

Franchise Bill, will also be prevented by their present professions from forcing a dissolution upon the present franchise, and snatching a possible Conservative victory. At all events, this policy will be considered by the Cabinet. The Cabinet will not further consider the proposal not to bring up franchise until redistribution is brought forward.

ALTHOUGH just now everything points to an autumn session of the present English Parliament, there is a belief in some well-informed quarters that certain complications likely to arise out of the Conference will so change the aspect of affairs that an early dissolution may after all take place upon questions of foreign policy, and that the task of dealing with the Reform question may thus be relegated to a new Government and a new Parliament. It is said that France has manifested a disposition to push her claims beyond the points conceded in the Anglo-French agreement, and that Russia is disposed to make her approval of the agreement conditional upon the Bosphorus being neutralized and placed under the control of the Powers in the same way as it is proposed to deal with the Suez Canal.

OUR ultra woman's contemporary again gallantly suggests, to secure integrity in the management of our banks, the male employes should be turned out and their places filled by women. Once more it must be asked, What is to become of the wives and children of the male employes? Might it not be a good thing if the male employes on our contemporary's staff were turned out and women put in their places?

THE panic in France caused by the ravages of cholera would be almost amusing were it not so serious. Not only from the infected districts, but even from Paris, the excitable people, in their exceeding care for themselves, have scattered far and wide to avoid even the possibility of contagion. But whilst there is no occasion for such a "scare" on this side the Atlantic, and no justification of alarmist views in the press, common sense requires that ordinary precautions should be taken to prevent the importation of the cholera scourge into our midst. (Toronto, of all places, with her insanitary bay, should look to it that the disease is not imported with her immigrants.) "Whether the outbreak of cholera on the Mediterranean coast of France is a development of Asiatic cholera or not, the fact is serious enough to suggest that all sanitary precautions known to science shall be actualized in this country at once to prevent the possible introduction of the dreadful disease." So says a writer in the *Chicago Current*. Stringent quarantine should be the order of the day. The medical world is satisfied that cholera can be excluded—could be confined to its breeding-place along the Upper Ganges, and about Bengal and Madras—if precautions are taken to prevent it taking its passage in steamers and entering Mediterranean ports and Europe. Our contemporary continues: "The nations should combine to extinguish the cholera seeds in India. Koch has discovered the fatal *bacilli* of the plague in tank water in that country. India menaces the world as the breeding-place of cholera. There should be international co-operation in hygienic measures in that country, if the British Government cannot meet the difficulty alone."

THE London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury* relates a curious scene, of which he was an eye-witness, in a well-known London salon. During the evening, and just previous to some music being played, an Egyptian visitor, Takla Bey, stepped forward, apologized to the hostess, and addressed the distinguished company in French. No follower of Arabi was he. He believed in his heart that Englishmen loved justice. In the name of justice he appealed to that distinguished assembly. What had we done in Egypt? What was the result of our intervention? A city in ruins. The finances in disorder. His country on the verge of bankruptcy. The Soudan lost to civilisation and given over to slavery. Prosperity stayed. Capital driven out from the country. Disorder everywhere. Authority nowhere. Such evils had been inflicted as Egypt never knew before. Certainly it is curious when an Egyptian, who looked to us to redeem his people, turns upon us, and begs us by the love of justice in us, which he still recognizes, no longer to plague the country which he so greatly loves.

THE author of "Souvenirs of Compiègne" tells a curious anecdote about the late Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie. The chronicler relates that Napoleon's fascination for Mlle. de Montijo dated from the time when that sprightly beauty gave him a horse-whipping. The Emperor had invited Mlle. de Montijo and her mother to Compiègne and showed them much attention at hunting parties. One evening when the hunt came home late, Napoleon appeared in Mlle. de Montijo's chamber, and

this so enraged the beauty that she caught up her riding-whip and gave it to him over his head and ears. This soon brought about an explanation, and in course of time came the famous letter in which Napoleon expressed his desire to have Mlle. Eugénie for a wife—a letter which the mother lost no time in making public, and which is now religiously preserved in the archives of the family at Madrid. According to "Sylvanecte," the future Empress was much persecuted by Napoleon before he made her his proposal of marriage, and it is related that on one occasion he was so enraged because she would not grant him an interview—asked for while they were out riding—that he put spurs to his horse and galloped away, leaving her to find her way home through the forest as best she could. The lady lost her way, and did not reach the palace until nine o'clock in the evening, when all the guests and the domestics were thoroughly alarmed for her safety.

THE Empress Eugénie's volume of Reminiscences, which she has been encouraged to write by Queen Victoria, is to be forthcoming immediately. Written in excellent and graceful French, it is being translated into English, and will probably be published simultaneously in London and Paris. Though it will be almost impossible for so keen a politician as the Empress of the French to avoid those references which touch upon politics, the object of the book will be rather to tell a personal story frankly, than either to justify the Empire or to raise again past controversy; and in no sense will the desire of the august writer be to complicate present undecided issues. There will be more about her dear, dead son than of any subject, and the memorial will come down to the day of his funeral at Chislehurst. The Empress is living more retired than ever now, and has no more interest in politics than is involved in her old quarrel with Prince Jerome, and her desire that Prince Victor should be recognized as heir to the Bonapartists.

"WHEN the American press teems with denunciations of Gen. Grant as a swindler," says the Dublin *Irishman*, "it is time to purify our records by the obliteration of his signature from the honorary burgess roll." Not to put "too fine a point upon it," this is "rough" on the ex-President, and the *Chicago Current* protests that the Irish journal draws conclusions too hastily and is guilty of a misconstruction of American opinion. General Grant, it is maintained, is not denounced as a "swindler," but the folly and ignorance of business which led him to the slaughter-yard of Wall-street is simply deplored. "Let the old man still have the freedom of Dublin."

AN English "society" journal has an *on dit* to the effect that another case, similar in many respects to the Garmoyle *cause célèbre*, is to be brought before the law courts. The peer against whom the action will shortly be brought by an accomplished member of the theatrical profession is said to be anxious to hush the matter up in case it should interfere with his engagement to a young lady well known in society. But the actress, it appears, is, like Miss Fortescue, wishful to bring the affair into court, and it is unlikely that a satisfactory settlement will be arranged outside. The peerage is certainly distinguishing itself just now.

MEN and mackerel, we may take it, made their appearance in this world pretty much about the same time, and ever since men have been eating mackerel and esteeming him something of a dainty, although fastidious palates do not care for this elegant swell of the ocean. And now suddenly we are warned to desist from the consumption of this piscatorial Joseph in his coat of many colours, on pain of possible death. One of those benefactors to their species who are always finding bad in everything has discovered that mackerel contain parasites—worms three-quarters of an inch long—which are not killed by cooking, but may kill us if we eat them. It is a pity that people should be so foolish as to fall victims to every idle scare. It would be just as reasonable for us all to stop travelling by railway because collisions now and then occur, as to give up the use of valuable supplies of food because of the remote possibility of an accident. If we carried out the principle logically we should eat nothing at all, for there is not a single article of food which can be pronounced absolutely free from germs which, under certain circumstances, might not become dangerous to health.

CLEARLY Mrs Langtry does not believe that Mr. Henry George will convert America. She has made, it is said, nearly \$100,000 by her last tour in the States, and she has invested nearly the whole of it in real estate in the State of New York. She has reason, 100,000 reasons, for loving America. Like Mr. Irving, she intends henceforth to be her own manager.