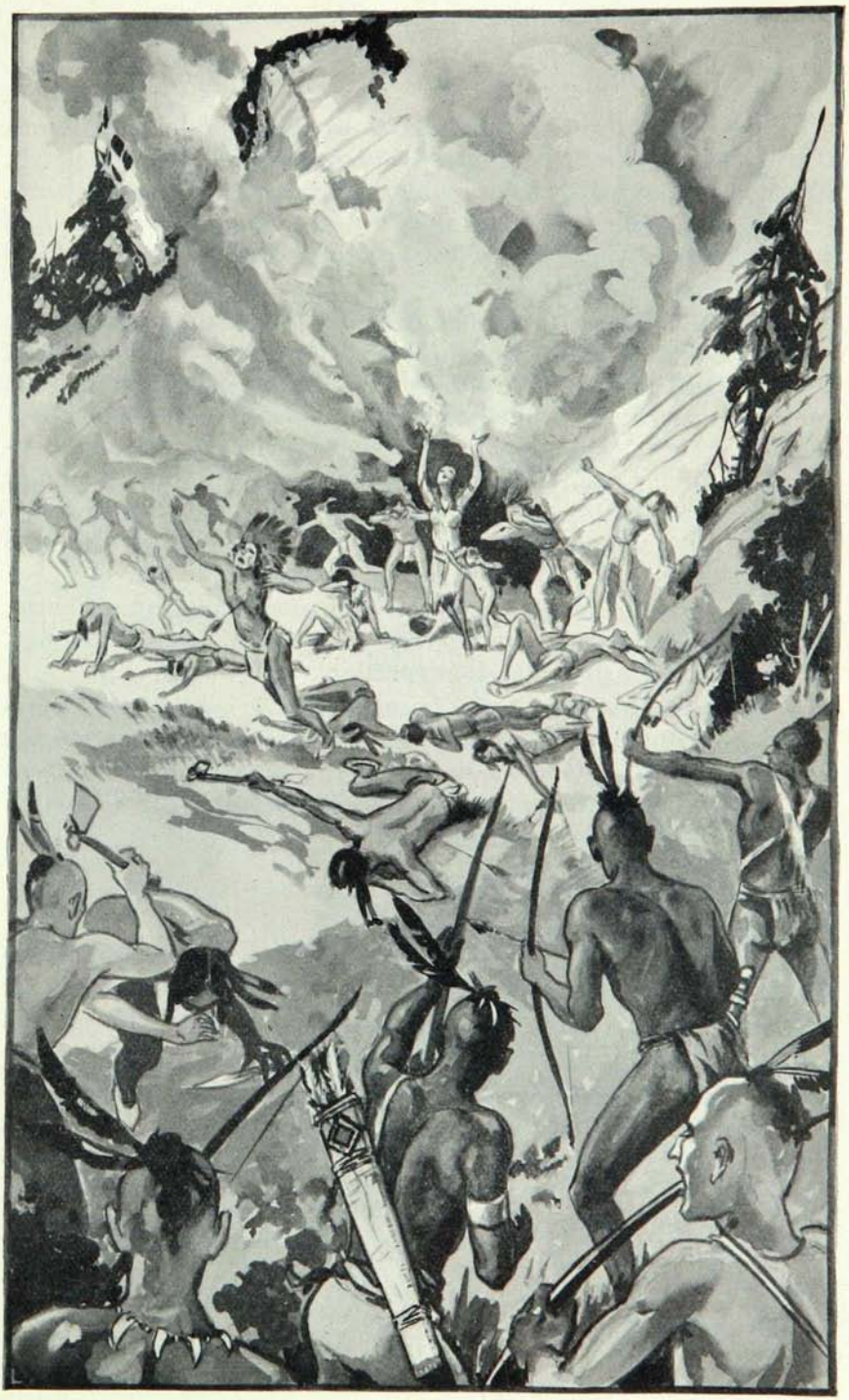
Bic is exceedingly mountainous, and the aspect of the place is striking in its grandeur when one suddenly emerges from practically flat country, into a regular maze of heights, ravines, precipices, deep gorges and streams, and tumultuous water falls.

The basin formed by the St. Lawrence at the very foot of the mountains, is large enough to be imposing, and yet small enough to be seen all at once without difficulty. The shores of the bay are bordered with huge boulders, rocks and cliffs, but at their feet there are beautiful expanses of fine white sand beaches. Two streams rush from the mountain-side into the bay, at both of its extremities. Out in the open, the bay gets very narrow, between two lofty capes, and two rocky islands stand like great forts to defend the entrance to an already scant passage into the inner harbor.

Bic, no doubt, takes its name from the many "Pics" (Peaks) of the hills that nearly surround it. Champlain, the founder of Quebec, in his "mémoires", mentions a visit he made to "Pic", and the description he gives of the place clearly indicates that he referred to what is to-day "Bic".

The scene, from the road, as one reaches the harbor of Bic, is most striking and at the same time most inviting.

Out in the broad expanse of water, just at the entrance to the bay, are two islands which have their legends and stories of dramatic happenings.



ILE AU MASSACRE
Smoked out of their refuge and slaughtered

The village itself is built practically around Mount St. Louis the highest peak in the jumble of mountains, and from its height a magnificent view of the bay and the surrounding country can be obtained. On its summit stands a large cross, which at night is illuminated by scores of electric light bulbs and which can be seen miles out "at sea".

But let us return to the bay, from which it is difficult to draw oneself away. The scenery is most entrancing. The waves beat upon "Cap Enragé" (Wild Cape) and then wash the granit feet of Ile au Massacre (Massacre Island) and Ile Brulée (Burnt Island). They ripple gently upon the beach at "Anse-aux-Bouleaux" (Birch Cove), a favorite spot for picnics and other similar outings. They murmur softly around Ile-aux-Amours (Lovers' Island), where lovers were wont to meet to plight their troth, and finally roll in shore upon the soft sand beaches.

The river Bic, after rushing in impetuous speed over a rocky bottom through the mountain gorges, suddenly drops into the bay, from a height of fifty feet, in a splendid water-fall.

The parish church looks over the entire picturesque landscape from its lofty position on the mountain side, while on the ledges of the hills stand many pretty summer residences, cottages and elegant villas, for Bic is one of the most popular and fashionable watering places along the St. Lawrence river.

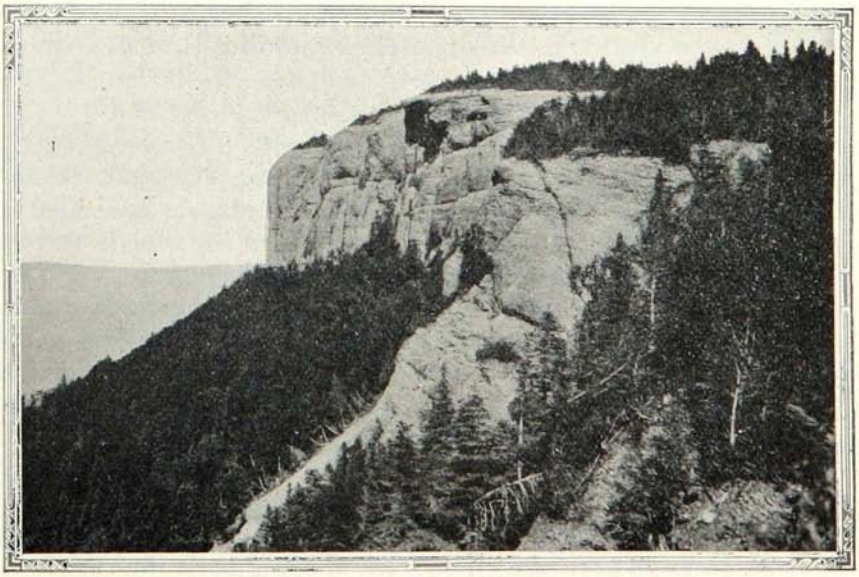
Massacre Island

Mention has been made of Massacre and Brulée islands. There is little of a very startling nature connected with the latter, but the former was the scene of bloody events recorded in the ancient history of Bic.

The story is briefly as follows : In 1533, a group of about two hundred Micmac Indians, men, women and children, fleeing from the shores of Temiscouata lake where their hereditary enemies, the ruthless Iroquois, were constantly raiding their wigwams, took refuge, for the night, in a grotto on an island near Bic. They believed they were in security until the next day when they would resume their journey to Gaspé, their final destination. But the Iroquois had followed them and soon discovered their hiding place. The entrance to the great cave had been closed and hidden by a large mass of brushwood. The Iroquois set fire to this heap of

branches and the smoke drove the unfortunate Micmacs out into the open where they were greeted with a regular shower of arrows. The braves of the Micmac tribe fought gallantly to save their wives and children, but they were vastly outnumbered, and blinded by the smoke which was blown in their direction. When the sun shone on the island shores, it revealed a scene of ghastly horror. The ground was strewn with the mutilated bodies or over two hundred unfortunate Micmacs. The Iroquois had returned to their own territory with the blood dripping scalps of men, women and children as trophies of the massacre.

Only five of the Micmacs had succeeded in escaping the fate of the other members of their group. They fled into the woods, and a few years later several Micmac chiefs, meeting with Jacques Cartier, showed him the dried scalps of a number of Iroquois, who had taken part in the massacre, and who in turn had been slaughtered by relatives of the victims of the tragedy of Massacre Island. The vendetta between the Micmacs and the Iroquois lasted for many years, and the French took advantage of it by enlisting Micmacs to help them fight the Iroquois who were constantly invading the territory occupied by the white men.



Bald rocks and scrubby woods

Such is the tale of "Massacre Island", and to-day, in what is left of the cave,—contractors used a lot of the stone to build a quay—human bones are still some times found, buried beneath the sand in the far end of the grotto.

Stories heard by the fireside in the long winter evenings, tell of the ghostly appearance of Indian warriors on the rocks of Massacre Island at the bewitching hour of midnight, and of the moans and sighs that come from the depth of the island cave when the storm winds lash the waters of the bay. Tourists all visit the scene of this bloody episode in the history of the Indian tribes in Canada.

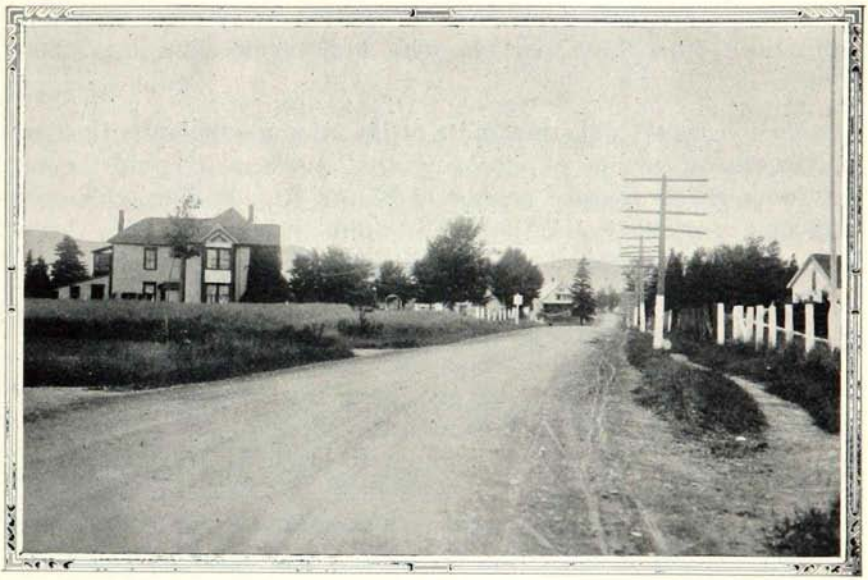
The other island, "Brulée" (Burnt Island), got its name from the fact that the woods with which it was at one time covered, were practically wiped out by a great fire.

Ghostly visitors

The ghosts of the murdered Micmacs are not the only ones that are said to haunt the rocky shores of Bic.

Biquette Island, (Little Bic island) was the scene of the drowning of two light-house keepers in 1859, and their spirits are said to have returned at intervals to the scene of their death and to have made the night hideous with their wailing and weird cries. But of recent years, probably because their voices cannot compete with the "howling" of the great fog horn on the rock, the "ghosts" have neither been seen nor heard.

There is a curious legend connected with the caverns on the shore at Bic, that of a hidden treasure at Cap l'Orignal, (Moose Cape). It relates that, fascinated by stories of gold concealed in a strong box buried in the sand at the foot of the cape, a former resident of Bic, a man who had the reputation of being a "miscreant", carrying in his pocket a tallow candle made of the fat taken from the body of a man who had hanged himself, repaired at midnight to the place where the supposed treasure was hidden. He called upon the devil to help him, and suddenly the ground shook, a large fissure appeared in the sand, and out of the hole there slowly rose to the surface a huge iron chest with a great iron ring fixed in the centre of the lid. The treasure seeker ran at once to the village to secure an iron bar to place it through the ring so as to keep the chest from slipping back into the hole, but when he returned, everything had vanished. The next day



Typical scenery along the highway

traces of a cloven hoof, as those made by a moose, but also similar to those associated with the trail which the evil one leaves when he appears upon earth, were found in large numbers on the sand at the foot of the cape, and the good people, rather than call it "Devil's Cape", named it "Moose Cape". No other attempts were ever made to recover the buried treasure, although some people still believe that gold is hidden in iron bound chests somewhere along the coast.

Bic also had its "haunted manor", some forty years ago. To-day it is the residence of a respectable citizen, and the "spirits" have left him in very peaceful possession of a beautiful home. They "gave up the ghost" when they realized that they could not scare a good Canadian with their wild uncanny noises and gambols.

Another story that may interest the tourist in particular, is that of the wreck of a ship in 1865. Several members of the crew, it is said, were friends and associates of John Wilkes Booth, the man who assassinated former president Abraham Lincoln. They were fleeing from the United States after the murder, and their ship was lost on the rocks of Bic, but the crew was saved

by pilot cutters, and the men later drifted away after spending some time with the fishermen who had taken them into their homes.

Two years after the massacre of the Micmacs, Jacques Cartier, on his second voyage of discovery to Canada, sailing up the St. Lawrence river, dropped anchor at Bic on August 29th. 1535, the anniversary of the beheading of St. John the Baptist. He therefore called it the "harbor of the little St. John islands".

So much for the description of the scenery about Bic and its historic associations.

Bic, Ste. Cécile-du-Bic, to give it its full religious name, was founded as a parish in 1793, canonically erected in 1830 and given civic status in 1833. It has a population of about 3,000, employed in part in saw-mills, furniture and door and sash factories and other industries, but mostly engaged in agriculture and the dairy industry. There is some fishing on the St. Lawrence, but not on an extensive scale.

The present church, a very fine structure, replaces that which was destroyed by fire about 25 years ago. A stone slab, standing inside the presbytery grounds, bears an inscription stating that Jacques Cartier landed at Bic, that Champlain visited "Pic" on May 22, 1603, and that Frontenac granted C. Denis de Vitré, the seigniory of Bic.

Bic has a number of good hotels and first class boarding houses. The "Hotel Canada" has 25 rooms and charges $3.00 and up, and the "Hotel Laval" has 23 rooms, 3 with private bath, and the rate is $3.50 and up. The motorist can also obtain some spare parts and have minor repairs made at the village garage.

In the past Bic has been visited by some high personalities including the late Sir John MacDonald, former Prime Minister of Canada, in 1873; and Lord Dufferin, Governor General of Canada, in 1878, and both of them spent a few days in this delightful summer resort.

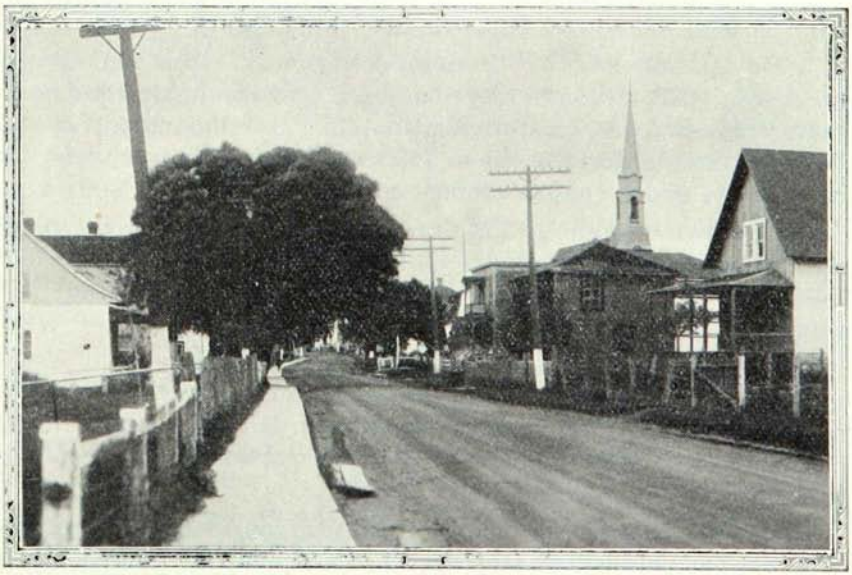
Sacré-Cœur

We have tarried long enough at Bic, and will now proceed on our journey.

Covering 6.72 miles more over the beautiful road, the tourist comes to the pretty little village of Sacré-Cœur (Notre-Dame-du-Sacré-Cœur), which has a population of about 800 people, mostly employed in the mills and factories of Rimouski, although a goodly portion of them are engaged in farming and fishing. Salmon, herring and sardines, are all caught in fairly large quantities in the river, and there is a ready market for the fish and farm produce in Rimouski only three miles and a half way.

Sacré-Cœur, as the railway station is named, is situated on the Canadian National Railways. The parish was founded in 1875 after the territory had been detached from that of Rimouski.

The village is situated on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and with its fine sand beach it is fast becoming a favorite summer resort. Many pretty cottages are already located near the water front and the tourists can spend a few hours, or even a day, at this attractive small watering place.



Peace reigns supreme at Sacré-Cœur

Right on the shore is a huge mass of white rock known as "Rochers Blancs", which forms as a back-ground to the beach and shelters it against heavy winds, making it an ideal spot for bathing and other aquatic sports and amusements.

There is a good country hotel at Sacré-Cœur, where accommodation can be obtained at a very moderate figure. There are several good camping grounds, one at Sandy Cove, with cottages and restaurant, and another near the shore, with a cottage.

The Home of the Gog

We now come to the prosperous and thriving community of Rimouski, the name meaning in the Indian language, "The land Rimouski, the name meaning in the Indian language, "The home of the dog". Why the Indians give it that name is not known.

Rimouski is one of the oldest settlements on the shores of the St. Lawrence. Its early history, that of the occupation of the land by white men, dates back to 1688, when the marquis de Dennonville and Intendant Champigny granted Augustin Rouer, squire of la Cardonnière, a strip of land on the river Rimouski. The property was later ceded by him to René Lepage, who became the first seignior of Rimouski in 1694.

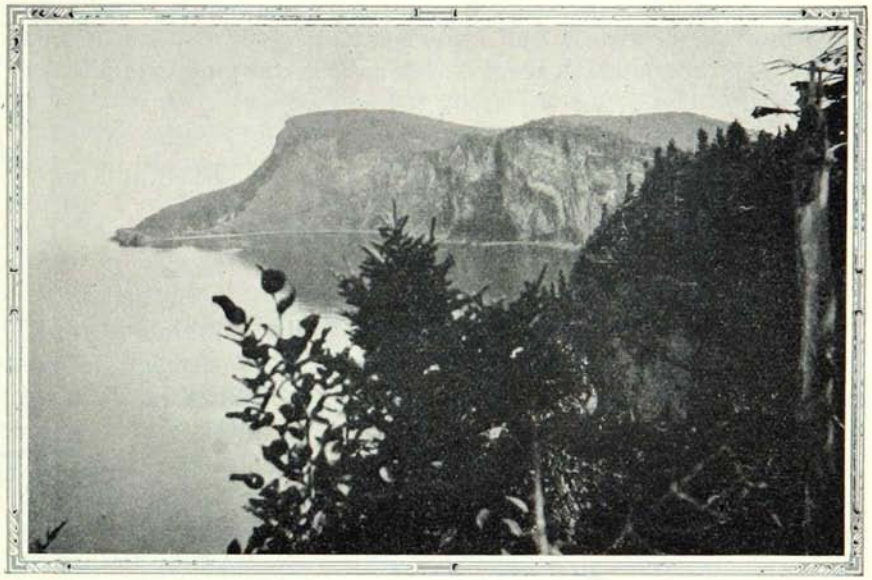
When Lepage died in 1718, there were only three families in what is to-day a town of nearly 7,000 inhabitants.

The parish of St. Germain-de-Rimouski was canonically erected in 1829, although there had been a resident priest for more than thirty-five years before that date. The religious parish was thus one hundred years old in 1929 and the anniversary was the occasion of elaborate ceremonies and demonstrations.

The town of Rimouski is situated along the river St. Lawrence and on the Canadian National Railways. It is the most important industrial and agricultural centre between Rivière-du-Loup and Gaspé.

The principal industry is that of wood and lumber of every description. There is a large pulp-mill and several very important saw-mills. A number of other considerable manufacturing plants also provide employment to a vast portion of the people of Rimouski and the neighboring villages.

There is a fairly good harbor whence considerable quantities of wood are shipped to other parts of Canada, the United States and overseas.



Great sights like this await the tourist

The town is very modern in every respect. It is well paved, has good permanent sidewalks, and its business houses are well built and stocked with a fine variety of goods of every description. The tourist can purchase in Rimouski practically anything he may require. Several banks have branches in that progressive town.

Rimouski has good water and electric light services.

There are many fine private residences, and the town is known for its splendid religious buildings, including the cathedral, the bishop's palace, the seminary and college, the convents of the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of the Holy Rosary, the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, the Carmelites and the Ursulines ; the monasteries of the Brothers of Holy Cross, and the Brothers of the Sacred Heart ; the Agricultural School and St. Joseph's Hospital.

Rimouski is the chief town of the county of the same name and of the judicial district. It has a fine court house and district jail.

Of late the town has assumed some additional importance through the fact that it is the landing place for the Canadian Postal Service aeroplanes that carry the mail between the incoming ocean steamers and Ottawa, the capital of Canada, whence it is distributed to other parts of the country.

Rimouski is also a well known summer resort with a good beach, good hotels and garages, and several camping grounds for tourists.

The principal hotels are :

The " St. Laurent ", 60 rooms, 30 with bath, $3.00 and up.

The " St. Louis ", 20 rooms, $2.50 and up.

The " Lavoie ", 10 rooms, $2.50.

The " Canada ", 25 rooms, $3.00 and up.

The " Victoria ", 11 rooms, $3.00 and up.

The " Bellevue ", " Rimouski ", " Central ", " Grenier ", " Lepage ", " Ruest " and St. Simeon ", all hostelries with good accommodation at very reasonable rates.

Tourists will find first class garage service in the town.

There is a good ferry service between Rimouski and Bersimis, Franklin, Godbout, and other points on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, by the Rimouski-Saguenay Navigation Company steamers, which have first class accommodation for passengers and good facilities for handling large cargoes of freight.

There is some good fishing and shooting in the vicinity of Rimouski.

The immediate neighborhood is very picturesque, and then there is the going and coming of steamers to and from the ocean and the unusual sight of the seaplanes dropping from the sky or taking off with the overseas mail.

Rimouski offers the tourist an opportunity for a rest before proceeding on to what will be, with one exception, a continued series of small settlements, summer resorts, watering places, and fishing stations, until he reaches the village of Gaspé.

Some distance off shore from Rimouski lies St Barnabé Island, a favorite place for picnic parties and other outings. The island was the place of residence, as far back as 1628, of a young man called Toussaint Cartier, who came to it when only 21 years of age, and spent some forty years as an hermit on that lonely spot without ever visiting the mainland. How he managed to live, or why he chose to reside on the wind swept island, is a mystery.

Six miles from Rimouski is the pilot station of Pointe-au-Père, (Father Point) where steamers take on pilots to lead them to Quebec or Montreal on their way from the Atlantic, and drop the pilots when they are ocean-wards bound.

The view which the tourist gets of Pointe-au-Père, as he leaves Rimouski, is a most attractive one. As he emerges from the last rows of houses of the town, he gets a sudden glimpse of the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence. Close by, a short distance from the shore, stands the great lighthouse surrounded by the pilotage and wireless station buildings, at the end of a long pier. It is the first land "touched" by incoming vessels, and the last stopping place as they sail on their voyage back across the ocean.

Agriculture and the lumber industry are the main occupations of the population, although there is also some fishing on the river.

Pointe-au-Père (Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pointe-au-Père) is well known as the site of a shrine of St. Ann, the patron saint of seamen, which is visited every year by a very large number of pilgrims.

The parish was founded canonically and civily in 1882, the territory being detached from the parishes of Rimouski and St. Luce. It is under the guidance of the Eudist Fathers.

Scene of great wreck

It was near Pointe-au-Père that the "Empress of Ireland", one of the finest liners of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company



A lonely settlement on the North Shore

in those days, was rammed by the Norwegian collier " Storstad " and sunk with the loss of 1140 lives, in 1914.

The bodies of the victims who were either unidentified or unclaimed by relatives, were buried in a special cemetery situated along the river shore where a monument, erected by the railway company, recalls the terrible tragedy.

The Department of Highways has had a tablet placed along the highway, so that the tourist may know exactly where the catastrophe occurred.

The wreck, the worst of its kind that ever happened on the St. Lawrence, took place at 1.55 on the morning of May 29, 1914, six and a half miles east of Pointe-au-Père. The pilot, who had taken the " Empress of Ireland " from Quebec, had been dropped only a short time when the tragedy occurred.

The liner had been headed out to sea, her engines were running full speed ahead when she was struck, in a light fog, by the " Storstad ", which ship was later blamed by the British Admiralty Court, for having caused the collision, by changing her course just before ramming the " Empress ".

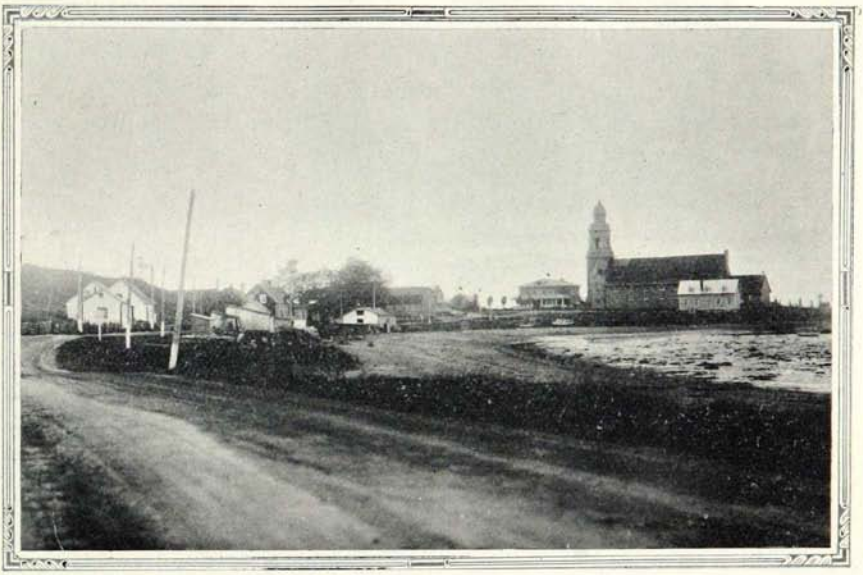
The heavy loss of life was accounted for by the early hour at which the accident happened and the speed with which the steamer sank. The vessel foundered less than fifteen minutes after being struck. The " Empress " carried a crew of 420 and a passenger list of 1,057, so that out of a total of 1,477, only 337 were saved.

Pretty little resort

We are now getting close to where the Perron Boulevard actually begins, since there is only one more settlement before we finally reach Ste. Flavie, the junction point of Highway No. 10, Rivière-du-Loup-Ste. Flavie, and the new circular road around the Gaspé Peninsula, Highway No. 6.

This last settlement is the pretty little village of Ste Luce.

Ste. Luce, which has a population of about 1,400, was founded canonically in 1829 and obtained its civil status in 1835. It is a very attractive small watering place, and now that it is of easy access through the construction of the fine provincial highway, and situated as it is, on the way to the Gaspé Peninsula, it is bound to become a most popular resort, as it holds all the attractions to



The sand beach at Sainte-Luce

make it one of the most delightful places to spend the summer months.

The beach at Ste. Luce is a very fine one of beautiful white sand, one of the prettiest along the entire shore line of the St. Lawrence river. It is practically clear of rocks and boulders and extends a distance of nearly two miles. Bathing can be indulged in with all security. The shore has a very gentle slope, allowing bathers to go a long distance before getting " out of their depth ". There is nearly a mile of the white sand between the road and the low tide demarcation line. The main highway runs right along the very edge of the beach and one is tempted to stop a few minutes to take a stroll on the strand.

To the right of the road there are some low lying hills at the foot of which stand several hotels for summer visitors.

Ste. Luce boasts three hotels, and on the beach itself there is a " bathing house ", small comfortable building, where bathers can undress to enjoy their dip or gambol on the sands, and later resume their street clothes.

There is a first class camping ground, only a few hundred feet from the shore, with a small store where all kinds of provisions can be purchased by the tourist.

The principal hotels are : the " Lebel ", situated at the village and catering particularly to the commercial men ; and the " Sainte Luce " and " Lepage ", both situated at the sea shore. The rates at those hotels are very reasonable, $2.50 and up, per day, with a reduction for a stay of a week or more.

The " Sainte Luce " is owned by Alexis de Champlain, who, although he might have some difficulty in tracing his ancestry back to Samuel de Champlain, the founder of the city of Quebec, may very well be a descendant of that famous Frenchman. He is the typical " genial host ", and he, with his fellow hotel keepers, can supply the best of sea foods and other delicacies, prepared with the real art of home cooking, and at the same time make the stay of their visitors agreable, by supplying all necessary information as regards fishing and shooting, boat trips on the river, which is here more like a real sea, walks in the hills and auto drives in the vicinity.

There is a good tennis court near the " Sainte Luce " hotel, and in the evenings, when it is too late to be out along the road or on the beach, the guests sit in the main living room and listen to the radio entertainment.

A short stop at Ste. Luce is indeed a most agreable " interlude " in one's journey to Gaspé.

ON THE BOULEVARD

After completing the 85.10 miles from Rivière-du-Loup, through a most picturesque country, the tourist finally reaches Ste. Flavie whence he will begin what is actually the tour of the Gaspé Peninsula.

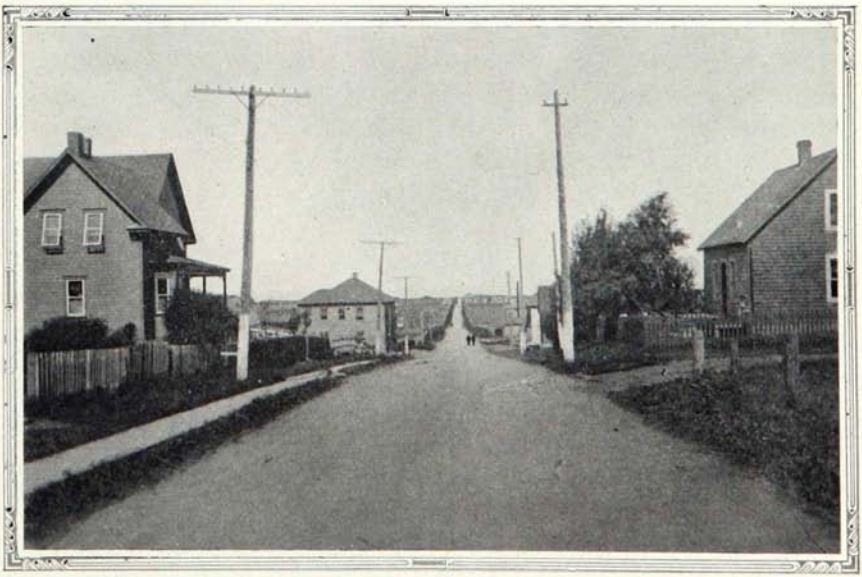
The first section of Highway No. 6, as the Perron Boulevard is officially known, from Ste. Flavie to Ste. Anne-des-Monts, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, runs through ten parishes or settlements, many of them beautiful popular watering-places, and all surrounded by most attractive scenery. This is one of the scenic sections of the Province of Quebec. It is a splendid combination of mountain, sea and forest landscapes, and although it does not yet possess the majesty and grandeur of the country just beyond, it takes the traveller gradually into the awesome land which stretches along the north shore of the Peninsula.

The Boulevard follows the shore line along the great river St. Lawrence which averages forty miles in width, and runs through a region where agriculture, the lumber industry and fishing, constitute the main occupations of a hard-working, industrious population.

The mountains that serve as background to the many villages scattered along the highway, are covered with dense forests that constitute a rich hunting territory, while rivers and streams that run through the valleys and flow into the "sea", teem with every species of the finny tribe, and the many lakes in the hinterland, offer the disciples of Walton, the best sport to be found in any part of the American continent.

While only part of that country has been opened to anything like extensive travel since the construction of the new highway, there is, however, good accommodation in hotels and boarding houses in every locality along the road. Even if the tourist fails to notice any signs of "rooms to let", or cannot locate a hotel, he has only to knock on chance doors to find hospitable welcome.

Whether it be the weather-beaten, horny handed, tiller of the soil, or the bronzed and bearded fisher, or their good wives, who answer the summons, the traveller will be greeted with a smile



What the "Boulevard" looks like

and a cheery countenance, a ready invitation to join in " la fortune du pot ", the old and time honored " pot-luck ". If he accepts, he will find that a great deal of culinary art is associated with the " luck ", and that, if fine linen, porcelaine, silver and cut glass are lacking, the quality of the food makes up for the shortcomings of some of the unnecessary refinements of modern civilization.

Later on, when we get to the heart of the deep sea fishing country, something will be said about that great delicacy, when eaten under proper conditions, the lowly cod, the staple sea-food of the land, and the actual " staff of life " of most of its population.

But, after this intermede as it were, we proceed on our journey over the newly constructed beautiful gravel roadway.

Ste. Flavie

At the starting point, at what might be termed the " closing buckle " of the " belt " line, where the Perron Boulevard actually begins and ends, at the entrance to the village of Ste. Flavie, stands a combination inn, general store and post-office, a quaint old building, decorated on the exterior with several old ship's figure-heads.

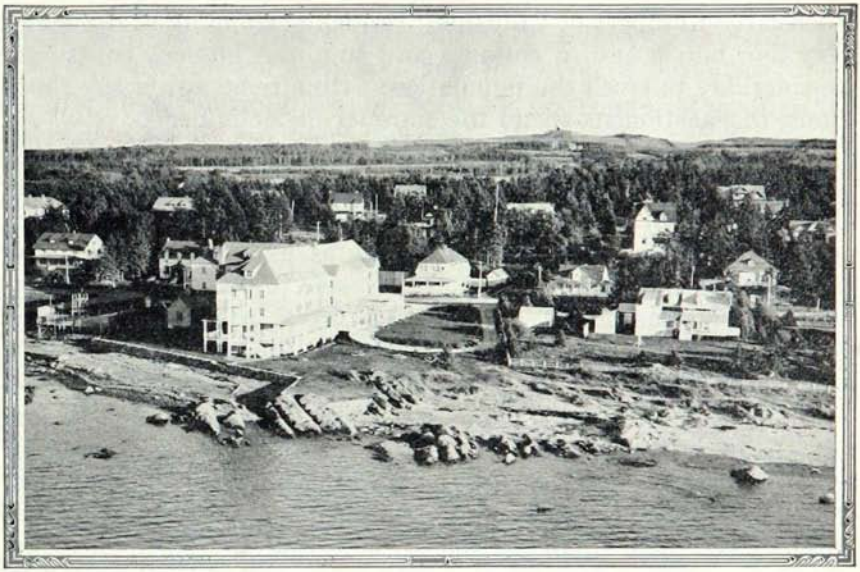
The parish of Ste. Flavie, which has a population of about 730 inhabitants, is situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence, three miles from Mont-Joli, and on the Canadian National Railways. Although it is so close to the water, there is very little commercial fishing in the locality, the people being mostly farmers.

While there is a fairly good beach, the village cannot be said to be a regular summer resort, due probably to the vicinity of that well known watering place, Metis Beach.

The parish was founded in 1829. It was a mission station from that date to 1850 when the first resident parish priest was appointed. The name of Ste.Flavie was given to the parish in honor of Miss Flavie Drapeau, daughter of the seignior of the locality, who gave the ground upon which the beautiful parish church is built.

There are a number of small cottages in the immediate neigh-that are occupied during the summer months, by residents of Mont-Joli and Rimouski.

In addition to the " Old Inn " there are several good boarding houses which can take care of all the tourist traffic that has had



Metis beach with its fine hotels

to be handled up to the present, but future requirements will necessitate the construction of additional accommodation.

There are a number of small streams in the immediate neighborhood where an hour or so can be spent to advantage angling for small, but delicious, little brook trout, and some game is to be found in the nearby woods, while duck and other water-fowl supply the hunter on the river shore with fairly good " bags ".

Fashionable watering place

We are now coming to one of Quebec's most delectable spots, a summer resort favored particularly by people of quiet tastes and what is generally referred to as the " gentry ", although this does not mean that it is altogether " exclusive " and devoid of the attractions that appeal especially to the younger people, and to those who seek " music and dance " and other forms of amusement of a similar nature.

Metis-Beach is a delightful watering-place, having the combined charm of country and seashore.

The regular or permanent population of Metis is about 1,800, but this is considerably increased during the summer months

when large numbers of " outside " residents, stopping at the many very fine hotels and in cottages and summer homes, contribute considerably to swell the population. Hundreds, not to say thousands, of vacationists spend the summer at Metis-Beach.

The resort is situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence at a point where the estuary begins to widen out, so that the opposite shore, nearly forty miles away, is only a faint line in the distance and much of the horizon is as visible as upon the ocean. This gives the place more of the air of a seaside resort than many less-favored watering-places, and the salt waves rolling in upon the sandy beach help confirm the impression. The beach is about four miles long, hard, smooth, white sand, perfectly safe for bathers.

Metis is 14.67 miles from Ste. Flavie and is situated on the Canada and Gulf Terminal Railway. The main occupation of its permanent or resident population is agriculture, combined with the dairy industry, although the lumber industry also provides employment for a small portion of the people.

Metis is an Indian word meaning " birch ", and it was given the locality by the natives who paddled their canoes through the " Mitis " river from Ristigouche on their way to the St. Lawrence, because they found the country covered with " birch " trees.

The parish was founded in 1897 under the name of St. Octave-de-Metis.

The water at Metis-Beach is delightful for bathing, and throngs take their daily dip in the river, the waters of which are said to have the same tonic effect that has made some of the great " spas " of Europe so deservedly famous throughout the world.

The climate here is most invigorating and the air exceedingly soothing. As one walks along the main street in the evening, one will discover a striking peculiarity at Metis. Warm and even hot " waves " of air strike one at certain spots, while a few steps further on the air is quite cool. The difference in the atmospheric conditions in such short distances is due to the conformation of the coast line. The warm air " pocket " is felt where the shore is a little distance away while the cool breeze strikes one's face as he once more gets closer to the water's edge.

Metis-Beach has probably the finest lot of hotels to be found at any watering place along the St. Lawrence. Some of them are really pretentious buildings with every possible modern improvement and convenience for the comfort of the traveller. In

every case the " cuisine " is of the very highest standard, and " service " is efficient and up-to-date in the Metis hostelries.

Bathing, canoeing, hiking, horse riding, tramping through the colorful country, are sports available to all, while the devotee of tennis and golf, will find courts and greens equal to those that can be found in some of the largest summer resorts in this or any other country.

There is good fishing in the Metis river and in some other smaller streams in the district, while a day can well be spent on the St. Lawrence river " deep sea " fishing for many varieties of fish : cod, herring, makerel, smelt, and even an occasional small shark-like fish known as " dog-fish " by the local fishermen. Or if the tourist wishes to get a real thrill out of an excursion on the great stream, be can arrange to have a fisher take him out some distance from shore to try his luck at " porpoise hunting ".

The Grand and Petit Metis Rivers are favorite haunts of the salmon, and trout are found wherever there is a lake or a brook. The best place to secure the latter fish is at Metis Lakes, the nearest of which is situated about three miles from the centre of the village. Farther back is a string of lakes, containing plenty of large trout, and all are comparatively easy of access.



The beautiful summer resort of Metis Beach

Shooting in season is also fairly good in the woods in the neighborhood of Metis Beach, and the visitor may succeed in bagging a deer or even a moose, and is practically certain of getting a few brace of partridge or a string of other feathered game.

Fishing and shooting trips can easily be arranged by applying to the proprietor or manager of any of the hotels, who will indicate the best places to visit and will, if necessary, make arrangements to supply guides to take the tourist to the most likely haunts of game or the best fishing pools or streams.

For the younger generation, dancing can be indulged in at the hotels, that have special accommodation for this particular form of amusement.

Boats of all sizes, from a skiff to a schooner, are available to the visitor, and if one desires to run across to the other shore he will find safe and swift vessels crossing every day. Those who desire to have a good time and feel free and independent, may charter a small schooner for a few dollars a day, $5 and up, secure a good sailing master, lay in a supply of provisions and go where they please.

The principal hotels at Metis-Beach are : The " Seaside House ", " Boule Rock ", " Cascade House ", " Turriff Hall ", " St. Lawrence House ", " Green Gables ', and " Hillside Inn ".

Those hotels can take care of about four hundred visitors, and many of the rooms have private baths, while there are nearly all supplied with running hot and cold water. The rates vary from $3.00 to $4.00 and up.

In addition to the hotels there are many furnished cottages and bungalows, which can be rented for any length of time, and afternoon tea and other refreshments can be obtained at a number of " tea shops " in the village.

Baie-des-Sables

We leave Metis Beach through a beautiful " lane " of trees and for a short distance the " ocean " is hidden by the long fringe of woodland. Five miles further, after travelling through some very interesting country, we once more get a full view of the great " sea " formed by the majestic St. Lawrence river. We come to a very pretty sand beach and a settlement which takes its name from the nature of the shore-land itself, " Baie-des-Sables " (Sandy Bay).

A mission was founded there in 1850. It remainded a mission station from 1850 to 1860 when a resident missionary was appointed. A regular parish priest took over the spiritual affairs of the parish in 1869, date of the civil establishment of "Sandy Bay".

The original parish was founded by thrifty sons of the Land of the Heather, Scotch farmers, and for a long time it was known as McNider or Sandy Bay. When the French-Canadian settlers outnumbered the Scots, many of the latter having moved to other localities, and mostly to towns and cities, where some of them became leaders in finance, industry and commerce, the parish was given its present name of L'Assomption-de-Notre-Dame, and Baie-des-Sables in the Post Office guide.

It is situated on a beautiful little rounded bay, with a fine sand beach, and is ideally located for a summer resort.

Baie-des-Sables is on the Canada & Gulf Terminal Railway, which, with the new Perron Boulevard now open to all kinds of traffic at all times, give the people first class opportunities for the sale of the products of their farms and fisheries on the markets of the larger centres in the Province, and particularly in Matane and Rimouski.

Farming, and particularly the dairy industry, is the principal occupation of an industrious population of about 2,000 inhabitants. The fishing industry is only of secondary importance. The farmers of Baie-des-Sables have acquired a very enviable reputation as growers of high grade potatoes, which are in great demand on all the markets in the Province.

This resort is daily gaining in popularity, and the "Bonnenfant" hotel, where good accommodation can be secured, has already in its register the names of many visitors from other parts of Canada, and the United States, who have spent at least a day at the very attractive watering place. Baie-des-Sables, on account of its picturesque surroundings, is bound to attract more and more tourists every summer season.



The pretty village of Baie-des-Sables

A BATTERED SEA-SHORE

St-Ulric-de-Matane

After leaving the fine stretch of sand along which the village of Baie-des-Sables is situated, the tourist will notice a distinct change in the formation of the shore line, about half way between Baie-des-Sables and the next settlement of St-Ulric-de-Matane, or " Rivière Blanche ".

While there are still short distances where sandy beaches predominate, most of the strand is strewn with rocks and boulders. The shore has apparently been subjected to more violent batterings of the waves, and the cliffs have been badly chipped and crumbled. The scattered debris, torn from the walls of granite, give the landscape an entirely different aspect.

St. Ulric lies close to the water's edge, in a sort of depression, off the elevation of the main highway. It is practically cut in two by the Rivière Blanche (White River), the two portions of the village being connected by an iron bridge. The term " white ", as applied to the river, or rather to the two rivers, since there are actually two branches, the large and the small " Rivière Blanche ",

is a most appropriate one, as the streams are constantly covered with foam, as they dash over their rock strewn bottoms. In their wild course they form a succession of rapids and falls, some of the latter 50 to 100 feet in height, which have in part been harnessed to provide power for the operation of some rather important saw-mills.

A third river, the "Tartigou", on the eastern limits of the village, is also the source of considerable hydraulic energy, only a small portion of which is utilized at present.

The name of the station is "Rivière Blanche", on the Canada & Gulf Terminal Railway, and the locality is known by the same name rather than by that of St. Ulric, among the people of the district.

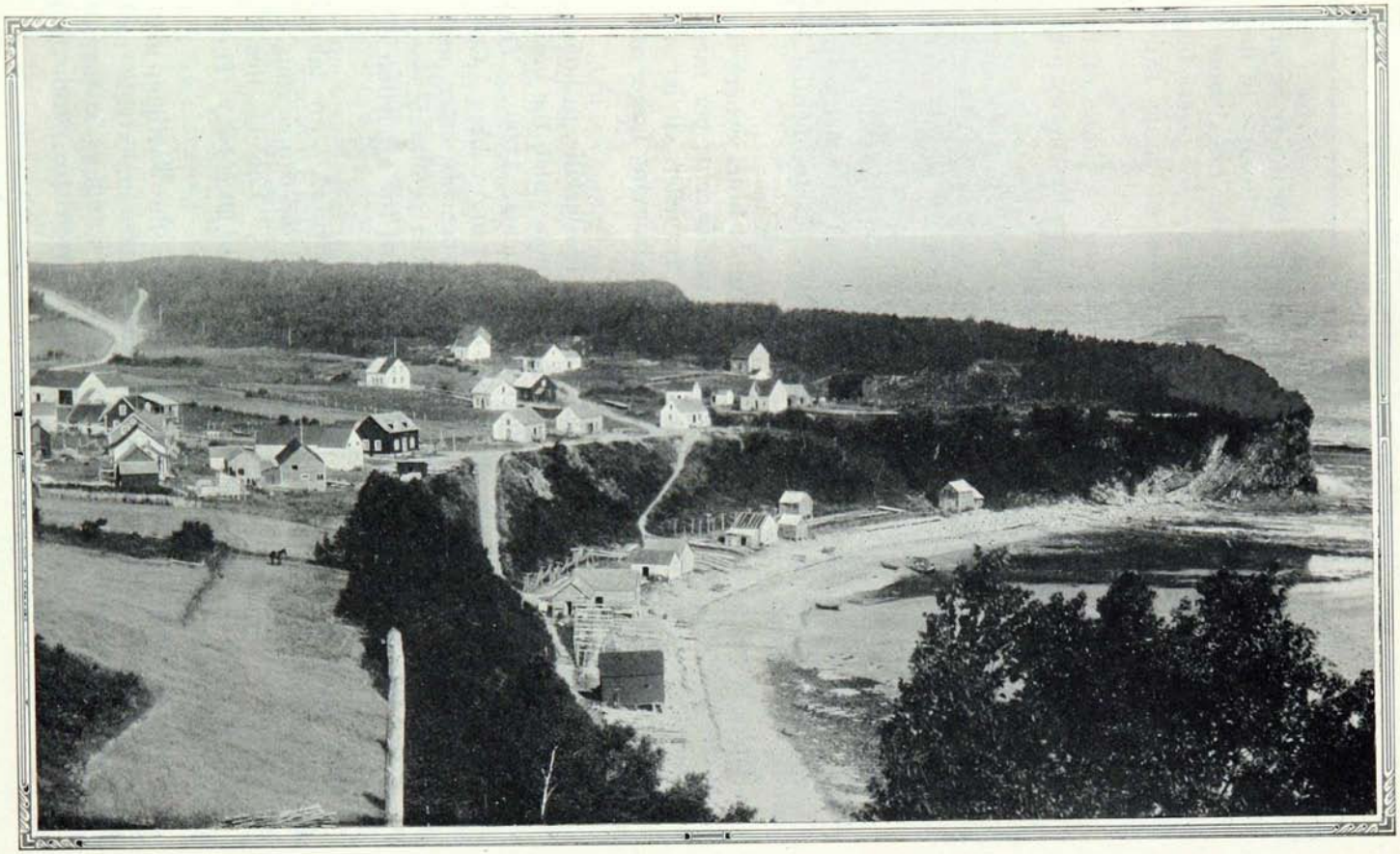
Just opposite the village there is a fine stretch of sandy shore, a sort of "clearing" in the rocky coast line. This beach is one of the principal attractions of St. Ulric which is frequented in summer by a large number of vacationists.

There is good accommodation at the Talbot hotel, where the rates charged are $1.00 per single room, and 75 cents per meal. The hotel can accommodate about a dozen travellers, it is well kept and the cuisine and service is as good as in many larger and more pretentions hostelries along the route.

St. Ulric, which was formerly known as Tessierville, in honor of Ulric Tessier, who gave part of the land upon which the beautiful church was built, has a population of nearly 2,000. The principal occupations of the people are farming and fishing. Cod is caught in fairly large quantities some distance off shore, and during the season, salmon fishing proves a most profitable occupation. The saw-mills also provide employment for a portion of the population.

The neighborhood of St. Ulric is well provided with lakes where there is good free fishing, and where fine trout can be caught in large numbers. The principal lakes are : "Lac des Iles", "Lac Chouinard", "Lac Minouche", and "Lac Dugal". They are all within easy reach by car or by good trail.

The large and small Rivière Blanche and the Tartigou are also well stocked with salmon and trout, but fishing rights on them have been leased. Permission for a day's angling in them, can, however, be obtained through the hotel proprietor, from the agent of the lessee.



Beautiful stretch of white sand beach on North shore

There is also good shooting, mostly deer and smaller game, in the nearby woods.

The parish was founded in 1845 and remainded a mission station until 1869, when it was canonically erected and a parish priest was appointed. It was given civil status in the same year.

The beautiful church, with its fine spire dominating the entire country-side, was built in 1873, and a few years later a college and a convent were erected in the village to provide for the better education of the young people in the district.

Close to the village is a point known as " Pointe du Naufrage ", (Wreck Point). Many of the residents of St. Ulric still recall, and for some of them for the good reason that they made a small fortune at the time, the " wreck " which gave the point its name.

On a Sunday afternoon, in November 1906, a vessel laden with coal, running too close to the shore, struck a reef. It was gradually pushed towards land by the incoming tide and wind, and in an effort to save the ship by allowing her to float, the entire cargo was dumped overboard. This proved a God-send to the people of the village. At low tide they gathered the jettisoned coal, two of them getting as many as 600 cart loads, and that winter there was no scarcity of cheap fuel in St. Ulric.

Opposite the village, when the tide is out, can be seen a huge rock, which looks very much like a stranded whale, known locally as " Rocher Noir " (Black Rock). It is one of the attractions which is pointed out to the visitors by the " natives ".

There are some very pleasant boat trips on the sea, round " Wreck Point ", the " Black Rock ", and out in the open, and cod fishing can be indulged in during those outings.

AN INDUSTRIAL CENTRE

The town of Matane

A very pretty picture strikes the tourist's eye before he reaches the next settlement along his road of travel, the industrial town of Matane.

After going through a fine stretch of wooded country, just as he is about to make a turn to swing towards his next stopping point, he comes across a pleasing scene. To the left stands a lighthouse rising as it were suddenly out of the bushes, with the

vast expanse of the broad St. Lawrence as a background. It offers a sight which cannot but fail to impress by its picturesqueness and charming colored setting.

Matane, or to give it its full name, St. Jérôme-de-Matane, is situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence, and is the terminal station of the Canada & Gulf Terminal Railway, 9.24 miles beyond St. Ulric.

It has a population of over 5,300, and is the most important industrial centre along the lower St. Lawrence, east of Rimouski, and in fact the only remaining really large settlement along the Boulevard until one reaches the village of Gaspé.

The "Mantane" river, quite evidently the "Matane" river of to-day, is mentioned by Samuel de Champlain, founder of Quebec, in the relations of his explorations. Malecite and Micmac Indians visited Matane in the early days, attracted by the great abundance of fish near the locality.

The "seigniory" of Matane was ceded to Mathieu d'Amours as far back as 1662, so that it really had a very early origin.

It was canonically erected in 1845 after remaining for many years a mere mission station.



Looking over the mighty St. Lawrence

While the principal occupation of the people is farming in general, in what might be called the rural portion of the region, the population of the town itself is made up mostly of industrial workers employed in the saw and lumber mills, a wool carding factory, flour mills, a foundry and many other smaller industrial plants.

Matane has a very fine harbor with a regular service of steamers connecting the town and district with the principal localities on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence. Its port is open until the very heavy frost sets in, steamers having left there as late as the middle of December, and others having reached there early in March.

The town is well laid out, with good paved streets and sidewalks, fine religious and public buildings, including a beautiful church and elaborate educational institutions conducted by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and the Brothers of the Sacred Heart ; a court-house, civic buildings, and some fine stores and private residences.

The name " Matane " means in Melecite " the nerve along the spine ", referring to the river Matane which flows through the land, without a single rapid or other disturbance, like the " spinal cord through the vertebrae of the spine ". In the Micmac vernacular " Matane " would mean the " Beaver Pond ".

The tourist can have his auto once more overhauled and looked over at one of the well equipped Matane garages, while he enjoys a rest at one of the first class hotels of which there are several in the town.

He will be well advised to stop there a day or so before he proceeds on his journey through the now beautiful, but at times rather exiting, country leading into Gaspé proper.

The " Belle Plage " hotel, situated on the beach, is a most modern hostelry, with 125 rooms, all with running water, and 75 with private bath. It has a splendid dining room looking out upon the river. This hotel, in itself, will tempt the traveller to remain over for a little while in the pretty locality. The rate is $5.50 and up, according to the accommodation.

In addition to the above mentioned large hotel there are a number of other good houses, among them : the Simard, Central,



Through a miniature Switzerland

Regina, Victoria, Côté and Philibert hotels, all well conducted and offering good accommodation at rates varying from $2.50 to $3.50 a day.

There are also several good restaurants for those who are simply passing through and merely require a meal before continuing on their way.

ENTERING THE HIGHLANDS

Ste. Félicité

Matane is the gateway into what is generally called Gaspé proper, and from the moment the traveller leaves that town, he enters into a country of an entirely new aspect. With the exception of a few short stretches of level road, he will now meet with a succession of "ups and downs", until he gradually reaches the actual mountain district that skirts the greater part of the north shore line of the Peninsula.

The "Boulevard" slowly ascends and climbs what are still gentle slopes, when compared with what will be met later on, and as a result the landscape becomes even more picturesque than it has been so far. The immensity of the "sea" is still over-

whelmingly impressive as it stretches into the far off distance.

For eons of infinite time the ocean has been gnawing at the rocky coast, and under the fierce impact of northeast storms, the great granite wall has been torn into most fantastic shapes. We are now getting on to the first ledge of the mountain ranges, and we shall meet, as we proceed, scenery such as can be found in no other part of the country, or even on the entire continent of America.

After travelling about ten miles beyond Matane, the tourist reaches the pretty and interesting little settlement of Ste. Félicité, situated right along the shore of the St. Lawrence, amidst scenery of a most impressive nature.

The parish, which has a population of nearly 2,000 souls, was canonically erected in 1869, and obtained its civil status in 1870. It was originally known as " Pointe-au-Massacre ". We will presently explain how " massacre " here does not mean " slaughter " but merely " destruction ".

Farming is the principal occupation of a hard working thrifty people, who live in quiet peacefulness and contentment. Some of them find employment in the saw-mills situated in the village and which supply all the lumber required for local consumption.

There is also some fishing, but only for the requirements of the residents themselves.

The tourist will find, in and around Ste. Félicité, many points of interest, the first being that which gave the locality its original name of " Pointe-au-Massacre " already referred to.

" Massacre ", in French, has not only the meaning of " slaughter or carnage ", but also designates, as it does in this case, a " smash-up, wreck, or destruction ". The " massacre " that occured on this particular point of rock or reef, was the wreck of a frigate belonging to the Walker fleet, in 1771. In the early days, even before there was any actual settlement there, the fishermen occasionally found human bones on the rocky part of the beach, and old weapons were also recovered from the sea.

The " massacre " of Walker's ship was evidently not the only disaster of its kind on that portion of the coast, since old cannon and other debris of vessels of war, have been retrieved from the water on several occasions in the past.

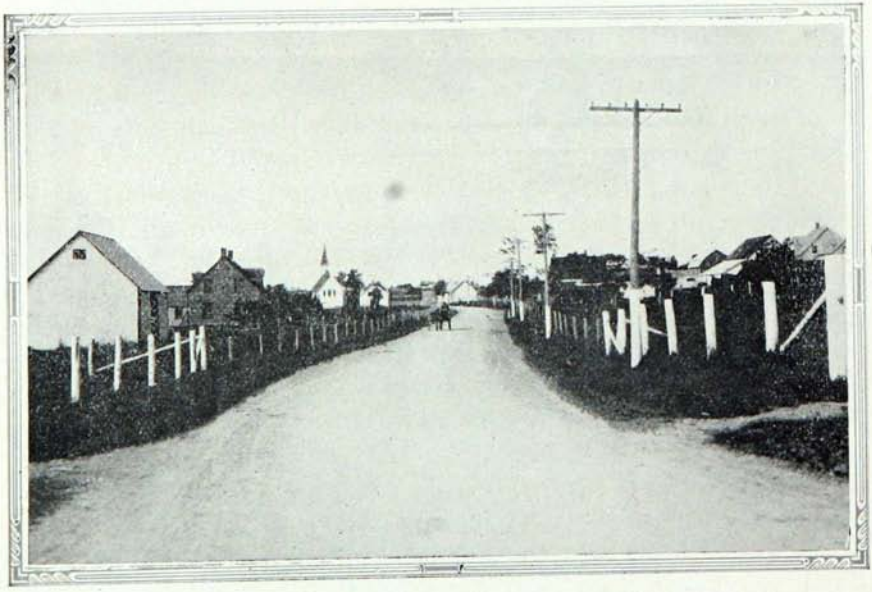
At the extremity of " Anse-à-la-Croix ", (Cross Cove) there

formerly stood a large wooden cross erected by the early missionaries, but if has long been destroyed by the waves and wind.

" Cap-à-la-Baleine " (Whale Cape), a cliff near the village, got its name from the fact that the carcass of a huge whale was found at the foot of the promontory, or, as some of the folks still maintain, on the very summit of the high headland, although they cannot explain how it could ever have been cast to such a height, even by the most violent storm.

Along the road, just outside the village limits, beyond the old Gosselin grist-mill, there stood in olden times, a great mass of rock and earth agglomerate, which in the moonlight took on the appearance of a ghost, and which for that reason was known as " Rocher de la Fée " (Fairy Rock), but it is now no more than a very small heap of stone and mud.

Down near the water front is a large rocky cavern of very curious formation. It has the shape of a huge outdoor oven, with a " gate ", and a smoke hole at the top. It is situated at " L'Anse-au-Four " (Oven Cove), and tradition has it that it was hewn out of the granite by a giant who resided there in distant ages. This peculiar cavern is well worth a visit.



The perfect surface of the " Boulevard "

Some great boulders, a short distance off shore, are known as the " Grosses-Roches " (Great Rocks), and in the distance can be seen the " Capucin " (Capuchin), a rock which will be referred to again when we proceed somewhat further on our journey.

Part of the shore is strewn with small rocks which give it a most striking aspect. It is locally referred to as the " Anse-du-Gros-Crapeau " (Great Toad Cove), and when seen in the fading light of the setting sun, it actually looks like a field covered with " toads ".

As can be realized from this cursory description of the surroundings of Ste. Félicité, the place offers many and varied points of interest, and a walk along the shore, in quest of the above mentioned natural curiosities, will prove a most pleasant relaxation and diversion.

The tourist can obtain good accommodation in the two small local hotels in the village, and if he requires to have minor repairs or adjustments made to his car, he can apply at the village garage.

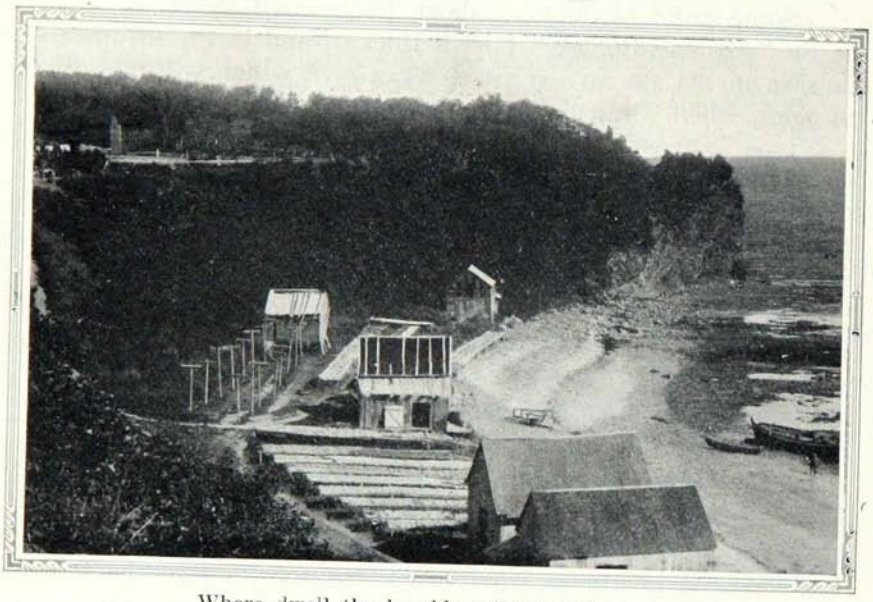
There is plenty of good brook trout fishing in the streams in the neighborhood, particularly in the " Ruisseau-du-Pont " (Bridge Creek). Game of every description can be secured in the nearby woods, while a fair " bag " of water fowl can be obtained near the shore.

If the tourist desires, he will be able to secure a good boat to take him out to sea, either to try his hand at cod, halibut or mackerel fishing, or to get a most striking view of the cliffs along that part of the coast. A party of visitors will require to spend only a very small amount per capita for such a trip, as the owner of the boat will charge only for the use of the fishing smack for the day, usually $5.00, no matter how many persons are taken aboard.

MOUNTAIN AND FOREST

St. Edouard-des-Méchins

The grade now becomes steeper, the " Boulevard " gradually threads its way towards higher levels, and forest and hills mingle from now on to give that part of the Peninsula its very characteristic aspect. It has been said of Gaspé that it is a land of " Mountain and Sea ", but the description applies particularly to the north shore of the Peninsula. While it might also describe the



Where dwell the humble toilers of the sea

south shore to a certain extent, the main scenic feature, of that part of the country we are just now going through, is the undulating hilly country with its mountain gaps and deep valleys, all covered with dense woods. What impresses most is not so much the vast sheet of water of the river to the left, as the rolling, Alpine-like, landscape to the right. The country here would remind one of the dells and fells, and the glens and hillocks of Scotland, while it also resembles Switzerland, less the snow-clad summits of its most elevated peaks.

After travelling about fifteen miles over this ever climbing road, and then dropping once more to the water's edge during the next five miles, we reach the fishing and lumbering village of St. Edouard-des-Mechins. But just before we get to this settlement we notice along the highway large stacks of timber cut in sizes quite different from that which are generally seen in those localities where the wood industry is one of the main occupations of the people. It is spindle and bobbin wood, gathered for export to England. After a certain amount of the long slats have been cut in the saw-mills, they are piled along the shore whence they will be taken in small boats to the cargo steamers which will carry them direct to Birmingham, Leeds and other large thread and

yarn mauufacturing centres in Great Britain, where they will be turned into reels and spools. The preparation of those slats, mostly out of birch, is special to that part of the country, and occupies quite a large number of people. It is what might be called a local industry.

St. Edouard-des-Mechins, or simply Mechins, as it is generally known, is a village of about 1,100 population, made up of farmers and fishers, and those who are employed in the saw-mills that make the "bois de fuseau", spindle or bobbin wood.

The parish, although it was founded in 1880, was canonically erected only in 1911, when the first resident parish priest was appointed.

It is a pretty little settlement, lying at the foot of the "Montagne-des-Ilets" (Little Islands Mountain), on the shore of the St. Lawrence river. It has a good beach, but owing to its rather isolated situation it is not considered as a watering place or summer resort.

There are a number of lakes well stocked with fish in the district, but they are all located at quite a distance from the village, the nearest being about 8 miles away. They are, however, fairly easy of access and fishing in them is free. The tourist who would



Where the roads climbs over mountains

like a quiet day's fishing, without any disturbance, could apply to the proprietor of the local hotel, who will direct him to the nearest place where he will be able to get some splendid lake trout.

The name "Mechins" is a corruption of the French word "Mechants", meaning bad or bold, and was first given to two large rocky forelands jutting out into the river. Why those promontories were ever called "Mechants" is not known, unless it was meant to indicate that those capes were dangerous, and therefore "bad", to the early fishers on that part of the coast.

NATURE'S OWN SCULPTURE

St. Paul-des-Capucins

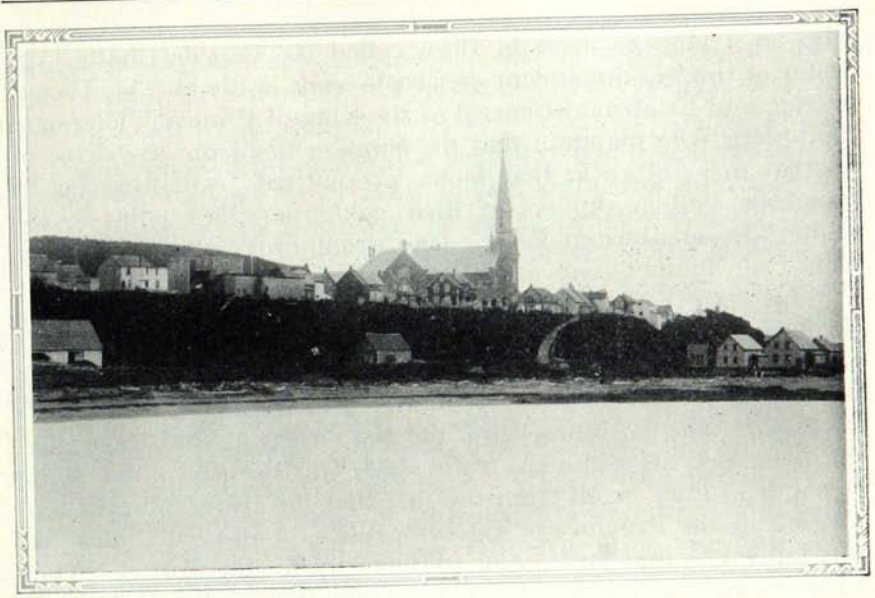
Leaving Mechins the "Boulevard" runs through some magnificent scenery. Here, to the right, is a veritable miniature Switzerland. Pretty valleys and dales, between forest clad hills, tiny streams meandering through the meadows, and rustic little farms and dwellings, scattered all over the landscape. A few head of cattle are seen grazing on the hilly slopes, and from time to time even the tinkling of the typical Swiss cow-bell can be heard in the distance.

Five miles of this delightful and reposing scenery bring us to the next stop at St. Paul-des-Capucins (St. Paul of the Capuchins).

The name was given to the settlement on account of two rocks on the water's edge, which at a distance resembled "Capuchin" monks, wearing their cape and cowl, facing the St. Lawrence river, in an attitude of prayer or meditation. One of those rocks, the smaller one, has been battered to pieces by the relentless waves, and to-day there remains but one "monk" sculptured by the sea out of the extremity of a great cliff. Even that lonely stone friar, who seems to keep guard over the village and its kind hearted people, may at any time go to his last resting place in the deep, unless something is done to protect him against the vandalic onslaughts of tempest and storm.

The population of "Capucins" is only a very small one, numbering less than 400 people, who get their living out of farming and fishing and lumbering operations.

The parish was founded in 1875, and the spiritual wants of the population are looked after by the parish priest of St. Edouard-des-Mechins.



Church and village of Cap-Chat

THE COUNTY OF GASPE

Cap-Chat

After we pass the " Capuchins ", we once more go up hill to enter the next county, that of Gaspé, at Cap-Chat (Cat Cape), or to give it its full name, St. Norbert-du-Cap-Chat.

Near this village, the road crosses the longest covered bridge in that part of the province of Quebec. Passing over, or rather through, this bridge, 1200 feet in length, gives one the impression of travelling through a long cavern or tunnel, and the sensation felt, as the car rumbles over the planking with a thundering noise, which reverberates and swells in the lenthy box-like construction, is a most unusual one. The bridge looks like a long low barn built over the water. The reason for constructing covered wooden bridges is to protect the platform of the bridge.

The origin of the name of Cap-Chat (Cat Cape) has been the subject of a great amount of controversy. Two parties to the dispute, and both consisting of men who have given the matter considerable study and consideration, express quite different opinions. There are those who claim that the name " Chat " was given to the cape by Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec,

who on a map he drew in 1614, called it "Cap de Chatte", in honor of the "Commandeur de Chaste or de la Chate", his Dieppe patron, and Lieutenant General of the King of France. There are the others, who maintain that the name comes from the shape of a great mass of rock, that looks like a "cat" squatting on its haunches, and in support of their contention they point to the name "Promontorium Felis" (the Promontory of the Cat) inscribed on another map drawn up by Francis de Greux in 1660. The former are supported in their claim by several authorities in the "Bulletin of Historical Researches", who point out that de Champlain also named another point, on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, "Pointe de Monts", in honor of de Chatte's successor. On the other hand, the supporters of the theory that the place gets its name from the shape of the cliff, add some strength to their claim from the fact that the Geographical Commission of the Province of Quebec calls it "Cap-Chat", and that it is known by that same name to the people of the district. They have, moreover, in their favor the formation of the rock itself, that with a little imagination can be made to look like a huge cat.

We will apply in this case the old "saw": "What's in a name, a rose....", and let it go at that.

Cap-Chat, which has a population of nearly 2,300 souls, is situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence river, about forty-six miles from Matane, and 86.02 miles from Ste. Flavie, the starting point of the Perron Boulevard.

It is an important agricultural centre, and cattle raising and the dairy industry are very prosperous owing to the remarkable fertility of the soil and the consequent great abundance of splendid feed and fodder. The nearby forests supply ample raw material for a number of saw-mills, and there is also some deep sea fishing, although this cannot be said to be one of the principal occupations of the people in that region.

The parish of Cap-Chat was founded in 1815, and remained a mission station until 1862 when the first parish priest was appointed. The present beautiful church was constructed in 1917. The "Sœurs de Jésus", an order of teaching Sisters, have a very fine convent in the centre of the village.

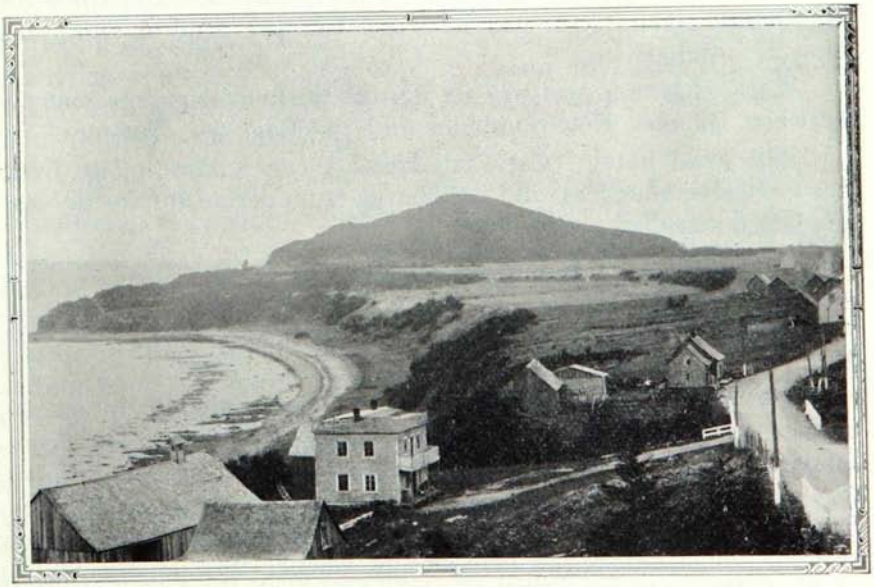
There is a very fine demonstration farm, maintained by the

provincial Government, at Cap-Chat, and since it is reputed to be one of the most interesting of its kind in the Province, it is well worth a visit by the tourist.

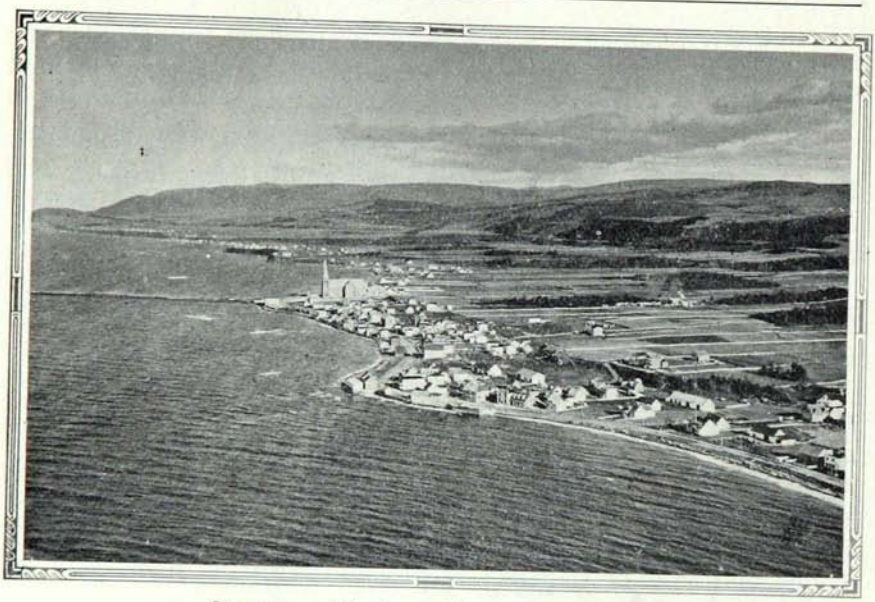
The village is located near a beautiful sand beach, washed by the waves of a very pretty rounded bay, and bathing, boating, and other aquatic sports constitute the amusements of a small colony of vacationists who spend the summer there.

The tourist gets a fine view of the bay and beach just before he reaches the village proper. The picture is a very attractive one, with the great mountain in the background and the "point", jutting out into the river to the left. From the heights of Cap-Chat, on a clear day, one can see Ile-aux-Oeufs (Egg Islands), the scene of the wreck of part of the fleet of the English amiral Walker, with the loss of nearly 1,000 lives. Walker was on his way to attack Quebec, when eight of 46 transports were dashed to pieces on the breakers of Ile-aux-Oeufs. The expedition was then abandoned and Walker returned to England with the balance of his ill-fated armada.

The scenery, from the "Boulevard", which swings away somewhat from the water front as it passes through the village, is extremely picturesque.



The mountain at Cap-Chat



General aerial view of Ste-Anne-des-Monts

There is good fishing in part of the Cap-Chat and Ste. Ann rivers, and in a large number of small streams and brooks, all well stocked with trout and other varieties of fish, and since the surrounding country is heavily wooded, some good shooting can also be indulged in.

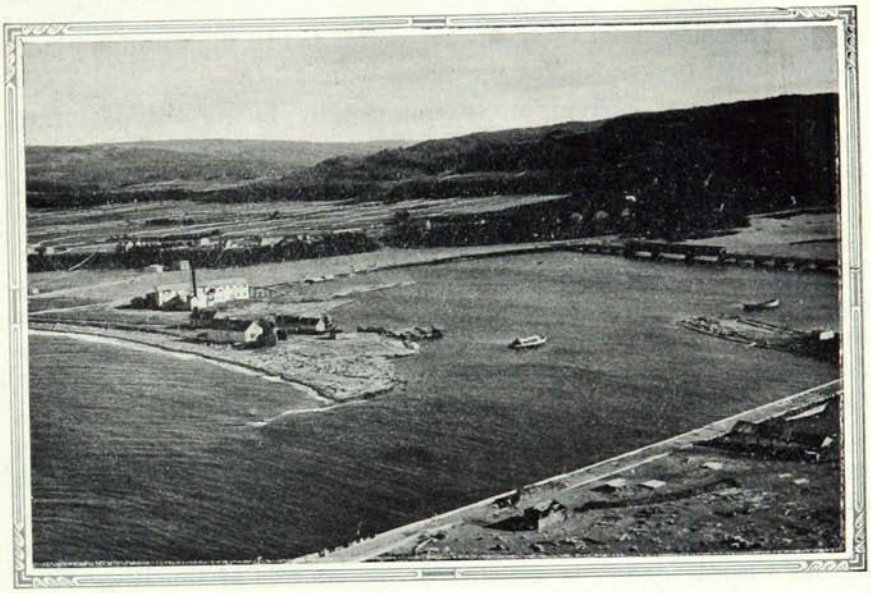
Cap- Chat is a port of call for the Clarke steamships that ply between Quebec, Newfoundland and the Baie des Chaleurs.

The local hotel, "Cap-Chat Hotel", can accommodate from ten to twelve boarders, and the charge is moderate for the accommodation supplied.

St. Ann of the Mountains

Ste. Anne-des-Monts (St. Ann of the Mountains) is our next relay.

The tourist now gets into a land where splendid mountain scenery serves as a background to the otherwise magnificent landscape of fields, rivers, sea, valleys and dales, that slopes down to the river St. Lawrence. In the distance rise the Shickshock mountains, which form the extreme portion of the Appalachian system, which enters the Province of Quebec through the States of New Hampshire and Vermont, and extends as far as the



The "barachois" at Sainte-Anne-des-Monts

southern coast of the St. Lawrence below Rimouski. They contain the highest peak in Southeastern Canada, Tabletop Mountain, which is 4,450 feet above sea level.

From the summit of the next highest mountain, Mount Albert, which has an altitude of 4,000 feet, on a clear day, the visitor could obtain a splendid view of the north shore of the St. Lawrence, about seventy miles away.

With the vicinity of the mountain range, the geological formation of the country changes. Monseigneur Laflamme, a well known Canadian authority on geology, gives the following description of the formation of that section of the Gaspé Peninsula : "One would have a good idea of the orography of this region could he conceive the instantaneous freezing of the waves of the Atlantic beating upon the American shores under the action of an ocean breeze. There are the same alternate elevations and depressions of the surface, not excepting the parasitic waves that are found on the flanks of the main undulations. To render the analogy more complete, it is only necessary to recall that the terrestrial waves, like those of the ocean, are caused by a power from the Atlantic, which has been felt since the beginning of the geological

ages. The terrestrial surface was corrugated in the same manner as the ocean breeze ripples the shore waters."

Exploration carried on in this region during the past few years, has brought about the discovery of sulphides, that shows that bodies of ore are likely to be found in the district.

In fact, discoveries of lead, copper and zinc ores, have been made in the interior of the Peninsula, and further mineral developments of vast importance are sure to follow in the near future, particularly now that the country has been made more accessible through the construction of new means of communication. Ste. Anne-des-Monts lies on the fringe of the mineralized zone of the Gaspé Peninsula.

Reference has already been made to the mineral wealth of the region in a previous chapter dealing with the natural resources of that part of the province of Quebec.

Ste. Anne-des-Monts, the last settlement on the first section of the "Boulevard", is situated at the mouth of the River Ste. Anne on the shores of the St. Lawrence, 96.45 miles from Ste. Flavie, and about 57 miles from Matane. It is 150.22 miles from Gaspé village.

Just before he enters the village, the tourist will cross one of the longest bridges in the province of Quebec, a first class wooden structure, 1,000 feet in length, three hundred feet of which are under cover. It crosses the Ste. Anne River at the west entrance to the village.

The parish of Ste. Anne-des-Monts was canonically and civilly erected in 1863, and previous to that date the early settlers who located there, away back in 1815, were looked after by visiting missionaries. The name of Ste. Anne was given to the parish because the first residents in the locality were settlers from Ste. Anne-de-la-Pocatière. The parish has a population of about 2,200.

The church, which is built throughout of granite, is a magnificent structure, completed only a very few years ago. It has the appearance of a fine cathedral, with its two elevated spires, its impressive portico, and its massive but elegant aisles and transept. The church is dedicated to the patron saint of mariners, and contains a most precious relic of the holy mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a piece of the bone of one of the fingers of St. Ann.

Every year the church is visited by a large number of pilgrims,

who come from all parts of the Peninsula to venerate the relic, and solicit the protection of the saintly guardian of all those who brave the dangers of the deep.

The stately sacred edifice stands on a slight eminence, facing the broad expanse of the majestic river St. Lawrence, and can be seen from a great distance off shore.

A little beyond the church stands the great new rural school, known as the " David School ", where under the very able guidance of the " Mariste Brothers ", a religious order devoted to education, young boys are taught such subjects as will enable them to succeed in life without having to seek employment outside of their family surroundings and away off the land of their fathers. The arts and crafts of the good practical agriculturist are outstanding features of the curriculum of this great institution, which might well be termed a combined agricultural college, commercial academy, and technical institute. It is the first school of its kind in the province of Quebec.

Young girls receive a somewhat similar training, tending to make them good housekeepers and helpmates of their future husbands on the farm, at the hands of the good Sisters of the Holy Rosary, in their modern up-to-date educational institution.



Many settlements have substantial quays

St. Anne-des-Monts is also the home town of Blanche Lamontagne Beauregard, who has written a collection of poems on Gaspé, two verses of which appear at the beginning of this book, and who still spends part of her summer holidays at the old family residence east of the village.

The people of the locality are hard working and industrious, and while they are justly proud of what has so far been accomplished in their village, they have some ambition to see further development in the near future. Their hopes, and they seem to be well founded, tend towards the establishment of a hospital, and the opening of a road which would put them in direct communication with New Richmond, connect the north and south shores of the Peninsula, and also facilitate the development of what is believed to be an extremely rich mining region, lying between the Baie des Chaleurs and the St. Lawrenc River.

The village of Ste. Anne-des-Monts is well laid out and contains some fine buildings, besides its religious edifices. It has a court house, municipal building, registry office, and a number of good stores and pretty private residences.

There are only three small hotels, Bouchard, Levesque and Pelletier, at Ste. Anne-des-Monts, but there are few places where the traveller will feel as much at home as in those houses. The food,—good home cooking,—with a variety of dishes to chose from, and a table laden with all kinds of "trimmings", most polite and attentive service and extreme cleanness amply make up for the lack of more elaborate fittings and decorations in larger hotels.

Since the opening of the new Gaspé Peninsula Highway, the Perron Boulevard, has placed Ste. Anne-des-Monts on what is certain to be the main route travelled by the tourist for many years to come, additional accommodation for travellers will have to be provided.

Ste. Anne-des-Monts has a very fine beach and is bound to become, in the near future, a popular summer resort.

There is a first class pier and quay, and it is one of the ports of call for the steamers of the Clarke steamship company, thus giving it direct and regular communication by sea as well as by road, with Montreal and Quebec and the other parts of the Province of Quebec. Many schooners, carrying all kinds of freight, also make the village one of their regular stopping places.

The district is essentially an agricultural one, although the lumber industry and deep sea fishing also provide ample employment for a portion of the population.

While the fishing rights on the Ste. Anne River are leased, there are a number of other streams and lakes in the neighborhood where the visitor can freely enjoy a few hours angling for brook or lake trout.

The principal lakes are : Lac-à-la-Truite and Lac-Neuf, the first about 3 miles from the road, and the other about 5 miles away, but both easily accessible.

Moose, caribou, deer and bear, roam in large numbers in the forest clad hills round St. Anne, and smaller game is very plentiful on the moor-lands and in the thick brush-wood in the vicinity.

THE PORPOISE MENACE

Protecting the fisheries

The tourist glides quietly along, following the coast line practically all the time, and as he gazes over the vastness of the St. Lawrence river which has by now taken on all the outward appearances of the ocean, he will distinguish in the distance, splotches of white amidst the splashes of water, which are surrounded by flakes of foam. A school of porpoises, the arch enemy of the cod fishers, is disporting itself in the sun-swept mighty stream. The white flashes are the bellies of the great fish, and as they hop out and fall back into the water, they send up miniature cataracts and geysers spurting into the air.

The porpoise is a most voracious denizen of the deep, and since, like all species of the whale family, he feeds mostly on small fish, he simply sweeps the waters of the smaller fry upon which the cod fish lives. The cod, as its food supply is gradually exhausted, is forced to seek his substance elsewhere, and migrates to waters where the porpoise has not yet elected domicile. The white bellied cetecean may also attack and destroy a large quantity of small cod fish, and thus add to the destruction of the fisheries of the St. Lawrence.

The porpoise menace became so serious a one, that the Government decided to wage a regular warfare upon the marauding big fish. Boats were equipped with small guns and manned by expert fishermen, armed with high powered rifles and other



Families of humble fishers—Ruisseau-Castor

destructive implements. Planes were brought into play, and by means of bombs and depth charges, attacked the schools of porpoises, with the intention of either completely wiping them out, or driving them from the Gaspé fishing grounds. The offensive has so far had some satisfactory results, and the anti-porpoise campaign will probably be continued in the infested waters.

In addition to the action taken by the Department of Colonization and Fisheries, the Government has also encouraged the fishers to "hunt" and catch the porpoises and utilize them for commercial purposes. The "blubber", when rendered, supplies an oil which is nearly as valuable as that of the whale, the skin can be tanned and used for the manufacture of many "leather" goods, while the bone and the offal also have a certain market value.

The porpoise has at all times been found in the waters of the St. Lawrence, but, while, up to a few years ago, it merely served as an attraction and a diversion to those who travelled up and down the mighty stream, as they watched its antics from the deck of a pleasure steamer, it has to-day developed into a real menace to the cod fisheries.

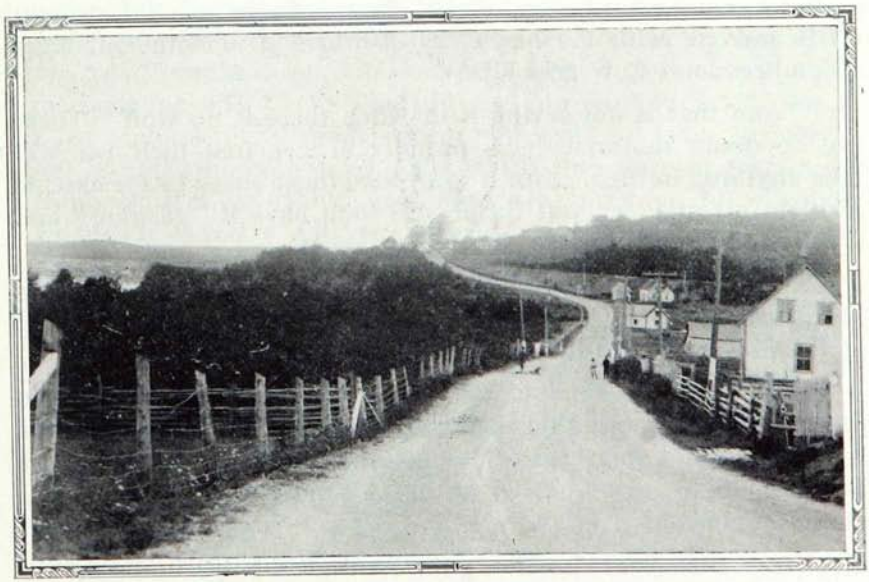
In the old days porpoise hunting was quite a sport. Some clever devices were adopted to lure the great fish close enough so it could be either shot or harpooned. Fishers would stuff the skin of a dead porpoise with straw and so load the " dummy " that it would float in a natural manner, with its white belly just beneath the surface of the water ; they would also paint the bottom of their skiffs and boats white, so that the porpoises would imagine that what they saw above them was the white belly of one of their kind, and rise to the surface without suspicion, to be better destroyed or captured by the " hunter ".

OVERPOWERING SCENERY

The land of thrills

A well known writer after a trip around the Gaspé Peninsula a short time ago, commented as follows upon the splendid condition of the " Perron Boulevard ", comparing the facilities of present day travel with those of only a few years ago :

" Two years ago one could have come back from the north shore of Gaspé with some of the vanity of a Zeppelin passenger after its globe encircling trip. It was then a unique voyage. The



A long but gentle grade

railway ended at Matane, a few score of miles below Rimouski. Beyond, there was nothing but a goat path along the cliffs. You had to take a coastal steamer and sit on kegs of salt herring and bales of dried cod to reach the northern Gaspesian ports. It was a sea journey and there were great ruts in the road when the wind blew.

"Now you can drive past Matane to Cat Cape and St. Ann of the Mountains and Anse Pleureuse, which is weeping cove, as smoothy as on a city street. You may get mountain sickness, but you will not get sea sickness from any waves in the gravel."

There is not a line of flattery in the above description. The surface of No. 6 Highway is as even and smooth as the best asphalt pavement in any of the thoroughfares of a modern well administered city. There are no "ruts" or holes in it, where the gravel has been permanently laid down, and one rolls over it like over a good boardwalk. But, if the road is a perfect motor road as far as the surface is concerned, it constitutes a perfect test of every quality of strength and endurance embodied in a motor car.

The same author, cited above, referring to some of the natural "excentricities" of the Highway, says :

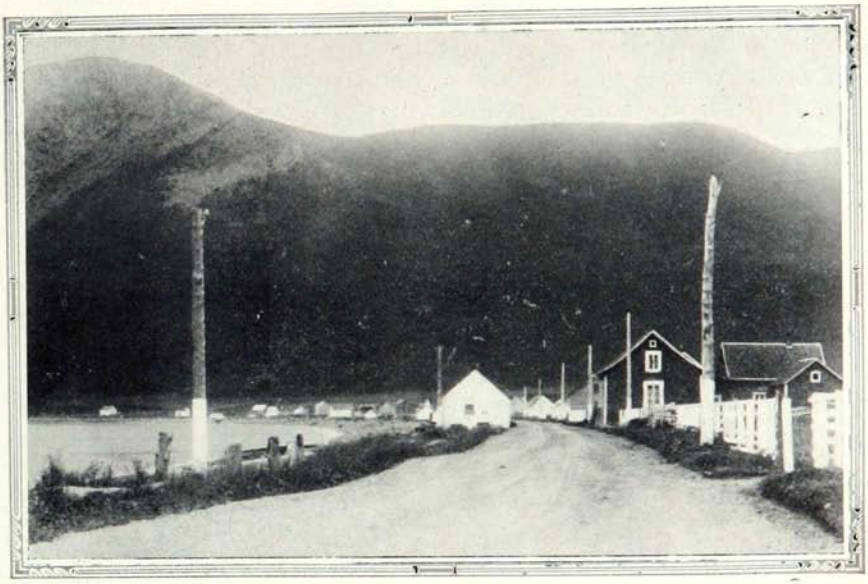
"Perhaps one's most indelible recollection as a motorist is of the alarming road signs which show a finger pointed straight up to heaven, with the black cry of warning in both languages "Compression—Low gear".

"And that is not crying wolf when there is no wolf. There are no doubt motorists who proudly believe that their car will take anything in high. But it wont take those sheer Gaspé ascents in high. It may try, but Gaspé will soon have it "gasping" and spluttering and choking.

"Motorists who never have their brakes tested, or who disdain low gear, should not travel on that road that goes up like a rocket or falls like a plumb-line."

The writer referred to may have exaggerated somewhat in describing the grades along portions of the "Bouleward", but he has given one a fair idea of the country the tourist will now be called upon to negotiate before he gets near the extreme point of the Peninsula.

From Ste. Anne-des-Monts the road gradually climbs up the mountain side, to run down to the sea level, resumes its ascent of



Where the mountain stands as a barrier

dizzy heights, and once more dips towards the coast line and the rock strewn beaches. Where the huge mass of hills and cliffs completely barred the way and made it physically impossible to pass " over " them, the road had to be led around the very foot of the great granite promontories and capes, with the result that in places it meanders, winds and twists, in a most fantastic, but also most picturesque, fashion. It stretches over a ledge literally cut out of the mountain side, glides along the shore line practically running upon the sands, or on specially constructed " cribwork ", where the waves would otherwise wash over it at high tide or in heavy storms.

The majesty of the scenery along the next hundred miles of road is beyond description. Pen, pencil or brush are inadequate to depict the beauties of the landscapes with their ever changing splendor and loveliness.

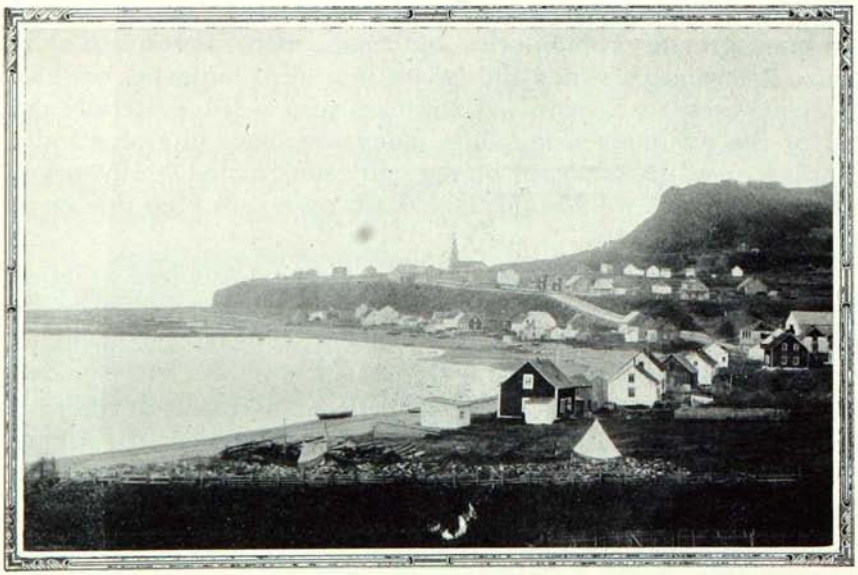
It is just as one rounds one of those many bends in the road that a most delightful picture, the panorama of the little village of St. Joachim-de-Tourelle, only about four miles and a half from Ste. Anne-des-Monts, comes into sudden view.

To the right rises a high mountain covered with dense forests, and near the gentle slope of the great hill side, on the blue back-

ground of the distant sky, is outlined the spire of a little church and the faint roof tops of houses and barns.

An elevated cape, the extremity of a long stone wall, juts out into the sea, and at the foot of the cliff stand the humble little cottages of some of the hardy fisherfolks, who toil on the deep and wrest a living from the blue waters of the St. Lawrence.

A short distance from the village itself, along a narrow lagoon, the tourist will perceive a huge menhir like monolith from which the parish has taken its name. It is a " turret " shaped, lank rock, which the people have called the " tourelle ", or small tower. Another, but smaller, similar " obelisk " that stood nearby, many years back, has since been knocked over by the savage and relentless battering of the storm lashed waves, and originally the place was known as St. Joachim-des-Tourelles, (St. Joachim of the Towers) a name that was changed to St. Joachim-de-Tourelle, in the singular. The remaining " tourelle " cannot last much longer, unless something is done to strengthen it or protect it against the continuous onslaughts of the sea, and if it collapses, there will remain but a remembrance, to justify the name of the attractive little settlement.



A table-mountain—Saint-Joachim

The parish was erected canonically and civilly in 1916 but was previously inhabited by fishers whose spiritual wants were attended to by visiting priests.

Cod and herring fishing, agriculture and the lumber industry, are the principal occupations of the 1,200 inhabitants of the parish, and if the tourist wishes to realize what has already been said about the delicate flavor of "fresh" cod, eaten under proper conditions, he will here find the opportunity to fully satisfy his taste for that most delicious sea-food.

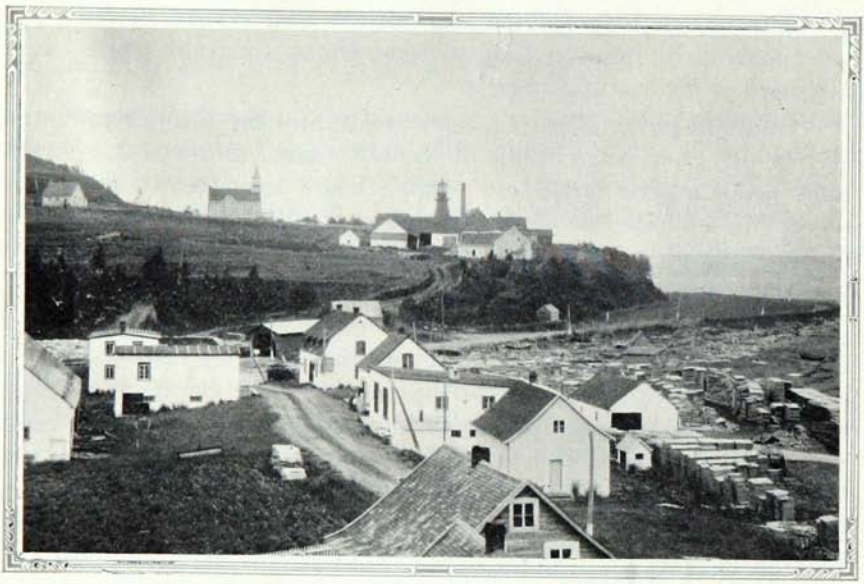
He can secure the service of a cod fisher, who for a small consideration, will take him out to sea in his boat, to enjoy an hour or so of fishing, and incidently partake of the fresh caught fish cooked on board immediately after it has been taken from the water.

The cod is gutted and beheaded and dropped into a large pot of boiling water, containing some small potatoes and onions. The cooking is done on a small oil stove, and the "stew" of cod and vegetables, is allowed to "simmer" for a considerable time. The mixture is ladled out in large tin dishes, and eaten in the open, on the deck of the boat, without any trimmings, but with an appetite sharpened by the salt laden air of the sea. The whole operation is called by the fishers "faire la cambuse", and it should be withnessed and indulged in, at least once, by all visitors to a fishing station along the Gaspé coast.

There is a good hotel at St. Joachim-de-Tourelle, the "St. Joachim Hotel" ,where good room and board can be obtained for $2.50 and up. The village also has a fairly well equipped garage.

About seven miles inland, there are 7 lakes, all well stocked with trout and other kinds of fish, and by applying at the hotel, the tourist can secure the services of a guide who will lead him to the best angling places. There is also some fair shooting in the nearby woods.

About half a mile out of St. Joachim, on the way to the next village, the tourist should not fail to stop for a few moments, and walk down a rocky little path to the shore, and to the left, in a corner of the boulder strewn strand, he will find several small huts inhabited by a number of fishermen's families. He will meet with the most primitive type of toilers of the sea along the entire Gaspé Peninsula coast, but he will be well received. The people are



Village and light-house—Rivière-à-la-Marte

somewhat "rough and ready" but kind hearted and, in spite of their lack of education and refinement, courteous and polite. A visit to this tiny settlement is an unique experience which should not be missed. Those fishers reside at Ruisseau-Castor (Beaver Stream).

SOUND YOUR CLAXON

Climbs and twists

The motorist should from now on keep his hand within easy reach of his horn. The road runs practically on the water level for several miles, but it meanders, turns and twists at every few hundred feet, and one can not see other cars coming until they are nearly upon him, so it is elementary wisdom to give due warning before attempting to swing round the bends in the road.

The scenery here is, once more, different from what has been observed so far. It is most fascinating, as the highway leads along, and at places, underneath, the overhanging huge cliffs. The waves ripple gently to the edge of the road, and at every turn there suddenly looms up in the near distance, some picturesque vista of mountain, rock and sea. It is one of the stretches of the

"Boulevard" that the visitor will long remember after he has completed his "tour" around Gaspé.

The landscape, for many miles, is quite beyond description. Even when one has seen it, travelling slow, one cannot find words to adequately express the beauty, majesty, grandeur and splendor of the country.

As the tourist proceeds upon his way he is enclined to believe that nothing more extraordinary can possible greet his sight along the highway. But, if the scenery cannot be improved upon, there are now some new sensations and emotions in store for him.

After leaving the shore line, the road begins to climb. It climbs, and climbs some more, until it reaches 2,000 feet above sea level, near Marsouis (or Marsouins), the next village of any importance. But even that dizzy height will seem as a "slight declivity" by the time the traveller reaches the summit, or extreme altitude of the "Boulevard", at Ruisseau-Vallée, where the highway reaches 2,600 feet.

Marsouins (Porpoises) is the post office name of the next setllement, while the village itself is known as Marsouis. It is really made up of three missions : Rivière-à-la-Marte (Martin River), Marsouis, and Cap-au-Renard (Fox Cape), and has a combined population of only a little over 350 souls.

It is a typical mission station, with a small wooden church and a few scattered fishermen's houses and small farms. Agriculture, but mostly cod and herring fishing, are the means of sustenance of the hard working folks, while at Marsouis, there is a fairly large saw-mill employing about 50 hands.

There is a good hotel, with 6 rooms, "Lever's Hotel", at Marsouis, and although it has very little outward appearance, good sleeping accommodation, and on abundance of excellent food, can be secured there at as low a rate as 75 cents for room, and the same price per meal. At Rivière-à-la-Marte, the "Caron Hotel", with 6 rooms, at $2.00 a day, is available for visitors.

Marsouis and Rivière-à-la-Marte are about 5 miles distant from each other, and both have pretty beaches.

The highway leaves the water's edge at Rivière-à-la-Marte, and runs through a beautiful stretch of wooded country, between high hills, until it reaches Marsouis. While driving through the forest land one gets some splendid glimpses of the sea and beach,



Ups and downs on the Perron Boulevard

while there is some delightfully restful scenery in the little valleys and glens by the road side.

The next village of any importance we meet on our way is Mont-Louis (Mount Louis), but before getting there we pass through the two pretty little settlements of Ruisseau-Arbour and Rivière-à-Claude. They have both beautiful beaches, that at Rivière-à-Claude in particular, in a magnificent small sheltered rounded bay.

The mountain scenery takes on more grandeur and majesty. The great forest clad range seems to crush one under its overwhelming mass, and we gradually drift into a real Swiss landscape.

Following Ruisseau-Arbour and Rivière-à-Claude, we reach Mont-Saint-Pierre (Mount St. Peter), a small fishing station, beautifully situated, at the foot of Mont-Saint-Pierre, 1800 feet high, facing a beautiful rounded bay, walled in by tremendous rocky cliffs crowned with forests, but with steep walls of bare granite. The water here takes a beautiful green tint, like emerald, from the reflection of the verdure clad summits. Looking away from the small village, one cannot but be impressed with the resemblance of the surrounding country to the mountains, valleys and lakes of Switzerland. The hill sides are dotted with little houses, and



A small covered bridge on the Boulevard

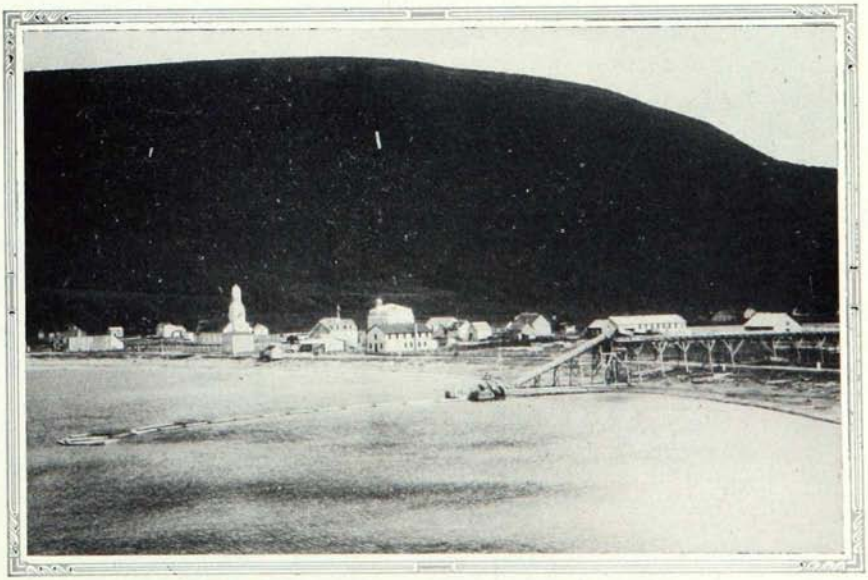


Beautiful rounded bay at Mont-Saint-Pierre

a straggling cow is seen here and there browsing in the knee deep grass and clover of meadows caressed by the soft sea breezes. The whole surroundings are most entrancing. Peace and repose reign supreme, calm and quiétude are troubled only by the rustle of the light wind through the trees, the swish of the surf and the gentle rippling murmur of the wavelets as they monotonously roll upon the beach.

By this time the road has once more dropped, by gentle stages, down to the very water level, and at a turn of the road we suddenly come to another scene of alluring beauty, the panorama of the village of Mont Louis, a most important fishing station, with some historic connections. The locality was the scene of the depredations of the soldiers of General Wolfe shortly before they laid siege to the city of Quebec. The old fishing establishments, which were then among the largest upon the coast, were sacked and destroyed, and many of the people, who lived there at the time, were either driven into the woods or taken prisoners, while the buildings were mostly destroyed by fire. Some of them, however, were partially saved from destruction and later rebuilt.

The view of Mont-Louis is a most striking one. The village stands at the very foot of a very high dark mountain, which casts



Beach and village of Mont-Louis

its shadow over it, giving it a most peculiar aspect, and an attractiveness that never fails to impress the visitor.

The parish was founded in 1875, and it is included in the old seigniory of Mont-Louis, ceded to Sieur Nicolas Bourlet in 1725. It was only a few years later that the place assumed any importance as a fishing station.

There is a beautiful sand beach, and there are two good hotels, the Mont-Louis Hotel and the Laflamme Hotel, where good accommodation can be obtained for $2.50 and up.

In the vicinity there is some good fishing, besides the cod, herring and salmon fishing in the bay and in the open sea. The fishing and shooting rights are all reserved, but permission for a day's hunting or angling can easily be obtained through application to the hotel keepers.

Besides the cod and herring fishing, agriculture and the lumber industry, the latter connected with a large saw-mill, constitute hte principal occupations of a population of about 1,200 souls.

WEEPING COVE

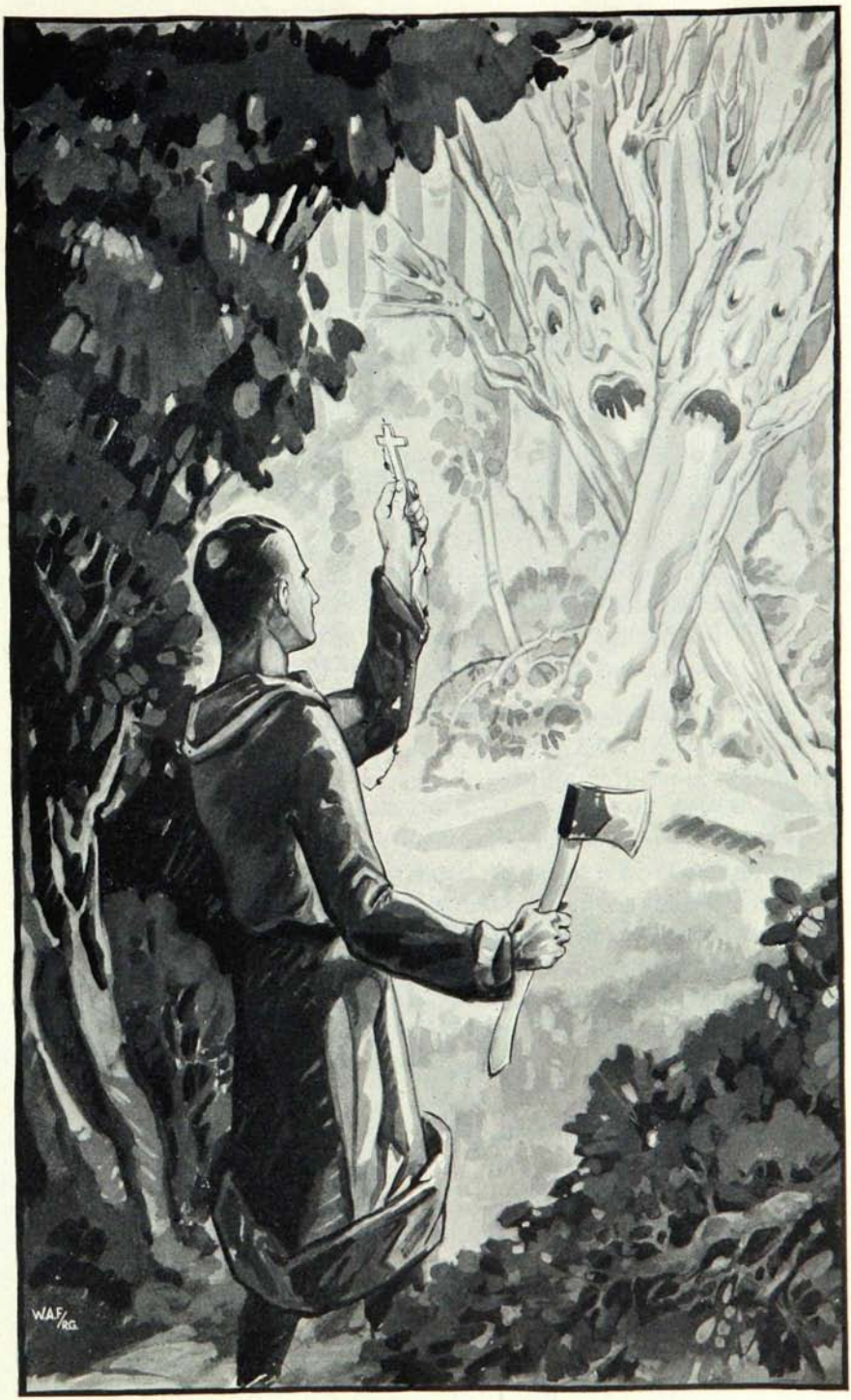
The ghostly "bawler"

A little less than four miles beyond Mont-Louis, the tourist comes to Anse-Pleureuse (Weeping Cove), which is a settlement of little importance except for the fact that it got its name in a rather unusual manner.

The name of "Anse-Pleureuse" originated in a legend or tradition of mysterious "weeping" and "moaning" which the early settlers claimed they heard in the nearby woods, and which they attributed, in their simple imagination, to some lost or wandering souls. This legend lasted until 1814, when it was ruthlessly smothered by Rev. Father Charles-François Painchaud, a priest, who was passing through that locality on his way home to Quebec from a missionary visit to the parishes in the district.

How the reverend gentleman laid the "ghost" by the heels, and relieved the good people of their terrors, is told by Abbe E. P. Chouinard, in a history of the region, as follows :

"In 1814, Abbé Painchaud, who was on his way to Quebec from a visit to the missions of Gaspé, stopped at the Madeleine river. He had been detained there for some time by a heavy



WEEPING COVE
The priest beards the "bawler" in his lair

storm, and while he was wandering near the woods he distinctly heard the " moaning and groaning " of what the people called " le braillard " (the " bawler "). He realized that the noise that put terror into the souls of the poor fisherfolks, must be due to some physical causes, the nature of which he decided to ascertain. When he informed the people he was stopping with, that he intended to beard the " ghost " in his lair, they attempted to prevail upon him not to run into the very teeth of death and destruction, possibly to soul as well as body, by attacking the " demon " in the woods.

The priest, however, tucked up his cassock, slung a good sharp axe to his belt, and undaunted, marched into the forest, telling his friends that he would hunt up the " bawler " and settle accounts with him. " Let me go alone, said Father Painchaud, and after I come back you won't hear any more of the weeping and moaning ". Needless to say, none of the simple folks had the slightest hankering to follow the curé into the deep undergrowth, where lurked what they believed might be the evil one himself.

The priest soon disappeared into the dark recesses of the dense forest. As he proceeded, he could hear more and more distinctly moanings and groanings as those of some powerful human being in suffering and distress. His mind was made up, he would discover where the " supernatural " noises came from. He soon reached a clearing, and found the key to the mystery. Two trees had grown in such a manner that they formed a St. Andrew's cross. Their trunks, pressed against each other, were in such a position, that when the wind blew a little hard, they rubbed against one another, and the friction caused a noise, which at a distance, sounded like " moans or bawls ", according to the strength of the wind and the direction it was blowing in at the time.

Father Painchaud swung his trusty axe, and skilled as he was in the handling of the woodman's weapon, he soon had one of the trees felled to the ground. This disposed of the " ghostly bawler ". When he returned, with perspiration streaming from his brow, as the result of his long and difficult tramp though the bush, and his work in cutting down the tree, the people, who had been waiting for him, thought he had been " chased " by the fiend in the forest, but when they saw him smile, they took new courage. Their joy



Saint-Antoine-du-Gros-Morne

was most demonstrative when he assured them that they would never again hear the "bawler". "I settled him with this" said the priset, swinging his axe.

For years thereafter the story of how the missionary slew the prince of darkness himself with an axe, in the woods near the village, was told by the fire-side when strangers visited the locality, but, although the "bawler" was no more, the place continued to be known as "Anse-Pleureuse" (Weeping Cove).

A stop of at least half an hour should be made at Anse-Pleureuse, to visit the famous lake in the mountains, called by the same name of Lac-de-l'Anse-Pleureuse (Weeping Cove Lake).

The beautiful sheet of water, some times blue with the reflection of the sky, other times of emerald hue with the green of the pines and hemlock on the mountain sides, and even at moments nearly jet black when the heavens are overcast, is accessible by a rather rough, but quite passable trail, over which an automobile can safely travel with a little care. The lake is only about half a mile from the highway and the distance can easily be covered on foot. The magnificent scene as one gets, unexpectedly, to the shores of the lake, is well worth the walk from the road, if one does not wish to travel in a car over the somewhat rocky trail.

As one stands by the edge of the water, and looks over its calm expanse, in what might be termed a huge bowl in the very heart of the hills, one would be tempted to give it the name it bears at present, even if it had not already been so called. " Weeping Lake ", would be a most appropriate designation, since the quietude that reigns on its border, and the solitude of the place, might steep the soul in melancholy and sadness, if one tarried some time by its shores.

To paraphrase somewhat the celebrated poem by the famous French poet Lamartine, the singer of the beauties of nature, when he extolls the beauties of one of the lovely lakes of Switzerland, one might be tempted to say, when standing by Lac-de-l'Anse-Pleureuse :

" O Lake, o silent rocks,
" O glens and caverns deep ;
" Thou sadden the weary heart
" And cause our soul to weep."

Cap Gros Morne

After we leave Anse-Pleureuse we travel once more through some very fine timber land, climbing up a rather steep declivity, to drop, a few miles further out, to practically sea level.

As we approach the shore the highway has some more of its many tricky turns and twists, and as we round a sharp curve, passing practically underneath an overhanging mass of rock, we come to a most picturesque fishing settlement, St. Antoine-du-Gros-Morne, (St. Anthony of the Great Knoll) with a population of some 300 people, mostly all fisherfolks.

The houses are scattered along a beautiful rounded bay with a fine sand beach, between two high cliffs protecting the small fishing harbor against eastern and western winds.

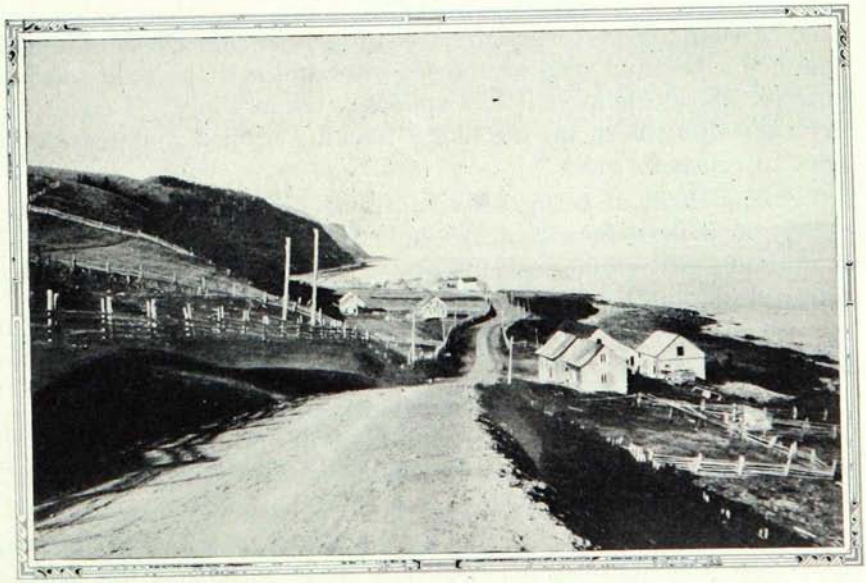
The big rocky mass we passed just as the village came into view, is the " Gros Morne ", (the Great Knoll). The tourist should leave his car for a moment and stepping to the side of the road, should look back for an impressive sight of the " Morne ", with the parish church standing right on the very summit of the cliff. It is a most unique position for a sacred edifice of its kind.

Manche-d'Epée and Madeleine

Proceeding over several more miles of undulating ground, we reach the village of Manche-d'Epée (Sword Handle). The unusual name was given to the place by the early inhabitants, after the elaborate hilt of an old rapier, dating back to the earliest days of Canadian history, had been found on a rocky ledge on that part of the coast.

Manche-d'Epée is a quiet little fishing station of some 300 inhabitants. Cod and herring fishing and a little agriculture, are the main occupations of the people, some of them also finding employment in two small saw-mills. Large schools of porpoises have been observed on different occasions near this place, but they, like some other gatherings of the voracious ceteceans, were sprinkled with aerial bombs, and had to seek shelter elsewhere. Small whales have on several occasions been seen floating some short distance off the shore at Manche-d'Epée, and after a very severe storm, one or more carcasses of the big fish have been discovered on the rocky portion of the sea border.

After leaving this picturesque little settlement we once more begin to ascend. We proceed to Petite-Madeleine, a small fishing



The village of Manche-d'Epée

and farming community of about 400 population, with a pretty beach, and hence to Grande-Madeleine, which was settled in part as far back as 1689, when the territory of the old seigniory of Cap-de-la-Madeleine was ceded to the Sieur Denis Riverin. It was later purchased by Michel Sarasin, a famous French surgeon of those days, who obtained it in 1723, and it was finally sold by auction, in 1810, to John Blackwood. It was merely a missionary station until 1912, when a resident priest was appointed. It was erected as a regular religious parish in 1921.

The people of Madeleine, numbering about 700, are mostly fishers, although a number of them obtain a living by working for the large pulp-mill, situated about seven miles from the village itself, on the Madeleine river, and connected with the little harbor and its up-to-date pier, by a miniature railway that carries the pulp to the vessels than can load at the quay without any difficulty.

The small port is well protected and supplies ample shelter to scores of small fishing boats, when the weather forces them to run ashore before a storm.

EXCELSIOR

Striking the high spots

"I shall never forget my first attack of gooseflesh when I rounded a beetling crag on the sea level and saw the road soaring straight above me as if it had suddenly taken wings. I could see my car falling back on me like a bucking bronco that rears and tries to crush its rider.

"The thrill of being tossed up and down gigantic Atlantic rollers in a fisherman's cockle-shell, is nothing to the vertigo of that road's precipitous ascents and descents. It was the nearest thing to looping the loop in the air that terra firma can offer."

"You sore and nose-dive through the mountains near Madeleine."

There may be some exaggeration, and an attempt at humor, in the above extracts from the account of the impressions of a traveller who made a two weeks trip around the Gaspé Peninsula, but it fairly well describes the sensations the average tourist will experience when he reaches the highest grades on the great Perron Boulevard, the highway of wonderful scenery, and in this particular part of the country, the source of many thrills.



Swinging towards the summit—Madeleine

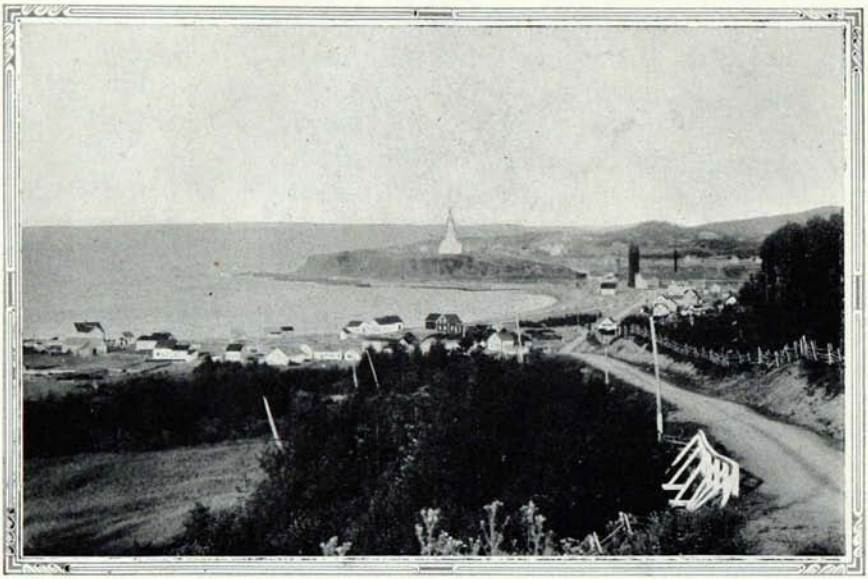
Near Grande-Madeleine we reach the "limit" of elevation on any road in the Province of Quebec, and probably the highest "highway peak" in any part of the country, with the possible exception of some of the passes in the Rocky Mountains.

The "Ruisseau Vallée" hill, where the "Boulevard" runs along the mountain side, at its greatest elevation, is 2,600 feet above sea level.

The road is constructed on a very broad "ledge" ,and its width, perfect balance, solid foundation, and ideal surface, make it as safe to travel over as any other road down by the water's edge. There is no danger whatever, if the auto is in good working order and the driver uses ordinary care, when travelling by the north shore to Gaspé.

Reckless high speed is an impossibility on such a long climb, and there is plenty of room, and quite a bit to spare, for two cars to meet on this stretch of road.

The dense growth of wood and forest on the flank of the mountain just below the highway, acts as a soothing paliative to what might otherwise prove the "vertigo of altitude". But the sight of the great St. Lawrence river, hundreds of feet lower down,



Entrancing scenery at Grande-Vallée

sends an occasional chilly feeling through the marrow of one's bones, as one travels " on top of the shelf ".

A rapid glance to the left, from time to time,—and no driver can afford to take his eye off the road for more than a few seconds—will procure all the thrills any traveller or tourist may wish for on his journey.

The precipices and chasms, the gorges and canyons, with their sheer drops to fathomless bottoms, will long be remembered after one has negotiated the great grade, and a sigh of relief will rise in the breast of the tourist as he finds himself " going down " once more to lower levels, and back into the lap of mother earth.

The road, at a certain point, climbs away up into what seems infinite space. Far ahead looms what looks like the end of everything. The road appears to finish abruptly a few hundred feet away, and the man at the wheel wonders what will meet his gaze when he gets to the top.

What lies beyond the faint line of the horizon ? Does the road go no further, does it plunge into an abyss, slide down the mountain side ?

The motorist will be pleasantly surprised when he realizes, as

he " goes over the top ", that, with consumate skill, the road engineers who constructed the " Boulevard ", let him down easy. The descent is by no means an abrupt one. There are still many ups and downs before one reaches the " ground floor ", but the pace becomes much easier. The driver of the car can now relax his vigilance a little bit, and straighten his back.

Like Napoleon, after crossing the Alps, the tourist sees below him new countries to conquer. The mountains still rise in the distance, threatening to bar the way, but the trail has been cleverly blazed, the winding pass has been staked out.

Meandering through the hills, down into the valleys and over stretches of table-land, the highway, a real marvel of road construction gradually leads on down to Grande-Vallée.

There are still many interesting grades beyond, but, while some of them are good and steep and require some skill in driving, they will prove mere child's play to the autoist, who has safely passed the " great divide ".

Grande and Petite Vallée

A more fascinating and attractive picture than that which greets the sight, as one rounds the last bend in the road and perceives the village of Grande-Vallée, could hardly be found anywhere. The view is delightfully soothing particularly to the tourist whose nervous system is still a little " ragged ", as he emerges from the mountains.

The road slopes gently downwards four or five miles before we reach the village, and as we approach it, we realize we have found a tidy little haven of rest. The only movement is provided by the going and coming of the wives and children of the fishermen, and even those whom the tourist meets on the street are few in numbers. While the men are out at sea, the women have other occupations which keep them either in their own homes, or on the fields where they spend the time attending to the cod that is drying in the sun on the wattles or wire screens, where it has been spread by the fishers as soon as it has been gutted and beheaded, upon the return of the boats after a catch.

To the left of the road a long row of small fishermen's homes, and the more pretentious hotel buildings, stretch along the water front, while to the right, on what might be called the main street,

although it is simply the highway which passes through the village, are the stores, and other business premises.

The beautiful church, erected upon the summit of Cap Madeleine, stands clearly outlined against the sky, and in the far off distance rise some of the last ranges of the Shickshock Mountains, the whole combining to make a most charming piece of landscape.

The village lies along the St. Lawrence river, which forms a very nice little rounded bay with a fine sand beach.

There are three hotels : Grande Vallée, Coulombe and Fournier, where excellent meals and rooms can be secured for $2.50 and up. Those hotels have accommodation for about 40 people, and in addition there is a good camping ground within easy reach of the village general store.

The population which numbers some 885 souls, is made up of fishers. There is only sufficient agriculture for local consumption. If the fishing season has been a very good one, most of the men remain at home in winter and attend to the mending of their fishing gear and doing odd chores about their homes. On the other hand, if the catch has been a poor one, to make ends meet, they are obliged to seek work in the lumber camps and " shanties ",



Where solitude reigns supreme



As the road swings towards the hills

at Mont-Louis or at Gaspé, or even on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River.

A number of years ago, part of the population found employment in the great saw-mill, which still stands in the heart of the village, but it ceased operations a long time ago, and consequently the men have to seek a living elsewhere when the fishing season comes to an end.

There is some excellent fishing in Lac-à-Francis, about 7 miles inland. The lake can be reached by auto and trail. There is a fairly good road for a distance of about 3½ miles, the balance of the way is over a well kept trail. Guides can always be secured at the local hotels.

Grande-Vallée is an ideal place for short boat trips on the sea, as it is so well sheltered by the great cliffs and promontories which extend on both sides of the bay. For five dollars, a party of tourists can spend practically an entire day on the water with an expert fisherman who is also an excellent sailor.

The parish of St. François-Xavier-de-la-Grande-Vallée-des-Monts, to give the place its full name, was a mission station from 1846 until 1905, when the first resident priest was appointed.

Grande-Vallée occupies the site of an old seigniory, ceded



ROSE LATULIPPE
"It was the Evil One himself...."

towards the end of the 17th century, to Sieur François Hazeur, and took its name from the river Grande-Vallée which in turn was so called because it flows through a great valley.

A short distance out of Grande-Vallée stands an ancient and very old fashioned wind-mill with wooden " wind-sails ". The exact age of the mill is not known, but it is certainly more than a century old.

At Petite-Vallée, the next settlement, 3.69 miles from Grande-Vallée, there is a very substantial pier or quay which extends out into water deep enough to allow fairly large steamers to take on and discharge cargoes. The pier also acts as a " breakwater ", which protects a numerous fishing fleet against north-eastern storms.

There are some beautiful walks and short auto drives through the valleys and into the mountains near Petite-Vallée, and an hour or so spent in making those little side-trips will constitute a pleasant change from the long journey along the St. Lawrence River.

If the traveller has a few hours to spare, he should visit the home of one of the hospitable toilers of the sea and he may be rewarded by hearing the legend of Rose Latulippe, the maiden who danced with the Prince of Darkness, and was saved from a terrible fate by the timely intervention of the good curé of the village.

THE DEVIL'S OWN CAVALIER

A Shrove-Tuesday dance

To get into the marrow of one's bones, that freezy, frosty sensation, which causes a tingle to run through the entire nervous circuit, and the skin to turn to what is popularly known as " goose-flesh ", the story is best heard in the humble little kitchen or living room of the fisherman's hut or cabin.

The wood crackles and splutters in the hearth, and the shimmering light of the open fire throws fantastic shadows, that rise and fall, on the whitewashed walls, in a most grotesque fantasmagoria, like a moving picture of the dance of death, as the " raconteur " tells his thrilling tale.

Thus speaks the old man, keeper of the ancient traditions, and teller of weird stories and legends : " Rose Latulippe was a pretty

young woman, in the full bloom of youth. One Shrove-Tuesday evening, away back in 1745, she felt, that since the long fast of the penitential season of Lent was to begin the next day, she was entitled to some relaxation and recreation. She begged her father to give a party, an old time " veillée ", when young folks gather to talk and chat, partake of refreshments and indulge in a few country dances. After some hesitation, the old man consented, and boys and girls from the neighborhood soon assembled in Latulippe's home for the merry making.

" Rose had adorned herself in a let of finery she had purchased at the village store for the occasion. Her eyes shone bright and clear, although they held a glitter of mischief and recklessness. She tingled with suppressed exitement and expectation. She longed for some new sensation, for somewhat different company, for novelty she could not analyse or explain. The boys of the village were nice and could dance to perfection the old reels and jigs, but Rose, knowing not why, desired something unusual, she wished some new comer would show up and put more life in her party. She went to the window, hoping against all reason that some gallant cavalier would appear on the snow covered road-side and come to her father's house to take part in the festivities.

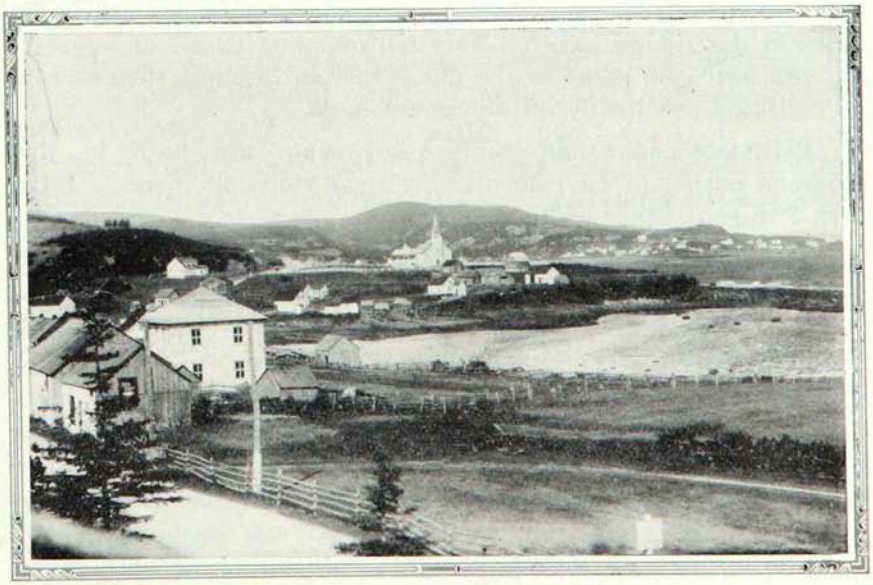
Lo and behold, she suddenly spied a dark garbed horseman, mounted on a fiery steed, whose house's hoofs struck fire from the icy pavement over which he travelled at tremendous speed, and whose eyes sparkled like hot embers in the dark of the night. She ran to the door to receive and welcome the stranger. As he entered, he excused himself for coming without being invited, but Rose urged him to join the party and led him into the great room where the other members of the company were gathered. When the old fiddler had tuned his violin and had struck up one of his best dances, Rose and the stranger began a whirl which soon attracted the attention of all those present. The " cavalier " was handsome in a way, and he was " the devil of a dancer ". He did not seem to feel the slightest fatigue, and Rose, in his arms, felt as light as a feather. Some of Rose's beaus soon began to harbor a wicked desire to kill the man who was thus monopolizing their " girl's " entire attention.

They danced and danced, when suddenly, from the great clock sounded the first strokes of midnight, the signal that the time of penance was about to begin, that Ash-Wednesday was

about to dawn. Rose felt somewhat ashamed. She would have liked to stop her mad girations in the embrace of the stranger. To her horror she had to keep dancing, and she then, for the first time, noticed that her partner's eyes were like two balls of fire, that his chin protruded in a singular manner, that his touch had become as hot as a fiery brand and that upon his lips lingered a mocking sneer. She uttered the words "Jesus, Mary" and dropped to the ground, as the stranger suddenly released her.

At the same time the door opened and the parish priest came into the house. He immediately realized that he must act at once. He recognized "the evil one", for it was no other than Satan himself who had joined the party with the hopes of dragging poor Rose's soul to the infernal regions with him. The priest stepped forward without the slightest fear. He traced the sign of the Cross in the air, and spoke a few words in Latin, which the devil must have understood, for he at once bounced out of the house, sprang onto his fire-spitting steed, and fled into the darkness, uttering a blood curdling yell and leaving behind a purgent smell of sulphur.

Rose Latulippe never danced again in her life. She was later happily married, reared a large family in the love and fear of



The beautiful scenery at Cloridorme

God and Mother Church, and after reaching a ripe old age, she died in the arms of the Lord, a blessing which I wish you all."

Pointe-à-la-Frégate and Cloridorme

Another rather steep climb takes us to Pointe-à-la-Frégate (Frigat Point), a small, but interesting settlement. It stands upon an elevation, and to reach the shore one must go down quite a bit along narrow roads or pathways.

Pointe-à-la-Frégate takes its name from the wreck of a war ship on the rocky coast a couple of centuries ago. At Anse-aux-Canons (Cannon Cove), some old guns can still be seen at low tide, embedded in the sand. One of those old pieces of ordnance was taken out some years ago and now rests upon the cliff at the rear of the cemetery of Cloridorme, the next village.

The climate at Pointe-à-la-Frégate must be exceedingly healthy and conductive to longevity, since there are a number of hale and hearty octogenarians in the village, and even one of the real "old timers" is over 90 years of age. An interesting old gentleman, who can be seen by the tourist who calls at the only hotel of the locality, a tidy and comfortable place, operated by Mr. Fournier, who is also in charge of the post office, is Mr. Pierre Bélanger, who is 85 years "young", and having resided nearly 70 years in the village, can not only tell of many points of interest, but can also spin some of the old yarns and legends such as can be collected practically all along the coast.

Petite-Madeleine and Pointe-à-la-Frégate are both in the religious parish of Cloridorme, the next stopping place, a little over 3 miles further on the Boulevard.

The name of the parish is Ste. Cécile-de-Cloridorme, and it was founded in 1852. Until 1900 it was a mission station, and in that year it was canonically erected and a resident parish priest was appointed.

There is a splendid view from the high grounds upon which the parish church is situated. In clear weather one can see the Island of Anticosti away out at sea.

Cloridorme lies practically at the foot of the last slopes of the Shickshocks, facing the St. Lawrence. Its rocky shore is enclosed on both sides by huge masses of granite, which tend to give it a wild but most picturesque appearance.



Beautiful twin bays at L'Echouerie

A pretty little sheltered bay, with a good sand beach, offers excellent anchorage to the fishing boats.

There is very little farming, although the soil is very fertile. Practically the sole occupation of the people is deep sea fishing.

The name of Cloridorme comes from the corruption of the name of one of the first settlers, Cloridon Côté, according to the best authorities.

Saint-Yvon, Grand-Etang, Anse-à-Valleau, Pointe-Jaune and Petit-Cap, the following little villages are all fishing stations, beautifully situated on the shores of the St. Lawrence.

Saint-Yvon, also known as Pointe-Sèche, has a fine sandy bay, and just off the road the tourist can again visit, if he so wishes, a small group of fishers, who live in primitive fashion in their huts just out of reach of the high tides and the storm tossed waves. The village itself is very picturesque, but there is no hotel accommodation.

As the highway runs a little inland, through fine wooded country, one passes by the side of a beautiful lake, Lac-du-Grand-Etang, (Lake of the Great Pond). It is a magnificent sheet of water surrounded on three sides by hills, and used as a trout spawning ground.

Getting back to the sea shore, along high mountains covered with forests, and through a deep valley, the road once more descends gently to sea level and swings into the pretty little village of Anse-à-Valleau, which looks over the vast expanse of the St. Lawrence, and is the home of some two hundred people who are all engaged in fishing, although there is a little agriculture and some of the residents find profitable employment in the local saw-mill.

We are now gradually approaching the extreme point of the Gaspé Peninsula. The view extends over the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, where the waters of the Atlantic mingle with those of Canada's famous waterway.

St. Maurice-de-l'Echouerie

Climbing once more for a few miles, we come to the most picturesque village of St. Maurice-de-l'Echouerie (St. Maurice of the Strand, as far as it can be literally translated). L'Echouerie really means " the place where boats touch bottom or go ashore ". and the name was given to the settlement because at low tide the water retreats to so great an extent, that fishing smacks are often left lying on their sides, to be raised to level keel again when the tide returns.

The drive round the bend at St. Maurice-de-l'Echouerie is a most delightful one. Looking down from the high elevation upon the exquisite little twin bays, one will probably see a score or so of tiny fishing boats jigging for squid, apparently, when viewed from the road side, no larger than the toy boats boys sail in public fountains.

It might here be explained that " squid " is not really a fish, for it has no gills or scales, and only two caudal fins on each side. From the head project small " tentacles ", for the squid belongs to the family of the cuttlefish and octopus. It is the small member of the tribe. It has a horny beak very much like that of a parrot, and possesses the faculty of ejecting an ink like liquid to cloud the water and thus escape its ennemies. The fishers use the squid for bait when cod fishing, and according to those who have studied the matter, it is also one of the favorite foods of the porpoise. When the porpoise devours the squid in large quantities the fishermen are unable to get bait for their cod fishing, and con-

sequently, they cannot get anything like their usual quantity of fish, they are obliged to use other bait which has not near the same attraction for the cod fish.

Like most localities along the Gaspé Peninsula, L'Echouerie has its legends and stories of weird happenings. Old fishers tell of hearing the voices of a mother and her babe near the rocks on the lonely shore at night, and it is narrated that when a drain was being dug on a piece of farm land near the shore, a voice was heard to come from the very bowels of the earth, wailing in doleful and mournful tones : " You are dragging me from my grave ".

Treasure seekers have made a number of deep excavations at " L'Anse-au-Trésor " (Treasure Cove) in a vain attempt to recover what is believed to be considerable treasure hidden there by smugglers and sea robbers, many years ago. So far only a few rusty copper coins have been discovered.

A very interesting trip can be made from L'Echouerie to " Pointe-à-la-Renommée " (Fame Point), where the federal Government maintains a very powerful Marconi station and a signal station. The station can be reached either by auto or by boat, and from the high headland, where it is located, a splendid



Calm weather along the coast

view of Anticosti Island can be obtained when weather conditions are favorable.

The tourist who happens to strike L'Echouerie at the proper time, generally towards the end of June or early in July, will have the opportunity of assisting at a most impressive ceremony, the blessing of the fishing fleets. The ceremony is a replica of that which is conducted on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany in France, and always attracts the entire population of the neighborhood.

The bay is dotted with fishing smacks gaily decorated, anchored near the shore, while the clergy, in their richest vestments, and surrounded by choir boys and little girls, dressed in Sunday attire, call down the blessings of Heaven upon the fishermen and their families.

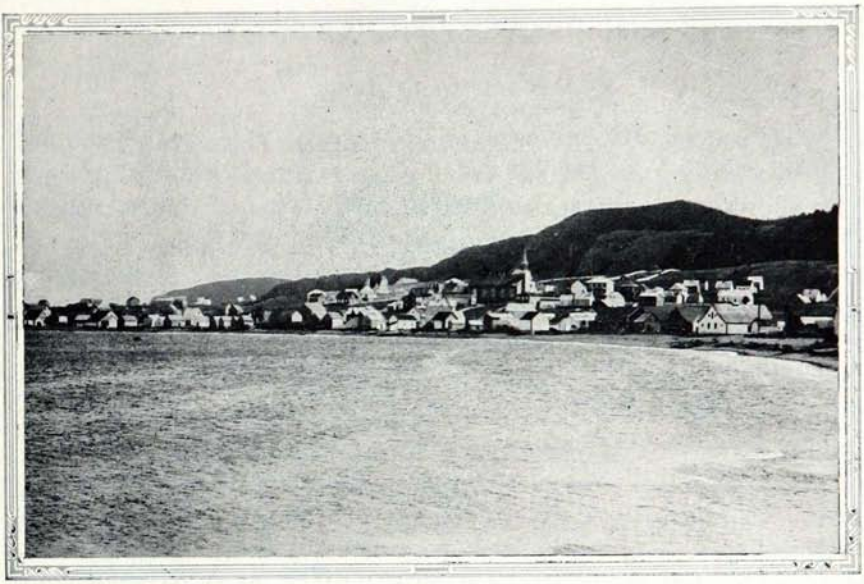
Sportsmen will find good fishing and shooting in and near the village of L'Echouerie. About a quarter of a mile from the village there is a beautiful lake, " Lac-de-L'Echouerie " which can easily be reached over a good road. Tourists should apply to Arthur Element, at L'Echouerie, for directions as to how to reach the lake. About a mile and a half from the church there is another fine lake, "Grand-Lac-de-L'Echouerie", where excellent fishing can be indulged in. Those who wish to make a trip to the latter will do well to call upon Joseph Tapp or Moise Côté, in L'Echouerie village, who will supply all necessary information and excellent guides if required.

Game is fairly abundant in the nearby woods.

There are many interesting sites in the neighborhood of the village of L'Echouerie and the nearby localities.

A short distance from the village can be seen, at low tide, the remains of a large ship that was wrecked on the coast. The vessel carried, in addition to a general cargo, a heavy load of " flints " as ballast, and some of those " stones " are kept to be used every year on Holy Saturday, to kindle the " new light " during the religious ceremonies of the Holy Week.

L'Echouerie,—it is generally written L'Echourie, without the first " e ", but the first spelling is used in the church registers, so that it may be accepted as correct—is a parish of about 1,100 souls. A resident parish priest resides in the village since 1913 and it was erected canonically in 1921, and given its civil status the following year. It is situated at 106.59 miles from Ste. Anne-



An important settlement on the North Shore

des-Monts, and is 43.63 miles from the village of Gaspé by making the complete tour, via Cap-des-Rosiers, Cap-aux-Os and St. Majorique, instead of branching off at Rivière-aux-Renards over the "short cut", which would bring it to about 28 miles from Gaspé Basin.

The people are practically all fishers, although there is some agriculture, but only for the production of food for local consumption.

The name St. Maurice was given to the parish in honor of Father Elias Morris, parish priest of St. Martin-de-la-Rivière-aux-Renards.

There are several fine sand beaches at L'Echouerie.

The parish of L'Echouerie comprises five villages : Anse-à-Valleau, Pointe-Jaune, L'Echouerie, Grande-Anse and Petit-Cap.

While there is no hotel in the parish, there are a number of very good boarding houses, where first class accommodation can be obtained at an average rate of $2.50 a day.

Two and a quarter miles more travel brings us to Petit-Cap (Little Cape), and a little over a mile further we come to Petite-Rivière-aux-Renards (Little Fox River). They are two very small fishing stations prettily situated on the shores of the St. Lawrence.

IMPORTANT FISHING POST

A short-cut to Gaspé

Rivière-aux-Renards, commonly called Fox River by the English speaking people, so named because at one time foxes were very numerous in the entire district through which the Fox River flows, is one of the most important fishing posts along the north shore of the Gaspé Peninsula. It is formed of an agglomeration of houses and other buildings strung in a long semi-circle on the shore of a very pretty bay, enclosed on both sides by high hills, which make it one of the best protected fishing harbors on the northern coast of Gaspé.

The village is indeed most picturesquely situated. The residences, stores and other buildings are built on a regular amphitheatre rising in successive ledges from the sea level to the slopes of the hills which form the background of a very attractive picture. The fine church dominates the entire village, as it is erected on a small eminence, along that portion of the main highway which leads around the extreme point of the Peninsula. If one wishes to take the short cut, direct to St. Majorique, one should not pass



Facing the ocean at Anse-à-la-Fougère

through the village of Rivière-aux-Renards, but keep straight ahead, leaving it to one's left.

Although the main occupation of the population of 1,900 inhabitants is cod, herring and salmon fishing, there are also some very good farms in the parish, and several saw-mills provide employment to many of the residents.

On account of its ideal situation, and its magnificent sand beach, Rivière-aux-Renards is fast becoming a favorite stopping place for tourists on their way to Gaspé village, 37.26 miles away.

Through a rather strange coincidence the Rivière-aux-Renards (the Fox River), flows through the township of Fox, so named in honor of Lord Charles James Fox, an English nobleman, who took an active part in the discussions relating to the "Act of Quebec", by which Canada was given a civil administration in 1774.

The name of Rivière-aux-Renards appears already on geographical maps published as far back as 1744, so that the locality must have been visited in those distant times, or otherwise it would not have been known that foxes were so numerous along the river.

A number of the residents of Rivière-aux-Renards are descendants of immigrants whose ship was wrecked in 1847, the year of the great Irish famine, when thousands of the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle left their blight stricken country, to seek sustenance in a new land. One of the vessels was thrown upon the coast at Cap-des-Rosiers, some fifteen miles away, and some of the rescued passengers drifted as far as Rivière-aux-Renards, where they became fishers or farmers. Many of them intermarried with the French Canadians who were already settled there, and as a result there are many entire families bearing Irish names whose members no longer speak English, having long ago adopted the language of those who received them after they had been cast upon the rock-bound coast by the storms that wrecked their ship.

The traveller can find very good accommodation in the three hotels at Rivière-aux-Renards : Carrel's Hotel, Despres' Hotel and English Hotel. There are in all about thirty rooms available, and the rates vary from $2.50 to $3.50 a day for room and board. In addition to the hotels, there are a number of good boarding

houses where very comfortable rooms and first class meals may be obtained at very reasonable rates.

From Rivière-aux-Renards the tourist has the choice of two roads to Gaspé village, one over the "short cut" direct to St. Majorique and hence straight to Gaspé, and the other, along some of the most impressive scenery along the entire coast line of the Peninsula, via Anse-à-la-Fougère (Fern Cove), Anse-au-Griffon (Griffin Cove), Anse-Jersey (Jersey Cove), Cap-des-Rosiers (Cape of Roses), and Cap-aux-Os (Cape of Bones).

The latter road is the natural continuation of the "Boulevard", and as such we will follow it to get to Gaspé.

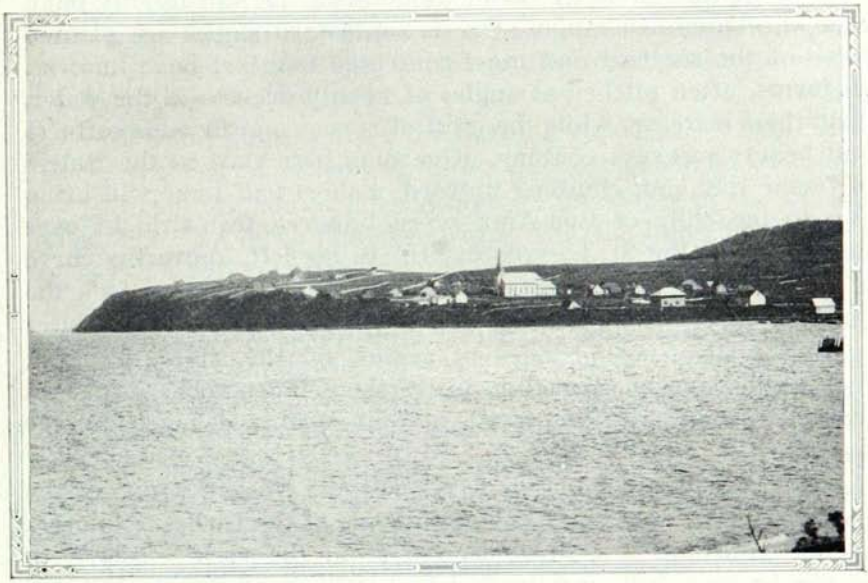
Anse-à-la-Fougère is a small fishing post with its little houses built on the water's edge, right upon a very fine sand beach, part of it extending away out to sea.

The road here still runs at a small altitude, but it soon resumes its climbing to get to Anse-au-Griffon, only about ten miles from the extreme point of the Gaspé Peninsula. The village is built on a beautiful broad bay, most of the houses being situated upon the gentle slope of the hills overlooking the vast expanse of the St. Lawrence. The beautiful church can be seen from a great distance. It is a very fine specimen of religious architecture.

The parish of Anse-au-Griffon was founded in 1868, but remained a mission station until 1886, when the first parish priest was appointed. The religious name of the parish is St. Joseph-de-l'Anse-au-Griffon.

Cod fishing is the main occupation of the population of about 950 inhabitants, although there is some agriculture and dairying. Three saw-mills and a small butter factory, also provide employment to a number of the people. The village boasts one of the few "cod liver oil" manufacturing establishments along the Gaspé coast.

There is some controversy as to the origine of the name of the parish. Some claim that the name should be "Anse-au-Gris-Fond" (the grey bottomed cove), because the water is so clear that the grey of the sand shines through it. Others, and they are supported by the old maps of the country published as far back as 1744, upon which the name "Griffon" appears, claim that the name is that of a vessel, commanded by Mathieu Forsyth, a descendant of Nicolas Denys, the first seignior of the locality, that would have visited the bay in the early days of the settlement.



The cape-land at Anse-au-Griffon

After ascending some more, we come into sight of another most picturesque fishing post, Anse-Jersey, so called from the fact that it was originally settled by fishermen from the Jersey Islands.

A long ragged rock and sand beach extends at the foot of high cliffs, mostly covered with small brush, and the view from the road is a most striking one.

The village is only a scattering of a few small buildings, fishermen's homes and small farms.

A WEATHER-BEATEN GOD

The land's-end of Gaspé

A little more than 5 miles beyond Anse-Jersey we strike one of the most magnificent sights of our travel so far, Cap-des-Rosiers and its surrounding awe-inspiring cliffs and headland.

To describe this marvel of nature we will borrow the following from "Sketches of Gaspé" by John M. Clarke, the great geologist and author who is the best descriptive writer of the scenery of the wonderful Peninsula.

"Majestic stands its rib of mountains, the still mighty flank of a once mightier range. On its southward slopes are planted some of the serenest and most contented homes I have known; its farms, often pitched at angles of twenty degrees to the water, yield their increase, while the crest of spruce and fir adds softness and beauty to every contour. One may here start at the waters of Gaspé Bay and, climbing upward, a short half hour will bring him to the cliffs of Bon-Ami, seven hundred feet straight over the waters of the St. Lawrence. Off to his left, above the curve of Rosier Cove, towers bare St. Alban, twelve hundred feet, the highest point reached by these rocks in their upward inclination..

"St. Alban seems the very genius of the place, a stern, weather-beaten god, skirted in his kirtle of fallen rocks, with foot planted forward on the strand, bidding a vain defiance to the waves."

This "spine of land" of which Cap-des-Rosiers is one of the most extreme points, was known to some of the earliest explorers as the "Forillon", a word derived from the verb "forer", to pierce, bore or drill, and the fact that it "bores" its way into the ocean, may justify the name given to this magnificent headland.

At one time there stood, just a little south of the Cape itself,



The slender Peninsula at Cap-des-Rosiers

a large mass of granite and sand-stone covered with small brush, which the French had nicknamed "La Vieille", the Old Woman. The old woman now lies buried in the sea, laid low under the slashing blows of the ocean.

On some English maps the Forillon appears as "The Flower-pot", so called on account of the bouquet of growth on its summit.

"From the homes pitched high on the slopes of the Forillon, says John M. Clarke, the eye sweeps over the magnificent stretch of bay and sea and distant mountains, and never tires at the infinitude of variety in the scene... The observer seems to view the panorama spread before him as do the gulls wending their way from their roosts on the Bon-Ami cliffs to their feeding grounds in the barachois at Douglastown. The whole strecth of Gaspé Bay lies before the eye from the hillside galleries."

One of the points of the Forillon is known as "Shiphead", and it is well named since it has a most striking resemblance to the prow of a huge vessel pointing seawards.

The name of Cap-des-Rosiers itself appears on a map published by Samuel de Champlain, founder of the city of Quebec, in 1632, and on the Bellin map, published in 1744, and it was most probably given to the great cliffs because when they were first seen by the early navigators they were covered with wild rose bushes.

Cap-des-Rosiers has a population of about 700. It is a prosperous fishing post and agricultural settlement.

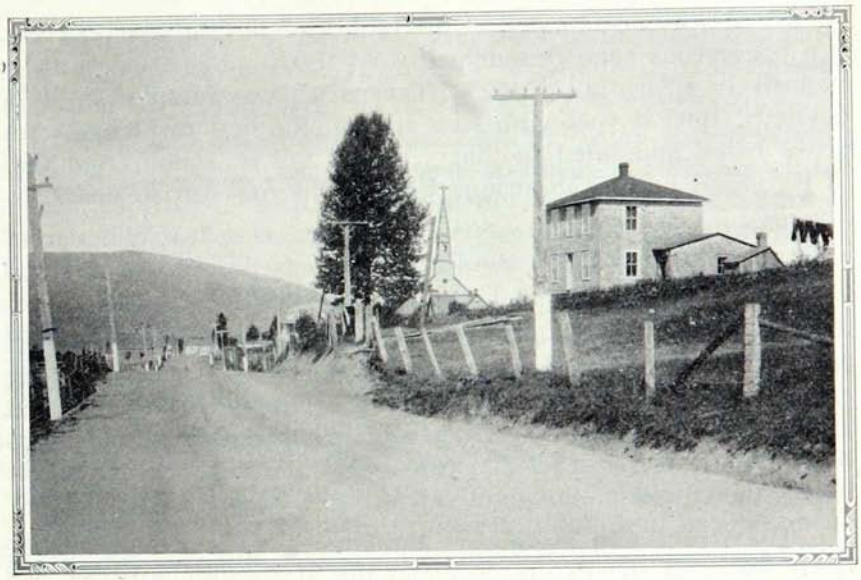
Until 1874, Cap-des-Rosiers was a mission station, but in that year a resident parish priest was appointed to attend to the spiritual wants of the population. The religious name of the parish is St. Alban-du-Cap-des-Rosiers.

Owing to the many reefs which extend quite a distance out from the mainland, and in view of the many wrecks that occurred in the past near Cap-des-Rosiers, the Canadian Government had a most powerful lighthouse constructed upon the top of the Cape, and when heavy fogs hang over the sea and make even the bright beacon practically invisible, warning is given to mariners by means of minute guns.

About five miles beyond Cap-des-Rosiers we come to Cap-aux-Os (Cape of Bones), so called because the early settlers found a considerable lot of whale bones on the rocky shore. It is situated



The great beacon on Gaspé's "land's-end"



On the road from Saint-Majorique to Gaspé

on the east shore of Gaspé Bay, nearly right opposite Douglastown. The people are mostly fishers, although there is quite a considerable amount of farming, the products being sent to the village of Gaspé or used locally.

The parish was actually founded in 1861, but it was not until 1920 that a resident parish priest was appointed.

All along the rocky coast of the extremity of the Peninsula ships have come to grief in large numbers in the past, and as a result every little cove, every cavern, every cape or cliff, has its legend or its ghost story. Many a tale is told, by the old fishers, of the wandering souls of wicked seafaring men whose ships were dashed to pieces upon the reef bound coast, and who were condemned to return to earth, at regular intervals, to expiate their crimes and wickedness by warning others, through their apparition and their cries during dark nights, to lead a life of rectitude and rightness.

We now swing inland, across the narrow strip of the Gaspé Cape, towards St. Majorique, the last stop before we reach the village of Gaspé. The distance between Cap-aux-Os and St. Majorique is 12.49 miles.

St. Majorique, situated at the mouth of the Dartmouth river, is a prosperous small municipality of 1,050 population. It is exclusively a farming district. The parish was founded in 1876, but until 1905 it was a mission station, the first resident parish priest being appointed in that year. It got its name from that of Reverend Father Majorique Bolduc, the first parish priest.

The post office address is Fontenelle, so called in honor of a famous French writer, who lived in the seventeenth century and died when he was over a hundred years old.

The road from St. Majorique to Gaspé Village, a distance of 6.37 miles, leads over a very long trestle and through a long covered bridge. It gives the tourist an excellent view of the great lagoon of the Dartmouth River, and just before the road drops down to the water level one can see in the distance across the water, the smoke of the great saw-mills at Gaspé.

The trestle and bridge are the connecting link between the north shore of the Peninsula along the St. Lawrence River, and the picturesque coast of the Baie des Chaleurs.

But before proceeding to Gaspé we will rapidly pass over the "short cut", that portion of the highway which runs direct from Rivière-aux-Renards (Fox River) to St. Majorique.

The route is through fine inland wooded country, now dipping into beautiful valleys, with high mountains rising to the right and left, now climbing steep declivities where the road goes over the hills. It is a beautiful piece of road, and allows the traveller some repose from the many emotions he has experienced while making the exciting trip along the north shore with it many awe-inspiring sights.

HALF WAY AROUND

The village of Gaspé

Nearly 400 years ago, or to be exact, on the 16th of July 1534, Jacques Cartier, the discover of Canada, took refuge from a heavy storm, in the Bay of Gaspé, and on the 24th, he landed on the spot where the village stands to-day. In the presence of a number of Indians, who had gathered to witness the arrival of the white men, he erected a large wooden cross and took possession of the land in the name of the King of France.

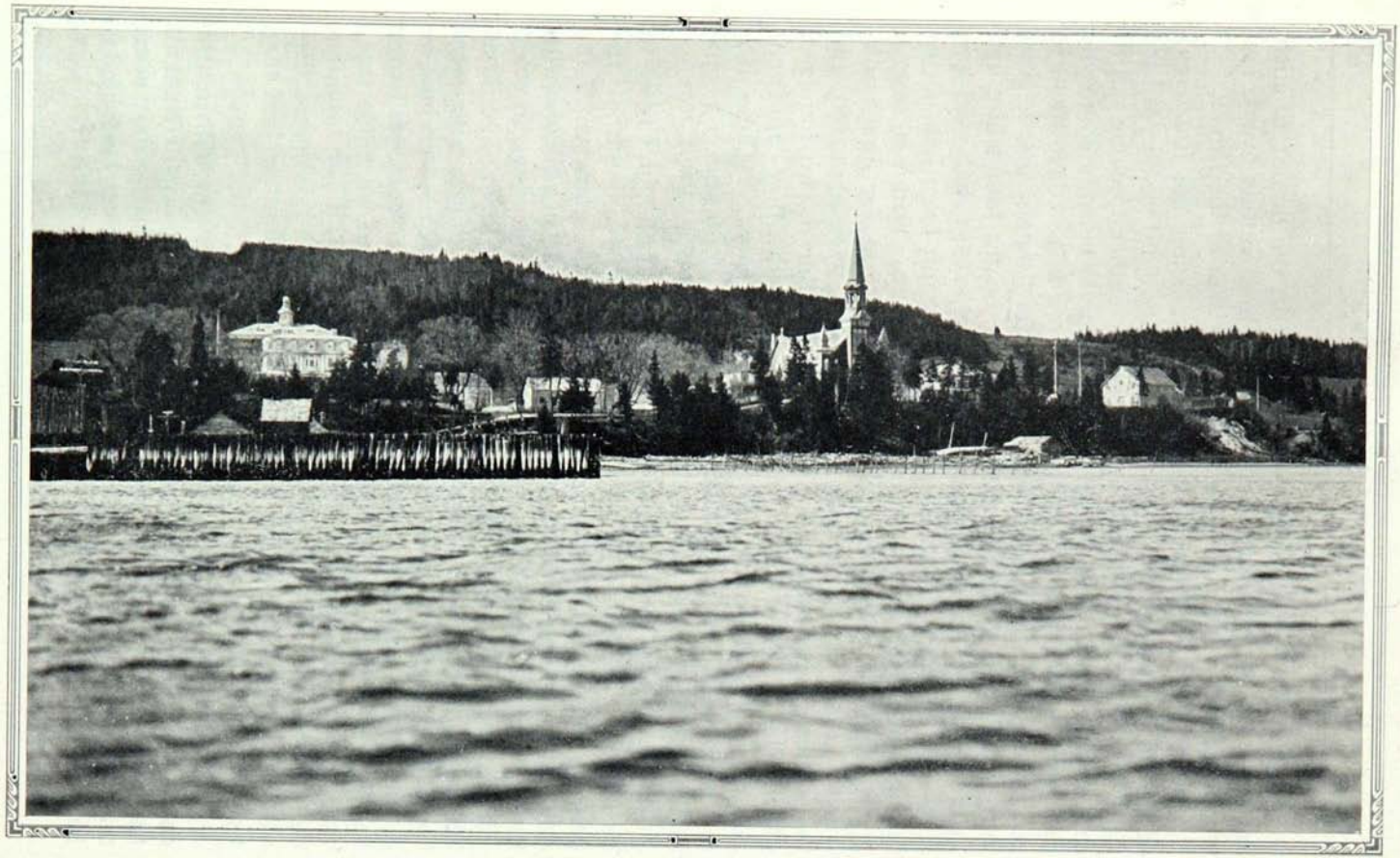
The event cannot be better told than in the quaint English, as it appears in an early relation of the momentous event, and which we here reproduce just as it was written at the time :

" We were constrained vpon Tuesday, being the fourteenth of the Moneth, to enter into the riuer, and there did we stay till the sixteenth of the moneth looking for faire weather to come out of it ; on which day being Thursday, the winde became so raging that one of our ships lost an anker ,and we were constrained to goe vp higher into the riuer seuen or eight leagues, into a good harborough and ground that we with our boates found out, and through the euil weather, tempest and darkenesse that was, wee stayed in the saide harborough till the fiue and twentieth of the moneth, not being able to put out ; in the meane time wee sawe a great multitude of wilde men that were fishing for mackerels, whereof there is a great store. Their boats were about 40, and the persons, what with men, women and children, two hundred, which after they had hanted our company a while, they came very familiarly with their boats to the sides of our ships... These men may very well be called Wilde, because there is no poorer people in the world....

" Vpon the 25 of the moneth, wee caused a fair high Crosse to be made of the height of thirty foote, which we made in the presence of many of them, vpon the point of the entrance of the said hauen, in the middest whereof we hanged vp a Shield with three Floure de Luces on it, and in the top was carued in the wood with Anticke letters this posie, Viue le Roy de France. Then before them all we set it vpon the sayd point. They with great heed beheld both the making and setting of it vp. So soone as it was vp, we altogether kneeled downe before them, with our hands toward Heauen, yeelding God thanks : and we made signs vnto them, shewing them the Heauens, and that all our saluation dependeth onely on him which in them dwelleth : whereat they shewed a great admiration, looking first one at another, and then vpon the Crosse."

It will be noticed that the account sets July the 25th as the date of the landing, whereas Cartier himself, in his account of the event, says " the twenty fourth, then the following day, being the twenty-fifth, etc... So that the latter date must be taken to be correct.

As to the exact spot where the cross was erected, the famous



Gaspé basin fringed with wooded hills

Canadian historian Garneau sets it " upon a point of land between that bay (des Chaleurs) and Cap-des-Rosiers ". Since this is not by any means precise, we must look to Cartier's own relations to get a better idea of where the cross was actually set up. The great explorer, in his account, makes a clear distinction between the " river " and the " haven ", and regarding the scene of the construction and erection of the cross, he distinctly mentions the " point at the entrance to the " haven ", which would be the spot where the railway terminal station stands to-day.

There has been a great deal of controversy regarding the origine of the name " Gaspé ". The greatest modern authority in such matters, as far as the Peninsula is concerned, Rev. Father Pacifique, of the Capuchin monastery of Ristigouche, is convinced, and he bases his contention upon his thorough knowledge of the language of the Micmac Indians, that the name comes from the Indian word " Gespeg ", which means " land's end ", and to further support his view, he points out that the same root is found in the name of other " land extremities " in other parts of the country, particularly in Nova Scotia, where Sable Cape was known to the Micmacs as " Gespopoitg ", and Forked Cape, in the country of Yarmouth, in the same province, which was called by the same name ; while Morin Cape, in Cape Breton, is called by the Indians " Gespiogsaoeg ".

There are others who claim the name is a corruption of that of " Gaspard " Cortereal, a Portuguese navigator and an early visitor to the place, or that it was given the locality by Basque fishers who had come from a little town called Gaspé, in Aragon, France.

Rev. Father Pacifique's pretention appears the most logical one, and it is to-day generally accepted as correct.

The following general notes on the village of Gaspé are those kindly supplied by His Grace Monseigneur F. X. Ross, Bishop, of Gaspé, and they give a good idea of the situation, population, industry and business, the religious situation, and its future possibilities. Some additional data regarding the history of Gaspé and its many connections with the past, its special attractions and the accommodation the village offers to the visiting tourist, will be added to the very interesting facts mentioned by His Grace.

" The village of Gaspé, says Monseigneur Ross, is built in the form of an amphitheatre, on a point which somewhat recalls the

promontory of Quebec. To the south-west the Basin, and to the north-west the extension of the Bay towards the Dartmouth River, recall the St. Lawrence and the estuary of the River St. Charles. Gazing along the south and north shores of the Bay of Gaspé, a distance of eighteen miles towards the immensity of the waters of the Gulf, one imagines he is looking upon the heights of Levis and Lauzon on the one side, and the Beaupré heights on the other.

Population

"The population of Gaspé is mostly English speaking. It is made up, in greater part, of descendants of "loyalists" who settled there at the time of the revolt of the New England colonies, and were established on the shores of the Gaspé Peninsula, through the assistance of the Government of that time. The Catholic population is about equally divided between the Canadian and Irish elements.

Religious situation

"Since 1922, the village of Gaspé is the seat of a bishopric. Among the religious institutions may be mentioned : the cathedral, the seminary, directed by the Jesuit Fathers, the Ursuline convent,



Steamer and "Windjammers" at Gaspé

and the hospital operated by the Reverend Sisters of the Hotel Dieu of Quebec. The Ursuline Sisters conduct a normal school, a school of house-keeping, and they give the same education they supply in all the other houses of their Order in the Province. From that convent one gets the most magnificent view any artist could desire.

Industrial activities

" Gaspé's principal industry is lumber, a large number of saw-mills are operated in the village of Gaspé itself and along the shores of the St. John, York and Dartmouth rivers, that flow into Gaspé Bay, within a radius of several miles of the village. Salmon and smelt fishing is also conducted on a commercial basis.

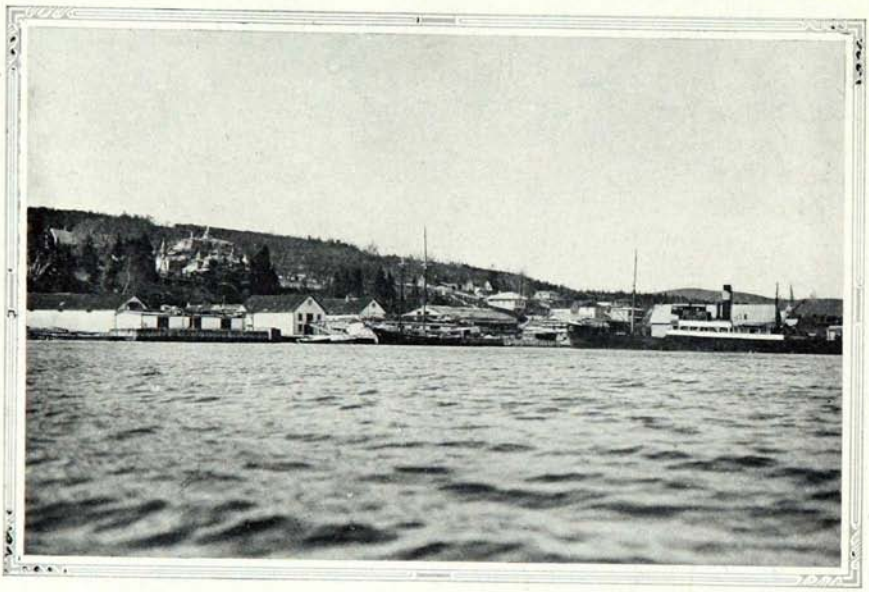
" General commerce is well developed, since is has got to supply most of the municipalities north and east of Gaspé.

The port of Gaspé

" At the entrance to the village of Gaspé the Bay narrows to a channel of fourteen hundred feet, then widens again further inland for a distance of six miles, into a beautiful sheet of water which looks like a large lake. This is the " basin " surrounded by a crown of buildings. At the narrowest part of the channel the water has a depth of forty-five feet at low tide. Ships of the largest tonnage can enter it and move about with ease, and they moor, a few feet from shore, to little bits of privately built wharfs. No dredges have to be used to keep this splendid natural harbor clear of sand and silt, and professor Alcock has referred to the port as " one of the finest havens in the world ". During the great war, thirty-seven transports laden with soldiers, gathered together in Gaspé basin, to await the escort which was to take them across the Atlantic.

A tourist village

" With very few improvements Gaspé could be converted into a matchless summer resort, says Monseigneur Ross. Its situation, at the extremity of an eighteen mile bay, protected against the great sea winds by the " points " in which it is framed, is immune from the heavy fogs that so often hang over the sea coast, and radiant sun shine, such as is not often seen in any other part of the Peninsula, spreads over its placid waters. Bathing stations could be easily established all round the " basin " ; the most



The water-front at Gaspé Village

delightful boating trips could be organized on its safe green waters. Most pleasant excursions could be organized on sea and land, into the mountains, to the many historic sites, to the cliffs of Cap-des-Rosiers, to the oil fields of the York River, to Percé Cape, to the pisciculture stations, to the fish ponds along the York, Dartmouth and St. John Rivers, etc.

"Even without those improvements Gaspé already attracts thousands of tourists who gather there, to benefit of its invigorating sea breezes, to bask in its wonderful sunshine, to admire its magnificent landscapes and to enjoy that wonderful hospitality which is so heartly extended to the visitor by a most peaceful and friendly population."

One can view some glorious scenes from the hill tops and roadways around Gaspé. Seawards one gazes upon the sand bars of Peninsula and Sandy Beach, almost meeting and forming a wonderful landlocked harbor. In the same direction one also sees the summit of the great Forillon range, on whose slopes are serenely lined farmlands with golden harvest fields, while the crest is crowned with stately spruce and fire, the whole a panorama of beautiful softness in a landscape of exquisite colorings.

In the direction from Sandy Beach towards Gaspé South, the hills rise gradually in majestic splendor, mingling their summits in a wonderful loftiness, and standing out in bold relief against the azur skies.

The entire scenery of the country surrounding Gaspé is very picturesque.

Gaspé village has a population of 1,100, and the municipality has 2,000 inhabitants. It is a very neat, clean and well laid-out settlement. It is really divided into two parts, the "lower" portion, on the actual water front, and the "upper" part with its long main street along which are situated the principal private residences, the two hotels, and a number of its most important business houses and stores. The view from the "main street" is one that cannot easily be forgotten, particularly when it is seen as the sun sets over the hills in the distance, or even more so when the soft silvery rays of the moon turn the wavelets of the inner harbor into shimmering ripples like white molten metal.

There are two good hotels in the village of Gaspé, and before long, with the tremendous increase in the tourist traffic, now that the entire coast of the Gaspé Peninsula is rendered so easily accessible through the construction of the great Government circular highway, the Perron Boulevard, additional accommodation will have to be provided.

Baker's Hotel, the proprietors of which also operate "The Lodge" and "One Ash Inn"; and the "Morin Hotel", have 75 rooms, a number with private baths at Baker's, and the rates per day are $3.00 and $4.00 and up.

In addition to the hotels there are a number of good rooming houses and several restaurants.

There are three well equipped garages in the village, in addition to filling stations where gasolene and oil can be obtained.

Since the village of Gaspé is situated in the "curve" of the bay, unless one wishes to make a "detour" of some nine miles along the shores of the basin, a most delightful trip for those who are not pressed for time, it will be necessary to ferry across to resume one's journey along the south coast of the Peninsula. There is a regular ferry service between the Gaspé quay and the landing stage near the railway station, cars being carried either way for 25 cents.

Sailing on the waters of the interior basin, into the great Bay, or for those who prefer a longer journey, out into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence ; canoeing on the York and Dartmouth Rivers, into the most untrammelled wilds ; fishing for trout or salmon, or for cod and mackerel ; walking or motoring into some of the delightful shaded roads in the neighborhood ; bathing and swimming on the many fine sand beaches within easy reach of the centre of the village ; and in the fall, good shooting in the woods on the moutain side ; constitute some of the principal attractions and amusements for the visitor to Gaspé. The lovers of tennis and golf can also indulge in their favorite sports, as there are a number of " courts " and " greens " available within the village limits. For boat trips on the bay or out to sea, the tourist should apply either at his hotel or to Ben. Mullen, near the ferry station. The rate charged is about $1.00 an hour.

Most of the fishing rights and privileges have been leased, but since the owners of Baker's Hotel are the holders of the rights on a number of good fishing rivers and streams, the guests at that hotel are privileged to fish for trout, salmon and other fish in season. There are a number of very good lakes in the Gaspé region, the first being located a little less than 20 miles from the village. Fishing in most of those lakes is free.

There is an abundance of big game, but one has to go some distance to secure a good bag. Accommodations for hunters have been erected in some of the most likely places, and some splendid trophies of the chase have been secured with the assistance of guides, who can be secured through the hotel proprietors, and who charge $3.50 a day for their services. While sportsmen should bring their own guns and ammunition, all other necessary supplies can easily be purchased in the village of Gaspé.

Historic souvenirs

If the visitor has a day to spend in the village of Gaspé he should make a trip to " Peninsula Point " across the Bay to the site of the old house where General Wolfe stopped for a month, on his way to lay siege to the city of Quebec. The building itself has long fallen to ruins, but there still stand the remnants of the ancient chimney, and small heaps of stones, showing where the walls were erected. If curiosity prompts him sufficiently to induce him to go to the labor of digging in the ground in that locality,

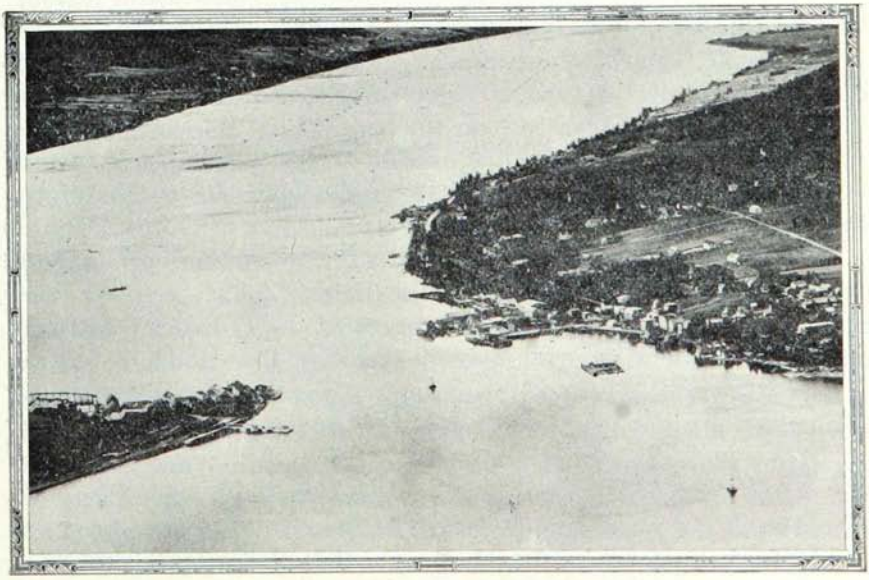
the visitor may be rewarded by finding some old souvenirs and relics of centuries gone-by, in the shape of coins, buttons off uniforms, the metal parts of muskets or guns, and other similar articles.

In addition to the ruins of the old Wolfe house, there are many traces of the wreck of ships along the shore on the same side of the Bay, that are visible at low tide.

In 1628 Admiral Kirk of the British fleet, overtook the French commander De Roquemont in Gaspé Bay, where he had taken harbor, and fought him to his complete finish, burning his vessels laden with supplies for the forces at Quebec and capturing an enormous booty.

In 1690 the village of Gaspé was once more burnt and pillaged by the forces of Sir William Phipps on his expedition from Boston against Quebec. After destroying Gaspé, Phipps proceeded with thirty-four vessels to Quebec, but he was forced to turn back when his imperious demand for surrender was greeted with derision by the garrison entrenched behind the walls of an impregnable fortress.

In 1711 Hovenden Walker and Jack Hill led another armada from Boston out against Quebec, and it was in Gaspé basin they



Aerial view of basin and village of Gaspé



A fine broad stretch of road

came to anchor while feeling their way pilotless through the Gulf. They were later tossed by the storms upon Egg Island, with fearful loss of life, making an end to all their foolish ambitions.

In 1756 General Montcalm suggested to his Government in France, that a fleet be sent to drive the English out of Gaspé, but the latter had already a fort on the spot,—Fort Ramsay,—on the site occupied to-day by the magnificent Gaspé hospital, one of the finest institutions of its kind in eastern Quebec. It was therefore too late for the French to take action.

After the American Revolution, a large number of "Loyalists", preferring to remain under British rule, crossed the boundary line and settled on the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs, and many of their descendants still reside in the village of Gaspé.

The village of Gaspé is the terminus of the Atlantic Quebec and Western Railway, which connects it with New-Carlisle. From the latter place the Quebec and Oriental Railway line runs to Matapédia, whence there is direct service with all other parts of Canada via the Canadian National Railways. Further developments for Gaspé are anticipated, now that the Atlantic, Quebec and Western, and the Quebec and Oriental Railways have been

taken over by the National Railways. The old saying that " it never rains but it pours " has been fully realized for the south shore of the Peninsula, since it now has the most modern and best improved means of communication with all parts of Canada, through a magnificent new highway and up-to-date passenger and freight service by rail.

In addition to those two important links with the other sections of the Dominion, Gaspé is also the port of call of several steamship lines running between Montreal, Quebec and the various settlements along the Gaspé coast, the North shore of the St. Lawrence and Newfoundland. The Clarke Steamship Company maintains a regular service between Montreal, Quebec and Gaspé, and other smaller shipping organizations also carry freight and a few passengers between those points, while a large number of schooners enter and leave Gaspé basin every day. The port of Gaspé is one of the rare harbors where one can still see three and four masted " windjammers " that ply the seas between this country and the old world.

We believe that the above notes on the village of Gaspé should satisfy the tourist's curiosity and at the same time help him enjoy his visit there, so we will now deal with another subject which is closely allied to the history, not only of Gaspé village, but of the entire coast of the Baie des Chaleurs, we refer to the Gaspé cod fisheries.

THE LAND OF THE COD

Gaspé's fisheries

In his interesting work " La Gaspésie ", published in Quebec in 1877, the author, Abbé Ferland, describes as follows the Gaspé Peninsula, in relation to the fishing industry :

" It is the land of the cod. The eyes and the nostrils, the tongue and throat, as well as the ears, will all convince you that cod is the basic food, the source of all " amusements ", the object of all trade and conversations, the cause of all regrets and hopes, the origin of fortune and of life, I would even say, the very basis of society itself ".

Sight and smell will convince the tourist that the Abbé, while he may have been somewhat over picturesque in his description, was fairly accurate in his account of conditions as they existed in those days, and as they still prevail at the present time.

The cod ever has been the chief commercial asset of the country of Gaspé, and the largest factor in its settlement and development.

Although there are no records to show that such was the case, it is surmised, and quite reasonably so, since the first missionaries to Canada found that the Indians had already been in touch with white men, that part of the Gaspé coast at least, was visited by fishers from Greenland and Iceland, as early as the 10th and 11th centuries.

Whatever the case may be, the accounts and reports regarding the fishery resources of the St. Lawrence and the Baie des Chaleurs, sent by Champlain, Sagard and others, to France, and the early "relations" of the missionaries, attracted the attention of the people of the "Old World". Even before news of the abundance of fish in those waters had been sent out in what might be termed an official manner, daring Basque fishermen had ventured from the far off Bay of Biscay to the Canadian shores in quest of a rich sea harvest. We have already seen, while dealing with Trois-Pistoles, on the north shore of the Peninsula, that there are undeniable signs,—in the ruins of their early rendering plants,—of the activities of the Basques long before this country was actually "discovered".



Cod fishing.—Landing the catch

It was, however, only after Champlain and his colleagues and co-explorers, had broadcast the news of the great fishery resources, that cod fishing was established on an actual business and commercial footing.

In 1672, Nicholas Denys, who himself held a lease on the entire shore line, south of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, from Canseau to Cap-des-Rosiers, wrote as follows :

"Those who follow the fishing are mostly Normans from Honfleur, Dieppe and other small harbors of that country, some from Boulogne and Calais, Brittany, Olonne and all the country of Aulnais. The Basques are the most skilful ; after them the Rochelle men and those from the neighboring islands, then the Bourdelois and Bretons."

Those fishing crews crossed the Atlantic each year, caught their fish, prepared it on shore on this side, and then took it back to the markets on the other side. Some hundreds of vessels sailed to and from this country in those early days, and gradually the fishing industry as such became established along the Gaspé shores.

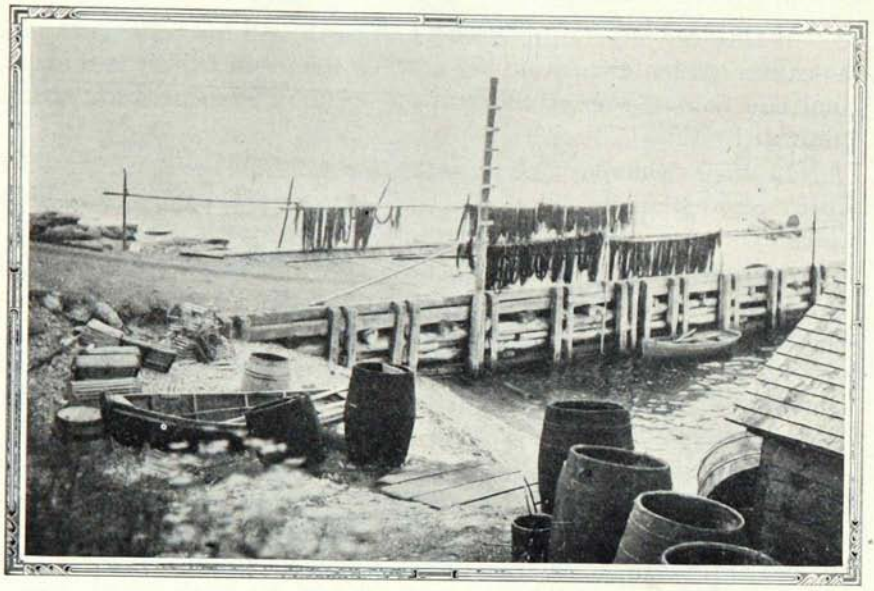
There are only slender records of the fishing business until the time of the coming of the organizer and syndicator of the Gaspé fishing, Charles Robin, in 1766. That he, and his followers, made a great success of their undertaking, in spite of many difficulties and numerous reverses of fortune, due to wars and other causes, the tourist can easily realize for himself. All he has to do is look around him in any of the more important settlements along the Baie des Chaleurs, he will see the great modern general stores still operated as a "chain" system, by the new company which succeeded the original organization set up by the first Robin and his close associates.

There were many competitors to the Robin interests at one time or another on the coast, and even to-day there are several other companies successfully operating fishing stations in Gaspé.

Helping the fishermen

For the last five or six years, the Provincial Government has considerably added to what it had already been doing to favor the fullest possible development of the Gaspé fisheries.

By an Act passed by the Provincial Legislature in 1925 it authorized the formation of associations whose object is the improvement and development of maritime or other fisheries, the



Nets and "gurry" barrels

purchase of rigging, boats and of all articles necessary or useful to fishermen, the buying or selling, or both, the catching, inspecting, preparing, conserving, transforming, transporting and placing on the Canadian and other markets of all kinds of fish ; the building of cold storage plants and all other buildings necessary for the fishing industry, and the canning of fish, and the sale thereof.

To encourage the formation of such associations, the law provides that the property they possess shall be exempt from all Government taxes.

There are at the present time about a dozen such "co-operative" societies in existence, and their progress has greatly contributed to improve the quality of the fish marketed in this country and exported. Before the establishment of those associations fishermen sold their cod without any classification, mixing fish of first quality with that of inferior quality. Government inspectors now examine and classify the catch.

As a further inducement to fishermen to develop the industry, since 1925, the Government grants premiums varying between $5.00 and $15.00 to fishermen who are most careful in the cleaning and washing of cod, with the result that there is now a marked

improvement in the products sold on the market. A further sum of $500.00 has also been granted to existing co-operatives in order to enable them to build storage plants for the classification and packing of fish.

And finally, grants have also been made to help fishermen build larger and stronger boats to permit them to go further out to sea in the pursuit of the cod.

Some figures will give an idea of the importance of the fisheries of Gaspé. In 1925, the last year for which anything like complete statistics are available, the value of the fish caught in the Gaspé Peninsula was $779,509, while the total value of fish and fish products put on sale amounted to $1,302,004. The preparation adding considerably to the value of certain kinds of fish accounts for the difference in the figures.

Probably a more striking and more convincing impression of the value of the Gaspé fisheries may be obtained from the statement made by the general manager of one of the leading fish handling establishments on the coast, who estimates that from twenty to thirty millions of cod are taken yearly along the entire coast. One will naturally wonder that there should be a single cod fish left after nearly three hundred years fishing, but it is simply an illustration of the profluence of the sea.

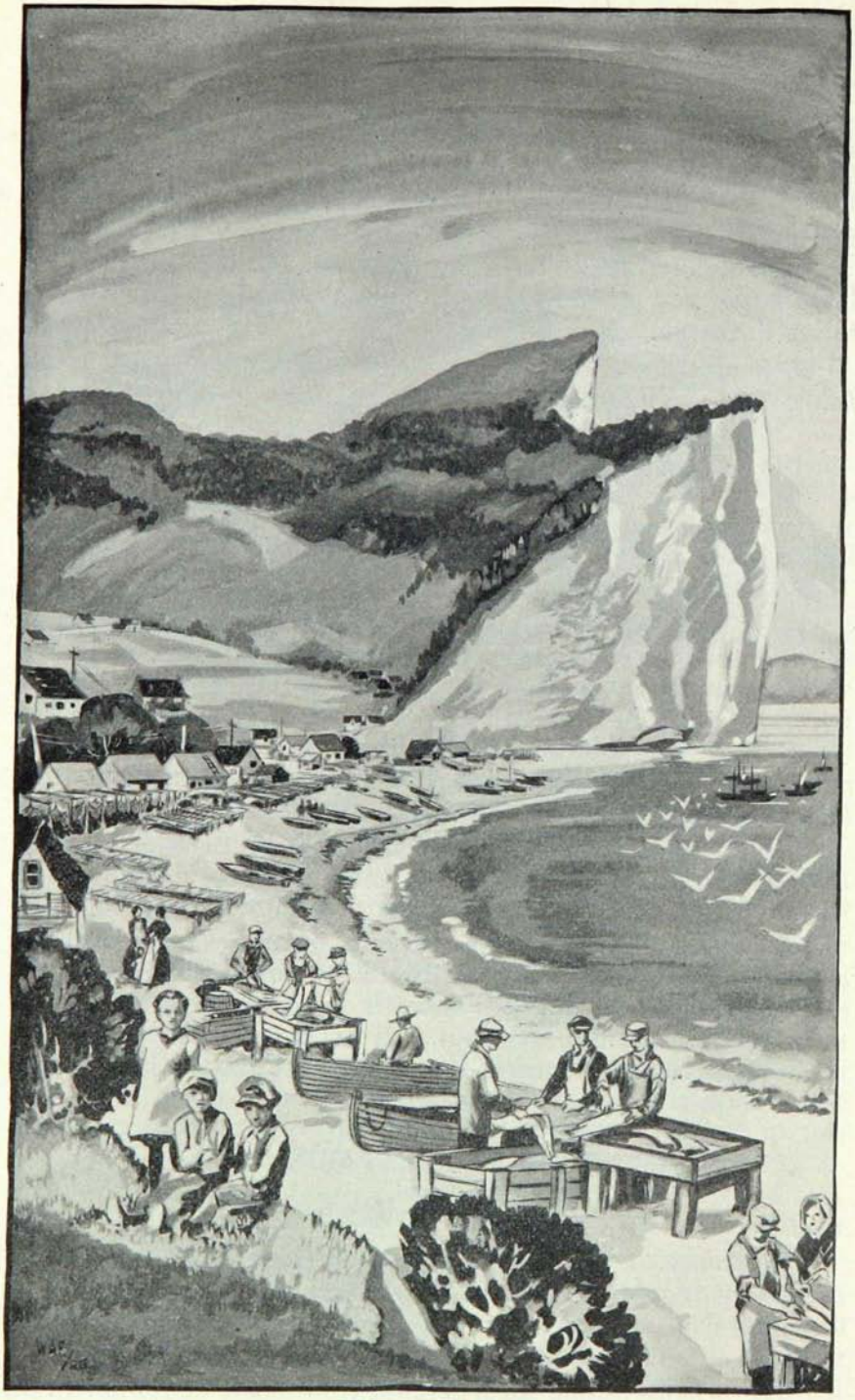
From the above it will be seen that Abbé Ferland was not altogether wrong when he referred to Gaspé as the "Land of the Cod". His reference to the nostrils detecting the presence of the cod, is due to the fact that such huge quantities of the fish are laid out along practically the entire coast, to dry in the sun for export to foreign countries. There is the smell of cod at every turn and twist of the road, but it is never very offensive, since the constant sea breezes carry it away nearly as fast as it emanates from the fish.

CATCHING AND PREPARING COD

A life of constant toil

Reference to the fisheries would not be complete without a few words regarding the manner in which the fish is caught and the general process of making it ready for the various markets to which it is destined.

The inshore fishing is carried out from boats carrying two or



GASPE FISHERIES
Splitting and preparing cod in Gaspé

three men, at a distance of from one to ten miles from shore. Another class of vessels, with crews of from four to seven men, is used on the nearer banks lying from twelve to fifteen miles out.

The methods adopted by the fishermen to-day differ in no manner from that which was practiced by the first white men who came to this side of the Atlantic several hundred years ago.

The implements used are of a very simple and ordinary kind. They consist of a very thin but strong line to the extremity of which three or four hooks are attached, a few inches from each other. A heavy lead "sinker" carries the line to the bottom of the sea when it is dropped overboard. It is then drawn taut, so that it won't "drag" or hang too limp. The upper end is twisted around a "peg" on the gun-walls of the boat, and each fisherman generally handles two of those lines. He holds the line near the top between fingers and thumbs so he can feel the "pull" of the cod when it bites. As soon as he has felt a number of these pulls on his line, he "hauls" it up, unhooks the fish and throws it into the hold of the boat. It the fishing smack is one of the larger variety, the fish slips into the hold down a sort of wooden trough. As soon as one line has been hauled up the other is probably ready to be pulled up, so that the time of the fisherman is well occupied every moment he is out at sea. He is kept busy hauling up his lines, unhooking the cod, rebaiting the hooks and dropping the lines once more to the bottom. As will be seen, the work is rather monotonous, although it is very arduous owing to its continuity without any time for rest.

The tourist who wishes to enjoy the novel experience of cod fishing can easily arrange with any of the hotel owners to have a fisherman take him out in his boat and show him "how it is done". It is well worth the time and the small expense. A fisherman will charge $5 for the use of his boat for a day's fishing, steering himself and giving the necessary instructions.

But the amateur cod fisher must not expect any great sensations from the sport, beyond the experience of suffering from sea sickness if he is not a good "sailor". Cod can by no means be called a "game" fish. It takes the bait and is then satisfied to be hauled up with very little struggle or fight to get away. If, however, the tourist happens to hook a flat fish or flounder, he may have a surprise when he gets his catch near the surface of the water. Unlike the cod, this species of fish does not submit

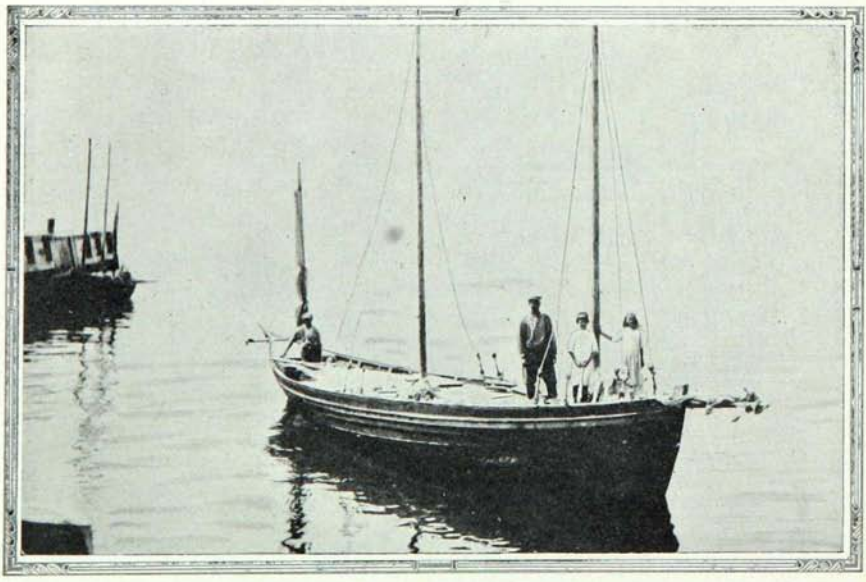
to capture without at least a show of resistance. When a few feet below the surface, as he is being lifted from the bottom of the sea, he suddenly darts, with a rapid "flip-flap" movement, away from his capturer, and it is a diversion to bring the captive back after he has travelled some distance from the boat. An occasional "dog fish", and a small variety of "near-shark" is also sometimes hooked, and they too will supply the fisher with some exitement.

When the boat-hold is fairly well filled, or the fisherman realizes that the cod is no longer "biting", or when he has run out of bait, he returns to shore to unload his catch.

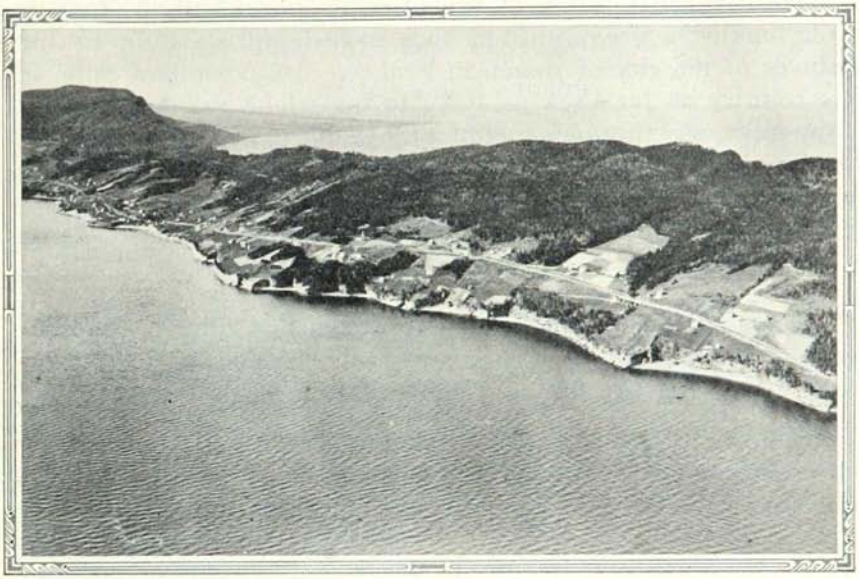
The processes now in vogue for the preparation of the fish after it has been unloaded, are essentially those of two hundred years ago, and can be seen at any of the fishing stations along the shore.

The cod is split, gutted and beheaded. It is laid on the "flakes" flesh up during the day, and turned skin up for the night, so that it will dry properly.

The only changed conditions are in the methods of packing the fish for shipment.



A Gaspé fishing boat



A tongue of land between river and sea

Herring and mackerel are taken with nets or "seines", and the many nets which are seen drying along the coast near certain fishing stations are used for that kind of fishing. Mackerel is also sometimes caught, like cod, with hand lines.

Lobsters are caught in special wooden traps made of "slats". They are box shaped and have a small net "funnel" at each end. A piece of fish is suspended in the centre of the trap and the lobster can get into the trap but cannot turn to get out again. The trap is weighed with a heavy stone and fastened to a rope which is supported on the surface of the water by a buoy.

Commercial salmon fishing is done with nets. The fish can pass over the nets at high tide, to travel landward or into the mouth of the rivers, but when it tries to return to the sea, when the tide drops, it gets caught in the meshes of the nets.

Gaspé, like all other countries "beyond the seas", was believed by the early discoverers and explorers, to contain vast resources of gold, and the discovery of the precious metal was indeed among the earliest quests upon the coast, and though it was never found, yet the next best thing, silver, was, mixed with lead.

The first mine in Canada was discovered accidently by Indians while making a fire, according to a record still existing in the archives of the city of Rouen in France. An expedition came to this country as far back as 1665, to undertake the development of the mine, and the workings are still visible at Little Gaspé, about 10 miles from Peninsula Point. Some of the very old implements that were used in mining operations in those days are still preserved by some of the descendants of the first settlers on that part of the coast.

In his notes on Gaspé, which appear in this guide-book, Monseigneur Ross, Bishop of Gaspé, refers to a visit to the " oil fields ", as an interesting trip for the visitor to the locality.

Indications of oil were first noted by Sir W. E. Logan in 1844, but unfortunately a number of wells that were sunk about that time proved nothing of commercial value had been found.

THE SOUTH SHORE

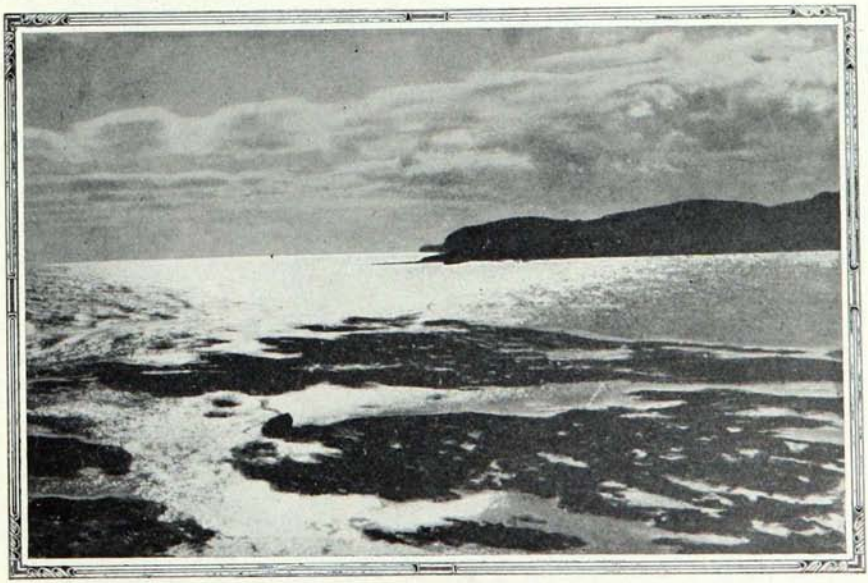
THE BAIE DES CHALEURS

Entering a new country

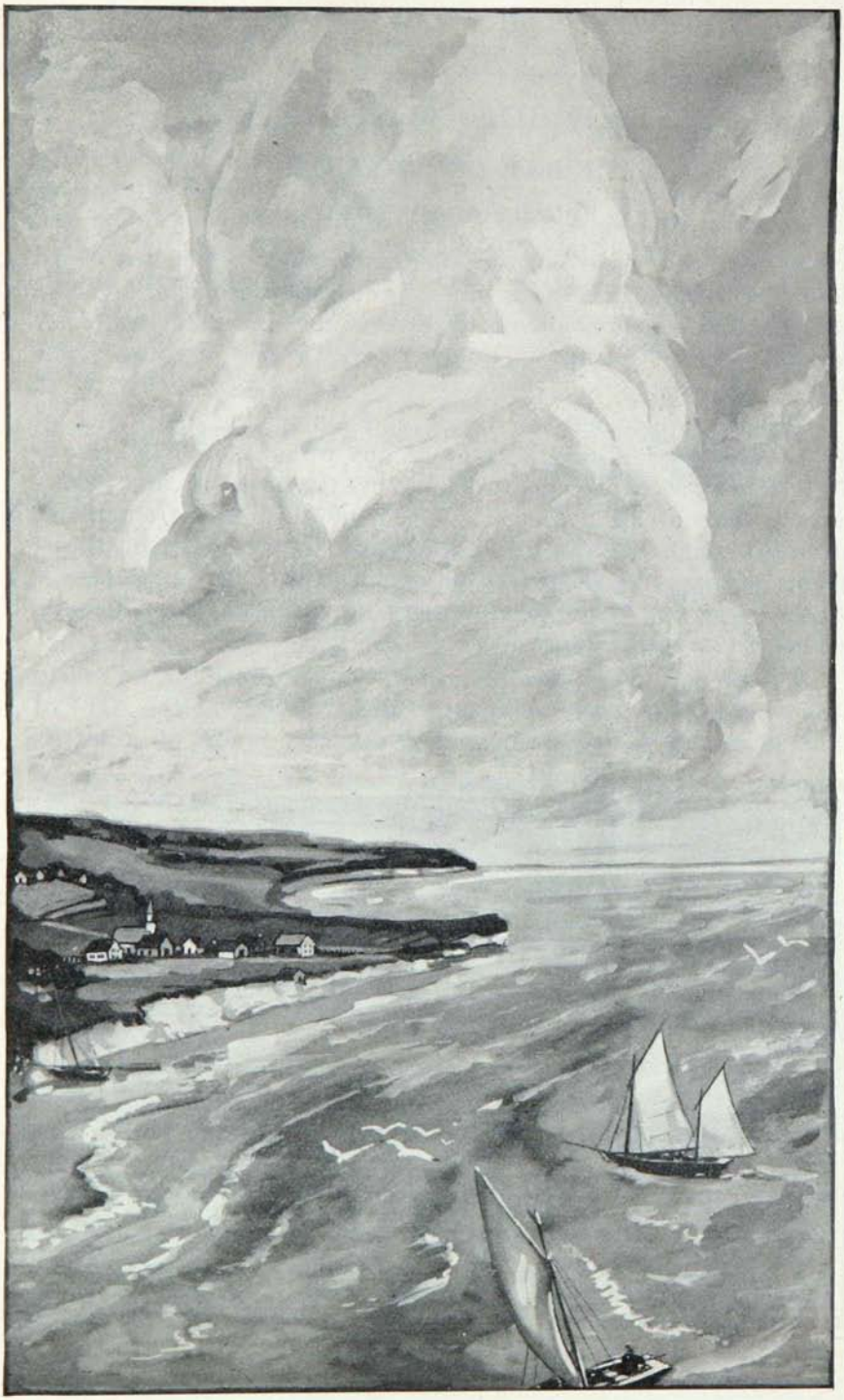
As we leave the village of Gaspé, we enter upon the third section of the "Perron Boulevard", the Gaspé-Matapédia division, and penetrate the second of the three very different countries through which the great highway passes in its circuitous tour of the Peninsula.

The coast line between Gaspé and Matapédia, a distance of 212 miles by the highway, does not in any way resemble the shores of the St. Lawrence River. It is true that the ocean is eating away on both sides of the Peninsula, but on the north at a tremendous advantage, pounding away, under the fierce impact of the northeast storms, against the edges of the rocks, while the south side is attacked only by the quieter waters of the Baie des Chaleurs, against its smooth sloping faces.

The scenery from now on will no longer cause the tourist to "hold his breath", and even sometimes "gasp", at the sight of some of nature's convulsions. The landscapes are of a softer,



Dark clouds hang over the sea



BAIE DES CHALEURS
Cliffs and sea and sandy beaches

milder,more soothing character, they leave a more pleasant, and consequently more lasting, feeling and impression, and their constant change and variety add to their infinite beauty and charm.

"To the portrayal of the sublime and awe-inspiring in nature, the vehement which impinges on the vision and beats its way through the portals of the brain, our language, well-handled, lends itself with adequacy, but to paint in words these gentler aspects and nature's more insinuating moods when she addresses herself to the heart and permeates the being of the observer with a delicious sensuousness, our common vehicle falters."

It is in the above manner, that one of the best descriptive writers, who drew some remarkable pen pictures of the beauties of Gaspesia, expresses his difficulties of expression when faced with the wonderous manifestations of nature's most alluring handiwork.

We will therefore not attempt to give any very lengthy descriptions of the many beauty spots along the Baie des Chaleurs. The tourist will be taken through no less than twenty-seven new settlements before he reaches Matapédia, and the most interesting facts about each one of them will be placed before the traveller in as clear a manner as possible, with a view of providing the visitor with as much information as may help him enjoy to the fullest extent his trip through this new portion of the country.

Before going any further, we may mention the fact that all along the Baie des Chaleurs, although the majority of the people are of French origin, there is a very considerable English speaking population in practically every town or village. The latter are descendants of settlers from Jersey and other Channel Islands, Irish, Scotch and English, and a goodly number of those whose ancestors were Loyalists, who emigrated from the United States at the time of the War of Independence. The result of this mixed population is, that practically all the people along the Baie des Chaleurs speak both English and French with less or more facility.

The first settlement we strike, after leaving the village of Gaspé, and passing through the very pretty small hamlet of Haldimand, where many of the residents of Gaspé go to enjoy the delightful bathing on the fine sand beach, is Douglastown, the religious parish being known as St. Patrick of Douglastown.

A well known surveyor, by the name of Douglas, drew a complete plan for a most modern town which he dreamt would

some day be built on that site. But, although the village took his name, it never developed into anything like what he had intended it should be. Street lines were drawn and lots divided, provisions were made for parks and squares, and locations for the public buildings were indicated on the surveyor's plans, but everybody built just where he pleased, there was no attempt to remain in line, and as a result the village is not any different in general aspect from the many others along the coast.

The parish which was founded in 1845 and was canonically erected in 1860, when the first parish priest was appointed, has a population of 1,000, with nearly as many more within the limits of the municipality. Practically all of the residents are of Irish descent, and it is the only parish of its kind in the diocese of Gaspé. There are only three French families in the village.

The church is built on a small height overlooking the bay and the entire village. It is an old wooden structure.

The principal attractions at Douglastown are its beautiful sand beach, the many delightful auto drives in the immediate neighborhood of the village, and the very interesting boat trips on the bay.

Cod fishing is the main occupation of the people, although there is considerable agriculture and dairying, the products of which go to Gaspé or are sent to more distant markets. There are also a couple of saw-mills which give employment to a number of the residents of the village.

There is accommodation for about twelve people at the "Morris Hotel" where room and board can be secured for $2.50 a day. In addition there is "Ralph's Place", a restaurant and garage, while there are several "tea rooms" along the road leading out of the village.

Douglastown, like most of the other places we will visit from this on until we reach New Carlisle, is situated on the Atlantic, Quebec and Western (now operated by the Canadian National Railways) railway line.

Douglastown is 15.20 miles from Gaspé village.

We are now gradually approaching some of the finest scenery along the entire Gaspé coast, and we will soon see looming in the distance the summits of the mountains which hide from our view the splendors of Percé, one of the most delightful beauty spots on this continent.

First glimpse of Percé Rock

As we reach the municipality of Malbaie, which is civilly divided into Malbaie No. 1 and Malbaie No. 2, and canonically into St. Georges-de-la-Malbaie and St. Pierre-de-la-Malbaie, we get our first glimpse of the lofty Percé mountains, and a little further out we can distinguish the multi-colored cliffs of Percé and the large Island of Bonaventure lying out in the ocean.

St. Georges-de-la-Malbaie was formerly known under the much more picturesque name of " Chien Blanc ", (White Dog) so called by the first fishermen who visited the place, and who claimed they had seen a huge ghostly " white dog ", standing on one of the great cliffs. Many of the residents of the district still refer to it as " Chien Blanc " rather than call it St. Georges.

The parish was detached from the parish of Barachois and erected civilly and canonically in 1881. Until 1903 it was a mission station, and at that date a resident parish priest was appointed. It has a population of about 750 souls mostly descendants of Jersey and Guernseymen.

St. Georges is a pretty little settlement inhabited by farmers and fishers.



When a storm lashes the sea

The name Malbaie comes from the " bay " which was originally known as " Baie des Morues " (Cod Bay) as it appears on the map drawn up by Bellin and published in 1744. The people in that part of the country have a tendency to change the " r " into " l ", and thus made it into " Baie des Molues ". The English speaking people translated it into " Molues Bay ", which gradually became " Malbay ", which was naturally written " Malbaie " by the French.

After travelling a few miles through very fine wooded country, we leave the main highway for a short distance to visit a very pretty little place called Pointe-St-Pierre, (Point St. Peter). It is well worth the small detour, since it gives one the opportunity of seeing a real picture of fine sand beaches, high rocks and a typical small fishing hamlet.

The resident population is only about 50 souls, but during the fishing season it is increased to about 150 by the influx of fishers who gather there on account of the splendid little protected haven and the excellent fishing grounds just outside the bay. There are generally some 25 or 30 fishing smacks in the bay, and until a few years ago, before the breakwater was destroyed by a terrific storm, the small harbor sheltered as many as 80 boats at a time. When the hurricane swept that peaceful little cove, some 30 boats were tossed upon the shore by the gigantic waves, and since that time the summer floating population has considerably diminished.

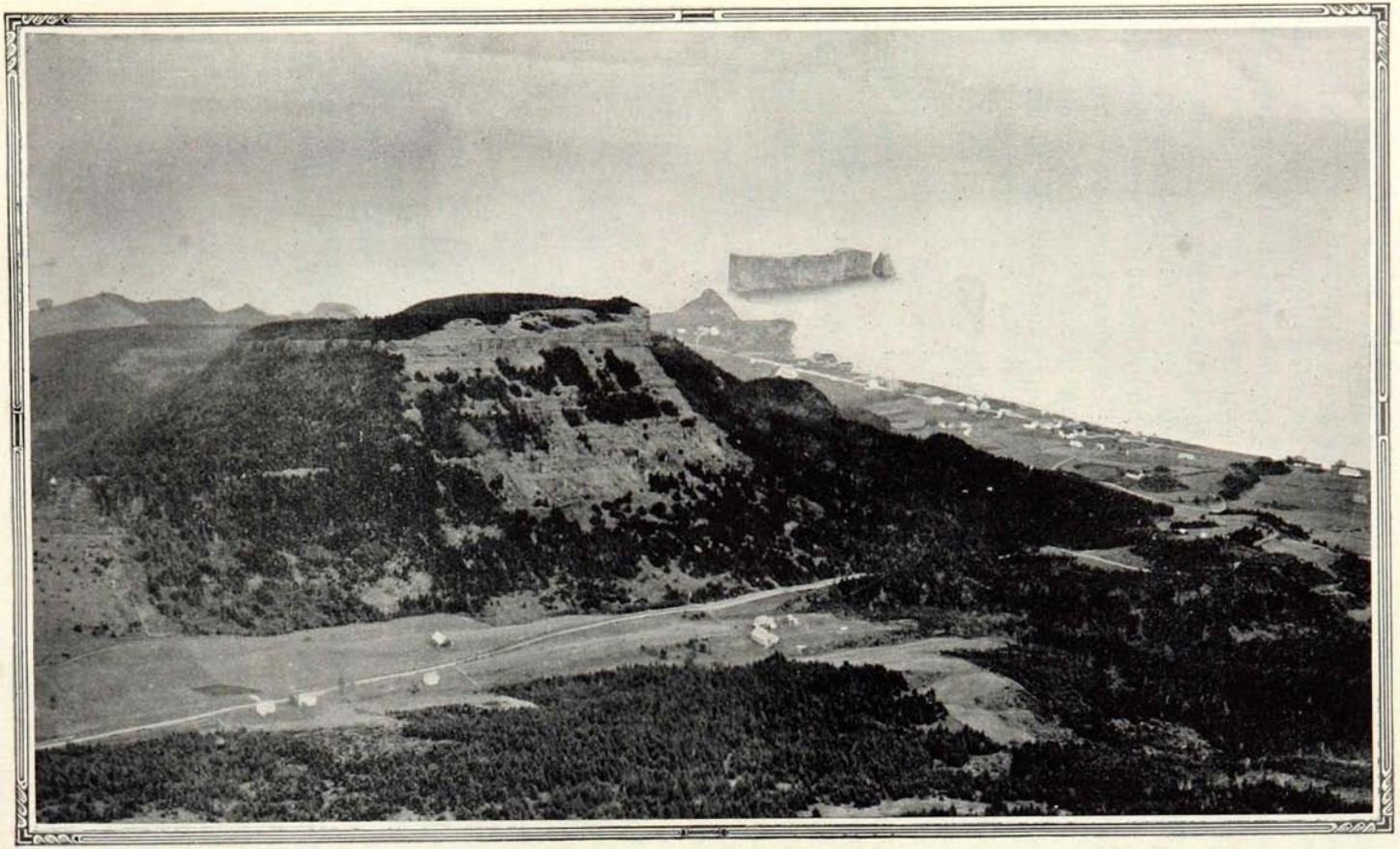
By going down to the beautiful little sandy beach, by a rough and narrow road, which must be negotiated on foot, but only for a couple of hundred feet, the tourist will see as fine a picture of the fisherman's life as he can witness anywhere along the coast.

The beach is only a small one, but the sand is remarkably white and fine, and since it is enclosed between two high masses of rock, it is an ideal spot to take a dip before proceeding on one's journey.

There is a good boarding house with accommodation for six people.

Leaving Pointe-St-Pierre, after we have returned to the " Boulevard ", we proceed on our way. The highway here ascends a fairly steep grade, but the view which awaits the tourist as he reaches the summit, will more than repay for any little trouble experienced in negotiating the hill.

Just as he tops the height, the stupendous " Roche Percée ",



Percé—Where the tourist's dreams come true

(the Pierced Rock), one of the world's wonders,fixes his eye, and in ever growing majesty subtends a larger and still larger angle of his sight, until it fades from his gaze for a while, as he swings into the next bend of the road. It is the first glimpse the traveller gets of the amazing scenic feature of the Gaspé coast, but the tourist will soon be able to admire at his leisure, when he reaches Percé, the marvelous splendor of the " Rock " and its surrounding mountains and cliffs.

We will not anticipate to any greater extent the pleasures in store for the visitor, and will proceed to our next stopping place, St. Pierre-de-la-Malbaie, or to give it the much more picturesque name by which it is known, not only to the residents, but to all those who have ever visited it " Barachois ".

With a singular uniformity the bays of Gaspé, large and small, are equipped with " bars " which nearly sever them from the sea.

Those bars form a sort of line of rest between ocean and inland waters, and the portion of rather shallow water on the " inside " of the bar, nearest to the shore, is known as a " barachois ". There is generally a narrow inlet between the " barachois " and the open sea, and this is known in English as a " tickle '.' The word owes its origin to the subjective sensations of the traveller coming in from sea by boat, who finds the passage across the bar often rough and dangerous.

Abbé Ferland, who has written a great deal about the Gaspé coast, thinks the word " barachois " should be " barre-cheois " that part of the water protected from the violent tumble of the waves.

The village of Barachois

At St. Pierre-de-la Malbaie (Barachois), the barachois is tucked away at the head of the broad embayment of the coast.

The parish of Barachois was founded towards the middle of the eighteenth century, and until 1865 it was a mission station. It was civilly and canonically erected in 1860, although the first parish priest was appointed only six years later.

Barachois has a population of nearly 2,000 inhabitants. It is 30.96 miles from Gaspé and 275.67 from Ste. Flavie, the starting point of the Perron Boulevard.

The village occupies a most picturesque site. From the " main street ", which is really part of the highway, the view is



An ox cart on the Gaspé coast

a most impressive one. To the west the great expanse of blue water of Malbaie Bay, over three miles wide and nine miles long. To the right appears Bonaventure Island, which looks like a huge petrified whale, in the distance, and a little to the left of it, the famous Pierced Rock. Nearer, in the foreground, are the cliffs of Percé.

To the north rise the last undulations of the Appalachian mountains, with the high peak of Mont Sainte Anne, upon the horizon.

Barachois possesses what is probably the largest beach on the Gaspé coast, and this fact, combined with the magnificence of its scenery, are bound to make it one of the most popular summer resorts along the shores of the Peninsula.

The village itself is composed of practically one long street upon which are constructed the main buildings, stores and private dwellings, and from which one can gaze at every step upon its many natural beauties.

It is an ideal spot to spend a day or so, either in summer or in the fall, since the fishing in its neighborhood cannot well be surpassed anywhere else, and shooting during the hunting season is a most promising sport. Delightful trips on the bay, cod fishing

in the open sea, smelt fishing along shore, and bathing on the main beach, or upon any of the many other little stretches of fine white sand along the shore line, are some of the numerous attractions for the summer visitor.

Salmon, some of them of "monstrous" size, are to be found in the Barachois and Malbaie rivers. The fishing rights are mostly held by Mr. Tapp, owner of "Tapp's Hotel", and he arranges angling excursions for those who stop at his place.

The first salmon pool is situated about 2½ miles from the hotel, but the best pool is located about 4 miles away, but only about an acre from a very good road. As an example of the abundance of the salmon in some of the pools, it might be stated, and this is no mere "fish" story, that five splendid fish were caught by one fisher, in 45 minutes of angling.

In addition to the above mentioned rivers and their "pools", there is a beautiful lake, 600 yards long and about 300 yards wide, about 13 miles from the village, but autos can travel to within about a mile and a half of it. The lake was stocked, about 3 years ago, with some 6,000 young salmon, and the angler is always sure of making a good catch. There are two other smaller lakes 4 and 7 miles distant.

To the hunter, the surrounding country is certain to appeal, particularly when it is known that in one season as many as 18 moose were shot in the vicinity of the lake, one of them with a spread of antlers of 52 inches. Deer are also plentiful in the nearby woods, and partridge can be found in abundance on the moors and in the small brush-wood.

Shooting expeditions can be arranged at "Tapp's Hotel", where well trained pack mules, to carry tents and supplies, for those who wish to spend several days hunting, can be secured.

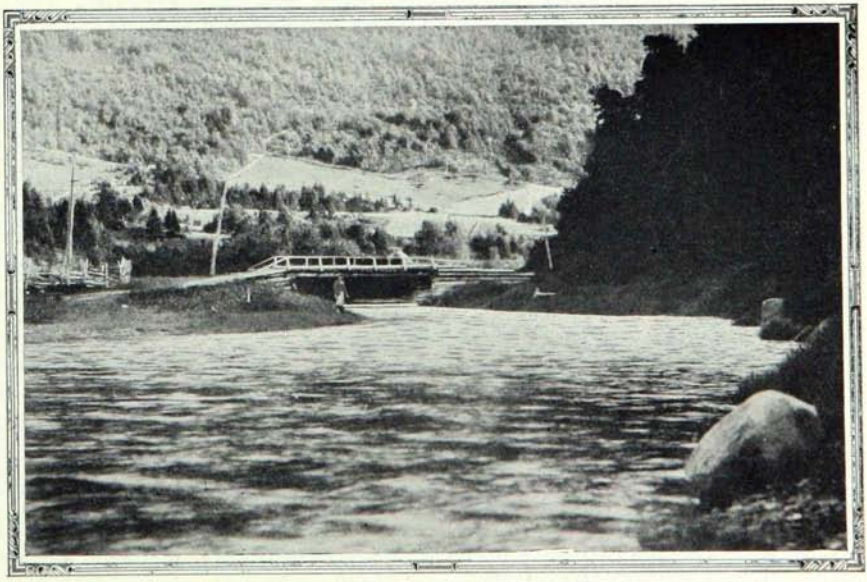
One of the finest boat trips that can be made from Barachois, is around Bonaventure Island and Percé Rock, for which a charge of from $10 to $15, according to the number of passengers, is made, while other shorter excursions on the Bay cost from $1 to $3 an hour, according to the size of the boat.

There is first class accommodation for tourists at the two local hotels, "Tapp's Hotel" and "Barachois Hotel". "Tapp's" is an altogether new hostelry with some 30 rooms, half of them with private bath, and a number which can be converted into suites. The charge is $22.00 a week ($30.00 for a room with private bath).

The daily rate is $3.50 and up. The "Barachois Hotel" has accommodation for about twenty visitors, and the rate is $3.00, for excellent rooms and delicious meals.

Agriculture, but particularly fishing, constitute the principal occupations of the population, and since the village is situated on a railway line and has in addition the great advantage of being astride the splendid main highway, the Perron Boulevard, both the farmers and the fishers are in easy touch with many markets for their crops and fish.

A few miles out of Barachois, after travelling inland, leaving the shore line for a little while, although we still get an occasional glimpse of the sea, we come to another delightful settlement, known as Coin-du-Banc. It is situated some distance from the main highway, and unless one follows very carefully the "white-washed indicators" along the road, one is liable to run off the highway altogether. It is well worth making the extra couple of miles to visit, "en passant", the beautiful sandy beach at "Coin-du-Banc", and stopping for lunch or tea at "Rivert's Hotel", a delightful resting place on a magnificent site. The charges are very moderate and the fare is of the very best. While the tourist rests at "Rivert's", he can enjoy a dip in the ocean, so as to feel refreshed for his next stretch of travel.



Forest and stream in Gaspesia

Returning to the main highway, the traveller will pass through some beautiful forest scenery. Mountains and picturesque valleys succeed one another, and this constitutes a pleasant change from the ocean and rock landscapes. It is as a " preface " to the next chapter in this guide book, the greatest of them all, the arrival at Percé, " where the tourist's dreams come true ".

But Gaspé, as we have stated before, is the land of legend and folklore, and if one tarries a little while at either Barachois or Coin-du-Banc, he is certain to hear some fantastic tales.

A CHALLENGE TO SATAN

The devil stands a " treat "

How the devil himself, who for the time being, had elected domicile on the rugged cliffs of Bon-Ami, at the extremity of the Gaspé Peninsula, to lure to their destruction incoming ships that had to sail past this dangerous point, and thus collect the souls of some of the members of their crews, accepted the challenge of two drunken fishermen to meet them at the " Goulet ", near Barachois, and partake of a bottle of fire-water, is told by some of the old fishers of the locality.

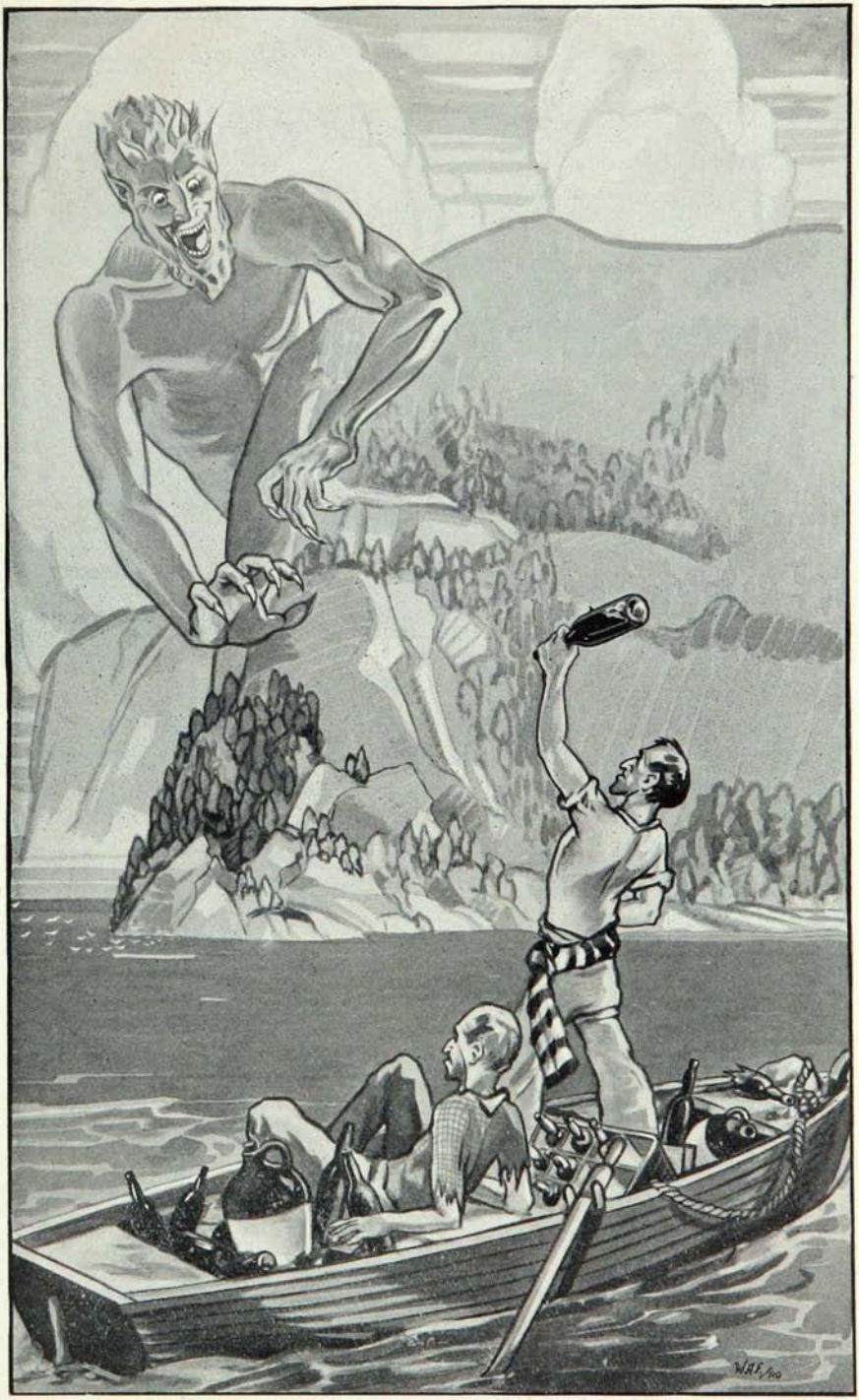
The two men left one morning from Barachois to visit Cape Bon-Ami where they intended to meet some others of their ilk and have a wild " jamboree ". They were " loaded to the bulwarks " with whisky, and in addition had a supply of the spirit on board their boat.

As they sailed passed Bon-Ami, one of them, a miscreant, whose foul language and blasphemous expressions were the terror of the country side, in his drunken frenzy, imagined he saw the evil one perched on the frowning headland. Rising in his boat he put a bottle of liquor to his lips, and after drinking half of the contents, flung the balance of the spirit at the rocks, crying out : " Here, have a drink on me ".

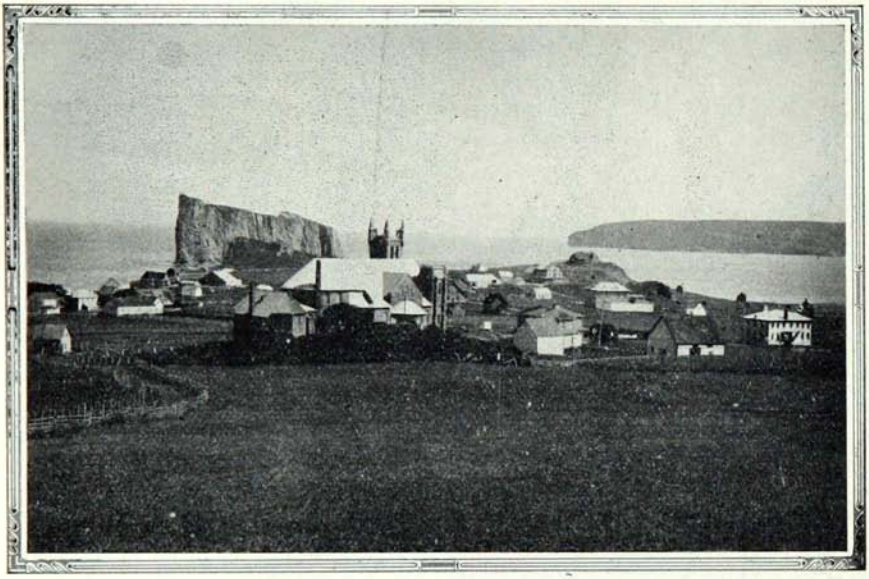
" I shall meet you to-morrow at the " Goulet ", and shall stand you a treat you shall never forget ", came in thundering tones from the top of the cliff.

The drunken fisherman then challenged the " devil " to keep his promise.

With a string of blood curdling oaths, he sang out : " Keep your promise and take my soul. You are only a cowardly demon if you fail to turn up and meet the only man on the coast who fears neither God nor the powers of hell ".



A CHALLENGE TO SATAN
"I shall meet you and shall stand you a treat..."



The village of Percé and the great rock

The only reply he got was a sinister giggling laugh which was followed by a flash of lightning and a deafening clap of thunder.

The two fishers turned their boat and steered back to Barachois.

When they got home they told of their "meeting with the devil of Cape Bon-Ami, and the invitation to meet him in the "Goulet".

The next morning they once more set sail for the fishing grounds. The sea was perfectly calm, with not a ripple on the water. They had not gone more than half a mile when a huge wave was seen to rise as from the bottom of the bay. Their boat was overturned and before anything could be done to save them, they had both sunk to the bottom. The sea then resumed its normal appearance, and once more became as calm as an inland lake.

When later the bodies of the two fishers were recovered, they both still held a bottle in their hand, and upon their throats were the very distinct imprints of claws.

The tale is one of those told in the long lonely evenings, by the flickering light of an oil lamp, in the cabin of some fisherman, as the storm winds howl outside and the mighty voice of the tempestuous seas proclaims the power of the Almighty.

GLORIOUS PERCÉ

THE FAMOUS PIERCED ROCK

A world famed wonder

The ineffable beauty of Percé and its gigantic arched rock cannot be done justice in print, no more than the brush of the greatest master of color could depict in adequate tints the slpendor that is all its own, and which literally staggers the tourist when he first sights it.

A mere statement of facts has almost the tone of exorbitant praise when dealing with this great resort, for at few places anywhere is there revealed a single locality so crowded with such a remarkable variety of natural attractions for the stranger.

Here nature has been most extravagant in the endowment of her charms. The mountains rising abruptly from the rear of the village and seeming to achieve the blue infinity of heaven ; the marvelous view of the sea stretching out to meet the horizon, fascinating in its immensity ; the majestic limestone cliffs ; the towering Pierced Rock ; picturesque Bonaventure Island in the foreground of the scene, and the wide reach of hill-sides radiant in the sunshine and dotted with trim, cosy, farmhouses, all combine to form a never to be forgotten picture.

The village itself is in the undulating valley between the mountain and the shore cliffs, and in every direction there is a glorious panorama of verdant slopes, contrasting harmoniously with the soft red of the cliffs and their varying shades of yellow and green.

The limestones of Percé surpass anything that can be seen in any part of the world in bold and startling picturesqueness.

Bold coast and gentle smiling beach, the Peninsula's two great trump cards, are here in close conjunction.

Jagged cliffs, insulated rocks, sombre headlands and grassy slopes encircle the consecrated mountain of Ste. Anne, almost every shade of the spectrum bends its rays to the eye, and both pen and brush falter when they attempt to depict this most dramatic spot on the entire Gaspé coast.

The feature attraction of Percé is the world famed Roche Percée (Pierced Rock) from which the village itself gets its name.

The word "rock", however, does scant justice to this prodigious landslide or volcanic eruption. It is a big slice of headland that has drifted several hundred feet to sea.

Percé Rock is no such grey pile as one may find among the striking sea ruins on the shores of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the Orkneys or the Cornish coast. It is its brilliancy of color, even more than its huge size and remarkable shape, that appeals most to the tourist, particularly if he remains a day or so at Percé, and is thus given the opportunity of admiring the wondrous changes it undergoes under various conditions of light. Its walls are bathed in tints of purple-red, bright yellow and grey-blue, and those dfferent hues vary in bright sunshine, under clouded skies or when a mist hangs over the sea. The top of the rock is covered with a mantle of green, and near the summit, orange-red lichen form as a girlde, to add to the already dazzling color scheme.

But as we said before, it would be useless to attempt to describe the impressive beauty, the grandeur of the spectacle. We will, however, borrow the following pen picture drawn by Abbé Ferland, who visited the Roche Percée as far back as 1836. Although the description was written nearly one hundred years ago, it is still quite true to nature to-day.

"The Isle Percé appears to have been formerly joined to Mont Joli ; it is separated therefrom only by a straight channel which is dry at low water. The length of the plateau is about eight acres and its width is reckoned at only from sixty to eighty feet. In its entire extent the rock is only a continuous cliff, the average height of which is two hundred and ninety feet..... The waves have already cut out two arches, remarkable for regularity.... (Abbé Ferland was writing at the time there were still two arches).... Through the principal arch the barges can pass at all times either under sail or by oars... The debris of the rock scattered all along, bear witness that the sea is still continuing its encroachments.... Some day, perhaps, the arches will gradually fall in and the Isle Percé will form three immense columns which will rival in volume the Pyramids of Egypt."

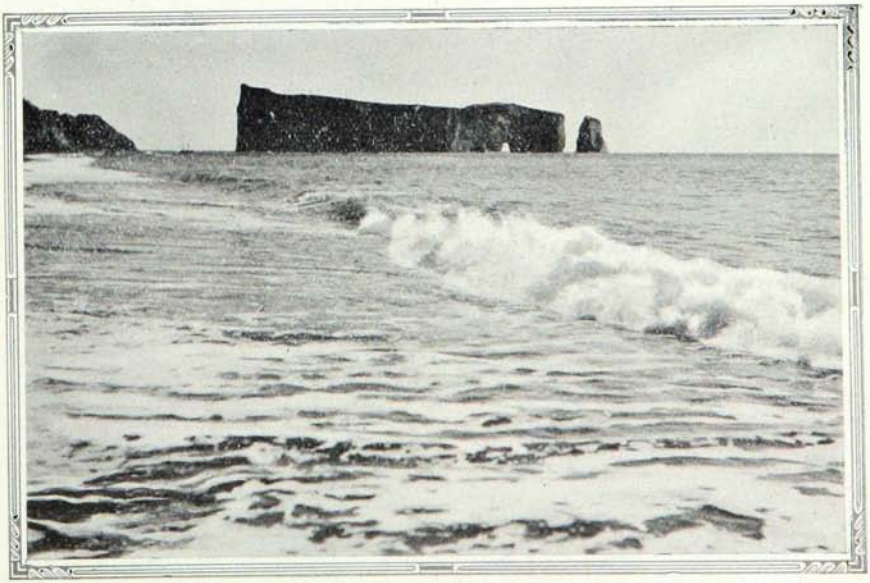
Dealing with the same subject, John M. Clarke, the famous American geologist and descriptive writer, comments as follows :

A menhir of the sea

"Percé Rock is six hundred feet from Mont Joli along a sandbar which one still walks at low tide. There is a beach on both sides for a part of the distance at low tide but it is an uncertain thing, disappearing at high water except in retreats on the north shore, and at no time can one make the circuit of the Rock by foot. It is two hundred and eighty-eight feet high at the prow, two hundred and fifteen freet high at the arch and one hundred and fifty-four feet high at the outer end, it is fourteen hundred and twenty feet long, fifteen hundred and sixty-five feet from the prow to the outer end of the obelisk ; it is about three hundred feet wide in its widest part. The part of the rock exposed above water weighs about four million tons."

Dealing with the destructive effect of sea and storms on the great rock, Mr. Clarke writes :

"From the broken vertical strata of its cliffs, fragments fall easily, and the winter's storms and frosts bring down large masses. Yet its blocks are wedged in tight, and in roving back and forth at the foot of the cliff day after day, I have not observed the actual fall of a single large piece. However, the base of the cliff is



Fringe of surf and the "Roche Percée"

covered with large masses, and the shores of Mont Joli made up of the fragments washed from the Rock. The most striking pile of fallen blocks now lies on the north side at one of the projecting angles, and is composed of ten or twenty pieces weighing from five to ten tons each. They are the accumulations of no one seems to know how many years. I have found no one ready to venture a suggestion as to how much of this rock falls annually. Certainly more comes down in some years than others, and the fall of an arch would break all averages. This latter factor, however, is now practically eliminated. After careful observation, I should regard three hundred tons a year a fair average, five hundred tons a year large ; and one thousand tons a year most exceptional. With the first approximation it will take the sea and weather upward of thirteen thousand years to accomplish the ruin of the cliff ; with the second, eight thousand ; and with the third, four thousand. Unborn generations of Gaspesians will gaze upon the undimmed lustre of this magnificent cliff."

Originally the rock had three or four arches or "holes". Until 1845 there were still two. On June 17 of that year, one of them fell with a thundering crash, and to-day there is only one left, about sixty feet high in the centre.

It seems to have been a common practice, in the early days, to ascend to the top of the rock, but to-day the angles of the great mass have so changed that to climb it seems beyond human daring.

The top of the rock is the home of countless gulls and cormorants ever moving about like a halo of fog scuds, and screaming sempiternally in the same shrill notes that echoed on the sea cliffs of the lost mountain in the ages past.

Pages could be written about the great Percé Rock, but we believe to have said enough to convince the tourist that the sight is one of the most marvelous ones in any part of this continent.

Magnificent scenery

The "Roche Percée" is by no means the only attraction of Percé. The numerous mountains around the village are a never-ending object of admiration for the visitor.

Mount Ste. Anne is one of the highest peaks of the group, which form a kind of a wall in the background of the village. It is 1,300 feet above sea level, and a view from the top, if the visitor is a good alpinist, is a treat for the gods. Just alongside



The "Peak of Dawn" at Percé

stands majestic Mont Blanc (White Mountain), and between the two is another unique creation of nature, as remarkable in its own way at the Pierced Rock itself, the "Grande Crevasse" (Great Rift), a long crevice, seven feet wide at the top and tapering down to a few inches at its base. When the weather has been very dry a trip through the giant crevice, which is 200 feet deep, although it may prove somewhat difficult, will give the tourist a genuine thrill.

There are many strange mountain caves which will all procure new sensations to the holiday explorer.

The mountain peaks and heights, starting from the sea, as one faces Mont Joli and looks to the left, are :

Cap Barré, a lofty cliff jutting out into the ocean, and the Three Sisters, three other huge masses of limestone and granite, as like as triplets.

Pic-de-l'Aurore (The Peak of Dawn), 600 feet high, a bald topped hill which is kissed by the first early rays of the rising sun, and takes a beautiful pinkish tint when the light of dawn shines upon it. It is also, for that reason, called Rosy Peak in English.

Mont Ste. Anne, standing a little forward, and which is said

to have been the gathering place of the Indian Sun Worshippers in the ages long gone by. A large statue of Ste. Anne stood on the top of the mountain until a few years ago when it was knocked down by a fierce storm. Plans are now being made to replace the monument to the great patron saint of sailors and fishermen. Even in more distant times a cross was erected on one of the summits of Mount Ste. Anne, known as Table à Rolland (Rolland's Table) or Table Roulante (Rolling Table), but it evidently did not withstand the furies of the great blasts of wind which sweep over the hills in winter. Father Enjalran, an early Jesuit missionary, in one of his accounts of the work he did among the Gaspesians, tells of seeing the cross when he stopped at Percé, on his way to Tadoussac, in 1675.

A little in the rear rises the highest peak in the region, Mont Blanc (White Mountain), about 1,400 feet above sea level.

To the right is Mont Joli and Cape Canon, two mere hills or cliffs immediately facing the great Pierced Rock.

As can be seen, Percé offers the visitor a variety of mountain scenery such as can be found in no other locality along the coast, and in the valleys in-between are numerous natural beauties, such as the " Grotte " with its beautiful tumbling stream.

Percé is extremely rich in strange rocky and mountain formations, and one of its curiosities is the range of serated cliffs of the Murailles (The Walls), which rise from the water to six hundred feet in concave fronts and which are believed to be the remnants of a majestic mountain which partly spanned the bay. The Murailles begin with Cap Barré at the end of the north beach, and the rocks rise higher and higher to the climax in double pointed Rosy Peak, beyond which lies the lofty fault-scarp of the Grande Coupe. They are brilliantly tinted and are very colorful. Seen from one of the neighboring heights they present a certain resemblance to the famous Giants' Causeway on the north eastern coast of Ireland.

The landscapes around Percé are of such wonderful variety that even if the tourist were to spend several weeks in the village he would still notice something different every day. This is one of the great attractions of this wonderful summer resort, the diversity of the scenes that delight the visitor every time he turns his head.

Bonaventure Island

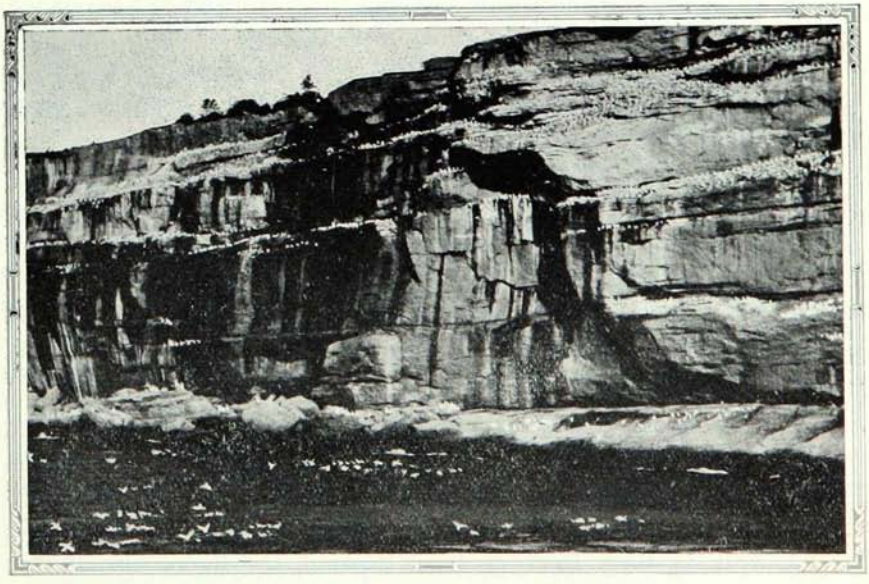
When he is tired viewing the mountains, gazing in amazement and admiration at the menhir like Pierced Rock, the visitor can turn to the sea and wend his way, or should we say trim his sail, in the direction of Bonaventure Island, one of the other great wonders of Percé.

Bonaventure Island lies about three miles off shore and looks very much like some gigantic petrified whale that would have grounded on a sandbar or reef.

It is about three miles long and about 1½ mile wide, with a surface sloping down from the north to a rocky shore at the southwest.

The island can be visited by taking a boat from Percé beach, but it is preferable to have a fisher take one right around the island. If possible the visitor should make the trip by moonlight, when he will enjoy one of the most exquisite sights in a life time. The charge for the trip is usually $5, but a special rate may be made for a party of several persons who wish to make the trip together.

The ideal way to see Bonaventure Island is first to tramp it,



Gannet ledges on Bonaventure Island

get acquainted with its hospitable people, its wooded bluffs and its marvelous bird cliffs, then to cruise about it and get a fuller and more majestic view of the bird ledges.

Bonaventure is first and foremost a bird sanctuary. It is forbidden to catch or kill, or in any way molest the hundreds of thousands of gulls, gannets, and other sea fowl that make it their home. If one saunters through the island, after climbing to a height of about four hundred feet above sea level, he will come to the ledges where the birds sit in ranks at attention, save for the busy sentinels hovering above them. They remain quiet until some unusual noise or sound rouses them, and then pandemonium breaks loose, a white cyclone of plumage rises into the air with a chorus of shrill cries. It is indeed a most wonderful sight.

Bonaventure has some very old buildings. It had its mission early in 1600, and some Biscay fishermen were established on it possibly before that date. That those fishers were "doing well" is shown by an account of a visit by one of the early missionaries, Father Enjalran, who states that he saw a Biscay fisherman who was catching six thousand cod a day.

The island was the former home of Captain Duval, privateer and freebooter, who was the terror of the French seamen during the wars between France and England. We will have something more to say about the famous sea-rover later.

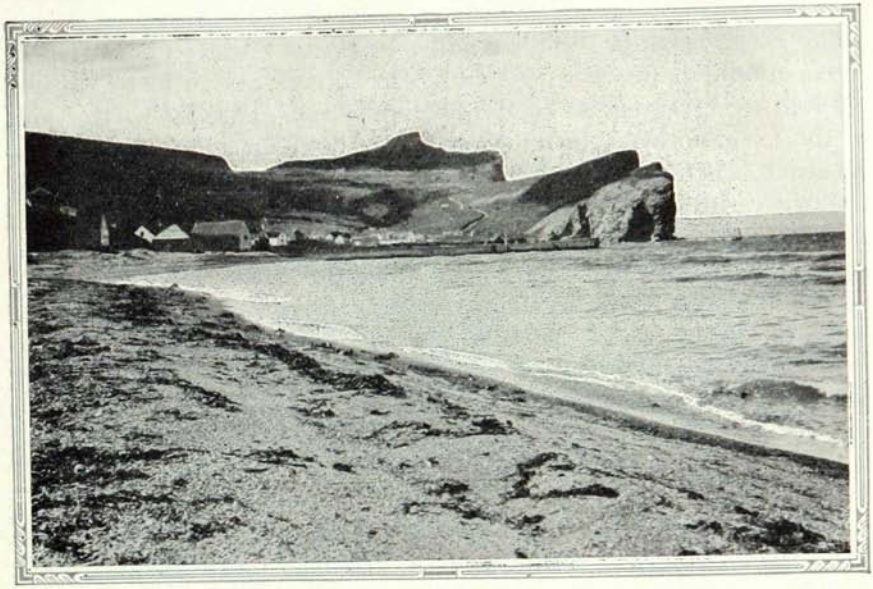
Some of the old homes on Bonaventure Island are real museums, particularly the Philip Mauger house, and the visitor is sure of a hearty welcome if he calls at any of those places.

As one sails away from the Island, one should not forget to cast a last glance at its great gannet cliffs for the view is most amazing since the eye catches the whole feathered facade of the rocks as it cannot from the land.

But beautiful and fascinating scenery, on land and at sea, is not the only lure of Percé. It has many other attractions that appeal to the tourist.

Surf bathing is one of the chief recreations of the holiday visitor. The buoyant salt water is always at a temperature to make a dip thoroughly enjoyable and the long wide beaches are unexcelled for sea-shore recreations.

A walk to Rosy Peak, a drive through the Percé Mountains, boat trips around Bonaventure Island and the Pierced Rock, a



Frowning headlands of Percé

visit to the Crevasse, a motor ride to Cap d'Espoir, passing through Cape Cove, one of the old fishing settlements, a trip to Surprise Hill to get the most magnificent view possible of the Rock, a climb along the cliffs to Corner of the Beach.

Such are some of the many pleasant ways of spending your time, which you will always feel is too short, during your stay at Percé.

If you do not care to take any kind of strenuous exercice, you can roam over the grassy hillsides and recline yourself and enjoy to the full the peaceful and beautiful landscapes before you ; or you can watch the many glorious sunset effects over the hills, and the sunrise glimpses over the water. If artistically enclined there is material enough around Percé for scores of fine sketches, paintings or photographs.

For those who do not wish to stay at a hotel there are some very fine camping grounds in the vicinity of the village, and all kinds of supplies and provisions can be obtained at the local stores, while good lunches and afternoon tea can be enjoyed at the many first class tea rooms and restaurants.

For the angler there is excellent and free fishing in rivers and lakes where trout and other fine fish can be caught in abundance.

Some good "strings" can be gathered on the Beatty and Portage rivers about five or six miles from Percé village, and quite accessible by auto over very good roads. Murphy Lake, situated at the end of the Lemieux road, is another ideal spot for a good days' sport. To reach it the tourist should drive as far as Bourget mill, and then a short tramp will take him to the lake. While there is some good shooting in season in the neighborhood of Percé, the hunter will have to go some distance if he wishes to secure a fair "bag". Guides for both fishing and shooting expeditions can be secured by applying at any of the principal hotels, where all information that can help make the visitor's stay at Percé most enjoyable and pleasant, will be cheerfully supplied.

A Cistercian monastery

A most interesting side-trip during one's stay at Percé, consists of a visit to the site of the new monastery of the Cistercian monks, who are completing the construction of extensive buildings to be used as a home for the religious, and a centre of agricultural education in a fine region of colonization.

Thanks to the munificence of the Provincial Government who granted the monks a large tract of land, the Cistercians will open up new lands to cultivation and teach those who wish to engage in agriculture the best methods by which they can obtain the most fruitful results from their labors.

In other localities where the religious have established monasteries, particularly at Oka and at Mistassini, they have converted a wilderness into most productive fields. They have from time immemorial been ideal pioneers, and their establishments have always brought prosperity to the localities where they have been erected.

Their new home, about 8 miles from the village of Percé, will consist of a main building 40 by 90 feet, which will serve as a monastery. In addition they are constructing a modern barn of the same dimensions, poultry houses, stables, and a large piggery.

They will conduct experimental work in farming, and will show new settlers, who are certain to gather in large numbers around their monastery, how to get the most out of their land and how to make a success of farming.

Later, when their new undertaking is well under way, an

orphanage, where young boys will be taught the rudiments of good farming, will be erected near the main buildings.

The site of the monastery is a most picturesque one. It stands on a slight elevation looking over a beautiful valley.

The visit to the location can be made with perfect ease over a first class road, and the trip is well worth while, since it gives the tourist an idea of what is being done to help settle the land some distance away from the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs, along the Gaspé coast.

The hospitality of the Cistercian monks is well known, and the visitor is sure to be received with the most hearty welcome and the greatest courtesy and codiality by the religious at their new home.

THE HISTORY OF PERCÉ

The municipality of Percé was founded in 1845, and the spiritual wants of the people were attended to by missionaries until 1872, when the first resident parish priest was appointed. It had been canonically erected in 1860 and civilly the following year.

The village of Percé is not directly on the main highway, it is situated about five miles from the "Perron Boulevard", but it is



The "Three Sisters" at Percé

reached by a very fine stretch of gravel road, and long before the traveller gets near it, even before he has to turn off the Boulevard to take the road leading right down to the village, there are numerous indications clearly showing the way he has got to follow to get to his destination.

The village is also quite a distance from Percé railway station on the old Atlantic, Quebec and Western Railway, now operated by the Canadian National Railways.

Percé has a population of nearly 2,000. Fishing and agriculture are the main occupations of the people, and there is a prosperous butter factory and a small cod liver oil producing plant, while lumber for local consumption is produced in a couple of small saw-mills.

Percé is the judicial seat of the county, and among its main buildings are the court house and the branch of the Banque Canadienne Nationale. There are a number of good stores, where goods of every description, including a great variety of souvenirs, can be secured.

The church of Percé is one of the finest along the entire Gaspé coast.

John M. Clarke, in describing the beautiful place of worship, says in his sketches of Gaspé :

"The sublimity and grandeur of a rock formation can be displayed only in cliff or crag or mountain peak, but its beauty is often veiled until it plays its part in the realization of some grand creation of the artist or some poem of the architect. The great buildings of the world are the exaltation and the dignification of the rocks. Art alone has known how to elicit from them the qualities which in combination contribute to the highest intellectual enjoyment. The finest specimen in the world of the Old Red Sandstone of Scotland, the formation that Miller loved to describe, is Skibo Castle, and the most striking example of the Gaspé sandstones, which are of the same geological formation, is the new church of St. Michel at Percé. The soft red brown of the body stone, relieved by the spots made by the shale pebbles in them, lends a dignity to the fine lines of the majestic and beautiful building, while a too sombre effect is relieved by sills and lintels of a green freestone. The finished edifice is a glorification of Nature's crude product."

In addition to its splendid church, Percé has a number of other

religious and educational buildings. It possesses no less than eight catholic schools, including a " model " school and one of higher or superior education.

There is a pretty little Anglican church on a small elevation, where the many descendants of the early Jersey settlers, who were of the Protestant denomination, gather to worship on Sundays.

The Christian faith was introduced to the natives who lived along the coast where Percé stands to-day, in the very early days of the settlement. The " Recollets ", an order of Friars, were the first to enter the mission field. According to available records, it had been proposed to the Jesuit superiors in France to establish colonies for the dissemination of the Gospel, as early as 1610, but Champlain had a fondness for the " Recollets " ; there was a Franciscan monastery in his home town of Brouage, so the missions in New France were begun by the four he brought out in 1615.

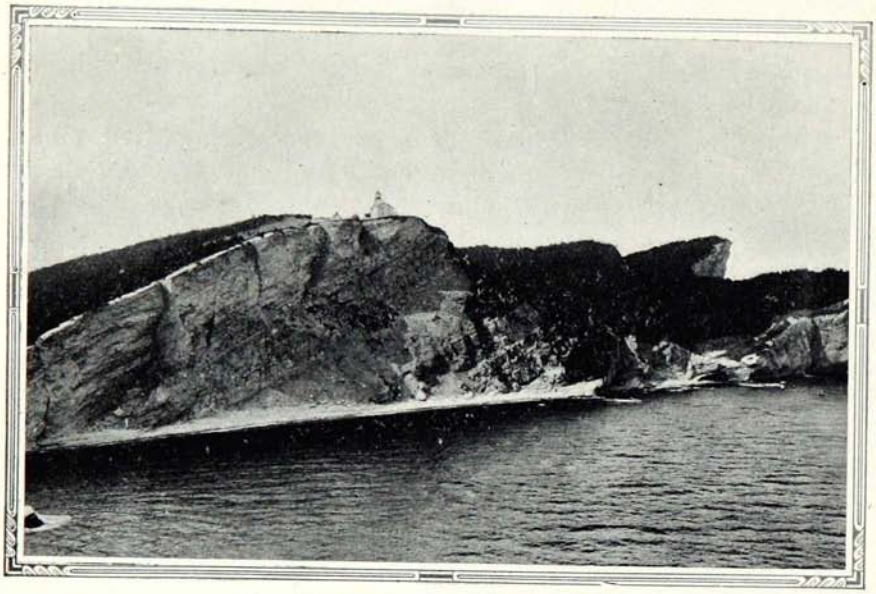
Both the religious and fishing stations of Percé were destroyed on several occasions by those who were seeking the conquest of the new colony. The fleets of Phipps and of Wolfe ravaged and completely destroyed Percé and other settlements on that part of the Gaspé coast.

But the missionaries were evidently not the first to visit the present site of Percé, since tradition has it that Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, stopped there long enough to plant a cross on the high bluff of Mont Joli. That original cross, if ever erected, was destroyed by the storms and wind, but there still stands an old wooden cross on that headland. Nobody seems to know when the present sign of the Faith was planted on the site.

Souvenirs and curios

Percé is naturally rich in mementoes of its past history and of its early residents. As already stated, there are several very old houses on Bonaventure Island, where many samples of ancient pottery, utensils and weapons, can be admired by the tourist. One of the most interesting of those souvenirs is possibly the original " commission " granted by the King of England, to the famous privateer, Peter Duval. It is held by the descendants of the free-booter, who still reside on the Island.

The cutlass, with which the fearless captain cut down his enemies when he boarded their ships on the high seas, can be



Granite and limestone cliffs of Percé

seen at the general store of Chs. Biard, on Laurier lane, just around the corner from the great hotel, the "Percé Rock House". Mr. Biard will also exhibit to any visitor who applies to him, and will do so with a wealth of most interesting explanations, a skull found on the shores of Percé. It is believed to be that of the victim of the very first murder committed by a white man in the new colony. It has a hole in the top, most evidently made by some sharp instrument, and a note attached to it reads: "Behold all that earth preserved of Simon Baston, merchant of New Rochelle, who met his death by a hand spike while in a fight on Percé beach with the captain of the "Prince Maurice" in 1673. 250 years later, this punctured skull was resurrected by two seekers after truth and treasure from its resting place on Mont Joli."

It might be stated that Mont Joli was at one time the site of a cemetery, and upon its summit are still to be found a number of tombstones, among them that of John Duval, a descendant of Captain Peter; that of Joseph Tuzo and Mary Tuzo, who died in 1843 and 1852 respectively; and another upon which can still be read: "Here lie the remains of Anny Openshaw, wife of John Openshaw, who died on 12 of April... (the year is worn off)... at the residence of P. H... (the full name is effaced).. at

Malbaie." The stone is a very old one and must have been erected over a hundred and fifty years ago.

The summit of Mont Joli is the property of the Federal Government. It constitutes a public park known as Logan's Park, under the supervision of the Geological Branch of the Department of the Interior. On the face of one of the rocks, in the centre of the park, is affixed a bronze memorial plate with the following inscription : "To Sir W. E. Logan, Kt., L.L.D., Frs., 1796-1875. Father of Canadian Geology. Founder and 1st Director of the Geological Survey of Canada 1842-69. Erected by the International Geological Congress."

On another portion of the same huge rock is a bronze plaque, bearing the names of Percé's Great War heroes.

The strata of Percé Rock teem with fossils. The most striking of them all are the " trilobites ", ancient precursors of the lobsters of the coves. A very fine sample can be seen at Mr. Biard's store. It is calculated by geologists that the Pierced Rock contains at least four million of those " trilobites " and four hundred millions of other fossils. Those figures should serve to give an added feature of interest to this attractive spot.

A wooden statue, which stands on the top of a barn along



Panorama of Percé Village

the main street, may puzzle the visitor. It is merely an old ship's "figurehead" which originally decorated the prow of a Spanish vessel, and which was picked up at sea many years ago. At one time it carried a battle axe in one hand and a "scimitar" in the other, but they have been broken off by the wind.

The village of Percé is well supplied with good hotels for the accommodation of visitors, and in addition has many first class boarding houses, restaurants and places of refreshment.

The principal hotels are :

The Percé Rock House, a splendid modern holstery situated on Mont Joli, overlooking the Pierced Rock. It is the "rendez-vous" of the elite of the travellers. It has accommodation for about 100 guests and many of the rooms have private baths. The rates charged are $4.00 and up. One of the features of the hotel is the veranda like dining room which can accommodate some sixty persons at one time. The cuisine is unexcelled, lobster prepared in many different fashions, fresh salmon, cod fried in butter or boiled and served with thick white sauce, delightful scallops, and other delicious sea food, are always on the menu when in season. On the grounds ajoining the hotel is a very fine tennis court for the use of the guests.

The South Beach Hotel has some 30 rooms, several with private baths. It is also beautifully situated and has an excellent table service. The rates are $3.50 and up.

The Sea View House, overlooks the Bay and some of the finest scenery about the village. It has 25 rooms, a few with private baths, and the meals are very good and the service most satisfactory. The rate is $3.00 and up.

The other hotels are : Magher's Hotel, with 10 rooms ; W. Baird's Hotel, with 6 rooms ; The Haven, operated by Ern. Baird, with 6 rooms ; S. J. Flynn's Hotel, with 6 rooms ; A Flynn's, with 5 rooms, and A. Harbour's Hotel, with 5 rooms. The rates in those latter hotels are from $2.50 to $3.50 a day for room and meals.

Percé has two well equipped garages.

THE GOU-GOU

The ogress of Bonaventure Island

A description of Percé would not be complete without a brief account of one of its most startling and interesting legends, that of the " Gou-Gou ", the giant ogress of Bonaventure Island, as it is still narrated by the old fishermen of Percé.

The monstrous creature had the form of a female, but with a frightful countenance, and she was of a size so great that the masts of a ship would not reach to her waist. She was often seen to be striding the rocks of the Island, and sometimes was known to have crossed the channel to the mainland, the waves of the bay scarcely covering her huge bare knees, and to have captured Indians on the shore. She would put them in the " pocket of her apron ", take them to her lair, where she would gobble up half a dozen of them at one sitting. She made fearful noises, her voice sounded like the hurricane winds howling in the crevices of the cliffs.

Like many other monsters created by the prolific imagination of the early inhabitants of that country, and the " ghosts " and " spirits " that bore sway along the wild coast of Gaspé, the " Gou-Gou " lost all cast upon the arrival of the missionaries. She was forced to give up her demesne and seek some more distant fields of operation.

The terrifying form the Indians saw astride Bonaventure Island or crossing the channel, was probably a cloud of mist or fog which sometimes assumes the most fantastic shapes, and those children of nature soon conjured up in their creative minds, the ogress in her rocky fastness.

" Surprise Hill "

Much as we might love to stay at Percé, fascinated by its beauties and charms, we must proceed on our journey, since " time and tide wait on no man ", and we still have a considerable distance to travel before we have fully " covered our territory ".

But if we turn our back upon the Pierced Rock and the Island of Bonaventure, we will take a last look at them both before we forsake them altogether.

As the tourist reaches the top of what has so properly been



THE "GOU-GOU"
The ogress of Bonaventure Island

named "Surprise Hill", on the road out of Percé, just as he is about to swing to the right to resume his journey, he should stop, and if possible he should turn round completely, or if he can not, be should get out of his car and walk back a short distance. He will get, from the top of the curve, the most wonderful and unique sight of Roche Percé, the great cliffs and mountains and the village itself. The sight is really a "surprise", as the stupendous mass of rock bursts upon his amazed view. He can then proceed, as he will have engraved in his mind and memory a picture of unalloyed splendor and magnificence which can never be effaced.

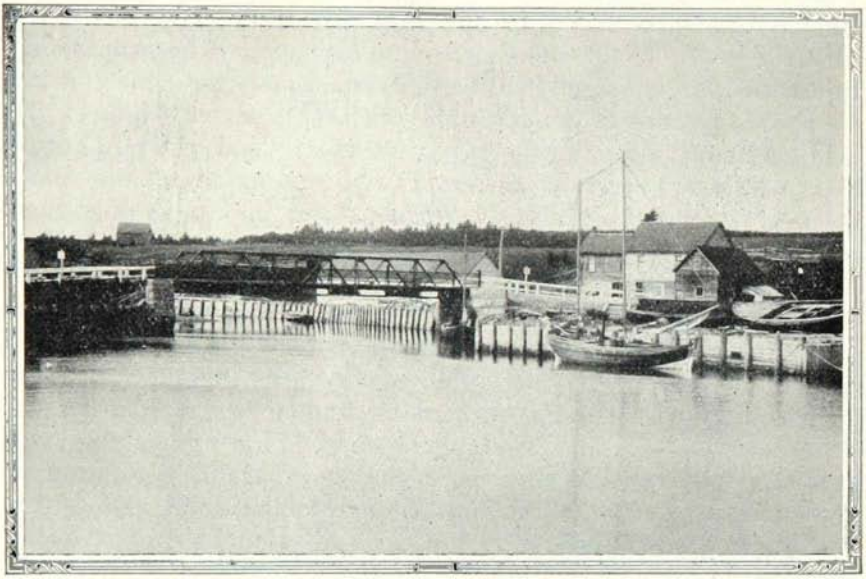
After we have gone over "Surprise Hill", and a few smaller grades further on, we once more dip towards the shore to come to a pretty little fishing settlement known as Anse-à-Beaufils (Stepson's Cove). The origin of the name is not quite certain, but it is believed to have been given to the place because a young man, the "black sheep" of an ancient French noble family, exiled from his country, resided there in the early days, and attracted considerable attention on account of the uncertainty of his birth. He was even suspected of being the stepson of a man quite close to the then reigning king of France.

Anse-à-Beaufils is a very small settlement, but one of the most important fishing stations along the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs. It has a safe inner harbor where a large fleet of fishing boats can find shelter in all kinds of weather, and there are several large establishments where the catch of cod and other fish is prepared for the export trade.

We next come to St. Joseph-du-Cap-d'Espoir (St. Joseph of Cape Hope). The name comes from the rocky headland about a mile from the village, which was called Cape Hope by Jacques Cartier himself. It was converted into "Cape Despair" (just the opposite) on some English maps, and retranslated into French into "Cap Désespoir", but finally restored to its rightful name of Cap-d'Espoir.

The village is situated about a mile from the station of Cape-Cove on the Atlantic, Quebec and Western railway, now the C. N. R.

The first parish priest was appointed in 1872, twelve years after the parish had been canonically and civilly established. The erection of the very fine church was begun in 1894 and the interior artistic decorations were completed in 1914.



Picturesque little heaven at Anse-à-Beaufils

St. Joseph is a most prosperous agricultural parish. It is a striking example of what can be done in the way of agriculture on the Gaspé Peninsula, and it might be said that it gives the lie direct to those who have at times claimed that Gaspé will never be anything but a land of fishers.

Farming is the main occupation of the population of nearly 1,400 souls, and it has proved most successful in all its branches. Magnificent crops of every description are harvested by the farmers in that district, and they obtain vast yields of potatoes and green peas.

About 30,000 lbs of green peas are sent from St. Joseph to Montreal every year, and considerable cargoes of them are also sold on other markets. The soil is extremely fertile, and as an illustration it might be stated that wheat, no less than 6 feet high, has been grown on some of the splendid fields. To pass through St. Joseph-du-Cap-d'Espoir is like travelling through some of the finest agricultural districts in the Province of Quebec. The fields are beautifully tilled and in the meadows browse some fine herds of cattle.

The dairy industry is an important one in the parish, some 15,000 lbs of butter, exclusive of the considerable amount con-

sumed locally, are produced on an average every year, by the 18 small butter factories in the locality.

In addition to farming and the manufacture of dairy products, there is also considerable fishing carried on at St. Joseph. The lobster catch is very considerable every season, and the village possesses the two largest lobster canning factories in Gaspé. It is stated on very good authority that as much as 2,000 lbs of lobster are caught in one day off Cap d'Espoir.

For the tourist who has time to stop a little while at St. Joseph, there is excellent trout fishing in a couple of small streams a short distance away, and there is always cod, smelt and mackerel fishing at sea. There is also some fair shooting in the neighborhood, where there is considerable moose, deer and some bear. Partridges and hares are plentiful on the moors and in the small brush country.

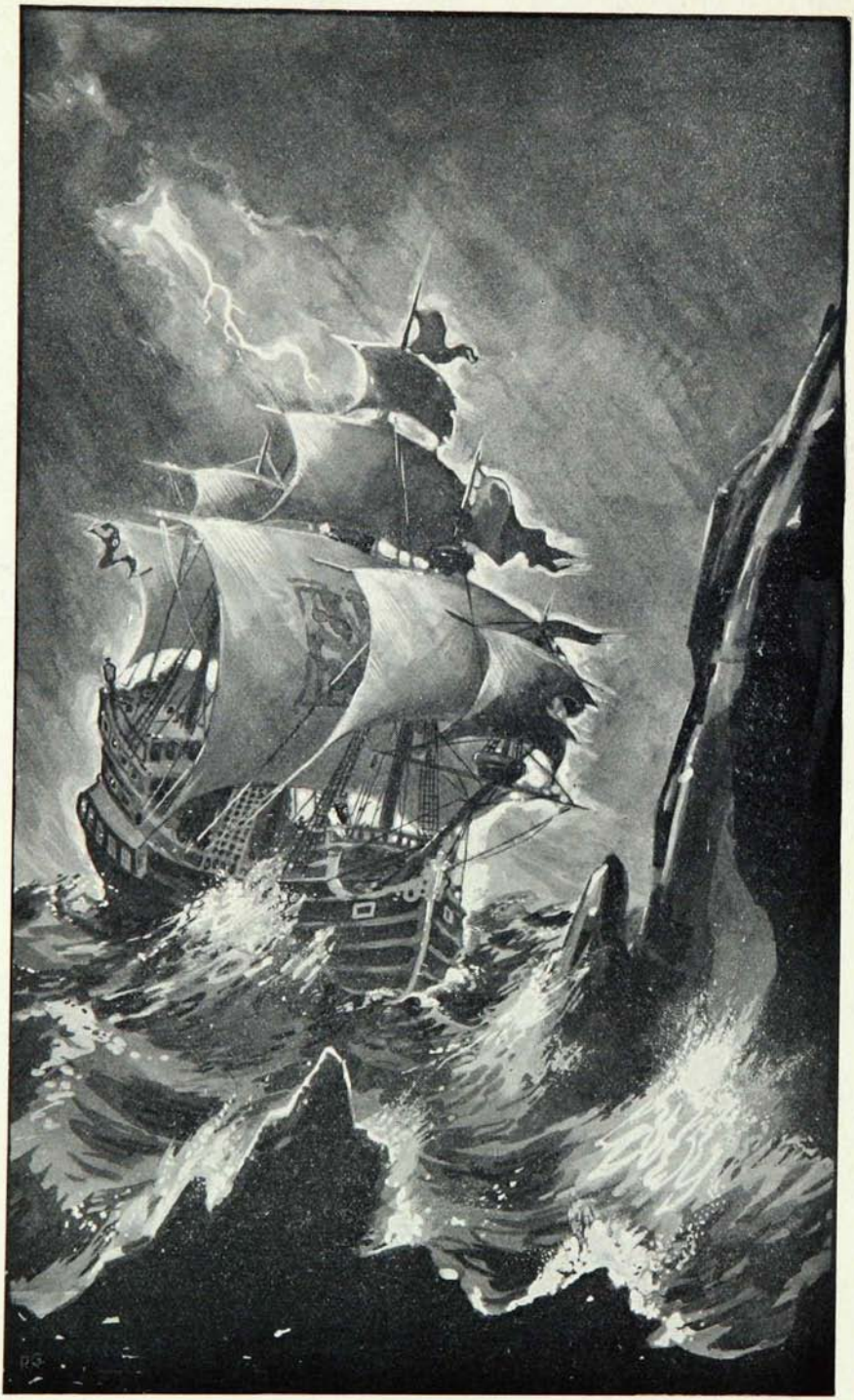
Some most pleasant boat trips can be made around the Cape, and a brief trip will cost only about one dollar.

There is no hotel at St. Joseph, but two very good boarding houses provide most satisfactory accommodation at the low rate of 75 cents per room and 75 cents per meal.

The population is what might the termed " bi-lingual " since the people nearly all speak both English and French.

Besides the fine Catholic church, there is also a pretty little Anglican chapel where the members of the 25 Protestant families in the parish hold their religious services. There is perfect harmony and excellent understanding between the people of different nationality and religious belief, and the entire population forms one happy, contented and prosperous community.

The old fishermen of St. Joseph-du-Cap-d'Espoir also have their stories and folklore, their tales of apparitions and legends handed down from father to son and told in the long winter evenings by the flickering light of the open grate.



THE PHANTOM SHIP
The "Flying Dutchman" of the Gaspé coast

THE PHANTOM SHIP

The Gaspé Flying Dutchman

According to a popular belief, a "phantom ship", a local "Flying Dutchman", visits that part of the coast at least once a year.

It is generally seen in the twilight of a summer's eve. The sea is calm, not a ripple on the waters of the bay, when suddenly huge waves rise from the bottom of the ocean and come tumbling in towards the beach. Out of those agitated foam covered combers there looms in the distance the ghostly form of a vessel, all sails set and steering right for the death dealing breakers at the foot of the Cape. Her deck is manned by sailors and soldiers in the garb of olden times.

On the prow stands the captain, with a white draped form resting upon his left arm. The wind howls, the sea rages, and the phantom ship rushes madly towards the sombre cliffs. A clap of thunder, a crashing noise, and the vessel and her ghostly crew are no more. A few piercing cries, among which can be heard that of a woman, and then silence and calm once more.

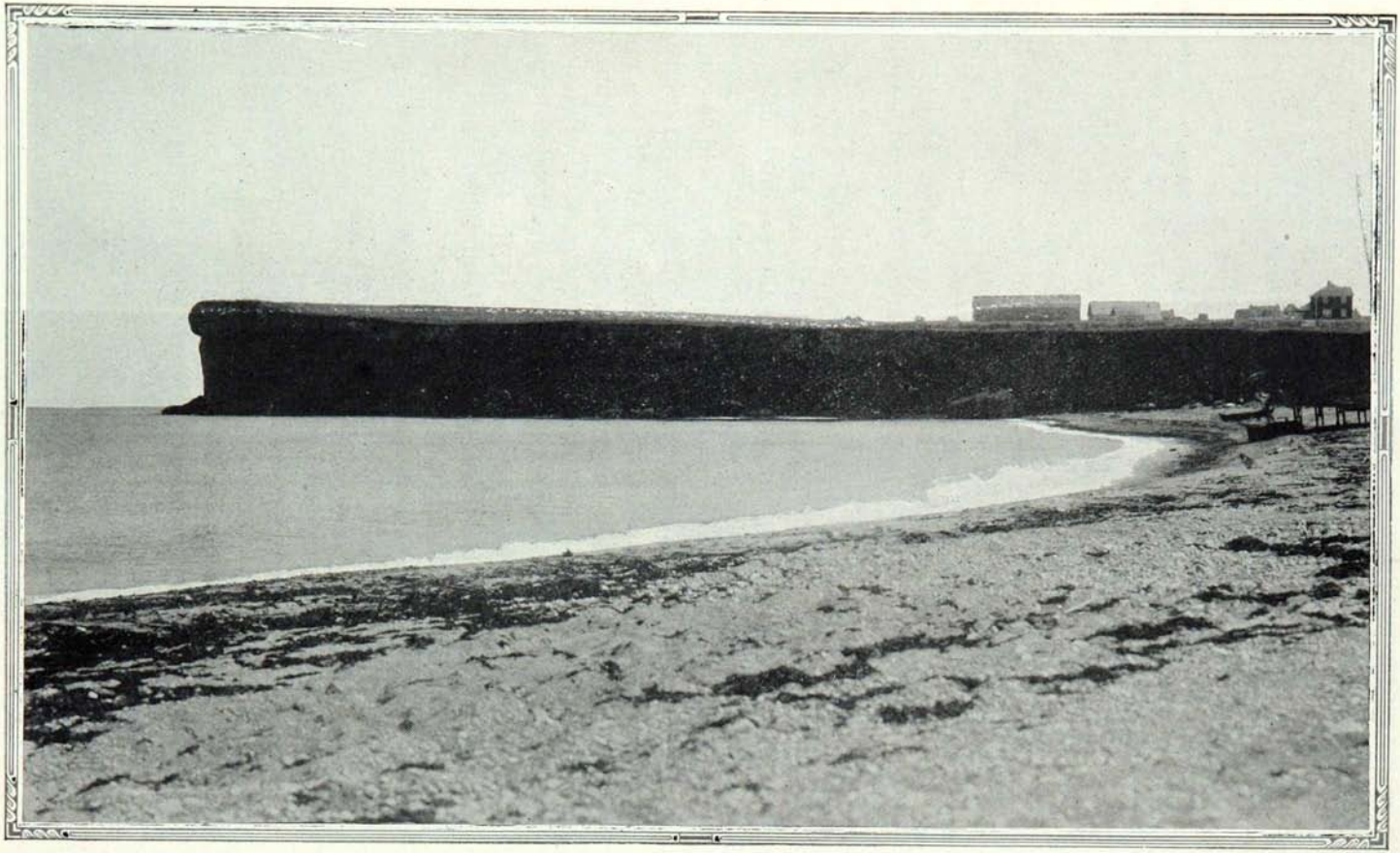
The sea resumes its usual aspect, a hush of death lies upon the waters. The phantom ship is gone, but it will rise from the ocean once more at some future time, when a broiling sun has hatched a new vision in some old fisherman's overheated brain.

To substantiate their story, the tellers of the legend point to what looks like the battered remnants of a ship, half buried in the drifting sands at the foot of Cap-d'Espoir.

As we leave Cap-d'Espoir we run into some very fine scenery of combined land and sea in their most attractive aspects. To the right rise small hills with pretty little valleys in-between, some of them extending along the road side. The landscape is an undulating sheet of green several miles long, but offering every shade and variation of verdure, from the very lightest pale nile to the near-black sombre hue of the pine and hemlock.

To the left the eye sweeps over the vastness of the sea, and nearer inshore, rests upon the little sandy beaches in the narrow embrace of numerous small coves formed by the towering cliffs which fringe the coast line.

Grande-Rivière, the next municipality, is 8.06 miles from



Black cape and beautiful beach at Cap-d'Espoir

Percé. The religious name of the parish, which was founded in 1860, although there were some land settlers in the district twenty years earlier, is L'Assomption-de-Notre-Dame-de-la-Grande-Rivière.

It forms part of a very old seigniory, that of Grande-Rivière, which was granted to Pierre Cochin in 1697 and was later ceded to the Robins, originators of the great fishing company of that name.

Grande-Rivière is a very neat and tidy little village of about 1,800 souls. It has a beautiful church, a branch of the Banque Canadienne Nationale, a couple of small hotels, two garages and a good general store.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have a very fine convent at Grande-Rivière.

Farming and fishing form the main occupations of the people and a small saw-mill provides all the lumber required for local consumption.

There is a nice sand beach and the visitor can either enjoy a dip or a delightful boat trip out into the little bay.

Lac-à-la-Truite, a small lake, about one mile from the village offers the angler some good sport, and one can indulge in the more quiet amusement of smelt fishing from the quay.

There are several good camping grounds in the neighborhood, and they are mostly situated near a little store where all kinds of provisions can be purchased.

A little beyond Grande-Rivière we strike a most picturesque little river called Petit-Pabos, which forms a regular "barachois" or shallows before it actually reaches the sea. The view one obtains, as one crosses the old wooden bridge, is a most unusual one, to the one side the ocean and to the other the stream which seems to lose itself in the woods to the north.

There is some doubt as to what the word Pabos really means. There are those who claim that it is a Micmac Indian word "papog" meaning: "a stretch of water with very little movement", and it would describe this river very well indeed, since it is so protected that it is scarcely ever ruffled even by a heavy wind. Others see in it a "Basque" word meaning "shallow waters".

Ste. Adélaïde-de-Pabos

Patches of harwood trees, of a dark green hue in summer, but painted in extravagant brilliancy when the autumn tints color the foliage, greet the eye as we proceed along our way to the following stopping place, Ste. Adélaïde-de-Pabos.

The parish of Ste. Adélaïde was founded in 1860 and until 1874 it was a mission station. Its territory was formerly included in the seigniory of Pabos which was originally ceded to René Hubert in 1696. The seigniory changed hands several times, one of its proprietors being general Haldimand, until it was finally taken over again by the Government in 1863, and the land divided in colonization lots.

Fishing was at one time the principal occupation of the people in that locality, but agriculture has now assumed the first rank and has become a most profitable industry.

The village of Ste. Adélaïde-de-Pabos, the parish of which has a population of about 2,500 souls, is beautifully situated on a plateau on the flat summit of a point which extends a considerable distance out into the Bay. Its rounded, picturesque shore line presents a most attractive sight with its beautiful white sand beach and its towering headland or cape in the background. The fine catholic church dominates the entire scene, and round it are grouped some very tidy stores and private dwellings, which tend to give the place the general appearance of a small town.

Lobster trapping is carried on to a very considerable extent during the season, and it provides, besides the fresh lobsters for the large markets in the Province, the "raw material" for a fairly large lobster cannery situated near the water front. There is also cod fishing out in the bay, and salmon fishing at the mouth of the Pabos rivers.

Most of the people in Ste. Adélaïde speak both French and English, or if they do not actually speak the languages, they understand them quite well.

There is good accommodation for tourists at the two local hotels, the "Pabos Hotel" which has 18 rooms and where the charges for room and board are $2.50 and $3.00 a day, and David Duguay's hotel, with 5 rooms, where the rates are 75 cents for room and the same charge per meal.

An Industrial Centre

The next settlement along our line of travel is Chandler, 237.31 miles from Ste. Flavie, 69.22 miles from the village of Gaspé, and 142.48 from Matapédia.

The village of Chandler owes its existence to the establishment of a large pulp-mill which was erected at the mouth of the Grand Pabos river in 1912. It took its name from Mr. Chandler, of Philadelphia, Penn., U. S. A., who, with Mr. J. E. A. Dubuc, of Chicoutimi, Canada, were the promoters of the company that established the mill in that locality.

Most of the people are directly or indirectly dependant upon the pulp-mill for their living, between four and five hundred men being employed by the company.

The wood for the mill is brought from the timber limits which extend as far back as 45 miles inland, reaching nearly to the limits of the municipality of Port Daniel. A large amount of the wood is purchased from the settlers in the district and this tends to economize the forest supply of raw material.

Chandler, like all industrial centres, is well supplied with good general stores and has good hotel accommodation and a good



The village of Ste. Adélaïde-de-Pabos

garage. The "Hotel Langlois" has 25 rooms, and the rates are $2.50 and up per day.

While most of the streams and lakes in the neighborhood are under lease, permission to fish can easily be obtained through the hotel proprietor.

There is good shooting in the neighboring woods where there is moose and deer, and a few brace of partridge can be bagged by the hunter for feathered game.

Although Chandler is not what might be called an actual summer resort, it has a very fine beach and the scenery along the water front is very picturesque.

The population of the municipality numbers about 1,600 souls, mostly French speaking and practically all of the Catholic denomination. Through their generous donations and contributions to their pastor, they have succeeded in building one of the finest churches along the coast. The former place of worship was merely a small wooden structure. It is now replaced by the beautiful modern structure of artistic architecture, a real monument to the faith of the people of the locality.

About five miles out of Chandler, we come to a very pretty little place known as L'Anse-aux-Canards, (Duck Cove), so called because it is the favorite gathering place of a species of wild duck that are seldom seen anywhere else along the coast.

The highway has now once more abandoned the shore line, and takes the traveller somewhat inland, although he still gets occasional glimpses of the sea. It gradually ascends to a height of several hundred feet until it reaches the limits of the village of Newport. This portion of the "Boulevard" is very picturesque since it runs through fairly well settled country, with nicely tilled fields at practically every turn in the road.

The village of Newport is situated on a "point", on the shore of a very pretty bay which has only a narrow opening out at sea, between huge cliffs which reach between twelve and fifteen hundred feet in height.

The population numbers some 2,200 souls, and most of them earn their living fishing and farming, although there are a few who find employment in the saw-mills in the neighborhood.

The parish of Newport (St. Dominique-de-Newport) was founded in 1832 and the first parish priest was appointed in 1860.



Chandler as seen from the air

It was originally settled by "Loyalists" who emigrated to this country from the United States after the War of Independence, and who gave it its name in memory of the great navigator Newport who accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh in most of his expeditions.

There is good fishing in the neighborhood, but most of the streams and lakes have been "leased", although there are a few lakes, including Lake Carter, about 2½ miles inland, where fishing is free.

A moose country

Newport can well be called a "moose country", since big game is most abundant in all the woods and mountain recesses in the vicinity of the village. It is no unusual event for a hunter to see half a dozen or more specimens of the great "monarch of the Canadian woods" when out on a shooting expedition, and regular herds of deer have been found browsing in clearings in the forest. A few years ago, a "white moose", an extremely rare specimen, was shot only a short distance from Newport village.

There are as yet no hotels at Newport, but several very good

boarding houses, where excellent meals, consisting of food cooked " just like mother used to cook it ", can be obtained for 50 cents.

Newport is really divided into three different parts, Newport Centre, Newport Point and Newport Island. Just outside of Newport village, a little out in the sea, off the beautiful sand beach at Newport Island, is a pretty little island with a well equipped camping ground on it. Tourists can be taken over to that island for a mere trifle, and can thus enjoy the unique experience of " camping out at sea ".

From Newport we travel through some delightful woodland, and for six or seven miles we drive past some beautiful landscapes of mountain and dale. From the high points on the road we still can see the ocean to our left, and we get a magnificent view of the sea and its rugged coast, as we approach our next objective, L'Anse-au-Gascon, a little over seven miles from Newport.

The parish of Ste. Germaine-de-l'Anse-au-Gascon has a population of about 1,200 souls, the main occupation of the people being deep sea fishing, although there is considerable agriculture and a little lumber industry. Until 1899 it formed part of the parish of Port-Daniel East.

There is a very good harbor which offers a sure and safe refuge to fishing fleets in times of severe stress of weather.

Large catches of cod, mackerel, halibut and smelts are made every season, and considerable lobster trapping is carried out in the bay.

L'Anse-au-Gascon has a beautiful church and good stores, and although there is no hotel, there are a number of most comfortable boarding houses where rooms and meals can be obtained at very moderate rates.

The neighborhood of l'Anse-au-Gascon is a real sportman's paradise. As many as seven and eight moose have been seen on the shores of Lake Lapelle, only a couple of miles away, in one evening. The lake is well stocked with fish, but fishing rights have been leased. Permission for a day's angling can, however, be easily obtained from Phil. Dea, at l'Anse-au-Gascon, and any of the " natives " will tell the tourist where Mr. Dea resides.

There is also some good fishing in l'Anse-à-la-Barbe-River and in the Chapados stream.

A visit should be paid to the " gros morne ", a huge mass of

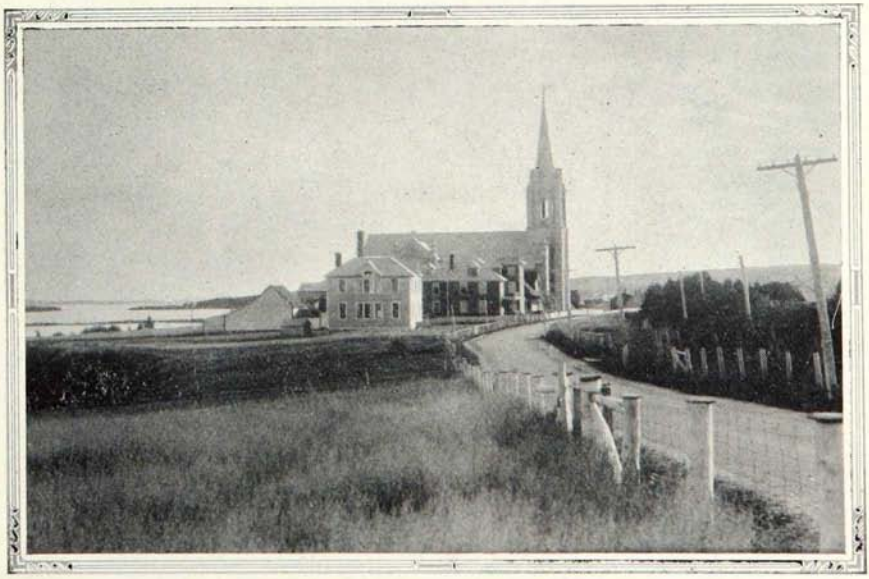
rock, about ten arpents from the parish church, which is a breeding place for "cormorants", which sometimes gather there in hundreds of thousands.

L'Anse-au-Gascon has the doubtful honor of having the only rock to bear an "infernal" name on any part of the Gaspé coast. A wild, rugged, storm battered point, bears the name of Cap-à-l'Enfer, (Hell's Cape). Nobody knows how or why it was given the awsome name.

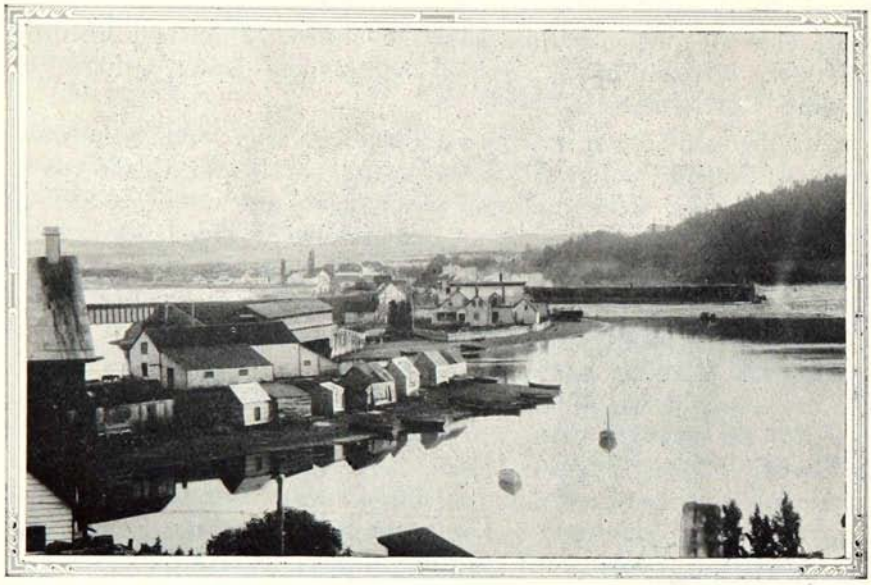
According to the best authorities, the name of l'Anse-au-Gascon comes from the fact that in the early days of the settlement a ship was wrecked opposite Percé, and one of the members of the crew, who came from Gascony, who had lashed himself to a piece of the wreckage, was carried by the sea as far as what is to-day the bay of l'Anse-au-Gascon. In spite of his harrowing experience, he recovered and was able to crawl to safety upon the beach. He was given aid by some fishers who had found him on the sands and who later referred to the place as l'Anse-au-Gascon.

Picturesque Port-Daniel

Proceeding along our way, through some more fascinating forest, mountain and river country, we come to Port-Daniel,



Newport church on a bend in the Boulevard



Beautiful scenery at Port-Danel

situated at the mouth of the river of the same name, 5.70 miles from l'Anse-au-Gascon, 92.36 miles from Gaspé and 119.34 miles from Matapédia.

The parish of Port-Daniel was founded in 1855 and until 1860, when the first parish priest was appointed, it was a mission station. The civil municipalities of Port-Daniel-East and Port-Daniel-West were created in 1884.

The name of Port-Daniel recalls that of Captain Daniel, a contemporary of Samuel de Champlain, who made a number of trips to New France.

Port-Daniel has a splendid natural harbor which can shelter large fishing fleets when father Neptune is in one of his ugly moods, and churns the waters of the Baie des Chaleurs into a seething cauldron of foam.

Owing to its splendid situation along a four to five mile long sandy beach, Port-Daniel is one of the most important fishing stations along the Gaspé coast.

There are some large limestone quarries near the village, and schooners call at the Port-Daniel harbor regularly to load cargoes of the stone that are carried to other parts of the Province and to Prince Edward Island.

In addition to the fishing industry and the exploitation of the limestone quarries, there are several large saw-mills in the village, and considerable farming is carried out in the district, so that the population of some 1,800 people, enjoys a fair meed of prosperity.

The village is very picturesquesly situated, the hilly country in the rear forming a pretty green background of pine and balsam, with the long strip of white sand in the foreground.

The land of the rising sun

A little over six miles from Port-Daniel, after travelling through a pretty farming country, dotted with many tidy small homes standing in the midst of well tilled fields, we come to the tiny little settlement of Shigawake. The place gets its name from the river Shigawake which was so called by the Micmac Indians. The word means, in the tongue of the Redmen, " the land of the rising sun ". It is believed that the Micmacs followed the course of the river when they travelled from the hinterland to the Baie des Chaleurs during the fishing season, and that they gave it its name because the Bay was in the direction of the rising sun as they came from the interior of the Peninsula.

Shigawake has a population of only about 500 souls. It is a district mostly inhabited by people of the Protestant denomination and English speaking, and there are no less than 18 churches and meeting houses between that hamlet and Paspebiac, a distance of about eleven miles. It was formerly part of the territory of the parish of St. Godefroi, from which it was detached in 1924.

St. Godefroi, the next settlement, 203 miles from Ste. Flavie, our starting point on the " Boulevard ", 103.31 from the village of Gaspé, and 108.39 miles from Matapédia, has a population of about 800 souls.

It is a very pretty little village situated along the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs on a slight eminence. Like most of the localities along the coast, it has a beautiful church with many tidy small stores and residences grouped around it.

The parish was founded in 1873 when the first parish priest was appointed.

The soil in the district is very fertile, and farming is conducted on a fairly large scale, although deep sea fishing is also one of the staple industries of the locality.

There is accommodation for tourists at a couple of good boarding houses, and the visitor can enjoy some good fishing in the Shigawake and Nouvelle rivers, while moose and deer are occasionally to be seen in the nearby woods.

The scenery along this portion of the road is most attractive. The highway is on the sea level, running as it does practically on the sandy beach, just high enough to prevent the waves from lapping the wheels of one's automobile. The close vicinity of the sea gives the traveller a sensation of ultimate peace and repose, and the slightly brine laden breeze that is wafted from the ocean, fills one's lungs with renewed strength and vigor.

The settlement of Hope, just one mile beyond St. Godefroi, is a prosperous little agglomeration of farmers and fishers. It is part of the religious parish of St. Godefroi and is in the civil municipality of the township of Hope which was founded in 1845.

Leaving Hope, the highway slowly climbs to a somewhat higher elevation, until it reaches Paspebiac, or to give it its full name, Notre-Dame-de-Paspebiac, 110.44 miles from the village of Gaspé and 101.26 from Matapédia.

The village is most picturesquely situated. It is one of the prettiest localities along the Baie des Chaleurs. It is built on a " point " jutting out into the sea. The church stands on an elevation, and along the shore, bordering the fine sandy beach, stand the tiny houses of the fisherfolks. Further back, on what might be termed a beautiful green " carpet ", are scattered the residences of the more prosperous residents of the village, surrounded by groves or thickets of trees.

There is a fine Protestant church where the descendants of the early Jersey, English and Scotch settlers attend divine service.

While the three-quarters, of the population of over 3,000 inhabitants, are of French-Canadian origin, there are a number of Acadians, and several hundred English speaking residents.

The parish of Paspebiac is one of the oldest municipalities in the county of Bonaventure, having been founded in 1796. Until 1861, when the first parish priest was appointed, it was a mission station.

It is a centre of considerable importance from a commercial point of view. Farming, the dairy industry, fishing and the lumber industry, are the main occupations of the people. There

are several fairly large saw-mills and large plants for the storage of fish for export trade.

It is at Paspebiac that the main store of the Robin, Jones and Whitman Co., which operates a chain of general stores all along the Baie des Chaleurs coast, is established. It was in that locality that Charles Robin, the founder of the firm, established his head-quarters.

Paspebiac has a beautiful natural harbor, since two long sand banks extend into the sea for a distance of over a mile, protecting the inner basin against the heavy wash of the sea. It is a port of call of the Clarke Steamship Company's vessels which put it in direct communication by sea, with the larger centres of the Province of Quebec.

While the village has no actual hotel, there are several very good boarding houses for the accommodation of the visitors.

About 8 or 10 miles from the village there are a number of lakes, among them "Lac-Blanc" and "Lac-à-la-Truite", where good sport can be enjoyed, and there is some very good shooting in the nearby woods.

The name Paspebiac comes from a Micmac word meaning "divided shallows", a reference to the natural formation of the entrance to the harbor.

New Carlisle

A little over 4 miles beyond Paspebiac, we reach the principal commercial centre in the country of Bonaventure, the village of New Carlisle, which is 191.72 miles from Ste. Flavie, 114.81 miles from the village of Gaspé and 96.89 miles from Matapédia. New-Carlisle has a population of about 1,300, the three-quarters of which is English speaking, descendants of Loyalists who emigrated to Canada from the United States after the War of Independence.

The parish was founded in 1887, and the following year a resident priest was appointed. The religious name of the parish is St. Etienne-de-New Carlisle.

New Carlisle is the junction point of the Quebec and Oriental, and Atlantic Quebec and Western railways, now operated by the Canadian National Railways.

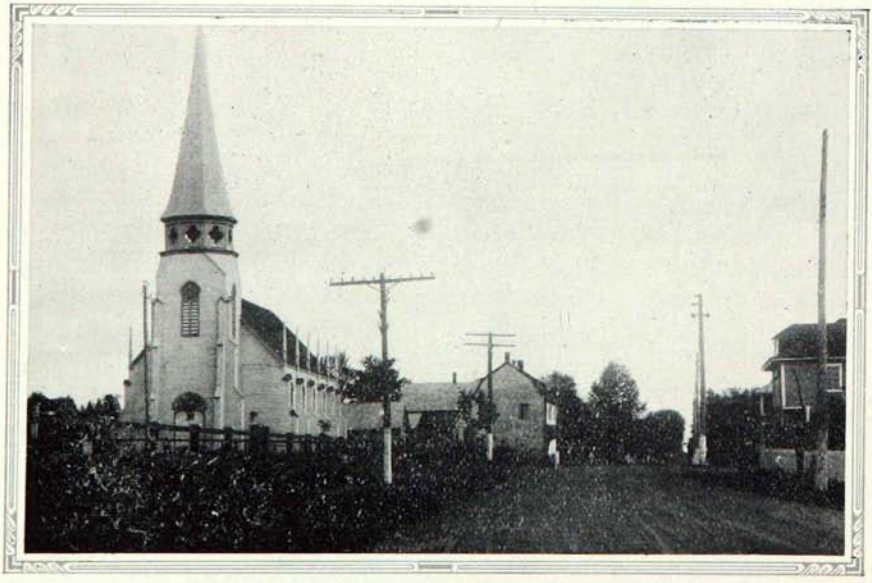
The village occupies a very picturesque site, on an elevated portion of the coast, from which a splendid view of the Baie des

Chaleurs is obtained. There is a very long and broad sand beach, where surf bathing can be enjoyed in all security.

It is a most prosperous community, fishing, farming and the lumber industry being the principal occupations of a most industrious population. A very considerable amount of pulp wood is shipped by schooners and small steamers from the fine quay at New Carlisle, while the more perishable products of the farms, and the fish, are sent to the outside markets, either by rail, or by trucks over the splendid gravel highway.

New Carlisle possesses the county court house, as fine a building of its kind as can be found anywhere along the Gaspé coast, the district jail, the registry office, several banks, and other public buildings. There are four houses of worship within the village limits, a Catholic, an Anglican, a Presbyterian and an Union church. There are a large number of very fine private residences, and since it is the judicial seat of the county, a number of legal firms also have very substantial offices there.

The people of New Carlisle are known for their excellent hospitality, and a glad hand is extended at all times to the visitor. As one walks along the streets of the village, one is everywhere greeted with a hearty and most kind "good morning" or "good



In the village of New Carlisle

afternoon ", and everything possible is done to make the stranger feel quite at home during his stay in the locality.

The climate at New Carlisle is reputed to be one of the finest and most healthy along the coast, due to the pure air which is wafted from the bay, and the elevated position occupied by the village. The streets are nicely laid out with good sidewalks, and they are lighted by electricity. There are a number of first class stores where the tourist can purchase practically everything that can be found in a metropolitan place of business.

Among the interesting sites in New Carlisle are : the Fauvel monument, opposite the court house, erected to the memory of the first Liberal member of the provincial Legislature for that county ; the great gun, which stands on the square in front of the municipal buildings, and was placed there as a memorial to the men from the municipality who fought in the Great War. It might be stated here, that no less than 10% of the population volunteered for service during the world conflict, a percentage which was surpassed by only one city in Canada, Vancouver. Those volunteers were all of the best fighting stock. hardy fishers and farmers for whom danger had no terrors, and who answered the call with the outmost courage and enthusiasm. The sons of " Loyalists ", loyalty was in their blood, and they literally rushed to the colors when the old motherland required their assistance.

Tourists should not fail to visit the old Robitaille manor, which is full of historic souvenirs and is open to visitors.

As regards its special attractions, New Carlisle, in addition to its fine surf bathing, its beautiful walks and auto drives through the many picturesque roads in the neighborhood, and its boat trips on the bay, offers the fisher and the hunter some excellent sport. A short distance from the village there is a splendid lake, " Lac Noir ", where good angling can be enjoyed. The lake is quite accessible by auto over a first class road, and is only about twenty minutes drive from the village. On its shores is a fine camping ground, and boats and canoes for fishing or for " jaunts " on the lake are available for a very small fee. The borders of the lake constitute ideal locations for picnic and other outing parties, and a number of the residents of New Carlisle spend their week-end at " Lac Noir " during the summer.

One of the special attractions of New Carlisle is cod and mackerel fishing on the bay.



Where salmon literaly sworm

Beautiful summer resort

Leaving New Carlisle, we travel through some more fine farming country, with many delighful landscapes of woodland and vistas of the sea in the distance, and after covering nearly eleven more miles of the really magnificent road, we come to the very pretty village of St. Bonaventure-de-Hamilton.

It is one of the oldest municipalities on the Gaspé Peninsula, having been founded in 1791. From that early date until 1860, when the first parish priest was appointed, it was a mission station.

The name Bonaventure was given to the locality in memory of Sieur de la Cour Pré-Revillon, who visited the Baie des Chaleurs in 1591, on board a ship named the "Bonaventure". The name of Hamilton was added in honor of Colonel Henry Hamilton, one of the lieutenants of General Amherst, who was at one time lieutenant governor of Canada.

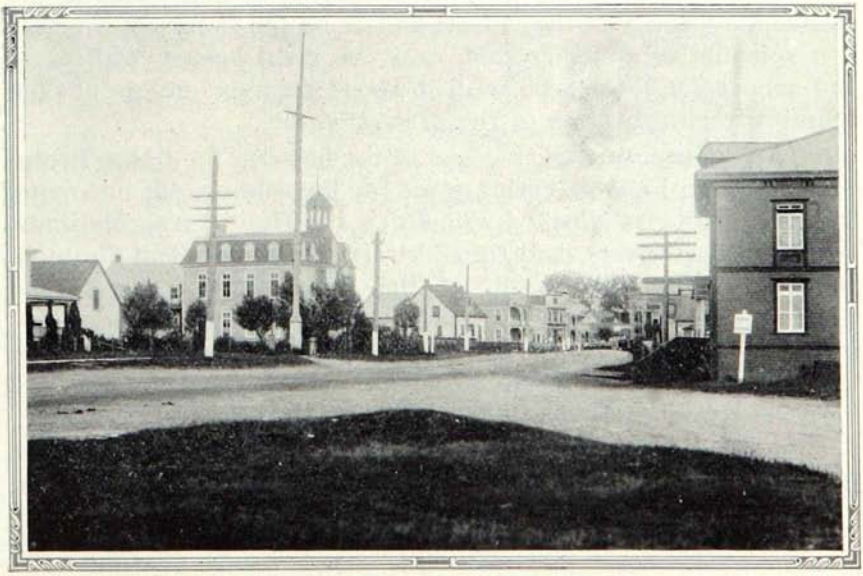
The village of Bonaventure is one of the prettiest settlements along the entire coast, and it is a very popular summer resort. It is frequented every summer by a numbre of judges, doctors, lawyers and other professional men from Quebec and Montréal,

and by many families from those two cities, who chose it for their holidays on account of its splendid location, its beautiful sandy beach and the excellent accommodation provided by the two first class hotels.

It is ideally situated along the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs, and the scenery is indeed most delightful and charming. The beach is one of the finest on the Gaspé coast, and since there is no very heavy tide in the bay, it offers an ideal place for bathing for both old and young. Children can, with perfect safety, gambol on the sands and even enter the water without the slightest danger, since there is a remarkably gentle slope of the beach which allows one to go many yards out from the actual shore line without reaching a depth of more than a few inches.

Along the beach, running parallel to the highway, there is a beautiful boardwalk from which, seated upon benches, parents or maids can watch the youngsters disport themselves on the fine white sand.

There is splendid accommodation for regular summer residents and visiting tourists at the "Chateau Blanc", operated by Alex. Bernard, with 30 rooms, halft of them with running hot and cold water, and a magnificent dining room looking out onto the



Beautiful resort of Saint-Bonaventure

bay, and a rate of $3.50 and up per day ; and at " Bourdages' Hotel ", with 15 rooms, where the charge is $3.00 a day and up. In addition, there are several good boarding houses.

Those who enjoy tennis, can indulge in this delightful sport on a very fine tennis court on the " Chateau Blanc " grounds, while splendid boat trips on the bay can be arranged by applying to either Mr. Bernard or Mr. Bourdages. The charge for a boat, either for a pleasure sail or for fishing at sea, is from $2.50 to $5.00 a day. Many of the visitors make those fishing trips and they always return to the hotel delighted with their outing and supplied with considerable cod or other fish in season.

There is excellent fishing, salmon and trout, on the Bonaventure river, and although the fishing rights are reserved, permission for a day's angling can easily be secured by application to the hotel owners.

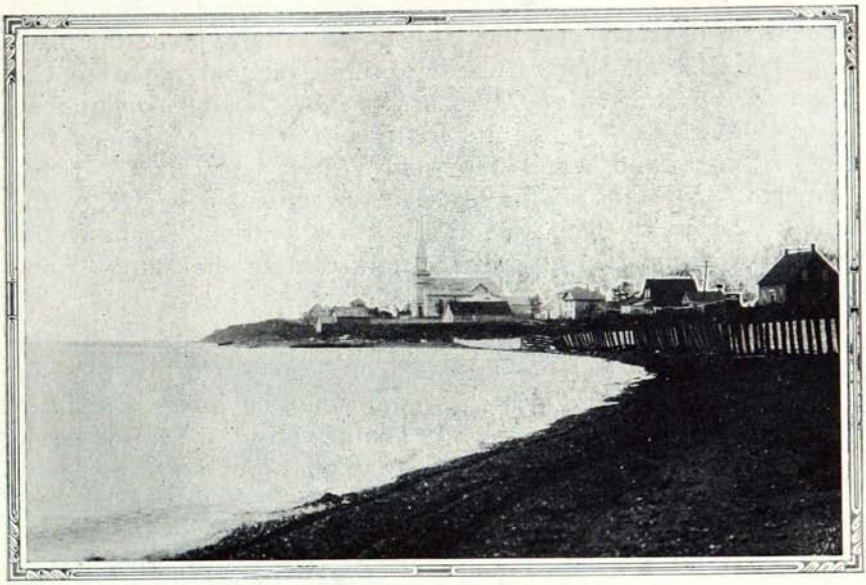
The hunter will also find many opportunities to indulge in some excellent sport in the neighboring woods, and guides are always available. One of the latter, an old Indian, who knows the bush in every corner, and who can easily locate a moose or a dear when the visitor wishes to shoot one, is very much in demand.

There are also some delightful auto drives and walks in the immediate vicinity of the village, and along the Bonaventure river is a splendid camping ground, near the great bridge, with boats and canoes for those who wish to spend an hour or so on the beautifully clear waters of the great stream.

The Bonaventure river is one of the finest in the Gaspé Peninsula. It is an ideal gathering place for the salmon. It has many tributaries, all well stocked with fish : the Hull, Duval, McGinnis and the Creux rivers, and they all form some excellent " salmon pools ". From the mouth of the Bonaventure river to the " Creux ", a distance of 15 miles, there are 21 of those pools ; from the " Creux ", to the east branch of the Bonaventure, a distance of 10 miles, there are 16 pools ; and between the east and the west branches of the great stream, there are 18.

Salmon weighing as much as 40 lbs, has been taken from the Bonaventure river, and the average weight of the fish is 15 lbs.

The parish of St. Bonaventure-de-Hamilton has a population of nearly 3,000 souls, and the main occupations of the people are farming, the lumber industry and some fishing.



The village of St. Siméon

The village is situated at 180.87 miles from Ste. Flavie, 125.66 miles from Gaspé village, and 86.04 miles from Matapédia.

Our next stop is St. Siméon, a settlement of a little over 1,000 population. The village is nicely situated on a long "point" jutting out into the sea.

Dairying is the principal occupation of the people and there is a first class butter factory which gets its supply of milk and cream from the farmers in the district, who possess some nice herds of cattle. There is also some general farming for local consumption, while some of the inhabitants earn a living at cod, mackerel and herring fishing.

There are two good boarding houses where rooms can be secured for 75 cents, and meals at 75 cents each.

The parish of St. Siméon was detached from the parish of St. Bonaventure in 1914.

St. Charles-de-Caplan

From St. Siméon the road ascends gradually until it approaches the top of the headland upon which the next village, St. Charles-de-Caplan is situated. The view from the summit of the grade is a most picturesque one as it extends over the sea to

the cape in the distance which is believed to have given the place its name, although there are several other versions regarding the origin of the designation "Caplan". The "point" mentioned above is Black Cape. The first settlers, it is claimed, referred to it as a "cape land", and this would have later been written "capelan", by some of the first French inhabitants. Hence the name "Caplan". That this is the exact version, is shown by the fact that the first church registers contain the name "Cape Land".

There are those who pretend that the name comes from the fact that a great deal of "caplan" or "capelan", a species of small fish, very similar to the sardine, would have been caught in the bay near that point, while still another group see in the name that of an old Indian, called John Caplan, who was camped on what is to-day the Caplan river, when the first settlers arrived there.

St. Charles-de-Caplan was a mission station until 1876, when the first parish priest was appointed. The parish has a population of about 1,500 souls, and the people are mostly farmers and dairy men. There are several butter factories, a flour mill, and a couple of small saw-mills.

Tourists will find first class accommodation at the "Hotel Ferland" with 15 rooms. The rate charged is $3.00 a day, or 75 cents a meal and $1.00 for a room. There are also a number of good boarding houses where the rates are the same or a little lower.

There is some good fishing in the Caplan river and some of the small tributary streams, and shooting is fairly satisfactory in the nearby woods.

Some delightful excursions by boat, on the bay and around the point of Black Cape, can be arranged by applying at the hotel, the charge varying from $3.00 to $5.00, according to the time occupied and the number of people in a party.

About 7 miles inland is the village of St. Alphonse-de-Caplan, known locally as "little Belgium", because it was founded by a Belgian priest, Father Henri-Joseph Mussely, who brought out a number of his compatriots who settled on the land and created what is to-day a pretty and prosperous little community.

THE CAST-AWAY MAIDEN

Left to perish on lonely rock

As the land winds whistle down the deep ravines and gorges between the towering cliffs near the headland of Caplan, the fishermen there claim they still hear the cries and moans of "Marguerite", a maiden of noble lineage, who was cast away upon a lonely island, a mere reef, some distance off shore, in the year 1542.

The young woman was a passenger on a ship carrying settlers from France to the newly discovered colony. She was the niece of the captain, a strict disciplinarian, and a man of stern and rigorous principles.

The voyage was a long and tedious one, the passengers had time to fully acquaint themselves with one another. Marguerite fell in love with a young Norman, Gailliard by name. The youth was of the "common people", and the captain of the ship, scandalized and indignant at his niece's conduct, reproved her for her departure from the conventions of deportment and propriety. When she refused to heed his warning, his fury passed all bounds of sympathy. Steering his ship straight for the land, he swung alongside a rocky islet, and there disembarked the fractious Marguerite and her lover, and then set sail never to rest his eyes upon them again.

After the ship had disappeared, the young man took a desperate chance. Gathering together loose bits of drift wood, he bound them with long stalks of tangle, making a sort of raft upon which he embarked, with the hope that the tide would carry him to the mainland, where he expected he could find assistance. He never returned.

In the traditions of the coast it is said that the young woman's fearful shrieks of despair drew the attention of some passing fishers who took her and her babe to the shore, but Marguerite and her infant died a few days later as a result of their fearful experiences.

The fishermen say that still to-day, in rough weather, her cries can sometimes be heard along the coast, and some of them claim they have seen Marguerite's spirit float upon the crest of a wave in the pale moonlight.

SWISS SCENERY

Delightful landscapes

As the highway swings in graceful curves slowly away from the water's edge, the landscape which greets the gaze of the visitor is a most glorious one. It is a new glimpse of Switzerland, a delightful combination of woodland, mountain, valley and streams. The tourist, if he be not rushing through the country, may here study, as he slowly proceeds on his way, the mysteries of nature's ever changing beauty. Through the dark screen of the pine and hemlock that cover the hill-side, he may see the sky, azure at noonday, orange and saffron, and finally pale heliotrope, as the sun is setting and darkness draws near.

The scenery is one of entrancing beauty and mellow loveliness. To the right rise the mountain tops, every one of them of a different hue, as the light strikes them at different angles. The lower summits, those of the smaller hillocks, assume a dark, near-black tint as they are shrouded in the heavy shadows cast by their larger and more imposing neighbors, while the higher mountains shine in brightness as the rays of the sun caress their verdure clad peaks.

Closer at hand there lie the smiling valleys and meadow lands, dotted here and there with tiny little houses and farm buildings, and a stray cow with her calves languidly trods the grass on the banks of the meandering silver streamlets.

To the left the gaze still sweeps over the immensity of the ocean, although it only becomes visible from the higher portions of the Boulevard.

But the scenic beauty of this portion of the land along the highway needs merely to be mentioned, the tourist will himself visualize it more fully than it can possibly be described in a guide book.

We travel some ten miles through this beautiful country to finally reach the village of New Richmond.

The parish of New Richmond, situated at the mouth of the Little Cascapedia river, was founded in 1831, and until 1864, when the first resident parish priest was appointed, it was a mission station. The municipality has a population of about 2,500, about half English and half French in origin.



THE CAST-AWAY MAIDEN
Left to perish on a sea-battered reef

While the great majority of the people are farmers, there is some fishing on the seaboard, and several saw-mills supply additional employment to some of the inhabitants.

The name of Richmond was given to the parish in honor of the Duke of Richmond, a former Governor General of Canada.

New Richmond has a beautiful sand beach, and a number of people from Montreal and Quebec make it their summer place of residence.

Tourists and other visitors to the village will find first class accommodation in the four local small hotels where they can secure rooms and meals for $2.50 to $3.00 a day. There are also a couple of well equipped garages whore one's car can be overhauled after its long trip from Ste-Flavie or Rivière-du-Loup.

New Richmond is 159.21 miles from Ste-Flavie, 147.32 miles from the village of Gaspé and 64.38 miles from Matapédia.

The name of the rivers Cascapedia, the Little and the Great Cascapedia, comes from an indian word which means "rapid streams", and it applies to perfection to those two streams, since they are exempt of falls and rapids and flow with great speed through their entire course.

Both the Cascapedia Rivers are famed for their salmon, but



The village of New Richmond

they are under private lease. The salmon of the Cascapedia is larger than in most other rivers, averaging about 30 lbs. Some fish, weighing as much as 60 lbs. have been caught in those beautiful rivers. In 1887, the Marquis of Lorne, former Governor of Canada, and a party that accompanied him, caught as many as 320 salmon in the Cascapedias, one of them tipping the scale at 41 lbs, and most of them weiging between 25 and 30 lbs.

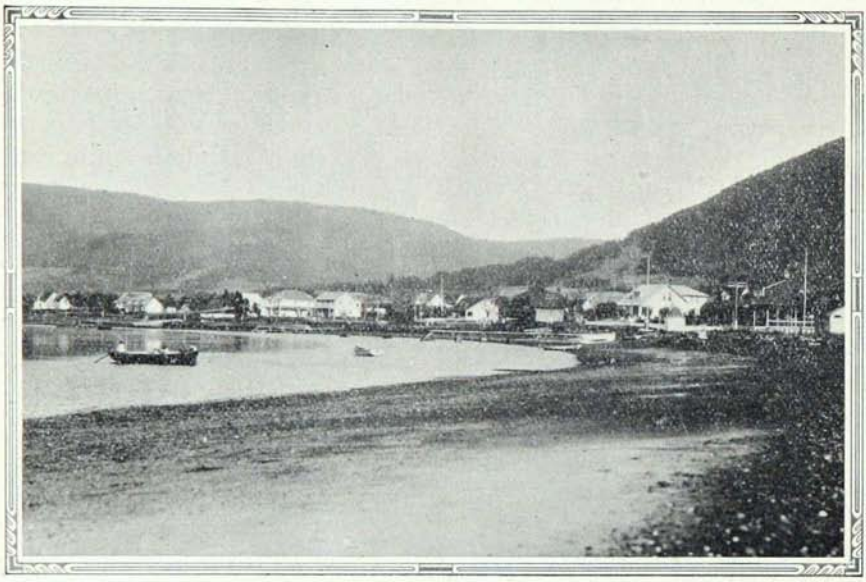
But New Richmond, besides being a fine summer resort and the paradise of the angler, has another claim to fame. It is the gateway to the vast mineralized region in the Shickshock Mountains between New Richmond and Ste. Anne-des-Monts. The mines, however, are still unexploited to any extent, although there are those who claim that they may some day rival the " best " producers " in Northern Ontario.

A Home away from Home

If the tourist wishes to enjoy real old French Canadian cooking, which is reputed to be the most wholesome and tasty of any known manner of preparing food, and if he would relish partaking of such a meal in the most cheery atmosphere and most pleasant surroundings, he should stop for a day at Maria, the next village on his way. Not only can he taste this delectable food, but he can spend an evening in most agreable company, feel " right at home", by the fire-side, in the " family circle ", with the people of the house he is stopping at. It will be an unique experience, and certain to be enjoyed to the fullest by the visitor. And after a smoke and a chat with the host and hostess and the older members of the family, he will enjoy a real, comfortable, peaceful rest in a soft downy bed.

At the instigation of the parish priest of the locality, the owners of the four very tidy houses who cater to the tourist trade, have undertaken to provide, not the fancy dishes that can be obtained in any hotel anywhere, or in all the restaurants along the coast, but real " home cooking ", served with that old time French graciousness which makes for real service without obtrusion. The old hackneyed expression, " a home away from home ", is really the only one to describe the manner in which the tourist is received in any one of those houses.

He cannot fail to notice them since they have signs along the road which are sure to attract the visitor's attention, and if he



General view of Carleton

did have any difficulty in finding them, he may call upon the parish priest who will graciously indicate where he can find accommodation during his stay in the village.

None of those boarding houses are hotels in the strict sense of the word. They have only four or five rooms each, but they are delightful small resting places, with most moderate charges.

In addition to those boarding houses, there are several good camping grounds, for those who wish to camp in the open, very well kept and provided with many accommodations, and operated in connection with those houses.

But it is not only the good fare and great hearted hospitality of the people that serve as inducements to the toursit to spend a day at Maria. The place itself is most attractive and an ideal spot for a brief stay.

The village is situated on a magnificent bay with a beautiful white sand beach, and there are many attractions to detain the visitor.

Surf bathing, yachting trips on the sea, fishing excursions to the many little streams in the neighborhood, where "speckled beauties" can be secured by the dozen, and walks or drives through the splendid scenery in the neighborhood, are some of the diver-

sions to be enjoyed during a sojourn in this peaceful little settlement.

And as a further inducement, there are two unusual kinds of fishing at Maria. At l'Anse-Ste-Hélène (St. Helen's Cove), there is good "eel fishing". Any of the "natives" will be delighted to show the tourist how this can be done. "Plaice" (flat fish) can also be caught in large quantities near the quay of the village.

But before we get to Maria proper, we pass through an Indian reserve, one of the two of their kind along the Gaspé coast. One can see the "braves" tilling their fields, and the "squaws" tending to their daily tasks near their tidy little homes.

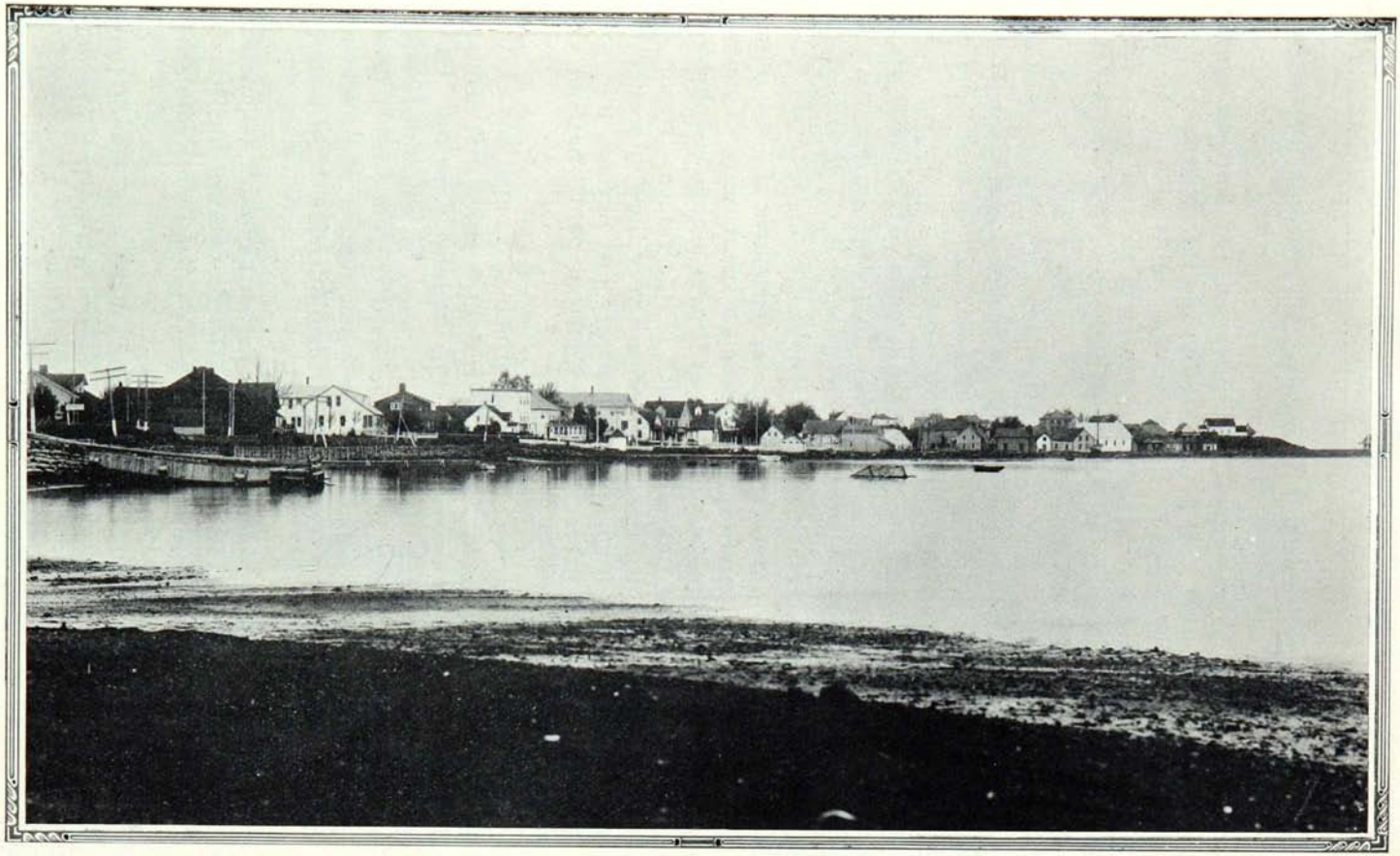
To reach Maria the road runs inland somewhat through some very fine woodlands, and as it reaches the top of a grade the sea once more comes into view. We drop gently down to the shore to finally get to the village of Maria itself.

Maria occupies a beautiful site along the shores of a delightful bay. It stands in the distant shelter of the great range of mountains in the background, which form as it were a huge wall behind which lies the great unknown wealth of the mineral region of Gaspé. But the good people of Maria are very little interested in the potential richess hidden in the territory just beyond, they are simple farmers and fishers, and the "lure of gold" has not yet fascinated their minds.

Lobster trapping is one of the principal occupations of the fisher folks, so that the tourist can be certain to enjoy that delicacy if he happens to visit the village during the lobster season. Even if he reaches there after the trapping is over, he will still be able to obtain lobster "every bit as good" as if it were freshly taken from the sea, as the people have a peculiar manner of preserving it in glass jars, making it taste as if it had only just been trapped and boiled.

Maria is a large setltement, the parish having a population of about 2,100 souls. It is located 149.55 miles from Ste. Flavie, 156.78 miles from Gaspé village and 54.72 miles from Matapédia. The parish was founded in 1869.

The name Maria was given to the village in honor of Lady Maria Effingham, wife of Lord Dorchester, a former Governor-General of Canada.



Carleton is a popular summer resort

AN OLD SETTLEMENT

Where the Acadians found refuge

When the Acadians were driven into exile by the English, a large number of them came to this country, and in 1756, a group of them settled on the site occupied to-day by the beautiful village of Carleton. They gave the place the name of Tracadigèche, by which the great mountain at the rear of the settlement is still known.

Tracadigèche is a Micmac word meaning "the home of the herons", and many of those birds are still to be found in the neighborhood of the village, and on "Ile-aux-Hérons" (Heron Island). The name was later changed to that of Carleton, in honor of Sir Guy Carleton who was Governor General of Canada from 1786 until 1796, under the name of Lord Dorchester.

From 1773 until 1848 Carleton was a mission station, and while a parish priest was appointed in 1848, it was not until 1860 that the parish was erected canonically.

According to tradition, Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, landed at Carleton in 1534, and erected a wooden cross in memory of his visit.

Nestling almost at the water's edge between the mountains and the sea, Carleton is a place which will long remain a favorite among summer resorts of Eastern Canada.

Its most valuable asset is its magnificent beach, which is one of the finest for bathing along the Gaspé coast. It is an expanse of fine white sand, flanked by two long capes which taper off to sand bars extending out into the bay, and is thus sheltered in a wide crescent shaped cove.

The long range of the Tracadigèche Mountains, lying to the rear of the village, furnish diversion of a most healthy and invigorating kind for the visitor to Carleton. Hikes to the top of those tree-clad hills, eighteen hundred feet above sea level, are a treat for the energetic vacationist.

Apart from the excellent salt water bathing, there are many other recreations of every kind in this beautiful summer resort. Boating and motoring are two features of all holiday activities. while tennis can be enjoyed on the fine courts on the smooth sand of the beach. Fishing, either at sea or in the small tributaries of the Nouvelle River, and shooting wild fowl, which are always

very abundant along the shore, provide good sport. For the younger generations the various good hotels of the locality provide first class halls for dancing and large entertainments.

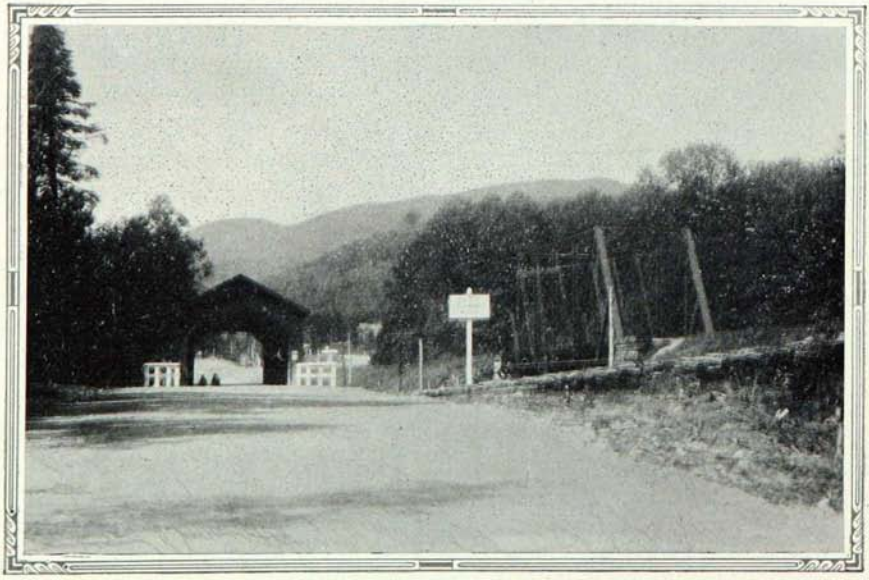
There are five first class hotels at Carleton, with close upon 100 rooms for tourists and other visitors : the " Wilfred Hotel " and annex, with 34 rooms, charging $3.50 and up; the " White House ", with 15 rooms, charging $3.50 ; the " St. Louis Hotel ", with 20 rooms, charging $3.00 ; the " Seguin Hotel " with 12 rooms, and a rate of $2.50 and up ; and the " Golf House " with 15 rooms, charging $3.00 and up.

While there is considerable farming around Carleton, the village also has several prosperous industries, a door and sash factory, a salmon cannery, and other smaller plants. There is also a " co-operative " society of salmon fishermen in operation in the village.

Carleton is 140.41 miles from Ste. Flavie, 166.12 miles from Gaspé village, and 45.58 from Matapédia.

About 5 miles beyond Carleton, we come to the little settlement of St. Omer.

The parish is situated on the shores of Tracadigèche Bay, and it was, until 1899, part of the parish of Carleton. It has a popu-



The " gateway " to Escuminac

lation of about 700 souls, and the principal occupations of the people are farming and deep sea fishing.

It is a pretty settlement with a nice little beach and some attractive drives and walks in the neighborhood.

A little over six miles from St. Omer we strike a splendid farming country in the parish of St. Jean-l'Evangéliste, in the municipality of Nouvelle. Along the highway are some beautifully tilled fields on what is known as the "flats" of St. Jean-l'Evangéliste.

There is a population of about 1,700 souls, and the principal occupations of the people are farming and fishing.

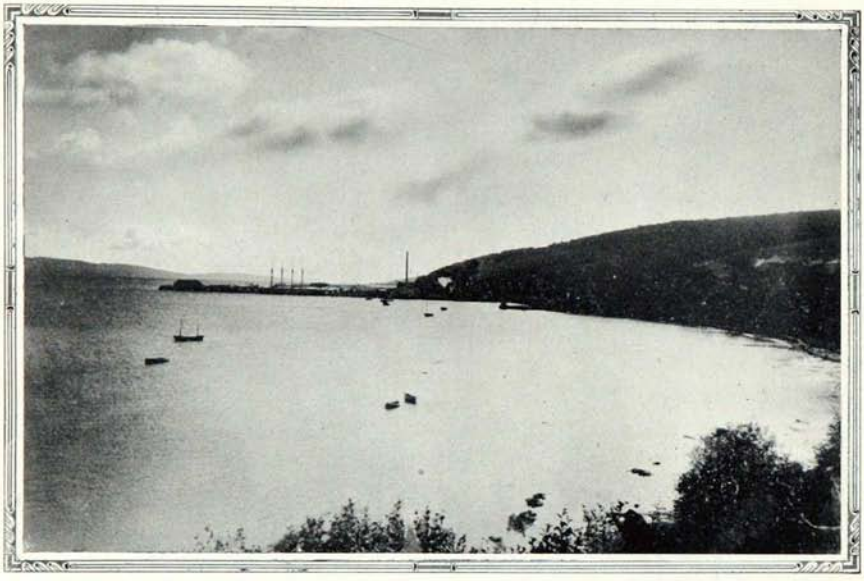
After passing Nouvelle, we travel through some fine woodland stretching between the sea and beautiful pine clad mountains, and going through a low covered wooden bridge, we reach the small settlement of Escuminac, a hamlet of some 900 people, situated on the shores of the river Escuminac.

The name Escuminac is a corruption of the Indian word "Escomenag", meaning "observation point", so called because a general view of the entire country can be obtained from the nearby heights.

From Nouvelle to Escuminac the highway runs inland and does not get back to the water's edge until it reaches the latter village.

There are two great fish rivers in the district, the Nouvelle and the Escuminac, and they have that particularity, that they are the only two large streams in the Gaspé Peninsula which do not contain salmon. They are, however, well stocked with sea trout of an extraordinary large size, which provide just as much sport as the average salmon. It is believed that the reason no salmon are found in those two streams is the fact that there are a number of muddy bars or banks at their mouth, and the salmon will penetrate rivers only if the water is very clear and the bottom is of a rocky or clean sand formation.

Fishing in those two rivers is free, but there is little accommodation for tha amateur fisher who would wish to try his hand at angling a few game sea trout. The tourist who is ready to camp out could enjoy a day's fine fishing in any part of those streams and would be certain to be rewarded with a very substantial string of fish, or he might stop at Mrs Glover's boarding house and hence travel about 5 miles to the river or to Glenn Lake.



The historic site of Pointe-à-Bourdon

HISTORIC SITES

Scene of heroic fights

We are now gradually getting away from what is actually the Baie des Chaleurs proper, and will soon be following the shores of the estuary of the famous Ristigouche river. The district we are about to enter is replete with historic souvenirs, since it was the scene of many heroic fights during the last days of the French regimen in Canada. The last blood for the possession of this country was shed near the shore of the Ristigouche.

As we enter the township of Mann, we tread the soil where the final scenes of the Seven Year's War between France and England, were enacted, and practically every rock, creek, cove or hill, bears some historic name that recalls those stirring events in the history of Canada.

The village of Oak Bay is a small agricultural settlement situated at about ten miles from Ristigouche, with a population of about 200 inhabitants.

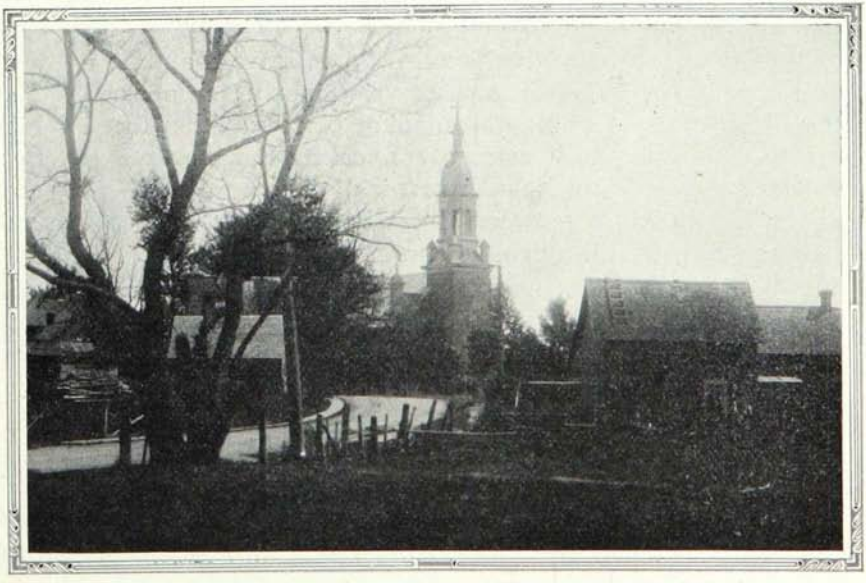
It would take one, or even several large volumes, to describe in detail the many naval and land engagements which were fought along the shores of the Ristigouche in the municipality of Mann,

and we will therefore merely indicate some of the points of particular interest where some of those fights took place.

A short distance from Oak Bay, off the main highway, is Pointe-à-la-Garde, which recalls the heroic defense of a fort by Sieur Donat de la Garde, second officer in command of the French war ship "Machault". De la Garde withstood a fierce bombardment by several British ships from June 27 until July 3, 1760, when he was finally obliged to evacuate the post and retire.

Two miles higher up is Pointe-à-la-Batterie (Battery Point), so called from a garrison having occupied it during the French and Britsih conflict. It is a bold rocky promontory, probably about 80 feet high, having on its summit a tolerably extensive plain, and at its base a fine deep channel.

As a result of the many fights near those two places, relics of all kinds have been found on the shores in the past, and some of them are still picked up on the beaches. At Pointe-à-la-Batterie in particular, where there is a beautiful sandy beach, treasure seekers have for many years collected mementoes of the early days of the colony. It was believed at one time that the French, before being obliged to leave their fortified positions, buried vast treasures at the foot of the great rocks, and many a searching party



The ancient settlement of Ristigouche

has tried to locate the valuables that are said to have been hidden there. To-day one can still see the traces of the excavations made by the treasure seekers. The beach is litterally honeycombed with deep holes, but there is no record of any treasure ever having been found in that locality.

What is generally referred to as the " Battle of Ristigouche ", the closing scene of that war which destroyed the western dominion of France, is commemorated by a memorial " plaque " erected by the Commission of Historic Monuments of Ottawa, in a park at Campbellton, New Brunswick, which is just across the estuary or Ristigouche Bay. The plate bears the following inscription : " Battle of Ristigouche. In the Spring of 1760, a small French squadron which had been sent to the assistance of Quebec, under the command of Sieur de la Giraudais, took refuge in the river Ristigouche. With the aid of several shore batteries, it fought an engagement with the British squadron commanded by the Honorable John Byron—Foulweather Jack—from June 27 until July 9, and was completely defeated. This was the last naval battle of the Seven Years War in North American waters."

But since we are not writing an historic treatise, we will resume our journey to Matapédia, and en route, will visit the village of Ristigouche, the Indian reserve, its famous Capuchin monastery, and an interesting old manor, a few miles further on.

To travel through the " reserve ", we leave the main highway and turn to the left over another very fine stretch of road, which takes us to Cross Point, the landing place of the ferry which crosses the river, and forms a connecting link between the Provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick. The boat runs every day, at regular intervals, between Cross Point on the Quebec side and Campbellton, on the opposite shore.

Cross Point is a small agglomeration of a few houses near the ferry landing stage, with a small hotel where passengers who have missed the last ferry, which sails about eight o'clock at night, can stop over until the next morning, when they can proceed upon their journey to the Province of New Brunswick.

As we get to Cross Point we turn to our right towards Ristigouche, only a few miles away.

The traveller passes through some very fine farming land, with some substantial buildings, and he cannot but help admire how the " former savages " have been converted into most efficient



Sickle and reaping hook are still in use

farmers, thanks to the persistent efforts of the missionaries and their very effective teaching. The reserve has a population of 593 Indians.

The mission of Ristigouche was first established in 1620, by a Recollet monk by the name of Sebastien or Bernardin, who died three years later. He was followed by several other missionaries, and it would take too long to describe in this guide all the religious events which culminated in the final establishment of the present parish administered by the Capuchin Friars, in 1894.

The church of Ristigouche, dedicated to Ste. Anne, who is referred to by the Indians as their " Queen ", and which is a shrine visited by numerous pilgrims every year, is a fine specimen of romanesque architecture. It contains some very interesting souvenirs and relics.

An historic souvenir

Attached to the church is the monastery of the Capuchins, and in the little square, right in front of the monks residence, is a valuable historic monument in the shape of an old well. The well-curb is the original marginal stone which covered the top of the edge of the well in the yard of the Recollet monastery at

Brouage, France, the native city of Samuel de Champlain, the founder of the city of Quebec. The great Frenchman probably stood on many an occasion, when a boy, near the old well in his native town, possibly dreaming of the future, and making in his youthful brain, some of the daring plans he was later to carry out with such marked success.

This historic stone was imported from France a few years ago by an American, Mr. John H. Finley, and he made a gift of it to the Capuchins of Ristigouche. The entire well was erected exactly along the plans of the original one at Brouage. The superstructure, with a plaque, which bears a brief inscription telling of the origin of the stone, is the gift of another American, Mrs. Guerin Kiernan, of Albany, N. Y.

The tourist who visits Ristigouche should not fail to call upon Reverend Father Pacifique, at the monastery, one of the greatest authorities on Micmac history and folklore, and a most charming old friar, who will at any time, most smilingly and graciously, receive the visitor, and supply him with a great wealth of interesting information, not only about the village of Ristigouche itself and its inhabitants, but about the entire Gaspé Peninsula which he knows probably much better than any other man living.

The name " Ristigouche " has a rather curious origin. It is derived from the Indian words : " listo " and " gotj ", which mean: " disobey thy father ". They were the words used as a " war cry " of an Indian tribe.

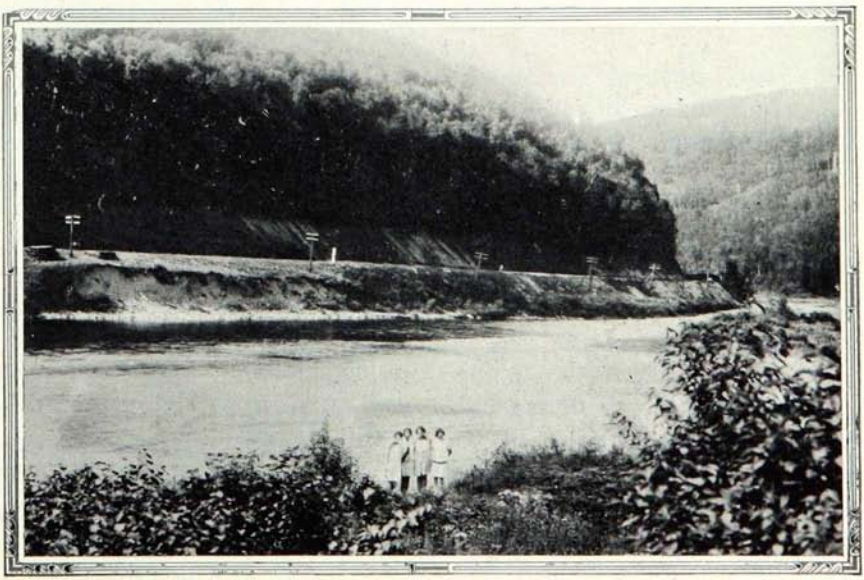
A young Indian captain had been sent to a place known as Long Island, to trade with the natives there, and his father had warned him not to do them any harm. He neglected the warning, and massacred the people on the island. Only one of the latter, a chief called Tonel, by some magic power, according to the legend, escaped the slaughter. He later assembled a small army of warriors and attacked the Iroquois at Caughnawaga whence the young captain, who had raided his former residence, had come. He gave the signal of the massacre with the words " Listo Gotj ", " disobey thy father ", which he had adopted as his war cry. When he returned to his village he changed its name to " Listo Gotj ", which in turn became Ristigouche.

On his way to Matapédia, the tourist should stop to visit an interesting old house, the Bustead home.

The house, which is about 3 miles from Cross Point and 10



The winding highway through the Valley



On the Ristigouche

miles from Matapédia, is full of old furniture, ancient weapons, and many relics of the past. There are stacks of canon balls picked up along the shore, pieces of oak from some of the men-of-war which were destroyed during the last days of the French domination, old Indian stone weapons ; cutlasses and swords, fished out of the river Ristigouche, rusty flintlocks, and other mementoes of the early years of the colony.

It is an old colonial style building, standing a little distance off the road. It occupies the site which was formerly that of the barracks that housed the French troops who manned the batteries and forts that defended the way leading to Quebec and Montreal.

The visit of this old residence will not delay the tourist any considerable time, and he will find it most instructive and interesting.

THE MATAPEDIA VALLEY

THE LAST SECTION OF THE ROAD

Land of exquisite beauty

A stretch of only 95.83 miles is left to complete the Gaspé tour, but the last lap of the journey is by no means the less interesting. While the country the tourist now enters into, is different from the two preceding ones, the land lying along the river St. Lawrence, and the region of the Baie des Chaleurs, it is one of exquisite beauty and glorious scenery.

We have left the sea shore entirely, and now travel inland, so the landscapes will have a different aspect altogether. There is no more of the immensity of the ocean or vaste expanse of the majestic river, the distorted, broken, rugged, ponderous rocky formations, the huge cliffs and titanic masses of granite and limestone, and the wild promontories and headlands, which featured the last part of our trip ; and the frowning mountain peaks, the precipitous heights, the immense forests, and the boulder strewn shores of the St. Lawrence, have all been left behind.

Mellow pictures of nature's most serene presentations, soft and mild in their tender coloring, and gentle in outline and contour ; replace the majestic, but at times fearsome, manifestations of the powers of the elements, and the wonders brought forth by the convulsions of nature when the world was in the making.

The traveller need no longer expect to be subjected to emotions of awe or violent surprise. He is entering the land of peace and tranquility, the Elysian fields of Canada's vacation land.

"The Valley lay smiling before me" wrote a famous Irish poet, describing one of the beautiful dales of his native land, and he drew a vision of the angels folding their wings, to soar in celestial bliss and contemplation, as they flew over some of its glorious lakes. Had he been privileged,—and it would have been a privilege indeed,—to roam through the land where the Matapédia flows, his song would have been even more melodious, and his verse more musical.

The valley of the Matapédia is a glorified Killarney.

Strange as it may seem, that beautiful country was practically unknown until recent times. Les than fifty years ago, the Valley was still what might be termed : " terra incognita ". It was covered with dense forests and woods, where the settler's axe had only made a few clearings, and where big game held undisputed sway. To-day there are some thirty prosperous parishes, some with nearly three thousand people, scattered along the fertile banks of its many streams. Half a century ago, along the old Kempt road, there were four " posts ", established by the Canadian Government, as " refuges " for the travellers who ventured, at their own peril, through the wilderness. Those posts have disappeared, and in their stead there stand, along the great Perron Boulevard, modern, up-to-date villages and settlements. Fifty years ago a missionary passed through the valley once or twice a year to conduct divine service in a lonely log cabin. To-day, magnificent stone churches and fine wooden places of worship and mission chapels, rear their slender spires in God's blue sky, at every turn in the road.

Describing the Matapédia Valley, Henri Buies, the well known Canadian writer says : " The mountains in that region are mere elevated hillocks, varied in aspect and covered with a fertile soil. Matapédia is really not a mountainous country, but a land of hills separated by small gorges and gullies, resembling an agitated land of sea with its rolling waves crested with green."

Although the Matapédia Valley has come into its own only whithin the last few years, it is mentioned in the records of the very earliest period of the history of Canada.

In 1694, a portion of the territory, what was known then as the " Lac Madapeguia ", was ceded by Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac, to Charles-Nicolas-Joseph Damours de Louviers, but neither he, nor any of his successors, appear to have ever resided in the district. It was not until 1833, that the first settler went into the Valley. He was Pierre Brochu, and for six years, he remainded the solitary inhabitant of a most solitary land. In 1855, there were only five families in the entire valley, and eight in 1859. But in 1860, a large group of Acadians came from Prince Edward Island, and they constituted the nucleus of what was to become a flourishing colony.



The entrance to the beautiful Matapedia Valley

THE REALM OF THE SALMON

The fisherman's paradise

If Gaspé has very appropriately been called the "Land of the Cod", the Matapédia Valley is deserving of the title of the "Kingdom of the Salmon". Gaspé can substantiate its claim to being the greatest producer of fine salmon on the American continent, and it is in that portion, where the Matapédia and Ristigouche rivers flow, that the Peninsula has its greatest reserve of that monarch of the finny tribe.

Both those streams are world famous for their salmon. The greatest salmon fishing club in Canada is located at Matapédia, our first stop, just as we are about to enter the Valley.

The village of Matapédia is the junction point of the Canadian National Railways and the Quebec and Oriental Railway, now operated by the C. N. R., and consequently it is an important railway centre, the greater part of the population consisting of employees of the two railway companies. It is at Matapédia that the Canadian National Railways line leaves the Province of Quebec to cross into New Brunswick over a great steel bridge.

The parish of Matapédia, the religious name of which is St. Laurent-de-Matapédia, was founded in 1860, but the first resident parish priest was not appointed until 1903. The spiritual wants of the people were attended to, before the latter date, by missionaries.

The village has a population of nearly 1,000, and they are nearly all in the employ of the railway companies. There is a little farming but only for local consumption.

Matapédia occupies a very picturesque situation, but it has little, outside of its fine site, and the fact that it is the location of the great fishing club, to attract or detain the tourist. If the traveller has occasion to stop at the village, he will find excellent accommodation at the Ristigouche Hotel which has 50 very fine rooms, 12 of which have private baths, and all with running hot and cold water. The rate per day is $3.50 and up, and the cuisine is of the very best. The Ristigouche Hotel has a licence for the sale of wines and beer with meals.

There are also several good restaurants and boarding houses.

There are two well equipped garages at Matapédia, where all kinds of repairs can be made, and spare parts for most makes of cars can be purchased.

ENTERING THE VALLEY

A beautiful drive

Leaving Matapédia the tourist has a very long drive, nearly 30 miles, before he reaches the next settlement, the village of Sainte-Florence.

But if the ride is a lengthy one, it is also a most interesting and pleasant one. The highway follows the river through most delightful scenery, once more reminiscent of Switzerland, with its beautiful mountains, its picturesque valleys and its winding streams and beautiful small lakes. Just as the tourist emerges from the village, he strikes a most magnificent stretch of water, formed by the meeting of the rivers Ristigouche and Matapédia. The two rivers form what is more like a lake than a stream. Numerous islands, covered with thick tufts of trees, give the rivers the general appearance of the St. Lawrence in the famous Thousand Islands district.

Sainte-Florence is situated quite a distance from the main highway, but it is very easily reached in a few minutes by a first class gravel road, and a visit to this pretty little settlement will not add anything to the mileage to be covered to reach the end of the journey.

The parish has a population of about 900 souls. It was founded only in 1909, and in its twenty years of existence it has developed into a thriving, prosperous village. Agriculture in general, and the dairy industry in particular, are the main occupations of a laborious people, and in addition some timber is obtained in the nearby woods and cut into lumber in a couple of small saw-mills.

Owing to its picturesque situation, the village was originally called "Beaurivage" (Pretty shore), but as there was already a village of that name in the county of Lotbinière, the name was changed to Sainte-Florence.

There is good accommodation for tourists at the "Thibault Hôtel" which has 12 rooms, and where the charge is $3.00 a day. There are also several good boarding houses and a small garage.

The village is situated on the banks of the Matapédia, but although the fishing rights are reserved in the great salmon river, there are several little streams in the neighborhood where a string of brook trout can easily be secured in season.

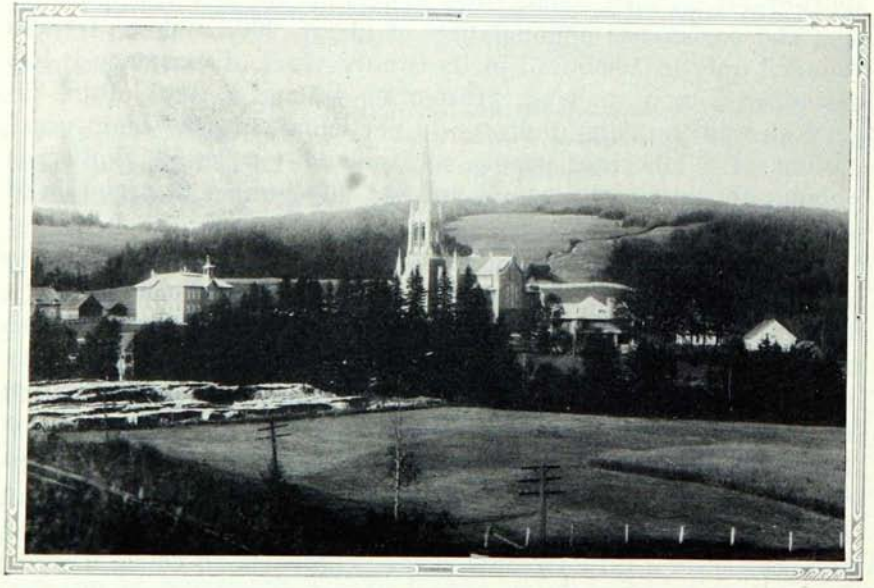
There is excellent shooting in the nearby woods, and several first class guides are available in the village. For the hunter of small game there is an extraordinary large amount of hares.

Ste. Florence is 66.54 miles from Ste. Flavie, and 28.29 miles from Matapédia. It is situated on the Canadian National Railways.

THE CAUSAPSCAL RIVER

Waters with rocky bottom

The Valley of the Matapédia is criss-crossed by numerous streams, and although the Matapédia is the largest, and probably the best known, and admittedly very picturesque, yet, one cannot fail to be impressed by the beauty of another river, the "Causapscal", which the original aborigines, the Redskins, called either the "rapid water", or the "water with a rocky bottom". Both those names are most appropriate. The Causapscal is mostly a large torrent, dashing over a rock strewn bed. Its waters are clear as cristal, and cold as ice, and since it flows between high banks, it offers many delightful nooks and corners where one could recline on the grass and enjoy, on a hot afternoon, a most delicious "dolce farniente".



Causapscal and its cathedral-like church

Along the banks of this charming water course where it joins the Matapédia, lies the pretty village of Causapscal, really a small town. It has a population of nearly 2,400 souls, and is most modern in construction and in the lay-out of its streets. It was founded in 1870, but a resident parish priest was appointed only in 1896. The religious name of the parish is Saint-Jacques-le-Majeur-de-Causapscal, the name being given to it in honor of one of the very first settlers, Jacques Smith.

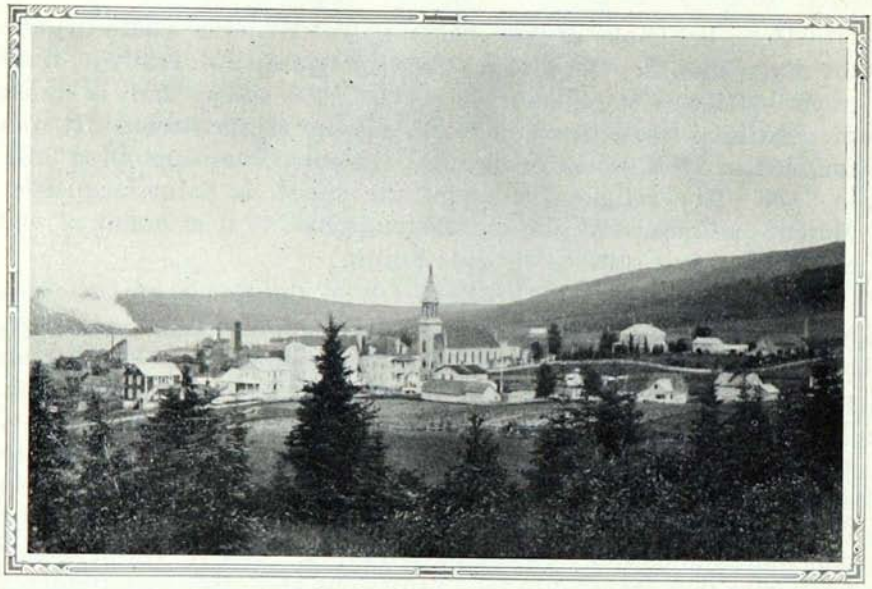
While fishing rights are reserved in the Causapscal river, a local fish and hunt club, composed of residents of the village, possess the shooting rights on considerable forest land and fishing privileges on a beautiful lake only a short distance from the village. The tourist can quite easily obtain permission to fish in that lake, which is one of the finest of its kind in the "Valley", or he can get permission to shoot on the club's preserves, by applying to Mr. Gonzague Belleavance, the proprietor of the local hotel. The club has a number of well equipped hunting "camps", with stables for horses that are used to take provisions and camp requirements into the forest for a few days shooting, or to take the hunters themselves into the woods. Excellent guides can be secured, and under their direction it is no great trick to secure a moose or deer, or even a bear.

There are fair roads over which one can travel some thirty miles practically into the heart of the forest, so that there is no difficulty in reaching the choicest haunts of the big game.

There is first class accommodation for the visitor at the "Belleavance Hotel", which has some fifteen rooms, and where the rates are $2.50 and up. There are also a number of first class boarding houses and restaurants, and a well equipped garage.

The main occupation of the people is farming, and they have a good access to the outside markets, as the village is situated along the Canadian National Railway, and in addition they have the added advantage of the splendid new road, the Perron Boulevard.

A little over 8 miles further, as we drive along the main highway, we see to our left, the spire of a very pretty church, surrounded by a group of substantial buildings. It is the village of Lac-au-Saumon, which lies across a beautiful lake, and which can be reached only by making quite a detour. The road leading round the lake to the village, is, however, a splendid gravel covered,



The village of Lac-au-Saumon

wide, and well kept highway, and a visit to Lac-au-Saumon is well worth while. Not only does it give one the opportunity of seeing a well ordained, prosperous settlement, but also of admiring the fine lake whence the village takes its name.

Lac-au-Saumon (Salmon Lake), is formed by the widening of the Matapédia River. It was formerly called "Petit Lac" (Little Lake), and the Indians gave it the name of "Apsess Kosupan". It was called Lac-au-Saumon, because at one time it was a favorite spawning ground for the salmon of the Matapédia, but since several large saw-mills have been erected on the lake shore, and the water is consequently less or more polluted, the salmon do no longer travel so far into the great river.

The population of the village is over 2,500, and a great number of the people find employment in the saw-mills, while most of them till the soil, or are engaged in the dairy business.

Lac-au-Saumon has a beautiful church, and the Sisters of the Holy Rosary provide first class education for the young women of the district, in their splendid new convent.

The village is fast gaining fame as a place of pilgrimage. There is a small oratory dedicated to St. Joseph, and some extra-

ordinary cures, which have been obtained through the intercession of Canada's patron saint, have spread the fame of the small unpretentious shrine.

There are two small hotels at Lac-au-Saumon and a few good boarding houses.

There are many very fine lakes within easy reach of the village, where trout and other fish are to be found in abundance, among them "Angus Lake", about 4 miles away; "Pitre Lake", at about the same distance; "Lac Rouge", one mile from the village, and "Lac Fafard", 3 miles inland. Although fishing rights on all those lakes have been reserved, permission for a few hours angling can easily be obtained through the hotel proprietors.

There is plenty of good shooting in the nearby woods.

LIGHT AND SHADOWS

Entrancing and fascinating scenery

As we return to the main highway, and proceed upon our journey, we once more are spell-bound by the splendor of the lanscape that unfolds before our gaze.

If the weather is fine, clear and bright, the insinuating gentility of the hill slope, in its gorgeous mantle of green; the shimmering vasts of sea acres of wind tossed foliage, in the gently undulating valleys on both sides of the road; the glistening, sparkling, rippling great streams, that flow leisurely on their course, or dash in impetuous speed over barriers of rocks and boulders; all appeal to our finer senses and artistic feeling. But when the shadows come and go upon the summits of the mountains, deeping their azure with the approaching storm, blackening as that storm impends, and blotting them out as it bursts, the effect, while it may be somewhat enervating, is most startling in its fearsome beauty.

Both in sunshine, and when clouds cast their ominous shadows over the landscape, the Valley of the Matapédia is equally entrancing and fascinating.

The Matapédia Valley, with its ranges of hills resplendent in soft and ever changing hues, and the seemingly endless panorama of fresh green farm-lands and meadows of emerald, streaked with the gold of dandelion blooms, is indeed a region where the tourist will delight to linger and steep his soul in wonder and enchantment.

The district is a veritable natural park in its woodland loveliness, and not even a protracted sejourn can rob it of its allure, to those who fully appreciate the freedom of the great outdoors. The tourist will want to hide away in the storehouse of his most pleasant memories, the reminiscence of his trip through the beautiful valley.

The Boulevard still follows the tortuous course of the Matapédia Valley, and after a gentle climb to somewhat higher levels, we come to the village of Amqui, or to give it its full " christian name ", Saint-Benoit-Joseph-Labre-d'Amqui.

Amqui is an important settlement, having nearly 3,400 inhabitants. It is situated at 46.32 miles from Ste. Flavie, and 48.51 miles from Matapédia, on the banks of the Matapédia river and on the Canadian National Railways.

Although the entire district is very hilly, the land is exceedingly fertile, and farming is carried out on a large scale, constituting as it does the main occupation of the population. There is also a prosperous lumber industry.

Amqui possesses some important modern conveniences, including an electric light service, the power being secured from the storage of the Matapédia river waters by an artificial dam a short



Ste. Florence is a pretty settlement

distance from the heart of the village. The same dam provides the power to operate several important saw-mills which supply considerable employment to a portion of the population.

The parish of Amqui, which was originally called " Humqui ", which is an Indian word meaning " the place where one enjoys himself ", was founded in 1881, but until 1887, the date of the appointment of the first parish priest, it was a mere mission station.

There are two good hotels at Amqui, the " Hotel Gagnon " and the " Hotel Langis ", with about six rooms each, where accommodation can be obtained for $3.00 a day. There are also some boarding houses and a number of restaurants.

Fishing and shooting is fairly good in the little streams near the village and in the nearby woods.

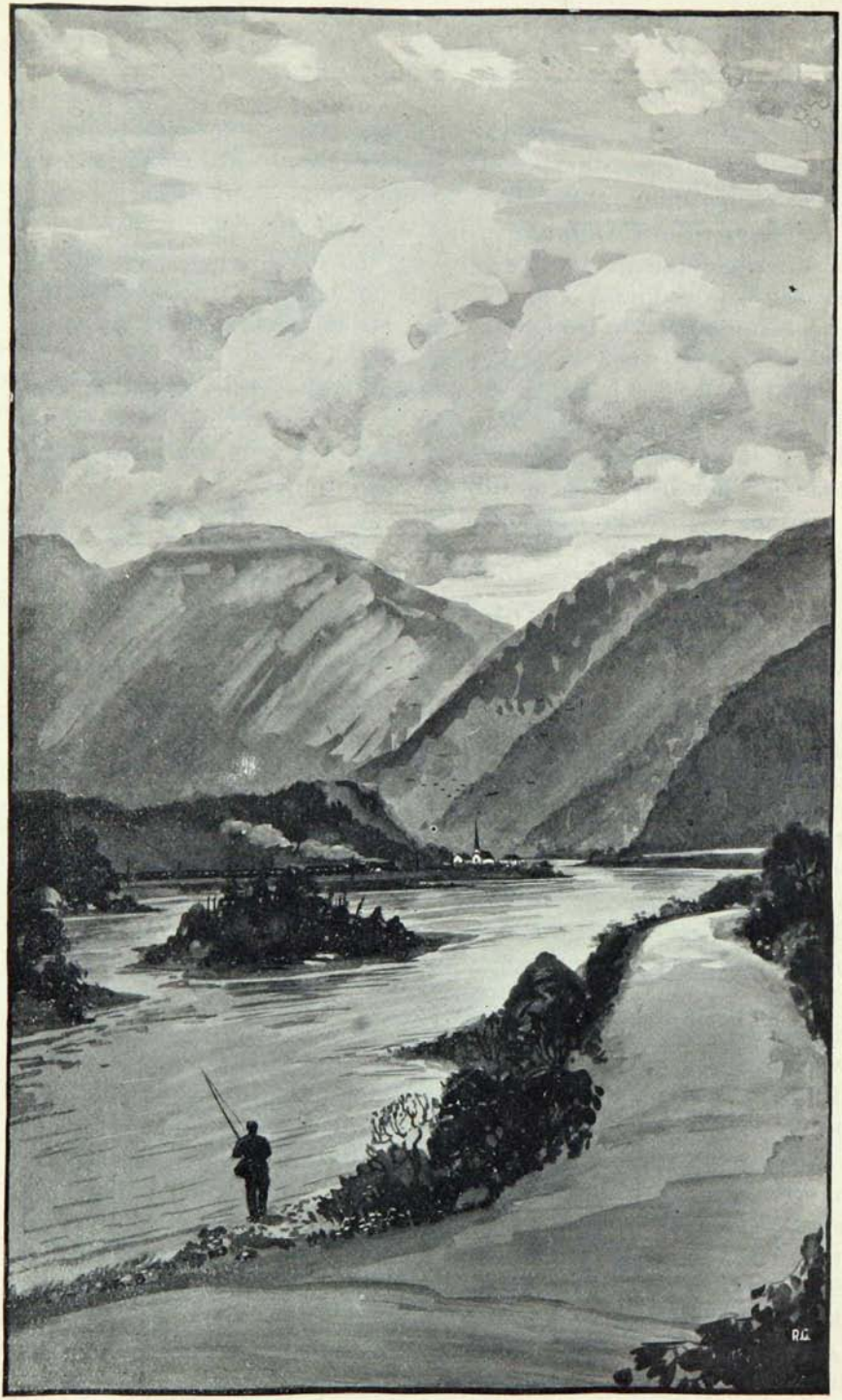
QUEEN OF THE VALLEY

A very pretty village

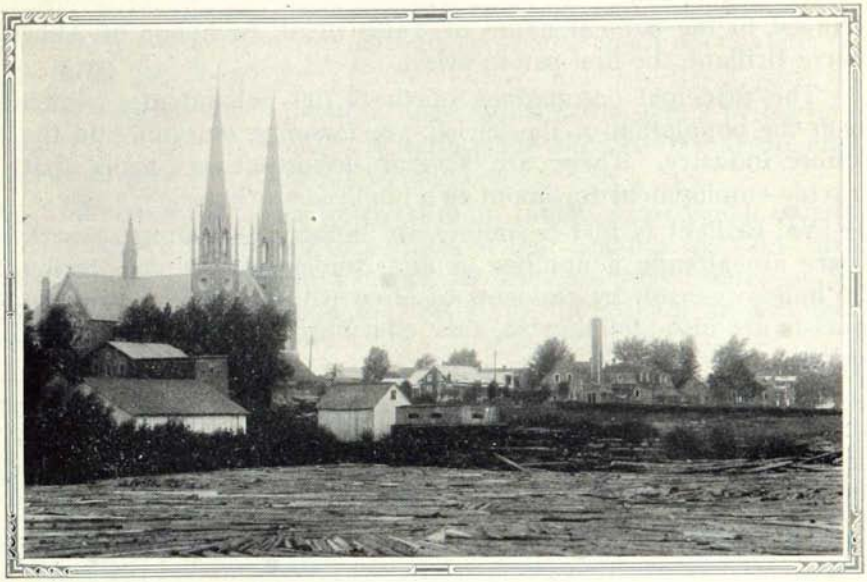
As we swing round on a bend in the road, a short distance from the village of Amqui, we suddenly get a view of the grand Lac Matapédia, the largest expanse of water in the entire region, and one of the most beautiful lakes in Eastern Quebec. It is about fifteen miles long and about three miles wide. It has often been referred to as a " jewel ", and as such a jewel could be worn only by a queen, when the village of Val-Brillant, which stands by its shores, was erected, and later grew to its present day full development, it was given its royal title.

The village of Val-Brillant is splendidly situated. To the north is the beautiful distant background of the Shickshocks, washed by the wavelets of Lake Matapédia ; to the south, or at the rear of the village, an undulating country of beautiful small hills and entrancing valleys and meadow-lands.

Val-Brillant is a real queen, garbed in all the richest hues of nature. But to her intrinsic beauty, the human hand has added some additional adornments, in the shape of fine architectural masterpieces. We will cite only one of the latter, the magnificent church, built of quarry stone, over two hundred feet long, one of the finest specimens of pure Gothic architecture in the Province of Quebec. Its two slender silvery spires can be seen long before the traveller comes within the limits of the parish.



THE MATAPEDIA VALLEY
"The Valley lay smiling before me..."



Val-Brillant, " Queen of the Matapédia "

There is, in addition a fine presbytery ; a superb monument to the Sacred Heart, standing in the midst of a park of flowers and green shrubbery ; the boys academy of the Little Brothers of Mary, and the convent for girls, directed by the Sisters of the Holy Rosary.

The village is very nicely laid out, it has fine sidewalks, and contains a number of good stores. Its streets and houses are lighted by electricity, and there is a combined police and fire station, which provides persons and property with ample protection at all times.

And yet, the parish and village are only thirty three years old. It is true that the place was settled as early as 1872, during the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, being called at that time, and even until recent years, " Cedar Hall ", from a large barn-like construction, used as a storage plant for material for the construction of the railway line, and called " cedar-hall " because it was built of cedar wood, but it was founded as a parish only in 1889, when the first parish priest was appointed.

The name of " Cedar Hall " was maintained until 1913, when it was called Saint-Pierre-du-Lac, and in 1916, it was once more

changed to the present name of Val-Brillant, in honor of Abbé Pierre Brillant, the first parish priest.

The principal occupations of the 1,700 inhabitants, which form the population of the parish, are farming, dairying and the lumber industry. There are several important saw-mills that provide employment for about two hundred workers.

Val-Brillant is fast becoming an important summer resort. There are already a number of fine residences occupied during the holiday season by residents of Montreal and Quebec, and the tourists are also stopping in this charming locality in larger numbers every year.

It is an aviation station for the planes of the Compagnie Aerienne Française d'Aviation, which recently made an aerial survey of the entire Gaspé Peninsula, and produced a most interesting series of photographic pictures of that region.

Val-Brillant offers splendid accommodation to the visiting tourist. There are two good hotels, the "Chateau Val-Brillant", with 15 rooms, and a rate of $3.00 a day and up ; and the "Hotel Val-Brillant", with 6 rooms and a rate of $2.50 and up. There are also some good boarding houses and restaurants, and a well equipped garage.

There is splendid fishing in the many lakes in the vicinity, "Lake Simard", 9 miles from the village ; "Lake-du-Chef", about the same distance ; and also in the "Rivière Inconnue" (Unknown River). Fishing in those lakes and river, where beautiful trout are found in abundance, is free, and they are quite accessible by automobile over fair roads.

Good shooting can be indulged in in the woods near the lakes, where there is plenty of deer, partridge, hares and some bears.

The district offers some splendid auto drives over very good roads.

Val-Brillant is only 37.20 miles from Ste. Flavie, and 57.63 miles from Matapédia, and it can be reached from Montreal and Quebec, by the Canadian National Railways as well as over the splendid Government roads.

Sayabec, or Sainte-Marie-de-Sayabec, is the next village on our route as we are now fast approaching the end of our long journey over the great Perron Boulevard.

The village is situated at 30.18 miles from Ste. Flavie, on a

stretch of flat-land, where agriculture is the main occupation of the 3,100 population.

The parish was founded in 1890, but the first parish priest was appointed only in 1896. It is built on the Sayabec river, and stretches over a vast area of territory.

The name Sayabec comes from an Indian word which means " obstructed river ", and they called it that because trees and the dams constructed by the beavers, which were very numerous in the entire region, blocked the waters of the stream and caused serious floods.

The tourist will find excellent accommodation at the " Sayabec Hotel ", with 18 rooms, and an excellent French cuisine, and good service, for $3.50 and up. There are also a couple of good boarding houses.

There is excellent fishing in the numerous lakes in the Sayabec district : " Portage Lake ", " White River Lake ", " Malfait Lake ", " Malcolm Lake ", and many others, all free.

Good shooting can be enjoyed in the nearby woods, where moose, deer, partridge and hares are found in great numbers.

By applying to the proprietor of the Sayabec Hotel, Mr. Soucy, the tourist can arrange some very interesting trips or fishing and hunting excursions.

Near journey's end

There is some more very beautiful scenery as we proceed from Sayabec over the Boulevard, through the next settlements of Saint-Moïse, Sainte-Angèle-de-Mérici, Saint-Joseph-de-Lepage, and Mont-Joli, the four last stops we make before finally reaching the " closing buckle " of the " belt " line, around the Gaspé Peninsula, and thus complete our splendid trip through Quebec's Wonderland.

The highway still runs through an undulating country of hills and small mountains, with their accompaniement of delightful little valleys, through which flow silvery rivers and smaller streams.

The parish of Saint-Moïse, which has a population of nearly 1,500 souls, was founded in 1870, but the first parish priest was not appointed until three years later. It was given its present

name in honor of Abbé Moïse Duguay, who was parish priest of Ste-Flavie, whence the first settlers came to Saint-Moïse.

It is a purely agricultural settlement, although some of the people are engaged in the lumber business on a small scale.

There is some good fishing and shooting in the vicinity. Good trout is caught in "Lac des Quinze" and "Lac Blanc", only a short distance from the village reached over good auto roads.

Moose, deer and bear, are fairly numerous in the woods in the district.

There is good accommodation for tourists at the two small hotels: "The "Hotel Sirois" with 10 rooms, and the "Hotel Harvey", with 5 rooms. The rate charged is $2.50 a day.

Sainte-Angèle-de-Mérici, only 10.04 miles from Ste. Flavie, is next on our way. It is a prosperous small settlement, very picturesquely situated between the two ranges of mountains which form what might be called the "outlet" of the Matapédia Valley, as we get once more to the level lands near the shores of the St. Lawrence.

The village lies in a most fertile country, where farming is conducted on a large scale, and where it is no uncommon thing to see herds of thirty and forty fine head of cattle in the meadows.



Mont-Joli as seen from the air

Ste. Angèle has a population of nearly 1,800 souls. It was the first parish to be established in the western portion of the Matapédia Valley, being canonically erected in 1868.

It was given its name in honor of Mrs. Angèle Drapeau, the wife of a former seignior of the district.

There are two hotels at Ste. Angèle, the " Hotel Plante " with 8 rooms, and the " Hotel Commercial " with 5 rooms, where a rate of $2.50 a day is charged.

After leaving Ste. Angèle-de-Mérici, we travel through a fine stretch of flat-lands, with some slight undulations, until we reach Saint-Joseph-de-Lepage, a very small settlement of less than 500 population, situated at only 3.68 miles from Ste. Flavie, and only one mile from the last village on the route before we have completed the great Gaspé trip.

It is a prosperous little farming community which was formerly part of the parish of Ste. Flavie from which it was separated in 1873.

Mont-Joli, our next stop, and the last before we reach the end of the Perron Boulevard, is a railway terminal point, since it is there that the Canada and Gulf Terminal Railway, which runs between Mont-Joli and Matane ends and connects with the Canadian National Railways. The population, of about 2,600, is composed mostly of railway employees and their families. There is some farming in the district, but only for local consumption.

The parish of Mont-Joli was founded in 1881. It was detached from the parish of Ste. Flavie, and formed part of the old seigniory of Lepage.

The village was called Mont-Joli (Pretty Hill), on account of its situation on a small eminence, from which a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained. Its religious name is Notre-Dame-de-Lourdes-de-Mont-Joli, and it was so named because the church stands on a rocky height, which is very much like the rock upon which the famous shrine of Lourdes, in France, is erected.

Good accommodation can be obtained at the " Voyer Hotel ", with 35 rooms, 12 of which have private baths, and all with hot and cold running water, and where a rate of $3.00 and up is charged per day, and at the " Victoria " with 25 rooms and a rate of $3.00 and the " Commercial " with 12 rooms and a rate of $3.00.

Another 2.68 miles over a very straight piece of beautiful

road, brings us finally to the end of the Boulevard at Ste. Flavie, and we have thus successfully, and we hope, most pleasantly, completed one of the finest trips on the American continent.

On the way home

After completing our journey through Quebec's Wonderland, through that country " where the tourists' dreams come true ", we return " home " over Highway No. 10, as far as Rivière-du-Loup, whence we started, and the Levis-Fort Covington Highway, No. 3. But we will preferably stop at Rivière-du-Loup again, and cross over to Tadoussac and St-Siméon, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence river, to follow a new route, the Quebec-Chicoutimi-Tour-du-Lac-Saint-Jean Highway, No. 15, which skirts the St. Lawrence river from St. Siméon to Quebec. A regular daily service is supplied by a ferry-boat, with a capacity of forty automobiles, which sails between Rivière-du-Loup, St-Siméon and Tadoussac.

If, in spite of our efforts, and the care we have taken in collecting the necessary data, and setting it as clearly as time and space allowed us, before the visitor to this part of the Province of Quebec, we have failed to fully describe a land which has baffled even the most able pen artists, or to interest the tourist throughout his trip, we are quite willing to supplement our information, by giving him any additional facts, if he will call at the Provincial Tourist Bureau, at the Parliament Buildings, when he stops at Quebec before undertaking the great Gaspé Tour.

DISTANCES

Between Gaspé and :

Rimouski, P. Q.	266.8 miles
Rivière-du-Loup, P. Q.	332.2 miles
Matapédia, P. Q.	212.0 miles
Campbellton, N. B.	225.0 miles
Edmundston, N. B.	411.3 miles
Quebec, P. Q.	455.7 miles
Chicoutimi, P. Q.	657.5 miles
Trois-Rivières, P. Q.	538.6 miles
Sherbrooke, P. Q.	594.0 miles
Montreal, P. Q.	634.6 miles
Mont-Laurier, P. Q.	803.7 miles
Ottawa, Ont., via Hull	757.1 miles
Ottawa, Ont., via Pointe-Fortune	765.5 miles
Cornwall, Ont.	714.9 miles
Prescott, Ont.	763.6 miles
Kingston, Ont.	824.5 miles
Toronto, Ont.	990.0 miles
Hamilton, Ont.	1033.0 miles
St. Catharines, Ont.	1068.7 miles
Niagara Falls, Ont.	1082.3 miles
Windsor, Ont.	1234.2 miles
London, Ont.	1112.5 miles
Hawkesbury, Ont.	703.5 miles
Renfrew, Ont.	829.0 miles
Pembroke, Ont.	871.5 miles
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.	1293.5 miles
Rouse's Point, N. Y., via Montréal	678.0 miles
Plattsburg, N. Y., " "	704.2 miles
Albany, N. Y., " "	897.1 miles
New York, N. Y., " "	1045.6 miles
Malone, N. Y., " "	729.3 miles
Syracuse, N. Y., " "	905.1 miles
Rochester, N. Y., " "	968.1 miles
Buffalo, N. Y., " "	1039.6 miles
Cleveland, Ohio, " "	1231.1 miles
Cincinnati, Ohio, " "	1518.6 miles
Chicago, Ill., " "	1602.1 miles
Atlantic City, N. J., " "	1179.6 miles

Miami, Fla.,	" "	2442.7 miles
Washington, D. C.,	" "	1287.1 miles
New Orleans, La.,	" "	2463.0 miles
Derby Line, Vt.,	via Sherbrooke	627.8 miles
Newport, Vt.,	" "	634.3 miles
St. Albans, Vt.,	" "	702.4 miles
New Haven, Conn.,	" "	986.5 miles
Boston, Mass.,	" "	891.0 miles
Portland, Maine,	" "	815.0 miles
Springfield, Mass.,	" "	923.5 miles
Hartford, Conn.,	" "	950.5 miles
New York, N. Y.,	" "	1012.5 miles

A FEW DISTANCES BY RAIL

Montreal to Levis	163 miles
Montreal to Rivière-du-Loup	277 miles
Montreal to Rimouski	342 miles
Montreal to Ste. Flavie	361 miles
Montreal to Matane	397 miles
Montreal to Matapedia	453 miles
Matapedia to Cross-Point	13 miles
Matapedia to Pointe-à-la-Garde	22 miles
Matapedia to Escuminac	27 miles
Matapedia to Nouvelle	36 miles
Matapedia to Saint-Omer	41 miles
Matapedia to Carleton	44 miles
Matapedia to Maria	53 miles
Matapedia to Cascapedia	61 miles
Matapedia to New Richmond	68 miles
Matapedia to Caplan	79 miles
Matapedia to Bonaventure	89 miles
Matapedia to New Carlisle	98 miles
New Carlisle to Paspebiac	3¾ miles
New Carlisle to Saint Godefroi	11 miles
New Carlisle to Port Daniel	22 miles
New Carlisle to Newport	37 miles
New Carlisle to Chandler	44 miles
New Carlisle to Grande Rivière	54 miles
New Carlisle to Cape Cove (Percé)	62 miles
New Carlisle to Barachois	79 miles
New Carlisle to Gaspé	104 miles

A FEW DISTANCES BY WATER

(For those who would like to make short boat trips along the coast)

From Ste-Anne-des-Monts to Rivière-à-la-Marte	15	miles
From Rivière-à-la-Marte to Mont-Louis	17	miles
From Rivière-aux-Renards to Anse-au-Griffon	4¾	miles
From Gaspé Basin to Douglastown	6½	miles
From Barachois to Percé	6½	miles
From Paspebiac to New-Carlisle	4½	miles
From New-Carlisle to Bonaventure	6½	miles
From New-Richmond to Maria	6½	miles
From Maria to Carleton	4	miles

SOME HIGH SPOTS ALONG THE PERRON BOULEVARD

Grades :

Grand-Ruisseau, between Grande-Vallée and Madeleine, 800 feet.
Marsouis 2,000 feet.
Ruisseau-Vallée 2,600 feet.
Petit-Cap 500 feet.

Mountains :

Marsouis 2,800 feet.
Mont-St-Louis 1,800 feet.
Anse-Pleureuse 1,600 feet.
Gros-Morne 1,400 feet.
Grande-Vallée 1,100 feet.

SOME FACTS ABOUT GASPE

Discovered in 1534.
Length about 170 miles.
Greatest width about 85 miles.
Area 11,400 square miles or 7,300,000 acres.
Population 102,515 (census of 1927).
Highest elevation 4,450 feet above sea level.
Length of circular road around Peninsula 553 miles.
Rich in natural resources.
Replete with historic souvenirs.
Land of wonderful scenery.

TRAFFIC RULES

SPEED LIMIT

Pleasure cars and autobusses : 20 miles an hour in cities, towns and villages ; 30 miles in open country.

Commercial vehicules : with solid tires, 8 miles an hour loaded ; 10 miles light. With pneumatic tires, 12 miles an hour loaded ; 15 light.

All vehicles : 8 miles an hour in curves and steep grades, at road crossings and on bridges.

FULL STOP AT LEVEL CROSSINGS

Before driving a motor vehicle over a level crossing, the person driving it must bring it to a full stop, momentarily, near the crossing, and then make the crossing in low gear. This disposition of the law does not apply, however, in the case of a tramway crossing or a railway level crossing in charge of a signalman or equipped with gates or a signal indicating automatically the approach of a train.

LIGHTS

Don't neglect, in meeting another vehicle, to so dim, obstruct, or divert the rays of your lights as not to dazzle or blind the driver of the approaching vehicle.

Don't use a pivoted searchlight unless its rays are fixed towards the right of your vehicle.

Don't leave your automobile parked without lights on a country road or in an unlighted part of a town.

NOISE

Don't use your horn except as a danger signal and at sufficient distance from the point of danger and in such a manner as not to produce a strident, prolonged sound.

Don't open the muffler cut-out.

RIGHT OF WAY

Don't drive on the left side of the road.

Don't fail to give right of way at road crossings to vehicles approaching from your right on the other road.

Don't pass a tramcar that has stopped to take on or set down passengers until it has been put in motion again, till the passengers have reached the sidewalk, or until the traffic officer has signalled you to proceed.

Don't run by the rear end of a motionless tramcar which you have overtaken.

Don't drive to the left of a tramcar in motion ; keep always to the right.

Don't fail to stop whenever signalled to do so by a traffic officer or at a sign posted to that effect.

THEFT

Don't leave your car unoccupied on a public road except under lock and key, or otherwise protected.

GARAGE

Don't neglect to register your automobile at any garage in which you place it for storage.

LICENSE PLATES

Attach your front license plate between the headlights and your rear license plate on the left mudguard ; keep them clean and legible at a distance.

MUNICIPAL BY-LAWS

Observe all municipal by-laws respecting public safety and one-way traffic.

SUMMARY OF FISH AND GAME LAWS

IT IS FORBIDDEN to hunt during the hour preceding sunrise and the two hours after sunset ;
to allow dogs to run in deer territory between November 10 of one year and November 1 of the following year ;
to allow to rot the flesh, skin, or any other part of deer or moose ;
to buy or sell the flesh, skin, or any other part of deer or moose ;
to hunt caribou within the next five years ;
to buy or sell any fur, for commercial purposes, without a license from the Department of Colonization and Fisheries ;
to use poison in the hunting of fur-bearing animals or any other variety of game ;
to keep in captivity fur-bearing animals or other kinds of game without having obtained a license to that effect from the Department of Colonization and Fisheries ;
to destroy or damage in any manner whatsoever the burrows or dens of fur-bearing animals ;
to ship out of the Province, or from one place to another within the Province, or to tanneries, any fur, without a permit to do so ;
to all NON-RESIDENTS of the Province to hunt or fish without license ;
to residents of the Province who are not British subjects to hunt without a special license ;
to buy or sell or have in one's possession for the purpose of sale, any rainbow trout at any time of the year. A non-resident, however, having fished under a Provincial license or permit, may, on producing his license, take with him outside of the Province, the legal catch, which must not exceed the total weight of twenty-five pounds ;
to kill more than ONE moose and TWO deer during any one hunting season ;
at all times, to have in one's possession in lumber or construction camps, any hunting equipment ;
at all times, to use dogs for the hunting, killing, or capturing of moose, caribou or deer ;
at any time, to trap, hunt, kill, take or have in one's possession, beaver or any part thereof for a period of three years ending on December 31, 1932 ;
to have in one's possession, during the prohibited season, beaver hides or any part thereof ;
to break or to undo the huts of the beavers or to set traps less than twenty feet distant from such huts.

OPEN SEASON FOR HUNTING

MOOSE.—From September 10 to December 31 in counties situated north of the St. Lawrence ; in counties south of the St. Lawrence, from September 20 to December 31.

DEER.—From September 1 to November 30.
It is borbidden at all times to kill the female of the moose, or the young, less than one year old, of moose or deer.

BEAR.—From August 20 to June 30 of the following year.

WOODCOCK, SNIPE, WIDGEON, GEESE, BUSTARD, and other feathered game, except eider-duck, crested duck, sandpiper, and migratory birds not considered as game, from September 1 to December 15.

PARTRIDGE, grey or swamp, September 1 to January 15 following.
White, November 1 to January 31 following.

OTTER.—December 15 to March 31 following.

MINK, SABLE, PEKAN, WILDCAT, SKUNK, November 1 to March 31.

FOX.—November 1 to February 28 inclusive.

MUSKRAT.—March 15 to April 30. North of Lat. 50, however, it is permitted to hunt muskrat from November 1 till the following June 1.

HARE.—October 15 to February 1.

HUNTING LICENSES FOR NON-RESIDENTS OF THE PROVINCE : $25.00 for those who are not members of clubs ; $10.00 for bona-fide members of clubs leasing territory in the Province.

FOR RESIDENTS : $1.00 for a moose ; $1.00 for two deer.

OPEN SEASON FOR FISHING

SALMON.—May to July 31—Fly fishing from May 1 to August 31, except in the waters under lease to the Ristigouche Salmon Club, where fishing is permitted only until August 15.

SEA TROUT.—December 2 to the following October 14.

OUANANICHE (Land-locked salmon).—December 1 to the following September 30.

RAINBOW TROUT.—May 1 to September 30. Fishing through the ice is prohibited.

GREY TROUT (Lunge), TOULADI (Lake trout).—December 2 to the following October 14.

BLACK BASS (Striped not included)—June 16 to March 31.
It is forbidden to take out bass less than nine inches long.

EELS.—Eels are not to be taken with the spear of with lights during the months of October and November from waters frequented by salmon or trout.
The meshes of weirs, snares, or other equipment for eel-fishing must be at least one and one-eighth inches large.
It is forbidden to take out eels measuring less than 30 inches in length ; any eels so taken must be liberated alive.

DORE.—May 16 to April 14 (15 inches).

SMELT.—July 1 to March 31.

STURGEON.—July 1 to May 31 (36 inches).

WHITEFISH.—December 2 to November 9.

MASKINONGE.—June 16 to April 14 (24 inches).

FISHING LICENSES FOR NON-RESIDENTS

Salmon licenses $25.00 whether club member or not ; trout and other licenses $10.00 ; for members of clubs leasing fishing territory $5.00.

CANADIAN CUSTOMS REGULATIONS

A motorist who is a resident of the United States may bring his car into Canada, for touring purposes only, for a period of sixty days and return to the United States through either his port of entry or any other port without being obliged to file a bond with the Canadian Customs officials. All he is required to do is to fill in at he Customs office on the border, on entering Canada, a form giving particulars respecting his car. This form is made out in triplicate and one copy is retained by the Customs officer ; the other two retained by the motorist, are to be surrendered to the Customs officer at the port through which exit is made from Canada.

The motorist should carry with him the automobile registration card identfiying his car, as this must be displayed on demand of the Customs officers.

Should a tourist who has been granted a sixty-day permit desire an extension of time not to exceed thirty days, he may apply therefor to any Collector of National Revenue, who, upon being satisfied as to the bona-fides of the applicant as a tourist and that the car will be used by him only for purposes of health or pleasure, may extend the permit for a period of thirty days.

If the tourist intends to keep his car in Canada for a longer period than three months, he is required to provide a cash deposit and a bond for the amount of duty and taxes to which his car is subject. Under this bond, he may keep his car in Canada, and use it for touring purposes only, for a period up to six months in any one year ; but at the expiration of that time collectors have no authority to grant an extension or renewal.

TOURISTS' OUTFITS AND SPORTING GEAR

Tourists may bring into Canada, FREE OF DUTY, guns, rifles (not including revolvers and pistols), fishing tackle, golf clubs, tennis rackets, and cameras, provided such articles are for their personal use. Dogs and other animals brought in by tourists for hunting purposes or as pets, may be admitted without deposit.

Canoes, tents, camping equipment, phonographs, radios, musical instruments, etc., brought in for personal use, are admitted upon the making of a cash deposit equal to the duty, such deposit to be refunded on the taking of such articles out of the country.

AMERICAN CUSTOMS REGULATIONS

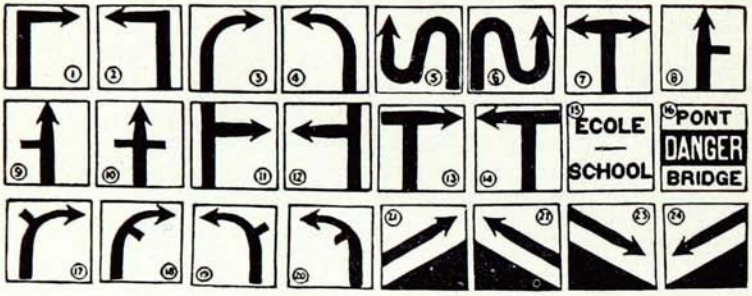
ACCORDING TO THE UNITED STATES TARIFF REGULATIONS, residents of the United States returning from abroad MAY BRING IN FREE OF DUTY ARTICLES UP TO A VALUE OF $100.00 acquired for personal or household use, or as souvenirs or curios, if not intended for sale. Each member of a family is entitled to this exemption of $100.00. Articles included in such exemption must be declared.

Passports are not required of tourists entering Canada. On their departure, however, they must be prepared to prove to the American Customs officers that they have the right to enter the United States. To this end, they should carry with them their birth certificates or a certificate from the secretary or clerk of their place of residence.

WORKS CONSULTED

J. M. Clarke, "Sketches of Gaspé" and other works.
Alfred Pelland, "La Gaspésie".
Abbé Jos. D. Michaud, "Notes Historiques sur la Matapédia".
H. Magnan, "Dictionnaire Historique et Géographique des Paroisses, Missions et Municipalités de la Province de Québec".
R. C. Reade, "Doing Gaspé".
Abbé Jos. D. Michaud, "Le Bic, Etapes d'une Paroisse".
Father Pacifique, Capuchin, of the Monastery of Ristigouche.
Tourist Guide "Along Quebec Highways".
Canadian National Railways. Various publications.
The Streams Commission of Quebec.
Departmental Reports. (Quebec)
Departmental Reports. (Ottawa)
Reports made by His Grace Mgr. Ross.
Information supplied by parish priests.
Information supplied by Mayors and Secretaries of municipalities.
P. G. Roy, Archivist of the Province of Quebec.
Statistical Year-Book of the Province of Quebec.
Municipal Statistics.
Revised Statutes of the Province of Quebec.
Newspapers and Reviews.

ROAD SIGNS



SYMBOLIC DANGER AND DIRECTION SIGNS

1.—Sharp right angle.
2.—Sharp left angle.
3.—Right curve.
4.—Left curve.
5.—Double left curve.
6.—Double right curve.
7.—Intersection of two main highways.
8.—Cross road to the right.
9.—Cross road to the left.
10.—Double cross road.
11.—Right angle with local road ahead.
12.—Left angle with local road ahead.



13.—Right angle, local road to the left.
14.—Left angle, local road to the right.
15.—Schools.
16.—Dangerous bridge.
17.—Right curve with local road to the left.
18.—Right curve with local road to the right.
19.—Left curve with local road to the right.
20.—Left curve with local road to the left.
21.—Ascent to the right.
22.—Ascent to the left.
23.—Descent to the right.
24.—Descent to the left.



Geographical Panel

Geographical Panel

LEVEL CROSSING

OTHER PUBLICATIONS ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS AND MINES

Four, Five and Six Days in Quebec, Canada : 64 page booklet describing tours in the Province of Quebec. Illustrated.

Quebec the Good Roads Province : Illustrated booklet, of particular interest to those who love in mountain and sea resorts.

The Old World at Your Door : Illustrated.

Romantic Quebec. The Gaspé Peninsula : A de luxe full color illustrated booklet of 32 pages.

Quebec Highway and Tourist Map : In four colors. Includes a general map of the Province, a large scale map of the Montreal district and a description of the various natural and tourist resources in each district.

Post Cards of the Gaspé Peninsula.

All the above are sent free on request.

Along Quebec Highways

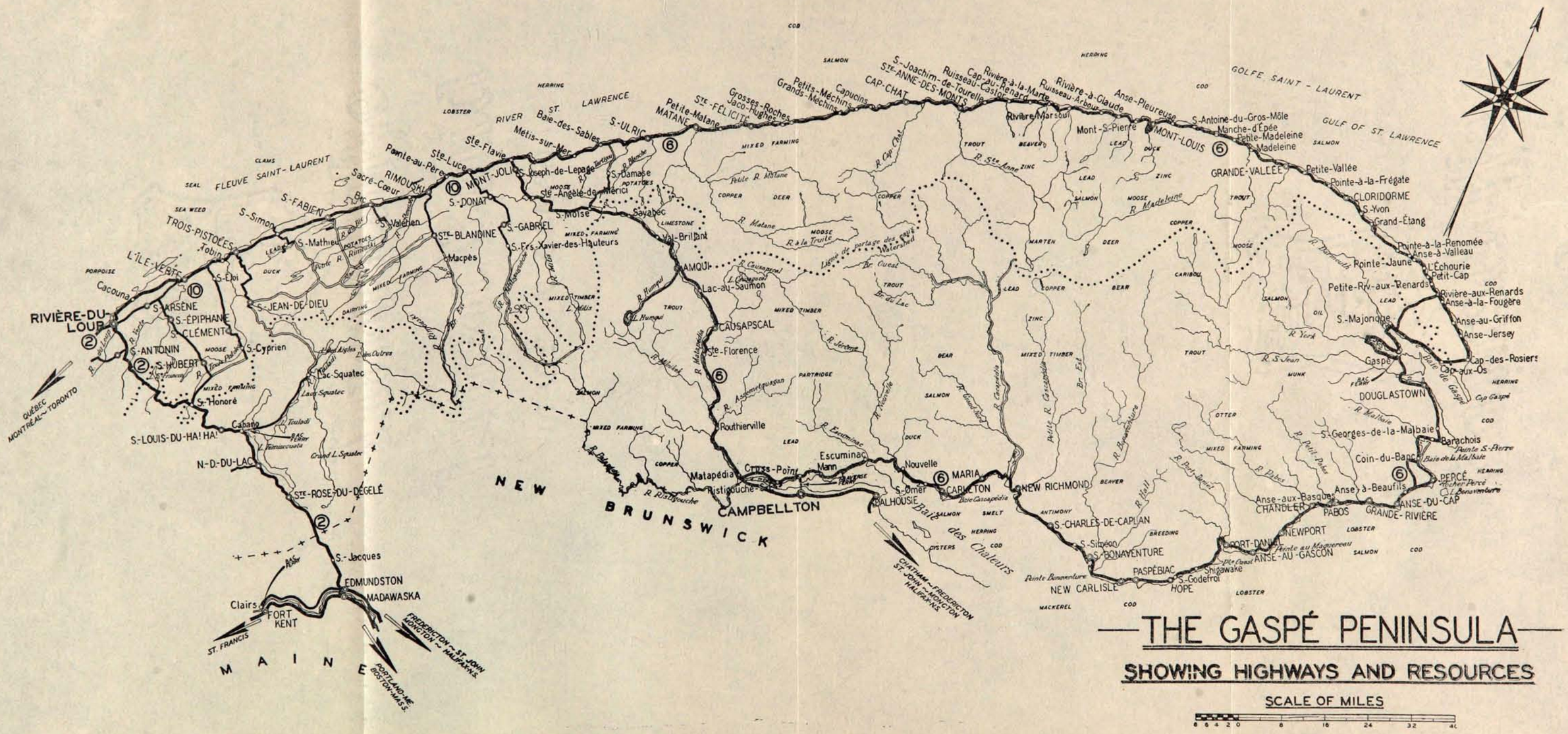
This wonderful aid to tourists is a volume of 876 pages. It contains a general description of the Province, detailed descriptions of the main highways, each description forming a chapter ; a general road map of the Province ; 76 sectional maps; 33 charts showing the entries and exits of the principal towns and cities ; general information regarding traffic, customs, hunting and fishing regulations ; and is completed by 325 photographic reproductions of the principal places of the Province.

This guide is indispensable to those desiring to inform themselves on the places they visit, or to have on hand, upon their return, a book which will revive the memories of, and enable them to live again, so to speak, the pleasant days spent along the Highways of Quebec.

The guide, " Along Quebec Highways ", is on sale at the Department of Highways and Mines, Quebec, at its branche office, 96 St. James Street, East, Montreal, or at leading book-stores in Montreal and Quebec.

Price : $2.00

Postpaid when purchased from the Department


FLEUVE SAINT-LAURENT
RIVER ST. LAWRENCE
GOLFE SAINT-LAURENT
GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE
NEW BRUNSWICK
MAINE
QUEBEC MONTREAL-TORONTO
ST. FRANCIS
FREDERICTON-ST. JOHN MONCTON-HALIFAX N.S.
PORTLAND-ME BOSTON MASS.
CHATHAM-FREDERICTON ST. JOHN-MONCTON HALIFAX N.S.
Baie des Chaleurs
RIVIÈRE-DU-LOUP
TROIS-PISTOLES
L'ILE-VERTE
RIMOUSKI
MONT-JOLI
MATANE
CAP-CHAT
STE-ANNE-DES-MONTS
MONT-LOUIS
GRANDE-VALLÉE
CAUSAPSCAL
AMQUI
CAMPBELLTON
MARIA
CARLETON
NEW RICHMOND
PERCÉ
GASPÉ
DOUGLASTOWN
CAP-DES-ROSIERS
NEW CARLISLE
PASPÉBIAC
PABOS
GRANDE-RIVIÈRE
CHANDLER
MATAPÉDIA
CROSS-POINT
BATHURST
EDMUNDSTON
MADAWASKA
FORT KENT
CLAIRS
STE-ROSE-DU-DEGELÉ
N-D-DU-LAC
S-LOUIS-DU-HA! HA!
CABANO
STE-FLORENCE
ROUTHIERVILLE
LAC-SQUATEC
STE-LUCE
STE-FLAVIE
MÉTIS-SUR-MER
BAIE-DES-SABLES
STE-FÉLICITÉ
PETITE-MATANE
GROSSES-ROCHES
PETITS-MÉCHINS
GRANDS-MÉCHINS
CAPUCINS
RIVIÈRE-À-LA-MARTE
RUISSEAU-AU-RENARD
RUISSEAU-CASTOR
S.-JOACHIM-DE-TOURELLE
RIVIÈRE-À-CLAUDE
RUISSEAU-ARBOUR
ANSE-PLEUREUSE
RIVIÈRE MARSOUI
MONT-S.-PIERRE
S.-ANTOINE-DU-GROS-MÔLE
MANCHE-D'ÉPÉE
PETITE-MADELEINE
MADELEINE
PETITE-VALLÉE
POINTE-À-LA-FRÉGATE
CLORIDORME
S.-YVON
GRAND-ÉTANG
POINTE-À-LA-RENOMÉE
ANSE-À-VALLEAU
L'ÉCHOURIE
PETIT-CAP
POINTE-JAUNE
PETITE-RIV.-AUX-RENARDS
RIVIÈRE-AUX-RENARDS
ANSE-À-LA-FOUGÈRE
ANSE-AU-GRIFFON
ANSE-JERSEY
S.-MAJORIQUE
CAP-AUX-OS
BARACHOIS
POINTE S.-PIERRE
BAIE DE LA MALBAIE
S.-GEORGES-DE-LA-MALBAIE
COIN-DU-BANC
ANSE-À-BEAUFILS
ANSE-DU-CAP
ANSE-AUX-BASQUES
NEWPORT
PORT-DANIEL
ANSE-AU-GASCON
POINTE AU MAQUEREAU
SHIGAWAKE
S.-GODEFROI
HOPE
S.-SIMÉON
S.-BONAVENTURE
S.-CHARLES-DE-CAPLAN
NOUVELLE
ESCUMINAC
MANN
S.-OMER
DALHOUSIE
MATAPÉDIA
RISTIGOUCHE
STE-BLANDINE
S.-DONAT
STE-LUCE
POINTE-AU-PERE
SACRÉ-CŒUR
S.-FABIEN
S.-SIMON
TOBIN
S.-ELOI
S.-ARSÈNE
S.-ÉPIPHANE
S.-CLÉMENT
S.-ANTONIN
S.-HUBERT
S.-CYPRIEN
S.-HONORÉ
S.-JEAN-DE-DIEU
S.-MATHIEU
S.-VALÉRIEN
MACPÈS
STE-ANGÈLE-DE-MÉRICI
S.-JOSEPH-DE-LEPAGE
S.-DAMASE
S.-MOÏSE
SAYABEC
VAL-BRILLANT
S.-FRS.-XAVIER-DES-HAUTEURS
LAC-AU-SAUMON
S.-JACQUES
CACOUNA
POINTE-AU-PIC
RIVIÈRE-DU-LOUP
Ligne de partage des eaux
Watershed
THE GASPÉ PENINSULA
SHOWING HIGHWAYS AND RESOURCES
SCALE OF MILES
8 6 4 2 0 8 16 24 32 40

BNQ
000 213 203

