

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. II.—No. 35.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1873.

No. 87.

Correspondence.

THE CITY ELECTION.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR:—I was glad to see by your last paper that a workman has expressed the views of the working men of this City so far at least as I am aware they prevail amongst them. Mr. Moss may be a very nice young man, but I am of the opinion that we have too many of the law element in the House already. But that is not the only thing that we have against him. No Union men can forget the treatment they have received at the hands of Mr. Bickford, Manager of the *Globe*. Our memories are fresh to let us forget the vindictive persecution that was shown to all of our way to the City, by the way he served the printers who stood up for their union principles. If he had been successful at that time in securing a verdict against the "prisoners at the bar," we know the character of the man too well to think that his crusade against the working men would have stopped there, but while his will was bitter enough to send the men to prison, the power was wanting to commit them, and he had to acknowledge the weakness of his case by dropping the prosecution, after bringing the men before the magistrate like common criminals. Yes, Mr. Editor, we remember all this, and we remember too the determination that was then expressed and has since been acted upon and will also in the present cause—and that is that any man whom George Brown supports, and who supports him in return, will receive the most uncompromising opposition at our hands. I look at the support we give to Mr. Bickford from this point, and I know there are hundreds who do the same, and I hope that the workmen of West Toronto will show on Monday that they do not forget the past. So far as Mr. Bickford is himself concerned I do not know much about him, nor do I know anything more about Mr. Moss. Mr. Moss is a lawyer, and Mr. Bickford, we are told, made his money by peddling trees and selling old scrap iron, and if he did, I do not see that there is any disgrace to be attached to that, anyhow he must have been pretty industrious in his occupation. But I have given my reasons for supporting Mr. Bickford, and I know they will find a response in the hearts of my fellows. Hoping that you will insert my letter,

I remain

Your's in fraternity,
T. J. S.

Toronto, Dec. 9th, 1873.

THE TAILOR'S STRIKE.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR:—As the public press in our day is the medium of stating public grievances and as we, the operative tailors, comprise a portion of the public—an obscure one if you will, but a useful one now in the political order.—I notice a portion of the press of this city is very anxious indeed to publish public grievances, and hold up injustice and unfairness to the contempt it deserves, but not so anxious to expose grievances in the social order. Now Sir, as our grievance is in the social order, I believe it is my duty, and the duty of every friend of humanity, to make an effort to settle a grievance such as ours is, and to let the public know the facts. First during these ten weeks that our strike has lasted, the employers have not made the least effort to have a settlement. Nine weeks ago we sent them a respectful note inviting a settlement; but they repulsed us, and said they would not meet us as a Society, though heretofore they met us as a Society and mutually red our grievances. It is singular that they would not meet us this time half-way, as we were willing to meet them and concede on the demand we were making. About six weeks ago we joined the Trades' Assembly, and at our request they, on their part, sent three arbitrators to make a second effort to bring about an arbitration. Their effort was also repulsed. Such, Sir, are the plain facts of our case; and I think the public has a right to know them, that employers holding the position in society as they do, should treat their workmen, who have worked for them 20 years and over, with such contempt. Hoping, Sir, that you will allow me space in your widely circulated journal for this letter.

I remain respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BONDIDIER.

Toronto, Dec. 5, 1873.

WORKING MEN IN PARLIAMENT.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR:—Under the above heading I am anxious to know why it is that so little is done by the working men, who are the largest number of voters, in not being directly represented, in the Local and Dominion Parliament, it cannot be, that their intelligence is at so low a standard that they do not recognise the necessity, or benefits that so desired an object would effect. Sir, I would prefer to think that it is their seeming indifference to principles and the interests that are at stake, and not that they as working men do not see the absolute necessity of being directly represented by their own men, where all the classes are so fully represented, the objection raised against this, is that in this country, which is so different from the old country, that all are working men, who at present sit in Parliament, Sir, this has been so often proved fallacious, that it is only wasting time and space to argue it. What I should like to see is this, that as the working men in the old country are now determined to be directly represented by their own order and selected from themselves, that the same feeling should arise in this country to effect and carry out the same object and principles. How should this be done is clear to all, agitation and discussion has proved, that where the class of the community is not represented, there is sure to follow bad and unjust Legislations Towards that class which consists of the greatest numbers and the effects is that, which was stated in an address of a Candidate, during the late election up west, "That the rich were getting richer, and the poor poorer." Sir, I would ask my fellows to wake from this lethargy and be up and doing, and now that the opportunity is now open in one of the divisions of the City, to show by their actions in selecting one of their own order, and sending him by their votes to the House of Commons, as a direct Representative of Labor in Parliament.

I am, Sir,

Your's Fraternally,

R. FAIRBAIRN.

Toronto, Dec. 9th, 1873.

OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR:—Perhaps a few lines from the Capitol will not be amiss at this time. Business generally is in *statu quo*. There is a stagnation in trade of every description such as has not occurred within the last five years. Skilled labor should give Ottawa a wide berth until spring at least. Politics is the all absorbing topic at present, varied in opinion as to the result of the issue in the next meeting of Parliament. Conservatives are sanguine of an upset of the present government while thorough Grits believe that the result of the elections, so far, indicate a long lease of power for the powers that be. Be the result as it may, we anticipate a lively time in an election to fill the seat of the Hon. R. W. Scott, who has resigned his position in the Ontario Legislature for the purpose of being appended to the tail-end of the Dominion Government. Many people here imagine that had Mr. Anglin waived his pet ideas Mr. Scott would have been left out in the cold. However, Mr. Anglin proving incorrigible, Mr. Scott was subservient, and, deserting his old chief, accepted a temporary appointment without portfolio, trusting to the retirement of James O'Reilly M.P. for Renfrew, on an appointment to a judgeship, as the price of the betrayal of his best friends—friends who placed him in a purchasable position—to enable the said R. W. Scott to secure a seat for a portfolio, well, knowing that in Ottawa he could not secure an endorsement of his desertion—so public opinion opines. The general opinion is that a thorough workman will be a candidate to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Scott and there is no reason why he should not be elected. The Conservatives—Lumberers, Merchants, and others—are quite willing to cast themselves in with the workingmen, to secure the election of one of their number to a seat in the Provincial Legislature, and in this step the conservative element is only carrying out the programme inaugurated in Hamilton—that of recognizing brain in

preference to money qualification. The militia law sets forth that every man being a British subject is amenable to carry a rifle for the protection of the country, and why not give him a voice in the framing of laws for its good government? Should a workingman be the chosen candidate I have no doubt but that the Liberal Conservative workmen of Ottawa will give a good account of their appreciation of the party who pledged themselves to give workingmen the repeal of the very obnoxious Criminal Law Amendment Act, Masters' and Servants' Act, as well as an equitable Election or Ballot Bill, together with the fact that the Liberal Conservatives are the only party, so far, who have deemed it politic to encourage the claims of workingmen to seats in Parliament either Local or Dominion. Neither House would suffer by the infusion of the practical ideas of men born with brain, but minus money. There is scarcely a doubt but had there been a practical workingman on the floor of the Local House during the session last spring the present travesty on an equitable lien law would never have been on the statute books. This measure, as it became law, is an insult to the intelligence of the working class and was repudiated by a meeting of workingmen held in Toronto, in February last, but whose remonstrances went unheeded by the government of the day. The old adage of "He who would have a good servant must serve himself," will hold good in the present instance. In conclusion, I may say that the workingmen of Ottawa, being true to themselves, hold the balance of power and that the party who sustains their candidate certainly deserves their best support.

Your's, etc.,

OCCASIONAL.

Ottawa, Dec. 8th, 1873.

[Our correspondent is somewhat in error in reference to the lien law. The remonstrances of the workingmen in mass meetings were needed to some extent, but the cause is entirely omitted, but the mode of collection was unaltered, and that practically renders the bill of no effect to mechanics.—Ed. W.]

Rally to the mass meeting of Workingmen on Saturday Evening.

MASS MEETING OF THE WORKINGMEN OF WEST TORONTO.

A mass meeting of workingmen in the interest of Mr. Bickford was called last night at Blake's Granary, Queen street. Long before the chair was taken a large number of men from the Central Prison and Messrs. Dickey, Neill & Co.'s shops, under the leadership of John Hellem, foreman of the Prison works, assisted by the notorious Terry Clarke, put in an appearance and stationed themselves near the platform, and it was evident from their blackguardly behaviour, that the proceedings were not to be allowed to pass off smoothly, and many of them openly acknowledged that they had been paid an extra day's wages to break up the meeting.

On motion of Mr. Carter, Mr. Boyle was elected chairman.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, claimed a fair hearing for all who might wish to address the electors on the subject of the approaching election of a representative to Parliament for the Western Division. He had a vote which he intended to record a favor of Mr. Bickford, whom he considered the most fitting person in every respect to represent them in Parliament. (Cheers.) He called upon Mr. Williams to address the meeting.

Mr. J. S. WILLIAMS, of the ONTARIO WORKMAN, on coming forward, was received with loud cheers. He had, however, scarcely commenced to speak, when a number of "Dickey's lads" and men from the Central Prison, made a rush for the platform, and taking the Conservative speakers by surprise, succeeded in driving them into the body of the room. The scene that ensued was most disgraceful, the greatest disorder and confusion prevailed, lamps were extinguished, a stove that stood near the platform pulled down and demolished and shouting, groaning, and noises of every description indulged in for about fifteen minutes. The instigators of the row appeared to be a man named Hellem, the foreman of the

Central Prison workmen and the notorious Terry Clarke. Some of the respectable workingmen who were present, and wished to see fair play, upon recovering from the surprise this shameful onslaught occurred, attempted to regain possession of the platform, and succeeded in ejecting Hellem and others of the rioters. It is probable that a general row and free fight would have ensued, had it not been for the opportune arrival of Sergeant-Major Hastings and another police officer, who managed to restore quiet for a few moments.

The chairman said that the conduct they had just witnessed was most disgraceful, and did not redound to the credit of Mr. Moss's supporters. The meeting had been called in the interest of the Conservative candidate, and his supporters should be granted fair play. If any of Mr. Moss's supporters wished to address the meeting, they would be allowed a hearing. He trusted that they would pay quiet attention to what Mr. Williams had to say.

Mr. Williams, who again attempted to address the meeting, said that he came there expecting to hear logical arguments, and not to have brute force employed against him. He thought it a most disgraceful proceeding on the part of those who had attempted to intimidate the Conservative speakers. All that the supporters of Mr. Bickford asked, was fair play for both sides, and they would leave it to the electors to decide whose views were correct. (Uproar.) He came there as a representative workingman to address his fellow-electors upon a question of vital importance affecting their interests. He considered it high time that they should have direct representatives of labor in Parliament. They all looked forward to the next election for the Local Legislature, when it was probable that they would have a workingman of their own to represent them. He believed Mr. Bickford would represent them fairly and honestly in the Dominion House. (Cheers and uproar.) Mr. Bickford had given his opinions upon questions affecting their liberties, and he need scarcely say that the Criminal Law Amendment Act was one of them. There were no doubt a good many Union men there that night, and he wishes them to understand that that law stood against them to deprive them of their liberty. They must agitate till it was repealed. Mr. Bickford had given assurances that at the earliest possible moment he and his Party would endeavor to have that law amended. (Uproar.) Mr. Blake had asked at the hustings who it was that put the law on the statute book? He would answer that question by asking another: Why was it put on the statute book? Simply because twenty-three printers were dragged to prison by George Brown for asserting their rights. (General confusion.) It was only at the end of the session that this Act to rescue these men from imprisonment could be introduced. And so it was passed with an addendum that had there been time to discuss it would never have been passed at all. He wished them to understand that Mr. Bickford and the Party he represented, and the journals of that Party had pledged themselves to lend their influence at the next election for the Local House towards securing the return of a representative workingman. This would be one of the greatest means of elevating their social position. He thought that Mr. Bickford should have their support.

Another unruly interruption was here caused by the behaviour of Mrs. Moss's supporters, and Mr. Williams was compelled to resume his seat.

Mr. GEO. EVANS, did not see that the workingmen had any grievance to complain of. (Oh, oh.) If any grievance existed it could be redressed by the mechanics combining in a body and petitioning the Legislature, who would not dare to oppose them. He asked if they could choose a finer man than a mechanic like Mr. Mackenzie to control the affairs of the country a man who with the chisel in his hand had worked himself up to his present proud position. (Laughter.) The cry about the mechanics, was only got up to "bamboozle" them. (Uproar.) Mr. Bickford called himself a workingman candidate, and yet he encouraged Canadian manufacturers by sending to England for his carriage. (A Voice: Talk politics.)

Mr. JOHN HEWITT said he asked fair play for all. He would personally have no objection to Mr. Edgar being permitted to speak, but, at least, on their side it had been determined that none but workingmen should speak. He alluded to the disgraceful conduct

of the Government officials present. Every person present knew his principles. He did not know either Mr. Bickford or Mr. Moss but great principles were at stake affecting the country, and had those principles been well defined by the present Ministry? (Mr. Hewitt had to allude here to the conduct of Clark, one of the rioters who was provoking a disturbance.) He was not for men but for measures. The principles so far announced by Mr. Mackenzie's Government were prejudicial to the country. He had alluded to the line to be pursued by the Government in the Pacific Railway question at Sarnia in a manner which proved the detrimental character of that policy. The American lines were to be employed over a portion of that route. If the policy sketched out by Mr. Mackenzie at Sarnia had been announced by the late Government that gentleman would have been the first to oppose it. Their policy was calculated to sap the foundation of our government. Mr. Hewitt then alluded to the conduct of the late Opposition with reference to the School Act of Mr. Costigan.

Mr. J. W. LEVINSLEY, of the Machanists and Blacksmiths, was the next speaker, and he claimed the right of a British subject to utter his thoughts on a public platform. He thought the coming election of a member of Parliament was of the greatest moment to the working classes, and it behooved them to select the man most likely to advance their own interests. It was his opinion that Mr. Bickford would do more to advance their interests and the interests of the country at large, than his opponent. Thousands of men were now walking the streets of the city, without employment, not knowing where to obtain next days meat. If such was not their fate, it was impossible to tell how soon it might be, nor how long they might remain in that condition. The cry was that money was scarce, but every thinking man knew that there is as much cash in existence now as six months ago. The trouble is a want of confidence in the stability of our finance and commerce. Sir John Macdonald had controlled the destinies of the country for many years, to the country's great advantage, and in his far seeing policy he had devised a scheme for the introduction of 30,000,000 of money into the country for railway purposes, and this large sum, if introduced and circulated throughout the country, at the present moment, would undoubtedly place the working classes in a far better condition than they were at the present time. The defeat of this scheme, owing to the factious opposition of the Grit party, and their chief organ had deprived the country of an enormous accession of wealth, and now the narrow policy of of that party was displayed when they proposed to build the Pacific Railway with Canadian cash—that cash being acknowledged insufficient for the purpose of carrying on the present business of the country successfully. For these and other cogent reasons, he was strongly in favor of the Liberal Conservative candidate, as more likely to bring comfort to the homes of the people. On the accession of the Grit party to power in this Province, a number of prominent Grits were chartered as the Canada Car Company, and a contract entered upon with the Grit Government, in which the Government agreed to let over three hundred prisoners to the Car Company at 55c per day. The Government were unable to supply the requisite number, and the company hired the workmen, the people paying the difference in wages from the taxes. And this was Grit purity and economy.

The concluding portion of Mr. Levinsley's address was inaudible, and the mob once more made an attempt to obtain possession of the platform. After a hard contest, aided by the police, the party held their own, and Mr. Carter, who had succeeded to the post originally held by Mr. Boyle, held his post manfully to the last in spite of every effort to dislodge him by the herd of rowdy present. The respectable portion of the audience in obedience to the call of Mr. Carter, gave three hearty cheers for the Queen, the Governor-General, Mr. Bickford, and others, and the meeting was declared at an end.

An amateur farmer wonders "why on all this fair earth the ground is spread bottom-side up, so that it must be turned over with a plow before crops can be raised."

An Irishman was asked if Lala Montes ever smoked. "Yes sir, she did," he exclaimed, "and so does every volcano. Perhaps you'll show me the lovely water that don't smoke!"

Poetry.

IS IT WORTH WHILE.

Joaquin Miller, has written a new book of poems, in which may be found many rare gems strewn among the sand. Here is one from his "Fallen Leaves," which is so full of earnest feeling, and teaches us a so much needed lesson, that it seems worthy of a presentation to our readers:—

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the
knife?
God pity us all in our strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow down 'neath his load on the
heather,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than
steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the Isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust by his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and
pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the
plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the
dust?
God pity us all! Time shortly will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

THE WANING YEAR.

O Ruler of the waning year!
How calm, while summer lingers here,
Is thine enchanted sleep;
When murmuring woods are full of songs,
And all green leaves are whispering tongues,
And fields grow rich and deep.

Till wakened by the thrilling sound
Of the sharp scythe along the ground,
Thro' nature's flowering heart;
Or shouts of jocund harvest home,
That down the echoing valleys come,
From laughing hills apart.

How calm a splendor ever lies
Within thy royal waking eyes,
O wondrous Autumn time!
Like glory round a good man's head,
When angels light about his bed,
And waken thoughts sublime.

And who could dream yon soft, sweet light
Were herald of the year's dark night,
And North wind's stormy breath?
That all these tints of red and gold,
Burning through every starry fold,
Were signs of Nature's death!

Ah, me! thy coming stirs the sense
At every portal, calling thence
The troops of awe and fear,
We think, perchance, of days gone by,
And days that all as swiftly fly,
Knowing thine errand here.

We cannot with the swallow flee,
And shun the gloomy days that be
So full of Winter snow;
We pass into our Orient land,
Across dark seas which some bright hand
Calls from the deeps below.

Born where the black pine crowned the hills,
And violets pierced the soil that fills
The elm-tree's rugged spurs;
When wore the thorn her snow white crown,
And chestnut spires fell softly down,
Among the golden furze.

Still they dread pinions, as of old,
Thy sylvan hills and vales unfold
O'er all the spreading land;
And earth's sweet face, one bright and mild
As the fair forehead of a child,
Is veiled as with a brand.

And still man's conscious spirit feels,
While far and wide the east wind peels,
'Tis God Almighty's breath;
While as in prayer all heaven is bowed,
O'er hill and valley blowing loud,
The Autumn-blast of Death.

Tales and Sketches.

THE FAVORITE.

The royal family, with exception of the king, were openly and decidedly opposed to this marriage. The queen was most displeased of all, for she had hoped to obtain the splendid inheritance of her relative for her younger son, the Duke of Anjou, in the event of her remaining unmarried. She was foolish enough to tell this to the princess, and heaped upon her reproaches instead of congratulations. She even tried, by entreaties and threatenings, supplications and reproaches, to make the king withdraw his already pledged consent; but this was not the way to influence Louis XIV. Monsieur, the brother of the king, also saw

in the engagement of the princess the destruction of all his own secret plans. He had been only a few weeks a widower; his wife, Henrietta, of England (whose exceeding grace and sweetness are still preserved to us in the Dresden Gallery, by the masterly skill of Vandyno), was poisoned by the Chevalier De Lorraine, the unprincipled favorite of her husband, and Monsieur only awaited the expiration of the usual period of mourning to ask the hand of his rich cousin. His intentions were well-known at court, and probably hastened the decision of the Princess de Montpensier, who could not endure the thought of such a union.

Reposing unlimited confidence in the king, the princess feared not the anger of her other relatives; and Lauzun, thinking only of his consummate happiness, forgot the whole world beside. Still those who wished well to both of them were not entirely free from anxiety. Amid the rejoicings and congratulations, warning voices were heard, entreating them to hasten the execution of their intentions, and also advising the count not to go out unarmed or without attendants.

The intimations were at first little regarded by the happy ones; but they were so often repeated, and by different persons, that the princess felt there must be some reality in the threatened danger. And it was decided at once that, instead of celebrating their nuptials with royal splendor at the Louvre, on the approaching Sunday, they should be quietly married in the country on Thursday.

The king was easily persuaded to consent to this change, and only one day was to elapse before the completion of the happiness of the lovers. Was it strange that from their elevation they overlooked this seemingly considerable space!

The princess spent this last day in placing, through more than royal gifts, the man of her choice in a situation as nearly as possible on an equality with herself, and in the preparation of the marriage contract. She gave up to him in advance four of her provinces, whose value amounted to twenty-two millions. These were the duchy of Montpensier, from which he was to take his name; the Earldom of Eu, the possession of which raised him to the rank of the first peer of France; and the two rich duchies of Saint Fargeau and Chastellerault. Lauzun was burdened by this generosity; he felt like a man who stands at the base of a magnificent building and looks upwards. The gorgeous structure of his happiness seemed threatening to crush him; he could not rejoice; this greatness was not his element, as it weakened love, and fettered him with golden chains quite foreign to his disposition.

Thursday at last arrived, and all was ready for the drive to Charenton, where the priest awaited them at the altar. Nothing was wanting but the signing of the marriage contract, or rather the contract itself. After hours had passed in impatient expectation, intelligence finally came that the contract could not be finished till night, and consequently the bridal must be postponed till the following day. "Friday!" exclaimed the alarmed princess, "a all we approach the altar on that unfortunate day?" Vainly did Lauzun endeavor by entreaties and remonstrances to banish this superstitious terror from her usually calm and fearless mind. With a heavy heart he was forced to leave her unconsoled, as his duty, which on this day he dared not venture to neglect, required him to be near the person of the king.

Anna's apartments were thronged with visitors, and, in the excitement of receiving them, she vainly sought to escape the misgivings which became still stronger after Lauzun's departure. The faces around her no longer appeared the same as on the preceding day. Cold, sneering countenances oppressed her; false smiles mocked her where before she saw only sincerity, love and gratitude. Every hour she sent messengers, laden with threatenings, entreaties, and splendid promises, to hasten the completion of the contract; she would at any price avoid the fearful Friday, and was resolved to proceed to Charenton by night—but in vain. The legal gentleman obstinately maintained the same snail's pace; the most trifling form must be examined ten times over; everywhere they found faults and mistakes; they promised to labor the whole night, and hoped to have it ready by daylight.

Late in the evening her dear friend returned, pale and weary; a thousand provoking accidents had troubled him the whole day; nothing which he had undertaken had succeeded. The malicious friendliness of his open enemies, the cautious deportment of his friends, the many mysterious warnings from every side—all had made him feel conscious of some change since yesterday, the precise nature of which he could not discover.

The king was, apparently, as friendly as usual; but during the whole day he had no opportunity to speak to him in private, for Madame Montespan was ill, and the monarch passed many hours with her.

For the first time during the day a beam of joy sparkled in Anna's eyes when she saw her friend again; she offered her hand to him, and motioned him to a seat by her side, which he declined.

"Permit me to remain standing before you, my royal princess, as becomes the subject of your house," said he; "allow me the satisfaction of not forgetting, in the glimpse of perfect happiness, what I am! I am still bewildered by the unaccountable kindness of

fate. I feel as if I were floating in a heavenly dream; with the consciousness that I am soon to awake deprived of all. Alas! from whom, from what side will the blow come?"

"Lauzun," exclaimed the princess, "you afflict, you grieve me exceedingly."

But he, without noticing these words, fell on his knees before her. "Forgive me," said he, "if I frankly confess to you that I am tormented by the thought, that perhaps you repent of having distinguished me; it may be only your generosity, only an honorable adherence to your pledged word, which leads you, notwithstanding every obstacle, to fulfil your promise. If it be so, consider well—it concerns my whole life, and perhaps my future salvation. Believe me, no one would blame—the world would praise you, if you would now retract.

"For Heaven's sake, what language?" interposed the princess; "how is it possible—how can it be that such a thought has entered your soul!"

Lauzun concealed his drooping head in his hands, like one overpowered.

"Misfortune hovers over me; I hear the rustling of its wings," he murmured to himself; "the blow that is to annihilate me must and will fall—would it not be a consolation that it came from the beloved hand—"

At this moment the door opened; Lauzun sprang upon his feet, and with pale countenances they both eagerly looked to see who was about to enter. It was one of the ladies of the princess, who informed her that the king expected her in his cabinet in a quarter of an hour. "Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the princess, "the contract is ready at last; they have brought it to the king for his signature, as was agreed, and my kind cousin disregards the lateness of the hour, in order to relieve me from my suspense."

Lauzun willingly took the same view of the matter as the princess, and his heart became lighter. In the greatest haste the arrangements for the following day were made. But they could not part, even for a few hours, without a return of their secret forebodings. Lauzun left her with assumed calmness, but Anna burst into tears as soon as he was gone. "It is truly joyful," she said, to one of her ladies, "to be so near the end—to have succeeded at last before the expiration of this day;" and her tears flowed more abundantly, but without relieving her heart.

She found the king in his cabinet—he was troubled, and apparently embarrassed; folding her in an embrace, he held her in his arms a long time without speaking.

"My dearest cousin," he said, at last, "you find me in trouble, but it is best for you to hear what is unavoidable, and without delay, through me, whose sympathy will lessen your pain. My dear Anna, we kings stand in the world conspicuous as the sun in the heavens, and therefore must there be no spot or blemish on us. In Paris, throughout the whole kingdom, and even at foreign courts, I have certain knowledge it is reported that I am about to sacrifice you, my dearest cousin; that you, because it is my will, are sacrificed to the Count Lauzun, my favorite, that I may raise him to the rank of a prince of the blood. My kingly honor must not suffer in the eyes of my subjects and the world. I feel the distress, the injustice you suffer; but you must bear it with resignation—it concerns the most sacred thing of the world—the honor of your king. You must give up all thought of this marriage with Lauzun."

Who can describe the scene that followed! Who can describe Anna's distress, her remonstrances, her entreaties, her complaints, her passionate implorings rather to be put to death than separated from the only man she had ever loved!

The immovable monarch complained with her—he knelt near her, when with despairing supplications she fell at his feet—he held her a long time in his arms, he was melted with pity, but he remained firm.

His own glory was of more value in the eyes of Louis than all other considerations; and those who desired the rupture of the marriage, had so artfully worked upon this, his weakest side, that they had moulded him at will. Madame de Montespan, Lauzun's secret but powerful enemy, had neither forgotten nor forgiven his former offence. She, and the hostile members of the royal family, spared no means to attain their end, and had well improved the single day allowed them by the unfinished contract. Their success was such that the king thought he was acting nobly when he showed himself weak and cruel; and no proofs, no arguments that the poor princess could command, were allowed to move him.

The sorely stricken lady reached her room in a state of almost insensibility. She had scarcely returned when the door opened, and the pale and trembling Lauzun entered, supported by his faithful friend, Guity, and accompanied by the Duke de Montansier and Marshal De Crequi.

"The king has commanded us," said the duke, "to conduct Count Lauzun here, in order that he may thank your royal highness for the favor you intended him. The king is much pleased at the submission with which you both have yielded to his wishes; he entreats your royal highness to be convinced that he will do everything but this to show love and grateful considerations."

"What can he do," cried the despairing princess; "what can he do—the powerless one—when he has trodden my peace, my repose, my happiness under his feet? Oh, Lau-

zun! how can you—how can we both bear the future?" She then suddenly rose from the couch on which they had laid her fainting, and seizing Lauzun's hand, said, with a dignity in look and tone which awed his companions, "At least I may be permitted to take leave of my happiness, of the man whom I shall never cease to mourn, without witnesses."

She led Lauzun into the adjoining cabinet, the same to which she had repaired a few days before, for the purpose of revealing the secret of her heart. There she fell weeping upon his breast, and, for the first and last time, was clasped in the arms of her lover.

The firmness which he had hitherto preserved now deserted him; his eyes overflowed with burning tears, heavy sighs escaped from his heaving bosom, and when he recovered, he saw the unhappy one in his arms had found a short relief from trouble in unconsciousness. From this unconsciousness she subsequently recovered only to endure a long struggle between death and the now joyless life.

Long before this struggle was decided, the unhappy Lauzun was again banished, by a second *lettre-de-cachet*, from the living world; for notwithstanding all the species arguments and persuasions of Lauzun's enemies, a voice in his own heart importunately accused the king of injustice; and one is never so cruel as when he feels that he has been unjust. Louis persuaded himself that he believed what he did not—he received as true the accusation that Lauzun, under the appearance of submission, conceived the design of being secretly united to the Princess de Montpensier, and punished the supposed crime with incredible severity, that the presence of the man he had injured might not be to him a continual reproach.

Silently, abstractedly, Lauzun entered the carriage which was to convey him he knew not where. At every point upon his long journey his hard fate excited innumerable expressions of sympathy; but he received them with the same indifference as if they had been uttered in a foreign and unknown language.

The accompanying officer made every possible effort to lighten the mournful journey. With true French politeness, he sought to draw him into conversation, that he might relieve his overcharged heart by complaints; but Lauzun continued silent. Only once, when they were passing a dangerous place in Savoy, and he was requested to leave the carriage, a bitter smile played upon his lips.

"Count Lauzun has nothing now to fear," he answered, remaining in the carriage, and gazing unmoved into the deep chasm by the side of the narrow road.

At last they reached the high fortress of Figuerol, situated on the Piedmontese mountains, and surrounded by mournful pines, where he perhaps was destined, for his whole life, to atone for a few careless words spoken to a courtier; for it is probable that it was this imprudence which had excited the anger of Madame Montespan, and thus had finally proved his destruction.

Following his gaoler as silently as he had traversed the route, he now entered the gloomy subterranean dungeon assigned for his prison. Carefully examining the mournful abode, "In *societate neculorum*," he said, as the clanking and rattling of the bars and keys announced his farewell to light and air, to joy and life, and he was now, like thousands before him, forgotten by all but one loving heart.

THE END.

WHY I EXCHANGED.

AN OFFICER'S STORY.

Some five years ago I was a subaltern in a marching regiment, and quartered in a large garrison town in England. My duties consisted of the usual round of morning and afternoon parades, visiting the men's dinners and teas, and other regular work. In addition to this I had occasionally to mount guard, and to pass twenty-four hours in a sort of half imprisonment.

It is one of the regulations of the service that when officers or men are on guard they should always be in a state of readiness to "fall in" on parade in a moment's notice. If you feel very sleepy and desire rest, you must take it whilst you are buttoned up to the throat and strapped down to the heels; a lounge in an arm chair, or perhaps a little horizontal refreshment upon a sofa, is the extent of rest which an officer on guard is supposed to indulge in.

Among my brother subalterns in garrison it was our usual practice to infringe upon this strict letter of the law; and when the principal part of the duty had been accomplished we used to indulge ourselves by divesting our limbs of their armor, and seeking refreshment between the sheets of a little camp bed that was placed in the inner guard room.

It was part of the duties of an officer on guard to visit all the sentinels during the night, the time for visiting them usually an hour or so after the field officer had visited the guard; the field officer being colonel or major who was on duty for the day, and who came once by day and once by night to see the guards, and to see that all was as it should be. There was no exact number of times that the field officer might visit the guards, but it was the usual thing, and had become almost a custom for him to come once by day and once by night, so after the usual visit the subaltern usually waited an hour or so, walked round

the limits of post, visited all his sentries, and then turned into bed.

It was a bitter cold morning in January that was my turn for guard came on. I marched my men to the post, relieved the old guard, and then, having gone through the regular duty and dined, endeavored to pass the time until the field officer had visited. The previous evening I had been at a ball in town, and in consequence was very tired and sleepy, and looked with considerable longing to the period when I could refresh myself by unrobing and enjoying a good snooze.

At length I heard the welcome challenge, "who come there?" which was answered "grand rounds," and "guard turn out!" was a signal which I willingly obeyed, for I knew that in an hour afterwards I should be in the arms of the god of sleep.

Slipping on my cloak and cap, and grasping my sword, I placed myself in front of the guard and received the field officer, who asked me if everything was correct, directed me to dismiss my guard, and rode off without saying good night, a proceeding that I thought rather formal.

Giving directions to the sergeant to call me in an hour, for the purpose of visiting the sentries, I threw myself into my arm chair and tried to read a novel. The time passed very quickly, as I had a nap or two, and the sergeant soon appeared with a lantern to conduct me round the sentries.

It was a terrible night, the wind blowing hard, whilst the rain and sleet were driving along before it. The thermometer was several degrees below freezing, and I felt that I deserved much from my country for performing so conscientiously my arduous duties. The sentries were very much scattered, and I had to walk nearly two miles to visit them all. I accomplished my task, however, and returned to the guard room where I treated myself to a hot cup of coffee, and throwing off my regimentals I jumped into bed, feeling that I really deserved the luxury.

In a few moments I was fast asleep, not even dreaming of any of my fair companions of the ball, but sound asleep. Suddenly I became conscious of a great noise, which sounded like a drum being beaten.

At first I did not realize my position, and could not remember where I was, but at last it flashed across me that I was on guard, and that something was the matter. Jumping out of bed, I called to know who was there. The sergeant answered in a great hurry, saying:—"Sir, the field officer of the day is coming, and the guard is turning out."

I rushed to my boots, pulled them on over my unstockinged feet; thrust my sword arm in my regimental cloak, which I pulled over me; jammed my forage cap on my head, and, grasping my sword, looked to the outward observer as though "fit for parade." I was just in time to receive the field officer, who again asked me if my guard was correct. I answered rather in a tone of surprise, and said, "yes, sir, all correct."

I could not imagine why my guard should be visited twice, as such a proceeding was unusual, and perhaps my tone seemed to imply that I was surprised. Whether it was that, or whether a treacherous gust of wind removed the folds of my cloak and exhibited the slightest taste in life of the end of the night shirt, I know not; but the field officer instead of riding off when he received my answer, turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and said:—

"Now, sir, I want you to accompany me around the sentries."

Had he told me that he wanted me to accompany him to the region below I should scarce have been more horror struck, for already I had found the change of temperature between a warm bed in a warm room, and the outside air—and to walk two miles on a wintry frosty night, with no raiment besides boots, night shirt, and cloak, was really suffering for one's country and no mistake.

I dared not show the slightest hesitation, however, for fear the state of my attire might be suspected, though I would have given a week's pay to have escaped for five minutes. A non-commissioned officer was ready with a lantern, and we started on our tour of inspection.

The field officer asked questions connected with the position and duties of the sentries, to which I gave answers as well as the chattering of my teeth would permit me. The most nervous work, however, was passing the gas lamps, which were placed at intervals of one or two hundred yards. The wind was blowing so fresh that it was with difficulty I could hold my cloak around me, and conceal the absence of my under garments. A heavy snow and then an extra gust of wind would come round the corner, and quite defeat all precautions which I had adopted to encounter the steady gale. I managed to dodge in the shade as much as possible, and more than once ran the risk of being kicked by the field officer's horse when I slunk behind him when the gas might have revealed too much.

It was terrible cold to be sure, the wind and now almost numbing my limbs. I had a kind of faint hope, the officer would think that I belonged to a highland regiment, and if he did not observe the scantiness of my attire, might believe that the kilt would explain it. I struggled and shivered on knowing that all things must have an end, and that my rounds must come to an end before long. But I feared that I could not again get warm during the night.

We had nearly completed our tour, and

were within a few hundred yards of the guard-room, when we passed the field officer's quarters. I fondly hoped that he would not pass them, and that he would dismiss me at the door, but I was rather surprised to see a blaze of light come from the windows, and to hear the sound of music. It was evident that there was a "hop" going on inside, and I already began to tremble from a sort of instinct that even misfortune was yet to attend.

My premonitions were true, for upon reaching his door my persecutor, in a cheerful tone, said:

"Well, we've had a cold tour; you must come in and take a glass of wine, and perhaps a glass will warm you."

"I'm really much obliged," I hastily answered, "but I should not like to leave my guard."

"Nonsense, nonsense—the guard will be all right; you must come in."

"You must," he said in quite a determined tone.

I felt desperate, and again declared that I thought I should be wrong to leave my guard.

"I'll take the responsibility," said the demon, "so come along," saying which, he grasped my arm, and almost dragged me into the porch of his quarters.

When we entered the house and were exposed to the light of the hall lamps, I fancied I saw a slight twinkle in the eye of the officer, and I began to wonder whether he really knew of my predicament, and wished to have his joke. He gave no other intimation, however, that I saw, but quickly took off his cloak, and said that I had better do the same. Seeing me hesitate, he said, "come, look alive, off with it."

Further remonstrance I found would be useless, so that there was no help for me but a full confession. Summoning my courage and fearing to hesitate, I blurted out, "Colonel, I've no trousers on."

"The deuce you haven't!" he said. "Well, you'd better go and put them on, and then come here as soon as possible, and have a glass of something warm."

I rushed out of the quarters, half determined not to return. I was fully awake now, and shivered like a half-drowned dog; but no sooner had I dressed than the colonel came over to say that a quadrille was waiting for me.

I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and entered the drawing room where a party of about fifty had assembled. It was evident by the titters of the young ladies, the grins of the men, and the subdued smiles of the dowagers, that my story was known.

The colonel had told it as a good joke to the major, who had whispered it to his wife, she had breathed it into the ear of two of her friends, and in about ten minutes every person in the room knew a young subaltern had unwillingly gone his rounds in his nightshirt.

As long as I stayed in that garrison I was a standing joke. When the girls saw me they always looked away and smiled, and it seemed as impossible for me to obtain an answer from any of them as for a clown to preach a sermon. They ever seemed afraid to dance with me, fearing as I afterwards heard, to look at my legs, lest I might be deficient in some articles of raiment.

I soon exchanged and went into another regiment, and years afterward I heard my own adventure related in a crowded drawing room, all the details of the story being true except the name of the prisoner—my misfortune having been attributed to an unfortunate fall.

I never went to bed on guard after that night.—*Charming Cross.*

SCIENTIFIC.

A COMPOUND LOCOMOTIVE.

An ingenious member of the Manchester Scientific and Mechanical Society proposes to apply the compound principle to locomotives. This is how he sets about it, says the *English Mechanic*. He would use steam of 250 lbs. on the square inch to work the small cylinder, and expand this steam into a supplementary boiler bearing a pressure of 60 or 65 lbs. to the square inch, so as to have a surplus of effective pressure of 180 lbs. or 190 lbs. in the small cylinder, or about 60 or 65 lbs. in the larger one. The principle alterations proposed are in the boiler. In adapting his plan to a locomotive of the medium size, he would make the boiler two feet longer than at present, and divide it into two distinct parts, the part containing the furnace or fire box to be 2 feet shorter than at present, so as to have the supplementary boiler 4 feet longer, both being equal in diameter, and equal in number, size, and position of tubes, the two parts of the boiler being firmly bolted together, and arranged so that the tubes of one are in a line with the other, so that the hot air and flame may pass freely through from one to the other. An important advantage claimed by the plan is that the driver of the locomotive will be enabled to start his engine with the full power of steam in both cylinders at once, which he could not do if compounded in the usual way. Although this plan will require extra outlay, there will be a considerable saving in fuel, which, with other advantages, it is claimed, will more than compensate for the extra cost. We are not surprised to hear that discussion followed the reading of the paper, in which the feasibility of the plan was generally condemned. Ultimately, however, the discussion was adjourned, in order that the inventor might give further information on the subject.

TEST FOR ARSENICAL COLORS ON WALL PAPERS.

Professor Hager recommends the following method for detecting this dangerous class of arsenical colors, which, we may remark, are not confined to green alone, for even red sometimes contains arsenic: A piece of paper is soaked in a concentrated solution of sodium nitrate (Chili saltpeter) in equal parts of alcohol and water, and allowed to dry. The dried paper is buried in a shallow porcelain dish. Usually it only smolders producing no flame. Water is poured over the ashes, and caustic potash added to a strongly alkaline reaction, then boiled and filtered. The filtrate is acidified with dilute sulphuric acid, and permanganate of potash is added slowly as long as the red color disappears or changes to a yellow brown upon warming, and finally a slight excess of chameleon solution is present. If the liquid becomes turbid, it is to be filtered. After cooling, more dilute sulphuric acid is added and also a piece of clean pure zinc, and the flask closed with a cork split in two places. In one split of the cork a piece of paper moistened in silver nitrate is fastened, in the other a strip of parchment paper dipped in the sugar of lead. If arsenic is present, the silver soon blackens. The lead paper is merely a check on the presence of sulph-hydric acid. According to Hager, the use of permanganate of potash is essential, otherwise the silver paper may be blackened when arsenic is present.

HARDENING STEEL TOOLS, &c.

The following secret, unpatented composition, suggested by the chemist Kulicke, has been employed with success at Saarbrucken for restoring burned steel to its primitive condition, and as it affords a peculiarly hard metal, it is also used for tempering steel tools that are too soft, or may have become so by use, as chisels, saw-blades, &c. Although rather expensive, it is really an economical treatment where large numbers of steel tools are used. Burned steel heated to a cherry red, and forged somewhat on an anvil, is plunged into a well-mixed doughy mass (in a box near by), composed of tartaric acid, 6 ounces; cod-oil, 30 ounces; charcoal powder, 2 ounces; bone black, 8 ounces; beef tallow, 10 ounces; yellow prussiate of potash, 5 ounces; and burned hartshorn, 3 ounces; and is then completely cooled in water. Small articles of cast-iron, such as wheel boxes, axle-bearings, &c., may be successfully case-hardened by being plunged red-hot into a mixture of 10 buckets of urine, five pounds of whiten- ing, and four pounds of salt.

THE VIENNA PRIZES.

Seventy thousand articles have been exhibited at the Vienna show, and 3,002 awards have been distributed. Of this aggregate number of premiums, 321 were diplomas of honor, 3,024 medals for progress, 8,800 medals for merit, 8,326 medals for good taste, 978 medals for art, 1,998 medals for co-operation, and 10,465 diplomas of merit or honorable mention. These were awarded a follows: Austria (without Hungary) 5,991, Germany 5,066, France 3,142, Italy 1,903, Hungary 1,604, Spain 1,157, England and colonies 1,156, Russia 1,018, Switzerland 722, Belgium 612, Norway and Sweden 534, Turkey 470, Portugal 441, United States 411, Denmark 309, Holland 284, Roumania 238, Japan 217, Brazil 202, Greece 183, China 118, Egypt 75, Republics of Central and South America 44, Persia 29, Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli 20, Madagascar, etc. 10, Monaco 9, Mexico, Siam, and Turkestan, each 1.

DAYLIGHT THROUGH THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

The last charge of powder required to complete the piercing of the Hoosac mountain has been fired, and after the uninterrupted labor of five years the working parties from the east and west stood face to face with no intervening wall to separate them. By the completion of this work the aspirations of fifty years have been realized and the long standing threat of Massachusetts to "let daylight through the Hoosac" has been carried out. To understand the importance of this tunnel to Boston, and the trade of the West, it is necessary to explain that the Appalachian chain of mountains starting in New Hampshire runs nearly North and south across the western part of Massachusetts, and on to Virginia, forming a rocky wall which has shut out Boston from a direct connection with the west. Some thirty years ago the Boston and Albany railway climbed over this mountain range, and is still Boston's chief means of access to the west. Other railways have since done the same, but in all cases at a cost of fearful detours and fearful grades. The rocky wall spoken of would have been nearly as great a barrier to New York as to Boston had it not been that the Hudson river has hollowed a valley through it which not only give the latter city river navigation to Albany but also a natural pathway for her most important railways. The advantage of railway facilities which New York has had over Boston will be lost to her by the completion of the tunnel, though she will still retain the advantage of the navigation, while Boston will have the advantage of being 200 miles nearer Liverpool. A history of the Hoosac tunnel would require a volume instead of a newspaper article. It was spoken of some fifty years ago, but it

was then intended for a canal instead of a railway. In 1848 the Troy and Greenfield Railway Company took the project up, but with a most inadequate idea of its cost and difficulty. From the time of the failure of this company down to 1862 the history of the project is one of successive attempts and successive failures. In that year the State of Massachusetts resolved to take the matter in its own hands, and placed it under the management of three Commissioners. The difficulties, however, continued to be numerous. The work was let out in section contracts, which did not work satisfactorily. At length in 1868, the whole contract was let to the Canadian firm of Walter and Frank Shanly, who entered into bonds to have it completed by March 1874 for the sum of \$4,694,268. At this time only one twelfth of the work had been done. Under the Messrs. Shanly the work has made rapid progress and now the huge mountains has been pierced. The tunnel is 4 1/2 miles in length, 26 feet wide, and from 23 to 26 feet high. It is ventilated by an enormous shaft at the centre and another near the east end.

This will be one of the celebrated tunnels of the world, and it is at least, pardonable pride in us to refer to the fact that after twenty years of failure by others it has been carried to success by a Canadian firm.

HUMOROUS.

DRAWING A CROWD.

Years ago a story fell under our observation which gave considerable amusement at the time. A certain gentleman wagered that he could collect a large crowd of people in a popular street of London simply by the utterance of a few words. The wager was accepted, whereupon the adventurous man proceeded to the street indicated, on which was a church, and intently gazed upward, saying, as he did so, "There it is!" In ten minutes, quite a concourse of people had crowded around him, all gazing upward, and pouring out question and ejaculations, such as, "What is it?" "Where?" "Do you see it?" &c. Finally, some individual, bolder than the rest, pressed close to the originator of the mystification, and asked, "What do you see?" "The clock on the steeple!" was the retort, as the triumphant winner of the wager slipped through the discomfited crowd, and disappeared, leaving them to receive the joke as they would, having satisfactorily proved that one of the easiest things in the world is to draw a crowd in a large city. A somewhat similar incident of this kind occurred in San Francisco a short time ago. A man carrying upon his shoulders a heavy iron bar struck it against a large glass window and cracked the pane. The street was one where loaded vehicles frequently passed, and so to prevent the jarring from causing the bracks to extend, a ring was drawn about the spot on the glass with a diamond point. Somebody caught a sight of the shivered spot and the circle about it, and stopped to look. Another did likewise; the crowd increased, and in a short time four policemen arrived on the run, it having been reported at headquarters that a pistol ball had been fired into the office, and that the place had been robbed. Of course the coming of the police drew a still larger crowd, and the office was almost besieged. The excitement could not be allayed, and the crowd did not disperse until a placard was hung up, giving the explanation of the affair, and even then a number lingered near to spell out the words.

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

The Danbury *News* details the following pleasing domestic event:—Mr. and Mrs. Harbison had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Harbison had pushed back, and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Harbison sat at the table, holding the infant Harbison, and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped, "Ephraim!" Mr. Harbison, who was on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and, getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter. "O Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. "Why, what is it, Armethea?" said the astonished Mr. Harbison, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge. "Baby—" she gasped. Mr. Harbison turned pale, and commenced to sweat. "Baby—O, O, O, Ephraim! Baby has—baby has got a tooth!" "No!" screamed Mr. Harbison, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin, and staring at the struggling heir with all his might. "I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Harbison, with a slight evidence of hysteria. "O, O, it can't be," protested Mr. Harbison, preparing to swear if it wasn't. "Come here, and see for yourself," said Mrs. Harbison, "Open it's little mousy wousy for its own muzzer. That's a toothy woody; that's a blessed 'tittle 'ump o' sugar." Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the author of its being to thrust in his finger, and the gentleman having convinced himself by the most indubitable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling and vehemence that he could lick the

individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth.

THE CEDAR POST.

We heard a good one the other night about some young ladies at a certain private boarding house up in the West End who thought they would play a trick on their lonesome male boarder. They got an old cedar post and dressed it up "femalely," one volunteering a chignon, another—a palpitator! another pads, and so on *infinitum* until each had deprived herself of some of her most necessary toilet, and laid it—oh, so beautifully—on the young man's bed: and left. When the long shalows came, (unfortunately Mr. — was to call that evening), the young man came also. He immediately proceeds to his room and upon first sight of the "pretty creature" and her position, blushed, (as every young man does), and left to inform some of the Mr. M.—'s of his narrow escape. But strange to say not even Mary, who had been let into the secret, could be found. He suspects; returns to his room, peeps, and afterwards boldly enters, and with "feelings all over," proceeds to investigate, when lo! the cedar post. Clerkibus now thinks it his turn, and being the fortunate owner of a good lock and keys, commences (we blush to think of it) to strip the unfortunate "lady," and lock up all except the post, which has been carried out. These girls didn't go out on Sunday night, nor see the circus, and now they say Mr. — is the meanest fellow that ever stopped at their house.

BALLOT WOMEN.

"Yes" says an advocate of "Woman's Rights" in San Francisco. "They say man was created first. 'Sposin' he was: Ain't first experiments always failures? If I was a betting man, I'd bet two dollars and a half they are. The only decent thing about him, anyhow, was a rib, and that went to make something better. (Applause.) And then they throw it in our face about Eve taking that apple. I'll bet five dollars Adam boosted her up in the tree, and then only gave her the core! And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instinct, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend, and whimpered, "Twerent me; 'twas her." Bring up your daughters to love and caress the ballot, and when they are old and ugly they will not depart from it. Teach them that man occupies no position that women cannot fill, even to a pair of pants. Teach them that without the ballot woman is simply a cooking and washing machine; that with it she can just rule her little roost. We have plenty of ballot girls, but what we want is ballot women."

THE SLANDEROUS TONGUE.

The tongue of slander is never tired. In one way or another it manages to keep itself in constant employment. Sometimes it drips honey and sometimes gall. It is bitter now, and then sweet. It insinuates or assails directly, according to the circumstances. It will hide a curse under a smooth word, and administer poison in the phrase of love. Like death, it "loves a shining mark." And it is never so available and eloquent as when it can blight the hopes of the break down or destroy the character of the brave and strong. What pleasure man or woman can find in such work we have never been able to see. And yet there is pleasure of some sort in it to the multitudes, or they would not betake themselves to it. Some passion of soul or body must be gratified by it. But no soul in high estate can take delight in it. It indicates lapse, tendency toward chaos, utter depravity. It proves that somewhere in the soul there is weakness, waste, evil nature. Education and refinement are no proof against it. They often serve only to polish the slanderous tongue, increase its tact, and give it suppleness and strategy.

TRIFLES.

Our lives, or rather their happiness or misery, are in a great measure made up of trifles, just as time is made of moments. The discomfort of having to wait for a meal beyond its regular hour, of finding things ill-prepared or carelessly done, of meeting slovenliness and discomfort when ease or even elegance is desired, or of being brought up sharp at every turn by want of punctuality or of method—these are ills more difficult to bear than the uninitiated imagine. Most houses might be comfortable and elegant. Yes, elegant! for comfort consists in finding everything where it should be; elegance in adding to what should be there that which needs not be there, but whose presence surprises, attracts, and gratifies. There is often neither comfort nor elegance in the richer mansions, while both are found in the laborer's cottage. A jug filled with flowers, a neat white curtain, a couple of flower pots, may effect what the expenditure of hundreds has not achieved. Let it not be said that these are mere trifles, unworthy of attention. Distrust the pretence of that spirituality whose eyes are too lofty for the common things of life. In the long catalogue of things to "think on," they rank at any rate among the "whatsoever things are lovely."

You say they are trifles; then all the more they ought not to be neglected. But, trifles though they be, to neglect them is not a trifle; it is a breach of plain duty.

A GOOD LESSON.

If your boys revolt from study, give them an opportunity to test the pleasure of manual labor, and then let them follow the occupation they prefer. In nine cases out of ten, books will carry the day.

"When I was a boy," said the elder Adams, "I had to study the Latin grammar, but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and I studied grammar till longer, and going to college, I did not like study, and employment. It was opposed. He was quick in his answer."

"Well, John, if Latin grammar suit, you may try ditching, perhaps that. My meadow needs a ditch, and you may Latin by and try that."

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made my comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug the next forenoon and wanted to return to Latin at dinner, but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride, and I told my father—one of the severest trials of my life—that if he choose I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and, if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two day's labor in that abominable ditch."

Sawdust and Chips.

A man who came home from a Saratoga ball in a crowded coach declared that he had no objection to rings on his fingers, but that he had decided objection to "bells on his toes."

An Irishman was asked if Lola Montez ever smoked. "Yes sir, she did," he exclaimed, "and so does every volcano. Perhaps you'll show me the lovely crater that don't smoke!"

"I didn't at all expect company to-day," said a lady to her visitors, with a not very pleasant look; "but I hope you'll make yourself at home." "Yes, indeed," replied one of them, starting off; "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."

A young man from the country, after walking into the Lebanon, Ky., post office, the other day, and dropped an unstamped letter into the box, remarked gleefully to a companion as they went away. "Don't say anything about it, but I beat the government out of three cents that time!"

A poor little church-goer asked his mother where the "cattle with a thousand tails" lived. "Cattle with a thousand tails, child!" exclaimed the astonished parent, "there are no such things." "Yes there are," returned the boy; "the minister said the cattle with a thousand tails were the Lord's!"

The slowly-starving editor of a paper in Battleboro, Vt., drops into poetry as follows:

"We had sweet dreams the other night,
When all around was still,
We dreamed we saw a host of folks
Pay up their printer's bill,
We wish the dream would come to pass,
And our empty pockets fill—
Tar da ump a te diddle dum,
Te tump te iddle dill.

A lady amuses herself in a curious way with the polite hypocrisy of society. She has an orange plant in her parlor which bears neither bud nor blossom, but she has had two full-blown flowers and a half-opened bud of wax placed upon the barren stalk. Her callers admire the sweet perfume of the lovely flowers, and the gentlemen notice that the bud has expanded considerably.

A lot of minstrels went to a county town and advertised to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor, tickets reduced to sixpence." The hall was crammed full. The next morning a committee for the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern, for the amount said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand. "I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor?" Replied the treasurer, "Didn't we put the tickets down to sixpence so that the poor could come?" The committee vanished.

A colored man living on West Green Street, having admired a colored widow living in the next block above, but being afraid to come out boldly and reveal his passion, went to a white man of his acquaintance the other day, and asked him to write the lady a letter, asking her hand in marriage. The friend wrote, telling the widow, in a few brief lines that the size of her feet were the talk of the neighborhood, and asking her if she could not pare them down a little. The name of the colored man was signed, and he was to call on her Sunday night for an answer. The writer of the letter met the nigger limping along the street, and asked him what the widow said. The man showed him a bloodshot eye, a scratched nose, a lame leg, and a spot on the scalp where a handful of wool had been violently jerked out and he answered in solemn tones:—"She didn't say nuffin, and I didn't stay dar more'n a minute!"

NOTICE.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

INvariably in Advance.)

Per Annum \$2 00
Six Month 1 00
Single Copies 5c

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each insertion, ten cents per line.
Direct Advertisements at the following rates—
Is it blackness of heart?— 150 00
knife? 85 00
God pity us all in our str. 50 00
God pity us all as we 25 00
God pardon us all 80 00
When a fellow 45 00
head, for 3 months. 25 00
Pierced 16 00
..... 60 00
..... 30 00
..... 17 00
..... 1 00

with it to be distinctly understood that we do not
responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

All communications should be addressed to the
Day Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.
Our columns are open for the discussion of all ques-
tions affecting the working classes. All communications
must be accompanied by the names of the writers, not
necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good
faith.

WILLIAMS, SLEETE & MACMILLAN,
124 BAY STREET.

Meetings of Unions.

TORONTO.

Meetings are held in the Trades Assembly Hall,
King street west, in the following order:—

- Machinists and Blacksmiths, 1st and 3rd Mon-
days.
- Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- Tailors, 2nd and 4th Monday.
- Oripisins, (159), every Tuesday.
- Amalgamated Carpenters, alternate Wednesdays.
- Laborers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
- Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Bricklayers and Masons, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
- Printers, 1st Saturday.
- Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, &c.,
meets in Foy's Hall, corner of York and
Richmond sts., on the 2nd and 4th Friday.

The Hackmen's Union meets in the Temper-
ance Hall, on the 1st Monday.

The Friendly Society of Carpenters and Join-
ers meets in the Temperance Hall, Temper-
ance street, on the 1st Friday.

K. O. S. C., No. 315, meets in the Temperance
Hall every alternate Tuesday.

OTTAWA.

Meetings are held in the Mechanics' Hall,
(Rope's Block,) Rideau street, in the follow-
ing order:—

- Free-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- Lime-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
- Masons and Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
- Trades' Council, 1st Friday.
- Printers, 1st Saturday.
- Tailors, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- Harnessmakers, 4th Monday.

ST. CATHARINES.

Meetings are held in the Temperance Hall, in
the following order:—

- K. O. S. C., 1st Monday.
- Tailors, 2nd Monday.
- Coopers, 4th Tuesday.

MESSRS. LANCEFIELD BROTHERS, Newsdealers,
No. 6 Market square, Hamilton, are agents
for the WORKMAN in that vicinity.

Mr. D. W. TERNANT, Niagara Street, St.
Catharines, will receive subscriptions and
give receipts for the WORKMAN. Parties
calling on Mr. Ternant will please state if
they wish the paper continued.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

City subscribers not receiving their papers
regularly, will oblige the proprietors by giving
notice of such irregularity at the Office, 124
Bay street.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1873.

ELECTION OF WEST TORONTO.

When it became known that the
matter of bringing out a workingman
candidate of their own had been post-
poned for a time, a large number of
representative workingmen held an
informal meeting to consider what
action would be taken, and a committee
was appointed who interviewed the
candidates, and, from what we are in-
formed, at a subsequent meeting it was
resolved they would support the candi-
dature of Mr. Bickford. Various ques-
tions were touched upon—such as the
repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment
Act, a Dominion Lien Law, extension
of the franchise, the contract system of

employing convict labor, etc.; but par-
ticularly did the question of direct
representation of labor in Parliament
come in for discussion. On all these
questions the most explicit answers
were given, and in reference to the latter
point, it was expressly stated that at
the next election for the Local House
Mr. Bickford, the party he represented,
and the organs of that party, would
support a workingman candidate for
that House. In the old country the
labor party have worked in a similar
manner, and by such means the return
of a representative working man will
be made secure. Whilst the working-
men are awaking to the realization of
the power they wield, it must not be
forgotten that they only hold at present,
the balance of power, and they will need
outside assistance to secure success. A
representative workingman candidate
could receive such support from any
party without at all being considered
committed to support the measures of
that party, and only in that independent
spirit could they receive such support
at all. On the present occasion the
workingmen have elected to throw
their influence on the side of Mr.
Bickford, and he has thus become their
candidate, and we record the fact as
such. The matter is now fairly before
them, and we expect they will work
harmoniously and unitedly, keeping the
end in view.

**Workingmen should vote for Mr.
Bickford, who has pledged himself,
the party he represents, and the
organs of that party to sustain a
workingman candidate for the
Local House.**

THE HIGHER WORK OF TRADES
UNIONS.

The legitimate work of all Trades
Unions, we admit, to be DEFENCE—de-
fence of the interests and assertion of
the rights of the worker. The members
of Unions tax themselves voluntarily for
the good of their class and cheerfully
support their brethren, their own
order, when suffering for the assertion
of rights. Money, therefore, is the
basis of their strength—the sinews of
war. They fight against a moneyed
class and a money power, and they can
only fight successfully with similar
weapons. No workingman is just to
his order who refuses to support a
Union, because whether he pays the
tax or not he gets the advantages. The
Union, whatever political economists
may assert to the contrary, keeps up
the rate of wages, and every working-
man would lose far more than the tax
needed for the support of the Union,
if every Trades Union were broken up
and every man left to bargain isolated
and independently with his employer.
Defence, therefore, is the end of Trades
Union, and money is the weapon by
which the defence is sustained.

But the necessity for defence has
created a brotherhood of labor. The
workers meet frequently and regularly
from very habit, and they form an
organization powerful for other objects
and duties, which lie outside of the
direct duty of defence; but which, if
wisely developed and systematized,
would add to their power, their influ-
ence, their prosperity and happiness.
While money is the weapon for defence
against the selfishness of employers,
public opinion is an ally necessary to
sustain the struggle and make it suc-
cessful; and public opinion can only
be influenced by thought and argument,
uttered in language. We have had
some evidence of this in the present
tailors' strike. The employers appeal-
ed to the public—the men appealed to
the public. Each party defended its
position by argument, and found its
advantage according to the ability of
its defence, as well as the justice of its
cause. Now, this suggests the immense
importance of intelligence to working-
men, of ability to reason justly, to
speak well, and write well; and the
Union offers the best advantages for
cultivating this power. Co-operative
societies make it a part of their work
to establish Reading Rooms and Libra-
ries for their members; and it may be

safely stated that much of the intelli-
gence they display in the successful
management of their affairs is largely
due to the mental culture inspired by
habits of reading and thinking. It
would be easy to establish similar means
of culture and enjoyment in connection
with every trade society. Again, the
power to speak and write for the pub-
lic, is, as we said, of the first import-
ance in all free countries where the
Right and the Truth must secure their
supremacy by appeals to the justice and
judgment of men. But this power is so
rarely manifested by working men, that
they too often regard it as a natural gift
rather than the fruit of culture. Even
when admitted to be the result of edu-
cation, it is supposed to require a classi-
cal culture. The truth, however, is,
that a man may by the reading and
study of his own native English, with-
out the aid of any foreign or dead
languages, be able to write well and
forcibly, and to speak with the highest
eloquence. We could crowd this article
with splendid names to illustrate this
statement. But we need no higher
example than those of William Cobbett
or Charles Dickens in literature, or of
Cobden, or Bright, or Spurgeon in
oratory. We have no hesitation in
saying that thousands of the best
newspaper writers of the day have
never studied any language but English.
Let Trades Unions cultivate habits of
mental enquiry and utterance amongst
their members. Let them establish
Reading Rooms, Libraries, and Debating
Societies, in which the members
could acquire the power to speak and to
argue, and be encouraged and stimu-
lated by prizes to write essays on
subjects connected with their own inter-
ests. Let them also follow the example
of the Churches and of Temperance
Societies, and establish winter evening
entertainments of music and recitations.
These and other means of employing
leisure time would add to their public
influence, and give character and dig-
nity to their combinations. But the
higher reward would be the personal
improvement, the moral and intellectual
elevation of their class, and their in-
creased happiness as men. They would
make "the mechanic a better man and
the man a better mechanic." While
personal advancement would be the
sure result, the great object of Union
would receive new power from the
increased intelligence of working men.
They could not only establish their own
press and their own platform, but as
enlightened and educated men be able
to plead their own cause and develop
their own plans; and their power for
good and for their own advancement
would be irresistible. In every struggle
then, when struggle was needed, they
could fight not only by abstinence, but
by that force of opinion which never
fails to conquer when it is supported
by justice. It has been mental and
moral power that has kept them down
and back. The moneyed classes, if they
cannot plead for themselves, can hire
talent and culture to plead for them
and make the worse appear the better
reason. Thus, the moral elements of
society have been arrayed against the
claims of labor. But those elements
are the heritage of no class; and when
working men shall send forth from their
order men of cultivated talents, capable
of defending the Right by just argu-
ment and of refuting error, then the
working classes need never fear misre-
presentation—the moral elements of
society—public opinion will sanction
and establish their just claims.

**Let the workingmen be early at
the polls on Monday next, and vote
for their candidate, Mr. Bickford.**

K. O. S. C.

We have been informed that the
members of the Knights of St. Crispin,
Guelph, are on strike, and they request
all others to give that place a wide berth
for the present.

For all kinds of Plain and Fancy
Printing, go to the WORKMAN Office. Call
and see specimens of work.

THE TAILORS' STRIKE.

The *Globe* of Monday has an article
under the above caption, and its general
tone is, "I told you how it would be!"
The *Globe* says, "we especially con-
demned the 'stand and deliver' atti-
tude assumed by the workmen, which
left no alternative to the masters but
unconditional surrender or the trouble
and inconvenience of a strike at the
beginning of a busy season." On a pre-
vious occasion, when alluding to this
matter, we stated advisedly that before
the men left their employment they had
offered to consult with their employers,
and where it was shown their demands
were exorbitant they would be willing
to make any reasonable concession. Be-
yond this we know that a committee
waited upon the employers to endeavor
to effect a settlement by means of
arbitration, and we know by whom the
overtures were rejected; and how far
this favors of the employers having
"no alternative but unconditional sur-
render," we leave our readers to judge.
The *Globe* further says, "it is quite
supposable, however, that the masters
may have secured as much labor as
they need without doing anything more
in the case; if so, the workmen have
themselves to blame." Of course, we
are not in a position to say whether or
no the "masters" have secured as
much labor as they need; but we have
read and heard of the expense and
trouble they have put themselves to in
order to get their work out, and we
believe we are correct in saying that
the men who have been engaged to fill
the places of the men out on strike are
receiving all that the men ask and even
more. The *Globe*, however, makes an
assertion for which we were hardly
prepared. It says, "at the same time
when practically the workmen acknow-
ledge that they were rash and high-
handed in what they did it is well that
the employers should meet them in a
kind and liberal spirit, and do the very
best possible for them in the circum-
stances." We believe it is news to the
operative tailors that they have practi-
cally acknowledged that they were
"rash and high-handed." On the con-
trary, we believe they are of the opinion
now, as when they left work, that their
claims were based on justice. If to
acknowledge they were willing to have
a consultation with the merchant tailors,
to submit their case to arbitration, and
be ready to make reasonable concessions
if it was proved that their requests
were more than they ought to be—if
this course of action be construed as an
acknowledgment that they were "rash
and high-handed," then we suppose the
operative tailors have made that ac-
knowledgment from the beginning; but
in our opinion their "high-handed"
conduct would have been shown had
they not been willing to give room for
arbitration—then, indeed, under those
circumstances there might have been
occasion for the remark that the em-
ployers had "no alternative but uncon-
ditional surrender or the trouble and
inconvenience of a strike;" but, as
circumstances alter cases, so the fact of
the operative tailors, from the first,
evidencing a willingness to settle their
dispute by arbitration showed that, far
from acknowledging they were "rash
and high-handed," they considered their
claims were based in justice to them-
selves by their willingness to abide the
result of an enquiry into those claims,
and had the merchant tailors at the
outset met their employees in a "kind
and liberal spirit" we fully believe there
would have been no rupture between
their relations whatever.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We very much regret that we have
mislaid the communication of "D. J.
O'D., Ottawa," alluded to in our last
issue. We hope he will accept this
apology for the non-appearance of his
communication, and we trust he will
favor us with a further communication,
as the subject is one of interest to our
readers. We may, however, possibly
recover the mislaid M.S.S., when we
shall have pleasure in inserting it.
S. R., Toronto.—Communication re-
ceived. All right.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT.

On Tuesday night a meeting of work-
ingmen had been called at Blake's
Granary to discuss matters connected
with the election of a member for West
Toronto. The meeting was in the in-
terest of Mr. Bickford, and the speakers
were prepared to advance their reasons
why they had, as workingmen, elected
that gentleman as their candidate and
representative. From the moment, how-
ever, that the chairman was appointed,
it became evident that a number of the
supporters of Mr. Moss, under the
leadership of such men (?) as John
Hollom, Terry-Clarke, &c., had made
their way to the hall, not for the pur-
pose of hearing what the speakers had
to say, but for the sole and express
purpose of barking free speech. To the
urgent appeals of the chairman that
they would give a fair and impartial
hearing to the speakers, they paid not
the slightest regard, notwithstanding it
was promised that their speakers should
have an opportunity of replying. But
this would not suit the purposes of the
clique, who were determined to prevent
discussion; and the result was that the
meeting throughout was of the most
disgraceful character. So outrageous
was the conduct of Helm, that he had
to be forcibly removed from the build-
ing by the police. Their determined
efforts to burke free speech were not,
however, altogether successful, and we
re-produce in another column an imper-
fect synopsis of the speeches made.

The proceedings throughout were a
disgraceful exhibition of rowdiness of
the lowest stamp, and, if those who
acted so outrageously on the occasion
were of the opinion that in so acting
they were furthering the interests of
their candidate, we can assure them
they are very much mistaken, for we
heard quite a number of intelligent elec-
tors, who went to the meeting to hear
the arguments adduced, and give their
decision accordingly, openly assert that
after such an exhibition of ruffianism,
they would give their votes and all
their influence in favour of Mr. Bick-
ford.

Out of evil comes good, and the
opinion was generally expressed by
those present at the workingman's
meeting, at Blake's Granary,
on Tuesday night, that the dis-
graceful conduct of Dickey &
Neill's "lamb," was as good a
circumstance for Mr. Bickford's
cause as could have occurred.
"Where mob law prevails," said a
bystander, "legitimate argument is
exhausted." Evidently the Govern-
ment party fear to let the intelligent
classes hear the truth, and conse-
quently did not hesitate to employ
their workmen and contractors to
stop the ears of their opponents by
any possible means.

THE WAY IT'S DONE.

We have seen a letter from Montreal
bearing upon the tailor's strike here,
which contains information as to the
means employed by the merchant tailors
of this city to bring workmen here to
fill the places of the men on strike. In
Montreal three Jews, one apprentice and
two women were engaged for a year,
and the most unusual agreement was
made to furnish them with 18 coats per
week, in busy times, and 15 coats per
week in slack times, and if the 15 coats
be not furnished a penalty is to be paid
of \$4 on each coat less that number.
The employers have also bound them-
selves under a penalty of \$800 should
they fail in any of their engagements.
Of course the employers are at liberty
to employ whom they will; but the fact
that they are willing to make with out-
side workmen such arrangements as we
have alluded to above, whilst they have
steadily refused to consider the claims
of the society men in anything like a
fair spirit, shows the *animus* they en-
tertain towards their late employees.
But a fitting sequel of the means em-
ployed by the merchant tailors to carry
their ends is furnished by the records of
the police courts a day or so ago, when
two of the Jews from Montreal were

brought before the police magistrate for desecration of the Sabbath, by being engaged on Sunday at their regular occupation in Mr. Stovel's building, and fined the nominal sum of \$1.00, without cost. We think it well to let our readers and the public know that this is the way the thing is managed.

MR. BLAKE AND THE WORKMAN'S INCOME TAX.

Tuesday night, at the public meeting at Alderman Dickey's workshops, an intelligent, earnest and apparently friendly mechanic asked Mr. Blake his opinion about taxing the income of the working man. Did he give it? No! he shielded himself behind the paltry subterfuges—that the Ontario Legislature had to deal with the question of taxation, that it would never do to mix Ontario and Dominion politics, that he had always been opposed to this being done. Is the last statement true? Is it not false, and is the very reverse not the case? Did he not hold the Government of the late Sandfield Macdonald responsible for all the acts of the Dominion Government? Was it not one of his loudest cries that the members of the patent combination, as it was ironically called, were the more creatures of Sir John, and when it suited the honorable gentleman's book to agitate Dominion questions in Ontario did he not do it? Yes, and in proof of this charge we ask if he or his friends dare deny that he brought the Nova Scotia "better terms" before the Ontario Assembly? Was this an Ontario question? No; yet Mr. Blake is an honorable man, and he coolly and deliberately, in the face of this damning fact, told his audience that he had always been opposed to mixing Ontario and Dominion politics. Tuesday night, however, it would never do to answer honestly a question fairly put. It might be unpopular—it might hurt the interest of his candidate to say that the income of the working man should be exempt from taxation or vice versa. Therefore the pure, the noble-minded Mr. Blake stepped from his high moral pedestal and became the paltry politician and quibbler. In his new-born zeal for the working man, to hear Mr. Blake speak you would think that he had always been one of them; you could see, however, that his love for them sat ill upon him—that it was not natural to him—that it was an exotic. With all his gushing affection for the working man he could not say whether an income that, in most cases, is barely sufficient to provide food, fuel, clothing, and a home to shelter a family from the storm should be taxed. He could not say yes or no; he could give no opinion because it would be mixing up Ontario with Dominion questions and there would be no end to discussions, but then he could use four times as many words and occupy four times the length of time in explaining why he should not answer the question, as it would have taken to have answered it. Is not Mr. Blake an honorable man? Is he not the friend of the working man? Is he not a working man himself? Out upon such hypocrisy say we. It is true that he works, but he takes good care that he gets well paid for his work, and there are lawyers sufficient in the House to insure that the law will always give them fees enough for all they do. But it is an insult to the mechanic and laborer to talk about these gentry being working men. If the toilers of the earth received one-tenth or even one twentieth part of the pay for their labor that the honorable gentleman receives for his professional services, there would be no need of Trades Unions, there would be no sound of dissatisfaction emanate from the artisan or from the laboring man.

Mr. Blake and his protegee know nothing of the trials of the mechanic or laborer, nor of the privations of the struggling poor,—they were born, as the saying is, with silver spoons in their mouths. But they do know that mechanics and laborers have votes and that they want to get them,—therefore their great love for the working man. It must be borne in mind, however, that words cost nothing; that it is easy to

give them, if they will catch votes, and prominent men of that party have always been liberal in their promises although most illiberal and tyrannical in their acts. On the other hand, Mr. Bickford, like our own constituents, is humble in his origin, was poor in his early surroundings, and knows what it is to fight with the world for the wherewith to feed and clothe him; and, as a consequence, if he is a true man, must have more sympathies and affinities with us than the men who never knew what want or labor in its real sense means. It is true that Mr. Bickford cannot speak with the purity of diction that Mr. Moss uses, nor has the same volume of words, but words are only sound, and what is wanted, more than talkers, are thinkers. Already in the House there are plenty of the former, and we are greatly mistaken if for clear-headed, shrewd, common sense Mr. Bickford is not far the superior of Mr. Moss, with all his puny efforts at oratory. We need say nothing to our co-laborers on this score, for we are well assured that they know it is not words, but work that tells, and Mr. Bickford has by earning his present position clearly proved he is a working man, and one that can work to a good purpose.

The workmen who wish to secure direct representation of labor in the Local House, must vote for the man who has pledged himself and his party to that object.

BASE BALL CLUB.

The first annual social of the Union Printer's Base Ball Club will be held in Toulmin's Hall, King-st. a few doors west of Bay-st., on Friday evening next, when we are sure a most enjoyable time will be spent. A large committee have been indefatigable in their efforts to make the gathering a successful one—and we know what the typos can do when they make up their minds. We assure all who desire to spend a pleasant evening that they cannot do better than patronage the first annual social of the Union Printer's Base Ball Club.

OTTAWA TRADES COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Ottawa Trades Council, was held on Friday night last, in the Mechanics Hall of that city, for the purpose of considering the propriety of bringing out a bona fide workingman to represent that city in the Local Legislature. The meeting was well attended by the representative men of the different trades and the feeling was in favor of taking immediate steps to place Ottawa as the pioneer city by sending a bona fide workingman to represent them in the Legislature of Ontario.

Resolutions were carried calling a meeting of workmen for an early date for the purpose of selecting a candidate.

Mr. John Hewitt of this city, Sec. of the Canadian Labor Union, was present, and being called upon by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, President of the Council, addressed the meeting. He said he felt grateful for the honor that had been conferred upon him through their President inviting him to be present and address them that evening, and though his business in their city, was not directly in relation to the labor movement, yet he always felt ready and willing to meet and speak to his fellow workmen in any part of the country when the opportunity offered itself. He then at length referred to the progress of unionism, showing how at first the workmen of the various trades, recognizing that the best interests of their respective callings lay in unity of action on their part, soon found that the platform of isolated unionism was not broad enough, and that if they ever intended to wield that power and influence in the land, that it was their right and privilege to wield, that they must extend the hand of fellowship,—the Blacksmith to the Mason, the Mason to the Printer and so on, through the ranks of productive labor, whose interests are identical and the same; and as a result they had such bodies as the Council he had the honor of addressing that evening, the Toronto Trades' Assembly, the Hamilton Trades' Assembly, and so on. He went on to say that a platform such as they had in Ottawa broad enough to contain the varied labor interests of the locality was not sufficient, and to his mind there was nothing that showed so clearly the intellectual progress of the masses than the growing spread of the broader principles of unionism, as evidenced in this country by the inauguration of the Canadian Labor

Union; and in the most civilized and progressive nations of the earth by the existence of similar organizations. He felt that he could congratulate them upon the existence of a union in this their beloved country that is destined ere long to encircle with the chain of sympathy, fraternity and union the intelligent mass of the productive labor of this great country. He felt that he could congratulate them upon the active share that their representatives to the labor congress had taken in inaugurating the labor union, and he felt confident that Ottawa would do her whole duty in making the Canadian Labor Union and its principle a grand success. He said in reference to the object that called them together that evening, namely, to consider the propriety of placing a candidate in the field in the direct interest of labor that it was one that would in the future engage the attention of the progressive laborers of this country to a great extent. He felt the time had come that in this country they should be moving with their fellow-workmen of the Old for direct representation of labor in the councils of the country. It was a standing shame and a disgrace to the intelligence of the masses of this country that their class was not represented by men from among themselves in the Legislative Halls of the country, that their lives and energies were building up and making great. He would not feel jealous if the workmen of Ottawa should be the pioneers in making their voice heard through one of themselves in the Legislative Hall of Ontario. He hoped that when the general elections came about that the representative of the workmen of Ottawa would be joined by direct representatives of labor from many of the industrial centres of this great province; he looked upon neither existing parties as the party of the workmen, and he advised them to nominate their man without pledge to any party or going to any party. Let the party come to them who were friendly to their objects. He counselled them to make no sacrifice of any of the political reforms that labor was looking towards for party affiliation. He stated that the Local House was within their reach, and any of them were eligible for membership, and with the Ballot and the extension of the Franchise, which he hoped they would have for the general election for the Local House it would be their own fault if they neglected to be represented in that body. He stated as regards the Dominion House it was not so accessible as there was a stupid property qualification that only operated directly against workmen. This \$2,000 qualification must be removed as a most unjust discrimination against the workingman; as there is many M.P.'s to-day, were they to deal honestly with their fellow men, their qualification would be on the Dr. side of the ledger. He would apologize for taking up so much of their time and thanked them for their kind attention. He resumed his seat amid great applause.

Mr. Donald Robertson moved a vote of thanks to the speaker. The motion was put and carried and Mr. Hewitt replied in suitable terms. The meeting then adjourned.

WEST TORONTO ELECTION.

BRITISH FAIR PLAY.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Sir.—It has been asserted all through the present contest, that Mr. Moss is a respectable and highly educated man. This may be correct but the same thing cannot be said of the crowd that follows him, for one of the most disgraceful and riotously determined efforts that ever was made took place last night, in order to prevent honest, industrious, hard working men from expressing their views and opinions. Noticeable among the crowd, were men, who are at the present time in the employ of the Ontario Government. As a good loyal citizen, I claim the right of raising my voice against the Ontario Government employing such a man as Terry Clarke who figured so prominently on the occasion. Mr. Edgar M.P.P., (too, forsooth,) raised his stately head, and by the wink and nod gave encouragement to the crowd, who never saw nor knew what English fair play was. Another prominent Young Canadian was Mr. Moss's own brother, who when accused of encouraging the disturbance merely shrugged his shoulders and said I have nothing to do with it. The meeting was called by workmen to be addressed by workmen, and surely there was nothing for them to be afraid of. But the proceedings will be a lasting disgrace upon the Reform party, and I believe will do good for Mr. Bickford.

I hope those workmen who nobly stood their ground for the defence of British rights will come out again and meet the howling crowd.

AN EYE WITNESS.

Toronto, Dec. 10th, 1873

St. David's Ward.—Alderman Davies is again in the field as a candidate for the office of Alderman for the above Ward. His past services at the Council Board has gained for him many new friends. His election is considered certain for 1874.

THE MAYORALTY.—We have been informed by the canvassers who are working in the interests of the three candidates for the office of Mayor, that A. M. Smith, is considered a very popular candidate. His long residence in Toronto, and his upright dealings in his business relations is one of the secrets of his popularity.

OBITUARY.

Mr. David Graham, a member of the Stone Cutters Union of Ottawa, died in that city on last Friday, and was buried on Sunday last.

The funeral cortege was headed by Sutherland's band, followed by the fire brigade, of which he was a member. The hearse came next, followed by the orange body with which he was also connected. And then came all the Trades Unions of Ottawa, showing a brotherly feeling worth of imitation. The cortege was wound up by a large procession of carriages containing the friends and acquaintances of the deceased.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF ST. DAVID'S WARD.

GENTLEMEN, Your vote and interest are respectfully solicited for

THOMAS DAVIES,
AS ALDERMAN FOR 1874.

Election takes place Monday, January 5th.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF ST. GEORGE'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

THOMAS BROWN,
AS ALDERMAN FOR 1874.

Election takes place Monday, January 5, 1874

MAYORALTY ELECTION, 1874.

The Election of Mayor being by the Vote of the Ratepayers, your

VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are respectfully solicited for

A. M. SMITH,
FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

MAYORALTY ELECTION FOR THE CITY OF TORONTO

ELECTORS

I RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT YOUR VOTES AND SUPPORT FOR RE-ELECTION AS MAYOR FOR THE YEAR 1874.

I am, your obedient servant,

ALEX. MANNING

Election:—Monday, January 5, 1874.

TO THE ELECTORS OF TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN:—

The time having now nearly arrived, when (by the Act of the Legislature) you will again have the privilege of electing from amongst yourselves one to fill the important office of Mayor, I have been requested, by a large number of citizens, to offer myself as a candidate for that position. In compliance with their request, and with a desire to see our common city prosper, I now ask for your suffrages at the coming election.

Let my former conduct be a guarantee for my future services.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours, etc., etc.,

F. H. MEDCALF.

Toronto, 17th November, 1874.

TAILORS' STRIKE!

Strike in Toronto not yet settled. Workmen will govern themselves accordingly.

JOHN KELLY,

President.

WM. MAIR,

Secretary.

77-41

Toronto, Nov. 17, 1873.

EATON'S CHEAP JACKETS

Heavy warm Jackets, cheap and good. Water-proof Cloaks, all sizes and qualities, from \$1. All-wool Shaws, at \$2.

COME AND SEE THEM.

Corner Yonge and Queen Streets.

BOULTON & GORDON, BARRISTERS,
Solicitors, Notaries, etc., No. 7 Ontario Hall, corner Court and Church Streets, Toronto.
D'ARCY BOULTON, Q.C. G. B. GORDON.

LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE CENTRAL COMMITTEE ROOMS, 85 YORK STREET, NEXT DOOR TO ROSSIN HOUSE. TO THE ELECTORS OF WEST TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN:—

In accepting the nomination for the representation of the Western Division of this city, I am deeply sensible that to no personal merit, nor as a return for any past services rendered on my part, am I indebted for the compliment paid me.

Having first offered the nomination to Sir John Macdonald, as a tribute of your esteem, which circumstances have prevented his accepting, you now offer it to me in the belief, no doubt, that if elected by you I will hold the seat in his interest and in that of the Liberal Conservative Party which he so ably leads.

That trust I will never betray, and if the time should ever arise in which I cannot fully agree with your views, be assured I shall promptly resign the seat into your hands before giving one vote against the Party that will have placed me there.

But that contingency, I cannot think, will ever arise. I have cast my lot with the Liberal Conservative Party. It is my first public act, my first choice, well considered, and I shall never make another. Where I now am I shall ever be found, and I am glad of this opportunity of putting my pledge on record.

But it is with more than ordinary reluctance and diffidence that I accept your offer, unsolicited and unanticipated as that offer is.

I have felt and have urged upon many of you that some gentleman, perhaps stronger or better known in the Division, and with a greater claim on your suffrages, should be selected. But you seem to think differently, and in view of the large, influential, and I may truly say, enthusiastic meeting that tendered me the nomination, I dare not, in the interest of the Party, refuse a call that appears to me to be my duty to accept.

I, therefore, accept it, only saying that if, before nomination, day, it should be the general wish that I should withdraw in favor of a stronger candidate, I will do so most cheerfully and work for his election as heartily as I would for my own.

But, if it should be your wish that I should continue in nomination, I will make the best fight of it I can, shrinking from no sacrifice except that of truth and honor.

If I secure the hearty co-operation of the whole Party; the seat is ours beyond a doubt. Without it I shall fail, and the seat will be lost, not only to me, but to the Liberal Conservative Party. It rests with you to decide.

As passion subsides, as calmer counsels prevail, Sir John Macdonald will show in a fairer light, and be judged in truer wisdom. When, by a revulsion of feeling, sure to come, the country again recognizes in him a leader above sectional feeling and prejudice, with a mind of more than Provincial range ready to grasp the least or greatest question of State, then will the destinies of the country be once more committed to his keeping.

In such a crisis West Toronto may be confidently expected to do its duty.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD O. BICKFORD.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1873.

GEORGE ROGERS,

IN OFFERING

Canadian Ribbed Shirts and Drawers at 85c each
Do., do., at \$1 00
Scotch Lambs Wool Shirts and Drawers, at 1 00
English Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, at 1 25

GOOD VALUE.

White and Flannel Shirts, Gloves, Knit Mitts, Collars, Ties, Scarfs, Cardigan Jackets, Braces, Handkerchiefs, Wool Cuffs, Socks, &c.,

AT LOW PRICES.

330 Yonge St., opposite Gould St

GENTS' OVER-SHOES!

New Patent Clasp, the Best and Cheapest ever offered in the City,

ONLY \$1.20!

WM. WEST & CO.,

200 Yonge Street.

ALSO,

A large stock of Fall and Winter Boots, Shoes, Rubber and House Shoes.

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

52-oh

The Home Circle.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

The following lines, though perhaps familiar to some of our readers are worthy of reproduction, for their beauty is such, they will never pass into nothingness.

O the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below,
Over the housetops, over the streets,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,

Flitting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it does no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from Heaven above
Pure as an angel—gentle as love,

O the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in the maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.

Blowing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye,
And the dogs with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals that eddy around
The town is alive, and its heart is a glow
To welcome the coming of the beautiful snow.

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song,
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye,
Ringing,

Swinging,
Dancing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow,
Snow is pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowds rushing by

To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends in the filth of the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow but I fell,
Fell like the snow flakes from Heaven to hell
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat,
Pleading,

Burning,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Mating the living and fearing the dead,
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was as fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow,
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face,
Father,

Mother,
Sister, all,
God and myself I have lost by my fall,
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep, lest they wander too nigh

For all that is on or above me I know,
There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be, that this beautiful snow
Should fall on the sinner with nowhere to go,
How strange it should be, that when night comes again

If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,
Fainting,
Freezing,

Dying, alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard on the streets of the crazy town
Gone mad with joy of the snow coming down,
To lie and to die in my terrible woe
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

A TOUCHING STORY.

A drunkard who had run through his property returned one night to his unfurnished home. He entered his empty hall. Anguish was gnawing at his heart strings, and language inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite, his loving wife and darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak; he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little one at her side:

"Come, my dear, it is time to go to bed," and that little baby, as she was wont, knelt by her mother's lap and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent like a peice of chiseled statuary slowly repeated her nightly orison.

When she had finished, the child (but four years old) said to her mother:

"Dear mother may I offer up one more prayer?"

"Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray."

And she lifted up her tiny hands, closing her eyes, and prayed:

"Oh, God, spare, oh, spare, my dear papa!"

heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom and in penitence he said:

"My child, you have saved your father from a drunkard's grave. I'll sign the pledge."

"IN LOVE EXPRESSED."

When it becomes necessary to reprove children, use the gentlest form of address possible under the circumstances. Reproof must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like molting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. Never reprove the little ones before strangers, for children are just as sensitive as we are, and wish strangers to think well of them; when they have been told before any one with whom they are not well acquainted that they are naughty, or idle or careless, their vanity is terribly wounded. They have their self-respect, and such mortifications of it are very dangerous. Fancy how you would feel if all the important personages on earth had been told before your face that you were a very bad and contemptible sort of person! Would not a certain recklessness take possession of you? Would you not say to yourself, what can it matter what I do now? It is much more likely that a child will be thus affected. Praise spurs it on to increased effort. Blame takes away its power of doing well when it is administered before visitors. In matters of deportment children should not only be thoroughly instructed, but instructed privately. Say, before Mrs. Smith comes to tea, that Mrs. Smith must be helped to the preserves first. Or afterwards tell the child that it was a breach of good manners to scream, "Give me some strawberries," immediately on sitting down to table; but don't treat Mrs. Smith to a scene, for the child's sake as well as her own. If you have not taught the little thing to do what is proper and elegant when you are alone, you cannot expect it to be endowed with a sudden fine sense of what is right because strangers are present.

MARGERY.

Her name was Margery. She was a little old broken down woman who obtained a precarious living by washing clothes for other people; her body was bent and her hands deformed and misshapen by hard labor and ill-usage; her face was dried and shrivelled up like a piece of old parchment, and of the same repulsive yellow hue. Her countenance was the saddest one I ever knew, and yet that face was handsome once and that form that would have rivalled the result of an artist's fancy, or a poet's dream. Time, grief, recklessness and despair had wrought their work, and were now done with her. She died alone. They found her in her damp and unwholesome cot. How long she had lain there nobody knew and nobody cared. She was nobody but old Margery the washerwoman whose history nobody was curious to ascertain.

The coroner came with a coarse and ill favored company, who indulged in a few rude jest and a season of careless laughter, and then all went their way nor thought more of matter except to present their claim for fees. She was buried at the city's expense in the pauper's field. No one breathed a sigh nor shed a tear at her funeral and that was the last earthly experience of Margery.

O sin what temples hast thou overthrown, what wrecks hast thou scattered and strewn along the shore of life. I wonder if the angels have as little regard for the unfortunate and lowly as most mortals possess. The spring blossom bloom, the summer sunshine gleams and the autumn leaves are scattered over many nameless and forgotten graves, yet with a beauty impartial to all. So will it be in heaven's justice to the soul of poor lost Margery.

WHAT A LIGHTNING STROKE REVEALED.

An Ohio paper tells a very strange and startling story of the revelation made by a stroke of lightning a few days since. The stroke, it seems, prostrated a splendid grove of oaks in the Miami Valley. Among them was one which was rent asunder from tip to bottom, and according to the narrator, the fragments, in falling apart, disgorged a gauze skeleton, yellow with age, which instantly fell to pieces and was scattered over several feet of the surrounding pasturage. With the remains was also found a few bottles of ancient pattern and a leather pocket-book, in good state of preservation. The pocket-book told the sad and tragic story of the disinterred skeleton. It contained papers which were brown and discolored, and covered with rude pencillings, scarcely legible, but enough could be deciphered to show that they had been written by a soldier in the revolutionary army—a man in fact who had been an aid and companion to Gen. Washington. His name was Roger Vandenburg, and he held the rank of a captain.

After participating in the privations of Valley Forge, and in the retreat across the Jerseys, and serving a brief time at West Point, marched with St. Clair against the Northwest-ern Indians. On Nov. 3, 1791, he was wounded and captured by the Redskins. He subsequently escaped, however, and being hard

pressed by his savage foes, he took refuge in this oak tree. The hollow afforded a convenient retreat, and he allowed himself to drop into it. Then, too late, he found that he had miscalculated the depth of the hollow, and there was no escape. The remaining hours of his life he spent in writing a diary, the entries of which show a terrible record of human suffering, and during a period of eleven days he painfully described his sensations as he felt himself slowly starving to death. The story is certainly a strange one, and there is nothing improbable about it.

"TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW."

Life is monotonous. Whether we regard the life of man, or the life of beasts, we are struck by the same remarkable fact, that life, to all outward appearance, is a monotonous succession of scenes and movements—all but incidental. We wonder how the interest is kept up. But we never tire of going to bed at night, and we are very sorry when we tire of getting up in the morning. We never weary except with regret, of breakfasting, dining and supping; and yet these actions are repeated incessantly three hundred and sixty five times in the year, with renewed excitement on every succeeding occasion. We take off our clothes once every day. We do this, at nearly the same hour, in daily succession; and when health is good, the pleasure derived from so doing is not marred by the repetition of the act; for the ebbing and the flowing of our bodily sensations prepare us, without any effort on our part, for all the vicissitudes of our existence. When hungry, food is agreeable; when weary, sleep or rest is a treat; when cold, the pleasure derived from a cheerful fire-side is delicious. The excitements are kept up by contrasts; and we purchase the enjoyment of one feeling by encouraging the reverse. With health, youth and prosperity, we should never be weary. It is age, and weakness, and poverty, that prepare us for death; and even that comes easy upon most men, at last, like a sleep, and the heaviness of the heart gives even the last sleep a welcome.

THE MARCH OF PROVIDENCE.

If we turn our eyes to history, we shall find that all the great developments of the human mind have turned to the advantage of society—all the great struggles of humanity to the good of mankind. It is not, indeed, immediately that these efforts take place, ages often elapse, a thousand obstacles intervene, before they are fully developed; but when we survey a long course of ages, we see that all has been accomplished. The march of Providence is not subjected to narrow limits; it cares not to develop to-day the consequences of a principle which it has established yesterday; it will bring them forth in ages, when the appointed hour has arrived; and it is not the less sure that it is slow. The throne of the Almighty rests on time—it marches through its boundless expanse as the gods of Homer through a space—it makes a step and ages have passed away. How many centuries elapsed, how many changes ensued, before the regeneration of the inner man, by the means of Christianity, exercised on the social state its great and salutary influence. Nevertheless it has at length succeeded. No one can mistake its effects at this time.—Guizot.

A KISS.

Since the days of Judas himself, the kiss has been a powerful agent in the annals of the human race. There have been kisses like those of Antony and Cleopatra, of Henry the VIII., and Anne Boleyn, which have shaken an empire or destroyed a religion. If we knew the secret history of courts, we should probably learn that nations have been erected or erased by the magic touches of a woman's lips. A great problem therefore lies before us. Has this discovery proved an affliction or a blessing to mankind? Probably the latter; for it has certainly increased the influence of women, and the influence of a woman is employed more for good than for ill. Beloved, tender-hearted women, companions and consolers of our life! With a kiss you welcome the infant to this world of sin and sorrow; with a kiss you bestow on the soft-cheeked youths the raptures of first loves; with a kiss you alleviate the agony of death. And what, alas! are the kisses which men too often give you in return? Judas-kisses, treacherous and fatal, which poison innocent hearts, and turn to curses on painted and dispairing lips. Happy are they who can remember without remorse the kisses of their youth.

THE CUNNING THRUSH.

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of this occurred the other day at a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom we have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she was very much discomposed by the fragments flying in all directions, but still she would not quit her chosen locality. She soon observed that a boll rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves—dropping close to their feet.

There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then return to her nest. The workman observed this; narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but as this rock could not be always blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood, but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with the process of incubation; the consequence was, that afterward, when the bell rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and if they did not, she would remain where she was.

THE GOOD MRS. GRUNDY.

If we suppress prejudice in the matter, we shall see that Mrs. Grundy, with all her busy interference, is commonly in the right. When has she upheld a vice of any kind? You may say that she has upheld some of the greatest of evils, such as duelling, slavery, etc. Well, Mrs. Grundy is conservative, it must be conceded, and is not commonly found in the front ranks of the reformers; but if a proposed reform is really a sound one, she is sure, very soon, to take up its defence. It is very wise to be conservative and slow, in order, eventually, to be right; and, when Mrs. Grundy has upheld that which you have set down as an evil, it has been in profound conviction that it was no evil at all. It has been a mistake of judgment, not of morals. Mrs. Grundy, slandered dame as she is, is almost uniformly on the side of right doing. She condemns private and public malfeasance; she deprecates drunkenness, gambling, incontinence, extravagance, profanity, vice of all kinds. She is sometimes a little too fond of purely successful men, and yet is not adverse to a rigid inquiry into the conditions of the success; she is perhaps too little regardful of unfortunate men, yet after all will, in a majority of instances, understand accurately the cause of their misfortunes. If not always charitable in her judgments, she is a earnest admirer of charity. If altogether too prone to give importance to dress, and similar little things, and too easily shocked at an offence against mere conventionality, she yet always approves what may be called minor, but which are yet highly important, virtues, such as neatness, cleanliness, order, propriety of demeanor. If she suppresses individuality, she also keeps down vulgar assurance, low taste, and bad style. She is earnest in her denunciation of husbands who ill-treat their wives, of wives who neglect their homes; and these are people who are always bitter upon the good old lady. One of her highest claims to consideration is that she often forces people of this stamp into better behavior—to at least assume a virtue if they have it not. The fear of scandal has kept many men circumspect and apparently virtuous; and Mrs. Grundy, in compelling vice to work in secret, has contributed not a little to its eventual genuine subordination.—Appleton's Journal.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life—that life's last business is begun in earnest, and it is then midway between the cradle and the grave—that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling it is the sensation of half-sadness which we experience when the longest day of the year is passed, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebleness shadows tell that Nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the fun-welcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on, and not look back.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

I stand in a darkened room before a little casket that holds the silent form of my first-born. My arm is around the wife and mother who weeps over the lost treasure and cannot till the tears have their way, be comforted. I had not thought that my child would die—that my child could die. I knew that other children had died but I felt safe. We laid the little fellow close to his grandfather; we strewed his grave with flowers, and returned to our saddened home with hearts united in sorrow as they had never united in joy, and with sympathies forever opened towards all who are called to a kindred grief. I wonder where he is to-day, in what mature angelhood he stands, how he will look when I meet him, how he will make himself known to me, who has been his teacher! He was like me; will his grandfather know him? I never can cease thinking of him as cared for and led by the same hand to which my own youthful fingers clung, and as hearing from the fond lips of my own father the story of his father's eventful life. I feel how wonderful has been the ministry of my children, how much

more I have learned from them than they have ever learned from me—how by holding my own strong life in sweet subordination to their helplessness, they have taught me patience, self sacrifice, self-control, truthfulness, faith, simplicity and purity.

Ah! this t'king to one's arms a little group of souls, fresh from the hand of God, and living with them in loving companionship through all their stainless years, is, or ought to be, like living in heaven, for of such is the heavenly kingdom. To no one of those am I more indebted than to the boy who went away from me before the world had touched him with a stain. The key that shut him in the tomb was the only key that could unlock my heart, and let in among its sympathies the world of sorrowing men and women who mourn because their little ones are not.

The little graves, alas, how many they are! The mourners above them, how vast the multitude! Brothers, sisters, I am one with you. I press your hands, I weep with you. I trust with you. I belong to you. Those waxen, folded hands, that still breast, so often pressed warm to our own, those sleep-bound eyes which have been so full of love and life, that sweet unmoving, alabaster face—ah! we have all looked upon them, and they have made us one, and made us better. There is no fountain which the angel of healing troubles with his restless and life-giving wings so constantly as the fountain of tears, and only those too lame and bruised to bathe miss the blessed influence.—Dr. J. G. Holland.

THE EFFECTS OF WORRY.

The effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work is evident from noting the classes of persons who suffer most from the effects of mental overstrain. The casebook of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the betting man, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibits the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion. Mental cares accompanied with suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune, and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest. In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work, it is always necessary to take early training into account. A young man, cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down in circumstances in which, had he been gradually habituated to the position, he would have performed his duties without difficulty. It is probably for this reason that the professional classes generally suffer less from the effects of overstrain than others. They have a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees; therefore when it does come in excessive quantity, it finds them prepared for it. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil, generally die before their time.—Chambers' Journal.

TRUE WORTH.

A really modest and meritorious person will never make pretensions of any kind. His manner and expressions will always have a tendency to underrate his real ability, not because he will pretend to be less capable than he really is, but as so many men have become pretentious in their manners and expressions, he fears he may be considered as such. We are, in consequence, too apt to consider the extent of the capacity of those whom we meet a little below the standard indicated by their acts and expressions. Therefore, true merit is seldom properly appreciated, and its cultivation is never greatly encouraged. On the contrary, pretence is almost always successful. He who is pretentious affects the interests of society in a similar manner as the swindler. He induces men to doubt the capacity of others, and often refuse aid and employment, because they measure the merits of all by those of the pretentious fop and the conceited ignoramus. Many an honest and skilful man, and many a valuable improvement has been refused support and adoption because the pretentious swindler has previously misled the people and imposed upon them outrageously. Pretensions of every kind are the true indications of a weak mind or a would-be swindler.

A story is told about a Yankee who lately settled out in the West. He went to a neighbor and accosted him thus: "Wa'al, I reckon you ain't got an old hen nor nothin you would lend me a couple of weeks, have you neighbor?" "I will lend you one with pleasure," replied the gentleman, picking out the very finest one in his coop. The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen of eggs. He then set the hen, and in due time she hatched a dozen chickens. The Yankee was puzzled; he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another bright idea. He would keep the hen till she had laid a dozen eggs. This he did, and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, remarking as he did so: "Wa'al, I reckon I have got about as fine a dozen chickens as you ever laid eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent nuther."

An amateur farmer wonders "why on all this fair earth the ground is spread bottom-side up, so that it must be turned over with a plow before crops can be raised."

City Directory.

Our readers will find it to their advantage to patronize the following firms.

Auctioneers.

JAMES BANKS, AUCTIONEER, AND APPRAISER. Salerooms, 45 Jarvis Street, corner of King Street East. Second-hand Furniture bought and sold.

Barristers, &c.

REEVE & PLATT, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, Solicitors, &c. Office—18 King St. East, Toronto. J. McPHERSON REEVE, SAMUEL PLATT.

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street.

HARRY E. CASTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office—48 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto.

HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., Notary Public, &c. Office—68 Church Street.

Dentists.

M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON-DENTIST, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto.

G. W. HALE, DENTIST, No. 6 TEMPERANCE STREET, first house off Yonge Street, north side.

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

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

W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST, 95 KING STREET EAST, Toronto, has given attention to his profession in all its parts.

J. A. TROUTMAN, L.D.S., DENTIST. Office and Residence—127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church. Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a speciality.

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST 53 King Street East, Toronto, opposite Toronto Street. Residence—172 Jarvis Street.

Groceries.

CHARLES HUNTER, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 68 Queen Street West, corner Toronto Street, Toronto, Ont.

Physicians.

N. AGNEW, M.D., (SUCCESSOR to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew), corner of Bay and Richmond Streets, Toronto.

Shoe Dealers.

S. McCABE, FASHIONABLE AND Cheap Boot and Shoe Emporium, 59 Queen Street West, sign of "THE BIG BLUE BOOT."

R. MERRYFIELD, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, 190 Yonge Street. A large and well-assorted stock always on hand.

P. MCGINNES, 129 YORK STREET. All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable BOOTS and SHOES, call at the WORKMAN'S SHOES DEPOT.

Timware, &c.

J. & T. IREDALE, MANUFACTURERS of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, dealers in Baths, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, &c., No 57 Queen Street West, first door West of Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Groceries, Provisions, &c.

BARGAINS FOR MECHANICS! WM. WRIGHT, DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS.

FRUIT, OYSTERS, &c., &c. 277 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Queen City Grocery & Provision Store. 320 Queen Street West.

WM. F. ROBERTSON, DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c., In addition to his SUGARS, that have been before the public so long, has received his SUMMER LIQUORS:

Cook Port Wine.....\$1 00 per gal Old Port.....2 50 " Extra do.....3 50 " Unsurpassed Old Port.....1 50 " Superior—Fine Old Sherry.....1 50 " Extra do.....2 50 " Splendid do.....4 50 " Daws's Montreal Stock Ale and Porter. 1 25 per doz.

Goods sent to all parts of the city.

Boots and Shoes.

SIGN OF THE "GOLDEN BOOT."

WM. WEST & CO. 200 YONGE STREET.

OUR SPRING STOCK Is now Complete in all the LATEST STYLES.

From the VERY BEST TO THE LOWEST QUALITY. We follow the good old motto—"Small Profits and Quick Returns."

Call and see for yourselves. No trouble to show our Goods.

WM. WEST & CO., 200 Yonge Street

Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and despatch, at the Workman office.

Coal and Wood.

QUEEN'S WHARF. COAL AND WOOD YARD. On hand and for sale at lowest rates, a full and complete assortment of all descriptions of

COAL AND WOOD, SCRANTON or PITTSBURGH, all sizes, delivered at \$7 00 PER TON. BEST HARD WOOD, BEECH AND MAPLE, uncut, delivered at \$6 50 PER CORD.

BEST HARD WOOD, BEECH AND MAPLE, sawn and split, delivered at \$7 50 PER CORD. The public are invited to call and see my stock before buying in their winter supply.

P. BURNS. Office and Yard, corner Bathurst and Front Streets.

COAL.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad and Coal Mining Company, have on hand and are constantly receiving their Celebrated Scranton and Pittston Coal, which will be sold at lowest cash price.

NO COAL STORED UNTIL PAID FOR. Coal delivered in either Carts or Waggon to suit purchasers.

TERMS CASH. BIG COAL HOUSE, OFFICE:

45

YONGE STREET. WM. MYLES & SON.

GREY & BRUCE WOOD YARD, BAY STREET, (Opposite Fire Hall.)

Beech, Maple, Mixed & Pine Wood Constantly on hand.

ALL KINDS OF CUT AND SPLIT WOOD IN STOCK HARD AND SOFT COAL

Of every description promptly delivered, at LOWEST PRICES.

Note the Address.— OPPOSITE BAY STREET FIRE HALL. WM. BULMAN, PROPRIETOR.

EASTERN COAL HOUSE, On Wharf, foot of Sherbourne street. Order Office, Corner Sherbourne and Queen Streets. On hand all kinds of

HARD & SOFT COAL, FOR STEAM AND DOMESTIC USE, Which we will sell at the lowest remunerative prices, and guarantee 2,000 lbs to the ton. Also, BLOSSBURG AND LEHIGH COAL,

The very best imported. Retail and by the car load. WOOD, Cut and Split by Steam, always on hand. PINE WOOD, \$4 per cord for summer use.

Obtain our prices before ordering elsewhere. MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO.

G. ELLIS, WHOLESALE dealer in HAIR and JUTE SWITCHES, Curis, Chignons, and Nets:

The limitation goods are very fine, and cannot be detected from hair. Just received a large assortment of Hair Nets

All orders left at King street must be called for at 170 Yonge street, four doors above Queen street, east side.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, Ottawa, Nov. 1st, 1873.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN INVOICES until further notice, 14 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner.

FALL GOODS. N. McEACHREN, MERCHANT TAILOR, &c.

191 Yonge Street. Has just received a large and good assortment of FALL GOODS for Ordered Work.

JOHN KELZ, MERCHANT TAILOR 358 YONGE STREET.

Has just received a large and good assortment of FALL GOODS for Ordered Work.

A Cheap Stock of Ready-Made Clothing on hand

Jewellery.

J. SEGSWORTH, Importer of Watches, Clocks, and Fancy Goods, and Manufacturer of Gold and Silver Jewellery. Masonic medals made to order. 113 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

37-oh Spectacles to Suit every Sight.

THE RUSSELL WATCH. Is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying cut represents in proper proportions THE \$25 RUSSELL HUNTING LEVER WATCH. In sterling silver case and gold points, full jewelled, warranted for five years— together with a gold-plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C. O. D., per express. W. E. CORNELL, Watch Importer, 68 King Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN RAYMOND. Begs to inform the inhabitants of Toronto and its vicinity that he has purchased the business lately carried on by

Mr. JAMES WEEKES, AT 247 and 249 Yonge Street

And trusts by strict attention, combined with the lowest possible charges, to merit a share of the patronage that has been so liberally bestowed upon his predecessor.

DR. WOOD, PROPRIETOR OF THE OTTAWA CANCER CURE, SPARKS ST. AND MARIA ST., OTTAWA, ONT.

Cancers cured by a New, but Certain, Speedy, and Painless Process, and without the Use of the Knife.

The Cure will be guaranteed, and, as a proof of this, no pay is required until the Cure is complete. The moment a Cancer is discovered, it should be cured, as it will distress and is more speedily cured than when of longer standing—and there is nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by delay. What now seems a harmless lump in the breast, neck, eyelid or elsewhere, or small wart or sore on the lip, may, in a few short months, become a hideous, disgusting, destroying mass of disease. If required, references can be given to parties who have been cured many years since, and who are now sound and healthy. All communications promptly answered. No money required in advance, and none until the Cure is complete.

HATS THAT ARE HATS

FIRE! FIRE!

We beg to inform our patrons and the public generally that we have RE-STARTED BUSINESS, after the late fire, and we will now clear out

AT A VERY GREAT SACRIFICE! The Entire Stock of Damaged Silk, Felt, Straw Hats, Silk and Cloth Caps, &c.

HATS THAT ARE HATS 55, KING STREET EAST, OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.

COLEMAN & CO. For first-class Book and Job Printing go to the office of the ONTARIO WORKMAN, 124 Bay street.

Miscellaneous.

To the Mechanics of Toronto AND VICINITY.

W. J. GRAHAM & CO., 187 KING STREET WEST,

Having opened the NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, as above, beg to invite the attention of the Mechanics of Toronto and vicinity to their well-assorted stock of

BLACK WALNUT BED ROOM SUITS, DRAWING ROOM SUITS, DINING ROOM FURNITURE, OFFICE FURNITURE: Cornices, Curtains, Window Blinds Poles and Fringes, &c., &c.

CARPETS MADE AND LAID All kinds of Furniture Repaired.

JOHN JACKSON & CO., (Successors to McLEOD, WOOD & Co.,)

ORGAN & MELODEON MANUFACTURERS.

Having now been established in the manufacture of Musical Instruments for several years, we must acknowledge our appreciation of the kindness and justness of the people which has tended to prosper and increase our business and reputation far above our expectation.

We supply Organs and Melodeons made and finished in the most complete and perfect manner, using the best materials possible to be obtained, employing only first class workmen, and having each department superintended by men of experience.

Our trade mark, "Cronona and Celeste Organ," is placed upon the nameboard or key slip of all Organs manufactured by us, and having been registered for our sole use, all parties are cautioned not to infringe on the said trade mark.

We claim especial attention to our Vox Celeste Organs, No. 27 and No. 34. The Vox Celeste Reeds were first introduced in Canada by us in 1860, in a 6 reed organ, which took the first prize at the Provincial Fair held that year in London. We have since applied it successfully to our single and double reed organs, making our "Celeste Organs" the most popular instrument now before the Canadian public.

We manufacture the most popular styles, and introduce all the latest improvements.

ALL INSTRUMENTS FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS. JOHN JACKSON & CO., GUELPH, ONT.

1873] [1873 AS USUAL, COMPLETE SUCCESS!

Ten First Prizes at Two Exhibitions

W. BELL & COMPANY, GUELPH, ONT., Received every First Prize for

ORGANS AND MELODEONS

At the Provincial Exhibition, Hamilton, and Central Exhibition, Guelph.

This grand success, in addition to last year's record of a Silver Medal, 3 Diplomas, and 12 First Prizes, prove that our Instruments in the opinion of competent judges are incomparably superior to all others.

Sole Proprietors of the ORGANETTE contain Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes, acknowledged by all to be the greatest improvement yet introduced. Their superiority is conceded by other makers, from the fact that at Guelph they withdrew from competition, thus acknowledging their inability to compete with them.

Every instrument fully warranted for five years. Send for catalogue containing fifty different styles of instruments.

W. BELL & CO. SOLE AGENT FOR TORONTO: THOMAS CLAXTON, 197 YONGE ST.

Organettes and Organs. W. BELL & CO.'S CELEBRATED PRIZE MEDAL

Cabinet Organs, Melodeons & Organettes EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Prices from \$85 00 Upwards.

Sole Agent for Toronto, THOMAS CLAXTON, 197 YONGE STREET.

N.B.—2nd-hand Melodeons and Organs taken exchange

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

STEAM DYE WORKS Clothes Cleaning Establishment, 363 AND 365 YONGE ST., TORONTO. (Between Gould and Gerrard Sts.) THOMAS SQUIRE, Proprietor.

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

Ball Cards, Programmes, etc., executed with promptness at the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

WORKINGMEN!

SUPPORT YOUR OWN PAPER.

THE ONTARIO WORKMAN

A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING CLASSES

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS.

INvariably in Advance.

Single Copies, Five Cents

Can be had at the Office of Publication, at the Newsdealers in the city.

OFFICE: 124 Bay Street,

One door South of Grand's Horse Bazaar.

HAVING RECENTLY MADE LARGE ADDITIONS OF

Newest Styles of Fancy Type,

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN

Office, 124 Bay Street.

Correspondence.

MONTREAL.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)
SIR,—Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, I send you the following items hoping they will prove of interest to you.

ONE WHO KNOWS.
Montreal, Dec. 5th, 1873.

Ball Cards and Programmes, Posters, in plain and colored inks, Business Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed in first-class style at the WORKMAN Office.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. ANDREW'S WARD.
YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

E. KING DODDS,
AS ALDERMAN FOR 1874.
Election takes place Monday, January 5th.

The principles I have advocated through the columns of the Sun newspaper against the present unjust method of collecting taxes, (whereby the people are fined 2 1/2 PER CENT PER MONTH TO ATONE FOR MUNICIPAL NEGLECT,) is the best evidence of my views on the Tax Collection Question.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST
Are respectfully solicited for
JOHN P. BOND
AS ALDERMAN,

ST. ANDREW'S WARD
The election takes place JANUARY 5th, 1874.

ST. PATRICK'S WARD.
YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

J. P. WAGNER,
AS ALDERMAN FOR THE ENSUING TERM.
Election takes place, Monday, 5th Jan., 1874.

ST. ANDREW'S WARD.
YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

WILLIAM THOMAS,
AS ALDERMAN FOR THE ENSUING TERM.
Election takes place, Monday, 5th Jan., 1874.

ST. JOHN'S WARD.
YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

JAMES SPENCE,
The Workmen's Candidate,
AS ALDERMAN FOR THE ENSUING TERM.
Election takes place, Monday, 5th Jan., 1874.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. LAWRENCE WARD.

Your vote and interest are respectfully solicited for
Wm. Hamilton, Junr.,
P. G. Close, and
James Britton
AS ALDERMEN FOR ST. LAWRENCE WARD, FOR ENSUING YEAR.

Election, Monday, 5th January, 1874.

ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE
Are respectfully solicited for
JOHN MALLON,
ALDERMAN FOR 1874.

The Election will take place on the first Monday in January, 1874.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for
JOHN BALL,
AS ALDERMAN
FOR ST. PATRICK'S WARD FOR 1874.

The Election will be held on Monday, January the 5th, 1874.

1874—ST. JAMES' WARD.—1874

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST
Are respectfully requested for

R. H. OATES,
AS ALDERMAN,
For St. James' Ward, for the Ensuing Year.

Election takes place Monday, January 5, 1874.

ELECTION OF WATER COMMISSIONERS FOR 1874 & 5.

To the Electors of West Toronto: GENTLEMEN,—

I have been asked by many Property Owners and Ratepayers of West Toronto to offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrages as Water Commissioner, at the Ensuing Elections, (to be held January 5th, 1874.)

In cheerfully acceding to the request, I assume that the duties of the position call for some practical knowledge of the sanitary laws by which dense populations should be guided in obtaining unlimited and readily available supplies of water, and that the duties also demand from your Representatives an honest determination to an act and vote that you shall have undoubted security that the monies to be expended shall be scrupulously guarded and the disbursement thereof so faithfully managed that no reproach may rest on the shoulders of your Commissioners.

Having the privilege of personal acquaintance with leading Engineers of Great Britain and Ireland, and having had different opportunities of examining the thoroughness of their work, careful observation of their efforts has guided my judgment in matters that will of necessity be decided by your Representatives.

To the second requirement, I base my claim to general support on the fact that I have been for twenty-three years a resident ratepayer in Toronto, during which term I have so acted in your and my own interests, in the varied positions of Mechanic, Tradesman, and Ratepayer, as to entitle me to your confidence.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST
Are respectfully solicited for

ROBERT BELL,
THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR
WATER COMMISSIONER,
FOR THE WESTERN DIVISION.

Election takes place on January 5th, 1874. Polls open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

TO THE ELECTORS
Western Division of the City of Toronto

Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for
JNO. GREENLEES,
WATER COMMISSIONER.

The Election takes place January 5th, 1874.

Miscellaneous.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY OUR MANY Customers in the Eastern part of the city, with the BEST AND CHEAPEST FUEL,

VICTORIA WOOD YARD
As the Best and Cheapest Wood Depot in the City. Cut Pine and Sawwood always on hand.

THE UNION
BOOT & SHOE STORE
170 King Street East,
CORNER OF GEORGE STREET.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends that he has opened
The Union Boot and Shoe Store,
With a Large and Varied Stock of the NEWEST STYLES.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!
A. RAFFIGNON,
No. 107 KING STREET WEST,
is now prepared to supply

Foster's Celebrated New York Oysters
BY THE QUART OR GALLON.
An elegant Oyster Parlor has been fitted up to suit the most fastidious taste, where Oysters will be served up in every style.

WE ARE SELLING
NEW AND SECOND-HAND ORGANS
AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH,
OR ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Every working man, be he mechanic or laborer can purchase one of our Organs, without experiencing any inconvenience, as the payments are very low and within the reach of all.

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

JAMES BANKS,
AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER,
45 Jarvis, Corner of King Street East.

Mechanics can find useful Household Furniture of every description at the above Salerooms, cheaper than any other house. Cooking and Parlor Stoves in great variety.

E. WESTMAN,
177 King Street East,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOL SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

IN PRESS:
To be Published in November, 1873:
LOVELL'S GAZETTEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA: containing the latest and most authentic descriptions of over six thousand Cities, Towns, Villages in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories; and general information, drawn from official sources, as to the names, locality, extent, &c. of over fifteen hundred Lakes and Rivers, with a Table of Routes showing the proximity of the Railroad Stations, and Sea, Lake, and River Ports, to the Cities, Towns, Villages, &c., in the several Provinces. Price in Cloth, \$2 50; Price in Full Gilt, \$3 75. Agents wanted to circulate for the work.

JOHN LOVELL, Publisher.
Montreal, 9th August, 1873.

Miscellaneous.

L. SIEVERT,
PORTER AND DEALER IN
CIGAR, TOBACCO AND SNUFF,
And by description of Tobaccoist's Goods,
70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.
Sign of the "INDIAN QUEEN."

BALLS AND SUPPERS ATTENDED TO,
BY WILLIAM COULTER.

USE
David's Cough Balsam
For Coughs, Colds, Tickling in the Throat, &c., acknowledged by all to be the best preparation in the market. PRICE 25c PER BOTTLE.

D. HEWITT'S
West End Hardware Establishment,
365 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.
CUTLERY, SHELF GOODS, CARPENTERS' TOOL.

PETER WEST,
(Late West Brothers,)
GOLD AND SILVER PLATER.
Every description of worn out Electro Plate, Steel Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new, Carriage Irons &c. for Plating to order.

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

J. YOUNG,
UNDERTAKER,
361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Funerals Furnished with every Requisite.

AGENT FOR FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

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

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

THE COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED to construct the Intercolonial Railway give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for the construction of a "Deep Water Terminus" at Father Point.

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

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

MAT'S.

WORKINGMEN!

SUPPORT YOUR OWN PAPER.

THE

ONTARIO WORKMAN

A WEEKLY PAPER,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING CLASSES

NOW IS THE TIME

TO

SUBSCRIBE!

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS.

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Single Copies, Five Cents

Can be had at the Office of Publication, at the Newsstand, in the city.

OFFICE:
124 Bay Street,

One door South of Grand's Horse Bazaar.

HAVING RECENTLY MADE LARGE ADDITIONS OF

Newest Styles of Fancy Type,

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

WILLIAMS, SMITH & MACMILLAN