

Great reservoirs hold a conspicuous position on the hill facing the town, and the overflow from these forms a steady, rippling stream down the gutters of the streets.

What a strange feeling came over me upon entering this quaint place! No other land between us and Sydney, no life, no "go" in the whole surroundings.

For a real live Yankee it was doleful in the extreme. However, I managed to get over it, and had a tolerably good time during my



In the Coconut Square.

visit. There were no cables, no electric cars, no "sales," no bargains, dear to the woman's heart, no nothing—just a settlement or military station belonging to the French. It is called the little Paris of the South Seas. This sounds gay, and it really is so when one knows the ropes, but not before.

The next day we walked to the "Coconut Square," which lies in the centre of the town. The cool, soft breeze gently swayed the flamboyant with its flaming red blossoms; the tall cocoanuts that stud the outer border also felt its in-

fluence. The sun's rays on the iron roofs dazzled the eyes so much that we were glad to enjoy the quiet shade.

Presently the three bells of the Cathedral rang out a glad bridal song. Inquiringly I looked at my companion for an explanation. Having lived there as government photographer for the last fifteen years, he knew all about it, and kindly gave me the necessary information.

"A marriage de convenance!" observed my companion. "The three bells denote the class of marriage; first-class always use the three bells, second two bells, and third one bell. Even deaths are given the same designation. The marriage of soul to soul, of temperament and temperament, the marriage of will, mutuality and essence—the kind of marriage that Coventry Patmore has so exquisitely described in his 'Angel in His House' is the rarest thing in this island. We are brought face to face with the fact that marriages are for the most part a matter of dower and position. The French girl, previous to her marriage, secludes herself for three weeks, i.e., she denies herself to all visitors. The eventful day arrives and she is robed in her finery. The long line of carriages with the bride and her father bringing up the rear, parade the town. Inquisitive eyes and not always too flattering tongues follow the procession. The civil service is performed at the 'mare,' after which the party proceed to the Cathedral for the blessing. As I previously stated," continued my companion, "the funerals on this island are conducted much on the same principle, i.e., bells for the first, second or third class, according to position. One delightful day when the sun was not so powerful as usual, I followed a train of mourners to the Cathedral, where a short service was held. Directly afterwards came the hearse, bearing its silent burden with its 'weepers,' hired for the occasion, solemnly