

The low prices which molasses is bringing has been a serious matter to the cane-growers of Cuba. It has been found more profitable in a few instances to distill the molasses into alcohol, but the most novel method of disposing of the surplus material is just now out. Coal and wood are extremely dear in Cuba, and one planter at least has found that the sticky substance makes an excellent fuel. The molasses, when sprayed into the furnace, is said to make the fuel "spend" marvellously.

The *Educational Review* is very wisely directing the attention of all school-teachers to the need of inculcating habits of cleanliness and order in the pupils under their charge. There is no better way of fighting with cholera, or with the dread of it, than in tracing the connection between the disease and dirt, and our teachers, by insisting on the cleanliness of the persons of the pupils, and by giving to those under their charge the proper appreciation of a well-aired, well-scrubbed school-room, will be in the widest sense the most helpful of home missionaries.

Lieutenant Peary, who some fifteen months ago quietly organized an Arctic Expedition, has won for himself a foremost place in the long list of explorers who have striven to reach the coveted North Pole. Peary's idea from the first has been to use the ice-covered plains and coasts of Greenland as a sledging ground, and by this means to explore not only the interior of the unknown country, but also to find a way through to the Arctic sea. Thanks to the data which he has been able to gather, map-makers will now be able to give a definite north and north-eastern coast to the island which has hitherto been gracefully shaded into the waters of the Arctic ocean.

The statistics which have recently been published on the sunken treasures of the sea have not only caused quite a sensation, but they have also aroused an active interest in some New York men who are now superintending a set of divers at Hell Gate. It is well-known that a British war-ship, the *Hussar*, with \$5,000,000 of gold in coin and bullion, was sunken at the "Gate." The wreck has lately been located by the dredges, and quantities of decayed wood, iron, and human bones have been brought to light. A powerful incandescent lamp is taken under water by the divers, who confidently hope that before long its gleams will fall on the long-buried golden treasures.

Some hard facts concerning venal voters are presented by Professor J. J. McCook in the September *Forum*. The professor has been searching the voting records of tramps known to be dishonest persons or drunkards, and citizens under suspicion of having accepted bribes. The leaders of both political parties agree with him in his estimate that 75 of every 1000 citizens of the Republic can be bribed for electioneering purposes, and that with the floating tramp vote, the vote of foreigners, especially when of Irish extraction, a clear 113 venal votes to the 1000 may easily be found. In Connecticut alone, where the paupers are allowed the privilege of polling, there are said to be over 26,000 dishonest votes cast in each election.

Mr. Stanhope, of the staff of reporters of the New York *Herald*, is achieving a world-wide popularity. Mr. Stanhope, of his own "free-will and accord" and presumably for financial reasons as well, has made his home in the cholera hospitals of Hamburg, after first being inoculated with the cholera-virus by Pasteur. An interesting series of letters from the brave young fellow has already been begun, while the medical world eagerly waits to see if the result of the inoculation will be a complete immunity from the disease. The would-be patient shares the ward, food and bad water of the cholera sufferers, and his communication with the outside world, except by means of written communications, is effectually cut off.

There is a grim humour still among the Hamburgers. Advertisements may frequently be seen in which "anti-bacterine remedies" are puffed, while many soaps obtain a sale because their makers claim that they are "antidotic"—whatever that may be. Butter is considered a dangerous article of diet, and "anti-choleraic jams" for spreading on the bread are widely used by the well-to-do classes. Many bakers announce that all the water used in their bread-making is boiled, and so retain their former custom. Police restrictions as to foods abound, and the stranger who demands either salad or cheese at restaurant or hotel will get but cold comfort. It is now contrary to law to serve any uncooked or cold vegetables or drinks at any evening meal.

Both the Democratic and the Republican parties have been eagerly waiting for a few remarks from Senator Hill of New York. Harrison's friends have been confident that Hill would desert his former party on account of his well-known differences with the Democratic candidate, while many of Cleveland's most ardent supporters have stated that unless Hill would at once openly play a strong Cleveland card, that there was little hope of a Democratic majority. Hill has at last declared himself—thousands of both political parties flocked to hear his speech of last week. The clever and unscrupulous politician was exceedingly canny in his remarks—first a shout of joy would burst from the hopeful Republicans, as they discerned in the orator the saviour of their party—then a wild burst of applause from the ardent Democrats who saw a double meaning in the enigmatic statements. The speaker held his vast audience perfectly, until throwing away his diplomatic form of address he pledged himself to "our candidate, Cleveland." The disgust of half his audience and the joy of the remainder can hardly be imagined.

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The recent escape from one of the strongest of Dundee prisons of a locksmith who was in solitary confinement on a charge of house-breaking, surpasses any of the thrilling escapes in which fiction abounds. In the middle of the night the prisoner removed the sliding cover of the eye-hole in the door, passed his arm through the aperture and picked the lock of his cell from the outside. Next the lock of his section of the prison was noiselessly opened, and the prisoner threaded his way through the prison to the private apartments, where from an attic window, he made his escape by means of a convenient scaffolding. It was fully six hours before the jailers realized that in this case "stone walls did not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage;" but the most careful investigation has only strengthened the opinion that the escape was planned and successfully carried out without any connivance on the part of prisoners or officials.

The study of geography in our primary schools necessarily involves, by our present methods of instruction, a certain waste of time. Theurchin who so glibly recites definitions about the earth's axis, or about the distance of the tropics from the imaginary equator, are for the most part entirely devoid of real knowledge on the subject. In the schools of Russia a better method of cultivating the minds of the children has long been in vogue. Whenever it is possible the pupils are left to draw their own conclusions instead of learning by rote the definitions of the text books. A whole class is frequently taken to visit a river, a lake and island, or a mountain, where all their powers of observation are brought out by the change from the dry facts of the text book to the actual realities of nature. History, botany, geology and astronomy are all taught in the same natural way, and the high place which so many of these Russian pupils have afterwards taken in the world of science, or of general learning, speaks volumes for the character of the instruction given.

Many physicians have of late become advocates of the cremation of diseased cholera patients. They claim that by cremation the germs of the disease are thoroughly destroyed, to the great benefit of the living community. Some time ago the earth in which patients who had died of yellow fever, small-pox or cholera had been buried, was closely examined by scientists. They found that beyond doubt the earth near the body was swarming with living bacteria, and they concluded that in time the natural drainage and the rainfall would bring the germs to the surface and in all probability renew the plague. They argue, therefore, that cremation should be insisted on for all victims of epidemic diseases. There is with many a natural repugnance against this method of disposing of corpses—it seems an unchristian form of burial, or to some it seems to indicate a disbelief in the resurrection of the body. These arguments are easily disposed of by the advocates of cremation, whose thought is for the welfare of the survivors. They point to the deaths of the great martyrs who gloried even at the stake, and whose glorious resurrections are implicitly believed in by Christians of all denominations.

In these days, when women so frequently wield the pen, it is often averred that though many become facile writers, yet few are exceptionally gifted. While this beyond doubt is true of female writers, it is none the less true of our male writers. And the exceptional females who have been veritable creators in their art, are by no means so rare as their detractors would have us believe. It is twenty-five centuries since Sappho lived and sung, and her verse is yet felt by the highest critics to be "the final achievement of the poetic art." Shakespeare, the climax of the male genius, is yet charming us; but he is in his youth yet, for his works were written not much more than two centuries ago. Who dare say that even his master-mind will after the lapse of a score of centuries, still domineer in the changeable world of letters. Oddly enough the one character of this century's fiction, which has thoroughly impressed itself upon our eye, is the conception of a woman. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not an artistic masterpiece—the book is marred by much defective writing; but the personality of Uncle Tom is instantaneously photographed on its pages, and while the many thousands of characters in this century's fiction are fading out, the black figure of the hero proves conclusively that creative power is by no means denied to our female writers.

Many readers of our daily papers doubtless smiled at the charge brought by one of our city policemen against a child of two years of age, who was accused of "loafing" at the street corners. The charge, though in a manner laughable, is a serious one. It brings before us the numbers of our city children who are to be found each day in the gutters of our thoroughfares, or in the worse portions of our city, grouped at the entrance of drinking saloons. The toddlers, for they are often little more, receive their first lessons in profanity, in bad habits, and perhaps in crime, on the streets of our city. The watchful care of a mother is often an impossibility in the many cases where it is necessary for both parents to contribute to the support of the family, and the children are too young to be admitted to our public schools. An eminent Romanist once said:—"give me the training of a child for the first seven years and I care not who trains him afterwards." The deepest impressions are beyond doubt made on the receptive minds of the very young, and a serious question for our philanthropists to consider is the mode of life of these half orphaned children. In many cities "cradle-homes" are to be found, where the children are cared for through the day, amused, taught or put to sleep at a nominal cost to the laboring parents. Who will be the originator of a similar movement in Halifax?

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