

Holiday Papers.

A HOLIDAY IN A CORNER OF BRITTANY.

"Join us at St. Briac," wrote some friends who had taken a villa there for August and September, so being already as far upon the way as Southampton, I joined them.

It was a grey, murky, foggy, damp day that I quitted Southampton's mud fringed harbour. All night through the foghorn bleated dismally, once even we stopped, and for a couple of hours the steamer lay heaving on the oily, windless swell somewhere in mid-channel. At last a fresh breeze sprang up, with the sun apparently, and when I arrived on deck just as

remembered that, in addition to the usual list of contraband articles, matches must not be imported into France without paying duty, which I believe is heavy.

We left my goods in charge of a smiling porter, while we explored the town, including the Cathedral, a fine old Norman building, and had lunch at the Hotel Chateaubriand. We also bought some spools of Kodak films for the camera, and various odds and ends, in some of the delightful shops which St. Malo contains. Then we made our way back to the quay, and conveyed ourselves and our goods on board a sailing boat, which, as there was plenty of wind, we preferred to the steam launches



THE NET MENDER.—LA CHAPELLE.

we passed between the Channel Islands, it was a gorgeous day with a sky of deep, cloudless blue, and a sea to match flecked with tiny, frisking sea horses. Away to starboard a haze marked my native land still wrapped in fog. I was glad I was arriving at a land where the sun apparently managed to shine, at any rate in the summer.

St. Malo was soon reached: a quaint, old-world town with its massive wall, its gateways, and crooked streets which look as if they were part of the set scene of some romantic play. At St. Malo, of course, the Customs have to examine one's luggage, a formality soon over in my case, as my goods were all stowed in kit-bags, and cabin portmanteaux. It should be

(called "Vedettes") which also ply frequently backwards and forwards between Dinard, St. Servan, and St. Malo. The friendly porter came with us, which was thoughtful of him, as when we arrived at Dinard, we were glad of him to carry the luggage up the hill to the terminus of the tram-train, which took us to St. Briac. This train was a never-ending source of joy to us. It clangs a deafening way right through Dinard, round impossible corners, up and down nightmare hills, to St. Lunaire and St. Briac, where it ends its journey. Sometimes it leaves the rails, and you have to wait an hour or two while it is jacked on again: Sometimes—for it runs a great part of the way along the high road with occa-

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