

strenuous, while strolls through woodland paths to the village to buy *catelan* or homespun, bull's-eyes or sugar-sticks fill up the day for the less energetic.

The great event of the day is the arrival of the up-coming and down-going boats of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company. Then the wharf is crowded with gaily dressed girls, sunburnt and jolly young men in "flannels" and "ducks" and wonderful "blazers," chattering French girls and bare-legged boys, with a confused background of *calèches* and buckboards, buggies, and the hotel 'bus. All is bustle and noise when the "Saguenay" or "Murray Bay" is pulled in to her moorings. Hawsers straining, squeaking, and dripping while the gangway is run into place and there is a rush on board of the eager throng to greet friends, or to get parcels, or to strum on the long-suffering piano and set feet dancing to gay gavotte or romping two-step. Prize-packets and chocolates fill the pockets and hands of the raiders, who are soon hustled off by the stentorious voice of the captain from the bridge shouting, "All aboard!" "All aboard!" "All ashore!" The last barrel is rolled down, a heavy case marked "Glass" is carried carefully off, a saddle horse is handed over to his expectant mistress, who is waiting for her favourite with some lumps of sugar in