

# Ontario Workman

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

VOL. I.

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NO. 19

## Labor Notes.

The friends of the imprisoned gas-stokers have opened subscriptions for obtaining counsel's opinion as to the legality of Mr. Justice Brett's sentence. A large amount has already been collected.

According to the *Printers' Register*, the trade organ, there are published 112 daily newspapers, distributed as follows: London, 14; provinces, 64; Scotland, 11; Ireland, 20; Wales, 2; Channel Islands, 1.

Baltimore is to have a "working girl's home." Board can be obtained, with lodging and washing, for prices ranging from one to two dollars a week, and the girls will be cared for by watchful friends. The place is to be open until half-past ten o'clock at night.

A conference of the miners' delegates of Scotland was held at Glasgow, lately, at which a resolution was passed expressing entire disapproval of the line of policy pursued by the men of the Wishaw, Motherwell, and Holytown districts, who had been offered 9s a day, and then struck for 10s. The meeting advised them to return to their work immediately at 9s.

The *Scotsman* states that in Lanarkshire both employers and workmen remain firm, and the strike continues. The coalmasters in the Motherwell district give as a reason for refusing to concede the former rate of wages their conviction that the miners are prepared in that case to demand another advance. In some of the Wishaw collieries the men still at work have received notice of a further reduction in wages, while in others warning to cease work entirely has been given.

A strike took place recently at the Cotter Park Colliery, near Alfreton, when 180 men and boys turned out because the proprietors refused to sanction eight hours as a day's work. The men employed at the Morewood and other neighboring collieries are expected to follow the same course. The colliers at Bretby, in Lady Chesterfield's employ, struck work on Thursday. At Clay Cross the eight hours' movement has been conceded. At other places men are very discontented.

The quarterly report of the United Kingdom Society of Coachmakers, dated Dec. 5th, 1872, contains the following statistics:—In the September report we stood as follows: Number of members, 6,307; capital, £7,139 12s. 5d. December members, 6,404; capital, £8,178 4s. 1d. Gain on quarter in members, 97; in capital, £1,038 11s. 7d. In the December report of 1871 our members numbered 6,008, with a capital of £5,392 3s. 7d., which gives a clear gain for the past year of £2,786 0s. 5d., and 396 in members.

On December 24th a meeting of agricultural laborers was held at the Primitive Chapel, Swanbourne, kindly lent for the occasion. The chapel was full. We have a good number of members enrolled here belonging to the Marsley branch, who joined last May and stick well to the Union. The farmers said to the men that did not join the Union last May that they would have a ledge to go on and a shilling in their pockets, when the Unionists would never have one to bless themselves with; but it's the other way about now; the cry is now, "keep the Union men on," or we shall have them going off and leaving altogether. Messrs. Joseph Aldern (chairman), George Walters, Joseph Tattam, and Thos. Alderman addressed the meeting.

Some important meetings of delegates of the several branches of the Huntingdonshire agricultural laborers' union were held this month, at which Taylor, Arch, and others spoke. It was resolved to affiliate the union with the Warwickshire National Union. The recent charges against Mr. Lane, the founder of the movement, were voted to be slanderous and unfounded. A vote of confidence was passed in his leadership. Arrangements have been made for giving all the agricultural laborers who are looked out in Dorset, Essex, and Hereford, and under 50 years of age, 100 acres each

in the Brazilian colonies. They sail on the 8th and 15th, and will be supplied with a house and stock in trade at the expense of the Government, and be maintained for six months, till their first crops are gathered. They go out in charge of Mr. Alson, of Leamington.

A large meeting of ironworkers of South Staffordshire and East Worcestershire, was held at Wednesbury a short time ago. A resolution was passed expressive of the conviction that workmen are entitled to have their wages during the next six months based upon the selling price of iron during the last six months, but in consideration of the late fall in the price of finished iron, the high price of coal, and difficulties in the matter, those masters not colliery proprietors agreeing to surrender part of their claims, and wishing three months at present prices, provided wages for next six months be computed on the principle above, the men to recommence work. Should masters not agree to this, the men agreed to accept the masters' terms, and to continue to work at present wages, providing there be no increase in the selling price of iron, in which case they would claim a corresponding advance.

A crowded meeting of the South Staffordshire and East Worcestershire Ironmasters' Association was held at Birmingham on Thursday afternoon, to consider the wages difficulty which has arisen with the ironworkers. Mr. G. T. Barker, Chairman of the Association, presided. The masters and workmen are at issue as to the system upon which wages are to be fixed. For some years past wages have been raised or lowered according to the selling price of iron. The last wages settlement came to an end with the year 1872, and the employers now contend that the *pro rata* principle is fallacious and unfair. They offered through their Committee, at a meeting with the delegates of the men on December 23, to pay the 12s. 6d. for puddling till the end of March or June; this offer was refused by the men at the Wednesbury mass meeting held on Monday. A long discussion took place, and it was ultimately resolved to abide by the offer of the Committee of the Association already alluded to. A strong desire was expressed by the masters that the Board of Conciliation connected with the South Staffordshire iron trade would take a suitable opportunity of arranging a scheme for adjusting wages in the future. The attention of the Association having been called to some very strong language used by Mr. Capper, the paid agent of the men at the Wednesbury meeting, a resolution was passed by the Association, setting forth that Mr. Capper was unworthy to continue a member of the Board of Conciliation. It is hoped that a strike may be averted; there is not any immediate danger of such a step.

## LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

It is a well-established truth that labor conquers all things. Everything that we do has to have a certain amount of labor expended on it to bring it to a state of perfection. However difficult it may appear, however impossible it may seem to be, remember if you attack it with energy, and labor with all your might, your labors will be crowned with success. Inventive man, by the aid and application of labor, wins for himself a name that will always be honored, respected and remembered by his fellow-citizens. It has been truly said that no excellence is obtained without labor. Few persons conversant with the world have failed to discover that in the race of life, men of moderate means and attainments frequently outstrip competitors endowed equally with the smiles of fortune and the gifts of genius. Difference of talent will not solve it, for that difference is often found with the disappointed candidate. How often do we see issuing from the walls of the same college, nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, one of whom shall be admitted to genius of a high order, the other scarcely above mediocrity; yet you

may see the one sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity and wretchedness, while, on the other hand, you will observe the latter toiling up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at last to distinction, an ornament to society and a blessing to his country.

## THE GAS STOKERS.

A large and influentially-attended meeting of delegates representing the metropolitan trade societies, convened by the London Trades Council, was held on Tuesday night at the Sussex Hotel, Boulevard-street, Fleet-street, for the purpose of "considering the critical legal position of all trades societies and their officers, consequent upon the recent convictions of the London gas-stokers at the Central Criminal and police courts, and the steps necessary to be taken thereon." Odger, delegate from the West-end shoemakers, in the chair. The following resolutions were passed:—"That this meeting, composed of delegates from the various trade societies of London, expresses its astonishment and indignation at the unjust, cruel, and unprecedented sentence passed on the gas-stokers by Judge Brett at the Central Criminal Court, and feels convinced that if the employers of labor had been placed before him instead of workmen, no such violation of the law would have been attempted." "That this delegate meeting empowers the London Trades Council to convene, at the earliest possible date, an aggregate meeting of the London trades, for the purpose of protesting against the sentences passed on the gas-stokers, to request the Government to effect the immediate release of the imprisoned men, and to take such steps as may be found necessary in the interest of trades unions during the present crisis." "That this meeting empowers the London Trades Council to appeal at once to the public and to all trades societies for pecuniary aid on behalf of the convicted gas-stokers, and that Mr. King, of 38, Charterhouse-square, E. C., be appointed treasurer, to receive subscriptions."

Another meeting to protest against the sentence passed on the gas-stokers was held on Thursday night in the Working Men's Club, King's-road, Chelsea. Mr. Bartlett asserted that the conviction of the gas-stokers was one of the grossest outrages on the rights of labor and the laws of contract that had ever been perpetrated, and that it was the bounden duty of the working classes of the country by every means in their power—physical force not excepted—to obtain the release of the men in prison. Mr. Bickley said that if the Home Secretary refused to receive a deputation it would be the duty of the working classes to force the matter on his attention.

## HINTS TO SHOEMAKERS.

PEG.—Don't give up; keep pegging away, and all will come right at last. Never try to stretch a boot beyond the confines of desperation. If you see that a man can't, by any possibility, get into the boot you have made for him, tell him that his foot is too large. If, on the contrary, the boot fits like a Chatham street coat, tell him that his foot is too small. If he gets mad, and says you ought to give him a decent fit, it is a good time to say something about the awkward shape of his foot.

PATENT LEATHER.—No. If you make me a boot, let it be understood that I am to be treated in a different manner from the rest of the victims. I have agonized over tight boots once, and the tortures of Inquisition were celestial joy compared to it. I felt that, in five minutes more, those boots would draw me completely through the soles, and I took them off. I had to use a knife in doing it, and walked on crutches for three mournful weeks. No tight boots for me, please!

GAITERS.—Shoemakers, as a general rule, do not run to poetry. Like their boots, poetry does not seem to fit. There is only one poem which I can remember that would

seem to apply to this much-cursed and well-deserving class, and I find it in the works of a fellow who figured around Europe a good deal—I think his name was Byron. The line I refer to is this:—

"The last, last, sole reward of so much love." So let it be.

AWL.—Don't let these customers fool with you. They are your natural prey, and no one has a better right to "beat" them than you have. If a man has a high instep, be sure and crush his foot into as low a boot as possible, and it will be fun for you when he swears. It always pleases a shoemaker to see a man dance around with a boot that fits like a mustard poultice.

STOGA.—Never keep your word with a customer, or he might not like it. If you promise to finish a job on Thursday for a man who is going to get married on Sunday, keep him trotting back and forth until Saturday night, and then tell him that you will finish the job on Monday. You can just bet your money he will love you for it. —Saturday Night.

## THE BLUE LAWS.

Many of our readers who have often heard of the Connecticut "blue laws," have probably never had an opportunity of perusing that celebrated code. The territory now comprised in the State of Connecticut was formerly two colonies, Connecticut and New Haven. The colony of Connecticut was planted by emigrants from Massachusetts and Windsor, in 1633, and Hartford and Wethersfield, in 1635-36. The other colony, styled by its founders the dominion of New Haven, was founded by emigrants from England, in 1637. The two colonies were united in 1665. The statutes copied below, from an ancient volume relating to the history of the American colonies, were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven," and being printed on blue paper came to be known as blue laws:—

The Governor and magistrato, convened in general assembly, are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion.

From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

The Governor is amenable to the voice of the people.

The assembly of the people shall not be dismissed by the Governor, but shall dismiss itself.

Conspiracy against this dominion shall be punished with death.

Whoever says there is power and jurisdiction above and over this dominion shall suffer death and loss of property.

Whoever attempts to change or overturn the dominion shall suffer death.

The judges shall determine no controversies without a jury.

No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote, unless he be converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

Every freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only King.

No quaker, or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates or any other officer.

No food or lodgings shall be offered to Quaker, Adamite or heretic.

If any person turns Quaker he shall be banished and not suffered to return but on pain of death.

No priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return.

Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one to cross a river but an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently, to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her children on Sabbath or fasting day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clears himself by his oath.

When it appears that the accused has con-

federates, and he refuses to discover who he may be racked.

None shall buy or sell lands without the permission of the selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the select men, who are to bar him from the liberty of buying and selling.

Whoever publishes a lie, to the prejudice of his neighbor, shall be set in the stocks, or be whipped ten stripes.

No minister shall keep a school.

Every rateable person who refuses to pay his proportion to support the minister of the town or parish, shall be fined by court 51d. and 41s. every quarter until he or she pay the rate of the minister.

Men stealers shall suffer death.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace, above 1s per yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender £300 estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and it burns a house, shall suffer death; and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

Whoever brings card or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall read common prayer-books, keep Christmas or set days, eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet and Jew's harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate only shall join people in marriage, as he may do with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages the magistrates shall determine the point.

The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them in better hands at the expense of the parents.

Fornication shall be punished by compelling marriage, or as the court shall think proper.

Adultery shall be punished with death.

A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10.

A woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

A woman shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Married persons must live together or be imprisoned.

Every male must have his hair cut round according to his cap.

## WHAT HOME IS.

Home is the only place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off the mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness and without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which his heart fondly returns. He is to double all pleasure there. He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities. And now, my brethren, if that be a description of home, is God's place of rest your home? Walk abroad and alone by night. That awful other world in the stillness and solemn deep of the eternities above, is that your home? Those graves that lie beneath you, holding in them the infinite secret, and stamping upon all earthly loveliness the mark of frailty and change and fleetness—aro those graves the prospect to which you can, in bright days and dark days, turn without dismay? God in His splendor—dare we feel with him affectionate and familiar, so that trial comes softened by this feeling? It is my Father, and enjoyment has given it me without grudging, to make me happy. All that is having a home in God. Are we at home there?

## Poetry.

## TRUST.

Brothers let us trust each other!  
All that's great in heaven or earth  
Fear would narrow, doubt would smother;  
Trust must seal a brave soul's worth.  
Laws, relations, social factions,  
All that elevates more dust—  
Yea, even angels' mightiest actions  
Must be based and reared in trust,

Trust, and you, too, shall be trusted;  
Heart to living heart will speak;  
Nearth free sunshine, brooks o'ercurst  
With stern ice-flocks, issue seek.  
Evil still is evil's scion,  
Kindness eye will bless the kind;  
'Tis a maxim to rely on,  
That men make the world they find!

Therefore, trust! If left free choice is  
Betwixt hope and fear, choose well:  
Nobler heart in hope rejoices,  
Charity has wondrous spell.  
High nor low should harbor malice;  
Great brave souls with honor due;  
The same sun which lights the palace,  
Lights the meanest hovel too.

## PLANTING HIMSELF TO GROW.

Dear little bright-eyed Willie,  
Always so full of glee;  
Always so very mischievous—  
The pride of our home is he.

One bright summer day we found him  
Close by the garden wall,  
Standing so grave and dignified,  
Beside a sunflower tall.

His tiny feet he had covered  
With the moist and cooling sand,  
The stalk of the great, tall sunflower  
He grasped in his chubby hand.

When he saw us standing near him,  
Gazing so wonderingly  
At his baby-face, he greeted us  
With a merry shout of glee.

We asked our darling what pleased him.  
He replied with face aglow:  
"Mamma, I'm going to be a man;  
I've planted myself to grow."

—Mothers' Journal.

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

## NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

## CHAPTER XXX.

"What light is that?"  
"It's nothing—only a fire over in the West Division."

The question was asked by an enquiring stranger stopping at the Sherman House, and easily answered by some half-asleep porter. This was on Saturday night—and that bright red light which burst upon the horizon and vividly illuminated the district around Jefferson street, and the southern bend of the river—though only a fire in the West Division, nevertheless converted four magnificent blocks into a smouldering heap of cinders.

Sunday came—a bright, beautiful day; and entering, pleasure-loving Chicago, enjoyed a day of devotional recreation.

Sunday is a day of equality as far as exteriors go; the poor and lowly congregate under the same roofs with the proud and haughty rich, and feel for the time being, at least, that they are equal. An unparalleled event shortly occurred, however which forced absolute equality upon thousands.

Sunday night; an alarm of fire suddenly rings out upon the still air.

"Where is the fire?" asked some anxious individual.

"Don't know, in the West Division I think," was the reply carelessly given, and the man asked swept past, wrapped up in his own affairs. A fire in the West Division—nothing more, and yet it was the beginning of an end, the equal of which the world never saw.

It is not our intention to give a description of the great Chicago conflagration, except so far as it is interwoven with, and bears upon some of the characters who figure more or less conspicuously in the chapter of events and incidents entering into the thread of this narrative. The most we care about saying is that a thoroughly faithful description would leave nothing—absolutely nothing to exaggeration. We might multiply similes and metaphors, exhaust all vocabularies indicative or descriptive of fire and calorific, pile up a mountainous succession of cumulative and high-sounding polysyllabic adjectives, and by that means seek to attain a height corresponding to the occasion, but the probabilities are that words would be found unable to convey even an idea of the reality—and that exaggeration would be found simply impossible.

Soolfire's cottage stood in the direct road of a column of fire which had leaped the river at Van Buren street, and moved southward, with a sullen, rushing roar—and so rapid was its strides that the cottage was on fire before the inmates were aware of it; and the probabilities are they would have perished, had not Paul Geldamo apprized them of their danger.

It needs no prophecy of mind to divine why Paul was, or happened to be there at that moment, but by some strange coincidence, detective Magaw came upon the scene a few seconds later. The family and Bertha were aroused, and safely extricated from the cottage—how-

ever, not before escape was out of at either end of the street—sparks, cinders, and circling tongues of fire were flying through the air in all directions, like a line of skirmishers that prepared the way for the inevitable ruin that followed.

The little party they rescued from the cottage, were not however, doomed to perish; they found an outlet through an alley into another street, along which they ran, closely pursued by the devilish fiend, which really travelted or sprang from building to building, and block to block, nearly as fast as they could run. Magaw, who was in advance, suddenly stopped and wheeled round—his face like marble, notwithstanding the fearful heat.

"Great heavens! the fire has headed us off," exclaimed Paul pointing up the street; where, sure enough, a stream of flame issuing from both sides of the street effectually rendered further progress impossible. Behind an ocean of rolling fire—ahead a sea of flame. It was an awful moment. No wonder the little group were stricken with cold, paralyzing terror. Escape seemed beyond hope. Already the stately, towering buildings on both sides of the street were on fire, and the smoke and hot air had become suffocatingly unendurable. They gave up all idea of escape and heroically prepared to meet their fate. Bertha clasped Paul wildly around the neck, exclaiming: "At least we will be united in death,—who shall part us now?"

Paul kissed her then, for the first time, and replied: "Oh, God! thus to die, if die we must, is a pleasure."

He looked toward heaven as he uttered these words, and it was as well he did so; and it were well if mankind ever looked heavenward—not only in fateful moments, but at all times. In dropping his eyes they chanced to fall upon the building upon the opposite side of the street, and through the blinding smoke he recognized it.

"As I live," he exclaimed, there is my father's ware-house; but it was already afire in several places. Paul looked at the building a moment, and then astonished the rest by shouting at the top of his voice:—

"Saved! Saved! Saved!" He then rushed toward the sidewalk, followed by the others. In almost a second he tore the cover off a man-hole in the walk, through which coal was conveyed to the cellar. He ordered the sergeant and detective to drop through quickly, and they obeyed; although they knew not how an escape could be effected in that direction—but then it afforded temporary relief, and even that was something, as we all wish to prolong life to the very last moment. Bertha and Mrs. Soolfire were next carefully lowered by Paul, who followed almost instantly. He was nearly smothered, but the cool air of the cellar soon revived him. They were now among casks, and general rubbish of all kinds; overhead they could distinctly hear the awful surging of the fire. Paul now led the way directly across the cellar, which proved to extend from the street they had just left, to the next parallel street, into which they soon emerged through a similar man-hole in the walk. The street in which they now found themselves was slightly afire, but they came out of the cellar directly opposite an alley, which led to a street the fire had not yet reached, and thus escaped.

When they had arrived at a place of comparative safety, the detective told the sergeant that a higher power had relieved them of their labors.

"As I came running up La Salle street, a man was seen madly rushing toward the fire. We tried to stop him but failed; he entered a store in the lower part of a large building, the upper stories of which were a crackling furnace of fire. We all expected he had perished, but in a moment or two he appeared, hatless, and waved aloft triumphantly a neatly tied-up parcel; but the next instant the front wall of the building fell outward, and we saw him no more."

"That man was?"

"Mr. Albound," said the detective. The death he would have meted to Richard Arbyght, was meted to himself—he was crushed and buried beneath a falling building. This result was brought about through his cupidity, and the ill-timed remarks of his friend, concerning the unreliability of the safe in which his cash was deposited.

Bertha went to Elgin, to her aunt's. Paul telegraphed to his father that his colossal fortune had vanished in a day—and in reality, such was the case. His splendid residence, stores, ware-houses, bank, and other buildings, were all destroyed. And then his connection with insurance companies whose liabilities were uncountable, would sweep away what real estate he had left. It was this news that so expeditiously hastened his departure from England.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Alvan Relvason was what might be termed, in the strictest sense of the word, a lucky man. The great desolation that ruined thousands, left him comparatively untouched. The bulk of his property was located in the districts unharmed by the fire. He had some very valuable buildings in the South Division which were destroyed, but his good fortune did not by any means desert him even there, as they were insured in responsible foreign companies. Still, fortune is a fickle jade, and cannot be depended upon absolutely; there is no tolling when she will desert, and frown upon her most favored—those upon whom she was wont to shower her choicest benedictions.

There is another peculiarity noticeable in the whimsical, eccentric maneuvers of her ever-changing character: when fortune does frown upon a man, her frown is inexorably relentless; she seldom, if ever, smiles upon him again. Moreover, she may toy with, and smile upon us all our lives—but in an instant unexpected and unwarmed, we are debarred forever from all participation in the favors she so lavishly bestowed.

A few weeks after the fire, Mr. Magaw accidentally met Miss Estella Relvason at the house of a mutual lady friend, and under the circumstances, an introduction was unavoidable. Miss Relvason was most superbly, if not extravagantly, dressed. Among other devices to enhance her appearance, she had suspended from a very heavy and artistically wrought gold chain which she wore on her neck, and unusually large brilliant and costly diamond cross flory, studded with diamonds. It was certainly a beautiful, a magnificent jewel. So thought Mr. Magaw when he first saw it; no one could form any other opinion; but there was something in the cross that riveted the attention and the gaze of the detective. There was something strange, odd, peculiar, about it, which would in all probability escape the notice of the ordinary superficial observer, but the detective was not one of that class. The strangeness or peculiarity, arose from a want of uniformity in the diamonds, and in the gold, or body of the cross. The diamonds in three arms of the jewel, were of that pure, white, transparent variety, generally termed diamonds of the first water; the diamonds in the other arm were not so pure, nor so white and even there was a slight difference in the color of the gold between that arm and the rest. There was still another difference; the pure white diamonds had over sixty facets each, while the others had not more than forty; consequently there was a difference in the refractive powers of some of the diamonds.

The detective appeared very anxious to conciliate Miss Relvason, but she was chillingly cold, formal, repellent. Mr. Magaw, however, was a close observer of human nature and knew full well that the direct, open road to a proud woman's heart or good graces, lay through her vanity, and he took advantage of that female idiosyncrasy.

"I am passionately enamored of brilliant and rare, exquisite jewelry," said Mr. Magaw, in an ingratiating voice, "but I must say I never saw anything so grandly, so chastely beautiful, Miss Relvason, as that diamond cross." The lady smiled; the words were gratifying to her vanity and they pleased her hugely.

"Oh! you are complimentary," she managed to say, with the faintest touch of "I thank you" in her voice.

"But not unjustly so," he replied. "Papa bought it in New York many years ago and gave it to me for a Christmas present; it is very old—came from France, I believe. When papa bought it one of the arms was missing, and though he searched the whole city he could not obtain a diamond of the same variety."

"Yes, I noticed that, and no doubt you will think it strange when I tell you I believe I have the missing arm of that cross?"

"Strange! of course I do, it can't be, it's impossible—but have you thought?"

The detective produced the arm of a cross flory; it had three points at one end, the diamonds were of the same pure white brilliant variety, the workmanship and gold were exactly similar and in fact there could be no mistake, it was the missing arm.

"I am delighted—I know papa will buy it of you—but how did you come by it?"

"It was given to me by a man who picked it up many years ago. He deemed it of no especial value, I suppose," answered the detective.

"You will sell it?"

"Possibly," slowly answered the detective, "for a consideration few men would care about giving," he added with peculiar emphasis.

The next day this note was delivered to him by a servant:

WEDNESDAY, 30TH.

Mr. Magaw, Dear Sir! My daughter informs me that you have in your possession the missing arm of a valuable cross, which I purchased years ago minus said arm. I have serious doubts about the genuineness of the part you hold but am willingly to be convinced, and will esteem it a favor to have you call at my residence to-morrow evening. Will purchase the remnant, if genuine, at your terms. My servant will bring your reply.

Yours truly,  
ALVAN RELVASON

Chicago, Ill.  
To this note Mr. Magaw returned this answer:

WEDNESDAY, 30TH.

Alvan Relvason, Esq. Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your note of this date. If you desire to purchase the "remnant," you can call at my office at your convenience.

Respectfully,

W. P. MAGAW.

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Geldamo and Vida arrived home safely and took up their abode in a neat, unassuming cottage, far out in the suburbs of the West Side, which Paul had procured and fitted up for their reception from the proceeds of his own private bank account. Mr. Geldamo was now an old man—all the life and spirit were crushed out of him. He placed the whole of his affairs in Paul's hands with the simple injunction, "save, if you can, from the general wreck, sufficient to keep me from actual want

the balance of my days, which I fear are few," he faltered sufferingly.

Vida had lost her youthful appearance; she was indeed changed; an ugly looking wrinkle marred the classic beauty of her fair forehead, and under her eyes, trouble and sorrow had left visible traces—little marks of agony, and even around her mouth, which was ever tremulous with a lovely, chastening smile, grief had drawn a cruel line.

One afternoon she asked Paul to accompany her to the ruins of their once beautiful home.

"I would like to see the dear old place," she pleaded, in a subdued, melancholy way as a crowd of thronging memories, of pleasant scenes and days ago, rushed full upon her.

Paul pondered a few moments and answered: "I am more than ordinarily busy to-day, but will manage to come home early and we will go down in the evening."

"Very well, Paul, that will do just as well."

"The ruin will look romantic and have a weird beauty when flooded with the pale moonlight, whereas, if we were to go now, their unsightliness would, perhaps, be too suggestive," added Paul, either in favor of the evening visit or in extenuation of the postponement.

That evening the proposed visit was made; the air was soft and hazy, though not exactly warm, the white full moon was sailing grandly in the zenith, and shedding streams of mild, mellow light upon the ruins. It was romantic, strangely, weirdly romantic. The blackened wall of the mansion, the campanile rising grimly above them, the sashless windows through which shone the glimmering moonlight, the long shadow of the tower stretching across the lawn, a large wide chasm made by a partly fallen wall, large projections of stone which seemed to hang in the air—all conspired to give the place an appearance, resembling the ruins of some old castle or monastery. Moreover, the blasted, leafless tree added not a little to the strangeness of the scene.

"How ghostly it looks!" exclaimed Vida, a little tremor in her voice, a slight chill creeping through her body.

"You are not afraid, dear sister?"

"No, but I feel very queer; are you sure there is nobody here but ourselves?"

"Why, who should be here at this hour?"

"I suppose it is imagination—a pause—but I can't shake off the feeling, it is overpowering me."

"Nonsense, sister, but tell me, would you be much frightened if we really saw a spirit here?"

"Paul, how you talk! you know I don't believe—" she stopped very suddenly, a conviction burst upon her, vague and dim, to be sure, something like the echo of an inspired truth, but a conviction, nevertheless; she looked Paul full—point blank in the face, but seeing there no reflection of the thought that had just rustled, as it were, through her brain, she gave a deep sigh and as she trembled visibly, Paul led her to a rustic seat close by. Here, she dropped into a reverie, very profound and oblivious. When she raised her head again, Paul was not in sight. This circumstance gave her no alarm as she thought he had wandered off and was lost in the shade of the ruins. Again she became convinced of the presence of a presence; her heart began to beat violently and she seemed unable to rise or speak. Presently she heard some one approaching her and looking up she beheld—not Paul but the form and countenance of Richard Arbyght. Was it a vision? she knew not, neither did she fear; and then the apparition, if such it was, smiled benignly and sweetly upon her, and directly through every nerve of sensation in her body there vibrated and thrilled the cadences of a familiar voice which enunciated:

"Fear not, Vida, it is I in the flesh—not in the essence thereof."

(To be Continued.)

## RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

## The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAP. XXXVIII.—The Fowler caught in her own Snare.

At first the two lovers regarded each other without being able to utter a word. They were absorbed in mutual contemplation, as if fearful of losing a vision that they knew must soon pass away.

At length Diego Lopez whispered in the king's ear, "Time flies, sir." Then making a sign to his brothers to follow him, he withdrew to the bottom of the Morabethin, leaving only little Pierre Niede to guard the door.

Don Pedro approached Rachel, and said to her, with a timidity that strongly contrasted with his bold character, "Thanks, dearest, thanks, for having come at my entreaty."

"Alas! dear sir," answered Rachel, in a supplicating tone, "it is not the Jewess, it is not the poor girl you formerly loved, who has consented to this interview. I am the wife of one of those knights who restored your kingdom to you; and I come to conjure you not to violate your oaths."

"Ah, must I then only hear, even from thy mouth, Rachel, words that separate us!" replied the king, trembling. "Have I not suffered enough, but must thou also strike me with the weapon of my enemies? What good have Burdett and his comrades done me in restoring to me my kingdom if I am to pay

such a price for it? They say I have become a powerful king, although I am compelled to suppress the only thought that consumes my brain; to let my heart chill far from the only love that could animate it; to flee from the only image that my dreams pursue during the night, and my memory during the day. Oh, my well beloved! our hearts are not changed; you have re-entered my kingdom: you dwell in a house that I have given to your master; and because a mere adventurer, who does not love you, who despises you, has sold you his name, I dare not, even I, King of Castile, be seen at your door, or seek to see you. Oh, this restraint cannot last, Rachel! Love has destroyed prudence, honor and ambition. I ought never to have consented to that marriage. I ought not to have listened to my ambition, even when urged by thy sweet voice. If I thanked Heaven for my victory over Don Enrique, it was because I hoped, through that victory, to have become sufficiently master of my re-conquered kingdom, to separate thee for ever from the Late Comer, to whom I had so dastardly yielded thee."

"Do you not remember, sire," said Rachel, trembling at the sound of her impassioned voice, "that my marriage was a positive condition of the alliance of the Black Prince and his barons?"

"I only remember our love," replied the king, passionately embracing her. "Oh! if thou consentest to it, dearest, the past may exist again for us."

"It is impossible!" answered Rachel, trying gently to disengage herself from the arms of Don Pedro.

"Ah, Rachel!" he exclaimed, "if thou didst love me as formerly, thou wouldst not say it is impossible."

"If I loved thee!" she repeated, in a sorrowful tone. "Time and absence have only rendered my love greater, stronger, purer. I have thought but on thee. I have prayed but for thee. I have dreamed but of thee. But besides a dream, in which the soul becomes languid and enraptured, there is reality. By the side of passion there is duty. I have struggled with my heart, and, however bitter and painful the struggle, I have triumphed. Don Pedro, know me rightly; I wish to fulfil to the utmost the duty I have imposed on myself."

"Ah," replied the king quickly, "if I wished to recover my crown, if I yielded to the will of the Black Prince, it was that I might one day be able to place that crown on thy brow."

"Woe to thee!" exclaimed Rachel, "if ever thou attemptest so rash, so senseless a project! It would be thy ruin. Rather forget me, for my love can bring only misfortune to thee."

"What sayest thou?" demanded Don Pedro, astonished at the energy with which she repulsed the brilliant future he had just proposed to her.

"Since I must avow it, Pedro," she answered, "from hearing every one say that I was thy evil genius, I have finished by believing it myself. Indeed, if we look back we shall see, from the day when, dismissing the daughter of Mohamed, thou didst make me enter the Alcazar of Seville, fortune deserted thee. Since we have solemnly renounced each other, fortune has returned. A whole people had risen against thee, and since, the most illustrious knights in the world have armed in thy cause, and restored thy inheritance. The people who had cursed thee, have greeted thy return with acclamations. In truth, thou seest well that I was thy evil genius."

"Say rather my good angel, Rachel; for thy noble and devoted heart has always been my best counsellor."

"But we see each other now for the last time, Don Pedro," said Rachel.

"On the contrary," replied the king, "we quit each other no more. It was that I might lead thee back to the Alcazar that I entreated thee to come hither."

"You will not persist in such a project," she said, retreating from his side, and joining her hands in despair.

"What shall prevent me?" exclaimed Don Pedro.

"The remembrance of your royal word," answered Rachel; "to violate it is to release the Black Prince and his barons from their oaths. It is to pay with odious ingratitude the services they have rendered you. Don Enrique is still alive, and as soon as the English barons have disappeared, he will again take arms against you."

"Have no such fears, Rachel," answered the king; "but tell me, dost thou consent to follow me?"

"Never," she replied, resolutely, endeavoring to extricate herself from his grasp; "in the name of your father, sire, let me go."

"It is too late!" exclaimed a guttural voice behind her, the sound of which made the two lovers tremble.

Gil Pierce Neige, "who had not been able to prevent the entrance of the stranger, bounded to the side of Don Pedro, with his brothers. "Aixa!" exclaimed the king and Rachel, simultaneously.

"Yes, Aixa!" repeated the Morisca—"Aixa, the slave of an English adventurer—Aixa, who comes to announce to you the approach of her well-beloved master!"

"Burdett!" murmured Rachel, with alarm. "Let him be welcome," said Don Pedro, calmly, and drawing his sword, he advanced towards the door.

Aixa, with a jeering laugh, cried, "put up thy sword, Sir King; it is not with Captain Burdett alone thou hast to do—he has chosen

for his companions the Black Prince and his barons."

"The Black Prince and his barons!" exclaimed Don Pedro, turning pale; but what matters after all. Am I under tutelage? Can I not be free when I have paid for their services?"

"Oh, madam," said Rachel, reproachfully, "I thought the past had been forgotten between us."

"Aixa never forgets," returned the Morisca; "a Moorish woman revenges herself, beautiful Jewess."

Rachel, overcome with fear and grief, hid her face in her hands and wept.

"And thou, Don Pedro," continued Aixa, "dost thou remember my prediction, that every time we met should be signalled by some sad event? Thou seest that I know how to keep my word. The house of the hangman of Seville is henceforth the residence of the Jewess."

Notwithstanding all the courage of Don Pedro, he trembled at this infamous threat. "What dost thou mean?" he asked.

"The hangman comes, in virtue of his privilege, to guard the door of the Morabethin—to claim publicity for his vassal, that woman—to inscribe on his list the name of Rachel among those abandoned women who pay him tribute."

"Mercy, mercy, madam!" exclaimed the wretched girl, in a desperate voice, her whole frame trembling as if under torture. Had Burdett stood over her with an uplifted dagger she would not have trembled; she could have braved death, but shame—the menace of the Morisca threw her into a delirium of agony. Forgetting all her pride, she dragged herself on her knees to the feet of Aixa, repeating, "Mercy, mercy, I am not guilty!"

"Rise, Rachel," said Don Pedro, assisting and supporting her, "do you forget that you are under my safeguard, and that I am King of Castile and Leon?"

"For that very reason shalt thou surrender her, in obedience to the law," observed Aixa. Again did Don Pedro protest that he would never leave the side of Rachel, even should it compromise his crown, his honor, and his life; but so clearly did Aixa show the impossibility of evading the hangman's claim, that Rachel perceived at once the utter ruin that threatened her lover, and with the devotion of real affection determined on becoming the sacrifice—she insisted on being left to her fate—she implored Don Pedro to abandon her.

The king, who had not remained insensible to the force of Aixa's arguments, exclaimed, "But if I abandon thee, my poor child, who then will protect thee?"

"We will, great brother," answered the sons of Paloma, coming forward, and ranging themselves around poor Rachel.

"You!" exclaimed Rachel, doubtingly, for she felt that resistance would be vain.

At this moment a loud noise was heard from outside, and the bronze gate of the Morabethin, which Gil had taken the precaution to close after him, creaked on its hinges. The king placed himself before Rachel, sword in hand.

"Do you hear?" said the Morisca? "Juan, the hangman, is impatient for the prey I have promised him. To work, then, braggadocios, for I am really curious to know how you can escape from this holy place?"

"And I, likewise," answered Perez, the miner, pointing to the door, "I am curious to know how Sir Juan, the hangman, will penetrate to his new vassal?"

Aixa uttered a shriek of rage as she turned and saw a rampart of granite piled up before the door.

She cast herself like a furious lioness on this barrier, and while she tore her hands in fruitless efforts to remove it, the miner whispered some words in the ear of the king; the countenance of the latter lighted up with joy.

Then they heard the blows of a hatchet on the door, and an immediate breach was expected.

"You were curious to know how the hangman would enter," said the Morisca, insolently.

Rachel remained cold and immovable as a statue, but the king answered, "We shall no more see how he will enter than thou wilt see how we depart."

At these words, Ruy, the mower, advanced, and locking the Morisca in his long, bony arms, wrapped his cloak around her head and face. This feat was performed with such dexterity, that Aixa had not time to utter a single cry, and while she struggled in vain to extricate herself, her voice was stifled in the folds of the cloak.

Meanwhile, Perez, lodging his pickaxe in a large iron ring, raised a heavy stone, and discovered a staircase, which led down to the ancient caverns of the mosque.

"Go forward, brother," said he.

The king drew Rachel down more dead than alive, the brothers following, Perez having taken the precaution to break off the iron ring.

They were only just in time, for hardly had the trap-door descended, when the door of the Morabethin gave way. Ruy released the Morisca, saying to her,—

"Noble dame, when the heron is out of sight, we may safely unhood the hawk."

Aixa seeing herself alone with the mower, sprang with a furious bound to the bottom of the Morabethin, raving like a maniac. Having assured herself that Rachel and the king had escaped, and seeing her revenge foiled at the instant of fruition, she fell fainting on the floor.

Meanwhile the Black Prince, Burdett, and the barons who accompanied them, entered the open door, the hangman and his assistants having made good their entry previously; behind were the varlets and pages, the squires and servants, every one being desirous of witnessing the termination of the drama.

All the lords who were ready to judge Don Pedro and the Jewess were silent and serious. The Prince of Wales was violently agitated; and although Burdett affected to be calm, it was very easy to see his calmness was only assumed.

"Sir," said the Black Prince, stopping his vassal on the threshold, "you asserted to me that your wife had granted an interview to Don Pedro in the Morabethin. You entreated me to come and render you justice against him who plotted your dishonor. I have come." The Black Prince then expressed his surprise and displeasure at the presence of the executioner, and when Burdett explained the old Moorish law, Edward, still repugnant, answered that it better suited Saracens and idolaters than Christian men.

"The custom does indeed come from the Moors," answered Burdett, "but the Castilians have also adopted it as the best guarantee for the fidelity of their wives. Take the judgment of King Mohamed, whom chance has brought hither as a witness."

The King of Granada who had been waiting in the grove to take leave of his daughter, had been directed to the Morabethin by Pierce Neige, who told him that Aixa waited there for him.

"Sir King," said Burdett to him, "every woman surprised with her lover in a private enclosure, does she not belong to the hangman?"

"It is an ancient and rigorous law, which the Knights of the West may ridicule," answered Mohamed, "but in Andalusia and Africa it is respected as holy. Our wives dread shame more than death. The king himself cannot efface the guilty name from the parchment of the hangman. If she be a maiden, and on the same day a man presents himself rash enough to marry her, and bind himself to pay a fine annually and in advance, she may escape punishment. But for a married woman there is no chance of escape."

Burdett now called to Juan, the hangman, to do his duty.

At that order, Juan placed his hand on the roll of parchment suspended from his girdle, and beckoned his two assistants to follow him. Burdett then advanced, after him the Black Prince, then the Moorish king, and the lords and barons.

The executioner, on arriving in the middle of the building, perceived a woman, closely veiled, and wearing a Moorish tunic, lying apparently dead on the floor; he lifted her up, and partially recovering, she passed her hand over her brow; she saw the crowd that surrounded her, her recollection returned, and remembering only that Rachel had escaped her snare, she made an effort to spring in pursuit of her rival.

The Late Comer brutally seized her arm and said, "I respect the veil in which a chaste and faithful wife envelopes herself, but I tear off that which serves to hide only her shame;" and he tore the veil into shreds. "Aixa!" he exclaimed, retreating in consternation.

"My daughter!" exclaimed Mohamed, in a voice trembling with surprise and grief, while murmurs arose from the English and Gascon barons, not less astonished at this singular denouement.

"So, sir," said the Black Prince to Burdett, with evident displeasure, "it seems to me that you accuse your wife and my noble ally very lightly."

"Sire," stammered Burdett, "here is some mystery which I will not rest till I have found out." Then approaching the Morisca, he said, in a deep voice, "Hast thou, peradventure, been playing on my credulity, in order to avenge thyself for thy capture? It is a hazardous game, I warn thee; thou didst promise to discover Rachel and her lover to me, and I charge thee to keep thy word."

Aixa, pressing her forehead with her hands, regarded her master with haggard eyes; at length she murmured, "Rachel has disappeared; she has fled with Don Pedro: they have both escaped."

"It is false!" replied Burdett, "for I watched at the door of the Morabethin, and no one passed out."

"They escaped, nevertheless, I tell thee," resumed she, in a hurried and broken voice, "by what miracle I know not. They were here but now, pale and trembling before me; Rachel tore herself from the arms of her lover—I see her still—and knelt at my feet. They tried entreaty, despair, anger, to move me, but I was inflexible; already had I called on the hangman to finish his work, when, suddenly, one of the king's companions wrapped his cloak about me, and, when I got free, I sought in vain for Don Pedro and Rachel."

"Oh, I am not the dupe of such a flimsy tale," said the Late Comer, wringing the arm of Aixa, who uttered a shriek of pain. Mohamed, with his hand on his pignard, was advancing to protect his daughter, but already another had cast himself between her and her brutal master. It was Ruy, the mower.

"Pardon the poor girl," said he, "I am the only guilty person; let me alone be punished." The despair of Aixa increased on recognising the king's foster brother as her defender.

"By what right demandest thou pardon for my slave?" said Burdett, irritated; "who art

thou, and how dost thou explain thy presence in this place?"

"By what right," repeated Ruy, with well-feigned embarrassment, "I cannot tell. Torture me if you will, but you shall not draw a word from me which shall criminate the daughter of Mohamed."

"Tako care, fellow," said the Late Comer, "thou refuseth to reveal the motive of thy interview with the Morisca, thy very silence accuses her."

(To be continued.)

ON THE SENSE OF PAIN.

The sense of pain in the mouth guards the throat; in the stomach it affords a warning against improper food; and, in fact, every part of the body is susceptible of pain, wherever that sense is necessary to indicate disease or injury; but the heart, the brain and the lungs, although the most vital organs, being protected from injury by the sensibility of the exterior parts of the body, a high sense of pain in them is unnecessary, and they are almost insensible to it. The heart beats upwards of 4000 times in an hour; and if the pain from a diseased heart were very acute, it would indeed be sad for the sufferer; but the pain from a disease of that organ is seldom more than an uneasy sensation, and this more especially after violent exertion, being a check to unnecessary action, and so far useful. Sudden death often occurs from disease of the heart; not from the heart being suddenly diseased, but from the disease causing very little pain, and being therefore unknown. The brain, although the source of sensation, is itself insensible to pain; in surgical operations portions of the brain have been removed without the patient exhibiting any sign of pain. The lungs are highly susceptible of impurities in the air, and thus we are guarded against the inhalation of injurious gases; their sensibility during inflammation indicates the danger and compels the necessary care, but they are almost insensible to pain from mutilation or decay; in such cases the pain would be useless and an affliction. The lungs have been cut without causing pain, and during their decay in consumption the pain is very slight.

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF.

It is said that when John C. Calhoun was in Yale College he was ridiculed by his fellow students for his intense application to study. "Why, sirs," he replied, "I am forced to make the most of my time that I may acquire myself creditably when in Congress." A laugh followed, when he exclaimed, "Do you doubt it? I assure you if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the National capital within the next three years, I would leave College this very day!" Let every young man thus have faith in himself, and earnestly take hold of life, scorning all props and buttresses, all crutches and life preservers. Let him believe, with Pestalozzi, that no man on God's earth is either willing or able to help any other man. Let him strive to be a creator, rather than an inheritor—to bequeath, rather than to borrow. Instead of wielding the rusty sword of valorous forefathers, let him forge his own weapons, and conscious of the God in him and the Providence over him, let him fight his own battles with his own good lance. Instead of sighing for an education, capital or friends, and declaring that "if he only had these, he would be somebody," let him remember that as Horace Greeley said, he is looking through the wrong end of the telescope; that if he only weeps somebody, he would speedily have all the boons whose absence he is bewailing. Instead of being one of the foiled potentialities, of which the world is so full—one of the subjunctive heroes, who always might, could, would or should, do great things, but whose not doing great things is what nobody can understand; let him be in the imperative mood, and do that of which his talents are indicative. This lesson of self-reliance once learned and acted on, and every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of usefulness and honor.—Getting on in the World.

THE COLORS OF THE CHAMELEON.

This animal experiences very frequent modifications of color in the course of a single day. From Aristotle, who attributed these changes to a swelling of the skin, and Theophrastus, who assigned fear as their cause, to Wallisnieri, who supposes them to result from the movement of humors toward the surface of the animal's body, the most different opinions have been expressed on the subject. Milne-Edwards, thirty years ago, explained them by the successive inequalities in the proportion of the two substances, one yellowish and the other violet, which color the skin of the reptile—inequalities due to the change in volume of the very flattened cells that contain these substances. Bruck, renewing these researches, proves that the chameleon's colors follow from the manifold diffusion of solar light in the colored cells—that is to say, from the production of the same phenomenon remarked in soap bubbles, and all very thin plates or fibres. Its colors, then, come from the play of sunlight among the yellow and violet substances distributed very curiously under its wrinkled skin. It passes from orange to yellow, from green to blue, through a series of wavering and rainbow-like shades, determined by the state of the lightest radiation. Darkness blanches it; twilight gives it the most

delicate marble tints; the sun turns it dark. A part of the skin bruised or rubbed remains black, without growing white in the dark. Bruck satisfied himself, moreover, that temperature does not affect these phenomena. We take this account from a fascinating article on "Light and Life," translated from the French of Fernand Popillon, and published in the *Popular Science Monthly* for January. The iridescent hues of fishes may be explained in a similar way.

WONDERS OF MINUTE WORKMANSHIP.

In the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth, a blacksmith named Mark Scalliot made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel and brass, all of which, together with a key, weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links; and having fastened this to the before-mentioned lock and key, he put the chain about the neck of a flea, which drew them all with ease. All these together, lock and key, chain and flea, weighed only one grain and a half. Oswaldus Northingerus, who was more famous even than Scalliot for his minute contrivances, is said to have made 1,600 dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so small, thin and slender that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a peppercorn of the common size. Johannes Shad, of Mittelbrach, carried this wonderful work with him to Rome, and showed it to Pope Paul V., who saw and counted them all by the help of a pair of spectacles. They were so small as to be almost invisible to the eye. Johannes Ferrarius, a Jesuit, had in his possession cannons of wood, with their carriages, wheels and all other military furniture, all of which were also contained in a pepper-corn of the ordinary size. An artist named Claudius Gallus made for Hypolytus d'Este, Cardinal of Ferrara, representations of sundry birds sitting on the tops of trees, which, by hydraulic art and secret conveyance of water through the trunks and branches of trees, were made to sing and clap their wings, but at the sudden appearance of an owl out of a bush of the same artifice they immediately became all mute and silent.

BLAST FURNACES.

From the earliest times, as among the native smiths of Africa to-day, the blast of a bellows has been used in working iron to increase the heat of the combustion by a more plentiful supply of oxygen. The blast furnace is supposed to have been first used in Belgium, and to have been introduced in England in 1558. Next came the use of bituminous coal, urged with a blast of cold air. But it was not till 1829 that Neilson, an Englishman, conceived the idea of heating the air of the blast, and carried it out on the Muirkirk furnaces. In a year he obtained a patent for his process, and found that he could from the same quantity of fuel make three times as much iron. His patent made him very rich; in one single case of infringement he received a cheque for damages for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. In his method, however, he used an extra fire for heating the air of his blast. In 1837 the idea of heating the air for the blast by the gases generated in the process was first practically introduced by M. Faber Dufour at Wasserafängen in the kingdom of Wurtemberg.

In this country, charcoal was at first used universally for smelting iron, anthracite coal being considered unfit for the purpose. In 1820 an unsuccessful attempt to use it was made at Mauch Chunk. In 1823, Frederick W. Geisenheimer, of Schuylkill, obtained a patent for the use of the hot blast with anthracite, and in 1835 produced the first iron made with this process. In 1841, C. E. Detmond adapted the consumption of the gases produced by the smelting to the use of anthracite; and since it has become quite general, and has caused an almost incalculable saving to the community in the price of iron.—Lippincott's Magazine.

IRON IN THE FUTURE.

It is fortunate that we attended to our own interest in our own way, and that we are now in a position to go ahead to any required extent in the iron trade. As we export locomotives to Russia and Germany, so we expect in due time to export iron to all Europe, just as we now do cotton and provisions. We shall not rest satisfied until we do this; for when that point is reached the great contest will be ended, and American iron will be master of the field as clearly as American cotton now is. It is not the increase of the broadstuffs exports that we should now turn our attention to, for in that line Russia, Germany and the Mediterranean countries are our formidable rivals. But we should build ironworks all over the Northwest; turn wheat into iron, and instead of shipping pigs of pork ship pigs of iron. See what this industry has already done for the West. The census of 1870 shows the product of manufactures in these States thus: Ohio, \$209,713,610; Indiana, \$108,617,273; Illinois, 203,620,672; Missouri, \$08,213,429; Michigan, \$118,394,676; Wisconsin, \$77,241,326. And all this rests upon the remarkable growth and prosperity of the Western Iron manufacture, as is seen in the fact that the largest increase is in the iron districts.—North American.

VERMICULAR PROWESS.

Quite a large number of persons were yesterday morning assembled at the De Groof House, in Fourth Avenue, to witness the feeding of a boa-constrictor belonging to Mr. Parks. The animal had had nothing to eat for over two weeks, and was consequently in a condition of hunger which served to make the exhibition quite interesting. It is kept in a box with a glass top, placed directly in front of a register, whereby it receives a degree of heat reminding it to some small extent of its native African climate. When this box was drawn out into the centre of the room and the cover raised, the lengthy snake—more than seven feet long—slowly crawled around the interior, his neck hardly thicker than a man's wrist, and the rest of the body comparatively attenuated. In one corner of the apartment was a basket containing four snow-white rabbits, nibbling and munching their food, totally unconscious of their approaching fate. The largest of these was first given to the snake. Still slowly crawling, the thin neck kept constantly moving around the box, while the rabbit cowered as though dreading he knew not what. Soon the snake saw him. Gathering back nearly a foot he waited for a chance to strike. Just then the rabbit turned his head and approached, as he had several times done before, to touch the snake's head. The small eyes gleamed, the narrow forked tongue shot in and out like a whip-thong, and in an instant, quicker than the watching eye could follow the motion, the reptile caught him by the nose. At the same moment the long, slim body was wrapped around the rabbit in three folds. Tightening quickly, the skin of the snake became rough and corrugated; it glistened with a strange, shiny lustre not hitherto observable, and was wrinkled into numberless little circling rings. "Bunny" uttered no squeak, gave no signs of vitality, with the exception of a single convulsive kick. He was evidently suffocated soon after the catching; but he felt no pain and died easily. For some minutes the snake stayed thus, the folds contracting, the skin becoming rougher, and the lustre deepening. Then the small, leathery head drew back from the circumvolved rabbit, and the keen, bright eyes regarded it curiously. The folds contracted more and more, until poor Bunny seemed to be longer by half than nature had fashioned him. So prepared for swallowing, the snake commenced that operation. Contrary to the popular opinion, he did not cover the animal with saliva, but began absorbing him without further ceremony. The lower jaw dropped, extending to quite twice its natural size, and the rabbit's head was gently sucked in. Next, the skin, seemingly loose, wrinkled into irregular creases near the neck, as if the snake were shrugging his shoulders. As these wrinkles straightened out, the rabbit disappeared down the gaping jaws. Slipping it glided away until there was left of it nothing but the tail and hind legs. A final gulp and these, too, were gone. The wrinkles still crawled and crept over the snake's skin, while his food could be plainly seen passing down his body. A rest was now given him, though shortly his movements and the swift darting of the tongue, showed him to be ready for further food. Again a rabbit was put into the box, but although once struck showed such skill in dodging the snake that by unanimous desire of the spectators he was taken out and restored to his former state of unthinking happiness. The next one was effectually seized. Escaping the stroke, the rabbit fled to a corner, but in an instant was grasped by the hind leg and enwrapped in thick coils. The operation did not occupy more time than would a flash of lightning. With a few faint squeaks the rabbit was dead, and was leisurely swallowed like his predecessor. Although four were provided, only two were eaten, and having accomplished the deglutition of these, the snake cared for no more. As an incident in observation of natural history, the sight was entertaining, and all the more so that the rabbits were killed so suddenly that their suffering was almost nothing.—N. Y. World.

BE FIRM.

Let the winds blow, and the waves of society beat and frown about you, if they will; but keep your soul in rectitude, and it will be firm as a rock. Plant yourself upon principle, and bid defiance to misfortune. If gossip, with her poisoned tongue, meddles with your good name—if her disciples, who infect every town and hamlet, make your disgrace the burden of their song, heed them not. It is their bread and their meat to slander. Treat their idle words as you would treat the hissing of a serpent, or the buzzing of many insects. Carry yourself erect; and by the serenity of your countenance, and the purity of life, give the lie to all who would berate and belittle you. Why be afraid of any man? Why cower and tremble in the presence of the rich? Why "crook the pliant hinge of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning?"

No, friend, fear them not! Build up your character with holy principles, and if your path be not strewn with flowers, let it be beautiful with the light of divine life, and you will leave behind you a noble example, which will be to the world a perennial flower, whose leaves will be healing to the nations, and its fragrance the panacea of the soul.

Every description of Plain and Ornamental Printing executed with Neatness and Dispatch, at the WORKMAN Office. All orders promptly attended to.

NOTICE.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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Single insertions, ten cents per line. Each subsequent insertion, five cents per line.

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

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

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN.

Trades Assembly Hall.

Meetings are held in the following order:—  
 Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.  
 Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.  
 Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.  
 Crispiens, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.  
 K.O.S.C. Lodge 356, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.  
 Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.  
 Cigar Makers, 2nd and 4th 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.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have sent accounts to those of our Subscribers who are in arrears, and hope that they will remit the amounts without delay. We know people are apt to think "Mine is only a very small matter, it won't make much difference," but when these small amounts, scattered over various parts of the province, are multiplied by tens and hundreds, it becomes a matter of importance to the publishers that each subscription should be paid promptly. The publication of a newspaper is attended with a very considerable outlay of money and energy, and we trust our readers to whom we have, and may yet, send accounts, will strengthen our hands by prompt remittances.

Those of our City subscribers also, who have received their accounts, will please remit to us as soon as possible.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JAN. 30, 1873.

THE GAS STOKERS.

From our English trade exchanges we learn that the feeling intensifies in connection with the case of the convicted gas stokers. In all parts meetings to protest against the severe sentence passed upon the men have been held, and at these meetings, Mr. Justice Brett's conduct, both in refusing time for the preparation of the defence, and in inflicting so heavy a punishment, despite the jury's recommendation to mercy, formed the subject for strong comment, a punishment as one paper states, as heavy as that pronounced upon persons found "guilty of manslaughter, and putting stones on a line with a view to upset a railway train, and at least twice as severe as a man who had incited a bull dog to worry his wife." A writer in the *Weekly Times*, in discussing the question says, "the men broke a contract by leaving work without notice. This is certainly a grave offence, as without good faith in adhering to contracts, an industrial state would become impossible, and we should revert to barbarism." True, quite true,—if the law be administered impartially, and there be not one involving a sentence to twelve month's imprisonment for the poor workman, while for the employer there is complete immunity. A case in point has just occurred—in connection, too, with a gas stoker. Mr. Trew-

by, the superintendent of the City of London Gas Works at Beckton, was summoned at the Woolwich Police-court to answer the complaint of a gas-stoker for having discharged him without notice. For the defence it was stated that the complainant had so conducted himself as to give rise to a suspicion that he was in confederacy with the men on strike to coerce and damage the company, and that any appearance of treachery at such a time would justify the superintendent in getting rid of him. The magistrate took this view of the matter, and dismissed the summons. Comment on this is unnecessary.

But the excessive punishment meted out by the court in this particular case is not the only phase of the question that is rousing public sentiment; the case involves a much more serious danger to workmen. The judge declared in passing sentence, that the time had come to teach men in union a lesson; and certainly in doing this, Mr. Justice Brett did rise fully to the height of an enraged schoolmaster of the most ferocious type. His legal cat had wire in the strings, like those used in Jamaica,—it was meant to lacerate, and it has done so. But if the judge had a lesson to teach, the workmen of Great Britain have one to learn. They will find out by this verdict and sentence that any act they may do collectively may be construed and punished as a conspiracy, and that a strike, however justifiable in the eyes of those who enter on it, may terminate in the jails of the country, if English Judges can be found willing to strain the law under the influence of passion, and with a pretended zeal for the public welfare.

It is right that the men of England should, at this time, arise in their might, and that their sentiments should be uttered with no uncertain sound; it is right, that the wives and children of the imprisoned men should be provided for—they are the charge of the unions, now; it is right that strenuous efforts should be made to obtain a mitigation of the sentence.

But above and beyond all this there is a duty to be performed by the working classes of England. Never, of late years, have their liberties been more seriously threatened; and the most important object to be achieved is the alteration of the law—and this it is which will cost most effort to obtain. Many thousands of English hearts are now smarting, as under a personal wrong, and for a time England will be made to ring. What is to be guarded against is the danger that the zeal of many will wax cold. But this must not be allowed,—the indignation must only give place to a settled determination for repeal. It must not be forgotten that not the application, but the existence of the law constitutes the chief injustice. English workmen ought never to rest until the law is repealed,—and until that is accomplished, effort and agitation is the solemn duty of every workman who has any feeling of self-respect or any desire for independence and freedom. And the matter is in their own hands. Under household suffrage and the Ballot, they can compel Parliament to do them justice. Power they have in plenty, but if, through apathy, through want of persistence, or through disunion, they fail to obtain justice, they will prove themselves unworthy the tradition of their class, and must continue to suffer an injustice for which they have but themselves to blame. "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

THE EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE.

The bill introduced by Mr. McKeller to extend the franchise, cannot fail to give satisfaction to the great mass of the people. Its provisions are liberal,—and the measure may almost be regarded as radical in the extreme. It proposes to give every man a vote who is actually and *bona fide* in receipt of an annual income, from any calling or profession, in any city or town of not less than three hundred dollars, and in any incorporated village or township of not less than two hundred dollars. This

will give votes to a large class of young men, clerks, students, professional men, mechanics and others, who have hitherto been excluded from voting because not on the assessment roll. Evidently there does seem something anomalous in discriminating between two men in the same establishment, and on equal salaries, and who, probably, spend in the course of the year an equal amount of money, and give the one a vote because he hires a house, and refuse the other a like privilege because he takes furnished lodgings or pays for his board. But for all this, we do not believe that the whole of a person's income should be taxed, nor should a man be obliged to pay for the privilege of voting; and it is a matter for consideration whether the paying of taxes is the most convenient test for suffrage. For many years Canada has enjoyed a most admirable and universal system of public instruction. The people have been provided the means of educating their children, and we should think the time is near at hand—if not at hand already—when we should have placed on our statute book a provision that every man who votes must at least be able to read and write.

THE BALLOT BILL.

Mr. Clarke, of Wellington Centre, has introduced a bill to provide for the adoption of the ballot at our provincial elections. By this system we believe purity in elections will be more fully secured. In every community there will be many, under our present system, who are unable to record a vote according to their conscientious convictions; but especially is the ballot needed for the employees of large corporations. Hitherto, the objection to the system of voting by ballot has been that it was un-English, but this objection exists no longer, and it is gratifying to learn that it is now taken for granted, by Conservatives and Liberals alike, that the ballot has proved a most successful measure. An exchange, writing upon the subject says: Had there been any doubt upon the point it must have been set at rest by the election at Cork recently. That city is noted for its uproarious demonstrations, and at polling times the recording of votes was generally a matter of life and death. Mr. Ronayne and Mr. Pim were the two candidates. There had been at first another candidate, a supporter of the ministry, but he was forced to retire, the Home Rule element having come out so strong. Mr. Pim is a Conservative, and the party were in hopes that they might have succeeded through divisions in the Liberal camp, in carrying their man. By the retirement of the ministerial candidate this was prevented; and on the polling day Mr. Ronayne the Home Ruler, was returned by a large majority. The "Nationalists" were so overjoyed that they had immense torchlight processions; but no disturbance occurred, the polling is described as remarkable for its quietness, and all went off smoothly, and without the smallest molestation. The practice of escorting doubtful electors to the poll was discontinued. Mr. Lewis, conservative candidate who was returned for Londonderry, although originally opposed to the ballot, bears testimony to the benefits secured by that measure in his case; and we have thus a town in the north of Ireland, and another in the south-west, furnishing the best evidence that could be wished for as to the success which has attended the working of that measure, the passing of which by Parliament was regarded by very many as one of those Liberal acts which are to help on the ruin of the country. The magistrates are dealing stringently with such persons as attempt to violate the Act by personating voters. At the Manchester assizes last week, two men who were guilty of this offence at the recent municipal election, were each sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. One of the prisoners had personated a voter who was in Staffordshire on the day of election; and the other had voted in the name of his grandfather who is dead.

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CONVICT LABOR.

In the Legislature on Monday, Mr. Lauder moved an address for a return of all papers and correspondence between the Government and the Canada Car Company, and a copy of the contracts said to have been made regarding the labor of the convicts who might be confined in the Central Prison. Mr. Lauder spoke on the subject at some length, during which he questioned the propriety of making such a contract, in the face of the principle which they had always advocated, when in opposition to the Sandfield Macdonald administration, that no executive act of so much importance should be undertaken without the consent of the legislature. If the Government then, had made a contract for this labor for a number of years—it might be at remunerative rates, or it might not—it was a question whether it was the best plan to let out the labor of convicts to a public company. There were some who held that this was not the best plan—that the Government should control the labor themselves instead of hiring it out to contractors; and as the question was one which admitted of discussion, and upon which there was difference of opinion, it would have been well, before taking final action, to have brought the matter up for discussion in the House. The Government, however, he was told, had taken the responsibility of entering into this contract, which might be a good one or might not; but the principle of hypothecating for so many years the labor of the prisoners, without offering it to competition, without asking for public tenders, and without the consent of Parliament, seemed to him to be at least hasty, and might turn out to be unwise and unprofitable in the interest of the Province. Hon. Mr. Mowat acknowledged that a preliminary contract had been entered into last August, and that subsequently he had been a party to the drafting of a fuller contract, containing all the necessary details for the purpose of carrying out the bargain made in the contract. In reply to the question of Mr. Rykert as to whether the contract was yet completed binding the Government to hire the prison labor to the Car Company, Mr. Mowat gave no definite reply, merely stating that the case was just as he had said. The papers, however, would be brought down.

MASS MEETING OF WORKINGMEN.

On Tuesday, the 11th of February, a Mass Meeting of the workingmen of this city will be held in the St. Lawrence Hall, to take into consideration matters and things of vital interest to them as a class. Among the subjects to be discussed will be the Convict Labor question, and other questions of equal importance. Delegates are expected from Ottawa and Hamilton and we hope upon the occasion to see a crowded house. Let there be a grand rally!

THE HACKMEN'S BALL.

The Hackmen of this city intend holding their ninth annual Ball in the Music Hall, on Tuesday evening next Feb. 4th. Every effort will be made by the committee to render the occasion one of great success. Hitherto it has been the custom to divide the proceeds between the Boy's Home and the House of Providence, but this year, owing to the heavy drains that were made upon the horse fund of the Union consequent upon the large amount of sickness that existed among the horses during last summer, it has been decided this year to devote the proceeds to that fund; and it is to be hoped that the result will place the horse fund in a strong financial position. We doubt not there will be a very large attendance at the ball.

We are in receipt of the third number of a new paper—the *Northern Borderer*, published at Bangor. It is devoted to science, literature, social life, and home development. Its selections give evidence of a high moral tone, and its circulation cannot fail to accomplish good. We wish our contemporary every success.

WHAT SHALL WE DO.

How often we hear the interrogation coming from the man whose form betokens the greater portion of a life spent in drudgery and toil, whose hands have become calloused in the service of those who care nought for his sufferings and misery, and only dote upon the dependent condition of the poor, overworked toiler, whose bones have become stiffened and body bent with hard, incessant labor, and all for the mere privilege of a bare livelihood, while those in whose interest his life of labor has been spent, roll in wealth and luxury, and fatten upon the proceeds of the poor man's toil.

"What shall we do?" says another laborer, who, although not yet reduced to the condition of the other, sees the same inevitable fate before him, and unless his interrogation meets with a solution that will snatch him from the pending danger, he must walk into the same channel, and there meet the inevitable fate of his predecessor. "What shall we do?" says the hard working mechanic, "to change our iniquitous laws of distribution—laws that give the money-lender and non-producer all the comforts and luxuries of life, while labor, the producer of all wealth, is compelled to go hungry and naked?" "What shall we do," exclaims the mechanic who has spent years of study to acquire a thorough mechanical knowledge of his trade, "to lift our trade from the low, dilapidated condition into which it has fallen, thereby enabling those who have become proficient to make something more than a mere livelihood, to enable them to clothe and educate their children, and prepare them for the start in the race of life on an equal footing with the favored and pampered children of fortune?" "What shall we do?" says the young man, full of vigor and energy, starting in life with the almost insurmountable barriers of poverty before him. "What shall we do?" exclaim his comrades. Thus they plod along, asking the question, without ever stopping for a moment to solve the problem, when they finally find themselves drifted into the gulf of hopeless despondency, surrounded by all the barriers that a down trodden and oppressed condition is heir to.

Reader, workingman, mechanic, friend, co-laborer in the work of emancipation, drop the hackneyed, worn out cry, "What shall we do?" With labor unperformed piled up mountains high before us, and the facilities with which to perform it within our reach, we not only wrong mankind, but insult the intelligence of our Maker. You may feel that the task is hard, unceasing and endless, you may become discouraged even before you undertake it; but you should remember that without labor nothing can be done. Without a sacrifice nothing is gained. Without perseverance nothing is accomplished. Stand up, then, erect, prepare for the contest. Do not ask "what shall we do?" but throw off the coat, roll up the sleeve, resolve on victory, and stop at nothing short of it. Strike a blow at the fetters that bind the limbs of your fellow laborer, set him free, secure his co-operation, go forth hand in hand under the flag of united brotherhood. You may meet with reverses, but become not discouraged, your cause is just and you are sure to triumph in the end.—*M. and B. Journal.*

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

Mayor Manning, in his inaugural address on Monday night, among many other good suggestions, recommended the advisability of petitioning the Legislature to have the labor of the prisoners in our jail utilized in repairing and keeping in order our streets and sidewalks. We are certainly of the opinion that our City Fathers should act upon this timely suggestion.

A COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER.

On last Thursday evening, a very pleasant gathering was held in Mr. Foy's Orange Hall, in connection with the formation of Toronto L. O. Lodge No. 800. A number of the brethren and

invited guests partook of the many good things provided by "mine host,"—after which the company enjoyed a pleasant "feast of reason and flow of soul,"—toasts, speeches and song following each other in happy succession.

**GILDERS' SLEIGHING PARTY AND SUPPER.**

On Friday evening last, the employees of the establishments of Messrs. R. W. Laird, Ewing, Phillips, & Matthews, drove to Eagle's Hotel, at Weston, where after their arrival, they sat down to a capital supper, to which all did amply justice. After the cloth was removed, at the general wish of the men, Mr. G. Tait was called to the chair, in which he was ably supported as Vice by Mr. W. Dillon. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given, the foremen of the several shops, made some good speeches, all inculcating the unity of interests between employer and employee, and dwelling on the fact that for the first time in Canada, the gilders, as a body, were brought together for the interchange of fellowship and mutual good will. A pleasant evening was spent in songs, toasts and recitations, which were kept up till a late hour; and all returned to Toronto well pleased at having spent so pleasant a time.

**Communications.**

**HAMILTON.**

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman)

DEAR SIR,—Now that the assembled wisdom of this Province of Ontario can no longer complain that every needed reform is swamped by French votes, we, the population of this Province, want no more half measures of reform. We want what has always been held up to us as the grand cure for all evils, "Representation by Population." This has been held up for years gone by as the sure and certain cure for all the ills that the body politic is heir to. This and nothing short of it will satisfy the working class.

There is no use in talking about an income franchise nor a reduction of the present rate of assessment. All this is only the continued worship of the almighty dollar.

Since the first usurpation of power by that unhappy pair in Eden, shortly before they went into the "sewing machine business" until this day, those who have the reins of power, have, like them, when they discovered their nakedness and sewed fig leaves together to cover it, been constantly engaged in the same species of folly, with patch-work legislation, which, like the stolen fig leaves, become worthless even before it can be applied to the purpose for which it has been joined together. How very unlike the coat of skins which the "All-wise Ruler of the Universe" supplied his rebellious children with and which, in spite of all our would-be learned divines say about their being made of the skins of beast killed for sacrifice, we firmly believe were made by the great Creator for the special purpose that they were applied to. Any other rendering of the passage makes the Almighty a dealer in second-hand clothes, which we, on our part, utterly deny. This coat of skins was an enduring coat—one that served to cover the whole person; and the extension of the franchise we want is one that will endure through all time and cover the whole population. The only qualification that we require in a British-born subject is that he be able to read intelligibly; and so of an alien born when naturalized that he be able to read in his native language. This leaves a man in a position to form an opinion for himself, and therefore qualified to vote in an intelligent manner. Now, look at the four hundred dollars income qualification. What does it say to the man with three hundred and ninety-nine dollars? "Really, my dear sir, you want the almighty dollar;" in this talismanic piece is "the whole secret." True, your character may be unimpeachable, while the man with the almighty dollar may be the curse of the circle in which he moves, but the wisdom of our statesmen has placed the franchise in the most worshipful dollar. Away once and forever with such a law, while the militia law makes every man between 18 and 45 liable to be balloted and drawn in case of emergency, thus declaring by the letter of the enactment that the life of every man shall be liable to be given for the general good. This contemplated extension of the franchise declares that no man shall have a voice in the making of the laws unless he is assessed for four hundred dollars or has an income to that amount.

Now, I want to know if a man is forced from his home without his consent, simply because a certain mark may appear against him or it may be that his name is drawn out

of a hat, or any other way that the law in its wisdom may appoint, this man is drilled, sent to the front, and forthwith to heaven by the shortest possible cut at the earliest opportunity and his back pay sent home to his nearest surviving relative, while his name appears once in a daily paper, and all this for no other reason than that the aforesaid man was between the ages of 18 and 45. Why cannot this same man have a voice in choosing the men who are to make war or peace possible to our land? Why not?

I remain, yours,  
WORKMAN.

January 27, 1873.

**CHARADE.**

We have received correct answers to Charade in last week's paper from J. M.; J. McM.; J. B.; D. S. S.; G. W. J.; R. W., Toronto; C. T., Great Western R. Works, Hamilton; and incorrect answers from A. S.; P. B., and G. T. R., Jr., Toronto. The correct answer is "Joiner."

We have received the following to submit for the consideration of our readers: Take the two words "New Door" and connect them into one word.

My 11, 13, 7, 9, 3, is not to be trusted;  
My 16, 6, 14, 15, 12, killed a Giant;  
My 8, 10, 5, 3, 9, was found in the Nile;  
My 13, 16, 6, 8, was tempted by a Woman;  
My 1, 2, 13, 8, 3, 5, a river in Canada;  
My 4, 6, 7, 8, is a Tree;  
My 7, 13, 8, 4, is useful by night;  
My 3, 14, 3, is a Female;  
My whole will be found in the Scriptures.

1872.

Reviewing the events of the past year *Laborers' Union Chronicle* has the following paragraph:—

1872.—Surely the *Laborers' Chronicle* will speak kindly of the year of its birth; and the farm laborers will throw up their hats and shout and dance at the mention of 1872. It is the year of their redemption. It is the year that gave birth to national unionism,—that originated, practically, combination,—that proclaimed hope for the hopeless, and an uprising for the down-trodden. In windy, blustering March, and sprinkling April, it said to the farm laborers, you are ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed; bad wages has much to do with it, and serfdom, without a vote or the least political influence, has more to do with it, but your separation from the land is your greatest evil, and that alone has enabled farmers to pinch you, and screw you down, and keep you vibrating between starvation and the Poor law bastille.

1872 says all shall be altered. The peasant shall have fair wages,—he shall have a vote and become a citizen, and by some legislative change he shall have some chance of cultivating some land of his own. But 1872 says, you cannot expect I can do all, you must look to my successors. I have planted the seed, and it will require 1873 and his successor to see its goodly tree, its branches reaching from sea to sea, and all the farm laborers of the nation finding shelter beneath it.

THE INTERESTS of working men and their families are considered at Eaton's cheap store.

MR. WEST & Co.'s announcement in another column of bargains in boots and shoes will, doubtless, attract crowds of people to his store, sign of the "Golden Boot," 200 Yonge street. Mr. West is clearing out the balance of his winter stock to make room for a splendid stock of spring goods, the best and largest he ever had. Our readers will find it to their advantage to visit the "Golden Boot" at once.

BAWDEN & Co.'s DOMINION CLOTHING HOUSE, No. 95 Yonge street, is becoming very popular with the public on account of the cheapness of the goods offered for sale. Mr. Bawden's long experience in the same line of business in Toronto, will secure for this new firm an extensive business. The tailoring department is under the supervision of an experienced and well qualified master cutter, and customers may rest assured on being suited.

WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm streets, is conducted on the good old English principal by Bell Belmont, late of London, England, who has gained the reputation, by strict adherence to business, of keeping the best conducted saloon in this city. The bar is pronounced by the press to be the "prince of bars," and is under the entire management of Mrs. Emma Belmont, whose whole study is to make the numerous patrons of this well-known resort comfortable. Visitors to this city will not regret walking any distance to see this—the handsomest bar in the Dominion

**THE AGRICULTURAL LABORERS' UNION.**

The steady progress that has been made by the Agricultural Laborers' Union since its inception, cannot fail to afford satisfaction to our readers, tending as it does to advance that down-trodden class in the social scale. There has recently been held an important meeting in Warwickshire, at which that shire became affiliated with the National Union. So the work of thorough organization goes on. Among the many excellent addresses made on that occasion we reproduce the following remarks of Mr. Councillor Collings:

Mr. Collings said when he attended the inauguration of this Union, he had his doubts as to whether the laborers had arrived at such a state of self-control and self-help as to make the society permanent. He thanked God that this meeting proved it to have been a permanent effort. Mr. Gladstone said the other day that he believed it to be true that the accumulation of wealth in this country was greater during the present century, than it had been in any previous age, from the time of Julius Cæsar downwards. Surely the agricultural laborer had had as much to do with the production of that wealth, if not more, than any other class; but the reason he had not shared it was not touched upon by Mr. Gladstone. It had been said that this movement was one for airing theoretical grievances, but the fact was, it was one of those great social revolutions of which we had but few down the whole stream of history, and its results would be not only results to the agricultural laborer, but to the nation at large. (Hear, hear.) He was not going to depreciate a few shillings extra that they might gain by it, but he looked more to the right they would obtain—rights belonging to them as men. One result would be the possession of the franchise. It was absurd to call a man free who had no share in the Government of his country, no hand in making the laws which he was obliged to obey. And the laborer once free, the land would soon be free. The land question could not be settled without the aid and concurrence of those thousands of agricultural laborers, who were most closely connected with it. Any settlement without them would be premature, to be upset when they had their rights. Another result would be the education of the laborer—not simply that kind of education which was said to fit a man for the duties of the station in which God had placed him; but which would enable him to enjoy the whole literature of the land, and raise him above himself, and make him share in the wealth of ideas accumulated in this country from the olden time till now. Then on the other hand, there were their losses—the loss of perquisites, for instance. (Laughter.) This reminded him of the stealing of the geese and giving the giblets. (Renewed laughter.) Earl Beauchamp said there were many things in the way of perquisites too numerous to mention. All the perquisites he (Mr. Collings) knew, were hard work and no education when young; hard work and semi-starvation in manhood; and the workhouse in old age. Of these perquisites they would be glad to make his lordship a present. There was no fear of retaliation, but there had been cause of retaliation. He thought the soldier question was settled for good. Other results that would follow in the distance were the downfall of that ancient monopoly, the church, the repeal of the game laws, and such like reforms. Why, he asked, should men be punished for joining a legal society like the Union—punished by being discharged from their work, and then punished by poor law guardians cutting down their relief? They had need of patience and perseverance. They had only to keep on, and then success was certain. He was as reluctant to further emigration on principle as any man could be; but when he read of what the agricultural laborer possessed in a foreign country, he could not say from his heart, don't emigrate. He was happy to read those letters in the papers that day refuting those evil reports respecting the Brazils. He found men talking about their farms. Fancy an agricultural laborer talking about his farm! Fancy a man being able to say "I have 150 acres of my own!" (Hear, hear.) Another stated that he had got a farm for himself and one for his children. Some had not painted the scene as all rose-water. What if there were hardships at first; if there was a good farm at the end of it, it was a set-off of a wonderful character. (Applause.) One man could only find one thing to complain of—that there was no person within twenty miles of him. If the parsons sympathized with the agricultural laborers as much as they did here, he (Mr. Collings) questioned if that was an unmixed evil altogether. (Laughter.) Final-

ly, stick to the Union. Don't allow any jealousy to creep in. That is the true man who can sink himself and his own dignity in that sacred thing they must all regard as supreme, the Union. (Applause.) Their opponents would move heaven and earth to divide them by threats and inducements by every means in their power. There might be even some things in the conduct of the Union that they did not agree with; but they must merge all their private feelings in the great and mighty thing which would give them regeneration as a class; and if that were so, God would bless their cause. In prospering it He would be prospering the nation by giving to England the best thing a nation could possess—a free, united, contented, and educated people. (Loud applause.)

A Minnesota man, having been carried forty feet by lightning and set down uninjured, the inventors of the country are encouraged to hope that electricity may be utilized for big bundles yet.

Cornish people have always been, until brought into closer contact in later years with the rest of the world by the railway, very unsophisticated. During the Crimean war a lady went into a shop in Penzance to purchase groceries. While she was there an old woman from the country came in and asked for some candles, for which she had to pay a higher price than usual.

"Why should you ask more for the candles than I have always paid?" she inquired.

"It's owing to the war," says the shopkeeper, "that the price is raised, for candles are becoming dearer."

"Lor!" ejaculates the poor old woman, holding up her hands, "Well, I never knowed afore that they fight by candle-light! Well, to be sure!"

Everyone has heard of the reply of the butcher to the sentimental lady remonstrating against the killing of innocent lambs. "Lor, ma'am, you wouldn't eat 'em alive would you?" Apropos of this there is an anecdote of Goldsmith not commonly known. When he had written that beautiful stanza of the "Hermit":

"No flocks that range the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn;  
Taught by the power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them,"

he submitted it to (the future) Mrs. Goldsmith, who is said to have suggested the following improvement:

"No flocks that range the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn;  
The Butchers kill the sheep for me,  
I buy the meat of them."

**TRAVELLERS' GUIDE—TORONTO TIME.**

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

FROM THE EAST.		FROM THE WEST.	
Belleville Train—9.37 a.m.	Night Express—5.15 a.m.	Mixed from Berlin—10.45 a.m.	
Express—11.07 a.m.		Express—6.30 p.m.	
Mixed—6.57 p.m.		Mail—1.05 p.m.	
Express—11.07 p.m.			
GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.	
Express—5.37 a.m.	Express—7.30 a.m.	Express—11.45 a.m.	
Mixed—12.05 a.m.	Mail—3.45 p.m.	Mixed—5.30 p.m.	
Belleville Train—5.37 p.m.	Express—12.05 a.m.		
Express—7.07 p.m.			

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.**

GOING WEST.		FROM THE WEST.	
Express—7.00 a.m.	Accommodation—11.00 a.m.	Express—1.15 p.m.	
Do—11.50 a.m.	Mail—5.30 p.m.	Express—8.30 p.m.	
Accommodation—4.00 p.m.	Mail—9.30 p.m.		
Express—8.00 p.m.			

**TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.**

GOING NORTH.		FROM THE NORTH.	
Mail—8.00 a.m.	Mail—10.45 a.m.	Mail—5.30 p.m.	
Mail—3.50 p.m.	Mail—5.30 p.m.		

**TORONTO, GREY & BRUCE RAILWAY.**

GOING WEST.		FROM THE WEST.	
Mail—7.30 a.m.	Mail—11.30 a.m.	Do—8.50 p.m.	
Do—3.45 p.m.			

**New Advertisements.**

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**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
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**NOTICE.**

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

Ottawa, Dec. 27, 1872.

Notice is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor General, by an Order in Council, bearing date the 20th inst., and under the authority vested in him by the 3rd section of the 34th Victoria, Cap. 10, has been pleased to order and direct that the following articles be transferred to the list of goods which may be imported into Canada free of duty, viz.:

Felt, Cotton, and Woolen Netting and Fluff, used in the manufacture of Gloves and Mitts

By Command,  
**R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,**  
Commissioner of Customs,

Ottawa, Jan. 6, 1873.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

Ottawa, November, 1872.

**AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN INVOICES** until further notice, 12 per cent.

**R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,**  
Commissioner

26-4

## The Home Circle.

## WHAT SHE SAID.

A pretty maid lived in our town  
A quiescent little elf,  
With eyes of blue and tresses brown,  
With stately step,  
As though she kept  
The time to music all her own.  
But not a bit of pelf.

And I was young with hopes as bright  
As e'er to youth are given,—  
As bright as Sirius in the night,  
That shines afar,  
'Bove many a star  
That sparkles with its crystal light  
The broad full arch of heaven.

But who will blame that when I met  
This maiden fair to see,  
Inflamed with love, that I should let  
Young cupid dart  
Into my heart  
An arrow sharp that rankles yet,  
Nor ever lets me be!

But so it was—and when I sought  
This maiden without pelf,  
To tell her that my love I brought  
And hoped the same  
Had waked a flame  
Within her breast  
Like my unrest—  
She answered with a moment's thought:  
"You know how 'tis yourself!"

—Waterley Magazine.

## IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker  
When he spoils his neighbors fame,  
If we would but help the erring,  
Ere we utter words of blame;  
If we would, how many might we  
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted  
If we would but see the way!  
Ah, the pains that might be lightened  
Every hour and every day,  
If we would but hear the pleadings  
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold  
Of our selfishness and pride;  
Let us lift our fainting brothers,  
Let us strengthen ere we chide;  
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,  
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed  
Earth would be if we'd but try  
Thus to aid and right the weaker,  
Thus to check each brother's sigh;  
Thus to talk of duty's pathway  
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,  
There are seeds of mighty good;  
Still we shrink from souls appealing,  
With a timid "if we could;"  
But a God who judgeth all things  
Knows the truth is, "if we would."

## A HUMOROUS WIZARD.

The following good story is told of a certain wizard:

The naughtiest thing he ever did was to disturb a negro meeting some years ago in Belknap street, Boston. The story is not generally known, as it would perhaps have led to some personal trouble to him, had it been represented to the authorities.

All Boston has known or heard of the negro preacher, Father Snowden, who held forth to his "called bredderin" in Belknap street for so many years. It was a quiet summer's afternoon, when the house was pretty well filled—there being a revival of religion going on among the "gemmen of color"—when Blitz with some other persons (although he himself as dark as any mulatto, and has "curly hair" to boot) entered the house. It was pretty warm weather, and consequently the hall was not a little offensive to the senses polite; but things went on nicely enough until the minister had got warmed up in his subject, and was using words almost too long for a common-sized dictionary, when Blitz thought it was about time to do something.

"And the Lord said unto Moses,"  
"Bow-wow-wow," came apparently from behind the speaker.

The congregation looked each other in the face with countenances darker than ever, while Father Snowden, after staring behind himself, seemed to come to the conclusion that the noise proceeded from the street, and so he commenced again.

"And the Lord said unto Moses,"  
"Stand under!" cried a voice apparently at the top of the house.

The startled congregation rolled up the big whites of their eyes to the ceiling in amazement, while the minister drew suddenly to one side, expecting something was coming down. But, after a moment's pause, all seemed quite, and so Mr. Snowden resumed:

"And the Lord said unto Moses,"  
"Ain't you ashamed of yourself?—take your hands off of me," said a voice apparently from a very neat mulatto girl, who sat in the front pew, and upon whom all eyes were now turned.

"I didn't touch yer," said the man next her, in amazement.

Some smiled and said, "Sam Johnston ought to be ashamed of himself to act so in meeting," and the minister frowned upon him in a way that would have thawed a snow ball outright, after which Mr. Snowden attempted once more to resume his remarks.

"And the Lord said unto Moses,"  
"Well, what did he say?" came suddenly from the big lips of an attentive listener in the side aisle.

The minister was astonished. He looked at the man as though his boldness had electrified

him, while some of the congregation began to think that, under the circumstances, the inquiry was a very natural and appropriate one. As to the minister himself, he was a little vexed now, and repeated with emphasis:

"And the Lord said unto Moses,"  
"Fire! fire!" roared a voice, which seemed to come from the entrance of the house, with startling earnestness.

This was too much to bear tamely. Even the minister rushed to the door, and the affrighted women screamed like mad, as they huddled and pushed each other out of the pews and down the aisle. Bonnets suffered some on the occasion, and when they all got fairly out, they looked up to the top of the meeting house, patiently awaiting to see the flames burst through the slated roof.

And there he left them standing, their eyes rolled heavenward, and Parson Snowden in a brown study.

## VALUE OF A GOOD REPUTATION.

A young man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with the money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night she said:

"Did you pay that bill?"  
"Yes," he answered.

In a few days that bill was sent in a second time.

"I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this!"

"I really don't remember, mother, you know I have had so many things on my mind."

"But you said you did."

"Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did."

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

"I am quite sure," she said, "that my son paid this bill some days ago; he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it, but he told me that day that he had, and he says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure that he did."

"Well," said the man, "I forgot about it; but if he said he did, he did."

## AMUSEMENTS.

Here is a new way of spending the long winter evenings, when home amusement of some kind is in demand. After you've all read the papers and are tired of talking seriously, try "blowing cotton" for a little fun. Let as many as may sit around a table, with hands folded and arms extended along the edge of the table, each person touching elbows with his neighbor on each side of him, take a small piece of common cotton batting picked up to be as light and airy as possible. Put this in the centre of the table. Let some one count one, two, three, and then let each one blow his best to keep the cotton away from himself and drive it upon some one else. The person upon whom it alights must pay a forfeit. No one must take up his arms to escape the cotton. When it alights, take it up and start anew. It will be a very sober set indeed who can play two or three rounds without indulging in uproarious laughter.

## CLEVER JAPANESE.

The Japanese are an interesting and a clever people. Sometimes, however, they are too clever by half, as an anecdote in the *Marquis de Beauvoir's* "Voyage Round the World" will show: "The Japanese, who are as thoughtless as they are bold and enterprising, amiable, but as simple as children, and who believe they know anything when they have seen it once, threw themselves eagerly into steam navigation. They bought a number of vessels, and insisted on managing them themselves. They obtained one from the firm of Dent, a splendid ship—the *Laimoun*. It arrived one morning in the roads; at midday they had turned out all the European sailors and engineers, and sole masters of their vessel, off they went at full steam. So far so good; but when they wanted to stop—impossible; they did not know how. Then our imprudent friends put the helm a-port, and began to turn round constantly in a circle, calling out for help, to the great delight of all the crews in the roadstead, till one of our men-of-war, taking pity on them, sent them a boat with an engineer to stop the insane engines."

## THE HUSBAND.

Ladies do not sometimes value their husbands as they ought. They not unfrequently learn the value of a good husband for the first time by the loss of him. Yet the husband is the very roof-tree of the house, the cornerstone of the edifice, the keystone of the arch called home. He is the bread-winner of the family, the defense and its glory, the beginning and the ending of the golden chain of life which surrounds it, its counselor, its law-giver, and its king. And yet we see how frail that life is on which so much depends! How frail is the life of a husband or father? When he is taken away, who shall fill his place? When he is ill, what gloomy clouds hover over the house? When he is dead, what darkness, weeping, agony? Then poverty, like the murderous assassin, breaks in at the windows, starvation like a famishing wolf, howls at the door. Widowhood is too often an associate of sack-cloth and ashes. Orphanhood, too, means desolation and woe.

## A HINDOO STORY.

A tiger, prowling in a forest, was attracted by a bloating calf. It proved to be a bait, and the tiger found himself trapped in a spring cage. There he lay for two days, when a Brahmin happened to pass that way.

"O Brahmin!" piteously cried the beast, "have mercy on me; let me out of this cage."

"Ah! but you will eat me."

"Eat you! Devour my benefactor? Never could I be guilty of such a deed," responded the tiger.

The Brahmin, being benevolently inclined, was moved by these entreaties and opened the door of the cage. The tiger walked up to him, wagged his tail, and said,—

"Brahmin, prepare to die; I shall now eat you."

"Oh, how ungrateful! how wicked! Am I not your savior?" protested the trembling priest.

"True," said the tiger, "very true; but it is the custom of my race to eat a man when we get a chance, and I cannot afford to let you go."

"Let us submit the case to an arbitrator," said the Brahmin. "Here comes a fox. The fox is wise; let us abide by his decision."

"Very well," replied the tiger.

The fox, assuming a judicious aspect, sat on his haunches with all the dignity he could muster, and, looking at the disputants, he said,—

"Good friends, I am somewhat confused at the different accounts which you give of the matter; my mind is not clear enough to render equitable judgment, but if you will be kind enough to act the whole transaction before my eyes, I shall attain unto a more definite conception of the case. Do you, Mr. Tiger, show me just how you approached and entered the cage, and then you, Mr. Brahmin, show me how you liberated him, and I shall be able to render a proper decision."

They assented, for the fox was solemn and oracular. The tiger walked into the cage, the spring door fell and shut him in. He was a prisoner. The judicial expression faded from the fox's countenance, and, turning to the Brahmin, he said,—

"I advise you to go home as fast as you can, and abstain, in future, from doing favors to rascally tigers. Good morning, Brahmin; good morning, tiger."

## TOO APPROPRIATE.

The presiding clergyman of the parish of Briersport was chairman of the committee on ornamentation of the new church, and it was decided that a suitable quotation from Holy Writ should be graven upon the capstone of the portal over the main entrance. In accordance therewith, the workman was directed to carve upon the stone the sentence,—*"My house shall be called the house of prayer."* The man acknowledged his literary deficiencies, and in order that he might make no mistake, he asked for an exact copy of what was wanted. The clergyman being in somewhat of a hurry, and having a small pocket Testament with him, took it out, and opening to the twenty-first chapter of Matthew, and pointing to the thirteenth verse, he said:

"There, my man, you have it just as we want it."

The craftsman took the book, and the clergyman went his way.

The dedication of the church was postponed a week to await the finishing touches of the capstone. It was done in time, and raised to its place, and the consternation of the good minister and his companions of the committee can be better imagined than described, upon beholding how literally with a vengeance the workman had copied the text of Scripture. Commencing at the point designated by the clergyman, he had re-produced the whole verse, so that the stone bore upon its face the startling sentence:—

"My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves!"

There was further postponement of the dedicatory services, and in the end the lower half of the capstone was adorned with a network of chiselings and clippings not contemplated in the original plan.—*Ledger.*

## OUR FATHER.

A good woman, searching out the children of want, one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice saying, "Pull the string up high!" She looked up and saw a string which, on being pulled, lifted a latch; and she opened the door upon two half-naked children, all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"And are you not very cold? No fire on a day like this?"

"Oh! when we are very cold, we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms around me, and we say, 'Now I lay me;' then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what have you to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came into the good woman's eyes. She had a distrustful spirit herself; but these

two little "sparrows" perched in that cold upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she'll never forget.

## Sawdust and Chips.

A gentleman having presented his church with the "Ten Commandments," it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

An Irish housemaid who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Well, is he coming?" asked the lady. "Yes, ma'am, directly; he is just sharpening his teeth!"

A French woman said that she never loved anything. "You loved your children?" suggested a friend. "When they were little," she replied. "And you love diamonds?" "When they are large."

"What can be more harrowing to your soul than the thought of wasted opportunities?" asked a teacher of a bright boy. "A peg in my boot harrows my soul more than anything else," replied the bright boy.

The Koran has the following passage: "Mahomet, in one of his visions, saw an angel in the third heaven so large that his eyes were seventy days' journey apart." What an awful "bridge" he must have had to his nose.

A worthy deacon in a town somewhere or other gave notice at a prayer meeting the other night, of a church meeting that was to be held immediately after, and unconsciously added, "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining."

A lover once wrote to a lady who had rejected him, saying that he intended to go "to some secluded spot and breathe away his life in sighs!" to which the lady replied by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size. The man has not since been heard from.

A Kilkenny sentry challenged an intruder on the Irish encampment during the recent English manoeuvres. "Who are you?" said Pat. "I'm the officer of the day," was the reply. "Then, by the powers, what are you doing here at night, at all, at all?" immediately asked Pat.

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

That was a good, though rather a severe pun, which was made by a student in a theological seminary (and he was not one of the brightest of the class, either), when he asked: "Why is Prof. I—the greatest revivalist of the age?" and on all giving it up, said, "Because at the close of every sermon there is a great awakening."

An elderly lady who was handling a set of false teeth in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the doctor described them, asked him, "can a body eat with these things?" "My dear madame, mastication can be performed with a facility scarcely equal to nature itself," responded the doctor. "Yes, I know, but can a body eat with them?"

A farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had an excellent gun that went of immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "Wonderful gun, indeed," said the sportsman; "but how the deuce did it happen—must have been an Irish gun?" "Not at all," said the farmer, "the thief and it went off together, and before I had time to charge them with it."

Two rival Detroit grocers, each having a score of baskets of grapes, the other day began running each other. One put out a sign at eight cents per pound and the other made it seven. The first came down to six, the second to five, the first to four and the second to three. The first then sent a man around who took all the grapes at three cents per pound, delivered them to number one, who put out his old sign of "eight cents," and made four or five dollars out of his neighbor.

Two darkeys, in the west went out to hunt possums, and by accident, found a large cave with quite a small entrance. Peeping in, they discovered three young bear whelps in the interior. "Look heah, Sam, i'ze gwine to go in dar and get de young bears—you jest watch dis yer hole for the old bear." Sam got asleep in the sun. When opening his eyes, he saw the old bear scouring her way into the cave. Quick as wink, he caught her by the tail and held on to her like grim death. "Hellow, dar, Sam, what for you dark de hole, dar?" "Lord bless you, Sambo, save yourself, honey; if dis year tail comes out, you'll find out what dark de hole!"

At the conclusion of a murder trial in one of the eastern circuits of Virginia, the prisoner was convicted and sentenced. In passing sentence, Judge Richard Coleman made a very affecting speech, but the doomed man apparently was not affected. After he was taken to the cell, a friend of the judge asked him how he felt when the sentence was passed. "What," said the criminal, "what do you mean?" "I mean when the judge was telling you that you were to be hung, and urging you to prepare for the awful doom that awaited you." "You mean when he was talking to me?" "Yes." "Oh! I never paid no 'tention to Dick Coleman, he ain't no public speaker, nohow."

## Furniture.

## BARGAINS FOR MECHANICS!

23—Queen Street West—23  
NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE STORE.

Next to Knox Church.

Special attention is directed to our Stock of Cheap Furniture, Stoves, &c.

Mechanics will do well to visit this store before purchasing elsewhere.

28-hr ALEX. KING.

## WEST END FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS.

JAMES McQUILLAN,  
FURNITURE DEALER,

258 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Strict attention paid to repairing in all its branches. City Express delivery promptly executed. Household Furniture removed with greatest care.

First-class Furniture Varnish always on hand. 32-oh

## 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 Re-cared.

Call before purchasing elsewhere.

JAMES WEEKES,  
247 and 249 Yonge Street.

## Jewellery.

## J. SEGSWORTH,

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

113 YONGE ST., TORONTO;

Spectacles to Suit every Sight. 37-oh



**THE RUSSELL WATCH** is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying out represents in proper proportions

The \$25 Russell Hunting Lever Watch

In getting silver case and gold points, full jewelled—warranted for the year—specifier with a gold Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C.O.D. per express.

W. E. CORNELL,  
Watch Importer,  
85 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

## Steam Dye Works.

## STEAM DYE WORKS

363 AND 363½ YONGE ST., TORONTO,  
(Between Gould and Gerrard Sts.)

THOMAS SQUIRE, Proprietor.

Kid Gloves Cleaned with superiority and despatch.  
Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired  
on the shortest possible notice. 30-oh

## Tailoring.

## CHARLES TOYE,

MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,  
72 QUEEN STREET WEST.

A large and extensive stock on hand. A good fit  
guaranteed. 39-hr

## JOHN KELZ,

MERCHANT TAILOR,  
358 YONGE STREET,

A LARGE AND GOOD ASSORTMENT OF FALL  
GOODS FOR ORDERED WORK.

A Cheap Stock of Ready-Made Clothing on hand.  
30-oh

## Miscellaneous.

## CAUTION TO SMCKERS.

## The Imperial Smoking Mixture

is manufactured solely by W. MASTERS & CO., and  
sold in registered packets, at 16c, 30c and 55c each.

824 YONGE STREET.

Dentistry, Surgical, &c.

M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON DENTIST. Office and Residence—84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto.

J. A. FROUTMAN, L. D. S., DENTIST. Office and Residence—127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church.

DR. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT, DENTIST. Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College. Office—Corner of King and Church streets, Toronto.

F. G. CALLENDER, DENTIST. Office—Corner of King and Jordan Streets Toronto.

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST, 55 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT., Opposite Toronto Street. Residence—172 Jarvis Street.

W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST, 35 King Street East, Toronto, Has given attention to his profession in all its parts.

G. W. HALE, DENTIST, No. 6 TEMPERANCE ST., TORONTO, First house off Yonge St., North Side.

N. AGNEW, M. D., (Successor to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew.) CORNER OF BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS, TORONTO.

DAVID'S COUGH BALSAM, An infallible remedy for COUGHS, COLD, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

JOSEPH DAVIDS, Chemist, &c., 170 King Street East.

Legal Cards.

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, ETC.

OFFICE:—Masonic Hall, 30 Toronto street. A. W. LAUDER. JAS. A. PROCTOR

HARRY E. CASTON, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c., OFFICE—48 ADELAIDE STREET, Opposite the Court House, TORONTO

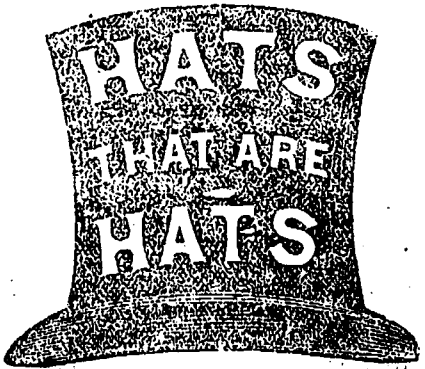
HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. OFFICE—68 CHURCH STREET.

Miscellaneous.

WILLIAM BURKE, LUMBER MERCHANT, Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Sheeting, Packing Boxes, &c., &c. CORNER SHEPHERD AND RICHMOND STREETS, TORONTO.

W. MILLICHAMP, Gold and Silver Plater in all its branches MANUFACTURER OF Nickel Silver and Wood Show Cases and Window Bars, 14 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Hats and Caps.



Is the best place in the city to get value for your money. Remember the address,— 55 KING STREET EAST, OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.

Auction Sales.

SALE OF LANDS

PUBLIC AUCTION

Estate Bank of Upper Canada

The following lands will be sold by Public Auction at the places and on the days hereinafter named.

TERMS—One-fifth cash; residue in four equal annual instalments at 7 per cent. interest, secured by mortgage on the property.

TOWN OF PETERBORO' COUNTY OF PETERBORO'

FRIDAY, 31st DAY OF JAN., 1873,

At the rooms of Messrs. WRAY & WARD, Auctioneers, Hunter street, at 12 o'clock, noon,

TOWNSHIP OF DOURO. Part of Lot No. 4, Con. 12, 28 acres, formerly the mill site of the Douro Mills.

TOWNSHIP OF DUMMER. W. 1/2 Lot No. 30, Con. 9, 100 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF DUMMER. West half Lot No. 30, Con. 11, 100 acres

TOWNSHIP OF BELMONT. Lot No. 22, Con. 6, 200 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF MONAGHAN. Part of Park Lot No. 6.

TOWN OF PETERBORO'. On Lot No. 13, Con. 11, 3 Acres, being all that part of said Lot not sold for taxes.

AT THE TOWN OF LINDSAY,

IN THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA, On Monday, February 3, 1873,

At the rooms of WM. L. RUSSELL, Esq., William street, at 12 o'clock, noon.

TOWNSHIP OF VERULAM. E. 1/2 of No. 23, Con. 2, 100 acres.

TOWN OF LINDSAY.

Lot No. 12, south of King and West of St. David street.

The Lot known as the Railway Store-house, being part of Lot No. 21, 6th Con., Township of Ops, bounded on the north of King street, E. G. Station-house of Midland Railway; on the S. by Sevego River, and on the W. by the property of the Board of Works; 1/2 acre, more or less.

Lot A 1, West of Water street. Lot 12, north of Durham street east. Lot 20, south of Ridout street.

PARK LOTS. Part of U, 1A, 2R, 35P. Part of P1, 1A, 2R, 24P. Part of X1, 3A, 1R, 5P. Part of N1, 3A, 0R, 12P. Lot S1, 8A, 0R, 20P. Part of Y1, 3A, 0R, 32P. Part of O1, 3R, 1P. Part of W1, 2R, 30P.

AT THE TOWN OF PORT HOPE.

IN THE COUNTY OF DURHAM. ON WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1873,

At the Rooms of R. H. READ, Auctioneer, at 12 o'clock noon.

TOWNSHIP OF CAVAN. W. half of Lot No 6, Con. 1, 100 acres.

TOWN OF PORT HOPE. Lot No. 4, N. side of Sherburne street, and W. side of Bramley street, being part of Lot No. 8, Con. 1, Township of Port Hope, Roche Survey, Lot 53, west side of Queen street.

TOWNSHIP OF CRAMAHE. Part of N. 1/2 of Lot No. 21, Con. 5, 40 acres, as described in deed 10th Feb., 1867, from Levi Dudley to R. & G. Perry.

AT THE CITY OF TORONTO,

ON SATURDAY, THE 31st DAY OF FEBRUARY NEXT, at the Auction Rooms of F. W. COATE & CO., at 12 o'clock noon.

COUNTY OF GREY.

TOWNSHIP OF SULLIVAN. Lot No. 27, Con. 9, 200 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF BENTINCK. Lot No. 12, Con. 15, 92 Acres.

TOWNSHIP OF MELANCTHON. Lots Nos. 11, 12, 15, 16, Con. 6, 392 acres. Lots Nos. 11, 12, 23, 19, Con. 8, 400 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF EUPHRASIA. E. 1/2 of Lot 20, Con. 5, 100 acres. W. 1/2 of Lot 17, Con. 11, 100 acres. Lot 27, Con. 12, 230 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF ARPEMISIA. Lot No. 87, Con. 7, 100 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF KEPPEL. Lot No. 31, Con. 12, 100 acres.

Auction Sales.

COUNTY OF SIMCOE.

TOWNSHIP OF NOTTAWASAGA. N. half No. 23, Con. 12, 100 acres. No. 23, Con. 3, 200 acres. N. half No. 16, Con. 6, 100 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF ORO. No. 6, Con. 13, 160 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF TAY. N. part of No. 11, Con. 14, being the whole of said lot, save S. 49 acres. Sold for taxes.

TOWNSHIP OF WEST GWILLIMBURY. S. part of No. 2, Con. 4, being all that part of said lot not owned and occupied by James Kidd.

TOWNSHIP OF MEDONTE. W. half of No. 18, Con. 3, 100 acres. W. half of No. 69, Con. 1, 100 acres. Lot 54, Con. 4, 200 acres. W. half of No. 19, Con. 14, 100 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF OSORONTO. S. part W. half of No. 20, Con. 5, 30 acres.

COUNTY OF ONTARIO.

TOWNSHIP OF UXBRIDGE. Lot No. 21, Con. 5, 200 acres.

COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.

TOWNSHIP OF LUTHER. N. 1/2 of No. 13, Con. 9, 100 acres. No. 11, Con. 12, 112 acres. No. 16, Con. 12, 174 acres. N. 1/2 of No. 17, Con. 12, 100 acres.

TOWN OF STRATFORD

IN THE COUNTY OF PERTH, ON TUESDAY, THE 11th DAY OF FEBRUARY NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, at the Albion Hotel,

TOWN OF STRATFORD. Lots Nos. 54 and 151, Erie Road.

AT THE TOWN OF SARNIA,

IN THE COUNTY OF LAMBTON, ON THURSDAY, THE 13th DAY OF FEBRUARY NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, at the Auction Rooms of E. P. WATSON.

TOWNSHIP OF PLYMPTON. N. 1/2 of Lot No. 23, Con. 8, 100 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF MOORE. Lot No. 2, Con. 7, 200 acres. Lot No. 1, Con. 2, 200 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF DAWN. Lot No. 30, Front Con., 134 acres. Lot No. 34, Con. 6, 200 acres.

TOWNSHIP OF SOMBRA. N. 1/2 Lot No. 27, Con. 7, 100 acres.

COUNTY OF KENT.

TOWNSHIP OF DOVER (EAST). N. 1/2 of No. 13, Con. 14, 100 acres. W. part of No. 24, Con. 5, 80 acres.

At the Town of BRANTFORD,

IN THE COUNTY OF BRANT, ON TUESDAY, THE 18th DAY OF FEBRUARY, next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock noon, at the rooms of Messrs. WEBSTER & MATTHEWS.

TOWNSHIP OF BRANTFORD. Lots Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, south side Russell street, Holsdale. Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, north side of Chestnut street, Holsdale. Lots Nos. 3 and 4, east side Crescent street.

TOWN OF BRANTFORD. Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, north side of Chatham street. Lots 1, 2, 3, south side Sheridan street, being subdivisions of west part Block 2, J. E. Wilkes' tract, 1-5th acre each. Lots 36 and 37, east side of Albion street, and rear parts of Lots 36 and 37 west side of Pearl street. Part of a grant from the Crown to A. K. Smith and Margaret Kerby; also, part of a parcel of 2 acres and 11-100 of said grant, formerly owned by Henry L. Turner, as described in a mortgage from A. K. Kerby to O. L. Macklem, dated 30th April, 1857, and Quitclaim deed Kerby to B. U. C. S. 1/2 of Lot No. 2, east side Dumfries street. Lots 26 and 27, east side William street. Lot 30, west side Albion street.

At the Town of Clifton,

IN THE COUNTY OF WELLAND, ON THURSDAY, THE 20th DAY OF FEB. NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the American Hotel.

TOWN OF CLIFTON. Lots Nos. 10 and 11, Block F, Brick Stores. " 6 and 7, " S. " part of 10, " M. S. E. corner. " 12, " R. " 22, " S.

VILLAGE OF ALLANBURGH. Lots Nos. 20 and 21, on Keefer's Plan.

Auction Sales.

COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

TOWNSHIP OF NIAGARA. Parts of Lots Nos. 6 and 7, on the Niagara river, 20 acres, as described in mortgage from Dr. Joseph Hamilton to the Bank of Upper Canada, subsequently foreclosed.

Village of Chippawa,

IN SAID COUNTY, AT THE VILLAGE OF CHIPPAWA. On FRIDAY, the 21st day of FEBRUARY, At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the British American Hotel,

Lot No. 2, south side of Welland street. Lots Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 28 Welland street.

Lots Nos. 13, 14, (mortgage interest) 17, 19, 23, 25, 27, and 29 north side Welland street.

Lots Nos. 16, 17, 18, 30, and 200, south side of Main street.

All that part of 127, north side of Main street, not conveyed by Cummings to Bossa.

Lots Nos. 60, 163, 155, 159, 160, 175, 177, 179 and 181, north side of Main street.

Lots Nos. 45, 47, 49, 58, 60, 62 and 78, south side of Water street.

Grist Mill Lot (in rear of Bossa's Lot) north side of Water street.

Lots Nos. 35, 30, 41, 45, 47, and 40, north side of Water street.

An irregular piece of land lying between Main street and Water street, and between Hepburn's and Lyon's Lot and the Creek.

Four Lots, lying between Water street and Chippawa River, to the north-east of Kirkpatrick's Lot.

No. 1, East Church street.

7 full Lots shown on the registered plan of Chippawa, east side of Church street, without numbers.

Lots Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, west side of Church street.

Lots 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26, north side of Mechanic street.

Lots Nos. 27, 29, 31 and 83, north side of Mechanic street.

AT THE TOWN OF WALKERTON,

IN THE COUNTY OF BRUCE, ON Tuesday, the 25th day of Feb. next,

At 12 o'clock, noon, at the American Hotel.

TOWNSHIP OF SAUGEEN. Lot No. 6, Con. A, 114 Acres. Lot No. 12, Con. 14, 100 acres.

By Order, C. GAMBLE. Toronto, Jan. 20, 1873.

China and Glassware.

CHINA HALL,

SIGN OF THE "BIG JUG," REGISTERED. Has now in stock a large assortment of Crockery and Glassware, to which he invites the attention of ladies and gentlemen furnishing—

- 100 patterns Breakfast and Tea Sets, 50 " Dinner Sets, 25 " Dessert Sets, 50 " Bedroom Sets. Also, Table Jugs, Fancy Teapots, Cheese Covers, Biscuit Jars, Game Pie Dishes, Spoons, Cutlery and Fancy Goods.

71 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. GLOVER HARRISON, IMPORTER.

Real Estate.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

A LARGE TWO-STORY Rough-Cast House, On Caer Howell street. Price, \$1,700.

Several Building Lots on Berryman street and Davenport Place, Yorkville, at from \$200 to \$250 each.

Several Building Lots on the Davenport Road, Yorkville, close to the Brick Schoolhouse, at \$400 each.

About 60 building lots North of the Kingston Road, at from \$100 to \$350 each, according to size and situation.

A Lot on Bathurst street, 53x125 feet. Price, \$320.

A Lot out corner of Baldwin street and John street, 39x120 feet to a lane. Price, \$600.

CLARK & FEILDE, Jordan street.

Epicurean.

W. & W. GAME! GAME! GAME!

QUAIL, QUAIL, QUAIL, PRAIRIE CHICKEN, PRAIRIE CHICKEN, PRAIRIE CHICKEN, WILD DUCK, WILD DUCK, WILD DUCK, WILD TURKEY, WILD TURKEY, WILD TURKEY.

Special inducements to parties wishing a quantity of H. M. ROWE & CO.'S OYSTERS, By the can or in bulk. Parties supplied at reasonable rates. Our bulk oysters are a specialty in this line.

WRIGHT & WIDGERY, Wholesale and Retail, CORNER YONGE AND RICHMOND STS.

Miscellaneous.

NOTICE TO SMOKERS.

THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH CUT TOBACCO HOUSE, "THE IMPERIAL," 324 YONGESTREET.

W. MASTERS, Importers.

E. WESTMAN, 177 King Street East,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOLS, SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

All Goods Warranted. 30-oh

PETER WEST, (Late West Brothers), GOLD AND SILVER PLATER.

Every description of worn out Electro-Plate, Steel Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new, Carriage Irons Silver-Plated to order.

POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET. 35-oh

T. CLAXTON, Importer and Dealer in

First-class Band Instruments, Violins, English, German and Anglo-German Concertinas, Guitars, Flutes, Pipes, Bows, Strings, Instruction Books, etc., 197 YONGE STREET.

Special attention given to repairing and tuning every description of Musical Instruments. 28-oh

ANTHONY GILLIS, (SUCCESSOR TO T. ROBINSON), FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,

12 QUEEN STREET WEST. Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing and Hair Dyeing done in first-class style.

Ladies and Children's Hair Cutting promptly and carefully attended to. 26-oh

MADAME VON BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC ROOMS,

No. 48 KING STREET EAST, 1st FLOOR, (Over Bain's Book Store.)

MADAME VON BEETHOVEN begs to announce that she is now prepared to accept pupils for instruction on the piano-forte at her rooms between the hours of 9 to 1 and 3 to 6.

Circulars, with full particulars as to terms, &c., can be had upon application at the rooms

Special arrangements will be made with Ladies' Colleges and Seminaries.

L. SIEVERT, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF, And every description of Tobacconist's Goods,

70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO. Sign of the "INDIAN QUEEN."

BALLS AND SUPPERS ATTENDED TO,

BY WILLIAM COULTER, On the shortest notice, and in a manner as to give entire satisfaction. Home-made bread always on hand.

Remember the address—CORNER OF TERAULTY AND ALBERT STREETS. 23-oh

BAY STREET BOOK BINDERY.

No. 102, Late Telegraph Building. WM. BLACKHALL.

Account Book Manufacturer, and Law, Plain and Ornamental Bookbinder and Paper Ruler, Toronto. 34-oh

VOL. W. CORIN, PRACTICAL

SIGN AND CARD PAINTER, 13 AGNES STREET.

All kinds of work done on time and guaranteed. 23-oh

Society Seal Presses,

RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS. CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, &C.

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

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

GO TO MAT'S. IF YOU WANT TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING.

GO TO MAT'S.

GO TO MAT'S.

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LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!! MEERSCHAUM AND BRIAR PIPES, POUCHES, STEMS, CIGAR CASES, VESUVIANS, &c. CHEAPEST IN THE CITY, THE IMPERIAL, 324 YONGE STREET.

WM. WRIGHT, DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 277 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

F. PEIRCE, DEALER IN PROVISIONS, CURED MEATS, BUTTER, POULTRY, ETC., 104 QUEEN STREET, TORONTO.

THE ROYAL TEA MART. H. K. DUNN, 51 QUEEN STREET WEST, OPPOSITE TERAULEY STREET.

NEW VALENTIAS, NEW FIGS, SULTANAS, DATES, LAYERS, PRUNES, NEW CURRANTS, NEW LEMON, ORANGE AND CITRON PEEL, NEW MARMALADES, JAMS, AND JELLIES.

The Central Family Grocery, COR. QUEEN AND TERAULEY STS. Offer great inducements to families and housekeepers in fresh Family Groceries and Provisions.

ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF FIRST-CLASS BRANDS OF LIQUORS, Brandy from \$1.50 to \$4 Sealed Brand, Port Wine \$1.00 to \$4, Sherry Wine \$1.50 to \$3, Grape Wine \$1.00, Jamaica Rum \$1.50 to \$3, O. T. Gin \$1.50 to \$3.

CHINAMAN! AH SAUM. The undersigned proprietors of the PEKIN TEA COMPANY.

Would respectfully inform the public, that they have, at a great expense, secured the services of the Chinese man, AH SAUM, for the purpose of testing and mixing all their TEAS.

THOS. D. WAKELEE & CO., Proprietors of the Pekin Tea Company, NO. 218 YONGE STREET, CORNER ALBERT.

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS. ST. JOHN'S TEA WAREHOUSE. D. MACDONALD.

ON THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF TERAULEY AND ALBERT STS., Fresh Groceries and Provisions, WINES AND LIQUORS, of the Choicest Brands. FINEST FRUITS, Valencias, Seedless Sultanas, Layers, and other Fruits. TEAS A SPECIALITY.

VERY BEST KIND OF TEAS. The Subscriber having had many years experience in the Tea Trade has, as a consequence, peculiar advantages in buying his Teas, and can therefore supply his customers with the VERY BEST KIND OF TEAS.

Books, Stationery, &c. Bargains for Mechanics! Stationery, Toys, Fancy Goods, BASKETS, &c., And you will be sure to get them at G. HOWSON'S, 239 Yonge Street.

ALFRED BUTLER, BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND NEWS DEALER, 85 Queen Street West, TORONTO.

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS. A. S. IRVING, 35 King Street West, Toronto, Keeps on hand a large stock of all kinds of Mechanical and Scientific Books.

AND ALSO ALL THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. Give him a call.

R. MACKENZIE, 104-1-2 Yonge Street, DEALER IN SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, DOLLS, TOYS, AND GENERAL FANCY GOODS.



UNCLAIMED GOODS! THE UNDERNOTED PARCELS WILL BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, AT HENDERSON'S ROOMS, YONGE-ST. ON Monday, 3rd day of Feb., 1873.

If not entered for duty on or before the 31st day of January, preceding: Hurd & Leigh—3 packages Glassware, 1 box; A. McKinnon—1 bale, No. 9; G. W. Gates—2 Cases; D. McMillan—1 box; T. L. & Co.—2 cases Brandy.

CAUTION TO SMOKERS. Masters' Golden Bird's Eye Tobacco, registered (superior to Will's, Bristol), is sold only in packets, at 16c, 30c, and 55c each.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Carillon Canal, Dam and Slide, will be received at this office until noon of Monday, the 27th day of January next, 1873, for the construction of a Dam, Slide, and Canal with two Locks, in the Carillon Rapids.

Plans and Specifications of the works can be seen at the Engineer's Office, Point Fortuna, on and after Wednesday, the 22nd day of January next, when printed forms of Tender will be furnished.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 28th Dec., 1872. The time for receiving Tenders for the above works has been extended to MONDAY, 3rd FEBRUARY NEXT.

Hardware. D. HEWITT'S West End Hardware Establishment, 365 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Dry Goods and Clothing. GLORIOUS NEWS. To those who have not already bought their winter stock of clothing, we are selling out the remainder of our stock of BEAVER OVERCOATS, WHITNEY OVERCOATS, HUDSON BAY OVERCOATS, PEA JACKETS.

At a great reduction, as we are determined to clear them to make room for extensive alterations, to be made before receiving our spring stock, now being bought by our buyer in Europe. "STAR" Dry Goods & Clothing House, Corner King and West Market Streets.

All Goods marked in plain figures. 33-1c 181 YONGE STREET 181 GREAT STOCK-TAKING SALE.

We commenced on Thursday morning, 2nd January, 1873, to offer the WHOLE STOCK at a GREAT REDUCTION from the regular Prices, in order to make a Clearance, before commencing to measure for Stock-taking. BARGAINS WILL BE GIVEN.

AND OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION. T. BROWNLOW, 181 Yonge Street, 4 floors North of Queen.

Coal and Wood. BEST COAL & WOOD! LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY, AT THE VICTORIA WOOD YARD, Victoria Street, near Richmond St.

COAL! WITHOUT SNOW. BIG COAL HOUSE. OFFICE:

45 YONGE STREET. W. MYLES & SON.

COLEMAN & CO.'S COAL OFFICE. REMOVED TO 65 YONGE ST. 65 NEXT TO Henderson's Auction Rooms.

J. F. COLEMAN & CO (Successors to Geo. Chaffey & Bro.)

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PROCLAMATION. To all whom it may concern, Greeting: MONTHLY DISCOUNT SALE.

The Public are hereby informed that S. McCABE, Proprietor of the Big Blue Boot Store, No. 59 QUEEN STREET WEST,

is prepared henceforth to sell Boots and Shoes of all shapes and sizes, of all qualities and prices, Fifteen Per Cent cheaper than any other store in the city.

Undertaking. M. McCABE, PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER, 165 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

Horses, Carriages, Scares, Jloves, and Crape, furnished at Funerals. Fisk's Patent Metallic Cases on hand.

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Funerals furnished with every Requisite. AGENT FOR FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

J. YOUNG, LATE FROM G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal, 361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Funerals furnished with every Requisite. AGENT FOR FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

CAUTION TO SMOKERS. Master's Celebrated Virginia Shag (Registered), sold in packets, only at 10c, 20c, and 35c each. THE IMPERIAL, 324 YONGE STREET.

NOTICE. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. The Commissioners appointed for the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, hereby give public notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders at their office in Ottawa, up to 12 o'clock noon, on Friday, the 31st of January, 1873, for 700 tons of Railway Spikes, according to sample, to be sent at the office of the Chief Engineer, at Ottawa, and the offices of the Engineers at Rimouski, Dalhousie, Newcastle, and Moncton.

Intercolonial Railway, Commissioners' Office, Ottawa, December 12th, 1872. A. WALSH, ED. B. CHANDLER, C. J. BRYDGES, A. W. McLELAN, Commissioners.

Department of Crown Lands. (ACCOUNT'S BRANCH.) Toronto, 19th Dec., 1872.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the unsold Lands in the TOWNSHIP OF BLAKE, In the District of Thunder Bay, are open for Sale at one dollar per acre cash, under and subject to the provisions of "The General Mining Act of 1869."

Applications to purchase, to be made to the "Commissioner of Crown Lands," Toronto. (Signed) R. W. SCOTT, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Tuesday, 24th day of December, 1872. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

Whereas, by the Act passed in the 35th year of Her Majesty's Reign, entitled: "An Act to amend an act of the present Session and to enable the Governor in Council to impose a duty on Tea and Coffee imported from the United States in the case therein mentioned," it is provided that if at any time, any greater duty of Customs should be payable in the United States of America on Tea or Coffee imported from Canada than on Tea or Coffee imported from any other country, then the Governor in Council may impose on Tea or Coffee imported into Canada from the said United States a duty of Customs equal to the duty payable in the United States on Tea or Coffee imported into Canada from any country other than the said United States, but passing in bond through the United States, shall be free from duty.

And whereas the contingency contemplated by the above recited Act has occurred, and Tea and Coffee imported into the United States from Canada are subject to a duty of ten per cent, ad valorem, while Teas and Coffees imported from countries East of the Cape of Good Hope are free from duty.

His Excellency in Council on the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Finance, and under the authority aforesaid, has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that a duty of ten per cent, be imposed, and the same is hereby authorized to be levied and collected on Tea and Coffee imported into Canada from the United States of America.

W. A. HIMSWORTH, Clerk, Privy Council. Ottawa, December 27, 1872.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Wednesday, 18th day of December, 1872. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Inland Revenue, and under and in pursuance of the provisions of the 6th Section of the Act 31 Vic, Cap. 5, His Excellency has been pleased to order and it is hereby ordered, that a new Inspection District be, and the same is hereby set off, and established in the Province of Ontario, to be composed of portions of the present Inspection Districts of London and Toronto, and known as the Inspection District of Windsor, and that henceforward the three Inspection Districts aforesaid shall be respectively constituted as follows:—

The Inspection District of Windsor to comprise the Inland Revenue Divisions of Windsor, Lambton and Goderich.

The Inspection District of London, to comprise the Inland Revenue Divisions of London Guelph, Paris, St. Catharines and Hamilton.

The Inspection District of Toronto to comprise the Inland Revenue Divisions of Algoma, Collingwood, Toronto, Cobourg, Peterborough and Belleville.

W. A. HIMSWORTH, Clerk Privy Council. December 27, 1872.