

of the Government, where keen-eyed officials go through trunks and valises regardless of his feelings or patience, and sighs relieved, when he is at last permitted to withdraw to the cheery refreshment room. The quick little garçon comes with his head on one side and his "café au lait, Monsieur?" and later with his extensive addition of francs and centimes to remind Monsieur that it is the Continent and he must pay accordingly. The courtesy and good nature of servants, and railway officials in France is a recognized fact, and their aim in life seems to be to make you perfectly comfortable while under their care. The exceptions are rare, yet it was our lot to meet one in the person of a railway official while travelling in Belgium. He was a dark, fierce looking individual and had shown himself so unpleasant to our party that as he left the coupé after collecting the tickets, one of the ladies laughingly shook her fist at him. But Mr. Frenchman had been quick enough to observe it and came back with a threatening "Vous me menacez, Mademoiselle?" which amused us afterwards very much. The ride from Dieppe to Paris is a very pleasant one, and an interesting stoppage may be made at Rouen, that ancient capital of Normandy, the resting place of Richard Coeur de Lion, where thoughts of Jeanne d'Arc, the maiden of Domrémy, rise up in the old market place.

Norman caps look out of the quaint windows and doors; wooden shoes and blue blouses are at work in the fields, and detachments of blue-coated soldiers march across the squares and streets. The soldiers look so absurdly small, and their uniforms are certainly not pretty. These simple French peasants are in about the same state as their forefathers were two hundred years ago—the same thrifty, quiet, cheerful, kind-hearted people, content to work hard

and gain little, strictly obeying the village priest and enjoying the town fetes. It is difficult sometimes to understand their peculiar dialect, even with a knowledge of French, and we despaired in Rouen of ever finding the particular establishment we wanted. After asking gendarmes, old women and children and becoming objects of interest to the entire neighborhood, we hurried along to escape the curiosity of the doors and windows until we sank exhausted "at a pastry-cook, his doorway"—To our astonishment, the very "plump" and "rosy little pieman" of Gilbert's came out of his shop, with his pretty little wife, and a following of rosy imitations, and by dint of much talking and more gesticulating they gave us the desired information.

On the sunny streets are groups of happy little children, playing their games, watched over by the grandfather, in his chair at the doorway, his long white hair falling round the browned and wrinkled face. At Damvilliers, a little farming village in the North West of France, was born once a peasant boy who grew up different from the others, and while working in the fields or at home in the tiny cottage, saw how beautiful this simple peasant life and the landscape around him was. He went when 16 years old to Paris, and devoted his life to art and became a famous painter—This was Jules Bastien Lepage, the peasant painter of France who died about 20 years ago.

It is very bewildering to set foot for the first time in the heart of Paris, Les Boulevards des Italiens, among gay crowds of richly dressed women and faultlessly attired men. They are sauntering along the asphalt under the trees or chatting merrily at the café tables over sundry small cups and glasses, appearing as swarms of bright butterflies, enjoying the sunshine, and intent on pleasure and