



#### DIRT CHEAP.

YOUNG LADY FROM RURAL DISTRICTS—"Why, Pa, look there! Only eight dollars for a Toronto man!"

#### GIRLS' LETTERS.

JUST like the dear creatures who write them. Most enticing before you know what is in them; quite incomprehensible afterwards. Often disappointing; generally unsatisfactory. Occasionally sweet; not seldom spicy. Tantalizing; yet precious. Never to the point when they come; but grievously missed when they do not. Telling you but little, and that flippantly; but bearing signs of much left unwritten. Apparently mere froth; really unfathomed depths. Just like the dear creatures who write them. Happy is the man that hath his desk full of them.

Far be it from me to speak lightly of such missives. And yet it must be admitted that there is often a droll side (but a droll side which only enhances their sweetness), to feminine epistles. First of all the letter proper never contains the real matter in hand; this is always in the *postscript*—just as a woman's real thought is always in her "good-bye," never in her conversation. She will write to you for one particular and specific purpose, and ramble on upon all sorts of gossip till the P.S. is reached, then out plump it comes.

Then there is the matter of punctuation. This is, and forever will be, an enigma. No woman will altogether avoid attempting to punctuate her letter, and no woman has yet succeeded in doing it. The comma they can manipulate; sometimes even the period; but the semi-colon is altogether beyond the horizon of their orthographical vision; and as for the colon, that is a planet which has not yet swum into their ken.

But these faults—nay, they are not faults, they are evidences of the fair writers' large-hearted generosity in trifles, only increase the delight of reading girls' letters—"fairer for a fleck," somebody says. Next, perhaps, to herself, and next to her approving smile, a woman's letter is the most wonderful power on this earth. It may be

short, it may be ungrammatical, dateless, unsigned, but—it comes from *her*. It is a direct communication from that unexpressive she. She considered it worth writing, gumming, addressing, stamping, posting. And it is intended for him alone—for not another eye. No wonder he regards it with a feeling of reverence. It is a more sacred thing than even her speech to him.

See how he receives it. How it is at once hidden away—even the innocent envelope with its dainty handwriting—from curious eyes. How it is kept in an inner pocket till he is by himself. Who ever *saw* a man reading a girl's letter? And its influence—how lasting! It may never be twice read; it may be torn into shreds, burnt, lost forever—but its influence remains—who can tell how long? H.

#### APPROPRIATE.

WE understand that steps are to be taken to change the name of the Carlton street Presbyterian church to "The Church of the Great Tribulation."

#### MAN OR BEAST.

PROF. (*to class*)—"Now, gentlemen, you see before you the gorilla, or rather, a representation of what he is supposed to be like?"

But some evil-disposed person had covered the map, and the students saw before them nothing but the Prof.

#### DESPERATE.

"MR. FEATHERLY, did you drive sister to a last resource when you took her out in your buggy, yesterday?"

"No, Bobby; why do you ask such a question?"

"Oh, nothin,' on y you'd better, 'cause I heard her say she would have to be driven to a last resource before she took you, that's all."

#### CHUNK OF WISDOM.

MY frens, we shudden jedge er man by his 'pearance. De most benevolent-looking gentleman am offen de man wot gives you ten cents an' a kind look ef you save his life.

#### NEW YEAR'S ONE.

"I SAY, Brown, did you hear how Jones put his foot in it the other day?" "No; how was that?" "Well, he went into the shoemaker's." But Brown had fled.

WHAT is that which has neither feet nor legs, yet frequently runs? The water in your tap these cold nights.