

to gather round a glorious fire of pine-logs in the old-fashioned *chaumière*. The ashes are glowing red, and the flames dancing up the chimney throw a bright glow on the highly polished chairs and tables and the buffet which is nearly five feet high, and draped with a drawn-work cover of ivory homespun linen.

Outside all is grey and misty. "Beau temps pour le pêcher," Monsieur says, so, no doubt, to-night for supper we will be regaled with delicious salmon trout and freshly caught sardines, followed by flaky pancakes and crushed maple sugar, which it is worth while travelling many miles to get!

The *parloir* is divided by elaborate latticed and glazed doors into two rooms—the inner one sacred to the piano and the new upholstered parlour suite, while the outer is the living-room with a big homely wood stove, a square table, several rocking-chairs and a sofa of Procrustean hardness. A model of a frigate hangs from the rafters and behind the stove is a wonderful picture of la bonne Ste. Anne with a brown halo and very hectic cheeks, worked by some of Madame's ancestresses, in wool on the finest cardboard. Cheap prints and oleographs hang here and there with a photograph of the family burying-ground and that quaint morality picture "Cash and Credit." Over the buffet is a curious