



**OLD MAIDHOOD.**—There are probably few who do not carry with them through life the tender memory of some old maid whose love and goodness cheered and blessed their early years. How often is she a ministering angel whose life is spent in acts of unselfish devotion to those around her? We cannot spare the old maid. She has an important role to play in the human comedy, and the thing for her to do is to study it and play it well. The woman who worries because she sees old maidhood before her is without good sense. Let her be sure that there are thousands of wives who only wish that they had led single lives, and then she may find it easier to learn of the Apostle in whatsoever state she is therewith to be content.

**THE CARE OF CANARIES.**—The cage should be kept clean, and coarse sand or fine gravel scattered over the bottom. The seed should be of the best quality, and the bird fed and allowed his bath at a regular hour every day. In hot weather fresh water should be put in the cup twice a day. Cake, sugar, raisins, candy, etc., should never be given. A piece of cuttlefish should be kept in the cage, and when the bird is moulting it is a good plan to give him, occasionally, a paste made of hard-boiled egg and cracker crumbs. Care should be taken that the bird is not exposed to a draught. Make a little bag of very thin muslin, fill it with flower of sulphur, and hang it in the cage. This will prevent mites troubling the bird, and is a remedy for feather eating, which some birds are addicted to.

**WHEN WERE YOU BORN?**—If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good temper. If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother. If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking. If in May, handsome, amiable, and likely to be happy. If in June, impetuous, will marry early, and be frivolous. If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper. If in August, amiable and practical, and likely to marry rich. If in September, discreet, affable, and much liked. If in October, coquettish, and likely to be unhappy. If in November, liberal, kind, and of a mild disposition. If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant.

**AN IDEAL HOMEMAKER.**—The good and gifted Helen Hunt, who lies in her Colorado grave, writes the following:—The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living for father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; every inmate of the house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rose bud or clover leaf, which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and homemaker.

A farmer just out of town was urged by a neighbour, known to be poor, to give him a pail of salt. The farmer happened to be out of temper and gruffly refused. The farmer's son, a young lad, felt so badly at his father's refusal that he went and obtained a pail of salt and carried it to the neighbour's—a cold, dark, wet tramp—to find the salt was wanted for a sheep kept in the back of the house, which the neighbour had stolen from the lad's father.

## CANADA POPULATA.

The transplanting of the human family from place to place is one of the curious points of history. It is attended with difficulties deserving of more attention than is generally given it. We have a striking example of this in the settlement of New France. There repeated attempts were made—at comparatively distant intervals of time—to found colonies, but it was only after the fourth or fifth trial that success was attained.

### I.

In the first three voyages of Jacques Cartier—the discoverer of Canada—up the St. Lawrence river, from 1534 to 1541, we find no mention of women among his attendants, but, even if there had been, it is ascertained beyond a doubt that the whole colony returned to France with him on the third voyage.

Jacques Cartier was followed by Roberval, in 1541, with a fleet containing 200 persons, male and female. Here we have the first authentic trace of *European women*, but all that colony likewise returned to France without taking root. In 1549, Roberval undertook another voyage, and in connection therewith the learned Abbé Tanguay, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Canada, relates a romantic incident which had hitherto escaped the knowledge of historians. While making researches in the Imperial Library of Paris, in 1867, he discovered a manuscript containing the singular adventures of Demoiselle Marguerite, niece of Roberval. On his return, the navigator, in the exercise of an act of justice, set down Marguerite, with one of the passengers and a Norman woman, named Damiene, aged sixty, in a savage island which thence took the name of Ile de la Demoiselle, and later that of Ile aux Démons. We are not told on what part of the Canadian or American coast this island lay, but it is described as excessively cold, thickly wooded and infested with wild beasts, which came from the mainland, by crossing from one small island to another. Bears were particularly plentiful. The story of this female Crusoe is a marvellous one. First she lost her husband, then the old Norman woman died, and she was left alone with her child for the remainder of her two years and five months' exile. The stock of provisions and commodities which Roberval had left her was soon exhausted, and the poor girl was reduced to extreme straits. Among her other tortures was the apparition of evil spirits. Her solitude was invaded by diabolical shapes. "*De hideux fantômes apparurent.*" Against them she was helpless, her arms, hands and whole body being numbed, the gunpowder incapable of explosion because spell-bound, and the arquebuse never within range of the shadowy tormentors. The particulars of her escape from this haunted island are not given, although we might just as well imagine that her infant was transformed into a second Puck and thus became her deliverer. At all events, she at length made her appearance at the town of Neuftron, in the Perigord, where she recounted her adventures to the author of this curious manuscript. Here was another failure in the attempt at colonization, and it is the more observable that, if Marguerite's husband had survived, their family might have increased, the island might eventually have been settled, and a second or third generation might have found its way across to the mainland, being thus the first to people a whole continent.

### II.

Fifty years later, in 1598, the Marquis de la Roche having obtained a royal commission, undertook a second colonization scheme, under such unfavourable auspices as assured and justified its ill success. He recruited about sixty convicts from the prisons and galleys and planted them in Sable Island, near the entrance to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, some sixty miles from Cape Breton. It is not stated that there were any women in the number, and it is best to suppose that there were none, in view of the terrible sufferings which these unfortunate people were destined to undergo. De La Roche pursued his voyage to Acadia, promis-

ing to return for the men as soon as he discovered on that coast a suitable site for a settlement. He made the discovery, but, on his way back, was surprised by a furious storm, which drove him, in about a fortnight, on the shores of France. No sooner had he set foot in his native land than he was seized by the Duke de Mercoeur, then in open revolt against Henry IV., and cast into prison. Five long years, or seven, according to Champlain, passed before the King was apprised of the fate of the poor fellows left on Sable Island, and he at once despatched Chetodel, the pilot who had conducted De La Roche's expedition, to go to their rescue. Out of the forty that had been landed, only twelve were found alive. Their lot had been terrible. At first they had fought among themselves, but hunger and privation having softened their passions, they built themselves huts from wreckage picked up on the shore, and lived in comparative peace. They derived food for a time from the flesh of cattle that had been left there eighty years before by the Baron de Lery, and had populated on the island. But when this resource gave out, fish became their only sustenance. After their garments had all fallen to pieces, they dressed themselves in seal skins. Their hair and beards, having been allowed to grow, flowed over their breasts and shoulders, and their faces had assumed the expression of wild beasts. They were taken back to France and the King, overlooking the crimes for which they had been banished, allowed them to return to their families. Thus this important project of settlement came to an ignominious and tragic end.

But the Acadian land was nevertheless destined to become the cradle of the family in New France. A colony was established at Port Royal in 1605, and, in 1606, it appears that Louis Hébert was among the settlers there, with his wife. In 1611 the wife of the celebrated Poutrincourt was also there, and it is natural to suppose that a person of her quality must have been accompanied by other women. At any rate, the missionary Biard, writing from Port Royal, in January, 1612, says: "We are twenty, without counting the women." A few years later, married men with their families were chosen in preference to others in order to give stability to the colony, land was portioned to each, and, in spite of subsequent dangers and disasters, the foothold of Frenchmen was secured in Acadia.

### III.

In Canada proper, with which we are more directly concerned, the glory of having founded the family belongs to Champlain, the immortal founder of Quebec. Not that he did so directly, because, although he brought out his young wife, Héène Boulé, in 1620, it does not appear that he left any children. We look in vain through the registers of Notre Dame of Quebec for the name of any families that might even remotely trace their descent from Champlain, and the historian Ferland declares with real regret, after a most diligent search, that there probably does not exist a single descendant of Champlain in the colony which he created and in the midst of which his ashes repose.

But several of his followers were more fortunate, though even with them the work of establishment was retarded, for, although Quebec was founded in 1608, it was not till thirteen years later that the first white child was born there. On the 24th October, 1621, the Quebec registers were opened, and up till 1629 there were only six christenings and two marriages in the French colony among Europeans. The first marriage, which took place on the 1st August, 1621, was that of Guillaume Couillard and Guillemette Hébert, whose numerous posterity spread all over the district of Quebec, and more particularly on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, below Point Levis. It is a remarkable coincidence that, just two months and a half previous, on the 12th May, 1621, was held the first wedding held in New England, between Edward Winslow and Susannah White.

But even with these beginnings the progress was slow. When, in 1629, Champlain was forced to surrender to Louis Kerkt, commanding a British