

he took you last year. You remember the place where you kissed the steps?" We were standing half-way up these steps, and as he passed us carrying his boy, pram, and hat, he said: "It's very hot." I said: "Yes, and it must be hard for you carrying the boy." He replied: "We can't expect a cure without a sacrifice." Poor things, it was all very sad, but these devout souls were a rebuke to me. Next week there is to be another pilgrimage; one of our neighbours who is a devout Roman Catholic is going. They believe in it all.

On our return to Quebec we paid a visit to the Montmorency Falls. On arriving we stepped into an elevator and were taken to the top of the falls. These falls are 274 feet, or 100 feet higher than Niagara. After viewing them we walked to Kent House, once occupied by the Duke of Kent, visited the zoological garden, then returned by electric car to Quebec, eight-mile trip. The following day we paid a visit to Valcatier (pronounced Valcartya) where 25,000 men are under canvas preparatory to going overseas. These volunteers come from all parts of the Dominion. So far Quebec has not raised one battalion. The French Roman Catholic clergy are held responsible for this. They advised the French to stay at home to protect their rights here. The bi-lingual question is acute just now. Even in Ottawa some French people refuse to have an English person attend to them in the stores.

We were sorry to leave Quebec, but the time had come. We arrived in Montreal by 11.30 p.m. train. At the hotel our meals were served a la cafeteria—same style

as in Chicago—the menu was varied and everything was nicely cooked. Montreal has a population of six hundred thousand. It is largely made up of French-speaking people. I think there are 70,000 Jews, some of whom are very poor, and atheistical. Crossing the Atlantic, they jettisoned their fathers' faith, their fathers' God. We spent a considerable time in the fine stores there, took a trip to the top of the mountain by car; the view from the top was panoramic and superb. We spent a night at the Hotel Joliette. All the people there are French, the menu was in French, and we had a French waiter, a small, perspiring, fussy creature, who gave us some vile concoctions. Our train left at 5.30 a.m., and this villian wakened us at 3.30 a.m. On our way to the station we saw the people coming out of a large Catholic (French) Church from a service. The grounds surrounding the church were spacious, the large residence near was the home of the priests. On the streets were large crosses, about eight feet high, and hanging on the crosses with the head drooping on the chest, were life-size figures of Christ. These shrines were protected from the weather by a small rotunda.

We arrived back in Ottawa at 11 a.m. It was an interesting trip.

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