

Ontario Workman.

THE EQUALIZATION OF ALL ELEMENTS OF SOCIETY IN THE SOCIAL SCALE SHOULD BE THE TRUE AIM OF CIVILIZATION.

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A SHORT SKETCH OF THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT POSITION OF THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS, &c.

Previous to the year 1824, Trade Societies which then existed did so only upon sufferance, and in defiance of law. It was illegal for workmen to combine either to fix the number of hours' work in the day or to settle the rate of wages. If dissatisfied, they dared not meet in numbers to consider the course they should take to remedy a grievance, and were thus driven to act either singly or in secret with their fellows; and it was even dangerous for a number of men to make the same demand on the same day, as that showed mutual understanding.

In 1824 the House of Commons repealed the Combination Laws, and the relations of masters and workmen which had existed for 300 years were swept away, giving place to a condition that neither party should resort to threats or coercion against the other.

Soon after 1824 the principal societies, which were afterwards incorporated as the Amalgamated Society, sprung into existence; the Steam Engine Makers' Society in 1824; the Journeyman Steam Engine, Machine Makers, and Millwrights' Society in 1826. The first of these, in 1851, numbered about 2,000 members; the second about 7,000 members. These two were the main societies between which the trade was divided; but there were other bodies, composed of those who belonged to special departments, but were more of a local than a general character, as, the "Old Society of Engineers and Machinists" of London; the "New Society of Engineers and Machinists" of London; the "Old Millwrights' Society" of London; the "New Millwrights' Society" of London; the "Pattern Makers' Society" of London; the "Smiths' Society" of London; the "General Smiths' Society" and the "Millwrights' Society" of Manchester. All these societies represented some sectional department of the engineering business, and, with the exception of the Manchester Millwrights and the General Smiths' Societies, were local in their operations. The Manchester Millwrights had extended their organization to different places in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Smiths had branches in principal towns of the United Kingdom.

The relative positions of the above societies may be judged of by the fact, that while those societies which were extended in their operations over different districts numbered thousands, the local societies were only counted by hundreds, and in some cases did not exceed one hundred members. From the fact of so large a number of sectional or local societies being in existence at one time, each with its own form of government, a feeling of petty jealousy often arose between members of different societies, which tended to divide classes of workmen, and engendered feelings of exclusiveness and selfishness. This was exemplified in London in 1834. When the Journeyman Steam Engine and Machine Makers' Society and the Steam Engine Makers' Society were introduced they met with the greatest opposition from the old local societies. But mutual wants and mutual dangers will bring men together, in spite of the tendency of petty jealousies and differences to separate them; and in 1836 an event occurred which did much towards laying the foundation of a great and powerful Union.

It had been the custom of the London trade, up to the year 1836, to work 10½ per day, and overtime till 10 at night for the same rate of payment as ordinary time. A general feeling then evinced itself that 10½ hours should be reduced to 10, and a check should be put upon overtime, by charging time and a quarter up to 8 o'clock, and time and a half after that hour. This gave rise to a strike, which lasted six months, and cost nearly £5,000 for the support of men out of work; which sum was raised by contribution from the whole of the trade.

The action taken against overtime may be regarded as the first overt movement of the men against systematic overtime, and it also showed the aptness of the employers to combine in order to defeat the objects of the men. The men did not look upon the payment of time and a quarter for the first two hours and time and a half after that as a sufficient compensation for their being transformed into mere machines; they were not willing for that to barter health and strength—the hours they might devote to mutual improvements, enjoyment of home, the family circle, and the

pleasures of social intercourse. They saw that the working of overtime was an indirect means of keeping wages down; as labour, like other commodities, is ruled by the law of supply and demand, and the hours worked as overtime kept a supply of labour in the market which had to be supported from the funds accumulated by the labour of those in employment; hence the desirability of reducing the supply and increasing the demand, thereby causing higher wages to be given.

The employers, in their resistance to the demand of the men, used nearly the same arguments as were employed upon more recent occasions, especially in the dispute of 1852. They contended that if the demands of the men were conceded their businesses would be ruined; they would be unable to compete with foreigners; the trade would be driven from England. Of the fallacy of these objections we have had convincing proof—and let us here record it; the employers actually found themselves in a better position after they had yielded something to their men. But the favorite argument of the employers then, as now, was that the men were dictatorial, therefore their requests must be resisted; that if they gave way then, once for all there would be an end to all order and subordination; they would no longer be masters of their own factories—all would be "anarchy broke loose," "confusion worse confounded." Yet they did succumb. The men obtained the full of their demands—ten hours a day and time and a quarter for first two hours' overtime, and time and a half after first two hours; and though 37 years have elapsed since that time, the prophecies of the employers have not been verified, and we have yet to learn that revolutionary opinions have subverted any of the London engineering firms.

In 1844 another reduction in the working hours per week was asked of the London employers, on the ground that 57½ hours were considered a week's work in many of the provinces, and it was agreed that 58½ hours should constitute the week; and so it has remained until the granting of the nine hours by the whole of the engineering firms in the country. In 1850 a preliminary meeting of delegates from various societies was held at Warrington, to take into consideration the question of amalgamation; at which meeting delegates attended from the Steam Engine Makers Society, the Journeyman Steam Engine, Machinists, and Millwrights' Friendly Society, and the Smiths' Society. This committee drew up a number of suggestions, which were, in fact, the basis upon which amalgamation afterwards took place, upon which the opinions of the members were taken. This meeting was followed by a general delegate meeting, held at Birmingham in September of the same year, when the suggestions were discussed and a code of rules drawn up for the government of the proposed Amalgamated Society. The time fixed for amalgamation was the 1st of January, 1851; but it must not be supposed that the resolution was carried without some opposition, as some timid minds were averse to a change, others had not freed themselves from old prejudices, and a few had interests which might be endangered. Some of the original societies had a sick fund, others were without it; and it was no easy task to reconcile conflicting interests and opinions upon that point. But a Provisional Committee, which had been appointed by the General Delegate Meeting in Birmingham to sit in London, and make all necessary arrangements for the 1st of January, 1851, acted with prudence, energy, and determination; all obstacles of consequence were removed, and amalgamation did take place at the time fixed upon. The New Executive Council met on the 6th January, and in February the number who had given in their adhesion was 7,417, and in December, 1851, numbered 11,829.

The amalgamation was accomplished, and was highly expedient, both with reference to the nature of the trade, and the position the men occupied with respect to the employers. For years it has been discussed, debated, sifted and viewed in every aspect and from every point; the result was not worked out hastily or thoughtlessly; it was based upon widespread conviction, and developed with moderation, and when it was attained a few were hostile to its accomplishment.

Amalgamation was never proposed as an end, only as a means towards an end. The members were evidently of this opinion; for shortly afterwards applications crowded in upon the Executive Council to make an attempt to abolish piecework and systematic overtime. Previous to any thing being done

in this matter by the Executive Council, the Manchester branches took the question of overtime into their own hands. The members of that locality held an aggregate meeting in October 1851, and resolved that "systematic overtime is an evil, and we pledge ourselves to cease working it on and after November 1st 1851." In accordance with this resolution, the men did discontinue working systematic overtime at the time stated.

So satisfactory were the results of this partial movement, that on the 1st of November and the 1st of December the largest firms in Manchester had practically consented to the arrangement, after a very partial resistance. Among those in whose factories systematic overtime was abolished may be mentioned Sharp, Brothers, & Co.; Roberts, Dobinson, & Co.; Parr, Curtis, and Madeley; several railway works, and about 25 others. These facts prove two points of considerable value; they demonstrate the feeling which existed in trade, and which pressed upon the Executive; and that the Association of Employers, which took its rise in Manchester long after the 1st of November, when overtime was abolished there, did not spring out of the dread of the abolition of systematic overtime, but it was acted on in two ways—First, by the dislike they had to the growing power of operatives, and fear of the effects of large combined efforts by them; secondly, by representations of Mr. Platt of Oldham, made to a meeting of employers on the 24th December, 1851, to the effect that the Amalgamated Society have demanded "The unconditional discharge of all machines, or tools of a similar character, and the employment in their stead of mechanics, members of a Union."

It is true that Mr. Platt was under agreement with his own men to carry out the above arrangement, but it had been discouraged rather than supported by the Amalgamated Society at the time it was made. The Association of Employers thus formed became unscrupulous in their use of tools to carry out their object. Men who had no special interest in the trade or business connection with the employers became their mercenary agents, and hired themselves for a consideration to crush the men. The Amalgamated Society relied solely upon itself, and not a shilling was spent for extraneous help. Thus the dispute began; it lasted for three months, and ended by the men being beaten, and accepting their situations upon the best terms they could get. This cost £40,000. Some members withdrew from the Society disappointed; others were induced to join a society formed by Mr. Sidney Smith, as the paid servant of the masters' association, in which great promises of continuous employment and money support were held out. From these causes, the Amalgamated Society, which in December 1851, numbered 11,829 members, in December 1852, was reduced to 9,767. To a society established with less care and prudence such a shock as it experienced in this contest must have been fatal. There were, however, both vitality and power in its constitution, and its recovery and subsequent progress have been truly wonderful, as, from a state of insolvency in 1852, it was, at the end of December, 1872, worth £158,313 15s. 10½d., and during the 22 years of its existence has expended £546,265 as donation benefit; £234,419 as sick benefit; £80,379 as superannuation; £21,000 for accidents, and for funerals; £74,120, or a total amount for 22 years of £955,183 for the above benefits; and for the same period it has paid for benevolent grants £19,117, and assisted other trades to the amount of £11,136.

It is impossible to overestimate the vast social benefits which the distribution of these large sums has conferred. Not only have the recipients themselves been benefited, but the community generally interested in the proper maintenance of its industrial population. Local rates have been saved by the provident association of so many workmen, and the self-respect of a large artisan class has been conserved by a wise provision against misfortune. Reckless trading, the want of proper management in commercial affairs, the undue exercise of a competitive spirit, or unauthorised speculation, may bring an employer to bankruptcy and his men to want. It is when the employer fails him that the workman experiences the benefit of his trade society, and he flies to it with satisfaction, for no other help is near. In exchange for this great social advantage the employer has nothing to offer his workmen, nor has society either, except the workhouse; and the great value of the Amalgamated Society is that it preserves its members from pauperism.

It is the practice of those who know nothing of workmen's societies to charge the society or its principal officers with originating and promoting strikes. Those who do so, although they profess to lead public opinion, are sadly deficient in knowledge of the subject. The Executive Council of the Amalgamated Society have prevented more strikes from taking place in two years than over they were engaged in. In all classes where differences arise between an employer and his men they ascertain the ground of dispute. If the men were wrong, the Council exercise their influence to prevent them proceeding in their wrong. If the employer be wrong, they endeavour to see him and reconcile the difference, either by mutual explanation or mutual concession. It is not to be expected that among 42,000 members and a large number of employers differences will not arise, and experience has taught the Society that, as a rule these differences can be better adjusted by the friendly intervention of a third party than by those in dispute.

Combinations of workmen, also of employers, do exist throughout the country. They arise from natural causes, and cannot be put down. Between the two sets of combination differences will arise; but these need not necessarily lead to strikes. Fluctuations of trade give rise to altered conditions of employment. When trade is bad and the labour market is overstocked, then employers are seized with a desire to get their work done for less money, and often give notice of a reduction in wages. When good trade returns and men are fully employed, then the men desire a better rate of wages. Now, if the doctrine "that we have a right to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest" be true as respects labour, then both parties are right; but it will happen that in the higgling for terms differences will arise, and the question is how to settle these differences without a strike. It can only be done by employers of labour giving force to their own doctrine. If labour be a commodity, let it be treated as such. If employer and workmen are simply buyer and seller of labour, and that is the only connection between them, they must necessarily stand upon equal ground. If the workmen say they will not work more than a certain number of hours per day, or for less than a certain rate of wages, that is no more dictation to the employer than the holder of a hundred quarters of corn fixing the price and terms upon which alone he would sell, would be dictation to the buyer. But unfortunately, employers are in the habit of treating with a man's labour as if it were a commodity, and then claiming to exercise the functions of a master. This they cannot properly do. If a man's labour is treated as a simple commodity that ends all claims to moral obedience from the men; it at once becomes the interest and acting upon the doctrine of buy cheap and sell dear—the duty of the workmen to give as little labour as possible, and get as much wages as he possibly can, without reference to the ability of his employer to pay it. The employer now feels no moral responsibility as to the wellbeing of his workmen—the workmen has ceased to look up to his employer for advice and assistance—the effect of the estrangement is experienced in social conflicts. In the present state of opinion and practice, the only thing which can prevent strikes is for the employer to deal with the sellers of labour as he would with the seller of any other commodity; but when the employer imports anger into the arrangement, then a settlement is impossible, a strike the result. We speak from experience when we say that nine-tenths of the strikes which have occurred might have been avoided if the employer would have treated his workmen with proper consideration and respect when they desired to lay their grievances before him.

The rise, progress, objects, and sustaining principles of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers have now been glanced at. It will seem that its objects are to provide against want of employment and sickness, accidents, and old age; then of uniting to protect the workmen's interest against the aggression of employers, who from the very nature of the principles which govern their relationship with the workmen, are ever desirous of obtaining from them the greatest possible amount of work for the lowest possible amount of pay. It is hoped that this information, relating the largest, most completely organized and openly conducted trade society in the world may be of service to those who have for their object the bringing about the better state of feeling between employer and employed,

and the prevention of strikes, which are social conflicts as much opposed to the interests of the men as they can possibly be to the employer; so much so, that they are never adopted except in cases of serious grievance, and only then when all other means have failed in bringing about a satisfactory negotiation of grievances, real or imaginary, that may have arisen. If imaginary, reason and kindness on the part of an employer would soon dispel the illusion and prevent the catastrophe.

Labor Notes.

The woolstaples of Kidderminster have established a Friendly Society, which is in a flourishing condition.

The operatives in the Hartford Carpet Company's Mills are agitating for increased pay, and say they are determined to have it.

The silk-cotton manufacturers of New Jersey and Pennsylvania are urging Congress to increase the protective duty from fifty to sixty cents.

At a meeting of the North Stafford forge engineers it was resolved that "they would at once all join the Engineers' Association."

The three miners' agents indicted at Burnley with Mr. Halliday for conspiracy, and who was discharged, have caused writs to be issued against the prosecuting colliery owners for malicious prosecution.

The Wagonmaker's Society of England, now numbers about 500 members, and has a fund of about £250. They have lately formed an Amalgamated Society.

Thirty-four delegates from Labor Unions assembled in Omaha on the evening of the 9th, and formed a Trades Assembly. The object of the meeting was stated by the Chairman to be the formation of a brotherhood of labor. He said this was the only way to protect themselves against the non-producers, who had entrenched themselves between two oceans.

The Coopers Monthly for March, says: Since January 1, the following new Unions have been organized under the jurisdiction of the C. I. U.: 8 Minn. at Rushford; 9 Minn. at Hokah; 1 Georgia (colored) at Savannah, and 4 Ohio at Cleveland. The following were re-organized: 6 Ind. at Dillsborough, and 23 Ohio, at Navaree.

At a meeting of the executive of the Warwickshire district of the National Agricultural Laborers' Union, it was announced that the district now embraces 90 branches, with over 60,000 members, and during last year had contributed £1,300 to the national funds. Special attention was directed to efforts being made by farmers—notably at Moreton, Morrell, Preston-on-Stour, and Fenny Compton—to reduce wages to the old rate of 12s. weekly. It was resolved to resist the effort energetically, and the secretary was directed to call out all Union men after giving proper notice.

The Crispin strike at New York, has ended. The employers who would not agree to the payment of regular weekly wages for merely 8 hours' work per day have compromised with the men, by paying them on piece work, leaving the question of time for labor to be settled by themselves. Only a few time-men are now employed as cutters. Nearly all the shops are working full time, and some working even over-hours. The men claim a victory, having secured a compromise and assert that no weekly hands will ever again engage with manufacture for over 9 hours per day.

The Workmen's Advocate of the 14th inst. says:—The Crispins difficulty still continues, the employers refusing to abate their demands, and the employees are equally determined to hold out to the bitter end. They say they have no fear of the result—that the threat of the manufacturers to purchase their stock for spring trade in Eastern markets is sheer buncombe, because as soon as their customers know such to be the case, they will prefer to purchase at headquarters—and other than from a middleman. Still we cannot help inquiring, why in an emergency like the present, a co-operative shop cannot be successfully established. While it might not, or certainly would not give employment to every idle shoemaker, there is little doubt but that under proper management and confidence, it would grow to colossal proportions, and teach employers a lesson so far as threats to lock-outs are concerned, which would never be forgotten. What say the officers and representative men of the organization? Let them take courage, resolve at once to make a beginning, and the patronage of 50,000 mechanics can be secured in a year.

Poetry.

THE BRECKS O' HODDEN GREY.

BY A. G. MURDOCH,

We clip the following verses from a modest little volume published in Glasgow, called "Lilla on the Doric Lyre." They are the production of a Scotch artisan, named Alexander Murdoch, living on the banks of the Clyde, for which famed river the poet has done so much. In the lyrics selected by us—"The Brecks o' Hodden Grey"—the author appears to have drawn his inspirations from the rich armory of facts and daily experiences, such massive and glowing imagery as the factory, the dock yard, the forge and the furnace afford; and the fidelity of the picture will be manifest to hundreds—nay, thousands—of his brother workmen in this land. As a literary effort the verses are grand, while the sentiment it embodies is alike truthful and life-like. The author has no cause to blush to hear his name mentioned in connexion with Scotland's greatest poet, Robert Burns.

No pompous sounds of idle words,
No cunning ring of rhyme,
Struck from some gorgeous lyre of dreams
To thrill the ears of Time,
Shall still our earnest hearts to-day.
Be ours the nobler pride
To champion the brows of toil
By honest sweat-drops dyed—
The million mass who with the sun
To daily toil arise;
Whose volum'd smoke and thunder sounds
Begrime and shake the skies.
The tinsel stamp of rank and wealth,
In God's eye, what are they?
Let's sing the honest men who wear
The brecks o' hodden grey.

These are the men of skill and craft,
And roughly moral worth,
Who melt and make, and build and break
The mighty things on earth;
Who stand the flaming forge before,
And on the shivering air
Let loose the flashing tiger—Steam—
From out his burning lair.
O, never to the vaulted heavens
Arose a grander song,
Than bare-armed labor smiting deep
His thunder-throated gong.
No triumphs born of blood we claim,
Be ours the nobler fray
Of manly toil—the men who wear
The brecks o' hodden grey.

Ho! strain your eyes and far behold
As in wild dreams of wine,
The steel-rib'd engine flash and leap
And roar along the line.
God! what impassioned power is this,
That, blotched with fire and grime,
Beats down the hills of labor,
And contests the flight of time?
And who are they who shape its course,
Through rock-embattled shires,
Who bind and build its ribs of steel,
And feed its throbbing fires,
Who loose its panting lungs of steam,
And urge and guide its way?
Who but the rough-spun men who wear
The brecks o' hodden grey.

Or in the ringing yards and docks
That line our noble Clyde,
Whose engin'd monarchs regally
A hundred oceans ride,
And bind the nations of the earth
In commerce's golden bands:
Giving to the people far apart
The grasp of hearts and hands.
See where she lies, the mighty ship,
All ready for the leap,
Hurrah! the wedge is struck away,
She-sweeps into the deep.
Heavens! how she strains the groaning chains
That grandly her nipweigh;
Now, shout ye for the men who wear
The brecks o' hodden grey.

Let genius, with her master voice,
In floods of stary song,
Enrich the soul with spoils of thought,
And trance the raptured throng;
But nobler music meets the ears,
And stirs the blood of men,
Where ringing hammers throb and dance,
Than roll of lyric pen;
And grander fire-gems leap to life,
Than all the vaulted stars,
When, crash the mighty steam-blow falls
And wolds the burning bars.
The golden-thoughted flash of brain,
Applaud it as you may,
Is chaff beside the men who wear
The brecks o' hodden grey.

Then, hushed for aye, be idle words,
Or fancied ring of rhyme,
Struck from the lofty lyre of dreams
To storm the ear of Time;
To kindred souls leave tawdry themes,
Be ours the nobler pride
To champion the brows of toil
By honest sweat-drops dyed—
The million mass who with the sun
To daily toil arise;
Whose volum'd smoke and thunder sound
Begrime and shake the skies.
The tinsel stamps of rank and wealth,
In God's eye, what are they?
But ring the air for those who wear
The brecks o' hodden grey.

Tales and Sketches.

THE BROKEN BRIDGE.

A THRILLING STORY.

I reached the little Welsh town of Abermaw one boisterous afternoon, in autumn at about four o'clock. Abermaw, as its name implies, is situated at the mouth of the river Maw, which here forms an estuary about half a mile broad. The town itself faces the open sea; the harbor lies about half a mile up the estuary; whilst between the town and the harbor was the outline of a huge bridge then in course of construction. Abermaw is a little bit of a place, consisting of a hotel, a few shops, a church, a chapel of ease, and half a dozen lodging houses, which are built on a platform of sand, the work of the sea and river in concert or in confidit. The old fishing village is perched upon the rocks above, tire upon tire, the lintelstone of one house looking down the chimney of the house below, and is reached by rude rocky steps, where the children of the village swarm up and down and yet rarely contrive to break their necks.

The further shore of the estuary was a triangular spit of sand, across which was a track that joined the high-road at a point where it commenced to mount the shoulder of a wave-beaten cliff on the fence of which it was terraced, for on the further or southern side of the estuary, the sea washed up to the very base of the rocks that formed the rugged fringe of this iron bound coast. There was a ferry from the Abermaw side to the spit of sand, and thence by a detour of several miles you could make your way along the southern bank of the river to the town of Dolbadarn. As the crow flies Dolbadarn was not more than seven miles distant from Abermaw, but it could not be reached by any practicable track, in less than from ten to eleven miles, for the river took a wide sweep to the north, and, in addition to the detour thus caused, the first bridge where the road crossed the river was at a point a good way wide of Dolbadarn, so that altogether the distance was lengthened to that above mentioned. On the other hand, if you crossed the ferry, and made your way across the sand to the highway, the distance was much the same, and its latter route was, of course, only practicable to foot-passengers.

Although I had reached Abermaw in the guise of a free and independent pedestrian, yet my liberty was of a restricted nature. My wife and children had gone by the regular coach route to Dolbadarn, and I had crossed the mountain by a wild foot track, promising to join them that night at Dolbadarn in time for dinner, for I had intended to take the coach at Abermaw, which would have brought me to the end of my journey in good time. This coach, however, I had missed by just five minutes. My walk that day had been a long one, and I was rather fagged, and should probably have hired a conveyance for the remainder of the distance; but the manner of the landlord of the hotel was so abrupt, and I thought offensive, in answer to my inquiries, that I resolved, come what might, he should not be a sixpence richer for me.

I walked on till I came to a little public house at the further end of the town, close to the rough quay that bordered the estuary and turned in there for a glass of beer and a crust of bread and cheese, as well as for the purpose of making a few inquiries as to my route.

"Well, indeed," said Evan Rowlands, the landlord, "there's no possible way to get to Dolbadarn to-night, not unless you take a car from Mr. Jones's."

"I shan't have a car from Mr. Jones," I said, "Can't I hire one anywhere else?"

Evan shook her head; there was no horse or car in Abermaw, except the horses and car owned by Mr. Jones.

"Very well, then," I said I would walk.

"Not possible," said Evan; "it's more than ten miles."

"I wouldn't mind the distance, only I've walked five-and-twenty miles already."

"Dear me!" said Evan; "you're very strong!"

"Can't I get a part of the way," I suggested.

Evan put his head out of the door. "No!" he cried; "the tide has just turned; it is running down very strong."

"Then there is nothing for it but walking," I said; "I must go around by Llanfair Bridge." But I didn't like the idea of this ten miles walk through the mist and gathering gloom.

"Stop!" said Evan. "Why shouldn't you go over the bridge—the railway bridge?"

"Is the bridge passable, then? Can you get across?"

"Oh dear, yes. The gentlemen from the railway come over very often and to-day Hugh Pugh and David Morris did come over from the Dolbrith Quarry."

"And what distance will that save me?"

"Four or five miles; yes, sure."

"And the bridge is quite safe?"

"Oh, it is very strong and safe indeed; or how should Hugh Pugh and David Morris come over, and the railway gentlemen, too; yes, sure."

"And the railway people won't object to my going over?"

"They've all knocked off work for the day, and there won't be a soul near the bridge but yourself."

"Then, of course, I'll go over it."

But I found that there were certain difficulties in the way. The railway bridge crossed the estuary at a point about a quarter of a mile from the little inn that formed the extremity of the town, at a spot where its channel was narrowed to a distance of about three quarters of a mile. The unfinished bridge was constructed of piles firmly driven into the bed of the river, from which rose huge piers of timber to the height of about forty feet. Along these were massive barks, destined to support the platform of the bridge, whilst each pier was strengthened and supported its neighbor by an arrangement of cross beams and ties.

When I reached the bank of the river with my guide, Evan Rowlands, I found that there was a considerable hiatus between the shore and the nearest pier, about a hundred yards. Evan, however, was prepared with a plan for reaching it. A friend of his was the master of the little sloop, the Ann Jones, which was lying in the tiny brook above. He and his mate was now on board her, and they had got their little dingy with them. Evan would borrow the boat, and drop down with the stream, and deposit me at the foot of the nearest pier.

"But why not ferry me right over the river?" I asked.

"Not possible," said Evan. There were shallows and quicksands at the other side which at this time of the tide were very dangerous.

So we made our way along the road which overlooks the estuary, till we came to the little harbor. Evan had no difficulty in borrowing the dingy, and we were soon afloat, shooting quickly down the stream.

It was almost dark now, for although the sun was not yet down, the storm that was gathering upon the horizon obscured his light. Great volumes of cloud and vapor were driving up before the wind, which howled intermittently, as blast succeeded blast, and died away again. The wind and tide in opposition made the water pretty rough, and our boat danced up and down in a very lively way. Presently the black skeleton of the bridge loomed up as though the mist, and Evan dexterously brought up his boat in the little eddy that was formed by the abutments of the pier, and then he called to me to jump from the stern of the dingy on to a cross-piece that formed a sort of platform a foot or so from the water's edge.

I jumped, and landed safely on the balk, and then I found that my way upwards was by climbing the nearest pier, across which were nailed rough, irregular staves, which constituted what is called a workman's ladder. I had no intention of undertaking any acrobatic feats, and the idea of climbing up to that giddy height by such rough, unreliable supports, was distrustful enough. I wouldn't try it, I would go back in the boat to dry land once more. But the boat had spun away in the tide, and was now far out of earshot, or indeed eyesight either. There I stood, then, in the midst of a rushing raging sea, upon a balk of timber embracing a huge black pier, the head of which was lost in the gloom and mist overhead. I couldn't stay here; I must get across the bridge at all hazards, and my only way was upwards.

Up I went slowly, step by step, testing each frail splintered staff ere I trusted my weight upon it. More than one broke away in my hands, and fell into the sea below. But when I reached the top, I thought, then all this danger was over. I should find a firm secure platform—a rail, or at least a rope for the hand.

When I came to the top of the pier, I saw stretched out before me a beam, suspended, as it seemed, in mid-air, a narrow beam—more like a rope, it seemed to me, stretched over the wild abyss of raging waves, that, and nothing else. There were footprints in the narrow ridge of timber. It was not more than two feet wide at the broadest, and the sight of them gave me courage. Men had passed over here before me; I would pass too. And so, without giving myself a moment to think, I stepped; and the moment when letting go with my hands, I stood upon that topmost round of the ladder, and balanced myself for an instant, as I placed my foot upon the plank, that moment in which I seemed to quiver, and sway to and fro, high up on this giddy perch, beyond the ken of any human eye, that moment of dizzy terror, of strange whirling thoughts, of instincts to cast myself headlong into the sea, was in sensation as any ordinary week of placid being; and yet it came and went like any other moment, and I stood erect, upon the beam, and began my perilous way.

I heard the wind far off, bellowing among the breakers on the bar; I heard it screeching and howling over the flats. I felt a moment's calm, the strange, unnatural hush, and then the rush and leap of the storm, as it hurled by me. Dashing the salt spray into my eyes, it came, seizing all the loose corners of my apparel, and cracking them like whips-lashes, carrying away my feeble breath in its wild course, but leaving me, yes, thank God, leaving me still balanced on my plank.

The gusts had cleared the mists for a space, and I could see before me, though indistinctly enough, but I could see that there was only another length of unprotected balk; beyond that was a broad, safe platform of timber, stretched from pier to pier. Oh! to feel that platform safe under my feet! I traversed the balk almost at a run. I must reach safety

before there came another gust of that fierce wind.

I heard it coming now, but I was almost home, for that rough, unsheltered platform, on this rude night, seemed like a home to me. I was stepping firmly and quickly along. Suddenly a chasm seemed to open under my feet, a horrible chasm. The beam on which I stood came suddenly to an end. For some eight feet of it had been cut away, and there was nothing to help me over this dreadful gap. Without wings it was impossible to pass.

All hope left me. I knew that to retrace my steps was impossible to me. Even if I reached the end from which I started, I should be no better off than here, and hopelessness of the position weakened my every nerve. Once more I heard the wind rising and hurrying along toward me. I would cling to life as long as I could. I knelt down on the wet slippery balk, clasped it with my arms, sat astrid it. The gust came up, fierce and strong, passed over me once more, once more spared me.

But I felt I could not survive another such attack; I should be blown away like a leaf. And yet there was no hope of escape, none. It was only a question of moments how long, with suffering limbs, I could cling to the rough beam; then a plunge into darkness.

Still I had time to think. What were my thoughts? A helpless sense of cruelty, of the horrible unfeelingness and malignity of this hurtling wind, of these raging waters. A sad mortification, too, and a sense of injustice, that I should lose my life for nothing; a pleasant ramble turned to such an evil end. Of the past I thought nothing; it was nothing to me now, a tale that was told; that was all. Of the future, nothing either, except a dim and awful wonder. But plainly, vividly before my eyes I saw the figure of my wife, sitting at work by the fire, waiting and watching for me, for me who never would come. That was the bitterness of it.

And yet whilst I was not conscious of a certain vague sense of the ludicrous—of scorn of myself, that I should be stuck up astrid a beam, like some lad at play, a sport for the buffeting of the elements. With this, too, an unspeakable rage; a kind of crushed defiance, a revolt against the doom which was imminent, a revolt which felt itself hopeless and useless from its beginning.

Whilst all this storm of conflicting thoughts was whirling through my brain, the turmoil outside was diminishing. The wind had hushed for a while, and across my face there came for a moment a sort of ruddy glow, the last beams of the sun setting rapidly into the sea. The vapors divided for a moment only, then the clouds encompassed me once more, the glow died away, the awful gloomy gray of night began to gather in upon me like a net.

Should I drop into the sea? Even on the quietest, most resigned death bed, the loss of light is the most disquieting trouble to the departing soul. Light! more light! is the last cry of the spirit in extremity. And now it seems as though nature had determined to spare me no pang of all the gathering horrors of my doom. Darkness and despair were settling down upon my soul.

Then came the storm once more with a rush of gathered rain, a howl, a shout, a roar of triumph, as the shrill wind trumpeted past, precursor of a more furious blast. I could bear no more. A sapless, nerveless form I was, swept from the beam like a withered leaf from a branch, and I fell, catching at some cross-beams as I fell, but losing my hold in a moment and dropping helpless down.

Once more consciousness returned. A vague silvery light was diffused about me, above were stars shining, huge barks of timber glimmered over head. I was stretched upon a bed of wet sand, lying on my back, looking up into the sky.

I was not dead then. No! Was I maimed, crushed? I drew up one limb after another, fearing lest a sudden shout of agony should betray some grievous hurt. But no! I was sound in limb; and as I raised myself and looked about, I felt that, except for dizziness and a wonderful ringing that was ceaselessly going on in my head, I was unharmed. And I was saved? That was as might happen.

When I rose and stood upon my feet, I looked around me, and found that I had fallen upon a little island, a narrow spit of sand that had formed in the eddy, caused by the pile of the bridge. On each side of it ran a strong and rapid current.

All this I saw by the light of the moon, something bright, something obscured, as she parted her way among the fast driving clouds.

Distantly across the waters shone the lights of the little town. It had its gas lamps, which sparkled brilliantly in the night; and from out of the black rocks which showed against the sky-line, here and there the soft light of a candle in a cottage window gleamed like a fairy lamp.

On the other side of the estuary there were no lights; but the straining eye might discern the gloom of high hills that seemed, indeed, only like darksome chasms in the sky; but as I watched I saw a tiny light that was gliding among the rocks. Now seen, now lost. I followed it with longing eyes; and listening intently, I heard the chatter of horses' hoofs, and the murmur of wheels rising and falling, as the road wound in and out among the rocks further or nearer. It was some carriage roll-

ing rapidly towards home—towards my home, and here was I a castaway.

I shouted, but my voice seemed lost in the great space. The wind carried it up the river, blew it away into stifled fragments. It was useless to cry. No one would hear me. How long should I have to live? Was there any chance that I might yet escape? I could not swim; the channel on either side was, therefore, an unpassable barrier. Even had I been an excellent swimmer, I doubt if, in my enfeebled state, I could have won the further bank of the channel where the current was running the least swiftly. How long would my island remain uncovered by the sea?

Six or eight feet above my head, tangled masses of sea-weed hanging in the interstices of the tide. The ebb had commenced an hour before I started from Abermaw. Allowing an hour for my subsequent adventures, the ebb would still have three hours to run; then another three hours' flood would elapse before the tide would once more reach me. I remembered that I had a flask of metal in my pocket which still contained a dram of brandy, and that I had a few fragments of biscuit in my pocket, remaining of some that my wife had packed up for my use a couple of days before. I drank the brandy and munched the biscuits, and felt again hopeful. Six hours! Why, in that time help might come. Death was no longer imminent.

But I was entirely wrong. The strong south-westerly gale had piled up the waters about the mouth of the estuary, so that the ebb was checked, and the flood increased, and the tide ran out only some three hours. I must have been longer lying on the sand too, than I had calculated, for, as I watched the waters hurrying down on each side of me, I noticed that the current seemed to slacken all of a sudden; then it stopped, so that a fragment of bleached wood that was floating downward came to a rest, then moved slowly once more upwards. The tide had turned.

In a very short time the vast expanse of water before me, that had just now seemed a broad river outlet, scored and marked with sand banks, assumed the appearance of an agitated sea. Short waves hurried along; their white crests gleaming in the moonlight; they came in serried lines, tier over tier, the hoarse roar of the advancing tide reverberated in the air, mangling in my brain with the strange rattle as of bells that never ceased to jingle therein.

How remorseless they seemed, those waves, hurrying up, like hounds who view their prey! And yet it was a solemn scene; and what there was of dignity and grandeur in the sight half reconciled me to the thought that my life would be swallowed up ere long in these advancing battalions of serried waves; for now the bitterness of death was past; its terrors had vanished; I felt a profound sadness—that was all.

How far could I climb up the slimy, slippery posts and buttresses, that seemed to mock me with their lying proffers of safety? A couple of cross-beams or ties which bound together the lower ends of the piers afforded at the intersection a sort of angular resting place, where I could for a time, perhaps, find a refuge from the waves. This was far below high-water mark, so that to reach it would only give me a short respite from my final agony; but, for all that I determined to attempt it. As soon as the water covered the little island on which I stood, I would try to climb this slippery beam, that rose from the sand, in which it was partly buried, at an angle of about five degrees.

With the tide rose the wind; with the wind came rain and fog. The moon, blurred and indistinct, shone faintly for a while, and then vanished altogether; her diffused light still made everything darkly visible. Soon the waves were dashing at my feet, the sand a pulp of death. Now was the time to make my last effort for a little more life. But I found that I had overrated my own powers, I crawled a few feet up the slippery timber; then I fell back. Again I tried, and again; but it was of no use. Strength does not come of eager desire to be strong. All that I could do was to clasp my arms round the beam and stand upright, awaiting the coming of the waters.

The water rose not gradually, but in pulses. Smaller waves came and went, and left no change of level; but every now and then some heavier, fiercer billow would come in with a devouring sweep, covering me with its foam and spray, receding again, but at each recession leaving a greater depth of swaying, life-like water. These attacks, like buffets from the hands of some skilled boxer, left me weaker at every blow. And it was so treacherous, too, the water. It would draw away for a time, leaving me free almost to my knees; and then, as if driven by some sudden impulse, it would gather itself up and return in a "soothing" swathe of water, that would swallow me up from head to foot.

The end was fast coming now. I had ceased to feel anything. Only a dogged determination to stick to life to the last kept me clinging to my beam.

But what was that sound? A long and piercing scream, a roar, and a rumble; and a rattle—it was an engine.

An engine coming along the completed part of the bridge, shrieking and screaming and dashing out great wafts of white steam into the stormy air. The sound gave me fresh life and vigor. Human creatures were within reach, at all events. If I could make them hear me, I might yet be saved.

The engine came slowly along, and I heard the voice of men shouting to one another. Why, then, should they not hear me? I tried, too, to shout, but my voice stuck in my throat. I couldn't make a sound louder than a whisper; no, not with all the good will I had to shout like an archangel.

The engine came so near at last that I could see the glow of her fires through the interstices of the flooring of the bridge. And now there were men standing with lanterns at the very extremity of the bridge; and still I could not make them hear.

For an instant the glad thought had struck me that I had been missed, and that these men had come to look for me; but the next moment I saw the folly of the idea. Days might elapse before my fate was known. I was not even yet beyond the time I had fixed for reaching home. No; going to do a night's shift of work on the bridge, and I couldn't make them hear.

Suddenly I heard a sharp, quick bark, and then a growl as of anger or inquiry, and I was conscious that there was a dog with the men above. The dog's faculties were keener than the men's; perhaps it was possible I might make him hear; so I barked, a shrill, snapping bark, with which I had often deceived my own terrier Jock. The dog acknowledged the challenge, and replied furiously. Then I heard the voice of a man shouting to the dog to be quiet; but the dog barked still more furiously, standing at the very verge of the platform, as though it would throw itself over. Then some men came to the edge of the platform too, and peered over, and then in my extremity I gave a cry—a wild despairing cry. Then a huge hoarse wave dashed over me.

If it had not been the consciousness that help was near, I could not have held up against that furious rush of water; but I did hold on, at least I think so, and when the wave receded, a bright dazzling light shone into my eyes, a light from the bridge, where some one was holding what seemed to be a portable sun, but that was actually a piece of burning magnesium wire. Then everything disappeared in the blackest darkness.

"Did you see anything?" cried a voice.

"I'm not sure; I thought I saw something move."

A couple of lamps from the engine were now brought, and placed at the edge of the platform; they lit up the beams and rafters of the bridge, but the light seemed to be lost in the dark waters! Ah! they would never see me!

Once more I had strength to cry.

"Ah? it's a man down there," I heard him shout.

A long plank was run over the gap in the bridge; then another; along the two a portable windlass was quickly wheeled; a bucket descended, in it a man with a lantern.

"Hallo, mate!" he cried, as he caught sight of my face in the focus of his lamp "what the deuce are you doing here?"

In another moment I was standing in safety on the further side of the bridge, I owed my rescue to the unexpected visit of the chief engineer of the line, who had come down to see with his own eyes the manner in which the bridge behaved in a heavy gale, and had driven with the engine to the farthest accessible point of the platform.

What a comforting glass of brandy and water that was of which I partook by the warmth of the engine furnace, and how exhilarating the run homeward on the swift shrieking engine!

I was at Dolbadarn in time for dinner, after all. As I sat down to the cheerful meal with friends who were discussing the light ordinary topics of the day, I looked about me, wondering if I were really here in actual corporeal presence, or if my life had ended in that last rush of water, and I were only dreaming "for in that sleep of death what dreams may come!"

WRITING FOR THE PAPERS.

Carrie Leslie had just turned down the narrow chestnut shaded path that led along the river side to the quiet old farmhouse where she was spending these sultry summer days—a slight, violet-eyed young girl, with long masses of golden hair, cheeks rather pale, and a dress of simple French calico, made and trimmed with her own hands.

Lenora Martin looked almost contemptuously after her, as she stood at the bend of the road leaning lightly on Mr. Wyford's arm. Miss Martin was tall and finely formed, with a way of throwing her head back as she walked. Moreover, her attire was of dainty checked silk, and she wore gold ornaments in her ears, and at her throat. The two girls were of as different types of beauty as could be easily conceived.

"Isn't it strange," said Lenora, carelessly, "that Miss Leslie prefers that horrid little farmhouse to the hotel, where everybody else that is worth knowing stays?"

"Perhaps," began Mr. Wyford, quietly, "Miss Leslie's taste—"

"Oh, it isn't that," interposed Lenora, somewhat sharply. "It's from a motive of economy."

"Do you think so," said he.

"I am quite sure of it. Don't you observe how shabbily she dresses—calico dresses, linen sets, and not a jewel about her?"

Lenora. "But it is really true that she writes for the papers."

"I believe so," answered Mr. Wyford, as he walked slowly towards Heathdale Hotel with his companion.

"But I thought people who wrote for papers were always smart and brilliant, and Carrie is plain and quiet."

"I don't altogether agree with either of your inferences, Miss Martin."

"What does she write?" asked Lenora, sharply.

"Have you never read those exquisite little sketches under the signature of 'Clarice' in the 'New York Guest'?"

"Oh! Those insignificant little affairs. Yes, of course I have! You don't mean to say that the editors pay her for that silly, sentimental trash?"

"I believe they do."

Miss Martin was silent for a moment or two. Devoted as she was to dress, show, and a thousand other minor extravagances, money was a considerable object in her eyes, and she envied any other woman who had the faculty of earning it for herself.

"Mr. Wyford," said she, with a little laugh that was meant to be captivating, "without being conceited, I do believe I could write a great deal better than that 'Clarice' nonsense. It's so simple—just like one person talking to another—no fine words or elevated phrases."

"I am told that is considered the chief charm of her pen," observed Mr. Wyford.

"I dare say it does very well when they can't get anything better," said Miss Lenora.

"Now I've got the plot of a charming Moorish story in my head, with old castles like the Alhambra in it, and a band of robbers, and a magician in a velvet robe, and—but just wait until I write it out, and I will read it to you. Don't you think the 'New York Guest' would be delighted to publish it?"

"Really," said Mr. Wyford, dubiously, "I hardly know. I believe the quiet, impersonations of every day life—"

"Pshaw!" said Miss Martin, confidently. "Who cares about every-day life when they can read of robbers and bandits' caves? I think I shall call it 'The Scourge of the Moors.' Or would 'Black Alfonso, or the Brigand's Doom,' be better? But here we are at the hotel, and I must run and get ready for tea."

Lenora was thinking, however, of "Black Alfonso" all the time she was brushing out her black curls. As she went down stairs she met Mrs. Elliott, the judge's wife, the greatest lady in all the hotel limits, busting down in her silver-grey silk.

"Why, Mrs. Elliott! What's the matter!" said Lenora, as she detected the traces of tears on the lady's cheek. "You have been crying!"

Mrs. Elliott laughed.

"And I am not ashamed to confess it, either," she said. "I have been crying, Miss Martin, and I don't know who can help it when they read 'Clarice's' beautiful sketch published this week in the 'Guest,' about little Harry's death. Have you not seen the 'Guest'?"

"No, ma'am," said Miss Martin, arching her upper lip with rather contemptuous curl.

"No? No? Well, I'll send it to your room to-night." And kindly Mrs. Elliott passed on.

Lenora did not divulge to Mrs. Elliott that she had learned the secret of "Clarice's" identity with simple little Carrie Leslie, who boarded at the farmhouse and wore calico dresses; but she was more than ever confirmed in her determination to enter the lists of authorship, and eclipse Miss Leslie's light at once.

She sat up late that night, drafting out a rough sketch of the Moorish story, and shut herself up all the next day in her own room, writing. She culled out the most resonant words in the dictionary—she sprinkled the tale with Spanish phrases picked out of the "Book of Quotations," to give a general idea that she was familiar with the Spanish language; and made it musical with the play of fountains in paving courts, odoriferous with the heavy scent of orange groves, and luminous with stars shining out of purple midnight heavens.

"There!" said Miss Lenora to herself, when she had read it over for the third time, equally well pleased with each perusal. "If that don't cut out 'Clarice,' there's no taste left in the literary world. Of course they will wish to engage me to write regularly for them, and they must pay me well. How nice it will be to have lots of money of my own, without being compelled to coax papa, just as if every dollar was a drop of blood out of a stone."

"I am so sorry you were away yesterday, Mr. Wyford," said Miss Lenora, as she met him at the breakfast table one morning.

"Indeed! I am very much obliged to you for being so kind as to miss me, but I hardly comprehend why," said he.

"I wanted to read you my story. I sent it to the 'Guest' by last evening's mail."

"I have no doubt it would have been a literary treat," said Mr. Wyford, courteously.

"Oh, I'm not at all sure of that," said Miss Martin, tossing her head in all the conscious pride of authorship. "But I should really like to have had your critical opinion of it. I suppose you read a great deal?"

"A little," answered he.

"Though, of course, my own reading has been extensive, and if I couldn't write better

than that bit of Carrie Leslie, I would give up. I'll send you a copy of the 'Guest' containing my story, if you would like to see it in print."

"Thank you," said Mr. Wyford, with rather a queer look on his face, which was half a smile and half a frown: "you are very kind."

Miss Martin whispered her secret, confidentially, of course, to every gentleman at the Heathdale House, and two-thirds of the ladies.

On the eighth day thereafter, a huge yellow colored envelope was handed her by Sam, who always went for the mails. Lenora flushed up to her forehead. Could it be possible that the missive was distended with bank-bills? Did the 'Guest' pay as liberally as that? The matter was speedily defined, however. She tore off the envelope, amid a circle of admiring and expectant friends, and out dropped "Black Alfonso," with a strip of paper belted around him, containing the simple words: "Respectfully Declined."

If Lenora Martin did not go into hysterics, it was only because she was not constitutionally inclined to that escape-valve for her feelings. She swept out of the room, biting her lips till you would have thought the teeth would have met through the quivering flesh.

She was unusually silent when she came down to tea that night. Mortified pride is by no means a quickener to the tongue, and Miss Martin would have given the prettiest dress in her wardrobe if she only had the sense to keep her own counsel respecting "Black Alfonso."

"Lenora," whispered Mrs. Elliott to her, "I've a bit of news for you—three bits of news in fact."

"Ah!" said Lenora, trying to look interested. "What are they?"

"In the first place, I have discovered that the 'Clarice,' who has taken all our hearts by storm through the witchery of her pen, is no other than Carrie Leslie, and that Mr. Wyford is one of the editors of the 'New York Guest.'"

Lenora colored scarlet as she thought of all the foolish things she had said, and Mrs. Elliott went exultingly on, quite unaware of the sting lingering within her words.

"And what do you think Mrs. Livingston tells me? They are to be married next month! My dear, you are not ill?"

"No," said Lenora, huskily. "I—I have only forgotten my pocket handkerchief."

And Miss Martin flew up stairs after the bit of linen cambric that was safe in her own pocket, coming down no more that evening. She burned "Black Alfonso," orange blossoms, moonlight, musical fountains, and all; and she never wrote any more productions for the "New York Guest."

SCIENTIFIC.

ANDROIDES.

Wandering one day through the streets of Vienna, notice of an exhibition of various mechanical figures was sufficiently attractive to induce us to enter. It was a rare collection of apparently self-moving men on women, who had everything but souls to make them independent citizens. Vancarin was one of the extraordinary mechanical geniuses in the early part of the last century. His artificial duck, that paddled about the margin of a pond, picked up corn and significantly quacked at suitable intervals, was a wonderful triumph of skill, but the spinet player put into the shade every android invention before or since. There sat a really handsome young lady before the instrument (the forerunner of the present piano) with a music book before her. When wound up, the performer first looked either way upon the audience, bowed gracefully and then began to finger the keys. She swept her fingers to and fro the whole length of the instrument in the usual manner—the fingers acting separately—vibrating over the ivory so naturally as to deceive any one not informed that she was a mere machine made up of an aggregation of wheels, cams, levers and catgut cordage. As many different airs were executed as were satisfactory to an inquisitive stranger: of course old French music, in vogue when the artist finished the interior. After the springs were exhausted, the operator unbuttoned the musician's dress between her shoulders, unlaced her stays, and next with a key unlocked the chest. Swinging open a brass door, there was an exposition of contrivances, especially of cams as thin as paper sliding side by side, amazing to view. There was a multitudinous congregation of powers. Catgut cords extended from barrels down the arms to the extremity of each finger, which they controlled precisely like digital muscles. It would be a prolix story to dwell on all the minutiae of that masterpiece. Suffice it to say that the man having the show, himself a mechanic of rare ingenuity, said that from boyhood he had read about the spinet player. When he had completed his apprenticeship, he went to Paris to find it. After a tedious persevering search, it was found packed away in a lumber room of one of the state departments, where it had been forgotten, having been there since the outbreak of the French revolution. He had permission to take it away on a promise to return it, he holding out an expectation of being able to put the lady once more in motion, which no modern artisan would undertake to do. He soon mastered the intricacies of the mechan-

ism, and we saw it reappear, in the shape of another android movement, quite as interesting, in the same exhibition was a miniature old man, smoking while drawing a hand cart laden with trunks and boxes. Of course both man and cart were on a small scale, but so extraordinary was the resemblance to a live man bracing his feet in order to drag the load, a spectator could not restrain an expression of enthusiasm as the cart rolled along the floor. It was the production of a watchmaker somewhere in Switzerland, who was paid five hundred dollars for the curiosity, which he made in the course of long winter evenings. Since Menzel exhibited the mechanical chess player (which by the way, was not conducted by machinery), although the rope dancer, a skillfully managed wonder, more nearly approached a first class android device, no very striking things have been invented of that kind at home or abroad. The trumpeter was a marvel at first, but the same bellows would have supplied the instrument with wind if it had been in a barrel or a packing box. When that fact was realized by visitors, the excitement gradually subsided. Some inventors among us are capable of making such ingenious contrivances, but few can afford the time.

IN PURSUIT OF SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION.

Some years past, among a variety of presents to the Imam of Yeman, from an English gentleman, was a medicine chest. His Royal Highness availed himself of an opportune visit of a European to his domains, to ascertain the exact virtue of each article, writing out in full with his own hand the dose, to prevent mistakes. How he succeeded in the administration of drugs to cure diseases of which he knew less than he did of the remedies has not been chronicled.

Before the dethronement of His Majesty the last king of Oude, in a collection of presents from the British Government was a box of soda powders. He demanded of the chamberlain of the palace what they were for? It was explained to him to be a right royal beverage, such as was habitually taken by the sovereign of Great Britain. "Well then," said the great potentate of India, "let me try them." One dozen papers of the soda were dissolved in a tumbler of water and gulped down, at one long swallow. Smacking his lips, the monarch denounced it as a barbarous drink as ever was invented, expressing unqualified surprise that Christian royalty could revel on such horrid stuff.

Fortunately it was discovered that there were twelve papers of tartaric acid to go with the first. "Ah ha!" exclaimed the king, still scowling with the shocking taste of soda, "let us have them instantly." A moment after, the whole court was thrown into frightful alarm by the extraordinary contortions, writhings and groanings of His Majesty, rolling over the floor, oppressed with gas. He felt himself blown up like an air balloon, expecting momentarily to explode. When relieved, he expressed surprise that the civilization of Europe considered soda water a luxury for none but crowned heads.

POWER OF INTELLECT.

Thomas Telford, who died in London on September 2, 1834, was one of the most remarkable engineers of our times, when the circumstances of his origin are taken into consideration, as family influence is so potent in Great Britain. He was the son of a poor shepherd in Scotland. His father died when he was a small boy, leaving him alone to contend with poverty for position. Unaided he became a splendid French, Italian, and Latin scholar, and an engineer of such transcendent ability as to be an eminent authority. Bridge building was his forte. He built the suspension bridge at the Straits of Menai, quite as marvelous as the tubular bridge a mile above it. St. Katherine's docks in London are splendid evidences of Mr. Telford's extraordinary engineering attainments. His death was deplored as a national loss.

A CURIOUS PAIR OF JAWS.

Don't you think it must be a curious pair of jaws that can bite off a chunk of cold iron as easily as you can bite a piece of candy?

You hardly believe it? Wait till I tell you.

One of the most interesting places I ever visited was a room filled with these monsters with sharpsteed jaws, called nail-machines.

In the first places, the noise made by several of these machines in one room is something absolutely fearful. I wanted to stuff my ears with cotton; but I thought that would not be very civil to my guide, and after a little I got used to it, and soon found myself so much interested that I really forgot the noise.

Some machines nip off the tacks so fast that a stream of finished tacks runs down a tin tube into a reservoir—thousands in a minutes. Listen to the ticking of a clock, and reflect that every time it ticks at least twenty tacks are snapped off.

But I must tell you how they do it. First, the iron bar, as it comes from the works, is put between immense rollers, which flatten it out as nicely as a cook can roll out pie-crust with a rolling-pin. The bar of iron is thus made into a sheet, just thick enough for the nails they want to make. It goes

next to the slitting machine, which makes no more fuss about slitting it into the proper widths for nails than your scissors make about cutting paper. It is a little longer than the nail is to be, because the ends are to be made square. When the sheet of iron is all ready, a man takes one, and slips the end into the steel jaws I told you of.

These jaws are worked by a power, and instantly they bite off a nail, while the little hammer springs back, ready to give one blow on the end of the bit of iron, and it and thus makes a head.

If you want to know what a blow that is, be, take a piece of iron and try to pound a nail on it yourself.

The instant the head is made, the jaws open and the nail drops out finished. Of course it is done much quicker than I have been telling you, for a machine can make brads (which I needn't tell the boys are small nails without heads) at the rate of three thousand a minute.

It is said that "figures won't lie," and I hope they won't, but I must admit it is hard to believe that story.

After the tacks come out of the machine, they are "blued," as it is called. It is done by heating them in an oven or on an iron plate.

Then they go to the packing room, where one girl can weigh and put into papers two thousand papers of tacks in a day.

That is another tough story, but my guide assured me it was true.

How many kinds of nails can you name? You will probably be surprised to hear that two hundred kinds of nails are made in one factory, beginning with spikes which weigh nearly half a pound each and ending with the tiniest kind of tacks, not a quarter of an inch long.

Men didn't always have machines to make nails for them, and of course they had to make them by hand. That was no such easy matter; and, in fact, they couldn't make them of cold iron, but had to heat every one.

In some parts of England they are very slow to get machinery, and the ignorant people, thinking their trade is to be spoiled, will break up and destroy any machinery that is brought there. So they work at nail-making as their grandfathers did.

Every man has a little forge—such as you have seen in a blacksmith's shop if you live in a village—and a small anvil. Every child is put to work to make nails at eight or nine years of age, because they earn so little that every one of a family must help earn his bread. Of course these children have no time to learn to read, and many grown men and women can neither read nor write.

This is the way they make the nails. They buy iron rods just the right size for the nails they make—for one family always makes the same size of nail. They take one of these rods, heat it red hot at the forge, lay it on the anvil and cut off the length of a nail; then, laying away the rest of the rod, they take the piece they have cut off, pound it to a point at one end, and pound on a head at the other. A very slow operation, you see, when you think of how the machines snap them off cold. A whole family scarcely ever earns more than five dollars a week at the work, and part of that has to go for the coal it uses.

HOW FAR WE SEE.

Herschel was of the opinion that, with the telescope he used in those researches in the heavens which immortalized his name in the annals of Science, he could penetrate 497 times farther than Sirius, assumed to be at least so far distant that the sun is near at hand in comparison. While exploring with that instrument, 116,000 stars fitted by the object glass in one quarter of an hour, and that subtended an angle of only 15". So all the worlds are moving rapidly in space. Reckoning from the limited zone thus inspected, the celestial region could be examined by giving time enough to the enterprise; and judging from a few sections only within the scope of assisted vision, more than five billions of fixed stars might be reasonably supposed to be recognizable, and could be seen with modern improved instruments. But more are beyond, vastly beyond, and we are hoping and expecting that, when Mr. Clark, the self-made astronomer of Cambridge, Mass., and the most progressive telescope manufacturer now known to scientists, has completed his great work, far more amazing discoveries will be made in the firmament. Surely, the mechanism of the heavens demonstrates the existence of an Intelligent First Cause, since such magnificent displays of unnumbered worlds, regulated by laws which secure order in the universe, could not have originated themselves. God surely reigns and directs.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

In absorbing into our lungs the quantity of air necessary to sustain life, we inadvertently inhale whole hosts of microscopical animals, which are in suspension in the atmospheric fluid, and even portions of antediluvian animals, mummies, and skeletons of past ages. Every day and hour, this absorption of animal and vegetable life proceeds. We inhale the living microzoa, several species of which are the fish of our blood, and the vibriones, which attach themselves to our teeth like barnacles to a ship's bottom; and with these the dust of microscopical animals, so small that it takes 75,000,000 to make a grain, and the so less minute grains of pollen which, germinating in our lungs, further the spread of parasitic life to a degree far beyond that of the normal life visible to our eyes.

NOTICE.

We shall be pleased to receive items of interest pertaining to Trade Societies, from all parts of the Dominion, for publication. Officers of Trades Unions, Secretaries of Leagues, &c., are invited to send us news relating to their organizations, condition of trade, &c.

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Our columns are open for the discussion of all questions affecting the working classes.

All communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN,
124 BAY STREET.

Meetings of Unions.

TORONTO.

Meetings are held in the Trades' Assembly Hall, King street west, in the following order:—

Machinists and Blacksmiths, 1st and 3rd Mondays.
Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
Tailors, 2nd and 4th Monday.
Crispins, (159), every Tuesday.
German Benevolent Society, 1st Tuesday.
Amalgamated Carpenters, alternate Wednesdays.
Cigarmakers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
Bricklayers and Masons, 1st and 3rd Friday.
Stone Cutters, 2nd and 4th Friday.
Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
Printers, 1st Saturday.
Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, &c., meets in Foy's Hall, corner of York and Richmond sts., on the 2nd and 4th Friday.

The Hackmen's Union meets in the Temperance Hall, on the 1st Monday.

The Friendly Society of Carpenters and Joiners meets in the Temperance Hall, Temperance street, on the 1st Friday.

K. O. S. C., No. 315, meets in the Temperance Hall every alternate Tuesday.

OTTAWA.

Meetings are held in the Mechanics' Hall, (Roule's Block,) Rideau street, in the following order:—

Free-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
Lime-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
Masons and Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
Trades' Council, 1st Friday.
Printers, 1st Saturday.
Tailors, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
Harnessmakers, 4th Monday.

HAMILTON.

Amalgamated Carpenters meets in Club House, James Street, alternate Thursdays.

Iron Moulders' Union, No. 26, every Monday, at their hall, Rebecca street.

Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Union, every Tuesday evening; at Iron Moulders' Hall.

LONDON.

Amalgamated Carpenters meets in Temperance Hall, Hall, Richmond Street, alternate Tuesdays.

ST. CATHARINES.

Meetings are held in the Temperance Hall, in the following order:—

K. O. S. C., 1st Monday.
Tailors, 2nd Monday.
Typographical Union, No. 147, 2nd Tuesday.
Coopers, 3rd Tuesday.

Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners, alternate Wednesdays, at Caledonia Hall.

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Mr. J. A. BRANDON, of Guelph, has kindly consented to solicit subscriptions for the WORKMAN in that town, and is hereby authorized to act as our agent.

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The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAR. 19, 1874.

THE CENTRAL PRISON.

During the sessions of Thursday and Friday evenings of last week the attention of the Local House was mainly occupied in the discussion of the charge against Mr. McKellar, for having given the workmen on the Central Prison a half-holiday to enable them to attend the nomination for West Toronto on the occasion of the Moss-Bickford election. On the first above-named evening Mr. M. C. Cameron moved a resolution strongly condemnatory of the action of the Commissioner of Public Works, which, after citing the leading facts brought out in the course of the investigation in connection with the Public Accounts Committee, concludes as follows:—

"Be it therefore resolved that the action of the said Hon. Archibald McKellar, in authorizing or permitting the said men, to the number of 208, to take a half-holiday, and paying them for their time, as if at work, was an improper interference by a member of the Government of Ontario in an election to the Commons, and calculated to unduly influence the men in the employment of the Government, and was an act subversive of the freedom and purity of elections: That freedom and purity of elections are essential to a just representation of the people and to good government, and it is the duty of this House to condemn any member of this House, or of the Government, who may be guilty of an act calculated to interfere with such freedom and purity of elections: That the payment of the sum of two hundred and four dollars and seventeen cents to men to attend a political meeting, was an unauthorized misappropriation of public money. That for the said acts, the Hon. Archibald McKellar, in the character of Commissioner of Public Works, and member of the Executive Council, deserves the censure and condemnation of this House."

The debate on this motion, as might be supposed, immediately assumed an intensely partisan tone, and whilst the Opposition members declared, in no unqualified terms, their belief that the resolutions offered by Mr. Cameron were fully borne out by the evidence adduced before the committee, the Ministerialists, on the other hand, made every exertion to show that Mr. McKellar had no ulterior object in granting the half-holiday, and that it was solely done in the "innocence of his heart." It was attempted to prove that it was a usual thing for large employers of labor to allow their men time on election days without deducting their pay, and precedents were brought from England to establish this position. But, unfortunately, it happens that the precedents quoted turned out to be that men employed on government works were allowed time to record their votes, which is a very different thing from attending a nomination, although it was stated that in distinguishing between them it was making "a difference without a distinction." We notice, however, with some satisfaction, that but one member of the whole House took the ground that the course pursued by the Commissioner of Public Works was a right and correct course, and whilst others condoned his action, they practically acknowledged that an "excusable mistake" had been made, "a blunder committed," an "error of judgment" made, that it was merely a "gracious action," etc., and more than one member stated that although they would vote to sustain Mr. McKellar, yet they hoped never again to be called upon to give a similar vote. It seems to us, that the very necessity of using such excuses proves that the action of Mr. McKellar was wrong, decidedly wrong, and they knew it to be such; and had it not been that the motion of Mr. Cameron was of so extreme a nature, and one which, if sustained, would have involved the safety of the government, we believe that the opinion

of the House would have been very different. Had such a course been pursued by Sir John A. Macdonald, or any member of his ministry, when his government was in power, would the Reformers have regarded it as a most "excusable mistake?" "a gracious action?" No, indeed, anything but that!

Although the debate was carried on in the most partisan tone, we believe it will have accomplished some good purpose,—and we feel safe in saying that tangible evidence will yet be given that the action of the Commissioner of Public Works was reprehensible, in the fact that it will not be repeated on a future occasion.

THE COMING CRISIS IN FRANCE.

The state of affairs in France appears to be becoming more and more difficult, and it is spoken of in English circles as not improbable that the strength of Mr. Disraeli's government in its foreign department may be shortly severely tested. M. Rouher has addressed a significant and startling letter to one of the French journals, in which he refers to the powers of the Septennat as limited and ephemeral, and hints at possible events lying in the near future. The French government has been considerably exercised over the appearance of the letter, and its effects proves unmistakably that Bonapartism has kept deep root in France. It may be tabooed by the Orleanists, hated and despised by Republicans, but it would seem the people hold to it. Evidently the splendors of its traditions is not eclipsed. As has been said, "the mass of the workmen who were prosperous under the Second Empire, and who have been working short time ever since, shrewdly suspect that there was a vital, vivifying energy in the fallen regime, which has been wanting since it ceased to be." The great contractors, the owners of mills and mines, the ironmasters, the bourgeois everywhere feel that there is a difference, which is not referable to the recent war, but to the 4th of September and the parliamentary chaos which has existed thenceforward. That which appears to be undermining the Septennat is that which undermined the throne of Louis Philippe—want. The recent meeting of the Paris press at the Palais de l'Elysee, under the presidency of Madame McMahon, proves the gravity of the position of the French operatives. At the meeting, M. McMahon delivered an address, reminding those present of the misery prevalent in the populous quarters of Paris, and of the urgent necessity which existed for adopting measures of relief. The creation of cheap cooking establishments appeared to her to be an efficacious measure, and she was in favor of raising the number of rations distributed daily from 10,000 to 35,000. For this purpose 200,000f. would be required until the 1st of May.

From this admission, it is at once apparent that the French workpeople are not prosperous. Weighed down with national taxes and municipal dues, and yet prevented by daily fears from embarking in what might prove profitable enterprises—every necessary of life largely increased in price, and the wage-fund of the country fearfully decreased—is it wonderful that the people prick their ears when they catch sounds of a movement that has a substantial and democratic basis, and which may recall to them the time when the cupboard was well-stocked and France was prosperous? It would almost appear as though the tide of public opinion in France was on the turn; and while the appeal of Madame McMahon to encourage a public subscription to supply 35,000 rations a day to the poor of Paris may well be regarded as a kind, a Christian act,—at the same time it is doubtful whether it will not prove worthless as a political adventure; simply because it will not touch the root of the evil. The meeting in question gave intimation to some extent of the distress that is existing; but the remedies proposed have not restored public confidence,—nor has it appeared to have opened the pocket of

the capitalist. And this may be because, while all trust Marshal McMahon as a brave soldier, none trust him as a politician. It has been said that "McMahon has the heart of a lion, but the head is not worthy of the heart," and therefore it is that work is wanting, and the wage-fund of France remains locked up till the political atmosphere shall have been cleared.

PATIENCE.

One of the greatest and most serious obstacles to success in reformatory movements, is the feverish impatience of those engaged in the movement to get ahead rapidly; and if the evils complained of are not removed speedily, if success does not come almost instantly if the full fruition of the reform is not attained soon after its inceptive inauguration, despair seizes the would-be reformers, and the chances of accomplishing something tangible are retarded and jeopardized. This is the case with all our trade and labor unions. If they do not undo the work of centuries in a few weeks, they conclude nothing can be done, and, of course, if nothing can be done, it is useless to attempt to do anything.

We wish to say to all our friends, especially to associations recently organized, that if they would succeed, they must cut loose from these foolish notions, and discard all such pernicious ideas. In sober earnest, we desire to say to you that it is sheer nonsense to expect any sudden or spontaneous awakening and uprising of the masses to a full, complete realization of the magnitude, the enormity of the evils that are pressing upon them, and until there is such realization, such awakening and uprising, you need not expect permanent or complete relief from these wrongs. We have the utmost confidence in the settled purpose of the American people to be free in all things consistent with natural and social liberty; and if we can only convince them that the power of corporate monopolies, and all phases of associated wealth, has reached a point from which it can move by easy stages against all forms of free government, unless the people are fully roused to a sense of their perilous condition, there will be nothing to fear for the future. But this cannot be done in a day nor a year. The mind of labor has been in the crucible of oppression for ages. The people have been taught false theories of socialism, not by the usual process by which knowledge is diffused, but by the daily experience of their lives. The mass of mankind have been taught to believe that position, means, and power are the true factors of man's solidarity; that money and the influences which it brings are the real elements of greatness; and that manhood, worth, and intellectuality are of secondary consideration. It may seem strange to those who read this article, but it is for all that true, that seven-eighths of those workmen outside of trade or labor organizations are, to a greater or lesser extent, practical believers in the above damnable doctrine. It has taken centuries to produce this condition of society, but it has been produced, and they are driving blockheads who expect the work of centuries can be wiped out in a few months. It will take years to light up and illumine the dungeons in which the mind of labor has been groping so long; it will require years of patient toil to educate the masses to a true sense of their dignity, importance, and position in the world. The great want of the hour is light—more light. The masses must be made to think, to see, to understand and to read the lessons which events and facts teach, to reason and deduce from the past the events that are likely to come. The giant Labor must have knowledge hammered or driven into him by some process, before he will rise in all his might and majesty to demand and take what is justly due him.—Coopers' New Monthly.

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TRADES' ASSEMBLY.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the Toronto Trades' Assembly will be held on Friday evening next. A full attendance of delegates is desired.

"THE 17TH OF IRELAND."

The anniversary of Ireland's patron saint was celebrated with more than usual éclat. The procession, which numbered twelve or thirteen hundred persons, paraded the principle streets from noon till about 2 p.m. The "boys in green" made a first-class turn out, the marshals, etc., being clothed in very handsome regalia. The only drawback appeared to be the deep mud through which the procession plodded. The proceedings, which were pleasant throughout, terminated by several addresses delivered at the La Salle Institute.

K. O. S. C. SOCIAL.

The Third Annual Social of the K. O. S. C. Quadrille Class was held on the evening of the 17th inst., and was a very pleasant and enjoyable gathering. Over one hundred couples were present, and dancing was kept up with great spirit till after the "wee ama' hours." Refreshments were bountifully provided, and about 4 o'clock Wednesday morning, the large company separated, well pleased with the entertainment, to advance which nothing had been left undone by the efficient committee.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

During the week, notwithstanding the various attractions in the city, the Academy has been well patronized. The engagement of Mr. J. E. Green, has been a decided hit, and he nightly amply sustains the celebrity he had achieved in his original Mocking-bird Song and Guitar Solos. Miss Ella Arnold, in her re-appearance, has delighted the large audiences, her songs and vocal sketches being loudly eulogized. Messrs. Bryant and Williams are peculiarly happy in their specialties. On to-morrow (Friday) evening, Mr. Ned West, takes his farewell benefit. No one artiste who has appeared on the boards of the Academy, has been more popular than the inimitable West, and there is no doubt there will be a perfect jam on the occasion of his benefit. An entirely new programme will be arranged for the Saturday Matinee at 2 p.m., which are becoming more largely attended.

H. AND O. SHIP CANAL.

We are informed by Mr. Capreol, that as a result of his recent visit to Washington on business connected with the above enterprise, a large portion of the amount that has been guaranteed to prosecute the work has been received here, and it only remains to secure the bonuses from the various municipalities through which the proposed canal will run, to secure the accomplishment of this great undertaking.

LICENSED VICTUALERS' ASSOCIATION.

The following gentlemen have been elected officers for the current term:—President, Hon. Frank Smith; Vice-President, E. O'Keefe; 2nd Vice-President, J. Ball; 3rd Vice-President, T. Davies; 4th Vice-President, P. G. Close; 5th Vice-President, George Burns; Secretary, George D. Dawson; Treasurer, W. Copeland; Committee of Management, S. Richardson, M. McFarlane, J. Cornell, J. Ball, J. Handford, W. Taylor, W. Riley. Any gentleman who wishes to join the Association can do so by giving his name to the Secretary or any member of the Committee of Management.

A meeting of the London Trades union was held on Friday night, Feb. 20th, for the purpose of receiving the report of delegates who were appointed to take part in the late Congress at Sheffield, and also to consider what further steps should be taken towards the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Mr. George Shipton and Mr. George Odger, the delegates, gave an account of the proceedings of the Congress and of a special meeting, at which a recommendation was made that there should be a federation of the whole of the trades councils throughout the kingdom. A resolution was passed to the effect that the London trades hold an aggregate public meeting, either at Exeter Hall, or St. James' Hall, at an early date, in support of the total repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and the 14th clause of the Masters and Servants Act, and a modification or amendment of the Conspiracy Laws.

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SHORT SERMONS.

NO. XI.

BY A LAY PREACHER.

This their way is their folly; yet their posterity approve their sayings.—Psalm of David—49. xlii.

MY FRIENDS—In seeking to persuade men to walk in the good way wherein is rest, I am often readily answered that the most successful men are those who have worked the hardest. It is popular to stimulate the mind of the young laborer by pointing out to him as models some men who have attained large wealth or high honors in political fields by hard work and close study; "Look at John Jacob Astor, how rich he is; he is always on the look-out, and makes a dollar whenever he can," this was said to the writer in earnest advice, coupled with samples a degree or more below the great Astor, as an encouraging illustration of the success which attends those who "always look out for No. One." I do not covet any prosperity in this world's goods so long as my eyes reach a brother in need, if such prosperity should induce me to withhold relief from him. Then, there are the "hard students;" Sir John A. Macdonald illustrates this class; he studied very hard, very close and with the Premiership of the Dominion of Canada before him he needed to do so, for he was not eminently favored by circumstances in early life—while the Dominion was not yet fairly developed even in the hopes of the U. E. Loyalists. It is said of him that, after more than an average day's work, he would continue his studies far into the night, and as the severe strain exhausted the body he would go to bed and yet follow his reading.

That the individuals who have made themselves famous simply by great exertion, by extraordinary labor, are generally right, is not questioned; and I am firm in the conviction that many have so made their lives positive blessings to the world. But the subject of the 49th Psalm, from which our text is taken, is on the vanity or selfishness, especially as displayed by those "that trust in their wealth," and call their lands their own names." The story of their getting is told by their admirers as a glory to their name, "and their posterity approve their sayings." Here are sayings that have helped to make many rich: "Look out for yourself, for nobody will look out for you;" "Get all you can, and keep all you get;" "Am I my brother's keeper?" "Let us buy the poor (what right have they to be poor), and let us sell the refuse of the wheat—they can't help themselves;" "Do just before being generous;" "Work hard and save your money;" but this is enough of the kind. Think for a moment on the precepts of the Covenant and I am sure you will see the beauty of following the way of the Lord: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved;" "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall stand;" "God giveth to all men liberality;" "Bear ye one another's burdens;" "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men;" "By love serve one another;" "Give to every man that asketh of thee . . . give, and good measure, pressed down and running over, shall men give into your bosom." As for study, its highest aim is to reach wisdom—"but where shall wisdom be found?" Well, God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place; and unto man He saith, "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom," (Job, xxviii. 28). And He will give wisdom, yea, He will supply all our needs according to the riches of His grace. So let us cease to follow ungodly counsel—cease to approve the sayings of those who pervert judgment and spread false doctrine,—and rather follow that which is good, even the word of Life. It is written "The way of the transgressor is hard;" let us walk in the "highway cast up for the ransomed"—THE EASIEST WAY IS THE RIGHT WAY.

Correspondence.

MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

Now that the elections are over, matters have resumed their jog trot rate, and everybody has settled down to the business of everyday life like people possessed of common sense, which commodity, by the way, seems rather at a discount during political contests, if we may judge from the heat, the bustle, and general distraction of every one connected. What food for sober reflection does an election give after it is over, and how seldom will it be found that right has prevailed. To tell the honest truth it is merely the man who has the most money, and the sharpest men working for him that gets into Parliament, and an election is too often more like a battle, with the opposing forces facing each other under the leadership of trained officers, than a means of ascertaining the voice of the people; only that in war there are certain rules of honor which modern civilization has established, where, as in an average election, every mean little dodge and crafty under-handedness is made use of. What models of purity all our candidates are when seeking the suffrages of the electors. If they consulted their own personal interests, they would not enter into public life; but they have been so swarmed with petitions from the "free and independent" to do them the honor of representing them, and the country so imperitively demands able and honest men at the seat of Government, that really they have no alternative but to

accept the situation, and become martyrs for the public good. Prominent too, amongst all this cant and humbug, is the deep-seated in-torests which these would-be parliamentarians feel for the workingmen; and some hard, despotic, tyrannizing wages-cutting old blood-sucker, who never gave one penny more than he could screw a man down to, and who never before associated himself with any movement for the improvement of the moral, intellectual or physical condition of the laboring classes, suddenly discovers that the men with "hard and horny hands, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and who are the bone and sinew of the country" occupy a warm place in his heart, and that his concerns for their welfare almost amounts to affection; and truth compels us to say that the workingmen are in the majority of instances, gullible enough to believe it. The only applicant in Montreal for a seat at Ottawa, who was really worth sending there, was as is usual in such a rare case, elected to stay at home—I refer to Col. A. A. Stevenson. His opponent Mr. Mackenzie has always been considered a "very nice young man," and extremely popular at those sociable little gatherings—ladies' committees, which generally manage to do a certain amount of good with an unlimited amount of talk and pecksniffianism. He is a well-spoken and still better dressed young gentleman, with a character for piety of the very first description, and his love for all created beings may be gathered from the fact of his being secretary of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He is one of those soft kid-gloved, and dandy-like young men, of an impressionable and susceptible character, who make a charming ornament for the drawing-room, and but of as much use in Parliament as a pretty doll. Like many other honest men, he has had to "shell out" rather heavily for the honor of being a member of Parliament, and during the last fortnight the columns of the different papers have been bristling with letters, which, if true, show Mr. Mackenzie not to be the representative of purity he professed himself, and that he has been guilty of acts which will probably lead to his displacement. I may also state that Mr. Mackenzie is the gentleman who at a previous election pooh-pooed the working men's agitation for an enhanced social position, and compared them to the irrepressible negroes of the South, whom poor Artemus Ward tells us about. It was thought that Mr. Delvin would contest the election of Mr. Ryan, but evidently he has thought better of it. The recent municipal elections were very quiet, and there will be little change of the personnel of the council; as mayor Bernard had a majority of nearly three thousand.

THE HARBOR COMMISSIONERS.

The usual peaceful and monotonous character of the weekly meetings of the Harbor Commissioners has been disturbed lately by the inquisitiveness of the Government, relating to the disposal of the contracts for six harbor dredges. When the tenders were opened by the commissioners found those of the Montreal manufacturers so high that it was evident a ring has been formed to raise prices. All these applications were thrown aside and new tenders asked for, and the difference between the first and second offers at their respective dates may be gathered from the following:—

	Nov. 8th, 1872.	Nov. 13th, 1873.
W. P. Bartley & Co.	\$43,000.	\$39,000.
R. B. Gilbert	92,550.	37,500.
John McDougall	61,000.	43,250.
George Brush	61,000.	51,000.

One of those contractors, Mr. Gilbert, had previously made a claim on the commissioners for \$5,000 for extra work on a former contract, which the commissioners, however, disputed. The second tenders for the dredges were likewise thrown aside, and Mr. Gilbert was given two or three machines at \$40,000, on the condition the Board said that he would consider his former claim met, which was agreed upon. Strange to say, the other Montreal manufacturers who professed no claim at all, received a contract at the same price. But stranger still, a Chicago firm, who offered to construct the machinery at \$12,000 per set was given one at \$40,000, the same as the Canadian contractors, while the offer of a Scotch firm, at \$35,000 was rejected. The harbor commissioners, while being in most of its operations, an independent body, or responsible only to the different corporations whom they represent, are under the control and surveillance of the Government in the matter of these works, as they are for the improvement of the channel, for which the Government stood as guaranty for loans contracted. A long windy reply was drawn up at the last meeting, which met with much opposition from the Hon. John Young, has caused a great deal of discussion.

THE "WITNESS" LIBEL CASE.

The "only religious daily" has been sued for libel to the amount of \$40,000, by Mr. Mousseau, a prominent leader of the French Canadian Conservative party. About a fortnight ago, a Frenchman named Lorimier attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself at the Canada hotel. The Witness charged Mousseau, with Solicitor General Chapleam and others with driving the unfortunate man to this desperate act by their intrigues with his mistress, and says that the whole party were participating at an orgy at the *Maison Dorée*, a noted resort for French Canadians. Mousseau contends that he did not know Lorimier, and that he was not at the house on the

night in question. Lorimier himself says that Mousseau's conduct had nothing to do with his attempt to take his own life. When the Witness saw a suit imminent, a sort of apology was made, but not of such a character as to suit Mr. Mousseau. Regarding Chapleam, however, his doings with infamous women is notorious, and the cause of much scandal.

PHOTO.

Montreal, March 9th, 1874.

CURRENT EVENTS.

It is proposed to raise a subscription among Irishmen in Great Britain and America for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. Butt for his exertions in the cause of Home Rule.

One night last week about eight o'clock, three prisoners in the Penitentiary at Laramie, Wyoming, surprised and overpowered the guard, took the keys, opened the cell doors of several others, and nine of them escaped, taking three horses with them.

A couple of Iowa blacksmiths, formerly in partnership, have a curious lawsuit. One sues the other for labor performed and money paid out, and the other presents a counter claim for twelve months' checker-playing indulged in by the plaintiff when he should have been at work.

The funeral of the late Senator Sumner took place at Washington on Sunday. The ceremonies were conducted in the Senate Chamber in the presence of President Grant, the members of his Cabinet, the diplomatic corps and an immense crowd of citizens. The remains were subsequently sent by train to New York.

At a meeting of the National Anti-income-tax league, held recently at the offices, 5, Charing-cross, London, Eng., Mr. Attenborough in the chair, it was moved by Mr. Councillor Shum (Bath), and seconded by Mr. Barford (Wolverhampton), that at the earliest possible moment a deputation wait upon the Government to impress upon them the necessity for the repeal of the income-tax. This was carried unanimously.

The estimated receipts of the Province of New Brunswick, for the year 1874, including a balance on hand, is \$753,675. Of this sum \$630,572 is available for the expenses of the same year; but the estimated expenditure will amount to only \$521,674.

The latest news from Sir Garnet Wolseley is to the effect, that all the troops except the Highlanders have embarked for home. Sir Garnet himself was to leave for home on the 7th inst. Capt. Glover with 1,000 men entered and occupied Coomassio two day after the arrival there of General Wolseley.

Great efforts are, says the *Swiss Times*, being made at Winterthur to establish the manufacture of watches. It is estimated that, if successful, a sum of 300,000 francs per annum will be distributed in wages, and that the industry will be represented by a yearly return of one million of francs, drawn from foreign countries, for the manufactured article.

Commodore Hewett, of the Ashantee expedition, was recently presented by his sailors with a small black page boy. This youth, about two feet high, had been rigged out in full sailor costume, with a cap adorned in front with letters large enough to cover the whole little head. The boy had been strictly drilled to stand up to the full of his diminutive height at "attention," to salute and on being asked his name to reply with the utmost gravity and solemnity, "Mixed Pickles, Esq."

On February 26th, during a heavy sea in lat. 47 52, long. 22 36, a volunteer crew of seven men, headed by the third officer Hartford, put out in a life boat from the steamship *Algeria*, and at the risk of their lives, rescued the captain and nine men of the brig *Golden*, from Callas for Queens-town, discovered in distress with four feet of water in the hold and in a sinking condition. The passengers of the *Algeria* divided five hundred dollars among the rescuing and rescued crews.

Alluding to the voyage from Liverpool to Philadelphia of the steamship *Pennsylvania*, which encountered weather of extraordinary severity, the *New York Herald* says:—"On February 27, at midnight, she shipped a tremendous sea, which washed away nearly everything on deck, and carried overboard the captain, first and second officers and two ordinary seamen. For a time this event was not known to anyone below, not even to the men at the wheel and when it was discovered its effect on the sailors and on the third officer was so demoralizing that they could not be induced to go on deck. Fortunately there was a brave officer on board as a passenger—Mr. Brady, who will be remembered as third officer of the ill-fated *Atlantic*—and he as-

sumed command and brought the *Pennsylvania* safely into port."

A case resembling that of Enoch Arden has turned up in the *Saone-et-Loire*. A young man named Marmier, who has been married only a few months when the war broke out, joined the *Mobiles of the Vosges*, and was taken prisoner. On arriving in Prussia he was sentenced to several years' imprisonment for striking his guard. During his captivity he wrote often to his wife; but, receiving no reply, concluded that his letters were not forwarded or that his wife was dead. When he was taken prisoner, he threw away his knapsack, which was picked up and worn by a comrade, who managed to escape, but who was subsequently killed in another engagement. This knapsack contained the papers of Marmier, which were forwarded to his wife as the last remains of her husband. The young widow after a few months of grief, took a second husband. Since then, Marmier having obtained a pardon, was allowed to return to France, and, on reaching his native cottage, found it occupied by another, and a child of which he was not the father. Here the drama ends for the present. Will Marmier follow the example of Enoch Arden?

A French notion about being tried will, if answerable, reach the bricklayers, masons, &c. of England. The patent shows that houses are to be built somewhat after the style of juvenile puzzles. The bricks are to fit in dovetail, even to arching, and the patentee guarantees to send from France a house complete that can be put together in this country by a country gentleman himself, from the instructions sent with the sections.

The Home Labor Market remains somewhat depressed in several important branches. The iron industry, specially in Staffordshire, is only partially employed, and at Sheffield and other centres many works are on short time. In many colliery districts a reduction of wages is expected, and in some has already been accepted. In Leicester the hosiery hands are better employed, but elastic web hands remain only partially engaged. In the Midlands, building is brisk; and the miscellaneous hardware industries of Birmingham still give full employment. In Cornwall, labor at the mines is in good supply, and the China clay works are absorbing a large number of hands. On the railway works of the North men are still much wanted, and good strong country hands would do well if once inured to the new labor. London trades are fairly employed.—*Labor News*.

Ball Cards, Programmes, etc., executed with promptness at the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

ST. THOMAS WARD.

ELECTION FOR ALDERMAN.

REQUISITION TO W. B. SCARTH, ESQ.

Toronto, March 10th, 1874.

SIR.—A vacancy having occurred in the representation of St. Thomas Ward in the municipal corporation, we, the undersigned Ratepayers of the Ward, knowing that you are a large property holder therein, and deeply interested in its material prosperity as well as in that of the city at large, request that you will allow yourself to be put in nomination, and we hereby pledge ourselves to do all in our power to secure your return.

- JAMES MACLENNAN,
- DANIEL WILSON,
- LAWRENCE COFFEY,
- R. P. DWIGHT,
- W. T. MASON,
- JOHN LEYS,
- SAMUEL PLATT,
- JAMES CAMPBELL,
- SAMUEL COXON,
- P. HYLAND,
- JOHN FISKEN,
- HENRY GRAHAM,
- PELLATT & OSEEN,
- WILLIAM REID,
- GEORGE FAYTON YOUNG,
- CLARKSON JONES,
- THOS. H. WALLS,
- D'ARCY BOULTON,
- JAMES WRIGHT,
- JOHN WALZ,
- WILLIAM ARTHURS,
- And over 200 others.

Toronto, 10th March, 1874.

To Messrs. JAMES MACLENNAN, M.P. DANIEL WILSON, L. L. D. LAWRENCE COFFEY, H. P. DWIGHT, SAMUEL PLATT, P. HYLAND, and many others.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received your requisition. I accept it readily, because it bears no political complexion, but is signed by gentlemen of all political opinions. I accept it in the hope that all who have signed it will vote and work for me, and I accept it with the desire and intention of doing all I can for the Ward of St. Thomas and the city of Toronto generally.

Thanking you for the compliment you have paid me, I am, Gentlemen,

Yours respectfully,

W. B. SCARTH.

Miscellaneous.

H. J. SAUNDERS, PRACTICAL TAILOR, ON and CUTTER, Queen's City Clothing Store, 202 Queen Street West, opposite W. M. Church.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Confederation Life Association will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, for an Act to amend the Act incorporating the Association, by changing the time of holding the Annual Meeting, and other amendments. W. P. HOWLAND, President. Toronto, Jan. 20th, 1874.

R. A. REEVE, B. A., M. D., OCUList AND AURIST, 22 Shuter Street, Corner of Victoria, TORONTO.

GENTS' OVER-SHOES! New Patent Clasp, the Best and Cheapest ever offered in the City, ONLY \$1 20! WM. WEST & CO., 200 Yonge Street.

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD! 51-oh

EATON'S, CHEAP DRESSES

One of our Cheap Dresses would be an acceptable Christmas Present. One of our COSTUMES would be an acceptable Christmas Present.

COME AND SEE THEM.

Corner Yonge and Queen Streets.



LADIES', GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S FURS SELLING OFF! 40-oh

Also, a large assortment of Fancy Sleigh Robes, Lin and unlined Buffalo Robes Remember the Address, COLEMAN & CO., 55 KING STREET EAST, OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.

FOR SALE, First-class Timothy Hay, wholesale; sample can be seen on our wharf. Also, a Portable 8-horse power Engine and Boiler, on wheels and in good order, cheap! MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO., Cor. Sherbourne and Queen Sts!

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY OUR MANY Customers in the Eastern part of the city with the BEST AND CHEAPEST FUEL, We have purchased from Messrs. Helliwell & Sinclair the business lately carried on by them on the corner of QUEEN and BRIGHT STREETS, where we shall endeavor to maintain the reputation of the VICTORIA WOOD YARD As the Best and Cheapest Coal and Wood Depot in the City. Cut Pine and Hardwood always on hand. All kinds Hard and Soft Coal, dry and under cover, from snow and ice. J. & A. MCINTYRE, Corner Queen and Bright Streets, and 23 and 25 Victoria Street. 73-hr

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! A. RAFFIGNON, No. 107 KING STREET WEST Is now prepared to supply Foster's Celebrated New York Oysters [BY THE QUART OR GALLON. An elegant Oyster Parlor has been fitted up suit the most fastidious taste, where Oysters will be served up in every style. Remember the Address, No. 107 KING STREET WEST, Near the Royal Lyce.

THE UNION BOOT & SHOE STORE 170 King Street East, CORNER OF GEORGE STREET.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends that he has opened The Union Boot and Shoe Store, With a Large and Varied Stock of the NEWEST STYLES Best material and has fixed the prices at LOWEST LIVING PROFIT. Gentlemen's Boots made to order. An experienced manager in attendance. No penitentiary work. All home manufacture—the work of good Union men. E. P. RODEN. 82-4e

At a party, while a young lady was playing with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a bystander bachelored exclaimed, "I'd give the world for those fingers!" "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking for it," exclaimed the young lady's observant mother.

The Home Circle.

ASPIRATION.

If I could send to distant seas,
With spreading sails and kindly breeze,
The ships my fancy builds at ease—

If I could rear without the strain
And sweat that comes of loss and gain,
The castles I would have in Spain—

If I could lay all sin aside,
And take the Saviour as my guide,
And have no other rule beside—

If I could win a deathless name,
And catch a noble man's call fame,
And never know the sting of blame—

If cruel gain came not by stealth,
Across the current of my health,
To taint the life blood's precious wealth—

If I could claim the good and great,
Whose fellowship is rich estate,
And feel their friendly correlate—

Then life would pay its simple cost,
And hope and fame would not be lost,
Upon Time's ocean tempest-tossed.

But man hath cares, and toil hath stings,
And riches take upon them wings,
And labor only honor brings.

Alas! my ships lie on the strand,
My castles in the Spanish land,
Are built of rainbows on the sand.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The Cincinnati Commercial, speaking of the closing scenes in the administration of Governor Noyes, of Ohio, and of the inauguration of Governor Allen, says:

Hundreds of guests had called, and scores were calling, to say their goodbyes to Governor Noyes. Among those who entered the chamber, however, was an old man, thin, wrinkled, pale, and gray-haired, and much bent by age and manifest suffering. He timidly asked to see the Governor, who stepped aside to a window with him. The old man said he would have called before, but he had been sick. He came at that late hour to make an appeal for the pardon of an erring son who was confined in the Penitentiary for seven years, and who had three more to serve.

"What is the name of your son?" asked the Governor. The old man gave it. Governor Noyes then, without making him any definite reply, requested him to step into his private room and wait till he was at leisure. The fact was, the pardon had been granted early that morning, and the old man's daughter had already gone to carry the pardon to her brother and accompany him from the Penitentiary to the Governor's office. In a few minutes the liberated man arrived with his sister, neither expecting to find the other there, and the father not dreaming that the pardon had already been granted. One can readily imagine the scene as the Governor conducted the two to his private room. The son flew to his father and embraced him, and then flinging his arms around the Governor's neck, covered his face with kisses. The old man overcame by the great happiness of the moment, sank into his chair sobbing like a child.

There were no dry eyes in that room, and those who, a few minutes later, were talking and chatting with the retiring Governor in the reception room, little imagined in what a touchingly pathetic scene he had been a participant. The liberated man has a wife, and child eight years old, a sister, and aged parents. It will be a pleasant reflection during his lifetime to General Noyes that it was one of the last acts of his executive power to fill one household with the sunshine of happiness, and restore the beloved one long separated from them, who had fearfully consoled for his crime.

ABOUT THUMBS.

We suppose that all our readers know that man would not be what he is without the thumb. This little fact has been so impressed upon us from our school days that we are not likely to forget it. Without the thumb for a lever, we would be unable to hold anything tightly, and most of the inventions of our era would be useless, not to speak of the enormous general power that would be lost. Let us accept the fact of having thumbs, then, and be thankful and rejoice over our Darwinian friends, the apes. We did not know, however, until we saw it in print, that the thumb represented intelligence and affection. Born idiots frequently come into the world without thumbs. Infants until they arrive at an age when intellect dawns, constantly keep their fingers folded above their thumbs, but they soon know better, and, as the mind develops, recognize the dignity and usefulness of the despised digit. At the approach of death the thumbs of the dying, as if impelled by some vague fear, seek refuge under the fingers, and when thus found are an almost certain announcement of the end. So in leaving this world, it would seem that our hands in their last desire for movement assume, with our growing unconsciousness, the same suggestive position in which the hands of the new-born babe, with faultless all done, first shape themselves. Small thumbs denote an affectionate disposition; long thumbs go with long heads; short, thick, stump-

thumbs mark a cruel man, and much more is told us of the same kind.

LAUGHTER AS A MEDICINE.

Speaking of laughter as a medicine, a writer furnishes an instance which is also illustrative of the imitative, if not the reasoning, faculties of the ape. A gentleman was suffering from an ulcerated sore throat which finally became so swollen that his life was despaired of, when his household came to his bedside to bid him farewell. Each person grasping his hand for a moment, and then turning, passed on weeping. A pet ape which had modestly waited until the last then advanced and grasping its master's hand for an instant, also turned and went away with its hands to its eyes. This assumption of deep grief which it is hardly possible the animal could have felt since it could scarcely have comprehended the problem of mortality there so powerfully presented to the human mind, was so ludicrous in its perfection, that the patient himself was seized with such an uncontrollable fit of laughter as to break the ulcer in his throat, whereby his life was saved. Of course, the ape was innocent of wrong intentions, but though the spectacle of an equal amount of hypocrisy on the part of expectant relatives of a dying man is not remarkably rare on such occasions, it is not apt to incite the sufferer to such a degree of hilarity as would involve a sudden cure and the consequent delay of great expectations.

SILENT PEOPLE.

We all reckon among our friends or acquaintances some silent man or woman whose influence is felt, whose rarely expressed opinion carries weight, whose words few indeed, but well chosen, spoken in clear harmonious tones, go to the point and decide it. We have all met with quiet, well-read, and well-bred women, whose society we have sought and found an ever increasing thirst for—women whose minds unfolded, leaf by leaf, rare beauties, which made one feel better for every hour spent with them. To know such women is to study them, to study them is to love them, to hunger for their society, to prize their presence, to regret their absence, and to mourn them forever when they have passed into the "silent land." To such women the world owes much, far more than to those who speak; these are the women who make home happy and life beautiful; to whom the cross word, the impatient tone, are strangers, whose children are surprised at a harsh tone, and who never fear the blow they have no knowledge of; these are they, who, saying nothing of woman's rights, think the woman's duties, the chief of which is woman's highest privilege, making home happy.

HOME EDUCATION.

The domestic fireside in a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the heart. The learning of the university may fade from recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the hall of memory, but the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a forgotten waste.

KIND WORDS.

They never blister the tongue or lips, and we never heard of any mental trouble arising from that quarter. Though they do not cost, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good-nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul—angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and makes it blaze more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured—cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them; bitter words makes them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush for all other kind of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words and idle words, hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image in men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet the hearer. They shame him out of his his own sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

A GEM FROM WHITTIER.

To appreciate the truth and beauty of the following lines from the pen of Whittier, it is necessary to know the circumstances under which they were written. A friend of Whittier's youth, who had spent most of his life on the Illinois prairies, called on the poet at his home in Amesbury, and together they recalled the scenes of their childhood, and briefly recounted the course of their after life. Whittier seemed much affected by the illusions of his friend to his prairie home, where a wife, children, and a grandchild, ("Constance")

awaited his return; and on being asked for his autograph, replied: "Call on your way to the cars, and I will hand it to you." The friend called, and received the following. The lines show the delicate texture of the poet's heart, the tendrils of which were evidently stretching after something beyond his reach:

"The years, that since we met have flown,
Leave, as they found me, still alone;
Nor wife, nor child, nor grandchild dear,
Are mine, the heart of age to cheer.
More favored, thou, with hair less gray
Than mine, canst let thy fancy stray
To where thy little Constance sees
The prairie ripple in the breeze.
For one like her to lip thy name
Is better than the voice of Fame."
J. G. WHITTIER.

THE FRENCH GALLEYS.

A FRIGHTFUL AND HUMILIATING PUNISHMENT.

A Frenchman who served ten years in the galleys at Dunkirk and was finally released at the instance of Queen Anne of England, wrote an account of his servitude (1700 to 1710), and of galley slavery in general. From this old volume we learn that an ordinary galley was about 150 feet long and forty feet wide. She was provided with masts and sails and fifty rower's benches, twenty five on each side, and was armed with five cannon, all of which were placed in the forward part of the galley. The oars were fifty feet long, thirty-seven feet without and thirteen feet within the galley. Between the benches there was a passage-way three feet wide. The handling of the oars was very hard work. Each rower stood with one foot on his bench and the other on the bench before him, then he reached as far forward as possible, raising his oar dipping it in the water, then he leaned back with his foot braced, until he came down on his own bench. If these movements were not made with regularity, the rowers were in danger of hitting their heads on the oars before them.

The narrator says that this labor was sometimes exacted for twenty-four consecutive hours, which, however, seems too much for human endurance. At some times a piece of bread soaked in wine was, at intervals, put into their mouths, he says. If one of the rowers gave out he was beaten as long as there was any signs of life in him, and then without further ceremony, he was thrown overboard. Their daily fare consisted of bread and beans; their dress of a shirt, breeches, red stockings and cap, and a blouse, all of the coarsest material. So long as the galley was under way no one was allowed to sleep; if she lay at anchor or in a harbor, the rowers crouched down between their benches and slept. In winter, when the galley was dismantled, their only bed was a board. At this season of the year they were variously employed and never allowed to be idle. If any one of note visited the galleys, the convicts were put through a series of manoeuvres as humiliating as they were ridiculous. At the first sound of the whistle—a whistle was used in commanding them as the trumpet in commanding dragoons—they all laid aside their caps, at the second their blouses, at the third their shirts, when they were ready for the farce to begin. At a given signal they all lay down between their benches, so that no one could be seen; then given signals, they showed first a finger above the benches, then an arm, then a head and so on, until they stood each in his place, when they were put through a variety of manoeuvres.

The punishment usually inflicted was the bastinado. The unfortunate after being stripped to the waist, was made to lie flat down, while two galley slaves held his hands and two his feet and another laid on the blows. The latter was also stripped, and behind him stood the captain, also with a bastinado in his hand, which he used on the back of the executioner if he showed any disposition to spare the criminal. After the tenth or twelfth blow the culprit was almost always speechless and motionless; still the punishment was continued. From twenty to thirty blows was the usual sentence for trifling offences. The maximum number was 100; this punishment, however, few survived. For exceptional offences the criminal was sentenced to have his feet bound to two different vessels, which were then put in motion in opposite directions, and he was torn in pieces.

LOVE-PHILTERS.

The philter of the Greeks was, as its name implies, a love-potion; and since "all is fair in love and war," it was looked on as a recognized weapon, not only to be used but also to be guarded against. Hence arose the custom of applying counter-charms, which, when employed with the cabalistic songs prescribed for the occasion, were sure of success, unless a more powerful one of the order should counteract the spells of the officiating witch. The ingredients mingled in a love-potion were such, that it may well have tasked all the gallantry of a reluctant lover, to accept the proffered cup. Some of the components most in favor were the bones of toads and snakes, a portion of the forehead of a new born foal, called "hippomane," the feathers of a night-hawk, the blood of doves, bones torn from the mouth of famishing dogs, and the strands of a rope with which a man has hanged himself.

Among such a heterogeneous collection of materials some must have had injurious properties. And either in gratification of private

hate, or to make good their reputation from time to time among their votaries, it was in the power of the dealers in magic to prepare a decoction which should arrest the reason or even the flow of life; such as the witch of Vesuvius prepared for Glaucus. So great was the encouragement given to this nefarious traffic, it produced a regular profession, well skilled to cull the spotted henbane and dig the hemlock's root.

From her evil pre-eminence, Locusta, the prisoner of Britannicus, gave her name to the trade, and taught the matrons of Rome how to distill the toad and poisonous mushroom in their husband's cup, so that the disordered brain might wander.

Among the Greeks, the Thessalians held the first place as magicians; and it was believed that they had power even to draw down the moon by their incantations. In Italy the Marsians, who derived their power from the son of Cicero, was deemed the most potent, and many instances are related of their skill.

We must not stray into the field of ordinary poisoning, which was so fashionable among the patrician ladies of Rome as to call for special legislation in the Lex Cornelia against all who sold, bought, or prepared noxious drugs, but confine ourselves to what may be called love-philters, i. e., potions administered, or incantation performed, for the purpose of exciting or retaining love; and, under this category it will be seen that luckless husbands, whose affections were supposed to be straying, were not exempt from danger.

It is upon this that the tragic story of Dejanira is founded, who, becoming jealous of Iole, sent to her husband, Hercules, the robe steeped in the blood of Nessus, which the crafty centaur gave her, bidding her take this profit of his last passage across the river over which he was bearing her, that it might prove to her a soothing charm over the mind of Hercules, so that when he looked on any other woman he might not feel more affection for her than for his lawful wife.

Horace describes the method by which witches prepared a love charm, by burying the body of a child in the ground. The head being left exposed, food changed three times a day, was placed before the famishing victim; then, when life became slowly extinct, the parched liver was removed and carefully guarded as a charm of peculiar potency.

Theophrastus supplies us with a recipe so accurately described that it may be worth recounting. The slighted maiden, complaining that her lover had deserted her, prepares "a poisonous brewage," with which she bids her attendant smear the threshold of his door. Having wreathed a bowl with fine purple wool she whirls the wheel, cacting meanwhile a handful of barley meal upon the fire, so that the faithless lover's boxes may waste away; whirling the wheel again, she burns a sprig of laurel that, as the crackling leaves consume, so his flesh may burn; then as she moves the wheel once more, she melts wax upon the flames, that her lover may, in like manner melt. How great is the faith she placed in these arts we gather from her love-sick ravings. "Whom sought I not?" she exclaims. "What magic-dealing crone consulted not?" And once more:—

"That chest has drugs shall make him feel my rage;
That art I learned from an Assyrian sage."

In addition to these methods for awakening a reciprocal passion, images of wax were formed, under the belief that whatever impress the plastic material received would be communicated to the person whose form it bore. And when it was desired to soften one heart and render the other obdurate, clay and wax were exposed at the same time.

HUMAN NATURE.

Some men are so constituted that they cannot appreciate kindness. An investment of goodness and humanity on them is sunk—it won't pay one per cent. If you are kind to them, they will ride over you rough shod; and the only way to get along with such creatures is to jam them down into the earth and keep them there. While you have them down they are easily managed—they are humble, and can be guided; but let them get a taste of the milk of human kindness, with which every body's bosom ought to overflow, and there is no living with them. A man may deal gently with them, and he gets a poor return for his investment; but let a dog come along and kick them over, and they are all humility, and "at your service, sir."

TOO SHARP.

A Yankee gentleman escorting a British friend around to view the different objects of attractions in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker's Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said, "This is the place where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters; "did it hurt him much?" The native looked at him with the expression of fourteen Fourths of July in his countenance. "Hurt him!" said he—"he was killed, sir." "Ah, he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer; "well, I should think he would have been to fall so far." The Yankee looked down his nose silyly at the Britisher, and the Britisher winked round his nose at the Yankee. They understood each other.

HUMOROUS.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

M. Dickson a colored barber in one of the largest towns of Massachusetts, was one morning shaving one of the customers, a respectable citizen, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place.

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer.

"No, sah; not at all."

"Why are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why, I tell you sah," said Mr. Dickson, scraping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was jess like dis. I jined dat church in good fait. I gib ten dollars toward de stated preachin' of de gospel de fast year, and do people called me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church people called me Mr. Dickson. Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, sir, goes tolerably well."

"Well, sah, do third year I feel poor—sickness in my family—an' I gib noffin for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat they call me Ole Nigger Dickson, and I lef' him!"

So saying, Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, and the gentleman departed, well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left the church.

PROFITABLE JUGGLING.

A professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a Scotch village, which was principally composed of colliers. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks, he asked the loan of a halfpenny. A collier with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a sovereign, "An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the collier. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. Let's see't," said the collier; and turning it round with an ecstasy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kindness, and putting it into his pocket, said, "I see warrant ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

USE YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

At a very recent party held not a thousand miles from here a young gentleman arose to dance a round dance with a lady. His partner was attired in a silk of very delicate shade, and having received rigid home instructions to "look out for spots," was dutifully on the qui vive to prevent them. So after making a few turns, she looked up at the gentleman whose one hand was on her dress and whispered softly, "Use your handkerchief." The remark, simple enough in its real meaning, took the young man home again to the sunny days of childhood, when he sat on his mother's knee, and heard that same innocent expression on an average once each half hour. So he blushed, halted, out with his kerchief, and—blow his nose long, loud, and sympathetically. Not till then did his convulsed partner explain her meaning more fully, and as for him—well, he hasn't been happy since.

A TRUTHFUL BOY.

A good little boy out West undertook to come the G. Washington on his mother in this way: He cut off the cat's head with the traditional hatchet, and then hid the defunct feline in the meal barrel. When the old lady went for meal to make the "hoo cake" for the frugal morning repast she discovered that cat and interviewed her little son. He said: "I did it, mother, with my little hatchet, but I'll be swizzled if I can tell the whole truth about this little affair." Now most mothers would have kissed that brave, truthful lad on his noble brow and kept right on using the meal out of that barrel just the same; but this one didn't. She said: "Come across my lap, my son; come across my lap." He came, and for a while there rose a cloud of dust from the seat of his trousers that effectually hid the son from view, and the old woman now sports goggles and is lavish in the use of Pettit's eye salve. That good little boy had peppered the seat of his pants.—Green Bay Advocate.

A BEWILDERED WITNESS.

During the famous Tichborne trial, in the course of which so many curious incidents occurred, Dr. Kenosly told the following story to illustrate the dangerous ingenuity of Mr. Hawkins, the leading counsel for the crown, in the art of cross-examination. He said: "Indeed, my learned friend can sometimes make witnesses say what he pleases. You perhaps may remember the great bug case, in which my learned friend shone with such lustre. It was an action brought by a London householder to recover rent, which the defendant refused to pay because the house was so overrun with bugs that he could not live in it. My learned friend examined, and cross-examined; and re-examined the witnesses till the whole court seemed filled with an atmosphere of bugs. My learned friend at last asked a witness: 'Were not the bugs in such strong numbers and so well

organized that when you went to catch them they turned round in the bed and barked at you? This poor witness was so overcome by my learned friend's skill and audacity that he answered, 'I believe they did.'

COULDN'T DRINK OR LIE.

For the benefit of our P. M., when any of the old toppers of Toronto are arraigned before his august personage, we clip the following from the Detroit Free Press, in order that His Worship should not place reliance on the word of those addicted to frequent imbibing. Scene—"Detroit Police Court."

Julius Murray belongs to the mercantile profession, he says. That is, he goes in the country and trades currency for hens, ducks, and geese, and returns and trades them for currency. He was ugly drunk the other night, and admits it, but he solemnly assures the court that nothing on earth can induce him to touch another drop if he is let off this time.

"I should hate to believe that you would tell me a lie," remarked his honor.

"Oh! I wouldn't—I couldn't do it!" replied the prisoner.

"If you are ever asked to drink again you will promptly refuse?"

"I will."

"And you will discourage others from drinking?"

"I will."

"And you won't keep a jug in the house?"

"No—never."

"And you won't be seen here again?"

"Hope to die if I will."

"Well, Mr. Murray, in such a case as this, where the prisoner exhibits a desire to reform, I never fine 'em over \$5. If you haven't got that sum you will have to put in thirty days instead."

On his way to the Black Maria, Mr. Murray said he wouldn't reform, nohow, and that when he got out his mouth would be a grand river, down which whiskey should pour like an Alpine torrent.

Sawdust and Chips.

A reporter on an Iowa paper wrote: "Yesterday morning, Winter and Spring kissed each other in the sunrise, and each spread its choicest favor on the purple air." He was married next day.

A musician, George Sharp, had his name on his door plate thus: "G. Sharp." A wag of a printer, who knew something of music, early one morning made the following undeniable and significant addition: "Is A flat."

A schoolmaster asked one of his boys, on a sharp, wintry morning what was the Latin for cold. The boy hesitated a little. "What?" said the teacher, "cannot you tell?" "Yes, yes," replied the boy; "I have it at my finger ends."

At a party, while a young lady was playing with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a bystander bachelored exclaimed, "I'd give the world for those fingers!" "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking for it," exclaimed the young lady's observant mother.

"If you don't see what you want ask for it," he posted up in a conspicuous place in a Toronto grocery. A native stepped into the establishment last week. He saw the card and remarked: "I want a ten dollar bill, and I don't see it." "Neither do I," was the laconic reply.

Said Lord John Russell to Hume, at a social dinner, "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number." "What do you consider the greatest number?" continued his lordship. "Number one, my lord," was the Commoner's prompt reply.

A Coroner's jury, empanelled to ascertain the cause of the death of a notorious drunkard, brought in a verdict of "Death by hanging—around a tavern." In California, a coroner's jury, under similar circumstances rendered a more courteous verdict—"Accidental death while unpacking a glass."

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a cravat, whom he overtook a short distance from town. "I am going to heaven, my son. I have been on the way eighteen years." "Well, good-bye old fellow, if you have been travelling towards heaven eighteen years and got no nearer than Winnipeg, I reckon I'll steer for the Saskatchewan."

Josh Billings gives a remarkably just definition of a country newspaper editor: "An editor is a male being whose business is to navigate a ruzze paper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts out manuscripts, keeps a waste basket, blows up the 'devil,' steals matter, fites; out other people's battles, sell his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a year, takes white beans and apple-saus for pay when he can get it, raises a large family, works nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, knows no Sunday, gets 'cussed' by everybody, and once in a while whips by somebody, lives poor, dies middle-aged and often broken-hearted, leaves no more, and is rewarded for a life of toil with a short and free obituary puff in the newspaper."

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HARRY E. CASTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. OFFICE—43 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto. 34-oh

HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., Notary Public, &c. OFFICE—68 Church Street. 31-oh

BOULTON & GORDON, BARRISTERS, Solicitors, Notaries, &c., No. 7 Ontario Hall, corner Court and Church Streets, Toronto. D'ARCY BOULTON, Q.C. G. B. GORDON. 31-oh

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AN AMUSING ELECTION INCIDENT.

In a Southern borough an occurrence took place on the day of a very strongly contested struggle for Parliamentary honors that may be used as a strong argument by those who are advocating the extension of the franchise to the gentler sex. A certain gentleman, whose name is of a pure Milesian type, determined that he would espouse the cause of the popular candidate despite the earnest entreaties of his wife and daughter, whose politics were of a decided Conservative tinge, and who were evidently determined to thwart the patriotic intentions of their lord and master. A short time previous to the day of polling the ladies held high council and decided that as "women's only weapon" had failed to convince their obstinate protector of the error of his ways, they should endeavor by a ruse to prevent him from recording his vote for the candidate of his choice. After a number of plans had been suggested by both ladies, an idea occurred to the younger one that would be worthy of a Moltke. Her eyes glistened with delight as she exclaimed, "Mamma, I have it; I have it; the very thing!" There was a pause for a moment, and she began—"We will pretend there is a leak in the tank at the top of the house, and we will get papa to examine it on the day of the election. He will have to ascend the ladder to get up to it, and when he is at the top we will take the ladder away, so that he will not be able to descend to record his vote." The mother looked aghast at the boldness of her daughter's proposal, but after a little consideration came to the conclusion that something should be done to prevent her obstinate spouse from recording his vote, not only against her own convictions, but even against those of the immediate relatives of the gentleman himself. The plan was decided on, and the momentous day arrived for putting it into execution. Immediately after breakfast, the daughter suggested that the plumber should be sent for at once in the tank; in fact, she was of opinion that if he were not sent for immediately, they would be in danger of being inundated. The shadow of an exorbitant tradesman's bill, suggested to paternity the necessity of seeing for himself what the extent of the injury might be. "I will see about it at once," said he, "and when I shall have voted at the courthouse, I will call at the plumber's." A short time after he ascended, and when he got on the top of the tank, the ladder was taken stealthily away. He examined the tank for a few moments, and failed to discover anything the matter with it, at which he was exceedingly well pleased, priding himself at the same time on his foresight in looking after the matter himself before employing the aid of the man of solder and lead. He was about descending when he found the ladder had been taken from its usual place. He called out to his wife and daughter as loud as he possibly could, but it is needless to say his efforts were perfectly unavailing. The idea forced itself upon his mind that a very clever trick had been played upon him, and he was in anything but an agreeable frame of mind when he retraced his steps to get to the top of the house, to see whether he could draw the attention of any friendly passer-by. He raised a skylight and put his head through it, but was unable to discover a single person passing. After remaining in this unenviable position for some time, and feeling that the hour specified for the close of the poll was drawing nigh, he almost despaired of being able to record his vote. At last he espied at some distance a man approaching the house, and recognized him as one of his tenants. At the top of his voice he roared out the man's Christian name, calling to him, "come to my assistance." The man looked blank with amazement. He thought he recognized the voice, but could not make out whence it proceeded. The gentleman still continued to roar vociferously, but to no purpose as far as his tenant was concerned, who had applied

his fingers to his cranium for the purpose of solving the riddle. "Begor, I have it at last," said the tenant; "it must be one of the —. I'll be off to the priest." He was retracing his steps, when the gentleman, in piteous accents, roared out. "Yorra, don't you know me; I am Mr. —." Then the tenant looked up to the top of the house, and discovered the bare crown of the gentleman's head in the skylight. He was more than astonished when the gentleman requested him to break open the hall-door, if they would not let him in to rescue him from the awkward predicament he was in. The man thundered at the door, which was soon opened by the servant. The master of the house was then rescued, and had barely time to proceed to the polling-place to record his vote, amidst the plaudits of the non-electors, who were afraid his relatives had influenced him to change his opinions.—*Cork Examiner.*

A CITY STRUCK WITH PLAGUE.

A letter from Munich gives a sad account of the state of that town, which continues to be ravaged by the epidemic from which it has so long suffered. For a little time the scourge abated; but now it is more virulent than ever. Sanitary measures on the largest scale, executed with the greatest care, have no effect in arresting its progress. The most alarming feature of the malady is that it carries off its victims in a moment, without almost a note of warning from premonitory symptoms. The correspondent says that very often not even the slightest illness, the most insignificant vestige of diarrhoea, warns the victims, who pass from a state of perfect health to death in a few hours. As might be expected, the town is in a terrible state of depression and dismay. The disease has now been eight months in the place. The hotels are absolutely deserted; visitors, who used to be attracted in large numbers by the pleasant social life and the art treasures of Munich, will not set foot in it; commerce and trade languish; and, in a short time, a local crisis is likely to add to the miseries that oppress the inhabitants. Agitation, the natural fruit of such a state of things, has commenced; and the Ministerial orders forbidding all public rejoicings are criticised in a violently hostile spirit. Munich is evidently in a bad way.

RASPAIL, THE COMMUNIST.

While Republican Presidents are shooting (says a Paris correspondent), and Republican dancers are intent on monster balls, the father of French Republicans is cast into prison. M. Raspail, though we have not heard of him lately, is a famous man in more ways than one. He has certainly done much mischief as an extreme politician. He is an ex-Deputy of impracticable views, and a thorough Communist in his writings, though legally he has steered clear of the unnatural insurrection of 1870. I recollect once being introduced to Mr. Raspail, one of the most venerable looking men it is possible to see. He quickly branched into politics, thinking, because I was an Irishman, that I must have been an advocate of those monstrous doctrines against property, religion, and family which are broached by the fanatic revolutionists of France. I recollect urging an *argumentum ad hominem*: "M. Raspail," said I, "you approve of the distribution of the property of the rich amongst the poor." "I do," he replied. "Well, then," I resumed, "why do you not begin and show a good example? You are very rich, though, doubtless, not to speak of the exterior world, there must be many in need of money amongst your own relatives. Suppose you begin by dividing your accumulated means amongst those? It will be an earnest of your sincerity, and a fine precedent to others." But the old man could not see this. He would not give anyone a franc without value received. As to his poor relatives and friends, like the Radical philosopher in Canning's "Needy Knife-grinder," Mr. Raspail would "see them further." He is very rich, but certainly he has acquired his wealth in

the most honorable way. Raspail began life as a chemist, and discovered the uses of a compound of alcohol and camphor as a wondrous specific for wounds and bruises, and sores of all kinds. Every practitioner and every private family in France find a frequent, beneficent aid in the *alcohol camphre*. But this political Radical and healthful regenerator is not satisfied in devoting his venerable head, white with the snows of eighty winters to repose. He has been, for the last couple of years, in conjunction with his son, publishing an almanac, the dates in which are crowded with apologies for the Commune. For this he has been summoned before the Assizes of the Seine, and, after a strange defence of himself, has just been condemned to an imprisonment of two years, while his son was sentenced to six months.

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