

The new German education bill has been fiercely debated in the Lower House of the Prussian Landtag. It proposed to place all schools in the hands of the clergy, and make religious instruction such as the Emperor may approve obligatory on all alike. A political religion would be an outrage on the people, and would only succeed in creating martyrs and making endless trouble. Freedom of conscience will be a thing of the past in Germany should this bill ever become law, but it is unlikely to do so. One of the results of the views of the bill was the resignation of Herr Miguel, Minister of Finance, who feared it would upset his budget. The attempt of the Emperor to become Pope will not add to the respect the world holds for him. In the language of our carrier, he "will get himself disliked."

For sometime trouble between the branch of the Salvation Army at Eastbourne, England, and the local authorities has been constantly recurring. The Army has persisted in meeting, despite the law, and has proved a terrible annoyance to the inhabitants of Eastbourne. The police have made repeated efforts to stop the assembling, the beating of drums, etc., but as often as they did so rioting ensued. The Army with fanatical persistency continues to hold the fort, and a very unpleasant state of affairs exists. Not less an authority than Sir Charles Russell has stated that the Corporation has no right to enforce the discontinuance of the breach of the Local Act by interfering by means of police, but that the remedy is by summons before the Justice. There are grave differences of opinion as to what is to be done about it; some people think the Corporation is altogether wrong, and others are highly indignant that the Salvationists should be allowed to provoke disorder dangerous to life and limb. Meanwhile a very disagreeable impression is made on the public mind by these disagreements.

The influenza is providing matter enough for anxiety over nearly the whole of Europe just now, and the subject seems one which calls for remark. The death rate in London recently has been appalling, and is referred to in the following alarming words by the *Times*:—"The appearance of the first page of this journal yesterday (Jan. 19th) is not likely to be forgotten. It contained 159 announcements of death, which covered a column and three quarters—an unprecedented total, and quite three times the average." The returns from the Registrar's Office for that week also show a most deplorable state of affairs. The deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs were 1,248, or 594 above the average; while the births were 2,680, or 161 below the usual figure. This condition of the public health has again directed attention to the question whether, by enforcing or amending the existing Acts respecting the public health, something cannot be done to prevent the spread of the disease. The influenza has been declared by the Conference of Medical Officers of Health to be a dangerous infectious disease, and the enforcement of all regulations against spreading the infection will be attempted. There is evidently something radically wrong with the present mode of living. Whether it is in our houses, or our food, or our habits, is difficult to say, but most likely all these things combined contribute towards the weakening of our constitutions so that disease finds an easy entrance. Civilization such as ours is not without its drawbacks, and warm, comfortable houses, padded and curtained to the height of the art, rich food, the indolent habits of the leisure class, and the close confinement to business of those who in various ways earn their bread, are far from being promotive of health. The smoke which pours from the numerous chimneys of all our cities has a vitiating effect on the atmosphere which is our very life, and cannot but be harmful to us. No one as yet has invented any device of universal applicability for preventing this smoke nuisance, but there is no question of its need at the present day. Even in such a city as Halifax, most favorably situated on a peninsula, and fanned by the fresh breezes from the broad Atlantic, the smoke from our dwellings and factories often hangs like a pall over everything, and as seen from the harbor near sunset looks gloomy indeed. If this is so here, what must it be in a city like London? When we reflect that we are obliged to breathe this smoke—to let it enter the most vital and delicate parts of our organism—the only wonder is that we withstand it so well. We are marvellously fitted for throwing off impurities, but when constantly subjected to them we cannot but suffer. The influenza—to come back to our starting point—appears to be more fatal with men than women, and a greater number of the supposedly stronger sex fall victims to its attacks. There is no telling where the disease comes from; a man goes out apparently well in the morning and comes home in the evening feeling sick; he does not know exactly what is wrong, but he knows he is in for something bad. And so it usually proves, for the disease is fearfully weakening and the recovery of strength is most tediously slow. For the guidance of all who may find themselves "gripped" we will give an extract from an article by Dr. Andrew Wilson in the *Illustrated News of the World*, which says—"The practical conclusions to which we are led by a study of what influenza seems to be, is that the only safety for a person seized with the ailment is to confine himself at once to his bedroom, go to bed, to maintain an equable temperature, and to send for his physician." The Doctor continues—"As regards prevention, that is another matter. Personally, I am a great believer in the value of a teaspoonful of compound tincture of cinchona, taken in water, say twice daily, before meals, both as a preventive measure and a suitable tonic after attack; while a tabloid containing two or three grains of sulphate of quinine taken daily at breakfast has been credited with preventive qualities of a high order. The one thing needful is to maintain as high a standard of bodily health as possible, but this, of course, is just the difficulty when depressing influences are abroad." We trust our readers may find this good advice.

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

Some people show great solicitude for the manner of the bestowal of their mortal remains when the dark angel Asreal shall have enticed their souls away. The aged author of "Leaves of Grass" (Walt Whitman) is numbered among those whose tombs are already prepared for the reception of their tenants. The tomb is described as most elaborate, a reproduction in solid granite of a portion of King Solomon's temple. The door is a single piece of stone six inches thick, and a fine broad slab covers the roof. Within are eight catacombs of marble. No bolts or rods or other ordinary fastenings have been used, the high blocks of granite being strongly mortised together. This beautiful resting place has been constructed to endure for centuries, and is situated in a cemetery near Camden, New Jersey, where the curious in such matters may view it.

The Press as a power for evil, was the heading of an article in an American paper a few days ago. This is a new way of looking at it, but there is a great deal of truth in the implication. We are accustomed to think of the Press as a power for good, and when properly conducted it certainly is that; but sad to say, there is a seamy side to the Press as to everything else. With the opening sentence of this paragraph for a text, what a sermon could be preached! The chief trouble is the lack of thorough independence on the part of most journals. They are influenced by the fear of their subscribers to a certain extent, and dare not offend them too seriously by plain speaking, else the sinews of war will fail, and the paper cease to be a power of any sort. Then again there are the advertisers who must have little things done to secure their good-will, which course is productive of much insincerity on the part of journalists; but the poor fellows are obliged to follow it for the sake of the root of all evil. These two failings will continue to injure the power of the Press for good, until newspapers are made independent of their present means of support by Act of Parliament or otherwise. If it were possible for newspapers to be provided for by the constitution of the country, and kept for the purpose of unearthing corruption, pointing out wrongs, suggesting improvements, and helping the onward progress of the country in many ways, then and then only, could we expect absolute independence on the part of the Press. It sometimes happens that a rich man owns a paper and says exactly what he pleases, but he does not make money by it. The wealthy editor of a magazine was once asked why he did not keep a steam pleasure yacht, and replied—"A man can support but one luxury; I run a magazine." It is the necessity for steering a course for bread and butter land that mars the usefulness of so many papers, but unfortunately there is great difficulty in doing anything else.

It has been said that about fourteen cents a day is sufficient to supply all a man's necessities, but it will not give him the luxuries of life. We have become so accustomed to these that we will not do without them while there are opportunities to obtain them, and life becomes a struggle for money. The whole social fabric has been steeped in the mercenary stew, until selfishness has become chronic with the great majority of men and women. We are accustomed to honor rich people, but when we reflect that as a general thing the acquiring of wealth depends upon the possession of qualities of a low order, we should rather respect the poor. So, no doubt, we do, but the inconvenience of poverty does not commend itself to us, and we harken to the voice of common sense, which tells us that if we want to do anything, be anything, or be able to gratify our own or our friends' tastes, we must obtain a sufficient quantity of the circulating medium. In one way money is only a means of storing our superabundant energy and industry. We are able for a certain period in our lives to produce a great deal more than we need for ourselves, but this period is only about a third of an ordinary life, so during it it is only proper that the other two-thirds should be compensated for. Thus we work as hard as we can, at what best suits our capacities, and in the form of money, if we are fortunate, we lay our strength for future use. As far as this goes, money-getting is perfectly legitimate and honest, but when people begin to exercise the power given them by the control of money to obtain more money we find trouble begin. One of the greatest evils of the present day is the accumulation of vast wealth in a few hands, and the tendency of the rich to grow richer, and the poor poorer goes on increasing the trouble. To this abnormal craving for wealth, and the resorting to means other than productive labor to acquire it, may be laid the charge of most of the misery in the world. What pleasure can be derived from the possession of more means than can be utilized by the people who own it is hard to say. Money is a burden in such quantities, and many of those who have it have complained of it. For this there is no need, for a man who has an income fifty times larger than he requires can always reduce it to manageable proportions by seeking out worthy and needy people upon whom to bestow his largess. He can even give away his principal, but we do not often hear of its being done. The earth has a living for every man, but because of the lack of wisdom of the race some have too much and others have nothing. For instance, thousands are starving in Russia, and the North-West Territories of Canada have grain enough stored there to feed them all if only it could be moved. The United States has been talking of helping the starving Russians; why does not some rich man send some cargoes of Canadian wheat to them and try and equalize matters? We fear when future generations read the history of the nineteenth century they will look upon it as the dark ages; but the world is improving, and gradually it will be recognized that all people must be allowed to partake equally of the blessings of the world. When a new order of things appears, and wealth is not held by a few close-fisted speculators, life will be a pleasure, and not the sad-eyed experience it is for so many at the present day.

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