

yellow paint, with here and there "islands" of braided mats. In the corner an open staircase leads to the floor above and repeats the same gorgeous colour, giving a very sunshiny effect to a room a little dark by reason of the carefully shuttered windows and the stiffly starched curtains, which, in their immaculate purity, remind one of the veils of the Children of Mary when making their First Communion.

In a very small bedroom under the eaves my boxes are deposited. The bed tucked snugly under the slant of the roof and spread with a white homespun counterpane, the fat frilled bolster and pillows hidden by a lace-edged pillow-sham on which is embroidered a dove—emblematic of the peace to be found in this quiet room. It seems a little like the cabin of a ship, especially as outside the window is the whole sweep of the St. Lawrence from Tadousac to Les Eboulements, from Cacouna to St. Denis. Ocean liners pass, cutting the blue in half with trails of creamy "wash," and the Government steamer plies back and forth, lending a necessary note of colour and activity to an otherwise placid scene. At night the wind sings in the telegraph-wires as it might whistle through the rigging of a ship, and the twinkling of island and shoal lights completes the illusion.