

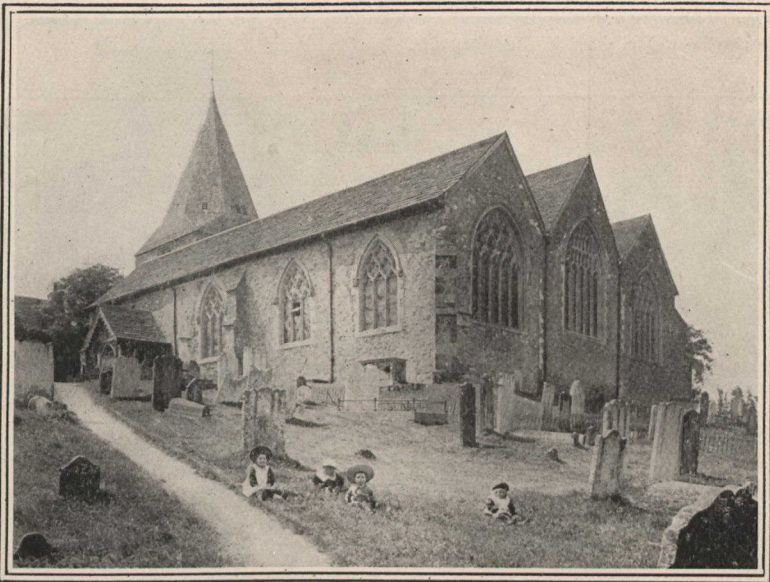
Halifax harbour and up to June 1st, 1759, were twenty-two ships of the line, five frigates, nineteen smaller vessels and a large number of transports. This was the flotilla of old oak that put in nearly a month between Halifax and the Island of Orleans, retracing with the interest of discoverers the route taken by Champlain a century and a half earlier. It was the 26th of June when the fleet landed at Orleans from which, and later at Point Levis opposite Quebec, the capture of the height was planned and carried out in September.

The capture of Quebec by Wolfe in conjunction with the good ships of Admiral Saunders was a victory, first of seamanship. The battle-height held by Montcalm was almost surrounded by water; and it would have been a small matter for the men-of-war now anchored in the St. Lawrence to have shelled the entire French camp from the river with-

out landing a man. But with three rivers racing round that rock, Wolfe was not able to get his ships within firing distance of the French. The St. Lawrence yawned away into reaches of sand and pasture land under the cliff; the Montmorency to the right was impassable with a falls and a rapids; and the St. Charles in the rear of the heights was inaccessible. Hence the three months' strategy and fever and dramatic landings of Wolfe's men from the ships of Saunders and the encounters with the deadly fire-ships of the French. In July, having camped part of the force to the east of the Montmorency, came the theatrical attack on the French redoubt at the base of the cliff near the mouth of the Montmorency—three ships grounded and gunned; and this redoubt was taken by Wolfe when he was exposed not only to the French rake of fire from

above, but also beaten back by a terrific storm—result, comparative failure and a fall-back on the camp at both the island and the north shore. And it was September before Wolfe, racked by fever and disease, was able by means of his ships and his brigadiers to reconnoiter the rock and find the path by which the army descended on that night so familiar to the schoolboy's imagination.

And as every school-boy knows, it was first in the ships, and then in the boats of the English that the movement was made by night and a falling tide down the river; the landing from the boats in the dark; the ascent of the height, leaving the ships of Saunders to take care of themselves; altogether one of the most dramatic conspiracies of seamanship and landsmanship ever known in the history of British warfare.



Church at Greenwich, where Wolfe was Buried.



A Quaint old Market in Quebec.

From Fort Churchill to Winnipeg

The Story of a Remarkable Journey by the Beech Family.

MANY marvellous feats have been performed by travellers in the northern regions of America. Explorers have suffered hardships and performed great deeds of daring and endurance, in trying to solve the mysteries of the North. Most of these daring adventurers have been men and it was not until last year that any white woman braved the perils of the north and made a considerable journey through the trackless wilderness. Last winter two women crossed from Hudson Bay to Winnipeg, a distance of some seven hundred miles. Mrs. Ray and her three children, accompanied by a corps of guides and half a dozen dog trains, crossed from York Factory to Lake Winnipeg. A much greater performance was that of Mrs. Beech, who, accompanied only by her husband and son, with two dog trains, crossed from Fort Churchill to Winnipeg. Fort Churchill is farther north, the distance to Winnipeg greater and there was no corps of trained guides to insure the party's safety. This ninety-day trip made by the Beech family must ever be memorable in the annals of Canadian travel.

This performance, by the first white family to travel by dog train from Fort Churchill to Winnipeg through eleven hundred miles of wilderness, is made all the more remarkable when the ages of two members are considered. Mrs. Beech is fifty-five years of age and her husband is sixty. For a couple so far advanced in years to attempt so great a journey was certainly a hazardous experiment. The Hudson Bay officials believed that the successful accomplishment of the enterprise was exceedingly doubtful and could provide them with guides only as far as the Nelson River.

The Beech family left their home on the east side of the Churchill River on December 10th, 1907. It took them seven days to accomplish the journey along the coast from the mouth of the Churchill to the mouth of the Nelson. When they arrived at the latter river they found it free of ice and as no boats were available they were forced to wait until ice had formed. The Nelson River is a wonderful river, draining as it does almost the whole

of the vast district between Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountains. Its current is strong and the volume of water passing down is enormous. At its mouth it is fourteen miles wide.

During this wait at the Nelson River, which lasted twenty-three days, the Beech family were located in a rough shanty on the bank of the river, which they shared with five Indian families. They had only such provisions as they brought with them and the food for the dogs had become exhausted. During the whole of this tedious three weeks the dogs had not a bite to eat. When at last the river froze and a crossing was effected, the dogs were scarcely able to draw the loads over the ice. After the crossing, an Indian chanced along with scant provisions and relieved the situation for a few days. He and Mr. Beech started off on a hunting trip which lasted nine days, but not a deer, rabbit or game of any kind was sighted. Eventually, however, the party managed to reach York Factory. Here they fared a little better, but it was not possible to obtain a candle, a can of condensed milk or a bit of butter. All supplies at Fort Churchill and York Factory are controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company and it is not the policy of that great company to encourage the invasion of its territory by independent persons.

In an interview Mr. Beech gave the following details:

"We had good weather all the way, but found many waters open. The Steele and Hill Rivers and part of Knee Lake were open and forced tedious detours. We went almost into God's Lake, where we met Rev. Mr. Stevens, the Methodist missionary. One of the finest missionaries on the road is Mr. Ferris at York Factory, who was of invaluable assistance to myself and Mrs. Beech, and had it not been for him we would never have got out of the country in safety.

"The four dogs that brought Mrs. Beech out are four of the finest dogs in the country, and three of them started travelling on September 23rd, from Repulse Bay, 200 miles on the other side of Fort Fullerton. They are the first dogs to come to Winnipeg from the Arctic Circle, and Mrs. Beech

would not part with them under any circumstances. The people at Norway House were anxious to buy the animals on account of their exceptional strength and utility, but Mrs. Beech was obdurate and brought them home as a reminder of her long and remarkable journey.

"At Gimli we met J. B. Tyrrell, who has been on a survey in the north, and he came along to Winnipeg ahead of us. We first came across him at Duncan Point. We made forty miles per day, and owing to the snow had to use snow-shoes for long distances. For forty-five days we were continuously on snow-shoes and had to wear them even to feed the dogs. For the ice we had to shoe the dogs, and for this purpose carried forty pairs of dog moccasins. Oxford Lake was like a sheet of glass, but we made the distance from Oxford House to Norway House in four days. The summer of 1907 was very cold in the north and the Churchill River did not open until June 22nd, while it closed on November 17th. The coldest weather we experienced on our trip was from January 24th to 27th, while we were crossing the Chimetawa River. The mercury went below sixty and my thermometer froze. In trying to thaw it over a candle it broke and I could not record the temperature further, but this was far the coldest day we struck. Game and dog feed were scarce on the road, and we had no easy time of it, but Mrs. Beech and my son stood it well and bore up bravely. The biggest bag of the season was reported from a post 175 miles on the other side of Oxford House where seven hundred moose were killed. There were no caribou at Churchill this winter, and we had to go into the interior for them, where we spent two weeks. Usually these can be obtained on our own homestead. The polar bears were very thick, coming down on the drift ice, and in November I shot a bear from the house at 12.15 midnight. We took snapshots of it and Mrs. Beech went out and sat on the monster as soon as it was obtained. It measured eight feet from tip to tip and the skin brought thirty dollars at Churchill. I brought the head with me."