

# TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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## TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

An extraordinary report of a new discovery comes from Africa. This is nothing less than the existence of a nation of people numbering 50,000,000, who live in houses built of stone, with gardens in the rear, and properly laid out streets, and who work in iron, copper and ivory, and are pretty well up in the industrial arts generally. Africa is still the land of mystery. The discoveries yet to be made there, and the destiny in store for that "dark Continent" many surpass the wildest flights of the imagination.

Probably a generous gift was never more ungraciously treated than the Bartholdi statue has been by the people of New York. That a city whose millionaires are counted by the score, has not yet succeeded in raising money for the pedestal is not much to its credit certainly.

The famous Cataract on the Danube, known as the Iron gate, is destined to submit to the all subduing might of modern progress. The Hungarian Government has adopted a project to destroy its rocks, so that in six years or thereabouts, a placid open canal may be expected in the room of that dashing torrent.

Queen Victoria's exclusiveness seems to increase with advancing years which is, no doubt quite natural, though not politic, if she is strongly desirous to retain her popularity. On this point, however, she may be growing more indifferent. At any rate she caused great disappointment to many loyal Aberdonians who gathered in hopes of seeing her at Ferryhill Junction, on her way from Balmoral. She was invisible, however, to the crowd, only officials being admitted. And at Perth, too, instead of the train stopping as usual, one hour it only stopped five minutes, and the blinds of the Queen's saloon were kept rigidly closed! None of the royal party showed themselves and the public were totally excluded from the platform. So be it.

One of the most ambitious newspaper schemes ever conceived in the brain of an aspiring man is that of Andrew Carnegie, native of the quaint old city of Dunfermline, and millionaire iron master of Pittsburg, Pa. This was to establish throughout England strong metropolitan and provincial newspapers devoted to the Liberal cause. Like other apparently well laid schemes "o' mine an' men," however, this one seems likely to "gang a gley," for a quarrel it is said has arisen between Carnegie, who was to furnish the capital, and Samuel Storey, M.P., for Sunderland, who was to attend to the editorial and business management of the concern. After they had secured six newspaper establishments, Carnegie, it is said, found his coadjutor altogether too much of a demagogue in politics to be further trust-

ed, and positively refused to furnish any more of the needful.

The hissing of Irving when he appeared in London in "Twelfth Night" seems to have given rise to no end of talk, and a good deal of consternation among those more immediately concerned. There has been quite a furious war of words between dramatic critics who have discussed all the pros and cons of the subject.

One does not hear so much about the Wiman Baths in these days. Has the novelty of the thing worn off already, or are there other reasons to account for the falling off of their popularity?

To judge by some of the revelations before the Parliamentary Commission on the so-called Conspiracy case, there would seem to be some really brilliant intellectual luminaries among the members. Truth speaks not as a partisan but simply as an unprejudiced onlooker. If some of the members are as imbecile and forgetful about many things as they confessed themselves on the subjects they were examined on, then alas for them. Perhaps they have learned the art which some distinguished man used to long for, that of forgetting. He found remembering easy enough, but forgetfulness quite another thing.

The American Government has begun anew to print greenbanks of small denominations. The Bureau of Engraving and printing expects to have a full supply of one dollar bills turned out very shortly, and if the appropriation is sufficient they will begin immediately afterwards on \$2 bills.

Here is a chance for Canadian girls who doubt if the prospects in the Canadian matrimonial market are sufficiently promising. A Dakota editor has advertised for 10,000 girls, and we have no doubt he would be glad if they were all or nearly all Canadian lasses, for in that case they would be sure to be good-looking and healthy.

Earl Granville has sent a note to Mr. West, the British Minister at Washington, directing him to ask that if advantageous terms are given to Cuba for the admission of Cuban products into America, the products of the British Colonies in the West Indies be placed on the same footing. This is a very reasonable request, and it is to be hoped the U. S. Government will see its way clear to grant it.

Some Republican papers are silly enough to object to Cleveland as a candidate for the Presidency because on two occasions in the exercise of his duty as sheriff, he officiated as the executioner of a murderer. Why shouldn't he? And why should not every Sheriff do the same.

Sir Lopel Griffin is an Englishman who

appears to have been gazetted as critic extraordinary to the whole universe, if one might judge by the exhibitions of the critical spirit wherewith he has favored such part of the reading public as peruse the English reviews. He is especially hard on America which he visited some time ago. Nothing pleased him at all. He is possessed apparently with a desire to follow in the footsteps of the earlier critics of American manners and customs, forgetful of the fact that the time for that sort of thing has now passed and that the observer who sees America through the spectacles of Mrs. Trollope or Charles Dickens at this time of day pays no compliments to his own powers of observation.

Lawn Tennis is no doubt a healthy and invigorating exercise, but the half professional way in which it is gone about nowadays shows a strong tendency to turn it into an athletic contest in which men only can take an active share. How it is possible for a woman with the usual paraphernalia of corsets and skirts about her to play such a game with any comfort or enjoyment passes masculine comprehension and gives occasion to much astonished admiration no doubt, at what women will attempt. Croquet is a much more appropriate game for ladies, unless indeed they are willing to "go in for" lawn tennis as energetically as men do, in which case for their own comfort and convenience they ought to dress as suitably.

One of the New York papers has sounded the alarm concerning the marvellously white, nice-looking sponges which are sold on the streets there for less than a tenth of the price at which sponges of the same size and quality can be bought in the drug stores. It more than hints that the reason of the cheapness is that these sponges are bought from the hospitals, and whitened artificially, and that cases have been known of serious illness caused by their use.

What human law is there that human ingenuity has not succeeded in evading? A curious result of the Child Labour law in the New Jersey manufacturing towns has lately come to light. It is making it impossible to tell the ages of the inhabitants. The parents in order to evade the law represent their children to be older than they really are, and the children grow up without knowing their right ages. As the female children when they arrive at womanhood, do not hesitate to put back their ages to suit themselves, great confusion is the result.

"When Doctors disagree disciples are free" is the old saying, and there is great latitude for disciples with regard to the treatment of cholera according to Henry Labouchere. English doctors, he asserts, are greatly at variance on the subject. Some have great faith in opium, others none at all. Some swear by ice water and solid ice ad libitum. Others consider

such treatment simply murder, and he not unnaturally begins to wonder which is more deadly; the doctors or the disease.

The Free library scheme is not yet a pronounced success. It is simply on its trial. The most of the borrowers seem to be young women intent upon novels, while in the reading room there is as yet a good deal of confusion and a good deal of mutilation of the magazines is going on. Those seats also and stands are so close together that it is impossible to pass with comfort. Any provision for ladies reading is not apparent, and the comfort and quiet with fair possibility of getting what one wanted was far greater under the old arrangement than now. One may struggle to get a sight of a newspaper, but no body can have the slightest idea where any particular magazine is to be found except by going over the whole lot. Still, one has not to judge anything rashly or before the time. Perhaps in time things will come all right. Truth sincerely hopes that they may. Novel reading is all very well, but to tax people to supply with novels girls that could themselves buy all what was good for them is rather too steep.

Drinking is bad, but gross and excessive eating is not much better, and it is far more common than a great many suppose. A great number who have sedentary occupations eat as heartily as if they were working in the fields. What wonder is it that they have dyspepsia? Doctors would not have half the work they have if people would only eat rationally and as they can digest. If these sons of Esculapius were honest they would address half, aye and a great deal more than half, of their patients in some such fashion as this: "Sir, or Madam," as the case might be, "there are just four ways of it, you must take less food, or more exercise, or medicine or be sick." Exactly! That is just about the hang of it as far as Truth can see.

Paul Morphy, the once famous chess player died some two weeks ago in New Orleans. There was something peculiarly sad in the complete overthrow of that once brilliant intellect. He was a perfect marvel while his faculties lasted, and of all the great players who have since appeared none have ever excited the same wondering interest and admiration as did that marvellously gifted boy.

Cleveland, the future President of the United States, if Democratic efforts can secure that result, is described as a healthy robust-looking man, of a nervous, sanguine temperament. He has a light complexion, and thin brown hair. Though slightly built, he is well preserved for his years, though as yet he is quite a young man, being only 47. He is said to be fond of good eating and drinking at proper times, and furthermore, he is a bachelor and lives alone.