On The Shore.

I stand alone—all alone—on the shore
Of a vast and boundless sea,
And I watch the ship recede from my sight
That beareth my love from me.

I list to the sob of the restless waves—
I hark to the breakers' roar;
And a nameless voice sings low to my heart:
"Thy love thou shalt see no more!"

O cease, sad waves! from thy useless grief;
Cease, breakers! thy dash and roar;
Ye break my heart as ye carry me back
To the old sweet trust of yore!

When I roamed the sands of the pebbly beach
With my lover's hand in mine,
While we watched the white gull's circling flight
Or the moon o'er the waters shine!

Thou storm-king, spare the frail bark of my love
As it sails the treacherous main;
Bid the winds lie hushed, like a child asleep,
Till he makes the haven again!

Ah! for the sobbing—the 'plaining—the fretting
Of the cruel mocking sea,
As I watched in vain for the vanished one
Who'll never come back to me!

—Kris Kyle in *Detroit Free Press.*

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN INDIA.

An invitation from Mr. Sanderson, Superintendent of Elephant Kheddah, to spend a short time with him during the elephant hunting season, has recently enabled me to indulge a long cherished wish to see the method of working the well known Kheddah, and an account of my visit to the Garo Hills may be of some general interest. Before relating how elephants are captured, I may state that the Kheddah, or elephant catching establishment, is a branch of the Commissariat Department of the Government of India. The object of the Kheddah is the capturing and training for service of the elephants required for military purposes. The depot or headquarters of the Kheddah is at Dakka, which from its vicinity to the hunting grounds, and to abundant fodder supply, is a peculiarly suitable place for the purpose. The superintendent of Kheddah has at his disposal two commissariat sergeants, a large staff of native hunters and from 150 to 200 trained elephants. The hunting operations are carried on only during the months of December, January and February, when the jungles are comparatively healthy and there is little or no rain to interfere with the work. By March the grass in the forests has become so dry that the use of fire, which is largely employed in the operations, might result in disastrous conflagrations. The water supply of the country also becomes contracted, while large flies and other insect pests spring into life, making the wild elephants restless and uncertain in their movements. A little later, when the rains commence the forests become pestilential, hence the necessity for closing hunting season before the middle of March. The first move in the hunting season is to send the tame elephants to a base camp close to the forest selected for hunting. Each has two attendants and carries its share of the tents, ropes, tools, etc., required in hunting. Meanwhile about 700 hunters trained to the work are collected, generally in Chittagong, where the craft chiefly flourishes. These are marched to the rendezvous, where the tame elephants and stores have been already collected. Muskets and tools are here distributed and after certain religious ceremonies, of a curious kind, the hunters enter the forest.

A hunting party usually consists of 350 men. Some of these acting as trackers, go in advance to examine the country and to mash down the herds. A herd having been found the hunters proceed with great circumspection and are led by the trackers to within a mile or so of the elephants' position, when the men divide into two parties, and running rapidly in Indian file under the leadership of the trackers, one party to the right, the other to the left and dropping a man at evey 30 or 40 yards as they go, they seek to fetch a circuit round the elephants and to meet on the far side of them. If this movement, the execution of which demands much skill and experience, be properly executed, the elephants will be surrounded by men in a ring of six or seven miles in circumference. Each man, so posted lights a fire at his station, connects his position with those of his neighbors by clearing a pathway, and takes every precaution to prevent the elephants breaking through his portion of the surround. Musketeers are stationed wherever the elephants show a disposition to break through the circle of guards and special men go round the circle every quarter of an hour, both day and night, to see that every one is on the alert. Mr. Sanderson and the sergeants make the unexpected night circuits. The surround is rarely broken through. If the elephants approach the men they are driven back by shots, shouts and fire brands. The elephants usually give trouble on the first and second nights only; after that, if the surround has been well chosen, and there be in it plenty of fodder and water, they rarely make any decided attempts to break out. Moreover, they are generally active only between sunset and 11 at night, and again from 2 a.m. until daylight, so that during the daytime the hunters are able by turns to take some rest.

Within the surround, and on one of the elephants' chief runs, a stockade composed of stout timbers is now commenced. This inclosure is circular in form, and is rarely more than 25 yds. in diameter, that area being found sufficient to admit 60 or 80 elephants. It consists of a ring of posts sunk deep into the ground and well supported by transverse timbers, and backed up by forked props securely lashed with ropes, canvas, or tough creepers. This palisade is 10ft. high. Over the entrance, which is 12ft. wide, is hung a massive log gate, which is dropped and secured directly the herd has been driven in. On each side of the gateway for about 100 yds. a timber barricade is carried, forming a funnel-shaped approach. Across the mouth of this V-shaped passage (generally a width of 60 or 70 yds. or so) is arranged a line of dry grass and combustible jungle material. When the herd has crossed this line, and thus got well between the guiding barricades, it is fired behind them. Simultaneously with the sudden blaze so produced, the hunters, who have patiently and skilfully worked the elephants along to this critical point, close in and rush shouting after the started herd. Mr. Sanderson, who up to this stage of the proceedings has probably been perched high in some commanding tree, to direct the movements of the hunters, who from their inability to see each other are best directed from some central point, now rapidly descends and takes his place with the hurrying line of hunters. His presence and formidably heavy rifles impart confidence to the men, who, giving the alarmed elephants no time for reflection, rush them along the narrowing approach to the gate. This is the point where the greatest danger occurs, as, if the elephants' fears are aroused by anything ahead, they often turn in a body and break back, when fatal accidents are likely to happen. I saw a charge of this kind which was, however, checked by Mr. Sanderson's dropping the leading elephant—an old female—dead, and the men showed such pluck and determination when the elephants were thus thrown into confusion that they turned, and were soon in the stockade. Generally, in a few minutes after the lighting of the fire line, the huge beasts have crushed through the jungle into the stockade, when down comes the ponderous gate, and the bewildered monsters are impounded.

But this outline conveys no adequate idea of the skill exhibited in selecting the ground, of the organization and discipline requisite to insure a sustained performance of tedious and dangerous duty by hundreds of men, any one of whom might, by disobedience, carelessness or cowardice, imperil the success of the whole undertaking, like the snapping of a single link in a chain; or of the intrepidity displayed in the many dangerous situations often occurring in the undertaking. During the erection of the stockade within the surround, a laborious piece of work that occupies about three days, no one would suspect that several hundred men were at work. No voice is heard above a whisper. Few orders are necessary, every gang of men being divided and subdivided, and all so drilled that each knows his work and does it. Occasionally a soft whistle and a rapid gesture are used to convey instructions to a distant workman. Everything is done rapidly and silently. Then the pluck of the men in driving the elephants is very conspicuous. They have the confidence in the determination and skill of their leader which insures success, and it is a fine sight to see them following Mr. Sanderson, or skirmishing with the elephants while under the protection of his heavy rifles in a manner that seems perfectly reckless.

On the day after a herd has been impounded there follows the less exciting but even more deeply interesting business of securing each individual elephant. The gate of the stockade is raised under cover of guns, and men mounted on tame elephants ride into the inclosure. The wild ones generally huddle together, and watch this fresh manœuver with apprehension, or some of them charge down among the tame ones. When the gate has been closed and made fast, the work of securing the wild ones begins. The position of the tame elephants' mahouts looks very dangerous; but although the wild elephants occasionally battle with the tame, they never attack the riders. The work is, however, sufficiently perilous. I saw a tame elephant receive, unexpectedly, a charge from a powerful wild one that made her stagger, and, the ground being slippery, she fell on her side. The mahout must have had a perplexing view of gigantic legs all around him, but being cool and experienced he quickly got under one of the tame elephants of the party, and thence was helped out of danger by ready hands.

The tame ones are all experienced fighters, and when some captives show a disposition to be mischievous, one or more are set on to give it a pounding, and inculcate respect. When three or four tame elephants have wedged a wild one in among them, an active fellow slips down and ties its hindlegs together, afterward making them fast to the stockade, or two trees growing in the inclosure, or to strong posts previously planted for the purpose. A large, soft cable is then got round its neck. When all have been tied in the manner described, the gate is reopened and they are led to water and picketed in the forest near. When separated thus and first left to themselves and the tame elephants, their struggles are violent and protracted, and I saw many tall trees shaken to their topmast branches under the strain put on them. Every branch within reach is wrenched off; the bark is often stripped from the trunks, while the tuskers drive their long white ivories into the ground and plough every square foot within reach. The calves usually keep up an incessant roaring, as their mothers often temporarily lose their supply of milk from their agitation and struggles against coercion. In a surprisingly short time, however, all get accustomed to the presence of their attendants, and in the course of a few days they are marched down to the low country in tow of their tame friends. They are then put into systematic training. Within two months they can generally be ridden alone. Several of the elephants employed in carrying baggage, and one of Mr. Sanderson's special riding elephants, this season, were pointed out to me as having been captured last year. They were now working in the very forests where they were themselves wild ten months before.

Occasionally an escaped elephant is recaptured after it has enjoyed a prolonged holiday of a few years in the forest. Among the last herd that I saw caught was such a one, a female, followed by a big calf about five years old. She bore on her neck and legs the usual rope marks, and exhibited other signs of having been in service some time or other. Judging from the age of her calf she must have been at liberty not less than seven or eight years, but when pressed on the neck with a spear and ordered to kneel down she obeyed at once. This speaks much more for the docility of the elephant than for its intelligence, which latter quality Mr. Sanderson considers it markedly wanting in, popular impressions notwithstanding. She was promptly mounted by a bold mahout, and two or three days afterward I saw her picking up ropes with her trunk, passing them to her mahout, helping to tie and tow away some of her fellow-captives, and behaving as though she had been on continuous duty in the kheddahs all her life. Her calf was, of course, an uneducated young savage.

"Directly a "catch" has been concluded the trackers go off to find and mark down another herd. When "kubber" arrives that another herd has been found, perhaps ten or fifteen miles away, off go Dr. Sanderson and his men to the new ground, while a sergeant or a native jemadar remains in charge of the last captures and marches them down to the open country. Again follow the surrounding and guarding of more elephants, and selecting the site of the stockade and building it; the wary working up of the unsuspecting animals, which develops into the maddening final rush with a blazing fireline and sudden uproar ending in another catch. It is very worthy of remark that the operations rarely fail to end successfully. The certainty with which this may be counted on is clearly indicative of excellence in all the arrangements to the smallest details. There appears to be no such thing as building a stockade and failing to get elephants into it. Unquestionably it is hard work, the very hardest work, both for tame elephants and men, yet the former are in excellent hard condition, and among the latter the proportions of sickness and accident has been greatly reduced of late years. The elephants are, of course, fed solely on grass fodder, as Mr. Sanderson is a well known advocate for the abolition of grain, and they are a living proof of the accuracy of his views on the subject.

In elephant hunting the risk to life, and of course to limb and health, is generally very considerable. While I was with the camp two men were killed, one at his post on the surround at night, and the other during driving; and Sergeant Watson, a steady, soldier-like young fellow, succumbed in a few hours to jungle fever. This was also the fate of Mr. Nuthall and Captain Hood, Mr. Sanderson's immediate predecessors, and I should think a life insurance company would hesitate about accepting Mr. Sanderson's life on the ordinary, or any terms, especially if aware of the headlong manner of his coming down 40ft. of ricketty bamboo ladder from a machan, and tearing along close behind the herd that, having crossed the fatal fire line, has to be "rushed" into the stockade!

Regarding the belief that wild elephants are decreasing in India, and many other matters concerning these interesting pachyderms, Mr. Sanderson gave me much interesting information in our chats by the campfire. The impression adverted to above probably originated in the fact of laws having been made in recent years for their protection, and from their disappearance from certain small and isolated localities before the advance of cultivation. But Mr. Sanderson says there is good ground for believing that wild elephants are now at least as numerous as they have ever been within historic times, and that there is every reason why this should be the case. They are not now liable to be shot for their ivory or for sport, nor to be caught by the cruel and wasteful methods of taking them in salt licks and pitfalls, from which not more than 20 per cent. were taken alive, while their haunts are preserved to a great extent from jungle fires and from intrusion by the regulations of the Forest Department. Some idea of the numbers of wild elephants in certain tracts may be gained from the fact that, during the eight years ending March, 1885, the Kheddah Department captured 1,288 wild elephants in a portion of the Garo Hills, some 50 miles by 20, and this is only a small percentage of the large tracts of elephant country equally well stocked. Under present regulations there is no danger of the Asiatic wild elephant becoming even scarce, much less extinct.

I was also surprised to learn that the demand for elephants is so considerable. Though good roads and railways have greatly facilitated communication in India, and though Government has largely reduced the number of elephants it formerly maintained for military and civil purposes, the animal is still as great a favorite as ever among the natives, and instead of it being, as formerly, almost exclusively a possession of royalty, it is now found extensively among small landed proprietors in Bengal and elsewhere; men who, before the peaceful times of British rule, would not have ventured on such a show of wealth even had they possessed it.

When I left Mr. Sanderson he had captured the large number of 220* elephants, and he contemplated further operations against them, as the season had not far advanced.

*Since raised to the extraordinary total of 402.—*Forest and Stream.*

Killed by a Sword Fish.

A bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, just issued, gives the following account, as described in a letter to Prof. Baird, of the killing of a man by a sword fish: "The schooner Venus is a small vessel of about twelve tons, engaged in the general fisheries off the coasts of Massachusetts. On Monday morning Capt. Langford sailed from home in pursuit of sword fish. About 11 a. m,, when eight miles northeast from Halibut Point, in Ipswich Bay, a fish was seen. The Captain, with one man, taking a dory, gave chase and soon harpooned the fish, throwing over a buoy with a line attached to the harpoon, after which the fish was left and they returned to the vessel for dinner. About an hour later the Captain, with one man, again took his dory and went out to secure the fish. Picking the up buoy, Capt. Langford took hold of the line, pulling his boat toward the sword fish, which was quite large and not badly wounded. The line was taut as the boat slowly neared the fish, which the Captain intended to lance and thus kill it. When near the fish, but too far away to reach it with a lance, it quickly turned and rushed at and under the boat, thrusting its sword up through the bottom of the boat twenty-three inches. As the fish turned and rushed toward the boat the line was suddenly slacked, causing the captain to fall over on his back, and while he was in the act of rising, the sword came piercing through the boat and into his body. At this time another sword fish was in sight near by, and the captain, excited and anxious to secure both, raised himself up, not knowing that he was wounded. Seeing the sword, he seized it, exclaiming: 'We've got him anyway!' He lay in the bottom of the dory, holding fast to the sword until his vessel came alongside, while the fish, being under the boat, could not be reached. Soon the captain said: 'I think I am hurt, and quite badly.' When the vessel arrived he went on board, took a few steps and fell, never rising again. The boat and fish were soon hoisted on board, whon the sword was chopped off to free the boat, and the fish was killed on the deck of the vessel. The fish weighed 245 pounds after its head and tail were cut off and the viscera removed; when alive it weighed something over 300 pounds. Capt. Langford survived the injury about three days, dying on Thursday. The sword has been deposited in the United States National Museum."

Ofttimes the blackness which we believe we see in others is only our own shadow.

If Old Sol wants to count eight hours a day's work for the remainder of the season we are agreed.

The first record of a judge's salary gives £138 13s 4d as the stipend of Thomas Littleton, judge of the King's bench, 1466.

The Color Line in Georgia.

The discussion over the Glenn Bill in the Georgia legislature still goes on, and grows in fierceness as it goes. Whether the bill can become law will very much depend upon the amount of grace and common sense still left among the Georgia law makers. If they are a set of infatuated fools, the measure will be carried. If not, it will be shelved in some way or other. The color madness is still strong in some quarters, and perhaps, in order to a permanent and effectual cure, it will have to run its course and do its victims a good deal of damage. So be it. Just listen to the way in which this infatuated fool Glenn talks, and bear in mind that he was cheered to the echo for doing so. "The color line shall never be wiped out. I have no apology to make for the remark. There is no danger to the negro as long as he follows the rules of the old colored people of the long gone-by days. But there is great danger of his life when he forces himself up for recognition. What care we for the indignation of the North or even of the world? Why, we do not care for the opinion of the North. This is Southern policy, and standing upon that I ask you to wipe out all the possibility of the co education of the races." Some of the elderly inhabitants of Toronto remember a young, frothy, fire eating youngster of the above type of Southern chivalry, making this city his head quarters when the "cruel war was" not "over" in order that he might be quite safe to engage in such exploits as the St. Alban raid. He afterwards, if we do not mistake, became son in law to that other Southern refugee, the late Dr. Stewart Robinson, possibly as a reward for his honourable efforts and his most Christian talk. Certain at any rate it is that this young man, Bennett Young by name if we mistake not, was in the habit, after the war was over, and when he occasionally visited this Queen City, to breath out threatening and slaughter against the coloured race in something like the following terms: "Let the niggers keep quiet, know their place and do as they are bidden and it will be well enough with them, but if they don't, I won't say how it will be brought round, but I tell you that they will be civilized off the face of the earth. The experience of the last twenty years might have taught those foolish, fiery featherheads that the negro is in the South to stay and not as a slave or a serf either, and that as sure as the world if they themselves persist in kicking against the inevitable, they will find their toes most miserably broken if not their heads as well. They can if they please work a great deal of mischief, they can keep back the South in its march of prosperity and advancement and can inflict a good deal of misery and wrong. But they will hurt themselves more than they will hurt the colored people and they will not hinder in the slightest the communication against which they rebel so viciously. If they were wise they might be the leaders of an enthusiastic, docile and most grateful people and might lead the van in the development of their country to an extent that the most sanguine could scarcely dream of at present. But this can only be done by lifting up the whole people and by educating and treating fairly all sections of the community. The South will never prosper with a mighty, ever growing mass of ignorant, impoverished and vicious "poor whites and neglected niggers." The wisest and the most benevolent of the quondam slave holders now recognize and feel this. The more stupid and the more arrogant among them, like the foolish people in Georgia, may for a time thwart the wise and patriotic wishes and plans of the more enlightened. But of this mighty social problem, to the right working out of which all the best thought of the country is directed, it may be said without irreverence, as was said of something higher and more influential, still "whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder." The Glenns and the Gawks of the South may bully and bluster as they please, but they will have to go the way of the Loombses, the Stephenses, and the Davises of by gone times. They have still time and opportunity to hear and obey the warning direction, "Go and sin no more lest a worse thing come upon you." But if they don't take care they may waken up to the fact that it is "too late" The elder Southerners that went "through the mill" of '61-'65 are quite convinced that once was enough. If the younger long for a repetition of the discipline, they may find that they can be accommodated. Nobody forces them to associate with negroes or to adopt co-education of the races in their own families, though, to be sure, the "best blood" of the South runs in the veins of the whilom slaves. But if others want to do either or both, it will be at their peril if they try to bar the way.

Civilization and Society Position.

In these days of outcry against the great disparities of social condition is there not something sensible in the following remarks: —"It is plain upon a moment's reflection that poverty and wealth are only relative terms, like heat and cold. If there were no difference in the command we have over the material comforts of life, there would be no poverty and no wealth. As we go down in the scale of civilization we find the contrast less and less. So, on the contrary, as we go up in civilization, we find the contrast greater. There is every reason to suppose that this distinction will become more and more marked at every step of advance. At every step of civilization the rewards of right living and the penalties of wrong living both become far heavier. Every chance for accomplishing something better brings with it a chance of equivalent loss by neglect or incapacity. An American Indian who had a bow and arrow was far superior in wealth to one who was destitute of those things, but one who has a breech-loading rifle is separated from one who has not, by a far wider interval. The men among whom there is the least social problem are those who are in the lowest steps of barbarism, among whom no one has such superiority over the others in his emancipation from misery, as to make them by contrast feel the stress of their situation." The man who has the rifle will likely get the lion share of the game, but is that a reason for forcing all to keep to bows and arrows? Abolish poverty by all means, but how is this formidable work to be set about? Can it be managed, and yet leave human ignorance, vice, improvidence and handlessness where they were and now are? The destruction of the poor is their poverty. The great question and problem is how to get quit of it.

The Servant Girl Question.

Is there not something true to nature every where in the following extract from a letter sent to a London newspaper:—

In your article on overwork and underpay you say "if ladies were to seek to convince servants practically that household work need not mean bondage, &c., they would not shrink from domestic service because of its restraints." Herein lies the difficulty; we must educate the mistress to treat the servant as a being with like feelings to her own, and the dearth of applicants for domestic service will not be so universal as it now is. In the majority of cases mistresses can only afford to employ one servant; they cannot, or will not, associate with her. The kitchen is her sitting-room, the most remote room in the house is her bedroom. From six in the morning till nine at night, later or earlier, are her hours of work, and in all that time she speaks when she is spoken to, when there are orders for her,—just as convicts are allowed to in a penitentary. Followers are discouraged, and so she gladly gossips with the jolly butcher or the grocer's boy. What wonder if, when she does go out to see her mother, she stays later than the prescribed hour? She sits down three times a day, and eats her meals in solitude. The man who works at the lowest occupation has the company of his own class, and eats his dinner with his fellow laborers. The rag-picker meets his brother rag picker every day, and the pleasure of social intercourse is not denied him. What wonder, then, if Mary Jane flirts with the policeman, or stipulates for company and evenings out. The canker of solitude and yearning for sympathy with and from her fellows is in her heart, and until mistresses learn how to treat her properly, domestic service to the great majority of girls will be the last resort of a desparing heart.

There may be a good deal sometimes in the conduct of sevant girls that is blameworthy. They may be awkward, ignorant, careless, and what not, but is there not another side to the picture as well? Are mistresses always doing their duty in the premises? It is to be feared they are not. No more here in Canada, than amid the old civilization of the old land. The scarcity of household helps may be deplored. If it lead to more reasonable treatment in some cases, and to greater personal activity on the part of the mistresses and idle young misses in others, it will be well.

Use of Our Own Sermons.

Quite a discussion breaks out every now and then over the fact that a great many preachers and pastors do not use their own sermons in the pulpit. In too many cases they steal not passages, but whole sermons, and that often from the published writings of known and distinguished sermon makers In many more they pay professional sermon writers so much a week for a steady supply of pulpit orations of the due tone of orthodoxy required, while with others volumes of "skeletons" and the outlines given in homeletic magazines supply the necessary grist for the sermon mill. This issurely a bad state of things. If a minister cannot or will not make his own sermons, ought he not to step down and out? What is to be said of an incompetent lawyer, doctor, or engine driver? At an installation service away in the west not long ago the preacher for the occasion preached an eloquent sermon but it was stolen bodily. It had been originally preached in Chicago and was published in the Homeletic Monthly about seven years ago. In that sermon there occurs the following passage which the clerical thief delivered with great energy and unction without apparently his conscience or his self respect giving him any trouble:

"There are the trades and professions, each with its distinct code. There is a railroad ethic, and there is a tradesman's ethic, and there is a house-builder's ethic, and there is the newspaper ethic. . . . and men are all the time dropping down into these narrow schemes of morals, and estimating conduct, not by the eternal rule of right, God's will, but by some current custom, or miserable conventionalism, or low cunning expediency. I say to a man, 'Why do you adulterate these goods? Why do you weave shoddy into these clothes? Why do you peg shoddy into these shoes? Why stamp your flour with a false brand, and put a lying label on the silk the hat and the coat you sell?' His answer is, 'They all do it; it is one of the tricks of the trade, and something of this sort has to be done to make a living.'"

What must such a preacher have been thinking of? Surely the dull, unbroken silence of the grave would have been a thousand times better than such a sermon on such an occasion, or any occasion whatever.

Railroad Passes.

Some time ago it was said to have been settled by all the railways in the States if not on the continent that there should be no more complimentary tickets issued on any pretence or to any individuals. All were to pay their way or forego the privilege and pleasure of a ride. The complimentary system, it was said, had been grievously abused and was besides in itself utterly indefensible. No commercial enterprise, it was argued, could be successfully carried on on such principles. In short it was too bad for anything and was to cease and determine for ever. All this is very fine in theory and talk. In the meantime what does it amount to? Favoured ones still get passes and the number of free rides secured is neither insignificant nor occasional. It is a pity that a good rule should be so speedily set aside, for it *is* a good rule to make every one pay for the accommodation he receives whether in the shape of sugar or railway rides. Nobody expects a railway to carry freight for nothing. Why expect to have a couple of hundred pounds in the shape of a living man so carried? If railways can afford to carry so many dead heads, then the ordinary fare must be too high and the right thing would be to reduce it all round. It need not be said that the Press would suffer most from such an innovation, for the Press would not suffer at all. Indeed it would rather be a gainer than otherwise. For every ticket that was ever issued to newspaper men, the railways have received double the value in the shape of gratis advertising and of very vigorous puffs. To get a ten dollar pass and at the same time give a fifty dollar advertisement does not appear to be a very profitable system of doing business, yet such has been about the way that the complimentary railway tickets have been wrought as far as the Press is concerned. By all means let it be stopped. If the railways can stand it, certainly there is no reason why the Press should not.