

making, securing comforts, and even luxuries for themselves. I doubt, though, if your business men spend as freely or enjoy life half as well. I notice your quiet way of living without much excitement or bustle, and wonder to myself, if I could move on thus quietly from day to day. I am told, though, that this is a dull season, and I am not right, in supposing you always so quiet.

The country so charming,—a city so delightful, ought to boast of more places of amusement, more musical talent, that concert givers might feel encouraged to visit you.

But I am spinning my yarn to an unpardonable length, and leave you in your stillness, with every good wish for your *Maple Leaf*. If I could write anything to interest its readers, one acceptable article, or coax up a few new ideas for its benefit, I should be glad, and as presumptuous may be, as poor Oliver Twist, and "ask for more."

The new bridge will bring you so near to us, I hope, as to enable me to repeat my visit in winter. Then I may know something of your amusements, so exhilarating and conducive to health. I shall enjoy day dreams of this, and in imagination be often with you. I must send this "with all its imperfections on its head," since I have written with several chattering magpies enjoying themselves about my table, and you would wonder that I have not copied some of their conversation. J.



EDITORIAL.

This number contains a letter from a stranger, who expresses his lively ideas in that kind of "free and easy" style, peculiar to the southerner. We were much amused at the curious fancy he seems to have in regard to our climate, and hope he will not suffer from a visit here in summer, though Montreal may be some ten or fifteen degrees nearer the "North Pole" than his home. We thank him for his friendship for the *Maple Leaf*, and inform him that it already numbers several contributors among the ladies; writers whose names are known among us, as having for years contributed by means of their pens to the instruction and amusement of the Canadian public. We wish, if possible, to disabuse his mind of the idea, that our Montreal ladies are not "reflecting" and "musing" too. The last they are certainly, as many a tide of richest vermilion sweeping over their fair cheeks and brows betoken, which he might have observed, unless his mind was wandering to some attraction in his native land. We like his hint, however, and take the opportunity of asking our lady readers if they will not respond to it through the columns of the *Maple Leaf*.

Our number of Correspondents increases. We have been obliged to leave out some interesting matter for want of space.

"Lines" from "Persolus" were read with much pleasure. We trust he will favor us with some more of his thoughts for the next number.

"E. S. O." will appear in the October number. We shall be happy to hear from him again.

The Charade for this number, by Oscar, is beautiful and ingenious. We advise him to dip his pen again for the readers of our magazine, and promise, on their behalf, an effort to find an answer to this one.