



DRYING CODFISH, ST. PIERRE.

cerned the outlines of a couple of French ships of war, and the clouds hung low over the rocky island of Saint Peter the fisherman. The rising sun soon dispersed the fog and as a pretty picture met the eye as one would care to behold. It was like a bit of old France transported across the sea. Here was a tiny square like a *grand place* in Brittany or Artois, flanked on one side by the tiny Hotel de Ville, or town hall, on the other by the cathedral and *presbytere*. The white walls, mansard roofs, picturesque dormers, the presence of the tricolour and the French chatter in the tiny market-place, all emphasized the fact that we were on the sole remaining relic of the once mighty French domain extending from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, save a narrow stretch along the Atlantic coast. Official bulletins containing the latest in-

telligence from the Old World were placarded on the town hall. The dapper French naval officers, the swaggering Breton sailor, and Amazonian French fishwives looked as if they had stepped out of an old-world picture.

A vivacious Canadian writer, Mrs. E. G. Randall, thus describes a visit to the island before the last great fire:

Nestling on the hillside lies the little French town, and on the quay were crowds of French people, chattering gaily, full of interest and curiosity in the strangers from the outside world. As we stepped upon the wharf two striking figures met our gaze. The first was a gorgeous creature in uniform of red and blue, trimmed with gold lace, and with a sword dangling at his side; this we thought must be the "gendarme." The other was in sharp contrast, in his long black robe and broad-brimmed hat. We had evi-