

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

The Quebec Battlefields

An Appeal to History. Issued Under the Authority of the Quebec Battlefields Association

The Plains of Abraham stand alone among the world's immortal battlefields, as the place where an empire was lost and won in the first clash of arms, the balance of victory was redressed in the second, and the honor of each army was heightened in both. Famous as they are, however, the Plains are not the only battlefield at Quebec, nor even the only one that is a source of pride to the French and English-speaking peoples. In less than a century Americans, British, French and French-Canadians took part in four sieges and five battles. There were decisive actions; but the losing side was never disgraced, and the winning side was always composed of allied forces who shared the triumph among them. American Rangers accompanied Wolfe, and French-Canadians helped Carleton to save the future Dominion; while French and French-Canadians together won the day under Frontenac, under Montcalm at Montmorency, and under Levis at Ste. Foy.

There is no record known—nor does any legend in tradition—of so many such momentous feats of arms performed, on land and water, by fleets and armies of so many different peoples, with so much alternate victory and such honor in defeat, and all within a single scene. And so it is no exaggeration of this commemorative hour, but the lasting, well-authenticated truth to say that, take them for all in all, the fields of battle at Quebec are quite unique in universal history.

And is not today also unique as an opportunity to take occasion by the hand, to set this priceless ground apart from the catalogue of common things, and preserve it as an Anglo-French heirloom for all time to come? An appeal to history would be most appropriate to any year within the final decade of the Hundred Years Peace between the once contending powers of France, the British Empire and the United States. But 1908 is by far the best year among the ten; for it marks the 300th birthday of the Canada which has become the senior of all the overseas self-governing dominions of the King—and under what king could we more fitly celebrate this imperishable entente cordiale d'honneur?

The secret instructions sent out from France in 1759 were the death-warrant of Montcalm: La guerre est le tombeau des Montcalm. "It is indispensable to keep a foothold. The King counts upon your zeal, courage and tenacity." Montcalm replied: "I shall do everything to save this unhappy colony, or die." And he kept his word. He had already done splendid service in a losing cause; stemming the enemy's advance by three desperate rearguard victories in three successive years. Now he stood at bay for the last time. The country was starving. The corrupt Intendant and his myrmidons were still preying on all that was left of its resources. The army had numbers enough, and French and Canadian gallantry to spare. But the governor added spiteful interference to the other distractions of a divided command. The mail that brought the final orders was the first for eight months; and Old France and New were completely separated by a thousand leagues of hostile sea, in whose invisible, constricting grasp Quebec had long been held.

In June Admiral Saunders led up the St. Lawrence the greatest fleet in any part of the world. Saunders was a star of the service even among the galaxy then renowned at sea. With him were the future Lord St. Vincent, the future Captain Cook, who made the first British chart of the River, and several more who rose to high distinction. His fleet comprised a quarter of the whole Royal Navy; and, with its convoy, numbered 277 sail of every kind. Splendidly navigated by twice as many seamen as

Wolfe's 9,000 soldiers the fleet and convoy made the besiegers an amphibious force at Quebec, while also holding the River eastward against all comers.

Wolfe, worn out, half-despairing, twice repulsed, at last saw his chance the only one he might have. He knew that disease was wasting him away, and that he was about to stake his whole reputation on a most daring venture. And he must have felt the full poignancy of the now famous line "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," when he repeated Gray's Elegy to the officers in his reconnoitring boat off Sillery Point the day before the battle. But he was a profoundly apt master of the art of war; and his undaunted spirit soared with the hope of death in victory. Planning and acting entirely on his own initiative, he crowned three nights and days of finely combined manoeuvres, on land and water, over a front of thirty miles, by the consummate stratagem which placed the first of all two-deep thin red lines across the Plains of Abraham exactly at the favorable moment. And who that knows battle and battlefield knows of another scene and setting like this one on that 13th morning of September?

"All Nature contains no scene more fit for mighty deeds than the stupendous amphitheatre in the midst of which Wolfe was waiting to play the hero's part. For the top of the promontory made a giant stage, where his army now stood between the stronghold of New France and the whole dominion of the West. Immediately before him lay his chosen battlefield; beyond that, Quebec. To his left lay the northern theatre, gradually rising and widening, through out all its magnificent expanse, until the far-ranging Laurentians closed in the view with their rampart-like blue semi-circle of eighty miles. To his right, the southern theatre; where league upon league of undulating upland rolled outward to a still farther-off horizon, whose wider semi-circle, curving in to overlap its northern counterpart, made the vast mountain-range complete. While, east and west, across the arena where he was about to contend for the prize of half a continent, the majestic River, full-charged with the right-hand force of Britain, ebbed and flowed, through gates of empire, on its uniting course between Earth's greatest Lakes and greatest Ocean. And here, too, at these Narrows of Quebec, lay the fit meeting place of the Old World with the New. For the westward river gate led on to the labyrinthine waterways of all America, while the eastward stood more open still—flung wide to all the Seven Seas."

Meanwhile, Montcalm had done all he could against false friends and open enemies. He had repulsed Wolfe's assault at Montmorency and checkmated every move he could divine through the nearly impenetrable screen of the British fleet. A week before the battle he had sent a regiment to guard the Heights of Abraham; and, on the very eve of it, had ordered back the same regiment to watch the path up which Wolfe came next morning. But the Governor again counter-ordered. There they are where they have no right to be!—and Montcalm spurred on to reconnoitre the red wall that had so suddenly sprung up across the Plains. He had no choice but instant action, "... he rode down the front of his line of battle, stopping to say a few stirring words to each regiment as he passed. Whenever he asked the men if they were tired, they said they were never tired before a battle; and all ranks showed as much eagerness to come to close quarters as the British did themselves. Montcalm towered aloft and alone—the last great Frenchman of the Western World... he never stood higher in all manly minds than on that fatal day. And, as he rode before his men there, his presence seemed to call them on like a drapeau vivant of France herself." He fought like a general and died like a hero.

Never was stouter champions than those two leaders and their six brigadiers. "Let us remember how, on the victorious side, the young commander was killed in the forefront of

the fight; how his successor was wounded at the head of his brigade; and how the command-in-chief passed from hand to hand, with bewildering rapidity, till each of the four British Generals had held it in turn during the space of one short half hour; then how the devotion of the four Generals on the other side was even more conspicuous, since every single one of these brave men laid down his life to save the day for France: and, above all, let us remember how lasting the twin renown of Wolfe and Montcalm themselves should be, when the one was so consummate in his victory, and the other so truly glorious in defeat."

The next year saw the second battle of the Plains, when Levis marched down from Montreal, over the almost impassible spring roads, and beat back Murray within the walls, after a most desperate and bloody fight. At the propitious moment Levis rode along his line, with his hat on the point of his sword as the signal for a general charge, in which the French-Canadians greatly distinguished themselves. He quickly invested the town and drove the siege home to the utmost. "At nine o'clock on the night of the 13th of May three men-of-war came in together. The officer commanding at Beauport immediately sent Levis a dispatch to say the French ships had just arrived. But the messenger was stopped by Murray's outposts. Levis himself was meanwhile preparing to advance on Quebec in force; when a prisoner, who had just been taken, told him these vessels were the vanguard of the British fleet! Of course, he raised the siege at once. But he retired unconquered; and Vanquelin covered his line of retreat by water as gallantly as he had made his own advance by land. Thus France left Quebec with all the honors of war.

There's the call of the blood—of the best of our living, pulsing, quickening blood today—a call to every French and English ear—from this one ground alone—and therefore an irresistible appeal from all the Battlefields together. The causes of strife are long since outworn and cast aside; only its chivalry remains. The meager passions, jealousies, and schemes, arose and flourished most in courts, and parliaments, and mobs, of different countries, far asunder. But the finer essence of the fatherlands was in the men who actually met in arms. And here, now and forever, are the field, the memory and the inspiration of all that is most heroic in the contending races.

From Champlain to Carleton, in many troublous times during 167 years, Quebec was the scene of fatal action for Iroquois and Huron; for French of every quarter, from Normandy and Brittany to Languedoc and Roussillon; for the French-Canadians of the whole long waterway from the Lakes and Mississippi to the St. Lawrence and Atlantic; for Americans from their thirteen colonies for all the kindred of the British Isles—English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, Channel Islanders and Orcadians, and the forerunners of the United Empire Loyalists.

Champlain, in 1608, first built his Abitation against the menace of the wilderness. In 1629 the Kirkes sailed up and took his fort St. Louis in the name of Charles I, who granted the unconsidered trifle of "The Lordship and County of Canada" to his good friend, Sir William Alexander! But in 1690 the summons of Sir William Phips was victoriously answered by Frontenac—from the mouth of his cannon. In 1759, Montcalm won his fourth victory by repulsing Wolfe at Montmorency; then both died on the plains, where Levis and Murphy fought again next year. Finally, on the last day of 1775, French and English first stood together as the British defence of Canada, under Carleton, against Montgomery and Arnold. This is our true wonder-tale of war; and we have nothing to fear for the truth.

It is to be thought of that we should fail to dedicate what our forefathers have so consecrated as the one field of glory common to us all! There is no question of barring modern progress—the energy for

which we inherit from these very ancestors; and no town should ever be made a mere "show place," devoted to the pettier kinds of tourist and dilettante antiquarian delights. But Quebec has room to set aside the most typical spots for commemoration, and this on the sound business principle of putting every sight to its most efficient use. So there remains nothing beyond the time and trouble and expense of making what will become The Quebec Battlefields Park. This will include the best of every other centre of action that can be preserved in whole, or only in souvenir by means of a tablet. Appropriate places within these limits could be chosen to commemorate the means of eleven historic characters: Champlain, who founded Canada; Montcalm, Wolfe, Levis, Murray, Saunders and Vanquelin, who fought for her; Cook and Bougainville, the circumnavigators, who did her yeoman service; and Frontenac and Carleton, who saved her in different ways, to the same end.

But no historic sites will be obscured, much less obliterated, and no incongruous features of a park will mar the appeal which the battlefields make to the historic imagination. One distinctive name is required to include the Plains and every other great warland mark round Quebec. Wolfe's quarters were seven miles below the Plains, the point where Vanquelin made his last stand is twenty miles above. What other single name could cover all three, The Quebec Battlefields, which is both self-explaining and unique? The word Park is a mere official designation of an administrative entity; it will never live in history or literature or everyday talk. And The Plains of Abraham will no more lose their name and identity in a Battlefields Park than Quebec has lost either name or identity in the Dominion of Canada. Instead, their identity will regain its full extent, which will be an open book for all who come to read the story of their two hero-making fights. And, as for their own familiar name—this, being immortal, can never suffer change.

High above all, on a calm central summit of that field of double victory and fourfold glory, the Angel of Peace will stand in benediction of the scene. In her blast presence the heirs of a fame told round the world in French and English speech can dwell upon a bounteous view that has long forgotten the strange, grim face of war. But remember...the statue rests on a field of battle, and their own peace rests on ancestral prowess. The very ground reminds them of supreme ordeals. And though, in mere size, it is no more, to the whole vast bulk of Canada, than the flag is to a man-of-war, yet, like the flag it is the sign and symbol of a people's soul.

If one feels dull and spiritless, in the spring or early summer, they call it "Spring Fever." But there is no fever—usually, it is the after effect of your winter habits. The nerves are mostly at fault. Tired, worn-out nerves leave us languid, lifeless, and without spirit or ambition. A few doses of Dr. Shoop's Restorative will absolutely and quickly change all of these depressing symptoms. The Restorative of course won't bring you back to full health in a day or two, but it will do enough in 48 hours to satisfy you that the remedy is reaching that "tired spot." Druggists everywhere are advising its use as a splendid and prompt general tonic. It gives more vim and more spirit to the spoonful than any other known nerve or constitutional tonic. It sharpens a failing appetite, aids digestion, frees sluggish livers and kidneys, and brings new life strength and ambition. Test it a few days and be convinced. Sold by All Dealers.

Canada's Great Herd of Buffalo

The buffalo head which is corralled near Lamont, Alberta, has wintered well, and since the round-up commenced in Montana last year, less than one and a half per cent have been lost.

Arrangements are being made to bring up another 300 head. Michael Pablo is getting them together on his ranch in Montana. Pablo has built a fence twenty-three miles long from the mountains to his home, and the buffalo are driven along the fence into the corral. Last year he had 185 horses and 63 men on the range for three weeks, but he found this too expensive and has adopted the new plan for getting the remainder of the herd. The 400 head brought to Canada

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last year were shipped by freight trains, but several were killed in loading and unloading, and the feeding and watering were accomplished under difficulties. This year an attempt will be made to drive the herd up from Montana to this place a distance of more than 80 miles. Imagine an eighty-mile drive of 300 wild buffaloes across land. It will be one of the greatest undertakings in the history of cowpunching.

These buffalo have been fed on hay all winter, about seven tons being used daily, but the mild winter made it possible for them to forage for themselves. Those in the preserves here are in the best of condition and at least a hundred calves are expected during the next few weeks. The government is now calling for tenders for a wire fence around the preserve, which will be more than seventy miles long and will cost approximately \$80,000.

The preserve is so arranged that for eight miles the railroad runs along one side of the park, giving passengers a chance to see the herd, thus adding another attraction to Western Canada. This is now said to be the largest herd of buffalo in the world; with the arrival of the other herd it will be doubled; and before the end of the year the herd will number close to a thousand, with a profitable net increase of full twenty-five per cent. annually.

There is an eclipse of the sun on June 28, visible throughout the United States and Canada as a partial eclipse. In the line of central eclipse, where the moon appears exactly in front of the sun, the annular phase may be seen. At this time the sun, whose apparent diameter is greater than the moon's, sticks out at a narrow ring all around the latter. This phase is visible from the city of Mexico, Tampa, Fla and Bermuda.

In the northern United States a large partial eclipse will be observed, the fraction of the sun's diameter covered by the moon ranging from about one-third for observers in Washington and Oregon to almost the whole in the Gulf States. At Washington, D. C., the eclipse begins at 9:27 A. M. and ends at 12:41, and about three-fourths of the sun's disk is hidden, at the maximum phase. This eclipse, while of little importance to the professional astronomer, since the sun will not be completely hidden and the corona cannot be seen, will be of much interest to the amateur observer. A piece of smoked glass is all that is required to observe it. Princeton University Observatory.

Thoughts of a Great Man

These few thoughts give a vivid idea of what kind of a man Abraham Lincoln was: "Let none falter who thinks he is right." "It is no pleasure for me to triumph over anyone." "Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe." "All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." "Suspicion and jealousy never helped any man in any situation." "Gold is good in its place, but living brave and patriotic men are better than gold." "The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind."

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Clogs the Kidneys
Slows the Heart
Fags the Brain

Weakens Every Part of the Body. Causes Organic Diseases

Just as strength is the natural outcome of pure blood, so is debility and sickness the result of impure blood. To know how quickly how surely Ferrozone cures, to see how it rebuilds and restores, you have only to read the following letters—read them carefully—see if the symptoms resemble yours. Miss Evelyn M. Gaetz of Kingston, writes: "I have had an attack of blood disorder which broke out in horrid looking pimples. They were ugly and disfiguring blotches that ruined the appearance of my face. I tried all sorts of medicine, but the pimples didn't leave. I was recommended Ferrozone and gave it a trial. I noticed an improvement after the second box, and kept up the treatment which finally cleared my skin. As the result of Ferrozone I have a clear healthy complexion and can recommend it to all other young women similarly affected."

Another young lady well known in society circles of Springfield, who derived exceptional benefit from Ferrozone, says: "I felt it my duty to make known the value of Ferrozone. My trouble was poor weak blood, and as a consequence my lips were pallid, and my cheeks had no color. I wasn't at all strong, and required a bracing tonic. Ferrozone soon brought color to my cheeks, improved my appetite and made me stronger than I had been in years. I favor Ferrozone because it is so simple to take and works so quickly." No blood remedy exists that has the power to cure, to heal, to restore like Ferrozone; try it, 50c per box at any drugstore.

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