THE ONTARIO WORKMAN

Baetry.

THE TOILERS.

(Written for the Ontario Workman.)

Thank God that there is one brave sheet, In all this great Dominion, Whose columns ne'er refuse to give The workingman's opinion. Those men who work, and build, and fight, Our only safe foundation, Whose intellects are just as bright, As those in higher station.

Thank God the time is coming fast When we the toiling masses, Will swing our banners to the blast, Among the higher classes. To darc and do the things that's right, And closely watch election, And with our weapons right and might, Secure ourselves protection.

'Tis not for wealth we toil all day, Nor do we wish tor splendor, Nor footmen in bright livery, To care for us so tender. We only ask for better pay, Or one hour less to labor ; But capital will laugh and say-Work on my healthy neighbor.

Oh ! that I could have the power, To take away their riches, And put monopoly for an hour Into the mines and ditches. Perhaps they, then could realize, How hard a man must toil, To keep his wife and little ones And make the kettle boil.

And now Canadian workingmen, Arise and do your duty; Behold these massive towers of stone, In all their wonderous beauty. Who builds those lovely marble towers, Who works and makes the plan? Tis he who sleepless thinks for hours-The honest workingman.

WHAT IS A LETTER ?

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE

A letter? Let Love's answer tell ! If love will deign reply ; Revealing thoughts that fill the heart, And beam within the eye-A language made of hopes and fears. Of happiness and grief ; Which speaketh oft in smiles and tears, And seeks in sighs, relief.

A letter ? Let the absent tell ! Far from their land of birth; And all they prize and hold most dear, Their homes and social hearth-What joy these swift winged messengers Enfold within their leaves, And what foud spells of witchery Their golden language weaves.

A letter? Let the mourner tell ! Bow'd low 'neath sorrow's cross, With bursting heart and throbbing pulse, Who brooded o'er his loss-Which found him out when hope rode high Within his manly breast, Of meeting soon the loved, but lost, With whom he should be blest.

A letter? 'Tis the messenger Of happiness or woe, Which giveth pain or giveth joy To many a heart below.

street, with his formal bow, her delicate face flushed rose-color, and her eyes lighted into a happy smile, which wrenched the poor fellow's heart with an actual physical pang. He read his text-books, visited his pationts, was cheery and full of jokes as usual. But people who knew him, Feast among the rest, noticed that his features were growing peaked and thin.

"This won't do," thought Feast. He dropped in that evening to Dr. Gillett's ffice, to smoke his pipe and gossip of different matters, among the rest, of his cousin's step-son, young Milroy, and that youth's exceptional success as a financier.

"He began, doctor, as an errand boy for Stokes and Newhall, at a salary of----well, I forget what, but a bare escape from starvation-saved, with overwork, one hundred dol lars; put it into turpentine the year before the war, cleared eight hundred dollars. 'How did he know the war was coming ?' old Milroy says to me. says I, 'He didn't know it ; but he smelled the rise in turpentine. He had that kind of a nose.' And it's a fact. He scents a profit a year ahead. He's dealt in oil, silver, lead, stocks, and he has never yet touched a losing card. There's no soldier man on 'change, to-day, than that young fellow. Bare twenty-nine, and began penniless. There's a lucky man as well as stones, doctor, I tell you; and whatever they touch turns to gold."

"Your friend must be a profitable acquaintance," said Tom, dully, as he spoke of everything now-a-days-

"That is precisely the light in which I wanted to suggest him to you," said Feast, eagcrly, and lowering his voice. "I took the liberty of talking of you to him the other day, and hel is exceedingly anxious to become acquainted with you. 'If you find he's an odd hundred or two lying idle,' he said, 'I can give him a hint how to plant it, so as to yield thousands while he is feeling pulses, and writing prescriptions. Like the Scotchman's tree, 'it'll aye be growing while he is sleep-

take an interest in me," said Tom, ungraciously; "I have no odd hundreds lying by, neither dollars nor cents."

"One don't need money to make money. These brokers manipulate hard gold out of nothing. At any rate you won't refuse Milroy's acquaintance?"

"Certainly not. I'll be glad to know any friend of yours, Feast," responded Gillett, tardily conscious of his incivility.

Feast's words worked like leaven. It was quite true that money did grow of air in these brokers' offices, and nowhere so quickly as in Milroy's; a man of whom Tom had often heard as the most successful speculator in town-one whose basis of action were always sound, and whose judgment resembled intuition. The man himself, when they met, acquired an almost immediate influence over him. . Milroy had his own reasons for wishing to make a friend of Tom. Gillett stood high as a man of intelligence and honor ; he belonged too to a class whom the broker hitherto could approach only in a business relation, and with whom there was inmediato need he should establish a more familiar intercourse. No better go-between than Tom could be found. The very fact of this difference between them gave him a hold upon Tom. Here was a young fellow of his own age, frank, genial, generous, who wore atrocious coats, ato with his knife, was reckless of grammar, and yet had a peculiar power and gift which Tom, with all his culture, could only contemplate with blind admiration, as he might the weapon of a sword fish, or the scent of a hound. The two became companions, if not friends. Milroy "let Gillett into one or two strokes," which netted him a few hundreds in a weck or two. Tom began to catch some idea of gambling in stocks. "It is simple," he told Feast, "trading on your experience and foresight, instead of on capital. Perfectly legitimate, it appears to me. So far I have seen nothing in the business not in accordance with the strictest rules of honor." "And you never will in Milroy's office, I'm confident." "No. I think I have some capacity for the business. I wouldn't be surprised if I'd be a capitalist in a year or two," with a flush and laugh, which was quite intelligible to Feast. Gillett was on his way to Milroy's office then. There was a certain company just formed for the working of a silver mine in Nevada, which was kept a profound secret, in order to retain as many shares as possible among themselves. "Once throw them on the market, and the competition will be so eager that our chance is gone." Milroy had told Tom, "the mine is almost pure, virgin metal. It is as sure a road to fortune as thrusting your hand into a bag of gold." Tom was to be let in on "the ground floor; the shares to the privileged few being held so low that he could easily compass the purchase. He had no curious speculations as to the cause of this favor shown him. "Milroy's vulgar; that can't be denied," he reflected ; "and a little ambitions of friendship in our circle." He went out of Feast's door, turning for the first time in months, towards Matlack's house. He could afford himself a glimpse of hor, he thought, with his heart light and tween Frisbie and myself, or you would not throbbing like a boys. He had the whole sil. have wronged me so cruelly,"

When Tom passed her, therefore, on the ver mine in Novada between his palms. On the sunny porch of the florist's cottage he stopped to tap Sam's curly head.

"How does the chair work, my boy?" stooping to examine the structure of willow them, there is an end to all our plans." slips and elastic bands. "People stop to look at it, do they ?" We'll make a wagon next then, and trundle you out. You shall race with Miss Laura's fairy chariot yonder.'

He could not keep her name from his lips ; he must, perforce, invent some way in which he could speak it to this innocent child.

In a few minutes he was seated with Milroy in his private room, listening to confidential letters from the agent sent out to inspect the mine.

"It reads," said Tom, with an unsteady laugh, " like a sketch of Eldorado."

Milroy was cool and guarded. "Do not expect too much. I have been engaged in more brilliant operations; but none as safe. Each of the original stock-holders may count on netting a hundred and fifty thousand, at the end of the first year, but no more. Don't let your imagination run away with you, Gillett."

"One hundred and fifty thousand !" gasped Tom, turning off abruptly to the window. He had no mind that this man should know what that money meant to him. There was a little grass patch and a locust-tree without. The sun glistened on the branches, and a bird sang overhead of love and summer. Tom hardly heard Milroy's voice behind him.

"Of course, it all depends upon that. The mine must be worked at once, before the fall rains begin, to yield us any dividend before next year. So there remains the stumbling block. Where is the ready money to come from ?"

"The stock subscribed-

"You know at how low rates it has been sold.'

"Why not throw the remaining shares on the market then?" Tom's heart began to contract.

"And let in the capitalists? Ah, Gillet, our poor little chances would soon be swept ing.''" | out of sight, if once that [hungry "I don't know why Mr. Milroy should | let loose on such fat prey as this !" out of sight, if once that hungry horde were

"You're as large a dealer in stocks as any in the city," said Tom, suspiciously.

"I told you every dollar of cash I had was tied up. I can really go no further in this matter than I have already done." He began to thrn over some papers, as though wearied with the subject. Tom rose. The Nevada mine was but one of Milroy's enterprises, perhaps the least. It was life and death to him.

"You do not think of any way out of the difficulty, then ?"

"No. I do not. Money is tight, just a few large capitalists, who will run the matter through fast enough. Of course, they will insist on buying out small stockholders, on their own terms. But it can't be helped."

Good-by to Laura. Gillett stood silent in the doorway, looking at the shrewd, impassive face of the broker, without seeing it. Milroy glanced up at last.

"Eh, doctor? I beg your pardon ; I thought ails you ? I've a bottle of sherry here that-" "I don't want to drink. I'm going now." "Gillett ! One moment. About the Ne-

vada matter. It just occurred to me that you could help me out of the difficulty." "I? I have not the control of a dollar, be-

yond the sum I put into it." .

"Yes, you have. Your uncle Frisbie is in

"Probably not. Let the matter drop NIA FROM NITROGENOUS WASTE.

there." "As you will. But think over it to night. The bonds, and we have success; without

Gillett walked home in a state of fiery indignation, that the swindler should have dared to tamper with him. He passed Matlack's house ; a light shone in Laura's window. He went to his miserable office. There was his whole life mapped out-poverty, renunciation.

A homeless, solitary man ! Laura the wife of another! He rose at that, and went to the open door. "What if Milroy had been honest, after all ?" he said aloud. "It is but a loan; Frishic would be glad to have his money doubled---"

An hour after, the watchman at the Fidelity Bank was summoned by a man applying for admission to the range of private rented vaults. He gave the secret signal, and passed down to Frisbrie's vault. He was, the watchman noticed, a young man, with a pale, haggard face, whose manner betrayed great, suppressed excitement. He opened the vault, and took from it certain papers, examined thtm carefully, by the light of the setting sun; and stood irresolute for a long interval. Then with a long breath, he opened the vault, and replaced them.

"It is all over," muttered Tom.

The watchman, as he passed him, spoke to him, but the stranger did not hear him : he went out silently, and passed alone down the street.

The next day, Dr. Gillett's glittering red sign was taken down. The doctor himself had gone West. His intention was, people said, to allow his practice to grow up slowly with some new town. "A slow way to a competency," they said, "but sure."

CHAPTER IV.

Two Years afterward, Mr. Feast found the glittering, red sign in a village of Iowa. He entered the office without announcement. "And the Lord knows the trouble I've had

to ferret you out," was his greeting. Dr. Gillett had altered ; was graver, stouter, wore a middle-aged look, curiously unsuited to his years. He wrung Feast's hand, as men do who are famished with home-sickness. "Sit down ! sit down !" he said. "After a while you shall eat and drink. But tell me something-anything, now, of the old place.' "Well, first, there's Milroy. You heard of his defalcation. A most accomplished swindler, that, doctor. I thanked God he never took you in. It was I who threw you in his way, you remember."

"Yes, I remember."

"But never mind Milroy, Iv'e other news for you. First is, I journeyed out here with now. We'll have to throw open the doors to it for you. You remember the chair you made Sam? A folding-up, easy-seat ?" Gillett nodded.

"Well, that seems a trifle ; but see what it grew into. One day, Cobbs, the chair-maker, in New York, came to me. 'Whose patent is this ?' 'Who's his agent ?' says Cobbs. I says, 'I'd write and see.' Then I bargained with Cobbs for the manufacture of the seat for our State. The idea took. Simple, cheap, you had gone. You look chilly-pale. What vet, ingenious, you see. The thing spread like wild-fire. I've sold the 'right to manufacture them in these States. Cobbs is making his fortune out of them, and your's is made. Now I want you to come home, and look into it. But I think," with a shrewd look, "I deserve something as agent, eh?"

Two days after Gillett was on his way home. In all that time he had not asked the question,

FABRICATING SULPHATE OF AMMO-

A great quantity of nitrogenous substances, such as the waste or clippings of wool, skins, leather, horn, feathers, sponge, etc., are thrown away in various industries; these materials contain from six to fifteen per cent of nitrogen, and often enter into the fabrication of so-called organic manures. Their putrefaction in the soil is, however, a very slow process, hence it is of importance to obtain their nitrogen in the more assimilable state of ammonia. To effect this, M. L'hoto proposes the following process :

When the substances are treated with a tenth part of solution of caustic roda, cold or slightly warmed, in order to avoid an ammoniacal production, they are not wholly dissolved but completely disaggregated. The viscous liquid so prepared is then mixed with shaked lime to form a pasty mass, which is introduced into a cast iron retort which communicates with receptacles containing chambers of sulphuric acid. Distillation is effected (at as low as a temperature as possible, in order to avoid the dissociation of the ammonia) until all disengagement of gas ceases when the retort is brought to a a red heat. When the operation is concluded, a white pulverulent residue is found, composed exclusively of carbonate of sodo and quicklime, which treated with water, regenerates the caustic soda, which may be again employed. The sulphate of ammonia obtained its colored but may be purified by crystallization. If care bo taken to operate on a homogeneous mixture of nitrogenous and alkalino wastes, all the organic nitrogen may be recovered in the state of ammoniacal nitrogen as the product of distillation.

PHRENOLOGY.

Some time ago we mentioned that we had received a photograph of a couple of curious potatoes, raised in Oregon. They were shaped like a man and a boy. The same person, it seems, sent to the "Tribune" office a photograph of a turnip which looked as much as possible like an Indian's head. This photograph was taken by some wag in the office, unbeknown to the editors, and sent it to Fowler & Wells, the famous phrenologists in Broadway, having first been labelled as follows: "Photograph of the head of Minnewaugo, an Oregon chief, who was killed on the Upper Columbia, July 8th, 1859, and his head preserved by Dr. W. B. Pettis."

A fow days afterward, as Mr. Greeley was going down Broadway, he saw the photograph in the phrenologists' window, with the above label on it, and the following added: "Phrenological features-moral developments small. the most prominent being generosity or bencvolence-firmness, secretiveness, destructiveness and combativeness large--showing the true Indian character," &c. Horace laughed out loud. He went in.

"Wells," said he, "where did you get that photograph ?"

"It was sent here from your office-I feel much obliged to you for it, as it is an excellent aboriginal head."

"Original, you mean," said Horace. "Why, that's a photograph of an Oregon turnip sent to me by a friend of mine as a curiosity. I left it in my sanctum a few days since, and some of our boys have been fooling you, Wells !"

It was now Wells' turn to laugh, but he screwed up his mouth in a way that showed he did not lelish the joke exactly. It is unnecessary to add that the "head of Min-

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Then let them be more frequently Sweet messengers of pcace, And many heart from sorrowing Forevermore would cease.

For bitter words, none can recall, These missives oft enclose ; Concealing many a cruel thorn Beneath a seeming rose ; A single thoughtless word may fill A tender heart with pain ; Oh ! can we then, too careful be From harsh words to refrain.

Let all the thoughts which we may breathe To those who cross our way, Be born in kindness-nursed by love, And shed a golden ray-As healing balm on wings of doves ! Let every word depart, To soothe the sorrow-heal the woe Of some life weary heart.

Tales and Sketches. TOM CILLETT'S FORTUNE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

For two months Miss Matlack waited in an exultant impatience. That Tom did not come to the house argued not desertion, but that he was still in ardent search of the fortune that was to win her. She would not have been surprised if he had sent it before him in the shape of the basins' full of precious stones, wherewith Aladdin wooed his bride, or carried it in his coat-pockets in government bonds. Her own money had come lightly. Tom, she told her confidential friend, might perform an astonishing cure, or bull or bear in gold. whatever that was. She might be mistaken as to technical terms, but not in the certaint of the thing.

Europe, isn't he ?"

"Egypt, I believe. I don't know where What has that to do with it ?"

"Everything. Frisbie is a cautions, shrewd operator. If he were at home he would be prime mover in this matter. He is entirely in my confidence, and I would be willing for him to be prime mover ; understand that, I always let him into a good thing when I can."

"But he's not at home."

"The better half of him is-that is, his money. He told me, the day before he left. of certain government bonds which he had deposited in a vault of the Fidelity Safe Company. There is but one key to each of these vaults. He told me that he had left the key with you for sate keeping."

"Yes. I did not know that there was money or its equivalent in the vault though. He mentioned certain deeds, which I was to take charge of in case of fire or accident." "The bonds are there, however."

"Are you empowered to act as his agent?" eagerly, "Is that what you mcan? Have you any power of attorney."

"No-not exactly. But I am so confident that Frisbie would be first in this enterprise that it almost seems unfair to keep him out of it. What I meant to suggest was," keeping his eye steadily fixed on the opposite wall, "That you should loan me the sum lying idle there for this purpose. In three months' time we would repay with a hundred per cent interest ; and win Frisbie's etornal gratitude for taking his talent out of the napkin of government bonds."

The color receded slowly from Tom's face. 'It appears to me that you propose to me to become a thief."

"Good heavens, Gillett ! how can you look at the matter in such a light ?" blustered Milroy. Yet it seemed to Tom that the bluster was prepared, and ready for the occasion. "You do not know the business relations be-

trembling on this lips. He Beat about ithovered near it. "I cannot believe such great results have grown out of such a mere trifle,' he said.

"No? Why, there's Forten, in New York, is a millionaire ; and his fortune grew out of a boy's ball, with a bit of elastic string fastened to it. Or look at Perkins, with his fruit-cans. Something practical and cheap to catch the popular fancy, you see. Now the chair's a thing everybody admires, and wonders they did not invent themselves. Only the other day Miss Laura Matlack stopped to look at Sam's in the green-house. 'It was Dr. Gillett who gave you this ?' she said, and she sat down in it for a moment, very grave and quiet."

"She is not married, then ?"

"No. People say she's waiting for some foreign prince."

Tom made no reply.

A month afterward, Mr. Feast received a magniticent bridal order for flowers. Late in the evening, Dr. Gillett came into the greenhouse, with a lady, a veil over her bright, blushing face. She took the old man by the hand. "The prince has come," she said, "Thanks to you ! But who would ever have thought the steed to bring him to me would have been an improved camp-chair."

" My dear, young lady," said Feast, senten tiously, "Nothing's a trifle. Underneath that was the kind heart, which forgot its own troubles, to please a poor, lame child."

A young man, who, for his sins, was about being married, presented himself for confession. As he appeared rather embarassed how he should proceed to enumerate his month blows the short bits of hair from the errors :--- "Come," said the good Abbe G., kindly, "do you ever tell falsehoods ?" plied the penitent. "Did you ever steal ?" have not committed murder ?"-""Sir, I am a the mirror and looks at it, and, young as he is physician," conscientionally replied the young | shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the penitent, casting down his eyes.

newaugo" was taken out of the show-window at once.

CUTTING BOYS' HAIR.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of it look as if it had been chewed off by an absentminded horse, but you tell it by the way ho stops on the street and whiggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair, she is careful to guard against any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occured to sit him over a bare floor and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front over his eyes, and leaves it there over his eyes, and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back: the hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his shirt band appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the meantime he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but recollects that his handkerchief is in the other room.

Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges and catches the points of the shears in his left ear. At this he commences to ory and wish he was a man-But his mother doesn't notice him. She mercly hits on the other ear to inspire him with confidence, and goes on with the work. When she is through she holds his jacket collar back from his neck, and with her top of his head down his back. He calls her, attention to this fact, but she looks for a new "Father, I am not a lawyer," proudly re- place on his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. -"Father, I am not a merchant." "You Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to street will say .- Danbury News.