

five dollars a day, but they would do better than they are doing.

TRUTH sees no reason why farmers should not be examined for agricultural degrees, and get them as well. The whole business of examining is no doubt over done. Still, as far as the farmer is concerned, it would be a great thing if a good many of our youthful agriculturists would read more, and whatever stimulates that is to be looked on as good.

TRUTH is sorry for *Grip*, though the plucky little bird needs very little sympathy from anybody. It has often passed through the fire figuratively before this, and has come out without having a single feather singed. No doubt the same thing will be true now that the ordeal of literal fire has been gone through. All hail to *Grip*! may its shadow never be less.

What is the use of sending poverty-stricken waifs to this country, and waifs that can never be anything else? Surely it is not fair to those who are sent, and it is equally unfair to the country to which they are sent. Canada needs workmen and women, but it has no demand and no room for helpless, broken-down paupers, who could not do a turn of the easiest work though it were to save their lives. Is there no such thing as an N. P. in Canada? Why, if there is, do such contrabands come in free? Far better to have all immigrants paying a poll-tax, at any rate.

It is curious to notice a number of boys amusing themselves of an afternoon. Sometimes, but not always, they are intensely impudent, turning up the sides of their heads in that queer, old-fashioned way sometimes seen in chickens when they are drinking water. But in a great many cases the only thing that occurs to one is the intense, irrepressible activity by which, apparently, they are possessed. They are never for a moment in a state of quiescence, and the reckless, dare-devil way in which they challenge each other is something not unpleasant to behold, though one is always afraid that some accident will be sure to take place. Well, perhaps after all, boys are not such savages and nuisances as they generally get credit for being.

The Torrence system of registration of deeds and titles to real estate seems wonderfully simple and convenient. The government, in each case, issues a certificate declaring that so and so is the owner of the particular lot of land, and guaranteeing him against all claimants. Nobody can go behind that. Whatever flaws there may have been this obviates them all. It is like a sheriff's title, and the same is renewed on every transfer.

That is an awful story that has been going the rounds of the papers about a young lady being very nearly buried alive when apparently dead, but all the while conscious, though unable to move hand or foot or make any sign. Well-authenticated cases there have been of people having been actually buried alive. And anything more awful could not be thought of. Would it not be well that the fact of death should be placed in every instance

beyond reasonable doubt before interment was permitted?

There is quite a little breeze getting up over Calvinism; and gradually one after another is getting into the fight. TRUTH will not meddle with the combat nor the combatants. But this occurs to it at the moment. Neither God nor man can foresee a mere possibility. If a thing is really prophesied, then it must be as certain as if it had been decreed a hundred times. What follows? Either that there can, in the nature of things, be no such thing as prophecy, or that all things foreseen are as certain as if they had been foreordained. But come, now, TRUTH won't travel out of its place.

The *Globe* had lately an article on "boulevards," ridiculing in a somewhat mock-heroic style the utter neglect shown to those intended ornaments of the city. One or two poor foolish featherheads have actually taken the thing in earnest, and have protested that the boulevards in question were really not so well kept as represented. It would be difficult to find children going further afield. It is even, if possible, worse than the Lady Tardy, Hardy and Pardy of the *Mail* with all the fat-witted folly of other imitable prints.

Charlie Ross is again to the fore. A young man of 18 claims that he is the very person. The story has a very fishy appearance. Still one never knows. It is greatly more likely that Charley Ross has long ere this found a grave.

The crank Boyd has received his children from the hands of the law. It is to be hoped that he will drop the rather whimsical plan of moving his stool round when praying so as to give this one and that a cuff for not being duly attentive. The dividing line between crankhood and something worse is often very vague and indistinct. Some children and wives have a poor lookout when they are liable to be kicked and cuffed even when at their prayers. It is awfully difficult to settle when a man is really daft.

The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie is in much better health than he was. Everybody will rejoice at this, far apart altogether from politics. He is one of whom all Canadians are justly proud.

Running away from the Central Prison seems rather risky. At least so one prisoner found out lately.

Earthquakes seem still the order of the day. It is a great thing to be in a country where one has no particular fear in going into one's house, or in lying down to sleep. The people about Smyrna have no such comfort.

Curious that Bismarck feels now and then the pangs of jealousy. He has been a pretty successful individual, and has had his fill of flattery and power. But it riles him to see anyone honored in a way that he thinks ought to be reserved exclusively for himself. What though Dufferin has been tolerably successful? What though the Sultan has honored him in spite of his having out-generalled His Sublimity? A big man ought to have been able to stand

all that with equanimity. But no. Bismarck is human after all, just as those who profess to walk by a higher rule and to be influenced by higher motives are no better.

The area of duelling is becoming narrower every year. It disappears as chivalry disappeared, and in all moderately civilized countries is already a thing of the past. In the whole range of the British Empire it has gone down under the ridicule and contempt of a free, intelligent, and so far religious people. Occasionally a couple of featherheads may think of the *duello*, but it is altogether too absurd for ordinary intelligence or ordinary practice. Even in the Southern States, with all their fiery lawlessness, the thing is going, if it has not already gone. So far this is a token for good, a sign that the world is not going back. When one thinks what was the state of things in Britain fifty or sixty years ago and what it is now, it is evident that there is movement, and in the right direction.

The new Governor has arrived and after all the usual ceremonies have been gone through finds himself quietly settled in Rideau Hall. The political range of his work is very limited. He apparently has no individuality, but must do as his Ministers bid him or dismiss them and take the consequences. Socially, however, he may be a power, and is intended to be such. If he and his wife are to succeed in this work they will need to keep very wide awake. The small citizens of Ottawa will try to capture him. The Prime Minister's wife may try to boss Lady Landsdowne, and much else that is small and disagreeable may very likely take place. If they yield to such pressure they will be undone. If they play their cards aright the nation for years hence may very likely part with them in sorrow and with a profound respect which has in it all the best elements of affection.

It is said that a plot to murder the Marquis has already been discovered. This must be taken with the usual "grain" and more.

The Salvationists are in internal trouble, the style of some who rather affect to lead not giving satisfaction. Such things will take place in the best regulated families, and the Salvationists need not wonder if they are not an exception.

It is evidently intended to make a grand semi-centennial celebration in Toronto next year. This is all right and the leafy month of June, the time fixed upon, is exceedingly appropriate.

At the farewell meeting in honor of Dr. King a great many were called upon to speak, but surely it was an unpardonable oversight not to ask Dr. Wilson, of University College, to say a few words. He was there the whole evening, and it would have been at once a grateful and graceful act to have asked him among the others. Somebody blundered there. Who it was, TRUTH does not pretend to say.

The colored brethren are altogether making too great a fuss over the disallowance of the Civil Rights Act. It is not

possible to secure equal social rights by mere Acts of Congress or Parliament. In all the circumstances of the case the decision is to be regretted, but after all a man's recognition and treatment, whether he be white or black, depends greatly, ay, even chiefly, upon himself. The color prejudice dies hard, but it is dying all the same, and this very decision will do a good deal to help it to its grave. Let the colored men and women of this country be only more determined to show by their intelligence and becoming conduct that they deserve social equality and becoming treatment, and they will secure both the one and the other.

Woman Suffrage is looking up. The Liberal Conference at Leeds passed a vote in its favor. So has the Legislature of Washington Territory. And why not? Of course it is said that if women mix in political discussions and disputes they will become unsexed and all that. No fear of them. They have passed through greater dangers and have come out all right. Of course if any don't wish to avail themselves of the privilege nobody will force them. That is their own lookout. But why they should be treated as criminals or idiots is not very apparent.

When Mormon women are buried a black cloth is laid on the face of the corpse. This, it is said, can be taken off only by a husband. And if it is not taken off it is all up for eternity with the poor woman. This makes her, of course, very submissive, however many wives the husband may take, for he alone can take off the cloth. Did you ever?

It is said that fully three millions of dollars are paid during the year in Winnipeg alone for liquor. No wonder that things are in a bad state. There is unquestionably ample room for the Blue ribbon movement in those regions.

There are quite a number of saints connected with the 3rd of November, the most remarkable of whom is St. Rumbold. This saint was quite a remarkable character if a little of what is said about him be true. It is said that he was born near the town of Buckingham in England. As soon as he was born he cried out "I am a Christian!" "I am a Christian!" made a full and explicit confession of his faith, forthwith asked to be baptized, appointed his own god fathers, and chose his own name. From this it is evident that he was quite a stirring baby, and not at all of the other character of youngsters. Bishop Widerin baptized the young hopeful, who as soon as the ceremony was over walked to a certain well near Brackley and there preached for three days in succession. After that he could not do better than make his will, which he did, bequeathing his body which was all he had, to be disposed of in a certain fashion. He then expired, the poor little precocious infant of three days old. His body was buried at Sutton, and was finally removed to Buckingham where a good deal of fuss was made about it in coming years. There was also a famous image of St. Rumbold at Boxley, in Kent, about which many absurd and monstrous stories are told.