



Native Women trying on Sabots in the Treguier Market.



"Crockery for Sale."—Another Market Scene.

On such occasions, the "place" serves merely as ante-chamber to the cathedral, but on July 14th, the day of the "Fete Nationale" it is in its glory. Kept throughout France like Dominion Day in this country, the holiday recalls grim memories. It looks back to the year 1789, when the Paris mob attacked that royal fortress and prison, the Bastille. This stronghold, the building of which was begun in the fourteenth century to protect the French capital against the English, had echoed the sighs of many a captive, lost within its grim walls to freedom, friends, sometimes even to memory, at the monarch's will. Yet the end came strangely. Its garrison surrendered, on promise of mercy, to a leaderless mob. Because the Bastille stood in the minds of the people for an emblem of the autocratic power of the sovereign its fall was hailed as the beginning of a new era, and the first anniversary of the event was celebrated by a "Fete Nationale." The ruins of the fortress were decked with flowery arches, and the King and Queen, doomed speedily to fall victims in their turn to the fury of the revolutionists, were present at the festival, though doubtless they watched with anxiety the unrestrained transports of the populace.

Since the fall of the Bastille, nearly a century and a quarter has gone by, but throughout France to-day the anniversary is observed with merry-making. Last year at Treguier the celebration began, on the eve of the festival, with a torchlight procession. On the great day itself the old "place" was thronged from early morning. Before noon there was the market. Later there were sports—the sack and "sabot" races and the "jeu de poele," the character of which is suggested by the photograph.

A row of earthen pots, dangling from a horizontal bar was the centre of interest. The players, blindfolded, essayed in turn to break the swinging pots with a long pole, but, to all appearance the successful contestants fared worse than those who failed, for from the broken pots fell a rabbit-skin stuffed with straw, an avalanche of feathers and, worst of all, a douche of cold water or some other liquid.

In the evening there was a dance in the square. Long before dusk the elder folk took up command-

ing positions on seats or, failing those, on the low wall about the "place," but for long there was nothing to see save the good-humoured crowd itself, and a few impatient children practising their steps while they had the chance. Then came a man with a watering-pot, who with much deliberation sprinkled the dusty central space. At last the band struck up and he of the watering-can waltzed gaily off the

borough House to be kept among the many mementoes of that memorable journey.

In connection with that celebrated voyage there is a story told of a well-merited rebuff her Majesty once dealt a too officious officer.

One morning on deck she noticed a seaman in a picturesque attitude swabbing a certain part of the ship. Requesting him to remain still while she focussed her camera the man readily complied, and was taken just as he was.

At that moment an officer came on the scene, and not seeing her Majesty, remarked gruffly to the sailor: "Why are you standing in such an idiotic position? Get on with your work."

The sailor, abashed, turned and bowed to her Majesty, who reassured him with a smile. The officer by this time was beginning to realise his position, and approaching the Queen observed, after apologising effusively: "I shall make but a poor substitute, I am sure, but if your Royal Highness would care to 'snap' me I should be more than honoured."

"Your humility I accept," replied Queen Mary coldly. "You are quite right—you would make a poor substitute for the sailor whom you reprimanded just now in such a gentle manner."

A few days afterwards the bluejacket was made happy for ever after by receiving from her Majesty an autographed portrait of herself.



A little stream near Treguier where out-door washing is sometimes done.

stage to give place to the dancers. For a while two or three couples had the "floor" to themselves but soon the "ball" was in full swing, and for half that merry night old Treguier was more decidedly awake than it often was by day.

Nothing quite so gaily French marks the festivities of Quebec, whose fetes and pageants are usually of a more or less religious character. The Tercentenary, of course, was purely historic, including the religions. Yet there is sometimes as much gayety in Quebec as in either Paris or Treguier and for grandeur of scenic setting for a pageant no French city is able to rival Quebec.

Queen Mary as Artist.

IT is not generally known that Queen Mary is an artist of no small merit, but a writer in *M.A.P.* states that among the many souvenirs of her travels are some charmingly executed water-colours of her own painting.

Encouraged by Queen Alexandra, her Majesty has also become a devotee to photography, which is now one of her favourite hobbies.

Her artistic talents have been inherited by Princess Mary, who draws exceedingly well. Among the Queen's most valued treasures is a little drawing, done specially for the wall of her cabin in the *Ophir* during the long colonial tour, by Princess Mary, and which was duly hung in a place of honour. When the cruise came to an end the picture was carefully taken down and sent to Marl-

The Proof of the Links.

THE following looks like a new Mark Twain story: "When Mark Twain came to Washington to try to get a copyright law passed, a Congressman took him out one afternoon to Chevy Chase," writes a correspondent.

"Mark Twain refused to play golf himself, but consented to walk over the course and watch the Congressman's strokes.

"The Congressman was rather a duffer teeing-off, he sent clouds of earth flying in all directions. Then, to hide his confusion, he said to his guest:

"What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?"

"Best I ever tasted," said Mark Twain, as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief."



At the Fete Nationale.—An amusement called "Jeu de poele."



Weary after a hard pull—A Breton Dog Team.