

# TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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## OUR PUBLICATIONS.

**TRUTH**, weekly, 28 pages, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—10 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 20 cents per line; three months, 40 cents per line; six months, 75 cents per line; twelve months, \$1 per line.

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## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

We again remind those of our readers who have not yet decided upon competing for our Biblical prize that the time is getting short, and if they intend competing they had better do so at once. Even if you are not successful in winning the first—or any prize—you will, at any rate, for three months get TRUTH every week, which, with its stories, its music and its fashions, is well worth the 50 cents which is all that is required to secure it and a place in the competition. Now is the time; send along your answers and your fifty cents. You will not be kept long in suspense. Remember that the first prize is a lady's valuable silver hunting case watch, the second a handsome solid gold gem ring, the third a neat English neck chain and the fourth a silverplated butter knife.

TRUTH is modest, but now and again it feels constrained to let its readers know what is thought of it. Therefore it makes no apology for printing the following flattering opinion just received all the way from Michigan:—"I like your paper ever so much, and I intend to subscribe again. If possible it speaks more truth on most

subjects than any paper I read." But almost everybody says the same!

Is there really a feeling against Confederation springing up in the North-west? TRUTH will not say that there is, for it does not know, but there is a good deal of talk in that direction, and where there is so much smoke it is all but certain that there is more or less of fire. Time will show. In the meantime, there is no use in presuming too much on the surpassing loyalty of all the people away up in those regions.

Is the color prejudice still so strong in Canada that it will manage successfully to oppose the entrance of colored boys into the Public and High Schools of the country? If one might judge from some late doings in Windsor, there might be some fear of such being the fact. The good sense, however, of the overwhelming majority will surely keep the comparatively handful of fools in good order. It is too late in the day for any body, in Canada at any rate, to enter upon such retrograde work, and too late, if he tries, to succeed. There are more undesirable children with white skins than with black, by a great way, and more of such as well. TRUTH has no sympathy either with black churches or black schools. If God's image in ivory cannot stand God's image in ebony, things are in a bad way, and the less it talks about being made in God's image at all, so much the better.

TRUTH has not heard any thunder against "Mowat" for a day or two. How is that? Is he not going to "go" after all? And what about "Meredith"? Does the other side allow him any virtue whatever? Scarcely. This is the misery with things as at present managed. A political opponent is scarcely allowed credit for an excellence, though as a matter of fact he may have many. As a matter of fact, both Mowat and Meredith are very worthy gentlemen, honorable, intelligent, and much else, and yet for pity's sake let any one think of how they are abused. If the truth stated about men and things in general be on a par with what is urged about these two, what faith can be put in it?

That was an awful process of worrying to which Mr. Bethune's child was subjected. It makes one feel all-overish to think that there are such brutes at large, brutes which so belie all that is generally believed about the nobleness of the dog, etc. One would almost say, in view of such a possibility, that the more dogs can be slaughtered so much the better.

Sanguine people are already speculating on one of Toronto's harbors being at the mouth of the Humber. This is taking time by the forelock, and no mistake. It is quite possible though, in time, but it will take time, and not a little of it.

There is going to be a great amount of journalistic effort put forth in Toronto

some of these days. It is said that the *Week* will soon appear under the able editorship of Mr. Roberts, and that the *Evening Canadian* is to come out as a non-party paper, under the editorship of Mr. Dent. All right. The more the merrier, and the survival of the fittest theory will leave additional room for sufficient experiment and substantiation. What is to become of Pat Boyle? Is he going to sink the editor in the mere publisher? That would be too bad. What a fall would be there, my countrymen! An evident bloody old Saxon conspiracy to spite Ireland!

The marriage "aiders" are still busy trying to get up a boom. Those who have tried say most emphatically that they have been badly bitten. No wonder. The thing is not on a business basis, and bears absurdity on its very face. The best provision for marriage which young people can make is that which comes from saving, economical habits, with the steady avoidance of whiskey, tobacco, and all other iniquities. If anybody thinks that a society is going to give him a hundred dollars on the payment of five, he is quite too awfully simple for this world, and should make off as speedily as possible to more Arcadian scenes.

Lord Coleridge has been having a right jolly time of it in the the States. It is to be hoped that his stomach and nerves will not suffer in their tone by all this driving and wining. It is pretty hard work, but probably his lordship can stand it.

What a set of donkeys those dynamiters are! Though they had managed to blow up the Canada with Prince George on board, what then? Would it have helped their cause one bit? No indeed. It would simply have rendered the whole Irish cause disreputable and hindered unmeasurably the very thing the fellows profess to promote. Why are they so dull?

The story goes that a boy lately died at Washington and that when his body was opened, his bowels were found to be fitted out almost like an old marine store. There were danson stones by the dozen, a copper cent, a nickel, tooth, buttons, etc., etc. No wonder then he died. Why, he had even orange seeds so long in his stomach that they were found to have sprouted. "Think of that, my cat!" Seriously, boys should take care and not yield to such boa-constrictor habits.

There is no more certain sign that a man is a cowardly bully, as well as an unmitigated boor at heart, than using harsh, insolent language to those whose position prevents them from retorting in kind. And how often one sees that sort of thing! Some fellow, disguised as a gentleman, finds some trifling mistake in his butcher's bill or his tailor's account, some-

thing has been sent to him that he never ordered, or something omitted to be sent that he wanted very much. And what does he do? Instead of going quietly to the man and telling him his mistake in a perfectly decided yet gentlemanly manner, he abuses him before his customers like any low bred cstermonger. He ought to be kicked out of the place for his insolence like the cad that he is. But he knows he has the advantage, and meanly makes use of it. He is a good customer very likely, and uses the cad's argument that a man may do anything he likes if he only has money.

It may well be doubted if there is any very effusive loyalty in Canada. To judge by the expressions of the daily papers, there is no great regret felt at the departure of the Marquis and the Princess, and very little enthusiasm over his successor. The truth of the matter is, that these big wigs feel their stay among us a kind of exile. Canadians know that they feel in this way, and there cannot, therefore, in the nature of things, be much affection or real regard either on one side or the other. They come and go like the shadows they are. It may be to be regretted, but as to such being the fact it is to be feared there is no doubt what ever.

Matters seem drifting more and more into war between France and China, and if the result be what is feared, no one can say how far the conflagration will extend. France is managing to alienate from her the most of the nations of Europe. What she proposes to gain by such isolation is a puzzle to most onlookers. That the issue may be the upbreak of the Republic is far from unlikely. But it is also possible that a new outburst of the French revolutionary element may take place, though as a whole the French people are too comfortable to repeat the horrors of the first revolution.

What about that matrimonial episode in which one of Toronto's "good families" flourishes so unworthily? The girl, if she has not loved not wisely but too well, will be all the better of being quit of the graceless milkop, and his snuffing, supercilious parents. No doubt the father of the young hopeful began life as a rag-picker and has continued to cherish rag-pickers' ideas and upstarts' absurdities. Still, the young woman, though very likely better than either her intended or his PA, will be better without him. She would have been made miserable, and the wretched youngster would have grown weary of her, and blamed her for bringing him into antagonism with his father. It is all right if she can get off with the dress-maker. The very fact that her cara sposa failed to meet her, shows that he is a poor tool, not worth a second thought. Dry your tears, good girl, and rejoice over the happy escape you have made.