

Through a Monocle

I WONDER how many people will be kept away from the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec because they fear either that they will not be able to get accommodation at all or that they will be charged fancy prices for what they do get? I know of several of my own friends who would like to go, and who would commence at once to make their arrangements to go, if they were quite sure of being as well treated during that crowded week as they could be a week later or earlier. But everyone remembers that Quebec, though a picturesque and lovely city, is not a large one; and that its hotel accommodation does not much exceed the requirements of ordinary summer travel. What, then, is it going to do with the thousands who are expected for the Tercentenary? Already the wealthy who will attend in any case, knowing that the Prince of Wales is to be present and that fashion and distinction will go down to meet him, have arranged for rooms at the good hotels; but how much space is there likely to be left for the rest of us who would go if we could afford it, but who can afford—socially—to stay away?

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THE display will be well worth some sacrifice to see. The Prince will come accompanied by quite a sizable fleet; and there will be French and American warships into the bargain. Canadians will seldom get such a chance to see the grim "sea-dogs" of war or to hear the thunder of their guns. Then the pageant in preparation is said to be something particularly fine. It ought to be spectacular, for it has about as striking a stretch of human history to work upon as this planet offers. There will all the mystery of discovery, all the inspiration of a first landing on the shores of a new continent, all the romance of Indian war, all the lure of exploration, all the magnificence of the representatives of the French court of three centuries ago, all the devotion of the religious life of an unskeptical age, all the thrill of the great drama of war. It will picture the stirring century and a half of our history which has far more of action and colour in it than the grayer and more peaceful century and a half which followed.

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BUT what is the use of all this if the pilgrim must live out of a cracker-box and sleep on the cool pavement of the Terrace? Personal discomfort will spoil the finest spectacle that was ever put on the most majestic stage in the world. A draught in the back of the neck will make the man in the back seat of a theatre forget that Shakespeare is being played on the boards. Now it may be that Quebec is good and ready to entertain every one who will go to visit it during this period of festival; but, if so, the people of Canada do not know it. The facts have not been advertised. One enterprising railway man has certainly done his part by freely advertising a tent scheme on the

Plains of Abraham which sounds attractive if the weather is good and if the crowd is the right sort and if— But why look the only gift horse in the dental cavity? Still this is only one scheme and the greedy public would like a choice.

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THE trip to Quebec is a delightful one. Nor should it be expensive. Thousands of Canadians would probably decide to take their holiday jaunt down in that direction, dropping off at the Citadel City for its celebration, if they could be assured early in the season that they would get comfortable and not too expensive accommodation. It really rests with the people of Quebec City and any others who propose to assist in catering to the public on that occasion, to decide how large a crowd the celebration will have. But every week which passes without an announcement of what will be done in this way, finally decides some hundreds to abandon the attractive idea of taking this run down to the Lower St. Lawrence. It is a pity, too, for a representation of all Canada ought to be there. We have far too few national celebrations which bring us together as a people, and which direct our attention to our really glorious past. Too many of us believe that Canadian history began with the birth of Sir John Macdonald.

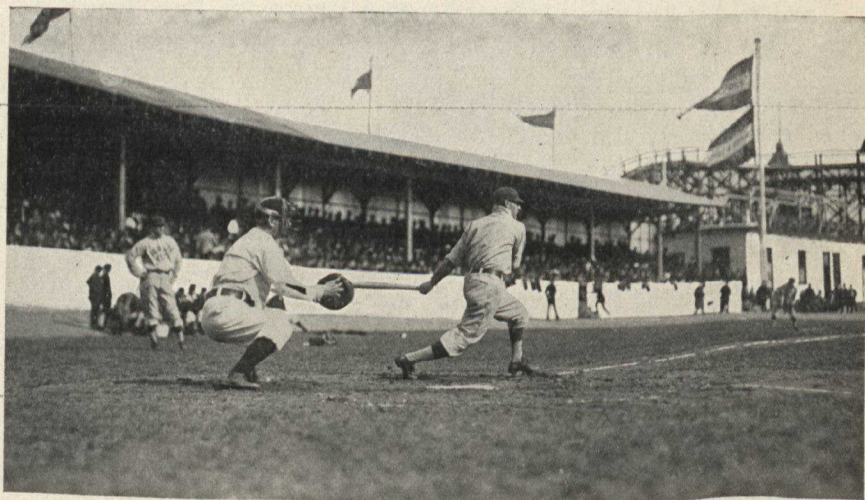
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BUT it didn't—not by a very considerable majority. We now whirl in cushioned comfort along the shores of rivers up which anxious pioneers once pressed with their eyes searching the banks for the feather of the lurking Indian and their hearts steeled against the swift hiss of the arrow. Gray old Kingston seems to us to be one of the settled pillars of the world—an ancient city—but it was once Fort Frontenac where that intrepid explorer founded a trading post to meet the Iroquois. Men had died for Canada before a white man's foot ever pressed the soil on which Toronto now stands; and there was a time when the post at Montreal was our western frontier. The hardships of the United Empire Loyalists read to us now like a bad dream of the past—like a mediaeval legend—when we see the fat prosperity which lies over all the lands where they experienced their "hungry year"; and yet these sufferings came nearly two hundred years after Champlain had given his life in an endeavour to establish a permanent settlement in the Canada that he knew. It will pay us to look back into our splendid history in the light of this promised celebration at Quebec, whether we on that occasion visit the most European city on this continent or only read of the rejoicings in the papers.

N'importe



Inspector Hughes at the Bat and Hon. J. J. Foy as Catcher.



First Hit on the New Grounds at the Island.

THE OPENING OF THE BASEBALL SEASON—IN TORONTO