



# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

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## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

It is not often that a man applies for a divorce because his wife won't speak to him; but the Earl of Durham can't get her ladyship to talk, and he accordingly wants a divorce from her. True, her ladyship of Durham is said to be insane, but as her insanity takes the very mild form of causing her to keep her mouth shut, Lord Durham might go further and fare worse, and he doesn't know when he's well off.

If a collection of all the absurd answers given by children to questions put to them at school examinations were published in a volume, they would make up a very amusing book; one far ahead of some of the labored efforts of our modern "humorists." Some of these answers are of course most nonsensical, but others display an amount of truth that goes home sometimes. For instance, at a meeting of the London, (Eng.) School Board lately the question was asked "what are Conservatives and Liberals?" Another answer was the following which really seems pretty happy, and is quite as true of Canadian politicians as of those in England: the answer was "A Conservative is a man who looks down upon Liberals, a Liberal a man who spends the people's money freely." Of course Conservatives don't spend the people's money freely; oh, dear no. "Manhood suffrage" is described as the state of suffering to which all mankind are born." Presumably these intelligent pupils would have defined "woman's suffrage" as the state of suffering to which men are brought by women's suffrage bills and so forth. Finally, as a specimen of a mixture of strange information, glance over the following reasons given for the Queen's right to sit on the throne of England: (a) Because Prince Albert married her, and she was the daughter of the late king and granddaughter of Kollo the seaking; (b) "She was the only daughter of Edward VI., who was her father, son of Edward V." (c) "She won a great battle."

This is what an Indiana, Pa., newspaper says about TRUTH, evidently with the intention of giving it a little "tassy," and being complimentary: "TRUTH" is a Toronto, Canada, weekly magazine, that should be in everybody's household. Subscription, 50 cents a year." TRUTH is much obliged to the well meaning writer of that paragraph, which is eminently correct, with the exception of the price given, which should be \$3.00, which is nearer to what TRUTH is really worth.

Does Prohibition prohibit? that is the question. From all accounts it does not in the Canadian Northwest, as a glance at the following list of "stimulants" imported into the territory by permission of Lieut-Governor Dewdney, will satisfy anyone. Last year, by special permission of Mr. Dewdney, these liquors were imported:—3,744 gallons of whiskey, 1,249 gallons of brandy, 3,565 gallons of beer, 938 gallons of wine, 56 gallons of gin, 138 gallons of rum and 157 gallons alcohol. One particular permit allow-

ed 2,296 gallons of whisky to be taken in. What with these delectable beverages and the water from the Red River, there was surely, plenty of material for painting every town in the N. W. Territory red! There is a prohibitory law on the statute book out there, but it seems as if it didn't amount to much as far as its enforcement is concerned.

An English regiment about to start for Suakin was found to have twenty five men missing, and when the roll was called it was discovered that these twenty five men were all Irishmen, and the only men of that nation in the battalion. Evidently it had not been cowardice that had caused these men to desert on the regiment's being ordered for active service, for some of them were non-commissioned officers who had behaved with great gallantry in action before, and the same might be said of most of the privates. The desertion, therefore, must be looked on as a practical illustration of Irish sympathy with the Mahdi, and the next question is, how far does this disaffection spread? Some British regiments are largely made up of Irishmen—and fine soldiers they have proved themselves to be—and if general desertion of these men were to occur the parades of some corps would be remarkably poorly attended.

A statistician comes to the front with the intelligence that the annual value of the silver mines on this continent is much less than that of the products of the hens' nests. No one who has had occasion to purchase eggs this winter will feel disposed to doubt the statement of the man of figures. The people who sold the eggs, doubtless, found their hens valuable, but many people who bought them will agree with me that their value was nothing extraordinary.

Windows should always be so constructed that they may be opened at both top and bottom, and where a sleeping room is small, a few inches of space at top and bottom to let foul air out and to admit fresh, will never do any harm unless the occupant of the room is extremely delicate. Some imagine that night air is deadly. Let me ask whether it is more deadly to breathe pure night air than impure night air? and whether it is not night air that a person breathes at night, whether the window is open or not? the only difference being that when night air comes in fresh from the outside it is comparatively pure, whereas when the window is tightly closed the air inside from being breathed over and over again is more or less poisonous.

Many private citizens and those who are employed in the public offices might learn a wrinkle from a contrivance in use in one of the New York hospitals, which consists of an instrument which gives notice to the house-physician by ringing a bell as soon as the temperature in any of the wards rises above what it should be. Everyone must have been struck, frequently, on entering some private houses and many public offices, by the heat that prevails in them; not a

breath of external air can enter; every crack and crevice is carefully closed and several persons inhale and exhale the same polluted atmosphere, till it becomes positively obnoxious. Those who are in the room do not notice this, but the fact is very apparent to anyone entering from out of doors.

El Mehdi has proved himself to be a formidable foe for the British to cope with but just at present there is another one they have to encounter which is even more to be held in awe than the false prophet. This is the Khamsin wind which comes from the far south, or more exactly, south-south-east, and after traversing the burning sands of Africa at a time when the sun's rays fall almost perpendicularly, it reaches Egypt laden with all the noxious vapours of the desert. On its approach the sky, ordinarily blue and cloudless, becomes black, and heavy; the sun darkens into a dim, violet colored disk, and what is at first but a light warm breeze rapidly increases into a blast, hot and dry as from an oven, which shrivels up every green thing—warps and cracks wood, renders breathing difficult, and is generally hurtful to both vegetable and animal life. It lasts only from 24 to 48 hours at a time, during which all outdoor work is suspended and the inhabitants take refuge in their houses and endeavor to shut out the fine dust which is driven before the blast, and, according to an Arab saying, is so penetrating that it will enter even an egg through the pores of the shell. On the unsheltered desert these winds have often proved fatal to whole caravans and more than once to entire armies.

It will be seen that there is no such thing as putting this formidable assailant to flight, and the best way of contending against it is to take things as calmly as possible and wait till it retires of its own accord. The Arab, accustomed as he has been from his birth to this annual visitation, dreads the Khamsin wind; what must it be to the European, a native of a cold climate?

When Toronto is fortunate enough to secure a trustworthy and efficient public officer, she might surely evince her appreciation of the fact by remunerating him in proportion to the services he renders. There can be no doubt that Dr. Canniff, the Medical Health Officer of this city, is the right man in the right place, but his salary of \$1,500 is not such a tremendously large one that the Council should wish to reduce it. It must be remembered that Dr. Canniff has been unable to retain any of his private practice, all his time being taken up by the performance of his public duties, and \$1,500 per annum is not an extremely large income for an able medical man. His appointment by the Dominion Government to the position of Statistical Officer is productive of about \$400 in fees annually; but what do some of our magnanimous civic wise-acres propose to do, instead of increasing the salary of the Medical Health Officer to the somewhat more respectable sum of \$2,500 which a city such as Toronto is can certainly well afford? Why, they think that \$1,500 per

annum would be altogether too much for a medical man to be trusted with, so they propose to deduct the \$100 accruing from Dr. Canniff's position as Statistical Officer from his already meagre salary of \$1,500! Verily our worthy city fathers have a queer way of showing their appreciation of a competent public servant.

Pie-eating is one of the characteristics of the great Canadian people in spite of the asseverations of medical men that the practice of consuming pastry bears much suffering and dyspepsia in its train. To such people the news that Emerson ate pie all his life at pretty nearly every meal, will be most welcome, and more so when they hear that he never had a touch of dyspepsia and was an uncommonly healthy man. On the other hand we are advised and implored to consume plenty of oatmeal as a specific against dyspepsia. Carlyle made oatmeal the principal article of his diet and was a martyr to dyspepsia and a churlish old curmudgeon at best.

Perhaps the proper way to look at the matter is this: people who are liable to dyspepsia shouldn't eat pie, but they certainly should not eat oatmeal if they don't like it, as it will do more harm than pie which they do like. The wisest plan is for human beings to eat whatever they find, by experience, best suits their individual organs of digestion.

People are very fond of lamenting that the days of chivalry are past, but they need not carry their researches very far to convince themselves that their lamentations are without cause. That "the days of chivalry," in the steel-armor and horse prancing sense of the phrase, have passed into that limbo reserved for all social extravagances there is but little doubt; but the spirit which, in the eyes of thoughtful men, redeemed its otherwise vain shows and tinsel accessories from contempt, interfused with the prosaic drama of conventional life, survives in all its ancient vigor, and may be met with under a very humble exterior. An instance of this spirit of chivalry was witnessed in our streets a few days ago, the "gallant knight" being nothing but a little news-boy who was selling his papers to the passers-by. A gentleman stopped and asked for a paper, and the lad was about to hand him one when he paused, seeing a diminutive news girl hurrying up in the hope of disposing of some of her stock. "This little girl's got the paper you want, sir," said the lad, at the same time taking one from her armful and giving it to the purchaser, who asked whether he hadn't one himself. "Oh! yes, sir," replied the shabby little hero, "but I always lets the girls have the first chance." Now that boy had a truly chivalrous spirit, and in days of old would, doubtless, had he been older and wealthier, have girded on his trusty sword, taken his lance in hand and mounting his prancing charger, spurred away to the rescue of some damsel in distress as, we are told, was the wont of those steel-clad knights.