A Few Hints from Paris.

France is supposed to be the home of good manners. The average Parisian thinks that the Americans know absolutely nothing of polish, unless it might be the shoe or stove variety. And they think they know it all. Hence the absorbing interest which one cannot fail to take in French books on etiquette.

There is one, for instance, called 'Le Savoir-Vivre et la Politesse.' Which being literally translated means, 'The Know How To Live and Politeness.' Under this comprehensive title the editor Mr. Emile Guerin, provides advice for most of the emergencies which may arise from the cradle to the grave.

Inexperienced Americans may think Mr. Guerin goes too much into details. But the man who has lived in Paris would like to paste some of the gentleman's recommendations in the hat of almost every man and woman in that city.

The instructions he gives for behavior at the table, for instance, are so explicit and would make life so much more agreeable if the population of Paris could be prevailed on to follow them. The chapter is called 'The Know How to Live at the Table' and it is excellent. The book, by the way, is a serious one. It is not a joke. At least, it is not intended as one.

'At a dinner of friends,' says this oracle on behavior, 'the guest has many chances to be polite. As soon as a successful dish has been tasted by the other guests, he gives the signal for praises of it and neither does he spare his exclamations of admiration of the old wine served en extra. To eat a good dinner and find it good is simple politeness, though. To eat a bad dinner and keep still, that is the height of the know-how-to-live.

'Wipe your mouths, all you gentlemen with moustaches, but above all be careful not to breathe into your glass and then wipe it with your napkin. This isn't done except in cheap restaurants! A great General who was dining with a lady of the court had this mania for wiping his glass. Nothing had cured him of it. Finally the irritated hostess ordered the butler to take away all the glasses which the General had so carefully polished and put on others As soon as the General saw what had been done he cried in a voice of thunder:

'Ah, has madame invited me here to wipe the glasses?'

'He did not understand and continued to breathe into his glass and polish. But you, monsieur, who are not a great General, do not, I pray you, expose yourself to a similar lesson.

'And then there are people who, when they find a foreign substance in the food, hold it up and exhibit it to the company. This is impolite and absurd. You run the risk of disgusting the guests and annoying your hostess. You mustn't help yourself to bread, but ask the servant for it. You should not leave wine in your glass nor wipe your plate with a piece of bread

'Do not eat too fast, nor rattle the dishes, and it is very rude to talk to your neighbor in a voice too low or too loud or in a language the other guests do not understand.

'Suppose, for instance, that a young man is at the table with his superiors in his profession. It will be bad for him if he smacks his lips in eating rattles his knife and fork, gets gravy on the gown of his neighbor, breaks the bones, cracks the nuts with his teeth, tries the fruit with his fingers to find whether it is ripe or shows that he thinks the pieces of meat too small.'

As this happens to be a summary of the table manners of the average Frenchman there is more sense in including such advice in Mr. Guerin's book than Americans would think. Perhaps his next injunction is not so necessary, He does not seem to think so himself.

'I do not need,' he says, 'to tell you that it is the extreme of impropriety to put into your pocket any of the things served at the table. Also, well-bred people never get drunk when dining out. At the most they permit themselves only a little blush, as they say in Belgium.

'Our grandfathers used to sing over the dessert. This custom has gone out. Don't pick your teeth with your knife, which is untidy, nor even with a toothpick, which is not proper. Hide yourself so that nobody will see you do it.

'And when you get up from the table do not fold your napkin. Finally—an English custom which ought to be proscribed—do not steal away after dinner without saying anything. It is rude.'

The subject of teas is next taken up, from which it appears that these teas come off at intervals of one or two weeks, one invitation being good for the whole season. but the queer part of it is that the tea is served at 11 p. m. on 'a table called American.' These teas should not be attended by more than thirty persons, according to Mr. Guerin.

Next we come to the subject of dances and we learn that a gentleman 'should never squeeze his partner's hand nor talk into her ear,' that he must not put his arm around her waist, but, place his hand flat in the middle of her back'; and also that it is 'very bad form to dance without taking the hand of one's partner.' The young people are also cautioned not to look at themselves in the mirror when they are 'bowing, talking or dancing. Apparently they may look at themselves as they please at other moments.

One point in the chapter on 'Play' is interesting. Mr. Guerin says that in commencing a game of cards the dealer salutes the other players with a slight bow as he distributes the cards. He finishes the chapter with: 'Young ladies never play cards.'

When a girl makes a debut, 'the father gives her his arm and presents her to all his friends. For the ball she has a white toilette; for calling, a costume in black silk or of color, with a hat trimmed with roses; for receiving at home she wears pearl gray.' This leads to the important subject of marriage.

'A young man,' says the book on the know how-to live, 'wishes to marry. He has perhaps met in his circle a young girl whom he finds to his taste. What ought he to do? First sound the relatives of the girl to find out if they want to marry her, if there is any other engagement and what is the amount of her fortune.

'When the young man knows how things stand, he gets his relatives to make the proposal of marriage to the girl's father, or if he is not living, to her mother. The young girl never, under any pretext, takes part in these preliminary discussions.

'When the arrangements have been made, the young man's parents call upon those of the young girl and then, in the presence of the two families, takes place the first official interview between the future bride and groom. The marriage is announced as speedily as possible.

'A repast, called the bethrothal, is given by the girl's parents and this is returned by the young man's. All strangers are excluded. The ring is sent after the dinner, also a white boquet.

After the engagement is announced the family ceases to receive. Reception days are discontinued. The young girl does not go out at all. The fiance is received every day, though he should use his discretion about abusing this privilege.

The meetings between the young people take place in the presence of the girl's mother. As the marriage approaches this surveillance may be relaxed somewhat, but they are never left alone nor ever allowed to sit together on the same sofa.

'The civil marriage occurs a few days before the church ceremony. When the register is presented the wife signs first, then passes the pen to the husband, who says: 'Thank you, madame.' From that time, though she remains with her parents until after the church wedding she is called madame.

'The day of this final ceremony, the young man goes with his family to get his bride and carries her a white bouquet. The groomsman goes in a carriage for the bridesmaid, also carrying a white bouquet. They are accompanied in the carriage by her parents. The bride, her father and mother, ride in the first carriage. Then comes the bridegroom with his father and mother. Then the bridesmaid and groomsman, and after them the other relatives and friends.

The father leads the bride to the altar. They are followed by the bridegroom who escorts his mother. Next comes the mother of the bride and the father of the bridegroom At the altar the friends of the bride sit at the left, those of the groom at at the right.'

In Paris, the 'gay' city, there is more show of mourning than in any other city in the world. A widow wears mourning at least two years, this period being divided into three sections. The first year is that of deep mourning, accompanied by a long crepe veil which sometimes trails on the ground.

Then comes six months of what is called ordinary mourning and finally six months of half mourning. Even if a widow marries again she takes off her mourning for the day of wedding only putting it on again the following day. A widower wears mourning for a year only; six months deep and six months half.

'All mourning,' says Mr. Guerin, 'may be prolonged, but it is very bad taste to shorten it.'

A widow may not remarry inside of a year after her husband's death; but for a widower there is no fixed period of delay. He may console himself as soon as he chooses. Mourning paper must have a black border half an inch wide, but this border grows narrower with the successive periods of mourning. A husband, a wife, a father or mother do not attend the funeral of wife, husband or child respectively.

The directions for attaining a distinguished demeanor in the street are interesting. For example: polished and distingued persons walk straight ahead without turning to the persons who are passing and without looking in the windows. They look neither at the sky nor at the ground. but keep their gaze fixed on a point several steps straight in front of them. Always give the inside of the walk to women, children and old people.'

This custom, by the way, which is followed by some persons and not by others, results in the greatest confusion. No matter how wide a Paris walk may be the two streams of pedestrians always seem to be inextricably mixed up and an American is continually dodging about and fussing and fuming because he can't get through

This valuable little book gives a great of advice about other matters than those of etiquette. It tells how to treat children and recommends certain rules which would turn American homes upside down.

'Forbid to your daughter all reading of papers, magazines or novels. Novels nowadays should be prescribed without any distinction. Never take your daughter to the theatre without well knowing the piece to be played.'

In parenthesis it may be remarked that in that case the French mother would never take her daughter to the theatre, as in deed she almost never does. She takes her to the Opera Comique, which is a sort exhibition place of marriageable girls.

'As for your son, choose the plays he sees. Avoid farce, parody and operettas. They can only injure him. The circuses and concerts are the sole public places where your children may be taken without harm. It is the same thing with books. Never let your children read anything you do not select for them. Give them instructive books on history, geography and the sciences. You must accompany them to serious reading and not let them have frivolous or simply amusing things.'

'It doesn't sound gay, does it? Small wonder that when French girls and boys get to the time when they can do as they please they please often to do things which are frivolous and amusing and not so edifying as history and geography.

'Father,' concluded Mr. Guerin, 'never be a comrade to your son! This good comradeship is contrary to all your duty and his son loses his respect for you.'

American fathers will scarcely think highly of Mr. Guerin's book after this injunction, but they must remember that he is only French. And then, he was right about not wiping your glass with your napkin and not picking your teeth with your knife.

How the King's Civil List Money Goes.

The Civil List amounts to £385,000. This sum is divided as follows: Expenses of the household, £72,500; salaries of the household and retired allowances, £131,-260; royal bounty alms and special services £13,200; unappropriated £8,040; the monarch's Privy Purse, £60,000.

When we turn to the details of this expenditure we find that a great portion of it goes to provide sinecure offices at the expense of the people for a large number of superfluous members of the aristocracy of both sexes. Let us take a few items. First there is the Kitchen, which is managed by what is called the Board of Green Cloth, the steward of which is the Earl of Pembroke, whose salary out of the taxes is £2,000. The Master of the Household is another titled person. Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, who takes £1,158. The Comptroller is another aristocrat, Viscount Valentia, M. P., who takes £904. Then there is a treasurer, at present vacant to whose office another £904 attaches, All these sinecures are in the gift of the Government of the day. Of course, there are also connected with this kitchen department cooks and scullions and a 'First Gentleman Porter,' a 'Coroner of the Verge'—an ancient, but obsolete office for holding inquests on people who die suddenly or accidentally in the royal palaces—and other quaint survivals.

Out of the public purse again come such court officials as German secretary, Indian munshi and Indian attendants, French readers, Highland attendants, grooms in waiting, grooms of the privy chamber, grooms of the great chamber, marine painter, sculptor, laureate, pages of the black stairs, pages of the presence, state pages, barge master, keeper of the swans, sergeants-at-arms, gentleman at-arms, yeoman of the guard, master of the buckhounds, lord great chamberlain, hereditary grand falconer, whippers-in, gentlemen ushers, daily waiters, gentleman ushers of privy chamber, gentlemen ushers of quarterly waiters, master of the ceremonies, master of the music, mistress of the robes, ladies of the bedchamber, extra bedchamber women, maids of honor, groom of the robes, and many other highly salaried offices ranging from £2,000 a year downward. Thus the captain of the yeoman of the guard—another peer, Earl Waldegrave—receives £1,200 a year; the captain of the gentleman-at arms—Lord Belper—£1,-200; while the keeper of the crown jewels has £300 a year. Between them they divide £131,260 annually of public money.

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CANADA IN BOSTON.

A Club's Good Work in the United States—The Annual Dinner.

In the year 1889, the many Canadians attending Harvard University decided to form a Canadian Club. The affair after being talked about for some time, at last took definite shape and an organization was formed which immediately took root and met with most unexpected success, until today it has become to be looked upon as one of the leading clubs of its kind in the United States. The gentlemen who met a dozen years ago and started the movement that has turned out so successfully, and is such a benefit particularly socially to Canadians visiting Massachusetts Universities, embraced many New Brunswick boys. Among them were Prof. W. F. Ganong the well known scientist, Prof. F. W. Nicolson, a distinguished graduate of Mount Allison, A. W. MacRae, well known in connection with many colleges and an alderman of St. John, J W. Bailey and H. G. Fenety of Fredericton, recent graduates of New Brunswick's University, C. S. Skinner and S. M Skinner sons of Recorder Skinner of St. John as well as several others from Upper Canada at the time in attendance at Harvard. These gentlemen had the credit of starting a Canadian club. Many Harvard professors native Canadians joined heart and soul in the undertaking and it was decided that besides the usual social gatherings, the club should hold an annual dinner This yearly gathering, small at first has grown until at the present time it has become a social meeting of the first magnitude, attended by the leading men of Boston and the vicinity. Last week the annual dinner was given in Capley Square Hotel, Boston, and was a leading event in the social world. Prof. Roberts, the well known Canadian writer, and son of Canon Roberts of Fredericton, was not only honored by being the leading guest of the occasion, but the handsome menu cards, as a compliment to Canada's standing in the literary world, was ornamented by the poet's picture. The American papers describe the whole affair as one of great credit, and Prof. Roberts' remarks given no small attention. The Boston Herald in its description of the many speeches made gives the following report of Prof. Robert's admirable address.

"Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts was then introduced and had a warm reception. It seems to me, he said, that coming here to the Canadian club of Boston, I have a right to speak to you more personally than I would anywhere else, because this club is made up so largely of men from my own part of the world—brother 'blue noses' from Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick. I cling, by the way, in parenthesis, to the term 'blue nose,' which on account of its historic associations, is a great honor to all who come from those maritime provinces. I dare say some of my brother 'blue noses' who are here do not know of the important division which exists among the 'blue noses.' Of course, we all 'Canucks.' But among 'Canucks' there are special divisions—the 'blue noses' are one special subdivision, and no small one. Then among 'blue noses' there are special divisions. The original Nova Scotians were the original 'blue noses.' There are Brunswickers who are the 'buckwheat blue noses.' Finally in Prince Edward's Island our brother 'blue noses' are 'red foot blue noses'—a term which perpetuates the memory of their rich and unfailingly fertile soil.

After making some remarks regarding New York city as a literary centre, the speaker went on to describe his feelings for the United States. It is better, he said, for both peoples, in my opinion, that they should be preserved intact, and that the two branches of the race shall come as closely together as possible, should be ready to stand together against the world and should at all times and on all occasions remember that blood is thicker than water.

And now as to Canadian literature. This literature—leaving out my own name—is one of which any country ought to be proud. In literature Canada has won for herself a position which does her credit, and has done this while confronted by tremendous responsibilities and problems. Why, I found the other day that some of the French writers are translating Canadian writers into French, and when France does that it is paying us a decided compliment, because France is very careful about praising any country she recognizes as having 'arrived.' For a young country like ours to be so recognized is a triumph—a Canadian triumph.

Again, when I was in London, the greatest of living critics, as I believe, said: Why you fellows in Canada are doing, in my judgment, the best work being done by the young men now writing in our English speech. When he had said this, Mr. Swinburne, added: 'Undoubtedly you Canadians are doing splendid things in every direction. Your work in literature is sincere and less self-conscious than anything that is being done in the rest of the empire, and it is only a part of the great work that Canada is doing.' 'Canada,' he added, 'is educating the empire; Canada is the heart of the new imperialism.' Then from Kipling came another encouraging word. 'You fellows,' he said, 'somehow write as if you were not tired.'

Canadian literature, continued the speaker, though at present in its infancy, is distinguished by some of the great qualities. It is characterized by sincerity. Its writers bring to the study of nature an absolute freshness. It has seen things in nature which neither Wordsworth nor Emerson have touched upon. It has not yet devoted itself very deeply or very largely to the study of man, but that will certainly come.

Prof. Roberts finally recited 'The Stranding of the Ship' and other compositions of his own. He was loudly applauded.'