

ABOUT TRUTH TELLING.

RECENT THEORIES OF ASTRA CALLED IN QUESTION.

Instances in Which a Good Many People Have to be Deceitful—As to Praising the Baby—Some Exceptions to Be Made When Ladies Are of Doubtful Age.

My versatile contemporary Astra, gave us some excellent advice a few weeks ago, on the subject of avoiding the natural tendency to vivid coloring—she called it exaggeration which she believed was firmly implanted in the human race from its very birth. Now I have not the least idea of disputing any statement which my fair friend has made, because she treated the subject with the breadth of view which is so characteristic of her writings, and which, if she will pardon me for saying so, is such a very unfeminine trait in her character. I have not the article at hand just now, but I remember aright Astra did not lay any very hard conditions upon us in the line of rigid truth telling. She admitted that "truth, in itself"—was not to be told at all times, and she confessed that she dearly loved telling an artistic story herself. She is quite right there, because I think we must all admit that the "gilded author" of the defunct "talks with girls" has told us some very good stories indeed in the past, and even though she now confines her talents chiefly to gastronomy, and fashions, she manages to throw a glamour of romance and poesy around those commonplace topics which almost deprives corned beef and cabbage of its vulgarity, and robs the dry goods, and dress making bills of half their horrors. So she must have a special gift for telling the truth in a pleasant manner and gilding what is frequently a very disagreeable pill to swallow with some sort of coating which makes it slip down easily.

Now I am quite certain that the habit of invariably telling the truth and thereby causing his Satanic majesty to blush with shame, is a very beautiful virtue, but easy as it seems in theory, I fear it would scarcely be a success if generally practiced, and that the man or woman who started out with the laudible purpose of introducing the new fashion would not only encounter a good deal of unpleasantness during the tour but would probably end in being the most disliked member of the particular circle in which he or she revolved. I am afraid there is no use in disputing the fact that prevarication is something like vaccination, a necessary evil; and as the wheels of the most perfectly built carriage in the world squeak and groan without the lubrication afforded by that murky compound called carriage grease, so a great deal of wear and tear, and an enormous amount of useless friction is avoided, and the wheels of life kept in smooth running order, by a judicious knowledge of when not to tell the truth.

For instance, your friend Smith was married a couple of years ago, and you have been a frequent visitor at his house ever since he and his bride set up house-keeping. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are the proud parents now, of a baby—just a baby, nothing more or less; with the same undeveloped features and singular sagacity of expression, which distinguished the offspring of Mrs. Maloney, the washerwoman, when she brought him round last week, to show us "what an illigant bye the Lord did be after sendin' Mister Maloney an' me," and not one whit more intelligence or tractability. But at the same time it would scarcely do to tell that to Mrs. Smith, and therefore, when she insists on showing you the baby, and asks you with the innocent mother love shining in her eyes, whether you don't think Baby is the very image of his father, and if you ever saw any child of his age who took so much notice, had such decided features, or showed evidence of such unusual intelligence; you tell her gravely that you never did, and that the likeness to his paternal ancestor is so striking, that it you met that baby wandering alone in the Great Desert, you would recognize him instantly as a scion of the house of Smith, and clasp him to your bosom with tears of honest emotion bedewing your manly cheek, at such an evidence of the progress of the age.

Of course, if you were a disciple of Truth, with a capital T, you might tell the happy young mother coldly that you really failed to see the resemblance, that her baby in your estimation looked so exactly like five hundred other babies of six weeks old that if he were to be undressed, and so bereft of any outward means of identification, and well shaken up with seventy-five other babies of the same age, she herself would be utterly unable to identify him, or to see one spark more of intelligence and individuality in his youthful countenance than in that of any other infant in the flock.

It is not at all probable that Mrs. Smith would either be pleased or see matters in the same light that you did, and it is almost certain that your pleasant friendship with the Smiths would come to an abrupt termination on the spot, but then of course you would have the consolation of doing what you believed to be your duty, besides enjoying the distinction of suffering for the cause you had espoused.

Or suppose the pilgrim of truth should be thrown into the society of a damsel who had crossed the mysterious and elastic boundary line which divides youth from that dreary period of a woman's existence

known as "not so young as I used to be." Standing with reluctant feet, where 20, and 30, meet, Age looks so bitter! Youth so sweet!

And suppose she should chance to tell him in the course of conversation that someone who had been asked to guess her age the other day, had guessed that she was 25, and ask him if he did not think she looked much older than that? If he was just a plain ordinary person with a good heart and weak moral sense, he would reply that nothing but her own solemn affidavit, duly attested before a magistrate could convince him that she had reached that age. And he would not only have brought a gleam of very bright sunshine into her heart, but made a friend for life.

If his conscience was sensitive, and his zeal stronger than either heart, or his common sense he would hasten to crush that hapless maid by telling her that she not only looked fully 35, but that he happened to know she was quite as old as she looked. How she would love him! and if it ever came into her power to pay him back perhaps she would not do it? Oh dear no! Truth is represented in art and poetry as a beautiful maiden with starry eyes, golden tresses and an angelic smile, but I fear it is often a cruel goddess, and nearly always a stern one, or else her most ardent worshippers are given to misrepresenting her sadly, because I believe there are some people in this world who honestly believe that rigid truth telling is the only virtue really necessary to salvation; and that they have only to adhere strictly to telling the truth in order to be certain of a golden crown and a freshly tuned harp when at last they have attained their just reward.

If these people only knew where to draw the line and refrained from telling the truth without being asked, it would not be so sad, but when they see some extraordinary merit in telling their friends that their dresses are unbecoming, their business standing considered shaky, their noses red, or their word not quite as reliable as it might be; then it is indeed time to call a halt lest truth should become so unpopular that a reaction might set in and cause it to become as rare as the great Auk or the Dodo.

Now I hope sincerely that I have not said anything to offend Astra, and that she will agree with me when I say that it is sometimes more merciful to the truth out of sight than to tell it, because like many another good thing, it loses its effect when we are given too much of it.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

He Was a Famous Lion.

There was really a Baron Munchausen a Hanoverian nobleman whose full name was Hieronymus Karl Friedrich Von Munchausen who lived at Bodenswerder in Hanover, served in the Russian army and died at home in 1790. But the author of the stories that have made the name of Munchausen famous was not Hieronymus Karl. It was Rudolf Erich Raspe a clever writer, a poet, a professor and curator of the museum at Cassel a thief. He fled to England to escape arrest for stealing medals from the museum, and, in 1785, while he was store-keeper to a Cornish mine, he published in London a pamphlet, "Baron Munchausen's Narratives of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia." Within two years the book had passed through five editions. Raspe died in Ireland in 1794. Baron Munchausen is thought to have told to Raspe some of the stories ascribed to him in the book, but before the Baron's death he had become uncommunicative and would not discuss the subject of the stories. His is the fame of Joe Miller. Joe was so stupid that it was considered a capital joke to ascribe to him a joke book, and to this day he is thought by the general public to have been a witty fellow.

THINGS OF VALUE.

In this world a man must be either a hammer or an anvil.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.

Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair.

MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON Stanley, P. E. I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.

Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY.

Strange, that when a person happens to have deep feelings he tries to hide them but, possessing none, pretends that he has.

The remarkable longevity of Cape Breton people may largely be attributed to a whole-sale fish diet—the quintessence of which forms the basis of—Futner's Emulsion.

This would be a much better world if more people would mind their own advice.

Morning Service in Lone Gulch.

The Rev. Mr. Harps (pausing in the midst of the sermon)—What is the matter, Brother Isaac?

Alkali Ike (a new convert)—Since I joined the church, a month ago, I've been tryin' to be meek and humble and forgivin'; but, brethren and sisters, I'm no rabbit; and it them two fellers over in the corner don't quit winkin' at my girl, burreded if I don't shuck off my coat and my religion at the same time, and give 'em a great big taste of the quality that used to distinguish me when I was in the bonds of sin and iniquity!

Very Considerate.

"Brinkles says you owe him five pounds," said the man with no tact whatever.

"That's very true," was the reply.

"I'd have paid it long ago, only I was afraid of hurting his feelings."

"What do you mean?"

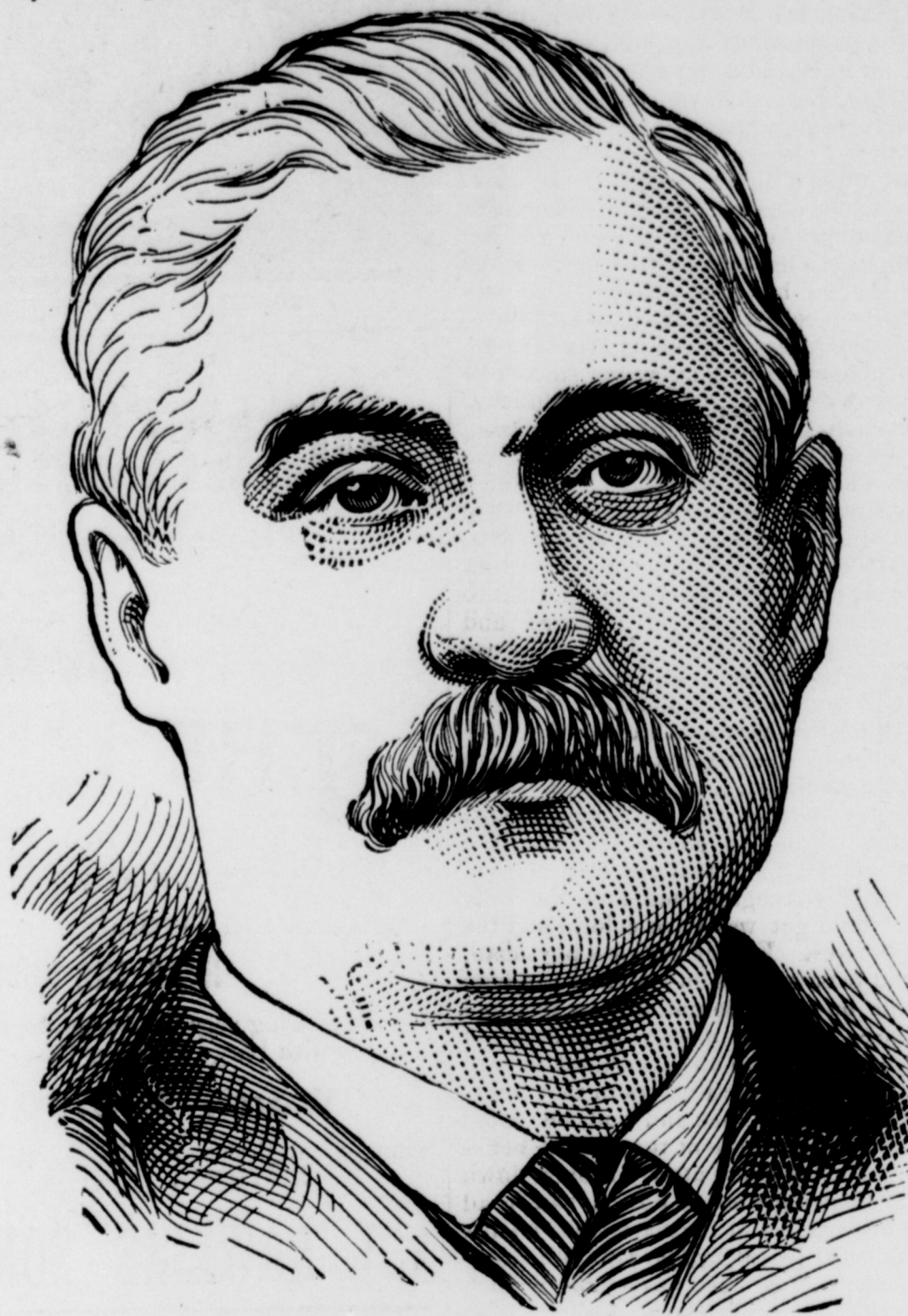
"I was afraid he would think I thought he needed the money."

Rudyard Kipling will return this month from Bermuda.

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COUNCILLOR GEORGE F. MORSE.

The admiration accorded certain public men is due to their splendid moral courage. Great moral courage and determination are impossible without a sturdy digestion, a healthy liver, and a vigorously nourished nervous system. No one can imagine a Gladstone, Salisbury, Laurier, Thompson, or any great Champion of his party in parliamentary debate, with a badly nourished brain, a weak digestion, and shaky nerves.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Council Chamber,
Boston, Nov 28 1893

I am using Paine's Celery Compound with the most of results for malum in form which I have suffered very much in the face of your and I am very glad to recommend it to my friends and family.

Very truly yours,
G. F. Morse

Only the healthy man, whose organs are doing their duty, is firm, convincing, magnetic, courageous.

A man of ideas needs sound health to carry them out, and a clear, cool brain is better than a shaky one, however brilliant. The men who can work long hours under pressure win success, and fame depends often on a strong stomach, healthy nervous system and plenty of reserve force both on great intellectual power.

Be well. Get rid of liver and kidney weakness. Paine's Celery Compound will take away the sickly, depressed, unambitious feeling that comes with dyspepsia, disordered and nervous weakness. Paine's Celery Compound will fill the veins with blood that is red and rich in food for every vital organ.

The first noticeable effect of Paine's

and nerve centres, it is possible to drive out the special disorders from important organs like the liver, kidneys, heart and stomach.

Paine's Celery Compound to-day sustains the strength of thousands of hard worked men and women who cannot take vacations, and feel the effects of the unnatural demands made upon their strength and nervous energy.

Paine's Celery Compound is the greatest blood and nerve remedy that has ever in the history of medicine come within the reach of plain, hard-working people.

Hon. George F. Morse, one of the most prominent of the Governor's council of Massachusetts is one of that state's most substantial manufacturers and business men, a veteran of the late war, a popular and conservative citizen. His autograph letter is of interest to everyone.

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We seek to supplant alcoholic and fermented drinks by something more wholesome, more satisfying and refreshing—something embodying all the best principles of ripe grapes, marred by nothing that would falsely stimulate or excite; and in the new era that is dawning, the life giving principles of the grape in their purest condition, will enter every home as a comfort and a blessing, instead of a decision and a snare.

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T. YOUNGCLAUS intends moving at 1st May to his commodious store in Union Block, Cor. Mill and Main Sts., North End.

Custom Tailoring will then be carried on extensively on the premises.

In the meantime his large stock, at 51 Charlotte, is marked down to hard time prices and must be cleared out before moving.

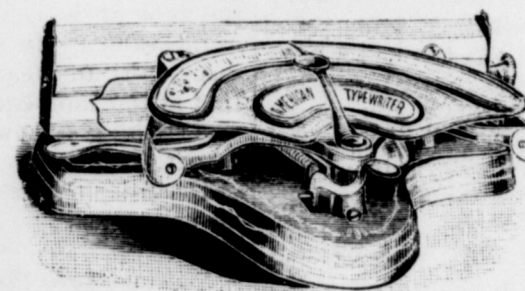
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