

King Humbert of Italy is going to visit England ere long, and the interchange of courtesies will doubtless do much to cement the already cordial feeling between the two countries. The tail-twisters in the United States of America (why can't they get a respectable and shorter name for their country?) will feel disappointed that their predictions of unpleasantness over African interests between the two monarchies have not been realized.

We had a heavy snow storm followed by heavy rain last week. Most people are aware of this fact, but we have an object in giving it all the publicity in our power. We are almost tempted to believe that the august body of worthies who manage the affairs of this metropolis, knew nothing about the manner in which the elements were behaving, or else that those supreme dignitaries were absolved from the obligation of ordinary citizens to use the city sidewalks for walking on, and to sometimes make an effort to cross the street in order to put in an appearance at their places of business. In short, what we are trying to hint at, without being too blunt or hurting anybody's feelings, is that the sidewalks and crossings were in a condition on Friday morning last that was nothing short of disgraceful. In some places in the busiest parts of the city, well on in the day, the slush was nearly a foot deep, and perfectly impassable for people who were not shod in high rubber boots. What in the name of civilization were our City Fathers thinking about to allow this state of affairs? What do tax-payers elect their representatives for if not to look after the keeping of the city in decent order for getting about in? Shame on such neglect! We hope the general wrath aroused by the slushy crossings on this occasion will make itself felt forcibly enough to awaken the city authorities to a sense of duty when we again experience a storm of the kind.

Queen Victoria's letter to the nation in reference to the lamented death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, is universally acknowledged to have been one of the most touching communications Her Majesty has ever made to her loyal subjects, and all classes of people read it feeling that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. The statement that Raphael, Tuck & Sons, the well-known London fine art publishers, have been honored by Her Majesty's commands to produce a fac-simile of the letter in Her Majesty's handwriting, so that the document may be widely distributed, will be received with favor. The letter is to be produced in four different styles suitable for framing, viz., fac-simile by process, on fine paper, etching fac-simile, signed artist's proof of the etching and fifty-five remarque proofs on satin, of which ten copies are to be reserved for the Queen and Royal Family, five copies for the British Museum and other places, and the remaining forty copies will be offered for sale at five guineas each. The process fac-similes will cost one shilling each, or people desirous of distributing copies may obtain them for eighty shillings a hundred in quantities not less than fifty copies. Messrs. Raphael, Tuck & Sons and all their staff are giving their services for this national cause, and they have arranged to hand the entire profits realized by the sale of the fac-simile letters to charities selected by the Queen, the Gordon Boys' Home being the principal participant. The letter is to have a specially designed border by E. J. Poynter, R. A., approved by Her Majesty, and there is no doubt the souvenir will be eagerly purchased. In after-times, when the Queen becomes in the course of nature but a memory to her people, such a touching epistle as her letter to the nation will grow more and more valuable.

Halifax did her centenarian hero, Sir Provo Wallis, scant honor the other day when his mortal remains were being carried to their long resting place at Funtington, England. There was nothing to show that the Admiral of the Fleet, who claimed our city as his birth-place, was dead. Perhaps therefore, the announcement that a memoir of Sir Provo, written by his old friend Dr. J. G. Brighton, has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., will fall on unheeding ears, but we trust not. Dr. Brighton has been engaged on the work for some time, and there is, perhaps, no man who could better have undertaken the task of recounting the remarkable events of the life of the aged admiral. It was to his biographer that Sir Provo, a few months ago, wrote what will probably be found to be his last letter, and a fac-simile of it will be found in the volume, which will also include copious extracts from the Admiral's correspondence, his own account of the engagements he took part in, as well as Dr. Brighton's recollections of the Admiral during a friendship extending over a long period of years and ever since his retirement from active service. The volume will contain numerous illustrations, among others a portrait of the admiral at one hundred years of age. Apart from the personal interest for Halifaxians in this book it cannot fail to be most valuable in many other respects, and we hope that Halifax will not neglect to honor her distinguished son by securing a fair number of copies of his life. It was a unique honor to Sir Provo to retain his name on the active list to the end of his long life, by his death Admiral A. F. R. de Horsey will become Admiral of the Fleet, Vice-Admiral Sir John Kennedy Erskine Baird will be promoted to Admiral, Rear-Admiral James Elphinstone Erskine will become Vice-Admiral and Captain H. H. Rawson, C. B., will get his flag. It is interesting to know that Sir Provo enjoyed the best of health all his life, and only took to his bed this winter to avoid taking cold. He lived simply—almost severely—and slept on a narrow iron bed with very little luxury about it. He was twice married, his second wife being a daughter of the late General Sir Robert Wilson, and survives her husband. Such in brief are a few of the interesting facts connected with a distinguished Halifaxian.

The acquirement by the museum of the Canadian Institute at Toronto of one of the most important collections of aboriginal Indian objects in America is ground for congratulating the Institute. The specimens in this museum are available for purpose of study by being carefully illustrated in the annual reports of the Institute. It would be well if our Provincial Museum could be made of advantage to scientists and others by some publication in connection with it. In the hands of a capable man its influence might be wide-spread.

The inconvenience of the Newfoundland laws regarding the sale of frozen herring to Canadian vessels has been considerable, but Captain Wrayton of the *Ocean Belle* has been ingenious enough to find a simple method whereby to checkmate the ancient colony. He has had the vessel's registry changed from Nova Scotia to Newfoundland, and will thus be able to carry on the trade as usual, for of course, his action makes the *Ocean Belle* nominally a Newfoundlandor, even while all the sympathies of her owners are with Canada.

A profusely illustrated article in the *March Century* on "The United States Fish Commission," by Richard Rathbun, has led us to formulate the wish, long rambling through the corridors of our brain, that we could have an aquarium in Halifax. It is true we ought first to perfect some public institutions which are at present poked away almost in obscurity, (such as our Provincial Museum and the Citizens' Free Library) but it appears to us that Canadian fisheries being so important, and Nova Scotia being very deeply interested in them, an institution where "the wonders of the deep" could be seen by all classes of people, either free or for a small consideration, would be an educative influence of great value. From the article which turned our thoughts in this direction we learn what a vast amount of useful work has been done by the U. S. Commission since its inception in the winter of 1870-71, and the illustrations of curious forms of marine life are exceedingly interesting. The concluding words of the writer of the article are so much to the point that we quote them:—"Science stands, therefore, between nature and the fisheries as a willing and helpful agent, powerful in its influence to promote the general good. From the experimental stage its progress has been gradual but decisive to the higher plane, where its benefits are no longer problematical. Whether in the discovery of new wealths or in the reparation of former industries, its services are acknowledged to be essential. It teaches the principles of fish-culture, and leads the way to proper legislation and judicious fishing methods. . . ." An aquarium naturally pre-supposes the carrying on of investigations and the securing of specimens for it, but there is no doubt of the value of such an institution. We well remember when a child visiting the Royal Aquarium in London, and what a number of things we learned from what we saw, and we wish that every boy and girl in Nova Scotia could have an opportunity of seeing for themselves what interesting things live in the water.

John Boyle O'Reilly once wrote:

"Poets should not reason,
Let them sing."

And it is evident, by a good deal of the poetry which is published, that O'Reilly has a numerous following. Singing, so-called, otherwise the ordinary poetry of magazine commerce, has its good points, and as we do not look for the mathematical precision desired by the statistical physician who said Tennyson's lines should be amended to read:

"Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one and a sixteenth is born,"

we are quite satisfied when some approach to correctness marks the verse. We are oftentimes amused by the poetical aspects given to common things, and more so by the errors regarding names, natural phenomena, etc., so often made. A striking instance of adopting a popular mistake, and enshrining it in exceedingly pretty verse, is to be seen in the current number of a widely-read magazine. It is a common thing to hear the condition of trees and other objects covered with glazed ice spoken of as a "silver thaw" when the sun shines and produces the beautiful sparkling, gem-like appearance with which we are all more or less familiar, but the name is a mistake. A "silver thaw," strictly speaking, is that condition of things to be seen when the atmosphere suddenly becomes milder and the frost in trees, stones, buildings, etc., comes out, so to speak, and looks like frosted silver. It is not half so pretty as is the glazed ice spectacle when the sun is shining, but the fact remains that it is the real "silver thaw" and the other is not. For practical purposes "glazed ice" might be changed to "diamond thaw," "crystalline frost," or something to suit the occasion, but there is no use in calling things what they are not. Poets should "reason" sufficiently to avoid spoiling their work by mistaken terms, as we sometimes see done. Speaking of poets leads us by association of ideas to refer to a case of inept illustration which recently appeared in *Scribner's*, and which ought to put lady poets at least upon their guard lest some wicked man get off a cruel joke upon them with an illustration they have not seen. A lady sonneteer began her verse by telling "I lay asleep upon the fragrant grass," or some words to that effect, and the idea that she was asleep upon the grass was the burden of the sonnet. How the fair writer felt when she saw her production illustrated can be better imagined than described, for the artist had represented her as lying asleep on the grass in very scant attire, on the principle, we suppose, that beauty unadorned is adorned the most. It must have been a wretched artist who did that piece of work, and it certainly provided laughing stock for the readers of the magazine in question.

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.