

John Smith." Who has not frequently seen just such denials as the above in the daily papers, only the name is not always John Smith. Now, if a man is conscious of his rectitude, and knows that his conduct is such that none of his friends could ever possibly suspect him of being guilty of the charge of which some person whose name is similar to his own has been accused—and these charges are generally drunkenness or assault—why does he rush into print to prove that he was not the erring Bill Jones or Sam Snooks who had gone astray? It always looks to me as if these people who are so anxious to show that they might have been, and their consciences tell them that they have been, guilty of such wrong-doings as their namesakes have been caught at, only they have, so far, been lucky enough to escape falling into the clutches of the law. Contrary to having the effect of persuading me that the John Smith, who denies that he was the bad John Smith, is a very good man indeed, these denials have, rather, a tendency to make me very suspicious about Mr. Smith's immaculate virtue, for if he felt thoroughly conscious that none of his friends could suspect him of being the bad man, he would not take the trouble to deny that he had misconducted himself.

As an instance of something similar to the foregoing denials of guilt, I may cite the case of Mr. Laidlaw, M.P.P., who, the other day was made the victim of a humorous writer in a certain paper, who took his name in vain and made him appear in a far different light to that in which he wishes to figure. Mr. Laidlaw and the text were represented as having had a "splore," which it appears is Scotch for "jabber," and this imputation the worthy member for South Wellington felt called on emphatically to resent, lest his reputation should suffer. Now, does it not look as if there were a possibility that Mr. L. might have been on a "splore"? If his friends are perfectly convinced that he never could and never did go on "splore," he would feel that they would treat the humorist's article as a joke—but stay; a joke! there's the rub. Mr. Laidlaw is Scotch; so are most of his friends, probably; a joke! a joke is a serious matter with a Scotchman.

I am really happy to hear that London Punch takes a gloomy view of Egyptian affairs. As Punch's fun for the past twenty years or so has been stuff of the most gloomy and funereal type, possibly its "gloomy views" may be funny ones.

A good deal of misunderstanding appears to exist in the minds of many Canadians with respect to the British Household Cavalry; and though the matter is not of much importance after all, considerable interest is taken in the British army just now and it might be just as well if I point out where the mistake lies. The three regiments of Household Cavalry are the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, though all three are, to all intents and purposes Life Guards, in the same way that they are all Horse Guards, as they are all governed by the same rules and regulations and perform exactly the same duties. The standard of height, etc., for recruits is the same in all three regiments; the pay is the same and the only real difference is in the uniform. The Royal Horse Guards are known as "The Blues;" their tunics and jackets are blue; the plumes of their helmets red and the sheepskins on their horses are black; in the 1st and 2nd Life Guards the tunics and jackets are scarlet; the plumes white, as are also the sheepskins. In all other respects, (with the

exception of the stripes down the outside of the overalls which is a broad scarlet one in the 1st Life Guards and "Blues," and two narrower ones, divided by a space of the overalls themselves, in the 2nd Life Guards) the three regiments are alike.

Many Canadians contend that the Royal Horse Guards are not Life Guards at all. Well, they are not so called, but they are Life Guards for all that. If any difference at all, in addition to what I have already mentioned, exists between the three corps, it is in the superior horsemanship of the members of "The Blues." There are more Scotchmen in the Royal Horse Guards than in the other two regiments; there are more Irishmen in the 2nd Life Guards than in the 1st and in "The Blues," and there is a greater mixture of English, Irish and Scotch in the 1st Life Guards than in the others. In conclusion, I may state that these three corps have been stationed since 1815, (and before that for all I know) at Windsor, Knightbridge and Albany street; relieving one another annually, the "Blues," say, going to Windsor, the 1st Life Guards leaving there and going to Albany street to relieve the 2nd Life Guards who, in their turn, take up their quarters in the Knightbridge Barracks vacated by the "Blues." The subject is not one of vast importance, but people may as well be correctly as incorrectly informed and the foregoing statements come from one who has "been there."

I really fail to see what benefit is to be derived from the constant attacks by some of our city papers on the Toronto detective force. If the detectives are useless, newspaper attacks will not make them any better, as it has been proved that they pay but little attention to them; but these newspapers, by pointing out the short-comings and inefficiency of our detective force, are doing a great deal of harm, for they are simply advertising Toronto as a safe place for criminals to come to. That such is the case is shown by the large number of criminal characters in our midst and the numerous burglaries and other offences that are committed with, in many cases, impunity. If Toronto is a safe resort for criminals, they will find it out quite soon enough without the fact being blazoned abroad in the city newspapers.

The French papers have been ridiculing England and the management of affairs in Egypt by the British Government, very freely of late. It would not be a bad idea for these Gallic wise acres to attend to their own affairs a little more closely, as, from all accounts, the conduct of the French troops in China is anything but meritorious and the boasted French victories are nothing worth mentioning. As a specimen of the valiant behavior of the sons of *la belle France* we read of three large French men-of-war attacking one poor little Chinese junk. The latter seems to have got the best of the affair, however, as no "Brilliant French Victory" was reported on this occasion. Then, again, the Chinese prisoners, utterly defenceless and at the mercy of their Gallic captors, at Kaelung, are said to be treated by the latter with the greatest brutality, when unable through sickness to work, the bayonet being freely used as an incentive to renewed efforts.

The number of people who write about things they don't understand is something alarming. One of them is a man who states that because an iceboat sailed a mile in thirty-four seconds on the Hudson the other day, (or it was claimed that she did so), the wind must have had a velocity of 106 miles an hour! Is not that writer

aware that an iceboat sailing "on a wind"—that is with the wind blowing at about right angles to the course pursued by the boat, or from a point a little ahead of right angles, goes very much faster than the wind itself? Of course a boat sailing "dead before the wind"—that is with the wind blowing from behind—(to use a land-lubberish expression)—cannot go any faster than the wind itself. A side-wind is always preferred at sea to a "wind aft," for the simple reason that every sail can be made to "draw," or be of service, with the former whilst in the case of the latter the after sails prevent the wind filling some of the forward ones, which are consequently of but little use.

Iceboats have frequently made a mile in a minute on the Bay here, but it must have been evident to anyone that happened to witness the performance that the wind was not blowing anything like 60 miles an hour. The writer I have referred to winds up his remarks on the speed of that Hudson river iceboat by saying: "such a speed would argue a wind velocity of 106 miles an hour, which is considered something of a gale even on the summit of Mount Washington." Such a deduction would argue a lack of "gumption" in anyone who would make it.

The King of Belgium seems to be just about as sensible a gentleman as is to be found anywhere among the crowned heads of the world at this time. He has done an immense amount of work, and, doubtless, good, in furthering the exploration of Africa, but he just seems to take things quite easy and to be perfectly contented with his lot and not a bit worried because he is not a more powerful and renowned sovereign. His remark: "I am a very small man among kings, but I do not see why I should not be a great man among geographers and civilizers," shows that, to drop into the highly unclassical but very expressive language of the vulgar herd, "his head is level."

That poet who asked in days gone by "Where is Fancy bred?" might obtain a satisfactory answer by visiting Hamilton (if he were not long past visiting anywhere) judging from the number of articles and letters appearing just now in the papers of that city and all on the subject of "fancy bread."

The *Forensic Herald* is the name of a little paper published at Port Hope and devoted to the teaching of people to spell like Jesh Billings. Anyone can learn to spell phonetically, but I don't think the acquirement of the art is worth the bother of learning. I can't see what a man is to gain by spelling "is," "iz," and "of," "ov," and it is quite as simple to write "any" in the usual way as to spell it "eni." What I want to see is some method that will enable me to spell such words as "incomprehensibility," "interstratification," and the like, in two letters. This would be real reform.

It is stated that it costs \$1,500 per month for quinine to keep the French troops in China in health. Probably the physicians do not diagnose the cases of sickness, and imagine a soldier to be shaking with ague when he is merely quaking with fear. Quinine was not much known about the time of Waterloo, but if it had been, what a terrible bill the druggists would have to send in to the French Government!

The attitude assumed towards England by the French press is contemptible. The newspapers of Paris cannot contain the glee they feel when a disaster to the British troops in Egypt is announced. This is the

Gallic method of being revenged on England for the fun poked by her at France on account of the "great victories" claimed by the French troops in Tonquin, but which victories very often proved to be on the side of the Chinese.

See the list of new prizes offered by the publisher of TRUTH in Publisher's Department, page 22 of this issue. The awards of prizes have been so arranged that by sending answers AT ANY TIME a fair opportunity is afforded of a prize, and EVERY competitor is sure of something. Read carefully the list.

It looks as though Russia meditated taking advantage of England's misfortunes (if such a term be applicable) in the Soudan, and was preparing to advance on Afghanistan. Russia resembles the Fenians in her desire to harrass England at the very moment when she is in considerable trouble, and she has certainly selected a good time to make herself very disagreeable if she chooses.

A vast proportion of the natives of India would not be at all averse to a mutiny, and if, in addition to this, England was to contend with her old foe, the Russians, she will have all the work cut out for her that she can perform. The natives of India would now be very much more formidable foes than they proved in the mutiny of thirty years ago; they are as well armed as the British, and are said to be very expert in the use of their weapons. In the event of another mutiny in India, it is very doubtful whether the result would not be the loss of the empire to England. I have no wish to pass as a pessimist, but everyone will admit if I admit there is an "if" England has to contend against Indian mutineers and Russia at the same time, her lookout will be somewhat blue.

To take a brighter view of the matter. Lord Dufferin is now Governor-General of India, and if any man can smooth unpleasant matters there, he can. Possessed of infinite tact, he seems to be the very man to deal with a race of people where so much tact and diplomacy is required. The Governor-General of India must, nowadays, be a man of no ordinary calibre. Lord Ripon appears to have made himself vastly popular in India, but it is said that his popularity did not extend much beyond the large cities, whilst the people to be feared are those inhabiting the far away, outlying districts. Lord Dufferin will doubtless see, if any man can, just what is required to prevent trouble, but he has a task of considerable magnitude before him.

The capture of Khartoum by General Wolseley cannot fail to be a task of great difficulty, one reason being that the Mahdi captured some 25,000 Remington rifles, a large number of cannon and a considerable supply of ammunition when he took it. The loss of these "munitions of war" is the worst blow that has fallen on the British yet, the deaths of Gordon, Harle and Burnaby excepted.

Mahomet Ahmet, better known, probably to us as the Mahdi is, at the present time, the most popular man in the Mahometan world, but, directly he is vanquished, his popularity will fade away like snow before a Southern breeze. Popularity in the East is not a thing of any permanency, and it greatly depends upon the success or failure of the object of it whether it is to be sustained or not: El Mehdi is having his inning just now, but, though I am no prophet, and he is, I foretell that his downfall will be so complete before long that his present followers will forget that such a man ever existed.



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