

GASPE FOLK

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RACIAL diversity impresses whoever goes around Gaspé, and observes its mixed population scattered in little groups along an immense and rugged sea coast; the Gaspé peninsula is like a huge finger pointing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence north-east towards Newfoundland and Belle Isle. A large number of Gaspésians, mostly on the north side, belong to the lower St. Lawrence valley; they or their near ancestors at one time sailed down the coast for codfishing in the summer, then settled permanently alongside earlier occupants. Many others, in Chaleur Bay, are Acadians from the Maritimes. Not a few Guernsey families dot the northern shore of Gaspé Basin, some of them French speaking, others, English. Jersey traders, clerks and hotel-keepers are dispersed in numerous villages from Fox River south and southeast. Scottish settlers live in compact farming districts about Port Daniel, New Carlisle and New Richmond on Chaleur Bay. Irish folk are clustered around Cap-des-Rosiers, Douglastown and Marcil. Some English families from a disbanded soldier settlement in the basin of Gaspé still remain on or near the old homesteads. Micmac Indians or half-breeds survive on Indian reserves at Maria and Restigouche up Chaleur Bay. A small group of negroes and mulattos cling to a precarious foothold at Pabos. And odd families usually ramified, of French parentage from France after the Revolution, or of British, Basque, Breton, German, Jewish and Scandinavian extraction, have settled wherever chance once brought their ancestors to shore. Nearly all these varied people, distributed as in a mosaic throughout almost countless bays, coves, barachois, beaches and villages, remember that their forefathers originated elsewhere and for various reasons settled in these parts; they still consider their very neighbours different from themselves, even though their mutual differences go on lessening every day, and independent stocks, as among the McInnesses of Port Daniel, have virtually merged together, even though the two local branches lean, the one towards the English, and the other the French language. In settlements like Douglastown, once the Irish, the French and the English occasionally broke into parochial fisticuffs, but animosities are now of the past. Harmony has grown out of racial diversity.

Varied as are still these people in some ways, they are being unified by blood admixture, by the sameness of their activities and simple culture, and with the help of prolonged isolation and semi-autonomy within their own frontiers. Should they be forced by necessity to emigrate, as often happens, they do not forsake their birthplace and are readily brought back home or together for a happy reunion. Thus there is a Gaspé suburb in Montreal; and the emigrant Gaspésians go back "home" whenever they can for a vacation. Even summer visitors and habitués develop a sense of solidarity with the local sea-folk, and are apt to acquire the Gaspé complex. For instance, Dr. J. M. Clarke, the Albany geologist who made the country his own by his life-long studies of its geology and history, became so fervent a Gaspésian that he used to resent what seemed unjust criticisms of his people, as he did in writing at least once when a journalist branded the fishers as improvident, unreliable, and pinched his nose at the foul smell of codfish debris strewing the beach in front of the cabins. And outsiders, when their knowledge and imagination turn that way, often revert to the enjoyable topic of conversation that is Gaspé and its odd and picturesque folk.

The cultural unity of the Gaspésians issues from geographic and economic circumstances that are also at work elsewhere, though perhaps less obviously. The circumstances and necessities that gripped the Gaspé newcomers from the first, and fashioned them into a new people, were: harshness of climate, length of winters, and proximity of the sea, icebound or stormbound a part of the year; dependence on fishing for food, income and supplies; class opposition between keen traders whose headquarters were usually located abroad and fishermen who were at their mercy for a livelihood; mountainous, rocky and sandy formation of the whole peninsula except on its southern slope, which limited the part-time tillers of the soil to the culture of potatoes, hay, barley and oats; lack of roads and communications, poverty and mental isolation of all but a privileged few, in a land where the families often were large and the growing population was hardy like the weeds on the windblown cliffs facing the sea.

The peninsula, in other words, is almost a province by itself, and the personality of its inhabitants is distinctive and colourful. For this reason, I intend to select a set of typical individuals who may serve here to illustrate the features of its population taken as a whole.

Among the picked individuals that may stand here as typical of other Gaspésians, are: Gilbert "Marin", fisherman, treasure-

hunter and folk-singer; Mme. Basilis Barnaiche, of Mont-Louis, part French and Irish, a pioneer in the wilderness and a midwife; Seigneur Godfrey, of Grand-Etang or St. Helier, a codfish trader originally from Jersey Island; the late curé Morris and the Packwoods of Fox River and Cap-des-Rosiers, whose originality and folk beliefs developed unchecked in their isolation between the Chikchok mountains and the gaping mouth of the St. Lawrence; F. J. Richmond, a well-informed Gaspesian of English stock in the little town of Gaspe, a man of independent means who knows and can tell a great deal about his surroundings; the Dorions of Port Daniel, Acadian fisherfolk, poor and fatalistic, but careless and gay like their own folk-songs; the MacDonalds, Scottish Loyalists of Port Daniel West, thrifty and industrious farmers and salmon fishers, with a foot firmly planted on the land and the other poised on the shore; and the "Pea-soup" Indians of the Maria and Restigouche reserves. As it is, this gallery of types is too large an order for small space, which will reduce their description to mere thumb sketches.

Once, nearly a hundred years ago, some people of Quebec extraction named Dumas heard that, away down the St. Lawrence about Gaspe, the sea was full of fish, the forest teeming with game, the land still unoccupied, and disabled ships in a storm were cast upon the shore, where the coast-dwellers picked up booty and treasure. So alluring was the tale that, in the early summer, the Dumas folk travelled down the shore in a sailboat and landed at L'Echouerie (Landing-Beach) near Ste. Anne des Monts, where they secured a foothold. But codfishing and the culture of potatoes were not their only ambition; they would travel farther, hugging the rugged coast as far as Cap-des-Rosiers and looking all the way for wreckage to be picked up almost every year. And they were seldom disappointed. While they were thus roving about, the aged died and children were born.

A child, one day, was born to them at Anse-Pleureuse (Weeping-Cove), and because he first saw the light in a boat, under a sail, he was called "Marin" (Mariner—in full, Gilbert "Marin"). So entirely given were these folk to their new surroundings that they shed their name Dumas to become Marin, which, after a hundred years of sea-coast life, they still are, to the exclusion of the older name. The Marin family after a while grew into two branches, one of which took root near the very treasure-trove of Cap-des-Rosiers, while the other clung to its assured hold at L'Echouerie. On their seasonal migrations along the Gaspe coast, the Marins, like their neighbours, had

lively if not always profitable experiences; they saw the little Grey Dwarf of the Sauteux (Jumper) mountains, who was keeping buried treasures in the capacity of Alberich in the Rheingold, and they dug up the soil at Quatre-Collets (Four-Snares) and La Tourelle (the Turret) for a chest containing gold and jewels. Whether their efforts were rewarded or not remains in doubt, but a few are still left, like old Dugas (an Acadian with Indian blood), who often repeats to whoever wants to know it, "I wonder why the Marins are not rich, very rich." The truth is that they often found damaged goods beached on wild shores, like barrels of flour, crates of candles, kegs of rum and whisky, and sawn timber which proved handy. Once they came across a stranded whale from the upper side of which they melted down the fat into tons of grease. And another time they stumbled upon the beheaded body of a sailor on the shore. They tried to bury it in their own graveyard, but on the way were confronted with so many strange obstacles that they paused to consider. And only then did it dawn upon them that the lifeless foreigner was a Protestant, and aware enough to resist interment in a Catholic lot!

Treasure-hunting breeds great hopes and a dislike for hard work. That is why they were fond, in their leisure, of telling fantastic tales and singing numerous folk songs. They were loud talkers and splendid singers. One of them I met years ago, Gilbert "Marin", the very one who, 80 years before, was born under a sail at Anse-Pleureuse. And he was the very picture of Neptune, with long flowing silver beard and hair, and ruddy cheeks and massive shoulders within a homespun checker shirt. At night, standing on the shore, coiling his codfish lines, he would sing "Lisette, fais-moi un bouquet" and his voice was so powerful that it could be heard a mile away. The most moving thing in it was age and pathos, yet it spoke of beauty, scented flowers and love. His wife, as old as he was, belonged to a different stock, the Cunninghams, from a deserter who had run away from his ship to seek shelter and look for a wife on the shore. And after his death his heirs, destitute, have gone on trying to recover the family estate back home in England. Marin on his death-bed might have said, like one of his neighbours: "Coulez-moi!—Sink me!" to hear the answer, "Are you not afraid it may hurt you?" "No, no, sink me!" And they would have laid him down on the floor to die. Thus some fisher-folk in their last hour want to appear before the Judge.

Of a somewhat different type is Mme. Basilis Barnaiche at Mont-Louis, whose father was Patrick Henley, and husband

was Bernatchez, an up-river emigrant whose name soon was deformed into Barnaiche—Gaspe had a way of transforming everything to make it its own; at nearly 90 years of age she is unusually handsome, strong and in good health; occasionally she still goes out on her lifelong duty, which is attending to child-birth in her community and neighbourhood. All her life she has been a midwife; she has brought into the world no fewer than four or five hundred children without losing any of them; she is, in a way, the "mother of them all". Everyone loves her and worships her; she is truly an admirable woman. As there was no professional physician (there are as yet only a few) in the country, the people knew how to take care of themselves in emergencies, and several midwives have left a name that is still revered long after their death; in particular, Marianne Robison, Jenoffe Couillard and Artemise Levesque; this last, the most reputed of them all, died only a few years ago and is said to have assisted in 700 child-births. Mme. Barnaiche is not the only one of her profession who survived: also Mme. Levesque and Marianne Robison, from whom she learned how to take care of her patients; Mme. Girard, a younger folk doctor of Fox River, is well-known in her district for her ability, devotion and great humanity. Midwives of their kind, when called in mid-winter and at night, were as ever willing to hasten on snowshoes, through wind and storm, in the woods, on the mountain or on the sea shore, and stay with their patients as long as necessary, there to sleep in a blanket on the floor and share the poverty of their host, who was usually unable to repay for services except in gratitude or in kind.

Mme. Barnaiche could speak vividly of medicine, of the curative properties of garden or wild plants, of her people and of her early reminiscences. People like her, who may be presumed ignorant and stupid for the remoteness of their habitat and the lack of schooling, are in fact much keener and better able to think and to express themselves than city people, who live sheltered, are shorn of initiative and depend upon hearsay or print for their knowledge. Gaspe, indeed, like other wild surroundings, breeds initiative and personality, whereas towns breed morons. The old Gaspe midwife, in her little house made long ago of planks salvaged on the shore, was most entertaining, and her manners were those of a perfect hostess.

The people hereabouts, she would say, found the children at birth "behind a barley sheaf" (*aras la gerbe d'orge*), and they would keep on finding more, until the families grew to a large

size. Beaver-Creek (Ruisseau-au-Castor), Marsoui (Porpoise), Mont-Louis and Mont-St. Pierre, to her knowledge when a child, were only mountains, woods and loneliness; but, thanks to the barley sheaf and occasional immigrants, they have grown into settlements, and every bit of arable land has now been cleared. Only since the fine government boulevard around the peninsula has been opened a few years ago, is it possible to visit the coast scenery that harbours them; and there is none more beautiful in Eastern Canada—mountains 2,000 feet high over which the road climbs many times and then winds down to river valleys and fascinating coves, or clings to the edge of precipitous cliffs facing everywhere the immense sea, in which porpoises and grampuses frolic, showing their glistening bellies, and whales spout white steam, the sea that is pale green under the rays of the sun or threatening amber green under storm clouds.

Children were found in such numbers behind barley sheaves that the population in the last seventy years has multiplied almost beyond belief. The Henleys, for instance, had 13 children, and Basilis (Mme. Barnaiche), one of them, had 12. At four o'clock in the afternoon, let us say, she would fall down "behind the sheaves", as the saying went; the next morning at 10, she was up; the day after, she washed the small linen, and four days later she milked the cows. Recovery was almost as rapid as among the Indians. It is amazing to hear of the huge families in this mountain and sea fastness, and how many of it's "old-timers" have reached the age of from 80 to 90. At Grand-Vallee, for instance, 22 children were born to Camille Lavoie, and 16 have survived; 18 children to William Mainville, and 16 still live (Esdras Mainville, a leading Quebec educationist, is one of them); the Mainville families are all very large, "*il y en a comme des frémilles*"—they are like ants, I was told; 20 children were born to Alexis Mainville, 18 are now living; 18 to Theodore Mainville; 15 to Willie Mainville; 11 to Ludger Mainville; also 18 to Médée Lemieux, only two of whom died in infancy; 13 to his brother Achille Lemieux, 12 surviving; 15 to their brother Gandiose; and others likewise, so that Grand Vallee is now a fair-sized settlement consisting of only a few families: the Mainville, Lemieux, Lavoie, Fournier, Pelletier and Chicoine. Barthelemi Lemieux of Cap-Chat, aged 89 (in 1936), boasted of 75 descendants still alive, in which accomplishment he considered himself as merely typical.

The ruggedness of this country and the poverty of its isolated folk make one wonder how it was possible to survive hardship.

But everyone was industrious and hardy, and the resources of the country were plentiful. There were codfish, herring and other fish in the sea for spring, summer and autumn; in all seasons, countless porcupines were found in the woods: people fed on porcupine when there was nothing else—a man would go out for "*portipi*" in the morning and come back at noon with, say, 12 on a sleigh; there were also moose, caribou and bears—a hunter once counted 67 caribou in a single herd; black ducks, "moignacs" so plentiful at times that a single shot once killed 12; hare, beavers, partridge and other game. It must have been a hunter's paradise. Some of the men, indeed, were good hunters, whereas others, like Barnaiche, were inveterate fishermen (*nés pêcheurs*). It was worth while listening to Patrick Henley, now 88, recounting his experiences hunting moose and beaver in the mountains; or to his sister Basilis, the midwife, tell of the fear the women and children, when left alone at home, had of the "Dutch" or "Bohemiens" who used to trek along the shore from Fox River towards Quebec—these foreigners were always hungry and sometimes bold with womenfolk. But they often encountered hosts to match wits with them ("*trouwer chaussure à son pied*").

No one can tell a "Dutch" story better than Basilis herself who once, when a girl of 18 surrounded by younger brothers and sisters, faced a huge "Dutch" vagrant who had fallen in the river while fording it, had taken off his wet trousers to hang them behind a shoulder, in his shirt (full of holes), standing in the doorway, hungry and threatening; while she held a hunting knife in her hand behind her back, she wished in her heart that she could help out the poor devil; but it looked unsafe. The dog, let loose, pounded upon his bare legs as upon fresh meat, and in a flash the fellow found himself on top of the woodpile, where he remained until the men came back from the field. They shared a full dinner with him, and allowed him to sleep at night beside the stove next to the dog.

Of an altogether different type from these mountain and river folk is seigneur Godfrey of Grand-Etang or St. Helier, which is reached from the west more than a 100 miles beyond Ste. Anne des Monts—the expanse between Ste. Anne and Grand-Etang is very picturesque and used to be the most isolated and inaccessible of the whole peninsula; for sheer scenic splendour it equals the Bon-Ami range behind Cap-des-Rosiers, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and the Percé Rock and adjacent mountains.

Mr. Godfrey, now in his seventies, came to this country as a young clerk for the Hyman Company, and typifies the educated Jersey traders that have been so important a feature in the economy of the peninsula. All Gaspé business men of his kind issue in a way from the trade concern founded soon after the conquest of Canada by the British and still operating, at Paspébiac and Halifax, under the modified name of Robin, Jones and Whitman. Robin, who first established codfish trading as a business system (it consisted of the importation of goods and supplies and the exportation of dried fish), had a long and varied career that brought over in his trail not a few followers and imitators; most of them at first were his clerks who became independent traders, like Leboutiller and Janvrin; and, likewise, a few of the clerks of these Jerseymen launched on their own, like Fruing and Hyman, of Grand-Grève. But, as Mr. Godfrey acknowledges, codfishing is no longer what it used to be; exports have fallen to very little, and the fishermen have to look elsewhere for a living, which leaves them sadly at a loss; they now depend upon the tourist traffic, government relief and their wits for a precarious existence.

With the new trend of affairs seigneur Godfrey and his family did not fail to adapt themselves to circumstances. In a most attractive mountain and lake situation they are transforming their establishment into an excellent accommodation centre. Near the second lake (there are three in line, abutting to the sea and cutting deep into mountains), they have erected cabins and a restaurant for tourists, sportsmen and artists who look for a sanctuary where they may relax and enjoy the country at its best, which is late in August or early in September; the bulk of the tourists then have gone, the leaves turn red, and the woods rustle with the flutter of wings and the patter of wild feet.

For those who prefer to hear of the people themselves and of their recent past, no greater treat can be found than in prolonged conversations with their hosts, seigneur Godfrey or his daughter Helène—"Helène chère" as some people call her, who shares her father's knowledge of the country, although she takes after her mother, a French-Canadian who brought to her husband a seigniorial estate and a model household. Mr. Godfrey and his daughter have much to tell, for the lore of the land has nowhere else its equal, it teems with thrilling episodes and legendary personalities; and their table, when you get access to it, holds unusual treats, such as trout from the lakes, picked fish morsels—like codfish tongues and "noves"—and, in season, wild birds and venison; also home made wines, such as sarsaparilla, wild cherries and mountain ash or masquabina.

Among the many stories about people which the Godfreys can tell are those concerning the Leboutillier establishment at Mont-Louis, the Hymans at Grand-Grève—Polish Jew codfish traders who were Canadianized in two or three generations; of the odd folk of Gros-Mâle whose life was almost communistic; and the most funny affair of the haunted house of Packwood and Curé Morris.

With the Packwood affair we proceed from Grand-Etang past Fox River down the coast to Cap-des-Rosiers at the very mouth of the St. Lawrence.

Henry Packwood, a fisherman and farmer of Cap-des-Rosiers, was the most industrious man Gaspe will ever know. Waking up long before daybreak he would go to his field, where he toiled until after midday; then he would start in a rowboat and fish until sundown, to cut up the fish after dark. He never stopped working, for time was money, and money his god. In a land where everybody was poor but never in a hurry, he managed to amass wealth and treasure it; everything in his hands turned into money. A client of Hyman and Co. at Grand-Grève, he invested his savings into their fish trading business and appeared at the counter every year to draw interest on his shares, which he never failed to reinvest. The clerks at Hyman's, in the first real storm before the winter, looked for his coming, for he never missed working in fair weather; indeed, he was known to be busy night and day.

But he would not let his wife spend anything or enjoy any comfort, and she was vexed, and so were her people, the O'Connors. The Irish folk used to predominate there, in the neighbourhood of Cap-des-Rosiers, and they were jolly good souls, fond of fun and brimful of queer stories and beliefs; so were the French that mingled and intermarried with them. The Irish grand-parents, who were wrecked on this dangerous point, about 1835-50, settled on the spot and began to raise large families, whose names to the present are: Synnott, Whalen, Bonn, O'Connor, Cavannah, Dunn¹. . .; all of them now French-speaking and mostly assimilated.

Packwood's wife considered that if money was worth anything, it was in the spending of it. But he would not listen to reason, and by his fault she and her family were deprived of the good things in life. Although she was a good soul, she often

1. A monument erected in the bay near the lighthouse, at the initiative of Hon. J. F. Curran, holds the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of 187 Irish immigrants from Sligo wrecked here on April 28, 1847. Ship *Carricks of Whitehaven*. 87 are buried here. Pray for their souls. Erected by Parishioners of St. Patrick Parish, Montreal. Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P."

argued about it with him, and they disagreed. She felt sure that he was a miser. And he, born English and of different breeding, had not the least doubt but that the Irish and the French around him were lazy, improvident and addicted to reckless drinking and spending. One day, before she died, she willed her share of the Packwood estate, and among her gifts figured \$200 for the church and a small item to the priest for masses. Suspecting that the money might not be forthcoming, she said, "After I am gone, the devil shall come for that money." And the devil did come.

Packwood was not careless enough to do anything about the will until he began to hear queer noises in the house at night. The light in the lamp was smothered, and deep sighs came out of the stove pipe, and small feet danced upstairs, then walked down the stairs; garments on frames hanging from the wall fell to the ground, and the walls of the room seemed to crash upon Packwood himself while in bed. Even in the daytime, after a while, things began to go wrong; pitchforks danced in front of him in the barn, and horses' hoofs pawed the ground when he could see no horse. What is worse, his very money was possessed of an evil spirit. He paid off Felix Ferguson who worked for him, and the cash began to crack in the poor fellow's trousers. When, in the autumn, he was taking some money to Hyman, the metal puffed in his mittens and pockets. Wherever he happened to pay five cents, strange noises would keep people on the jump.

An evil spirit, he realized, had taken hold of his money; his house was haunted, and the folk knew why—everyone pointed a finger at him. So harassed was he in the end that he went to his parish priest, and, placing \$200 on the table *plus* money for masses, he wanted the pastor to clear the devil right out of his house. The priest, none too confident in his ability, was willing to do his best; but the money, that very night, played such a havoc in the parsonage—the doors opened when closed or slammed when open, the knives and forks rattled in the table drawer, the carpets piled up in a corner and claws raked the walls—that he hastened to return the wretched money to Packwood, washing his hands of the whole affair.

The Packwood house for a few years was haunted. Yet the parish priest was reluctant to admit defeat in his own jurisdiction, when he knew that exorcism might prove effective. One day, he invited two other priests, his neighbours, to assist him in an overnight vigil which, with blessings and the "*exorcisme privé*" (private exorcism) of Leo XIII, should chase away the Evil One before the scandal had grown even worse.

Joining forces, the three priests worked together under Packwood's roof and, one evening, as it was too late to go back home, they went to bed.

No sooner had they lain down than their covers flew off as if pulled by an unseen hand, ghostly peels of laughter broke out upstairs and chains rattled under the floor. The dog, frightened, began to whine under the stove. Out of the three priests, two were rattled—that is, Curé Morris of Fox River, a former fisherman of Douglastown who was imbued with the folk beliefs of his people, and another, an Acadian priest; the third, a Quebecer, was quite amused, but the others failed to notice it. Now an unseen hand twisted their toes, and a frightful yell came from under a bed. Curé Morris jumped up and made for the door; the others followed, to hear their Irish *confrère* repeat all the way, "Sure it's the devil, the father of all devils!"

Curé Morris himself, long before his death, became almost legendary, and people now chuckle over countless stories about him. The son of a Douglastown Irish fisherman, he had worked all his youth at codfish lines, and had endured pain and poverty. He had managed in his early twenties to be adopted out of his household, to get education in a Quebec college and to become a priest. But, in spite of his new culture, or because of it, he remained all his life a mixed personality, a saint, according to some, and probably a sinner, very poor with a knack for begging (yet he left \$15,000 at his death), a great preacher with no real interest in learning, retaining as he did all the folk beliefs of his people in spite of a keen sense of humour and fun. For instance, he poured all his facile eloquence into his sermons on Death and the Last Judgment, which he feared more than anything else. Profoundly moved, and while not a few in the church shuddered and wept, he ended with the words, "Dear brethren, yes, we shall all die and after death sometime meet, perhaps in a hundred years, in fifty years, in ten, perhaps to-morrow, meet face to face, you and I, for the Last Judgment in the valley of . . . the Metapedia." Then he would burst out laughing, and his audience too, and wipe a tear. "Cripes"! he would murmur, "I meant the valley of Josaphah!"

Folk beliefs are a characteristic of this country among the French, the Irish and even among the Scotch; each nationality has its own lore; the Scotch believe in phantom ships and buried treasures; the Irish in a multitude of ghosts and the French in dwarfs, werewolves and changelings. The names of a number of coves on the Gaspé coast prove it, such as Anse-Pleureuse

(Weeping Cove), Brailleur-de-la-Madeleine (the Madeleine Wailer); and the Packwood affair is an illustration out of many. Cap-des-Rosiers itself is reputed for its phantoms and mysterious voices. During storms, the like of which have wrecked many ships in the neighbourhood, the voices of sea captains are heard in the high Bon-Ami range, chains rattle, brigs and sailing ships are impaled on rocks, and weird lamentations of drowning immigrants rend the air. One or two young men of Yale University, informed of these stories, last year resided for a while at the foot of the cliffs there, and went back home, it appears, to write a book on their outlandish experiences. There is something strange and fascinating in a sea-coast people and a folk lore that are so strikingly vocal.

But my space is up, and I have not yet spoken of F. J. Richmond, that typical Englishman of Gaspé town, who would tell us so much about his people, about the early French settlements in Gaspé basin, about the whale hunters, about the early traders and mariners; nor have I had time to say anything of the MacDonalds of Port Daniel, who might well represent the Scottish farmers of Chaleur Bay; nor of the Dorions, who are typical Acadian fisherfolk and folk-singers; nor again, of the negroes of Pabos and the Indians of Maria and Restigouche. All these as Gaspésians have a claim on our attention. But my plan, as most things Gaspésian, has run out of schedule. And any visitor in the heart of Gaspé is sure to realize at first hand that here is a country only recently opened to outsiders, with its individuality and ancient leisurely ways, its endless stories and fables, and its distinct indifference to time-pieces and pre-arranged schedules. There lies its very charm and appeal. May it long retain it, as a protest against modern standardization that will eventually bring down (or up, if you will) everything to the same level: men and women, their minds and knowledge, their beliefs and ambitions, their costume, their food, their manners and even their pleasures!