

visitor without a bow and a doffing of cap or hat and a shy "*B'jour*."

The wild strawberries are just coming in, and little offerings are brought for sale wrapped in cool leaves or birch bark cones, the sun-stained little gatherers going away happy with a few *sous* pressed into their moist little hands. What self-denial it must mean to these poor children to pick for trade these rosy little berries that are so sweet, lying so close to the breast of Mother Earth, when their inclination must surely be to fill their own, often too scantily filled, little "tummies" !

Buckboards are still the prevailing mode of conveyance, springless and well adapted to these rocky and sandy roads. There are a few old-fashioned *calèches*, but they are getting very rare, not being a convenient vehicle for the family, which, in these parts, numbers generally a round dozen.

While sitting in the woods yesterday two dear little English children ran past me, hand in hand, on their way to the beach, the elder, with fat bobbing curls taking quite a motherly care of her little sister, who could not have been more than four years old. Very soon they trudged up the winding path again and I said :

"You did not stay very long !"

"Oh! no!" the elder replied, "we couldn't."