

The "Grand Old Man" of a few months ago is now the object of most merciless ridicule and sarcastic cartoons and lampoons. A dispatch from England states that "he is abused in the press, cursed at the military clubs, ridiculed in the music halls and lampooned in the comic papers."

Austria and Turkey have been disputing for some time about the railway from Turkey to Servia. The dispute, as English despatches inform us, has been settled "amicably" and the Sultan "induced" to agree to Austria's views. This "amicable" settlement was brought about by Austria's threat to send a fleet to bombard and close the port of Salonica if Turkey refused any longer to be "amicable." This kind of "inducing" puts me in mind of the "persuasion" used by Dick Turpin towards the bishop's coachman, as faithfully told by Mr. Samuel Weller, in his immortal song, in the pages of the Pickwick Papers, to wit:—

"The coachman  
Set off at a full gallop,  
But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob  
And purr-ah-ed on him to stop."

Another tale of horror comes from Philadelphia. This time it is the burning of three private dwelling houses and the loss of five lives. It seems that there must be something wrong about the arrangements of the Philadelphia fire department, as, had the firemen been provided with "jumping sheets"—such as were tested and found to be very efficient in Hamilton some little time ago—those people who were sacrificed might have been saved. These "jumping-sheets" are an excellent contrivance, and should be more universally introduced. They are made of some tough substance, and are held at the corners and sides by from six to ten men, and have been found quite adequate to withstand the shock caused by the descent of a two hundred and fifty pound man from the third storey of a building. Of course it requires considerable nerve to jump from a three or four storey window, but, when it is the only chance for life, there are not many who would hesitate to take the leap. If Toronto's fire department is not provided with jumping-sheets it should be.

Englishmen at length perceive that their nation is at war in earnest. Though it has long seemed to outsiders that the Egyptian trouble was most serious, it has taken a most bloody argument to convince the English that such was the case. It does not look as if there were to be any half-measures, henceforward, in the present Egyptian campaign, and the vigor of the preparations now going on indicates that the Mahdi is to be "smashed" in earnest. The sooner the better.

Tobogganing is denounced by some of the Montreal clergy as a pastime calculated to lead to immorality. If it is so, then so is cutter-riding, so is skating, and so are many of the other pastimes indulged in by young people after the shades of evening have fallen. If people are bent on being immoral, no clerical denunciations of their favorite pastimes will prevent them being so, and if young people are of the right sort, no amount of tobogganing will make them naughty. Instead of putting a stop to the practice of tobogganing the denunciation of the worthy priest of St. Bridget's is more likely to increase the amusement; probably not amongst his own flock, but amongst those others who always find more pleasure in fun with "a spice of naughtiness" in it than in the goody-goody amusements that were in vogue in the time of our great grandmothers. Just as soon as it is discovered that a certain amusement is "just the least bit wrong," so soon are many people seized with an intense desire to partici-

pate in the naughty fun. Mark Twain tried a slide down one of the ice-hills at Montreal a few days ago and declared that it "beat lightning."

Certain members of the New Jersey Legislature undertook to criticize the conduct of the Rev. Dr. Talmage. Now, Mr. Talmage was never noted as being particularly patient or long suffering when he was the subject of adverse criticism, and, accordingly, no one should be surprised when he came out rather strongly on his critics. Here are some of his highly polished utterances; and it will be seen that in a controversy about manners the Legislature of New Jersey need never expect to cope successfully with the great expounder of the Brooklyn tabernacle. Mr. Talmage expresses his "utter contempt for the members who made such an asinine exhibition of themselves"; says the language used by them "would disgrace a mule-driver on the tow-path of your Raritan Canal"; confesses his inability to account for it in a "merciful" way except that his critics were "over stimulated with crooked whiskey, commonly called New Jersey lightning," and declares the charge that he was seeking notoriety in attacking them to be "absurd," since if he "wanted a reputation for skillful hunting, he would not go shooting muskrats."

Whatever the New Jersey Legislators may have said it must have been pretty rough if it was so bad that a Raritan canal mule-driver would be disgraced by using it, for I am informed that those gentry are extraordinarily gifted in their ability to hurl forth the most terrible Billingsgate and are only exceeded in this accomplishment by the barges on the river Thames; but I don't see that Mr. Talmage's own language in his retort upon his tormentors was such that an eminent divine would be honored by its use. It looks to me something like a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

Two cents and a twelfth is not much to earn for making a shirt, and yet this is what first rate sewing girls in New York are paid. How on earth do employers think that these unfortunates can live on such a pittance? Surely they have much to answer for! This is what a sewing girl says about it: "I have sewed for a living for some time, and have sat up until 2 o'clock night after night and can not make both ends meet. I make shirts from 25 cents up to 65 cents a dozen. You make the most money out of the 25 cent ones. I am considered a first class sewing woman. For many weeks I only buy dry bread to eat." It is something to wonder at what these poor creatures make on the 65 cents-a-dozen-shirts if the profit is less than that on the others. I have been told that some employers force the girls to find their own thread, and I know that many are mean and small souled enough to do so. These shirts costing two and one twelfth cents for making, are sold for from \$1.50 to \$2.00 each! and the employer grows wealthy and his wife and her friends, conscious of their own immaculate virtue, hold those poor girls in scorn because they are not all good. We weren't told half the hardships of a seamstress' life in Hood's Song of the Shirt, and yet what we do read there is pretty sad.

On the high and, presumably, incontrovertible authority of Lord Wolseley's despatches to the British War Office, it was announced by a leading London newspaper not long ago, that, in a recent battle in Egypt some of the English soldiers were "slightly killed." Now Pat, when badly hurt or very often when only slightly damaged, has been heard to declare that he is "kilt entirely," and, possibly, when a man

is killed but yet able to speak he is considered to be "slightly killed." The news was, I suppose, intended to mollify the grief of the surviving relatives of the partially deceased warriors.

The Washington monument was dedicated recently in the presence of an immense throng. At present this is the highest monument in the world, though this boast will be snatched from it when the tower, proposed to be erected at the next French Exposition, shall have been built, the height of which will be over 1,100 feet. The Washington monument is decidedly unornamental, in fact it is very plain but it answers its purpose every bit as well, for all that. It is 555 feet in height, and its total weight is 81,120 pounds. The capstone alone weighs 3,000 pounds, and the aluminum apex 100 ounces. It is stated what the pressure of masonry upon underlying soil is "nowhere greater than nine tons per square foot and less than three tons per square foot near the outer edges of the foundation."

The important announcement is made in several papers that "each ball given by President Grovy costs him £300, and 2,000 bottles of champagne are drunk." This is very interesting, but a craving for a further knowledge would be satisfied if we could be told how many of the guests are in the same predicament, after the ball, as the 2,000 bottles of " fizz."

Letters from Ireland seem to indicate that the Fenians there, and probably in England too, are only awaiting the news that the British have been badly worsted in the Soudan, to strike a blow for freedom. It is stated on the authority of the police that the news of the fall of Khartoum caused quite a flutter of joy in the circles of the Fenian brotherhood, and that the authorities of Dublin Castle are considerably exercised over the present symptoms. It is to be hoped that news of a decided British reverse in Egypt may never gladden the craven hearts of the cowardly Fenians, but should such, to them welcome, tidings ever arrive, it is doubtful whether there would be a general uprising amongst them. It seems to be Fenian nature to work its villainies by cowardly means, and the Fenian bark has ever been much worse than its bite.

There is a possibility that the offer of Canadian troops for the Soudan may be accepted after all, but not till the autumn. As the hot Egyptian season, just now commencing, will be a severe ordeal for seasoned veterans to pass through, it is evident that, to raw colonials, especially from a country where the cold weather is of so long duration as in Canada, that season when the deadly Kamin is constantly blowing, would prove fatal, and the presence of a number of sickly and dying Canadian soldiers would be a far greater hindrance than a help. Those Canuck warriors who are so anxious to smell powder in Egypt need not despair as the refusal of the British Government to accept their services need not be looked on as absolute, they will merely have to control their impatience till the resumption of active operations in the Soudan next fall, when the probability is that they will get a chance to show what they can do.

It is a belief of the Buddhists of Ceylon that if a woman behaves herself properly she will eventually become a man. This should certainly be a great inducement for women to conduct themselves in a becoming manner, for the height of ambition with many of them seems to be to resemble men as much as possible—and they are not all Buddhists either. Many ladies, new-a-days, dress so

much like men that they cannot, without difficulty, be distinguished from the latter at a little distance; hats, jackets, collars; all are manish, and it looks as if the men some girls looked like men the happier they are. This is all right; man is a noble creature and a woman shows her good sense in imitating him as closely as she can.

It looks very much as if Germany was spoiling for a quarrel with England, and as one of the first incidents in the expansion of Germany must be a dispute with the little island over the way, it is very probable that she does want a row. Germany has made every preparation for such a quarrel; Great Britain none at all, and the Soudan war must be a subject of congratulation in Berlin.

There is something very British about Germany's method of enforcing her claims to the Cameroons island. Her admiral, in true British style, commenced by bombarding the settlement to which he laid claim, the brunt of this bombardment falling on the natives, who do not seem to be considered at all in any arrangement between European nations. A few British traders, however, who carry on a commerce with the interior, sustained some injury through it and the British consul appointed a court to assess damages and send in a bill to the German Government. The German admiral bombarded the settlement once more and this made the British "very indignant," which was, doubtless, just what Germany wanted and intended, for it is not at all likely that this obstreperous admiral would have acted as he did without being assured that his conduct would meet with the approval of his Government. Angra Pequena does not seem to be a place worth quarrelling about, as it is described as being a waterless waste, extremely unhealthy and altogether an undesirable acquisition—but it formed a very good pretext for Germany to get up a quarrel about. What with Russia wanting to get up a fuss in Afghanistan, Germany seeking for a quarrel with England anyway, the Fenians waiting for a good chance for a general uprising, and the Soudan trouble, it must be confessed that Great Britain just now has a particularly "hard row to be." It is to be trusted that she will come out all right in the end.

The navy estimates for Great Britain for 1886 foot up to the nice little total of nearly sixty-two million dollars for ordinary expenses, and the construction of several new men-of-war, amongst which are to be included eleven ironclads, and about sixty-two other vessels. John Bull is experiencing some pretty heavy tugs at his purse-strings just now.

This is what Mr. Labouchere says in his paper about that affair which is of so paramount importance to young England just about this time, viz, the Oxford and Cambridge boat race: "It may save a good many well-meaning correspondents considerable trouble if I inform them once for all that the doings of the University crews do not interest me in the slightest degree, and that I cannot find space in these columns to chronicle the daily or weekly changes and chances of the respective boats. The boat race itself is, in my opinion, a nuisance, whose necessity has never been satisfactorily demonstrated." There is no probability that these annual contests will be given up simply because "Labby" doesn't care for them, though there is a good deal of sense in what he says, and this boat race is made an affair of far too much importance. But why the proprietor of London Truth considers it a nuisance, I fail to see; when a man