

The weather on Christmas Day was a great disappointment; no snow and no skating; nothing but fog, mist and rain, it was dreary beyond words; only beside the cheerful fires of home could be found any comfort. The youngsters had a splendid day playing with new toys notwithstanding the weather, and put older folks to shame with their merriment. We must hope for more seasonable weather next time.

During the recent total eclipse of the moon astronomers made haste to use the opportunity to take a photograph of the region surrounding our satellite with a view to discovering whether she has a satellite of her own, *a la* the little fleas which have "little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, and those again have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*!" But after all the dry plates that were used in the endeavor, and many false alarms such as spots that shammed "satellite," it has been concluded that the moon pursues the noiseless tenor of her way without an attendant, unless it be a very small one, not large enough to hold a moonlight excursion on.

So many extraordinary things have happened that no one will be surprised to hear that there is a project on hand to harness Niagara for the benefit of the World's Fair at Chicago. The distance is about 475 miles, but the feasibility of transmitting power long distances and storing it in accumulators was conclusively proved at the electrical exhibition at Frankfurt, Germany, last summer. The tremendous energy now wasting itself will be utilized, in all probability, not only for the World's Fair, but at no long distant date for half the Continent. If it were for nothing else than to see the electrical wonders that will be the great feature of the World's Fair, as they are of the century, we should be sorry to miss a visit to Chicago during next year. The strides made in the science of electricity will in future years be looked upon as the most remarkable advance of the century, and the name of Edison will stand at the head of the list of its distinguished exponents.

Public opinion in Germany has recently made a somersault, and things are no longer as they used to be. Since the deposition of Bismarck from the Chancellorship young William II has carried on the affairs of the Empire with a high hand, and the press, politicians and people have applauded the assertive young Emperor, while they silently pitied the old Chancellor. Suddenly Russian transports steam through the Dardanelles and Turkey quietly acquiesces. The German mind, always on the *qui vive* for an indication of war, sees in this Russian move great cause for alarm, and in the hour of war-fright it turns once more to the old iron Chancellor, believing that had he been at the helm of State, the Muscovite would not have dared to have broken the treaty of Berlin. The present people are loud in their expressions of appreciation of the abilities of the old statesman who welded a solid Germany out of fragmentary states, and William II has been obliged to muzzle the press and to divert public attention by the issue of an Imperial edict of the most radical character.

Another freak of nature in the form of the bodies of two human beings joined together and supported by one pair of legs is now approaching maturity. These remarkable twins are known as the brothers Giovanni and Giacomo Tocci, and were born on July 4th 1875, at Locana, Turin. They recently arrived in America, and are exciting attention wherever they go. The famous Siamese twins, who were united by a thick fleshy ligament about the lower ends of the breast bones, and Millie-Christine, the negro curiosity who visited Halifax last winter, were similar cases of this sort, the last mentioned being probably the most wonderful. Millie and Christine, it will be remembered, were well educated and intelligent, spoke several languages and were altogether very entertaining to converse with. The Tocci twins are unable to walk, because each leg is governed by its own brain, and the want of correspondence has proved fatal. They can, however, stand, and also dress and undress themselves and perform other little offices. They are said to have bright and intelligent faces, and can write their names as souvenirs for visitors.

Grip has a cartoon on the Sunday car question, in which "Toronto," in the guise of a resolute looking woman, is shielding the "working man," whose hand she holds. Stuck in the shield of "religion, science, hygiene, common sense," which her right arm upholds, are the arrows "greed," "mammon," "tyranny," "avarice," "atheism" and "irreligion," while in the background a "Sunday car" is followed by the "Sunday saloon," the "Sunday theatre" and "Sunday papers." As we stated last week this "vision of the future" has not realized itself in Halifax as a result of running the cars on Sunday, and our city is quiet and orderly in spite of everything. Toronto in the cartoon wears a crown of glory "Sunday rest," which we do not wonder she would mourn to lay aside, but if the people want cars on Sunday they should be allowed to have them. There is no reason why the evils represented as following the Sunday car should be permitted, and we see no reason why they should be supposed to follow. Of course both men and horses should have one day's rest in seven, and such a corporation as a street railway company should have its doings inspected, so as to insure proper treatment to man and beast. The use of electricity as a motive power would do away with one objection to Sunday cars, and to our mind the horses' side of the argument is a strong one. A petition to have the question put to the popular vote is being circulated for signature in Toronto, and if it is sufficiently endorsed the voice of the people will decide the matter.

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

We scarcely realize what a revolution even in our daily lives the universal application of electricity would make. The causes that now make cities dirty and unhealthy would, to a large extent, be removed with the substitution of the magical fluid for steam and beasts of burden. It would mean cleanliness and pure air in cities, less work for dumb animals, cheaper production, increased and rapid intercommunication and transportation facilities, and economy everywhere. The burdens of many would be laid on the strong shoulders of the great falls (should the project for transferring the power succeed) and men and women will have time to rest once and gain from life's struggle and enjoy the good things of the world. We may be sure that mother earth is able to yield in various ways all that her children need for health and comfort, only we have been so slow in finding out how to make use of all the means she has ready for our disposal.

One of the most interesting characters in literature will be prominently brought before the public this year. It is the centenary of the birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and August 4th is the precise date. The Shelley Society, founded nearly six years ago, expects that the year will be marked by the publication of a Shelley Concordance by the Clarendon Press of Oxford—a laborious and valuable work—and by the presentation to the British nation or some public body by Lady Shelley, widow of the poet's son, of a monument of Shelley in marble or bronze. As a mode of taking part in the centenary the Shelley Society proposes to try and obtain a fresh performance of Shelley's tragedy of "The Cenci," which has been produced but once—at the Society's instance—in 1886. For this purpose subscriptions of a guinea are being asked, for which the subscriber obtains two tickets for the performance and also such publications (one or more) as the Society may issue during this year. Thus will the memory of one of the greatest English poets be revived; if indeed the memory of such a poet can be said to have ever faded.

The year upon which we are entering is leap year, during which the fairer and gentler sex is popularly supposed to have the privilege of paying matrimonial addresses to the Lords of Creation in reversion the general rule, which obtains every three years out of four that the woman must be sought by the man. In order to increase the natural and becoming embarrassment that rests upon the unmarried of our sex at this state of affairs, the *Mercury* published last week a list of marriageable men of our city, which of course was eagerly scanned by the young ladies—perchance with a view to exploiting later on. It is very hard that when in imminent danger from the ordinary leap year privilege of the fair ones that publicity should be given the names of those open to attack. Many of those which appeared will be recognized as "spoken for," and ought, therefore, to be considered almost settled, but so long as they remain bachelors—in these days—men are viewed by some ladies as lawful game, so they had better all beware. A silk dress is the fine in case of refusal, so the lady will have a salve to heal her wounded feelings.

We have never laid ourselves open to the charge of depreciating home productions undeservedly, and we have always endeavored to praise with fairness all efforts in an upward and onward direction, but we are compelled to say a word as to the awful mistake the *Dominion Illustrated* made in issuing those truly terrible supplements with its otherwise excellent Christmas number. When we first saw them a billow of disappointment flowed over our soul, and the "Type of Canadian Beauty" appeared to us the cheapest looking advertising chromo we ever had the fate to behold. Whether Mr. Foster's painting libelled the young lady represented, or whether the chromo libelled the painting, we cannot say, having never seen the two first, but we feel inclined to think that a good deal of both went to produce that "Type." To ordinary eyes there would be something wrong with the scheme of color in which a girl in a blue dress is made to sit upon a green and pink sofa, but it may be that the artistic brush of Mr. Foster limned these hues somewhat less crudely than the lithograph man saw fit to, and that the original picture did not pain the sensitive eye with its rough discords. Others have been before us in speaking thus of the "type," but it weighed on us that we had to pitch into anything Canadian, and we postponed the evil day. It is only just, however, to protest against making pretences that cannot possibly be anything else than pretences. We have not yet reached that pitch of perfection in Canada when we can compete with English and German lithographing, and it is absurd to try it. The people of Canada were led to expect something really excellent from the *Dominion Illustrated* this year, and were ready to extend all the encouragement that could be given, but they were terribly disappointed with the supplements. Barring a few errors in Mr. Campbell's beautiful poem, "The Children of the Foam," (in which one word was wholly omitted and another read house for home,) the number itself is highly creditable. Mr. Campbell's poem may fairly be considered the literary gem of the issue. It has the same musical rhythm and weirdness of Edgar Allan Poe's work, and commands attention from the first to the last line. As to the precious supplements, we wish the *Dominion Illustrated* better luck next time, and advise it not again to attempt to represent Canadian womanhood's beauty until it knows how to do it in a manner that will give satisfaction to the ladies, who, it may be added, are highly indignant over the libel on their charms that has been scattered abroad this time. It must not happen again.

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