

### HERE AND THERE.

THE advent of warm weather and the disappearance of snow from the thoroughfares has brought out numbers of ladies *en promenade*, or upon the more prosaic wheels which have now supplanted "runners." The "merry jingle of the sleigh-bell" is gone—and that same music, by the way, is apt to pall upon the most imaginative after some four months' iteration. The occasional glimpses of sun with which we have been favoured during the past few days have had an almost miraculous effect upon the appearance of King and Yonge Streets. Ladies appear to be determined to emerge from the chrysalis state of sealskin and rubbers into brighter dress, and a short continuance of spring weather will bring gladness and dismay to the dry-goods merchants and paterfamilias respectively.

THERE is nothing remarkable to chronicle regarding the winter season just past. The number of balls and dinner parties given in Toronto previous to the advent of Lent was quite up to the average. With regard to dinner parties, there is still too great a tendency to provide a long and heavy *menu*, instead of adopting the English *menu*, which grows lighter every day. The American fashion of crowding the tables with flowers seems unfortunately to be creeping into practice on this side. When overdone it becomes vulgar, and adds unnecessarily to the expense, whereas what Canadian hosts require is that these entertainments should be made cheap. They have imitated far too much the heaviest and most expensive styles of England, and the result is restriction in the number of dinner parties, for few people can afford profusion, and rather than be behind their neighbours they give no parties at all.

TOBOGGANING has been quite a feature of the season, and many moon-light parties have been organized for the exciting sport. A music society, which was formed to meet in the afternoons at the houses of the various members, has been very successful. A reading club was also inaugurated, but soon showed a tendency to degenerate into a succession of evening parties. Probably a reading club, to be successful, should consist of a few well-selected ladies and gentlemen who really care for the reading. If too large, such meetings become ordinary evening parties. People come late, and little attention is given to the readings.

THE so-called "Kettledrums" of the season have degenerated. The original English "Kettledrum" was a meeting of from six to ten persons in the afternoon, with music, perhaps reading, and conversation over a cup of tea. The thing which now bears that name is simply an evening crush given in the afternoon, where a lot of people go and stand in a hot room, tired to death, talk about things they don't care a straw about to an accompaniment of feeble music, and partake perhaps of refreshments that nobody particularly wants at that hour. It is the cheapest and easiest way of receiving all your friends—the sort of thing Sir George Lewis thought of when he said the world would be "pleasant enough if it were not for its pleasures."

THERE has not been much in the way of private theatricals going on in Toronto. This form of entertainment can never become very popular; it is difficult and troublesome to get up. Ladies have abundance of time in which to learn their parts, but the committing to memory of a long part is a great tax upon gentlemen in business. Neither is the distribution of the various parts easy or unaccompanied by heart-burnings. Generally everybody thinks he or she has got the wrong part. And all this trouble is for one evening's entertainment.

As others see us: With a sensational heading—"Seeds of Secession in the Province of Ontario"—the *Boston Globe* thus writes, under date March 18th:—

The Dominion Government of to-day seems blindly determined to repeat the disastrous experiment tried by the British Government of a hundred years ago. The Provinces of Manitoba and Ontario have long been discontented, and are now on the verge of secession, but the Dominion Government persists in its arbitrary course, and is rapidly provoking the people of the Province to the point of declaring their independence. Railroad monopoly is at the bottom of the trouble. The Province of Ontario has built about 2,000 miles of railway at a cost of \$14,000,000, and the Dominion now assumes the right to seize these roads and hand them over to the monopoly. Roads which were built under express stipulation that they should remain independent have already been absorbed by the Canadian Pacific, and the people are not in a mood to stand any more interference by the Dominion on behalf of that corporation. The prospects are that stupid tyranny will lose to England two more American provinces before long. When Manitoba and Ontario conclude to cut loose, they will not lack sympathizers south of the border.

A MEASURE has been brought before the South Carolina Legislature with the object of taxing pistols heavily. And so the "Gamecock State," as some of her rebellious sons and daughters once loved to call her, has taken up arms against a weapon which has left abundant traces of blood upon the pages of her stormy and diversified history. It is highly signifi-

cant of the utter disrepute into which the duel has fallen that the Palmetto State recognizes the time has arrived when a ready recourse to the pistol must be repressed and discouraged among her impetuous sons. Captain Basil Hall once suggested that, instead of the palmetto, the citizens of South Carolina should adopt the pistol for their typical symbol. At that time (1827) duels of the most sanguinary description were of constant occurrence, and adult white males were forbidden by law even to attend church upon Sunday without carrying a pistol or a musket, so as to be ready for immediate action in the event of a sudden rising among the slaves. In fact the pistol has played so conspicuous a part in the chronicles of this State that her sons might well be excused if they regarded it with the veneration bestowed upon his "saw-handed tool" by Charles Lever's Colonel Considine.

"CULVERIN" writes: "Was Leonardo da Vinci, the Director-General of Artillery in Cæsar Borgia's army, familiar with dynamite as a material of legitimate warfare? In his well-known letter soliciting employment under Ludovic the Moor of Milan, 1483 or thereabouts, he says: 'If through the height of the walls or the strength of the position of any place it cannot be effectually bombarded, I have means of destroying such fortress provided its foundations are not made on rock.' As gunpowder was in everyday use, Leonardo must have been acquainted with an explosive of more force and less bulk, and that exploded downwards. This is a conundrum for Battery B."

WITH reference to the question of the suicide of dogs, a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Budget* writes as follows:—"A dog of a rough Scotch breed belonged to a neighbour of mine, who lived next door to me. This dog was often kicked and ill-treated by a German man-servant of his, and this I saw take place in the back yard. I did not know my neighbour, and therefore felt reluctant to tell him of his servant's misconduct. I may be to blame in this, but that is not the question now. One day the dog went upstairs to the second floor and jumped out of the open window into the yard. I enclose my name and address, and can vouch for the facts exactly as I have narrated them."

M. CLEMENCEAU, as one of the results of his visit to England, is strongly impressed with the healthy hatred in which three things—the "quack," the "humbug," and the "snob,"—are held by Englishmen. On being asked what a "snob" is, he gave the following definition, which is on all fours with that of Thackeray. He said: "An individual who would enjoy living in a dirty hole provided it had a fine frontage, and who is absolutely incapable of valuing moral or mental greatness unless it is first admired by big people."

M. PHILIPPE DARYL, from whose *La Vie Publique en Angleterre* some extracts were recently given in this journal, allows his enthusiasm to get the better of his judgment in expressing his admiration for English journalism. He gives the following amusing eulogy of Mr. Forbes, the famous war correspondent:

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the type of a class, is always and at any moment at the disposal of his editor-in-chief. He has at his house, always ready, two campaigning equipments, one for winter or cold countries, the other for summer or hot countries. Arms, clothing, camp equipages, saddlery, everything is there, even to a purse filled with gold, even to passports and letters of credit upon all the capitals. A telephonic order comes from Fleet street, and off he goes for Zanzibar, for India or for Russia.

THE recent discovery of a boy possessed of a tail, or what appears to be the stump of one, in the State of Paraguay, has given fresh life to the theories of which the late Dr. Darwin was an exponent: namely, that the lords of creation, by the quadrumanal system, were descended from the noble race of simiæ. The unfortunate Isle of Man, that pleasantly situated spot in the midst of the Irish Channel, is thus again made the point of disputation amongst disciples of deceased naturalists. Two reasons have prominently brought the above-mentioned island into mention in connection with this discussion. It is well known to possess a breed of cats which, like the Guinea pig, have no caudal appendage; but that circumstance may reasonably be accounted for. In the northern parts of Africa, as well as in Spain, the so-called Barbary cats have no tails, and as many of the ships of the Armada were wrecked in the Irish Channel, it is natural to suppose that one or more cats (and a ship is rarely without some on board) may, with their proverbial nine lives, have reached the island, and have propagated a breed found in no other part of the British Isles. However, the derivation of the name "Man" in connection with the isle is the chief point of argument. The island was known to the ancients as "Mona," and Darwinians might jump to the conclusion that it was so called from the Spanish word *mona*, a monkey. It has frequently been called the