

cause it is the capital, and for several other reasons which are set out at great length by the *Star* of that city, from which we make the following extract:

"As it is neither a manufacturing nor commercial city it has no foreign commerce, hence New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Francisco, Nashville, Richmond, Savannah, Kansas City, Pittsburg, Baltimore, and other industrial cities will derive the trade benefits of the *Three Americas' Exposition*. With the exposition located at Washington, which is neutral ground, the various cities mentioned will have an equal chance in competition for Spanish-American trade, which is one of the fundamental ideas of the movement, whereas if located in a manufacturing city that place would have an undue and unfair advantage."

The *Star* further announces that at the National Capital there is already an exposition nucleus, or plant, which has cost over \$50,000,000. This of course includes the National Museum, Smithsonian Institute, Washington Monument, and the various government buildings, all of which would have a decided attractiveness for the average visitor, however much they might be slighted by the habitue.

The question as to location will have to be decided very soon, as there will be a great deal to do and three years is not too much time. It will fall in a strange if not to some extent detrimental period, a Presidential campaign. However, the French Exposition has been flourishing under similar circumstances, and what France can do the United States ought to be able to accomplish.

VALE BOULANGER.

If the Boulanger party of France had a lingering hope left on Sunday morning, it must have plumed itself for flight by noon and disappeared forever at sunset. No more vital blow was ever struck by any party or combination of progressist ideas in the French nation. The expectation, in fact the *dernier ressort* of the Boulangists and the expatriated General himself was that they would carry a majority, or at least a sufficient minority to give them increased influence in the Councils General with the effect of calling Boulanger from exile. With the prestige thus gained he would be more nearly on the way to the Palais Royale than ever before.

It was not so to be. The vote throughout the nation shows the return of 468 Republicans, 245 Con-

servatives and only 12 Boulangists, with 88 seats to be re-contested. Much less than a hundred seats would be of no avail to them whatever; more than that would have given power and influence in proportion to the excess; but they are practically wiped out with the mere corporal's guard they have.

It was truly a dark day for Boulanger—a day in which his hopes were blotted out, not only his hopes of political preferment through legal and peaceable methods, but those he cherished of being at least permitted to return to his home and retain his little property. He has played for large stakes and lost all. His only hold on life itself is through protracted if not perpetual banishment from the land he hoped to rule. Of course he has the chance—now so dim and misty that it cannot be said to figure any longer—of a revolution, by means of which everything would be turned topsy turvey; but revolutions seldom go backward, even in France.

While a crushing, even annihilating blow to the opponents of representative government, the elections are a tower of strength and a source of great comfort to the French Republicans. Not only are they stronger and standing more securely than ever before, but the rock on which it seemed their craft must split is now removed, and the opposition arrayed against them is unitedly so inferior in numbers to themselves that they will have little trouble in carrying out any programme they may see fit.

The idea once prevalent that republicanism cannot take root and flourish in Latin soil is now about dissipated. France is one of the strongest republics in the world. It is in fact the second, not merely in numbers, wealth and intelligence, but in stability and staunchness also. The crisis which passed over it on Sunday last established it on a firm basis, and it would seem that nothing earthly but a foreign war could dislodge it, the principal chance for a revolution for some years at least having been swept away by the practical unanimity with which the electors have sustained the government. It is well for France, no doubt; but it is hard, very hard, for Boulanger, and for Rochefort also.

GLADSTONE'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

The celebration of William Ewart Gladstone's golden wedding on the 25th inst. was a more quiet and un-

ostentatious affair than it would have been if he were of the royalty or even nobility, instead of being a commoner and a grand old man. Undoubtedly he did not pine for the display; it is questionable if he desired or would even have accepted of it had his friends been never so urgent. He is not made of that kind of material. To a man of his sturdy mould and rugged uprightness, whatever may have been his mistake at times, "True hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood."

The unfeigned expressions of good will and best hopes on the part of visiting friends, and the souvenirs of the day which they brought with them, must have been to the veteran statesman such gratification of soul as those who live amid exotics and adulation and garish display never experience. It is well that he is affectionately remembered; he has earned the right to the affection of his friends by never knowingly doing aught to repel or forfeit the respect of his enemies. Oppression never had a sterner foe, suffering mankind a more sincere friend.

On the day above mentioned, fifty years before, he led to the altar Miss Catherine Glynne, and that their half century of married life has been a happy one, the world itself attests. Indeed, this desirable condition is one great incentive to useful and honorable impulses, and he is ever ready to admit, yes, to assert, that without Mrs. Gladstone there would be no Mr. Gladstone as the world knows him. He is one of the few who cannot afford to be unjust even to his wife, nor to withhold from her the meed of praise to which she is entitled.

The fifty years which ended on the 25th have been a busy, bustling period with him; but he wears his years well and his work is not yet finished.

THE OLD "LIBERAL" STYLE.

The blackguard brigade of the "Liberal" party are now in the field. There are speakers on the opposition who do not descend to scurrility but who, while they resort to "glittering generalities," specious errors and transparent sophistry, still abstain from gross personalities and "Liberal" abuse. The lower sort, however, indulge in name-calling because that is about all they have the brains to bring forth.

They will do the People's Party good service. Telling members of this party that they are only "serfs" and