

said they had enough there and to spare, so some of it may have burst out, as he said it might, and come to us.

Do you read the *Century*? I wonder who is to be the "Hundredth Man," in Frank Stockton's story of that name. I hope he will not leave it to conjecture, like "The lady or the tiger." Did you ever read anything so funny as his "Mrs. Leek's and Mrs. Aleshine." Oh, the eminently practical, the managing Mrs. Aleshine! Could anything be more absurd, than the idea of that party's paddling along in the water, and then resting—not on their oars, but on their life preservers—while they eat their lunch, produced from Mrs. Aleshine's pocket." What would the other two have done without her? And the way that love affair on the island was managed! The fellow was brought up standing, before he knew where he was. Poor Aleshine must have felt that there was no chance for the development of any little talent he may have had, and so he shuffled off before the woman that owned him was introduced to us. A husband must have been a useless and irritating appendage in her case, not to mention what she must have been to him.

What is to be the upshot of that fishy business that is causing so much talk? One can't take time to read all the papers say about it. Some of the Americans seem to think that we want too much. Some others, that we have a right to our own. Others again bluster so, that we conclude there is but little discretion—that better part of valour—in them. Some think it would be well to settle this and other questions by annexation. I'm afraid we could never overtake them in their speech. While we would be forming a word in our mouth, they would jerk it out of theirs; while we would be trying to say United States of America, they are out with Nite States 'Murca, and while we are labouring at Chicago, they whip out Sh'caug, and away they are two blocks off. Some of the things in their papers I do not admire much, but one thing struck me as specially worthy of note, in Washington society:—When a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church honors a fashionable gathering with his presence, the ladies appear clothed, and (we may suppose) in their right minds, which must contribute materially to right states of mind in others. Would that some of our church dignitaries would take to frequenting fashionable gatherings, if their presence would lead to like results. Is it not a pity that our Queen countenances a style of dress so incompatible with modesty and regard for health? In woman's dress, I mean, for I have never understood that anything questionable in men's attire was allowed, nor have I understood that men ever desired to wear any garment deficient in any of its parts. Certainly I have not done so, and no wife of mine shall ever appear in the present favorite style of evening dress—that is, while she is my wife.

The tobogganing is being carried on with great success in different parts of the country. Lambs are getting bruised, sometimes broken, heads are being smashed, beauty marred, backs broken, etc. Any doctor who does not give his support to a toboggan slide in his neighbourhood, is blind to his own interest. Indeed this consideration has been advanced, by parties soliciting a subscription from a doctor, for a slide. Tobogganers are not at all boastful of the success attending their efforts, for many a striking event occurs among them, which is not paraded for public gaze. Tobogganing is another thing forbidden to my wife—as long as I want to have her here. Yours,

SOUTH ONTARIO.

Society.

To secure insertion in the issue of the succeeding Friday, announcements intended for VANITY FAIR should be sent in not later than Wednesday noon.

It must be distinctly understood that all items sent to us for this column must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB BALL.

The annual ball of the R. C. Y. C. in the Pavillion on Thursday evening, 3rd February, was as largely attended as in former years. It was, however, more decidedly mixed than ever. It seems strange that the yacht club, numbering as it does among its members so many of our wealthy and liberal men, should descend to the level of a church bazaar, the one and only object apparently being the almighty dollar. Anyone having on a wedding garment and being the proud possessor of a two dollar bill was admitted, irrespective of creed, nationality, or color. Why should this be? Cannot the members of our yacht club afford to pay for their summer's enjoyment and pleasure, without taxing the pockets of the great unwashed, who, of course are willing to give up their dollars to fondly imagine, for one brief fleeting night, they are "in the swim." Their conspicuous vulgarity and ostentation, shown in that the happiest, maddest, night of all the glad, new year, is driving, slowly but surely, our refined people away from all the public ~~balls~~. It is a Canadian in his pocket, and you touch him in his sorest spot—seems to grow more applicable every hour. But there is a light in the East, and day is at hand, and like the early dew and morning cloud, the shoddy aristocracy will pass away, consigned to the ragbag of oblivion, and in the purer, brighter atmosphere of the perfect noon, we sincerely trust Toronto's grandsons will know the china from the clay. We are aware that these powerful medicines are not very palatable, and we would have felt tempted to put off the day of administering them, did we not feel that procrastination would be fatal, and now like an experienced nurse, we will place the cool, gentle hand, upon the fever-beated, aching brow, and whisper that magical word hope. Though never to the manner born, a long stride will bring a state of perfection deceiving to many.

The ball was a success, and to it we had better pass on. The stage was very handsomely decorated with palms and flowers on the wall at the back of it were hung flags, and two charming water colors of racing yachts at the front were the brass cannons of our well-known yachts. The conservatory was filled with flowers and the light was of a sufficient dimness to greatly lighten the effect of the many sweet nothings, that were softly murmured there. Over the entire ceiling of the Pavillion were suspended the signal flags and banners of the Toronto yachts. On the outside of the railing of the gallery, were gracefully twined red and blue chintz, over a background of white. On each pillar was suspended a Chinese parasol, and between the pillars were handsome curtains artistically draped. The decorations were elaborate, and bore evidence of the good taste and refinement of the designer, Mr. Henry Pellatt. Seager's orchestra of twenty-two pieces furnished the music, not only superb for dancing, but as a musical treat. Mr. Harry Webb had charge of the supper, which was a grand affair. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Commodore John Leys, the guests were received