

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

An Order in Council has been issued authorizing the Boom Master at Gatineau Boom to set adrift all logs and timber that are not taken care of by owners thereof. Several other institutions might with general advantage be treated in the same manner. Confidential Judases, ambassadorial agents-general, and the gentlemanly hotel clerk should occupy a high place in the category.

The National Division Sons of Temperance have adopted a resolution that they are in favour of moral suasion, religious suasion, and every kind of suasion that will reclaim the intemperate. The intemperate had better look out for themselves. Every kind of suasion is sufficiently vague to be unpleasantly significant.

The Michiganders have sent up a memorial to the Senate petitioning against the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada. All right. "It amuses me, and don't hurt I," as the man said when his wife beat him.

The French Minister of Justice is preparing a new law for the regulation of the press. It is one of the private and particular advantages of French journalism that an editor may go to bed in peaceful consciousness of having fulfilled the law to the uttermost jot and tittle, only to wake up and find that he has flagrantly transgressed a new law passed during his slumbers.

Daniel McDermott, gambler, who, we are informed, "had always been a peaceful man," was stabbed seven times as he was returning home, and has since died. Moral: If you must be a gambler, don't be a peaceful one.

Kingston is in an excitement over the conduct of a woman named Potter, who has buried four husbands already, and has just married a fifth. She should have a private Potter's field for the reception of the ex-Potters.

Hamilton should look to its laurels. Halifax is rapidly earning a right to the title of the "Ambitious City." A grand cricket tournament is to be held there in August, one of the principal features of which will be a match—Halifax vs. All Comers. Halifax pitted against the world reminds one of David and Goliath. Only we fear the tournament won't have the same issue.

Four small Providence boys lately made a raid on a doctor's medicine chest, but unfortunately did not survive their little treat sufficiently long to relate their experiences. We always contended that medicine is bad for children. Now we want to know what is going to be done to the doctor who left his chest out on the loose?

The Corporation of Montreal, with laudable foresight, are about to appropriate another burying-ground. The relatives of the city fathers may find it useful when the patience of the citizens gives way under the ever-accumulating burden of dangerous sidewalks, insufficient police, and expensive Corporation tea-fights.

Even the Eden of Manitoba, where, according to Mr. Cunningham, the people are better educated, wealthier, and more intelligent than the people of any other Province in the Dominion—even this Eden is not without its serpent—(shall we say its *Scadder*?) The North-Western tempter takes the form of an insinuating real estate agent, who inveigles the intelligence and wealth of the Province into purchasing valuable and desirable—water lots. Naturally the I. and W. are wroth, but their wrath is in vain, for the serpent has left the Eden for parts unknown.

A Frenchman has invented an automatic piano-playing machine. We shall be grateful if the use of the machine becomes sufficiently general to do away with the nuisance of bad players. This will take some time, however. In the meanwhile the inventor might devote his superabundant energies to the construction of a piano with an ear for music—such a machine as shall mercilessly slay all strummers and thumpers who operate upon it—all bad players, in short.

We hereby beg to express our thanks to the management of the *Toronto Globe*. Were it not for that paper we should be compelled, owing to the vigilance of the Montreal dailies being directed to other matters, to lead a miserable existence in total ignorance of what is going on in the city in which we live. One might, it is true, lay on a private reporter, but Montrealers have not just yet reached such a pitch of enterprise as to employ private reporters while they pay for public prints. An amalgamation on the co-operative principle might, however, find favour, and would certainly result in the scaring up of more news than one finds in both our morning journals put together.

An Editor has been lecturing in New York on hydrophobia, expressing a doubt whether there is any such disease at all. That man has evidently never chummed with an Arkansas luk-slinger.

A New York paper says:—"Boston congratulates herself on her fortunate escape from a visitation from Rochefort. As he don't talk English and she can't talk anything else it is difficult to calculate her delight." That's all very well. But Boston's English might with advantage be copied by New York.

The St. Paul *Press* records, with something akin to astonishment, the remarkable fact that during their stay in that city the Mounted Police "conducted themselves in an orderly manner;" and that, further, "their general appearance is very gentlemanly." St. Paul is evidently not used to policemen who know how to behave themselves.

Mr. Brandon is an eccentric Hamilton gentleman, who, being weary of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, recently undertook the journey to the next. He missed his way, however, and now finds himself where he was before. Rejecting the various theories which point to the brain, the heart, or the spinal cord, as the seat of the vital principle, he decided upon practising, at short range, at his left arm. Accordingly he armed himself with an old horse pistol, and after having fortified himself with various draughts of his favourite beverage, repaired to the back yard, where he commenced operations. The first shot told so effectually that Mr. John thought better of his resolution, and marched off to the doctor. Mrs. Brandon, who was in the house during this tragic affair, manifested a characteristic indifference to the "goings-on" of her lord and master; and on being questioned as to the facts of the case, expressed a dutiful wish that "it might do him good, by letting some of the bad blood out of him." We recommend Mr. Brandon's method to those who may be nursing suicidal intentions, as by long odds the safest, least expensive, and most effectual manner of curing themselves of a distaste for existence.

The *Court Journal* says that several ladies are now reading for the bar in chambers. The Ohio ladies can go them one better. They pray for the bar in the streets. Only the Ohio ladies' bar is the liquor bar.

The *Mail* is jubilant over an article in the *Canadian News*, published in London, which is supposed to have a damaging effect upon Canadian credit in England. The credit of Canada never was an object with the *Mail*.

This is authentic. A gentleman walking along the Main Street in this city the other day, was accosted by a couple of American tourists, who requested information as to the meaning of the evergreen arches which here and there spanned the road. They were told that they had been erected on the occasion of a recent procession. A conversation, of which the following is an expurgated edition, then took place:—

"Procession, eh? What procession was that?"
 "Corpus Christi."
 "Corpus Christi! What's Corpus Christi?"
 "Don't you know what Corpus Christi is—the Feast on which they carry the Host in procession?"
 "Ah! I've read of it, &c., &c., &c. But what do you leave them green things up there for now?"
 "Going to have another procession."
 "Another procession! And what's that for?"
 "On the St. Jean Baptiste day."
 "And what in thunder is St. Jean Baptiste day?"
 "Well, it's the national feast-day of the French Canadians, which this year is going to be kept in grand style. The Montreal French Canadians are going to entertain their brethren from the States, and there'll be no end of fuss."
 "Do you think they'll come?"
 "Oh, yes! They expect some fifty thousand from over the line."
 "Don't say—(here a fiendish grin of delight spread over the questioner's features)—fifty thousand—eh?"
 "Yes, they expect about that."
 "Well (very slowly and emphatically), when you've got 'em here, FOR GOD'S SAKE—KEEP 'EM."

A FRENCH PATRON OF THE TURF.

If we enter the Jockey Club, at the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Rue Scribe, says a Paris correspondent writing on turf matters, on the evening before the Derby at Chantilly, we shall hear turf matters, talked of among thorough connoisseurs. In we go past Isabelle, the rather ripe *bouquetière* who sells flowers in the vestibule, and who will be frisking round the Grand Stand to-morrow in the colours of last year's winner, up the richly carpeted staircase, and so to the gorgeous drawing-room on the first floor, where a posse of enthusiastic sportsmen are surrounding the dashing young Comte de Montenselle, who owns one half of a race-horse. There is nothing irregular in this; Frenchmen compose a play or a novel in couples, they combine two together to manage a theatre; they sometimes muster eight to keep up one stockbroking office. Why not, then, divide the responsibility of such an important possession as a race-horse? M. de Montenselle has been owing halves of race-horses ever since he came into his large fortune of 8,000*l.* a year, and it is his gallant boast that this passion for the turf costs him an annual 25,000 francs. He is much prouder of this than of the 7,000*l.* prize if he could, and it is justice to own that he has often done his conscientious best so to do, and he also tries to

keep down the expenses of his racing establishment as much as possible by making judicious bets, but on the whole he thinks it becoming a gentleman not to clear money out of racing. At the end of every season he and his partner sell their horse, and buy a two-year-old, whose legs, chest, and general health give them food for anxious reflection all through the winter. This year the horse, one of whose halves belongs to M. de Montenselle, is called Bucéphale; and now watch the interest which is betrayed in the oracular utterances of the Count as regards the condition of this noble beast. Bucéphale is to run on the morrow, and M. de Montenselle's listeners, peering at him admiringly through their eyeglasses, note every expression that flits over the Count's pensive features. M. de Montenselle, though keeping a severe guard over the muscles of his physiognomy, cannot altogether conceal his anxiety. It seems that Bucéphale that morning ate three ounces of corn less than usual, but then the Duke of Newmarket and Lord Heigho, whom he has consulted, have assured him that the symptom is not necessarily a bad one. As he flings out in a careless way the names of the two British noblemen with whom he is on such intimate terms, it would take little to make the whole admiring circle of Frenchmen lift their hats. As it is, there is a general movement among them and a fluttering murmur as if they were deeply refreshed, and before this soothing impression has had time to fade there bounces through the room in hot haste a splendid footman with a telegram for the Count, on his silver tray. Gortschakoff, unsealing a despatch from Khiva, never wore a more earnest look than M. de Montenselle as he unfolds the sky-blue paper and reads it, amidst awestruck silence, as if the whole party had suddenly glided into church. Then the Count, having read, looks up, and says with dignity—"I am thankful to say, Messieurs, that Bucéphale has eaten his full allowance to-night!" Bucéphale has eaten his allowance! *Sauvé, mon Dieu!* The noble owner of half of him receives gushing congratulations, and the ring disperses, feeling that there is now truly balm in Gilead. Some of them go off and bet, for Bucéphale was at 40 to 1 before, and there is no reason in the world why he should not advance to 35 to 1 now.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Capoul goes to Moscow and St. Petersburg this winter. The "Russian Lady Vocalists" are giving concerts in London. The new Paris Opera House will be opened on the 15th January next. "The Scarlet Letter" has been dramatized for a popular English actress. Clara Morris denies emphatically that she will leave the stage on her marriage. A French version of "Martha" is to be produced at the Paris Chatelet this fall. Alexandre Dumas is writing a new drama for Mlle. Pierson, to be produced at the Gymnase. A distinct improvement both in singing and acting is noted in Campanini upon his return to London. Mme. Nilsson was announced to sing at the benefit given to Sims Reeves in London on the 1st instant. Scott's novel, "The Talisman" is being dramatized by Mr. Halliday for production at Drury Lane in the fall. Evergreen Déjazet is trying to make up her mind definitely to quit the stage. She is now seventy-six, and in poor health. Mrs. Edwards's novel, "Archie Lovell," has been dramatised by T. C. Burnand, and has proved a success at the London Royalty. Madame Balfe is superintending the rehearsals of her late husband's opera, "Il Talismano," which is to be produced with Madame Nilsson in London. Offenbach, on the 100th anniversary of his *Orphée aux Enfers*, conducted the orchestra himself, having got rid of the gout and sent it whither Orpheus was. A Mlle. Annette Essipoff, a pianist from St. Petersburg, is creating a lively sensation in London by her extraordinary mechanical powers and brilliancy of execution. The melodies of Offenbach's new operetta of "Bagatelle," which has been produced in Paris, are bright and sparkling, but the story would scarcely bear literal translation. Mr. W. G. Wills, the author of "Charles I." and "Eugene Aram," has just completed another tragedy, which will shortly be produced at the Lyceum. The title is "The Duke of Buckingham." An adaptation of "Saratoga," under the title of "Brighton," has been produced at the Court Theatre, London. It is pronounced by the critics to be "not only outrageously absurd, but dull and puerile." During the year 1873-4 the dues of theatrical authors collected in Paris reached the figure of 1,516,963*fr.* In 1872-73 they produced 1,486,816*fr.*, making a difference of 29,247*fr.* in favour of the former period. M. Offenbach cannot complain of any want of public appreciation of his music. The first hundred nights of his new version of "Orphée" realized 811,874*fr.*, a nightly average of more than £300. The actual receipts on the hundredth night, when a grand gala took place, were only about £250. Three other works of Offenbach's, "La Périochole," "Pomme d'Api," and "Fortunio," are now being played in Paris. A writer in the London *Echo* says: "An actress in Berlin is now achieving what can scarcely be called a *succès d'estime*, though she is one of that class of performers who relies rather upon the *félat* of her personal history than the amount of her histrionic talent. This lady, who styles herself on the play-bills Mme. de Rakovitz, was the heroine of the romance which ended in the violent death of the gifted Ferdinand Lassalle. As a thinker, a jurist, an author, an orator, and a popular agitator, his fame was at its height, when he became acquainted with a highly connected lady, Mlle. de Dönniges, and, although she was betrothed to a noble Roumanian, Junko de Rakovitz, and there were other obstacles to their union, an attachment ensued between the high-born damsel and the illustrious democrat. He did all in his power to bring the matter to an honourable conclusion in spite of opposition, when she suddenly dismissed him altogether. He then wrote insulting letters to her father and to Rakovitz, by whom he was next day shot in a duel. Mlle. de Dönniges married her betrothed, and on his death became the wife of a Viennese actor, and now, according to a correspondent of the *Temps*, delights the public of Berlin by playing the heroine in dramas only too similar to that with which she is associated in the minds of those who regret in her victim one of the best specimens of cultured democracy."