

then goods must and will be sold, whether sound and solvent buyers be found or not. If they cannot be sold for cash, then credit will be given, and if short credit will not induce sales, then long credit must be resorted to. If prices prove an obstacle they must be cut down so as to meet the views of customers and clear out the stock. If traders were all sensible and honest, there would be no occasion to discuss so plain a question. In that case, when one found that he could not do a fair living trade on reasonable and safe terms, he would conclude that the particular line in which he was engaged must be overdone, and would betake himself to some other field of enterprise, and both himself and society would be greatly benefited in the change.

The fact is, that in whatever direction we may go we will find a great surplusage of traders. So numerous are they that only the few—the small minority—make a living profit; the rest go out voluntarily or are driven out in disgrace. Could not one-half the produce dealers handle as speedily and satisfactorily every bushel of grain marketed as double the number now do? Might not one-half the country and city stores—wholesale and retail—supply every want, and with much greater benefit to the community?

There is no doubt or difference of opinion as to the proper answer to these questions among all who give the subject any thought. And it is not that there is any novelty about the matter that we discuss it here. We recur to it in this place to remind our young men not to go on repeating the fatal mistake which so many have made. There are in this Dominion just now new and broad fields of enterprise opening up, which offer every promise of success to the conscientious and industrious. Manufacturers are receiving a powerful impetus, and their importance is only now beginning to be felt, and they must give lucrative and honorable employment to thousands who will but take the pains to fit themselves for such occupations. The building of railways, the opening up and development of the great West, afford boundless scope for enterprise and profit, and he is but a coward and a drone who would settle down on a cross-road in a country store in the endeavor to steal away half the meagre income of his neighbor over the way, or who would set up as a commission-man or produce-operator, when thousands are barely eking out a livelihood, and making no advance whatever in that line of business. Not one man in five hundred of this latter class ever becomes and continues wealthy; a more hopeless field of labor is not presented in all the varied sphere of human effort. How much better to be able to be a producer where there is no overcrowding, where success is a problem easy of solution, and where in any case a comfortable and honest livelihood may be gained, and substantial service to society rendered.—"Monetary Times."

A NEW HONOUR.

At a social gathering of his friends at Skinner's Corners, Co. Perth, yesterday, Sir JOHN MACDONALD announced that, in recognition of the services he had been able to perform for the Empire, the QUEEN had been pleased to appoint him a Privy Counsellor of Great Britain, and that he would proceed to England to be sworn in as soon as the elections were concluded.

TOLERATION.

We have just heard from a reliable source that a man in the employ of Dickey, Neil & Co., of this city, for exercising his franchise in favor of Mr. Crawford on Monday, was discharged on the spot. We can hardly believe that such can possibly be the case, and as we cannot make further enquiries before we go to press, we shall have to defer any remarks till our next, should the statement prove correct.

When is a rushlight like a tombstone? When is it set up for a late husband? In fact, of course, a rushlight is a tombstone when it is set up for a late husband.

THE LOCAL TOPIC.

In all the phases in which life presents itself, from the cradle to the grave, we are dependent creatures. However much in our boasted strength we may be inclined to fight the Almighty, or in our castle of competency deny the relationship we bear to our fellowman, sooner or later all learn this lesson of mutual dependence. Well were it then, if guided by reason, we held to the boyish instincts of our nature; for happy, joyous childhood sets at defiance all these manacles of caste, and in its innocence recognizes no rich, no poor, no high, no low.

But alas! how late in life is this lesson learned by some; too late oftentimes to render life tolerable either to themselves or their neighbours. We were provoked into this train of thought by the recent action of some of the shoe manufacturers of this city, who, enriched by mere accident of birth, affect to despise the authors of their wealth, (the laborers) and look upon labor combinations as a herding of conceited puppies, with neither brains to conceive, or nerve to execute any plan for ameliorating the condition of the laboring classes. That there would be no friction in the machinery of such a plan, it were beyond even the scope of imagination to expect; that the Crispin organization has achieved important results no sane man will deny. Indeed so fully convinced are some manufacturers of this fact, that they have adopted the Crispin principles of combination and enforcement, but lack the manliness to adopt the righteous provision of mutual arbitration. Have they not thus placed themselves below the level of the Crispins, whom they affect to despise? Let us state the case more clearly.

A Crispin is aggrieved; a committee from his Lodge meet a similar committee of manufacturers, each party is heard, the committees come to a mutual understanding, the Crispin quietly submits and returns to labor. This is the result under the Crispin arbitration plan. Now for the employers' proposed plan, with their astute penetration, keen perceptions of human nature, and superior wisdom. The employer is aggrieved; no consultation of committees, no discussions of the merits of the case, but the command of the great Mogul goes forth imperative, unjust, tyrannical, and he complacently folds his arms in the consciousness he has asserted his independence; the laborer must submit as no one else dares employ him.

Will not human nature revolt? And will not the Crispins of Lynn assert their manhood, and meet this injustice by counter resolve, and refuse never to enter the employ of anyone signing this compact? Would it not be just thus to combine and drive those creatures to the wall, or does all the business capacity of our community rest on these few insolent and domineering employers? Believing that the great revolution in business incident to the introduction of machinery, to be the cause of not a few of the ills complained of by a circular recently put forth by the manufacturers and not Crispins as therein stated, we hold that as working classes are brought more compactly together into great business centres, their individuality is lost in the mass, the power of their employer by this increased momentum of added machinery is doubly enhanced, and unless held in check by such combinations, to secure what the individual will invariably lose, our troubles will augment, until evils of such magnitude will come upon us, as will cause us to blush for our common humanity. Let us thus, as sensible men, realizing that a laborer is a fellowman, alike honorable and to be honored in the sphere in which he moves, tolerate generally a difference of opinion; submit all questions affecting the relations of employer and employed to just arbitration; let there be mutual concession; (for it were folly to suppose the wrong all on one side); let reason and judgment guide instead of blind passion and foolish prejudice of position, and these organizations will prove in the future a greater blessing than in the past.—*Little Giant, Lynn.*

SECRET ASSOCIATION

The question of making the Association secret so as to preserve inviolate the minutes of our meetings, both local and International, was fully and fairly discussed at the convention, and showed that there was considerable diversity of opinion in reference to the necessity and propriety of such a change in our system. No doubt a majority of the delegates were favorable to the change, some were instructed to vote for it, but it was claimed, and we think justly too, that that so important a matter should be voted on directly by every member. It was therefore decided to refer the whole subject to the local Unions, and during this month (August) a circular letter will be issued to

every Union containing full instructions in reference to voting on the question.

The resolution referring it to the Unions provides that it shall require a three-fourth vote in its favor before it can be announced as a principle of our organization. The vote is to be taken in September, and we give this early notice that all may be prepared to vote intelligently. Let there be a full vote and let neither fear or favor control any vote.—*Iron Moulder's Journal.*

WISHING FOR MONEY.

"I wish I had his money," said a young, hearty-looking man, as a millionaire passed him in the street. And so has wished many a youth before him who devotes so much time to wishing, that too little is left for working. But never does one of these draw a comparison between their several fortunes. The rich man's money looms up like a balloon before them, hiding uncounted cares and anxieties, from which they are free; keeping out of sight those bodily ills that luxury breeds and all the mental horrors of ennui and satiety; the fear of death that wealth fosters the jealousy of life and love from which it is inseparable.

Let none wish for unearned gold. The sweat by which it is gathered is the only sweat by which it is preserved for enjoyment, for in too literal a sense it is true, "That 'tis easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

Wish for no man's money. The health, strength, freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young love by night and day encircles. Hearts unsealed by the deep sin of covetousness beat fondly with your own. None ghoul-like, listen for the death-tick in your chamber; your shoes have value in men's eyes only when you tread in them. The smiles no wealth can purchase, greet you—living; and tears shut rarely drop on rose-wood caskets, will fall from pitying eyes upon you—dying.

Be wise in being content with competency. Then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously? He shortens life, increases his pains and aches, and impairs his health thereby. What if his raiment be more costly? God loves him more the more, and man's respect in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy.

Nature is yours in all her glory; her ever-varying and forever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, rocks and streams, and holy places, know no desecration in the step of poverty, but welcome ever to their wealth of beauty rich and poor alike. Be content! The robin chirps as gayly as the bird of paradise. Less gaudy in his plumage, less splendid his surroundings; yet no joy that cheers the eastern beauty, but comes upon his barren hills to bless the nest the robin builds. His flight is as strong, his note as gay, and in his humble home the light of happiness shines all as bright, because no envy darts in. Let us then labor and be strong in the best use of what we have, wasting no golden hours in idle wishes or things that burden those who own them, and could not bless us if we had them as the gift already bestowed by wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich; while he who counts his millions hath little joy if he be otherwise.

"Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content—
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent—
The poor estate seems fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beginners enjoy when princes oft do miss."

WONDERS.

Lewinbeck tells us of an insect seen with microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with branches, leaves and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales, like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself, like water through a sieve.

The mites take five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows in a meadow.

MORAL.—Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink.

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. A. W. Smith, Agent for the Agricultural Fire Insurance Company. We hold it to be a duty for all workmen to have their household property insured, and the principle upon which policies are effected in the Agricultural Company is particularly to the working classes. The risk of heavy losses is much less in the plan adopted by the Agricultural, and the premiums must necessarily be lower; and all our friends contemplating effecting an insurance would do well to first consult Mr. A. W. Smith.

DROWNED IN A TANK.

Yesterday the bodies of three young men were found in a water tank on the premises occupied and owned by the Stockton Blast Furnace Company at Portrack, near Stockton-on-Tees. The works in question comprise two blast furnaces, with the usual complement of calcining kilns, heating stoves, tramways, water tanks, blowing or blast engines, &c. It is customary for those engaged as "fillers" at the calcining kilns to work by spells—that is, to suspend work for about an hour whenever the kilns are full. On Thursday, the 13th ult., Thomas Steel, aged 15, Joseph Alkin, aged 16, and Peter Cook, aged 21, all employed upon the works as fillers, had completed their spells and left the kiln, saying that they were going to bathe, as was supposed in the Tees, which flows close to the works. They did not return when expected, and on the following day a search was made for their bodies. This proving unsuccessful, it was concluded that Cook, who was formerly a sailor, had induced the others to go to sea. An old water tank, which has not been in use for fourteen months, covers the house in which the engines to draw cages to the top of the blast furnaces are used. This is about 18ft. long, 12ft. deep and 12ft. wide, being constructed and covered with iron, and tied together by six stays or rods of iron. It is about 15 yards from the ground, difficult of access, and only entered by two manholes near the top. About 6 o'clock on Thursday evening Mr. G. Reece, the chief engineer, and a man named Thomas Coleman, went to the top of the stoves, and in the tank or cistern, which is contiguous, they observed a body hanging across one of the stays, the head and arms and feet being in the water, which is six feet deep, and from its situation over the engine-house, always warm. Two others, named Charles Wilson and Thomas Neesham, volunteered to enter, and succeeded in getting the body out, though in a shockingly imperfect state. Wilson, in company of another named Joseph Leighton, again essayed to enter for the purpose of making further investigations of the contents of the tank. They were, however, overcome by the foul gases, and they were pulled out insensible. Attempts to restore consciousness by the aid of whiskey and other stimulants failing, they were lowered to the ground by ropes, carried home, attended by a medical man, and revived. Two large pipes were attached to the tank as siphons, and the water was all removed by 6 o'clock yesterday morning. The remains of two other bodies were then collected by a man named John Ramsey, all in an advanced state of decomposition. It is thought that one of the three had entered the tank for the purpose of bathing, in ignorance of the depth of water; then that Cook had gone to his assistance and been overcome, and finally that Steel had crept along the stays, but was unable to assist either to get hold of the bar upon which he was suspended. The father of Steel has charge of an engine immediately underneath the tank in which his son was found. Cook was the only support of a widowed mother, who had given her son up for lost, and gone to Liverpool to reside among her friends; her address is not known.—*Times*, July 25.

AMERICAN.

Connecticut has a heavier tobacco crop this year than ever before.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott is understood to be at work on a new novel.

The favourite fan at Kansas City is made of a tumbler and two straws.

Orson Hyde, the Mormon apostle, has been stricken with paralysis.

Bret Harte is writing a melodrama for the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York.

The new Chicago directory contains 130,000 names; 20,000 more than last year.

Mrs. Lincoln has arrived in Paris and intends to make it her permanent residence.

A young lady in Louisville has been rendered cross-eyed from the effects of neuralgia. Utah papers speak of the scarcity of Chinese labour in that territory with rejoicing.

George Wilkes, editor of *Wilkes' Spirit*, announces that he has almost entirely recovered from his late attack of typhoid fever.

The New York *Herald* heads its election news from North Carolina a "Glorious Uncertainty of the Vote of the Old North State."

A mild-mannered Dubuque woman entered a saloon, kicked over a table, drew a revolver on the bar-tender, and led her husband out by the ear.

A St. Joseph (Mo.) gentleman has growing in his garden a stalk of corn measuring thirty-three feet, and which still has an upward tendency.

The New York aldermen propose a Mansard roof for their city hall, and the opposers of the project threaten to put a Mansard roof on the aldermen.

A Buffalo clergyman recently sent around the contribution-boxes for the dear health, and collected sixty cents, ten cents of which was in soda-water checks.

A Cincinnati butcher lately tied up his daughter by the hands, so that her toes just touched the ground, and then smeared her feet with molasses to attract flies.

Mr. B. H. Isabelle, of New Orleans, coloured, has recovered \$1,000 from the board of directors of a white school, because they refused to admit his children as pupils.

In New York city during the month of July, 176,700 persons availed themselves of the free public baths. Of the number, 127,641 were males, and 39,059 were females.

An inquiring citizen of Madison, Ind., thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his teeth to see how many fingers the man had.

There is more truth than poetry in the following line from an American advertisement:—"Babies after having taken one bottle of my soothing syrup will never cry any more."

Nashville croquet-players must be very awkward. A young lady had a finger terribly mashed the other day by a ball, and a young gentleman his ankle badly injured by a mallet.

The Kansas City *Times* learns, by private letter, that a daughter of Ex-Gov. W. G.

Brownlow, of Tennessee, attempted to elope with a Knoxville stone-cutter, and has been immured in a convent.

A subscription is on foot to erect a monument to Col. Ellsworth, who sleeps in an unmarked grave at Mechanicsville, in New York. Col. J. R. Fellows, of New York, who served in the rebel army, has started the subscription with \$100.

The Greenville (Tenn.) scandal and tragedy, which unpleasantly connected the names of Andrew Johnson and Mrs. Harold, causing the suicide of the latter, has got into the courts on a suit for libel, in which \$10,000 damages are claimed.

A lady correspondent of a Los Angeles paper, describing the delights of a Southern sea-side visit, paints the following pleasant picture:—"There are flies in the honey, beetles in the sugar, rattlesnakes under the pillow, and skunks running over your feet."

A clergyman, in Alexandria (Va.), has just been fined \$20 for kicking one of his congregation in church. The woman in question refused, it seems, to pay her pew rent; whereupon the gospel messenger came around, pulled her out of the pew by her curls, and kicked her into the vestibule.

The latest cry of danger has been sounded by one Dr. Birdsall, of New York. This gentleman has discovered that the paste that is used for fastening playbills to the walls is particularly favourable to the development of disease germs. He finds that there is spread in New York one hundred and twenty thousand square yards of paste every day, and that "the same is a perfect hot-bed of cholera and cerebro-spinal meningitis."

A young lady in San Francisco, who was engaged to marry her cousin, had bought her linen and plate and marked it with a mutual monogram, when the youth proved faithless and broke off the match. The devoted mamma, horrified at the thought that so much money should be wasted, immediately sallied forth in search of somebody possessing the same initials as the cousin. She found him, mademoiselle married him, and all is joy, peace, silver and fine linen.

The following comes from Saratoga:—A grave judge of one of the courts was addressed by a congressman some time ago as follows:—"Judge, do you think it right to disobey a law?" "No, sir!" promptly. "I saw you and your family, judge, at a masquerade last night. Now, do you know that the law of the State of New York forbids masquerades?" The judge (after a pause followed by a smile)—"My dear congressman, in Saratoga there is but one law—the law of fashion."

Rumour says that a remarkable reporter has appeared in New York who, in addition to the usual qualifications of the profession, possesses the gift of clairvoyance, and will undertake to report without being personally present, the proceedings of any meeting which may take place. This, says the *Buffalo Courier*, may be true, and it must have been his twin brother who has been attached to divers metropolitan papers, reporting, telegraphing and corresponding from all quarters of the globe without leaving his desk.

A letter from Long Branch has the following:—"Last evening at a hop, John D. Banghart, of Jersey City, son of Senator Banghart, was introduced to a dashing widow of 36 summers, named Mrs. Caroline Marsh, of New York. The widow is said to be possessed of \$200,000. She is, perhaps, the most extravagantly fashionable dresser seen here for years. The counsellor is a fine looking fellow of about 33, two years her junior. To cut the story short, the two were married this evening about 7 o'clock, by Rev. Jas. B. Wilson, D.D., after spending the day together promenading and carriage riding."

The New York *World* says:—"Luca, like Nilsson, came of plebeian stock; but unlike Nilsson she has matured into lyric greatness by a slower and surer process. I know not what slaves of St. Cecilia hunt the peasant fields of Europe for these diamonds, but most of us know by what laborious process they are polished and set, and how inevitably they come at last to decorate a title with the radiance of their genius. The Baroness von Rhaden sprang from obscurity in Vienna. It was in the Hof Theatre that she was first discovered, a little imp only eight years old, whose duties were to stand on her toes three hours every morning and let the ballet-master scold her. Her parents were miserably poor, and they were Jews. It seems strange now to tell of her pitiable sufferings in that theatre; of the meanness of her attire, and the scolds of her companions. But why should it seem strange, when there are some of us who can remember when Adelina Patti ran barefoot over our free soil, and carried beer for her master?"

The *Athenaeum* regrets to hear that the visit of Signor Mario to London is prevented by the extreme proceedings of his creditors in Florence. It is proposed to raise a subscription for him.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* advises householders in London, with a knowledge of music, whose slender resources are drained by the excessive cost of coal, to organize themselves into brass bands and proceed to the mining districts, where they may earn a few shillings by assisting at the "ovations" of the miners, who are engaging musicians to cheer them in their leisure hours and help to drive away ennui.

A despatch from Suez reports that two thousand Egyptians are advancing on Abyssinia, with a view to its conquest. The Emperor Kassa is marching to meet them, but it is thought his defeat is certain, and that Magdala will eventually fall into the hands of the invaders.

Constantinople advices state that the Turkish authorities ordered two agents of the British Bible Society to leave Broussa. Their books were seized, and the sale of all Protestant works was prohibited. The British Embassy at Constantinople is investigating the affair.

The Collector of Mexican customs at Matamoras has issued an official notice of the extension of the old tariff on the frontier in times of peace, and imposing high duties. The insurgents are laying down their arms and submitting to the Government, which is extending all leniency in order to secure perfect peace. Despatches received report the interior as quiet.