

CANADIAN HABITANT

they are looked upon as blessings in these lands of vast acreage, and Jacques's bitterest taunt is reserved for the luckless wight cursed with the empty cradle. Owing to the prevalence of Canadian cholera, infant mortality in Canada during the hot summer is great; and thus the tendency to overpopulation is somewhat balanced.

The good wife is no drone in the *habitant* hive. She spins and weaves, making cloth and flannel for her children's clothes, and putting by blankets, sheets, and rough towelling for her daughters' *dot*. She dries rushes, and during the long winter evenings she plaits hats for her family. She knits wool