

the latter is a mixture of absurdity and discomfort. She does not understand why a man's shoulders and chest and neck should be shingled any more than a woman's waist weather-boarded. In both cases that indispensable requisite to health and comfort—flexibility—is sacrificed to a false and spurious taste. The idea suggested is that of a mixture, part garment, part iron coffin, and both men and women are sad caricatures of humanity. She is of opinion that a man's throat requires and should have no clothing but his beard; and his garments should never fit so closely around the neck as to prevent the escape of heated air arising from the body. An athlete, to become such, bares his neck and bosom to sun and wind; and the man whose chest is buried under a marble slab the hottest day in summer is about certain to become a dyspeptic. But, as if this were not enough, they must needs exclude light and air from their parboiled bodies by wearing heavy black broadcloth suits while the thermometer is in the nineties, all the same as those worn when it is in the twenties. But according to her, the most absurd part of a man's attire is his head-gear—the unaccountable things he wears on the top of his head, alike in a prairie-storm or an over-heated railroad car. The baldness of about one-third at forty does not teach them anything! They go on sacrificing hair and head to hat; and a shiny, still, air-tight steeple on his cranium is the crowning glory of a man's life. Sensible Jane!

THERE is question in the United States Senate of abolishing the whole diplomatic service, and of hereafter conducting all international business through the consuls. The reason is that diplomatic service is considered an useless expense. This is very true. The men sent out to the various European Courts have not usually been the best American types, and, in most instances, have not known a word of French, which is the recognized diplomatic tongue. In South America and elsewhere American representatives have often been broken-down political hacks, and some of them have even been accused of serious crimes. Let Americans have a school of diplomacy, as in Europe, where young men can work their way up to the summit, and they will then learn the usefulness of the institution.

The truth always leaks out sooner or later. From returns on file in the War Department at Washington, it appears that, at Antietam, Lee's whole force was only 35,255 men, while McClellan had 87,000 men in action—a proportion of more than two to one. From the same official sources we learn that, at Gettysburg, the Confederates numbered 62,000 and the Federals 112,000—exactly two to one. Under Grant the disparity was still greater. Thus the brute force of overwhelming numbers alone bore down the South. The same cause accounts for the defeat of France in 1870, and of the Turks in 1877-78. Where is the real glory of the victors?

THE FREE LANCE.

That won't do, Henry G. You can't get out of it that way. You stated distinctly two things: I. That the river would not take in January. II. That there would be little snow and cold this month, and that the latter part would be all "slush."

Now the facts are:

I. That the river has taken in January.

II. That we had very cold snaps in this month, and the only "slush" was the usual January thaw, which it required no prophet to predict for us, as we all knew it would come.

The Digby election produced the following avalanche:

Grit efforts of no avail.

The Tories have pre-vailed.

Let us draw a Vail.

The Vail has been changed into a Wail.

The Government is going down the Vail of destruction.

Digby un-vailed.

The last is Sir John A. Macdonald's, at Galt, and is the only decent one of the lot.

Get ready your Windsor uniforms.

Alderman Stephens has resigned on account of his private affairs. Married.

Alderman Thibault has considerably informed the Blue Noses that Mr. Thomas White is his "bosom friend." Congratulations are in order.

The amiable editor of the *Halifax Chronicle* has been challenged to mortal combat by Thibault. Weapon, the long bow, which the redoubtable alderman draws so well.

Kriss Kringle says that the famous editor of *Le Canadien*, who is also M.P. for Bonaventure, is about to offer a dish of soft-soap to Protestants. On hearing the resolution read, an English member who cracks jokes in two languages, and very bad ones in both, exclaimed: *Quelle Turc!*

Our friend, *Le Canard*, had a good one the other day.

Somebody complained that, in the present circumstances of the Jacques Cartier Bank, the sum of \$1,000 should have been voted to President Beaudry.

"Oh," replied some one, "you must remember that Beaudry is not a man of straw."

"No. For if he were, the stockholders would have eaten him up long ago," was the grim rejoinder.

Carnarvon has one good quality which his late colleagues do not possess. He has the virtue of resignation.

That was a rather fishy story about Lord Dufferin's pleading visit to President Hayes in connection with the Halifax Award.

General Butler is said to look askance at the Fish-ries Indemnity. We all know that Old Ben is cross-eyed.

Turkey is being plucked to its last feather.

The *True Witness* informs us that Suleiman Pasha is an Irishman. If the *Ottawa Citizen* had said that, what a row there would have been.

Will anybody present Sir John with a clothes line?

Several of the Russian Generals have names well adapted to the duties which they are called upon to fulfill. There are Generals Strukoff and Dragomiroff.

At Ottawa the Lover's walk has been widened and a higher wall raised around it. Thus does a paternal Government encourage the hopes of the country.

LACLED.

BURLESQUE.

A WISE CURÉ.—The curé of a country church, where the men sit on one side of the aisle and the women on the other, being annoyed in the middle of his sermon by a babbling conversation, gently reminds the congregation that it should be silent.

One of the women arises and triumphantly exclaims: "I want you to notice, father, that the chattering isn't on this side of the aisle this time."

"All the better," replies the priest meekly: "it won't last long."

A COLD CONVERSATION.—"Well, Bister Burphy, what do you think of the weather?" asked Mr. Slubker of his friend, as they both stood at the corner of California and Montgomery streets, blowing their noses with much deliberation.

"Oh, its fide, iddeed. Mr. Slubker, I guess we'll have a raid id a tib. I see you have a code."

"Yes, I was up to Sacrabedto wot dight add I aid't got over it yet."

"Dab had place for codes that Sacrabedto. I think if I were you, Mr. Slubker, I take some gid add sugar."

"I don't dridk, thank you."

"Well, take some pulbdary bedicide add go to bed."

"I bay, Mr. Burphy, I bay. So lodg."

"So lodg?"

And such is the conversation of the period. In foggy weather. "They all do it."

Too MUCH ENGLISH.—A man with a decided Teutonic expression of countenance, stood at the bar of the Court of Special Sessions recently charged with petit larceny, in having stolen two dollars.

"What have you to say in rebuttal?" asked Judge Otterbourg of the prisoner, after the complainant had given his testimony.

The man at the bar stared vacantly at the Court and made no reply.

"Have you any defence to make to this allegation?" repeated the magistrate.

Another vacant look and silence.

"Here, interpreter," shouted the Court, addressing that functionary, "ask the prisoner in German where he lives!"

The interpreter was about to put the question, when the prisoner spoke up in a broad Celtic dialect—

"Shure, if it's where I live yez want to know, it's New Jersey."

A broad grin settled on the faces of the spectators, and the Court hurriedly named the sentence—one month in the Penitentiary.

VARIETIES.

GRISSETTE.—Here is the etymology of the word *grissette*. The term meant, originally, a common gray cloth; then a garment made of such cloth; then the wearer of such a garment; and, finally a woman of low condition, whose circumstances only allow her to dress in inexpensive materials. At the present time by some means or other, the term has in France acquired a distinctly unfavourable meaning, to the injury, no doubt, of many who, although *grissettes*, are honest and virtuous.

A FAMOUS SKATER DEAD.—Charles H. Mott who died in Wilkesbarre, in the 33rd year of his age, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and drew a pension for his services. He was four years a captive of the Indians. On one occasion he made his escape from the Indians and British soldiers on skates. He feigned at first to be a novice in skating, but, watching his opportunity, he dashed off with the speed of a deer, and escaped his pursuers by leaping a wide gap in the ice, a feat that neither the soldiers nor Indians were desirous of emulating.

THE PANTHEON.—The Pantheon in which Victor Emmanuel is buried, stands at Rome in a piazza between the Corso and the Piazza Novona, near the centre of the ancient Campus Martius. It was erected by M. Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, nineteen centuries ago, and was consecrated in the year 608 as a Christian church. In shape the building is a rotunda, one hundred and forty-three feet in diameter, surrounded by a dome, one of the greatest in existence, and of which the summit is one hundred and forty-three feet above the pavement. In the centre of the dome is a circular opening, twenty-eight feet in diameter, by which the building is lighted. The most remarkable feature of the Pantheon, however, is its Corinthian portico, composed of sixteen granite columns. The Pantheon contains the tombs of Raphael, Annibale Carracci, and other celebrated painters.

SWISHERSE.—When he is at his best he has a wonderful look of inspiration. He is not very tall, and is rather slight than otherwise in figure. His forehead is almost disproportionately large as compared with the rest of his face. Under it glow his great luminous eyes, uncertain in colour because forever changing with his thoughts. His hair is of that dark red which Titian loved to paint. His complexion is fair, and his mouth rather small and extremely gentle in expression. He prefers reading his own poetry to hearing it read by others; and his reading is most characteristic. There can be no difference of opinion as to his wonderful mastery of words and of rhythm. No poet more honestly loves his brethren than this one.

A LOVER OF BIRDS.—A Paris paper records the death of a remarkable person—Commander José Joachim Da Gama Machado—a lover of birds. For their benefit he converted a corner of his apartment into a bath-room, where he had thirty baths arranged for his little winged prisoners, the bath of each of them being prepared according to the strength and temperament of the bather. He left to the Society for the Protection of Animals a sum of 20,000 francs, the interest of which is to pay the salary of a person whose duty is to see that drivers do not ill-treat their horses. In this testament he says that the birds he has left behind are to be cared for by women, and not by men. These women are to be taken from a province famous for producing persons of kind disposition, and he describes how, by the form of the head, it can be told what women will have real kindness for his winged pets. He further ordered his funeral to take place at three o'clock in the afternoon, "at the hour when the ravens of the Louvre are in the habit of seeking their dinner;" and adds, "You shall place in my coffin the birds enclosed in the four toms which adorn my collection of natural history," so that even in his death he is not to be parted from the friends of his life.

ONE OF WILKIE COLLINS'S VILLAINS.—The author of "Celebrities at Home" has interviewed Mr. Wilkie Collins, in Gloucester place. This is the description Mr. Collins gives of his conception of the famous character of Count Fosco in "The Woman in White." "I thought the crime too ingenious for an English villain, so I pitched upon a foreigner. You know that I have lived a great deal abroad, and have had many opportunities for observing foreign people. It seems that I did so to some purpose; for after the 'Woman in White' appeared, I received a large number of letters from abroad accusing me of gross personal caricature or rather too accurate portraiture. The writers were in a great rage at having their personal weaknesses applied to a scoundrel and held up to derision. I need not tell you that Fosco is not modelled on any one or any half-dozen persons. His character grew on me—a great danger to a novelist, by the way. I knew a man who loved canaries, and I have known boys who loved white mice, and I thought the mice running about Fosco while he meditated on his schemes would have a fine effect. You ask me why I made him fat, his greatest beauty in the opinion of the majority of competent judges. You give me good reason for making him fat; that fat men are malevolent and ruthless, and that the first Napoleon was a fat man, together with the chemical demonstration that fatty substances, when heated above a certain temperature, develop an acid known as butyric acid. I knew all this, but none of these considerations influenced me. I had begun to write my story, when it struck me that my villain would be common-place, and I made him fat in

opposition to the recognized type of villain. His theories concerning the vulgar clap-net, that murder will out, are my own."

ARTISTIC.

ELIZABETH THOMPSON is painting a picture of Irish life.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS' statue in Chicago will be nine feet high.

EMILE LAMBINET and August Moreau, two well-known French painters, have died recently.

GUILLAUME, Director of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, will execute a bust of Thiers for that institute.

AN old painting, which it is claimed is a Murillo, is exposed for sale on Union Square. Price \$3.00.

THE colossal statue of Fame, by Mercie, to surmount the Trocadero Palace at the Paris Exhibition, is nearly completed.

VICTOR HUGO has contributed four designs to the illustrations of the splendid new edition of "Notre Dame de Paris."

THE new art of melanography is rapidly gaining favour and obtaining distinguished patronage. By this process photographs or miniatures are enlarged to life size, and the portraits produced are unequalled for beauty and effect, and are undoubtedly works of art of the highest order; as no sitting is required, a valuable memento of relative or friend, living or deceased, is obtainable.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

JOSEPH MAAS, tenor singer, with his family, has sailed for Europe.

A FRIEND of Willie Edouin says that the latter has no spine, it having been extracted when he was a child, in order that he might be able to tie himself into a bow knot.

MRS. C. V. WILLIAMS, a coloured lady of Washington, announces her intention of appearing in tragedy in that city at an early date. Her debut there will be as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar," after which she will play *Eralda*, *Juliet*, *Bianca*, *Pauline*, and other roles of Miss Anderson's repertory.

SALVINI experiences a mortal terror on a first appearance before a strange audience, and can never eat after the noon of a day upon which he is to undergo the ordeal. Miss Clara Morris suffers in the same way, and Mary Anderson remarked that it was growing upon her and became more and more severe with every new experience, and the stronger realization of her position and surroundings.

THE following are named as Commissioners for Music at the Paris Exhibition: For England, Arthur Sullivan; for Holland, Beethoven and Luxemburg, Joseph Dupont; for Italy, Signor Nighele; for Spain, Portugal and Greece, Avevino Valent; for Austro-Hungary, Dr. Edward Hansbick; for Turkey, Egypt, Tunis, Morocco, Siam, China and Japan, Oscar de Tunis; and for Norway and Sweden, Ivan Halstrom. Russia has not yet named her representative.

CO VARDLY ASSAULTS.

When a candidate for high office is so well liked and so popular with the masses as to make his defeat difficult in a fair and honourable fight, mean and cowardly men are not wanting who delight in manufacturing lies and slandering his good name. There are also those who selfishness prompts them to prostitute their honor, pervert truth and ignore right, for the sake of injuring a competitor in business, whose prosperity they envy, and with whose business sagacity they have not the talent to successfully compete in any honourable way. These thoughts are suggested by the mean, cowardly attacks made upon me and my medicines, by those who imagine their pecuniary prospects injured by the great popularity which my standard medicines have acquired, and the continued growth of my professional practice. Narrow-minded practitioners of medicine, and manufacturers of preparations which do not possess sufficient merit to successfully compete for popular favor, have resorted to such cowardly strategy as to publish all sorts of ridiculous reports about the composition of my medicines. Almanacs, "Receipt Books," and other pamphlets are issued and scattered broadcast over the land, wherein these contemptible knaves publish pretended analyses of my medicines, and receipts for making them. Some of these publications are given high sounding names, pretend to be issued by respectable men of education and position, for the good of the people—the more completely to blind the reader to the real object in their circulation, which is to injure the sale of my medicines. "The Popular Health Almanac" is the high-sounding name of one of these publications, which contains bogus receipts, without a grain of truth in them. Not less devoid of truth are those which have been published by one Dr. L., of Detroit, in the *Michigan Farmer*, and by other manufacturers of medicines, in several so-called journals of Pharmacy. They are all prompted by jealousy and utterly fail in accomplishing the object of their authors, for, notwithstanding their free circulation, my medicines continue to sell more largely than any others manufactured in this country, and are constantly increasing in sale despite the base lies concocted and circulated by such knaves. The people find that these medicines possess genuine merit, accomplish what their manufacturer claims for them, and are not the vile, poisonous nostrums which jealous, narrow-minded physicians and sneaking compounders of competing medicines represent them to be. Among the large number of pretended analyses published, it is a significant fact that no two have been at all alike—conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors. It is enough for the people to know that while thousands, yes, I may truthfully say millions, have taken my medicines and have been cured, no one has ever received injury from their use.

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