

to the chickens—"with what sauce would you like to be served in?" Of course they do not want to be eaten at all; only, "that is not the question." England has acknowledged the protectorate of France over Madagascar. Does that involve its annexation? Lord Rosebery might explain—even from a railway carriage window, if there be in this a distinction with a difference. By May-day, General Dodds will be busy selecting the most desirable ports in and around the Island, for strategic and fortification operations, and they will be so many hornets' nests from whence the world's commerce over the Indian Ocean can be darted upon. Opinion does not expect that the Hovas will sign away their Island peaceably to M. Le Myre de Vilers, who will at once shake off the dust of his feet at the Malagasys, and as all is cut and dry, a telegram from him will bring the French expedition in the course of a month to the Isle, what power is prepared to dispute the French programme? The sceptical believe that England will be stroked down the grain by concessions elsewhere. Where? At Newfoundland, where all is as calm as the codfish on the Banks, or in the barrels; or in the Soudan, where Col. Colville, like our first parents when expelled Eden, has all the world before him where to choose? "Would 'twere midnight, Hal! and all well!"

To appreciate the genteel comedy of restoring the Duc d'Orleans to the French throne—for "nothing is but what is not"—one must live, move, and have their being among the French, to take in the whole farce. The Duc intends to engineer his enterprise himself. He is prepared, he says, to have his head smashed to re-enter France; or to be smashed before he quits the land. That's nursery talk. To crack skulls implies battles; now how many partisans has the Duke in France, that are ready to risk a bullet in their head for him—or any pretender? If he arrived with a carpet bag and an A.D. 1830 umbrella, the first policeman would invite him to accompany him to the station house. Imagine the son of St. Louis—not mounting to heaven, but descending to the wooden bed of the lock-up. When he was last in prison he was pardoned along with Louise Michel—the French have a weakness for the unities. The Comte de Paris did not follow his own father's death-bed political instructions, since he bartered with the Comte de Chambord, the constitutional monarchy of which he was the accepted representative, for hereditary right divinityship. It is not good even for princes to put their faith in princes. The Comte de Chambord passed all his time toddling to mass, and waiting for providence to send him a coach-and-six to drive him to the Louvre. The Comte de Paris read and wrote; but neither—acted. The Duc d'Orleans promises to "act"—*res non verba*; but as he represents the traditions of divine right, he must wait—for a propitious occasion. Only real pretenders, like the Bonapartes, create their occasions—their Brumaires and Second of Decembers. The principle of self-government in France, of Republicanism, has been effected without any miracle. God has been on the side of the majorities of universal suffrage as on that of the large battalions. The Duc expects that as Providence sent France a St. Louis and a Joan of Arc, a place will be found for Christianity, which only monarchy represents. This is not certain; the Pope has not ceased to be Christian in going over to Republicanism. The Duc avows, he will

study the "social question"—the old saw; at present he has only done so from the green room stand-point. The Duc has many interesting social problems to study in England, and to solve; the reconciliation between capital and labor; the eight hours of a working day—may he not forget the journalists, and if he pleases the unsettled Home Rule question. There is no political Intelligence Department in heaven to look after either Royalists or Democrats. Let the Duc stow himself comfortably at Stowe House, advertise for a wife, become a farmer, raise fat bullocks for the Smithfield show; learn to ride after the fox hounds, and wait till Spuller, Floquet, Reinach, Clemenceau, etc., invite him to accept the crown.

Save the historic Panamists, only the Colombian Government has made anything out of the inter-oceanic big ditch. It receives its subsidy regularly to keep the concession open to the victims of the 1,500 million frs. already engulfed. If the works were not seriously recommenced by the end of next October, the concession and all the plant would revert to the Botoga executive, hence, why another new company—the cry is still they come—has been launched with a capital of 65,000,000 fr., in 650,000 shares of 100 fr. each. Botoga, for her complaisance in renewing the concession receives 50,000 paid up shares; half of the remaining are said to be taken, and the other moiety offered to parents and guardians, no doubt as a remunerative investment for their juveniles. If the whole of the capital has, as is asserted, been subscribed, why carpet the the walls of the city with yellow flag posters, inviting Dick, Tom and Harry to try their luck. No one stops to read the posters, and many give them a wide berth, as if lepers of olden times. Since the grand smash the 100-fr. shares have been selling from 17 to 18 fr., and despite this newest bobbing for gudgeons, the price remains the same.

Sarah Bernhardt has opened her theatre—the Renaissance—for the season, with the "Femme de Claude," a piece in three acts by Alexandre Dumas *filis*. It may be regarded as a new play, rather than a revival. When first brought out in 1873, it proved a failure, though it is the play preferred by the author himself to all his other dramas. I would recommend Mesdames Schreiner, Caird, Grand, Kenealy and other "new women" not to go to see the representation: they will behold a type of their sex not calculated to advance their cause—quite unreal. It is French Ibsenism, the pure logic of a geometrician, arranged by an illusionist. Dumas there laid down, that when a good man is married to a wife incarnating the seven capital sins, he ought not to hesitate a second to "remove" her: shoot her dead—and then, return to his work as if nothing happened. Of course, society does not accept such a solution. "Kill her"—*True la!* will never be accepted, save as a symbol, a philosophical abstraction, a creation of the pen—not a photo of real life. The piece was written when France was smarting from the German victories, and the latter Dumas attributed to the skepticism, indifference and insouciance of the nation; he wanted to re-cast the national character, to un-French it. He placed woman in the front rank as the cause of the country's misfortunes.

M. Max Lebauday, the young—22 years old—sugar refiner millionaire, has received another consignment of bulls from the Spanish frontier to fatten on his es-

tate at Maisons, outside Paris. They are really intended for the private bull-fights he gives to his friends where he and his companions are the performers. Only think of their audacity in becoming members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—the Society doing its best to prosecute them all. It appears that the Commissary of Police cannot enter the private arena "in the name of the law," unless some person has been wounded or a crime committed. Maisons is a "horsey" locality, like Chantilly, and with a fair population of English jocks; one of the latter, it is said, has converted his house into a private cockpit, to hold also his peculiar fights. One may safely wager that the ingenuity of French police will find a way to "drop" upon both sportsmen. Of the last bullock killed, the meat was given to the poor, but the attempt to indict M. Lebaudy for killing bulls without a butcher's license could not be maintained, as he made only a charitable gift, and did not sell meat to the indigent. The law is silent as to how an ox destined for food is to be slaughtered; it is expected no unnecessary pain will be inflicted; the bull-fight amateurs assert, the thrust of a sword in the spine, is the speediest of deaths. The flesh of animals killed, after being baited, is not wholesome. Why not indict Lebaudy under the Poisoning Act, and so compel him to avow how the beast was slaughtered?

The Socialists, unable to obtain a law based on that of old Rome's, whereby the father of three sons should have the latter reared at the expense of the State, will introduce a bill, securing to a family where there are three sons that two shall have a right to government employment, if qualified after examination.

A congress of the national school mistresses will likely be held simultaneously with that to be organized by the school masters. The proceedings will be strictly limited to the pedagogic art in its widest meaning.

It is mooted that the bicyclists, and not the bicycles, will for the future be taxed, just as the sportsmen, where the license is personal. One lady, apparently a mother, wheeled down the Boulevard Magenta a few days ago with her baby strapped on her back. What next—and next?

Z.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

The surrender of Louisburg to Warren and Pepperell on the 17th of June, 1745, will be celebrated on its 150th anniversary next year by the erection of a monument by the Society of Colonial Wars. Of several architectural designs the one likely to be chosen is a Doric column surmounted by a cannon ball and with a simple inscription on its base. The site selected by the Secretary-General of the Society (who came all the way from New York and spent two days at Louisburg for that purpose) is, he informs me, "on a small redoubt just outside the King's Bastion. It can be seen for miles in every direction." A number of distinguished Americans have expressed their intention of attending the inauguration of the monument, which will be graciously presented by the Society of Colonial Wars either to the Provincial Government or the Nova Scotia Historical Society.

The formation of this powerful Society of Colonial Wars, to celebrate actions in