

Australia is making the experiment of shipping eggs to England. A sample case of twelve dozen eggs specially preserved, was recently sent to London to be distributed among the various dealers, and if they turn out well, it is stated that trade will be opened next season. The process of preserving the eggs is what the Australians rely on, and they have kept it secret.

The question is frequently asked, and most always in an injured or wrathful tone of voice, "why can't people write their names plainly," and it is one which many people would like to have answered. When youngsters go to school they are taught to print out their names in a manner, if not stylish, at least legible, but from the time they acquire that much skill they proceed to sacrifice legibility to individuality for the rest of their lives. Nearly everybody is familiar with the appearance of documents which have been signed by numbers of people, such as petitions, etc., and everyone knows the names are very hard to read. It is when they go to the printer that the rub comes, and the proof-reader also has an uneasy time over them. Ridiculous and annoying mistakes often occur from this habit of making signatures illegible, but no one is to blame but the writers, and they will not or cannot change their ways. There appears to be no remedy for the nuisance, and we must continue to "wrestle" with hieroglyphics that would shame the inscription on a Chinese tea chest, as some one aptly puts it.

Here is a hint for those who do not want to take the influenza or any other disease that is going. M. Chamberland, an expert, who has been experimenting in M. Pasteur's laboratory, states that no living disease-germ can resist for more than a few hours the antiseptic power of (now do not expect any high sounding medical term) essence of cinnamon. M Chamberland says it is as effective in destroying microbes as is corrosive sublimate; even the scent will kill them, and a decoction of cinnamon is recommended, not only in influenza cases, but also in attacks of typhoid fever and cholera. So we hark back to one of the stand-bys of our great-grandmothers' time, and the virtues of this fragrant spice are once more to the fore. No more agreeable antiseptic could be imagined, and when we contrast it with a certain disinfectant largely in use at the present time, we only wish that it would become fashionable for our would-be-disease-avoiding friends to carry about little bottles of essence of cinnamon rather than the stuff we dislike so much. It is also stated that coffee-drinking is a safe-guard against many complaints; and here again we find our physic most agreeable. May it prove correct! We will want no noxious doses if we can keep well with the aid of coffee and cinnamon.

What the world wants now is liberality on the part of those who have money, and it is wanted on the continent of North America, in the Dominion of Canada, and down here in Nova Scotia, just as much as in the older countries of the world. Class distinction is developing faster than most people have any idea of, and the results of the aggregation of wealth in the hands of a few is constantly going on and adding to the sorrows and troubles that beset thousands who cannot find food and shelter of the poorest kind, because of the unequal division of means. The sturdy middle class has always been the prop of the state, but if it becomes gradually debilitated, and finally crushed, by the absorption of capital by the few, the long-talked-of struggle between the rich and poor will take place. The thirst for wealth is not greater in the godless than in many a church member, and the latter is often satisfied to know that within the shadow of the church spire under which he bows, misery and want are eating his fellow-men. Such men or women are only Christian in name, and their hypocrisy will weigh the more against them. Liberality, humanity, the fellow-feeling which is said to make us "wondrous kind," have they died out? Religion needs them, the rich need them, everyone needs them, and their cultivation will give grace to lives that now lack it.

Portugal is seriously considering the advisability of selling certain of her colonies in South Africa, rather than demand sacrifices from Portuguese tax-payers to obtain the financial relief necessary for the welfare of the country. Britain is naturally much interested in this proposal, and would most likely prove a large purchaser in case of the sale being held. Everyone is familiar with the disputes in South Africa which have bred bad blood between the Portuguese and English, and the prospect of Britain being able to make her position sure by acquiring Mozambique, and thus giving uninterrupted coast lines from Cape Town to Cape Delgado, is highly gratifying. The Portuguese Colonies in Africa have long blocked British interests, and inasmuch as they have been, financially speaking, an incubus to their parent country, common sense says that it would be better were they handed over to the nation which as a colonizer has been more successful than any other. The price might be small, and it might be large, according to the bidders. If France or Germany should make efforts to secure Mozambique, or any other Portuguese Colony coveted by Britain, the highest bidder would most likely secure the prize. As the advancement of any one part of the British Empire is of interest to all the other parts, we in Canada watch the progress of events in South Africa with the solicitude of one member of a family for another, and the establishment of a great and prosperous Dominion in the Dark Continent is eagerly looked for.

The suggestion made by a writer in the *Toronto Week* about the coming Shelley centenary, that Canada should do somewhat towards celebrating it, will no doubt be attentively listened to by all lovers of poetry in general,

and Shelley's poetry in particular. The crux of the question will lie in the form the proposed action shall take. The writer suggests a memorial volume, composed of contributions from Canada's most talented writers, and he mentions as likely to assist the names of M. Louis Honoré Fréchette, Professor C. G. D. Roberts, Mr. Mair, "Fidelis," Mr. W. D. Lesueur, "Sarepta," Mr. Archibald Lampman, Mr. W. W. Campbell, Prof. Alexander, "Seranus," Dr. Archibald MacMechan, Miss Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, and other Canadian *littérateurs* and *littératrices*. At first sight this seems an excellent suggestion, but we fear it will meet with much opposition. Such a volume would in all probability be rather monotonous, that is, if it were too bulky, but that defect might be avoided by a stern and impartial editorship which would accept nothing of mediocre quality. If it is to be done, it should be done quickly, for August 4th is coming on apace, and it should also be done well, lest we expose ourselves to ridicule for attempting an over-heavy task. In our opinion it is desirable that Canadians should take this opportunity of showing "that the great Dominion is not wholly joined to idols, to the idols of the market place," as Arnold Haultain expresses it. "The least literary of the British Colonies" (vide James Payn) has an equal chance with the others to distinguish itself, and a favorable opportunity is here opened. May it be utilized!

As things now are, magazines for one month ought really to be dated a month earlier, for it is then that most of them make their bow to the public. We receive our March numbers when February is about three quarters through, and as the preparation of magazines is a rather lengthy process, it is really misdating them to name them a month ahead of time. The same, in a lesser degree, occurs in the case of weekly newspapers. It is impossible to be up to date in them, and the consequence is that ridiculous mistakes as to events taking place after the hour of going to press sometimes occur. A notable case was referred to by the *London Times* a short time ago. "A well-known weekly illustrated paper," it says, "bearing a date two days after the death of the young Prince, whom all England is mourning to-day, makes no mention of his death, but devotes more than one article to the subject of his expected marriage. The same paper, in an article about Cardinal Manning, commends to his notice a philanthropic object which he might help, and on the date which the paper bears the Cardinal's body was lying in state at his house, where he had died two days before. It may be remembered that, similarly, on one occasion our chief comic paper (happily not comic only) made a light allusion to an eminent statesman, who often figured in its pages, and who had been three days dead on the date borne by the paper. Contemporary literature is commonly looked upon as useful historical evidence of facts. How will the evidence of mis-dated papers help inquiry in after-days? Even periodicals of respectable societies sometimes follow the practice, with similar stupid results." The system is one which calls for reform. In this office we receive the American edition of "a well-known weekly illustrated paper" a day and a half before the date on its cover, and it has to travel from New York to us—a two days' or more trip. Under such an arrangement it is manifestly impossible for the events of the week in which it is issued to be noticed. This leads us to ask if the reading public of the day is childish enough to think it gets its news and comments fresher because of the date on a paper. Scarcely. Then where does the advantage lie? It appears to be merely a custom which has crept into the publishing business, but the error of its way is plain to be seen.

A good deal has been said and written as to the regulation compelling Princess May of Teck to remain unbetrothed for the period of five years, because she was the betrothed of a direct heir to the British throne who died. It seems hard indeed that the mourner should have such a heavy law to obey, and the senselessness of it is apparent to all who give the matter a moment's thought. If this regulation really exists, and we believe it does, what credit will five years mourning be to the Princess? People will only say she had to do it, which will be no great honor to the dead or comfort to her. On the other hand, if the Princess mourns her lover so deeply that she could not contemplate another union for many years, she would not need the enforcement of any such rule, and if she is desirous of marrying it is a great hardship for her to be debarred, because a relic of the dark ages has been surviving until now. A writer in *Grip* speaks feelingly of it as the "Nineteenth Century Sutte," and it is really enough to arouse the indignation of a free people. Thoughts on this subject naturally lead to funeral reform, which is before the British public just now. It is generally supposed that the offering of human sacrifices at the burial of great men is a practice confined to savage races, and yet if we look closely into the matter we will find that something of the same kind holds sway among civilized people. Under the name of respect for the dead many injurious habits at funerals are made almost compulsory by custom; not the least of which is the baring of the head in any sort of weather while the dead is being committed to the ground. Many men have dated illnesses which resulted in death from such exposure, and we are all familiar with cases of heavy colds contracted at funerals. The *British Medical Journal* suggests that steps be taken to shorten the service at the grave side, and also that the wearing of a skull-cap for those attending funerals be adopted. There is much sense in these remarks, and as there is simply no use in helping to fill the cemeteries any faster than can be avoided, they should receive some attention. We continue to do many foolish things from force of habit, and we do not see their unwisdom until some sorry result stares us in the face. Then but too late, we resolve to do what we think best, and let custom and its devotees go to the wall.

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!