

outhouse. Now they have the run of the parlour, the piano jingles merrily to the latest popular music, and dancing and merrymaking, boiling taffy and pulling "latière," continue till the cold days come and it is necessary to close up part of the big house and concentrate in the kitchen and *salle à manger*. This is the time of rolling the tobacco, weaving the *catelan*, or rag carpets, braiding and "hooking" the mats, drawing the threads of the ivory coloured linen, and replenishing the stock of crochet mats that discreetly veil the water-jugs and trays in summer-time.

There is a little straw mat on the dining-table to-day, to stand hot platters on, that owes its origin, I am sure, to these winter evenings, when the wide-brimmed straw hat of Pierre or Lucienne, wet with the rains and tanned by the sun to a mellow gold, is carefully unstitched, steamed, and bound with brown ribbon and flattened into a still useful non-conductor of heat!

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

They are a light-hearted people, these sturdy French Canadians. As they go about their work, the girls sing snatches of old French songs—"À la claire fontaine," "En roulant ma