

structure of the language is preserved in greater purity than in many portions of France. And now, about the French spoken by the upper classes of Canadian society. Madame Bernhardt, who cannot be accused of partiality to anything Canadian, says: "Nowhere have I heard more beautiful French than that spoken by the upper classes of Montreal society." Speaking on the same subject, the abbé d'Olivet says: "One might send an opera to Canada, and it could be sung at Quebec, note for note, just as in Paris, but you could not send a conventional phrase to Bordeaux or Montpellier and find that it would be pronounced, syllable for syllable, as at the court." When the colonization of Canada was in its infancy, the ladies of Canada, especially Quebec, were very much disposed to laugh at the mistakes that foreigners made in speaking their language. There French was rarely spoken, except by the Gallic race, for there were few foreigners, and the savages, naturally too proud to learn French, obliged the colonists to speak their language. As a rule, Montreal people are extremely sensitive upon this subject. Nothing in the world more thoroughly stirs the female Canadian heart with joy than the question, "Were you educated in Paris?"

—The first money that I ever earned in America, says a writer, I earned as a "roustabout," some forty-six years ago. I was at that time an "undesirable immigrant" in quarantine at Grosse Isle in the St. Lawrence River, a few miles below Quebec. I know I was "undesirable," because although I had paid my fare to Quebec the authorities there would not permit me to land, and they ordered the captain of the boat to take me "to — out o' this," whereupon he carried me up to Montreal, and dumped me on the levee like freight. While at Grosse Isle, a sloop came along laden with pine boards for sheds to shelter the fevered immigrants in quarantine, and the mate hired a small squad of us to unload the sloop, promising to pay us one pound as wages for the entire job. We unloaded the sloop, whereupon he paid us a gold sovereign, English money, and here I got my first lesson in monetary science, and the way of it was this: We went into a little store to buy some trifles, and the storekeeper worked a financial miracle right there. He gave us not only the articles we bought, but also more money in change than we had paid in. Thinking he had made a mistake we called his attention to the number of shillings given us, but he said there was no mistake, and that he had given us the proper change. The explanation was that silver being at that time "cheap money" in Canada, a gold