

both hands and welcomed me most cordially, saying that he and Prince Alfred were so glad to meet me and that they expected me.

The Queen was not there; but before he had let go of my hands, I heard a rustling of a lady's dress and turning my head found myself face to face with Her Majesty, (till then hidden from me by the open door.)

I forgot all about Cartier's lesson as to so many steps, &c., &c. From the window still alongside, the Queen took a short sword, I bent the knee at her feet, but before I had got well down she had touched me with the "magic wand" handed it to Prince Albert and saying "Rise Sir Etienne Taché," raised me up by giving me both hands. She saw I was white-headed.

"Now, Sir Etienne, please tell me whether you prefer my addressing you in French or in English."

"Your Majesty, although I speak my mother tongue, in common with more than a million of Your Majesty's loyal subjects in Canada, personally I speak English and French."

A half hour was passed in "sweet converse" about Canada with this happy family, and Sir Etienne Taché remembered it with honest pride, and said so.

Shortly afterwards, we went to France together and when at the old Cathedral of Rouen, this gallant old Knight told me he sought the monuments of his ancestors whose home and resting place were there, and then bid them a sorrowing and final "à Dieu."

In Paris, during a long walk we took to the Bois-de-Boulogne of a cold December day (and it can be cold in Paris), he complained of suffering from the cold which probably induced the disease from which he died a few years afterwards on his return to Canada.

W.B.L