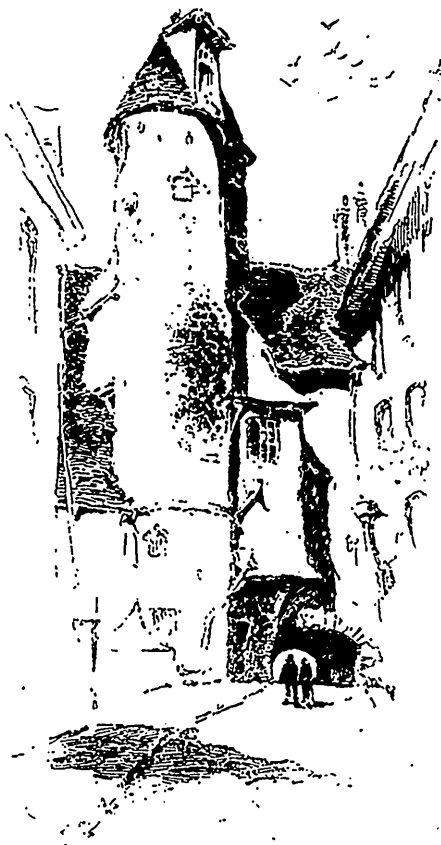


lady, indeed, assured me that they looked upon Canadians almost as fellow-countrymen. "We used to own all that country," she said. But even when my nationality was unknown the politeness was the same.

On the way to Evreux, the railway runs for many miles by the River Seine, till Elbeuf is reached by way of Couronne. If the



TURRET, COUTANCE.

scenery between Dieppe and Rouen is beautiful, that between Couronne and Elbeuf at times borders upon the magnificent. Hill and dale are here, in places, thickly covered with forests of trees, apparently of primeval growth, their density only broken by grassy woodland walks, which, running here and there up to the railway, afford one glimpses of forest glades very charming to behold. But these many beautiful spots are all too quickly left behind. Past Elbeuf, with its smoke and manufactories, and past lovely glimpses of the Seine, which here resembles a miniature Rhine without its castles, the old scenery is rapidly renewed; the green, smiling valleys and grazing cattle, the apple orchards and

the sheltering wooded hills; the same kind of thatched cottages, and the same gray-slatted church spires. After leaving Acquiny the scenery alters somewhat in character. The soil is more cultivated, and fields of golden-brown corn are being reaped and garnered in true harvest weather. Picturesque indeed are those groups of reapers and harvesters, with their blue smocks and blouses—enough to gladden the heart of an artist. At times the