

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

NO. 16 OUR BUTTERFLY.

The distinction between the butterfly and the bee has often been dilated upon, showing how the former is entirely given over to pleasure and the latter adhering strictly to business. The one is said to be gay, thoughtless, and useless, wasting all its time in enjoyment, while from our earliest infancy the "busy bee" is held up to us as an example to be imitated in improving "each shining hour." There are plenty of bees in our Montreal hive, with a few drones interspersed here and there, which drones are more objectionable than butterflies, since they are not even ornamental. We do not like a drone, he is a lazy despicable creature, but few of us can help admiring the beautiful butterfly. No; let us put in



a plea for our social butterfly whose season commences about the time when that of the insect after which we have named her is coming to a close.

Our Butterfly has recently returned from her summer resort, and having caught sight of her at a reception, a ball, and a hunt breakfast, we were bound to admit, that those events would have been mighty dull and tame without her. She may not be very wise but do we go to a reception to look for wisdom? She knows nothing about the planets, but we do not want to discuss astronomy in a ballroom. Her smile is bright and her laugh musical, and we think the breakfast very pleasant as we sit beside her. She does not understand our best jokes, although she pretends she does, but she appreciates our poorer efforts at witticism in a way that Brown and Smith never do. She says in the prettiest manner, that we are dreadful and delightful, naughty and nice, all in a breath, and as she

flies away, we willingly confess, in spite of the numerous common sense arguments respecting her being vapid and silly, that she is really charming.

The fact is, it is a relief once in a while to escape from the busy bees with their eternal hum, to Our Butterfly who adorns our society recreations, which, without her, would be a succession of wildernesses, or in other words we require the ornamental as well as the useful in this life.

We have known Our Butterfly have two sides to her character and two costumes, like little Cinderella, and once making an impromptu call, with quite as good an excuse as the Prince with the glass slipper, we found Our Butterfly helping her mother to darn stockings or some other household work, without being in the least ashamed of it. To such a one we need not fear to remark "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," feeling sure that Our Butterfly will in the proper time be transformed into a queen bee, the head and front of the beehive. Home rule, when it will become her turn to chaperon her butterflies and live her young days over again, happy in seeing others happy.

Because our hair is grey, and our dress staid and sober, is no reason why we should sneer at the dazzling colors of Our Butterfly whose heart is as light as her feet. We "can't be sixteen always" as the song says, nor for the matter of that five and twenty either; autumn and winter in life come soon enough with the rheumatism, and, let us hope, the easy chair as well, but Our Butterfly is yet in the spring of her existence, and we sincerely trust she may have a good time.

UNTIDY ADVERTISING.

Dear Mr. Antidote:—Can nothing be done to put a stop to—that I must call—a most objectionable method of advertising? I refer to those slips of paper which are thrust into your hand as you walk along the street, or step out of church on Sunday morning (presuming you go to church) having reference to a cheap excursion, some charitable bazaar, or sale of a bankrupt stock. These slips of paper are also left upon door steps, but wherever they are scattered or to whomever they are presented, I have convinced myself, after a long calculation (I won a prize for arithmetic at school) that nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every ten thousand, are either blown or thrown away to disfigure our streets and squares, and occasionally, if there be a high wind, I have known one of those disagreeable pieces of paper, first attach itself to my boots, and when it was with difficulty dislodged, fly

against my skirts, and cling to me with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause.

You yourself Mr. Antidote must have observed how our streets are strewn with scraps of paper and while one of those is very charming when Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are in it, still everyone must admit they are detestable as advertisements in the form I have described, and therefore why do we put up with it?

My mother is very tidy and brought up her children accordingly, and I dare say there are many ladies in Montreal like her in particular, but example is a great teacher and we cannot blame small folks for not being neat in their houses if there is a slovenly litter outside.

Do not misunderstand me please, advertising through the right channels, such as "The Antidote" for instance, is to be highly commended—did I not obtain my present situation by answering an advertisement?—but for mercy's sake do not let our city scavengers have more rubbish to sweep up than is absolutely necessary.

Yours ever,

Amelia Wilkins.

Miss Wilkins is perfectly right in condemning that slovenly method of advertising she refers to, but there is one point in her letter we cannot quite agree to, for we do not believe there could be a "better cause" to cling to than Miss Wilkins herself. Ed.

Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan, who is now Mrs. Cotes, and was once well-known in Montreal, is living in Calcutta. Miss Duncan formerly delighted Canadian readers with an account of her trip round the world under the title of "A Social Departure" and also wrote an amusing book called "The American Girl in London." She has recently penned a new story entitled "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib" taken from her Indian experiences.

RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIA

AND

PEOPLE I HAVE MET THERE.

BY HURKARU.

I will venture to name without fear of contradiction by Anglo Indians, the best known man throughout the length and breadth of Hindoostan for the past twenty to thirty years. He has seen viceroys after viceroys come and depart, he has witnessed the Elphinstone Circle, Watson's Hotel, with other modern buildings be completed in Bombay, and has seen the street cars take the place of the detestable hack-buggies. And all literally "For an old song;" the man's name being Dave Carson, and the "old song," the "Bengalee