

AN INDIAN OF MANY FRIENDS.

A Milicote Chieftain.

Sachem Gabe Has mingled with Royalty as well as with Panthers and Moose.

By long odds the most remarkable Indian in the maritime provinces is Sachem Gabe, the venerable chief of the Milicote tribe. His full name is Gabriel Abquin, and he lives at the village of Saint Mary's, opposite Fredericton, N. B., ninety years having tinged the once raven locks of the sachem with grey, but he is still a familiar figure on the streets of the latter city. He is truthful and honest in all his dealings, and few white men can be trusted so implicitly.

Thirty years ago, when the royal Princes, Albert and Alfred, visited the province, Gabe was their constant attendant. He taught them how to fish and shoot and manage a bark canoe, and on one occasion bravely rescued the Prince of Wales from drowning in the Saint John River. In 1883, when Gabriel visited the International Fisheries Exhibition in London, all the members of the royal family, except the Queen, waited upon him and gave him a cordial welcome. Gabe has in his possession a massive autograph book, on the cover of which is inscribed:

"Diplomatic and State correspondence of the Milicote Indian, Gabe.

"Together with a record of visitations and levees held by the Chief during the great International Fisheries Exhibition, 1883."

The volume is a most interesting one. It contains hundreds of the autographs of the royalty and nobility of England, and of military officers with whom Gabriel has at various times chased the moose and caribou in this province.

The sachem has been a mighty hunter in his day, and many are the perils of the chase which he has survived. On one occasion Gabe was calling moose for Major Blaine of the Royal Scots Regiment. A monstrous bull moose answered the call and came thundering through the forest. So closely did he gauge the horn that he charged right over the bush where Gabe was concealed and broke the sachem's leg. The moment was a critical one for Gabe. Had he uttered a sound or attempted to move, the infuriated animal would have jumped upon him and killed him with his lance-like hoofs. But, though suffering intensely, Gabriel gave no sign, and the moose soon walked away.

As a sample of the sachem's wit the following story is told: He was once camping out with a young tenderfoot who had a remarkable sense of his own importance. The tenderfoot had lost his pipe and asked the chief to lend him his. Upon receiving the pipe he wiped the stem very carefully with his handkerchief before he would trust himself to smoke it. When he returned the pipe Gabe quietly broke off and threw away the end of the stem, and then went on with his smoke.

The chief talks with equal fluency in the English, Milicote, Micmac, and Penobscot tongues. By means of a pale-face amanuensis he carried on an extensive correspondence with his titled friends in the old country.

"Talking about moose," said Gabe. "I believe in fifty years, like the Indians, they will all be gone. The loggers and settlers kill a great many in the deep snow in winter. Moose feed mostly on greenwoods those that taste bitter, such as maple, moosewood, green hemlock, and cedar. That is the reason they often die if you try to tame them. They want their proper feed at the proper time, and if it is prepared for them it does not seem to do them so much good as if they browse for themselves. The calling season is about the full moon in September, and that is the time to hunt for them if you want good heads. Every year they have a new crop of horns. These begin to sprout the first of April and increase in size till August. Up to August they carry the velvet horns. Then the fur commences to peel off and the matting season begins. About the first of November they begin to shed their horns. They may be six feet across, but they are only one season's growth. After the running season is over a kind of joint grows near the root of the horns and they drop off without any trouble before that time they are so firmly fastened on the head that you could only get them off by sawing them. The antlers of a moose are like a flower—they sprout in the spring, blossom in the summer, and in the fall, like the leaves, they die and drop to the ground."

"Can you tell the age of a moose by his horns?"

"From two to four years old they carry the most branches. As they get older fewer branches grow, and when they are very old their horns are almost straight, like a goat's. You can tell whether a moose is old or young, but not his exact age."

"What about caribou?"

"They are increasing every year. They are often driven off their grounds by fire, because their favorite feed, white moss, will burn like tinder. It is very dry, and there is no taste to it but it makes the best alcohol in the world. The season for shooting caribou is from the first of August till the last of February, and then you have six more days to haul them in. Caribou and deer act just like the moose in the running season, but it is harder to call the caribou because the voice of the cow is so low. Red deer are coming into the province from Maine and Canada quite fast now. Fifty years ago, near Fredericton Junction, I killed sixty deer in a fortnight. But the wolves followed the deer and wiped them completely out."

"Bears are getting thicker all the time. They breed fast and are the most shy and cunning of all the animals we meet. I have known them, when they think they are being followed, to double back on their tracks for half a mile till they see a good chance to jump out. Some people are a good deal afraid of bears, but the bear is a good deal more afraid of them. I have seen more wild animals than anybody, and they will all run away from a man unless they are badly cornered."

"Are there any 'Indian devils' in the Province now?"

"I don't think so. It is a good many years since I killed one. Some think the lynx or 'lucifée' is the Indian devil, and some think it is the painter (panther) or catamount. But the regular Indian devil is black, and I think it is the wolverine. The different notes of owls in the woods scare a good many people."

Whether Christian or pagan, the Indian still clings to the faith of his fathers. In his spiritual world the great and wise god,

Glosscap, is the central figure. "Many, many years ago," said Gabriel, "Glosscap came from the spirit world to cure the wrongs of his people. He told them to live at peace, and how to hunt and fish and what to kill for food and clothing. He passed from tribe to tribe, pointed out their bad habits, and advised them to live on their own lands and respect the lands of their brothers. All the animals were brought before him and told that man was their master. None of the animals rebelled at this except the red squirrel, who flew furiously at a stump and tore it to pieces in his anger. The squirrel was then one of the largest of the animals, and, seeing that he was dangerous, Glosscap decreed that he should be reduced to his present size. But he could not stop the red squirrel from scolding, and he has scolded ever since."

Telephoning Without Wire.

From the fact that Mr. W. H. Preece, who is Chief Engineer and Electrician of the Post Office Department in Great Britain, has succeeded in sending through a distance of three miles a telephonic message from the mainland to an island in the Channel, and this without using a wire extending from coast to coast, the London *Spectator* concludes that in this experiment we have the germ of interplanetary communication. Let us hope not. The world will have enough on its hands for a long time to come in attending to its own business. There may be highly intellectual beings on Uranus and Neptune, and the women of Mars may be very lovely and fascinating, but it is doubtful that they speak English or any earthly tongue, be it Aryan, Semitic, or Turanian, and it is unlikely that even Max Muller or Prof. Whitney could decipher any dispatches they might send to us, and next to certain that they could not read our messages to them. Should attempts ever be made at interplanetary communication by word of mouth they would result in what the Germans mean by their proverb in regard to men who talk at cross purposes, namely, "One milks the ram and the other holds the sieve." Philosophers and noodies who wish to hear what the people of Mars have to say about matters and things in general have proposed to describe vast triangles, circles, and other geometrical figures on our Western plains in hopes that the Martian men may see and reply to them in similar fashion, and that thus a means of rational conversation between the two planets may gradually be set up. If, for instance, our neighbors should see a large, right-angled triangle looming up in the distance and should thereupon build another like it, erect a square on the hypotenuse, and draw the Euclidean lines demonstrative of the *pons asinorum*, a point would be gained from which a common understanding might possibly be developed. It is, however, by no means sure—as Stuart Mill was at the pains to point out in regard to celestial minds—that the mathematics of Mars is identical with that of the earth, or that there the sum of the angles of a right-angled triangle is not something more or something less than two right angles. For us, two and two make four, but it may be that for the mathematicians of Mars they make six, eleven, or any other number, according to the nature of the nervous tissues in which, according to a popular theory, intelligence has its origin. In other words, it is a likely as it is unlikely that the minds of Mars' men and the minds of Earth's men are absolutely incommensurable, in which case no communication of any sort can be attainable.

It would be interesting to trace to its origin the notion that the stars and planets are inhabited by beings whose intelligence is like ours. The belief that man is "the head and crown of things" and that without him, or some creature analogous to him, no world would be complete probably had much to do with it; but this implies the presupposition that completeness is to be predicated of what the late Mr. Proctor called "other world's than ours," just as the *Spectator's* suggestion of the possibility of interplanetary communication implies the presupposition that there are planetarians to be communicated with. The belief has no philosophical and certainly no scientific basis, and recalls the old dogma that nature abhors a vacuum, which was urged as an argument in favor of the continuity of matter. Doubtless even the earth could get along contentedly without man. She has done so before and probably she will do so again as she swings forever down the ringing grooves of change. The belief may be also connected with the notion that the planets themselves are intelligent—a notion commonly entertained by primitive peoples and by many savages at the present day. Neoplatonism held to it, and in their ecstasies, where everything seemed intelligent perhaps because nothing was more than vaguely intelligible, the Neo-Platonists became quite sure of it. Philo Judæus expressly taught the doctrine, and the germs of it were in Plato himself, while their development, at least by implication, may be seen in the "Intellectual System of the Universe" written by that fine old modern Platonist, excellent Ralph Cudworth, whose works are all too little read, even by men who are curious as to intellectual dreaming. The main germ of the belief in the inhabitation of other worlds is, however, probably the thought that a world without intelligent beings on it would be a pure waste of material, and men do not readily believe in waste in these days of energy always conserved. But if the other planets are inhabited beings sufficiently like ourselves to enable us to communicate with them if we can find means of doing so, it is by no means certain that it would be to our or their advantage to rig up telephones for that purpose. As it is, we are discontented enough, in all conscience. We have physics and metaphysics, politics and metapolitics, strikes, lock-outs, ill-assorted marriages, hopeless loves, bad poetry, and poor criticism in abundance, and little aid in readjusting matters to our entire satisfaction can be looked for from the outlying provinces of the system. If the carpenters of Mars, for instance, should go on strike, the solidarity of labor would at once compel a sympathetic strike of earthly carpenters, and perhaps of all handicraftsmen. Telephonic communication, once set up, would soon be followed by telegraphic intercourse and the exchange of photographs between the earthly lover and his best girl on Mars. What anguish when love can absolutely never find its earthly close, and when "Thou art so near and yet so far" shall be literally true and not the mere folly of a singer who dares not put it to the touch!

LIFE IN THE CITY OF JEYPORE.

Five Cents a Day for Workers, Millions for the Rajah, and He Isn't Kicking.

Jeypore is the capital and residence of one of India's wealthiest princes. The Maharajah's estate covers 15,000 square miles, and has a population of 2,500,000 souls. The city of Jeypore is encircled by a crenellated wall, with seven gateways. These are all well guarded during turbulent times in India, with crowded streets and bazars.

In the centre are the Maharajah's palace, beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds, adorned with fountains, tropical trees, plants, and flowering shrubs. The palace and grounds occupy one-seventh of the walled city, and are surrounded by a high embattled wall, built by Jey Sing when he left Amber.

One of the interesting sights in Jeypore is the observatory built by the celebrated royal astronomer and founder, Jey Sing. It is one of the largest in India, and is remarkable even to this date, on account of the many curious instruments—dials, gnomons, quadrants, &c.—built of solid stone. Some of these astronomical instruments are hundreds of feet in height and in diameter, and of great interest to astronomers. Many of the instruments are unknown to scientists of the present day, although they served the purpose of Jey Sing's wonderfully accurate calculations and observations.

The royal stables are also of considerable interest. These cover perhaps ten acres of land, with stalls on each side and large exercise grounds in the centre. There are several hundred of fine horses, some of choice Asian blood from all parts of the country, of various build and color, from the finely spotted Arab to the graceful, delicately limbed Deccan, the fleet-footed Punjab mares, and blood-bay English troopers.

Each horse has a special attendant, and each attendant—knight of the horse—has several servants. Each horse is double quilted, although the temperature ranges from 90° to 120° Fahrenheit. All of them are too much blinded or hampered and most ruinously fat. They stand upon clean dirt, in spacious stalls. Each horse is tied, not by its head and neck, as we do, but by its feet. Around the fetlocks are fastened leather bands, to which ropes are attached, so that the animal can neither paw, strike, nor kick. The ropes from the hind feet are fastened to a stone pillar some twenty feet away.

If, in spite of this, these noble animals will surge about, lateral ropes are fastened to each foot, so that the poor creatures cannot move in any direction more than six inches. Should they still be uneasy, a large hood is drawn over their heads and eyes to keep them quiet. The horses are fed on a mixture of meal, brown sugar, and butter, which makes them as plump and fat as a porker—regular roly-poly ponies, used much too little. Several of the finest are kept constantly saddled and richly caparisoned, to be ready at a moment's notice, for the Prince brooks no delay—anything he wants must be supplied at once.

The hundreds of attendants are paid four rupees a month (\$1.20), and, by the time they board and clothe themselves, there is not much for their families out of four cents a day.

The average wages per day in India are from three to five cents—prices not at all exorbitant when one considers that most of the men raise large families, pay house rent, &c., to say nothing of luxuries, such as betel nut. Even with these prices of, say four cents a day, the people are happy and contented, and one never hears of trades unions nor strikes.

Besides these ample stables, the Rajah has twenty-five huge Indian elephants for excursions. These noble beasts are about twelve feet high and of enormous size. A car is strapped on the elephant's back, and a whole family rides on one animal. To mount an elephant is quite a task. The animal is made to kneel, and then, by means of a stepladder, one climbs into the car on his back as if it were a house. When one is comfortably seated, with the shade drawn to keep off the sun, the elephant swings along at an easy gait of twenty miles an hour. One elephant was richly caparisoned with gold embroideries: his ivory tusks were set with jewels and clasped with golden bands, for he was one of the prince's favorites.

The Maharajah also keeps another lot of elephants, which we did not like the looks of. These are the fighters—huge, powerful fellows, with sharp tusks and vicious eyes. They are trained to fight anything and everything, but especially the wild elephants in the mountains. They charge at them with full speed and plunge their tusks into their antagonists and gore them to death. An elephant fight is royal sport in India, and not to be missed if one has the opportunity to witness one.

Jeypore is also famous for its enamel works and the cutting and setting of other precious stones found in the State. The native school of design is exceedingly interesting. Here children are sent as apprentices for five years before they can earn anything, but the work they do in copper and brass is unexcelled in any part of the world.

They sit on the ground, with a piece of brass held by the toes, a small hammer in one hand and a small piece of steel in the other, and with these crude instruments they will hammer and hammer until they finish a highly ornamental vase or cup, the equal of anything we saw in any other country.

A Primitive and Ignorant Settlement.

Not long ago the inhabitants of the town of Salti, in Sardinia, petitioned the Austrian Government for a separate municipal existence, it being part of Budesoo, which is forty miles away. A commission was sent to make inquiries, and this remarkable report was made: "The people of Salti have no Town Council, no police, no clergyman, no physician. The town possesses no Post Office, no church or chapel, no school, no Registrar's office. On the maps of the kingdom, although it contains 1200 inhabitants, it is not marked. Yet the State receives taxes from the people but sends no tax collector to receive them. The tax-payers journey sixty kilometers once in every eight weeks to pay taxes. Once a year in May all the children born during the year are taken to Budesoo and there baptized. The dead are buried in the most primitive manner and without any trace of religious rites. Marriages are conducted on the same system, without any formality or ceremony, and are declared later, sometimes long after they have been blessed with issue. Vaccination and medicines are only known from hearsay. The children grow up without schooling or instruction of any kind."

REWARD FOR THE SALVOR.

Rescue a Ship in Distress and Make Your Fortune.

In these last six weeks of misadventure at sea, there have been many instances of ships rescuing other ships met in imminent danger on the highways of the Atlantic, and the rescuing ships have in every case got a rich reward of salvage. While the paying of salvage is not an unusual thing, it has been many a year since shipowners and seafaring men have lost so much or profited so much, according to the point of view, through this law of salvage which is recognized in every country of the civilized world. In some countries the amount is settled definitely at a certain percentage of the value of the ship and cargo. In England, Canada and the States the amount of salvage rests with the Judge of the admiralty court, who determines it after hearing the evidence which shows the value of the service rendered. The rules which govern the proceedings of admiralty courts are explicit.

In the first place, there is no obligation upon the master of any vessel to heed signals of distress. He may go upon his way as if no call for aid had been made and the law cannot touch him. But there are few instances of masters having done this without some excuse. And the unwritten law which says that a call for help at sea must be obeyed is most powerful, being enforced by public opinion. Every master knows that danger may come to him and his vessel, and that it would not be well for him if he had ever disobeyed this unwritten law.

The laws of salvage are in existence to encourage endeavors to save life and property at sea. At the same time, the laws have in mind the danger of exciting the avarice of masters and owners, and have made strict provision for justice to both sides. For instance, under all but the most extraordinary circumstances, a master and his crew cannot get salvage for saving their own vessel. It is supposed that they must do everything in their own power to save it and to keep it from danger under their contract with the owners, and the law has been careful not to give them a chance to put the ship in peril, so that they may profit by its rescue.

Again, an exorbitant bargain made by the master of the ship with the master of a ship in sore distress will not hold in court. Nor will an unsuccessful attempt at salvage from the basis of a claim. The salvage must be complete, or it is not at all. It must be shown also that the peril was actual, and that the assistance was given in good faith.

In England salvage may be claimed for saving vessels only on the high seas or in tide water. In Canada and the State salvage extends to harbors, to the lakes, and to the rivers upon which inter-State commerce is carried on. In England claims for salvage are heard by the Admiralty division of the High Court of Justice. The common ground upon which claims for salvage may be based in the saving of a ship imperilled by the sea, by fire, by rocks, by crippled machinery or equipment, by pirates, enemies, or the sickness or death of the crew or master. The amount is determined by the danger incurred, by the peril of the distressed ship, and by the value of the ship and cargo. While the salvage is usually paid by the underwriters, it is always to the interests of masters to refrain from calling for assistance so long as possible.

The salvage is paid to the owners of the vessel that does the saving. It is as a general thing about one-third of the value of the vessel and cargo in the case of a sailing vessel, and between one-third and one-half in the case of a steam vessel. Of this sum the master of the salvor gets a considerable share. His proportion is usually twice that of the mate, and the mate gets twice what each seaman gets. Again those seamen who risk their lives in the lifeboats or who are sent aboard to manage the wrecked or crippled vessel get twice as much as those who stay behind in the imperilled ship.

It is a curious fact that the law does not permit any salvage for saving life. This is because under the insurance contracts a vessel is not held to have gone out of her course when she goes out of it to save life; while, if she goes to save property, her insurance is no longer in force. Again, naval and other marine officers of the Government cannot claim salvage when they are within the lines of their duty. There are special rules in cases of saving derelicts, a derelict being regarded as still the property of her owners, although her crew has abandoned her and no effort is making to recover her.

Often a ship fortunate enough to save an imperilled or helpless vessel will make more than she would on two or three voyages. If she but renders assistance she gets far more than the mere payment for her time and trouble. But when one ship hauls another for slight assistance there is usually a bargain made, then and there, and this bargain bars all claims for salvage. When a ship has a clear right to salvage the owners or underwriters of the saved ship do not make any great contest of the claim. They merely try to bring out the exact extent of the peril and prevent the assessment of an exorbitant sum.

The admiralty courts always have a number of claims for salvage under consideration. While some of these claims amount to only a few hundreds or a few thousands of dollars, a few, and the storms of the last six weeks brought several of this kind, result in the award of from \$25,000 to \$100,000, or even \$150,000.

When the vessel in the greatest straits gives the signal for help on the high seas and another vessel answers it, there are three ways of getting a line aboard her that she may be taken in tow. The first is by floating a line down to her. The rescuing vessel gets to the windward of the vessel she is going to take in tow. Then a line is fastened to a buoy and the buoy floats down toward the helpless vessel. If they manage to catch the buoy the line is safe aboard.

The second way is by shooting the line. All vessels have a cannon aboard for this purpose, and also for signalling. Either vessel may try to shoot the line to the other but usually the vessel in need of assistance makes the first trials. The third way, and the surest, is by the lifeboat. If the helpless vessel still has her lifeboats, she gets one of them away. If not, then the master of the rescuing vessel calls for volunteers. If there is any chance for a boat to live, usually there is no lack of men willing to take the risk. The mate and half a dozen men man the lifeboat, and, taking the line, try to reach the other vessel. If the men in the lifeboat succeed, their share of the salvage will be a small fortune.

THE DEAD OF 1892.

Death loves a shining mark, and in the year 1892 many of the world's best loved and most distinguished were gathered to the harvest. The grim reaper was no respecter of persons or places, and visited the palaces of royalty to strike down a ruler of the most ancient of people, the heir presumptive to the most powerful throne, and the home of the President of a great and free country. He closed the doors of the White House to gayety by taking the wife of President Harrison and also her father, the Rev. Dr. Scott. He carried sadness again into high places by striking down the son of U. S. Secretary Blaine, and closing the career of Justice Bradley of the United States Supreme Court.

The court of Great Britain was plunged into grief by the death of Prince Albert Victor, the heir presumptive to the throne, and Egypt lost its ruler, Tewfik Pasha, the Khedive. The court of Russia did not escape, for the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantine, uncle to the Czar, was among those gathered to the harvest. In addition to these were the deaths of the Dowager Queen of Wurtemberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Archduke Charles Salvator of Austria, the Duke of Sutherland, and the Duke of Marlborough. Canada, too, lost an ex-Premier, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Sir William J. Ritchie, British Columbia's Premier, the Hon. John Robson, Sir Daniel Wilson, president of Toronto University, and the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir Alexander Campbell, also were added to the list of prominent dead. Mexico lost a Chief Justice of her Supreme Court, Dor Miguel Aniza.

The most distinguished of the year's dead were in the literary world, but their work was done. Tennyson, Whittier, Whitman, Curtis and Renan, make a wide gap in the list of great writers. In this list were also Rose Terry Cooke, the author, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist and novelist, Theodore Child, the brilliant young correspondent who died in Persia, and Walcott Balestier, the promising young novelist.

Among the magnates of commerce who fell were Jay Gould, Cyrus Field, the promoter of the first Atlantic cable; Sidney Dillon, ex-President of the Union Pacific Railway; John Hoey, ex-President of the Adams Express Company; Edward C. Knight, and George Fowler.

Of soldiers were Generals Denver, Pope, and Zollicoffer; and of naval officers Rear Admiral C. R. P. Rogers, in the United States; Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, the oldest English naval officer, and General Bardonne, Garibaldi's chief of staff. Captain Stairs, the Nova Scotian African explorer, who was with Stanley, and Lieutenant Schwatka, the arctic explorer, might be added to this list, because they were soldiers as well as explorers.

Among educators were Dr. Noah Porter, editor of Webster's Dictionary; James E. Lowell, the most famous common school master in the world; Professor Lovring, of Harvard; Professor Theodore Dwight, of Columbia College; Professor Edward Freeman, the historian, and Dr. Aaron L. Chapin, ex-President of Beloit College. The medical world lost Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, of Philadelphia; Dr. J. G. Douglas, who was General Grant's physician, and Sir Morel Mackenzie, of London, who attended Emperor Frederick of Germany. Among great artists was Randolph Rogers, the celebrated American sculptor in Rome; in music, Max Strakosch, the composer, and Patrick Gilmore, the orchestra leader, and in the theatrical profession Kate Castleton and George S. Knight. Among editors were Orange Judd and D. D. T. Moore, the two best-known agricultural editors in America.

The Catholic Church had a heavy loss in Cardinal Manning, of London; Cardinal Giuseppe d'Annunzio of Rome; Cardinal Giespard Merilland, of Geneva; Cardinal Simeoni, of Rome; Cardinal Bolognini, of Bologna, and Cardinal Lavigne, of Algiers. Other great religious leaders numbered with the dead are Rev. Charles Spurgeon, of London; Bishop Bedell, of the U. S. Episcopal Church; Bishop Miles of the African M. E. Church; Bishop Williams of the Episcopal Church, of Quebec, and Bishop Mahony, of the Roman Catholic Church, Toronto. Among the other names prominent among the dead were Colonel Polk, President of the Farmers' Alliance; Roswell Smith, publisher of the *Century Magazine*; and the Century Dictionary; William Astor and Thomas Cook of London, founder of the Cook Tourist Agency; Col. Herchner, of the North West Mounted Police; Lieut.-Col. Gilmor; clerk of the Ontario legislature; H. E. Clarke, M. P. P.; James Trow, ex-M. P., Dr. D. A. O'Sullivan, Q. C.; N. G. Bigelow, M. P. P., and Wm. O'Connor, the champion man.

Cholera in Winter.

While no precaution should be omitted which can be taken to prevent the bringing of cholera to Canada next spring, it is a mistake to suppose that the few scattered cases which are now being reported in Hamburg render certain a new epidemic in that city with the return of warm weather. Asiatic cholera is not exclusively a summer disease, by any means. It has raged with terrible results throughout a Scotch winter in Glasgow, and the evidence is overwhelming that it may run its course in cold weather and disappear entirely as spring comes on. While the probability of serious cholera outbreaks next summer in Europe cannot be disputed, the pestilence may not assume a malignant form anywhere. So far, the ratio of fatal cases, since the re-appearance of the disease in Hamburg, has been very low, a fact which points rather to the dying out of the pest than to the beginning of a new epidemic. Almost invariably, the proportion of deaths is highest among the persons first attacked. It will be seen that the cholera outlook, while such as to render prudence imperative, is not without encouraging features.

The Imperial Federation League Journal, the official organ of the league in England, strongly urges the folly of the preferential tariff movement. The paper says however desirable in themselves these bounties and privileges are, they are unattainable. The paper further states that all concerned will get on much faster with practical federation if this preferential trade talk ceases, as it only leads to dissension and hinders the real progress of the movement. This simply means that if Imperial Federation is ever to become an accomplished fact it can only be by Canada adopting a policy of free trade with a free trade country.