

Those were fine dogs in Lennox among the free and independent. It is no doubt better that those engaged in such work should come out with it. Still it is dreadfully scandalous all the same. It is utter nonsense to say that the blame is all on one side, and that the sinners in the matter of bribery are all of one stripe of politics. Perhaps other places are as bad, but it does not seem as if any came out quite so unblushingly as did the men of Lennox, from Roo downward. Things are surely as bad as they can be, and when they come to that the proverb says "They are sure to mend."

The coal dealers protest that all the blame must not be laid at their doors. Indeed they say that they are not to be blamed at all. On the contrary they assure all whom it may concern that whoever is guilty they are innocent. They give in detail the various items of outlay, and when the whole thing is totted up it comes to such a sum as to leave the unfortunates with almost no profit whatever. That may be, but TRUTH some how feels that it is exceedingly unlikely.

Is there to be no end to those cases of suffocation by gas? The blowing out of the light by cuntry bumpkins is bad enough and ought surely to be at an end by this time. Anybody who has either brains or business sufficient to bring him into the city or to lead him into an hotel, ought to know as much as not to blow out the gas. But there is another cause of the mischief. There are gas jets which have no stoppage to the little tap that shuts off the flow. Very easily and very innocently a man may turn this round too far and allow the gas to escape when he supposes that it was entirely shut off. Why should this be? Why not, if necessary, have a law against anything of the kind and make gas fitters, &c., punishable if they put up any of such a sort in either house or ware room? If this were done there would be fewer accidents and deaths from the cause referred to.

So Mann, the murderer of the Cooke family, is hanged. He died hard, having been hanging about nine minutes before life was quite extinct. The case is well known to all. Mann could not be said to have been insane and yet he was wonderfully like it. He showed a great amount of firmness at the end and professed to die thoroughly penitent. The doctors say that had he lived a few years more he would have been a raving lunatic.

How comes it to pass that some people are so full of a project or enterprise till it is fairly matured and till they are fairly into it, and then when the irrevocable step has been taken, shrink back with perfect horror and would give all the world if they could only undo what a day or two before was thought the very best thing possible? The judgment gets beclouded, the whole facts of the case distorted and out of sorts, and the worse appears the better cause. How is this? It is like a fascination almost of the nature of a temptation, and ends as soon as there is no remedy. It is difficult to say. In all such cases there is more or less of weakness and instability of judgment, and a certain restless unsettledness which is sure to issue disastrously. In all cases the wise will let well alone. They may discover their mistake when it is too late. Two chances to one they will. But in that case, mum's the word. They don't tell everybody that they have played the fool.

The New Governor-General will soon be here. It is to be hoped that he will fulfil

the highest expectations formed of him. This is very seldom done, but it may in this case. TRUTH sincerely trusts that it will. Some may not be quite sure if Canada need to import her chief magistrate, but so long as she does she ought to have the genuine article of its kind. It takes a wise man to manage Canada for purpose. If Lansdowne fancy the little clique which is understood to constitute society at Ottawa, is the genuine representative of all that is cultivated and correct in Canada, he will be woefully mistaken, that is all. His Lordship has a fine opportunity for showing his "broad sympathies," and his possession of the inestimable characteristic called by Dr. Chalmers, the prosperous management of human nature. Some men are such donkeys with their supercilious air and sniffing idiocy. The country is now and the people both rough and democratic. It is as well when even Governor-Generals know how to manage the creature. So let it be with governors and all men in authority that their ways may be made plain and their reigns be rendered prosperous.

No more inspiring address was ever given to students, or to any other body of young men or maidens, than that which Dr. Wilson gave at the University Convocation last week. It was a thoroughly stirring, manly address, and if these young fellows who heard it don't try to do their duty with all the might of brain and muscle with which Heaven has endowed them, then they are unworthy of their advantages, and should be hurried back into obscurity, with all possible speed.

The doctor is very indignant that anyone should dare to allude to his college as a "godless" place. Possibly enough the term may be a relic of a more barbarous age, when outsiders could not so well appreciate the beauties of morality and religion combined, and matters may have greatly improved since the Doctor took them in hand. Unless common report, however, is a very liar, as mighty in untruth as the Cretans of old, and an ignorant prejudiced numskull to boot, TRUTH very much fears that the term "Godless" applied to University College, could not be considered altogether a misnomer, and this not very long ago either.

That vulgar, stupid, but let us hope rapidly expiring notion that a liberal education tends to unfit a man for the every day humdrum duties of life, received a sturdy blow from the learned Doctor. And the thanks of the community are due to him for giving it. Manly words like these spoken from high places, will do much to drive such invertebrate callow notions as these into that limbo of vanities to which they properly belong.

The mere acquisition of so much knowledge possibly may, but education, a University education at that too, in the best sense of the word, never can make a man a worse farmer or a worse mechanic, any more than it can make a worse doctor, lawyer or minister. An acquaintance with mathematics and two languages, need never spoil a woman's housekeeping. Her pudding may be delicious, and her husband's socks—if she has a husband, which she ought to have—neatly darned, though she have a good deal more than a boarding school smattering of the languages, and a pretty fair acquaintance with metaphysics into the bargain.

King Death very provokingly stepped in and forbade the bans of marriage the other day. Earl Mountcashel having attained the ripe age of 91 was about to be married to a young girl yet in her teens. The Grisly Terror plainly did not approve of the match, and broke it up unceremoniously, chuckling to himself, no doubt, over the way in which he had blasted the girl's ambitious hopes. He might have waited at least until she had fairly become the Countess Mountcashel.

Toronto Bicyclists present quite an imposing appearance as they trundle down to business of a morning. If they only knew how many pretty eyes looked admiringly upon them, they might be lifted up in an unseemly manner. They are quite unconscious of the glances, however, and pursue the even, noiseless tenor of their way, with bosoms undisturbed by any thoughts and fancies but such as may honorably dwell in manly bosoms perched on high.

One hates to lend books, even to one's dearest friend, for never—that is to say very seldom—will he ever see them again. And even when they do find their way back, they are generally soiled, written on or otherwise treated in a shameful way. No wonder then that people hate to lend books, TRUTH never feels so like telling a lie as when some of its acquaintances ask for such and such a book, for it knows the next thing will be a request for the loan of it, and one likes almost as much to refuse as to lend. But the cheek of some people in this respect is immense, it is past belief. Some books have actually been sold at auction of the household effects of some of our dear friends. They had borrowed them, forgotten to return them, gradually came to regard them as their own, and this was the result.

TRUTH wishes that people when they go to a public meeting will sit till the close. It is the height of vulgarity to rise in the middle of the exercises or at any other time during their continuance, unless there is urgent necessity for doing so. There are cases of course in which it cannot be avoided. Some speakers for instance, are so wearisomely long-winded, that a gentle hint of this kind is absolutely necessary. But if at all possible everyone, should stay to the end.

There is one man in town whom TRUTH certainly does not hate, and yet there is no one for whose company so little desire is felt. A correspondent puts it thus:—"I shun him, I avoid him if I have to go a block or two out of my way to do so. I have dodged around a corner many a time or waited on some convenient stairway till he was safely past. I have never walked so quickly past a plague stricken house as I have done to escape from him. Sometimes I have actually had to take refuge in flight and forgetting dignity and everything else have taken to my heels like a new school boy chased by a farmer whose orchard he has been robbing, in order to escape from the interminable torrent of his talk. Of course all TRUTH's readers must know what kind of a man I mean. If they don't know the very one, who or what else can it be but a bore? That greatest and worst of all plagues. Rough on bores, but not too rough."

TRUTH wonders whether those storekeepers who keep open so late at night pay for the gas they burn. Not on Saturday night only, but all the week through they seem to be open till all hours in the night, ten o'clock sees them open, so does eleven, and in some cases even midnight, then they are

up bright and early in the morning, have the shutters down and are doing business long before lazier ones are out of bed or have had breakfast at least. Now friends, industry is a good thing, and it is quite true that the hand of the diligent maketh rich, but don't overdo the thing, take a little pleasure in life as you go along, don't make mere machines of yourselves; you will be healthier and happier, and in the long run perhaps even wealthier, if you shut up an hour or two earlier and get to bed betimes.

One hates to speak of it, but the truth of the matter is that every now and then agents are sent to Toronto and other places in Canada to decoy away young girls to lives of shame in Buffalo, Chicago and other American cities. In all probabilities the two women who abducted the girl Brougham from St. Catharines were of that kidney. Now TRUTH, of course, is too well trained to advocate any such thing as lynching, it is better to leave all that to the far Western States, and other rude half civilized places, but TRUTH can go this far with the greatest complacency and say that if lynching ever could be justified, then certainly the fiends in human form who could deliberately set about devilish work of that kind ought to be lynched without benefit of clergy. Be they male or female, a short shrift and a long rope is the right thing for them; any decent man could feel great pleasure in hauling on a rope himself in order to rid the world of such vermin; certainly no jury in the world could be found who would convict a man who shot stone dead one of these creatures caught in the act of prosecuting their nefarious schemes. We must make Canada a hot place for such.

Here is how some of our American cousins lay down the law; the *Buffalo Courier* says:—"It makes one shiver to hear older people correct young folks for failure to add the 'sir' or 'ma'am' which should be used only by servants addressing their superiors." If the *Buffalo Courier* had been brought up as he ought to have been, spanked occasionally and taught to show proper respect to persons older and wiser than himself he would not so easily be mudo to "shiver." TRUTH feels sorry for the *Courier*; he may mean well, no doubt, but one strongly suspects that he never had a good chance to learn manners, but like Topsy simply "grewed." If our Yankee cousins would teach their youngsters lessons in self-control, modesty and respect for age, it would be of infinite benefit to the country.

The man that could do such a thing as this cannot have been a truly Christian man. Of course he belonged to Detroit, all bad men who do somewhat funny things seem to belong there. He had the manners to drop a hair switch in a carful of women, and then he enjoyed the fun when every woman put up her hand to see if it were here. That man will come to a bad end yet.

How fond some people are of talking about brains. This one has no "brains," another of their friends has no "brains," enough to keep his head stiff between his shoulders. Anyone with brains could see that, always of course taking their own supply of that especial article as the standard of comparison.

It is evidently the case that the liquor permit business in the North West territories is becoming a screaming farce. It was intended to keep liquor out of all that region, and now every one can get as much liquor as he