



# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., DECEMBER 6, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL V. NO. 218.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS

We hope our great constituency of readers will be pleased with the changes in the make up and general appearance of this week's *Truth*.

The success which has attended our efforts to supply a pleasant and profitable weekly journal at a reasonable price has far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and we should be very ungrateful if we did not respond to this remarkable kindness and appreciation by if possible making our paper still more worthy of support and patronage and in this way securing a still wider circle of readers. Everything cannot be done at once, but the improvements in to-day's issue are an earnest of what will follow in due time.

We want *TRUTH* to be above all things a family paper, every word of which can be read aloud in the family circle without offending the feelings of the most sensitive. We are also anxious that there should be something suited to the tastes of almost all the members of the family from the youngster just learning to read, to the old grandfather tottering into the grave. How far we have realized our ideal we shall not say. In any case we are always aiming at something better. The amount of encouragement however which we have received indicates very unmistakably that we have not laboured in vain.

Those who think that *TRUTH* deserves success and ought to be encouraged cannot do better than speak of it to their neighbours, and try to get new subscribers. We don't see why our circulation should not go up to a quarter of a million. If it continues to increase at the rate it has been doing for some time it soon will, and we shall in that case do our best to let our readers reap the full benefit derivable from such enlarged resources.

Most cordially do we thank all our friends and patrons. They have dealt well with us, and we trust that all of them will do us the justice of acknowledging that we have with unvarying uniformity also dealt fairly and squarely with them.

It seems rather funny and somewhat small, that so much ado should have been made by the Grit papers over Sir John Macdonald's new title, and clothes. *TRUTH* has no admiration for titles, and is not an awfully pronounced admirer of Sir John. But the fact all the same is undeniable, that the G. C. B. is the highest decoration ever bestowed by the Queen for certain kinds of services to the state, and Sir John has got it. It may be all true also, that there is something tawdry about the official breeches and decorations. Still, the Queen in bestowing the title, etc., acted as the head of the British Government and the great source of honor, and decency at any rate might have suggested that there was neither manhood nor manners in ringing the changes in its

disparagement. Besides, had not all the Grit papers declared time and again that Sir John durst not go home to claim his place in the Privy Council, and that if he did he would be effectually enabled. Well, he has gone home, and the result can be seen by everybody. The Queen has not given him the cold shoulder. Quite the reverse. In these circumstances would it not be better for those who don't like the Premier to cultivate a little silence. Their talk begins to look small and very spiteful. Besides, it hurts nobody, but themselves. Give us a rest.

So John Withrow is coming out as a candidate for the Toronto Mayoralty. We are glad of it, not because John is a Grit, but because he is a very honorable and has been a very useful citizen. His labours in connection with the Industrial Exhibition have been above all praise. Whatever Mr. Withrow has done he has done well, and Toronto citizens will do themselves honor in making him Mayor for 1885. Mr. Withrow, we rather think, is a native of Toronto. He has grown up with it, has made his way from a very humble position to a very prominent one. His name has never been associated with any seamy transaction whatever. If chosen we are sure he will be the Mayor of the whole city, not of any party or clique in it. We hope that everywhere it will be the same thing, that respectable men will come out as candidates for municipal office, and will be successful. All over the country there are needed wise, discreet and conscientious men to set over this business.

What a candid fellow is that Indian who is with the British in Egypt, and whose letter to his mother has been going the rounds of the papers. He says that he and his comrades are really getting a good deal more money than they are working for. That man is a rarity. Few would confess as much and perhaps in this case even it was only a strict confidence and not intended for publication. Will he take the money all the same?

Dr. Mackay, the Presbyterian Missionary in Formosa, seems determined to resist the French and the Jesuits with all his might. He has coolies guarding his house with rifles and cutlasses, and will evidently give a good account of things if the enemy comes his way. All very well, but what about resisting not evil and turning the other cheek, &c?

All forgotten and forsaken husbands are not like Enoch Arden. One of that kind has lately been raising a row in Brooklin, L. I. What is the use? The woman honestly believed he was dead and consequently to prosecute her for bigamy is out of the question. It is a pity, but the only course is to make the best of it.

The ladies of Toronto are bent upon getting a large supply of domestic female help and are looking to the Ontario Government

to help them in their efforts. The Ontario Government might be much better employed. There must be something wrong with domestic service else the supply would be large enough, and what right has the Ontario or any other Government to tax servant girls in order to bring out others to compete with them and lower their wages? Those who want servant girls will just have to take all the trouble of getting them and paying their wages. It is certainly not a thing on which to spend public money.

It is simply intolerable that lying rascally steamboat agents should have it in their power to decoy decent struggling men and women to this country merely that themselves may get the percentage on their passage money. The whole system of assisted passages is a delusion and a snare. Canada wants only such settlers as can come on their own charges, and the sooner the whole expensive and useless emigration system is abolished the better. If people can come at their own expense, good and well. But what is the use of helping people to this country in the depth of winter without their having so much as pay for a single night's lodgings? The whole thing is too bad.

The Rev. T. W. Jeffrey is not the wisest of the sons of men, and his views on compensation to the tavern keeper are not very rational. But by all means let us have all sides and all opinions. The right will come out in the long run.

These criminal assaults upon women are becoming shockingly too common and are punished with far too light a hand. The latest case is one where a man was fined \$25 for such an assault or 30 days in gaol. The thing is absurd. Even though the girl had been all represented, she certainly had a right to protection. If she was a consenting party then there was no assault. If she was not, as was clearly proved, then a fine of \$25 as a punishment to her assailant was perfectly absurd.

It does appear very mean for total abstainers and Scott Act men to boggle at tavern keepers putting up their prices for food and lodging when the profits of whiskey selling are withdrawn. Why the whiskey yielded the greater part of the profit, and it is absurd to think that when it is gone, dinner and all the rest of it can be had as cheaply. Don't be fools, good friends. The tavern keeper who does not sell whiskey has a right to live by his business and you should only be too happy to pay him a fair living profit for services rendered. Don't try to denounce whiskey and yet wish to get your dinner cheaper because of it.

The police force of Toronto has of late been brought more prominently than usual before the public, and not in the most favorable manner. The utter inefficiency of the Chief in a position he never would have held had he not been his father's son, is a matter of notoriety; and, with an inffi-

cient and incompetent chief, who does not appear to possess the confidence of his men, or of the community at large, a weak and inefficient force is not to be wondered at. The numerous successful burglaries of late, and the inability of the force to bring the midnight mechanics to justice; the arrest, by the Hamilton police—of the notorious Garner, and his "confession" implicating certain members of the Toronto force, have, in no unmistakable manner, evidenced the utter inefficiency—if not worse—of the force as it at present exists; while the hurried reduction of Detective Reid, one of the most capable men on the force, on what appears a very flimsy pretext, has a very suspicious appearance about it. Is Reid a scapegoat? Has he been sacrificed for the safety of another, and a higher personage? He has not been given a chance either to explain or defend his alleged neglect of duty, while his resignation as P. C. was accepted with suspicious alacrity. The public have come to the conclusion that our police force wants reorganizing. It is notoriously corrupt from head to foot; it wants a thorough weeding out. There are some good men in it, but mighty few. By all means let us have reorganization at once.

One of the most curious cases on record as illustrating the connection between mental states and the physical condition, and the peculiar manifestations sometimes given of it, is reported by the *London Lancet*. A young girl, it says, has just died in an asylum in Hamburg, whose hair was accustomed to change its color according to her states of mind.

In "periods of sadateness" it was of its natural dull color; when excited it became reddish, and her anger was indicated by a blonde color. Three days were generally required for the change to be completed, and her complexion also varied in the same periods and in the same direction. We confess some inability to accept this doctor's story. Could the girl change or not change the colour of her hair as she pleased, or was the alteration of colour independent of the volition? If the latter, then unless the fits of excitement or anger came in a strictly periodical manner so as to cause the full three days time required for the change of colour, it is difficult to see how the colour of her hair could be otherwise than in perpetual course of change, and it would be extremely difficult at any one time to say what its colour was. As a "story" it looks very plausible, and appearing in such a journal as the *Lancet*, no one likes to appear telescopic, but there would seem to be some further explanations necessary.

After much experimenting, Dr. Richardson has found a satisfactory means of causing painless death, and has introduced it into the Home for Lost Dogs in London. The animals to be killed are placed in a chamber charged with a mixture of carbonic oxide and chloroform vapor, when they tranquilly fall asleep and wake no more.