

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

Cartwright is back, but no amnesty.

Hamilton has a steam walking man.

Ottawa has trouble with her steam fire-engines.

Halifax has not yet recovered from her Brown mania.

What could the Toronto papers have done without Sangster?

Annand and Vail still coquetting about that Halifax collectorship.

Toronto is jealous because Hamilton is going to have an elevator.

The Holmans are coming in October, so is Max Strakosch, with Canissa.

Which is it—George Brown the oarsman, or George Brown, the diplomatist?

Wm. McDougall is not the editor of the *Canadian News*, at London, England.

Mr. Mackenzie has not made up his mind about Quebec yet. He has to go back there first.

Smithville, Ont., boasts the possession of the oldest English Bible in the world. Who next?

Offenbach has sued a Paris paper for calling him a Prussian. He is a naturalized Frenchman.

A writer in the *Galaxy* undertakes to break down two popular idols—Lee and McClellan. Too late.

The Carlists have at last found a way of getting rid of newspaper correspondents. They shoot them as spies.

Three of our cities were happy last week. Ottawa had a circus, Belleville a convention, and St. John a Board of Trade meeting.

In St. Hyacinthe, they have a French Engineer to do their draining and the Council of Agriculture have sent a deputation to see how he does it.

The Manitoba mounted police are a disgusted lot. They complain that they were shamefully sold. The old story—hard work and small pay.

In memoriam! The practice has grown up in Shrewsbury of affixing to the tombstones in the cemetery the photographic cartede visite of the person buried beneath.

A French sculptor, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, offers Montreal a colossal statue of Jacques Cartier, for nothing. And the likelihood is that the corporation will repel such generosity.

Miss Strickland, the historian whose death is recorded, was the sister of Mrs. Susanna Moodie, a well-known Canadian writer, and widow of J. W. Dunbar Moodie, formerly sheriff of Hastings.

All men are not so gallant as Metternich. One fellow inquiring of another what he would do if his wife insulted a gentleman, received for reply that he would thrash—not the gentleman, but his wife.

It seems that exposing the palm of the right hand is meant to express a mild surprise. That is the interpretation an English paper puts on this gesture when used recently by Mr. Disraeli, in responding to a query of our demi-semi.

A pocket hammock is the latest novelty. In a minute or two, the hammocks can be slung in garden or camp, on board ship, or even in the drawing-room, and instantly form a most easy couch for the wearied limbs of the seeker of rest.

An Irish politician goes for the Home Rulers with this rather awkward argument, that if the claim of Ireland to separate from England is plausible, the right of Ulster to severance from the rest of Ireland is much stronger. Who will answer that?

The Northumberland House lion, since it has been taken down, has been examined by an eminent vet, and found to be perfectly healthy, and not to be a roarer. The body of the lion is of lead, but his tail, which was the admiration and belief of every one, was found to be a hollow copper tube. One after the other the fond illusions of our life are taken from us, and we find what we thought was solid, is hollow.

THE FLANEUR.

How a woman's age was discovered.
Mrs. X, a rather mature beauty, was called into the witness box the other day.
"Your age?" inquired the Judge.
To this terrible question the only reply given was a confused murmur.
The Judge repeated the question with the same result. Then, getting impatient, he exclaimed:
"Clerk, put down fifty."
Mrs. X uttered a great cry and holding out her hands to the clerk, said:
"Clerk, clerk, don't write that. Put forty, lacking a week!"

The cestus of Venus is affirmed by a poetic London tradesman to have been merely a well-fitting corset.

Have you any ice, waiter?
No, sir, but we have water that is three degrees colder.

French gallantry and politeness.
In the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, there are printed notices in the alleys, thus:
"The flowers which have crinolines are requested to take pity on those which have none."

A lesson in cosmography.
When it is day-light on one side of the earth, it is night on the other. Thus when we get to bed, the Chinese get out of it.
"In that case," said a youngster, "I shall never marry a Chinese."

At the recent Presbyterian Synod, held in Ottawa, the famous abstinence overture of Mr. Lang was favoured by a teetotal minister on the ground that "half a loaf is better than no bread." I fancy that many a thirsty soul will accept it on the principle that half a glass is better than no glass.

The Paris papers seem with anecdotes about Jules Janin. Here is one of the prettiest.
Near the corridor which leads to the Théâtre Français, there was hidden, forty years ago, as there is still hidden, the first flower shop of the district. It was kept by an amiable woman, who had a remarkable eye for colours. Madame Prevost did not content herself with selling flowers, but pointed out to every purchaser the bouquet which suited him or her—white lilacs for a bride, violets and tea roses for the ball room, scabiose for a widow, and so on. In 1838, Madame Prevost died and Janin wrote her obituary with his flowery pen. The next day, a gentleman called on the author of *Barnave*.
"Sir," said he, "I am the son-in-law and former partner of Madame Prevost. The honour you have done that worthy woman cannot be sufficiently appreciated. Allow me, however, to return it, according to my means. Every week, so long as you live, summer and winter, spring and autumn, you will receive a bouquet from our house."
And the promise was faithfully kept for thirty four years, up to Janin's last days.

In the billiard room of the St. Lawrence Hall, about midnight.
A Nova Scotian, who was rather elevated, got very abusive of the United States and expressed the gentle hope that he would live to see the day when the red coats from Canada would march to Tennessee.
"Hello," cried the jolly big baritone of the English Opera Company, as he rested on his cue, "Hello, stranger, can you spell Tennessee?"
This was too much for the drunken man and he subsided.

Fancy a chess tournament during the dog days. And the participants therein mostly middle-age professors who have just been let out from school, for their holidays. I have seen billiard, boating, cricket, and other athletic enthusiasts, but their enthusiasm is nothing to the "fins frenzy" of the chess player. He soars up at once and calls his game the noblest and most intellectual of all. Granted of course. Still in matches, more especially, physical endurance has a great deal to do with success, as was shown in this very Montreal tournament.

A hitherto unpublished chess story.
During the late war, Lowenthal, the famous German player, received a pretty smart wound, on the field of battle. Hopping out of the range of fire, he directed his steps to the shelter of some bushes and to his astonishment, found there a wounded French soldier. The German approached. The Frenchmen looked up.
"Lowenthal!"
"Say!"
And the two old friends fell into each other's arms.
"Say," gasped the French player, with eager eyes. "Have you a chess board?"
I would not like to spoil this story by finishing it. Under that shady bush, &c., while the cannon roared, &c., the two friends &c. The reader must really suit himself.

An anecdote of the late chess king, Staunton.
In the midst of a closely contested game, the autocrat of the Black and White, called out:
"Waiter, fetch me a lighted candle."
A candle was brought and Staunton took it.
"What is that light for?" asked his companion.
"To find the move which you just lost."

This joke reminds me of that other by a witty Yankee who, when he heard that Paul Morphy had joined the Southern army, remarked:
"That is the worse move he ever made."

THE LITERARY WORLD.

Jules Janin has, according to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, bequeathed his library—one of the finest private collections in the country—to his native town, St. Etienne.

Mr. Bentley is stated to be in possession of the original autograph MS. of the short stories of Mr. Dickens which appeared in the early numbers of *Bentley's Miscellany*.

A rumour has appeared in some of the papers that Mr. Archibald Forbes, who has arrived in England, will shortly return to India and assume the editorship of the *Englishman*.

The University of Berlin has suffered a severe loss by the death of the celebrated Orientalist professor, Emil Roediger.

Mr. Rochefort is preparing an account of events dating from the discontinuance of *La Lanterne*, with especial reference to their bearing upon the present political situation in France.

A new weekly newspaper, printed entirely in English, has been started in Brussels, under the title of the *Belgian Weekly Times*.

Mr. G. S. Bellamy is preparing a new Shakespearian Dictionary of Quotation, which he proposes to publish by subscription. From the specimen page, the plan of the work appears to be good.

Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion," has been awarded a pension from the Civil List. The veteran poet's claims were recommended by Mr. Browning, Mr. Tennyson, Lord Houghton, and other well-known literary men and artists.

Mr. John Lemoine is, it is stated, a candidate for the chair in the Academy vacant by the death of Jules Janin. He will have the support of the Duc de Broglie, M. Guizot, and M. Thiers.

The Hon. Lewis Winfield has been engaged for the last eight months on an important picture of "Hougoumont, the Day after the Battle of Waterloo." He is just starting for Hougoumont to finish some of the details on the spot; but the work is so full of incident, and contains such a large number of figures, that it is doubtful whether it will be completed in time for the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1875.

Mr. Childs, proprietor of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, began life as a poor boy, but is now reported to be worth a million and a half of dollars. In the same American city there is a Mr. Simpson, who never had but one arm. He began to sell papers, making a profit of 6d. on every 100. Already he is worth 15,000 dollars.

The first volume of Mr. William Chappell's "History of Music," including the Egyptian and Greek poets, is in the binders' hands. The second volume, dealing with Hebrew music, is to be by Dr. Ginsburg, and part of it has been long written. The third volume, on mediæval music, will be by Dr. Rimbault.

At the funeral of Mr. J. C. M. Bellew, the celebrated public reader, besides his relatives there were a number of literary associates—Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Edmund Yates, and others—in the circle of mourners. Mass was said at the Church of Our Lady by Father Kavanagh, who also read a short service over the grave.

Mr. J. C. Chaplain has designed a medal, which has been struck in France to commemorate the siege of Paris. On the face of the medal is represented the city of Paris personified by a powerful woman wrapped in a military cloak, standing with a gun in her hands, leaning against the fortifications, a cannon at her feet. On the reverse is the monument commemorative of Champigny, around which are inscribed the names and dates of the five battles that took place before Paris. Beneath are simply the words, "Siège de Paris, 1870-1871."

Miss Thackeray publishes the following warning to the public:—"It has recently come to my knowledge by the kindness of a friend that letters and manuscripts are being frequently offered for sale as autographs of my father. Some which I have seen are rather clumsy forgeries; but they were sufficiently well executed to impose upon persons already familiar with my father's handwriting. May I therefore beg you to publish this letter, in order to check a fraud which might incidentally be injurious to my father's memory? In one case a letter attributed to him had been manufactured by copying a fragment from a magazine article not written by him, and appending his signature; and I should much regret that correspondence so compiled should be attributed to him."

Last year Edward Everett Hale said in *Old and New* that the best way of training boys in the languages is to assign one teacher to four boys who should give them all his time. And he added that the academy or high-school which would first adopt some such course as this, giving to any four boys whom it fits for college one teacher of the first and best ability, whose chief duty it shall be to go through their last two years of preparation thoroughly well, will be the school or academy which will, at whatever charge, receive the best and most promising pupils, and will receive the largest number of them. This plan has been adopted by the faculty of the Norwich Military School, now at Northfield, Vt. They do not offer simply a cheap school, nor do they pretend to "rival Oxford or Cambridge." But they do say that the first four boys who offer themselves to be prepared for any American College shall have one competent teacher assigned to them exclusively. The next four are to have another; and the next four another. There is no reason why boys under that training should not do in two years what the great high schools take five for.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN BERLIN.—According to an official report the number of public schools in Berlin at the end of last year amounted to 130. There were ten gymnasia, ten "realschulen," four superior girls' schools, 89 middle-class and elementary schools, including the "vorschulen" of the gymnasia and "realschulen;" 17 schools under the special oversight of associations, churches, institutions, &c. The number of classes amounted to 1,420 (of which 555 were for girls); of scholars, 67,522 (boys, 39,407; girls, 28,115), of whom 5,297 were above 14 years of age, and 62,255 between 6 and 14. The ten gymnasia had 141 classes, with 5,080 scholars, of whom 2,215, or 43,602 per cent., were above 14 years of age. If to the public schools there be added 97 private ones, the number of schools would be 227. Taking all together, 98,545 children were at school—viz., 51,827 boys and 46,718 girls, and of these 7,266, or 7,464 per cent., were above 14 years of age. The outlay of the city fund for the city elementary schools alone was last year 855,861 thalers, 25 groschen, 7 pfennings, as against 771,532 thalers, 17 groschen, 5 pfennings for 1872.