

THE HABITANT OF QUEBEC

Among the Most Picturesque Figures in Canada.

(Edgar Wallace in the London Daily Mail.)

St. Rose, Montreal.

He was seventy years old, was this Habitant, and his name was Du Bois. As a matter of fact, it is still.

His face is lined and seamed with the joys and the sorrows of his years. A large, generous mouth, grey twinkling eyes, a chin white with the stubble of three unshaven days, and a hand heavy and hairy. He smokes—and smoked—a tobacco which smells like nothing so much as a conflagration in a soap factory. Often as not he grows it himself, and its aroma reminds you of the fact that tobacco is sometimes called a weed. His French is the French of Louis Quinze, his English is broken and charming. His piety and devotion to Holy Church are beautiful in their simplicity and his sentiments are Canadian. If he is more than usually progressive they are Canadian-French.

He appeals to me, this Habitant, as a most unregenerate, lovable treasonable rogue. A big hearted, gentlemanly Anglophobe. I think I rather like him for his native antipathies. I do not know whether this speck of grit in the national bearings is not almost as healthy as over much lubricant. Nor do I think I am doing him an injustice when I point out this from a British point of view—weakness of his. He sees things out of proportion, does this Habitant. There is a story told which illustrates this.

The French lumbermen who came down from the backwoods, where news is scarce, found Quebec in mourning.

"De Queen ees dead," explained an acquaintance.

"Mon Dieu," said our lumberman, and then, thoughtfully, "Who have got de job?"

"Edonard," was the reply.

"Ba gosh," and the lumberman grew more thoughtful, "e mus' have good pull wit' Laurier!"

It is a little world of its own, French Canada. Outside its limits there is naught worthy of consideration. And it is a beautiful world. A world of forest, dark and sweet-scented; of broad-bosomed rivers, and flashing mountains streams. A world of snug homes and kindly cures, of little fenced gardens and big fenced fields. A world that wakes with white dawns, and works from the moment the red sun gilds the village spire till the spire's cracked bell tingles the Angelus. Horny-handed, bowed-backed, hard-faced, and simple-minded are the people of this world, earning their living by the sweat of their brow year in and year out without question or complaint. Content to till and harvest as their fathers did before them: happy to live the life, hopeful to die the death, of their class and kind, such is the way of less Habitanes.

Whether they love England little or much; whether or not they look askance at an imperialism unifying the aspirations of—to them—an alien race; wherever and however their ideals be grounded, or their conscious efforts directed, they are none the less excellent citizens of Canada, and helpful, however unwillingly or unconsciously, in the building up of Great Britain. They are an atomic survival of mediaevalism. Their laws, their customs, their very speech are relics of another age. The Grand Seigneur, with his High Rights, passed not more swiftly in France than did the Reds of the Midi—that hungry, heroic crowd—in their march northward.

Untouched by the bloody shear that worked a frenzied people's will; intimidated by no loaded tumbril, jolting a pallid aristocracy to destruction, the Grand Seigneur is today a person in Quebec. Perhaps he profited by example, and perchance his right of pillory, pit and gallows, and others more unspeakable, are as so many shadows; perhaps he has grown bourgeois, and instead of exercising his lordly will to remove the popular grievance, he writes to the newspapers—but there is sufficient of the old sieur left to be remarkable.

"Quaint old Quebec" they call the town of that name. Quaint is the term that describes all French Canada. And as to loyalty to Great Britain—bear with me while I sound the Habitant, and piece together from his broken English the sentiments of Habitant Canada.

"Plaintee Englishman come to Canada now; on Ste Rose dey come also: ees mos'ly politiqe—fiscalite, yas?"

Crudely enough I put the fiscal problem before him in a few words.

"I s'pose msee'f dat beeg beezness on on Englan'—Yas? Milor' Chamb'lan mak' plenty troubl' wit' de fisc. De Canaven-Francais, you comper'n, not de Englishman Canayen—hee's not worry wit' fisc or w'at Englishman t'ink. You t'ink dat cur'is? Mais!"

It is just lovely to listen to him, this seared old man with the patient smile. He is so artless in the confession of his political faith, he is so confident in the honesty of his views. Sometimes abandoning the rugged, home-made reasoning jewelled with metaphor of forest, field and river, he drops into the stilted dogmatics of his favorite newspaper. You recognize as you listen, and welcome almost as a friend, the tricky phraseology of the partisan leader writer. Then he breaks back to the lake and the rapids as texts for his little sermon.

"Englan' she lak man dat tak' canoe d'ecorce on beeg rapide. One tam she floats firs' rat ev'rything smoot' lak glass. Dat w'en you mak' beeg beezness wit' all worl', eh? Bimeby, n'odder contree cam' long, au' dey tak' leetle bit your beezness, an' den n'odder. Som' lak you tak' canoe up rapide she mak's dam' hand. So Chamb'lan 'e say, 'De curran she run too fas' as we can pull—we mus' mak' de grande portage—yas?"

Briefly, I sketched to the Habitant the possibilities of preferential tariffs and the closer union of the Empire. That portion of the scheme which deals with the question of a contribution to Imperial Defence met with his emphatic disapproval.

"W'at use mak' de foolishness lak dat?" he inquired—for him—impatiently. "S'pose you mak' troubl' with' La Russ: you 'ave beeg war wit' her—you holler out, 'Come, Jean Du Bois, I mak' beeg fight wit' La Russ, you com' right 'long an' bring wit' you all de frien's you can fin'. I say, 'La Ross don' mak' troubl' wit' me, w'y ehall I mak' worry wit' de Englishman, her beezness?"

All of which, as I sternly explained to the Habitant, is most dreadfully unpatriotic. And what is patriotism? asked my Habitant. "Love for your country," answered I, unthinkingly, "and a readiness to sacrifice if need be, your life at her needs." The Habitant looked a little puzzled. This said he in effect, is my country. Here was I born, as was my father before me. Here are my children and my grandchildren. I know these lakes, these woods, these fields, as I know my own garden. My grandfather fought for this land, driving out the Yankees in 1812, while I carried my rifle in the Fenian invasion. I speak French, but France is not my home. I live under the British flag, but England is nothing to me. I am a Canadian first and last, and if he who loves his country best is the finest patriot, then there is no greater patriot than I.

Briefly, this the attitude of French Canada. It is actively loyal to Canada, it is not actively disloyal to Great Britain. "Canada first," this is its motto. Only there is really no second—absolutely none. If you can understand passion for Quebec with an apathy for the rest of Canada, and an attitude of supreme indifference toward the remainder of the British Empire not to say the civilized world, you can understand the French-Canadian and place him at his value. He is not an Imperialist; he is not a "Rule Britannia" loyalist; he represents Isolated Parochialism at its best and worst; he is an anachronism, a bit of the seventeenth century living on the fringe of the twentieth. And withal, he is rather lovable; if his outlook is narrow, his humanity is broad; if his ideas are small his heart is large. I like the Habitant—Toronto, forgive me!—on first acquaintance he is pleasing. Perhaps if I had to live alongside him all my life—. But then, I have not.

TO KNOCK OUT COLDS.

And cure them in an hour without resorting to nauseous drugs just use

fragrant healing Catarrh-ozone—the most pleasant, prompt and certain cure for colds ever discovered. No medicine to take, you simply breathe the balsamic vapor of Catarrh-ozone. It never fails to root out the worst colds and is so simple and convenient to use that no one can afford to be without it. Carry a Catarrh-ozone inhaler in your pocket, use it occasionally and you won't have colds. Complete outfit \$1.00; trial size 25c.

Sewell's Camp.

[Special Correspondence to the Herald]

Dec. 24.—Thinking that the Herald readers would like to know how we are getting on, we take this opportunity of telling them how we are.

First, our boss is William Sewell, a man born to command and as good a one as ever wore skowhegane.

We have also the best cook on the Tobique, a former Fredericton tonsorial artist by the name of James Finnemore. William Ellis is his efficient helper. The two certainly make a whole team, where grub is concerned, and our camp has been rightly named the Windsor Hall.

We have two teams yarding and two dragging, the former averaging about 100 pieces a day.

Frederick Capen is our story teller and he can always hold any one else down.

We also have singers and dancers by the score, among whom the Gordon boys Herman O'Rae and Herbert Randall are the chief. They are to have a concert tomorrow night.

Ludlow Smith is our handy man a man well up in his trade. He can make anything from a needle to an anchor in short order.

Hoping to see these items in your paper, we will send you the compliments of the season and close.

\$25,000.00 Given Away.

In the past year Dr. R. V. Pierce has given away copies of his great work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, at an expense to him of \$25,000.00 exclusive of postage. This standard book on medicine and hygiene, contains 1008 pages and more than 700 illustrations. It treats of the greatest and gravest problems of human life in simple English, from a common sense point of view. It answers those questions of sex which linger unspoken upon the lips of youth and maiden. It is essentially a family book, and its advice in a moment of sudden illness or accident may be the means of saving a valuable life. This great work is sent absolutely free on receipt of stamps to defray the cost of mailing and customs. Send 31 one cent stamps for the book in paper binding, or 50 stamps for cloth covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fought for Boers.

Vienna, Dec. 28. — A curious echo of the recent war in South Africa has just been heard, making known a very romantic story.

Five years ago Baron Aczel, a young Hungarian nobleman, quarreled very seriously with his father, and in consequence disappeared from Budapest, leaving no clue either as to his whereabouts or his intentions. Shortly after his father died and having repented of his anger towards his son, left him all his belongings.

The widow caused extensive enquiries to be made as to the whereabouts of her son, and at last, after years of research, she discovered that a young man answering his description had fought on the side of the Boers during the Transvaal war. Thereupon the Baroness sent two detectives to South Africa, where they spent many months in an apparently fruitless search.

Finally, however, just as they were on the point of relinquishing their quest, they heard of a Baron who was lying dangerously ill in a hospital in the Transvaal. They set off post haste to the place, and discovered that the patient was the man they sought.

Every attention was lavished upon him and ultimately he was restored to health. As soon as he is strong enough to travel he will return to his mother and his ancestral estates.

THE HARDEST PAIN TO ENDURE

Is the pain of a tender corn, but experience proves that corns are cured quickest by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which acts in twenty-four hours. Putnam's never burns or causes sores. The only painless cure is Putnam's. Use no other.

THE FARMERS' COLUMN.

The Chief Weeds in Clover and Timothy.

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Dec. 26, 1903.

The spread of noxious weeds can be attributed to no single cause. They seem to be naturally adapted to rapid spreading, and besides there are various natural and artificial agencies which aid in the dissemination. Not the least important among these agencies is the seed grain trade. Almost every farmer purchases yearly seed of grain or grasses and clovers with little thought of introducing weed seeds in this way. As a matter of fact however, he seldom gets seed perfectly free from weed seeds of some kind. Occasionally these are not particularly injurious, but not frequently they are most undesirable, and, being introduced unconsciously, gain a strong foothold before their presence is suspected. In this connection some particulars of the analysis of seeds from the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa should be of interest as they show to what extent these conditions prevail.

Of over two hundred samples of Timothy analysed during 1903 only four had no weed seeds in them; in the others over thirty different kinds of weed seeds were represented. Of these cinquefoil, peppergrass, sheep sorrel, ribgrass, false flax, lamb's quarters, Canada thistle and white cockle were most commonly present, often at the rate of several thousand per pound. In red clover and alsike, of each of which there were several hundred samples analysed, there were upwards of forty species of weed seeds, those being commonest whose size approximated that of the clover seed. Thus in red clover were commonly found curled dock, Canada thistle, white cockle and ribgrass, while in alsike, false flax, white cockle, sheep sorrel, cinquefoil and black medick were prevalent.

The primary cause for this prevailing condition is no doubt the growth of weeds with the crop for seed, and the tendency of farmers to buy improperly cleaned seeds because they are cheaper than, and to a casual examiner, equally as good as dearer grades. It is usually safe to regard cheap seed as on inferior quality and on this account to avoid buying it.

Dodder was present in twelve samples of red clover at an average rate of 418 seeds per pound, this is considerably more than was the case a year ago and was no doubt due to more seed being imported from the south where this parasite thrives much better than here. The analysis of several samples obtained from Chili showed that Dodder is a very common impurity in seed from that country; one sample having upwards of seven hundred seeds per pound and others somewhat less. There is no probability of Canada ever having to import seed from Chili, but as both countries have a common market for their surplus supply, the presence of this impurity in the Chilean seed should afford the Canadian producer a considerable advantage. Were it not for this circumstance the Chilean red clover seed would prove a dangerous competitor, as it is well coloured, plump and of high vitality, and with few other objectionable impurities.

Several samples of exported Canadian Alsike and Red Clover were obtained from English seed merchants. All these showed a uniform quality, none of them free from weed seeds but had apparently been well cleaned as there was a notable absence of such impurities as light seeds, chaff, or weed seeds either larger or smaller than the bulk of the sample, small numbers of cockle, black medick, and false flax still remained in the Alsike, and of foxtail and ribgrass in the red clover. The germination was uniformly over ninety per cent. The average quality was therefore considerably better than that of the seeds retailed in our own markets. It should always be remembered, however, by buyers that, while the average quality of our seeds may be low, the highest grades are always offered for sale, and this quality is in the end the most profitable.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

That half their ills are due to impoverished blood, they would use Ferrozone and be saved lots of pain and suffering. Ferrozone is a perfect food for the blood and supplies the strengthening elements needed to maintain health and vigor. Ferrozone is a splendid tonic for weak nervous women and drives away those depressed feelings of dead weariness. You'll have strength, lots of it—your complexion will improve, you will feel ten years younger after a course of Ferro-

zone which builds up the whole human organism; try it. Price 50c.

A Good Farm Paper.

The special Winter Fair and Christmas edition of the Maritime Farmer, published at Sussex, is just to hand. It is an improvement over last year's number, in size, character of contents and typographical appearance. Containing a complete report of the Maritime Winter Fair held at Amherst last week, this number of the Maritime Farmer is made up of forty four pages of interesting matter of general interest, illustrated with over fifty finely printed half tones of Maritime farm homes, Maritime live stock and Maritime farms. Among the interesting articles are: "P. E. Island Communication," by Rev. A. E. Burke; "Our Agricultural Needs," by J. Frank Tilley; "The Turf Season of 1903," by Jas. W. Power, of Halifax; "The P. E. I. Provincial Farm," by Prof. Macmillan; "Cool Curing of Cheese," by W. A. Clemens; "Commercial Apples," by Prof. Sears; "Illustrated Orchards," by W. Saxby Blair. There are also interestingly written accounts of the Nova Scotia School of Agriculture being established at Truro; the Maritime packing industry as it stands today, a humorous article entitled "Mack Dee's Picnic," as well as many other special features. The whole number is brim full of matter interesting to every person interested in the agricultural welfare of the Maritime Provinces. Sample copies may be had from the publishers at Sussex, N. B., for 25 cents each.

SEEDS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

A Chance for Canadian Farmers.

To the Editor of the Herald.

Dear Sir,—By instruction of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture another distribution will be made this season of samples of the most productive sorts of grain to Canadian farmers for the improvement of seed. The stock for distribution is of the very best and has been secured mainly from the excellent crops recently had at the branch Experimental Farm at Indian Head in the Northwest Territories. The distribution this spring will consist of samples of oats, spring wheat, barley, Indian corn and potatoes. The quantities of oats, wheat and barley to be sent this year will be 4 lbs. of oats and 5 lbs. of wheat or barley, sufficient to sow one twentieth of an acre. The samples of Indian corn and potatoes will weigh 3 lbs. as heretofore. Every farmer may apply, but only one sample can be sent to each applicant, hence if an individual receives a sample of oats he cannot also receive one of wheat, barley or potatoes, and applications for more than one household cannot be entertained. These samples will be sent free of charge through the mail.

Applications should be addressed to the Director of Experimental Farms, Ottawa, and may be sent in any time before the 1st of March, after which the lists will be closed, so that all the samples asked for may be sent out in good time for sowing. Parties writing should mention the sort of variety they would prefer, and should the available stock of the kind asked for be exhausted, some other good sort will be sent in its place.

Wm. Saunders,

Director Experimental Farms, Ottawa, December 15, 1903.

SICK AT YOUR STOMACH.

Perhaps feeling as if the bottom had dropped out of your life. It's Nerviline you want. Nothing restores quiet and order to the stomach so quickly. All queasiness and nausea goes away the minute you take Nerviline and an extra dose or two is always sufficient to set you up in first class shape. Nerviline is an old tested remedy for stomach and bowel troubles and always can be relied on. Sold in large 25c. bottles.

Cholly—The boys are saying you offered yourself to Miss Quickstep and she refused you. Algy—offered myself? It isn't true! I told her that if she was keen to get married I was willing. She said she wasn't, and I said all right—it didn't make much difference anyway. That's all there is in that story.

If a man sits on a bent pin he is apt to rise suddenly and speak briefly and pointedly.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.