

mors. What with lakes and rivers there is certainly water enough. Let parents look to this and try to appreciate the gravity of the situation. In these days of universal travel no one knows when the ability to make but a few strokes in the water may be instrumental in saving his life. And besides this swimming is one of the most delightful and health-giving exercises.

If we are to believe telegraphic despatches to the daily newspapers there is anything but cordial feeling towards Germany in the hearts of the Austrians. We were told the other day how that at a congress of school principals and children held in Silesia, a letter was read from a well-known member of the Austrian Parliament, which in some unaccountable way ended with the words "Cheers for Bismarck." A storm of hisses showed that the German chancellor's name was anything but popular, and it is said that since that no one in the Congress ventured to mention Bismarck or Germany. Little things like that are significant certainly, but it is quite possible to attach far too much significance to them. Newspaper telegraphic despatches are often so unreliable as to be almost useless for forming true opinions.

Even the London Times, it would seem, is sometimes made the victim of correspondents gifted with more imagination than love of truth and loyalty to existent fact. Witness its late flaming dispatch about the breaking out of war between France and China, in which plausible accounts were given of the movements of troops and the respective arrangements of the belligerent forces. So little truth was there in the rumour thus set afloat by authority so dignified and august that even the London Stock Exchange and the Paris Bourse were quite unaffected.

TRUTH does not see why reformed drunkards should not speak on temperance platforms. Still it is as well that they should walk softly. We have heard some of them tell their experiences in a way that looked very like bragging, as if they would say with Topsy, "Laws me, you are all sinners, but none of yer is a sinner like me." Especially ought those who have a knack of breaking out every now and then to "lie very low." They may be thankful that they are as they are, but like those dispossessed of demons long ago they had better "go home" and by quiet consistent sober lives tell their neighbors that the Lord has done for them and had mercy.

What ought to be done to any firm or company that pays enormous dividends out of capital and pretends that they are from profits? TRUTH don't pretend to say. Only some who hold their heads pretty high are doing this without apparently much ado being made about it. Bank shares that pay 10 or 12 per cent go away up to 200 or more for every 100 dollars of stock. Other concerns pay 20 or at least 16 per cent and never get above par or up to it. How is this?

Next year the oldest son of the Prince of Wales begins to draw a yearly allowance from the government. TRUTH does not

know the amount of it, but doubtless it will be on the same liberal scale on which Great Britain testifies its admiration of the principle of monarchic government. Certainly if the excellence of a thing is to be judged by its expensiveness, there can be no doubt of the transcendent excellence of hereditary monarchic rule. The most stupid radical might see reason in a very generous allowance being given to the reigning sovereign, but why every member of the family, to the third generation, should live in the same parasitic way, is far from being equally clear.

Some American newspapers are circulating a story to the effect that Sir John Macdonald began life as a bootblack in Glasgow. All the more to his credit of course that he has risen so high, if the story is true, which we are inclined to disbelieve.

Curious is it now how rumours get abroad in this world. The newspapers, for instance, had it that Abbe Franz Liszt the famous pianist had become quite blind, owing, it was alleged, to the injudicious use of tobacco. The only thing that spoiled the interest of this little story was unfortunately its want of truth. The Abbe sent an autograph letter to some of his friends denying most positively anything of the kind. He was quite able, he said, to attend to his work.

Some of these people, no doubt, who never can tell a straight story, had got hold of some trifling fact, and by dint of twisting and magnifying had got it into the shape in which it was finally given to the world.

They are awful nuisances sometimes, these same people, who seem possessed with a perfect demon of incapacity for giving a right version of anything they see or hear, even the simplest. They are worthy enough people often enough, and nothing is farther from their thoughts than deliberate untruth, but all the same they are grievous thorns in the flesh. Tell them some unimportant fact about yourself, or some of your friends, that so-and-so's mother-in-law has a bad temper, or that X's brother is going to marry a sister of Y's, and lo and behold the very next day you are congratulated on your own approaching marriage, or have some stupid joke thrown at you as to the best way of dealing with cross grained mothers-in-law. Everyone ought to try, at least, to give the real facts of the story he wishes to tell. What an amount of heart breaking and heart burning must have been caused simply by stupid, inaccurate, well-meaning enough, though terribly ill-doing folk who are perpetually getting the wrong bull by the horns.

A sum of £300,000 has been put in the British estimates to meet the expedition to be sent for the relief of General Gordon. Nobody thinks that sum will meet all the outlay incurred. It is only the beginning of what will follow.

It is now fifty years since the slaves in the British Dominions were set free by the payment to their owners of £20,000,000. In one sense the great act

of justice has not been very successful, but in other respects it has been. It has not made those beautiful islands prosperous. The planters were too deeply sunk in debt and in old fashioned prejudices and immoralities to be raised up by anything that could be done for them. They have never taken kindly to freedom, and have never made even a feasible pretence of a wish to do justice to the colored laborer. They never accepted the situation and the consequences have been pretty deplorable. If slavery had continued they would have gone down all the same, only more rapidly and more completely. The talk is at present about getting these Islands joined to the Canadian confederacy. No more foolish or more knavish proposal could be thought of. It would be a source of continual vexation, expense and corruption. TRUTH is confounded at any Canadian at any rate having the audacity to make such a proposal.

The French have for some time past been busy revising their constitution so that things may move more smoothly, and the Republic have a better chance of not going on the rocks and not going in pieces. The French are excitable Colts and so no one need be surprised at anything any of them either do or say. It would be a pity after all the blood and treasure expended if confusion would again come round and all that work have to be done over again.

We are glad to learn that the project for an Industrial school is taking practical shape. It is greatly needed and will be liberally supported. Let anyone examine the streets of Toronto and say if we are not growing our own waifs. But we are not only going to provide for these poor things. We manufacture them by the whiskey shops we license, and by the drinking habits we patronize. We are like those who would keep pet tigers walking about our streets, killing and mangling at their will, and then getting up an hospital for the victims that were not quite dead. Nobody in his senses believes that there would be one of these boys where there are ten of them, but for drink and the selfishness which drink engenders, and yet we go on and maunder like moon-light calves about the liberty of the subject and the uselessness and dishonesty of sumptuary laws. The Chinaman that burnt his house to roast his pig is a perfect Solon compared with such wonderful Anglo-Saxons as we are. A man or a woman drinks away any little brains they ever possessed. Neglect the poor children, beat, abuse them, and so forth. We say all right. Go you on. Drink and be mad and we shall take care of your unfortunate children. Oh such dolts!

Bismarck's friends have had rather a hard time of it lately. The great man is as tyrannical in his private social relations as he is in the Rathhaus. The latest lifelong friend who incurred his enmity and whose life he has consequently tried with all his might to make disagreeable is Dr. Struck, formerly his physician. The doctor refused to meet in consultation a homeopathist for whom Bismarck had taken a fancy, and as the result of his

temerity, he has not only been deposed from the position of the Chancellor's physician, but has been retired from the Imperial Board of Health, of which he was President.

Queen Victoria has a large amount of money, and yet she will need it all before she gets all her progeny fairly portioned. A good many of them have claims or are supposed to have claims, upon the tax-payers of Britain, but not all, and the grandmother's purse will have to be heavily drawn upon to make due provision. They say that every Presidential contest costs the States at least a million of pounds sterling. In that case, monarchy is cheaper after all.

Lovers of biography are likely to have unusual pleasure in reading Julian Hawthorne's account of his father's life, advance sheets of which have been seen by some of the leading English critics who pronounce the work exceptionally able.

Sporting circles have hardly recovered from the shock of Hanlan's defeat. Of course there are some dissatisfied ones who hint at dishonorable things, and with many wise headshakings point out the greatness of the temptation to Hanlan to sell the race. The coolest heads, however, do not take this view. They are disappointed of course, grievously so, but until some evidence is forthcoming of crookedness on his part, they intend to believe that he was beaten by a really better man. And certainly Beach must be a phenomenal oarsman to beat Hanlan by seven lengths.

The weather prophets who were busy with their predictions of a hot August, had to wait a long time and undergo a good deal of chaff. At last, however, they have been happy. The heat was quite decided at last, but whether these poor men knew any more about the matter than their neighbors, is quite another consideration. It is to be feared that they didn't. Their role is a very different one from that of old Probs.

The contest over the Scott Act in Halton is very lively and both sides are very sanguine of success. It was a dishonest trick to bring up this contest at all on the petition that was got up, and it will be a shame if the whiskey interest is successful. But though this should be, the Scott Act will not be killed. Nor will the agitation for its adoption in other places fall off; very much the reverse. But temperance people must understand that they have a powerful, interested and unscrupulous enemy to fight, and they must go at it poker and tongs.

When will men cease to be knaves or fools. Here is a man who wooed a lady with charms in abundance to the sum of \$250,000. He wished to have the control of all her fortune. She preferred to have the marriage settlement such that all the money should be secured to herself and her children. He insisted, and she, thinking wisely that he was after the money, and not herself, broke off the affair. And now the wretch sues her for breach of promise.