

# Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1872.

NO. 13

## CANADIAN.

Mr. Wm. Smithson, of the 8th division of Hullett, has grown fall wheat this season which measures five feet six inches in the stalk.

Henry Smith, foreman in James H. Moran's shipyard, Quaco, N. B., was killed last week by a piece of timber which fell on him.

Tuesday afternoon a carter named L. Charbonneau, of Sydenham street, Montreal, after passing over Wellington Bridge, was seen to fall from his cart to the ground. He was picked up dead.

The office of Mr. Goldie, of Guelph, was broken open on Saturday night, but the burglars appear to have been alarmed before fully succeeding in their object. As it was they nearly destroyed the safe. A number of burglar's implements were left behind.

Grasshoppers are committing sad havoc in several portions of the western section of Norfolk county. *The Reformer* says:—On some farms everything green has been completely stripped, and the grasshoppers are so thick that it is difficult to move along the road.

On Tuesday, Mr. J. Barr, general freight agent of the G. W. R., was presented by a deputation of Hamilton merchants with an address and a valuable silver tea service. The occasion was Mr. and Mrs. Barr and daughter's intended departure for Europe. A number of their friends were present at the ceremony.

Another distressing case of drowning occurred on Saturday morning at Beaverton. A young man, named James Calville, was engaged in getting out logs from the river when he slipped off one on which he was standing and fell into the water. He was speedily taken out, but life was extinct. He was a young man and much respected in the community by all who knew him, for his quiet demeanor and sober, industrious habits.

The Port Hope *Guide* gives the following account of the strike among the sailors at Port Hope. Yesterday a number of vessels being in harbour, the sailors took it into their heads to try the efficacy of strikes, and demanded 25 cents per day additional. The captains tried to effect a compromise, offering \$5 more per month. We have not understood whether the offer was accepted or not.

The *Huron Expositor* says:—Mr. Robert Govenlock, of McKillop, informs us that one of his hives of bees, a short time ago, made 45 pounds of honey in six days. The bees were young and not an extra large hive. The comb had been given to them, so that they had to make no comb. Mr. Govenlock thinks this pretty good, and would like to know who can beat it.

Caterpillars and grubs are committing serious depredations in the gardens up north, and among the foliage of the trees. Of the latter their ravages are confined to the oak, maple and basswood trees. In some sections they may be seen in thousands crawling over the ground. The grubs have also done a vast amount of damage, eating every garden thing in the shape of cabbage and other plants. A fly or insect of some description has literally eaten the leaves from the tomatoes, beans, &c.

The *Kingston News* says:—The generally understood idea that his Excellency will not make Ottawa his permanent residence, but he will spend some time in other places, is adding a new laurel to the already deserved popularity of Lord Dufferin. It was then with especial feelings of delight that we have heard on Dominion day, that His Excellency, struck by the commanding situation, and beautiful scenery in and around our old city, had been making enquiries as to the probability of securing a temporary residence for a few months in the summer.

ARM BROKEN.—Mr. Wm. Barnard, one of the employees at the barrel factory of Messrs. W. & J. Duffield, London, had the

misfortune to break his arm on Friday morning. While working at one of the machines he found it necessary to remove the belt, and instead of using a stick, as usual, he attempted to push it off with his hand. By some means the belt caught his sleeve, and instantly his arm and hand were drawn around the pulley under the belt, and badly crushed and broken.

## AMERICAN.

An American has patented iron shingles, which are said to be cheaper than slate. They are 6x13 inches and fasten with headless nails.

A wealthy man in Pike county, Ind., recently died, having left his property to all the widows within a radius of eight miles from his residence.

A Pittsburgh man is accused of chaining his wife to a heavy weight, and of burning her mouth with a hot poker, to break up her habit of drinking.

It is said that John Morrissey lost \$20,000 by Longfellow's victory, while the jockey (a colored boy) who rode Longfellow, has received nearly \$1,000 from admiring sportsmen.

There is considerable excitement in St. Louis over the determination of Judge Cullen to bring gamblers to the auction block and sell their labor under a State law providing that gamblers shall be treated as vagrants.

A little girl in Louisville, a few days ago, dropped a match into a can of coal-oil "to see it explode." The fire department, and a physician were called in. The damage to the house didn't exceed \$500, and the little girl is doing as well as could be expected.

Since sentence of death was passed upon Mrs. Fair; Elisha Cook, one of her counsel, Harry Byrne, who prosecuted the case, Judge Sprague, of the supreme court, who was instrumental in granting her a new trial, and a son of A. P. Chittenden, her victim, have died.

The town of Claybrook, in Madison county, has an economical government. The offices of Mayor, alderman, chief of fire department, city marshal, chief of police and city attorney are all administered by one man, who keeps the corner store and the post office.

Scarcely a mill or salt block in Saginaw Valley is now running. The strikers held a meeting at Bay City on Saturday, which was attended by upwards of a thousand men, and it was resolved to hold out for a reduction in the hours of work.

Buddoble, driver of Goldsmith Maid, has published a challenge, offering to trot Goldsmith Maid against Bonner's horses, Dexter and Joe Elliott, best three in five, with weights up and subject to all the rules, from \$5 to \$50,000, the race to take place at Prospect Park, or any Massachusetts, Pennsylvania or New York course, challenge to be open one week.

On Sunday last, a leopard in the Central Park menagerie, New York, suddenly attacked a child that was standing against the bars of its cage, imbedding its claws in the child's face. The child's shrieks added to the roars of the beast, caused quite a panic among the spectators, and a general rush for the door ensued. The child was speedily liberated, but its face was badly lacerated.

A New York paper says that the bonnets of the present season are patterned exactly after those of 1830, and have two advantages combined. The hat placed upon the top of the head, and having the strings tied behind, becomes a round hat; the same little millinery device, placed a little further at the back of the head, and having the strings tied under the chin, becomes the stylish bonnet.

D. C. Mayo & Co.'s tobacco factory, the largest in Richmond, Va., was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. The loss is \$60,000, and insurance nearly \$50,000. During the fire a young lady, daughter of Rev. M. W. Staples, late of New York, and

agent of the American Bible Society dropped dead in her chamber from excitement. New York, July 6.—A terrible fight took place yesterday on a steamboat on Hudson River, on which an Irish military company from Newark were having a picnic excursion. Several were badly wounded by bottles and bayonets, and one or two deaths are reported. No particulars could be learned from the party when they arrived at Newark late last night.

On Saturday night two trains on the South Side Railroad, Long Island, collided between Fresh Water Pond and Brunswick Stations. One train had stopped to avoid running into the other. A telescoping of engines took place. Three persons were killed and a dozen or more injured. At the time of the collision the passengers were jumping from the cars amid scenes of excitement. The sufferers were a long time without water or physicians.

Four young men named Duan Atkins, John Kennedy, Hugh Bain, and James Short, all of the village of Waddington, N. Y., were returning from Ogdensburg in a skiff, and not being acquainted with the river here were upset in the roughest part of the Galops Rapids. Three of them clung to the boat and were rescued by Geo. P. Anderson and John Adams of Edwardsburg; who heard their cries, but James Short did not succeed in reaching the boat and is supposed to have been drowned. He was last seen trying to support himself with one oar but as yet they have been unable to find him.

One of our exchanges from New York says that ship-owners are almost in despair over the difficulty experienced in procuring seamen for either long or short voyages. The direct result of this scarcity has been to cause an increase in the scale of wages of from forty to fifty per cent. Some years ago it was quite an easy matter to obtain able-bodied men at from twenty to twenty-five dollars a month. Now they cannot be had for less than from forty to fifty dollars, and a liberal advance for present necessities and outfits. This lack of sailors, is not confined to New York alone. Complaints of a similar nature come from the principal ports of the United States.

The ladies of Augusta, Ga., have been taking an active part in an early closing movement there. A story having been circulated that these fair ones desired to do their shopping in the evening, they held a mass-meeting and solemnly resolved that "they are fully committed to the proposition of closing the stores at 6 o'clock p.m." Moreover, "Resolved, That there is still enough of the spirit of self-abnegation among our sex to induce them to embrace for shopping other hours than those sought by young men for innocent recreation." Should the young men carry their points, they will be more than ungrateful if they do not devote a portion of the time thus rescued from the shop to the society of their fair champions.

A few practical women in San Francisco, instead of wandering about the country proclaiming themselves as good as men, are quietly proving the fact by instituting an important business and providing for its carrying on in so thorough and able a manner as to leave no doubt of its success. We refer to the "Women's Pacific Publishing Company," incorporated a few weeks since in San Francisco. It has for its capital the sum of \$25,000, all contributed by women—its officers, superintendent and business agents are all women, the type setters are women, and so, in fact, are all connected with the concern, with a few necessary exceptions.

The Boston *Globe* says:—In the dryer regions of California the farmers are carrying out an extensive system of irrigation, carrying water canals and aqueducts across the naturally rich plains, made barren through lack of moisture. Where the rivers and streams fail they are sinking artesian wells. One irrigating company alone has already commenced in the St. Joaquin valley forty miles of canal, at a cost of over

seven million five hundred thousand dollars. The outlay for these special improvements will be immense, but like many millions some curiously statistical people are fond of calculating as expended in fencing our farms, will not absorb as much solid cash as their value would seem to imply. It is by the aid of such irrigation that California has been enabled to profitably grow oranges, lemons, English walnuts and the tropical fruits, as well as to give a constant and even productiveness to her lands for agricultural purposes.

## FOREIGN.

Europe is supposed to contain 300,000,000 people. One hundred years ago the estimate was but 60,000,000.

The men employed in all branches of the Monmouthshire and South Wales coal trade have commenced an agitation for a further increase of wages.

A Russian savant has discovered that all cholera starts from one of seven points, situated in or near the Tropic of Cancer. From there it is propagated by atmospheric streams, all of which were in active operation in 1866. These streams are called into being, he says, by means of spots on the sun.

Hon. James Brooks, of New York, says, in his "Seven Months' Run," that the railroads of Hindostan are the most potent missionaries ever sent there. The natives delight in travelling on them, and are forced to take the common cars without thought of caste. Brahmin and pariah must ride together. This enforced companionship has done more to break down the barriers of prejudice than all the resident clergymen combined.

The Commander-in-Chief has approved and authorized the introduction of a new bugle-call to signify "Stand fast." This call is intended as an alternative for the "Cease fire" under certain circumstances, such as when cavalry or infantry have to cross the line of fire of the artillery, and it is absolutely necessary to stay the fire of the guns for a few minutes. The sound to cease fire would have the effect of emptying all the guns, which in such a case would do precisely what the Commander-in-Chief thinks it is desirable to avoid.

There was a thoroughly representative gathering of working-men at Willenhall the other evening to listen to an address by Mr. George Odger on "Trades Unionism." One passage from the address will indicate its moderation and its general effect: "Respect the manufacturer; respect the mercantile man; respect all classes of men; never speak harshly or offensively; be courteous; be kind. When you have done that you have done your honest duty. You can then say, 'I am as good a man as any of them. I have done you justice; I have treated you kindly; and I will have my rights as a man.'" Mr. Odger's censures will not have much to say against this doctrine.

**STRIKES IN ENGLAND.**—The following is a list of the strikes in progress in England on the 15th ult., clipped from the *Labour News*:—Building Operatives—London (partial.) Bricklayers and Labourers—Leeds. Joiners—York. Flax Operatives—Belfast. Joiners—Sheffield. Joiners—Heywood. Joiners—Halifax. Slaters—Dunfer. Miners—Leeds. Brushmakers—Newcastle (partial.) Lead Miners—Teesdale (lock-out.) Building Operatives—Edinburgh. Masons—Glasgow. Bricklayers—Bolton. Organ Builders—London (lock-out, partial.) Carpenters are cautioned by the Local Society against going to Lincoln during a dispute now on. Unsettled—Postmen, Huddersfield; Colliers, South Yorkshire; Agricultural Labourers, Montacute, Somersetshire; Blandford, Wighton, Blofield, Walsingham, St. Faith's, Norfolk; Puddletown, Dorset; Grafton and Burton, Staffordshire; Winterborne and Bere Regis, Dorset; Whitehaven, Nailmakers; Handloom Weavers, Norwich; Dock Labourers, Glasgow; Railway Servants, London and North-western.

## CABLE NEWS.

PARIS, July 6.—Two communists, named Bondswin and Pollance, who were tried and convicted by a court-martial, were executed this morning at Sartory.

The Minister of Finance has signed a convention with the officers of the Bank of France, whereby the latter agree to loan the Government forty million francs.

The National Assembly, to-day, with but four dissenting votes, ratified the treaty recently concluded by M. Renault and Baron Von Arnim, providing for the evacuation of French territory by the German troops. The committee to which the treaty was referred upon its presentation to the Assembly, in its report made through the Duc de Broglie, the chairman, flatters the Assembly for the efforts they have made to relieve the country from the presence of the German troops, but studiously avoids giving any credit to M. Thiers.

MADRID, July 6.—The Republicans have reconsidered their determination to abstain from all elections while a monarchy exists in Spain, and will participate in voting for members of the Cortez on August 24th next.

A band of Caaalists yesterday appeared on the railway near Lerida, the capital of the Province of that name, and captured a mail train. A number of important documents belonging to the Government which were on the train were burned by the insurgents.

BERLIN, July 6.—The *Spener Gazette* to-day officially says:—The Emperor William has appointed three of the law officers of the Crown to prepare a report upon the San Juan boundary question.

LONDON, July 6.—One Wideman has addressed a letter to the *London Echo*, offering to sell to that paper a pamphlet written by Catacazy, the late Russian Minister to the United States containing terrible revelations relative to the administration of President Grant. Wideman acknowledges that Catacazy engaged him to sell the pamphlet in America, and that he has already treated with the editor of a New York paper for its publication. The *Echo* prints the letter, but declines to make any answer to it.

PARIS, July 7.—Ratifications of treaty with Germany for evacuation of France were exchanged to-day. The bill to raise a loan to meet the financial obligations of the treaty will be introduced in Assembly to-morrow.

NEW YORK, July 8.—A Paris despatch states that England, Italy and Switzerland decline accepting the ratifications proposed to the treaty of commerce by France.

PARIS, July 8.—A report is in circulation to-day that Victor Hugo, who has been persistent in his efforts to secure a commutation of the sentence passed upon Henri Rochefort, has succeeded, and that Rochefort, instead of being transported to the penal colony of New Caledonia, will be simply banished from France.

LONDON, July 9.—Letters from Geneva say that Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, is expected in Switzerland next week.

EDINBURGH, July 9.—A terrible explosion occurred to-day in an extensive flour mill at Glasgow. The flames burst out immediately after the explosion and the building was entirely destroyed. Eleven persons buried in the ruins were burned to death, and twelve taken out badly injured. Cause of explosion unknown.

LONDON, July 8.—The House of Lords was crowded to-night. The Ballot Bill was to come up again. It had been passed with amendments, which the House of Commons refused to accept, and had been returned to the upper chamber for final action, so a contest between the two Houses was expected. Amid unwonted excitement, their lordships voted, 157 to 138, not to insist on their amendment, making use of secret ballot optional, but by a vote of 117 to 58 they adhered to the amendment making the bill provisional. Other important amendments were abandoned. The concessions will probably satisfy the Commons, and secure the passage of the bill.

In the Commons to-night Mr. E. A. Bowring, member for Exeter, moved to strike out of the estimates the item of £4,123 for the legal expenses of ex-Governor Eyre, of Jamaica. A lively debate followed, in which the whole question of Eyre's policy in Jamaica, and his subsequent trial here for murder, was discussed. At the close the House divided, and Mr. Bowring's motion was defeated by a vote of 130 to 243.

## Poetry.

## BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank and title a thousand fold,  
Is a healthy body, and a mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please;  
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,  
And share his joy with a genial glow,  
With sympathies large enough to enfold  
All men as brothers, are better than gold.

Better than gold is conscience clear,  
Though tolling for bread in a humble sphere,  
Doubly blest with content and health,  
Untired by lust and cares of wealth,  
Lowly living and lofty thought  
Add and ennoble a poor man's lot,  
For mind or morals, or nature's plan,  
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose  
Of the soul of toil when their labors close;  
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,  
And the bath that drops on his slumbers deep;  
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,  
Where luxury pillows the aching head;  
His simpler opiate labor deems  
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,  
That in a realm of books can find  
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,  
And live with the great and good of yore,  
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,  
The glories of empires pass away,  
The world's great dream will thus unfold,  
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,  
Where all the fireside charities come,  
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,  
Hallowed by mother, sister or wife;  
However humble the home may be,  
The blessings that never were bought or sold,  
And centre there are better than gold.

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

## NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

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

## CHAPTER III.

Evening—dining room in the old farm house; occupants, Mrs. Arbyght, Master Richard and the baby. The table was spread for supper. A cheerful fire sparkled and dancingly glowed on the hearth. The illuminator of other days, the inevitable candle, threw a faint light on animate and inanimate. The old dark, time-stained, oak-paneled walls and ceiling gave the room a sombre appearance, which was more than relieved by the ashen floor of almost alabaster whiteness, and the radiant floods of golden light emitted from the old-fashioned hearth.

Master Richard occasionally ran to the window, mounted a chair and peered into the murky outer darkness. Mrs. Arbyght's face wore a solicitous, anxious, expectant look. Her quick ear caught the slightest sound. Still he, for whom they lovingly waited, came not. The old pillar-like New England clock, in the adjoining room, struck ten, eleven and twelve, as the hours rolled slowly, very slowly, away. Still he came not. The clock struck one; the fire was dying out on the hearth. Near the table sat Mrs. Arbyght, pale and sad; her lips quiveringly moved as if in prayer. The sleeping baby was in her arms, and upon the little unconscious dreamer her eyes rested almost constantly, showing by the depth of the gaze how close her heart was knit to that of the child. Master Richard had climbed into a great carved oaken arm-chair, and in deep sleep remained oblivious to all external surroundings. The clock struck two. Mrs. Arbyght's head inclined upon her breast. Exhausted nature could hold out no longer; she dropped into a fitful sleep.

Three hours later, in the grayish dawn of morning, three men returned from Silverville, after a night of bacchanalian debaucheries, stopped on the very spot on which Richard Arbyght was murdered, to debate some vexed question that arose during the night's revelries, and on which they were unable to agree. While disputing and arguing, their attention was directed to the blood on the road, and other marked evidences of the previous night's struggle. In examining the traces of the conflict, the body of the murdered man was discovered and recognized. A short consultation was held. It was resolved that one should guard the body, another should endeavour to secure a conveyance of some kind, to bring it home, and the other should go ahead and break the intelligence to the stricken, bereaved wife. The man who was left to guard the body noticed, as soon as the others had left, the open diary in the hand of the murdered man; he stooped and picked it up rather quickly. In doing so, however, a leaf remained in the clenched hand wrenched from the book. This leaf, with no little effort, he recovered; he glanced over it hastily, then muttered audibly, "Surely the blood of the murdered cries to heaven for vengeance; you are tracked, my dear fellow, and will pay dearly for this." Suddenly a new thought seemed to be born within him; he glanced eagerly around, and as he heard a wagon approaching, he thrust the torn leaf into his vest pocket.

The party to whom was deputed the task of securing a vehicle to convey the body home, met a man with an ordinary one-horse market

wagon, going to Silverville, whom he easily persuaded to undertake the charitable task. The body was carefully placed in the wagon, and with heavy hearts they started for the old farm house. They soon overtook the third party, who had started ahead, and they all went on together.

With a sudden start, Mrs. Arbyght awoke from a horrid dream, in which she saw her husband, pale as death, flying from a person whom she recollected having seen on several occasions, and who now appeared to be closely pursuing her husband with a menacing look. In his right hand she saw a pistol, she thought, or dreamed, she rushed to the door to let her husband in, when his pursuer fired, and Richard fell dead at her feet. Horribly frightened she awoke. Large drops of perspiration stood upon her face; she gazed wildly around; the rising sun was streaming into the room; the candle was just expiring in a flickering glimmer; the fire was out, otherwise the room was just as when she went asleep. The sound of approaching wheels broke upon her ear—she starts—a cold tremor ran through her frame. The sound came nearer and nearer, but every gyration of the wheels seem to roll an ever increasing weight upon her heart. The wheels stopped. The sound ceased. She rose to her feet. The door swung open, and four men entered, bearing the most of all she valued on earth between them. She staggered forward, involuntarily dropped the baby, threw her hands upward, uttered a piercing scream and sank, an inanimate mass upon the floor.

## CHAPTER IV.

We will draw a veil over the next three years that elapsed since the incidents narrated in the last chapter transpired. The sorrowful heart-broken widow would have died the day her husband's body was brought home, but for her children. She tried hard to live for them; all the love of her warm gushing heart centered in them; they were her only hope, all else was burned out of her young life. But how would she support them? This was a serious, perplexing question. She wrote to Richard's father a full account of the affair. A few weeks afterwards a letter was received from her mother-in-law, stating that Mr. Arbyght had also gone the way of all flesh. The last financial panic completely ruined his business, which so preyed upon the old man's mind as to induce temporary insanity and death. The letter closed by saying "they were ruined—beggared." Mrs. Arbyght was hard pressed. To work she was unable, means she had none. Mr. Morris, the purchaser of the farm, was to move in immediately.

Despair seized the stricken widow. But when all failed, noble old Squire Stanly came to her assistance, and offered her and her children such as he had. The kind generous offer was gladly accepted. Many efforts were made to bring the murderer of Richard Arbyght to justice, but all without avail; no clue could be found, not even a suspicion could be fastened upon any body. But "murder will out"—we shall see.

Mrs. Arbyght pined daily. She never recovered from the shock; and notwithstanding she desired to live for her children's sake, she gradually sank into life everlasting. Three years from the day her husband was buried, she was laid beside him in the old village churchyard. The children were now orphaned and alone, indeed.

Shortly after the death of Mrs. Arbyght, a lady on a visit to Mrs. Morris, was passing through Silverville, and seeing little Bertha Arbyght, now three years and six months old, took a strange fancy to the child. She ascertained the little girl's history, and then waited upon the old squire, with whom she had the following colloquy:

"Squire, I understand you have a little orphaned girl under your care."

"Yes, madam, and a beautiful creature she is; vivacious, good-natured and wise beyond her years."

"Of that I am convinced," said madam, "as I have seen her, but" she added, "I see you have a houseful of children, and I think you might give Bertha to me. I will raise her respectfully, give her an education, make her a lady—in a word adopt her. You can consult Mr. Morris as to my antecedents and standing."

"My dear madam," said the squire, "your offer is certainly a liberal one, and no doubt it would be better for the child. I will talk to Master Richard about the matter, and will also see Mr. Morris, and will let you know the result in a few days."

"I am ever so much obliged to you, Squire, indeed I am," said madam, as she bowed herself out.

Madam's standing and antecedents were found to be all that could be well desired. The old squire consented, though with some misgivings, and the child was taken from the arms of her weeping brother, and carried to her new home some four hundred miles distant.

When one year had rolled over, and Richard was expecting to see his sister as per agreement, the squire received a kind and polite note from madam, saying that Bertha had just died from a severe attack of the croup. Enclosed in the letter was a locket that Bertha had worn since she was six months old. The locket was for Richard. To our young hero this was a severe blow, and although but nine years old, he felt it keenly. He felt that now

he was entirely alone in the cold, wide world. It was many a day before the color came back to his cheek, the fire to his eye or joy to his young heart, as caused by a triple loss of his young hero. However, he rallied and ultimately regained his accustomed sprightliness of movement and hilarity of spirit.

In summer the boy worked on the farm for the old squire, and in winter he went to the village school. He was quick at everything in the line of common school studies, but he especially appeared to have a heaven-born gift for mathematics. He was also of a very philosophic and inquiring turn of mind. The distinction which the teacher made in the scholars puzzled him amazingly. He could not understand why the teacher should treat some of the boys with more deference than others. He especially noticed that dress and assumed social prominence had much to do in shaping the instructor's predilections. He had frequent conversations with the old squire on these matters, but the old man's answer that "those things were the natural and legitimate outgrowth of a morbidly false and iniquitously wrong system of society, founded on barbarous principles, and fostered and maintained by partial one-sided legislation," did not satisfy his youthful thirst for information concerning causes which his pure, unbiased notions of justice could not comprehend.

The fancied difference in the social position of the school boys and the neighbors of the village, was also a constant theme of enquiring thought to the boy. He could not understand why one man, outside his acquired superexcellence of mind, should be any better than another; and not being any better, naturally or of himself, it was a mystery to the boy why he should be any better cared for, or possess more of the comforts and good things of the world than his fellow-man.

In his fourteenth year, his thirst for knowledge assumed quite a violent aspect; he devoured everything of a literary nature that came in his way. He wished to study algebra, philosophy, rhetoric, geometry, and the other higher sciences, which tend to expand and beautify the mind; but his aspirations were checked by his inability to procure suitable text-books—and to add to his humiliation and despair, he saw boys of only mediocre intellect and passable or questionable morals, sent by their parents to a neighboring college to receive a classical or finished education.

Although the boy was inured from childhood to patient endurance, and calm resignation to his hard, inexorable fate; still this matter chafed him continually. It was, to his young inquiring brain, an habitual and constant source of vexatious thought. It so preyed upon his mind that he became morose and gloomy. He finally broached the subject to the Squire.

The old man counseled fortitude, resignation and perseverance.

"But," said the boy, "I don't understand this educational system. Why should one class of citizens be educated, while another class are kept in hopeless ignorance?"

"Well, my boy, it don't seem right. No, by gad, it don't; but then you see one class are able to educate their children, and make of them ornaments to society, while the other class are not."

"Oh! I know that full well; but, Squire, is it right or just? that's what I would like to know."

"Why," said the Squire, after some hesitation, "I don't hardly think it is just or right. It is manifestly unjust, but I can't hardly see how the evil may be remedied."

"But," said Richard, "I can."

"You can!" exclaimed the old man, almost startled out of his seat. "Come, come, my boy," he said, after his surprise subsided, "you astonish me—yes, by gad you do. Well, well! You can see a remedy, can you; well let's hear it, boy, let's hear it."

Richard paused and remained meditatively silent.

"Out with it lad, out with it lad," said the Squire.

"Well," said Richard, "does not the prosperity, stability and perpetuity of any nation of freemen depend upon the wisdom and intelligence of its citizens?"

"Certainly it does, my boy."

"And ignorance and depravity are always connected with a despotism—that is among the masses of the people?"

"Your historical knowledge is not at fault," said the Squire, now thoroughly interested.

"Well, then," said Richard, "to preserve a republic like ours free and intact, it requires a grand national education."

"That I admit," said the Squire.

"Then can you not see," said the youthful statesman, "that to fit every child in the land, who is one day destined to become a pillar of the Nation, for the patriotic and conscientious discharge of the duties of citizens and electors, should be, and is the great paramount duty of the State. A far-reaching, far-seeing, and sound generous statesmanship would make education, in all its phases, gratuitous to every child in the land; and, what's more, compel these children to acquire such an education as would fit them for the responsible duties of citizens of a great and free republic; besides, all the colleges, academies, graded schools, and universities, should be controlled by the State, and should be free to all who wished to avail themselves of a higher or more classical training. By such an educa-

tional system, our republic would, in time, rival that described by Plato."

The old man had nothing to say. He remained in deep thought for a while, then looked long and earnestly at the boy. He finally said—

"Well, my good lad, of all things I am certain, under such a system you would not long remain an obscure village boy; you are an embryo Jefferson, you are, by gad you are," and the old man hobbled out of the room.

When Richard was fifteen years of age, the old Squire informed him that it was very essential he should learn a trade of some kind. To himself was given the choice of deciding what trade he should follow. The boy thought over the matter a few days and finally decided he would be a cooper.

Arrangements were accordingly made with the village cooper, and a few days afterwards Richard was regularly installed in the shop, and began to take his first lessons in the mysteries of the craft. He did not leave the old Squire's roof, neither did he forget his studies. He went to school the following winter, but he found the village master unable to any longer lead him, so he was thrown entirely upon his own resources as far as education was concerned.

He learned the various branches of the trade very rapidly; he took an active interest in it, and was especially fond of excelling in skilled and superior workmanship.

At the end of two years he was master of nearly half a dozen different branches of the craft. At the age of seventeen he secured a teacher's certificate, and for the next three years he taught school during the winter months and worked at his trade in the summer.

Richard Arbyght reached the age of twenty. He was fully six feet tall, but straight as a gun-barrel, prominent cheek bones, quarthy complexion, rather slender but lithe, sinewy and strong, with a quick, elastic movement, and fiery dark eye. His countenance was open and expressive, his demeanor dignified and grave, his mind inquisitive, his heart brave but sympathetic. Strictly speaking, he could not be accounted handsome or graceful, but his every look and movement gave assurance of the greatness and goodness of that noblest attribute of man—SOUL.

The great war of the rebellion burst upon the nation, like a hurricane from Hades. Richard Arbyght shouldered a musket and joined the ranks of his country's defenders. By bravery and heroism, by merit and close application to duty, he raised himself from private to Lieutenant-Colonel.

After the close of the war, he again found himself pacing the streets of Silverville, but with heavy heart and oppressed mind. The old Squire and his wife, who had so long been father and mother to him, were no more. The scenes of his childhood he cared for no longer. The village looked desolate. He stood upon its streets alone; alone in the boundless waste of wickedness, selfishness and depravity, termed the world, utterly, wretchedly alone. He determined to seek other scenes, where, perhaps, he would forget his sorrows and his sufferings; at least, every house-top, street, tree or person he saw or met, would not continually remind him of them. He placed a suitable monument over the grave of his parents; and then left the village forever.

His first object was to secure a position in which mental rather than physical labor would be required; but after a three months' fruitless search, he gave it up in despair. He found that friends and influence had more to do in procuring such positions than real merit, or fitness, or adaptability for the place.

Having grown heartily tired of perambulating the country, he concluded to purchase a set of tools and go to work at the trade. This resolve he put into immediate execution.

He worked about eighteen months in the city of Philadelphia, but could never accustom himself to the place or the people. He had an instinctive horror of aimless, nomadic wanderings; he wished to locate permanently, but could not believe Philadelphia was the place. Chicago often occurred to him—even in his dreams an invisible something appeared to urge him on to that city; a shadowy form seemed to beckon him on, and somehow he often believed the shadow was a substance.

He tried hard to combat this feeling, but without avail. The attractive power of that invisible something in the western city became greater and greater, until it became irresistible, so much so that Richard Arbyght found himself in the far-famed city of Chicago three years after the date of his discharge from the army.

## CHAPTER V.

A low-sized man, with dull, greyish eyes, a dirty sallow complexion and slightly hooked nose, habited in a brown sack coat, not remarkable for the nicety of its cut and rather the worse for wear, with trowsers that were possibly once white, and a very limp felt hat, might be seen rapidly striding up and down the raised platform on the inside of the Michigan Southern Depot in Chicago when the morning train came to a final stop.

The passengers poured out of the cars and surged in a steady stream toward the street entrance, among them Richard Arbyght, who began to experience a new sensation; he found himself in a strange city, with no previously defined plan of action to guide his movements; he was undecided whether to go, or what to do; he was like a mariner in mid ocean, bereft of compass, with overhead a clouded sky.

He neither appeared nor felt amiable. Detaching himself from the crowd, he strode down the platform in a sullen meditative mood; in turning at the far end, he came face to face with the seedy individual above described. A half suppressed exclamation burst involuntarily from the lips of the latter, but Richard, wrapped deeply in the solitude of his own thoughts, heeded it not, nor did he notice the fellow, or the startled look which his own unexpected presence undoubtedly occasioned. When Richard reached the upper end of the depot he passed out into the street, entered an omnibus, giving directions to be driven to a hotel on Washington Street, where he engaged temporary quarters, intending to remain only until such time as he became permanently located. Being weary and tired, he immediately sought his room for the purpose of obtaining a few hours' rest before exploring the city; but he was scarcely ten minutes in the room before there was a knock at the door, which he opened.

"What do you want?" he asked, gruffly enough, of the porter, who stood eyeing him in blank and silent wonder.

"Tha-a-ares a gentleman below that wishes to see you," stammered the porter, with a significant grin, giving the word in italics a peculiar emphasis.

"A gentleman wishes to see me, did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Impossible," exclaimed Richard. "I am an entire stranger in the city!"

"Perhaps you are and perhaps you ain't," returned the boy, with a curious leer.

The look, rather than the remark, roused Richard's ire, which, however, found vent in a terrible scowl.

"Well?" said the porter.

"Well, why don't you show him up? Why do you stare at me as if I was a seven-headed murderer?"

"Perhaps you are," muttered the boy, as he fled from the door.

"Well, this is queer, singularly queer," soliloquized Richard, after the porter had left. "I am not cognizant of a single acquaintance in this city. I never saw a man who said he was from Chicago, and here I am scarcely half an hour in the city before I have a caller. It's strange, wonderfully strange."

"Here's the gentleman," interrupted the porter, as he threw the door open, emphasizing the word in the same peculiar manner.

Young Arbyght looked up and saw the man whom we described at the opening of this chapter. Each shrank from the other. Richard knew not why he recoiled at the sight of the fellow, but he felt as if in the midst of a pestilence.

"Pardon me, sir, for obtruding myself upon you, but I saw you at the depot, and your face very forcibly reminded me of one I saw a long time ago, and in whom I was much interested, so I took the liberty of calling upon you to ascertain if my surmises were correct. I hope, sir, you will not consider it an intrusion," he added, with a propitiatory wink, and ingratiating smile.

"Might I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?" asked Richard.

"Oh, certainly, sir. I am Jack Terwillager, at your service."

"Jack Terwillager," exclaimed Richard, with measured slowness. "I think I have heard that name before. Let me see; did you,?" he pursued, "ever live in Silverville, Pa.?"

Mr. Terwillager gave a sudden start and his sallow face changed to an ugly pallid color.

Richard noticed the change and eyed him keenly.

"No—I—did not," said the gentlemanly Mr. Terwillager, with a shade of hesitancy in the tone. "I was never in Pennsylvania," he added, with more firmness and deliberation. "But why do you ask?" he continued.

"Merely because the name sounds familiar. A man called Jack Terwillager worked for my father about twenty-one years ago."

Mr. Terwillager jumped up, snatched his hat and incontinently rushed from the room, exclaiming in an audible whisper, "'tis him, 'tis him."

Richard was rooted to the spot with surprise and astonishment. What did it all mean? The operations of the human mind are generally eccentric and spasmodic. At times an idea or thought will flash unexpectedly through the brain; the spectre of buried thoughts will oft rise unbidden before us; and again, when perhaps we most need or desire the mind to act in a certain direction, it fails us. Memory, the divinest attribute of the mind, has ever been coquettish. She will frequently bring before us, painfully vivid, things we would rather she had left in lethean oblivion; and again, when we most desire her aid, she is very apt to treacherously mislead us or fail us altogether.

It was thus with Richard Arbyght, for while he was confronted by the veritable Jack Terwillager, the thought of his murdered father never entered his mind, but his seedy looking visitor had barely made his unceremonious and unexpected exit ere the idea that he was most undoubtedly in some way connected with his father's death, shot like a Jovian bolt through his soul. He rushed down stairs, but Terwillager had left the hotel unnoticed. Richard went out into the streets, but his visitor could no where be seen. Had he vanished into thin air he could not have disappeared more suddenly and effectually, as far as leaving no traces of the direction in which he went behind. Richard interrogated the clerks and porters,

he people on the streets, but to no purpose—no one had seen the person described.

Richard always attributed the death of his mother and sister to the murder of his father, hence it is not at all singular if he cherished the thought of one day bringing to justice the robber assassin, who was the cause of his early orphanage, the death of his sister, his defective and deficient education, and all the subsequent ills that fell upon him, because of these afflictions. He had no desire for revenge, he was above that thought, but still he felt his mission on earth would never be accomplished until justice was done him, as the only surviving representative of a family most foully and terribly wronged. His chagrin at losing track of Torwillager may, therefore, be easily imagined; however, he consoled himself with the reflection that he had discovered, at least, some tangible ground to work upon.

(To be continued.)

## RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAP. XI.—The Conspirators.

Immediately after the departure of Burdett and the Jew, Deborah introduced Esau to the young Jewess, whose retreat was scarcely less elegant and sumptuous than the mirado of the favourite.

Pale, and trembling with indelible emotion, Esau stopped before her. "Rachel," he murmured, "it is a brother, the friend of your childhood, who comes to ask your forgiveness."

The young girl regarded him with commiseration, but answered not.

"Oh! I was madly insolent the other day," he continued; "the sight of you overpowered my heart, and turned my brain. At the moment when I was relating to you all the efforts I had made to raise myself from the obscurity to which my birth had condemned me—just when I was about to confess that, in order to follow the path my ambition had opened to me, I had been compelled to abjure the faith of my fathers, a man appeared, and with contemptuously-insulting language humbled me in your eyes, crushing me to earth with the most disgraceful epithets. You, whom I had not seen for so many years—years of torment to me, in which the remembrance of you alone supported my courage—for you to hear me branded as a renegade and a spy! Oh! if the abjuration of my religion be a crime—a crime which my love for you alone led me to commit—with what acute suffering did I not expiate it when forced to bend before you, my very temples crimsoned with shame!"

Rachel extended her hand to him. Esau pressed it to his lips, and bathed it with his tears. "But you see I have gained the most difficult point," he at length resumed. "I have henceforward the privilege of wearing the spurs of a knight. Have all my efforts to obtain a look, a smile, an encouraging word, been useless? Have I been wrong in seeking to remove that mountain of contempt and humiliation that separated me from the titles and honours so much valued by Christians? Should I rather have resigned myself to suffer with our brethren? Oh, no! I preferred death to wearing the red badge and the degrading horn."

"Esau, I hate you no longer—I pity you," said the young girl with a melancholy expression. "What must I do to be loved by you Rachel?" replied the renegade. "What proof do you impose on me? Nothing shall daunt me to insure your love. I exist only for you." "Alas!" said Rachel, "an invincible obstacle separates us."

"An obstacle!" exclaimed Esau; "but while I live none shall stop me! You are my faith, my religion, my courage, my all, Rachel. Shameful though it be to avow it, yet for you would I sacrifice my honour as well as my life. I would be guilty of crime or cowardice as readily as an heroic action for you. To be the instrument of your will would be supreme happiness to me. You should command me as a slave. Say you 'strike that man, or save him,' I would strike him, were he my friend, had I even received hospitality or an asylum at his hands; I would save him were he my mortal enemy, who had treacherously denounced and surrendered me from his own hearth. In battle your name has been a talisman to me. Wounded, seeing my blood flow I repeated your cherished name, and it seemed to me that my blood ceased running, and my wound closed. I no longer suffered. I rushed into the combat with an ardour, a feverish frenzy. You were my guide, you were the light of my heart. Without you my mind was confusion and darkness. Have I offended you by serving Don Enrique, Rachel! Say but the word, and I will disown my master, as I have disowned the faith of my fathers."

Alarmed at these violent and incoherent expressions, the daughter of Samuel mildly answered, "Be faithful, Esau, to your master; I cannot dispose of a heart that is not mine." "Still inexorable," murmured the renegade with despairing sorrow; "but, Rachel, can you answer for your heart? Do you know if later it may not change? And who is this rival you prefer to me? I can too easily guess. It is that magnate of the land who is ashamed of

you, and who meanly allowed you to be driven from his palace."

No, I voluntarily quitted the Alcázar," answered Rachel, with dignity. "But I pray you, my dear friend, persist not in pursuing this unpleasant subject. Time, which has not been able to conquer your love, will not cure mine."

"Oh, Rachel," he replied in a mournful tone, "deprive me not of hope—the only consolation for those who suffer—that hope, after which nothing but a shadow is left."

"Esau," said the young Jewess, taking hold of his hand, "in return for the sisterly friendship I offer you, swear to me, since my wishes are sacred to you, swear that, from this moment, you will not attempt anything against the life of the king, or against his crown."

The renegade trembled. "The oath you ask of me is the annihilation of all my efforts, the destruction of all the projects I have formed since I left your father's house, and you know it, Rachel."

"I know it," said she, tenderly regarding Manasses.

Esau smiled faintly, in spite of the torture that wrung his heart, in spite of the anguish that brought the perspiration to his brow. At length he said, "Let what will happen, I swear to obey you, Rachel, my sister."

"And I," replied the Jewess, with passionate enthusiasm, "in return for the sacrifice I impose on you, Esau, my brother, I swear in my turn, that if the love which has touched my heart does not destroy me, if ever time can extinguish it and efface its traces, none but you shall be my husband."

"Rachel, may you one day keep that oath as faithfully as I shall observe mine," said Esau, overpowered with emotion. After having for the last time pressed the hands of the young girl to his lips, he quitted Samuel's house, and bent his steps towards the postern of the Jewry, pondering, as he went along, by what means he could without dishonour, withdraw from the party he had joined.

The treasurer hastened home alone, after leaving Tom Burdett, to communicate his plans to Zedekiah, a fanatic Jew, whose son had been executed for coinage, in accordance with a just sentence passed on him by the judges, and confirmed by Don Pedro.

The situation of poor Samuel became every hour more perplexing. On one side Don Pedro demanded that Rachel should be brought as a hostage to the Alcázar; on the other, the hateful Aixá insisted that she should be delivered to her. Esau had proposed to conduct both father and daughter to the camp of Don Enrique. After mature reflection, the old treasurer formed a bold and decisive resolution. He proceeded immediately to his daughter, and seeing her pensive and melancholy, he said, "My poor child, Heaven sends us a new trial; arm yourself, then, with courage to hear me."

"Is the city threatened with new misfortunes?" asked Rachel, anxiously, "Have the king's enemies made a breach in the ramparts?"

"No, my child it is not the city, but yourself. My child, you are no longer safe in your father's house."

"Who then dares to violate this asylum?" asked the young Jewess proudly.

"Don Pedro, my daughter," replied Samuel. "Don Pedro!" repeated Rachel, smiling, "ah, you have reassured me. But from whom have you such startling news?"

"You are wrong to smile, my child, for I have told you the truth," said Samuel. "The king wants to keep you as an hostage in the Alcázar; he has declared it to me himself. Now, your imprisonment in that place will not only dishonour you in the eyes of our brethren, but it will probably cause your death, for the favourite, who has easily fathomed Don Pedro's love for you, has sworn never to suffer a rival in the king's heart. Aixá is a woman of hot word, when revenge is in question. What do you decide on doing?"

"To obey the king at all risks, my father," replied Rachel. "Does not my life, which he has saved, belong to him?"

"But I would not lose my child," said Samuel, in a sorrowful and reproachful tone. "You forget your old father, Rachel; he who has watched over you with so much anxiety and fear since your mother's death. Are you so ungrateful?"

"What do you then advise, my father?" asked Rachel, moved at these bitter words.

"If you would consent to leave Seville until the termination of the siege," resumed Samuel, "Aixá has offered to secure a quiet and secret asylum for you at Granada, where Mohamed, her father, reigns."

"And is it you who would deliver me into the hands of this pitiless and heartless woman who hates me!" exclaimed the Jewess, with surprise. "You could never imagine that I would agree to this proposal, which doubtless conceals some snare. No, I will not leave you my father; I will not quit Seville, where Heaven will probably permit me to make myself useful to Don Pedro—to him who has shown himself so noble and so generous towards me."

"What?" insisted Ben Levi. "If I exact from you strict obedience to my orders?" "I am a submissive daughter," said Rachel; "you know it, my father; I shall not disobey your orders; but you will surely not be inflexible, for you would not wish to see me die of grief, and if you exact my departure, I shall die before I reach Granada. I too know how to keep my word," she added, in a tone respectful, yet determined.

The old treasurer appeared to reflect some moments, then he replied, "You are probably

right, my Rachel; you shall not depart, for your poor father knows not how to oppose you; but if Don Pedro retains you at the Alcázar how can you resist?—you a humble Jewess, without support, without defence, against a king whose desires have never known resistance?"

"I fear not the king, for he has a nullo heart," said Rachel. "He will not use his power against a poor girl who loves him, but treasures her honour. Should he incline to imitate those dissipated nobles whose excesses he has so often chastised, he would embrace only a corpse, for I should prefer death to dishonour. I envy not the title of favourite, and the proud Aixá is wrong to fear me."

"Well spoken, my child," exclaimed Samuel. "May the blessing of Abraham, and that of your aged father descend on you! Now I will wait, with a firm heart and serene countenance, Diego Lopez and his armed archers."

Then rising, he opened the door that led to an inner gallery, and observed that old Deborah had laid a table in the court-yard, on which smoked a quarter of lamb, peas, and an olla podrida; there were also baskets filled with pomegranates and oranges, and bottles with chased silver necks, containing the wine of Xeres, as well as porous earthen jars in which the snow water remained as cold as ice.

"For whom is this regal feast prepared?" exclaimed the treasurer to his servant.

"It is the repast you ordered for the English Captain," said Deborah.

"Moses assist me!" cried the Jew, there is enough on the table to ruin an honest household. However gluttonous the gigantic knight may be, he can never consume such a quantity of provisions. Come Deborah, bring us up some fragments of this Belshazzar's feast. My poor body is worn out with fatigue, and I shall be glad to know if the fare provided for this bold marauder be worthy of him."

Deborah hastened to obey, and Samuel affectionately invited his daughter to partake of his meal, when she from mere complaisance began to pick the seeds of a pomegranate, while her father made a notable breach in the provisions accumulated for the entertainment of Tom Burdett.

Suddenly Samuel appeared to listen to some unusual noise, and exclaimed, "I thought I heard a knock at the street-door; go Deborah, and open it. Can it be the English captain already, or Diego Lopez?"

While the servant hastened to descend, he said to his daughter, "Do you Rachel, look from the balcony, and see whether I am mistaken or not."

The young girl whose heart beat violently, sprang towards the balcony. As soon as she had disappeared, Samuel drew from his pocket a flask containing a red liquid, and precipitately poured some drops in a full cup of the Xeres wine intended for his daughter.

Rachel soon returned, and said, "You are mistaken, my father."

"Let us wait," replied Ben Levi. "How pale you are, my child; one would imagine you were in pain. If you do not wish to appear before the king like a poor victim led to the sacrifice, drink a mouthful of this generous wine, which warms and enlivens the heart."

"If you wish it, be it so, my father," and mechanically she raised the cup to her lips. Thinking that she was soon going to see Don Pedro again, a sweet and involuntary joy took possession of her heart; she listened with feverish agitation, to discover whether she did not already hear the sound of the footsteps of the king's foster brother, Diego Lopez. Confused pictures crossed her mind; her eyes, spite of her efforts, closed; a strange stupor came over her senses, and she seemed in a kind of dream, to behold Don Pedro repulsing Aixá.

Samuel anxiously watched her; suddenly her head drooped on her bosom, as if she were overpowered by an irresistible drowsiness; then she endeavoured to struggle against the unknown influence that subdued her; and, finally, her trembling lips murmured, "Support me, my good father—whence comes this lassitude? My heart freezes, and my eyes are dim." She stretched out her arms, and endeavoured to rise, but she immediately fell back fainting, and murmuring, "Oh, my God! a mortal coldness seizes me—am I going to die—to die without seeing him again—to die without supplicating Heaven? It is Aixá, who wanted to prevent me seeing Don Pedro again. My father, I die—I die—cursed be Aixá!"

After vainly struggling against this unconquerable drowsiness, cold, pale, and breathless, she remained extended on the divan. "It is well," said Samuel, leaning over his daughter with a joy mixed with uneasiness, "my narcotic has produced all the effect I expected. This trance, the image of death, ought to last twelve hours. I have thus time to arrange everything, to save Rachel from the dishonour that awaits her at the Alcázar, or the death probably reserved for her by her rival. Let me now finish my work."

He immediately gave utterance to the most heart-rending cries, so as to alarm the whole neighbourhood, and when old Deborah ran in trembling with fright, she found her master tearing his beard, striking his breast, rending his clothes, and groaning lamentably before the apparent corpse of his daughter.

The poor woman remained terrified at so sudden and unexpected misfortune. She vented neither sighs nor tears to express her grief whilst contemplating the sweet and beautiful Rachel, inanimate and dead, whose birth she had witnessed, whom she had nursed and put

to sleep on her lap, whom she had served and loved, and consoled in all her girlish troubles. She fell on her knees and kissed the cold hands of her mistress, while a convulsive tremor agitated her poor old body. Absorbed, stunned in her consternation, she heard not the noise and cries of the neighbours, who knocked at the street-door as if they would break it open.

"Go," said Samuel, in a stifled voice, "open the door." Deborah rose mechanically, and swaggering, went to obey her master, and admit the treasurer's friends who had hastened to the house, and who, according to the custom of the Jewry, sought to console their neighbour by adding their plaintive cries and shrieks to his lamentations.

In the meanwhile the hour approached for the meeting of the conspirators. Samuel ordered his servant to dress the corpse in its shroud; when Deborah had executed her task, which she did with a mechanical obedience, he had the body of his daughter carried into the vault of his house, and placed it with the face towards the east on the bier which always stood ready to receive its tenant. Then he ascended with his guests, who silently, by look and gesture, bade him adieu. On finding himself alone, for Deborah had remained in the vault to guard until the last moment her dear mistress, after throwing ashes on his head and beard, and rending his clothes in different places, despair depicted on his countenance, and his eyes red with tears, he sat down on the threshold of the porch, crossing his legs.

Night had come, and a torch fixed on one of the pillars of the porch cast a fitting and funereal light on the open street-door before which a watchman was placed to invite passengers to pray for the dead, and to throw on the threshold a handful of ashes taken from an urn he held in his hand.

Four persons, well wrapped in their robes and cowls, met at the same time at Samuel's door. At sight of the old man an untoward presentiment of evil disturbed the heart of the first of them. Retreating a step, he exclaimed, "What, then, has happened in this house?"

"The hand of the Lord has struck it," said the old man, in a mournful voice. "Death has entered it."

"Who is dead here?" resumed Esau, for he it was, and he sprang into the passage. "And this old man weeps and laments—it is Samuel!" added he. Then shaking him by the arm, with haggard eyes, closed teeth, and swelling bosom, he asked, "Whom then do you bewail old man?"

The treasurer answered not, but regarded the renegade steadfastly, as if he did not recognize him, and nothing but a faint groan escaped his lips.

"Which of us two has lost his senses?" cried Esau, violently. "Answer; I left this dwelling calm and peaceable some hours ago, and on my return I find a house of mourning. They have spoken to me of death; but it is an imposture, is it not? Stay; I do not see your old servant, Deborah; can it be she?"

"It is Rachel who is dead!" interrupted the Jew, in a sad voice.

(To be continued.)

### DAMFINO.

I recall an adventure with a night-clerk, once in a Western town. I retired, leaving directions to be called for the express, which came along at three o'clock in the morning. It was important that I shouldn't miss that train, and, with this idea weighing on my mind, I couldn't sleep much. Waking suddenly from a doze, I consulted my watch, and found it was nearly three o'clock. I dressed hurriedly, and going below, found the night clerk asleep with his feet upon the stove, and a half-consumed cigar in his mouth. I shook him, and the following dialogue ensued:—

Traveller—"Won't the omnibus be here soon?"

Clerk (gaping fearfully)—"Wha'om'bus?" Trav.—"Why, the omnibus for the Eastern express."

Clerk—"No om'bus (gape) run that train."

Trav. (growing excited at the prospect of being left)—"How far is it to the depot?"

Clerk (lazily striking a match to re-light his cigar)—"Bout a mile."

Trav.—"Well, call up the night porter and send him down with my baggage, and I'll walk. Come—no time to lose."

Clerk—"Porter won't get up. He goes to bed for keeps."

Trav. (dancing round with nervous excitement)—"How am I to get to that train then?"

Clerk (a long gape)—"Dampino."

Trav.—"Would half a dollar induce you to go down to the depot with me and carry my baggage?"

Clerk (springing to his feet with great alacrity)—"Certainly, sir, I will light a lantern and jog right along."

The depot was a mile from town, a lonely place, with no other building near. No friendly light glimmered from its windows, the agent probably enjoying his necessary five hours' sleep. "Good-bye," said the night-clerk, as he received his half dollar, and was about to return, leaving me to

watch out in the cold for the train. "See here," said I, "is this train usually on time?" "Hardly ever known to be on time," replied the night-clerk. "Three or four hours' behind, sometimes." Here was a pleasant prospect for me, alone at that desolate depot, of a dark, wintry night. I was afraid of robbers, too. I hadn't much money, but how could the robbers be expected to know that? "Can't you stay with me until the train comes?" I pleaded. "I can't do it, boss (gaping again), must get back to the hotel (gape). Good night; take care of yourself, old man." "What can I do if the train don't stop?" (Gaping fiercer than ever), "Dampino." Visions of robbers filled my mind as the lantern receded, and I yelled, "would half a dollar induce you to stop until the train comes?" "Certainly," cried the night-clerk, cheerily, stopping his gapes as he came back on a run. For once the train was on time, so he was not long delayed. It halted about a second; I jumped on the platform with my baggage, the train started, and the night-clerk yelled, "Here, you! Where's my half dollar?" And the voice of the traveller came wafted back as he gaped, "Dampino."

### A SCREAMING FARCE.

THE DANGER OF GETTING SHAVED UNKNOWN TO THE WIFE.

A worthy citizen undertook to trim his beard a short time since, and by a slip of the scissors spoiled the cut. He trimmed a little more, and still more, but it would look lopsided, so he went to the barber's and got shaved for the first time in 12 years.

He was very busy, and business detained him in his office until a late hour of the night, and when he went home he found that his family had retired. This was not an unusual occurrence, so he silently entered by means of a latch-key, sought his own room and undressed without lighting a candle. He got partly into bed, when his wife astonished him by uttering a loud and prolonged scream. He was very much alarmed, and feared she had lost her reason. He implored her to tell him what was the matter.

At the sound of his voice she screamed: "Oh, Edward, come quick, and save me!"

"I am here, dear," said he; but she only screamed the louder at his words.

He sprang out of bed, and had just struck a light when his brother-in-law, a muscular six-footer, rushed into the room, and with a poker aimed a blow at his head. In a minute a pale-faced man, with a long white robe, staggered under the blow, which had doubled the size of his organ of comparison.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the husband, "are you all crazy?"

"Bless my heart!" shouted the muscular brother-in-law. "Why, it's Ned himself. What on earth tempted you to get yourself up in that style?"

"What style?" asked the much-abused husband, as he rubbed the growing lumps on his forehead.

"Why, when did you shave?"

It was all clear to him then. His wife had put up her hand in the dark, and meeting the shaved face of a man took her husband for an intruder. She recognized his voice at first, but the second time he spoke her terror was too great and she fainted. When the brother-in-law rushed in he saw a thin-faced man with a slightly bald head, in a long white night-robe, and in his rage at the supposed outrage struck him with the poker and knocked him down. Fortunately his voice saved the husband from a second blow. His wife recovered from her faint only to faint again: at the recognition of her husband's shaven face and the poker mark on his forehead.

He finally got to bed and slept very well until morning, when "the baby," a child of about two years of age, approached the bed, as he had been used to do, and, frightened at the sight of a stranger, ran screaming from the room. Tripping on the carpet, the poor child received a severe bump on its little head.

Matters were finally straightened up at home, but in the street his friends passed him without speaking, and at the bank he was not only refused payment of a draft, but threatened with arrest for signing his own name in endorsing it. Of course a little explanation brought the various affairs all right, but it took so much time to explain, and for the concussion on his forehead to get well, that the aforesaid citizen vows he will never shave again, as he considers it a habit dangerous to peace, and even to life.

During a recent trial the Judge interrupted the testimony of a lady witness, remarking that it was not relevant. The lady raised her head, and with a look made up of injured innocence, inquired—"Well, sir, am I telling this story or you?" The Judge wilted and allowed her to talk as long as she wanted to after that.

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT  
ELECTORS OF THE  
**WESTERN DIVISION**  
OF THE  
**CITY OF TORONTO.**

GENTLEMEN,—

At the urgent request of numerous electors of this Division I have consented to allow myself to be nominated as a candidate at the coming election, to represent you in the House of Commons.

In a few days I will more fully express to you my views and claims on your suffrages, which I consider equal to those of any candidate who may offer himself for your approbation.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,  
Your obedient servant,  
**JOHN CARR.**

TO THE ELECTORS  
OF THE

*Eastern Division of the  
City of Toronto.*

GENTLEMEN,—

I have the honour to announce that I intend to be a Candidate for the House of Commons, in the above Division, at the coming General Election for the Dominion Parliament.

I am, Gentlemen,  
Your obedient servant,  
**JAMES BEATY.**  
Toronto, 24th June, 1872.

## 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.

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(INVARIABLELY IN ADVANCE.)

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All communications should be addressed to the Office, 112 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.  
**J. S. WILLIAMS,**  
SUPERINTENDENT.

**The Ontario Workman.**

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1872.

**'THE WORKINGMAN AND HIS FRIENDS.'**

The *Globe* is on the "backward track." In its issue of Monday appeared an article solemnly protesting against what it calls setting class against class. It is very convenient sometimes for some people to be utterly oblivious of their past actions, and yet it will be remembered that the sentiments expressed by the "managing director" of the same journal a few short weeks ago were to the following effect: "Crush out the aspirations of employees!" "Ostracize Union men!" "Drive them out of Canada!" This mild advice was given at a meeting of employers held in the Agricultural Hall some time in April last. Of course, this was not by any means endeavoring to array class against class! The *Globe* is evidently awaking to the fact that it made a grand mistake in rabidly opposing the workingmen, and is commencing to see the folly of a wrong-headed opposition to a popular feeling," and so it would now make a "flank movement," and would have us believe that its opposition to the working classes was—as in the case of its recent unworthy aspersions upon a gentleman of high social standing—of a "hypothetical character." The *Globe* says that "at present there is a dead set made at what is

called the workingman;" but we expect it will be found that the workingmen have made a "dead set" at the *Globe* and all concerned therewith—and not all the sophistry of the "managing director" will pull the wool over their eyes, or blot out of their recollection the record of the animus shown by him towards them, notably within the past few months.

But the *Globe*, in alluding to the recent prosecution of the printers, boldly makes an assertion which is far wide of the truth. It says:—

"A foolish and dishonest outcry was raised at the time of the printers' strike that the old law against combinations was revived in order to crush working-men while doing what they were entitled to do. The facts of the case were notoriously otherwise. The existence and character of the law in question were brought out by the statement of counsel in a case submitted to him for his legal advice. But that law was never acted upon, and was never sought to be acted upon, as every man competently acquainted with what was done knows full well. The steps taken against certain printers were not in connection with the law now repealed, but with a law still in force in Britain and still in force in Canada—the law against the intimidation of others to prevent them from following their ordinary occupation in any way judged by themselves to be most for their advantage."

Those who followed throughout the evidence given at the trial of the members of the Vigilance Committee know full well that not one act of intimidation was sought to be proved by the prosecuting counsel, that all the documents submitted and the evidence adduced merely was intended to prove that a Typographical Union was in existence, and that the accused were members thereof; and to show that such was the case we here reproduce the summary of the arguments of both counsel. After the prosecution had submitted all their evidence, Dr. McMichael, the counsel for the defence, argued as follows:—

"That designed obstruction was not proved. It was not the original design of the union. He contended that there could be nothing illegal in the mere combination of men for the purpose of keeping wages at a certain scale any more than in a combination of masters to keep the men down. If one was illegal the other was. If the Magistrate thought the case was one for a jury he should not call witnesses."

"The Magistrate thought the case was not very strong."

"Mr. McKenzie (Counsel for the prosecution) thought differently, and urged that the union was illegal at common law. A conspiracy was a combination of one or more persons to act unlawfully. The conspiracy consisted of the illegal combination; that was all that was necessary. It was actually decided in England that advice given to a servant to leave was illegal: It was also decided by Sir A. Cockburn that a combination to foreshorten hours or raise wages was illegal; there could be no doubt that the rules put in were the rules of the Typographical Union of Toronto; he argued that the printed rules directing the terms for which the printers were to work, and other personal matters, were illegal. On the 18th of March a scale of prices was sent to the masters. One of the purposes of the union was to regulate the scale of prices, and therefore was illegal under the common law, and a conspiracy. Baron Bramwell had decided that such a combination was illegal, if for the purpose of coercing liberty of mind. The learned counsel said that if such combinations were permitted, there would be an end to all civil liberty. A man had a perfect right to go to his employers and say, undoubtedly, that he would not work for more than 8 or 9 hours a day, but if a combination to force this as a rule was permitted, the results would be most disastrous. Their rules with regard to strikes were also clearly illegal. It had been proved that a circular was sent to the masters, which was not complied with. Then followed the strike, which strike was decided upon on the 21st March, at a meeting, by the vote of the Union, and it took place on the 25th. The learned counsel argued that the case of conspiracy was thus proved."

Now, we ask our readers, after they have carefully read the above summary, to point out one argument that would lead them to believe that the prosecution of those men was for "intimidation" and not merely for "combination and conspiracy," as the *Globe* was pleas-

ed to call it in its earlier stages; and we further ask whether the whole of the arguments throughout were not based upon the law now repealed, and upon no other—a law which declared a Trades' Union, as such, to be illegal?

We are of the opinion that the extracts given above show conclusively the utter falsity of the assertion that the steps taken against certain printers were not in connection with the law now repealed," and we commend to the careful perusal of the "managing director" the arguments above, and let him especially note the union with which the prosecuting counsel declared that "the case of conspiracy was thus proved."

But the *Globe* is especially exercised over the presentation that is to be made to Lady Macdonald in the Music Hall this evening, and makes a great many impertinent enquiries as to where the money came from, wherewith to purchase the testimonial—and sneeringly asks whether it came from the clouds, or was conveniently "found," or whether a certain Senator did not "drop a copper or two;" and oracularly remarks, "sure we are there is not a workingman in Toronto that ever gave a dime to help the purchase of the testimonial." We are not aware that it is very much the business of the "managing director" to know where the money came from, nor do we feel disposed to enlighten him upon the subject—one thing, however, is very certain,—the *Globe* does not know everything, for while we are positive the "managing director" did not contribute even a bawbee, yet we do know that quite a number of the workingmen have subscribed towards the testimonial. As the *Mail* very forcibly remarks, the working classes "are quite able to provide the means necessary to manifest their gratitude for the services of Sir John A. Macdonald, and they have done so. They have neither required, nor asked for, the assistance of a Senator or anybody else outside their own ranks."

## TO THE WORKING CLASSES OF ONTARIO.

FELLOW-TOLERS,—The present year is one in which the attention of all classes on this continent has been directed, in a very marked manner, to a readjustment of the relations of Capital to Labor, and the struggle which has resulted from the consideration of this question has been forced from the limits of logical discussion into the arena of strife, by the stubborn and implacible attitude of the employers of Labor,—a result which we endeavored to avoid by every reasonable means, as it was seen that such a result must inflict loss and damage upon all parties—a loss that could have been easily avoided by a calm and careful consideration of the said question in all its social bearings; a loss inflicted upon the community and upon individuals for which we are by no means responsible, and which, so far as the main question is concerned, leaves it very much in the same position as we found it, with this exception, that in those firms where the question has been handled in a common-sense manner by the employer and employed, the happiest results have been arrived at, and the experience of the past two months amply confirms the assertions of the supporters of the reduction of the hours of labor—namely, that production would be increased not diminished, by the aforesaid reduction of time. It has been amply demonstrated that such is the fact, thus clearly proving that it is possible to settle all social questions by a free and full investigation of their merits and bearing upon the whole community.

Now, in order to accomplish this in future, it is necessary that we have a free and independent organ, an organ untrammelled by the influence of advertisers, who, by withdrawing their patronage from such an organ, can cripple its efficiency, and thereby prevent, from selfish motives, the clear and impartial statement of the right and justice of any cause such an organ may have seen proper to advocate.

A paper, therefore, to be able to set

both sides of any public question in a fair and impartial manner before the public, must be independent, or at least under the control of men governed by justice, repudiating selfishness, and determined to search after and find the truth. Such a paper we have in the ONTARIO WORKMAN, which we feel happy to be able to recommend, and which should be in the hands and homes of every laborer in the province. This paper will continue to advocate in the future, as it has done in the past, the best interests of the working classes of the Province of Ontario, and will, in conjunction with the really independent papers of Quebec, advocate and continue to press upon the public of the Dominion the following much needed reforms, until they are adopted throughout the length and breadth of the land:

1st. The reduction of the hours of labor in all cases where such reduction is applicable to the usages of the trade or occupation of any portion of the working class.

2nd. An advance of wages equal to the proposed reduction of time in any trade or occupation where the usages of such trade or occupation prevent a ready application of the short time system, and in trades where piece work is the prevailing rule, such an advance in wages as shall enable the parties engaged in those trades to earn as much as will enable them to shorten the hours of labor in the same ratio as day laborers.

3rd. The closing of all retail stores not later than six or seven o'clock (Saturdays not excepted), so as to enable all storekeepers' assistants to enjoy a portion of the advantages acquired by the rest of the community. This it will urge by repeated appeals to the purchasers, as the matter lies mainly in their hands, and in doing so, the conductors expect the hearty co-operation of every working man. It has long been the plea of avaricious storekeepers that they were forced to keep open to accommodate the working population. By consumers purchasing early, therefore, storekeepers would be deprived of this excuse. In order to accomplish this, the Saturday half-holiday will be kept prominently before the public.

In politics, the ONTARIO WORKMAN does not recognize either of the present political parties. It will enunciate, and continue to advocate, such measures as shall tend best to re-adjust the distribution of the advantages and privileges of the Dominion, measures that will open up and develop the resources of the whole country, believing that the true source of greatness is in the fullest and freest development of all the natural advantages of a country, assisted by all the means modern art has placed at our disposal.

In order, therefore, to give the working class the influence that rightly belongs to them as the greatest taxpayers in the Dominion, it will urge the following reforms in Parliament:

1st. Manhood suffrage, with certain qualifications.

2nd. Vote by ballot.

3rd. The extension of the franchise to all widows, or who are householders, representing property by paying taxes.

4th. The share or property vote in all corporations contracting debts, as the property in those corporations is the security for such municipal debts.

5th. A liberal land policy—a policy calculated to keep our young men at home by encouraging mechanics and others employed in our public works to take up and improve the wild lands of the Dominion; as the present Free Grant Act of Ontario is capable of still greater improvement by changing the actual settlement clause into an actual improvement clause; appointing an inspector, and insisting upon the full complement of improvements being done each and every year by the agent of the locatee, while residence in the Province will be deemed sufficient, so long as the improvements are actually accomplished.

Believing that the foregoing measures are actually required in order to enable the working class to reap the advantage they are entitled to, and being fully persuaded that the ONTARIO WORKMAN, under its present able management, is

capable of conducting the foregoing measures to a successful issue, we believe it to be the duty of every workingman to subscribe to such a paper.

Agents wanted in every town and village in the Province, to circulate what we can in all truth and justice call the workingman's paper.

HAMILTON N.H.L. COM. ON COR.  
J. PRYKE, President.

## WATER WORKS COMMISSION.

The first regular meeting of the newly-elected Water Works Commissioners was held on Monday afternoon in the City Clerk's Office. There were present, the Hon. George W. Allan, Messrs. Samuel Platt, John Worthington and Robert Bell. His Worship the Police Magistrate administered the oath of office to the members of the Commission present. The City Clerk took the chair, when it was moved by the Hon. Mr. Allan, and seconded by Mr. Bell, that Mr. John Worthington be Chairman of the Board. This was carried unanimously, and Mr. Worthington took the chair. In doing so, he returned thanks for the honor conferred, and stated that in fulfilling the duties of the position he would endeavor to carry out the views of the Board rather than his own. The meeting adjourned until Tuesday afternoon.

## A RUSSIAN BICENTENNARY.

On Tuesday morning, the 11th June, at seven o'clock, the festivities at St. Peterburg, in celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great, were ushered in by a salute of artillery. Between nine and ten a solemn service took place in the Cathedral within the fortress. The Emperor and the Court were present. Detachments of troops were on guard outside. A procession by water to the landing-stage before the statue of Peter the Great then took place. The Emperor mounted his horse and rode along the line of troops, consisting of an imposing force of soldiers of all sorts, drawn up on the Isaac Plain. Vast crowds of spectators were present. A procession, consisting of deputations of the city authorities, the clergy, and officials of the Emperor and the Court, then slowly passed across the Isaac Plain to the Cathedral of St. Isaac. The troops presented arms, there was a roll of the drums, and then hearty cheers burst forth. The effect of the procession is said to have been remarkably fine. After the service in the Cathedral, the procession returned to the statue of Peter the Great, and some relics of the famous Czar, as well as some ancient flags, were blessed by the Metropolitan of Novgorod. A salute of 101 guns followed. The troops then marched past in splendid order. A popular *fete* was held on the Champ de Mars, and a regatta on the Neva.

## EARLY CLOSING.

We particularly recommend the attention of our readers the communication from a "Grocer," upon the subject of early closing. It is very much to be regretted that the whole movement should fall through, owing to the shortcoming of one individual, but we can only repeat what we said on a former occasion—the workingmen owe it to themselves, as it is their duty to their fellow-men, to help on the system of early closing, and they should see to it that all their purchases are made before seven o'clock. It can just as easily be done as leaving it over till nine or ten. Let the matter but be looked at in the right light, and we are certain "late shopping" would soon become a thing of the past.

The "sounds of preparation" are everywhere heard for a grand celebration of the "glorious twelfth," in this city.

The number of fatal cases of sunstroke in New York city have been very large this year. The total number for six days ending with Friday last, was 1,348, against 710 for the same time last year, and 641 in 1870.

**DELEGATES TO MOULDERS' CONVENTION.**

On Monday, Messrs. William Gibson and John Dance, members of Iron Moulders' Union No. 28, left this city to represent their Union at the convention, to be held in Troy during the present and next week. Both gentlemen are well-informed on Union matters, and their presence will undoubtedly contribute not a little to the success of the convention, which is expected to be one of the largest and most important ever held in connection with that body.

**A COMMOTION IN THE "GLOBE" OFFICE.**

A commotion occurred on Tuesday, among the non-Union printers and the Union printers who had received permits to work in the news department of the "Globe" office. The non-Union men, who are largely in the majority, "conspired" to have the Union men discharged, and laid their case before Mr. Brown, who promptly granted the request, and discharged the Union men. In the eyes of the author of the Anti-Union Manifesto it is a crime for Union men to conspire to prevent non-Union men obtaining work; but it is quite legal for non-Union men to "conspire" to throw Union men out of employment. It will be remembered that Mr. Brown advised the master-builders to break up the Trades' Unions, even though the union men were to be driven out of the country for that purpose, and he is now acting upon that advice himself.

The master builders of London, England, have concluded an arrangement with the journeymen, and the latter will resume work to-day. Other trades will probably follow their example.

On Friday evening of last week, Mr. Wm. Johnson, M.P., Deputy Grand Master of the Orange Grand Lodge of Ireland, was entertained at a complimentary banquet, given by the Orangemen of Montreal. Mr. Johnson delivered a stirring address, and was repeatedly and heartily applauded.

The shareholders of the T. C. O. P. A. will meet next Tuesday at the Assembly Hall, at 7.30 p.m. As business of the utmost importance will be transacted, it is imperative that all shareholders should be present.

The Presentation to Lady Macdonald to-night, promises to be a brilliant affair. The demand for tickets has been very active.

The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne will be celebrated this year with more than usual éclat. The various city lodges will leave the District Hall about 11 a.m., and proceed to Clarence Square, where the line of procession will be formed, which will proceed down Queen street east to Sherbourne, thence south to King, thence west to Brook, and north to Queen, thence to Queen's Park, where addresses will be delivered, and the usual pic-nics held.

Mr. John Carr is in the field as a candidate for the House of Commons for the Western Division.

Mr. John O'Donohue was nominated for the Eastern Division on Tuesday evening.

**Communications.****EARLY CLOSING.**

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.  
SIR,—I was very much pleased in reading your able article on early closing, and trust that your hints to the workingmen of this city will meet with good results, and that they will do all in their power to assist the early closing movement, by none, under any circumstances, purchasing goods after seven o'clock at night. The majority of storekeepers in this city, I am happy to state from positive knowledge, are partial to early closing. But unfortunately in every neighborhood you will always find some contemptible person, who, fearing that he might lose a few cents by so doing, will not close early. Consequently that

one person deters all the rest from doing so. For I am sorry to say a great many mechanics, and workmen generally, put off purchasing their goods until late in the evening, and if the store they are accustomed to deal in is closed, they will immediately patronise the one that is open, thereby encouraging the storekeeper to keep open late. You state that you are pleased to observe that part of the grocers in the west end have adopted the early closing movement. But, unfortunately, before your article appeared before the public, it was broken through. And why? Simply because one firm would not stick to it. All the respectable grocers on Queen street, between John and Bathurst streets, agreed to close their stores at eight o'clock, Saturdays excepted. The first three nights all closed up punctually at that hour. The fourth night all closed except one—that one was Messrs. Farley & Son, who stated that they found it impossible to close any longer at that hour. Most of the others, unfortunately, followed. Thus you perceive in this instance, one firm is the cause of keeping numbers of young men from having their evenings to themselves for recreation and improvement. In most instances, therefore, I consider it is the fault of the mechanics, not the storekeeper. For as stated above, the majority of them are in favor of it. I am a grocer myself, and I signed the agreement most willingly; and I am certain all would have kept it, had it not been for Messrs. Farley & Son. The mechanics can assist the early closing movement. In fact, they could not only assist, but they could make it imperative, if they would do so; and that is by insisting that their families purchase their goods in time, and, under no circumstances, to patronise no storekeeper who will not close his store at a time that is agreed upon by his brother storekeepers. The remedy is very simple, and it is to be trusted the mechanics will give it their consideration. The grocery hands on Queen street have to work from 6.30 a.m. to 9 and 10 o'clock p.m. in the summer months, making 15½ and 16½ hours per day. I consider, although an employer, that is too much to ask any assistant to work, and very much regret, indeed, that the above-mentioned firm would so far forget their duty to themselves and their assistants, as to be the means of making slaves of so many employees, depriving them of a couple of hours in the evenings to themselves, which in these beautiful summer evenings would certainly be the means of doing them a great deal of good.

The dry goods men in this vicinity were on the eve of making arrangements to close early, but when they heard of the failure of the grocers, those arrangements fell through.

I trust, Mr. Editor, that you will continue to advocate this noble course until your exertions are crowned with success.

GROCEER.

Toronto, July 5th, 1872.

**OSHAWA CORRESPONDENCE.**

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

SIR,—No communication having appeared in your columns, from Oshawa, regarding the nine hours movement, you may perhaps imagine that it has become defunct; such, however, is not the case, as I trust the election about to take place will show. We hope to be able to give a hoist to the candidate, most favorable to the movement.

The candidates for the South Riding of the County of Ontario are Messrs. T. N. Gibbs, and T. P. White, the former in the Conservative, the latter in the Reform interest.

You may remember Mr. Gibbs speaking at the Mass meeting held here in March last, in favor of the nine hour movement. He is connected with the Oshawa Cabinet factory, and according to his supporters, he is in favor of the movement taking place, after the completion of the Pacific Railway and the introduction through its means of a population sufficient for the wants of our young country. You will perhaps agree with me, that this generation is not likely to derive much benefit from it.

I may here state that the company with which he is connected, figured in the notorious manifesto of George Brown, in which it is stated that "ten hours of work in ordinary manufacturing pursuits is perfectly consistent with the normal condition of the operative." Yet, notwithstanding such assertion, the busy hum of the machinery has been hushed in the factory on the last three Saturdays at 5 o'clock, and it is confidently expected that such will be the case on each succeeding Saturday until the elections are over.

Such disinterested generosity deserves to be recorded.

In justice, however, to Mr. T. N. Gibbs, I may state that he is a gentleman who in-

variably in his intercourse with workingmen, treats them with courtesy. Such, however, cannot be said of the President of the Company, Mr. W. H. Gibbs, the Conservative candidate for the North Riding of Ontario. He is just the reverse of his brother in dealing with workingmen, and remarkable chiefly for keeping down wages. In fact, should Mr. W. H. Gibbs unfortunately be elected, the workingmen of Canada will have an enemy in Parliament, second only to—let me see, to whom can I compare him,—yes, to George Brown, (and he, G. B., I believe, would re-enact the part of Judas Iscariot if opportunity offered.)

Mr. T. P. White, I believe, is in favor of the nine hour movement, but as we shall doubtless hear the sentiments of the candidates from their own lips, we shall be better able to decide whom to support. I may state before I close, that those subscribers whom I have consulted regarding the ONTARIO WORKMAN are highly satisfied with it. For my own part, I think that every workman in Ontario should take it, giving as it does, the news most interesting to the working men.

I remain Yours, &amp;c.,

HEATHER JACK.

OSHAWA, July 9th, 1872.

**THE BENEFITS OF EARLY CLOSING.**

The records of the "Early Closing Associations" in London show that the results of that movement are highly beneficial, not only to the clerks, who gain more time for recreation, but to the merchants themselves. Within the past twenty years great changes have been perfected in the relations between clerks and their employers in London. Previous to that period clerks were little better than slaves. They worked from early dawn to late at night, and were treated with no consideration by their masters. As a consequence, they had no future, no hope, no aspirations, and men ran in the same ruts from year to year. But the amelioration of the clerk's condition of life has been accompanied by an improvement in the character of the men offering themselves for such position, and as a better class have come into the trade, salaries have increased, for the simple reason that the men could earn more money than the less intelligent class who had preceded them. The London Society pays particular attention to closing on Saturdays, as well as shortening the hours on week days, and are gathering accessions every year. It is an undoubted fact that the merchant who gives his clerks time for recreation and intellectual improvement will receive ten times the money's worth of the hours lopped from the week in the renewed exertions of his assistants.

**TRADES' UNIONS.**

"Mr. Mundella's bill, now before Parliament, for amending the provisions of the Act of last session, which altered the criminal law relating to violence, threats, and molestation, repeals the first section of that Act, and substitutes a new section. The real difference between the two, lies in the definition of the acts which are to constitute molesting or obstructing a person. In the Act of last session they are—(1) persistently following such person about from place to place; (2) hiding any tools, clothes, or other property owned or used by such person, or depriving him of, or hindering him in the use thereof; (3) watching or besetting the house or other place where such person resides or works, or carries on business, or happens to be, or the approach to such house or place, or with two or more other persons, following such person in a disorderly manner in or through any street or road. The present bill proposes to define the offence as being 'molesting or obstructing any other person (a) by persistently following him about from place to place; or (b) by following him in or through any street or road with two or more persons in a disorderly manner; or (c) by hiding or depriving him of, or hindering him in the use of any tools, clothes or property, owned or used by him.' The other parts of the clause are unaltered. The offences of using violence to person or property, or threatening or intimidating a person in such manner as would justify a binding over to keep the peace are left untouched; and so is the definition of the required intent of the acts prohibited."—Times.

**THE COMING ELECTIONS.**

The *Mail* comments as follows on the remarks we made in our last issue on the above subject:—

"The ONTARIO WORKMAN is a weekly journal which has now reached its twelfth number, and which, conducted with moderation and marked ability, urges its own views on the Labor Question with nothing

like violence—which would be its ruin—but, on the contrary, with invariable good taste.

"It is obvious that there must be great temptation to write up the case of the working classes in language that would appeal to the passions of the more thoughtless and less wise, and we therefore hail with approval the spirit of fair play which has thus far characterized our contemporary's language. If a cause be good, put forward with good sense and fairness, it will win, because thinking men will be led by argument who would resist force, even though it had right on its side. Dispassionate advocacy in time works out its end. Low, violent, coarse abuse appeals to the sympathy and approval of only low, coarse and violent minds, and that such should exercise a paramount influence over either the Municipal or Parliamentary affairs of Ontario we are very sure is not the wish of the working men of this Province. It cannot be their interest to array themselves against capital, as to deter it, the most sensitive of exotics, from finding a resting place in the waste places of our land. At the same time the working man should not be debarred from placing his case before the public by every lawful means; and with the wisdom that combined deliberation ought to ensure him, his case can scarcely fail to be put well. He should participate in a period of general prosperity, if not originated by, at least dependent for its continuance upon the work of his hands. The disabilities under which he was found to lie in this respect, have been lately removed, and the shallow clap-net of those who would set class against class has been exposed. There is nothing antagonistic between a gentleman, as such, and a laborer, as such. The true gentleman always finds his first and best appreciation come from the laboring classes among whom he may live. They have a natural respect for the genuine specimen, and are always keenly alive to the imposition of a pretender. All classes should be united to promote the Union of our country, and to develop its progress. Neither class can do without the other. Now is not the moment for estrangement or discontent, when, hand to hand, Capital and Labor should be united to build up the future of our Dominion. We think our contemporary wise in declining to nominate any candidates exclusively in the Labor interest. There is no Union candidate at the approaching elections who is not as much a friend of the working man as if he had been nominated at a Convention held in our contemporary's sanctum. Sir John Macdonald's Government has never lost an opportunity of benefiting the working man. It were tedious now to enumerate all their doings in this direction; but the most recent will illustrate their policy. The removal of the tea and coffee duties, the abatement of the silver nuisance, the introduction of the Act removing obsolete restrictions upon their lawful combination in defence of their privileges, are evidences without need of more, that it is not by the supporters of the Administration at Ottawa that the poor man will be ground down, or any opportunity of lightening his imposts forgotten."

**MENAGERIE WRECKED.****WILD BEASTS KILLED OR ESCAPED.**

A dispatch of July 3rd to the New York Sun, says:—

"John Robinson's circus met with an almost irretrievable disaster on the New York and New Haven Railroad, early this morning. The cages containing the wild beasts, the tents and all the paraphernalia had been shipped from Bridgeport on a freight train to this city. A passenger car for the accommodation of the performers, drivers and attendants, was attached to the rear of the train.

"As the train was passing under a roadway bridge, two miles west of the city, the bridge fell. The falling timbers first struck the platform cars, on which were the cages. Twelve of the latter were smashed, and six of the largest were swept off in an instant, strewing the track for several hundred feet with their broken fragments.

"The caged brutes thus suddenly freed from their imprisonment broke loose in every direction. The monkeys were the first out, followed quickly by two young lions and a wild cat. A valuable tiger, three striped kangaroos and several of the animals were crushed and instantly killed. Most of the eagles, of which there was a valuable collection, flew away, as also did several of the smaller birds.

"The train was promptly stopped. And it was ascertained that four of the circus drivers had sustained severe injuries. Mr. G. N. Robinson, the treasurer of the company, had a narrow escape. He was asleep in the ticket-wagon, which was smashed into splinters, scattering the money in every direction, but he escaped without a scratch. The loss to the company is estimated at \$50,000.

The rear car and its inmates escaped uninjured. The spectacle at the instant of the overturning of the cages was at once ludicrous and alarming, the monkeys, chattering and

screaming, scampered up the sides of the broken bridge, and seemed to enjoy the fun.

"The tigers, Blondin and Dick, after lapping up the blood of several of their less fortunate companions, sprang across the ditch and disappeared. The bear, crippled, limped off up the track, scaring the engineer and fireman nearly out of their wits. The conductor, chased by a hyena, saved his life by climbing a telegraph pole at a critical moment.

"The wolves dined off the smaller members of the happy family, and then disappeared in the same direction as the tigers, and it is feared, after more prey. One of the rattle-snakes was cut in two, but his companions, a dangerous boa constrictor and two smaller snakes, were last seen shooting off in the grass toward this city.

"As it is known that several of the most dangerous and bloodthirsty members of the menagerie are loose, the utmost consternation reigns here. To-night a large party, armed with guns and revolvers, are scouring within a circuit of five miles of the scene of the accident, looking for the truants."

**THE HOT WEEK IN NEW YORK.**

(From the New York Tribune.)

The sixth day of dreadful heat has passed, and still there is no substantial relief. The "local storms" which the weather bureau predicted for the Atlantic coast have wasted their balm upon the sands of Jersey, or drifted out to sea and poured their refreshing waters into the Atlantic. The wind which blew over the city yesterday was as hot as the wind of the desert. The roofs and pavements of suffering New York still blaze in the angry sun. A million people pant for a breath of cooling air. Poisonous exhalations rise from the festering streets. Gutters reek with fever-breeding stenches. Seventy persons dropped dead from the heat in a single day, and the hospitals are crowded with delirious victims. The night brings no rest, for it is as hot as the day. From the tenement quarters crowds of half-dressed men and women and children hurry, when darkness comes on, to the parks and open squares and the steps and porticos of public buildings. In houses of the better class people toss all night sleepless on their heated beds, or pass the midnight hours at their windows, longing for the cool breeze which never comes, and fretting over the oppression which is never relaxed. The wretchedness is universal; and to hundreds, whose occupations expose them especially to the influence of the sun, such a day as yesterday and Tuesday brings not merely suffering but death.

It is at times like these that we see how little our city has done to preserve the lives and health of its poorer citizens, how few are the breathing spaces in the crowded blocks of houses, how foul are the streets and alleys where the population is densest and the difficulty of living most serious, how farcical are the pretenses of street-cleaning for which we are taxed so many hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. The principal thoroughfares and the quarters inhabited by the rich and well-to-do middle classes are dirty, though they are no worse; in all the meaner parts of the city the atmosphere is literally sickening. Death at such times stalks through the streets like a pestilence, and the sunshine falls upon us like a plague. We might do something to check the mortality of these burning days. The city might be cleaned—not merely swept and scraped a little, but really cleaned. The abominations of the tenements might be lessened by a more vigorous sanitary supervision. The hot pavements might be watered copiously. The facilities for free bathing might be greatly enlarged.

The great mortality, however, of the last few days is in a large measure the result of individual imprudence. Perhaps a majority of the cases reported as sunstroke might be justly described as suicide. The doors of the ginshop are wide open day and night, and more liquor was probably sold on Tuesday and Wednesday than in four days of average summer temperature. It is precisely when the danger of drinking becomes most serious that men will drink to the greatest excess. The cool cobbler and the tempting julep, the iced claret cup, the foaming lager, the soda with a little brandy, or the more plebeian whiskey, are no better than poison to the heated blood, and the only safety in seasons such as this lies in total abstinence from every alcoholic stimulant. To imagine that any of the "summer drinks" compounded of wine or spirits are cooling beverages is the most mischievous delusion. Whatever momentary gratification may be got from them, they are nothing but fuel added to the fire that burns within.

**Trades' Assembly Hall.**

Meetings are held in the following order:—  
Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.  
Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.  
Crispans, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.  
K. O. S. C. Lodge 356, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.  
Tin-Smiths, 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.  
Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.  
Printers, 1st Saturday.  
Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

MAN.

The Human Mind, that lofty thing, The palace and the throne, Where reason sits a scepter'd king, And breathes its Judgment tone!

The human heart that restless thing— The tempted and the tried, The joyous and the suffering— The source of pain and pride,

The Human Soul—that startling thing, Mysterious and sublime! The angel sleeping on the wing, Worn by the scuff of time;

And such is Man! Oh, ask of him— The erring but forgiven— If o'er his vision, drear and dim, The wrecks of time are driven;

THE POOR CUSTOMER.

"How much butter?"

"One half-pound, if you please."

"And sugar?"

"Half a pound, sir."

"And those oranges?"

"Half-a dozen, sir."

"You go by halves, to-day. Well, what else? Be speedy, man; you are keeping better customers waiting."

"Half a peck of Indian meal and one French roll," said the woman; but her lip quivered, and she turned to wipe away a trickling tear.

I looked at her straw bonnet, all broken—at her faded shawl, her thin, stooped form, her coarse garments; and I read poverty on all—extreme poverty. And the pallid, pinching features—the mournful but once beautiful face—told me that the luxuries were not for her.

An invalid looked out from his narrow window, whose pale face longed for the fresh oranges; for whose comfort the tea and the butter, and the fine French roll were brought with much sacrifice. And I saw him sip the tea, and taste the dainty bread, and praise the flavor of the sweet butter, and turn with brightening eyes to the golden fruit. And I heard him ask her, kneeling at the smoking hearth, to taste them with her. And as she set her broken pan on the edge to bake her coarse loaf, I heard her say, "By-and-by, when I am hungry."

And "by-and-by," when the eyes of the sufferer are closed in sleep, I saw her bend over him with a blessing in her heart. And she laid the remnant of the feast carefully by, and eat her bread unmoistened.

I started from my reverie. The grocer's hard eye was upon me. "You are keeping better customers waiting."

Oh, how I longed to tell him how poverty and persecution, contempt and scorn, could not dim the heart's fine gold, purified by many a trial; and that woman, with her little wants and holy sacrifice, was better in the sight of God than many a trumpet-tongued Dives, who gave that he might be known of men.

MANUFACTURE OF BANK NOTES.

The Bank of England has always claimed a superiority over all other institutions of the kind in the world, in the mechanical characteristics of its notes, the quality of its paper, the execution of the plate printing, type printing, &c.

The paper used for this purpose is of a peculiar white color, which is neither sold in shops, nor used for any other purpose whatever; its thinness and transparency prevent any of the printed part of the note being washed out by turpentine or removed by the knife, unless a hole is made in the place thus practised on; and there is a peculiar crispness and toughness to the paper which enables those who are accustomed to handling it to distinguish instantaneously, by the touch alone, true from false paper.

Wire marks or water marks are produced in the paper when in a state of pulp, and consequently a former must procure a mould, and make his own paper. But both the workmanship of the mould and the manufacture of the paper, from its intricate surface require the greatest skill. Another peculiarity is the three deckle edges of the note. The mould contains two notes, placed lengthways, these being separated by the deckle or wooden frame of the paper produces that peculiar effect which the edges of uncut paper. As it when the substance is in the

state of pulp, imitation is extremely difficult. The strength of this paper is also very great; thus in its water leaf or unsized condition, a note will support thirty-six pounds, and when one grain of size has been diffused through it, it will then lift half a hundred weight.

ENGRAVING ON SAND.

A process of engraving by means of a forcible jet of sand has recently been invented in this country, by Mr. Tilghman, as will be remembered, and applied to photography, a gelatine relief being used as the mask or shield containing the design. The Photographic News states that a further modification has been patented by Mr. Morse, who uses a new method of propelling the sand. He provides a simple box or hopper, from which depends a small tube about eight feet long, and no machinery whatever beyond this is used. A mixture of corundum and emery in the form of powder, is placed in the hopper and allowed to descend through the tube. The object to be engraved is held under the extremity of the tube, so that the engraving-powder will fall upon it, and in a few minutes' time the most splendid ornamental designs are cut with marvellous exactitude and surprising beauty. An exchange says: "We have seen engraved effects produced by this process, upon glass and silver ware, that altogether surpass anything that has ever been attempted by the most skilled hand labor. This simple and beautiful invention promises to revolutionize the art of plate and glass engraving. By its use, the adornment of all kinds of wares in the most superb manner may be quickly accomplished, at a tithe of the cost of the ordinary methods."

THE MARCH OF LABOR.

The working classes are now, and now only, beginning to realize the power which lay dormant within themselves. New experiences and the successful combatting of new difficulties increases their confidence, and inspires them with a fuller sense of self-respect and self-cultivation. Until of late their efforts for the protection of their interests, and their social advancement have been but weak and disaltory. Why was this? Mainly, we apprehend, because each industrial body sought but its own special benefit. Of late we perceive a wonderful change for the better. Class interests, and particular trade interests, have emerged into international interests. The laboring orders have lifted themselves above their special circles, and in their recent efforts for self advancement have, with a praiseworthy catholic spirit, shown to the world that cosmopolitan, and not simply local, objects have been the goal of their ambition.

Everywhere, both in the Old and New World, the laborer has come to the conclusion that he is "worthy of his hire." He sedulously weighs the difference between the position he holds and the position he thinks he ought to hold. The result not being satisfactory—not being in keeping with principles of justice—such principles of justice, at least, as generally regulate ordinary arrangements between man and man—he naturally rebels against an unnatural tyranny which has overstrained his energies by toil, and given him but inadequate recompense.

Hitherto that heartless demon, Capital, has ridden triumphantly over the strikers, prostrate body of Labor. And yet labor possessed an inherent, indestructible energy within itself which no power could conquer or overthrow. It has only been overthrown and conquered through the want of discipline. Labor has had might on its side, and right on its side; yet has it often failed in its battles with Capital, because its army possessed no material organization, no grand universal stimulating principle. It was valient enough, but valor is not everything in war. The late contest between France and Germany has proved this to demonstration. Organize, we say thoroughly and efficiently, and by this, and this only, can the workingmen attain any end they may have in view.—Western Workman.

THE HEALTHFULNESS OF LEMONS.

When people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vinegar alone and use lemons, or sour apples, they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. And a suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should in those times purchase several dozen at once, and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of Spring and Summer, when acids, especially citric and malic, or the acids of lemons and ripe fruits are so grateful and so useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table, to make it squeeze more easily, then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler, never into tin; strain out all the seeds, as they

give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peels, and boil in water, a pint for a dozen pulps, to extract the acid. A few minutes boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons, put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes, bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon syrup in a glass of water, and you have a cooling and healthful drink.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

An experienced chemist, in the city of Detroit, took a piece of threadbare cotton cloth, smeared it with boiled linseed oil, and placed it in the centre of a chest filled with paper and rags. Although the room was not tight, and the weather was cold, there was a small fire about the room in eight days. Unpacking them, the experimenter found the rags had charred. In April, he made a similar experiment with a pair of painter's overalls, which he rolled up with pine shavings, and crowded in next to the roof boards of a loft. In a week the smell of smoke alarmed a workman in the next room, and the overalls were found to be on fire. And during the hottest weather, a handful of old cotton rags, not smeared with oil, became hot enough, when hung up in a tin box in the sun, to light matches which had been placed among them. These facts show the necessity of caution in putting away rags, especially those that may be saturated with oil, benzine, or other inflammable substance.

CANNED FRUITS.

The impression prevails among those who use freely fruits which are put up in tin cans, that they are injured thereby, and this impression is in many cases correct. We have long contended that all preserved fruits and vegetables should be stored in glass, and that no metal of the kind should be brought in contact with them. All fruits contain more or less of vegetable acids, and others that are highly corrosive are often formed by fermentation, and the metallic vessels are considerably acted upon. Tin cans are held together by solder, an alloy into which lead enters largely. This metal is easily corroded by vegetable acids, and poisonous salts are formed. Undoubtedly many persons are greatly injured by eating tomatoes, peaches, &c., which have been placed in tin cans. And we advise all our friends who contemplate putting up fruits the present summer to use only glass jars for the purpose.

THE COLOR OF THE HAIR.

The significance of the color of the hair is often peculiar. By those who claim to have studied the subject, it is stated that the dark haired races are physically the strongest, but less endowed intellectually than the fair haired. The first are more inclined to manual labor and active exercise, and the last to mental exertion. Black hair indicates strength and a predominance of a bilious temperament, as in the Spaniards, Mexicans, the Indian and Negro. Red hair is a sign of ardor, passion, intensity of feeling and purity of character, and goes with the sanguine temperament, as in the Scotch, Irish, the Swede and the Dane. Auburn hair is found most frequently in connection with the lymphatic temperament, and indicates delicacy and refinement of tastes; and if the mind be cultivated, fine moral and intellectual powers. It is common amongst the Germans and Anglo-Saxons. Dark brown hair is, perhaps, all things considered, the most desirable color, as it combines the strength of the black with the exquisite susceptibilities of the light hair.

SCIENTIFIC.

The actual duration of a flash of lightning does not exceed the millionth part of a second. But the retina of the human eye retains the impression of the electrical flash for a much longer period.

RENDERING KEROSENE INEXPLOSIVE.—According to a French journal, if amyl-alcohol be added to petroleum or mineral oils, it renders them inexplosive, even when brought into contact with burning substances. This is the discovery of M. Hurtault, who has taken out a patent for it.

A NEW PROCESS OF MAKING STEEL.—One of our foreign exchanges states that a new process for making steel has been invented by a Frenchman, and adopted at the steel works at Givors, France, which requires from an hour to an hour and a half; and it is so conducted that the operation can be arrested at any moment, and any desired quality of steel obtained.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.—If you will have wood floors and stairs, lay a flooring of the thickest sheet iron over the joists, and your wood upon that, and sheath the stairs with the same material. A floor will not burn without a supply of air under it. Throw a dry board upon a flat pavement, and kindle it as it lies if you can. Prevent drafts, and, though there will be fires, no houses will be consumed.

Many mechanics do not know how to use a grindstone. First, don't waste the stone by

running it in water; but if you do, don't allow it to stand in water when not in use, as this will cause a soft place. Second, wet the stone by dropping water on it from a pot suspended above the stone, and stop off the water when not in use. Third, don't allow the stone to get out of order, but keep it perfectly round by use of gas pipe or a hack-saw. Fourth, clean all greasy tools before sharpening, as grease or oil destroys the grit. Fifth, observe: when you get a stone that suits your purpose, send a sample of the grit to the dealer to select by; a half-ounce sample is enough, and can be sent in a letter by mail.

A new tin tea kettle takes a longer time to boil than an old one, because the bright surface reflects or throws off the heat of the fire; but the old one, having a dark surface, absorbs the heat.

One pound of green copperas, costing seven cents, dissolved in one quart of water, and poured down a water-closet, will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smells. On board ships and steamboats, about hotels and other public places, there is nothing so nice to purify the air. Simple green copperas dissolved under the bed in anything that will hold water, will render a hospital or other place for the sick, free from unpleasant smells. For butchers' stalls, fish markets, slaughter houses, sinks, and wherever there are offensive, putrid gases, dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and in a few days the smell will pass away. If a cat, rat, or mouse dies about the house and send forth an offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in an open vessel near the place where the nuisance is, and it will soon purify the atmosphere.

Sawdust and Chips.

Who is the oldest light-house keeper in creation? The man in the moon.

A Western editor placed over "Marriages" a cut representing a large trap, sprung, with this motto: "The trap down—another ninyhammer caught."

"I don't care much about the bugs," said Warmley to the head of a genteel boarding house, "but the fact is, madam, I haven't the blood to spare; you see that yourself."

Josh Billings cannot see what woman wants any more "rights" for: she beat the first man born into the world out of a dead sure thing, and she can beat the last one with the same cards.

"Do try to talk a little common sense," exclaimed a sarcastic young lady to a visitor. "Oh!" was the reply, "but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?"

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb: "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says: "It is better to speak paregorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?" "Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma?" "Certainly not; but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothing, only I heard pa say that it runs from morning till night, and I wondered how it could, without legs, that's all."

"Faith, an' did you put in the papers that ye wanted a man?" asked an Irishman, applying in answer to an advertisement. "Yes," said the merchant; "but I distinctly stated that all applications must be by mail."—"An' faith, an' its meself that's a male, sure," said Pat; and he was hired.

A man in London lately, in making a return of his income to the tax commissioners, wrote on the paper, "For the last three years, my income has been somewhat under a hundred and fifty pounds. In future, it will be more precarious, as the man is dead from whom I borrowed most of the money."

The Atlanta Sun has given to the world this masterly attempt at verse-making: Mary had a little lamb, She kept it in her garden. And every time it wagged its tail It spoilt her Dolly Varden.

Shopman—"Shoelaces? Yes, m'm! allow me to recommend these, m'm—remarkably endorin'—made o' porpus skin!" Lady—"Good gracious! Is that what they do with them? Well, I have heard of cruelty in workhouses; but shoelaces of pauvers' skin!" Collapses.

A Boston minister says that he once preached on "the recognition of friends in the future," and was told after service by a hearer that it would be more to the point to preach about the recognition of friends here, as he had been in the church 20 years and didn't know any of its members.

"James, my lad, keep away from the gals. When you see one coming, dodge. Jest such a critter as that young 'un cleanin' the doorstep on t'other side of the street fool'd yer poor dad, Jimmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and your dad might ha' been in Californy, huntin' dimuns, my son."

A barber remarked to a customer in his hands that he thought the cholera was in the hair. "Then you ought to be careful what brushes you use," was the reply. "Oh, sir," said the barber, laughing. "I don't mean the 'air of the 'ead, but the hair of the hat-mosphere."

Not a great while ago, a pedagogue in one of the Eastern States was examining a class of pupils, touching their ideas regarding the sea. Of one bright little fellow he asked the question how he would like a seafaring life. "First-rate," was the reply, "except the fishing

business." "And why not that?" "Because I don't like whaling."

A diffident youth was paying his addresses to a gny lass of the country, who had long dispair'd of bringing things to a crisis. He called one day when she was alone. After settling the merits of the weather, the girl said, looking slyly into his face: "I dreamed of you last night." "Did you? Why now?" "Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me." "Why, I dreamed that you kissed me?" "Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home." A light dawn'd on the youth's intellect, a singular sound broke the stillness, and in a few weeks they were married.

Officer Rogers caught Pat Jones with a bag, coming out of Mr. McEntee's yard, 82 Baltic street, Brooklyn, the other day. "Pat," said the officer, "you've been stealing chickens." "Devil a wan," replied Pat; "there's nothing in my bag at all." He had scarcely said this when one of the chickens began cackling. "Ah, ha," said the officer, "d'ye hear that, Pat? Let me see your bag." Pat handed the bag over to the officer, who found three chickens therein. As the officer drew them out one by one, Pat stood by scratching his head, with a look of innocent wonder on his face. "Mr. Rogers, dear," he said, "but them chickens wur just as inquisitive as yerself. I wint in the yard there and left down my bag, and av coorse when I was lavin' I took it with me; and now I'm to be called a thafe because the chickens were so inquisitive as to walk into it."

Grains of Gold.

With the sweets of patience we season the bitterness of adversity.

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

A true friend eases many troubles, whereas one who is not so multiplies and increases them.

An ill-natured, fussy man is like a tallow candle. He always sputters and smokes when he is put out.

Many lose the opportunity of saying a kind thing by waiting to weigh the matter too long.

More than half the evils we endure are imaginary. So with our pleasures; most of our enjoyment consists in anticipation.

Many a man censures and praises so very faintly that he has no enemies except his friends.

The timid man is alarmed before the danger, the coward during it, and the brave man after it.

Art possesses a language which speaks to all eyes, and is understood by all nations.

Great powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessors so much as they bring duties.

He will find himself in a great mistake, that either seeks for a friend in a palace, or tries him at a feast.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Happy are families when the government of parents is the reign of affection, and the obedience of the children the submission of love.

SPEAK KINDLY.—Speak kindly in the morning, it lightens the cares of the day and makes household and all other affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may finish his or her span of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

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The Bone and Sinew of our Dominion.

We beg to call attention to our large and  
well-selected stock of  
**HATS AND CAPS,**  
COMPRISING ALL THE LEADING  
Paris, London and New York Styles.

The Subscriber has just returned from  
New York with all the American Styles.  
Call and see for yourselves. Encourage  
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Furniture Dealer, 258 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.  
Strict attention paid to repairing in all its branches.  
City Express delivery promptly executed. Household  
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First-class Furniture Varnish always on hand.

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HEAD OFFICE FOR WESTERN CANADA:  
NO. 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.



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We buy through no other house, but manufacture ourselves, and import direct from foreign manufacturers, hence can and do sell cheaper than any other house in the city. Please remember the sign and address,  
**Hats that are Hats, 55 King St. East.**  
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**CHEAP**  
**STORE,**  
The Place for Workingmen to make their Purchases.  
SELLS ONLY FOR CASH—ONE PRICE.  
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**GO TO CRAWFORD & SMITH'S FOR**  
Millinery and Mantles, Parasols, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Laces, &c.  
**CRAWFORD & SMITH,**  
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Beg to call special attention to their new stock of Grey and White Cotton Shootings, Twilled and Plain, all widths, Quilts, Table Damasks, Table Covers, Lace Curtains, Prints, Towellings, &c., at very low prices for ready money.

**NEW DRESS FABRICS AT HALF PRICE**  
**CRAWFORD & SMITH**  
Are now showing One Case LIGHT MARL COSTUME CLOTHS at 25 Cents per yard, sold all along at 40 and 45 Cents per yard.  
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PHOTOGRAPHER,  
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Portraits Finished in the Best Style,  
Either from life or copied from other pictures.

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**THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY**  
BOTH FOR  
**NEW & SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.**  
A good assortment of Sideboards, Lounges and House Furnishing Goods of every description. Always on hand,  
**CARPETS, STOVES, &c.**  
**FURNITURE EXCHANGED.**  
All kinds of Furniture neatly repaired.  
Sofas Re-covered and Chairs Re-caned.  
Call before purchasing elsewhere.  
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**ONTARIO WORKMAN**  
**A WEEKLY PAPER,**  
DEVOTED TO THE  
Interests of the Working Classes.  
OFFICE:  
Bay Street, one door south of Grand's Royal Horse Bazaar.

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NO. 4 KING STREET EAST,  
HAMILTON.  
Have imported specially for this Season's Trade, one of  
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCKS  
OF  
**DRY GOODS,**  
**MILLINERY,**  
**AND MANTLES,**  
Ever Brought into Hamilton,  
All of which we are selling at the very Lowest Remunerative Prices.

**T. H. BARTINDALE & CO.**  
4 KING STREET EAST.

FOR FANCY DRESS GOODS,  
FOR PLAIN LUSTRES, IN ALL SHADES,  
FOR FIGURED LUSTRES, IN ALL SHADES  
FOR SILK WARP LUSTRES IN ALL  
SHADES,  
FOR ALL-WOOL EMPRESS CLOTH IN  
ALL SHADES,  
FOR COLORED DRESS GOODS, OF ALL  
KINDS—GO TO  
**T. H. BARTINDALE & CO.**

FOR BLACK LUSTRES,  
FOR BLACK LUSTRES (DOUBLE WARP.)  
FOR BLACK FIGURED LUSTRES,  
FOR BLACK COBOURG,  
FOR BLACK PARAMATTA,  
FOR BLACK HENRIETTA CLOTH,  
FOR BLACK CRAPE CLOTH,  
FOR BLACK BARATHEA,  
FOR BLACK SERGES—GO TO  
**T. H. BARTINDALE & CO.**

FOR BLACK SILKS AT ALL PRICES,  
FOR COLORED SILKS IN ALL THE  
NEW SHADES,  
FOR STRIPED SILKS,  
FOR PLAIN JAPANESE SILKS, BY YARD  
OR DRESS,—GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale & Co.**

FOR HORROCKSES' WHITE COTTON,  
(ALL LETTERS),  
FOR WHITE COTTON AT ALL PRICES,  
FOR WHITE COUNTERPANES,  
FOR COLORED COUNTERPANES,  
FOR WHITE TABLE COVERS,  
FOR FANCY TABLE COVERS,  
FOR WHITE SHEETINGS,  
FOR WHITE PILLOW COTTON,  
FOR WHITE PILLOW LINEN,—GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale & Co.**

FOR WHITE MARSEILLES,  
FOR WHITE PIQUE,  
FOR WHITE BRILLIANTS,  
FOR WHITE PERCALE,  
FOR FANCY PRINTS OF ALL KINDS,  
—GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale & Co.**

FOR LACE CURTAINS,  
FOR WHITE WINDOW HOLLAND,  
FOR BUFF WINDOW HOLLAND—GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale & Co.**  
FOR WOMEN'S WHITE COTTON HOSE,  
FOR WOMEN'S BROWN COTTON HOSE,  
FOR WOMEN'S GREY COTTON HOSE,  
FOR WOMEN'S HEATHER COTTON  
HOSE—GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale & Co.**

FOR CHILDREN'S WHITE COTTON  
HOSE,  
FOR CHILDREN'S BROWN COTTON  
HOSE,  
FOR CHILDREN'S FANCY COTTON  
HOSE—GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale & Co.**

FOR MEN'S HOSE, OF ALL KINDS,  
FOR BOYS' HOSE, ALL SIZES,  
FOR BOYS' HOSE, ALL SIZES—GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale & Co.**  
FOR WOMEN'S KID GLOVES,  
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FOR WOMEN'S SILK GLOVES,  
FOR WOMEN'S LISLE GAUNTLETS—  
GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale & Co.**

FOR MISSES' KID GLOVES, ALL SIZES,  
FOR MISSES' LISLE GLOVES,  
FOR MISSES' COTTON GLOVES—GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale Co.**

FOR LADIES' FRENCH WOVEN COR-  
SETS,  
FOR THOMSON'S CELEBRATED CLOSE  
FITTING CORSETS,  
FOR MISSES' CORSETS, ALL SIZES—  
GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale & Co.**

FOR GUIPURE LACES, WHITE AND  
BLACK,  
FOR MALTESE LACES, WHITE AND  
BLACK,  
FOR BLACK THREAD LACE,  
FOR WHITE VALENCIENNES LACE,  
FOR THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK  
OF REAL LACES TO BE FOUND IN  
HAMILTON—GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale & Co.**

FOR AN IMMENSE STOCK OF REAL  
LACE COLLARS IN ALL THE NEW  
STYLES—GO TO  
**T. H. Bartindale & Co.**  
FOR ANY THING YOU MAY WANT IN  
DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND  
MANTLES—GO TO  
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CORNER OF  
**YONGE & ELM STREETS.**

**BELL BELMONT**  
LATE OF  
**LONDON, ENG.,**

Returns thanks to the public for the liberal  
patronage bestowed on him since he became  
proprietor of the above, and assures them  
he intends to merit a continuance of their  
kindness by conducting the same in the

**GOOD OLD ENGLISH STYLE.**

**HENNESSY & MARTELL'S BRANDIES,**  
**BOOTH'S ENGLISH OLD TOM,**

**FINE OLD JAMAICA RUM,**  
**IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKEYS,**

Imported Cigars of the Finest Brands.  
**GUINNESS' STOUT AND ENGLISH  
ALES ALWAYS ON DRAUGHT.**

**THE HANDSOMEST BAR IN THE CITY.**  
**SEE PRESS.**

**THE PRINCE OF BARS.**  
**EMMA BELMONT,**  
Manageress.

**SPACIOUS BILLIARD ROOMS.**  
**HARRY WOLFF** - - - - - MANAGER.  
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**BELL BELMONT,** - - - Proprietor.

HATS! HATS! HATS!

HATS! American. HATS! French. HATS! English. HATS! Home-made. HATS! Straw. HATS! Silk. HATS! Drab. HATS! All colors and qualities.

Cloth Caps in every Variety, AT McCROSSON & CO., 111 King Street East.

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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.

TORONTO SHOE HOUSE, P. HIGGINS & CO., 144 YONGE STREET,

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in Gents', Ladies', Misses' and Childrens'

Fashionable Boots and Shoes. A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF ENGLISH GOODS, JUST RECEIVED. Also, Dealers in TRUNKS AND VALISES,

EUGENE McENTEE, Boston Boot and Shoe Store, 210 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

ORDERED WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Will Receive Prompt Attention, AND

PRICES WILL BE FOUND AS LOW AS ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE TRADE. A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

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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.

WORKINGMEN, RALLY TO THE STANDARD. THOS. H. TAYLOR'S PANTS LOOK WELL! FIT WELL! WEAR WELL! OUR \$12 SUITS ARE PRONOUNCED "INIMITABLE." OUR GENTS' FURNISHINGS ARE WELL WORTH INSPECTION. THOS. H. TAYLOR, Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher, 206 Yonge St., Toronto.

W. W. SUTHERLAND, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Clothier and General Outfitter, 100 YONGE STREET, BETWEEN ADELAIDE AND KING STS., TORONTO.

DUTY OFF TEA. The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public of Toronto that on account of the duty coming off Tea on the 1st of July next, he will offer his extensive stock of Fine Green and Black Teas At the following reduced prices:— Finest Young Hyson, lately sold for \$1 00 now 90c Extra very Fine do., " 0 90 " 80c Very Fine do., " 0 80 " 70c Finest Bouchong and Congou lately sold for... 0 90 " 80c Very Fine do., lately sold for... 0 80 " 70c Very Fine Japan, Oolong and Pekoe 0 70 " 60c Teas, lately sold for... G. L. GARDEN, Wine and Spirit Merchant, 55 King Street, corner of Bay Street. (Late Robt. Davis & Co.)

I. & F. COOPER, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF SHIRTS, COLLARS, HOSIERY, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, 124 YONGE STREET.

WORKINGMEN, SUPPORT THE EARLY CLOSING STORE! EDWARD LAWSON In returning thanks to his numerous customers for their liberal patronage in the past, would inform them and the public, that from the most extraordinary and rapid increase in the sale of his Far-Famed Teas & Coffees, And the number of flattering testimonials daily received, of their superiority, &c., &c., he has determined to go exclusively into the TEA AND COFFEE BUSINESS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. And will therefore commence on MONDAY, the 13th INSTANT, to sell off the whole of his extensive stock of fine Teas, Coffees, Fruits, Pickles, Sauces, Jam, Jelly, Marmalade, &c., At a great reduction in price, so as to clear the whole stock out by the first of July. EDWARD LAWSON, 93 King Street, sign of the Queen. N.B.—The Confectionery and Biscuit business continued as usual.

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GOLDEN GRIFFIN!

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FOR

SILKS. MILLINERY, MANTLES, READY-MADE CLOTHING,

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PETLEY & DINEEN,

MANAGERS,

128, 130 AND 132 KING STREET EAST,

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Keeps on hand a large stock of all kinds of Mechanical and Scientific Books.

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Give him a call.

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Rooms suitable for Trade 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.

NOTICE. H. MATHESON'S New Patented System for Drafting Coats, Vests, and Pants. Is arranged on a 26-inch rule, with combination scales thereon, capable of drafting a coat in five minutes in a beautiful design and accurate in every point; seven scales for a single coat, and eight for a body coat, and three scales for a vest and three scales for pants. It will draft on as small a quantity of cloth as any pattern in the world. For further information, see the Globe and Leader, or apply to the inventor.

H. MATHESON, 16 King Street, Toronto. J. DUNN, No. 1 Richmond Street East, OFFERS FOR SALE RASPBERRY ROOTS FOR SETTING, CLARK'S PHILADELPHIA AND FRANCONIA. Also, STRAWBERRY BASKETS by the Thousand, Cheap. Toronto, May 6, 1872.

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 Wine and Spirits; Claret 85 Case; Dawe's Montreal Pa. 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.

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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.

Groceries and Liquors.

NINE HOURS MOVEMENT. Workingmen of Toronto, Attention. JOHN BURNS, CORNER OF QUEEN AND JAMES STS., NEAR YONGE, GENERAL DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS. Constantly on hand the choicest brands of Flour. Special attention given to this branch of business. Liberal Inducements to Nine-hour Men.

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