

Now it so happened that on the morning of that day the chemist's wife who was devoted to the good Fathers, took pity on Brother Pancreas and sent him through his superior, four bottles of corn cure, one more infallible than the other.

In the evening Brother Pancreas hurried up to his cell. Pitching one of his old slippers under his bed and the other one towards the grate he seated himself bare footed on his table, with his strong teeth, he extracted the corns from the four bottles.

"*Holloways corn-cure... Put nam's corn-cure... Sovereign corn-cure...* May God and St. Joseph bless her!"

The operation over. The brother found that the odor of the strong drugs made his cell unbearable yet wishing to keep the wonderful cures near at hand, he placed them on the stone ledge of his window.

At the same moment Azor must have stopped, for Tribouillet, whose nose was always bent upwards noticed the light in the Brother's window but as his sight was not very good he drew his wife's attention to it, by a gesture. They were an illminded pair.

"They are little bottles, evidently perfumery."

"Ah! yes, no doubt they are the recipes of the monastery" said he with an ugly laugh, "put up for the habitués of the place who come here very early" eh! eh! eh!"

"O! la! la! It is exasperating," cried Sarah, Then she began to rage in a loud voice, shaking her fat fist in the direction of the convent.

Azor hovering recovered from his momentary indisposition hearing the loud tones of his mistress tried to imitate her, by barking at the stars.

"Stop that" shouted Trubouillot authoritatively to the two companions of his existence. "I have an idea. Those monks well hear from me."

Brother Pancreas was ignorant of all this nocturnal uproar. Rolled up to his ears in his bed clothes and rocked in the arms of a kind hope, he was dreaming that he was being carried through the air, his corns were gone and he kept repeating: "Holloway, Putnam... nam... om... oum..." and innocently snoring.

The second day after his superior was astonished to receive an official envelope containing the following.

Nov. 10, 1902.

SIR :

From information received we are forced to believe that your convent has as an annex a perfumery establishment. In your authorisation papers you neglected to mention it.

Such an exposure obliges me to immediately reject the above mentioned papers.

Yours etc.