SAVING MONEY.

It has been said, and wisely, that all work ers should lay aside a portion of their weekly carnings for future use, no matter how limited their income may be. The possession of a few dollars often makes all the difference between happiness and misery, and no man, especially with a family dependent upon him, can be truly independent unless he has a few dollars reserved for the time of need. While extreme carelessness as to the expenditure of money will make a rich man poor, a wise economy will almost as certainly make a poor man rich, or at least make him, to a considerable extent independent of the caprices of employers and of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; but his little hoard will soon begin to grow at a rate which will surprise and gratify him. Every workingman ought to have an account at some savings bank, and should add to it every week during which he has full employment, even if the addition is but a dollar at a time. If he does this he will soon find the dollars growing into tens, and these tens into hundreds, and in a little time he will be in possession of a sum which is constantly yielding an addition to his income, which secures him a reserve fund whenever one is needed, and which will enable him to do many things which, without a little money, he would be powerless to do. In many instances, a man's best earthly friend is a wellfilled pocket book, and wee to him who car ries one which is entirely empty!

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Life bears us on like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel through the playful murmurs of the little brook and the winding of the grassy borders. The trees slied their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty: Our course in youth and manhood is along a deeper and wider flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing around us-are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be ship-wrecked—we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of waves beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our farther voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

A HAPPY WOMAN.

What spectacle more pleasing does the earth afford than a happy woman, contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of a Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it; no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them, as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking fhe baser exchange of gold which may buy some sort of pleasure they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain bubbles up in their hearts and make them radiantly beautiful. Though they live in a log cabin, they make it shine with a lustre that kings and queens may "covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty.

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A single word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household; while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so the kind words, and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions, make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. "No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetness, with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn laughingly toward it from all the tumults of the world, and home, if it be so homely, will be the dearest sput beneath the circuit of the

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in her daughters long after her head is pillowed in the dust of earth; and fatherly kindness find its echo in the nobility and courtesy of some who come to wear his mantle, and to fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions, and strifes, and railings, which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home the children was my own grandfather."

gather "as clouds and as doves to their win dows;" while from the home which is the abode of discontent, and strife, and trouble. they fly forth as vultures to rend their proy.

The olass of men' that disturb and disorder, and distress the world are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but ruther those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation, who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to them selves and trouble to those around them?

NO HOME.

No home! What a misfortune! How sad the thought! There are thousands who know nothing of the blossed influence of comfortable homes; merely because of a want of thrift, or dissipated habits. Youth spent in frivolous amusements, and demoralizing associations, leaving them at middle age, when the physical and intellectual man should be in its greatest vigor, enervated and without one laudable ambition. Friends long since lost, confidence gone, and nothing to look to in old age, but a mere toleration in the community where they should be ornaments. No home to fly to when wearied with the struggles incident to life; no wife to cheer them in their despondency; no virtuous household to give zest to the joys of life. All is blank, and there is no hope or succor except that which is given out by the hands of private or public characters. When the family of the industrious and sober citizen gather around the cheerful fire of a wintry day, the homeless man is seeking a shelter in the cells of a station house, or begging for a night's rest in the out-buildings of one who started in life at the same time, with no greater advantages; honesty and industry built up that home, while dissipation destroyed the other.

STORY OF A MISER.

The Italie, Turin, says the following scene occurred a few days ago at a railway station : "On a bitter cold day a millionaire applied at the ticket-office for a third-class ticket. 'What!' exclaimed the official, who knew him, 'you, sir, take a third-class on such a day as this?' 'Why, I must,' was the cool reply, 'since there is no fourth-class.' 'I beg your pardon,' answered the official, handing him a ticket, 'but there is-here is one.' The man of wealth hastily paid for it, and rushed forward to take his place. On the door-keeper asking to see his ticket, the traveller produced it, but was rather taken back on being told that the ticket would not do for him. 'And why?' not he exclaimed. 'Why, sir, because it is a dog-ticket!""

WORK, OUR CROWN.

Never be ashamed to work, for labor is man's primal inheritance, and is approved of by his King. Honest toil holds no shame, no opprobrium, needs not to blush before ease; idleness is symbolic of a long train of evils, a multitude of lamentable follies; truly listless hands are Satan's fastest machinery, that gives an unerring impetus to the engines of destruction. Work for God, work for mankind, constitutes the whole drama of mortal happiness; the drop-curtain, after life's scenes are enacted, closes with the sweetest, brightest hopes of future, ever enduring, reward. No work, that is honest, degrades the worker. Hire and servitude never belittle a man, or degrade rank or worth; on the contrary, affluence earned by others' industry, the profits of others' store-houses, luck's lotterywheel, or fortune's ascendant star, gilded chariots, blazoned horse accoutrements, marble halls, brown stone palaces, the bequests of a dead man's ungraved wealth-what is the honor of such estates? Pocket-book aristocracy is a tottering citadel, which keeps no certain possessor. Brains and mechanical talent mount far higher on the ladder that leans on the steeple of glory; they exalt intelligence, and do not debase spirituality. Work is a safety valve to many a temperament overflowing with nervous vigor, whose possessors, left without labor, idle warriors on the battle fields of the world, would perish and die, or else occupy the cells of the lunatic asylums; madmen for want of work. Good, efficient, able workers stand foremost in the world's army of benefactors, sure to do the world laudable service. "Their power extends over all its vast surface. They are its true kings and queens: "In the needs of the rich, in the shams of estentation, the trifles that form the sum total of fashionable extravagance, the glistening ray of their honest, export labor is sure to shine. Without their drudgery, the dependent Mordecais would be naked and hungry; the opulcut wait as sentries on the cost of the laborer. Even employers are bewildered by their employees' strikes, and are dumb, confounded, over inadequacy and blundering workmanship. Let me not repine then if numbered among the workers of the land, but wear our crests proudly, awaiting the reward which honest labor must surely bring .-Waverley Magazine.

A man has left England for the strange reason that he had discovered that he was his own grandfather. He left a statement explaining the singular affair: "I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I

STEREOTYPED SMILES.

Beware of man or woman with a fixed smile: Trust the most hidious soowler before the abou ing who goes about with an angelic grin pared to restorating faithless que non the surreptitfully exhibited to all eyes under any and sweave outly switch held (walnahles, till, despairing of circumstances . It is not matural to suite menon success, the gentle moods of her mature yielded petually, and no one, over, commen emmestif to the darker impulses of revenge, and a conwithout being conscious of a necessity for constable appeared on the score. The man of the
coalment. Don't misunderstand me. There have interviewed the aforesaid stunning youth,
are young women, and a few, old men, who convinced him of the waywardness of his
break out into a smile, whenever they speak. These are not the people I mean. The smile of which I warn you is a motionless, hypocritical, fixed expression, which I have seen worn during a silent three hours' journey by rail; without the slightest alteration—that sort of smile which most misguided Tally artists prosent upon their canvas, when they delimbate martyrs, saints and angels. The portrait of a lady has a different smile-the fashion plate simpor—which, though semi-idiotics in pot dangerous. Persons of no penetration allude to the chronic smile as "so sweet;" and one capable of holding the muscles of the face under control, is generally able to squea sweetly, to move quietly, and to use choice language, measured tones, in moments of the greatest excitement, and so can always place a better man or woman at great disadvantage, and appear injured and innocent when actually most guilty.

SCCLDING.

Scolding is mostly a habit. There is no much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at trivial cause, and forthwith commence finding fault with everything and everybody within reach.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed. is astonishing how soon one who includges in it at all, becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there were nothing else, they would fall a scolding at the mere absence of something to scold. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant rumbling of distant thunder, caterwaulings, or a hand-oragan under one's window, would be less unpleasant. The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain. in a short time, to affect all the members. If one of them begins always finding fault about something or nothing, the others are apt very soon to take it up, and a very unnecessary bedlam is created.

The people in the country more readily fall into the liabit of scolding than people in the city. We suppose it is because they have less to occupy and divert their attention Women contract the bad habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be partly that their natures are more susceptable and their sensativeness more easily wounded. Women are sometimes called divine : but a scolding woman never seems divine. But we will say no more on the subject, or some pretty creature may feel inclined to scold us for what we say about scolding.

AN INDIAN COURT.

A Western writer tells this story, found in the records of the Michigan Pioneer Society Kishkawako was chief of an Indian band in the Saginaw country. One of his band was arraigned before him and a jury, for an offence of a capital character.

After hearing the evidence, the jury pronounced the prisoner-who sat completely covered with blankets in the middle of the circle, that he might not see the faces of his judges, a custom recalling the night trials of the old Greeks-not guilty. The chief asked the foreman why they had acquitted the prisoner.

"Because he is not guilty by our law," was the reply.

Kishkawko arose quietly, and drawing his tomahawk, drove it crashing into the skull of the shrouded prisoner, killing him instantly, exclaimiming as he did so,—

"That law is changed now."

The old chief was destined to a tragic end Some years later, he and his son were arrested for the murder of another Indian, and sentend ed to death by a jury at Detroit. The two prisoners agreed to commit suicide by poision and so cheat the ignominious gallows.

The old man swallowed some deadly herb wrapped his robe around him and passed away, but the younger lost courage at the last moment, and so did not share his fate. Well for him he did not. A few days later he broke jail and escaped, and a short time after, President John Quincy Adams pardoned him. So ends a romance of this continent.

A CHAPTER FROM LIFE.

A comical episode in the romance of a love affair transpired near Petersburg a few days ago, and aptly serves to illustrate how some hearts yearn. A stunning youth, verging nigh on to manhood's state, woed and won the affec tions of a lovely maiden in the western part of the city. Esteeming herself the object of a mutual flame, she confided to his keeping not only her heart's jewels, but sundry others of a grosser nature, such as chains, rings, &c. Misplaced confidence! Fatal delusion! From said the doctor.

that time forth the fires of love burned not so warmly. The gallant's visits (became less frequienti and finally consedialtogether. Protesting lictions, add not and yellement, availed not ry, to other with mutual confidence between the arties, which is one of the reasons why it has been said that the course of true love is very peculiar is a main as a second

CO-OPERATION ON STREET CARS.

Mr. Hennessy, President of the Chicago City Railway Company, has introduced the principle of paying the drivers a certain portion of the fares collected ... The Chicago Post tells)the result :---

"The co-operative system of paying the conducting drivers has now been in operation ten days, with a most admirable result. Mr. Hennessy's theory that, under this system, the drivers would be more courteous, ingenious and vigilant, and that this would result in larger wages for themselves and a larger revenue for the company, has been abundantly realized. The drivers receive about one:fare in seven on an average. Before the change, drivers were paid \$2:25 to \$3:50 a day, according to the route and the service. During the last week the average of commissions has been about \$3 a day for each driver, those who formerly received \$2.50 now getting \$3 to \$3.40. Meantime, it also appears that the net receipts of the company are increased correspondingly-the result of drivers looking out for passengers and collecting all the fares, and keeping their cars well apart. The new circular to drivers says: "The driver's share will be regulated in accordance with the season and business. A larger share will be paid in Winter than in Summer months. It is the earnest wish of the company to benefit the men in its service, and make their positions so remunerative that they will try to retain them."

THE EIGHT HOUR. QUESTION.

The reduction in the number of hours to be devoted to labor among the journeymen mechanics in the United States, is a foregone conclusion, and the sooner we shape our course to suit such altered condition of affairs, the sooner the public mind will become settled upon that subject. To contend against such numbers on a question on which they are united, does not seem to to the world how short the time men work in a day, so there are enough to do all the work the necessities of civilization require. All over the world there is a surplus of mechanics, made so by the fact that labor saying machinery is doing nine-tenths of what forty years ago was done by manual labor; and although such facilities create the greater necessity for labor and add to the wants of the people, yet the number of workmen does not decrease in proportion to the increase of machinery; and the only | Though vesterday we were weak, selfish, inremedy that seems to be presented is in the | dolent, let us to-day-at this moment-begin decrease of hours for a day's work. All to be strong, brave, hopeful, just, considerate, men have certain acts to perform every day, the doing of which is indispensable to both mental and physical welfarc. There must be time to dress, to read and to converse, that they may not lose adaptability to and taste for association with their fellow-beings. An elephant, camel or a mule, will carry a great weight, but there is a limit to the strength of each. "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back." Men can work twelve hours per day, but to labor only ten is much better and nearer the medium time required for the good of workingmen. It is found by experience that hard work, even for eight hours, causes the laborer to feel that the human system is weakening under the pressure of over toil, and the mind becomes sluggish and inactive, and unreliable in its operations. Regularity in hours of work is as essential for the benefit of the master in the different kinds of mechanical employment, as it is for the journeymen. He must have time to get materials and put his shop and tools in order that his men may lose no time when the hours of toil commence. By forcing men to work until tired nature seeks repose, they destroy materials under the influence of a sleepy tendency, and often much more than a whole day's work is worth. It is a point of argument well worth serious consideration, whether it is not the duty of bosses to organize and establish eight hours a day, and the periods of time to begin and end the hours of labor.—San Francisco Examiner.

"What shall I do," asked a miserly millionaire of his physician, "for a tightness in my chest?-"Join some charitable institution,

Sawdust and Chips.

Maxim for young Scotchmen who are fond of dancing ... Youth must have its fling."

A Saratoga Belle, who dressed nineteen times a day, has gone into a decline. So has her father. He declines to pay his notes.

A correspondent of the Alta advises visitors to Yosemite to "go in one way and come out another." So they do they go in affluent, and come out indigent.

A colored gentleman in Texas, with his coattail pocket full of powder, lately visited a blacksmith's shop. He went in through the door, but left a hole in the roof when he went

Two ladies were travelling on the cars, when a stranger asked the older what relationship she bore the younger. The answer was quick and pertinent: "She is my sister's daughter, and my daughter's sister!" How?

SHEEPISH.—A dandy at a hotel table, who wanted the milk passed to him, thus asked for it:-"Please send your cow this way."-To whom the landlady retorted as follows: "Waiter, take the cow to where the calf is bleating.'

The tendency to get very similar names of places mixed up is so great, that it is said of a worthy deacon praying for blessings on his favorite locality, that he cautiously added-"Not Reading-wood End, O Lord, but South

Railroad employees should not sleep in churches. In a neighboring town last Sunday, one of them, while quictly sleeping, was approached by a man with the contribution box. On being disturbed, he partially aroused himself and exclaimed, "I work on this road," and resumed his slumbers.

Long ago, at a dinner-table in Massachusetts, a gentleman remarked that A-, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," roplied Judgo Hoare, "he has reached the superlative of life. He began by seeking to get on; then he sought to get honor; and now he is trying to get honest."

"APT ALLITERATION'S ARTFUL AID."-In-Notes and Quéries; of the 9th instant, a correspondent gives the following "admirably descriptive lines," by Thomas Dunbar, "on the five handsome daughters of the late Scroop Colquitt, of Green Bank, Liverpool," the last of whom died a year or two ago :-

" Minerva-like majestic Mary moves. Law, Latin, liberty, learn'd Lucy loves. Eliza's elegance each eye espies. Seroncly silent Susan's smiles surprise.

From fops, fools, flattery, fairest Fanny flies."

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY .- "Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort .- "Had a little taste of it, sah."—"Stood your ground; did you ""—"No, sah; I runs."—"Run at the first fire, did you ?"-" Yes, sah; would hab be prudent or necessary. It matters not run sooner if I had known it was comin'."-"Why, that's not very creditable to your courage."-"Dat isn't my line, sah-cookin's my purfession."-" Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"-"Reputation's nothing to me by the side ob life."-" Do you consider your life worth more than other peonle's ?"-" Its worth more to me, sab."

Our future is always before us. The past is fixed. No tears can wash away its facts. Let us waste no vain regrets upon it; but from the wisdom its very mistakes and sins have bequeathed us, start afresh on the race. generous, tender, truthful, pure, patient, forgiving. "Now" is a glorious word. "Henceforth" is always within our grasp.

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