

**BREATH O' THE HEATHER**

Issued by  
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No. 5

QUEBEC, P. Q. OCTOBER

PRICE 10c

## QUEBEC—AN APPRECIATION (By Sergt T. J. WREN)

Whether one approaches Quebec by land or by water the very sight of the old city, rising mistily on the steep banks of the St. Lawrence, gives one a wholly indefinable sensation of having stepped down into the past. There is something in the air that speaks of past deeds, of long forgotten wars, battles and chieftans, of all the romance and rich glamour that was New France. Shapes and figures flit through the mind—friendly ghosts—Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain, Madame de la Peltrie, Laval, Talon, de Frontenac, Wolfe, Montcalm, hundreds of others whose stories are the history of Quebec.

To every foot of ground, every one of those quaint old buildings there is its romance.

“Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe long ago;  
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame struck them tame;  
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold bought and sold.”

Towering high upon Dufferin Terrace one can see the statue erected to the city's father, Samuel de Champlain. Among all the figures that graced the life of New France, his is the most prominent, the most striking. Warrior and statesman in one, he governed with a firm yet kindly hand. Bareheaded, with far-seeing eyes, he stands gazing over the city to which he gave his life and in which he died almost three centuries ago.

To-day there stands in the city of Quebec no building that is intimately associated with the illustrious founder. An hotel has risen on the site of the old Chateau St. Louis, no one knows where the Abitation de Quebec stood, even his grave is lost. Yet through the many years of French occupation his memory served as a shining light to his successors in the government of New France

As one strolls through the streets of the

city, the impression of age grows apace. The quaint street names, the narrow and tortuous streets themselves, the old buildings—some magnificent and some lowly—the loopholed fortifications with their out-of-date artillery blend picturesquely with the feeling of a romantic past. Here is an



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old church bearing the date “1688”—a memory of two English attacks, Notre-Dame des Victoires. What tales could it tell of the noble Frontenac, Montcalm and the infamous Bigot. There is the Ursuline Convent, founded in 1639, where the body of the last defender of New France lies buried. At every turn some object of absorbing interest presents itself.

For the soldier, the Citadel—the present

temporary home of the Kilties—which crowns the heights is one of the main points of interest. Reminiscent, as it is of the military glory of France in Canada, and the deeds of those who made Canada British, its broad grey walls, gates and moats breathe memories of the struggles of two centuries and more. From its walls one may look down upon the historic Plains of Abraham, the heights of Point Levis where the British encamped in 1759, the great harbour where fleet after fleet has brought its guns to bear on these walls, the historic gates of the city, the Ste. Foye road, in fact almost every landmark of the old regime.

Modern years have made but little impression on the general aspect of Quebec. Beyond the destruction of several of the old gates on account of the stream of traffic the greatest veneration has been shown for anything that holds memories of the past. Care has been taken to make the more important of the modern buildings harmonize with the style of architecture of French times. The old gardens still bloom, the old cannon still frown from the walls, street names are unchanged, the venerable churches still lift their spires over the roofs of the city, once the proudest in the two Americas.

Sitting on a bench, in that garden where wandered the governor of the greatest colony of France one conjures up a picture of Quebec as it was. Laughter, gaiety, love, stern war, dark intrigues, murder, all that is good and bad in humanity this city has known. Two flags have flown over its gray walls, another went down to an inglorious defeat there. Still it stands, triumphant on its heights, glorying in its grandeur of the past, rich in its varied history, magnificent in its hopes of the future, mother of greater children.