

Trip 3 – Episode #2: La Belle Province

We would like to have spent more time exploring Ottawa and Gatineau, in particular the fabulous Canadian Museum of History, but our sights are set on Atlantic Canada, and we're already feeling that we don't have enough time to do it justice. So, after crossing the bridge from Ottawa to Gatineau, we continued east.



Our goal was to get to the Trois-Rivières area to visit Roby and Dagmar, a couple we met when we were in Malibu in January. It was a perfect day and a very pleasant drive.



Seeing the farms along the St. Lawrence always reminds me of the Canadian history class we took back in one of the early grades, when we learned about how the land was divided into long narrow strips, so that everyone's property fronted on the river. It always seemed such a fair way to share the wealth.





After a very nice and not too long drive, we were warmly greeted by Roby and Dagmar at their beautiful home just north of Trois-Rivières.



They served us a great dinner and then took us to the nearby dam on the Rivière St. Maurice. The force of the water surging down the river was incredible. They said it's much stronger this year than in past years.



Roby and Dagmar were wonderful hosts, and after a delicious breakfast the next morning, we headed off on our next adventure.



Because they'd travelled quite a bit around Quebec in their own RV, Roby and Dagmar had lots of suggestions for places we should go. Many more than we could manage on this trip. But we took their advice and headed toward one of their top choices, Lac St. Jean.

The drive there was very picturesque and again we had a perfect day. For quite a while we drove along the Rivière St. Maurice.



And waters that would make their way into the river.



We drove through areas with very familiar names.



And some names that made us kind curious.



Eventually we got to the town of Roberval on Lac St. Jean, a beautiful, huge lake, as Roby had promised.





And also, as Roby had promised, there was a park where we could camp right by the lake for free!



There were some nice trails leading off the park, and some great views of the lake.





It was a perfect spot –
thanks Roby &
Dagmar!



The next morning we drove through Roberval to pick up a coffee and we discovered that if we'd stayed into the afternoon, we could've seen the parade as the Stanley Cup was driven through town. Apparently Samuel Girard, who was on the winning Colorado Avalanche team, is from Roberval. We didn't get a shot of the parade but we got a nice shot of their fountain.



We drove through the Saguenay region, and then followed the Chicoutimi River till it met up with the through the Saguenay River. It was a lovely drive and another perfect weather day.



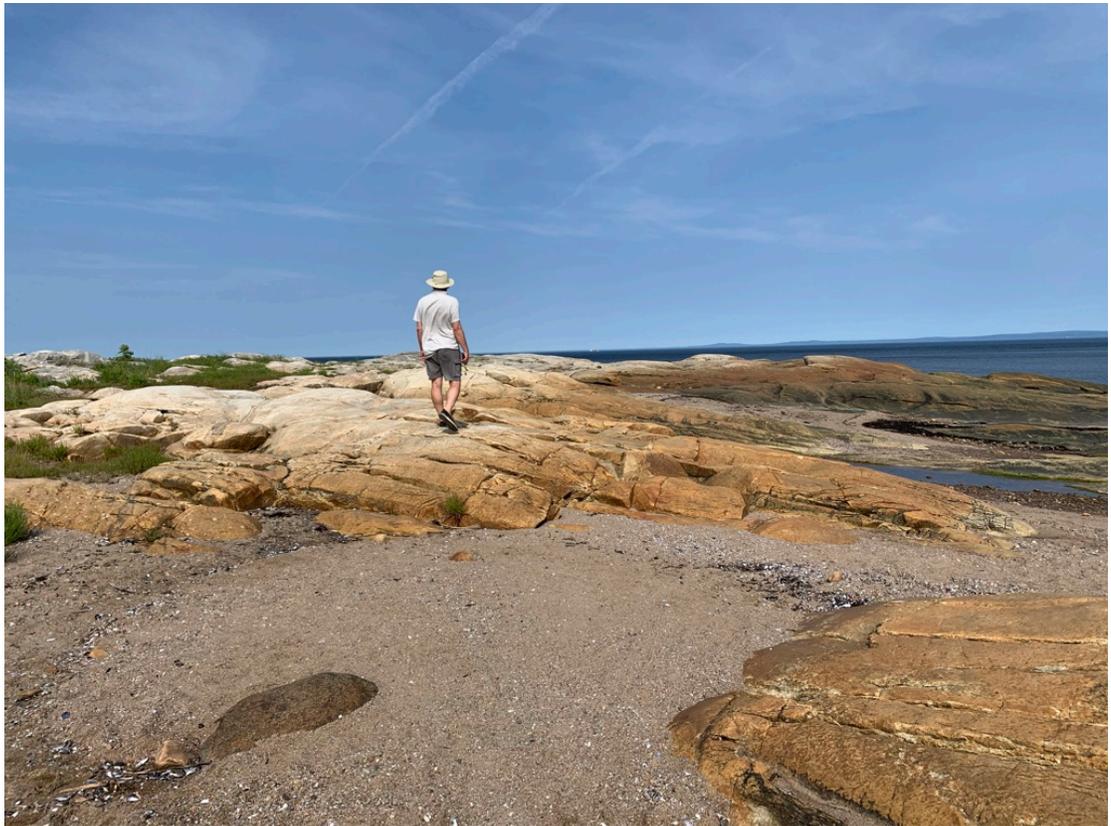


We found a spot to stop for lunch, further along the Saguenay.



Finally, we made it to Les Escoumins, where we had some time to wait for the ferry to take us to the other side of the St. Lawrence. The town is on a bay with dramatic tides, and because we were there at low tide, we were able to wander out on the rocks in the bay.





We had hoped to see the tide come in and give these boats some water, but we had to leave to catch the ferry.



A not very exciting ferry ride was improved by a glorious sunset.



The ferry arrived in Trois-Pistoles at 9:30, and we had a somewhat harrowing drive to our next campground along twisty roads at night.

When we got up the next morning, we discovered it was a pretty nice campground, but it was time to go.



We drove through some more pretty countryside ...





Saw some more quaint towns and interesting homes...







We were happy not to have to call 511.



And with hopes that we'll be able to spend more time on the return trip, we bid la Belle Province...

