

## Letters from Hot Latitudes.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The following has come to hand from the unhappy party with whom our contributor SMIKE was travelling when cruel fate and the Brigands overtook him. It bears no date, but is undoubtedly authentic.

POOR SMIKE! We had to leave him, and in the hands of those accursed Brigands he rests, awaiting, I should think with anything but a patient soul, those too necessary scudi, while I, GEORDIE, take up our story where he, poor fellow, perforce dropped it.

And as to what to write of, and how to write of it, I am at my wit's end.

JACK has left for Canada and is now dissipating at Alexanderowna Cove, a St Lawrence watering place, where he pays an infinitude of dollars for a glass of toothpicks at dinner, and a room in the six story Mansard.

I was there once, and for want of a better subject, gave ear to my reminiscences.

Tempted by the reports of the scenery,

"The 1,000 Isles  
Where Beauty Smiles,"

I went, and I am free to confess at least one thing, that next to home, it is the "the dearest spot on earth."

I didn't stay long, certainly, for I put on my very suspenders in fear and trembling lest a button might come off and the cost of sewing it on ruin me for life.

And although I read it on their "Rules and Regulations," I never could have believed that "guests sent to their rooms" would be "charged extra," but so it was; while as for table attendance, I give you my word it took a thousand dollars judiciously distributed to secure one decent meal.

Ninety thousand dollars a month! Think of it.

I stood it for three or four days, and at the end thereof, I took the particular waiter who haunted my chair into my confidence.

Said I, "My dear sir, I am desirous of once more visiting my native place—Brockville the denizens thereof call it—my room is 71—in the left hand drawer of the small bureau you will find my purse—take it—it contains my little all—buy me a ticket so that I may be enabled to return to my childhood's home; settle my bill, or not as you please—keep what is left and I will bless you."

I had my revenge; I tipped him so much he has been lopsided ever since.

My reason for going to the celebrated Cave was to escape the heat of the summer weather, and I did escape it, even as the fish that leaps out of the traditionary frying pan on the hot coals beneath, for to sit on those rocks under a noonday sun was to get a foretaste of a Calvinistic hereafter.

The fishing too (you probably know of my propensities in that line for that prince of exaggerators, SMIKE, has maligned me to such an extent in those letters of his, that I hear of nothing else), is not what my fancy painted it. You pay, for the privilege of sitting in a row-boat, of being half-baked, of catching nothing every hour or so, and of being rowed home again, hungry, ill-tempered and dirty, three almighty dollars a day.

Your wife, if you have one, makes fun of what you didn't catch, you run down several degrees in your own estimation as a man of sense and discretion, you think of Dr. JOHNSON'S definition, and, going to bed you dream that sixteen Bass with pink hair are trying to swallow your pocket-book, while you with your mouth full of boats are unable to utter a syllable.

In the evenings too at this fashionable resort they have a new way of keeping cool and refreshing themselves after the burden and heat of the day.

Their little method is called "A Hop," and I can confidently recommend it to those who have sought health in "Vinegar Bitters" and found it not.

Like their prototypes of the untamed velocipede so you will see here threading "the mazy dance," (I think that's the correct term), "The Timid Toddler," "The Wary Wobler," "The Go-it-gracious," and the "Fancy Few."

I sat and pondered long one evening on a festive occasion of this nature and derived great enjoyment from the promiscuous way in which one or two beginners in the art went through the "Boston Dip," alighting here and there on the toes of unwary watchers, caroming against the wallflowers, and finally shunting off into the refreshment room

"Where Youth and Beauty meet,  
Absorb 'champagne' and grumble at the heat."

I did not however, derive an extra amount of satisfaction from the perusal of my bill which was like Mt. Blanc, a little steep, but then the waiter was responsible, so I easily consoled myself, for had I not given him all that I possessed and entreated him as he was strong to be merciful.

I left by the first boat and have never been there since.

Note by the Editor:—

By a strange co-incidence, the waiter alluded to is now in our em-

GEORDIE.

ploy, a proof-reader, and he begs us to insert his fragmentary remarks, which in common justice we give verbatim.

"Never been there since; hasn't he? No, I guess not; I wish I could see him, that's all; would you believe it; his dirty old purse when I did get it, only had two shimplasters and ten cent piece with a hole in it, and I had to pay for three days board for the—the—miserable cuss, at \$1 a day!

Note No. 2, by the Editor.—Serve him right!

### The Song of the Unseated.

Am: "I cannot sing the old songs."

I cannot use those old cries  
In vogue some months ago,  
What matters "No Corruption"  
Amid this legal show!  
And bygone days come o'er my heart  
With each familiar strain,  
I'd need far more than "Purity"  
To get my seat again.

I cannot use those old cries  
Their irony is deep,  
Their utterance would waken  
Old scandals from their sleep.  
And though all unforgotten—  
For foes won't let them be—  
I do not like those old cries,  
They proved too much for me.

I cannot use those old cries,  
For visions come again  
Of money wildly scattered,  
And, after all—in vain!  
Perhaps when legal fetters shall  
Have set my pockets free,  
I may compose some newer cry  
And cut from "Purity."

### R. I. P.

THE morning papers in their notices of the Liberal Conservative meeting held in the Temperance Hall on Monday night, omitted to mention the unanimous adoption of the following resolution:

Whereas a distinguished helper of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition in Ontario, namely, the late LITTLE MRS. BLANK, hath passed away from our midst, and it is meet and expedient that some grateful recognition of her services should be recorded in a durable form,  
BE IT RESOLVED that a monument of brass (to be furnished by Mr. BRYER) be erected in the Shades of Opposition, and inscribed with the following

#### EPITAPH:

Here resteth LITTLE MRS. BLANK,  
The ward of a Salamander;  
She proved herself in days of gloom  
A good and useful slander;  
Pray, passing Tory, drop a tear—  
Evoke a kindly beller,—  
Or, if your heart respondeth not,  
At least curse old MCKELLAR.

### Fame and Fame.

THE Ottawa Times says:

"The Postmaster General bids fair to attain the not unenviable distinction of the best-abused man of his party. We say not unenviable distinction, because it is only in consequence of exceeding activity and usefulness to his party that a man attains it."

We agree that the P. M. General has exceeded the bounds of activity and usefulness to his party; but we have our opinion of the man who calls the censure he has thereby attained a "not unenviable distinction." It's going too far for fame.

TORONTO is extending its limits enormously, according to the Mail, which paper, on Wednesday, under the heading "City Matters," arranges paragraphs relating to Mr. DISRAELI'S expected visit to Belfast, and a Sunday-school episode in Alton, Illinois. Toronto Aldermen, considering their inability to please in matters already undertaken by them, will scarcely be able to stand the pressure of such a widely divided jurisdiction.