

THE FLANEUR.

On the 18th of last December, the centenary of Petrarch, the urn of pink granite which contained his remains was opened and examined. The bones were found to be of an amber colour, moist and partially decayed. The cranium, of moderate size, was intact; the frontal bone well developed. The jaws contained several teeth in a good state of preservation. A quantity of small bones was discovered, the remains, probably, of the hands and feet. Of the clothes nothing was left except a blackish powder. From the size and length of the bones, the conclusion was drawn that Petrarch was of medium height and robust constitution. But the brain that crowned the sonnets and the heart that loved Laura—where were they?

In all European cities there are barriers where people coming from the country must stop and have their effects examined by a revenue officer of the municipality. Some time ago an omnibus passing through a city gate was hailed as usual.

"Anything to exhibit, gentlemen?" cried out the officer.
"Yes," replied a hollow voice from the interior of the coach,
"I have to exhibit what I am sitting on."
"You are insolent, sir," exclaimed the guardian of the Customs.

And he made a sign to the conductor to go on.
When a few yards within the city limits, the individual rises, draws a splendid ham from under his seat and brandishes it before the eyes of the crowd.

A problem for Dr. Tyndall. While the judges were deliberating on the sentence of Marshal Bazaine, his young wife knelt in the chapel of Trianon praying for mercy. The sentence, as we know, was death and degradation. The prayer of the devoted woman was therefore not heard. Who will say so? Did it not, perhaps, obtain that appeal for grace which the judges immediately appended to their sentence?

There are two sorts of tufts on the chin which Frenchmen wear—the *impériale* and the *royale*—but there is a vital difference of half an inch between the two.

A hint for teachers.
The great Arago's method of lecturing was this. He selected in his audience the person whose face displayed the least intelligence of the subject in hand, to whom he addressed his instruction in the simplest language, rising or falling, according as the features seemed to comprehend or not.

One day, as he was explaining to some friends his mode of teaching, a young fellow came up and said innocently:
"M. Arago, why do you always look at me so steadfastly when you lecture?"

Great news for artists! The Venus of Milo has found a companion. In the ruins of the city of Valeri a duplicate of that adorable model has been discovered. The head and arms are wanting, but the drapery which rolls over the hips and falls to the feet is admirable in workmanship. The body, instead of being nude, is clad in a light tunic. The left foot, which is wanting in the Venus of Milo, is preserved in this, and it rests upon a helmet, which confirms the opinion that it is a Venus Victrix.

What is the king of dishes for a midnight winter snack, after the theatre, the concert, the lecture or the "social"? Oysters, oh, my brothers, and truffled partridge, sprinkled with Hochheimer. Only, don't let the cook do your truffles, for she will burn them to a crisp and then throw them into the slop basin.

Teacher.—This is too bad, Joseph; your sums are all wrong. How does that come?
Joseph.—My father helped me, sir.

Bobby meets two vagrants on the street.
"Where do you live?" says he to No. 1.
"Dunno, sir."
"And you, sir?" to No. 2.
"With Mickey, sir."

An old woman in one of our country parishes did a very cool thing the other evening. She had sold a piece of property during the day, got the money for it, and stowed it away in the straw of her bedding, which is the savings bank of most of our good Canadian housewives. During the night two negroes broke into the house and demanded the money. She gave it up. Finding the old lady so liberal and accommodating, they ordered something to eat. The table was spread out and tea was added to the other delicacies. The burglars had not taken more than two or three sups when they fell over on the floor, writhing in convulsions, and finally stretching out in the rigidity of death. The old woman had dropped a strong dose of strychnine into their tea. When the bodies were identified, she recognized her nearest neighbour and another farmer who had witnessed the deed of sale.

The subject of the incineration of the human body is again discussed by scientific men in Europe. An English magazine writer has a singularly clever article in favour of it. A Mr. Sutte has declared that the fair form of a fond wife can be calcined into so small a compass that her sorrowing husband can wear all that remains of her in a ring on his little finger.

A gentleman at a dinner narrated that at Frankfort bodies previous to interment are left in the dead house with a bell attached to the wrist, so that the slightest movement, or almost pulsation, would set it tinkling and attract attention. "Ah, yes," said Mr. —, "that is evidently the custom alluded to by Tennyson in the well-known lines in 'Locksley Hall,' 'Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the corpses ring.'" Wicked, but very clever?

Canadians are fast following on the traces of their American neighbours with respect to abuse and vulgarity in political discussions. In the United States we have been accustomed to Baru Burners, Yellow Hammers, Copperheads, Locofocoes, Blood Suckers, and other similar amenities. In Canada, at

the present time, we are treated to something nearly as choice, thus:

The Conservatives are CHARTER SELLERS.
The Reformers are LETTER STEALERS.
The Independents are SUCKLING POLITICIANS.
Or C.S., L.S., and S.P., for short.
Furthermore, Protectionists are eloquently denominated FIG-HEADED!

A confectioner asked a sculptor permission to make a reduction of a famous piece of statuary in sugar candy and chocolate. The artist refused.
"Sir," said the man of sweets, "you lose a precious chance. Your name would be in every mouth."

ALMAYIVA.

MRS. JARLEY'S POLITICAL WAX WORK.

Walk up ladies and gentlemen. Walk up and see the wonderful collection of politicians of which this great Dominion is so justly proud, a collection not to be equalled in any other country in the civilized world. Be in time. Be in time.

The first figure I shall have the honour of introducing to your notice, is the famous ex-Premier commonly called John A.

He is represented in an oratorical attitude as he appeared when addressing the House and uttering the celebrated sentence, "These hands are clean." Observe the purity of the hand which is uplifted. Observe also the oily appearance of the palm intended to show that none of the money which passed through it ever stuck to it, which is generally admitted to be the fact.

The other hand holds a *fac-simile* of the Pacific Railway Charter which he says he didn't sell to Sir Hugh Allan.

Immediately opposite you will observe a life-like representation of the present Premier, the patriot of Lambton. The attitude of this figure has been greatly admired by competent judges. He is supposed to be rejecting with disdain the titles and decorations offered by the British Government and pronouncing the historical words, "Take away that bauble." Observe the expression of virtue on the features. In the pocket of his pants you will notice the plan of the new route of the Pacific Railroad which is intended to open up the mineral resources of the North West and promote harmony with our republican neighbours by railway reciprocity.

On the right hand of the Lambton patriot you will observe the figure of our great musical genius, the Orpheus of the Dominion.

He is the proprietor of the only genuine and recognized Organ in the country and such is the extraordinary power and influence of this wonderful instrument that whatever tune is played on it all the party are compelled to dance whether they like it or not. With the usual modesty of genius this famous organ-grinder seldom plays in public, he usually remains quietly in the background and turns the handle of his instrument out of sight of the audience.

George, wind up the organ-grinder and let the ladies and gentlemen hear him play the last new air of "Dissolution."

Directly opposite the great organ-grinder stands the figure of the Dominion Demosthenes better known as "Logical Teddy." He is said to know more about constitutional laws than all the other politicians put together. He is also remarkable for his skill in picking holes and flaws in the bills brought forward in the House, but has not yet evinced any remarkable aptitude in mending them. It is a singular illustration of the remark of the poet,

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied,"

that with all his ability this great orator is strangely deficient in arithmetic and is quite unable to count beyond number one. His musical education has also been sadly neglected and he is supposed to be woefully unappreciative of the melodies of the organ-grinder.

I have now, ladies and gentlemen, to call your attention to one of the greatest curiosities of the collection. The famous political twins,—Lucius and George! They are a greater curiosity than even the Siamese Twins, inasmuch as although they are inseparably united as you observe, yet they both disown any intimate connection.

The face of Lucius bears an expression of grief and regret caused by his anguish of mind at being compelled to make his famous charge against the late Government, while the countenance of George is remarkable chiefly for its superabundance of cheek. Observe the ligature which connects the Twins, also its striking resemblance to a railway track. On looking closely you cannot fail also to notice that it bears the name, indelibly impressed, of Jay Cook & Co.

Adjoining the Twins you will observe the sprightly figure of the ex-member for Vancouver, well known as the "Financier." He is supposed to know more about making railways, or at least making money out of them, than any man in the Dominion. It is believed that the grateful shareholders of the Grand Trunk Railway will erect a statue in his memory as soon as the line begins to pay, which it is expected to do shortly, unless he should express his preference at his time of life for cash instead of a contingent benefit.

Next to him is the ex-member for Dorchester, the late acting Minister of Militia. He is chiefly remarkable for having received twenty-five thousand dollars and not being able to explain what he did with it.

On the left you will observe a striking portrait of the celebrated Flour Inspector. He is able to classify all the different qualities of flour with his eyes shut—unless he happens to have a cold in his head. He has a number of devoted friends who send him letters which don't belong to him and which in order that the rightful owners may not fail to become acquainted with their contents, he very thoughtfully publishes in the public journals.

Looking over his shoulder are the members for Chateauguay and Napierville, who are supposed to be advising him on literary questions.

The rather mean looking figure in the background is a gentleman from the wilds of Manitoba. His name will be handed down to posterity for his noble refusal of the bribes offered by Alderman Heney.

George, wind up the member for Marquette and let him tell the ladies and gentlemen how much his election cost him.

Home Notes.

Mrs. Badger, whose maiden name was Adeline Sheppard, drowned herself in Long Island Sound the other day. She was a lady of uncommon culture, had been a governess in the Hawthorne family, and accompanied them to England and Italy. What adds interest to the mournful incident is the belief that she was the Hilda in the great novelist's "Marble Faun."

The rights of women are making their way even in Bengal. A writer says that now some Hindoos feel quite offended if you do not ask after their wives when the usual "How do you do" has passed, and that to invite them to dinner without asking their better halves to come would be looked upon as a very bad taste.

Hindoo husbands are really very kind. We all know many of their European brethren who are not half so considerate about their wives.

Acting words is an amusing game for children or grown-up people. It is played in this way: The company divide into two parties, one-half remaining in, and the other going out of the room. The former then chooses a word for the party outside to act, and they usually fix upon one which will rhyme with a good many, such as fail, rail, tail, sale, pail, nail, and so on. When the word is chosen the party outside are told a word with which it rhymes. If the word fixed on is fail, for instance, you would tell them that it rhymes with dale; and then they will come into the room and act the different words without speaking, and if the wrong word is acted they are ignominiously hissed out, and have to try again until they hit upon the right word, fail. To act pail they would come into the room carrying a pail or bucket, or for nail would pretend to be knocking a nail on the head with a hammer, or for sale make believe a sale of furniture, with the auctioneer and hammer, &c. Another nice amusement is a game called "Twenty Nouns," which can be played by as many as ten or twelve persons. Each person is provided with a sheet of paper and a pencil, and at the top of his paper writes down twenty nouns which the company will give one after another in turn, till the number is complete. The nouns should be as diversified as possible; then all begin to make up a story, or at least connected sentences, bringing in the nouns one after another in the order in which they are placed, and using no other nouns, but as many pronouns, adjectives, or other words, as they like. When all are finished they are read aloud by one of the party, and cause much amusement.

Madame Bazaine is described as uncommonly beautiful. She is blonde as a tea-rose, her hair curls short like a child's, her teeth are of dazzling whiteness, and her laugh—in the days when she did laugh—was a silver tinkling. She is of a high Mexican family. She was only seventeen when she married, and the marshal was fifty-five. They have had four children. The eldest, Maximilian, had the unfortunate Mexican Emperor and Empress for sponsors. He died at the age of three. The second, Achille, has been the constant companion of his father. The third, Eugénie, had Napoleon and the Empress for godfather and godmother. The last, Alphonsa, was held at the font by Queen Isabella and the Prince of the Asturias. Madame Bazaine will henceforth reside at Cannes, about an hour's sail from Isle Ste. Marguerite, where her husband is interned. She is one of the heroic women of the age.

The wife of Lord Desart has been writing Chesterfield letters in *London Society* which well nigh brought her husband into trouble. He had to take the responsibility of them and apologize to a gentleman for some offensive passages in them. Look out ladies! When women's rights prevail you will have to do your own fighting. All or nothing, you know.

Our Illustrations.

There is a great variety in our pictorial department this week. The double page cartoon fully explains itself. Guelph, Ont., is one of the most flourishing towns of the Upper Province.

We present the last episode of the "Ville du Havre" catastrophe in the rescuing of the crew of the "Loch Earn" by the "British Queen."

There are several different views of the Isle Ste. Marguerite, where Marshal Bazaine is confined. It lies off Cannes, in the Mediterranean.

We append a sketch of the grand tableau at the Opera House in New Orleans, on the occasion of the fifth appearance of the Twelfth Night Revellers. The leading figure is that of the Chief Reveller—the "Lord of Misrule." This association made its first appearance on the streets of the Crescent City, on the night of the festival whence it takes its name, in 1870. They appeared as "The Lord of Misrule and His Knights." On the next anniversary they represented "Mother Goose's Tea Party." In 1872, the subject chosen was "The Tide of English Humour," and last year they appeared as the "Birds of Audubon." This anniversary they represented "Dollars, or Childhood's Pleasures." The figures conveyed the ideas of dolls and wooden playthings. They occupied 15 cars, including the one in the van of the procession on which was displayed the traditional "Twelfth Cake"—a triumph of the confectioner's art fully four feet in diameter, and which was the hiding-place of two golden lockets, fashioned as the orthodox bean, and which were assigned respectively for the Queen and Maid of Honour of the festival. The procession was lighted by rows of lights borne by negroes in masks and dominoes, and was preceded and followed by bands of music. There were 107 figures in the tableau, which occurred at the Opera House, subsequent to the parade by the "Revellers" through the principal streets. The ceremony of cutting the cake succeeded to the tableau and the same was distributed amongst the maidens—guests of the maskers. The fortunate finders of the beans were duly announced in accordance with the custom and the evening's pleasure terminated with a ball. This is the second pageant of this kind in the past week in New Orleans, the first one having been the representation by the "Knights of Momus" of the "Coming Race," and consisting of a collection of monstrosities half brass and the other half, fish and bird. This was the second appearance of the "Knights." The third and last display of the masked association will occur on the night of Shrove-Tuesday, or as it is styled in New Orleans—"Mardi Gras." This will be the representation of the "Mystic Krew of Comus," which was originated in 1857. During that day the streets will be occupied by, and public attention engaged in, the contemplation of the pageant of his Majesty "Rex," King of the Carnival, which will be of a most splendid character.