

thing was very quiet this afternoon, for except at the seasons of the pilgrimages to the church of the Good Saint Anne of Father Point, five miles lower down the line, there is as a rule little traffic going on.

Between Rimouski and Father Point (called by the French *Pointe à Père*) is a long dusty road, very flat, and, except where the gulf comes in to the coast in frequent little bays, very uninteresting.

There are few houses on this road, and these are far apart.

At the doorstep of one of these cottages—a well-kept, clean and neat little dwelling—sat, this August afternoon, an old woman, spinning busily. She, although some of her neighbors might be, was not asleep. Oh, no! Seldom was Madame McAllister caught napping, save at orthodox hours, between ten p.m. and six a.m. In spite of her seventy-six years, was she hale and hearty, bright and active. She was a brisk little body, and had a most intelligent face. Her eyes were dark and bright with animation, and her coloring was brown and healthy, unlike that of her neighbors of the same age, for, as a rule, French Canadian women of the lower classes lead very hard-working