

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE TRIP HAMMER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1885.

No. 5.

The Trip Hammer.

THE TRIP HAMMER is published monthly by a Board of Editors from the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Co.

The subscription price is Twenty cents per annum, in advance, By mail, Thirty cents. Single copies, Five cents.

Remittances should be made by means of good clean postage stamps or registered letter.

All matter intended for publication must be in before the first of the month. Every correspondent, in order to insure attention, should give his full name and address.

Inform the publishers of any irregularity in the arrival of your paper.

Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

Address all communications to

"The Trip Hammer," Toronto, Ont.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOHN B. HARRIS.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS :

J. H. STANTON, R. HARNER,
W. GRIFFITHS, GORAM POWERS,

"PROF. SCRUB."

BUSINESS MANAGER W. E. H. MASSEY.

ASSISTANTS :

W. W. ATKINSON, D. A. CAREY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL	58
CONTRIBUTED	58
WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASSOCIATION	61
MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY	62
MUSICAL	63
HISTORICAL DIARY	64
SELECTED	64
LETTERS AND QUESTIONS	67
PERSONAL MENTION	68
BUSINESS CORNER	68

BIG BEAR.

A month ago to-day the heading of our leading article was "Rebellion" and from appearances then the prospects were that many monthly articles would in all probability bear the same unpropitious title. To-day we are gratified to be able to dispense with it. True the copper-colored individual whose name appears above is yet on the war path, but the insurrection properly so called has received its quietus. Big Bear has always, we understand, been a "bad" Indian and has taken advantage of the present, or rather past, trouble not because he has any grievances,

but solely to gratify his innate love of plunder and natural devilishness. He and his band are still holding out and the full force of the troops under Generals Strange and Middleton will soon be concentrated about him in such a manner that he cannot hope to escape. We trust his reckoning may be a short and speedy one. Outrage and murder have been his diversion. The blood of helpless women and children calls from the ground against him and his accursed band, and we feel safe in saying that General Middleton will use every means at his disposal to fasten on this bloodthirsty wretch the full penalty of his murderous work. It is not yet known how many of his prisoners remain alive but it is now certain that Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney, in addition to the victims of Frog Lake, have perished at his hands.

We have every hope that righteous retribution is close upon him. To-day (June 1) we learn that General Strange has struck him the first blow at a point about 14 miles from Fort Pitt and that General Middleton yesterday left Battleford with the following troops on board the steamers *Northwest*, *Alberta*, and *Marquis* for the scene of the battle, viz.: the 90th battalion, 275 men, Major McKeand; the Midland 250 men, Col. Williams; the Grenadiers 250 men, Col. Grassett; 30 men of "B" battery and Gatling gun, with Major Short, Captains Farley and Rutherford; "A" battery 30 men, Capt. Peters, and Lieut. Rivers. It is said that the Queen's Own are indignant because none of them were allowed to go. Sixty men of Boulton's Horse, 60 of the Surveyors' Corps, 50 of Brittlebank's Scouts and 60 mounted police under Col. Herchmer, left at the same time by the south trail. It is General Middleton's intention to strike Big Bear in the rear, and if General Strange can only hold him in his present position until Middleton's arrival the punishment of the scoundrel will be swift and sure. The encounter between General Strange and Big Bear took place on Thursday last and was continued for about three hours, two men of the 65th, Montreal, and one mounted police being seriously wounded. The Indians as usual chose their own position, in this instance an

almost impregnable one, on a bluff crowning a high hill with a coulée at its foot. The troops found it impossible to approach through the bog and swamps nearer than about 700 yards, and were thus placed at a most serious disadvantage. The gun shelled the bluff and the teepees in rear with what result has not been ascertained. There is much anxiety in Winnipeg for the fate of Big Bear's prisoners on account of the fight. We can only hope that Gen. Middleton will be as successful in this case as at Batoche, and with Poundmaker in delivering them from their unpleasant and dangerous position. The last lingering fires of the rebellion are now kept alive by Big Bear and we are justified in hoping that the wet blanket which General Middleton and the heroes of Batoche propose to throw over them about Wednesday next will stifle them effectually and forever.

BATOCHÉ.

When our young Canadian troops left Toronto and other points to aid in putting down the rebellion in the North-West, there were many misgivings as to what the result would be. They had been playing at soldiers for years, it is true, and were supposed to possess a creditable knowledge of drill, and the duties of a soldier generally; but few of them, perhaps not one, had ever experienced the realities of actual conflict. Their foes, the Indians and half-breeds, were known to be trained buffalo hunters, as much at home in the saddle as on foot; men who were accustomed to spring upon the backs of their ponies, rifle in hand, and become at once, like the centaurs of old, a part of them—men who were inured to hardship, who despised death, who risked their lives daily and hourly without a thought or care, who could go for days, if need be, almost without food, and who knew every foot of the country in which they proposed to fight. Wonderful stories of their prowess and skill were circulated in eastern homes, whose sons had been called to march against so redoubtable an enemy, and many a heart grew cold at the thought of their loved ones meeting in battle a foe endowed at once with all the cunning of the savage, and all the bravery and skill of the white hunter of the plains. What chance would our young fellows, many of them tenderly nurtured, who had never known greater hardships than those incurred perhaps in a fishing excursion or a camping out party; to whom cold and hunger were strang-

ers; who had never pointed a rifle in anger—what chance could they possibly have against an enemy so hardy, so courageous, so skilful, fighting on his own ground? Well, they marched away and almost at the first step they were called on to show of what metal they were made. As they filed off the cars at Biscopating, with nearly a hundred miles of snow and ice stretching away before them, over which they must pass to reach civilization again, they were at once confronted with the stern reality of the task they had undertaken to perform. The story of that journey across the "gaps" has not yet been fully told, but enough is known to establish their claim to that indomitable pluck and energy without which they never could have gone through. They reached their destination, the Grenadiers and the Midlands at Qu'Appelle, the others at various points along the C. P. R., and prepared for their march into the enemy's country, to Battleford, to Edmonton, to Humboldt, to Batoche. Batoche—as we write the word we are reminded that it heads this article, and we have been too long arriving there. If after Fish Creek and its tale of blood any lingering doubt remained as to the ability and pluck of our citizen soldiers, Batoche has most gloriously dispelled it. The charge of the Grenadiers and the Midlands, supported by the 90th of Winnipeg, down on the "last ditches" of the rebels, was one of which the oldest veterans of the British army might well be proud, and has proved conclusively that the blood of Agincourt, of Cressy, of Balaklava, still courses in the veins of Canadian soldiers; has proved that our fears for them were vain fears; and has shown to the world that the sons of Canada stand ready at all times to face danger and death at the call of duty. The battle of Batoche was perhaps as trying a struggle as troops could be engaged in. The fighting continued four days, and during that time the men were compelled to be forever on the alert both night and day. For four days they had lain in the trenches or behind their hastily constructed covers, snatching a few minutes rest in the intervals of conflict. Always threatened by an unseen foe, hungry and weary and sore, they fought on, without a thought of any result but victory at last. And when at last the supreme moment came—when the gallant Straubenzie called on them to follow him, how nobly they responded. The long struggle at arms length was over and they could at last grapple with the foe. General Middleton well knew the

meaning of that cheer. He had heard it on many a bloody field and recognized it as the precursor of death and disaster to all who stood in their way—

“’Tis death or victory, let them go!”

And they did go—strong as young lions; irresistible as the avalanche that sweeps the mountain’s side they hurled themselves upon their enemies, and when they paused the battle of Batoche was over—gloriously over; a victory to be inscribed in golden characters on the roll of Canadian history, a memory to be cherished forever. And when in after years old men shall tell the story of the fight, they will not forget at the same time to tell that the men who bore the brunt of battle, were the 10th Royal Regiment, Toronto’s Grenadiers.

VETERANS.

It has been suggested to the editor of the TRIP HAMMER that short sketches of the lives of some of the older employes of the Massey Manufacturing Company might be an acceptable addition to the literature of our little magazine. In compliance with the suggestion we have “interviewed” the oldest of them all, Mr. W. F. Clarke, foreman of the moulding shop, with the following result:

Mr. Clarke was born in Clare-Morris, in the County of Mayo, Ireland, in 1833. His parents came to Canada when he was about six months old, and after remaining a short time in Peterboro’ took up lands about 20 miles north, at the point now known as Norwood. Their destination was reached on foot, and although the distance was only twenty miles, the hardships encountered were considerable. Their way lay through woods and swamps, and at times the hardy pioneers would find themselves waist deep in a swale or morass without the slightest warning. Nothing daunted, however,—filled with high hopes and bright anticipations they pushed on and at last arrived at “home.” After three years Mr. Clarke’s father died, accidentally killed while felling a tree. The boy remained with his mother on the farm until he was nine years of age, when a partner was admitted to the firm in the shape of a step-father, and the lad soon found that his interest in the new arrangement was not such as to call for unmingled thankfulness.

“It was then,” says Mr. Clarke, “I began life in earnest.” In those old days the custom

among the farmers, in many parts of the country, was to have the tailor and shoemaker come to the house and perform their work on the spot. The young lad determined to become a shoemaker, and with that object sought to apprentice himself to a neighbor (who not only was a devotee at the shrine of St. Crispin, but worked a farm as well), but he was thought too young. He went to work for this man on his farm, however, until increasing years should fit him for the position he coveted, that of a shoemaker’s apprentice. Here he remained some years, having at times sole charge of the farm, while his master went his yearly rounds among his neighbouring farmers requiring foot-gear for the coming winter. About this time the glamour surrounding the coveted career of a knight of the last and awl, seems to have faded from the fancy of our hero, and, abandoning his original intention, he left his then employer and entered the employ of the Massey family, with whom he has remained ever since, with the exception of a period of seven years, during which he was in business for himself in the village of Norwood. In 1846 Mr. Clarke engaged with Mr. Daniel Massey to work on his farm situated in the township of Haldimand, County of Northumberland, where he remained two years. He then removed to Newcastle where Mr. Massey had established a small foundry and machine shop, and entered as apprentice in the moulding-shop. At this time the total force was composed of some ten men, their product cultivators, plows, sugar-kettles, threshing machine repairs, etc. The plant consisted of a six-horse engine, one lathe in machine shop; one jig-saw and wood turning-lathe in wood shop; capacity of cupola one ton, which was run off three times a week. In 1850 the business received a fresh impetus in the person of Mr. H. A. Massey, who at that time became a partner. His advent was the immediate signal for improved methods and increasing capacity. The old engine was replaced by one of greater power; new machinery adapted to the manufacture of threshers, engines, mill machinery, etc., was introduced, and preparations made for a general enlargement of the business. Mr. Clarke continued in the moulding shop, and was so successful in mastering his trade that in 1852 he was put in charge as foreman, which position he has since held, with the interval before referred to. His experience during that time has been large and varied. He has seen the business grow from about ten machines to 10,-

000, and to all this grand increase he has contributed his quota faithfully and well.

Mr. Clarke says he is as much of a boy to-day as he was the day he first donned his apron as apprentice, and expects to continue so to the end. His rule of life has been a simple one, one of its chief principles being that *duty* should be the clearest star in the firmament of every man. He has no hobbies; has a poor opinion of mere theories, and believes that to *do* something, to finish something, to turn out something, is of more practical importance to the world, than any amount of speculation as to the best methods of arriving at that end. He does not believe in strikes—has had no experience in that particular, either personally or with the small army of men who have, during his almost forty years on the moulding floor, worked under his direction.

If he were somewhat less modest than he is this article might be made more interesting, by the relation of some of his personal experiences, but he seems to have a particular distaste for talking about himself, and as this may be said to be a virtue somewhat rare, perhaps we should not quarrel with him on that account.

In 1854 Mr. Clarke married Miss Arminta M. Ivory, youngest daughter of Patrick Ivory, Esq., Surveyor, and after five years was presented with a daughter who, Mr. Clarke says, was the "finest girl baby in the county." It is usually the case that paragons of this kind grow up into ordinary, sometimes excessively homely people. This baby continues to be a living, breathing contradiction and exception to that old-fashioned rule, as those who have the pleasure of her acquaintance can testify. Five other children were born to Mr. Clarke as the years rolled round, four of whom are living.

Mr. Clarke still remains at his post, and we hope he may long continue there. Always on time—never in a hurry, never excited, always modest and retiring; always sympathizing with his men in their trouble and difficulties; always anxious to help them over a rough place, and doing so without ostentation or parade, but with the simple, quiet good nature which is one of his most prominent characteristics, he is regarded with esteem by all who come in contact with him. As we have said, his one ambition is to do his duty—to do the work in season, and to do it well. The records of the Massey Manufacturing Company for many years past are the best evidence possible that he has most thoroughly succeeded in this object.

Were we disposed to moralise it would be an easy matter to continue this article for pages, with the object of showing that *duty*, the duty which is ready to the hand, which meets us in the morning and is with us all the day, and every day—not that which beckons to us from afar among the clouds, is that which should have our best attention, our most earnest efforts. Its faithful performance, while it may not always ensure wealth, position or fame, is after all the surest road to happiness and a contented mind. In all ranks and conditions of life there are men who are quietly devoting their powers to the unceasing round of daily duty, who are as much entitled to the hero's wreath as many who in more exalted spheres, and in the sunlight of the world's applause, stretch out their hands for its laurels. Much of the world's progress is due to the quiet energy and never tiring industry of such men, and perhaps when "the books are opened" and the sum of human effort has been added up, and its results apportioned, it will be found that he who honestly has done his best, no matter how obscure his life, how small his little world, shall take rank above many who on earth have climbed to high places, and filled the eye of the multitude with the splendour of their achievements.

CONTRIBUTED.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT WITH THE QUEEN'S OWN.

(To the Editor, TRIP HAMMER.)

BATTLEFORD, April 26th, 1885.

My last letter was written in Camp by the Saskatchewan about the 16th inst. Since that time we have plodded "mony a wearie fit" and arrived here safely on the 24th. We have had no fighting on the way despite the prognostications of the head-shakers who witnessed our departure with dismal forebodings of Indians in every bush, and bands of half-breeds in every coulee. To be sure our scouts had a slight misunderstanding one evening with about forty well-mounted and well-armed redskins, who seemed desirous of obtaining information as to our movements. This was imparted apparently quite to their satisfaction, although they did not wait for the details which we should have been highly pleased to furnish, but scampered in the most unceremonious fashion. One of our scouts was so particularly anxious to gratify their thirst for knowledge that he burst his rifle after sending them fifteen messages, each of which was intended to carry the most minute particulars. We left the Camp by the Saskatchewan at 6 a.m. on the

18th of April, and made 30 miles at 4.30 p.m. and camped, nothing of importance having occurred during the day. I was placed on picquet for the first time since leaving Qu'Appelle. Were you ever on picquet on the prairie 2,500 miles from your old bedroom and your old slippers? No? Well, you will have to undergo that experience before you can fully enter into the picquet's feelings on the subject. Not to mention the shivery nature of the occupation itself, with the thermometer away down as it sometimes goes down here with the sun, there are many things about it decidedly uncomfortable. If one could make up a rousing fire and have a jolly smoke as he watched the tall flames leaping and dancing amid the fantastic shadows of the prairie, that would be well. But if he did he would not be well long—not if there were Indians about. Fire will do to scare wolves; redskins with Winchesters are wolves of another species, to whom a sentry pacing up and down beside his watch-fire would be a joke too delightful to be resisted. So we do not build watchfires in the vicinity of Indians, and as violent exercise of the body would also be unhealthy, the poor picquet must keep himself warm by exercising his eyes and his ears. Even for his own sake he is quite likely to do this; but when he remembers that a few hundred yards from him are a thousand of his comrades who are sleeping after their weary march, in perfect trust and reliance in the faithfulness of their guard, his eyes and ears become objects to him of unwonted veneration and respect I assure you. My night's watch was barren of event except once, when a bush at a short distance from my post suddenly assumed a belligerent attitude, and came near getting a bullet through it for its foolishness, only I remembered in time that it *was* a bush, and not a Stoney in his war paint and feathers. I was relieved at 4 a.m. and was ready at 6 to commence the march. Pitched tents again at 5 p.m. 19th, and I need not tell you, who are acquainted with my idiosyncrasies, that I slept that night the sleep of the just. If you really want to find out what sleep is do this: Take your gun—and you had better have your great coat also—walk down Strachan Avenue, across the bridge, down the steps and out into, say the middle of the Garrison Common—time, 1 a.m. Plant yourself there and see that no Indians come ashore in their canoes from the lake, or half-breeds steal down upon you from the shadows of the Exhibition Grounds; pace slowly and noiselessly up and down through the long hours until the welcome beams of the sun and the coming of the relief guard release you from your post. Return to your camp in Trinity College grounds, breakfast, strike tent, march out to Cooksville and back again, keeping a sharp look out for Indians all the way, arriving at 5 p.m.; pitch tent—have supper—clean accoutrements—get your double blanket, also your single one, also your rubber sheet—spread them carefully on your mattress, the ground, and roll yourself up. If you had a \$10,000 note coming due tomorrow, with \$2.98 at your credit in your bank book, you would be asleep long before you could figure out what the manager was going to do about it. 20th.—Struck tents at 5 a.m. and arrived at our next camping place at 4 p.m. Nothing of importance on the march. On picquet again to-night. One of our sentries saw three Indians during the night sneaking round his post, but they got away before they could be intercepted. 21st.—Repetition of 20th; 22nd do.

On the 23rd, as we were nearing Battleford, about 15 miles out, some of our scouts came in and reported the place full of Indians. We pushed forward as rapidly as possible and camped within three miles of the town, intending to treat the Indians to a surprise party in the early morning. Some are of the opinion that this is where Col. Otter made a mistake; that if he had pushed on and attacked the redskins that night large quantities of property might have been saved. This may be true, but on the other hand it is possible that had the troops, weary with their long march and strangers to the position, been led to a night attack against an unknown and ever-watchful foe, the consequences might have been disastrous to us. No doubt Col. Otter had good reasons for deciding to await the morning before attacking, and I think it is idle for people who cannot possibly be aware of the circumstances to criticise what they know nothing about. However that may be, when morning dawned there were no Indians visible, but there were innumerable evidences that they had been there. Several houses were burnt, among them the Government House, which is said to have cost \$40,000. Every dwelling outside the fort was pillaged; everything of value that could be removed taken; articles too bulky to be carried away were destroyed; furniture knocked to pieces; chickens, geese, pigs, etc., were killed and left lying about, destroyed apparently for destruction's sake alone. The Hudson Bay Co.'s store was burnt and its contents looted. The whole place, on the east side of the river, is a scene of utter ruin. It was exceedingly fortunate that the townspeople received warning in time to get into the fort, otherwise there might have been a bloody tale to tell. As poor old "Artemus Ward" used to say, "Injuus is pison wherever you meet 'em." One would think that after years of instruction in Christianity, the savage instincts of the redskin would be somewhat toned down, but the scene that meets the eye at Battleford would seem to indicate that when opportunity arises he can be as savage and barbarous as were his ancestors a hundred years ago. Among the many articles of household furniture smashed into kindling wood I saw a valuable piano—that is, it was a valuable one before the Indian concert was held; it might now be bought cheap. They must have had any amount of fun with that piano. They formed circles around it, danced war dances about it, all the performers who could get at the key-board furnishing the music, then they pounded it with clubs, and as a grand *finale* went at it with tomahawks and so maimed and disfigured it that it is now, as one of the boys remarked, "the sick-est looking piano you ever saw." I was one of a foraging party sent to the Indian reserve about fifteen miles from Battleford to bring in any portable property that might have been left behind. The village was entirely deserted; not a living thing, not even a dog to be seen. We loaded up ten waggons with stuff—flour, potatoes, etc. In the Indian huts we found all sorts of strange things. I became the happy possessor of a tom tom or Indian drum, banjo, a tanning stick, about 20 steel traps and a tomahawk; don't know whether I will be allowed to keep them or not. An Indian hut is an institution. It is built wholly of logs, mud floor, no upper storey, mud fire place in one corner. There is a kind of pit or cellar in each hut about eight feet deep and four feet square, which seems to be the receptacle for everything in the shape of refuse, and

must be an extremely handy arrangement. The health Inspector had evidently been unmindful of his duty in the case of this particular village, judging from the state of these cellars in some of the huts we visited. In one of the "tepees" we had a most ghastly find—the dead body of a young Indian woman, about 25 years of age, with her dead pappoose by her side. The form of the mother was strapped up in blankets tied with thongs of deer skin; her face was painted in what I supposed was war paint. The pappoose was laid beside her with its playthings in two baskets, one at its head and the other at its feet, for its soul, no doubt, "upon its journey to the kingdom of Ponemah." It was a most pathetic picture, and although she was only a poor Indian woman I fancy there were signs of moisture in the eyes of some of the boys as we turned away and left them lying there, the dark-skinned mother and her little child. A deep wound on her head showed that she had been murdered. We surmised that she was the wife of farm instructor Payne, and that the Indians had killed her because she refused to join them or betray her husband. After making a tour of the huts we visited Payne's house. In the barnyard among the straw we found his body where it had been left by the red fiends when they had finished their hellish work. There was a large hole in his head, and on going inside the house it was evident that he must have made a gallant resistance to his brutal foes. There was blood everywhere—blood on the floor, on the walls; books and papers smeared with the red stain; broken chairs, bedsteads, dressing-tables, all bearing the crimson splashes of murder. It was a pitiful sight to see this comfortable home so reduced in a few minutes to ruin and desolation—most pitiful to find a child's first book of lessons with her name, "Baptista Payne, Battleford, January 20th, 1884," written on the fly leaf, smeared with blood, put away perhaps after her last lesson beside her father's knee, nevermore to be opened by poor little Baptista. I suppose a soldier must put on with his uniform a certain amount of disregard for blood and wounds and death, and I may get hardened later on; just now I confess to a most unwarrior-like weakness in presence of the scenes I have witnessed here. Payne had a fine, large house, with good furniture, and lived, I should say, in a comfortable manner. I found his diary among some other papers which I have handed over to Col. Otter. Among the many things we found none I think surprised me so much as a Toronto Mower, Harvester and Horse Rake, made by the Massey Manufacturing Company—all in good order and ready to go to work in the field. They were the most familiar vision I had looked upon since leaving Toronto, and I almost felt like embracing them, they reminded me so strongly of home. The boys were astonished to see me take them to pieces ready for loading on the waggons. We had to distribute the parts over several loads, as most of the waggons were full already. It would have broken Wolfe's heart to see the indiscriminate manner in which this shipment was made: no "Report," no "Bill of Lading," no consignee, not even a tag. I have read somewhere about a man who left portions of himself in various parts of the world, a leg here, an arm there, a finger in some other place, who was continually indulging in gloomy conjecture as to how he was going to get himself together again when Gabriel's trump

should sound. If a reaping machine might be suspected of holding opinions I have no doubt that in the case of this particular machine they were somewhat similar. Whether they come together this year or not I fear will not matter much, for that style of machine has gone out. Fashions change here as well as in other places, and the latest kind of "Reaper" in vogue in this great North-West is worked with a crank and is called the "Gatling."

We are at present camped opposite Battleford, and it is not known when we are to move. I hear that a portion of us are to be left to garrison the place, the remainder to be mounted, supplied with Winchesters and sent against Poundmaker "to pound his head off." This, at least, is the extremely forcible expression used by one of the boys who disapproves of Indians, and I have no doubt such a punishment would have a very depressing effect on Mr. Poundmaker if it could be meted out to him. He is a very wary fellow though, I understand, and is not likely to put his head within pounding distance. Those who follow him up will have a dangerous hunt, and yet it seems the only thing to be done. We cannot starve them out. The grass will soon be plentiful. They drove from this vicinity about 1,000 head of cattle and 800 horses, so they are not in want either of provisions or means of transport, and if they decide to hold out I do not now see anything to prevent them from doing so for some months to come. If they are to be subdued they must be followed and hit so hard that they will understand the troops mean business. But I fear this letter is already too long. Remember me to all the friends at home. Tell the girls I enjoyed the nice lunch—they put up for me, and often wished it could have lasted all the way. I am in splendid health, with the exception of a cold and a touch of sore throat, which I hope will soon pass away. There are now about 500 people in the barracks at Battleford, and I am told there are 200 at Fort Pitt in the hands of the rebels. One of the Mounted Police, Smart, was shot dead some days since as he was riding into Battleford from a scouting expedition; his body was fairly riddled with bullets. I enclose you a French letter found in Payne's house, please keep it till I return, if I ever do. Good by.

FRED.

BATTLEFORD, May 3rd, 1885.

We have met the enemy, and— Well, perhaps it would not be adhering strictly to that naked truth which the war correspondent so deeply reveres, to say "they are ours," because they are not ours yet; but we have met them, and taught them a lesson they are not likely to forget. Since our arrival here, on April 24th, scouts have been out in all directions looking for half-breeds and Indians, and we have lain in that state of suspense which is, perhaps, more trying than the actual presence of the foe—always looking out for him, every hour expecting orders to march against him, and yet doing nothing. On Friday last, May 1st, however, the suspense came suddenly to an end. Indians were reported, some 300 strong, within thirty miles of Battleford, and Col. Otter determined to see for himself what they were made of. At noon on Friday, marching orders were given, the following being selected for the post of honor:

Scouts, led by	- - -	Charlie Ross.
Mounted Police, under	- - -	Col. Herchmer.
"B" Battery,	- - -	Major Short.
"C" Company,	- - -	Lieut. Wadmore.
Ottawa Foot Guards,	- - -	Lieut. Gray.
Co. 1, Queen's Own,	- - -	Capt. Brown.
Battleford Rifles,	- - -	Capt. Nash.

Including provision, forage, and ammunition there were some 50 teams in all, and the whole expedition numbered say 320 men. This was about half our force, the remainder being left behind to guard the town, which of course was open to attack at any moment. Only one Company of the Queen's Own, No. 1, was allowed to go, and as your correspondent did not belong to that Company, he was among the unwilling stay-at-homes, who remained behind to mind the house in the absence of their more fortunate comrades. Indeed, I could not have gone in any case, for it having come to the knowledge of the Colonel that I had had some experience in "slinging electricity," I was politely invited to take charge of a key in the office here, which, with my proverbial good-nature, I did. So here I am, chained with a chain of 4,000 links, composed not of "ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel," like that of Marley's ghost, which I think you remember, but of words—4,000 words waiting to be sent over wires which, in some unhappy manner, fail to connect. My chances of distinction in the tented field are, in consequence, slim. As the force fell in for their expedition, I recalled Fitz Eustace and the field of Flodden:

"Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
 'Unworthy office here to stay,
 No hope of gilded spurs to-day.'"

And so, I have no doubt, thought many of the other fellows who, like the warlike squire of old, were doomed to inglorious inaction, all on account of womankind, who must be protected. But if we were not allowed to go, we could at least cheer those who went, and thus find some sort of vent for our feelings. And we did. They say Poundmaker and his braves were asleep when the boys sent in their cards; but that is nonsense—they must have heard that cheer. We watched them as they filed away in long procession, and as the last bayonet glittered for a moment in the level rays of the quick descending sun we turned ourselves to wait and speculate as to when we should see them again. What a wonderful conjurer is imagination. They had passed from our sight, and yet we saw them as they entered perilous places where foes might lurk in impenetrable ambush, but they pass in safety, they wind over hill tops, and down through pleasant valleys; in the bright beams of the moonlight, which now silvers the plains, we see them still. A lonely defile at the break of day. A sharp report, a riderless horse with blood upon the empty saddle—quick words of command—skirmishers to the front—Extend! Supports fall in! Guns unlimbered! Roar of artillery and crack of rifles! Hurrah!—At this point the "Home Guard" is called to supper with a cross-cut saw, and imagination succumbs to the horrid reality. The cook himself is an object calculated to inspire mirthful feelings in a dry goods dummy, and when he shuffles up at supper-time with a tomahawk and a visage like an owl, and attacks an old mill-saw, suspended from the ceiling, as a signal for the evening meal, the general effect is uproarious. I here sketch his portrait, and also that of the saw,

but the awful solemnity with which he invests the ceremony is something I have tried in vain to catch. I am living in clover just now; have few regimental duties, as the telegraph service keeps me busy when the lines are in working order. Besides, I am once more under a roof, poor though it be. I have also a nice hard floor to sleep on, and I assure you that while a couch beneath the stars on the broad bosom of mother earth may be more romantic, I prefer the floor. A good dry floor, with my blankets and my rubber sheet, I have come to look upon as a bed of "downy ease" compared with the camp shake-downs I have occupied for the past few weeks. I am so enamoured of this style of bedroom furniture, that I purpose to adopt it when I return to civilization. I have decided also that in the matter of dining-rooms there is much extravagance at home. What is the good of spending a lot of money for Chippendale, Eastlake, or Queen Anne, when we can be so comfortable and happy without such nonsense? I have no doubt there are people in Toronto who would turn up their noses at a dining-table composed of four flour-barrels and two pine planks, and call it vulgar; yet I have made some of the heartiest meals of my life from just such a table. Talk about silver plate!—I have the knife and fork and spoon you were thoughtful enough to stow away in my knapsack, and they have been of more use to me than any amount of plate you could mention. I have also a real stove, and actual lamps, and positive chairs, and who can possibly want more than this? Then the freedom you enjoy! Say you wish to retire. Do you spend valuable time, which might be devoted to sleep, in performing outlandish ceremonies with your boots, your socks, your night-shirt, etc., etc.? Do you pose in various attitudes before your pier glass, endeavoring to catch the one calculated to display your proportions to the most sublime advantage? Do you carefully take stock of your moustache, to assure yourself that not a single hair is missing? Do you—No, of course you don't. You simply kick your boots across the room, unroll your blankets on the floor, lie down on one side of them, roll over, and there you are. What can be more simple than this? When you awake in the morning, all you have to do is to unroll, jump into your boots, plunge your head into a pail of water or into the river, and there you are again—toilet completed for the day. Think what a saving of time might be effected if the human race were simply to jump into its boots and plunge its head into the river every morning. I am going to broach this matter at the club when I get home.

I would like to send you some sketches of the buildings here, but hitherto have not had time. We have eight prisoners in the guard-room, some of them tough looking customers. There is talk of drum-head court-martial and shooting, but I have heard nothing definite as to what will be done with them. But about the fight. About nine o'clock last night, Saturday, we were startled by the arrival of a scout on horseback, with orders from Col. Otter to have all the men under arms. The assembly sounded, and every man was at his post behind his little sand-bag. But that was all. After a long wait, the returning troops hove in sight, and shortly afterwards came in. Then we learnt the story of the engagement, and had our first experience of death and wounds inflicted on the field of battle. Seven poor fellows, who had marched out yesterday with all the ardour of youthful soldiers, now came

back to us stretched side by side—never to march again; while the wounded numbered fifteen. You may be sure the excitement was at fever heat when the news spread through the camp and fort, and there was no more sleep that night. The men were under arms until daylight, half expecting a night attack, but Poundmaker knew several tricks of more value than that. The boys had taught him a lesson, and he had not the slightest desire for a repetition of it. The train, as I have said, marched or rather drove out from camp about 4 p.m. on Friday, May 1st. They held their way without incident worthy of notice, except a halt to wait for the moon to rise, until five on Saturday morning, when they came upon a lately deserted camp, with not an Indian or half-breed in sight. This was some thirty-five or forty miles from Battleford, and proved that the information received by Col. Otter was correct. The Indians had been there, and could not now be far away. A short distance farther and the scouts reported an Indian lookout, and almost immediately afterwards the tepees were sighted. B battery was at once ordered to the front, under command of Major Short, supported by 75 Mounted Police under Col. Herchmer. The trail here ascended a hill, and scarcely had the summit been reached when a volley was poured into our troops from the edge of a heavily-wooded ravine some 200 yards distant. The guns were quickly unlimbered, the Police extended along the brow of the hill, and the remainder of the troops sprang to their positions at the word of command. The situation, roughly stated, seemed to be, that our troops occupied the open space across the heel of a horse-shoe, while the enemy, reinforced since latest advices, and outnumbering us two to one, held points of vantage all around the shoe itself. There could scarcely be a more critical situation for raw troops to find themselves in, but they were equal to the emergency. From their front and on both flanks they were harassed by repeated volleys from the Winchesters of the Indians and Half-breeds, and the only wonder is that the dead and wounded were not many more. The Gatling did splendid service from the first, and must have astonished the redskins considerably by the rapidity and deadliness of its fire.

They did not remain long enough exposed, however, to obtain a full insight into its working, but sought cover in the adjoining woods, where they were treated to a dose or two of shell by way of a change. The fighting now became general all along our front. The first man to fall was corporal Sleigh, of the Mounted Police, and the ambulance corps of the Queen's Own soon found that they were not to remain idle spectators of the fray. After about half an hour's fighting the enemy was reinforced in front, and with extraordinary rashness actually made a dash at the Gatling gun. Major Short, however, did not propose to stand that sort of thing, and, charging down upon the rebels, drove them before him easily. The Gatling was now turned on the Indian camp, some 600 yards distant, and created a commotion in that establishment unexampled in its history. And so the fight went on hour after hour, our brave three hundred holding their own, and more than holding it against the horde of savages and half-breeds, 700 of them, who encircled them on every hand. But the circle must be broken, and to that prince of scouts, Charlie Ross, was entrusted the task of breaking it. It was a duty after his own heart, and most nobly he per-

formed it. Calling for volunteers, among whom were twelve of the Queen's Own, he led them up the hill against the enemy's position to the right, clearing them out in short order, and driving them from their vantage ground back to their own lines in front of our position. This was accomplished without the loss of a single man, and the noble fellows were cheered on all sides as the enemy flew before them. In this charge the horse of Little P'oplar was captured. This movement not only relieved our right which had been greatly annoyed by the fire from the hill but compelled the enemy to show themselves in the open, and besides those who fell before our rifles in the charge, their flying ranks were decimated by the Gatling as they exposed themselves in their hasty retreat. Attention was now turned toward the left, where a company of halfbreeds had posted themselves in a deep ravine, and sixty men of the Battleford rifles and Queen's Own went at it with so good a will that in an hour they had cleared the ravine and followed the enemy until they found themselves in danger from our own shells, when they took to cover, and, like the Irishman at Donnybrook, "wherever they saw a head" they "hit it" if they could. About noon the rebels made a rally in front, but were unable to face the fire that was poured into them, and soon retired to their familiar cover. Col. Otter now having accomplished all he could hope to under the circumstances resolved to retire, the Queen's Own being detailed to cover the retreat. Eye-witnesses of this retrograde movement, among them Superintendent Gisborne of the Battleford Rifles, say that nothing finer was ever seen, the Queen's Own especially being entitled to high distinction for the manner in which they performed the duty allotted them. As soon as the rebels discovered our intention to retire, they set up as usual their infernal coyoting, but that was all it amounted to. The Queen's Own covered the retreat as if on parade at home, and as a parting salute halted, right about faced, and gave the rebels a volley, which had the effect of keeping them at a respectful distance until all were out of danger. So the battle ended, the result being, I should think, a serious blow to Poundmaker and his allies making it clear to them, that even with the advantage of numbers and position they were no match for Canadian troops. Their dead must be nearly 100, but the number is at present unknown. The boys say the drive back was the worst part of the day's work, it certainly was the saddest. Very few of them were accustomed to bloodshed and death, and the fact that they were bearing back with them seven or eight dead comrades and some fifteen wounded ones, to the latter of whom the ceaseless jolting of the waggons must have caused excruciating pain, made the return journey anything but a merry one. The names of those killed are bugler Burke, of the Mounted Police; privates Osgood and Rogers, of the Ottawa Foot Guards; corporals Sleigh and Lowrie and bugler Foulkes, of C. Company, Toronto; private Arthur Dobbs, of the Battleford Rifles, and one teamster named Charles Winter of Regina. I have a message for his friends there, apprising them of the sad news but cannot get it off as the wires are down. It is a most sorrowful sight to see the poor fellows laid side by side in the marquee. They are all to be buried with military honors tomorrow at ten o'clock, and for the present at least will sleep their last, long sleep far away from home

and friends. There are revengeful feelings in our hearts as we look upon the rigid forms of those who were yesterday our brothers and our comrades; there are set teeth and clenched hands, and low muttered vows of vengeance when the time shall come. Yesterday we had small experience of the bloody fruits of war; our finer feelings shrank from the thought of sending a soul out into "that vast ocean which rolls all round the world," even amid the smoke and din of battle; to-day as we look into the dead faces before us our hearts grow hard as flint, and our muscles steel; the war demon is taking possession of our breasts and we are longing for the opportunity to avenge their death. These are not Christian feelings, of course, and I do not pretend to justify their nourishment—but they are born of war, the legitimate offspring of the bloody field, and so long as men continue to submit their differences to the arbitrament of the rifle and the sword so long will those black feelings of vengeance continue to spring up in human hearts.

The wounded are: Queen's Own—Color-Serjeant Cooper, very severely, Pte. Lloyd, a student of Wycliffe College, Pte. J. S. C. Frazer, Pte. Geo. Varey, Pte. Watts, all slightly, and Bugler Ernest seriously. None of these, except Cooper, are considered dangerously wounded, and we hope soon to see them all as well as ever. B. battery—Lieut. Pelletier, shot in the thigh, Sergeant Gaffney, in the face, Corporal Morton, slight wound, Gunner Reynolds, shot in the shoulder. In the Foot Guards the wounded were: Color-Sergeant Winter, the ball passing clear through from one side of his nose to the other, probably disfiguring him for life, and Pte. McQuillan, slightly wounded. One or two others whose names I have not learned were hit, none of them seriously. Serjeant Major Spackman, of C. Co., Toronto, received a nasty flesh wound in the arm, but killed an Indian a moment after with his one hand, and then tumbled over in a dead faint. The ambulance corps of ours picked him up and brought him to the corral all safe. I wish I had time to tell you all the incidents of the fight I have heard from the boys, but you will have read all about it in the dailies before this, and perhaps might find repetition stale and unprofitable. When I was a very little boy I used to sometimes read dime novels on the sly, and I remember one of the tricks of the inevitable Indian in this class of literature was to get behind a tree or other cover, poke his blanket out on his ramrod to draw the fire of "The Red Rover of the Prairie," or some other celebrated Indian fighter, the hero of the tale, then pouncing down on him when his rifle was empty intent upon his scalp. I remember this episode always commenced with a war whoop of the most frightful character, followed by the sharp crack of a rifle, a six-foot leap into the air, a dull thud and a dead Indian; while the "Red Rover" softly smiled to himself and patted the barrel of "old Deer Slayer" with feelings of intense satisfaction. See how history repeats itself. This is just what the redskins did yesterday, but our boys soon discovered their tactics and beat them at their own game. The boys say they were not in the least excited, and laughed and joked as they fought. Sergeant McKell of the Q. O. R. was grazed in the face with a bullet which knocked him over. He thought he was killed and called out as he fell, "Another Irishman gone!" Some of the boys rushed to his assistance but before

they could reach the body it sprang to its feet shouting, "Show me the man that fired that brick!" and the jolly sergeant went to work again as if nothing had happened. I received your letters of 22nd and 23rd, and was glad to get them, you may be sure. I enclose you a sheet of Chinese paper I found in an Indian tepee in the deserted village I told you of in my last. No doubt it came from the inside of one of the chests of tea stolen by the Indians from the stores at Battleford, and was the fancy of some dark-skinned houri who proposed to use its gaudy colors in augmentation of her charms. I had a lot of "relics" but the boys have "hooked" them nearly all. I have presented Capt. Delamere with my big war drum, the regimental kit not being capacious enough to contain it. We have not heard anything from General Middleton. It is reported that he has met Riel and whipped him, but we know nothing definite. I am sure the "Grens" will give a good account of themselves when they are called on. All the boys congratulate me on my new position, and say I have struck a "soft tack" (not hard tack) this time. There is plenty of work though I assure you, and my office is by no means a sinecure. I of course know everything that is going on, but am not allowed to divulge anything that passes over the wires. I have met Captain Dickens here, son of the great novelist, and have had several long chats with him. He is, I think, strikingly like his father, judging from portraits I have seen of that prince of humorists, and has proven himself a good soldier and a brave man. Kindly remember me to all friends at home. Tell G. W. that he should be here to see my telegraph outfit. Revolver on one side of the key, rifle on the other, sword in belt, and a big stockade outside to keep the bullets away. And now I must say good-bye. The boys are for the most part in good health and spirits, (except yesterday's wounded, poor fellows) but I fancy they will turn their faces homewards, without particularly regretful feelings when the war is over.

FRED.

WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASS'N.

The quarterly business meeting of the Board of Directors of the Association was held on Friday evening May 1st, at which it was decided to continue the weekly meetings during May, and thereafter if the attendance warranted. On Friday evening May 8th, Superintendent Johnston, occupied a very interesting hour on the question of "Friction" specially considered in relation to driving belts and pulleys. He had almost arrived at the conclusion from his own observation that friction was not proportionately increased by an increasing width of surfaces in contact unless at the same time the weight or pressure was increased. He believed for instance, that a smooth body two inches thick and twelve inches wide could be moved as easily with its wider surface in contact with another smooth body as if it were

set up on edge—that is that although the surface contact was six times as great in the one case as in the other the friction would be nearly the same. If this were true, then it must also be true that a two inch belt would furnish almost as large a driving power as a twelve inch belt providing the same pressure could be put upon it. He had not yet satisfactorily demonstrated this point, but was led by his observation to think that it was capable of proof. He also gave examples and rules as to the best methods of speeding pulleys and proper widths of belts under the accepted formulas as to speed and power and their relations to each other. We are sorry that want of space forbids a more detailed and extended notice of Mr. Johnston's conversational essay, which was full of interest and was much enjoyed by his audience.

The second hour was devoted to an address by Mr. Ferson, on the "Properties and Working of Steel." Mr. Ferson said that there were mysteries in connection with this subject which had never yet been solved and which perhaps never would be. In tempering steel for instance, it had been demonstrated by actual test that the same material, submitted to exactly the same processes, under the direction of the same person, with equally competent workmen and like conditions so far as could be seen, would in England produce a given result and in America a totally different one. So that a planer knife made from a certain quality of steel and finished in England, might be a thoroughly good and reliable article, while the same steel made into the same knife in America, all the conditions being the same, would turn out totally worthless, and *vice versa*. So in tempering steel for other purposes. He asserted that there was too much sledge work and not enough of hammer work in forming articles of steel. The gradual concentration of the particles under the small hammer and at a comparatively low temperature was certain to produce a better quality of goods, no matter of what kind than when the same articles were formed by the sledge or trip-hammer at perhaps a white heat. He gave several interesting examples of the difficulties which beset the steel question, and answered several questions from the audience, bearing upon the matter. He was listened to with much attention and at the close a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to him and Mr. Johnson for their instructive addresses.

Friday evening, May 15th. A discussion of the "Scott Act" formed the programme for this evening, the speakers on the affirmative

side being Mr. C. D. Massey, and Mr. M. Garvin; negative, Mr. J. Lawson and Mr. S. McNab. The question was eloquently argued on both sides, but at the close the opinion of the meeting was that the affirmative had not fully proven their case. The speeches were all good, but Mr. Lawson and Mr. McNab claimed that while the affirmative had advanced unanswerable arguments in favor of temperance, and perhaps prohibition, they had ignored the Scott Act almost altogether, and had failed to prove that its adoption would diminish drunkenness. Mr. McNab elicited much laughter and rounds of applause by his humorous references and illustrations and we shrewdly suspect that these had something to do with the decision.

Friday, May 22nd. Essay on "The Eight Hour Movement" by Mr. S. McNab and a discussion of the same by the audience. A heavy rainstorm prevented a full attendance at this meeting and as we believe it is the intention of the association to ask Mr. McNab to repeat his essay under more favorable circumstances we shall wait till then before making any comments thereon.

Friday evening, May 29th. This was a meeting arranged by Mr. Munns, organizer of the Scott Act battalions, who we understand are soon to make an attempt to subjugate the city of Toronto. Hon. Mr. Sobieski was announced to speak and a full house was anticipated. Either from lack of advertising or from some other cause a very small audience was present. The lecturer also failed to appear, and the choir also announced, had in some unaccountable manner lost their way. At any rate they were not there. Mr. Munns was there, however, and he is a whole host in himself. Mr. Crozier, of Michigan, delegate to the Good Templars' Conference, was also there and delivered a rousing speech advocating prohibition. At the close Mr. Munns called for the names of those willing to work for the Scott Act in the West End and received several, after which the meeting adjourned. We understand that another meeting is to be held later on which we trust will be more numerous attended.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The sum of \$34 has been paid out in May to sick members. Balance in treasury \$110. No members now on sick list. Mr. Clarke, who was injured some time since by the bursting of an emery wheel, has, we are glad to say, completely recovered and is again at work.

MUSICAL.

The annual concert of the Band was held in Memorial Hall on Wednesday May 11th, and was successful in the highest degree. The programme, which we give below, was an exceptionally fine one, and the manner of its performance was all that could be desired. Prof. Bohner and his pupils are to be congratulated on the success of the entertainment, which, with the exception of two numbers by the band, was supplied entirely by them. The audience was large and appreciative, and the cordial manner in which the really high-class music was received, is conclusive evidence that the opinion expressed in our columns on more than one occasion is correct, namely, that good music properly performed, is more highly appreciated than the senseless compositions which are so often pressed into service for the entertainment of mixed audiences. When we hear the people heartily applaud Verdi, Gounod, Campana, etc., it is clear evidence against the truth of the oft-repeated assertion, that ordinary people do not care for classical music because they cannot understand it. They would appreciate its beauties better, of course, with enlarged musical culture, but in this work-a-day world we cannot all be cultured musicians, and it is a high tribute to composition and performer alike when so genuine an appreciation is accorded to them as was the case at this concert. The admission fee being so small a financial triumph was not looked for, and yet \$30 clear of all expenses it not to be despised, this we understand being the sum realized.

It is hinted that the Band will soon be obliged to seek some form of investment for their surplus funds. They have "put life and mettle in the heels" of enormous numbers of people during the past skating season, and now they are engaged by the Mammoth Metropolitan Skating Rink to impart a kindred vivacity to the immense assemblies who patronise that establishment. Real estate in Toronto, particularly in the west end, is a good investment, gentlemen. How would it strike you to roof over the garrison common and start a rink of your own? That would be something like enterprise, and you certainly must have money enough to do it. We have been favored by Mr.

Atkinson, the genial Secretary of the band, with a glance at a number of fine compositions imported by them direct from England for their use during the coming season. The arrangements are by some of the most eminent professors of band music in England, and will no doubt be an acceptable addition to the already extensive repertoire which has gained for the Massey Band its present high position in the musical world. Engagements almost unlimited are being pressed upon the executive committee, and everything points to a prosperous season for the band. Long may they blow.

PROGRAMME OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL BAND
CONCERT.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE — "Art and Nature." — *J. Hemmel.*
Massey Band.
2. DUETT — "Home to Our Mountains." — *Verdi.*
Miss M. Morris and Mr. G. Taylor.
3. SOLO — "Softly Sighs." — (*Freischütz*) *Weber.*
Miss E. Donnelly.
4. DUETT — "Marie and Rizzio." — *Campana.*
Miss F. Cashman and Prof. Bohner.
5. SOLO. — — "No Surrender." — — *Barri.*
Mr. A. Curran.
6. TRIO. — "Mark the merry Elfs." — *Dr. Calcott.*
Miss E. Oliver, Miss E. Donnelly and M. Morris.
7. OVERTURE (Quintette). — "Morning, Noon and
Night." — — —
Messrs. Napolitano, Marone, Claxton, Taylor and
Prof. Bohner.
8. QUARTETTE. — "Soldier's Farewell." — — —
Misses Cashman and Morris and Messrs Taylor and
Curran.

PART II.

9. SLOW MARCH. — "Regalia." — *Arranged by R.*
Massey Band. [*Smith.*]
10. SOLO with Violin Obligato. — "The Return." — *Mil-*
Miss F. Cashman. [*lard.*]
11. FLUTE SOLO. — "Carnival de Venise." — — —
Signor A. Marone.
12. DUETT. — "O'er the Hawthorn Hedge." — *Glover.*
Misses Oliver and Morris.
13. VIOLIN SOLO. — "5th Air Varie de Beriot." — — —
Signor F. Napolitano.
14. DUETT. — — "Il Trovatore." — — *Verdi.*
Miss E. Donnelly and Prof. Bohner.
15. CLARINET SOLO. — "Fantasie." — *Hadyn, Millard.*
Mr. Fricker.
16. SOLO with Violin Obligato. — "Sing, Smile Slum-
ber." — *Gounod.*
Miss E. Oliver.
17. QUARTETTE. — "Home, Sweet Home." — — —
Misses Donnelly and Morris and Messrs. Taylor and
Curran.

HISTORICAL DIARY.

MAY.

- 1st....Talk of mediation between England and Russia.
- 2nd....Col Kennedy, of the Canadian voyageurs, died at London, Eng., of small-pox.
- 3rd....Nine persons perish in a tenement house fire at New York.
- 4th....Arbitration agreed upon between Russia and England.
- 5th....A building collapsed in Brooklyn, killing an unknown number of persons=Col. Otter's forces encounter Poundmaker's band; a desperate fight; seven whites killed, and twelve wounded.
- 6th....Captain Boynton placed a harmless torpedo under H. M. S. Garnet, in New York harbor.
- 7th....Death of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands.
- 9th....Middleton attacks the rebels at Batoche's; a whole day's fight; one man killed, and six wounded.
- 10th....Steamer "Helvetia" sunk off Cape Breton; crew saved.
- 12th....Batoche captured by Middleton, after hard fighting Sunday and Monday; six volunteers killed, and sixteen wounded.
- 13th....Riot in Trafalgar Square, London, on account of proposals to increase duties on spirits and beer.
- 14th....Discussion between England and Russia renewed=Poundmaker captures thirty-one supply teams near Battleford, N. W. T.
- 15th....Revised Old Testament came out=Riel captured, 15 miles below Batoche.
- 16th....Vast fire at Oscoda, Mich; millions of feet of lumber burned.
- 18th....A feud at Madison, Florida, resulted in the killing and wounding of several men at a church door.
- 19th....Over 560 cases of typhoid fever reported at Plymouth, Penn.=Prof. Odium, the swimmer, made a fatal leap from Brooklyn bridge.
- 21st....In a fire, at Cincinnati, fifteen lives were lost, and several persons injured.
- 22nd....Victor Hugo died.
- 24th....Communists dispersed by police in Paris.
- 25th....Gen. Middleton arrived at Battleford=More trouble with communists at Paris.
- 27th....Poundmaker, Indian Chief, surrendered to General Middleton=A falling building kills four persons and injures ten, at Jersey City.
- 28th....S. S. "City of Rome" runs down a fishing bark; twenty-two lives lost.
- 29th....An Indian uprising in New Mexico; outrageous acts committed=Difficulties between England and Russia settled=A waterspout in Nebraska drowns 11 persons.
- 30th....Battle between Big Bear and Gen. Strange at Fort Pitt; three men wounded.

SELECTED.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

PART FIRST.

A gentleman in England had two sons; the elder of whom, eager for adventure, and weary of the restraints of home, obtained his father's permission to go abroad.

Ten years later, a traveller, prematurely old, covered with rags and dust, stopped at an inn near the paternal estate. Nobody knew him; although, by his conversation, he appeared to have had some previous acquaintance with the neighborhood. Among other questions, he asked concerning the father of the two sons.

"O, he's dead," said the landlord;—"been dead these five years;—poor old man!—dead and forgotten long ago."

"And his sons?" said the traveller, after a pause;—"I believe he had two."

"Yes, he had. Thomas and James. Tom was the heir. But he was unsteady; had a roving disposition; gave his father no end of trouble;—poor old man! poor old man!" And the landlord, shaking his head sorrowfully, drained a good tankard of his own ale, by way of solace to his melancholy reflections.

The traveller passed a trembling hand over his own pale brow and rough beard, and said again,—

"But James, the second son,—he is—alive?"

"You would think so," said the landlord, smacking his lips. "Things have happened well for him. The old man dead; his brother dead too—"

"His brother dead?" said the traveller with a start.

"Dead or as good as dead. He went off on his travels ten years ago, and has never been heard of since. So James has come into the estate,—and a brave estate it is; and a gay gentleman is James. What! going, sir?"

"I beg your pardon," said the traveller rising. "I—I have business with this James."

He proceeded at once to the house of the younger brother, whom he found just mounting his horse at the door of the paternal mansion. James, taking him for a common beggar, repulsed him rudely; when the traveller cried out, in deep agitation:

"James! my brother James! Don't you know me? I am your long-lost brother Thomas!"

"Thomas! Zounds, Tom!" said James in utter astonishment. "Where in the name of wonder did you come from?"

"The ship in which I sailed fell into the hands of pirates. I was sold as a slave in Algiers. I have but lately made my escape, and begged my way home. O James!" sobbed forth the wretched man, quite overcome by his emotions.

"Bless my heart! Is it possible!" said James, by this time recovering from his surprise, and beginning to think that for him to regain a brother was to lose an estate. "I heard you were dead. I have the best evidence that you are dead! I mean that my brother Thomas is dead. I don't know you, sir! You must be an impostor, sir!—Dick, send this beggar away."

And without giving the amazed Thomas a chance to remonstrate or prove the truth of his story, James leaped upon his horse and galloped off.

The elder brother, driven from the house to which he was himself the rightful heir,—penniless and a stranger in his own country,—returned to the village, where he endeavored in vain to enlist some old friends of his father in his behalf. His changed appearance justified them in refusing to recognize him; and his brother had now grown to be a man of influence whom they feared to offend. At last, however, he found an honest attorney to credit his story and undertake his cause.

"If I win it for you," said he, "you shall give me a thousand pounds. If I fail, I shall expect nothing, as

you will have nothing to give. And failure is very likely; for your brother will be exceedingly liberal with your money, and it will be hard to find a judge, or jury or witness, that he will not be able to bribe. But I will do what I can; and in the mean time I will advance you what money you need to live upon."

Fully satisfied of Thomas's integrity, and moved by his expressions of gratitude to make still greater exertions in his behalf, the attorney resolved to go up to London, and lay the case before Sir Matthew Hale, the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench,—a man no less conspicuous for his abilities than for his upright and impartial character.

Sir Matthew listened with patience to the story, and also to the attorney's suspicions as to the means that would be used to deprive the elder brother of his right.

"Go on with the regular process of the law," said he; "and notify me when the trial is to take place."

The attorney did so; but heard nothing from Sir Matthew in reply. The day of trial came; and the elder brother's prospects looked dark in the extreme. That morning a coach drove up to the house of a miller in the neighboring town. A gentleman alighted and went in. After saluting the miller, he told him he had a request to make, which was that he would exchange clothes with him, and allow his coachman to remain there with the carriage until the following day.

The miller at first thought the stranger was joking; and on being convinced to the contrary, would fain have fetched his best suit; but no,—the stranger would have none but the dusty clothes he had on. The exchange was soon effected, and the stranger, transformed to a white-coated, honest-faced old miller, proceeded on foot to the village where the court was sitting.

PART SECOND.

The yard of the court-hall was crowded with people waiting for the celebrated case to be called. Among them a sturdy miller—who must have come from a distance, since nobody knew him—was seen elbowing his way. The elder brother was there, looking pale and anxious.

"Well, my friend," said the miller, accosting him, "how is your case likely to get on?"

"I don't know," replied Thomas;—"badly, I fear; since I have reason to suppose that both judge and jury are heavily bribed,—while I have to depend solely upon the justice of my cause."

Finding a sympathetic listener, he went on to relate all the circumstances of his case in a simple and sincere manner, which carried conviction with it.

"Cheer up, my friend!" said the miller, grasping his hand. "I have had some experience in these cases, and perhaps I can help you a little. If you will follow my advice, it can do no harm, and it may be of use to you."

The elder brother willingly caught at anything that might give the least prospect of success.

"Well, then" said the miller, "when the names of the jury are called over, object to one of them, no matter which. The judge will perhaps ask you what your reasons are: then say, 'I object to him by the rights of an Englishman, without giving my reasons why.' Then if asked what person you would prefer in his place, you can look carelessly round and mention me. If I am impanelled, I think I may be of some use to you,—though I can't promise."

Something in the honest old fellow's manner inspired confidence, and the elder brother gladly agreed to follow his directions. Soon the trial began. As the names of the jury were called, Thomas rose and objected to one of them.

"And pray," said the judge sternly, "why do you object to that gentleman as jurymen?"

"I object to him, my lord, by the rights of an Englishman, without giving my reasons why."

"And whom do you wish to have in his place?"

"An honest man, my lord if I can get one!" cried Thomas, looking round. "Yon miller,—I don't know his name;—I'd like him."

"Very well," says his lordship, "let the miller be sworn."

Accordingly the miller was called down from the gallery, and empanelled with the rest of the jury. He had not been long in the box, when he observed, going about among the jurymen, a bustling, obsequious little man, who presently came to him, and smilingly slipped five guineas into his hand, intimating that they were a present from the younger brother.

"Yonder is a very polite man!" said the miller, to his next neighbor in the box.

"I may well say so," said the delighted jurymen, "since he has given me ten guineas to drink our friend James's health." And on further inquiry the miller discovered that each man had received double the sum presented to him.

He now turned his whole attention to the trial, which appeared to lean decidedly in favor of the younger brother; for while a few witnesses timidly testified to the plaintiff's striking resemblance to the elder brother, others swore positively that the elder brother was dead and buried.

When his lordship came to deliver his charge to the jury, he took no notice whatever of several palpable contradictions in the testimony of these false witnesses, but proceeded to expatiate upon the evidence as if it had been overwhelmingly in James's favor.

When he had concluded, the usual question was put to the jury: were they all agreed? The foreman rose, with his ten guineas jingling in his pocket, and was about to reply, supposing all to have been equally convinced with himself, by the same golden arguments; when the miller stepped forward, calling out,—“No, my lord, we are not all agreed!”

"And pray," said his lordship, frowning with contempt and impatience, "what objections have you?"

"I have many objections, my lord! In the first place, all these gentlemen have received ten broad pieces of gold from the younger brother, while I have received but five!"

Having made this simple announcement, to the consternation of the court, and to the amusement of the spectators, the supposed miller proceeded to point out the contradictory evidence which had been adduced, in such a strain of eloquence that all present—especially the elder brother and the attorney—were filled with amazement. At length the judge, unable to contain himself, called out with vehemence,—“Who are you?—where do you come from?—what is your name?”

To which the miller calmly replied: “I come from Westminster Hall—my name is Matthew Hale—I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; and convinced as I am of your entire unfitness to hold so high a judicial position, from having observed your iniquitous and partial proceedings this day, I command you to

come down from that tribunal which you have so disgraced. I will try this case myself."

Sir Matthew then ascended the bench in his miller's coat and wig; ordered a new jury to be empanelled; re-examined the witnesses, and drew out confessions of bribery from those who had sworn to the elder brother's death. He then summed up the case anew, and it was unhesitatingly decided in the elder brother's favor.

In December last The Massey Memorial Hall was formally opened and dedicated to the memory of its founder, the late Charles A. Massey. Among the exercises was the following memorial poem read by its author, Mr. J. B. Harris, which we publish at this late date because wishes have been expressed by several persons that it might be preserved.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

ONE summer day reclining 'neath the shade
Of a huge oak whose densely clothed boughs
Flung back defiance to the glittering shafts
Of the high-mounting sun, I fell to musing
On many themes; foremost among them all,
Man's destiny, and the future of the world.
Around me lay the fields in all their beauty;
The streamlet murmured by; the fragrant breath
Of flowers was in the air. The drowsy hum
Of myriad insects and the song of birds
All wooed me to repose. "Dear Christ," I cried,
"When shall the dawning come of that fair morn
When sin and sorrow shall forever more
Be banished from the world?" Even as I spoke
There came a dreamy lethargy about my soul
Imprisoning all my senses and I slept.
Sudden methought I felt the earth recede
As strong arms bore me upward—heard the sound
Of mighty pinions beating the still air,
Till on a lofty peak, whose summit pierced
The firmament, I found myself alone,
And heard a soft voice fall upon my ear,
Coming I knew not whence, which gently said,
"Look forth and learn the future of the world."
Oh, wondrous spectacle! Before-me lay
A panoramic view of all the earth,
A vast, far-reaching scene of land and ocean,
Mountain and lake, wide prairie and dense forest.
Yonder broad rivers rolled, and here meandered
Clear rivulets and gently flowing streams.
On every hand—beside the sounding seas,
And by the river banks, arose fair cities,
While white-sailed ships swung stately at their an-
chors,
Or with defiant prows set seaward rode
High on the angry wave. Green meadows lay
And smiling landscapes here. There the deep jungle,
Here spread the royal palm, yonder the maple,
Here all the air was heavy with the scent
Of orange blossoms, while beyond them gleamed
Long leagues of ice-bound coast and shining fields
Clad in eternal snow. No earthly clime
Beneath the daily circuit of the sun
But now like opened pages of a book

In strange and wondrous contrast lay before me.
But amid all those grand majestic scenes
Was one more grand and more majestic still
Than all the rest. Far out from sea to sea
O'er all the wide circumference of the world
Was spread a countless throng of human souls,
A mighty varied concourse, moving on
In long procession. Men of every clime
All bent on some pursuit of good or evil.
With more accustomed vision now I scanned
The serried ranks, and marked well their formation;
Saw that what seemed at first a motley crowd
Now marched in close and well defined divisions
Each with its leader. Pennons borne aloft
Proclaimed his title. Here a company moved
With "Pleasure" writ upon their silken flags;
Yonder a banner gaily flaming forth
The legend "Fashion." "Mammon" proudly led
A strong and powerful legion. Long it were
To number all. But two amid the host
My vision followed with surpassing interest.
The one marched at the front, and formed the van-
guard,

A chosen few; while in the extremest rear,
With tired brows and weary, lagging feet,
Came on the other. Numberless their ranks
As sands beside the sea. And now I marked
That added to their own they patient bore
The burdens of the rest upon their shoulders.
Also while many obstacles I saw
That all must cross, and many grievous ills
That all must bear in common, still it seemed
That ever to the rearward column fell
A more than double portion. Now they passed
Through murky ways where Ignorance and Vice
Beset them. Where Intemperance lurked and Folly
Lured them aside; while painted Immorality
With flaunting mien and lewd polluted eye
Drew thousands to their doom. Oppression here
Stalked over prostrate forms; foul Infidelity
Caressed her victims with deceitful smile
A moment ere her cruel fangs were driven
Down deep into their hearts. A thousand shapes
Of evil flitted through their ranks, or waited
In ambush to decoy them from their way.
So passed they on. But even as I gazed
A change had come. Though many faltered still
Or turned aside to walk with them no more,
I saw with pleasure as the tide moved on
The evil spirits now no longer held
Their undisputed sway. Now 'mid their ranks
Rose up a valiant few who ever keeping
Their courage high and ever true and steadfast
Fired with fresh hope full many a sinking heart.
And moving with them, clad in shining robes,
Came on a host whose presence seemed to fill
Their enemies with wrath and dire dismay.
Religion now, her eye bedimmed with pity,
Held out her hands to many a fainting soul,
Or pointing onward through the shadowy distance
Proclaimed the heavenly rest and bliss eternal
For all who faithful proved unto the end.
Now patient Virtue urged some lagging one
On her strong arm to lean; now drawing some
With gentle firmness from the ambushed path
Where Evil silent lurked; now urging others
Along the dangerous way. While Faith and Hope
And Vigilance and Fortitude and Truth

Kept faithful watch and ward. The sounds of conflict

Were ever in the air. The powers of darkness
Though ever growing weaker never yielded
Their prey without a struggle. Oft my heart
And pulses seemed to fail as some poor soul
Was captured by the foe; but oftener still
Beat high with joy for some new victory won.
Through all this time my outward sense had lost
Remembrance of that smaller company
At first the vanguard of the long array.
Returning now, my gaze along the line
I once more swept. How great was my surprise
To find that now the patient burden bearers
Pressed close upon their rear. And now I saw
Commingling with each other, fervent souls
From each division late so far apart.
A moment more, or what seemed but a moment
(For in the dream-land where my fancy stood
Days, weeks and months and years are all unknown.)
I saw them side by side, each aiding on
With willing hands the other. As they passed
Wider their onward march grew evermore.
While now obstructions formerly surmounted
Were thrust aside forever from the path
Of those who followed after. Now loud shouts
Went up for them from all the mighty host.
While the o'erarching firmament was filled
With peans of high praise. So passed they on,
And the glad earth took up the joyful cry,
While all the evil forms that late had wrought
Such havoc in their midst, expelled forever,
Went scowling downward to their native hell,
Close prisoners evermore. So passed they on
While those in shining robes caught up the song
Till over all the smiling plains of earth
The glorious anthem rang: "He hath put down
The mighty from their seat, and hath exalted
The men of low degree." And as my dream
Came to an end I saw still floating far
Upon the summer air two stately pennons
Bearing in shining characters the names
Of those who side by side through many dangers
Had led the people in their onward march
To this millennial day. The one bore "Labor,"
And the other "Knowledge." Waking I knew
That I had learned my answer—Labor, Knowledge,
With Virtue and Religion fitly joined,
Hold in their grasp the future of the world.

Oh! ye who in this fair domain of Christ,
Which He has purchased with His own dear blood,
Stretch out your hands to heaven in pleading prayer
For the swift coming of that gracious time
When all shall know the Lord—Remember all
The millions toiling on their heavy way
Through ignorance and sin. Oh, by your labor
As well as by your prayers give aid and comfort
To kindly hands stretched out to lift them up.
In your own sphere, none is too large, too small—
Let your example show you feel your prayers.

And thou, dear spirit, from thy happy seat,
Dost thou look down to witness the completion
Of the fair work so well begun by thee?
Or art thou present with us all unmarked
By our dull orbs of earth? Oh! gentle presence,
If it be so—if from that quiet rest

Which God doth give His saints, thou art permitted
To hover near us, as to thy dear memory
We dedicate this chamber; thou hast seen
That all things have been ordered and disposed
According to thy purpose; thou hast heard
That to the elevation of this people
And their advancement in the paths of knowledge
All its appliances shall be devoted,
Even as thou didst plan. Forsake us not
Angelic visitant! Be with us still,
And let thine influence, like some subtle perfume
Distilled from rarest flowers, keep sweet and pure
The air within these walls. May nothing vulgar,
Nothing profane find tolerance herein.
May all good thoughts be quickened in our bosoms,
All high resolves be strengthened, broken vows
Re-registered and kept with manly faith,
As in the days to come we gather here.
May harmless mirth abound, and joyous laughter
Re-echo oft. May envy, spite and malice,
And every evil spirit stay without,
Nor cross this threshold o'er. May kindly hearts
And honest hands unite to the fulfilment
Of thy design. So shalt thou then behold
Labor and Knowledge walking hand in hand,
Led by Religion and upheld by Virtue,
Go forth in shining panoply to save,
To bless and to regenerate the world.

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

Quite a number of our readers have forwarded the correct answer to problem given in our last. For the benefit of those who did not get it we offer the following

SOLUTION.

By conditions of question there are 16 rails to every rod of fence, and, as the field is square, for every rod on one side 64 rails will be required to enclose it. But if one lineal rod on one side represents 64 rails, it also represents 64 acres, or 10240 square rods. Now a piece of ground containing 10240 square rods, and being one rod in width, must be 10240 rods long. This then is the length of a side of this field required, and $10240 \times 64 = 655360$, the number of rails required to fence it. This also should be the number of acres enclosed.

10240 rods (the length of a side) squared equals 104,857,600 square rods, which divided by 160, the number of square rods in an acre, gives 655,360 acres.

Editor TRIP HAMMER:

Please explain the meaning of Horse-power as applied to steam engines, and state whether a 100 H. P. engine will do as much work as one hundred average horses, and oblige.

JUNIOR.

The term horse-power is a unit of force originally introduced by James Watt, to enable him to determine what size of engine to send his customers, who were about to exchange horses for the new power of steam. It is based upon the assumption (which is evidently erroneous) that horses in general perform a certain constant amount of work in a specified time. Taking one foot as the unit of *distance*, and one pound as a unit of *weight*; if one pound be raised through one foot, the work done is called one foot-pound, which is taken as the unit of *work done*; thus, if five pounds be raised six feet the work done is thirty foot-pounds.

Eminent engineers have differed considerably in measuring the work of a horse by this unit. Watt, basing his calculations upon the work of the heaviest London dray-horses, working eight hours a day, estimated it at 33,000 foot-pounds per minute. Others have variously estimated 16,440, 44,000; 22,000, and 27,500 foot-pounds as the work represented by one horse-power; but 17,400 is now thought to be near the truth.

It matters little, however, what number is assumed provided the same is always used; accordingly the estimate of Watt is still counted a horse-power, that is, the power required to raise 33,000 pounds one foot high in one minute. Hence a 100 H.P. engine will do nearly as much work as two hundred horses. In calculating the power of a steam engine in terms of this unit, the general rule is to "multiply together, the pressure in pounds on a square inch of the piston, the area of the piston in inches, the length of the stroke in feet, and the number of strokes per minute; the result divided by 33,000 will give the horse-power." But it is necessary to deduct about one-tenth of the whole for friction.

Here is a query for the wise ones:

"Four men purchase a grindstone four feet in diameter, and each is to wear away an equal portion of the stone in turn. What will be diameter of the stone when the last man gets it; no allowance being made for axle?"

QUIRIST.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Herbert Baker has been promoted to the position vacated by Henry Watson in Collection Department.

Mr. John Clark, of the Grinding room, who was so severely injured last month, we are glad to say has recovered and is again on duty.

Mr. Wm. Black, of the Bar and Knife Department, has sustained a heavy loss by the total destruction by fire of his house, situated on Henderson Avenue, Parkdale. We extend our sympathies to him.

We are glad to report to the many friends of Mrs. John Callan that she has quite recovered from the long and dangerous attack of fever from which she has been suffering.

Mr. Geo. Austin, who has so long been engaged in the Blacksmith Shop, has recently moved on to a farm in the vicinity of Port Hope. As a recognition of the kindly feeling existing between Mr. Austin and his fellow-employees before his departure, they presented him with an elegant cruet stand. We wish him prosperity in his new vocation.

Mr. H. E. Arnold, who has for the past ten years acted as General Agent for the Company west of London, has through ill health had to resign his position, and his medical advisers have ordered him to Manitoba for the summer months. Such Local Agents as have been under his jurisdiction will regret to learn that such is the case.

We compliment Wm. Logan, of the Moulding Shop, in being successful against other competitors, by being promoted to the post of Lance Corporal in his Artillery regiment. Mr. Logan is a young man of about 18 years, and great credit is due him.

Mr. Henry Watson who was mentioned in our last as having resigned his situation with a view of entering a professional career, has decided to leave his studies till the fall, and has accepted a position in the Montreal Branch House, where he has charge of the office and warehouse.

We regret to say that Mr. Algeo, of the Binder Canvas Room, is not likely to recover from his recent sickness, he has been removed to his friends at Bradford.

Mr. T. J. McBride, of the Winnipeg Branch House, was in the city last week, looking, as usual, hearty and well. He reported prospects for a good crop in Manitoba, and the growth of grain and grass some two weeks in advance of this Province.

We sympathize greatly with Messrs. Jno. Elliot & Sons, of London, whose extensive factory and storehouses, together with manufactured machines, were almost totally destroyed by fire last week. Our sympathies are also with the employees who have been so suddenly thrown out of employment.

Harry, son of Mr. Wm. Stephenson, of the Stephenson House, has recently been engaged on the office staff, having resigned his former position with Messrs. Risley & Kerrigan with that end in view.

Mr. Benj. Finney of the Paint Mixing Rooms is rapidly recovering from his attack of Inward Kalsomining; he promises to be more careful in the future.

HORSE RACING.—Mr. Wootten, of the Paint Shop, who owns "Sleepy Nell," has arranged to trot her against Mr. Nixon's "Jumbo," at the Woodbine, on 17th inst., for \$50 a side.

BUSINESS CORNER.

ALL EMPLOYEES LEAVING

the works during the summer months may have their TRIP HAMMER mailed to them free of charge by giving us their address, provided the address be outside the City of Toronto. The postal laws are such that we have to pay for all papers mailed for city delivery, so that those who remain in the city will kindly leave us the small amount requisite for postal fees.



**"Close hidden 'neath the whispering leaves
From every curious eye ;
Safe guarded by two anxious hearts,
The speckled treasures lie." —ANON.**

THE TRIP HAMMER.

The TRIP HAMMER is the pioneer journal of its class in America—the first literary magazine published by the employes of any business concern, and was established with a view to increasing the interest of the working public in literature and learning, being devoted to "LABOR AND KNOWLEDGE."

Though published more especially in the interests of the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, it is not essentially "local" by any means, as is evidenced by its growing outside circulation.

The TRIP HAMMER is the cheapest literary magazine published, affording its readers an average of SIXTEEN PAGES of choice original and selected literature monthly, at the absurdly low subscription price of Thirty Cents per annum.

No extra charge is made for the special double numbers which contain fine wood engravings, most of them being specially designed and executed for the TRIP HAMMER at a large expense.

It is not a money-making nor an advertising enterprise; its highest aim is TO DO GOOD AND TO IMPART PLEASURE. What it is and what it is not may be further ascertained from a perusal of the accompanying number to which your attention is respectfully invited, and if you deem the enterprise a worthy one encourage it by favoring it with your subscription. Read the criticisms of the press:

The *Trip Hammer* is the name of a new monthly journal which has made its appearance in Toronto. It is published by the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, and it is certainly a very creditable production. Its pages are neatly printed and enclosed in an illustrated cover. The original articles are evidently well considered, and have a common-sense ring about them that commend the ideas of the *Trip Hammer* to serious consideration. We wish the publishers and staff success in their venture, and if they meet with the success they deserve they will not have reason to complain.—*Peterboro Review*.

The *Trip Hammer*, a neat little monthly published and edited by the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, Toronto, reaches its third issue this month. It is a lively journal, which should prove a decided benefit to its promoters and their fellow workmen.—*Goderich Star*.

The *Trip Hammer* is the latest journalistic venture before us. It is published by the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company's Works, Toronto, and appears monthly. In typographical appearance it is neat, in literary merit it ranks near the front. We wish the *Trip Hammer* success.—*Brampton Conservator*.

The employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, Toronto, publish a clean, spicy, elevating monthly, entitled the *Trip Hammer*. If the present tone be maintained, the monthly has a useful career before it. It is not, like too many amateur periodicals, a mere retailer of gossip and very small talk about the editors, the members of the Company, or their friends and visitors.—*The Orillia Packet*

We have received a copy of the *Trip Hammer*, published by the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, Toronto. Our old friend, Mr. J. B. Harris, is editor-in-chief, and is supported by a numerous staff. It is a very neat, breezy little publication, and we wish it success.—*Oshawa Vindicator*.

Want of space forbids our publishing but a few of the very large number of press notices received.

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Any one sending us fifteen cents in stamps will receive one copy monthly from now till February, 1886, inclusive, when all present subscriptions expire.

Any one soliciting four such subscriptions, and sending us sixty cents, will receive one copy monthly from now till February, 1886, inclusive, FREE.

We have received a copy of the *Trip Hammer*, a lively little monthly magazine, edited and published by employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, Toronto. The number before us is bright and new.—*Dunville Reform Press*.

The first number of a journal called the *Trip Hammer*, published monthly by the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Co., Toronto, has come to hand. The number is a very clean, new, and an original one, and at the ridiculously low subscription of thirty cents a year, should be well patronized. The venture is somewhat new, as it is the first time we have heard of a magazine edited by the employes of any business establishment. We, however, wish it every success.—*Port Hope Times*.

We have received a copy of Vol. I, No. 2, of the *Trip Hammer*, a bright, newsy little monthly, edited by an association of editors in The Massey Manufacturing Company's Works at Toronto. The subscription price is only thirty cents per annum, and the subject matter is well worthy of an extensive circulation. We wish the journal success and are pleased to number it among our exchanges.—*Hagersville Times*.

We have received a number of the *Trip Hammer*, a monthly journal published by the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company. Its conspicuous feature is modesty, a field in which it is not likely to have any journalistic rivals. The *Trip* is a handsome little publication, containing some very interesting reading matter, and is likely to become very popular among machinists and other mechanics.—*Collingwood Enterprise*.

The *Trip Hammer* is the newest venture in journalism in Ontario, and it certainly hits the right place. The *Trip Hammer* is devoted to the interest of mechanics the world over, and is edited by a board of editors from the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company. We wish it the success it deserves.—*Stratford Weekly Herald*.

The employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, have, with commendable enterprise, entered the journalistic field. A specimen copy of their *Trip Hammer* has been received, which, though small, is creditable, giving promise of worthy work. It purposed to use the paper to aid in "crushing every evil which obstructs the way of labour on its journey to better, higher and nobler things." Literature is not neglected.—*The Varsity*.

The *Trip Hammer* is the title of a handsomely printed and interesting little monthly, published by the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, Toronto.—*Welland Tribune*.

We have received a copy of the *Trip Hammer*, a well gotten up monthly, published by the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, of Toronto. The chief articles we have perused, and find them well written choice, historic, very instructive, and pointed.—*Grey Review*.

We have received a copy of the *Trip Hammer*, a neat little journal published by the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, of Toronto. We wish them success in their literary effort.—*Shelburne Free Press*.

We have received the April number of a valuable monthly journal called the *Trip Hammer*, published by the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, of Toronto. The *Trip Hammer* is a neat and well edited journal, and we wish it success.—*Orangeville Sun*.

We have received a copy of the *Trip Hammer*, a monthly journal published by the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, of Toronto. It is devoted principally to the interests of the workman and the mechanic, and also contains a number of choice literary selections. We will be pleased to welcome it as an exchange.—*South Simcoe News*.