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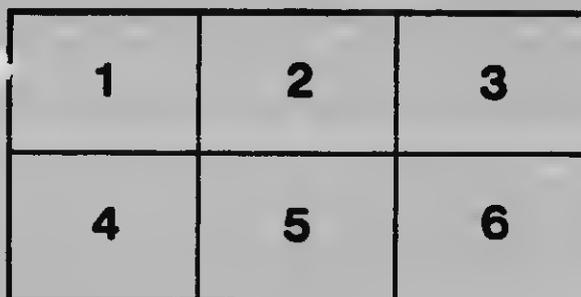
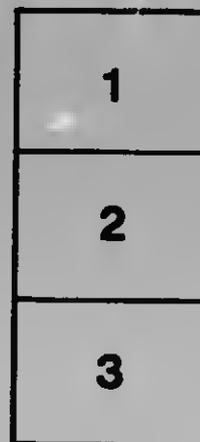
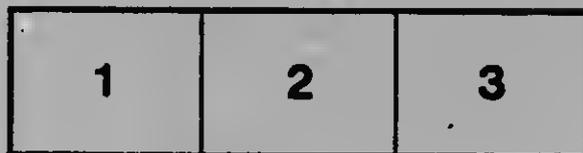
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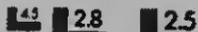
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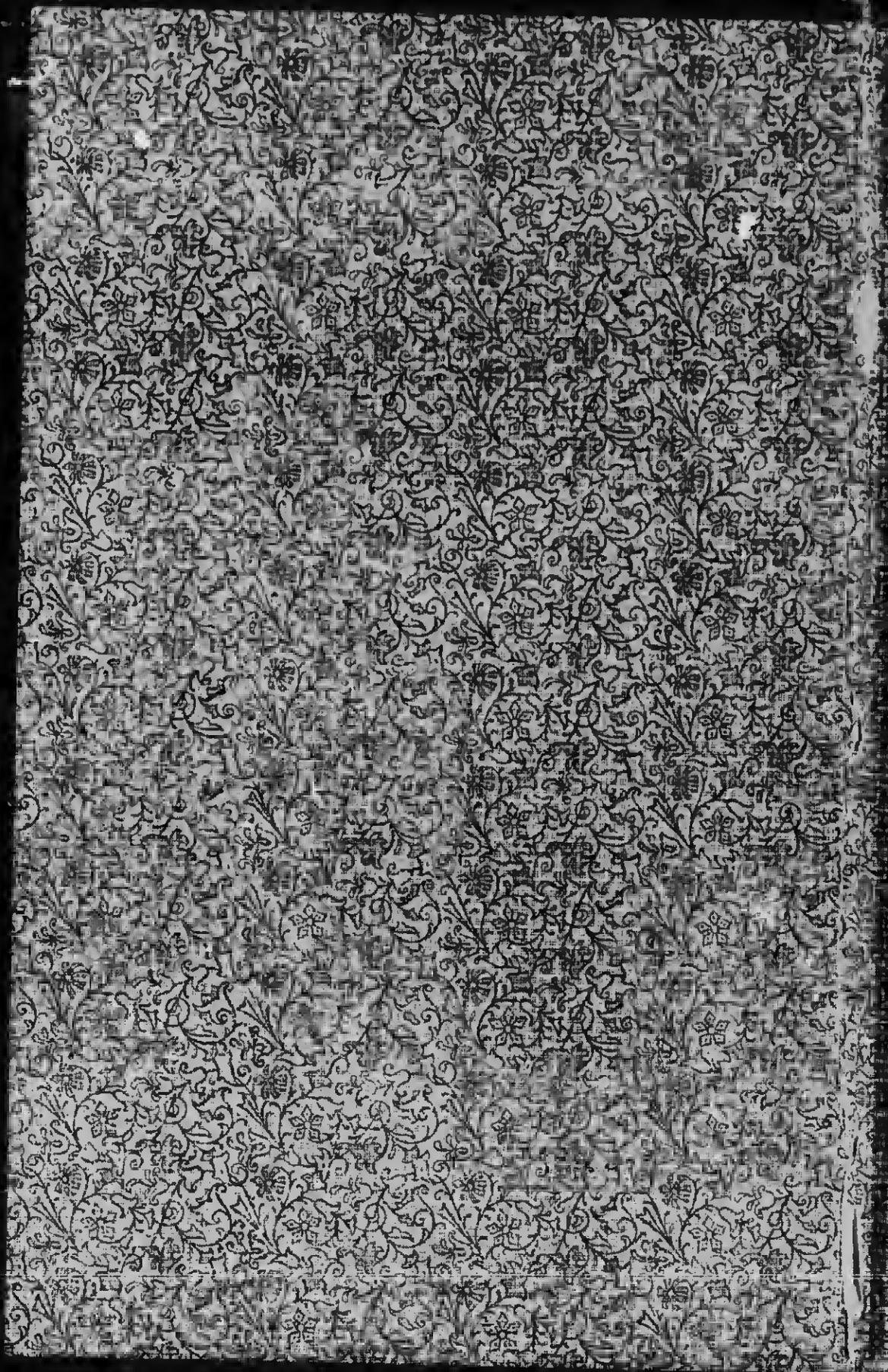
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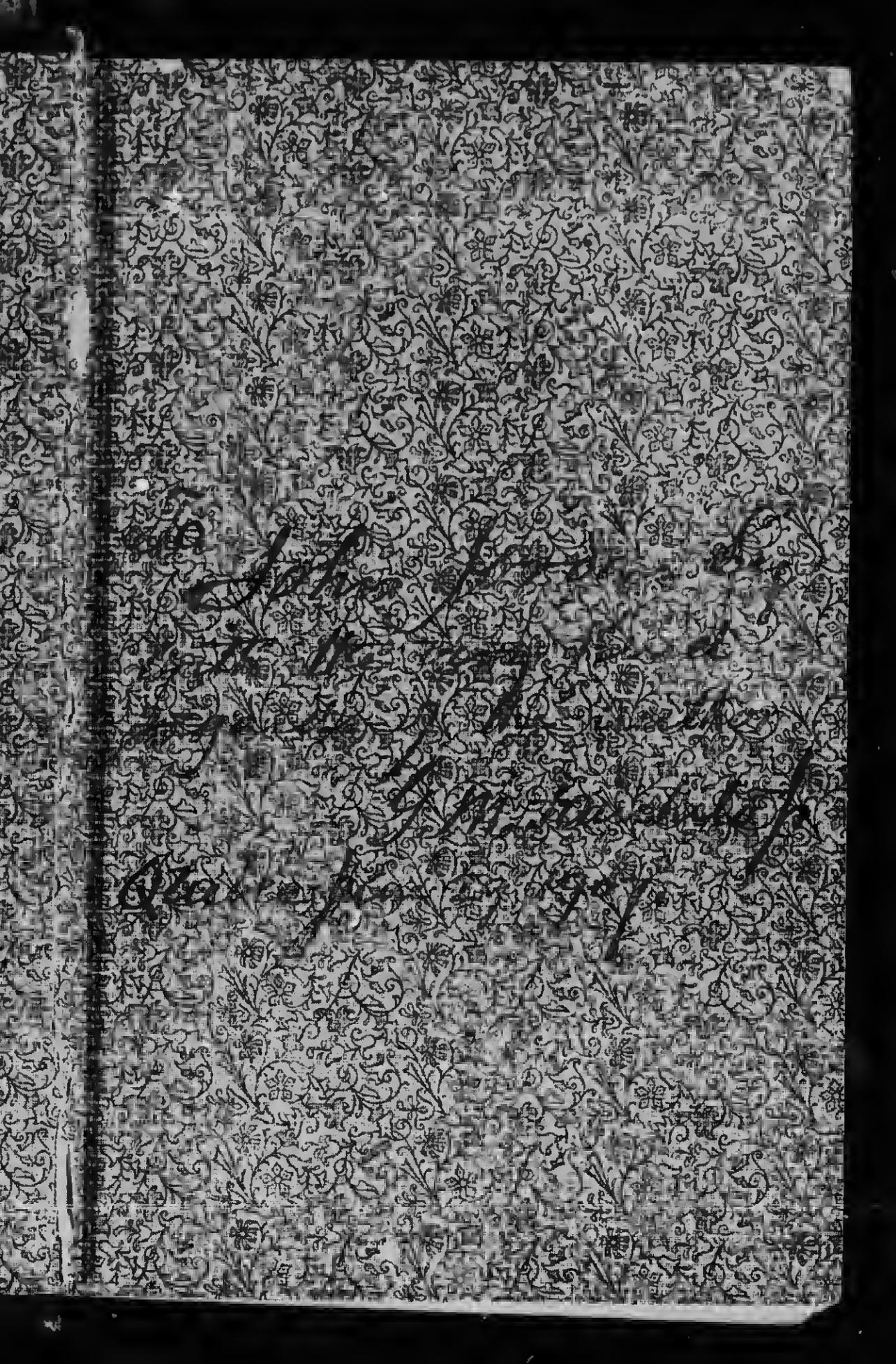
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WORKS BY G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

Canadian Leaves — New York, 1887.

Oritani Souvenir — New York, 1888.

Notes on Two Jesuit Manuscripts — New York, 1887.

A Winter Carnival — Quebec, 1894.

Rod and Canoe; Rifle and Snowshoe — Quebec, 1896.

A Ridiculous Courting — Stories of French Canada —
Chicago, 1900.

From My Quebec Scrap-Book — Quebec, 1907.

Prince Otto — Quebec, 1898.

Quebec, the Sportsman's Land of Plenty—Quebec, 1899.



Very Sincerely Yours,
G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.

From My
Quebec Scrap-Book

FC
2917.4
F165
1907

By
G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.

Author of
Rod and Canoe, A Ridiculous Courting, A Winter Carnival,
Prince Otto, etc.



Published by
FRANK CARREL
Quebec, 1907.



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Parliament of Canada in the year 1906.

DEDICATION

CAPT. G. W. BATCHELDER,
BOSTON, MASS.

To you my dear Captain with love, and in fond
remembrance of happy days together in and out of
camp.

G. M. FAIRCHILD JR.

Quebec, May 30th, 1907



A FORE-WORD

As no "urgent friends" were good enough to press upon my attention the burning need that the world felt that I should rescue from my scrap-book such of my literary productions as have appeared within the last few years in various of the magazines and journals both in the United States and in Canada relative to Quebec, I took the matter into my own hands, or, rather, I put the matter into the hands of my old publisher, who seemed to think favorably of it and was willing to risk it; so again I have become a "ranker" in the great army of book producers. I have no particular message to the world — no newly discovered hattle-fields to chronicle — no fresh historical data. I have avoided the greater historical side of the Quebec picture, as it has engaged to the full much abler pens than mine. No one will ever consider it worth while to controvert the *absence* of arguments in this work to prove that two and two make four. It is only intended for the casual reader who may desire to see another picture of Quebec that has an interesting side. For this, or from some other unknown reason, my publisher informed me a day or two ago that the first edition was already subscribed for and he was seriously considering another. I have advised him not to be rash.

In some of the linotype or monotype machines, italics and accent marks are not provided for, so if the reader finds French words here and there without these usual accessories he must understand the omission.

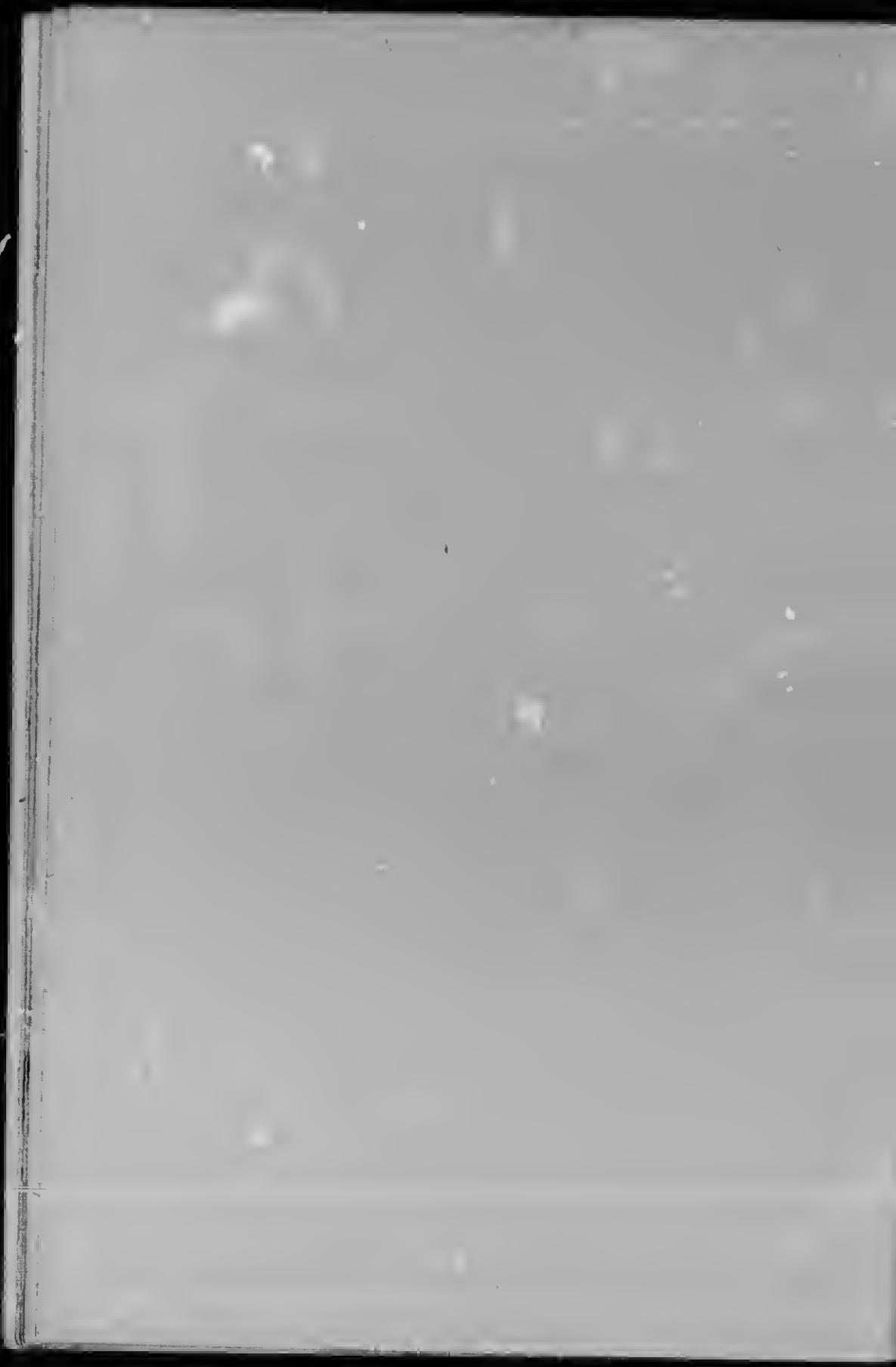
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Quebec, May 30th, 1907.



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Christmas One Hundred Years Ago



CHRISTMAS one hundred years ago the Quebec Gazette was issued to its subscribers and the public without one word as to "the day we celebrate."

Not an advertiser calls attention to his Christmas or New Year wares. Santa Claus is completely ignored. If there was a midnight mass at the Basilica no mention is made of it. To use an Irishism, the English population at that period, apart from the garrison, was very largely Scotch, and Christmas among them had no particular holiday significance. John Bull and his friends in Quebec no doubt ate roast goose and plum pudding, and staved off indigestion with copious libations of brandy and port, and drank many loyal toasts, after the ladies had retired, and grew sentimental and noisy as the hours sped by.

The Scotch and French-Canadians reserved New Year as their particular day for the interchange of calls and hospitality.

My Quebec directories for 1791 and for 1822 give but a limited Scotch and English permanent

2 CHRISTMAS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

population. They were mostly merchants or civil or military officials, with an ever-changing large contingent of garrison troops and officers. The tide of immigration from the British Isles had not yet set in. Canada was still a terra incognita outside the few towns on the shores of the St. Lawrence. When the fleet of merchant ships and transports sailed from the port on the approach of winter, the city gave itself up to a long six months of practical seclusion from the outer world. Stage coaches plied at irregular intervals to Montreal and Three Rivers, Fort William Henry and other local points, and some occasional communication was had with Boston and New York. The world's news so far as Quebec was concerned sifted through these channels in a haphazard way. It was often months old, but no doubt as equally interesting to the Quebec readers of the Gazette or the Quebec Mercury as a modern daily telegraphic despatch, more so, perhaps, because of the interest in the particular matters published, as likely to affect the commercial interests of Quebec. Bonaparte and his campaigns, successes, and set-backs were an unfailling subject of import and concern. The French-Canadian was, however, loyal to the English regime in Canada and evinced little interest in Napoleon's campaigns of conquest. He had found England's rule to be a just one,



Officer and Merchant in Winter Dress
Quebec, 1806

in which his interests and welfare had been so well considered that he felt no desire for a change of allegiance. A constitutional government in which he played an important part, and the conservation of his language, religion, and laws quite sufficed for him and he waxed fat and numerous under England's beneficent sway. If there was occasional friction in the wheels, the oil of diplomacy quickly overcame it.

The Quebec Gazette was established in 1764 by Messrs Brown and Gilmour, and later, by inheritance, it passed into the hands of John Neilson, subsequently a member of the Legislature and finally a Legislative Councillor, and a prominent and public-spirited citizen always. In 1806 the Gazette was issued weekly; its advertisements were printed in both English and French. It was then established at No. 3 Mountain Street where it remained for many years. In 1874 it was merged into the Quebec Chronicle.

A brief digest of its issue Dec. 25th, 1806, (Christmas day) may not be uninteresting as throwing some light on the life and times of that period in the Ancient Capital. There is no local column, no birth, death or marriage notices, no resume of daily happenings, yet in the advertisements there is a glimmering of what is going on.

4 CHRISTMAS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Herman W. Ryland opens with an ad. calling upon those who have pretensions in the township of Chatham, to fyle same.

Some townships at this period were being opened up to settlement. Ryland later on became one of the King's Commissioners for the sequestered Jesuits' estates and otherwise was a conspicuous figure in Quebec.

The Government, for the encouragement of the growing of hemp, offers a bounty to growers of £43 sterling per ton. Lewis Foy is the agent. No mention is made as to what disposition is to be made of the hemp when grown, nor have I ever seen it stated whether our Canadian farmers were induced by this liberal bounty to turn their rich pasture lands into hemp fields.

Then follows a letter from Napoleon to his brother the King of Bavaria—the message of the President of the United States to Congress—a paragraph to the effect that the Lord Bishop of Quebec had been presented at the Queen's Levee—the Ladies of Quebec are notified that at the Quebec Assembly to be held on the 27th inst. the ladies are to draw places at a quarter to six p.m., dancing to commence at 7 p.m., precisely. By this ingenious scheme there were no wall flowers and the gentlemen were compelled to dance with whomsoever his lot fell to. What a flutter of excitement it must have created

as each lady drew her dance and partner and the announcement was made. Were there any heart-burnings and disappointments? Alas! the record is silent on these points.

An auction sale is announced of all the moveables at the Manor of Beauport belonging to the estate of the late Honorable Ant. Juchereau Duchesnay. Sale to begin on the 29th inst. and continued daily until all the silverware, furniture, cattle, harnesses, carriages, corn and hay are disposed of. This was to settle the estate en communauté.

Burns & Woolsey will sell at auction on the 30th inst., rosin, herrings, blue cloth, green hyson, Mogul playing cards, woollens, linens, cottons and other articles too numerous to mention.

Theatre—For the relief of the Convent of the Ursulines lately burned at Three Rivers, by the officers of the garrison, a comedy in two acts called

“Love Laughs at Locksmiths”

To which will be added

“My Grandmother.”

Doors open at 6 p.m., performance at 7 p.m.

The title of the first play is rather suggestive for a benefit performance for a convent of cloistered nuns, but no matter so long as the benefit was considerable.

Tickets were generally for sale at the theatre tavern near by.

6 CHRISTMAS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

One Joseph Mathons offers for sale, on short credit, perfumery, jewellery and other fashionable articles.

Notices of sheriff sales are numerous both for the district of Quebec and that of Montreal.

This about sums up the contents of the Gazette, and I will now turn to the pages of the Quebec Mercury, published by Mr. Thomas Carey, of No. 3 St. Louis street, at the new printing office, No. 19 Buade street. The issue of Dec. 22nd, 1806, I have been unable to find, but that of the 15th is before me as I write. Its opening article is a vigorous protest against the proposal that a French paper to be called "Le Canadien" should be published at all, inasmuch as the French inhabitants of the rural districts were unable to read, and the few in town who could were already subscribers to either the Mercury or the Gazette. What more was required. The editor before he finishes, works himself up into quite a fury and strikes out right and left.

Francois Duval offers for sale a spacious house on St. Louis street.

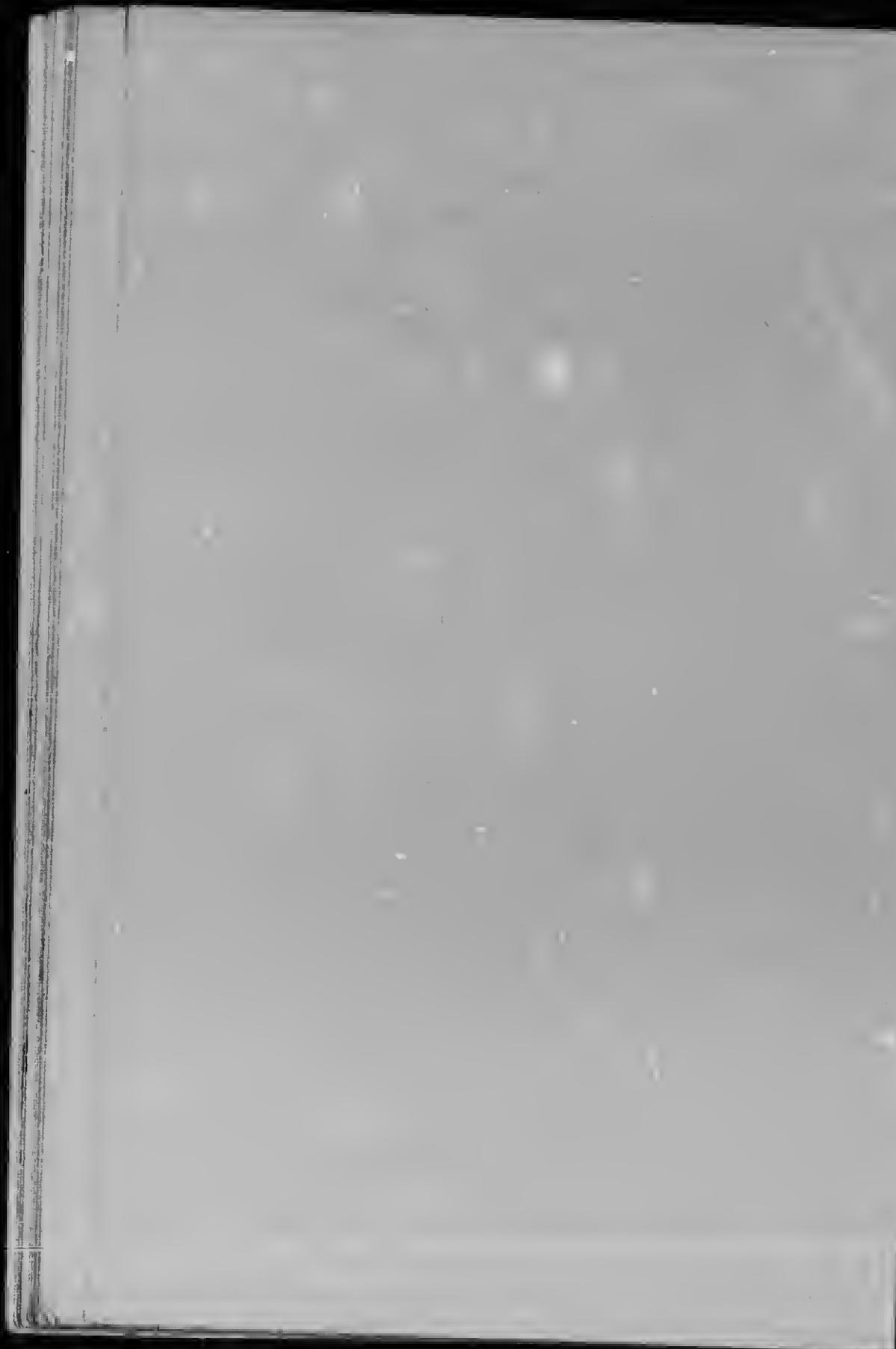
And this leads me to remark that in 1806 and thereabouts the Upper Town was the residential quarter for the professional classes, the civil officials, the well-to-do French, and the garrison officers. The Lower Town was almost entirely given up to the English and Scotch merchants.

If they did not live over their warehouses they lived alongside of them and many of them maintained quite a state. Sous-le-Cap, Sous-le-fort, St. Peter, and Sault-au-Matelot streets were the fashionable residential and business thoroughfares of these merchant nabobs.

Henry Judah informs his friends that he has removed from the St. Roc Brewery to Lower Town Market Place, where he has for sale Burton ale, porter, etc.

Some more or less unimportant news and poetry completes the issue. Not much for a paper issued once a week and for which a guinea subscription was paid.

John Lambert, writing of Canada in 1806 says that much of the sprightliness of the French-Canadians had died out since the influx of the English. Instead of endless informal little dances and entertainments, a large assembly takes their place to which only what are the upper classes are admitted. Society is split into factions and scandal is the order of the day. Calumny and envy are rife among the inhabitants, and the weekly papers teem with scurrility and malicious insinuations. The servant question is a serious one. Girls' wages are high and references quite unnecessary. We haven't progressed so far from many of these conditions even though a century has elapsed.







After the Ball at Montmorency — From a Painting by C. Krieghoff

“A Good Old Times” Winter in Quebec



THE only real outlet from Quebec in winter in the “good old times” was by diligence or private sleigh along the shores of the St. Lawrence to Montreal. This involved a journey of several days duration in favorable weather, and of unknown length of time should an Easterly snow-storm prevail. Should the traveller’s journeying take him into the Eastern Townships the St. Lawrence must be crossed, and if there was no ice-bridge, he abandoned himself to the care of some hardy canoeman with a fervent prayer that no worse fate than a ducking in the icy waters of the river would be his. After much battling with the floes of ice driven about by tide and wind, a landing might be effected on the opposite shores either up or down the river, and the half-frozen traveller consigned to some benevolent habitant to thaw out and place upon his road. Sessions of Parliament were opened in November and lasted until March. Many of the legislators came to Quebec just before the

close of navigation in their own bateaux or schooners, and, with a prudent economy, lived aboard their craft, which were moored in the St. Charles about where the Lake St. John R.R. station now is. They brought their own provisions and firewood with them and there they remained until navigation opened in the spring. They dressed in the homespun of the country, smoked their clay pipes, and drank large quantities of rum. Possessed of good hard sense, legislation suffered little at their hands, and they took time to it.

The Governor gave large state balls and dinners at the Chateau, quarreled with the legislature to keep his liver active, organized tandem drives to the Falls of Montmorency, and patronized private theatricals gotten up among the officers of the garrison. These latter gentlemen, to while away the tedium of the long winter, showed themselves possessed of a rare ingenuity for extracting amusement from the situation. Sir John Sherbrooke thus questions a young officer of engineers who has been reported to him:

"So sir, you're there are you? I understand that you sat up very late last night, sir, and you and your riotous companions were disturbing all the people by your mad pranks. How comes it, sir, that you whitewashed the undertaker's hearse, and his horse too, and how dare

you, sir, shave the tail of one of his black horses, and go and tie the long hair on the staff surgeon's rat-tailed gray pony. And I hear you have taken down a pawnbroker's sign, and hung up a long wooden spout instead, and not satisfied with this you sent a mid-wife to poor old Miss—"

And so too the lives of the quiet, peaceable citizens were kept active through the madeap frolics of these gay young cavaliers, and in place of the morning paper, over the breakfast cup of coffee, they discussed the pranks of these mischief-loving sons of Mars. The beautifully whitewashed house of the leading baker in the city receives a coat of tar one dark snowy night, and the baker upon discovering the transformation cries out: "Oh! le diable, le diable a noirci notre maison!" Town and barracks are in frequent collision, inspired no doubt by the too evident kindness which Lizette showed to the wearer of the Queen's livery, inciting Jean-Baptiste to a show of teeth, but usually ending in his discomfiture.

Haughty Lady Dalhousie was walking through the streets after a thaw accompanied by her young children, when one of them in attempting to jump across a dirty drain fell into it. A young officer who was passing by hauled the youngster out, and was proceeding to wipe the mud and filth off it with his handkerchief when

her ladyship exclaimed: "How dare you, sir, touch a child of mine in that manner!" "Oh!" exclaimed he, "there is no harm in the world done," and replacing the youngster in the drain he gave it a roll and quietly pursued his way.

After the season of navigation closed, the merchants, freed from the cares of business, gave themselves up to a period of enjoyment and entertainments. The Beefsteak Club held frequent convivial gatherings, the Club des Bois made pilgrimages to Va'cartier under the guidance of Nicholas Vincent, the chief of the Lorette Hurons, and high carnival reigned in their respective camps. Under the chaperonage of some sprightly dame, gay parties of young people made excursions to various of the parishes and danced away the long nights at some favourite rendez-vous. Sliding on the cone at Montmorency, a never-failing source of pleasure to the more daring and adventurous, attracted large parties, and contemporary prints show groups scattered about the ice partaking of substantial tiffin even though the temperature probably marked 10° below zero.

The common people, in their tight warm little houses, also welcomed winter as a period of rest and recreation, and some of their simple games and amusements are told elsewhere in this volume.

Beautiful Drives About Quebec



THE environment of Quebec is peculiarly beautiful. Nowhere on this continent is there such a blending of majestic grandeur of mountains with river and lovely peaceful valley. It is a panorama of surpassing magnificence and rural beauty which charms the eye and captivates the imagination, and it is ever changing in the varying lights of summer days, and from the many different points of observation. The mighty St. Lawrence spreads, below Quebec, into a great bay where sits enthroned the picturesque Island of Orleans, and opposite, in the dark canyon, the Montmorenci pours its waters into the mightier stream from a height of several hundred feet. On the upland from the beaches spreads, in a long thin string, the populous parish of Beauport, and close behind it the mountains drop into the valley, not a solid wall of granite, but purple-hued mountain behind mountain of many and varying forms. Nearer Quebec the St. Charles meanders through fertile and undulating country dotted with those quaint and picture-

sque French Canadian homesteads with their avenues of weird Normandy poplars. On the brow of the upland, where the St. Charles takes its mad leap of two hundred feet into the valley below, boldly stand the two villages of Lorette, the one with its magnificent modern parish church the other with its small quaint chapel about which cluster the little houses of the Indian reservation, and the back ground of both is mountains. The oldest European colony on this northern continent still jogs elbow with the original occupant, and the primitive wilderness. Behind the mountains stretches a primeval bush, a land of many lakes and wild rivers given over to fish and game for the benefit of anglers and sportsmen, and in the future to become the great sanitarium of the continent.

The valley of the St. Lawrence stretches westward for many miles, much further than the eye reaches, and it is populous and rich; full of the charm of a life that is nowhere else to be found other than in remoter parts of France, in which the customs of the 17th century civilization jostle somewhat curiously with that of the 19th—an odd commingling, but bringing both out in startling contrast.

Down the river, on the north side, the mountains crowd close to its shores, and nestling under one of them is the Shrine of St. Anne the pil-

grimage of thousands of persons annually from all parts of the United States and Canada.

If you stand on the King's Bastion and turn your eyes southward, they will roam from the picturesquely-situated town of Levis, on the opposite heights of the St. Lawrence, to the great fortifications back of it, and thence over a vast plain until they rest upon the mountains near to the border line. Turn slightly towards the west and the foam crest of the lovely Chaudiere Falls comes into view, a short four miles from Levis, past the pretty Etchemin River, at whose mouth many lumber mills are plainly visible.

Another interest also attaches to the country and places about Quebec, aside from the scenic beauty which is so delightful, and that is the romantic and stirring history which attaches to almost every spot within view or reach from the gates of Quebec. Kingdoms contended here for supremacy on the continent, in fierce struggle, and a budding Republic threw down the gauntlet to the previous victors before the gates, and paid dear penalty on that drear December night, although the invading force continued the siege until the following spring, when it was compelled to retire to Montreal by forced marches.

In the light of knowledge of these stirring scenes and of the various points of interest, one's journeyings about the country have all the added

enjoyment of the living in imagination those times of long ago.

Every road leading from Quebec is macadamized, not a creation of yesterday, but dating back forty years or more, and there are between seventy and eighty miles of them in whatsoever direction you list. They are under the control of the Turnpike Trust, a provincial corporation, and are maintained in a fair condition from the revenue derived from the tolls on all horse vehicles. Surely the automobilist must have been anticipated by the old Quebec fathers, and his roadway smoothed, for in no other part of Canada or the United States, that we are familiar with, are there such superb motor roads, and so many of them. Let our first spin be to:

CAP ROUGE AND RETURN.

If this drive be taken in the early morning or late afternoon, the gracious shade of pine, oak and maple which line the whole length of the St. Louis road and part of the Ste. Foye road, will add much to the comfort and pleasure of the motorist. The round trip is but sixteen miles over smooth macadamized roads without a hill on them, except the short rise at the intersection of the two roads at Cap Rouge village. On both roads a magnificent panorama unfolds with every mile of the journey, and frequent short stops must be made at the



Place d'Armes, Quebec — From a rare print in possession of
Willoughby Sewell, Esq.

numerous points made famous by interesting historical events.

Passing through St. Louis gate the stately Parliament buildings, in their ornate grounds that command a vista of mountain, river and valley, first arrest attention. A little further out, on the left, is the Drill Hall, built of stone and of decidedly handsome exterior. In front and facing the street stands the Short-Wallick Monument, erected to commemorate the gallant services of two brave officers who perished in the performance of their duty at the last great fire in St. Sauveur. The range of heights just beyond, where stand the Martello towers of massive stone construction, indicate the spot where General Murray gave battle to the forces under General Levis, on April 28th, 1760, and met with such an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the French general that had he not had the fortress of Quebec to withdraw to, the lily of France once more would have waved over the Citadel. Here, at a later period, the American force under Arnold were paraded in defiant show before the British garrison, but experience had shown that fighting behind walls was more prudent than an open engagement, and the challenge was declined. At the toll bar we turn aside for a few moments to visit the monument to the immortal General Wolfe, erected on the spot where he fell just as

victory crowned the English arms. Before us spread the plains of Abraham whereon was decided the destiny of Canada, giving it into English hands, after a hand to hand engagement in which both contending armies fought with desperation, the French general, the intrepid Montcalm meeting defeat with death.

We now turn again to the St. Louis road and speed away to "Spencer Wood," the Provincial Gubernatorial residence, but for many years before confederation the official residence of successive English Governor-Generals. Huge forest pines and oaks adorn the long avenue leading to the house, and as we spin along it, we obtain a lovely view of lawn, cliff, river and distant hills. We may, if time permits, enroll our names on the register kept for callers, but unless it is the official day for calls we are not apt to see any of the Governor's family. Pretty little St. Michael's Church, enclosed by well-trimmed evergreen hedges, next appears, and directly opposite beautiful Mount Hermon Cemetery with its miles of close shaven lawns, stately pines and varied monumental constructions. The next three or four miles of our road we pass a succession of imposing country mansions, embowered in trees and shrubbery, the residences of the English gentlemen, who, with an eye to the picturesque, have chosen this road for their homes. The handsome equipages

well-caparisoned horses, and imposing-liveried coachmen, which pass us, plainly indicate that the residents of the road maintain considerable style in their establishments.

The great bridge pier on the South Shore now comes into view and gives one some slight idea of the immense size that the finished bridge will assume when completed. Upon entering the long pine woods that lead to the village of Cap Rouge we stop for a few moments to rest in their inviting shade. Another short spurt brings us to Cap Rouge hill. Far below us nestles the little village, crowding the cliff side and scattering along the Cove. Apart from the beautiful coup d'œil which is unfolded at this westerly point of Quebec's island, for island it has been in some remote past, a strangely interesting history attaches to the spot. Here, in 1541, came Jacques Cartier with his two ships, and wintered in the little river, to lay the foundation of the colony which was to follow, under Roberval, the following summer. Upon his arrival a great fort was built on the high point, also storehouses, mills, a bakery, etc.; land was cleared and planted, but the little colony did not thrive. It lacked the essentials of permanency, and the break-up soon followed. But it should be borne in mind that at Cap Rouge was seriously commenced the first European colony on the main land of North



America, sixty-four years before Quebec was founded.

We have now turned into the Ste. Foye road on our way back to the city. The view on this road is magnificent and of immense extent. At the village of Ste. Foye, the winter quarters of the American soldiers in 1775-76, and an old redoubt, are still pointed out. Picturesque villas embowered in immense forest trees now line the road until we reach the monument erected to commemorate the fierce battle which ended here on the 18th April, 1760, between the forces under General Levis and the British Garrison under General Murray. The monument was the gift of Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, and was erected in 1860.

Within another five minutes we are again within the city limits, and our drive is finished.

THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

In the late afternoon, when the sun is gilding the spires of many churches, far down the St. Lawrence, and upon the Island of Orleans, and the great bay is full of sailing craft tacking about in the light breeze of summer afternoon, a drive to the Falls of Montmorenci along the height above the river, returning in the gathering twilight after a little supper at the Kent House, is a trip which will linger long in memory. We





An Old Farm House — From a Painting by Miss Bonham

still follow a beautifully macadamized road, free of hills. The great farm-house belonging to the Quebec Seminary, is the most conspicuous place we come to after we cross the St. Charles River, by the Dorchester Bridge. It is resorted to, weekly, by the Seminary scholars for their day's outing. The road is now densely populated, the lands divided into long narrow strips, with the houses all hugging the road for closer companionship of their occupants. These houses and outbuildings are of the type peculiar to the farming communities of Lower Canada, and in their fresh dress of whitewash present a decidedly novel but most picturesque appearance. The seignory of Beauport was granted, as early as 1634, to Sieur Giffard. His daughters married the brothers Juchereau, and their descendants, the Duchesnays, occupied the manor for several centuries. The Beauport Asylum, in its beautiful grounds, is the home of the insane under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

The occupation of Quebec by the Kirkes, from 1618 to 1633 but little affected Beauport, which was then only in its infancy, but in 1690, when Admiral Phipps appeared with his great fleet, and landed a force at Beauport, it met with such a stout resistance from the inhabitants and a small body of regulars, as to force it to retire with great loss. Again in 1759, the English

under Wolfe, and the fleet commanded by Admirals Holmes and Saunders, made many unsuccessful and disastrous attempts to dislodge the French who were entrenched on the heights and at Montmorenci, and fought valiantly, driving the English soldiers and sailors back to the fleet with severe losses and preventing them from crossing the Montmorenci River. The Americans, in 1775 and 1776, took possession of the parish and made themselves at home among the villagers, who, if not directly sympathizing with the invaders, were at least neutral.

"Haldimand House," at the Falls, now the Kent House was the summer home of the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, during his stay in Quebec, where he commanded a regiment of fusiliers. He drove to and from Quebec daily, frequently accompanied by the beautiful Madame St. Laurent.

Though the volume of water is much less than Niagara, the Falls of Montmorenci are considerably higher, and present a beautiful effect amid their picturesque surroundings, with the extended panorama visible from the cliff. A walk of a mile up the river brings us to the great power dam. Should the motorist care to continue his journey, a good road leads on from the Falls to Bonne St. Anne, the great pilgrimage resort.

QUEBEC TO INDIAN LORETTE AND CHARLESBOURG.

As several macadamized roads lead to Indian Lorette some eight miles from Quebec on the upland north of the city, it gives a change of road going and coming. We take the road by way of Charlesbourg, where we halt for a cooling drink of spruce beer, and a tramp to the ruins of Chateau Bigot, familiar to all readers of Kirby's "Chien D'Or" and Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty" as the rendezvous of the notorious and profligate Intendant Bigot, and where, so tradition asserts, was murdered Bigot's mistress, the beautiful Algonquin maid. The parish of Charlesbourg is laid out like a wheel, the church and houses the hub, the lands widening out at the extreme end. This was done for the protection of the settlers in the earlier days, from Indian incursions. From Charlesbourg we turn westward and skirt the upland, from which we have a charming view of Quebec and its fortifications, the River St. Lawrence and the lovely cultivated valley at our feet. The comfortable old farm houses that we pass, among fruitful orchards, indicate a well-to-do peasantry. At the Indian village we put up at Mrs. St. Amand's Hotel, and wander for an hour, through the streets of the little hamlet, watching, with amused curiosity, the various industries carried on by the men and squaws all savouring of the primitive life

of the Indian, but in the countenances of men and women little trace remaining of their illustrious ancestors, the once powerful Hurons. The village, however, is full of quaint interest, and its location directly over the great Falls of the St. Charles River, lends to it a wild beauty. Returning we drive the length of the other Lorette, with its really magnificent parish church, and strangely French features, and then we turn down the long slope that leads to the Little River road, along the banks of which we pass for several miles before reaching the city limits.

OTHER RIDES ABOUT QUEBEC.

The Montreal turnpike leading through the fertile and pretty parishes of Ancienne Lorette, St. Augustin, and thence to Lake Calvaire, and return by Cap Rouge make a delightful day's outing, as does a trip to Lake Beauport, or Lake St. Charles, both within twelve miles of Quebec, where some good trout fishing may be had, and comfortable inns found, and where one can spend a night if so inclined.



Winter—From a Painting by Miss Bonham

Some Quebec Bird Notes



WHEN the inexorable railroad laid its hands on our old home "Ravenscliffe," Cap Rouge, where for sixteen years we had browsed among the wild birds and wild flowers from spring until late autumn, and in winter followed on snowshoes the trail of the red deer, the fox, loup cervier, hare and partridge, we felt a strange sense of homelessness and looked forward to a residence in Quebec with some misgiving. With time, however, we have found some compensation in other pursuits and occupations, and, strange as it may seem, in a continuance of our wild bird studies within the very walls of the city.

Immediately upon taking possession of our house in October we were waited upon by a large and noisy committee from the band of English sparrows that run our street and we were plainly given to understand that we were expected to contribute to their maintenance during the winter months under penalty of having our morning's sleep interrupted by window ledge daily clanging. We capitulated at once, treated the

committee to some stale cake, and promised a daily supply of rations. We faithfully adhered to our part of the agreement, but our small feathered friends have sometimes forgotten to keep theirs when politics ran high among them, or a personal quarrel had to be settled by a resort to force. It must be confessed that they are a quarrelsome crowd and their bickerings are of daily occurrence. In very stormy winter weather they would seek the protection of our hangard and demand double rations. They roosted on a wall beam under the roof and seemed indifferent to the severe cold. Cats, rats, and the small boy of the boomerang and pea-shooter are their insatiable enemies and no doubt help to keep their numbers down. They find the flesh pots of the city fuller than the granaries of the country and have become strict urbanites in consequence. Just at present they have mated and taken up light house-keeping. Mrs. Sparrow spends a good deal of time in her nest, and is looking eagerly forward to coming events.

Long after the last country crow had winged its way south I heard a cawing one evening at sundown in Artillery Park. A little careful searching and I found some five or six crows roosting in some thick high lilac trees. I made their acquaintance at sunrise a few days later. To an old family friend they did not mind con-

fessing in strict confidence that Quebec was a veritable gold mine in food supply, and they had decided to winter over, but as it was now breakfast time they would say caw-caw! for the present. I watched them drop down onto the St. Charles' flats, where no doubt a menu meal awaited them. As the winter advanced they complained a good deal of the severe cold, but they said the bill of fare on the dump piles was numy-num—first-class and up-to-date in out-of-season delicacies. The open can desserts were of unusual excellence and plenty. They wished, however, to beg my influence through the press to induce housewives to pay more regard to the opening of cans. One crow had had to submit to the indignity of having to stumble around for part of a day with his head fastened inside of a tomato can that had been only partially opened. They also deprecated the constant attempts upon their lives by young gentlemen with .22 rifles. My sable friends continued to make the Park their headquarters until early in May, when I think they moved across the St. Charles into a clump of Lombardys for family reasons. When Mr. Pozer lived on John street he had a winter house built for some crows, and they used it for years.

Some time towards the end of March we were taking a squint of the St. Lawrence from the

Terrace for some indication of spring. Just as we approached the easterly end near the P. O. we heard a burst of the most joyous melody on the cliff side. Looking over we soon descried the singer in an old friend—the song sparrow—“le rossignol,” so beloved of our French-Canadian brethren for its unusual cheerful ditty even amidst stress and storm,

“Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui a la cœur gai.”

This little harbinger of spring is either a very early arrival or it winters with us. We have never satisfied ourselves on this point.

Early in April came an advanced guard of robins. They occupied every likely-looking spot about the city, and appeared to be quite at home, so we came to the conclusion that they were old summer visitors, and in this conclusion we are now confirmed, as they are nesting in the Governor's Garden, Artillery Park, Battery, the yard of St. Andrew's Church—in fact, wherever there are trees and grass. The sunrise and sundown song of the male, perched on a tree-top, if not melodious, is at least cheerful. He holds his own pretty well against the saucy annoyances from the English sparrow.

Now that the lilacs are in full bloom many of the city parks and private gardens are the daily



Frontenac Park — Winter

resort of the ruby-throated humming bird, whose flight from flower to flower is a flash of color merely. How cleverly constructed and how dainty its nest when discovered, but it takes a quick eye to pick out the tiny affair, so nicely is it adjusted to the color of the tree in which it is built.

The little night hawk—that omnivorous moth catcher—is in considerable numbers about the city and his shrill cry can be heard any evening, and from that time until daylight. It feeds on the wing and its big mouth fits it for this method of seizing its prey. It will perch on the roof peak of a house and by its loud repeated and discordant cry attracts considerable attention to itself from the passers-by on the street.

We have seen but one owl, but it passed so quickly into the darkness of the trees that we had no opportunity for identifying it. We are told of their frequent occurrence in various localities in town.

An occasional partridge of an adventurous turn of mind is seen along the cliff at the Cove Fields or on the Ste. Foye side, but his visit is usually a hurried one and he soon returns to the old home in the Gomin swamp.

One May morning through our open bedroom window floated a "Sweet-sweet-Canada-Canada!" We could scarce believe our senses—our hermit

friend of the swamps and wooded fastnesses—and on a visit to the city? But so it was and a number of companions with him. They remained so long that it looked like a housekeeping affair, but one morning they were gone and we heard and saw them no more in town, but we half way believe we met some of them on the borders of a lake we were fishing some time since.

We must now read what Sir James LeMoine has to say about the birds that visit Spencer Grange. Although the latter estate is only a mile and a quarter from the city limits its sylvan beauties have been sung by the poets and revelled in by the thousands of visitors to the venerable historian and naturalist who has resided here for forty odd years.

“TO GEORGE M. FAIRCHILD, ESQ.,
Quebec.

SPENCER GRANGE, SILLERY,

May 31, 1906.

“DEAR MR. FAIRCHILD,—I promised to give you the names of the birds I notice in my woods, and to mention the date of their arrival in the spring. Some time since in May I had a pleasant visit from Thomas McIlraith, the leading ornithologist of Ontario. In comparing notes I found I could claim at the Spencer Grange summer orchestra at least 50 musicians. The first arrival

by order of date about the middle of April was the song sparrow—'Le Rossignol' so dear to Canadian hearts. I might style him the cousin of the white-throated sparrow, whose shrill whistle 'Sweet! Sweet! Canada!! Canada!!' even during the night is so familiar to you; he, however, arrives a few days later.

"A large band of lively robins, alas! much reduced in number, of late years follow en route to set up house-keeping at Hudson Bay after leaving a few pairs behind, who build around my house and are much appreciated.

"I have noticed some harsh screeching crackles mixed up with the robins. Those beautiful favorites, the 'thrushes,' the 'hermit,' the 'veery,' the 'olive-backed,' warble sweetly night and morning, after taking their bath in the Belle Bourne brook. I must not omit the 'chipping sparrow' and the 'slate-colored junco' (Wilson snow bird recognized by the two white feathers in its tail). I have three nests of these birds within a few yards of my parlor window.

"As the weather gets warmer the 'red-eyed virco' arrives, followed by the lovely 'indigo bird' under contract to sing until September; then comes the 'ruby-throated humming bird,' who buzzes over the geraniums in bloom in rainbow tints—of the four Canadian varieties the 'ruby-throated' alone honors us with a call in the leafy months. But I

must hurry on with my list. Amongst others a bevy of brilliant fly-catchers—in May 'golden-winged woodpeckers,' 'red-headed ditto,' 'chimney swallows,' 'king-birds,' 'grey crested fly-catchers,' 'blue jays,' 'purple finch,' 'pine grosbecks,' (in winter only), 'American gold finch,' 'wren,' 'pine siskin,' 'fox sparrow' (occasionally during a warm spell a 'scarlet tanager'), 'cedar bird,' 'chickadee.' Several varieties of owls visit our woods.

"I remember a tiny Richardson's and a 'saw-whet owl' entering on different occasions through my drawing-room window in the evening. A fine specimen of the great cinereous owl was captured near my residence. And I've heard at night the hoarse croak of the bittern on the look-out, I imagine, for frogs near Belle Bourne Brook.

"Of the birds of prey, several individuals hover occasionally over my farm yard in quest of chickens, the rascals.!

"I am safe, I think, fixing at 50 the specimens of the bird world, without counting a large colony of noisy crows that visit Spencer Grange during the summer months, and steal the sprouting corn.

"I enclose for your information a paper I read before the Royal Society on the birds of the Province of Quebec—though you can count several

feathered choristers, within the city; you see we are better off than you in the green woods of Sillery.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"J. M. LEMOINE."

An Old Seignorial Deed



IN searching through some old family papers recently I came upon a deed, a grant of land (en seigneurie) by the commissioners for the Jesuit estates in the County of Quebec, to an officer late of the 60th Rifles. It is dated the 14th of February, 1821. The conditions of this grant under the old seignorial laws are so curious and interesting I am certain that many readers will enjoy the transcript parts of this document. The seignorial act of 1854 abolished many of these seignorial rights, reserving only to the seigneurs the ground rents (centes et rentes) and these even are commutable upon payment of the capital sum based upon the rents at 6 per cent.

When the order of Jesuits was suppressed, the Government of Canada entered upon possession of all their vast properties in various parts of the province of Quebec. This reversal of the Jesuits holdings included the old Jesuit College where now stands the present City Hall and previously known as the Jesuit Barracks where for years, when British troops were quartered in

Quebec, a regiment of soldiers were its inmates. Under French regime the "jeune noblesse" of New France received its education there. At the death of Pere Cazot, the last survivor of the Jesuits, an inventory was made of the property, personal and real, by the Government. The personal property was sold, the realty remained with the Government which now assumed the role of the seigneur, which it holds to this day under the restrictions, however, of the seignorial act of 1854.

Here is the document in part:

"On the 14th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one. Before us the undersigned Notaries Public duly admitted and sworn for the province of Lower Canada, residing at the city of Quebec in the said province appeared and were present: The Honorable Herman Witsins Ryland, Esq., John Stewart, Esq., the Honorable Lieutenant-Colonel John Ready and Lewis Foy, Esq., a quorum of the commissioners for the administration of the estates heretofore belonging to the late order of Jesuits in Canada. Which said commissioners by virtue of the power vested in them by the said commissions have and do hereby voluntarily now and forever by these presents demise, assign, transfer, concede, and set over, for and on behalf of His Majesty, his heirs and

"Riverside", Valcartier, P.Q.



successors, "a titre de bail a cens profit de lods et ventes, saisins et amende" and other seignorial rights according to the custom of Paris; the said commissioners for and on behalf of His Majesty; promising to guarantee, (garantir) from all disturbances (troubles) and other hinderances whatsoever; unto Alexander Joseph Wolff in His Majesty's Sixtieth Regiment of Foot—a certain tract of land without any warranty of precise measure.

This present grant or concession thus made for and on behalf of His Majesty for and in consideration of several charges, clauses, conditions, services (servitudes) and reservations hereinafter specially mentioned—And the grantee binds himself, his heirs and assigns to pay to the said commissioners for and on behalf of His Majesty one sol (un sol) reckoning the same at the rate of twenty to the livre "de vingt a la livre" old currency, (ancien cours) for every superficial arpent of land, and a live capon (un chapon vif) or twenty French pennies "vingt sol tournois" at the option of said commissioners, of seignorial and perpetual rents, not to be redeemable "de centes et rentes seigneuriale perpetuelle et non rachetable" for each arpent in front, upon twenty arpents in depth, the said seignorial rents "les dits cents et rentes" carrying with them the rights and profits of all fines and dues when and

so often as the case may accrue according to the customs of Paris "portant profit de lots, et rentes. saisine et amende guard le cas echerra suivent la coutume de Paris" to and in favour of His Majesty, from the domain (domaine).

The said seignorial rents payable yearly on the day and feast of St. Martin's in the House and College of this city heretofore belonging to the late order R.R.P.P. Jesuits in Canada and since devolved unto His Majesty.

The said lands and concession subject to the rights of the Bannal mill of the said seignory "sujet au moulin banal de la dite seigneurie" on pain of forfeiture, "sous peine de forfeiture" arbitrary fine, "amende arbitraire" and even to the payment by the grantee of the multure for grinding (la mouture des grains) of such grain or corn as he may have ground elsewhere;—to establish a dwelling house on the said land "tenir feu et lieu" within a year and a day:—To fell and cut down such part of the timber or other brushwood on the said land as the neighbours may by law require "donner de decouroerte ses voisins a fur et mesur qu'ils pourront le demander" to fence and ditch in common with said neighbors;—to allow of all highways and bridges that the said commissioners may deem fit and necessary for public utility, and to uphold the same in good order; to work and cultivate the said land and

to keep and maintain the same in good order so that the said seignorial rents may be easily had annually;—The said commissioners hereby reserving the right of preemption “droit de retrait” in case of sale or of any other alienation of the whole or part of said lands upon reimbursing to said purchaser “acquerer” the price “le prix principal” of such purchase together with costs, dues and charges “praise, mise, et loyaux conts” also the right of recognizance and a new declaration “reconnoissance et declaration nouvelle” upon each mutation by succession or otherwise at the sole cost and charge of the possessor or holder (detempteur). The said grantee being also hereby expressly prohibited from ceding, giving or alienating the whole or any part of the said land to or in favor of any corporation or mortmain “communiteon main morte” as also from putting quit rent upon quit rent (cens sur cens)—and the commissioners moreover reserve for the use and benefit of His Majesty all species of timber useful for the construction of ships of war; together with all mines and minerals; with the right also to take from the said land all sorts of wood, and also the stones, lime, sand and other material for the construction and repairs of churches, parsonages, mills and other public works, for the Manor House or other houses and inclosures on the domain of the said seigniory and if it is advantageous for

the interest of His Majesty to erect water and wind mills it shall be lawful for them so to do taking such ground, river or rivulets which may be necessary—and the said grantee shall not erect or cause to be erected any mill of any description whatsoever.

When the Habitant Weds and Old Customs Still Prevail



WHEN old Narcisse had deposited the tinette of butter in the hangard, made all the polite inquiries as to the health of the various members of the family, had swallowed his coup of whiskey blanc with many declarations of approval of the quality of that liquor as a throat scratcher, (grate la gorge), he then, with very many apologies for so presuming, begged the honor of our presence at the marriage of his daughter, Marie Ange to Victor Content on the following Monday. "You love the old customs of our country," added Narcisse, "come and you will see that we have not all of us forgotten the former ways of our people."

We promised, but as the drive was one of some twenty-five miles from the city, and as the marriage ceremony at the church took place at 7 a.m., it was agreed that we should only be expected at the house.

"Do not forget that it is for three days," was Narcisse's parting injunction.

At the dawn of a beautiful June morning, only such a morning as is gifted to high latitudes, cool and clear, fragrant of the budding summer, and in glorious greens to the very mountain tops. The city slept, not even a convent bell announced the opening day as we drove across the Dorchester Bridge and away into the little mountain parish of St. "No-Name." When we turned off the macadamized road and its line of populous, comfortable houses, rich fields of growing grass and grain, and sleek herds of cattle, and began the long ascent into the mountains, the scene changed rapidly. The farms grew rough and stony, the houses dwindled into the rough log ones of the pioneer, the barns became sheds, and the few cattle looked rather weather beaten and poor—the one unfailing crop that brings happiness to every French Canadian homestead be it ever so poor, was much in evidence at every doorstep as we passed, the numbers of ruddy, sturdy and smiling children who popped out like peas out of a pod to see us drive by. The poorer the father and the larger the family, the richer does he feel in world's wealth.

Along the road was stacked great lengths of well piled cord wood, hundreds and hundreds of birch logs and long spruce timbers, both squared and round, which was a forcible reminder that not alone by farming were these dwellers upon the



Making Ready for the Wedding

mountain sides enabled to eke out a scant subsistence. The bush and its lumbering are the mainstay. They either depend upon the cut from their own lands, or they take contracts from the big lumber firms to get out spruce logs in winter, on the latter's limits, and these are then called jobbers. Were it not for the lumber interests it is questionable whether these out-dwellers of the lands could subsist on their farms alone. Come rain, come shine, they are, however, the happiest and most contented people in the world.

There was a gay display of flags before the door at Narcisse's, and from a flag-staff flew the tricolor of France—the flag of Lower Canada, if one might judge from its prevalence throughout the Province.

Two old dames were in possession of the house and busy completing the preparation for the great dejeuner. After stabling our horse we amused ourselves by looking over the premises. Like all the houses of its class throughout the province, it was a cube of square logs, chinked with moss and lime. Clapboarding it had none. The lower floor was of two rooms divided by a board partition, and in an opening of this stood the great three decker iron stove, with a capacity for three feet wood in winter; in summer it serves as the store closet for the daily provisions for all summer cooking was done in a small outside shed.

The kitchen served also as dining room and parlour on all ordinary occasions. The second room, which was the family bedroom, contained an old-fashioned four poster bedstead, while under it were several low cribs which are hauled out at night for the kidlets. A settle bed, a combination affair of bench by day and bed at night for the large children, was pushed against the wall. The more grown-ups climbed a sort of ladder and slept in the garret. Crude coloured pictures of a religious character adorned the wall, while a crucifix hung over a low shelf with the string of beads. Some deal tables, wooden rockers and chairs and a corner cupboard completed the furnishings. Several pairs of snow-shoes and a curious old gun with powder horn and shot bag, hung on the kitchen walls. We must not forget the spinning wheel which had its place of honor.

The breakfast was to be served on a long board table under a group of sighing poplars. The two rooms in the house were to be given up to dancing.

The rattle of buckboards and the lively notes of a concertina announced the coming of the marriage train. There was a mad race down the hill, a cloud of dust and out of it the groom gallantly lifted his blushing bride from the voiture and deposited her on the doorstep. The concertina fairly shrieked and the fiddle made a lively

second. As the guest of honor we were politely accorded the privilege of kissing the bride, and having, as the Yankees say "got our hand in," we insisted upon also kissing the bridesmaid, which excited considerable merriment. There was no delay in serving the breakfast and a merrier crowd never gathered at a festive board. The fare, if rude, was generous in quantity. A huge roasted fresh ham graced one end of the table, and at the other a great dish of ragout divided the honors. There were meat pies, preserve pies, molasses pies, croquignoles, pyramids of hard-boiled eggs, Boswell's bottled beer for the men, and tea for the women and children. A "square-face" of gin was first passed around for un coup to the health, prosperity and large family of the young couple, with many sly jokes interposed by all the elders and much laughter from the others.

After the breakfast the first day's drive into the seventh concession was made by the entire party. The violin in one trap and the concertina in another, alternately accompanied the singers. At every house a salute was fired from the old family musket, with another running fire of badinage. When we came to the house of a relation we all stopped and had more refreshments, danced a while, then away again. Finally we turned back so as to reach the house in time for an *al fresco* sup-

per and the enjoyment of the real entertainment that was to follow.

When the afterglow had faded into the long twilight of a June night, we were all bidden into the house. The bride and groom now took their seats at one end of the room, holding hand in hand, the guests grouped at the other end. Out of the crowd advanced, with a dancing step towards the newly-married couple, the celebrated Pelouse, the chanteur, whose word improvizations to some old French air, and his local hits, gave him great vogue at all entertainments.

With a sweeping bow he commenced his song, which first treated of the joys and responsibility of married life. Then turning to the bride he addressed one particular stanza to her in which she is implored to be in all things what a good wife should be. The groom next received his attention and got some good advice and several digs in the ribs.

The mother now seated herself between the couple and sang a long complainte setting forth her grief at losing so good a daughter, and congratulating the groom upon a wife of so many virtues.

The proceedings at this stage were interrupted by the cry of fire. The men, headed by Narcisse, rushed out of doors, only to discover that some prankish youths had set fire to several bundles

of straw. A larky guest seized the tall beaver of another guest and made an auto de fe of it, and the owner wept maudlin tears over it as it was slowly consumed. An innocent youth was seized as the supposed ring leader of the mischievous gang, and was soundly cuffed before he was rightly discovered.

After all this excitement it is found necessary to pass round the "square-face" before a return to the house. To restore good humor the chanteur again steps forth and sings an improvised song in which all the guests in turn are referred to for some peculiarity. This excites the utmost hilarity at the expense of the one who is hardest hit. The man of the lost beaver hat caught the following rap:

Jean Rouleau, now his castor is burned,
Bald headed must go home,
Since his love of the girls is surely spurned,
So single he will roam.

and another at random.

Joe Baton sold a pig in town,
And bought his wife a ten cent gown,
She boxed his ears and banged his head,
And said he was a man of lead.

The raillery, if crude, was never offensively coarse.

The concertina now took possession of one room and the fiddle the other and dancing began, the bride and groom always remaining seated in the one place. Quadrilles alternated with cotillions and country jigs. All were vigorously danced but with perfect decorum. Between each dance some local orator addressed the bride in humorous or serious strain.

At length the bride is called upon for a song. Remaining seated, but taking the hand of her blushing swain, she launched forth into a plaintive recital of her grief at being torn from the arms of her loving parents and her beautiful home, but trusting with God's help to build up another. In the meantime an unmarried sister standing outside a window has taken up the refrain. It was all inexpressibly touching and there were many tearful eyes. But it is no time for tears—away goes the fiddle and the concertina, and away go the dancers in their whirl. But even dancers grow weary for a time, and fiddlers dry. At this juncture another important individual came upon the scene, the conteur (the story-teller). When all was quiet and the lights turned low, he began his story of a long-tailed devil who tries his utmost to create discord between a newly-married couple, but in the end gets signally worsted and disappears in a cloud of sulphurous smoke. His hearers are all duly impressed. His next story

is of a bashful lover who has fallen in love with a maid in the Cure's house. Whenever he meets her he trembles like the leaves on the aspen, and he would never have had the courage to propose to her had she not helped him out. "This," concluded the conteur, "shows the necessity for all maidens with bashful lovers to bring them to the point without delay."

This piece of wisdom appeared to meet with the general acceptance from all the young people present.

Dancing is again resumed, and more supper follows. No one thinks of sleep until rosy dawn comes smiling, then the tired crowd melt away into nooks and corners for a few hours' rest before commencing the round once more.

We plead urgent affairs in town as an excuse for our departure, but with many assurances of our delight at all we had seen and heard. Narcisse and the bride and groom waved us a last farewell.

The Maid of the Mountain

PART FIRST

T HAD been a long day on the Jacques Cartier River. We had run it in my canoe from far up among the mountains down into the valley where it ceases to fret and foam, and an occasional clearing on the bank indicated the pioneers' struggle for foothold on the land. I had fished the twenty miles of water and a goodly pile of trout lay in the bottom of the canoe. It was time to camp while there was yet light enough to make snug for the night. At a likely looking point I directed Charlo, my half-breed guide, to beach the canoe. The little tent was soon set and the fragrant bed of balsams laid. Charlo had crossed the river to gather some birch bark, and I had thrown myself down for that sweet half hour of rest that follows the fatigue of a day of cramped position in a canoe. I must have dozed off, for I heard no approaching footsteps, but a voice that was evidently that of a woman awakened me, and I sprang to a sitting position. Standing beside the camp fire was the most extraordinary looking creature

I had ever seen,—a woman, but of masculine features and coarse, beady-eyed, with closely cropped gray hair. She wore an old cowboy's slouch pulled well down on her head, a man's long homespun overcoat of many hues and patches, a skirt of potato bagging that dropped an inch or two below the overcoat but barely covering the long sheepskin tops of the moccasins that served as footwear. Slung under her left arm was a single-barrelled gun of formidable but antique appearance.

I stared at her in speechless surprise.

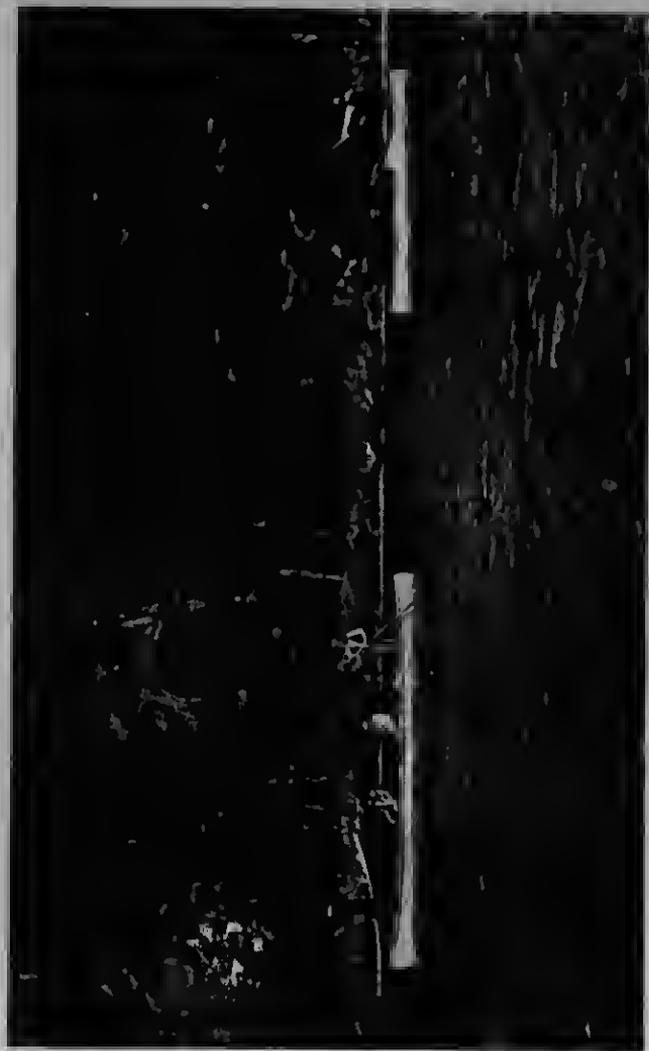
"I say, mister, you needn't look so scared, it's only me," said the woman.

"And who the deuce may 'only me' be?" I asked, recovering my speech.

"What me? Why, mister, I'm the Maid of the Mountain back beyant. Me cow, bad luck to her, strayed down to the river, and it was luki'g for her I wus when I saw ye's two comin' down the river. You'll say to that black haythen that's with you that the Maid of the Mountain wants that sthumpin' done at onct. At onct, mind ye, or I'll have Angus McTavish to do it.

"But my good woman, Charlo's engaged with me for another week," I answered.

"Is he indade," she replied; "and who the divil may you be to set yourself above the rest of the wurruld? You give him the wurrd as I tell you!"



Poling the Rapids, Ste. Anne River

She looked so fierce that I hastily promised to deliver her message, and, to further propitiate her, I produced my flask with a cordially expressed hope that she would take a nip.

"Be gobs, thin, I don't mind if I do," she replied; shure, it's chilly and I must be futtin' it. Here's to your fishin' and better luck to you, and don't you forget the wurrd."

"And how are you going to find your way home through the bush in the dark?" I ventured to ask.

"Find me way home in the dark Glory be to God, man!—for tin years I've tramped the trail and it's every stump and stone I know. I wish you good night."

I had come out of the tent by this time, and I watched her as she strode off into the fast gathering gloom. She looked a veritable Amazon.

Charlo soon after came in with his roll of birch bark, and silently, as was his custom, made up the fire and prepared the supper. Later, when we had finished the first pipe, I said:—

"I have a message for you Charlo, and from a lady.

"Ah! you 'av' de veesite from the Maid of the Montagne. Sacre! I 'ave her de promeese made for long tam for work h'on de stump."

"Oh! you have, have you? Well she left word that you were to come at once or she would get Angus McTavish to do it."



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"She giv' dat word? She go got dat tam Angoose for work. No, nevare. I go for do dat work tout de suite. You see dat gal, well, she verra fine h'ole gal. I go for marry her when she 'av' de lan' h'all clear. To-morrow I h'ax you for to leave me go."

"But Charlo, you were to stay with me for another week?"

"Wal you h'ax anuder man h'on de settlemen' for go wid you."

As any further argument seemed useless, I let it go at that. In the morning we paddled down the river to the three or four log houses that constituted the settlement, and Charlo departed after consigning me to M'sieu MacDonald. To my enquiry of the latter as to a man who knew the river and could paddle a canoe, MacDonald replied:

"Angus McTavish is the mon. He kens the reever fine. If he's no at the Maid's you'll find him at his ain hoose down the river,"

"May I ask Mr. MacDonald, who the Maid is?"

"Ah! mon dear, but it's no a question I can answer. I ken weel the necht she came. It was a great rain storm and as black as yon tom. There was a great clap of thunder, and the gude wife said, 'I'm thankfu', Thammass, you're no on the road the necht.'" Just then the door was opened and in walked a woman clean drippit

from head to foot. She carried a great pack on her back, which she unslung, and shaking herself like a dog, she said in an Irish brogue:

“ ‘Shure I’ve done some hard trampin’ in me toime, but that’s a divil’s road from Quebec here, and the night’s bad. I’d be thankful to you, mum, for a cup of tay’, turning to the wife. ‘Your name’s Macdonald,’ said she, addressing me, ‘and you’ll be after showing me lot 10 in the mornin’. I’ve bought it.’

“ ‘Woman,’ said I, ‘Do you no ken that lot 10 is away on the mountain, and no an acre cleared nor as much as a cabin on it?’

“ ‘I’ll attend to all that in good time,’ said she.

“ ‘But, woman, have you no a mon to helpit you?’ put in the wife.

“ ‘A man, is it,’ said she, in a fierce way, ‘I’d have you understand, mum, that I’m as good as any man,’

“ ‘She may be a bit off in her reasoning but she’s come and gone this ten years, and it’s a great farm she’s got with a tidy house on it.’

“ ‘And this is all you know of her?’ I further inquired, eager for information respecting my strange visitor of the night before.

“ ‘Weel,’ replied Macdonald, ‘only that she’s a great hunter. It’s not lang syne she killed a muckle big bear that was rinnin’ after her sheep, and in the winter she gangs awa’ intil the bush

for caribou. And it's fearsome to see her standing in her canoe wi' a lang fishing pole, casting recht and left, and a-tearin' down the rapids. But she minds her ain business, and she no likes veesitors."

"Not unless they are handy at stumping," I laughingly replied.

"Man, you're recht, but she's great at that hersel' as weel," and MacDonald chuckled at the thought.

"And now," said I, "for McTavish." I found him sitting before the door of his cabin modelling a paddle. His appearance was quite as striking as the Maid's. He was tall and raw-boned, with a red beard, and hair to match. The latter was long and curled hanging over the collar of his blue flannel shirt like a great mane. He was, perhaps, fifty or more. I explained to him that Charlo had deserted me for the maid, and that I wanted his services for a week as canoe-man.

"So the black felly has gone to the Maid," said McTavish. "Man, man, but she plays him like she does a trout she's well hooked. But, no matter, I'll send him to the right about as soon as the land is cleared, so let the Injun work away." McTavish grinned at the picture he had evoked.

So did I, but I saw two trout on her cast, and I wondered which one she would land. McTavish's

preparations to accompany me were simple. He merely closed the cabin door, picked up a long lithe spruce pole shod with iron on one end, and announced that he was ready. He proved so skilful in poling a canoe that I decided to return up river to the pool of the big rock. There, again, I set my tent, and for several days I fished for the great trout that lurk in its depths. Of all the rivers that take their rise in the table-land that forms the divide between Lake St. John and the River St. Lawrence in the Province of Quebec, there is no one that is so justly celebrated for its trout as the Jacques Cartier. Its island-studded waters, the irregular shaped mountains that guard it, and clad to their summits with spruce, and balsam, its rough rapids that subside into long reaches of placid water also lend to it a charm possessed by no other river in the whole Dominion.

But to return to my story, though I love to take the angler's privilege of an occasional cast to one side on the chance of an unexpected rise.

One evening McTavish, after lighting his pipe from a coal deftly extracted from the camp fire, turned to me and said:

"You know the Maid of the Mountain?"

"Yes," I replied, "slightly."

"A grand woman, sir."

"A very remarkable one, I should say," I dryly replied. This however, was quite lost on McTavish who continued:

"I have known that woman, sir, for ten years, and she hasn't her like in our parish. She can do anything that a man can. It's a treat to see her swing an axe. I've asked her to marry me," Here McTavish paused.

"Well," said I, "What was her answer?"

"That she wouldn't marry the King of England until every acre of land on her farm was cleared, and then she'd decide. It's all right though, and I give her a hand whenever I've spare time. Faith, a man without a wife in these parts has a hard time, and I'm tired of it."

I wished him all success, and thereupon we made up the fire and turned in for the night. As our subsequent adventures on the river have nothing in relation to my story, I must resist the temptation of another side-cast, lest I forget what I started out to tell. At the end of my week's engagement with McTavish, I dismissed him and took my way back to Quebec.

PART SECOND

About the middle of the winter that followed, a messenger from one of the hospitals came to me and said that an Indian by the name of Charlo, who was a patient in the institution, suffering

from frozen feet wished to see me. I answered the summons at once, and found my quondam companion of the preceding summer, minus several toes, but otherwise convalescing. While caribou hunting he had broken through the ice, and before he could reach his camp, both feet were badly frozen. It was Angus McTavish who found him, and with infinite toil had drawn him out to the settlement on a toboggan, from whence he was brought in to the hospital in Quebec.

"Hein!" said he, "you 'av' de good 'art for come see a h'ole Injin man, m'sieu', I would not h'ax you for come but for de grand communication which I 'av' for mak'."

"Found a new fishing ground in the river for us to try next summer, I suppose," said I, at random.

"Baguette! non, m'sieu', it ees more strange dan h' all does tings. Attendez m'sieu', for I would not spik loud for it is not t'at 'e should yet know of wat I 'av' for say," and Charlo pointed to a man in the next cot, but whose back was turned to us.

I drew my chair nearer to Charlo's bed-side and he went on:

"Two—three day, mebbe, h'after I come h'on dis place I spik h'on dat man. 'E h'ole H'Irishman wat av' de pneumone, but 'e go for get bettar. I h'ax him who he was, and e' say 'e was

wan of dem fellers wat fight for de Queen, but 'e not fight h'any more, but look for 'e's wife wat was los'. .Den I h'ax him 'ow for 'e lose 'is wife, an' 'e say, 'It ees long story for tell. I was married man h'on de regiment wat come to Montreal from H'Englan'. My wife she come too. She was great woman for mak' de work h'on de h'officcrs' house an' for de wash. Bime-by she say, 'Pat,' you 'av' three month more for serve h'on de regiment den we go buy de lan' for mak' farm at Quebec. I av' four huner dollar wat I save,' I feels so good h'over dat news dat I mak' beeg spree de night tam h'on de canteen. Den I mak' de beeg fool and keeck h'up wan grand row. De h'officer h'of de night tam come for see who mak' dat row, but I feel so bully for fight I strike im h'im de face, tree, four tam. Dat's bad ting for do, h'an I go h'on de lock-up. Nex' day wan I'm sobre I feel verra bad, but no matter, I 'av' for stan' trial h'all de sam'. De h'officer wat I strike h'ax de court for be h'easy, dat I good soldier-man. De court say dey tak' dat word h'an' would give me h'only ten year h'in jail h'in H'Englan', My wife she feel de shame, but she say, "You 'av' a good 'eart, Pat, h'an I go for mak' a farm h'all de same, h'an I wait for you." I get wan letter to say she go h'on Quebec, den I not 'ear any more. Mebbe she die, but h'any-way when I get out h'on dat jail one year before

my tam, I hire me h'out h'on de ship for come to Quebec for see. Two month I h'ax h'alway for Mrs. O'Scanlen, but nobody not know her, h'an' den, I tak' de seekness which bring me h'on de 'ospital."

"Baguette! M'sieu', when I 'ear dat H'Irish-man says Mrs. O'Scanlen, I jump h'on de bed queeck.

"You 'av' de pain,' says 'e.

" 'Begosh!' I say, 'I 'av' im bad.'

"Den I h'ax 'im eef de wife wat 'e wants ees short woman, h'an verra beeg' roun'?"

"O'Scanlen, 'e laf, but 'e say: 'No, my woman tall, lik' man, h'an thin."

"I know dat woman fine, but I not say word to O'Scanlen but sen' for you, m'sieu.'"

"What!" said I, "the Maid of the Mountain?"

"De sam', m'sieu', I 'av' seen de name h'on de prayer book which she keeps h'on de 'ouse. I would h'ax you, m'sieu', wat it ees bes' for do?"

I thought for a moment or two and decided upon a plan of action. "Leave it to me," said I to Charlo, 'I'll make it the event of the winter."

I got up and walked around to the bedside of O'Scanlen. "Well, my man," said I, extending my hand to him, "I'm glad to see that you're almost better, for I've some news for you that you'll be pleased to hear."

"Is it"—and here O'Scanlen raised himself in bed, and fixed me with an appealing look—"is it that she's alive and well?" said he, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"It is," I simply answered.

"Glory be to God!" said O'Scanlen, "but this is a great hour."

Thereupon I told him the story of the Maid of the Mountain, and Charlo's part in the discovery. "And now," I added at the close, "as both Charlo and you are to be discharged from the hospital to-morrow, I am going to drive you two out to the mountain, instead of sending for Mrs. O'Scanlen, and we'll have a house warming when we get there."

As I was leaving the hospital, I almost ran into the arms of Angus McTavish, who was on his way, as he expressed it, "To see the black Haythen." I drew him aside, and as briefly as possible I related to him what you, dear reader, already know.

"Man, man, but it's a queer yarn, and all my stumpin' this ten years past gone for nothin.'" McTavish looked so doleful as the thought of this loss, and the greater loss which was not expressed, that I laughed outright.

"Tut," I said, "an old bachelor like you ought to rejoice at so happy an ending to a romance like this. You'll drive out to-morrow with us to the house-warming."



1. Maid of the Mountain
2. On the Jacques Cartier
3. The Maid's Home
4. Where Lies the Lake
5. A Temperance Drink
6. Landside Study
7. Killed at 300 yards

"Well," he replied, "I suppose I might as well." My story ought to end here, but it doesn't. The happenings in real life are so much stranger than in fiction that I am forced to go on with it to the end.

It was near the close of the short winter day when I drew rein on the edge of the clearing from which the Maid's house was visible. The sun, setting in majestic glory over the western mountains, spread a soft pink glow across the open fields of snow, while from the windows of the house shone the reflected light that glowed like beacons. We sat silent for a few moments, each, no doubt, filled with an emotion inspired by the scene and the circumstance of our being there. It was O'Scanlen who first spoke.

"By my faith! Maggie has made a grand fight, and it's a beautiful place entirely."

"She 'av' de great courage," said Charlo, simply.

"And, man, but she's fine at the stumpin'", replied McTavish.

"I made no remark, for something in the stillness about the place jarred unpleasantly upon my nerves. I tipped the horse with the whip, and we drove up to the door. "I'll rap," said I to O'Scanlen, "not to cause too great surprise, and you follow me in." There was no response, however, to my rap, and I lifted the latch. The door opened, and I entered, closely followed by

O'Scanlen. Sitting by the table, facing one of the windows, but with her back turned to us, was the Maid, evidently writing. She held a pen in her hand, and before her on the table was spread a large sheet of paper. She did not turn, however, at the noise of our entrance.

"Maggie, Maggie dear, I have come at last," exclaimed O'Scanlen, reaching out his arms, as he advanced towards the sitting figure.

"Have you no word for me, Maggie?" said O'Scanlen, touching the shoulder of the woman.

"Man, said I," as gently as I could, "she has left a message for you, but she is dead"

He staggered and would have fallen, but for McTavish, who at that moment came into the house and caught him in his arms.

We made a fire to warm the chilled house, and in the last flickering light of the day I read to O'Scanlen the message which I had found upon the table.

Dear Pat,—I am ritin' this in hopes that you will get it to let you know that I am true to you to the ind, and that the prisint year, God be praised, will be your last in prison. It has been a lonesome time, dear Pat, but glory be to God, it's a great farm I've got, and it's happy you'll be whin you get here for it's a great country entirely. It's the Maid of the Mountain I am, dear Pát, for I've kept our sacret, and it's several of the lads,

fine min, Pat, and trew, who would marry me, but I put them off with one excuse and another for it's thinkin' of you, Pat, I am, and the little dead one. They think it's hard I am, Pat, but it's you who knows best, for it's always of you I'm draming of nights, and the days and months are long without you—Here the letter ended abruptly.

It was summer come again, and it was Charlo who met me at the river with his "Saluts m'sieu", I verra glad for see you some more for fish. Dat feller Angoose h'ax you for come h'an camp h'on 'is 'ouse, for see O'Scanlen wat lived wid 'im now 'an' we h'all mak' fish togedder, for we 'av' feenish with de stumps."

This story was contributed by the author to Dr. F. M. Johnson's work, "Forest, Lake and River," which was published in an edition de luxe at \$300.00 a copy.



Cap Rouge the First French Colony in Canada



ALL that is beautiful, all that is picturesque of Cap Rouge and its approaches will soon be laid under the despoiling hands of the railroads that are to cross the valley on a great steel viaduct in order to reach the bridge over the St. Lawrence River. Before the tragedy is enacted let us glance over its romantic history, and again view it with loving eyes.

No spot in all our broad Dominion, other than Quebec, presents so fascinating a history as this tiny village on the borders of the St. Lawrence, but its story has remained a fragmentary one in the fuller light that has been thrown upon Quebec. Roberval and Jacques Cartier destined it to be the Centre of French Colonization but the failure of their scheme, and the sixty odd years that followed of forgetfulness of Canada in France, changed its destiny, for when Champlain came in 1608 he wisely chose Quebec as the site of Settlement for its many advantages over Cap Rouge. The latter became but a village and so remains until this

day. Yet throughout the centuries it occupies conspicuous place amongst the chroniclers because of its position as the Western end of the island of Quebec.

When Jacques Cartier came on his third voyage to Canada, as the fore-runner of the ill-fated Roberval colony to follow, he chose Cap Rouge as the most desirable place of settlement. This was in 1541.

In January 1540, Francis I. appointed Jean Francois de la Roque, Seigneur de Roberval, Lord of Novembeque and his Viceroy and Lieutenant General of the armies in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Cap Rouge, Labrador, the Great Bay and Baccalaos. The Viceroy is permitted to enlist from the various French prisoners men who were condemned to death. Probably nothing but the fear of certain death could have tempted men to engage in so hazardous an expedition. It is certain that Roberval had considerable difficulty in obtaining men. In October found him unprepared to sail, and the King, impatient of the delay, conferred a commission upon Jacques Cartier as Captain General and Master Pilot, with orders to outfit an expedition to Canada in conjunction with Roberval, but when the winter was passed and only five ships were provisioned and ready to proceed Cartier was ordered to set sail at once while Roberval was to follow when he could.





Cap Rouge Hill

The expedition after the customary vicissitudes finally reached Cap Rouge. Here Cartier built a rude fort, and unloaded the two ships that were to return to France that autumn. Twenty men were employed clearing an acre and a half of land which was sowed with turnips, others cleared paths up the cliff side to the point and built a fort there to protect the colonists from attack by the Indians. The winter was no doubt the usual one of that period, and Jacques Cartier at the opening of navigation in 1542 determined to return to France. At the port of St. John's which he entered, he found Roberval with his two hundred colonists embarked on three ships, Jacques Cartier refused to return to Cap Rouge, and one night he slipped his cables and stole away.

Roberval proceeded to Cap Rouge where he landed his colony of agriculturists about the end of July. On the site of Cartier's fort on the height of the point he constructed another fortification which his chronicler says "was beautiful to look upon and of surprising strength within which were two *corps de logis* (dwelling-rooms) and an annex of forty-five by fifty-five feet in length which contained divers chambers, a kitchen, offices, and two tiers of cellars. Near them he built a bakery and a mill, and dug a well."

Beside his moored ships in the little cove on the Cap Rouge River on the bank he built a two-

story house in which to store the provisions he had forgotten to bring. The country he re-named France Prime and Cap Rouge became Charlesbourg Royal. Two ships were sent to France for provisions, and they had hardly sailed when the colonists were put upon short allowance. The monotony of the winter was broken by crime among the men, and the scurvy which carried off some fifty of them.

One man Michael Gaillon was hanged on the extreme point, for robbery. Several were chained and imprisoned, one woman was publicly whipped as a common scold, and so, as the chronicler says, "they were enabled to live in peace and quietness."

When the spring returned there were but one hundred men left of the entire party. Before the summer closed it was decided to abandon Cap Rouge and return to France. Here the narrative ends as abruptly as did this first attempt to colonize Canada.

Sixty-five years elapsed before the second effort was made—this time at Quebec and under the direction of Champlain in 1608.

In the chronicles we again begin to find mention of Cap Rouge about 1638, several families having settled in the little valley. A road known as the Cap Rouge Road was also constructed about this period.

The settlers were liable to raids from the Iroquois and a number were murdered and scalped. The years rolled on and the little village at last freed from Indian pillage was prosperous if not populous. It escaped the feuds and broils of the religious and secular governments in Quebec, and went the even tenor of its ways in the quiet pursuit of agriculture, but its awakening came in 1759 when the colony was arrayed in arms against the English invasion under General Wolfe. The French General Montcalm realizing the danger of the landing of the British forces at this point, commissioned de Bougainville with a force of about 2000 men to patrol the heights as far even as Cap Santé. Wolfe, defeated at all points in his attempted landings, finally decided to move the fleet of ships under Admiral Holmes with his forces aboard to Cap Rouge, and to chance a landing between there and Quebec, trusting in some way to mislead de Bougainville who was guarding the Point and had thrown up entrenchments there to prevent just such a possibility. Frequent feints were made by Wolfe at Cap Rouge, but de Bougainville was ever on the alert. It was then that Wolfe decided upon landing further down the river at what is now known as Wolfe's Cove. On the night of the 13th September, 1759, Wolfe's entire land force left the ships and dropped down the River from Cap Rouge to the place of de-

barkation, while Admiral Holmes held his ships at Cap Rouge so as to deceive de Bougainville.

The battle of the plains of Abraham that followed need not be told here. The French everywhere defeated, and Montcalm their General mortally wounded, Vaudreuil gathered the remnant of the beaten troops together and retreated to Cap Rouge where he joined de Bougainville, when the entire French force leisurely continued to Montreal. In the following spring Levis arrived at Cap Rouge with a large force, thence he marched to Ste. Foye and gave battle to Murray; the latter defeated took refuge within the city walls and saved the situation. The British fleet appearing a few days later with reinforcements for Murray, General Levis retired to Cap Rouge and from thence he continued to Montreal.

This was the last of war's alarms for the little village for some sixteen years, when again the trumpet sounded to arms. This time, the American colonists at war with England, had sent an invading force through the wilderness into Canada under a gallant leader, Benedict Arnold. In November, 1775, he appeared on the Heights at the mouth of the Chaudiere. He crossed the St. Lawrence and took possession of Cap Rouge and Ste. Foye. At the former place earthworks were erected, and a large guard was left in charge while the main body was quartered at Ste. Foye.

One of the American chroniclers, Henry, tells of a raid made upon the summer residence of Gov. Cramahe on the Cap Rouge road. Under the guidance of the old French caretaker they had pretty well looted the house when the old lady suggested that the cellar would be a good place to visit. She lifted the trap door and they all passed down until it came the Sergeant's turn, when something in the expression of the woman's face alarmed him and he refused to join his comrades. She then coolly admitted that her intention was to trap the entire party.

Early spring saw the dispirited Americans across the Cap Rouge river on their way to Montreal,

Again the peaceful pursuit of agriculture occupied the 'habitants' of the little valley until about 1820 when W. Atkinson, Esq., an English shipping merchant of wealth, taste and social position bought the beautiful Point for a sightly residence, and the coves for his extensive lumbering operations. Later on, other well-known firms such as Dalkin and Wilson, J. Bell Forsyth and Co. stored and prepared the great Ottawa rafts of pine for shipment to England. We have heard some of the old inhabitants say that as many as 100 sailing vessels were loaded there in a season. At times sailors and rude raftsmen made pandemonium in the village. Ship building never

became an important industry of the village, but about 1831 one Leaycraft in association with some of the Atkinsons built two brigs the "Guiana" and the "Cap Rouge." The ship yard was directly at the foot of the long hill, and the block tackle and model house remained standing until within the past few years as a dingy monument to its builders. The vessels above referred to were loaded with horses for Berbice, British Guiana. The "Cap Rouge," Capt Touzeau, arrived safely with her cargo.

Michael Scott, an enterprising miller, built a large grist mill at the head of navigation on the Cap Rouge river. The wheat was brought down the St. Lawrence on *bateaux* from up country. The flour ground was exported to England. Long years ago this industry ended, but not before its promoter had acquired a fortune. Scarce a trace now remains of the mills or dams, but the great brick house built by Mr. Scott for a residence still stands, but deserted after a strange history.

Somewhere about 1860, Messrs. Dalkin & Wilson erected a large pottery. It flourished for a few years, and under the superintending of an able American, it turned out some very creditable ware; much of its raw materials however, had to be brought from great distances, and this in time proved its undoing. The property passed under successive ownership until it finally came into

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The Village Forge

possession of the late James Ross, when it ceased to be operated. Later it was torn down, and now not a brick remains to tell the story. We have been fortunate enough to pick up several pieces of the different ware turned out. One small pitcher bears in relief the words Cap Rouge. Another piece, a salt cellar, is very well turned. It is in light yellow with a blue band and the glazing not too bad.

Later the Cap Rouge Pier and Wharf Co. was enregistered and took over timber storage and the preparation of it for export. Jas. Bowen, Esq., was its first manager, and at his death his brother Amos succeeded him. They were both popular men. When the square pine business declined, the Coves again became grass-grown and the village slept, and became the resort of artists for its exceeding picturesqueness. Henry W. Ranger, the noted American landscapist, painted here for several seasons. Then came Jas. B. Hance, from England, with a breezy reputation as the painter of sunsets. He still has a summer studio on the hill at the turn into the Ste. Foye Road. R. J. Wickenden, the versatile painter of portraits and genre, found inspiration for his brush about Cap Rouge. Dawson Watson, the impressionist, now the head of the St. Louis Art School, was also a frequent sketcher in the neighbourhood. Birge Harrison, painter of the snows, produced some of

his finest winter landscapes at Cap Rouge. Frank Schoonover, the clever illustrator for several of the American Magazines, found his material here for the specially illustrated edition of Gilbert Parker's "The Lane that had no Turning." And this brings up the fact, that in the years gone by, Sir Gilbert Parker found many of the scenes and characters for his Canadian stories within the parish limits. At different periods he was our guest, as were all the artists referred to. We scoured the country for artistic and literary material, and it was ever responsive. A number of our short stories that were published in book form in the U. S. were based upon incidents in the parish annals. "Emily Montague," the first Canadian novel, written by a Mrs. Francis Brooks, a resident of Sillery, frequently carries us to Cap Rouge two or three miles distant from the home of the celebrated authoress.

A lover of the country, and impressed with the many beauties of Cap Rouge, the Hon. John Neilson, proprietor and editor of the 'Quebec Gazette,' made his summer home there until his death in 1848. The old homestead is yet in possession of one of his grandsons, Col. H. Neilson.

Cap Rouge was at one time attached to the parish of Ste. Foye, but upon the building of an ornate Catholic Church and presbytere, it was erected into the civil and ecclesiastic parish of

St. Felix de Cap Rouge. Its first priest was Rev. Mr. Drolet, who was succeeded by the Rev. V. O. Marois, brother of Mgr. Marois. Upon Mr. Marois' advancement to the parish of St. Thomas, his successor became the Rev. A. Pampalon, who is yet the incumbent, and the well-beloved pastor of his congregation. During our holding of office as Mayor of the parish, he was ever the kindly adviser and good friend.

One of the greatest calamities that ever occurred in Canada was the burning of the steamer *Montreal* off Cap Rouge Point, in 1857, by which some four hundred lives were lost.

The approach to Cap Rouge along the St. Louis road through a bush of stalwart pines, large oaks, and picturesque birches is a fitting prelude to the arrival at the beautiful carved statue of the Sacred Heart, from which the view is particularly fine. The village with its clustering houses in the valley beneath, the sinuous River Cap Rouge, the English park-like effect of the foot-hills and the blue mountains behind. A. J. Bradley the eminent writer and the author of "Canada in the 20th Century" told us that in all his travels through the Dominion he had found no view that appealed so strongly to his love of the picturesque and beautiful.





The Shadow of Quebec — From a Painting by Birge Harrison

Winter Life in Quebec



FAIR American visitor to Quebec last Summer said to me, "How do you manage to live here in Winter?" "Madam", I replied with mock gravity, "as soon as the last tourist has departed, we all take to the woods, build ourselves igloes and go into hibernation. We do this because of the scarcity of Americans, upon whom we mainly subsist, but we're going to change all that by bringing the American here in winter. No igloe hibernation once they arrive."

"Really," she answered, "come to think of it, I have been devoured with kindness since my arrival, and if a winter visit should have half the warmth of welcome that has made my summer stay so agreeable I'll come back next winter to get thawed out the first cold spell we have in New York."

From a residence now of sixteen years in Quebec, I dare the statement that it is now the most alive little city on the continent in the winter season. When the last ship goes down to the sea at the end of November, and the first big snow storm has

covered the ground to a depth of five or six inches, the city and country awaken to a new life. With the close of navigation much of the commercial activity of the city ceases and people give themselves up to the enjoyment of the winter with the ardor of children let loose for a long holiday. The clear cold begets outdoor activity, and the amusements of the day and night are mainly those that take men and women into the open air.

The little low red cariole with its high back and great piles of rich warm furs, drawn by a tough little Canadian horse, gaily bedecked with bright ribbons and bells, is very much in evidence at all hours. If it is Darby and Joan, Darby drives while Joan nestles alongside with her pretty pink cheeks and bright eyes alone visible amidst the fur wraps. Age relinquishes the reins to the *cocher* who is a gorgeous spectacle in a very tall long black fur hat and a huge cape of the same fur. He sits in front on a high seat that is called the knifeboard. The cabbies in Quebec are famous for their superb winter turnouts, as well as for their historical romances, which they rattle off to all newcomers as historical truths. Coachy pulls up before the Wolfe Monument and pointing to it with his whip, say, "Ere's where a 'ero fell." "You don't say so," replies his fare, an American, "did it hurt him?" "'Urt him!" answers coachy





A Quebec Sled for Steep Hills

with an intonation of surprise, "why 'ell it killed 'im.

Closed rinks and open rinks with their brass bands claim the patronage of the skaters, of whom there are large numbers in the city. Quebecers are said to be the best skate waltzers in the world. Certainly there is no more enlivening sight than to sit in one of the comfortable fur-lined boxes at the rink, and watch two or three hundred young people dancing either a two-step or a waltz to the enlivening music of Mr. Vezina's well-trained band. Before leaving the rink a call is to be made at the quarters of the Curling Club, which has a connecting rink of its own. Here the roarin' game goes on for sixteen hours of the day. Unless some important match is being played the visitor is almost certain of the courtesy of a "stane." As a rule this is the undoing of the novice: He or she will want more and more, and take to haunting the rink to the exclusion of all else. It is one of the most fascinating games to either watch or play, and as noisy as you please to make it. Hockey is the young people's game, and the older folks, delight if one was to judge from the attendance and the enthusiasm of the latter on a match night. Nothing draws so well as hockey, and the announcement of a match between Montreal and Quebec creates quite a flutter of excitement. There is a good deal of rough play

in the game at times, and when hockey sticks and heads get into collision it reminds one of a Donnybrook Fair. The lady spectators always enjoy this phase of the game.

We have dined with some American friends at the Chateau, and are discussing our cigars when we hear the sound of big drum and the pipes. We hastily don overcoats and caps and are just in time to see a Snowshoe Club pass by with lighted torches, snowshoes hung over backs. It is the club's march out to its club house, a few miles distant from the city. At the toll-bar, the city's limit, snowshoes will be strapped on and a course laid across fields to the rendezvous. We are to be the guests of the Club to-night, but we drive to the club-house, and arrive just as the fun is beginning. Our coming is the signal for "line up boys" from the president. In an instant thirty stalwart fellows in club uniform form a double line and before my American friend realizes what is happening he is picked up, tossed up and sent down the line and then back again, stood upon his feet and then is calmly asked by the president how he likes it. "Gosh!" he exclaims breathlessly, "I must take time to think."

Banjos, mandolins and guitars are pulled out of their cases or bags, and a concert is in order. Songs, French and English, are sung with choruses





Young Snowshoers

by the crowd. "Rose au Bois" appears a favorite and is repeated.

Then comes "pie-crust," the invention of the club. It is worthy of its genius. A man stands with his face to the wall. A second embraces him, burying his head in the first man's shoulders. Another and another take grips until a long thin line extends well into the room, heads all well down and grips securely taken. Then, as in leap frog, from the far end of the room a man takes a run, puts his hands on the shoulders of the last man of the thin line, gets as far forward on it as he can, straddling and hanging on for grim death. Another and another fellow until by sheer weight the thin under line goes down, or the uppers topple off. And so the game is decided. Light refreshments are served, and as the aurora flashes out of the north, snow-shoes are again put on, the pipes skreel, the big drum sounds a bang, and the march home is begun.

"Gosh!" again exclaims my American friend,

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world,"

Quebec has a large number of snow-shoe clubs. Ladies are frequent guests of the clubs, and then an impromptu dance is in order.

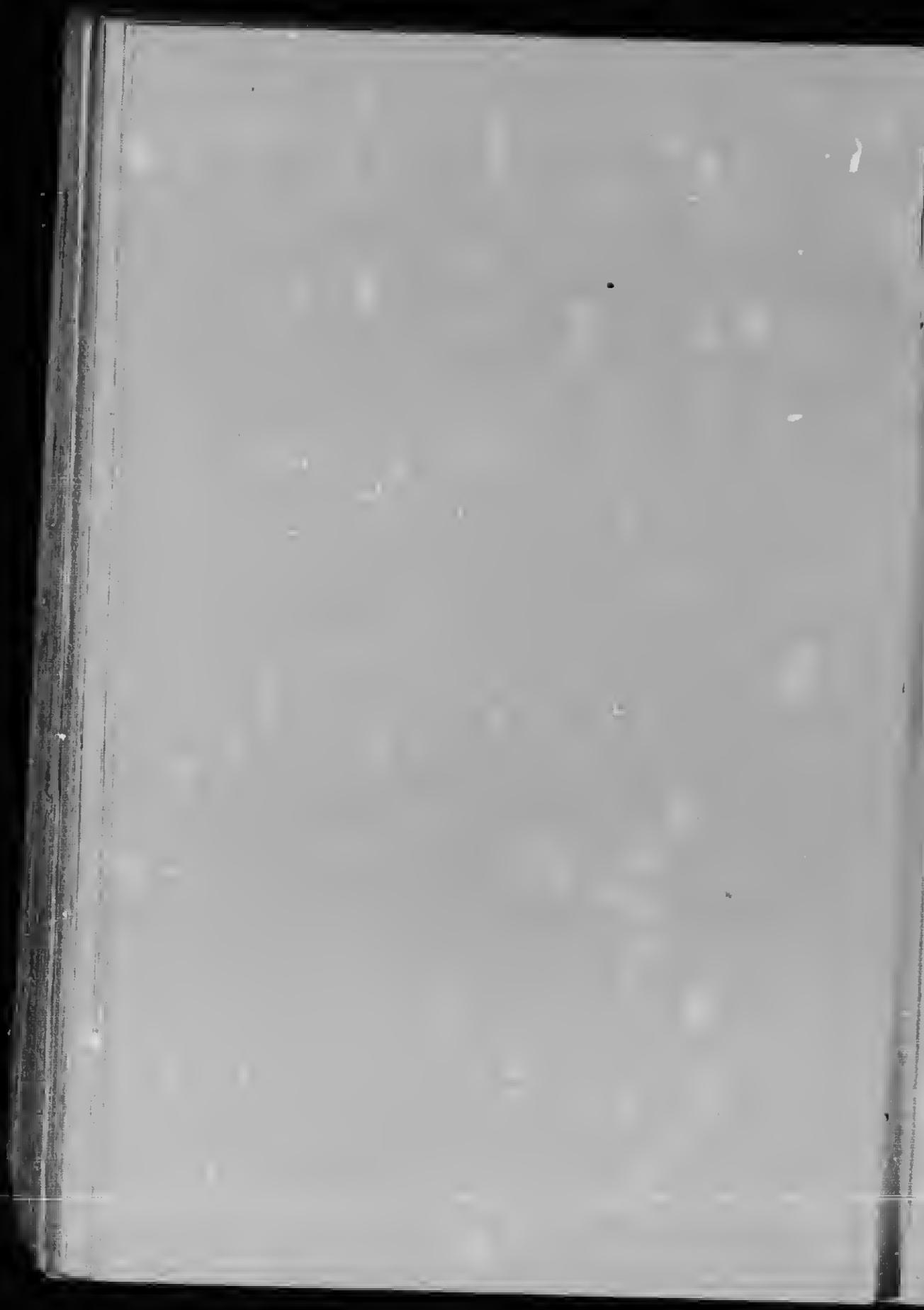
Kent House sliding or tobogganing parties at Montmorenci Falls are also quite the vogue among Quebecers or the many winter visitors to the city. Mine host of the Kent House puts up an excellent

dinner, for which the drive in the keen air of eight miles lends good appetite. From the verandah an excellent view of the slides is to be had as they are lighted by electricity. Turn in the other direction, and the Falls in the moonlight are beautiful beyond description.

Among the many interesting winter sights of Quebec are the open air markets, to which come the *habitant* women from miles around in their quaint *berlines*, with their still quainter looking loads. It is a strange assortment of paper flowers alongside of some strings of sausage; home-made wool socks and mits strung over the back of a solidly frozen small pig which stands upon its feet as naturally as in life; turkey-gobblers perching beside hens and looking quite gallant, were it not that they are stripped of all but their tail feathers, hares white as snow and apparently ready for flight, but they too are frozen, and perch upon round white cakes which we discover is frozen milk. As the good dames who preside over these curious loads are French, all bargaining is conducted in that tongue, and as French vivacity never freezes, a market morning presents a pretty lively scene.

To quote from one of my own books, "The past is ever close to the present in this ancient stronghold," or rather I should have said, the present is ever receding into the middle ages, and you are

merely a spectator from some far-away Altruria. Convents, monasteries and churches jostle barrack and magazine, and the Citadel stands sentinel over them all. The call of trumpet, the roll of drums are answered by peels from bells of churches and convents and the chimes of gay cariole horses. Nuns in solemn sober procession, priests clad in soutane, monks in strange garb, soldiers in gay trappings, *habitants* in odd furs make up the street life of yore. Big guns and little guns, pyramids of shot and shell, massive walls and great stone gates, ditches and embankments recall the period of sieges, assaults, repulse and conquest. There is a confusion of little narrow dark streets that run up and down hill and round corners and bringing up abruptly against convent or barrack wall, or opening into vistas of a dazzling plain of snow with background of sombre spruce-clad mountains, or a long reach of the St. Lawrence with its great ice-floes moving up or down with the current. Over all, the brightest of winter suns and an unclouded blue sky. Quebec is certainly the most picturesque and interesting of northland cities.



Senator



SENATOR was a colored gentleman who gloried in his Southern ancestry and connexions. His profession was a varied one, that of porter, cook, waiter, and general advisor to Mr. President of the greatest R.R. on earth. He had grown old in the service and his importance was in proportion to his years. He was short and thick set with a face that was capable of expressing a variety of emotions. His mimicry was unrivalled and his vocabulary was rich, varied as it was a strange and weird profanity. If his authority was questioned he fell back upon Mr. President as his fountain of wisdom; but it was no part of wisdom to run counter to Senator. He was more than a match for all the officials on the road, not excepting Mr. President even.

It was once my good fortune to travel a week with Mr. President and Senator, but it is of the latter that my account has to do with. I arrived at Mr. President's car somewhat early and found Senator in possession and making ready

for our departure. To my salutation he responded:

"I'se glad to welcum yo' Sar. Any frien' uv Mr President, Sar, is ma frien'. Senator, dats me, am a gentleman, Sar, an' knows anuder when he meets one. I'se tole Mr. President to be on han' early kase me an' him have sum important bizniss to transac' befo' we start. Yo' walk in Mr. Scribe an' jes make yo'self comforable. I'll construc' de offishuls, Sar, to have yo' baggage put aboard."

I fell at once under the spell of Senator's authority and did as I was bade and patiently awaited Mr. President's arrival.

He was not long in coming, but I heard Senator say:

"I'se done thought, Mr. President's yo neber a—goin to git yere on time."

"I hurried all I could, Senator, but some of the men detained me at the office," replied Mr. President.

"I'll hab to guv sum of does fellers de berry debbil Mr. President if dey continues to constrain yo' in dat way. How dey expect' we a-goin to git to our bizness if dey keeps gabbin' roun dat way. Dere's Mr. Scribe been heah dis long time back an' he's clear los' pashunce," grumbled Senator.

"Oh! Scribe how-de-do! I've a few matters to settle with Senator and then I'll join you," said Mr. President.

Later in the evening when Mr. President and I had settled down for a quiet smoke and a chat, the door of the compartment opened and Senator, unannounced, entered. Seating himself on the arm of a lounge and resting his elbows on the table he addressed himself to Mr. President.

"Mr. President, wat am a zebra?"

"A zebra, Senator! why you've seen a zebra in the zoo gardens in Philadelphia, a little striped horse"

"Hump! dat's wat I supposed, Mr. President, dat's wat I supposed. Sum uv dem smart Alicks wats in yo' offus tink dey cyan fool Senator, but dey cyant. Yo' remember General Price wat made a trip wid us on dis yere cyar. Well one uv dose Alicks showed me a picture to-day uv General Price runnin' away from sum brack niggers ridin' on a camuel wid dere tootes a-gleamin' an' dere spears a-wavin' fur to run de general troo. De Alick tole me dat de general was a-runnin fur to git into a zebra. Now I like to know how he's agoin' to git into a zebra?"

"Oh! you mean a zerebra, that's what they call a fortified enclosure in Africa," replied Mr. President.

"Why didn't dat Alick say dat. I knowed General Price ain't a-going to git into no zebra. Does yo' tink, Mr. President, dose brack niggers air agoin to catch de General an' spear him dead out dere on de desert!"

"Hard to say Senator."

"Jewillikens, Senator don't want no fitin uv dat kin', no how."

But Senator's imagination being quite aroused now he pictured to us all the horrors of being speared and filled with bullet holes by a ferocious enemy and then left to die in the wastes of sand. As he proceeded to describe these horrors his eyes rolled, his body swayed, and his face became ashen. At the very climax of his harangue the car gave a lurch, a window shade went up with a sharp report and Senator, with a howl of terror, fell limp across the table.

Our shrieks of laughter brought him to himself, and with crushed dignity he retired mumbling into the culinary department, and we saw him no more that night.

I was awakened the following morning by strange sounds. Our car was stationary. About the region of Senator's stronghold there was a great splashing of water mixed with expostulation and profanity. Then a window went up with a jerk and I heard Senator shout out to some-one: "Yo' jumped up, white livered fly-blown maggot-eatin' fool, wat fo' yo' put dat hose into de ventilator hole. Air yo' a-goin' to drown me in ma kitchen. Do yo' heah. Ugh, owh, I'll murder yo if I git outen yere. Don't yo' know a ventilator from a tank hole, yo' dashed ignorant greaser, yo'

red moufed, flat faced dummy? I'll cut yo' in pieces."

Still the relentless swish of descending water.

"Oh! Jewillikens! how but dat water am coll!:"

I heard the door of the kitchen fly open, and the next moment I saw a terrified looking Irishman flying up the platform and Senator, drenched to the skin and dripping, in hot pursuit with a big carving knife in his hand. He returned shortly, and as there was no gore on the knife I concluded the Irishman had made good his escape. I dressed leisurely, and then proceeded to the front end of the car.

"Good morning, Senator. Was it you I heard talking a little while ago?"

"It was jus' me, Mr. Scribe, and if I aint got no murder on ma conscience this mawnin' it aint ma fault. If this R. R. am a-goin to employ ignorant Irishmen to try to drown me I'm a-goin to quit rite now. I guess if yo' uns want any breakfas' dis mawnin yo' can git it at de hotel. Ma kitchin's flooded—It's a good thing I aint got no bishop travelin' wid me or I would have clean busted maself."

"How is that, Senator?"

"Well I aint got no time to tell yo' 'bout dat dis mawnin,—yo' jes scurry 'roun' for somethin' to eat."

In the afternoon, while the president was busy

with his secretary, I sauntered back to Senator's end of the car. He was smoking his pipe and reclining at ease, but graciously made a place for me.

"I trus', Mr. Scribe, yo' air enjoyin' the 'sperience of trablin' wid me anc' Mr. President?"

"Very much indeed, Senator. Never had a pleasanter time in my life."

'Dats wat dey all says, Mr. Scribe. Wen de Lady Lany and the Marquis of Lany trabelled with me I jes' hustled roun' to entertain dem two and dey allow dat dere was no one like Senator. I use to call her Ladyship, Mrs. Lany, and she'd jes' laff as nateral as yo' do, and say, 'dats rite, Senator, always call me Mrs. Lany. Wen dey was agoin to leav fur de ole kentry, I tuk dem to Quebec. De mawnin' after we arrived I was a fussen' about de cyar when I sees de Marquis ridin' up on his hoss. He jumps off when he gits to de cyar and hitchin' de hoss to the hanle of de step he comes in an' shouts, "Is Senator yere?" "Yere I am, Mr. Marquis," says I, "'but I'm all in ma' wukin' clothes."

"Never min' dat, Senator, I've cum to say good-by to yo' an' if yo've got any more of dat Scotch I'm a-goin to drink your health."

"Well, Mr. Scribe, I brot out de Scotch an' de Marquis he spent an hour wid me in de mos' familius way, an when he shook my han he sed:



1. Corner of Citadel
2. Snowshoers
3. Loading Hay
4. Quebec and St. Lawrence River

"Senator, her Ladyship would lak to say good-by to yo' at the Cindual.

"Yo' see, Mr. Scribe, a reques' from a Lady am a command, so I puts on ma store clothes an I walks up to the Cindual an' de porter, bringin he's han' to his hat, says mos respectful—" "Where to Sar?"

"To de Lady Lany" says I, "and I walks on."

At de door of the elevator another boy says, "Where to?"

"De Lady Lany," says I.

"Den a big flunky in scarlet and gold, says: "where to?"

"De Lady Lany," says I.

"Hab yo' a cyard?" says he, grinnin like a baboon.

"I haint no cyard, and wats mo' ma friend, I don't want one. Yo say to de Lady dat Senator is here by her command."

"Oh!" says he, "Mr. Senator jes' take a seat" and he hurries away. He comes back very soon mos, respectful, and says:

"Mr. Senator, her Ladyship will see yo' in the saloon."

"Dere was Mrs. Lany waitin' to receive me an she held out her han" and says, "Senator I'm glad you've come. I couldn't bear de thought of goin away widout tellin you dat me an' de Marquis will never forgit yo', and de entertainment yo've given us. Fare-yo'-well ma ole friend." Dere want a

scrap of pride in dat Lady, she was jes' de same as common folks."

"Golly, it time I was wukin' on de dinner.—"

When Senator had served the coffee after dinner and had been duly complimented upon the excellence of the chicken a la Maryland, and the pudding, Mr. President said to him, giving me a slight wink, "Senator, what was the misunderstanding between you and Mr. Blank that the boys are talking about in th' office?"

"Dere want no mistanding," replied Senator.

"Yo' see, Mr. Scribe, it were jes' dis way. Las' June Mr. President sed to me. "Senator, you'll have the cyar ready to-morrow to go West fur to brung back de Ambrassador, and I'm a-goin to sen' out a gentleman wid you, young Mr. Blank from Bosting," says he.

"Mr. Scribe, yo've heard me say dat dis cyar done gone carry only de gentry, but dis time it carried de meanes' cuss in de Kentry, but I only foun' dis out later."

"When he arribe on de cyar in de evenin' he says to me: "Senator, I'm glad to know yo', I've often heard ma father speak uv yo'."

"Yo' pop Mr. Blank was ma friend," "jes' so Senator, jes'so. By the by, Senator, if yo' have any Scotch yo' might bring in a bottle an' a bottle of Appollonaris water, an' yo' leab it here," says

he with a high and mighty air as he throws hisself down on a lounge."

"About 'leben o'clock I see him pass ma door pretty onsteady, an' when I went back to de room dere was only half dat Scotch lef' in de bottle. Lawdy, says I, if dats de way its a-goin to be, I'll hab to git in mo' Scotch for sartin."

"De nex mawnin' bout ten, he says to me, hawlin' a little book out his pocket, "Senator do yo own a bicycle?"

"No Sar" says I, "I don't."

"Jes so, jes so," says he, "I thought not, but I'm goin to sen' yo' one, Senator, de day I git bac' to Bosting." "An' Senator yo' might bring in that half bottle Scotch and some Appollonaris."

"Vas Sar," an' I'm mos' proud for to git a bicycle," says I, grinnin' lak a fool."

"In de ebenin' he calls me agin. "Senator, says he, hawlin' out de little book, "how shall I address dat bicycle, in whose care?"

"Care of Mr. President," says I mos' perlite. "Bery good, bery good," says he, puttin' it down in de book, "an, I say Senator, ah, awh, if you've any mo' uv dat Scotch jes' bring it in, an' some Appollonaris."

"Yes Sar!" but I tinks to maself, yo' can drink mo' Scotch dan any man I eber trabled wid befo', howsum-eber as I'm a-goin to git a bicycle I don't care."

The nex mawnin, he says to me, hawlin' out de book agin, "Senator, wat color would yo' lak dat bicycle?"

"Wall Sar, if yo' please I'd lak it crimson."

"Crimson, bery good Senator, crimson it shall be, an' ah, awh! I say Senator, jes' bring me in Scotch will yo' an' a little Appollonaris."

"Dat ebenin' which was he's las' on de cyar, he says to me: "Senator, I've neber had so good a time. I'm so much pleased dat I a'm a-going to pay all de charges on dat bicycle.—Don't forgit dat Senator, an' ah, awh! jus' bring in a full bottle of dat Scotch an' after fillin' dat flask of mine, yo' can leab de res' on de table," says he."

"De nex mawnin, Mr. Scribe, he lef dis cyar, an I aint neber see him agin, an' de bicycle neber cum. Dat's wat I call low down Yankee humbug. But if dem fellers in de offus keep on a-askin' me ebery day if I receive dat bicycle, dere's a-goin to be trubble fur some of dem, shore. I guess I kin do widout a bicycle. Wat is it dat Shakepere says:"

"Suffering am de badge uv all our tribe."

"I say, Mr. President, cyan't yo' spit in dat spittoon, I've moved it three or four times, now, an' ebery time yo' spit ober it. How am I a-goin to keep dis cyar clean, kin you answer dat?"

The afternoon we left Chicago there was violent altercation in Senator's end of the car, which

was finally transferred to the platform. Looking out the window I could see a considerable crowd gathered in the aisle, which same crowd seemed to hugely enjoy the row, whatever it was about; but as Mr. President appeared quite oblivious to the proceedings, I wisely refrained from any comment, and waited the course of events.

Just before dusk Senator came along to light the lamps, and when he had finished, he looked in the direction of the President, and remarked:

"Mr. President, did yo' heah any disputin' in the cyar a while back?"

"I heard a disgraceful row and some pretty tall swearing, if that is what you mean," answered Mr. President.

"Dat's jest it. Yo' see, Mr. Scribe, I'se trabbled so many years wid Mr. President dat I'se naterally coched his ways an' I was a-giving a white nigger de benefit of dem dis afternoon."

This retort of Senator's quite restored Mr. President to good humor, and Senator was told to go on with his story.

"De las' time I cum to Chicago I guv a plumber a contrac' to do some work in a house wat I own. It was to cos' \$50. an' I guv him \$35. on de count and de balance I was to pay him when I cum again to Chicago."

"Well dis mawnin' de health authorities serves me wid a notus dat de hous was in an insanity

condituan. Golly, I was mad clear throo, an, I hustled up to see dat plumber. Uv course be aint ter hum so I lef' a message wid he's wife dat Senator wanted partickler to see him at de cyar at a quarter to three, dat dere was a balance wat I owed him. I knowed dat would fetch him, shore. When he arribe he wanted ter be mos' soshable, but I jes' kep' him off an' I says to him:

"You sar, says I, a dirty lead eatin plumber. Yo' work am only a filthy, dirty sewer to lose good money in. Yo' soul is sodered wid sin an' yo've got mo' brass in yo' composition dan in all de wurk yo've ever did. Dere's mo' steal in yo' dan in a engine. De gas uv hell am yo' bref, but de fires of hell will melt yo' all down sum day, an' de debbil will make a pitchfork of yo', I'll employ dat \$15 I owe yo' to print yo' obituary as a warnin' to folks to have no dealins wid plumbers. An' I calls after him from the platform, Call yo'self a plumber, why yo' aint fit to clean out a sewer ditch—Mr. President yo' ought to have seen dat plumber sneakin' throo dat crowd."

When I bade Senator good—bye, he grinned and said:

"Mr. Scribe I aint eber a—goin to forgit yo'. Yo' air a genleman Sar, an' Senator's mos' proud fer to know yo'. De fustest time I go to Quebec I'm a—going to make yo' a visit. Fare—yo'—well."

Lake St. Joseph—Its Many Charms



A BRIGHT little American lady said to us a few months ago: "Have you been to Lake St. Joseph this summer as a guest of the new hotel, for if you haven't it's a treat, I assure you, to find a hostelry on the edge of a wilderness, on the borders of a lake that is most beautiful, and that same hotel an ideal one for every comfort and luxury that its gentlemanly and capable American manager can think of to make his guests happy and at home. In all the appointments of the house the most refined taste has been shown. The menu is always first class, and the large staff employed is most attentive and efficient. My engagements were made for this summer—otherwise I should have remained on, but I am already booked for a three months' stay next year. Do go out and let me know if I am not right."

We promised, and in fulfilment of that promise we became the guests of mine host of the hotel for one of the most delightful afternoons and evenings we have passed for many a long day.

If the weather was sultry and oppressive when

we left Quebec, we found a most refreshing change of temperature when we reached the hotel, which, by-the-by, is within less than a minute's walk of the station. We sat for a few moments on the broad shady piazza to drink in the glorious breeze and the magnificent view of mountain and lake stretching before us for miles, then our smiling and enthusiastic host came up and begged us to forego this dream of scenic beauty for a short period that he might have the pleasure of showing us over the house.

We somewhat reluctantly tore ourselves away from our cool position of vantage to follow our host, in what subsequently proved a charming tour about "my house."

To anticipate, however, some description of the location of the hotel and its architecture may not be out of place. In fixing upon the site for the hotel many things had to be borne in mind. First, proximity to the railroad; next, airiness, view, and space for golf links and tennis courts. By some untoward combination of nature the one spot was available. The architect, Ald. Lemay, cleverly adapted his plans to the many requirements of a very modern summer hotel, but of not too large guest capacity to begin with, yet so built that the several wings to be added in the future will form a complete whole of pleasing and





Roadside Studies

attractive exterior with convenient interior connections.

Already the management has built a large kitchen and store house addition, and the others will soon be called for. The public after all is a discriminating one, and whatever is good is sought out and enjoyed. The first floor of the hotel is entirely given up to the various public rooms. The office and general sitting room occupies the central part of the building. It is an unusually spacious apartment flanked on each side with immense open fire-places constructed of lake shore boulders. The entire front is in glass that admits of light, and permits of the same glorious view that is obtained from the piazza upon which the hall opens. Hardwood floors, wicker and rush easy chairs, the walls in subdued tints, render this room a cool and pleasant lounging spot for those who prefer to be indoors of an evening, or who have correspondence to attend to. An attentive clerk is in the office, and a half dozen alert and polite bell boys are in readiness to perform any service for the guests. These bell boys, by the way, are all university men, young men in their second or third year of student life and working their way through. They are a polite and gentlemanly lot and anxious to be of service. Later, I saw the big wall tent in which they slept—regular campers-out in the bush. They are all

tastefully uniformed, and they take a pride in appearing natty. No, they are not seeking alliances with the daughters of millionaire guests just now—merely seeking by honest industry to earn wherewith to carry them through college, and they don't refuse a ten-cent tip.

The dancing room, which comprises one wing of the lower floor, is an ideal apartment for the devotees of the waltz. It is spacious, wax-floored, and every window is a door that opens on to the piazza. A dance is a quickly arranged affair, as the "Ladies' Boston Orchestra" performs in the room nightly. In the intervals Miss Eastwood, of London, England, a well-known and popular concert singer, renders delightful vocal selections.

The dining room occupies the corresponding on the opposite side of the hall. Its furnishing is in dark cission, heavy substantial chairs and round or hexagonal tables for small family parties. The napery is of the finest linen, the glass delicate, and the china the best. The floral decorations are the natural wild flowers that grow about the lake. Doors and windows all screened so that not a fly might enter.

The kitchen, which is under the charge of an experienced chef, is the show place of the hotel. Spotless cleanliness is the motto. At the hour of our visit dinner was being prepared for 150 guests, yet there was no confusion—no disorder—

a place for everything and everything in its place—a complete and up-to-date equipment, and a well-trained staff.

The storeroom just off the kitchen in charge of the storekeeper is a veritable Beauty's for rare vintages, liquors, and fine imported and domestic canned goods. The refrigerating room contained the meats, poultry, game and perishable fruits and vegetables.

In a rear room is a well-appointed bar, in charge of an expert, for cool summer decoctions.

The upper story of the hotel contains a pleasant ladies' morning and lounging room that opens upon a gallery and a view. Then guest bedrooms and bathrooms. The maids in charge were neatly uniformed and looked smiling.

Those dear little cherubs so fascinating in a nursery, and such a nuisance on a hotel piazza of a rainy day, are conspicuous by their absence at the Lake hotel. Little reduction is made in rates for children, and fond parents go elsewhere as a consequence.

Thanking the Manager for his courtesy, we wended our way to the hotel boat house, where we secured a canoe for our paddle across the bay to White's Point to call upon some of our cottage friends. A little steamer whisked by us with a full complement of passengers. How different all this to-day from our first visit of thirty-five

years ago, we thought, as we paddled slowly on. There were then but three settlers on the lake, White, Gurry and Conway. The road from Quebec was long and rough, and the only visitors to the lake were ambitious and adventurous anglers. The black bass, tuladi, and speckled trout teemed in the lake, and he was a mighty poor fisherman who failed to return to the city without a full creel. While the fish are not now so plentiful as in those days, there is still a goodly quantity for the man who knows where and how.

The lake is a very lovely one with its numerous points and bays, sandy beaches, wooded shores, and varied mountain line. It is some nine miles long, and receives the waters of the Riviere aux Pins as a feeder. Its Indian name of Ontaritzi—lake behind the big mountain—should be restored to it, as should also that of the big mountain, Tsounthouan, now commonly called Pinkney's.

The transformation at White's from the little farm house to the present rather imposing summer hotel is a long step, but it is still White's with the traditions of the years behind it, and a goodly clientele of Quebecers, who never feel so much at home as in this old house, and it is about White's the cottages cluster. Cottage life at the lakes is growing in favor, and a number of ornate and picturesquely situated homes have been erected within the past few years. Among the cottagers

may be mentioned Hon. Justice Blanchet, Hon. Jules Tessier, whose chalet in logs on the wooded hillside presents a charming effect, Mrs. J. K. Boswell, Arch. Cook, Esq., K.C., E. T. Nesbitt, Esq., Andrew Joseph, Esq., Jas Hamilton, Esq., Ed. Slade, Esq., Frank Glass, Esq., W. J. Banks, Esq., W. Winfield, Esq., L. Crosby, Esq., C. Labrecque, Esq., E. Vallee, Esq., J. Auger, Esq., C. Sewell, Esq., Mrs. Jones, J. Bain, Esq., E. Turcotte, Esq., Arch. Lauric, Esq. Boating and canoeing are the favourite amusements of old and young. The Ontaritz club of young bachelors have a large camp of their own where they spend the week end. They are always eagerly looked for by the ladies for the Saturday night dances at the hotel, and for the canoeing trips up the picturesque Riviere aux Pins.

Upon our return to the hotel we joined some friends at dinner. The menu was excellent, and the attendance first rate. Over our cigars on the broad piazza we watched the afterglow suffuse the calm lake in crimsons and golds, and in the deepening twilight the fleets of canoes and their jolly occupants. All too soon the clock warned us that it was train time, and an hour later we were back in Quebec. The railway service to the lake leaves little to be desired. If any of our readers desire a pleasant evening, take the 5.20 p.m. train to the lake—dinner at the hotel on its arrival—and then an hour on the lake. The return train leaves at 10 p.m.

The Ignolee



It was formally announced in the Quebec press early last winter that on New Year's Eve an Association would take charge of the "Ignolee" throughout the city, and that its collection would be distributed among the poor on New Year's day. This revival of an old custom created quite a flutter of excitement throughout the city, and on the eve of New Year everyone was agog to hear, see, and to receive the Ignoleux. The parties assigned for each district were, as a rule, dressed in snowshoe costume, and consisted of four or five singers of the ignolee song, which is repeated over and over, for, in this way the coming of the ignoleux is announced; another three or four made the door to door collection, while several drove the sleighs that were necessary to receive the donations. Any and everything was received in the way of food and clothing, besides sums of moneys.

The ignoleux were followed by a curious and interested crowd, but the utmost good order prevailed, and the evening's efforts resulted in a vast collection of goods and money that was distributed the next morning.

The story of the origin of the Ignolee is most interesting, as is also the story of its observances in different parts of French Canada. It has attracted the attention of several French Canadian writers, such as the Hon. P. O. Chauveau, Mr. J. C. Tache, and particularly Mr. Ernest Gagnon, the able editor of "Les Chansons Canadiennes" to whom I make acknowledgment for some portions of the present paper.

"The word Ignolee," says Mr. Tache, "means both a custom and a song, brought from France by our ancestors, which to-day has almost entirely fallen into oblivion. The custom consisted on New Year's Eve, of a house-to-house collection for the poor—(in some places they gathered wax for the altar candles)—at the same time singing a refrain which varied according to locality, a refrain in which occurred the word *La Ignolee*, *Guillonne*, *la Guillanee*, *Aguilanlen*, in the dialects of the different provinces in France where this old Gaulish custom was preserved."

Mr. Amperes, reports to the committee of the Language and Arts of France, and says on the subject of this song: "A refrain, probably the only trace of memory going back to the Druidic epoque. There can be no doubt of the fact this custom and this song had its first origin at the gathering of the Mistletoe from the oak in the sacred forest, and the cry of the priest of Druidic Gaul, 'To the



The Ignolee Singers

New Year Mistletoe' when the sacred plant fell from the golden sickle of the Druids. In our country it was always a collection for the poor, that was made, of which the choicest gift was a piece of pork cut from the back with the tail still hanging to it, that was called 'l'echignee' or 'la chignee.' Children called out in advance of the procession 'here comes the Ignolee.' Then the people prepared on a table a meal for those who wanted it, and gifts for the poor. The Ignoleux arrived at a house, knocked on the door with long sticks to the measure of the song, never entering a house before the master and mistress or some one on their behalf, came to the door, inviting them to come in with great ceremony. They took something themselves, received the donation in their bag that they afterwards emptied into a sleigh or wagon, then followed the band: Then they started on the road to the next house escorted by all the children and dogs of the neighbourhood, of whom the joy was great and general."

This is the song of the Ignolee as it was sung some years ago in the parish of the lower St. Lawrence—

"Bonjour le maitre et la maîtresse
Et tous les gens de la maison.
Nous avons fait une promesse
De v'nir vous voir une fois l'an.
Un'fois l'an. . . Ce n'est pas grand' chose
Qu'un petit morceau de chignée.

"Un petit morceau de chignée,
Si vous voulez.

Si vous voulez rien nous donner,
Dites-nous lé.

Nous prendrons la fille aînée,
Nous y ferons chauffer les pieds!
La Ignolé! La Ignoloche!
Pour mettre du lard dans ma poche!

"Nous demandons pas grand'chose
Pour l'arrivée.

Vingt-cinq ou trent' pieds de chingnée
Si vous voulez.

Nous sommes cinq ou six bons drôles,
Et si notre chant n'vous plaît pas
Nous ferons du feu dans les bois,
Etant à l'ombre;

On entendra chanter l'coucou
Et la coulombe!"

The following is a somewhat crude translation
of the foregoing song:—

Good day to you master and mistress,
And all the people of the house.
We have made a promise
To come to see you once a year.
Once a year is not much.
Just a little piece of pork,
A little piece of pork,
If you like.

THE IGNOLEE

111

If you have nothing to give us
Just say so.

We will take the eldest girl,
And roast her feet for her,
The Ignolée, the Ignoloche,
To grease our pockets.
We do not ask for very much,
For our visit,
Twenty-five or thirty feet of pigs' tail
If you like?

We are five or six good fellows,
And if our song does not please you
We will make a fire in the wood
To hear the song of the Coucou,
And the dove.

Christianity had accepted the Druid custom and sanctified it by charity as it allowed the members to remain to the crowning of the cross. It is probable that these strange verses, were perpetuated. We will take the eldest daughter and roast her feet for her, are among the other allusions to the human sacrifices of the ancient faith of the Gaul. That reminds us of Velleda's song in the "Martyrs" of Chateaubriand. Yentates wished for blood. . . . on the first day of the year . . . he spoke among the Druid oaks ("Soirées Canadiennes", année 1863.) The air to which these fragments are sung consist

of some musical phrases to which the poetry is adjusted as well as can be, now on one, now on the other of these phrases without regular order. Everyone knows the first verse but nothing more.

All the French authors that I have been able to consult on the subject agree in giving a Gaulic origin to the custom and the songs called *Guignolée* or *Guillannée*. To-day, in the Province of *Perche* (where a great many ancestors of our Canadian families come from,) New Year's presents are still called "*les éguilas*". Now the Druidic custom was to distribute the New Year mistletoe in the way of a gift; it is evident that from them comes the name "*éguilas*" (or *éguilables* as they call it in *Chartres*), given to New Year's presents.

31st December, at evening, bands of children, by the light of a torch, go from door to door, in the country as well as cities, begging a present in honour of the New Year, chanting complaints or legends in bad French, ending all by these words: "Give us a New Year's Gift." (The presents given consisted sometimes of money, more often eatables, fruits, pork, etc. Here is one of the legends sung by the beggars:—

The King's son goes off to the hunt
 In the forest of Hungary;
 Ah! give us a New Year's Gift,
 Sir, I pray you—*Bis*.

THE IGNOLEE

113

Having hunted and hunted
He did'nt get very much,
Ah! give us, etc.

He only found a bird's nest
Of a bird called a tree (wood pecker)

Of the five in the nest,
The prettiest,
And took it to his love,
Ah! give us, etc.

Who kept it for seven years
In a cage.
Ah, give us, etc.

During seven years it stayed there
Leading a very sad life.
Ah! give us, etc.

Go, return little bird to your love,
Ah! give us, etc.

So he never came back
To that cage
Ah! give us a New Year's gift,
Sir, I pray you,"

This old custom so auspiciously and successfully
revived in Quebec we hope to see continued if under
such good guidance as proved to be the case last
year.



A Wild Flower Garden



WHEN the idea of a wild flower garden first suggested itself to us we went to the text book of Nature for advice as to how we should make it, and where it ought properly to be placed to secure the best results. The great majority of our native Quebec flowering plants love the shade, moisture, and rich mould of the woods, but again there are some of the more beautiful forms that bask in the sunshine of the open fields. To combine all the requisite conditions required a careful inspection of our available spots. We finally hit upon the shade of a great spreading white pine, which seemed to offer a sufficient shelter on its north, from the sun, while the south side received a sufficiency of sunshine to give the field flowers every chance to develop. For a space of twenty feet around the trunk of the tree the earth was roughly broken with a grub hoe. We then spread some old and well-rotted leafmould to a depth of six inches, and trod it well down. Our garden was now complete and ready to receive its first occupants. If successful with them our scheme embraced at least two specimens of all our

local flora, and here I might mention the fact, that the flora about Quebec is exceedingly rich and varied. In a single morning's collecting tour we have brought in as many as forty varieties of wild flowers. For our garden our search for plants began early in May. The equipment for the field was two good sized grape baskets and an ordinary gardener's trowel. Hepaticas, spring beauties, sanguinarias and dog-toothed violets, ginger root and trilliums, both purple and white, while yet in flower, were first experimented with. They were dug with as little disturbance to roots as possible, and as quickly as circumstances permitted they were transferred to their new home, the mould carefully and well pressed about the roots, and then well watered. For several days the watering was repeated, when we observed with much pleasure that every plant was well taken, and in some instances new flowers were opening. There was now no doubt as to the success of our venture and we rapidly added variety after variety. In every instance when care was exercised, and a proper situation was selected for the plant, followed by copious waterings, it thrived. Wood ferns were finally included in our collection, and a large patch of the delicate native maiden-hair became quite a delightful feature of the garden. In one of our most distant search expeditions we secured some plants of the trailing arbutus, together with a box



- 1. Old Bishop's Palace
- 2. A Corner of Cap Rouge
- 3. Caleche
- 4. Intendant's Palace

- 5. The Battery
- 6. A Corner in Quebec
- 7. The Tandem Drive
- 8. A Bit of Lower Town

of its native sand. We mixed some of this sand through the leaf mould, and the plants were set out in the mixture. This experience was a doubtful one at best, but we are proud to here record the fact that we saved one plant, and it is now alive after four years, and each spring it has four or five clusters of its fragrant flowers. Many botanists have asserted that the arbutus would not bear transplanting. We have even brought some of our riverside flowers to a fair degree of perfection, such as the saxifrage beach pea, and marsh marigold. Almost all our native orchids, and we have some very lovely forms, have flourished in our garden at one time or another. We have had as many as fifteen or twenty varieties of wild flowers in bloom at once, and the display made was exceedingly beautiful. It has occurred to us that were the devotees to wild flower gathering to form themselves into little parties once a week for a wild flower hunt at some of the various points within comfortable distance from Quebec, a most enjoyable outing might be had combined with a wealth of new knowledge, and a glorious collection of flowers made wherewith to decorate the home. Such an expedition might take the form of an out-door picnic with a luncheon brought in baskets to serve in turn to carry back the wild flowers gathered. The flora in the vicinity of Quebec is singularly rich both in beautiful forms

and species, and late May and early June are the most prolific periods. The spring flowers, however, unlike their bolder sisters of early autumn the asters and golden-rods, are a modest and retiring lot and rarely flaunt their beauty along the roadsides, yet well within sight and sound of the highway are to be found the great majority of the more beautiful forms. We have gathered in a short walk forty distinct varieties, the whole forming a bouquet that would have graced an Empress in the exquisite loveliness of delicacy and color rarely found among cultivated flowers.

The Gomin bush and surrounding fields afford an inviting ground, the Cap Rouge bush is rich in many rare forms, and the vicinity of Lake Calvaire will yield good returns. The beach from Crescent Cove to Cap Rouge village is a sight at this season, the whole face of the Cape being covered with the great purple flowered clematis hanging in festoons from every branch of tree into which the vines grow. It is one of the most ornamental and beautiful of table or room decorations, as ten or twelve feet of vine may be cut with clusters of flowers its entire length. But the beach also contains many other almost equally graceful flowers. Our list of wild flowers for early June in the vicinity of Cap Rouge, and about the beach is as follows:—

Purple hooded orchis, large yellow orchis, three leaf gingseng, five leaf gingseng, purple flower

clematis, wild cherry, choke cherry, louse wort, columbine, black alder, jack-in pulpit, tooth wort, early saxifrage, meadow rue, beach pea, unknown orchid, cowslip, marsh marigold, moccasin flower, large showy orchis, false mitrewort, wild apple, sheep's head sorel, five fingers, thyme, speedwell, buttercup, rock cress, bear berry, forget-me-not, clintonia, false spikenard, false solomon's seal, sweet raspberry, green orchid, oxalis, blue-eyed grass, elder, black alder, wood anemone, blue flag, early wild rose, sheep laurel, labrador tea, shin leaf, princess pine, wild onion, pembina, moose wood, twin flower, phlox, water leaf, purple flower raspberry, yellow flax, bladder campian, wild gooseberry, toad flax, bush honeysuckle, common vetch, tufted vetch, winter green, sundew, partridgeberry, speedwell, sweet briar, small bed straw, pale corydalis, mullin, lamb's quarter, hawthorne, wood violet, twisted stalk.

In the foregoing list we have included a few of the late May flowers which linger into early June, but we have excluded the very late June and early July varieties, satisfied that the list we have given is sufficiently full to gratify all reasonable demands. We might add that we have found all the flowers named in an area of less than half a mile from our residence.

Late August and early September produce another rich harvest of lovely flower forms, and

our roadsides are in gayest holiday attire with the varieties of asters and golden rods that abound. The fall seeds and fruits of many varieties of plants are also most attractive at this season, such for instance as the crimson rose berry, the bright red and snow white berries of the actia, the blue of the clintonia and the feathery seedheads of the clematis.





C. Krieghoff, Artist

Krieghoff, the Painter



O all Quebecers there is a halo about the paintings of Krieghoff that time has never extinguished. It is true that the majority have outgrown his art, but our love for the scenes he painted with keen eye for the picturesque, in our Canadian landscape, and in the quaint and humorous side of the French Canadian peasant life have endeared his work to us and made his name famous as the Wilkie of French Canada. If, however, I were to ask the most ardent admirer of Krieghoff work what he knew of the artist, he would be compelled to answer "nothing beyond that he once lived in Quebec." No biographical sketch has ever appeared. There are none of his letters extant so far as I am aware, and his contemporaries, with one or two exceptions, have passed into the silent majority. John S. Budden, Esq., still hale, hearty and active at eighty-two, was not alone a liberal patron of the artist, but they dwelt together for the thirteen years that Krieghoff remained in Quebec. It is to Mr. Budden, therefore, that I am mainly indebted for my leading facts.

Cornelius Krieghoff was born in Dusseldorf, Saxony, about the end of the Napoleonic wars. The first years of his life were spent at Mainburg Castle, Schwienfurth, Bavaria. He was trained for a professional musician, and became an accomplished performer upon a number of instruments. He also studied painting and several of the natural sciences, in which in latter years he became an adept. Upon completing his studies in Rotterdam he spent several years travelling through the various states of Europe, playing wherever he could get an engagement, or painting whenever he could find a purchaser, yet always pursuing his other studies in science or in modern languages.

His wanderings over Europe gave him a taste for travel. The New World offered advantages and opportunity, and to the New World Krieghoff sailed, landing at New York with little money, but with a brave heart. With his guitar under his arm he became an itinerant musician and trudged away into the South land. The new and strange botany fascinated him, and he made an extensive collection of specimens for one of the European Universities. About this period the Seminole War in the Everglades of Florida broke out, and Krieghoff, ever anxious to see and learn, joined the U. S. army of invasion, and was promptly made a sergeant. The campaign to him was one of severe labor, for in addition to his sergeant duties

he determined to make an exhaustive series of sketches illustrating every phase of the war and its participants. From these drawings Krieghoff made a large number of paintings for the U. S. Government. Whether these paintings are yet in the archives of the U. S. Government I do not know. The sketches which became the property of John S. Budden, Esq., were all destroyed in the great Quebec fire of June, 1881.

At the end of the war Krieghoff left the army and again commenced a peripatetic career that finally landed him in Montreal, where he remained for two years. Here he married a French Canadian lady by whom he had issue one daughter.

This daughter married a Captain Burnett, of the 16th Regiment, a son of Sir Robt. Burnett, Bart., of London, England. Captain Burnett died after a very few years of married life. Afterwards Mrs. Burnett wedded a Count de Wendt, of Russia.

At the instigation of Mr. John S. Budden, Krieghoff came to Quebec about 1853, and both took up their residence together in a most picturesque little cottage at Mount Pleasant, where the stately residence of John Ritchie, Esq., now stands. Stimulated and encouraged by the enthusiasm of Mr. Budden and also by the liberal purchases of his work by such men as the late James Gibb, Esq.,

J. R. Young, Esq., C. R. O'Connor, Esq., D. D. Young, Esq., J. J. Foote, Esq., and others, also by many of the English officers stationed in Quebec, Krieghoff entered upon a most successful career. He was a rapid painter and a most industrious one. His output was considerable. As a rule his pictures were small, and were turned out as the labor of a day in the open. His few large and more important paintings were, however, the result of long and patient effort to bring them to the highest possible degree of finish, and some of them remained in his studio for years before he felt justified in turning them over to the purchasers. For the firm of Messrs. Thomas & Co., of Philadelphia, art dealers, he painted a number of large pictures, representative of Canadian life. Several of these were subsequently reproduced in lithographs. Much of his work was either reproduced in black and white or in color, and Krieghoff derived a considerable revenue from his copyrights. The best known of the colored lithographs are "Pour l'amour du Bon Dieu", and "Va au Diable", the two pictures of the old Canadian beggar.

The portrait of Krieghoff, which accompanies this article, is a pen and ink drawing by R. J. Wickenden, from a photo by Ellison & Co. of Quebec. This photo was taken when Krieghoff was about forty-five years of age, and is considered by Mr. Budden to have been the most life-like. The



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1.50

1.56

1.63

1.71

1.80

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The Old Habitant

pen and ink by Mr. Wickenden is more than a faithful copy of the original photo.

During Krieghoff's Quebec residence he was induced to visit France to study figure painting, in which he felt himself deficient in knowledge. He remained two years in Paris, copying at the Louvre before returning to Quebec. His subsequent work in general bears the unmistakable mark of this period of study. He brought to Quebec, from Paris, many of his replicas of the masters, old and modern, and they quickly found their way into the collections of pictures in Quebec and Montreal. Again Krieghoff took up the thread of his work in depicting Canadian life and scenery. His paintings of our gorgeous autumnal colorings, became the delight of local collectors, who understood them, but in England, where many of them were sent, they were characterized as flagrant exaggerations. Time has settled this question, and in comparison with the work of more modern men, Krieghoff's coloring seems tame.

While Krieghoff felt his deficiency as an artist of genre, yet he turned to this expression of art from the strong sense of humor that ever possessed him, and which is so evidenced in many of his paintings. He loved the woods and that border land of the early settler. He loved our rivers and lakes, and he loved our Canadian winters. Lake St.

Charles, Lake Beauport, the Montmorenci, were his favorite resorts where he found material and drew inspiration for his brush. Quebec was always with him, for he dearly loved the old rock city and the life within it.

He is described as a most delightful social companion among his intimates, but presenting a shy and retiring disposition to the world. His culture was broad and his tastes catholic. He was widely travelled, a scientist of no mean parts, and a very polyglot. I have already alluded to his accomplishments as a musician.

Krieghoff was tempted to leave Quebec about 1864 by his son-in-law, Count de Wendt, who had made his home in Chicago. The new life, however, was not to Krieghoff's tastes, and shortly after his settling in his Western home he succumbed to valvular disease of the heart. He had half written a letter to his old friend in Quebec, John S. Budden, Esq., when the angel of death came to him.

Krieghoff will always hold an honored place in Canadian art, notwithstanding his deficiencies. He was the portrayer of a life that has all but passed away, and that will give him recognition.

Among the possessors of some of the more important of Krieghoff's paintings in Quebec are Mrs. David Ross, Hon. John Sharples, Hon. Richard Turner, Lt. Col. Turnbull, W. M. McPher-

son, Lorenzo Evans, Mrs. R. R. Dotell, J. T. Ross, John Budden, John Breakey, D. McGie, Madame Roy, Mrs. Amos Bowen, Alfred Wheeler, Mrs. P. A. Shaw, and no doubt there are many others whose names I do not know.



R. J. Wickenden



WHENEVER the great art school of this continent is founded, Quebec will be its seat. The yearly increasing numbers of artists seeking Quebec in summer both for material for their canvasses and the repose and atmosphere of an old world city, will yet result in many of them permanently locating in Quebec and establishing schools of instruction. Mr. Walter Griffin, of Boston, had a summer school here for several seasons. Mr. J. B. Hance has set up his studio in our midst. Mr. Horatio Walker is yet working on the Island of Orleans. Mr. Winslow Homer's recent work about Quebec and Lake St. John is yet exciting the favourable notice of the New York critics. H. W. Ranger, who seems destined to succeed Innes as the strongest and most individual of American landscapists, finds in our province part of the material for his brush. Last, but by no means least, we have had with us for several winters one of the most distinguished pupils of the great French master Daubigny, a member of that famous coterie at

Barbizon which included Corot, Rousseau and Millet. Mr. R. J. Wickenden, to whom we refer, was singled out to come from France to paint a series of official portraits in Quebec. Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop Begin, Monseignor Marois, Sir Adolphe Chapleau, His Honor Mayor Parent, Abbe R. Casgrain and several other well-known citizens have sat to Mr. Wickenden. But it is not alone as a portrait painter that Mr. Wickenden has achieved fame. His versatility has carried him into the realms of landscape and genre, and auto-gravure, and in these separate departments of art he takes high rank.

Although the personality of Mr. R. J. Wickenden is well-known to Quebecers, yet we feel that some particulars of his life and career as an artist will be of interest to our readers. Mr. Wickenden was born in the historic old city of Rochester, Kent, England, on July 8th, 1861, coming of a family that had resided in Kent since the earlier invasion of the northmen,—tradition leading to a Danish origin. On his mother's side was French emigré stock and to those who believe in heredity, from thence probably came his love for literature and art. He was educated first at Sir Joseph Williamson's school and was one of the youngest boys in England to pass the Oxford Local Examinations at Rochester in 1873. His taste for drawing and painting was, however, quite as strong as his



R. J. Wickenden, Artist

love for the classics, and he soon turned towards the study of the fine arts. After several years of travel, and soon after coming of age, he took up his residence at Paris, drawn thereto by a great love for the masters of the Barbizon School—Millet, Corot, Rousseau and Daubigny. He, however, desired a good academic basis, and studied for some time at the Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts under Ernest Hebert, Luc Olivier Merson, and other eminent professors. In 1884 his picture "La Glaneuse en Foret," painted in the forest of Fontainebleau, was received and well placed at the Paris Salon, and thence-forward for some ten or twelve years he exhibited in various national and international exhibits, gaining at that highest of art tribunals, the Salon, a "Mention Honorable," besides various recompenses and diplomas elsewhere. He was married in 1885 to Miss Ada Louise Linnier, of Longueville, Gronville, Isle of Jersey, and spent several summers amid the charming surroundings of the Channel Islands.

At this picturesque country-house at Auvers-sur-Oise, near Paris, he was the neighbor and friend of the Daubigny family, having written the biography of the great landscapist Charles Francois Daubigny, whom he so much admired. Here he was visited by many men famous in literature and art. Among the former was Philip Gilbert

Hamerton, the celebrated art critic and philosophic writer, whose portrait Mr. Wickenden painted. Rajon, the etcher, and Checa, the Spanish master, were among the intimates, and several Quebecers also paid visits to Mr. Wickenden at this rustic retreat with its roomy library and studio. Later on, successful exhibitions of his works were held in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and other American cities, where a number of his works found permanent homes in some of the principal collections, as well as in France and England.

For some years past Mr. Wickenden has had a studio at 7 East 39th St., New York, but his home is at Bethel, Connecticut, one of the most picturesque spots about New York, an ideal country for an artist to paint in.

Henry W. Ranger



English critic, Mr. Henry W. Bromhead, in the "International Studio" for August last has hailed the group of American landscape painters as the "rising sun in art." In this group the primacy is assigned to Henry W. Ranger who already had taken the foremost place in the "Tonal" school. Mr. Bromhead says, "Ranger's position has been achieved by his vital force of personality, his sound and workmanlike execution, the opulent color sense, the ability to compose fine patterns, and the definite aim—almost always achieved—of expressing some distinct phase of nature's beauty and poetry.

"His pictures are always worth while; they are sane, free from tricks and affectations, and manifest an amazing versatility. A marked feature of his work has always been its strong individuality. I have never seen any of his work that could in any circumstances be mistaken for the work of anyone but Ranger himself."

Ranger's reputation is now international, and many of his important productions are finding

their way into public and private galleries in Europe. Twenty-five years ago, Ranger first came to Quebec for material for his brush. He was then exclusively a water colorist, but the strongest and most individual of all the men on this continent who used this metier. His Quebec and Crane Island marines and landscapes had a great vogue, but the Artist chafed under the limitations of water colors to express the tonal effects he sought to express, so upon a day he turned to oils, and he has never turned back. After Quebec and Crane Island, Ranger found Berthier-en-haut, and here he painted in spring and autumn for five or six years. The summers were sometimes spent at Cap Rouge for the needed rest and change. While our guest at Ravenscliffe in those summer days, Ranger was occasionally coaxed into making a sketch, and we are the possessors of a number of these delightful bits of his.

No one of the present school of landscape painters has come nearer in sympathy with the poetical side of Nature than Mr. H. W. Ranger, of New York. In his work, we find the same feeling which dominated the old Dutch masters, the great school of Constable and his successors, the Barbizon men.

Mr. Ranger, who was born in the State of New York, began the study of art, first as an amateur. Later on, in the face of much opposition, he adopted

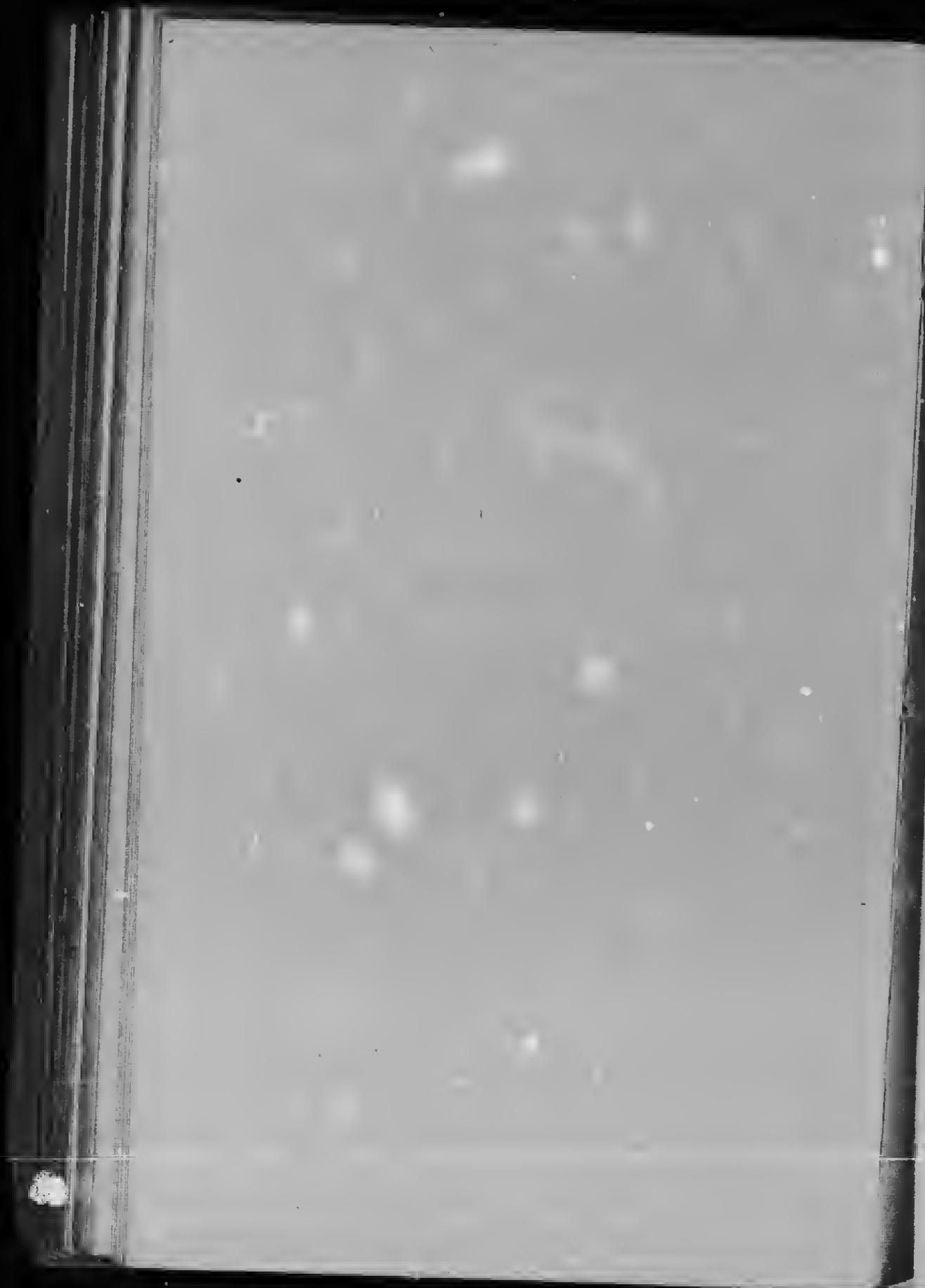


H. W. Ranger, Artist

painting as a profession. He has lived for several years in Europe, studying the old masters as well as Nature, which accounts for his very individual style. Examples of his work are in some of the most important galleries abroad, such as the Kohler and Fop Smit collections of Holland. His paintings are also to be seen in several English and French galleries. Mr. Ranger is a member of the art committee of the Lotos Club, which possesses several excellent examples of his sympathetic style.

He is an organist of very remarkable ability, a magician of no mean parts, and a delightful conversationalist.

He is the largest stockholder in the great studio building erected some years ago in New York at 25 West 67th St.



Birge Harrison, Artist



PARAGRAPH in the "Telegraph" announced the pleasing intelligence to all the admirers of good art in Quebec that Mr. Harrison had consented to exhibit three or four of his more recent winter pictures of Quebec and vicinity.

Birge Harrison was born in Philadelphia in 1854. He commenced his art training in the Academy of Fine Arts in his natal city, but within a year this ambitious and talented young American was on his way to Paris. There he remained for twelve years a conscientious student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, working under such men as Carolus Duran, Alexandre Cabanel and other distinguished masters. He then returned to the United States, went to Arizona and lived for a year or more with the Navajho and Moquis Indians, painting every conceivable side of the wild life of these nomads of the south-west. This work about completed, Mr. Harrison set out on a tour around the world, painting, writing, and illustrating as he travelled. During this tour he visited Holland, France, England, Italy, Spain, Tangiers, Egypt, South

Africa, Ceylon, India, Australia, South Sea Islands, Sandwich Islands, Mexico, and back to the United States. He contributed an account of his journeyings to "Harper's Monthly," "Century," "Scribner's" and other periodicals.

Mr. Harrison is a member of the "National Academy of Design," the "Society of American Artists," the "Century Club," the "Salmagundi Club" all of New York, Fellow of "Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts," "Hors Concours" at Paris Salon. He has received medals at the Paris Salon, the "Exposition Universelle." Paris, the World's Fair, Chicago, the "Pan-American," Buffalo, and the St. Louis Exposition. He is represented by important paintings in the following permanent collections:— The Municipal Museum of Marseilles and Reims, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Art Institution of Chicago. He is also represented in a large number of the private collections of Europe and America. He is professor of the Woodstock School of Art, New York.

Quebec of late years has become the seat of Mr. Harrison's important winter work. To quote his own words:—"I've painted pretty much all over the world, but nowhere have I found such a mine of exquisite material for the painter. May it never be spoiled!"

The following are the titles of the four pictures that Mr. Harrison exhibits:—



Birge Harrison, Artist

Moonlight from the Terrace.

The Ice Harvest.

Across the St. Charles.

Sunset on the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Harrison, the "Painter of the Snows," takes foremost rank among that clever group of American artists who have won international reputation for themselves. Birge Harrison comes of a family of distinguished artists. His brother Alexandre, who has lived in France for the past thirty years, is ranked as the greatest of living marine painters. Another brother Butler, since dead, had also won his spurs as among the coming painters.

Birge Harrison is original, and of a highly poetic temperament that is shown in an exalted sense of truth and harmony of thought and color. His compositions are beautifully balanced and in their entirety do we discover their charm. It is not the sunset, nor the landscape that centres our interest, but the relations of one to the other that make for a rhythmic whole. Then as a colorist Mr. Harrison may justly lay claim to as delicate a perception of beauty and tenderness as he has for form and composition. In all these qualities lies the strength of the master.

In the "Moonlight from the Terrace" we perhaps find Mr. Harrison at his best. It is a cleverly drawn picture of a somewhat difficult subject. A

moon, which, however, is not visible, throws its light upon the cove hillside and over the river in quivering rays that almost dance. The snow lies cold in the white light of the moon. The Levis shore is dimly defined, but here and there a light twinkles from some unseen house. The feeling of night, with a clear cold moonlight is remarkably cleverly rendered in the snow at the foot of the cliff and on hillside, and in the small building that stands on the wharf head. The poetry of this picture gives it the first claim to our consideration.

Turning to the "Ice Harvest" we see a luminous chrome yellow sunset—the whole sky to the zenith suffused with the rich golden tone. The St. Lawrence to Sillery ice-bound, covered with snow and in the purple grays of the late day but catching here and there some of the reflections of the sky. Piled on the river's surface are great cakes of freshly cut ice that are full of iridescent colors. A horse, sleigh, and driver are approaching with their load. This picture will to some extent divide the honors with "The Moonlight."

In "Across the St. Charles" Mr. Harrison has treated an interesting subject in so masterly and effective a manner as to endow it with a charm that lingers. A sunset and a winter day's light mist with belching smoke from tall factory chimneys has given the artist the chance to cloak the sordidness of masses of brick buildings and ugly

wharves in tender soft grays through which the churches, walls and convents of the Upper Town appear as but shadowy forms. Over the winnowed snow ice on the river is reflected a luminous broken ray of the light of the waning day. But for this one great ray of light, which, however, is quite in keeping with the hour, the picture is pitched in the key of gray misty eve. "A Sunset on the St. Lawrence" is a simple composition depending for its claim for our admiration in the beautiful roseate sunset that melts into a mist and suffuses it with tender color, and over the snow ice the same warm colors play upon its surface.

Mr. Harrison is known as the Painter of the Snows, and certainly no other man's snow pictures that we know of, possess that undefinable quality of snow instead of paint.

"The Shadow of Quebec", the illustration of which is shown here very imperfectly in black and white, was purchased by the trustees of the Corcoran Art Galleries of Washington.

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Horatio Walker



ALTHOUGH hailing from New York and where part of the winter months are even now spent, Horatio Walker has lived so much of the last 20 years on the Island of Orleans that he has come to be regarded by his habitant neighbours as one of them. He comes with the birds in the early spring, and seldom departs until the winter has set in. He occupies a cottage at St. Petronelle, the point of the island nearest Quebec. He gives himself up to eight months of hard work, caring little for the social side of life, but painting away steadily. Isham, in his *History of American Painting* says, "Walker alone found among the habitants of Canada a corner of the new world whose manners and customs were older and simpler by far than anything Barizon could offer. It is seventeenth and eighteenth-century France uncontaminated by later intellectual or mechanical developments. The families are rooted in the soil, and as the year revolves, they go through the old august labors of plowing, sowing and reaping as simply and naturally as the birds build their nests or the sal-

mon mount the rivers in the spring. When Walker paints this life he gives, like Millet, its large, ample, classic simplicity. His works have the same Virgilian touch of sympathy with the field and forest, but the human interest is not so dominant or profound. There is no intimate personal unity between Walker and his habitants. He likes and sympathizes with them, but after all they are only part of the fauna of his pictures, like the sheep or the great oxen; what he is painting is the spring ploughing or the winter wood cutting."

Walker has been likened to Millet in choice of subject, and in handling to Troyon, and this in a spirit of compliment, but in many particulars Walker is greater than either of the French masters "as befits a man of a later generation." He has gone them one better—that is to say "his coloring is more varied, more subtle, and usually with more of blue and less of brown in the shadows, and his handling is usually looser, more free, but not less sure."

Walker's output is never large and his paintings now command large prices both in the United States and Europe. As much as \$12,000 has been paid for a single canvas.

Mr. Dawson-Watson



AWSON-WATSON who is well-known in Quebec, where for several years he plied his art both in landscape and portraiture, has recently accepted an important appointment as one of the principal instructors in the great school of painting and handicrafts at St. Louis. Mr. Watson left Quebec with regret—and regretted. His more recent Canadian pictures have found permanent resting places here, as well as the many others previously disposed of. A short sketch of his career will be of interest to his many friends and admirers, as well as to the public at large.

Mr Dawson Watson is a Yorkshire man. His father, the late John Dawson-Watson, was one of the best known painters and illustrators in England. His son, who at an early age evinced a decided talent for drawing, was at the age of seventeen placed under the tuition of Mark Fisher, a distinguished painter and a warm personal friend of Dawson-Watson's father. A year or two later Mr. Boddington, the Secretary of the Manchester Canal, and a wealthy man, became interested in

the promise given by the young artist, and sent him to Paris for a three years' course of study under the great French masters of that period. At the expiration of the three years Mr. Watson married an English lady, whom he met in Paris. They removed from that city to Giverny, Normandy, where Mr. Watson opened his studio, remaining there for five years. In 1893 he left France to accept a position as teacher in the Hartford Art Society School. He held this position for three years and gave to that school an enviable reputation throughout the United States. A year was then spent upon the Atlantic Coast painting marines that excited much favorable notice, when exhibited in Boston. Mr. Watson then returned to England for a time, but the life of the New World was strong upon him and he determined to seek in Canada inspiration for his brush. He came to Quebec in 1900, and has made his home here since then.

He is essentially of the modern school of painters where breadth of treatment and color quality subordinate the unessential small detail, but Mr. Watson is by no means an impressionist. He possesses imagination, a fine eye for composition, and a technical training that gives him a mastery in the several fields of art he works in.

He has exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, Paris Salon, Society of American Artists,



Dawson-Watson, Artist



New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis Exposition, etc.

Instructor Saint Louis School of Fine Arts.
Member Boston Arts and Crafts Society and Saint Louis Artists' Guild.

Few artists have the versatility in handling divers mediums to the degree possessed by Mr. Watson. He not only manipulates with equal ability oil, water color, pen and ink, distemper, eau forte, mezzotint and every other imaginable medium; but his work covers almost the entire field of graphic and pictorial arts, including portraits, mural decorations, landscape illustration, china painting, wood-block painting, etc., etc.

In addition to all this, Mr. Watson designs, carves and gilds his own frames, by which the interest and value of his works are greatly enhanced, as they become a complete individual and intimate expression of the artist.



Winslow Homer



FOR a number of years Winslow Homer came to Quebec en route to the Tourilli Club preserves, where he and his brother had built a picturesque camp of their own on the shores of a beautiful lake. Fishing and hunting alternated with sketching or painting on Winslow's part. Again it is the Grande Decharge that attracts him for the sport of the ouananiche, and for the exceedingly wild and rugged scenes of camp life and on the roaring river or placid lake. These have all been done. Isham says of this work: "To step from a dealer's gallery into a room filled with his water colors, is as if one left pictures for reality; you like them if you like the things represented—the mountain lakes, the dark, spruce lined shores, the clear thin air. It is only by making a special effort that his very great artistic merits are recognized, his draftsmanship, his composition, his color, and even when that is done, the tendency is to revert again to the indwelling spirit, the love for the strong, free life of men who fight in the open air against

man, beast or the elements, the life that his great namesake sang in the days before history."

He is a great marine painter as well, and he tells the story of storm beaten coast as but few men have done, with all its moods and tragedies.

In the great world of art, he occupies conspicuous place. He is a Bostonian by birth and a Cosmopolite by habit, but always the outdoor painter of the wild life of our continent wherever found.

James B. Hance



IN these days when the *rapprochement* between Great Britain and her colonies has become a subject of intense pride to all of us, the visit of Mr. J. B. Hance, the well-known artist of Quebec, is a matter for more than usual and more than merely artistic interest. Mr. Hance is an Englishman born and bred; but since he settled in "The Dominion" he has made the portrayal of its grand and beautiful scenery peculiarly his own. His headquarters are in Quebec, and, during the summer months, at Cap Rouge—a country village some ten or twelve miles out of the city—where he and his charming wife lead an ideal life, and where he possesses a second studio. Mr. Hance's exhibitions are justly celebrated, not only for the beauty of the pictures there on view, but for the delightful informality and sense of artistic atmosphere of their arrangement. This English-Canadian painter, who appreciates his adopted country so enthusiastically, and who reproduces her beauties with such power and skill, lately returned home for a couple of months' rest and holiday, and he took with

him a very beautiful picture which possesses a particular interest of its own. It is a large oil painting of a village near Quebec, Sillery by name, the birthplace of the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of Canada; and it was specially painted as a gift from him to the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen. The photograph here presented in no way does justice to the painting, since photography cannot reproduce colour, neither can it give an idea of the skill with which the artist has preserved a sense of extreme cold, while yet his canvas glows with the almost angry hues of a gorgeous sunset. Just over Sillery Church spire the whole sky is ablaze with tawny orange and flame colour, reduced to tenderest tones of rose-pink upon the piled-up masses of snow which occupy the foreground; while here and there a faint flush catches even the distant housetops across the river. The rendering of the ice-bound river itself is exquisite. No reproduction can give an idea of the smoothness and wonderful clear green tints with which both ice and water are represented, and brought actually within one's sight and comprehension."

Thus writes an eminent critic in one of the leading English papers. A copy of this picture forms one of the illustrations of this book.

I have come to look forward to the Quebec fall exhibitions of Mr. J. B. Hance's work with as much

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J. B. Hance, Artist

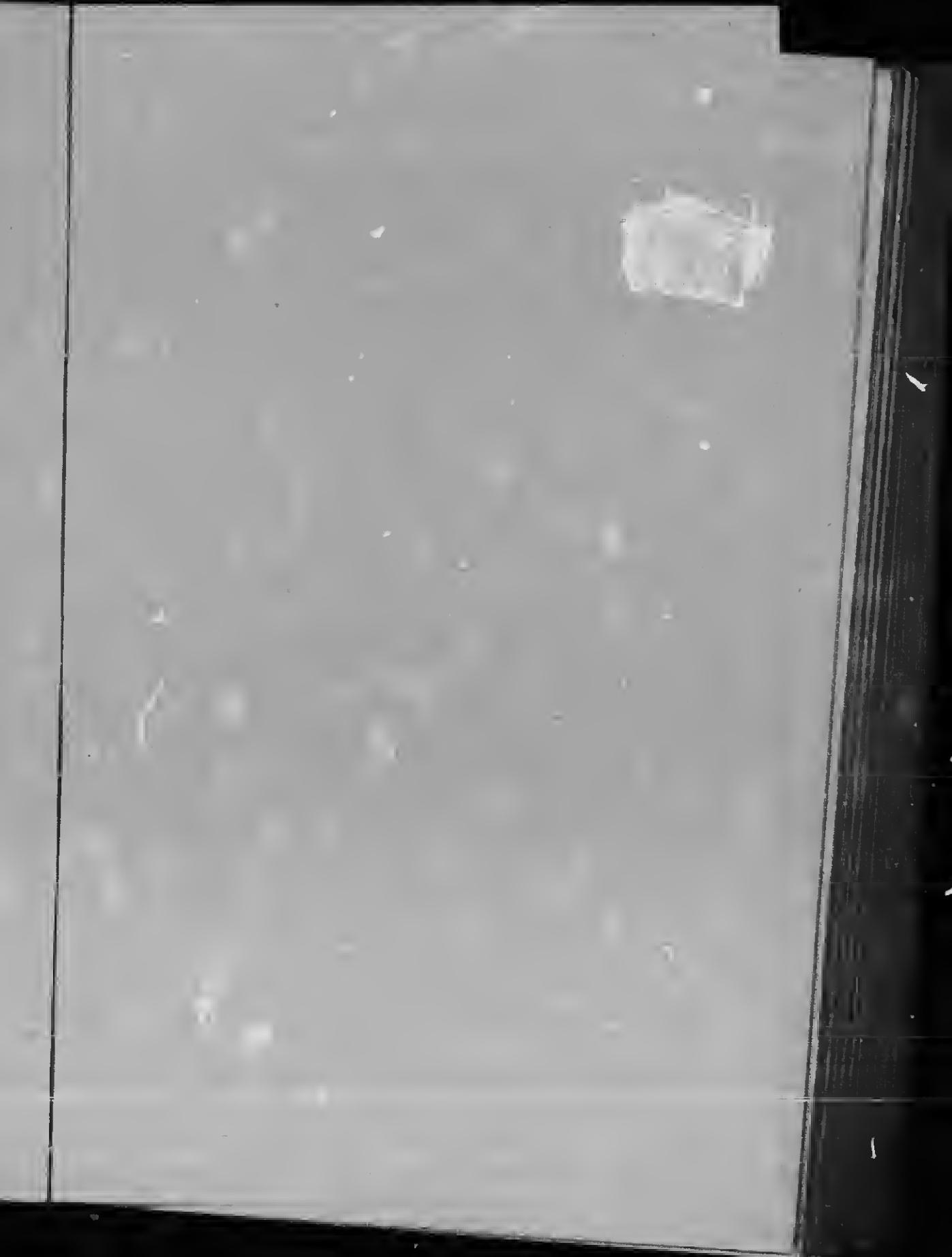
pleasurable emotion as I welcome the return of spring after a drear winter, for I am always assured of a genuine treat. This year's exhibition* fully sustains Mr. Hance's reputation as an able technician, a skilful colorist, and an artist possessed of that still rarer quality—a poetical temperament—as evidenced in all his work. Mr. Hance is never a stylist, for into each subject which he treats is breathed the emotion which inspired it. A poem of the palette and brush would not be an inapt term to apply to any one of his pictures whether in oil or water color. His strength is in this very quality of truth and sweetness to an ideal of what constitutes sentiment and feeling in art in contradistinction to the sordidness of the schools of realism and impressionism. Sometimes Mr. Hance comes near to being very great, as in two canvases in the present collection, which, though widely different in subject, have each been treated in so masterly a way as to rank them very high as works of art. The first, "A winter sunset from Dufferin Terrace," has for its foreground the irregular roof lines of the Lower Town in the cold gray light of late afternoon in March. The snow-covered floating masses of ice in the St. Lawrence are suffused with the rose tint from the setting sun, the pools of water between the floating floes in robin's egg green and blue, while the clustering

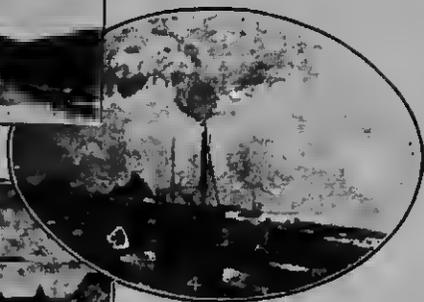
* This exhibition was held in 1901.

houses on the Levis height with their bright red roofs lend the note of color that give relief to the long upland on the Island of Orleans in the deep flush of rosy snow. There is decided cleverness in the color treatment of this picture, and the composition is most admirable. Some there are, undoubtedly, who will fail to understand the color scheme of this picture, but to them I would say: Go to the Terrace some bright March afternoon just at sunset, and my word for it you will discover for yourselves how wonderfully Mr. Hance has caught the mood of that few moments.

The other canvas, to which I have referred as almost great, and certainly very fine, is "A Sunset from Cap Rouge," an early autumn scene, as the field of ripening grain in the foreground tells us. Over the northern mountains, deep purple in the twilight, there hangs the brilliant after-glow of sunset. In the intervening valleys light mists float upwards. Here again the composition leaves nothing to be desired, while the lights and shadows are very effectively rendered. This picture has inspired several of our poets to set it to words. The Rev. F. G. Scott's lines are as follows:—

"The sun goes down in royal state,
And peace sleeps over vale and hill."





1. Sillery — Painting by J. B. Hance
2. Lake Tantara — Painting by J. B. Hance
3. Quebec — Painting by J. B. Hance
4. Crane Island — Painting by H. W. Ranger

Another but unknown bard, sent these lines after some stolen glimpse of the painting:—

“Over the mountain the glow of the sunset
Lingers an instant in crimson and gold,
And silent and hushed is the day's restless fret,
As the shadows of evening the valleys enfold.”

Feeling and sentiment are at once apparent in this canvas.

“A Showery Day in the Vale of Cheshire” is another important oil. Lights and shadows chase over a wide valley, and in the middle distance a heavy shower is falling. The feeling of atmosphere and distance in this picture is delightful. In “A Winter Sunset from the Parliament Buildings” Mr. Hance treats us to another mid-winter scene that is immensely effective, and particularly well done as to the group of buildings in the foreground. There are a number of other oils shown, mostly Canadian subjects. There are sixteen water colors in all shown. In an extended journey down the St. Lawrence this past summer, Mr. Hance has found excellent subject matter from Cacouna down to Little Metis for a series of water colors that are in every sense charming, and in addition to these are several scenes in the Canadian Rockies from previous studies. “Grand Metis Falls,”

"A Glimpse from the St. Louis Road," "Mount Misery from Little Metis," "Castle Mountain from Banff," are in happiest mood, strongly but simply treated, and I should add, sympathetically.

Charles Huot



F Krieghoff has a successor in Quebec the mantel has fallen upon Charles Huot as the delineator of French-Canadian life, customs and Canadian landscape, not that there is the least similarity in their methods, for while Krieghoff possessed a keen sense of humor with a limited technique wherewith to express it, Huot on the other hand has little humor, but a large technique. He depicts the habitant not in his cups or at play, but in the soberness of his daily avocations. In this, Huot's work shows the influence of Millet. It is as a fresco painter of large religious subjects that Huot is strongest. His decoration of the ceiling of the St. Sauveur Church is a remarkably fine piece of work. Others of his paintings are to be found in the Roman Catholic Churches at Chicoutimi, St. Jerome and Fraserville. Huot first studied under Theophile Hamel, and later in several of the great schools of Paris.



Artists Who Have Painted in Quebec



AMONG the earlier painters in Quebec of whom I have any knowledge through works of theirs which are extant or by tradition are :—

Thelky—a portrait painter: His principal work was "The Making of a Huron Chief" in which Robt. Symes is shown decked as a chief surrounded by a group of Indian Chiefs of the Lorette Indians. This picture was painted about 1848.

Fascio Morel—an Italian painter of miniatures, who came to Quebec about sixty years ago and painted miniature portraits of our "Belles" and "Beaux". He also gave lessons to the young ladies in Quebec in this art.

Palmer—about 1842 to 1844. He was an American and a portrait painter, and was quite the vogue in Quebec for a period. He painted the portraits of many of the distinguished (now extinguished) people in Quebec of that period. His patron was the father of Lt. Col. Turnbull. The Colonel has a portrait of himself as a boy painted

160 ARTISTS WHO HAVE PAINTED IN QUEBEC

by Palmer. Palmer was improvident, and it was difficult to keep him out of debt.

Taylor, Thos.—painted, also engraved.

Hamel Theophile—A prominent portrait painter in his day. He married the only daughter of G. B. Faribault Esq. For years he was the painter of portraits of everybody who was "it" in Quebec. His work possesses considerable merit.

Mimee Fredk—also a painter of portraits; he was a brother-in-law of Ed. Sanderson, Esq.

Wilkinson J. B.—was a water colorist who did a large number of landscapes in and about Quebec. He is still living in retirement near Philadelphia. For years he has not painted.

Way, J. W.—An Englishman who came to Quebec, painted here for a time and then went to Montreal where he established a school of art. Later went to Switzerland to live, but eventually returned to Canada. His water colors of Canadian scenery are held in good esteem.

Plomondon—Portrait and landscape painter.

Legare, Walter—Did some very clever pastel work and gave great promise when death claimed him at the age of twenty four years.

Grant, D. E.—A painter and sportsman, and many of his sporting scenes about Quebec are very interesting.

Among others who have painted in Quebec are:—

ARTISTS WHO HAVE PAINTED IN QUEBEC 161

De Lobinniere, Sir L. R. O. Brien, President R.C.
A., Thos. Cullen, Ed. Morris, Henry Sandham,
Fredk. Remington, McNaughton, W. Brymner,
S. S. Tully, Laura Muntz, Miss Dawson, E. Dyonett,
W. E. Atkinson, Geo. H. Duquet, Miss D. Poulin,
McCauley J. J. Enneking, Falardeau Duncanson,
Lockwood.

17





Crossing the St. Lawrence River in Winter
by canoe — Dawson-Watson

The Quebec Studio Club



SOME ten years ago a number of young ladies, who had been pupils of Miss Dawson in art studies, formed the Quebec Studio Club. They were just then beginning to understand their limitation but were fired by their love of painting to trust that in organization and mutual help they might in time aspire to rank among the guild of artists. They have faithfully adhered to the high ideals they then set for themselves, and their tenth exhibition is the proof of continued progress.

The association has been fortunate in having had as instructors such men as Walter Griffin, Robert J. Wickenden and others, if not continuously, at least at critical periods of its existence and its members were keenly alive to profit by such capable and clever masters. Every year the members select some place where as a club they work together in mutual helpfulness, yet with unsparing criticisms of each other as artists. For two summers past they chose Pont Rouge on the Jacques Cartier River as their field of operation, a charming spot for infinite variety of landscape.

The Studio Club occupies as its permanent quarters two large rooms on the fourth floor of the City Hall which were granted years ago by the civic authorities. These rooms command a superb view over city, river and mountains.

The list of officers and members is as follows:

President—Miss M. E. Bonham.

Vice-President—Miss Maud Pope.

Treasurer— Miss C. M. Sewell.

Secretary—Miss L. E. Russell.

Members—The Misses M. E. Shaw, Graddon, Mabel Sewell, May Home, T. G. Marsh, Champion, J. Brown, J. Joseph, Louise Amyot, B. Hall, Webb, Winter, Brown.

Aside from the active members mentioned above, the club has a list of associate members who are entitled to exhibit work, subject to the approval of the Executive Committee. Two of the associate members — Miss Strang and Miss Thom have this year availed themselves of this permission.

There were 127 pictures catalogued in the last exhibition and there were eight exhibitors. This is pretty plain proof that these young lady artists are very much in earnest, and have arrived at that advanced stage in their art where they can afford to take themselves seriously, and feel a justifiable pride in their exhibition work. Ten years of hard study, close application, and enthusiastic effort to find artistic expression must tell. And it has!





Death of Gen. Montgomery at Pres-de-Ville — From a Painting by Trumbull

Landscape was the predominating note of the last collection of pictures, which were also almost entirely local, by which I mean the scenes were either in or about Quebec. And what a varied field for the artist, and are there sunsets anywhere else in the world more glorious than from Quebec, and sunrises and cloud effects that are the despair of artists. We are all lovers of our blue and purple mountains, the lovely St. Lawrence Valley, the great river itself, and dear old Quebec and its quaint life.

No wonder then that the late exhibition showed the influences of the great charm of this beautiful northland of ours, which we are so justly fond of, and run to landscape almost exclusively.

I must confine myself to a brief notice of a few of the pictures that have left the most lasting impression on my memory.

No. 7, "Woodland Cottage," by Miss L. Russell, is a clever study, but painted at the greenery period which is the least interesting stage of all the seasons from the artist's point of view, yet it has its admirers among the public. No. 10, "Natural Steps," by Miss M. Bonham, is a charmingly selected arrangement of a most interesting subject, and its handling of rock, tree and tumbling waters shows that Miss Bonham possesses to a marked degree both artistic and technical skill combined with strength. She knows what she

wants to express, and there is no uncertainty as to her metier. No. 16, "Barnaby Island, Rimouski," by the same artist is a delightful rendering of cloud effect on the St. Lawrence. No. 19, "Willows by the Lake," by Miss Pope, introduces us to another lady artist who has made good use of her opportunities. This picture is very Daubigny in its misty and delicate treatment of tree, sky and water. No. 30, by Miss C. Sewell — "After the Sun Has Set" is very cleverly handled in drawing and composition and only fails to be convincing in the rather too high light of the sky. Yet it is a picture to turn to again, as it is one of the strong pictures in the exhibition. No. 39, "Sunset in the Chaud," by Miss Russell, is really an afterglow and is forcibly treated. Miss Russell's work is all of it characterized by individuality and a nice sense of harmony in the color treatment. She may be very justly ranked as among the leading lights of the Studio Club and this is no small compliment to her skill and ambition to produce good work.

Among the most enthusiastic members of the Studio Club, and one of the hard workers in outdoor studies, is Miss France Graddon. She showed some 18 works in the exhibition, and among them were a number worthy of extended notice. Space at my command, however, prevents this, but I cannot refrain from a reference to No. 1, "September", a breezy, early autumn effect. No

70 "Cap Rouge Beach" a fine treatment of a most interesting subject. Miss Graddon is at her best I think, in the three black and whites Nos. 31, 32 33. They possess capital illustrative effects, and in this direction I think she will yet make a name for herself. Miss M. Shaw, in No. 24 "The River Path," has daintily and feelingly portrayed a bright sunny sky and a roadway through flowering fields. No. 41. "The End of Summer," by Miss M. Sewell, is one of a number of interesting subjects by this artist, who also displays a high order of talent for landscapes. Miss D. Strang, in No. 103, "St. Louis Gate," has made a good study of a rather poor subject.

Quebec's Winter Garden



O the enterprise, skill and business capacity of one man, is due the successful establishing of a winter garden at Beauport that not only supplies mushrooms and vegetables to Quebec all through the winter season, but helps to supply the market of Montreal with those "out of season" delicacies. We made a visit to these glass gardens a few weeks ago upon the invitation of their proprietor, Mr. Dubord, and it was he who accompanied us on our round of inspection to explain the method of work. This winter garden is a vast enclosure of glass with some six stories of plant life. It covers thousands of square feet of surface, and is so ingeniously laid out that there is not an inch of room wasted. Beneath the long rows of beds in which at the date of our visit were growing thousands of heads of lettuce, were the vast mushroom beds darkened by hanging strips of bagging at the open sides. One of these beds was in full bearing and several men were engaged in gathering the pink tops and carrying them to the packers who carefully arranged them in one pound boxes, as this is the

manner in which they are sold. From 40 to 100 boxes are disposed of daily during the season to the dealers in fine groceries at \$1.00 per lb. Mr. Dubord stated that his sales of mushrooms alone amounted to about \$6,000 per annum. Very considerable skill and care must be exercised by the successful grower of this succulent delicacy. Mr. Dubord imports all his spawn from England and from only the best concerns.

The growing of lettuce is almost as important an industry with Mr. Dubord as the mushroom culture. We saw acres of lettuce in all stages of growth. "The people of Quebec," said Mr. Dubord, "will have their daily salad even in January, and I do not pretend to supply this great demand, notwithstanding I send in thousands of heads daily to the dealers, but then I grow other greenhouse vegetables that are also called for when the snow flies. On the floor above this, if you will follow me up, I grow cucumbers, tomatoes, cauliflower, cabbages and radishes." We followed Mr. Dubord, and as he said we found the foregoing vegetables in all stages of development so as to ensure a daily supply. It seemed strange to us with snow outside, to see ripening tomatoes, beautiful fully grown heads of cauliflowers and cabbages, also cucumbers well advanced. Again we climbed a pair of stairs and on this upper floor were growing thousands upon thousands of various varie-

ties of flowering plants as well as the colored leaf plants. "Flower plants," said Mr. Dubord, "are only a side issue with me and I do not give them a great deal of consideration. They just happen to fit in at this particular season and at no other.

Mr. Dubord is an innovator. He has practically demonstrated the advantage of a root house above ground—always of access, and where every bin of stored vegetables can be inspected or drawn from all winter long. This root house is electric lighted and has a gangway running down the centre so that a horse and load can be driven in or out. The ventilation is perfect.

One whole field we found given up to cold frames, glass covered. About a dozen men were employed here in transplanting from the green house.

"Can you make it pay?" we asked Mr. C. E. Dubord.

"Organized on a large scale, managed indoors by an experienced man, and conducted on business principles, it can be made to pay very well," answered our genial host as he shook hands with us good-bye.

One of the First Industries Established in Quebec

BREWING was one of the first industries established in Quebec under the old French regime. In 1672 the Intendant Talon built a brewery at the Palais. On the site of this ancient establishment the late J. K. Boswell founded the brewing concern that is continued to this day by his sons under the title of Boswell Bros. What quality or kind of brew was made by the first French brewer we know not, as the records are silent on the subject, but no doubt the good citizens and the soldiery found it more or less to their taste in the thirsty days of a Canadian summer, just as later under British dominion the troops and loyal burghers toasted the King in foaming tankards of Boswell's best. When Tommy Atkins was ordered from Quebec in 1869 the brewing interests declined and languished for a period of years. The French-Canadians were given to Jamaica rum and whiskey blanc—hot and rebellious liquors both, but ultimately the virtues of a good and wholesome brew, when thermometers registered

90° in the shade, prevailed, and to-day our French fellow-citizens are as confirmed beer drinkers as is John Bull. To meet this new and increasing demand, Boswell Bros. have twice enlarged their plant, but it outgrew even their increased output. Other concerns were formed to share the growing demand. To-day there are four large brewing plants, and they are all taxed to their utmost capacity to supply the local markets. The French-Canadian is now a beer drinker, and the change is a beneficial one, as there is a most decided decrease in intemperance throughout the Province.

Brewing is not alone an industry, but it is an art requiring a high degree of technical knowledge with that indescribable something we call genius. Rules for brewing there are in plenty, but there is no rule to success other than brains combined with experience and the best possible appliances. The Quebec breweries are well to the fore in all these requisites for the local public to-day demands a brew that will compare favorably with that of any other brewing centre. The fact is that Quebec brewers rather exalt themselves on their light beers and challenge the world to produce a more delightful beverage of its class.

We have had the privilege on several occasions of tours of inspection through some of the leading breweries of the United States, where the most

improved appliances and the best possible skill were used, yet we are bound to say that in Quebec the brewers lead their confreres across the border in the quality of the brew produced. It is claimed that as in Burton-on-Trent, the water used has something to do with this result for it is recognized fact that on the quality of water so the success of the brew. The water used by Quebec brewers contains all the elements for the making of good beer—neither too hard nor too soft.

There are several brewing firms in Quebec: Boswell Bros. and the Beauport Brewing Co. Each concern has its own particular special quality of brew and each its own large clientele. In these establishments a very large number of men are employed in the various occupations connected with malting, brewing, bottling and distributing. The capital invested represents a very large amount. We believe the Quebec brewers produce as pure a brew of its quality as any brewers in the world. As it is entirely for home consumption, no attempt is made to give it the lasting properties so essential in export beer where a year or more may elapse before it is drunk. Quebec beer is at its best when first bottled or shortly after this. It is then light and sparkling from the carburating process to which it has been subjected and is then a highly refreshing and slightly stimulat-

ing beverage and entirely free of any injurious qualities.

The various processes of brewing are interesting and perhaps a casual description may not be uninteresting to our readers. Our visits for information were to both of the principal brewers and the result is somewhat as follows, always making allowances for some inaccuracies of detail.

Barley is the grain almost universally used in malting. It is first thoroughly cleaned and sifted so that nothing but the whole barley grain goes to the germinating or steeping pans. These are shallow copper cisterns of large capacity in superficies into which the grain is run to a depth of several inches, and water is added to a depth sufficient to more than cover the grain. Forty to sixty hours steeping are necessary to germinate the seed sufficiently for the couching frame, which is another shallow receptacle, where for about 24 hours the still germinating grain is frequently turned over with shovels. Great judgment and care must be exercised at this stage to prevent the grain from sprouting, but at the same time it must be brought to the verge of so doing.

Kiln drying now follows—the grain from the couching frames is run into the kilns, under which furnace fires have been started, and the heat conveyed to the grain through the perforations at the bottom of the kiln. From about 90 degrees the

heat is gradually raised to 170 to 180 degrees as required. The remaining starch in the malt is now ready for the brewer, although if kept for a period it grows more mellow. The various foregoing processes in malting have been necessary to convert the starch of the grain into the greatest percentage of saccharine matter and thus preparing it for the brewery, where it is changed by fermentation into a mildly alcoholic beverage.

Brewing consists of light processes, grinding, mashing, sparging, boiling, cooling, fermenting, cleansing, racking and storing.

Grinding is not grinding at all, but the crushing of the grain between rollers. It now stands a day or two to cool, and then goes to the mashing tank, which is a huge affair of copper. Here an infusion is made by adding water of such a temperature as shall extract the saccharine matter from the grain and convert any remaining starch into grape sugar. The temperature of the infusion is a matter of the utmost importance and must be carefully watched by an experienced man.

The result of mashing is to produce what is called wort. This wort must be drawn off slowly into the coppers or boiling back for immediate boiling—while the wort is being run into the copper the hops are added. Here again the technical knowledge of the brewer must be brought to bear in order to produce the quality and strength of the beer he requires.

Cooling—after the necessary boiling the wort is turned into the hop back to settle. Then the wort is cooled by being allowed to slowly trickle down over a deep row of artificially cooled pipes into troughs. It is now drawn into the fermentation tanks through which run pipes for barm either heating or cooling the wort, yeast or barm is added to ensure quick and regular fermentation. When this has been carried sufficiently far in the opinion of the brewer, the yeast is skimmed off as it rises to the surface, to arrest further action.

It is now racked or run into immensely large casks in a cooling room, a few hops added, a large bung-hole left open to enable the contents to completely clarify itself by mildly working. After this the beer is ready for the bottler or the barreller as called for. Bottled beer is mostly in demand in the Quebec district, and the bottling department in the breweries is an important adjunct. The most ingeniously contrived machinery washes, re-washes and rinses the bottles to the most absolute state of cleanliness, They are then fed to a machine that fills a dozen or more at a time—another machine corks a similar number—the labels are pasted on—the crates filled—the drays loaded and the distribution throughout the city and surrounding country is under way.



A Trout Chorus

Fur, Fin and Feather

HUNTING AND FISHING DISTRICTS IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC



WHEN the area of Quebec's wilderness is stated at five hundred and fifteen thousand square miles, the mind fails to grasp the idea of a vastness merely stated in figures; but were I to add that this enormous wild land of rivers, lakes, and forest is ten times larger than the great state of New York, some faint conception of its size is obtained. The gateways into this empire of fish and game are strung along the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers for twelve hundred miles, and to attempt, in the space of a chapter, to particularize the merits of each and every one of the hundreds of localities now accessible to the sportsman, would be absolutely impossible. I can only, in the briefest way, call attention to some of those districts lying upon the border land that afford the greatest measure of sport with the minimum effort to reach them.

Under the able direction of the Honorable Jean Prevost, Commissioner of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries for the Province of Quebec, a vast area of the public domain is now set aside for the

exclusive benefit of the angler-sportsman. The formation of fish and game clubs has been encouraged by granting them leases of territory at a mere nominal figure. The individual has also been cared for by the issuing of licenses to non-residents, that entitle them to the privileges of hunting and fishing over all the unleased portion of the Crown lands, a very kingly territory in extent. And more than this has been done for him; the Laurentide National Game Park has been established by the Government, and within this domain the American sportsman is provided with guides, canoes and camp outfits by the guardians in charge, and every effort made to insure his comfort and provide him good sport. In another chapter of this book will be found a description of the park and the laws governing it.

If leaseholds are desired by individuals or clubs for fishing or hunting privileges, the Department of Lands and Fisheries at Quebec is prepared to furnish all information.

QUEBEC DISTRICT.—By rail or by buckboard within a few hours from Quebec city, the foothills of the Laurentians are reached and the limit of settlement passed. Hundreds of lakes, all teeming with trout, everywhere abound, and several rivers, notable for the size of the brook trout which have been taken from their waters, are open to the

visiting angler. Lake St. Charles, Lake Beauport, Lake St. Joseph, are among the best known and most accessible, but within the limits of the parishes of Valcartier and Stoneham are numbers of smaller lakes affording immense sport. The two rivers, the Jacques-Cartier and the Montmorenci, are famed in angling literature. The upper portion of the former river is within the Laurentide Park limits. Guides for any of these waters may be obtained by addressing H. Ross, Indian Lorette, Province of Quebec.

Within thirty miles from Quebec, the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway enters the wilderness, and for the next one hundred and sixty miles, or until Roberval, at Lake St. John, is reached, the stations are but the camps of sportsmen beside brawling rivers or forest-girt lakes. Lake Edward, one hundred miles from Quebec, is one of the most noted waters in the Province for large brook trout, specimens of four to six pounds are not uncommon. The lake is twenty miles long, and its islands are numberless. There is an excellent little hotel on the border of the lake, under the management of Mr. Robt. Rowley, who provides guides, boats and camp outfits to visiting anglers. Lakes Batiscan, Kiskisink, Bouchette, des Commissionaires, are under lease to American fishing clubs, but the rivers Batiscan, Pierre, St. Anne, and numberless unnamed lakes along the line of the railway are

open to the individual visiting sportsman. Caribou are abundant throughout this section.

LAKE ST. JOHN AND TRIBUTARY WATERS.—Two hundred miles north of the city of Quebec, by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, lies the celebrated lake of this name, a great inland sea of fresh water, famed for its ouananiche fishing, both in the lake itself, the Grand Discharge, and the rivers emptying into the lake. Of these rivers some of them are of great length, and all lead into a wilderness abounding in game and fish. The Mistassini, Peribonca, Ashuapmouchouan, Quiatchouan and Metabetchouan, have all been explored in recent years by visiting sportsmen accompanied by Indian guides from the Pointe-Bleue Reservation at Lake St. John. The steamer which plies the lake in connection with the Roberval Hotel will drop the sportsman, his guides and impedimenta at any point desired on the lake shore. Moose and Caribou are abundant throughout this section, and every stream and lake will yield famous trout fishing.

ST MAURICE RIVER DISTRICT.—This important river emptying into the St. Lawrence at the town of Three Rivers, between Quebec and Montreal, is some four hundred miles in length, and receives as tributaries an immense number of rivers, all abounding in fish of the coarse kinds. The smaller streams and the lakes, however, all contain

the brook trout, and excellent sport with rod and rifle is to be had. Caribou are very plentiful, and moose fairly so. For a long canoeing trip, the St. Maurice offers special advantages. Guides and canoes may be secured at Grand Piles, by addressing Bazile Larivee, himself one of the famous guides in this section. The Shawenegan and Laurentian clubs are both situated in this district.

THE OTTAWA COUNTRY.—This region of vast rivers and great lakes, that lead into a wilderness whose area is greater than all the eastern and middle states combined, is a veritable sportsman's paradise. Here he may canoe for months always in new waters, and fish and hunt until satiated with the magnificent sport everywhere afforded. Moose, caribou and red deer roam the woods in countless thousands. The waters teem with wild-fowl, trout, black bass and every other known variety of fresh-water fishes. Exploration may be indulged in, and interesting discoveries made, for thousands of miles of this territory are virtually unexplored. The Gatineau River Valley Railway, which connects with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Ottawa, starting from Hull, directly opposite the city of Ottawa, carries the sportsman for two hundred and fifty miles into this territory. Any one of the stations on this road is a good starting point for a short or long trip into the wilderness. The officials of the road will put sportsmen in the

way of obtaining guides, canoes and outfits, and lend their advice as to what routes are the best to follow for the spot desired. A considerable number of leases of lakes have been made in this district to clubs and individuals, and the Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries is prepared to further extend the number upon very reasonable terms. In the "Sportsman's Companion," issued by the Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, a list is given of the various waters, along the line of this railway, open to the visiting angler.

COUNTY OF PONTIAC.—There is room enough, in this county, to make at least four of the eastern states. Upon its western border is the great Lake Temiscamingue, a hundred or more miles in length. Thousands of smaller lakes dot its surface, and many rivers serve as arteries into this wilderness. Trout or black bass are found in all the waters. Moose and red deer are exceedingly numerous in every section of this district. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs along the borders of the county, and the Pontiac Pacific Junction Railway skirts a small portion of it. At any of the stations on these two roads, in the vicinity of fishing waters, or the best hunting districts, good accommodation and guides may be obtained. Lakes Kippewa, des Quinze, Expansé, Great Victoria, Grand, Kekabonga, Alumette and Chichester are among the great water-

ways in this region, as is the Mattawa River, one of the important tributaries of the Ottawa, by following which to its source, the head waters of the rivers flowing into James Bay, within the Hudson Bay country, are reached.

LAKE MEGANTIC DISTRICT.—This section of the province bordering on the state of Maine is becoming widely known among the American sportsmen for the excellent hunting and fishing to be obtained. Moose and red deer are numerous, and in the many lakes and streams trout are abundant. At Megantic, D. Ball and at Garthby, A. Bouchard, are recommended as guides.

THE TEMISCOUATA COUNTRY.—This section is reached over the Temiscouata Railway from Riviere-du-Loup, or the Intercolonial Railway from Quebec. Lake Temiscouata is some twenty-eight miles long, and affords good lake trout fishing. In the smaller lakes adjacent, splendid brook trout fishing may be obtained. At Notre-Dame-du-Lac, there are two inns for sportsmen, kept by Mr. Cloutier and Mme Bartes, where guides and canoes are to be had. From this point, excursions may be made to the Touladi River and the Squatteck Lakes, where good moose hunting and trout fishing may be had.

THE GASPE PENINSULA.—Within this district are some of the most famous salmon rivers in the Dominion of Canada. The Restigouche, Grand

River, Metapedia, Cascapedia and Bonaventure afford the finest salmon fishing in the world. The Barrachois is a free river, and is noted for its sea trout. In the interior are many fine lakes which are free to the public. Moose and caribou are fairly numerous. All this section of country is accessible by the Intercolonial and the Baie des Chaleurs railways.

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE NORTH SHORE.— All the rivers below the Saguenay are reached by steamer from Quebec, leaving about once every ten days. There are a large number of salmon rivers which, however, are under lease, but there are others noted for their magnificent trout and ouananiche fishing which are free to visiting anglers.

THE LAURENTIDES NATIONAL PARK IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

This is one of the greatest forest and game preserves in the world. The Provincial Government has set aside over two thousand five hundred square miles of the public lands, for the propagation and perpetuation of the species of game indigenous to the country. The management of the park is under the direction of the Commissioner of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, the Honorable Jean Prevost.



I. E. Palmer and the Author at Tourilli Lodge

The southerly boundary of the park reaches down to within twenty-five miles of the city of Quebec; that to the north is the Chicoutimi Grande Ligne; to the west, the River Batiscan and the Lake St. John Railway; to the east, the River Saguenay. The more precise boundary will be found in the extracts from the act creating the park.

The more important rivers taking their source from lakes within the park, are the Jacques Cartier, St. Anne, Tourilli, Metabetchouan, Upikanba, Boisvert, Mars, Murray and the Montmorenci. The great divide, from which these waters flow to the four cardinal points of the compass, is literally peppered with lakes big and little, in chains of unknown length, where one may canoe for days at a stretch, and fish until the arm drops helpless. If the excursion is in autumn, when the forest-clad shores are flaming in gorgeous crimsons, the rifle will alternate with the rod, and a caribou or moose is likely to gladden the heart of him who seeks.

The southwest, west, northwest and north edges of the park have been leased to fish and game clubs as a greater measure of protection for the fish and game within the park. These organizations are all directly interested in the increase of fish and game. They are jealous guardians of their own leaseholds, and this means a *cordon* of

keen watchfulness around the park, so that poaching or killing of game out of season is rendered almost impossible.

The whole of the unleased territory within the park, some fifteen hundred square miles, is open to the American or Canadian sportsman, subject only to such reasonable regulations as every true lover of sport is only too ready to subscribe to. The most readily accessible section of the park to the visiting sportsman, not a member of some game club, is that known as the Jacques-Cartier River portion. It is reached by wagon road from Quebec, and is distant twenty-five miles to Bayards, a capitably managed little hotel for visiting sportsmen. One of the park guardians, resides here, and one of his duties is to supply sportsmen, who present themselves with the necessary permit from Mr. Caron, the park superintendent, with guides, canoes, tents and camp kits. The charges for guides and outfits are the most reasonable. Permits, and any other information, and arrangements for a fishing or hunting trip within the park may be had by addressing Mr. Caron, care Department of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec, province of Quebec, Canada.

Lake Jacques Cartier, which is likely to be the *ultima thule* of a fishing or hunting excursion, is the source of the river of that name, and is famous for the size of the brook trout that inhabit

its waters. John Burroughs, than whom no name is more familiar to American readers, thus records his impressions of Lake Jacques Cartier, in the pages of "The Century Magazine":

"We made an excursion from Little Lake Jacques Cartier to the Great Lake, poling up from the lesser lake in the rude box boat, and presently saw the arms of the wilderness opened and the long deep blue expanse in their embrace. We rested and gladdened our eyes with the singularly beautiful prospect. It was like a section of the Hudson below the highlands, except that these waters were bluer, and these shores darker. We found such pleasure in simply gazing upon the scene, that our rods were quite neglected. We did some casting after a while, and the trout responded so freely that 'disgust of trout' was soon upon us."

GAME FISH IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

SALMON.—Every tributary of the St. Lawrence, both on the north and south shores below Quebec, and all the rivers emptying into the Bay of Chaleurs, unless impeded at or near their mouths by impassable falls, are resorted to by the salmon. Many of these rivers enjoy an international reputation for the magnificent sport they yield, and some noted clubs own or lease rivers in the province.

There are still some unleased rivers, and any information regarding them will be furnished on application to Mr. Caron, the superintendent of Game and Fisheries, Quebec.

OUANANICHE.—This gamy and magnificent member of the salmon family is an inhabitant of Lake St. John, its tributary waters and the Grand Discharge.

From May until the fifteenth of September, it affords a sport that is only equalled by that of salmon fishing. Lake St. John, the Grand Discharge, and many of the tributary waters, are open waters for all comers. The Quebec and Lake St. John Railway will land the visiting anglers at Roberval, on the shore of the lake. From thence he has the choice of many waters within accessible distance by the steamer that plies on the lake.

BROOK TROUT.—There are but few rivers or lakes in the province that do not contain this beautiful fish, from the gamy little fellow of a pound or under to the monsters that are found in the larger lakes, ranging up to nine and ten pounds. It is no exaggeration to say that most of the rivers and lakes, but slightly removed from civilization, fairly teem with the brook trout.

LARGE GREY TROUT, LUNGE, TOULADI, LAND-LOCKED SALMON.—In the larger lake waters of the province, this fish is abundant, and in many lakes grows to an immense size. The writer has a

stuffed specimen in his possession that weighed forty-five pounds when taken from the water. It rarely rises to a fly, but is taken with troll or live minnow.

BLACK BASS.—Of wide distribution in the province. Found in various lakes, and gives good sport there.

MASKINONGE, MASCALONGE.—This member of the pike family is an inhabitant of the rivers and lakes in the western portion of the Province, but it is also found in some of the large lakes in the eastern section.

PICKEREL (DORE) AND PIKE.—Both these fish are found in abundance in the large lakes and rivers in many sections of the province.

GAME IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

MOOSE.—In the region of the Upper Ottawa, they are very numerous, but they are pretty well distributed throughout the entire Province. Several have been killed within twenty miles of Quebec city, within the past year. In the Laurentide Park they are increasing in number with great rapidity. The short open season in which they may be shot, and the limitation as to the number that may be killed, are largely responsible for this.

CARIBOU.—This beautiful specimen of the Cer-

vidæ roams the entire province, throughout the woodland districts, in immense numbers. It affords the most famous sport, and a caribou head with its beautiful antlers is a trophy of which any sportsman may well be proud.

RED DEER.—Very numerous in the Chaudiere River and Lake Megantic districts, also in all parts of the Ottawa country. Strange to say, it is finding its way across the St. Lawrence River and making its habitat among the mountains north of Quebec, and seems likely to become abundant in this section.

BEAVER.—The Government has wisely prohibited the killing or capture of the beaver for a period of years. It is in consequence increasing rapidly in many sections, notably within the limits of the Laurentide Park. The writer, on his angling trips, this past year or two, has found several families of these interesting animals domiciled in the lakes he has fished. They were an un-failing source of interest.

OTTER.—All the rivers in the province are more or less frequented by the otter, which is very destructive to the fish, but, as its fur is exceedingly valuable, its capture is prohibited during part of the year.

WOLVERINE.—Known to the Indians as the carcajou or Indian devil, is not unlike a small bear in appearance, with all the latter's instinct for

destructiveness, hence its evil Indian name. More or less abundant throughout the Province.

LYNX.—Wherever the hare is abundant, the lynx is sure to be found, but in time of stress the lynx does not hesitate to attack a caribou. Springing upon the latter, it clings to the foreshoulders, and continues to gnaw away at the caribou's throat until the latter drops from loss of blood.

BEAR.—The black bear ranges the greater portion of the Province, and in many sections it is a positive nuisance to the settlers on the borderland of the wilderness. There are some restrictions as to how or when it may be destroyed, close season being from July 1st to August 20th.

MINK, MARTEN, MUSK-RAT.—Found in all parts of the Province.

WOODCOCK AND ENGLISH SNIPE.—The beaches of the St. Lawrence River in some sections are noted as famous snipe ground. Chateau-Richer, below Quebec, is among them. The woodcock covers are on the uplands in the rear.

WILD-FOWL.—Every lake and river in the Province is the haunt and breeding ground of a great variety of wild-fowl. In the autumn, when the young birds are fully grown, capital sport is to be had.

RUFFED GROUSE OR PARTRIDGE, AND SPRUCE PARTRIDGE.—Both of these fine game birds are found in all the wooded sections of the Province,

and in many localities are very abundant. In various parts of the northern sections of the Province, the Lake St. John country, the ptarmigan becomes abundant in winter.

HINTS TO THE UNINITIATED.

Settle in advance when you purpose going, and have your guides engaged, and such other preparations made as are necessary for the trip you contemplate. Leave nothing to the chance of arranging upon your arrival at the new point of departure. Remember that in the backwoods mistakes and omissions are not easily repaired, and bitter is the disappointment of the man who finds, when too late to repair the mischief, that some important thing is wanting to make his outing a success.

If the trip decided upon is to include much river work, or portaging from lake to lake, two guides and a canoe to each member of the party are necessary. Canoes are usually furnished by the guide, but it is as well to make sure of this in advance. The wages of guides, in the province of Quebec, are from one dollar and twenty-five cents, to one dollar and a half per diem, and found in provisions. An extra charge of fifty cents a day for the use of a canoe is usually made. If you do not speak French, make sure that your



The Canadian Sportsman

guides speak some English, This is important if you would consult your comfort.

SUMMER OUTFITS WHERE ANGLING ONLY IS INTENDED.

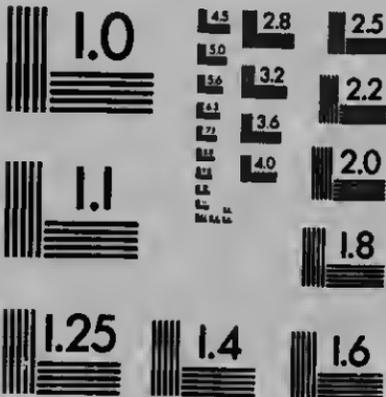
CLOTHING.—Two suits of light woolen underwear, two woolen outer shirts or sweaters, two woolen suits, four pairs woolen socks, two pairs stout waterproof shoes, one pair moose moccasins for sleeping in, two wool caps, one rubber coat, one dozen handkerchiefs, one linen head helmet for flies and mosquitoes, one pair linen gauntlets, one small Palmer mosquito canopy, one pair coarse blankets, one rubber blanket, one heavy canvas kit bag to hold all the above articles.

OTHER NECESSARIES.—Two fly rods at least, two reels, fly-book, four dozen trout flies (buy these flies in Canada to be sure you are right), one dozen snelled hooks, half a dozen gut leaders, two common linen fish lines for the men, one landing net (unmounted), fish scales, one good cotton rope at least thirty feet long, jack-knife, corkscrew, one pound of mixed wire nails, small bush axe, leather belt, one flat file, one strong pair of tweezers, can opener, needles, thread, buttons, pins, brush and comb, small looking-glass, fly oil, Carter's Little Liver Pills, sticking plaster, bandages, cholera mixture, pipes, pocket compass, two



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towels, castile soap, small scissors, note-book and pencil, match box, copper wire, piece of shoemaker's wax, revolver, cartridges, small whetstone, vaseline, a cheap silver watch, a map.

TENTS AND EQUIPMENTS.—Tent size to be determined by number of the party. The guides will provide their own shelter if there are four or more of them. In summer, an open fire near tent door is quite sufficient for heat. All cotton tents should be steeped in a solution of sugar of lead and alum before using, to prevent the possibility of their taking fire. A camp kit, as it is called, is necessary. The size of this must be determined also by size of party. It contains everything necessary in pots, pans, plates, knives, forks, spoons, etc. Three crash kitchen towels.

ESTIMATE OF PROVISIONS AND OTHER SUPPLIES FOR ONE MAN FOR ONE WEEK.—Three pounds salt pork, three pounds ham, six pounds bread, two pounds flour, one-half pound salt, one-half pound black tea, two pounds sugar, one-quarter pound Reindeer Prepared Coffee, one pound and a half butter, one eighth pound Royal Baking Powder, one-eighth pound soap, two boxes matches, two paraffine candles.

ADDITIONAL.—Canned meats, potatoes, onions, beans, marmalade, prunes, lemons, whiskey—in quantities to suit. To transport these provisions properly, one dozen cotton drill bags of sizes vary-

ing from eight by twelve to eighteen by twenty-four inches, are necessary, and a strong canvas bag to hold them all.

NOTES.—If the trip is to be an autumn one, in addition to the foregoing articles enumerated will be a shot gun for partridges and ducks, a rifle for caribou and moose, a heavy pea-jacket and warm gloves.

Small bills and loose silver necessary at all times.

There are excellent sportsmen's outfitting establishments in Montreal, and in Quebec there is J. P. Bertrand, where every article needed can be supplied.

SOME FISH AND GAME CLUBS IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

St. Marguerite Salmon Club, N. C. Barney, Secretary, 39 Broadway, New York.

Laurentides Fish and Hunt. Club, Geo. Garneau, Secretary, Dalhousie St. Quebec.

Laurentian Fishing Club, W. H. Parker, Secretary, Lac Lapeche, St. Maurice.

Stadacona Fish and Game Club, E. J. Hale, Secretary, 18 St. Anne St., Quebec.

Fish and Game Protection Club, W. T. Cleghorn, Secretary, Montreal.

Megantic Fish and Game Club, A. W. Robinson, Secretary, 21 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

- Montreal Fish and Game Club, W. A. Harler,
Secretary, Merchants Bank, Ottawa.
- Three Rivers Fish and Game Club, R. W. Williams,
Secretary, Three Rivers.
- St. Maurice Fish and Game Club, Richard Witton,
Secretary, 58 Drummond, Montreal.
- Metabetchouan F. and G. Club, J. E. Chamberlain,
Secretary, 31 Sanford, Bridgeport.
- Pioneer Rod and Gun Club, Bilding, Conn.
- Amabelish Fish and Game Club, E. M. Coats,
Secretary, Springfield, Mass.
- Little Saguenay F. and G. Club, W. W. Welch,
Secretary, 81 St. Peter St., Quebec.
- Tourilli Fish and Game Club, Geo. Van Felson,
Secretary, 11 St. John St., Quebec.
- Jacques-Cartier F. and G. Club, J. G. Couture,
Secretary, 46 Dalhousie St., Quebec.
- Montcalm Fish and Game Club, Wm. E. Savard,
Secretary, St. Peter St., Quebec.
- North Lakes Fish and Game Club.
- "Orleans" Fish and Game Club, Albert Turner,
Secretary, 50 d'Aiguillon, Quebec.
- Montmorency Fish and Game Club, H. White,
Secretary, Montmorency, Quebec.
- Lake and River Jacques-Cartier Fish and Game
Club, Veasy Boswell, Secretary, 94 St. Valier St.
Quebec.
- Press Fish and Game Club, Geo. Gale, Secretary,
St. Julie St., Quebec.

- Mastigouche Fish and Game Club, M. Atwater
Secretary, Berthierville, Quebec.
- Pennsylvania Fish and Game Club, E. P. Borden,
Secretary, 2038 Spruce, Philadelphia.
- Ouiatchouan Fish and Game Club, Chas, E. Martel,
Secretary, Rue Dupont, Quebec.
- Upikauba Fish and Game Club, Ch. M. Thompson,
Secretary, Winchester, Mass. U.S.A.
- Echo Beach Fish and Game Club, R. J. Devlin,
Secretary, 76 Sparks St., Ottawa.
- Lake Bernard F. and G. Club, J. F. Shaw, Secretary,
Inland Dept., Ottawa.
- Jovial Fish and Game Club, John Ackers, Secretary
187 Bay St., Ottawa.
- Denholm Angling Club, Robert Gill, Secretary,
Manager Canadian Bank of Commerce, Ottawa,
- Chamberlain's Shoals F. & G. Club, R. Chapple,
Secretary, C. P. Railway, Ottawa.
- Little Cascapedia F. and G. Club, W. S. Patterson,
Secretary, Board of Trade Building, Montreal.
- Du Bout-de-l'Ile F. and G. Club.
- Black Bay Fish and Game Club.
- Sherford Fish and Game Club, F. P. Bronson,
Secretary, Ottawa.
- Weymahigan Salmon Club, Secretary, Louis Royer,
Advocate, 99 Rue Jacques-Cartier, Montreal.
- St. Jerome Fish and Game Club, L. A. Lajoie,
Secretary, P. O. Box 665, Montreal.

- Macpes Fish and Game Club, J. B. Bouton
Secretary, Village Lauzon, Levis.
- Matawin Fish and Game Club, J. S. Brosseau,
Secretary, P. O. Box 153, Montreal.
- Joliette Fish and Game Club, A. L. Marsolais
Secretary, Joliette, Quebec.
- Triton Fish and Game Club, W. E. Seaton, Secre-
tary, 22 Mount Carmel, Quebec.
- North Wakefield F. and G. Club, Noah Clarke,
Secretary, 142 Franklin St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
- Macaza Fish and Game Club, S. Saint-Onge,
Secretary, Chapleau, Ont.
- Maskatsy Fish and Game Club, R. Kiernan,
Secretary, Advocate, Three Rivers, Que.
- Gatineau Fish and Game Club, E. S. Leethan,
Secretary, 110 Wellington, Ottawa.
- St. Gabriel Fish and Game Club, Camille Picher,
Secretary, Advocate, Montreal.
- Lac des Mirages F. and G. Club, Ferdinand Audet,
Secretary, 703 St. Valier St., Quebec.
- Sherbrooke Fish and Game Club, E. G. Wiggett,
Secretary, Sherbrooke, Que.
- Nonantum Fish and Game Club, Thos. H. Sheldon,
Secretary, New Haven, Conn. U.S.
- Green Lake Fish and Game Club, W. E. Panet,
Secretary, House of Com., Ottawa.
- Mattawa Fish and Game Club, W. J. Proule,
Secretary, 16 St. James St. Montreal.

- Birch Island Fishing Club, St.-Onge Chapleau,
Ottawa.
- Bernard Fish and Game Club, E. E. Lemieux
Secretary, Dept. of Militia, Ottawa.
- Algonquin Fish and Game Club, R. J. Sims. Secre-
tary, 48 Sparks St., Ottawa.
- Cap-a-l'Aile F. and G. Club, Wm. Languedoc,
Secretary, Quebec.
- South River Fish and Game Club.
- Mille Fish and Game Club.
- Nessoneau Fish and Game Club.
- Frontenac Fish and Game Club, A. D. Ritchie,
Secretary, Three Rivers.
- Maganossippi Fish and Game Club, J. G. Forgie,
Secretary, Pembroke, Ont.
- Riviere-a-Pierre F. and G. Club. L. C. Marquis,
Secretary, 63 L'Incarnation, Quebec.
- Quaquamakiss F. and G. Club, L. Couet,
Secretary, Roberval, Que.
- Rostanios Fish and Game Club, Geo. L. Porter,
Secretary, 266 State St., Bridgeport, Conn. U.S.A.
- Quebec Piscicultural Association, John Jordan,
Secretary, Quebec.
- Wright Fish and Game Club, H. H. Henry, Secre-
tary, Care of Ontario Graphite Co. Ltd., Ottawa.
- St. Antoine Fish and Game Club, Jos. Summerville,
Secretary, Pembroke, Ont.
- Aberford Sporting Club, F. P. Bronson, Secretary,
Bronson & Wester Lumber Co., Ltd., Ottawa.

Ouananiche Fish and Game Club, Honore Brenot,
Secretary, Ottawa.

Vienogame Fish and Game Club, E. J. Angers,
Secretary, N.P., Quebec.

Rimouski Fish and Game Club, J. A. Talbot,
Secretary, Rimouski, Que.

Restigouche Salmon Club, Geo. D. Dewitt, Secre-
tary, 58 Wall St., New York.

St. Bernard Club.

St. Jerome Fish and Game Club, E. Rodier, Secre-
tary, Pub. Works Dept., Quebec.

Shawenegan Club, C. Brainard, Secretary, P. O.
Box 2332, Montreal.

BOOKS WHICH MAY BE READ OR CONSULTED

"The Land of the Ouananiche," by E. T. D.
Chambers. Harper Bros., New York.

"Chasse et Peche," by Sir James LeMoine.
N. S. Hardy, Quebec.

"Rod and Canoe, Rifle and Snowshoe," by G. M.
Fairchild, Jr. Frank Carrel, Quebec.

"Where the Trout hide," by Kit Clarke, Bren-
tanno, New York.

"Our Rivers and Lakes," "Fish and Game."
Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries,
Quebec.

"The Salmon Fisher," by Charles Hallock. The
Harris Publishing Company, New York.

- "The Angler's Guide to Eastern Canada," by E. T. D. Chambers. Quebec.
- "The Pleasures of Angling," by Geo. Dawson, Sheldon and Company, New York.
- "Little Rivers," by Henry Van Dyke. New York.
- "The Fishing Tourist,," by Chas. Hallock. Harper Bros., New York.
- "The Angler's Guide Book," by Wm. Harris. American Angler Company, New York.
- "The Sportsman's Gazeteer," by Chas. Hallock. Forest and Stream Publishing Company.
- "Historical and Sporting Notes," by Sir Jas. LeMoine, Quebec.
- "Canadian Folk Life," by Wm. P. Greenough. Geo. Richmond, New York.
- "Lanman's Adventures," by Chas. Lanman. Philadelphia, Pa.
- "Adventures of an Angler in Canada," by Chas. Lanman. London, Eng.
- "Salmon Fishing in Canada." Edited by Sir James Alexander, London, Eng.
- "The Sportsman's Companion," by L. Z. Joncas, and E. T. D. Chambers. Quebec.
- "From My Quebec Scrap Book," by G. M. Fairchild, Jr. Quebec.

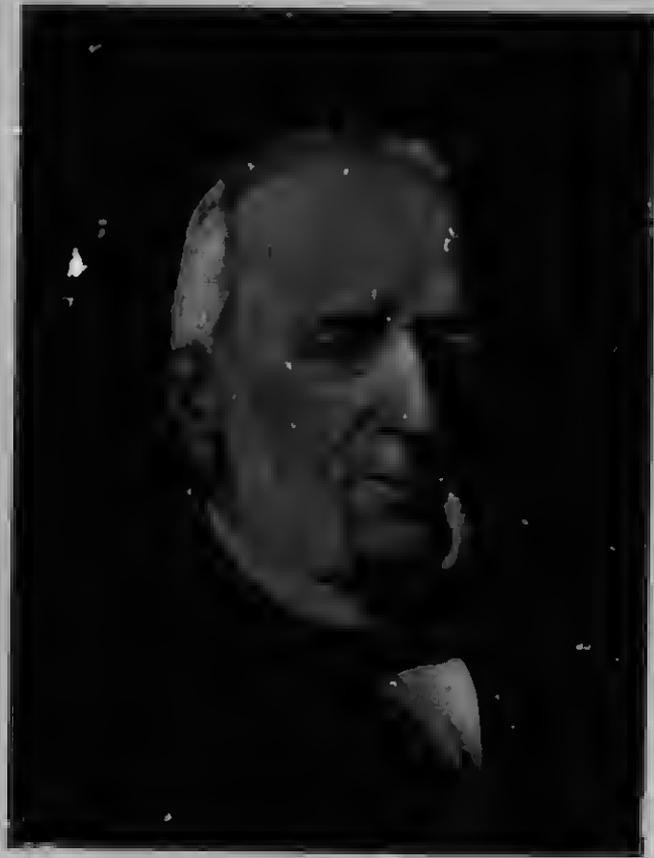
THE CALL FROM OUT THE WILDERNESS.

I'm haunted in my waking, I'm haunted in my sleep,
The cherry is in blossom, the birch is in its leaf,
I hear familiar voices that o'er my heart strings sweep,
The sobbing of the water, the lonesome cry of grief
Of loon on distant river, and sighs that fill the trees,
The crackle of the camp fire, and song so soft and low,
Of little "white throat" dreaming, while moans the mid-
night breeze.

'Tis the spirit of the angler calls, and I must go.

I'm haunted in my waking, I'm haunted in my sleep,
The maples all are crimson, the birch has lost its leaf,
Now other voices reach me in tones both loud and deep,
The roar of autumn north wind, the boom of surf on reef,
The bellow of the moose bull, the hooting of the owls,
Like thunder does the drumming of the partridge grow,
And from across the river comes the cry of water fowl,
'Tis the spirit of the hunter calls, and I must go.

G. M. F., JR.



SIR JAMES M. LEMOINE
From a Painting by R. J. Wickenden

FUR, FIN AND FEATHER

Editor Quebec Morning Chronicle.

Dear Sir,

"Fur, Fin and Feather" recalls a series of entertaining papers on forestry, bird-life and natural history generally, which for several seasons under the above heading graced the Saturday column of the Quebec Chronicle.

I am reminded, not without regret, that some of the most constant contributors to the column have long ere this joined the "great majority" in the land of shadows; their efforts, the impulse from which they drew inspiration, still survive.

I have now before me, a convincing proof that the good work might be resumed—by a joint collaboration of the survivors, and others.

Mr. George M. Fairchild, jr., the genial author of Rod and Canoe, etc., erstwhile a weekly contributor to Forest and Stream, thus writes from Ravenscliffe, his sylvan retreat, at Cap Rouge, now the Mecca of anglers and artists.

Yours truly,

J. M. LEMOINE.

Feb. 4. 1903.

To Sir Jas. LeMoine

Dear Sir James: I have been tramping about our bush on snowshoes of late with a watchful eye for signs. I observe that our hares do not move out of their forms during stormy weather, even for a period of twenty-four hours or longer, unless disturbed by an intruder such as myself. In stormy weather I also find the partridges taking close shelter, creeping under a snow-laden balsam or flying down from a tree head first into the snow and then burrowing along for several feet or more. This burrowing is no doubt an instinct of the bird to protect itself from an invasion of Mr. Fox. It does not answer in the case of Mr. Lynx, however, as I have on several occasions found when he had nosed out and captured a partridge. Rain storms and sudden freeze-ups often form a crust through which the partridge cannot break, and it perishes miserably.

Under a great pine last week I found a large number of dead or benumbed honey bees. They had either been tempted for an outing by the mild weather or they had been cast out of the hive by the other bees. I have never seen this before.

I saw a field, or kangaroo mouse, running over the snow. Whenever it came to any weeds that contained seed pods it sat upon its long hind legs, pulled down the seed pods and ate the grain.

I found wild apples as large as my two fists still clinging to the trees and as hard as rocks. Where one had fallen the hares had nibbled it.

The haws clung yet to the bushes and the partridges (ruffed grouse) gulp them down in their frozen state.

I have not seen a Blue Jay for weeks. Formerly they spent the winter with us, living on the scraps from the house which were gathered into a box. I placed a stuffed Blue Jay in this box one day, and it caused great excitement among the living ones. The latter refused all intercourse with this defunct brother, but reviled him in bitterest terms.

Yours truly,

GEO. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.

Those observations of an old sportsman on the peculiar habits of forest hares, grouse, field-mice and birds in the Cap Rouge woods, will, I am sure, interest students of natural history. I am induced to add my tribute of personal experience, since I cast my lot, some forty odd years ago, under the shadow of the Sillery woods.

My residence stands a short distance south-east of what is known as the Comin Wood, which still bears the name of one of its early inhabitants,

under the French, Dr. Gomin. The bush begins west of Spencer Wood, and extends to St. Foy and Cap Rouge. In summer it is frequented by our usual harbingers of spring, the birds, and by several ruminants and mammals.

From its green bowers issue forth, generally at twilight, many unwelcome marauders; owls, foxes, polecats, hares, weasels, in search of food. Thus, in the depth of winter, I have often seen the unmistakable foot-prints of foxes on the snow, and later, in March the tracks of hares are visible on the snow drifts along the Spencer Grange Avenue. Reynard, anxious to ascertain whether the hen-coop has been properly fastened, and *Timidus Lepus*, in the mating season roaming by moonlight—love-struck—mad for the time being, the sly rascal!—as “mad as a March hare”—all back, the rogues, long before the dawn to their warm kennel in the Gomin bush.

On two occasions I have been visited in winter by truculent weasels; one was actually trapped in my kitchen, whilst attempting to penetrate my aviary—when caught, his ferocity was unbounded. I presented him to a sporting friend, who accounted for its presence by its travelling over the snow from the Gomin road, where it breeds 'tis said.

About fifteen years back, a singular occurrence

took place, one autumn at Sillery and even within the walls of Quebec—an invasion of Canada Lynx. About a dozen of those cowardly though fierce animals were either shot or taken in fox traps. They were seen prowling around dwellings, at dusk—apparently watching for poultry, ducks, etc., and even for house cats: “green-eyed” Gride in search of his “Tortoise shell bride,” would be missing in the morning, a victim to the remorseless big feline; one crossed from Spencer Grange to Woodfield, another had located itself in a wood north-east of the Gomin, in that portion then known as Montizambert’s bush; its lair was strewn with the remains and feathers of ducks, poultry, etc., purloined from the farm-houses in the neighbourhood. One, a very fierce one, was taken in a steel trap at St. Foy, the trapper having imprudently ventured too close was seized by the enraged lynx, and his leg lacerated to that degree that he nearly died from loss of blood and pain. The only theory I heard propounded for this invasion of the lynx was that they had been driven from their forest haunts by the scarcity of food—the hares, their usual prey, having that year been nearly exterminated by an epidemic. Few, if any lynx have been met with in our woods, of late years. Partridges (the ruffed grouse) have been quite scarce this season round Quebec, the scarcity of this prized game bird has been accounted

for by the loss of their young, at the nesting season; the chicks on leaving the shell, live mainly on ant eggs; the heavy continuous rains of last June destroyed the ants and their eggs, thereby starving the chicks. Such is the opinion of an old woodsman.

If hares and partridges have been and are still scarce, it is not so of wolves; especially in Ontario. Notwithstanding bounties offered for their destruction, these deadly enemies of the red deer and caribou have increased rapidly in number. The scared red deer have now migrated north, several have been captured in the woods skirting the lower St. Lawrence, Montmagny, Bellechasse: even on the north shores of the St. Lawrence which was without precedent until lately. Let us hope that the Press and our Game Protecting Clubs will be on the alert to procure the necessary legislation, so that our lovely red deer may not become, like the buffalo, a memory of the past.

Respectfully submitted.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Ravenscliffe, February, 1903.

Dear Sir James:

Whenever we have a spell of bright and pleasant weather in winter, we find an abundance of animal and bird life throughout our bush. If the morning is sunny and without wind, the chicadees,

nuthatches, snow-birds, pine finches, are not only in evidence, but they are full of song—at least such song as they are capable of. It lends to our woods an almost spring-like cheerfulness, and hope of vernal days to come. One crow has wintered with us, and his occasional caw-caw has almost a melody for our ears. Why he should have remained to struggle with the adverse elements we do not know. Perhaps he had a consumptive tendency, and was advised by Dr. Raven to try our northern climate for a winter. He must have benefitted from his change whatever his ailment, for he hustles around just now in the liveliest manner to procure a livelihood about the barn-yards and the beach. A few winters ago I observed a small flock of robins evidently determined to try to pull through the year here. In very stormy weather they haunted a thick white cedar swamp, as we think both for the shelter it afforded and for the fruit which clung to its branches. They appeared plump, and were always cheerful on pleasant days. Until on an evil day we took to keeping cats we had a flock of about six blue-jays that every winter made their headquarters in some sheltered spruces at the front of our gallery. We kept a refuse box for their benefit, and in sight of our library window for our amusement. No bone was too large for them to try to carry off, and their favorite place for deposit was the end of

the gallery where they leisurely picked it clean. They were a noisy crowd at most times, but their presence about the house was most welcome. The chickadees and nuthatches also found out this refuse box, and they took up permanent house-keeping nearby for the winter. So tame did some of them become that we have had them light on our shoulders without the slightest semblance of fear.

G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.

OUR WINTER BIRDS

It is frequently asked what birds are to be met with in winter, in the neighbourhood of Quebec. Compared with the spring and summer invasion of bird-life, the supply of feathered visitors who brave January and February frosts, is indeed inconsiderable. We may, however, safely fix at 31 species the varied individuals frequenting our woods and fields during the inclement season of winter. The following either as permanent residents—occasional or regular visitants—occur or have occurred to our knowledge. Some seasons several of them failed to appear or have appeared singly or in flocks subsequently; bird-life too, has its mysteries; the Spencer Grange museum contains specimens of nearly all the species mentioned below:

Blue Jay, Canada Jay, Pine Grosbeak Evening Grosbeak, Ruffed Grouse, Canada Grouse, Bo-

hemian Chatterer, Cedar Bird, Red-winged Crossbill, White-winged Crossbill, Pink Siskin Linnet, Chicadee, Purple Finch, Nuthatch, Red Poll, Snow Flake-Snow-bird, Horned Lark, Prairie Lark, Robin, Lapland Long Spur, Downy Woodpecker, Pileated Woodpecker, Great Gray Owl, Virginian Owl, White Owl, Barred Owl, Screech Owl, Saw Wet Owl, Ptarmigan, Raven, Crow.—31.

A few brief remarks on the above may not be out of place. Blue Jay—Three or four haunt each winter the farm-yards at Sillery, in quest of kitchen refuse, etc.

Canadian Jay. Moose Bird—Known to woodsmen as Whiskey Jack, a troublesome pilferer round the camp, when the trapper is absent.

Pine Grosbeak—For years I look out in November and December for a flock of Pine Grosbeak—in the habit of feeding on the pips of the crab-apples left by my gardener on the trees—for bird sustenance. Their red tunics, that is, of the old males, are resplendent in the morning sun—and their loud whistle in keeping with the spectacle of the closing year.

Bohemian Chatterer.—Once only have I had a visit from this beautiful bird. He too, was attracted by the frozen crab apples, and appeared quite tame enjoying, with some of his travelling companions, the Pine Grosbeaks, the abundant crop of Siberian crabs in reserve.

Evening Grosbeak.—Though known to have visited the mountain ash groves of Montreal, I have not yet seen here.

Ruffed Grouse and Canada Grouse — Occasionally very abundant residents.

Red Winged and White Winged Cross-bills.— Some winters quite common in the bush.

Pine Siskin.—Common.

Purple Finch.—A regular resident in sheltered localities, though usually seen in March.

Red Poll.—Flocks met with, feeding on country roads in March.

Snow Flakes.—On friendly terms as travellers (in December and March) with the horned lark and Lapland Long Speer. Dozens trapped for the markets on the Isle of Orleans.

Robin.—An occasional straggler left behind when the colony migrates south in September.

Wood Pecker.—Cheery, industrious winter visitors. The Downy and the Pileated—the latter a beautiful large bird, with scarlet headgear and black mantle. The Pileated or Log Lock, is a denizen of our deep Northern woods. I own two splendid specimens shot in the Lake St. John district.

Owls—The most common during winter months are the great Virginian owl and the Snowy owl styled the great Northern hutner, the dire enemy of hares and partridges.

Ravens.—Very rare birds. I have seen one at Gaspé; the specimen in my museum was shot in the Saguenay wilds, and presented to me by a distinguished sportsman, the late Col. W. Rhodes, of Benmore Manor.

Crows—The ubiquitous crow. "No country without a crow and a Scotchman." Caw! Caw."

Ptarmigan—The Willow Ptarmigan alone visits us; the Rock Ptarmigan patronizes the "Blue Noses" of Nova Scotia. We are told that in 1648. 1200 Ptarmigan (Perdrix Blanches) were trapped or shot at Beauport, opposite Quebec. Some winters those birds are abundant in the spruce and pine forests of the far North. J. M. LEMOINE.

To Sir James M. LeMoine.

Dear Sir James:—Why is it that so many of our fresh water lakes throughout our Laurentide Mountains are barren of fish of any description? Yet when any of these lakes are artificially stocked with trout the fish thrive, multiply, and usually grow to a large size? Again, these lakes are often within close proximity to lakes that abound with trout, although not always having water connection with them. I know of one large lake, however, that has a considerable inlet that receives the discharges from a number of smaller lakes abounding with trout, yet the greater body of water contains no living fish. Its waters are sweet and cool,

and there is spawning ground in both inlet and discharge. How account for this? Have any of our pisciculturists attempted to explain this singular fact. One ingenious angler, to whom I propounded this riddle, offered as a plausible explanation, that as the waders, such as the herons are responsible for the original stocking of our mountain lakes by carrying impregnated spawn from one lake to another, and spewing it upon favorable ground for its development, but if such ground was unfavorable, the spawn perished and the lake remained barren. This seems a not unreasonable hypothesis in cases of the lakes first referred to by me, but it fails to account for the absence of fish in the lake last named as receiving the discharges of other trout lakes. None of our lakes in the mountains north of Quebec where their waters are deep and cool but ought to contain trout and other varieties of fish. When stocked by man such lakes invariably yield large quantities of fish within a very few years. On the preserves of the Tourilli Club one such lake, Lake Crapaud, was stocked some years ago with fish from the River St. Ann. They have not only multiplied, but reach a very large size.

Perhaps some of our local savants or anglers can offer some satisfactory reasons for the conditions referred to.

Yours sincerely,

G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.

To Sir James Macpherson LeMoine,
Spencer Grange, Quebec.

Dear Sir James—I regret I cannot enlighten you anent the date of the appearance and disappearance, each year, of that well-known little fish, which Jean Baptiste styles "Petite Morue", and which we know as Tommy Cod. Few cabanes built now as in the past, on the battures, at the mouth of the Cap Rouge river and the St. Charles. Who will tell us when and where it spawns? And why no longer those enormous catches of eels in September all along the coves, and at Isle of Orleans. Such a source of wealth, under French regime to the proprietors of riparian rights. Has the steamer and the railroad whistle scared them? or have the Island magums (sorciars de l'Isle) cast a spell on them?

Winter storms have failed to keep us house-bound. We took early opportunity for an exploration of our Cap Rouge bush, for within its depths there was a certain shelter from the gale and the drifting snow, and the snow-shoeing was excellent. During our severe winter blizzards there is little bird or animal life to be observed. All living things lie close within the shelters they have sought and rarely venture out until fair weather is assured. Those of the birds that lay in a store of provisions

in some protected knot-hole do not fare too badly during the bad weather, but others must suffer severely from hunger. The hare in its form, the fox in its den, make the best or worst of the situation and look for better days. The red deer which have now become residents in our bush also seek some sheltered rock-side and move but little more than necessary to secure some browsing. The chattering red squirrel, which on fine days protests in noisiest manner our invasion into his wild domain, is invisible now and silent. He is no doubt taking his ease in his subterranean parlor, and nibbling away at his acorns and beach-nuts. Seeing a small balsam, its branches weighed down with snow so that it formed a perfect bell tent, we poked under it when out flew a startled partridge scattering a perfect cloud of snow about. We were almost as much startled, and fell back in some dismay.

There is an unusual quantity of snow in the bush for the season and all low shrubbery is covered. The thorn trees still carry a goodly provision of haws for the partridges and jays—the hares consume those that fall. The Pembina still bears its crimson fruit, and the large clusters of the mountain ash berries rattle in the gale like a bag of boy's marbles.

The wood chopper had suspended his labors, but his recent presence among our great pines and



Hauling out the Logs

oaks was but too apparent in numberless stumps. One chopper had left his blouse hanging to a branch. We almost wished the owner had been inside of it as a sort of scare-crow warning to all of his craft to go elsewhere to pursue their calling. To a white pine that had had the axe fresh laid at its stem we appended a piece of birch bark on which we wrote:

"O woodsman, spare this tree.

Touch not a single bough."

I fear our well intentioned effort was wasted, for that particular woodsman was no doubt French and quite failed to understand a word of our scrawl.

About the only trees left standing on many farms are a few elms, and these have escaped the axe because of their absolute want of value for any purpose that we know of. It will even refuse to burn in a stove. Many farmers have now to draw their wood from *Montagne a Bon homme*. There is yearly enough waste of wood within twenty miles of Quebec to supply the city, but it is the old story of supply and demand too far apart to be cheaply available.

We found some shelter from the storm and sat upon a fallen red-oak to which some few acorns still adhered, but we found them to be withered. It led, however, to a discussion as to the very limited distribution of this tree in the eastern section of

our province. So far as we know it is only found on the Island of Quebec to St. Augustin—Crane Island—and on the seigniory of Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere. It led up to the theory that perhaps some of the Roberval colony at Cap Rouge in 1542 may have planted some acorns brought from France, but as we were ignorant as to whether the red-oak was a native of France, we let our theory go for what it was worth. It is curious nevertheless that this tree has so limited an area hereabouts. We have however been equally surprised to find single trees of the pitch pine far up the Jacques Cartier River, where no pitch pine should grow according to the general distribution of species. Let us again advance a theory which is perhaps subject to disputation. In that great northerly flight of birds of all descriptions from the south is it not possible that a seed may become attached to some part of a bird's plumage and only to be released at last to drop upon some fertile soil? What more probable, or how otherwise account for these curious distributions. At Lakewood, New Jersey, we found our Canadian white cedar growing in great abundance in one particular swamp only. The invasion of the railways brings us many new species of plants from distant parts, as one may prove by observation about some of our depots where cars are unloaded from the west. Our old St. Lawrence also brings on its floods many strange

varieties of plants which we find taking root on the shores, but not found inland owing perhaps to unfavorable soil and climatic conditions.

SALMON BREEDING AT LAKE ST. JOHN

Every sportsman, I am sure, will rejoice at the efforts made by Government to stock the teeming waters of Lake St. John with the superb king of Canadian rivers, *Salmo Salar*. What an addition to the charms of the Grande Decharge, for the disciples of old Walton, if the foaming pools could afford over and above the alert ouananiche—the lovely salmon.

The last issue of the *Naturaliste Canadien*, a monthly review edited at Quebec, by the Rev. Abbe Huard, contains timely comments on a recent article in *Forest and Stream*, in which a United States angler details his experiences of a visit in the Lake St. John District.

It would appear that smolt have been deposited in the Metabetchouan and Salmon Rivers—hatched at the Tadousac salmon hatchery, and that 850,000 young salmon have been introduced in the Roberval hatchery from the Tadousac establishment—to be set free when winter sets in. I shall have much pleasure in enclosing for the readers of *Fur, Fin and Feather*, an article promised on this very interesting subject by an experienced angler.

G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.

Dear Sir James LeMoine:

The St. Lawrence River in the vicinity of Quebec affords little or no rod and line fishing unless we except the smelt fishing in the late autumn that gives our youths at least a month of keen delight, notwithstanding biting blasts and snow flurries. The old time sport of tommy-cod fishing has either fallen into disrepute or the tommy-cod disdains to linger about the mouth of the sewage polluted St. Charles. Yet an infinite number of varieties of fish pass up the river to their various spawning grounds, but rod and line and luring bait fail to attract them. They are heedless of danger, however, and freely enter the deceitful weirs, and are made victims by the thrifty habitants who set them. One of my neighbours brought me a salmon last June fresh from his weir off St. Augustin Point. It was undoubtedly a Jacques-Cartier fish on its way to that stream to spawn. It weighed about eight pounds. An occasional monster trout is also taken in the weir—a traveller, no doubt, from some mountain stream. I rarely or never see a very large sturgeon, nor do I hear this fish pounding the water after night-fall, as it does in other localities. Seals are unusual visitors to these waters, although so abundant a few miles down the river. I have at intervals seen the white porpoises wheeling towards Montreal. Once, in

summer, I saw an enthusiastic but misguided angler fishing with rod and line from one of our piers. At the end of the third day I sent one of my sons to enquire from him what his luck had been. He frankly confessed with some profanity that he had never even had a bite, but he had nothing else to do and it helped kill time.

The accompanying letter from Dr. Chas. Verge is a most interesting monograph on the tommy-cod and its habits.

Sincerely yours,

G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.

THE PASSING OF THE "CABANE A MORUE"
(TOMMY COD HUT)

My dear Mr. Fairchild:

Reading your letter quoted by Sir James Le-moine in yesterday's (March 11th) Chronicle, prompted me to take the liberty of sending you herewith a few notes and facts—which I have gathered for some time past—concerning the habit and habits of that interesting little specimen of the finny tribe, our Canadian "Tommy Cod" (petite morue) and to which you more especially refer. I shall feel amply rewarded if perchance the following lines on the subject, may prove at

all useful to any other—like myself—close observer and student of nature.

Tommy-Cod or Tom-Cod (sometimes also known as "Frost-Fish", in the U. S.) is really nothing but a small variety of the common cod, that runs up rivers in the vicinity of the ocean. It is found both on this continent and many parts of Europe. Its color varies at different seasons of the year from a rich orange to a light greenish yellow, shaded by a dark brown on the back. When they have lived in fresh water for a while, the color of their body changes to a bright milk-white—as we see them here in winter; they have also lost the peculiar rancid savor seemingly imparted to their flesh by salt water. The length of this fish varies between 6 and 15 inches, and its weight from $\frac{1}{4}$ lb to at times nearly 2 lbs, depending of course on the age, season, habitat, etc. The spawning season, as far as our local "petite morue" is concerned, is January. This little fish lives nearly all the year round in salt water, hugging the Atlantic coast from Virginia to Labrador, from which latter country it ascends our noble river as far up as Three Rivers (St. Maurice River). In summer it feeds principally on clams; it takes the worm very well. About the middle of December they come processionally up the St. Lawrence, to spawn; they seem instinctively, irresistibly attracted into fresh water grounds—where they were born—to,

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1. Basilica and Market Place
2. Place d'Armes
3. Market Day
4. Old Battery

in turn, deposit their eggs therein. On the way up, they naturally enter the mouths of our tributary rivers like the St. Charles, St. Maurice and many others. Lower down the St. Lawrence—at salt water—the fish, of course comes up proportionately earlier in the fall. In Quebec city, at the mouth of the St. Charles river, the "cabane" or hut-fishing opens generally around Old Xmas Day, although for several weeks previously Tommy Cod has arrived in large shoals on both shores further down the river and quite a number have already been netted or caught with the rod. The first comers reach this city about the latter part of December. The New England, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick coasts are literally swarming with them, where they fill the mouths of rivers all the year round, being there in such close proximity to the ocean. But they are really good to eat only in the fall and winter, at which time they ascend further up to spawn; nowhere do they attain that crisp savor which they have when caught from under the ice on our own St. Lawrence river. They return seaward during the spring months and are found in small detached schools, all summer long, from River du Loup to Bay Chaleur, where they are called "poulamon." by the French-Canadian fishermen. The bait generally used here for tommy-cod fishing is fresh pork liver, the fresher the better; the fish comes in with the tide twice a

day; few, as a rule, comparatively will bite with the tide running out. Of course, like the larger variety of the species, they are not much of an angling, gamy fish; their value resides exclusively in being a fine, edible fish. Like the cod also, they are gregarious, going in immense armies from place to place, but remaining certain parts of a season at particular localities, which afford them appropriate food in abundance. They are extremely hardy, very tenacious of life. As an example I will quote here the following personal experience. I remember going tommy-cod fishing in a cabane out on the St. Charles River, on the first week of January, 1900, with my esteemed and regretted friend S. S. Hatt, Esq. After a fair catch which we took home with us in a dry creel, some of the fish were still to be found alive on the evening of the same day, say fully six hours after their being taken out of the water. Of course, winter tom-cod fishing through the ice is now on the wane, the fish have been "boxed" and "netted" almost to complete annihilation. Sometimes while fishing for tommy-cod, a stray burbot or eelpout may get caught on your hook; they are, after the pike, the most voracious among our fresh water fish, and being of large size and restless hunters, they constitute a deadly foe to the subject of this sketch.

Tommy-cod also goes under the French-Canad-

ian names of "loche" "petit-poisson" and "capelan" (the latter probably of French origin). Portneuf, Que., and the neighbouring villages of Cap Santé, Ste-Anne de la Perade, Point-aux-Trembles, etc., were, about twenty years ago, great centres of "cabane" fishing. In Portneuf village alone, one could in those days count as many as 150 huts erected on the battures. In the single month during which such fishing could be indulged in, between \$2,500 and \$3,000 in that village alone were derived from the same.

But the sport is fast disappearing. The typical, primitive, little tom-cod hut will soon become, I regret to say like many another local characteristic and tradition—a "thing of the past."

Yours truly,

CHARLES VERGE, M.D.

Anglers in Canadian waters, upon any of the unfrequented lakes whose numbers are unnumbered in their multiplicity, may become the discoverers of hitherto unknown varieties of the *Salmo* family. Last season in one of the Lakes St. Anne, within the Tourilli Club preserves north of Quebec, one of the members of Mayor Harrison's party from Chicago, captured a trout of about 1 1-2 pounds, that in its markings so closely resembled the male of the American saibling (*Salvelinus Alpinus Aure-*

olus), as to lead to the conclusion that this was the fish in question. Half of the skin was saved, but in such poor condition that classification was difficult. It was, however, sent to the Sportsmen's Exhibition held in New York in March last, and I wrote to Mr. A. N. Cheney, the New York State Fish Culturist, to examine it, and if possible pronounce upon it. His letter in reply, while not confirming the belief held here that the fish in question is the saibling, is so interesting that I quote it in full:

Glens Falls, N.Y., March 10, 1899.

G. M. Fairchild, Jr.,
Cap Rouge, Quebec, Canada.

Dear Sir,—I saw the skin of the charr in the Quebec exhibit in New York, but it was nothing more than a brook trout, so called, in breeding colors. You have a fish, however, in a lake in Ontario, which more nearly resembles the saibling. This is the fish which Professor Garmon classifies as new, and which I named after my friend Mr. Marston of the London Fishing Gazette. You have also another fish, highly colored, quite like the saibling in many respects, except that it has a forked tail. It is found on the south of the St. Lawrence.* Specimens were sent to me, but they

*In some lakes about forty miles below Quebec on the South Shore, where these fish are reported as being abundant.

came in such bad order that they could not be identified. I have been hoping for two years past to get more of these fish, both the Ontario fish and the South Shore fish.

Yours very truly,

A. N. CHENEY.

It has long been thought that the Ouananiche in the Province of Quebec was confined to Lake St. John and its tributary waters. Recent explorers on the head waters of the Hudson's Bay have found this fish abundant there. A well-known salmon angler in Quebec, a gentleman who during thirty years past has fished almost every salmon river on the North Shore as far down as the Seven Islands and even below, states it as his belief that he has caught the Ouananiche in several of the rivers fished by him. Personally, I have no doubt that such is the case. Anglers are not all ichthyologists, nor as a rule are they as close observers of structural variations in fish as their pursuit would suggest, and when it comes to what appears only color differences they are merely regarded as local. Hence new varieties are not infrequently over-looked. I would suggest to all anglers fishing new waters within the Provinces of Quebec or Ontario to preserve the skin of two or three specimens at least of any unusual form

or color marked trout they may take. If this is done there is no doubt but that both Provinces within the next two or three years will add several new varieties of trout to their fauna, and possibly some other forms of fresh water fish.

Dear Mr. Fairchild,

THE FIRST ROBIN.

Robin Redbreast recalled his mate,
 "Love, the days are growing long;
 Northern snowbanks melt apace,
 Northern friends await my song.
 So, dear heart, to-day I'll leave thee,
 When thou comest I'll receive thee,
 Cheer up, cheer up.

* * *

Northward then came Robin Red
 Just as March passed through the door;
 Never was a Royal guest
 Heartier welcomed, feted more.
 This the message that he's bringing:
 "Flowers are coming, birds are winging—
 Cheer up, cheer up,
 March has left us,
 Nor bereft us.'

GRACE E. MARLOW.

Mr. Crow, Caw! Caw! usually heralds a few weeks in advance the unfailing appearance of our sweet friends the spring birds, cold weather and occasionally a late snow storm, may retard for a few days the arrival of the great spring migration of land and aquatic birds. My period of observation of this interesting event takes me back to 1860; let us compare some dates. In 1861 I noted in "Les Oiseaux du Canada," the return of our feathered migrants as follows: Crows, a solitary individual, 1st March; Song Sparrow (Le Rossignol) 15th April; Slate-colored Junco, Wilson's snow-bird, 10th April; Vesper Sparrow 15th April; Golden Winged Woodpecker, (Le Pivart), 15th April; White-throated Sparrow (Le Siffleur), 20th April; Purple Finch, (Oiseau Rouge, 20th April; Chipping Sparrow, 20th April; Swallows, 21st April; Snipe, 21st April; Woodcock, 22nd April; Robins, in flocks, 20th April; Hermit Thrush, 29th April; Passenger Pigeon, 30th April.

The first spring Robin—a male—usually I think precedes every year by several days, the advent of the great April or May flock of Robins, which make my woods and pastures vocal with their merry chattings and loud hilarious carols. After exploring the adjoining ploughed fields for worms, their invariable practice was a cool bath in the Belle-Bourne streamlet, the boundary between my

property and Woodfield. I can remember them roosting at night, for a whole week in the great pines and evergreens, which overshadow a circular path, known as Audubon Avenue. They would then in a body take flight—steering due north, possibly to the wilds of Hudson Bay, where Sir John Richardson, the explorer, is reported to have met the robin in abundance. A few pairs however, real old friends of ours, would linger behind and build in the greenwoods of Sillery—some round my dwelling—safe from marauding hawks and crows.

Next to the Robin Redbreast, no sylvan bards were more welcome than the Hermit Thrush, and later, Wilson's Thrush—both, possibly, attracted by the ripples of the neighbouring Belle Bourne brook. The Passenger Pigeon, so numerous round Quebec as late as 1840, has totally disappeared. So far, no satisfactory explanation has been given of this singular incident. Is it peculiar to our province? I trow not. There is a diminutive bird—the Chic-a-dee-de or Black Capped Titmouse, with whose industrious habits and pleasant ways, even in the depth of winter, we are all acquainted. I had once an opportunity of testing its brave spirit in protecting its young. A soft maple stood close to my library window. It had lost a good sized limb, about four feet from the ground. Sun and rain had caused it to decay at this spot.

A hole about six inches deep existed there; a pair of Titmice, it seems, had selected this hole one spring, to set up housekeeping. Unaware of the new tenants, I one day casually inserted my hand but hurriedly withdrew it, as Madame Chic-a-dee-dee was at home and pecked furiously at the invading hand.

The hatred Crows have of Owls, is a well established fact; every schoolboy has heard of an Owl being mobbed by irate Crows. It had occurred to me to verify the fact—by a new process—and try the effect of a dead Owl on the sable clan. I owned two large Virginian owls, in my collection of stuffed birds. There stands close to my bedroom window an old oak—a favorite stopping place of Mr. Jack Corby, in his quest after young chickens in the summer months. I had the bird of Minerva in an erect posture, fastened by a wire to a large branch of the oak, late one evening. At day-break, next morning, the whole household was startled from sleep, by a most diabolical clamor; it was not a usual crow-wedding. Dozens of crows surrounded the dreaded owl, on every branch—all screeched, yelled, howled, cawed at the same time—a most astounding, a deafening row-de-dow! I rushed to the window, and peeping through the curtains I watched the curious performance. Each bird in its turn tried to have a

peck at the owl's plumage, carefully, however, keeping out of reach of the monster's claws, and some attacked his tail-feathers, others tried to tear a quill from the closed brown wings, but some very brave old crows, had the audacity to fly in the air—slap his face and head with their expanded wings; this mode of attack, turned out the most effective, and after sundry brutal blows—the enemy in their crow-opinion was vanquished—totally routed and fell over the oak branch, head down and held by the wire only. This was a signal victory, evidently for Mr. Jack Corby. The clamour ceased, and every sable warrior disappeared in the Sillery woods near by. Each year, about this time, I count on hearing aloft the loud Honk honk! of the first Wild Geese (the outardes) returning from Chesapeake Bay or the Bahama reefs their winter quarters, hurrying to the Battures Plates, a favorite spring haunt at St. Joachim, alternating each day with the Dune at Isle-aux-Grues, and pushing as far as the muddy flats of Kamouraska, where Le Soleil, will not fail to announce the first outarde shot by a Kamouraska chasseur

J. M. LEMOINE.

The following on the nomenclature of some of our fresh water fishes is from the pen of Dr. Verge. It was received too late to form part of his interesting paper on eels and smelt, and now appears as a sequel to the same.

To Geo. M. Fairchild, jr., Esq.

Dear Sir:

Writing about smelt, I would suggest that the term smolt, ^{as} generally applied to salmon in its second year (varying then from 4 to 6 inches in length), when it has assumed its silvery scales and lost its cross-bars or parr-marks—that is, at that stage of its growth between the parr and the grilse—is probably a derivation or variety of the word smelt itself. At that period the salmon most resembles the smelt in size and appearance, the latter fish being besides, as stated above, a member of the salmonidae family.

A Plea for a More Definite Nomenclature of our Canadian Fish. Pike-perch and Striped Bass as Examples.

I will quote as a sample of this deficiency in our usual terminology, the lack of a single recognized term in the case of two of our well known edible fishes. The one is indiscriminately called pickerel, pike-perch, dory and wall-eyed pike, while the other goes under the various titles of sea-bass,

striped bass, rock bass, rock fish and "barse" or "bar" (the latter principally a French-Canadian designation). Now, in the first instance the different names are not at all synonymous, as I will presently prove, and therefore are liable to cause a deal of confusion; whereas in the second, they are not in the least equivalent, as I can also demonstrate, and the expression "striped bass" alone should be retained in this case. With regard to the first-named fish—the very distinctive "doré" of French-Canadian parlance—pike perch is the true, appropriate, and only rational English term for the same. The English appellation "dory" would suggest the "John Dory" of Europe, a totally different fish, belonging to the mackerel family. The pike-perch—doré of French Canada—is no more a pickerel than it is a pike or a muskallunge. A good many people yet fail to make a distinction even between the three last named fish, which, in the West, often go all three under the common name of pickerel, just as pike-perch does. The quartet form a special group or division of their own in fish lore generally, though the pike perch is more closely allied to the perch than to the pike family. Still, it may be considered to a certain extent as intermediate between both families, as it is found in the same waters where either pike or perch separately congregate. For instance, pike-perch may be caught in large num-

bers in the Upper St. Lawrence and Great Lakes, along with pike and muskallunge, just as they may be found disporting themselves with yellow perch and sunfish in our small lakes and ponds—like Lake Calvaire or St. Augustin—or with striped bass (properly speaking a member of the perch family) in the Lower St. Lawrence a few miles below Quebec. It has been called "wall-eyed pike" from the fact that its eyes are very large and protruding. Its color has also won for him the title of "yellow pike," as also presumably from the first settler of this country that of "doré." (gilt). The characteristic difference between it and the pike family proper is that the latter have only one dorsal fin, whereas pike-perch has two. Its general color is lighter and brighter also, with yellow splashes running in all directions. The head is shorter and the body much larger in diameter. Pike-perch are very voracious and feed almost entirely on other live fish. They vary considerably in weight. In rivers and smaller lakes they average from a half pound to four pounds, whereas in the great lakes ten to twenty pounders are common enough. It is a highly prized fish for the table.

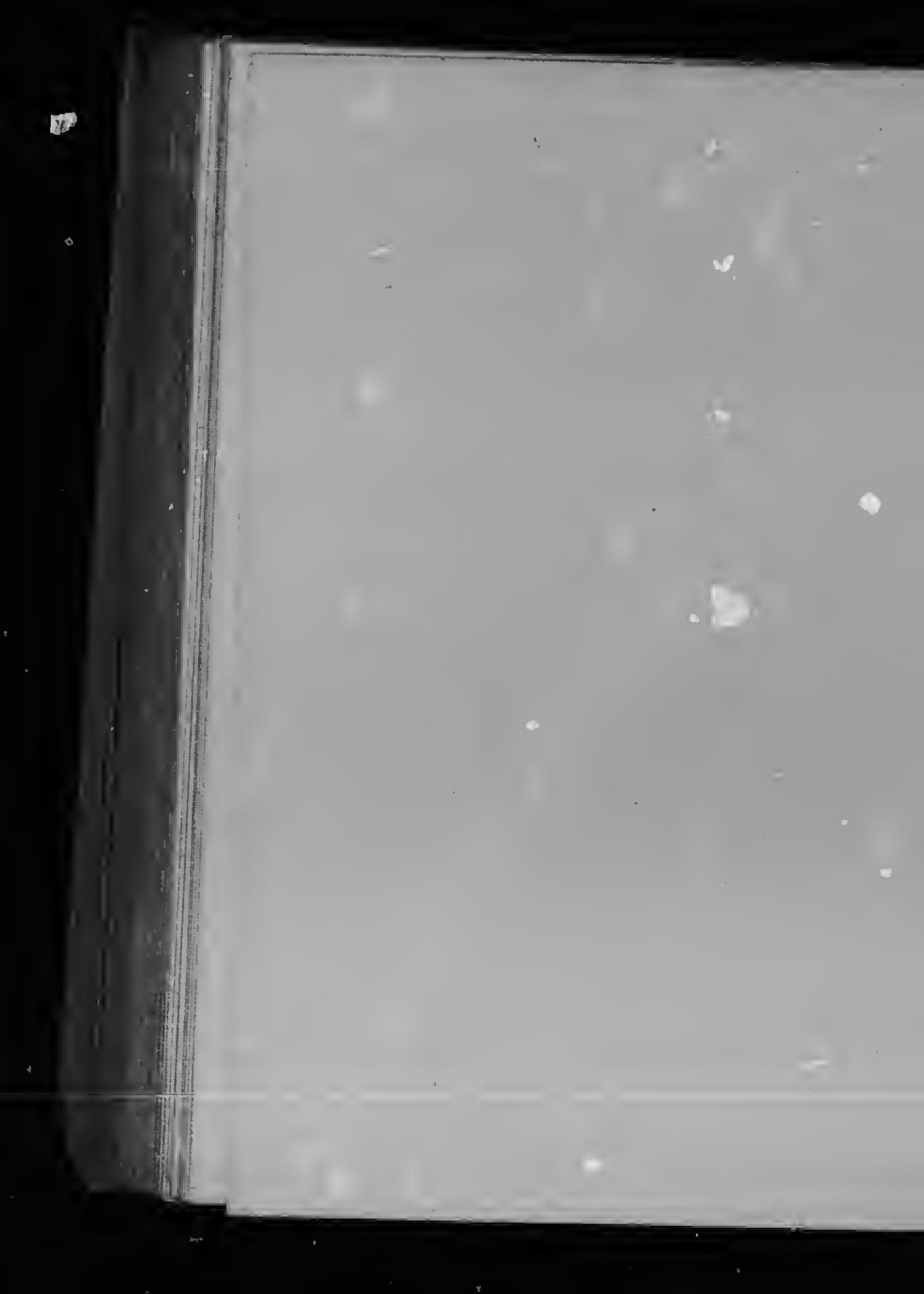
Striped Bass is another favorite fish of ours. It is primarily a sea fish and principally subsists near the mouths of rivers, ascending the St. Lawrence as high as it can conveniently go, but

generally not higher than Three Rivers. It has a preference for brackish waters, which in our main river corresponds with the vicinity of the first group of Islands just below Orleans—about 25 miles from this city. Its greatest run is about the middle of August. It is then freely caught on the flats of Madame Island or in that immediate vicinity, and good sport may be had—for it is an essentially game fish—by hiring a boat and guide, who will also supply the necessary minnow bait, either from St. Jean, Island of Orleans, or one of the opposite villages on the south shore, as St. Michel, Berthier or Montmagny, and starting, in the early morning hours, on a day's fishing. The fish will bite only with the incoming tide, as a rule, at which time they invade the flats in search of food—principally minnows. It comes up in large shoals—in pursuit of minnows, abundant at that season—with the highest tides in August. Striped bass is a very handsome fish, savory and excellent beyond the generality. Its obvious, distinguishing feature is, of course, the striped appearance of its body, whose sides are white and silvery. From head to tail it is marked by eight parallel, longitudinal lines. It may be found below Quebec from the weight of a few ounces up to several pounds; but in the vicinity of New York city, or other places along the Atlantic coast where it is caught in salt water or at sea, it runs up proportionately to

twenty, thirty, or even fifty pounds. Like its cousin, the black bass, it is also a member of the perch family. The designation "bar," or "barse" should be eliminated from our language, it being a mere provincial or local English name for the common perch. The "sea-bass" is a larger, different variety of bass, exclusively an ocean fish, and the terms "rock fish" and "rock bass" as applied to striped bass are now obsolete.

Yours truly,

CHARLES VERGE.





Lake Fairy — From a Painting by G. M. Fairchild, Jr.

Ten Days' Caribou Hunt



PELTON wrote me from New York at the beginning of the winter and asked whether there was any hunting then to be had in the Province of Quebec, and where?

I made answer that in another week's time I was off for a ten days trip into the Laurentides on a hunt after Caribou, and he was heartily welcome to join me, but, said I, at the end of my letter, "can you walk on snowshoes?"

The reply was characteristic of Pelton: "Walk on snowshoes! man dear I sha'n't want them. I'll walk on air once I leave the last house. You may expect me, so just send word to your caribou to come down out of the trees, that Jack Pelton will be soon among them with his trusty long bow. P. S. Bought an Esquimaux suit to-day at a junk shop. It's immense."

I confess to some misgiving at the moment of reading Pelton's letter, but the die was cast. I met Pelton an hour or two after his arrival at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec. A small blizzard was then well under way.

"It's perfectly immense," said Pelton, by way of salutation, "and the snowshoeing is great."

"What the deuce," I replied, "do you know about snowshoeing," for I felt certain that Pelton had never more than seen a pair of snowshoes.

"Look here, Scribe, I'm going to give you wrinkles about snowshoes and snowshoeing before you are two days older. A friend of yours at the Bertrand Co. outfitted me an hour ago, good-natured fellow that, took all the trouble to come up here to show me how to use the things out on the terrace there. I believe I could do a waltz or a cake-walk on snowshoes in a style that would paralyze you. I say, Scribe, are there any caribou to be found within an easy walk of the hotel, my killing blood is up?"

"Pelton," said I, "you are feverish, what you want first is a cooling cocktail; after that I'll talk to you."

"Now Scribe," said Pelton again, after discarding the olive pit, "I am calmly possessed to listen to any statement of fact or finance that you are prepared to make so long as it relates to hunting. First, if you don't mind, I want to know where this old game preserve of yours is, and whether you've got a wire fence around it same as they have in the Adirondacks?"

"No," I replied, "we've only a boundary line on the one end of it and a North Pole on the other,

and my particular preserve is almost anywhere within an area of five hundred thousand square miles of wilderness within the provincial limits, or, in other words, our hunting grounds cover an area five times greater than the whole state of New York. Do you grasp the idea? The Ottawa, St. Maurice and St. Lawrence Rivers are the great highways into this chosen land of the sportsman, the by-roads are innumerable. To-morrow we will take one of the latter, the Quebec and Lake St. John R.R. that loses itself at Chicoutimi, several hundreds of miles in the wilderness to the north, but we will only journey some twenty miles by it, for at that distance we are already well within the domain of the caribou and moose; and on the borders of Lac Epinette, another twelve miles, I have builded me a little winter camp of logs, and this will be our headquarters. You will have the whole half million of square miles, Pelton, to hunt in, and I shall expect great things of you, now that you have become an expert snowshoer."

"Good Heavens," exclaimed Pelton, "and will you expect me to cover all that area of bush and mountain and lake within ten days on snowshoes? Great Caesar! what I'll want is not snowshoes but seven league boots. I say, Scribe, can't you draw it milder for an old friend?"

I had reduced Pelton's impedimenta several hundred pounds before we took the train for St.

Gabriel the following morning, to his great regret, for he said he felt certain that he had included only the bare necessities of life.

At Indian Lorette I picked up two of my clansmen, for as Honorary Grand Chief of the Huron Tribe it would ill become a Chief to venture into the wilds without a following of his people, and, besides this Picard and Sioui are mighty hunters, good packmen, and camp guardians par excellence.

"But," whispered Pelton to me, "O Scribe! Where are their feathers and war paint?"

"Oh," I replied, "since the Indian has taken to hunting with the white man, he has abandoned feathers, and his war paint he only puts on when there are festal occasions, such as the visit to the tribe of vice-royalty, but you wait and see my two clansmen wrestling with our baggage over the mountains, or running down a caribou."

It was Scanlan who met us at the station with his two berlines to take us to his house, the last one, and six miles further into the mountains where we were to spend the night.

"Here, you two red devils," said Scanlan to the two Indians, "pile that baggage into that berline and follow us. And gentlemen, 'you'll get in here and I'll whisk you to Knock-me-down Castle in no time. We bundled into the seat while Scanlan balanced himself untilly on the side rail with his

feet dangling out, as he said, "to balance wid when he struck a cow-hole." (Cahot.)

"You're a sthranger, sur, to this part of the wurruld," said Scanlan, addressing Pelton, "but sure it's Mr. Scribe here who will introduce you to it."

"Yes," replied Pelton, "but who introduced you to it Mr. Scanlan?"

"The loss of my ancistral estates and poverty," replied Scanlan; "but glory be to God! this is a fine country, and the caribou and trouts do be uncommon plenty, but the snow in the bush is as soft now as a feather bed, and the shoeing is bad, but the gentilman here (indicating Pelton) is no doubt used to the snowshoe."

"Born with them," answered Pelton with easy assurance.

"Speaking of snowshoes," said Scanlan, "reminds me of an Englishman, a commercial traveler, who kem to Quebec in the days when I was a carter there. 'Scanlan,' says he to me wan day, it was the day after the first snow-storm. 'I would like to drive, says he, somewhere out into the country to enjoy the sleighing and the beautiful snow.' I tuk him out the St. Louis road, and when we kem to the Cap Rouge bush where there was a snow shoe track leading into it. 'Phwats that?' says he, 'Pee der racket,' (pied de raquette) says I, "givin' him the Frinch for snowshoe track."

"You don't say so, Scanlan, it must be a monstrous animal; do you know if it's very ferocious?" "Ferocious, is it," says I, laughing at the side of me mouth at his mistake, "it's a terror when its on the rampage." "Scanlan," says he turning pale. "We'll drive back to the Albion." Sure it was in the bar room there late that night that I heard him tellin' some other Englishmen of his narrow escape from this ferocious animal. But there are the lights of the Knock-me-down Castle.

The Castle, as Scanlan facetiously called it, was a very primitive log house that had never arrived at the dignity of clap boards, and probably never would. It was surrounded by a clutter of stuff that made it somewhat difficult for even Scanlan to engineer the horse and berline through it without danger in the dark. There was the scraping of a fiddle going on within the house that had drowned the noise of our arrival, and led Scanlan to remark: "that felly Pat is at his ould tricks."

"Perfectly immense," remarked Pelton, to me, in an undertone as we made for the door, but it was the supper that soon followed that in Pelton's opinion crowned the day.

It was a motley crowd that lined the deal table in the dim light of a small kerosene lamp fastened to a side wall. At one end of the table Scanlan presided over a roast fresh ham while at the other

end sat Mrs. Scanlan half hidden behind a huge something.

"Phwat's that you have there, Biddy?" demanded Scanlan.

"Sure, it's a turkey, Pat dear."

"Do you mind that now, Mr. Pelton," said Scanlan, "a royal Canadian burd."

"Phwats in the wan end of it, Biddy?"

"Sure it's raisins, Pat dear."

"Mind that now, Mr. Pelton, thim's raisins."

"And phwats in the other ind, Biddy?"

"Sure it's a cabbage, Pat dear."

"Mind that now, Mr. Pelton, raisins in wan end and a cabbage in the other of that ilegant burd of paradise. Beat that in New York if you can."

Our shrieks of laughter fairly raised the afters, and we proceeded right merrily with the meal with appetites well sharpened by our long drive in the crisp air.

The pale morning moon was just setting when we took the trail into the bush. Our two Indians, with the addition of young Pat were "packed" in a manner that led Pelton to remark that they resembled nothing so much as animated bumps with a tinware attachment of pots and pans and stove-pipe; but just then Pelton, the expert, trod upon the tail of one of his snowshoes and took a header into a drift from which Picard rescued him with

the laconic remark: "Esquimaux she'm eat mooch snow."

Pelton's mouth and eyes were too full of snow to make reply.

Tracks of caribou soon became numerous, but Sioui proclaimed them "wan day ole, him go for lac Brule, see mebbe nex day." Isn't it great?" said Pelton as he came puffing up the trail, "but it's hot work, must be very mild to-day." The Esquimaux coat, his sweater and undervest were hanging on his arm and the perspiration running down his cheeks.

"Hot I should call it from your light and airy costume," I replied, "but as a matter of fact Pelton, I think it is about ten degrees below zero."

"Go on," said Pelton, "I'm freezing standing still here." A Turkish bath in a temperature below zero means perpetual motion unless you'll start that stove on Picard's back. I see now why you carry it."

Later when my little log camp and stove had given out their warmth of welcome, and the fresh beds of balsam branches brought in by the men had diffused their sweet aroma, Pelton again declared it was great, and we all drank success to our sport. The day was too far advanced to do aught but to make ourselves snug and comfortable where we were, so we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of pipe and rest. In the evening young

Pat sang us a shantyman's song that covered the alphabet and began as nearly as I remember:

"A is the axe that so lightly we swing,
B is the birch on which it will ring."

Pelton in his fine tenor sang a French love song, which Picard and Sioui loudly applauded. Then we made up our night fire, rolled up in our blankets on the balsam beds, and at least Pelton and I talked far into the night to the crackle of the fire.

I was dreaming of an encounter with a bear in which I was being considerably mangled when I awoke and found Picard standing over me and shaking me into consciousness.

To Pelton and Sioui I resigned Lac Epinette, while Picard and I trudged off silently into the bush, and across the mountains to Lac Brule. Tracks of caribou, and comparatively fresh, were found about the lake, but no caribou in sight. We sat on a fallen tree in the sunshine on the border of the lake and ate our frugal and frozen lunch. At night fall we again reached camp, with not a caribou to our record.

Pelton met me at the camp door with "What luck, O Scribe?"

"None," I replied, as I slipped out of my snowshoes, "and you my worthy novice?"

"Rather poor," answered the worthy, "only a

buck, but O! Scribe! while Sioui tells me it is unusual for a buck to have horns at this season of the year, mine has a grand pair." Then Pelton's enthusiasm burst forth. "It's the greatest sport in the world, Scribe, absolutely immense, I shot that caribou within two hours after I left camp, just down at the discharge."

"Luck," said I, "always favors the greenhorn, and I congratulate you."

Days followed days of alternating failure or successes, days in which it stormed and the snow whirled about our little camp and left great drifts before the door. It was then we took to fishing through the ice for the camp supply of trout for the Friday fast day, but we feasted mainly on caribou roasts and steaks, and we were as boys let loose for a holiday, and frolicked accordingly.

We brought our pleasant outing to a close when we each killed a caribou on the same day, and the legal limit was reached. Then we reluctantly took the back trail.

"Absolutely immense," said Pelton, as we shook hands at the car steps, "you may look for me again next winter. Won't I paralyze the boys when I get back to New York. That Esquimaux suit is yours, Scribe, to donate to a museum."

The Drawing of the Yarn



HE old angler picked up the fire stick, pried the half burned logs together, added a four feet cut from a dry chicot, and as the fire blazed up fiercely, he dropped into his own seat with the remark, "Well, you fellows will soon find out the old man hasn't lost all his bush cunning even though he is going to celebrate his eighty-second birthday in about two hours from now by firing a salute of one shot from old 'catch'em quick,' then a nip from the 'baby,' and after that I'll show you how to sleep without snoring so loud as to lead a straggling bull moose to think he'd run up against a grunting rival."

"Why you antique," said the artist, "you've got the hall mark of a hundred on your bald pate, and trying to impose eighty-two on your betters; I'd blush for you if any one could catch it through the last week's coat of dirt and tan. Ancient and Honorable! we're going to celebrate with you, that is, provided the 'baby' will go round the circle, and that each man will tell a story so as to

pass the next two hours. The Ancient will lead and give us from out of his own experience."

The well beloved of his friends sat smiling but silent for a few moments, evidently running through the store house of memory in the search for something amusing. Then turning so as to face us, he said: "Here is the story of Shan and the hot ginger: Once upon a time Jack Sands met me in Peter street one hot afternoon, and said he: "Ancient and Honorable I want you to go a-fishing with me to the St. Colome to-morrow, and my brother Harry will be of the party. Harry as you know is kind of rabid on teetotalism, and if you take the 'baby' with you it must be on the sly. Oh no! I wouldn't leave it at home, it might grow lonesome if you were separated, only keep it out of sight and sound of Harry."

To this I agreed but I never felt so mean in all my life as I did on that trip. Before we left Chenille's to drive to Shan's I slipped into the stable with the "baby" wrapped in my blouse Jack followed me and while he kept an eye at the door crack I sampled the "infant." Jack then took his turn while I watched, but I had forgotten. "Jack", said I, "that baby has Scotch blood in it, my son, and the odor of the latter is penetrating; have you got a peppermint about your person"?

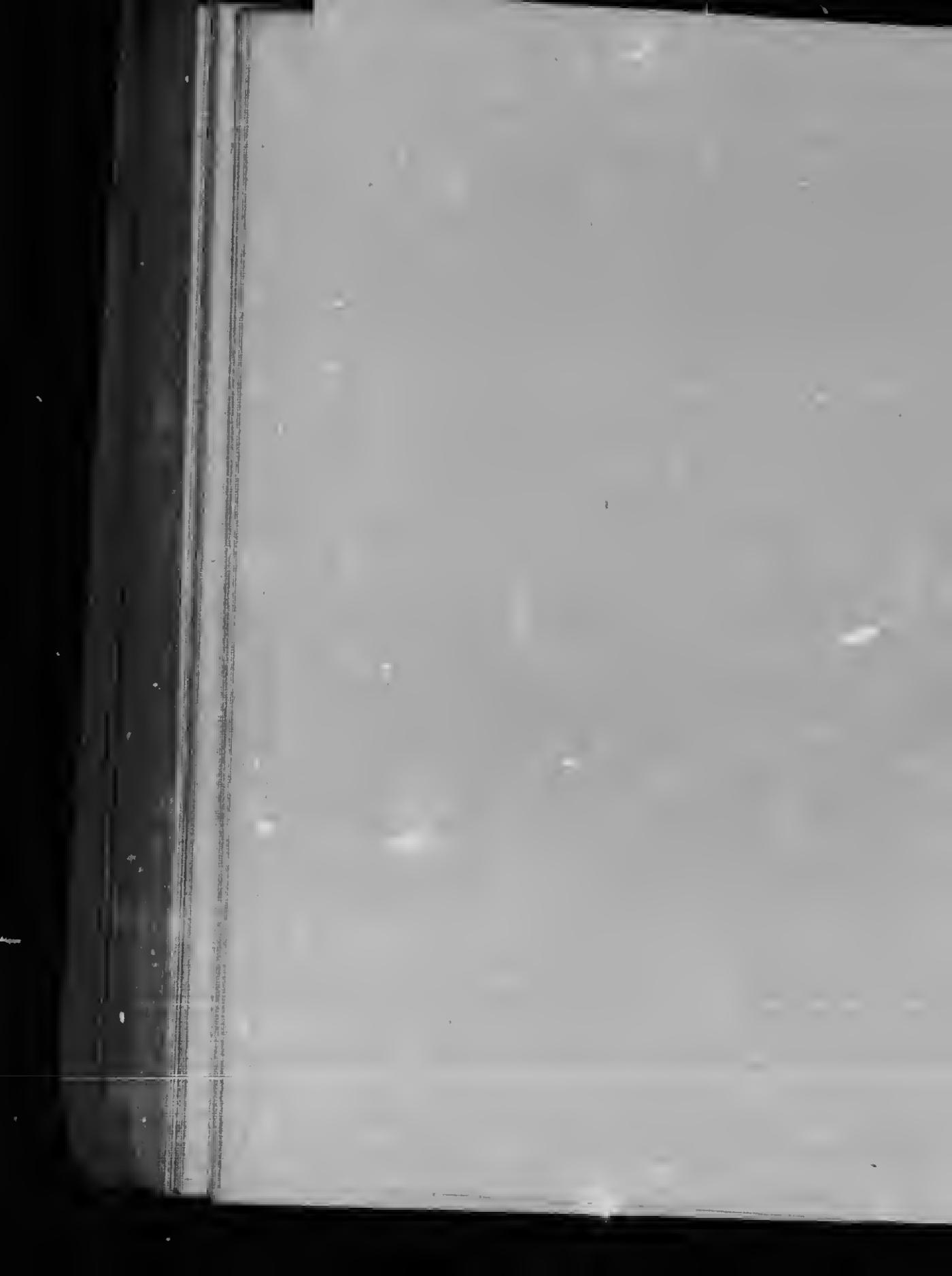
"Good Lord," replied Jack, "I never thought of peppermints. I say, Ancient and Honorable,

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J. S. Budden,
the "Ancient and Honorable"



you'll have to sit along side of Harry driving up, and if he notices anything say you've got a creosote plug in a bad tooth."

Well every time Harry spoke to me I was so scared he'd find me out that I'd turn half way around and pretend to be looking at some scenery before I answered. When we came to where the road got rough the blessed "baby" began to gurgle and cough and choke and I nearly had a conipation fit when Harry asked me if I didn't think something had got loose in my creel, and would'nt it be well to see?

I begged him not to worry, that there was nothing breakable in the creel—some reels got loose maybe. I never was so glad of anything as our arrival at Shan's.

Shan, I must tell you, was the product of an Irish father and mother, but the bush had adopted him very early in life and when I knew him he was seven eights' Indian except for his speech which was as fine a brogue as ever you listened to. As a hunter or guide, Shan hadn't an equal in the province. He professed to be temperate, but as I never saw him refuse a nip I've had my doubts. His acceptance of a nip, however, was always prefaced by: "Shure now, Mither Bozlan, it's rarely or niver I takes anything strong, but whin I does it's just about this toime of day." And this might be ten times a day for all I know.

Shan for the first time in our many visits didn't get his nip, as we were afraid of being caught. We hid the "baby" in the hollow of an old stump, and night and dewy morn Jack and I stealthily stole away to look after the "infant's" health while bracing ourselves against cholera and the extreme temperance views of Mr. Harry, which he was never tired of ventilating.

The "baby" was getting low in spirits, and Jack and I made a calculation that it would not last out another day. The case was serious. We decided to wind up our excursion the following morning.

I deputed Shan that afternoon to take charge of Harry on the lake. It so happened that a great thunderstorm blew up, and while Shan and Harry were trying to get ashore at the camp, Shan broke his pole as he was making a vicious shove and took a header into the lake. He waded ashore dripping and cold.

"Don't you worry Shan," said Harry, "I'll soon fix you up with a good hot drink. Get a fire started at once and heat some water."

Shan in the expectation of the long deferred drink, did as he was told, and when the water was boiling he brought a cup of it to Harry.

It was about this time that Jack and I arrived on the scene, and we at once became interested spectators.

Harry took the cup of water into the tent, re-

turning a moment later and handing the cup to Shan with the remark—"there Shan is one of the finest drinks in the world when you're wet or cold."

Shan with, "thin it's to your honors hilth and long life, so it is," tossed off the contents of the cup. He gave a convulsive gasp, tears filled his eyes, and he was speechless for a few moments and seemed dazed like. When he recovered somewhat he turned to Harry and said: "For the love of God, Mr. Sands, may I be axin wid your lave what kind of devil's drink is that I've got in my belly the while?"

"Why, Shan," replied Harry, "that's ginger."

"Ginger, is it Mr. Sands? well your honor, the nixt toime you mixes a drink for me I'll ax your honor to put in more gin, but lave the "ger" out."

"Not too bad, Ancient and Hororable," said the artist, "and now we'll hear from the poet who has been scribbling away this half-hour past."

The poet thus called upon modestly disclaimed any serious effort, but was willing to read his effusion in place of telling a story, which he said he had entitled:

THE TRUTHFUL ANGLER

Why is it thus? we sadly ask;
The truthful angler finds his task
Of yarning true,
A dreary, thankless one at best,
For he is classed among the rest
A liar, too?

The reason why we cannot tell;
No one relates a yarn so well
As you and me.
And yet, forsooth, it is our luck,
Although to truth we've always stuck,
To doubted be.

Suppose from hence we change our base.
From telling truth the truth we'll chase
With telling yarn,
The wiggling trout a monster fish,
Served up for ten, a mighty dish,
Who cares a darn!

The world will doubt or even jeer,
But to our stories we'll adhere
Through thick and thin;
The oft repeated tales we know,
To truths in minds of tellers grow,
So let's begin.

When the laughter over this skit of the poet
had subsided the artist was called upon for his
contribution.

"I am as you know," he said, "an admirer of Dr.
Drummond and his poems, although I regret the
fact that he has lent the impression abroad that
the common tongue of the French Canadian is a

patois English. I don't wonder that the latter have resented this in no unmistakeable manner. The great majority of the French people speak no English, the educated classes speak very good English, but upon the dividing line between the nationalities there is a class of the common people which does talk the *patois* such as Dr. Drummond writes of, but if these people speak bad English I would like to know what kind of French these English speak. It is almost a pity that a French Dr. Drummond doesn't arise to give us some examples. This, however, is all by way of apology for my own violation of what I am now condemning, for I am going to give you some stray bits from the philosophy of old Jean Beaulin in the latter's choicest English. Jean, as you know, has been for years my "guide," shall I say "counsellor," in all my bush wanderings in search of material for pictures. I must, however, tell my stories in paragraphs, otherwise I should consume too much time.

"American peep she come h'on Quebec last sum. Dey hire habitant girl for cook. Poor ting, she make mistook, she tombey de fly paper h'in de soup. Dat poison. Toute de famille, de fader, de mudder h'an des enfants go for die. Poor ting, she was not respons for dat, it was a mistook. When de docteur open dat poor woman de gravy of dat fly paper was de first ting he receive."

"Wan tam I went for l'engage wid a h'English-man h'an I say h'on dat feller; You give me seventy-five cents a day h'an you h'eat me, you give me one dollar a day h'an I h'eat myself. Dat feller he sit hon de grass h'an he roll his-self wid laugh, but I not see noding funny for laugh. I got break me dat tam so bad dat I not 'ave nuf money for pay wan h'install h'on a clay pipe; no bagosh! I not even 'ave a button h'in my pocket for rattle."

"You rememb dat feller wat go h'on the bush for guide h'an stole de provish for h'eat. Wal we fix dat feller de nex tam. We mix wat you call h'axle grease wid de preserve. He stole dat pot pretty quick h'an he go for h'eat it h'on de bush. Bimby he come h'on de camp h'an he look pretty white h'on de gills. We axe him how he look so bad h'an he say he tink he got Canadian cholera. We say we tink so too, h'an he better go for see de priest mighty queek because he go for die. Wal, he not die, but he 'av a big scare h'an he not stole de provish encore. But wan day he tombe h'on de trail h'an he broke hee's brain h'and den he 'av a perception h'an de died. I tole you it take damn smart man dat know wat good for hisself, h'an I'm de first."

Here the artist knocked the ashes out of his pipe, accompanying the action with the remark, that he could "reminis" all night about Jean and his queer

sayings, but as it now neared the hour for the natal ceremony, and as the scribe had not been heard from, he begged to give place to that eminent authority.

The eminent authority said he would make his contribution an exceedingly short one as he was at that moment suffering from "dry throat" no doubt brought on by the late hour and the low state of the "baby."

"You all know," said he, "bachelor Con and his peculiarities, and his clever sayings. One May day a friend saw him coming down Ursule St. carrying a two gallon demijohn. 'Hello!' said his friend, 'where are you going with that thing?' 'Going,' said Con, 'why you onery fool, don't you see I'm moving.'"

Now gentlemen, added the scribe, it is midnight, wake up the "baby" to give longer and merrier life to the Ancient and Honorable. Pile on more wood to the fire, and then say good night and pleasant dreams.

Early autumn had daintily tinged the maples along the river bank, and the soft languor of a sunny day with its accompaniment of cricket chirp and locust drone had inspired both the artist and the scribe to put forth their best efforts. While the artist painted, the scribe lay on the broad of his back within view of the former's coming picture,

and at times he wrote, and at others he scathingly criticized the artist's work; and the latter just as unsparingly characterized the scribe's growing poems as "rot". Then in great amity they dropped their work betimes and smoked long pipes of great contentment, and speculated upon the day's success of the old angler up stream. They neither of them voiced it, but they both understood that they were longing for the "Ancient's" return as the stimulant to renewed efforts under the spur of his kindly encouragement and well balanced judgment.

When at last his canoe rounded the point the scribe shouted out: "Well, Ancient and Honorable what luck?"

"Luck is it," exclaimed the Ancient "well, I have had about the same luck that befell Mulcahey's calf that escaped from the butcher to the mountains, and was devoured by a bear. I've gone further and fared worse than if I had stayed at home. No matter though, I can put up enough trout for lunch, so you fellows hustle up a fire."

"Ancient and Honorable," said the artist, "you're a darling, the only misfortune that has overtaken you is in having been born before your time. We'll have to forgive you for this as you were probably not responsible for it, but don't repeat the offence."

"You dauber of paint," answered the Ancient, "I'm going to tell you the story this afternoon

how nearly you came to having been deprived of my care and the closing down of your artistic career as a consequence thereof, but now to dine with bushman's appetite, but I fear the scribe has done poor justice to the good raw material furnished him as food for the gods if properly prepared. Artists and literary men as a rule are bad cooks except as to the stuff they get up for the public in their professional capacity, which isn't too bad as a rule when served hot and well spiced."

When the heat of the early afternoon invited to smoke and rest the Artist and Scribe called upon the "Ancient and Honorable" for his promised story.

A long time ago, began the Ancient, a leading merchant of the lower town called upon me, and, said he "B---I have just received advices that the schooner Arabella partly owned by me, and which I loaded with a mixed cargo for port St. Unknown, is ashore at the mouth of that harbor and is likely to prove a complete wreck unless something is at once done, for already the ice is beginning to run. It is now Friday. What I want you to do is to leave Quebec this afternoon, take a cariole and driver at Levis, and by pushing ahead all night and to-morrow, you can reach port St. Unknown late Saturday night. If the schooner is not broken up, you will sell her at the church door after mass on Sunday to the highest bidder.

Here are your credentials and money for expenses, and now good-bye and good luck to you."

I first induced a friend to accompany me, and then hurriedly completed my preparations for the journey, not forgetting the "Scotch baby." We drove all night, catching what sleep we could sitting upright in the cariole. We breakfasted at St. Thomas and again pushed on. The weather and roads were fine, but it was bitterly cold for the season. It was late Saturday night when we neared our destination, and it then occurred to me to make some enquiry concerning what kind of a hotel mine host might keep. Our jehu admitted that it was not first class for *les messieurs* like us, yet there was no other, but continued he, there is a Scotchman, a big contractor on the Intercolonial who has a fine house in the village, and he would, perhaps, be glad to have the *messieurs* stop with him, and his name was MacInloch.

We finally decided to crave the hospitality of Mr. MacInloch, and drove at once to his house. It was in darkness, but in answer to our repeated knocks, a woman's head appeared at a *tiret* and a voice demanded our business.

We briefly stated who we were and what had brought us to the door at such unseemly hours.

"I am Mrs. MacInloch," said the voice, "my husband is not at home just now and I cannot receive

you, but you can find accommodation at the hotel, where my husband will see you later".

We drove to the hotel, ordered such supper as was obtainable at so late an hour, and were gradually thawing out under the genial influence of a big three decker supplemented by a nip from the "baby" when a very giant of a man stalked into the room. There could be no doubt as to his nationality for Scotchman was written large all over him, but his speech quite settled it.

"Are you the gentlemen who came to MacInloch's a while back?" he asked.

I answered that we were, whereupon he said he was MacInloch, and expressed his regret that he was absent from home when we called, but added he, "I see it is not too late to make amends. Gentlemen, you are my guests, and I have already sent your baggage to the house and if you will put on your overcoats, I will drive you there with my horse. Mrs. MacInloch has supper prepared."

It ended in what proved to be an all night affair, for hot Scotch and pipes followed supper, and the talk was of hunting and fishing from Scotland to the Rockies. MacInloch was a rare raconteur, and a great and mighty hunter and angler.

As we rose at last to go to our bedrooms, MacInloch said to me: "I do not wish to appear intrusive, Mr. B. — but may I ask what manner

of business brought you here at this unusual season?"

"Certainly," I replied, "I've come down to sell the schooner *Arabella* and her cargo at the church door to-morrow morning on behalf of Mr. Wendt of Quebec."

When I had finished, MacInloch brought his brawny fist down on the table with a mighty bang. "Mr. B." roared he, "it's all a damned conspiracy to ruin as fine a captain as ever lived and there is not a better navigator on the *St. Lawrence*. He only ran his boat ashore to save her from becoming a total wreck. I've a mind to buy her in myself if you'll be willing to take an uncertified check in payment."

I replied that although it was contrary to all rule in such cases, yet I would myself in this instance become personally responsible.

At the sale MacInloch became the purchaser, and handed me his check for the amount, and my work being finished I thanked my kind hosts and started back to Quebec.

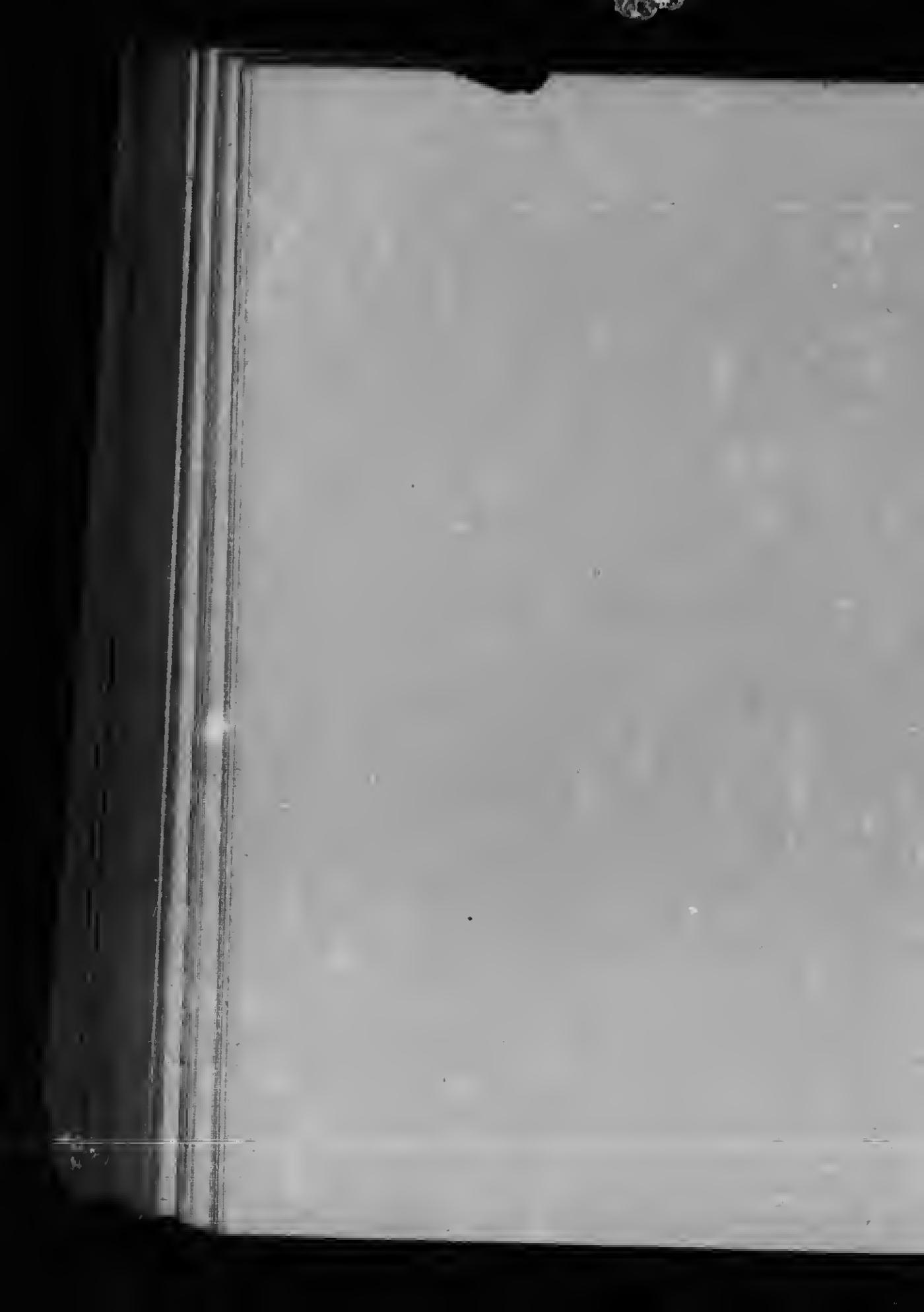
Months went by and I heard no more of MacInloch or the schooner, when one early morning in June, MacInloch himself walked into my office. After our greetings he said: "B—, I saved that schooner, and during the winter I had her fitted up as a private yacht. I've put her old captain in command with his three sons for crew, and now,

I and my wife and my only child are off for a three months' cruise along the Labrador coast and for some fishing. I feel that I want you as a companion, and I'm going to make it worth your while financially to join us. Name your terms and I draw a check in advance to your order, for come you must."

It was a great temptation, for, as you fellows know, I am angling and shooting crazy, and here was the opportunity of a lifetime. I asked for a few hours to wrestle with the proposition, and MacInloch said he would return at noon. When he did come back somehow or other I mustered up courage to say, no. He urged and urged me to change my mind, but having gotten out the "No" I stuck to it with heartfelt regrets: however, I lunched on board the yacht and then wished all hands *bon voyage*. As I rowed ashore I saw the sails hoisted and shortly the schooner was lost to sight behind Indian Point.

A few days later she was seen off the mouth of the Saguenay, but from that day nothing was ever heard of schooner, passengers or crew—not even a piece of wreckage was ever found.

So you see how strangely things are ordered in this world. I was the unconscious cause of sending seven people to their death, and saved my own life by a mere chance.





Late Chief Tahunrenche of Hurons
Lorette, P.Q.

Honorary Grand Chief of Huron Tribe

To G. M. Fairchild, Jr., Esq., the Worshipful and
Sporting Mayor of Cap Rouge,

Honored Sir:

I am much gratified at reading, in one of our city papers, that in the list of attractions for the coming week your name appears next to that of an exalted personage as likely to receive an honor not of infrequent occurrence in the past in our sport-loving community: in fact that the Lorette Redskins had, at a recent pow-wow, decided to initiate you, to the title, dignity and prerogative of a full fledged Honorary Huron Chief.

Of course, I concluded that after smoking so many pipes of peace, you were to be decked with the traditional wampum belt—the sable or brown tight-fitting coat—the gorgeous plumed head dress, crowned with feathers, the fringed leggins (mitasses), moccasins studded with the quills of the fretful porcupine, flourishing a truculent tomahawk, and sporting a stunning medal, ranging in size from that of a tea cup to that of a soup plate.

Such no doubt, I pictured to myself, must have been the *tenue de ceremonie* of the sons of the forest, who served under de Beaujeu at Ticonderaga, or bore a hand in scalping Murray's Highlanders, after the second battle of the Plains. Recollecting your past camp life, your innumerable encounters with the bear, caribou and carcajou, etc., in Laurentian forests, it occurred to me that our dusky brethren of Lorette had selected the right man to be transferred into a big Indian Chief.

I, in consequence, hurried to my museum to consult a picture of the grand presentation to His Majesty George IV., on 14th Dec., 1825, in London, of the famous Indian Chief, Tahunrenche, of Lorette, and found I had correctly described the toilette of this great warrior.

Allow me now to contribute this picture to your gallery of worthies, and believe me as ever

Yours faithfully,

J. M. LEMOINE.

The Council of the Chiefs of the Huron Nation will confer an Honorary Grand Chieftainship upon G. M. Fairchild, jr., Esq., Mayor of Cap Rouge, in addition to that which has been tendered to His Excellency Lord Minto, and accepted by the latter. The ceremony of installation in

both cases will take place on Feb. 5th on the Dufferin Terrace at 2.30 p.m. The Honorary Chiefs will each be presented with a birch bark document handsomely worked in porcupine quills, attesting their election into the tribe as chiefs. The acceptance of His Excellency was published in our issue of the 27th instant. That of Mr. Fairchild is as follows:—

Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge your favor of the 23rd instant, which conveys the announcement that it is the desire of the Huron Nation to confer upon me the distinguished favor of Honorary Grand Chief of their tribe. I am very deeply sensible of this signal mark of consideration, and I accept it with pleasure and with feelings of the heartiest interest in a people for whom I have ever entertained the sincerest regard. For upwards of thirty years I have been intimately associated with various members of the tribe, who have shared my camp-fires, and lived with me the life of the trapper and hunter for long months at a time. I love to bear testimony to the warm feeling of regard that ever existed between us. Many of these old companions have gone to the happy hunting grounds of the hereafter, but in their sons and successors I continue to find those traits that distinguish their fathers, and which have conferred upon the tribe the reputation it so well merits

of mighty hunters, keen trappers and faithful friends.

During the past thirty years I have dwelt on the borders of that great wilderness wherein you and your forefathers have hunted and trapped and in the many weeks or months spent by me in the chase it has ever been my good fortune to be accompanied by one or more members of your tribe, and my camp-fires have been the brighter for the association of those old comrades whose memory I love to recall, for those traits of endurance, faithfulness, keenness in hunt, knowledge of bush lore, and good comradeship. Many of those old friends, for friends they were, have passed to the silent majority, but among you present I recognize some who have also shared my camp-fires. My children love to recall the fact that it was their great, great, grand-father, the Hon. John Neilson, who accompanied a delegation of your tribe to England in 1825, and it was he who presented them at court to His Majesty King George the Fourth, where they were received with every consideration. I am especially proud that on this day selected by you to honor the representative of His Majesty King Edward in Canada, our Governor-General Lord Minto, by an honorary chieftainship, that I too should receive the same signal mark of your esteem.

Kindly convey to the Council of the Chiefs of the Hurons the expression of my unswerving loyalty to the interests of the tribe, and my sense of appreciation of the very signal honor which it is their intention to confer upon me on February 5th next.

Yours very truly,

G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.

The ceremony of conferring upon His Excellency the Governor-General, and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, as well as Mr. G. M. Fairchild, jr., the title of honorary chief, took place on the Dufferin Terrace. Some fifty Huron Indians, of both sexes, came in from Lorette for the occasion, accompanied by Mr. Henry O'Sullivan, Mr. Maurice Bastien, Indian agent, and others. The squaws were fully fifteen in number, and both they and the braves wore the full Indian regalia of the brightest colors imaginable, feather head-dresses, moccasins, and other Indian incidentals. Their brass band of about fifteen pieces was also present and played at intervals. The Indians, prior to the ceremony marched up and down the Terrace and then formed a ring, in which they received His Excellency, His Honor, and Mr. G. M. Fairchild, jr., and presented to them their certificates of chieftainship, written upon birch bark.

272 HON. GRAND CHIEF OF HURON TRIBE

The Indian title of Lord Minto is "Hohegathe", which signifies "He Defends His Country": that of Sir Louis A. Jette is "Hondionoagoste," meaning "Le Bel Esprit." while Mr. G. M. Fairchild, jr., "On-we-as-ta-rien," (Man of Thoughts).

HURON HYMN.

Esteialon de tson8e Jesus ahatoria
On'a8ate8a d'oki non8a d'ask8aëntak
Bis. { Ennonchien sk8atchihotat n'on8adilon-
rachiata
Jesus ahatoria (ter)

2

Aloki lonkithache Eronhialeronon
Ihontonk lontatiade ndio tsatontharonnion
Bis. { Marie on'a8ak8eton ndio sen tsatontharon-
nion
Jesus ahatoria (ter)

3

Achienk onthahonrask8a Thatiriho8annens
Tichion haloniondetha n'on8a achia hatch-
enk
Bis. Ond'ete\hahahak8at tichion aloniondetha
Jesus ahatoria. (ter)

4

Tho ichien stahation tethotond' Jesus
Ahotaten de tichion sta'chienk teha8enion
Bis. Ahalon8atorenten, ihontonk atsionsken
Jesus ahatoria (ter)

5

Onen ontahation tethotond' Jesus
Ahotichien nondianon kha hachienk adialon
Bis. Atho8anonronk8anion ihontonk o8erisen
Jesus ahatoria (Bis)

6

Tahek8alalenonten ahek8achiendaen
Thi hek8anonronk8anion de son8entenrade
Bis. Otolenti sk8anon8e ichierhe khenonhonstat
Jesus ahatoria (ter)



The Fur Trade of Quebec



FOR the last three centuries the fur trade on the North American continent has proved most fascinating to the speculative commercial spirits of the several European countries engaged in it. The chances for gain were immense if the cards proved propitious. The bolder spirits risked and either won or lost, but in the mean time a continent was gained whose value few men grasped in the early play of the game. Gold and Diamonds were sought for in a desultory way, but the bush concealed the gold, diamonds there were none. Furs there were in plenty, and this meant riches to those fortunate enough to secure them and land them in Europe in safety.

The seeking of the furs was intrusted to a class of adventurous and hardy navigators of the unknown seas supplemented by the efforts of a set of men who, valuing life cheaply, dared venture into remote wilds amongst a wild and savage people.

They loved the freedom from the restraint of civilization, as the Arab loves the desert. They dared all, and won or lost as it chanced. No mat-

ter the hardships encountered, no matter the privations endured, all was to be compensated for by the final gain of "pelt".

When Samuel de Champlain sailed up the St. Lawrence River and constructed the fort at Quebec in 1608, the idea of empire building was not the dominant one in his mind. First of all he was the agent for the de Monts and others, and they were looking for a return in furs. Secondly it was desirable to establish a permanent and safe depot from which to conduct their enterprises. The site of Quebec appealed to Champlain from its peculiar and advantageous position, and it was accordingly chosen. For nearly two centuries thereafter, Quebec remained the great centre of the fur trade carried on by the French over a great part of the West and North. The story of these operations as told by Jesuit, Recollet, Governor or stray chronicler, is as fascinating as a modern melodramatic novel

It opened with a double tragedy, the hanging of a man for conspiracy, and the death by scurvy of all but eight of the twenty-eight men who had remained with Champlain at Quebec through the first winter. Reinforced in the spring by the arrival of more men from France, Champlain gaily set forth to assist his Indian neighbors, the Algonquins and Hurons, against their implacable enemies the Iroquois. The flame of war thus fanned was

never subdued until Quebec passed into the hands of the English.

It made the gathering of furs an extra hazardous pursuit at all times, but the chance of the game had a potent charm in it that drew to it the reckless and dare-devil spirits who harbored at Quebec. If it was a punitive expedition against the hostile Indians, or a raid into the New England colonies, or a remote exploration into the pathless wilds for fur trading, it mattered little. There was always danger and excitement, and this was the keynote of their lives. As the years went on and France partially awoke to the fact that Canada might be worth a candle, some efforts were made towards colonization, and Quebec grew beyond the trading fort into a Metropolis of Governor, Intendant, Bishop, convents, monasteries, with the inevitable fur traders and their wild cohorts, for always the fur trade adhered as the one great important industry that overshadowed all others. Agriculture was of slow growth where a wilderness had first to be conquered, but in the wilderness itself were the riches of furs to be had by those bold enough to pass beyond its portals. The grants to officers serving with their regiments at Quebec of vast tracts of land along the St. Lawrence *en Seigncurie* was the means used to induce the grantee to get settlers upon the lands, and some progress was finally made in this direction. Many of the Sei-



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gneurs went to reside upon their own domains, where they endeavoured to maintain a feudal lord's state and grandeur, but this was often attended with disastrous results. Indeed to such lamentable straits were some of the Canadian *noblesse* reduced, about the middle of the seventeenth century, by their improvidence and the frequent depredations of the marauding savages, that their younger children went half-naked, while their wives and daughters were compelled to work in the fields. The sons of these mendicant *Seigneurs* with more energy, perhaps, than their Sires, but with the same disinclination for honest labor in the fields, banded together in small parties and struck out into the wilderness to trade with the Indians for beaver skins or to trap them on their own accord. In vain did the various Governors proclaim their proceedings illegal and threaten outlawry against them; equally vain the threats of excommunication thundered after them by the Jesuit Fathers and the Recollets; the taste of the freedom and the license of the camp-fire was far too potent, and defections from the ranks of the younger men in the colony still continued until it was estimated that over eight hundred of them were engaged in the nefarious pursuit of the beaver. Animated by a spirit of adventure they penetrated the great unknown wilderness from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the Hudson's

Bay or to the Mississippi. Many of them contracted alliances with the dusky maidens of the forest and acquired considerable influence in the Councils of the tribes from which they took their squaws, and in time became almost savage.

Once a year it was their custom to repair to one of the French towns to barter their peltries for further supplies, and to gamble and drink away any surplus. They dressed in a mixture of French and Indian finery, or as was often the case they stalked about as naked as an Indian. When their long debauch was ended they sought absolution from the priests and again the forests swallowed them up.

To such an extent was the beaver trade carried between the years 1650 and 1725 that even the Governors and Jesuits were charged with devoting more attention to it than to the secular and religious welfare of the colony. It entirely usurped the legitimate occupations of the people and at one period it threatened to become simply a community of beaver traders. Beaver skins became the currency of the colony. The company that controlled the exports were compelled by royal decree to take all skins offered at a fixed price.

From "The Journal of the Late Actions of the French in Canada," Bayard and Ludovick, 1693, I extract the following bit of information from the

evidence of one Andre Casparus, an escaped prisoner, before Governor Fletcher at New York.

"The said Andre says he saw a prodigious quantity of beavers at Ottawawa; an inhabitant of Canada called Jacques de Taille told him he had 3000 beavers of his own there and that there were as many beavers now in Ottawawa as would load 200 canows, and each canow generally hold from nine to ten hundred beavers."

This was simply the number collected in one district, and when to this is added the supply from six or seven other equally productive, some idea of the number of beavers annually caught is obtained. When the beaver hat went out of vogue in Europe the colony became bankrupt. The storehouses in Quebec were filled to overflowing with pelts for which there was no market, and it was decided to burn them, which was accordingly done.

Two of the servants of the French Company of One Hundred Associates, Raddison and Groseillier, adventurous explorers, made a journey to Hudson's Bay by Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg and thence by rivers and connecting waters. The advantages of this inland sea and the vast country tributary thereto for the purpose of fur trading impressed both men. Upon their return they set forth these advantages to their employers, who gave scant heed to their tale. Disappointed but

not discouraged, Radisson and Grosseilliers after many attempts to interest parties in the English colonies and France, finally took their scheme to England, where they succeeded in interesting Prince Rupert. A preliminary voyage to Hudson's Bay was made by Grosseilliers, who, returning the next year with a ship laden with furs, convinced Prince Rupert and his associates of the value of the proposal. Accordingly, in 1670, King Charles II granted a charter to the Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay, and this Corporation to-day known as the Hudson's Bay Company, is still in active existence and practically rules a vast domain. Its word is the law of the far north land, and even in remote parts of the province of Quebec. If it no longer governs by legal right, its power is mighty in a land where it controls the means of subsistence of every human soul. Its posts for trading for furs with the Indians are scattered from the Labrador coast to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, with a chain of intercommunication from one extreme end to the other, maintained by its wonderful system of dog trains and canoes. The picturesque *voyageur* and the *coureur de bois* under the French regime found little difference in his change of masters, the life was still the same under the Hudson Bay Company's employ, so he remained on, and became a part of its system. They no longer rendezvous at

Quebec as of yore, but you may find them on the St. Maurice, the tributaries of Lake St. John, and the Labrador coast, and thence throughout the North West. They differ little from their fathers, whose habits and customs are religiously followed.

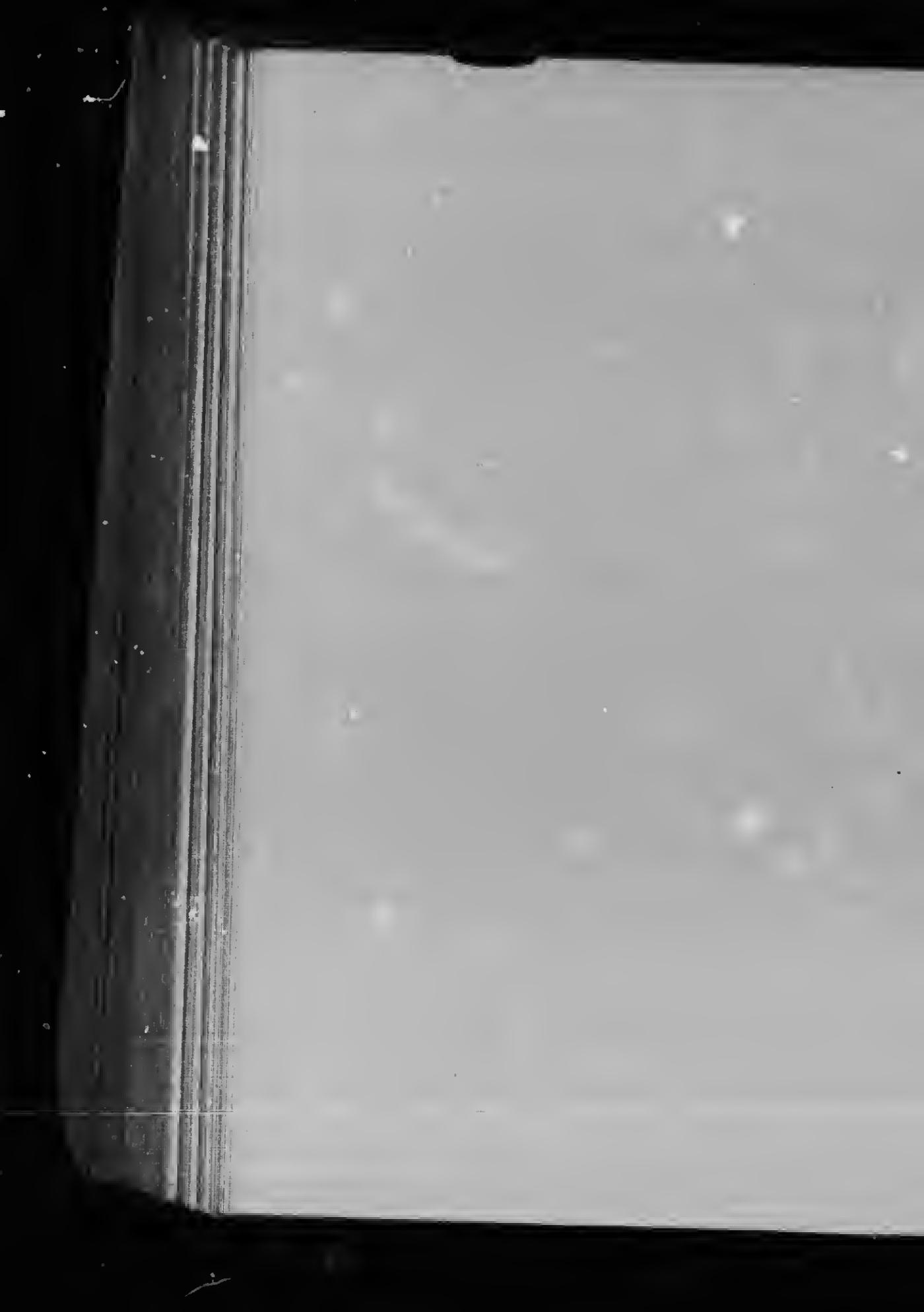
An important agency of the Company was maintained at Quebec for many years for the export of its furs from the Eastern sections of the country and for supplying the different posts. Since the advent of the independent fur trade, the Company has abandoned some of its near-by posts.

The fur trade of Quebec continues to be of very considerable importance through the agencies of the independent fur trader who is to be found wherever furs are to be obtained throughout the province, and oft-times outside of it. During the fall and winter thousands of men take to the bush to hunt and trap. They are the outdwellers of the newly opened parishes, and the nomad life is strong upon them. And here again the game of chance comes in. Jean may come out of the bush in the spring with three or four hundred dollars worth of furs if good fortune favors him. In this case he will journey to Quebec to dispose of them to the large dealers for he is then worth conjuring with. When he returns home he remains a very great fellow so long as his money and whiskey blanc hold out. The schooner captains from our long line of coast are almost all

agents for the dwellers thereon, trappers one and all, and whose season's results are sold in Québec, and the proceeds brought back in goods.

The tanning, dyeing and manufacturing of furs has ever been an important industry in Québec. It is now the generally accepted opinion that Québec excels in the manufacture of fine furs, and we have the anomaly of the thousands of American and English visitors to Québec in the summer season purchasing heavy winter furs. The increase in the demand for furs on this continent has advanced the prices for many varieties, and this has forced the furriers to look to other countries for substitutes.

Messrs Holt, Renfrew & Co., of Québec are among the noted firms on this continent who have carried fur manufacturing to its highest pitch of perfection, and enjoy a reputation for unusually fine workmanship, and for carrying one of the most complete stock of furs.



Where Military and Sporting Rifles are Made



IT WAS Lieut.-Col. E. Wurtele who courteously offered to conduct us over the Ross Rifle factory. It was Mr. Henry Bock, the able Superintendent, and Mr. W. O. Baines, of the staff, who brought our visit to a delightful close, by kindly suggesting some off hand shooting with the Ross rifle, that we might judge for ourselves of its efficiency as a military, and as a sporting weapon.

We were first taken into the "small parts" department, which occupies the entire lower floor of the immense building. Here in orderly alignment along many aisles were hundreds of machines tended by skilled workmen and turning out the various parts of a finished rifle. Now it may not be generally known that there are some 70 different pieces in such an arm, and each piece may have to pass through many machines before it is completely finished. All this machinery is complicated, but particularly designed for its specific work, when guided by human intelligence. And here let us say that we have never seen a more

highly organized body of men, alert, keen and capable, and proud of their work. To attempt a detailed description of all this machinery would be quite outside the scope of this article, but it may be passingly said that there are planes that would shave a hair, lathes to turn a double eccentric on the most minute part of a rifle, borers that will drive a hole the size of a pin point through six inches of steel, burnishers that give a looking-glass polish, metal testers that tell to a fraction the tensile strength of steel, gauges that size every part of the rifle to prevent misfits anywhere, for the reader must bear in mind that in a rapid fire rifle there must be no clogging, the gun must be in as good working condition after rounds and rounds of ammunition have been fired as at the first shot. Therefore, minute accuracy and high finish are absolutely necessary in every piece of the mechanism.

We mounted to another floor, which is devoted to the larger work, the turning and finishing the gun stocks, and the boring of the rifle barrels and their polishing. Again dexterous machines guided by highly skilled attendants perform the work. The round solid steel bars for the rifle barrels are specially made for the Ross Co., but the boring is done in the factory. An immovable drill is horizontally set and the bar of steel is made to revolve against this drill at a very high rate of

speed, and with a sufficient pressure to cut its way through. Reaming and polishing then follow. Eccentric lathes fashion the gun stock, and other ingeniously contrived machines groove it for the barrel, and cut it for the reception of the lock and breech. The final polishing and oiling of the stock is done by hand.

In another large room, dozens of women and young girls were examining and gauging all the small parts of the rifle. The slightest irregularity discovered, the part is sent back to the machine room for alteration and correction.

Now that barrel, stock and parts are completed they are sent to another department, where a large staff of skilled operatives put them together, and the rifle is now ready for its first working test. This is a severe and critical one, yet it is only one of many that follows before the rifle is accepted by the Government. The department of Militia and Defence keeps a corps of experienced officers at the factory to test every arm. There is a 1,000 yards range and each rifle is set in a fixed stand, sighted for the distance, and a certain number of shots fired and the score record must come up to the fixed standard of hits. The regulation 303 ammunition is alone used. Other firing tests are made, such as a test for heating or blocking. Major Pym, of the Imperial Service, is the officer in charge of the Government Inspection.

Our tour of the factory over, we made a practical test of the shooting quality of the rifle by firing fifty or sixty rounds at some buoys in the river at distances of from 700 to 1200 yards. The firing was done standing and without any artificial rest. The scoring was remarkably good. Our octogenarian friend, Mr. John Budden, led us all in the number of hits, and he was quite prepared to say that a caribou would have had no chance of escape from any of our markmanship.

The claim of superiority for the Ross rifle as a military weapon is that it is $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. lighter than the Lee-Enfield. The bolt action is simple, requiring but one motion to unload, and a forward one to recharge. The magazine is contained within the stock and the five cartridges which it carries may be literally dumped in at once. No tedious process of laborious working in one cartridge at a time into the magazine. The sights for long distance work differ from any other in the market in simplicity, and for rapid and effective shooting. All these are advantages which every rifleman will understand.

In taking our leave, Mr. Bock, the superintendent, remarked: "I am very glad to have had the opportunity of showing you over the factory, as there is an opinion somewhat prevalent that we are not doing much, when, as a matter of fact we are employing over 500 hands, and running

the factory night and day, and we are, as you have seen, a pretty busy concern. We are already enlarging the factory, and when the addition is built, we shall increase our force of operatives, and our output."

The distinctive feature of the Ross Rifle is popularly supposed to be the straight-pull bolt action, but in reality one of the chief reasons which led to the adoption of this rifle by the Canadian Government was the great improvement made in magazine construction. The Ross magazine possesses the great advantage that it can be loaded, both from a clip and with loose cartridges, and further it can be loaded with loose cartridges as quickly as a clip or charger can be inserted in any other rifle.

In adopting this rifle the Canadian Government obtained a weapon that any change in firing tactics would not make obsolete, and further they had the advantage of being able to retain single loading tactics without sacrificing possible speed of fire for any interval of time.

The bolt form of breech closure is the sole survivor of all the various forms put forward in the early days of magazine arms. This form can be subdivided into two classes according to the manner of moving the operating handle:

First—Those in which the bolt is opened by first giving the handle a quarter turn and then

drawing it directly back; reversing these operations closes the bolt.

Second—Those in which the bolt is operated by moving the operating handle directly forward and back in closing and opening the bolt.

The Mannlicher rifle and carbine of the Austrian army, the Schmitt of Switzerland, and the Ross of Canada, are examples of the second class. The advantage of the second or straight pull class lies in the greater rapidity with which the bolt mechanism can be operated and in the fact that it is unnecessary to remove the pieces from the shoulder in employing the magazine.

Until the advent of the Ross Mark II. Rifle the primary extraction of the cartridge shell in all straight-pull rifles could only be effected by storing up enough momentum in the first movement of bolt to cause the extraction to deliver a blow against the cartridge rim sufficient to start it out of the chamber.

The first Ross Mark I rifles were fitted with this form of extraction. When the first rifles of this mark were issued it was found that the great rapidity of fire attainable with the combination of the straight-pull action and the Ross magazine was such as at times to heat the barrel to such an extent as to make the extraction inconveniently difficult. While this was a demonstration of the inherent advantages of the Ross Rifle, yet it was a

matter demanding correction in order that the full benefit of these inherent qualities might be attained. The bolt action was accordingly remodelled. A powerful cam was applied to effect the primary extraction and in order to increase the ease of manipulating the bolt and decrease the fatigue of the soldier during rapid firing the compression of the main spring was effected during the opening of the bolt instead of during the last part of the closing movement.

These improvements were embodied in what is known as the Ross Mark II. Rifle of the Canadian Militia, which is without doubt the most perfect and formidable weapon in the hands of any troops the world over.

The qualities which make the Ross Mark II. Rifle pre-eminent among military guns have been fully recognized by the sportsmen of the Dominion as being very desirable in sporting weapons and the demand for such rifles built on the Ross system has developed to such an extent that the Ross Rifle Company has already undertaken the manufacture of three lines of sporters equipped with the Ross Magazine and the Mark II. action.

The Mark II. Model M rifle is a combination sporting and target rifle, being equipped with long range sights. Its calibre is .303 and it is chambered for the British service cartridge.

The Mark II. Model B Rifle uses the same cartridge. It is a purely sporting weapon, and exhibits in finish the acme of perfection in the gun-maker's art.

The Mark II. Model H Rifle is a special high velocity weapon. Its calibre is .280. It gives the marvelous velocity of 2,700 feet per second. In finish it belongs to the same class as Model B.

In order to make room for this new and rapidly growing branch of their business, and looking forward to taking up the manufacture of shot guns and automatic pistols, the Company have decided upon the erection of a branch factory, and are at present studying the advantages of location for such a branch factory in different Ontario cities.

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A Letter to Sportsmen

Dr. Frank M. Johnson of Boston, the author of that superb work: "Forest, Lake and Stream," was a delegate from Massachusetts to the Convention of the N. A. Fish and Game Protection Association that was held in Quebec in February last. He arrived too late to read a carefully prepared paper, and only in time to say a few words. The paper was handed me by the Doctor to read, and I found so much good stuff in it that I begged his permission to publish it. It appeals to every true sportsman.

G. M. F. Jr.

Mr. President, and Members of North American Fish and Game Protection Association:—

It is indeed a keen pleasure for me to extend to you the greetings of your fellow-sportsmen from the States.

While at the present moment, the rainbow tints of your autumn leaf do not mirror their gleams of golden reds 'mid the silver of our stars and stripes, yet does it seem that in one respect there is perfect accord and perfect unison. Surely this

must be truth, absolute and real, when we, the sportsmen of two great nations, meet as brothers of the wild, the free, and our hearts beat only in the one dominant pulsation of love for our great and dear mother Nature. Nature who asks so little yet gives so much, Nature, who alone teaches truth, and exquisite perfection. In dell or glade, on mountain side or by soft purling streams, o'er mighty lake or calmly flowing river, amid the witchery of bursting greens, or when the sparkling purity of the white mantle is thrown over all the earth by the snow king; when grand old forests sigh their requiem, their lullaby of eventide, or an enthusiastic welcome, from the hearts and voices of pine, fir and cedar; when with crash the noble waters break into seething, living foam and vapors; not even once, amid your splendid wilds or ours, do we ever see dear old Mother Nature make a single mistake, nor mar in one iota the superb harmony that has forever ruled the universe.

So in time have we mortals been taught the reverence due from us to God, who gave us gifts and joys beyond the power of expression. If we then become ardent lovers of Nature, and if in our inmost souls we wish to show our appreciation, how better can we do it than by being sportsmen in the highest sense of this title. If then, you all with me believe in the debt we owe, let us unite and use every effort to protect and not to destroy.

To the wild life of the woodland, be merciful, for you are the stronger. Therefore, slay not for the mere sake of the killing, but because life, far away from civilization, demands food. Even then, gentlemen, there is a way to kill rightly and not to slaughter. Use the bullet when possible not the shot, and remember that the beautiful birds of the air must, if at all, be taken always upon the wing. It is not the size of the bag, but the method of the killing that gives honor to him who kills.

Again, when on magic lake, or by the swirl of rapids, or, perchance, on some smoother laughing stream we tempt the denizens of the watery world to our dainty lures, that soon may kill, let me entreat you to fashion your enticements to a nicety so that the chances are with our piscatorial friends rather than with you and the skill that may be yours. Let our creels be judged, not by the number taken, but by the time of battle before the yielding of the conquered.

Without the guardianship of magnificent forests, the fur, fin and feather would soon cease to be. I would here then make an earnest plea for protection, for security from those reckless persons who think not of to-morrow or of those who will come after them, but who are satiated only with slaughter, and who care for naught else. If laws are not strong enough, then have them made

stronger, and look to it that these laws are enforced. If coin of the realm is needed to save our forests from destruction, then don't simply talk about it, but plan for it and get it, and, gentlemen, see to it that things are done and done while we of this generation live.

In the domains of Canada, where camp-fire gleamed, even where the woods once resounded with the war-cries of the Indian brave, or witnessed the deeds of mighty hunters, yea, even in the seclusion of mighty depths of forest, have I, the stranger thanked the Creator for life, and for the breath of perfumed air. In my gladness and prayer of thanksgiving have I become saddened when at times I marked the curse of the fire fiend. At one moment beauty and soul-filling bewilderment of the harmonies of shading greens, and in the twinkling of an eye nothing but the charred and blackened reminders of monarchs that were, and the grief became still more poignant, when gaunt, stripped and dead, rising to the blue sky alone, were scattered here and there, the ghosts of stately pines. Even heaven rebels at such desecrations and attempts to blot out the direful picture, by covering the unsightly ashes with the tiny leaflets and blushing bloom of the bending bush berry.

Yet again in the deep, dark recesses of your woodlands have I often noticed the unnecessary felling of magnificent trees, which for some reason

of the moment had been left to decay where they had fallen. 'Tis no picture of fancy that I paint, but one of reality, and this is a wantonness that can and should be stopped. As your superb rivers, owned by clubs and private individuals, have their waters guarded by paid keepers, so should adequate provision be made to protect your forest growth. In the heart of your forests lie the head waters and birthplace of mighty rivers. If these forests are destroyed, what then will become of these magnificent streams?

I have by courtsey (always so gracefully extended by you gentlemen of Canada) fished your salmon rivers and found places where every fish taken on the fly showed the cruel mark of the net. This was simply because people living along the borders were allowed to make use of nets, with hardly any restriction as to the manner, and these nets were placed at a point where fish fresh from the sea at the beginning of the spawning season had to pass on their way to waters where they sought the breeding spots that the golden sands might give.

Gentlemen, all I say means not for one instant to savor of fault finding. It is rather because I love and always have loved your Canadian wilds. It is because I fully realize what a glorious country is yours. Full well do I realize how even more glorious still it can be made for us and for the

generations to come,—if realization becomes a pertinent factor now, and before it is too late,—if such a proper protection be enforced. Do not, I implore you, let this end in the mere sounding of a danger note about the social board. The world is looking to-day toward you, gentlemen of Canada, waiting to see you act, waiting to have you set the example, waiting to feel that you have conquered. Better and truer sportsmen are growing up every day of each year. They will not again make the mistakes some of us have made. They will not repeat experiences we have so dearly paid for, but each and every one of us can help to make possible all that I have brought to your notice, and practically carried out. So let us lend our aid and authority and means, both in Canada and the United States to:—first, protection of our forests from destruction by fires, from ruthless and unnecessary devastation from the axe; second, preservation of all our game fish by practical and more forceful laws respecting the use of nets and illegal capture. To you who are the followers of Walton, will I say but this, regard the delicate skill as the mark of honor and excellence. Insist upon the artificial culture of the different fish by Government and State hatcheries as the truer method to increase the supply. Let laws regarding the method of the taking be made much more trenchant, and let those who break such laws be promptly punished.

To you all, who fish alone for pleasure, would I make a plea for the single hook, and frown upon and cast aside those clever devilish devices that only rob our beloved art of its very soul and life.

Third—look better after our wild game animals and our feathered game. The honest huntsman too often use the bullet rather than shot, and the camera even more often than the rifle. For those who care not and will not limit the number of the kill in a day or a season, see to it that they are condemned by public opinion.

Indeed, gentlemen, the reasons I have enumerated for better conditions and more sportsmen-like methods will, I trust commend themselves to you. After all, dear fellow-sportsmen, it is not the replete creel, nor the over-laden bag, nor the number of the kill for which we seek in the grand old forests, or on lake, stream or river. It is, believe me, the respite from cares and the peace that comes to wearied and overtaxed minds and bodies. It is the cool, refreshing, soothing, healing air that comforts and restores. 'Tis the freedom of the wild, far, far away from the feverish pulsation of cities' strife. It is the magic balm, born 'mid the everlasting hills, fresh from the hearts of the pine, that gives the joys for which they crave. 'Tis the beauty of heaven's zone of blue, of the changing clouds of sky, or the sweet song of brook's lullaby. Nay, it may be the golden purpling of

eventide at the close of a well-spent day, when the dazzling orb bids good-night to its beloved hills; or, perchance, the splendor of a day new born, when its blush first spreads o'er the fast-fleeing, fleecy clouds, and the greeting kiss of morn is given. Methinks it might be the fairy lights that from camp-fires gleam, where rested and refreshed, adventures and the luck are chatted over and over, while far above in the velvet blackness of fast-coming night, blossom the golden sparkling stars like mystic flowers under the touch of the great Magician. I know not what in reality it is. I only know that the grand, dear woods always, whether in storm or sunshine, daylight or darkness, morn or eventide, are replete with so much that thrills and intoxicates the senses, that I can better understand now, in the years that have been granted me, how even the savage, who knew not civilization or education, gleaned enough, each one for himself, enough to satisfy and delight, so that when he knew that his days had come and gone, wished only to be transported to a happy hunting ground, his one strong wish and desire even while the angel of death was nigh. This thought to him was dear, crude even as he was in his methods of capture and kill, devoid as he was of the comforts that now are ours.

If, then, we learn the lessons, the real and true

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G. W. Batchelder and Guide after Caribou

lessons, taught to us by every leaf and flower, by bird, bush and bud, by bending twig, by the life in the waters, by the fleet and swift inhabitants of hill, dale and forest, by sky and mountain, by meadow and lakeland, stream and river, we learn only truth, only the good and pure, and we are the better in each and every way.

FRANK M. JOHNSON, M.D.



At the Mekinac



THE "Ancient and Honorable," the Commodore and, I were guests of that well known veteran of the American War. Capt. G. W. Batchelder of Boston, at his beautiful camp on Lake Chateau some eighteen miles from Grande Piles on the St. Maurice River. We had reached there after a day of journeying from Quebec with all the attending episodes of a varied day's adventures on cars, boat and trail to the camp. We had had the early evening's fishing on the lake and our verdict was "immense." Our genial host had superintended a dinner that left nothing to be desired either in service or menu. A big crackling fire in the open hearth of odorous green birch wood, and the fragrant cigars with the *pousse café*, put us all in the humor to reminisce. I started the ball rolling with some little anecdote, and then I called upon the Commodore to give us from out of his experience, and his response was as follows:

"Visitors to the Coast of Labrador often hear strange stories concerning some of the people settled there, and on one of my official trips I found

a case which may interest you. I will make the story as short as possible.

In the month of September, 1870, I left on board one of the Government light-house supply steamers under my control, calling at some of the principal stations. At Egg Island the steamer required to remain over for a couple of days, while the workmen attended to some necessary repairs required there. Taking advantage of this delay, I left, with the Captain as my companion, for a day's salmon fishing in a river not far off; we went up in the steamer's boat, with four sailors to row her; when we reached the mouth of the river we saw a small house nearby and a man came down to the shore where we landed, who helped us haul up our boat. I questioned him about my chance of getting a salmon; he answered me that there were some up the river at a pool at the foot of the falls. I engaged him to guide us, and after a walk of about three miles or so we came to the pool he spoke about, but notwithstanding all my efforts, changing one good fly for another, not a salmon would rise. I succeeded, however, in catching a number of fine sea trout. Well contented with my luck, we decided to leave and returned to our boat, but when we reached the shore the wind had become so strong that the heavy waves breaking upon the beach compelled us to seek shelter in the house for the night. The Captain and I went into the

house and found seated in a corner a woman smoking a pipe; she told me she was our guide's wife, he being with the men who were in a small shed nearby. I asked her a few questions, when I noticed by her answers that she was evidently more or less educated. I asked her whether she was born on the Coast; she answered, "Oh! no, Sir, I was born in Quebec and educated in a Convent; my parents were well-to-do people, but I was a sickly girl, and our doctor advised sea air for me; having an uncle, who owned a trading schooner, he offered to take me for a trip as far as the Straits of Belle Isle, on his last trip of that season. I went with him and notwithstanding the rough weather we encountered it did me much good, but, unfortunately, on our return, we were wrecked near Esquimaux Point and were obliged to winter there, and there I married. My husband soon showed signs of a very jealous nature, and decided we should go away from that place; he built a large fishing boat, called a barge, fitted it with sails and procured a number of traps and provisions and we sailed away for the Island of Anticosti. We coasted along the shores until we came to the most isolated place near the South Point of the Island of Anticosti, where we landed, built a log hut, and settled down to make it our home. Then began some of the hardest trials of my life; my husband would go way back to some lakes, set

his traps and remain away for many days at a time. On one occasion, while he was absent, three large black bears came prowling near by, seeking for food among the sea-weed washed up on the shore, and I shot the three of them at different times from out of the window. My husband, when he returned, was quite proud of my good luck in adding such fine skins to his lot, all of which we would trade for provisions with masters of schooners, who came yearly to deal on the Coast. One winter, while my husband was away, our hut burned down, and I was left to do the best I could; fortunately we had a small shack near by, and I made it as comfortable as possible, and when he returned we set to work, and built another log-house.

Later we packed up again, and sailed away for Labrador and landed at this place, built the house we now occupy, and have been here about four years." I asked her why they did not come up to Quebec, she answered: "knowing no one there and I would probably not be able to find wages to earn a living there and besides he prefers this isolated kind of life."

The next year however, they came up to Quebec and I procured him work with a good cooper, and they spent some time in the City. You will hardly believe it when I tell you that she begged him to go back to that same Labrador home; and back

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Commodore J. U. Gregory, I.S.O.



they went. A couple of years after this I was sitting in my office when my messenger informed me that a lady wanted to see me; he ushered in a woman, dressed in deep mourning, who stood before me, and when she lifted her crape veil I found that my visitor was none other than my Labrador hostess. I asked her whether her husband had come back with her; she answered, No! do you not see that I am in mourning, he is dead. I asked her to sit down and tell me all about her life after they returned to Labrador, which she did. Her story is as follows:—

When they returned to their home, where I visited them, they settled down to their former style of life, engaged in fishing during the summer and trapping in the winter, and as soon as the ice became strong enough to bear them over swamps streams and lakes and the ground was well covered with snow, they would pack up their provisions, frying pan, tea pots, blankets, tent and traps on a sled, or kometric, hauled by three dogs, and travel way back generally on snowshoes, nearly a hundred miles, to a large lake where they would camp for the whole winter attending to their traps and bringing back with them the skins of the fur bearing animals they would capture, and sometimes do pretty well with the sale of the furs. On the last winter, after being encamped for some time, her husband went down to the borders of the lake to

bring up a pail of water which he would fill from a hole cut in the ice for the purpose; the last time he went down to the lake for that purpose, not returning within a reasonable time, she became anxious about him and went down to see what kept him, and she found him evidently stricken by a severe attack of paralysis, and quite insensible; she managed to haul him up to the tent and did all she could to revive him, but during the night he died, and she was left alone with the corpse of her husband, nearly one hundred miles away from any habitation. "You may well imagine, Sir, the horrors of my position, no assistance to be had anywhere; I remained two or three days hardly knowing what to do, when I decided to attach my husband's body to the kometric and leave with it to find my way back to the house; it took me several days before I could reach home with my load. I went off and got the assistance of a fisherman and his sons some several miles away, to come with me and help me bury my husband's body. I expressed my deepest sympathy for her, and hopes for the future bettering of her condition. You will be surprised to learn that, after a year's stay in Quebec, I was informed that she had again returned to her old Labrador home, giving for reasons that she was really happier there than she could be in Quebec, and I understood she married a fisherman down there;

he dying, she became a widow again, and came up to Quebec for some time. I met her once when she told me she was trying to get to the Island of Anticosti where she hoped she might find something to do among the people engaged by the present owner of that Island, Mr. Henri Menier, the well known Chocolate King, of Paris. She never had any children, and appeared to have no one to look after her, but was nevertheless cheerful. I have completely lost sight of her since.

This is one of several true stories I know of concerning Labrador life. With all the hardships encountered, there are people living on that shore you could not induce to leave; some have tried to do so, but in most cases after a sojourn of a couple of years they would return to their old mode of living on that bleak coast, many of them claiming that their health was better, and that they enjoyed greater freedom, and that they loved the sea-shore life.

The "Ancient and Honorable," whose turn it now was to spin a yarn, delivered himself as follows:

Some years ago I was cruising along the Labrador Coast in the good steam yacht Snipe as a guest of her owner James W——of Montreal. We had permits for pretty nearly every salmon river and in several of them we had had fair sport.

When we arrived off the Marin River and had anchored, we received a call from the Hudson Bay Factor, a splendid specimen of a Scotchman of about thirty-five years of age. After drinking our healths and wishing us good sport on the river, he ended by saying: "Gentlemen, it will give me a great deal of pleasure to see you at the post this evening. I cannot offer you champagne, but I can give you a good rum punch and some of as fine old brandy as ever you tasted."

The invitation was accepted and Mr. Factor departed in his boat. After dinner we were rowed ashore and were heartily welcomed at the Post by the Factor. We were ushered into the big living room, which showed evidences of the good taste of the Factor in all its appointments.

"Gentlemen," said he, "pray be seated," and touching a bell, a moment later there appeared a very handsome young Montagnais Squaw. He gave her some orders in her own tongue, and a little later she reappeared with some five or six bottles of brandy, and then a bowl of punch. Our party, though not temperance, were a temperate lot, and we exchanged glances at these profuse preparations.

"Now gentlemen," said the Factor, "we'll make a night of it and going to the door he locked it, and put the big key in his pocket. "Fill your glasses and we'll begin," said he, "for I'm going to keep you here until every drop of punch and all

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1. Cliff Steps
2. At Mekinac
3. G. W. Batchelder's Camp, Mekinac



these bottles are emptied. I had a party of American yachtsmen here last month, and I kept them locked up here for two days."

It now dawned upon us that the man was either crazy or was in D-Ts, and in undertones we began to devise how we were to get out of the infernal scrape we were in.

S—, whose wits were ever alive, got us all interested in the various things about the room, and while the Factor's attention was thus diverted, was emptying the bottles into a big open knot-hole in the floor.

When at last there was no more to drink the factor said: "Gentlemen you have done me proud. To-morrow we will repeat this," and then he unlocked the door for our escape.

Next morning early, with the flood tide, we started in the small boats up the river to fish for salmon. Scarcely had we got under weigh than a figure appeared from out the post clad only in a night shirt. It carried a rifle, however, as we soon discovered when bullets began to splash all about us. It was a trying moment until the figure again disappeared into the house.

For two days we fished the river with no further news of our eccentric host. We caught many salmon.

Upon our return, and just before we hoisted anchor, a boat put off from shore, and our late host

came aboard. He showed no sign of his late debauch, nor did he allude to it. He wished us bon voyage, and there apparently ended the incident.

A year later, however, I was in Montreal and had occasion to visit the Cote des Neiges Cemetery. I saw some men putting up a slab, and I stopped to see whose it was. To my astonishment, it commemorated the death of the Factor of River Marin, our friend and entertainer of the preceding year.

And now, Batchelder, what have you to tell, or otherwise we must pass judgement upon and penalize you for contumacy.

Our host laughed one of his quiet little laughs, and turning in the direction of the "Ancient and Hororable" said:

"I am going to tell you an amusing little story of where pure luck, stupid luck, made the fortune of a man I once knew. His name was Jackman, and he lived on a rough hillside farm in Vermont, just outside the little town of Wessel. He was't particularly noted for energy, or any other of the New England virtues. Much of his time was spent about the Village tavern, and he was always ready for a long chat, and a long drink with anyone who would stand treat. His farm was mortgaged and as the years went on his affairs grew worse and worse. He was an angler, as all

idle fellows are, and when he was'nt loafing at the tavern, he was pretty certain to be a-fishing. One morning while he was sitting on the verandah of the hotel, his chair tilted back and his feet on the railing, a stranger stepped out of the house, drew up a chair alongside of Jackman, and at once entered into conversation.

"Resident of this town, I suppose?" said the stranger.

"Yes," replied Jackman, "but gettin' sick of it, no money in farmin' these days."

"Don't say," said the stranger, "well I'm just about sick of my job, and would like to try farmin' for a change."

"What particular line is yours?" asked Jackman.

"Selling patent rights in a water-wheel for the different states," said the stranger.

"Good wheel?" asked Jackman, who had a strong leaning to anything in the way of a patent.

"None better," answered the stranger, "I've sold Vermont, and have only got Western Pennsylvania left, but I'm tired of travelling and I've taken a fancy to this country up here."

Jackman saw his opportunity. He invited the stranger to "licker up," and the stranger invited Jackman to "licker up," and the end of it was that Jackman closed for his mortgaged farm to

the stranger for the patent rights of the water-wheel for Western Pennsylvania.

A few days later Jackman started for Pennsylvania. For days and weeks he wandered about that State trying to sell water-wheels, which no one appeared to want. One morning, while sitting discouraged and almost penniless at the door of a little roadside house, an even more disconsolate looking individual sat down beside him on the bench.

"Kinder dull 'round these parts," said the stranger.

"Well I should smile if it aint," answered Jackman.

"What are you tryin' to sell?" asked the stranger.

"Patent water-wheel," replied Jackman, "and you, stranger."

"Up to yesterday I was selling patent churns, but in this blame country they don't keep cows, so yesterday I swopped my rights in the churn with a fellow for two lots of land," and the stranger smiled.

"Good land?" enquired Jackman.

"Could'nt say," answered the stranger, "never saw it."

"Like to trade 'em," said Jackman.

"Don't know but what I would," replied the other.

Well, not to make a long story, Jackman traded his water wheel for the lots of land, and the deeds were transferred, and then Jackman walked home to Vermont. This tired him so much that for another year he mostly sat around the bar-room of the hotel in Wessel trying to get rested out.

Then came another stranger to the hotel and after registering he asked the proprietor if he knew a man by the name of Jackson.

"That's him," said the landlord at the same time pointing to Jackman.

The stranger and Jackman "shook," and then they adjourned to the bar.

"Now, Mr. Jackman, I've come a long way to see you on a matter of business, and when I've any of that on hand, I believe in going right to headquarters. Me and some friends of mine in Pennsylvania are going to start a game club, and I see that two lots of land stood in your name, and these lots are in the locality we've staked. Now Mr. Jackman, they are not worth a cent except to breed partridges on, but I'm disposed to deal handsomely by you, and offer you \$1,000 cash down if the transfer is made at once."

Jackman could have embraced the stranger, but not wishing to appear too eager, he said he must first consult Mrs. Jackman, who would also have to sign the deed if they decided to sell, and off he went promising to return within an hour.

He was so full of his good luck that he stopped in to tell Squire Ream of it.

"Hold on a moment, Jackman," said the Squire "where did you say this land was?"

"In Acme, Pennsylvania, Squire."

"Well," replied the Squire, "they've struck oil in those parts, and I guess your friend is'nt going to set up no game club. You go back to the hotel, Jackman, say you have consulted your lawyer, and that you refuse to sell under \$75,000."

The stranger met Jackman at the hotel door, and at once said, "I'm afraid, Mr. Jackman, I offered too much for those lots."

"Oh! did you?" replied Jackman, "and I've decided not to sell at your offer. My price now is \$75,000, oil or no oil. Do you catch on?"

"I do," said the stranger, "and I guess, friend Jackman, you have also caught on—so let's get right down to business." And down to business they got, and when it was finished Jackman had \$65,000 cash paid, and the stranger had the deed.

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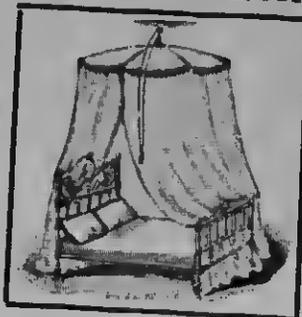
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