

so dear. One day I happened to be short of change and I gave him but fifteen cents, promising to make up the balance next time. There was a whole charity sermon, not omitting the warning, in the look he gave, which I confess somewhat embarrassed me. I was quite busy when he called again, and I failed to make up the trifle omitted the previous week. He looked at me in a semi-scornful, offended way, and inquired if I meant to cheat him out of what was due him? I felt irritated, and was about to speak my mind freely, when he conquered me by a touching reference to my father's unvarying kindness. There is no doubt but that he knew human nature and understood its foibles!

One day I came across this same worthless fellow strutting along St. John street, looking as perky as a bantam rooster. He was clad in a fantastic miscellany: a stove-pipe hat of ancient vintage, cocked to one side, a shiny black frock-coat with two silver military medals on the breast, and geranium flowers in the lapel. Trowsers baggy at the knees, and frayed at the bottom, boots down at the heels, a flaring red cravat, with a cigar snugly held in one corner of the mouth, completed his make up. Daintily he carried a cane which he kept whirling in one hand, à la Tommy Atkins. Added to this was an air of "Now, how do you like it?" He saluted me with gestures of considerable importance. On his face and all about him I could read of some recent or coming festivity, which made me inquire as to the cause of the transformation. In a strain of gladness he answered: "Why, don't you know that I was married yesterday to a bouncing beauty of eighteen summers? I suppose you will double my allowance now," with a mock beseeching look.

I thought first that he must be joking, but I soon saw he was in earnest: "Well, well," I said, "can it be possible that a useless, antiquated, old imposter like you could find a woman, old or young, to marry him?" Putting aside his every day, mild, obsequious manners, he straightened himself up, threw his head backward, and with lofty mien and fine irony in his voice, he exclaimed: "I am surprised at you, doctor? I thought you knew more of human nature. Let me inform you that a man may always find a woman to marry, though a woman may not always find a man. You also forget the old dicton: '*Chaque torchon a sa guenille*' (every dish-cloth has its rag)." With a self-complaisant air and a look in his eye which might be interpreted: "So, there you are, put that in your pipe and smoke it," he walked away with added dignity and elasticity to his step, humming a popular air:

"*Gai, gai, maluron, maluré.*"

The gate of happiness had swung open again for him and he was joyfully, if foolishly, treading the alluring garden of love, or whatever else it was to him!

There was a serio-comic element in the practicableness of a French-Canadian of Breton extraction, which may be worth recording in this study of types. He was as fixed as the pyramids of Egypt; nothing this side of the North Pole could prevent him pursuing a course he had decided upon. And he had besides, in a marked degree, the bumps, phrenologically speaking, of the love of life and caution. He had been a farmer and mounted the ladder of Mammon through an inheritance from an uncle. After a life of strenuous labor on a farm, he settled into one of comparative idleness in this city, with the result that he soon be-