

nose! Everything is spotlessly clean; bright tins hang everywhere and an enormous *armoire* fills up one side of the kitchen. Madame's sewing machine stands in the window, and several habitant rocking-chairs add a touch of comfort. In spite of so many things in this small room, there seems a place for everything. There is no suggestion of crowding and disorder—on the contrary, perfect orderliness prevails and shows what an excellent manager Madame is, and how she has trained her large family to be neat as well. The polished wooden crucifix hanging in the corner points to their higher hopes and shows how large a part religion plays in their daily life.

Mr. George M. Wrong in his interesting book "A Canadian Manor and its Seigneurs" gives a detailed account of the tithes exacted by the Church from these poor people. A twenty-sixth part of the produce of their grain fields. This surely cannot be much in a district where one sees so few, and such thin harvests of barley and oats, buckwheat and timothy. Potatoes seem their only crop with acres and acres of hay. In return for the payment of this tithe, proud parents have the right to present their twenty-sixth child for complete adoption by the Church. A privilege which, I hear, has actually been taken advantage of! Race suicide