

FROM CHURCH STREET TO PARADISE.

MRS. WESTEND'S particular friend, who lives out of the city, received the following letter from her last week, after a long silence :

DEAR MARY,—“I promised to write to you as soon as we got settled in our new home, to tell you how we liked it, and ‘all about everything.’ We have been here nearly two months, but I have had no servant, and have been so busy that you must forgive me for not writing sooner.

“You know it's a great change from living on Church street. I was just crazy to move in this direction, so many nice people are building in the north-west part of the city. Henry said it was too far away, but I'm not going to give in even yet—if I could only get a girl to stay with me. It will be lovely in summer. Perhaps it is just a little on the bleak side just now—vacant lots all around. But then there is no danger of the people next door pounding on a cracked piano all day like they did in Church street, and I'm really thankful to get away from the Brown's dog. You remember that awful animal! Henry used to call it the ‘Banshee’ because it howled so dismally under our windows in the dead hours of the night, a sort of forlorn shriek was what it treated us to, instead of the ordinary bark attached to a dog. The nearest thing we have to supply its place in this house is the hot water tap. I never experienced anything like it before! Henry says he thinks it's possessed of a devil—isn't he dreadful? But truly, if you could hear the lamentable noises—now sinking to a quivering groan, now rising to an inarticulate wail of agony—that issue from that pipe when we turn on the hot water, you could easily imagine that the imprisoned spirit was, as Henry says, ‘objecting to having his tail twisted.’ The plumber says it's vibration, or air in the pipe, or something.

“It's so quiet and nice up here without the street cars. Henry says it takes him nearly an hour to get down to his office, and he hates the walk to Bloor street to catch a car. I think it's real mean of him to make such a fuss—it's barely half a mile, and will be a lovely walk in summer. You know our property is going to increase so much in value in the next year or two that it's worth putting up with a few inconveniences for the present. I did hear Mr. Brown talking to Henry something about it being people like us coming to live here that will make the vacant lots more valuable, and it wasn't right for people to hold them. He said some Henry George had been talking about it—I don't know what his other name is; he's some friend of Mr. Brown's, I think, and has something to do with the taxes. I wish some one would reduce ours, they are dreadfully high on account of improvements, or something.

“I am sure you will like the house, it has every modern improvement. To be sure, the passages are a little narrow, and the dining room is so small Henry says you couldn't ‘swing a cat’ in it—but, as I tell him, who wants to swing a cat? I'm sure I don't! and if there's any cat around he's much more likely to want to swing a boot-jack!

“The plaster has cracked a little, and the woodwork shrunk a good deal since we lit the furnace. It always does in a new house, they tell me—it looked so lovely and close when we bought the house, too—but we can have double windows next year, and as we have carpets there is no danger of the baby falling into the cellar through the cracks in the floor. Our over-mantels are just lovely and so are the stained glass windows, and the tiles round the grates are just sweet.



BEREAVED.

MR. FITZDOOD—“Good gracious, De Hass, what's the mattaw? You look as though you had lost youah deawest fwierend.”

DE HASS—“So I have deah boy, I've left my cane someweah, and I can't think wheah!”

“If I can only get a girl to stay, I am sure we will be very comfortable. It's a little far to have things sent home, but you know ‘there's always something,’ and it will be lovely by-and-by. Do come soon and pay me a nice long visit; I'm just longing to see you.

“Your most loving friend,
“ANNIE WESTEND.”

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

MOTHER (from inner room)—“Is that you home from sohool, Bobby? I want to send you on a message!”

BOBBY (making his sneak)—“No, ma, it's not me—and if you want butter for tea you'd better send Jack, for Bobby's away down street playin'.”

FIRE INSURANCE.

A WEALTHY insurance company in Berlin now advertises to insure clerks good situations, with a regular weekly allowance when not employed.—*Halifax Critic.*

Well, there is nothing particularly new in this idea. It is merely a new form of fire insurance, but a rather risky one, seeing that clerks are fired so much more frequently than buildings.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.