

The air of Cap à l'Aigle is a wonderful combination of mountain and sea. A salt sweetness—a mingling of clover and honey scents with the brine of the Atlantic, which seems so near and yet, in reality, is several hundred miles away. From the East comes a faint dampness—a “tang” in the air which carries one back to Loch Lomond or the Brig o’ Ayr.

Far as the eye can see, the road stretches like a brown ribbon over the hills, dipping into the valleys, now close to the sea, then losing itself in the woods, making it easy to understand that originally it was the trail of homecoming cattle, browsing idly by the way, stepping aside to avoid some great boulder or fallen tree, or to crop some tempting morsel of bush grass or sweet blossom, marking out, all unconsciously, the straggling road we love to-day. With the gradual increase in the family it was only natural that fresh farms should be started and new homes made. And so the road grew. Not violently with pick and shovel and blasts of dynamite shattering the peaceful air and scarring for ever the brown face of Nature, but gently seaming it with lines of care for the conservation of the family tie. The meek-eyed cattle winding through the woods at milking time, swaying from side to side with the weight of their dripping udders, widened the road and made