

English and Presbyterian church combined, the latter built by visitors. Then the habitants' houses all huddled together, (as if they could not each have acres of this beautiful land about for not much more than the asking), but all very clean and tidy. Swarms of children everywhere, but seemingly as happy as mud-larks, always grinning and ready to say "Bon jour" to every one. All the French Canadian habitants' homes seem to be built on exactly the same plan, with high sloping roofs and projecting eaves. Sometimes as many as three tiers of windows may be seen in the roof, making the house look like a veritable Noah's Ark. One thing that struck us as very quaint and peculiar was the manner of baking, in ovens, built some little way from the house, usually across the road, made of stone or brick, and thickly plastered over and often white-washed. They build a fire in this oven, and when hot rake out the embers and pop in the bread, pies or cakes, and they are baked and browned thoroughly. We tested some of the habitants' ordinary brown bread once, buying it from a little girl who was taking it out of the oven, but found it rather sour and the crust very hard.

At the head of the bay is the village proper, boasting of a large church and convent, many shops and even a notary. Also a decrepit saw-mill, the last having originally made the place, being named after the first owner, Murray. The French name is Mal-baie, so called because it is a very bad harbor, when the tide is out. The whole bay is a thread-work of sand-bars except just where the little river empties into it, the current forming a deeper bay. Delightful beyond expression are the jolly drives in the quaint caliches which look exactly like cutters perched up on the top of two wheels, the driver sitting on the curved part in front with his feet on the shafts. They are very comfortable considering the only springs are strips of leather swung on thin pieces of curved wood. At first conversation was exceedingly limited with the drivers, who are not able to speak one word of English, as indeed do few of the inhabitants, but we would say—pointing—"Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela," and look very intelligent, while they gesticulated and jabbered in response, and in that way would carry on a very animated conversation until they in turn would ask a series of questions, then our complacency would vanish most miraculously. Such charming drives they were, up and down hill, the sturdy ponies trotting all the way as easily up as down, to beautiful inland lakes, wonderful gorges, mountain streams and water falls. Excellent trout-fishing everywhere we are told, but we are not anglers. Every mile or two on the roadside of the beautiful country there is upreared a