

the clothes are cleansed the white-capped women carry them up the hillside and spread them out to dry, as one of them naively explained, "that they might have a sweet odour." Here the sun and the dew and the sea-breeze complete the whitening process.

As we near the top of the hill about which the road winds we see coming towards us the dark, bent figures of "faggot gatherers"; had these women stepped from some canvas while we were exploring the art galleries, we could not have been more startled, so picturesque were they in their white caps and short, full skirts, and bearing the bundles of faggots on their backs.

On our return we met dogs, three abreast, drawing little carts which were loaded with barrels of flour, etc., and at once it became the ambition of our lives to be drawn by dogs.

Very soon after this an opportunity presented itself for the gratification of our wishes; we found the experience full of excitement and conducive to hilarity, as the dogs are very independent and full of moods, and will turn and rend each other, or suddenly flop down for a nap, as the spirit may happen to move them; the remedy for these notions, we learned by observation, is to flourish your whip fiercely, and shout "Allez! Allez!"

Not one dull moment did we pass on this little island. If the day was damp and misty we enveloped ourselves in mackintoshes and went a-shopping, or if the tide were low we went down on the beach and watched the bare-legged fishermen wading after crabs, or stood by and saw the codfish being washed by yellow-tarped, long-booted figures. The codfish cleaned at sea are here thrown in deep crates, through which the sea-water flows back and forth; the fish are then

stirred by the tarpaulined men with long poles until considered clean, then thrown on to the wharf with pitchforks and carted away to be piled in neat stacks.

On a bright day we return and see the cod spread out on the fields of round stones to dry, and watch them carefully turned by hands of laughing, chattering French peasants, who are happy now the sun is shining once more. Well might the sailors sing and the fisher-lads rejoice, for rarely indeed do such perfect days come to this northern coast; more often it is wrapped in mists, but even then it is beautiful. Especially would this place appeal to a marine artist.

The following day was sunny and calm, and we had the pleasure of seeing "Langlade," one of the three islands of Miquelon, with its beautiful natural arch in the rocks.

The 15th of August, the "fete of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," arose brilliant and cloudless. At 1 o'clock p.m. we made our way to the cathedral, a large building with tasteful decorations on the interior, and dedicated to St. Peter, the fisherman saint. Between the immense chandeliers is suspended a fishing craft, significant of the life led by those bronzed sons of the sea, who come always to the cathedral before starting out on their expeditions to receive the blessing of the priest and to pray for a safe voyage.

The cathedral was filling rapidly, and we made haste to secure chairs, for which we paid one sou each, and took our places with the congregation. Every type of the French race was represented, from the uncorseted peasant with short, full skirt and white cap, to the gay Parisian in elegant toilet. The altars were profusely decorated with flowers, the contributions of the people. After the service was