

of being regarded as a display or a competitor for public honours with a hockey player or a lacrosse champion. May the dignity associated with great deeds be remembered when Lord Roberts comes to Ontario's capital.

A DAY IN QUEBEC.

ONE morning last week I rose from my tent in the West Savard Camp and in undress uniform walked through the lines to the height of land which ran through the northern limits of the soldiers' tented city. The sun had just risen above the Laurentian hills on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite the Island of Orleans. The great camp to the south-east was shaking itself free of the mist. Above and beyond the camp were the turrets and spires of the New Quebec, dimly seen through the early-morning haze. Musing as I went, I was startled by a deep voice saying, "Halt, who goes there?" It was so sudden and so unexpected that my tongue was powerless for a second. My brain soon regained control and I answered, as if at random, "A friend." Soldier as I was supposed to be, I breathed more freely when the trooper answered, "Pass friend, all's well." I turned toward the north, and noted how the sun shone on the white-washed farm buildings and the tin-covered spires in the numerous little villages dotted over the rising landscape. Scarcely a bird was to be seen or heard. The sentries passed to and fro. The tents were closed and silent. The horse-lines showed little signs of life, though here and there an animal would rise and stretch himself. It was a glorious scene and I longed to be an artist that I might transfer it to canvas and keep it before me forever.

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As I sat on the zig-zag rail-fence, I thought of that morning long ago, when on the same north bank of that same St. Charles, though a mile or two nearer to the point where it empties into the St. Lawrence, Montcalm rested in his tent and waited for news of the firing which he had heard earlier in the night. He, too, looked up at the walled city on the heights, and across at the British tents on the Levis shore. I recalled his anxiety as to whether his supplies had come down the river and whether the British would renew their attack of the night before. As he viewed this same mist-covered "Key of the St. Lawrence," the news reached him that Wolfe had landed an army on the Plains above. He left his tent, called his army together and marched from the Beaufort camp, through the Lower Town, up the winding road towards the Upper Town and out upon the Plains of Abraham. There, under the most unfortunate circumstances for the Lilies of France, he entered upon the great battle which decided the fate of Canada. As I recalled these events, it was but natural that I should speculate as to what Quebec and Canada would be now if Wolfe had been less daring and Montcalm less unafraid of an enemy which up to that time he had always beaten.

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As my mind turned over the possibilities, a gun was fired and a great cloud of grey smoke broke upward through the mist. More than a dozen bugles rang out the reveille. The duty band came out from the lines of the 13th Regiment and, buttoning their serges as they walked, took up position on the road; then down the lines they passed playing a regimental quick-step. A lone piper appeared walking up and down the lines of the 91st and skirling a tune which must have opened many pairs of weary eyelids. The flaps of a thousand tents were thrown back and half-clothed men with towels and pails appeared and stretched themselves. On the right, half-clad troopers began to lead the horses to the water-troughs. Soon the whole foreground was a busy bee-hive. The mist rolled away and the Parliament Buildings on the distant heights became clearer. A half dozen habitant carts rattled down the road, loaded to the canvas tops with milk and vegetables.

The camp was awake, but little the soldiers cared about my recollections and speculations concerning Montcalm and Wolfe. The men and the animals were looking for breakfast. As I tramped back to my tent, I recalled having seen Quebec from the Levis shore on several occasions, and again from the deck of an Allan Liner inward bound from Liverpool, and I decided that after all there was no view more suggestive or more beautiful than that which I obtained from the top of the rail-fence near the northerly limit of the West Savard Camp of July, 1908.

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It was Friday, the day of the Grand Review. His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, had arrived on Wednesday, had been received by the Governor-General, the Premier and a host of important officials, including a French admiral and the Vice-President of the United States. He had swept up through the troop-lined streets to the citadel, guarded by an escort of the finest mounted troops that Canada possesses. This morning, he was to review the marines from the French, United States and British warships and the 12,422 Canadian troops gathered from all over the Dominion. Soon after breakfast the artillery waggons began to rumble through the narrow streets heading for the Plains. The mounted troops trotted along with their rifles pounding in the leather sockets or sabres clanking at their horses' sides. The infantry, in full-dress uniform with busbies or helmets, swung along after their perspiring brass or bugle bands. Brigade after brigade, division upon division, took up their allotted positions on the ground which Wolfe and Montcalm have made sacred to a two-race nation. The grand-stand filled up slowly.

The boundaries of the parade-ground became marked by long rows of spectators. Finally they are all ready for the Prince—and Lord Roberts. Up the Grand Allee comes the sound of a bugle, then the sound of pounding hoofs, and finally into view comes a cavalcade such as Canada has never seen before. General Otter speaks the word and fifteen thousand men and four thousand horses spring to "attention." The Minister of Militia on foot, in court clothes and cocked hat, stands near the entrance under the grand-stand. Through this portal comes a turbaned officer of the Indian Army. Then follow a number of officers of higher rank and finally the Prince—and "Bobs." "Royal salute!" and the bands play the national anthem. Then the red-coated cavalcade is a-move again and the Prince inspects the lines. This somewhat tedious ceremony over, he goes back to the saluting point and the grand march past begins. What cheering, what clapping of hands, what striving to hold shoulders square and heads high as this little army sweeps by—watch after watch, battery after battery, troop after troop, company after company. Over all shone the same sun that watched Champlain's early efforts in city-making in 1608 and that hovered over the struggling armies in 1759.

Between two parts of the ceremony, the Governor-General salutes the Prince and on behalf of the nation accepts the title-deeds of the henceforth Battlefields Park.

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After the review, there was a luncheon at the Garrison Club, where representative citizens and legislators met to do honour to His Royal Highness. The presidents of three national transcontinental railways—made or in the making—were there, together with the presidents of the larger banks, several merchant princes, prominent officers of army and navy, the Battlefields Park Commissioners, ministers of the Crown from Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec, lieutenant-governors and prominent foreigners. The Garrison Club has often entertained nobility and royalty, but it never sheltered a more brilliant gathering than on this occasion. If Champlain could have returned to witness that function, or the State ball in the evening, or the crowded terrace, the illuminated warships and the fireworks on the Levis shore, what a curious medley of feelings had been his!

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Never was a city better decorated than was Quebec on this occasion. Go where you would, upper town or lower town, public square or back alley, business place or humble cottage, there was some sort of flag or bunting. Pictures, busts and bas-reliefs of Champlain were everywhere. His name was on a thousand banners. The Tricolour and the Union Jack hung from ten thousand windows. On the reviewing grand-stand there were some Canadian ensigns upside down and in another place the Stars and Stripes floated above our own flag—but what matter? These little oddities only serve to teach carefulness. The quaint costumes of those participating in the pageants added colour to the picture made by the densely-crowded throngs in the narrow and tortuous streets. The special mounted policeman under the provost-marshal, the red-coated troopers hurrying hither and thither, the picked guards of honour, the processions religious and otherwise, the wandering soldier and the rolling sailor—all these added colour and variety to the already highly-coloured avenues and streets.

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All this in honour of those famous explorers, Cartier, Champlain and La Salle, in honour of De Tracy, Frontenac, Montcalm and Levis, Wolfe and Murray, Guy Carleton and De Salaberry, Madeline of Vercheres and Dollard—and the hundred other heroes and heroines of New France. On Thursday, they received special attention from His Royal Highness, whose speech at the foot of the Champlain monument was quite worthy of his own high rank and the occasion. Each day from five to eight o'clock there was a well-attended presentation of the historical pageant. In this part of the celebration, the French-speaking portion of the population won much praise. These pageants are conceded to be far superior in quality and extent to anything ever produced on this continent and perhaps in the world. The innate grace and historical feeling of this gentle and humble race enabled them to present these scenes with fidelity and enthusiasm. Those who saw the spectacle, will carry away with them vivid impressions and memories which will last as long as the individual life.

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And over and above all was the evidence of sympathy and fellow-feeling of the two races and the witness of the national spirit extraordinary. A prominent French-speaking journalist assured me that his compatriots were all enthusiastic over the Battlefields Park and the whole celebration. He declared that this event had a national significance and effect beyond all present comprehension and asserted his belief that during the past four years more had been done to promote union, peace and harmony than during the previous half century. As the English-speaking troops passed through the French-speaking districts of Lower Town, the windows and doors were continually opening that jugs and pails and cups might be offered to the hot and thirsty soldiers. The entente cordiale was plainly in evidence. The joint monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, the national park composed of the battlefields of Abraham and Ste. Foye, and the meeting together in this Tercentenary Celebration are but the outer signs of an inner understanding which is rapidly developing and which means much for Canada's future peace and prosperity.

J. A. C.