

plenty masquerades in the garb of poverty; where there is waste instead of economy; because their domestic life is a thing of low aims and petty ambitions, does not move equably toward order and happiness, and is unrelated to the suggestion that this life is but the human phase of the heavenly condition, where we shall form one harmonious family, moved by one aspiration, informed with never-failing love.

The Rothschilds deserve well of the Parisians. They spend their money royally. There is not, says a correspondent of the *San Francisco Argonaut*, a more hospitable house in the city than that of the Baron Alphonse in the Rue St. Florentin. The Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild—a daughter of the London branch of the family—is a charming woman and a perfect hostess, and, although a grandmama, has retained a fair amount of good looks. Baron and Baronne Adolphe de Rothschild give dinners of a dozen covers a week throughout the season, in the handsome dining-room on the first floor, which is opposite the picture-gallery, now and then also a more splendid entertainment (to which a large number of guests are invited) in the grand hall downstairs, and the mansion in the Parc Monceaux is often still ablaze with light hours after the gardens have been plunged in darkness. Authors, pressmen, artists and musicians are often bidden to these feasts. The Baroness Nathaniel is also a good friend and patron of literature and art, besides being an artist of no mean order herself. Her cousin, the Baroness Solomon, is a widow, and for many seasons past her house has only been open to a few private friends; but this year she sent out invitations for a grand ball, covered in part of her garden, installed an orchestra in the gallery of the great hall and opened up a series of crimson and white drawing-rooms worthy of a palace. Mlle. Helena de Rothschild is sole daughter of her house and home, and as such somewhat despotic. These festivities were given in her honor, and are, so they say, to be repeated in a week or so. The heiress is not after the usual pattern of young ladyism here. She has a suit of apartments of her own, eight horses for her separate use, is passionately fond of riding and driving, is in the habit of running down to Frascati's every now and then (under the chaperonage of a governess) and when in town entertains her girl friends quite independently of the baronne in her private dining-room, or in the salle d'armes—a room hung around with trophies of arms—which she particularly affects. *Home Journal*.

The Princess Lidi Dolgorouki, the daughter of the late Czar'smorganatic wife, has created a sensation in Berlin society by appearing in public as a violinist. A special to the *Mail* says, upon being reproached for disgracing herself, she replied that she did not consider it a disgrace, and that she had a royal relative in England who played on the fiddle.

Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park are the two great places of meeting for the London populace, when any political or social problem has excited them to assert the peculiarly British privilege of public speech. The latest exhibition of this character occurred the other day, when many thousands of men assembled to make a demonstration against the increased duties on spirits and beer, proposed by the chancellor of the exchequer. In a mob of this character there are three classes of citizens; the smallest is that having any interest in the proceedings; another is composed of a noisy element of rowdies and roughs, who want to have some fun and make it a little hot for the police; whilst the third and largest is the crowd, who merely go to see what is going on. The police are always in such small numbers as to be practically useless.

In the course of his recent Budget Speech the English Chancellor of the Exchequer told the House of Commons that he had received several hundred of proposals to tax cats, soda-water, photographs, bicycles, advertisements and even christian names. The last proposal is deliciously simple; it would embrace everybody without distinction, and each would contribute at baptism a share towards the defrayal of his country's expenses. But what would be the rate. A baby with the small name of John could not be charged as much as another named Jonathan. A penny per letter used in the name might answer, and it should apply to the Royal Family, who have more christian names each than would suffice the full members of an ordinary family. After all, taxation may be the right answer to Shakespeare's conundrum, "What's in a name?"

The Japanese government seem to be a very moral assembly; they would not permit a lottery of the unsold articles at the closing of the National Exhibition. Some of the first-class western powers might do well to analyze the reasons which prompted the Mongolian mind to such a course of morality. Taxes may be state robberies, but lotteries are state swindles and open theft is far preferable to Greek trickery.

The injury done in many a school-room by coarse, ill-natured sarcasms is incalculable. It is a cowardly, we had almost said brutal, thing for a grown man,—the gentler sex we may hope are not often guilty in this respect,—to take advantage of his superiority in knowledge or position, by indulging in ungenerous taunts and heartless sneers. Yet which of us has not often heard the thing done? Which of us has not to blush at the recollection of having ourselves sometime been guilty of the meanness?—*Canada School Journal*.

This is a meanness which flourishes in some of our Montreal schools. When a teacher ridicules the ignorance of a pupil he only proves his own ignorance of the first principles of his profession.

THE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE TO GIRLS.

The following is an extract from an article by Miss Elizabeth Cleveland; "I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you just now, while you read, girls, to flash before you, as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or to hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls, in this matter; to shudder at its weight, and to never cease trying to fulfil it. Doubtless you have heard a great deal about the value of your smiles; but do you know the value of your frowns? I wish I could make you feel the value of your frowns and the importance of knowing just what to frown upon. What a man must do by a blow a woman can do by a frown. When the time comes that the young man who now shares his time in your society and the saloons; who jokes about temperance in your presence, and takes a glass, socially, now and then, is made to feel that these things cannot be if you are to be his companion at party, ride or church; that good society cannot tolerate these things in its members; in short, that this kind of man is unfashionable and unpopular, then alcohol will tremble on its throne, and the liquor-traffic will hide its cancerous face."—*Portland Herald*.

A VERY FOOLISH BEAST.

Once upon a time a donkey fell into a deep hole, and after nearly starving, caught sight of a passing fox, and implored the stranger to help him out.

"I am too small to aid you," said the fox, "but I will give you some good advice. Only a few yards away is a big strong elephant. Call to him and he will get you out in a jiffy."

After the fox had gone the donkey thus reasoned: "I am very weak for want of nourishment. Every move I make is just so much additional loss of strength. If I raise my voice to call the elephant I shall be weaker yet. No, I will not waste my substance that way. It is the duty of the elephant to come without calling."

So the donkey settled himself back and eventually starved to death.

Long afterwards the fox, on passing the hole, saw within it a whitened skeleton, and remarked: "If it be that the souls of animals are transmigrated into men, that donkey will become one of those merchants who can never afford to advertise."

A BLUNDER.

"Yes, brethren," says the clergyman who was preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of twenty-four years." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobs the widow in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.