



TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

prize story accepted by the committee was found to be too long for the disposal in this issue, and we are compelled to hold a portion of it for our next. "A Singular Accusation" is a highly absorbing and interesting, and we assure our readers, after they have read the story, will justify us in giving it to you.

One would think, to read the articles in the Montreal papers that Lord Garmoyle is a young man of unimpeachable character and great wisdom, and his opinions many and most important matters is as if they were really worth something. Lord Garmoyle is certainly a light of the world just now as, in addition to being an earl's son, he has behaved as if he were the blackguard offspring of a terribly vulgar person, in his recent marriage with Miss Fortescue, and Montreal is falling down at the feet of this young man with all the devoutness of a young aristocrat.

Why do we Canadians despise titles and the whole lot, and feel the most contempt for aristocracy, and yet we do get a chance to hub-nob and dine with a lord don't we make donkeys of ourselves? Oh, my! Much as we despise titles, I don't hear of Canadians refusing to be knighted if they get a chance, and I do really believe that we are terrible slunkies.

Years ago 'the land of Egypt was a land of awe. Its gigantic temples and pyramids date beyond the records of history; its myriads of pyramids and pyramids; its gorgeous tombs and its mummies preserved for more than two thousand years, with the names, residence and professions of the defunct as accurately inscribed in hieroglyphics as the epitaph on a tombstone. Yesterday, naturally extinguished of veneration that were common in the mind by the biblical associations which the banks of the Nile are.

This country, which was but two centuries ago a land of awe and mystery, is no longer so. Steam and the telegraph have dispelled many of the mysteries in which Egypt was shrouded and now-a-days all modern and intelligent people regard the Pharaohs with but little more respect—certainly with no more awe—than they do any other distant country, and especially, no one has any extraordinary leading ignorance concerning it, and maps of the country are before our eyes in every newspaper and account at all. The eyes of all the world are turned in the direction of the banks of the Nile, and, especially, is eagerly looked for, both by the friends and enemies of England, and it is a prediction that before we shall cease to

anxiously expect tidings from Egypt, the torrid sands of its deserts will have drunk deeply of the blood of many of England's bravest men.

Already the sad news of the murder of the modern Bayard, General Gordon, of whom it may truly be said that he was—as was said of *le preux chevalier*, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," has arrived; gallant Fred Burnaby has yielded up his brave spirit, fighting for the honor of his native country. General Earle has met a warrior's death whilst leading his command to battle, and many a brave officer and man has already breathed his last beneath the fierce sun of Africa. And the end is not yet, and what disasters may be still in store for our troops cannot be contemplated without the most gloomy forebodings. That the death list will be swelled to a terrible extent seems certain. Though the object of the Soudan Expedition was to relieve the gallant Gordon, who is now beyond the reach of earthly aid, thousands of troops must now be poured into the country to avenge his death. And it will be done. There can be no reasonable doubt, that, in the end, British arms will be victorious—but at what a fearful cost, not only of life, but of money.

It is to be hoped that the end will be accelerated by all possible means; every day's delay adds to the power of the Mahdi, surrounded as he is by hordes of fanatics who believe him to be endowed with supernatural powers, and which belief will be strengthened by every victory he attains, and tribes, who would have joined the ranks of his enemies had he been routed at once, will rally round his standard as the belief that he is invincible becomes more firmly impressed upon their minds.

Considerable discussion has been taking place lately, both in the newspapers and elsewhere, regarding the propriety or impropriety of physicians' prescriptions being written in so-called Latin. One argument in favor of the present system, put forward by a medical man, appears to have a good deal of reason on its side. The physician referred to says that, were some patients to know exactly what medicine was prescribed for them, they would, conscious of their own wisdom, refuse to take the medicine. Then there is a class of people—and a very numerous one—which utterly rejects any simple medicine, and cannot be persuaded that anything which does not cost considerable money can ever be efficacious. These people would look with scorn on any doctor who would give them a prescription running thus: "Salts, one ounce in half a tumbler of warm water: Drink freely of warm water afterward," and declare that such a commonplace remedy for their disease could never do any good. It would only cost about a cent or so. But let the doctor prescribe thus: "Epsomi sal. ℥. i. oz. syr. simp: dras. ℥. vii. oz." and despatch them to a drug-store to have the potion made up and be charged fifty cents or so therefor, and they will be quite satisfied; and as faith on the part of a patient

in what he takes is said to be one-half the cure, perhaps the Latin prescription is the best.

That faith in one's physician and his medicines is a great point in favor of those medicines doing the patient good, cannot be denied. As an instance of this let me relate a little anecdote to the point. A certain soldier had a sore throat. The regimental doctor was not to be found, but the hospital sergeant was, and he told the man to go and gargle his throat with salt and water; the man went away, evidently distrusting so simple a remedy, but he presumably obeyed the sergeant's order. Next day he presented himself before the doctor, with no improvement as regarded his throat, at the same time telling that officer what the sergeant had prescribed. The doctor saw the kind of a man he had to deal with, so, turning to the sergeant, he said, "Make this man up a mixture of chloride of sodium cum aqua as a gargle." This the man took and used as directed, evidently much impressed with the learned words of the medical man. Next day he was quite well, and greeted the sergeant with, "That doctor knows something, but it 'ud a been a long time before my throat 'ud have got well wid yer salt and wather!" He had, however, used nothing but that remedy disguised under a Latin name. Many people are in precisely the same fix as that warrior.

Upon the whole, then, I think that things are best as they are with respect to the writing of prescriptions, for it matters not in what civilized country a Latin prescription is presented to a druggist, he will understand it, whereas were an English physician to prescribe in English, his prescription would be next to useless in Germany or France, and *vice versa*.

A resolution was passed recently at a meeting of the Toronto Medical Society recommending the appointment of a Plumbing Inspector. Such an appointment, I think, would be a step in the right direction, which is that pointing to the diminution of cases of typhoid fever and malaria. Such cases have been very prevalent this winter, and the cause, in many of them, was ascertained to be defective drainage. An immense amount of money is thrown away by householders on plumbing. They are not made aware of the fact that it has been thrown away till serious illness, perhaps death, occurs in their families, the direct consequence of bad and dishonest work on the part of plumbers. As matters are at present, the ways of the plumber are dark. He spends many hours—and charges for many more—doing something or other,—what no man but himself and his assistants may know, for he hides his work with plaster and boards and other materials—towards the rendering of defective drains effective, but in many cases his efforts are very marked failures. The drains he has repaired and put in order are soon as much out of repair and order as ever, and we are in his power—because we are not all plumb-

ers, and cannot say whether he is doing his work properly or not till it is too late, and a case of typhoid fever proves that it was not rightly done. But if a competent, reliable man were appointed as inspector of plumbing, many defects would be seen to and remedied at the proper time, and much money, now wasted, would be saved if the plumbing were done according to a scientific system. Householders have been far too long at the mercy of dishonest plumbers, and it is high time that they asserted and obtained their rights. Turn and turn about is fair play.

One thing that strikes me as being very peculiar in the economy of this world, is the large number of people who can tell the way to do any particular thing much better than the man who is doing it. I need only walk half a dozen blocks to find as many men who could show Gladstone just where he is wrong about every question concerning the British Government. There are men to be found at almost every saloon who could give Wolsey pointers about his management of affairs in the Soudan. As for the men who could "run" newspapers in a way vastly superior to that adopted by the editors themselves, why, their name is Legion. And yet these men never seem to be able to "run" themselves. How is it? To hear them talk one would imagine that there was nothing that they were not able to do better than the people who are doing it; but there is one thing they cannot do, and that is to prevent their hearers from classing them as donkeys of the most long-eared kind.

Though there is a large number of persons who believe that water is purified in the process of freezing, it is pretty generally understood now that it is not, but that ice from impure water is just as unwholesome as the water itself. This being the case it is satisfactory to note the action of the local board of health in this city, in fixing a limit within which ice shall not be cut within five hundred yards from the shore. As ice for drinking purposes in the summer has become an absolute necessity with us, it is only right that those who supply us with it should be forced to obtain it in as pure a state as possible. I doubt whether ice from any part of the bay can be called absolutely pure, but there are degrees of badness, and if the City Commissioner enforces his authority, we shall probably be supplied with ice that won't do us a great deal of harm.

Popular sentiment is adverse to the encouragement of the short-haired, broad-chested, and brawny limbed apostles of the "manly art of self-defence," and they will have to go—and a good riddance, too. It used to be contended by admirers of pugilism that prize-fighting was a good thing, as it forced its votaries to lead temperate lives if they wished to attain any great honors in the roped arena. Even were such a fact, which it is not—for example, behold John L. Sullivan, champion bruiser of the world and a notorious drunkard,—who cares who