

"Well, gentlemen, shorn of those unappreciated adornments of phraseology which raise the instrument of mere commercialism into the realm of art, the bare import of this paper is plain. It is a duly certified copy of a deed bearing number three thousand six hundred and forty-five, remaining of record in my office. It sets up that on such a day appeared before me, Larochelle, Notary, one Francois Xavier Letourneau, Farmer, of the first part, who sold to Jean Baptiste Galibert, Agent of the second part, Lots nine and eleven, Lost River Range, Parish of l'Epiphany, Township of Roberval, County of Laurentia, Province of Quebec, with house and farm buildings thereon erected, for the consideration of one thousand dollars paid in cash at the passing of the deed, which is signed by the parties making their marks, and me, the said notary. I remember the matter perfectly, too, as the date is but recent."

"And all those pages covered by so little matter! Sad waste of good paper, Mr. Notary. This Promise of Sale, now—a single sheet, you see. Kindly compare it with the deed."

"M-m-m—Yes! Same property. Promising vendor, Galibert. Agreeing purchasers, yourselves, my esteemed new acquaintances. Consideration, *two* thousand dollars—ah, nice little profit accruing to Monsieur Galibert. But what is this? Lots *seven*, nine and eleven. But number seven is not conveyed by the deed, gentlemen."

"Just so! It's that little discrepancy we want adjusted."

"But how? Why come to me?—at the moment, that is to say. When you shall have acquired Lot number seven from the owner I shall be proud to act for you in my notarial capacity."

"Can't be done, sir! Letourneau was the last of his family. He was killed on the railway coming to the