

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1872.

NO. 26

Labor Notes.

Lack of water has stopped all the factories in the valley of Virginia.

The pie bakers of New York have formed a company with a working capital of \$300,000.

Nearly three thousand women are engaged in a boot and shoe making in Philadelphia.

The Tailors' Union of New York has voted \$1,000 to assist the tailors on strike in Philadelphia.

The carpenters of Chicago have commenced the work of reorganization in good earnest. They recently held a grand mass-meeting at Turner Hall, West 12th street.

Four thousand bricklayers went out on strike in Chicago on Monday, for eight hours a day. The carpenters' strike continues with no prospect of settlement. The city is quiet, notwithstanding the large numbers of unemployed persons on the street.

Last week the order of American Mechanics made a very imposing display in the city of New York. They marched in procession several thousand strong, accompanied by numerous bands of music and many banner with appropriate mottoes.

The *Workingman*, Nashville, hoists the name of Andy Johnson for Congress, and says:—"There is not a page in the history of Andrew Johnson's long political life which is not embellished with acts demonstrative of his fidelity to the interests of the poor and oppressed."

Nomads are particularly requested to avoid Louisville for some time to come. The city is full of men—no empty benches—and the Unions are making arrangements to better their condition. Nomads will also remember that Chicago can dispense with their presence just now.—*Coopers' Journal for September.*

The workmen employed in the phosphate mines of Messrs. Floerstein & Schott, in North Burgess, struck for higher wages on Monday last, and mining operations there are in consequence in *statu quo*. The men were getting on an average about a dollar a day and their board, which the Company's agents, Messrs. Anthony & Evans, thought quite sufficient, and which they determinedly refused to advance.

For more than three weeks 4,000 potters have been locked out at Longton, the Potteries. The saucer-makers struck for an increase of wages to the extent of 50 per cent. The employers refused to concede such an advance, or to discuss the question, as it was prematurely raised, being three months before the customary hiring time. As the saucer-makers would not give way, the china manufacturers determined not to allow any work to be done in the clay departments, the result being that turners, throwers, and oven men have been deprived of work. A novel feature of the unhappy dispute is that the men of the clay branches have just issued a protest against the saucer makers, condemning their action as being unreasonable, and their demands as too great and ill-timed.

CANADIAN.

Belleville is talking about introducing street cars.

The early closing movement has again been inaugurated in Ottawa.

A very serious epidemic known as catarrhal fever has broken out among the horses in Hamilton and neighborhood. The veterinary surgeons are kept busily at work.

Through the exertions of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the Corporation of Quebec has caused water-troughs to be placed in all the pens in the cattle market.

CHEESE FAIR.—A Provincial cheese fair is announced to be held at Belleville, under the management of the Ontario Dairyman's Association, on the 15th and 16th of this month.

The Northern Advocate is responsible for

the following:—"Mr. George W. Sibbald, of Gravenhurst, on Friday last, captured a speckled trout in the flume of his mill, which measured 22 inches in length, and weighed 4½ pounds."

A large number of the young men of Montreal are leaving business and going West to learn farming. Some of them are possessed of considerable means, and intend purchasing farms in Ontario and the Western States. Some are going to Colorado.

On Monday last a man named McCan, employed in the Oakville saw-mill, met with a shocking accident, one of his hands having been completely severed from the arm. A man named Ripson lost his arm at the saw-mill of M. Allridge, Waterdown, on the same day.

A terrific hail-storm passed over Meadowvale on Sunday evening, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and hail-stones which measured four and a-half inches in circumference. All the windows in the village exposed to the west are more or less broken. The unpicked fruit throughout the country which the storm passed over will be very much injured.

The London *Advertiser* offers the following advice to its readers:—"If you meet Ann L. Brady, as she calls herself, and feel like putting your hand in your pocket and giving her ten dollars, don't do it, even though she tells you that her seven children were burned up in the Chicago fire, and that she has a cough which is taking her rapidly to the grave. She is an imposter, and never lived in Chicago, or had any children at all."

A man named Williams, a brakeman employed on the Great Western Railway, arrived in Hamilton about two years ago, and represented himself as a single man, while at the same time he had a wife and daughter in England. Since he has been here he accumulated considerable property, and took unto himself a second wife, and lived comfortably with her. Yesterday wife No. 1 and grown up daughter arrived here without his knowledge, and proceeded to her husband's house, when she was surprised to find that he had married another woman.

AMERICAN.

Cattle are dying off at a rapid rate in Appanoose County, Ia., with Texas fever.

Fruit is so plentiful in Tennessee that even the hogs are tired of it.

Another Illinois woman has kindled her fire with kerosene oil, and left ten orphan children.

Dan Rice, the showman, has sued the Ohio Railroad Company now for \$30,000, on account of damages sustained by his show, which was recently thrown from the track near Tiffin.

The marriage of two dwarfs took place at Springfield, Ohio, lately. The bridegroom stands three feet ten inches high, and the bride nearly an inch taller.

Workmen in clearing away the debris at the Lunatic Asylum found the bodies of Miss Walter, Benj. Burgess, and an iron puddler of Newburg. Two other persons are still missing.

Stanley has closed an engagement with Frederick Rallman, of New York, to deliver one hundred lectures in America for fifty thousand dollars, beginning in November at Steinway Hall.

The recent storm on the lakes proved very disastrous to the shipping and occasioned a terrible loss of life. Many stories are told by the survivors of different wrecks of the hardships and perils passed through before being rescued, some of which are almost incredible. The fact that thirty dead bodies have been washed ashore on a short strip of beach on Lake Huron shows that the aggregate loss of life must have been very large.—*Buffalo Express.*

A riot occurred about ten o'clock on Monday night, on the corner of Fifth street and Broadway, Cincinnati, between a fourth ward Greeley torch-light procession and some colored people, in which fifty to seventy-five shots were fired, and several

persons wounded, but none, so far as heard of killed. The accounts of the affair, by eye-witnesses, are very conflicting, and it is almost impossible to obtain reliable particulars.

THE USE OF PAPER.

HATS, SLIPPERS, CAR-WHEELS, BOATS AND WAGGONS MADE OF PAPER.

When Evans began to make collars his attention was at once drawn to a subject which had long occupied the mind of his predecessor, Walter Hunt, and the pursuit of which had led to some of Hunt's most persevering experiments. This subject was the discovery of a practicable mode of making a tough, long-fibre paper which would not require linen or muslin as a strengthener. Notwithstanding Hunt's failure, Evans became satisfied that such a paper could be made, and in connection with the Messrs. Crane, well known paper-makers of Dalton, Mass., he began a series of experiments which resulted in the production of a sheet of paper combining all the qualities of thickness, toughness, pliability, fineness, smoothness and color. This paper, as made on a cylinder machine, is produced by running off three sheets of pulp, and uniting them while in the wet or pulp state by passing the sheets together between pressure rollers. By this mode the fibres of the middle sheet are made to interweave or interlock with those of the outer ones, so as to form an almost homogeneous sheet, quite unlike what is produced by pasting together several sheets of finished paper, as in the manufacture of Bristol board or pasteboard. This description of fine thick paper, of long fibre, is claimed to be an entirely new article, as distinct in its character, when compared with other paper, as vulcanite rubber is when compared with the old rubber goods. It is maintained, also, that not only is this paper in itself patentable, but likewise any article made therefrom.

THE WONDERFUL USES OF PAPER.

The fact that three sheets of pulp could be thus combined led Mr. Crane and others to conclude that the sheets of pulp might be almost indefinitely multiplied and sheets of paper of nearly any required strength produced. Experiment proved the correctness of their reasoning, and soon after Mr. Evans procured his patent for collars made of this paper, a patent was issued for hats similarly made, by consolidating successive sheets of the paper in moulds of the desired shape, which afforded imitations of straw braids. This was followed by patents for paper slippers, paper belting for machinery, equal in toughness to the strongest English sole leather; paper boats, admirable as hunting and pleasure boats, and unrivalled in strength, lightness and swiftness, for racing purposes; paper cans and wood encased barrels for holding and transporting petroleum and benzine, which are superseding all others; paper sweat-linings for hats; paper horse-collars, as enduring as ox-yokes; paper waggon and carriage bodies, paper lambrequins or valances, imitating elegant tapestry and many other novelties of similar character.

All these articles are manufactured of paper substantially the same in its mode of production as that first obtained and used by Evans in his manufacture of paper collars. A very large amount of capital is now embarked in the manufacture of paper of this description and the various articles made therefrom. The multiplicity of these articles bids fair to rival that of the useful and novel products of hard rubber, while in their dissimilarity and fitness for opposite uses they present the most striking contrasts. What, for instance, affords a greater contrast than a fine embossed paper collar for ladies' wear, imitating the richest embroidery, and almost as delicate in pattern and fabric as lace, and a solid paper waggon body, or paper rolls for rolling metals, which are so hard that if two of them are placed close together and a tenpenny nail passed between them, it emerges as flat and thin as a sheet of writing paper, leaving not the slightest mark or impression upon its rolls.

Nearly all the articles which we have mentioned are now manufactured largely, the paper being procured chiefly from mills in Massachusetts, but also from mills in Northern New York and in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

BEWARE OF THE SPARE BED.

A correspondent of the *Health Reformer* says:

In our itinerant life we have suffered much by sleeping in beds that were not daily used. Beds that are not daily exposed to the air and sunlight will gather dampness. And there are but very few who understand the necessity of having the sun and air come frequently into their sleeping-rooms, that bed and bedding may be kept perfectly dry and free from impurities.

Beds that have been left unused for days, and even weeks, in the damp season of the year are dangerous to the health and life of those who sleep in them. When visitors are expected, the parlor stove may be for the first time set up, and a fire kindled in it, and the parlor bedroom opened. And this is considered sufficient preparation to make the friends comfortable. But the bed and bedding, if not carefully separated, and aired, are not safe for any one to use.

I have had very afflicting experience in sleeping in damp beds. I slept with my infant two months old in a north bedroom. The bed had not been used for two weeks. A fire was kindled in the room; this was considered all that was necessary. Next morning I felt that I had taken cold. My babe seemed to be in great pain when moved. His face began to swell, and he was afflicted with erysipelas of the most aggravated form. My dear babe was a great sufferer for four weeks, and finally died, a martyr to the damp bed.

A few weeks after I accompanied my husband to fill appointments in several places. In four of these places we had the misfortune to be assigned the spare beds in rooms opening from the parlor. The stove was set up in the parlor adjoining these bedrooms the very day we were expected. Dampness had entered every part of these unheated, unventilated rooms. The windows had not been raised, and were carefully covered with paper curtains, and outside of these drapery, and the blinds were carefully closed. The air had not been permitted to circulate freely through the house, and the precious sunlight was excluded as though it was an enemy. Why was there need of windows at all when they were not used? It would have saved expense to have made these houses without windows. Our good-hearted friends received us cordially, and we should have enjoyed our visit, had it not been for the dreaded spare bed.

At the first two places we visited, we took severe colds by sleeping in their damp, unused beds, and we suffered greatly with the rheumatism; but tried to fill our appointments. In the third damp bed, we lay nearly two hours trying to get warm; but the clothing was literally wet. We were under the unpleasant necessity of calling our friends; for we felt that it would be positively fatal to life and health to remain in that damp bed. Our friends cheerfully renewed their fires, and the bedding was removed from the bed and thoroughly dried.

We returned from that journey and exposure to suffer for months. I feared that I should be a cripple for life. My husband was afflicted with pain in the chest and lungs, and he had a severe cough for months. After three months of almost helpless suffering, and careful treatment, by the mercy of God, I was able to walk.

We have been exposed in our late journeys to "death in the spare bed." We have taken colds which have settled upon the lungs, causing soreness of the flesh. Since our fears have been aroused we have been careful, and have been under the necessity of close questioning in regard to our beds. In some cases, we have removed the bed clothing and have dried it by the

fire before we ventured to sleep. This may have given the impression that we were particular and perhaps notional. We own that we are particular. We value life which God has preserved, by a miracle of his mercy, from the death in the spare, damp, and mouldy beds.

In the case of all these beds, where the air has not circulated through the rooms daily, the bedding should be removed and thoroughly dried by the fire, before being slept in. Sleeping rooms should have the windows raised every day, and the air should circulate freely through the rooms. The curtains should be drawn from the windows. The blinds should be fastened back and the blessed sunlight should thus be invited in, to brighten and purify every bedroom in the house.

SIR HENRY SYDNEY'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

"Since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be empty of some advices which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow. Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer with continued meditation of Him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And do this at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do at that time. Be humble and obedient to your master; for unless you frame yourself to obey others, and feel in your own self what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others to obey you. Be courteous and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much, with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as after your meat you may find your wit fresher and not duller, your body more lively, and not more heavy than before. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father if you find not yourself most able to do anything when you be most merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is often harder to be healed than that which is given by a sword. Be rather a hearer, and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner and procurer of speech. If you hear a wise sentence or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it. Be modest in every assembly, and rather be rebuked by light fellows for maidenly shamefastness than by your sad friends for pert boldness. Above all things tell no untruth. No, not even in trifles. Study and endeavor to be virtuously occupied. So shall you form such a habit of well doing, that you shall not know how to do evil. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by the mother's side, and think that only by virtuous life and good actions, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family." His mother was Mary, eldest daughter of the Duke of Northumberland. At the time of Philip's birth, she was mourning the death, on the block, of her father, her brother Robert, and his wife, the Lady Jane Grey. To the letter of Sir Henry Sidney a postscript was added by this excellent woman:—"Your noble and careful father hath taken pains, with his own hand, to give you in this his letter, so wise, so learned, and most requisite precepts for you to follow with a diligent and humble, thankful mind, as I will not withdraw your eyes from beholding and reverently honoring the same. I first bless you with my desire to God to plant you in His grace; and secondly, warn you to have always before the eyes of your mind these excellent counsels of my lord, your dear father, and that you fail not continually once in four or five days to read them over."

Poetry.

THE AGUE.

Once upon an evening bleary,
While I sat me dreaming dreary,
In the sunshine thinking over
Things that passed in days of yore;
While I nodded nearly sleeping,
Gently there came something creeping,
Creeping upward from the floor;
"Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,
"From the regions 'neath the floor;
Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember,
It was in that wet September,
When the earth and every member
Of creation that it bore,
Had for weeks and months been soaking
In the meagrest, most provoking
Foggy rain that, without joking,
We had ever seen before.
So I knew it must be very
Cold and damp beneath the floor,
Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me, nearly napping,
In the sunshine, stretching, gapping,
With a feeling quite delighted
With the breeze beneath the floor,
Till I feel me growing colder,
And the stretching waxing bolder,
And myself now feeling older,
Older than I felt before;
Feeling that my joints were stiffer
Than they were in days of yore,
Stiffer than they'd been before.

All along my back, the creeping
Soon gave place to rustling, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
Had concluded to explore
All the cavities—the varmits—
"Twixt me and my nether garments,
Through my boots into the floor;
Then I found myself a shaking,
Gently shaking more and more,
Every moment more and more.

'Twas the ague: and it shook me
Into heavy clothes, and took me
Shaking to the kitchen, every
Place where there was warmth in store.
Shaking till the china rattled,
Shaking till the mortals battled:
Shaking, and with all my warming
Feeling colder than before;
Shaking till it had exhausted
All its powers to shake me more,
Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,
When it comes with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
Shaking, shaking as before.
And from that day in September—
Day which I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits,
Shaking, shaking, oh! so sore:
Shaking off my boots, and shaking
Me to bed, if nothing more,
Fully this, if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows fitting
Round the cottage, see me sitting
Moodyly within the sunshine
Just inside my silent door.
Waiting for the ague, seeming
Like a man forever dreaming;
And the sunlight on me streaming
Casts no shadow on the floor;
For I am too thin and sallow
To make shadows on the floor—
Nary a shadow any more.

MAJOR BOB DUFF.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.
Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Mary, where is the morning paper?" asked Vida Geldamo, looking into the sitting-room, where Mary Marmane was busily dusting.

"Paul has taken it away, I believe," answered the girl, in a subdued voice and slightly averted head.

"But they have papers at the office," she returned, in a doubtful tone.

"That may be, but I am sure he carried it away, for I saw him fold it up and put it in his pocket," said Mary, going to the far end of the room, where she began re-arranging articles of furniture, which she had already placed in appropriate order.

"He never did so, heretofore," she said musingly, "and just the morning I most desired to read the musical and theatrical news; it's abominable provoking," and she stamped her little foot quite impatiently, then broke into a clear ringing laugh, as she disappeared through the door into the drawing rooms.

"She will hear it soon enough, poor dear," said Mary, in soothing soliloquy, when she found herself alone, "and yet she may not care; it's hard to tell; but I am certain she is in love, and surely she don't care for that *All-sound*;" thus softly whispered the girl to herself. Mary was certain her young mistress

was in love. One woman can detect this sentiment, or passion, in another, not only sooner than a man, but really before the person affected is herself aware of the presence of the sweet conqueror.

Mary Marmane was a country girl, but one that could hold her own with her city cousins, as far as beauty of form and feature were concerned. She was strong, robust, though not *embonpoint*. She had a meek expression, a bewitching mouth, a fresh, healthy bloom in her cheeks, which were full, but far from coarse; her neck was simply a column of Parian marble, and her arms resembled smaller but not more shapely columns of the same material; add to this, an entangled mass of fine, brownish-red hair (her own), a grayish, hazel eye, and you have a type of the unassuming beauty, that blooms, fades and dies, oft times unappreciated, in our rural towns and villages. To Vida Geldamo, Mary was more companion than maid; when out, she always walked with her mistress, not behind her, and she more frequently advised than obeyed. In a word, although these two occupied vastly different positions, still they were intimate friends, and had very few secrets that were not common property between them. There were two causes for this: Vida's mother had been dead some years, and the young lady naturally felt the need of a constant companion of her own sex, in whom to confide, and on whom to lean; and, again, in her goodness of heart, purity of motive, and generous, liberal ideas, and conceptions of humanity, she could never, and never did, believe that the possession of money made the heart warmer, truer, or the soul purer; she argued that it had, on the contrary, a debasing effect upon most people.

As the afternoon wore away, Vida became quite restless, she went from one room to another, from the piano to her sewing, and then to a book, which she dropped in a moment, sighed heavily, went again to the piano, rattled over the keys a few times, sighed again, then ran to the sitting-room door and petulantly called Mary. The girl answered, and went to her directly. Vida was in the bay window. "Sit down," she said, pointing to a seat beside her. Mary sat down; a silence ensued. Vida seemed very thoughtful; there was about her an air of refined, dignified displeasure. Presently the gate opened—ha! she flushed up at once, turned quickly and looked out; Paul was coming up the steps of the glais; the color left her cheek, and a look of keen disappointment swept over her face.

"Why don't he come?" she ended the question abruptly, looked confusedly at Mary, the rising crimson growing into a deeper red and extending over the whole face.

"Whom do you expect?" said the other tenderly, but with wonderful sang-froid.

Vida colored deeply, looked down, and seemed perplexed.

Paul came in, sat down in the window facing Vida and Mary. The former was gazing intently into the street, and seemed hardly aware of her brother's presence.

"Has Richard been here this afternoon?" queried Paul, in a tone of affected but rather doubtful indifference.

"We have not seen him," answered Vida, a trifle pettishly, still gazing through the window.

"He promised to come, did he not?"

"Men never fulfil their promises," she returned, a little spitefully.

"Why so sweeping in your charge, sister? He may have been prevented by some unforeseen circumstance; perhaps an accident, or—"

"An accident," she interruptingly repeated, with alarming emphasis, as she faced around sharply and gazed searchingly in his face.

"Why, Vida, suppose he did meet with an accident, what would that be to you? Such things happen every day."

"Paul"—there was an immensity of reproach in the tone—"is he not our cousin; did he not save your life and mine?"

"Well, now sister, you know I am incapable of ingratitude, so pray spare me those reproaches," he said chidingly but good humoredly.

"Did you see him?" Mary put the question plump; there was an assuring look in her eye. Vida seemed pleased and much relieved. It was the very question she would liked to have asked.

When Pope wrote
"Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
To maids alone, and children are revealed,"

he uttered one of those immortal truths that poets, under the impulse of a sort of divine intuition, frequently give to the world.

"I have seen him; it is nothing," he replied in answer to Mary's question.

"Then there has been an accident,"—and turning to Mary she continued sharply—"and you knew it."

"Oh! don't blame me, it was Paul's fault," pleaded Mary, coaxingly.

"Yes, it was my fault, I admit, but the worst is over and now I will tell you all about it, and then Paul gave a full and clear account of the whole affair; but when he described the falling of the old building, and the finding of the mangled men, Vida hid her face in Mary's bosom, did so involuntarily, as if she would veil from her sight the horrible spectacle.

"It is quite evident and clear to my mind," said Paul, in ending the horrible recital, "that the employers and another party whom I might mention, had a hand in this business; that building never fell except by the agency of some force, at present beneath the surface of my observation."

"The cowardly wretches," whispered Vida and Mary in the same breath.

"Jealousy is invariably cowardly, and of all things on earth, capital is the most jealous of its claimed privileges," answered Paul, rising to go.

"But," said Vida, retaining him by a look, "what other party could have an interest in injuring these men?"

Paul went close to her, and said in an undertone:

"Allsoud is Relvason's tool."

"Are you sure?" said Vida, opening her eyes very wide.

"I am positive," he replied, with a slow, assured emphasis.

Paul left.

The story Vida had just heard shocked her, grated harshly on her tender nerves, bewildered her senses to a certain extent, but the reaction thawed her reserve, and it all ended in a flood of tears, and a closer knit friendship between her and Mary, as there was now another secret, common property between them.

Richard spent a restless day and night. The fracture and luxations were not exactly painful, but his entire body was as sore and aching as if he had been pounded several hours with a mallet. Towards noon he became impatient, and asked one of the Sisters if he could not have some morphine or chloral, or an anodyne or sedative of some kind. The good Sister looked at him kindly, with great, mild, liquid eyes, and spoke soothingly, sympathetically, but very decidedly. She said, "We never give sedatives unless by the doctor's orders. Physicians themselves, disagree about the *modus curandi* of these remedial agents, and it is not yet clearly ascertained whether their beneficial results are produced by primordial action on the heart, or by a prior influence on the nervous system, and for that reason we never use them except under competent medical direction and superintendence."

Richard did not fully understand the import of this explanation, but he felt she must be right and silently acquiesced.

About three o'clock the doctor came and went straight to Oscar, whom he found still unconscious, but his pulse was high, his mouth dry, respiration hurried and cheek flushed, breathing stertorous.

"Fever, brain or nervous, or both," grunted the physician, then turning to Arbyght, he said suddenly, abruptly:

"Has this young man been addicted to the use of fermented liquors, strong tea or coffee, or the use of tobacco?"

"No, sir," replied Richard, "he has lived a singularly abstemious life, and with peculiar pertinacity he eschewed all the articles you have mentioned."

"Been given to any other excesses?" sedulously pursued the doctor, as if continuing his former interrogatories.

"Not to my knowledge; his moral life is without a blemish."

"Sprightly, cheerful temperament?"

"Unusually so."

"Then he will recover."

"Are you confident of that?" asked Richard, now all ardent, expectancy.

"The mind and body act upon each other reciprocally," resumed the doctor, taking no notice of the pointed question, "and health in one promotes health in the other, or aids it to recover from an unwonted shock, and the mental discipline practised by this person, will aid him wonderfully in this emergency; and then his nervous system not being shattered or enfeebled by nerve destroyers, is in a condition to do him good service; therefore, I think that with care and attention the chances are favorable, at least for the physical system."

"Why, Doctor, you don't mean—?"

"Young man, you are extremely questionary," broke in the doctor, with an evasive, interruptive laughing frown.

Before he left, Richard asked him for a sedative.

"No, sir, shan't have it," he replied roughly, but continued in an explanatory and milder tone: "nervous system severely strained, shocked, shattered—uncertain how it would act. You must be careful, sir; remember that if this other victim had been given to excesses of any kind he would have been dead by this time. The nervous system is the controlling, the governing power of the entire animal mechanism, and in your present state a sedative might irritate, not allay," and the doctor strode out of the ward, and in the physician's room he wrote prescriptions and gave directions for the treatment of his patients, as he called Arbyght and Wood.

They were well cared for, carefully and tenderly nursed by two Sisters, who were specially detailed to attend them alone, and be constantly near them.

This hospital is pleasantly situated in the most beautiful and fashionable part of the city, and quite close to the lake—three blocks. There is no distinction on account of sect, color or condition in receiving patients; rich, poor, high, low—all are welcome.

On the second day, in the forenoon, Richard fell into a deep reverie. The mind first wandered excitedly in an exalted, wild and extravagant region of thought or imagination, "but thereof came in the end despondency and madness," and in Bunyan's "slough of Despond," the sleepless dreamer writhed and struggled in mental anguish, unbearable, awful. His father's cruel death; his mother's untimely end; his sister's blighted hopes, and his own hard lot rose like ghosts of departed sor-

rows to vex and haunt him. Then Vida Geldamo rose before his rapturous vision at the beck of fancy's magical wand, and hidden deep in diaphanous, luminous loveliness, she seemed at once the soul and dispenser of joy eternal—eternally remote.

Presently there were light steps heard on the hard matting running through the aisle of the ward. Richard gave a start; his heart began a violent thumping, and looking up he saw Vida quite close to his cot. He flushed all over at once; his eyes darted quick glances of pleasure, joy, love.

"Oh! Mr. Arbyght, what a sad accident! I hope you are better to-day?" There was a subdued ring of pleasure in her voice, and a silent, pleased look in her eye.

"I feel much better now," he replied, radiant with suppressed happiness. "It is so kind and good of you to come; I thought this morning I was friendless, alone," he continued in a sort of delicious, ecstatic trance, gazing at her with moist eyes, a heavenly smile playing round the tremulous mouth.

"Friendless? how cruel of you to think so," she replied softly, but very reproachfully.

"Why, what a thoughtless fellow I am, to be sure, to keep you standing all this time," he said, pointing to a plain, cane-bottomed chair beside the cot, which he attempted to move a little further off; but she gracefully took the chair and sat down quite close to him—companionably close. The act sent the sufferer to heaven at once, where perhaps the performer of the act was before him, as it was she blushed like a June rose and looked supremely happy.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—The Excommunication.

Rachel dared not cast a look on Don Pedro, who, uneasy at seeing her approach the bishop and talk with him in a low voice, now regarded her with a sort of stupor, as passing before him, she went and joined his foster-brothers. When he found that she did not even turn her head towards him, seized with desperation, he exclaimed, "Where art thou going, Rachel!" in so heart-rending a voice, that the Jewess stopped as if her feet had been rooted to the ground; but on an imperious sign from the bishop, she continued her way.

Don Pedro shuddered and staggered as if he would have fallen; he essayed to spring towards her, but could not make a single step. "Rachel!" cried he, in a hollow voice. The Jewess, however, continued to pass on.

Augustin Gudiel then said to him with a triumphant air, "You see, Don Pedro, that woman for whom you have ruined yourself, deserts you like all the others. Let this be a lesson for your pride, and submit to the orders of the Church."

The unfortunate king, who thought himself deceived by some enchantment, interrupted the revengeful prelate, crying, in a menacing voice, "What charm, what witchcraft hast thou employed to deceive that credulous soul? For thou must have deceived her. Rachel was the light of my existence. For her I forgot misfortune, ruin, and shame, and she abandons me, cold and indifferent, deaf to my voice, to join my enemies. Fool that I was to rest my strength on her heart, to regard her love as my shield, to believe that the arms of a woman would open to hide the head of a proscribed! Oh! how her smile belied her!"

"Is not woman made up of vanity and caprice," replied the bishop. "Probably when you were powerful, she was sincere in her professions; at present the golden clouds that dazzled her have disappeared. It is sweet to love when love is a joy, a pastime; but when it becomes a constant pain and anguish, the heart wearies as the flower fades under the blast of the storm. Imitate your mistress, Don Pedro, and her abandonment will be your salvation. Swear never to see her again—to forget her—to drive her image from your thoughts, and your former friends will return to defend you. I myself will forget the insult I received at your hands, if you will perform an act of penance."

Don Pedro interrupted him by a burst of contemptuous laughter. "What are thy promises to me," said he, scornfully; "what matters the return of those traitors. Forget Rachel!—I!—thou knowest not what it is to love."

"So, then, you avow your unworthy weakness!" exclaimed Augustin Gudiel. "King of Castile, disdained by a Jewess, do you no longer feel in your heart one throb of noble pride? She disowns you, and you have not the courage to disown her in your turn. Like a fearful debased slave, you are ready to kiss the hand that smites you."

But Don Pedro heard not these aggravating words; broken down, annihilated, he sorrowfully regarded Rachel who had just approached Paloma.

The old nurse fixed her fierce looks on the Jewess, and repulsed her with a gesture of anger and contempt at the moment the poor girl was about to speak to her. "Avant, daughter of Samuel," said she, in a voice trembling with grief and indignation.

The Jewess bent down her head to hide the tears that filled her eyes; she appeared to

hesitate an instant, then turning towards two priests, who, at a sign from the bishop, had followed her, she murmured, "Lead me out of the castle, sire."

The two priests hastened to accompany her, in order to protect her from the insults of the mob.

Don Pedro, who seemed paralysed by a sorrowful stupor, only looked towards Rachel. When he saw her disappear he uttered a loud shriek, and would have followed her footsteps, but Don Fernand de Castro and Diego Lopez stopped him. The king cast on them a reproachful look, but he had been so enfeebled by the shock he had just experienced, that, yielding like an infant, he fell again into their arms, saying, in a broken voice, "I will see her again, I will see her again."

"Take care," said the Bishop of Segovia, "if you persist in your wanderings, all these knights shall take up arms against you. This castle shall no longer serve for an asylum."

"I will not drive my royal guest from the Castle of Lugo," said Don Fernand de Castro, haughtily. "The cause that drew on him the anger of the Church no longer exists; Don Pedro is for ever separated from the Jewess. He is not at this moment in a state to answer your question, Sir Bishop. I am guaranteed that he will soon repent of his passion for that heartless woman. Let all those who wish to seek fortune at the court of Don Enrique, freely depart; but the knights who wish to remain faithful to their king, let them unite with me to defend him."

The Galician nobles and the sons of Paloma directly ranged themselves around Don Fernand; while the companions of the bishop grouped themselves around him, the priests and monks dispersing themselves in the greatest confusion.

Augustin Gudiel perceiving the change that the departure of Rachel had effected in the minds of many of the knights, immediately cried out, "The Church has a horror of blood. We have faith in the word of Don Fernand; we summon the king his master to appear, in three months, at our tribunal." Then making a sign to his partisans to give place, he walked solemnly away, while the abbots and priors endeavoured to restore the order of the procession which had been so rudely broken.

When the last monk had disappeared under the gate of the tower, Don Pedro turned towards Diego Lopez like a man just aroused from a long and painful dream, saying, in a tone of grief, "Where is Rachel?" His whole body trembled, a burning fever raged in his veins, delirium seized him, and for eight days, during which his old nurse never left him for an instant, he hung suspended between life and death.

The ninth day he began to recover his reason, but still suffered under extreme debility. As his strength returned, he felt such a profound horror for the spot where his mistress had quitted him, that after naming Don Fernand de Castro, lieutenant of the kingdoms of Leon and Galicia, as a reward for his loyalty, he departed with his foster-brothers, in order to ask an asylum of his ally, the King of Portugal, who was then at his castle of Vallada, near Santarem.

When Don Pedro arrived at Corache, on the left bank of the Guadiana, a Portuguese nobleman announced to him, on the part of his master, that he could not receive him at Santarem, nor afford him an asylum in Portugal.

Don Pedro heard the message with a gloomy air, without answering a word. Remaining then alone with his foster-brothers, he took some gold double castillians out of his purse, and threw them over the roof of the house where he had stopped.

Diego Lopez looked at them with surprise, and said to him, "Why not give that gold to some one among your poor servants, sire rather than sow it thus in an inhospitable land?"

"Yes, I sow now," said the king, with a fierce smile, "but one day I will come back and reap."

Diego Lopez was silent. Don Pedro then directed his steps towards Corunna, where he met an envoy from the Black Prince, inviting him to go to England, on a visit to King Edward, promising him beforehand the most favourable reception.

The king embarked the same day for Bordeaux, accompanied by his foster-brothers.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Edward, the Black Prince.

Day was closing in, and the curfew-bell had just tolled, when the sergeant-at-arms, who commanded the guard at one of the gates of Bordeaux, came out of a small armoury built in the thickness of the city walls, followed by a dozen English archers; he was going to relieve the sentinels who watched on the ramparts. The warden took from their nail the heavy keys, and directed his steps towards the gate, which, according to orders, it was his duty to shut at the close of day. He was an old English trooper who had fought valiantly in his time, but whose corpulence had so increased with age, that, despairing of being able in future to get into any armour, he had been induced to solicit, as a last resource, the charge of one of the city gates. Being unable to forget the martial habits he had contracted in his youth, he was accustomed, in the exercise of his civil functions, to regard as an enemy, and to treat as such, whoever ventured to demand admission when the hour for closing had arrived. It was a subject of diversion for him to close the gate a second before the

arrival of a traveller, and keep him outside for the night.

On the evening in which this chapter opens, before putting the key into the lock, Barrillard put out his head to explore the country. His physiognomy brightened with joy at perceiving on the high road, about three hundred paces distant, a numerous cavalcade, followed by several littors, approaching in great haste. At the same time he observed a poor pedestrian dragging himself along under the ramparts to the right; while, to the left, a well-mounted knight was urging his horse to his utmost speed, hastening like one perfectly acquainted with the usages of the place.

"Ah, ah, we are going to have some sport to-night," said Master Barrillard to himself, taking shelter behind the gate, chuckling and shaking his fat sides, as was his wont on similar occasions.

Meanwhile one of the knights of the escort seeing the gate slightly open, left the group and advanced at full gallop. Then addressing the sentinel, who remained immovable in his iron cage on the ramparts, he begged him to ask the sergeant-at-arms to delay the shutting of the gates for some moments, so as to allow time for his companions to arrive, adding that, at the head of the knights that followed him was the ambassador from the King of Castile.

As soon as this request had been carried to the sergeant-at-arms, a trumpet sounded from the top of the walls. Hearing this signal, which it was impossible he could misunderstand, the porter came grumbling out of his den, and while the sergeant-at-arms finished relieving the sentinels, the cavalcade halted at some paces from the gate.

During this time the pedestrian, before mentioned, arrived slowly like a man worn out by lassitude and suffering. Although in the prime of life, he leant heavily on a knotted stick; he wore a long untrimmed beard, his long light hair floated in disorder on his shoulders, his threadbare coat stained and spotted by the dust and rain, his boots cut by the flints of the road, and the whole of his miserable appearance testified to a long and painful journey.

In passing before the escort of the ambassador, which was stationed on the road, he hastily pulled the rim of his large hat over his eyes, and quickening his pace by an effort, he was about to enter the city, when a vigorous hand arrested his passage. It was that of the warder, who, furious at seeing some of his victims escape him, was resolved to revenge himself on the remaining two.

"Hallo! my fine fellow, where are you going to?" said he, eyeing the traveller with an insolent look.

The pedestrian to whom this question was addressed turned suddenly round, and drawing himself up, with flashing eyes, raised his stick. There was so much boldness and resolution in his look and attitude, that Barrillard thought it prudent to loose his hold, but the stranger, apparently ashamed of his passion, cast away his stick, and said, in a calm voice, "Why do you prevent me passing?"

"Have patience," returned the warder, taking down a large whip that was kept beside the gate for the special purpose of driving away beggars, vagabonds, and straggling dogs; "since you do not know, I am going to teach you."

The stranger quietly awaited the approach of the warder, who came towards him with a menacing air, though he shook as if he had been the prey of a burning fever. "Ah, you want to know why I will not let you enter the good city of Bordeaux," continued the brutal Barrillard, loosing with haste the thong of his whip. "Well, it is because my orders are not to admit into the city in which my lord the Prince of Wales holds his court, either beggars, thieves, or mad dogs; and certainly you are one or the other of these, if not all three together."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the stranger, colouring with indignation, and rushing on the warder with a quickness and energy that the old soldier little anticipated, he snatched his whip away and broke it into pieces.

We shall not attempt to describe the amazement into which this bold action plunged the majestic Barrillard, which was at first manifested only in disconnected words. "Rogue, rascal!" he exclaimed, "art thou then a furious madman? Oh, thou shalt pay dearly for thy audacity."

"At all events," replied the stranger, putting his foot on the wreck of the whip-handle, "this will not be the instrument of punishment."

"Miscreant!" cried Master Barrillard, exasperated at the laughter of the escort, "darest thou jest? I will have thee taken before the provost, and thou wilt see if thou art permitted to break the whip of a city warder with impunity."

"I should prefer laying it across thy shoulders," said the stranger, coolly.

At this last sarcasm, which excited anew the laughter of the escort, poor Barrillard could no longer contain himself, but advancing to the pedestrian, he raised his bunch of keys.

"And now thou comest to offer me the keys of the city," said the stranger with a smile.

The laughter of the horsemen redoubled, and Barrillard became mad with rage, but at the moment that the fight between him and the traveller was about to commence, one of the veiled women who formed a part of the ambassador's suite uttered a shriek of surprise and alarm. At the same time the horseman, who had come galloping along the ramparts

on the left, arrived in front of the little troop, turned short, and entered the city.

At the sound of that shrill voice the stranger turned his head. The warder, seeing the last of the prey he had lain in wait for escape him, sprung off in pursuit, postponing the termination of his quarrel to a better opportunity. Scarcely, however, had he touched the horse's bridle, than he felt an Herculean hand seize him by the thick forest of grey hair that adorned his head, which lifted him from the ground as if he had been a wine skin.

"Hallo!" cried Barrillard, struggling with all his might to free himself from the living vice that held him suspended in mid-air, "I thought there was but one man in the world who could balance me in that way."

"And who is he?" demanded the horseman.

"Tom Burdett, Captain of Freebooters," answered the warder, in a stifled voice.

"That is what may be called guessing right," replied the horseman, suddenly lowering the guardian of the city gate, who fell heavily on his two legs, "and in turn I recognise you."

"It is very generous on your part, captain," said Master Barrillard, trying to recover his equilibrium, "but, frankly, I should have preferred that you had recognised me a little sooner."

"Ah, yes, on account of that slight correction," said the other; "but what wouldst thou, my old Patrick? thou knowest I have a light and ready hand."

"You think your hand light, do you?" grumbled the warder; "every one to his own opinion."

"As to thee, my brave fellow," continued the captain, "I congratulate thee; thou hast grown fatter, for thy body seemed to me very weighty just now. Ah, come now, I hope, in remembrance of our former good acquaintance, thou wilt no longer attempt to oppose my passage."

"Impossible to obey you, noble captain," replied Patrick Barrillard, bowing with great humility, rubbing his shoulders, and feeling his forehead to assure himself that the light hand of Burdett had not bruised him.

"And why so?" demanded the freebooter, harshly.

"What you ask of me is quite contrary to the orders I have received. If it were not for that, you cannot doubt my desire to serve you," answered the warder, making a grimace which he intended for a gracious smile.

"Yet I cannot lie with the stars for a canopy," said Burdett, frowning.

By dint of rubbing his forehead, Barrillard caused it to sprout an idea, an event with him of rare occurrence. "You have one way," muttered he; "it is to slip yourself, unknown to me, among the ambassador's suite, so as to enter without my seeing you."

"Thanks for thy ingenious advice, Patrick," said Burdett, and making his horse describe a quarter circle, he slipped among the last horsemen of the escort.

As to the stranger, so brutally repulsed by Master Barrillard, he no longer appeared desirous of entering the city; unconscious of what was passing around him, he had but one thought, one desire, as maddening, as irresistible as the thirst that tortures the wounded on the battle-field; his heart beat violently beneath his rage, and, forgetting his misery, he cast bold and hasty looks on the women that formed part of the escort, in an endeavour to discover beneath her veil she whose voice still vibrated on his ear.

During this time, the sergeant-at-arms, who had at length relieved the sentinels, advanced to meet the ambassador; the latter on his side, detaching himself from his attendants, and throwing back the cowl of the long travelling cloak that covered him, advanced some paces and dismounted. None of his squires or valets had followed him, so perceiving at a little distance the audacious pedestrian, he made him a sign to approach. The poor fellow mechanically obeyed.

The ambassador throw the reins of his horse to him with proud indifference, and then drew from his robe a parchment, to the corner of which was attached the royal seal. "I am Augustin Gudiel, Bishop of Segovia, and ambassador from the King of Castile," said he, addressing the sergeant-at-arms, and presenting to him the enrolled parchments.

At that name, but particularly at the voice, the pedestrian changed countenance; he became pale, and his limbs shook with a convulsive trembling, while with the hand that was free, he searched among his tatters, as if he expected there to find a hidden weapon.

"Without noticing the emotion of the man, Augustin Gudiel continued—"In the name of Don Enrique, my well-beloved master, I demand passage for myself, the knights that accompany me, and all the people of our suite."

"Enter, reverend bishop," answered the sergeant-at-arms, after having cast a hasty glance on the parchment, "and you shall be conducted to my lord the Prince of Wales, if you desire it."

The Bishop of Segovia accepted the offer of the sergeant, and while he mustered his people, he ordered the pedestrian to hold his stirrup. In silence the latter slowly, and with a trembling hand, obeyed; he presented the stirrup to the ambassador, and then assisted him to remount his mule.

"Hold!" said the bishop, drawing from his purse some small pieces of money, "here is payment for thy trouble. Thou canst make friends with the warder of the city, and empty

a jug of wine with him to the health of Don Enrique, my master."

The pedestrian, by an involuntary movement, let the money Gudiel offered to him fall on the ground, but observing the bishop's astonished looks, he immediately picked it up; then pulling the beaver over his brows, he muttered in a low voice, "Thanks, sir; may Heaven reward you and your master as you merit. As for me, most charitable bishop, while I live I shall remember that you have given me alms."

At the sound of that voice the ambassador became violently agitated, and nearly fell off his mule. A strange suspicion crossed his mind; that voice, now so humble, had before sounded in his ears, but imperious, harsh, and menacing. As soon as he recovered from the first shock of surprise, he pretended to adjust his stirrup, which gave him an opportunity of stooping, intending to see if the man who hid himself in those rags, and under that ugly beaver, was indeed he whose voice alone had the power to make him tremble. But the pedestrian, having immediately turned his back on the generous bishop, had already regained the open country.

Gudiel, observing his bent form and shambling gait, smiled at his fears and suspicions; nevertheless, before entering Bordeaux at the head of the procession, he said to the sergeant-at-arms, "Watch well that the beggar who held my mule just now does not gain admission into the city."

"No one else will enter this night, my lord," returned the sergeant-at-arms, "for Master Patrick Barrillard is going to shut the gate immediately."

The Bishop of Segovia and his suite slowly entered the city.

(To be Continued.)

A MID-AIR COMPROMISE.

Not many years ago, and not far from the city of Elmira, at a locality known as the "Female College," the circumstances we are about to relate took place. It seems that the principal of the college overheard a plan among a number of his young lady students, for drawing a young gentleman up to one of the third-story rooms "in a basket at night," as no gentleman suitors were allowed to visit their college lady loves, and see them alone, under strict rules of the institution. The principal acted accordingly, and at the appointed time was on the designated spot, and when the basket was let down took the lover's place, gave the "signal switch," and commenced going up toward heaven, drawn by a trinity of angels. When two-thirds up, the angel expectant, on looking from the window, discovered to her terror that she had another man in the basket, and, nearly frightened out of her wits, made the facts known to her fair helpers in mischief, with the pertinent inquiry of "What shall we do? What shall we do? Oh! girls, girls, what shall we do?" Whereupon one of their number, noted for her coolness and presence of mind in trying emergencies, said:

"Here! you hold on to this cord; now, do just as I tell you, and I'll take care of the man, no matter who he is, or where he came from."

Then taking out her pocket-knife and opening it, she leaned out of the window, and in a low voice said:

"Who are you there in that basket?"

No response.

"I say who are you there in that basket? Do you hear? I have a knife in my hand, and unless you answer in less than ten seconds I will cut this rope?"

"Why, it's your principal, don't you know me? Don't for mercy's sake cut the rope. Keep your knife further away from it!"

"Well, you are in a pretty fix, Professor; a pretty fix, indeed, and hanging between heaven and earth, between life and death. What do you think ought to be done with you? A principal of a female college, who thus endeavors, at night, to clandestinely reach the room of a lady student, ought to be severely punished, and also exposed."

"Oh! I beg of you not to harm me nor expose me; but let me down again carefully, and don't let the rope slip."

"Professor," said the shrewd beauty, "on one condition only, will we comply with your request?"

"Name it, name it!"

"You must solemnly promise that none of us who have been engaged in this little romance shall be disciplined for it, and that you will make no mention of it to a living soul while we are inmates of the college, with the understanding that we are to observe the solemn promise. What say you?"

"I promise—solemnly promise."

"Very well. Hold up your right hand! You do solemnly swear that you will faithfully keep and observe that promise, so help you God?"

"I do!"

"Enough, girls, he has taken the oath. Lower away!"

The "Professor" was soon carefully and safely landed on terra firma, greatly to his relief and greatly to the joy, no doubt, of the other party to the compromise; and he lived up to his oath. In after years, however, when time had absolved him from it, and the lover, whose basket he "monopolized" on that eventful night, had, as the story goes, married the girl—who, on that occasion, was so "far above him"—the Professor used to tell the adventure to his particular friends, and laugh over it till the tears ran down his cheeks, as the most ludicrous scrape he ever got into in all his col-

lege life, and as the only one he was let out of under an oath administered.—Schuyler Co. (N. Y.) Democrat.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

Two young men (journeymen plumbers) were at work at my house a little time since. They were twenty-five years old. In talk with them, I asked: "Do you smoke?" "Yes," both of them said. "How much does it cost you?" One of them replied: "I buy half a dollar's worth of cigars every night after supper;" and the other said it cost him seventy-five cents a day for cigars. "And do you drink?" "Yes, a little," both of them said. "How much?" "Oh! very little—only three or four or sometimes five glasses a day." "And how much does that cost?" "Ten cents a glass." "Now, have you thought how much you spend in a year in that way?" "No, we haven't." "Well, it's quite worth your while to look into that. Can you even guess what you spend in a year in that way, and in ten years?" No, they couldn't even give a guess; they had never thought of it.

"And so, taking out a pencil and paper, I proceeded to enlighten them. Their cigars at fifty cents a day, will amount, with compound interest, to \$2,407 13 in ten years, and three drinks a day for the same time to \$1,444 56; in all for smoke and fuddle, \$3,851 39. They were both astonished at the result, and promised to change their habits. But they haven't. "How much wages do you receive?" I asked. "Twenty-four dollars a week when we work full time," they said. "How old are you?" "Twenty-five," said one.

"Twenty-six, nearly," said the other. "How much have you in the savings' bank?" "Nothing," they both said. What do you do with all the money? You are earning wages that would certainly make you both rich men if you should manage well. And now at twenty-five and twenty-six years of age you have nothing. How do you spend your money?" They couldn't tell, neither of them knew; they had twenty-four dollars every Saturday night, but somehow it was all gone by the next pay day. "The fellows borrowed it; they had to treat; they never thought!"

"Well, you ought to have in the savings bank seven hundred dollars a year—you ought to have now twenty-eight hundred dollars of your own, each of you, at six per cent. only, one hundred and sixty-eight dollars a year—as much as you can earn in forty-two days. You are wasting every year in smoke and drink a sum which, if saved and taken good care of, would make you independent at sixty years of age, or set you up in a business of your own at thirty, with sure prospects of success."

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead; and that the tombstones are marked with epitaphs of "good and virtuous." Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

I have noticed that Death is a merciless judge, though not impartial. Every man owes a debt, Death summons the debtor, and he lays down his dust in the currency of mortality.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right, with few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of plum pudding.

I have noticed that merit is always measured out in the world by its success.

I have noticed that as we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed, and call Dame Fortune "blind," but it is the very best evidence that the old lady has most capital eye-sight, and is no "granny" with spectacles.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

ROUGH ON 'EM.

Old Jones has been playing a sharp game on the mosquitos. You see, he had a mosquito net on his bed, but the perspiring insects used to get inside in the daytime, and when old Jones sought his couch to court the drowsy god, they used to make sweet music for him, and bore holes in him, and let his blood out, and old Jones, you understand, couldn't stand it at all. But he is square on the mosquitos now, Jones is. You see, he goes to bed and leaves the net about half open, and then the mosquitos, thinking they have got a soft thing, swarm in and begin to buzz. When he thinks they are inside, old Jones quietly slips out and closes up the net tight, and there he has them. And then he makes up a nice bed on the floor, and lays there and kicks up his old heels, and laughs at those poor, swindled mosquitos, and those mosquitos tear around in that net, and break their necks against the bars trying to get out, and they hold indignation meetings, and protest, and all that. Why, the mosquitos in that room look like living skeletons, and still old Jones is heartless enough to keep right on fooling these poor insects, and laughing at them.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

One evening, when *Pizarro* was announced as the play, there was a considerable delay in commencing, in consequence of one of the performers being absent; the audience became impatient, when John Kemble ("Rolls") came forward, and delivered himself to this effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, at the request of the principal performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you that the person absent is Mr. Emery."

"The house received this explanation without any disapprobation or otherwise. (Emery at this period, although a very pathetic actor, had not arrived at the summit of excellence, and on this evening the part of a sentinel was given to him). Scarcely had Mr. Kemble quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great coat, dirty boots, and a face red with haste, and wet with perspiration—on rushed the culprit. Emery stayed some moments before the audience, apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this effect:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the first time I ever had to appear before you as an apologist. As I have been the sole cause in the delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, when, I am sure, I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant audience. Ladies—for you I must particularly address—my wife—and I—(thunders of applause interrupted the apology); and I ran for the doctor—" "You've said enough!" exclaimed a thousand tongues.

"I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew that she was safe—"

"Bravo, Emery, you've said enough?" was re-echoed from all parts of the house.

Emery was completely overpowered; and, after making another ineffectual attempt to proceed, retired, having first placed his hand on his heart, and bowed gratefully to all parts of the house.

The play proceeded without interruption; but it appeared Emery had not forgotten his obligation to Kemble; for in that scene, before the prison-scene, in which Rolls tries to corrupt the sentinel by money, the following strange interruption occurred in the dialogue:

Rolls. Have you a wife?

Sentinel. I have.

Rolls. Children?

Sentinel. I had two this morning; I have three now!

Loud applause followed this retaliation, and it continued so long that the entire effect of the scene was lost; and Mr. Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion, terminated it by abruptly rushing into the prison.

LINED INSIDE.

I was in a drug store in Elmira, when in rushed a fellow who called for a pound of camphor and downed the whole of it. It was a surprise party to me, and I said, "what the deuce did he do that for?"

"Why," said drugs, "he is lined."

"Lined," says I, "what is that?"

Then he told me.

Some years ago a gentleman who was about to give a dinner party spent a whole week showing his servant how to make mock turtle soup. When the day came she made the mock, and the turtle and the soup all right, and just as she was about to pour in a bottle of claret, a little boy entered singing, "Every thing is lovely and the goose hangs high," which distracted her attention and she made a mistake and poured in a whole bottle of hair tonic.

"Did it make hair soup?" said I, meekly.

"Alas!" said he, "the results were sad."

"What were the results?" said I.

"Darn it," said he, "didn't I just say they were sad?"

"But," said I, "how did the mock turtle wind up?"

"Ah," said he, "two went to the Morgue, four to the hospital, and all who didn't die were called the survivors; and that fellow you just saw was one of 'em."

"What the devil did he swallow so much camphor for?" said I.

"Well," he said, "that tonic started the hair growing down his throat, and he took the camphor to keep the moths out."

THE YOUNG LADY ANSWERED.

A young lady writes to learn why we do not have a department for "answers to correspondents." The reason is simple. We once announced we would gladly receive questions on various topics and endeavor to answer them satisfactorily. The first inquiry received was in relation to a little amount we owed the writer. We think it was eight dollars. We borrowed the money and returned a "satisfactory answer," but it put back our business full a year. The young lady thinks such a department would be very lively. We found it so.

GRACE MAL-A-PROPOS.—A milliner's apprentice, about to wait on a duchess, was fearful of committing some error in her department. She therefore consulted a friend as to the manner in which she should address the great personage, and was told that, on going before the duchess, she must say, her grace, and so on. Accordingly away went the girl, and on being introduced, after a very low courtesy, she said, "For what I am going to receive, the Lord make me truly thankful." To which the duchess answered, "Amen."

NOTICE.

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

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.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MacMILLAN.

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Meetings are held in the following order:—

- Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.
- Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.
- Crispins, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- K. O. S. C. Lodge 355, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- Cigar Makers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- Varnishers and Polishers, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
- Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
- Plasterers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
- Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Copers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
- Printers, 1st Saturday.
- Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

Application for renting the halls for special meetings and other purposes to be made to Mr. Andrew Scott, 211 King Street East.

OUR PATRONS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS THIS WEEK.

"A Merchant is known by his wares."

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

- W. Myles & Son—Wood and Coal.
- J. A. Troutman, L.D.S.—Dentist.
- M. Edward Snider—Surgeon Dentist.
- Brimstin & Brothers—Hardware Merchants.
- John Bailie—Hardware Merchant.
- Meakin & Co.—Clothing and Dry Goods.
- Chas. O'Connor—Furniture.
- J. C. Prittie—Hats, Caps, &c.
- Anthony Gillis—Fashionable Hair Dressing, &c.
- Fiddington—Books.
- M. McCabe—Practical Undertaker.
- Murphy & Bolton—Furnishing Undertakers.
- S. M. Peterkin—Carver and Gilder.
- A. Farley & Son—Variety Hall.
- J. R. Armstrong & Co.—Coal and Wood Stores.

BOY WANTED. Apply at this office.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1872.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR?

A great deal has been said and written, both in the old world and in the new, both by English writers and by American writers, about the "dignity of labor." It has, in its turn, proved a prolific theme with politicians and demagogues, and has occasionally attracted the attention of earnest, eminent and most profound political economists. It has also served to ventilate the overcharged wisdom of many an egotist, who has used it as a stepping-stone to gain notoriety or promotion. But how often do the records of the past show that those hypocrites who have hypocritically chanted of the "dignity of labor," have been the most active agents in sinking it far, far beneath scientific and professional occupations, both of which are intimately connected with, and dependent upon, labor. But let labor reach what standard of respectability it may in the estimation of non-producers, one thing is very certain, it is—as has been well said—the germ from which springs a nation's prosperity, and the only true fountain from which the masses can draw social happiness. It is the motive power which keeps the machinery of

society working in harmony. It is the base upon which the proudest structure of art rests—the source from which science draws the elements of its greatness and power. In short, labor is the attribute of all that is great and noble, and grand in civilization. Such, indeed, is "the dignity of labor."

All who have spoken or written of labor concede these truths. What, then, can we say of the disgrace which is inflicted upon labor when it is forced to inhale the pestilential air of the prison-house? Could a greater indignity be heaped upon it than that which associates it with convict competition? Of what use is it to attempt to exalt labor when it is to be used as a punishment for crime, and made the companion of thieves and robbers and the off-scouring of society?

In the United States the question of prison labor and its attendant evils has, for some time past, been engaging the attention of those interested in the cause of labor reform. A fatal indifference to this in its earlier stages has allowed an infant evil to grow and expand, until it has assumed a giant's proportions, and now seriously threatens the moral character of labor. A writer treating upon this subject says: "All the professions of garrulous theorists amount to nothing. It is the workmen themselves who must maintain the dignity of labor. The men who work can alone save it from the degradation which reckless legislation has fastened upon it, and the sooner we get about it the better. The longer this reform is delayed, the more difficult will be its accomplishment, because every year it is becoming more closely wedded to the affections of our truckling law-makers."

In our last issue we referred to the establishment, in this city, of the Canada Car Company, an institution that has completed a contract with the Provincial Government for the convict labor of the central prison, now in course of erection, extending over a period of seven-and-a-half years, renewable for other seven-and-a-half at the expiration of the first term. The establishment of this new enterprise has received considerable attention from the local press, but exception is taken mainly as to the suspicious political character of the transaction rather than to the injurious effect such an institution is likely to have upon the industrial classes. We, however, view the matter from an entirely different standpoint. Like causes produce like effects, and the same injurious results to the cause of labor that have flowed from an indifference to this subject in its insipient stages in the United States—till the evil has become gigantic in its proportions, and is now calling for active and earnest measures for its removal—will also follow the adoption of the system here; and as the evil can be met more successfully now than when it has become established, it would be well for the workmen to arouse themselves at once to a consideration of the question.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES IN ENGLAND.

The English are regarded as an intensely practical people, and they have been accustomed to think that there is the chief home of societies for mutual improvement. They have their lyceums, their debating clubs, and their institutes of various kinds; teachers' institutes, Sunday school institutes, mechanics' institutes, &c. But was anything ever heard of quite so practical as the English "Mechanics' Institute for Mutual Improvement," judged, that is, by accounts given of the training of female members? for it seems they have female as well as male departments of such institutions in England—female departments of *real working, studious members*, not mere belles, to be waited on to the "institute" lectures, concerts and sociables. They receive too, a training that looks the future in the face, and attempts some honest preparation for it.

But we should be glad to know, also, just what advantages the men provide for themselves in these institutions. Especially would the ladies among us

no doubt be pleased to have a list of the questions put at an examination of a class of *young men* in these schools, after reading the following list recently prepared for the examination of a class of young women. Certainly we will hasten to publish the young mechanics' list when it comes to hand, but meantime, who shall specify a training which could possibly be more useful to their future wives? At the examination referred to we read that the following, among other questions, were propounded by Miss Jewsbury, who conducted it.

1. State the best method of using up bones and scraps of meat and bread.
2. Would you prefer to use an earthen vessel, or a tin or iron pot, to set in your oven or on the hob, to stew any scraps of meat, bones and bread that you may have? and state the advantage of keeping such a stockpot continually going.
3. How would you lay out 10s. in the town if you had a sick husband, and four children too young to work? or how, if you lived in the country, with a small garden, would you lay out 7s. 6d. under the same circumstances?
4. Suggest a savory and economical dinner for a husband, wife and five children.
5. Suggest some savory and economical supper for a husband coming home after a hard day's work.
6. How would you ventilate a sick room, so that a patient would not take a chill?
7. How would you cleanse a room in which a patient has had scarlet fever? How would you make bread?

CHINA AS A HOARDER OF GOLD.

Political economists have been constantly speculating on the subject of the ultimate destination of the gold and silver which are being constantly shipped to India, China, and Japan. As very little of it finds its way back to Europe, the question is, what becomes of it? From China such a thing as a shipment of specie was never known. The coin imported into that country is melted into bars, and thus enters into the circulating medium of the nation. It is asserted by some authorities that China must at present own as much gold as all the rest of the world beside. Still the wonder is that all this addition to the circulating medium of that mysterious country does not advance the price of commodities. In all other countries when money becomes plentiful prices of commodities advance, and when it becomes scarce, decline. But China is a land of plenty and cheapness. Labor and food are lower in price than in any other nation on the globe, while gold and silver are more abundant. One explanation given is that gold and silver are bought and sold the same as other commodities. Another is that probably the more precious metals are hoarded by the wealthier classes and thus kept out of active use.

WHY ARE LABORERS, AS A CLASS, POOR?

This is a question of vital importance to the laboring classes, and one over which they will do well to ponder. Ignorance of the real causes which operate to oppress and consign them to a position of helpless and unavoidable servitude, and to poverty more or less abject, can no longer be claimed as an excuse for this universal condition. The causes are apparent, and the remedy within their grasp and under their control, if they had the intelligence to comprehend the position, and the will to use the means legitimately at their command, to oppose the influences which have heretofore, and are still, operating to produce the result. We live under a form of Government professedly established by the people, and for the people, and upon the fundamental idea, that the greatest good, to the greatest number, is the object and end of legislation. Unquestionably a strict and impartial adherence to the principles enunciated by the early founders of the American republic, would have secured the boon of equal justice to all, irrespective of class or caste. But in looking over the field, as it presents itself to-day,

we do not see that the results, which had been hoped for and expected, have, in any respect, been realized. Not one man in ten thousand, throughout this entire nation of laborers, has been able to amass, by the accumulation of wages, scarce an humble competency, apart from any speculation or investments, which may have resulted favorably, to increase his profits. Laborers, as a class, are neither indolent, nor profligate, vicious nor immoral, riotous nor drunk, wanting in intelligence or morals, and, therefore, it cannot be claimed, with any degree of truth, that their present condition is the result of the absence of good qualities and the prevalence of the bad. That as a class, they are poor, is a truth we cannot deny, and our object now is to point to the cause and suggest the remedy.

Capital as an auxiliary to labor is necessary and indispensable. We believe, too, that capital has rights, which it is the duty of legislation to recognize and protect, equal with the rights of labor; but to foster the one at the expense of the other, is not the province of legislation, and works injustice to both.

We are met at the threshold of our efforts with the inquiry—What can labor do without capital? We answer—that neither is independent of, nor subject to the other, but that rationally, the rights of labor should be first in law and first in the hearts of the people, upon the principle that the great includes the less; that the creator is superior to the creature.

The enquiry is equally pertinent—What can capital do without labor? A million of dollars invested in real lands, yields no revenue without miners to mine the coal. The rich veins of coal at Lake Superior, and of iron at Pilot Knob, would remain as hidden wealth in the coffers of the earth, did not the brawny arm and sinewy muscle of the laborer aid in its development. The fertile prairies unassisted by the sturdy hand of toil, are as barren wastes, yielding nothing and adding no increase.

Capital everywhere is but the creation of labor, and the representative of so many heart-throbs, of toiling millions. Wealth legitimately obtained is honorable, and we offer no disparagement to its possessor, but we claim that labor, too, is honorable and is entitled to its just rewards, and yet the fact that, laborers as a class are poor, gives a peculiar interest and potency to the inquiry—Why is this so?

The tendencies of capital to centralize; of railroads to monopolize; of corporations to combine; and of legislation to discriminate in favor of interests proportionate to the wealth they represent, are omens of evils, and the harbingers of oppression, fatal to the life, growth, and development of the dearest interests of the laboring classes. A mercenary spirit, reckless of results, seems to pervade the community. It has already reached the legislative functions of the government; how long ere it will have reached the judicial and with its palsying touch, rendered turbid and corrupt the functions of justice? Amid all this fever of excitement the rock stands firm, though barren; the laborers are there, though poor—*Workingman's Advocate*.

IRELAND.

The working classes of the Emerald Island were never in as prosperous and favorable condition as they are at present. Laborers are now receiving a crown a day, and the emigrant agents are stated to find it very difficult to induce any large number of able-bodied men to leave the old sod. This is a wonderful change of affairs, and we hope is indicative of a state of unprecedented national prosperity. The Belfast riots, however, and such incidents as the Judge Keogh and Guinness persecutions, fall like a pall upon the above statements respecting better times. So long as shooting and threatening prevail, through religious bigotry and intolerance, so long will Ireland lag behind in the race of real and permanent prosperity. Gentle men of wealth must be enabled to feel that they could reside on their estates with security, before they will vie with

their land owning brethren of the sister isles in improving their estates, and retiring from absenteeism. Let us hope that before long patriotism may so generally prevail in the Emerald Isle that peace, security and quietness may supplant that discord, bloodshed and disturbance which have for centuries rendered that beautiful country despicable in the eyes of the world.

PROGRESS OF INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

There are now thirty-two industrial colleges and universities in the United States which have received the national endowment made by Congress under the act of July 2, 1862. Massachusetts has two, Mississippi two, and each of the States one, except Florida, Louisiana, Nevada and Virginia, in which none have yet been established.

Twenty-six of these institutions are in operation, and it is expected that the remainder will be opened during the year 1873. Twenty are established in connection with other institutions, and seventeen are independent colleges. Three hundred and ten professors and assistants are employed in giving instruction to more than two thousand students, who are pursuing a regular course of study in agriculture and the mechanical arts.

ARRAYING THE POOR AGAINST THE RICH.

One of the charges made, by the drilling masters and tools of monopoly, against ex-President Johnson, is that he is arraying the poor against the rich. Mr. Johnson, like all other workingmen, simply asks for nothing more than justice for the poor: he demands nothing for them but equal rights, immunities and protection. If this is arraying the poor against the rich, it is simply because the rich deny them these things. Now if this be true, as the charge against him presupposes such to be the case, the necessity for such an array is imperative, and the cause for it lies at the door of the rich, and not in anything Mr. Johnson is doing or saying. This hue and cry comes with very bad grace from a set of men who were, a few years since, issuing orders from their autocratic headquarters, and sending out men with armed posies to hunt down the poor and drag them from their houses and families, while they were specially instructed not to interrupt the man who owned twenty negroes. Was that arraying the poor against the rich? Oh no. But it was putting the poor under the feet of the rich. Then the man who owned twenty negroes was too good to undergo the hardships and face the dangers of war, these perils and fatigues were reserved for the workingmen. It was such as they who were fit subjects for food for powder; the rich man with his twenty negroes was beyond the reach of the conscript office. The endearments of wealth were too sacred to be broken in any such manner, but the poor man with his invalid wife, half a dozen little helpless and dependent children, were the special object of their autocratic thirst. With them, neither the endearments of home, the appeal of an invalid or dying wife, or the tears of motherless children, could reach their hearts. No, it was then the rich were running rough-shod over the poor. Well may we expect, when justice is demanded, to hear such pitiful wails come up from such a source.—*Workingman (Nashville)*.

THE NEW CHICAGO.

It is now less than a year since Chicago was destroyed by fire. It will be remembered that 93,500 people were left homeless. Of these, 74,500 resided in 13,300 buildings in the north division, where 1,460 acres were burned over, and every house consumed. Now we are told that dwellings for seventy thousand people are erected in that division. In the south division, where the hotels, theatres, stores and warehouses were destroyed, and where 3,650 buildings were burned on 460 acres, the ground is nearly covered; and the buildings now completed, and

those under construction, out-number, as they will exceed in style, value and solidity, the buildings which were destroyed by the fire in the same district. Twenty-six miles of streets are so occupied.

It must be remembered that for three months after the fire very little new work was done. The winter impeded operations somewhat, but the work went on. Over all this district the derrieks stand up like the masts of shipping. In the west division, where 500 buildings were destroyed, there will be this season erected as many permanent buildings and blocks of brick, stone and iron as in any previous season were built in Chicago. The Chicago Tribune, from which we gather some of these facts, adds that the workmen have refused to strike; that the ordinary business of the city has been unprecedented; that the deposits in the savings banks have increased since April, nearly two millions of dollars; and that at no time has money for commercial or business purposes been scarce. This is a most wonderful statement, and it forms a splendid illustration of the energy and vigor of the American character.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

WHERE DOES THE GOLD COME FROM.

This question has never been satisfactorily answered by geologists. They can see as far into a millstone as anybody, but where the great deposits or quarry from whence the gold comes that has been rasped in particles and thrown towards the surface to be rolled in the sand by the action of running water, or caught as prisoners in quartz rock, while that was either in solution or in condition of pulverizations, is the problem. Occasionally such enormous nuggets are found, quite solitary it seems, to indicate they were broken off from a large mass somewhere and driven away in a torrent of gravel whose onward, upward force was irresistible till it met with counter currents. The old theory which supposed the precious metal was existing in combination with others in a gaseous form, and occasionally precipitated by electricity into lumps which worked their way like moles from the interior through stratas of the earth's compact crust, is now quite obsolete. An impression is gaining advocates that gold does actually exist in great bodies, somewhere, not very far down, from whence fragments and particles are gradually brought up by aquatic agency. This gives a more reasonable explanation of the diffusion of gold in small particles all over the globe.

Communications.

MACHINERY AND LABOR.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)
DEAR SIR,—All the popular movements that have at any time agitated the public mind, having for their object the bettering of humanity, seem to have been supported by an instinctive philosophy better felt than explained by those interested; and so at present with the industrial classes of the civilized world in their advance towards amelioration, there seems to be an instinctive tuition impelling the great army of labor towards the grand centre of Unionism—in other words, the recognition of the general identity of interest among the great producing elements of man is being daily realized and acted upon by those most interested. And this coming together means humanity. Assembling for this end, by the constant interchange of ideas and opinions, latent talent is brought to the surface, and those ideas and opinions soon take the shape of measures presentable to the public, and rationally uncontroversial by those who, for personal ends, may oppose them. The measures advanced by labor for its own advancement socially, intellectually and politically are various, and to say the least reasonable. But I shall not at this time direct my attention to the general features of labor reform, but confine myself to that one principle which at present appears to eclipse all others in the labor movement, namely, short time. Very far back in the history of man; as far back as we have record of our ancestry, labor was the first grand and incumbent duty of man, and so it has continued to be down

to the present, except in instances where, by false systems of economy, some succeed in siddling their share of the God implied duty—on all mankind—on the shoulders of others.

But at all times, and history records no exception, (where famine or pestilence did not prevail,) where man, upon a limited amount of physical exertion, was not able to provide enough and to spare for his physical wants. But generation after generation, in the weary struggle of man against his fellow man for life and liberty, down to the present, the brain through all this time has gradually been coming to the rescue or relief of the muscle; so that in this age of comparative perfection, when we behold man plowing on waters irrespective of winds or currents, and behold, also, the triumphs of steam on land; the terrible power of electricity brought within the compass of the will of man, annihilating space; and contemplate the vast improvements applied to every science of man, for the purpose of relieving the physical requirements in the operation of the different callings—we must truly say, the intellectual man has triumphed over the physical man. In viewing this side of the picture—namely, the progress of man—the triumph of the mental man—we must call it bright, exceedingly bright. But let us ask ourselves the question, who reaps the benefit of the vast increase arising from those victories of the mind. To a certain extent the operative class do, but to a very limited extent. While on the other hand, we have brought into existence large nonproductive influential speculative classes, middlemen amassing princely fortunes in amazingly short spaces of time, so that the blessings that have made production within a century fifty per cent. greater upon the same amount of physical outlay, has done nothing but create a vast amount of rings—provision rings, money rings, banking frauds, etc.—all vultures hovering about the prostrate carcass of labor, until their greed has become almost intolerable.

I will now give a few figures from statistics relating to the prosperity and progress of the country that may justly be styled the parent of inventions—England—a country that has enjoyed unexampled prosperity for some years back, especially in her coal and iron trade. England exported coal in 1850 to the amount of 3,300,000 tons, which in 1870 had increased to 11,400,000 tons, while the mining population during the same period has increased less than fifty per cent. In 1850 the export of pig iron was 141,900 tons, and in 1870 752,600 tons. The export of bar and railroad iron together in 1850 amounted to 469,400 tons, while in 1870 the items of bar, bolt, angle and rod iron amounted to 322,000 tons alone, while railroad iron had reached the enormous sum of 1,060,000 tons. And we have this enormous increase of production with less than 60 per cent. increase in the population in those branches of trade. If we take the cotton and woollen trades the increase in production is equally as striking, with nothing like a corresponding increase of operative labor; in fact, the population in the cotton districts is declining, and the number of paupers requiring aid in midsummer in those districts exceeds by many thousands the number in mid-winter in 1865. While a view at the export figures of those commodities reveals the following facts, that the total exports for seven months, ending July 31, 1872, are more than double the exports of 1851, and the exports of 1872, over the highly prosperous year of 1865, will be little, if at all, short of the whole export of 1851. In 1870 the average monthly export of cotton yarn amounted to 15,500,000 pounds, of cotton piece goods 272,000,000 yards, of woollen cloth 2,700,000 yards, and of worsted goods 19,000,000 yards. For the first six months of this year the monthly export of cotton yarn has averaged 16,600,000 pounds, of cotton piece goods 284,000,000 yards, of woollen cloth 2,300,000 yards, and of worsted goods 29,800,000 yards. I find by reference to the Registrar-General's report for the quarter ending June 30th, that the excess of births over deaths in England and Wales was 87,797, or 965 per day. The details of births and deaths reveal some significant facts. There has been a great increase of marriages and births throughout the coal and iron districts. In the factory districts there has been neither increase nor decrease to speak of, while in the rural districts the population is decreasing, as it has been for the last forty years. But the natural increase is more than counterbalanced by an emigration of 89,213 persons during the same period. It will be seen that at this time of unparalleled prosperity in the mining and manufacturing industries of Great Britain, there is hardly remunerative work for the existing laboring population, and this is so evident that the prospect of any increase in the working classes is viewed with apprehension by such organs of the moneyed in-

terests as the London Times. It is an unnatural thing when the increase of the laboring classes is looked upon with feelings of apprehension, yet such seems to be the case in Britain by those who hold the reins of power. And that such is really the case, notwithstanding her vast resources and appliances to render those resources available for the wants of man upon the least possible outlay of physical force, and so it must continue to be under our present system of labor. I have endeavored to lay before you something of the progress and present prosperity of the greatest industrial community the world has ever seen. In this picture you can behold the triumphs of the mental man in production superceding but not lightening labor. The agriculturists who remain to till the lands of England today, have as much reason to complain of long hours and hard work as their fathers had before the steam plough or reaping machine drove half their numbers from the farms.

No matter from what stand point I view the introduction of labor-saving machinery, so-called—but more properly, labor superceding machinery—as at present applied, the more I am convinced that if there is not a reform of the system of labor the improvements of the age must prove an unmitigated evil, instead of a blessing, to the great mass of humanity, by creating a surplus of laborers and consequent depopulation. Let us take as an instance a land that has sent legions of her sons and daughters to the four winds of heaven—poor Ireland. Behold her a century ago with a teeming population of 8,000,000 souls, turning the Emerald sod with the ancient toy, the primitive spade of Erin—reaping their harvests with the ancient hook, and threshing the grain from their gathered sheaves with the primitive flail—and notwithstanding these primitive means of production, the sons and daughters of Erin enjoyed the fulfillment of the promise in those days to the fullest extent, by having enough and to spare by the sweat of their faces—poverty, a rarity; abject suffering from want not tolerated. And now look at depopulated Ireland of to-day, with barely 4,000,000 of her inhabitants remaining. The God of Nature smiles on the beautiful land as benignly as ever, the loveliness and associations are as inviting and endearing as ever, her sod is as verdant as ever, her soil as capable of giving forth her increase as ever—all her natural beauties and capabilities she still retains, which are now assisted by all the appliances of modern civilization. And what is the result? Extremes of poverty and streams of wealth; the poor-house a necessity and an established institution of the land; and still the people flee from Erin with unabated flow, as though fleeing from a plague—and truly, for the name of the plague is, unjust and unequal distribution of labor and its results.

But this state of things cannot always exist; extremes of poverty and wealth are not the normal conditions of man. The instincts at present moving the masses of man will ere long prove more potent to ameliorate the condition of society than all the class philanthropy of the age, and more wise to properly adjust the systems of society than all the philosophy possessed by the savans of our time.

Feeling that I have already trespassed too much upon your space, I will close.
Yours faithfully,
JOHN HEWITT.

CIGARMAKERS' STRIKE.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)
SIR,—The Cigar-makers' of this city have for some time past felt their pay to be inadequate to enable them to meet the increasing rates of the times, and at a special meeting held on the 25th of September, it was unanimously resolved to ask for an advance on the scale of prices already paid, or strike, provided it was not granted.
And hence, in furtherance of that resolution, a formal demand for an advance was made on Tuesday, October 1st, and with two exceptions, Mr. F. Drouillard and Mr. Chas. Schuch, resulted in a refusal on the part of the employers to concede the demand. Hence the strike.
I append a copy of the note addressed to the employers, also their reply, which will, I think, fully explain the matter. Trusting you will insert this,
I remain fraternally,
Wm. V. TODD,
Chairman Vigilance Committee.
Note addressed to the Employers.
Toronto, October 1st, 1872.
GENTLEMEN,—In presenting this matter for your consideration and approval, we wish it to be understood that we do so from actual necessity, and not from any desire to disturb the amicable relations now existing between us as employers and employees.
Please note the inequality that exists in

the prices paid for our labor and the rate we have to pay for the necessaries of life—provisions, fuel, house rent, &c.—you will find that we can barely make both ends meet, leaving no margin in case of sickness or any casualty.

You will also observe that whereas the price of the necessaries we consume have increased in many cases twenty per cent., in our request we ask for an increase of ten, and in some instances only five.

Trusting that you will give this your earliest consideration, and confer a favor by returning an answer by the 5th inst.,
We remain, respectfully, on behalf of our Shopmates and Union,
O. REINHOLD.
H. SIMON.
P. KEARNEY.

Cigarmakers' Committee Rooms,
Trades' Assembly Hall.

Reply to Messrs. O. Reinhold, H. Simon, P. Kearney.

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to yours of yesterday, asking the advance of wages, we have to say that we have fully considered the matter, and much regret having to say that owing to the high prices of tobacco, as well as the low cost at which cigars are imported from countries affording much cheaper labor, are against us as manufacturers. Having to compete, we find it impossible to grant an advance on the prices we are already paying—a circumstance we much regret; but still feel you will agree with us that if we cannot employ our capital to advantage in manufacturing cigars here, we must cease to do so, and endeavor to find a paying enterprise elsewhere, or in some other way.

Yours respectfully,
C. P. REID & Co.

PATHETIC LIVES.

Crazy Black Dick was the name by which a benevolent negro who died the other day in Harrisburgh, Pa., was known. He was an idiot. He seemed to have but one impulse, and very little mind. How he lived we do not know, but he should have had a pension from the State and a gold medal from the Royal Humane Society, and all the orders ever invented to reward those who devote themselves to the public welfare. For Crazy Black Dick gave his whole attention to warning people off the railway track when a train was coming. How many lives he saved can never be known, but he was faithful to his self-imposed duty. Once some officers of the road offered him a free ride to Pittsburgh, and Dick accepted it. But when he got back he was grieved to hear that a child had been killed in his absence, and Dick never afterwards left his post until relieved by death. To us there is something exquisitely pathetic in such a life. Very few ideas could get into Dick's poor head, but the self-sacrificing life of the poor fellow with the clouded intellect was immeasurably more sublime than the most brilliant life of self-seeking in the world. Here was an intellect scarcely superior to that of a brute ennobled by a purpose as sublime as that of an angel.

There is another story which we may have told in these columns before, but which deserves to be set alongside this one of Dick.

In Rock Island, Illinois, there was, a few years ago, and perhaps she is there yet, a woman who had been put in for insanity. It is the inhuman custom of people in some parts of the country to confine lunatics in jails. At the time we saw her she had been there for years, and we could not find that anybody knew to whom she belonged or at whose instance she had been confined. This old woman did not have a cell in the women's department, but in the men's. She was called "The Mother," and wore round her neck a clumsy wooden cross that had been whittled by some prisoner. Her whole time was employed in caring for the prisoners; she patched their clothes and darned their socks and nursed them in sickness. The hardened criminals venerated her, and if any man had dared molest "The Mother," he would have found plenty ready to defend her. Her cell-door stood open, and she walked out among the men who were congregated in the corridor, looking on them all as her sons. Here was an intellect clouded and a moral nature unimpaired. The blessed old Sister of Charity had all the sweet mother-love in her heart, and she was a very angel of mercy to those outcasts.

How many women of culture there are who, failing of the natural objects of motherly tenderness, grow only to care for themselves! How much poorer are they in spirit than this old insane creature who overflowed with love and blessing to those in prison.—Exchange.

The cigar-makers' of this city are out on strike. Particulars may be found in another column.

THE GREAT SUSPENSION BRIDGE

Work on the East River Bridge, between New York and Brooklyn, is rapidly progressing. The caisson on the New York side is now completed, and the superstructure or tower has reached the height of 24 feet above high water, 800 cubic yards of masonry being laid every week. There are about fifty men employed on the structure, and they are under the personal supervision of four engineers, headed by Colonel Roebling. Everything possible is done by steam. The stone comes from Maine, and is stored at Rod Hook, Long Island, immediately opposite Governor's Island. A scow plies between the structure and the Island every day. From the scow, the stone is lifted by steam to the dock, where, at a certain point, two tracks come together. The stone is placed on two cars and conveyed to the structure, to the top of which it is raised and placed in its proper position by means of steam derricks. Then the spaces are filled up with concrete composed of cement, sand, and gravel. Even this is mixed by machinery. A revolving shaft is used to perform this operation, which is found to be much more thorough and economical than it could possibly be done by hand. After this structure is completed the next step will probably be the building of anchorages on the New York and Brooklyn sides. These will each be 800 feet inland from the towers, the New York one at the corner of Water and Dover streets, and the Brooklyn anchorage at the corner of James and Mercein streets.—Scientific American.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE, TORONTO TIME.

GRAND TRUNK EAST.					
DETROIT TO TORONTO.					
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
Detroit - Leave	6.50	4.00	6.30	0.00	
Port Huron -	9.25	7.00	9.00	0.00	
Sarnia -	10.20	0.00	9.45	0.00	
London - Leave	11.20	7.30 a.m.	2.45	p.m.	
TORONTO TO DETROIT.					
	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	
Stratford - Leave	1.50	0.00	1.25	9.15	
Guelph -	3.45	7.30	3.10	11.05	
TORONTO TO MONTREAL.					
	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
Toronto -	6.22	0.00	5.37	1.05	
Whitby -	8.00	0.00	7.07	8.55	
Oshawa -	0.00	0.00	7.15	9.07	
Bowmanville -	0.00	0.00	7.35	9.35	
Port Hope -	9.25	0.00	8.30	10.30	
Cobourg { Arrive	9.40	0.00	8.55	10.45	
{ Leave	9.55	0.00	9.15	11.00	
Belleville -	11.30	0.00	11.15	1.00	
GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.					
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
Montreal - Leave	8.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	
Cornwall -	11.00	0.00	9.15	11.40	
Prescott Junction	1.10	0.00	11.25	1.30	
Ottawa - Arrive	3.45	0.00	0.00	6.15	
TORONTO TO DETROIT.					
	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	
Toronto - Lve	11.30	3.45	7.30	11.45	5.30
Guelph -	1.50	5.28	9.25	1.55	8.35
Stratford -	3.30	7.45	12 n.	3.45	0.00
London Arrive	0.00	9.10	2.10 p.m.	10.45	
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.					
MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.					
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Suspension Br.	7.00	12.40	4.40	9.50	1.20
Hamilton	7.20	9.00	2.10	6.20	11.30
Paris -	0.00	10.25	3.23	7.37	12.55
London -	6.45	12.50	5.25	0.00	2.45
Chatham	1.05	3.30	7.50	0.00	5.05
Windsor	4.20	5.15	9.20	0.00	6.45
MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.					
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Windsor -	4.20	7.45	8.25	11.30	7.45
Chatham -	6.05	11.20	9.55	1.10	9.10
London -	6.00	8.40	0.00	12.35	3.55
Paris -	7.40	10.20	0.00	2.10	6.05
Hamilton	9.10	11.35	0.00	3.35	7.35
Sus'n Br	10.55	1.00 p.m.	5.35	9.30	4.00
TORONTO TO HAMILTON.					
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
Toronto - Leave	7.00	11.50	4.00	8.00	
Hamilton - Arrive	8.45	1.40 p.m.	6.00	9.40	
HAMILTON TO TORONTO.					
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
Hamilton - Leave	9.10	11.30	3.35	7.40	
Toronto - Arrive	11.00	1.25 p.m.	5.30	9.30	
NORTHERN RAILWAY.					
Moving North. Moving South.					
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
Toronto,	7.00	4.00	Collingwood	5.05	4.00
Newmarket	8.50	5.30	Barrie	6.50	5.40
Barrie	10.30	7.35	Newmarket	8.50	7.40
Collingwood	12.20	9.20	Toronto	10.35	9.30
T. G. AND B. RAILWAY.					
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.					
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
Toronto -	7.30	3.45	Mt. Forest	6.00	3.20
Orangeville	10.35	6.50	Orangeville	8.30	5.55
Mt. Forest - 1.00 9.20 Toronto - 11.30 8.50.					

The Home Circle.

THE SINGER AS A NURSE.

THE MEETING BETWEEN HER AND HER WOUNDED HUSBAND.

Pauline Lucca, the renowned prima donna, is now in New York, and will for a season delight American ears with her songs. Her husband was a lieutenant in the Prussian army, and at one of the battles around Metz was seriously wounded. The meeting between herself and her husband, as he lay on his bed, dangerously wounded, is thus described by a German paper:

Madame Lucca entered, and her eyes sought the husband she loved so well; but what a scene of wretchedness met her gaze! In a small, stuffy room stood a bed, fitted by its size duly for a child. On it lay the form of a man at least six feet in height, with his legs hanging down over the end of the bedstead, his head and face almost entirely concealed with wrappers and bandages, and his mouth and nose swollen, and the color of lead.

"Is that my husband?" asked Madame Lucca, in a quivering voice.

"That is Lieutenant von Rhaden—yes."

She sank down upon a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Madame," said the surgeon, in a tone of gentle reproach, "I should not have brought you in here had not your husband often told me that you were a woman of extraordinary strength of mind."

Mme. Lucca arose. Her face was pale, but her demeanor resolute.

"My husband shall not be mistaken in me," she said, with a determined look, approaching the bed. "Adolph," she whispered, "your Pauline is here."

"He is still asleep," observed the surgeon.

"But his eyes are wide open," she replied.

"Only the left eye; the nerves of that one have been torn by the shot, he cannot close it again, any more than he can move the lashes; he is deaf in the left ear; he has no power either over the left side of his mouth, or the left side of his face generally."

"And will this always remain so?" inquired his wife anxiously.

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "We must hope for the best."

"Pauline" sighed the patient, with a tongue injured by the shot.

"Madame, be kind enough to step behind the head of the bed," said the surgeon rapidly, in a low tone. "Your husband, the Baron, is on the point of waking, and the sudden sight of you would be too much for him."

The sick man moved; the surgeon sat down by the bedside and felt his pulse. "You have been asleep a long time, Baron. Do you feel at all relieved?"

"A little," murmured the patient. "I have had another pleasant dream."

"About your wife? you pronounced her name."

"Yes, about my Pauline; I saw her bodily at my bedside. She was weeping, and whispered, 'Adolph.'"

"And supposing your dream should turn out true?" said the surgeon, sounding his way.

"I would sooner believe," replied the sick man, with a mournful smile, "that an angel had come down to me from high Heaven above."

His wife, profoundly moved, could restrain herself no longer. "Adolph!" she exclaimed in a voice choked with tears, as she sank down on her knees by his bed.

We will not dwell further on the scene of their meeting. The surgeon had to restrain, to console and to tranquilize the two. By resorting to the argument that the war had rendered thousands still more wretched, he succeeded in restoring the young wife to her composure and even her good spirits.

"May my husband take anything?" she inquired. "I have brought a case with compressed vegetables." She sighed involuntarily as she mentioned this ominous vegetarian diet.

"At present only coffee," said the patient half-articulate; "coffee, coffee! nothing else!"

"Oh! I am very great at that!" she cried, in perfect good spirits once more. "You shall have as fragrant Mocha as you ever drank with me at Hiller's!"

The surgeon sent immediately for a coffee machine, and in a quarter of an hour the Mocha was steaming in the cups. The sick man—as Mme. Lucca relates herself with great satisfaction—let her pour out five cups of it for him, so greatly was his stomach in need of nourishment.

Her next care was to procure a more airy room and soft bedding for herself and maid, as well as for the patient. The surgeon informed her that in all Pont-a-Mousson they knew of only one house where rooms and bedding were still to be had. But the owner, a government official, declared that all his own family were ill, and so he kept his house closed against every one.

Hereupon Mme. Lucca rose with all her old energy. "The government official wants to be better off than my husband? I have not a pass from Count Eulenburg for nothing!" and seizing her bonnet and umbrella, she turned towards the door.

"Adolph, you shall soon have better quarters. Rely upon me."

So speaking, she darted away toward the house in question. After she had knocked violently a long time the door was at last

opened. A meagre-looking individual, in a dressing gown of a large flowered pattern, and a skull cap on his head, presented himself.

"Mein Herr!" she said, without more ado, "I require you to give me two airy rooms and three of your softest beds. * * * Ah! you do not understand! *Bon! Tresbien!* Then I will show you that what was paid for me at school was not thrown away." Hereupon she explained in the purest vernacular, according to the easily intelligible system of Toussaint Langenschoidt, that she would pay whatever he chose to demand for the rooms and the beds; should he, however (she continued), think fit to pretend with her, as with others, that he was hard of understanding, she would have him and all his lot turned out into the street at the shortest notice. To prove the power she possessed she showed this brightly-flowered individual in the skull cap the pass she had obtained from Count Eulenburg. The effect was drastic. The government official instantly drew in his horns; he placed two of his best rooms and three beds with clean bed-clothes and well-stuffed feather beds at the disposal of so dangerous a lady. He certainly demanded an enormous price; but Madame Lucca paid it in glittering Friedrichs d'or without haggling. This appeared to impress him deeply.

The removal of the sick man and the entry of his extremely healthy wife, with her maid and the compressed vegetables, took place the same evening.

"There, Adolph," she observed, with a certain pride to her husband, as he sat up in his soft bed, "this blessing would never have fallen to your lot had I not understood a little French."

For ten days did she tend the patient with true devotion. Despite the fearful miasma produced by the festering of the wound she never left his bedside. Her maid did the cooking, and steamed every day a quantity, prescribed by the physician, of the compressed vegetables, which had to be taken in a very liquid form by the patient, whose condition continued gradually to improve every day.

AN ECCENTRIC FRENCH DUEL.

Among the reminiscences told of the Franco-Prussian war is the account of a curious duel between two subordinate officers in the French army.

"You intend to fight a duel, eh?" asked the commandant.

"Yes, Colonel. Words have passed which can only be wiped out by blood. We don't want to pass for cowards."

"Very well, you shall fight, but it must be in this way: Take your carbines, place yourselves on a line facing Malmaison, where the enemy is. You will march upon their garrison with equal step. When sufficiently near their posts you will then fire upon them. The Prussians will reply. You continue to advance and fire. When one falls the other may turn upon his heels; and his retreat shall be covered by one of my companies."

The matter was arranged as the commandant had dictated. At twenty paces from the walls of Malmaison one of the adversaries was wounded, staggered, and fell. The other ran to him, raised him up, and carried him off on his shoulders amid a perfect hail-storm of balls—both, thenceforth, entitled to the greatest honor and respect from the whole regiment.

TRUSTING GOD.

Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess, that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case: God has been depriving me of one mercy after another; but as one is removed, he has come in and filled up its place. Now when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety. If God had only told me some time ago that he was about to make me as happy as I could be in this world, and then had told me he should begin by crippling me in all my limbs, and removing me from my usual sources of enjoyment, I should have thought it a very strange mode of accomplishing this purpose. And yet how is his wisdom made manifest even in this!

FANNY FERN ON FASHION.

When I say that the street dress of the majority of respectable women of New York to-day is disgusting, I but freely express my emotions. I say the respectable women, and yet, save to them who know them to be such, their appearance leaves a wide margin for doubt. The clown at a circus wears not a more parti-colored costume; in fact, his has the advantage of being sufficiently "taut," to use a nautical phrase, not to interfere with locomotion; while theirs—what with disgusting humps upon their backs, and big rosettes upon their shoulders, and loops, and folds, and buttons, and clasps, and bows upon their skirts, and striped satin petticoats, all too short to hide their clumsy ankles—and more colors and shades of colors heaped upon one poor little fashion-ridden body than ever was gathered in one rainbow—and all this worn

without regard to temperature, or time, or place—I say this presents a spectacle which is too disheartening to be comical. One cannot smile at the young girls who are one day—Heaven help them—to be wives and mothers!

A DISCONSOLATE SHOWMAN.

A Western showman was exhibiting a giant-ess who kept the scales in the vicinity of six hundred pounds. She was, "like heavenly pastures, large and fair," and proved a very profitable card. In order that these voluminous and profitable charms should not be sequestered from him, the showman secured a life interest in them by marriage. Unfortunately the bride sickened unto death, and a council of physicians declared her recovery impossible. The disconsolate showman wandered out of the village where "unmerciful disaster" had overtaken him, and leaning over a fence, gave way to a flood of tears. A sympathetic bystander, learning the cause of his grief, attempted consolation by depicting what the future might have in store for him. "Oh," said the pseudo widower, "that is all very well, but the thing that worries me is what I am to do now. You see she's so big that I'm pestered to know whether I'd better coax her into a graveyard to die, or get up two expensive funerals."

A WORD FOR THE WIFE.

There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modest author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence he will resort to his merchandise, or his farm; fly over lands, sail over seas, meet difficulty, or encounter danger, if he only knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for his happy hours, while for his unhappy moments of darkness no sympathizing partner is prepared.

WHIRLPOOLS OF FIRE.

Not long since, the water of Raritan bay was impregnated with phosphorus. The whole bay was covered with phosphorescent bubbles. These bubbles were about the size of peas. They could be seen oozing from the bottom of the bay to the depth of three feet. There was a fair wind, and as the water broke against the boats riding at anchor, it seemed to cover them with a spray of white fire. The beach for miles was fringed with a broad ribbon of phosphorescent light, and the piers, deluged with the burning water, seemed like break-waters of illuminated alabaster.

The splashing of oars stirred up small whirlpools of fire. At Richmond Valley, Mr. LaForge's Newfoundland dog jumped into illuminated sea, stirring up great eddies of white light. When the dog re-appeared on the beach, his shaggy hide shone like the satin dress of a ballet dancer under a strong calcium light.

Probably the most beautiful sight was an immense school of terrified mossbunkers. Millions of these golden fish dashed over the water in sweeping circles, like circus riders. The face of the bay for hundreds of feet seemed like an enormous revolving pin-wheel. Near the shore the water seemed of a milky color. The white seemed to be reflected in clouds, and the air seemed to be surcharged with electricity. Sheet lightning danced on the clouds in the West, and an unnatural quietness reigned in the bay.

The phenomena lasted from nine o'clock in the evening until three in the morning, when it died away. It was most brilliant about midnight.

AN ORIGINAL FISH STORY.

There is a colored skeptic living near Panola, Miss., who treats religion with more levity than solemnity, and who fishes on Sunday. Being remonstrated with some weeks ago, he replied irreverently that he would go the next Sunday morning "before God gets up, and catch a nice string of fish." Accordingly, on the following Sunday morning, he repaired to the banks of the Tallahatchie river, very early, and threw his baited hook and line in the stream. Scarcely had he done so, when there was a violent struggle at his hook, and a counter pull from the shore brought to the surface of the water a huge catfish, which found voice to say—

"You shall remain here fishing all the days of your life, till God gets up," and then disappeared. Since that time all efforts to drag the unfortunate fisherman from the bank of the river have proved unavailing. It is evident that he labors under a strange hallucination, but he insists it is the judgment of the Almighty, and that he must continue angling in that spot until he receives absolution from his offended Maker. The fish story is of course entirely original with the Panolians.

A gentleman who was a mighty hunter was plagued with a degenerate son, who manifested no great predilections for his father's pursuits. One day he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his mortification,—"Cuss me, Tom, if you're not getting perfectly worthless; you'll neither hunt nor fish. I'll be hanged if I don't send you to school."

A TWO-MINUTE SERMON TO GIRLS.

"Ladies—caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks—pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in an unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not get out into the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, and elasticity to your steps, and vigor to your frames? Take exercise; run up the hill on a wager, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and, after a day of exhilarating exercise, and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady—rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk the cows, and be a lady when required, is the girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But you, pining, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-ortgaged, music murdering, and novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness—you see no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint, and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more pudding and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist strings, and breathe pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed."

HE WILL SWEAR.

A story is told of two prominent ministers of Newport, the favorite New England summer resort, which is too good to be lost. Rev. Dr. T. of the Trinitarian Congregational Church, and Rev. Mr. B. of the Unitarian, being on the best terms, were one day invited to dine at the house of a mutual friend. Mr. B., for some reason, failed to come, and some one at the table took occasion to remark upon his excellent qualities.

"Yes," said the doctor, "he is a very fine man, but isn't it a pity he will swear?"

"Mr. B. swear! What do you mean?" was the general exclamation from all sides.

"Mr. B. is a very fine man," persisted the doctor, "but I am sorry to say he sometimes swears."

Being pressed for an explanation, he finally yielded. Some time before, the two had been out fishing together, and as the doctor stood on one rock, he heard some conversation between Mr. B. and a fisherman, who were at a little distance from each other. The fisherman said,—

"I've got a d— good bite."

"So have I," answered Mr. B.

"You see," persisted the doctor, "that though Mr. B. is a very fine man, he will swear."

A NATION OF LIARS.

The island of Ceylon is very beautiful, the scenery lovely, and the soil productive in spices and many kinds of fruits; indeed, it is said that it alone might produce sufficient coffee for the consumption of the entire world. The natives, however, are far from pleasing; they are generally of short stature, very effeminate-looking, apathetic, and such liars that it is impossible to depend upon their word. If they may but repose for hour after hour under a tree, with a piece of bread fruit beside them, they seem to care for little else. The men wear their hair turned up behind with a comb, the height of the comb denoting the rank of the wearer. This, and the small features, gives them altogether such an effeminate appearance that it is difficult for an European to distinguish them from the females.

A visitor lately entered one of the schools, and seeing a row of boys sitting with their backs towards him, and each with a comb in his head, unconsciously asked if boys and girls were educated together. One of the natives of high rank was lately called on to give evidence at a trial, and swore such complete falsehoods that he was imprisoned for perjury. He applied to the English governor, and with surprise asked why he should be punished for what his people did.

"My father," he said, "was a liar, and my grandfather was a liar, and my great-grandfather was a liar, and we are all liars. It is the custom of my country. Why should I be punished?"

The time-honored practice of a young lady winning a pair of gloves by kissing a somnolent old gentleman may be described on his part as kidnapping, and on hers as kidnapping.

Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the use of the letter H discussed, and whether it were a letter or not. If it were not, he said, it would be a very serious affair for him, for it would make him ill all the days of his life.

The WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm Street, is conducted by Bell Belmont, on the good old English principle, which gives the greatest satisfaction to its numerous patrons. The bar is most tastefully decorated, and pronounced by the press to be the Prince of Bars. Under the entire management of Mrs. E. Belmont, who is always proud to attend to the customer's wants. A spacious billiard room, and attentive waiters, render the WHITE HART a popular place of resort. Adv.

Grains of Gold.

"I go through my work," reprovingly said the needle to the idle boy. "But not till you're pushed through," triumphantly replied the little boy to the needle.

An exchange gives the substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury on a man who died in a state of inebriation:—"Death by hanging—round a rum-shop."

A would-be suicide in Maine is going to sue the apothecary who sold him arrowroot instead of arsenic, for obtaining money under false pretences.

They do business with despatch in Texas. A man who had lost a valuable mare received the following telegraphic despatch: "Mare here. Come get her. Thief hung."

A tipsy stutcher, trying to walk on an icy pavement, exclaimed, "Very a-singular, w-w-whenver water freezes, it always fr-fr-freezes with the slippery side up."

"O my dear! there is a most lovely set—pin, ear-rings, and breast-pin, Do go buy them."—"Yes, my dear: I mean to go by them as fast as possible."

Fashion is something that causes Betsy, the servant girl, who goes bareheaded all the week, when the sun is shining, to wear gloves and carry a parasol on Sunday, when it is cloudy.

"Pa, are you still growing?"—"No, Frank. What makes you think so?"—"Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

A grocer was complaining that several boxes of candles had been stolen from him, of which he could get no trace—when a customer advised him to be of good cheer, as the candles would undoubtedly soon come to light.

A broken-hearted widower in Indianapolis, has erected a pine slab over his wife's grave, and presented a fine piano to the girl who was kind to him during his afflictions.

Old Scotch lady—"Tak' a snuff, sir!" Gentleman (with large nasal promontory, indignation)—"Do I look like a snuffer?" Old lady—"Well, I canna jist say you do, though I maun say ye hae grand accommodations."

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

An Arkansas paper says that one citizen of that State, eighty-three years of age, lately married a blooming widow of thirty-five; and that another Arkansian, ninety-eight, less unfortunate than his younger fellow citizen, on the same day, fell down stairs and broke his neck.

During the late conference at Worcester, Mass., says an exchange, the following dialogue was overheard between two newboys: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being all together?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meet once a year to swop sermons."

Splitting the difference.—A young man asked his sweetheart if he might be permitted to kiss her, and give her an affectionate hug. "No," said she, "I can't allow that; but I'll tell you what I will do; I'll split the difference with you—you may kiss me, and I'll hug you."

A New York journal, in speaking of the magic strains of a hand organ, says—"When he played 'Old Tray,' we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing away the tears from their eyes with their forepaws."

Cuffy said he'd rather die in a railroad smash up than a steamboat burst up, for this reason: "If you gets off and smashed up dar you is; but if you gets blowed up on the boat, whar is you?"

The learned Dr. West, having married a lady by the name of Experience, who was very tall, being asked what he thought of the married state, he replied, that "by long Experience he had found it a good thing to be married."

A lady who had recently given each of her female servants a pair of her cast-off shoes, found the following impromptu on her chamber mantelpiece one morning—

"How careful should our mistress be,
The narrow way to choose
When all the maids within the house
Are walking in her shoes!"

An editor wrote a leading article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said, "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaux." When the paper was issued, he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say, "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beans."

VERY ADHESIVE.—"Really, my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his better-half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you have turned out only a bit of matrimonial pasta." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that pasta is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

The Norwich "Advertiser" says, "A young lady, very pretty, walked around the new road (seven miles), in one hour and forty-five minutes. We remember escorting her around the road once by moonlight. Time—four hours and forty minutes. But then she said she wasn't in a hurry. The old folks had gone to camp-meeting."

Household Recipes.

MUCILAGE.—Glue, water, and three per cent. of nitric acid adheres well to metallic surfaces. Hair-brushes should be frequently washed in some alkaline solution, and thoroughly dried.

PLUM CAKE.—Nine pounds of flour, nine eggs, three pounds of sugar, one pint of yeast, one spoonful of rose-water. Spice to your taste: wet with milk.

SMOKY LAMPS.—To prevent the smoking of a lamp, soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn bright and clear, and amply repay you for the trifling labor.

PRESERVING STUFFED ANIMALS WITHOUT ARSENIC.—Rub the flesh side of the skin with a composition of one pound of tobacco ashes, half a pound of alum, and two pounds of dry slaked lime.

CLEANING OIL PAINT.—Whiting is better than soap. Use warm water and a piece of soft flannel. Afterwards wash clean and rub dry with chamois.

HARDENING WOOD FOR PULLEYS.—After a wooden pulley is turned and rubbed smooth, boil it for about eight minutes in olive oil, then allow it to dry, after which it will ultimately become almost as hard as copper.

BLEACHING FEATHERS.—First clean from greasy matter, then place the feathers in a dilute solution of bi-chromate of potassa, to which a small quantity of nitric acid has been added. The greenish deposit of chromic sesquioxide which ensues may be removed by weak sulphurous acid, when the feathers will be left perfectly white.

RENDERING CLOTH WATERPROOF.—Put half a pound of sugar of lead and a like quantity of powdered alum into a bucket of soft water. Stir until clear, and pour off into another bucket, into which place the cloth or garment. Soak for twenty-four hours, and hang up to dry without wringing. This process is said to be very effective.

FILTER FOR CISTERN WATER.—Perforate the bottom of a wooden box with a number of small holes. Place inside a piece of flannel, cover with coarsely-powdered charcoal, over this coarse river sand, and on top of this small pieces of sandstone.

ZINC WASH FOR ROOMS.—Mix oxide of zinc with common size, and apply it with a brush, like lime whitewash, to the ceiling of a room. After this apply a wash, in the same manner, of the chloride of zinc, which will combine with the oxide and form a smooth cement with a shining surface.

MAKING CITRIC ACID.—Treat fresh lemon juice with powdered chalk until all the acid is neutralized. Citrate of lime will be precipitated, which wash and then decompose by means of diluted sulphuric acid. A precipitate of sulphate of lime will then be formed while the citric acid dissolves. Filter, and the citric acid will deposit itself in crystals when the concentrated liquid cools.

TO CLEANSE WOODEN FLOORS.—The dirtiest of floors may be rendered beautifully clean by the following process:—First scrub with sand, then rub with a lie of caustic soda, using a stiff brush, and rinse off with warm water. Just before the floor is dry, moisten with dilute hydrochloric acid, and then with a thin paste of bleaching powder (hypochlorite of lime); let this remain over night and wash in the morning.

A small boy arose at a Sunday School concert and began quite glibly: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell—and fell—" Here his memory began to fail him. "And—and fell by the roadside, and thorus sprang up and choked him."

"Charley, what makes your cheeks so red?" asked his sister's admirer, of a little urchin five years old. "Cause I put some of sister's paint on. She puts it on every day." It was an embarrassing disclosure all around. At least Charley thought so after the visitor had gone.

A little boy of six summers was sent one morning to call his grandfather to breakfast. The old gentleman was (in the habit of snoring very hard, and as the boy pushed open the door, he was frightened at the unusual noise. He rushed back to his mother, exclaiming, "Ma, grandpa's been barking at me!"

A local editor, during the recent backward season, wrote an item in which occurred the quotation about "winter lingering in the lap of spring." But the managing editor cut it out. He said the idea was good enough, and original, and all that sort of thing; but it would not do to publish, because the high moral tone of the paper had to be maintained in a town full of seminary girls.

The testimony of a daughter of the parties to a recent Indiana divorce suit seems conclusive: "Father got mad because mother starched his stockings; mother picked up the stockings and hit father on the head with them, and it sounded as though they were sticks of wood; father then stuffed a hot wheat cake down mother's throat; and then mother set the dog on father, and twisted the dog's tail to make him bite harder."

A youthful Connecticut lover who sang and played before his young lady's house for two mortal hours the other night was electrified after a short pause by a cordial "thank you," gracefully pronounced by the "other fellow," who appeared at the window.



Society Seal Presses,
RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS.
CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, & C.,
ENGRAVED ON HAND STAMPS.
CHAS. A. SCADDING,
83 Bay Street, Toronto.

Important Notice!

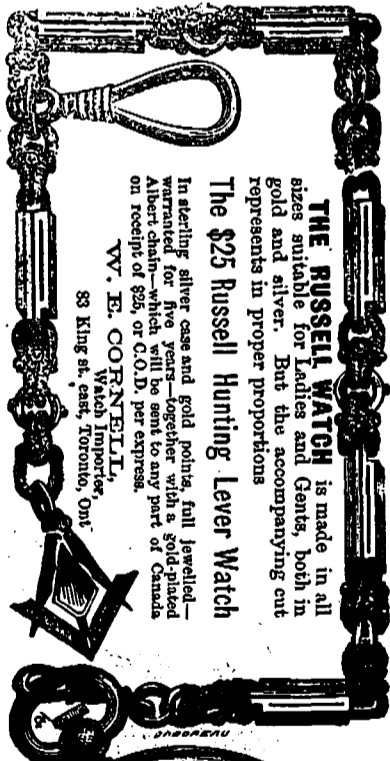
QUEEN STREET TEA STORE,
OPPOSITE TERAULEY STREET.

Special attention is invited to our new stock of choice **TEAS**, comprised of the following:
YOUNG HYSON, SOUCHONGS, OOLONGS, CONGOU, GUNPOWDER, JAPAN & PEKOES
All of which have been purchased since the duty was taken off, and cannot be equalled in value.
H. K. DUNN,
51 Queen St. West.
N.B.—All kind of choice Wines and Spirits; Claret \$3 Case; Dawe's Montreal Pale Ale and Porter.

JOHN McCORMICK,
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE AGENT,
SPADINA AVENUE,
Nearly opposite St. Patrick's Street, Toronto.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Agent for the Western Assurance Company of Canada. **HEAD OFFICE**—Western Assurance Buildings, corner of Church and Colborne Streets, Toronto.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Agent for the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC IS respectfully solicited to
THE WORKINGMEN'S NEWS DEPOT,
JUST OPENED BY
MR. ANDREW SCOTT
AT 211 KING STREET EAST.
Rooms suitable for Trades Meetings open to engagement.
A large assortment of School Books, Magazines, Periodicals, Bibles, Albums, etc., etc., always on hand. Orders from the country punctually attended to.



THE RUSSELL WATCH is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gentles, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying cut represents in proper proportions
The \$25 Russell Hunting Lever Watch
In searching for fine time-keepers 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,
83 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.



Hotels.
THE WOODBINE, 88 YONGE STREET.
WM. J. HOWELL, JR., PROPRIETOR.
Choice brands of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand.
QUEEN'S OWN HOTEL—ROBERT TAYLOR, proprietor, 101 King Street West. Choice brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand. The best Free and Easy in the city attached to this establishment.

ÆTNA
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

HEAD OFFICE FOR WESTERN CANADA:
2 TORONTO STREET TORONTO.

Incorporated 1820. Commenced Business in Canada in 1850.

Accumulated Assets, July 1, 1871, over.....	\$16,000,000
Annual Income.....	6,000,000
Surplus over all Liabilities.....	3,000,000
Deposited with Canadian Government.....	100,000
Already paid to Widows and Orphans in Canada, nearly.....	200,000

ALL POLICIES STRICTLY NON-FORFEITING.

No money paid to this Company can ever be lost by discontinuing payments after the second year. The policy remains good, on application, for more insurance than the Cash paid in.

This Old, Reliable, and Most Successful Company affords great advantages in Life Insurance.

AN ANNUAL REVENUE OF OVER \$6,000,000.

Over \$16,000,000 Safely Invested at Interest.

JOHN GARVIN, MANAGER.

L. SIEVERT,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF,
And every description of Tobacconist's Goods,
70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.



NOTICE.

SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS,
Toronto, 1st August, 1872.

A Sale, by Public Auction, of Timber Berths, on the North shore of Lake Huron, and North of French River will be held at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at Twelve noon, on

Tuesday, the Fifteenth day of October next.

The Berths to be offered for sale are projected Townships estimated at an area each of thirty-six square miles, where the outlines are regular; each Township to be put up as one berth and sold as such, and to be adjudged to the person bidding the highest amount of bonus per square mile therefor; payment for the same to be made on the day of sale, by depositing the amount of purchase to the credit of the Department of Crown Lands, in a Bank authorized to receive deposits on account of the Government of Ontario.

All Berths sold to be subject to correction with respect to area, under the first clause of the Crown Timber Regulations.

Licenses for Berths sold will be issued subject to the "Crown Timber Regulations" one month after date of sale, and payment of bonus and ground-rent for current season.

No deduction, from area sold, allowed for water.

The Department reserves the right to one bid on each Berth; and also the right to grant special licenses to cut fuel on the Berths sold, for the supply of coasting steamers.

A map showing the Berths to be disposed of may be seen at the Woods and Forests' Office, Department of Crown Lands, on and after the 15th instant.

R. W. SCOTT,
Commissioner.

Note.—The area to be offered as Timber Berths is very extensive, embracing all unsold and unlicensed lands of the Crown north of Lake Huron and North of French River, and West of the Indian Reserve on Lake Nipissing, to the Eastern boundary of the Townships of Aweres and Vankoughnet, extending North from the Indian Reserve on Lake Nipissing an estimated distance of 24 miles, thence due west to the north-east angle of the Township of Vankoughnet.

Maps of the Territory are for sale by Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co., No. 17 King street East, Toronto.

JUST PUBLISHED,
The Life, Speeches, Labors and Essays

OF
WILLIAM H. SYLVIS,

Late President of the "National Labor Union" and Iron Moulders International Union, by his brother J. C. SYLVIS, of Sunbury, Pa. A text book on Labor Reform. A book which should be in the hands of every working man in the United States. The book contains four hundred and fifty-six pages, with a fine steel engraving of the deceased; is neatly and serviceably bound, and the price reduced to the lowest possible figure. A portion of the proceeds derived from the sale of the work is to be devoted to the young Orphan Family of the deceased, leaving but a trifling margin to cover probable losses. The late Wm. H. Sylvis was identified with the labor movement in this country, from its earliest conception, and his writings and speeches, it is universally conceded, exercised a marked influence abroad, while to them, more than any, is due the surprising progress which that movement has made here. His Biography is therefore in a great measure a history of the Labor movement, and no man who desires to keep pace with the times should be without a copy.

Price \$1 50, sent by Mail or Express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

J. C. SYLVIS,
Sunbury, Northumberland Co., Pa.

MAT'S,
MAT'S,
MAT'S.
FOR CHOICE DRINKS

GO TO
MAT'S.

IF YOU WANT TO
SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING,

GO TO
MAT'S.

ONTARIO WORKMAN
BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
ESTABLISHMENT,

124 Bay Street, Toronto.

Having increased our stock of machinery and material, we wish to inform tradesmen and others that we are prepared to execute orders for

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING,
AT REASONABLE RATES,
WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS FOR

BILL HEADS,
CIRCULARS,
CHEQUES,
CERTIFICATES,
CARDS,
CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS,
LABELS,
PROGRAMMES,
POSTERS.

ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO,
And no efforts spared to give satisfaction.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MacMILLAN.

THOS. H. TAYLOR,
271 YONGE STREET,

Has a Splendid Stock of Woollens for Winter Clothing.

HIS CLOTHING is noted to

LOOK WELL!
FIT WELL!
WEAR WELL!

HIS PRICES compare with any one's in the city.

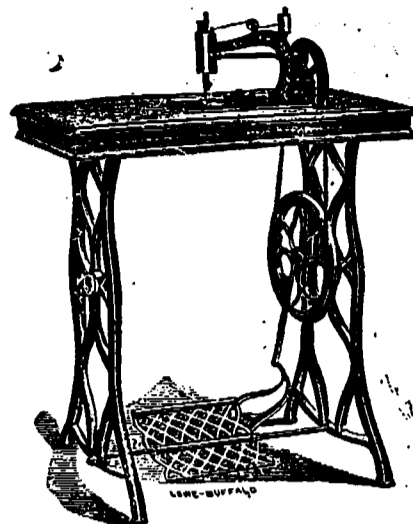
HIS TERMS ARE CASH ONLY.

Be particular,

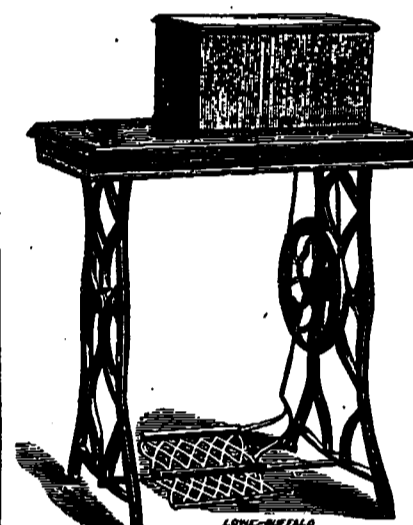
271 YONGE STREET.

THE LOCKMAN PATENT

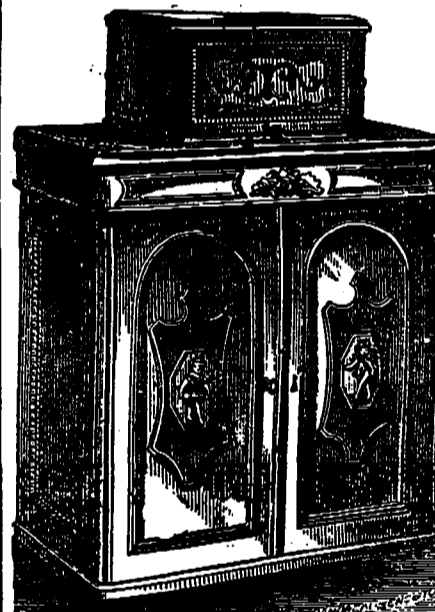
HAND MACHINE,
PRICE \$25.00.



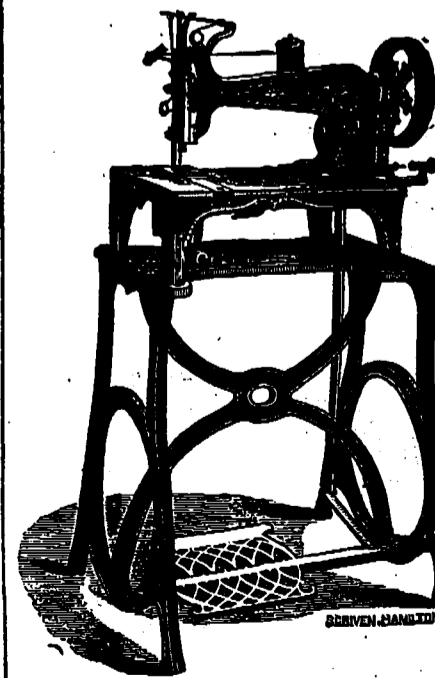
No. 1—PLAIN TOP,
PRICE \$32.00.



No. 2—HALF CABINET CASE,
PRICE \$35.00.



No. 3—FULL CABINET CASE,
PRICE \$45.00 AND UPWARDS.



No. 2—SINGER,
PRICE \$55.00.

The above Machines are the best and cheapest in the market.

WILSON, LOCKMAN & Co.,
Manufacturers,
HAMILTON, ONT.

Some one says that the lion and the lamb may lie down together in this world, but when the lion got up it will be hard work to find the lamb.

Said a nice old lady the other day to a morning caller: "Pray make yourself at home; I'm at home myself, and wish you were too."

What physician stands at the top of his profession?—The gentleman who attends "patients on a monument."

Too Much.—The following congratulatory telegram was lately received by a wedding pair: "Congratulations on your nuptials. May your future troubles be only little ones."

"Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you a moment privately. Permit me to take you apart."—Smith, who wasn't the least bit frightened, "Certainly, sir, if you'll promise to put me together again."

An unreasonable and somewhat misanthropic acquaintance remarks he has often heard the proverb "A friend in need is a friend indeed," but he says he can't see any point in it. He has a friend in need who is always borrowing money of him.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.—Wendell Phillips.

Success does not consist in not making blunders, but in never making them the second time.

There is a certain softness of manner which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.

The first qualities wanted in all who deal with the education of children—patience, self-control, and a youthful heart that remembers its own early days.

Honest and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence.

TO BE PITIED.—The man who is able to work and does not, is to be pitied as well as despised. He knows nothing of sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. He is a miserable drone, and eats a subsistence he does not earn.

J. A. TROUTMAN, L. D. S., DENTIST.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church.
Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a speciality. 26-oh

M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON DENTIST.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—34 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto. 26-hr

CHEAPEST HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE IN THE CITY.

SILK HATS FROM \$2 50 UP.
FELT HATS FROM 50c UP.
CAPS
The following variety:—
BROWN BEAVER, BLACK VELVETS,
BROWN SEAL, BLACK CLOTH,
SEAMLESS, GLENGARRY,
AND GLAZE CAPS.

FURS! FURS! FURS!
Cheapest ever offered to the public.
EVERYTHING NEW. CALL AND SEE.
J. C. PRITTE,
Practical Hatter and Furrier,
254 YONGE STREET. 26-to

M. McCABE, PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,
165 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO,
(OPPOSITE COLLEGE AVENUE.)
Hearses, Carriages, Scarfs, Gloves, and Craps, furnished at Funerals. Fisk's Patent Metallic Cases on hand.
M. McCABE has been appointed City Undertaker by His Worship the Mayor. 26-to

MURPHY & BOLTON,
(Successors to S. Fawkes & E. B. Williams.)
FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,
198 YONGE STREET, NORTH OF QUEEN STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

N. B.—Mrs. McCARTHY'S business has removed to the above address. 26-hr

H. STONE, UNDERTAKER.


337 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Funerals furnished to order. Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases always on hand. REFRIGERATOR COFFINS supplied when required. 26-to

J. YOUNG,
LATE FROM
G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal,
UNDERTAKER,
361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Funerals Furnished with every Requisite.
AGENT FOR FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.
26-to

ONE OF THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCKS OF
New Fancy Dress Goods
In the City, at all Prices.
NEW SELF-COLOR DRESSES,
NEW JAPANESE SILK DRESSES,
NEW WASHING DO., 33 cents a yard.
NEW BLACK SILKS,
NEW MOURNING DRESSES,
NEW PRINTS, COTTON, &c., &c.
OUR OWN DIRECT IMPORTATIONS,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
C. PAGE & SONS,
London House,
194 and 196 Yonge Street.

IT CAN'T BE DENIED,
That our straightforward
ONE PRICE,
PLAIN FIGURE SYSTEM,
Has gained the entire confidence of the public.
OUR STOCK IS NEW,
And was bought under the most
Advantageous Circumstances,
And will be sold at prices which will satisfy even the closest buyers.

"STAR"
Dry Goods & Clothing House
NOTED FOR CHEAP GOODS AND SQUARE DEALING.
26-te

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT
is now complete in every requisite in Millinery Goods. We have spared no expense in procuring
The Most Approved Styles,
FROM
LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, AND NEW YORK.
We can confidently state that we are now showing one of the most
SUPERB MILLINERY
stocks in the Dominion. We solicit an early inspection from our lady patrons.

G. & J. W. COX & CO.,
GOLDEN BONNET.
26-te

OPENED OUT THIS WEEK,
A Third Delivery of
LONDON AND PARIS PATTERN
BONNETS, HATS,
JACKETS, and WATERPROOF CLOAKS,
Which makes our stock complete for this season.
Milliners from the Western towns are specially invited to call and see our Patterns before making selections,
CRAWFORD & SMITH,
91 King Street East.

CRAWFORD & SMITH,
Have received ex S. S. "Rydal Hall,"
GENTS' HAND-KNITTED FINGERING SOCKS,
in Shetland, Brown and Oxford Grey. Sizes, 10, 10 1/2, and 11 inch foot.
Gents' Lamb's Wool Socks.
in Stripes, Fancy Mixtures and Plain Colours, in three different sizes.
French Merinos, Rich Striped Dress Goods, all Wool Tartans, Tartan Long Shawls, Rich Ottoman Striped Wrap Shawls, Anglo-Indian Shawls, Gimps, Buttons, and Fringes, Children's Tartan Hose, &c., &c.
26-te

CLOTHING.
COATS, VESTS, PANTS, OVERCOATS, AND UNDERCOATS,
All kinds of Clothing,
READY-MADE OR MADE TO ORDER.
A First-Class Cutter kept on the premises.
A General Stock of Dry Goods.
JOB LOTS FOR PEDLARS VERY CHEAP,
MEAKIN & CO.,
207 YONGE STREET,
Three doors below Green Bush Hotel, and directly opposite Albert Street.
26-to

CHINA HALL,
Sign of the Big Jug, (Registered)
71 KING STREET EAST.
Cheese Covers and Biscuit Bowls,
Game Pie Dishes,
Fancy Table Flower Pots,
Fancy Table Decorations,
Victoria Flower Stands,
Bohemian Vases,
Stone Filters,
Smoking Sets,
Plated Goods and Cutlery.
Irish Belleek China.
GLOVER HARRISON,
IMPORTER.
26-to

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!
CHARLES O'CONNOR takes this opportunity to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him during the last eighteen years, and begs to announce that he has altered and refitted his store,
228 YONGE STREET,
Making it a first-class light store. He has also re-stocked his store with an assorted and large lot of furniture, making it second to none in the city. Call and price my goods, before purchasing elsewhere.
26-to
CHAS. O'CONNOR.

MECHANICS, ATTENTION!
STOVES! STOVES!
J. R. ARMSTRONG & CO.,
COAL STOVES! WOOD STOVES!
The American Base Burner,
FOR HALLS.
Mechanics will find it to their advantage to call on us before purchasing elsewhere.
161 YONGE STREET.
26-to

TO MECHANICS.
S. M. PETERKIN,
Carver and Gilder, Picture Frame and Looking Glass Manufacturer,
AND DEALER IN
PLAIN AND CARVED BRACKETS,
No. 71 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.
26-to

WORKINGMEN!
TAKE NOTICE!
"BY PERSEVERANCE WE THRIVE."
SELLING OFF!
Preparatory to extensive alterations and enlargement of store.

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS.
VARIETY HALL,
319 & 335 Queen Street West,
AND
CORNER OF PETER STREET.
A. FARLEY & SON.
26-to

ANTHONY GILLIS,
(SUCCESSOR TO T. ROBINSON),
FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,
12 QUEEN STREET WEST.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing and Hair Dyeing done in first-class style.
Ladies and Children's Hair Cutting promptly and carefully attended to.
26-hr

MECHANICS!
When you want GOOD BOOKS, AT LOW PRICES, GO TO
PIDDINGTON'S
MAMMOTH BOOK STORE,
248 & 250 Yonge Street,
TORONTO.
26-to

133 YONGE STREET 133
G. W. LYNN & CO.
celebrated for their
BOOTS AND SHOES.
No Better Stock in the Market.
G. W. LYNN & CO.,
26-ONTARIO STREET.
133 YONGE STREET.

N. McEACHREN,
MERCHANT TAILOR, & C.
191 Yonge Street.
26-to

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!
Cut and Split by steam.
We are now selling our
Best Wood, full four feet long \$8.50
Best Wood, cut and split 7.50
Best Wood, cut only 6.40
Mixed or Summer Wood, long 4.50
Mixed, cut and split 5.25
Mixed, cut only 5.00
Hard Coal, all sizes 0.00
Soft Coal, best 7.60
Screenings 5.50
Lehigh lump 8.00
CASH.

BIG COAL HOUSE.
Office: 46 Yonge Street. W. MYLES & SON.
26-to


DOMINION KEY
TO
Builders and Mechanics
BRIMSTIN & BROTHERS,
General Hardware Merchants,
LOOKSMITHS AND BELLHANGERS.
288 Yonge Street,
Sign of "Dominion Key,"
TORONTO.
Plumbing and Gas Fitting in all their branches. Jobbing promptly attended to.
HUGH BRIMSTIN. ALEX. BRIMSTIN. JAS. BRIMSTIN
26-to

JOHN BAILIE,
HARDWARE MERCHANT,
288 Yonge Street, Toronto,
Dealer in all kinds of Building Hardware and Carpenter's Tools of all descriptions.
A NEW STOCK OF BENCH PLANES AND MARPLES & SON'S GOODS.
26-to


CHARLES TOYE,
MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
72 QUEEN STREET WEST.
A large and extensive stock on hand. A good fit guaranteed.
26-to


GOLDEN BOOT,
200 YONGE STREET,
WM. WEST & CO.,
A SPLENDID STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
IN GREAT VARIETY,
Suitable for Workingmen and their Families,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Call and see for yourselves.
26-to


AUCTION SALE
OF
BUILDING LOTS,
Situated on Spadina Avenue, Cecil, Baldwin, and Huron Streets, belonging to the Corporation of the City of Toronto.
20 Lots situated on the streets above stated, will be sold by Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 18th OCTOBER NEXT, at the Auction Rooms of Messrs. F. W. Coate & Co.
Sale at 12 o'clock noon. Terms and conditions made known upon application at the Chamberlain's Office.
LEWIS MOFFATT,
Chairman Committee Public Works and Gardens.
Chamberlain's Office,
Toronto, 26th Sept., 1872.
F. W. COATE & CO.,
Auctioneers.


GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
OTTAWA, Tuesday, 16th day of Sept., 1872.
PRESENT:—

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.
On the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31, Vic., cap. 6, intitled "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and is hereby ordered, that the Out-Port of Peterboro', heretofore under the survey of the Port of Port Hope, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry for all the purposes of the said Act.
W. A. HIMSWORTH,
Clerk, Privy Council.


CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, October, 1872.
AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN INVOICES until further notice, 12 per cent.
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner.
26-11


NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.
After the 25th of June next, Emigrants will be sent to Fort Garry at the following rates:—
TORONTO TO FORT WILLIAM.
Adults, \$5; Children under 12 years, \$2.50—150 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, 35 cents per 100 lbs.
FORT WILLIAM TO FORT GARRY.
Emigrants, \$15; Children under 12 years, \$8—150 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, \$2 per 100 lbs. (No horses, oxen, waggon, or heavy farming implements can be taken.)
THE MODE OF CONVEYANCE.
By Railroad from Toronto to Collingwood or Sarnia. By Steam from Collingwood or Sarnia to Fort William. 45 miles by waggon, from Fort William to Shebandowan Lake.
310 miles broken navigation in open boats, from Shebandowan Lake to the North-West Angle of the Lake of the Woods.
95 miles by Cart or Waggon from North-West Angle, Lake of the Woods, to Fort Garry.
Between Fort William and Fort Garry, huts and tents will be provided for the accommodation of Emigrants on the Forages. Passengers should take their own supplies. Provisions will, however, be furnished at cost price at Shebandowan Lake, Fort Frances, and the North-West Angle Lake of the Woods.
THROUGH TICKETS TO FORT-GARRY VIA FORT-WILLIAM, Can be had at Toronto, at the Stations of the Northern, Great Western, and Grand Trunk Railways.
Emigrants are requested to take notice that packages are limited to 150 lbs. weight for convenience of transport on the portages, and that baggage and supplies must not exceed 450 lbs. for any one emigrant.
After the 1st day of August next, the RED RIVER ROUTE will be in a condition to admit of the transport of heavy articles.
By direction. **F. BRAUN,**
Secretary of Public Works.
Ottawa, October, 1872. 26-w.

Miscellaneous.
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