

A Noble Self-Sacrifice.

Young ladies often find it hard to make excuses on receiving invitations to attend dress parties, sleighing parties, &c. Among the many excuses that a lady has to invent, to evade those invitations is the plea that they would not be able to make the preparation required to be in keeping with the occasion. Gentlemen who are well disposed and who have a knowledge of the troubles that ladies have in the various changes necessary in preparing for such occasions can wink at such excuses, but it is amusing to see how comrades of their own sex will show their ignorance and prejudices by endeavoring to expose those excuses made by the absentee. At a party on Charles street, a few weeks ago, a young lady, whom we will be content to call Miss Rose (although as far as we are judges, none of the properties of that flower are represented by her) addressed a lady and three gentlemen, who were in conversation at the time by congratulations on the favor extended to them by being present on such an occasion, among the talent of the educational department of St. John; then with a look of complacency, combined with suavity, condoled with the friend on the absence of her sister and how foolish it was of her not to come on account of her not having any suitable dress. On another occasion, on walking through a favorite street with her former tutor, she remarked on passing a certain house, that the owner's daughter had endeavored to form a partnership with a lawyer, doctor or some other man of repute, but in the event of having failed she was sure that his recent efforts to win her would be successful. This gentleman whose name we will not give at present, but who is called by all who are acquainted with him a True-man, seemed to have secured information that has completely changed the course of his life. No doubt he felt that it would be better to aspire to a position that would enable him with a feeling of honour to secure the prize, and that feeling has prompted him to hand in his resignation, thereby forfeiting a situation worth one thousand dollars (\$1000) per annum, for the purpose of studying Law. This is one of these exemplary cases of self-sacrifice which we seldom have to record and no doubt this young lady with a feeling of pride, will acknowledge it with its just reward.

After the fire most of our readers were left homeless, and, no doubt, there were many sufferers who justly deserved to secure a portion of the money appropriated for the needy, but that pride, which engenders industry and energy, and which is the foundation of the prosperity of any city, forbade many from applying for help; while the many subordinates on the Relief Committee, with high majestic airs, pretended to be born for the occasion to help the men who could have bought the fortune of their entire ancestry with the loose change given to an organ-grinder, were glutting over the proceeds

of the meritorious charity of our neighbors. There was another class that profited by the occasion. They were persons distinguished by their peculiarity of tongue, and by their remarkable power of adjusting the one side of the body to any particular number of gallons in the milk can. After the fire the milk seemed better in some districts on account of the large number of persons who left the city, or, perhaps, on some sudden stroke of generosity on account of the abundant supplies received from the Relief Committee, but what we consider the most remarkable change in this class is before the fire they were of no concern to us, but since the fire we find ourselves asking their supreme advice about gas, hot and cold water baths. The suavity of our nature gravitates to untrained but consequential expressions long inured to the indifference of their superiors in refinement. These hot and cold water bath conservatories cost a man \$200 and \$300 a year, which, strange to say, is given by persons in the face of facts that rents must fall. We will give our readers a few hints on renting houses in another issue.

The Dearest Friends must Part.

The Clubs of this city form a very important part of the amusement of our young men, and we intend on some other occasion to point out some of the existing evils for the instruction of our readers, but we have a great deal to say in their favor. Old associates renew their friendship which had become extinct through differences of taste, habits and position; young men learn to know and like each other, for it is an old saying that we often dislike persons because we are not acquainted with them, and we never seek an acquaintance because we dislike them. When young men are brought together it is for the mutual benefit of each, but the most trying thing in connection with the Clubs is, after having formed an acquaintance, to hear that they are about to leave us and seek friends across the mighty ocean. Such a bereavement as this has crossed the threshold of the Arundel Club, Mr. D—, who has frequented the precincts of that Club, having received a ticket from his father, coupled with a wish for him to return to England, so congenial to most young men; after many regrets and vain endeavors to palliate with the refusal of his father's wish, felt compelled to comply, although he thought that all parental restraint had been removed previous to this trying ordeal.

Mr. D— was a young man marked for generosity, and had a longing desire to leave some tangible proof which would make a lasting impression on the minds of his associates in the Club, so with deep emotional feeling he repaired to the Club and with bounding activity he grasped each member by the hand, and divulged the news of his speedy withdrawal, but the downcast expressions of his friends were somewhat changed by the invitation cordially extended to them all to take part in an oyster supper at Mr. Sparrow's. A few moments afterwards a happier procession of young men with smiling faces and pleasant anticipations could hardly have been found. Friend Sparrow received them in his usual polite manner and oysters were ordered. To see those young men dispatching the oysters would have impressed any person with the idea that the generosity of the occasion was appreciated. The conviviality of the occasion was marred towards the last part by the thoughtfulness displayed by D— after the oysters disappeared, but the cause was of a different nature than was attributed at the time. Mr. D—, being of a commercial turn of mind, resolved on the payment necessitated by the extra-

vagance of the evening to have an understanding with Mr. Sparrow to the effect that a draft should be remitted from London at 90 days. This caused a long discussion, and, to our great surprise, completely revolutionized the opinions of the recipients as to the validity of his finances. However, the oyster bill was not paid until each 25 cent piece was laid consecutively on the counter by the crowd.

"Haw! I say, yah! here comes Pringle! ah! with his h'old country team," says a man of pretentious appearance, evidently from old England, passing up King street the other day. As this man was calculated to rouse the indifference of a person in these days of monotony, we naturally looked at him with a little curiosity, and wondered whether he was the aide-de-camp of the Marquis of Lorne; but on learning that he was only a supernumerary of a Montreal firm, we naturally felt provoked at displaying so much interest. If this gentleman would accommodate himself to the St. John style, we would take pleasure in introducing him to our readers as a small spirit of a Montreal firm; however, our feelings are so pent up in the industries of St. John that our prejudices are a little ahead of our prudence in speaking of Montreal firms and their agents.

To CORRESPONDENTS. — A spicy letter concerning politics and politicians in Ward 3, Portland, is held over until next week.

Correspondents will please bear in mind that their contributions must be original and new at least to the public. We will not insert in this paper anything of a malicious nature. Such matter as would be amusing and instructive, having a tendency to the furtherance of new amusements in the family and social circle, we receive with thanks. All reading matter received by the publishers of this paper when inserted is subject to the criticism of the public and ourselves, through the medium of these columns. Regular correspondents will please send in their names as we give them a preference. No anonymous letters will be received, but the names of all our contributors will be sacredly withheld from all curiosity seekers.

A few years ago Christian men shook their heads with holy horror at an organ's appearance in the Church, but now the fiddle is fast becoming popular in rendering praise to God. We are waiting to see the next improvement? Oh dear!

Poor "Dash" died at the residence of Mr. Thompson, Paradise Row. Cause—high-feeding; age—doubtful. "Dash" was much thought of by all the other dogs, and preparations were made for the funeral, but Rob. spoiled all the fun by regretting that he had not fed him better, but intended to make it up by stuffing him. His many friends can see him in splendid condition in the front parlor under a glass case.