

pledged her at an early age to the profligate son of his richest neighbor. Toussaint was poor, and his poverty became a crime in the sight of the lucre-loving old father of the love-lisping Louise. The lovers had three courses open to them to overcome the difficulty. One was to break the engagement and return all letters, rings and photographs. This would have been dutiful on the part of Louise, but she failed to see it in that light. Another course was to engage the services of some popular assassin and bribe a coroner's jury to bring in a verdict of death by the visitation of Providence; and the third was to get secretly married and go west. The latter course was adopted, and the happy couple embarked for Quebec. All went well. They reached the St. Lawrence and lay becalmed off Rimouski. The day was fine and young Cartier took a boat to visit Ile St. Barnabe. While he was ashore a fearful tempest arose, and the vessel and all on board were engulfed before his eyes. The body of Louise was soon after washed ashore on the island, where Toussaint buried it and made a solemn vow to live on the lonely isle for the remainder of his days. This vow he faithfully observed, living a life of deep religious devotion, year after year, until his locks were silvered with age. All who knew him revered him, even the birds loved him and came to feed out of his hand: but his heart was broken, and he watched year by year pass by, counting each only as a step nearer to his reunion with the one of whose smile through life he had been so rudely deprived. Forty odd seasons passed, and at length, one January morning, he was found lying dead on the floor of his humble abode. The lovers were united at last. His remains were buried within the old church of Rimouski, and to this day his name is honored as that of an holy man.

There are other versions of the story. Some of them omit all reference to the love affair, and make it appear that he arrived on foot and came by the way of Metapediae. The foregoing is the prettiest, however, and ought to be true, whether it is or not.

Six miles below Rimouski is Father Point, so well known as a telegraph and signal station in connection with ocean steamers, and to it there is a charming drive along the shore. Four miles above the town is the village of Sacre Coeur, where there is a beautiful and well sheltered beach and admirable opportunities for boating and sea bathing.

Soon after leaving Rimouski the St. Lawrence is lost sight of, and the road makes its way toward the Metapedia Valley. St. Flavie,

eighteen miles from Rimouski, is a place of some importance, and is the terminus of the well known highway, the Kempt Road, built at a heavy expense and so long used for a mail route between the upper and lower provinces. Here we begin to take leave of the land of the French pure and simple, and enter a country where English is spoken to a greater extent. In the midst of the woods is Little Metis Station, not a place over which one could grow enthusiastic, but nevertheless leading by a road of about six miles to the beautiful watering-place of

LITTLE METIS.

Three score and ten years ago the Seigneur of Metis was a Mr. McNider, whose name has such a genuine Caledonian ring that no one will imagine that he was a Frenchman. Warmly attached to the place, and fully impressed with its beauties, there was yet one defect which grieved his heart. Nature had neither located Metis in Scotland nor sent the Scotch to Metis. This want he determined to supply, and the result was the arrival of several hundred men, women and children from Old Scotia. These were located in various parts of the Seigneurie, and aided by Mr. McNider until their farms became adequate to supply their wants. Since then they have prospered, and Metis is a flourishing farming district. What is more to the purpose of the tourist, it is one of the most pleasant places on the shore for those who are seeking to enjoy the summer months. Numbers have already found out its beauties, but there is room for many more.

Little Metis is situated along the shore of the St. Lawrence, at a point where the estuary begins to widen out so that the opposite shore is a faint line in the distance and much of the horizon is as level as upon the ocean. This gives the place more of the air of a sea-side resort than many less favored watering-places, and the salt waves rolling in upon the sandy beach confirm the impression. This beach is about four miles long, hard, smooth and safe for bathers. On some parts of it the surf beats with a sullen roar, yet numerous coves, sheltered from the swell, afford every security, as well as absolute privacy, to the bather. Boats, of all sizes, from a skiff to a schooner, are available to the visitor, and if one desires to run across to the other shore he will find safe and swift vessels crossing every day. If a party desire to have a good time and feel free and independent, they can charter a small schooner for about \$3 a day, secure a good