

A few chickens and hens straggle across the street and take dust baths in the sun. The ubiquitous yellow dog sleeps lazily on the steps, waking occasionally to snap at a too persistent fly. Most of the names over the shop doors are French, but sometimes one is pulled up sharply by such familiar Scotch patronymics as "MacNichol" and "MacLean," slender links with the past and the Fraser Highlanders, a century and a half ago.

Murray Bay is a very busy place in the season. Hundreds of rich Americans and Canadians come here to rest and recuperate after the excessive demands of the winter's society whirl. The Manoir Richelieu offers them the attraction of city luxuries combined with strong air, a magnificent view, and perfect freedom of thought and action. Warm swimming-pools lure the swimmer who is daunted by the frigidity of the water in the Bay. Huge verandahs overlook the sea and the well-kept lawns and flower-beds. Roomy arm-chairs and rockers invite one to rest awhile over a cup of tea or a game of bridge, while indoors, at five o'clock, bright fires blaze in the huge Colonial fireplaces, and the orchestra plays soft and dreamy music. Golf played over links of entrancing beauty, commanding a sweep of the St. Lawrence from Les Eboulements to Cacouna appeals to the