

Ontario Workman.

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

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OVATION TO JOSEPH ARCH.

LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC GATHERING—REPRESENTATIVES—SPEAKERS—REPLY, &c.

The visit of Mr. Joseph Arch, President of the Agricultural Laborers' Union of England, to Hamilton, was signalized by a splendid ovation, tendered him last Wednesday evening in the Tecumseh House by the Trades' Unions of that city. Mr. Arch was accompanied by Mr. Arthur Clayton, member of the consultative Committee of the same body. The attendance was large, the several trades being strongly represented to the number of one hundred and over. At eight o'clock Messrs. Arch and Clayton were escorted to the banquet hall by representatives of the Unions, consisting of Messrs. F. Walters, Chairman of Committee, Ralph Ingledew, Sec.; C. Donovan, on behalf of the Typographical Union; G. Midwinter, the Machinists and Blacksmiths; W. MacDougall, Amalgamated Engineers; F. Donahoe, Knights of St. Crispin; E. Gooch, Coopers; W. Myers, Plug-makers; Wm. Ibbetson, Tailors; Mr. Walters represented the Iron Molders, and Mr. Ingledew the Carpenters and Joiners.

The spread on the table was all that could be desired, and reflects great credit on the management.

Dinner commenced at 9 o'clock. Mr. G. Walters occupied the chair, while on his right sat Mr. Arch, and on his left Mr. Clayton, the guests of the evening.

Full justice having been done the viands the table was cleared and preparations made for the most interesting portion of the proceedings. The Chairman then rose, and after some introductory remarks, explained to the assemblage the cause of the present gathering—the desire of the workmen of Hamilton to signify their appreciation of the labors of Mr. Arch, the great advocate of the English agricultural laborers, and to testify their earnest wishes of success in his undertaking. He went on to make some remarks on the object of Mr. Arch's visit to this country, and wound up with an eulogium on the merits of the distinguished guest. His speech was well received, and he sat down amid great applause.

The toast of "Our Dominion" was then proposed and drunk with zest.

The next toast was that of the "Trades Unions of Hamilton," and was replied to by Messrs. Donovan, (Typographical Union), Ray, (Iron Molders), MacDougall, (Amalgamated Engineers), Donahoe, (Knights of St. Crispin), Ingledew, (Carpenters and Joiners), Myers, (Plug-makers, Ibbetson, (Tailors), and Midwinter, (Machinists and Blacksmiths). Each gentleman making a brief but pointed speech.

Mr. MacDougall next recited the "Bundle of Sticks," illustrative of the benefits of unity which was ably delivered and well received.

The next on the programme was the toast of the evening, which was given by the chairman with a few laudatory remarks, accompanied by a handsomely engrossed address which was read by the secretary.

To Joseph Arch, Esq., President of the National Agricultural Laborers' Union, of England.

DEAR SIR,—We the undersigned representatives of the Trades Unions of the City of Hamilton, Province of Ontario, Canada, beg to offer to you our sincerest sympathies for the great and noble work you have undertaken. We believe that you have, in the hands of Providence, been called to a work great in its aims, marvellous in its power and influence, stupendous in its effects; you have been the means of elevating your fellows from that condition which, for ages, they have been kept down to. And we, as fellow-workers in the great work of labor's reform, have watched your movements with more than common interest; we have rejoiced in your successes, and mourned over the fact that some have sought to throw obstacles in your path.

We also desire to tender to you a hearty welcome to this new country of Canada, hoping that the Legislators of this Dominion will see that it is to our country's advantage to offer every facility to you and the energetic sons of old England you so nobly represent.

We honor your self-sacrifice and persistent efforts in the noble cause of labor's redemption, and we can fully assure you that there are warm hearts here who can readily understand your mission amongst us, and who would readily aid the noble cause of raising the agricultural laborer to the same footing with the mechanics and artisans of this Dominion, and to the same privileges which they enjoy. And in our vast forests, waiting to be hewn down and converted into articles of commerce, we hope that you and your people will find a home both comfortable and happy, where the sower may sow and the reaper may enjoy the fruits of his own labor; where, clear of those laws which now oppress him, he may be enabled to worship his Creator according to

the dictates of his own conscience, none daring to make him afraid. We know you have won the hearts of the people you so nobly represent, and you have a power for good amongst them.

Go on in your noble work. We admire your faith in spite of all your enemies: we hope that the right will conquer, and that in the end you will prevail.

May He who hath so far kept you, crown your efforts with abundant success is the prayer of

FREDERICK WALTERS, President of the Committee, and Cor. Secretary of the I. M. U.
W. MYERS, P. T. R. U.
W. McDUGALL, A. E.
C. DONOVAN, H. T. U.
F. DONAHOE, Sir Knight of K. O. S. C.
MR. IBBETSON, P. T. P. S.
E. GOOCH, P. I. U. C.
C. MIDWINTER, President of the M. & B. U.
RALPH INGLEDREW, Secretary to the Committee, and P. A. S. C. J.

The toast was then drunk with the greatest applause, after which Mr. Arch rose to respond amidst the greatest enthusiasm of his auditors.

Mr. Arch, in his reply, expressed himself as deeply grateful to the Trades' Unions of Hamilton for their cordial, hospitable and imposing demonstration in his favor. He had listened to the very clever address with interest, but objected to the term "Esquire" being appended to his name, for although he had familiar intercourse and dined with noblemen of the highest degree he was still plain Joseph Arch, the farm-laborer. (Loud applause.) Mr. Arch then went on to recount the origin and progress of the agricultural movement, which he did in a lucid and eloquent manner. On the 7th of February, 1872, he raised his voice to advocate the claims of the farm laborers—that over-worked and poorly-paid class of Englishmen—and he could assure his hearers that the odds he had to contend against were nearly overwhelming. The farm laborers, in their struggle for their rights, had to combat the moneyed power of the aristocracy and the moneyed power of the wealthy farmers, so that in the face of these contingencies success seemed almost hopeless for those suffering men who for many a year have been kept down. In this great enterprise he (Mr. Arch) had been dubbed a demagogue by the great men of the country, but his hearers well knew that to remedy the evils of a country was the work of a philanthropist, not of a demagogue, and his conduct plainly showed that he belonged not to the latter stamp. He cared not what they called him; he was determined by the help of God to elevate his class, and he would do so, even if he were to spend his life in the task. Scarce a month had passed before a combination to put us down was formed among the farmers. Two hundred and fifty men were turned from employment because they asked for a wage of 14 shillings a week. When these men were thrown out of employment he knew not but they might turn on him, as the people did on Moses of old, and revile him as the cause of their trouble, in bringing them to their present condition. But no, said he, as I mournfully witnessed this misfortune to so many of my countrymen, who were the first to dry my eyes with words of comfort, but two members of the Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners? We immediately set to work to devise schemes of relief, and in a short time had circulated throughout the length and breadth of England, circulars setting forth our wrongs and opening the eyes of the people to the same. The trades sprung as it were to the rescue, and offered every available assistance. It is true that in course of time, several prominent gentlemen took part in the work of relief, but I repeat, said Mr. Arch with animation, to the honor of trades' unions, that I will never forget the hour when they took me by the hand and said, "We will scour England through before you go down." (Continued applause.) On we went, the opposition of the farmers also increasing. League after league of farmers was formed—as many as ten leagues being at one time in existence to put down the laborers; but we continued firm and unshaken, and, as a consequence, they succumbed to the pressure, and finally came to total grief. Failing in this they tried to influence laborers by saying that I was working for my own personal interests, and that, as soon as I had accumulated a thousand pounds, I would abandon the cause and fly to America. But even this despicable trick availed them nothing, for those who were at my back knew, as I tell you now, that I cannot better myself a shilling by the movement. When I want to make a fortune out of the bones and sinews

of my countrymen, I hope they will stand up as a vagabond. (Hear, hear.) As I before remarked, men of consequence, such as landowners, magistrates and others, attended our meetings, but though thankful for their countenance and assistance, I always told them that our committee must consist of laborers. Last summer a combination of farmers locked out two thousand laborers at one stroke, but although the oppressed thousands protested against this inhuman act, they not only did not receive the sympathy they deserved, but on the contrary, were frowned upon on all hands. What is particularly to be noticed was the action of the English clergy, who, instead of taking the part of the weak against the strong, reversed the time-honored principle and supported the strong in their battle with the weak. (Cries of shame.) Supposing the case was reversed, and it was in the power of the laborers to throw 2,000 farmers into as straightened a position as they were themselves, would they be received as listlessly and as unsympathizingly by the aristocracy as the former ones? We fought the battle advantageously, and, protracted and determined as it was, we came forth after its termination as fresh, as vigorous and as well, and better supplied with the sinews of war than at the beginning. Mr. Arch next referred to his coming to this country to seek out homes for his fellow laborers, where they would benefit themselves and the country of their adoption. He had traversed different parts of the country, and conversed with farmers and public men on various matters about the great object of his mission. In the rural districts he had listened to the sophistries of farmers in stating that there was a want of skill displayed by the English laborers; he (Mr. Arch) believed that they may have something to learn and also to unlearn: the English farmer might obtain some useful hints from Canadians, but if the latter went to England they could learn a little also. In the cities he had been shown men of opulence and position, who once owned scarcely a penny, but he ventured to say that others helped them to it, and on that account they should not forget the circumstances which led to their advancement—the ladder that assisted their ascent should not be kicked from under. Mr. Arch went on to give some wholesome advice in relation to Trades' Unions, and their dealings with employers,— united consultation, careful deliberation and arbitration. After this he dwelt on the condition of this country as compared with the old, and in a manner that showed keen perception and clear judgment, pointed out its merits and demerits. He next referred to the advantages the country would receive by the influx of so many able men, and intimated that if the country wanted them, they must be offered the inducements their abilities deserve. The advantage of their settlement in this country must, however, be considered mutual between the employer and employed, for he (Mr. Arch) would not hold up his countrymen for sale, or offer their services on unequal terms. He referred to his interview with the officials at Quebec and his intention to interview the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario at Toronto. He continued his remarks for some little time longer, giving much useful information in regard to agricultural matters and in giving praise to the principles of Trades Unions, and at the same time renewing his wise and salutary evidence in regard to their future workings. He then, in a few well chosen remarks, thanked them for the enthusiastic ovation to himself and friend, and sat down amidst thunders of applause.

The Consulting Committee was then toasted in connection with the name of Mr. Clayton, who replied in a neat and pithy speech, referring to the condition of the agricultural movement in England and dilating on its success, and, at the same time, enlarging on the abilities of Mr. Arch, whom he designated, among other titles, as a true and perfect gentleman. His speech was received with favor, particularly his eulogistic remarks on the beneficial results of Trades Unions. The speaker concluded by thanking the audience for the favor shown him and his friend Mr. Arch.

At the conclusion of Mr. Clayton's remarks the song of "Stand by the Union," was sung by Mr. Walters, the assembly joining in the chorus.

A vote of thanks to the chairman was proposed by Mr. Arch, seconded by Mr. Clayton and carried unanimously.

The business of the evening then closed by singing in chorus "God save the Queen," when the meeting dispersed in an orderly and satisfied manner.

MR. LLOYD JONES ON COMBINATIONS OF WORKMEN.

The Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire Miners' Association held their first annual procession and mass meeting on Monday, 15th ult. The day was remarkably fine, and the various lodges, to the number of 22, assembled in Ripley Market-place, and drew together a vast concourse of people, variously estimated at from 8,000 to 12,000.

After the report had been read and moved for adoption, Mr. Lloyd Jones, who on rising to support the resolution, commenced his remarks by congratulating the meeting on its number, its order, and respectability of appearance, said, Mr. Chairman—Great as this gathering is, and much as it may mean as an organized power for enforcing the claims of the miners of the district to what they may regard as fair treatment in work and wages, it has yet a larger and more important meaning when looked at in connection with the other great mining organizations of the country, composed exclusively of men who earn their living in connection with our mining operations. This gathering is not an accident, it is not an isolated fact, it has a connection with two great bodies of miners, one the National Association, with a hundred and twenty-five thousand members, and the other the Amalgamated Association consisting of about one hundred thousand. This local association may for practical purposes be regarded as belonging to these. And let me say that organized bodies of men of considerably above two hundred thousand, resting their unions on common principles, and aiming at common objects have their own fate in their own hands, and can to a certainty, if they conduct their own business with wisdom and prudence, attain any legitimate object they may seek for. Let me add, however, that the possession of this power is no justification for its unwise or oppressive use; you are bound to secure for yourselves good wages, good conditions under which to work in the mines, and good treatment from those placed over you in authority. But you must not forget that your duties are correlative with your rights, you are bound to render honest and effective service, willing and true obedience, and in everything to remember that the owner of capital has his rights which you are bound to respect, and which must be respected if the joint operations of labor and capital are to be carried to the profit and satisfaction of those jointly engaged in them. There are persons who object very strongly to trades unions such as this, who insist that they are crippling the industry of the country; and who prophesy in the most melancholy way the near destruction of England's manufacturing and commercial pre-eminence. Ever since the first demand for shorter hours in connection with the factory labor was made these wretched people have been stinging us in this way, and the echo of the last cry, made the other day by Professor Fawcett, in the House of Commons, is still ringing in our ears. I for one have no respect for such foolish fears, nor for the selfishness by which they are prompted in a large number of those who utter them. These cries were first heard by myself and others still alive, in 1827, and were continually uttered up to the time the bill for shortening the hours of labor in our factories was passed. If we took one hour off the work of our poor women and children we were told the foreigner would step in and inevitably take our trade. Well, as regarding these croakings of evil, several hours per week, nay, per day, were taken off, and, our foreign trade, which at that time was under forty millions sterling per annum, has risen to above £223 millions sterling. The foreigner has not taken our trade. We are better off now than ever we were—doing more business, and making more profit, and we are doing this notwithstanding the many blessings conferred on our working people by shorter hours of work and higher wages. And, gentlemen, there is one other consideration important to add—we have not diminished the profits of employers. Mr. Gladstone said the other day at Liverpool that England had added almost incredibly to her wealth during the last fifty years. In the early part of last century our country had not the means of adding much yearly to its capitalized wealth, each year nearly all that was earned was spent. But by inventions and discoveries made by clever men, and worked by the industry of the masses of our people, we are now adding year by year something enormous to the accumulated wealth of the country. You, miners, descend into the pits with your picks and shovels, and coal and ironstone are

sent to the surface. These are taken in hand by other industrious workers, and are transformed into machinery of the most delicate and complicated kind which is placed in our factories and workshops, and to these we bring cotton, woollen, silk, and other fibres, which are transformed by our skilled workers into articles of the highest value in use, and of the most consummate in design. These are taken by merchants to all the ends of the earth, and exchanged for the produce of the fields of Russia, the plantations of America, and the spice groves of the East. Whatever can minister to the comfort or luxury is ours by the ingenuity and industry of our people, and it is right, I say, they should ask, it is inevitable they should demand, why, being active agents in the production of this abundance, its blessings should not visit their homes and cheer and elevate their lives? In saying this no attack is meant on the property of those who have accumulated vast wealth out of the past industrial operations of the country. We say to them keep what you have got, and enjoy it in peace and security. Our love of law and order, our respect for property, are your best assurances that night and day you are safe amongst us. We give you a security in the open and free enjoyment of what is yours, which the rich and noble in the centuries that are past, could not, with armed men on watch and ward, obtain for themselves. We cry quits for the past, but we most solemnly declare that if we can make it so it shall be different in the future. So far we say to those above us you have got nearly all the advantages of the nation's growth in prosperity. Our third and even fourth-rate coal-owners, merchants, and manufacturers have incomes such as the old Barons of England would have blessed themselves for. There are more abundant luxuries and higher comforts, in the houses even of our moderate gentry than our Norman or Plantagenet kings possessed or enjoyed—the working men only have lagged behind. They have been needlessly neglected whilst such wonderful changes have been going on. We have now however got the women and little children out of the pits. We have got a sense of shame into the heart of the nation, in regard to the educational neglects. We have got shorter hours, larger pay, and above all we have a power in the ranks of the people and a hope into their hearts, and with these we have before us a future in which their industry and ingenuity may turn the most worthless things into wealth, and by their exchange may stimulate the industry and increase the wealth of other nations and races, carrying to the ends of the earth a higher civilization and nobler aspirations, as a crowning glory to commerce, which has hitherto confined its attention too exclusively to selfish strivings after material profit. We say therefore to all who suspect the intentions and objects of trades unionists and their leaders, do not be afraid; trust to the good intention of the men upon whose efforts your suspicions and censures can have no effect. They openly proclaim their aims to be honorable in themselves and useful to the country. So far they had by improved wages given themselves a larger command over the necessities and comforts of life without injury to any one. They provided by their funds for sickness and death, and by arranged allowance in many districts they protect and succour the widows and fatherless. They encouraged in this way habits of providence and forethought, and they take upon themselves expenses which in most cases would fall upon the public, in rates, for the support of the poor. The only one point upon which the opponent of trades unionism can condemn them is the countenance and support they give to strikes. But so long as there is no other acknowledged method of settling disputes between employers and employed but by strikes, the men must hold the right of appealing to force whenever it may seem to them necessary. Let it not be forgotten however that the resolution I am now supporting asks that strikes and lock-outs shall never be resorted to until every peaceable and reasonable mode of settling such disputes as may arise shall be first tried. Working men know they have nothing to fear through trusting their cause to the arbitration of reason, in the hands of impartial third parties. And they believe that if the award be given against them when they so refer such cases, that in nine cases out of ten it will be because they are in the wrong, and therefore because it ought to be given against them. Here then

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Poetry.

BLUSH NOT, HONEST TOILER.

Oh, blush not, honest toiler!
No cause for shame hast thou,
Though horny skin be on thy hands,
And sweat drops on thy brow,
Although thy face may be begrimed
With coal dust or with soil,
'Tis a noble mark of usefulness;
Then blush not, sons of toil.

Oh, blush not, honest toiler!
The time will come ere long,
When right will triumph over might,
And justice over wrong.
By any action vile;
That worth will be acknowledged yet,
Then blush not, sons of toil.

A SONG OF AGE.

Summer is gone, and Autumn
Is red on the corn and heavy,
Yet skies are sweet and clear
As in the youthful year,
The forests full and leafy.
But in the Northern cloud
Sits winter dark and rude,
And Summer's golden glory
Who will remember
In the long, long, dismal hours,
The days of December?

The morning hopes of childhood,
The visions pure and tender,
To the broader day of youth,
To the keen high light of truth
And reason we surrender;
But as we touch the goal
Black Winter numbs the soul,
And manhood's gleam of glory
Who will remember
In the long, long, dismal hours
In the days of December?

Ah! were such life life only,
Better not be than be thus!
To see through this brief day
Hope fall from hope away
And to blank Nothing leaves us.
O still our vague unrest,
God's voice within the breast!
For in God's eternal Summer
Who will remember
The long, long, dismal hours!
And the days of December?

Tales and Sketches.

ALICE LINLY.

CHAPTER IV.

"What do you think, Ally?" exclaimed Willie, bounding into the parlor one evening. "Harry has got me a situation in a lawyer's office! I'm going to be a lawyer myself, one of these days, and a famous one I'll make too," frisking about before her, and disclosing as he spoke two rows of shining ivory.

"Indeed! but what are you going to do about school?"

"Oh, I'm going to study at night! Harry's going to teach me, and you, maybe," peering roughly up into her face.

It was an old trick of his, and Alice stooped down and kissed his rosy mouth with a fond smile.

"You are the very best sister," exclaimed the boy, "and when I grow up you shall have nothing to do and sit all day and every day, or walk, or ride, and go to as many concerts as you please! Don't tell—but I saw Harry buying tickets at Osborn's as I came along, for the concert to-night—I wonder who he's going to take. I thought you, of course, or I would have pulled his nose!"

"Hush, hush, wild Willie!" exclaimed Alice, unable to help smiling at the purposed mode of revenge for neglect of her.

"Oh, yes," replied the boy, "you never think Harry does wrong! But you don't ask me to what office I'm going!"

"Well then—whose?"

"Mr. Conrad Etherington's! Harry says you've seen him before; but how you stare—how will you look!"

"Only see how I have pricked my finger," she replied, assigning that as the cause of her agitation.

"Well, I declare! I never saw you make such a fuss before for a trifle!" said the boy. "Here let me kiss the place to make it well! Isn't Mr. Etherington handsome?" he continued, still bending over the taper finger.

"I don't know, I forget."

"Don't know—forget! Maybe you never saw him then. Harry says there's not such another man in the world. By George! but he's superb! as you ladies say."

"Why, Willie, how your tongue does run," interrupted his mother, who was slowly recovering health and spirits.

"Oh, no, mother darling," was the coaxing reply, as he bent fondly over her, and kissed either pale cheek.

Harry's step was heard in the entry, and away bounded the lovely boy to meet him.

"Why, how soon you've come; going to a concert though, eh! That accounts for it," with a knowing look, Harry laughed merrily.

"You are entirely too precocious for a brother of mine. I shall have to ship you off, youngster."

"Not till you tell me who you're going to take," responded the boy.

"My little meek-faced Alice for one," he replied, placing his hands caressingly around her snowy neck.

"Dear Harry! how kind," murmured the girl, with a glad tear in her eye.

"And for whom is the other?"

"Miss Dora, if you please," drawing her up to him, and chucking her under the chin.

"Thank you, dear brother! Oh, I'm so glad," and the girl caroled after the fashion of a dancing master for pure joy. It was so seldom that she went out. She was formed for society—to adorn it—by her beauty, her wit, and her playfulness. She was very unlikely to be coquetry in her disposition; a thousand little ways and wiles to attract the admiration of which she was so fond.

"Must I get ready now, Harry, and what must I wear?"

"Oh, anything you please. I don't think you'll make your fortune to-night."

"You don't know that," replied the girl, archly, bounding away to smooth the bright curls of golden hue, which lay carelessly upon her dimpled neck. An hour elapsed, and the two girls stood ready and waiting.

"To think of having to wait for a man!" chuckled Willie. "I have always heard that women made men wait."

"But now you find you are mistaken," laughed Dora, tying the strings of her hood.

"Will you be very lonely, mother?" whispered Alice, kneeling beside her parent. "If you think so I will stay."

"Oh, no, darling! bless you," tears starting to her eyes. "Go—it will do you good. Willie is very pleasant company."

"Well, then, sweet mother, good night; don't sit up for us if we are late," and she rose and passed her small hands through her brother's arm.

He smiled and said, "They say birds of a feather flock together; but I've got two of very different species, I perceive. Dora, at tired for conquest, and my little Ally, for what? I'm sure I cannot tell, with that simple cottage bonnet. Why have you put back all those bright curls which used to gambol so luxuriously around your rosy face? Cheer up, Ally darling, and get fat again, or I won't own you. No one would have dreamed, two years ago, that your frolicsome countenance would become so meek, so Madonna-like in expression. But here am I standing when we should be travelling, and at a pretty rapid rate too, I perceive," looking at his watch.

"Alice, dear," exclaimed Harry, during a suspension, "there is Mr. Etherington! Willie's 'governor,' that is to be."

"Where?" her pale lips pronounced, as she turned her head in the direction indicated.

It was indeed he—her lofty idol; that idol she had so long struggled to uproot from her fond, dreaming heart. His brilliant eye rested for a moment on Harry, then passed to Alice, whom he attentively regarded. The heart of Alice Linly ceased for the moment its pulsations—she felt the color come and go in her face—the seat seemed sinking beneath her. She knew, though her eyes were downcast, that he was winning his way to them.

"Do you know who that gentleman is who is coming this way?" asked Dora Linly, in an excited tone.

"Yes," replied Harry, "it is Mr. Etherington. Good evening sir," he continued, as the young lawyer paused beside them, and held out his hand in friendly greeting. Alice heard that low, rich voice she had never hoped to hear again—and it was speaking to her. Poor girl! The wild revolution of feeling was too much for her self-possession. She strove to answer, but her voice died in her throat. She struggled, stammered, and was silent. The deepest bloom which had ever tinged her face [faded] there. She felt as though she must give way to the wild emotions which agitated her; but with a brave effort she restrained herself, and confined to her tortured bosom all her distress.

Compassionating what he thought extreme timidity and bashfulness, Etherington turned to her sister, and it seemed with better success, for when Alice recovered herself sufficiently to meet the reproachful eye of her brother, and saw her idol completely engrossed by Dora, who, with the most bewitching and natural coquetry, retained him by her side through the remainder of the evening.

CHAPTER V.

"I am going to bring Etherington here to-night," observed Harry to Dora, the next day after dinner.

"Are you?" exclaimed the girl, the warm blood mantling on her cheek. "How do you know—did he ask?"

"What!" replied her brother. "You must learn to put plain questions, child." Mr. Etherington did ask to come—and I am going to indulge him."

"You must set your cap for him, Dora," said Willie. You can't guess what a grand house he lives in. I went there this morning; and such a heap of furniture, and books, and pictures, and statuary, and such a lot of servants. But all these things are not half so fine as the man himself; and he said something about—about—no, I won't tell you. So you need not look so eager," taking up his cap, and bounding from the room."

Dora followed him into the entry. "Come,

what did he say Willie? That's a good boy."

"Oh, yes! very good now," laughing archly. "He said—he said—good bye," he shouted, as he escaped with a mischievous flourish from the house, leaving Dora crimson to the temple with resentment and vexation.

She was roused by the appearance of her sister, who was about returning to her duties. How sadly that pale, quiet face contrasted with the blooming Hebe countenance beside it.

"Good afternoon, Dora; be sure and look your loveliest," and, with a light, bitter laugh, she passed out; but not with the buoyant heart of her little brother.

"How lovely she looks!" was the thought of Dora, as she wended her way up the narrow staircase, with the full intention of following the advice, which she perceived not was given in bitterness of spirit; for Alice was but mortal, and the "unruly member" would sometimes rebel.

And Conrad came, and was introduced to Mrs. Linly, who smiled pleasantly, and again to Alice. She answered his low, earnest salutation with tolerable composure, for she had prepared herself for it, and then seated herself in a quiet corner, and bent low over the garment she was making.

"Why Dora, how long it takes you to settle yourself," exclaimed Willie, rather peevishly, as though not pleased with the arrangements which placed his favorite sister so much in the shade, opening his book as he spoke, and nestling beside her.

The girl addressed flung back her golden curls with a careless, saucy laugh, and, seating herself, claimed and obtained from her visitor undivided attention, and tasked his wits with her lively sallies and eager inquiries.

"Well! I never thought you were so forward before," exclaimed Willie, after Etherington's departure, "why nobody had a chance to say a word."

"For shame, Willie!" said Alice, in a low voice; "that is unlike you."

"Oh, well! I did not mean any harm; but it is so strange—"

"What is strange, Willie?"

"Oh, nothing!" answered the boy, picking up the book which he had thrown down.

Time passed on, and Etherington became a regular, almost a constant visitor. On two or three occasions he had attempted to pursue his acquaintance with Alice; but her wild and frightened manner, when he spoke to her, and the embarrassment which overwhelmed her, deterred him from further advances.

"I cannot conceive why you lose all self-possession when Etherington addresses you," Harry had once remarked. "The man must have bewitched you. I remember you showed the same strange fear at Mrs. Horton's, a long time ago, and begged her not to introduce you."

"No one can conceive what I suffer," murmured Alice to herself that night, as she knelt in the accustomed place, and strove to calm her troubled heart with searching and self-communion. "To see him thus day by day, and hear that fine voice so earnest, so calm, so deep. I wonder if he loves Dora? It must be so, for he comes so often; and she—oh, she cannot help loving him! no one to whom his heart was given could!"

CHAPTER VI.

"I am going to the 'Philharmonic' to-night, sis," exclaimed Dora Linly, springing towards the door as Alice entered one cold, clear evening.

"Are you? Oh, that will be delightful; who is going to take you?"

"Mr. Etherington!" replied Dora, with a triumphant smile.

Alice sighed, laid by her bonnet and cloak, and seated herself in the dim twilight by her mother's knee.

"Will you plait my hair, Ally dear?" whispered her sister, coaxingly—winding her arm round her waist.

"Plait your hair," exclaimed Alice—"what! all those pretty curls?"

"Yes, all! Mr. Etherington said last night that he should like to see the effect, and begged me to do it. I asked him how, and he said he was not particular, that your's might serve as a model."

How Alice's heart throbbed, and she murmured chidingly to herself, "How foolish, how silly."

"He has sent me some of the most beautiful crimson flowers you ever saw," continued Dora.

"They will look very well in your fair hair," replied Alice.

"So I think, and now will you come upstairs, sis, for it grows late?"

They went up together, and the small fingers of Alice parted the wifful curls, and wove the massive plait which was to adorn the head of her sister. And then she wound it round the little silver comb, and twined the dark crimson bell-like flowers therein; and lastly, imprinted a tender kiss upon the pure, unstained brow beneath.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Etherington, as Alice led Dora into the room, blushing and smiling like a June morning.

"So beautiful!" whispered Alice, with heartfelt joy and pride in the loveliness of her sister, speaking for the first time unspoken to.

His earnest eye fell suddenly upon her upraised face with thrilling expression. Alice

startled, crimsoned, and with a whirling heart and brain turned away. There was that in his glance which haunted her; it might mean nothing—and she sighed heavily as she took up her work, and seated herself by her mother.

Willie crept close to her, slipped his hand in hers, and looked up in her pale face. She whispered quickly, "What now, darling?"

"Why I am angry!" exclaimed the boy petulently. "I wish I was a man, I would take you to every concert. I do not like Mr. Etherington any more, to think he should prefer Dora to you. Such a great, wise man should get a more sensible girl for a wife."

"Hush, hush, Willie," but the boy would not be so easily silenced. "Dora, too—I don't believe she cares a straw for Mr. Etherington—only she is getting so vain."

"Willie!" again said Alice, and this time with a grave face.

"Ally, let me say what I've got to say, and then I'll be good," pleaded the boy, "and not say anything more for an age. You are a great deal handsomer than Dora, and I do wonder why you don't have any beaux. Such a lot of men as are coming here after her. If I were a man I'd never have anything to do with girls who courted me, but seek out some quiet darling, sister Alice!"

"There, that will do, Willie," said his mother, smiling. "You'll have Ally as vain as a peacock presently."

"No fear of that," exclaimed the boy confidently. While speaking he had gradually worked the sleeve of his sister's dress above the elbow, and now drew her arm forward in the light.

"What are you after now, Willie?"

The boy laughed.

"I wish Etherington was here now," he said, "to see how much prettier Ally's arm is than Dora's. But Ally, you used to have a host of dimples here," pointing to her elbow.

"They are all gone now, Willie," she said, smiling faintly.

"Too bad," replied her brother, "you must get fat again. I really think you are paler than ever."

"Very likely," thought the girl, but she said it not, but looked up with a cheery smile, for her mother was by—that mother whom she so fondly loved, and who so idolized her "summer child."

"Do you know," said Willie, later in the evening, as he sat alone with his sister, his thoughts reverting to the old subject—"do you know that I don't think Mr. Etherington cares a farthing for Dora?"

"Why, Willie, what are you dreaming about to-night? Why don't you think so?"

"Because I often notice that all the time he is listening and talking to Dora, he keeps looking at you; and when you speak so sweetly to mother and bathe her head—and when you keep telling me about my lessons—his large, full eyes follow you, and he looks so pleased and admiring. I see!" said the boy, with a knowing shake of the head.

"Why, Willie!" and Alice dropped her work, and fairly burst into tears.

"Oh, Ally! I did not mean to hurt you—forgive me—please do—I could not mean to offend you. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, darling! only leave me."

A few moments and the penitent boy had kissed her and gone away; and Alice wiped her streaming eyes; but the glad showers still fell, and again did she exclaim, "How silly! how foolish!" but not this time with such emphasis. The "fairy alchemist" was creeping into her true heart once more.

The next evening brought a lady-visitor with Mr. Etherington, whom he introduced as his sister, Mrs. St. Clair, a fine, fashionable looking woman of about thirty-five.

"You must excuse this intrusion," she said, addressing Mrs. Linly, "but Conrad has given such descriptions of your family circle, that I could not resist the pleasure of making acquaintance," and the world-weary lady laid aside her shawl and bonnet, and spent, perhaps, the first calm, happy, rational evening for years, in the humble family circle of the Linlys.

She was evidently a votary of society, and accustomed to command admiration and homage; but her mind had been well cultivated, and charmed alternately by her fascination of person and manner, and the soft accents which fell from her lips. Dora especially listened with delight to the glowing pictures her fancy created; but the lady, it seemed, took an especial interest in the quiet Alice, whose large eyes were never raised save when addressed. How could she talk, for Conrad was by her side, and though "he nothing spoke," her heart was singing for joy; and the long, golden-tipped lashes pressed the grave cheek lovingly, lest some glad beam should escape and betray her secret.

"Oh, what a sigh, sis!" exclaimed Willie to Dora, as the door closed over their visitors.

"Who is it for?"

"Dora sighs that the bright star has faded, and she cannot follow," said Harry mischievously; and the tender mother sighed to see how the world, all deceitful as it is, was charming the girl, and arousing vain desire in her young breast.

A few more days passed, and then came cards for a party at Mrs. St. Clair's, followed in the course of the evening by a visit from that lady and her brother, "To obtain in person their answer," she said, "and overrule all objections."

Mrs. Linly said "Nay" at first; "such gay

society was not for them, whose every moment should be occupied in earning their bread."

"But this once!" asked the lady, who showed a warm disposition to patronize.

"One indulgence would but arouse wishes for more," was the reply.

And the lady pleaded so winningly, and smiled so sweetly on the mother's "summer child," and Dora's glad eyes sparkled so at the thought, and even Harry spoke a word in favor of it, that her resolution gave way at last.

"Your mother's consent gained, of course you will come, dears," said Mrs. St. Clair.

"Oh, yes!" said Dora; but Alice was silent.

"My dear Miss Linly, you will come?"

"I think not," she murmured, with hesitation.

"Oh, yes! you must. The brightest ornament of my rooms to disappoint me—that must not be."

Still the girl was silent. She stood rather apart, and Conrad came, and standing over her, whispered in his thrilling tones, "Will you not come?"

She raised her eyes a moment to those bent so earnestly upon her, but the veined lids drooped instantly, and the warm color stole up to her temples. It was his first request, and could she refuse it?

(To be Continued.)

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

I am extremely shy, and, therefore, never go into society. I am shy with men, and still more shy with women. In the presence of ladies, what few faculties I have been blessed with by nature, leave, and I am hopelessly and helplessly lost. The smile, the voice, the glance of one of the fair sex, serves me as it did Marlow in Goldsmith's comedy; I can neither look, speak, nor smile. My real name is Timothy Truelove, but my friends and acquaintances call me Tim the Sly, or Tim the Bashful; and this only makes me more shy and more bashful. Unless some fair one takes pity on me, and does the courting, and pops the question, and takes me to church and marries me, I shall live in single blessedness, and go to the grave a bachelor, in spite of myself.

For the worst of it, I want to be married. Nearly all the people I know are married—have wives to share their joys and increase them; to share their sorrows and lessen them; to console them in trouble, and nurse them in sickness. Some of them have lovely children, to make home all that is lovable, beautiful, mirthful and happy. But I live alone, with no one to cheer, or comfort me; I would rather have some one, even to plague, than endure this life of weary loneliness and miserable solitude in the midst of a busy and social world.

Clubs are of no use. My shyness prevents me from enjoying them. I haven't the faculty of conversation, I do not care for billiards, hate bagatelle, abominate cards, and cannot play chess. I am in fact a domestic creature; fitted to make an agreeable husband, if I can only get a wife. But I can't.

Pondering over my lonely and desolate state, I at last determined to make "a bold stroke for a wife." I would advertise. I did. *Ah mihi miserum!* Ah, wretched me! I did. I gave a not too flattering description. Young, which I am, only twenty-four; tolerably good looking, which I am; with a good income, which I have; but not mingling with society, and therefore, not brought into the company of eligible parties. I had notwithstanding these advantages been compelled to remain single. Any young lady, of similar condition and position, would find this a rare opportunity, as everything was *bona fide*. I added that I was of good temper, amiable disposition, courteous, and gentlemanly in my demeanor, and should make a good husband. All of which is true to the letter, as they say. I added that *carles* could be interchanged.

Unhappy me? I was overwhelmed with replies. From the "maiden of bashful fifteen" to the "widow of fifty" and from fair ones of intermediate ages, they came pouring in upon me, with offers that might have tempted an anchorite to leave his cave, and if the law permitted, marry them all. I was bewildered. One had flaxen hair, light blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and an annuity of nine hundred a year. Another had raven tresses, was like Maud, tall and stately, although she was only seventeen; had no fortune, but could sing, play and dance well, and what she lacked in money could make up in her accomplishments. A third had been compared by her artist friends, to Guido's *Madonna*, so the needn't say another word about looks; in other respects she was all the most exigent and fastidious could desire. A fourth was not good looking, but then, she was endowed with all the virtues under the sun, and "beauty is but skin deep," and "handsome is that handsome does." I threw that letter and *carles* into the fire. A fifth—but why go on to the crack of doom? They were nearly all of the same character, and all promised to make the best wife under the sun, and all were equally suitable to fill the vacant place on my hearth. The number of widows who replied was astonishing. Some had children and some had none; I soon decided against the applicants with "incumbrances," as these flowers of the home are ungraciously

designated by people wanting office keepers. After rejecting a basket-full of applications, there still remained too many for one man to select from. It was indeed a case of *embarras de richesses*.

After much trial and much reflection, I selected three whose letters, in conjunction with their *cartes*, seemed most eligible. I wrote to the address given, and by return of post the answers came. Meetings were appointed and devices given by which we should know each other. One damsel fixed upon a retired spot in St. James' Park. She would carry a handkerchief in her left hand, one corner of which should be tied with some mauve-colored ribbon, and I was to wear a camelia in my coat. The happy moment arrived, and I was punctual; but the lady was there before me. Oh, the awful disillusioning of that interview! She had told me she was young and handsome; she was neither. She had told me of her refined taste, and she was dressed in the most *outré* manner possible. All the colors of the rainbow were reflected from her person. She was the widow of the deceased publican, and looked it. Her proper place was behind a bar, serving gin and bitters to young cads and brainless swells—and she had dared to answer my advertisement! After a few words, we coldly wished each other good-bye, and never met again. The second was also a failure, but the third was worse. It sealed my fate, but did not obtain me a wife. At first it promised well, but its issue was, for me, calamitous. I shrink from narrating the adventure, but the interests of humanity compel me. I have put my hand to the plough, and must not turn back.

I met the third of my selection at a time and place appointed. She appeared to be all that she had represented herself. She looked like a lady, spoke like one. She saw my shyness, and met it with encouraging questions. Skillfully and graciously she drew me on, until I found myself talking to her as I had never talked to woman before. With a modesty that was perfectly entrancing, she trusted I should not think badly of her for answering an advertisement seeking a wife. Many happy matches, she believed, had thus been brought about, and I should find that she had sufficient and justifiable reasons for what she had done. Then our talk became more general, and I found she was well informed; spoke of our best authors, especially the poets and novelists, in a manner which proved familiar acquaintance with their works. In a word, I was enraptured, over head and ears in love, and thought, at last I have found the "one fair maid for me."

Of course we met again. We met many times, and I grew fonder and fonder of her at each meeting. At last I resolved to bring the matter to a close, and have the wedding-day fixed. It was summer time, and one bright evening we were taking a walk in—to me fatal—St. James' Park, when I found a retired seat, and I pressed her to name the day. I was so absorbed in watching her face and waiting for an answer, that I had not noticed a party of young men who had stolen behind us. My arm was round her waist, and I was tenderly but earnestly, asking for a reply, when my raptures were broken in upon and terribly dispelled by a burst of laughter from behind, and Joe Fielding, my fellow-clerk at Somerset House, slapping my supposed innamorata on the back, exclaiming, "Well, Harry, have you fixed the wedding-day yet?" Harry took off his bonnet, his false curls, and chignon, and burst out laughing in my face.

I saw all in a moment. I had been cruelly hoaxed. Without waiting for the jeers of my fellow-clerks, I rushed away from the park, jumped on the first omnibus, and went home. There I packed my portmanteau, wrote to my chief that urgent business—family business, I ironically wrote—required my attention for a few days, and I left London that night. What I shall do next is undecided; but one thing is certain I shall never advertise for a wife again. As a caution to others and to prevent any similar bashful fellow from committing the like folly, I have told the story of "How I advertised for a wife, and didn't get one."

DIAMOND CUTTING—A NEW INDUSTRY IN NEW YORK.

Diamond cutting is an art, not merely an industry, requiring that certain degree of dexterity of manipulation which, after a few years of apprenticeship, is readily attained in nearly every mechanical operation; but a fine art in the full sense of the term. It is labor which calls not only for an exquisite refinement of manual dexterity, but an unerring judgment, to be gained only by hard study and constant practice, extending perhaps over a lifetime.

HOW DIAMOND CUTTING WAS INTRODUCED IN THE UNITED STATES.

We purpose in the following paper, to tell the reader how this pursuit, now for the first time in the world's history followed in the western hemisphere, came to be established in the United States, and then to trace the various processes of diamond cutting as practiced in the city of New York. It is a matter of general information that the art, from time almost immemorial, has been confined to the celebrated lapidaries of Amsterdam, Holland, whither the rough gems were forwarded from all parts of the globe. At the time of the extensive discoveries in the diamond fields of South Africa, however, Mr. I. Hermann a well known jeweler of this city and an expert in the

art, became convinced that diamond cutting could be introduced in this country, both as a valuable accession to the national industries and as a means of attracting large amounts of foreign capital within our borders. To this end he undertook its establishment in the face of many serious obstacles. There was an import duty of ten per cent on the rough stones, the repeal of which had to be secured (a matter of no small difficulty, for the Government seemed unable to perceive the advantage of thus increasing the wealth within the country), large capital had to be obtained to start the enterprise, and, finally workmen had to be persuaded to leave Holland and other countries. When these men, in sufficient numbers, could not be induced to immigrate, Mr. Hermann sought for other artists among the Dutch already in the United States; and he tells us that he found them pursuing all kinds of callings, in order to gain the support which the art they had studied all their lives was here unable to afford them. Then machinery was imported, only to be abandoned for entirely new inventions, also the work of the projector of the scheme; and thus at last staid old Amsterdam, to the dismay of her artisans, discovered that her long kept secrets were known across the ocean, and her hitherto undisputed supremacy rivaled in the metropolis of the West.

THE MANUFACTORY.

We have thus briefly touched upon the organization of the New York Diamond Company, as a part of the history of the art in the United States, from which others in future will trace its growth. Success, we are told, has been encountered, as jewelers and owners of gems necessarily prefer sending their diamonds to a locality where they may be repaired or re-cut without undergoing the perils of an ocean voyage. Twenty thousand dollars worth of stones, we learn, are received regularly each fortnight, while millions of dollars worth are yearly handled. The largest diamond ever brought within the country, one of which weighed 80 carats, have, through the same agency, been imported.

We recently were enabled to visit this establishment, situated in a small building in Fifteenth street, a few steps from Union Square, in this city, and there to follow the interesting operations which we are about to describe. As, in all descriptions, general explanations are first in order, we were at the outset informed that the business is divided into three entirely distinct branches—cleaving, cutting and polishing. Also, that each class is a separate art, and that the workman finds the attainment of any one sufficient labor for the balance of his existence without troubling himself about the others. Hence, no one man can carry a stone through all the manipulations. A cutter cannot cleave, nor does a polisher know aught about cutting; and even further, a polisher or cutter of a brilliant cannot produce a rose diamond, and vice versa; so that, in fact, each individual had his specialty, and there stops his knowledge.

NATURE OF THE DIAMOND.

The diamond itself, as all are aware, is nothing but carbon, a combustible body. It is crystallized mostly in the shape of an octohedron (two four-sided pyramids united at their bases) or rhombic dodecahedron, the latter being the commonest. In its black form—as used for stone drilling or sawing—it is the hardest known substance, and in this state differs from the jewel, which has foliated passages parallel to the faces of figure, in which directions it may be as cleanly cleft as a piece of wood. The resemblance to the latter substance is increased by the fact that there are so called knots, which cause a conchoidal instead of a straight clean fracture.

THE CLEAVER.

This much imparted by way of proface, we were conducted to the apartment occupied by the cleaver, or *Kloverer*, as he is called in Holland. This artist we were informed, must possess a greater degree of skill than any other workman. So difficult is his labor that probably there do not exist twenty-five cleavers to every five hundred polishers and cutters in the world. The *Kloverer* in Holland is taught from boyhood, and is usually the son of the owner of the establishment, out side parties being rarely instructed. On a small table in front of the workman was a little box divided into two compartments, the furthest containing a covered tray for the reception of stones. The other division was made deeper and had a false bottom, being finely perforated. Also on the table were a number of sticks like spindles, which, with a couple of knives (to which we shall presently allude), a metal rod for a hammer, a pair of scales, and a spirit lamp, constituted the entire kit.

Opening a number of little envelopes, each marked with a full description of its contents, the cleaver first put into our hands a quantity of rough stones. They seemed of irregular shape and varied in size, from that of a pin head to a large pea. Some pieces were quite flat and closely resembled mica. Selecting a diamond from the heap, the artist glanced at it a moment and then secured it in a knob of cement (brick dust and rosin) on the end of one of his spindles. Taking a fragment of a stone that had already been operated upon, he fastened it in a second spindle in similar manner. Next, with an implement in each hand, he brought the diamonds together, steadying the shanks of his tools against two metal projections on the edge of the box before him. Apply the second diamond to the rough gem, with a quick grinding motion ho

rapidly cut a notch in the latter; it was hardly the work of an instant, but the line was perceptible.

At this point our curiosity prompted us to ask explanations, and suspending his labor, the cleaver showed us that there were flaws in the stone which had to be cut off and, besides, other pieces to be removed to give the gem its proper shape; so that probably, of the whole rough jewel, hardly one half would be available. We looked wisely for the flaws but utterly failed to detect them, a fact not to be wondered at when we were informed by the artist that his ability constituted an important part of his trade. He said that he must have to know the structure of a diamond far more intimately than a physician that of the human body. As hardly any two stones are alike, and no rule can be laid down for the work, some idea may be gained of the consummate skill which enables a man to pick up a tiny fragment, glance at it once, and instantly detect not only flaws and streaks but where they are located, in the heart or on the surface, to make up his mind exactly what microscopic piece must be removed, their size, and how they may be cut to turn them to best account, and, finally, how to so divide the stone as to produce the best color. All this so quickly that, although we saw half a dozen stones operated upon, we asked afterwards: When the workman had examined them? We had noticed the single swift look given at each, as once after another was split by the artist as he continued his explanations.

SPLITTING THE DIAMOND.

We left the diamond, to indulge in the above digression, with a streak cut across it at the point at which it was to be divided. Placing the spindle containing the gem upright before him, the operator placed one of his knives directly over the cleft. The knife used was nothing more than a piece of steel, perfectly flat, with a square edge, and about six inches long. It is ground blunt purposely, for if it were keen, the hard stone would quickly turn the edge. Tapping the back of the blade lightly with his iron rod, the artist split off a fragment and then, melting his cement and removing the parts, showed us a clean smooth cut.

"But is not this a very risky performance?" we almost involuntarily exclaimed. "Suppose that you make a mistake?" The workman smiled superior, and explained that such is hardly possible, though he admitted that it would be a very easy matter to halve the value of a gem by a single false stroke. Imagine a \$5000 diamond—and that is not a large one—thus treated; \$2,500 irretrievably lost by a single tap of the hammer! But then, with good sized stones, the work does not seem so difficult as with jewels no larger than pin heads, so small indeed that, in some cases, they number as many as 300 to the carat in the rough, or 400 finished. Of course nothing is wasted; the dust that falls through the false bottom of the box, we shall find again in the hands of the polishers, while the odd scraps are cut into rose diamonds, or the little sparkling grains used for inlaying initials and similar fine work in gold jewelry.

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL AND NEW ORLEANS.

HOW OTHERS SEE US.

The *Memphis Appeal*, in an article contrasting the Government of the United States and Canada, has the following:—

There is no reason, save such as pertains to the people themselves and their governments, why New Orleans may not accomplish every commercial end achieved by Montreal. In fact, the difficulties which New Orleans must obviate are infinitely less insuperable than those which Montreal surmounts. Not only are the differences in cost of government and, consequently, of living, as shown by our correspondent, marvelous, but there is a sublime faith and energy displayed by Canadians which is discovered nowhere in the valley of the Mississippi. In Canada, nature and all its elements are at war with commercial progress and with great enterprises; here, incidents of climate, soil and natural highways of commerce co-operate to aggrandize cities and enrich States. There is only wanting the sublime faith and energy of Canadians, and cheapness of government which exists, as our correspondent tells, only fifteen per cent of the value of imports to maintain the simple, honest, economical Kanuck government. Montreal, another New Orleans, on another Mississippi, is attracting the attention of Europe as the coming great exporting city of the continent. New Orleans, on the contrary, is suffered to decay, and the wealth of the continent is turned backward and northward toward the pole rather than the tropics, simply because politicians and savages have seized upon the city of the south, while statesmen and patriots govern Canada, and therefore the unification of the provinces under one general local government. The Canadas were thus prepared for independent national existence, and a national spirit has been fostered, especially by the contrast furnished this people with their own government by the government of the United States. The one is cheaply and wisely, and the other knavishly and extravagantly administered. People take nothing to sell from the United States into Canada, but would buy there everything possible, where everything is cheap, and if possible smuggle everything through the lines into the United

States. The American government is never thoroughly detestable until its agents are seen prying into the mysteries of carpetbags and of women's paraphernalia, prying deep down into Saratoga trunks. A hungry-looking, spectacled Yankee from away down east seized the valise of our correspondent on the Niagara bridge, and examined every single article with infinite care. He encountered a card on which our correspondent's trade was announced, and the wretched inspector of trunks, growing pale with horror, apologized for this unseemingly intrusion into the collection of curiosities. But it is this one hundred and three hundred per cent duty paid upon everything that we eat or wear or consume which paralyzes industry and drives people even to idleness. Men despair when government filches from their pockets by the thieving processes of the custom-house all profits of labor. In fact, it is demonstrable that five hundred millions annually are stolen from forty millions of people that two hundred thousand may riot in wealth and splendor, and while Canadians toil for themselves and there is every inducement proffered to individual industry we are here so harassed by tax gatherers and multiplied governments that our great river, unlike the St. Lawrence, remains unnavigable. Canadians are now expending fifteen millions to construct a ship canal around Niagara Falls, while this "best Government the world ever saw" suffers the wealth of a continent to be diverted from its natural highway to the sea, and American cities go to decay, and poverty stalks abroad and villainy and ignorance are supreme. Our form of Government is best, and our personal freedom is perhaps most unrestricted, but Canada gives most encouragement to personal effort, and is infinitely more honestly, cheaply and wisely governed than these unfortunate States.

SUNSHINE AS A FORCE.

A good illustration of man's inability for self support, independent of sunshine, is afforded by the following calculations:—

The mechanical equivalent of the vertical sunshine upon a square mile of the earth's surface is computed to be 3,223,000,000 pounds raised a foot high in a second. Under the most favorable circumstances, a square mile of terrestrial soil receiving this amount of sunshine, if planted with bananas, would yield, according to the estimate of Baron Humboldt, 50,000 tons of nutritious food yearly. This is the greatest amount of food-producing power of which the earth appears to be capable. But this quantity of food would suffice only 100,000 men, whose united mechanical force would not raise more than 10,000,000 pounds a foot high in a second. It would, therefore, not be possible for any number of men, by their mechanical force, to produce anything like a sufficient light and heat in the absence of sunshine to raise from the soil the food which is needful for their own support.

AFFECTION OF MONKEYS FOR THEIR DEAD.

From James Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs* the following interesting account is extracted: One of a shooting party, under a banian-tree, killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously; the sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gesture seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given to him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms, and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race.—"Nature and Science," *Scribner's for Sept.*

OLD DUGOOD'S DOG.

Old Dugood came into the bar-room the other day and took a seat among the idlers there assembled. The dog question was under discussion, and after listening to a few wonderful stories Dugood chipped in as follows:

"Now, boys, you may all talk as you please about the smart things dogs have done, but I can just tell you somethin' that will lay over all yer stories."
"I don't 'spect you'll believe a man when he's a tellin' ye's the truth, but this is as true as the gospel."
"You all know the big yaller dog of mine? Well, that dog is the smartest dog in the drive. He's an intellectual dog, he is. Now, I know you won't believe it, but that ar' dog's been larnin' to sing."
"Learnin' to sing? Get out!" interrupted one of the listeners.
"Yes, sir," that's so, every word of it; and I'll just tell you how it was. T'other night we had some singin' at our house. You kno

our Sal's been goin' to the singin' schools lately, and she and other gals, and the young fellows what go, hev got so they can squawk like the very blazes. And so almost every night they meet at somebody's house and practice.

"Well, the other night there was a whole crew on 'em at our house, and they had a big time. Such a screechin' and a squallin' and a bellerin' you never heard in all your lives. You'd hev thought that a whole gang of tom-cats had broke loose and tackled Squire Willo they won't singin', and he was the most interested creature I ever saw. He watched 'em' heatin' time and goin' through their manooovers, and 'peared to understand 'em as well as they did. At first they sang lively tunes, you know; and purty soon, when they got tired of these they commenced on saims and hymes and other serious things. The dog he 'peared to like these better than the lively tunes, and sot down as close up to 'em as he could while they sung.

"At last the gals coaxed Jim Blowhard to sing 'Old Hundred.' You know what an old tearing' bass voice Jim has. When he commenced, the dog began to get dreadfully interested. He pointed his nose right up at the ceilin', and every time Jim came to the low notes, he'd sorter howl."

"Who? Jim?"
"No, the dog. Blowhard he sung away fer a while, and jest then he turned round and kinder bit his hind legs."

"Gosh a mighty! Blowhard?"
"No, you all fired fool you, the dog, of course. Then sez I to the old woman, 'Nancy Jane,' sez I, 'you jest bet your boots that dog's got somethin' in his head.' And Nancy Jane, sez she, 'You git out, I shan't do it.' Jest then the dog picked somethin' up in his mouth and bolted out of the room quicker'n a streak. I didn't pay much attention to it and nobody else noticed it."

"When Blowhard finished, all the girls jest crowded round him, and commenced flatterin' him, when suddenly we all heard a noise. It was the orfullest mixed up noise ever anybody heard. Everybody was scared nearly to death. Six of the gals fainted away in Blowhard's arms all at once. They wor hangin' on to him from all sides, like a string beans on a pole. Blowhard was still for a moment or two; it was more huggin' than he could stand, and he wilted right off his seat onto the floor, and tried to crawl under the sofa. Before he got more'n his head and shoulders under, the gals all came to and caught him by the feet and tried to pull him out. Blowhard hung on to the sofa legs and bellowed murder, and the gals screeched, and some on 'em ran around the room nineteen times a minnit before they could find anything else to faint onto."

"I picked up a candle and rushed into the back yard with two or three of the spunkiest men, and what do you think that old dog was doin'? He'd got a music book spread out before him and was beatin' time with his tail on a tin pan, and a howlin' 'Old Hundred,' like all possessed —!"—*Golden Era.*

TIRESOME PEOPLE.

There are certain people with whom I used to think myself wonderfully congenial; we liked the same books, pictures, and what-not; had set ourselves to the accomplishment of much the same objects in life; never quarreled about the slightest thing,—and yet for some mysterious reason I could never endure their company more than half an hour at a time. There were my old chums whose mature tastes and aims were very different from mine, yet near whom I could spend days and weeks and years with the utmost serenity.

How to account for this difference I did not know,—until, at last, I found that the trouble lay in the fact that these congenial uncongenial friends were all in the same tune. It was like living in some monotonously gorgeous Yellowstone country, than which I could imagine nothing more wearing to the soul. You see, ordinary people like you and me cannot stand a constraint strain upon the higher emotions,—I doubt whether anybody can. If there is not an abounding humor to make a variety in the experience of your grand, solemn natures, there is at least a grim savagery that takes its place, and answers the purposes of recreation. If we do not hear of Milton's laughing much, we are well aware that he knew how to call hard names; and as for the mortal who, having seen Hell, never smiled again, are we not told that the little Guelph boys and girls were in danger of being pelted with stones flung by that frantic Ghibelline!—"The Old Cabaret," *Scribner's for September.*

"Are you going into the country to study the book of nature during this beautiful summer weather?" asked a bombastic gentleman of a lady friend. She wittingly replied: "Not yet; I am waiting for the autumn to save me the trouble of turning the leaves."

A man whose morning dram had been too much for him, in saddling his horse got the wrong end foremost. Just as he was about to mount, a neighbor came up and called his attention to the mistake. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone. How do you know which way I am going?" And he looked dagger at the officious neighbor.

NOTICE.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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All communications should be addressed to the Office, 124 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.

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

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 faith.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN, 124 BAY STREET.

Meetings of Unions.

TORONTO.

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

- Machinists and Blacksmiths, 1st and 3rd Mondays.
- Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- Tailors, 2nd and 4th Monday.
- Crispins, (159), every Tuesday.
- Amalgamated Carpenters, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- Laborers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
- Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
- Printers, 1st Saturday.
- Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

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

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

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

OTTAWA.

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

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

ST. CATHARINES.

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

- K. O. S. C., 1st Monday.
- Tailors, 2nd Monday.
- Coopers, 4th Tuesday.

Messrs. LANCFIELD BROTHERS, Newsdealers, No. 6 Market square, Hamilton, are agents for the WORKMAN in that vicinity.

Mr. D. W. TERNANT, Niagara Street, St. Catharines, will receive subscriptions and give receipts for the WORKMAN. Parties calling on Mr. Ternant will please state if they wish the paper continued.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

City subscribers not receiving their papers regularly, will oblige the proprietors by giving notice of such irregularity at the Office, 124 Bay street.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCT. 9, 1873.

JOSEPH ARCH.

The workingmen of Hamilton can boast the proud distinction of being the first body of men in Canada who have given practical expression of the feelings of sympathy and good-will which, we think, must actuate all men who are interested in the elevation of workingmen in the social scale, towards Mr. Joseph Arch, who has undoubtedly done more than any one man to bring about a much-needed change for the better in regard to the social position of that hitherto neglected class—the English agricultural laborer. We cannot but congratulate the Union men of Hamilton in that they have thus taken

the initiative in expressing their sympathy for the man and his work, by publicly welcoming and doing honor to him to whom honor belongs.

We do not think it will be necessary for us here to allude to the particulars of the work that for some time past has engaged the undivided attention of Mr. Joseph Arch and others of his stamp. His labors and their results are well known to our readers; but has followed his efforts, yet, perhaps, but few, if any, can form any adequate conception of the difficulties which he had to encounter from the time of the holding of the first Agricultural Laborers' meeting under the great chestnut tree at Wellesbourne, in Warwickshire, where Joseph Arch proposed his scheme of forming Agricultural Unions as a means towards ameliorating the wretched condition of the laborers, and was elected leader of the movement, till the time when, through continued agitations, and counsellings, and advisings, he was enabled to witness the rapid formation of Unions in almost all the agricultural districts of England. We know, however, that the movement aroused the most inveterate hatred and bitter hostility of the landlords, farmers and many of the "nobility," and this hostility was shown in many places by those who had joined the Union being turned off from their labor, and evicted from their dwellings.

But while much good has already resulted from the spread of the movement, the complete remedy for the evils which were so apparent was not easily to be obtained. Better wages to the laborer has been secured through the means of combination; but this was not all that was sought. Mr. Arch's design in urging unionism was not merely to obtain better wages for the class of which he is the recognized leader, but also to permanently elevate them socially, morally and politically. Many means will necessarily have to be used to bring about this end. At the best progress will be slow, and many a fierce struggle will ensue before success is achieved,—and in order to hasten its accomplishment, Mr. Arch proposes the emigration of large numbers of the laborers.

The speech delivered by Mr. Arch, in Hamilton, has the true ring about it, and it is to be hoped that all facilities will be afforded him by the government, and his reasonable demands met, to the end that the country may reap the full advantages that would accrue from the settlement among us of so desirable an element of material prosperity.

THE TAILORS' STRIKE.

So far as we are aware nothing has yet been done to bring about an adjustment of the existing difficulties between the merchant and operative tailors. The former admit that the bill of prices paid at St. Catharines are better than those paid in Toronto, but argue that it was not the original amount asked by the tailors of that city, but is the result of a compromise between a committee of the men and their employers. In this, the merchant tailors of the town of Saints have proved themselves wiser than those of this city, for had they been willing to meet with a committee of the operative tailors, there is little doubt but an amicable adjustment might have been made, because the men stated that they were willing to make some changes in the details of the bill submitted. The merchant tailors here, also objected to the now "log" on the grounds that their paying it would involve others in various parts of the Dominion, and this they could not think of doing. This certainly shows a very fine sense of honor; but, we might ask, how was it that the action of the merchant tailors of St. Catharines was not followed by such a result? Over five months ago, a bill was mutually arranged between employer and employed, that gave to the latter even "better terms" than those now sought by their fellow-craftsmen in this city, and yet we do not find that it has in any way influenced other centres of industry. Evidently,

however, the main objection was to paying large weekly wages. It was stated the men already earned from \$16 to \$25 per week, and the now bill would increase that amount. This assertion was refuted by the men, who admitted that though under unusual circumstances occasionally the wages might appear large, yet the average wages were shown to be less than \$9 per week all the year round. But admitting for a moment that such large wages were fort at which they were made, were not for a moment taken into consideration. Had their day's labor consisted of nine hours per day, it would have been an impossibility to make such wages as have provoked the jealousy of the employers. But, we suppose, we shall be told that this is one of the instances in which it is not possible to make, as the *Globe* would say, a "cast-iron rule" in the hours of labor. The "necessities of the trade," we may be told, at certain seasons, demands such excessive long hours; and allowing such to be the case, consideration should be had for the extra task thus imposed. But too often employers merely regard the amount of wages paid, without, as we have before said, considering at what cost of health and comfort they have been earned. Would, then, a refusal on the part of the men to work over time remedy the evil? We suppose we shall be immediately met with the objection, "But the orders must be filled, and in no other way can it be done." We are not so sure, however, that this objection is altogether a valid one. It has been urged before, under similar circumstances, in connection with other branches of industry, and in such connection, regular hours of labor have remedied the evil, nor has the requirements of the trade been interfered with.

The merchant tailors, in their wisdom, have announced their intention to send their orders for execution to Europe. Whether such a course will prove satisfactory to themselves and their customers we are not prepared to say; but considering that the "new log" has been based upon old country "time log," and in addition freight, duty, and other expenses will have to be borne, such a proceeding seems very much like "biting off one's nose to spite one's face." The most reasonable course would have been for the difficulty to have been submitted to arbitration in order that an amicable arrangement might have been arrived at. We believe we are correct in saying the men were, from the first, willing to so submit their case for settlement; but where only one party is willing to do this, arbitration becomes an impossibility.

LABOR BUREAU.

At the recent Congress of the Canadian Labor Union, the question of the establishment of a Labor Bureau was discussed. The object of a Labor Bureau is to furnish information which, through its influence upon popular opinion, would assist in the adjustment of the relation between capital and labor. Hitherto these relations have been left to adjust themselves; and that no harmonious co-operation has resulted is sufficiently evident from the discontent that prevails among the working classes. Thus important questions are raised which can only be answered by a thorough investigation into the condition of labor. Is the law of supply and demand sufficient of itself for the regulation of the rate of wages? How does the reduction of the hours of labor effect the rate of production? How is capital itself affected by the elevation or degradation of the conditions? To what extent is the welfare of the community affected by the disregard of sanitary moral considerations as connected with these conditions? How far does the educational status of the laborer affect production? These questions it is competent for the Labor Commission to answer. Any unusual interference of government is not contemplated as the result of such an inquiry; it is simply the education of

popular opinion that is aimed at. In some instances the interference of government is called for; for example, where cruelty is involved, as in the systematic overworking of children, or where fraud is practiced, as in the compulsion by various means of the doaling of laborers at stores kept in the interest of employers, or where sanitary considerations are disregarded. But here there is no interference, but simply an exercise by government of its primal function—the execution of justice. But it is only through investigation that the need of such action is exposed.

In England Parliamentary investigations into the condition of labor have been of early and frequent use, and have led to important reforms. When it became generally known how infamous was the oppression of factory children, public indignation led to its suppression. It was during the excitement following the investigation of this subject that Mrs. Browning published her "Cry of the Children." More recent investigations have, in like manner, exposed the systems by which in the English brick-yards and in agricultural works of various kinds, hecatombs of children have been yearly sacrificed. In these cases it was shown that while the law of supply and demand might satisfy the political economist, it did not meet the requirements of a Christian civilization. The factory reforms led to an increase of intelligence among the operatives through evening schools and other means of intellectual improvement.

The system of legislation and inspection which Parliament put into operation to satisfy the demands of the outraged morality of the people of England has, without question, been productive of great social advantages to that country. It has prevented the factories from remaining the physical and moral pest-houses which the unrestricted greed of gain had made them, and has also stimulated the public conscience, and increased the sympathetic interest between the various classes of society, and led them to the recognition of their interdependence. At the same time it has awakened a spirit which is not satisfied merely with palliative measures in such special cases as may be brought prominently into notice, but which seeks to investigate scientifically the causes of poverty and social degradation, and render them impossible, by a higher form of social and industrial organization. The most hopeful feature of this movement is the fact that labor itself is so impressed with the necessity of its own improvement that the agricultural laborers, the lowest substratum of the social series, caught the inspiration of the new spirit of the time, have moved in their own behalf, and with a terrible earnestness have refused to work a wages which mean only slow starvation.

The agricultural, the mechanical, the marine, and the mining interests have each of them in turn been officially examined by Parliament, and in each of them abuses analogous to those described in the factory system have been found, and to each of them legislative remedies have been applied with greater or less success.

Turning to the United States, we find that for some years past the necessity for the establishment of Labor Bureaus has been felt and expressed; and some eight years since a Labor Bureau was established by the Massachusetts Legislature. Pennsylvania followed the example more recently, and the question is still agitated in many of the other States.

The Massachusetts Bureau addressed two circulars to employers and one to the employed. As evidencing the character of the information which might be expected from a Labor Commission, we have thought it not uninteresting to reproduce the questions that were asked through them. The first circular addressed to employers contained forty-one questions—relating to the name and situation of the establishment; whether corporate or not, and the amount of its capital, and how divided; the number of persons, adult and children, employed; what propos-

tion of these could read and write, and of the children what proportion attended school according to the law of 1869; the number of hours of labor; the time allowed for dinner; the salaries and the wages paid; the residence of the employees, and their distance from the factory; together with the number of occupants of the houses, with other similar questions. The second circular addressed to employers contained eighty-one questions on the following points: whether any of the employees owned stock in the enterprise, and how much; the par value of the shares, and the average profits for the past five years; whether, within the personal experience of the person addressed, operatives, and how many, had ever earned a competence or were enabled to retire at fifty years of age upon moneys earned as wage laborers; whether stores for the domestic supplies of the operatives were owned by the establishment, or were in any way connected with it, and whether the operatives were compelled by the rules, or by any combination of circumstances, to deal at such stores, and what percentage of profits was made on the sales from such stores; whether the employees were paid in cash or in orders upon the stores, and how often such settlements were made; whether interest was allowed the employees on their wages earned before the pay-day, and in the hands of the employers; whether there had been a strike among the employees during the past five years, how long it lasted, whether its object was increased pay or shorter time, and what was its result, with the cost of such strike in diminishing production, or its effect upon the stock of the establishment; have you ever divided among your employees any percentage of your profits over and above their regular wages; has any introduction you may have made of improved machinery rendered skilled labor in your employ less valuable or dispensed with it entirely; how are your rooms heated and lighted; when your establishment discontinues work from any cause beyond the control of yourself or your employees, do you stop all wages, or does the pay of those employed on a salary continue, while that of the employees on wages stops; when wages are reduced, are the salaries reduced also; are there any associations among your employees for mutual benefit in case of sickness or accident; is the membership of them voluntary or compulsory; are the assessments paid personally, or the amount deducted by you from the pay of the members; if the pay is deducted, do you allow interest upon the money of the association retained in your hands; does your establishment contribute to such associations; are there any associations among your employees for their moral or intellectual improvement, or for recreation in the way of lectures, concert, social reunions, etc., and do you bear a portion of the expense of such provision; is there a library connected with your establishment for the free use of the employees; do you provide for the systematic instruction of young persons entering your employment, so that they shall become experts in the business; how long, on the average, will an employee last without breaking down, working continuously twelve hours a day; how long eleven; how long ten; can you give an average of the length of an operative's life, or how long it would last, commencing work at ten years of age, and working ten hours a day; what is your opinion of a reduction of the hours of labor? etc.

The third circular, addressed to the employed contained one hundred and thirty-seven questions concerning the recipient's wages; how paid; his savings; hours of work; size of his family; lodgings, their sanitary condition; his recreation; whether the establishment for which he worked provided any arrangements for the mental or moral culture of their employed; the influence upon himself or his companions of shortening hours of labor; his experience of co-operative associations; whether the establishment had ever divided a portion of its profits among those it employed; the provisions made in the establishment in which he worked for ventilation, es-

one in case of fire, for heating and lighting; the effect of his branch of industry upon his health; his experience of the results of improved machinery upon wages, upon production, upon skilled labor; his experience of strikes, trade unions, and their results; his experience of the pecuniary condition of those living upon wages; the average of his own wages; whether in his experience the employee had ever been given a share in the profits; his knowledge of the employment of children in factories, and the number of hours they are employed, with the character of the labor they perform; the rule in his trade about apprentices, etc.

The various trades of this city are making arrangements to entertain Mr. Joseph Arch at as early a day as possible. We are pleased to see their action in this respect, and trust their efforts may be crowned with the most complete success.

Communication.

THAT "NOT UNFAIR OFFER."

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Sir,—Not being at my usual residence, and owing to some unexpected irregularity, I failed to secure a copy of your issue dated the 10th Sept., containing a letter from your "exclusive" correspondent, in time to take notice of it in your next impression, which would, under all ordinary circumstances, be in the hands of your readers before I obtained the copy referred to.

In common with a goodly number of those interested in this proposed Amalgamation, I was looking forward to your correspondent's next production with much peculiar anxiety in the confident expectation of obtaining what the most of us are sadly in want of, that is a fuller information upon the nature and number of the benefits presented to the members of his excellent Union. In a former communication he had the kindness to inform your readers of the fact, that the M. & B. Union had made to the Amalgamated Engineers a "not unfair offer," the character of which he attempted to explain in the following select language, "As the monthly dues to the M. & B. are only half the dues to the A. E., while the sick pay is double, surely this is not an unfair offer." I hold Mr. Editor, that this is any thing but a fair representation of the merits of the Amalgamated Society, and is only calculated to mislead public opinion, and may at any time result in an error of judgment; and I am prepared to show, when the proper time arrives, that the donation he alludes to is only one—and not regarded as a very valuable one at that—of the many important benefits connected with our society. It requires no feeble words of mine to sustain the character of a Union that is now old enough to speak for itself, for more than two and twenty years it has "braved the battle and the breeze," and given to the world a record which has secured for it an established reputation, enabled it to wield an influence of a very potent description, and drawn from the most eminent authorities in Britain a recognition of its claims to be the best institution of its kind extant.

Your correspondent has unwittingly dragged us into an unpleasant field of discussion upon the advantages offered by the respective unions, and it is surely nothing but reasonable to insist that he will lay before your readers a full and accurate account of the emoluments belonging to the M. & B. Union, and I will take care that a similar rendering will be made of the Amalgamated. Unlike some of our prominent public men we are not in the habit of "going at it blind," and if Mr. Levesley is seriously intent on exerting his influence in order to accomplish this desirable Amalgamation of the two Unions, he will no longer hesitate to provide the information so absolutely necessary for the attainment of this end. The members of the Amalgamated are not yet so intensely in love with this sister union as to shut their eyes to such important considerations as these. Let us therefore hope that he will listen to the appeal so fervently made to him in my last communication, but which (singularly enough), received no notice in his reply.

His last letter is like unto the first—a wail of irritated grumbling and fault-finding, a spirit quite in keeping with that which dictated the resolution that was presented to the U. S. I. C., not to say anything about its admirable application, as a characteristic of the leading stoops of his Union, who never tire growling about that English institution which a "party of mechanics" are trying to establish on American soil. In his first letter we had the

doleful complaint that your paper contained "matter totally at variance with the WORKMAN'S usual course," because, forsooth, you venture to take exception to a certain resolution which was conceived by the representative of the M. & B. Union, and brought forth to the world by the U. S. Labor Congress; the latter circumstance being the only known reason why it received any public attention whatever. Had it been introduced to us directly from its warm-hearted originators, minus the authority of the Labor Congress, it would have received the same treatment as similar "offers" have hitherto received from that quarter. You committed a grave error Mr. Editor, in differing from the judgment of the M. & B. Union—I mean the U. S. Labor Congress.

In his last letter he is again sadly ruminating over a "leader" in last week's issue, which does not seem palatable enough for a delicate stomach. He offers some remarks upon the "Multiplicity of Unions," which may receive some attention when a fitting opportunity offers itself. In the meantime he pretends to be wonderfully concerned to know if your correspondent "Amalgamated" has grown ashamed of his name. It is gratifying to know that this anonymous correspondent is in no way under the restraint of any shameful sensation, or feeling of timidity, and if it will afford him any satisfaction you are at liberty, Mr. Editor, to gratify his curiosity by putting him in possession of the present writer's name and address with the option to use it to his hearts content in the present controversy, and so remove the necessity of his being woefully grieved on this point.

His unhappy reference to that "disgraceful attack in the Mail" has rather a tendency to lead him upon dangerous ground, and is probably the result of a misapprehension on his part; he surely must know that what appeared in the Mail upon the subject referred to, was also published in the WORKMAN, with the unimportant exception of a few pertinent remarks relative to the manner in which the ONTARIO WORKMAN became possessed of the missile which was then thrown at the Amalgamated. When its members are shown the reason why they ought to "retract," it is not at all likely that they will need to borrow from the members of the M. & B. Union, the "manliness" needful to enable them to act accordingly. On this point I hesitate not to express my conviction that it would not be against the interests of this accredited champion of the M. & B. Union, "to let sleeping dogs lie."

The greatest source of your correspondent's angry complaint seems to flow from the length of my letter. While I have no wish to make an undue encroachment upon your space, let it be known to this fickle-writer that he is the last man whose convenience will be consulted on such a matter. I make no pretensions to excellence in this important educational department, and it may be that the arguments submitted are unsound, for infallibility is no attribute of mortal faculties, but whether sound or unsound, long or short, my views are submitted with all the frankness of a man whose only aim is to reach the truth, and when he speaks or writes what appears to him to be the truth, is not unwisely troubled about who may concur or who may dissent. It ill becomes your correspondent to find fault with the "length" of other communications, when the useless appendage to his own is considered, the most important features of it having occupied space in your columns in a previous issue. He has done well, however, in giving your readers the names of the gentlemen who were on this committee, in order that they may see clearly the source of all the trouble; and were they to be furnished with another significant piece of information which although as yet unpublished is thoroughly reliable, they would obtain such a peep behind the scenes as would enable them tangibly to discern the whole machinery at work. The communication which was read before the Canadian Labor Congress the other day from the President of the U. S. I. C., indicates a want of unanimity on the report as originally presented, and enables me to withdraw the words "without debate" from my previous letter.

Out of a committee of six,—chosen from a body of 65 delegates, representing the different trades and labor organizations in the States,—three were faithful representatives of the M. & B. Union. Strange! that the committee on Amalgamated Societies should—above all others—contain such an unfair distribution from this great representative body, and no other Union represented on this committee, had on it, more than one delegate: your readers may gather a little from the fact that the President of the Congress had the appointment of this singular committee, and that President was none other than Mr. John Fehrenbach, President of the International Union of Machinists and Blacksmiths. Such revelations speak volumes as to the origin and history of this foolish measure.

Your correspondent will do well to ponder over these incidents and not fret himself to utter uselessness by indulging in such an in-

tolerant disposition towards the "leaders" and "letters" of others.

What a paragon of surpassing excellence is this self-enlisted judge of "length" and "wit!" How marvellous his condescension, when he stoops to acknowledge, that in your humble and obscure correspondent "Amalgamated" he has found "a focman worthy of his steel."

Your etc.
AMALGAMATED.

SOBRIETY THE WORKINGMAN'S AUXILIARY.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Sir,—Knowing the large circulation of your valuable journal among the laboring classes, and the high estimation in which it is held by them, I crave space in your columns for a few words for their consideration, the moment being especially opportune in view of the formation and first session of the Canadian Labor Union in our city last week; and being one of themselves, no objection can be raised that they are dictated to by an outsider.

The proposition that workingmen have much to complain of even in this favored land, is one that few will care to dispute, but at the same time it cannot be denied that the remedy is to a great extent in their own hands. While everyone who has taken an interest in the subject will not deny that the working classes of Canada compare favorably with those of any other country, the intelligent workingman knows, as do the leaders of the great movement now being agitated for the bettering of their condition, that one of the great impediments to their progress is the over-indulgence in intoxicating liquors by a very large number of the "bone and sinew" of our country. I am aware that many will be dissatisfied with this statement, but it is one that cannot be argued down. The champions of the cause find this to be the weak point in their defence, and one to be shunned as much as possible. The excuse is sometimes made that the workingmen, as a class, are no worse in this respect than those moving in a higher scale of society, and no one ought to know better. It is a fact, but a bad excuse. You know the old saying, "two wrongs do not make a right." Shall I give an illustration of my meaning, and I do not think the picture overdrawn. Take any one of our mechanics who gives way to this evil habit. He will keep his family in comparative comfort, no doubt, but he finds at the end of the year that he is just where he started twelve months before, and this goes on from year to year. Now, there must be something very wrong here. He is in receipt of from \$500 to \$700 per annum (a moderate estimate, and providing always he loses no time because of his "headaches" and "don't-feel-wells," brought on by tangle-leg), a sum, certainly, on which he is not likely to get rich, but out of which the money paid for sundry cook-tails, etc., each day of the 365 shown in a lump would surely astonish him. But that is not all. We would have an altogether different and better man; more self-respect, independence, everything that goes to make a man. Of course there are hundreds in this city who are temperate, hardworking and honest as one could wish, and yet are unable to lay up money. Such will feel no offence at this writing; the cause is to be found in continued sickness in their families, or in other drawbacks to their prosperity. Any one looking over his past experience will accept this view as being correct; let, therefore, every one who has the elevation of his fellows at heart look on this as one of the great helps to gain the desired end, and not only help himself but lend a hand to a weaker brother. I had no intention of occupying so much space, and will now close.

Toronto, Sept. 30, 1873. W. J.

IN UNITY IS STRENGTH.

The following appeal has been addressed by circular to the men of Hamilton. We have much pleasure in re-producing it in our columns, as the noble sentiments contained therein, are not only applicable to the trade unionist of Hamilton, but to every section of our Dominion. We would urge upon all that every opportunity be taken, and means used, to push forward the work of thorough organization:

GENTLEMEN,—The time has arrived when we should seek to take our place as Unionists in those affairs which are of paramount importance to us. It is an obvious fact that however perfect an organization is,—however strong its financial position,—if it moves not with its fellows in march of progress and reform (socially), it is lacking of one essential feature conducive to the benefit of the whole body of the operative class. It was seen at our late struggle for the shortening of the hours of labor, that we were defeated, simply through lacking that power which the Board of Trade of this

city brought to bear against us,—that of being able to command strength, power and influence, through unison.

How this one example should teach us, that if we do not desire or seek to be bound in the bonds of brotherly unison, we shall be thwarted and foiled at every movement we may make for the benefitting of our condition. We stand at the present time as if there was nought to interest us apart from our separate organizations, and yet we meet stately to work out what we think is to our benefit, regardless of the wealth of other societies, isolating ourselves, standing aloof from the great body of workers—thus being gradually shorn of our strength, and when the time for action shall arrive, it will find us in what position? Strong, through disunity? Able to converge to a given focus our power and influence? No; it will rather find us, weakened, incapacitated, imbeciles, through our own neglect and shortsightedness, bringing upon ourselves deserved contempt, and injuring the noble cause, for the which we are severally (in our organizations) striving for—that of improving our status and condition as men.

Our interests are the same; our purposes should be identical. Then why should we jeopardize our existence by this hiatus now existing between us, laying ourselves open at any time to any petty or trivial occurrence that might clash with the inborn prejudices of those who are not favorable to our organizations, which they might bring to bear against us, probably to our injury?

Then why should we allow any longer such a laxity? It is morally certain we are not doing our duty. Lacking the principle of cohesion, we lose our strength, defrauding ourselves of a motive power, and thus lay ourselves open to the social obstructionists and pseudo reformers who are ever ready to do the working man a good turn. It will be asked, "Where, then, is our refuge?" It is in a Federation of the Trades, where the whole body of the operative class can be represented, and where we shall at any time be able to concentrate our power without allowing any separate organization to suffer needlessly. This is the desideratum necessary for our general welfare; a Trades' Council, or Trades' Assembly, *alias* a Federation of the Trades for the common weal.

I opine that objections will be urged against such an Assembly, because politics will be introduced. What has the working man to do with party politics? His sole aim should be the elevation of man above party; but, if at any time a question should arise affecting them more intimately than any other class, as for instance, the Lien Law, Trade Union Bill, and the Bill of the settlement of disputes between masters and workmen, where, I ask, should the question be handled more freely and fully than in a Trades' Assembly, where every trade is represented, and where the question can be discussed from a no-party point of view, but simply with a desire to benefit our class.

I would ask, does the Board of Trade stand nice about questions affecting their interests? An assembly composed of all parties and professions, they are not punctilious as to which party they derive benefit from, so long as they become participants in that which benefits their class, and their class alone. What an anomalous position we should occupy, if at any time we were not allowed to discuss matters (politically) pertaining to us in case we should push out of sight the pet theories of some who should aid and assist us.

The time is not far distant when to attempt to fight our battles unpolitically will be as though we were fighting with our hands tied, and it behoves us now at the present time to see that we become strong through unison, able to cope (at any time) with those who oppose us and attempt to obstruct us in the march of social progress.

Gentlemen, it is to your interest that there should be a Trades' Assembly in this city. See to it, that your Society is duly represented, remembering the old adage, "United we Stand, Divided we Fall."

DEBROUSKIE.

ANOTHER POLAR SEA HORROR.

Early last summer a North Pole Expedition was fitted out in Sweden. Two transport vessels of Tromsø, Norway, which have been employed to carry part of the expedition to Spitzbergen, not returning, great anxiety was felt for their safety. An attempt was made by crews of three Norwegian fishing vessels to go to their rescue, which was successful in reaching them, but found the men, seventeen, in all, dead. Their report was then continued:—

"In the ravine at the mouth of the river lay the two boats of the unfortunate men, turned. Approaching the house, we noticed a great many clothes, blankets, comforters, and fur blankets, etc. Heaps of straw and

ashes were laying outside the door. A distance from the house to the north was observed a large wooden box, covered with a tarpaulin, and under this the sight of five corpses met our eyes. We opened the door of the house, but were forced to desist from entering by an unendurable stench. All the doors and windows were now quickly opened, and before we opened the house we fumigated it thoroughly with tur and sulphur, and sprinkled our clothes with peppermint. In the room to the right lay six corpses, emaciated and horrible looking. Their faces were yellow and mouldy.

"In the room to the left were found the bodies of the four dead men—three lying in a bed, and one in a box, leaning his head on his right hand, the legs hanging down. He had on a leathern cap, and a leathern or skin jacket, white Norland mittens and "skaller" on his feet. The face of this last one looked well and apparently he had recently died. A great deal of blood had come from him, and been running along the box. The faces of the three in bed looked awfully bad. At the end of the bed lay three crackers, some sugar, and a good deal of vegetables which had not been touched. Their clothes were covered with vermin. A grave was now dug, the bedsteads were used for coffins, and they were all buried in their clothes—in all fifteen men.

"The other two must have been buried before by their comrades. We searched for them, but could not find them. There was yet considerable snow on the ground, and they had probably been buried under the snow.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Do not fail to visit this popular place of amusement. Every week new attractions are provided, and no efforts spared by the manager to cater to the tastes of the fun-loving public. The celebrated banjoist, Pat Redmond, will appear this and following evenings. Little Josie adds to her popularity nightly, and all the artistes are greeted with well-deserved applause. For a pleasant evening's entertainment by all means go to the Academy of Music.

Don't fail to call and see Eaton's magnificent stock of shawls.

New Advertisements.

VICTORIA WOOD YARD

VICTORIA ST., NEAR RICHMOND.

MESSRS. J. & A. MCINTYRE still continue to supply the public with all kinds of Coal and Wood, at the lowest possible rates. All sizes Hard Coal nicely screened. All kinds of Soft Coal, in any quantity. Narrow Gauge Wood by the carload. Wood cut and split to order, and promptly delivered by J. & A. MCINTYRE, 23 and 25 Victoria Street. 78 hr

NOTICE TO TAILORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Operative Tailors of the city of Toronto are now on Strike, and members of the trade are requested to govern themselves accordingly. All communications in reference to the above to be addressed to Mr. MAIR, Secretary, No. 8 Bond Street. Toronto, Sept. 29, 1873. 77-11

JAMES BANKS,

AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER,

45 Jarvis, Corner of King Street East.

Mechanics can find useful Household Furniture of every description at the above Salerooms, cheaper than any other house. Cooking and Parlor Stoves in great variety.

SALEROOMS:

45 and 46 Jarvis, Corner of King St. East.

Furniture Bought, Sold, or Exchanged. 58-16

EATON'S

NEW

SHAWLS.

600 Shawls to choose from, pretty, new, cheap.

COME AND SEE THEM TO-DAY.

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS, 55-16



RED RIVER ROUTE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Department of Public Works will cease to forward Passengers and Freight over this Route from and after the 10th October, next.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department Public Works, Ottawa, 14th September, 1873. 77-9

The Home Circle.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Last night, mamma, I saw God,"
Spoke my child undoubtingly,
Lifting serious eyes to me,
With no question in his mood,
"Where my darling?" startled I,
"Why the dark came all too soon,
And up yonder in the sky
He was hanging out the moon."

When our twilight steals apace,
Earlier than our spirits crave;
When across a dear one's face
Creeps the shadow of the grave
And we murmur "All too soon
Comes the dark of turf and clod;"
Somewhere, hauging out the moon,
If we seek Him, there is God.

Child-eyes see with clearer sight
Than these tired eyes of ours;
And when God sends down a night
Full of dew to fainting flowers,
Full of tender moonbeams soft
Trembling through the shadows dim,
They look trustfully, and oft
Through the folding clouds see Him.
—Hearth and Home.

OCTOBER.

There comes a month in the weary year—
A month of leisure and healthful rest;
When the ripe leaves fall, and the air is clear:
October: the brown, the crisp, the blest.

My life has little enough of bliss:
I draw the days of the odd eleven,
Continuing the time that shall lead to this—
The month that opens the hunter's heaven.

And oh! for the morning crisp and white,
With the sweep of the hounds upon the track;
The bare-roofed cabin, the camp-fire's light,
The break of the deer and the rifle's crack.

Do not call this trifling? I tell you, friend,
A life in the forest is past all praise,
Give me a dozen such months on end—
You may take my balance of years and days.

For bricks and mortar breed filth and drudgery,
And a pulse of evil that throbs and beats;
And men slow withered before their prime
With the cures paved in on the lanes and streets;

And lungs are choked, and shoulders are bowed
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And Death stalks in on the struggling crowd,
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine.

And of all to which the memory clings,
There is naught so sweet as the sunny spots
Where our shanties stood by the crystal springs,
The vanished hounds, and the lucky shots.
—From the *Aldine* for October.

HINTS ON NURSING.

A sick room or nursery should be provided, in which especial care has been taken to have nothing which may irritate the senses of the sick. In health, we do not regard a hundred little things which are an annoyance when we are ill. A conspicuous or peculiar pattern of paper upon the walls should be particularly avoided, for strange figures or shapes are conjured up by a morbid sight and imagination, from suggesting papering.

A creaking or rattling window-blind, from the very monotony of its sounds and the inability of the sick man to turn from it, will produce a high state of nervousness. So also will a rustling window-shade which slips in and out through a partially opened sash. Familiar noises of the active household attending to the necessary family duties, should be guarded against if possible; the smell of the kitchen should never enter a sick-room.

Do not call these mere trifles—they are not. Do you care to "put yourself in his place," and test their importance? I could wish you no worse misery than to be helplessly laid on a sick-bed and obliged to endure some of these "trifles," as you may call them. I have known of strong-minded men who have cried like babies because some one has forgotten to close the door tightly, and its chucking together in a current of air had soon become so wearisome that all self-control was gone.

The dress of the nurse should be so simple and plain, as not to attract attention except for its entire neatness and becoming appearance. A plain material which will not rustle when moving about the room is the best. Do not enter the room with an air suggestive of your strength and health, inducing a comparison with his weakness in the mind of the patient. Be in harmony with the condition of the sick, thereby creating a feeling of support for his feebleness. Do not sit in a rocking-chair—in fact, I would not have one in the room unless the patient could use it—and commence to swing yourself back and forth in it; it may annoy more than you think. Of course no one would think of wearing heavy boots or shoes in such a place. Slippers are heavy enough for the little walking which is necessary.

Learn to think for, as well as of, your charge. Be quick to notice whether what you do, or do not do, annoys in any manner.

Do not expect to be told, but understand without any hints. Recall to mind your own experience, and avoid causing any discomfort. Never contradict or enter into an argument as to the right or wrong of any whim which you may encounter. You must possess rare tact to out-talk without irritating, for remember that reason seldom enters into the vagaries of the sick. They want because they want, just as a child does. It is almost impossible to convince a person who in health possesses a strong mind and is used to self-judgment, that his various desires are whimsical, and therefore it is of little consequence whether they are filled or not. Some diseases seem to, and in fact do, set the mind in a greater state of activity than when in health.

The appetite is often very fickle, requiring great care and art to please it. In some cases the more simple, and therefore the more apt to be forgotten foods, will usually be most acceptable. Fancy things are likely to be stale and insipid. Do not previously inform your patient that you will have some certain thing prepared for him in such a time. Make a pleasant surprise by offering a tempting dish of something which has not been anticipated for hours.

Finally, never lose your patience and exhibit a feeling of irritation at any treatment or lack of appreciation of your services. When health returns you will experience a pleasure in thinking that you have contributed in restoring it.

Pay attention to the instruction given with the medicines, and be sure that no mistakes occur at your hands. Familiarize yourself with the nature of the medicines which you give, and endeavor to ascertain whether they are effective. In this way you can assist the doctor, who, necessarily spending a short time at the bedside of his patient, must depend upon you for information as to the condition of your mutual charge.

FAITH AND WORKS.

Two gentlemen were one day crossing the river in a ferry-boat. A dispute about faith and works arose; one saying that good works were of small importance, and that faith was everything; the other asserting the contrary. Not being able to convince each other, the ferryman, an enlightened Christian, asked permission to give his opinion. (Consent being granted, he said,—

"I hold in my hand two oars. That in my right hand I call 'faith'; the other in my left, 'works.' Now, gentlemen, please to observe, I pull the oar of faith, and pull that alone. See! the boat goes round and round, and makes no progress. I do the same with the oar of works, and with a precisely similar result—no advance. Mark? I pull both together; we go on apace, and in a very few minutes we shall be at our landing place. So, in my humble opinion," he added, "faith without works, or works without faith, will not suffice. Let there be both, and the haven of eternal rest is sure to be reached."

A BLUSH.

What is there more mysterious than a blush, that a single word, or look, or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek like the soft tints of a summer's sunset? Strange is it, also, that the face only—that the human face is capable of blushing—that the hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame any more than the glove or the sock that covers them. It is the face that bears the angel's impress; it is the face that is the heaven. The blush of modesty that tinted woman's face when she awoke in Eden's sunny land, still lingers with her fair daughters. The face is the tablet of the soul, whereon it writes its actions. There may be traced all the intellectual phenomena with a confidence of moral certainty. If innocence and purity look outward from within, none the less do vice, intemperance and debauchery make their indelible impression upon it. Idiocy, rage, cowardice and passion leave their traces deeper, even, than the virtues of modesty, truth, chastity and hope. Even beauty grows more beautiful from the pure thoughts that arise within it.

AN ANECDOTE OF MENDELSSOHN.

Great as Mendelssohn was as a composer, I believe he was far greater both as a pianist and an organist. Under his hand each instrument "discoursed" after a manner as original as it was captivating. Scarcely had he touched the key-board than something that can only be explained as similar to a pleasurable electric shock, passed through his hearers and held them spell bound,—a sensation that was only dissolved as the last cord was struck, and when one's pent-up breath seemed as if only able to recover its usual action by means of a gulp or sob.

An anecdote relative to this feeling I may here introduce as told me by Sir Michael Costa. On one occasion of Mendelssohn being in Switzerland, he and Sir Michael met at the church of Friburg, in which building the organ is, of such world-wide celebrity that few persons—especially those who lay claim to any musical taste,—leave the town without going to hear it. At the time referred to, the custodian was somewhat of a bear and most determinedly refused, either for love or money, to permit any stranger to place his fingers upon the keys although he himself had not

the slightest pretension to the designation of an organist; and so far from showing the capabilities of the instrument, induced very many to go away under the impression that they had been "sold," and that all Murray and other guide books have stated was nothing better than "a delusion and a snare." Mendelssohn was resolved, by hook or by crook, to ascertain what the Friburg organ was made of. For this purpose he drew the custodian out, working upon his weak points of character—for the old man really loved the organ as if it had been his child—but as to getting his consent, that seemed to be beyond the probability of realization. Every one, who ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with Mendelssohn, must have been attracted by his winning manners, his courteous bearing, and his manifestation of devoted character. Whether he won upon the old man by one of those peculiarities of his "native worth," in particular, or by their combination, can only be inferred. Suffice it to say, that after long parley he was permitted to try one range of keys. One hand he employed at first quietly using the other in drawing the stops, and when he had thus got out as many as seemed applicable for his purpose, he made a dash which completely staggered the old man, and began to play as only he could play. The old man gasped for breath. He clutched the rail against which he was standing, and for an instant seemed as if he would drag this bold intruder from his seat. That impulse was, however, only momentary; for he soon stood as it were, spell-bound, until a break in the gushing harmony enabled him to make an effort to ascertain who the master-spirit was that made the organ speak as he never heard it speak before. Sir Michael Costa, at first scarcely knowing whether it were better to smile at the old man's astonishment, or let events take their course, or to enlighten him at once decided upon the former course; but at this moment the old man seized him by the arm and gasped out, "Who, in heaven's name is that man?" But when he answered slowly and deliberately, "Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy," he staggered as if struck by a tremendous blow. "And I refused him to touch my organ!" he sorrowfully said. But as Mendelssohn began again to play, he gave an impatient sign that he should not be disturbed, and listened as he never listened again, as if some mighty spirit had entranced him. The object gained, Mendelssohn spoke a few kind words to the old man, and so departed, leaving an impression upon his mind and heart that without doubt, during the time that he was spared, was never for an hour obliterated.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

AN OPEN SECRET.

A writer questions the possibility of so training a family of healthy children that their manners at table will be good in the absence of company, and referring to a recent editorial article on the subject wants to know whether its writer speaks from experience or merely gives vent to an untested theory. The subject is an important one in itself, and it involves also the whole question of family government.

That it is possible, and not only possible but extremely easy to teach young children perfectly good manners, we know very well from personal experience; and the only thing about the matter at which we are disposed to wonder at all is the extreme ease with which it may be accomplished.

A young child, whether it be healthy or otherwise, imitates the people with whom it associates in everything. All its performances are copies. If you speak grammatically your child will learn to do the same thing. If you have a drawl or a nasal twang in your speech he will imitate it. And so it will be with everything else. What the boy sees older people do he will do, whether he be told to do so or not. Indeed precept is almost wholly worthless in the training of children, because they forget the precept as soon as they hear it, or remembering do not know how to apply it. It does no good to tell a boy that the "verb to be takes the nominative case after it," but we know a sturdy little fellow who never yet said, "it's me," and that because he has always heard his parents say "it is I." He has never been told how to behave himself at table; but as his parents are always careful to be courteous and polite not only to each other but to him as well, he has unconsciously absorbed the habit of courtesy, which no amount of direct teaching would have given him. If he is still at table when his parents leave they ask him to excuse them, and he very naturally does likewise if he is compelled to leave before the meal is finished.

And his is not a solitary case by any means, nor is he a morbidly good boy either. He simply imitates the people around him as all children and, in a smaller degree, all grown folk do.

The whole secret of child-training lies in this one thing—example. Ill-mannered children are the children of ill-mannered parents, except in those cases, which are unfortunately common, where the children associate more constantly with servants than with their parents. If the child associates with servants, its manners, and its morals too, will be those of servants, and in the present state of our civilization these are certainly not as good as we could wish. For ourselves we have no patience with domestic arrangements which have no place for the little people at the family table and in the family circle. Self-indulgent "nervous" have cost many a parent the purity of his

child. We may as well speak plainly on this subject, as we do on all others. No father has a right to consult his own comfort at the expense of his child's well-being, and the father or mother who turns little receptive souls over to the ignorance, and worse, of hired nurses, is guilty of a grievous wrong-doing. Your child has a right to your society. He has a right to sit at your table when you do, even though his presence crowds the table uncomfortably. He has a right to be with you in the parlor when you sit there, and he has a right to the very best example you know how to set him. You exact of him obedience and respect, which is well enough; but it is of far more importance that you recognize his rights than that he recognize yours. He will be noisy now and then; but he has a right to be so, and you may easily enough restrain his turbulence when necessary—not by stamping your foot and crying out, "Stop that noise instantly, sir," but by telling him a story or otherwise recognizing him as a rational being, capable of being interested. Make your child your companion, and then behave yourself well, and there will be no trouble about his manners.—*Hearth and Home*.

A CAT STORY.

The *Christian Union*, whose editors are all honorable men, vouches for the truth of this story: It concerns a terrier and a cat. The dog's part was chiefly passive, but he must have possessed remarkable qualities to awaken the affection which the cat had for him; so we record with honor the name of Pip. We do not know the cat's name, which is a pity, for she deserves whatever immortality a newspaper can bestow. Thus, then, it fell out: Pip fell sick, and for several days lay languidly in one place, eating nothing. Again and again the cat brought to him bits of food given to her, and tried to coax him to eat, but in vain. At last, one day, a woman sitting in the room where they were saw the cat, who had been watching Pip with evident anxiety, dart suddenly out of the window and rush across the street. In a moment she came back carrying something in her mouth, which she brought to Pip and laid it down. Pip got up, sniffed at it, then turned away and lay down again. The cat dragged it close to him, and thrust it under his nose. Thus persuaded, he tasted it, and ate half of it. Puss then carried the remainder to a grass plot, and herself fell to work on it with a good appetite. It proved, on examination, to be a hot mutton chop. The person who watched the affair went to the house across the way, and asked in the kitchen if they had had mutton chops that day. "Yes," was the answer, "and as the dish stood before the fire, in rushed your cat, and before we could stop her she carried off one of the chops!" We are happy to add that Pip got well.

HUMORS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Not long since a countryman went into a telegraph office in Bangor, Me., with a message, and asked that it be sent immediately. The operator took the message as usual, put his instrument in communication with its destination, ticked off the signals upon the key, and then, according to the rule of the office, hung the message-paper on the hook with others that had been previously sent, that at night they might all be filed for preservation. The man lounged around some time, evidently unsatisfied. At last his patience was exhausted, and he belched out,—

"Ain't you going to send that despatch?"

The operator politely informed him that he had sent it.

"No, yer ain't," replied the indignant man; "there it is now on the hook."
So far as the exact language was concerned, the man was right. Still more ludicrous mistakes sometimes occur. Thus the German papers reported that at Carlsruhe, toward the close of the late war, an aged mother went to the telegraph office carrying a dish full of sauerkraut, which she desired to have telegraphed to Restadt. Her son must receive the kraut by Sunday. The operator could not convince her that the telegraph was not capable of such a performance.

"How could so many soldiers have been sent to Franco by telegraph?" she asked, and finally departed grumbling.

Almost every operator meets with equally amusing instances. One recently related the following incident:—

"A gentleman came to my office to send a message, and after writing it, waited, as people often do at small offices, to see it sent. I called 'Office,' and the operator at the other end of the line came to the key and said,—

"'Busy—wait a minute.'

"So I leaned back in my chair to wait, when the gentleman said,—

"'Have you sent it?'

"I said,—

"'No; they say they are busy—to wait a minute;' whereupon he said, looking surprised—

"'Why, I didn't hear them;' and then added, brightening up as though he had thought of the reason, 'but I am little deaf in one ear.'

"I think I managed to keep a straight face till he left, but it was hard work."

One of a party of friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said: "That song always carries me away when I hear it."
"Can anybody whistle it?" asked Douglas Jerrold, laughing.

THE BEST PHYSICIAN.

The celebrated Dr. Sydenham had a patient whom he long prescribed for. At last Sydenham acknowledged that his skill was exhausted—that he could not pretend to advise him any further.

"But," said he, "there is Dr. Robinson, who lives at Inverness, who is much more skilled in complaints of this kind than I am; you had better consult him. I will provide you with a letter of introduction, and I hope you will return much better."

The patient was a man of fortune, and soon took the road; but travelling was a very different undertaking then to what it is now, and a journey from London to Inverness was not a trifling one. He arrived, however, at the place of destination; but no Dr. Robinson was to be found, nor had any one of that name ever been in the town. This, of course, enraged the gentleman very much, and he took the road back to London, raging, and vowing vengeance on the doctor. On his arrival, he vented all his rage on the latter, and abused him for sending him on a journey of so many miles for nothing. When his fury was a little abated, the doctor said,—

"Well, now, after all, is your health any better?"

"Better!" said he, "yes, sir, it is better. I am, sir, as well as ever I was in my life; but no thanks to you for that."

"Well," said the doctor, "you have still reason to thank Dr. Robinson. I wanted to send you on a journey with an object in view. I knew it would do you good. In going, you had Dr. Robinson in contemplation; and in returning, you were equally busy in thinking of scolding me."

Sawdust and Chips.

Why are darned stockings like dead men?—Because they are mended.

You can use a postage stamp twice. The first time it will cost you 3 cents, the second time \$50.

The dying words of a Delaware woman were: "Henry, if you marry again, remember that it only takes a cupful of sugar to sweeten a quart of gooseberries."

A Georgia paper recently contained the following item in its society gossip: "The amiable and delicious Miss Pilkington, whose charms of mind and person have turned the heads of our gallants, now does her hair in braids, and patronizes this paper exclusively in her personal make-up."

A Toronto man, who had tarried late at a wine supper, found his wife waiting his return, in a high state of nervousness. Said she, "Here I've been waiting, and rocking in the chair, 'till my head spins like a top!" "Jess so, wife, where I've been," responded he; "it is in the atmosphere!"

"Yes, take her and welcome," responded an Illinois farmer, when a young man asked for his blushing daughter. "She's run away with a school-master, eloped with a showman, shot a wildcat, and whipped her mother, and the sooner you take her the better."

The subject of impressions at first sight was being talked over in a family circle, when the mother of the family said, "I always form an idea of a person on first sight, and generally find it correct." "Mamma," said her youthful son. "Well, my dear, what is it?"

"I wan't to know what your opinion of me was when you first saw me."

Excited Wife (to her husband):—"Do you not admit that woman has a mission?"
Cool husband:—"Yes, my dear, she has—submission." Great confusion in the domestic circle, and the husband calls on the family surgeon for a plaster for his head, "wounded by accidentally hitting it against the edge of an open door."

How YOU CAN TELL.—An important discovery has lately been made by the means of which every man can be his own "Old Probabilities." This is how it is to be done:—If you wish to know whether it is going to storm or not all you have to do is to find the storm vortex and see which side of it is the most moist. Multiply this by the square of the latent heat, subtract the time of day, and divide by the weathercock,—the result will be the ratification, plus the themometric evolution of the North Pole—and then a way-faring man, though a natural know-nothing, can tell what will follow. How wonderful, and yet how simple, is the economy of nature.

A newly married man took his bride on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and when there induced her to attempt with him the ascent of one of the highest peaks. The lady, who at home had never ascended a hill higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides, with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked close to her, expostulating with her as to her fear. He spoke in honeymoon whispers, but the rarefaction of the air was such that every word was audible. "You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy, no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy now?" "Yes, Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically; "but I never meant above the snow-line."

A Detroit boy stood an umbrella, with a cord attached to it, in a public doorway. Eleven persons thought that umbrella was theirs, and carried it with them the length of the string. They then suddenly dropped it and went off without once looking back or stooping to pick it up again.

"Unless you give me aid," said a beggar to a benevolent lady, "I am afraid I shall have to resort to something which I greatly dislike to do." The lady handed him a shilling, and compassionately asked, "What is it, poor man, that I have saved you from?" "Work," was the mournful answer.

A Baptist paper in Ohio was sent for nine years to a subscriber who never paid a cent for it. The other day, the paper was returned to the patient and long-suffering publisher, with the affecting pencil note on its margin: "Gone to a better world." The editor is a very pious man, but it is reported that his faith is terribly shaken in regard to the accuracy of the information.

Witness the talk overheard by an emissary of the American Sabbath School Union when trying to establish a Sabbath School in the far Southwest: "I know there is a bug under the chip, sure as you is born. There is some triek 'bout this thing, or that man wouldn't come way down here for nuthin' and gin us books. Jist as sure as you are a foot high there's suthin' dead, mind what I tell you, Thar'll be some feller 'round here 'essing taxes for it arter a while, just like they do with the deestric schools. I's been long thar."

As cool a person, under the circumstances, as was ever heard of was a young nobleman, who, in a frigitful railroad accident, missed his valet. One of his guardians came up to him and said, "My lord, we have found your servant, but he is out in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man, with a Dundreary drawl, but still with anxiety depicted on his countenance. "Will you be gwod enough to see in which half he has gwot the key to my carpet bag?"

QUEEN'S WHARF. COAL AND WOOD YARD.

On hand and for sale at lowest rates, a full and complete assortment of all descriptions of

COAL AND WOOD,

SCRANTON or PITSTON, all sizes, delivered at

\$7 00 PER TON.

BEST HARD WOOD, BEECH AND MAPLE, uncut, delivered at

\$6 50 PER CORD.

BEST HARD WOOD, BEECH AND MAPLE, sawn and split, delivered at

\$7 50 PER CORD.

The public are invited to call and see my stock before laying in their winter supply.

P. BURNS.

Office and Yard, corner Bathurst and Front Streets. 77-to

COAL.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad and Coal Mining Company, have on hand and are constantly receiving their Celebrated Scranton and Pittston Coal, which will be sold at lowest cash price.

NO COAL STORED UNTIL PAID FOR.

Coal delivered in either Carts or Waggons to suit purchasers.

TERMS CASH.

BIG COAL HOUSE, OFFICE:

45

YONGE STREET.

WM. MYLES & SON.

76-to



PRIVY COUNCIL OFFICE, Ottawa, 29th August, 1878.

NOTICE is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor General, on the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Inland Revenue, and under the provisions of the 1st Section of the Act passed in the last Session of the Parliament of Canada, entitled "An Act to Amend and Consolidate and to Extend to the whole Dominion of Canada the Laws respecting the Inspection of certain staple articles of Canadian Produce," has, by Order in Council of this date, been pleased to designate the following Cities, that is to say: Quebec and Montreal, in the Province of Quebec; Toronto, Kingston, Hamilton, London and Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario; St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, as cities at and for which it is expedient to appoint Inspectors of the following articles of Canadian produce, viz.:

- Flour and Meal; Wheat and other Grains; Beef and Pork; Potatoes and Pearlashes; Pickled Fish and Fish Oil; Butter; Leather and Raw Hides and Petroleum.

W. A. HIMS WORTH, Clerk Privy Council.

September 4th, 1878.

Musical Instruments.

MUSICAL HALL, 177 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, VIOLINS AND VIOLIN STRINGS,

The Best and Cheapest in the City.

J. F. DAVIS, The well-known Violinist

JOHN JACKSON & CO.,

(Successors to McLeod, Wood & Co.)

ORGAN & MELODEON MANUFACTURERS.

Having now been established in the manufacture of Musical Instruments for several years, we must acknowledge our appreciation of the kindness and justice of the people which has tended to prosper and increase our business and reputation far above our expectation. We supply Organs and Melodeons made and finished in the most complete and perfect manner, using the best materials possible to be obtained, employing only first-class workmen, and having each department superintended by men of experience.

Our trade mark, "Cremona and Celeste Organ," is placed upon the nameboard or key slip of all Organs manufactured by us, and having been registered for our sole use, all parties are cautioned not to infringe on the said trade mark.

We claim especial attention to our Vox Celeste Organs, No. 27 and No. 34. The Vox Celeste Reeds were first introduced in Canada by us in 1869, in a 6 reed organ, which took the first prize at the Provincial Fair held that year in London. We have since applied it successfully to our single and double reed organs, making our "Celeste Organs" the most popular instrument now before the Canadian public.

We manufacture the most popular styles, and introduce all the latest improvements.

ALL INSTRUMENTS FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

JOHN JACKSON & CO., GUELPH, ONT.

57-oh

1873] [1873

AS USUAL, COMPLETE SUCCESS!

Ten First Prizes at Two Exhibitions

W. BELL & COMPANY,

GUELPH, ONT.,

Received every First Prize for

ORGANS AND MELODEONS

At the Provincial Exhibition, Hamilton, and Central Exhibition, Guelph.

This grand success, in addition to last year's record of a Silver Medal, 3 Diplomas, and 12 First Prizes, prove that our Instruments in the opinion of competent judges are incomparably superior to all others.

Sole Proprietors of the ORGANETTE, containing Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes, acknowledged by all to be the greatest improvement yet introduced. Their superiority is conceded by other makers, from the fact that at Guelph they withdrew from competition, thus acknowledging their inability to compete with them.

Every instrument fully warranted for five years. Send for catalogue containing fifty different styles of instruments.

W. BELL & CO.

SOLE AGENT FOR TORONTO:

THOMAS CLAXTON, 197 YONGE ST.

57-oh

Organettes and Organs.

W. BELL & CO.'S

CELEBRATED PRIZE MEDAL

Cabinet Organs, Melodeons & Organettes

EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Prices from \$85 00 Upwards.

Sole Agent for Toronto,

THOMAS CLAXTON,

197 YONGE STREET.

N.B.—Second-hand Melodeons and Organs taken in exchange.

Miscellaneous.

IN PRESS:

To be Published in November, 1878:

LOVELL'S GAZETTEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA: containing the latest and most authentic descriptions of over six thousand Cities, Towns and Villages in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories; and general information, drawn from official sources, as to the names, locality, extent, &c., of over fifteen hundred Lakes and Rivers, with a Table of Routes showing the proximity of the Railroad Stations, and Sea, Lake, and River Ports, to the Cities, Towns, Villages, &c., in the several Provinces. Price in Cloth, \$2 50; Price in Felt Case, \$3 75. Agents wanted to canvass for the work.

JOHN LOVELL, Publisher.

Montreal, 9th August, 1878.

TO MECHANICS.

S. C. JORY, PHOTOGRAPHER,

76 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

his is the place for Mechanics to get cheap pictures. All work done in the best style of the art.

WILLIAM BURKE,

LUMBER MERCHANT,

Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Sheeting, Packing Boxes, &c., &c.

CORNER SHEPPARD AND RICHMOND STREETS, TORONTO.

Best Planing, Sawing, &c., done to order.

Welland Canal Enlargement.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Welland Canal," will be received at this office until noon of SATURDAY, the EIGHTEENTH day of OCTOBER next, for the construction of Fourteen Locks and fourteen regulating Weirs, a number of Bridge Abutments and Piers—the excavation of the Lock and Weir Pits—the intervening Reaches, Race-ways, &c., on the new portion of the WELLAND CANAL, between Thorold and Port Dalhousie.

The work will be let in sections, six of which, numbered respectively 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, are situated between Port Dalhousie and St. Catharines' Cemetery, and three (numbered 12, 13 and 14) extend from the northern side of the Great Western Railway to near Brown's Cement Kilns.

Tenders will also be received for the enlargement and deepening of the prism of the present Canal between Port Robinson and the Aqueduct at Welland; work to be let in sections, each about a mile in length.

Tenders are also invited for the completion of the deepening and enlargement of the Harbor at Port Colborne.

Maps of the several localities, together with Plans and Specifications of the work, can be seen at this Office, on and after THURSDAY, the TWENTY-FIFTH day of SEPTEMBER instant, where printed forms of Tender will be furnished. A like class of information relative to the works north of Thorold, may be obtained at the Resident Engineer's Office, Thorold; and for works at and above Port Robinson, Plans, &c., may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, Welland.

All Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied, and to each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract.

This Department does not however bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 4th Sept., 1873

WORKINGMEN!

SUPPORT YOUR OWN PAPER.

THE ONTARIO WORKMAN

A WEEKLY PAPER,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

WORKING CLASSES.

NOW IS THE TIME

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Single Copies, Five Cents

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124 Bay Street,

One door South of Grand's Horse Bazaar.

Jewellery.

J. SECSWORTH,

Importer of Watches, Clocks, and Fancy Goods, and Manufacturer of Gold and Silver Jewellery. Masonic Emblem made to order.

113 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Best Spectacles to Suit every Sight. 57-oh



THE RUSSELL WATCH

Is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying out represents in proper proportions THE \$25 RUSSELL HUNTING LEVER WATCH.

In sterling silver case and gold points, full jewelled, warranted for five years— together with a gold-plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C. O. D., per express.

W.E. CORNELL

Watch Importer,

88 King Street East,

TORONTO, CAN.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN RAYMOND

Begs to inform the inhabitants of Toronto and its vicinity that he has purchased the business lately carried on by

MR. JAMES WEEKES,

AT

247 and 249 Yonge Street

And trusts by strict attention, combined with the lowest possible charges, to merit a share of the patronage that has been so liberally bestowed upon his predecessors.

DR. WOOD,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

OTTAWA CANCER CURE,

SPARKS ST. AND MARIA ST., OTTAWA, ONT.

Cancers Cured by a New, but Certain, Speedy, and nearly Painless Process, and without the Use of the Knife.

The Cure will be guaranteed, and, as a proof of this, no pay is required until the Cure is complete. The moment a Cancer is discovered, it should be cured, as it will cost less and is more speedily cured than when of longer standing—and there is nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by delay. What now seems a harmless lump in the breast, neck, eyelid or elsewhere, or small wart or sore on the lip, may, in a few short months, become a hideous, disgusting, destroying mass of disease. If required, references can be given to parties who have been cured many years since, and who are now sound and healthy. All communications promptly answered. No money required in advance, and none until the Cure is complete.



FIRE! FIRE!

We beg to inform our patrons and the public generally that we have RESUMED BUSINESS, after the late fire, and we will now clear out

AT A VERY GREAT SACRIFICE!

The Entire Stock of Damaged

Silk, Felt, Straw Hats, Silk and Cloth Caps, &c.

HATS THAT ARE HATS

65 KING STREET EAST,

OPPOSITE TORONTO STEAM.

COLEMAN & CO.

40-oh

For first-class Book and Job Printing go to the office of the ONTARIO WORKMAN, 124 Bay street.

Miscellaneous.

To the Mechanics of Toronto AND VICINITY.

W. J. GRAHAM & CO.,

157 KING STREET WEST,

Having opened the NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSE, as above, beg to invite the attention of the Mechanics of Toronto and vicinity to their well-assorted stock of

BLACK WALNUT BED ROOM SUITS, DRAWING ROOM SUITS, DINING ROOM FURNITURE, OFFICE FURNITURE

Cornices, Curtains, Window Blinds, Poles and Fringes, &c., &c.

CARPETS MADE AND Laid

All kinds of Furniture Repaired. 65-to

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM THE BEST IN THE CITY.

A. RAFFIGNON

Begs leave to inform the public, and his customers generally, that he has refitted his place, No. 107 King Street West, with an elegant new Soda Water Fountain, with the latest improvements, made by Oliver Parker, Toronto, and which will be kept constantly running during the summer season. Also, an elegant Ice Cream Parlor, fitted up to suit the most fastidious taste.

Remember the address— NO. 107 KING STREET. Near the Royal Lyceum

R. MACKENZIE,

364 1-2 Yonge Street, NEWSDEALER, STATIONER, AND DEALER IN TOYS AND GENERAL FANCY GOODS.

Special attention given to the delivery of the Evening Papers throughout the Wards of St. John and St. James.

CK40-h

BAIRD'S INDUSTRIAL, PRACTICAL, & SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS.

A further supply just received at

Piddington's "Mammoth Book Store,"

248 & 250 YONGE ST.

Artizans call for a copy of Catalogue 46-t



PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That conformably to the clauses of the Act 26 Vict., cap 9, the following timber limits will be offered for sale at public auction at the House of Parliament, in this city, on the 21st day of October next, subject to the conditions below, namely:

Comprising 565 square miles in the county of Gaspe, 658 in that of Rimouski, 25 in that of Saguenay, and 64 in the county of Temiscouata.

These situate in the three counties first mentioned are at an average distance of 5 miles from the coast of the river and Gulf Saint Lawrence, and watered by good navigable streams, viz: the Dartmouth, Malbaje, Sainte Anne, Cap Chat, Grand Matane, Petit Matane, Metis, Blanche and Tartigou, &c., &c.

These situate in the county of Temiscouata, are watered by the Cabano, tributary of Lake Temiscouata, and the Blue River tributary of Saint Francis, both flowing into the Saint John's.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

The above timber limits at their estimated area, more or less, to be offered at the upset price of four dollars per square mile, for the Gaspe, Rimouski and Saguenay agencies, and six dollars per square mile for the Grand ville agency.

The timber limits to be adjudged to the party bidding the highest amount of bonus.

The bonus and first year's rent of two dollars per square mile to be paid in each case before the sale is over.

These timber limits to be subject to the provisions of all timber regulations now in force and which may be enacted hereafter.

Plans exhibiting these timber limits will be open for inspection at the Department of Crown Lands, in this city, and at the Agents' Office for these localities, from this day to the day of sale.

P. FORTIN, Commissioner.

Department of Crown Lands, Woods and Forests, Quebec, 12th August, 1878.

74-o



PRIVATE BILLS

PARTIES intending to make application to Parliament for Private Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges, or conferring corporate powers to commercial or other purposes of profit, or for doing any thing tending to affect the right or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the Rules of the two Houses of Parliament, (which are published in full in the Canada Gazette), to give TWO MONTHS' NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object), in the Canada Gazette, and also in a newspaper published in the County or union of Counties affected, sending copies of the Papers containing the first and last of such notice to the Private Bill Office of each House.

All Petitions for Private Bills must be presented within the first three weeks of the Session.

ROBERT LAMOINE, Clerk of the Senate.

ALFRED PATRICK, Clerk of the House of Commons.

74-m

