



SIGNOR EVENING TELEGRAMI,

THE FAMOUS POLITICAL TIGHT-ROPE DANCER, EATS A FREE 15 CENT (LITERARY) LUNCH WHILE BALANCING IN MID-AIR!

consider how they could be in a place so pretty, with horses to drive them about such lovely roads, but I put down this discontent to the want of depth in their character and small appreciation of the higher intellectual pleasures, and looked eagerly forward to the visit I am paying, and now I am here only that I don't like to be laughed at I would go home at once. Don't think I am homesick. My home, alas! is not what a home might be, I am one of those unfortunate beings whose talents are unappreciated, consequently when I want to paint, or to play some of the pieces of a divine composer, or improve my mind by reading, or my health by exercise, in the shape of a walk on King-street, mamma has always some tiresome thing for me to do, such as ordering dinner, dusting the drawing-room, or perhaps worse than all, socks to mend for papa and the boys, so I am not homesick, still I am triste, and feel, I imagine, as the man did who was searching for the Lost Chord. My only consolation in this sensation of loss, this unexplainable unutterable "something," is that I am in sympathy with the master minds, and most keenly sensitive hearts of the world's thinkers, but (you are the only person, Belle, to whom I would confide it) I don't like this feeling at all, it is vague and uncomfortable, the season doubtless has its effect on my sympathetic soul and physique, for I can say truly with the poet

"The melancholy days have come
The saddest of the year."

But I am not selfish enough to trespass further on your patience, by unburdening my innermost feelings, so I will try and tell you all there is to say of this dreary place. The town itself

is pretty, and is blessed with a surrounding country principally hill and dale. Uncle and aunt live in a rather nice house about a mile and a half away. There are, I believe, a few nice people living at Rural Dell, but I have not met them yet—as far as I can learn there is but one member of the sterner sex with whom one would feel on an equality—I have not seen this particular "him," this oasis is a desert, however he has something to do with a bank. Toronto experiences make me satisfied that as that is the case he is quite *comme il faut*, and I am looking forward to meeting him to-morrow at an entertainment they call a social.

But I must say good-bye, write soon to me dearest Belle, and remember that though you are in the midst of the stir and bustle of a city, I am "far from the madding crowd," and longing for the touch of a vanished hand, and for news. So write at once to

Your ever fond friend,

EVANGELINE FITZJONES.

P. S.—Remember me to Charlie King and other friends.

(Answer to the above.)

TORONTO, October 3rd, 1881.

DEAREST EVA:—

I just received your letter, and with a truly Christian spirit am curtailing my afternoon walk to write to you, for you do seem to be blue, most deeply, dismally blue, and I don't wonder, for I agree with old what-do-you-call-him, who says "Oh solitude, where are the charms that sages have seen in your face?" The only time

I am conscious of wishing to be alone is when compelled, an unwilling third, to play gooseberry. But really you need not mind being out of Toronto just now, for except shopping, several good troupes at the theatres, some concerts, a few quiet evenings and a musical or two there is positively nothing going on in the city. There has been so much rain, even King-street is less jolly than usual, and for the same reasons very few new suits have been worn by their fair owners. The display of ulsters has been great, but they show nothing especially new in their style.

Do you know, my dear Mlle. Evangeline, you must give yourself a shake, or you will be altogether "too too," too utterly utter, for anything. The admiration for that sort of thing is on the wane with sage green dresses, you must be animated, lively, intense, to please the taste of the bank clerks and lawyers' students of this fair Queen City, and to be in keeping with the prevailing fashions. I am revelling in bright ribbons, and if you remain so intensely æsthetic you will "fade" when you see some of my brilliant garments. Now confess, Eve, you feel at a loss for some one to flirt with, and it is all nonsense about the "Lost Chord," and the wonderful "something." Take courage, my dear. I see coming consolation for you in the bank man.

One can live without poetry, music and art,
One can live without parties, one can live without heart,
One can live without friends, one can live without foes,
But a good-looking girl cannot live without beaux.

One can live without foes, what are foes but aggravating,
One can live without friends, what are friends but deceiving.

One can live without most things 's a fact very certain,
But a modernized girl cannot live without flirtin'.

What do you think of that for original poetry? But I mustn't waste any more time writing the poetic muses, as I expect to meet "some one" by the merest accident at the corner of King and Bay at half-past five o'clock. So my dear, adieu. With lots of love and oceans of kisses.

Yours, fondly,

BELLE.

P. S.—I have sent word to Charlie King to come and spend the evening with us, and then I will give him your message.

Nonsense

Says Torrington to Warrington.
I'll play—what will you sing?
Says Warrington to Torrington.
All right—play anything!



ADVICE TO THE CAPTAIN.

Young Bellevillian.—Say, Cap., maybe you'll learn now what I did when I undertook to have a smoke out of dad's pipe and burnt my finger half off—that is to keep away from Mischief, after this.

The Capt.—Avast, you young land-lubber, what do you know about fast yachts?