

A very hot fire of wood is built on the floor of the oven and the doors tightly shut, the smoke escaping through the small iron ventilators. When it is all burnt away, the ashes are raked out and another fire made in the same way. After the second raking out the oven is ready for the loaves to be put in. Reversing the order of city bread-making, the crust browns during the first quarter of an hour as there is no increase of heat—no more fuel being added. It is the original idea of the "fireless cooker" which city dwellers have only lately been introduced to as *le dernier cri* of economy and satisfaction. How much we can learn from these interesting French Canadians who brought their ideas originally from old France when they came over with Jacques Cartier or Champlain, or adapted them from the Indians, who, to this day, broil fish deliciously on hot stones.

Punctually to the minute the old grandpère returned and we eagerly awaited the result of the baking. Out they came, each loaf brown and crusty and smelling delicious. The deservedly proud young bread-maker, standing with arms outstretched to receive each as it came from the oven, made a picture that would have delighted the heart of a Franchère or Suzor-Côté or Cullen. The old-fashioned oven,