

There has been little in our Halifax papers of late but football and banquets. We have been enabled to see more than we wanted of the former, but the banquets have not come our way. Hon. Wilfred Laurier at Boston, and Hon. Mr. Haggart at Perth, Ont., appear to have been enjoying their repasts, while we must content ourselves with Lady Macbeth's maxim, "to feed were best at home."

On Thursday of last week the Conservatives of Perth, Ont., banquetted Hon. Mr. Haggart, Postmaster-General. Nine Cabinet Ministers were present, and there was the usual amount of speechifying done. The chief point of interest in our opinion was the denial by Mr. Haggart of the charges made against his character, especially the one connecting him with a young lady employed in his department. To all the charges he gave distinct denials, and in conclusion said that during the twenty years he had represented his constituency in Parliament he had not by any act that he knew of been guilty of any dishonorable deed which would reflect in any way upon his constituents.

The London *Spectator* has been quite worked up over the necessity for finding a new meat, it apparently having become weary of beef, mutton and pork. It has to admit that not a very large number of new meats are offering just now, and finds the field practically limited to the antelopes of South Africa, the flesh of which is said to be particularly toothsome. The *Spectator* points to America as a terrible example of having wasted the resources of nature in allowing the bison to perish, and advocates the careful preservation and taming of the African antelopes for food. These animals were within the memory of men now living a thousand times as numerous as they are to-day, and if the effort to domesticate them is to be made, no delay should take place.

A new drink is, in the opinion of James Payn, more to be desiderated than a new meat, however desirable the latter may be. Some harmless and withal attractive beverage appears to be wanted for the non-alcoholic drinkers, who complain that the ordinary "temperance drinks" are very flat, stale and unprofitable. The drinkers of beer and wine complaisantly consume the liquors which they claim the gods have provided, but the teetotalers are totally without an honestly drinkable fluid except water. Mr. Payn suggests that in these days of offering prizes, it would not be a bad idea for those admirable people (the teetotalers) to offer a reward for a new discovery in the drinking line. It might benefit the temperance cause immensely.

We wonder if the *Spectator* would continue to ask for a new meat if it could hear of the young woman in Shelbyville, Ind., who has been living entirely on dog flesh for the past two months, in hopes of curing consumption by this singular diet. The young woman is said to be gaining health and strength, and her example has had such an effect on other consumptives that there is quite a rise in the market for puppies. For our part we fancy we would almost rather have consumption.

One of our most valuable exchanges, *The Literary Digest*, entered upon its fourth volume on November 7th. Why we mention it particularly is that it fairly represents all phases of opinion, and does not confine itself to the United States of America and their, or its, interests. Valuable articles from foreign reviews are translated especially for the *Digest*, enabling it to represent the views of prominent writers of all nationalities. The treatment of Canadian topics is always fair in the limited field at its disposal, for we have no reviews worthy the name, and the daily and weekly press alone is available to select articles from. No other weekly quite comes up to the *Literary Digest* in the respects we have enumerated; it needs only to be known to be appreciated.

Last week's cable reports told of the serious illness of Prince George of Wales, the fine young sailor who is so well known and liked in Halifax. The disease from which he is suffering, according to the London *Lancet*, is typhoid fever, not enteric fever, as was at first stated. We are happy to learn that the Prince's case is not now alarming, but the weakening character of the fever afflicting him has been strongly manifested. It is to be hoped, and we are sure all Halifaxians who have come in contact with the genial, unaffected, manly fellow, will wish that the messages flashed under the ocean may bring news of returning strength to the royal sufferer at Marlborough House. The Princess of Wales, who has been visiting in Denmark and Russia, has cut short her stay and returned to London on account of anxiety for her son.

A newspaper's right of free criticism appears to be in danger. The *Daily Telegraph*, London, was recently sued for libel by Signor Ciampi, a professional opera singer, who received as damages one farthing. The offending journal said of the opera performer, that "although he could no longer be considered a singer," he acted his part well. The jury found for the plaintiff, but the Judge who tried the case said that for his part he would most undoubtedly have given a verdict for the defendant—an opinion unexceptionable from a newspaper's point of view. The practical outcome of the jury's verdict is that if a newspaper says a performer is incompetent, it does so at the peril of costs and damages. Nevertheless the critic's duty is to deal fairly between the player and the public, and if the former's vanity is so great that he is the only one who cannot see the justice of adverse criticism he must learn to curb his self-conceit.

Western ideas of the conditions of women in Turkey are not much in accordance with the facts, as Osman Bey points out in the *Cosmopolitan*. We often have occasion to find fault with people at a distance for misrepresenting or misunderstanding our affairs, therefore we should take the greater care to be sure of our ground when we discuss others. The article from the *Cosmopolitan* will be found in our contributed column.

There is nothing like personal observation to enable a writer to give strong local color to his work. In Mr. Hall Caine's fine novel, "The Scapegoat," recently published, we saw Morocco, and now that the author is going to travel in Russia we may look for a true picture of life on the steppes in his contemplated novel, "The Prophet." The Jews and their tribulations are, we believe, to form the keynote of this book, which it is small wonder, is eagerly looked for by the Hebrews since they saw the condition of the Jews in Morocco as portrayed by Mr. Caine.

Much disappointment is felt by the upper middle class Englishmen of education who were anxious to see Greek at Cambridge made optional, at the heavy vote recorded by the Senate of the University against even inquiry into the advisability of the matter. It is rightly considered by a large portion of the British people that thousands of middle class young men are kept out of the enjoyment of an University education by the retention of two dead languages as compulsory subjects, and that the time has arrived for the old obstruction to yield. The endowments of the University, amounting to \$3,250,000 per annum, were intended for the benefit of such youth rather than for the sons of the wealthy, but few young men of the class indicated can waste their time by acquiring what would prove of little or no future use to them. By making Greek optional a great advance would be secured, and it appears to be a very pig-headed thing for the Senate to refuse to look at the question on all sides.

We are utterly weary of pointing out errors in the writings of people who attempt to describe Halifax and its surroundings, no matter how unfitted they may be for such a special undertaking. It seems that almost everyone who has learnt the art of making an inky-footed pen dance on paper, and who visits our land, must immediately send an account of the trip to some newspaper, where it is not likely to be much criticised, because frequently hidden from the eyes of those whose land is more or less misdescribed. It is not everyone who is capable of correctly observing even the prominent features of a place in a limited time, and it takes one with a special genius for detail to do justice in a descriptive article to such a place as Halifax. Our readers are aware that we have encountered not a little annoying misrepresentation of late, and despite the ungraciousness of the task, we have done our little best to counteract it. We trust that we may not again be called upon to repeat the wearisome work for a long time.

Just at this season, when the cold weather reminds us that the double windows must go up soon, and that weather strips would render the doors less draughty, it is well to remember that man is an air-breathing animal, and that even if frost be in that indispensable element, we will suffer if we deprive ourselves of a due quantity of it. Ventilation is quite as important in the winter as in the summer, and especially in houses heated with steam and hot water it should be most carefully attended to. The air of a room where the windows are never opened becomes almost poisonous, and exerts a very depressing and weakening influence on those who breathe it. The lack of fresh air during the winter is often the cause of the "run down" condition experienced in the spring, and those who want to try and get through the season with a minimum of sickness had better let in plenty of fresh air, seeing, of course, that rooms are well warmed after the ventilation is accomplished, so that colds will not be contracted by the occupants.

The changes that have taken place as a result of the resignation by Dr. David Allison of the office of Superintendent of Education of this Province effect quite a number of our educationists. Mr. A. H. MacKay has been promoted to the important post vacated by Dr. Allison, and there is not a manner of doubt that he will prove an able incumbent. The Principalship of the Halifax Academy was rendered vacant by this move, and it is understood that Mr. Howard Murray, who has been nominated, will receive the appointment—if he has not already done so before this appears. All along the line these promotions open new opportunities for teachers to take an upward step in their profession; the Government wisely seeing fit to appoint one from the teaching ranks to the highest office in its gift. It has been frequently said that the teaching profession is too often taken up as a temporary thing, and that men rarely continue in it and make it an object in life. As is the case with other occupations, there are some high offices connected with the work of education, and we think that whenever possible such positions should be bestowed upon those who are familiar with the machinery of education from beginning to end, and thus supply the needed stimulant to young teachers, who, when they realize that there is not only room, but a fair chance, at the top, will put forth their very best energies. We notice that Mr. A. H. MacKay, the new Superintendent, who for four years has been the Nova Scotia editor of the *Educational Review*, published at St. John, N. B., has resigned that post, in order that the *Review* may be, as in the past, quite independent of Governmental control. The editorial pen for this Province has been taken up by Mr. MacKay, Supervisor of Schools for Halifax, who is well known to the teachers of the Maritime Provinces, and who will doubtless do his part towards maintaining the high standing of the *Educational Review*.

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.