

beer comes not amiss. Their diet is exceedingly plain. The farmer is an early riser, leaving bed by four in summer and five in winter. Just before the morning meal he takes his dram, *petit coup d'appetit*, the beverage being usually whisky in which he has infused some absinthe leaves. He is careful not to allow the younger children to see him; he will take it *à la cachette*. The first meal of the day consists of a platter of skimmed and sour milk, in equal proportions, with buckwheat bread broken and soaked in the milk. Dinner is served shortly before mid-day, the bill of fare comprising pea soup in which pork has been boiled with green herbs. The pork is generally eaten with molasses. The dessert is a bowl of new and sour milk, mixed with the bread, as for the morning meal, but they add maple sugar at this repast. After dinner all take a nap, servants and family alike. Supper comes when the work of the day is ended, and consists again of new and sour milk, with cold potatoes and whatever pork may have been left over from dinner. Occasionally an infusion of hot water and toast, under the name of coffee, is taken. Near the rivers, lakes, and coasts fish is freely eaten. During harvest time, *la moisson*, each worker is given a hunch of bread and a piece of cold boiled pork to carry to the fields for the noon-day meal, which he eats with a clasp-knife carried in the pocket for that purpose. They have an odd way of cutting the bread and pork; they hold the sandwich in the palm of the left hand, and while pressing one corner of it against the thumb, they cut a piece off with a circular motion. They next stick the end of the knife into this piece and carry it to the mouth. The process is a peculiar and striking one. With a draught of water the meal is complete.

Of a Sunday they enlarge their dietary, treating themselves at breakfast to thick pancakes, *crêpes*, made of wheaten flour and milk, cooked with butter, and eaten with maple sugar or molasses. Another article of indulgence is roast pork, *pore frais*, the drippings of which, *graisse de rot*, are much appreciated by them, and also a stew, *ragoût*, of pigs' feet. In summer they seldom eat meat, but they use it in winter when game is abundant. When they kill cattle and pigs for market, they often keep certain portions for family use, which they bury in the snow and dig up as wanted. The ruling idea is to live on the humblest fare, made up of such things as are not convertible into money. All their meals are eaten with a relish begotten of pure country air, abundant exercise at the healthiest and most invigorating of occupations. The diet of the better class of farmers is more liberal, resembling that of the corresponding class in cities, but they do not, as a whole, eat meat as freely as their British neighbors. On festive occasions, like New Year and Easter, they treat their guests with