side are the fish-houses and shanties occupied by the men. The former are simply large, wooden frame-works tented over with white canvas. The men are for the most part from Brittany and Southern France. The fishing season is of about four months' duration, so they time their journey so as to arrive about the first of May, and leave the first of October.

At the time of our visit they had five of their vessels in Port au Choix. Their small fishing-boats are strange-looking contrivances to one accustomed to the sloop or schooner rig. They are, as a rule, two-masted, and lateen rig. The sails are dyed, to prevent mildewing. The colors vary greatly, some being of a salmon tint, while others are green, red, black, according, I suppose, to the fancy of the man who colored them.

The scene later in the evening, when there is a large fleet of these boats coming in from their day's work, each one racing with every other, and all the men jabbering away in the peculiar dialect of Brittany, while over all the red summer sun throws its last rays, as it sinks down behind the dark waters of the gulf, is one that can well carry the spectator, mentally, to some of the small ports on the coast of France.

The fourteenth of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile, is regarded and celebrated in France somewhat as the Fourth is with us. With the French fishermen the day was observed with as much ceremony as could be expected of a crowd of men three thousand miles from home, and in a place completely shut off from the outside world. All day long we could hear their cries of "Vive la Republique," and by night they were all tolerably well under the influence of liquor. In the evening they fired guns and pistols, and then went down to the shore and built an enormous bonfire, round which they circled and sang the "Marseillaise;" and when they had tired of that they amused themselves by abusing the Germans, and calling them all the names their vocabulary afforded.

Distant about two miles south of Port au Choix is Point Rich, the site of a lighthouse belonging to the Canadian Government. Port au Choix is situated on a peninsula, the neck of land connecting with the main-land being, scarcely a quarter of a mile wide. On either side of this narrow neck is a cove, the eastern one being known as Gargamelle, and the western one as Old Port au Choix.

The latter is a deserted fishing station, the old houses and stagings giving evidence that the place has seen better days. About half-way distant between Old and New Port au Choix is a small cove known as Barbacé. On the eastern side of the cove is a cliff about a mile in length and a hundred feet in height. At its foot there is exposed, at low water, a great floor of rock, over which are strewn immense rectangular masses of rock, as regular in outline as if cut by human hands. The strata lie in a nearly horizontal position, and, owing to the uneven hardness of the rock, have been worn most curiously...