

THE FLANEUR.

Two maiden sisters who were well up in years had to testify before a Court of Justice. The presiding officer knew them well from childhood. The younger, who was a good natured, unpretentious creature, in response to the usual inquiry, gave her age as thirty-seven. The elder was a coquette, and appeared in the box, befrizzled and beribboned as if in search of conquests.

"Your age, if you please, miss."
"Thirty-three, sir," with a blush and a simper.
The judge smiled under his grey moustache, and bending over to the clerk, said:
"Take it down carefully. The oldest is the younger of the twain."

Don't laugh at the dear old maids. Old bachelors are not a bit better. One of these, who had fallen into the tricking of toilet dyes, was rummaging in the lumber room and turned up a portrait of himself long forgotten. He looked at it and rather fancied it. He called his man John.

"What do you think of this portrait?"
"It is like, but was taken long ago."
"How do you mean?"
"When Master had grey hairs and grey beard!"

Our excellent new Irish daily contemporary in this city is bound to succeed, if success depends upon talent. Its chief editor is a scholarly writer, its city editor is a journalist of experience, its commercial department is accurate and reliable, its news staff is efficient, and its business management appears sound. But it has another element of success. It has a witty reporter.

In company, the other day, some one wound up a discussion with the novel and philosophical remark:

"O! pshaw, there's nothing new under the sun."
"That may be," broke in this audacious youth, "but there is something new in the *Sun*," and he pulled a copy out of his pocket.
That reporter ought to get an increase of salary.

There was great excitement in the streets last week. Had Bismarck imprisoned another bishop? Had Cartwright imagined another financial stroke? Had somebody swallowed a chicken bone? No. But the *Gazette* had perpetrated a joke. Impossible. Yes, here it is in black and white:

"The *Witness* informs us that the *Herald* has counted the professional organ grinders in the city, and discovered that they were twenty-five."
"Twenty-five and two make twenty-seven."

Our friend Harper can turn over now, and sleep for another year.

A distinction without a difference.
There was question of a third party being connected with a certain trick of trade.
"Oh, he is above that kind of thing."
"Yes, but is he below it?"

Our Presbyterian friends, from all parts of the Dominion, were welcome visitors last week, but it was something of a puzzle to find out to what sections of the Church they belonged.

"I can't make it out," says Jones. "There's Synod this, in one Church, and Synod that, in t'other, and...."
"O, never mind," replied Smith, "it's all one now!"

A newspaper man enters a cigar shop with the air of a Lieutenant-Governor. He asks for the choicest Partagas. The box is set before him. He dives into it and draws a handful. Lighting one, and putting the others in his pocket, he walks out as grandly as he came. An unsophisticated youth, sitting at the door, sees the operation, but can't understand it.

"Why did n't you make that fellow pay?"
"O, he pays me in puffs."

The St Johns *News* says that new vegetables come in sparsely. It protests that no pun is intended. For the sake of my friend's reputation, I am willing to believe him, but let him not try it again.

I read in one of the papers, this morning, that Peter Mitchell was on the rampage. This delighted me. I knew that Peter had grievances and had the spirit to resent them. As leader of the Left Centre in the House, he has shown his pluck more than once. Now is another chance, thought I, in the Fisheries Commission business which he was refused. What was my disgust, on reading further, to find that Peter Mitchell was only a bar-keeper.

There is a certain curly yellow dog who has a suspicious liking for the environs of the St. Lawrence Hall. He invites familiarity, but I would advise you to beware of him. Especially don't read what is on his collar. A friend of mine came to grief through his curiosity.

"What's that dog's name?"
"Look on his collar."
My friend stooped and read these words:
"Whose pup are you?"
He dropped that dog without a word, looked steadily into the street, and whistled a tune.

ALMAVIVA.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

THE tresses of a young lady of Baden, Beaver County, Pa., are said to be six feet eight inches in length. This is thought to be the longest human hair in the United States, and the young lady intends sending it to the Centennial.

A YOUNG lady after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man" exclaimed, "Bless me, if such a thing were ever to happen, what would become of the women?" "What would become of the poor man?" was the remark of an old bachelor.

MISS McFLIMSEY says fashionable bathing-suits should be made with an overskirt looped up behind, and trimmed with a narrow ruffle headed by narrow braid. Bear this in mind, all ye who fain would be included among the upper ten thousand.

DID it ever occur to you what the meaning of "No cards," and "No cake," appended to a marriage announcement means? It is simply the exclamation of the editor thrown in, in a spiteful way, to show that he was not remembered.

LADIES do not like the reply of Michael Angelo to a priest, a friend of his, who reproached him for not being married, so that he could leave his masterpieces to his children. "My dear friend," said the artist, "I have a wife who has always tormented me; she is Painting when she is not Sculpture, and my works are my children."

THE newest sashes are made entirely of beads worked on black *gros grain* ribbon. They are intended to be worn with black silk costumes, and although rather overwhelming and heavy, are certainly very effective and brilliant in either sun or gaslight. The idea, of course, is credited to Worth. Probably he never heard of them.

A LADY is now living in Council Bluffs, Ia., who was once famous, and who had the honor of adding a new word to the English language. Mrs. Bloomer, nearly thirty years ago, abandoned the hideous costume which bears her name, and took refuge in a longer, ampler, and prettier, if not more convenient skirt.

A YOUNG lady on Madison avenue, who had previously led a most uneventful life, lately took a short walk, in the course of which she met the most hideous woman wearing the loveliest dress, the dearest duck of a fellow with the sweetest moustache, the most horrible mud-puddle, the nicest weather, and the rudest man she had ever seen, known or heard of.

"Yes, you may come again next Sunday evening, Horace dear, but"—and she hesitated.
"What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent.
"You did n't mean to, I'm sure," she responded, "but next time please do n't wear one of those collars with the points turning outward; they scratch so."

THIS is a passage from a Boston reporter's account of a meeting of the Radical Club; "Then a matron made for kisses, in the loveliest of dresses, and with eyes that shone more brightly than the diamonds that she wore, spoke in tones of lute-like sweetness, words of such exceeding fitness, phrases of such happy neatness, that we clapped our hands for more, as with grace she left the floor."

THE following is a man's opinion: The female lip that has been profaned by the touch of any man, unless it be a relation, ought to lose all honor and respect. What remains for the husband if the lips—the very outlet to the soul—have mingled their breath of life with others? When a lady becomes prodigal of her kisses we are instantly forced into one of two conclusions, that either she holds her virtue by a very slender thread or that she is incapable of drawing the nicer distinctions, which is one of the characteristics of a pure woman.

SOME of the women are in ecstasies over the pull-back-style of the dresses nowadays. Says one of them: Rejoice with me that my sex once more dares to show Adam the woman—not a bundle of rags, but the form divine in its beauty and grace, and pray with me that the day is not far distant when the legs, now tied back, be emancipated, the arms, now trussed like a fowl, be allowed to move to the melody of bodily motion, and through the recovered laws of health, a new woman-constitution formed, to which she shall cling with Andy Johnson tenacity for ever and ever.

A CELEBRATED dressmaker of the Rue Louis-le-Grand, was told to provide a parasol for a certain costume. Mr. H. sent the material to an unknown parasol-maker living at the farther end of the Rue Lafargette. This woman, though distant from the world of fashion, had the intelligence of a true *artiste*, and her woman's taste rejoiced to handle the ample and rich materials sent to her. In the trade she was known as a first class worker, but her out-of-the-way position kept her aloof from high-class customers. However, she sent back her parasol when completed, and with such a wonderfully graceful bow on her parasol that the lady for whom it was intended immediately ordered the like for all her other parasols. Fortunately Mr. H. was an honest man, and he gave the parasol-maker's address, and now no parasol is considered *chic* unless it has an Arrault bow on it—(pronounced arrow)—and truly no arrow ever hit a woman's heart more truly than has done this bow. The Princess M—, Countess P—, Duchess M—, all had their parasols trimmed with an Arrault bow. If the Arrault likes to set up her bow on the boulevards now her fortune is made.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A BEAUTIFUL TRAIT.—One beautiful trait in a true woman's character is her invariable readiness to smooth her husband's temperament, even if she has to do it with an aching heart.

A CHANGE OF TONE.—How soon some women change their minds respecting their husbands. Mrs. Spinn was for ever telling her husband that he was n't worth the salt in his bread, but when he got killed in a railway collision she sued the company for a thousand pounds.

HANDSOME EYES.—Handsome eyes should be bright, but not of a glittering shine like a snake's eye; clear, yet not sharp as a knife's blade; soft and moist, yet not languishing. The expression of our eyes is a great deal under our own control. To us is given the power to make them soft, gentle and loving, or sharp, cross and ugly, as we cultivate our dispositions; for the eye is the index of the heart, and out of its depths lurk the sweet passions of the soul or the reverse.

CHEERFULNESS.—The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in the road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with if man had the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit and a heart to praise heaven for its mercies, we may walk therein with comfort and come to the end of our journey in peace.

YESTERDAY.—The joys, the sorrows, and the trials of yesterday—all are past. We have filled another page in our life-book, and hasten on, perhaps, alas! only to blot the next with tears of regret for the deficiency of its predecessor. But what we have written is unchangeable, "whether it be good or whether it be evil;" its effects will continue into eternity, and will determine our status in the future world. Then, while we still have the pen of life within our hold, should we not use it to record noble deeds, kindly words and thoughts, that our remaining yesterdays may be pleasant readings for the future.

MARRIAGE.—The marriage ceremony is the most interesting spectacle social life exhibits. To see two rational beings in the glow of youth and hope, which invests life with a halo of happiness, appear together, and acknowledge their preference for each other, voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and call heaven and earth to witness the sanctity of their vows; to think of the endearing relation, and the important consequences which are to flow from it, as they walk side by side through life, participating in the same joys, the sharers of each other's sorrows; that the smiles which kindle to ecstasy at their union must at length be quenched in the tears of the survivor; to consider all this, the epitome of the whole circle of human sympathies and interests, awakens the deepest and holiest feelings of the heart.

LADIES' FASHIONS.—The fashions may now be considered definitively decided on for the season, and, though there are certain rules which must not, on any excuse, be transgressed, so many varieties of styles and shapes, trimmings and facons, are in vogue at the same moment, that a great liberty of choice is left. There is one rule of the most absolute necessity to observe—namely, that though white bodices to coloured skirts may be worn indoors (when, by-the-by, they should be always accompanied by some corselet or revers of the same skirt), they are perfectly inadmissible out of doors under any circumstances whatever. Walking-dresses are also made with loose trains, which can be gracefully looped, so as to be only an inch or two on the ground out of doors, and left their full length at home. Open bodices and sleeves to the elbow are very convenient for this purpose, as the plastron and the under-sleeve are easily added to convert the toilette into a walking costume. The extra train, put on as a deep flounce, is very elegant and effective. Trains are collisettes for about twelve inches from the waist. For long skirts, minus the extra train, the back breadths made into three broad perpendicular puffings, with scarves across the front breadths, is a very elegant and dressy facon. Though the polonaise is discontinued for dressy toilettes, such as fête or ceremonious visiting, still many of our leading dressmakers are making them for other purposes; they are too becoming to the figure, as well as convenient to wear, to be easily discarded. White muslin bodices, very elegantly trimmed, will be much worn for indoor afternoon dress, with corselets to match the dress. For morning dress a perfectly new material has been introduced from London, that has created quite a furore among our greatest elegantes. It is called "Antique Linen," and is a very firm, soft material, admirably adapted for polonaises, or tunics with basque bodices, and jackets and tunics. The colour is a mixture of white and unbleached linen, in a great variety of elegant checked and damasque patterns. Navy blue linen, embroidered in white, will also be much worn for morning toilettes, and with a tunic and sleeveless cuirasse of the "Antique Linen," would make a very elegant and by no means too expensive costume. Ecru tussorees, embroidered in colour, will be very much worn; and the same material, or fine brown holland, trimmed with broderie anglaise over colour, will be in great request. For ball-dresses, these garnitures are finished with a cordon of flowers; the edge of the basque trimmed to correspond. The top of the low bodice, should in this case, have a cordon of flowers, with larger bunch in the centre; from this comes a long

spray that crosses the bodice, fastens with a touffe on the basque, and hangs in long trails on the skirt. Ball-dresses, in fact, demand great taste and tact, for they are ornamented so profusely that the least mistake gives them an outré and exaggerated appearance. The purest taste demands that the flowers worn should only be those in season at the time. The same rule obtains for bonnets and head-dresses; the former are generally raised in front, with a quantity of trimming under the passe; the crown flat or loose and the trimmings pendant at the back.

A GREAT "AMINA."

A very remarkable singer has been found in Mlle. Varesi, if one may judge from the following notice in the critical London *Athenæum*: Another *Amina* has come to take rank with those few artists who have enchanted audiences either by a perfect style of singing or by dramatic vigor. We have seen the gifted Spaniard, Malibran, with her impetuous acting and her vocal power; we remember our own Miss Romer, with her fine organ and irresistible energy; we have heard the Italian vocalist, Madame Persiana, with her exquisite method and brilliant vocalization; and after these came the Swedish nightingale, who took the town by storm with her high notes, and presented the "Sonnambula" so quaintly and so poetically. And now there is a young Italian singer at Her Majesty's Opera who has delineated an *Amina* with simple and earnest feeling, who has abstained from all exaggeration in situations full of passion and despair, and has displayed a degree of perfection in executing the melodious music of Bellini that has never been surpassed, and that is unequalled by any *prima donna* now in London. The *Amina* of Mlle. Varesi, is, on the whole, superior even to her *Lucia*. She entranced her hearers last Tuesday night by the depth and reality of her expression, yet the spell was produced with an organ which is without volume and is deficient in power. Mlle. Varesi belongs to the grand school of singing. Finish, delicacy, feeling, and refinement, she has in abundance. Her voice, if weak, is thoroughly sympathetic; her intonation is faultless. Mlle. Varesi, like M. Salvini, begins with subdued tones, and her singing rises in interest and influence as the incidents of *Amina's* career are brought out, so that when the vocal difficulties of the *finale* are reached the greatness of her power is palpable. Never has the *largo* of *Amina's scena* been declaimed with more penetrating intensity—a whisper might have been heard in the house during its delivery, but the solemn silence was broken at the close of the *cantabile*. "Ah! non credea," when *Amina* appeals to the withered flowers as emblematical of her own misery. When the *rondo* came, and the "Ah! non guinge" *roulades* had to be poured forth, the skill and enthusiasm of the artist were irresistible, and the proverbial apathy of occupants of stalls and boxes gave place to plaudits and recalls, such as reminded us of the Jenny Lind *furore* in the same *bravura*. The Italian representative of *Amina* stands almost alone in the precision of her executive passages, so replete with taste, grace, and variety. In ornamentation she shows her superiority. Her *cadenzas* include the most intricate feats of scale-singing; the shake is perfect, and her facility of drawing a long breath enables her to sustain notes in which she does not merely swell the tone to a *fortissimo* but has the power of diminishing the sounds with wire-drawn sweetness. The science of vocal ornament is illustrated to its fullest extent—the attack of intervals, the chromatic runs up and down, and the distinct articulation of groups of notes. It was, indeed, an exhibition of *bravura* execution as rare as it is remarkable.

HUMOUROUS.

SERGEANT BATES is advised to try to carry the Papal flag through Germany.

"Two soles that eat as one," remarked the boy to his mother, as she was dealing with him for his sins with both slippers at once.

"I AM having myself taken in oil," said a well-known physician, complacently looking round. "Cod-liver, I suppose," growled an experienced patient.

"TIME softens all things," except the young man who parts his hair in the middle, and whistles on the street ears. Nothing can make him any softer than he is.

'Tis the first spring mosquito
Heard humming alone,
His thirsty companions
Will be here anon.

THE following verse was once inscribed on a church in Halifax, N. S., the basement of which had been used as a wine saloon:

There's a spirit above, and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

LITTLE BESSIE is the daughter of a clergyman of Freeport, Me. Not long since, when her father was away, and she was playing in the yard, a stranger came along and inquired if the minister was at home. "No," she replied, "but mother is in the house and she will pray for you, you poor miserable sinner." He passed on.

A CLERGYMAN being applied to in less than a year after his appointment to put a stove in the church, asked how long his predecessor had been there, and when answered twelve years, he said: "Well, you never had a fire in the church during his time?" "No, sir," replied the applicant, "but we had fire in the pulpit then."

JONES went to a theatre the other evening. The play was bad, the acting worse. On all sides Jones's friends were hissing both. "You take it comfortably," said a friend to Jones. "I came in with an order, and I do n't feel at liberty to express an adverse opinion," was the reply. Presently, however, Jones rose hurriedly, indignation in every line of his face. "By Jove, I must go out and pay!" he exclaimed.