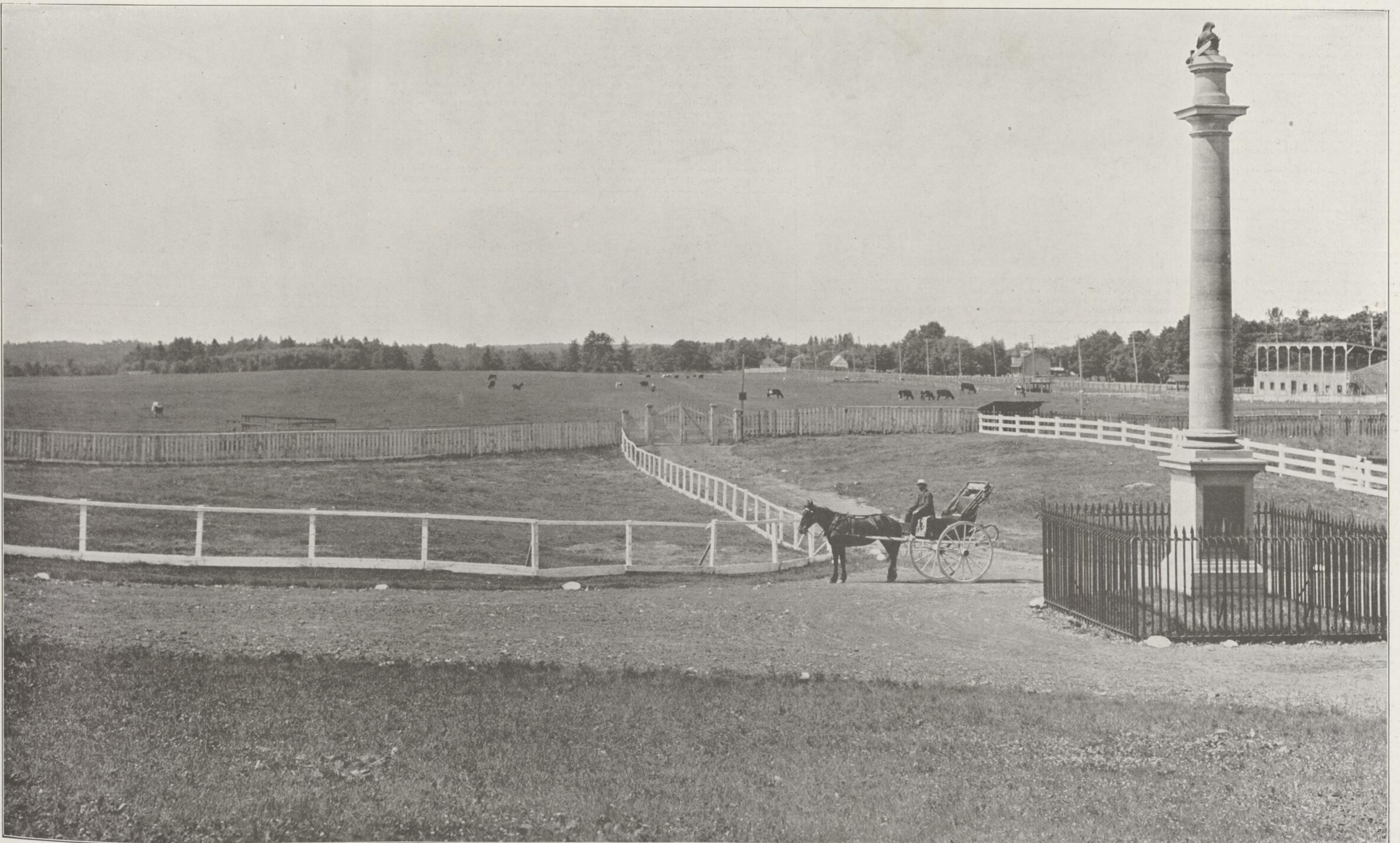


Great Wolfe-Montcalm Celebration at Quebec Will Be a Most Gorgeous and Historic Spectacle



VICTORS AND VANQUISHED IN THE STRUGGLE RESULTING IN THE CONQUEST OF CANADA—The above illustration contains the portraits of the leading personages in the great New World drama of 1759-1760. Louis XV. and George II. were Kings of France and Great Britain, respectively, at the time of the Fall of Quebec and the Capitulation of Canada; the Marquis de Vaudreuil was the last French Governor of Canada, and General Jeffrey Amherst was the first British Governor; Wolfe commanded the army of Britain at the siege of Quebec and at the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, while Montcalm was the gallant commandant of the army of the King of France, which for many weeks stubbornly and tenaciously defended Quebec, and as stubbornly, though hopelessly, fought the dauntless soldiers of Wolfe on the heights outside the citadel walls, on that memorable September day in 1759. De Levis was the General who defeated General Murray at the Battle of Ste. Foye, but who a month later at Montreal was forced, along with Governor Vaudreuil, to capitulate to the army commanded by General Amherst. General Murray was Governor of Canada from August, 1764, to October, 1768, when he was succeeded by Sir Guy Carleton. The monument in the centre of the illustration is the only one of its kind in the world. It is a memorial to victor and vanquished—to Wolfe and Montcalm, and stands in the Governor's Garden, Quebec. The above portraits are chiefly reproductions of paintings hanging in the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal.

Plains of Abraham Battlefield Where Fierce Struggle For Possession of a Continent Took Place



THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE GROUND HALLOWED FOREVER BY THE GALLANTRY OF FRENCH AND BRITISH SOLDIERS IN 1759—This picture of the Plains shows the spot where Wolfe died in the very moment of victory, as well as the monument which now marks the scene of his passing. Beyond is the race-course. At the west and north the Battlefield of Ste. Foye is situated. The river St. Lawrence flows by the headland at the left of the picture, and in the distance is the Cove where Wolfe and his troops landed on the morning of the great and decisive battle. Near the monument will be seen a caleche, a vehicle for which Quebec is noted. (Photo by Notman & Son, Montreal.)

Quiet English Village Where Wolfe Passed Early Years of What Proved to be a Glorious Career



WHERE WOLFE WAS BORN—The vicarage, Westerham, Kent, England. Wolfe was born on January 2nd, 1727, in the bedroom on the top floor on the extreme right of the above illustration—the room with two windows. (Photo by Henry Pope, London, Eng.)

reddish hair is tied in a queue behind; his narrow shoulders, slender body, and long, thin limbs are cased in a scarlet frock. His broad cuffs and ample skirts reach almost to the knee. On his left arm he wears a band of crêpe as mourning for his father, of whose death he has but recently heard.

Despite his youthful and somewhat insignificant appearance, the young officer has had a remarkable career, and Fate was yet to connect him with still more momentous events in Canada.

When Wolfe, for he it is, sealed his final despatch to Pitt, he was in the thirty-third year of his age. His father had been an officer of distinction, Major-General Edward Wolfe, and he himself had served his King since the age of fifteen. In the days of his childhood he had dreamed of the army, and the roar of battle was early in his ears. At sixteen he took the field in Flanders, discharging in an able manner the duties of adjutant of the regiment. He early showed a wonderful faculty for commanding men. He passed with credit through several campaigns. He took part in the victory of Dettingen and afterwards proceeded to Scotland, where he fought at Culloden. Next we find him at Stirling, Perth, and Glasgow, a romantic figure of a boy, always ardent, always diligent.

At twenty-three he was a lieutenant-colonel, commanding his regiment in the Town of Inverness. Here he kept civil order for five years, battling with solitude and ill-health. Obtaining leave of absence, he proceeded to Paris, where he spent six months in perfecting himself in French, horse-manship, dancing, and other accomplishments, and in reading ex-



WOLFE'S NATIVE VILLAGE—Village street, Westerham, Kent, England, where Wolfe often wandered when a boy. Note the old timbered houses. (Photo by Henry Pope, London, Eng.)

The Thrilling Story of General Wolfe and His Glorious Adventure at Quebec.

A YOUNG English officer sits writing at a rough deal table. The ship wherein he writes strains at its cable in a swiftly flowing river. The face bending over the cabin table is thin and worn with suffering. On the head is clapped carelessly a black three-cornered hat. Presently the letter is finished. Let us glance over his shoulder as he gives it a final perusal. It is dated: "Quebec, September 2nd, 1759," and is addressed to a famous Englishman, William Pitt.

"The obstacles," the letter runs, "we have met with in the operations of the campaign before Quebec are much greater than we had reason to expect, or could foresee; not so much from the number of the enemy (though superior to us), as from the natural strength of the country, which the Marquis de Montcalm seems wisely to depend upon. When I learned that succors of all kinds had been thrown at Quebec; that five battalions of regular troops, completed from the best inhabitants of the country, some of the troops of the colony, and every Canadian that was able to bear arms, besides several nations of savages, had taken the field in a very advantageous situation,—I could not flatter myself that I should be able to reduce the place.

"I sought, however," the letter continues, "an occasion to attack their army, knowing well that with these troops I was able to fight, and hoping that a victory might disperse them."

Then, after recounting the events of the campaign with admirable clearness, he continues:—"I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to consult together for the general utility. They are all of the opinion that, as more ships and provisions are now got above the town, they should try, by conveying up a corps of four or five thousand men (which is nearly the whole strength of the army after the Points of Lewis and Orleans are left in a proper state of defence) to draw the enemy from their present situation and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in the proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution."

The letter ends thus: "By the list of disabled officers, many of whom are of rank, you may perceive that the army is much weakened. By the nature of the (St. Lawrence) river, the most formidable part of this armament is deprived of the power of acting.

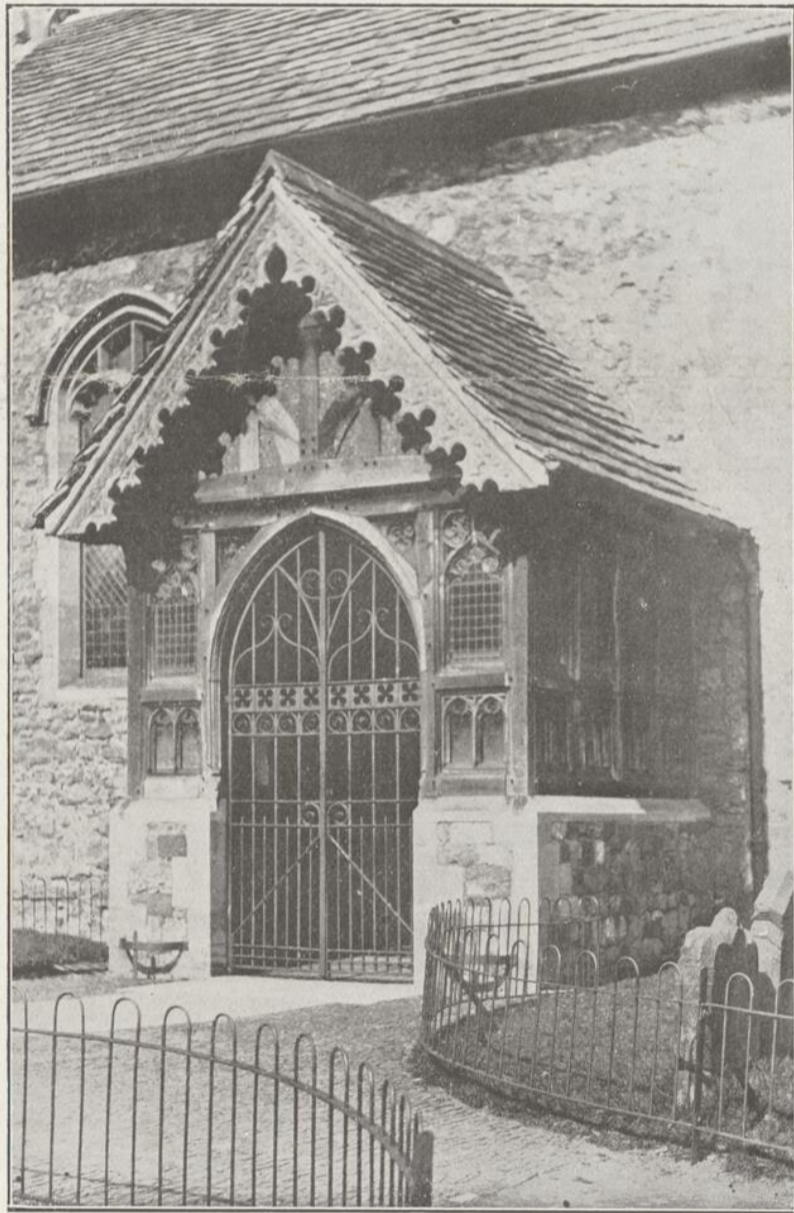
"In this situation there is such a choice of difficulties that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures; but the courage of a handful of brave troops should be exerted only when there is some hope of a favorable event; however, you may be assured that the small part of the campaign which remains shall be employed, as far as I am able, for the honor of His Majesty and the interest of the Nation, in which I am sure of being well seconded by the Admiral and by the Generals; happy if our efforts can contribute to the success of His Majesty's arms in any other part of America."

Having sealed up his packet and de-

livered it to an officer for immediate conveyance to the vessel which is just getting under way for England, the young officer falls into a deep reverie. He has been sent out from England, a mere youth, entrusted with a task of gigantic difficulty, that of reducing the fortress of Quebec, a position of enormous natural strength, and defended

conducting many of the military operations of the campaign. He has decided upon a bold and desperate stroke, and has just written his last despatch to his great master, William Pitt.

Let us glance closely at this young man in the black three-cornered hat, who, fatigued by his efforts, has thrown himself back in his chair. His face is



WHERE WOLFE WAS CHRISTENED—The beautiful memorial porch of the parish church, Westerham, Kent, England. A copy of this photograph has been accepted for the National Photographic Record in the British Museum. (Photo by Henry Pope, London, Eng.)

by one of the most gallant of all French military commanders, the Marquis de Montcalm.

The days have passed, and Quebec has not fallen. A grievous illness has struck the young commander down, and prevented him from personally

not impressive. The forehead and chin recede. The nose is slightly tip-titled, forming with the other features almost the point of an obtuse triangle. The mouth is, remarkably enough, by no means shaped to express resolution. There is but little except the clear, bright and piercing eye to bespeak the unconquerable spirit within. His short

tensively on everything that bore on military subjects.

His part in the taking of Louisbourg greatly increased his reputation. On his return to England he went to Bath to recruit his health. Here he met Miss Katherine Lowther, sister of the future Lord Lonsdale, and to her he became betrothed. Pitt, the great Commoner, chose him to command the expedition against Quebec. He was made a Major-General.

And so we find him writing his despatches and dreaming his dreams of military glory, seated in the rough little cabin of his warship before Quebec.

In his reverie, he glances out of the window, and his eye meets a lovely prospect on that beautiful early September afternoon. On both sides of the noble St. Lawrence can be seen windmills, water-mills, churches, chapels, and comfortable farmhouses, all built with stone, and covered, some with wood, and others with straw. The land seems everywhere well cultivated. The fields are yellow with flax and wheat. The weather is agreeably warm. A light September haze sometimes hangs over the heights of land, but in the river there is a fine, clear atmosphere.

In addition to these lovely scenes of quiet beauty, there is an amphitheatre of lofty precipices, their brows crested

ed with his squadron off Louisbourg, he found the entrance blocked by ice, and was forced to seek harborage at Halifax.

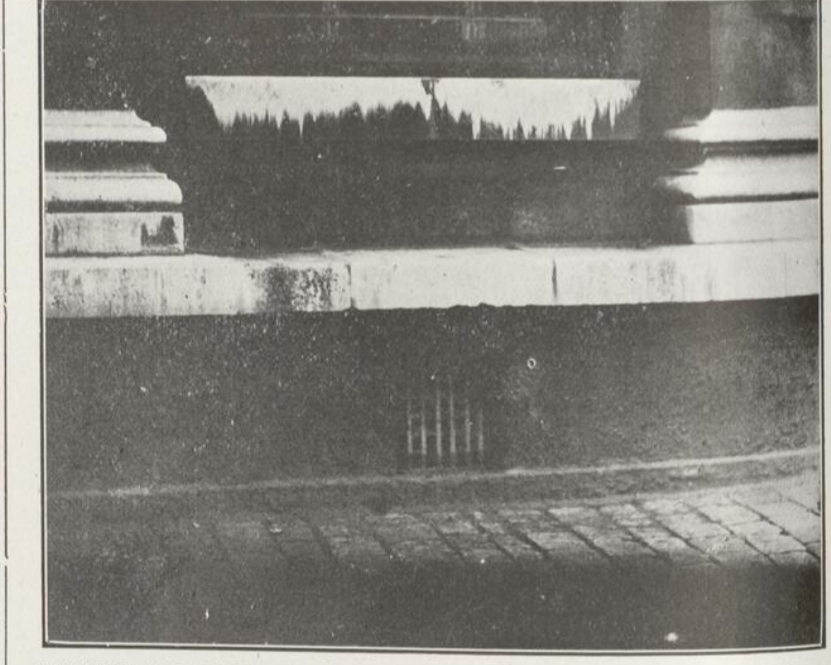
In May the fleet was united in the harbor of Louisbourg. Twelve thousand troops were to have been employed for the expedition; but several regiments expected from the West Indies were for some reason countermanded, while the accessions from New York and the Nova Scotia garrisons fell far short of the looked-for numbers. Three weeks before leaving Louisbourg for the St. Lawrence Wolfe writes to his uncle Walter that he has an army of nine thousand men. "Our troops are good," he informs Pitt; "and if valor can make amends for want of numbers, we shall probably succeed." Three brigadiers, all in the early prime of life, held command under him: Monckton, Townshend, and Murray.

On the sixth of June, the last ship of the fleet sailed out of Louisbourg harbor, the troops loudly cheering and the officers drinking toasts to the success of the expedition. The ships that had gone before lay to until the whole fleet was re-united, and then all steered together for the St. Lawrence.

"From the headland of Cape Egmont," says Parkman, "the Micmac hunter,

gazing far out over the shimmering sea, saw the horizon flecked with their canvas wings, as they bore northward on their journey."

In the meantime word of the great expedition had reached Quebec. Bougainville arrived from France with the news that a great fleet was on its way to attack the city. The town was filled with surprise rather than conster-



WINDOW OF THE WOLFE VAULT—This is not the window of a prison cell. It is a small iron grating in the wall of the parish church of St. Aifège, Greenwich, England, and is the only outward and visible sign of Wolfe's last resting-place. (Photo by Henry Pope, London, Eng.)

nation, for the Canadians believed that the dangerous navigation of the St. Lawrence would deter their enemies from the attempt.

When the news brought by Bougainville reached Montreal, nearly the whole force of the colony, except the detachments of Bourlamaque and La

were thickly clustered; for here General Montcalm had made his headquarters.

A boom of logs chained together was drawn across the mouth of the St. Charles, which was further guarded by two hulks mounted with cannon. The

(Continued on Page 3.)

DEATH OF WOLFE MEDAL—This bears a profile of Wolfe, and the inscription which, when translated, reads: "James Wolfe the Englishman" on the obverse, and, on the reverse, a funeral urn surrounded by a wreath, battle-flags and trophies. The translation of the inscription declares that he was "slain in the moment of victory, at Quebec, Sept. 13, 1759." (Medal by courtesy of R. W. McLachlan, Montreal.)

with forests, and their steep brown sides feathered with stunted birch and fir trees. Into this abyss can be seen leaping the gleaming Montmorenci, with one headlong plunge of nearly two hundred and fifty feet, a living column of snowy white, with its spray, its foam, its mists, and its rainbows. It is but a gunshot across the gulf, and the sentinels on either side watch each other over the roar and turmoil of the cataract.

Wolfe, in his cabin, on the eve of a desperate adventure, mused on the events of the most wonderful year of a short but brilliant military career.

About the end of January, 1759, the fleet to sail from England against Quebec was almost ready, and Wolfe wrote to his uncle: "I am to act a greater part in the business than I wished. The backwardness of some of the older officers has in some measure forced the Government to come down so low. I shall do my best, and leave the rest to fortune. If I have health and constitution enough for the campaign, I shall think myself a lucky man; what happens afterwards is of no great consequence." He sent to his mother an affectionate letter of farewell, went to Spithead, embarked with Admiral Saunders in the ship Neptune, and set sail on the seventeenth of February. In a few hours the whole squadron was at sea, the transports, the frigates, and the great line-of-battle ships, with their ponderous armament and their freight of humanity armed and trained for destruction; while, on the heaving deck of the Neptune, wretched with seasickness and racked with pain, stood the gallant invalid who was master of it all.

The fleet consisted of twenty-two ships-of-the-line, with frigates, sloops-of-war, and a great number of transports. When Admiral Saunders arriv-



WHERE WOLFE'S BOYHOOD WAS SPENT—"Quebec House," Westerham, Kent, England, so named to commemorate the achievements of Wolfe at Quebec. (Photo by Henry Pope, London, Eng.)



IN WOLFE'S COUNTRY—The beautiful village of Chiddingstone, Kent, England, exactly as it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth. (Photo by Henry Pope, London, Eng.)

How Wolfe Died Victorious on Field of Battle: Dismal Cellar in Which His Remains Now Repose



THE DEATH OF WOLFE—This stirring illustration is from a steel engraving of an original picture of Edward Penny by Richard Houston, now hanging in the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal. It portrays the scene that occurred on the Plains of Abraham on Sept. 13, 1759, when, amid the shouts of "They run, they run" from his companions, Wolfe passed away.

(Continued from Page 2.)

bridge of boats that crossed the stream nearly a mile above formed the chief communication between the city and the camp. Its head towards Beauport was protected by a strong and extensive earthwork; and the banks of the stream on the Quebec side were also entrenched, to form a second line of defence in case the position at Beauport should be forced.

In the city itself every gate, except gloom the ghostly outlines of the approaching ships. The mysterious strangers began to dart tongues of flame; fire ran like lightning up their masts and sails, and then they burst out like volcanoes. Filled with pitch, tar, and every manner of combustible, mixed with fireworks, bombs, grenades, and old cannon, swivels and muskets, loaded to the throat, the effect was terrific. The blazing dragons hissed and roared, spouted sheets of fire, vomited smoke in black, pitchy volumes and vast illumined clouds, and shed their

inside of it." To which Wolfe replied: "I will have Quebec, if I stay here till the end of November."

The summer was now past; the Canadian winter was at hand; the time had arrived for a supreme effort. Wolfe roused himself from his reverie, and went on deck.

The invaders had already accomplished a feat which promised important results. The French commanders had thought it impossible for any hostile ship to pass the batteries of Quebec; but about eleven o'clock one night, favored by a wind, and covered by a furious cannonade from Point Levis, the ship "Sutherland," with a frigate and several small vessels, sailed safely by and reached the river above the town. Now, for the first time, it became necessary for Montcalm to weaken his army at Beauport by sending six hundred men, under Dumas, to defend the accessible points in the line of precipices between Quebec and Cap Rouge. Several hundred more were sent on the next day, when it became known that the English had dragged a fleet of boats over Point Levis, launched them above the town, and despatched troops to embark them. Thus danger had arisen on a side where the French thought themselves safe. On the other hand, Wolfe had become more vulnerable than ever. His army was now divided into four parts, each so far from the rest, that, in case of sudden attack, it must defend itself alone.

Wolfe, even with this success, had every reason to despond. At the outset, before he had seen Quebec and learned the nature of the ground, he had meant to begin the campaign by taking a position on the Plains of Abraham, and thence laying siege to the town; but he soon discovered that the Plains of Abraham were hardly more within his reach than Quebec itself.

Meanwhile, a deep despondency fell on the English. Wolfe's frail figure was seen no more in camp, and the rumor spread that the general was dangerously ill. He had, in fact, been seized by an access of the disease that had tortured him for some time, and fever had followed. His illness, however, which had begun before the twentieth of August, has so far subsided on the twenty-fifth, that Knox wrote in his diary of that day: "His Excellency General Wolfe is on the recovery, to the inconceivable joy of the whole army." On the twenty-ninth he was able to write or dictate a letter to the three brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend and Murray: "That the public service

may not suffer by the General's indisposition, he begs the brigadiers will meet and consult together for the public utility and advantage, and consider of the best method to attack the enemy.

The brigadiers met in consultation, and advised that the attempt should be made to gain a footing on the north shore above the town, place the army between Montcalm and his base of supply, and so force him to fight. The scheme seemed desperate, but Wolfe embraced it at once.

His fear was that he might not be able to lead his troops in person. "I know perfectly well you cannot cure me," he said to his physician; "but pray make me up so that I may be without pain for a few days, and be able to do my duty; that is all I want."

On the last day of August he was able for the first time to leave the house. It was on this same day that he wrote his last letter to his mother: "My writing to you will convince you that no personal evils worse than defeats and disappointments have fallen upon me. The enemy puts nothing to risk. My antagonist has wisely shut himself up in inaccessible intrenchments, so that I can't get at him without spilling a torrent of blood, and that, perhaps, to little purpose."

Wolfe had been very ill on the evening of September the fourth. The troops knew it, and their spirits sank; but, after a night of torment, he grew better, and was very soon among them again, re-kindling their ardor.

Major Robert Stobo, who, five years before, had been given as a hostage to the French at the capture of Fort Necessary, arrived about this time in a vessel from Halifax. He had long been a prisoner in Quebec, not always in close custody, and had used his opportunities to acquaint himself with



WOLFE'S COVE, QUEBEC—A SPOT MADE FOREVER MEMORABLE BY WOLFE'S ARMY—it was at this point that the soldiers under Wolfe's command disembarked during the night of September 13th, 1759. The narrow slanting path on the face of the heights had been made almost impassable by trenches and abatis; but all obstructions were cleared away. In the gray of the morning the long file of red-coated soldiers moved quickly upward and formed in order on the plateau above. The above picture of the Cove is a reproduction of a drawing made in the early part of the 19th century, when it was customary to float big rafts of logs down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. The drawing now hangs in the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal.

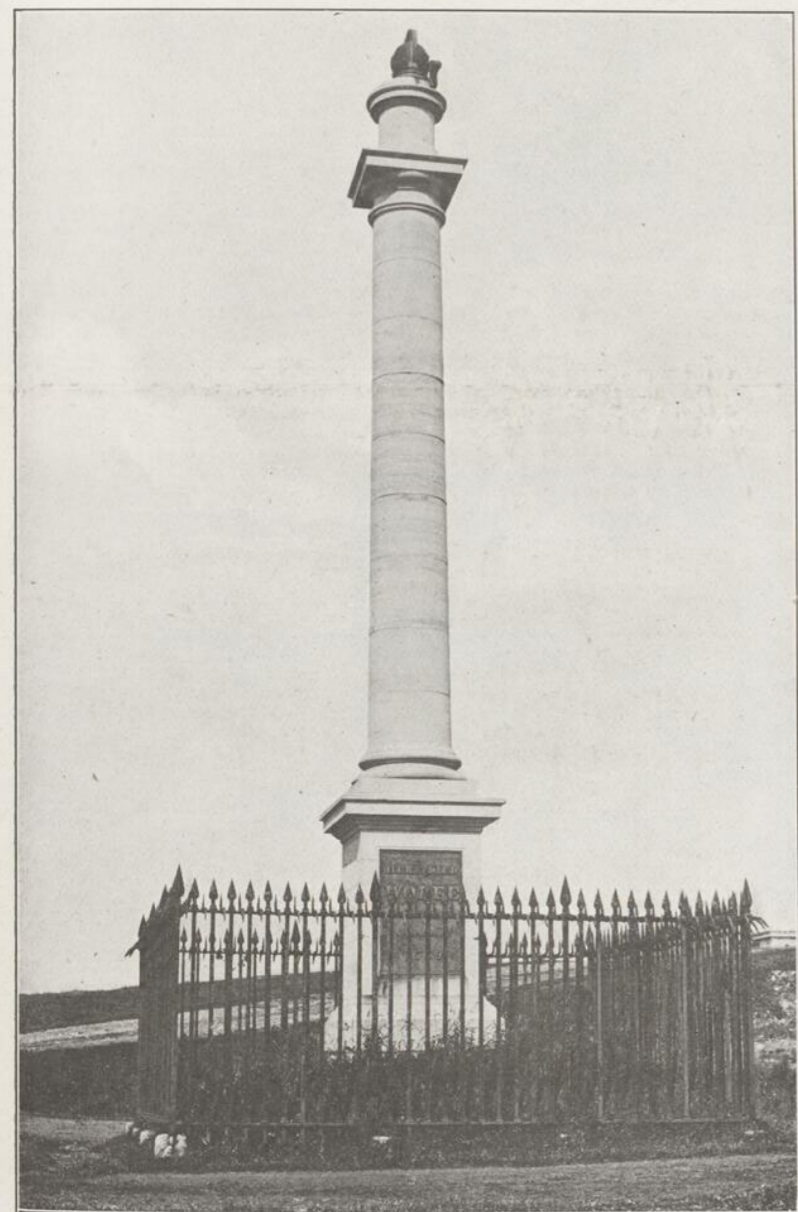
of the troops had orders to follow a little later.

"Look for a moment," says Parkman, "at the chances on which this bold adventure hung. First, the deserters told Wolfe that provision-boats were ordered to go down to Quebec that night; secondly, Bougainville countermanded them; thirdly, the sentries posted along the heights were told of the order, but not of the countermand; fourthly, Veror at the Anse du Foulon had permitted most of his men, chiefly Canadians from Lorette, to go home for a time and work at their harvesting, on condition, it is said, that they should afterwards work in a neighboring field of his own; fifthly, he kept careless watch, and went quietly to bed; sixthly, the battalion of Guil-

enne, ordered to take post on the Plains of Abraham, had, for reasons unexplained, remained encamped by the St. Charles; and lastly, when Bougainville saw Holmes's vessels drift down the stream, he did not tax his weary troops to follow them, thinking that they would return as usual with the flood tide. But for these conspiring circumstances New France might have lived a little longer, and the fruitless heroism of Wolfe would have passed, with countless other heroisms, into oblivion."

For full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered

(Continued on Page 4.)



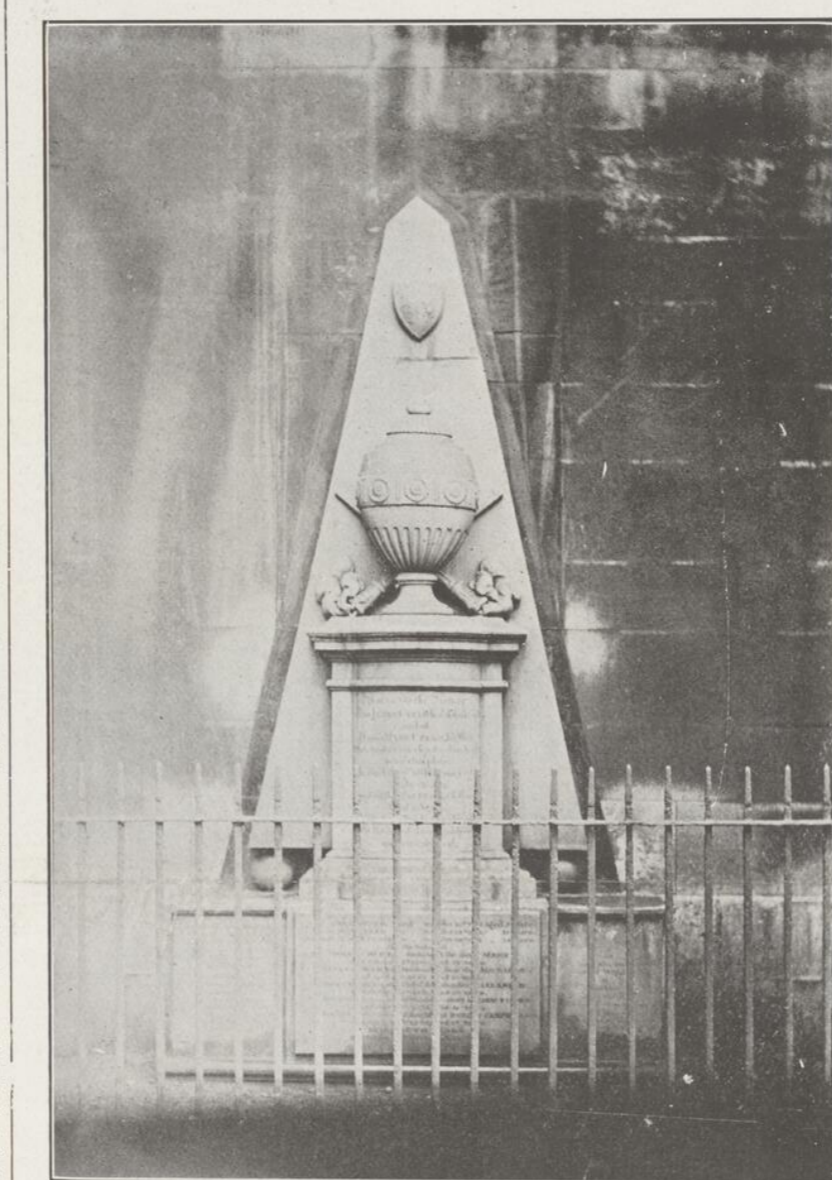
"HERE DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS"—The monument on the battlefield of the Plains of Abraham at Quebec, Canada, erected on the spot where Wolfe breathed his last in the moment of victory. (Photo by Notman & Son, Montreal.)

the Palace Gate, which gave access to the bridge, was closed and barricaded. A floating battery of twelve heavy pieces, a number of gunboats, eight freships, and several firecrafts formed the river defences.

Wolfe, in his cabin, revolving plans, thought of many things. He remembered the magnificent but futile French night attack; the onrush of the fire-ships, when, about eleven o'clock, the English sentries "descried through the

infernal glare on the distant city, the tents of Montcalm, and the long red lines of the British army, drawn up in array of battle."

Day after day had gone by, and Wolfe had made no progress. Flags of truce passed between the hostile camps. "You will demolish the town, no doubt," said a bearer of one of these flags of truce, "but you shall never get



BURIAL-PLACE OF A VETERAN OF WOLFE'S CAMPAIGN IN CANADA—Tomb of Sir James Craik (who fought under Wolfe at Quebec) at the parish church of St. Alfege, Greenwich, London, England. (Photo by Henry Pope, London, Eng.)

the neighborhood. In the spring of this year he and an officer of rangers named Stevens had made their escape; and he now returned to give Wolfe the benefit of his local knowledge. It is said that it was he who directed Wolfe in the choice of a landing-place. However this may be, Wolfe in person examined the river and the shores till at length, landing on the south shore a little above Quebec, and looking across the water with a telescope, he descried a path that ran with a long slope up

land. Every preparation was made, and every order given; it only remained to wait the turning of the tide. Seated with him in the cabin was the commander of the sloop-of-war Porcupine, his former school-fellow, John Jarvis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent. Wolfe told him that he expected to die in the battle of the next day; and taking from his bosom a miniature of Miss Lowther, his betrothed, he gave it to him with a request that he would return it to her if his presentiment should prove true.

Towards two o'clock the tide began to ebb, and a fresh wind blew down the river. Two lanterns were raised into the maintop shrouds of the Sutherland. It was the appointed signal; the boats cast off and fell down with the current, those of the light infantry leading the way. The vessels with the rest



QUEBEC TAKEN MEDAL—This medal, which was struck by the Society for Promoting Arts and Commerce, bears on the obverse the head of Britannia, with a standard (after the Roman form) for the Army, and the name "Wolfe," and a trident for the Navy, with the name "Sanders," its commander. These are entwined by a Wreath of Victory. The reverse shows Victory crowning a trophy, at the foot of which Canada is represented as a bound captive. (Medal by courtesy of R. W. McLachlan, Montreal.)

the face of the woody precipice, and saw at the top a cluster of tents. They were those of a guard at the Anse du Foulon, now called Wolfe's Cove. As he could see but ten or twelve of them, he thought that the guard could not be numerous, and might be overpowered.

At last the time for action came. On Wednesday, the twelfth of September, the troops of St. Nicolas were embarked again, and all were told to hold themselves in readiness. Wolfe, from the flagship Sutherland, issued his last general orders: "The enemy's forces are now divided, great scarcity of provisions in their camp, and universal discontent among the Canadians. Our troops below are in readiness to join us; all the light artillery and coolies are embarked at the Point of Levis; and the troops will land where the French seem least to expect it. The first body that gets on shore is to march directly to the enemy and drive them out of any little post they may occupy; the officers must be careful that the succeeding bodies do not by mistake fire on those who go before them. The battalions must form on the upper ground with expedition, and be ready to charge whatever presents itself. When the artillery and troops are landed, a corps will be left to secure the landing-place, while the rest march on and endeavor to bring the Canadians and French to a battle. The officers and men will remember what their country expects from them, and what a determined body of soldiers injured to war is capable of doing against five weak French battalions mingled with a disorderly peasantry."

Wolfe was still on board the Suther-



BRITISH SOLDIERS GATHERING FIREWOOD DURING THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC—This illustration is a reproduction of a modern painting that hangs in the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal. It is interesting in more ways than one, but chiefly because it shows the uniforms worn by British soldiers in the days of Wolfe. Firewood during the siege had to be gathered under a military escort, such as the illustration portrays.



WHERE WOLFE'S REMAINS ARE TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT—Interior of parish church of St. Alfege, Greenwich, in the crypt of which Wolfe is buried. His body lies directly under the cocoa-nut matting shown in the illustration. People walk over his bones every day. (Photo by Henry Pope, London, Eng.)



WHERE WOLFE IS BURIED—The dark, dirty and dingy cellar of the Church of St. Alfege, Greenwich, London, England, in which the body of Wolfe is interred. The illustration shows the family vault of the Wolfe family. (Wash drawing by Henry Pope, London, Eng.)

Canadian Children Who Are Helping on the Good Work of the Quebec Battlefields Association



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, FOUNDER OF QUEBEC AND GOVERNOR OF CANADA FROM 1612 TO 1629 AND 1633 TO 1635—This illustration is a copy of a modern painting of the gallant French explorer now hanging in the Elgin Gallery of the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal. It was on July 3, 1608, that Champlain founded Quebec, so that the recent decision to hold the Ter-Centenary Celebration in July next is both appropriate and proper. Champlain not only founded Quebec, but discovered Lakes Champlain, Huron, Ontario and Nipissing, and the Ottawa River, and explored the country contiguous to the same.

barked on a narrow strand at the foot of the heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. Twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing silently, closely followed by a much larger body. When they reached the top they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents at a short distance, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from his bed, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. No sound could reach the ear of Wolfe but the gurgle of the tide and the cautious climbing of his advance-parties as they mounted the steep at some little distance from where he sat listening. At length from the top came a sound of musket-shots, followed by loud huzzas. The word was given, the troops leaped from the boats and scaled the heights, clutching at trees and bushes, their muskets slung at their backs. Wolfe found strength to drag himself up with the rest. The narrow slanting path, on the face of the heights, had been made impassable by trenches and abattis; but these obstructions were soon cleared away, and then the ascent was easy. In the gray of the morning the long file of red-coated soldiers moved quickly upward, and when the alarm given, the gallant Montcalm galloped to the spot, he found, not a company, but a British army, in battle array, on the now world-famous plateau.

The day broke in clouds and threatening rain. Wolfe's battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand towards the landing-place, whence they were quickly driven back. He had achieved



PATRIOTIC CANADIAN CHILDREN COLLECTING FOR THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS NATIONAL PARK—GROUP 2—Reading from left to right, the names of the children are:—Top row: William Kent, Reginald Kent, A. H. Fineberg, E. Stoddard, J. H. C. McGregor. Middle row: Bob Holt, James Burnett, Ethel Kelley, Evelyn Mills, Ivy Ingham, Louis Freedman, Newman Freedman, Victor E. Freedman. Bottom row: Douglas Stewart, Louis Presner, Lyle Bardwell, Geo. B. Foster. (Photo by Gordon, St. Catherine street West.)



PATRIOTIC CANADIAN CHILDREN COLLECTING FOR THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS NATIONAL PARK—GROUP 3—Reading from left to right, the names of the children are:—Top row: William McMaster, William Lighthall, Alice Lighthall, Katherine Buchan, Mary Parr, Jack Ross, Eric Lane. Middle row: Alick Ross, Rebecca Kent, John Barnard, Austin Barnard, Cecil Harwood, Charlotte Harwood, Bruce T. Smith, Eva Levinson. Bottom row: Robert Smith, Mervy Gordon, John C. Gamble, Aldworth Lane, Edward Deehan, Fred. Stevenson. (Photo by Gordon, St. Catherine street West.)

they could not see it; for a ridge of broken ground intervened, called Buttes-a-Neuve, about six hundred paces off. The first division of troops had scarcely come up when, about six o'clock, this ridge was suddenly thronged with white uniforms. It was the battalion of Guelene, arrived at the eleventh hour from its camp by the St. Charles. Some time after there was hot fighting in the rear. It came from a detachment of Bougainville's command attacking a house where some of the light infantry were posted. The assailants were repulsed, and the firing ceased. Light showers fell at intervals, besprinkling the troops as they stood patiently waiting the event.

We are told that Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening the cannon had thundered from the ships of Admiral Saunders, and the boats of the fleet had hovered in the dusk off the Beauport shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the intrenchments. The gallant General walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning, accompanied by the Chevalier Johnstone and Colonel Poulariez. Johnstone states that General Montcalm was in great agitation, and took no rest at all that night. At daybreak he heard the sound of cannon above the town. It was the battery at Samos firing at the English ships. He had already sent an officer to the quarters of Vaudreuil, which were much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once should anything unusual happen. No word came. At about six

(Continued on Page 6.)

(Continued from Page 3.)

lently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The general was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robison, afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the

they have written those lines than take Quebec."

As they neared their destination, the tide bore them in towards the shore. The stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp "Qui vive!" of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. "France!" answered a Highland off-

passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water within range of pistol-shot. In answer to his questions, the same officer replied, in French: "Provision-boats. Don't make a noise; the English will hear us." In point of fact, the sloop-of-war Hunter was anchored in

the most critical part of his enterprise; yet the success that he coveted placed him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport, and Bougainville was on the other. Wolfe's alternative was victory or ruin; for if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless.

Plains of Abraham.

Says Parkman: He went to reconnoitre the ground, and soon came to the Plains of Abraham, so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot known as Maitre Abraham, who had owned a piece of land here in the early times of the colony. The Plains were a tract of grass, tolerably level in most parts, patched here and there with cornfields, studded with clumps of bushes, and forming a part of the high plateau at the eastern end of which Quebec stood. On the south it was bounded by the declivities along the St. Lawrence; on the north, by those along the St. Charles, or rather along the meadows through which that lazy stream crawled like a writhing snake. At the place that Wolfe chose for his battlefield the plateau was less than a mile wide.

Thither the troops advanced, marched by files till their line of battle, which stretched across the plateau and faced the city, consisted of six battalions and the detached Grenadiers from Louisbourg, all drawn up in ranks three deep. Its right wing was near the brink of the heights along the St. Lawrence; but the left could not reach those along the St. Charles. On this side a wide space was perforce left open, and there was danger of being outflanked. To prevent this, Brigadier Townshend was stationed here with two battalions, drawn up at right angles with the rest, and fronting the St. Charles. The battalion of Webb's regiment, under Colonel Barton, formed the reserve; the third battalion of Royal Americans was left to guard the landing; and Howe's light infantry occupied a wood far in the rear. Wolfe, with Monckton and



PATRIOTIC CANADIAN CHILDREN COLLECTING FOR THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS NATIONAL PARK—GROUP 4—Reading from left to right, the names of the children are:—Top row: John Francis, Oliver Lawrence, Claud Cater. Bottom row: Martha Older, Belle Haig, Alice Coullie, Kathleen Smith, Ruth Saur. (Photo by Gordon, St. Catherine street West.)

Murray, commanded the front line, on which the heavy fighting was to fall, and which, when all the troops had arrived, numbered less than thirty-five hundred men.

Quebec was not a mile distant, but



PATRIOTIC CANADIAN CHILDREN COLLECTING FOR THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS NATIONAL PARK—GROUP 1—Reading from left to right, the names of the children are:—Top row: Frank R. Rowe, Gladys Hedrick, Lyda E. Maxwell, E. Desmarchais, Hazel Leney, Elsie Morse, Peter Merson, Waldorf Howard. Middle row: Leonard Rowntree, Herbert McIntyre, Sydney Cribb, Florence Thompson, Alice Hook, Bertha Clara Frankum, Lindsay Foulis, Douglas S. Baker, Forbes Stronach, Clarence Murison. Bottom row: Robert Woodley, Moses Ironstone, Morris Madley, W. H. Hodgkin, Alex. Strachan, Douglas Potter, Arthur Forbes. (Photo by Gordon, St. Catherine street West.)

University of Edinburgh. This gentleman used to recall in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" to the officers about him:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
"Gentlemen," he is stated to have said, as his recital ended, "I would ra-

cer of Fraser's Regiment from one of the boats of the light infantry. He spoke French fluently.

"A quel regiment?"
"De la Reine," replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password. Soon after, the foremost boats were

the stream not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the head-line above the Anse du Foulon.

There was no sentry there.
The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing-place. They disem-

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PATRIOTIC CANADIAN CHILDREN COLLECTING FOR THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS NATIONAL PARK—GROUP 5—Reading from left to right, the names of the children are:—Top row: Basil Thompson, Eric Wait, Jack Millar, Loy Millar, John Crowley, M. H. Costin, Baylis Wait. Middle row: Alice Adams, Grace Elliot, Edith O'Brien, Helen McClure, Denese Bissonette, Kathleen Stevenson, Gertrude Cunningham. Bottom row: Dougall McPhee, Chester McPhee, Flo D. Chapman, A. T. Howell, Fred. R. Winter, Percy Spowage, Gerald B. Elliott. (Photo by Gordon, St. Catherine street West.)

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That Part of the St. Lawrence Where Three Great World Fleets Will 'Ride at Anchor in July Next



HISTORIC QUEBEC, FOUNDED BY SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN ON JULY 3, 1608—This view of the "Gibraltar of the New World" was taken from the Levis side of the river. It shows a portion of the Upper and Lower Towns, the Citadel, Dufferin Terrace, the Parliament Buildings, the Monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, the Chateau Frontenac, Champlain's Monument, the spires of the English and Roman Catholic Cathedrals, and Laval University. At the left of the Citadel are the Cove Fields, adjoining which are the Plains of Abraham. It will be in this portion of the river shown in the illustration at the base of the Citadel that the imposing naval squadrons from Great Britain, France and the United States will ride at anchor in July next. (Photo by Notman & Son, Montreal.)

This World Famous Panorama Shows Where the Great Cartier Landed and Gen. Wolfe Encamped



THE CHAMPLAIN MEMORIAL ON THE DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC—This imposing monument was erected a few years since on what is undoubtedly one of the grandest promenades in the world. In the distance to the left is the ground on which the army of Wolfe encamped in 1759. On the right may be seen the Isle of Orleans, where Jacques Cartier, the first white man to ascend the St. Lawrence, was received by the Indian Chief, Donnacona, on September 7, 1535. (Photo by Notman & Son, Montreal.)

The Prince of Wales and Many Representatives of the British Nobility Will Visit Historic Quebec



HIS MAJESTY EDWARD VII, PRESENT KING OF CANADA—This title, although not generally recognized as official, may be used with propriety just now, if one is permitted to temporarily separate this vigorous young nation of the Western World from the "British Dominions beyond the Seas," and connect its name with the title of the Monarch who sits on the Imperial Throne of Britain.

(Continued from Page 4.)

o'clock in the morning he mounted and rode in that direction with Johnstone. When opposite Vaudreuil's house, to their amazement they saw across the St. Charles, some two miles away, the red lines of the British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is a serious business," Montcalm is reported to have said; and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the centre and left of the camp. Those of the right were in motion already. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm had a few words with him. Then he set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. Historians say that he "rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word."

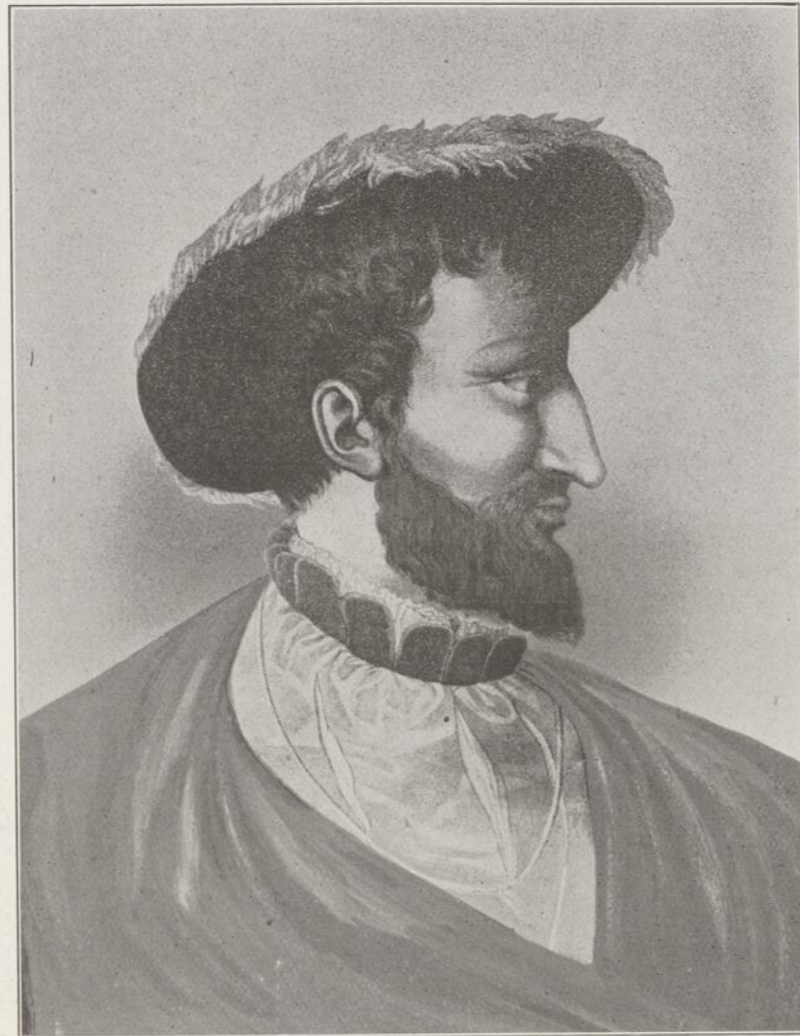
Quebec saw that morning many strange sights. There were troops of Indians in scalp-locks and war-paint. There were bands of Canadians whose all was at stake,—faith, country, and home; the colony regulars; the battalions of Old France, in white uniforms and with gleaming bayonets, La Sarre, Languedoc, Roussillon, Bearn,—victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga. They poured out upon the plain to the battle, some by the gate of St. Louis, and some by that of St. John, and hurried to where the banners of Guienne still fluttered on the ridge.

In full sight of Montcalm, stretched the lines of Wolfe: the close ranks of

vehement words to them. "I remember very well how he looked," one of the Canadians, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age; "he rode a black or dark bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves, which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

In the English army Wolfe was everywhere. It is related that one of his captains was shot through the lungs; and on recovering consciousness, he saw the General standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monkton

to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall. "It was towards ten o'clock," says Parkman, "when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill-ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after



HIS CHRISTIAN MAJESTY FRANCIS I. OF FRANCE, FIRST PUBLICLY PROCLAIMED KING OF CANADA—It was during the reign of this monarch that Jacques Cartier crossed the Atlantic in 1534 and entered what is now the Baie des Chaleurs. After landing and scaling the rocky headland of Gaspe, he erected a large cross thereon, bearing the fleurs-de-lis of France, and solemnly took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign. In the following year he visited Quebec and Montreal. Francis I. was the sovereign who met King Henry VIII. of England at the Field of the Cloth of Gold in France. The above picture is a reproduction of an etching in the Elgin Gallery of the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal.

the English infantry, "a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance."

Montcalm waited long for the forces of Vaudreuil, which were to join him from the left wing of the army; but he waited in vain. Neither did the garrison of Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He sent, it is said, to Ramesay, its commander, for twenty-five field-pieces which were on the Palisade battery. Ramesay would give him only three, saying that he wanted them for his own defence.

But Montcalm's men were full of ardor, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few



H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES—At the Ter-Centenary Celebration of the Founding of Quebec in July next, His Majesty the King will be represented by the heir-apparent to the British Throne, the Prince of Wales. The visit of His Royal Highness will add an éclat to the celebration that will greatly enhance its significance and grandeur. Prince George will reach Quebec on July 22, and will remain in Canada a week.

broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and corn-fields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg Grenadiers. A



TER-CENTENARY FUND COLLECTOR—Master Joe Ferguson, of Montreal.



TER-CENTENARY FUND COLLECTOR—Master Rodrick Harwood, of Montreal.

shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still

(Continued on Page 7.)



CANADA SUBDUED MEDAL—This was struck by the Society for Promoting Arts and Commerce. It bears the head of George II. for the obverse, and, for the reverse, Canada represented as a female seated on the ground by a pine tree weeping. Behind her is a beaver, showing that thus early this animal was recognized as a Canadian emblem. (Medal by courtesy of R. W. McLachlan, Montreal.)

tily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's



TER-CENTENARY FUND COLLECTOR—Miss Sybil Youngheart, of Montreal.

bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon-shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland sultan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was



ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC—This is a modern structure that stands on the site of the old St. Louis Gate, through which Montcalm was borne, mortally wounded, from the Plains of Abraham battlefield to the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, where he died. It spans the Grande Allée, which leads directly to the Plains. (Photo by Notman, Montreal.)

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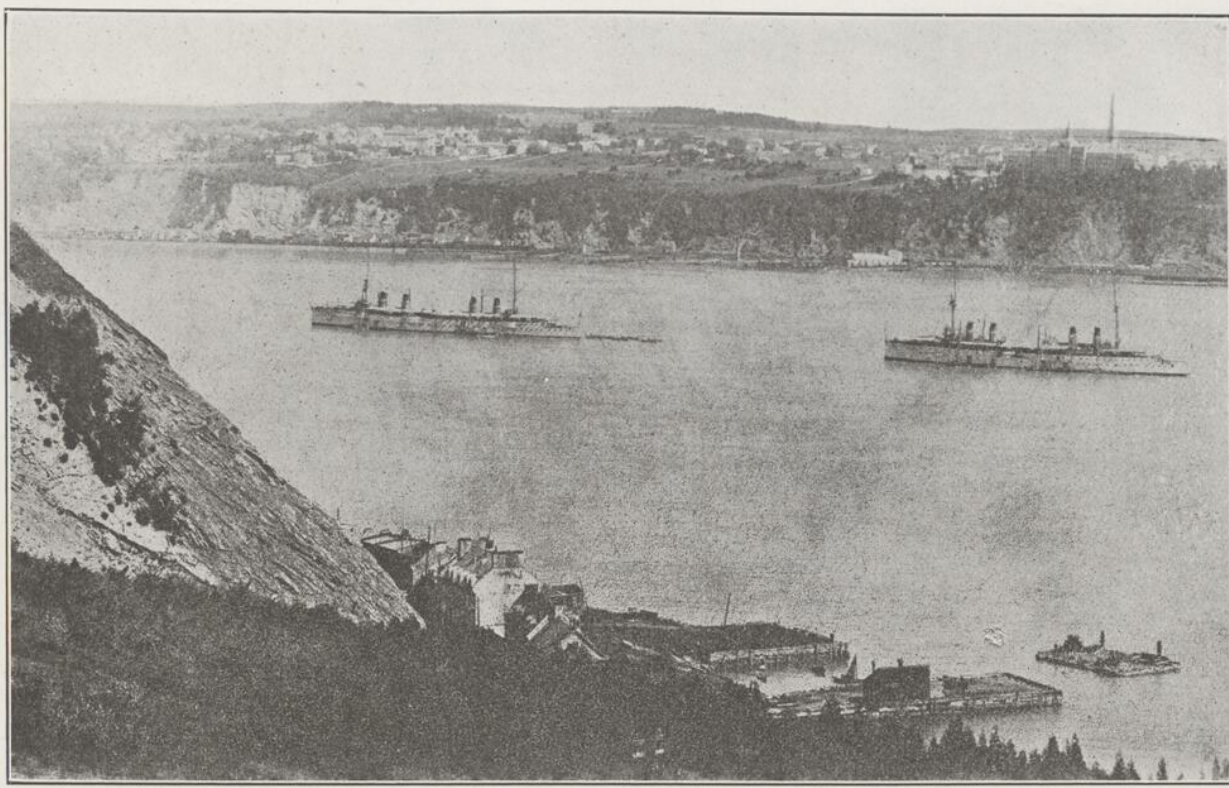
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First Governor of Canada: Originator of Battlefields Project: The Ter-Centenary Commissioners



THE FIRST BRITISH GOVERNOR OF CANADA—Gen. Jeffrey Amherst, who, on the capitulation of Montreal and the conquest of Canada in 1760, succeeded the Marquis de Vaudreuil as Governor of the Colony. It was Gen. Amherst who dictated the terms of capitulation to Governor Vaudreuil and Brigadier-General De Levis; the former signed the document on Sept. 8th, 1760. By its terms Canada and all its dependencies passed to the British Crown. The above illustration is a reproduction of a painting in the Elgin Gallery of the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal.



THE VANTAGE POINT FROM WHICH WOLFE DISCOVERED THE PATH LEADING TO THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM—View of the southern shore of River St. Lawrence, from Cape Diamond and Wolfe's Cove, showing a couple of French men-o'-war anchored in the stream. A few days before the Battle of the Plains of Abraham Wolfe examined the river and the shores till, at length, landing on the south shore a little above Quebec, and looking across the water with a telescope, he descried a path that ran with a long slope up the face of the woody precipice, and saw at the top a cluster of tents. They were those of a guard at the Anse du Foulon, now called Wolfe's Cove. (Photo by Barnet G. Whitney, Quebec.)



THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE IN CANADA—The Right Hon. Albert Henry George Grey, 4th Earl Grey, present Governor-General of Canada. His Excellency was the originator of the movement to form the Quebec Battlefields into a National Park. A comparison between his picture and that of Gen. Amherst, first Governor of Canada, will show the great change that has taken place in the style of British military uniforms since the Battle of the Plains of Abraham.

mis eux-mêmes. Et ainsi la France s'en va de Québec avec tous les honneurs de la guerre.

III

Voilà le cri du sang! Du sang le plus pur, le plus chaud, le plus vivant qui coule dans nos veines! Voilà le cri qui s'élève de ce sol sacré, de tous ces champs de bataille, de tous ces champs de gloire.



MRS. R. W. REFORD, the indefatigable secretary of the Montreal Committee of the Quebec Battlefields Association.

les jalousies et les projets ambitieux. Mais l'âme des guerriers était faite de ce qu'il y avait de meilleur dans leurs patries respectives; ici demeurent maintenant et à jamais le champ d'action, l'inspiration et la mémoire de tout ce qu'il y eut de plus héroïques dans les deux nations rivales.



GENERAL OTTER, who will take a prominent part in the military manoeuvres at the Ter-Centenary.

taille glorieux, et qui vient adresser un irrésistible appel à tous les cœurs français et anglais. Les causes de ces conflits d'autrefois sont depuis longtemps disparues; il n'en est demeuré que l'honneur de deux races. Là-bas, dans les cours, dans les parlements, dans les foules inconscientes, s'agitaient sans doute et s'entrechoquaient les passions,

britanniques, Anglais, Irlandais, Ecossais, Gallois; pour les Terreneuviens, les premiers Anglo-canadiens et les précurseurs des Loyalistes de l'empire-uni.

En 1608 Champlain bâtit son 'Habitation', comme un boulevard contre la barbarie. En 1629, les Kirkes remontant le fleuve prirent son fort Saint-Louis au nom de Charles Ier, qui congédia cette bagatelle de

(Continued from Page 6.)

advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the Grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out: "They run; see how they run." "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace." And in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

The gallant Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis Gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognized him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué!" "It's nothing; it's nothing," replied the death-stricken man; "don't be troubled for me, my good friends." ("Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien; ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.")

The Marquis died peacefully at four.

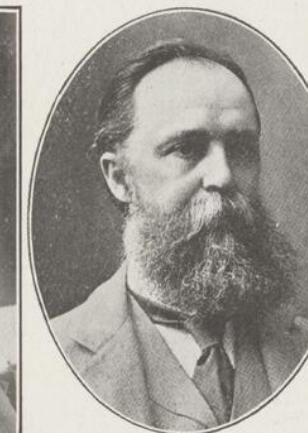
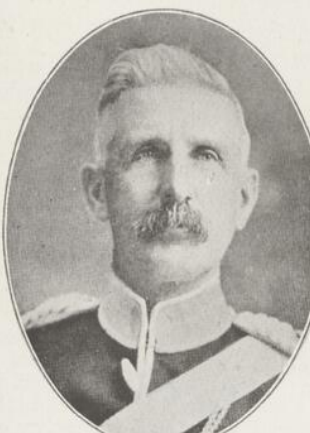
(Concluded on p. 10, Literary Section.)



LADY DRUMMOND, one of the members of the Montreal Committee of the Quebec Battlefields Association.

(Suite de la page 8.)

s'impose, mais Lévis se retire vaincu et Vauquelin couvre sa retraite par un combat naval où sa valeur fait l'admiration des enne-



MEMBERS OF THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS COMMISSION APPOINTED BY THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT—Reading from left to right their names are:—The Hon. Sir George Drummond, Montreal; Lieut.-Col. Dennison, Toronto; Mayor Garneau, Quebec; Mr. Byron Edmund Walker, Toronto; and the Hon. Adelfard Turgeon, Quebec.



IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD—Miss Marie Cahill, in "Marrying Mary," at His Majesty's Theatre during the week commencing March 16th.



IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD—The Peanut Ballet in "The Mayor of Tokio," at the Academy of Music during the week beginning Monday, March 16.



MEMBERS OF THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS ASSOCIATION LEAGUE OF HONOR—The above are portraits of some of the Canadian children who have each collected \$5.00 for the Battlefields Fund. Reading from left to right, their names and addresses are:—1st row: Rachel Smith, Sherbrooke; Rosie Higgins, Montreal; Pearl Quigley, Delta, Ont.; Blanche Provencher, Montreal. 2nd row: Archie N. Jenks, Coaticook; H. Robinson, Three Rivers; W. Robert Mountain, Alex. Provencher, Montreal. 3rd row: Eric Reford, Montreal; David Wanklyn, Montreal; Harry Lambly, Inverness, Que.; Vivian L. Burrill, Three Rivers. 4th row: Bertram D. Murdoch, Longueuil; Clarence Murison, Westmount; Frederick Stevenson, Montreal.

la "seigneurie et comté de Canada" à son bon ami Sir William Alexander. En 1690, la sommation de Sir William Phipps reçut la victorieuse réponse de Frontenac "par la bouche de ses canons." En 1759 Montcalm gagna sa quatrième victoire en repoussant Wolfe à Montmorency, et tous les deux succombèrent ensuite sur les Plaines d'Abraham où Lévis et Murray combattirent encore l'année suivante. Enfin, le dernier jour de 1775, sous Carleton, Français et Anglais, frère d'armes pour la première fois, défendirent vaillamment le drapeau anglais au Canada contre Montgomery et Arnold. Voilà notre légende guerrière! Légende et histoire tout ensemble, où l'honneur des héros reçoit un nouveau rayon chaque fois que s'entr'ouvrent nos archives. Nous n'avons rien à craindre de la vérité.

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A Lady Still Lives Who Had as a Friend One Who Saw Funeral of the Gallant General Montcalm



THE DEATH OF MONTCALM—This picture, while scarcely true to historical facts, is, nevertheless, interesting. It is a reproduction of a steel engraving made by G. Chevillet from a painting by Valeau Delinaeu. The engraving is dedicated to the King of France. A copy of the engraving is hung in the Council Room of the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal.



QUEBEC FROM THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—This view of the city founded by Champlain shows a portion of the west wall of the fortifications, as well as the St. Louis Gate. The latter is a modern structure that stands on the site of the old St. Louis Gate, through which Montcalm was borne, mortally wounded, from the battlefield without the walls to the Ursuline Convent, in which he died. It spans the Grand Allée, which leads directly from the Gate to the Plains of Abraham. (Photo by Notman & Son, Montreal.)

Les Parc des Batailles.

Parmi les champs de bataille immortels de l'univers, les Plains d'Abraham occupent une place unique; car c'est là qu'un empire fut perdu, et gagné dans un premier choc d'armées, que la balance de la victoire fut redressée dans une seconde rencontre, et que la gloire de chaque drapeau reçut un nouveau lustre dans chacune de ces journées fameuses.

Cependant quelle que soit leur renommée, les Plains d'Abraham ne sont pas le seul champ de bataille de Québec, ni le seul qui soit une source de légitime fierté pour les peuples parlant les langues française et anglaise. En moins d'un siècle, Américains, Anglais, Français et Canadiens-français prirent part à quatre sièges et cinq batailles. Celles-ci furent des actions décisives, où les vaincus ne furent jamais humiliés, et où les vainqueurs se composaient de forces alliées qui se partageaient les honneurs du triomphe. Les Rangers américains accompagnaient Wolfe, et les Canadiens-français aidèrent Carleton à sauver la future Puissance du Canada; tandis que les Français et les Canadiens-français étaient ensemble victorieux sous Frontenac, sous Montcalm à Montmorency et sous Lévis à Sainte-Foye.

Nous ne connaissons aucune histoire — ni même aucune légende ou tradition — qui nous montre une telle succession de faits d'armes héroïques, sur terre et sur mer, accomplis dans des armées et des flottes de peuples différents, avec autant d'alternatives de victoire, et autant d'honneur dans la défaite; et tout cela sur la même scène. A cette heure commémorative, nous pouvons donc dire sans aucune exagération, mais avec une inattaquable vérité, que les champs de bataille de Québec sont uniques dans l'histoire universelle.

Et n'avons-nous pas aujourd'hui une occasion unique d'honorer ce sol précieux et de le préserver pour l'avenir comme un héritage cher à nos deux races? Un appel à l'histoire serait éminemment convenable durant l'impérieuse année comprise dans la décennie finale de la Paix de Cent Ans entre les puissances jadis belligérantes de France, d'Angleterre et des Etats-Unis. Mais 1908 est de beaucoup l'année la plus favorable; car elle marque le trois-centième anniversaire de naissance du Canada, qui est devenu l'année de toutes les possessions autocrates de Sa Majesté au-delà des mers. Et sous quel roi pourrions-nous célébrer avec plus d'appropriation cette "entente cordiale" d'honneur.

II

Les instructions secrètes envoyées de France en 1759 étaient l'arrêt de mort de Montcalm. — "La guerre est le tombeau des Montcalm." Elles disaient: "Il est de la dernière importance de conserver un pied dans



THE URSULINE CONVENT, QUEBEC—This institution, within the walls of which Montcalm breathed his last, was founded by Madame de la Peltrie in 1639. After her death the work was carried on by Marie de l'Incarnation, a remarkable woman, called by Bossuet the "St. Theresa of the New World." Twice the Convent was burned to the ground, famine and pestilence ravaged the colonists and Indians, but this noble woman's zeal never failed.

le Canada quelque médiocre qu'en soit l'espace." Montcalm écrivit au ministre: "J'ose vous répondre de



GEN. BOUGAINVILLE, who was the bearer of the articles of capitulation from Governor Vaudreuil to General Amherst.

mon entier dévouement à sauver cette malheureuse colonie ou à mourir." Et il tint parole. Il avait déjà fait des prodiges pour soutenir une cause désespérée, et refoulé l'invasion par trois étonnantes victoires d'avant-garde, trois années de suite. Maintenant, il se voyait acculé à la crise suprême. Le peuple était affamé, pendant qu'un intendant corrompu et ses complices prélevaient encore leur honteux tribut sur ses dernières ressources. Sur le papier l'effectif militaire faisait quelque figure, et Français et Canadiens avaient de la vaillance à revendre. Mais le gouverneur ajoutait la malveillance jalouse aux autres désavantages d'un commandement partagé. Les navires qui apportaient les derniers ordres de la cour étaient les premiers arrivés depuis huit mois. La vieille France et la nouvelle se trouvaient complètement séparées par mille lieues de mer hostile, dont l'étreinte invisible et implacable emprisonnait depuis longtemps Québec.

Au mois de juin, l'amiral Saunders remontait le fleuve Saint-Laurent à la tête de la plus grande flotte qu'il y eut alors au monde. Il était une des étoiles de la marine, qui comptait cependant tant de renommés commandants. Autour de lui on remarquait le futur lord Saint-Vincent, le futur capitaine Cook, qui fit la première carte anglaise du fleuve, et plusieurs autres, destinés à une brillante carrière. Sa flotte comprenait un quart de toutes les forces maritimes de l'Angleterre, et, en comptant ses convois, s'élevait à 277 voiles. Admirable-

ment manœuvrée par deux fois autant de marins que les 9,000 soldats de Wolfe, d'une main elle fermait le fleuve à l'est, tandis que de l'autre elle faisait de l'armée assiégeante, quelque chose comme une force amphibie.

Wolfe, miné par la maladie, pres-

un demi continent, le fleuve majestueux portant avec aisance la flotte qui était le bras droit de l'Angleterre, gonflait et dégonflait ses ondes resserrées entre des falaises — portes d'empire — et poursuivait son cours, trait d'union colossal entre les lacs immenses et l'immense océan. Et ce détroit de Québec, était le digne champ de rencontre de l'Ancien et du Nouveau-Monde. Car la porte de l'ouest conduisait au réseau des voies fluviales de l'Amérique, tandis que celle de l'est s'ouvrait toute grande sur les sept mers.

Cependant Montcalm avait fait tout ce qui lui était possible contre les faux amis et les ennemis déclarés. Il avait repoussé l'assaut de Wolfe à Montmorency, et tenu celui-ci en échec dans tous les mouvements que l'on pouvait deviner à travers l'impenétrable rideau de la flotte anglaise. Une semaine avant la bataille il avait envoyé un régiment garder les hauteurs d'Abraham; et la veille même, il lui avait ordonné de se porter à la tête du sentier par où Wolfe déboucha le lendemain matin. Mais le gouverneur donna encore un contre-ordre. "Les voiles, ils n'ont aucun droit de se trouver", dit sans doute s'écrier Montcalm, en pliquant des deux pour aller reconnaître le mur de rouges fantassins qui avait si soudainement jailli sur les plaines. Il n'avait pas d'autres alternatives qu'une action immédiate... Il parcourt le front de sa ligne de bataille, jetant à chaque régiment quelques paroles entraînant. Quand il demandait aux soldats s'ils étaient fatigués: "Nous ne le sommes jamais avant une bataille", lui répondaient-ils. Et tous les rangs montraient autant d'impudence d'en venir aux mains que les Anglais eux-mêmes... Montcalm, à cheval dominait ses bataillons, et apparaissait comme le dernier grand français du monde occidental. Jamais il n'occupa une place aussi haute dans les âmes viriles, qu'en ce jour fatal. Et au moment où il passait devant ses hommes, sa présence semblait les électriser comme le drapeau vivant de la



THE ROYAL ARMS OF FRANCE IN 1759—This interesting picture is a reproduction of a photograph of the royal escutcheon that was removed from one of the gates of Old Quebec by General Murray, and sent by him to the town of Hastings, in England, where it may still be seen in the Town Hall. It was made of oak, heraldisically colored. (Photo by courtesy of T. O'Leary, Montreal.)

France. Il combattit en général et mourut en héros. Rarement voit-on des champions plus intrépides que ces deux chefs

et leurs six brigadiers. Rappelons-nous que, du côté des vainqueurs, le jeune commandant fut tué au fort de la bataille; que son successeur fut blessé à la tête de sa brigade; et que le commandement en chef passa de main en main, avec une effrayante rapidité, jusqu'à ce que chacun des quatre généraux anglais en eût été successivement investi dans l'espace d'une demi-heure. Pendant ce temps, du côté des vaincus, le dévouement des quatre généraux était encore plus éclatant, puisque chacun de ces vaillants donna sa vie pour assurer la victoire à la France. Journées héroïques, au-dessus de laquelle planeront les renommées indissolublement unies de Wolfe et de Montcalm, l'un si grand dans sa victoire, l'autre si véritablement glorieux dans sa défaite!

L'année suivante vit la seconde bataille des Plains d'Abraham, lorsque Lévis descendit de Montréal à travers les chemins presque impraticables du printemps, et refoula Murray dans les murs de Québec, après une action acharnée et sanglante. Au moment décisif, le général français parcourut le front de ses troupes, son chapeau à la pointe de l'épée, et donna le signal de la charge générale, où les Canadiens-français acquirent tant de gloire. L'avis commença l'investissement de la ville, déterminé à pousser le siège vigoureusement. Mais le 9 mai une voile anglaise parait devant Québec, suivie six jours plus tard de trois autres vaisseaux de guerre. C'est l'avant-garde de la flotte de l'amiral Colville. La levée du siège

(Fin à la page 7)



THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF MONTCALM—Interior view of the Chapel of the Ursulines, Quebec, beneath the floor of which the remains of the gallant General are interred. His funeral took place on the evening of Sept. 14, 1759, when his body was lowered into a grave that had been formed in the earth beneath the chapel floor by the bursting of a shell. The memorial tablets seen between the grated openings in the wall to the right of the illustration are directly above the grave. (Photo by Livernois, Quebec.)

couronna trois jours d'habiles manœuvres sur mer et sur terre, le long d'un littoral de trente milles, par l'heureux stratagème qui plaça la première d'une double ligne "d'habits rouges" en travers des Plains, juste au moment favorable.

Parmi ceux qui connaissent quelque chose aux batailles et aux champs de bataille, qui donc pourrait imaginer un spectacle comparable à celui que vit ce matin du 13 septembre 1759? La nature ne contient aucun lieu mieux adapté à des actions d'éclat que le prodigieux amphithéâtre où Wolfe allait se conduire en héros. Le sommet du promontoir faisait une scène gigantesque, où son armée se tenait debout entre le boulevard de la Nouvelle-France et les domaines de l'ouest immédiatement devant lui s'étendait le champ de bataille de son choix. Au-delà, Québec! A sa gauche, le côté nord du vaste théâtre s'élevait et s'élargissait graduellement dans son magnifique dédoublement, jusqu'à ce que le regard fut arrêté par les Laurentides lointaines, qui dressaient à l'horizon, en un demi-cercle de quatre-vingt milles, leurs remparts bleuâtres. A sa droite, du côté sud, des lieues et des lieues de collines ondulantes s'en allaient vers un horizon encore plus éloigné, dont l'hémicycle plus large, se courbant pour rejoindre sa contre-patrie septentrionale, complétait ce cirque de montagnes. Et de l'est à l'ouest, traversant l'arène où allait s'engager une lutte dont le prix serait



MONTCALM BEING BORNE TO THE URSULINE CONVENT—Parkman thus describes the scene portrayed in the illustration:—"Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him and led his horse through the St. Louis Gate. On the open space within were several women, one of whom, seeing the streaming blood, shrieked: 'O Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! le Marquis est tue!'"



THE RAMPARTS OF THE CITADEL AND LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC—This illustration is a reproduction of a drawing made by Lieut.-Col. Cockburn in 1833, and dedicated to "His Most Excellent Majesty, King William IV. of Great Britain." It shows the lower city of Quebec as it looked in those days from the parapet of the upper city. The engraving from which the illustration was made is hung in the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal.