

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

Historic Old Quebec a City Full of Human Interest.

QUAINT NAMES SUIT THE MANY PLACES MADE FAMOUS.

A Monument of the Days of the Old Regime in Canada.

Speaking of England, the accomplished author of that admirable book for boys, "Tom Brown's School Days," says:

"I only know two neighborhoods thoroughly, and in each, within reach of five miles, there's enough of interest and beauty to last any reasonable man his life."

The latter of these two propositions is emphatically true of Quebec; and this for either of two reasons, namely, its historical associations and the magnificence of the surrounding scenery. Perhaps in the Dominion there is no place so full of interest as the City of Quebec, and hence it is that no traveler that comes to see our country ever thinks of going away without spending at least a few days at the Ancient Capital.

Should he come from the west, probably the first thing that would strike him after he entered the lower provinces is what may be called its topographical nomenclature, so different to that to which he has been accustomed; for, though he may have been familiar with many of those names when he was a school boy, he has never heard them used in ordinary everyday conversation. He knows very well, it may be, such names as Cat Lake and Jack Lake, but in the province of Quebec he can sail over the Lake St. John and St. Joseph, Cut Knife Creek and Smoke River may sound in his ears like the names of old friends, but in the east he hears the people talking about the Rivers St. Maurice and St. Charles; Sulphur Island and Goat Island. He may have visited, but the French Canadian tells of the Magdalen Island and the Island of Jesus; he finds a strange contrast between the appellatives Yellow Head, Kicking Horse, and Rat Portage on one hand and St. Vincent, St. Louis and St. Croix on the other.

Moreover, besides names connected with the Christian religion, he finds others which perpetuate on this side the Atlantic the memory of many an illustrious old house in France and many a place famous in her history. Now if he is a thoughtful man he will probably muse within himself something after this fashion:

"These old French settlers in Canada certainly seem to have been very religious men, and deeply attached to their native country. At any rate, if religion and patriotism were not their two dominant thoughts, they seem to have been most in their minds after they came across the ocean, and found themselves in a strange land and among heathen and savage people. How else can we account for their giving to mountains and valleys, lakes and streams, villages and towns, names woven into the very history of Christianity, or identical with those of famous names and noble families in old France? We of another race and of another age, give no such names to places, now, and are too often guided in the choice by the irreligious, or materialistic, or plutocratic spirit of the times in which we live."

The next thing that strikes the visitor to the Ancient Capital, especially if he comes by way of the St. Lawrence, is its commanding situation, the next, the strength of its fortifications. As he passes from bastion to bastion, and looks down upon the river, so far below, where the British ships lay at anchor in the summer of 1754, he cannot but be amazed at the military genius of the man who succeeded in taking such an apparently impregnable fortress, and that, too, in spite of an army as brave as his own, and commanded by a general no less gallant than himself. Perchance he gives a sigh to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm; and when he sees the monument, one monument, which commemorates both of these great men, he thinks nothing could be more appropriate than the inscription there engraved:

"Virtus mortem communem; fama historia; posteritas monumentum dedit."

It may be supposed that, owing to the vast improvements effected in the fortifications of the city as military science became more and more developed, Quebec could not be taken today. But it should be borne in mind that the development of offensive weapons has kept pace pari passu with that of defensive weapons; and that, therefore, the taking of the citadel would now be an achievement no greater than that accomplished by Wolfe on that memorable 13th of September, 1755. The truth, however, seems to be that Quebec was taken by stratagem rather than force and that if ever taken again it must

be taken by similar tactics. It is not likely, however, that such an attempt will ever be made; so far as can be learned Quebec must remain the Gibraltar of the western world.

To the present generation, Quebec remains a monument, a somewhat pathetic monument, of the days of the old regime. No one endowed with the sensibility of human life, who realizes that suffering must attend every step upward to a higher level than before, who knows that sacrifice is an essential condition of progress, but must feel a sort of sadness as he gazes upon the few remaining memorials of the past life of the old city, and as he looks down upon the broad expanse of the majestic stream below his thoughts go back to the days of intrepid Cartier, and wonders if the adventurous Commodore of St. Malo, as he entered the river in 1535, and sailed to old Hochelaga, ever dreamed of what picturesque villages and stately cities would, in the distant future, adorn the banks of that magnificent highway into the interior of British Columbia. The brave explorer never can have imagined that Britain would one day reign supreme over the land that he had discovered, and he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's heights. He no doubt believed that he was planting a new France in the new world which would in the days to come bless the continent with the religion of the land of the "fleur-de-lis and cross," her advanced civilization, her arts and sciences, her energy and industry, her enterprise and valour. On the irony of the course of history, however, how striking evidences, touching evidences, that Cartier's countrymen were its first settlers and its original rulers.

Since those old days many a change has taken place, and as a rule, each change has been an improvement on what had been made before. Thus, the modern English architecture, the present remarkable contrast to the old dwellings that are still to be seen, while many of the civic buildings of the past days have been replaced by structures that would do credit to a city ten times its population. No finer promenade can be found in the whole of Canada than the Dufferin, Terrace, looking seawards, from which the scene that presents itself to view, possesses characteristics—here a beauty, here a sublimity—which are perhaps unrivalled, as they are certainly unsurpassed, by any other landscape on the continent.

Across the river lies the old looking old fashioned town of Point Lévis. A little to the east, in the arms of the river, is the beautiful green Island of Orleans. To the left is the sinuous course of the River St. Charles and the broad, beautiful fertile valley of the St. Charles, dotted with villages and little white houses of the Canadian farmer. In the distance the Laurentine Mountains tower towards the sky, clear and distinct in the noonday sun. The works of nature here are truly on the grandest scale and possess an unimpeachable charm. What incentives there are for the artist's pencil, what splendid natural defences, and what battle grounds, quickly thinks the military man.

Within easy distance of the city are many places of note. It has been said that when one has seen the Saguenay River he has virtually seen a river. Then, en route by the river, one finds such picturesque places as Les Ebolements, Bay St. Paul, Murray Bay, Rivière du Loup, Cap l'Aigle, Tadoussac, Ha! Ha! Bay, Chicoutimi and Roberval. There is also the grand and impressive scenery of the Laurentine range, through which the Quebec and Lake St. John Railroad has penetrated at a great altitude, on its way to the romantic St. John, where the Saguenay has its source. Nearer Quebec there is Jeanne Lorette, with its beautiful cascade and otherwise remarkable as the home of the Huron Indians. There are also delightful Lake St. Joseph, primitive but beautiful Lake Beauport; the Falls of Montmorency, and Kent House, with its parks, menagerie and Natural Steps, and the picturesque Island of Orleans, a short distance by boat. Of course one would not pass by St. Anne de Beaupré, a shrine which has such a reputation as being the scene of wonderful works of healing, and it has drawn and continues to draw millions of devout pilgrims and others from all parts of the continent—Bryon Nicholson in The Toronto Sunday World.

April Dec. Gladys—If she thinks her young man is such a paragon of perfection why does she watch him so closely? Emerald—She is afraid he is too good to be true.

Knows the Notes. "I hear the cashier of your bank is very musical." "Try working off a false note on him, and you'll think so."

THE PROVING OF THE TRUTH.

Enquiry as to Advertisement in the Press.

Miss Jamison, of Masson, Tells a Reporter She Did Not Give Fruit-a-lives Enough Credit.

(From the Ottawa Journal.)

Many hundreds of people read and marvel at the columns of advertising matter put in the daily papers all over the world in connection with the advertisements of patent medicines. Millions of dollars are spent every year in bringing to the attention of the public the benefits to be derived by the use of the remedies, and it is to the free use of printer's ink that many notable successes have been made. These medicines are advertised in all kinds of ways, but the bulk of the money expended by the exploiters of patent medicines goes into the columns of the newspapers.

But how many people read a glowing account of good done by a patent medicine and take any trouble to find out the bona fides of the case mentioned? The writer admits being something of a sceptic in matters appertaining to patent medicines.

AN ENQUIRY MADE.

A few days ago, however, the writer happened to be stalled at Masson, or as it is now known, Buckingham Junction, with a wait of a couple of hours for the train. Now Masson is a very pretty little village, but two hours with nothing to do to a newspaper man is a somewhat tedious proposition. The columns of the Evening Journal were carefully run through when one of the patent medicine ads caught the eye of the scribe. It was that given by Miss Jamison, of Masson, for Fruit-a-lives or Fruit Liver Tablets.



In her letter to the proprietors of this remedy under date of Nov. 16, 1904, Miss Jamison said that she "had much pleasure in reporting to you the great benefit I have received from taking Fruit-a-lives, and I feel I cannot say too much for a medicine that has done me so much good." Continuing, Miss Jamison told of suffering from kidney trouble, that her complexion was sallow, with dark rings under the eyes, back ache, indigestion, constipation and headaches every morning on getting up. Miss Jamison took the remedy and, with careful following of the directions as to diet, after taking three boxes she lost all her ailments and regained perfect health.

VISIT TO MISS JAMISON.

Here was just a suitable case and favorable opportunity for the newspaper man to look into one of the cases of the genuineness of the advertisement.

Miss Florence Jamison is a charming young lady of about 22 years of age and she had no hesitation whatever in talking of the merits of Fruit-a-lives.

"Miss Jamison," said the reporter, "I see you have been making statements over your name in the papers giving great credit to the merits of Fruit-a-lives. Might I ask you your reason for giving such a strong testimonial of the efficiency of this medicine?"

"Why, certainly," replied Miss Jamison. "I am only too happy to give you any information I can. I have said nothing about Fruit-a-lives but what is the actual fact. Following sickness and death in the family, when I had a great deal of worry and nursing, I became terribly run down and few of the neighbors thought I ever should be well again. I consulted the late Dr. Church, and in view of considerable medicine but with poor results. In May of 1904, I started taking Fruit-a-lives knowing that it was a patent medicine, but having a medical man's authority that it would do me good. Personally I felt it could not do me any harm and I was prepared to do anything to do me good. I made up my mind to give the medicine a good fair chance, and with this end in view I carefully followed all the directions as to diet. I had suffered terribly with a chronic constipation which caused backaches, and I never knew what it was to get up in the morning without a headache that invariably lasted the whole day. In a very few days I felt the benefit of Fruit-a-lives, and in an incredibly short time the headaches left me and I was cured of my other ailments."

"Why," continued Miss Jamison, getting enthusiastic on the subject, "I had a sallow and muddy complexion and look at me now! I do not take Fruit-a-lives all the time, but I always have a box handy and take them occasionally. They are worth ten times the price in my estimation if they were only used for the benefit of one's complexion. You cannot say too much for Fruit-a-lives so far as I am concerned, and I am only too pleased to give my experience with the medicine."

A LOCAL CONCERN.

The above enquiry is of more than

usual interest, due to the fact that Fruit-a-lives, Limited, is a local concern, and from what is said of the medicine it is bound to become an institution of great magnitude. The medicine is made from pure fruit juices, put up in tablet form and no difficulty is experienced in taking them. They are the product of the experience of an Ottawa physician who combined the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, making a compound which strengthens the stomach and makes the liver active. The establishment of a company and the manufacture of the tablets in large quantities also naturally resulted being the fact that this household remedy can now be sold for 50c. a box, or a quarter of what the original cost had to be.

The sceptical writer who looked into the case of Miss Jamison does not regret the time spent on the investigation, which certainly proved that that young lady not only derived wonderful benefits from Fruit-a-lives but that she is naturally anxious to let others who are suffering know the facts.

MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY

Was at One Time a Resident of Western Canada.

The Marquis of Queensbury wrote his autobiography for a recent number of M. A. P., and thus recalled to memory the fact that he was twice a resident of the Dominion of Canada. After a few years as a midshipman in the navy, he resigned, and to use his own words: "I then went to the Northwest Territories as a pupil, cattle ranching; but I did not do much at that, and was ever flossicking and getting up into the Rockies and learning my first lessons in prospecting. Having tired of my pupillage, I purchased a horse, bade good-bye to the Cochrane Ranch, and started out to look for paid work, as I thought then—as I do now—that was better than paying to work. I soon found it in the shape of the management of a roadside house on the borders of Alberta and Montana where I had to do all the work, including cooking, stable cleaning, and a general 'roust-about' business; but I was my own boss."

"My customers were made up of whisky smugglers, miners and cowboys. Once a man complained of the bread I made and said he could not get his teeth into it, and refused to pay his bill; but he had counted without his host—or, I should say, his horse—as, when he made for the stable door to get that indispensable animal, he found it was barred and bolted, and so pleased was he at my resource that he paid up and patted me on the back and prophesied I should do well. After some months of this I returned again to England, joined the third Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers, studied for the army, at the wish of my mother, passed, and was offered a commission in the Life Guards; but, not being rich enough for that luxury, returned, to my joy, to be it stated to my wild life, and left for Ceylon."

Australia and the Stock Exchange held him for a brief while, but only a while: "Another visit to Canada by myself, a short interval at home, then again to Canada with my wife and daughter and our boy, a year spent on the shores of Lake Huron working a copper mine, which at one time looked like making my fortune, but which was destroyed by fire—so ending my hopes in that quarter. But an Indian I saw at the Earl's Court Exhibition recently, who came from Sault Ste. Marie, said to me: 'Bruce Mines, he soon work again!' And as I believe some Indians have second sight, I believe they will, and bring me back the fortune I invested and lost in them. Then came the news of my dear father's death, the greatest blow of all to me. For in him I and the world lost a much-misunderstood man, whose originality of mind and action were too far in advance of both his class and his time to be appreciated as they and he one day will be."

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

Two Girls Killed While Attempting to Cross a Track.

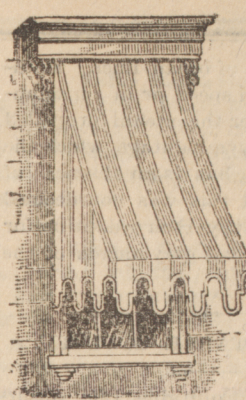
Oakville, July 26.—One of the saddest crossing accidents in Oakville's history occurred this afternoon about five thirty, returning in the instant death of Misses Ella and Emma Ingelhart, daughters of John E. Ingelhart, of Palermo, about nine miles from town. Their mother died a short time ago. Now the father is left alone, as the young ladies mentioned were his only children. They were in town shopping and called upon E. A. Ingelhart, a cousin. When going home they drove through the station yard and attempted to cross the tracks at the sixth line, although warned to be careful, as the Chicago flyer was passing the station. In the excitement the horse balked on the track. The ladies backed the horse frantically, but the buggy crumpled, and in backing the back end of the buggy went so close to the track that the flying engine struck the rig, smashing it to atoms and killing both ladies instantly. The horse escaped. Dr. Lusk was called; as well as Coroner Williams, who examined the wreck and took the statements of eye-witnesses. He concluded an inquest was unnecessary, as the train had whistled and gave sufficient warning. The bodies were taken charge of by Undertaker Tuck. Both were badly bruised and broken.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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For dwellings, stores and offices.

Verandah Curtains

In white and colored stripes.

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WILL PUT UP FREE OF CHARGE.

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THE BIG HARDWARE STORE.

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Why not call and see about a nice light



SUMMER SUIT

The kind that keeps you cool these warm days.

We would like to talk this matter over with you at once, and can quote you prices that will astonish you.

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FOR A NEW SUIT TO SUIT YOU

CALL ON

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I have in stock all the latest in checks and stripes to choose from. Also a very fine line of Serges.

The Busy Corner LINDSAY

Wishes to inform the public that app. LUCY & CO. Ice Cream Parlor

Have since May last given away fifteen dozen Watches. No other firm in the province has dealt so generously with their customers. This is why the corner is the busiest place in the city. They have lately received of those celebrated

In his new Restaurant has been opened for the season. It is located up stairs and is reached by a separate entrance. Lunches of all kinds will be served here in addition to the most delicious Ice Cream and temperance drinks.

Lindsay's Restaurant is located on King Street, and is the largest and best in the city. Anything you can't get at LINDSAY'S in the eatable line must be out of season.

Home-made Cooking fresh every day.

Boston Baked Beans and Brown Bread always on hand.

Hot dinners served daily at eleven o'clock, a.m. Lunches at all hours day and night.

Cold Meats always on hand, sliced to order.

All kinds of Fruit in season. Parties forgetting to secure their groceries or meats from the regular dealer can always buy them at Lindsay's. Lindsay serves breakfast at six o'clock every morning.

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Soled Boots

SOVEREIGN BRAND

Which for real comfort and durability are away ahead of anything in the market. A careful examination of these Boots will convince you that the Cushion Sole is all we claim for it.

LUCY & CO.

JAMES T. SHARKEY, LL.B., American Consular Agent.

Offices: Queen st., opposite Officers' Quarters.

Hours: 10 a.m., to 1 p.m.; 2 to 4 p.m.

Saturdays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

The only safe effectual monthly medicine on which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1, for ordinary cases, \$1 per box; No. 2, for cases stronger for Special Cases, \$2 per box. Sold by all druggists. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute. The Cook Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario. Nos. 1 and 2 are sold in Fredericton by all Druggists.

Miss Williams

Wish to announce that her Spring Stock of

READY-TO-WEAR HATS.

Includes some very pretty and stylish designs.

Ordered work specially attended to

Ladies are invited to call and inspect for themselves.

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COME TO US.

Don't send your Job Printing out of town we'll do it for you at the HERALD OFFICE

Smoking Pipes.

There is an endless variety of substances of which pipes are made. In China the stems are of bamboo. In India sweet stems are used. In Persia sweet jasmine, in Asia Minor cherry wood. In the Philippine Islands a richer material is available, for the natives hollow out gold nuggets which they find in the torrent beds and use them as pipe bowls.