

The VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

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CHAPTER XIV.

The dictograph which Shirley had asked Bryce to obtain for her in San Francisco arrived on the regular passenger steamer on Thursday morning and Bryce called her up to ask when she desired it sent over.

"Good morning, Mr. Cardigan," she greeted him cheerily. "How do you feel this morning? Any worse for having permitted yourself to be a human being last night?"

"Why, I feel pretty fine, Shirley. I think it did me a lot of good to crawl out of my shell last night."

"You feel encouraged to go on living, eh?"

"Yes."

"And fighting?"

"By all means."

"Then something has occurred of late to give you new courage?"

"Oh, many things. By the way, Shirley, you may inform your uncle at breakfast Friday morning about my connection with the N. C. O. In fact, I think it would be far better for you if you made it a point to do so."

"Why?"

"Because both Ogilvy and myself have a very strong suspicion that your uncle has a detective or two on our trails. I judge your uncle will learn today that you dined with Ogilvy, Moira and me last night."

"Oh, dear! That's terrible." He could sense her distress.

"Ashamed of having been seen in my company, eh?"

"Please don't. Are you quite serious in this matter?"

"Quite."

"Uncle Seth will think it so—so strange."

"He'll probably tell you about it. Better beat him to the issue by fessing up, Shirley. Doubtless his suspicions are already aroused, and if you inform him that you know I am the real builder of the N. C. O., he'll think you're a smart woman and that you've been doing a little private gum-shoe work of your own on behalf of the Laguna Grande Lumber company."

"Which is exactly what I have been doing," she reminded him.

"I know. But then, I'm not afraid of you, Shirley—that is, any more. And after Friday morning I'll not be afraid of your uncle."

"I feel as if I were a conspirator."

"I believe you are one. Your dictograph has arrived. Shall I send George Sea Otter over with it? And have you somebody to install it?"

"Oh, bother! Does it have to be installed?"

"It does. You place the contraption—hide it, rather—in the room where the conspirators conspire; then you run wires from it into another room where the detectives listen in on the receivers."

"Could George Sea Otter install it?"

"I think he could. I have a printed card of instructions, and I dare say George would find the job no more baffling than the ignition system on the Napier."

"Will he tell anybody?"

"Not if you ask him not to."

"Very well, then. Please send him over. Thank you so much, Bryce Cardigan. You're an awful good old sort, after all. Really, it hurts me to have to oppose you. It would be so much nicer if we didn't have all those redwood trees to protect, wouldn't it?"

"Let us not argue the question, Shirley. I think I have my redwood trees protected. Good-by."

He had scarcely finished telephoning his home to instruct George Sea Otter to report with the express package to Shirley when Buck Ogilvy strolled into the office and tossed a document on his desk. "There's your little old temporary franchise, old thing," he announced; and with many a hearty laugh he related to Bryce the ingenious means by which he had obtained it. "And now if you will phone up to your logging camp and instruct the woodsboss to lay off about fifty men to rest for the day, pending a hard night's work, and arrange to send them down on the last log train today, I'll drop around after dinner and we'll fly to that jump-crossing."

"I'll telephone Colonel Pennington's manager and ask him to kick a switch-engine in on the Laurel creek spur and snake those flat cars with my rails aboard out to the junction with the main line," Bryce replied. And he called up the Laguna Grande Lumber company—only to be informed by no less a person than Colonel Pennington himself that it would be impossible to send the switch-engine in until the following afternoon. The Colonel was sorry, but the switch-engine was in the shop having the brick in her firebox renewed, while the mogul that hauled the log trains would not have time to attend to the matter, since the flats would have to be spotted on the side-track at Cardigan's log landing in the woods, and this could not be done until the last loaded log train for the day had been hauled out to make room.

"Why not switch back with the mogul after the log train has been hauled out on the main line?" Bryce demanded pointedly.

Pennington, however, was not trapped. "My dear fellow," he replied patronizingly, "quite impossible, I assure you. That old trestle across the creek, my boy—it hasn't been looked at for years. While I'd send the light switch-engine over it and have no fears—"

"I happen to know, Colonel, that the

big mogul kicked those flats in to load the rails?"

"I know it. And what happened? Why, that old trestle squeaked and shook and gave every evidence of being about to buckle in the center. My engineer threatened to quit if I sent him in again."

"Very well. I suppose I'll have to wait until the switch-engine comes out of the shop," Bryce replied resignedly, and hung up. He turned a troubled face to Ogilvy. "Checkmate!" he announced. "Whipped to a frazzle. The Colonel is lying, Buck, and I've caught him at it. As a matter of fact, the mogul didn't kick those flats in at all. The switch-engine did—and I know it. Now I'm going to send a man over to snoop around Pennington's rounthouse and verify his report about the switch-engine being in the shop."

He did so. Half an hour later the messenger returned with the information that not only was the switch-engine not in the shop but her firebox had been overhauled the week before and was reported to be in excellent condition.

"That settles it," Buck Ogilvy mourned. "The Colonel is as suspicious as a rhino. He doesn't know anything, but he smells danger just the same."

"Exactly, Buck. So he is delaying the game until he can learn something definite." He drummed idly on his desk for several minutes. Then:

"Buck, can you run a locomotive?"

"With one hand, old man."

"Fine business! Well, I guess we'll put in that crossing tomorrow night. The switch-engine will be in the rounthouse at Pennington's mill tomorrow night, so we can't steal that; but we can steal the mogul. I'll just send word up to my woods boss not to have his train loaded when the mogul comes up late tomorrow afternoon to haul it down to our log landing. Of course, the engine crew won't bother to run down to Sequoia for the night—that is, they won't run the mogul down. They'll just leave her at our log landing all night and put up for the night at our camp."

"But how do you know they will put up at your camp all night, Bryce?"

"My men will make them comfortable, and it means they can lie abed until five o'clock instead of having to roll out at five o'clock, which would be the case if they spent the night at this end of the line. There is a slight grade at our log landing. I know that, because the air leaked out of the brakes on a log train I was on a short time ago, and the train ran away with me. Now, the engine crew will set the airbrakes on the mogul and leave her with steam up to throb all night; they'll not blow her down, for that would mean work firing her in the morning. Our task, Buck, will be to throw off the airbrakes and let her glide silently out of our log landing. About a mile down the road we'll stop, get up steam, run down to the junction with the main line, back in on the Laurel Creek spur, couple onto those flat cars and breeze merrily down to Sequoia with them. They'll be loaded waiting for us; our men will be congregated in our dry-dock just off Water street near B, waiting for us to arrive with the rails—and bingo—we go to it. After we drop the flats, we'll run the engine back to the woods, leave it where we found it, return a-lying. You can get back in ample time to superintend the cutting of the crossing."

"Spoken like a man!" quoth Buck Ogilvy. "You're the one man in this world for whom I'd steal a locomotive. 'Ata-hoy!'"

Had either of the conspirators known of Pennington's plans to entertain Mayor Poundstone at dinner on Thursday night, it is probable they would not have cheered until those flat cars were out of the woods.

Mayor Poundstone and his wife arrived at the Pennington home in Redwood boulevard at six forty-five Thursday evening. It was with a profound feeling of relief that his honor lifted the lady from their modest little "diver," for once inside the Pennington house, he felt, he would be free from a peculiarly devilish brand of persecution inaugurated by his wife about three months previously. Mrs. Poundstone wanted a new automobile. And she had entered upon a campaign of nagging and complaint, hoping to wear Poundstone's resistance down to the point where he would be willing to barter his hope of salvation in return for a guarantee of peace on earth.

"I feel like a perfect fool, calling upon these people in this filthy rattletrap," Mrs. Poundstone protested.

Mayor Poundstone paused. "In pity's name, woman," he growled, "talk about something else. Give me one night of peace. Let me enjoy my dinner and this visit."

"I can't help it," Mrs. P.—retorted with asperity. She pointed to Shirley Sumner's car parked under the porte-cochere. "If I had a sedan like that, I could die happy. And it only cost thirty-two hundred and fifty dollars."

"I paid six hundred and fifty for the rattletrap, and I couldn't afford that," he almost whimpered. "You were happy with it until I was elected mayor."

"You forget our social position, my dear," she purred sweetly.

He could have struck her. "Hang

your social position," he gritted angrily. "Shut up, will you? Social position in a savannah tongue! Damn it, you'll drive me crazy yet." Poundstone growled, and subsided.

The Pennington butler, a very superior person, opened the door. The Poundstones entered. At the entrance to the living room the butler announced sonorously: "Mayor Poundstone and Mrs. Poundstone."

"Glad to see you aboard the ship," Colonel Pennington boomed with his best air of hearty expansiveness. "Well, well," he continued, leading Mrs. Poundstone to a divan in front of the fire. "This is certainly delightful. My niece will be down in ten minutes of a half's talk. Have a cigarette, Mr. Poundstone."

In the midst of the commonplace chatter incident to such occasions, Shirley entered the room; and the Colonel leaving her to entertain the guests, went to a small side-board in one corner and brought forth the "materials," as he facetiously termed them. James appeared like magic with a tray, glasses and tiny servettes, and the Colonel's elixir was passed to the company.

"Delicious," murmured Mrs. Poundstone. "Perfectly delicious. And not strong!"

"Have another," her hospitable host suggested, and he poured it, quite oblivious of the frightened wifely knock the mayor telegraphed his wife, which she prayed for his rather notorious goals that Mrs. P. would not discuss automobiles during the dinner.

Alas! The Colonel's cocktails were not unduly fortified, for all that, the two which Mrs. Poundstone had assimilated contained just sufficient "kick" to loosen the lady's tongue without thickening it. Consequently, about the time the "piece de resistance" made its appearance, she threw caution to the winds and adverted to the subject closest to her heart.

"I was telling Henry as we came up the walk how greatly I envied you that beautiful sedan, Miss Sumner," she gushed. "How an open car does blow one around, my dear!"

"Yes, indeed," said Shirley innocently.

"Heard the McKinnon people had a man killed up in their woods yesterday, Colonel," Poundstone remarked, hoping against hope to divert the conversation.

"Yes, the fellow's own fault," Pennington replied. "He was one of those employees who held to the opinion that every man is the captain of his own soul and the sole proprietor of his own body—hence that it behooved him to look after both, in view of the high

cost of safety appliances. He was warned that the logging cable was weak at that old splice and liable to pull out of the bucket—and sure enough it did. The free end of the cable snapped back like a whip, and—"

"I hold to the opinion," Mrs. Poundstone interrupted, "that if one wishes for a thing hard enough and just keeps on wishing, one is bound to get it."

"My dear," said Mr. Poundstone impressively, "if you would only confine yourself to wishing, I assure you your chances for success would be infinitely brighter."

"There was no mistaking this rook; even two cocktails were powerless to render Mrs. Poundstone oblivious to it. With the nicest tact in the world, Shirley adroitly changed the subject to some tailored shirtwaists she had observed in the window of a local dry goods emporium that day, and Mrs. Poundstone subsided.

About nine o'clock, Shirley, in response to a meaningful glance from her relative, tactfully conveyed Mrs. Poundstone upstairs, leaving her uncle alone with his prey. Instantly Pennington got down to business.

"Well," he queried, apropos of nothing, "what do you hear with reference to the Northern California-Oregon railroad?"

"Oh, the usual amount of wind, Colonel. Nobody knows what to make of that outfit."

Pennington studied the end of his cigar a moment.

"Have they made any move to get a franchise?" he asked bluntly. "If they have, I suppose you would be the first man to hear about it. I don't mean to be impertinent," he added with a gracious smile, "but the fact is I noticed that windbag Ogilvy entering your office in the city hall the other afternoon, and I couldn't help wondering whether his visit was social or official."

"Social—so far as I could observe," Poundstone replied truthfully, wondering just how much Pennington knew.

"Preliminary to the official visit, I dare say."

The Colonel puffed thoughtfully for a while—for which the mayor was grateful, since it provided time through which to organize himself. Suddenly, however, Pennington turned toward his guest and fixed the latter with a serious glance.

"I hadn't anticipated discussing this matter with you, Poundstone, and you

must forgive me for it; but the fact is—I might as well be frank with you—I am very greatly interested in the operation of this proposed railroad. If it is built, it will have a very distinct effect on my finances."

"In just what way?"

"Disastrous."

"I am amazed, Colonel."

"You wouldn't be if you had given the subject very close consideration. Such a road, the N. C. O., connects the south with the north, while a line built from the south will tap two-thirds of it. The remaining third can be tapped by an extension of my own logging road; when my own timber is logged out, I will want other business for my road, and if the N. C. O. parallels it, I will be left with two streaks of rust on my hands."

"Ah, I perceive. So it will, so it will!"

"You agree with me, then, Poundstone, that the N. C. O. is not designed to foster the best interests of the community. Of course you do. I take it, therefore, that when the N. C. O. applies for its franchise to run through Sequoia, neither you nor your city council will consider the proposition at all."

"I cannot, of course, speak for the city council," Poundstone began, but Pennington's cold, amused smile froze further utterance.

"Be frank with me, Poundstone. I am not a child. What I would like to know is this: will you exert every effort to block that franchise in the firm conviction that by so doing you will accomplish a laudable public service?"

Poundstone squirmed. "When I have had time to look into the matter more thoroughly—"

"Tut-tut, my dear man! Let us not straddle the fence. Business is a game, and so is politics. Neither knows any sentiment. Suppose you should favor this N. C. O. crowd in a mistaken idea that you were doing the right thing, and that subsequently numberless fellow-citizens developed the idea that you had not done your public duty. Would some of them not be likely to invoke a recall election and retire you and your city council—in disgrace?"

"I doubt if they could defeat me, Colonel."

"I have no such doubt," Pennington replied pointedly.

Poundstone looked up at him from under lowered lids. "Is that a threat?" he demanded tremulously.

"My dear fellow! Threaten thy guest!" Pennington laughed patronizingly. "I am giving you advice, Poundstone—and rather good advice, it strikes me. However, while we're on the subject, I have no hesitancy in telling you that in the event of a disastrous decision on your part, I should not feel justified in supporting you."

He might, with equal frankness, have said: "I would smash you." To his guest his meaning was not obscure. Poundstone studied the pattern of the rug, and Pennington, watching him sharply, saw that the man was distressed. He resolved on a bold stroke.

"Let's not beat about the bush, Poundstone," he said with the air of a father patiently striving to induce his child to recant a lie, tell the truth, and save himself from the parental wrath. "You've been doing business with Ogilvy; I know it for a fact, and you might as well admit it."

Poundstone looked up, red and embarrassed. "If I had known—" he began.

"Certainly, certainly! I realize you acted in perfect good faith. You're like the majority of people in Sequoia. You're all so crazy for rail connection with the outside world that you jump at the first plan that seems to promise you one. Have you promised Ogilvy a franchise?"

"There was no dodging that question. A denial, under the present circumstances, would be tantamount to an admission; Poundstone could not guess just how much the Colonel really knew, and it would not do to lie to him, since eventually the lie must be discovered. He resolved to "come clean."

"The city council has already granted the N. C. O. a temporary franchise," he confessed.

Pennington sprang furiously to his feet. "Damn it," he scolded, "why did you do that without consulting me?"

"Didn't know you were remotely interested." Now that the ice was broken, Poundstone felt relieved and was prepared to defend his act vigorously.

"And we did not commit ourselves irrevocably," he continued. "The temporary franchise will expire in twenty-eight days—and in that time the N. C. O. cannot even get started."

"Have you any understanding as to an extension of that temporary franchise, in case the N. C. O. desires it?"

"Well, yes—not in writing, however. I gave Ogilvy to understand that if he was not ready in thirty days, an extension could readily be arranged."

"Any witnesses?"

"I am not such a fool, sir," Poundstone declared with asperity. "I had a notion—I might as well admit it—that you would have serious objection to having your tracks cut by a jump-crossing at B and Water streets." And for no reason in life except to justify himself and inculcate in Pennington an impression that the latter was dealing with a crafty and far-seeing mayor, Poundstone smiled boldly and knowingly. He leaned back nonchalantly and blew smoke at the ceiling.

"You oily rascal!" Pennington soliloquized. "You're a smarter man than I thought. You're trying to play both ends against the middle." He recalled the report of his private detective and the incident of Ogilvy's visit to young Henry Poundstone's office with a small leather bag; he was more than ever convinced that this bag had contained the bribe, in gold coin, which had been productive of that temporary franchise and the verbal understanding for its possible extension.

"Ogilvy did business with you through your son Henry," he challenged. Poundstone started violently. "How much did Henry get out of it?" Pennington continued brutally.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars—retainer, and not a cent more," Pound-

stone protested virtuously—*and a cent fully.*

"You're not so good a business man as I gave you credit for being," the Colonel retorted maliciously. "Two hundred and fifty dollars? Oh, Lord! Poundstone, you're funny. Upon my word you're a scoundrel." And the Colonel gave himself up to a sincerely hearty laugh. "You call it a retainer," he quipped presently, "but a grand jury might call it something else. However," he went on after a slight pause, "you're not in politics for your health; so let's get down to brass tacks. How much do you want to deny the N. C. O. not only an extension of that temporary franchise but also a permanent franchise when they apply for it?"

Poundstone rose with great dignity. "Colonel Pennington, sir," he said, "you insult me."

"Sit down. You've been insulted that way before now. Shall we say one thousand dollars per cent for your three good councilmen and true, and for yourself that sedan of my niece's?"

"You're Not in Politics for Your Health."

It's a good car, I imagine it will please Mrs. P. immensely and grant you surcease from sorrow. Of course, I will not give it to you. I'll sell it to you—five hundred down upon the signing of the agreement, and in lieu of the cash, I will take over that Jimmy Mrs. Poundstone finds so distasteful. Then I will employ your son, Henry, as the attorney for the Laguna Grande Lumber company and give him a retainer of twenty-five hundred dollars for one year. I will leave it to you to get this twenty-five hundred dollars from Henry and pay my niece cash for the car. Doesn't that strike you as a perfectly safe and sane proposition?"

Had a vista of paradise opened up before Poundstone, he could not have been more thrilled. He had been absolutely honest in his plea to Mrs. Poundstone that he could not afford a thirty-two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar sedan, much as he longed to oblige her and gain a greatly-to-be-desired peace. And now the price was dazzling before his eyes, so to speak. At any rate it was parked in the porte-cochere not fifty feet distant!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VISIONS NOT ALL REALIZED

But Even So, There is Something Fine in the Dreaming of Beautiful Dreams.

There seem to be a great many disappointed people in the world today; the explanation apparently is that many of us do not find our dreams and hopes realized in quite the way and at the time we expected. How many times have there been conjured up before us a kind of magic day in which all fine and splendid things would be easily possible, and life would, of necessity, lose very much that was so-called and unideal? We had beautiful visions that seemed so easy of realization. But in the cold light of the day into which we have now come there are many hard and unyielding ideal facts, and what we fondly pictured fails to shape itself in actual life. Of course, we are disillusioned and disappointed. But ought we to be? Was there, after all, anything the matter with the vision that we cherished? Is it possible that the troubles with us that we have not the faith and the wisdom to see the vision being realized, though in ways and fashions of which we had not dreamed? Columbus did not discover what he looked for, but were his faith and dreaming not justified nevertheless! And would he ever have discovered anything but the gold and the diamonds?—Montreal Herald.

Timid Old Soul.

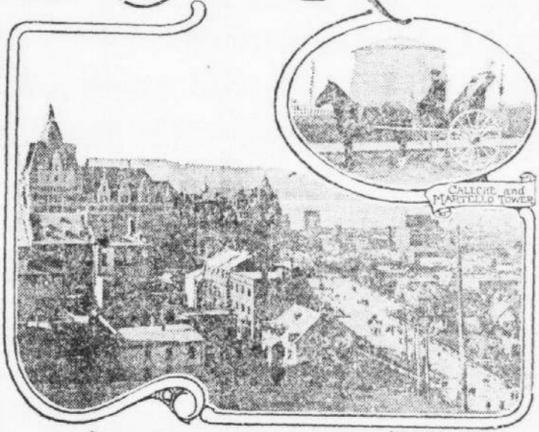
My aunt was a timid old soul and was quite afraid of holdups. For safe keeping she always put her money in her stocking. One day when she was going to do some Christmas shopping she thought she would play a joke on the holdups. She put the money in her pocket and carried her purse. In the purse she put newspaper crumpled up. She kept her hand in the pocket that had the purse and walked along merrily. But to her surprise when she had purchased her needs she reached for the money, but it was missing. Then, forgetting, she reached for her pocketbook and pulled out the paper. She had to give back all the articles and walk home empty-handed.—Chicago Tribune.

His Girl.

During a visit to a girl friend of mine in another city I was kind to a half-witted fellow there, and he immediately conceived a great liking for me. Several months later while visiting there again I attended a dance when this fellow came up to me during a dance and in a loud voice, easily heard all over the place, said, "O, I know who you are; you're my girl," and proceeded to follow me around the rest of the evening.—Exchange

Trout have been introduced successfully in New Zealand and Australia.

Quebec: History and Romance



CHATEAU FRONTENAC FROM CITADEL

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

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

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

"What a Beak!"

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

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

Phipps opened fire from the river and Frontenac's guns replied from the heights with such good aim that the English fleet retired. In the lower town today stands a picturesque little church, Notre-Dame des Victoires, which was struck by some of the English cannon balls, and received its name from the victory over Phipps and for another deliverance in 1711 when a second English fleet under Sir Ho-

ronson Walker was almost wholly destroyed by a storm in the Gulf of St. Lawrence while on its way to attack Quebec. Wolfe's batteries at Levis, across the river, also partially destroyed it in 1759. Notre Dame square, upon which this church faces, is the oldest part of Quebec. Here stood Champlain's "Habitation," a house and fort and the first building erected in 1608 when Champlain founded the city. All traces of it have long since disappeared, and even the place where the intrepid soldier governor was buried is unknown.

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

Historic Ground.

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

Every foot of Quebec, five times besieged by white enemies alone—not counting red—is historic ground, and the visitor who cares to view interesting places will do well to read the romantic story of the old city before he hires his caleche in summer or his quaint sleigh in the winter carnival weeks. As a matter of fact, however, Quebec is not difficult to see afoot, providing one does not object to a bit of hill climbing. Within a stone's throw of Dufferin Terrace is the Pigeon d'Armes, once the camp of Huron Indians under the protection of the French guns, and later the scene of military parades, public meetings and fashionable promenades during the old French regime. Rising 100 feet above Dufferin Terrace and 300 feet above the St. Lawrence, is the famous old Citadel with its stone walls and frowning cannon. In winter the shoulder of this hill is the starting point of the triple toboggan slide down which the gayly-clad merry-makers speed the full length of the terrace. But a few yards from them is the "Governor's Garden," the chief attraction of which is a huge shaft of granite erected in 1828 to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, both of whom were killed in the battle on the plains of Abraham near by, which ended the rule of the French.

History, however, is not the only interesting thing about Quebec. It is a handsome, well-built city, with fine streets and splendid public buildings. The people are lovers of the great outdoors, and there is sport aplenty in both summer and winter. When the ice king has spread his mantle of ermine over the heights, the people enjoy every known winter sport including snowshoeing, tobogganing, skiing, bob sledding, hockey and skating. In the summer near-by fishing resorts are well patronized, and camping and boating number their devotees by thousands.

MIGHT BE ONE IN THEORY

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

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

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

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

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

"One is it?" replied Donald scornfully. "Ded, sirr, if ye wis tae pors our hoose about nine o'clock in the