

liberality, giving them cold meat-pies, *tourtières*, and a cake, *croquignoles*, not unlike the doughnuts of New England, and such other dainties as they can afford, not omitting spirits.

On Friday no meats are eaten; fish, eggs, and pancakes being most in use, and bean soup also. Lenten season and the fasts of the church they faithfully and rigorously observe, using meats only during certain days of the week, and only once then. When they sit down to table they all make the sign of the cross and invoke God's blessing, *Benedicite*; after meals they offer thanks, *Deo gratias*, and again cross themselves. At table general hilarity prevails, and if one be noticed to eat less than usual he is at once rallied to indulge more freely.

All their soups, meats, and stews are served in one large dish, *à la gamelle*, which is placed in the centre of the table. They break their pieces of bread, drop them in the main dish, and then scoop them out with spoon or fork till the appetite is satiated. This custom is called *sauces*, and the parent is heard now and then saying to a child whose appetite is flagging, *Sauce donc, mon cher*—"Dip in, my dear."

As a boy I remember, while out fishing at a place some forty miles below Quebec, near the village of Montmagny, calling at a farmer's house at dinner-time, and being invited to join the family circle. I hesitated for a moment when asked to help myself from the main dish in the family fashion, but a long walk had so sharpened my appetite, that when I was urged a second time I threw *mauvaise honte* to the dogs and acted upon the principle, "In Rome do as the Romans do," and I live to tell the tale.

Prosper Bender

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