

in love; sister says I'm in love, every body says I'm in love—they say they can tell it by the size of my sigh—and I'm considerable on the sigh since I left St. Albans, but of course people will say anything. But what is *your* opinion? If you think so, too, it wouldn't be a bad idea to frame a Reciprocity Treaty and put the thing through—that is, if you are willing. If you are not willing prepare to behold a military corpse sacrificed upon the altar of International Affection. Please Bessie end my suspense and restore my appetite.

Yours very truly

CHARLES,
Sergt. 6th Fusiliers.

FROM HER TO HIM.

St. Albans, Vt., July 10th 1878.

DEAR FRIEND.—I would call you "Charles" but Ma says it is too familiar on so short an acquaintance, but I like the name of Charles. Charles I think its *real nice*. Ma says it is a royal name, and I have read in history that there was once a Charles who lost his head. In your case it seems that history repeats itself. In Charles' case he should have lived under American institutions and his head would have been level and not have been levelled for him. However let the subject *drop*. I was real glad to hear you enjoyed yourself so well. Last night Ma gave a small party and a friend of mine, young Mr. Blerkins the lawyer dropped in, and we had a good talk about the Fourth of July. (Mr. Blerkins is Ma's first cousin.) I left the room under the plea of a bad headache, which I have had ever since you left. My appetite is so bad that I don't believe I have eaten eight ounces of food since Thursday. I am getting *dreafullly* thin. My friend Clara G..... says its owing to the relapse after the exchange of sentiment. I can account for it in no other way. I am *so* sorry you don't feel well. It must be the weather—or something else. Do you think a visit to Montreal would do me any good? If you do I will bother Pa and make him take me there. I am sure we shall be all glad to meet your folks. Pa says these exchanges of sentiment should be fostered and I'm sure I have no objection. I feel *real sorry* you have lost so much flesh, it comes from too much *thinking*. If you feel so bad as you make out, I have no objection to your asking Pa to hurry up that Treaty, for I shouldn't like to be the cause of such a *shocking termination* to the pleasant time we had on "the Fourth." But it must be done in a proper way. The young men of St. Albans have been talking about the Fusiliers ever since they left, and a friend of mine, Miss P..... had a *dreafull* quarrel with her beau because she said something nice about one of your officers. The marriage went come off now, and the poor fellow looks *so miserable* that I quite *pity him*. But Ma thinks people ought to make sacrifices sometimes—and so do I. I think dear Cha—friend, that a trip to St. Albans might prove beneficial. We should all be glad to see you and make you welcome. And then, if you care to ask Pa I have no objection—that is if you think it would do you good.

Your's in friendship,

Bessie

P. S.—You may call me "Bessie" if you want to, Charles.

TRULY RURAL.

"Nor unelightful is the ceaseless hum
To him who muses through the woods at noon—"Thomson's Seasons.

At this season of the year it is customary, for those who can afford it, to go to the country. Some go from pure, unadulterated motives of laziness; others go because other people go; not a few to get away from their creditors; many because it is economical, and those who stay at home, content themselves as best they can by roaming the mountain, or fishing all night along the wharves. Under all diversification's traits of character are developed, in which peculiarities predominate.

Once freed from city surroundings these tourists settle down in their respective suburban retreats and develop their dormant tastes for enjoyment. It is singular to notice the most painful care that some people take in "rigging themselves out" in the most approved fashionable but highly inconvenient outfits in order to do "the correct" thing. Young ladies are got up in matchless linen suits in the latest fashion. Young gentlemen adorn themselves in light summer suits with field glass, straw sombreros carefully enveloped in white muslin veils, which are never used, arranged in tasteful folds; light shoes in which the gravel and small stones will find their way, and to crown all—the inevitable umbrella thrown in—complete the perfection of their toilets. All this is done under the delusive plea of comfort, while the browned skinned young farmer looks upon these fine city folks as people labouring under a species of temporary insanity.

Thus, young men sally forth into the country and may be seen searching along ditches, hedge-rows and fields picking up here and there common flowers and plants for the scientific entertainment of young ladies who affect a knowledge of botany—more theoretical than practical, under the delusive idea that they are enjoying themselves immensely.

The country youth regards these over-dressed and jewellery-bedecked individuals as a species of harmless idiots, and while he longs to possess their store clothes and to dress as they dress, yet he has sense enough to know a fern from a stinging nettle.

Others again, make up pic nic parties, take their own refreshments along, hunt up the curiosities of the place; lose themselves; make appointments and never keep them; go astray in the most confused manner; regail themselves upon semifluid sandwiches, and that most abominable beverage lukewarm ginger ale and finally come home weary and weakened, after spending "a most delightful day!"

But your true disciple of the Piscatorial Art is eminently ahead of them

all. He knows what real enjoyment is in the country, and he may be easily distinguished. There is no false affectation about *him*. His triple jointed rod, and green painted can, a small (or large) flask and an entertaining fly-book form the sum total of his wants—all except the fish which are to follow. As in politics so it is with him: his bait is his capital, and must be selected with care. Quickness of motion, clearness of vision, a steady hand and a fair stock of patience are necessary. But even with all these desirable preliminaries, success is not always assured and the much despised grovelling earthworms have sometimes to be resorted to as bait. What a fine moral reflection is here afforded between other worms of supposed nobler instincts! Yet some anglers fish from sunrise until sunset and catch nothing, but find comfort in the fact "that they have had one or two good nibbles," and so they continue as cheerful and happy and with as keen a smile of self-satisfaction as might have been expected from Alderman TUMBLER when he was fishing for herrings in Digby.

It takes a good many people to make a world; and even in the country, real solid pleasure is often synonymous with hard work. To our thinking, the best way to find it is to follow the natural bent of one's instincts and not to exceed the limit of one's comprehension of the enjoyable.

A FAMILY COINCIDENCE.

A youth way back in the "gods" abode
Sat out a naughty show
But on his mind there was a load
He could no nearer go.
"I'm too far back" he sadly cried
"Yes, very much too far,"
He leaned more over—then he sighed
In front he saw his Pa.

And yet people talk about the dullness of the modern youth.

AROUND TOWN.

The Orange Crop is ripe.

A note of observation—I. C. U.

"ST. ALBANS" is another laurel to add to the colors of the 6th Fusiliers.

Those JUDGES—Bring on your original awards and let us compare notes.

The Band of the 6th Fusiliers can now play the Star Spangled Banner without any loss of dignity.

It will take many butter coolers and ice pitchers before the excitement over that "Jubilee" is cooled down.

BEACONSFIELD'S remark "I did not come here to yield" is to be patented as the motto for the Montreal Junior Conservative Club.

Some of the Sixth "now speak with a Vermont accent.

"When our troops were in St. Albans" is now the mode of preface used by volunteer officers.

CONTRIBUTOR.—If you will give us your name and let us have the opportunity of looking into the facts for ourselves we will publish them. Otherwise, we must decline.

SINCE Mayor BEAUBRY announced at the last City Council meeting that the Spanish Court was in mourning it will not be fashionable for Montrealers to have either Seville Oranges or Malaga Raisins for desert.

When the Hon. Mr. BEAUBRY accepted the Mayoralty of Montreal he understood that he was to draw his \$2,000 a year salary and only recognize such civic institutions as he might approve of; all others must go to Lachine or anywhere else for recognition, so far as he is concerned.

SINCE "the Jubilee" it is the correct thing at *conversations* and small parties for would-be musical "critics" to talk largely about "time" "attack," "tune" and "general instrumentation"—notwithstanding their knowledge of the true value of the relative terms will be on a par with what they know of the difference between an Italian Piccolo and a German Flute.

SAD.—"CONTRIBUTIONS DECLINED.—Spring: A Few Words on Temperance: The Railway to Heaven: Canada in 1840" are the published headings of a few, in a long list of contributions rejected by the *Witness* last week. It is hard to realize the anguish of these *embryo* poets and authors when their *Ms.* is rejected and the world is thus deprived of these gems "born to blush unseen." The authors, however, should not yet despair, the missionary field among the heavy dailies is still open, then there is the *New Dominion* and *Belford's Monthly*, to say nothing of the *Scholastic News* and its contemporary, the great *Canadian Spectator*.

FOR HIM THERE.—A young swell of fastidious tastes dined at McNALLY'S restaurant, 171 St. James Street, last week. The dandy had some spare money, so he thought he would have an extra good feed. He fed, then he fed some more, each "feed" reminding him of something he had tasted in Paris—far better you know. "Have you anything else?" he enquired. "O yes, I forgot," said the waiter "we *have* something else that will just suit you, calve's head with brain sauce; we can recommend it highly—*especially the sauce*."

FIREBURN HEAT.—The heat at St. Albans was so excessive at the Fourth July celebration that it actually burnt off the hair of several weak minded people. Under such circumstances it would be only an exchange of international courtesy in return for the kindness shown to our Montreal tourists to present those ancient folks with several bottles of LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RESTORER. A wag remarked that Luby's compound was always used by the 6th Fusiliers to restore the color of their bearskins, and always with the best success. Fact, he assured us.