

To Our Readers.

Many subjects within the scope of a literary and society journal, unavoidably crowded out of a first number, will be taken up shortly. Among these are lawn-tennis, golf and other popular games. The theatres are practically closed for the present. Suburban and seaside news will not be neglected. For any shortcomings and imperfections that may strike our readers the present week we have to ask their forbearance. It is believed, however, that the variety of topics served up and their treatment will not be found to fall far short of the promises made in the Prospectus.

EDITOR.

The Lost Photograph.

A VISIT to Rome is not considered complete without seeing the statue of Venus in the Villa Borghese. For this beautiful creation, Carova is said to have had for model no less a personage than Pauline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon I. The figure is reposing on a couch, the right hand supporting the head, the left holding an apple, and is draped somewhat proportionately to the Venus of Milo. A Montreal tourist, who has just returned home, was thoughtful enough to send a photograph of the great work to a friend here, little dreaming of the trouble it should cause. On the morning of one of last month's bank holidays, three or four gentlemen met in the corridor of the post-office while getting their foreign letters. Among those in the box of a gentleman of rank and taste—a universal favorite—and who has made Montreal his home for some few years past, was a large envelope enclosing a photograph of the Venus Borghese, the address on the cover being in the well known hand of a friend across the seas without whose namesake Shakespeare's sweetest play could never have been composed. The picture was shown to his admiring friends, none of whom had ever seen the original,—we mean, of course, the statue itself. It was shortly restored to the envelope, and slipped, as was supposed, into the outer pocket of the receiver's overcoat. He had not gone however a hundred yards when another friend was met. He told him of the beautiful picture he had just received, and putting his hand in his pocket to show it, what was his surprise to find that it was gone. Inquiry of all who had seen it failed to discover any clue to its whereabouts. Our worthy exotic friend felt sore over its loss.

A few days afterward he received notice through the post-office that a citizen had called with a photograph containing his address, and deeming it insufficiently draped, recommended that the owner be prosecuted for receiving improper matter through the mails. The finder of the photograph had never heard of the statue, and concluded that this was an effort to re-introduce a class of goods which he had some months ago objected to in a Notre Dame street shop-window. The owner called and explained, and as the sender is now in town, the joke, for such it must be, will probably go no farther, for there is such a thing as carrying a joke too far.

There are people living in Quebec and in Ottawa who remember the proposal made in 1864—during the last parliamentary session of old Canada—to drape the water nymphs of the fountain in the Place d'Armes in the former city. It is needless to say that it merely afforded amusement to the citizens while being discussed in the public press for a few weeks, and then it dropped.

AT the general meeting of the Montreal Hunt Club, held in the St. Lawrence Hall on the 31st ult., Mr. J. A. Strathy in the chair, the following were elected to membership.—Arthur Allan, And. Allan, Jr., C. C. Hope, H. S. Holt, C. Meredith, and D. D. Mann. Among those present were Messrs. Colin Campbell, H. J. Fiske, B. J. Coghlin, M. S. Foley. Mr. Coghlin—one well competent to speak on all matters of an equine nature—gave notice for the next meeting that a Permanent Programme should be fixed upon for Race Meetings and a committee of five agreed upon to deal with the subject.

The Mistaken Moth.

I.

'Mid the summer flush of roses
Red and white,
Sat a damsel fair, a very
Pretty sight;
Till a butterfly, so smart,
With a flutter and a dart,
Kissed her mouth, and made her start
In a fright.

II.

"Ah, forgive me!" begged the insect,
"If you please;
I assure you that I didn't
Mean to tease.
I but took your rosebud lip
For the rose wherein I dip,
All its honey sweet to sip
At mine ease."

III.

Said the beauty, to the moth,
"You may try
To excuse your forward conduct,
Sir, but I
Wish it clearly understood
That such roses are too good
To be kissed by every rude
Butterfly!"

—After the German of Wegener.

Smith's Story.

IT was not James nor Robert Smith who related the following anecdote to us the other day, but Smith, the son of old Smith, you understand. He button-holed us and remarked "My dear ANTIDOTE as I was coming across the last trip in the ocean steamer to resume my duties in the Fire Insurance business, having spent a delightful holiday, I, along with several others was seated in the smoking room on the Sunday morning after leaving Liverpool when—as was highly proper and religious—the bell sounded for divine service in the saloon. We were all very comfortable enjoying our pipes and cigars and among us was a little dry American, who seemed like a fish out of water because he was debarred from his usual game of "Draw," which solaced him during the week days. He was so very dry that I began to wonder whether he could wait until eight bells before he would moisten himself with a John Collins or some other delectable compounds. The bell continued to toll but not one of us made any movement in answer to the call, when presently the steward put his head in at the door and observing in a reproachful tone of voice "Service in the saloon if you please, gentlemen," immediately withdrew. I regret to state MR. ANTIDOTE that this additional reminder was received with the most profound silence and we all continued to puff away in a contented fushion. The bell ceased and then the American poking his head forward and looking from one to the other quietly remarked: "It don't seem to take so well as a fire." Need I say I at once claimed that speaker as a man and a brother?"

"Algernon," she said, dramatically, "is a man after my own heart."
"No, he isn't, my dear," replied her practical father, "he is after your money."

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

FOND YOUNG wife (*pensively*.) "George, dear, what's the reason you never buy me any presents now, same as you used to before we were married?"

GEORGE (*promptly*.) "Because, my love, you buy them for yourself, and I pay for them. All the same, doncher know."—*Reported from "Life."*