

Cheap meat is a commodity which, for some time to come, will probably be a rarity in Canada, in consequence of our cousins on the other side having depleted our stock. This has increased the price to such a figure as to make it be felt by all classes, but more especially the poor, on whom it can not fail to tell with the greatest severity. No doubt many a man lives and thrives without animal food, or with animal food eaten but seldom; still, good and wholesome food, as far as possible, ought to be within reach of the poor. Amongst the extreme poor, by whom meat is comparatively unattainable, a good flesh-forming substitute may be obtained by the free use of onions, cabbages, and other vegetables; but the price of such is about the same as meat. Altogether, things look dreary this winter for the poor, and we trust those that have to spare will deal it out with no niggard hand, remembering that we were all born alike, and in the grave there is no difference.

The best possible way to become very conceited, or to get the conceit thoroughly taken out of you, is to become an editor. It is interesting, and often makes us laugh heartily to hear how many people we have pleased, and how many we have offended. We can understand the displeasure of the Kingston press—none of their ideas having ever risen above a dollar bill in their own pockets, in forwarding the interests of the people of the place. The one calls "Old Granny," and the other "Old Grandfather," and that is the truest and highest pieces of intelligence at their command. The writing a police report by the one, and calling the poor unfortunates all sorts of bad names because they have no means of retaliating, and the discussing the best beer and magazine by the other, is appropriate; but the idea of writing on the politics, the institutions of the country, or any thing of import to the people, is simply a *ridiculous* piece of egotism—no body caring a *whiff* what they think about "The Last Days of Pompey," or any other *man*. We know that Baby is *sap-*

*ping* their dry bones a little, but they must not stab it in the dark, and expect to get off *Scot* free. The bright side of the picture is every way encouraging, and Baby can afford to crow at mean and selfish *things*.

ST. ANDREW'S FESTIVAL.—This gay gran' affair o' Scotia's sons cam aff wi' muckle joy last nicht in the City Ha'. Donal an' his lawlan' brithers, wi' a' their bonnie lassies, makin' sich an' imposin' sicht, that it was guid for sare een ta see't. The Bard's sang was sung be oor auld freen Aleck McKenzie, but na muckle ta the satisfacton o' mony ane there, or a' thegither ta the Bard's likin'. "We're a' John Tamson's Bairns" was sung be a gay clever chiel, ca'd Jamie Gildersleeve, but the heart was na' put intil't, and the guid auld Doric was wantin'. We thocht Tam wu'd ha' lik'd't better if ane o' his ain bairns cu'd ha' sung it. An' lookin' o'er the program, we were unca muckle amaz'd at the fa'in' awa' among the Scotch sangs an' singers o' former years. We heard, but didna' believe 't, that the Secretery had ta gee the printin' ta an auld chap ca'd Dr. Barker (an Englishman, an' ane that's nane o'er fond o' the Scotch), sa as ta mak up the list o' singers. Fra a' this, we ken that oor Scotch fo'ks, in the way o' singin' is growin' awfu' sma' indeed. There was na' a guid auld-fashion'd, heart-dirrlin' sang sung a' the nicht, and mair's the pity. The Scotchmen hereawa' dinna agree well at a'. The haf o' them are purse-pruid, an' the ither haf puir-pruid. This is the muckle truth o' the maiter, and canna be ganesay'd. Chiels wha didna ken sa muckle Scotch as a flech, just sang ony thing that cam in their puir heeds, never thinkin' it was the a gran' nicht o' a' the year for Scotlan's sons an' daughters ta enjoy themsels wi' their ain country's sangs. Hooever, the callants had a fine opportunity o' showin' aff their kids and wais-coats afore sich a lot o' bonnie lassies, an' they didna lose it. A' thegither, it was a gran' success as a concert, but it wasna Scottish at a', at a', an', as we said afore, mair's the pity.