



NEVER bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—E. E. Hale

Quebec Dear to Canadians

Marion Dallas, Ontario.

HISTORIC old Quebec, with its dreamy memories, its stirring associations, and its commanding position as the natural gateway between the river St. Lawrence, and the vast waters of the Atlantic, will soon resound with the boom of the cannon, the crack of the rifle. Up and down the hilly streets will be heard the tread of the soldier accompanied by the strains of martial music.

For a long time Earl Grey has talked and worked for a magnificent scheme of presenting to Canada, the historic old site of the Plains of Abraham. Parliament has set its seal of approval. When Canadians gather to celebrate the founding of Quebec, three hundred years ago, it is a fitting opportunity to combine the two greatest events in Canadian national life, namely, the founding of Quebec, and the hoisting of the British flag on the "Sentinel City of Canada."

Not since the South African war, has any event so stirred the patriotic spirit of Canadians. Already the soldiers imagine themselves treading the spot where Wolfe and Montcalm, with their brave followers, settled the destiny of Canada.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is to grace the occasion with his presence, and he will formally dedicate the world-renowned battle field as a national park. Representatives from other nations and descendants of those intimately connected with the celebrated scenes, are to take part. On the Plains of Abraham will take place a monster review of thousands of our troops, and there will also be a pageant to represent the landing of Champlain.

Associated with the founding of Quebec, the birthplace of Canada, the name of Samuel De Champlain ranks first. Three hundred years have rolled into oblivion since Champlain landed on the shores of Canada. No guns saluted him as he sailed up the river, no magnificent church spires and towers met his gaze, and no babel of the many foreign tongues greeted his ear.

A mighty promontory, rugged and bare, thrust its front into the surging torrents. Here, clothed in the majesty of solitude, rose the cliffs, now rich with heroic memories. Here Count Frontenac cast defiance at his foes. Here Wolfe and Montcalm laid down their lives; then all was a desolate waste, peopled only with the inhabitants of the wigwag.

Champlain, in his journal, gives this simple account of his landing:—"On July 3rd, 1608, I landed at Quebec; arrived there looked about for a suitable place for a building, but could not find any more convenient

or better situated than the point of Quebec (so called by the natives) which was covered with walnut trees. I at once set part of my men at cutting them down in order to make a building; others I set at sawing planks, others at digging a cellar and making ditches, while the rest I sent back to Tadoussac for our supplies. The first thing we made was a store house to shelter our provisions, which was soon built, owing to personal oversight. While the carpenters and other laborers worked at our lodging,



H. R. H. The Prince of Wales

I put the rest at clearing the ground round our buildings in order to make garden plots in which to sow garden and other seeds to see how they would turn out, as the ground seemed good." Such is Champlain's simple account of the founding of Quebec.

The Quebec of this century is unique. It is purely medieval. Three centuries have quickened the solitude into swarming life. From the northern shore rises the mighty rock of Cape Diamond, crowned with battery and citadel.

The mighty river, plunging seaward, carries the enormous commerce of our Dominion, the wide stretch of country bounded by the Laurentian Mountains in the distance, makes a picture unequalled on this or any continent.

At first view of this "Gibraltar of Canada," the dim, huge mass of rock seems to be one grand fortification; gradually the details appear, Dufferin Terrace, the slope of the mountain hill, the battery, then there burst upon the eye the buildings, magnificent, the steep-roofed, antique

French houses, the noisy caleche, all recall scenes of Paris. Here and there are sidewalks which go up inclining churches, and homes clustering at the foot of the sloping hills, the busy quay, the large passenger and freight boats steaming in and out of the wharf, with their immense cargoes. These all impress the visitor with the distinctive features of Quebec, before he lands.

As soon as one sets foot on the wharf, they are not sure whether they are in Europe or Canada. The foreign tongue, the narrow, picturesque



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stairs, as in Blois. The weather-beaten walls resemble Chester and York, while, vance to one of the many cathedrals carries the visitor into the heart of Rome.

About the city of Quebec cling more vivid and enduring memories than belong to any other city of the modern world. Here the French and English, the two greatest monarchies of the old world, battled for over a century. Hostilities raged at intervals through the closing years of the seventeenth century, until Montcalm, in his dying hour, consigned to the care of the British conquerors, the brave, noble followers he had loved, and Wolfe demanded to know, "Who run?" Upon hearing the answer, "The enemy run," he lifted himself, and said, "Go one of you to Burton, tell him to cut off their retreat." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now God be praised, I die happy." A momentous epoch in the world's history was proclaimed, the loss of, and gain of an empire to a great nation.

The western portion of Quebec is known as the Plains of Abraham, (the ground being owned by a French River pilot, known as Maitre Abraham.) Here was fought the battle which marked the close of French dominion in Canada. The pages of romance furnish no more striking episode than the Battle of Quebec.

Champlain and the early French explorers were men of undaunted courage and wonderful resource. Champlain dreamed of making Christians of the Indians, and of founding an empire for France, but his dreams were never realized.

Since the year 1775, no hostile army has ever threatened the peace of Quebec, and it stands as the gateway to a mighty and growing nation within whose boundaries dwell in peace and harmony, the descendants of those who fell in the defence and attack of our country. Englishmen, the world over honor the names of Champlain and Wolfe, but hold in as high esteem the courage and honor of Montcalm.

In a few days, we, as Canadians, will celebrate the two greatest epochs in our national life. The late Dr.

Drummond, the poet of Quebec, who did so much to break down the race prejudice and bring about a cordiality of feeling between French and English people in Canada, beautifully describes the sentiments of Canadians in his "Jubilée Ode."

Mothers and Daughters

"Every error contains poison within it." One of the important errors of the day containing much poison, is the lack of confidence between mother and daughters. How can the mother come in closer touch with the daughter of to-day, is a problem that calls for clear thinking. Life was complex enough in the olden days, but now it is an intricately tangled web which surrounds the daughter in the home and in the social life. The highest ideal of which the mother can conceive must be brought out through study. It is not enough for the mother of to-day to say to her daughter, "I love you, and will make any sacrifice to educate you." If she lacks the definite knowledge, as regards the individual needs of that daughter, and the preservation of that knowledge in a manner that asserts the supreme importance of the true relation and value of that daughter's life to the mother, the home, and the world wherein she is soon to be put, then she has much to blame herself for.

Vices of all kinds are prevalent. If the mother would save her child from selfishness and stains that her child's purity, she must strengthen the confidence that childhood always possesses for its mother. Why should the mother, who has shared the confidence of her child, lose it just at the critical period of her daughter's life, just at the time when a new song of life thrills the daughter's being? Surely the mother should share the minor notes in order that she may know ere her daughter embarks, whether it is to reach a safe abiding place.

While the daughter should in a large measure, be free to select her friends, as character is vitally affected by the close friendships found, the mother should always be sought. How many perfect blossoms of young womanhood have been wrecked through an unclear friendship?

How can this close confidence be retained between mother and daughter? It is an indestructible truth, that we always prize that which we are proud of. There are few daughters but who would be proud to be the daughter of a queen. Let our mothers be the queens of our homes, and teach our daughters to be their loyal subjects. No better way to keep their confidence, and our homes, a royal household, than to possess the knowledge of art, social culture, and adornment, and animation, that will make the queens of the future.

At Windsor Castle, there is a piece of statuary which represents Queen Victoria standing beside her husband, who has one of his arms about her, and the other pointing upward. The sculptor has told in marble an eloquent story of love, protection and tenderness. The words chiselled in the stone below, are: "To Brighter Worlds and Led the Way."

Mothers, place your protecting arm around your daughters, and lead them in the way that will make their lives brighter, and more of an uplift to themselves and the world. In all the diadems that can be worn, none shines more resplendent than that of an intelligent, loving mother, who is not only a companion to her children, but one whom they are proud to emulate as the queen who rules her home.—"Our Aunt Beadle."

It is a folly to allow the ungrateful to rob you of the joy of living.