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THE TRIP HAMMER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1885.

No 10.

The Trip Hammer.

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LANSDOWNE.

THE people of Winnipeg gave His Excellency the Governor General a rousing reception on Thursday 22nd of October, on his return from British Columbia, and if we may judge from His Excellency's speech at the banquet held in the Grand Roller Rink in his honour, he is most favourably impressed with Manitoba, the North-West country, and the Pacific Province. After a few earnest words of acknowledgment to Consul Taylor, United States representative at Winnipeg, for his kindly remarks in reference to the international relations of the two countries, and of corroboration as to the services rendered the Dominion of Canada by the United States border forces during the

late trouble, His Excellency gave a most interesting sketch of his journey over the branch railways and the main line of the C. P. R. to British Columbia. He was strongly in favor of branch lines, as without them the grand resources of the country could not be fully developed. He saw on these lines and in the neighbourhood of Brandon "a greater extent of arable land than it had ever been his good fortune to look upon before." But it was not all of first-class quality—there were gravelly ridges and some poor and apparently unproductive soil. Much of it however was of extraordinary richness. In the neighbourhood of Minnedosa there was much agreeable scenery and undulating land relieved by copsewood and lake, which was more attractive to many than the flat monotony of the level prairie. He met and conversed with numbers of settlers and found them for the most part hopeful and full of faith in the future of their adopted country. There was talk of injury to the wheat by frost, of course, and no doubt in some sections that injury was serious, but the people were by no means discouraged and would not for a moment admit that the obstacle, however difficult, was insurmountable. When the soil has become drier by cultivation, and when the most suitable varieties of seed have been obtained no doubt the berry will ripen earlier, and thus escape the ravages of the frost. In many cases the grain which suffered most was grown on newly broken land. Much injury has been done the North-West both by pessimists and optimists—the one describing the country as a frost-bitten wilderness—the other as possessing a soil and climate similar to that ascribed by ancient poets to the Islands of the Blest. He hoped the price of wheat had touched bottom, but was inclined to the opinion that for some time to come it would continue to rule low. From the Western States and from British India enormous supplies of wheat had been poured into the markets of the world, and while this continued we could scarcely expect any marked advance in the price of that cereal. But the demand was fast overtaking the supply; Great Britain alone imported food-stuffs in

1883 to the amount of over \$800,000,000, and that figure is bound to increase. Of this enormous sum the United States supplied 20 per cent., Germany, 10 per cent., British India, 8 per cent., while from British North America there came only about 3 per cent. Great Britain's total imports of wheat and wheat flour were about \$220,000,000, of which the farmers of Canada only supplied about 3 per cent.—This will not continue. The soil in parts of the States which now send the largest supplies is showing signs of exhaustion, the yield having fallen to about twelve bushels per acre; whereas in this country with its unexhausted soil it is fair to expect at least 20 bushels for years to come. In British India, also, it is stated that crops have lately been grown at a cost barely repaid by the prices obtained for them, which fact, if it is a fact, must weaken competition from that quarter. On the whole he would be surprised if before ten years had passed the terrors of low prices and early frosts were not almost forgotten things. He described his visit to the great Bell Farm, and while much impressed with what he saw there was of the opinion that it would be a bad thing for the country if it were turned into an immense wheat field in which human beings would scarcely be more numerous than the Self-Binders. He would prefer to think of the future of Manitoba as resembling a portion of Ontario, divided into farms of a moderate size, equipped with comfortable homesteads, and devoted to mixed farming. Travelling westward, occasionally making detours from the railway line, His Excellency reached Dunmore and inspected the coal deposits at Lethbridge, composed, according to a recent geological report, of some 150,000,000 tons of excellent coal. At Lethbridge the party were supplied with broncho horses, visiting during their ride J. G. Baker & Co's. huge herds of cattle, and witnessing the feats of the cowboys. Pressing on they reached next day the famous Cochrane ranche, and now stood within the spell of the Rockies. Fort McLeod came next in order, then Calgary, the ride, still on horseback, between these places, being most interesting. From Calgary they travelled eastward a few miles to visit the Blackfeet Indians, by whom, as well as by their kinsman the Bloods, His Excellency was most warmly received, obtaining from them both assurances, which he believed were sincere, of their unswerving faith and loyalty. He had a large compassion for the

poor Indian. They are the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent. They regard themselves, not unnaturally, as the legitimate occupants of the soil. As they express it themselves, their hearts must occasionally sink when they see that the buffalo is gone—that the white man is growing rich, and the red man poorer every year. Their title need not be discussed. It may not be a legal title, but its strength lies in their moral claim to considerate treatment at the hands of those before whose advance the native races are receding and dwindling away. He was glad that the Dominion Government had never failed to recognize its obligation to deal with them gently and humanely. To keep them from starvation without pauperizing them is a difficult problem and requires unflagging patience on the part of those who would lead them to a civilization now seemingly so far beyond their reach.

They now began to ascend the Rocky Mountains, and arrived at Kicking Horse Pass, in the vicinity of which is found a seam of very high class coal, more like anthracite than that found farther east. Descending the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. gradient of the western slope of the Rockies they reach the Selkirks, and again ascend. Here His Excellency becomes enthusiastic over the wonderful scenery "unsurpassed in the world." They then left the cars and crossed the gap of 47 miles, reaching Farwell on the Columbia River where they passed the night in camp. North of Farwell lies the region, contained within the famous Big Bend of the Columbia, which is thought to be rich in gold. He can never forget the spot in which their camp was pitched on the evening of the second day crossing the gap. A narrow glade surrounded on every side by cedars—not the cedars of Old Canada, but the "Gigantea"—towering 200 feet and more towards the sky, with trunks perhaps 9 or 10 feet in diameter. These, interspersed with the beautiful Douglas fir and the hemlock, clothed the hills for miles on either side. In British Columbia we have an immense tract of timber-bearing country, as yet almost untouched by the axe or the fire. Continuing on with ever-increasing wonder and delight at the scenes along the Thompson river, the Shuswap lakes (a veritable British Columbian Killarney) they reached Yale, "the loveliest of spots," and then flew along the marvellous canons of the Fraser to Burrard Inlet, the terminus of the C. P. R. Here they took steamer for Victoria, Vancouver Island.

His Excellency found the people of the Pacific province jubilant over the near completion of the road they have waited for so long, and ready to forget the disappointments and anxieties of the past in their hopes for the future. He is of the opinion that if any sacrifice has been made for the sake of bringing British Columbia into closer connection with the rest of the Dominion, it was well worth making. Her natural resources are considerable. She has immense wealth of timber, of minerals and of fish. The timber covers a larger area than can be found on any other portion of the continent. Salmon sold this summer on the Fraser River at one cent apiece. All this grand country belongs to the Dominion of Canada. We are entitled to write the word Canada across the northern half of this continent, placing the letter C on Vancouver Island, and the letter A on the Maritime Provinces. But the map is, after all, a mere geographical expression. It is for Canadians to make it more. The destinies of Canada are in our hands. By the grand achievement of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which stands without a parallel in the history of railway enterprise, we have shown our intention of leaving nothing undone for the material and political well-being of the Dominion, but the work does not end there. Confederation without the railway was not worth the paper on which the British North America Act was printed. But the Railway will not achieve expected results unless from one end of the Dominion to the other the people endeavour by mutual consideration and forbearance, by the sacrifice of all sectional interests, by fostering a national spirit, to bind province to province, and city to city. Let them bear in mind the millions yet to come. That their first duty is so to regulate their conduct at whatever point it touches the affairs of the nation that when they are gone their successors may say of them that they did their duty well in moulding the destinies of the young nation which Providence had placed within their haps.

During His Excellency's stay in Winnipeg he visited several of the schools and public buildings, being everywhere received with a warmth and cordiality for which the people of the gateway city are fast becoming famous. We are glad to believe that, while much of this feeling was due to considerations of personal respect, it was chiefly as the representative of their Gracious Sovereign that the people of Winnipeg received and honoured Lord Lans-

downe. We trust his words of wisdom shall re-echo from one end of Canada to the other, pointing out as they do the noble heritage we shall leave our children, and the true path in which we as Canadians should tread if we are to leave that heritage intact, undivided and free, to our posterity.

"A DREAM OF TO-MORROW."

ON Monday evening, Oct 26th, Mrs. Livermore, of Boston, delivered her lecture "A Dream of To-morrow," in the Metropolitan Church. The body of the church was well filled, and the audience was select, attentive and appreciative. The chair was occupied by H. E. Clarke, Esq., M.P.P., who introduced the lecturer in a few well chosen sentences. On coming forward, and before she had spoken a word, there was formed between the lecturer and her audience that subtle chain of sympathy in the absence of which the most eloquent efforts are abortive—the most cunningly fashioned and elaborately woven sentences fail of their intended effect. Her appearance was in itself at once an earnest and a guaranty of more excellent things than usually fall to the lot of audiences—the trite commonplaces which are listened to respectfully on account of their age, and forgotten before the head touches the pillow. Noble in presence, and bearing those unmistakable marks of breeding, refinement and culture, which even the uncultured recognize and respect—bearing also, better still, the no less easily discernible graces of a tender and broadly developed womanhood, which, while bowing reverently at the altar of human advancement and knowledge, is yet forever constant to that holier shrine which holds the love of children, of husband, of friends, of home, it is not too much to say that while yet standing silent before her audience she had been insensibly received into their favor and good will. And they had no reason to recall their trust. In an easy unconventional manner the "Dream" was unfolded, and was found to be not so much a dream as a charming picture filled with the living realities which are about us every day. There was no striving for effect, no catchy sentences made up for the purpose of "bringing down the house," and "splitting the ears of the groundlings," which constitute the stock-in-trade of the average lecturer. Nothing of all this. But there were earnest, serious words which came from the heart of the speaker and

went to the hearts of those that heard them. Every age, the lecturer said, has been reaching forward to better things—groping, sometimes in darkness and dire discouragement, feeling outward, onward, upward in search of the light which is yet far from the fulness with which it shall eventually shine—the human race has been constantly progressive, and will be so while the world lasts. But though mankind has been progressive always, during the past fifty years its progress has been more a series of leaps and bounds than the old-fashioned going forward of our fathers. For long centuries nature had sedulously concealed from the ken of man a knowledge of the great forces with which she is accustomed to work. But man has at length entered the wedge which shall yet rive open her most secret recesses. Steam and Electricity have been liberated through the narrow aperture, with results inconceivable by the men of forty years ago, and the secret doors are being opened wider day by day. What shall be the situation in 1900? And are the men and women of to-day worthy to be the fathers and mothers of those whose eyes shall see the wonders of that future time? Are we doing our duty by our children? In our schools is there a proper attention paid to physical development and the high moralities? Not sectarian education—not the instilment of doctrine and creeds, but of those high principles of truth, honor, justice, charity, love, without which the most cultivated and highly educated person is a curse rather than a blessing, to his kind. We do not want “smart” men—we have too many of them already. But we want men, even though second, third or fourth rate in intellect, who will “dare to do *right* though the heavens fall.” Abraham Lincoln was not a man of the highest order of intellect, he acknowledged many mistakes, and many weaknesses: but he had always the consciousness that he had tried to do right. And when in obedience to that sense of right he set his hand to the proclamation which struck the shackles from the limbs of four millions of his colored fellow-creatures, he accomplished more in a moment for the interests of humanity and the welfare of the world than had been gained by years of physical and intellectual conflict. We must have higher principles, and we must have better bodies. Eight-tenths of the world’s inhabitants have to earn their living, and a large proportion of them are living in ignorance, vice, and in defiance of natural laws. We must have better houses for the poor. We ought to have less

waste of food, and that desirable result might be achieved, to some extent at least, by coöperation. Coöperation, that is, in the work of the household. Fifty families, say, to join in furnishing a laundry where the washing might be done for all; a common dining-room with its appliances where all could have their meals; each devoting in turn a certain portion of time towards carrying out the necessary details; thus leaving the women more free to train their children and attend to the remaining household affairs, without the constant, never-ending worry of meals, and the weekly catastrophe of washing day. The marital relation must be held more sacred, and the marriage of mere boys and girls made more difficult than is now unfortunately the case, when our sons and daughters may any evening walk out after tea and come home to us married; joined together in that bond which should be irrevocable, and therefore not to be lightly assumed. Even France, with all her immorality, is far in advance of us in this respect. The world is marching on, and men and women must march with it. Steam and Electricity harnessed to ship, to printing press, to telegraph wire, to telephone, have almost eliminated time and space, and changed the world into a great cosmopolitan country—an international dwelling with a great, common international back door yard. The men and women of the future, now in their short clothes, must be made better physically and morally; cramming in school should be abolished; teachers should understand more fully and devote more time to the education and development of physical excellence in their pupils, so that, like Thurlow Weed, the old men of the days to come shall see their 90 or 100 years, and then pass away without a hint of disease in any part of their life’s machinery. The above is an imperfect outline from memory of a most able and interesting lecture, which was listened to with intense enjoyment. There were many thoughts to take home and ponder upon, and we have no doubt they will produce in many cases good fruit. Prolonged applause was accorded the talented lecturer at the close of her discourse, and a most hearty vote of thanks was tendered her for her able and earnest effort.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

WE are sorry to have incurred even the mild displeasure of the *Evangelical Churchman* by our remarks on the above subject in our September number. The *Churchman* is good

enough to approve of us in the abstract, "our articles being suitable for the class for whom they are designed," but thinks we should not meddle with the Salvation Army, as its members are doing a good work among that particular class, etc.

We admit at once the justice of the gentle insinuation (if an insinuation ever can be just) as to our mediocrity. We know our articles are commonplace, not worthy of comparison even with those of the *Evangelical Churchman*, and we go lamenting every day because of the vast multitude of things we have not yet learned. But we must hold opinions of some sort, prejudiced and biased though they may be, and holding them are sometimes reckless enough to state them. In the present case our opinions were based upon our own experience and that of some others of our "class," and were not, we hope, set forth in an offensive manner. The *Churchman* has not denied any of our assertions, nor has it defended the practices to which we saw fit to object. We can only assume, therefore, that we are to blame for touching the subject at all, not being able to approach it approvingly. The *Churchman* gives the Army credit for doing much good, and perhaps it is right. But is there no evil in connection with it? And if there is are we to condone the evil and speak of it with bated breath because of the companionship in which it is found? Not so. We believe there are many things in connection with the Salvation Army which might be "reformed altogether." We believe that the young people, boys and girls, who parade our streets nightly; who spend hours, sometimes half the night, sometimes the whole night in the barracks, would be much better at home assisting their parents by some useful work; improving their minds by good books, reading their Bibles, joining their voices round the sacred altars of home, and retiring at a reasonable hour to their beds. We believe the shoutings, the hand-clappings, the tambourine twirlings, the drum beatings, the vendings of "*War Cries*" during the service, are all unseemly, irreverent, and inconsistent with the solemnity which should characterize the worship of The Most High. And believing so, we say so, and shall continue to say so, if we speak at all, until we get more light.

RIEL.

THE opinion expressed in these columns previous to the trial of this arch agitator, that certain justice would be meted out to him; and that his punishment would be death upon the scaffold, is likely to prove the correct one. We predicted a verdict of guilty, followed by delay while the lawyers resorted to every artifice and quibble of the law in the interest of their client. And we ventured the assertion that there was only one possible loop-hole through which the traitor might escape the punishment he so richly deserves, namely, the loophole of insanity. Our predictions so far have been fulfilled to the letter. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. An appeal was taken to the higher court and was dismissed. The case was then placed before the Privy Council, which has declined to interfere, and the matter is now again before the Canadian authorities. It will rest with them to decide whether the plea of insanity is a tenable one or not. If it can be shown clearly and unmistakably that the man is not responsible; was not responsible, for his actions when he gave the fatal order which caused so much suffering and bloodshed in this land, then we are quite sure no citizen of Canada will desire his death. But it must be clearly shown.

"Here they come!" When the great doors of the drill shed opened slowly outwards on the 30th of March last, to give egress to the gallant fellows who marched away that morning in defence of their country, the cry through all the long lines of waiting thousands was "here they come." At Winnipeg the same cry resounded many times as corps after corps from the east stepped from their trains and took up their line of march to their quarters. At Battleford it rang out in joyful reverberations from the five hundred rescued ones who for many weary days were hourly expecting the onslaught of the savage. "Here they come," must have been to them words of sweetest music. Yesterday, Monday, Oct. 26th, the cry was heard once more, and we trust for the last time in like circumstances, in the streets of Toronto. "Here they come." The train came to a stand and Col. Otter and his gallant boys of "C" company once more felt beneath their feet the welcome soil of home. "Here they come!" and the brave fellows, headed by Col. Otter and their officers, wheeled up Jarvis Street amid a tempest of huzzas to the City Hall, where their

brethren in arms of the Garrison Artillery, Queen's Own, Royal Grenadiers, and last, but not by any means least, the boys of the public schools with their wooden guns, awaited their coming, and where they were instantaneously buried under an avalanche of flowers and addresses. "Here they come," and King Street vibrates with the sound as the faded tunics, dimmed by the snows, the storms, and the sunshine of the prairie come into view and pass along through the living lane. "Here they come," and Brock Street welcomes them. "Here they come," and Bathurst Street re-echoes with her shouting thousands. "Here they come," across the old, familiar ground of the Garrison Common, and "Here they come" belches forth the artillery as their comrades at the New Fort crowd around them with open arms. They have not all come home. The bugle of Foulkes sounded its last call at Cut Knife Hill, and Watson sleeps beside the far Saskatchewan. They all did their duty most faithfully, and are fully entitled to the honors accorded them yesterday by the citizens of Toronto.

Will some one who knows be good enough to tell us why the authorities of this *clachan* leave King Street from the Bridge Company's works west to Dufferin Street in a condition only paralleled by Erebus? That is, on dark nights. Even a taper at the railway crossing would be regarded as a public boon. For, although the purse-proud autocrats of our civic halls may ridicule the assertion, there are really several people staying in the west end and in Parkdale who are compelled to feel their way homewards along the fences of this most disreputable locality when the shades of night have fallen o'er the scene. We observe here, in extenuation of a tendency to sublimity, that some of the grandest utterances the world has ever known have been evolved from profound depths of suffering.

But really it is a serious matter, and has become more serious within the last few days since the C. P. R. Co. have opened two more tracks, on which we understand all their trains will run. It is impossible, on dark nights, for the watchman on the crossing to see approaching vehicles or foot passengers, and the end will be that some one will lose his life and the city be called upon to pay damages. Of course the city is able to do it, and perhaps it would not altogether bankrupt the treasury if a 150 or 200 dollar residuum *should* be ground into small pieces one of these nights by a careless locomotive,

and his friends insist on being remunerated for their extra trouble in gathering him up; but even from a clearing-house point of view we think it could be shown that it would pay better to invest the money with the gas company and, in the phraseology of Cowper, "let the reptile live." For the remainder of the way, there is always of course the fence on the one side to feel by, and with ordinary precaution there is not much danger of falling into Lake Ontario. On the other side there is the road into whose soft and yielding depths no one but a very particular person would object to be precipitated, if he is to be precipitated at all. Still there seems to be an unreasoning prejudice in favor of the sidewalk, and, in the absence of lamps, if a system of life lines running from pole to pole (telephone pole of course, no reference to the North-West passage), could be adopted it would lift a load of care from many a gentle heart which now nightly shudders at the sound of coming feet, lest they bear to her the wreck of her loved and lost, who has been desiccated by engines or smothered in the sloughs which ornament the main thoroughfare of the Queen City. Will some apostle of sweetness and light among our city fathers ensure for himself a monument in bronze by attending to this matter?

CONTRIBUTED.

LETTERS FROM AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.

WHEN I recovered my senses, I found myself lying on a sort of lounge in the kitchen of the farm house, with the family grouped about me. The wretched animal which had caused all the trouble was sitting in the open doorway contentedly surveying me through his half-closed eyes, and beating his stump of a tail on the floor in evident satisfaction at the result of the matinee just over. He did not seem to have suffered in the least from his contact with the hot iron, from which I inferred that he was cunning as he was savage, and had let go of me the moment it approached his nose. My first movement was an involuntary gesture of repulsion in the direction of the whole family, but had more particular reference to the dog, and he understood it so at once. A moment more and I should have again felt those horrid fangs, for I saw him sneaking towards me.

"Keep him off, for heaven's sake," I shouted so suddenly and loudly that several of the younger members of the family fell over chairs in their anxiety to get out of the way.

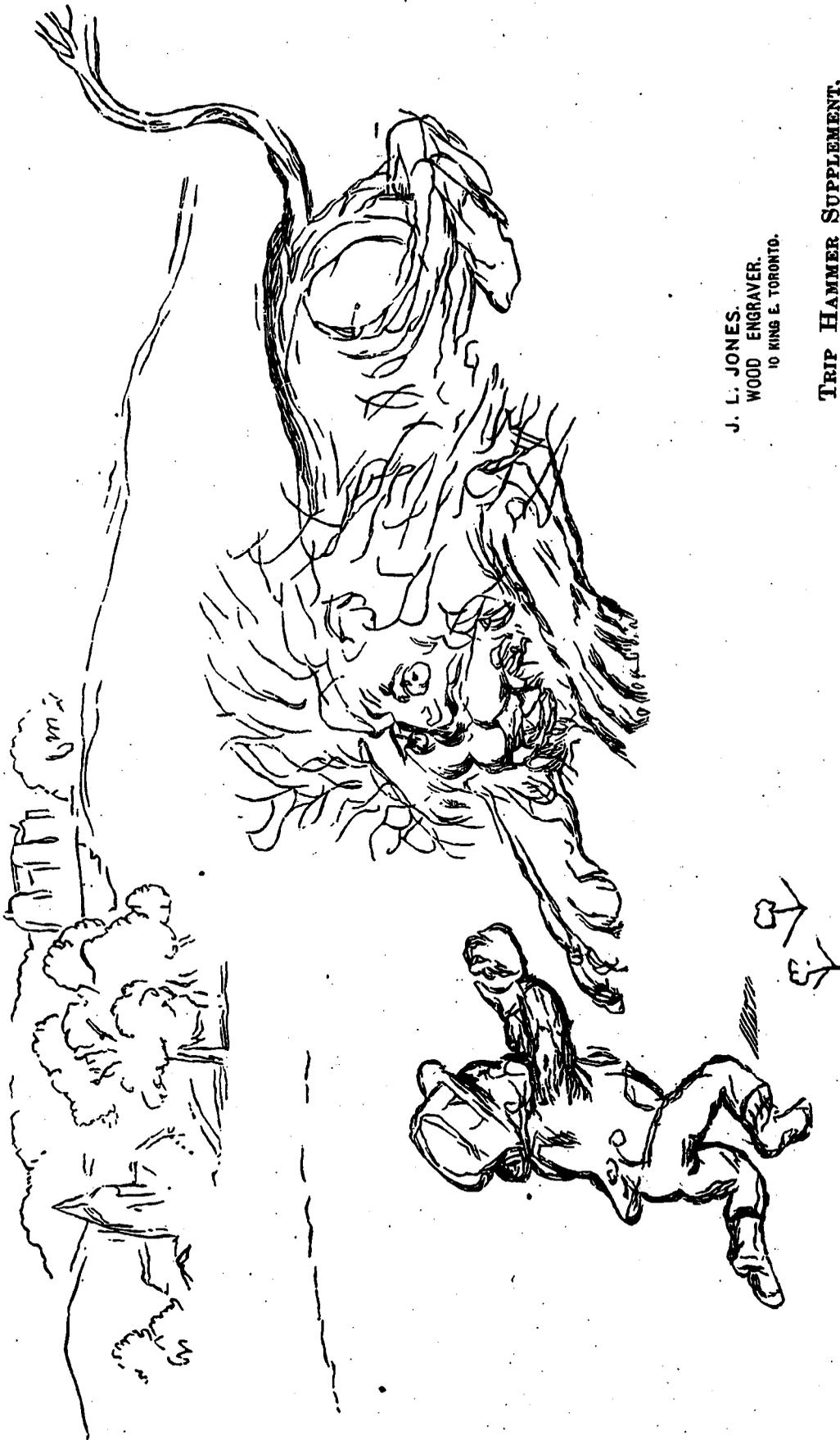
"Drat the brute," said the farmer, "why didn't you chain him up as I told you, Jake?"

"I was jist a goin' to, pap," returned Jake, who I afterwards learnt was the heir apparent. "Git eout, you varmint, want to raise another circus, do ye; git

EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION.

BY THE LATE RICHARD DOYLE.—See Sept. No., Page 111.

V.



J. L. JONES.
WOOD ENGRAVER.
10 KING E. TORONTO.

TRIP HAMMER SUPPLEMENT,
November, 1885.

Tommy begs for mercy.
*To be continued from month to month till
the completion of the series.*

EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION.

BY THE LATE RICHARD DOYLE.—See Sept. No., Page 111.

VI.



J. L. JONES,
WOOD ENGRAVER
10 KING E. TORONTO.

He Springs!

*To be continued from month to month till
the completion of the series.*

TRIP HAMMER SUPPLEMENT,
November, 1885.

out," and with his heavy cowhide boot he smote the animal in the ribs such a mighty blow that he landed somewhere out in the yard and sought sanctuary under the barn, whence he was shortly afterwards coaxed and chained up.

The farmer and his wife were very kind to me, and tried in every way to show their sorrow for my misfortune and their involuntary share in it. My wound was carefully washed and bound up and I was invited to share their breakfast, which I did without much pressing, I assure you. The haying was to commence on the following Monday (this was Friday, I think,) and they were all making preparations for the busy time which "would then be ushered in. Immediately after haying the wheat would be ready, the farmer said, and he "didn't know how in all natur he was agoin' to git along. There was only himself and Jake and no help to be got for love nor money."

"What do ye say to helpin' us a spell when y'r leg gits so'st ye kin git 'reound agin?" said the old man.

"I know nothing of farming," I replied, "and if I did and was ever so anxious to stay and help you there is one objection which I cannot possibly get over."

"What's yer objection?" said the old man.

"The objection," said I, "is in the form of a dog, and is quite insuperable."

"Don't know what ye mean by 'superabil,'" laughed the farmer, "but if ye mean Julius Cæsar, thar ain't nuthin' 'bout him to hender yer stayin's long as ye like. Thar ain't no dog in this county hes more right deown common sense than Julius, an' when he gits to understan' that you're one of the family like, why bless ye thar won't be no more trouble with him; he's jist as gentle as a lamb."

I reminded the old man that my limb was at that moment a jumping, throbbing assertion to the contrary.

"No doubt, stranger, no doubt. Julius went fur ye pnrtly lively, that's a fact, an' I don't wonder you're afraid on him. But he won't do it no more. I'm goin' down to the barn now to bring him up and let him git acquainted with ye, that is if ye say ye'll stay, and soon's that's done ye won't hev no better friend on the place than Julius Cæsar, though he does look cross and ugly."

Well, the upshot of the whole thing was that I did get acquainted with Julius and found him not half a bad fellow, and that I staid on the farm and helped the old man until his harvest was over. It was hard work at first and so different from the life I had been leading in England, that I felt many a time like flinging the fork or the rake in the fence corner and taking to the road again, but the old man and his family had been and were still kind to me, and as often as the old wandering impulse seized me I fought it down resolved to see the harvest over at any rate. Fortunately tossing hay does not require much skill, and there was a charm about it also which I could never have believed. Though the sun was hot and beat down on the old straw hat the farmer had given me with almost insufferable fierceness at times, I felt myself becoming more and more attracted to my work. The fragrance of the hayfield in the early morning, the hum of the bees, the steady whirr and rattle of the mowing machine as it passed through the rich grass, the sound of the dinner horn, the lowing of the cattle as they came up the back lane, across the creek, when the shadows were growing long, were all becoming pleasant to me, and I found myself at last with a feeling of something

like regret at my heart that it must soon come to an end. Then the appetite I had, the soundness of my sleep, and, above all, the almost complete absence of the voices which in the old days were always in my ears, all tended to assure me that I might yet be happy in this lowly estate if I would.

I shall not soon forget the days spent among these people. Rough and uncultivated they were, certainly, but they had honest and kindly hearts and were possessed of a native delicacy not always to be found in their rank of life. They were regular attendants at the little church in the village about three miles off, and after I had been able to clothe myself somewhat respectably (the result of two weeks' work), they insisted on my accompanying them to the house of prayer. Those were pleasant days. The household was astir early, not so early as on other days, of course, yet still early, for there was much to be done. There were the horses to bring in from the pasture, the cows also to be brought up and milked, and breakfast to prepare. Then there was the getting ready; the extra pains bestowed on the toilet—shaving, boot cleaning, etc., had all been done the night before. There were the shining faces fresh from contact with yellow soap and "Russia" crash, the exceeding stiffness of the collars and the cuffs and the starchedness generally of the male portion of the household, the appearance of the new spring waggon drawn by steeds that could not possibly be the same team that drew the mower and reaper, so sleek were they and so natty in their silver mounted harness. But they were the same, and so was Jake the same, though his collar evidently had a depressing effect on his spirits, whatever might be said with reference to his ears. He was called a "dood" on the spot. And so we drive away leaving Julius Cæsar to mind the house, through one of whose windows his countenance may be seen, as we pass through the front gate, with an expression upon it of the most unmitigated contempt and scorn for the whole human race, particularly that portion of it which could shut up a dog on such a morning and drive away leaving him there a prisoner. Down the hill, with the old mares prancing as they used to prance when they were four year olds down the same hill, but now in a somewhat subdued and much more stately manner. Across the bridge at the foot where the dark trout stream comes stealing out underneath the fence and hurries across the road as if dreading so much publicity, plunging into the deep pool on the other side and hurrying away through the tamaracks and pines with murmurings of satisfaction at having escaped. Up the hill on the other side, past hayfields now raked clean except of the fragrance which still lingers on their closely shorn bosoms, and which the waggons could not carry away; past wheatfields, some partly cut, others still an unbroken mass of gold; through patches of woods where wild flowers were growing, and amid whose leafy arches a sabbath stillness seemed to brood. Past farm houses on which the same stillness rested; past herds of cattle and flocks of sheep; past well-dressed pedestrians on their way to the village church, whither we ourselves were bound; past the blacksmith shop on the corner; past the tavern with its pump and trough before the door and its sign extending offers of the best of entertainment for man and beast, and meals at all hours to all comers; past the doctor's and the lawyer's, and we arrive at last in the shed belonging to the little church where we alight and the team is tied; freshly cut.

grass placed before them in the rack provided for the purpose, and it being yet early we saunter away among the tombstones, which stand like ghosts of the daylight around the old church.

G. R.

SELECTED.

MECHANICS' SOCIETIES.

THE usefulness of engineers' societies in the way of direct benefit to the members individually, suggests the benefits that the members of almost any trade could secure to themselves by the formation of clubs, meeting regularly for the discussion of matters pertaining to their everyday work. Such clubs could, by a little exertion on the part of a few men in any trade, be formed in almost every city in the country, since unlike societies of engineers, it would not be necessary to seek membership from a large section of the country.

In a city like New York, for instance, there are machinists enough to start a half dozen clubs, each with a membership equal to that of the Society of Mechanical Engineers. Clubs of this kind could be started in a modest way, involving little expense, the meetings being quite informal, and eventually come to meet as regular societies, at which meetings papers could be read and discussed, and business pertaining to a society transacted.

The kind of machine some one designed, or the overcoming of some engineering difficulty, is no more important to the members of an engineers' society than a hundred things pertaining to the best way to do the work necessary to construct the machine, in the pattern shop, foundry and machine shop is to the pattern-maker, foundryman and machinist. Nor is it of more importance to society. The burden of the cry of economists in great manufacturing countries, like England, is not for better engineers, but for better workmen, better mechanics; and what is true in this respect in England is equally true here. Any means to this end should receive all necessary encouragement; one of these means, and an important one, is the formation of mechanics' clubs, or societies, more local in character, meeting oftener, but fashioned otherwise something like engineers' societies.

If engineers get broader views by contact with those who work differently from themselves to accomplish certain ends, why should not the same be true, even in a greater degree, of journeymen mechanics? If the country is benefited, as no one doubts, by the existence of engineers' societies, it would undoubtedly be benefited to a greater extent by the existence of societies of mechanics, at the sessions of which ways and means of doing work were discussed.

Mechanics are altogether too little disposed to uphold and make the most of themselves. Their standing would be bettered by membership in societies having for their object mutual advancement. The advantages of better facilities for finding out what others were doing, and how they were doing it, would repay them a hundred times for the time and money spent, and the advantages in the way of increased confidence and the habit of expressing themselves, would be important.

Such societies should be complete in themselves, that is, the members should meet to talk themselves, not to be talked at by outsiders. There is knowledge enough amongst the men who would compose such societies. All that is needed is that the same means be taken to spread it and make it common that is taken by engineers and the members of other professions. Nothing would tend more to exalt mechanics and put them in the way of educating themselves than the formation, in every city and large town, of societies of this kind.—*American Machinist.*

MEN WITHOUT RELIGION.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FEAR that when we indulge ourselves in the amusement of going without a religion, we are not, perhaps, aware how much we are sustained at present by an enormous mass all about us of religious feeling and religious convictions, so that, whatever it may be safe for us to think, for us who have had great advantages, and have been brought up in such a way that a certain moral direction has been given to our character, I do not know what would become of the less favored classes of mankind if they undertook to play the same game.

Whatever defects and imperfections may attach to a few points of the doctrinal system of Calvin—the bulk of which was simply what all Christians believe—it will be found that Calvinism, or any other ism which claims an open Bible and proclaims a crucified and risen Christ, is infinitely preferable to any form of polite and polished skepticism which gathers as its votaries the degenerate sons of heroic ancestors, who, having been trained in a society and educated in schools the foundations of which were laid by men of faith and piety, now turn and kick down the ladder by which they have climbed up, and persuade men to live without God and leave them to die without hope.

The worst kind of religion is no religion at all; and these men, living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the "amusement of going without religion," may be thankful that they live in lands where the Gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men who but for Christianity might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of skepticism, which had hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square, where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children, unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is revered, infancy respected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard; when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the Gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way and laid the foundations and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical *litterati* to move thither and there ventilate their views. But so long as these very men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian

of his hope and humanity of its faith in that Saviour who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom.

WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASS'N.

THE Workman's Library Association will hold their first entertainment for this season on Friday evening 20th inst., in Memorial Hall. Whether it shall also be the last of a musical character remains to be decided. Doubts have been expressed, we understand, of the usefulness of this class of meetings, and desires that such energy as the Association possesses should be used in promoting something more substantial, and that costs less money. Singing, particularly amateur singing, without a piano accompaniment loses half its effect, and a piano, therefore is necessary.

Now the Committee of the W. L. A. have closely examined all the bushes within a reasonable distance and have failed to find a single dollar bill growing on any of them. It has been a bad year for that kind of fruit. They find also that piano dealers have resolved for the future to give away no more instruments and consequently the question looms up before them as to how a harpsichord is to be evolved from the primordial germ of an empty pocket book. In feebler language, where is the money to come from? This conundrum will remain open for two weeks, and will then positively be withdrawn. The sender of the middle correct answer will receive by return freight the celebrated Oil painting entitled "Raising the Wind." But we have no intention of turning this matter into a joke. We are quite sure if the members of the W. L. A. would take hold of the work in a proper spirit the Association might be made a living influence for good among them. Read the article, "Mechanics Societies," in our "selected" column, and say if there be not much wisdom in its suggestions. We have an intelligent body of men, many of them versed in nice points of mechanics, and all of them we hope aspiring to something yet beyond them. Why should they not spare a night, say once in two weeks, to give their fellow workmen the benefit of their experience, and gain new ideas from others? Is it because the facilities for meeting are too cheap? Because pleasant rooms are provided for them gratis, that only a few have as yet availed themselves of these privi-

leges, or shown by their presence that they value them? Why, in almost every small town they have their mutual improvement, literary or other societies of a kindred nature, to support which the members tax themselves—to pay rent, light, fuel, etc., and do so willingly. Here all these things are provided free, and yet there seems to be a hesitancy in making use of them. We hope this apathy is past, and that the coming season may show better results.

With regard to the lighter portions of the work, concerts, etc., if they are not desired let them go by, and devote all the time to weightier matters. And yet an hour or so spent fortnightly in listening to pleasant music and selections from good authors is not by any means time thrown away. And besides, there are our wives, and our sisters, and our sister-in-laws, and other indispensable members of that influential body known as "womankind" who are perhaps entitled to some consideration in the matter. Of course they don't care about "boilers and things," and gears and pulleys and mitres and bevels are to them vanity and vexation of spirit—but they enjoy a concert or a social, and a two-hours outing in the evening once in a while, will certainly not be hurtful to the careful housewife, who is only too apt to spend herself for the benefit of her husband and family. And, after all, why shouldn't they take an interest in machinery too? This would be a happier world if woman could be persuaded, for instance, that when her sewing machine begins to slip stitches, it is in many cases quite unnecessary to encumber the family living room with the wheels, levers, belts, screws, etc., belonging to the machine, which she has taken to pieces in order to find out what is wrong. Of course no woman ever did know anything about a machine, but are they to be despised on that account. Remember your own deficiencies gentlemen. Suppose some one were to arise in your midst and require your immediate decision as to whether on the whole you preferred your skirts cut bias, with a train *a la Princesse* or *a la Charlotte Russe*; the corsage trimmed with *embonpoint*, or shirred with bifurcated scallops in the usual manner? Where would you be then? Oh, you needn't sneer, you know. You see you can't answer the simplest, kindergarten question in domestic economy, and yet you plume yourself on your superior intellect! You despise woman because she can't be made to understand the difference between a refrigerator and an automatic cut off steam

engine, and yet, if you were asked to-morrow how many pounds of baking soda would be necessary to make a strawberry short cake for fourteen, you would be obliged to go out in the back yard and sit on the ash barrel and whistle.

Seriously we hope all connected with the Association will take a lively interest in its advancement and welfare, and show by their presence at its meetings that they do so.

MUSICAL.

Bandmaster Kelly is a very particular person in musical matters, so much so that while everyone is extolling the excellency of the band under his direction, he is not satisfied. Quite unknown to the members he has been for some time past anticipating the advent of a new player, in whom, we have been privately informed, he takes quite a fatherly interest, and from whom he expects wonderful things. We shall not, of course, betray confidence, so those who are curious on the subject must just possess their souls in patience until Mr. Kelly sees fit to introduce the young gentleman, who, we understand, arrived on Monday, Nov. 2nd., and is now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, at their home on Mitchell Avenue. We may state, however, that he has his own instrument and that his performance thereon is perfectly wonderful when his extreme youth (for he is very young) is taken into account. His taste seems to incline principally in the direction of chamber music, and he expresses a decided preference for the natural key. He is passionately devoted to his art, and has already insisted on getting up through the night, and getting Mr. Kelly up, to practice. The moment a musical idea strikes him, even if it be in his dreams, he is not satisfied until he has crystallized it, as it were, for the benefit of his friends. Such intense devotedness on the part of one so young is extremely gratifying, and augurs well for his future excellence in the department of music. His *debut* will be looked for with much interest, and in the meantime we congratulate Mr. Kelly and also Mrs. Kelly, to whom we understand the young gentleman is related, on this auspicious addition to their already musical household.

HISTORICAL DIARY.

OCTOBER.

1st. . . . Death rate from small pox in Montreal on the increase. = A meeting of Ambassadors of the Euro-

pean Powers held at Constantinople to consider the Bulgarian troubles. = A battle between Turks and Roumelians near Djikova. = The Yacht *Puritan* sold for \$13,500. = Death of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

2nd. . . . John Easterbee, the Effingham murderer, sentenced to be hanged. = Clutch Donoghue sentenced to seven years imprisonment.

3rd. . . . Marriage of Sir Charles Dilke. = French Elections.

5th. . . . Death of Robert Walker, Esq., Sr.

6th. . . . The call of Dr. Kellog to the St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, sustained by the Presbytery.

7th. . . . Four new cases of small pox in Hamilton. = The Porte calls out the entire Turkish army.

8th. . . . A £3,000,000 fire in London, England. = The Genesta sails for home.

9th. . . . Another battle between the French and Hovas reported from Madagascar.

10th. . . . Death of Cardinal McCloskey. = Flood Rock in Hell Gate, Long Island Sound, blown up.

14th. . . . Fifty-nine deaths from small pox in Montreal to-day. = Death of Mr. H. J. Shaw, better known as "Josh Billings."

15th. . . . British troops sent to the Burmese frontier in India. = Death of Osman Digna. = 200 vessels and 100 lives reported lost in a storm off the coast of Labrador.

16th. . . . The Prince of Wales goes to Paris.

17th. . . . Return of the Hudson Bay expedition to Halifax.

18th. . . . Messrs. Moody and Sankey begin evangelistic services in New York.

19th. . . . The British Steamer *Greyhound* attacked by Chinese pirates.

20th. . . . Riots in Copenhagen in consequence of King Christian's arbitrary policy. = H. L. Tottenham, the Meaford forger, sentenced to seven years in the Kingston Penitentiary.

21st. . . . Riel's case before the Privy Council—right to appeal from the Court at Regina refused. = Great fire in Moscow. = Attempt to assassinate the Premier of Denmark.

22nd. . . . Marriage of Prince Waldemar to Marie of Orleans.

23rd. . . . The trial of Mr. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* begins.

24th. . . . The local option law carried in Switzerland by a two-thirds vote of the whole population.

25th. . . . Thousands of Arabs flocking to the burial place of the Mahdi—a second Mecca.

26th. . . . Gen. De Courcy claims to have defeated the Black Flags in Anam. The engagement lasting three days. = Many workman killed by the falling in of quarries in France. = Sir Leonard Tilley resigns his portfolio. = Col. Otter and "C" Company return to Toronto.

28th. . . . Death of General McClellan. = Two convicts escape from the Kingston Penitentiary. = Sir Henry Drummond Wolff arrives at Alexandria.

29th. . . . Attempt to assassinate M. De Freycinet, French minister of Foreign Affairs.

30th. . . . The Queen replying to the memorial of the Peace Society, asking for a commutation of Riel's sentence, states that she cannot interfere without consulting her responsible advisers. The Colonial Secretary states that the pardoning power is fully delegated to the Governor-General of Canada,

31st. . . . Total number of deaths from small pox in Montreal in October 1864.

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

IN accordance with the request of Mr. Retlaw we furnish some information concerning earthquakes in this issue, but as the letter editor has never had a personal interview with one (and has no particular desire to do so), the reader will please bear in mind that a number of the facts and theories here presented are not original, but culled and arranged from various sources.

EARTHQUAKES.

The cause of earthquakes has long been the subject of careful study, and still remains an unsolved problem among scientists, yet their frequency, force, effects, and mystery combine to urge their consideration upon the attention.

They appear to be the result of subterranean forces; but what these forces are, and how set in motion, are matters of pure conjecture. The irregularity of their occurrence, both as regards time and place, together with their dangerous nature, preclude any possibility of organized effort to be on the spot and observe their origin.

It has been estimated that about a dozen earthquakes, more or less destructive to life and property, occur every year; and in addition to these, on some part or other of the earth's surface, tremors or slight shakings, are constantly taking place.

The force of earthquakes varies in intensity. Sometimes there is a mere trembling of the ground without producing any damage; at others they are of so serious a nature that whole cities have been destroyed, fertile districts laid waste, and thousands of lives lost. In severe cases the first indication almost invariably is a gentle tremor followed by a heavy shock, or succession of shocks, which, having expended their energy, gradually subside in a series of tremblings, each succeeding one being less distinct until all is quiet again.

The shock of earthquakes is usually accompanied by peculiar subterranean noises. In some cases they resemble chains drawn about increasing to thunder, in others they are like the rumbling of carriages, gradually becoming louder until they equal the loudest artillery; again the sound is like that of heavy wagons running away upon the road; or like the hissing produced by quenching red hot iron in water; or like the rush of wind underground. As earthquakes have occurred without these noises, however, so there are frequently underground sounds not accompanied by earthquake.

The violent shocks are instantaneous, very few in number, usually only one, but occasionally three or four. When there is more than one violent shock, smaller shocks or tremblings are felt in the intervals between the larger ones.

The direction of the shock at the point or line of greatest disturbance is from below directly upwards, but gradually becomes more horizontal, and the force diminished as distance from the point increases.

This progressive movement is produced by an earth-wave or true undulation of the solid crust of the earth.

The whole area affected by the shock is not moved at once; only the wave crest. When the earthquake is near the shore or on the bed of ocean, the influence of the earthwave is communicated to the water, the sea swells, retires slightly from the beach, and then a huge wave rolls in upon the shore, carrying with it sea spoil and scattering it over the surface of the earth far beyond the ordinary reach of the sea.

The velocity of this earthwave is very great, but lasts only an instant in any one spot. In the case of the great earthquake at Lisbon, in A.D. 1755, the area affected was very large. On one side the shock was felt in the northern part of Russia, and on the other it was noticed in Canada and the West Indies, an area of fully 7,500,000 square miles. It must have required a tremendous force to move this, for if the thickness of the earth's crust moved be no more than twenty miles then 150,000,000 cubic miles of solid matter must have been stirred. The ocean swell reached the height of sixty feet and 60,000 lives were lost in the destruction of the city.

In addition to the effects already noticed, earthquakes have produced changes upon the earth's surface to an extent that can scarcely be imagined. New lakes and river courses have been formed, and old ones obliterated; new valleys and fissures of various sizes have been hollowed out, while immense landslips bear testimony to the forces that have been at work beneath them.

Egypt has probably been less visited by earthquakes than any other country, but there is no portion of the earth's surface that is free from their influence. Not even the bed of ocean is exempt, for records of subaqueous earthquakes exists taken by vessels at sea, some of which were passing over the point of greatest disturbance at the moment of the shock.

They occur most frequently around the centres of volcanic action, and their frequency and violence seems to bear some relation to the activity and intensity of the associated volcanoes. It is, however, an important fact that while regions of active volcanic action are most frequently affected by earthquake movements, yet the most violent earthquakes do not appear to have occurred in those regions, but in districts lying at considerable distance from active volcanoes. Districts in which extinct volcanoes are found are not more liable to such visitations than non-volcanic regions.

The mysterious nature of the producing cause of earthquakes is a strong incentive to study, but from the impossibility of direct observation, every attempt at explaining their origin is purely theoretical. All theorists appear to agree that volcanoes and earthquakes are produced by the same subterranean agency, and the existence of molten matter in the interior of the earth is the starting point of all, except the chemical theory advanced by Davy which he afterwards abandoned. Mr. Mallet proposed the following theory to the British Association. He assumes that volcanoes and the centres of earthquake disturbances are near the sea or other large supplies of water, and says that when an irruption of igneous matter takes place beneath the sea bottom, the first action must be to open up large fissures in its rocky material or to remove its incoherent portions such as sand, mud and gravel. The water on meeting the heated surfaces assumes the spheroidal state; while in this condition the intestine motion may be great, yet little steam is

generated, but no sooner have the surfaces cooled than the water comes into close contact with them and a vast volume of steam is evolved explosively and blown off into the deep and cold water of the sea, where it is condensed and thus a blow of the most tremendous sort is given at the volcanic focus, and being transferred outwardly in all directions is transmitted as the earthquake shock.

Dr. Archibald Geikie presents his ideas in this shape: "Various conceivable causes may at different times, and under different conditions, communicate a shock to the subterranean regions. Such are the sudden flashing into steam of water in the spheroidal state, the sudden condensation of steam, the explosions of a volcanic orifice, the falling in of the roof of a subterranean cavity, or the sudden snap of deep-seated rocks subjected to prolonged and intense strain."

The old notion of a boiling ocean filling the interior of the earth and bursting through thinner portions of its crust now and then, is entirely given up as being inconsistent with the rigidity that astronomers have proved the earth to possess. But though the earth must be mainly solid it is yet believed to be of a honeycombed structure, and that the cavities contain in many places lakes of molten rock between which and the surface volcanoes are orifices of communication. Into these cavities water sinking down through crevices from the ocean or the land must be constantly finding its way; and the steam thus generated exerts such enormous pressure as to force the molten matter to the surface, itself mingling and escaping along with it. When a mass of water is suddenly precipitated into a hot cavern, the explosion of steam will cause an earthquake concussion, and where there is no vent may be sufficient to convulse and rend the superincumbent strata.

The Japanese have entered with great spirit into the study of these phenomena. Their neighbours the Chinese, however, seem to need a little enlightenment on this subject.

The Viceroy of Yunnan a short time since reported to the Empress of China the occurrence of a violent earthquake at the town of Puerh, and in doing so made the humble confession that the visitation was no doubt a penalty which had been inflicted by heaven in consequence of his own imperfections and the incompetency of his own staff.

The contrite official promised that the lesson should be taken to heart.

PERSONAL MENTION.

We are sorry to be obliged to report an unusually long list of patients under the care of Dr. Ogden.

Mr. Robert Davy is yet suffering from fever and chills, and although able to be about, is far from well.

Mrs. M. Garvin has just past the turning point of a severe attack of typhoid fever, and we are glad to say, has passed it favorably.

Mrs. R. Harmer, too, has been very ill with some sort of malarial fever, but is now out of danger, and progressing very rapidly towards renewed health and strength.

Mrs. J. B. Harris is also under the doctor's care, the trouble being some form of fever.

Mr. W. E. H. Massey, who is on a visit to friends

in Boston, was taken seriously ill while at Worcester, but is better again and expected home in time for Thanksgiving.

The absence of our business manager, and press of work in the office, must be our apology for any deficiency in our November number.

We are expecting contributions from several writers for our December issue; among the rest, from Mrs. Livermore, the talented lecturer. We trust to make our Christmas number the best yet issued.

The band is regularly engaged at the Metropolitan rink for the winter. They have added several new pieces to their list, the Fairy Waltz, by Crowe, being one of the best.

Superintendent Johnston desires to intimate to the person who appropriated his bridle and reins the other night, that if he is willing to run the risk he had better come back for the remainder of the harness.

When a man, particularly a young man, is called upon to set out for "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," he is usually far from being blithe on the occasion. But then on the other hand when a man, particularly a young man, sets out in the direction of a bourne from which he never *wants* to return; a bourne which is to be to him the happiest he has ever known; the bourne of his life, he should certainly, when he is successful in attaining it, be blithe indeed. By perusing our "Marriage Column" it will be discovered that we are trying to be witty, and have got ourselves into a snarl as usual, when we attempt anything in that line. Our Matrimonial Editor being absent, however, we have been asked to throw ourselves into the hymeneal gap and this is the way we are projecting ourselves. We will now call on the band. Of course the band is always ready. They were more than ready the other evening when they called around at 62 Muter St. to serenade the happy couple who have lately erected there the altar of their home. They were ready because Mr. Blythe is one of the most popular men in the Works, and has won one of the most charming girls within the sound of Niagara. But they felt that one thing was wanting to complete their happiness, namely, the music of the band. And so the band went and were invited in and had a royal time, compliments and good wishes being the order of the evening. The TRIP HAMMER joins most heartily in both. Like the celebrated John Anderson (a countryman of Mr. Blythe's, by the way,) and his "guid auld wife," we trust they may "climb life's hill thegither," in the midst of comfort and prosperity and that they may "sleep thegither at the fit" at last after a long and happy companionship.

NOTICES.

BIRTH.

KELLY.—At 50 Mitchell Avenue, on Monday, Nov. 2nd, the wife of John Kelly, Bandmaster Massey Band, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

BLYTHE-BOURNE.—On Oct. 1st, at the residence of the bridegroom, 62 Muter St., by Rev. Mr. Wallace, of Denison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Mr. John Blythe, Machinist, to Miss Annie Bourne, eldest daughter of Joseph Bourne, Esq., of Niagara Falls.