

It has been computed that since the practice of embalming began, in 4000 B. C., down to 700 A. D., when it practically ceased, probably as many as 730,000,000 bodies were embalmed in Egypt, of which many millions are yet concealed, though important finds are made from time to time.

A story has been told which illustrates the attitude of the Russian towards the Jew. A poor little Jewish boy was found picking strawberries, without the owner's consent, in the garden of a physician named Granowsky. The latter confined the lad in a closet and afterwards burnt on his forehead the word "thief" in three languages—Russian, Jewish and German—using caustic for the purpose. When this was reported to the Jews, they arose and assembled before the doctor's house, but were dispersed and ill-treated by the police. When the Jews attempted to prosecute Granowsky for his barbarous treatment of the lad, they were repulsed by the courts and their two representatives, Rabbi Mareus and Dr. Chasanovitch, who strove to obtain justice for their co-religionists, were exiled from the city by order of the Governor-General of Wilno. The despised sect has been threatened with severe punishment without trial, and they are constantly being insulted with impunity. They are driven from their homes with whips, loaded with chains and forced to undergo the severest misery, at the command of one who is a man in form, but whose nature is that of a wild animal.

A visit was recently paid to Halifax by Mr. E. S. Carter, editor of *St. John Progress*, and that paper has had its always interesting columns rendered additionally attractive to Halifax readers during the last two weeks by the letters from the editor, touching on matters concerning our city. He noticed, as everyone with eyes cannot help doing, "that the 'broad R.' Her Majesty's sign of ownership, is on a good deal of the town," but when he states that the Public Gardens come under this head, we fear he noticed more than there was to notice. Point Pleasant Park is Imperial property, and so is the Artillery Park and many other places in the city, but our Public Gardens are our own—our ownest own. The City Council appoints a Board of Commissioners to look after them. No red coat (nor any other color) sentinels keep the public out once a year as they do at the Park, but our Gardens are always free. It is no little gratification to own this beauty spot, but on the whole we do not object very strongly to the "broad R." being on a good deal of the city. The garrison is an advantage in many ways to us, and so long as the public is allowed to take its pastime in the Park, as at present, we do not see what difference the ownership makes.

So many people speak of being poisoned by poison ivy, but very few really know what it is. We find in an exchange the following anent poison ivy and poison sumach, which it is well that everyone should know. These two plants are the only ones to be avoided on account of being dangerous to touch:—"Poison ivy is a variety of sumach. It is very different from the stiff and sticky sumach which brightens country roadsides in the fall with its vivid torches. It is slender and graceful, and sometimes climbs nearly to the top of tall trees. It has any number of other names. Many call it poison oak, and in some parts of the country it is known as the mercury vine. If you intend visiting Boston perhaps you will find its Latin name useful. It is *Rhus toxicodendron*. Poison ivy has a cousin, which country folks often call poison dogwood or poison elder. It is more correctly known as the poison sumach, although that name might also apply to the poison ivy. The rule of threes and fives holds good here too. The poison sumach, like the poison ivy, has three leaves in a cluster, while the harmless sumach, like the Virginia creeper, clusters its leaves in fives. One of the curious things about poison ivy is the different ways in which it affects different people. Some can handle it with impunity. Others have only to go within a foot of it to become painfully affected. It is much more poisonous toward evening and at night than during the day."

The hot weather of August has wilted a great many people so that existence has become a burden. The death rate in Halifax has been unusually great, considerably over a hundred burials taking place during the month. We would advise all and everyone who suffer with the heat to let down the tension for the time being and take life as easily as possible. Worry and hurry has quite as much to do with shuffling people off this mortal coil as the mere heat has, and if the admonition to "keep cool" were obeyed, and people would let the "roaring loom of time" work itself for a while, we would hear of fewer cases of heat prostration. No one likes to neglect business, but sometimes it is better not to be "penny-wise and pound foolish," on the contrary the stitch in time may prove the wisdom of these and a few other proverbs to the same effect. Live as much as possible an outdoor life in the summer; sit on the door step in the cool of the evening, even if the doorstep is right on the sidewalk; take as many days away from business as you can and keep things running; don't drink anything heating, but indulge in all the fresh ripe fruit you can afford; let your family rusticate in the country if they want to, and wear out their old clothes—don't on any account send them to a country town, the styles are very expensive and necessitate a good many toiles, but find a quiet place where the exertion of dressing more than once a day is considered superfluous. Such a life as these observances will insure is quite enjoyable even in these oppressively hot days.

A dastardly attempt has been made in France against the lives of three high functionaries. M. Constans, Minister of the Interior; Etienne,

Under Secretary of State for the Colonies; and Dr. Treille, Director of the Sanitary Services of the Colonial Administration. An individual, whose identity is as yet unknown, but who is supposed to be the same who about a month ago addressed threatening letters to these gentlemen, forwarded to them, through the post from Toulon, volumes containing a large quantity of fulminate of mercury. A hole had been cut out in the middle of the page of a book, sufficiently large to contain a sardine tin, which was filled with the explosive. The one destined for M. Constans was by mistake placed among the letters and papers addressed to his wife. The word "Monsieur" had been almost obliterated by the postmarks. Madame Constans tore off the brown paper cover, and discovered that underneath it was two paper bands gummed down tightly to prevent the volume from opening. Nevertheless a few grains of powder fell from between the leaves. Madame Constans was at first inclined to believe the matter to be some practical joke, but on second thoughts had the volume carefully laid aside till the arrival of M. Constans. Without being opened the volume was sent by M. Constans to the prefecture of police. Dr. Treille received a similar parcel and had his suspicions aroused in the same manner as Monsieur Constans, namely, a little whitish powder falling into his hand when attempting to open the package, and from the postmark Toulon, from which place he had received several anonymous threatening letters. Believing the powder to be dynamite the Doctor carried the book to the prefecture of police, and went in search of M. Etienne, who had also received threatening letters from Toulon. M. Etienne had gone out without opening his letters; but on his return home in the evening he found that Dr. Treille's suspicions were correct. An infernal machine from Toulon was among his correspondence, and he handed it to the police. It is now known that each parcel contained from one hundred and fifty to two hundred grains of fulminate of mercury. The explosion was to take place on the opening of the book. To insure this a tape attached to both covers of the binding was so arranged with emery paper as to produce an explosion exactly in the same manner as a cracker. On one of the first pages of the volume, addressed to the Minister of the Interior, the sender had written—"I warned you I would take revenge." At Toulon it is thought that a M. Henri Vaite, former Comptroller of Customs at Nam Dinh, Tonquin, who lately committed suicide, is the author of the outrage. Vaite was dismissed the service for misconduct, and had vainly sought to be re-instated. He was addicted to drink and reduced to the greatest straits.

The Manager of the Merchant's Bank of Canada, at the recent annual meeting, made the following sensible remarks anent credits, which are worthy the consideration of our business men:—"The subject of long credits," he said, "given by wholesale houses to retailers, and by retailers to farmers, has been so often dwelt upon, and with so little result, that one gets wearied of talking about it. Numbers of our failures can be traced to it, and a good proportion of our bank losses. During the American war, mercantile credit was annihilated, and all goods were sold for cash. Since peace was restored, credit has been resumed on a moderate scale. Where Canadian merchants give four and six months, and even renew beyond that, and date goods ahead to begin with, the same class of merchants in the States sell at thirty and sixty days, and look askance upon a customer who wants a day longer. There is some solid comfort and assurance of growing prosperity in a system of business like this. One could almost wish that something might happen in Canada, which would compel all dealings to be for cash and bring about a rational method of trading. There is nothing more mischievous in our system of credit than the fact that it leads to such heavy accounts being carried against retailers in the books of merchants. The greater part of these are twice or three times as large as they ought to be. I am well aware that the evil is intensified by the credit that English houses give. This is an evil, however, which will cure itself in time. Our manufacturing industries are largely infected by the same evil, especially that of Agricultural implements. There is one striking exception, viz. the flour milling trade, which is practically carried on on a cash basis, both in buying and selling. In some other manufactures, even raw materials are bought on four and six months' credit, a very great abuse, which has led to heavy losses. Raw materials ought to be paid for in cash. There is a certain movement going on amongst manufacturers in the way of amalgamation with a view to diminishing competition. This movement is good if kept within reasonable bounds, though we want no great monopolies created in Canada like those which have troubled our neighbors in the United States. Competition had, however, run riot in many quarters, and it was time for a check to be put upon it. Legitimate competition is the life of trade. When carried beyond that it is its bane. Bankers have it in their power to do something to remedy many of the things now complained of. Long credit manifests itself in long bills offered for discount, unreasonable amounts offered on the names of weak traders, and borrowing from banks by importers without security at all. These things are within the power of bankers to remedy." Business done almost wholly on paper, and in which one man or firm is indebted to the other, all round the circle, can have no stability about it. The ready money basis is best, but the trouble is that misfortune oft-times overtakes a man, and he is obliged to fall back upon credit to save his business. It is next thing to impossible in these days to follow the Bible injunction and "owe no man anything," and we think it scarcely necessary. Credit has its uses and abuses as well as other things, and the man who meets his notes when due follows the spirit, if not the letter of the text. The abuse of the system is what must be prevented if a national method of trading is to be restored.

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