

without any mark of respect or recognition. So he resolved to take the initiative himself; and, when one evening a long line of men were returning from their work, he raised his shovel hat and bowed to each most respectfully in turn. He was, however, not a little mortified when not one deigned to acknowledge his salute, although by the time they had all passed, the worthy man had nearly reached the ground. His courtesy was certainly excessive, and this was a case of casting pearls before swine. Such a thing could not have happened in France. Any-one who has seen much of French life must have been often struck with the contrast to English manners, or want of manners, displayed by all sorts and conditions of people in both town and country. The French peasants or operatives will generally lift their caps when they meet the women of their acquaintance, and address them as "Madame" or "Mademoiselle;" whilst the *cures* are most punctilious in greeting their parishioners as if they were ladies and gentlemen, raising their hats or birettas half-mast high—attentions which are always respectfully and duly responded to. Amongst the upper classes the old custom of raising the hat on entering a public conveyance or a shop, or when meeting a lady on the stairs of an hotel, seems to be gradually dying out, though the best-bred Frenchman are still very scrupulous about these matters. Such laws of etiquette are, indeed, not a little irksome at first to independent Britons; but compliance with them is sure to be repaid by the kindness and civility we receive in return.—*Exchange*.

### HARD TIMES.

"Hard times come again no more."

Pshaw, we all sing it, but do we know what hard times are? We sing it while we eat beefsteak, oysters, and three kinds of bread at the same meal; we shout it while we smoke cigars; we think of it while we comfortably stretch our legs on brussels carpets before a blazing grate, with well dressed sons and expensively clad daughters around us. We groan it while we read our morning and evening papers; we dream it in our soft, springy beds; we shout it through our telephones, and ring the changes on it as we take our summer outing or run "centuries" on \$100 bicycles.

Hard times! bewails the finely clad wife as she elbows her way along the bargain counter.

Hard times! moans the clean-shaven husband as a press of the button sheds the electric light over his at-home friends—and yet these days we don't know what hard times are.

We think we do—but we don't.

The writer is reminded of papa's remembrances, where, in one of the richest parts of this great country of ours, that a whole town of some 2,000 inhabitants possessed less than \$500 in money.

All exchange was by barter. Among the best and richest families beefsteak was a once a week visitor, round beef a luxury, oysters an unheard of dainty; corn bread was the usual thing; the cheap pipe tobacco, was a dissipation, cold bedroom, scant wood fires, calico then what silks are to-day; 6x8 window panes were helped out by hats, rags and old papers; a weekly paper was an extravagance and served two families; ingrain carpets scarce and brussels not heard of.

Beds were slatted or corded, and the sole vacation was a ride (not over brick pavement) to the annual picnic in the one-horse shay.

The men worked from sun-up to sunset—the women worked all the time. Do any of our readers recall those days? Yet it is doubtful if there was in those days such a universal spirit of unrest and discontent, such a consort of growling—as to-day. Is it fair? Are we grateful? Can we afford to waste time in bewailing the slowness of prosperity when fate is so easy with us.

Let us put aside these ugly tempers of ours—smile at the shadows—all sunshine makes the desert. Look toward the sun; drink in its beauties, and talk and think business confidence. Let us shut our eyes to trouble, and if all would do so times would be good.

Aunt Sarah (to nephew from the city)—Is Uncle Cyrus through milking, Teddy? Teddy—Not quite. He's finished two faucets and has just begun on the other two.

"Isn't he a funny insect?" said Wallie, looking at the centipede as it walked across the floor. "Awfully funny. Looks like a parade, doesn't he?" said Mollie. "Yes," replied Wallie, "He must have been well drilled to march so well."

Deacon—Boys! boys! you shouldn't play marbles to-day. Sunday's a day of rest, you know. "Yes, sir, we knows it, but we ain't tired, sir."