

THE CHOLERA SCARE.

The amount of balderdash—we can use no milder expression—indulged in of late by many of the newspapers and Governments, both here and in the States, regarding cholera and the methods to be adopted to prevent its obtaining a foothold on this side of the Atlantic, is simply astounding. One would think the journalists and Government officials were a parcel of school girls giving way to hysterics, from sheer fright, and utterly incapable of taking a calm view of the situation. That the epidemic has prevailed badly in Russia is unquestionable, aggravated no doubt by famine and the low condition of the populace consequent thereon, and it has also reached Hamburg, but west of that the disease, as an epidemic, does not appear to have spread. One or two doubtful cases have been reported in England, but such were strictly confined to the patients who had landed from infectious parts. Our views regarding quarantining cholera have already been expressed, and the London "Lancet," no mean authority, states boldly that with proper sanitary arrangements, no count, will find quarantine necessary for cholera. Precisely what we have ourselves contended; the safeguard of any community from cholera lies within and not without, and this is substantiated by the facts stated above with respect to the disease in England where there is practically no quarantine. Cholera, we repeat, is not a personally contagious disease. There is another feature which our alarmists appear to overlook, namely, that cholera can only exist when the atmosphere is above 70 degrees Fahrenheit, so that Canada under ordinary circumstances need not fear a visit during this year. Yet in spite of all this there are those who shriek out for a quarantine, which will stop immigration and seriously interfere with trade, while in New York the treatment of passengers arriving is justly stigmatized by an English paper as simply brutal. The action of our own government and that of our neighbours is not the result of wise deliberation, but merely the outcome of childish panic arising from ignorance.

Cholera is the offspring of dirt and is nourished by dirt, therefore cleanliness and perfect sanitary arrangements are the weapons to cope with it, but Canada or the States might as well try to keep out an easterly wind from their shores as to quarantine cholera should the disease cross the Atlantic.

We are glad to notice that there are one or two of our journals who have not joined in the hysterical howlings of their contemporaries, and we trust the latter before long will recover their reason.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

No. 15, OUR PLUMBER.

Our Plumber is a mighty man; he is also a terrible man. He is the first, because he knows in his strength that you cannot do without him, and he is the second from the way in which he uses that strength. What householder has not some time or other 'squirmed' under the power of Our Plumber? A lady tells her husband at breakfast that there is a leak in one of the pipes, and he replies that he will send Our Plumber on at once



to put it right. How that wretched householder anathematizes the day when Our Plumber first crossed his threshold is painful to contemplate. It is now about two years since, yet Our Plumber is still a constant visitor. The leak, which was in the kitchen, was speedily stopped, but strange to say another made its appearance in the bathroom immediately afterwards, and

then a third upon the top flat. Mr. Brown (the householder) found calling round at Our Plumber's growing a trifle monotonous, so he enquired whether it would not be possible to make one thorough job and have done with it. Certainly it would by having an entirely new pipe, was the reply. This was accomplished, Brown being deprived of his bath for one morning water having to be stored in pitchers all over the house. Still the work being finished, husband and wife breathed a prayer of thankfulness as they laid their heads on their pillows, and Our Plumber took his departure with his tools, and a smile, as Brown told him he was glad to see his back. The house had been scoured down and made nice and comfortable once more, when a man from the Water Works Department called in and pointed out that two of the taps dripped and must be repaired. It was then that Brown first lost control of his temper and swore. "Hang it!" he cried, only he used a very much worse expression, "since we first had Our Plumber in the house we have scarcely had a week's peace. 'Perhaps that is because he does not employ his men by 'piece' work," said his wife attempting a mild joke, though her heart too was sick. The taps were repaired, and then—but why go on? Our Plumber continues to pay his periodical visits and his bills come in with the regularity of taxes, so that by this time Brown is becoming resigned to his fate, and is calculating the average annual sums he must set aside to go into Our Plumber's pocket, just as though it were a life insurance premium.

We do not think the above example overdrawn or exceptional, and this is why we call Our Plumber a mighty and terrible man. He invades your castle, and having effected an entrance "all the king's horses and all the king's men" will never put Our Plumber out again.

The Players' Company at the Queen's Theatre, Monday, 26th September.

One of the pupils of Miss Stone, the well known teacher of painting, Miss Gwendoline Mitchell, has won the prize at the Exhibition for China paintings.