

such a heroic spirit existed outside of old-fashioned fiction. He is a saint in disguise. Moses loves the doctor. He appreciates a NOBLE MAN.

(Note by the Author) I put that last in to fill up. I don't know how to make this story end. Shall Adonis repent and return, or shall he die and the doctor have an innings? The latter would be most agreeable, but the former more artistic. Oh, well, let us be artistic or die.

Sept. 20th.—He has returned. He is a wreck, broken in health and spirits, but he is here. The doctor is doctoring him. I am not afraid of the doctor poisoning him. He is a NOBLE MAN. I have wept and wept. Adonis is so changed. Even Moses is reconciled to him. He lets me sit by him and hold his hand. He is quite rude to the girl across the street. He never forgets the toothpicks now. He actually noticed the babe yesterday, and asked what her name was. O, I am so happy !!!

(Note by the Author) I don't know what to do about the end. I hate to shut the Doctor out altogether. Perhaps it would be wise to leave a loop-hole.

Sept. 30.—I have seen the doctor. He says, "Adonis is improving, but—" I did not ask him what he meant then, but I did to-day. I said, "Speak out, Doctor, is there—?"

He said, "There is. It may be either way. Who can tell?"

I have not told Adonis, I will leave it to fate. To-day my husband said, "Amanda, old girl, you haven't been a bad old chump after all."

This is enough for me. I am happy. Oh, I am so happy !!!!!

AMANDA,
Wife.
—HEATHER.

SOCIAL.

BARONESS BLACK, nee Coal, gave a delightfully recherché reception at her castle on Blower street, it being the advent of her daughter, Ste. C. Sidier's, debut. The Baroness looked lovely in the dearest little core-sage in the world, scalloped at the right and left top corners. It was trimmed with ostrich feathers, in which nestled a dainty bunch of orchids, artistically pinned with the cutest cupid's bow set in turquoise and pearl. The back was cut *comme il faut*; the train was ecru satin slashed at the sides and cut on the bias, with puffed insertions of pale rose silk, crossed with flossy silver grey silk

corde, shamrock pattern, fastened to tortoise-shell baby buttons. Her beautiful daughter wore a diadem and tiara, with an Indian silver filigree buckle, from which suspended a chatelaine of curios mounted in aquamarines, which harmonized with the quiet tints and shadows in the folds of the draperies. Ornaments, flesh-colored coral, cats' eyes, feldspar amulets, with lava pendants. Her silk hosiery were magnificently hand painted on a black ground, and were the latest importation from that master in feminine attire, Plaster, of Paris.

MR. J. Ginger returned from his three months sojourn in Jamaica on the 7th and feels quite tough enough to spend a winter north, he having got perfectly tanned down there.

A Precaution.

Jackson: "Why does Rodd take a trolley every time he goes on the street, even if he is only going a block.?"

Currie: "Why, that is the only way he can get past a saloon without stopping to take a drink."



MOTHER - Now dont cry tommy
thats the boy. Look out of the window
and watch the trolley kill somebody.