



TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

It seems to be pretty generally admitted that the custom of New Year calling is going out of fashion, and not much regret apparently is felt in consequence. Of course there are those who will deny that it is doing anything of the kind. There is quite a much calling on New Year's Day, say they, as ever there was. Those who know best, however, say something very different.

The fact of the matter to a great extent is, but like many other customs, good enough and graceful enough, in their first intention, this custom of men wishing their lady friends a happy New Year, has been not a little abused, and is like to run to seed in consequence.

It has come to be in many cases the mere formality. Men who never show themselves beyond the threshold during the year, take advantage of the first day of it to catch themselves where they are not always welcome.

We sympathize very much with the ladies who have to remain in the house all day and provide refreshments for callers who may never come, or who stay only a minute or two when they do come. The conversation that takes place is generally of the supplest and most formal description possible. The ladies have probably heard the same remarks repeated half a dozen times before, and cannot be expected to take a very lively interest in its seventh or eighth iteration.

And for a good many of the men, too, we have quite a little sympathy. They consider very much of a bore, and that very often because they don't know whether they are really welcome or not. It has come to be so very much of a formality that they would gladly give it up altogether.

Some of the bolder spirits, of course, do give it up, careless whether they give offence or not. They will go skating, or onruling, or riding, or they will simply stay at home and read an interesting book, but they won't go calling, nor make any apologies for not doing so.

Some make a compromise by sending cards through the post to all their lady friends. This is a very good plan, it seems to us, and gets over the difficulties nicely.

Another custom, which is also a good one, and getting more common, is for ladies who wish to receive callers to intimate to their gentlemen friends that they will be glad to see them. In this way, of course, they get rid of the objectionable rabble of callers whom they don't care a button, and would much rather not see at all.

A foolish young woman living somewhere in the State of New York, brought a suit against her husband for desertion. He had secured employment on a large dairy farm, and was going to his brother. She had been one of the belles of Brooklyn before her marriage, and was very averse to living in the country. At first she positively refused to see her husband, but subsequently yielded to his entreaties, and did so. She soon

found country life intolerably dull and irksome, and finally went home. Failing to persuade her husband that it was his duty to give up his place and follow her, the silly thing actually took the course above mentioned.

It is wonderful just how silly some pretty women can be. The notions about life that get into their heads sometimes just "beat all creation." They seem to have no realization whatsoever of the kind of world they are living in, but to walk always in a sort of waking fantasy.

New York city is well supplied with wicked men, but one of the worst is an infamous Irishman called McCarthy, one of whose regular pastimes for some time past has been beating women in a horrible manner. He is in duration just now, charged with having nearly murdered three women in this way. The brute openly boasts of having influence enough to secure him immunity from the punishment due to his brutal crimes.

We have great sympathy with the course taken by a deceived wife in Williamsburg, N.Y. She has brought an action for \$10,000 against a glib widow, who enticed her husband from his allegiance. May she win the suit, and give a salutary warning to other widows with more money than morality.

Talmage is nothing if not original. On the evening of the first Sunday after Christmas, instead of preaching a sermon as usual, he had all the children of the Sunday School collected in the Tabernacle, and set them to singing carols. On the platform was an immense shoe. In this were gathered a veritable Mother Hubbard, or whoever the old woman was who dwelt in a shoe, and her little brood. The funny old story was realistically told by the infant class, after which Santa Claus made his appearance, and distributed beautiful gifts among the delighted children.

A good many American papers are busily discussing the color of Cleveland's future Cabinet. Cleveland in the meantime like a wise man, keeps his mouth shut, and says nothing.

President Arthur it is said, is making as many Republican appointments to office as he can while his power lasts.

England proposes to show Germany that two can play at the game of taking possession of a country, by merely hoisting the national flag, and has begun operations by unfurling the Union Jack over the Bay of St. Lucia, on the Zulu coast. This will not help to smooth matters between the two powers, as it is said Germany already claims the territory in virtue of some snap treaty made with the King of the Zulus.

It is said that another addition has been made to the terrible array of peripatetic lecturers, in the person of Dr. Bull, of Buffalo, who earned an undesirable notoriety in connection with the "Cleveland scandal." This seems the regular thing nowadays, if

you have done anything, no matter what, that makes people talk about you, show yourself on a public platform, and gather in the shekels.

Speaking of peripatetic lecturers reminds us that one of the brood has recently received what every sensible person would like to believe, though they hardly dare hope for any such good fortune, may prove his quietus. We refer to that ranting infidel hypocrite, Ingersoll, who gets poor fools to listen to his impious diatribes and mawkish sentimentalities at fifty cents a head. A Catholic priest recently took him in hand, and, metaphorically speaking, bent him over his knee, and administered a thorough good spanking. Poor Bob, in a thinker's hands he makes a very contemptible figure.

It isn't always a fortunate thing to be a lord. "Lord Gumboil," who got himself talked about for jilting a girl who was a great deal too good for him, has more recently got himself into another fix by writing a letter in which he spelled Hong Kong with a k in place of the last g. The editor who received the letter, remarked that such spelling was inexcusable, even in a future hereditary legislator.

The pious swindler is unfortunately not an extinct species of the genius hypocrite. A very ingenious fellow has recently victimized a great many charitable English ladies by professing to take up collections to build churches in India, urging, among reasons, that in this way the terrible custom of burning widows on the funeral piles of their husband's would be abolished. Human ignorance is a remarkably good key for human duplicity to play upon.

Europe, it appears, is not without its share of Mormonism. During the last year one thousand seven hundred Mormons were landed at New York alone from that continent. That looks healthy for the Smithites.

TRUTH says that the circular issued by order of the License Commissioners to hotel keepers and others interested in the sale of intoxicating liquor, prohibiting the disposal of liquor within every polling subdivision on any polling day, is a step in the right direction. Men attending elections of any kind are only too prone to quarrel without the additional incentive of alcohol. It should also be to the interest of candidates that the constituency should be sober, as otherwise in voting by ballot the cross might very easily be placed opposite the name not intended.

English celebrities in visiting this continent have a habit of ignoring the existence of Canada altogether and this can hardly excite surprise or cause us to take umbrage. When people visit America they have a desire to see a strange land and people of a different nationality from their own, and these they will not find sufficiently marked in Canada, for though the country differs widely from England, Ireland or Scotland, the habits and customs of the people are

not marked by any especial national peculiarity differing greatly from their own. On the other hand the Americans are a distinct race with very well-defined national traits. The stranger, and more particularly the visitor, is amused and entertained and he finds much to excite his curiosity, and not a little to arouse his admiration both in the people and in their nation, as well as in the country itself. Its cities are larger and finer than ours, its climate is somewhat better, and altogether things are on a more extensive scale than we have them in Canada.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is building for herself a beautiful mausoleum, not in France, but in England, in the town of Farnborough, whose inhabitants are very fond of her, partly because she goes out shopping among them, but chiefly because she is kind to their poor.

The new Archbishop of Dublin, the late Lord Bishop of Meath, Lord William Conyngham Plunkett, was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin on New Year's Day.

By the way, Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant, has something to say about prison discipline not very satisfactory to the ears of the Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, and that functionary has intimated that he will recall the ticket of leave if Orton is not more guarded in his expressions about jail officials. This certainly does not look very well for Sir William's management of the Home Department.

The following is taken from a Scotch paper, and is, we think, worth reprinting in TRUTH as an example of female credulity: One of the most remarkable of the many Tichborne claimants in the United States is at present in a position of some difficulty. He was arrested the other day at Toledo, Ohio, on a charge of bigamy. It appears that he has been married no fewer than eight times, and there is reason to fear that each of his six wives imagines herself entitled to rank as "Lady Tichborne." The following are some of the ladies with whom he is known to have contracted marriage:—At Kensington, Ontario, he married Miss Jerusha Wood; at Collingwood, Miss Julia Durand; and at Campbellford, Miss Adelaide Nichols. Here his matrimonial career was interrupted by a romantic incident. Being arrested for some offence, the wife of the gaoler became enamoured of and fled with him to Morristown, New Jersey, where, however, repenting his sinful conduct, he parted from her and recommenced matrimony. At Schenectady he was married to Miss Anna Henry; at Newark, to Miss Selina Rowe; and at Paterson, to Miss Harriet Shaw. The meeting of the several Lady Tichbornes when their husband was arraigned in court at Toledo on the 25th of November, formal, it is stated, a "pathetic scene." He still persists that he is the original "Sir Roger," and asserts that "he was brought over to America by the Peterborough family." He is evidently, with all his faults, a singularly fascinating person, and a formidable rival to our own valued claimant.