

"None grander, I replied. But the best thing about it is the sanctity of the ties that here unite the sexes.

"Were worthy Faucher here, Marmette smilingly observed, he could exclaim in his most mellifluous accents, smothering for the nonce the aristocrat within his breast: 'Friends, evil be to them who evil think!'"

And having thus spoken, our author readjusted his glasses, which he had again allowed to drop to light a cigar and partake of his coffee.

HENRY DE PUYJALON.

Montreal, 10th March, 1893.

(Translated by W. O. Farmer.)

