

respected clergyman of the Church of England, who came of a very ancient English family settled for many years in the county of Sussex, and he was the youngest son of General Horseman, a distinguished Waterloo veteran. The subject of our sketch, after receiving his education in the Grammar school of his native town, entered the employment of Messrs. Pendleton & Gibbs, Toronto, in whose service he remained five years, whence, followed by the regrets and sincere good-will of his former employers, he removed to Brighton, having accepted the position of western commercial traveller for Messrs. Bagley and Winterblossom, the well known boot and shoe firm of that town. He had for five years discharged the duties of his position to the perfect satisfaction of his employers."

"But I will spare you this," I said, laying down my note book. "Now as to your late lamented husband's personal characteristics," I continued: "He was a man of good appearance, very popular on the road, I suppose." "Yes indeed," murmured my wife, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes.

"A very genial man and even tempered, I understand?" I said enquiringly.

"O yes," gasped my wife, with a sudden choking sob. "He had the temper of an angel."

I applied myself to my note-book for several minutes, and then, laying down my pencil, said: "How will this do?"

I read:—

"Personally, Mr. Horseman was a man of fine presence, and exceedingly popular among the firm's customers and his professional brethren. Of remarkably sweet and even temper, he was in every respect a model husband and father, and his married life was singularly unchequered by those matrimonial jars, which in the case of less happily constituted men, poison and embitter the lives of so

many couples. Scrupulous in his language—"

Here I paused and looked enquiringly at my wife, who was silently weeping. "How will that do, not too strong, is it?" I asked.

"O no, not half strong enough," responded my wife, in broken accents. "If you had only known him!"

"Of remarkably sweet and even temper," I repeated, as if thinking aloud, and then in my natural voice, and looking my wife full in the face, I said: "Isn't that laying it on just a leetle too thick, Maria?"

My wife started to her feet with a shriek, clasping her hands upon her breast, and then, with a scream that rang through the house from cellar to attic, woke the baby up-stairs and brought the servant girl rushing into the room, fainted dead away.

And so in the most approved dramatic style ended this cruel and ghastly hoax.

On the whole I may say I decidedly gained by my little escapade. I have only to repeat the concluding lines of my obituary, which I have long since learned by heart, to turn the tables at any moment upon my wife. And as Barkley never made his promised call upon the "widow," I have always been able to mysteriously allude to the man on whose knee she used to sit before she knew me, and whom the first news of her widowhood brought, on the lightning wings of resuscitated love, to her side.

I have also been completely cured of the temptation to brag never so mildly about my family, although from what I have since ascertained, I feel persuaded that Hobbs grossly exaggerated matters, and that my nickname was the creation of his own brain. It is a common habit with some men to fasten nicknames in this way upon others, and just as natural for them as it is for the puffing adder to blow its venom from a safe distance.

Jock Fraser expiated his plain-