The YANKEE IN QUEBEC

BY

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AUTHOR OF

MY FRIEND BILL

NATIONAL HYMN TO THE FLAG

THE CUBAN BATTLE HYMN

SOME DEED OF WORTH

ETC., ETC.

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ANSON A. GARD

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

AND

LONDON, ENGLAND

DEDICATED

TO

THE OTHER YANKEES

who may follow my footsteps into that dearest,
quaintest, most picturesque, most—
well get Webster and copy
them all in—for they
all belong

TO QUEBEC,

where I had the most delightful visit of
my life, in the Summer of 1901.

REGISTERED in conformity with Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1901, by ANSON A. GARD, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa.

Introduction

It is not my purpose to give the history of Quebec, Sir James M. LeMoine, the Grand Old Man of the Dominion, has done that too well to leave anything to say ; neither is it my purpose to write a guide book, Frank Carrel, the able editor of the *Telegraph*, and E. T. D. Chambers, whose literary writings are well known in the States, have supplied this want.

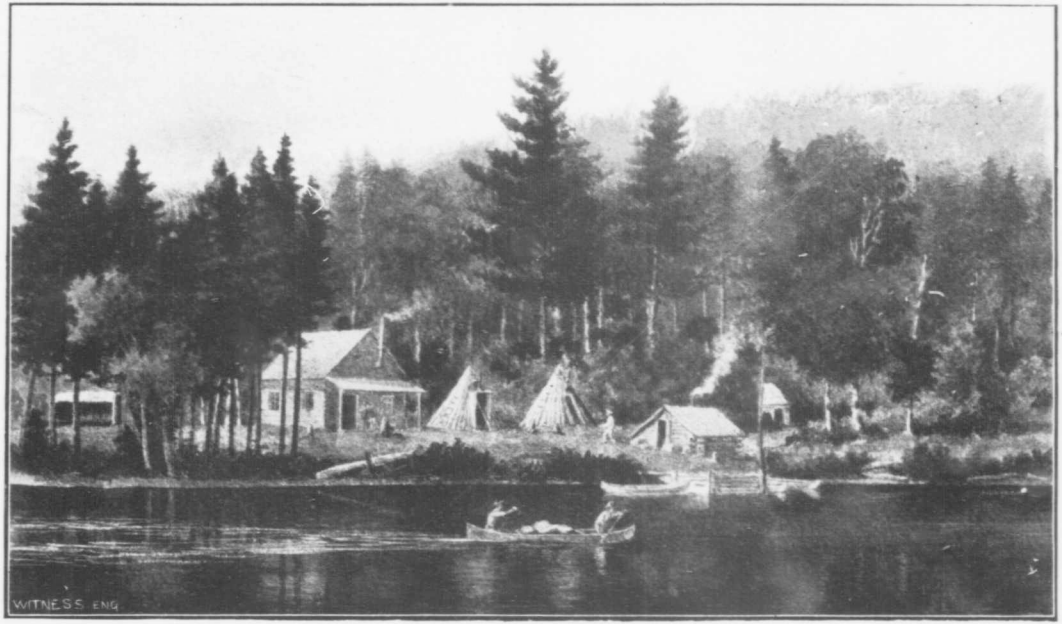
I would simply have you use my eyes, through which to see one of the most picturesque old cities in the Western World. I said "one of"—unnecessary words, take them away, they are out of place, when speaking of Quebec.

I may not in this volume follow the true lines of literature. I will try not to do so at least. So dear reader if you find any of the set rules

broken, just credit me up with that much, if nothing more.

My object will have been attained, if I can produce a little volume, whose reading, by my countrymen, will turn the tourist toward this delightful old city, knowing full well that every one so influenced will ever thank me for

"THE YANKEE IN QUEBEC."



EDSON FITCH'S CAMP ON LAC LONG NEAR QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOHN RAILROAD

See page 166

The Yankee in Quebec

He wasn't born in Kentucky, neither was he old enough to have been in the war, yet we always called him "Colonel." His other name was Horatius, and "Col. Horatius" seemed to fit, so we let it go at that. I never knew just why the Colonel had left the States for Quebec. Some said, that being very patriotic, he had left for the good of his country. Be that as it may, I am indebted to him for the "best time" I've ever had, and I'm not going to say a word "again" the Colonel, even if I could.

"Come to Quebec, Rube, I'll show you the quaintest, most picturesque, most delightfully charming old city in America!" The Colonel used a large number of other adjectives in his letter of invitation, and while I thought, at the time, he was a little "off," I have learned by reality that instead, his use of that part of speech is very meagre indeed. But I don't blame the

Colonel, even Webster himself would have had to invent new adjectives had he visited this dear old town before writing his "story of words."

At the time I received the Colonel's letter of invitation, my conception of Quebec was a small round spot on the map. I knew that it was on a river called the St. Lawrence, but had to refer to the aforesaid map to determine on which side of the river. 'Tis true, I had seen pictures of the city, with men climbing impossible hills, with other men on top of the heights shooting down at the climbers, but I knew naught of enough to warrant a trip of over five hundred miles, and all the adjectives in the Colonel's meagre vocabulary were necessary to give courage for the start. But once here, I ceased to wonder why men by the names of Wolfe, Montgomery, Arnold and a host of others, had been so desirous of getting into Quebec.

In taking a trip for pleasure never go direct to your objective point, if there be aught worth seeing by the way. I found much to see but as soon as I reached the Province of Quebec, I found a great deal that I couldn't understand, more especially the language. My French education had once been attempted, but after many years, all that "stuck" was "*Parley voo francy*" and a few other words quite as useful.

"La Meme Chose."

I remembered meant "the same thing," and like a child just learning to talk, I was anxious for an occasion to use it. It soon came. Seated one day at a hotel table, where English was a dead language, I was given a few of the preliminaries, but soon wanted more, as I was very hungry that day. A gentleman at my right gave an order, as I thought, and I proudly said to the pretty waitress. "*La même chose.*" She went away smiling, but as she brought nothing for us, I succeeded finally in asking my "rescuer" to the right, what he had ordered. "I zay to ze mamsell, I wants nutting more"—and I had been waiting for "*La même chose.*"

Boulanger.

On my arrival in one of the cities I found myself caught with a very old joke. On all the bread waggons I noticed "Boulanger," "Well," thought I, "this Boulanger fellow must be a very wealthy baker to run so many wagons," but I was no worse than Doc. Brough of Boston, the day he went through the great Notre Dame Church, in Montreal, with a number of his friends. He noticed on so many seats "A Louer." "Say, boys," said Doc., "this Mr. Louer must run a whole children's aid society and a female college, to need so

many pews," Doc. and I learned a few things after we had been in Canada a short while, among others I learned that "Boulanger" was "Baker," and Doc. that "A Louer," was "To Let."

"I beg your pardon!"

What will most try your good-nature possibly, is to sit at table, with "French at a glance," and laboriously pick out what you want to order, and when at last you have framed your sentence to your own satisfaction, to have some pretty little waitress, who has stood smiling at you during the whole effort, sweetly say to you, the one single English sentence that she knows: "I beg your pardon!" which, translated, means, "Try again." When I told this to the Colonel he said he was glad it didn't always hold good, as, said he: "A big fellow stepped on my toes the other night in a crowd, 'I beg your pardon!' said he—but I didn't want him to try it over."

Rube wants a Cuiller.

Worse still, however, may be the one who *thinks* she grasps your meaning. One day at dinner, I wanted a spoon, which I remembered was "*cuiller*" in French, so I called for "*cuiller*," but was surprised to have the waitress

bring me a beefsteak, she having thought I said "*cuir*," which is French for leather. The mistake in this case consisted in her misunderstanding my word. There may be much tenderness in Canada, but in the country hotels, beefsteak is not on the list. This absence does not apply to the cities, where the "tables" are all that one could wish. French may be spoken *more* up here, but you'll notice that "Scotch" is spoken *oftener*.—(Key to this furnished on application).

WHAT YOU SEE BY THE WAY.

One of the first things you will note in passing through Canada, especially so, if you are farmer born, will be the long narrow fields, many of them not over 200 feet wide, with all the farm buildings at one end, facing on the main road, for that matter *all* roads are "main," and very few of them. This is no doubt a good plan, for it takes off the loneliness of country life, and makes of the farming district one long village. Your notion of Canada may be a vast, well wooded country. This may have once been true, and far from the railroads is yet so, but the devastation of the timber, in many districts, has been so great that farmers have to drive eight and ten miles for their firewood, which they gather in the autumn in neighborhood "wood parties."

Whether by long custom, or some other reason, the farmers plow their fields in little "lands," not over a rod wide, leaving a dead furrow between. One seldom sees a field of wheat, and corn never, at any rate not in this Province. There may be a system of farming here, but it will never be adopted by our people. I have seen in a five acre field, oats, barley, rye, timothy and potatoes, all growing side by side. Yet for all this seeming lack of system I am told that the "habitant" (French farmer) is often a man of means, and seldom poor. He may make but little, yet he always lays by a part of that little. We sell our hay by the ton, here it is gathered into bundles of fifteen pounds, bound with a "hay twist," and sold, so much per hundred bundles. So expert is the hay maker that he can guess, within a few ounces at furthest, of the requisite fifteen pounds. The farm waggon is usually a two-wheeled cart drawn by one horse. This "cart" is farm wagon, road wagon and buggy all in one. The *maisons* (houses) of the habitant are all after one pattern, mostly one story. The roofs are seldom straight, the rafters are cut with a "dish" so that a line drawn from the cone to the eaves would not touch the roof at any part, and within three feet of the eaves, it might be eight inches from the shingles or the "thatch."

The housewife usually surrounds her dwelling with pretty flowers, so that while the *maison* may not be architecturally beautiful, it is homelike, and gives one a feeling of comfort. The people in their simple way seem to be content and happy, which in the end is better, no doubt, than our great advancement (?) in country life,

We took a ride one day.

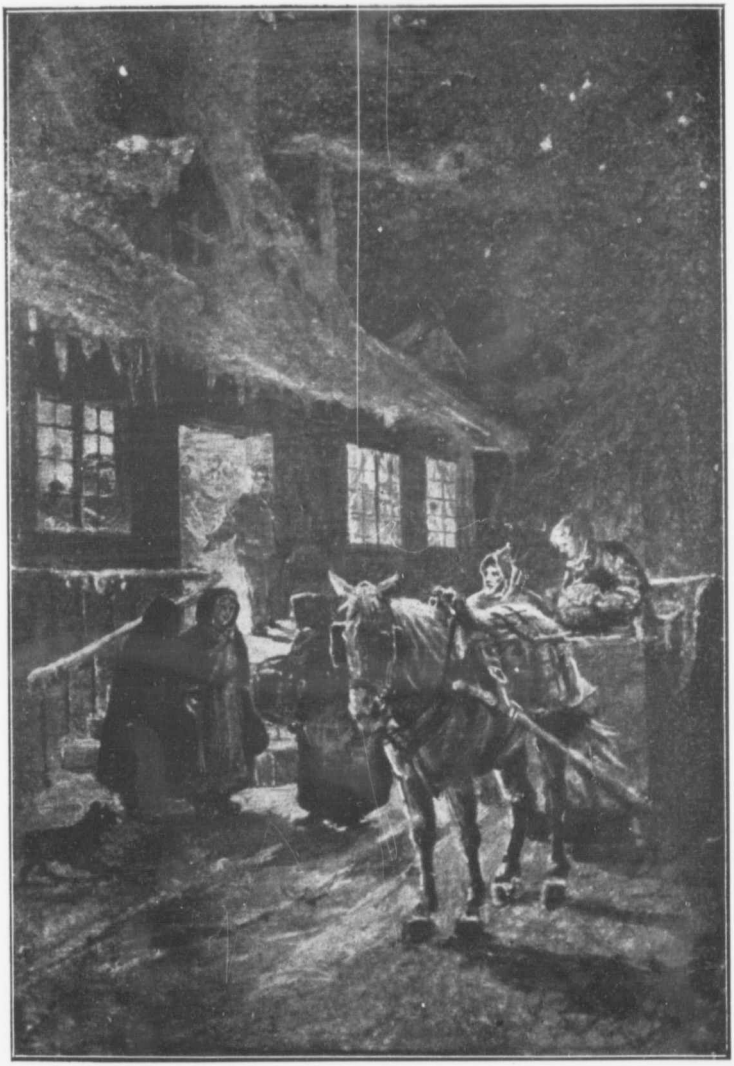
where we vie with the cities and always keep in debt.

With the habitant it is not all work. The long winter nights are filled with much of joy and merry making.

The description I gave in "My Friend Bill," of "The Dance in a Barn," although describing

the custom of a Pennsylvania mountain community, might well have been written of a dance in the valley of the Beauport, or many another happy valley along the St. Lawrence. See in this picture the genial host standing in the open door, greeting some late arrivals. Through the doorway you note the cheerful room and the merry dancers. You can well imagine the "fiddler" sitting in some prominent place, playing the music that had for a century or more set going the feet of generations long forgotten. The fiddler is the one important personage of the dance, as he plays and "calls off," ever keeping time with his foot. No, it is not all work—there is much of joy in the humble home of the "habitant" in every land beneath the sun, and I often think the joy is more real than in the homes of those who have naught of earth's goods to wish for.

A beautiful custom these habitants have, in the event of the loss by fire of a neighbour's house or barn. They will gather in for miles around, on the Sunday following the fire, and after mass, set to work and rebuild the house or barn, all contributing material or labor and in most instances both. In one or two Sundays the building is replaced. And again, the loss of a horse or cow is made up by the kind



"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE"—Especially when the fiddle's a going

hearted neighbors, contributing as their means will allow.

My notion of Canadian weather was mixed up with snowshoes and ice palaces, and although the Colonel's invitation came in June, the weight of my baggage was largely due to the heavy underwear with which it was loaded down. When, however, the thermometer got to playing gleefully among the nineties, my notion changed, and I felt quite at home in the lightest possible clothing. Here's the difference, however hot the days, the nights are cool and enjoyable. Before I had left Canada, the Quebecker had quite convinced me that even winter was not only endurable but delightfully enjoyable.—Moral, never have a notion of any place until you get there.

I reached Quebec in time to see the city celebrate

" DOMINION DAY," JULY 1,

not with a noisy Fourth of July demonstration, but in quiet enjoyment. Flags gave the city a gay appearance, and everybody seemed happy. The small boy had fired no " crackers," but he went to bed that night with all his fingers intact, and was content. I have since noted that this day's celebration was indicative of the people. Their conception of "a good time" is not spelled

"hilarious." From the common laborer to the most cultured, they are gentle and courteous in their manner toward each other, as well as toward the stranger.

Levis is the "Jersey City" of Quebec. It is across the St. Lawrence, which is about as wide as the Hudson river at New York City. You cross by a small ferry boat, pointed at either end, and is entered by footmen and teams, through openings in the side.

The first impression of Quebec is that of a great flat rock dropped down upon a plain 2,000 feet wide, covering about two-thirds of the front area, reaching in places almost to the river's edge.

"Here you are at last, Rube,"

was the Colonel's greeting as I got off the ferryboat down at Dalhousie street. "I had quite given you up,—thought you had gotten frozen out and gone back home." The Colonel had not forgotten my notion of cold (?) Canada, and was using it against me with the thermometer at 89 in the shade. "Oh, no," said I, mopping my brow, "it may be a little chilly, but I come prepared," with a nod at my baggage. "No, Colonel, I have been doing the Province as I came along, seeing its people, and learning French. Why, I started with one sentence of

three words and now I know—" "How many?" broke in the Colonel, who had been here a year and didn't know even one. "No matter, you wouldn't know if I told you." Then I thought of my "*cuir*" (pronounced kweer) experience at the country hotel and changed the subject.

From the first day until I left, the Colonel kept me on the move. It was just like going through an old museum. You look at the outside of the building and feel that it will take but a short time to "do," but when you visit room after room, case after case, each case filled with objects of interest, time flies unnoted and still there is ever something new to see. So with the quaint old city, every turn brings into view some object with a history. It may be a thick walled building that has stood the fires and storms of centuries, or it may be some monument to a hero long turned back to mother dust No matter what the turn you are sure to find there something worth coming far to see. The very vehicles in the narrow streets are found nowhere else than in Quebec. The *Calèche*—a two wheeled buggy-like affair, where the driver sits on the dashboard while the "fares" go bounding along with the mixed feeling of riding camel and a ship in a storm, looks to the observer anything but comfortable, especially so if the road be rough.

The Colonel made me promise that I would not tell of a certain calêche ride we took one day out a road north-west of Quebec. He

The Colonel takes Rube out caleching to see the beauties of the country. "Colonel," said I, "scared out of a year's growth, "I'm afraid something's going to happen."

forgot, though, to make me promise that I would not get the most Racy ("A.G.," of the

Montreal *Star*) caricaturist, in Canada, to do it for me—No, Colonel, I'll not say a word about that ride—I don't need to.

"Something" happened.

I asked one day why the "drays" are so narrow, and was told they were built so to

fit the streets. They are simply a two poled skid on two wheels and yet they can haul anything under the sun with them. Speaking of the streets, you should see some of them! Ten and twelve feet wide! Why, *St. Pierre*, (St. Peter) the "Wall Street" of the city, is but a rod in width, not counting the sidewalks—a narrow footing, made for two, unless the pedestrians themselves are too "wide," when they must then go Indian file. I asked the Colonel one day why there were so many saints on the Quebec calendar, and he said he didn't know, unless it was that there might be enough names for all the streets, As it was, there were not enough, by one, to go around. That one is the Fifth Avenue of Quebec, and is called the Grande Alée—because it is so wide. On this Avenue is the Parliament building situated, in beautifully kept park-like grounds. Some very modern residences are to be seen in this vicinity.

Le Chien D'Or.

I had scarcely got well located when the Colonel set me to reading *Le Chien D'Or* (The Golden Dog) by Wm. Kirby, "Read this book," said he, "and you will have a good foundation on which to begin enjoying the old town." The advice was good, and I pass it along with emphasis.

Almost the first sentence is :

"See Quebec and live forever."

At the end of my visit I could not but feel that if life could continue as delightfully on, I would gladly welcome the quotation as a reality.

"To-morrow morning we will go at sunrise to the heights just outside the Citadel walls, where you will get a view the like of which you have never before seen. It will give you a conception not only of the city, but the surrounding country as well." This from the Colonel, whose reputation for early rising was none of the best, came, as a greater surprise, when he said that the sun rose at 4.10.

View from Citadel Wall

Oh, that view! It will remain as a lasting picture in the gallery of memory. You sweep the eye around over hundreds of square miles, and in no direction is there aught but that which is pleasing. To the north-east, the river abruptly widens past the city, from one mile to a great bay of five miles in width, and in the centre distance, stands boldly out the historic

Isle of Orleans.

To the north, beyond the Beauport Valley, you see in the far distance the Laurentian mountains, covered with dense forests to their very crowns. The Falls of Montmorency are in plain view, eight miles away, where the waters fall into the St. Lawrence. Following up to the west, over this Beauport Valley, your eye moves with snail-like motion, for every part is beautiful. You look it over, and come again and again to feast your eyes upon the scene. Here and there, over the gently undulating expanse, you may count village after village, with their ever present church spire. The whole valley is dotted by the little white *maisons* of the habitant, making it seem one continuous village. The Beauport to the north-west blends into the valley of the St. Charles, which reaches away toward the Indian village of Lorette, and loses itself to sight. To the west, you look across the Plains of Abraham, which begin at the western wall of the Citadel, and run from St. Louis road to the St. Lawrence river, extending to the west, almost to Wolfe's cove. Looking over the southern wall of the Citadel, almost straight down 400 feet to the St. Lawrence, you get a view most thrilling. Across the river, and beyond Levis—a little city of 10,000 people—

your vision reaches to the mountains of Maine, sixty miles away. This whole scene is one vast circular

Panarama of Peace.

Close your eyes and wander back for nearly four hundred years, and the panorama vaguely blends itself into one of war. There in the harbor you see slowly sailing in, "the first arrivals from the sea"—time 1635—three small ships, under Jacques Cartier, *La Grande Hermine, La Petite Hermine* and *L'Emérillon*, and as the time creeps on ,you may see hostile fleets in this broad expanse of water, pouring their solid shot into the battle-scarred city, whilst almost at your very side stands a Frontenac or a Montcalm, answering back solid shot, in defiance. Look, look in any direction, where you will, on land, are marchings and counter marchings, storming and beating back, until you seem to be in the midst of

One vast Battle Field.

You open again your eyes, go out among the people, and lose all belief in prenatal influence, for a more amiable, peace loving people, I have never met, than these children of a race, born, and nurtured through centuries of war.

"Colonel," said I, as soon as I could get back to the present, "this one morning amply repays

me for the long journey. I have seen many places of interest; have looked upon scenes of great beauty, in many lands, but this view from the Citadel wall of Quebec, pleases me most of all."

The practical Colonel suggested breakfast at this point, after which we began seeing Quebec proper, or, rather,

Two Quebecs.

the Upper and the Lower town.

The latter is that narrow portion, that skirts the river, and runs up against the hill of solid rock, which rises at the east, almost straight up a hundred or more feet, while the southern portion, around toward Cape Diamond—on which stands the Citadel,—reaches up 350 or more feet, and so near to the river, that there is but room for one narrow street, with houses—much of the way—only on one side. The Upper Town, as its name indicates, is all that portion on top of the high plateau.

WHAT WAS THEIR STORY?

We often watch the passing throng and think that each single one of the number has his or her life's history. Some lives seem all of joy, others all of sadness, and yet how true; "Into each life some rain must fall." One morning

while in this mood of analysing the faces about me, there was sitting on a near-by Terrace seat, one of the most beautiful young women I had ever seen. It was not so much the face as what was in its cultured expression. She was at first alone, and sat contemplating the magnificent outlook from the Terrace, but there was enacted in quick succession a whole life's drama. First, an elderly man came up, and without any preliminary words began, "Clarence is here and you must consent." "Father," said she, "I cannot." "I said *must*," and the next moment he was gone. His place was taken by a young man of an effeminate type. One of those callow youths too often found among the scions of the rich. He was faultlessly dressed, and had all the airs of his type, with none of those qualities of manner belonging to the manly man. He too began abruptly with a simpering lisp: "I have seen youh fatheh, and he consents." She was silent and seemed not to notice the youth, who began again, "Oh, I say, I have seen youh fatheh." "Ah—*have* you! Very glad, for he seems to like you, better go see him again," at which she opened a magazine and paid no attention to him. "I say, its not faah to tweat a fellow like this, when he's so despahately in love." "Go away—you annoy me. Why did you follow us to Quebec? I thought we had

lost you in the Adirondacks." "I heard youh fatheh say he was going a-fishing and I followed youh heah just as soon as I could get out of those awful woods." She was oblivious to him, and answered none of his questions nor paid the slightest attention to his presence and he finally left her and walked away.

Not ten minutes passed until a second young man came upon the scene. Unlike the other he was the very embodiment of the perfect man, in form tall and well proportioned, with a handsome face; but at once I noticed that his hands showed that they had known manual labor. She was so absorbed in her reading that he stood at her very side before she noted his presence; but the moment she looked up and saw him, her countenance fairly beamed with joy, the next moment her face changed to sadness. She began: "Oh, John, why did you come? You know how angry father will be if he sees you here—It can never be—go away—each time it is harder for me to bear, and yet I must, I must." "Don't say that, Edith, I will bide my time. Love such as ours must have but one ending." "Oh, John, you do not know, father has just now told me that I must consent to marry Clarence, and you know my father's determination. I do not like to think it, but rich as he is, he is yet mercenary, and Clarence,

you know, is to inherit from that old uncle fabulous wealth." They had arisen, and at this they walked away, still talking earnestly, leaving me to think out their life's story—who were they? How would it end? Ah me, "Into each life some rain must fall."

"WHERE?"

"Where will we begin?" I asked. "We must get through to-morrow, or next day at furthest." The Colonel only looked at me and smiled, At the end of a month I joined him in the "Smile." ("No, not that *kind*, as the Colonel is 'strictly'—save on occasion") for I was still "looking" with much of interest still unseen. The Colonel produced a long list of

POINTS OF INTEREST IN AND AROUND QUEBEC.

The Citadel.
Dufferin Terrace.
The Governor's Garden.
The Church of Notre-Dame des Victoires.
The English Cathedral.
The Grand Battery.
The Chateau Frontenac.

The Archbishop's Palace.
The Basilica and Seminary Chapel.
The Post-Office and Chien D'Or.
The Chateau St. Louis.
The Place d'Armes.
Champlain's Old Fort.
The Court House.
The Champlain Monument.
The Site of the Old Parliament House.
The Old Jesuit College.
The Old Market Square.
The City Hall.
Laval University.
The Masonic Hall.
Where Montcalm died.
The Ursuline Convent.
The Esplanade.
The City Gates and Fortifications.
The Hotel Dieu—a hospital.
The City Palace of Bigot.
St. Roch's.
Literary and Historical Society.
The Churches.
The Parliament House.
The Drill Hall.
Places of Execution.
The Grande Allee,
Wolfe's Monument.
The Plains of Abraham.

Cemeteries.
Public Institutions.
The St. Foye Monument.
Fort Jacques Cartier.
Gale's Old Curiosity Shop, No. 27 St. Stanislas Street.
Chateau Bigot and Charlesbourg.
Beauport.
The Falls of Montmorency.
La Bonne Ste. Anne.
Indian Lorette.
Cap Rouge.
Isle of Orleans.
Chaudière Falls.
Lake St. Joseph.
Lake Edward.
Drives Around Quebec.
Lake Beauport.

I read over the list and wondered if he'd left out anything. "Oh yes, there are many things you'll see by the way, which the Carrels and Chambers overlooked in their guide books, or did not think of enough interest to put in, and you will wonder why they missed them. There are often things you never see in guide books, that please you more than what is on the list. Why, Rube, the great Sir LeMoine, has written no less than fourteen books on Quebec and its environs, and they are all entertaining.

Scarcely a spot in this old city but what could 'a tale unfold.' Come, Rube, what on the list do you want to do first?" "Well, in this case," said I, "since the 'last' cannot be 'first' as it is too far out for to-day, let's change the programme and see

The Citadel.

The sentinel at the gate must have known the Colonel, for he sent four or five of his picked men along, to see that he (the Col.) did not carry off any of the ordnance, that being all there was in sight *to* carry, but the men were sent all the same, and they very courteously showed us about. I never was good at detailed, description, and I don't propose beginning on the Citadel. For that matter, however, there's nothing to describe, but a barren, flat, rocky expanse of some 40 acres, walled in, with 200 soldiers to show tourists around, during the day, and have a good time at the Terrace Concerts with the girls, in the evening.

There wasn't a single incident, until we reached that little cannon where the guides all stop and the spokesman clears his throat, throws out his chest, strikes an attitude, and tells you, pompous like :

"This is the gun we took from you Yankees at Bunker Hill."

That sort o' made me want to answer up sharp like, and I started in, but only got as far as: "Yes, you took the cannon; but we—" when the Colonel stopped me short off. He told me—when we got outside,—"I tell you, Rube, you came within an ace of making a fool of yourself. Why, that old joke is nearly as ancient as the cannon itself. Every Yankee who comes here gets it off, and imagines that he is the very first to think of it. That's why all those soldiers came along. They sized you up, and knew you'd 'fall in.'" "Well, I don't care," said I, "I got even with them on those

Dinky Caps.

didn't I?" You see I asked the Colonel, low like: "Say, Horatius, why does the government make these handsome young soldiers wear that No. 3 cap on a No. 6 head?" I *thought* I had said it low like, but they all heard it, and jumped at me as though I was a Boer outside of his rifle pit, and wanted to know what I meant by that insult to the "dinky." "Gentlemen," said I, scared like, "I take it all back—I apologize, I didn't mean it—I meant, why does your government make you wear a No. 6 cap on a No. 3

head ?" "Ah, young man 'tis well, 'tis well you did not insult the cap."

That evening we went out on

Dufferin Terrace

the like of which cannot be seen anywhere in the world. It overhangs the cliff almost 200 feet above the St. Lawrence. It is an immense board walk, nearly a third of a mile in length, and in places nearly 100 feet wide. It is called Dufferin from the popular Governor-General whose regime in the seventies so changed the whole of Quebec, beautifying the old and adding to the new. Twice a week a most excellent band from the garrison under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Vezina renders a programme of music in a manner that would do credit to a Sousa. The beauty and fashion of Quebec come out by the thousands to listen to the music, as they promenade up and down the Terrace. There is no jostling, no loud talking, no flirting.

The Colonel says the Quebec Girls don't flirt,

and the Colonel is authority, or I thought he was. The girls themselves say that the Colonel don't give them a chance.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHATEAU FRONTENAC AND THE DUFFERIN TERRACE

As we walked away to the further end of the Terrace, I asked where those steps led, up there along the Citadel wall. "I'll show you to-morrow," said the Colonel, "which is better than telling you." We were out early. From the Terrace we started up a long flight of stairs, sort of a

Jacob's Ladder,

just like going to your office in a New York Sky Scraper on Sunday, when the elevator boy is off fishing. After going up, up, up until you get tired counting the steps, you find yourself almost level with the Citadel top, then you stop to rest and get a view up the St. Lawrence that pays for the long climb. You can see almost to the turn of the river, five miles away, to where the five million dollar bridge is being built by the Quebec Bridge Company. You come to the end of this elevated walk at the south-west wall of the Citadel, where you find before you

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

"You cannot but note here," said I, "the appropriateness of things. You have to climb Jacob's Ladder to reach Abraham's Plains."

"Yes, but this historic ground was not named after that *kind* of an 'Abraham,'" replied the

Colonel, "he was a Scotchman. LeMoine is my authority, and I can give no better. He tells us that they were named for Abraham Martin, from Scotland, and were once much more extensive than their present area of 80 acres. As soon as you can find the time you will do well to read this same authority on the great battle fought here between Generals Wolfe and Montcalm. It is as thrilling as a novel. Can you see over there, that stone shaft? that is

The Wolfe Monument,

and marks the spot where the great English General fell, on September 13th, 1759, but heard, before he died, that he had won a signal victory over the French General Montcalm, who was mortally wounded in the same battle, and died the next day. Look across to the south-west, through those woods, to the river. There we will find

Wolfe's Cove,

where the General landed the morning of the great battle." A few minutes' walk brought us to the "Cove," Along up the St. Lawrence for miles the shores are continuous bluffs, with here and there a passage way down to the river. These places are called Coves. One of these,

the nearest to the city, was used by General Wolfe as the landing place, from his ships, the morning of the battle. All along, as far west as Sillery, three miles from Quebec, are the ruins of houses, factories and piers, showing a once prosperous era in the history of the city, as a shipping and ship-building centre. At Sillery, or a little to the west, this changes, and in the Cove where Dobell & Company have their great booms and timber interests, we find a thriving community. Everything seems prosperous. It is near here that we find Holmwood, the residence of Mr. Dobell's genial partner, Mr. L. Evans. Here also is the home of the Hon. John Sharples, another large timber merchant. It is in Sillery Cove where, in 1637, was built the Manor House, which still stands—the oldest house about Quebec. From Sillery east to the City, it is one continuous line of desolation, from the top of the bluff, to the river's edge, but on the plateau running to the precipitous bluff and westward, are some magnificent old country seats, along the St. Louis road.

We go on to a long straggling village called

SILLERY,

on the north shore of the river, three miles west from Quebec. Here are the Protestant and Catholic

with their old monuments interspersed among the modern blocks of marble. The grounds are well kept and beautifully shaded. This quaint old town has little of interest to the passing observer, but when the volumes of history are thrown open, he finds that almost every foot he treads is historic ground.

It is such places as Sillery, that makes one feel, in attempting to write of them, the meagreness of space. Here is an old town—nothing in its modern self—so full of ancient worth, that one feels as though doing it an injustice, to pass it with a single page. To the reader who has not yet seen Quebec, and knows not of the mines of interest, to the student of ancient lore, to be found here, I can but say that this little country village, contains more than I had once thought was to be found in the whole city itself. And this is but an instance. Go in any direction you may, the same conditions prevail. Would that every school teacher in America could spend her vacation here, as I know of no place where that vacation could be passed with as much real profit to herself, and her pupils, as Quebec and its environs.

"Come, come, Rube," said the Colonel, who had been trying to decipher some old inscrip-

tion for the past half hour: "You won't have time for all that moralizing if you are to get away *to-morrow* or next day at farthest." He never would get through talking about my first intention of getting away "*To-morrow*"; and week after week, kept bringing it up, whenever I stopped too long over something he had often seen.

On the way back to the city we passed two of the remaining

Martello Towers,

near the Plains of Abraham. They are circular forts, and look not unlike a flaring top bucket turned upside down, and about as useful now, as the bucket in the above condition, although $15,000 each was used in their construction. Like many another defensive pile, however, they were once useful, before the modern engines of offence came in.

Not far away are the

Buttes-au-Nevue,

formerly used for the execution place of criminals, but now that Quebec has an average of but one execution in fifteen years, they don't need

any special place for that work. Somehow, if I may use the bull,

They reclaim their murderers before they kill anybody.

We pass on the way in, at the western border of the city, a fine drill hall, and the old skating rink, which, since the burning of the one theatre of the city, two years ago, has been used as a place of amusement.

Since writing the foregoing the City of Quebec has acquired the Plains of Abraham, and are to convert it into a park. The highest skill in landscape gardening will be called into requisition, and in the years to come there will be on these historic hills one of the most beautiful parks in all the land. The situation is ideal, and every spot being fraught with continental interest, thousands will visit it from all parts of the world, for no spot is more of a world Mecca than these old Plains.

CHURCHES.

While the places of amusement are few, the churches are many, both Protestant and Catholic, and are well attended. Some of them date back over two hundred years. The Church of

Notre-Dame des Victoires, built in 1688, was so named to celebrate the victories over Sir William Phipps and the destruction by storm, of Sir Hovendon Walker's fleet, which was on its way to bombard Quebec, in 1711. The manner of soldiers attending service is usually very enlivening, as they are preceeded by the garrison brass band.

The most beautiful church in Quebec is St. John's, as viewed from the exterior. The Basilica has the finest interior. Not far from St. John's is St. Matthew's, whose Rector is the brilliant young poet, Rev. Frederick Geo. Scott, Here rest the bones of a brother of Sir Walter Scott, Major Thomas Scott, and those of other notables of the long ago.

In some of the churches the customs were very odd to me. One in particular where you are shown to your seat by a man whom you will at once take for a brigadier general in full uniform. As seats were at a premium the day the Colonel and I attended this particular church, I sought out this high dignitary and addressed him: "*General*, have you any vacancies ?" The title had its effect, and we were shown the best he had, and after service, the finest pictures and other things of interest, were pointed out to us by him. Moral: If you would

be shown attention use a *title* if there is a possible excuse for it.

Moral Quebec.

I have never seen so moral a place as Quebec. As before mentioned, there has been but one murder committed in this city, of over 80,000 inhabitants, during the past fifteen years. Not only is Quebec remarkably free from crimes, but the whole Province of over 1,000 miles long and hundreds of miles wide. During 1900, in this vast area, there were but 463, all told, committed to the penitentiary at St. Vincent de Paul, and of that number but five of them for murder. Drunkenness is so rare, that arrests, for that cause are seldom made, unless it be that of sailors from ships in the harbor. The city is patrolled by 68 policemen, and only half that number are on duty at the same time, and have little to do at that. They are a fine body of men, very polite and kind to strangers. Possibly the instance that will best illustrate the honesty of this people, is that one may forget and leave an umbrella in a public place on a rainy day, and hours after return and find it untouched. The Colonel says he knows places where such forgetfulness would be attended by different results. I did not ask if he had any special locality in mind.

A lesson for the United States.

We in the States might well take a lesson from Canada. We wait until a man becomes a criminal, and then make a great effort, spending vast sums of money, to reclaim him. Here they "reclaim" him before he needs it. At an age when our waifs are learning crime in all its intricate branches, the poor boys here are in schools—clothed and supported by the various churches, not alone Catholic, but Protestant as well. They may not spend so much on magnfiicent churches (although some of them are beautiful) as we, but they do certainly get better moral results.

While on this subject of church I must tell you of our visit to

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Heretofore, when I had heard of the miraculous cures at this church, I was under the impression that it was located in the North Eastern part of New York City, and this is the impression that generally prevails—at least in that city, where there is a little Ste. Anne. But the great Ste. Anne is on the St. Lawrence, 21 miles down the north shore of the river from Quebec. It is visited by tens—I might say hundreds of thousands annually. Pilgrimages, composed, sometimes of 1,000 or more, are of almost daily

occurrence, throughout the warmer months of the year, while no visitor to Quebec thinks of going away, without first having seen La Bonne Ste. Anne. The day we went down, the Colonel had a small pilgrimage of his own to look after. There were General Frank M....., Judge P..... and their families from C....., Ohio, and a number of teachers from Wisconsin. We left on a very early train and all the way down were exercised as to the possibility of getting breakfast, but on reaching there found that with nineteen hotels to select from, we need not return hungry.

Origin.

One wonders that a church should have been erected in so desolate and in so isolated a spot as this, but the Enigma is plain when one hears the story of how, early in 16—— a small crew of Breton mariners were near being shipwrecked, when they made a vow that if La Bonne Ste. Anne would save them from the storm, they would erect, in her honor, a church on the spot where they reached the land. They were not lost, and their vow was made good, by the erection of a small wooden chapel at their landing place. This was replaced by a larger one in 1660, and it in turn by the magnificent one of stone, that now occupies the spot.

That Miracles are yet performed,

seems not to be doubted. On either side of the church entrance are piles of crutches, and other cripple paraphernalia, that reach almost to the ceiling. These have been discarded, from time to time, by devout pilgrims, who no longer had need to use them. Near by are several little chapels—one a *fac simile* of the original, and just beyond is the chapel of the "praying stairs." A long and broad flight of steps, reaching from near the front entrance to the second story. The pilgrim begins at the first step, kneeling and saying a prayer for each one, until he has reached the top. Such humiliation certainly deserves reward. Inside the great church, masses are being said for the benefit of the various pilgrimages (there were four this day) who have come to worship.

A more impressive sight I have never seen,

than the marching of one of these long processions, as it encircles the wide plaza in front of—and then enters—the church, carrying banners and singing as only a thousand enthusiastic devotees can sing. It is beautiful and inspiring. Ste. Anne is reached by the Electric Railroad.

The Colonel's Ohio friends remained in Quebec for several days, enjoying the old town.

One morning while "doing" Little Champlain Street, we continued on past the great "land slide"—where about one hundred yards of the hill swept down, a few years ago, across the street, carrying houses and everything before it, burying a number of persons who were passing at the time. Just beyond, we came to the large board sign, far up the side of the almost perpendicular cliff on which is seen in large letters :

Where Montgomery Fell.

Miss P., looking up at it, most innocently said : "I don't wonder that he fell, but I do wonder how he ever got up there."

Recently the date of General Montgomery's assault and death was questioned, by Dr. Kingsford, in a work on Canada. He maintained that the General attempted his famous assault on the morning of January 1st, 1776, in which he was instantly killed. The Doctor had not counted on the ardent defender of Quebec history, when he thus attempted to change facts. Sir James LeMoine at once brought to bear such an array of proof, that it all transpired on the morning of December 31st, 1775, that the date will possibly never again be questioned.

Fairy Tales.

If some of the heroes of those stirring times had died in as many places as are pointed out as that in which they last saw the light of day, one would be led to think of the animal of the many lives. One enterprising inn-keeper will tell you that "This is the very room in which Montcalm died," and prove it by an oil painting which he has recently had done, showing the great General in modern uniform, surrounded by members of the Red Cross Society, who are doing their utmost to keep him alive, until he can be taken to a small shop near by, where you are told that: "Here is where the dear General Montcalm died," and then follows a full history of the sad event. This is enterprise!

When the Colonel's friends had gone he was so homesick that I had to take him out and away from the city, to sort o' distract his mind. "Let's see that list again," said I—taking it and reading it over. "Montmorency,—no, we'll save that for another day. Oh! here is one that sounds all right.

INDIAN LORETTE,

and we've just got time to catch the St. John train out to it. Eight miles through a beautiful

valley, which I never tire of looking at." All the way out the Colonel was telling me about the Huron Indians (over 300 of them) who lived there and made baskets, moccasins and did all sorts of work, but *hard* work, which the Colonel said they very much disliked, and never did, even though given large orders to fill. He said some of the young girls were very beautiful, and that if princesses were in order, would make fine ones. Just at this point we reached Indian Lorette and I looked out of the window—" See, see, Colonel, your beautiful Indian Princesses, now on the station platform there! Why, you didn't half describe them—I've not seen such a lot of pretty girls, at one place, since I came to Canada !" On the platform was our old friend Major O'Sullivan. The Colonel sort o' hung back, while I began enthusiastically congratulating the Major on the beautiful Indian Princesses of Lorette—" *Thim !*" said the Major nodding toward the crowd of pretty girls, "*Thim*, why, *they'r*

Summer boorders from Quebec."

I treated the Colonel real cool after that for half an hour, and he deserved it ! Lorette is as pretty and picturesque as its name. It has its falls, which, though not as large as Montmorency, yet are very fine. We visited the

Indian village—a little settlement, where the houses are dropped down as you would pour out of a basket a lot of blocks. No streets, although it is all street, save where the houses set. The oddest town you ever saw. It's worth the trip if you could see nothing else. We were especially fortunate in reaching the Indian Catholic church just as two visiting Grey Nuns were being shown the rare

Gold Embroidered Vestments,

of inestimable value, made by the ladies of the Court of King Louis XIV, and presented to the Huron tribe at that time. For the great favor of getting to see these gems, we were indebted to Major O'Sullivan, whose wife—a woman of rare culture—the only remaining daughter of the late Chief Tahourenché ("The Break of Day") stands high in church circles.

Near the town, or quite in the limits, is one of the remaining, if not the remaining, herd of wild buffalo in Canada. As I looked at those shaggy animals I ran back in mind to the time I once hunted them on the plains of Kansas. I had to tell the Colonel about the day

I shot my first buffalo.

After graphically describing to him that day's hunt, how I stealthily crept upon the monster,

until within twenty yards, before I shot him, he quietly asked carelessly: "Did you *kill* the buffalo?" "Now, see here, Colonel," said I, riled like, "you heard me say plainly, I *shot* the beast, and you should let it stop right there. I shot him, and would have done it again, were it not that by the time he had got through running in one direction and I in the other, we were too far apart." Some men do so love to spoil a good story!

I asked the Colonel if the Indians owned these buffaloes. "No, an Indian is not much on the own—he hardly owns himself. No, these belong to a firm in Quebec, named Holt, Renfrew and Co." "What, do you mean the great furriers near the Basilica, where you said everybody went to get furs—*furst*, then saw the city afterward?" "Yes, yes, but, Rube, you must break yourself of that awful habit. It's not popular up here, *Furs, furst!*" scornfully. His cold stare made me shiver, then turn warm. I told him so when he perpetrated a worse one than mine, in three words—

Shive, Furs, Warm.

We fortunately met the Indian agent, Mr. A. O. Bastien, whose Huron name is Wasendarolen, which translated back into English means "The man who talks," To this fact we

I went to Canada with the blossoms of spring and remained till snow fell.

This picture is run in at this point to sort °' cool off the weather for subsequent summer readers, or to remind them of furs, I really don't know which, but in either case you mustn't believe half this artist tells them.

were given much interesting information about the Huron tribe—once a warlike race, but now a most peaceful one, since most are *Good Indians.*

We met Poo Bah.

We also met the railroad agent, the road contractor, the postmaster, the manufacturer, the general store keeper and village magistrate. His name in Japanese would be Poo Bah, but in Lorette, it is Henry Ross. Now, as I was a Ross myself, about ten generations ago, I was delighted to know that this cousin was doing so well,—officially.

By the time we had done Lorette the Colonel had gotten back his spirits and we returned from this, one of our best trips. Don't miss it when you come to Quebec.

The next day it poured rain, but we "dodged between drops" or were driven when it was too severe, to visit

The Ursuline Convent.
The Laval University.
The Basilica.
The English Cathedral.
The Hotel-Dieu.

The Literary and Historical Society, and other places in the city where the seeing was on the inside.

THE URSULINE CONVENT,

is very old, dating back to 1639. It has gone through a fiery ordeal, having been destroyed by that element first in 1650 and again in 1686. In the old chapel was pointed out the grave of General Montcalm, who was buried there on the evening of September 14th, 1759. His grave was dug by a strange grave digger. A shell had exploded within the chapel walls, and excavated a deep hole in the rocky floor, in which he was laid to rest.

The Guide Books of both Chambers and Carrel, in speaking of this old convent, refer to its most interesting feature as its chapel, which reminds me that I was fortunate to have reached Quebec in time to see it, as it was entirely demolished during my stay in the city, and a modern building was going up when I left. There is to me a rare fascination simply in looking upon the grave of a hero. The mortal part of him who was great, may long ago have mouldered away, and what I may see is nought but ground, and yet I am held to the spot by memory of what that ground once covered. The hero may not have died a Victor, what matter,

he was still a Hero. Especially is this true if that hero were good—as well as brave—Montcalm was both. The chapel that long marked his resting place is gone and may soon be forgotten, but that which is more enduring than stone will make this old site sacred ground, for here will ever cling the memory of Montcalm.

The Laval University.

Named for the great Laval, was but glanced through that day. It required a subsequent full day to do it even partial justice. I won't here try to faintly describe it, it must be seen ; its art gallery carefully gone over ; its library of 100,000 volumes—not to mention the rare and very valuable manuscripts—passed through ; its thousands of rare specimens of mineralogy ; and its vast collection of stuffed birds, fishes, and....well, see it; then go to the observatory on the top, where, next to the Citadel walls, you will have the best view of the Upper and Lower Quebecs, and the surrounding country.

The Basilica,

Is another very old church, having been commenced in 1647. Its chancel is designed in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome. It contains many fine paintings—of Van Dyck—even a Rubens is shown you. Many of these great

works, of the famous masters, were secured from the mobs that pillaged the churches of Paris during the reign of terror in 1793. You see in this church much of great value, among others a gold lamp worth $3,000.

The English Cathedral,

Has much of interest to see. The $10,000 communion service, a present of George the Third, to this church, is very fine indeed. Around the walls are monument slabs in memory of men whose names stand high among those who made early history in Canada.

The Hotel-Dieu.

A convent and hospital, was founded by a niece of the famous Cardinal Richelieu in 1639. It is the oldest of its kind in America. It contains some fine rare paintings.

The Literary and Historical Society,

Has its rooms in Morrin College. It is a store house of valuable data of Quebec, as well as of Canada. The lover of the early history of this country may spend hours and days most valuably among the archives of this society. Sir James M. LeMoine was four times its President. His enthusiasm fired the hearts of many an able writer, who came to seek, and in turn

gave back much of rare value to history and romance. Francis Parkman was enthused by him, and the beautiful historical works of that able writer are the result ; Wm. Kirby wanted a subject and LeMoine gave him one which made even the Queen thank him for his "Le Chien D'Or"; Wm. Dean Howell has much for which to credit this President in "A Chance Acquaintance"; while Gilbert Parker was given by him the plot of "The Seats of the Mighty." Even the humble pen is often influenced by this "Nestor of Canadian History," and however the world of readers may view it, the wielder of that "pen" will ever be grateful to this Grand Old Man.

LITERARY QUEBEC.

The Rock City has just reason to be proud of its Literati. Much of real worth has gone out and beyond its walled confines, and the world has gladly accepted the product. Its newspapers (both English and French) are enterprising and well edited. I speak from knowledge, for in the month I spent in the city, I so persistently read *at* the French publications, that I could read them fairly well at the end of that time. While I could read, I could not speak it, owing to my "Horruble accint."

Fairly at the head of the list of writers, stands the man I have so often referred to,

Sir James M. LeMoine.

Recognized at home, and honored abroad, his writings are never questioned for accuracy. He goes to the bottom and brings up the facts in such a lucid manner, that he will ever stand as authority. To give a list of his writings would be to furnish my readers with a catalogue. A few of the number might be mentioned as: Legends of the Lower St. Lawrence, Maple Leaves (six series of them), The Tourist's Note Book; Quebec Past and Present, Historical Notes on Quebec and its Environs, The Scot in New France, Picturesque Quebec, and many others, not to mention the large number he has written in French; the pamphlets he has produced; the lectures he has delivered; or the volumes he has written of the flowers and birds of Canada. Is it any wonder that we find him holding honorary diplomas from nearly forty societies, including some of the greatest both in the United States and Europe? On the list are seen the Audubon Society, of New York; American Philosophical Society, of Philadelphia; The International Ornithological Congress, of Buda-Pesth, Hungary; and the Historic Diplomatic Society, of Paris. Is it any wonder that

Queen Victoria honored him by making him a Sir Knight? And yet to meet him in his home at Spencer Grange—a mile west of the city—he is so gentle and unpretentious, that you must know his great work to fully realize in whose presence you are. In reviewing the literary work of this writer, you will instinctively feel that his entire life has been devoted to that work alone, but, instead, he was for fifty-three years at the head of important departments in the Government of Canada, with vast details to oversee; details that would seem to leave no time for aught else, and yet we find him carrying on, during those long years, a research that has proved of so great value to the antiquarian, and to the lover of history. While Sir James is honored abroad, for his mental work, he is loved at home for himself. From his fellow literati to the driver who carries you to Spencer Grange, you find the true position held by this charming old man in the hearts of his people. This to him must be sweeter far than the plaudits of a foreign world.

Dr. George Stewart, Jr.,

whose name I find in the Cyclopedia of Canadian Biography, followed by D.C.L.—F.R.G.S. —F.R.S.C., is the editor of *The Mercury*, of Quebec. He was a New York City boy, and

this, from the above authority, should be pleasing to the patriots of that city, to know that even though another land had received the benefits of his mind, yet, this other land was New York's debtor for his existence. To quote the authority : "Among Canadian literateurs, Geo. Stewart, Jr., has fairly won for himself the distinguished position and reputation he enjoys, both in England and Canada, as a man of letters, and one of the brilliant literary lights of which our Dominion is so justly proud. At the age of sixteen he edited *The Stamp Collector's Gazette*, at eighteen he published *Stewart's Quarterly Magazine*, at thirty he accepted the editorship of the *Rose-Bedford Canadian Monthly*, and a year later that of the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*. In 1879 he was elected a member of the International Literary Congress of Europe—an honor conferred on no other Canadian—having Victor Hugo for President. Up to that time, those in America so honored were Longfellow, Bancroft, Holmes, Emerson, and Whittier. The Royal Geographical Society has conferred its degree of Fellow upon Dr. Stewart, and King's University, of Nova Scotia, was proud to grant him a D.C.L. The Royal Society of Canada elected him Secretary for the English section. The Historical Society, of Quebec, has elected him seven times its President. The exclusive liter-

ary club of London, the Athaeneum, admitted him an honorary member, his sponsors being Matthew Arnold and Lord Tennyson."

Then follows a long list of his works. He is said (besides his ability as a writer) to be one of the most polished after dinner speakers in the Dominion.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Show me a man's company and I will read for you his position in a given walk of life. Again, a writer's ability is known by the people with whom he is placed, by the people who pay for his work. When, therefore, I find the name of E. T. D. Chambers, another of Quebec's men of letters in such company as President Roosevelt, Rudyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, Paul Leicester Ford, Gilbert Parker, Fred Remington, and other lights, whose names are known by all who read the best, I scarce need say more in his favor, and yet when this man's work is known, I can but feel that *Outing*, in the above list of writers showed wisdom, not alone in choosing him, but in placing him far toward the head of the list. Mr. Chambers is English born and educated. He was long the editor of *The Chronicle*, of this city, but retired in 1898, to devote himself entirely to literature. The *London Daily Telegraph*

says of him : " Mr. Chambers is a recognized authority on Canadian sport, angling in particular." He has written extensively on angling for Baedeker's " Canada," He has long been a contributor to the leading English, American and Canadian Magazines. His book, published by Harper Brothers, " The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," will long remain in the lead, in the line of angling, in story. His " Guide to Quebec," and his " Guide to Eastern Canada " are most reliable works.

Not alone as a writer, has Mr. Chambers shown marked ability, but in municipal government he is considered by his home city, worthy of years continued election to the city Council, on which body he has served ten years. He was also pro-mayor of the city for one term.

In Masonry he is Past Grand Master, and for fifteen years author of the Foreign Correspondence Reports of the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter of Quebec.

It is not so much what a man has done, as what he is. This is what the world asks. Mr. Chambers's manner is that of a true gentleman, genial and kind—the sort of man that the world loves.

J. J. Proctor.

There is or was a certain American writer whose politics I could not endure, but whose

writings, when he was off that subject, were simply charming to me. I used to read his books, mark them all over at the good places, until they looked like blotters after a month's usage. The good things in them cling to me yet I see no marks now, all is clear. When I chanced to drop upon another author away off in Canada, so much like my old friend, my heart fairly bounded for old time memories. I do not know his politics, and would not recognize them if I met them, but I know that as soon as I began reading his "The Philosopher," I said, "Here's my old friend."

J. J. Proctor, editor of *The Chronicle*, is not only a prose writer, but a poet as well. He has written much that is beautiful. See this bit from his "Musings at Nightfall"—I give a touch of both prose and verse to show the sweet blending of his style: "What does the night breeze whisper among the Stumps? A regret for the forest glories, and a sigh for the present desolation; or a vision of the beauty to come? Who knows? Does the man, or the woman, far advanced in years, know whether in the depths of the heart, the regret for past joys, the consciousness of failing powers, or the prospect of the newer and better life, is really the most predominant? I wonder whether I could put his

thoughts into verse, and whether they would run much in this way :

Is there a sigh for the days of yore,
When the soul looks back on the beaten track?
Is it "Ah, for the days that shall be no more,
And alas ! for the present, all gloomy and black ?'
God knows—Not I.

This selection I took at random. It is but the first verse, and first verses seldom equal what follows—would you might read it all, I shall—and often.

Has there been said ought more touching on the death of the Queen than this ? It is but one verse, the last one :

Nay, not farewell, although our prayers no longer
Be for guarding and for length of days,
Our grateful love shall echo all the stronger
The new and nobler hymn our hearts shall raise :
" Thou who hast summoned to a higher scene
Our Sovereign, Mother, friend, God bless the Queen."

As one reads on and on the feeling grows that England, in her selection of poets, could well look to her Colonies rather than at home.

Pathos and humor, deep thought and light

fancy, go mingling on together throughout his writings, until one cannot but feel ; Ah, here's a genius !

Madame Jette

Nor is excellence in literature confined alone to the men of Quebec, the women too are of the number. The cultured and withal most charming of women, Madame Jetté, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, is a writer recognized by such as His Lordship Archbishop Fabre, at whose request this lady wrote the life of Madame Youville, who in 1737 founded the Order of the Grey Nuns, a book which has been reviewed in most flattering terms. Amongst the other literary labors of Madame Jetté may be mentioned an exhaustive article on Religious Congregations, prepared at the request of Lady Aberdeen, for the book published by the Canadian Government for the Paris Exhibition. Madame Jetté is not only a writer, but a speaker of fine address. In style and manner she is not unlike our own most estimable Mrs. Donald McLean, whom we all so appreciate and admire.

Dr. N. E. Dionne.

The Doctor—an F.R.S.C.,—one of Canada's able historians, has written largely on both men and times. His life of Champlain and that of

Jacques Cartier, are most exhaustive works. "New France" is one of his best histories, although he has written much else that is excellent. He was chosen as one of the writers of the history of Canada gotten out by the Government. His Champlain is being translated from the French into English.

The Doctor has long been the Government Librarian at the Parliament House.

Napoleon Legendre,

A poet of rare beauty, has written much that is commendable, but, unfortunately for my purpose, all his works are in French, and for their excellence I must needs depend upon the opinions of others, the concensus of which is reason for the opening clause of this notice.

Judge Routhier.

Not alone in history, poetry and biography, do the writers of Quebec excel, but in travel, we find in Judge Routhier a man of ability. His travels in France, Spain, Italy, and many of the other lands, are like reading a story, so smoothly and pleasantly are they written. He is, moreover, a poet, and has much in that line worthy of more than the passing notice which I must accord in the hasty glance I give of Quebec and its people.

Rev. Fredk. George Scott, F.R.S.C.

Poetry seems to pervade the air of Quebec. It is confined to no walk of life. We find the muse beside the editor's chair, or hovering about the Court Room, the friend of the Judge. There is one whose life seems to be more fitted for the companionship of that spirit of beauty than all others—that of the minister. His life is given up to the better thoughts, and he has few of the worries. It was no surprise to me to be told that the Rev. Frederick George Scott was the author of much that was sweet and beautiful, but it was a surprise to find him a young man, when I had judged from his works, that he was far along toward the end.

Some few of his published works are, Soul's Quest and other poems, My Lattice and other poems, The Unnamed Lake, Old and New.

Again I find reason to make a selection, to let you see why this young poet so much pleases me. The verse is picked from the body of a poem. I give it, merely to show the beauty of rhythm and the strength of his style. It is from his "Evolution of Man."

He wrenched from great Nature her secrets, the stars in their courses he named;
He weighed them, and measured their orbits, he harnessed the horses of steam;

He captured the lightnings of heaven, the waves of the ocean he tamed ;

And ever the wonder amazed him, as one who awakes from a dream.

Geo. M. Fairchild, Jr.

In a New Jersey town, not far from New York City, is a very popular club, whose name has always struck my fancy as being a very beautiful one. I had often wondered where a town not remarkable for beauty in naming, had found one so euphonious and appropriate for club purposes, but on reaching Quebec, and while looking over LeMoine's "Explorations," I ran upon the picture of a fine looking man in hunting costume. Beneath the picture is the caption, "The President of the Oritanis in sporting jacket." "Oritani," how homelike that name sounded ! On reading the sketch next the picture, I found that this president was none other than the popular author, Mr. George M. Fairchild, Jr., so well and favorably known and appreciated, in and about New York City. I traced him to this New Jersey town, where he had resided when in the States, then I knew from whence came the name Oritani. Mr. Fairchild had retired from New York commercial life, and is now residing in his beautiful country

home, Raven's Cliffe, near Cap Rouge, west of Quebec, which he left to go to New York many years ago. To his invitation, "Come to see me before you return to New York," I said, "I will come (naming the day) afternoon." "No you won't; we dine at 12, and see that you are there to break Canadian bread with us"—more hospitable I have never eaten! His home is a very nest of comfort. To give a list of his writings and songs would be to furnish another catalogue, as the number is so great. The name Fairchild is so linked with Canadian sports, that to speak of the one is to recall the other. "Winter Sports in Canada," to read which makes one envy the Winter Canadian, while his "Summer Sports in Canada" will ever bring to my mind the happiest summer I ever spent in any land.

As an illustration of this many-sided genius, see this *musceal* gem, with a bicycle artist friend as his subject:

"He's an artist, J. B. Hance,
And if he by any chance,
Sees a bit of landscape as he's wheeling,
Why, he paints it on the fly,
For the public love to buy
The picture that has *go* and local feeling.

"But let artists all beware,
If to copy him they dare,
For to paint upon a bike while gaily wheeling
Takes a genius such as Hance's
To snatch from hurried glances,
The masterpiece, with *go* and local feeling."

Mgr. Joseph Clovis Kemler LaFlamme.

Educationist, Professor of Geology in Laval University, also Superior of the Seminary of Quebec and Rector of the University. He has made a great study of the geological formation of the Saguenay, and other localities, and has written very extensively on this subject, as well as the botany of Canada. In 1894 he was appointed by the Pope a *Protonotaire Apostolique* which carries with it the title of Monsignor. In 1897 he was elected a Vice-President of the International Geographic Congress, held in St. Petersburg, He is a member of the Société Geologique, of France, of the American Geological Society, and of the Society of French Physics. He is also an ex-President of the Royal Society of Canada.

Louis Honore Frechette,

Entered the Bar in 1864. The following year he was a journalist in Chicago. He was for a while secretary of the land department of the Illinois Central. He has been a member in the

House of Commons, has been a contributor to many of the best publications, such as the *Forum* —*Harpers'*—the *Arena* and others. Two of his poems were crowned by the French Academy in 1880; he was granted the first Montyon Prize, unanimously; he was given an LL.D. by McGill, and also by Queen's, in 1881; D. es L. by Laval University; F.R.S.C. in 1882; one of the founders of the Canadian Society of Arts in 1893, and its first President; created a C.M.G. by Her Majesty the Queen in 1897. He has written largely in French, but also writes well in English prose. He is so great a poet that all others without a question accord him his place at the top of the list. He is Poet Laureate of Canada—a greater honor than to be one of the sort that the Mother Country has been choosing of late years. He has paid my country the honor of translating Wm. Dean Howell's: "A Chance Acquaintance" and Geo. W. Cables' "Old Créole Days." His poetical works I cannot speak of, since they are in French, but I am told that they are beautiful, and have a charm of style peculiarly their own. How one wishes for space when one has found so good a subject as this Poet-Genius!

With this long list of writers worthy of passing notice, I find I have barely touched upon the number who might be named among

the literati of Quebec, but in a miniature book one cannot give all one would, and one must stop somewhere lest one's book be *not* miniature.

CHATEAU BIGOT

When I had finished reading Le Chien D'Or I had lost all desire of seeing anything else until we had gone to Chateau Bigot, beyond Charlesbourg. It has been known by the names of the Hermitage, Beaumanior, Chateau Bigot, and a number of others, lost in the travel of time. We took the Quebec and Lake St. John railroad to Charlesbourg, three miles north-west of Quebec, and from that small village, walked the rest of the way, which we were told was a short three miles, but which proved so far, that the Colonel decided, long before we reached it, that there was no question at all about Bigot being a married man, and had built his Castle so far away, that Mrs. Bigot would never risk finding him in the distant jungle of woods, at the foot of *La Montagne des Ormes* (Elm Mountain). The fact of the matter was that the Colonel had gone the wrong road, and got me lost, and then married Bigot off to excuse himself.

One's imagination would be severely taxed to make a Castle out of a building 30 x 50 feet and two stories high, (all of which remains is the foundation and a part of two walls) were it not that reason will conclusively show that the real castle was constructed of wood, and had long ago been burned away. That which now stands was nothing more than an annex, or outbuilding, since the great retinue of servants alone would have required many times the room contained in the present narrow limits, while for the people who were ever round this profligate, a vast building would have been required to entertain them as Bigot was wont to entertain. We find on good authority that "Bigot had acquired the chateau (possibly built by Talon) and enlarged it very much." That which remains was originally built as the foundations indicate, neither larger nor smaller. Again, a man of his prodigally luxurious tastes and untold thousands at his command, to gratify those tastes, would never have been content (even though it were possible), to entertain in a house so insignificant as these remaining walls would indicate. No,

The real Castle a vast structure of wood,

has long ago passed back to the elements, and naught remains to mark the spot.

To visit this old Castle, is not to look upon its stone and fast crumbling mortar. It is to feel that you have seen the place, rebuilt its old walls, and repeopled it with the characters who once made its name a by-word for rapine, and wrong to New France. The weirdness of the memory will cling to the place, long after the walls are levelled to the ground, and the grass is growing over the spot, as now it is growing over the spot where once stood the real "Chateau Bigot."

The Colonel loses Rube

The Colonel, not content with getting me lost going, lost me more fatiguingly on the return, by taking a "nearer cut," as he said. We passed the little "lake" near the Castle bridge, skirted the Ormes mountain, came through meadows of hay where the whole family were out gathering the bundles on to the queer little carts—asked of workers the way to Charlesbourg and were good naturedly answered by a "we" (yes) to all our questions. "Kel Shemin Sharlesbourg?" I asked, "we, we," was the answer, and we walked on. Not one of the family seemed to know a word of English. We passed others in the fields and I "Kel Shemined" them, but like the first family of workers they simply answered "we." "Colonel," said I,

"What's the matter, anyhow, with my French?"

"Like yourself, it's lost—at least on these people." We came to a main road, after wandering over more hay fields, and wood lots. A short way up this road the Colonel said: "There is a woman, Rube, go over and try your French again." "Quee'l est lay Sheming Charley's burg?" I said slowly and with emphasis. She seemed to grasp my question, smiled, pointed up the pike in the direction we had been walking and said "we." "At last we are found, Colonel!" I exclaimed, and we hurried on, happy in knowing that we would be able to reach Charlesbourg before the last train left for Quebec.

A pretty milk maid finds him.

We had gone possibly another mile, when, coming down the pike, swinging a pail, we met a pretty milk maid. We raised our hats, I cleared my throat and started in laboriously: "Quel est le chemin de Charlesbourg ma bonne demoiselle?" When she had concluded a very merry laugh at my effort, she replied in the best English we had heard for hours: "Yeer wurds aire oll roight, but yeer accint is hurrubel! Is it the road to Sharleyburg ye wants?" "It is, and thank you kindly, miss," said the Colonel, I not yet having recovered. "Wull, if ye iver

expict to git thare, turn round and go duther diriction." "Why," said I, "there was a woman back there told us this was the Charlesbourg road." "An' faidth an' the woman back thare was roight, it *is* the Charleyburg rode, but loike mony anuther rode in Canady, it hus two inds, an' yeve gan and tuk the rang ind." But we *didn't* take "the last train to Quebec, that evening."

The Colonel tells a story.

The Colonel said, the milkmaid's explanation reminded him of his friend, General Pleasanton's, experience at Tunnulton, W.Va., during the war. "The General swept down the mountain into Tunnulton, after the Confederates. When he got into the town the only man in sight was an Irishman, whom he asked, 'Come quick, Mike, tell me how many roads are there coming into this place?' 'Wan, yer honor' and the General soon had it well guarded, so that the enemy might not get out, with their waggons and artillery. Later on he found that there was another road, and that the Confederates had gone. Mike was hunted up, and, tried for 'aiding and abetting.' 'Now,' said the General, with all the 'scare' he could possibly throw into his voice, 'what have you to say? You told us that there was but one road coming

into this town, when I find instead that there are two!' 'Wrang yer honor is, thayer is but wan road coming in, duther is going out, and I giss the Ribbils have took it!'"

ST. LOUIS ROAD.

Skirts the north boundary of the Plains of Abraham, and is destined to become the great avenue of the city. It runs almost due west, and is bordered by many a fine old homestead.

Bona Place, the home of Mr. Wm. Lee, is seen to the right, just after passing the toll gate, on this road. Mr. Lee has long been identified with Notre Dame Parish, which is just outside the city limits, to the west. He has been Councillor for twenty-four years, and during sixteen years of that time its Mayor as well. Such a record is seldom made, and speaks volumes for the maker. The first one to the south beyond the Plains is "Marchmont," now the property of the Ursuline Nuns. Next beyond is "Wolfsfield," so called from its being the place on which General Wolfe got his troops in order, after their disembarkation at Wolfe's Cove, near by. It is the property of that genial young millionnaire, William Price. "Thornhill" is passed on the north side of the road. It is,

like all places in that locality, full of historic interest. Opposite is Spencer Wood, the magnificent residence of Lieutenant-Governor Sir Louis Jetté, and joining it, to the west, is

Spencer Grange,

the beautiful home of Sir James M. LeMoine. It is reached by a densely shaded, winding drive way, from the Sillery pike. It is an ideal place, sweet and restful, much after a south of England country seat. It is not extensive, but the skilled mind and hand has so concentrated its beauties that it seems far larger than it is. Passing from the front piazza, out through great beds of flowers and shrubbery, scenting the air with their fragrance, you reach the woods beyond. Near a narrow path, as you enter the wood, Sir James has had set up those blocks from the city gates, on which were originally cut the names of those old portals. When the old were torn away for the new, these "name" blocks were given to him, as the one most worthy of receiving them. A collection of Canadian birds and many rare relics are collected at this spot—a veritable sylvan museum.

Near by Spencer Grange is Bagatelle, further on is Woodfield, once one of "the most ornate and richly laid out estates around Quebec," and Roslin, the elegant home of Lieut.-Colonel J. B.

Forsyth, the Collector of Customs at Quebec. Many other beautiful and historical homes are seen further along to the west, toward and beyond Sillery. *Bardfield*, the late Bishop Mountain's country seat, is now owned by Albert Henry Furniss of pleasant memory. *Benmore*, once the home of the greatest nimrod in Canada, Colonel Rhodes ; *Claremont*, founded by Lieutenant-Governor R. E. Caron, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and now owned by Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull. Next is

Beauvoir,

built by, and since occupied by many an honorable, but none more so, than its present owner and occupant, Hon. R. R. Dobell, brother of my friend, Alfred Dobell, of Liverpool, one of the great timber merchants of the world.

Beauvoir deserves more than a passing notice, since it is one of the

Most beautiful homes in or about Quebec.

It is situated on the crest of the cliffs of Sillery Cove (in which the Hon. Mr. Dobell has his timber industry located, and in which is to be seen the monument he and his employees and other parishioners of Sillery, erected to the memory of Chevalier de Sillery, and the Rev. Edward Massé, who figured so prominently in

the early days of the settlement here). The lawn sweeps back a gentle rise to the house, several hundred feet away. Every appointment in and about Beauvoir, is perfect from Nature, in the great profusion of flowers and shrubbery, to the valuable marble statuary, and rare paintings, in art. In the art gallery and in the spacious halls are seen many beautiful works from the brushes of Donovan Adams, Sydney Cooper, John Constable, and many others, to E. Frith's John Knox, and Guido Reni's masterpiece, St. Sebastian. Luxury, guided by the rare hand of good taste, is seen in every nook, restful and pleasing. One of the most beautiful pieces of sculpture I have ever seen, is in Hon. Mr. Dobell's gallery. It is John Adams Acton's "Lady of the Lake." The pose is taken where Katherine stands in sad contemplation, while the gentle hound, refusing the chase, leans affectionately against the heroine. The statue is life size.

Here again I exclaim—"Oh, for more space!"

Then come *The Highlands, Meadowbrook, Rosewood, Ravenwood, Longwood,* and, *would* I had the space to note down all the other beautiful old homes to be seen to the West of Quebec within a distance of five miles. It is like some choice part picked from old England, and picturesquely dropped down upon the banks of

the historic St. Lawrence. If you should come to Quebec,—and come you should, and come you will have to, if you ever expect to see the most interesting spot in the New World,—you should not fail to drive out the St. Louis Road. It will repay you, and especially so if you have read LeMoine's Picturesque Quebec before you start. This locality is in so marked a contrast to the many cottage-bordered roads, to be seen here, that one has to wonder that both sorts are in the same country. The one a continuous line of white (color is the exception—white—white is the miles of little houses that line the roads of Canada) the other with country seats, so beautiful, so picturesque, so fraught with lively interest, that one instinctively feels the contrast, and enjoys more fully the scenes. Yes, drive out St. Louis road.

THE LAKES

To miss seeing the lakes to be found in every direction around Quebec, is to visit Switzerland and not see its far famed sheets of crystal. Here within the radius of an easy drive are lakes Calvaire, St. Charles, St. John, St. John Country, St. Joseph, and

Lake Beauport

When the Colonel had told me of this last

lake ; had described its location in the very heart of the Laurentian Mountains, far above sea level, and told me the legend of the Algonquin Chief and his lost love, a weird desire held me in sway, until we had driven the twelve miles, north-west of Quebec to visit it.

We went up, one beautiful Saturday afternoon, and remained until Monday morning. There are many places where you may find most excellent accommodation all about, and near the lake. I find in my note book this little picture which I sketched on Sunday morning, while the Colonel slept on, at the hotel :

"You look to the east across the lake, long and narrow. The water is still, scarcely a ripple moves its surface, the shadows of the mountains on the further shore mirror themselves in the clearness of the lake. The sun is just rising over the high elevation and you shade your eyes from its slanting rays, as you paint the picture. Here and there you see a cleared spot, with a farmhouse set almost against the face of the hill. Nothing breaks the stillness of the morning, save the tinkling of a bell of some animal, as it feeds, far up the valley across the lake, or the crowing of a cock hard by. The birds begin to sing their morning songs, and all life soon becomes animate. In the very edge, nearest you, sits lightly a modern canoe, and you let

your mind wander back to the age, when in its place might have been seen the rough hewn dug-out of the Indian. Miles away to the left, in a depression of the range, can be seen looming up two towering peaks, and nearer rising from the very edge of the northern shore, is Mount Albert, where the legend locates the beautiful, but most tragic story of the Algonquins."

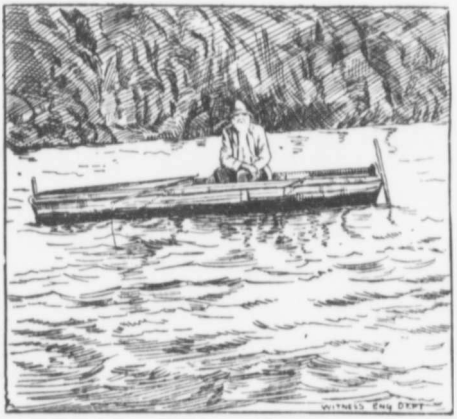
After breakfast, with our good friend J. P. Hicks, we were rowed out upon the lake, and visited the little camps that line its borders, with their rough unhewn log houses, through the windows of which we see the great wood "fire-places," with bunks for the sleepers. We are made to wish that we might have the time to spend a whole month, as inmates, fishing for the wily trout and roaming over the surrounding hills.

In his odd looking boat in the middle of the lake, we came across

The lone fisherman of the Lake,

James Heal. He is a unique character, and worthy of more than a passing line. He is a veteran of the Crimea, and has to his service credit, twenty-two years of fighting and camp life. I said he was unique. He is one of the rare old soldiers, who lay no claim to having, in any of their many fights, turned the tide of

battle. "No, I've done no deed of valor," said he, "I just tried to do my duty. Shot when in line, and ran when I had to. History wouldn't have been changed a bit, even though I had never lived." Unique old man, unassuming, but in war, I should never have chosen him as an antagonist.



The Lone Fisherman of Lake Beauport, from a photograph taken by little Miss Viola P. of Quebec.

That afternoon, as the Colonel and I sat on the border of the lake, at the foot of Mount Albert, I asked him to tell me an Indian story. Tell me, Horatius, the

Legend of the Lake.

Without preliminary he began :

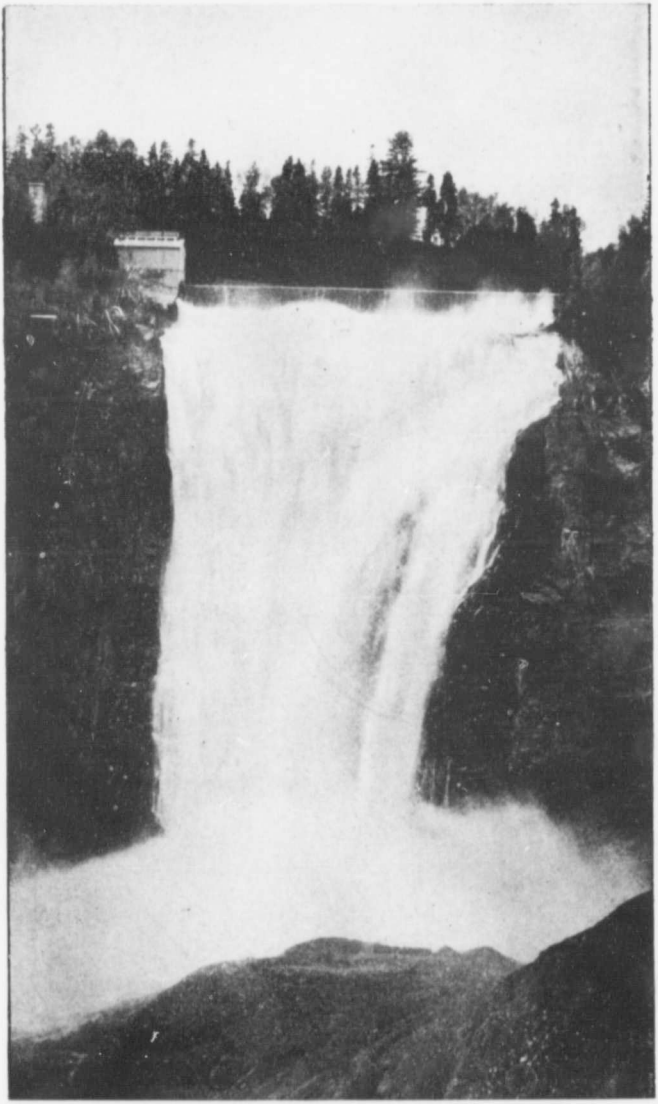
"Intendant Bigot was not the only profligate

sent out to New France, from the Mother Country. There was one whose trail, legend says, was marked by many a tragedy, fully as sad as ever was credited to that other wicked man. He built a great house here on this lake, and surrounded himself with retainers little less profligate than himself. His incursions extended over a vast territory, and tribute exacted from friend and foe. No ties were sacred to him. No matter the home, if it contained that which pleased his fancy, it was ruthlessly robbed of it, and brought to his Bacchanalian halls, where all hope ceased, for his power was absolute.

Far away on the St. Lawrence dwelt the Algonquins. A young chief of the tribe wooed and won the heart of the old chieftain's daughter, Loroline. They had played together in childhood, along the streams, and were ever inseparable and happy. When as a child a rare flower or feather was found, the little Indian boy brought it to Loroline, to deck her hair, and when he had grown to manhood, he asked her hand in marriage, but the stern old chief, her father, refused his consent unless the lover should bring to him the proof, that an ancient enemy of his were dead. This enemy was sought far and wide by the young chief, but sought in vain, until three years had passed, when in a far away country, the two met face to

face in a lone forest. The old enemy had long known of the Algonquin's search for him, and prepared to defend his life. Spurred on by his hope of at last gaining the hand of the gentle maiden, and by the thought of the years of fruitless going to and fro, his young arm, the elder could not withstand, and he was slain. No Knight Errant of old ever sought again the hand he had fairly won, as did the young Algonquin. Travel as he might, the distance was so great that many weeks had passed, ere he reached the home of her, whom he had fought to win. What was his sadness on reaching the home of the old Algonquin Chief, to find that Loroline had long been lost, No one knew ought of her, save that she had gone from home and had never returned. The whole tribe had sought for her in vain. The grief of the young chief was great. Without stopping to rest from his long wanderings, he set out in search for her, as he had never before searched. He went up and down the mountain passes, sought for her in the forests, along the streams, ever calling, calling, for his love. One day he chanced to come upon a castle, at the foot of a mountain, in a far away country. Why, he knew not, but he felt that he was near the object of his search. Day after day he wandered about, hoping ever that Loroline might be seen, for he was now

certain that she was within the castle. Weeks passed away, but he seemed to be hoping in vain. The revelry at night was past his understanding. The sun oft rose ere the sound of the Bacchanalian songs were hushed. The days were still, but at night the revelry began again. New faces came and went. Soldiers in uniform, young men of proud mien, with debauchery marking their faces, were of the number. Aye and women, too, were there, fairer women than he had ever dreamed of; beautiful as his conception of beings about whom the good priest had told him, dwelt in the paradise of the white man. But in all the number that came and went, he ne'er found the face of her whose beauty, to his heart, surpassed all others, and yet he knew he was near her. One day a great cavalcade left the castle, and watching for a moment when all about was still, the young chief boldly entered grasping his knife firmly that he be not suddenly set upon. He wandered unmolested from room to room, until he reached a part of the castle that seemed to be unused. He came to a door that was bolted from within. He stopped to plan his next move, when he heard a soft moan beyond the bolted door. He listens and hears in the Algonquin tongue : 'Oh why, why this awful suspense ! Day after day he puts me off with promises for the morrow ! I cannot endure



FALLS OF MONTMORENCY

it! Oh that I might die and rest, rest.' What means that awful grief? 'Loroline, Loroline!' softly calls the Indian. The sobbing ceases. He hears a movement within, the bolt gently slides back, and there before him stands the object of his long search. Stands as a statue! Her long black hair unkempt, and falling nearly to her knees. No sign of recognition is on her face; no glad arms encircle his neck; no lover's kiss is his. 'Loroline, Loroline, have you no greeting for me? No welcome after all these years of waiting?' The cold statue simply stares back at him and answers. 'No—none.' As a lightning flash the long knife finds the heart which he had lost, and Loroline found her 'Rest, rest,' There in the lake, when the ice of Spring had broken up, was found the body of the young lover, and the two lie here, some where, together in a lone unnamed, unmarked grave."

TRIP TO THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

The Colonel called it the "Peace D. Resistance," but could not tell me what he meant by it. He said he thought it was French or Latin, at any rate, he had heard nearly everybody use it, when speaking of Montmorency falls. When

I looked at them in all the admiration I could command at the moment, I told the Colonel plainly that I had no fault to find with "Everybody," no matter what was meant by the expression. I won't spoil the view by an attempted description. I simply say to you, who come to Quebec,

Go see the Falls.

You will behold a beautiful sheet of water, pouring over a ledge of rock, 100 feet higher than our own great Niagara, not so broad, of course, but a greater plunge. Don't stop here, but follow up the bank of the river, that flows through a deep depression in the hills, until you have gone possibly a mile above. Pick your way down a well beaten path, 100 feet, until you have again reached the stream, and you will look upon a freak of nature, found nowhere else among its great and curious works.

The Natural Steps

This is a name that will hardly convey to your mind correctly, the view that will greet your eyes, as you look upon the quarter of a mile of the river's bed, where for untold ages the waters have cut away, and chisseled out of the flakey rocks, a series of steps, as for the entrance way to a giant's castle. The river at this place has

THE NATURAL STEPS

left the " steps " high and dry, and has cut down, a sheer depthof 40 feet or more, on the north side of the bed, and as you look over the edge you see it go seething and foaming, and ever cutting the channel further back. The rocky wall beyond the stream rises perpendicular, with layers so regular that one could almost believe it had been laid by some giant mason of prehistoric time.

If Quebec had no other charm,

for the tourist than those of Montmorency, they would amply repay him for a long journey.

H. M. Price.

Near to, and overlooking the Falls, is the home of that genial host, Mr. H. M. Price, whose hospitality is confined to no land. Here have visited those whose names have made history, or whose writings have found their way into the best literature of the world. A few names culled from the autographs here seen are Princess Louise, the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Lords Lorne, Swansea, Landsdown, Herschell, Playfair, Raleigh and Pauncefote ; Counts de Levis, de Turin, and Princes Roland Napoleon Bonaparte and Loewenstein, killed early in our Philippine war near Manilla, Duc and Duchess de Beaufort and many others, one

of whom is our well known Captain E. L. Zelinski, a special friend of the host ; whilst among the men of letters who have here found entertainment are Archdeacon Farrar, Sir James M. LeMoine, Wm. Kirby, Gilbert Parker, Joachim Miller, Justin McCarthy, and a host of others whose names are familiar.

To wander through these old halls, to see the relics of other centuries,—here a cannon from the French Admiral's flagship, sunk at Lewisburg by Wolfe's fleet in 1757 ; piles of cannon balls from the many sieges of Quebec, and hundreds of other things of historic interest, was indeed a rare pleasure.

We pass out through the flower gardens and beautiful grounds, planned by Mrs. Price, a lady of rare culture and genial manner, over a walk that leads out to the summer house, built almost over the Falls, where a view of great beauty greets the eye. This little house is of historic interest.

Madame de Riedsel,

wife of the General who commanded the Hessian troops during the American war, was one day standing with General Haldimand, looking over the Falls, when she suggested, " What a location for a summer house !" On her next visit, some weeks after, the General led her out to the same

spot, where stood the house built at her suggestion. A short distance above where this little house now stands, in August, 1759, a French sentry stood and shot at Captain Knox (author of Knox's Journal) of General Wolfe's army, who was taking notes on the Falls, on the opposite side of the river, but fortunately the Captain retired from view, in time to save his life. At that time the army of Wolfe was on the east, and that of Montcalm, on the west, of the Montmorency. Even to this day the old entrenchments are to be plainly seen all about the Falls.

The piers of the suspension bridge which once spanned the Montmorency, are standing yet, on the ledge, almost over the falls. The bridge itself broke, and fell, in 1856, carrying down, and over the Falls, a peasant and his wife who were crossing at the time in a cart.

Not far from Mr. Price's house, is

Haldimand House,

built about 1780, by General Haldimand. It was the residence of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. It was here he spent three summers at the end of the 18th century, residing in winter at the "Kent House" on St. Louis street.

AMERICANS IN QUEBEC.

Sitting at the hotel table shortly after reaching the city, I chanced to speak to a gentleman at my left and was surprised and pleased to find him Mr. R. E. French, from Medina, Ohio—my home State,—but my surprise grew when he introduced me to Mr. J. A. Warren, from the same Ohio town. While talking together—the three remaining people at the table hearing our conversation, turned in their reports,—one from Detroit, the other two from Chicago. I felt as happy as one night years ago,

While camping on a small creek in Kansas,

where eight different "freighters" had turned in for the night. As soon as the camp fires were started and we were all seated around for the songs and stories, we began, by comparing notes, and to the one question, "where are you from?"

seven of the eight answered with a will, "Ohio." The Colonel says :

"Ohio is a good place to be born

in if you don't have to keep it," but the Colonel is liable to say anything.

But speaking of R. E. French, he is known down in Ohio, not as a "Sugar King," but as the "French Maple Syrup Prince." He is an example of what a man can be by honest dealing. In this age when much of the pure old foods are so mixed that you can't even recognize your dearest friend among them, it is a pleasure to feel that you know a man who could not be induced for any amount to change from its purity this same "dearest friend," as to me maple syrup is. Not so much, perhaps, in itself, as for old memory sake. Why, the very last "thrashing" I ever got was one that father *forgot* to give me for letting burn a whole kettle of syrup that day the McFarland boy from Westville, came down with his father to attend "quarterly meeting." Yes, I used to attend camp—"tapped" the trees—boiled the "sap"—yes, and burned the syrup. I'll never forget my entry into the life of a sugar maker—I tapped first one tree, carried the sap in a bucket a half mile to the house, and in saving up enough for a "boiling," let it all "sour," and lost a week's

hard work. We used to go up to "Aunt Rachel's, the one I told you about in "My Friend Bill," and she always had pancakes and maple syrup. My, my, but the memory is a sweet one, although more years have passed since than I like to think of as gone. Who among you but has had some experience in either "tending camp," or visiting one in the early spring! But like many another sweet memory of childhood the camp of the syrup maker is often a memory only. The camp on the old Ohio farm at home, the last time I was there, was a cornfield, not a tree was left, but I could shut my eyes and see them all, and all in their old places. Many of the boys who came down to "help" have long ago gone, like the trees. Some have been transplanted in far away lands, and too many, alas, are gone forever. I asked French what he was doing up here, and he said so many of the camps in the States had been like ours at home, cut away, and that he was looking for a new supply, and Canada is the one great field left. French must have had an inspiration when he chose for his emblem of purity a bottle made like a section of a maple tree. It's odd and appropos and one that cannot be forgotten,

After this meeting at dinner, I asked Horatius if there were many Americans in Quebec. I

didn't mean visitors, as I knew by the throngs at all the hotels that the city was full of them. "Yes, said the Colonel, "our country is well represented," and he took me at once to meet our Consul,

General Wm. W. Henry,

who is just finishing his fourth year, with a re-appointment for another four years term. This proves the esteem in which he is held by our Government, while I find on all sides here very much satisfaction with him. In fact he and his estimable wife are great favorites. He is a most genial, efficient officer. The General is from Vermont. During the Rebellion he was Colonel of the 10th Regiment of that State, and I find on reading up his war record, great reason for his having been promoted from Lieutenant up through the various offices to Brigadier-General. When I wrote that other Vermont friend of mine, B. H. Albee, and told him that I had met his friend, General Henry, and that I had found him such an all-round good citizen that I could hardly realize he was from Vermont instead of Ohio, I got in return, this characteristic letter from

That humorist from Vermont.

"Your reference to W. W. Henry suggests what I have frequently noticed before. There are

only two States you ever hear of outside of their own borders—Vermont and Ohio—I put Vermont first merely because it is older than Ohio, but for that reason, I might add, parenthetically, that it is probably no "fresher." Not that I think Ohio is fresh, but I am inclined to think everybody will agree with the proposition that it is "nervy." There are not so many Vermont people in office as there are Buckeyes, but the sole reason is that there is not so many of them. I presume you have heard me remark that there were only two men in Washington public life who always get what they want, One is Senator ———, of Ohio, and the other Senator ———, of Vermont. It will pay you to keep close to General Henry. He is a typical Green Mountain Boy, but I do think someone ought to warn the authorities that a Vermonter and an Ohioan have formed an alliance. In this country that would mean securing all there was in the bakery and then lugging away the bakery. This is no particular allusion to the residents of Vermont and Ohio. But it happens in this instance, I know both parties to the case. Methinks I scent danger to someone or something. "If some new office should be created by Congress at the coming Session, it is a safe bet, that either a Vermonter or an Ohioan would get it. For instance they created some new offices in the

Philippines. Judge Taft, an Ohioan, was made head of the Commission. Mason S. Stone, a Vermonter, was made superintendent of schools, the two most important offices in the Islands. I haven't heard of their stealing the Island yet. But you will recall that they sent some Hoosiers down to Cuba in various official positions, and so far as anybody has been able to learn the only thing they did leave was the Island. There is some evidence to prove that they had plans laid to bring *that* to New York and sell it for a summer resort.

"It is said that English people have always regarded a Vermonter with suspicion. I think they have, too, because I have noticed that they always examine a Vermonter's baggage whenever he goes into the Dominion.

"Sorry I'm not in a letter-writing humor to-day —the house burned down yesterday, and Willie broke his arm, and—but why bother you with *my* little troubles."

After our call on the Consul, the Colonel said: "We will now go down to the

U. S. Immigration Commission Office.

"What's that?" I asked. "Why, don't you know that every immigrant that enters this port for the United States has to pass an examination?"

"No, I don't, how would I know? I didn't think we'd have a right to come up here and say who could and who couldn't land."

"Oh, yes, the Canadian Government are quite willing, and show our Commission all the courtesies we could wish. The Canadian Pacific R. R. have even built a commodious immigrant house, in which the examinations are held."

By this time we had reached the office, but found no one in but Dave Lehrhaupt, the Interpreter, from Detroit, Mich. The others, whom I met afterwards, as you shall see, are John Thomas, Commissioner, from Ohio; Colonel Horace M. Deal, (who had served both terms on Governor McKinley's staff), also from Ohio; Dr. Victor G. Heiser, of the Marine Hospital Service, R. W. Conradson, of Brooklyn; J. P. Hicks, of Mass.; P. Enright, of Chicago; Wm. Vaughan Howard, Statistician, of Miss.; and John Conklin, of Harrisburg, Penn.

Rube becomes an immigrant.

I was so much interested in this new business that I got permission to see them examine a shipload of immigrants. The Colonel not being able to get away from his office, that day, turned me over to Dave Lehrhaupt. Dave was a character, —the life of the Commission,—but before we started down I noticed the Colonel

and Dave talking very animatedly together back in one corner.

The Colonel and Dave conspire.

Every once in a while they'd look over toward me, Dave protesting with the Colonel about something, and the Colonel assuring Dave that it would be all right. I heard him say : " You do that now Dave, it will be great ! Don't let the others know it, whatever you do."

Rube is " it."

I had no notion at the time that I was " it," but later developments showed that I was, with a large " I." When they had finished that conversation, Dave said to me : " Rube, I'll see you vusn't kit lost mit—cum vit me to te sheep, vat is shust in, und I vill show you how ve oxamination tem Emicrationers."

I " cum wit Tave "—all the way down he " oxsplained apout tem new sitizens."

When we reached that great immigrant house and found about 300 of the worst specimens of humanity I ever saw, I asked Dave what they were, and he told me if I'd name them, I might have them. The inducement wasn't great enough for a guess, so I let it go. There they were, huddled together like so many goats. Dave took me around back, and left me in the

great room, with this awful congregation, or aggregation or

Conglomeration of nations,

and went around in front and took a seat with the men, whom I learned afterwards were the rest of the Commission.

You should have seen Dave handle the different languages that flowed by him. He mightn't be up in English, but when it came to handling a cargo of European jargon, it couldn't come too fast for Dave.

Rube tries to get out.

While the examinations progressed, all too slowly for me, I tried to get out, but every door was locked or guarded. I tried to get up to where Dave was, but some burly bewhiskered wretch from "Noman's Land," would yell at me, and crowd me back, and say in his tongue—I suppose—"Keep your place in line," which I found impossible for a good many reasons, to do, so in despair, I went to the furthest end of the great room, and disconsolately sat down on a bench, and waited for three hours, until that hall was empty, then in half a dozen languages, I was told to come on !

"My but I was glad to get out,"

"Get out"; did I say ? well, hardly ! The first

man who stopped me was the doctor—"Here, here, what are you doing? Stop that!" said I indignantly, as he began striking me, as though to find if I was sound, but do you believe it, he kept it up—looked at my eyes, wanted me to open my mouth—which I did in full force, but he paid no attention to my protestations, further than to say

"I'm afraid this man is 'off'"

tapping his head—"we'll have to hold him for examination," and the more I protested the more convinced the Doctor became. But he pushed me along to a line of men, who sat there with Dave, who acted as though he had never seen me before. "Here, Dave," said I, "what does this mean?" and that wretch answered me back in one of his fourteen languages, while Pat Enright, wanted to know how old I was, where I was born,

Mormon or Gentile?

married or single, how many children I had, and where they were. If I had any money—if so show it—"No," said I "I left my pocketbook at the hotel, forgot it."

Hold this man and send him back.

he's liable to become a public charge!" Worse and worse. Next that John Conkling began:

"Man or Matron? What's your business? Have you had the measles? Did they leave you in good health? Teeth your own or store goods?" "Gentlemen, I am an American citizen, and I protest this indignity." "Where's your papers?" asked J. P. Hicks. "Haven't any—don't need any." "Now see here," said Conradson, "We've had enough of this! Send *it* back! *Its* a clear case! Look at that eye—why it is really dangerous—worst case we've had." And I "It!"

"Here, officer, see that this man is well cared for, until the next ship goes back; we've got to deport him," and again the doctor tapped his head.

"Dave, Dave, help me out! I'm 'It'—I'll give the

Dinner to the Commission.

The apologies on all sides were so humble and the dinner so good, that I forgave them—especially as I knew they were right in saying that it was all the fault of "That Dave Lehrhaupt," who in turn never seemed to forget "Tot tay vat Rupe vas got oxaminationed mit tem groud of emigrationers."

OUR AMERICAN CUSTOMS,

are well looked after at this port by L. L. Penniman, F. W. Elkins and H. F. Titus, all of Vermont. The Colonel couldn't understand how these positions got away from Ohio. He was all the while having a great deal to say about the

"Buckeye" in Office,

but couldn't help admitting that the "Buckeye" knew how to run his own State—and whenever called upon (which was often)—all the others quite as well—Queer how a fellow will fight for his native state. He may have "left it for years," as I have done, but the old love still clings.

I would be derelict of duty were I to leave out that prince of good fellows,

Colonel Thos. Crockett

our Vice-Consul, at Rivière du Loup, known up here as the "Cedar Tie King of Canada." Some men you like as soon as you meet them. Colonel Crockett is one of that sort. I was greatly entertained by his story of

SENATOR PROCTOR'S MOOSE HUNT.

I can't tell it like he did, and won't spoil it by trying, but one point is too good to leave out. The Senator came up from Washington, especi-

ally for this hunt. The first night they got a moose—and the next day another. That evening the Colonel told Proctor he must go out alone in the boat, with the guide, that he might have all the credit for the "head" if one were gotten. As luck would have it the Senator soon came in with a fine bull moose. "Happy? You never saw a prouder hunter than the Senator, when he came into camp that night. He never earned a million that brought as much real pleasure! I could hardly get him to stop enjoying himself long enough to go to bed—As it was along about two o'clock next morning, I heard the Senator stirring. I didn't move, but looked out from under my blanket. There was the Senator sitting bolt upright on his narrow camp bed, near me. I could see him shiver, as it was in the fall, and quite cool. First thing I knew, the Senator began talking to himself: 'Oh, how cold I am! But, oh, how happy.' At that he lay down, covered up, and didn't move till morning. That was years ago, but the Senator can never get over the pleasures of that moose hunt."

Our Vice-Consul at Quebec, is that popular General Passenger Agent,

F. S. Stocking.

It is really a pleasure, to see the selections our

Government has made, in its officers, to represent our interests in this country.

CAP ROUGE VIA STE, FOYE ROAD.

"Rube," said the Colonel, early one morning, "we are going out to Cap Rouge to-day. You know, we promised Fairchild we'd come." "Yes," said I, "and that artist friend of his—what's his name, oh, I have it, or *had* it, but have promised to forget it." I wasn't going to let the *Colonel* forget it, though, as I had heard so much of his magnificent "Sunsets on the St. Lawrence," his "Autumns" and "still lifes"—and then, on this last line, he, I remembered had said, the day we met him in town, that he had some *thirty years old.*—No, it would be too bad not to see ——— and his "Autumns."

The tourist who goes to Quebec and does not dirve out the Ste. Foye road, would be as foolish as the man who goes to Rome and leaves out St. Peter's. I've driven over more roads than would circle the earth if it was not a tenth as large as it is, and Ste. Foye is the prettiest one of all the number. Now as this is an honest expression, I need not stop to tell you that the view to the north, from the time you leave the city, until you reach Cap Rouge, nine miles

away, is one line of beauty. You know, you often see in any country, here and there, bits of fine scenery, but to drive along Ste. Foye road, is as though driving by

A nine mile canvas

on which had been painted all these bits.

The day I met G. M. Fairchild, Jr., I somehow located him in a perfect nest of comfort at

Raven's Cliff

My mental location was vivid, but far away from the real beauty of that location, two hundred feet above the St. Lawrence, on a hill that gently rises from the river bank to the St. Louis road, and quite near to the village of Cap Rouge. As we looked out upon the view, from the long wide piazza, one could not but feel that Gilbert Parker had chosen well the home for writing his great story,

The Seats of the Mighty

and later on, we could not but again commend his fine choice—this time—that of the heroine of one of his great novels. We found the author —poet—artist, busily engaged on a painting, he was "laying" in. All about him was indication of a busy man, but with all his literary and artistic work, he has allowed his neighbors to choose him as the village magistrate, and for

so many other offices, that I instinctively thought of my "cousin" Ross of Lorette.

It is visits to such homes as Raven's Cliffe, that make the writer of many homes, views and situations, wish he had chosen one, instead of many subjects.

In the afternoon Mr. Fairchild took us to the fine "view spots," all about Cap Rouge, pointing out, here and there, places of historic interest.

"See that old ruin there? Not much left, but it was at that spot where the first settlement of all this country was made. The Cradle of Western Civilization."

"With the 'rockers' badly broken," put in the Colonel, who had been having such a good time that he had had little to say. I can always tell when the Colonel is enjoying himself, it's when he's not talking. The enjoyment is sometimes contagious, but not usually, as he talks well, but not always apropos. In trying to be pleasant he has been known to make

Bad Breaks

One day we had called to see a beautiful home. We met here a number of fine people, seated beneath the shade of a wide spreading English hawthorn tree. We were presented, but the

Colonel did not catch all the names. Of the number was a gentleman with,

As the Colonel thought

his three pretty daughters. This old gentleman and he, were sitting together, a little off from the rest, when the Colonel, to be agreeable, said, in a low tone—"Pardon me, but tell me please, who those beautiful ladies are, why, they're the prettiest I've seen in Quebec!"

"*Those three sitting together?* *They* are from Philadelphia and you *knew* it!" Poor Colonel, I felt sorry for him, he looked so broken up over the ill fate of his well meant compliment.

Toward evening we drove to see the artist of the beautiful Autumns, Sunsets and other Still Lifes, and were wonderfully repaid.

The Colonel sees double,

As we drove away from the artist's studio, and turned our horse cityward, I noticed that the Colonel was acting a little oddly, just a little you know, not *much* "off." The "Sunsets," or the "Autumns," or possibly the "Still Lifes" were too much for him. The first I noticed it, was when he said: "Rube, I thought we only drove one horse out this morning. Where'd we get that other one?"

"Well, Colonel, I'm surprised! It's a good thing it was only 'thirty years old,' If it had been forty, you'd think we were driving a four horse team instead of one."

The Horse was French.

"One"—That's all, but ah such a one. When we left the stable the liveryman had told us, in the morning: "Gentlemen me zorry, but zis is ze ony horse iz lef, all ze rest out—Zis is ze good horse if he iz no whipped, if he is whipped, he kicks ze buggy all to ze *leetle* pieces, and leaves ze people spread over ze road. Anozzer zing, you must drive ze horse wiz ze vurd of ze mout. If he stop, speak to ze horse gently, but no whip ze horse." When we had come to within possibly two miles of the city, we stopped to catch one of those beautiful landscapes over the Valley of Beauport. I shall never forget that one particular view point. It was very fine, but one may become surfeited even with beauty. When we were ready to drive off I said: "Get up—Go on—Come horsey, dear horsey, move up, it's nearly dark." But the "dear horsey" is asleep, he does not move a muscle, don't even wag an ear, but stands complacently. I was getting out of patience trying to drive by "ze vurd of mout," and would have struck "ze horse," struck him viciously, but I

did not want to be "spread over ze road." People passed us by and wondered why we were holding such an animated conversation with only a horse, but said nothing, although we asked several of them what was good for an animal that was too partial to View Points, but they only smiled and said "Bon Soir," The Colonel got out, and pushed at the buggy, while I pushed on the lines, and said "Go on!" I learned afterwards that the horse thought all the time I was saying "Whoa on" and that is the reason he so persistently "whoad." Finally a linguist came along, and in one word helped us out. All he said to that kicking French horse of ours was

"Marche Don!"

and off we were.

After that we always had a little talk with the horse, before we engaged him, to see that he was an *English*-speaking animal.

MOUNTAIN HILL

Isn't that a combination! It is so called, the Colonel says, from the fact that when you go up, you think it a Mountain, and when you come down it's only a Hill, so it's called "Mountain Hill" and you can take your choice as it's all the same price. When I watched the horses draw their

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK COMING UP MOUNTAIN HILL
September 16th 1901.

heavy loads up this winding way, I thought of a new expression for strength. You know you've often heard "Strong as a horse!" My expression is even *stronger* than that. It is

Strong as a Quebec horse,

"There's one of the best known old hotels in the city," said the Colonel one day as we were going up this hill past the *Mountain Hill House.* "It's not so high priced, but they say it's all right. Often people who are to stay in the city any length of time, go there to learn French, as it is the best French-speaking hotel in Quebec. That don't mean that English is not spoken by any means. You can have either. It's much easier to learn French with French surroundings and with good, reasonable service you have the whole combination here."

The Post Office and Le Chien D'Or

are right at the top of this hill. You reach it by going around the street or by 35 iron steps right at the post office.

As we were going up Mountain Hill we came to some stairs—not the ones by the post office, those others you know, about half way up the hill, the ones where the boys slide down the bannisters until the rails are

As "Slick" as an Indiana horse trader.

"What's this, Colonel?"

"Those are the stairs leading down to Lower Town called the "Break Neck Stairs." That little street at the bottom is Little Champlain, you've heard so much about. By the way, Rube, while we're here, I want to show you that

Cul de Sac

I've been telling you about."

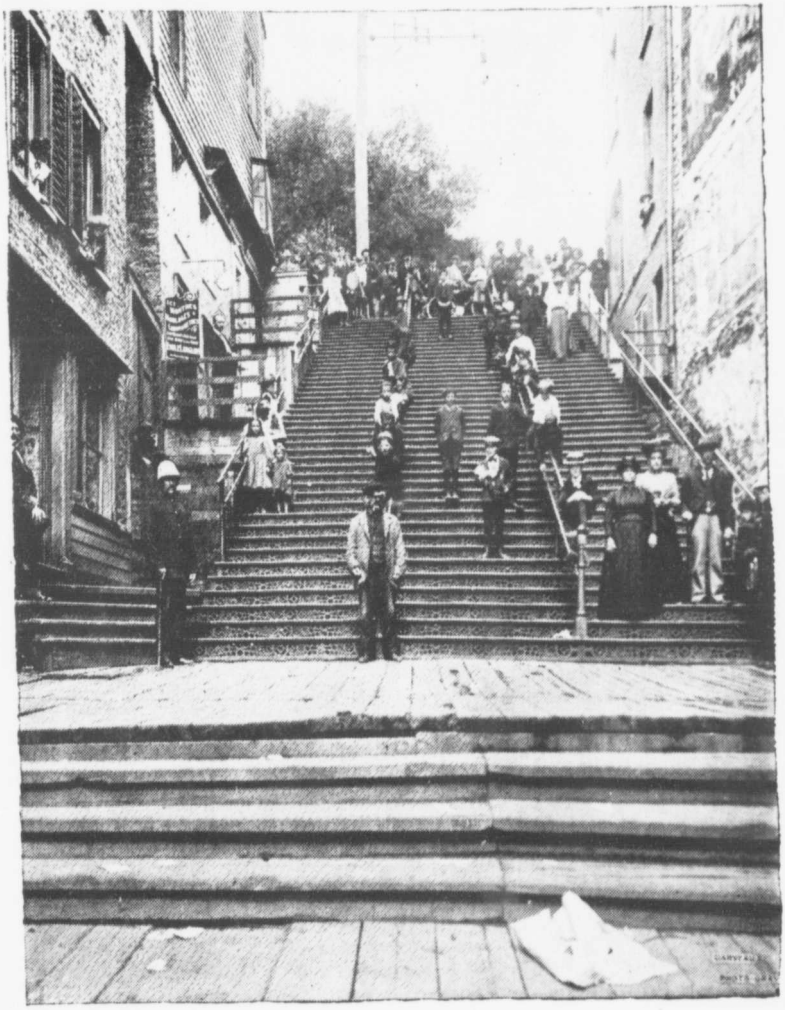
As I'd never seen one before and wanted to see everything in town, I said, "Yes, Colonel, take me to see the Cul de Sac, what's it like "

"Wait, you'll see," and that—well, we'll not name him here—took me down those stairs, and on down Little Champlain; round by the old Market House, to which I was taken the day "48" arrested me for taking the steps; up a little distance to where the street stops short off, and then turns at right angle east, and there he stopped, and said: "There it is, Rube!" "Where " All I could see was a corner and the words "Cul de Sac" on the wall, and all that fellow did was to ask me if I could "see."

"Yes," said I, "I can see everything but the point of this walk"—and he only laughed!

Rube is arrested for taking the steps

The day I had this picture of the *Break Neck Steps* taken, everything was in readiness when



BANNISTER SLIDING ON BREAK-NECK STEPS

Policeman No. 48, on inquiry of the photographer found who was to blame for the crowd, tapped me on the shoulder, and said: "You come with me to the Station House!"

"What have I done?" I asked, scared like, as I'd never been arrested before in my life.

"It's not what you've done, but what you're going to do. See that mob! Come on!"

I went. When we got to the Station, No. 48 explained the matter to the sergeant, who wanted to know if Chief Frank Pennée knew about it—"No," said I, "but if you'll call him on the 'phone, he soon will."

He was called, and I stated the case, when that Chief of both police and good fellows, said: "Why, yes, Rube, go on, take the steps, take the whole town if you want it, and welcome!" Now, wasn't that nice of him! If you knew him, though, you'd not be surprised. I wish we could get such a chief in New York—but then I'm not saying anything away from home.

RUBE SEES QUEBEC FOOTBALL

I went out one afternoon to see our Vice-Consul, Frank Stocking, play football. *He* called it football, but you never saw it played in

such an odd way as these teams played it ! *They actually played it with their feet*—Now think of that !

Football with the feet.

Why I was so surprised that I had to remark it to Frank, and stranger still, as I stood there talking with him, before the game opened, I said, " Frank, you boys don't seem to be ready for this game !"

" Why—yes we are—see, they are now lining up."

" I know, but where's the ambulance, and where are your doctors, with their bandages, splints, saws and football paraphernalia generally ?"

" I don't understand your reference ! 'Ambulance,' ' Doctors.' No, Rube, that's too much for me !"

" What ! Do you mean to say you don't have these things on the field before the game starts ?" He only looked at me in amazement, and I had to tell him how down at Yale, Hackensack, Harvard, Princeton and Harlem, where the game is played in a *civilized, cultured* way, that to begin a game of

Football without the Ambulance

would be the very height of heartlessness to the players.

He walked away with the blank look still upon his face, and just then the game began.

"Basket Ball at a Female College?"

Well, yes, that was about as near as I can describe the way they played. I mean as to the gentle manner in which they played. I didn't see a single "wedge," and the whole team didn't once pile on top of one man for the ostensible purpose of keeping him from running to make a "goal," with the result of flattening him out, preparatory to going to the hospital or cemetery. Nor was there any fighting or pulling of hair, or any of the exciting features of a real game of football as played by *cultured* players at *our* seats of learning. Why, it was just as though the Gladiators of old Rome had come out before the vast assembly of the populace, and fought with

Stuffed clubs instead of with swords.

But then possibly the fact of the calling in life of these players may, to some extent, account for the tameness of the game. They were not college students. No, they were not used to hazings, cane rushes and such like *manly* games of muscle hardening exercise. No, they were only *soldiers* from the Citadel, on one side, and

citizen boys on the other—boys who had been to the

Boer War

instead of to College. To be sure they played good football, as far as making goals, but then it was too tame. During the whole hour and a half there wasn't a single arm or leg or head broken or an ear pulled off. In fact the only thing that made it seem at all like a game of football was the torrent of rain in which it was played.

I nearly forgot to say that Frank promised to let me play as substitute if any of the players got killed. But as soon as I saw the game started, I knew that I'd die of old age before I'd get to play "substitute" on a Quebec football team.

THE COLONEL TALKS TO RUBE ON COATS OF ARMS.

"Colonel, I never was in a place where there were so many pretty breast pins as Quebec!" said I one day, out on the Terrace.

"Breast pins—breast pins—what do you mean?"

"Why, look there at that lady, she has one on," said I indicating a beautiful woman attired in most excellent taste, not far from where we sat.

"Oh, I see what you mean. That's a coat of arms. Let me see—I have it. The one the lady is wearing is the 'Quebec City.' A female figure seated at the foot of Cape Diamond, upon which Quebec is built. The motto is in Latin, but if I remember, the English is: 'Strong by nature, she grows by industry.'"

"Beautiful pin! beautiful sentiment! I tell you, Colonel, when I get back to New York I'm going up to Tiffany's and get one, just to keep for dear old Quebec."

"Tiffany—Tiffany, you don't need to do that, why J. F. Dobbin, right next to the Quebec News Co., has them and many, many other 'Coats' besides, yes, and souvenirs of all kinds; Golden Dogs, jewellery, etc., and what you'll find, is, his prices are nothing Tiffanist even if his stock is the best in Quebec."

What I got at Dobbin's gave more real pleasure to the folks at home than anything I brought back from my trip.

HACKMEN OF QUEBEC

Where tourists are wont to go in large numbers, there the inevitable hackman is much in evidence. Quebec is no exception. There are all sorts here, no better or no worse, than else-

where. I asked one the fare to a given point one afternoon—"$1.50" said he.

"Too much!" said I.

"$1.00 then," said he.

"Bonjour!" said I. The very next one I met, must have either mistaken me for a native, or a

Thirty cent Party

as that was all he asked to drive me to the first man's $1.50 destination.

There is one thing certain, if your time is limited, don't walk, get a carriage or a calèche, the driver knows just what to see, how to see it, and if he is a good one—and most of them are well informed and courteous—he will show you in one day, what you could not find in a week, and you will see it, besides, to a far better advantage than if you try to "go it alone." By all means ride, else you will always regret not seeing Quebec as it must be seen to get the full worth of your trip. The best drive is out St. Foye Road to Cap Rouge and back by the St. Louis. It is worth the price of the visit to Quebec.

THE STREET CAR SYSTEM OF QUEBEC.

The street car system of Quebec is such that very many of the most important places may be reached by trolley—Montmorency Falls and Ste.

Anne de Beaupre, are reached by the cars of this company. The day we went out to see the Falls the Colonel, who gets short of breath going up hill, complained greatly of that long, straight up walk from the car line to the top, overlooking the tumble of water; but he can't complain next year, as this enterprising company are preparing to put up an incline road, so that lazy folks and the rest of us can ride up—my, that will be worth going all the way out to enjoy. By the way, among the changes since our visit to the Falls, Holt, Renfrew & Co., will change their

A Herd of Buffalo,

from Indian Lorette to the Haldimand House Park, at the Falls. Which house has been put in thorough repair—not changed in looks, however, from what it was when the Duke of Kent lived in it. This will now be a most delightful place to spend a few days or longer, visiting points of interest in and about the Falls.

CITY GOVERNMENT OF QUEBEC

"What is the form of government here in Quebec, Colonel?"

"Well, about as our own with the exception that the 30 City Councilmen are elected by the

voters, and then those Councilmen, and *not* the voters, choose the Mayor, while *we* vote direct for Mayor as well as for Aldermen. A mayor may serve as long as he is chosen, here, and not for one, two, three or four years, as with us, why,

S. N. Parent

the present Mayor of Quebec, has been in for eight years, and is such a success that you hear all the parties wishing that he might get a life term. The city never had such a business administration as since Parent has been in."

"I tell you, Colonel, that's refreshing to hear, coming as I do from New York, where the City *Fathers* are not — well I'm not saying anything, away from home Colonel,—but it is really refreshing, I say, to find

A good Parent

up here at the head of the family, and they are wise in keeping him in, as long as possible."

"Yes, Rube, and not only is he a good Mayor, but an all round good citizen. I never saw a man quite so popular, unless it is Laurier, the Premier. Say, you ought to hear that Laurier speak! Honestly, Rube, I don't believe we have his equal, unless it's Foraker." The Colonel knew my partiality for Joe, and so modified his

praise. "He hasn't Foraker's fire, he's more like Daniels, of Virginia. His voice is soft and pleasing, and he speaks equally well in either French or English. I doubt if we have had an American from Lincoln's time to the present, who has more beautifully portrayed that great man's character than has Laurier. But then coming back to the Mayor, you know how you were speaking, the other day, about the many new improvements you saw? well, they tell me here that most of it has been done under

Parent's Administration

The man is the most indomitable worker I ever saw, with administrative ability that is marvelous. You know, besides being Mayor, he is also Prime Minister of this Province."

"And Colonel, I notice another thing, no matter what is done on the New he don't efface the Old—that part which is the attractive feature of Quebec."

Mr. D. Albee Patten, Editor and Director of the Anglo-American edition of the International Gazette, (London, New York and Montreal), which is now devoting a great deal of attention to Canadian topics, to attract here tourists and and capital seeking sound investment, while up here last summer, wrote an interesting article on Quebec, which was published in September,

and attracted wide attention, and, referring to the efficient administration of Mayor Parent, and the "New" part of the city, said of the new, handsome City Hall :

"Think of building a large, beautiful City Hall and no one retiring—independent—from the "job!" Well, this is a fact here, and the new City Hall, an architectural perfection, modeled after the famous Holyrood Castle, and costing only $140,000, occupies the centre of an imposing square ; truly a lasting tribute to Mayor Parent, who personally inspected every contract and compelled its fulfillment. Perhaps the *sine qua non* of the high regard in the hearts of his people which Mayor Parent enjoys will be suggested in mentioning the free-will offering of the citizens to him of a full—official robe—figure oil painting of their Mayor, which now graces the wall of the Council chamber, over which His Worship, the Honorable S. N. Parent, presides."

In New York City it would have cost at least $1,000,000, but I'm not saying, etc., etc.

I was glad to hear that my favorite old city was in such good hands, as I sort o' felt it would be well looked after, should I have to leave town.

I met

Lieut.-Governor Sir Louis Jette.

while in Quebec. I don't know what he has to

do, in the governing line, I never could get Canadian politics and offices quite straight, but I do know that I've met few men more agreeable, as a gentleman, than this Lieutenant-Governor Jetté, and there was

Solicitor-General Chas. Fitzpatrick

who lives in Quebec. Why, the minute he grasped my hand I mentally said: "Ouch! here's a man as is a man." One who throws his soul right into the greeting. When General Henry told me how popular Canada's Solicitor-General was, I said: "Consul, Canada can well congratulate itself!

"Speaking of popular men," said General Henry, "you should meet

Lord Minto, Governor-General of Canada.

now stopping at the Governor-General's quarters at the Citadel." And the next day the Consul and I called to see him. I saw at once why Lord Minto was a guest always welcome in Quebec. When I left Canada and had summed up the men in office I had been fortunate in meeting, I think that every one of them could have had my unanimous vote, irrespective of party. I guess *worth* counts far more than *pull* up there—but I'm not saying anything away from home.

MR. ULRIC BARTHE

I should have included in Quebec's Literati. He has written largely on commercial subjects, being an expert on water power and manufacturing generally. He was for years the editor of the old *Electeur*, the Liberal Organ, also editor of the *Semaine Commercial*, of Quebec, which he resigned to take his present position of Secretary and Treasurer of the great Quebec Cantilever Bridge Company, now erecting a five million dollar railroad bridge over the St. Lawrence, a short distance west of Quebec.

And just here I may add that one day the Colonel and I were going up Baude street, when a fine looking gentleman somewhere around middle life, passed—"There's a man, Rube, that you missed in your Quebec Literati. He's got more Ph.D.'s, B.A.'s and A.B.C.'s, than most any one in town, and has written enough for another of your catalogues—in both prose and poetry. He's one of the best known educationalists in Canada. Yes, Rube, to leave out

Mr. J. M. Harper

would be to prove that you are not as well informed as you think you are." I didn't tell the Colonel that he was not the first one to speak of this errata, which I now gladly correct.

"And again, Rube, there's the

Hon. Felix Carbray

over there looking into that book-store window," said the Colonel, pointing out a fine-looking gentleman, who might have been mistaken for one of our own Senators. "You always see him around books, for while not a writer himself, he has long been known as one of the great patrons of the authors, as his extensive library will evidence. He is possibly the best Celtic scholar in the Dominion, if not in America, being one of the few who write that now almost obsolete language fluently. He has held many important positions, both by election and by appointment. For years he has been Consul for Portugal, and is now the Dean of the Quebec Consulates. He is a member of the Harbour Commission. He was in the Quebec Assembly from 1881 to 1886, and was again chosen without opposition and sat from 1892 to 1897.

"You see, Rube, you will find that you have missed many a Quebec notable."

"Well, Colonel," said I, "it's no easy matter to write of a city with so many worthy of note, and not of necessity miss very many of them, but I'm glad you called my attention to one so worthy of mention."

Tablets,

We were going up toward the Citadel one day when the Colonel called my attention to a tablet on one of those old stone buildings, that you have to pass in that lane like driveway. We stopped to read:

"Placed to their memory by several American Children. Within this building and under this tablet, repose the remains of 13 soldiers of General Montgomery's Army, who were killed the 31st of December, 1775."

"Colonel, wouldn't it be a good notion for some other 'Several American Children,' to follow the example of the ones who put up this tablet, to remove that old board sign on the side of the hill and put a respectable one at the *real* spot of Montgomery's fall? All nations want to be accurate and should especially have marks to designate the spot where even an enemy fell, if for no other reason than to prove that he *did* fall." The Colonel quite agreed with me.

Briefs

THE COMING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.

During my visit in Quebec the event paramount was the coming of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on September 17. Streets

were being paved, the old walls of the city repaired, houses painted, lawns put in the smoothness of velvet, Committees preparing a programme to fill in every hour of the two gala days, and all with the prospect of the event proving the most remarkable since the visit of the Duke's father, King Edward, then Prince of Wales, forty-one years ago.

I am indebted for many business courtesies to the firm of Auger & Son, well known throughout the States. Through them I learned much of the business ways of Quebec.

While trade in that city may not be carried through with the rush so necessary in some of our great marts, yet it is fairly prompt and thorough, and now that it is becoming one of the great grain centres, it will soon get on that greater promptness.

Quebec has not yet waked up,

to her possibilities. Her location, naturally good, has not been taken advantage of, but once she begins to find what she really is, the strides of advancement will be gigantic.

Her people send their money away for questionable silver mines, while an undeveloped

Gold Mine

lies within her borders. Already this richer

mine is beginning to be worked, a little on the surface ; new shafts are being sunk and "pay dirt" found. When the great bridge across the St. Lawrence is completed, there will be no holding back of the rapid developing of Quebec. Money will pour in for investments, this old town will put on the airs of a western city, and she will take her place among her sisters, that her position so fitly entitles her to take.

Timber Lands

Dr. Wm. Delaney, of the Crown Lands Department, gave me much valuable information in the matter of timber lands of the Province of Quebec. He told me how many millions of acres the government still held, but at the rate it is being taken up at the annual sales there will soon be little left. Timber lands are not sold by the acre, but by the mile. It is not sold, either, sort o' leased. The bidder selects a tract that he wants, and bids for it at the annual auction sale. This licence holds good for one year, and each year he must pay $3.00 per mile for renewal. Besides this he pays 65 cents per M. feet of lumber sawed, 65 cents per cord of pulp wood cut, and so much per telegraph pole or railroad tie taken from the "limit." The foun-

dations of vast fortunes are being laid by buying these limits to hold.

I saw a number of these limits of well selected timber—spruce and cedar—that can be bought at a price that will prove a five-fold increase inside as many years.

He wasn't a Colonel

Just as the book reached this stage, I chanced upon a strange meeting. It was that of M. T. Shine. When he was introduced to me as from Kentucky, I said: "Very glad to meet you, Colonel!"

"*I'm* no Colonel," said he. "What, and from Kentucky?" I could not realize for some minutes, the phenomenon. No, this man is only a Judge. He said he was lonesome down home, so came to Quebec. I proved a point raised by *my* "Colonel," who had contended that Kentucky had no men of prominence who did not have some *military* title.

Get Guide Books.

To see Quebec properly the first thing you should do, after registering, is to get guide books, and read up the history of the places you are to visit. There are two excellent ones here —get both, as one may give a point not men-

tioned by the other, and the cost is so trifling that you cannot afford to lose a single point of interest.

They have a care for each other,

There is nothing that will so clearly indicate the heart character of a people, as when death calls away one of their number. I could not but notice this heart feeling shown at a funeral held a few days before I left Quebec. Although E. C. Whiting was not rich, only an accountant, yet his funeral was so largely attended, that the procession of men walking extended for many blocks—and in the procession were all classes, rich and poor. It was pleasing to notice that the hurry and struggle of life had not blotted out here, that beautiful beatitude " Love Thy Neighbor."

Weddings,

are also a feature—especially so in the country, among the well-to-do farmers. After the ceremony, the bridal tour is taken by the bride and groom, with often a procession of carriages accompanying them. They put in the day visiting friends all about the country for miles, and then at night begin the festivities, that sometimes last for two or three days. Occasionally the good parish father objects to the dancing, then

there is trouble. While I was up there a young couple were married. All preparations were ready for a great ball, to celebrate the occasion. The priest objected, and when he heard that his objections were overruled, and that the music had started up, he at once told the sexton and

"The Sexton tolled the bell,"

It did sound gruesome, the "fiddles" going to the accompaniment of the doleful church bell hard by,—but the ball won out, as the old sexton couldn't compete with the happy wedding dancers.

Taxes

Quebec don't tax property direct, but on the rental value. Two houses of the same intrinsic worth, equally well located, one may pay much more to the treasurer than the other by reason of a higher rent receipt. The Colonel says this is bad on the assessor as it gives him little chance of favoritism—"for revenue only."

There are no meat markets, as we know them, in Quebec. Fresh meats of all kinds must be purchased in one of the six markets, and never from "the little store around the corner" or from a wagon.

You never saw such a city as Quebec. It

don't have fires like we do. Why, I didn't see

Fire Engine

during my whole stay. I asked the Colonel the cause of all this "coolness" and he said—(Don't know how true it is, as the Colonel told me so many odd things) that: "Quebec saves up her fires and has them all at once; why, she has been known to burn 1,600 houses at a single "burning bee,' and that was in 1845, before they had very many to spare, either. Then again, Rube, you have noticed that Quebec has very few ——." The Colonel, when he told me this, had that blank filled up with a certain nation or people once very prominent in the early school histories, but I won't mention the nation for it might think me disrespectful of their business methods—at any rate Quebec has scarcely any fires.

(Second Edition,—Carefully as I put this, I have already been called to account for it from a far away western city. My correspondent says: "You have no right to speak so ill of my race!" He said a number of other things, and said them in a way that wouldn't be proper to give here. I tell you they were *warm!* This may be taken for a joke, but odd as it may seem, it is true.)

HOW TO GET FROM NEW YORK TO QUEBEC.

I have been asked already many times, for the best route to take from New York to Quebec. If all questions were as easily answered as this I would gladly quit worrying. Before my visit to that city I looked upon it as an out of the way place—coming over certain routes it is, but when I answer the oft' asked question, as to which is the best way, you will at once see for yourself, when I tell you that you have but to go to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Station at 42 Street in New York city, take a train at 4 o'clock P.M., and arrive in Quebec the following morning. It is absolutely not as much trouble, coming by this route, as it would be to go from Brooklyn to Mount Vernon, on the upper edge of New York city. I might have even said, easier than going from one end of Greater New York to the other. Then again, when is added to the easy access, the beautiful scenery of the journey, up through Connecticut into Massachussetts

OVER THE BOSTON AND MAINE, AND QUEBEC CENTRAL RY.

via Springfield and Sherbrooke, with its comfortable cars and unsurpassed service, without change of cars, you will see both the ease of access and the comfort of this route. I would

tell you besides, that if you want to go to some of the finest summer resorts in America, that you can reach them by this same

Quebec Central and its Connections

It traverses a country of beautiful lakes and rivers in the most pleasant way, to the most pleasant places. But then it is not my purpose to tell you about these places.

What I want you to do is to go to Quebec

I speak thus, as I would have thanked any one for the advice I give.

I found Quebec only by accident, and the absolute happiness of my visit there makes me feel that my mission in life is to send every one I can to that charming old city. If you can discern truth in written words, you will know that I am writing this from the heart, and with not so much as one penny's gain by your going. I know that when you have seen it, as I saw it, you will say as I say, that for real joy there is

No other city in the Western Hemisphere

that can even in a small measure compare with it. There are many—in fact, few less—more architecturally beautiful, but no other one has the combination here found. Views unsurpassed, rivers, islands, falls, valleys and mountains,

all within a near radius, while the city itself is one vast volume of romantic history, and its people are most delightful to know.

VALADICTORY.

When I thought to write my impressions of Quebec, and to lend you my eyes through which to see the old place, I wondered could I write a one hundred page pamphlet, and told the printer that it would not reach beyond that limit. I have lightly touched a point of interest here and there; told you of men worthy of volumes; told of them oft in a single sentence ; have let you look at the bare edge of many a sea over which you might sail long and pleasantly ; have taken you to the mouth of a mine and told you that here lies vast stores of wealth undug, and yet with these light touches, or in many, very many cases unnoted points worthy of note, and yet, I say, my little book is more than double the size I promised to give.

When first I thought to write, it was, " What can I put in ?" At the close it is " what can I leave out ?"

All books have an end, or have had, until now. This one has none. I have tried hard, very hard to reach an end, a place to stop, but the effort

is a useless one, and so, I'll simply quit writing, as the oarsman stops rowing. He stops rowing, but the boat drifts and drifts, and though he is lost to view he still moves on.

Dear Old Quebec, Good-by. I came to your gates a stranger. I came for ties of wood, and carry back ties more enduring than stone—ties of the heart. For every courtesy I thank you, and assure you that as long as memory is vouchsafed me, so long will you hold a loving place in my inmost affection. Would that I might speak all I feel, but language is meagre and fails my wish. If you could read my heart, you would know how hard it is to say—QUEBEC—GOOD-BY.

Part Second.

Death of President McKinley and the heartfelt sympathy of the Canadians.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—now Prince and Princess of Wales.

Rube visits the Lakes and hunts moose and caribou, with no ill effects to the moose and caribou whatever.

Rube does some photographing at Roberval, that is he *thought* he was photographing.

Trip down the Saguenay.

Rube plays as "Substitute" in a game of "Lacrosse", with serious results to the "Substitute".

Tells of Musical Quebec. He finds a genius.

The Comodore tells Rube the "Aig Flip" story.

Talks about Home Folks.

Ladies of Quebec.

Rube visits Montreal and gets lost in its oddly named streets.

Hears Miss Canada and Uncle Sam's talk on "duty".

Souvenir to H. M. Ships.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK

From the famous photograph taken at Lord Strathcona's by the leading photographers of Canada

WM. NOTMAN & SON, MONTREAL

Rube Still in Quebec.

When I had finished singing "Good-by Sweet Heart, Good-by," and thought: "It may be for years and it may be forever," and a few others in the minor key, I found that I didn't have to go so soon after all, and "here I be" yet in Quebec.

The rapidity with which the first edition was written, printed, published and sold, was kindly termed a "Literary feat." It was begun at 1 p.m. Aug. 5th; the manuscript given to the printers the morning of Aug. 13th; it left the binders on the 3rd of September, and the whole edition sold by 11.45 a.m. September 5th. One hour and a quarter to spare of the month.

The newspapers of Quebec have without exception treated my little volume with the utmost kindness, for which I am most heartily appreciative.

The only criticism made was that it was light of texture, which is most flattering, as it proves that I succeeded in doing what I aimed to do.

I once wrote on "The center of gravity of the population of the United States,' and the critics were loud in their praise of the *depth* of the work, but it didn't live a week, poor thing. I gave it a respectable burial along with the rest of my "deep works" and quit that style, as I found that a deep writer too soon accumulates a large library of his own writings, and with a few happy exceptions, they receive more praise than dollars.

The world is so full of the sombre that, regardless of either praise or dollars, some of us must needs write in lighter vein to even things up.

I want many to know of dear old Quebec, and somehow, to reach the "many" one dare not go too deep, lest the readers grow tired before they cross the St. Lawrence.

So much of interest and worthy of note has occurred in the comparatively few days since my little volume was so kindly received, that to write of them all would require a book with more pretentions than could be designated by "little."

It had scarce left the press when word flashed around the world that

Our Beloved President, Wm. McKinley.

had been wounded to death. I shall never forget

the kindly sympathy of the Canadians at that time. Could you of my countrymen who look upon Canada as a foreign land, have seen as I saw the tear dimmed eyes of these grand people, when death closed the career of that good man, you would never again see the line—even an imaginary one—that separates us. I felt as never before that we are brothers in everything that goes to bind hearts together in loving affection. The days between the wounding and the hour when he passed away with "Thy will be done" upon his lips, were earnest days. Prayers were offered up in all churches that his life might be spared—and when the end came flags were put at half mast, and sorrow seemed as genuine as though he had been their own ruler. Had the Duke of Cornwall and York not already won my great admiration for his manly bearing, he would have won it the day of his reception at the Parliament Building, when, in reply to Mayor Parent's beautiful address of welcome, he closed with this kind tribute. "I take this, the first opportunity, to express in common with the whole civilized world, my intense horror at the detestable crime which has plunged into mourning the great friendly nation to the south of us, and deprived them of their great First Magistrate. The Duchess and I heartily join with you in sympathy towards a people with

whom we are connected by ties of kinship and esteem, and our hearts go out to the wife and family of the late distinguished and beloved President."

The words were kind but the beautiful manner and tone in which they were spoken were even more so.

Apropos of the Duke and Duchess,

They have come and gone, but the impression they made, not only upon their own subjects, but upon all with whom they came in contact, is one that will ever remain. The "airs" we are prone to accord to royalty was entirely lacking in these two charming people. They were kind even to simplicity, and left in every heart a love that cannot but bear fruit in all the years to come. Whether they remain Duke and Duchess or become King and Queen of England, they have made loving friends of all Canada.

As a souvenir of their visit I give here the

OFFICIAL PROGRAM.

of the festivities held in Quebec, in honor of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, Monday, Sept. 16th.

12 o'clock.—Arrival at the King's wharf of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, received in Quebec

by His Excellency, The Governor General, Lord Minto, and the R. H. Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The Royal visitors will immediately proceed to the Parliament Buildings, passing through Champlain street, Champlain market, St. Peter, Mountain Hill,. Du Fort, St. Louis, Grande Allée and Dufferin Avenue, where a Choir, composed of three thousand children, will sing "God Save the King," accompanied by Military Bands, as the Royal Visitors reach the Parliament Buildings.

12.30.—Address of Welcome, in the name of the Mayor anad citizens of Quebec, presented in the room of the Legislative Council to Their Royal Highnesses, answered by H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall.

1.30.—Departure from the Parliament Buildings, singing by the children's choir of the anthem "Chant National," with Bands' accompaniment, on the passage of Their Royal Highnesses on their way to the Citadel.

2 o'clock.—Lunch at the citadel with His Excellency the Governor General.

3.30.—Visit of Their Royal Highnesses to the Laval University. Presentation of address by the Clergy. University Degrees con-

ferred on H. R. H. The Duke of Cornwall and York.

7.30.—State dinner at the citadel.

9.30.—From the King's bastion, the Duke and the Duchess, accompanied by H. E. Lord Minto, the R. H. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Honorable S. N. Parent, and the guests invited at the dinner, will listen to the open air popular concert given on the Dufferin Terrace by one thousand singers and two hundred and fifty instrumentalists, under the joint direction of Bandmaster J. Vezina and Choir-master J. A. Paquet.

10 to 12 p.m..—Illumination of the City, of Beauport, L'Ange-Gardien, Island of Orleans and Levis, and grand pyrotechnic display on the Dufferin Terrace, and on board the Man-of-war on the river.

SEPTEMBER 17th.

11 o'clock.—Military Review on the Plains of Abraham.

1.30.—Lunch at Spencerwood, after which: "Garden Party." Thence Their Royal Highnesses will proceed to the Frigate *Ophir* where an official dinner will be given. During the evening will take place: A naval parade, a concert by one thousand singers and instrumentalists (on board of the steam-

ers), illumination of all the Men-of-war and Steamers in the port, and fireworks from every one of them.

SEPTEMBER 18th.

Departure of Their Royal Highnesses by the C. P. R., on their special train, for the inland cities of the Dominion.

The festive features of the programme were not carried out. This was out of respect to President McKinley's death. Beautiful sentiment to pay to the memory of the head of another nation !

FIREWORKS AS SEEN FROM THE TERRACE,

I have seen vast pyrotechnics, but never before have I seen a city so well adapted to such display as Quebec. How true: "Like a city set upon a hill, its light cannot be hid !" I never attempt a description if I can find one who can do it for me better. I am fortunate again. This time in finding in my old friend Silas Gregory, a man who, although 78 years old, still wields a facile pen. Mr. Gregory was in Quebec in 1855 when there was another demonstration of which he wrote. Of this present occasion he writes, comparing it with the other.

"Again the loyal citizens of Quebec displayed their loyalty, hospitality and exquisite taste in

decorating the Ancient Capital for royal guests —the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. But what a wonderful change had taken place within 46 years. The gas light illuminations of 1855; the war ships of wood, with sails and comparatively light armament, the turpentine hand grenades for firework display, etc., had been supplanted by electric lights for illuminations; monster engines of destruction floated as lightly upon the water as the old wooden vessels, whose place they had taken, and for pyrotechnic display the old grenade was dimmed by a thousand candle power modern light that fairly changed night into day. The Atlantic cable was then a dream in the mind of a Field while now the messages flash back and forth as a shuttle in the loom of time. These and a thousand other vast changes made it possible for a grander reception for the future King and Queen of Great Britain.

From the King's Bastion the Royal party witnessed an unparalleled scene. At a given signal huge bonfires blazed forth at various points on the Levis heights, and on those of the Isle of Orleans and Montmorency. The great ships of war lying in the harbor were brilliantly lighted with innumerable electric lights, the beautiful and unique Chateau Frontenac, was a blaze of brilliancy from 'Turret to foundation stone,'

while public buildings, convents, churches and many private dwellings shone out upon the night, making the old city a veritable bit of fairy land of splendor, witnessed by over one hundred thousand pleased spectators—crowding Dufferin Terrace, the roofs of houses and every available spot from which to catch a glimpse of the grand display—a scene ever to be remembered and recorded in the pages of the history of Canada."

What to me was even more pleasing than the feast of the eye, was the

Chorus of a thousand singers,

who, under the leadership of Joseph Vezina and J. A. Paquet, sang the National Airs of England and her provinces. This vast choir—many of the singers were well-trained children—was seated on a raised platform on the Terrace, and assisted by two hundred and fifty musicians, filled the night with a volume of sweet music I had seldom heard before, and had never heard, amid such surroundings! Oh, what a picture —weird—musical picture! A thousand well-trained voices ringing out far above the river, up and down and across which flitted hither and thither, ships lighted from deck to topmast, with ever and anon and in all directions, fire flying from ship and shore and Terrace. The blending

of sight and sound was most entrancing. Ah, the joy of that September night,—the scene will ever remain framed in memory.

The review of the troops of Canada, and the marines of His Majesty's ships in the harbor, by the Duke on the Plains of Abraham, was another enjoyable event. In a review where the manoeuvering is all good, it is hard to speak of what is best; but all agreed that the marching of the marines was something beyond good, it was marvellous. The whole line moved as one man, and that one man trained to the very highest of modern tactics. It was beautiful and inspiring.

The Duke confers honors

After the Review of the troops by His Royal Highness the Duke, honors were conferred and medals given. The first was conferred upon Colonel R. E. W. Turner, son of Hon Richard Turner, M.L.C. It was the Victoria Cross for Distinguished Service, in taking, in the face of great danger, during battle a number of guns, in the South African war. The Colonel was also presented a beautiful sword, given by the citizens of Quebec. After this presentation, the

Duke distributed medals of honor to a number of the soldiers who had fought in this war.

Following are those given titles by His Royal Highness. The recipients are from the various Provinces of Canada: Sir Louis A. Jetté, K.C.M.G.; Sir John Boyd, K.C.M.G.; Sir T. G. Shaughnessy, K.B.; Principal Peterson, C.M.G.; Principal Grant, C.M.G.; Rev. Mr. Mathieu, Rector of Laval University, C.M.G.; Mayor Howland, Toronto, C.M.G.; Major Maude, C.M.G.; Mr. Joseph Pope, C.M.G.

Scan this list well, and see the men who were honored. It shows the trend of the times. Mind and not warlike prowess has earned for them their titles. One hundred years ago, aye, less, it might have been writ of one mentally worthy of title, that;

> He hath no claim to honors!
> If he, by *proxy*, had but slain
> Ten thousand struggling fellows,
> Or by some deed of *tongue*,
> Sent hurtling down to death
> Vast herds of men.
> His back, long since, had felt,
> The weight of sword, so lightly touched
> That he must needs be told:
> "Rise, Sir Knight, from this time forth
> Thou art of nobler, and of better mold."

I told you how the Colonel begged of me to take that trip to

LAKE ST. JOHN, ROBERVAL AND SAGUENAY.

I now regard him my true friend. A more beautiful trip could not be found in any land, than this, and, like the Colonel, I say to you, take it, and if you're not as pleased as I, why draw on me for the cost of it. You must take it, though, in my same "happy go lucky" way of seeing things, and not sit round and "knit" while everybody else is having a good time, then write me that you had no fun.

Yes, I took his advice, which means that I took the trip.

I left Quebec one afternoon over the Quebec and Lake St. John Railroad, passed through Charlesbourg, where, you remember, the Colonel lost me the afternoon he took me to see Chateau Bigot, on through "Indian Lorette" with its "pretty Indian Princesses," called out to "Poo Bah" Ross at the station as I passed, and on to St. Gabriel station, where, if you have the

time you must stop off and spend a day wandering up and down

The Jacques Cartier River

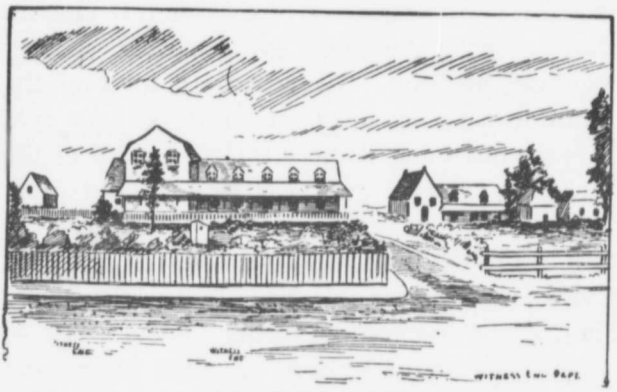
named for the discoverer of Canada. If you are a salmon fisher you may spend a week of most delightful pleasure. If you are a lover of the beautiful in nature here you can feast your eyes on most charming scenery, as the waters of the river run through and over and around great rocks, as they go seething and foaming on to the lake below the bridge that crosses at a height of 60 feet. Far up this river is a wild wooded country, the home of the trout.

At St. Catherine station, six miles further on, I got off the train and was driven a short distance to the Lake View House, on

Lake St. Joseph

This is the lake where is held the annual regatta of several of the Quebec boat clubs, and is a beautiful sheet of water five to seven miles in length. The length is governed by the particular one of whom you make the inquiry. But whether five or seven miles long, it is all the same to me, as I got 14 miles of enjoyment out of my stay with the Whites, who keep the Lake View House, a picture of which I took with my new Camera. It was my first effort, and if not

good you must blame it on the camera, for I know I aimed it right at the house and squeezed the bulb until it snapped. This is a great family resort, not only for Quebeckers, but



LAKE VIEW HOUSE.

Had to "cut" it after all—*fault of the camera, I assure you.*

many from the United States have sought it out for its fishing, sailing and rowing. Among others I met here the two Scotts, Mr. Eben Greenough Scott, the well known Pennsylvania railroad lawyer and trout fisher, and Mr. J. .G. Scott, General Manager of the Quebec and Lake St. John railroad, who is also General Manager of the Great Northern Railway of Canada, one of the most able railroad men in all the Dominion. The steamer "Arizona" being out of commission when I left, Ed. Govro, an all round good fellow, from Chaumont, New York State, rowed

me over to the Lake St. Joseph station, two miles across the lake. Ed. said that the trout fishing in St. Joseph was most excellent, and Ed.'s a sportsman of the sort that knows.

Autumn Leaves

It was just after leaving the St. Joseph station that morning, when I began noticing the leaf coloring of the maple trees. No wonder Canada chose as her emblem the "Maple Leaf." A more beautiful emblem could not have been conceived! The frost had begun its work, and the thousand tints of red, up to crimson, covered all the mountains in every direction. I had never before seen such forest tinting as I saw that morning! I was one day looking at a painting in which autumn leaves were predominent. I asked the artist why he colored his leaves so red. "Wait, wait," he said, "until you have seen our maples turn, when frost touches them. You will see that I have been modest in my coloring. I do not dare paint them up to nature. No one who has not seen our autumn leaves, would believe the gorgeousness of their reds, Wait until you see!" I saw them that morning as the train sped along, and then I fully realized what the artist had told me. His colors were very bright, and yet he had been modest as compared with those moun-

tains of red, these gigantic paintings not made with hands. They were not modest, they were simply natural. Further north, as the land rose up to, and beyond, a thousand feet, the red turned to yellow, the maple to the birch tree. I love them both, for both are beautiful.

St. Raymond

is twelve miles further up the railroad. It is known as the Swiss village, from the fact that people have been in the habit of comparing everything wildly beautiful to Switzerland ; but the time is near when the scenes along this railroad will not be compared with those of any land, but will be known for their own particular beauty. A few miles back from St. Raymond is the club house of one of the oldest, most popular and most select game and fish clubs in Lower Canada—the 'Tourilli,' of which Commadore J. U. Gregory is and has been President since its birth.

Rivere a Pierre

is the junction of the Great Northern Railway of Canada, a road that is destined to play a great part in the new Quebec—a city of vast proportions, whose dawn I see. After leaving Riviere a Pierre the road runs into a great fish and game country. Many clubs have their

houses in it and not for from the railroad. The Triton Club has its own pretty station, and can reach the club house through winding lakes a few miles away. President Roosevelt and Ex-President Cleveland are honorary members of

THE TRITON CLUB HOUSE.

the Triton, whose limits cover about 500 square miles of lakes, rivers and mountains. The Laurentides, and the Stadacona Clubs are also in this country, traversed by the Batiscan river, where in places the mountain cliffs reach down

to the very water's edge. I tried to "take" one of these scenes, but my photographer tells me that I failed—I feared as much as it was so very "wild," and the train was going so fast at the time.

Apropos of the Stadacona Club. It was the first one located in this section. Its membership is confined to the small number of fifteen. W. H. Swift and Preston Lea, of Wilmington, Delaware, are of the number. To the Stadacona belongs another "Yankee in Quebec," Captain Edson Fitch, who, however, may have lost that title from a residence of thirty-three years. The Captain was originally from Glens Falls, New York, from which place he enlisted in the War of the Rebellion, and after several years of army life, he came to Quebec, and has been most successful in mills and timber. The Captain is also a member of the Orleans and of the Lake Au Lard game and fishing clubs, besides having a private hunting and fishing limit, with a beautiful camp, on Lac Long, a few miles distant from Stadacona,—See this picture of his camp. I could not but note the strange lake formation of this locality. You see Lac Long in the foreground, look to the right and far above is a rock formation—almost like the Palisaides of the Hudson,—at the foot of which, ten minutes walk up hill all the way, is another lake, thus, though

See Frontispiece.

the two are quite near together, yet there is a difference in levels of possibly 100 feet.

Ah, here we are, 113 miles from Quebec.

LAKE EDWARD.

No wonder C. B. Wells, of Honolulu, after travelling 6,000 miles to see and fish in this lake, said he had been well repaid for coming. "Six thousand miles for a six-pound trout!" said he, "Ah me, it's worth it!"

I didn't intend to step off, but when R. Rowley, owner of the Laurentide House, got hold of my grip and said he knew different, I concluded that he was right, and now in my calmer moments I fairly "bubble over" with joy in thinking how *very* right he was, for not to have stopped at Lake Edward would have been one of the mistakes of my life. I hardly know how to begin telling you of the pleasure of those days from Thursday until Monday. Now just follow me, and if you can discern the full meaning of joy in words you will know how much of real pleasure I had, What a small world is this, anyhow! The first man I met at the hotel was R. R. McCormick, of Florida, who spends his summers at Lake Edward. In a conversation he asked my native home. "Springfield, Ohio," said I. "How odd," said

he, "that was once my home too." He knew my people, and we were soon old friends. The world is small indeed.

STRANGE THINGS OCCUR

and oft follow in quick succession. I ate dinner at the hotel that Thursday with a Mr. L. Humbert, of Belgium, who had stopped off with his manager, F. N. Ritchie, on their way to Lake Kiskisink—the next station—and on Monday he was again at the hotel wounded. It was an accident—he had forgotten the hunter's rule—"Never carry a loaded gun on your shoulder with muzzle pointing forward." He slipped, the gun was discharged and the ball went through his knee. It was far away—thirty or more miles away—and Lake Edward the nearest station. Mr. Ritchie, who was with him, did all that mortal man could do. Thirty miles through a trackless forest with six lakes to cross. He set men to cutting portages, and others to carry the wounded man in a boat on their shoulders, while he came with still others to Lake Edward, where he telegraphed for a surgeon and a special train—money was no object as the dying man was a millionnaire; but no money could save him. The portage cutters and carriers after working—(as only these wiry Canadian guides can work)—for nearly

twenty-four hours, reached the station in an exhausted state, for they had gone the whole time with almost nothing to eat. A more thrilling experience of the woods I've never come in contact with. Robert and George Rowley gave their lake steamer, their guides and did all in their power to aid in every way, but help came too late, as he died before the train reached Riviere à Pierre, on its way to Quebec.

BOB SENDS RUBE MOOSE HUNTING.

"I will give you two of my best guides," said Bob Rowley, on Friday morning, and if he has two better than Philip, the Frenchman, and George, the Indian, they are indeed good. It was a new experience to me, this sitting on the bottom of a canoe with two guides at either end with their single paddles, propelling the canoe through the water at a horse trot swiftness. I wanted to sit on that cross-piece. I thought it would be more comfortable. Philip said I might do so if I was a good swimmer, but when I looked over to the shore, a half mile away, I concluded that the bottom of the canoe was far preferable to the bottom of the lake, so I sat still.

Say, do you know anything about guides? If they find you can't shoot, well, you hold a small place in their estimation and for your own

comfort you had better practice shooting several days before going out to hunt moose and caribou.

RUBE RESORTS TO STRATAGEM

Now I didn't have any kind friend to tell me this like you have, in time to save my reputation. No, here I sat on the bottom of that canoe feeling at peace with all the world, and hoping that no animal larger than a chipmunk would show its head, when these guides sighted one of Rowley's many camps, and Philip said "There's where you try the rifle!"

"What's that for?" I asked. "The gun is all right, see, there isn't a thing the matter with the gun; why, it's new. I don't see what you want to try it for." Say—wasn't I getting scared! If those guides only knew that I hadn't even shot off a gun for many years and then some more years, they might let me sit on that cross-piece and take my chance. No I'll not try the gun—that is, I *thought* I'd not try the gun, but those guides paddled over to that camp, got out of the canoe and put a half dozen cartridges into the magazine, then looking around for something to shoot at, when Philip's eye caught sight of a rock about two hundred yards out in the lake, and said, handing me the gun, "There, shoot at that rock and we can tell

how the gun works." The gun I knew was all right. I wasn't worrying about the gun, but about that rock. I knew if I didn't hit that rock I'd hit the water, sure, and if I hit the water too often we wouldn't go hunting for moose and caribou ; and I did want to hunt moose and caribou, merely to see what sort of birds or beasts they were. "Shoot and we'll watch the rock."

"Yes, boys, keep your eye on that rock and watch me hit it."

Bang—"Good shot," said Phil—"I saw the shot strike." Bang—"Hit it again !" Bang—"A third time, why, man you're a great shot !" And I emptied the magazine without a single miss—according to Philip's count. "Why, that's wonderful. It was never done before—now let the moose and the caribou show their heads !" and into the canoe we got, I sitting on the bottom. Philip talked in French to the Indian, and the Indian looked at me most approvingly as he paddled away, singing an Indian hunting song. So Philip told me afterward.

Say, good friends, if ever you go to Lake Edward don't invest in that island which stands a half mile away and in range with my rock just because you find a lot of lead in it. No, don't do it, I claim a prior right to that lead

—I had it first. I was thus saved by an old trick I had read of long years ago.

This shooting ground is not far from the Press Club house, which we pass on the way down Lake Edward—Ah the fish stories this old house might tell ! See the picture I had Kennedy take at this point. See the shadow effect in the lake and read further on where I show you a "pencil" drawing of one where a whole lake (Boquet) and not a part is taken, showing this shadow effect encircling it.

The Press club has a history of its own. It was originally The Fin and Feather Club, made famous by Farnham, in his letters to the Harper's Magazine. Kit Clarke was then in his palmy days. Kit is famous for his "Where the Trout Hide."

President Chester A. Arthur

was a member of The Fin and Feather. Adirondacks Murray had a private camp not far awav in the bay.

A Portage

is the path between two lakes. It is often so crossed with fallen trees that you may step from one to another, or you may in places stoop under a log, and yet these guides will carry, one the canoe and the other the provision, tents, tent stove, and bedding, and you must be a good

walker to keep up with them, and when you reach the next lake, just try to pick up one of their loads and you will then get a faint conception of the strength of one of these men, or again, you may come to a place where the water is shallow and a guide may have to carry you out. Get on his back and you will feel that it's not a man, but a horse, that you are riding. I will here explain why *I* rode. You may or may not know that French measures are not always the same as ours. Our acre is 43,560 square feet, the French arpent—acre—is but 36,000. Some of the other measures are also different, but I never knew that there was so great a difference in the *feet* until I tried to get on a large pair of Rowley's hunting boots—that's why I rode, I didn't want to get my thin shoes wet.

Lake Bouquet

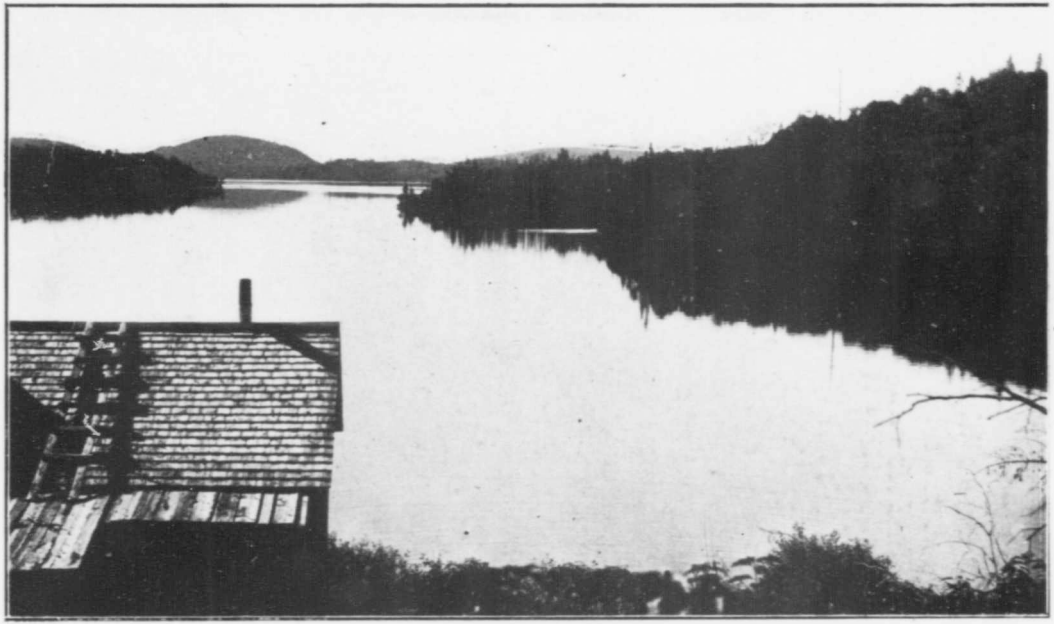
We reached a camp on Lake Bouquet at noon, where we stopped for dinner and then pushed on over portage and lake through Lakes Eugene, Algonquin, St. Stanislas, to Ecarte, on the further bank of which we camped for the night.

A Shadow Picture

All day long had we floated on through beauty of which I had never dreamed. To look

upon those mountain-bordered lakes, with the foliage of the forest changed by the early frosts into a thousand shades of yellow, with the green of the spruce and the balsam shooting up like giant ferns in a vast bouquet, was a picture the like of which I had never looked upon. Oh such a picture ! Would that I might feebly paint it for you ! Watch while I draw the outline, as that is all my power of pencil can do. The lake is still, not the slightest breath of air moves its surface. It is like a mirror. You ask the guides to stop while you look upon the scene around you. The mountains rise and hold the lake as in a cup. No axe has ever touched a tree of the border, and nowhere in all the circle can you see a spot uncovered. A stillness of which you had never before had a conception is around and about everywhere. Is that a pretty picture ? Ah me—it is crude—look—look now into the miles of shadow that circle the lake border, and you see in this vast circle a painting so smooth and perfect with all the colors of the other so softened that you feel some giant artist had run his finishing brush over the whole, intensifying the beauty, and blotting out the crude.

I didn't want to hunt—I didn't want to fish—I only wanted to look, for never in my life



SHADOW PICTURE NEAR PRESS CLUB HOUSE ON LAKE EDWARD

before, had I seen in nature so much that was pleasing.

Camped on Lake Ecarte

The tents were put up and supper was made ready, and for once in a long while I was hungry. You who know not what it is to enjoy being hungry, run off to some Canadian lake country, portage and float along a whole day as I had done and good crisp bacon will taste far sweeter than the tempting relishes of a Waldorf chef. The night was a perfect one. The moon was full and shone upon the lake. As we sat and talked and watched the moon and the stars, I remembered having heard that the guide always knows the points of the compass. "Philip," I asked, "where is north?" "There!" and he pointed far west of that course. "You are wrong, *that* is north." Then I showed him how, by the "Dipper," he could always find the North Star. He was more willing to learn than was

The old Connecticut farmer

I once tried to teach direction. "Where is north?" I asked him.

"Thar!" and he pointed even farther west than Philip had done.

"No, you are wrong, *that* is north. See, that is the North Star," said I pointing.

"Cain't help it, stranger, cain't help it; that has been narth for nigh onto sixty yere, an' I ain't er gwien ter change her now, stairs or no stairs!"

The Indian cut spruce twigs and spread them over the tent "floor" and placed my blankets down. "Ah" thought I "what a soft bed I will have to-night"; but instead I could have been lifted up next morning without bending. *I* was soft, not the bed, and every "knob" on the ground had found a particular soft spot. Reminded me of the night

Bill Bare and I watched our peach orchard

with a shot gun—not to hurt but to scare. We slept on the ground, The peaches had been safer had we slept at home, as the first peach poachers who got into the orchard were some wheat threshers starting early to do old man Rocknell's threshing. They fooled around so long among the green peach trees that Bill and I felt sorry for them and went and took them to the "good tree." Poor Bill is dead now. He stole a horse, was sent to the penitentiary, served his time, came back home, lived it down, and died one of the most respected in the county. Others of us were sent away to col-

lege, became lawyers, doctors, book writers, etc., and 'tis hard to tell where we will end. Mayhap we'll go home, too, and live it down, who knows !

Mrs. Rogers' rushes

How little in after life it takes to remind us of "when we were boys," Lakes Eugene and Algonquin are connected by a thread of a stream. While passing through this stream I could reach out from the canoe and pull from the water a peculiar rough rush. I had not seen it before since I was a little boy, when old Mrs. Rogers, who lived up in the "Swamp," used to come down early in the morning with "her Ben" with ten cents worth of these rushes, and after getting the money would proceed to spend the day. I used to think she was a fine old lady, because she always said I'd be a great man, as I was born on the same day with "her Ben." The good things we hear in childhood seldom materialize! Ben always said he "didn't have no chanct." Ben was a thorough investigator even though he'd never go to school. He always wanted to find out what was "there." One day while we were building the "new house," Ben and his "Ma" came down with their dime of rushes and spent the day. After he had examined everything else Ben thought

he'd like to find out what was in the cellar of the new house. So he opened the door and went down. He went down quicker than if he had only waited until the cellar stairs had been put in. He told me in after years that he had never been more surprised in his life than he was the day he wanted to see what we had in the new cellar.

It was an early breakfast we took next morning, as Philip said we'd soon be in

THE GREAT MOOSE COUNTRY

Philip was in a hurry. I wasn't—*I* hadn't anything against the moose, poor beast or bird! Why should I want to hurt the animal? No, I was in no hurry; but as I still sat on the bottom of the canoe, I had to go as fast as Philip and George chose to paddle. We soon came to the short portage across which we passed, and then a short row across a little lake too small for a name, and here we stopped and left the boat. "My eyes!" said Philip, "See these tracks!" and sure enough the bank showed where a herd, or flock or bevy—or whatever you may apply to moose and caribou—had come down to drink. Tracks enough for a herd of cattle. "Moose plenty!" said the Indian, as we started on the trail, he leading. It was the first time I had ever hunted *after* an

Indian; but George was safe, unless I aimed at something else. The tracks led us across or along a two mile portage, to a lake whose name translated meant "Toad," There Philip said we'd stop for the day and watch for moose and caribou. Far in the afternoon I got very tired being still—I wanted to go into the woods and hunt, like I would for squirrels; but Philip said, "No, we must wait here."

Poetry saves the life of a Moose,

I got more tired. When I get very tired waiting for moose and caribou I always go off and sit on a log and write poetry. That's what I did on Toad Lake or Lake Toad, I forget which, Philip called it. Yes, I was getting on well, had gotten four lines nearly finished and would have had them quite so, but for the "mountains" and the "fountains," which were too long, so I had to cut off one end of each and let it run like this.

They sing of the lakes in the land of the Swiss,
Where the waters are kissing the feet of the mounts,
But give me the lakes of the land of the maple,
Where the waters flow free from a thousand pure founts.
'Tis the land—

"Come quick!" yelled Philip.

"Moose, moose!" called the Indian. It took me as long as possible to get there, when I boldly grasped the gun and asked, "Where? Where? Show me the moose!"

"Too late, he's gone. See that brush over there? he ran back into the woods at that point —ah, if you'd only been here, you, who shoot so well, could have gotten him."

"Yes, yes, Philip, it's too bad—we'd had moose wing for supper sure." Of course I'd have killed him on the spot, as the "spot" was only three hundred yards away. Yes, indeed. Nothing but the poetry ever saved that moose! Who says poetry is not useful? These few lines saved the life of an innocent animal, (as *Philip* thought)—or my reputation as a marksman—(as I knew) and loss of it—as a poet. What matter, it doesn't count in the woods! I was bound to finish that poetry, moose or no moose, so I sat down with the gun and Philip, and went hunting for the ends of the lost "mountains" and "fountains," and found them, but somehow got the *metre* broken long toward the end, and no plumber within forty miles, so I had to let it go at that. Go back and pick up the *lines* where I left them, if you care to *drive* through with me.

where the Autumn encrimsons all nature,

A thousand bright hues bedecking its mountains,
Where the trout and the bass sport all the day long,
As they bask in the sun at the lake's cooling fountains.
'Tis the land where the sportsman a paradise finds,
Where the moose and the caribou lazily dwell,
But to *find* them the huntsman must rare patience possess,
And to *get* them must have—ah, the aim of a Tell.

I find in my note book that I called this "poetry on a log," but there's no mention of a "log" in a single line. I must have meant—really I forget what I did mean—one gets so much in one's note book while hunting for moose and caribou!

The Indian, whom we had missed for an hour or two, came in with a glowing report of the tracks he had found, on the other side of the lake. We all went over and looked at the tracks. The Indian was right. There were tracks of three big moose, very recent tracks, but I saw no moose, fortunately. We came back in the evening to our camp on Lake Ecarte. I was like Senator Proctor, "Oh, so happy," but for different reasons—he because he had gotten a moose, and I, because I hadn't.

I didn't want any moose. It would have been an extra load for those faithful guides. They told me that moose steak was good, but I preferred bacon, as I didn't have to kill it, and we had it already.

I don't like to kill. I have read Seton Thompson's "Animals I've met," and I have a soft place in my heart for the poor things. He wrote on "Animals I've met," I could write on

Animals I've *not* met

and could tell you almost as much about them as he did. For instance take the Caribou.

The Car-i-bou is an animal of the her-biv-er-ous family. It has four legs, and has two horns most of the year. It is found in the woods of Can-a-da,—providing you can hunt better than I. It is a pre-ca-rious animal. The Car-i-bou is also of the will-o'-the-wisp species. It is a bovine that has either been there the day before or the day after you were, and if you want to see it real bad go to some well regulated zoological garden of a pleasant Saturday afternoon when the public is admitted free, or drop into the Queen's Hotel, in Montreal, when game's in season.

I trust that my well planned excuses for lack of success will be accepted, for I assure you they are well meant—but real quietly—it *was* a bit

embarrassing to go back to the hotel with nothing, when nearly every hunter before me had come in with two caribou or moose, or like that Stewart from England who got all the law would allow him of both; and, too, my New Jersey neighbor, Ernst G. Asmus, who came in with two caribou the very day I reached Lake Edward.

Rube catches an Indian,

I did a bit of fly fishing on our way back. I watched Philip "cast the fly," and pull in the "wily trout." How easy it looked—almost like "cracking" a whip. I tried it, but not for long. The only thing I caught was the Indian's ear. He didn't say a single word that I could understand, but he did do more talking in a few minutes than I had heard him on the whole trip. I had often heard of the "silent Indian," but the people who had written about him hadn't *my* Indian in mind when they wrote.

RUBE HEARS OF THE LADY OF THE TERRACE.

When we had gotten back to the beautiful Lake Bouquet and while passing along near to the further portage—Philip stopped and said: "There's where I ducked the Kid."

"Who's the Kid?" I asked.

"What, didn't Bob tell you about him? I thought everybody knew of the Kid. Why, he was here nearly a month—only went away last week. He was with an old gentleman and his daughter. The old man liked him but the lady hated him, and would give us extra "tips" if we could keep him away from her. We tried every way we could think of, but he *would* follow. One day a party came to this lake from the hotel. The lady was of the number. They had gotten away from the Kid, but he followed. During the afternoon he was with me in my canoe. I saw a look in the lady's face that said, "Philip, a big tip"—but the Kid shared it with me—I asked him to stand up, and as he did so, I gave the canoe an 'accidental,' and he went over. He could swim but little, and might have drowned had I not called to him to stand up and wade out, which he did, as the water was only up to his chin. The tip I got for this was the largest she ever gave me, and I do think it would have been double had the Kid staid under."

I grew interested—"What was the name of the fellow you call the Kid ?" "The father called him Clarence, but the lady called him 'It.'"

Ah me, here were my people of the Terrace again, all but John—where was John ?

I asked Rowley where this family and "It" had gone, but he said he didn't know. How often had I thought of them since that day I first saw them on the Terrace! 'Tis ever thus in life, meet and lose—meet and lose.

Fish Truths.

We have heard so long of "Fish Stories" that to run across a "Fish Truth" is refreshing, for its very uniqueness. "What is a Fish Truth?" I pardon your asking. I didn't know myself until R. Rowley told me. It's this, a man may tell of catching a trout as large as a whale—no limit to the size he may *tell* about, but no fisherman dare draw the size of his fish and mark on the drawing the weight of it as other than absolutely correct to the ounce. Whenever you see on a camp wall or hotel wall a paper or birch bark fish, with a weight marked on it, you can wager that it is no "fish story." All about Rowley's hotel office at Lake Edward you may see many of these "Truths"—my adopted State leads off with that well known trout fisher, W. Shaw, of New Jersey, with a 6 pound trout; E. F. Kuhen, New York, 5¾; J. C. Rowley, Boston, 5½; C. J. Ranney, Ohio, 5¼; Wm. Barnette, N.Y., 5. These are but a few. This section of country is becoming more famous each year. One sportsman tells another,

and when once known nothing can induce the pleased fisherman to go elsewhere. Somehow Bob Rowley knows just how to please the sportsman, and with his 400 miles of hunting and fishing grounds, with 40 lakes, has a limit that is almost limitless. How I wished for time, I could have stayed at Lake Edward, and kept on staying, the place is so interesting.

Rube leaves the lake—as he can't take it with him,

After leaving this charming resort, I went on up or down, or, rather, both, for north of Lake Edward thirteen miles the limit of the "up" is reached at a height of 1,500 feet, then its "down" to Lake St. John.

All the way along the railroad there is a chain of lakes. I never saw a country so full of them, and all are beautifully clear and full of fish. It is the coming Paradise of the trout fisher. I might say *is*, for fishing clubs line the whole distance. At

Lake Kiskisink,

the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club have their Club House. It is made up of many wealthy New Englanders. When one sees the names of so many well known Americans one can hardly feel that one is so far from home. B. W. Kellogg, Waterbury, Conn.; Amos R.

OUIATCHOUAN FALLS NFAR ROBERVAL

Little, Director Pennsylvania Railroad ; E. S. Brewer, and D. N. Coats, Springfield, Mass., and many others from the States are prominent in club life in this country.

To me the most beautiful of all these chain of lakes on the "down" section of the road is

Lake Bouquette,

160 miles from Quebec. It is long and winding, and beautifully clear. It is to the station of the same name, at which the Nonantum Club, of New Haven, Conn., come and go to reach their club house back in the interior. From this lake flows the Ouiatchouan river, and near Lake St. John, into which the river empties, are seen the falls of he same name. They pour over a height of 236 feet, and while the fall is not sheer down, it is far more beautiful from the many breaks, which cut the water into foaming spray. The volume of water too is great. It is utilized by a large pulp mill, which industry is becoming a vast one, as this is the great spruce wood country.

ROBERVAL.

Is the northern terminus of the railroad. I was surprised to find here a little city, with many of the modern conveniences of a city ; electric lights, waterworks, etc. I am fast losing the im-

pression that this great northern country is "up where the seals play." Now, many of you will be surprised when I ask you to get down that old school atlas and look it over. There, now, I knew you wouldn't have believed that the whole of England was further north than Lake St. John ! Look now at St. Petersburg, Russia. See? its on latitude 60—keep on, turn back to North America again and—"No, you would not have believed that 60 runs nearly through the centre of Hudson's Bay?" I knew you wouldn't. I didn't myself. Why, all up through this lake country you see farming going on as you will in many of the old settled States.

When once a railroad is built on beyond Roberval, through to James Bay, there will be developed a country that is full to overflowing with vast wealth in mineral and timber, while the land is well adapted to raising fruits, vegetables, and many of the small grains, and for pasturage, it will in the near future become a great sheep grazing section.

"Cold ?" Now you think just as I did. Why, on Oct. 3rd, in 1897, Major O'Sullivan bathed in James Bay, and said it was no colder than he had known it in midsummer in the Saguenay river. This can be relied upon, for I know the Major. If once a railroad reaches this bay

there are tributary to it 4,000 miles of the coast line of Hudson's Bay, from which could be drawn freights enough for a double track road to Quebec.

There is at Roberval a good hotel, from which steamers run across the lake to the Grand Discharge—where the waters of this vast inland sea become the Saguenay river, of which more later on.

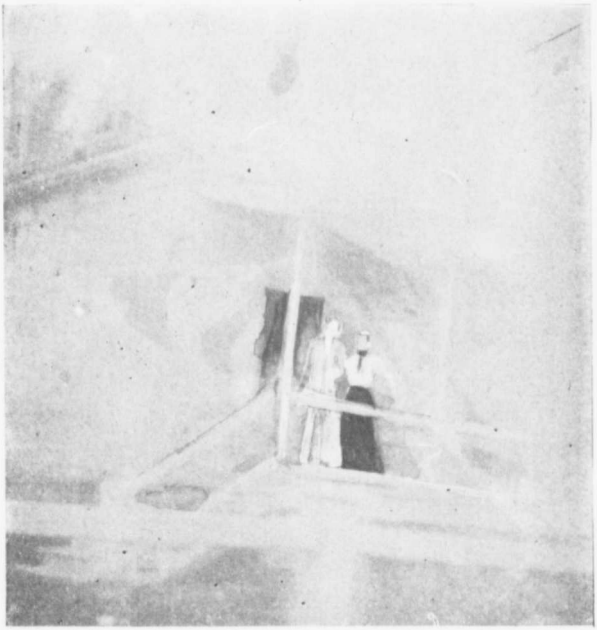
One might well spend a summer here with Roberval as the centre. In all directions there are points to visit well worthy the most blasé traveller. It would be something new, and that is what the old traveller is ever looking for. He has seen Europe until he knows every point of interest on the Continent, and has grown tired of looking at it. Many of you have never heard of Lake St. John. You may know every lake in Switzerland; but here is one you have never heard of and yet it is 500 square miles in extent, with great rivers running into it from north, west and south, whose combined length would extend more than one-third the distance across the Continent.

Lake St. John is the home of the Ouananiche fish, which E. T. D. Chambers has made famous in his great work, "The Ouinaniche," published by Harpers—a book that every angler should have in his library. There is possibly no other

fish that will equal it as a fighter. The sport is intensely exciting.

Montagnais Indians.

Near Roberval are the remnants of the Mountaineers, a tribe known as the Montagnais Indians. They hunt during the winter and rest during the summer, or act as guides. My, Indian, George, at Lake Edward, is of this tribe. They can sing fairly well—If you should be wise and stop off on your way to Roberval, at Lake Edward, ask Rowley to let you have Philip and George as guides, and when you get out on one of those grand lakes ask George to sing "God Save the King," in Montagnais language, You will enjoy it—George has a good day voice, but oh the one he uses at night! Take my advice again, and see that his tent is not in "Snoring" distance, that is if you are in need of sleep yourself. I had always heard, "how lightly sleeps the Indian." It may be poetically true, but George is anything but poetical when it comes to night work, why, I couldn't wake him with a gun. I awoke the echoes and scared off any moose that might have been within seven miles, but George slept peacefully on—yes—get George to sing—by day.



RUBE "TAKES" A BRIDE AND ALMOST "TAKES" A GROOM,
AT ROBERVAL

RUBE DOES SOME PHOTOGRAPHING.

At Roberval I spent one day taking photographs of the hotels, lake—falls, street scenes, odd vehicles, stores, churches, people, in fact I must have taken them all. J. A. Roy, the carpenter, jeweller, and photographer, was very kind to me. Every time my camera had been all "shot" away, he would "load" it up for me in his "dark room." Roy and I got real well acquainted. I wasn't going to stay long in town so I called often. He didn't give me much encouragement though about results, as he said photographs taken in the pouring rain weren't always the best; but I held the umbrella over the camera so that it wouldn't get wet and kept on "shooting," I always try to be obliging and when Otis and some others of the storekeepers would come out and ask me if I would please "take" their stores, I'd take it, and go on to some other object. Why, really I do think I could have had all Roberval—if my "plates" had held out. But to think that after all my work, Beaudry, the "developer," says there was only one good picture out of the whole lot. I'm bound, though, not to lose that *one*, so there it is. "What is it?" now really you must excuse me. Oh, yes, I have it now—I see by the marked number that it is the bride and groom

from Quebec, standing on the porch of a little hotel—just see the expression of contentment on their faces ! They don't even know it's raining.

C. S. COOK SHOOTS THE RAPIDS.

I met that world traveller, and good fellow-to-know—Cook—C. S. Cook, of Boston. He wanted me to "shoot" the rapids with him from the Grand Discharge, Lake St. John, to Chicoutimi, but I told him my success in "shooting" at Lake Edward, and that I was afraid a "miss" in the rapids shooting would be more serious than the other sort, so I let him go it alone, and met him on the boat next day at Chicoutimi. (Where the Saguenay branch of the Quebec and Lake St. John railroad ends, and the river trip begins). He had much of the "thrilling" to tell about. Sixty miles in a canoe, where in places you go faster than a horse can run! I do love to go fast, but I don't want much water of the seething and foaming kind around, when I am going fast. I was afraid that I'd miss connections at Chicoutimi, for the trip

DOWN THE SAGUENAY,

and to have missed that, with all the surpassing, indescribable beauty of the weird, picturesque river,

VIEW NEAR THE GRAND DISCHARGE, LAKE ST. JOHN

would have been to miss in every way the most delightful one I have ever had—and I've been going, going, all these years, since I left the old farm in Ohio.—Is the Hudson river beautiful? It's a "crick" in comparison! Are its Palisades grand in your eyes? They are little nursery blocks set up on one side of the "crick!" I won't attempt to tell you of the Saguenay. My power of description reaches only up to the "grand"—the Saguenay goes so far beyond, that I can only say: "See it for yourself." Go, if you have to borrow the money. Your creditor will forgive you the debt when he learns to what use you put it—especially so if he has seen the Saguenay himself. W. H. H. Murray says of it:

"It is a monstrous cleft opened by earthquake violence for sixty miles, through a landscape of mountains formed of primeval rock.

"In old times a shock which shook the world burst the Laurentian range asunder at its St. lawrence line, where Tadousac now is, and opened up a chasm two miles across, two thousand feet in depth, and sixty miles in length straight westward, Thus the Saguenay was born."

The beauty of one's surroundings is ever enhanced by good company. I have never had the pleasure of better than the genial spirits who

made the hours fly along as we passed down the river.

And these were those "Genial Spirits": Mr. Edward C. Thurnau, of Chicago, and his accomplished wife, Mrs. Annie Louise Thurnau, cousin of Secretary of State John Hay. The Boston contingent were: C. S. Cook, Dr. J. S. Phelps, Dr. D. D. Brough and that all round newspaper man, W. C. Grout, of the Boston "Herald," and Henry T. Oesau, of Bridgeport, Conn. There were also on board that prince of good fellows, E. B. Harris, of the Q. and Lake St. John railroad; in charge of the International Ticket Agents' Association, to whom he was showing the beauties of Canada. There were fifty in his party, and if I might judge, The International Ticket Agents' Association will carry back an impression of the aforesaid beauties, that will send many a searcher after real pleasure in travel, to the land of the Maple Leaf.

What, though, was my surprise and pleasure, in seeing on board, "The Lady of the Terrace." Her face shone as though no rain had ever fallen "into her life," and that instead it had been one of all joy. The father, too, was there, and John and "It," but "It" was alone during the whole way, for even the father took no notice of him, all his attentions were paid to John, How I wished to know their history! From the first

day I had seen them on the Terrace, their lives had been to me one of rare interest—but I had no means of knowing—will I ever know? Who can tell !"

It was a rainy day, what matter—the carriages at the various landings were covered, and we "saw the town,"—Captain George Riverim always giving us ample warnings with the boat whistle. (Captain Riverim is a favorite with the ladies. I can give no higher compliment.)

At Tadousac the Saguenay enters the St. Lawrence. Here we drove in the pouring rain to the government salmon hatchery, went into the little old Indian church built in 1750, on the site of which once stood the bark covered hut used in 1639 as a place of worship—making it one of the earliest churches if not the first on the St. Lawrence. We visited the Indian boot and moccasin makers, and in fact found in our short stay about every place of interest in the town. My—the things you can see if you have a fast horse !—and most Canadian horses are fast—if the "tip" be sizable.

We pass to the south side of the river before reaching Tadousac, two great mountains of rock.

We had all seen pictures of and read about

TRINITY AND ETERNITY,

but for myself I had never conceived what these

capes, as they are called, were, and I don't know that I can tell you, so that you can understand what these awful (that's the word) rocks are. Some day when you are in New York City, going down past those "Sky Scrapers" on Broadway, stop in front of one of them, the one there near the Post-Office,—call it 300 feet high —does it look big to you? Well, just imagine you saw a building extending from Bowling Green right up town nearly a mile, then imagine some more, this time that you had piled six of those 300 feet high buildings one on top of the other and you have "Trinity," and the next one you come to on the way down a mile away across a sort of little bay, on the same side of the river is "Eternity" "Trinity is so called from the three distinct gigantic rock steps that form one side of it.

There's another illustration that much impresses one. As you pass this all but perpendicular wall the boat moves in, as you think almost against the rocky side. The Captain, who is a jolly soul, has in readiness a bucket full of stones. "Now see who can hit the wall!" "Hit it!" why of course, and you take a pebble from the bucket and merely flip it out like you would shoot a marble. As the stone drops just outside the boat you toss one, then you jerk one, then you throw it a little, and perhaps

finally nearly throw your shoulder out of joint, as I did, and then quit trying to hit what doesn't seem across the street distance. Dr. Brough was the only one who touched it, but the Doctor hasn't been long from the Princeton "team," Again, if the Saguenay were empty these piles would be more than twice as high, for the water is two thousand feet deep. Oh, I tell you this Saguenay goes clear beyond a description that will convey to the mind of one who has not seen it, for there is nothing in the world with which to compare it. You have to see it to appreciate it—words of the writer are of little help.

At Riviere de Loup a number of people came on board who had been spending the summer at St. Lawrence Hall,

CACOUNA,

five miles down the River, called on account of its beautiful situation and fashion, the Newport of the St. Lawrence, one of the most charming resorts of Canada. There is found everything that goes to make up an ideal summer's pleasure, boating, fishing, tennis, golf—all of them. It is becoming the great resort for Americans, who are each year learning more of this wonderful country.

At Murray Bay, another resort of fashion,

more people came on board. The season was over and they were returning home. Among the number was one of our own great men, Justice of the Supreme Court Judge Harlan, and his family. The Judge spends his summers at Murray Bay, where he is shortly to build a magnificent cottage.

Miss Lee, daughter of that noble old general, Robert E. Lee, also came on board. Mrs. Thurnau and she soon found that they had

mutual friends and our little party was added to. Miss Lee is possibly better known by Europe's nobility than any other American. She is a clever woman, and well fitted to carry America's credit into any land.

We reached Quebec next morning—and so ends a trip I shall never cease enjoying as long as memory is vouchsafed me. I shall go again and again, and am sure I will ever find new

pleasures—as on this outing, I saw but the outlines of what can be seen and enjoyed in swinging round the circle from Quebec to Quebec.

WHERE "A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE WAS WRITTEN.

On the way down the Saguenay, Cook (I'd call him "Mr." but Cook's not that sort, he's too good a fellow to Mister) and I were talking of Wm. Dean Howell's beautiful story, "A Chance Acquaintance," which opens with the Saguenay River. "Do you know, Rube, where Howell wrote that story?" "No," said I, "but I'm always interested to know where books I like have been written. Why, do you know?"

"Yes, it was written in

GALE'S OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

"And where is that?" I asked.

"What, you wrote a book on Quebec, and didn't get it in as one of the sights of the old town? Well, you'd better try it over. Why,

I've travelled 300,000 miles and have hunted up old things in every land under the sun and found more relics worth picking up in that shop, than I've ever seen in any one place outside a museum." One of the others of the Boston party told me that this C. S. Cook had possibly travelled more than any other one American, and that his beautiful home was filled with rare curios, that he had picked up from Kamskatka to the South Sea Islands, and all the places between. When I got back to Quebec I went to see the Old Curiosity Shop, and in my revision of "Points of Interest," you'll find added one point at least you should not miss. It's worth going through just to see what odd things, and many can be collected under one roof, and there in the corner Gale will show you where "A Chance Acquaintance" was "made."

Said I to myself said I :

"Rube, which one hit you?"

"What, do I look like a substitute hit by *one* Shamrock?"

QUEBEC TEAM INVITES RUBE TO PLAY LACROSSE, WITH BAD RESULTS TO RUBE.

I told you before all about the easy "basket-ball-at-a-female-college" way that football is played in Quebec. I don't know whether the boys resented my description of their game on that occasion or if it was their sociable good nature in always trying to make it pleasant for the sojourning stranger; but be that as it may. I was the stranger and they took me in. They said they had another game which they played when it wasn't so warm. They didn't say what "it" they meant. It couldn't certainly have been the game itself, for a "warmer" game than lacrosse I've never seen, and I think I have helped play them all from marbles to rock fights. Yes, they took me in. They said they needed a substitute for one of their boys, who wasn't feeling well since their last game. They didn't, at the time, tell me that he had been in the hospital ever since, and was likely to be until Christmas. No, they merely asked would I act as substitute. Now I'm not going to stop here to dissertate on substitutes, but *will* stop long

enough to say that if I ever get two invitations on the same day to do any substitute acting, one for war and the other for lacrosse, I will go to war, if either. It's much safer in these days of long distance fighting. But, to come to the point, I accepted. The game was between the Shamrocks, of Montreal, and "our" Quebec team. Now, I've nothing against Montreal. Montreal is a fine city, but I do object to **their** Shamrocks, and with reason. Why, more than half the time they mistook me for the ball, and used their clubs accordingly.

At this point in the narrative, said I to myself, said I: "Rube, which one hit you?"

"Which one! Do I look like a substitute that had been hit by *one* Shamrock? Better ask which one *didn't*.

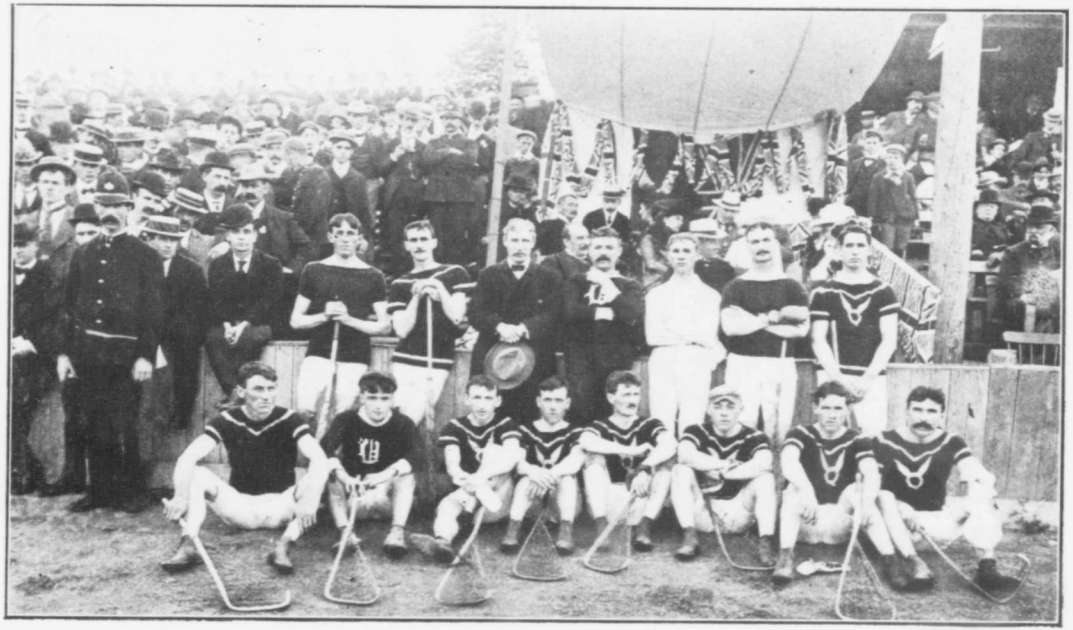
That Quinn closed this right eye, just as Doyle was trying to knock a 'fly' off my ear, and Dillon and Droyer, not to be outdone, left a number of places for court plasters, and bandages, while that sly Fox enlarged my love of home, round there on my cerribellum, just as Ward landed on the oblongatta back of the other ear. Oh, it was awful! I lost all interest in lacrosse, however, when Latimer came down on this arm, as McCarrey caught that foot reaching for a low ball. Jarratt and Kenny also did their share of decorating, while I'll never forgive

Hussey, as he was as active on this 'substitute' as were McClinchey or Hennessy. *Now* will you ask which *one* hit me? It would have been as easy to tell 'who struck Billy Patterson' as who struck this 'substitute.'"

I never knew before that I had so many available places to hit, and I've never seen an instrument of torture so well designed to find those places readily as the club used in playing lacrosse. You see, they can hit so many places at once, and in the hands of players of the Shamrock type they cover the ground often.

The Shamrocks are certainly most skilful in the use of their clubs. I don't mean by this that their skill is confined to the ball used in the game—for that matter they seemed to have very little to do with the ball except to follow it around and watch us throw it through their wicket. I wish I could tell you about this game, but I can't. I was too busy with other matters; besides, it wasn't still long enough to describe. It's an Indian game, sort of a cross between the war dance and running the gauntlet. This latter game, you know, was where if the player came out alive he had won, and if he was killed they danced at his wake, and there you are. I came out alive, 'tis true, but I've not yet found out if I won, and I don't propose to try, neither do I propose ever again to play lacrosse, especially if

the Shamrocks, of Montreal, are on the other side—their striking is too promiscuous. No, I shall never play that Indian game again. I'd rather die of old age. It may be more lingering, but I prefer it.



QUEBEC LACROSSE TEAM—The puzzle is to find Rube.

MUSICAL QUEBEC.

I have spoken of Joseph Vezina in connection with the musical features of Quebec. I find that the old capital can well take a pride in what it is giving to the world in this line. Few cities, ancient or modern, have produced musicians beyond mediocre, and what I have here to say goes beyond a local interest. It is said that what interests New York City interests the world. That city offered a large prize to the best child pianist. Berthe Roy, 12 years old, of Quebec, took it, over 800 competitors, and to-day is there at the National Conservatory of Music. At the Pan-American, at Buffalo, high honors were paid to a boy organist, that boy is H. Gagnon, of Quebec. One day a man met me on the street and said, "I would like you to hear my boy play." I nerved myself up to a point where I could stand being bored, and went to hear him. To my great surprise I had gone to

hear a genius, Fearing lest my musical knowledge had been too meagre to judge, I asked my friend Edward Thurnau, who had managed Joseph Hoffman on one of his American tours, and for years had had charge of the Thomas Orchestra, in Chicago, to go with me, to hear the child—as that he is, and small—I was right. Thurnau pronounced him a wonder!

Will Quebec, for the pride of city, give to the world this genius? Oh, how easy for the city to do that for which it will one day be proud of having done! Make it possible for the development of this genius. A concert would start the fund and there is talent at home to give one, and thus all could feel that they had helped—I beg not for the child—I beg only for the world, for it is due the world that this genius should be given it. Quebec, will you give to the world this child genius? You gave to New York City its greatest photographer — Sarony — give us a photographer's son—Remi Wilfred Beaudry.

If I were wealthy how I would like to help such as he. I'd a thousand times prefer it to putting up the "second story and spire" of some rich church, even if they'd place my name in brass in the vestibule, where everybody might see it as they passed. It would be a more enduring pleasure and not half so conspicuous.

When I told

COMMODORE J. U. GREGORY,

of my Moose Hunt, he seemed to think it his duty to even things up a bit. "Never mind, Rube, you come up to dinner to-morrow, and you will find what moose steak is like. My friend Colonel Chas. H. Raymond, of New York City, and Dudley Olcott, of Albany, were down in the Restigouche country and shot three moose. They sent me a 'quarter.'" Now, I was like the chaplains in the army, while they told the boys how very wicked it was to steal chickens, they seldom refused "chicken," and I didn't refuse moose, when next day the Commodore gave me the third "helping"—Don't know how much longer I'd have kept on if the moose hadn't given out first. I merely tell you this to let you know how well I liked moose. But speaking of the Commodore, while he does not rank himself among the Quebec literati, he has a ready pen and a yet more ready wit. He has written quite largely on fishing and hunting, and, unlike many who write on those subjects, has done much in both sports, as the walls of his office hung by

many a trophy of rod and gun bespeak. His exhibit of fishes at an Exposition in London won a gold medal and 1,000 dollar prize for the best mounted specimens of fish. The Commodore has fished and hunted from Labrador to Florida, and by the way has picked up enough for a dozen volumes of entertainment. He has furthermore often figured in the story of others. You will find him often mentioned in one or the other of LeMoine's works, especially in the "Legends of the St. Lawrence," where he is a prominent figure, also in "The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence." I have spoken elsewhere of the Commodore being the President of the Tourilli Fish and Game Club, in the list of membership of which I find many prominent and familiar names: George M. Fairchilds, Cap Rouge; S. L. Husted, Col. Chas. H. Raymond, E. D. Bushnell, Geo. B. Post, Ed. Van Ingen and many others, of New York City. Mayor Carter H. Harrison, and Alfred B. Cowles, of Chicago, Ill. In fact, from Winslow Homer, of Scarboro, Maine., to W. I. De Renne, Savannah, Georgia. Its secretary is Capt. Geo. Van Felson,—everybody's friend—of Quebec.

We often wonder how it is that we find the same good story told in many lands. It is carried by the Gregorys of travel. I never heard

THE EGG FLIP STORY OR THE BOY WHO CAME DOWN TO DICKER,

told so well as the Commodore can tell it. "What, you never heard it? Want to hear it?" Of course I can't tell it like he did, for it's a toss up between him and "Chauncey" when it comes to story telling as is story telling. I surprised the Commodore, however, when he had finished, by telling him that I knew the original of the story. Yes, I knew Gus well. I'd give you his other name, but Gus is larger than I, and we may some time meet and Gus is not to be trifled with when it comes to that episode in his life. Gus wasn't always the pink of perfection in dress and courtly manner that you find him to-day. Ah no, he was once as "green" and gawky as any of us country boys. He lived out near Lee Town, west of Charlestown, West Virginia. Charlestown, you remember, was where Old John Brown was tried for treason and hung. Some said to a sour apple tree; but not so, even if relic hunters *did* carry away piece by piece an apple tree that grew near by where the scaffold was built, until when I lived there one year in the eightys, these hunters were at work on the little stump left to tell where once the tree stood. But then about Gus. One day Gus went down to Cochrane's store in Harper's Ferry, some

twelve miles away, to "dicker," He slipped in easy like and simply "stood round" until Old Cochrane, a little man nearly as broad as he was long, got through waiting on all the other customers, then coming up to Gus, said, "Well, my young man, what can I do for you ?'

"Wall, I reckon, I reckon you dicker down here at this ere store, don't cher ?"

"Yes, occasionally, what have you to dicker this morning ?"

"Wull, I reckon, I reckon, I've got an aig."

"Yes, and what do you 'reckon' you want for your 'aig'?"

Gus stood on one bare foot and toyed with it, with the other foot which was loose and wasn't doing much except "toy" during the dickering. "Wull, I reckon—" then he stopped to take in the whole situation, lest he make a mistake in his choice. "Say, storekeeper, I reckon you can give me a darn needle for Granny."

The needle was "dickered" for the "aig," but Gus still stood round.

"Is there anything more I can do for you ?"

"Say mister storekeeper, see here, when a fellow comes to your store for the very first time in his life to dicker, don't you treat ?"

"In your case, yes. What will you have ?"

"Well, I reckon I'll take an "aig flip." Gus was sure that Cochrane had at least one "aig."

"How do you make an egg flip?"

"What, deon't cher know heow to make an aig flip? Wull you air green. Why, yo take an aig, a *fresh* aig, and put it into a tumbler—a *large* tumbler—put in water, a very *leetle* water,

and then fill up the tumbler with rye—an' the oider the rye the better the flip, and then you shake it up with a spune, an' you've got a beveridge as is a beveridge."

The flip was made with Gus's "aig," he watching that too much water didn't get into it to weaken it. When he had finished it and said a long drawn out, contented "Ah, that wus good!" with a pleased shake of the head, he looked at Old Cochrane and said: "Say, Mr. Storekeeper, I reckon you owe me another darn needle fur Granny."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, you're not blind air you? didn't you you notis', didn't you notis' that that air aig was a dubble yelker? Yes, it wus, an' I want the other needle"—and he got it.

HOME FOLKS.

It's always a pleasure to meet "home folks," when away in another country—if not for themselves—for the memories of home they bring to mind; but when combined, it is a pleasure indeed! This was the double delight I felt on meeting, one day, Albert H. Vernam, broker, banker, philanthropist, of New-York City and Morristown, N.J., who, with his charming wife, was visiting Quebec and its environs for the first time. It is a rare joy to meet a man whose success in life has been so great that we instinctively think of Aladin, and yet find untouched those qualities we so much admire in man. We too often find wealth crushing out of the heart all the sweeter things of life, leaving naught but sordid love of gain. I have watched the growth of wealth, seen the cheery, light hearted boy changed by it into a simple coin machine, have seen those sweet qualities I once loved, turn into qualities so vastly different that the only pleasure of the meetings in after years, was that felt in getting out of his presence. With Albert H. Vernam wealth is but a means. It has but strengthened the human in his heart and not crushed it out. His presence is sunshine, and is never shunned by the friends of other days. Mr. Vernam is much like my travelled friend, C. S. Cook, genial and companionable. Both he and Mrs. Vernam were greatly pleased with Quebec.

THE LADIES OF QUEBEC.

"Rube," said the Colonel, one day, after reading the first edition. "I notice you have much to say about the men of Quebec, and but little about the ladies. Weren't you pleased with them?"

"Pleased?" said I—"Pleased! Why, Colonel, I didn't dare to begin a mention of them, in so small a book. I'd have been credited with writing a city directory before I got through with it. No, Colonel, I didn't dare begin to speak of the ladies of Quebec."

That reminds me of one day the Colonel was asked by a lady how he liked Quebec. "Very well, very well, indeed. I'm like my friend, Rube, here, he says he always closes his eyes when he sees anthing he don't like!" "Why, Colonel," said she, "I've never seen you close your eyes." "And you never will!" The Colonel is so gallant.

RUBE GOES TO MONTREAL.

I wanted to see the St. Lawrence river by daylight. I wanted to go by the Beaver Line of the Elder Dempster and Co., but found it did not carry passengers between Quebec and Montreal, excepting those going to and from Europe, so I had either to go as freight or as the guest of the Captain, but when I found that the Lake Megantic's captain was Charlie Thompson, I chose to go as his guest and a fine host he is, too. There were on board a large number of tourists returning from Europe, as well as many coming to America for the first time.

This is becoming a favorite line for American tourists going to and from Europe, they come to Montreal, see Canada, then take one of these magnificent palace steamers either at Montreal or Quebec, float down the beautiful St. Lawrence for 800 miles, ever in sight of land. It is pleasant sailing, smooth and comfortable, and saves nearly 1,000 miles of a tedious ocean voyage. If the tourist have not the time to see Canada, he can leave New York in the morning over the New York Central, reach Montreal in the evening, go on board at once, and sail away in the morning, or, from the West, Montreal is reached by the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk or by boat through the Thousand Islands, by one of

the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's boats, through scenery unsurpassed for beauty, making this the most direct, as well as the most delightful route of ocean travel. I noted particularly the difference in size of the state rooms between the Beaver and many of the other ocean going lines. Why, the room I had was as large and comfortable as a room in a hotel, and not, as too often, a cramped box to sleep in. We are too apt to think that what we have at home is all there is. Now just see what a great line of steamers I found up here that many of you never heard of,

One hundred and twenty-six steamers.

and many of them veritable floating palaces. It's head is the man known as the Napoleon of the shipping world, Sir A. L. Jones, knighted by King Edward the Seventh, on the occasion of his (the King's) birthday, November ninth, 190[illegible], He has proven that, not only in America, but in Conservative England, can a man, by his own efforts, climb from the bottom to the top. Under his guidance the Elder, Dempster Line has been brought up to the proud position of flying the British flag over a larger fleet of merchantmen than any other in England, and yet their business is so great that often additional vessels have to be chartered to meet the demands on them.

As I've said before, one of the pleasures of travel is the people one meets. Principal Grant, who was made a C. M. G. by the Duke of Cornwall and York, was on board, returning home from England. Through our mutual friend, Rev. Mr. Love, of Quebec, I had the pleasure of meeting this noted instructor, and found him in every way a most charming man, well worthy his recent honor.

I also met a man who knew even less of geography than I do myself. He was just arriving in the country for the first time.

He knew less than Rube,

As we were coming into Lake St. Peter, a large widening of the St. Lawrence into a lake, this man came up to me with, "Excuse me, I beg youah pahdon, but kindly tell me, will youah, what, ah, lake is this?"

"Lake St. Peter," I answered. "Ah, thank you!" and I lost him for a half hour. At the end of which time he left a friend and came to me again. "Pahdon me again, but what, ah, lake did you say this was?"

"Lake St. Peter."

"Ah, I have been mistaken, I have, ah, just told my friend heah that it was, ah, Lake Superiah,"

Little Dorathy and "the other fellow."

Little Miss Dorothy Gilbare, of Montreal, when we came to those buoys that mark the channel, excitedly asked, "Oh, mama, see that barrel out there, what is it doing there?"

"That isn't a barrel darling, that is a buoy."

"Ah!" contented with the answer.

In a few minutes we came to another, when Dorothy exclaimed. "Oh, mamma, see, look quick! There's another fellow!"

Dorothy was a great pet with everybody—one of those dear little children that you want to get hold of and love.

This was my first visit to Montreal, a city that reminded me at once of Indianapolis, Indiana. Don't know why, but it did.

Rube gets lost again,

Its street system is wrong, though, and unlike the perfect one of that other city. I got lost several times. "No, I don't mean that way!" A fellow here who wasn't elected the last time he ran, just asked me what I thought of the streets, anyhow—I told him *some* of them were very fine. "No, but the others?" he was one of those persistent fellows you've met, "are they as good as Illinois roads?" Say, that fellow had never been to Illinois, I remember once while visiting

Uncle Cornelius, near Springfield, of a poor fellow coming up the road *on the fence.* He wanted uncle to bring down horses and pull him out, said he was stuck with a four horse team. Uncle's dyspepsia was worse that day than usual and he was a little crabbit." Why don't you unload and pull out yourself?" "That's the trubble, I cain't, I've got an empty wagon." "Heard that story before, eh ? well, I don't doubt it—for this is not the first time I told it. You may have heard me the other time." * But to go back, as I said—I got lost several times. I'd be walking along one street and without making a turn I'd be on another, then I'd ask a policeman "Where am I at ?" and he'd answer in good New York "accint," "Ye're ahn the saim wan ony its different." Then I'd go on and get lost again. You see, it's this way, Montreal had just so many names to use for street purposes, and not having enough streets for the names, she began the naming, and when the streets gave out, she went back over the ground, and gave the unused names a place at one end or another or in the middle of an already named thoroughfare until all the names were utilized. It's all right when you find out, but unhandy for the stranger. Why, start north on St. Peter and you'll run into and through Bleury to and through Park avenue

* This was written before I had seen *all* the Montreal streets.

before you get through the city. For instance again, you may be walking along Bon Secours street (the translation of which is "Good Succor") enjoying life and feeling at peace with most of the world, until you have crossed Craig street, and gone a block or two, when all at once you look up and see on the side of a house a name that makes you stop and in surprise exclaim: "Why—

"Your name's Denis,"

I never knew before where this expression came from as applied to a sudden change of name; but it's right in Montreal, and, oh, how appropriately it fits in, too. As see this moral. If in your nature you are inclined to be like the first street, sooner or later you will cross "Craig," when your name will quickly change to "Denis."

Rube stops at the Hall,

I asked General Henry for a good hotel to stop at in Montreal. "Rube," said he, "they are all good, but I've stopped for twenty-five years at St. Lawrence Hall, and Hogan has treated me so well in all that time that I will possibly never change. If you go there don't fail to go to Matt's table. Tell him I sent you and he will treat you right." I went there, and at dinner I told Matt what the General had said. "Was I the Gineral's

frind? Ah me!" Matt didn't wait for the order, he brought all on the bill of fare, and I could wager he had some extras added. Matt's a character, 22 years a soldier in the Queen's army, and 20 years at the St. Lawrence Hall. Everybody seems to know Matt, and all like him for his ready Irish wit. He was in India during the mutiny. He was at Delhi, Lucknow, and all the important engagements of that campaign. Matt is rich, or should be. He has the finest herd of

"Irish Bulls,"

I've ever run across. One day Lord Stevenson's brother Willie wanted some tea, toast and green corn, a little late for lunch. Matt took the order, but soon came back with: "Ah me, Mr. Stevenson, the hat water is too cald fur tay, the grane corn is too ripe, but the frish brid is sthale, just right for the toast. Wull I bring ye a glahs of swate milk wid it?"

"Yes, Matt, if it's not too sour."

Go to the St. Lawrence and tell Matt that you are the "Gineral's frind," and you'll not forget your stay at the Hall.

I returned to Quebec by the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD,

Say, if ever you get the opportunity, take this road. It runs from Quebec clear across the

Continent—it's all right. Did I tell you about the Royal train that carried the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their trip across to Vancouver? "No?" well it was the finest one I ever saw,

Palace on Wheels,

Well, I guess that would fit, but I've seen few palaces more beautifully appointed than was this Royal train. It had every luxury, why, think of it, it even had a telephone system of its own—wonderful train! It was built throughout by this railroad. It would be a big surprise to the Mother Country if she could see the vast achievements of the up-to-date railroading of this young daughter of hers.

Rube at the Queen's,

"While in Montreal," said the Colonel, "I want you to go down to the Queen's Hotel, just across the street from the Grand Trunk-New York Central station, corner of St. James and Peel streets. It's kept by Fuchs and Raymond. George Fuchs was a Quebec boy. I never knew him here, but met him often in Montreal. You know whenever the Quebec ball teams go over, they always stop at the Queen's unless it is so crowded that they can't get in.

"Did I ever tell you about the elder Fuchs—George's father? 'No?' Well, he was 'all good,' as they say. He came to Quebec from Alsace-Loraine many, very many years ago, at a time when there was no French Consul in the town. He must have been a 'good angel,' to many a fellow countryman. His house was ever open to the needy." A French paper, speaking of Jacques Fuchs, said of him at his death, as nearly as I can translate it—and I give it as an old-time Quebec character worthy of mention. and to show the heart of this people in the middle of the last century. "A modest man has disappeared. He had only his heart—this one—but it was a firm heart, as have all who come from Alsace-Loraine. There was no French Consul in those old days, and Jacques looked after his people. He was all over, helping the poor, giving consolation to the needful, helping the proud in poor circumstances, with the utmost delicacy, without doubting in his French faith, what he was doing for the old home. He loved everyone who came from France, and protected them in his own way. In front of this Small of the Earth, this Big in the front of God, we are permitted to shout to la Patrie, Vive La France."

The writer of this beautiful tribute (and in French it *is beautiful*) was Faucher de St. Maurice. He was one of Quebec's noted

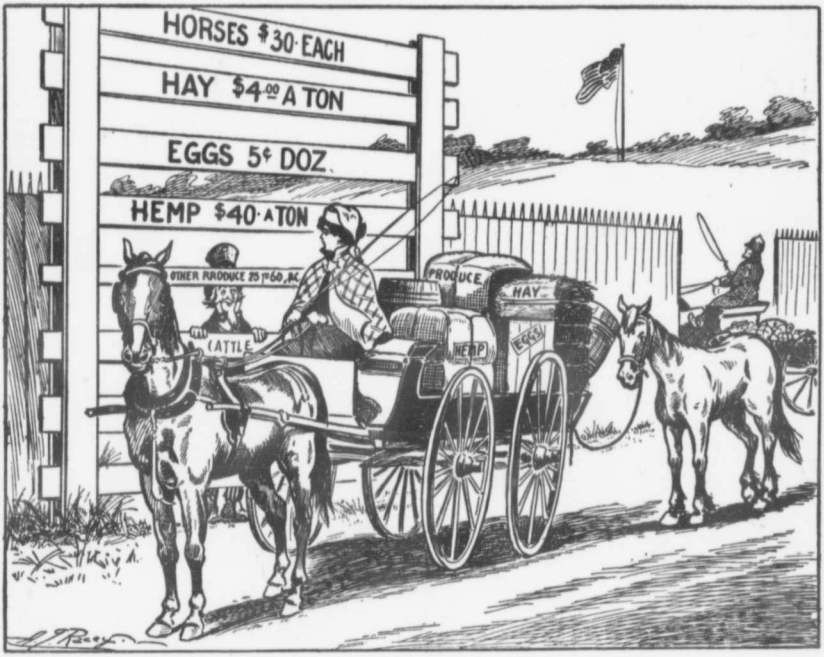
writers, but like the man of whom he wrote, he, too, is dead. There is to me a rare fascination in the life of a man of heart, be he peasant or king. It is not the position, but the character, I love—the man and not the title.

I flattered myself that the good entertainment I received at the Queen's was because the Colonel had sent me, or that it was because I had said nice truths about George's old town; but I soon found that it was the same nice treatment given every guest. I saw then why the Queen's was such a favorite with my home people.

RUBE MAY WRITE ANOTHER LETTER,

I may tell you more some time of Montreal, but not now. Montreal is a rich field, and I am certain I can find much of interest for you to listen to. In the meantime look at your map and see that it is on an island and has a mountain all to itself. I didn't know of either, and I'll wager you didn't know it yourself, smart as you are about the great cities of America. There are a great many things in Canada that neither

of us know about; but now that I've gotten started, I'm going to find them out, and have a good time, too, while doing the finding. I'm in love with the Dominion, and I want you to know her. I want you to tell our law makers that they are making one grand mistake in keeping up the bars so high that this growing neighbor cannot go over to "dicker" with our corner grocery store. Somehow they don't get the right appreciation of this neighbor. She's got ever so much that we want and need, and would bring it over, besides taking a large pocket full of money with her to pay "to boot," if they'd only let her in without fining her so high for coming. She has to go away across the ocean to her mother's store to trade for what she'd buy just over the line if we gave her a chance to come. She does lots of trading, by the way, more than you think for, more than we do ourselves counting our size. We do $28 per capita, while she does $76 per capita. This year she's going to do $400,000,000 worth and that's why I say our law makers make a grand mistake not to cultivate her trade. As she buys of us far more than we do of her it would be on our side, and good business policy, too, We will some time have what they call reciprocity, and my eyes, the "dickering" that will go on when that time comes !



"Not *this* morning Uncle!"

Uncle Sam:—"Good mornin' Miss Canada!"
Miss Canada:—"Good mornin' Uncle Samuel!"
U.S.:—"Which way this mornin'?"
Miss C.:—"Goin' over ter Mother's store ter dicker!"
U.S.:—"Why not come over ter my store, I've a big stock, and will sell it right?"
Miss C.:—"Uncle, don't yer know I'd like ter ever so much, but I've had a leetle touch

o' rumatiz o' late, and I can't somehow climb like I used ter. Don't believe I want ter try ter git over them air high high bars this mornin'—Good mornin' !"

U.S.:—" Hold on, Miss Canada—what yer want fer that air horse, yer leadin' ?"

Miss C.:—" Told me at home ter ask $20, and fi couldn't git that, ter take $15. What'll yer gi'me ?"

U.S.:—" $12.50 if yer bring him on this side ther fence !"

Miss C.:—" Come an' git him, an' yer may have him !"

U.S.—" No, bring him over !"

Miss C.:—" All right "—but just then Miss Canada saw something on that top bar and hesitated, " No, Uncle—I must hev $42.50 fer this steed, horses has riz ! Say, Uncle, by the way, don't yer think you an' me could do better if our line fence wa'n't so high ?"

U.S.:—" Why, my dear Miss Canada, there's a whole slew o' places whar thar ain't no fence at all. Jist look up thar whar that hired man o' yourn is haulin' that big load o' stuff thru. See he's got on—Postage Stamps, Fortified Lime Juice, Fossils, Frankfurters, Balm o'

Gilead, Gold Coin, Old Junk, Mezuzoths, Lycopodiums, Ostensoriums, Orthotoluidius, Pozzolani. Yes, he's goin' thru, an' he don't even hev to pay a cent o' toll, either."

Miss C.:—"Yer ferget, Uncle, that day I came down with a load, what yer charged *me* ter git over. There wus a fence *that* day, Uncle! Why, I had to pay 60 percent of the value of them artificial 'goo goos' I tried ter make at yer, and the same percent fer thet jewellery and arctic shoes and nearly everything I had on. Why, you made me pay 30 percent fer that Zeinthaerine, 35 percent fer that Xylotile, and 25 percent fer that Zinnsare, and the same fer the Ylang-ylang oil——" "But nothing fer that Xeintharine powder," broke in Uncle Sam, and there they stood fer an hour, Uncle Sam throwing up to her the things that he let her bring in free, most of which were raised or made in some other country, and she throwing up to Uncle Sam what he charged her fer what she raised or made at home. She finally drove on towards mother's store, tantalizingly shaking a large pocket book full of "to boot" money at Uncle

—who walked down street in a deep study, saying to himself, "I must see about gittin' her trade. It's gittin' too big to lose. I reckon them bars are a leetle high."

* * * * * * *

I want you to know this great Dominion—in size but little less in extent than our own country—including Alaska—and much larger than the United States not counting that land of gold.

Canada is a land of beautiful mountains, lakes and rivers. Its people, manners and customs are too little known even across the border. All of these have so charmed me, and filled my heart so full of love for the Canadian and his country, that I would have all the world know wnat real pleasure is lost in not seeing and knowing them as I have known them. I can only faintly draw the picture and ask you to come to see the reality—the reality is pleasing.

SOUVENIR

to

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS.

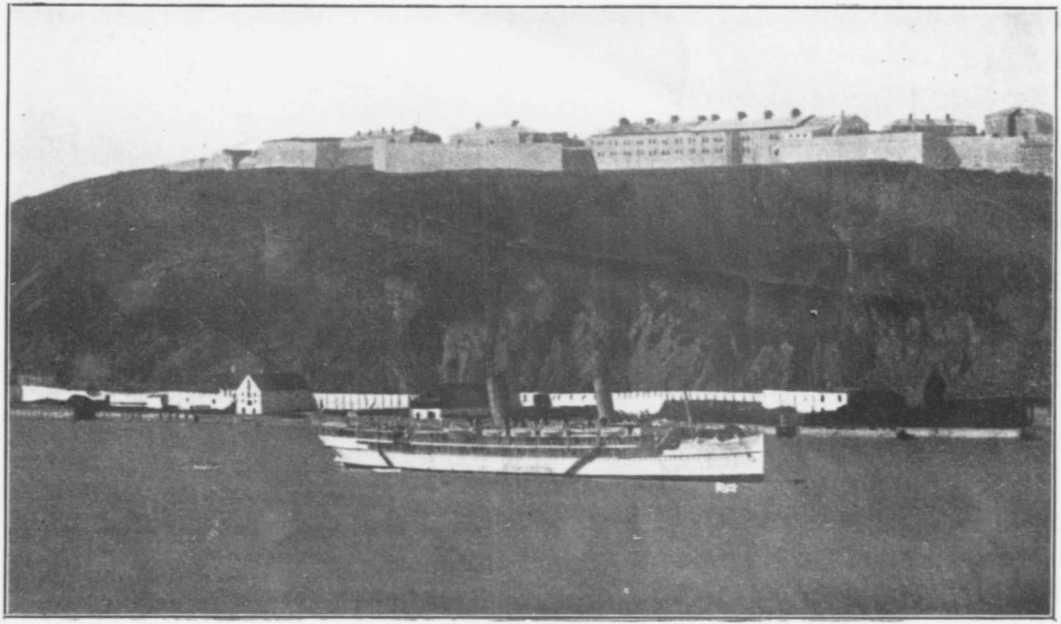
OPHIR.—Picture.

CRESCENT.—Picture.

PALLAS.—Picture.

PSYCHE.

PROSERPINE.—Picture.



H. M. S. OPHIR

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS.

When I saw the officers and men of the various ships in the harbor, during the Duke and Duchess' visit, come ashore, I said to the Colonel "I'm going to get out souvenir editions for these ships. Something that will ever commemorate the occasion." "What can you say?" he asked. "Well, now, Colonel," said I, "I could write another book on 'The Boys of the King's Navee,' and it would be a good one, too, if the subject had anything to do with the writing of it, for really, Colonel, you must admit that a finer lot of men you've never seen under any flag." You see our first impression of these men of many seas was on Sunday morning, when they were on their way to the various churches throughout the city. "Wait till the boys get their 'land legs,'" said the Colonel, "and your comment may not be so favorable." I waited, and having come in contact with both officers and men, I am even more pleased with them than when on their way to church.

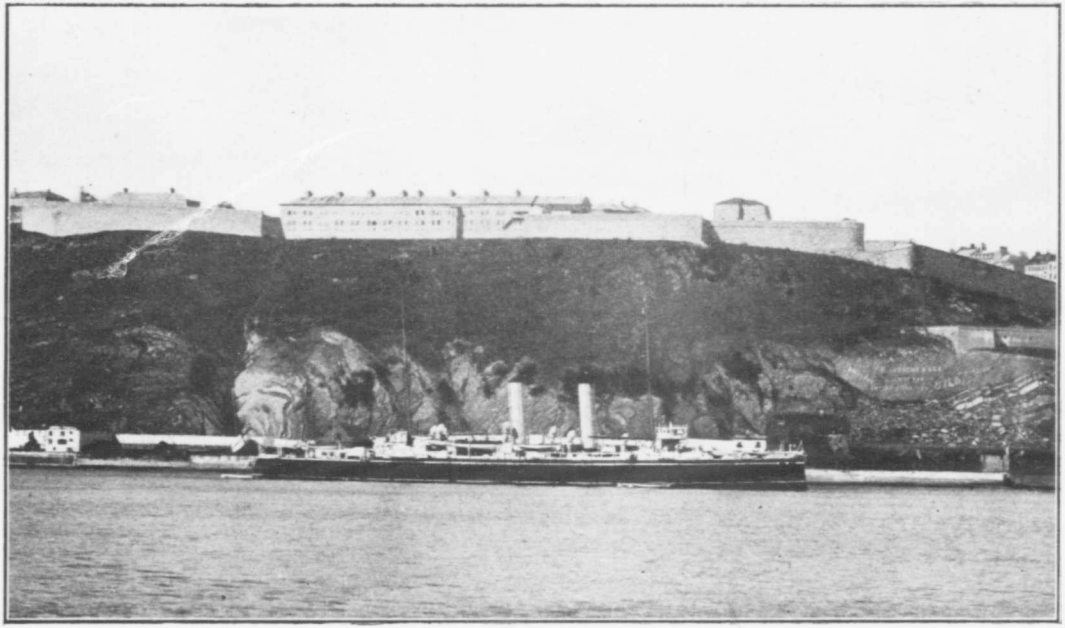
The Colonel is too much given to taking the other side of things, and often quite tries my patience. When he said, "Oh, of course, your souvenir number will be all commendation," I soon made him retract the implied criticism. when I asked him to point out a thing said in the first edition that I did not think and feel was

true when I wrote it, and again when I showed him the blue pencil mark across certain bits of commendation that I had been pleased to cross out for various reasons, (often simply, however. because I felt that the commended had not appreciated my intention), he could not but admit mv honesty of expression, if nothing more.

At this time there were in the harbor four ships, others came with the Ophir, which brought the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

These four ships were: The Crescent—the flagship—Psyche (a picture of which I failed to procure, and which I greatly regret), the Prosephine and the Pallas. I'm much like the infidel on the ocean steamer, who had been having a long argument with a Baptist, when a storm came on. In the midst of the hurricane the infidel was heard praying most desperately, when the Baptist calmly said : " Why brother, I thought you didn't believe in anything of that sort ?" " Yes, yes, I know—this belief of mine is all right on land, but it's not worth a —— on water." Same here. Now, if I'd try to tell you what pretty things these ships were, I'd spoil it sure, so will let you see for yourself by their pictures.

These ships were manned—I guess that's correct—or officered and manned—at any rate they were well *somethinged* by a fine lot of men. If



H. M. S. CRESCENT

I don't get them in their correct order it will be no lack of good intention. By courtesy, of course, I will head the list with

THE OPHIR,

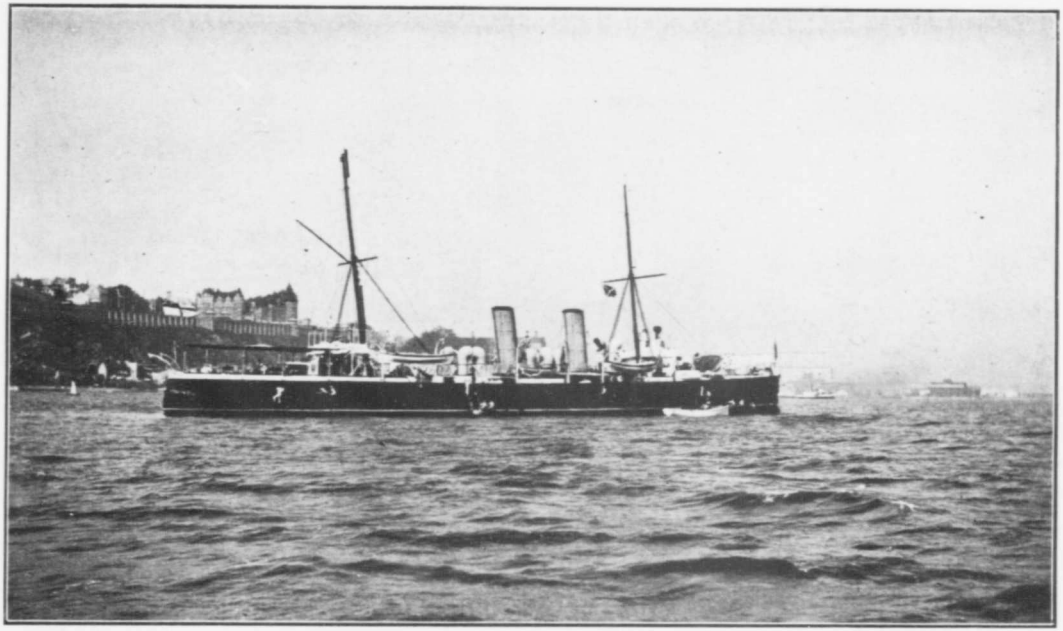
6,910 tons. I.H.P. 10,000. Particular Service, 2nd Class. Captain Alfred L. Winslow, M.V.O., Commodore. Secy., Walter Gask. Commander—Rosslyn E. Wemyss (N) Philip Nelson-Ward. Lieut. Wm. G. E. Ruck-Keene, Lieut. Reginald A. Norton, Lieut. Hon. Herbert Meade, Lieut. Coventry M. Crichton Maitland, Lieut. Hon. Gerald M. A. J. Hay, Lieut. Gerald A. Wells (in lieu of Sub-Lieut.), Lieut Major R. M. Chas. Clarke, Lieut. R. M. A. Geo. L. Raikes, Lieut. R. M. Henry H. F. Stockley. Chaplain—Rev. Hugh S. Wood, M.A. Staff Surgeon—Hugh W. Macnamara. Staff Paymaster, Edw. D. Hadley. Sub-Lieut. John H. Bainbridge, Sub.-Lieut. John B. Waterlow, Sub-Lieut. Gerald L. Saurin. Surgeon—Robt. Hill. Ast. Paymaster—Grenville A. Miller. Senior Engineer, R.N.R.—George Gray. Engineer—Sydney M. G. Bryer. Gunner (T)—Alfred Turton. Boatswain—John Paddon. (S) Matthew Allen. Carpenter—Wm. Banbury. Bandmaster, R.M.—John Wright.

CRESCENT.

Twin Screw Cruiser, 1st Class. 7,700 tons. I.H.P. 10,000 N.D. (12,000 F.D.)—Flagship. North American and West Indies Station.

Officers :

Vice Admiral Sir Frederick G. D. Bedford, K.C.B. Flag-Lieut.—Philip Stretford, Secretary, —Charles E. Byron. Clerks to Secy.—Edgar. M. White, Arthur E. E. Fluder. Captain—Hon. Stanley C. J. Colville, C.B. Commander—Henry H. Campbell, (N) Owen F. Gillett. Lieutenants—(T) Skipworth, (G) Henry R. Veale, Reginald L. Crichton, Lockhart Leith, Leslie J. L. Hammond, Eric J. A. Fullerton, Francis A. Marten. Maj., R.M.A.—Alfred Orford. Lieut., R.M.—John G. Horne, Chaplain —Rev. William H. H. Royse, B.A. Fleet Surgeon—William E. Bennett. Fleet Paymaster—Henry Dawson. Fleet Engineer—John G. Stevens. Naval Inst.—Richard H. Whapham, M.A. Sub-Lieut.—Longuet M. Darbyshire. Surgeons — Ernest A. Penfold, M.B., John Boyan. Assist. Paym.—Harold J. D. Spriggs. Clerk—Eustace R. Berne. Engineer—William H. Pratt. Asst. Eng's.—William R. Mew, John F. Bell, Henry B. O'Dougherty. Gunner (T)—Richard S .C. Staddon, Henry F. Carter. Boatswains—Charles S. Cassidy, William Staples.



H. M. S. PALLAS

Carpenter—Richard E. Peek. Midshipmen—Arthur Rice, Hon Arthur G. Coke, Colin S. Inglis, Richard H. Falkiner, George H. D'O. Lyon, George B. Hartford, Henry S. M. Harrison, Julian M. Ogilvie, Walter N. Lepage, Charles H. Michaelson, Ferdinand E. B. Feilmann, Bertram H. Ramsay, John C. F. Borrett, Charles F. Cowan, William R. R. Leach, Cunningham Prior.

The following officers are borne as additional for various reasons :—For Surveying Service—Staff-Captain William Tooker. For Halifax Yard :—Ch. Engineer—Charles G. Taylor. Ch. Carpenter—Robt. Bigham. Boatswain—Joseph V. Lutter.

Tenders—Rocket, Quail.

H. M. S. PALLAS.

Twin Screw Cruiser, 3rd Class ; 2,575 tons. I.H.P., 4,500, N.D.; 7,500, F.D.

Officers :

Captain—Hon. Walter G. Stopford. Lieutenant—Richard G. A. W. Stapleton Cotton, Harry C. Sterling, (N) Basil J. Snowdon. Staff Surgeon—Johnson M. Acheson, M.D. Paymaster—Wm. E. R. Martin. Chief Engineer—Chas. B. Leckey. Sub-Lieut.—Claude P. Cham-

pion de Crespigny. Sub-Lieut. R.N.R.—Dick F. T. Bruce. Gunner (T)—Thos. Walker. Carpenter—John Couper. Artif. Eng.—James H. D. Nichols. Clerk—Knighton H. Arnold.

H. M. S. PSYCHE.

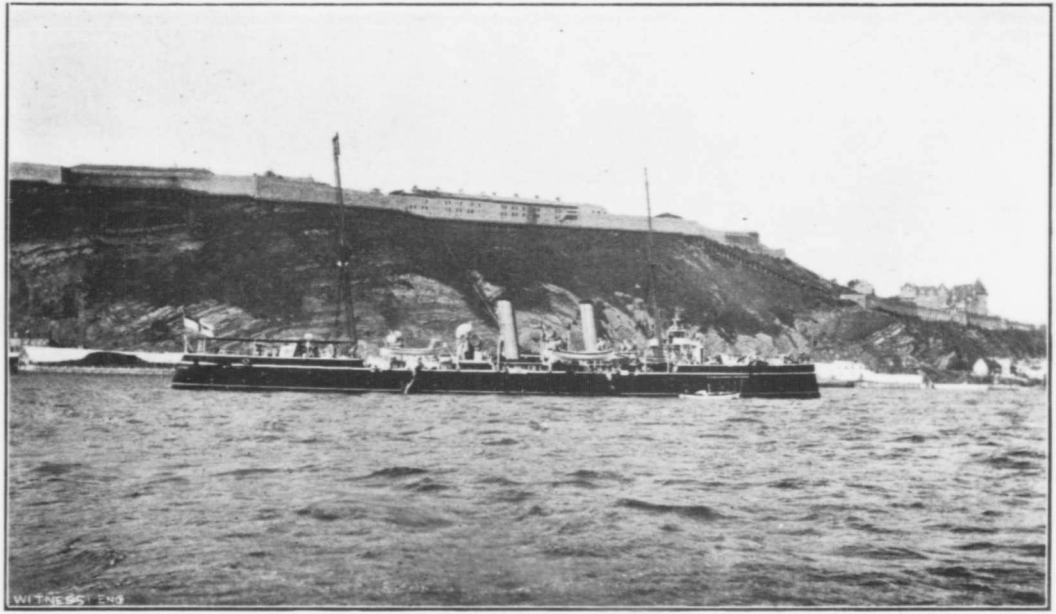
Twin Screw Cruiser, 3rd Class ; 2,135 tons. I.H.P., 5,000, N.D.; 7,000, F.D.

Officers :

Commander of Psyche (no Captain)—Edmund M. C. Cooper-Key, (N) Author S. Cole. Lieutenant—Loftus C. O. Mansergh. Sub-Lieut.—Wm. H. Davis, Staff-Surgeon — Geo. A. Waters, M.D. Paymaster—Angus H. Brigstocke. Ast. Paymaster—Frederick Hird, Wm. G. Howard. Staff Engineer—Marin Stuart. Ast. Engineer—Alfred Evans. Gunner John D. Jamieson, Robert E. Reiss-Smith, acting. Carpenter—Geo. D. Rowe.

H. M. S. PROSERPINE.

Is a Twin Screw Cruiser, of the 3rd class ; 2,135 tons. I.H.P., 5,000, N.D.; (7,000 F.D.). North American and West Indies squadron.



H. M. S. PROSERPINE

THE PET OF THE PROSERPINE

Officers :

Commander — Gerald C. A. Maresceaux. Lieutenants—Robert W. F. Travers, (M) Denis B. Crampton, Robert Jeffreys, Trueman Thomdick. Staff-Surgeon—John Lowney. Paymaster—Edward H. Innes. Chief Engineer—James T. Willoughby. Assistant Engineer—Jonathan J. Sereech. Assistant Sub-Lieut., R.N.R.—Chas. D. Cay. Gunner—Frederick Blackwell. Carpenter—Thomas Merriman (B). Ast. Gunner—George H. Kerswell. Clerk — Charles M. Mieson.

All these ships may have their Mascots, and no doubt have, but none of them are so much in evidence as

THE PET OF THE PROSERPINE.

The Proserpine has for her " coat of arms," not—a lion *rampant* on a field of blue, but an animal said by many to be quite as *strong* and sometimes grows *rampant* on almost any field. He's a whole coat of arms in himself, and might be likened to another, or, rather, to the motto of another—" Strong by nature, he grows (more so) by (too much) industry." Before he was captured in the wilds of North London, he led a precarious life, and while his little house was on the commons, it would hardly be proper to say that he was a member of the " House of Com-

mons." To say that a mascot was in business would again not be proper, and yet this "coat of arms" did much in "junk," as well as being a member of the paper trade, in which he often ran a corner, or anything else that chanced to come in his way. That's why it was such an easy matter for him to run the Proserpine when he left his house on the Commons, and that he *does* have his own way on board ship, no one who has seen the love the whole crew have for him, will doubt for a minute. It is claimed that before he became identified with the Proserpine that he served an apprenticeship in certain secret societies; but there is nothing but a rumor to substantiate this claim, and I pass it over. The boys make many other claims for their mascot, among which is that their good ship has never once been sunk in battle during his reign as a mascot; but this also is hardly a valid one, since their ship has never yet been in battle. So we'll have to pass that over also. I might run on, and give the good qualities of this mascot, but few there be but know them already, so will desist.

Officers and men of all the ships, I want to tell you, in conclusion, that you left many friends in Old Quebec, and none who will be more glad to meet you in any port of the world than,

Your Friend,
THE YANKEE IN QUEBEC.

By Appointment Furriers to HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

HOLT, RENFREW & CO.

35-37, Buade Street, Quebec.

VISITORS Should Not Leave
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