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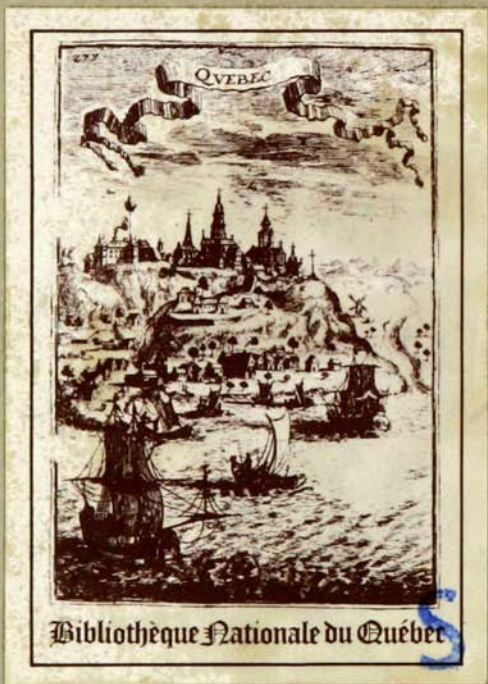


So This Is
Quebec!

by
NORRIS HODGINS



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So This Is Quebec !

A Guide Book that is Different.

Hilarious and Unnecessary Information (with Footnotes) about the Tourist Sections of Canada's Oldest and Most Picturesque Province, Compiled for the Especial Benefit of School Teachers, Bootleggers, and Family Parties on Tour.

By NORRIS HODGINS

Embellished with Illustrations

By CECIL BROWNLEE

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OLD QUEBEC, so far as the tourist is concerned, begins with Quebec City, and stretches northward into the Moose country of Ungava, and eastward into the codfish nets of the Gaspé Peninsula. True, one meets with tourists in Montreal, — but that is a different matter. Either these are in Montreal on their way to Quebec, to Gaspé, or to the Laurentians — as tourists met with in Toronto are on their way to honeymoon at Niagara Falls — or else they have come to investigate the workings of the Quebec Liquor Law.

A lot of people come for investigational purposes.

But while, from a strictly tourist standpoint, the Capital City is the gateway to the old land of romance that is Quebec — and so the logical starting for our travelogue — I propose first to give some general information on the Province as a whole, and then to deal with the City and points East.

The Province in Outline The two most interesting features of the Province of Quebec are its length and its breath ¹. It is 6½ times larger than Italy, 322 times larger than Prince Edward Island, and slightly more than 700,000,000 times larger than the Planet Mars,

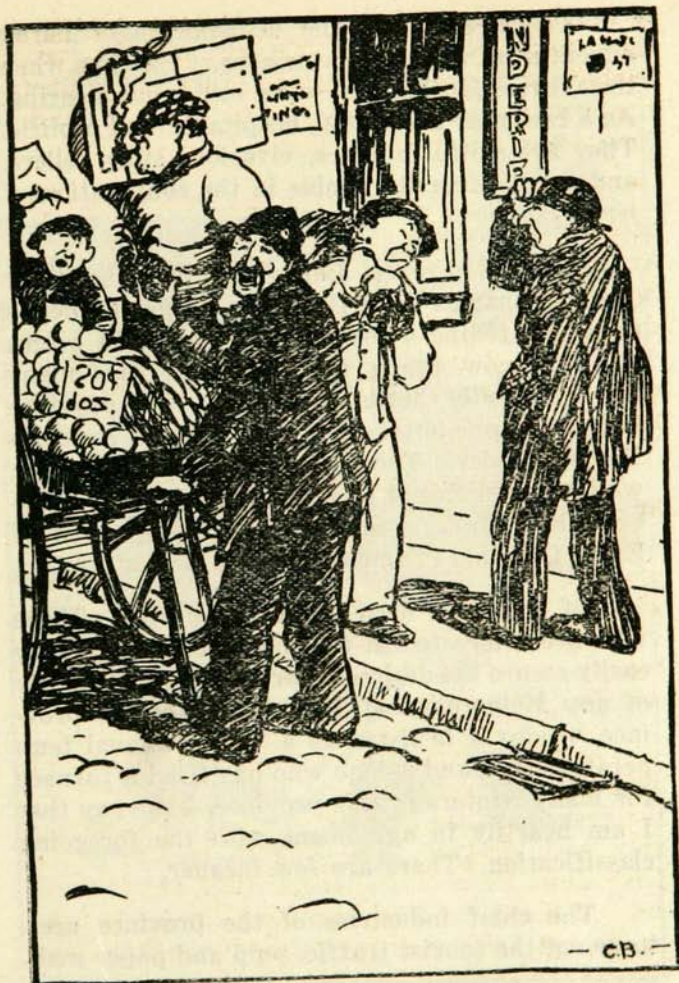
¹ Concerning its breath I shall have more to say in another booklet, upon which I am working at present, entitled "Montreal or Why Americans Leave Home".

as nearly as I can judge from personal observations made of the latter. Or, put another way, Quebec has for each of her two and a half million inhabitants approximately 191.99 acres of land, forest, apartment house blocks, or bare rock.

It will be seen then that the citizens of this happy province are extremely well off for land. And if some are better fixed than are others, it is because they exercised better judgment in the selection of their homesteads — the Molsons and the Holts picking on St. James Street, while foolish virgins like Boggs and myself located on Hudson Straits.

But its area is not the only thing of interest about the province. Neither is its liquor law, — although there are those, I dare say, who would question the latter statement. Like all other geographical divisions of the globe, Quebec has its inhabitants, its climate, its favorite movie actresses, its cities, its chief industries, its radio worries, its imports and exports.

As most people are aware, Quebec is peopled with the representatives of two great races — the French and the English — who get on remarkably well together. The English include Scots, Irish, Jews, Chinese, Italians, Greeks, and foreigners. Of these, the Scots run the railroads and the banks, the Irish man the police forces, the Jews control the garment business, the Chinese operate the laundries, and the rest peddle fruit.



"The English of Quebec include Scots, Irish, Jews, Chinese, Italians, Greeks and foreigners."

The French are the descendents of hardy adventurers who came over here at the time when the Three Musketeers were still musketeering. As a race they are kindly, hospitable, and prolific. They are skilful hunters, vivacious story tellers, and extraordinarily nimble in the conjugation of irregular verbs ².

Not all French Canadians bear as their Christian names Jean Baptiste—although there's small use telling a reader of Drummond's poems this. I know for a fact, however, that many worthy family heads throughout the province bear such appellations as Louis Philippe, Francois Xavier, Mederic Theophile, and Oscar Hildebert, while a good friend of mine living at Ste. Elizabeth de Boundary rejoices in the cognomen of Egede Onesime Pilemon Pierre de Repentigny.

Of climate I need say nothing here. Those who are interested in this phase of science may easily secure the desired information from a study of any Meteorological Service map of the province, where it is listed as a "mean annual temperature", — and as one who has fired a furnace for many winters in this province, I can say that I am heartily in agreement with the foregoing classification. There are few meaner.

The chief industries of the province are : brewing, the tourist traffic, pulp and paper mak-

² I have heard it stated, moreover, that they are somewhat addicted to the consumption of the pea.



Quebec has a "mean annual temperature", — but perhaps it's not so mean at that!

ing, brewing, dairy farming, lumbering, official guiding, brewing, fishing, the selling of antique spinning wheels and Windsor chairs to tourists, the shelling of peas, and brewing.

The chief imports are: Ayrshire cattle and Dewar's Special from Scotland, wines and ribbons of the Legion of Honour from France, and thirsty tourists and radio concerts from the United States.

The chief exports are: maple sugar, *habitant* poems (suitable for use in Epworth League elocutionary contest), quenched tourists, certain simple French phrases like *bong jour* and *trays beans*, and, it is rumoured, some real beer and whiskeys — the beer going out in bottles and barrels billed as Christmas trees, and the whiskeys in bond, under belt, or sealed up in spare balloon tires.

Having thus briefly surveyed the province as a whole, we are now ready to look more closely into the haunts of tourists, — and shall begin with the Capital City.

Quebec City The City of Quebec has been variously styled the Gibraltar of America (because, I take it, even here are to be met the agents of a certain well known life insurance company), the Guardian of the St. Lawrence (from the fact that the provincial insane asylum is located at Beauport, nearby),

and The Rock City (on account of the peculiar motion of the streets remarked from time to time by visitors).

It consists of two parts, — an extremely aristocratic Upper Town and an extremely interesting Lower Town — bound together by a lot of streets that might advantageously be exchanged for hydraulic lifts ³, a common liquor law, and an uncommon desire to sell souvenirs to the stranger that is within its gate (or gates).

Quebec is very famous for its atmosphere. Everyone remarks on it. Many other cities, I know, have atmosphere, — but few can compare with Quebec on this score. Boston has its unmistakable atmosphere of erudition and fish, Chicago its equally positive aroma of gunpowder and abbatoirs; but for good genuine downright atmosphere, give me Quebec. Composed of equal parts (by weight) of fog from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, native tobacco smoke from Lower Town, and gin fumes from the guest rooms of the tourist hotels

³ When Artemus Ward visited Quebec in '65, or thereabout, he was much impressed with the manner in which the city was laid out. "Quebeck", he wrote, "was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the D. T's. from childhood, and hence his ideas of things was a little irreg'lar. The streets don't lead anywheres in partic'ler, but anywheres in gin'ral. The city is bilt on a variety of perpendicular hills, each hill bein a trifle wuss nor t'other one." And from what I can observe, the plans of the original surveyor have not been tampered with during the sixty years that have elapsed since Artemus paid his visit.

of Upper Town, the atmosphere of Quebec is something that should not, nay can not, be missed by the traveller.

These things have made Quebec the famous tourist city that it is, — these and the fact that it has been located, through the foresight of the local Board of Trade, near the scenes of many famous battles, and that it is the home of the Quebec Bridge, of the Chateau Frontenac, of Boswell's Brewery, and of a great number of noble churches, shrines, and monuments.

Of course, too, many interesting things have happened there each hallowing some spot for curious pedegogues on pilgrimage. It was at Quebec, for instance, that the sailors of Jacques Cartier lost their teeth in 1535 through pyorrhœa (at least, four out of five of them did), and had them miraculously restored through the consumption of quantities of Anti-Scorbutic Vitamin C. And it was here that the famous Dr. Crippen was taken into custody, almost four centuries later, for the amputation of his wife. In fact, there is always something stirring in Old Quebec.

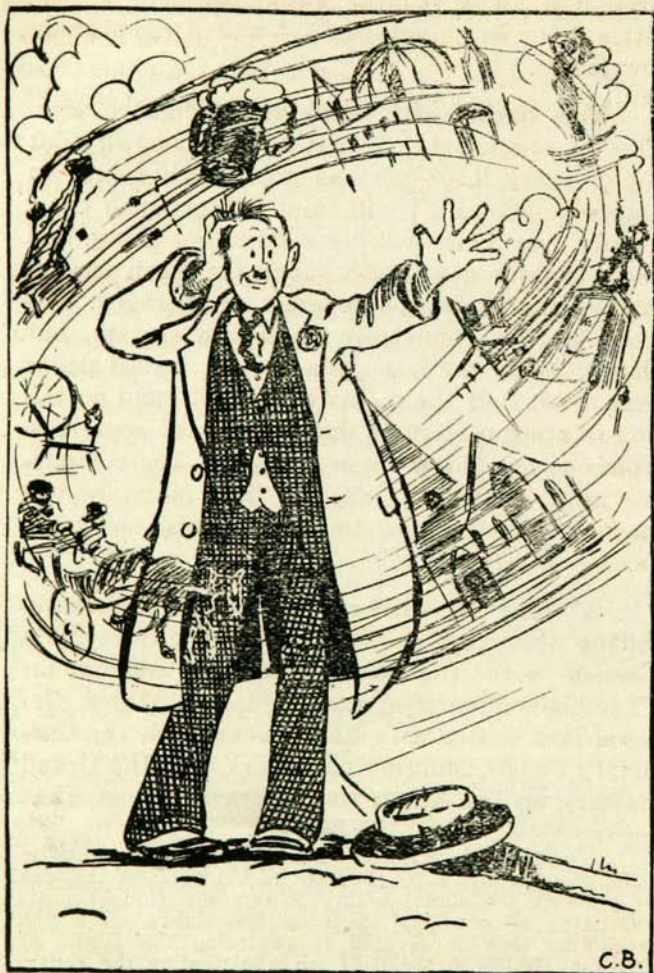
That these facts are fully appreciated by the progressive citizens of the provincial capital is evidenced by the arrangements that have been made by the aforementioned Board of Trade to speed the arriving guest. Immediately upon the arrival at Quebec of the traveller, he is handed a booklet entitled "Seeing Quebec", in which are

presented plans for the encompassment of the city's sights in a single day ⁴ — and at remarkably low prices.

This begins with breakfast at eight o'clock. This is compulsory. Statistics have shown that out of every 9,008 persons going sightseeing on empty stomachs, 31 will faint before lunch time, a little over 8,000 will lug sandwiches along, and one will come down with sunstroke. Such irregularities cannot be too severely discouraged. Not only do they completely upset the system, but they gum up the bus seats, spread waxed paper over about half the points of interest, and do the non-fainting portion of the gang out of anywhere from one to a dozen or more sights. The committee have, therefore, taken a firm stand in the matter; so that it now amounts to this: no breakfast — no Quebec.

At nine one walks upon Dufferin Terrace, during which promenade one views the Governor's Garden with the Wolfe-Montcalm Monument, Champlain Monument facing Place d'Armes, General Post Office with Laval Monument, the Cardinal's Palace, Montmorency Park, and the Grand Battery on the Ramparts. At least that is what

⁴ Plans for two and three day visits have likewise been evolved. But since they are all built around the idea of covering the actual 'sights' in one day (longer visits consisting of one day spent on the sights, while the remaining time is devoted to exploring the Island of Orleans, fishing in the Gulf, or investigating the cellars of Boswell's historic brewery) I have dealt with the first mentioned plan only.



Tourist who has just made the Grand Panoramic Tour of
The City — "105 sights in 105 minutes".

one is supposed to view, if the little booklet is to be believed. But since only twenty minutes is allowed for this walk, no one, save perhaps twins, could take in everything and connect name and object.

At 9.20 sharp the trip to Ste. Anne de Beau-pré and Montmorency Falls must⁵ be undertaken. A "Fast Tourists' Special" is provided by the

thoughtful management, which special, after passing through approximately a page of historic points of interest (see booklet, "Seeing Quebec"), arrives at the famous shrine at 10.30, where it is met by certain ecclesiastical authorities who show the visitors as many relics, statues, chapels and antiquities as can be viewed through tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles in the hour and a half available. Then, at 11.55, the special dashes off

⁵ The committee are, if possible, even more strict in this than in the breakfast business, for it is felt that until one has seen the famous shrine and the equally famous waterfall one has not really seen Quebec at all.

It is said that in '91 a party of three Englishmen refused to make the trip to the Falls. One said that he wished to look up the table upon which the capitulation of Quebec was signed; another said that he wished to look up an aunt who had come out to Canada some years before; and the third wished to look up a telephone pole upon which some workmen were stringing wires. But in a case like this excuses are futile. They were given the choice of immediately mounting the excursion car or of taking the consequences, and, after a hasty consultation, said they'd jolly well choose the latter. So without further ado they were haled before the Mayor and Aldermen in Council assembled, where two of them were ordered deported on the ground of moral turpitude, while the third was given six months or six dollars for contempt of court.

with its cargo of *fast* tourists for Montmorency Falls.

A certain allotment of time is here made for the examination of the falls (274 feet high), to riding up and down on the elevator (300 feet high), and to exploring the bar at Kent House (4 feet high). Then one must take the train back to the city. With luck one should arrive at the hotel with a minute and half during which one might, if one desired, perform one's ablutions before sitting down to the 1.45 luncheon. But usually one has been delayed.

Quebec City in History We might, perhaps, say something of the city from an historical standpoint while we are loitering over our 15 minute lunch. And in the field of history there is no lack of interesting material.

Many citizens attach great importance to Champlain's exploit in founding the city in 1608,—but personally I cannot catch their enthusiasm. Anyone can found a city. Hundreds of cities were founded throughout the Canadian Northwest during the first decade of the present century. And the only difference between these and Quebec, it seems to me, is that Quebec has stayed founded.

What I should include in my historical data, however, would be the great earthquake of 1663 that lasted intermittenly for six months, thus saving the parents of children who happened to be

teething at that time the task of rocking the cradle by hand, the establishment of Quebec's first brewery in 1668, and the many brisk fights that have taken place from time to time over the possession of this famous tourist centre. And especially the latter.

The Battle of the Plains The most famous of Quebec's battles, I suppose, was that fought on the farm of a Scottish (?) citizen by the name of Abraham, which farm was situated just off Grand Allee. It seems that General James Wolfe and a group of English friends had spent a great part of the summer of 1759 in a vain attempt to get rooms in the Chateau Frontenac overlooking the noble St. Lawrence, always to be foiled by the French General, Montcalm, who apparently was absolutely lacking in the modern "Board of Trade" conception of hospitality.

From his various camps at Levis and on the Island of Orleans, Wolfe made sally after sally — now at Montmorency, now at Cap Rouge — with the avowed intention of reaching Upper Town if it took all summer. And always Montcalm's players were on the spot to turn the trick against him.

Finally, one night in September, Wolfe recited a bit from Gray's *Elegy*, and when he came to the line,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave",

he stopped. "Gentlemen", he said to his friends who were hanging about — some on his words, some in hammocks that had been slung from hooks in the ceiling, — "Gentlemen, I'd rather have written that than take Quebec tomorrow."

Naturally his hearers said nothing. There was no answer that they could think of. They were sympathetic but helpless. They didn't see how even a general could compose something that had already been published, without getting himself involved in a copyright tangle. Neither could Wolfe. Under the circumstances there was only one thing for him to do — that was to take Quebec tomorrow. Gathering about him his gang, he set out at once in a fleet of small boats for Wolfe's Cove.

Of course the English were not allowed to land absolutely unquestioned, even here. As they set foot on shore they were challenged by a lone sentinel with the poser, "*Qui Vive?*" (Who goes there?). As it happened, there was in Wolfe's party a young pragmatist by the name of Simon Fraser who spoke up, answering in the French tongue, and assured the interrogator that his gang were friends from France — the Queen's Regiment, in short — for he knew that this regiment was hourly expected in the city. And the sentinel let it pass at that.

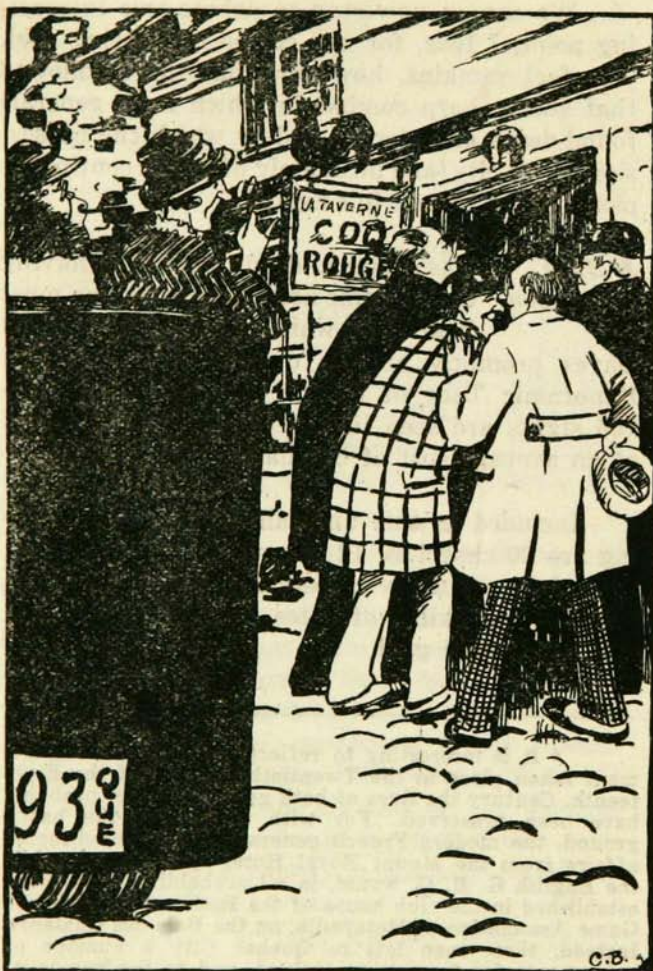
The question at once arises: What would George Washington have done had he been in Fraser's place?

We cannot now stop to debate this interesting point, I fear, for our coffee is growing cold. The fact remains, however, that there followed that short sharp combat in which both generals found death and glory, ⁶ and by which the possession of the city (and ultimately of half a continent) passed from France to England.

A Busy Afternoon One's bun and cup of coffee having by this time been consumed, one must board the waiting *char-a-bancs* that leaves promptly at two o'clock for the Grand Panoramic Tour of the City, — on which trip 105 sights are seen in exactly 105 minutes, and at an average cost of but half a cent a sight.

Included in this unrivalled bargain in touring are 20 churches, 12 monuments, 10 convents, 3 markets, as many cemeteries, a few hospitals, a goodly sprinkling of gates, several battlefields, and the Quebec gaol.

⁶ It is interesting to reflect that had the engagement taken place in the Twentieth, instead of the Eighteenth, Century the lives of both generals would probably have been preserved. For with Quebec as the battle ground, the modern French general would have directed affairs from the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal, while the English G. H. Q. would, in all probability, have been established in the club house of the Restigouche Fish and Game Association at Metapedia, on the Baie des Chaleurs. Instead, these men left to Quebec City a number of monuments for tourists to look at, and to the people of Canada, of both races, a proud and inspiring example of bravery.



"Stops are made sometimes (on request) at one or more of the historic taverns **en route**".

Stops are made sometimes (on request) at one or more of the historic taverns *en route* in order that the male members of the party may have an opportunity for examining their curious interiors, after which the *char-a-bancs* is usually less crowded.

The conclusions reached by the average traveller at the end of this hectic but informative day, are, generally speaking, three in number: that as a rule the streets of Quebec lie vertically, that, after they have explored a sufficient number of historic taverns, many of its visitors show a disposition to lie horizontally, and that its guides lie like — the Dickens!

North Beginning where Park Avenue (Mont-
of 46 real) leaves off, Quebec's hinterland
stretches clear through to Baffin Land.

It contains amongst other interesting things, the oldest mountain range in the world, a collection of lakes and streams so rich in fish that it frequently is necessary to push the finny monsters back into the water with one's feet whilst one is baiting one's hook for a fresh cast, Peribonka (the home of Maria Chapdelaine), a Height of Land (whatever that may be), and, at the very top, what is left of Santa Claus' reindeer ranch.

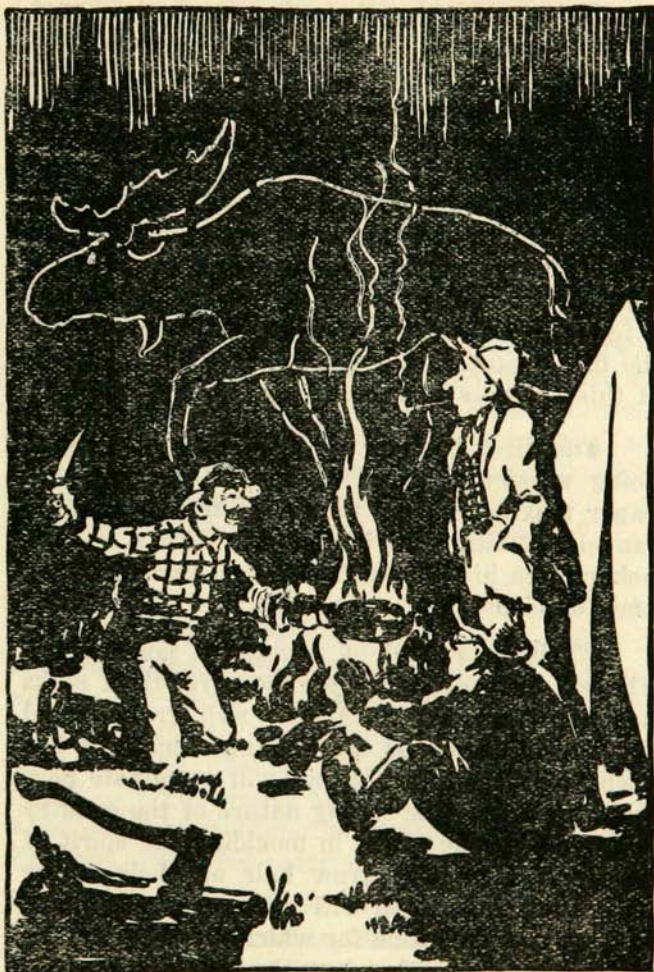
The Laurentians are pierced here and there by spur lines, and so are best known of the items in the foregoing collection. They are inhabited in winter by shantymen and porcupines, in sum-

mer by fishermen and Y. W. C. A. campers, and in the autumn by prosperous Philadelphia business men with guns and sad eyed dogs with fleas.

This is the real "Batiste" country. — the land of the beer and the bear, the canoe and the portage, the flapjack and the John de Kuyper. Each day in autumn (the real Laurentian season) at hundreds of "runs" throughout the Laurentians, sunburnt guides may be seen in picturesque sashes and broken English, stationing heavy faced men in hunting jackets and tortoise shell glasses, who with murderous rifles and capacious pocket flasks have come from afar to select a hat rack for their front hall. Each autumn night at hundreds of camps in the same area, fresh cases are broken open to the tuneful chatter of the genuine Baptiste of Drummond's poems, as with one hand he fries a school (or maybe college) of speckled beauties, and with the other he assures the cold and soggy washing machine manufacturers of the herds of moose that are awaiting slaughter just across the lake.

"I'll tole you," he says, with a flourish of the pan that carries conviction, "I'll tole you demain ⁷ we get oné dam fine fel-low over dere for sure."

⁷ Note the lavish use throughout this booklet of genuine French words. These are all included in the original purchase price.



"I'll tole you demain, "he says", we get one dam fine fel-low over dere for sure".

The Yet More Open Spaces Of the very far north I cannot speak personally. A three-Weeks' fishing trip in Northern Ontario some years ago has made me ready to accept what other travellers say of it. For the benefit of those of my readers who may be cursed with an enquiring mind, however, I am quoting from a couple of letters recently received from reliable correspondents residing in these regions. And, whilst space forbids my giving more than a few selections from each, it will be seen from the bits quoted that even the most distant parts of this progressive Province are up and coming.

The first is from a white man at present doing missionary work in one of the pulp and paper making centres for which the Province is famous. Writing on birch bark with a red-hot poker from his frozen fastness on this far-flung and ferocious frontier, he says:

"This is a land of wonderful possibilities. The soil (when once the scrubby growth of rocks has been removed) is a deep rich granite, and despite the rigors of the bracing climate, it has been established that lettuce will germinate here (under glass). The strong nature of the country is having its due effect in moulding the spirit of her sons. Men here grow hair on their finger nails, pick their teeth with pulp logs, and inhale so deeply of the ozone for which, by the way, the district is famous that branches of trees are frequently swept into their capacious lungs."

Which proves, first, that the robust climate of northern lands still retains its ability to convert men into he-men, and, second, that even the most reliable correspondent will break loose and lie like a trooper when he's been subjected for even a few weeks to the Kiwanian spirit of a new settlement.

The second epistle is from a fur trader by the name of Wind-On-The-Tummy, in whose veins mingle proudly the blood of the Indian, the Esquimau, and the polar bear. It carries the post mark Hulla-baloo — an outpost of savagery situate in the northern part of Mistassini — and is composed entirely in the beautiful Cree language. For the benefit of any white folk who may read this booklet, I have prepared the following free (or at any rate comparatively cheap) translation:

“Heap groundhog freeze in hot July in Mistassini: old chief say dam coldum winter this year my brother. Pale face at company postum sing new funny song. Him say, Brother, banana no can get! Heap side-splitter, you bet.” And then he appends the following rather touching postscript, “McPherson yakahoola parcheesi woof woof” — which simple means, “We could do with a couple of plugs of chewing tobacco if you've got any that you're not using at the moment.”

The Country While the northland makes its greatest appeal to rugged men of the *Rex de Quebec* Beach persuasion, the country *en bas de Quebec* attracts travellers of all

sorts and conditions, from collectors of samplers to connoisseurs of salmon. The term "*en bas*," by the way, is one used by the true Quebecker to indicate that vast stretch of land, water, mud, fog, and drying codfish that stretches from shortly below Quebec City to the shores of the Atlantic. As nearly as I can figure by my French dictionary, the term simply means "in the stocking," and refers, no doubt, to the type of savings bank most largely patronized by the frugal folk who call this land (and water) home.

The district is divided roughly into two sections (how roughly can only be realized after a trip down the Metapedia Valley) — the Lower St. Lawrence, famed for its foggy weather, its rail fences, its long fields of potatoes; and the Gaspé Peninsula, equally famous for its sunny skies, its leisurely train service, and its persistent smell of codfish.

The first named section consists of a long, low plain, divided laterally into innumerable narrow farms of which the back fields are removed from the front by a Sabbath Day's Journey. The little white houses and barns cluster together into a perpetual village along the roadside, punctuated here and there by a glistening spire, and surrounded by a sea of rail fences. These little houses, with their front "stoops" and their bake ovens and their willow trees, are the homes of the Heberts and the Coutures, the real founders of Canada.

Gaspé, on the other hand, is a land of scenic beauty rather than of agrarian wealth — and especially that section of it that lies along the Baie des Chaleurs⁸. With its background of mountains, its well stocked and crystal clear salmon rivers, its colorful cliffs, and its splendid sea bathing, it is a section that has long been well and favorably known to travellers, and especially to disciples of Isaak Walton.

The first record that we have of the attraction of tourists to Gaspé by the fishing that is to be found there is in 1534⁹, when Jacques-Cartier

⁸ The coffee is better here, the cigars in the hotel showcases less fragile than those to be found in the Lower St. Lawrence villages; and as for scenery, I really cannot remember seeing as much scenery brought together at any other place as there is in Gaspé. The only trouble is that most of it is covered up with fish racks.

⁹ 1534, by the way, seems to have been Gaspé's gala year. One still hears Gaspésians talk about the year Jacques came; greybeards still wag their heads over the pranks of the French sailors, and discuss the good times that the Peninsula once experienced, when the heavens seemed to rain beads and hatchets.

From the memoirs of one of the original settlers of Gaspé (which memoirs were rejected by a number of very good publishers during the years 1596 and 1597) I have abstracted the following brief account of the first landing of Jacques Cartier on Canadian soil, which I am giving here in the hope that it may found of interest by the historically inclined among my readers:

"The tourist season that year (1534) opened with the visit of the Frenchmen to Port Daniel, where they were met by the local Micmac reception committee to the number of seventy canoe loads, who formed up and sang "O Canada" as the St. Malo sailors disembarked. The Frenchmen, naturally pleased with

met at Gaspé Bay a large number of Huron-Iroquois who had come down with their wives and families from the Quebec district to spend the holiday at Baker's Hotel.

Here, by the way, in the same year Jacques-Cartier and his crew gave the first demonstration of Parisian fashions ever staged in this country, for the benefit of the delighted dames met with. From the fact that these Iroquois squaws were afterward observed to have changed their American dress of skins for a few trivial strings of beads and little tin bells (as the Micmac braves had done previously at Port Daniel), it may be ga-

their reception, came forward uttering the polite phrases for which their nation has so long been famous, only to find that their hosts could not speak French.

“What language can you speak,” asked Jacques.

“Choctaw,” replied the Chief. “Can you speak Choctaw?”

“I'm dashed if I can.”

“Awkward,” said the chief.

“Very,” said Jacques.

“And there the conversation might have ended had not a bright cabin boy bethought him of Bozo, the ship's deaf mute.

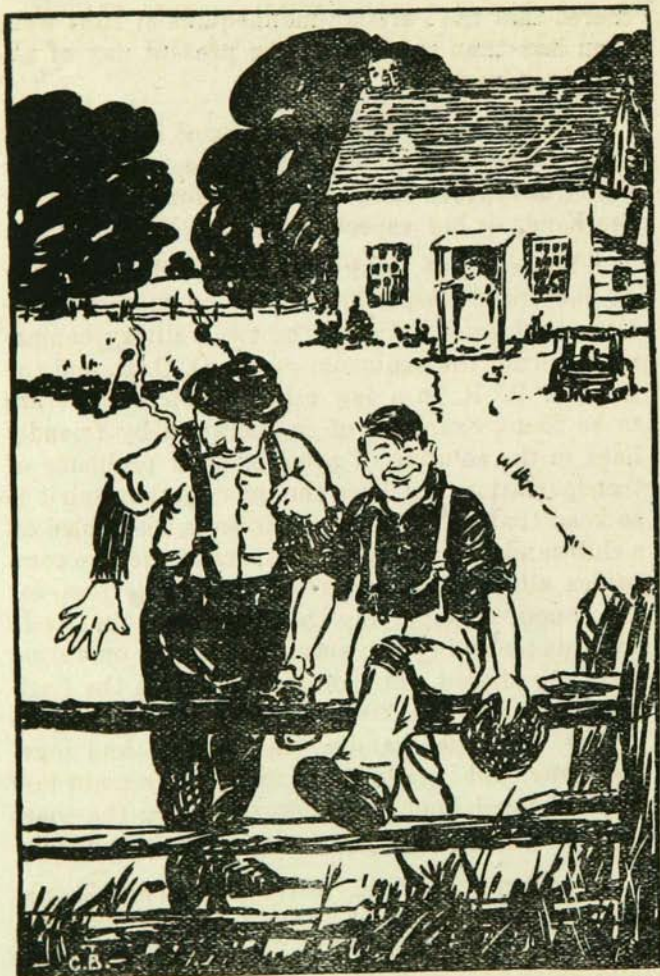
“Now, since deaf mutes talk only with their hands, language means little to them. Thus all that now remained to do was to have the chief dig up a deaf mute from among his men to converse with Bozo. This was an easy matter in a race that practised tongue tearing among other forms of sport, and before the end of the day the two peoples were on such good terms that the French had possessed themselves of the skins in which their hosts had been clothed, while the latter were proudly parading in pigtailed and paint and not another darn thing.”

thered that the Parisian mannequins of 1534 wore even less than they do in the present day of abbreviated garb.

And here, at the head of Gaspé Bay, Jacques Cartier erected a thirty-foot cross, claiming the newly discovered land of Canada for God and for the King, — but especially for the King.

There is one thing that is remarked upon by all visitors to Gaspé. That is the harmonious relations that exist between the two railway companies serving the peninsula — the Q. O. R. and the A. Q. & W. R. In a few other districts there are to be found examples of co-operation by friendly lines in the solution of some of their problems of transportation, but here the get-together spirit is so keen that each passenger train is assembled on a club-sandwich plan with the cars of the two companies alternating, while the companies toss for the honour of supplying the locomotive that is to pull this piebald conveyance. In this way operation costs are shared. One company supplies the engineer, the other the fireman; one operates the parlor car, the other handles the freight. And together they find it possible to make their train lose twice as much time in its journey along the coast as could either company working single-handedly.

The full force of this latter statement will only be apparent to those who have travelled over this or a similar line, on which the losing of time seems to be an end in itself. Hot boxes, local freight that must be shifted, up-trains that must be waited

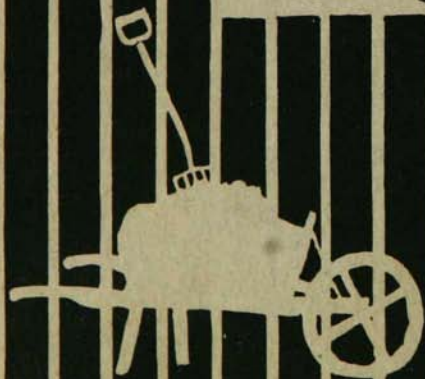


"And when they've collected enough bait they go fishing".

for, the lack of a local newspaper with the consequent necessity of talking things over with the citizens at each centre, cattle on the track — all serve to prolong what is really a most delightful journey, but none the less a hungry one for the improvident blighter who has neglected to bring along a codfish or two to nibble between meals. For the 200-mile coastal trip is punctuated by but one lunch counter — and the combination train still lacks a dining car.

The net result of such a leisurely train service is that the inhabitants of Gaspé have gradually grown indifferent to the flight of time, — and now live a rather idyllic life, combining as they do a little farming with a great deal of fishing. In summer, when the primal urge to dig grows strong, they go out on the land, and when they've collected enough bait they go fishing; in winter, when boisterous weather discourages outdoor sports, they play euchre and lie about the fish they caught during the summer.

Now, dear reader, if I may be permitted this familiarity, having brought you all the way from Quebec City to Gaspé, I have done as much by you as I intend to do for 25 cents. If you desire to go farther east, ask for my guide book to the Atlantic Ocean (price 25 cents); while if you decide to return by the way you have come, you need only buy another copy of "So This Is Quebec" (a mere 25 cents) — and read it backward!



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