



TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The publisher of TRUTH has faithfully carried out all his promises of paying prizes for pianos, gold watches, and other articles, worth hundreds of dollars each. Will all articles the recipients of such prizes do TRUTH the justice to send promptly an acknowledgment? They are often of due to convince those of doubtful mind as to whether any publisher ever actually makes such awards.

Seldom has any Canadian journal been able to boast of as many beautiful original poems in a single issue as appears in TRUTH today. Miss Porter's "New Year Wishes" is certainly a rare gem, and Nora Langher's "Canada" will tend to stir the hearts of true natives of our land. Mrs. E. M. Macklo's "Treasures" many will consider treasure in its line. Seldom has the gifted pen of Dr. Mulvaney written a finer production than his "Reverie on Immortality," on a purely philosophic stand point.

There is an American living in the North of Scotland who is getting himself pretty handsomely cursed for his tyrannical behavior towards the crofters on his estate. Though coming from the strongly accredited land of liberty, there is scarcely a landlord in Britain who has made himself more cordially and deservedly hated. The name of the man is Winans. He was reported some time ago in a dispatch referring to the matter as Ross R. Winans, of Baltimore. That was a mistake. His name is William L. Winans. He is a grand uncle of Ross R. Winans of Baltimore.

Henry George has made ardent disciples of the Skye crofters. They have adopted his principles of land tenure with enthusiasm, their interests no doubt proving a goodly spur in the sides of their intelligence. Staffs they erected a huge cairn in honor of his visit.

A good illustration of police justice was given in New York the other day. A young man was arrested in a theatre on the charge of wearing false moustache and whiskers, was kept in a cell all night, and being brought before a magistrate in the morning and fined five dollars and costs, judicial stupidity could not well go further. It is no crime to wear a wig, why should it be one to wear false hair elsewhere on the top of the head. If New York policemen and justices would turn their attention to the O'Donovan Rossa school of throat-cutters they would be much more in the line of their duty.

John, the Prohibitionist candidate for the recent Presidential contest, seems to have got himself into rather a tight place. Several accusations are made against him of being unprincipled to the tempter and shown very unpraiseworthy willingness to retire from the struggle if he were well paid for it. A somewhat circumstantial case is made out against him, and he may have some difficulty in clearing his skirts of the suspicions clinging to them. It is sincerely to be

hoped that he may be able to do so. The likelihoods are to a very great extent that those alleged letters, and other so-called evidences of guilt, are mere forgeries. The Republicans have never forgiven St. John for the share he had in their defeat.

The aggressiveness of the Roman Catholic church is well shown in the eagerness manifested to get a firm footing in the Congo region. The Pope is dreaming dreams of securing the temporal and spiritual oversight of the vast districts which Stanley and other explorers have revealed to the world.

Lapse of time seems to have had a meliorating effect on the scruples, or whatever else it may have been, of the Bishop of Ontario regarding Rev. Dr. Wilson, late of Kingston and latterly of New York, where he was, in a way, taken under the wing of Mr. Rainsford after his dismissal from Kingston. St. James' Church in the latter city is now vacant, through the death of Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, and the Bishop is said to have no objection to the proposal to call Dr. Wilson to fill the vacancy.

British newspapers at present have argus eyes for seeing evidences of Bismarck's hostility to their Government. The latest proof of it, in their estimation, is the postponement of Princess Beatrice's marriage to next summer, in order that the German laird she is engaged to may finish his time in the army.

Annexation still continues to be the order of the day. It seems to be as catching as whooping-cough or measles among children. New Zealand now proposes to annex Samoa, a scheme which is likely to provoke no inconsiderable amount of opposition, both from Germany and the United States.

Sluggo Sullivan is doing his best to destroy any character for manliness she ever possessed. He made a savage attack on a waiter girl in a saloon the other day, and kicked a horse in a shameful way for running away and upsetting him. If the four legged brute had broken the two-legged brute's neck, the world would not have sorrowed. For a bully and a brute this sluggo fellow in his essential nature undoubtedly is.

The sentiment of loyalty to the reigning family seems to be still pretty vigorous among the people of Great Britain. The coming of age of the Prince of Wales eldest son was celebrated with the greatest *cecal*, as we are told. Bells were rung, and flags were hoisted, and speeches were made, and music was played and in many other ways the public heart testified to its gratitude and satisfaction.

Kings are in a general state of commotion just now. Diequietude of a more or less aggravated kind is universal. The most recent note of complaint comes from the South Pacific, where France has recently annexed certain islands. The missionaries of the London Missionary Society who labor there have sent to Earl Derby a formal pro-

test against this conduct on the part of France. That nation, say the missionaries, has forbidden them to continue their labors. It is a trying time for missionaries. This Chinese war has proved very disastrous to the Canadian Presbyterian mission in Formosa, as well as to others. Some great plan of God's providence appears to be in course of development in these days.

It was a foregone conclusion that Mme. Clodois-Hugues, the Parisian lady who achieved such notoriety by shooting her traudner, would be acquitted. Except a jury composed of personal friends of the murdered man, no jury could have been found in Paris who would have condemned the woman. That it was a wilful murder nobody doubted, the woman never denied it. She confessed to being definitely decided on her course, days if not weeks before. That popular sympathy was altogether on her side was shown by the tumultuous applause which greeted the verdict of "non-guilty." She was condemned to pay a fine, however, and the costs of the trial, as an acknowledgment of the claims of law. Revenging herself in the way she did, was, of course, morally wrong. At the same time it is not possible not to sympathize very strongly with a woman who was driven to frenzy by the blackguardly calumnies of a cowardly ruffian. No sorrow can be felt at his fall. He got simply what he deserved. A malignant *roue*, indignant probably at being balked in the gratification of his wicked desires, he sought to blacken the reputation of the woman who had repulsed him. Let all villains of this stamp take a lesson from the fate of Morin, of Paris.

Much more attention than they deserve, it seems to us, has been given to some recent utterances of a son of Mr. Gladstone. The young man said it could not be expected that a man of his father's age, could have many years of work before him—or words to that effect. Some of the newspapers are torturing such mere commonplaces to mean that Gladstone will shortly retire from active life. Nothing in the meantime is more unlikely. At the time of the Egyptian crisis and when other matters of pressing moment call for his attention, Gladstone is not the man to leave his sphere of active duty under any compulsion short of absolute necessity.

Ice will be a dear luxury next summer, we fear, unless the clerk of the weather brings a change of programme very suddenly. The harvest as yet is poor, and ice-men are looking a little glum. There is hope, however. A good deal of January is left still, and all February and March, so that there is no ground for despair, or even for taking a despondent view of the ice-cream prospects of next summer.

The farmers near Hamilton seem to be a determined lot of fellows. They made short work of the offending toll-gate, at any rate. We don't blame them a bit, but think they did just the right thing. A toll-gate anywhere in these days is a sign of arrested

development, but within city limits it is an inexcusable impertinence.

The proposed scheme for the federation of Colleges under one university does not seem to have done much more than leave the various Colleges where they were at first. University College has agreed to it, as might have been expected. It had much to gain and little, if anything, to lose from a scheme that would concentrate the interests of the higher education of the whole Province in the city where it happened fortunately to be placed; Knox College in the same way, Wycliffe College, and MacMaster Hall. Victoria College, to be sure, has approved the scheme, which is certainly something gained, if it be a gain. Trinity is somewhat doubtful yet, and Queen's, as everyone expected, may be set down as almost more than doubtful. We have much sympathy with those who doubt the wisdom of massing the whole college system of Ontario in one city.

A horrible case of youthful depravity is reported from Chicago. Two school boys are accused of having on more than one occasion seized a younger boy, and while one held him firmly on the ground the other poured oil of vitriol over his cheeks. One mother testified that her thirteen year old son came home from school one day with the skin of the entire right side of his face peeling off, leaving the unprotected flesh exposed. He said these boys had treated him in the way described. Such fiendish cruelty on the part of such young boys is almost incredible. One can scarcely think of a punishment too severe for the young blackguards. If over the *lex talionis* should be enforced this was a clear case.

New York is disgusted and alarmed at recent evidences of the ignorant incompetency of some of her medical men. Case after case of death in one of the filthiest quarters of the city was certified by these diseases as typhoid fever, which it turns out to have been in reality the deadly typhus. And the malady had been raging for some three months before the Health Boards knew anything about it. A fine commentary on medical education, truly. Not calculated to increase public confidence in the thousands of men who are turned out of the medical mills every year, certified duly as fit and proper persons to charge you two dollars for a three minute visit, looking at your tongue, feeling your pulse, and writing you an order in dog latin, for some quinine and iron, or a dose of castor oil!

Bismarck cherishes the notion that a tax imposed on imports of corn will help Germany to a more prosperous condition. He wants to aid the small land owners, and keep them in the country by this means. The best way he can help, not the small land owners only, but every one in the country, is by giving them more liberty to think and act for themselves, releasing them from the thralldom of military *se v. ce*, maintaining peace with other powers, and persevering in well-considered plans of colonization.