

TO ANNIE.

O maiden fair!
With golden hair,
That falls in richest tresses,
In thy sweet face
There lives such grace
As language ne'er expresses.

As music wells
From silver bells,
And fills man's soul with gladness;
So thy sweet voice
Makes hearts rejoice,
And drives away all sadness.

Then, Annie, dear,
Why should I fear
To tell thee that I love thee?
For why? I'm sure
My love's as pure
As the blue heavens above thee.

The rising sigh,
When thou art nigh,
Bespeaks love's strong attraction,
My broken rest
And troubled breast
Reveals my soul's distraction.

Thy image bright,
Both day and night,
Dost seem to haunt me ever;
And peace of mind
I cannot find,
If Fate our lives dis sever.

Oh! lend an ear,
Sweet Annie, dear,
Though all the world should hate us;
Say thou art mine,
For I am thine,
Till Death shall separate us.

Paris. Ont.

H. M. STRAMBERG.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CONTRASTS.

Tourists who are preparing to go abroad with the fine weather, either "personally conducted" or otherwise, must not expect to carry England everywhere about with them. Even in these fraternizing days of international exhibitions and universal broadcloth, the British traveller will have to enjoy or put up with some notable contrasts, which form a sufficiently refreshing difference with his home life to make him quite sensible of a change of scene and company. In that amusing novel of Albert Smith's, now so little read, "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," Jack Johnson, landing with the hero on French soil, explains to him the difference between the manners and customs of the French and English. "English soldiers," says he, "dress in red coats and blue trousers; the French in red trousers and blue coats; the English take the left in driving, and the French the right; then the English allude to the pawnbroker as 'my uncle,' while the French call the same institution 'my aunt's.' Plenty more instances might be added to these. If you enter a British inn it is the landlord who receives you, while the landlady is in the kitchen looking after the joints and rolling the puddings; but in France all the ornamental functions in a family business are discharged by the lady, while the man does the hard work. It is the husband who cooks, and his wife sits behind the inn counter airing her smart silk gown and cap-strings; and since this puts one in mind of dinner, note how the Britisher drinks beer with his meal and wine after it, while the Frenchman does just the reverse.

When a Frenchman has well dined or breakfasted, imbibing the choicest vintages of Burgundy and Bordeaux, he thinks nothing of going to the café afterwards and tossing off a few bocks to "cool" himself, while the Englishman considers the after-dinner period specially favorable for the tasting of claret and port. On their visiting cards Englishmen put the word "Mr.," the French do not; and the latter, when leaving cards upon the members of one household, do not follow the English plan of leaving as many cards as there are persons in the family, but turn down a corner of the pasteboard, and make it do for the whole connection. As a French girl has no social status, and is not said to be "out" when she has danced at her first ball, she does not put her name on her mother's cards, as is the custom with us. Nor do the French daughters of the nobility sport titles. The daughters of a duke, unless the latter be of Royal or Imperial blood, is simply a "Mademoiselle;" and when a French widow with a title gets re-married to what we should call a "commoner," she sinks her title and assumes the plain name of her husband. The Duchesse de Persigny, who not very long ago married a barrister of roturier extraction, is known now simply as "Madame L—." On the other hand, the French laws of nobiliary succession in the male line shed dignities on all sorts of persons who would remain untitled in England. The eldest son of a duke is a marquis, the second a count, the third a viscount, the fourth a baron, the fifth a chevalier; and while some of the sons of these have the right to bear titles, all of them to endless generations may sport the honorific "de." It must be remembered, however, that there are dukes whose eldest sons are princes, and the second sons dukes—e. g., the Broglies and Luynes—while there are princes whose eldest sons are dukes. The French laws of succession, though capricious in some things, are regular on this point—that all the progeny of a nobleman are noble to time eternal.

To call an Englishman a melon, or to say of a countrywoman that she was a good, cow-like creature, would be no very grave offence; but applied to French people these terms would be deadly insults. You must not call a French-

man a canary either, nor a turkey-cock, the latter term meaning much more than it does in England; nor must you say of a lady that she is a wren (*linotte*), this being synonymous in French to saying that she is a simpleton. The similarity in the sound of English and French words often causes foreigners who visit France to make mistakes; thus they will ask for an *appartement* when they do not want a suite of rooms, but one single room; and say that their style of living is *luxurieux* when they seek to convey that it is luxurious, the French for which is *luxeux*. Again, they mistake *bonnet* for *bonnet*, which must be rendered *chapeau*, *vicaire* for *vicar*, which is *curé*, while *curate* is *vicaire*, and *discussion* for *discussion*, whereas this word in French means an angry wrangle. Frenchmen are great kissers and shakers of hands, but the latter courtesy is not practised between sexes. A Frenchman bows to a lady without extending his palm, and he would be thought very forward indeed if he tried to shake hands with an unmarried lady. He might kiss a married lady, however, on New Year's Day, or in an outburst of great emotion on any other occasion, without anybody—even the husband—demurring; and he may embrace members of his own sex at all times. A French grown-up son kisses his father, and alludes to him as "papa;" and, as everybody knows, a son must ask his "papa's" consent to his marriage, no matter how old he may be.

Stamps are not sold in France at stationers' shops, but at tobacconists', and the persons who keep *bureaux de tabac* are quasi-officials appointed by Government. They sell postage stamps, receipt stamps, *papier timbré* on which bills must be drawn, and wax matches which you buy in other countries at the grocers'. A French grocer, by the way, dislikes to be called an *épicer*; he is a *marchand de denrées coloniales*, just as a door porter is not a *portier*, but a *concierge*. This last-named functionary expects to be addressed as sir, and indeed it is safe to use this style of appellation towards all Frenchmen, whilst as to women of every degree, even to street apple-women, it is absolutely binding to give them the prefix of madame or mademoiselle, as the case may be. In England, when you want to propose to a young lady, you do so in person; in France, decorum requires that you should use the intermediary of a third party, and when your petition is accepted you are required to pay your first visit to your betrothed in evening dress. This is the ceremonial garb of France. A Frenchman puts on a swallow-tail and a white tie to call upon a minister, to attend a funeral, or to get married; and he is equally nice in minor points of sartorial etiquette, for, if a well-bred man, it would not occur to him to pay a visit in any garb but a frock-coat. To conclude with these differences between French and English, it should be mentioned that our neighbours laugh at us for being so mealy-mouthed as not to pronounce the word "trousers" in company, while we bathe freely at the seaside without donning drawers. The French, more rational, name pantaloons when it suits them, but they only go into the sea with a very full equipment in the way of costume.

BEATING THE CIRCUS.

It is believed that average humanity will do more to beat its way into a circus than it would to gain possession of a whole side-show. The doors of Barnum's circus were hardly opened yesterday before an old man over 60 years of age was walking coolly in without a pasteboard. When halted he said:

"Can't stop a minute—I'm looking for Phineas."

"Ticket—ticket!" cried the door-man as he held on to him.

"I tell you I have an engagement to meet Phineas T. Barnum at this hour, and if you stop me he may lose \$5,000!" shouted the old man.

"Go back and get your ticket!"

"Haven't time."

"You can't go in here."

"Very well, then. If P. T. loses a clean \$5,000 he must blame you, and not me." He told me to call at this hour, and here I am."

That settled it. Barnum was not in town, and the old man was lifted up and dropped outside the ropes.

Within two minutes a young man walked up to the door and said that he had been promised a free entrance in consideration of the fact that he had been run over by the band-waggon.

"Show me the injury—show me the place!" called the ticket-taker, as he reached right and left for the pasteboards.

"It was an internal injury," replied the victim.

"Go away—go away—we pay for nothing that isn't visible, and we have nothing in this show which cannot be seen by the naked eye!"

A woman bought a ticket for herself, and then taking a boy fully 13 years old in her arms she wrapped a shawl around him and started in.

"That's a pretty big baby you have there," said the man as she came up.

"Big?" Why, you ought to see his brother!" she exclaimed as the weight bent her nearly double.

She started to pass in, but caught her foot and fell flat, and "baby" rolled out of the shawl in all his bigness.

"Half-fare—get a ticket!" said the man as he lifted him over the ropes, and the woman added:

"Crawl under the canvas, Johnny—crawl under the canvas! You'll find me looking at the camelephants!"

Before the show opened in the evening a long-haired pilgrim hunted up the manager and confidentially observed:

"Chance for a big rush here to-night if the thing is worked right."

"How?"

"You should have some one to deliver an address from a box half an hour before the performance begins. I am called a fluent talker, a fair philosopher, and can give fifty-six different reasons why it is not wicked to attend a circus. I deliver this address and you pass me in free."

"Guess not."

"Then if you don't take in enough money to enable you to leave town, and have to pawn all your animals, turn out your horses and go home on foot, don't ask to borrow any money of me, for I won't lend you a copper—not a single cop!"

LOGGING BEE.

The "Logging Bee in Muskoka," in your issue of 1st May, revives memories of my early years. Many will be pleased to see the picture of an occupation in which they or their forefathers took such an active part. But it appears to me that the artist did not study the details of the "Bee" very minutely or he would not have fallen into such clear errors. The driver of the oxen is on the off side of his team. Now, save in some Dutch settlements, the driver takes the near side, and oxen will as little bear to be driven from the off side as a cow would submit to be milked from the near side.

Again, one of the men is lifting from a position between the log and the pile; a position most decidedly unprofessional. He not only neutralizes the power of the man with the handspike on the opposite side, but, also, places himself unnecessarily in a dangerous position, as he is liable to be crushed between the log and the pile on which they are trying to place it. If it were necessary for him to lift against the handspike man he would do so from the end of the log.

In the third place several of the log-piles are burning. Now, no sane man would fire on the day of his "Bee." If he were working with his own help simply he would fire from the windward side as they went along, but there is danger of the fire spreading and of the wind changing so as to drive the smoke into the eyes of the workmen, and no man would run such risk of spoiling his "Bee."

Lastly, five men to a yoke of cattle are quite sufficient among timber of ordinary size. The timber in the artist's painting seems to be of very ordinary size, and yet he has fourteen men and only two ox teams. In brief, the artist seems to have taken a very large survey of the work, and also has endeavored to embrace too much in his picture. Logging and burning cannot be done to advantage in one and the same day, and consequently is seldom, if ever, done, for farmers are generally speaking shrewd men in the management of their work. R.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WE learn that the King of Belgium has conferred the "Cross of Knight of the Order of the Branche Ernestine of Saxe" on Mr. Edmond Depret for services rendered to the musical art.

The violin played by the Duke of Edinburgh at the Albert Hall was that used by the late Duke of Cambridge (himself an amateur violinist of no mean pretensions), and it was presented to the Duke of Edinburgh by the present Commander-in-Chief.

MADAME PATTI is in superb voice this year. Her Juliet is simply incomparable, alike in singing and acting. She can hold her own against all. She looks the part to perfection, and appears to be as youthful now as she was when she first enacted the character.

A NOVEL way of advertising the *Cloches de Corneville* has been adopted. There passes through the principal streets of London a huge van, inside of which a bell is suspended, and so hangs that it rings loudly whenever the van moves. This is a good advertisement, no doubt, for the *Cloches*, but it is likely to cause accidents by frightening horses.

MADAME MODJESKA, the great dramatic genius, is tall, slim, lithe; has fine eyes, a very expressive face, and a charming voice. Her attitudes are always graceful; her manner utterly refined; she never outsteps "the modesty of nature," and her emphasis, considering she is a foreigner, is strikingly correct. In fact, she shows genius deserving public recognition, and should she in another character prove as successful as in the present one, there is little doubt that a bright career is before her on the English stage.

LORD DUNMORE's concerts continue to attract a great deal of attention. The Prince of Wales is generally present, and Lord Dunmore conducts the music himself. These concerts are the only respectable ones at which smoking is permitted, and at which good wine is given to the audience free of charge. They usually break up after two o'clock, and till then are exceptionally well attended. Of course, they are the occasion of all the gossip of the week, and one hears all that is going on. They are, moreover, the most select gatherings that society furnishes.

MR. ALBERT DELPIT, the dramatic critic of *La Liberté*, speaks in high terms of praise of Miss Geneviève Ward, whom he saw in London in *Fazio* and as Lady Macbeth. Mr. Delpit says that he has never been moved as he was by this artist, and he concludes thus: "I have often asked myself why some Parisian manager did not try to induce her to give some performances, seeing that she has no accent whatever—La Rounat would perhaps do well to try her at the Odéon with the translation of Jules Lacroix. I think I might safely predict an almost certain success."

HUMOROUS.

"A COCHER de fiacre"—a hackney coachman—was the answer.

SOME students think it necessary to be behind in their lessons in order to pursue their studies.

WHY are good resolutions like a squalling baby at church? Because they should be carried out.

THE trouble with too many in this world is that they want reserved seats everywhere except in the family circle.

PAPER is worth about six cents a pound in Peru until it is made into money. Then it depreciates about fifty per cent.

"How to judge a horse." You can't if you are a jackass. A horse is entitled to be judged by a jury of his peers.

A CITY missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally because I have preached so much without notes," he said.

"MAMMA, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dear; but be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

AN Indian's experience with the liquor of the pale face is calculated to shake his belief in the Great Spirit of his fathers.

A CERTAIN junior has at last discovered one advantage in the faculty. He says that they write to his parents so often that it saves him the trouble.

IN ancient Mexico it was the custom to sacrifice human beings to the gods. This was a case where several wrongs made a right.

WISCONSIN is recommended to invalids on account of its bracing climate and clear, health-giving air. Thousands of tons of Limburger cheese are made there every year.

A TRAVELLER in South America reports a monkey with two tails. Now we have the Darwinian progenitor of the man who stands in a steel-pen coat near the door at the opera and says, "Bravah-h!"

"MEN often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. One recently jumped at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly-closed door, and created a great disturbance.

A PAINTER to his maid-servant: "Malheureuse, the porter has carried away my picture to the salon. It wasn't yet finished!" "Monsieur may rest easy as to that. We gave it a few little strokes of the brush before sending it!"

"YES," said the landlady, after diligent search for her guest's silk umbrella: "I thought it had been stolen, and now I am satisfied that it was." "You may be satisfied," responded the guest drily, "but I'm blest if I am!"

A PARTY that moved last Saturday hung a Brussels carpet on the clothes-line for an airing, and a goat came along and ate a couple of yards of it before he made the discovery that its flowers were not natural. The remarks of the owner on making the discovery are not printable.

"Do you think a man can run a circus and be a Christian?" asked the serious man. "Well, I don't know—yes." "Do you think Barnum, for instance, can go to heaven?" "I think he has a good show," was the rather equivocal reply. Strange that some men can never be serious.

A BOHEMIAN of the first water was recently turned out of his lodgings and installed in a miserable little room absolutely without furniture. He met a friend and said to him, "Lend me a chair." "What for?" was the answer. "My dear sir, I should be so ashamed if burglars should come into my room."

ARTISTIC.

MR. FORBES, the Toronto artist, is finishing a portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, which has been ordered by the Premier's friends in the Conservative party.

AN article on "Queen Victoria and Art," illustrated by Her Majesty's express permission with copies of sketches by the Queen and the late Prince Consort, appears in the June number of the *Magazine of Art*.

ON the day before the opening of the Paris salon, "vanishing day," as it is called, a curious incident occurred. M. Kosak, an Austrian painter of well-known talent, finding his work very badly hung, mounted a ladder, and with his pen-knife cut the canvas from the frame and put his painting in his pocket.

THE prizes for Christmas cards offered by L. Prang & Co., have been awarded as follows: The first to Miss Rosina Emmet, \$1,000; the second to Alexander Sandier, \$500; the third to Unknown, \$300; the fourth to Anne Goddard Morse, \$200. The judges were Richard M. Hunt, Samuel Colman, and E. C. Moore.

THE *Morning Post* understands the Government have a scheme in hand for transferring the National Gallery from London to the country, the gas having already injured the pictures. It is said the Government intend to apply to the Governor of Dulwich College for a site on their magnificent property, with the view of adding the Dulwich picture gallery as a separate wing to the proposed grand building on the manor of Dulwich.

POVERTY AND SUFFERING.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced its use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost, I know it. A Workingman."