

might have been a reflection upon my accent. The question of accent is also treated by Mr. Kennedy. He might have put it in this way,—the difference between French of France, as they say, and French of Canada is one of vowel-sounds and intonation mainly, and not of accent. We in Ontario think we speak good English, and that we have a pleasing accent, but we find Englishmen and Yankees who hold the contrary opinion. In passing strictures upon Quebec French, we may as well remember that Quebecers may complain of our judgments with as good reason as we complain of that passed by the Englishmen and Yankees—with better reason perhaps. Generally speaking, we make our vowels flatter than the Englishman makes his, while the French-Canadian does the opposite—that is, he gives a fuller, rounder sound to them than the Frenchman does. Thus *la* is pronounced very much like our English word *law*, *lait* is pronounced almost like *lat* in English, *oui* almost like *way*, *verset* as if it were *varsa*, and so on. Final consonants are usually sounded, especially in the case of 't' or 'd.' A common, every-day example is found in the word *froid* which sounds a good deal like our English *fret*. This sound of 'oi' is Norman, and is one of the little things that go to prove that in language, at any rate, the French-Canadian has not changed much during the last three hundred years or so. Students of French often notice that editions of Moliere and other dramatic writers of the seventeenth century have the imperfects and the conditional tenses ending in '*ois*' instead of '*ais*,' and yet the former had exactly the same sound as the latter now has.

In vocabulary again, there are some points of difference. Old words here and there are to be found which the Frenchman has dropped, but a similar thing is noticeable with reference to New England and those parts of Canada in which U.E. Loyalists are settled. *Clever* as it is used in such districts is, I believe, unknown to an Englishman. But with the requirements of new conditions of life, such as the lumber trade, for instance, entirely new words have grown up, as among ourselves. And, lastly, the language tends towards assimilation of English words even more than it does in France, and it is noteworthy how largely French has borrowed from English in the present century; *steamer* and *candy* are often heard in Quebec.

There are some very un-French words and phrases made up by a literal translation from the English. One day, I remember, I wanted to compliment an old French lady upon the beauty of her sunflowers, and used the word I was accustomed to, *tourne-sol*, but she vainly tried to comprehend and uttered that very expressive word "Monsieur" with the rising inflection that makes the average Englishman think there should be an universal language, and that English. Only when I began to translate our word literally did I see the gleam of understanding in Madame's eye.

Idling through the town, walking or going by stage-coach to Montmorenci through the historic old parish of Beauport, and back again just at sundown, with the roof-tops all ablaze in scarlet and gold, tramping out to Sillery and Wolfe's Cove or out the St. Charles to the Jesuit missionaries' monument and Cartier's landing-place, or driving out the St. Louis Road past old French places, owned for the most part by "Englishmen" now, and in by the Ste. Foye Road with the whole valley of the St. Charles before me and the purple hills in the distance, or taking a most prosaic stroll amid the anything but sweet odours of St. Valier St., I saw all sorts and conditions of men, talked with them, and learned better than to look upon this Norman-Breton French as a *patois*. A *patois* is never written, but in this so-called *patois* many books have been written and many songs sung, and so well sung that even Frenchmen admit that Frechette's work might have been done in France.

But the language is not the only interesting thing to be found in the old city. The crooked streets seem to trans-

late you to another world, the gay, chattering throng, especially upon the terrace overlooking the river, of an evening make you forget there is anything like care or sorrow in the world. Yet, go to the market of a morning—not at ten or eleven as thrifty house-wives go here—but at six or seven, and see the women who have driven miles overnight in their two-wheeled carts, akin to the celebrated Red River carts, piled high with onions, carrots, and the like, and hear how they can and do bargain. See the lovely flowers, the loads of maple sugar in huge blocks big enough to make a comfortable seat, and all the other thousand and one things you can see only in a French market, and you will understand a little of the life of the place. Look into a church for early mass on your way home to breakfast and you will find out what is one of the chief features of the Canadian's life and character. If you can find it, let the church you choose be Notre Dame des Victoires, surrounded by shops and almost propped up by them so that you can hardly tell which is shop and which church till you enter. Stand just inside of the door and read the catalogue of victories won over the English when New France yet belonged to Old France and you will then understand a little of the feeling a conquered people entertains for its conquerors. And do not forget that this little church is, perhaps, the very oldest we have in Canada.

But I set out to talk of language, and should, therefore, not forget to mention the seminary or, as we are accustomed to call it, Laval University. If you are fortunate enough to manage it, get two or three hours in the library without a guide, unless one of the priests will accompany you, and see the treasures of books they have stored up there. Our library looks small beside it, and I was only sorry that the end of vacation made it impossible for me to avail myself of the privilege of taking out books which would have been granted me if I had been able to stay till the opening of term. Truer courtesy I never found anywhere, in fact the whole of this last visit more and more convinced me that if we but knew and understood the "Canadians" better we should get along much more comfortably together. Never did I turn homeward so reluctantly from any place I have ever visited.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Whether or not nature wished to protest against our gracious Sovereign Lady's appropriating a day other than the twenty-fourth, it is impossible to say, but it certainly seemed like it. The twenty-sixth was perfectly fine and, as a matter of course, so was the twenty-fourth, but the day appointed by law was most uncertain. Fortunately the keeper of the "Queen's weather" managed to hold Jupiter Pluvius in submission until the match was over. It is also impossible to say positively whether the dampness at the beginning of the day affected the throats of our sweet singers so that that time honoured custom of singing from the terrace "God Save the Queen" was allowed to lapse. Perhaps the Head of College can explain. And the flag, where was it? Surely Trinity is no less loyal than of yore. The afternoon was very fine and many fair friends of Trinity were on the terrace interestedly watching the game. At times some faces were clouded, was it on account of disappointment at seeing so few of the Trinity stalwarts? For those who did stay to do the honours of the day there was nothing but pleasure. Professor and Mrs. Clark gave a tea in their own shady corner, and it is unnecessary to more than mention the names of Professor and Mrs. Clark as host and hostess to convey a notion of the enjoyable function in progress in the shadow of the chapel. Lemonade and ices were as usual to be had on the lawn. All too soon the happy day came to an end—almost at the time for drawing stumps—the pent up wrath of nature could no longer be restrained and the storm burst in fury.