

In a small way nothing can be more trying than the patronizing chatter of an ignorant, pretentious woman. It sets one's teeth on edge, and somehow or other while it is irritating is depressing at the same time. Under its torture one is tempted to think of suicide as a possible refuge, and then again more indignant emotions come to the rescue, and instead of suicide, there are grave speculations as to the fact that in certain circumstances killing is no murder. The chatter of some women is positively delightful. It may be very small talk, but after all it is nice, and the most inveterate grumpy cannot possibly get angry at it. But when there is chatter and not the slightest approach to sprightliness when there is a continual dropping and yet nothing said that is worth listening to. Oh then comes in the misery! What it is all about, no human being can make out. She speaks on all subjects, not because she has anything to say, but simply because she thinks it right to be gabbling. In a neighbour's house she criticises and applauds everything. Thus and that and the other thing is "so nice." The butter at table, and the bread are "just lovely." A receipt for the manufacture of that "hash" must be had. It is just "positively delightful." Even the book-case and the chairs don't escape her idiot babble, and she will praise the very spoons and the teneups from which she sips her tea. Then she has any number of exclamatory phrases, "Wonderful." "Just perfectly wonderful." "So nice." "You really don't say." "I am astonished." "Quite too awfully lovely," and fifty others equally stupid, meaningless and rasping. Why is all this? There is no use in trying to get at the philosophy of the phenomenon. But as to the fact there can be no doubt whatever. Dear foolish, stupid, officious ladies, don't for pity's sake think that you are bound to praise the butter, coffee, cups, and table cloth of your entertainer, or to say anything flattering about either his wife or his children. Leave all these things severely alone. So shall your presence be more acceptable, and your departure less rejoiced in. TRUTH is no oracle on etiquette, but this is certain that no person of any ordinary good manners says a word in praise of anything at table, especially in the way of patronizing wonder that they are actually so good!

The story told lately about Matthew Arnold, and Thomas Carlyle is very characteristic, and deserves repetition. Matthew the immaculate, it seems, called on the "True Thomas" sometime before the death of the latter, and found him cold, dull, and depressed. He went away with the impression that it was all over with the "Sage," and, meeting a mutual friend, said so. Away hurried "friend" to Cheyne Row, and was rejoiced to find the "old man eloquent" greatly better. The question was casually asked if he had had any visitors lately. "Oh, yes. Mat. Arnold was here for about half an hour, talking away as usual mostly about himself." True to the letter about Matthew, but true also of a great many more who have less reason for being high minded than has the apostle of sweetness and light. Thomas himself

had a very fair opinion of a certain personage who need not be named, and others of the *genus irritabile* have been, and are, equally impressed with a sense of the mighty obligations under which they have brought the world by the mere fact of their condescending to exist in it. There are poor fellows of this kind even in Toronto, who are equally sure with Matthew that when the Almighty had finally fashioned them into shape, he broke the mould. The way in which these walk the streets, is a caution. They want to appear unconcerned, but cannot manage it. They are so haunted with the delusion that they are the observed of all observers, that their naturally weak, shambling gait becomes always weaker and more shambling, and they look as if they were sure that every knot of talkers at the street corners were speaking about them, and that passers were whispering to each other as he went by, "That's he," "and that!" Oh you donkeys! Don't, pray don't. You may walk King street for ten hours a day for a month and nobody think of you, except by and bye, to enquire of a friend who those cross gartered, foolish-looking Malvolio sort of cads may be, who shake their heads and roll their eyes as if they were porcelain mandarins in a grocer's window. The world is too busy to take any notice of you, and if you were to hint that you are the celebrated so and so, rest assured the answer would not be flattering to your vanity.

The Russian system of Press censorship is as severe and oppressive as can well be imagined. Within the last two years it has become even more stern and relentless. Not a word can be published which has not previously been revised by the Censor. A paper can be stopped at any moment, and the editor or proprietor thrown into prison. But all this is of less than no use. It will only make the outburst more terrible when it comes. The way to make a rushing river as harmless as possible, is to get all obstruction out of the way. Russian authorities have yet, apparently, to learn that lesson.

It is always a blessed and comforting thing to notice how kindly persons take to apparently the most disagreeable occupations. Perhaps they don't like their callings so well after all, still they manage to conceal their disgust admirably. TRUTH has some quite unexceptionable occupations in view, and yet it would appear as if it would be terrible to be engaged in them. There is no use going into particulars. Every one can think for himself of such cases. One will say "Oh, dear me, I could not be an undertaker, oh no." Another feels a cold sweat running down his back as he dreams of the probability of his being a butcher and killing calves. A third recoils from whiskey selling, while a fourth exclaims, "A book peddler! Never! I'd sooner die." And yet coffin makers are often jolly. Butchers are proverbially fat and good sleepers. Whiskey selling is no doubt, pretty far down, and yet some in the trade manage to hold their heads rather high. And then book peddling! What has any one got to say against it? It is a good healthy occupation, involving plenty of walking and plenty of tongue.

A tolerable amount of lying has to be done now and then, but necessarily, and then the amount of apt and skillfully administered flattery is delicious. One man who had on his list some of the biggest names in the country, could not be satisfied if he did not get the signature of a friend of TRUTH. What is the value of all such names, he cried. If you withdraw your countenance we wither and die! Of course.

There are great varieties in the modes of suicide which some people adopt, but the latest is the funniest. A wealthy farmer near St. Thomas, swallowed a walking stick and died in consequence, in forty-eight hours. No wonder that he died. The only wonder is how he got the stick down.

TRUTH is always delighted with any thing that keeps the cause of the really suffering before the public. Among all the charities of Toronto it has an especially kindly feeling to the Hospital for Sick Children. The poor little nites! Blessings on the heads of those who take an interest in them. Now, readers of TRUTH, one and all, What have you done for the Hospital? Do you say nothing? Then be ashamed of yourselves, and go and do and give immediately. Go and see the place with your own eyes. Take nobody's word for it. If you do you will be a firm and liberal friend from this time onwards.

It is awful heresy, no doubt, on the part of TRUTH, but it can't be helped, and must be stated all the same, that the system of granting bonuses and exemptions from taxation to factories for so many years, is an altogether vicious and unjustifiable one. Of course there are excuses for it, but they won't hold water. If a man comes to Toronto to start a factory it is to be presumed that he thinks this the best place. If he don't, why not go elsewhere? If he does, he needs no charitable contribution from the community. If he can't walk alone, let him wait till he can.

At the late Sabbath School Convention a great many home truths were uttered, which it is to be hoped will do a great deal of good. One gentleman was specially hard upon tobacco, but not, TRUTH fancies, too hard. It seems it was the ruin of that poor worthless fool, Mann, the L'Original murderer. It has been the ruin of a great many better men. It is making a set of weak, nervous, wasteful imbecile, good for nothings, in spite of the fact that a good many sensible people smoke. To see the side walks of the principal streets of this city on a Sunday evening, is a caution. It would seem as if it had rained saliva. Faugh!

Sir Moses Montefiore has entered upon his hundredth year and is still, it is said, hale and hearty. Long may he continue so. His has been a life remarkably distinguished for kind words and kind acts. When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and Jew and Gentile have alike had cause to be thankful as the recipients of his unstinted bounty.

It would not be at all surprising if

France have soon plenty of occupation at home, without needing to go to Tonquin or Madagascar. The feeling of restfulness in Paris, is evidently increasing, and the power of the present Governor to tide things successfully over, is more than doubtful.

Lord Derby has told the fillibusters of Australia that not only will their annexing tendencies not be encouraged, but they won't be allowed. If necessary, they will be set aside by a broadside and the standard whiff of grape shot. Perhaps this may be the right way to talk, but it will not make things any the pleasanter with a great number of Australians who have always suffered from the earth hunger very badly.

There is a Rev. Mr. Ireland over in Michigan who is getting into trouble with over much marrying and divorcing. Somebody said, at the time of the great Beecher scandal, that one of the inferences from the whole affair was that a man could not be too economical in kissing other men's wives. It is just so, and in like manner a clergyman will always find himself most comfortable and, upon the whole, safest in having nothing to do with the divorce court and subsequent marriage ceremonies.

It is now settled surely beyond all reasonable question that the "bulls" and bears of the market are simply a set of swindlers, blacklegs and thieves. The business, from beginning to end, is simply gambling, and of the worst description. Every decent man will give the manipulators a wide berth.

The C. P. R. steamers are not such models of perfection as they were expected to be. No doubt disappointment is the lot of humanity, and the C. P. R. even cannot expect to be made altogether an exception.

The Attorney General of Massachusetts has settled that according to law woman is not a "person." If not, one would say she must be only a thing. Come now, this is too much of a good thing. The other week that poor, bewildered don't know what of a Judge away in the west where the sun goes down, declared that a wife, by the law of England, was liable to reasonable punishment, and would not punish a husband who had nearly murdered the partner of his life because he had no evidence to show that what had been given was anything but reasonable. And now for women to be described as mere chattels, not more important than domestic cats, if so much so, is quite too awfully absurd. Mr. Attorney-General revise your law, or, at any rate, do something to make yourself and your calling respectable.

Did any of the readers of TRUTH know a boy of the name of Willie Thurman? If they did they will be glad to learn that he is doing well and making \$1,500 a year as newsboy in Chicago. He works hard, he says, but the earnings are worth all he gives for them. TRUTH would just think so. If all Toronto newsboys were as diligent as Will, they might not make