

It is stated that the highest place in the world regularly inhabited is the Buddhist Monastery Haine, in Thibet, which is about 16,000 feet above sea level; the next highest is Galera, a railway station in Peru, which is located at a height of 15,635 feet. Near it, at the same level, a railway tunnel 3,847 feet in length is being driven through the mountains. The elevation of Potosi, in Bolivia, is 13,320 feet; Cuzco, Peru, 11,380 feet; and Leadville, Colorado, 10,200 feet.

The news that arrived a few weeks ago from New Zealand, that the House of Representatives had passed a bill granting residential suffrage to women, and also qualifying women for election to Parliament, was received without any commotion. It is merely commented on as a sign of the times, or some mildly sarcastic remarks are made on the duties of women and their sphere. One journal is afraid that men, like Othello, will find their occupation gone, but we do not think there is much danger of that.

The Provincial Exhibition came to a successful close on Friday last, after four days of most superb weather, such as we rarely enjoy at this season of the year. The success attending the fair can scarcely be ascribed to the management, which was not all that it should have been, but a success it was, and on that account bad management may be overlooked. The weather probably deserves the credit for much that was satisfactory through the week, for if it had been unpleasant we feel sure the attendance would have been small indeed. To this, then, we may ascribe the large attendance, and feel grateful accordingly. A total paid attendance of about 40,000 is a splendid showing for four days; and the fact that we went 10,000 better than St. John, with all its puffing of "Canada's International Exhibition," is highly gratifying. Considering that the St. John fair was open twice as long as ours, better results might have been expected.

A boy of five years of age, a relative of the ex-Maharajah of Manipur, has been selected for the throne of that Province, under the title of Rajah, which will be hereditary, descending in a direct line, provided each successor recognizes the British Government. During his long minority the State will be administered by a British officer, and as tribute and other incidents of feudatory relationship will be established, it will be impossible again to raise the contention that the State is independent. The importance of Manipur to Britain lies in its geographical position between the Province of Assam and Upper Burmah, through which railway connection is desirable. It is probable that one of the first acts of the Regency will be to promote the building of a line connecting Mandalay with Assam and Northern Central India, which will be a permanent witness for British authority. Manipur has been a sad name of late, but this is the case whenever a State is conquered. Bloodshed cannot be avoided, but it is to be hoped that it is over in Manipur, and that the British Regency may open an era of peace.

Olive Obnet, one of the *Chicago Graphic's* regular and bright contributors, in referring to the philanthropy of American women, says—"Reforming the world is a pleasant business for many women in America. It brings them before the public, they get their names 'printed in the papers,' accompanied by 'more or less wooden' cuts, and column upon column is written about their 'disinterestedness,' and the like. It brings many of them too, a very neat income, social recognition and other grand things, which they accept with great complaisance, for 'is not the laborer worthy of his hire?' It is interesting to the student of humanity to speculate how many of these good women would devote their time to reforming society, if instead of fame they should receive obsequy, the prison cell and perhaps even death as their reward. Would they have then the 'courage of their convictions' which they now so loudly proclaim?" We doubt not that many of them would come forward regardless of the cost, for the annals of heroism and martyrdom abound in examples of female courage and self-abnegation, and we think it no discredit to the reformers of the United States that they appreciate the sweet along with the bitter. Their common-sense indicates that they could be not only heroines should occasion arise, but are also well-fitted for the every-day business of life—a much-to-be-desired endowment.

A Dr. Granville has been writing in the *London Times* on "The Evils of Teetotalism," and if one is to accept his view, they are many. Dr. Granville believes in the good old times when beer and wine formed integral parts of the daily diet, and considers that many of the lowest types of disease common at present, such as consumption, cancer, diphtheria, the worst forms of gout, nerve troubles, and many others, have extended their ravages since the practice of substituting table waters for the malt, hop and grape beverages formerly used. It is needless to say that these views are not generally concurred in, and that numerous replies have been evoked from supporters of the other side of the question. For ourselves, we are believers in temperance and a due amount of liberty of personal opinion for everyone, but we have always been against too strict legislation in the matter. We are equally against any such propagation of opinion as Dr. Granville attempts. To tell a man that if he does not drink enough he will be afflicted with various diseases, is to lead him to the brink of a moral abyss, into which he may plunge to hopeless ruin. The idea is preposterous, the use of liquors is more a matter of taste in these days than anything else, and we venture to say there is more sickness caused by over-indulgence than by not taking enough; at any rate we come more in contact with cases of the former.

The extract from the *New York World*, "A Divorcee's Confession," which we publish in another column, is a sad bit of reading, but it contains a warning that in these days of easy divorces may well be heeded. The remedy is often worse than the disease when marriage is a failure.

Parliament does not often trouble itself with literature, or make a point of bestowing the offices in the gift of the Government as a reward for literary achievement, so it was rather a surprise when we read a few days ago that Mr. McNeil had made a suggestion in Committee of Supply that the Rev. W. W. Campbell, author of "Lake Lyrics" and the beautiful poem "The Mother," which has been recently recognized a gem of the purest water, should be given a place on the staff of the Parliamentary Library. Hon. Mr. Laurier endorsed the suggestion, and spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Campbell's work. This recognition of genius appears to indicate an elevation of taste which we hope may continue. Men of genius have generally an easier time of it now than was the case many years ago, but still there is much to struggle against, and unless the slavery of working hard for a living is removed from our finest minds we can scarcely expect them to produce their best. Of course we do not wish to be understood as approving of an indiscriminate bestowal of offices among our literateurs, or establishing a sort of Pantheon where these divinities may be kept for the edification of her people, but we are glad to see merit recognized when an opportunity to do so suitably occurs. We therefore hope that Mr. Campbell may secure the position referred to.

In our exhibition notes last week we said you could get a good meal in the eating hall, but a second experience obliges us to retract. Our first meal was eaten on the first day, when things were fresh, and there was no rush, but our second on Thursday was the worst pretence at getting something to eat for a quarter that we ever experienced. First, beefsteak, absolutely raw, was set before us on a shockingly dirty table; we declined to eat it, and ordered some ham. The ham was brought. To judge by the appearance it had been carved with an axe or a tomahawk, and was like the beefsteak, raw. Visions of trichiniasis and other horrors flitted before our disgusted vision, and we again declined. We finally secured a cup and saucer of tea—for a good deal of it was in the latter—and some bread and butter, out of which we failed to get our twenty-five cents worth of nourishment. The waitresses were unaccustomed to their work, and had not sense enough to carry back the dishes that had been used when they went to fill an order. It is not fair to blame them, however, but we do not see why the man who undertook to cater to the visitors to the exhibition should not have been compelled to do it in a respectable manner. Of course many of the people who got their meals there were of a rough class, and did not care whether things were clean or not, but this is of no consequence, the dining room should have been decently conducted for the credit of the thing and for the sake of the large number of respectable people who found it convenient to have their meals without leaving the grounds. Everything was at sixes and sevens, showing the lack of sufficient intelligence at the head of affairs to manage the business. If they could not supply the meals, they had no right to sell the tickets and "take in" the unsuspecting who did not observe the notice "Beware of Thieves" in the vicinity of the door.

Critics and reviewers have always had a hard row to hoe; they must show exceedingly nice discrimination in what they say, or they in turn will be pounced upon by the criticised and reviewed and abused within an inch of their lives. Very few people think what a very conscientious business criticising in the public prints is, and how hard it is to do exactly what is just without treading on somebody's corns. For instance, if a reviewer reads a book, the first production of a young writer, and finds therein many faults, but also some germ of talent, or mayhap genius, of small proportions, he will do well to be lenient and quench not the smoking flax. In such a case severe criticism would be likely to do more harm than good, and the helping hand should be extended whenever possible to the young climber up the ladder of fame. It is a different thing when a well-known hand produces a book. No such thing as allowing an author to trade on a name should be permitted by the conscientious reviewer. A man who has already made a name needs to ask no favors for his work, and it is in such a case that correct, firm, truthful, and withal kindly criticism, does the most good. If he makes any slips or errors, it is the reviewer's duty to point them out; it can do no harm to the author whose work has passed the amateur stage, but will assuredly put him in mind of the fact that his readers expect excellence to be like the peacock's tail at the show, "continued in our next." A thin-skinned author may resent the wound to his *amour propre*, and prefer to be allowed to live in blissful ignorance of the fact that he was able to err, but this is not what critics live for or consider their duty to the public. If reviewers give nothing but fulsome praise to all alike, where is their value, and on what may the public place its reliance? As with books, so with music and art; the same rule applies, and it is better to speak out plainly with regard to faults than "damn with faint praise" when true appreciation cannot be expressed. These remarks apply only to honest criticism, for the critic who allows personal malice, jealousy or any other untoward feeling to influence his work is unworthy of the name. When the public places reliance on a journal, it is the paper's duty not to abuse that trust by any misrepresentation of facts, but to make its chief aim the commending of the best and the discouraging of the worst in literature and art.

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