

*The Yankee in Quebec.*

**"La Meme Chose."**

I remembered meant "the same thing," and like a child just learning to talk, I was anxious for an occasion to use it. It soon came. Seated one day at a hotel table, where English was a dead language, I was given a few of the preliminaries, but soon wanted more, as I was very hungry that day. A gentleman at my right gave an order, as I thought, and I proudly said to the pretty waitress. "*La même chose.*" She went away smiling, but as she brought nothing for us, I succeeded finally in asking my "rescuer" to the right, what he had ordered. "I zay to ze mamsell, I wants nutting more"—and I had been waiting for "*La même chose.*"

**Boulanger.**

On my arrival in one of the cities I found myself caught with a very old joke. On all the bread waggon I noticed "Boulanger," "Well," thought I, "this Boulanger fellow must be a very wealthy baker to run so many wagons," but I was no worse than Doc. Brough of Boston, the day he went through the great Notre Dame Church, in Montreal, with a number of his friends. He noticed on so many seats "A Louer." "Say, boys," said Doc., "this Mr. Louer must run a whole children's aid society and a female college, to need so