

son, and forward minxes of girls whose bare-faced *chasse à l'homme* may be vastly amusing to their wary quarry, however disgusting to the neglected civilian spectator—for, needless to say, in this sport also, 'tis Reynard who dons the scarlet and not his pursuer.

*Mrs. Morris*—The female heart is always weak, my dear Harry, where the red coats are concerned.

*Henry*—(Continues excitedly, without heeding her.) Society of \*habberdashers and fishmongers, needy lawyers and unscrupulous politicians, whose greed of place and its emoluments is only equalled by their pomposity. I might say this for them—their womankind are often worse than themselves. I shall never forget my first experience with one of them.

*Mrs. Morris*—Your experience has evidently made you very bitter, Harry. What was it.

*Henry*—(Continues, excitedly.) It was a wedding party shortly after we came here. The guests had gone into luncheon. One lady, the wife of a prominent politician, had been left in the drawing room. I was told off by the host, being the only man available, to escort her. Taking my arm with evident reluctance, and with an air of offended dignity, "I am afraid, Mr. Harris," she remarked, "the question of precedence has been forgotten on this occasion." (In a mimicing tone.)

*Mrs. Morris*—Oh! snobbery in excelsis. What did you do, Harry?

*Henry*—I felt rather small, I confess, but said nothing, and planted her speedily on the nearest chair to chew the cut of her mortification. She got no other provender from me at that luncheon.

*Mrs. Morris*—Capital! It was probably of the same lady I heard a similar story, to-day. She was calling on the wife of a political swell at Ottawa who was a guest in

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\* So certain of our most prominent merchants have been described, at least we are credibly informed so.