

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF "GAY PAREE"

Half the World Knows How the other Half Lives, but Keeps on Laughing



One Family of Flood-sufferers looked after by Ladies of the Croix Rouge.



A Benevolence Kitchen of the Ladies of the Croix Rouge.

"GAY PAREE" appears on this page in her customary role of light and shade. The pictures are somewhat reminiscent of the great flood which was a national calamity, calling forth expressions of sympathy from many nations including Canada, whose somewhat leisurely Senate devoted more than an hour one day to the devastations of the Seine; though of late the newspapers have said much more about the French Treaty and the tariff. We have much to learn from France. We have in Canada a third of our population French. Montreal is somewhat of a Paris. The *habitant* and the French peasant are not far removed. The *bonhomie* of the French—you see it in Parliament; and the spectacularism of the French—that came out in the Tercentenary. The *chansons populaires* are as common in Quebec as in Normandy. Mr. Bourassa, no mean authority, says that the French-Canadian is more French than the tricolour, because he is the French of the *fleur-de-lis* which was in France centuries before modern France invented the tri-colour.

In his "French Revolution" Carlyle has a big chapter on the Feast of Pikes which was a huge Parisian blow-out, eclipsing any Mardi Gras or Toledo bull-fight—held while the tumbrils were rumbling the heads to the guillotine. So when the Seine had just made a huge civic *Miserere* on the

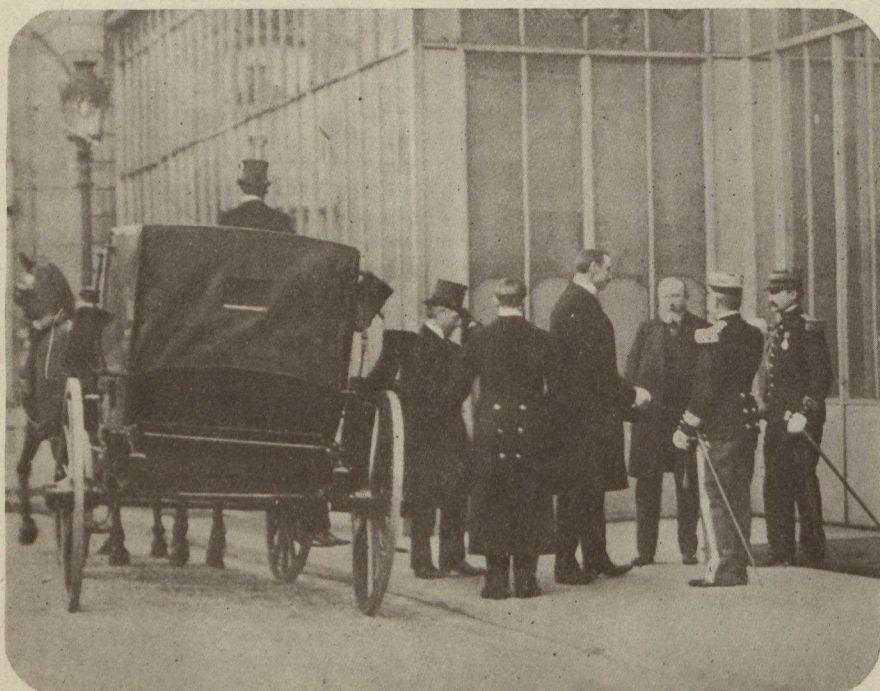


Mlle Ruzena Brazova "Queen of the Czechs," in her Original Moravian Costume at the *Mi-Careme*.

boulevards the festival of *Mi-Carême* came along on March 3rd and "Gay Paree" celebrated "High Jinks" while dames of fashion laboured among the sufferers from the flood and the ladies of the "Croix Rouge" dispensed dole, as may be seen also on this page along with the great and glorified Revel headed by the Queen of the Czechs in her Moravian costume. Because of all nations the French run the gamut of the unusual in which there must always be some spectacle and drama—or what is the use of living?

It's all epitomised in the language. When an Englishman tries to pronounce French he is like an elephant making lace. French music—outside the church most of it is a mere contagion while the modern French is mainly impressionistic.

Since the Tercentenary there has been a revival of interest in the *chansons* of Quebec which in their varieties of style as *chansons historique, d'amour* and others contain much of the political and religious history of old France. Many of these excessively gay and buoyant melodies are known outside of Quebec, up the St. Lawrence, and far up the Ottawa and beyond to Temiscaming, and clear out to the Saskatchewan wherever the French-Canadian has been; the identical songs heard at the Tercentenary last year and that may be heard on the Paris boulevards almost any day.



President Fallieres receiving Prince Christian of Denmark at the Elysee.



At the *Mi-Careme*: the Reine's Triumphal Car in front of the Elysees Palace.