

A BIT OF THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION

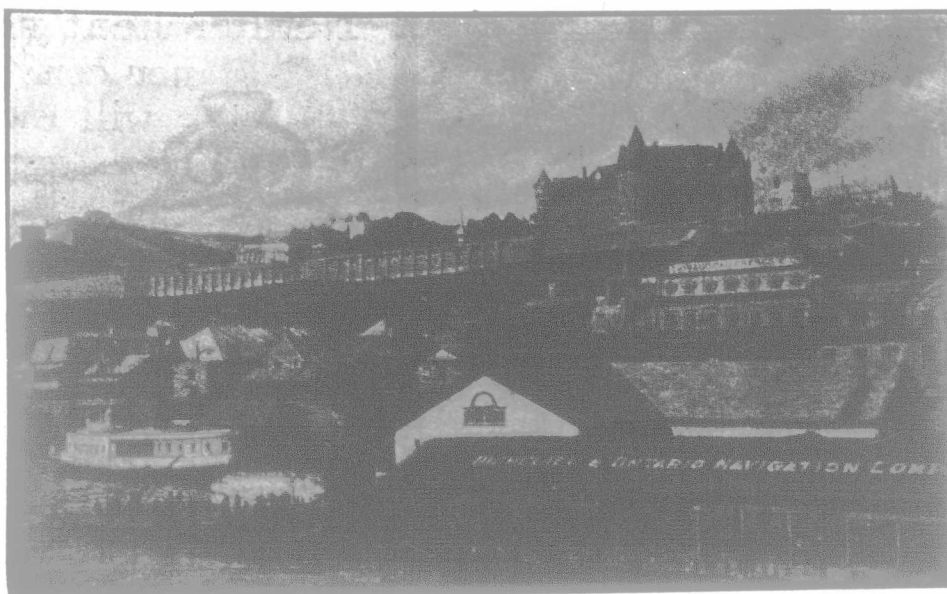
So many things have happened here since we reached Quebec that I scarcely know where to begin. Perhaps it will be as well just to go on from the point at which I left off in the last issue.

Early in the morning of the day upon which we arrived at Quebec, we were up and out on deck; but Trixy's centerpiece had been relegated to the depths of a suitcase, for there was now plenty to see. Imagine, if you can, a blue river, so large that it seemed to us broad as a lake, with our steamer making straight into the rising sun; upon either hand high banks, with green fields and wooded slopes running back from them to the blue mountains beyond, above all, fancy, on either side of the river, a never-ending line of little houses and barns all apparently built to the one pattern, and invariably painted a glistening white, with red roofs, and perhaps red window casings and doors. It was almost incredible that these were farmhouses. So close do they stand that they seem to form a continuous village; but you must know that the habitant is a sociable fellow, who likes to have near neighbors; and so he builds his house on the very front of his lot, in direct line with that of his neighbor. As the farms are exceedingly narrow—only about one-third the width of a "string hundred" in Ontario—you can understand how village-like the effect must be. A man told us to-day that, although most of these homesteads are small, so far as acreage goes, some of them run three miles back. The father of the family buys in preparation for the day when his sons shall marry, and build back, and yet back, along the farm. As the habitant family ranges anywhere from five to twenty-five in number, one can understand in some way why a domain reaching "half way to the Labrador" might be necessary. The land in general seemed to us well worked, although in primitive fashion, and looked exceedingly fertile. There were no stones visible anywhere.

Before reaching Quebec, we passed the ruins of the great Quebec bridge, which fell about a year ago while in course of construction, carrying 70 workmen with its debris down into the water. Work upon the structure has not been resumed since.

One more turn of the river, and Quebec was in sight, the light of the morning sun upon its citadel and the Chateau Frontenac; upon the queer French houses huddled below the cliff; upon the sparkling water stretching across to the Levis shore, where the sister town of Levis straggles up the green hillsides. Wolfe's Cove and the river beyond were simply filled with shipping—light launches, ocean liners, gay pleasure yachts, river steamers, and, among all, the grim and stately warships which brought the Prince of Wales to the Quebec Tercentenary. There were five of them, four at anchor in a square, with the 'Indomitable,' the Royal ship, in the center, all of a uniform steel color, not easily distinguishable at a distance from the color of the water, but all, on the present occasion, gay with flags and pennants from stem to stern. Friday seemed to be the sailor's washday, for on two of the ships we saw rows of shirts—hundreds of them apparently—hung out to dry.

There were also two French men-of-war at anchor, and one big United States warship, the "New Hampshire," the latter gaily painted in white and gold. We had passed the British vessels so close that we could see the "stars" lining the decks, without a sound, but as soon as the Quebec steamed past the New Hampshire, there was a different story; every "American" on board—and there were numbers of them—set up a cheer, which was answered by the Yankee sailors with right good-will. Why is it that we Canadians are so lethargic or unemotional, or whatever it is? Why is it that we so seldom set up a bit of enthusiasm at the right moment?



VIEW SHOWING CITADEL, DOCKS, CHATEAU FRONTENAC AND DUFFERIN TERRACE.

At the dock, Trixy and I thought our troubles had begun. Cab rates were so high that taking a conveyance was out of the question, so we essayed to walk to our boarding-house, which, by the map, was not far away. Of course, we thought we were following that map, but, of course, we weren't, for about two minutes' walk brought us directly in the face of a steep, rampart-crowned precipice, and we found it necessary to ask our way.

Quebec is the "queerest" city in Canada—such odd little streets, running, apparently, anywhere, with sidewalks seldom more than wide enough for two to go abreast, and sometimes so narrow that "Indian file" is a necessity; I had to lower my parasol at one spot to-day to get past a man, and there were only he and I on the sidewalk.

More than half of the people all over the city, too, seem to be French, so that asking one's way, without considerable command of the language, is something of a problem. However, one always "lands on one's feet" somehow, and so did we, as we finally arrived at our lodging-place, all agog, even so soon, with the holiday spirit, which seemed to saturate the very air. Everywhere the city was gay with pennons and bunting fluttering from every vantage point; everywhere inscriptions and words of welcome (almost invariably in French) were outlined in flowers and electric-light bulbs along the buildings; and everywhere there was the never-ending interest of the people—Quebec folk chattering French; habitants jabbering their patois; tourists by the thousand, with suit-cases or guide-books in hand; calechas—those queer two-wheeled vehicles which are so common here—rattling about on every side; red-coated soldiers, straggling along before the shop windows, and black-robed priests walking about in quiet dignity; dragons

clattering along on horse-back, and companies of marines marching up the center of the street. Above all, there were the unique figures of those who were taking part in the pageants, brightening still more the gala scene—men and women in the brilliant costumes of the times of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. of France; Indians in war array; peasants in caps and short skirts,—for these pageant-folk, during the whole time of the Tercentenary, seem to have been wearing their costumes all day long, and, except while on duty wandering about wherever they chose. Oh, I wish I could show you Quebec as she has been for the past fortnight.

We were fortunate enough to arrive in time for the grand military review which took place before the Prince of Wales on the Plains of Abraham. It was truly a brilliant spectacle. Imagine it, 15,000 soldiers, in all uniforms, and 10,000 marines, surging over the great plain, company by company, in perfect order; brilliantly-clad officers riding up and down; troops of cavalry passing at a canter; bands playing; surging crowds of onlookers all cheering as this favorite or that rode by. Lord Roberts, you may be sure, received an ovation. We were much amused at one man near us, who shouted himself hoarse, "Good old Bobs! Lead them on! I was with you! Good old Bobs!"

Trixy and I were very fortunate in being able to climb into the back of a habitant's cart, from which we had a fine view of the whole field. Really, it is marvellous what you can stand with a strong enough incentive. There we stood for three or four blessed hours, in a space about eight inches wide, in the beaming sun, and in momentary terror of being thrown out if the habitant's horse chose to "act up," the tinnest bit. To make matters more interesting, another

habitant's horse, immediately close to us, would persist in biting at my dress. The sensation wasn't too pleasant. But get down?—no! We were there to see, and we did see—Prince and all. He rode very near us twice—a fair man, very much like the pictures of him which we see, with quite a striking resemblance to his cousin, the unhappy Czar of Russia.

That night a great ball was held in the Parliament Buildings. We went up to see as much as we could of it, through the great St. Louis gate, which was a blaze of light, thence across "the grounds", and were fortunate enough to secure a seat in the alcove beneath the Champlain monument, erected immediately in front of the central door, at which the guests would alight. About nine o'clock the carriages and automobiles began to arrive, in hundreds, it seemed, for the alighting went on for over an hour. Indeed, every carriage and automobile in the city seemed to be in requisition, for we saw one gay party of officers and ladies actually get out of the Red Cross ambulance from the Citadel. In the blaze of light streaming from every line and angle of the buildings, from the monument, and from the trees throughout the spacious lawns, we could see the beautiful dresses and the gold-braided uniforms very distinctly, but we could, of course, only imagine what the brilliant scene in the drawing-rooms and ball-rooms would be. We heard afterwards that only about a dozen people were introduced to the Prince.

And now I could go right on telling you about Quebec and the "doings," but I must not, for "space" must be considered. Next time I hope to tell you something of its buildings and historic points, for old Quebec seems fairly steeped in history.

(To be continued)

A WISE PRECAUTION

We were visiting at a home where three little children made sunshine and joy. The family also were blessed with a devoted grandma, whose pride and care centered in the youngest, a little boy of three years.

We noticed her frequent errands to the door and heard her encouraging voice calling "Jump, Corridon, jump, dear!" No audible signs or answer, she came cheerfully back. Again she went out after a few minutes and appealed to the unseen personage. This time I caught the faint tinkle of a bell.

"In the direction of the raspberry patch, Annie," she said to the little boy's mother.

After a few minutes the mother left the room, saying: "I'll see where he really is."

"Jingle the bell, Corridon. Jingle the bell! Corridon, oh, Corridon, come to mamma!" she called.

We came to the door in time to see a little figure in skirts, with a large palmetto hat tied securely on his head, emerge from a raspberry patch. Jingle, jingle, went the bell, but no glimpse of it could I get. The chubby hands were full of juicy berries.

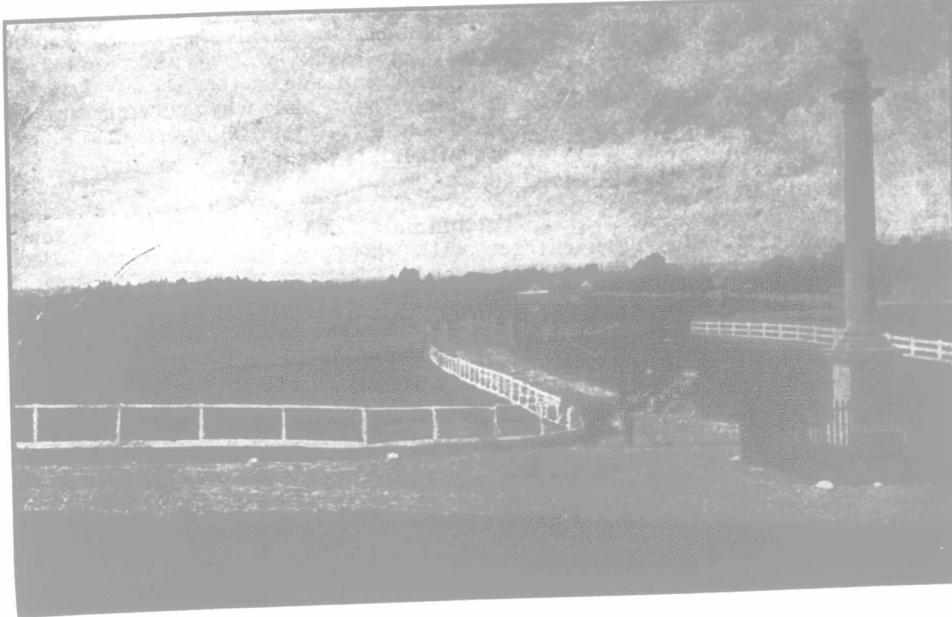
"Where is the bell?" I asked. "Oh," laughed his mother, "you may be sure it is not where he can lay his hands on it. Turn around, young man!"

There, securely fastened to a button-hole in the back of his dress, dangled the bell.

"If I hung it around his neck he would manage to get it off, and if it was fastened in front he might fall on it—he always falls face down. He jumps, runs and jingles the bell so that I can keep track of him without making him come to the house. Oh, it is a splendid contrivance all around!"—explained the mother.

So I thought. Suppose he had wandered so far away that separate squads had been sent after him; some of them would have heard the faint tinkle of the bell. What a lot of worry it saved.—*Homestead.*

This remedy has been known to cure pneumonia after the patient had been given up to die. Apply sweet oil to the chest, then cover with powdered lobelia thickly, after which cover with several thicknesses of flannel, warmed.



THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, SHOWING WOLFE'S MONUMENT, MARKING THE SPOT WHERE GEN. WOLFE FELL.

(It was on this plain that the military review and pageants were held during the Tercentenary.)