

teller, or "disqualified by the rules" for aid. Two days ago the mother sent her children to take a little walk in the street, but to come back soon. When they returned a chorus of shrieks rent the house; lodgers flocked to know the cause; there lay the mother, dead, covered with blood, having shot herself through the head, and the five children kneeling round her in sobs and tears, imploring "mamma" to say she was not dead. But mother's sorrows were ended. The children being now "qualified" for relief obtained it.

Theatrical and lyrical critics and managers have at last come to daggers drawn. The latter will give no more full-dress rehearsals for the convenience of the press—rather the manager and his friends, who number 1,000 at these side gatherings, while never more than 50 press men attend. The representation of a new play, or first night, rarely finishes till between one and two in the morning, so that critics can have only 30 or 40 minutes to write a stop-press article. This they will refuse to do. The whole system is unsound; you can never judge of a play till you can "observe" the judgment of those other critics, the paying and independent public. Let critics pay for their seats and theatres for their advertisements.

If the "Anti-Shake-Hand" Society existed in 1871, after the Franco-German war, old Marshal MacMahon would never have almost re-kindled the strife by his pig-headed refusal to shake hands with Baron de Manteuffel who came to pay an official visit to MacMahon. The incident gave Thiers the fits; at last MacMahon knuckled down, wrote an apology, and said his refusal was to be taken in the Pickwickian sense. The delicate affair was not so secret, as the documents now divulged allege. It was a rumour at the time, that MacMahon had sent a challenge to the German commanding at Versailles, but it was hook-and-eyed to the canard that Thiers had called out Bismarck.

At Cempuis, in the department of the Seine and Oise, is an orphanage that presents several peculiar features. It is under the control of the Prefect of Paris, because it is supported out of the city rates by a grant of 200,000 frs. a year. The establishment—founded in 1883—accommodates 150 orphans, 75 of each sex, and between the ages of 6 and 18. It is strictly laical, that is, no religious instruction is imparted, only natural morality is inculcated. The inmates might be set down as "Fire Worshipers," as their daily "Psalm of Life," is a hymn, dedicated to the sun, and that Zoroaster would not disown. But the principle of the institution is, to rear up the two sexes together, as is the children of one family. The boys and girls attend the same classes, take their meals at a common table, play and promenade together, and where the trades taught allow, work in common. The director, a very able gentleman, M. Robin, attests, that this plan of educating the sexes together has produced the most happy results, in the formation of character. The orphanage has been sneered at and calumniated, but the male and female inspectors, backed by the Prefect of Paris assert, that immorality is unknown in the institution and no case of such has ever been proven. In studying medicine, law and the sciences, the students of both sexes work together—and correctly.

"Interviewing" was the subject selected for newspaper threshing this "silly season." It did not last long, and the results were meagre. The French have never taken kindly to that modern institution. As a

rule, the reporters were unequal to using the Torquemada screw, even when the latter was of the "twin" type, by organizing a double-barrelled interview. If an event occurred in any part of the world, the press man only deigned to find some one who had been in the region, though only a bird of passage. Sarah Bernhardt having been in the States, was once interviewed on the Silver Bill; because Madame Loyson is an American, her husband, the Reverend Père, is pounced upon, to explain all about "General Coxey and his Salvation army," the McKinley tariff, and the "Tammany Municipal Council." A Frenchman suspects the interview to be a compound of the assassin and the highwayman, and his timidity is such, that his denial of the interview often appears simultaneously with its publication. The most interviewed man was the poor ex-"Grand-Francais"; he never repudiated a word of what was printed respecting him—nor ever read the article. The editor of a leading magazine once called on me, stating he had come to Paris to interview M. de Lesseps, and could I arrange a meeting. Nothing easier; we jumped into a cab, and drove to the office of the Suez Canal Co. Knowing the private secretary of M. de Lesseps, he was ready to do the needful at once, merely adding, the old gentleman had been "that day already three times interviewed." My friend was amazed; I suggested that a fourth Philistine within twenty-four hours, let loose on the patient, would be cruel, so postponed the visit till next morning. But my visitor left Paris that night in disgust. When you called on M. de Lesseps, he was in the Council Room, surrounded with half a dozen clerks; he beckoned you to a chair beside him; indulged in a smile or a broad grin when a question was popped, nodded to a secretary, who gave the required information. If satisfied you were not a detective or a "bloated capitalist"—what a compliment to a press man—Louise Michel would grant an interview; but you should sign your copy, and leave her a duplicate.

Mademoiselle Laure Bernard is "the broth of a boy." She was born in 1870, when the war was raging, in a village of the Upper Alps, and registered as belonging to the female sex. Her family is very respectable—brothers, doctors and notaries. She was partly educated in the local girls' seminary, and partly in the convent. At the age of 19, she opened an academy to cure stammering, and visited the country round, charging a modest fee, to remove impediment in speech. Of affable and winning manners, she was a general favorite; was the confidant of many girls' love secrets and arranged several happy marriages. As a "bridesmaid" she was in general request, as her presence brought luck. She refused several eligible offers, and had a trunk full of love-letters; but she confessed, that while liking the other sex—she would never take a husband—and kept her word. She saved up 40,000fr., and was able to study medicine at Grenoble. She recently retired to Geneva; set up as a doctor, but now wore men's clothes—ladies are sometimes capricious. She had no beard, only a slight moustache; but in France that is not uncommon with the fair sex. She resolved now to marry and wrote to her native village for a certificate of her baptism, reminding the registrar that by error she had been entered 24 years ago as a female, instead of a "male" baby—begged the clerk would correct the blunder, as "he" was now going to be married—since accomplished—and claimed the rights of his sex. The amended certificate was forward-

ed, as well as an invitation that "Monsieur Bernard" would be good enough to return to France, and serve his three years in the army.

The house-porters in Vienna turn off the gas, and go to bed at ten o'clock; they have not the ingenious plan for opening, like the Paris janitors, the street door, by pulling, though in bed, a bobbin. They must turn out, when a lodger enters at the small hours. But for this disturbance each late arrival must pay the sum of five sous—a "won't-go home till morning" tax, or remain "out in the cold."

## AUTUMN.

See! How the shadows throw  
Their lengths—how sly they creep  
Across the place, where once  
Sunbeams their court did keep.

From out the west how fast  
Day fades! The stars on high  
Keep watch, where twilight rays  
Suffused the evening sky.

And many a mournful sound  
The wind sobs through the trees  
Which sway, and bend, and nod  
Their heads into the breeze.

In shadow deep the blue  
Far overhead is cast,  
And birds 'neath summer skies,  
To sport, are winging fast.

H. HELOISE DUPUIS.

Kingston, Ont.

## ART NOTES.

Sir John Millais, R.A., is engaged upon a large religious picture entitled the "Stoning of St. Stephen." It will be exhibited at the Royal Academy next year, and then pass into the collection of Mr. Tate.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood has lately finished a group of fine family portraits for Mr. Joseph Flavelle, of Toronto. Mr. Sherwood has never done better work in portraits, the flesh color is excellent and we understand the likenesses are faithful, especially in that of Mrs. Ellsworth the work is spontaneous and the effect that of solidity.

The Louvre has just bought for 10,000 francs a little wooden statue of a woman, dating from the eighteenth dynasty, which in the opinion of M. Maspéro, is the most remarkable bit of sculpture found in Egypt during the century. It represents a woman of the period in a transparent gauze robe. It is in a marvellous state of preservation.

The famous painting of "The Blacksmith," which excited so much interest while it was on exhibition in the window of the Canadian Society of Artists, has been purchased by ex-Alderman Frank Galbraith, late local manager of the society. It has been in the collection at the Fair, where it drew the usual admiring crowd it always has whenever shown.

Such a number of old friends look down upon us from the walls of the art gallery at the Industrial Fair, some we like well to see again and yet again, while of others we have had enough. Looking about generally we first notice the larger pictures—Mr. Reid's "Harvest," Mr. Cruikshank's "Breaking a Road," the famous "Forgeron," Mr. Atkinson's "Mill on Avon," two of Miss Muntz's delightfully sketchy canvases, a face we recognize, but for the name of the artist have to consult the catalogue; another, we are sure, is from no other brush than