

The copy fiend came in on Monday and asked for four lines, and as rain was at that time coming down in torrents a little prayer for fine weather most naturally suggested itself as a means of filling the gap. We accordingly devoutly pray for it to "clear up."

A new era in the building of United States ships of war was marked by the launching of the armored cruiser New York on December 2nd. When completed this vessel will be one of the most powerful cruisers afloat. The launch took place from the yards of the Cramp shipbuilding company, Philadelphia, and was witnessed by fully 15,000 people, many of whom were people of prominence. The United States is showing a good deal of activity in its navy department, probably considering it a wise policy in time of peace to prepare for war.

The first of January this year marks a most gratifying advance in Halifax journalism. Both the *Herald* and *Chronicle* made their appearance on Saturday as eight page papers, well printed and of prepossessing aspect. The *Herald* has slightly the advantage of the *Chronicle* in some ways, for the machine for cutting and finishing the latter was somewhat delayed, and the former also has a finer quality of paper. We heartily congratulate our daily morning contemporaries on this progressive movement and wish them all success in the future.

As our readers are aware, THE CRITIC, in its way, has also been keeping up with the progress of the times. Increased pressure on our space, both from advertising and a desire to enlarge and improve some departments of the paper, led last spring to the addition of a colored cover, which has proved, we are assured, satisfactory to our many friends, and consequently pleasing to us—for our object is to give satisfaction. We have felt, however, that there was another improvement within our reach, and we have decided to use a heavier and finer quality of paper for THE CRITIC. Part of last week's issue was of the new paper, but there was a mixture of two sorts in the lot we received, and consequently the edition was not uniform. To our friends the advertisers who make use of our pages to inform the reading public of what they have to dispose of, we would particularly recommend the improved appearance of the paper. Trifles make success and success is no trifle, and there is no doubt that such a trifle as putting an advertise on good paper goes far towards securing the wished-for end.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood has an excellent article on "The Press and the Public Mind" in the *Illustrated News of the World* of December 23rd. He attacks the practice of publishing so much news of a questionable nature, and points out the anomalous position of editors who wish to cry out against the publication of foul scandals, but cannot do so because they are themselves the demoralizers. He says:—"Journalists have combined of late for worthy purposes of self-interest; it would be well if they could and would combine to limit the production of a certain kind of 'news.'" The scandals which have recently come out in the London courts are the exciting cause of this protest, and small wonder, for full details have been given in the press, and many beside Mr. Greenwood must feel nauseated.

A peculiar libel suit was tried in London last month. It appears that a Major Ellis wrote some tales which were published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, under the title, "African Stories." Mr. James Finnock, a West African Merchant, under the impression that one of the stories referred to him, sued the publishers, and what is more received \$1000 damages. The case has excited peculiar interest in literary circles, because Mr. George Meredith appeared as one of the witnesses. He was reader for the defendants and had reported on the story. As an expert he believed it to be pure fiction, but objected to it personally, on the score of taste, and said the description of one of the characters was the attempt of a serious man to be humorous. Other authors have many times made their characters manifest portraits and have gone unscathed, and the only danger appears to lie in caricature, or attributing imaginary crimes to people who are drawn from life. The amusing part of the case is that the author, who is guilty of this heinous crime, goes free, and the innocent publishers are mulcted in the sum of £200.

Time and again we have wondered why those who oversee the compilation of our common and high school readers do not make selections both in prose and verse from Canadian writers, and also why Canadian works are not more generally chosen for presentation as prizes. The reading books at present in use deserve every commendation for the excellent selections from the great poets, and also for the prose extracts, which are all suitable for the purpose of awakening an interest in literature. So far, so good; but Canadian school books should give some sign to the younger generation that literature in Canada is not altogether in a languishing state. We would like to see Roberts, Carman, Lampman, Heavysege, W. W. Campbell, and many others represented by their most widely appreciated poems, with notes on the authors that would give the young idea a tendency to acquire all that can be known of Canadian literature. And for prizes in schools we would have the greater number consist of such works by Canadians as have a recognized standing—of course not to the exclusion of standard works in general literature. The change that might be wrought in a single generation by such a method would undoubtedly be great, and a national spirit would be more firmly established than ever before.

Publishers henceforth must keep a sharp eye on the names of books

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to Healthy Action.

K. D. C. Acts Like Magic on the Stomach.

they are about to assist into this world of care and trouble and awful law-suits. Unless the new-born scamps have been appropriately christened, they may bring much misfortune to their small-conscienced nurses. The titles in future must correspond with the contents, or else the publishers will be liable to prosecution for obtaining money under false pretences. Such is the decision of Sir Frederick Darley, Chief Justice of New South Wales, in a recent case before an Australian bench. The circumstances were as follows: A Sydney firm published a two-volume work with the title "Australian Men of Mark." One subscriber refused to pay, alleging that his biography was not inserted as promised. The publishers sued him, but Chief Justice Darley after examining the work declared that no action could lie, inasmuch as the book was not a lion in sheep's clothing, but a sheep in the noble pelage of a lion—in fact it was not what its title professed it to be, and those whose names it contained were not of sufficient importance to be yclept "Australian Men of Mark." Besides deciding against the publishers, the justice ruled that all contracts entered into on account of the book, and not then carried out, should be null and void. There are those in Canada who would do well to take unto themselves thought in this relation, and not burden the long suffering public with such another example of literary humbug as appeared in former years, a scheme which doubtless brought shekels to the coffers of its worldly-wise devisers but which awakened the anger of every fair minded lover of true literature.

One of the most highly valued and important of the agents of civilization we enjoy every day of our lives is the post office. When we consider the matter it appears simply wonderful what it does for us, and how safely in the main thousands of letters, papers, parcels, etc., are carried to their destinations. It is well for those who entrust their business to the post office to take particular care that their own part of the bargain is properly carried out, so as to insure every chance of having it satisfactorily done. A little advice on the subject of preparing parcels for the mails may not come amiss just now, and if due heed is given it some disappointments may be avoided. Does any one expect that mail bags are going to be handled as if they contained new laid eggs and none must be broken? Of course not! Why then will they mail photographs without any board to protect them, or books without proper protection for the covers, or parcels loosely wrapped in thin paper, and still expect them to reach their destinations intact? They may go without injury and they may not. Mail bags have to be handled quickly, and are sometimes even walked over, and when a mail clerk weighing, let us say, two hundred pounds, puts his foot on a photograph while he is hurrying over the bags in a mail car, breakages can scarcely be avoided. Ordinary care is of course taken not to injure matter in the mails, but accidents will happen, and very often the persons who send things improperly packed are the only ones to blame. Post office clerks have a good deal to contend with, and when annoyances arise from delay or injury to anything going through the mails, it is well to look to outside causes before blaming the department. Proper care in addressing—it is well on parcels and other things to put the address on two or three places—and packing is almost sure to make things run without friction. At this season the increased bulk of mail matter makes extra care advisable, and people will contribute to both their own satisfaction and that of the post office people by looking to it that no poorly prepared parcels are posted.

The misconception entertained by many people as to the rotunda or band-house on the shores of Bedford Basin being the veritable "Prince's Lodge" stands a fair chance now of being corrected. THE CRITIC has, ere this, referred to the subject and done its little best to spread the knowledge that the Duke of Kent resided in a more roomy abode than the picturesque little band-house could ever have afforded, and it is with pleasure we note that some recent publications have also made correct mention of the matter. The *St. John Progress* has been publishing a series of articles entitled "Random Recollections of Hon. Joseph Howe and his Times," and last week's issue contained a view of the real Prince's Lodge, as it appeared in 1820, taken from a picture in the possession of a lady residing in Halifax. The article dealing with the subject of the sketch is full of interest, and we feel considerably indebted to "Historicus" for his recollections. *En passant*, we may say that the habit of jotting down impressions with accuracy as to facts and dates is one that should be cultivated by all young people. The changes constantly taking place make but a faint impression if not committed to writing, and in course of time are entirely forgotten—at least for all practical purposes of history or entertainment—but if a few moments daily be given to making a record of important events, time to come may reap the benefit when another generation appears and asks the fathers to explain what has gone before. Another thing that will do more than the *Progress* articles to remove false impressions regarding Prince's Lodge is the excellent picture in *Illustrated Halifax*—which we trust every one has seen by this time. The view does not appear to be the same as that in *Progress*, being much better, but the difference may be the fault of the engraver of the latter. "Historicus" makes the suggestion that Halifaxians should undertake to restore the Prince's Lodge and surroundings to their pristine grandeur, but we venture to remark that though doubtless it would make a charming resort, there are too many other and more important undertakings awaiting the enterprising citizen's attention, for a Prince's Lodge (not the real Simon pure, but a more or less Chinese copy of the original, and not in a satisfactory state of decay either) to absorb such a large amount of energy as would be required to restore it without serious loss to other and more-to-be-desired things.

K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age.

K. D. C. The Dyspeptic's Hope.