

men in the neighbourhood who can consume an equal amount without being noticeably affected. "Old George" complains bitterly of the price—one franc, seventy-five centimes for a large bottle, eighteen sous for a *demi-bouteille*! Truly this is a terrible war! But I doubt if in times of peace such a poor specimen of humanity as he could find employment.

Even the well-to-do bourgeoisie, so saving in most things, is lavish in his expenditure for wine. On Sundays a plain, middle-aged couple with a little girl of eight come here for dinner and, with their napkins tucked carefully under their chins, soberly consume their mid-day meal which includes a quart of red wine and a large bottle of burgundy of a finer vintage. Other couples, for whom the outing is a rarer celebration drink an *apéritif* before the meal, a quart of Burgundy and one of Champagne during the repast, with coffee and liqueurs to follow, making the bill for drinks more than double the sum paid for the food.

One day at noon a little man driving a load of wood to Dijon sat down opposite me at the green table and, opening a newspaper containing the end of a loaf, a small piece of cheese and about half a teaspoonful of granulated sugar, called for a quart bottle of red.

"I see you prefer drinking to eating, monsieur," I said. "Yes," he replied, "Yes . . . I am made like that! Small need for cooking in my home! A plate of soup—that is easily made—bread, cheese and a good quart of wine and I run like a rabbit! Ah wine is the saviour of life!" He sipped a little more and then continued, "I have been a *vigneron* since I was a youngster. Perhaps you remember the wine of 1893? It was 14 per cent. pure alcohol in my part of the country—well, I thrive on that. Wine is what gives the Frenchman his spirit and makes him the best fighter in the world!" He meditated awhile and

then added, "No; it is not I who would betray France!" and he patriotically emptied his glass. "Are you an American, madame?" he continued.

"Canadian," I replied.

"Ah! *ma pauvre dame*! You are far from home! My mare also—the one out there—she is a Canadian, but she understands no language—neither French nor *argot*. But you, madame, speak English? Then my daughter would be very pleased to have you come and talk to her. She lives on a good little farm quite near—not more than six miles away. . . . I paid a lot of money to have her taught. She is a sensible girl—my daughter—a *modiste*. She has served her apprenticeship in Paris and makes hats of very great value. If you like I will drive you to see her with my mare—the one from Canada—perhaps you could make her understand!"

Now that hats "of great value" are not in demand I suppose the sensible daughter is working in the vineyard like everyone else. War has made us all versatile! My host, M. Collardot, is not only a hotelkeeper, vineyardman and farmer, but on Sunday, behold he is the village barber and his regular customers pay him for their weekly shave by the year! He raises sufficient fruit and vegetables for the use of his establishment while Madame Collardot carefully preserves them for the winter use. In her little yard she raises chickens and rabbits, she does all the cooking and she and her serving-maid take their turn in the fields when extra help is needed.

In the old days there were banquets in the great empty dining-room above the café, and the stores of linen, glass and china in madame's cupboard were often used, not only on the premises but sometimes the horse was harnessed to take supplies to wedding celebrations in distant villages. There was dancing too and music—now we hear none, unless you count the blind piper who pays us a visit every week or so.