

down into courtyards that had in the long ago belonged to stately palaces, now turned into warehouses, offices and barracks; we could get vistas of the narrow corkscrew streets and queer old-world houses, we could get glimpses of dim interiors in the homes of both great and lowly. We stood and watched the brave defenders of France doing household work in their quarters and gazed down upon them on their dull grounds—for the military are very much *en evidence* in St. Malo, as was to be expected in an important stronghold (which Britain thrice ineffectually attempted to take).

In all our wanderings we had not forgotten Jacques Cartier, but the inhabitants seemed to be in lamentable ignorance of the place of his birth, and as to his burial they knew no more of it than the Encyclopedia. We found the museum which contains the remains of the ship "La Petite Hermine," in which Cartier sailed to discover us, and many other interesting relics, but we did not find the house in which he was born. They show a room facing the sea in the Hotel de France where Chateaubriand was born, and they seem to think him a greater celebrity than our own Jacques. We asked questions, in all the languages we knew, of many good-natured but very puzzled people, and were disappointed to find Cartier an unknown name to them, until we met a man who understood English a little and who could speak it a little less. He destroyed a cherished illusion by telling us Cartier was not born in St. Malo at all but at Paramè, a fashionable watering place that could be reached by steam tram. Sadly we turned away, but having come purely on Jacques' account we were ashamed to go without discovering him or his remains, and so made our way out under the frowning gates of the castle, which led us into a beautifully laid-out park, only a few acres in extent but with walks shaded by flowering shrubs trees, fountains, seats,

turf and masses of blooming plants.

We had been interested for some time in watching squad after squad of soldiers with a bugler at their head marching from all quarters but in the same direction, toward the castle gate. They looked rather untidy, not carefully dressed, and all had bundles under their arm and as they marched merrily past we speculated as to why they were being marched outside the walls, and tried to keep count of how many companies we saw. We decided we must have seen fifty and we could still hear behind us the sound of the bugle call and the tramp of many feet.

Across the park we saw the tramway with a little stubby engine, one car (which was empty) divided into two parts, first and second-class, and another a third-class car into which a motley crowd was climbing. We asked questions of everybody who caught our eye only to be answered in fluent but unintelligible French, but seeing a placard that seemed to indicate that the train went to Paramè we chanced it. We took our seats among the picturesque Breton fishwives and market-women with their curious caps, turned up blue petticoats and wooden shoes, priests in rusty robes, peasant boys with full baskets and empty faces—all conditions of interesting folk. The guard was greatly concerned about us for we could not make him understand where we wanted to go, and when he politely asked for our fare he seemed to be demanding such an incredibly large sum that I gave him my purse, full of small French coins, and selecting a half franc piece he kept it and returned so many copper pieces I thought he must be making me a donation. However, the amount he took only paid to the first stopping place, and at each section of the road we had to pay again—about two cents each time.

We went steaming along at a rate that would have shamed a mule but it was fast enough for us, for everything seemed interesting. Leaving