

QUEBEC—GATEWAY TO THE DOMINION.

The first comprehensive glimpse of Canada which those attending the Congress of the International Council of Nurses will receive will be the mediæval towers of Quebec, reminding them startlingly of the Old World. As a matter of fact, Quebec is one of the oldest, if not the oldest city in North America, and it is certainly the only fortified one. It is the gateway to the Dominion, and the history of its development has been called the history of Eastern Canada.

As a summer and winter resort, Quebec is now unsurpassed on the Continent, and delegates to the Congress will find much to fascinate them in the ancient capital. There is much to see worth two or three days' stay within its quaint walls. Commanding the St. Lawrence River for many miles, Quebec stands on a rocky promontory facing its sister city of Levis, on the opposite side of the mighty river. On the famous Dufferin Terrace, the youth and beauty of Quebec promenade in the evenings under the glorious Canadian sunsets. In the winter-time, this terrace is the scene of winter sports unexcelled in the most fashionable Swiss resorts. Many feet below, built into the face of the cliff, run the tortuous streets which remind the visitor of the days when this was New France, in the turbulent years of the seventeenth century.

Quebec is, of course, famous in British history as well as in French. Where now English and French civilisations mingle harmoniously, one of the fiercest struggles of the New World took place—the battle of the Plains of Abraham. Your guide will show you the place where General Wolfe and his hardy soldiers are said to have climbed up the face of the cliff, at Wolfe's Cove, and surprised the gallant Montcalm in the now famous struggle of the Plains. There is much in Quebec to remind the visitor of this struggle for possession of the gateway to the New World. Chief of this is the Monument des Braves and the Montcalm monument, commemorating the heroic death in 1759 of the famous French general.

The harbour is one of the most important in the Dominion. The dock equipment includes a 2,000,000-bushel grain elevator, with conveyors, and sixteen miles of railway tracks and plenty of accommodation for ocean liners. It is here that the Cunard and Anchor-Donaldson liners dock on their way to Montreal from Europe, and disembark third-class passengers and any others wishing to commence their tour of Canada at Quebec. Quebec is also a port of call on the east-bound voyages of these liners.

Plenty of accommodation is to be had in Quebec, from the luxurious comfort of the Chateau Frontenac to the more modest accommodation afforded by the smaller hotels and boarding houses scattered throughout the city. The cost of living in the town ranges from \$2.50 a day up to whatever you wish to pay.

Trips out of Quebec include one out to the famous St. Lawrence Bridge, under which your Cunard or Anchor-Donaldson ship passes, and an unforgettable excursion to the famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. To this shrine come hundreds of thousands of tourists every year from all parts of the world. The shrine was destroyed by fire in 1922, and is now being rebuilt. The drive by motor along the river separating the mainland from the Isle of Orleans is one of the most beautiful drives to be had in America. Coming back your guide will usually show you the Montmorency Falls—over 100 ft. higher than Niagara—from the terraces of Kent House, once the residence of the Duke of Kent. There are many other excursions which the delegates to the Congress could take if time permits. There is the trip, for instance, to Baie St. Paul, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, just beyond Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The old manor-house, built in 1718, is still standing, with its walls over 2 ft. thick, and great stone chimneys. Across the

bay is Isle aux Coudres, one of the most historic islands in the river.

Other trips which could be taken are to Murray Bay and Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay River, and to resorts on the south shore, like Riviere du Loup, and Kamouraskt. If you have two or three weeks at your disposal, delegates could not do better than take a boat to the Gaspé Peninsula, where some of the finest marine landscapes are to be enjoyed, and some of the best fishing on the Continent.

LEO COX.

A FAREWELL GREETING.

We have received from Chile the following letter from Miss Lina Mollett:—

DEAR MADAM,—Among the papers of my sister, Minnie Mollett, I found the rough copy of the enclosed MS., that she read out to me a very few days before her death.

In view of the very generous and loving sympathy her professional colleagues have shown, and her connection with the organisations your valuable paper represents, I ask you to accept this MS. as my dear sister's last contribution and farewell greeting.

It was indeed with such feelings as those represented she looked back upon her nursing career.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

LINA MOLLETT.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

[Found in Minnie Mollett's rough MS. copy—most probably the *last* annotation she wrote a few days before she passed.]

"... The poets could not tell me where the old years go to. . . ."

"At last I asked a dear old woman, with silver hair, and a face that was still beautiful, though every year had written a little wrinkle upon it. She said: 'My boy—out of the old years grow the good old times. They all return as memories, and then they are far more beautiful than they ever were in reality.'

"'Grandmamma,' I asked, 'how is it about the vanishing?'

"She smiled. 'That is like this,' she answered.

"'When the years have vanished in oblivion (lit. dived into forgetfulness) then they lose all the hardness and bitterness they brought, and only the goodness and the love, however little it may have been, remain, and expand before our spiritual eye. Do you think of the shower of rain during the day, when in the evening a glorious sunset paints the sky? Oh, no! Then the whole day seems beautiful and you are no longer vexed! Thus it is with the years that grow into the good old times.'

"That may be so, for where should the good old times come from but from the years that have gone? And I have never heard the old times called anything but *the good old times.*'"

THE SUPPRESSION OF UNNECESSARY NOISE.

At the Annual Representative Meeting of the British Medical Association, held at Cardiff last month, the following resolution was carried unopposed:—

"(1) That in the interest of the public health the British Medical Association support any measures which may be taken so to alter or amend existing legislation as to give greater power to local authorities to suppress unnecessary noise, which is disturbing to the lieges; and (2) that any noise between 11 p.m. and 6 a.m. which is capable of being prevented or mitigated and which is dangerous and injurious to health, shall be a nuisance within the meaning of the Public Health Acts."

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