

Mr. Elliot Galt, Lethbridge, Northwest Territory, is in town, on a visit to his father, Sir Alexander Galt.

Dr. Browne is sufficiently convalescent to be allowed to leave his room, and hopes shortly to be again about.

Miss Von Hugel, Toronto, is in town, on a visit to Miss Mariquita Davidson, Peel street.

Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen have been spending the last few weeks at Brocket Hall, Hatfield, the seat of the Earl and Countess Cowper.

Mrs. Robert Grant, Boston, has arrived on a visit to her parents, Sir Alexander and Lady Galt, to be present at the marriage of her sister, Miss Evelyn Galt, which took place this week.

Mrs. Ward and Miss Ward, Chicago, are on a visit to Mrs. Ward's parents, ex-aiderman and Mrs. Hood, University street, on their return from the south, where they have been spending some months.

Miss Boswell, of Quebec, who has spent the winter at Ashville, North Carolina, is on a visit to Mrs. James Ferrier, Metcalfe street, on her way home from the south.

Mr. R. S. Gault, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Mabel Gault, left this week for Lakewood, N.J. They intend spending a short time also at Atlantic City, before returning to Montreal.

Miss Bosse, daughter of Judge Bosse, of Quebec, will be married next week to Mr. Tracy, of Albany, N. Y. Mr. Tracy is a brother of Mr. Ben F. Tracy, who was at the head of the Navy Department during the Harrison Administration.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

(Suggested by a picture by Mr. Romney.)

I.

This relative of mine
Was she seventy and nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen,
How she looked at seventeen
As a bride.

II.

Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste;
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

III.

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace, farthingale, and gay
"Falbala,"
—Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you.
Grandpapa!

IV.

Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, "Come."

V.

What funny fancy slips
From 'tween these cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Sweet deity in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?

VI.

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

VII.

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once shamed the swarthy crew;
By and by,
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cruel foot for spite
Near her eye.

VIII.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine—
Well I wot,
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit,—
Would she not?

I.X.

Ah, perishable clay!
Her charms had dropped away
One by one;
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, "Thy
Will be done."

X.

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest,—
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest.

XI.

I fain would meet you there:—
If witching as you were,
Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
That the better you must please
Grandpapa.

—FREDK. LOCKER.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING AT HAMILTON.

The marriage of Miss Helen Isabel Ridley, third daughter of Dr. Ridley, to Lt. D. H. Labatt, of the 13th Battalion, which took place in Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, on Saturday last, was witnessed by a large and fashionable crowd. Many invitations were sent out, and guests were present from Toronto and London, Ont. The dresses of the ladies were beautiful and very becoming, and were much admired. The ceremony took place shortly after 3.30, and was performed by Rev. Arthur Baldwin, of Toronto, uncle of the bride, assisted by Bishop Hamilton, and Rev. E. M. Bland. The bride was given away by her father. She looked charming in a gown of white corded silk, trimmed with Irish guipure lace with tulle veil, orange blossoms and lilies of the valley. She carried a bouquet of orchids. The bridesmaids were: Miss Ridley, Misses Minnie and Sophia Ridley, Miss Labatt, Miss Baldwin and Miss Kate Baldwin, of Toronto, cousins of the bride; Miss Violet Smith, of Toronto, and Miss Hamilton. They wore dresses of Japanese silk, four being trimmed with blue velvet and four with pink velvet, with large black hats, trimmed with feathers and velvet to match the dresses. A reception was afterward given at Dr. Ridley's residence.

SMILES.

"Does Hetton always tell his wife everything?"

"Yes."

"She doesn't seem to repeat it."

"No; because she talks so much that she never hears what he says."

He—Didn't you know that my family dates from the Revolution?

She—Yes; but I was never certain whether from the one in Brazil or Hawaii.

"Then the guests went home and the neighbors went to sleep," is the way a local weekly winds up its account of a lively party in a suburban neighborhood.

"He offered her his hand and fortune."

"Did she accept?"

"No; the first was too large and the second too small."

"Dennis, you're a gentleman and a scholar—is this where you ruminate?"

"Begorra, and you guessed it the first time; this is just where I room an' ate."