



LANGLADE, ONE OF THE THREE ISLANDS OF MIQUELON, AND
ITS NATURAL ARCH.

dently been greeted by both Church and State.

Occasionally a Basque peasant marched solemnly along the quay in front of his ox-team and queer little Normandy cart. His garb of blue blouse and biretta, scarlet sash and gaily embroidered footwear lent a dash of colour to the scene.

We never weary of the quaint, narrow streets, where not even a sidewalk intervenes between the doorstep and the road. The little French windows, opening out like doors (our windows they call *guillotine* doors), are all ablaze with flowers of every hue; one almost forgets in looking on them that the island is for the most part a barren rock with scarcely a tree and only a few tiny vegetable gardens.

As we gain entrance into the houses we see how closely these people have clung to the traditions of their Normandy homes; here are the same "low-raftered interiors"

beautifully white, and the same high canopied beds and down coverlets in green and red, and, as if to further emphasize the old-time French accent with which our surroundings speak to us, we hear, as we drowsily prepare for bed, the roll of a drum; nearer and nearer it comes, until it thunders beneath our window, passes and grows faint in the distance. It is the "Tambour" on his nightly round, giving us to understand that it is ten o'clock, and time for lights to be put out.

Walking down from the town on the old "Savoyard" road one sees quaint picture after picture. There are women washing at the brooks which run continually down the hillsides. They wear white head-dresses and kneel in little box-like contrivances on the edge of the stream; each is armed with a wooden mallet with which she hammers the wet garments. When