

1635, received a grant of land from the Company of New France. Whether the worthy Abraham was a crafty or a shiftless farmer, is a question for conjecture. At all events, he permitted his cattle to roam far and wide, 'out of his own grant, and over the heights, which henceforth were given the name, "Plains of Abraham."

Quebec is filled with memorials, as a historic spot should be—statues and monuments, and tablets—yet I have time to enter into detail in regard to but very few. We were, of course, much interested in the fine bronze statue of Champlain, by Paul Chevre, which stands before the Chateau Frontenac, but even more so in a less-pretentious monument which stands in front of the Drill Hall, a plain granite shaft, surmounted by the very lifelike busts of two firemen who lost their lives during the great conflagration which swept the St. Lawrence district in 1889. There is a pathos about such statuary. You look and look at the features, so true to life, yet but cold, hard stone; you imagine what the originals must have been, and your heart aches as you picture the great catastrophe which ended the life, but set aflame the undying glory.

Upon one memorably hot day—for Quebec weather is usually cool and refreshing—Trixy and I set out on our last hunt for historic spots, Wolfe's Cove, and "the pathway" up the cliff. At Dufferin Terrace, however, Trixy wilted, and so I went on alone. I did not go the whole way to the Cove, as I had not been wise enough to take a caleche, but I came on some very interesting things for all that; indeed, you can scarcely go any distance in any part of Quebec without chancing on something interesting—that is, if you are conversant even a little with its history.

My way lay along "Little Champlain" and "Champlain" streets, running right along the base of the cliffs—hot, dirty, dusty and tumble-down they were, quite unworthy, as it seemed, to bear the name of the great man whose memory they try in their own way to commemorate. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the sun, beating upon the high rock wall, was reflected as from a bake-oven. Indeed, I had almost determined to go back when suddenly I came upon a slab fixed upon the rock by the side of the way, and reading thus:

Here stood the undaunted fifty,
Safeguarding Canada,
Defeating Montgomery at the Pres
de Ville Barricade,
On the last day of the year 1775,
Guy Carleton commanding at Quebec.

Immediately dirty street, flying dust and tumbledown houses disappeared, and, instead, there stood the hastily-thrown-up barricade, "the undaunted fifty" featuring back a force of between 500 and 700 men, the roar of the firing, echoing back to that resounding a little further along the shore, where still other heroes of Canada were "defeating Arnold" at the Sault au Matelot Barricade.

Poor Montgomery! Higher on the cliff a second tablet records his fate. "Here fell Montgomery," a simple tribute to the memory of one who was at least no coward. Away up near the St. Louis Gate you are still shown the spot where his body lay for forty-three years, until finally given back by the British Government to the widow, and removed to New York, where it was interred with military honors; and a little beyond, on the way "De la Citadelle," an engraved slab marks the place where the thirteen American soldiers killed with him and his aides, found a last resting-place.

The memory of the return trip back from the Montgomery tablets will remain with me as the one unpleasant bit of my whole experience in Quebec. It was necessary to hurry in order not to miss the boat. It was also necessary to walk up the Breakneck Steps to the Terrace. My knees ached and got weak; the blood flew

to my head until I thought it would burst. Verily, I began to wonder if anything would happen to me before I got to the top—and apoplexy would have been such an ignominious way of ending the Tercentenary, after escaping the pickpockets, and the crowds, and all the rest of the awful things we had feared before setting out! I arrived at last, however, purple and panting, to find Trixy sitting, most exasperatingly cool and placid, in one of the kiosks. I was not sorry a bit, all the same, that I had gone. A slab on a rock may not look much, but it has an interest—a lonely, pathetic, grand interest all its own.

I cannot tell you to-day about the beautiful trip up the Saguenay, nor about the not-less-interesting if shorter one to St. Anne de Beaupre. These I hope to deal with on future occasions, if you will still bear with me.

DAME DURDEN.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRL QUESTION FROM A YOUNG MAN'S STANDPOINT.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

A story is told about a young man out West who, owing to the early death of his mother, was allowed to grow up without the refining influence of the gentler sex. Until out of his teens, he had never seen a feminine human being. At last, the father thought he would take his son John to see the city. So, one fine morn-

year? It is an involuntary emotion within them, called love. So it was with John. The lad had fallen in love and didn't know it. We seem to take it for granted that every person who gets married fell in love, but the older I get, the more I am convinced that there is very little "falling" in love. The great majority who reach that blessed state walk in. Some glide in, but comparatively few "fall" in love. The term "walking" in love needs no explanation. It includes all phases of match-making. But it is difficult to explain just what "falling" in love is. The best explanation I can give is that it is inexplicable, because it is an accident. Love is an unexplainable, uncontrollable desire for a wife.

For example: A certain boy grows up with a natural aversion to girls. Even after he has reached manhood he is not drawn to them, but, of course, he has grown sensible enough to respect and admire them. Well, there comes a time in his life when his whole attention is taken up with a certain girl, and he has a feeling (they say) that she is the only one with whom he can be happy, and—he marries her. That's a case of love. Whether it's the Divine element or not, there was certainly some supernatural power working within him, for, when he was in his former state he had reasons galore to prove that marriage was not only of no use, but, if not spiritually, yet mentally

edly; but many of which he cannot. I have now come to a phase of my subject of which I am ignorant, namely, the value of marriage. The best I can do is to conjecture the benefits to be derived from it by taking the testimonies of those who have had personal experience. From these, I venture to say that honorable marriage is one of the greatest blessings that has been bestowed upon mortals.

Certainly, there is a great deal of truth in Bacon's opinion of marriage: "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief." But as it is a great blessing to have an impediment to mischief, and as experience shows that very few men can safely ascend to the greatest heights, we'll concede that matrimony is to be desired by nearly all. Cicero says, "They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we have received nothing better from the Immortal Gods, nothing more delightful." It is not probable that this great orator was referring particularly to marriage; but, nevertheless, what better friendship can there be than should exist between man and wife? It is the lack of this friendship, in the fullest sense of the word, which, I fear, has made so many of us stand aloof from matrimony. How is it that, before a couple are married, the gentleman is so very attentive, and, almost as soon as the preacher has been paid, he forgets or neglects so many of not only the small, but the great, ways to manifest his love?

Such thoughts press upon me, and make me wonder whether these people ever were in love. Was there any of the Divine element in it, or was it simply a social enterprise or a money-making scheme? Possibly I am inclined to be too pessimistic. Let us try to find a brighter explanation. Might they not have been married on "love's first flash in youth"? It is very probable, and equally sad. Why are there so many unsatisfactory marriages? It seems to me because there is so much misunderstanding between boys and girls. One reason so many young men have failed to marry happily is because they didn't know themselves what kind of wives they wanted. Perchance, when young, they had spent their time flirting, so that when they grew up they did not have sense enough to choose a good helpmate, or maybe the other extreme was the case, and the young man had grown up without an adequate knowledge of the other sex to enable him to distinguish the good from the bad, and then, when he first felt the kindlings of love within him, the unworthy girls or their mothers, possibly—looked advantage of him and led him on (with the various arts peculiar to themselves) until he thought he was in love, and so got married, soon to find that he had been deceived, and had fallen into a snare which holds him hand and foot, "till death does us part."

The great question is, How can either sex safeguard itself from deceit in matrimony? Two things we must do: (1) Seek the friendship of respectable, honorable and sensible members of the opposite sex; (2) use common sense.

It is obvious that the only rational way to understand girls is to associate with them enough to become thoroughly acquainted. People tell us we should "go with" girls to develop our character. But does "going with" girls have the ameliorating influence we are seeking? It should, certainly, but I maintain that, as it is carried on nowadays, there is very little improvement, and, I am afraid, sometimes much deterioration as a result; because, when young people get together in this age, the all-important thought seems to be, "Let us have a good time, honestly and respectably if we can—but, let us have a good time."

I don't wish to insinuate that they are altogether bad and desperately



Replica of Champlain's Ship, the "Bon de Dieu."

Made for Quebec Tercentenary. Indians from the Caughnawaga Reserve paddled out to meet this vessel on its landing, with the impersonator of Champlain on board. In the original from which this replica was copied, Champlain crossed the Atlantic in 1608.

ing round them in the nearest town, on a circus day. The boy was astonished at what he saw in the menagerie, but captivated when he beheld, on the streets, people who looked like men, but were attired differently. His eye followed them with keen interest. His father, noting this, grasped his hand and hurried him along, and, to the boy's inquiry as to what they were, replied, shortly, "Nothing, but gabbling geese." "Come along," When evening came, the father offered to buy his son whatever he liked best that he had seen that day. The boy thought for a moment, and then said, "Well, father, I think I'll be a goose."

This little story may be a good precedent for an article in "The Farmer's Advocate," and the next point we need to consider is this: how can a young man see a girl who has such a good opinion of him? I have seen a sketch man and answerer, a question by asking another. When the birds of the field put on their beautiful plumage and be so very attractive to the opposite sex at certain seasons of the

and financially detrimental to progress. But, you see, all at once he forgets his own arguments, and should one converse with him on the subject, he'll say that marriage is the summum bonum of life.

The two paramount problems bothering the minds of the mass of the people are (1) the boy question, and (2) the girl question. From the time the children enter their teens, the father's absorbing thought is, "What shall I make of my boy?" and the mother's, "What shall I do with my girl?" and, after a great deal of fretting and stewing has been done about it, the children take it upon themselves to settle the matter by getting married. When I was younger than I am now, girls were one of the terrors of my life. Now, boys and girls go together, and people call it love, but I am convinced that it is not love, but rather, as one of our poets has expressed it, only "Love's first flash in youth." It's a poor thing to get married on.

There are a few subjects about which every person can speak advis-