

manly voice of our host who hails us from above: "Is that you, Sauvalle? Come up: you know the road." All ceremony is conspicuous for its absence under this genial roof-tree. For prosperity has never turned the head of our author: he is ever the same, the boon companion of all, ever ready to soothe and serve.

I make my way slowly up to the second flat where my radiant host greets me with a hearty shake of the hand that bespeaks the warmth of his heart. "How are you, old fellow? All well at home?" He never forgets to put the last interrogatory, showing that he is a "home-man" in the truest sense of the word.

Children are his delight, as may be seen by glancing at a portrait which holds the place of honour over his bureau, representing the genius which produced the "Art of being a Grandfather."

The vulgar imagine that a poet, when acting under the inspiration of the muse, dons some odd garment, wears his hair in a particular fashion, or strikes unusual attitudes. What nonsense! Our author met me at the door of his sanctuary with an affable smile—no superabundance of leonine locks—dressed like the ordinary run of mortals, his feet incased in a pair of good, stout boots, as the best preventive of chills and gout.

"Now, dear friend," said he, "make yourself at home." I passed into the precincts of the well-known studio and, taking a cigar from the table which I lighted, threw myself into an easy chair and at once began to cudgel my brains how best to broach the subject of my visit. Something in my manner must have disclosed to the quick eye of the poet that my mind was preoccupied. "Do you know why I am here, friend Fréchette?" I said; "you would never guess."—"Well, I am far from being a wizzard," replied he; "and I have less faith in such a personage, since that last witch-craft story I wrote for the *Presse*. So you will please enlighten me forthwith."—"In that case, I may as well tell you that I have come to take your portrait."—"Why! you are not a photographer?"

"It is not that exactly. I have been asked to furnish MEN OF THE DAY with your monography, or, better still, with your biography."

"Phew!"

"I merely propose to give a slight sketch of your life. Will you assist me?"

"You ask me to do something that is not in my line."