

The Yankee in Quebec.

bring me a beefsteak, she having thought I said "*cuir*," which is French for leather. The mistake in this case consisted in her misunderstanding my word. There may be much tenderness in Canada, but in the country hotels, beefsteak is not on the list. This absence does not apply to the cities, where the "tables" are all that one could wish. French may be spoken *more* up here, but you'll notice that "Scotch" is spoken *oftener*.—(Key to this furnished on application).

WHAT YOU SEE BY THE WAY.

One of the first things you will note in passing through Canada, especially so, if you are farmer born, will be the long narrow fields, many of them not over 200 feet wide, with all the farm buildings at one end, facing on the main road, for that matter *all* roads are "main," and very few of them. This is no doubt a good plan, for it takes off the loneliness of country life, and makes of the farming district one long village. Your notion of Canada may be a vast, well wooded country. This may have once been true, and far from the railroads is yet so, but the devastation of the timber, in many districts, has been so great that farmers have to drive eight and ten miles for their firewood, which they gather in the autumn in neighborhood "wood parties."