

## SNAPS AND SCRAPS.

The English society for converting the Jews to Christianity has an income of £35,000, and through its instrumentality twelve Hebrews were baptized last year. The expense of converting a Jew would seem, therefore, to be nearly £3000. Whether this handsome sum is divided between the convertor and converted, or monopolized by the former, does not appear. If the Jew lets the Gentile pocket all the money, he must be converted in character as well as in creed.

The way that the lively writer of "Prohibition in Politics," in the June *North American Review*, pitches into the movement and traces "the ascendancy of free rum in Portland" to the "action of the Prohibition party," might well make an ordinary editor suppose she was a man. But I should have fancied "Gail Hamilton" (Mary Abigail Dodge) was too prolific an author, and *The Week* too well-informed a paper, for its editor to speak, in two separate paragraphs, of *Mrs. Gail Hamilton's* article.

I particularly liked the sonnet in last week's *CRITIC*, by "H. E. B." I am glad to note that the Province possesses several rather promising young poets at present, enough to show that poetry has not quite deserted Acadie at the departure of Evangeline and Gabriel, or of "G. G. C." either.

Lady John Manners has a very praiseworthy article in a late number of *The Queen* on "The Art of Doing Kindnesses." I clip from it the following hints for bores:—

"As I have mentioned over-work, I must say how much kindness we can all show to very busy men and women, by letting them alone at times when they are intent on their special pursuits. If we are obliged to approach them at such times, let us transact our business as speedily as possible. The statesman who is about to make a great speech, the artist preparing for the Royal Academy, the editor who must note every passing event and guide public opinion, the physician on whose skill and judgment hang many lives—all need every moment of time they can secure. Let us show them true kindness by refraining from troubling them needlessly, with letters requiring answers especially. Time in many cases means not only money, but the opportunity of doing one's duty. The quantity of applications of all kinds received by persons of eminence in their respective avocations are really distracting. The unfortunate recipient of about forty letters a day, to say nothing of business documents, probably spends weary hours bending over a desk. He is lucky if he does not get writer's cramp, in addition to that dull feeling produced by long protracted formal letter-writing. George Eliot pathetically refers in her life to the trial it was to her to sit down to answer notes. Very long morning visits, too, inflict pain on busy people, though courtesy may prevent their showing impatience."

"I have heard of a lady much beloved in life," says Lady John Manners in another paragraph, "who, on her death-bed, requested that any flowers or wreaths sent on her funeral day might be given to the poor in the neighbouring hospitals."

In these days of "revised versions" a modernized edition of *Æsop's* Fables might be brought out, in the mixed metaphoric style of American fabulists and illustrating the danger of skipping the "morals," as frivolous youngsters are wont to do. For a hasty example:—

"A Hare challenged a Tortoise to run a race and was beaten by the slower animal, as ably reported by Mr. *Æsop*. And the disappointed and unhappy Hare and 3 young; but the Tortoise, having collared the stakes, lived lazily and luxuriously and swelled until it burst. Then the young Tortoises assumed prodigious airs and haughtily declined to make a match with the poor little Hare, which had no money to put up. They sometimes even taunted him with the improvidence of his *no-er-do-well* father. But at last it came to pass that the young Hare, who showed unexpected steadiness, found a powerful backer. He challenged the Tortoises and, giving them long odds, made a sad show of the whole family, and won every dollar of their money. Generously handing them back half of his winnings, he remarked: "After all, I have derived from my father a better heritage than you have from yours. My father has bequeathed me his fleetness and the warning of his fate, and enough good breeding to forbid my kicking a fellow when he is down."

*Society in London*, by a "Foreign Resident," has excited much comment in London, and some abuse from criticized persons and classes. Several newspaper correspondents have argued that, from internal evidence, the author cannot really be a foreigner.

To divide London society into classes, says *The Queen*, is an undertaking more difficult than appears at the outset, as class runs into class, and set into set, so that to draw the line at any particular class requires the most intimate knowledge and acquaintance with London society and its members. The "Foreign Resident" is equal to the occasion, and modestly attempts to divide the ladies of London society into four classes. First come those of the most aristocratic *ton*—ladies of birth and title. The second order of ladies in London society may be described as the Parliamentary, political, and official. The third place in this classification may be assigned to those ladies in London society whose position is recognized, who may often be seen at the very first houses in the capital, who are bidden to the banquets given by high ministers of state, ambassadors, diplomatists—nay, royalty itself, but whose position is, nevertheless, not assured in the same way as that of those composing the two classes previously mentioned. He says the fourth class consists of ladies whose temperament is known as artistic. Sometimes there are elements in their nature or circumstances in their social position and antecedents which establish a link of affinity between themselves and the ladies who belong to any one of the three former orders. "They live in an atmosphere of artistic ideals. The society which they

entertain, and by which they are entertained, if its background derives its hue from the class of which they naturally form part, is shot through by a hue lent to it by the peculiarity, the *bizarrierie* of their tastes." Although there is room for many, if not for all, in these various classes, yet the cosmopolitanism of London society would allow room for one, if not for two, additional classes to include its many sets.

The "Foreign Resident" considers that London society is absolutely dependant upon the initiative taken by royalty in all it does, or abstains from doing, and that it is so large and overgrown, that were it not to accept the guidance of royalty it would be without any controlling principle.

He describes London society as being the most fastidious and the most credulous. It hates egotism and the egotist, the man who insists upon making his presence felt, and it cultivates undemonstrativeness to any extent; this is the secret of its fastidiousness. "Strange as it may well seem, this society, so self-contained, so impatient of certain forms of folly, is duped with the most extraordinary facility. It is impossible to enter the most irreproachable drawing-rooms in London without meeting foreigners of both sexes whose presence is well-known to be tabooed in the second-rate *salons* of Republican Paris."

According to the "Foreign Resident," ladies of the Liberal party "have been the most successful in creating political *salons*. Among others, Lady Aberdeen and Lady Broadbano both respond with admirable alacrity to the appeal, periodically made to them, to invite the wives and daughters of the gentlemen who support Mr. Gladstone with their vote to their houses. It is a difficult and somewhat graceless task. The cards of invitation are practically issued, as they must necessarily be, by the official understrappers of the party. These are acquainted with the husbands, but know nothing of their womankind, and are apt consequently to be betrayed into absurd mistakes, supplementing the name of Mr. Smith with those of Mrs. and the Misses Smith, when the former may be dead, and the latter either in the nursery, or else have long since changed their names." In certain cards of invitation, issued once upon a time in Halifax, the names of the "Misses Smith" were supplemented by the names of "Mr. or (sic) Mrs. S." To the average "official understrapper" hereabouts, the Misses Smith, Jones and Robinson are much more important personages than their fathers, mothers and brothers.

Nostradamus, the great astrologer, made the following rhymed prophecy in 1566, the year of his death:—

Quand Georges Dieu crucifera,  
Que Marc le resuscitera.  
Et que Saint Jean le portera,  
La fin du monde arrivera.

The translation is this: "When St. George crucifies God and St. Mark raises Him from the dead, and St. John carries Him, the end of the world will come." All these three conditions, says a correspondent of *The Tablet*, will be fulfilled next year! In 1886 St. George's day comes on Good Friday; St. Mark's on Easter Sunday; and St. John's (the Baptist) on Corpus Christi.

It has been stated (and not denied, to my knowledge) that a French savant predicted the last great volcanic eruption at Java many years before its occurrence, and that at the same time he foretold a second and greater eruption for, I think, the year 1886. If Wiggins springs another cataclysm of his own upon us next year, the strain on our nerves will be terrible.

Beware!  
Take care!  
Prepare!  
To doubt  
Don't dare!

By way of preparation for Dr. Cummings' end of the world in 1867, an Irishman made his will. Should you follow his example, out of faith in Nostradamus's prophecy, don't employ a lawyer. This will benefit you by a certain amount in this world and an uncertain amount in the next.

"Franc Tireur" must be pleased to know that Mr. Ruskin's reason for resigning the Slade Professorship at Oxford was the vote endowing vivisection at the University, following the refusal of an application for the better equipment of the art school. By the bye, an eminent officer now in Halifax assures me that the great surgeon, Sir William Fergusson, told him that the vivisection of the lower animals led to many mistakes in surgery.

SNARLEN.

RELIABLE RECIPES.—For corns, easy shoes; for bile, exercise; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for gout, toast and water; for the tooth-ache, a dentist; for debt, industry; and for love, matrimony.

WIFE IN HIS EYE.—An incorrigible bachelor, created a sensation in a company by saying, "I have a wife in my eye."—But the sensation subsided when it was observed he was looking at the wife of another man.

CUTTING.—"How does that look, oh!" said a big-fisted man to a friend, holding up one of his brawny hands.—"That," said the friend, "looks as though you'd gone short on your soap."

WEATHER AND FASHIONS.—Euphemia can't see anything so wonderful in the newspapers predicting the weather. She says they always know beforehand what the fashions are going to be, and she is sure there is nothing in nature so fickle as the fashions.

BAPTISING THE PARSON.—An Aberdeen lady, who had been exceedingly annoyed by boys who rang at her door bell and then ran away, finally set a trap for them, by which a pail of water was to be spilt upon the next person who rang the bell. In a few moments her pastor called, and was baptised.