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HOW REMI WAS SATISFIED.



It was a calm, clear day in September; there was not a stir in the long, narrow street of St.—, a little Canadian village, situated high on the southern banks of the St. Lawrence, about fifteen miles up the river from Quebec.

The chime of the Angelus bell alone broke the noon-tide hush, and the thick carpet of autumn leaves,—crimson, gold, and emerald—that covered the one street of the village, with its little white-washed houses on each side, was undisturbed by the slightest breeze; one would have thought that the great river lay sleeping in the warm sunlight, so still did it appear.

It was the dinner-hour, and with the *habitant* family this admits of no delay: what wonder? when the laziest among them begins the day's work at four o'clock in the morning, and most of the men are in the fields at three! How soundly they sleep, when at seven in the evening, they creep under their warm "catelognes"! The red tuques which serve them as night-caps are never the worse of wear from the owners' tossing; and when the long winter sets in how the poor fellows delight in the prospect of indulging their indolence to the utmost extreme by sleeping until five a.m.!

In one of those little white-washed houses, built with the ends pointing East and West—(in accordance with the *habitants'* idea that this prevents an accumulation of snow that always comes with the winter-storms from those two points), there was a very happy little creature. Belline, sole daughter of the house of Thivierge, (the Cræsus of the village), had promised her heart and hand to Rémi Lapierre, seventh son of the village barber, who was himself a seventh son; therein lay Rémi's great claim to distinction. It is a tradition among these people that the seventh son is a being set apart from the ordinary run of humanity; bearing a special birth-mark called "La Fleur du lit," as a token of his power to read the future, and to cure all diseases of man and beast, by a muttered prayer or charm, and a touch of his hand. Rémi was therefore, a born doctor, dentist and fortune-teller! Was anything missing?—Rémi would tell what had become of it; had a horse the glanders, Rémi would tell it not to—(at least he would whisper in its ear), and the animal was cured; had anyone a toothache, Rémi would point to the tooth and say they had not, and behold! neither they had. Rémi was not rich like Belline, whose magnificent dowry consisted of a cow, two sheep, a bed and bedding, and two hundred dollars *cash*! But though some of the village girls thought Rémi too ambitious, too unlike the other young men in not imitating the cut of his grandfather's ideas as well as that of his clothes, most of them agreed that she was a very