

FOR BREAD.

AN INCIDENT OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE YEAR IN CANADA.

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HERE are few breaks in the line of high red-sandstone cliffs that stretch away and away seaward, from the fishing village of Paspébiac, until the Quebec coast rounds out from the Baie des Chaleurs into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

But here and there a brawling little salmon-stream, the noisier for its occasional shallowness, flashes down into the bay; and in one of these, in the broad noontide blaze upon the water, Arsene was sitting in her stranded skiff, to have her picture taken.

There was half a pout on the girl's face; though one might think she would know the portrait could not fail of being pretty enough; since the artist was the truth-telling sun himself.

"The photograph shall go into an early number of the *Dominion Illustrated*," said Monsieur Morin, from behind his camera on the rock opposite. "The moment I return to Montreal, I will have it developed. That will be just as soon as I can get a good view, on my way back, of the Tracadie-gash peaks and the Governor-General's new farm. Richmond Bay was blotted out in rain the day I was there before, and I could do nothing. That will complete the views of the Baie des Chaleurs; Gaspé; Perce Rock; Cap d'Espoir; Port Daniel; *you*, Mamselle Arsene; Richmond Bay; Dalhousie. Now, don't you think it was worth your while to unearth your Breton great-grandmother's wedding-dress, when I tell you I regard my picture of Mamselle Arsene in it as my *chef-d'œuvre*?"

Arsene flashed him a saucy smile, across the glittering water.

"How much of it is Messire's work?" she asked, demurely; "how much, Messire, the sun's, and Madame, my grandmere's, whose busy fingers fashioned the costume in old Brittany? But I wish I could have found her cap, too, with its great, wide linen wings; it would have been much better than this veil, which suits the costume as little as the costume itself suits our cold Canadian coast."

"Remember, this is the Bay of Heats," Morin corrected. "So it ought to be warm, if it isn't. What is Mamselle doing there?" he asked, suddenly, raising his head.

She had bent hers over the bunch of daisies in her hand, and was evidently telling her fortune with them, after the fashion of maids everywhere. She flung them rudely from her into the water, at Morin's question, and said, defiantly:

"*J'll m'aime passionnement—pas du tout!*"

"It couldn't have been I, then, Mamselle," said Morin, deprecatingly, "else you would have stopped at '*passionnement*.' For I love you—"

"It wasn't you," she broke in, still defiantly.

"Then, was it your cousin Aime Trehan, the sailor I have heard of?" he questioned her, jealously. "I never heard he loved Mamselle; and he does not seem to care to stay at home much; but—"

"The Marguerite said '*pas du tout*'—and Aime is no cousin of mine; his poor grandparents took me in out of sweet charity, when my mother died, and left me nothing but her grandmother's wedding-dress," said the girl, looking down and stroking its folds.

And then she looked up, and the defiant color sprang to her cheeks and the flash to her eyes.

"I hate Aime Trehan," she said; and she caught up her paddle, and pushed out into the stream.

"Mamselle—Mamselle—"

Was she going to leave him to wade in from his post on the rock? There was no danger in it; but certainly it was enough to cool any man's ardor.

"Mamselle—Mamselle!"

She flung him a glance over her shoulders from the deep pool to which she had already paddled on her way up-stream.

"*Un mot*," she called back: "I hate Aime Trehan, but I would rather hate Aime Trehan than love any other man!"

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That was when summer was doing his little best toward making the Bay of Heats deserve its name.

When winter puts in his work, the bay is an arctic sea.

The black-stemmed, red-sailed boats are frozen out of it; the Canadian and Acadian fishermen have drawn into their nets, with their latest haul of cod, the last silver for the great Fishing Company of the Robins. The very last silver. For now, after toiling for this firm through five generations since the first Robin, in his little "Sea-Flower," sailed from the Isle of Jersey to seek his fortune in this wild bay—now, these fishermen are told they cannot have the flour for which they plowed the deep all summer long: cannot, because, forsooth, the Jersey house has failed!

No wonder, though the sea is surging rudely enough under the Paspébiac cliffs, and dragging at the ice piled on the fishing-beach, the sound there is nothing to the roar within the walls of the Robins' "Establishment" from these surging hundreds of men beating against the closed doors of the warehouses.

The high gates of the establishment open to the rush through them of the sleighs of the *habitans*, pouring into what may well be called Fish-town; built, as it is, for the finny folk.

It lies, with its triple row of a hundred white and red-faced edifices, great and small, on that triangle of beach so evidently for the accommodation of the cod that one can hardly see how they could refuse to come and be cured. Nor do they; these wide pebbled reaches between the plank sidewalks are their summer drying-ground; and those big store-houses are for their salting and packing. Yonder is the cooper-shop, where kegs and tubs are made for them; here is the ship-yard for the building of the craft to carry them everywhere from South America to the Mediterranean. On the one hand the smithy, still in their employ; on the other,