

PARIS LETTER.

It is neither Servia nor Bulgaria that causes anxiety for European peace, but Belgium. The French anticipate, that in case of a full-blown revolution, Germany and England would interfere, and hence a possible general war, for which France is not at all prepared; she had no thick-and-thin ally. The majority of the Belgians evidently want the "sweet simplicity" of the "one man one vote," suffrage; they can grasp that, but not its annex plurality of an additional vote for the married man, for those having property, or possessing a professional diploma. There is something to be said in favour of special representation of intelligence and property as a break on the power of mere numbers; only the latter will not have it. In Australia, it is proposed, after satisfying the universal suffrage voters, to rein them in with a side representation, based on a property qualification. In Belgium all parties admit, universal suffrage would give 1,200,000 net voters, aged 25; if the proposed complex and plural qualifications were accepted, not by the legislature, which will accept that solution joyfully, but by excited public opinion, 700,000 additional votes would be created. Events must decide; if the masses are firmly resolved to have universal suffrage pure and simple, they are certain to obtain it sooner or later; that means, the abolition of monarchy, and the foundation of a republic. The will of a resolute majority cannot be resisted with impunity.

The outbreak of gaol fever is now officially admitted in Paris, and the patients so afflicted have been separated from the typhoid cases. At the Hotel Dieu hospital, one medical student caught gaol fever and expired in great agony. The doctors state, it is forty years since that species of fever existed in France. The prisons are more than full, and to make room for the new condemned, the old are discharged before putting in their full time; this explains, why the members of the army of habitual criminals are so young, and have so many convictions to their account. Not much confidence is placed in reformatories; a youth once making his debut in prison, is lost.

The triennial municipal elections passed off as flat as ditch water. All the old and tried representatives were returned at the first ballot. The war, then, seems to have been limited to the multi-coloured walls of the city for weeks. Parisians apparently demanded only two qualifications in candidates: to be tried, common sense republicans; and devotion to obtaining civic ameliorations in the arrondissements they respectively represent. The attempt to work up Panamaism and religion in the elections, fell on adders' ears. Thus Parisians showed that they are not what some people think. The result is a sort of foreshadowing of the general elections in October next, and that the people want tranquility to make money, to work; in a word, to live. For the first time in elections, "sandwich men" were employed to hawk about addresses, as were also the Tonguinese hand carts with Noah's ark roofed sides. For the 80 councillors to be elected, there were 400 candidates. Among the latter were, 15 doctors; 1 melter of animal fats; several dismissed civil servants; 1 ex-politician; 13 printers; 12 school masters; 7 mechanics;

8 architects; 9 black and white smiths; 4 cobblers, 5 barbers; 2 druggists; and the same number of cabmen and musicians. Each of the following professions supplied one candidate; veterinary surgeons; dustmen; attorneys; bailiffs; bankers, and undertakers.

All hands are called to the pumps, to discover how to cover the deficit of 150 millions frs. in the current budget, and which has been concealed somewhat from the general public. Professor Aglave, a lawyer more ingenious than practical, proposes, to extend the concessions to the railway companies for six years longer,—that would bring the expiration of their leases up to the middle of the next century; feed the present at the expense of the future. He expects thus to gain half a million of francs. He demands that 20 millions frs. be at once expended on augmenting the navy. To increase the latter so as to equal England's, has become crank with the megolamant school. But the money—there's the rub?

The Minister of Public Instruction has just despatched his delegation to the Chicago Exhibition; its composition reflects the best trait of the French character—absence of snobism and the recognition of equality. The schoolmaster of to-day may be the premier of to-morrow, as the present Prime Minister, M. Dupuy, illustrates. The delegation comprises, not only representatives of the highest professions, but of town and village teachers, of both sexes of the national, as well as the superior schools, and inspectors, also of both sexes, of all the educational establishments. A sad event has taken place at all the lycées, and which attests the badness of the times; those students in arrears of payment of fees, have had to retire, though indulgence was stretched to the utmost limit.

M. Leon Permezel, one of the leading manufacturers of Lyons, is a man who understands his epoch. His operatives are happy, as he makes it his study to have them so; they never demand the 8 hours a day, or increased wages; or pensions, or compensations; his principle is, to keep his hands constantly employed, and trust to their own prudence, to provide against the rainy day. In his mill he has all of the latest scientific improvements; he aims to run out the largest volume of produce, to keep his machinery constantly at work, and so obviate stoppages and slack time. He pays his operatives by the piece, and their work is mechanically registered; he weeds out the inefficient hands; his work people earn 20 per cent. higher wages than the operatives at the other mills, and for all the year round; he awards premiums to his best operatives. He supplies the home market with goods, and instead of commercial travellers, he has established depots of his out-puts in foreign countries, and his agents keep him informed of all local changes in taste and in prices, on which information he at once acts. He considers a manufacturer is like the captain of a ship, and bound to provide for all the wants of his crew, while treating them well.

The Hippic Show this season has surpassed its predecessors in point of theatricalism. As to its claimed aim, that of improving the breed of horses, the mention of the matter provokes laughter. It is a gathering of jacks, livery stable men, hores jobbers and presumed amateurs.

The arena of the Palace of Industry is converted into a circus, where gentlemen riders jump over hurdles and artificial water courses. The ladies come to show off their spring toilettes, in an atmosphere of dust, and sit out for hours the jumping, the falls, and the applause. It is a splendid occasion for dress makers and milliners to purchase tickets and send their girls to display the marvels of the fashionable world. It is astonishing that Parisians, who claim to be so quick to seize the ridiculous, should thus lay themselves out to be its victims. The attendance is generally large, but this year the gate money must be less.

Ex-Foreign Minister Flourens, having "got no work to do," nor ever likely again to have any of a similar character to what he executed for a short time in the past, takes charge, in a journal, of the politics of the Balkans, and warns all Bulgars, that the Czar has his eye upon them; he does not add, so has Austria, Italy, Turkey and England. There was a time when France would stand by a Bulgaria, which wanted to remain Bulgarian, not Russian. The Figaro is a comical paper in many respects. Its foreign editor modestly claims to have, by his articles, frightened Mr. Gladstone from permitting Lord Rosebery to accompany Queen Victoria to Florence, and thus prevented an interview with the King of Italy; to tease political enemies, says the writer, is sweet—but he omits to add—"all round." There can be tease for tease.

Imported parrots from Brazil will be subject to a quarantine, like diseased cattle from the States, or sheep from Austria-Hungary.

HOW IT LOOKED AT HOME: A STORY OF '85.

I.

The place is the city of Roxborough. The time is the first of April, 1885.

It was a bright fair day of a late spring. Snow lay on the ground, but the warmth of the sun and the feet of passengers had transformed its purity into slush and mire. Of passers there were many, for the fine old city wore an aspect very different from its normal quiet; streams of people, with anxious and excited faces, tended all one way; there was gloom on some men's brows, there were grave, stern words on some men's tongues; here and there a woman was in tears; at the corners watching listening groups were gathered; the oft-repeated names of certain men and places were even in the children's mouths; there was a breath of expectation in the very air.

Among the passengers who alighted from the stage that made the daily trip from the village of Woodburn was a young woman, who looked about her in some wonder at the unusual stir. She had a grave and sweet, if not a beautiful face, wearing now a slight expression of anxiety foreign to its accustomed calm. She asked no questions, but, avoiding the throngs that filled the thoroughfares, proceeded without delay to a quiet house in a quiet part of the town.

She was expected, for the woman who opened the door expressed no surprise, but broke at once into exclamation.

"Oh, Miss Thorpe! What a day for you to come! And why? I hope there's no trouble with the doctor, as well as the trouble that's come on us all."