WORKMAN.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1872.

NO. 1.

THE NINE-HOURS MOVEMENT.

ONTARIO

Grand Demonstration on Monday.

CREAT PROCESSION OF WORKMEN.

Addresses in the Queen's Park.

OVER 10,000 PERSONS PRESENT

On Monday last a grand mass meeting demonstration of the workingmen of this city, called at the instance of the Toronto Trades' Assembly, was held, as an expresmion of sympathy for the printers and bookbinders, and in support of the Nine-hour Movement. Soon after twelve o'clock, the space in front of the Assembly Hall was densely crowded, and about one o'clock the work of forming the procession began, which was completed in the following order :-

Band of the 10th Royals, The British Ensign, Iron Moulders' Union, Bricklayers' and Masons' Union, Workingmen of no organization, Band of Christian Brothers' Academy, Cigar Makers' Union, Coopers' Union, Coach Makers' Union, Blacksmiths' and Machinists' Union, R. Hay & Co.'s Employees, Bakers' Union, Queen's Own Band, Varnishers' and Polishers' Union, Knights of St. Crispin, Amalgamated Engineers' Union, Young Irishmen's Band, The Union Jack and Stars and Stripes entwined, Typographical Union, Bookbinders' Union, Toronto Trades' Assembly.

The men marched four abreast, and the procession proved perhaps the largest ever held by the workingmen of this city—it being estimated that it was composed of apwards of two thousand persons. The bands struck up their stirring strains, and the procession moved off along the following route:-Starting from the Trades' Asw Hall on King street, it proceeded west to Brock street, thence to Queen street, along Queen street east to George street, from George street to King street as far as Yonge street, up Yonge street to the College Avenue to the Queen's Park.

All along the route thousands of spectators thronged the sidewalk, and the windows of the houses were also filled with Indies, who cheered the procession as it passed in a manner which evidently showed that their sympathies were with the workingmen in their ondeavour to obtain the object for which they were striving.

The processionists on passing THE LEADER Office cheered lustily, but on passing The CLOBE Office a contemptuous silence was observed, with the exception of a few who could not refrain from giving vent to a

On reaching the Queen's Park the procession was opened out into two lines, leaving an avenue up the centre, through which the Typographical and Bookbinders, Unions narched, headed by the band, and passing under the Union Jack and the American Stars and Stripes to the large platform which is erected there for the purpose of holding public meetings. This honour was own the Typographical and Bookbinders' lons on account of their being the cers in the nine-hours movement. As two Unions passed between the lines were loudly cheered by their brother

s the procession neared the Park, a y snow storm came on, which had not, ever, the least effect in dampening the or of the processionists, and on reaching stand from which the speaking was to place, there could not have been less

So soon as silence could be obtained, Mr. Williams, President of the Trades' Assembly, addressed the audience in a few brief words, remarking that on account of the somewhat unpleasant state of the weather, and the number of gentlemen who were present for the purpose of addressing them, it was not 'his intention to detain them with any obser ations of his own, and asking a patient hearing for the speakers, introduced to the audience

Dr. Hall, who said that when the agitation of the nine hours system was commenced, his sympathies were not so much for the man who did the work as for those outside; but now he knew by the world's history that where the advancement of learning had been favoured, there also had the world's advancement been made. He conthe general ways of sobriety and order. It had been observed that the men who worked the hardest were the men who were best in preserving order. It had been written in he Scriptures that man should earn his induced him to say anything on the movement was the principle of Sabbath observance. A man working all the week from morning till night had no opportunity of putting on his best clothes and going out this which they were now agitating. with his family, except on Sundays, on which day he (the workingman) did so, instead of going to church. If a man had a little more time for study or recreation on week days there would be no excuse for their non-observance of the Sabbath in a proper manner. Whether they set aside the question or not, it was well known that the workingman must have a certain amount of freedom and time for recreation, otherwise they would be mere machines, as though worked by a lever. He referred to the large amount of labour-saving machinery in use, and asked who was to be benefitted Were the men to be benefitted or were the masters? The machines were invented by the workingmen, and were they not to receive some of the benefits arising therefrom? The question to be discussed was, whether they were to be an intelligent class of men, or were they to be merely machines to be worked at the will and pleasure of their employers. He could not say whether the men were receiving a proportionate amount of pay for their work; this great question was over that the working class would show that they recognised the God in heaven, and not give their enemies a chance of slandering them, but conduct themselves as a christian community would wish them to. (Cheers).

Mr. E. K. Dodds said that never in the history of Toronto had a larger meeting of the citizens assembled than on that occasion. It was only the agitation of a great social question that could bring together 10,000 of the workingmen of the city of Toronto. (Cheers). He thought the hand-writing on the wall was plain. This was the commencement of an era, the precursor of a great and peaceful revolution. That revolution must be worked out on a broad basis. The champions of this nine hours movement had come forward in the light of day, and had said, "We are not ashamed; we are fighting for a principle which can bear the light; they may double our police force, and watch us upon the streets, but, as honest citizens, as true and honourable men, we care not for being watched, because our movements will stand inspection! (Loud cheers). This was no local cry, no sectional question, but the workingment of Toronto were merely echoing the sentiments of the workingmen of the whole universe over. They struck the key note in England, which was re-echoed in the United States, and this was not a mere American device or dodge, but the outspoken expression of the true working Canadians of this country. He found in one of the city nowspapers that morning, an appeal strong and forcible in favour of the movement for an increase of wages among the workingmen of Warwickshire in England. afford the money requisite to bring them out to this country. The same organ came out the open opponent of the nine hours system, "Stamp it out! Put it down! because it

went up from the assembled thousands. free, because here the workingman was respected, and was paid the value of his labour. But in the next column they found 160 names of the manufacturers of Toronto, men who had been pushed, induced, almost forced into giving their aid to crush the workingmen of this city. (Cheers). They had not the throne here, but they had the people, and the people had the power. (Renewed cheering). The wealth of this country had been increased by the energy, the persever-ance, the united toil of the workingmen of this country. They had no aristocracy here, but the aristocracy of labour, and the man who by the sweat of his brow made himself a position, stood the equal of any man in this country. This agitation had been conducted in a proper and Christian-like spirit, not pushed forward by the aid of brute force, but as a strong appeal to the reasoning powers of the people of this country. The workingmen of Toronto said 54 hours a week was enough for any man to work. He asked those tended that it was necessary for the working present, he asked every workingman of the class to have a certain amount of time to city of Toronto, he went further, he asked the devote to study, to instruct their families in masters themselves if they could place their finger upon one solitary act whereby the men of this city had ondeavoured to coerce the masters into any measure whatever. The workingmen said-"You own the capital, and we own the capital too; our bread by the sweat of his brow; that had been carried out to the letter. The work-been carried out to the letter. The work-been carried out to the letter. ingmen were the most useful and beneficial masters would not give in, these men would men to society. The great principle which go elsewhere, where not only muscle was ralued, but intellectual capacity also. (Cheers.) There was no question which had so occupied the attention of workingmen, and of the masses of the people, as had been agitated strongly but calmly, and, recognizing the truth of the motto of the societies that "Union is Strength," it was only necessary for the workingmen to back up the movement in order to insure success. He did not believe that political matters should be brought into this question, but he asked them, the workingmen, representing the power of the country, why it was, when men came forward to represent their interests, that they did not select those who would go and fight the battle of the workingmen in Parliament? They had the power; let them see that they used it. Let them take no uncertain reply from a candidate, but make him say, "I will advocate those principles in favour of the workingmen of his country, because they are founded on justice and truth. They had a free country; they wanted laws broad and even, distrib-uted justly over all sections of the people. The G. W. Railway Company at Hamilton had granted the nine hours principle. (Cheers.) That was a happy omen of their success, and showed an appreciation of the he could only speak of the movement in furtherance of civilization? He hoped when Managing Director of that Railway. The GEOBE stated, day after day, that trades' unions were detrimental to capitalists. He alleged that trades' union movements had been for the elevation and improvement of mankind in general. Workingmen desired to give an honest return for the wages they received, but, when once they put down their foot on a principle, they would not swerve from it. Notwithstanding all the combinations of master printers, the power of the people must conquer, and that monster gathering was the precursor of the nine-hours movement. Mr. Lodds retired amidst prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.

D. Riddeli said he wished it to be understood that he was there at the invitation of the Trades Assembly, from a call of duty, not as a factionist or conspirator, not as an advocate of class against class, but as an advocate of truth. He would tell his hearers that there was one idea prevailing and one which would prevail. He had no time to look at a paper for the past ten days, and had had no time to prepare his address. He had, indeed, just come from the smallpox hospital, and had only thought out a few remarks. He was a workingman him-self and his heart was with workingmen. It was unfortunate that at the present time newspapers were directed by interested parties. There was at all times too much faith on newspapers, and it was a provailing vice for people to run to look at the editorial in a paper, for truth. Editorials gave very little truth—more often untruth. They were only the exponent of the ideas of the readers, and not the father of thought but the child of the thought of others, and very often an illegitimate one. When the What did he find the mighty Globe saying? masses will struggling to obtain an object, That the workingmen in Warwickshire had then they were not supported by the long been down-trodden, that they had not papers; but, when there is a chance of received the due reward of their labour, that success, then, they congratulate them on granting them the increase domanded would their perseverance. Many papers, too, were better their condition and enable them to behind the times; they supported tyranny and the doctrines of the sixteenth century, instead of those of the decadence of the nineteenth. He hoped his hearers would act up tto the precept, "Forgive your eneten thousand persons massed on all does not agree with our principles." The mies," and hot fact as conspirators or rufof the platform. As the members of GLOBE said they hoped in the coming year fians or bullith, but would go to their massionately, frades' Assembly—who ascorted the by coming to this country they would better and they would not doubt be heard. He Corporation made ity laws, but England did not ters on the occasion—ascended the their condition, and make for themselves wished they would not strike as long as send policemen to patrol the streets. And so, orm, cheers long, loud, and hearty, comfortable homes, because labour here was they could do otherwise. If they perse when the Dominion makes laws she supports

vered in this course they would certainly succeed. (Applause.)

Mr. Beaty, M.P., who on coming forward was received with loud and prolonged cheering, returned his sincere thanks to those who had invited him to the present meeting. Ho would say that he did not come prepared with notes, but simply to declare his true sentiments and without guarding his expressions. Before speaking upon the subject of the meeting, he would refer to the occasion which enabled the meeting to be held, viz: the recov-ery of the Prince of Wales. He knew the sympathy that and been felt through the country and British Dominion by every Christian, not only for the Prince but for his widowed mother during the illness of the Prince. No doubt every one of his hearers had offered up prayers for the Prince, and God had heard and answered them. They had no doubt not waited for the present occasion to other up their thanks. With regard to the subject of the meeting, it was not a local one, but a question of humamty—one that all men were interested in-the question of labour interesting and induencing every one. (Hear, hear.) Much is said about the labouring man, but who is it that supports the do-nothing The labourer; and it was absurd to suppose that he had no right to ask what he choose for his own. If he had 50 yards of cloth, who had a right to say that he should not demand what he choose for it—no one was obliged to take it if he did not choose. The labourer in tins country did not stand in the same position as the European labourer. Here he was not a drug in the market, and therefore he ought to get the best price for his labour. their representative in Parliement, his business would be to see that no statute, were passed in the behalf of the minority. He must say that all humanity owes a debt of gratitude to the printers. The mechanics owe it to thom, that the movement is succeeding. would certainly succeed if they tried. There was no occasion to be ashamed of labour. History had demonstrated that God sent man to labour, even before his fall. Labour is not the result of sin. He sympathised with the movement. He regretted to see, however men leaving the country because they could not get fuil price for their labour here; but if men could get more money for their labour south of the line 45, it was only natural that they should go. The man who would attempt to drive the bone and sinew out, was a short sighted one. He would say a word as to master printers. What were they? Many of them were men with whom his hearers would not trust a dollar. (Hear, hear.) It often happens that when a man made a few dollars more than his fellow workingmen, he became one of the most tyrannical of his class. The labourer's is an honourable task, and the men who laboured with their own hands were the best of labourers. Christ laboured and so did his Apostles. Labour makes nature wealthy. and raised great men to their high positions. He saw before him men of intelligence, who were able to discriminate between right and wrong. (Cheers.) He was glad to see that the printers had decided to start an organ of their own. As a newspaper proprietor he was m no degree jealous, but as such he would do all he could to help it. All was not gospel in newspapers, but still they were not to be despised, and had done much for the public. This paper, for a small sum, would give nitytwo columns of contents, instructive and useful. People would at times say that union is injurious to humanity, but the man who says that forgets the example shown by the unity or former days-the union which brings us to love each other. He wished those men who talked so flippantly of unions to bear this in mind—that nothing could be done without union. Union would propagate the teaching of the Christian religion. Union was indeed strength. He hoped they would continue to be united, and would let neither nationality nor any other consideration divide them, but would show that their intelligence was equal to their cause, and they were determined to get what they desired in a legitimate manner. Doubtless the opposition would be most pleased to be able to record that this meeting broke up with a disturbance. It was no doubt true that all unions could not be looked upon as saints. There were some who would go wrong, but as a whole m one cause the unions were law-abiding. If they departed from that rule, or attempted, in consequence of their numbers, to accomplish what they ought not they would fail. They would show the country that their demands and their means of obtain ing those demands were just. He could assure them that he should have the utmost pleasure in performing his duties in the Dominion House of Commons in sympathy with the wishes of the people. His power was delegated, and it would be dishonourable to use that delegated power to his own in-terests. They would do well to watch their representative as well as their newspapers and to ascertain their antecedents. We have a constitution emanating from the people, but we have come to be deeply thankful to Her Majesty for giving us the power of legislating. The charter

given by the Queen was untouched in a letter,

and we had the power of sending men to make

our laws for us. We heard at times much

said about the withdrawal of troops; but we

must not be ungrateful. England would, as

sue has over done, protect her subjects, if

necessary. It would now, however, be degrad-

ing to us to make a cry that the people of England did not maintain an army to protect

the laws of Canada. An example might be

them herself. Nor did he complain of the centralization of the troops either from military or economic views. If invaded, she could send a fleet that could blockade every port in the United States. She could also concentrate her troops quicker than the United States even could. England never abandoned her even could. England never abandoned her subjects. England asked nothing from us and let us not be ungrateful. England's sons permitted themselves to be taxed formerly to maintain an army to protect Canada for those yet to come. Let us not, therefore, be unjust to the memory of our forefathers. Now, in consequence, we had this great country with plenty of land for all. Let them persevere and they would get what they wanted, viz., a good day's pay for a fair day's labour. They had a right to ask what they choose for their labour. (Cheers.) A case in point was that of the brickmakers. Some years ago bricks were \$4 a thousand, now they were \$8 to \$10. Yet there was no cry against the brickmakers. It is a matter in their own hands, and the master printers had no more right to refuse than the master brickmakers. If is wanted the article will sell as in the case of bricks. He would tell his hearers that long before ever a man asked him for the advance he had determined to give it. He was sure there would be no bitterness between the masters and men. If the employers don't want the labour they need not have it; but he trusted that his hearers would not, by any action, bring reproach upon themselves. Howas, as he always had been, a friend of order. He concluded by impressing upon his hearers; the divine doctrine to "do to others as they would be done by." (Loud and prolonged. cheering.)

SECOND SET OF SPEECHES.

Soon after the speaking began, it being quite evident that in consequence of the immense concourse of people, and the utter impossibility of the speakers being heard by all present, it was deemed necessary to organize another meeting at the opposite side of the platform from which addresses were then being delivered. At the request of the President of the Assembly, Mr. Hewitt, Cor. Sec. of that body, with the assistance of several gentlemen undertook the conducting of such meeting, which was accordingly held. We regret we are unable to present the stirring speccifes delivered to the length we should have wished, and we can only furnish the following synopsis:--

Mr. Hewitt, expressed his pleasure at the presence of so vast a crowd of tradesmen ou that occasion, and stated that he felt certain of victory. He urged upon the various to be firm and respectful, to stand shoulder to shoulder, and if they did so, he felt satisfied that victory would crown their efforts. He considered it necessary to have the hours of labour shortened, in order that the workingmen might have an opportunity to improve themselves intellectually and physically; and he hoped the good work already so auspiciously inaugurated would be carried on until the working men were entirely successful. He would not detain his audience upon this occasion as there were several gentlemen to follow him. He then introduced

Mr. Grant, a stonecutter, who, upon coming forward, was warmly received. He spoke of the good effects of the short-hour system in England, and urged upon his fellow-workmen: of Toronto to be frugal and firm in their demands, in order that if they could not have them acquiesced in they would be enabled to go elsewhere. He regretted that one of his own trade had gone home from this country, and misrepresented Canada. . He referred to the statement made by the Hon. Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the workingmen could not be entrusted with the franchise: but he was made to change his opinion when he saw 50,000 respectable men marching in procession in London. He was particularly severe upon the various masters in the city who had formed a union for the purpose of opposing the object which the workingmen had at heart; and maintained that it would be impossible to stem the tide of popular opinion in favour of the nine hours movement.

Mr. Andrew Scott next addressed the meeting, as follows :--

Fellow-workmen--Notwithstanding the cooling element that is now pouring down from the heavens above us, there is a beam of cheerfulness shining over the scene, and a manifesting of warmth and enthusiasm within, depicted on every countenance before me. The opportunity unexpectedly given to lift up my voice on this truly auspicious occasion is to me source of very great pleasure. (Applause.)
The demonstration we are now witnessing tells in unmistakable language that the workingmen of Toronto have the nine hours movement at heart. (Cheers.) There cannot be many here who have not sympathy with the leaders of this great social reform. (Applause.) And we ought to feel proud of the fact that such a congregation of workingmen should assemble together and conduct themselves throughout in such an orderly and praiseworthy manner to promote such a nuble cause. (Cheers.) Many and varied have been the means adopted by those who are opposing this movement to prevent its growth and success, but all to little r no purpose, and the present occasion undoubtedly speaks volumes in favour of the movement. (Cheers.) Let us hope that this mass demonstration will soon be followed by many more of a similar character and these

CONCLUDED N EN

Loctry.

LABOR IS HONOR.

Lather is Lener! God's spirit bath spoken; This is the song that His universe sings: Through the vast hills of creation unbroken, Lendin and clearly the universe rings. Up from the bills and the green valleys stealing, Seeking the light of the bright stars above, Libes the song to the bine heavens pealing, "Labor is honor, and labor is love."

All the grand decis that are grandest in story, Living through centuries treasured and bright; All the great lives that are dearest to glory, Filling the world with flashes of light; Words from whose interances ages are dated, Thoughts that have held the whole world in control, Rames on whose echoes the proudest have waited, Are but the dispring of labor and toil.

Not to the eye that glanceth there lightly both the bright look of the heaven unfold; But to the spirit that turneth there rightly, Are all its wonders and mysteries told: And at each step to the soul upward springing, Cometh new radiance, new light from above While in the heart is an angel voice singing, "Labor is honor, and labor is love."

Not on her brow doth the earth bear all brightness, Deep in her breast do the rich diamonds shine, Down in the wave is the pearl's soft whiteness, Hiding the gold in the dust of the mine. Beauty and power, and riches and pleasure Sure in her besom lie hidden to-day; Torl is the key that will open her treasure, And at each touch she will give them away.

Light to the mind that in darkness was clouded Straighth to the spirit that weakness had touched Joy to the soul that in sorrow was shrouded, i.lis to the heart when its life-string was touch Truth as their foothold who seek it sincerely, Skill to the hand when it toileth to live, Eyes that can look up to heaven's light clearly-These are the honors that labor can give !

Tales and Sketches.

DERRICK HALSEY.

"Hife has been a rare gift—a rich gift to me. So dear to me, in fact, that I care very little when or how I lose it. It's a play not worth the candle." And Derrick Halsey, as he spoke, lifted a pained, almost defiant face to the skies above him.

Trell Saun lers, who was busy putting aside plow and barrow, now turned sharply around, folding his brawng arms over a chest that might have served as a model for a Hercules, while his broad-brimmed hat, jushed off his forehead, brought out in full relief his square, . bonest face.

"I am sorry to hear ye say that, Derrick," a perplex of look struggling on his kindly features: "you've got health, and a good bit of this world's goods.

"But I haven't happiness. Trell. I am a lonely, miserable man. Twe had a tough job of it ail my life"-his voice dying in a husky whisper, his fave deepening in its pallor - 'you can't know-lit's no use to try to tell," with a sublea gesture of impotent pain.

Trell looked humbly away. For the dumb sading grief mirrored in that face he could for no consolation.

If feel fur ye, Der," he said at last, very aly. "But I must be goin'. Nolly's get-ng the supper-ready by this time, and the cows e than waiting to be milked; and than's the aby a-waitin fur me. You'd think me foolish, Der, if you knew how much store I set by that little note of flesh and blood. I tell you, now"--putting on his coat, and taking his tin linner pail in his band-"it's a pleasant thing to have a home and family. You see, I go home after working hard all day to find the house tidy and bright, and Molly, rosy-cheeked our baby —a little toddler, so high, just findin' out what his feet were ande fur —erows and y at seem me. And seem all this makes me by here The loved, here I'm wanted; the world is wide and selfish; but no matter fur ner—do the memory of mine. Ay, Hetty; and that here's my niche, my world; here's where there she sleeps—she sleeps!" that here's my niche, my world; here's where God has pessed me, and I'm thankful fur it every day of my life."

Trell stopped saddenly, conscious of a vague remorse that his words were best said another time. "I must go now, Derrick. Good-night, and God bless you!"

The simple heartiness of the benediction touched Derrick deeply.

"I can't quite lose my faith in humanity hile Trell lives," he said, watching his re-reating form. "Helloa, Jennie!"

A beautiful blooded mare, who was pasturng in the meadow near by, came to him as he stood leading negligently against the fence, and rubbed her head on his shoulder. He passed nis arms around her glossy neck as if she were human, and laid his check to hers.

His eyes wandered wistfully to the forests so ovely in their greenness, the level meadows, the mountains defined darkly purple against the gold of the western sky. There was a hum of insects in the air, a twitter of birds down in the reedy marshes. Jennie, pricking up her lelicate cars, suddenly started, a little restive at something, and Derrick, turning to see the cause of her fright, confronted a woman hurry-

"Why, Hetty," he said, hastily; "are you a ghost or reality?"

"There is nothing supernatural about me she answered, in a pleasant voice. "It is all flesh and blood that frightened your horse."

"You have been to the village," he said, glancing at the packages she carried.

"Yes, and came back across lotsof time and muscle.'

"And an opportune arrival for me, Miss Hetty; for you have saved me the loneliness of my solitary walk home. Good-night, Jennie girl! And now, Hetty, for these traps

She transferred her packages to him with an easy grace, and they sauntered slowly along the grassy nath.

"Do these bright spring days find you healthy and happy, Miss Hetty?" said Derrick, with a swift glance at the fair face beside him.

"Yes, I am healthy, as you can not fail to e; and I would be unreasonable indeed did I

fail to extract happiness from my daily life."

to make hay while the sun shines. And how is Rene?

"Well for him, and preaching me a sermon of content daily!

"You are a good sister to that boy, Hetty. "No better than I should be. 'He's minemine only. Mother left him to me. 'Be kind to him,' was her latest prayer. Life will always be a thorny pilgrimage to him, carrying about as he must his maimed, misshapen body; and it is my duty to shield him with tender love. It may take the cruel bitter from his

"You may be thank'al that he has a pure soul in his misshapen body; you may be thankful for it. You may go down on your kness and thank God that it is no worse—that he is not maimed in both soul and body." He checked himself suddenly.

"Trell Saunders has a pretty little place," he continued, as they passed a white frame house standing back from the road; greenness around it, flowers blossoming along the pathway, roses and honey-suckles claimbering up the stoop. "Who'd think, to see Trell standing in the door kissing and tossing that youngster of his, that he'd been working like an ox all day? He is hard-working and poor, and yet a king might envy him. Lenvy him at times. Hard and rough as I am, I have longed for wife and children of my own—my own flesh and blood. I've longed for a love that would bear with my weaknesses and faults, cling to me whatever might betide, and go with me to the portals of the grave. I knew such a love once when I was a little shaver so high," reaching out his brawny hand to show her. "What other love could it be but a mother's? She was a hardworking, godly woman—a saint, if ever there was one. Hers was a slavish life. She gave her brain, blood, and muscle to her work, used up her vitality, and went down to the grave years before her time. She loved me with the true, unselfish, mother-love. I never had a childish grievance she was not willing to hear, a pain with which she was not ready to sympa-thize. I was working at Squire Decker's the summer she died. It was father's idea that I was old enough to help myself a little. 'A big sturdy lad of ten,' he called me, 'far too old to be babied by her;' so I went that summer to the Squire's as a sort of chore-boy, doing light jobs, and going home two or three times weekly. Well, one Monday morning I went away from home as usual, and mother walked with me to the turn of the road. 'Be sure and come home Wednesday night, Derrie. she said as we parted.

"Wednesday came, and that morning the Squire came to me as I was picking apples in the orchard. 'Derrick.' said he, "your mo-ther is dead!' That's the way it came upon me ; a thunder-bolt ; no warning, no preparation. only the cruel, cruel word that she, who was all the world to me, was dead. You can imagine my feelings-I can't describe them. But how can you imagine them? You have never had all brightness, hope, and life almost, struck out of your existence so suddenly that a breath of joy ended in a gasp of anguish; a struggling against an adversary who held you down, pin-ioned, throttled. Ours was a strange home to me after mother was carried out from it forever. Father never understood or had patience with his children, and Susie and I feared and crept away from nim. Susie was a shy, tender little thing of six, mother's baby and pet.

". Mother said you must be kind to me, Derrie,' sobbed the baby, nestling her pink check against my rough jacket. 'She said, Always love me for her sake, Derrie-'

"Hetty!" Derrick started suddenly, and pointed to a hill just beyond them, upon whose eminence grassy mounds and simple gravestones were burnished by the red gleams of the setting sun, and pictured forth in inclancholy beauty. "Mother sleeps there," said he, husk-"and I tell the simple truth when I say that grave has kept me from becoming a blas-phomer and prolligate. That dust resting there vas once animated with love for me; and that love—her love—could never meet with eternal annihilation. She could not die as the brute dies. Yes, I speak the truth when I say her memory has kept me from running into terrible wickednesses-wickednesses a woman like you don't think of. When goodness dropped out and smiling, clad to see me home again; and of sight in my mind the remembrance of her purity and truth still remained. I was her boy -the grave could not sunder us; somewhere laps his hands, and goes nigh mad out of pure she was keeping watch over me still. There is a seein me. And seem all this makes me isn't a Christian man in this neighborhood who reverences his mother more than I-poor sin-

"Asleep in Jesus-blessed sleep!" Hetty, softly.

"Mother's death never came so hard on me as on Susic; that is, in one way," said Derrick, taking off his hat, and nervously passing his fingers through his heavy masses of dark hair. 'You know I was a boy, and could tussle my way far better than a shy, timid little thing who'd erv for an unkind word. She wasn't one of your plucky little creatures—clear girl to the back-bone. She would receive injuries meckly, and grieve over them when alone. dany's the time I've run, breathless and angored, to comfort her, and found her, her pink cheeks who with tears, her golden curls—the curls mother was so proud of, and which I curled daily, rough boy that I was, over my freekled ungers—all rumpled and meshed to-gether, and her little body convulsively shaken with the sois she was trying so hard to repress. And then i'd take her in my arms—for the mother arms which would have clasped her so tenderly were cold and stiff under the coffin-lid and I'd try to comfort her, and by-and-by, when the sobs had died away in low gaspings, she'd whisper, cuddling closer to my breast, 'Mother said you'd always be good to me,

"Our step-mother! I don't want to libel her, Hetty, for she's dead and gone now; her faults have been long buried, and God knows after the seal of eternal silence has been laid on our lips we should be left to His judgments; the grave should shelter our imperfections and shortcomings. Still, if ever there was a hard, grasping woman, totally devoid of sentiments and motherly compassion, it was she. The world was to her only a vast money-making machine, human beings puppets played upon by the magic of the mighty dollar.

"'That big, lubberly Der ought to work out and earn his salt,' she told father; 'and as for Susie, the little curled doll, she'd have to make herself handy.

"The child was only eleven when she sent her to Boston to learn a trade. The knowledge that she was going away among strangers excited her terrilly. The thought was torture. She came to me trembling and weeping. 'I can't go away from you, Derrie, to strangers. Oh, I can't go. I shall die.'

Yes, it would be strange, possessing, as you "What could I do for her? My getting into a merry heart. It is best a passion and defying our step-mother roundly "What could I do for her? My getting into

mended matters not one whit-rather precipitated affairs. So Susie was taken to Boston, and placed under the supervision of a longheaded, scheming woman-hustled in with a crowd of apprentices, some of them wild, rude girls, unfit companions for my lily-bud. It all came about as I knew it would. She was overworked, snubbed, and bullied, and she grew mature prematurely. She was a woman in feeling and appearance when she should still have been a guileless child.

"She was a wondrously pretty creature, and I tell the plain, impartial truth when I say I've never seen the girl or woman whose beauty could rival that of my little sister when she was fifteen. Her head seemed fairly burdened with curly, gold-brown hair, and her eyes were deep violet, a color beautiful as rare, and her features were faultless. You may think I was proud of her, and how I loved her! She was mother's legacy to me. My love was idolatry almost. I would have died for her had it been necessary.

"I was working very hard about that time. My first aim being to gain a home for Susic and myself. Such a home as I meant that to be, and we could be so happy together! I was a youthful, hot-blooded enthusiast then; my visions of our future lives were noble indeed, a fine, sad smile crossing his face as he thought of those long-gone hopes and early dreams.

"By-and-by I heard that Joe Sharply was waiting on Susie. That put me in a white-heat of rage, for I knew Joe well-a miserable, licentions fellow. handsome enough to turn a silly girl's head, heartless and unprincipled, living on his wits. You must have known such men, stolid and cunning, thoroughly bent on carrying out their inclinations, at once bullies and cowards. But for once Susie turned a deaf ear to my admonitions, counselings were of no use. and then I forbade her to receive his attentions. She coaxed, cried, and treated me coldly, with no avail. For once I was stern with her. knows I had her interest at heart, and thought only of her welfare. I had never thought another could come between us; but so it proved. Susie was cold and martyr-like. I was deeply hurt. She sooke no more of the home we were to share together, the pleasures in store for us. Still I kept up a brave heart. I felt by-and-by she would see the danger from which I had preserved her.

"That summer I went away to Boston for Squire Decker. He had business there that required seeing to; but he was poorly, and trusted me in his stead. I found my old Susie when I bade her good-by. She threw her arms around my neck in her impulsive child-fashion, and cried bitterly:

"'You've been so cross to me lately, Der," she sobbed, 'and I want to be good friends again, for I do love you, Der.'

"'And you know I do all for your good, my child,' I could not help saying.

"'Yes, Derrie, I believe you do. You have always been a good brother to me!' No music was ever sweeter to my car than those sobbingly-spoken words.

"Well, I was gone for a couple of months, and came back in good spirits. I began to see my way clear now to build the home I had so often dreamed of. Squire Decker seemed out of sorts when I squared up accounts with him. 'It's too bad, Derrick, that that pretty sister of yours has married so miserably,' he said, irritatedly.

"Another thunder-bolt! How I found words to utter forth the emotions convulsing me I could not tell.

""You don't mean she has married Joe?"

"'Eh?' with a keen, surprised look at me unknown to you? worse and worse! and, to beat all, he's taken that foolish little thing out West pioneering. Why, any stronger-framed, stronger-willed woman would break down under the hardships she'll have to endure. It's a sin; it's a shame!'

"I could have fallen prone on the floor, weeping and mouning like a child; but stronger will achieved a victory over the weaker flesh. I had trusted and been deceived. The child had wrecked her life, and I had vainly tried to stay her from it. She had bartered my true love of a lifetime for the sensual, selfish affection of a profligate. But I knew, when the idol of her fancy stood unveiled in the broad glare of reality-the cruel, dissolute heart showing itself in its true colors, its mask of sentiment and tricksy garb of kindness cast torever then her shipwrecked heart would give its first and last thoughts to me, and the blue eyes grow dim with bitter tears, and the fair head ache with its wild longing to rest on my broast again.

"It was useless to try to put aside her memory from my heart, and I settled down to a dull, plodding existence—all my old enthusiasm was dead-my life was paltry and meagre. Four years dragged by. I never heard from Susie-not one line. And this was the child I had so often gathered to my heart, who had been to me the purest and dearest of all God's creatures. The longing to te her-to know how her life had weathered the storms it must have met—if it lay stranded, bare, and tattered—dumb in the resignation of despair—so grew upon me that I could strug-gle against it no longer. Mother's words, 'Be kind to her for my sake, Derrie,' rang in my ears.

"'I'll go, mother,' I said at last. 'I'll put

aside the past and seek her out. "It was not a difficult task. I traced Joe quite easily—he was notorious, you see, as a drunkard and scoundrel; he was a hard case even in that wild Western laud. Susie's home! I was dumb when I looked upon it. A log-hut, surrounded by bogs, prairie, and unsettled land. A taint of missma polluted the air; the very clouds hung gray and leaden. This was my girl's home. I remember how I stood leaning against a battered post, looking in at the slimy yard, the gaping chinks in the house, the paneless windows. hungry cur squatted upon the threshold, snap-ped its white teeth viciously at me, then sneak ed away; and a woman, skeleton-like, and with eyes dim and sunken, came forward to view the intruder. She looked at me earnestly; then cried, in a low, pathetic way, 'Oh, Derrick! Derrick!' And then I had the poor, faded creature in my arms once more. I had found my sister at last.

"I can't tell you what a wreck she had become. You'd nover have thought she was beautiful once. I can't begin to tell you either what a life that wretch had led her. 'The way of the transgressor is hard; that's a text I've heard preached from; but I never wanted a sermon on it again after I caught sight of my sister. Joe had drank, gambled, fought, swindled; in short, gone through the whole list of crime, and was the worst secundrel out of prison. He had threatened her life more than once, she told me, in a frightened sort of way, look-ing furitively around, if perchance his cursed

it daily no tears, no complainings.

"'I wasn't strong enough to raise it,' she said. 'I've had three children, and not one has lived to call me mother. But I am glad they are dead, for life is cruel.'

"If over man burned with desire to thrust a scoundrel out from a world he had burdened with his presence I did at that moment. If Joe Sharply had thrust his bloated body in my sight then, in my misery I would have hurled him into eternity. Oh, Derrick, I have wanted you so much—I have needed you so, Derrick!' That was what my poor girl spoke, crouched low-beside her dead baby, her face hopeless in its despair.

"But I can't dwell on these things. Joe was off on a drunken bout—had been gone for days—so I took and buried the dead child; buried it out on the prairie, the arch of sky above it, two little graves beside it. And that picture of those three little graves, alone and uncared for, will haunt me forever. Susan clung to me like a child. 'Take me home with you,' she pleaded; 'you know we were going to live together, once Derrick. Oh, that dead past! it seemed sacrilege to bring it up beside the present.

"That journey home with the poor, heartbroken woman, it seemed like a horrid dream. She wasn't the same she had been—she never could be again. Constant association with that creature had at first shocked and horrified her, then dragged her insensibly at last to his level I procured a divorce for her with little difficulty; she could furnish enough proofs of his brutality to render it an easy matter; and I warned him never to cross our paths again. I've heard since he was stabbed in a drunken affray. If so, there's one more lost soul. This was six years ago when I brought Susan home. I've had her with me ever since, and we'll live together after this until death separates us.

"This is my poor girl's story; and, Hetty, when you hear vague rumors and waits of scandal, remember her history, and temper independent with manager." judgment with mercy.'

"Hetty Dean looked up with saddened eyes hand, and clasped his strong, browned one. "I want to tell you, Mr. Halsey, how—" But her sweet voice faltered here, and the sentence was left unsaid, while Derrick, with strangelyflushed face, shut the gate after her as she passed into her yard, and then walked on with his quick, firm strides up the long hill before him and down into the cool, gray valley be-yond. It was in this valley, in the old stone farm-house standing back from the road, that the greater part of Derrick Halsey's life was lived

It was the old homestead which, when John Halsey died, in his selfish, mercenary old age, had passed into the possession of his only son Derrick. There was a sunny slope of clover before the house, stretching down to the appleorchard beyond, and stately old trees guarded the roadway leading to the gate. There was wide, roomy piazza encircling the house, and the turf below it was neatly kept, the flower-beds nicely trimined. But from the house itself issued no sound of voices; no breath of song or merry laughter. It seemed sleepily dozing off in the twilight, unwarned by solid home-comfort. An old black dog curled up before the door, corpulent to the last degree and stiff with age, feebly wagged its tail as its master approached, then crouched closer, with a wheezy sigh, upon its mat of husks, looking pitifully up as if to say:—"Take the will for the deed, if you please, Sir. I am glad to see you, even if I can't frisk and frolic as in my younger days." He understood its mute appeal, and stooping patted him kindly, stroking his shaggy ears.

A black, comely face suddenly thrust itself from the door.

"That you, Master Derrick? Your suppor be waiting.'

Derrick went on into the spacious, heavilyraftered kitchen. There was no cozy home-picture here to greet him, only the table with ts solitary place for him.

Margy came in after his suppor was finished. She's had one of her worst spells to day, Sir. The appetite is on her strong.

He looked up, a trifle pale, his fingers nervously playing with the knife before him.

"She's been begging for you, Master Derrick; here she comes now."

There was a shuffling of feet in the hall, then the door was cautiously opened, and some one peered in with a low, gurgling laugh. Some one who had been a woman once, but was now the mere mockery of one, with her bent figure and cunning, torpid face.

"I'm coming, Der, coming from the bottom-less pit. I hate Margy—I want brandy, Der— I will have it—will have it!"

The creature came nearer to him, throwing her arms around his neck with a maudlin cry. The man trembled, his lips growing white un der his mustache, but he never once repulsed her or pushed aside her clinging arms.

"Not that now' Susan. It's growing dark; come out and see me light the lantern.

Her quick, insane eye caught the black woman's furtive shake of the head. "I won't go!" she cried. "Margy, I hate you! Der, I want some—I want some!"

He looked pitifully at Margy. "Take her back and give it her-she has to have it. Go with her, Susan."

She followed the woman like some hungry animal, and Derrick was left alone. This, then, was the cross Derrick Halsey bore; the living grief that corroded his life. This the secret hat for six weary years he had striven to hide from the harsh judgments of the world. Peo-ple dimly imagined all was not as it should be, a mystery enveloped the Halseys. The public was conscious there was a skeleton in their closet, and it had a natural desire to bring the uncanny thing to light. However, it had to own up to baffled curiosity, and in revenge it circulated strange stories and surmises until Derrick was surrounded by a misty, Bluebeard sort of atmosphere; and a mild flavor of some-thing provokingly intangible added peculiar attractions to the Halsey homestead.

In those years of Susie's toil, neglect, and discouragement she had sought relief in the use of anodynes and stimulants, until she bccame at last, in a painful degree, a slave to the terrible habit. Never strong-willed, she had succumbed insensibly when put to the test; had entered the direful path abutting into hors. Spasmodic attempts at reform died away, the dignity and beauty of life was lost to her for evermore, and she was going on to the end trammeled soul and body. And for six intolerable years Dorrick Halsey had tenderly cared directs 'em for this misused, diseased waman. His pain the same. and disappointment had been terrible at first; 'selves."

presence might be near. Her third child lay God and his own soul only knew how that man dead in the room, a little mite of a creature had suffered. As he had despairingly told with a ghastly, pinched face. She pointed to Trell, "He had had a tough job of it all his life." Poor fellow! underneath his constrained, undemonstrative exterior he was tender and sensitive as any woman; craving love and sympathy, wanting to feel himself linked to the great human family by an indissoluble chain. But as his years dragged on a cruel famine of the heart preyed upon him; there were no lives opening broad and happily into his. Humanity was selfish, occupied to the seclusion of all else with its own individual cares. Men simply tolerated, not loved, one another.

"I feel adrift," he said; "the world's as empty to me as a last year's nest." And yet in the blank, featureless reaches of his life he had grasped one sunbeam. He had tried to put it away from him, doggedly striven to live down this weakness of the flesh as he called it; but in vain, for Hetty Dean, with her fair face and fairer soul, had nestled deeply in his heart; and looking at her it was not to be wondered at that this solitary, hurt man should have given to her the true, fervent love that comes but once in a lifetime.

People had wondered, as they always will, why Hetty Dean, an orphan, and not over-rich, with a little deformed brother dependent upon her, had not married before this. It wasn't for the lack of chances; even the most envious were forced to acknowledge that; and once a loquacious gossip was forcibly silenced by Hetty's saying she did not, and never would, think that woman's chief mission in life was to secure a husband; life should hold for them higher, nobler aims. Not that she undervalued a true marriage, for if she ever met with one to whom she could truly pledge her fealty and love, whose hopes and beliefs she could share, and to whom she would be a visible Providence, then, and not till then, would she

There was a young fellow over at Stoningon who, if report spoke truly, had singled out Hetty as a prize worth the winning. He was straightforward and spicy, tender-hearted as a woman, yet keen and decisive if need be. As a matter of course it was not to be imagined that she could prove indifferent to his suit. Doctor Hurlebut's son, and so wealthy! there--she even extended her hand, her warm, soft fore gossips kindly settled the matter to suit themselves. The rumor of her probable en-gagement had come somehow to Derrick's ears, and a vague restlessness had haunted him ever since. What was Hester Dean to him, that he should be rendered miserable at the thought of her marrying another? Fool that he was not to have lived this passion down, and re-pressed nature as sternly now as he had done all his life! George Hurlehut was a fine fellow; rather immature, but still possessing a kind heart and quick brain. Hetty needed a home and a protector, and he would give her these.

"Let her be happy," Derrick said, a quiet, decisive look on his face; "let her life round into his; she'll make of him a better, purer man; her life will develope his nobly. I have known all along that I never could marry while Susan lived. I could never willingly ask another to bear with me the shame and I could bring no woman here. I knew that all the while. And Hetty'll marry George!

There was a sudden wrench at his heart then, and he stood dumbly looking into the black night without. What good could life hold in store for him now? His tired, stricken soul refused to look further into the shadows. In this out-of-the-way corner of the world his life must creep on paltry and meagre.

Meanwhile the summer drifted slowly on, bringing the sultry August heats, and all the while Susan was verging nearer to the abysm of hopeless insanity. It was no wonder, then, that the days passed terribly to Derrick, leaving him haggard-faced and hollow-eyed.

Margy, best and most faithful of servants that she was, felt herself worn down. "I'm afeard we'll have to send her to an asylum." she said to him. "I don't see how we can keep her; I feel sometimes as if I'm going mad myself."

Derrick looked up with white, set face. "It is hard on you, Margy; and yet I can not send her from me. No one else can manage her; she will be abused. She's my flesh and blood; she's my mother's child. There was a time when we were all the world to each other. I've given up all for her, and I can not put her away from me now;" and, burying his face in his hands, he gave vent to tearless, choking

"That nigh broke me down," said Margy, months later, as she was relating the story to a compassionate listener. "I hadn't the heart to say more after that; so I left him goin' on in that awful way, and went back to that bloated, raving crittur we tended atween us. Ef our keepin' her could comfort the master any, she should be kept."

sobs.

But the sore festered too deeply for faithful Margy's healing. She could not allay Derrick's heart-sickness and desolation. Once he had exulted that he was strong-brained, self-poised -so much so that if all the world were to trip off in a giddy dance to some far planet, leaving him in the awfulness of an unbroken silence, he could still commune with himself, and not become an imbecile. Now that presumptuous belief was painfully shattered. craved human sympathy. In all the vast world of humanity did no heart but poor, black Margy's beat pityingly and kindly for him?

Well, be it so! He had faded into an unmeaning lay-figure. The world did not need him. After a short space of time the scal of eternal silence would be pressed on his weary lips, and kindly mother earth would take him to her breast. There would be no living ones to care for his grave; but nature's tears would rain upon it, and the wild grasses and weeds, "the green things growing," would cover with verdure his resting-place.

Weak, paltering fancies these, perhaps, but they accorded well with the state of his feelings now. He felt apathetic; there was a dul nameless pain stealing at times over him, a longing like that of a weary child for res

"You don't 'preciate life as you ought t said Margy one day, squaring her st shoulders and scanning Derrick shrewdly kindly, with her bright eyes. "Remer this, Master Dorrick, 'The Lord is good to and his tender mercies are over all his work

He looked at her fixedly, as if trying to a clearer insight into her words. "Margy" do you believe that for the tr

"Yes, I do b'lieve-its Divine. We all hev our crosses to bear; but if we love trust the One who sends 'em, we can't des And of our poor little lives ain't jist want them to be, we must remembedirects 'em, and that we hev our duties We don't none of us live to

Derrick did not answer, but turned away, and went slowly out of doors. A wild voice called his name from a barred upper window; an insane glee of laughter smote upon his cars. A spasm of pain contracted his features, and paused for a moment to look up at the bioated face and red-balls peering out through the bars; then he went on silent and sad.

The road was sandy. Patient horses panted through it, fetlock deep, dragging the wagon-through it, fetlock deep, dragging the wagon-wish heavily after them, and the wild grasses and thistles that skirted it were gray with its deating implicable stone. The with its-floating impalpable atoms. The sun shone down brightly; the beautiful earth lying warm and burnished in its light, while over-head masses of cloud idly trailed their white

Derrick walked slowly on. He was communing with his heart—going back over his life with its disappointments and purposcless aims. He stopped at last beside a mossy fence, under the shade of a whispering pine.

"Margy is right," he said, simply. "I don't believe my life is any more of a benefit to my fellow-creatures than that thistle growing yon-der. If one could only believe that these crosses and disappointments were ordered aright-were the sort of food our souls need to fit them for some great end-if one could feel that God underlies it all. It's so hard—so hard!

As he stood leaning heavily against the fence, watching the stanting shafts of sunlight faintly brightening through the pine boughs, the rasping whir of a locust breaking the silence, he saw two figures coming around the curve of the road toward him. They did not notice him standing in the shadow, and he watched with hungry eyes the pliant grace of Hester Dean's figure as she came slowly on, tenderly careful of the diminutive, misshapen figure at her side. What a fair, innocent face she had! how it would have made the sunshine of his home! Then he shrank deeper yet in the shadow; the old weakness had possession of him still. Her very presence unnerved him in his jaded frame of mind.

She saw him at last, stopping before him, visibly astonished and frightened. "Why, Derrick-Mr. Halsey, are you ill?"

He tried to come forward and give her his hand, but only leaned back more weakly. "No, not ill; and yet not feeling very strong. These warm days depress one somewhat."

"But you really look far from well, and you should not venture out so in the heat of the day," looking compassionately at him from our her honest, tender eyes.

He did not dare look longer in them because of the wild, insane longing that urged him to clasp her fiercely, closely to his heart. His, and his only, she should have been. What had the right to set them apart?

"They say we are going to lose you, Hetty?" he said in a vague, questioning way. She looked up wonderingly, then, meeting his gaze, blushed hotly. There was a chaking in her throat when she tried to speak, and she almost sobbed instead. He stood still a moment looking on her. There was desolation and farewell in his gaze, as if he were renouncing cherished home forever. Then he turned and went down the road.

She looked after him eagerly. "Derrick! she called at last, but too hoarsely and indistinetly for him to hear.

"He can't hear you, Hetty," said Rene, wonderingly.

"Never mind, End. I don't want him."

But it was an untruth. She did want him; she knew it now, as she watched his black figure going, oh so slowly, down the road—his head bent, his hand clasped listlessly behind him. She felt, too, that if ever she had had a chance to gain an insight into this man's soul, she had lost it forever. There was despairing renunciation in the look he had given her. He would put her from his life, and he would never know— But she would not even whisper to herself the secret that had taken possession of her. She drew Rene closer to her side.

"You are all the world to me now, Bud, she said, tenderly.

But the child, who had been peering vigilantly up the road for the past few moments, was all alert now, his eyes flashing, his face

radiant. "Look, Hetty! there comes George Hurle-but with that new team of bays; and we'll ride Won't we, Hetty?"

"Hush, Rene. George's team don't make any difference to us; we came purposely for the walk to the lake, you know."

She spoke hurriedly, trying to restrain the gleeful shouts and signalling ringers of the boy but with indifferent success; for the handsom fellow who was tearing along the road reined in his mettlesome borses so suddenly that they were thrown upon their haunches.

"This is fortunate," he said, springing to the round. "My lucky star sent me in your way ground. "My lucky star sent me in your way to-day, Miss Hetty. Your cheeks—looking at you in a professional light, of course—are a triffe too pule for perfect health; therefore I prescribe a ride as just the tonic you need Come, Rene, my little man!"

"Oh, Hetty, do please," said the boy, be-seechingly; "and, Mr. George, I may take seechingry; "and, Mr. George, I hay take the reins and drive a little way, nayn't I? Oh, Hetty, you will, I know. Oh, Mr. Hurle-but, you are kind," and the eager child willingly suffered himself to be lifted into the

"Surely, Hetty, you will have compassion n Rene?" said George, auxiously.

Poor Rene, it would be hard to disappoint him now, when his heart is so set upon it. I'll ride a little way for his sake."

George Hurlobut's eyes grew dangerously brilliant—his lips curving into satisfied smiles.
Fill know the worst," he said, under his breath, as he took his seat.

Rene's treble pipe of a laugh rang merrily ut as the blooded animals dashed off and his ttle hands closed over the strong roins. A arn of the road brought them past Derrick lalsey. He looked after them with sad eyes. I didn't know the struggle would be so hard," said, with infinite pathos in his voice.

t root the love of her out from my heart. bught my home would be a heaven if she there. Her fresh, pure life would fuse tone and vigor into mine. Even late in day I could find unspeakable rest and cont in one true heart. We'd live together, e'd grow old together, we'd die together, if God willed. But the dream is past, and the is great—oh, so great to me!'

He paused beside the gate. What a calm, irless day it was! The insects droned sleepy, the leaves hung motionless from the trees hen a sharp cry broke on his car—a cry of gildest fear, and Margy came rushing toward m, breathless, horror-stricken.

"Oh, the well, the well! Troll's after her. Good God! it's too late now!" and down she fell, prone on the ground, hiding her face in the

Derrick neither moved nor spoke, but with a sudden breath of horrror turned his eyes to the meadow below the house. He knew, by fatal intuition, what she meant. The well, dry and deep there, curbless, its mouth overgrown with rank clusters of rag-weeds. The eye of her keeper, and hastened madly to her doom. He saw her figure sharply defined on its very edge, saw Irell wildly tramping through the tall grass. Then he shut his eyes with a deathly faintness. When he opened them again Trell stood alone where she had stood a moment since.

"Bring ropes, bring ropes!" he shouted, Throw them in after me. I'm hoarsely. going down."

It seemed ages before he clambered out again, with bleeding hands and white, worked

"Bear a hand," he said, "Derrick, Margy! Slowly they drew up something-a bruised, limp figure—the arms and feet hanging helpessly down—blood on the face, on the tattered garments.

"Perrick," said Brell, compassionately look away, man, for God's sake!"

He looked vacantly up; then he went down on his knees beside the motionless figure, lying stark and stiff where they had placed it. "Susie!"

It never stirred. He stroked the faded rown hair, passing his hand over the rigid

"She be dead, man," said Trell; "it's no

นรe.'

"This is the baby I loved and cherished," council Derrick. "This was mother's little moaned Derrick. girl. She was pink-cheeked and golden-haired I'd a sworn she could never come to I tried to do my duty by her. Mother will know! mother will know! Susie! Where's her soul, Trell? Was I its keeper? Mother said, 'Be kind to my little girl for my sake.' She's gone now, Trell. I'm alone, all alone!"

His body rocked from side to side, his face grew ghastly. Then he fell motionless beside

A pleasant room with snowy curtains looped aside from the window; a stand with an array of vials upon it; a comely black face. were the first things of which Derrick Halsey was vaguely conscious. The wind, too, was sighing drearily-drearily enough to render him sensible of the coziness of the room, with its bright fire on the hearth. It was so pleasant resting there on the soft bed, wrapped in a dreamy languor, too feeble to think even. A cold nose was thrust up into his hand, and the old dog's overjoyed whine made Margy hastily start up and look in upon the bed; then with a choking cry she was down upon her knees beside it, audibly raising a thankful prayer Then—was it moments or hours after he could not tell—Trell's sturdy, square figure entered the door, his brown eyes dimmed with moisture suspiciously like tears, his warm, strong hands grasping in their hearty clasp the thin, white ones on the counterpage.

"Trell!"

"Derrick!"

"What is it. Trell? Have I been sick?" "Yes, my boy, you've weathered a heavy sea-you've come night he grave. But you're too weak to talk now, rest a bit first."

So Trell went away, and Margy, sitting in her easy-chair, found it impossible to remove her thankful eyes long from her master's face. The dog curled himself contentedly beside the bed, and Derrick smil d placidly, this bare consciousness of life was so sweet. By-and-by the curtains were drawn, there was a mellow glow, of light pervading the room, and then Derrick childishly folded his hands and whispered a little prayer he had repeated years ago at his mother's knee.

When he awoke again it was morning, bright and beautiful, and closs at his side, stood faithful Margy with a basin of cool water, with which she laved his face and hands. Then there was a crisp slice of buttered toast and a cup of fragrant tea in readiness, which he ate and drank, and felt refreshed thereby. He heard voices in the hall, and low as they were he distinguished the tones, and with a sudden longing called with all his weak strength, "Hetty! Hetty!" He feared he must be dreaming still as Herty came softly through the door, and put out his thin, white hand, far whiter then hers now, to feel if she were indeed a reality; but the clasp of the soft hand was real.

"It's good to see the face of a friend once The world is dearer and kinder than I ever before felt it to be, Hetty. So Hurlebutt lias not taken you over to Stonington yet?" still keeping his hand in the warm clasp of hers.

She changed color at this, but answered, imply, "It was an untrue report, Derrick."

He locked up at her now, his eyes appealing, his voice growing unsteady. "Hetty, I need you so much; if you could only know how I Lave loved you!"

He stopped weakly, his face paler than be-fere, these depths of love in his heart he could not put into words.

And the chance was hers after all, not gone forever as she had thought. Into this life, so thirsting for love, she could enter at last; she had found her mission; nothing should keep her from confessing the truth now.

"And I need you, Derrick, for I love you." Tears came to his eves, there was infinite comfort and tenderness in his voice. "Is this true, Hetty? I never dareif to dream even of this. You are mine—mine forever—a gift from God." His eyes filled with a vague horror, he looked away from her face, caught his breath. "Susie!" he gasped.

But Hetty clasped his hands more tightly. "Don't think of it now, Derrick. Let the dead past sleep. I want to be all the world to you now. I want you to find rest in my love.

"Your love! My Hetty! Ay, I can rest in your love! I won't gloat over the hurt any longer. She's gone now. Henceforth every moment of my life—our united lives—must be devoted to extracting the present good. God has given me the chance of life again, and now it stretches out before me, alive with great and good possibilities. A life in which to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with my God."

"Amen," whispered Hetty, softly.

Like a beautiful flower, full of color, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.—Buddha.

CANADA.

(Written for The Ontario Workman.) Slowly sinks our Red-men's glory In the West, their Spirit sun, And their fast decreasing numbers, Toll us of their race near-run. Hushed are all their songs and shoutings; Wont to wake the warbler's sleep; Silent slumbers hold their chieftains, And but few are left to weep.

Proudly did those forest heroes Struggle gainst on-coming woes, Yielding not to fitful frettings, Blanching not before their foes. Yet the brave and dusky warriors White men's skill could not withstand, And departing slowly westward, Left for us this fertile land.

And where once the leaves of maple Rustled in autumnal breeze, There are now the fruitful cornfields And the waving orchard trees. Yonder, too, a growing city In majestic pride now stands; To its harbour stately vessels Bring the goods of foreign lands.

Here there smiles a little hamlet, Peoping through embowering green; There the statlier village spires, Shining in the morning sheen, Here by stream-side in the valley, Clacks the noisy rumbling mill; And the farmer's quiet homestead Yonder nestles on the hill.

There beside that clump of pine trees, The school-house stands with open door; And the hearty, shouting children Rush to learn its simple lore. There fast in the city's suburbs, A great dome with massive walls, Woos the seeker of mind's treasures To frequent its classic hails.

And where ence the heavy waggen Trundled on its course most drear, And hooting of the night-owl Mocked the lonely traveller's fear; There the iron horse exultant Sweeps on in his rapid flight, Passing all the birdlings flying, In the azure fields of light.

Wealth there is yet in the forests, Treasures hid beneath thy hills, Proudly roll along thy rivers, Widered by thy many rills. Lakes expansive and majestic, Lave throughout thy fertile plains: Fields there are by giebe unbroken, Where primeval Nature reigns.

Beast we cannot, like Athenian Skies of milder, summer ray, Under which the golden orange Ripens, mellows day by day: Winter here, all bleak and blustry, Holds his long and solemn reign; Covering fields with snowy mantles, Madly sweeping o'er the plain.

Land than ours more beauteous, never; Never other land more blest: Southern climes with wealth in flowers. Prairies of the sunny West-Never other country fairer Smiled 'neath heavens' azure dome: Peace and plenty here residing,
And where Freedom finds a home.

Canadian bearts, let us be loyal, And remain 'neath England's wing Till sile can no longer guard us-Then to Canada e'er cling. Patriot's love and zeal inspire us To maintain our country's rights; Yield-no, never, to our foemen, Though we come to bloody fights.

May that time be ages distant-Ever here at peace remain! Never may Canadian freemen Feel the haughty tyrant's chain! Heaven smile upon our country-Guard it with thy righteous wand ! Make it great as nations have been-Mighty as its Mother Land! CANADIAN.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

HERE so soon again. Verily, time flies. The invisible warp of life is tilled faster than we would fain believe. The thread of life is reeled from the spool of time, recied continually, unceasingly, with greater velocity than unthoughtful man imagines. Theend will soon be reached; yes, very soon. Perhaps ere another Saturday night, many who last Saturday moved in the gay and thoughtless crowd, will ne'er be known on earth again. And many, who this Saturday night are planning deep schemes for days to come, will look back, a week hence, on the vanity and folly of earth, from the unknown, indefinable realms of endless life. The world moves on. The coming in and going out of life are the inflations and depressions of the great lungs of time. The world moves on incessantly; its only breathing spell is man's Saturday night. Silver-tinged, golden-lined, grand, noble old Saturday night. Working brother, do you not think that God, from the beginning, did all things well? Saturday night is His merciful hand thrust between the oppressed and oppressor, and for one day, at least, out of seven, labor is granted a divine respite. Saturday night is the brake applied by God to the great wheels of tyranny and wrong, that during their cessation the toiling poor might gain, through peace-ful rest, new strength to light the exacting, grinding lattles of the world. Let us go forth to-night, and view labor in repose. The hum of machinery has ceased; the fires in the furnace are dead; the hammer and driver are tuneless and still. Everything indicates repose and rest. The man who slowly and wearily plodded the street during the week now walks erect with joyous step. Happiness radiates and beams in every face. Ecstatic joy, entranced hope give new life to the world on Saturday night urday night. As we pass down the street many varied scenes strike the eye; lovely babbling children are climbing on the fence, or swinging on the gate, all anxiously waiting for papa; and occasionally at the door, or peering through the curtains of the window, a beaming face can be seen, a face evidently in sympathy with the anxiety of the seraphic, watchful sentinals outside; and see when he arrives in sight, how they run to meet him, cling to his coat, grasp his great brawny hands or climb on his knees, and such an inexhaustible uproar of innocent prattle; and how the mother's heart expands at the sight; and how the father for-gets the weary toils of the week in the smiles of his loved ones, are some of the many pictures

seen on every side. But ever and anon, a picture of darker shade is presented. Just now we see a shopmate; he comes awaggering up the street with all the bluster of a man owned a quarter of the world; but, my God, in what condition? Drunk! Can it be possible 2 What an object for those dear treasures that are even now at the gate, on the door steps, or a piece down the street watching his coming, and what a coming for those young innocont hearts; what a coming for that meek, forgiving being who will now, notwithstanding his semi-beastly condition, watch over him, wash him and even love him. This man, in-stead of going straight home, when paid off, went to have a quiet glass with a friend. is one of those exceptions to the general rule, "that a man who drinks, will sometimes get drunk." "He could take a glass or let it alone," but somehow he took it and never let it alone. Poor man, we pity him. May God pity him, for he deserves pity. Let us pass on. There goes another shopmate, with a huge market basket on one arm, his wife on the other. See how happy they look. We saw him a few hours ago, at the shop; we know he went straight nome. The gas is now lit, throwing its mellow light on pavement walk and house. The street looks like a great corridor, the angles of which seem to meet at the far end, like termination of a tunnel. The whole town appears to be out—there is a rush and jam on the street. This is the laborer's trading or shopping night. The stores are crowded; some coming, some going, others waiting. Now there passes quickly by, a happy pair of lovers, arm-in-arm, on they go. To-night, a gentle confiding girl—next Saturday night a wife, and so goes the world. As we pass on there breaks upon the ear, from the opposite side of the street, a gay rollicking air, sung in a dashy, ringing voice, with a piano accompaniment. We stop to listen and reconnoitre. Opposite is a spacious building, with great large windows, whereon are painted those lying, deceitful, high sounding words "Sample-rooms." As exhibiting samples of ruined vigor, blighted aspirations, blasted hopes, shattered manhood, enfeebled intellect and candidates for hell, they are truthful, but in nothing else. These words hide behind their vague and ambiguous interpretation more real sorrow, more heart-rending woe, the sequel to more misery and destitution, crime and shame than all the other agencies that old Zamiel has invented, or suggested to bring sorrow and wee upon the world.

As we watch there comes a man we know and respect; look, he stops. The song and music have chained his attention, he looks around; he is undecided whether to pass on on towards home, or go in. The music breaks forth more lively than ever. Again he looks towards home, louder sound the notes, but or his ear they break,

"Cracked and thin, Like a dead man's laughter Heard in heil far down."

The noble fellow has conquered the temptation and has gone home to the boson of his tabily. Brave, manly soul; how many would have gone in, only to come staggering out.

It is growing late; the streets are being de scrted, and grim silence, like a great pall, is setting down upon the city. Let us go home and profit by what we have seen; let us love one another and shield each other from temptation. Capitalists and monopolists may take from us our means of subsistence, the bread of born gift; if it were more generally cultivated man would be better, and we would all be happier. Man, woman and child, do what you can to harmonise the clashing discordant elements of society, and that millenium to which we have all looked, by inspiration from on high will one day surely come, when universal just ice will walk in the wake of universal intelli gence, when the world will shake the non producing drones over its unbounded rim, and recognize noncas worthy of habitation thereon except the honest, faithful toiler. - Coopers

PLUCK.

"Valker, my boy, what do you consider as God's best gift to man?"
"Woman, of course."
"Well, that is very good; but as woman is never given to man without his winning her,

there must be something else.'

' Money ?' "No, my boy, the root of evil is hardly a good gift as it is the source of more misery and trouble than happiness.'

"Good looks "Wrong again, my boy. Good looks, as the world speaks, fade, wither and dis-Handsome infants sedom make handsome adults-time works too many changes. The inner beauty of the soul which shines and radiates as trouble and sorrow gather around the heart, is seldom seen by the world. But there is a gift which is always noticed, and that bestowment is Pluck. Give us that, and all else follows. With a brave heart none need fail. What if you fall once, twice, twenty, or a hundred times? Pluck will pick you up and each time nerve your heart for a greater effort. Life is a succession of hills and valleys. They rise before us in all matters of existence. In love, wealth, ambition, success, or power, it is up here-down yonder, look around and see for yourself who it is that succeeds. Not the timid one, who at sight of the first obstacle in his path loses heart and yields the game. Not the man whose nerve will not keep his upper hip and under jaw in place. Not the man who gives up at the first trial. These men do not succeed. Success often sports with a man as a shy trout plays with the hook of the angler. Keep cool-be steady -stick to a regular business, and soon the nibble will end in a snapping bite, and you will land the wary prize safe at your feet.

Pluck will do anything, my boy. It will win the girl you love. Not in itself, perhaps, but it will give you the qualities she admires.

Women seldom wed men—they wed ideas. Pluck will fill your pockets with gold—but that is not the object of life. It will carve your way to eminence, and encircle you with friends who will pile the sod over your grave in sorrow—the heart-sigh, telling in eloquence beyond expression the love they bore you. Keep a stiff upper lip, my boy. Failure is the rule—success the exception. A million men walk boldly up to the great object of life—and then have not the courage to take hold of it. A million others fail because the way seems so long—or the road is too rough. Others fail for fear they will not succeed. This life is a school, my boy. There are many lessons to learn! We have each a thousand objects nine hurdred too many—and flit from one to another, as the humming bird dashes from bud

to flower-and life is all frittered away before we know it. Have a purpose. Take aim. Shoot at something. Make a mark, if nothing but a dent in the mud. If you cannot run up the hill, climb it. If you cannot reach the top, go as high as possible—then pass just one man more. If you die—die game. If you suit. Let it be in deep water. If you reach for a few take the best one. If you fall—get up man and try again. Children cry and valled to the core tears off whenyou work.

The road may be rough, my boy, but whoever was made in the image of God should never say any road was too rough. Prombles may beset your path; make for the centre, as the hardest-pointed ones are those on picket duty. If you lack perseverance, have pluck to cultivate it. If you lack credit, have pluck to be honest and to show people that you deserve confidence. If you lack position, have plack to begin at the bettom of the hill and work up—the apex is broad enough for all who have the daring to struggle upwards to it, and so distant that few ever reach it. If you lack decision of character, have pluck enough to keep away from temptation. If you have no umbrella, do not stand around in the rain. If the monosyllable "no" is a good word to use, have pluck to speak it plain and distinct. Never choose the road that is shortest, if the other one is better. Never fail to satisfy your own heart—others will be satisfied in time.

Straw men are never fit for anything except to fool crows from a corn-field. The men who build railways, steamboats, factories and cities are never cowards. The man who succeeds in anything is he who has pluck. And that little word, my boy, has a powerful meaning. It signifies something more than a bulldogism, and you can study it out at leisure. Never despair. A thousand dark and rainy mornings have ended in the most glorious sunsets. Many an almost impenetrable swamp has but stood sentry to a golden land beyond. Many a cloud has passed over and left behind it a clear sky. Many a cannon has been fired without a ball in it. Many a mountain has proved but a mirage. Have a heart for every fate. If in hard luck; it might be harder. And then, Valker, my boy, you will succeed. Pluck is the graff whose resources are limitless-whose power is magic. Pluck first; luck afterwards. With the first all else will follow. MARK M. POMEROY.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE OPEN-ING OF THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

(From the N. Y. World.) OTTAWA, APRIL 12 .- To-day at 3 o'clock the

fifth and last session of the first Parliament under the new political constitution, which was inaugurated in 1867, was opened by the Governor-General with the usual ceremonics. As many of us still cling to British customs and love to reproduce them on state occasions the opening of Parliament is attended with considerable parade. Nearly all the formality, however, is confined to the Senate Chamber, and does not extend to the House of Commons, or strolling into the gallery a few minutes be fore 3, I found the members chatting and laughing and sitting in a variety of attitudes not remarkalle for Chyance. The Premier, Sir John Macdonald—one of the "High Joints," you remember—who was dressed, as well as sevour bases, even our liberties, but they cannot take from us Saturday night, with its freight official custom were no such state occasions of holy memories; they cannot take from us by English ministers, was the merriest of the theory official in the pure angelic inspirations of love: Heaven horn official in the state occasions by English ministers, was the merriest of the through the state occasions. which his opponents will invest the actually feels at meeting the popular representatives for the first time since he gade over the Canadian that the since he gade over th dian lisheries to the Americans for so insignifi-cant an equivalent. But Mr. Speaker" was aunounced, and there was a temporary lull as amounteed, and there was a confident made his appearance, preceded by the Sergeant at-Arms, who placed on the table a heavy gilt made as soon as the chief commoner of Carada took his seat on the dann'sk chair which he is likely to ind uncomfortable enough before the convergation was session is over. Then the conversation was resumed, but only for a few moments, for a heavy knock was heard on the door, and a message from his Excellency was announced, and there danced up the floor a dainty little? reach-Canadian, attired in the closest black tights.
This emissary of the Governor-General schaamed in the style for which he is tomous - for the present gentleman of the Uster of the Plack Ro is the personification of the most exquisite official etiquette, though some proper vall persist in calling it "tom-foolery" - and represed the attendance of the honorable Communication Senate Chamber. Then he backed himself out with a series of the most approved bows. The Sorgeant at Arms shouldered the maco,

the Speaker put on his cocked hat, the Clerk' left the table, and followed by as many members as liked to witness the next scene, they walked through the corridors into the Senate Chamber as far as the gilt bar, which stopped their progress. The Senate presented a gay appearance. The galleries, which are light by windows of rightly-stained glass, and s rounded by columns of native marble, we crowded by ladies and gentlemen, so that would be difficult to wedge a small boy amon them. On the floor there were representati of the citte of Ottawa, dressed in evening of tume, at the request of Lady Lisgar, who occu-pied the first seat. Lord Lisgar was seated or the throne-a heavy chair, covered with crimson damask—under a large canopy, surmounted by the royal arms: while standing on each side him were members of the Cabinet, in then Windsor uniforms, militia colonels, members of his staff, besides other prominent functionaries. The whole affair was painfully quiet, and nearly everybody looked uncomfortable-especially those ladies who knew that "low necks" didn't become them in the bright sun shine. The Commons crowded the bar and got pretty well jammed before his Excellency finished reading his speech, which he did in a very deliberate, low tone; but the worst of it was that he had to read it twice, once in Eng. lish and once in French; for our French Cana, dian friends are very tenacious of preserving their language on all state occasions and in all public documents. But the agony was soon over, and His Excellency dismissed them to attend at their public business. Before o'clock came the whole affair was over, and the Senate Chamber was once more the abode of dullness.

BRET HARTE cards the press to repudiate authorship of the poem entitled "Darling Kathleen," written about the time he was eleven years old by somebody else. If Harte continues to produce verses beginning, "No." won't—thar! And it ain't nothin, mo?" he will be anxious by and by to dony aithor ship of some other things written by him in mature manhood

NOTICE.

Our columns are open for the discussion of all questions affecting the working classes. All communications must be accompanied by the names of the writers, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1827

30 00

OUR MISSION.

It is customary, in coming before the public with a new publication, that the management should build a platform whereon to stand; and in compliance with this rule we feel it our duty to define the position we intend to occupy, that all may know, with our first appearance, the objects we have in view in the publication of this paper.

In the first place, we intend to give to the workingmen of this Province a weekly newspaper, which we wish them to feel peculiarly their own; and no effort will be lost on our part to make it such.

Through the columns of this paper we shall endeavour to lay plainly before our working brethren the true cause of all the evils that labour complains of (and we believe justly), and shall endeavour, with equal plainness and fearlessness, to show that a simple and effectual remedy can be applied to the removal of the evils.

The Workman shall oppose the creation of monopolies; as opposed to the best inperests of the people at large, and calculated to sap the foundations of our liberties.

The monetary system, the legalized measure of value of our country, its nature, its uses, and influence upon the labour of the country, we shall also endeavour to discuss, as by it is determined, through the accumulating power given it, the portion labour shall retain of its own productions, and the portion that shall go to non-producing capital for its use. Much may be said about the identity of labour and capital, and the certainty remains unquestioned that the one cannot exist without the other. Yet it is equally true that in the operations of those two very necessary commodities, there appears to be an non-misible difference, not flowing from any natural cause that could exist between the producer and the representative of what is produced, but from the selfishness of our natures that have created artificial means whereby wealth can be centralized in the hands of the few by unjust and unholy usury. Production drawn from its natural channel, the few pocket and control, the masses toil on and remain poor; and such will continue to be the case until the power of money to accumulate will be more in accordance with the natural increase of production; for while all the united energies of labour in this country can only show an annual increase of about three per cent., and while we pay for the measure of value the convenience used to facilitate labour in producing this increase at the rate of seven per cent., it does not require a great amount of knowledge to comprehend the reason why wealth contralizes. It not only absorbs all surplus production, but robs the labourer of four per cent. that naturally is his subsistence money.

The ONTARIO WORKMAN shall advocate the shortening of the hours of labour, because we, as workmen, believe that the knowledge and improvements of the age we live in have long enough been superceeding labour instead of lightening the task of the actual producer; and the only way we can see by which the labourer can participate in the benefits flowing from this age of improvement is by giving more leisure -yes, more of God's sunlight—for his improvement and

A-good sound apprenticeship system, whereby the master will be insured the services of those he undertakes to instruct in the mysteries of his craft for a reasonable length of time, and by which the boy may

be turned upon the world a finished workman, conversant with every branch of the calling he professes to understand, will be heartily supported by the ONTARIO WORK-

The Ontario Workman will know no party. The friends and the enemies of Labor are to be found in all parties; but we shall advance and support such reforms, irrespective of party, as directly concerns the laborers of our land. We shall advocate the repeal of all laws having a class tendency in their operation-such, for instance, as the present conspiracy law of this country as relates to workingmen's combinations-while Gold rings, Provision rings, Trade rings, Whiskey rings, and all other combinations of capital are allowed to fix their own margins unquestioned. We shall also claim the Franchise for every intelligent male citizen who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and the ballot to protect him in the exercise of the privilege of a free man, holding that the first duty of Government is to insure man in his inherent rights of life and liberty. Then, Government founded on the untrammeled exercise of the liberties of a living and intelligent people, shall protect property in all its natural rights. In Politics, our motto, now and always, shall be, first, Man, and then Property.

The ONTARIO WORKMAN shall advocate the more general adoption of the system of arbitration in trade disputes-seeing that it has worked so well in many instances in Great Britain-instead of strikes, as heretofore; but we feel fully alive to the fact that the employers of Great Britain have been learning the lesson of arbitration for the past century in the unpleasant school of strikes, and have learned to acknowledge the rights of the employee to organize and have a voice as a body in fixing the conditions under which they shall work. This lesson, to a great extent, has yet to be learned by the employer of labor in this Canada of ours, and that they will have ample time to learn the bitter lesson we have no doubt; and when they have found the "stamping out" system unprofitable, and having an opposite tendency to their wishes, our employers will then be equally ready to submit to the arbitration of grievances with organized workingmen.

A thorough and general system of education we consider to be one of the first duties of the State; to see that in all its branches it is placed as near as possible within the reach of every son and daughter of the

Organization we hold to be an all-important question with all producers under the present system of society; and we shall warmly support the principle of Union among workingmen, if for no other purpose than fraternity and mutual improvement

Co-operation is a principle that has shone upon the world through the progress of intelligence, and that it will gradually grow with the growth of intelligence among the masses we have not the shadow of a doubt. It, or some like system, will gradually supersede the present system, as the present s superseded the serf system of the past. It remains a question of time, that may perhaps be hastened by those unpleasant strifes that ever and anon arise between the workmen and those who would lord it over them.

The ONTARIO WORKMAN shall furnish to its readers all the latest, most reliable, and important news from all parts of the world. A careful selection of the very best standard literature' shall always be found in our pages, with a well selected and appropriate

A review of our market reports shall also appear in our columns weekly. The progress of science and the mechanical arts we shall closely watch; and all matters of interest to the workingmen of our country shall be reported. The workmen throughout these Provinces shall also find interesting correspondence from able labor advocates, residents in all parts of the Dominion, the United States, and the mother coun

In conclusion, we throw our pages open to the honorable discussion of both sides of all questions pertaining to the amelioration of the masses of our fellow men; but under no consideration will anything of an improper or immoral tendency find its way into the columns of the Workman.

DURING the Newcastle strike the GLOBE spoke of the "ill-advised attempt of the Newcastle capitalists to import labour from the Continent." What has it to say on the ill-advised attempt of Mr. Gco. Brown and the Master Printers' Association to im- have often failed, because of the very limited port all the simple country lads and lasses time at their command. The men who are who have a knowledge of printing to most capable of management have generally Toronto, to keep back that same nine-hour, their hands over full, from the number of ing that and other blessings, which we long movement that he then advocated?

PROGRESSIVE TENDENCY OF WORKINGMEN.

When the existence of workingmen as body is brought before the mind, it is surprising how the subject grows as it is contemplated. It tasks the imagination to take in its multifarious parts. The producing power of the country increases every hour. The working class is becoming the formidable class, not formidable as was formerly feared in the sense of being dangerous, but formidable in the sense of vastness and beneficence. It is the great creating class. It is quite time that an adequate periodical should exist to represent this ever-developing and stupendous interest.

Workingmen have opinions of their own, and they are capable of thinking to some purpose. One publication after another must eminate from their ranks, and will, undoubtedly, effect changes in due course. There is no reason why they should be the lower class in habits, in refinement, in délicacy, in education, in manners, or in comfort. They have only to realize their own power, and the sense to act in concert, and they will soon amend their present condi-

We have the strongest conviction of the power of self-elevation on the part of our workingmen to an extent unspeakably greater than has yet been realized—nay, we are convinced that they never will be elevated in any other way than by their own efforts; and the introduction of this paper into the literary world is a tangible symptom of the existing tendency which the workingmen of Canada have to promote their own interests by men of their own

We want to help one another, as far as lies in our power, to share more fully in the rich fund of edification, refinement and elevating enjoyment to be found in the literature of our age. We would fain open up in the columns of our journal a fair little pleasure ground, into which we may turn sometimes at the close of a weary day or week of toil, there to forget the cares and irritations of life, there to enjoy some happy excitement that will leave no sting behind, as we dwell among the scenes of other days, the stirring deeds of brave and honest men, and become familiar with the passing events of our times.

In these columns we will be invited now and then to turn aside from the turmoil and strife of the world, and find peaceful enjoyment. To forget for a while more important responsibilities, and so be enabled to return to the duties of daily life refreshed and better for the change. Many gracious and gentle influences, much stirring and heartgladdening excitement await those who will accept it in the new and glorious literature of this young aspiring country of ours. We aim only at presenting a glimpse at its untold riches-preparing, inviting, guiding our brethren to enter into their inherited

In former ages men lived and died like savages. They have risen slowly, step by step, to the dignity and happiness of civilized men. Ages of struggle and conflict have been preparing for us-for every worker among us-preparing to help us to live higher and happier lives than our forefathers lived, whether savage or serf. Brave, good men have done their part, let us now do ours. Men of genius lay their brightest offerings at our feet. For thousands of years the glorious work has been going on, accumulating treasures of wisdom, beauty and wonder. At last the whole of the rich and mighty stream of blessings comes down to us; let it be ours to embrace them? Come join with us to help all to use them worthily? Or will any of you say, "Leave us to the old ways, the pipe and the pot are all we require?" Notwithstanding the flood of books and periodicals which are being scattered freely among the masses, and the free access which is given to the choicest thoughts of the master spirits of other days, we are persuaded that the class which is most entitled to, and would fully appreciate the benefit which these privileges furnish, is the very class that is practically excluded from them. How is the hard working mechanic to avail himself of these? Under the present system of long hours of labour, his daily toil consisting of ten or twelve hours, which is frequently prolonged by a long road to travel to his home, where he has to content himself by resting his overtasked body by his own fireside.

Much has recently been said in reference to the shortening of the hours of labour, and much yet remains to be said and done before this great social reform is satisfacterily accomplished. Workingmen's enterprises important and responsible duties pressed to see all men enjoying.

upon them, as a consequence of their having won the confidence of their neighbours.

For many years past various measures have been brought before the public in different countries, by different classes of the community, for the purposes of shortening asserted that in every case where they have been granted, the capitalist has not suffered by the change. We are well aware that one that would remedy the evils of the existing system. Some trades are more injurious to amount of intelligence than others. It follows, then, as a necessary consequence, that the hours of labour in the various trades should in the main be regulated by these considerations. Health is, of all blessings, the first that should engage our attention in every effort for the amelioration of the workingman, for that is the capital on which, with his abilities as a workmen, he has to depend. His wages are not large, and the fluctuations in trade render it almost an impossibility to make provision for old age It it evident, then, that no effort should be spared by which his life may be prolonged.

In no country has the movement for reducing the hours of labour made greater or more rapid strides than in Britain. Scarcely twelve months have elapsed since this movement was introduced among the Sunderland and Newcastle-on-Type engineers, and today nine-hours is the acknowledged standard of a day's work; and throughout Scotland eight and a-half hours is all but generally established. Notwithstanding the somewhat bitter opposition held forth by a few English employers at the birth of the agita- Trades' Unions, (a full report of which will tion, it is gratifying to learn that the reduction of the hours of labour has been attained without weakening the good feeling between afforded indisputable evidence that the employers and their workmen; in fact, it has been the means of strengthening the printers and bookbinders their own. Nor relative position of both, as an evidence of which we copy from the December report of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Province—nay, from all parts of the Domin-&c., the reply of Messrs. J. & W. Dudgeon, ion-have come expressions of approval, acat present the largest employers of labour companied with substantial tokens of symin the engineering trade in London, to a letter thanking the firm for spontaneously granting the nine hours:

London Street. Fenchurch Street, London, E. C., 1st Docember, 1871.

GENTLEMEN,-We have every reason to be greatly pleased with the address you have presented to us to-day, coming as it does from 1,570 of our workmen, and given not only an account of the Nine Hours' Movement, but also as the result of the good feeling that has always existed between us, there never arising any difference which we have not amicably settled,

We have summered and wintered together, and when times were not so prosperous as now, you all know, how in a season of utter depression, by dint of hard work, we carried our share of the Thames trade over, and may s have greatly assisted in bringing back the trade to this

The day of nine hours has never been a difficulty so far as we are concerned, because being workmen ourselves, we know practically what 10 hours a day is when the old quarter day is added to it; and considering that I, the head of the firm, have walked from the middle of the Commercial Road to Seward's shop for a whole bitter winter, meaning 5 o'clock in the morning and 8.30 in the evening for labour, leaving the short balance of 2 hours for book and drawing-board, the gain of one hour in the evening for these purposes must be invaluable.

In taking this address from Mr. Childs, it is a matter of great personal pleasure to me, because Mr. Childs and I have each worked the big fire in a large engineering establishment, and I am sure we both believe we could do so again, should the necessity for it arise.

I now, gentlemen, hand this address to my cldest son, that when his day comes, he will be able to see how his Uncle and his Father did when questions of moment arose between them and their workmen.

Signed, Mr. A. J. Dudgeon said, that should the time arrive when he succeeded his Father, he would endeavour to do as his Father had done.

Numerous instances of a similar kind could be produced to illustrate the friendly feeling which this movement has developed in the mother country, forming a beautiful contrast with the unjustifiable and contemptuous treatment administered by the comparatively insignificant employers of

The workingmen of this country will continue to agitate this important question until the desired object is fully attained. They will co-operate and combine their forces until their power is realized.

The self-elevation of the working classes is one of the brightest hopes of our young the term "working man" is rapidly acquiring a higher and more national significance than it ever bore before; and it is doubtless destined to grow into yet greater reputableness and universality of meaning. How has it come about that the labour of the working class has become so much more fruitful in later years than formerly? The answer is, by the infusion of thought into its ranks, and by the employment of thought in directing labour. The hand-worker never went far until the brain stepped in to coun-

WE cannot—this journal cannot—give you shorter hours—would that we could! But we may be able to help you in procur-

ROCKS AHEAD!

The past two weeks have been unusually pregnant with events of importance to workingmen, and within that time, in mass meeting and other means, they have been called the hours of labour. Some of those have upon to give an expression of epinion on been successful, and it may, we think, be matters more intimately connected perhaps with two bodies of our fellow-workmonthe printers and bookbinders-but which. at the same time, indirectly affected the universal measure could never be adopted entire working classes. So much has been said, and so much written in connection with the printer's strike, that it will hardly health than others. Some require a greater | be necessary for us to review the matter at any great length. The course taken by the Typographical Union was the only one left open to them, in consequence of the highhanded and arbitrary action of the "Mas-TER Printers"-save the mark-in peremptorily refusing to entertain propositions more than once offered by the men, for a conference between employer and employed. with a view to an amicable settlement of the differences existing between them-and therefore, on the employers themselves, in the eyes of all unprejudiced men, must rest the ones of the present "lock-out," for we have not the slightest doubt but that, had the proposition made by the printers been met in a friendly spirit, some means would have been found for the settlement of all difficulties, without recourse to an alternative that has engendered such bitter feelings of hostility between the two parties.

Time and again have the workmen of this city been called upon to express sympathy with, and approval of, the course taken by the Typographical Union, and the grand demonstration on Monday, by the various be found in another column,) was but another expression of such sympathy, and workingmen have made the cause of the has the sympathy been confined to this city, or to mere words; for from all parts of the pathy.

But far as it was generally believed the "Master Printers" were prepared to go to crush the men, and endeavor to "stamp out" the principle which those men are advocating, it was hardly believed possible the employers would carry measures to the extreme they have done, in causing the arrest, on Tuesday morning, of a number of the prominent members of the Typographical Union, on the charge of "conspiracy," on the strength of the "legal opinion" given to the "Master Printers' Association," based on the obsolute and defective laws claimed to prevail in Canada. Should it appear that these laws are anything more than a dead letter, their crasure from our statute books will soon be accomplished.

The news of the arrest spread like wildfire through the city, and in the evening the intense feelings of the operative classes found vent in a mass meeting hold in the market square, where thousands of workmen gave expression, in no unmistakable terms, to their detestation of the unjust actions of the employers in tampering with the rights and liberties of citizens. The hearing of the case was fixed for Thursday morning, and we shall refrain from further remarks on this matter till our next issue.

JOURNALISTIC.

WE have to thank the Hamilton Standard for its kindly notice of the incubation of the ONTARIO WORKMAN. Should we meet the same measure of approval as our lively contemporary we shall be fully repaid for our . labours.

Toronto is keeping up its reputation as the Athens of Canada, and now stands pro-eminent—possessing the best daily newspaper published in the Dominion. We allude to the daily Mail, which since its first appearance, three weeks ago, has shown a spirit of enterprise most commendable, and which we have reason to believe the public are showing the appreciation of.

We note with pleasure the starting of a new and prosperous country. It is clear that paper for the benefit of the student and artization the Scientific Canadian, which we expect will receive the encouragement that the enter prise of its publishers deserves.

> We are glad to see renewed signs of life our contemporary the Journal of Comm the proprietor of which, in conjunction some practical printers, has recently op an office for printing and publishing his paper, instead of depending on others for publication. Good Company has also a like course, -and in both of the offices we are glad to learn that the of the Nine Hour principle is recognize the men are working fifty-four hours a

Amongst the more powerful supporte the nine hour movement may be men the London (Eng.) Times, which bases guments in favour of the principle on moral and sanitary grounds.

4,000 Persons Present.

One of those sudden expressions of popular feeling was called forth in the city on Tuesday night, by the extraordinary arrests which were made that morning in connection with the printers' strike. As is well known, when the fact that twenty-four warrants had been issued possessions of our beloved Sovereign. (Loud for the arrest of the whole of the Committee of the Typographical Union, the excitement in town, especially among the workingmen, ran high, and it was resolved by those having the management of these things, to hold a mass meeting on the market square in the evening. Accordingly, a large procession, accompanied by a band of music, marched from the Trades Assembly Hall, King street west, to the Square, where they arrived about half-past seven. Between that time and eight o'clock, the concourse there swelled to enormous proportions, and the immense space became packed with human beings. Standing on the steps which led up to the Council Chamber, the sea of uplifted faces all turned to that direction was a sight to be remembered.

Mr. John Rewitt presided.

Mr. Capreol was the first to address the multitude, which he did in a most energetic manner, eliciting cheers at every popular allu-sion. After he had finished, there were loud

Mr. E. K. Dodds, who, in a clear, ringing voice, made a telling speech. He said that if they had been the lawless mob which these arrests would make it appear, he for one would not be found there; but he knew that it was quite the contrary. He advised them to continue as they had begun, to pursue their aim in the same lawful, orderly fashion, and they were sure to gain it. He spoke of the neces sity of having the laws altered with regard to Trades' Unions, and reminded them that they had the remedy in their own hands. It was for them to return the proper men to l'arlia-ment-men who would see that their interests were guarded, and that there should not be one law for the master and another for the workman. His address was frequently interrupted by immense applause, and on conclud-

ing was cheered to the echo. Mr. Andrew Scott, in moving the resolution: "That this meeting views with indignation the outrage that has this day been committed upon a peaceful community, by the arrest of twenty-four highly respected workingmen, and pledges four highly respected workingmen, and pledges active in dogging the footsteps of your active its determination to support them under all men, who call themselves Liberals and Recircumstances; and further resolves to use all available means for the repeal of any law that all and no class legislation, in days gone by, might exist to warrant such an unjustifiable until they were hearse. You can now see interference with the rights of the people, spoke to the following effect:—Frequently have I had the opportunity of addressing meetings of my fellow-workmen, not only in Toronto but in different to the property of the ronto, but in different towns in the Dominion, upon the great question which is now a sitating the public; but never before did it fall to my lot to address such a vast concourse of people under such extraordinary circumstances as have called us together to night. Throughout the whole history of the present agitation, sound judgment, good sense, and exemplary conduct have been the distinguished characteristics of the promoters of this movement, while the means that have been adopted by its opponents are at once dishonorable, unchristian, and unmanly. (Cheers.) It would be difficult to find, in the history of any country, an instance that could, for one moment, be compared to the diabolical entrage that has this day been perpetrated by the members of that "Unholy Alliance" upon the most intelligent and respectable citizens of Toronto. (Cheers.) It is a transaction that shall be recorded on the pages of Canadian history, and generations yet unborn shall rise up in con-demnation of such an ignoble action. (Applause.) Men of Toronto, it is mignly eaper dient that you continue to manifest that hitherto done. (Appliuse.) The eyes of the themselves. Avoid an the toiling millions throughout the world of the peace, gentlemen. are witnessing your conduct, and especially the working men of this extensive Your conduct is now prainty the working men of this extensive. The eyes of to themselves. Avoid anything like a breach country are regarding you as the pioneers of this great reform, and feel that while you are this great reform, and feel that while you are lies. Remember the dear ones many of you fighting the battle for yourselves you are also have depending on you. With dignity and in fighting for them. (Cheers.) Continue in the grand and dignified march of progress that we you believe to be right; and agitate for the have commenced in the inauguration of this modification of the harsh and effete law which movement, submit calmly to the indignities that the employers are stooping to, resting assured that there are better times coming. Soon shall the battle be over and the victory won, and peace and felicity reign supremethroughout the length and breadth of the land. (Great applause.) With these rambling remarks I beg to move the resolution which I have just read. (Cheers.)

Cries were raised in the crowd for A. W. Lander, M. P. P., who was standing on the City Hall steps. Mr. Hewitt called on Mr. Lauder to address the meeting, and on his taking the stand set apart for the speakers, was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers. He (Mr. Lauder) said he had come to this meeting not expecting to be called upon to speak, but merely to hear for himself what charge had been made against the workingmen of Toronto, but as he had been asked to address them he was not afraid nor unwilling to state what he thought of the circumstances connected with the movement of the Master, to interfere with the liberty of the Printers Printers which had called together this immense gathering of his fellow citizens. He would assure the workingmen that there were many in Toronto who sympathised with them who did not think it prudent perhaps to speak He had little sympathy with those who held back to see who should finally have to give way. Right is right no matter if it is the poor man or the labourer contending against the rich or the masters and owners of parks or palaces. (Loud cheers, and cries of down with Brown, the Globe, and the Bowpark bulls.) Since this movement commenced, he (Mr. L.) had always said that nine hours should have been accepted by the Master Printers as a good day's work, and was as long as any man should be asked to toil, especially in a climate like ours. (Cheers.) He said the meeting was called, as he understood, not so much to discuss the movement as to express their views as to the conduct of

Tyrannical Arrest of Citizens.

graphical Union. No one was more surprised than he (Mr. L.) was on reading the opinion of Mr. Harrison, as published in the Globe, regarding the legality of combinations of workingmen. Mr. Harrison states that modern legality of combinations of workingmen. legislation in England has legalized combinations of workingmen for the purpose of regulating wages, but he could find no such logislation in this country. Now, these Master Printers' having taken advantage of this absence of legislation in Canada, and having caused the arrest of peaceable citizens, he considered their conduct disgraceful, and utterly at variance with the spirit of freedom and equality which prevailed in this the finest, and he might say the nearest independent of all the Colonial and prolonged cheering). The old Common Law of England was in many respects good, but in others oppressive and harsh; and because it was found to be against unions, yes peaceful unions of workingmen, such as the Typographical Union, these Masters take advantage of it, and have caused the arrest of some 24 of your fellow-workmen. Gentlemen, some of the tyrants will hear of this again. Some of them call themselves Reformers—they must belong to that class who lived before the Habeas Corpus Act. They would wish us back under the old Common Law of England, before any Magna Charter and the hundreds of the grand and humane Acts were wrung from tyrants for the protection of the liberties of the people, and the granting of equal rights to all, rich and poor, capitalist and labourer. (Great Cheering.) If the law is found to be as Mr. Harrison has advised these men, then the scener it is changed the better. (Cheers.) Shall we be behind the old land where the distinction of class is so patent to even the casual visitor, in granting to workingmen the privilege of meeting and organizing and doclaring in a peaceable way how long they shall work, for whom they shall work, and when they shall work? (Cries of "No! no! we will have it.") Cortainly not, and workingmen to a very large extent, have the matter in their own hands. Gentlemen, you nearly all have votes—you appoint the men to frame your laws—see that at the first opportunity an Act is introduced by the men appointed to represent you granting what your fellow workingmen in England enjoys. He (Mr. L.) was pleased to see that the working men of Toronto had friends in the Legislature, and no doubt their rights would be protected; and if a law similar to the one in force in England was introduced into a Canadian Legislature, he would like to see the man who would vote against it. It would certainly not be the members for Toronto, who were the representatives of working mon. But, gentle-men, you need no advocates outside of your own ranks. From what I have heard here to-night, I am satisfied you have amongst you men well able to advocate your views, and to assert your rights anywhere—yes, even in the halls of the Legislature. (Cheers.) There are men lending this determined resistance to your reasonable demands, and who have been most formers, and who have shouted equal rights to what it all amounts to—their pockets. (Shouts, "Brown, down with the tyrant!) What do they care for you or your families, when their pockets are touched. They would take the very bread out of the mouths of your wives and children, (as they have many a time done before in another way,) if their not doing so would decrease the revenue from the sale of their wares. (The Globe; we'll fix Brown.) Yes, you may well cry "Brown, Brown." If we were met under other circumstances I should have something to say about him and his slanderous publications and tyrannical treatment of printers; but a good opportunity will come some of these days. Men of different political views are here to-night, and you are not met to discuss politics, but to exchange views on a great social question—(cries of "(live it to him,")—a question affecting every working man in Canada who is a member of any trades organization whatever. Remember as the law now stands you cannot form any combination to fix the rate of wages, even according to Mr. Harrison's advice to these "masters"—and they seem to have

> citizens; and remember many sympathise with you, although they have not an opportunity as he (Mr. L.) had had to night to give expression to it. Mr. Lauder, in conclusion, said he had much pleasure in seconding the resolution. (Loud and long continued cheers.) Mr. Roden, of THE LEADER, was then called upon, and spoke at some length in defence of the rights of those who had been arrested. He maintained that it appeared as if this attempt and Bookbinders Unions had been made for the purpose of provoking a breach of the peace; but he trusted that law and order would be upheld at all hazards, in order that the strike would be continued to the close in a gentlemanly and respectable manner. He assured

> regarded his opinion as a sound one, by acting

on the law as it stands. It is a common re-

mark on the streets that amidst all the excite-

ment the workingmen of Toronto have con-

glad if you would commit acts of rowdyism. Your conduct is now praised in this respect; let it continue to be so. Remember your fami-

has been put in force to deprive some of you of

your liberty. (Cheers, and cries of "Wo will.") What man is there among you who thinks less of your friends who have been to-

day arrested, and, but for friendly service,

mon felons on the banks of the Don? Notone ("No, no," and cheers.) You must stand by these men; and he (Mr. L.) knew they would.

Again, gentlemen, let me urge you to avoid

anything unbecoming respectable men and good

They would be very

ducted themselv

the meeting that the workingmen might de-pend upon the hearty support and co-operation of the LEADER. Mr. Williams, President of the Trades' Assembly, one of the persons against whom a warrant had been issued, and one, who, with the others arrested were out on bail pending their trial next Thursday, was thon called upon, and in a speech of some length and much merit, counselled his fellow-workmen not to commit themselves, but to continue to show that they could conduct their own affiairs in a manner creditable to them as law-abiding citizens. He said that he stood there as one of the martyrs

suffering for a right principle, and was therefore ready so to suffer. He said that if they were not to have the liberty which they required, the consequence would be that they would be driven to seek it elsewhere, but he did not think that things were so bad as that, for if they continue united, it was a moral impossibility but that they would gain their point. This speaker was warmly applauded by the assembly, and on concluding received quite an evention.

Mr. John Hewitt, Chairman, then came forward, and said that before concluding the meeting he would congratulate the workingmen of the city of Toronto for the lively interest they manifested in the welfare and liberty of their fellow-men who have been the subjects of an uncalled-for outrage this day under the name of law, and I further feel that it would be ungrateful on my part, as presiding officer of this vast assembly, if I should allow you to separate without returning you my hearty thanks for the gentlemanly and orderly manner in which you have conducted yohrselves this evening, under such trying circumstances. I believe one of the objects of the opposition throughout the present agitation has irritate you the workmen to commit some overt overt act, but in this they will miserably fail. The good sense and judg of the workingmen of Toronto will and judgment or the workingmen of Toronto will prevent them from doing anything that would lower them in the estimation of their friends sither in the friends either in this city or the surrounding country, and again thanking you on the part of the Trades Assembly, I feel confident that the good conduct that has characterized you and gained the respect of all impartial people for you, will continue until success shall crown your efforts.

Mr. Nye, Sec. of Hay & Co's Cabinet Factory, Mr. Grant, of the Stone-cutters' Union, and Mr. Dowdy, of the Bookbinders' Union, also made telling spreches, but we regret we have been unable to procure a synopsis of them.

A somewhat Indicrous incident occurred parly in the evening, which shows how the fiscal imagination is somewhat excited. Before the arrival of the main body of the Trade Unionists, a small crowd had gathered in the Market Square. One solitary policeman, evidently a new hand at his business, was perambulating about, requesting the people to move on. He was subjected to a considerable amount of chaffing, of course, and finally moved off slowly Glancing over his shoulder he perceived that the crowd were moving in his direction, and no doubt thinking that the Philistines were upon him, took to his heels and ran for refuge into No. 1 Station House, where he reported that there was going to be a riot and that he had to run for his life! This was the only alarming episode of the evening.

THE ARREST.

The case of the members of the Strike Com mittee arrested on a charge of conspiracy, was heard before Mr. MacNabb, P. M., this morning. Mr. Mackenzie appeared for the prosecu tion, and Messrs. A. W. Lauder and Mr. McMichael for the defence. The prosecution brought forward four witnesses, Parkes, Haw kins and Doudied, ex-members of the Unionand Detective O'Neil. But very little of importance was elicited, and at 4 p.m. the case was postponed till the 6th of May next.

We regret, in consequence of this unrighteous persecution, that we have been somewhat delayed in issuing our paper, as three of the staff were among those arrested.

Ir is something rather strange, that members of the Government secret service are allowed to work up private interests at the people's expense, as in the case of Mr. O'Neil, a Government officer, whom Mr. Brown of the Globe has secured to procure him help. Do we pay those men for this purpose. How is it?

NOTICE.

A meeting of the shareholders of the Toronto Co-operative Printing Association will be held in the Assembly Hall, on Saturday evening next, at half past-seven o'clock. . A full attendance is requested, as matters of importance will be transacted.

THE TRADES' ASSEMBLY.

We have been requested to notify the delegates to the Trades' Assembly, that a meeting of that body will be held in the Assembly Hall, on Friday evening, 19th inst., at half-past seven o'clock. As business of considerable importance will be transacted, it is important that all delegates should be present.

THE "UNHOLY ALLIANCE."

We commend the following letter to our readers. Messrs. McLeish & Co. have been amongst the most faithful of the members of the master printers' "union," but the utter intolerance and high-handed proceedings of the "masters" have at length compelled them to withdraw from that body.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LEADER.

Sir,-At a meeting of the Master Printers' Association to-day, we learn that that society is responsible for the action taken yesterday in reference to the arrest of certain printers of Toronto, for the alleged crime of conspiracy.

Our views on this subject are entirely differont to those held by the above Association.

graphical Society. That ought to be put an end to; but to arrest for combination or conspiracy, we think is very wrong.

We, therefore, very much regret that the Master Printers' Association should have been so ill-advised, for we do not believe they are true to themselves in taking such a step. We believe it to be unjust; and we think few in-telligent men will venture to contradict us when we assert that it is highly impolitic.

Indeed, so improper and unjust does this action seem to us, that we have given notice to the Master Printers' Association that not only will we discountenance such unprecedented and preposterous proceedings, but shall withdraw from a society which has adopted and is determined to pursue such extreme and suicidal measures.

We are, &c.,

McLEISH & CO. Toronto, April 17.

The above is copied from the Leader of this

Communication.

THE MASTER CARRIAGE MAKERS

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

SIR,-In looking over the list of names in

the Manifesto that emanated from that Great Mogul—the Globe, I was highly amused to see among them the names of men that called themselves Master Carriage Makers. What a dignified title. Men that could not make a decent wheelbarrow. Carriage makers, forsooth! Wood butchers would be more appropriate—for butchers I know them to be. Men that a year or two ago could not hold a job in any carriage factory in the city, except to work on repairing, or grease and dust carriages. Among those distinguished names are the firm of Hasson & Guy. Mr. Guy is neither wood worker, blacksmith, painter or trimmer. Query-On what does he base his right to style himself Master Carriage Maker. His partner, Mr. Hasson, a man that, while working at the forge, could not do as much work in fourteen hours as any ordinary mechanic could do in ten, nor half as well. Another distinguished Master is Mr. Killfeder, a man that never employs any but boys in his Mammoth establishment, and won't employ them unless they consent to board at his Restaurant. There is political economy for you. The other Masters might take profitable lessons from that mighty autocrat of the wheelbarrow business. He threatens that in the event of a strike, before he will consent to the nine hour movement, he will close his extensive establishment. That threat, no doubt, will strike terror to the hearts of all the nine hour movement men in Toronto. What a hard-hearted Master Carriage Maker he must be, for what will the unfortunate slop merchants do that depend entirely on Mr. Killfeder's carriage factory to keep their swill carriages in repair. It is such men as those, Mr. Editor, that are not mechanics themselves, nor have they brains enough to become even a passible one, that cry out the loudest against the benefitting of men that are skilled workmen. Let the mechanics of Ontario be true to each other, and we will teach those brainless, self-styled Masters, that the workmen of Ontario know their power, and are determined to use it as they have a right to use it for to benefit their condition. Let them use for their motto that old and truthful one-Labor omnia vincit. ing :- "The Pennsylvania Railroad, near Hu

WOOD WORKER. Toronto, April 12, 1872.

At the news depot of Mr. R. S. Thompson, King street west, may be found not only all the leading English, American and Canadian journuls and magazines, but also an extensive stock of books, fancy goods, etc., etc. Drop in and see him.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT PICTON, ONT.

Pioton, Ont., April 13.—The most destructive fire that ever occurred in this place, commenced this morning in a large frame building on the south side of Main street, owned by E. Sills. It is impossible to give individual losses now. The following are the sufferers: E. Sills, dry goods store; Dingman & Bros., photographers; John Frederick Huff & Ringer, harness makers : Samuel Stakney, jeweller; John Richards, tin and hardware; A. Bristoll, dry goods; W. T. Yarwood & Co., clothing store; J. S. Bowerman, dentist, and agent for musical instruments; Curry & Reynolds, dry goods; F. Meyer, barber shop; Mrs. R. A. Norman, millinery; W. E. Seph, barber shop; W. E. Norman, grocery; W. Ross & Co., dry goods and groceries; W. Ross, jr., private residence; also the fine private residence of the late Judge Fairfield, occupied by D. J. Pringer, Esq. This building was nearly half a mile from the fire, but the strong westerly wind prevailing at the time, carried the cinders to a great distance, some of them lodging in the cornice caused the roof to catch and in a few minutes was too far gone to save. The loss is roughly estimated at \$150,000. The following are the Insurance Companies that will suffer most: British American, London, Liverpool and Globe, Western, North British, Imperial and Phoenix. The loss to each Company cannot be ascertained. The origin of the fire is unknown.

In the United States Congress on Wednesday, Mr. Cameron introduced a joint resolution which was referred to the committee on foreign relations, permitting certain diplomatic and consular officers of the United States in France to accept testimonials from the Emperor of Germany for their services to Germans in Franco during the war between France and Germany,

to express their views as to the conduct of certain persons calling themselves the Master arrested—and he must say that, although it Printers Association, in causing the arrest of was the first time he had ever appeared at the animber of leading members of the Typo- bar of even a police court, he knew he was curred by individual members of the Typo- bar of even a police court, he knew he was curred by individual members of the Typo- you when you die.

NEWS ITEMS.

Buffalo is again considering a twanel under the Niagara river.

The Straits of Mackinac will be open by May 10, it is thought.

Harriet Beecher Stowe makes \$15,000 a year from her Florida farm. An Ohio mayor has been arrested for carrying a concealed slung shot.

Tammany was on Thursday reconstructed by the election of Anti-Tweed candidates.

E. D. Marshall was cut completely in two on Tuesday by a saw at West Paris, Maine, The house of Mrs. James Fisk, jr., was

obbed on Tuesday of \$1,000 worth of valu-

A Rochester lawyer named Cogswell was shot and baily wounded by a burglar on Wed-nesday night. The fellow escaped.

The late James Fisk, Jr., is now said to have paid all the current expenses of a coloured church in New York.

The Iowa House of Representatives has passed a bill totally abolishing the death penalty, by the decisive vote of 66 yeas to 22 nays.

Senators Chandler and Trumbull will not speak to each other since a late debate. A proposed ducl has been rumoured, but that's mistake. A Port-au-Prince paper says that the

American Consul there was arrested for sheltering a Haytien general, but was subsequently released.

Dr. Wooster, surgeon of the U. S. Marine Hospital at San Francisco, has been sued for alleged malpractice by a patient. Damage, \$30,000. A New York rag picker has just died, leaving \$4,700, which she had saved from

the proceeds of rags gathered in the streets, besides at the same time supporting her-Two hundred Baltimore boys engaged in a battle with stones, brick-bats, broken bot-

tels, &c., on Sunday, and on Monday fifty paid small fines in the Police Court to atone for their part in it. Cornell University proposes to have a smale department. The necessary buildings female department. The necessary buildings will be commenced during the summer, \$75,-

000 having already been paid by Mr. Sage, of Buffalo, for that purpose. Alva C. Stone, of Montague, was run over and killed by the cars, near Greenfeld, Mass., on Tuesday night, His head was completely severed from his body, and probably rolled into the Decrifeld River, as it has not been

Mullin, Parker & Co.'s paper-mill at Car-lisle, Pa., was destroyed by fire on Wednesday. The fire was accidental. The loss is estimated at \$45,000; insurance, \$30,000. A large brick barn belonging to Mr. Ritner, near the mill, was also burned.

A Convention of persons interested in the be held in St. Louis, June 19. An excursion to Denver City, to see the working of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, will be a feature of the gathering.

A special from Westminster, Carrol County, Md., says a terrible murder has been committed in that county. Abrahan Lynn, a married man, aged twenty-seven was murdered at Stoner's Mill, and his body robbed of \$800. Lynn was running the mill, and the body was found in the sink of the mill, with the skull frightfully fractured with a crow-bar. A coroner's jury is not investigating the matter.

The Grass Valley (Cal.) Union gives obituary notice of a Chinaman called an known as "Crazy Dick," who lost at gam bling, in that town, almost all his money With what he had left he bought a larg dose of opium, then went to the Chinca graveyard, swallowed his consolation, an died surrounded by a great number of h countrymen, who in vain sought to save hi life by pouring down his throat sweet and warm chicken's blood.

The Pittsburg Commercial has the follow

ton's Station was the scene of an accident of a rather peculiar nature on last Friday. What in railroad parlance is termed oil wreck,' occurred near the point named, by which an entire oil train was more or less damaged. Mr. Robert Liggett, the conductor of the train, fearing the oil which was leaking upon the track might be set on fire by some passing train, righted nine cars on the rails and proceeded with them in the direction of Ice Mountain siding. He had gone but a short distance when he discovered that the third car from the engine was on fire. At great personal risk Mr. Liggett male his way, almost through the burning oil, to the coupling and there took out the pin and, leaving the other seven cars on the track, made quick time with the burning cars as far as the siding, three miles dis-tant, where he left them, thus saving the main track from catching fire. The run to the point is spoken of by railroad men as some thing in the heroic line not often attempted The dames from the burning car, we are informed, rolled up far above the tree tops and when an oil barrel would explode, the burning coutents shot in all directions, the cab of the engine not being allowed to escape the dangerous element. When the siding the dangerous element. was reached and an attempt was made to back the carsupon it the engine had to berun over the burning oil which was on the track. The siding was down a steep grade, in the direction of the large lumber manufactory. of Mr. R. H. Brown. Mr. Liggett, knowing what a terrible loss would ensue were the burning cars allowed to descend the grade with the brakes off, bravely determined to board the car and use his best en-deavours to check up. This he did, and amid the smoke and flamo he stood at the brake, until the great heat caused the brake rod to snap asunder. Fortunately Mr. Liggett, anticipating such an event, had despatched one of the train men ahead of the burning cars with instructions to place a heavy log upon the track. This was accomplished just in time to prevent a great

We understand that the Government are being pressed to introduce a bilito subcidize, by means of a land grant, a line of railway, between Chatham and Frederiction. Such a line, if built, would be a great boon to both

loss of preperty. Mr. Liggett is deserving of all credit for his heroism on the occasion,

which certainty was of an unusual order of

Zaborometor.

THE GLORY OF LABOR.

The brow of labor wears a wreath
Of honor, wrought by hands of love,
Where flowers shall triumph over death,
And riper grow above.
Whon God shall call the toiler honee,
And crown him with the recompense,
Then shall all strains of mortal sense,
All imperfections, die.
And in their place
Shall sigh the grace
Of immortality.

When Toil makes Virtue's self his bride, And walks the path where angels might Together walk, all purified, Without one fear of blight, Then may the eyes of mortals see How pure and heaven-like can be Man's earthly glory, and how free

From wanton shame and sin:
Then may we learn
How brightly burn
The soul's great fires witkin.

The lowest creatures of His hand
May work great ends; toil not in vais,
For every humble act is grand
If it be free from strain.
The selfish monarch on his throne,
Who calls all victories his own,
Though bought with curse and blood and groun,
Let no man emulate:
Virtue alone
Hath ever shown
Divinely pure and great.

Riches and high degree and power
Stamp not the value of the man.
They may but live a short, weak hour:
They only mark the clan.
But labor, if it be the right,
Though humble, in His equal sight
Is great as though it owned the might
Of crowns and wealth combined:
Its works, if pure,
Shall stand, endure,
Long as the inunortal mind.

SMORTENING THE HOURS OF LABOR.

THON. GEO. BROWN'S CONSISTENCY.

WE cannot refrain from re-producing in our columns an editorial which appeared in the GLOBE of September 20th, 1871, as we consider it places in a very fair light the question now being discussed from one end of the Doninion to the other. The article originally appeared in connection with the agitation for the shortening of the hours of labor of the iron-workers in Newcastle, Eng., and the same arguments used by the Globe in that case can be applied with equal force to the movement in Canada. We commend the article to the careful consideration of the workingmen of Ontario, without attempting to explain how it is that precept and practice are so widely different with the editor of the GLOBE between September 20th, 1871, and the action of the same paper luring the past two weeks.

Everything goes to show that a question to be discussed and re-discussed till settled in satisfactory manner is that of the hours of labor and the relationship subsisting between the employed and the employers. It may be difficult, perplexing matter to meddle with, but far above all the mere political com-plications of the hour, it rises significantly and grandly, and the longer it is pooh-poohed or ored the more formidable and perplexing it d become. The working classes are every ear growing in intelligence and in the know dge of their importance and power, and while they are taking an ever-increasing living inst and part in the discussion of political end social problems, what they have specially at heart and what they are seeking with ever emption from the long hours of labor to which they are now and have long been subject. Political economists may tell them that supply and demand must regulate all that, and that any ngitation on the subject is unphilosophical and all-advised, but they will continue their agitation, and will urge that, whether unphilosophical or no, it is reasonable that they should have relaxation from their daily toil; time to enjoy themselves with their friends and families an opportunity, however short, to ime mind and heart by reading and study; that in order to secure ends so reasonable a necessary that there should be a revisal of he definition of what constitutes work,' and that that revisal should consist in substituting eight or nine hours for the ten or welve usually understood as the reasonable imit of daily toil.

"In England, on the European continent, and here in America, the agitation ever certification America, the agitation ever certification and significance. Men may seek to anderrate its importance, and to scorn its power and claims, but that is merely a proof of their ignorance or their thoughtlessness. It is neither to be put down nor turned aside. It may be reasonable, or the reverso, but it is there, and is neither to be stamped out nor smeered at. The wide-spread strikes at present going on in England and elsewhere have all their origin in this desire to have shorter hours of labor, and though the struggle between employers and employed has for more than three months been very fierce about Newcastle and Sunderland, and though employers have done their best to "put down" complainants and petitioners whom they would not even hear, the likelihood is all in favor of the working men eventually making good in those districts their point, and establishing for all trades paid by the day a nine, if not an eight hours' period of labor, as constituting what is technically called 'a day's work.'

"On this side of the Atlantic the agitation for the 'eight hours' day,' as exemplified in the procession and meeting last Wednesday in New York, fells very significantly how things are tending. It is calculated that upwards of 25,000 mer, took part in that procession; and though that may be an over-statement of the munibers, yet everything shows that the proceedings were on a very formidable scale. Verything was conducted with the greatest opriety. On the banners of the procession—were such makes as:

'Eight hours for labor; eight hours for sleep; And eight for mental improvement."

"The procession was made up of workmen of all nationalities and all colours, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed both during the passing of the different trades and in the subsequent mass meeting.

"All this must be taken as a sign of the times. Long hours of labor do not give a corresponding amount of production, and the time now generally required might be safely lessened to the advantage of all concerned. Whether the length of the day's labor should be eight, or nine, or ten hours, is a question of detail; but it and other trade questions will have to be settled eventually by argument, consultation, conference, mutual concession, and arbitration; not by the rough methods hitherto so much resorted to, of strikes and lock-outs, which have caused and are causing so much misery, loss, and heart-burnings. The sooner employers and employed come to see and act upon this the better for all concerned. If the work of the world can be done as well by eight hours' daily labour as by ten, or, possibly, even better, why shouldn't it? It is a fair subject of discussion."

MEMORIAL TO EMPLOYERS.

The following memorial has been addressed by the members of the iron trades of this city to their employers, and we hope, for the credit of all concerned, that it will not receive the same discourteous reception that a similar request presented by the Typographical Union received at the hands of the "master printers;" but that the employers to whom the memorial may be sent will give it that serious consideration and attention which it merits. We understand that members of the other branches of industry will present a similar document to their employers in the course of a few days:—

SIR,— TORONTO, April 12th, 1872.

Considering the discussion that has taken place upon the merits of the Nine Hours' system, since it was agitated in this country, and the great success which has invariably attended its adoption in Britain, it would be unwise to enter into details in this note; suffice it to say, that all experience goes to show that its general adoption would prove beneficial to all concerned, and that your cordial acquiescence to this request would tend to advance your interests as an employer, increase the comfort and enjoyment of your employees, and promote that harmony and good will which ought to prevail in all sections of society.

Hoping you will give this your most serious consideration, and intimate the result to the undersigned not later than the First

On behalf of your employees, Yours respectfully, (Signed)

ON LABOR.

Painful as it must be to think of a number of fellow-creatures toiling early and late, labor has yet its own claims on our gratitude.

Labor seems to be man's appointed lot here, and it is foolish to quarrel with it; still more foolish to call it a curse; the thistles and the thorns have been, and perhaps are, of more benefit than all the flowers in the garden of Eden. They have called forth man's energied and developed his resources. All these chimneys in our factory towns-are they not as steeples, veritable churches and towers of the great temple of Labor, pointing with no dumb stone fingers up to Heaven, saying, by us, by labor, is the road up there? Does not the flame and smoke-wreath look as if it came from some vast altar, the incense of sacrifices-yes, of noble, human sacrifices, daily effered up; and do not the clash and clang of a thousand hammers and anvils sound sweet upon our ears, as the music of bells calling us to our duty—trumpets sounding us to the battle of life, that battle against evil and wrong? So it must be; out of darkness cometh light, and from the cold frosts and bitter snows of winter, bloom all the beauteous flowers of spring; and from all this grime, and dirt, and sweat of labor, who shall prophe-..... how are the glants in the

land; even now may we see cranks, and wheels, and iron arms, tethered to their work instead of men; even now we do hear the music of the electric wires across the fields, telling us other things than the mere messages they convey; even now may the lum of the engine and the breath of its iron lungs, be heard in our old farm yards, and the reaping machines seen cutting down the golden wheat, and the steam plough furrowing up the fruitful earth, taking away the heaviest burdens from the backs of men.—Westminster Review.

SWISS LABOR.

Switzerland, according to a recent tourist, is the Paradise of Labor. There the employers and wealthier classes follow out that maxim of "Live and let live," which is so often paraded in England and other countries, but so seldom practised. Almost all the inhabitants are engaged in some species of industry or other, only three per cent. of the population being unemployed. The masters, or employers, content themselves with a moderate return for their capital, hence the journeymen are well paid, and both politically and socially they are on terms of equality. A Swiss journeyman almost invariably has a small patch of land attached to his cottage, and he cultivates it with the most sedulous care. The agriculturist, on the other hand, spends much of his winter and spare time in watch-making, wood-carving or some useful branch of industry! All are opposed to that system of centralization which

finds so much faxor with our authorities at Washington, and, as for their President, they not only select an honest man, but take care that he shall keep so.

Disputes seldom occur betwixt Swiss operatives and their employers, and when they do, are almost invariably settled by arbitration; the system of Conseils de Prudhommes, or boards of conciliation, being more in vogue amongst them than even in France, where they took their rise. The principle of co-operation is also more general amongst them, and has flourished better than in any other part of Europe. Their common schools are excellent, and the children of all classes meet in them on terms of absolute equality. The only thing, in fact, which prevents Switzerland from being a modern Utopia is that its inhabitants are too content with a low scale of living, and are too much addicted to undercutting their neighbors. Their work is thus apt to be superficial. A Swiss watch, for instance, is neat, but far inferior to a Parisian in point of elegance, while in reliability and durability it is much surpassed by a Danish or English. Still Switzerland, on the whole, is one of the most interesting and happy of existing countries, and it is no wonder that its natives, in whatever quarter of the world they may be, sigh to return to their original homes.

—N. Y. Weekly Star.

THE "GLOBE" ON CANADIAN EMPLOYERS.

RECENTLY, in an editorial article referring to employers of labour, the Toronto Globe uttered the following truths:—

"To an extent far greater than many suspect, there is a feeling of bitter alienation from Britain and Britain's ways on the part of not a few of our well-to-do Canadians.

* * * Not from any abstract dislike to British connexion or Monarchy, but simply because their memories of Britain have been embittered by long and thankless servitude. during which they were not so much thought of by their masters and mistresses as the cows they milked or the horses they drove. And there is more of the same kind of treatment on this side the Atlantic than many are willing to admit. A good number have greatly improved in their outward circumstances and are able to employ servants now though they never were before. These are not found to be the most considerate and kindest of employers. The very On the contrary, many of these new and vulgar rich are intolerable in their airs and requirements, while others try to persuade themselves that they are still in the old country, and what was thought good enough for servants there is good enough

Had the writer of the above intended the latter sentences to apply especially to Mr. George Brown, and many of the master printers, and other employers, who are opposing the Nine-hour movement, he could not have chosen more fitting terms.

LABOR, THE CREATOR OF WEALTH, ENTITLED TO ALL IT CREATES.

(From the National Standard.)

The man whe, with his hands, digs clams out of the seashore, or, climbing a tree, gathers pples, or one who fashions a hoc out of hard wood, is a pure, simple laborer, and is entitled to what he gets or makes. The man who makes such a hoe one day, and working with it the next day, digs twice as many clams as when he used his hands alone, is capitalist and laborer united. He works with a tool, which is capital, the result of past labor. He, too, is an honest laborer, and entitled to all he gets. The man who works a week, and makes ten such hoes; then joins nine less skilled men with himself, and they, the ten, share fairly the product of his hoes and their toil, introduces co-operation and a just civilization a system which seems to hold within itself every possible safeguard against misuse, and to be full of the seeds of all good results. The man who, having made such a hoe, lets it to another less skilled man to dig clams, receiving d man to dig clams an equivalent for its use, is a capitalist. Such a system has no inherent, essential injustice in it, and, if it can be properly arranged and guarded, serves civilization. The difficulty is to guard it from degenerating into despotism and fraud. The man who, getting possession of a thousand such hoes, sits with idle hands, and no mental effort but selfish cunning, and arranges a cunning network of laws and corporations, banks and currency, interest and "corners," to get seven out of every ten clams that are dug, is a drone. We mean by an honest system to starve him out and compel him to work. The man who sits in Wall street, and by means of bank credit buys up all last year's claims to raise the price—who, taking fifty thousand honestly carned dollars, makes a "Clam Digging Company"—bribes newspapers to lie about it, -creates ten banks and locks up gold, or arranges a corner to decress its stock,—then buys up every share ;makes ten more banks and floods the land with paper and sells out; retiring after a week of such labor with a fortune is a THIEF. Such thieves of the past we propose to leave undis-turbed. Our plan is to make such thieves impossible in the future.—Wendell Phillips

THE FIRESIDE.

It is as the focus of home fellowship and in tercourse that we speak of the fireside—as the spot consecrated to the freest action and atter ance of family sympathies and affectionswhere conjugal, parental, fraternal, and filial anxieties, hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, loves, resentments, confessions, forgiveness, are wont to be exchanged. There is no other place in which can be realised more thoroughly the weaving into one of several lives, each impart ing and each receiving something from the rest. No other is so sacred to the memory of those who have been summoned thence into the wide world, who are, perhaps, afar off, or on the sea, or doing their allotted work amongst strangers, or removed to those more inaccessi-ble shores where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.' Elsewhere the absent may be forgotten, but seldom, for long together, at the fireside. It is crowded with associations which touch the heart at some point or other of its surface, and make it thrill with affectionate emotion, in which every member of the family gathered round the hearth can take an appropriate share. No lessons leave a more abiding impression than those

which gently drop into the mind at the fireside. No fun is more tickling, or leaves behind it less regret. No history is purer, as a whole, than fireside history, and none lives longer or more lovingly in remembrance. He who cannot look forward with yearning desires to fireside enjoyments, as the staple enjoyment of life, is greatly to be pitied, and, if the cause be in himself, greatly to be blamed.

INVENTIONS MADE BY WORKMEN.-WHO OWNS THEM?

The rights of employer and employee, in respect to ownership of inventions, developed during the term of service of the workman, although settled, years ago, by the United States Courts, in various cases, has been lately revived in the Supreme Court, in the case of Lawrence vs. Good.

The latter was a foreman in the rope factory of the plaintiff, and, while so employed, made an improvement and obtained a patent for converting hemp into slivers. The patent was said to be worth at least fifty thousand dollars.

The plaintiff alleged the existence of an agreement, by which he was to furnish means for introducing the invention, and, in consideration thereof, was to be entitled to one-half of the patent when issued. This suit was brought to compel the defendant to assign the above share of the patent; and the plaintiff also contended that, even in the absence of an agreement, he was entitled to the benefits of the invention, the same having been made while the defendant was in his employ as a workman, the improvement being also in the line of such employ.

The Court decided that, while the plaintiff had a legal right to the services of the defendant in the line of his employment, he had no legal right to the results of defendant's intellectual labors, outside his ordinary duties; and that this invention was clearly outside of such duties.

This decision is in accordance with the rulings in previous cases, in which the following, among other points, have been established:

1. The employer is entitled to the patent, if he directs a workman, generally, what kind of an improvement to make; and the employer has the right to avail himself of the ingenuity and mechanical skill of the workman to perfect the invention or put it in practical form; and the employer has also the right, under the circumstances named, to include in his patent such additions or improvements as the ingenuity or skill of the workman may have developed or suggested.

2. On the other hand, the employer has no claim upon any independent invention made by his workman, although such invention may relate to the special business or trade in which he is engaged; the sole right to the patent for such independent invention belongs to the workman.

Complaint is made by employers, that some workmen are so mean as to make use of time, materials, and shop conveniences, belonging to the employer, for the purpose of testing inventions, without so much as a thank-you for the facilities thus surreptitionsly obtained. This is neither right nor honorable; but it is not any meaner than for an employer to bring a suit, as in the foregoing case, and attempt to deprive a man of a patent simply because he is a

THE FUTURE OF LABOR.

Passing through Rhode Island last Tuesday, we were made acquainted with facts which seem worthy of general consideration.

The rock of this part of the Atlantic coast, being mainly granite, affords line quarries; one of which, at Westerly, has been extensively worked; the stone-cutters being paid \$4½ per day. They had a protective society, one of whose regulations forbade the employment of more than a very limited proportion of apprentices—six, we believe, to every 100 journeymen. The employers were dissatisfied with this, and at length, in the dead of winter, disregarded it; whereupon the journeymen "struck," as was probably foreseen; since the employers collected such help as they could find, and went on with their work as they best could.

could.

So far, we have the "old, old story"; but the next step foreasts a new order of things. Instead of idling for weeks or months, lounging around grog-shops, and cursing the tyrrany of capital, the journeymen promptly formed a co-operative stone-cutting association, subscribed to its stock, elected officers, bought or leased a quarry, and resumed work on their own account; and we rode into Providence in company with their agent or treasurer, a good specimen of an intelligent, thrifty, wide-awake American artisan, who was taking down specimens of their workmanship, in the hope of obtaining orders that would enable them to keep their hammers going and their hearth-face burning. And now, if anyone happens to be in want of granite, we venture to advise him to run over to Westerly, and confer with the proper officers of the Co-operative Stone-cutters' Association.

We should be glad to chronicle a similar outcome of any strike that may hereafter be resolved on. We hate wars of any kind; and strikes are simply declarations of industrial war. When a body of American workmen refuse the wages offered them and thereupon sink into idleness or stolid waiting for the bosses to give in, they seem to justify a low estimate of their general capacity. But when those who strike to-day contrive to set themselves at work to-morrow—no matter though they earn less than they were offered by their late bosses—we regard them with lively hope. Adam, expelled from Eden, did not sit down and starve because there was no one ready to hire him on his terms; on the contrary, he went to work; and we commend his inspiring example to all his decendants.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE WORKINGMEN'S VOICE ON THE NORMAL WORKING DAY.

To the employer:—The article I sold you —my own working power—differs from the other crowd of goods by its use producing value, and greater value than its own cost. For this reason you bought it. What appears on your side as a profitable investment of capital, that is on my side a surplus expenditure of working power. You and I, we both know in the market but one law, that of exchange, and the use (consumption) of the article does not belong to the seller offering it, but to the purchaser acquiring it. The use of my daily power of work therefore belongs to you, but by means of its daily selling price, I must be able to reproduce it daily, and so to sell it anew. Without regard to the natural process of wearing out by age, &c.; I must be able to work to

morrow in the same normal state of strength, health and freshness as to day. You constantly hold forth to me the gospel of economy and continence. Very well. Like a rational, prudent husbandman, I shall economize my only wealth, my paner of work, and I shall abstain from foolishly wasting it. I shall turn to use, put in motion, convert into labor only so much of it daily, as is compatible with its normal healthy development. By an durability and healthy development. By an excessive prolongation of the working day, you can consume a greater portion of my workingpower in one day than I can restore in three days. Thus your gain in labor is my loss in labor-substance. The use of my power of work and robbing me of it are two entirely different things. If the average period an average workingman may live, with a rational limitation of work, is 30 years, the value of my working power, you may pay me from dat to day is 1-365x30 or 1-10950 of its total value. But if 1-30530 or 1-10930 of its total value. But it you consume it within 10 years, you pay mo only 3 of its value daily, and you defraud mo daily of 3 of its value. You pay me one days power of work, then and whilst using three days amount. That is against our agreement and against the law of exchange. Therefore, I demand a working day of normal length, and I demand it without appealing to your feelings, because money matters are not matters of business is soulless. You may iffection, and be a model citizen, perhaps a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, you may even have the scent of sanctity and piety, but no heart beats in the bosom of the thing you represent toward me. What seems to be pulsating therein is MY OWN HEART'S BEAT. I demand the normal working day, because I demand the value of my article like every other dealer .- From the "Kapital," by Karl Marz.

THE NINE-HOUR MOVEMENT IN CANADA.

The Nine-hour movement is making considerable progress in the Canadian provinces, notwithstanding the fact that it has met with the most determined opposition from the con-servative element—the old fogy folk, who would fain keep the workingman of to-day in the same position which his great grandfather occupied years ago, ere steam and electricity leveled down and smoothed over the mighty barriers that obstructed the enward march of Progress. Toroughout the principal cities and towns of the Dominion the Ninehour movement is talked over and the prospeets canvassed wherever the workmen congregate, and the question is discussed with a zeal which must lead to beneficial results. Despite the counter opposition on the part of the manufacturers, builders, &c., of Hamilton, the organized workmen of that city have achieved an exemplary success, while Toronto is all aglow with excitement as to the result of the movement in that city. The "Toronto Iron Short Time League" is the name of a powerful combination organized during the past week, for the same purpose. At a mass-meeting, whereat the latter body was organized, the Chairman, a Mr. James Gibson, of the Society of Amalgamated Engineers, said in his opening address that the Nine-hour system was generally in force throughout England, and he saw reason why it should not be introduced there; there was a Technological College in process of organization in Toronto, and he felt that unless the Nine-hour system prevailed, that the mechanics of the city, for whose bene-tit the College is about to be established, would not be able to avail themselves of its advantages. Mr. Gibson's logic is irrefutable on this point; mechanics who have to work too many hours per day, cannot possibly devote their evenings to hard study with any degrees of success, and there is no doubt whatever but that the workingmen, who are only expected to work eight or nine hours at most, would avail themselves of the opportunities which such colleges would afford them for their own improvement and intellectual advancement.

The Nine-hour movement, although it does not quite come up to our ideas of reform—we approve of the Eight-hour system—is still a praiseworthy effort, decidedly "a step in the right direction," and, as such, its supporters and projectors have our warmest sympathies.

—N. Y. Weekly Star.

A THRILLING WAR SCENE.

Out in a certain western fort, some time ago,

the major conceived the idea that artillery might be used effectively in tighting with the Indians, by dispensing with gun-carriages and fastening the cannon upon backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance-mule, with the muzzle pointing towards the tail. When they had secured the towards the tail. When they had secured the gan, and loaded it with ball-cartridge, they led that calm and steadfast nuls out on the bluff, and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned towards the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood round in a semi-circle, while the major inserted a time fuse in the touchole of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready, the major lit it and retired. In a moment or two the hitherto unrufiled mule heard the fizzing back there on his neck, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head round to ascertain what was going on; and, as he did so, his body turned, and the howitzer began to sweep around the harizon. The mule at last became excited, and his puriosity grew more and more intense; and in a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions a minute, and the howitzer, understand, threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; the licutenants were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time towards the fort; the sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet; and the major rolled over the ground and groaned. In two or three minutes there was a puff of smoke, a dull thud, and the mule -oh! where was he? A solitary jackass might have been seen turning successive back-somer-saults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor, finally, with his howitzer, at the bottom o the river; while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the major's quarte rattled the adobe bricks down into the parliand frightened the major's wife into conv They do not allude to it now, and report of the results of the experiment ever sent to the war department.

Labor creates; interest steals; capits control and pocket. A few thrive; the pauffer.

Savaust and Chips.

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cano?—Because it hurts the pupil.

Some of the fair sex have hearts as brittle as glass. He that would make an impression must use diamonds.

"Skating," said a well-known clergyman in the South of England, fluding himself very un-steady on his skates, and seeing several of his parishioners measuring their length on the ice, "is a much more practical sermon on fallen humanity than anything I could preach.

An American paper says: - "The Association for the Achievement of Science has decided that the homologies of the synomosal bone in-dicate the posterior half of the zygomatic arch," an adds:—"The ignorant creatures who have always contended that it was developed by the macrodatyhe oboe of the periphrastic javel must feel cheap enough."

Some young rascals were annoying an old gentlemen by snow-balling his house. He rushed out and caught a youngster who was standing on one side and looking on, and thinking him to be one of the offenders, began to administer a flogging. But, to his surprise, the harder he whipped the more the boy laughted until he storaged and sought an overlanding ed, until he stopped and sought an explanation. "Well," said the boy, "I'm laughing because you are awfully sold; I sin't the boy!"

Nor so Shady.—An old lady, whose son was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among other parting admonitions, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come home a "blackamore."

A Few More Curtostries Dug Ur. - A pickle from the jar on which the door stood. The knife which the man cut sticks with whon the constable was after him. Biography of the man who was killed by the fall of a shower. The crust of a magpie. A rafter from the roof of

A NEGRO DIALOGUE.—"I say, Baz, where do dat comet rise at?"—"It rises in the fortyin the Comic Almanack."—"Well, where does it set, Baz?"—"Set, you black fool! It don't set nowhere. When it gets tired of shining it goes into its hole."

Cool. —Juvenile: "Mother says, will you give her small change for half-a-crown! She'll send the half-crown in to-morrow."

Sir George Warrender was once obliged to put off a dinner party in consequence of the death of a relative, and sat down to a haunch of venison by himself. After he had been eating some time he said to his butler, "John, this will make a capital hash to-morrow." "Yes, Sir George, if you leave off now!" He evidently thought the hash in danger.

"Do you cast things here?" enquired a chap the other day as he sauntered into a foundery and addressed the proprietor. "Yes, we do." "You cast all kinds of things in we do." "You east all kinds of things in iron, ch?" was the next query.—" Certainly; don't you see it is our business?" "Ah! well, east a shadow, will you?" He was east out.

The wife of a manufacturer in a provincial town, whose daughter was about to be married, sent notice to her friends, requesting that if they intended to make welding presents of silver plate, they would send the money instead, as she was about to visit London, and would prefer to buy the articles herself, "for it would be so nice to have the things match, you know."

In Boston a poor man, who less than a year ago had only one suit of clothes, went into the newspaper business, and has now eight suits. Seven of them are for libel.

A perplexed German tailor, who had made a garment for a youth and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fulness which appeared when trying it on, doclared vociferously that "do coat is goot. Is no fault of the coat. De poy is too slim."

"Why am intoxication like a wash bowl?" asked Sambo. Case it am de-basin."

The following is said to have been a Yankee's reasoning on progress in transportation: "I can reckerlect ten or twelve years ago, that if I started from Bosting on a Wednesday I cud git in Philadelphy on the next Saturnay, makin' jist three days. Now I kin git from Bosting to Philanelphy in one day; and I've been callain' that if the power of steam increases for the next ton years as it has been dain' for the the next ten years as it has been doin' for the last ten years, I'd be in Philadelphy jist two days before I started from Bosting.

HAD FORGOTTEN SOMETHING.—"I say, cap'n," said a little-eyed man sa he landed from the steamboat at Natchez—"I say, cap'n, this 'cre ain't all."—"That's all the baggage you brought on board, sir," replied the captain. "Well, see now, it's accordin' to list-four boxes, three chests, two ban' boxes, a portmanty, two hams (one part cut); three ropes of inyons, and a tea-kettle; but I'm dubersum. I feel there's something short, though I've counted 'em nine times, and never took my eyes ov 'em while on board: there's something not right somehow."

"Well, stranger, the time's up. There' all
I know of; so bring up your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we're off."—"Them's
uu! darn it—them's um!" he exclaimed. "I
knowed I'd forgot something."

The latest novelty in job printing has just been executed by a printer in the City, who had an order from a baker to print a number of bill-heads on three different colored papers, viz., fed, green, and white. The object of this, we have been informed, was to avoid giving messages or instructions to the man who delivered the bread, flour, &c., to the customers. To prevent mistakes, when the bill is made out prevent mistakes, when the bill is made our upon a red paper, it denoted "Danger," and he was not to leave the goods without the cash; if on a green, it denoted "Caution," as the astomer was doubtful, and the man was to get he money if he could, but to intimate that no orther credit could be given; if on a white, it as age to to leave any quantity. as safe to leave any quantity.

An eastern editor writes thus about a display An eastern enter writes thus about a display if the Aurora Boroalis: "Last evening, as on as Tithonus had retired for the night, and as enjoying his first snooze, his spouse, the sy-fingered Aurora, daughter of the morning, atched the saffron-covered coverlet from his d, and wrapping it about her, danced a jig the northern sky."

Why is the world like a piano ?—'Cause it is ill of sharps and flats.

poor fellow who had pawned his watch he raised money with a lever.

Housewife's Accipes.

FROZEN CUSTARD. - Boil two quares of rich reozen Custard.—Boil two quares of rich milk. Beat eight eggs and a teacupful of sugar together, and after the milk has boiled, pour it over the eggs and sagar, stirring all the while. Pour the whole mixture into your kettle, and let it come to a boil, stirring it constantly. Then take it off the fire, and let it become cold. Flavor it with whatever essence you prefer Flavor it with whatever essence you prefer. Then freeze it.

CARRIGAN CUSTARD.—Procure an ounce of carrigan moss, and divide it into four parts; one part is sufficient for one mess. Put the moss into water, and let it remain until it swells; then drain it, and put it into two pints and a half of milk, and place it over the fire; let it boil twenty minutes, stirring it continually; then strain it, sweeten it with loaf sugar, put it into cups, and grate nutmegs over the tops

WHIPPED CREAM.—Sweeten a pint of sweet cream, adding some essence of lomon. Then beat up the whites of four eggs very light, add them to the cream, and whip up both together; as the froth rises, skim it off, put it in glasses, and continue until they are filled.

FLOATING ISLAND .- Beat the white of five eggs to a stiff froth; then add a pint of ourrant jelly, and continue beating until it is as light as it can be made. If it does not rise well, add a little powdered sugar.

A CHEAP SUGAR CAKE.—Ingredients: Three egggs; quarter of a pound of butter; one pound of sugar; one teacupful of sour cream; and a teaspoonful of soda; use just enough flour to make the dough of a consistency to roll it out Flavor with nutmeg.

CORN STARON-CAKE. - Take a quarter of a pound each of flour, corn-starch, and butter; pound each of hour, corn-starch, and butter; the whites, well beaten, of eight eggs; half a pound of sugar; a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; half a teaspoonful of soda; and flavor with the extract of almonds. Add in, last of all, the whites of the eggs.

SARATOGA CAKE.—Take four cups of sugar and two cups of butter, and mix them well together. Take two cups of milk, in which dissolve two small teaspoonfuls of saleratus; beat well six eggs, which add alternately with the milk and eight cups of flour to the sugar and butter. Add mace and nutmeg to your taste, and also fruit. This will make two loaves of calco. It is your cost when well made and of cake. It is very good when well made and

TEA CAKES.—With a pound of flour rub a quarter of a pound of butter; add the beaten yolks of two, and the white of one egg, a quarter of a poundof pounded loaf-sugar, and a few caraway-seeds; mix it to a paste with a little warm milk, cover it with a cloth, and let it stand before the fire for nearly an hour; roll out the paste, and cut into round cakes with the top of a glass, and bake them upon

CREAM PIR. - This is baked like a custard but to be very nice, the edge of the plate should be layed with pulf-paste; make a custard of thin cream instead of milk, and bake it as a custard. It must be eaten the same day it

Lemon Pie-The proportions are two lemons, four eggs, two tablespoonsfuls of melted butter, ten tablespoonfuls of loaf-sugar. Grate the yellow rind of the lemon, beat together the rind, juice, sugar, and the yolks of the eggs until very light. Prepare a large tart pic, fill the pie with the mixture before baking the paste, and bake until the paste is done. Beat the whites stiff and stir into them little by the whites stiff, and stir into them little by little one-fourth of a pound of sugar; spread it over the top, and bake a light brown.

Boston Cake.-One pound of sugar, and half a pound of butter stirred together, three eggs, beat lightly, one glass of wine, half a pint of milk, mixed with the wine, and an even teaspoonful of soda sifted with a pound of flour; bake in a rather quick oven.

GERMAN LADIES' FINGERS.—Beat one hour the yelks of five eggs with half a pound of blanched almonds pounded fine, the yellow part of one lemon grated. Mix well, add half a pound of flour very gradually. Roll out the paste, and cut it in strips the length and size of the fore-finger; beat lightly the whites of two eggs and wet the fingers.

Grains of Gold.

A part of the perfection of this life is to be lieve ourselves far from perfection.

ADVANTAGES OF A PEACEABLE TEMPER—How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how screne the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and, contrairwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of emnity, wrath, dissension, having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, auxious suspicion, and envious regret.

Many people go through the world, hearing and seeing nothing. For all valuable purposes, their ears are as deaf as an ear of corn, and their eyes as blind as a potato.

ELEVATING SENTIMENT.—If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principle, with the just fear of God and of our fellow-men—we engrave on these tablets some-thining which will brighten to all eternity.

No man does his best except whon he is cheerful. A light heart maketh nimble hands, and keeps the mind free and alert.

The saying that it is more pleasant to give than to receive, applies only to medicine and

Fortune's hand, says a poverty stricken writing master, is remarkable for its heavy down strokes.

Ladies naturally prefer a marriage ring, but gentlemen prefer a nice business ring.

Policy often effects what force cannot.

Never assent merely to please.

Deride not the unfortunate. Labor brings pleasure; idleness pain.

Our sins and our debts are often more than

we think.

A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water, nor consumed by fire.

The man is indeed hard up who cannot get credit even for good intentions.

The Bress.

Hutters and Lurriers.

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[CONTINUED PROM PIRST PAGE.]

successful still. -(Cries of "Down on Brown There are cries from the audience in regard to Brown. Personally I had no desire to make reference to that individual at all, as it is patent that his popularity is fast dying out, and must soon become a thing of the past. (Great cheering.) As a public man he is now passing through a very trying ordeal, and his name tastes bitter in the mouths of the workingmen of Canada, and will soon sink into insignificance. We will let him suffer his just reward, and leave him to the scorn of all good men. (Cheering.) Our appearance is well cal-culated to contradict the oft-repeated state-ment that this movement is conducted by a This vast assembly shows that all the intelligent men in the city are supporting the movement, and if there are any who are unfortanate enough to shrink from helping it on, we can only say of them that they have not yet attained to their true mauliness. (Cheers.) I cannot detain you with any lengthened speech, as the inclemency of the weather is unfavorable to open air speaking. Permit me to press upon you the urgent necessity of supporting the men whom we are this day giving tangible proof of our sincere sympathy with in their present conflict. Let us help them on in their present conflict. noble struggle for the declaring of our freedom and personal liberties. There is a small but gallant detachment of our army engaged in this struggle, deserving the support of all who look favourably towards this movement. refer to the young and heroic Union of Toronto Bookbinders. That Union has been subjected to the most contemptuous abuse, and they have submitted to it all with patience, self-sacrifice, and truly wonderful endurance. (Cheers.)
They have requested the nine hours, with a corresponding reduction in the money. There is surely no unreasonableness in that! Yet they have been denied it! Gentlemen, rally round them; give them all that is needed to sustain the honorable position they have assumed, and success will soon be the result. (Cheers). I will now give place to other able apeakers. (Cheers.)

The Chairman said that while the proprietor of the Leader was speaking on the other side of the platform, he had no doubt they would be pleased to hear a member of the staff of that journal which had come to the aid of the workingmen in their hour of need. He would there-fore take the liberty of introducing to them Mr. E. P. Roden, for whom he claimed on that occasion an attentive hearing. (Applause.)

Mr. Roden said he was pleased to observe, that although the cold snow was then falling from the heavens, it was melting rapidly upon the friendly faces of those who had assembled in such large numbers to advocate a principle that was so warmly cherished by the independent and intelligent workmen of Canada. (Cheers.) No person had been better pleased than himself, when the proprietor of the Leader rightly appreciated the wishes of the skilled mechanics to have their hours of toil shortened, and opened the columns of his journal for the discussion of their cause. There were some parties in Toronto, however, who should be nameless on that occasion, that desired to put a sticking plaster upon the mouths of the workingmen, by refusing them the privilege of plac-ing their views on the question of labour before the public; but, thanks to the foresight of one independent gentlemen, there was one journal in the city whose columns were opened to the labouring classes. (Cheers.) The proprietor of the *Leader* promptly refused to enter the ring which had been formed by others for the purpose of ignoring the claims of the workingmen; and with the aid of a long purse and an influential journal, he thought the rights of the honest toilers of Canada would be properly protected. (Cheers.) During the absence of the member for East Toronto, attending to his par-liamentary duties at Ottawa, the hardy mechanics might depend upon receiving a cordial welcome at the *Leader* office. They might come in without knocking and keep their hats on, just the same as if the establishment belonged to themselves. (Cheers and laughter.) It was Mr. Beatty's wish that they should be made to feel at home when they entered the Leader building. (Applause.) It was his (the speaker's) good fortune during the present crisis to be thrown a good deal among the representatives of the trades unions who sought a place for the presentation of their cause in the columns of the paper upon which he was engaged, and all might feel assured that they would be welcomed as co-workers in the great movement which was at present on foot in Canada to clevate the working classes by the abortening of their hours of toil. (Cheers.) He looked forward with a good deal of pleasure to the not very distant day when the banners of the workingmen, then assembled, would float triumphantly in the breeze, and when the advocates of this movement should have reached the highest round of the ladder of victory. (Cheers.)

At the conclusion of the addresses, hearty nd prolonged cheers for the Queen, the Nine our Movement, and the Leader, brought to ermination a demonstration which, conidering that but a very short notice was given of the intention of holding it, cannot fail to convince all interested that the present movement has taken so firm a hold upon the masses, that in their vocabulary no such word as "fail" can be found.

INCENDIARISM IN ST. CATHARINES.

The usual quiet of St. Catharines was disturbed last Friday night about eleven o'clock by an alarm of fire which was caused by the torch of the incendiary being applied to a barn on the premises occupied by Mr. Thomas, clerk for McKinley & Co., at the east end of Church street. The fire brigade turned out promptly, but their services were not required, as the fire had been subdued before much damage was done. The apparatus had scarcely been housed, however, before the alarm again pealed forth, caused by fire being discovered issuing from an unoccupied barn in rear of the promises occupied by Mr. F. A. B. Clench, on Queenston street. The Steamer, Hook and Ladder and Hose companies were quickly on hand, but the building being a slight structure, was soon wrapped in flames, and was entirely consumed before any water was thrown on it. But the fire, an had to come out again for a fire in the manufactory of Messrs. Gibb and Hartley, St. Paul street. The flames were speedily extinguished. The tired firemen were returning home, when to their disgust they were again summoned to duty. The incendiaries this time shad set fire to a shall outbuilding in rear of the brick house owned by Mr. James Goslin, on St. Paul street, opposite the Custom House. Here the fire was confined to the building in which it broke out, the "Hookors" again pulling down the frame, and the steamer watering out the ruins, thereby saving the residence of Mr. Arthur Carroll adjoining the place destroyed. The firemen were now just about "fagged out," having been enduly, running hither and thither for about four hours, the Hese impany displaying considerable alacrity and powers of indurance, while the Hook & Ludder boys as usual were to the front. The Journal advises the citizens of St. Calharines to keep a sharp lookout for the miscreants. were quickly on hand, but the building being a slight

THE DUNDAS NINE HOURS' LEAGUE

The following communication, addressed to the editor of the Leader, we have pleasure in re-producing, as evidencing the progress of the present grand Labour Reform movement.

Sir,-The weekly meeting of our branch of the Nine Hours Longue was held last night in the Elgin House. The capacious room in which our meetings are held was filled to overcrowding, and it is a very pleasant fact to record that our League increases weekly in numbers and

After the usual routine of business was attended to our Chairman introduced Mr. James Ryan, Secretary of the H milton Nine Hours League, to the meeting, as an old friend to them and their cause, and they would no doubt be very much pleased to hear any information he could give them respecting the progress of the agitation throughout the country, and he would then call upon Mr. Ryan to address the meeting.

Mr. Ryan said he was not only very glad to meet them that night, but also doubly pleased to be the messenger of glad tidings to them, for he could assure them that the Great Western Railway Company had that day notified to the men in their employ that the nine hours system would be adopted on their premises on the 1st of May. (Loud applause.) He then exposed a few of the fallacies adopted by the Globe and its satellites against the movement, and showed how great a gulf lay between the promises and performances of the Hon. Geo. Brown. He showed how self-aggrandizement had always been characteristic of the man; how that to gull the working classes he generally favoured measures that were deemed chimerical, but when they became tangible and assumed practical aspect, especially if in his opinion they would tend to lesson his influence, or touch his pocket, that he became their most inveterate foc. He gave a detailed account of the Printers' and Bookbinders' strike in Toronto, and elicited warm expressions of sympathy from the meeting on the men's behalf. He urged upon them the necessity of liberal subcscriptions for their support, and showed how the generous feelings begotten now by mutual sympathy and help would prove invaluable in future years by inducing working men to look beyond the precincts of their localities and to see in the welfare of their fellows elsewhere the aids to their improvement at home. He showed that the Globe and its satellites opposed the movement more upon political than economical grounds, for they knew that with more leisure would come more mental power, more moral strength, and that if the minds of the public be improved that it will be impossible for the (eclestial) ring to deceive them any longer with spacious promises. It was, therefore, doubly urgent for the men to make strong efforts to free themselves from the tutelage their quandan friends would keep them in. He urged upon them unanimity, persistence, and generosity, and he felt sure that now. the railways had graciously conceded the movement to their men, that the back of the opposition was broken : but that wherever obstinacy was displayed, it was their duty to forward help, and by so doing they would accelerate the speed of the good time coming, and confer upon themselves, their children, and their country, a permanent and invaluable blessing, that physically, intellectually and socially, would repay them a thousand fold, for any trouble or expense they might incur. (Ap-

It was moved and seconded that \$30 be forwarded to the Printers and Bookbinders on strike in Toronto. Carried unanimously.

Moved and seconded that this meeting pass a vote of censure upon the Hon. George Brown, and declare his paper to be unworthy of the confidence and support of the working men. Carried unanimously.

Moved and seconded that a vote of thanks be given to Mr. James Ryan for his attendance and able speech that evening. Carried unanimously. The meeting then adjourned.

THOMAS BALLANTYNE, Sec. Nine Hour Loague.

THE CONSEQUENTIAL CLAIMS.

The answer to Lord Granville's second note was completed on the 15th inst. It will be read to the Cabinet to-day, so as to be ready to go out by to-morrow's steamer. So far as the control of the answer lies with the State department, it will be kept secret. It is conceded that one side or the other must recede within the next two months, and Reverdy Johnson is given as authority for the statement that the President regrets that claims for consequential damages was put in our case. It is given out, however, that Secretary Fish is perfectly satissied with the position in which the present despatch leaves our side of the question. It is understood that a movement will be made in the House to-day to unmask the Secretary of State department and to let the country know how Fish is managing this business.

The promise of Mr. Gladstone to lay the whole subject before l'arliament on the receipt of this despatch, is one of the impelling motives for this course, and another is a virtual assent of our Government, to a note of the Brita virtual assent of our Government, to a note of the British Government accompanying the counter case presented at Geneva, which undertakes to receive the same freedom of action as if business of the tribunal had not proceeded, as far as our exchange of counter cases. All this explains the unusual reticence of the State Department, but it is impossible to conceal the fears which are entertained by our Government, or to prevent inquiry on the part of Congress. Our Government has not yet received a copy of the American counter case presented at Goneva, its preparation by agent Davis and counsel Cushing, Ewarts and Waito being delayed as long as possible to watch fluctuation of sentiment both in England and the United States on the question, but the like of argument even to the manner of the narrative, and all essential points of counter cases were settled by telegraph between Fish and our representatives abroad.

It has recently come to light that after the ratification

graph between Fish and our representatives abroad.

It has recently come to light that after the ratification of the treaty of Washington, but probably before the preparation of our first case, the State Department came into possession of the original documents, proving conclusively that during the period covered by the English assertion of due diligence in prevention of rebel privateering, but actual conferences were going on between the Foreign office and of the accredited rebel agents in London in aid of tile Confederacy besides looking to formal recognition of, confederate states at a date in the then near future, when it was expected the fortunes of rebellion would take a favourable turn, these negotiations included distinct propositions for carrying on the construction and equipment of confederate cruisors in England, and facilitating their operations by granting them privileges in English and Colonial ports that were not to be enjoyed by vessels of the United States, this of course gives a new interest to the whole question.

The following note accompanied the counter case de-

out to be enjoyed by vessels of the United States, this of course gives a new interest to the whole question.

The following note accompanied the counter case delivered to the Board of Arbitration at Geneva, on behalf of Great Britain: The undersigned is instructed by Her Majesty's Government to say that while presenting their toconter case under the special reservation hereafter mentioned, they find it incumbent on them to inform the arbitrators that a misunderstanding has unfortunately arisen between Great Britain and the United States touching the nature and extent of the claims federed to is in the treaty of Washington. The misunderstanding relates to claims for indirect losses under three heads is the treaty of Washington. The misunderstanding relates to claims for indirect losses under three heads is the treaty of Washington. The misunderstanding relates to claims for indirect losses rom enhanced insurance; 3rd, Loss from the prolongation of the war. The claims for indirect losses are not admitted by Her Majesty's Government to be within the scope and intention of the arbitrator. Her Majesty's Government active that the arbitration shall proceed with reference to the relation thereto. If that correspondence has not been brought to a final issue, Her Majesty's Government desire that the arbitration shall proceed with reference to claims for direct loss. They have thought it proper in the meanthine to present a counter case, which is strictly confined to direct claims, in hope that the unfortunator misunderstanding may be removed. Her Majesty's counter case is presented without prejudice to the position assumed by Her Majesty's Government in the correspondence, where a reference base been made, and under the express reservation of all Her Majesty's rights in the event of the difference continuing to exist between the parties. If necessary, further communication will be made to the arbitrators.

(Signed)

(Signed) TENTERDEN. BLACKLEGS.

The Hamilton Standard, of Tuesday, contained the following complimentary notice:—! Master Printers throughout the country are advised to keep a sharp look-out for a couple of blacklegs and cappers who are travelling the western part of the Province endeavoring to entice workmen from the printing offices for the Globe office. ** One of them is tall, dark-haired, with moustache and side whiskers, and wears a skull cap; the other a short man, with dark brown hair, heavy moustache, and florid complexion. Both have the appearance of pickpockets. They 'put up' for a short time at the Queen's Arms Hotel, and took their departure before a onstable could be found to arrest them."

OUR PATRONS.

* " A Merchant is known by his wares."

The attention of our readers is drawn to the following list of advertisements in our columns, and are requested o have them in remembrance when "out shopping."

Golden Griffin-Dry Goods.

Jerry Dincen-City Hat Store. M. & J. Perry—Hatters and Furriers. Max Bourdon—Hats and Furs. D. O'Connor, Hats and Caps. J. C. Prittie, Hats and Cape. Eugene McEntee-Boots and Shoes. Andrew Noble-Merchant Tailor. Thomas Claxton-Musical Instruments G. H. Forbes-Groceries and Provisions. P. Higgins & Co.-Boots & Shoos, &c. R. S. Thompson-Bookseller and News Depot James Weekes-Furniture, etc. C. A. Scadding-Stamps and prosecs H. K. Dunn-Groceries, etc. Charles Hunter-Groceries, etc. H. Stone-Undertaking. 8. P. Kleiser-Jewellery, etc. L. Sievert-Cigars and Tobacco W. W. Sutherland-Fashionable Tailor. George Jackson-Monteagle House. H. U. Layton-Caer Howell Hotel. James McFarland-Royal Arms Hotel. Samuel Richardson—Bowling Alley. M. McConnell-Headquarters. Bell Belmont-White Hart. Wm. J. Howell-The Woodbine.

TRAVELLERS GUIDE, TOKONTO TIME.

J. Boxall—Railroad Car Furnishings, etc.

Andrew Scott-Workingmen's News Depot.

GRAND TRUNK EAST.

A. M. P. M. GRAND TRUNK WEST.

A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. DEPART2.00.....7.30....3.45.....5.20 Arrive5.25....10.15....1.05.....6.15 GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. DEPART.....7.00...11.50...4.00....5.30...8.09 Arrive.....9.20...11.00..1.15....5.30...9.20 Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge Street Station. NORTHERN RAILWAY.

	A. `M.	P. M.
DEPART		
TORONTO AND NII	PISSING	RAILWAY.
	A. M.	Р. И.
DEPART	7.45	3.30
Arrive	. 10.45	3.20
TORONTO, GREY &	BRUCE	RAILWAY.
	A. M.	Р. М.
DEPART	7 . 10	3.00
Arrive	. 11.10.	8.10

Boots and Shoes.

Engene weenlee'

219 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

ORDERED WORK

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Will Receive Prompt Attention,

AND

PRICES WILL BE FOUND AS LOW AS ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE TRADE.

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

P. HIGGINS & CO.,

144 YONGE STREET,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

MACHINE SEWED AND PECCED BOOTS AND SHOES,

ALSO, DEALERS IN Trunks, Valises, Satchels, &c., &c.

Liberal Discount to Families.

Dry Goods and Clothing.



WORKINGMEN OF TORONTO THE

THIS OLD-ESTABLISHED HOUSE SUPPORTS THE

NINE HOUR MOVEMENT, BY SELLING

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING.

Ten Per Cent Cheaper than any House in the City. PETLEY & DINEEN,

GREAT'SILK AND CLOTHING HOUSE,

8 TO 132 KING STREET EAST,

(HUGHES & CO.'S OLD STAND.)

Tailoring, &c.

A NDREW NOBLE,

GOLDEN

MERCHANT TAILOR,

236 YONGE ST

W. W. SUTHERLAND,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR

Clothier and General Outlitter,

100 YONGE STREET

BETWEEN ADELAIDE AND KING STS., TORONTO.

Lurniture.

THE CHEAPES PLACE IN THE CITY BOTH FOR

NEW & SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

A good assortment of Sidelmards, Lounges and House Furnishing Goods of every description. Always on hand, CARPETS, STOVES, &c.

FURNITURE EXCHANGED.

All kinds of Furniture neatly repaired. Sofas Re-covered and Chairs Re-caned. 637 Oall before purchasing elsewhere.

> JAMES WEEKS, 247 and 249 Yonge Street.

Zamps, &c.

CANADIAN

RAILROAD LAMP MANUFACTORY

50 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO. ONTARIO STREET, STRATFORD.

J. BOXALL,
MANUPACTURER AND DEALER IN

Boston Boot and Shoe Store, Railroad Car Furnishings,

Locomotive Head Lamps and Burners, TAIL, SWITCH, GAUGE AND SIGNAL LAMPS,

Sperm and Coal Oil Hand Lamps.

Coal & Wood Stoves of every description,

HOT AIR FURNACES, &c.

Books. &c.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC IS respectfully solicited to

THE WORKINGMEN'S NEWS DEPOT JUST OPENED BY

MR. ANDREW SCOTT

AT 211 KING STREET EAST. Rooms suitable for Trades Meetings open to en

A large assortment of School Books, Magazines, Periodicals, Bibles, Albums, etc., etc., always on hand.

Orders from the country punctually attended to. R. S. THOMPSON,

47 KING ST. WEST,

Bookseller, Stationer & Dealer

IN ALL KINDS OF

FANCY GOODS IMPORTER OF

English & American Magazines & Papers

NOTE THE ADDRESS-

47 KING STREET WEST,

NEAR BAY STREET.

Engraving.



Society Seal Presses, RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS.

CRESTS, MONOGRAMS,

ENGRAVED ON HAND STAMPS. CHAS. A. SCADDING, 83 Bay Street, Toronto

Groceries and Lignors.

NINE-HOUR MOVEMENT!

GO TO H. K. DUNN.

51 QUEEN STREET WEST,

(Opposite Teraulcy,)

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

Wines, Liquors, and Provisions.

G. H. FORBES,

DEALER IN

Croceries, provisions & Liquors, CORNER OF CAER HOWEL AND MURRAY STS.,

TORONTO. THE PLACE FOR CHEAP GOODS.

CHARLES HUNTER, dealer in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, &c., 62 Queen streest West, corner Terauley street, Toronto, Ont. 1te

Oysters, Lruit, &c.

 \mathbf{W}_{ullet} w. smith,

94 QUEEN STREET WEST,

OYSTER, FRUIT & EXPRESS DEPOT. City Express delivery executed promptly.

Charges Moderate.

Toronto, April 12, 1872.

Rotels.

THE WOODBINE, 88 YONGE STREET.

WM. J. HOWELL, JR., PROPRIETOR. Constantly on hand. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars

CAER HOWEL HOTEL,

H. U. LAYTON, Proprietor. Choicest brands of Wines, Liquors, and Cigure always

GEORGE JACKSON,

MONTEACLE HOUSE, Corner Queen and Terauloy streets. Choicest brands Wines, Liquers and Cigars constantly on hand. 1to

OWLING ALLEYS, SAMUEL RICH Moody.) S. R. wishes to announce to the public this he has always on hand Superior Wines and Liquors, an hoice brands of Cigars.

POYAL ARMS HOTEL, 320 YONG

JAS, McFARLAND, PROPRIETOR. N. B.—A choice selection of Wines, Liquors an Cigars always on hand.

HEADQUARTERS, POST OFFICE Lanc, Toronto, Ont.

M. McCONNELL, Proprietor, late of the Rossin H. Choicest brundy of Liquors and Cigars, Wholese Rotail.