



TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

With this issue closes another year of TRUTH. That year has been an eventful one in the history of this periodical, for its circulation has gone up to an extent far beyond our expectations. Our readers have increased during the past twelve months to a far greater extent proportionally, than those of any publication in the Dominion, perhaps even on the continent.

We have spared neither labor nor expense to make it more and more worthy of the favor and patronage extended to it, and the extent to which our efforts have been appreciated and applauded is as gratifying to our pride as we hope it will be stimulating to our energy. We have as yet by no means come up to our ideal. We hope to be always making advances and improvements, and we ask our myriads of readers to help us in this by speaking a good word for us and thereby increasing our circulation. There is no reason why the circulation of TRUTH should not be two or three times greater than what it is. We believe we shall see it that, if not more, at no distant day and we shall give our readers the full benefit of such increased prosperity. We have always striven to make TRUTH such a paper that every line of it from the first to the last page, could without impropriety be read aloud to the family circle. Such will continue to be our aim and effort.

We shall not say that never has anything appeared in our columns which on after consideration, we should have preferred to have been omitted. It would be very presumptuous for us either to say or think so. But we do affirm that our endeavour has been steadily in the direction indicated and be the consequences what they may, this shall be our continued effort in the future.

For past favours we return our most sincere and heartfelt thanks, and we bespeak for the future a continuance and even an increase of those favours.

We want to make TRUTH a welcome and entertaining visitant to every family in Canada. This may seem to savor of something like overbearing presumption. It really, however, does not. Our friends have given us ample grounds for cherishing such an ambition.

To retain all that we have already secured would be much. We hope to do this. But with this we will not be satisfied. Shall we double our circulation during '85? Friends, it lies with you to enable us to do this. You can if you please. Will you all please? In the full confidence that you will, we send you all the compliments of the season, and most cordially wish every one of you A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Quite like an autocrat's confession, that of Bismarck's, who recently admitted that he kept the clerks in his office at work all day long, and often until midnight, and that they were worse paid than clerks in private employment.

Human depravity is revealing itself in an atrocious way in London (Eng.) in the fre-

quent murder of infants by their mothers, for the sake of obtaining the insurance on their lives. The ease with which the lives of babies are insured is shameful, and affords a constant temptation to thousands of unnatural mothers, who think more of their drop of gin than of their own offspring. It is said by some that of every four infants said to have been killed by accidental overlying three have been deliberately murdered.

It is not very pleasant when one goes into a store to make a purchase, to feel oneself watched. It lowers dignity amazingly, and even self-respect to a certain extent. To feel as we are looking over the trinkets in the show case, or the Christmas cards on the counter, or the gloves or handkerchiefs, or whatever else it may, that somebody's eyes are not far away from your fingers, is to say the least of it embarrassing, especially to a constitutionally nervous person. And yet if we reflect a moment there is no reason why anyone should feel hurt or offended at it. It is absolutely necessary for the owners of precious things, especially such as can be easily spirited away by the light-fingered, to keep the closest watch on their property, or they may find themselves very heavy losers. And they cannot be expected to tell by the appearance of a stranger whether or not he or she is trustworthy. So they are perfectly justified in treating every one they don't know, and not a few of those they do know, as a possible thief, and keeping an eye on them in consequence. Indeed we are not sure but that a great many storekeepers, instead of being too suspicious of strangers, are too trustful, and that it would be greatly to their own advantage were they a good deal more on the outlook. At any rate let us not feel unnecessarily put out because he fancies that he is being watched. The fancy in all likelihood has a strong foundation in fact, but even then it is just what ought to be expected.

Did it ever occur to some of our readers that we are a people to a great extent given over to expectation? We are not so bad as our neighbors on the other side of the line, for among them the popular idol is an immense earthen-ware spittoon and the worship is a constant outpour of torrents of saliva of a more or less semi-wild description. Still we are bad enough. Round tavern doors and street corners, comparatively little of the side-walks is often visible. Spittle, spittle everywhere, well mixed with lacey juice! O! friends, Romans, countrymen and lovers think of it! Given over utterly to expectation!!

Before we die we hope to hear that one of those lecherous libertines, those well-dressed mashers who practice their manly art of insulting unprotected women, has met the due reward of his deeds. He is a creature for whom there need be no compassion. We don't advocate his murder, for even a masher may be brought to repentance, but, anything almost short of murder, we should feel inclined to shout Amen to. If he is caught red-handed let no mercy be shown him.

Let him be treated first of all to a good sound thrashing, and then rolled in the first convenient mud-puddle. Rotten eggs, too, might with great propriety be artistically disposed of about his person. After that he might be allowed perhaps to go quietly home.

With regard to the approach of cholera, someone having written to the London Times asking a formula for some cheap and effective stimulant, W. Donnett Stone, M.D., F.R.C.S., replies in a letter, giving the following receipt, which is worthy of preservation:—The doctor says the best authorities agree in giving the preference to chlorine, and for its preparation he offers the following simple directions. Mix in a bottle two table-spoonfuls of red lead and half a wine-glassful of strong oil of vitriol in a quart of water. The bottle should be kept cool, tightly corked, and in a dark place. A little of the fluid exposed in a saucer, sprinkled on the floor, or soaked in sheets of old linen, and hung about the room, rapidly deodorizes and destroys effluvia. Another excellent agent is green copperas, dissolved in the proportions of 1 lb. to a gallon of water. Chloride of Lead is another, cheap, not troublesome, instantaneous in effect and perfectly safe.

It was Emerson, we think, who said he would rather break bread with a clean sinner than a dirty saint. So would anybody, surely. Really it is simply wonderful how dirty some good people are. They are "good," about that there can be no mistake. Everybody admits it, and indeed, there can be no question about the matter in the mind of anyone who knows them. But, O, how dirty they are! It seems sometimes as if they tried to see just how dirty they could be, or as if their deep realization of the hatefulness of stains on the soul had blinded them to the just as real, if not so serious, hatefulness of stains on and about the body. Have not a good many readers of TRUTH sometimes had occasion to sit opposite a pious but dirty fellow-Christian at a restaurant table for example. Did it not take all your brotherly-kindness to endure the ordeal? Though you knew him as an earnest, spiritually minded man, would you not rather have had the merest worldlyling in his place, whose finger nails were clean, and who could eat without making his beard, and the table around him something like a hot pen in miniature. Cleanliness! Cleanliness! Absolute cleanliness in person and surroundings. A lesson which many good people ought with very great zeal and concentration to set themselves about. That "cleanliness is next to godliness" is a saying which, if not in the Bible, is almost good enough to be. If "godliness" here means "goodness," good looks as some people say, and with no little plausibility we believe, then the saying is most assuredly and uncontrovertibly true. We don't mean to say of course that the saints are the only or even the greatest delinquents in this respect. Not by any means. Sinners are quite as

bad, and on the whole worse. But dirt wherever it has no business to be always looks to us very much worse on a saint than on a sinner. It is much less in accord with the eternal fitness of things.

Then we catch floating rumors about the unsettled state of India, and trouble in store for us in that empire. Only printer's ink again. India of to-day is in a state of transition from a semi-barbarous Oriental civilization and idolatry to European enlightenment and Christianity, but a quiet contentment prevades all classes. The work of education is making prodigious strides throughout the entire land. Government offices are open to the baboos who can successfully compete for them, and every department of business and mercantile enterprise is ably represented by natives. Schools and colleges abound, and are well attended; the native press is a power in the land, while the various learned professions are fully sustained and in many cases honored and graced by the skill and devotion of natives. The peasantry are rapidly increasing, notwithstanding the enormous coolie emigration, and on the whole are a quiet, harmless class who labor away in their own small concerns without interfering about their neighbors' affairs. They are no longer oppressed, robbed or ruthlessly murdered by innumerable enemies, and are actually growing rich. Caste is in no way interfered with and their religion and language are undisturbed. The powerful independent or semi-independent princes show no symptoms of discontent and during the Sepoy mutiny showed by their aid to, and co-operation with the British troops, their interests with the English. India of to-day is far more consolidated and more powerful under its present rulers than ever it was under its own native princes—yes and more contented, too.

The late Postmaster-General Fawcett was a member of what is known as the Commons Preservation Society. At a meeting of a committee of that society, the following motion was unanimously adopted. "That the Society desires to put on record its sense of the irreparable loss it has sustained by the death of Mr. Fawcett, who was one of the earliest members, and had constantly given his powerful help to its action. From the beginning of his public life he had taken up the cause of the preservation of commons, and had never ceased to labour for it with unwearied zeal. That Epping Forest and the New Forest have been preserved for the enjoyment of the public is largely due to his efforts, which were inspired not only by his own keen love of nature and natural beauty, but by his sympathetic knowledge of the needs of the poorer classes, and particularly agricultural labourers, and his earnest desire to promote their well-being and happiness. The society has had many occasions to admire and to benefit by the courage, heartiness and common-sense with which he was always ready, in Parliament, and elsewhere, to forward its objects."