



HEROIC ENDURANCE.

HE—"Will you take another turn, Miss Marigold?"
 SHE—"No, thanks; I'm rather tired."
 HE—"Will you go into the conservatory?"
 SHE—"No; I'm afraid of catching cold."
 HE—"You don't seem to be able to stand much, do you?"
 SHE—"I don't know; I've stood you nearly half-an-hour!"

Madame ——— was tastefully attired in what I have marked down as blue-jean plaid. She had on a lacrosse belt garnished with imitation roses. Her *decollette* waist and arms must have *lette de col* in on her shape, I should fancy. I couldn't size up the ornaments, on account of the number of them.

Mrs. ——— in *la grande* toilet of black farmer's satin, embroidered with gold potato-bugs' backs and wings, looked immense, and startlingly true to nature also. She sported thirteen finger rings, one bracelet, two ear-rings, a handful of watch-chain charms, only one brooch, and several large hair-pins, all apparently boughten jewellery.

Miss ——— was unanimously voted by me to be the belle of the ball, Charley. She looked quite pretty and unincumbered. Her *passanterie*, fawn-tinted *tout ensemble* was gathered at right angles with the elegant *directoire*, and formed a pleasing contrast to the *négligé* of the cut *V corsage* surmounted by terra cotta and camel's-hair combination *a la mode*, supported by several large handfuls of fluff, and the whole topped off with sufficient *crepe de chine* to give subdued effect to the *Louis Quinze* mosquito netting artistically draped in *aquamarine* unison with several *appliques* which showed in *Fedora armure* relief against the Chantilly tulle of Berlin wool garnished with *pâté de fois gras* and *mignonette* canvas, the entire *feu de joie* being simply stunning. With touching fidelity to the severe simplicity of her attire, she let ornaments slide.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The remainder of this copy has been mislaid.]

INTERVIEWS.

I have had the pleasure of several brief but delightful interviews.

Sir John asked to be excused from talking, but insisted on my calling again and often.

Young Mr. Tupper appeared so very bashful and distraught at my call that I left him to recover. So unlike his dear father!

Mr. McCarthy promised me an extended interview about the close of the session. He laughingly explained his occupation at present to be to prevent his Equal Rights getting Left. He further remarked that his name was D'Alton, and he would hate to have to change it to Dennis, whatever he meant by that.

Hon. Mr. Carling looked ill, and I innocently asked what ailed him. He replied, "So you've got hold of that gag, too? Well, just tell 'em I live on my bier, while others die on theirs, and that I am in excellent health."

Sir Richard Cartwright exchanged cards with me and saw me as far as the outer gates. I really forget the drift of our talk, but I think he is a nice, gentlemanly man, and ought to be in the Cabinet.

PROSPECTS.

From all I have heard in the Press Gallery, the session is going to be a very important one, a stormy one, indeed, a revolutionary one. One of the nicest of the gentlemen reporters assured me that the Opposition were preparing to seize the Treasury Benches by main force; that Mr. Whip Trow was buying gunpowder to blow up the next Cabinet Council; that the noble Thirteen were coming out in a uniform like Robin Hood's merry men; that the Government were to be petitioned to put the reporters on the indemnity roll, at the same rate as ordinary members, and that this was going to be a hard winter.

But no more at present, except love and lots of k—that is to say, respect, from

ANNA NVAS.



RIGHTEOUS WRATH.

DEACON SMALLGOOD—"Sir, I protest against this accursed liquor-traffic. Here are you, sir, sending men to drunkard's graves, sir, at the rate of ten cents a drink, when the other saloon-keepers only charge five!"