Quebec: History and Romance

CHATEAU FRONTENAC From CITADEL

QUEBEC, the cradle of New France, will celebrate its four hundredth birthday within a few years. It is the oldest city in North America, and its story is not only history but romance. It stands in a unique city, standing alone as a sort of historical napkin between the days that are and the days long gone by, which cannot be duplicated either in the old world or the new. Jacques Cartier, a sailor of St. Malo in France, discovered its site in 1535. He was the first white man to set foot upon the soil of Canada, the name of which is derived from "Kanata," the Indian word meaning "A Collection of Huts." Two years later Cartier made a second voyage to the St. Lawrence and became friendly with Donnacona, an Indian chief who was ruler of Stadacona, a village which then occupied part of the present site of Quebec.

Following Cartier came Champlain, Frontenac, La Salle, and a succession of other intrepid seekers of fortune, who founded and built the city bought with the Indians and explored the Great Lakes, the Mississippi river and vast areas of the interior of the United States, which were named Louisiana by La Salle.

The old and new still rub shoulders in Quebec. Its inhabitants spoke French more than three centuries ago, and the majority of them still speak the same language. Many old buildings with romantic histories are still to be seen, and in striking contrast to them are splendid buildings of modern construction.

"What a Beak!"

When Cartier's sailors first sighted Cape Diamond, a mighty crag projecting into the St. Lawrence and towering 200 feet above it, they are said to have exclaimed, "Quel Bec!" meaning "What a beak." This, according to some authorities, is how Quebec got its name. The first settlement at Quebec was on the shore at the foot of Cape Diamond, and later Frontenac built the Chateau St. Louis, a combination of residence and fort, on the height above. The early French settlers of Quebec were almost constantly harried by the ferocious Iroquois, who many times killed the outposts and charged the stockade surrounding the fort itself, despite the fact that it was defended by small arms and cannon. The Iroquois came from what is now New York state, and from time to time French soldiers and their Indian allies, the Hurons, crossed the St. Lawrence and penetrated the wilderness over which the Iroquois claimed, destroying their villages as a matter of reprisal.

Dufferin Terrace, Quebec's favorite promenade of today, overlooking the vast stretches of the St. Lawrence, was the scene of numerous Indian attacks. A big hotel closely resembling an old French chateau now stands on the very spot where stood the Chateau St Louis and part of the cellar of this famous fort is still to be seen beneath the planking of the Terrace. When Sir William Phipps' fleet sailed up the St. Lawrence in 1690 and demanded Quebec's surrender, Comte de Frontenac the Governor and vice Roy of New France, replied to the summons, "I will answer you from the mouths of these cannon."

Phipps opened fire from the river and Frontenac's guns replied from the heights with such good aim that the English fleet retired, and the lower town today stands a picturesque little church. Notre-Dame des Victoires, which was struck by some of the English cannon balls, and received its name from the victory over Phipps and for another deliverance in 1711 when a second English fleet under Sir Hovenden Walker was almost wholly destroyed by a storm in the Gulf of St Lawrence while on its way to attack Quebec. Wolfes batteries at Levis across the river also partially destroyed the Notre Dame church. Opposite which this church is now erected in 1908 when Champlain founded his settlement. All traces of it have disappeared and even the place where the intrepid soldier explorer was buried is unknown.

Quebec's first street, Sous-le-Cap, is also the narrowest street in America. It winds through the center of blocks of houses many of which are connected by bridges across the quaint thoroughfare. This street upon which swag-gered the soldiers of Champlain, Frontenac and La Salle is so hidden away that it is not easy to find but no visitor who wants to see old Quebec fails to visit Sous-le-Cap.

Historic Ground.

At the foot of the heights runs Champlain street along which tom Richard Montgomery was marching with his band of colonial soldiers to attack Quebec in December, 1775, when he and his aides were mowed down by a discharge of grape and canister from a British block house. Montgomery's body was buried in Quebec for 43 years and was then removed to New York where it suffered its old age. Parks church, with the sound of the footsteps of Broadway's hurrying thousands, on the wall of a bank at the corner of St. Peter and St. James streets, is a bronze tablet marking the spot where Gen. Benedict Arnold operating against Quebec at the same time as Montgomery, was wounded and defeated in his attempt to storm the heights.

Every foot of Quebec's five times besieged by white enemies alone—not counting red is historic ground, and the visitor who cares to view interesting places will do well to read the romantic story of the old city before he leaves. His calèche and stinger or his quaint sleigh in the winter carnival weeks. As a matter of fact, however, Quebec is not difficult to see afoot, providing one does not object to a bit of hill climbing. Within a stone's throw of Dufferin Terrace is the Place d'Armes, where Champlain and Huron Indians under the protection of his French guns, and later the scene of military parades, public meetings and fashionable promenades during the old French regime. Rising 200 feet above Dufferin Terrace and 300 feet above the St. Lawrence is the famous old Citadel with its stone walls and frowning cannon. In winter the shoulder of this hill is the starting point of the triple toboggan slide down which the gaily clad merrymakers speed the full length of the terrace. But a few years from them is the "Governor's Garden," the chief attraction of which is a lofty shaft of granite erected in 1828 to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, both of whom were killed in the battle on the plains of Abraham near by, which ended the rule of the French.

History, however, is not the only interesting thing about Quebec. It is a handsome, well built city, with fine streets and splendid public buildings. The people are lovers of the great out doors and there is sport aplenty in both summer and winter. When the Governor King has opened his months of residence over the heights, the people rejoy every known winter sport including snow-shoeing, tobogganing, skiing, bob sledding, hockey and skating. In the summer near by fishing resorts are well patronized, and canoeing and boating number their devotees by thousands.

MIGHT BE ONE IN THEORY

But Donald Was Very Sure as to Conclusion Which Would Be Drawn by Listeners.

Only two months ago they had been married. Then everything had seemed so bright and fair.

But marriage had removed the gilt from the gingerbread and Donald and his wife realized that they were mismated. Each had very decided opinions and tried to enforce them on the other. In other words, they quarreled all the time.

At last Donald felt he could stand it no longer. So he went to the minister who had performed the marriage ceremony and demanded that he reverse the process and separate them forthwith.

"I'm sorry to hear this account of your wife," the minister said sadly, "but I can't separate you, you know, Donald. You two are now one."

"One, is it?" repried Donald scornfully. "Ded, sirr, if ye wis tae pass oor hoose about nine o'clock in the evening ye'd chairly think there wis mair like a dizzen o' us!"—Chicago News.

Decency.

We don't know any better way of getting along in this world than by just doing the decent thing. Success experts may go right along preaching the doctrine of skill and application and energy and efficiency and what not, but when you get it all boiled down the fact remains that success is nothing more than doing the right thing because it's the right thing to do. There never was a decent chap who wasn't a success, nor an indecent one who was. Cheats sometimes get rich and bull-necked selfishness now and then gets to the top, but they don't succeed. Nothing but decency wins friendship and approbation and a welcome anywhere, and that's all that counts in the end.—Detroit Free Press.

Looking Backward and Forward.

Lot's wife turned to salt.

"Now, if it had only been sugar," he wailed.—New York Sun and Herald.

FIVE MINUTE CHATS ABOUT OUR PRESIDENTS

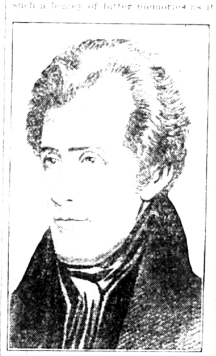
By JAMES MORGAN

AN IMMIGRANT'S SON	SLAYING DRAGONS
1767—March 15, Andrew Jackson born in Union county, N. C.	1828—Andrew Jackson elected president.
1781—Taken prisoner by the British.	1829—Inaugurated, seventh president, aged 61.
1791—Married Mrs. Rachel Donelson Robards.	1832—Vetoed bank bill suppressing nullifications. Re-elected triumphantly.
1806—Killed Charles Dickinson in a duel.	1833—Removed the bank deposits.
1815—January 8, won the Battle of New Orleans.	1834-5—Brought France to terms.
1817-18—Put down the Seminole Indians in Florida.	1837—Jackson retired.
1821—Governor of the territory of Florida.	1845—June 8, death of Jackson, aged 78.

ANDREW JACKSON, the nobleborn backwoodsman, leading all the books of John Quincy Adams, the most cultured in all the line presents the sharpest contrast to be seen in the presidents only two years apart.

The first president born in a log cabin, Jackson could not claim as his own even that lowly dwelling in the North Carolina forest, but entered the world homeless and fatherless. Sprung from poor Irish immigrants, his parents had been in the country only two years when the father sank into an unmarked grave a few days before Andrew's birth, leaving his family without a roof or an acre.

No other among American leaders received from the War of Independence such a heritage of bitter memories as if



Andrew Jackson.

bequeathed to Jackson. That savage struggle between Whig and Tory swept away his brave mother and both of his brothers; scattered his kindred and left him, at fifteen, alone in the world.

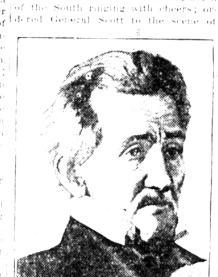
A ragged, roving waif of the Revolution, he grew up as wild as a weed. With no hand above him, his high spirits led him into the temptations of his primitive world, whose social standards were 200 years behind the times. Drinking, and carousing, gambling, cock fighting and horse racing young Jackson never took a dare. A bully among bullies, he went his way, sterling way along a road that was not to be laid down on the map of conduct as a course to the White House.

As he rose from a chore boy and a saddler's apprentice to be a lawyer and a judge of the Supreme court of Tennessee, the east added the disciplines of his careless youth, but he never lost the spirit of the clearing.

A bare catalog of his quarrels and fights is too long to be given here. In most of them he was right, with the conviction that he was defending the name of his wife. This had been fought, also upon only by lesser characteristic impulses. Jackson felt in love with his fatherly daughter while she was yet married to another, and when he rashly wed her without waiting to verify the mere rumor that her offended husband had obtained a divorce in a neighboring state. After two years of wedded life the too hasty couple learned that the woman's first marriage had only just been dissolved and they had to make a spectacle of themselves as they went through another ceremony in order to be truthful in their bridals.

Because his own impulsive conduct had exposed his honest devoted wife to the slanderous tongues of the gossips, Jackson was all the more sensitive to her sufferings. For stearing at her over a bar one man was stood up at 24 paces and shot to death by the wrathful husband, who fired his pistols in perfect precision through 37 years, as Barton says, for anyone who dared breathe her name except in honor.

Even at the sober age of forty-six, Jackson plunged into a tavern brawl at Nashville with Thomas H. Benton, afterward the distinguished senator from Missouri, and was shattered for life by two balls and a slug which Benton's brother shot into his back. That was his last personal altercation. In a few weeks he was called from his bed of pain to take part in a public altercation between the United States and Great Britain and, with his arm still in a sling, he rose to do battle for his country.



Andrew Jackson in Old Age.

© 1910 by Underwood & Underwood

JACKSON'S administration stands forth in the half century between Jefferson and Lincoln because of two measures. One of these was the overthrow of the United States bank.

That great institution, patterned after the Bank of England and the Bank of France, was an efficient but dangerous partner for a democratic government. It was a money monopoly which could make or break any enterprise in the country. It held in its grasp the financial life of America, it received and distributed all the taxes of the nation and half of its deposits were public moneys; but, unmarked by a fifth of its directors appointed by the government, it was under public control.

Even Jackson began his onslaughts upon the bank. It was at the zenith of its power. Against heavy odds he vetoed the bill for recharter-ing. He took his case to the people in the campaign of reelection, and won a verdict which, on the strength of that popular verdict he removed the government deposits and left the bank to a slow and ignominious collapse.

For this action the senate censured him, and a fierce fight in which Jackson's one time friend, Senator Thomas H. Benton, now a senator from Missouri, was his champion, the resolution was expunged by drawing about it in the records a heavy black line.

Jackson was equally bold and victorious in hunting the threat of nullification in South Carolina from his own section, from his own party and from his own vice president, John C. Calhoun. Shortly before his inauguration congress passed the first tariff that was framed for the benefit of the new manufacturing industries which were springing up in New England. This bestowal of a special privilege aroused the jealousy of the agricultural South.

At a Democratic banquet in Washington in 1830, President Jackson rose and proposed this toast: "Our Federal Union; it must be preserved." Then Vice President Calhoun got up and toasted the rights of the states. Thus the two highest officials of the government joined issue across that dinner table on a question which great armies would fight out in the war of secession.

Two years afterward a convention in South Carolina solemnly adopted an ordinance nullifying the tariff act for that state and forbidding within the boundaries of the state the collection of customs duties under it. While recommending to congress a modification of the offending tariff, Jackson appealed to the patriotism of the South Carolinians in a proclamation which set all the North and much of the South ringing with cheers, ordered General Scott to the scene of threatened troubles, reconfirmed the forts of the disaffected state; dispatched a naval fleet to Charleston Harbor, and only waited for the first overt act of revolt to give him warrant for arresting Calhoun and the other leaders.

Jackson's preeminent service to the country was rendered in his battle with nullification. "The tariff was only the pretext," he said, "disunion and a southern confederacy the real object. The next pretext will be the negro." Thanks to him, that irrepressible conflict had been postponed 25 years, until a great West should grow up and join hands with the East in saving the Union.

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"KNOCKED INTO A COCKED HAT."

This phrase is said to have originated as follows: In a game of nine-pins three pins were set up in form of a triangle and when all pins except these three were knocked down, the set was technically said to be "knocked into a cocked hat." This phrase in time came to mean "entirely out of shape" or out of "plumb." Another explanation is that the phrase refers to the cocked hat worn by naval officers which was so limp that it could be readily folded up in a shape quite unlike its original shape. Hence, the meaning of the term has come to be understood to be thoroughly beaten or altered beyond recognition.

Powerful Home Influence.

The blessed influences that radiate from a home well ordered and happy are countless and far reaching; the unselfish love there kindled and nourished shines forth as a beacon light to encourage the world's hopes and faith in humanity.—Madam Willard.

FORESHADOWING AUTUMN STYLES

NO ONE turns away from the beautiful and bonbon summer of the North, even to consider its glowing autumn, except from necessity. But those who must think ahead in the matter of the styles have already given time and attention to frocks for early fall, because they must be ready for the young woman whose school work is resumed in September. They are forecasted and blaze the trail that mothers from one ocean to the other will follow, in outfitting their daughters who are still in school.

Even when materials have gravitated to something like normal in price, only those of substantial quality and pliable weaving are chosen for school girls. Reliable fabrics and simple designing are for them. Many schools prescribe a uniform for every-day wear, and this makes easy sailing for those who must outfit the student. But there are other things besides the uniform to consider, among them frocks to be worn on the street and on occasions when the student is not in school.

Two new models that are pretty and practical ought to please their youthful owners, for they are becoming to little young ladies. Brazil is a fabric successfully made in this color of any of the plain wool fabrics that can be depended on for service. It is a gorgeous affair having a blouse ornamented with braid in the same color, that has the effect of embroidery. There are flaring sleeves with handsome braiding and a plain skirt set onto the blouse about six inches below the normal waistline. Covered buttons are set on in a loop at each side of the skirt. The plain round neck which youth may venture to wear, is slashed at the front with a tiny vestee inserted made of lace, and there is a heavy silk cord finished with a knot, about the easy waist.

The vogue for accordion plaiting is to hold over into the fall, according to the pretty dress shown at the right. There is also a one-piece model with plaited skirt set onto a plain bodice having a short jacket with long sleeves over it. A very wide girdle, finished with pointed ends falling from short loops, fastens at the left side. The jacket is outlined with two rows of narrow braid in white and the frock, in this instance, dark blue. There is a small sailor collar at the back. These are pretty frocks that will serve without a wrap for fall, and with a warm coat will last out the winter.

Caps for Morning Wear

THE woman who meets the acid test of the breakfast table and the bathing beach and succeeds in looking attractive at those times is the envy of her sisters. It is no small undertaking, yet there are many who succeed—and there are many who fail in it. Almost everyone can manage the garb for early morning successfully, but the bathing suit is more difficult and calls for considerable study. It is of less importance than the dress for the beginning of the day.

Morning dress must be suited to the morning's occupation. In those serviceless days most women must engage themselves with the business of getting breakfast ready or helping to get it. It is for the hearty meal our forbears indulged in, for most modern households have learned the wisdom of a light breakfast, but it requires very practical dressing. Besides the one-piece, simple cotton frocks that come from the weekly laundering looking crisp and sprightly, there are popular breakfast sets that include a skirt and a jacket, or blouse, made of the same washable materials. These are the only wear for early morning working hours.

The woman who need not concern herself with housework may indulge in silk breakfast jackets or those of georgette or chiffon. Pretty as they are they are not more pleasing than those crisp cotton frocks worn by her busier sisters.

Whatever the sort of dress, a pretty breakfast cap worn with it is the strongest ally of fair woman at the breakfast table. These little affairs of ribbons and laces and all other gay and frivolous fabrics are made in unending variety so that there is a cap for every face. One has only to experiment to find it, and this experimenting is more worth while than we are likely to imagine.

The breakfast cap is the least expensive of luxuries and the easiest bit of finery to make, as may be gathered by looking at the samples shown in the picture. One of them is made of wide satin ribbon fitted to the head by rows of shirrings. It has two bands of shirred lace across the front bordered with narrow ruffings of ribbon and a rosette of this narrow ribbon at each side. A frill of lace all around the cap finishes it. Satin ribbon about two and a half inches wide, and lace cut in triangles form the crown of the other cap. The ribbon is placed in a band extending from side to front and from side to side with the spaces between filled in with lace. Ribbon is shirred in a band about the head, finished with bow and ends at the back.

Julia Bottomley

Ponge Returns to Favor.

Ponge returns to favor each summer as the mercury climbs upward in its little glass tube, because there is no fabric so delightfully expressive of coolness as this heritage of the East. The natural pongee is the most in demand for outing frocks. Frequently the tan material is bound in a color such as American Beauty, emerald or old blue. Again striped pongee is employed to trim the plain ground fabric. Hats are covered with this fabric and parasols also answer with this silken covering. Embroidery in wool, silk or tiny beads is an effective trimming.

Combine Organdie and Voile.

In cotton frocks voile and organdie are attractively combined. The latter material falls into soft lines or draperies and character is added by the use of crisp organdie sash in contrasting color. Organdie in two colors is often combined also. One smart frock recently seen was of yellow organdie trimmed with shirred bands of gray self fabric.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is genuine. Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Ma Wants a Change.

"Going away this summer?"

"Guess not. Pa says his run isn't sacred."

"What's the matter?"

"Ma wants to go somewhere where he can play golf, and pa insists on going to a place where golf has never been played."

HOT WEATHER

Hits the Stomach Hardest

Chicago, Ill.—Hot weather upsets the strongest stomach and causes serious trouble for the weak ones, so word is now going out to thousands of eatonic users that they should, during this hot weather, be on the safe side and take one eatonic tablet about half an hour before meals, as well as after eating. Do this and keep the excess acids and poisonous gases from rising to the stomach and bowels. Eatonic acts quickly; it will help the appetite and take away the hot-weather, feverish, thirsty feeling from mouth and stomach, because it takes up the excess acids, poisons and gases and carries them out of the body and, of course, when the cause of the trouble is removed, there can be no bad feeling. Eatonic is like a bit of candy, and is recommended to all as a safe, sure remedy these hot days for stomach and bodily troubles, caused from overeating and drinking cold things. Adv.

A Foreboding.

"Henrietta and I have had some pretty warm arguments about public questions," remarked Mr. Mewkton.

"Married people should not sacrifice their independence of thought."

"Of course not. But I hope they'll never revive the issue so as to grant divorces on the grounds of incompatibility of politics."

To Have A Clear Sweet Skin, Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

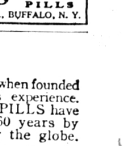
Traveled Far for Wedding.

Before the war, a couple, both hailing from Auckland, New Zealand, came to a little village church in Cumberland to be married. It was the church where the bride's parents had been married just 25 years before. The couple were some 13,000 miles to be married in that church, and they set off on their honeymoon back to Auckland.—London Tit-Bits.

Stop That Backache!

That nagging twinge across the small of the back, that dull throbbing ache, may be your warning of serious kidney weakness—serious, if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel in the kidney, bladder inflammation, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. So if you are suffering with backache, headache, dizzy spells, headaches, nervous, despondent attacks or disordered kidney action, get after the cause with Doan's *Kidney Pills*, the remedy that has been tried out for you by thousands.

A Michigan Case



George Bennett, Jr., foreman, 214 Wells St., Iron Mountain, Mich., says: "Mornings when I got out of bed I was pretty back ached and felt stiff and lame. At times when I would stoop over I could hardly straighten up. My kidneys bothered me a lot and they felt very heavy. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they fixed me up in fine shape."

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P. D. Q. (Pesky Devils Quietus) is the name of a new golden colored chemical discovery by Dr. Price that actually rids the worst infested house of bedbugs, roaches, fleas, ants and their eggs. They don't leave time to bite after you go after them with P. D. Q. A 25c package of P. D. Q. makes a pint of strong bug-killer, and goes farther than a barrel of the old fashioned dangerous dope. P. D. Q. coats and kills their eggs and prevents hatching. FREE a patent spout in every box to enable you to get them in the hard-to-get-at-places, and save paint. Your druggist has it or he can get it for you, or send prepaid on receipt of price by the Owl Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Indiana.