

A considerable uprising has taken place in Morocco, and the war nervousness in Europe has not been at all allayed thereby. The Governor of Tangier is unable to afford protection to foreigners, and Britain, quick to recognize the danger to her subjects there, has sent two warships to warn the Governor that if he cannot protect British interests in Tangier British blue-jackets and marines will be landed for the purpose of doing so. France would in all probability make a rumpus were this done, for she views with jealousy all movements of Britain in Africa, but still it is not likely that Britain would allow her subjects to suffer to please France. The Arab Kabyles have several times risen and devastated extensive areas of the Sultan's territories, but the Governor of Tangier appears to be an incapable officer, and instead of hearing the grievances of the rebels and endeavoring to remedy them, he calmly lets things take their course. Matters are far from reassuring there at present.

Influenza, or La Grippe, has numbered many important people among its victims, and one of the latest to succumb has been the Khedive of Egypt, Tewfik Pasha, who died on the 7th inst. The successor to the throne is Abbas Pasha, son of the late Khedive, who is but eighteen years of age, but who will probably, despite France's protests, quietly ascend the throne without a regency. Young Abbas has been educated under English auspices, and is decidedly in favor of the British occupation continuing. France is making the best of the opportunity to urge the withdrawal of British troops, but it is scarcely probable that she will be able to carry out her views. It would be a calamity indeed were this to occur, for British influence in Egypt has done the country inestimable good. In fact Britain is the virtual ruler of Egypt, no matter what may be said of Turkish suzerainty or other influence. The death of Mohammed Tewfik will be a loss to his country, over which he has ruled beneficently, but the accession of Abbas to the throne will probably not be disadvantageous to Britain. The new Khedive is described as a young man of good sense and excellent parts. He was much distressed at the news of his father's death.

We at this distance have hardly realized the magnitude and awfulness of the late cataclysm in Japan, for the vividness of details are wanting which add so much to a horror at our own doors. The centre of the terrible earthquake, one of the greatest on record, was in the most densely inhabited portion of a thickly-populated country. The shocks were of maximum violence throughout an area of about five hundred square miles, while over double that extent they were very severe but less destructive. In the Nagoya-Gifu plain the effect was frightful. Three hundred thousand people are homeless, eight thousand have perished in various ways, and the list of wounded reaches ten thousand, many of whom will go to swell the long list of deaths. About a hundred thousand houses have been destroyed, while a quarter that number are more or less wrecked. Over a region of hundreds of square miles almost every iota of man's work has been reduced to ruins; railways are said to have been shaken into fantastic curves as a man may shake a few yards of rope; solid bridge-piers have snapped like pipe-stems and their girders been twisted in every way; embankments are demolished, endangering the country; rivers have been dammed and thrown out of their courses; wells and springs are obliterated; fissures extend in many directions; and in general the results of an industrious civilization have in a very short time been reduced to naught and the country's prospects blighted or almost totally destroyed. In the midst, however, of all this terrible misfortune the Japanese bear up bravely, and no doubt ere long they will recover as well as possible from the mishap, and seek to offset a calamity which has so suddenly and signally stopped the progress and general welfare of their once thriving and populous country.

Shall we ever hear the end of conjectures as to the transportation of microbes or germs of disease? Some now complain with good cause of the unhealthful condition of bank notes for small amounts. The five-pound Bank of England note is usually a clean, not unwholesome piece of paper, being but a short time in circulation and chiefly handled by cleanly people, but when we inspect the disgusting appearance of such bits of paper as some of our Canadian money-equivalents, which seem to be forever in circulation, we must say we have an aversion to many of their ingredients, and consider them to be excellent similes of the wear-and-tear and soiling of the mind which is the almost inevitable result of an ignoble struggle to fill a row of capacious money bags. Who would think of pocketing an ordinary piece of paper in the foul condition in which many of our one dollar notes are seen! The bit of bank paper has as likely as not been in the filthiest hovel in the country, in the midst of infectious diseases, perhaps stuffed in the shirt-bosom or pocket of the most uncleanly individual possible to imagine, and half an hour afterwards it may be in the possession of anyone of us, saturated as it is with many abominations. So it goes through its life, anywhere and everywhere, until it naturally falls to pieces or is destroyed, the latter end, because of its value, being an unusual finale to its chequered career. Viewed in this light such dirty scraps of paper cannot be conducive to the public health, and they may in many cases cause the spread of various contagious diseases. The whole fact of the matter is, that our bank-notes are far too long in circulation, and it is a practice which can only be condemned even by those who are not over fastidious or do not believe that germs can be so easily transported.

Mr. Andrew Lang is of an argumentative turn of mind, and although we may not agree with him, it is always interesting to hear what he has to say on any subject. Recently he took up the *Author's* contention in favor

of titles or other national distinctions for authors. Mr. Lang is on the other side, in company, be it known, with Thackeray. "Mayors," he says, "and brewers, and that kind of people are welcome to these distinctions. 'Sir Walter Scott,' however, sounded very antique and chivalrous. There was a coat of armor behind it, and everything handsome. But Sir Charles Dickens, Sir William Thackeray, Rudyard Kipling, K. C. S. I., Lord Stevenson of Apia, *istum teneatus amici!* These things are all matters of old custom." That is just it. The names we have learned to love or admire sound familiar to our welcoming ears, no matter what they have attached to them in the way of ornamentation, just as, to our way of thinking, such homely names as Nancy, Hannah, Lizzie, etc., are sweet enough when the bearers own our affection. It makes a vast difference when such is the case—but this is a digression. Mr. Lang says, "Praise we all like; praise and pudding in the form which the Americans, according to Mr. Stevenson, call 'boodle.' But titles we don't want; titles are exploded." This brings to mind the effort made to get the Government at Ottawa to give Mr. W. W. Campbell, author of many beautiful poems, an appointment in connection with the library, but which proved unsuccessful. We understand that the best that was done for Mr. Campbell was to give him a civil service appointment at a salary of \$500 a year, which seems a pitiable offer to a man of genius. We do not exactly advocate the rewarding of literary achievements as a general thing with government appointments, but there are certain encouragements that should be given our best specimens of manhood in order that it may not be said they have no honor in their own country. If governments, both federal and provincial, would recognize this fact and take pains to make it possible for our most gifted men to remain in and be a credit to their own country, rather than leave for fresh fields and pastures new, where they will be able to make the living practically denied at home, it would be a good thing for the country, the government and our talented men.

The word teacher implies that the person who bears it is at least possessed of ordinary common sense, as well as being qualified to impart certain branches of knowledge to those over whom they are placed, and we were of the opinion that the body of teachers employed in Halifax as a general thing were not lacking in this respect. On reading the report of the proceedings of the School Board on Thursday evening of last week, it somewhat surprised us to see that the Supervisor had considered it necessary to tell the teachers that they should always treat the children with humanity; a recommendation implying that they did not always do so. Complaints as to the doings of teachers not infrequently arise, and it is but natural that they should do so, for parents and teachers do not always agree in everything concerning the management and discipline of children. Sometimes the complaints are well founded and demand investigation. For instance, it has been the custom in some of the schools to keep the children out of the school house until the bell rings, a rule not even relaxed on wet days, and which appears very harsh. It is gratifying to see that the School Board has considered this subject, and passed a motion directing that the doors of all schools be thrown open to the pupils twenty minutes before the regular school hours. Another thing (which THE CRITIC suggested some months ago) was decided on. The teachers are to be instructed to look after their pupils every day during recess, instead of always allowing them to run wild, as is now the case. One would naturally suppose that the teachers would as a matter of course do this, but it appears such has not been the case. At any rate it is a good thing these two reforms are being made, for what parents could send their children with confidence to a school which they could not enter until the bell rang, and where they would have no supervision during recreation time—a time, by the way, that children should never be deprived of as a means of punishment or for any other reason, for it is of the greatest importance to their mental well-being.

Ladies are popularly supposed to have an innate dread of fire-arms, the "shoot-end" of a gun in particular being a terror to them. No doubt exists that a very large proportion of women are thus afflicted with absolute ignorance of the use and proper handling of fire-arms and consequent alarm about them, for which their male protectors are much to blame. Certain familiarity with such weapons would not result in reckless handling of the same by women, but would have the effect of removing groundless fears and inspiring confidence. It should be the pleasure and duty of every man who owns guns or revolvers to make their workings known to the women of his household, and the women should be glad to have the opportunity of adding to their accomplishments the ability to load and discharge a gun without endangering the lives of all in the community. Naturally, when first undertaking the task, a woman will sight her target, then shut her eyes and fire, but this plan is not usually successful, and if the shooting practice is kept up will so be superseded by a more rational method. Since fashion has set her seal on rifle shooting for ladies, the prospects are that our fair sisters will learn all they can about the art of being good shots. Not only has Halifax a ladies' rifle association (quiescent for the present until spring returns once more), but the brisk little town of Kentville, which always seeks to be more than abreast of the times, has a goodly company of shots which bears the name "Kentville Ladies' Rifle Association," and to prove the proficiency of some of the members we have only to say that one score of 98 out of 105 has been made, and others are near that figure. Such associations should receive encouragement, and the emulators of Miss Winnifred Leale, who it will be remembered made a splendid score at Bisley last year, should make great efforts to do themselves credit.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to Healthy Action.
K. D. C. Acts Like Magic on the Stomach.

K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age.
K. D. C. The Dyspeptic's Hope.