

THE FLANEUR.

A very pretty classical adaptation, if original.

A writer in one of the London dailies—perhaps the author of the "Princess of Thule"—in giving an imaginary account of the Ministerial whitebait dinner at Greenwich, at the end of the session, applies to it the following line of Horace *parce detorta*:

Desinit in pisces sessio formosa superne!

Scene in a street car.

A magnificent lady gorgeously arrayed "in silk attire," languidly hands a ten cent piece to the conductor for her fare. Conductor has no change and passes on to a big blossoming market woman who sits opposite, flanked by two enormous baskets of vegetables. She forthwith produces a five cent piece from her inner cheek, which the conductor seizes from between her milk-white teeth and, turning, drops into the outstretched lavender-gloved hand of the fine lady. A shriek, a withering look of disgust, and down goes the money on the barred floor of the car.

Why is Beecher like Essex?

Because he was sweet on Elizabeth.

A patent vendor advertises in the daily papers that he wants "to sell the whole Montreal District." No doubt. The Montreal District is used to it. It has been so often "sold" before.

In a drawing room filled with wits and women of the world, a gentleman whose silvery hair betrayed the advance of age, became the object of the attention of several ladies.

"He is at least forty-eight," said one.

"Hardly more than forty-two," said another.

"Why not ask him directly what his age is?" said a third.

"How old are you, Mr. Dash?" asked one of the ladies point blank.

"That depends upon your intentions, Madame," was the diplomatic reply.

A woman's will.

"Madam," said a timid husband who tried to assert his authority for the nonce, "when will you return?"

"When I please, sir."

"Very well. But not later, mind!"

The motto on the arms of the Venables-Vernon family is the pretty pun: *Vernon semper vivet*.

There is a Vernon in this city, presumably a chip of the old block, who is deluging the columns of a morning paper with letters and a promise of more. His device is: *Vernon semper scribit*.

A French anecdote about Dickens.

The celebrated novelist had been invited to spend the evening at the house of a lady who was beset by the mania of autographs. Scarcely had Dickens entered the drawing-room than he was led to a table whereon lay a fair sheet of white paper, and, near at hand, a pen and ink-horn. He sat down at once and took the sheet of paper. He folded it double, then in quarto, next in octavo, in sixteen-mo, in thirty-two-mo. When he thought he had folded sufficiently, he stopped, unfolded, spread the sheet on the table, took up the pen gravely, gravely dipped it into the ink, gravely wrote his name on each of the little squares traced out by the folds of the paper, then rose gravely and withdrew from the table.

Two gentlemen, one of them from the country, slightly elevated perhaps, roamed through the city the other night, trudging their way through the darkness, without a gas lamp to illumine their steps. At length, about twelve, they pulled up on the Champ de Mars and rested there awhile. All at once the moon broke out in full-orbed splendour, irradiating the house tops, and flooding the hoary old military field with silver. Simultaneously they observed that the gas lamps were being lighted through the streets.

"What in the world is the use of lighting the gas now, after leaving the city in darkness so long?" said the countryman.

"O," replied the other, "you don't know the city, I see. The gas is lit to show us the moon."

The Ministry is dying hard,
It won't give up the ghost,
Until the last trump card
Is definitely lost.

Two Irish gentlemen were conversing about the visit of Lord Dufferin to Chicago, making it the occasion for lamentation over the differences which exist among Irishmen themselves.

"Now, after all," said one, "why did not the Irish imitate the English and Scotch, and turn out to greet Lord Dufferin?"

"Because he is an Englishman."

"No, sir. Because he is an Irishman," was the cynical rejoinder.

Everybody in this city is making himself unhappy about the dilly dallying of the Quebec Ministry and their delay in resigning. I know of one, however, who takes it all very philosophically. To a friend who was energetically condemning their clinging to power and declaring that really he could not understand it, he quietly replied, with a twirl of his cigar:

"Bah, man. It is the old story. The ruling passion strong in death."

I have just witnessed a female transformation, and I hasten to impart it to my fair readers. I met a lady friend of mine whom I did not recognize, so altered was she for the better. Upon inquiring the cause of the happy change, she answered with a smile:

"I had long been vexed and humiliated by the scantiness of my hair. I tried every cosmetic and dressing without avail. I would not submit to wearing dead people's hair and the artificial substitutes, in the shape of plaits, tresses, chignons and switches, were my abhorrence. At length I had an inspiration. I went down to a fashionable *coiffeur* and had my hair cut short à la garçon. How do you like it?"

I liked it immensely. Judging from the effect on my friend, I think that all ladies, up to a certain age, who are similarly circumstanced, should follow her example. The short boyish hair, nicely parted and combed, gives a rejuvenated, coquettish, *dégage* air which is simply charming. Ladies, try it!

A story which may be applied to the Quebec Ministry.

A tailor's signboard represents a lion pulling at the seat of the trousers of a gentleman who is clinging fast to his desk.

And underneath these words:

"You may tear me, but you will never make me let go."

ALMAVIVA.

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

Aylmer has two cases of bigamy on its hands.

Libel suits against newspapers are flying around lively.

The Niagara Suspension Bridge has been a source of contention between the Great Western and Canada Southern. But the quarrel is now settled.

It was decided by the judge, in the Essex election case, that "treating" alone was not a corrupt practice. What says our Vigilance Committee?

They are making paper flour barrels in Iowa.

There is a place called Barrack Square in St. John and the question is whether cows, base ballists, or the Militia shall have the control of it.

Children are turned out of school in a certain place in New Brunswick, when they make their appearance without shoes. Write to Lucy Larcom and you will have a poem about it.

There is a live cannibal at Vanceboro, N. B.

The Governor General is dealing out his favours liberally and impartially. He has given a medal for the Charlottetown P. E. I. regatta, which takes place about the middle of September.

It is said that the Government intends closing the Marine School at Quebec this fall. It seems Canadians don't need teaching to become sailors.

One of McGregor's agent in Essex gave a man named Mailloux \$30 to go out to Rochester to see his cousins. That, of course, was the deepest-dyed corruption.

What could Colonel Fletcher mean by ordering a reporter of the *Mail* off the cars for not submitting his copy to him for revision before sending it to the paper. Sue him!

Superintendent Kelso, of the New York detective force, is in Toronto, only on a pleasure tour. That is reassuring.

Good for Quebec! It is stated that the negotiations of Mr. Crooks and Mr. Robertson, in London, show some 12½ per cent. in favour of this Province.

They are growing Baltic wheat at St. Andrews. That is "progress."

Plenty of wild ducks on the Ottawa.

The people of Massawippi denounce publicly as a foul libel that their lake froze over, one night last week. They own up, however, that the frost went pretty lively for their vines, corn and buckwheat.

An Eastern Townships man says that round about where he lives pic-nics are as plenty as hair in boarding house hash.

Winnipeg has two dailies and five weeklies, but the printers are wanting.

Among the city items of an Ontario paper is one headed "Landing of Cæsar in Britain" and containing an account of that novel event.

The story that Sir Edward Thornton is desirous of being recalled is stated to be untrue. We could not afford to lose him until the Reciprocity Treaty is finally settled.

The commissioners appointed by Dr. Manning to inquire into the circumstances attending the deaths of certain prelates, priests, and laymen in times gone by, have recommended to Rome for canonization several persons of eminence, including Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. Query: would Sir Thomas More have died as peaceably as he did, had he known the honour in store for him? Doubtful. However, as he is beyond being affected by the proceedings of Dr. Manning's commissioners, no one is hurt.

A Western journal, apropos of the Gov.-General's visit, says:—"In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated. The effect on Upper and Lower Wyndham streets and along the square was very fine, and it was no less so when viewing the buildings on the north side of the river, and in fact wherever there was an illumination." Nothing like impartiality.

At the Young Men's Christian Association Convention recently held at Port Hope the towns of Barrie and Winnipeg were specially prayed for as the two wickedest places in Canada. Those Y. M. C. delegates need not have looked so far away. Toronto is only three score miles from Port Hope.

It is said that Dr. Sangster is threatening a civil action against the *Globe*, and a criminal action against the writer of the articles attacking him. Strange that nothing was heard of this until the result of the School Board Election was made known.

The land of Cockaigne hath been discovered. Says the *Ottawa Free Press*:—"We understand that a lake has been discovered within twelve miles of the city of Ottawa, on the Ontario side, about six miles long, and from a quarter to half a mile wide, with numerous bays and islands in it. The bays, are said to be full of wild rice, and the islands are covered with beautiful shade trees of various kinds, such as poplar, maple, white birch, and mountain ash. The bays are reported to be the resort of thousands of black ducks, and blue and green winged teal; and the lake is full of black bass, pike, and white fish of the largest kind. The discoverer of this sportsman's paradise is at present reticent concerning the locality, but no doubt the secret will soon leak out." Whether the fish are ready cooked or not, deponent saith not. He is also silent as to the little pigs that run about all roasted, crying, 'Eat me, eat me.'

Out of 450 Rural Deaneries in England, 441 are in favour of an increase of the Episcopate. Remarkable unanimity! Of course none of the new bishops would be selected from among the present holders of Rural Deaneries. Oh no! *Nolumus episcopari*!

A prominent officer of the volunteer force of this Province has been created a Roman Count by Pius IX., in virtue of a decree dated 26th June last. A Roman Count!—Poor fellow, what has he been doing to deserve this. The power of conferring national honours being vested in the sovereign alone, the question arises—what is the value of a title bestowed by the Supreme Pontiff at a time when Victor Emmanuel is the recognized king of Italy? Is this one of Pius IX's celebrated jokes? We wait for further information.

St. Paul used to brag that he was a Pharisee of the Pharisees, yet we doubt if even St. Paul was as straight-laced in his notions as is our extremely proper contemporary the *British American Presbyterian*. That virtuous journal is shocked at what we, in our blindness and benighted ignorance, supposed to be a subject for congratulation. It takes up its lament and is sorely grieved because the daily papers of Canada are filled with reports of "races, balls, pic-nics, socials, concerts, theatre entertainments, cricket, base ball and lacrosse matches, chess tournaments, yacht races, excursions, exhibitions, fairs, and all the multifarious employments of the pleasure-seeking world." It thinks that "the effect of this excessive pleasure-seeking must be ruinous. Pleasure-seeking is not far from sensuality; sensuality degrades and destroys alike heart and intellect, and drives its bond-slaves rapidly down to the abyss of godlessness, ruin and misery." Unfortunately for the B. A. P.'s conclusions, its hypothesis is utterly unsound. Pleasure-seeking and sensuality are two very different things. Bosh and humbug, however, are much the same; and the writer in the B. A. P. may draw his own conclusion from this gratuitous bit of information.

Mr. Robert Walker is a gentleman of stern virtue and high moral sensibilities. He lives in Brant County, on the north bank of the Grand River. He has a daughter whose moral welfare is the one aim of his life. Where it is concerned he does not hesitate to violate divine and human law. His moral sensibilities are above such a thing. So when an inoffensive old man gave Mr. Walker's little girl a copper for a kiss, Mr. Walker went for that man, and that man has since been found in an orchard, dead, with his skull and ribs beaten in. Moral: Before kissing a young lady it is well to make inquiries as to her father's "moral sensibilities."