

TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The Rev. Mr. Bin, of Markham, has discovered that the second prize poem, read at the Burns Anniversary in this city, was a bare-faced piece of plagiarism. It would be somewhat startling to the reading public to be told what an immense number of poems and stories it accepts as original are, in fact, nothing but the work of gross plagiarists, amongst whom TRUTH unhesitatingly classes Jules Verne, as one of the most bare-faced. Fortunately for him, the works of Edgar Allen Poe are not much read either in France or England. Were such the case, those readers who are now so enchanted with his "Voyage to the Moon," his cipher stories and others, would be speedily made aware that Poe went over much of the ground traversed in the former, in his "Adventures of Hans Pfaal," whilst his "Gold Bug," and his essay on Cryptography clearly show that his ideas concerning that art were by no means original with Verne. Plagiarism is far more common than most of us are aware of, and it is safe to say that many of our most brilliant Canadian editorials were never conceived in the brains of our brilliant Canadian editors. A few volumes of the *Tulcar* or the *Spectator*, in the time of Addison and Steele, are most valuable adjuncts to an editorial sanctum in this country.

Respecting Edgar Allen Poe, to whom we allude, it is astonishing how very little the majority of moderately intelligent people know about one of the brightest and most original intellects of the nineteenth century, and it is high time that the stigma fastened upon Poe's reputation by his first biographer, Griswold—who was one of the poet's bitterest enemies was removed. More recent biographies show us one of America's greatest poets and essayists in his true character,—that of a gifted genius and a most amiable, though unhappy, gentleman. It is safe to say nine out of ten people never read any of Poe's works with the exception of "The Raven" and "The Halls,"—two works which the writer himself placed but little value on. The vindictive spite of Poe's biographer, Griswold, is apparent on every page of the latter's work, and it is a most lamentable thing that he was ever permitted to so grossly malign a man who was his superior in every respect.

Long, prozy sermons are well-nigh out of fashion, but, judging from the following anecdote, the truth of which is vouched for, it seems that clergyman still exist who can inflict very terrible harangues indeed on their defenceless hearers. Common charity forbids us from disclosing either the gentleman's name or that of his parish, but the paper from which the story is clipped, is a reliable one. Here is the anecdote: "A clergyman had a very intelligent dog, which committed a grievous fault one morning. His master did not beat him, but took hold of him and talked to him most bitterly, most severely. He talked on and on for a long time in the same serious and reproachful strain, and the dog died in the course of

a day or too." If one of this gentleman's sermons would kill a dog in the middle of winter, what would be the effect of his discourse on his much-to-be-pitied congregation on a hot, sweltering August day? The thought is too awful.

The civic authorities are holding up their hands in awe at the immense amount of water wasted throughout the city by people allowing their taps to run incessantly in order to avoid the entrance into their domiciles of that being, who is as much feared as the grim old gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass himself, namely, the plumber. If the water works people cannot supply us with water whose quality we can appreciate, surely we may be allowed to make up for its deficiencies, if possible, by making away with as great a quantity as possible. We must have something for our money. As things are at present, it looks very much as if we should never get water fit to drink until the powers that be take it into their heads to use more of it themselves for purposes of imbibition. This is one argument for the speedy passage of the Scott Act.

TRUTH would like to know what Prince Henry of Batenburg intends to do to earn the money which the English people propose to settle on the Princess Beatrice when she becomes his bride. It seems too bad that so much money should be spent in supporting royal paupers; it is bad enough to compel the British taxpayer to help to keep the home article in idleness; but, when it comes to feeding a host of Germans in addition, the thing is preposterous. Luckily, Beatrice is the last of Her Majesty's unmarried daughters, but the members of the royal family are very prolific, and, as it appears to be the fashion to present every grandson of Queen Victoria with a grant of several thousand pounds on the attainment of his majority, there is no saying when the drain on the public purse will be stopped.

All accounts from Mexico agree that there is something of a "Catholic reaction" in progress. The civil Legislature of recent years has been strongly anti-clerical. The church property, estimated to be in value one-half of the entire real estate of the country, was "nationalized," the monastic orders were abolished and the Jesuits banished, full religious liberty proclaimed, religious instruction was forbidden in the public schools, religious rights were restricted in the interior church edifices and ecclesiastics were forbidden to wear any distinctive dress in the streets. These enactments were not merely statutes, but were incorporated into the Constitution. For a long time the ecclesiastical party was completely crushed, but of late it has shown a disposition to defy the Government. Now religious processions march through the streets, and the sacerdotal garb is seen in public.

That Lord Wolseley and his expedition will reach Khartoum eventually appears now to be pretty certain, but the question next arises, will they be able to get back again? To do so will be equally as difficult,

if not more dangerous than getting there, and it will be a pretty how-dy-e-do if Wolseley and his followers are cooped up in Khartoum until yet another expedition can be arranged for their relief. The end is not yet, but it is to be hoped that all will be well when it does come.

Not long ago Lord Tennyson received permission from the Premier to read some of his poetry before that tremendous autocrat, the Czar of all the Russias, and an English paper, alluding to the matter, asks, "What will the poet-laureate do for the Premier for permitting him to read his work before the Czar?" That does not seem to us to be the main question. If his poetical lordship reads some of his latest productions, it might be asked, with some trembling: "What wouldn't the Czar like to do to the Premier for having given the permission?" However, the Czar might look forward to a violent death by dynamite with some equanimity after hearing Tennyson read some of his recent effusions.

In these dull times a good many people are trying to economise in every possible way. Some "cut off" in one way. Some in another. Some drop the cigar. Some the occasional "nip." Some insist upon their wives wearing their old bonnets. Some even go in for vegetarianism and for swear butcher meat under the pretense that it is not wholesome, but really because it is too dear. It is all right. By all means let people be economical. They will be all the better of knowing how little is really necessary, and how independent and healthy one feels on a crust and a glass of water. If these hard times do nothing but bring people down to "hard pan," they are a blessing of no ordinary kind. Man really wants but little here below. He is stronger and happier when he really knows that such is the case. But while economy is first rate, and comparative fasting far from being to be despised, it is always well to make quite sure that the economy comes in at the right place and that the fasting is of the right description. People are intent upon saving, but the mischief is they often try to save in the wrong place. They knock off part of their food, while they let their "beer" stand. They stop their charities, but keep on at their cheroots. They take their children from school, while they can't give up their occasional can of oysters. They "stop their paper" as if it were a luxury, and go in for a new "tile," as if the old one was not tolerable; and they often cry they can't afford to "advertise," though they might just as well say that because they sell little they will therefore not open their stores at all. We specially protest against this last folly, not from any selfish consideration, but because we feel it is the cause of many suffering great loss. Can't afford to advertise! Why, good friends, the opposite is the fact. You can't afford not to do so. Instead of advertising less when the bad times are on, the wise tradesman always advertises more. In good times it may be said business comes itself, but when the bad comes, more

strength and effort and diligence have to be brought into requisition, and one great way of doing this is by the free use of printer's ink. What is advertising? It is really extending one's front shop all over the country. It is keeping one's self before the public. It is making people think and speak of the advertiser whether they will or not. Even queer, absurd advertisements have their uses. There are advertisements continually appearing in the papers that are read the very first thing. People laugh as they ask: "What is—saying this morning?" But they read all the same, and in the long run they find themselves in that man's store or workshop, or whatever it may happen to be. We have known persons who spent ten or twenty thousand dollars a year in advertising and found their advantage in it all. Shrewd fellows they, who would not throw away unnecessarily a single dollar. They know that the greatest misfortune that could overtake any one who lives by the public was to allow himself to slip out of sight. He must, in order to prevent this, make something of a stir, and he finds that advertising is the cheapest and most effective means of accomplishing it. It is no wonder that we hear some no doubt complaining they never found advertising do them any good. How could they expect it when they dealt in such homeopathic doses? They have very possibly opened their hearts to a poor little couple of inch ad. for two insertions, and then because the way to their establishments was not forthwith blocked up with intending customers, they fly off at a tangent and cry out that advertising is all a humbug. Besides, they are not only parsimonious to a fault in their advertising, they show no genius in the "make up" of their appeals to the people. There is no "go," no "inspiration," no character about these appeals. They are as dull as ditch water, and as pointless as the base of the Rocky Mountains. But look at the man who really knows the science of advertising, and just ask their opinion about its profitability. They would as soon think of giving up their breakfasts as giving up their talks to their patrons. Pay! We should just think it does pay. Nothing better. Nothing half so well. Some seem to think they are doing an act of charity, as if they were giving a dime to a tramp, when they send an advertisement to a newspaper. They are quite mistaken if they fancy they are doing an act of charity in such a case to any but themselves. They are making an investment of the best kind. Indeed, few investments of any kind are so good. None, latter. It is of course necessary not to bury such advertisements in what has little or no circulation. But live men know too well what they are about to be guilty of such a folly. Some more than usually partisan may indeed ask whether this paper or that is *Liberal* or *Conservative*; but the true man of business asks only about the circulation, bargains for a good place in the page, and is quite as ready to take the cash or order of the greatest *Liberal* as of the most *inveerate Tory*.

It is poor economy to try to save on advertising. Ink your hat, and if necessary, darn your gloves, but keep your ad. in real live papers—like TRUTH, for instance.