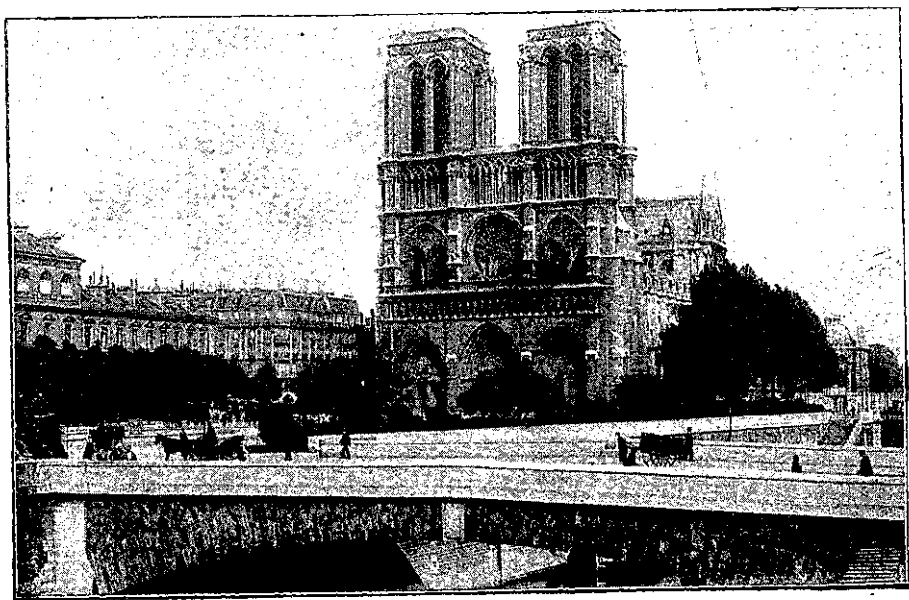


have to make enquiries of the official, who is probably very civil, but if you haven't much French it is a trial ! And here let me mention a fact. Tips are necessary and troublesome everywhere in this Old World, but at the same time, it is wonderful what a little civility will do for one. Ask a question politely, and ten to one you will receive a courteous reply, no matter how villainous your accent may be. Courtesy is more important than grammar on the Continent, and a great many English-speaking people possess neither.

that we need not expect an answer. However, a few days before we left, there came a communication from the Sorbonne, requesting my friend's attendance there between certain hours. We went and saw a secretary. Had Mademoiselle any papers ? Yes, Mademoiselle had her teacher's certificate, and spread out this official document before Monsieur le Secrétaire, who, I believe, tried to read it upside down. Yes, it was very charming, no doubt, but had Mademoiselle no passe ? No ? Ah, that was a pity ; Mademoiselle must go to the Ambassa-



Notre Dame, Paris.

We had one most comical experience in Paris. One of us, the mistress of a New Zealand Public School, was anxious to go over a French one. Acting on a friend's advice, she wrote to Monsieur le Vice-Recteur, de l'Académie Française, for the requisite permission. She shewed this letter to our Madame, at the pension, who had kept a school, and Madame was horrified : first, at the boldness of addressing Monsieur le Vice-Recteur at all, and secondly, at the lack of due humility in the letter. It was re-written to her satisfaction, and sent, but she told us

dor, and get a passe, and then she would receive the necessary permission, and could visit a school next day. "Mais," said M. le Secrétaire, in a sudden outburst, "Où est la Nouvelle Zélande ? Est elle une Colonie Anglaise ?"

We went towards the English Ambassador's, which was miles away—the Consul would have been the proper person to go to, I suppose—took a wrong turning, and after wandering about, came to the conclusion that it was more bother than it was worth. We did not return to the Sorbonne, and we know