

# Ontario Workman.

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

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1873

NO. 56

## Labor Notes.

Two more branches of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors were formed last week in Manchester.

The Dundee operative coachmakers have resolved to memorialise their employers for a general rise of 10 per cent on present wages.

The men employed on the Canada Southern Railway have struck for \$1.50 per day. They have been offered \$1.37½, but still refuse to go to work.

The journeymen tailors at Vienna are now on strike, their employers having rejected their demand for an increase of wages.

The operative bakers in Wishaw have demanded an advance of 2s. per week. The masters have determined to resist, and a strike is likely to be the result.

Two of the principle firms of ironfounders in Paisley have conceded the demand of their employees, by reducing the weekly working hours from 54 to 51.

About 200 laborers engaged in the formation of the Greenock tramways have struck work for an increase of wages from 23s. per week, and stopping work at 2 p.m. on Saturday.

The masons and bricklayers of South Shields have struck for an advance of 3s. per week. The joiners of South Shields who are still on strike have refused a compromise of 2s. a week offered by the masters.

The tailors of Dumfries struck work on Monday, and, during the day, succeeded in obtaining the following terms from most of the masters, viz:—an addition of one halfpenny per hour, an adoption of the Glasgow time statement, together with a twelve months' engagement.

A. M. Foran, President of the Cooper's International Union, has been elected a delegate to the Ohio Constitutional Convention from the city of Cleveland. We congratulate the working men of that city on their choice, believing, as we do, that he will prove himself to be emphatically "the right man in the right place."

The home labor-market may this week be reported as in a fairly settled state. In many branches strikes still continue, but the chief industries are, for the most part, well and steadily employed. The Shropshire miners are asking for the 8-hours' day-work; and throughout the country generally a tendency towards a reduction of the working hours may be noticed.—*Labor News.*

The Machinists and Blacksmiths Journal reports the organization of the following new Unions during the month of April:—No. 13 of Ind., Michigan City, by Dgp. Pres. Thos. Heffernan; No. 1 of Del., Wilmington, No. 2 of Conn., Hartford, No. 1 of Mass., Worcester, No. 2 of Mass., Fitchburg, No. 3 of Mass., Lowell, and No. 4 of Mass., Lawrence, by the President of the I. U.

The United States census of 1870 shows what American women can do. Besides women employed in ordinary agricultural labor, the census record 45 female stock herders, 6 female apprentices to barbers, 24 female dentists, 2 female ostlers, 2 female professional hunters and trappers, 5 she-lawyers, 525 she-physicians and surgeons, 7 female sextons, 10 female "canalmen," 196 women draymen, 1 female pilot, 6 female guano laborers, 4 she-gas-stokers, 33 female gunsmiths, 7 female gunpowder-makers, and 16 female ship-riggers.

The carpenters and joiners in Manchester have arrived at a settlement respecting their memorial for an advance of wages. They are to receive 8d. per hour, which will take effect from the 1st of May. The working week for the summer season to be 54½-hours. This decision was arrived at by arbitration, and the proceedings, on the whole, in connection with the memorial, have been conducted in such an amicable spirit that both employers and employed have expressed themselves highly satisfied with the result.

The whole of the engineers of Paisley, with the exception of those employed by the firm of Messrs J. & A. F. Craig, turned out on strike last week in consequence of the refusal of the other employers to concede the demand that the hours of labor should be reduced from 54 to 51 per week on and after 15th April. The masters have since, with one exception, agreed to accede to the demand, and fixed the date of commencing at 1st May. This was discussed at a meeting, and it was agreed to accept the masters' terms.

At a meeting of the National Agricultural Laborers' Union, held at Leamington lately, it was reported that over 200 laborers were locked out in the Swaffham district. Permission was given to several districts to enforce a rise of wages by strikes. Mr. Arch and several agents of the National Agricultural Laborers' Union, including Mr. Cox, a Derbyshire Magistrate, have been summoned to appear at Farington for obstructing the highway by holding a public meeting.

At a mass meeting of finished iron-workers, numbering from 1,500 to 2,000 men, held on Monday forenoon in the Mechanics' Institute, Dudley, the offer of the ironmasters to give their men the same terms as Mr. Kettle awarded to the northern iron workers was only accepted with five dissentients. The puddlers will now receive a rise, upon their former wages of 9d. per ton, and the other operatives an advance of 7½ per cent. The puddlers will now receive 13s. 3d. per ton, which is by far the highest scale upon which they have ever before been paid. The result was received by all the classes of manufacturers and business men throughout the Birmingham and North and South Staffordshire districts with the utmost gratification. Conciliation in South Staffordshire and arbitration under Mr. Kettle in the North of England have together prevented a frightful waste of time and property, obviated the breaking out of much ill-feeling between employer and employed, and kept thousands of families from starving.

WORKINGMEN'S TRIUMPH.—A convention is to be held in May, for the purpose of revising the constitution of the State of Ohio. The several Trades' Unions and workingmen of this city comprehend the importance and necessity of having their views and interests represented in the formation of a new constitution for their government, nominated, and succeeded in selecting M. A. Foran, President of the Coopers I. U. as the delegate to that convention. Mr. Foran was elected by a handsome majority in spite of a strong party opposition running over fifteen hundred votes ahead of his ticket, solely as the workingmen's candidate and independent of any party. Mr. Foran is eminently qualified to represent the workingmen and knowing him intimately, we can assert that he will do so with honor to himself and credit to his constituents.

AN AMAZON TRADE UNION.—On Friday a crowded meeting of female cardroom hands was held at the Britannia Inn, Blackburn, for the purpose of protesting against the decision of the masters' committee not to meet their secretary, Mr. King. Mr. King said he was anxious to meet both the masters' and the operatives' committee to defend himself. He should place his resignation in the hands of the committee. The secretary retired, and in an hour afterwards he was called in, when he was informed that the following resolutions had been passed:—"That the services of our secretary be retained, notwithstanding the objections of the masters' committee in his own expressed wish to resign; also that a note be sent by our secretary to the secretary of the masters' committee, intimating that in future our secretary must be one of our deputations to settle disputes. Unless this resolution is assented to, strikes will ensue."

On Tuesday a full meeting of trades delegates, forming the London Trades Council, was held at their rooms, Bell Inn, Old

Bailey, Mr. Harrington (gilder) in the chair, for the purpose of considering a resolution of which notice had been already given, for holding a great open-air demonstration of the trades societies on the question of legislation affecting trades union and the labor question generally. Mr. Warren (Amalgamated Bootmakers) moved the following resolutions:—"That the London Trades Council resolve to convene a great demonstration of the trades of London at the earliest possible date, to which deputations from trades throughout the provinces shall be invited, in furtherance of the movement for the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, the amendment of the Masters and Servants Act, and an alteration in the law of conspiracy in relation to those acts." The resolution was carried unanimously, and ordered to be reported to a meeting of delegates from the whole of the London trades, when a large committee will be appointed to carry out the details. A request from the British Federal Council of the International Working Men's Association, to be allowed to send a delegate to the trades council, was then considered and refused, on the ground that no delegate could sit upon the council, except credited from a bona fide trade society. A sub-committee was then appointed to make arrangements in relation to the conference of agricultural laborers at Leamington in May next.

The master iron-founders of Nantes have manifested their desire to effect a compromise with their men, and thus put an end to the strike we announced last week. In a letter addressed to the Strike Committee, the employers have declared that they are willing to reduce the day's work from twelve to eleven hours, adding, that the men, "will always be able to demand a farther reduction of one hour more in six months or a year, which at the epoch they will assuredly obtain." The workmen determined, however, not to accept these terms. They object to the prospect of one other strike in six months, and consider it more expedient and economical to settle the question at once. The employers themselves, by their reply, have admitted that the demand for ten hours, as the limit of a day's work, is just; and, as it has already been granted in all the other towns of France, there is no longer any reason for withholding it from the town of Nantes. This town is the eighth largest town of France, and if it is compelled to continue the struggle, it will not long remain alone. The workmen of France of almost all the trades look upon the ten hours' movement as a matter of universal importance, in which the working classes of every district are equally interested. Thus, co-operations quite foreign to the ironfounders' society will forward subscriptions towards the strike, as well as those who are more immediately concerned in that particular trade. Other strikes have occurred in France within the last few days. The wool-workers of Sedan have abandoned their benches, and five or six large firms are consequently closed. The unfortunate men complain that they cannot live while earning only twopenny halfpenny per hour; and they have therefore proffered the modest demand that this pay should be increased to threepence. We understand that the employers have united with a view of acceding to this request. At Vudauban there is also a strike. In this instance it is the masons who have demanded an increase of fivepence on the daily wages of half-a-crown generally allotted to the workmen engaged in this trade. Several employers have granted the desired increase; and it is stated that, had the men been properly represented by a Syndical Chamber, which could have made their request known and have discussed the details, the strike might have been avoided, as the employers were well disposed. The bricklayers and tilers of Charleville have notified, by means of a letter addressed to the local papers, that they will refuse to work unless they are paid 4s. instead of 3s. 4d. a day.

## LABOR PORTRAITS.

"Men who, in advance of law and in opposition to prevailing opinion, have forced into national recognition the hitherto disregarded rights of labor."

Under the above caption the London *Beehive* is publishing pen and ink sketches of the most prominent men in the great Labor Movement. Believing that their perusal will afford interest to our readers, we shall re-produce them from time to time.

No. 1.

### MR. WILLIAM ALLAN.

William Allen—the subject of our present sketch—was born in the neighborhood of Carrickfergus, Ireland, of Scotch parents, in the year 1813. His father was connected with the cotton spinning, being manager in the concern with which he was connected. The removal of his parents, however, back again to Scotland somewhere about the time when the children of our artisans usually enter on such employment as is intended they shall live by, caused his first entry on the stage of labor to be made at a cotton factory at Gateside, about eight miles from Glasgow, which he entered at the age of twelve years, and afterwards became a piecer.

William Allan's education—as that term was understood among our industrial classes at the period spoken of—had not been neglected. Anything, however, that could be done in that direction indicated rather the desire of the parents to educate the child, than the opportunity of the child to acquire education in any useful sense of the term. In the "good old days," those who governed England did not ever run the risk of blundering on the Educational Question; they preferred letting it alone altogether; and that the working classes did not drop utterly into a savage heathenism is not so much due to the wealthy and powerful as to the resolute efforts of humble men and women to secure some degree of teaching that the humanizing efforts of knowledge might be felt by their offspring.

Through this desire on the part of his father and mother, William Allan had secured the advantage of the three R's before he was sent into the factory, so that we may expect that thus armed, his disposition to excel in his work, and by honest work to improve his position, found means of readier accomplishment than if he had not been so favored. At the expiration of three years he quitted the factory and was apprenticed to engineering, which was more in accordance with his natural disposition, and in this trade, finished his time as an apprentice with the Holdsworths, a large and flourishing firm at Anderston, one of the suburbs of Glasgow. Whilst here, he married at the age of nineteen the niece of Mr. Holdsworth, his master and employer, and from here he went forth in company with his wife, six months' elder than himself, to face, and if possible, overcome the difficulties which this important and premature change imposed upon him.

From this time to his acceptance of the General Secretaryship which he now holds, his life had in it the usual change of abode and circumstance men are subject to in the trade to which he belongs. In 1835 he went to Liverpool, and entered the employment of Mr. Bury and then the Grand Junction Railway Company, where he remained for some time, and when their engineering works were removed to Crewe, he removed with them, and whilst there joined the union of his trade, known then as the Manchester Society of Mechanics.

It is from this time we have to calculate the influence of William Allan upon his fellow-workmen. Usually workingmen lead very uneventful lives, with few chances of influencing their fellows, and it may be said scarcely any chance of conspicuously helping those large public movements which influence society in its thoughts, or aid in its progress in the direction of a higher civilization. A great work nevertheless in connection with the growing industry of the country required to be done, and to do this

William Allan set himself diligently to accomplish, but before the results of his labors are referred to, it may not be amiss to take a glance at the situation and circumstances out of which, by clear insight and unflinching industry, he was enabled to give solidity and force, though not without much help from intelligent and energetic fellow-laborers, to the great association of which he is now the chief laborer.

Those who are even moderately acquainted with the industrial progress of Great Britain know how dangerous it was under the operation of the old combination laws for workingmen to associate for the protection of their interests, and when those laws were repealed how difficult they found it to hold together by open voluntary association. But so obvious is the advantage of union to those who have nothing but the sale of their labor to depend on for a livelihood, that to remain out of union has always been found to be the greatest of all the difficulties an intellectual workman can be called on to face. To unite, requires honesty of purpose, good faith in all associative engagements, good-fellowship in the ordinary affairs of life with fellow-members, and occasional personal sacrifices which men have not always the good feeling or good sense to make, in each other's interests. It should also be remarked that it requires a skilful handling on the part of those who manage such association, so as to prevent jarring of interest or feeling, and to promote and increase the solid advantages of such an intercourse so as to leave as little doubt as possible of the many substantial advantages belonging to trades associations.

The first natural form of union is the local and the limited, each trade with a society in each town where it is carried on. Then those trades united in a district; and next, that network of branches which cover the whole field of any special industry, on a basis that leaves freedom of action to the branches for the promotion of local or special purposes; and finally, as in the case of the Amalgamated Engineers, a union of all cognate trades with branches spreading to every accessible point that can be reached by the society's operations. The advantage of such a mighty organization, as compared with those belonging to smaller and more limited bodies, are many and great. It insures a more perfect uniformity of wages, any attack at any given point calls out a stronger and more universal spirit of resistance; and it gives an almost resistless power of attack and defence. It is as a huge body, sensitive at every point to the assaults of its enemies, and therefore capable of bringing its whole force to bear for the purpose of self-preservation. It secures, at the same time, a wider field through which its members may seek employment, and prepares everywhere a welcome and necessary help, for those who, in moving from one seat of work to another, stand in need of such friendly support. More than this, it cheapens, and, at the same time, renders more secure the provident and trade advantages it promises to its members, as it is proved by all sound experience that the larger the area over which any kind of insurance operates the more economical and secure its operations.

The work of amalgamation was vigorously promoted by Mr. Allan, but the plans proposed were not accepted by the trades meant to be included in it till the 1st of January, 1851. It was at this date, after meetings held at Warrington and Birmingham, that the mechanics, engineers, steam engine makers, millwrights and smiths agreed to join together, and instead of five unions to have one grand union for the joint promotion of each other's interests; and when this resolution was come to, Wm. Allan was appointed its first general secretary. From this point up to the present moment his labors have been exclusively given to the consolidation of this great society, and to the development of an effective power in it for the promotion of the purposes it has in view.

The offices of the society were established

(CONTINUED ON THE 5TH PAGE.)

## Poetry.

(Written for the Ontario Workman.)  
DEAD, BUT AT REST.

Rest here a little while, but not forever!  
Thou sleepest, and we lay thee gently down;  
But thou art still our darling—still our own—  
Thee from our love, time nor death can sever.

Only a little while—while thou art sleeping;  
Thou art not left, our darling, not alone;  
But as a precious seed that we have sown,  
Still thou art loved, and still in constant keeping.

Why is thy mouth so mute—thy hand so still?  
Why to our anxious voice comes no reply?  
Why is no meaning in thy half-closed eye?  
Alas! oh, God, teach us to love Thy will!

We shall not hear her in the early morning—  
We shall not see her with the rest at play—  
We shall not watch her growing day by day,  
Fresh grace each year her gentle ways adorning.

Alas! no more her silvery voice will ring  
About the dwelling like a song of mirth;  
We shall not see her by the Christmas  
hearth,  
Nor garlanded with flowers in the spring.

Oh, never more the tender arms shall twine  
Around me, bending me to thy caress;  
Never the pleadings of thy meek distress  
Sue to my heart and match my tears with thine.

But, my own darling, thou art not forsaken—  
Thou art but resting here a little while;  
We shall yet hear thy voice and see thy smile

In the bright morning, when thou shalt awaken.

Sleep, then, a little while, and take thy rest!  
No cruel pain shall flush thy tender brow—  
No sweeping tempest shall disturb thee now;  
Sleep gracefully, as on thy mother's breast!

Sleep through the night, till morning comes  
again!  
Angels are watching with me round thy bed.  
Sleep, tender flower—rest thy weary head,  
Until the sunshine shall glance across the plain.

Yes, we shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,  
And clasp thee in a long, long, sweet embrace,  
And gaze upon the radiance of thy face—  
Oh, then, rest here in peace a little while!

R. H. F.

Toronto, May, 1873.

## Tales and Sketches.

## ONE WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

BY MRS. DENISON.

[CONTINUED.]

But it was not for her to sit and sorrow long, or hopelessly. Something must be done, and so she set out to find ways and means of helping herself. Some letters of condolence reached her. She was advised to come back to Philadelphia, but that she would not think of for a moment. To struggle bravely she felt that she must be among strangers. So she sat down to sum up her resources.

She did not play, therefore she could not teach music—that gentle resort of indigence; she knew how to sew well, but owing to a lameness of the side, from which she had always suffered, she could use her needle but a few hours at a time. She shrank from the public exposure of the shop, although, as a last resort, she was willing to occupy that position. She found at first some light work—zephyr-knitting—which answered well while her money held out; but she had chosen a good boarding-house, and the little sum soon dwindled away under the demands of her landlady. Then she sought a cheaper house, and went up with her trunk a story higher, into a room graced with a carpet a yard square, and a narrow hard bed. Here she worked diligently at what she could get to do, but the small needs of life—that look so insignificant to those whom wealth has dowered, drained her little purse weekly. The shoes, though they had worn almost like fairy gifts, at last began to give way, and her landlady looked at her with suspicion if she fell behind-hand only a few shillings. The time came when her miserable little candle-flame flickered till long after midnight, as she sewed, and the rude scrawls upon her whitewashed wall, done in red and black, leered at her with painfully disturbed, grotesque faces, and seemed with every flicker of the weak flame to be dancing towards her, receding only as she looked up with bloodshot, weary eyes.

Unfortunately her landlady was a coarse, ignorant woman, and could not appreciate her fine courtesy, and strict politeness. After the manner of such creatures, she speculated largely upon her lodger, giving as her opinion various uncharitable surmises as to what her former life had been.

"She's some fine lady, left—that's my mind about it," she would say, with sundry winks and shrugs. "P'raps she's trying to do better, for it's true as gospel, I believe she varies her meals only with crackers and water—and she's gittin' that thin, that I'm 'feared I shall have her sick on my hands yet."

There was likelihood of that, one night, when Hannah came home after the third day, unsuccessful in her search for work—and stumbled blindly up the stairs. Terrible, spli-

ting pains in her head, giddiness, a parched tongue, burning hands, and heavy eyes, all announced the presence of the dread phantom we call fever. He pressed his flaming hands to her forehead—he grinned horribly in her face, and his eyes like glints of lightning seemed to leer at her here and there from the disfigured wall. How she had walked that day! Lured here by a sign, and there by a placard, she would enter shop after shop, only to be disappointed.

"We want experienced hands, ma'am," was the invariable answer.

"But I could soon learn if they would take me," said Hannah, dimly thinking that she could live on faith till then. "Why can't I get a situation in a store like this?"

"Bless you, that is hardest of all," said the saleswoman. "I waited three months for this place. You see the girls get their friends in, or the salesmen do, and a stranger hasn't no chance at all."

"Oh, if I could only die!" was the next thought, as, with a bursting heart, she turned away. "Oh, Fletcher, they will not let me live even by the sweat of my brow!"

Not long after her return her landlady was summoned.

"I'm afraid I'm going to be ill," said Hannah, in a weak voice.

"And I hope not ma'am," retorted the landlady, savagely, as if she had been struck. "I can't be having you sick here."

"I was going to say that I have friends in Philadelphia, who—"

"Well, then, you better go to 'em," said the woman, coarsely; "either them or the hospital. I can't have you here."

Hannah gave a faint cry at the word hospital. Then she lifted herself, eyes and cheeks blazing, took one step towards the creature in her old, imperious way, the woman shrinking in terror.

"I say you shall not—you dare not send me to the hospital," she cried, half delirious at the thought. "Do you know who I am? Why, woman, I could have bought you and sold you a thousand times, three months ago."

"Yes, no doubt—that's what I've been thinking. A pretty character to let into my house; that's just where the land lays. He's gone off and left ye. Well, you might as well be gone, it always turns out so. What do such men care, when?"

Hannah had been standing there with eyeballs nearly bursting, so fierce was the pain, not comprehending till the last few words were spoken. Then she sprang towards her again, with outstretched hand, the fever throbbing in every vein.

"Woman, fend! How dare you talk to a fatherless, friendless girl, in that way! How dare you insult her, and lower yourself by such suspicions? See"—and she fumbled over her little workbox, trembling from head to foot, ghastly white one moment, crimson the next, and brought out a newspaper.

"Read that!" she cried, pointing to a paragraph, and then sank down, vainly striving to press the pain back with both hands held closely against her throbbing temples.

"Oh, so you was his 'daughter'?" said the landlady, laying down the paper. "Well, you needn't take on so about it. I'm poor, and it's natural for poor folks to be suspicious, I suppose. It's no use trying to take care of you, if you are going to be sick, any way; and the—what I said is good enough for anybody."

At that moment came a lean child into the room—a child all eyes and feet, who had such a worn, hungry look, thrt Hannah, in the midst of her agony, had thought to pity her.

"A letter, Miss," she said, "and a pack-idge, Miss; they said it was for you, down stairs."

Hannah's trembling fingers held and un-corded the little box, or whatever it was, tore open the letter, and tears, that eased her tortured brain, fell on the childish words within.

"DEAR DARLING HADDY: I've been trying so long to find you. You know I never returned your pearl necklace, so here it is; I'm so thankful I had it! and I was so foolish as to sell you—no—I mean my lace berth—and I got twenty-five dollars for it; please don't refuse it. I hope you are not poor; but if you want it ever so little, please do accept it as readily as I accepted your gift. Oh, it was such a shame that everything went! I cried like a baby when I heard of it; all your splendid jewels, your elegant piano! I can't bear to think of it, and I never, never go by your house; I'd walk a mile round first. I trust these may reach you; I am almost sure they will, by the way I send it. Oh, Haddy, can't you come to Philadelphia? You shall be welcome to us. Our little home is just as pleasant as ever, and we should be so proud to have you."

With such tender entreaty the long letter abounded. Hannah put it aside, the tears still streaming.

"There! see for yourself—pearls! and mine! Costly enough, too, to keep me from the hospital, I think, for one while."

The woman said nothing, but stared en-viously at the beautiful things; while Hannah threw on her bonnet and shawl, and hurried out.

It was not difficult to convert the ornaments into money, though she received far less than their value.

"A few dollars left," she murmured, as six weeks afterward she moved feebly about her room; "enough to keep me till I get up my strength, and then—and then!"

The weeks sped on; she was well enough to resume life's duties, but—what duties?

Should she begin anew the wearisome hunt after sewing, and stores; and spend weeks to learn the initiatory process by which she was to become an expert? That would not do. But her inexorable needs stared her in the face. Her dress was shabby; her home, poor as it was, to be paid for. The doctor had said she must have substantial food. She needed rich and strengthening juices; she had been accustomed all her life to the finest of the wheat.

Had she begun now to regret the luxuries, the splendors that once had almost wearied her! Did visions of spacious rooms, and costly pictures, and shining silver, and trooping friends, ever ready to welcome with out stretched arms, haunt her now? Oh, but she was weary sometimes; very weary with the struggle of thought—very sad with the prospect before her. For a home—just a home—however rugged and bare of comforts, what would she not have given. The hard, cold winter was upon her. Fuel must be bought, the thin cloak was insufficient to protect her from the blast and frosts; but how to get a thicker? She had one promise of a situation, but she might be obliged to wait for it weeks, perhaps months. The landlady was kinder—had even gone the length of fitting up a little stove for the few fogots she could buy in bundles. And, during the period of her convalescence, she had tortured herself with doubts and fears. Mr. Martyn had never been a very affectionate father, but Hannah had loved him doubly, since her mother died, having no one else upon whom she could bestow her affection. Now, looking back upon his terrible death, she thought over all that miserable time, and wondered if, by any act of hers, she might have averted it. It seemed to grow more and more fraught with horror as the time passed on—and what had she to do but to nurse her morbid fancies? Oh, for work! work! that almost divine healer of human sorrows—that beautiful handmaiden sent from the skies, to make the burden of cross and care lighter by more than half.

The sweet little thoughtfulness of Minnie Moore had touched her, and deepened the love she had always felt for the timid, childish creature. As soon after her illness as she was able to handle a pen, she had written to her pretty friend, thanking her for the gifts which she did not excuse herself for retaining, and for the offer of a home, which she would not accept.

Then came dreary thought again. What should she do? She might make caps, and by laborious stitching earn perhaps twenty-five or thirty cents a day. She might make shirts for men, fifteen, and twenty cents apiece. She had tried to obtain a situation as a sewing-machine operator, that being the least painful way in which she could use a needle, but there was a surplus of hands at that time; perhaps—if she "would call again;" and she grew tired of calling. As for teaching, that was out of the question after one application for examination. She faltered over the simplest questions; not that she did not know—but her knowledge of a rudimentary kind, in books, had a trick of deserting her at the needed moment. In fine, it seemed as if all ways were closed, all employments shut up to her, and though she was still knitting, the remuneration scarce sufficed her for her fire-wood and scanty, unhealthy food. When she went out, with sometimes a newspaper only, between her dress and her thin shawl, the cold, to which he had always been susceptible, pierced her through and through, till it seemed as if the tears it forced out froze upon her lashes.

One night her little bundle of wood had not lasted till the sun went down. Hannah was cold, roused, bitter. "I will not live thus!" she cried, with the determined old stamp; "my health is going, my energies rusting, my very heart is numb," and then rang out the old cry, "What shall I do? Oh, my God, what shall I do? She had asked of the right source, though not yet with the right intent.

The wind whistled through the crazy casements as Hannah began a quick and half angry walk. She felt tempted to arraign Providence, that seemed to be bearing down upon her so cruelly. She looked about her with the most intense disgust—at the bare floor, the discolored wall, the guttering candle, the dull black stove yawning with cracks, the rusted pipe on which poverty seemed written in scraggy red letters of German text. She scrutinized her own worn fingers, thin and roughened with the reefs of the needle, for she had alternated her knitting with sewing. She thought of her past, when a word brought the most tempting viands—and oh, she was so hungry! so hungry for one good, comfortable meal, every pore in her body cried out for food and warmth. And again she cried with passionate determination, "I will not live thus; I will not! I will not!"

But what to do? Fletcher would not come back for two years. His letters were to be forwarded, if any came, by little Minnie; but none might come. And if they did, she should only write once, telling him all; there would be no need of any more, she thought—and still the old cry overbore all this: "I will not live thus!"

What to do? As if the tempter stood before her bodily, came the vision of a beautiful room—a placid, honored old lady—a young girl knitting—a well-written article by some one who treated of the wrongs of women, and this sentence, which she seemed to hear shudderingly: "Until, driven by the neglect of so-

ciety, and the avarice of the rich, she consents to a life of crime and humiliation."

Her cheek burned with a hotter than fever flush as she remembered all this. Involuntarily the hand clenched and her feet set with that same resentful feeling. She had said then that she would not starve nor die; but oh, how little had she imagined all the perils attending actual cold, and hunger, and helplessness! Poor auntie! if she could see her, how her tender, timid heart must ache!

Again the casement rattled, and a bit of paper at her feet rustled and fluttered towards her. "Poor thing! even you feel the cold, I believe," she said, almost caringly, as she took it up—a torn and mutilated advertisement. The light of the almost spent candle fell full upon it; she clutched it eagerly with both hands, as her eye caught the broken words and joined them here and there.

"Enough! Thank God! No woman need consent to a life of crime and humiliation, while the world stands, and there are homes in plenty provided for them by the Great Father." Her face was transfigured now; she had taken a resolve, in which there was no humiliation, the faint shadow of which had always been present with her—yes, her face looked not almost beautiful, but more than beautiful. There was struggle no longer, no longer passion and defiance in the way she said, again and again, "I will not live thus!"

"You have noticed it then, John, dear?"

"Well, I don't know that I did before you called it before me so forcibly. I have reason to remember that, for it was in the midst of the toughest Greek sentence I ever yet applied myself to master."

"I think you were a little angry then, John," and a mellow laugh, clear and ringing, though low, showed how small an estimate she put upon John's anger.

The room was large, comfortably furnished, well warmed, and books peeped out everywhere, from brackets, shelves, corners, tables, boxes, and closets. John was a bookworm, who made more than a comfortable living by his pen. Annita was a little, cheerful, merry busybody—a check upon her husband when he threatened to entomb himself alive, his helper if he was overtaken, his good angel always. The aroma of comfort filled every nook. The gas was shaded by a beautiful device that mellowed the light without destroying its splendor.

Across the hall the door opened into a roomy, old-fashioned kitchen. The gas was bright there also, bringing into fine relief, against the rather dark paper of the wall, a fair woman, neatly dressed, who seemed superintending the studies of an overgrown boy. Slates and pencils, pens and papers, and school books were scattered over the table.

"There, Joe, you'll soon be a good writer," said the woman, smiling. "You improve so fast."

"And I hope I may never forget to pay you back for your goodness some day."

"Very well, Joe, I can wait," says the sweet voice. And she turns away, seeing that there are tears in the eyes of the boy who came there uncouth, ignorant, and obstinate.

Return we to the cosy sitting-room.

"I am so thankful she ever came," resumed Annita. "For two years she has been friend, counsellor, and, I will not say servant, though she does insist upon the word, all in one. Under her reign the kitchen is more like a parlor; and the meals—I declare she cooks poetry into them. Strange that she will be so reserved on the subject of her past life. She is a lady, though she tries so hard to be ungrammatical at times, and in a sense common-place. I'm glad she has no company, for I'm selfish enough to want her all to myself."

"Strange she is so exclusive in her notions," put in John.

"Yes, that's the word," clapped Annita, laughing; "she won't condescend to be one of us, not even to eat or sit with us, though I've almost begged it. What good luck it was, John, that we got her; and if over my brother should give us a slice of his fortune, she should leave that place and be our house-keeper. Wouldn't that be splendid! Oh, I keep forgetting you are writing an article. Read it when you're through."

"By the way, Annita, I met Warren to-day, and he says Fletcher Chase is home."

"Why, bless me, you don't say!" cried the little woman, breathlessly. "My best nephew! for I do love him best, if you did think him the most worldly fellow living. I always said there was the true stuff in him, and I'll warrant you he's come home a man."

At this moment appeared the overgrown boy.

"Why, Joe, did anybody ring?"

"Yes'm," and Joe disappeared, but soon entered, again, followed by a bearded man, bronzed, and the handsomer for his travels. There were great cries of joy, kisses, and handshaking—a ring for refreshments, which the fair-looking woman brought in herself. She had unbound her hair previously, but had just tucked it back, here and there a stray curl falling.

Another scene—the woman turned deadly white. Annita sprang up and recovered the tray. Fletcher Chase had nearly leaped the table, and now held the half-fainting woman in his arms.

"Hannah, darling! did you dream how I was searching for you? Hannah, my darling! my blessed darling!"

"Why, I never," gasped Mrs. John, "knew that you two were acquainted. And did you know he was my nephew?"

"I did not know it," said Hannah. "But Fletcher, you—you do not know?"

"Don't put me away, my darling. I do know—know that you are the noblest woman that ever crossed my path. Aunt Annita, this dear woman is my betrothed wife, and you see before you the happiest man in all this beautiful city."

Have I put it plain enough—for this is not all a fancy sketch—have I put it plain enough that you, earnest, pure, high-minded women, need not toil in cold attics, need not wear out precious eyesight, and more precious heart and brain, toiling on in unrequited labor! No, woman need not be driven to crime, while there are thousands of happy homes in our land that would gladly welcome to their hearthstones those who are thrown upon the cold charities of the world, if they will only accept them, and feel that in the humblest labor there is no humiliation, no degradation in the smallest office done for Christ's sake.

## HUNTED DOWN;

OR, THE

STORY OF AN INSURANCE BROKER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Most of us see some romances in life. In my capacity as Chief Manager of a Life Assurance Office, I think I have within the last thirty years seen more romances than the generality of men; however unpromising the opportunity may, at first sight, seem.

As I have retired, and live at my ease, I possess the means that I used to want, of considering what I have seen, at leisure. My experiences have a more remarkable aspect, so reviewed, than they had when in progress. I have come home from the Play now, and can recal the scenes of the Drama upon which the curtain has fallen, free from the glare, bewilderment, and bustle of the Theatre.

Let me recal one of these Romances of the real world.

There is nothing truer than physiognomy, taken in connection with manner. The art of reading that book of which *Eternal Wisdom* obliges every human creature to present his or her own page with the individual character written on it, is a difficult one, perhaps, and is little studied. It may require some natural aptitude, and it must require (for everything does) some patience and some pains. That these are not usually given to it—that numbers of people accept a few stock commonplace expressions of the face as the whole list of characteristics, and neither seek nor know the refinements that are truest—that you, for instance, give a great deal of time and attention to the reading of music, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Hebrew if you please, and do not qualify yourself to read the face of the master or mistress looking over your shoulder teaching it to you—I assume to be five hundred times more probable than improbable. Perhaps, a little self-sufficiency may be at the bottom of this: facial expression requires no study from you, you think; it comes by nature to know enough about it, and you are not to be taken in.

I confess, for my part, that I have been taken in, over and over and over again. I have been taken in by acquaintances, and I have been taken in (of course) by friends; far oftener by friends than by any other class of persons. How came I to be so deceived? Had I quite mis-read their faces?

No. Believe me, my first impression of those people, founded on face and manner alone, was invariably true. My mistake was, in suffering them to come nearer to me and explain themselves away.

## CHAPTER II.

The partition that separated my own office from our general outer office in the city, was of thick plate-glass. I could see through it what passed in the outer office, without hearing a word. I had it put up in place of a wall that had been there for years—ever since the house was built. It was no matter whether I did or did not make the change, in order that I might derive my first impression of strangers who came to us on business, from their faces alone, without being influenced by anything they said. Enough to mention that I turned a Life Assurance Office is at all times exposed to be practiced upon by the most crafty and cruel to the human race.

It was through my glass partition that I first saw the gentleman whose story I am going to tell.

He had come in, without my observing it, and had put his hat and umbrella on the broad counter, and was bending over it to take some papers from one of the clerks. He was about forty or so, dark, exceedingly well dressed in black—being in mourning—and the hand he extended with a polite air, had a particularly well fitting, black kid glove upon it. His hair, which was elaborately brushed and oiled, was parted straight up the middle; and he presented this parting to the clerk, exactly (to my thinking) as if he had said in so many words: "You must take me, if you please, my friend, just as I show myself. Come straight up here, follow the gravel path, keep off the grass, I allow no trespassing."

I conceived a very great aversion to that man, the moment I thus saw him.

He had asked for some of our printed forms, and the clerk was giving them to him and explaining them. An obliged and agreeable smile was on his face, and his eyes met those of the clerk with a sprightly look. (I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance, any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.)

I saw, in the corner of his eyelash, that he became aware of my looking at him. Immediately, he turned the parting in his hair toward the glass partition, as if he said to me, with a sweet smile: "Straight up here, if you please. Off the grass."

In a few moments he had put on his hat and taken up his umbrella, and was gone.

I beckoned the clerk into my room, and asked, "Who was that?"

He had the gentleman's card in his hand. "Mr. Julius Slinkton, Middle Temple."

"A barrister, Mr. Adams?"

"I think not, sir."

"I should have thought him a clergyman, but for his having no Reverend here," said I.

"Probably, from his appearance," Mr. Adams replied, "he is reading for orders."

I should mention that he wore a dainty white cravat, and dainty linen altogether.

"What did he want, Mr. Adams?"

"Merely a form of proposal, sir, and form of reference."

"Recommended here? Did he say?"

"Yes, he said he was recommended here by a friend of yours. He noticed you, but said that as he had not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance he would not trouble you."

"Did he know my name?"

"Oh, yes, sir! He said, 'There is Mr. Sampson, I see!'"

"A well-spoken gentleman, apparently?"

"Remarkably so, sir."

"Insinuating manners, apparently?"

"Very much so, indeed, sir."

"Hah!" said I. "I want nothing at present, Mr. Adams."

Within a fortnight of that day, I went to dine with a friend of mine, a merchant, a man of taste, who buys pictures and books; and the first man I saw among the company was Mr. Julius Slinkton. There he was, standing before the fire, with good large eyes and an open expression of face: but still (I thought) requiring everybody to come at him by the prepared way he offered, and by no other.

I noticed him ask my friend to introduce him to Mr. Sampson, and my friend did so. Mr. Slinkton was very happy to see me. Not too happy: there was no overdoing of the matter: happy in the thoroughly well-bred, perfectly unmeaning way.

"I thought you had met?" our host observed.

"No," said Mr. Slinkton. "I did look in at Mr. Sampson's office, on your recommendation; but I really did not feel justified in troubling Mr. Sampson himself, on a point in the everyday routine of an ordinary clerk."

I said I should have been glad to show him any attention on our friend's introduction.

"I am sure of that," said he, "and am obliged. At another time, perhaps, I may be less delicate. Only, however, if I have real business; for I know, Mr. Sampson, how precious business time is, and what a vast number of impertinent people there are in the world."

I acknowledged his consideration with a bow. "You were thinking," said I, "of effecting a policy on your life?"

"Oh dear, no! I am afraid I am not so prudent as you pay me the compliment of supposing me to be, Mr. Sampson. I merely inquired for a friend. But, you know what friends are in such matters. Nothing may ever come of it. I have the greatest reluctance to trouble men of business with inquiries for friends, knowing the probabilities to be a thousand to one that the friends will never follow them up. People are so fickle, so selfish, so inconsiderate. Don't you, in your business, find them so everyday, Mr. Sampson?"

I was going to give a qualified answer, but he turned his smooth, white parting on me with its "Straight up here, if you please," and I answered "Yes."

"I hear, Mr. Sampson," he resumed, presently, for our friend had a new cook, and dinner was not so punctual as usual, "that your profession has recently suffered a great loss."

"In money?" said I.

He laughed at my ready association of loss of money, and replied, "No, in talent and vigor."

Not at once following out his resolution, I considered for a moment. "Has it sustained a loss of that kind?" said I. "I was not aware of it."

"Understand me, Mr. Sampson. I don't imagine that you have retired. It is not so bad as that. But Mr. Meltham—"

"Oh, to be sure!" said I. "Yes, Mr. Meltham, the young attorney of the 'Inestimable.'"

"Just so," he returned, in a consoling way. "He is a great loss. He was at once the most profound, the most original, and the most energetic man I have ever known connected with Life Assurance."

I spoke strongly, for I had a high esteem and admiration for Meltham, and my gentleman had indefinitely conveyed to me some suspicion that he wanted to encor at him. He recalled me to my guard by presenting that trim pathway up his head, with its infernal, "Not on the grass, if you please—the gravel."

"You know him, Mr. Slinkton?"

"Only by reputation. To have known him

as an acquaintance, or as a friend, is an honor I should have sought if he had remained in society, though I might never have the good fortune to attain it, being a man of far inferior mark. He was scarcely above thirty, I suppose?"

"About thirty."

"Ah!" He sighed in his former consoling way. "What creatures we are! To break up, Mr. Sampson, and become incapable of business at that time of life! Any reason assigned for the melancholy fact?"

"('Humph!' thought I, as I looked at him. 'But I won't go up the track, and I will go on the grass.')

"What reason have you heard assigned, Mr. Slinkton?" I asked, point blank.

"Most likely a false one. You know what Rumor is, Mr. Sampson. I never repeat what I hear; it is the only way of paring the nails and shaving the head of Rumor. But, when you ask me what reason I have heard assigned for Mr. Meltham's passing away from among men, it is another thing. I am not gratifying idle gossip then. I was told, Mr. Sampson, that Mr. Meltham had relinquished all his avocations, and all his prospects, because he was, in fact, broken-hearted. A disappointed attachment I heard—though it hardly seems probable, in the case of a man so distinguished and so attractive."

"Attractions and distinctions are no armor against death," said I.

"Oh! she died? Pray, pardon me. I did not hear that. That, indeed, makes it very, very sad. Poor Mr. Meltham! She died? Ah, dear me! Lamentable, lamentable!"

I still thought his pity was not quite genuine, and I still suspected an unaccountable sneer under all this, until he said, as we were parted, like the other knots of talkers, by the announcement of dinner—

"Mr. Sampson, you are surprised to see me so moved, on behalf of a man whom I have never known. I am not so disinterested as you may suppose. I have suffered, and recently, too, from death myself. I have lost one of two charming nieces, who were my constant companions. She died young—barely three-and-twenty—and even her remaining sister is far from strong. The world is a grave."

He said this with deep feeling, and I felt reproached for the coldness of my manner. Coldness and distrust had been engendered in me, I knew by my bad experiences; they were not natural to me; and I often thought how much I had lost in life, losing trustfulness, and how little I had gained, gaining hard caution. This state of mind being habitual to me, I troubled myself more about this conversation than I might have troubled myself about a greater matter. I listened to his talk at dinner, and observed how readily other men responded to it, and a graceful instinct he adapted his subjects to the knowledge and habits of those he talked with. As, in talking with me, he had easily started the subject I might be supposed to understand best, and be the most interested in, so, in talking with others, he guided himself by the same rule. The company was of a varied character; but he was not at fault, that I could discover, with any member of it. He knew just as much of each man's pursuit as made him agreeable to that man in reference to it, and just as little as made it natural in him to seek modestly for information when the theme was broached.

As he talked and talked—but really not too much, for the rest of us seemed to force it upon him—I became quite angry with myself. I took his face to pieces in my hand, like a watch, and examined it in detail. I could not say much against any of his features separately; I could say even less against them when they were put together. "Then is it not monstrous," I asked myself, "that because a man happens to part his hair straight up the middle of his head I should permit my self to suspect, or even to detest him?"

(I may stop to remark that this was no proof of my sense. An observer of men who finds himself steadily repelled by some apparently trifling thing in a stranger, is right to give it great weight. It may be the clew to the whole mystery. A hair or two will show where a lion is hidden. A very little key will open a very heavy door.)

I took my part in the conversation with him after a time, and we got on remarkably well. In the drawing-room I asked the host how long he had known Mr. Slinkton? He answered not many months; he had met him at the house of a celebrated painter then present, who had known him well when he was travelling with his nieces in Italy for their health. His plans in life being broken by the death of one of them, he was reading, with the intention of going back to college as a matter of form, taking his degree, and going into orders. I could not but argue with myself that there was the true explanation of his interest in poor Meltham, and that I had been almost brutal in my distrust on that simple head.

(To be Continued.)

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Somebody says a wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed. A scamp adds: "And without any sauce."

New reading of an old proverb:—Man proposes, and woman seldom refuses.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY TO GO.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you: Come here, I would whisper it low; You're thinking of leaving the homestead, Don't be in a hurry to go. The city has many attractions, But think of the vices and sins, When once in the vortex of fashion, How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia, They're wealthy in treasures, no doubt, But ah, there is gold in the farm, boys, It only you'll shovel it out. The mercantile life is a hazard, The goods are first high and then low, Better risk the old farm awhile longer— Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great busy West has inducements, And so has the busiest mart, And wealth is not made in a day, boys, Don't be in a hurry to start. The banker and broker are wealthy— They take in their thousands or so— Ah, think of their frauds and deceptions; Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest: The orchards are loaded to-day: You are free as the air of the mountain, And monarch of all you survey. But stay on the farm awhile longer, Though profits come in rather slow, Remember you've nothing to risk, boys, Don't be in a hurry to go.

EDUCATED OBSERVERS.

In talking to San Franciscans not long ago, Professor Agassiz urged upon them the propriety of establishing in their midst a museum of Natural Science, not merely because a collection of scientific specimens, such as they have the means of making, would be an honor to their city and state, but more especially because such collections serve to make educated observers, whose habits of observation will enable them to become worthy contributors to the general fund of human knowledge.

Now in that happy phrase, "educated observers," the professor struck the key-note of all true educational principles. The habit of observation is, above all things else, the educator, and the man or woman who cultivates that, makes sure work in the matter of acquiring information, whether the habit be accompanied by much or little of scholastic culture. All that we know of physical science, of course we owe to observation alone. But this is not all. In a thousand other ways the study of men and of things is of even more value than the study of books. Indeed, the very books we use, if they be of any account at all, are the more or less immediate fruit of intelligent observation. All that we know has been learned originally by this process. We observe a fact, and learn that it is a fact. From it and others we draw conclusions. And this is the genesis of all our knowing. We get from books only the result of other people's observations, and while these are of great worth without doubt, we cannot do a more foolish thing than to rest satisfied with them, and neglect the countless opportunities we have for questioning the things about us for information at first hand. As well we might refuse to look at Niagara, because we have already seen pictures and read descriptions of the cataract.

Training of precisely this sort—the cultivation of the habit of looking at and looking into the things with which we daily come in contact—is one of the great educational needs of our time, as it has been of all other times. The only wonder is that professional educators in the past, have been so slow to recognize the want and to supply it. We observe facts, and we question them of their cause and meaning instinctively. We do it even in early childhood, and ordinarily the tendency is pretty effectually checked then by those who ought rather to encourage it, and to so direct it that it will bear abundant fruit. The child who sets himself down to commit something to memory, however worthless, or however unintelligible to him that something may be, is sure of encouragement. But if he ask why iron sinks, and wood floats in water, he is shut up like a jack-knife with some idiotically wise saw about being seen and not heard.

But it is not merely the habit of observing that we need to cultivate. We must learn to observe intelligently—to look at things with our wits about us, and to learn their causes and consequences as well as the facts themselves. Anybody may see the bud, the blossom and the fruit of a tree in all their regular order, and if he sees no more than these, his observation is of little worth. He must see in the bud the beginning of a blossom, in the blossom the promise, in the fruit the fulfillment, before his looking will have taught him even so small a thing as why the bud and the blossom are. We can hardly fail to be observers, which is quite another thing. We may learn to make a teacher out of everything around us, and thus draw instruction from a hundred sources that were otherwise sealed books to us, and indeed, we must do something of this sort if we would be really and truly educated.

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SOURCE OF ANIMAL HEAT.

Ancient physiologists supposed the life has the power of producing heat; they conceived of a kind of calorific force in organized beings. Galen imagined that heat is innate in the heart—the chemic-physicians attributed it to fermentations, the mechanic-physicians to frictions. Time has dispelled these errors of supposition, and it is proved now that the heat of animals proceeds from chemical reactions taking place in the interior of the system. Lavoisier must be credited with the demonstration of this truth by experiment. As early as 1777, he discovered that air, passing through the lungs, undergoes a decomposition identical with that which takes place in the combustion of coal. Now in the latter phenomenon, heat is thrown off; "therefore," says Lavoisier, "there must be a like release of heat in the interior of the lungs, during the interval between inspiration and expiration, and it is doubtless this caloric, diffusing itself with the blood through the animal economy, which keeps up a constant heat in it. There is, then, a constant relation between the heat of a living being and the quantity of air introduced into the lungs to be there converted into carbonic acid. Such is the first capital fact brought to light by the creator of modern chemistry, but he did not rest there. He undertook to examine whether the heat theoretically produced in a given time by the formation of a certain amount of carbonic acid, that is to say, by the combustion of a certain quantity of carbon in the organism, is exactly equal to the amount of heat developed by the animal in a corresponding time. This quantity was estimated by the weight of ice melted by the animal placed in a calorimeter. Lavoisier ascertained in this way that such equality does not exist, nor was he long surprised at this, for he soon discovered that of 100 parts of atmospheric oxygen absorbed, only 81 are thrown off by the breath in the form of carbonic acid. He concluded, then, from this observation, that a part of the oxygen (nine per cent.) is consumed in burning hydrogen, to germ the vapor of water contained in the expired air. Animal heat, then, must be accounted for by a double combustion: of carbon first, then of hydrogen; and respiration regarded as throwing off out of the animal carbonic acid and vapor of water.

THE PHYSICAL CONDITION OF THE PLANETS.

While the savants of former centuries have, with the utmost minuteness, determined all the details of the motions of the bodies which constitute our planetary system, and definitely settled the astronomical aspect of the question, it was reserved for the astronomers of the present day, the latter half of the nineteenth century, to determine the particulars of their actual condition, and to settle the physical aspect of the question.

First of all, astronomy having long ago proved that our earth contains scarcely the four hundred thousandth part of the matter constituting our planetary system, and that she has a common origin with the rest of the same, the new science of geology proved that our earth has passed through a gradual cooling process, that many portions of her surface were to all intents and purposes equivalent to a burnt up cinder, while other portions of the surface had been disintegrated, washed, dissolved, precipitated, etc., by the long prolonged action of water. We are, as it were, driven to the conclusion that the history of the other members of our planetary system must be similar to that of our earth, that sooner or later they have gone or will go through the same phases of existence, and that the fate in store for our earth may be learned from the condition of those planetary bodies which are the furthest advanced in this slow cooling process.

The celebrated French naturalist Buffon was the first to make experiments in order to determine the period of time required for highly heated bodies of different size to cool off by radiation; he had very large iron balls cast of different sizes, exposed them freely to the air in order to cause them to cool down, and noticed carefully the difference in time required by the large as compared with the small ones. He thus found the law regulating the relation between the size of the ball and the time required for its cooling; and, applying this law directly to a ball of the size of our earth, in the supposition that it was once white or red hot, he found the lapse of millions of years necessary for her cooling down to the present temperature. His experiments were more recently verified by Bischoff in Germany, who had balls cast of certain furnace slags similar to basalt; some of these balls were of colossal size. He came to similar conclusions supporting the evidence of the geologists in regard to the immensity of the period of time required for the past history of our planet. This consideration alone makes the now almost antiquated idea, that the planets are all inhabitable at the present period of their existence, if not untenable at least very doubtful. The planets are of very different sizes;

they therefore require different periods of time for cooling down, and as they originated from the same nebulous mass of matter, and had after its first condensation, by gravitation (not by cooling), nearly the same temperature, they must now have reached very different conditions of heat, which vary according to their sizes.

Let us now see what the combination of the modern spectroscopic, photometer, and telescope reveals to us in this respect, and whether these conclusions are confirmed by the most scrupulous observations of the present day. Fortunately one of the smallest bodies of the planetary system, and therefore one of those which must have cooled the soonest, is the nearest to us, our moon. Observations point to the undeniable fact that, in the moon, all effects of its own heat have utterly ceased, that the whole satellite is cooled down to a low temperature, scarcely reached on earth by the tops of the Himalayas and Andes; that all former volcanic action, of which she bears strong evidences, has utterly ended, and that all water ever possessed by her has long ago been absorbed by her lavas and rocks as water of hydration; while no trace of an atmosphere can be discovered, so that we even do not know whether she ever had one.

The next body of which we have some definite knowledge is the planet Mars. Although he is at several hundred times greater distance from us than the moon, we can observe his atmosphere, clouds, and changes of seasons in his two hemispheres, by the periodical increase and decrease of the ice belt around his poles. In fact, there is no heavenly body in which the conditions are so similar to those of our earth at the present time; but the planet is much smaller than our earth, and is further from the warming influence of the sun; therefore the probability is that he is farther advanced in the cooling process, and this is confirmed by the closest modern observations. Clouds and water are much more scarce there than on our earth, and the fate awaiting us, of drying up of vegetation by want of sufficient water, has commenced to be realized there on a large scale, as on our earth it is realized over limited surfaces, such as the Asiatic and African deserts.

In order to understand the reason of this continual diminution of the amount of water on a planet, we have only to consider that after every volcanic eruption, by the hydration of the cooled lavas, a certain amount of liquid water is withdrawn from the general provision and solidified in the rock, and that the liquid interior of our earth contains enough of this material to absorb many times all the water of our oceans; as these extend down to scarcely the one thousandth part of the earth's diameter, while only a comparatively thin solid crust covers the hot interior. These two bodies, the moon and Mars, are thus ahead of the earth in history, while the other members of the system are behind. Jupiter, by reason of his immense size, 1,000 times that of the earth, is not yet cooled below the red heat, and is surrounded by an atmosphere of superheated steam,

as we have mentioned on a former occasion; Venus by its neighborhood to the sun, being nearly of the same size as our earth, is in very much the same condition as Jupiter, only cooled down a little further, and on the eve of becoming fit for vegetable and animal life. Of Mercury, still nearer to the sun, we know nothing, but the probability is that he is hotter than Venus. The satellites of Jupiter have been proved to be darker than the planet itself, emitting no light of their own, as the planet does, and may therefore rejoice in the existence of life, if the other complex conditions of proper atmosphere, water, etc., are favorable; but this is improbable, as the main planets appear to appropriate the atmosphere of their satellites. In regard to Saturn, it appears that this planet is very much in the same condition as Jupiter, only, on account of its somewhat small disk and greater distance from the sun, its cooling has progressed further, as evidenced by observations. Uranus and Neptune are too far off for us to find any conclusions or observations; while of the moons of all these planets we know nothing, and it is reserved for future astronomers to come to any positive conclusions in regard to their conditions.

On the whole, we must recognize that, in all the discussions in defense of the plurality of inhabited worlds, two elements have been overlooked, time and space. The first is eternal, the latter infinite; and if even only one inhabitable world exists at a time, and if each of their great number has its turn to become the scene of life, eternity is long enough to give such an opportunity to every world in the infinite universe.—Scientific American.

Talents, like riches, excite the cupidity of those who are in want.

NOTICE.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.)

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

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

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN,  
124 BAY STREET.

Trades Assembly Hall.

Meetings are held in the following order:—  
Machinists and Blacksmiths, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

- Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.
- Crispins, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- K.O.S.C. Lodge 356, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- Cigar Makers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
- Plasterers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
- Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Coppers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
- Printers, 1st Saturday.
- Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

Messrs. LANCEFIELD, (BROS.,  
Newsdealers, No. 6 Market Square, Hamilton,  
are Agents for the WORKMAN in that  
vicinity, who will deliver papers to all parts  
of the city.

Mr. J. PRYKE, "Workingman's Book  
Store," will also continue to supply papers.

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, MAY 8, 1873.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

We notice by our English exchanges  
that the important subject of technical  
education continues to engage the earnest  
attention of the workmen of the  
Old World; and the proposition to estab-  
lish a "trade guild of learning" in  
connection with the historic universities  
of the country, continues to be hailed  
with the greatest satisfaction. We al-  
luded, some weeks since, to the pre-  
liminary meeting of skilled workmen  
convened at the Workingmen's Club  
and Institute Union offices to agitate  
the matter; and we notice that those ef-  
forts have been supplemented, and fur-  
ther meetings have been held, with the  
happiest results, and with the evident  
prospect of ultimate success.

While our fellow-toilers in the Old  
Land are moving so vigorously in this  
direction, we think the artisans of this  
country should follow them as closely  
as they can. The Ontario Govern-  
ment, has, to a certain extent, placed  
it within the power of the mechanics  
of Toronto, at least, to reap the advan-  
tages of an institution which, whilst  
not so pretentious as the proposed Trade  
Guild of Learning, may yet afford them  
facilities for the acquisition of useful  
and profitable information. We refer  
to the School of Technology, which was  
opened nearly a twelvemonth ago, the  
design of the promoters of the institu-  
tion being a more general instruction  
in elementary science and drawing. The  
subjects that, up to the present, have  
occupied the attention of the classes

have been chemistry, natural philosophy,  
mechanical and architectural draw-  
ing. The number of students, who have  
availed themselves of the advantages  
thus offered, has been comparatively  
small—something less than two hun-  
dred; but the various trades and occu-  
pations have been generally represented.  
We believe it is the intention of the  
Government, at no very distant day,  
to enlarge the capacities of the school,  
so that many other sciences may be em-  
braced; but in the meantime it would  
be well if the present advantages offered  
were more fully enjoyed. That the  
knowledge and information thus gained  
would materially assist skilled workmen  
in their various occupations, none can  
deny; but the utilization of knowledge  
in the every day business of life should  
not be the only consideration to prompt  
its acquisition. We do not altogether  
insist upon the workman knowing geo-  
metry and mechanics, merely because  
he has to build houses, construct pumps,  
or make steam-engines. We hold there  
is something above and beyond all that.  
Men are to be educated, not because  
they have to work—but because they  
are men, and the reason for their educa-  
tion is to be found in that deep spiri-  
tual nature which God has given them,  
and not in the work that other men  
have given them to do. We know it  
has been asserted that the proper busi-  
ness of the great majority of men is  
not to think, but to work; that educa-  
tion to the extent we propose would lift  
them above manual labor. No man is  
all bone and muscle; he has intellect,  
taste, and conscience, which require  
growth and expansion. We repudiate  
the statement that the vast majority of  
men were only created by God to waste  
their energies and power on physical  
labor, and no well-balanced mind can  
believe that the Infinite Father—  
who has given to every man conscience,  
reason, affection, a perception of the true  
and beautiful in nature and art, and a  
power of arriving at truths which can  
be demonstrated to be true—ever in-  
tended that they should wear out their  
lives in an unceasing round of unim-  
proving toil.

Therefore, while we hail with pleas-  
ure the movement now going on in the  
Old Country with the design of bring-  
ing higher education within the reach  
of the masses, and wish them God speed  
in their noble efforts, we would urge  
upon those in this city, who have placed  
within their reach the opportunities  
and advantages to which we have al-  
luded, to make the utmost of them; so  
that they may, as far as possible, strive  
for this higher culture, this higher life.

We might further remark, that there  
is in connection with the School a very  
good library, embracing that formerly  
belonging to the Board of Arts and  
Manufactures, to which a number of  
modern scientific works have been  
added, and which is open to the public  
every Saturday afternoon and Tuesday  
and Saturday evenings. This affords  
an opportunity for consulting scientific  
works that ought to be more thoroughly  
appreciated. Having drawn attention  
to this matter, it rests with the opera-  
tives themselves to see how far the ad-  
vantages thus offered will be used.

AN INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS.

We observe, by American exchanges,  
that additional steps are being taken to  
organize an industrial congress, the  
informal meeting being called for the  
15th of July, to be held in the city of  
Cleveland. We would have much plea-  
sure in publishing the call, as per  
request, but as the call does not extend  
to the labor organization of this country,  
we feel that it is not necessary for us to  
reproduce it. When this federated  
movement was first spoken of, the  
leaders in the movement solicited the  
co-operation of the workmen of this  
rising Northern Empire in the great  
undertaking, to endeavor to solidify the  
ranks of labor on this entire continent;  
but, for reasons unknown to us at pre-  
sent, they appear to prefer to move in  
this great work as a nation, and we  
heartily bid them God speed in their  
good work; but should we be content  
—having extended our sympathies and

well-wishes to our fellow-laborers across  
the lines—to sit down, fold our arms,  
and watch the progress of our American  
cousins in this labor movement? No,  
certainly not. Our course is clear. If  
such an organization is useful in the  
Great Republic, it is none the less so in  
the Great Dominion; and what can be  
done by the toilers on the south of the  
lakes can be done by the same class on  
the north of the lakes. Then, let the  
different unions of workmen in Can-  
ada begin to consider the identity of  
their interests and their present isola-  
tion, and take steps to gather together  
those scattered forces in one impregnable  
phalanx, to study the needs and advance  
the interests of the labor of this rising  
country. Let us have an organization,  
perfect in all its details, embracing in  
its corporate proportions all the varied  
callings of labor, gathered from all the  
centres of our broad land, to take  
counsel and reason together on the  
needs and rights of labor, and be in a  
position to advance those interests by a  
mutual and united support. Can we  
have a Canadian Labor League? We  
say, yes! What say our fellow-workmen?  
Let us hear from you on this subject.

INTERDICTED

During a recent canvass, the names  
of a number of subscribers was obtained,  
who wished their papers to be delivered  
to them at their place of business,—a  
certain establishment in the east end of  
the city. When, in accordance with  
these wishes the carrier took the papers  
in, he was prevented from delivering  
them by some over officious official, who  
remarked that he would allow no such  
paper as the WORKMAN on the premises,  
as it was "ruining the country," etc.,  
etc. If the objection had been to the  
delivery in the shop of any and all pa-  
pers, we could have no cause of com-  
plaint; but when such reasons as the  
above are given for the interdiction of  
the WORKMAN, we challenge the asser-  
tion, and shall be happy to open our  
columns to the individual clothed in a  
"little brief authority," in order that  
he may have an opportunity of proving  
his assertion—if he can. We cannot  
believe such petty spite was shown with  
the knowledge or consent of the prin-  
cipal, whom we have reason to regard as a  
fair and honorable employer. We trust  
this explanation why a number of sub-  
scribers have not received the WORK-  
MAN will be sufficient.

PROSECUTION FOR OBSTRU-  
TION.

The opponents of the Agricultural  
Laborers' Union, in Farringdon, Eng.,  
have been giving an instance of their  
petty spite against the movement, by  
prosecuting Mr. Arch and others, on  
the charge of "obstructing the free  
passage of a certain highway near the  
market place of Farringdon," on the  
occasion of an open-air meeting of the  
laborers. The prosecution did their  
utmost to make out a case, but signally  
failed, and at the conclusion of the trial,  
Viscount Barrington, who presided, said  
the bench had very carefully considered  
the case, and were of the unanimous  
opinion that it should be dismissed.  
This announcement was received, even  
in court, with cheers; but a much louder  
demonstration of satisfaction was in-  
stantly heard when the news spread  
outside, where a large number of labor-  
ers and poor women who could not get  
into the court had been anxiously wait-  
ing for the result. Hearty congratula-  
tions were audible in all directions  
among these persons, and for the moment  
at least the magistrates of Farringdon  
were, doubtless, objects of popular ad-  
miration.

"HATS THAT ARE HATS."—Working-  
men are recommended to call at this  
establishment for a full line of spring  
styles, in English hats; also, for a choice  
assortment of summer felts. The goods  
sold at Coleman & Co.'s are good and  
cheap. Remember the address, 55 King  
street east.

The wives of workmen are recom-  
mended to call at the store of Eaton &  
Co., where they will obtain bargains in  
dry goods.

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

As evidencing the progress of advanced  
ideas in England, we notice that a great  
"manhood suffrage demonstration" took  
place recently on Newcastle Town Moor.  
It is stated that miners came from all  
parts of Northumberland and Durham,  
with bands and banners. Many of the  
banners had been specially made for the  
occasion, and are said to have cost from  
£50 to £70 each. The procession was  
several miles long, and about three hours  
elapsed between the arrival of the head  
of the procession on the Town Moor  
(where the platforms were erected) and  
the arrival of the last detachment. The  
streets were crowded with people, and it  
is estimated that about 130,000 persons  
were assembled on the Moor, where there  
were six platforms erected. Resolutions  
were moved, seconded, and carried simul-  
taneously from each platform. The first  
resolution was, "That in the opinion of  
this meeting the distinction at present  
existing between the qualification for  
parliamentary electors in boroughs and  
counties are irritating, perplexing and  
unjust, and that the only true and satis-  
factory settlement on which the imperial  
franchise can be based is manhood." The  
second affirmed that no extension  
of the suffrage would secure a full, free,  
and fair representation of the people un-  
less it was accompanied by a redistribu-  
tion of seats, and an equitable appoint-  
ment of members to population. It was  
also agreed to send a memorial to Mr.  
Gladstone, enclosing him a copy of the  
resolution.

THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES IN  
THE UNITED STATES.

The New York Daily Bulletin pub-  
lishes an abstract of the annual reports  
of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau,  
which, it says, are invested with general  
interest and importance from the fact  
that they comprise the only reliable data  
for estimating the actual condition of  
the industrial classes in the United  
States. The Bulletin says:—"Massa-  
chusetts is the only State in the Union  
that collects information of this kind,  
and although the results are far from  
being as perfect and complete as could  
be desired, yet they present facts which  
afford a basis for conclusions respecting  
the condition and prospects of labor in  
other States. The most striking fact of  
the report is the minute sub-division of  
labor existing under our complicated  
and highly-developed industrial system.  
The number of special separate occupa-  
tions or departments of industry in Mas-  
sachusetts is 1,000. A generation ago  
one-fifth of that number would be  
regarded as an extravagant estimate.  
The following is a summary of the  
returns of the number of laborers and  
their wages as compiled from the statis-  
tics of 1870:

Males over 16 years employed.	177,590
Females over 15 years do	85,939
Persons under 16 and 15 years employed	14,075
Total persons employed	247,654
Total wages paid	\$117,780,691
Average number of days, estab- lishments in operation	280
Average wages of males over 16 years	\$2 42
Average wages of females over 15 years	1 07
Average wages of children	0 68
Average actual earnings to each man	536 52
Average actual earnings to each woman	237 22
Average actual earnings to each child	150 76
Average actual earnings to each person	308 17
Number of establishments	13,076
Number of occupations	241
UNSKILLED LABORERS.	
Average wages	\$1 72
Aver. hours of labor per week	63
Average days' work per year	255
Average annual earnings	\$433 90
Towns and cities heard from	42
Occupations given	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication received from Mr. A.  
Henderson and James Brown, of Oshawa,  
reached the office too late for insertion in  
this week's issue. They will appear in our  
next.

FUSTIAN AT THE FRONT.

Perhaps there is no greater passage  
in our classic literature than that in  
which Milton, with true poetic faculty,  
graphically depicts the magnificent  
struggle which took place between the  
satanic and celestial angels. Not content  
with wielding ordinary weapons of war-  
fare, such as the sword and shield, they  
dived into the bowels of the earth and  
re-appeared armed with the most stu-  
pendous materials, with which to over-  
whelm their opponents in the moment  
of desperate onslaught. It is certain  
that only a country rich in the posses-  
sion of coal and iron could have produc-  
ed a mind in which a conception of such  
terrific power could have arisen. Some  
one has invented the phrase, and at  
the present time what would not our  
capitalists give for one night of gratui-  
tous labor from those dusky intelligences,  
in transporting an abundant quantity of  
our mineral wealth to the surface! But  
not only is this a country of great poets,  
of iron and coal, it is also a country of  
immense realised wealth, mostly resi-  
dent in the coffers of a select plutocracy.  
Each capitalist is at his post on the top  
of his own particular golden mound.  
Sometimes he is a sentinel mounting  
guard on his beloved property, and  
sometimes a worshipper falling down in  
abject adoration before it.

Now, these capitalists are wise in  
their generation, and they know that  
wealth can fructify in one particular  
way, and that is by constant filtration  
through the hand of labor. A filter is a  
most mechanical agent, and in the past  
labor has always been regarded as very  
little better. It must have occurred to  
many workmen, when engaged in their  
daily labor, how meagre has been their  
supply of those commodities in the pre-  
paration of which their lifetime has been  
employed. When one comes to think of  
it, how remarkable it is that the weaver,  
for instance, who is employed in produc-  
ing beautiful carpets, curtains, and table  
covers, has scarcely a rag of either in  
his humble dwelling; and the mason  
and carpenter, engaged in rearing and  
decorating palatial mansions, are doom-  
ed themselves to live in what are hovels  
by comparison. We could go on to in-  
finity multiplying illustrations to show  
that labor tramps through life a wretch-  
ed beggar, partaking of the crumbs that  
rightly belong to the dogs, whilst capi-  
tal, pen in hand, standing at the sluices  
of the stream of wealth, regulates the  
current so that it flows all their way.

But a change is coming over the spirit  
of the dream. Capitalists are not easy  
in their minds. They fear that the  
plain sailing of the past is not quite cer-  
tain of continuance. Dark forebodings  
flit before their imagination, not as un-  
real spectres, but as the looming shadows  
of approaching events. This system  
which has allowed and fostered the  
growth of individual colossal fortunes is  
being struck at by awakening justice and  
philanthropy. The destruction of its  
vitality will soon be followed by the dis-  
appearance of its framework, under the  
touch of the effacing fingers of decay.  
On 'change and in the drawing-room  
the idea is finding perpetual expression  
that we have reached the height of our  
prosperity, and that there is nothing be-  
fore us but a run down hill. One of the  
most convincing reasons to genteel in-  
telligence that our trade and commerce  
are destined to fade, is that whilst capi-  
tal is now as ever ready to be expended  
in industrial enterprises, labor can no  
longer be depended upon. The plod-  
ding animal of history shows manifest  
signs of impatience, and displays a dan-  
gerous roaring tendency. The com-  
plaint is heard everywhere, and is likely  
to become as chronic as that of the  
typical farmer about the harvest, that it  
is now impossible to calculate with any-  
thing like accuracy on the usual amount  
of percentage being realised in any in-  
vestment. Time was when in the  
field of production, the manufactory  
and the workshop, a capitalist could  
recon upon the performances of labor  
much in the same way as he was able to  
gauge the operation of wind and water,  
when drafted into his service. The  
hardihood of the workmen in daring to  
think and act for himself, without be-

ing first wound up by the hands of his master, is not only novel, but insufferable in the extreme.

The feudal lord and the merchant prince have each had their day of thinking and acting. Each had a theory, and did his best to erect a practical superstructure upon it. The ambitious dream of feudalism was to own a vast extent of territory, and gentle and simple blood was shed to accomplish that design. The trader of modern times is a pottier object, for even scheming to increase his gains, and never happier when exercising his arithmetical powers in wading through the long sum of his riches. The one grasped with bloody hand at the possession of illimitable land; the other with sordid heart, at an infinite amount of gold; and neither cared how much suffering outside themselves resulted from their selfish conduct.

The working man is now beginning to think and to act, and as he is neither an ornamental nor a fictitious creature, we may expect that the product of his thinking and acting will be at least genuine and transparently truthful. Feudalism in peacocks' feathers, and bumbledom powdered and bowigged, were nothing but arrant hypocrisies which damp-rotted the sincerity and manliness of the human heart. We do not pretend to say that an ideal life is attainable by any class of men. No millennium which the mind can conceive would be absolutely thornless; but we contend that the world, after feasting its imagination on glittering pageants, is anxious to stand back and make room for a new actor to occupy the scene. Satin and broadcloth have had their turn, and now fustian receives the universal gaze on its peculiar experiment of life. One of the new commercial truths which it is designed to teach is, that the human spirit is not to run incessantly panting after the unlimited accumulation of wealth for wealth's sake alone. Labor for the necessities of life must sink from a primary to a secondary position in the estimation of mankind, and a just distributor of wealth be more regarded than the insatiable desire to increase it. —*The Craftsman.*

REPRESENTATION OF LABOR IN PARLIAMENT.

This important subject continues to engage the attention of the operative classes in England. By our latest English exchanges, we learn that the working men of the north-eastern district of London held a meeting in Shoreditch Town Hall, which was crowded, for the purpose above stated. The chair was by Mr. Daniel Guile, secretary of the iron-molders' society. It was moved by Mr. Howell, seconded by Mr. G. Potter, and unanimously agreed to:—"That this meeting of working men indignantly protests against the Criminal Law Amendment Act, as partial and unjust; against the criminal clauses of the Masters and Servant Act, as contrary to the equity of contract; and against the elastic and undefined common law doctrine of conspiracy. That this meeting therefore calls upon the Legislature to at once amend these laws, with a view to bringing them into harmony with the spirit of the age, and of placing employers and employed upon the same footing of perfect equality before the law." It was then moved by Mr. Mackenzie, seconded by Mr. Ryan, and also unanimously adopted:—"That, in view of the approaching general election, this meeting calls upon working men in every constituency to organise themselves to secure the return to Parliament of men pledged to the repeal of those laws; and especially to promote the return of labor candidates."

CO-OPERATION IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

From a return recently presented to the British House of Commons, we are put in possession of much valuable information respecting the present position of industrial and provident, but chiefly co-operative societies in the North of England, to which their operations are chiefly confined.

The total number of societies in England and Wales was, at the date of this

return, 746, divided as follows: 150 in Lancashire; 150 in Yorkshire; 45 in Durham, and 27 in Northumberland.

The Yorkshire societies numbered 49,650 members, of whom 11,590 had joined during 1871. They had a share capital of \$3,060,000, and a loan capital of \$238,585. Their accounts show during that year, they received for goods, \$10,920,900, their average stock in trade being valued at \$1,335,195. Their expenses during the year amounted to \$445,750, and they paid \$124,930 interest on share, loan and other capital. Their entire liabilities are put down at \$3,626,195. They had a reserve fund of \$90,669, and their entire assets are entered at \$3,987,700. They were possessed of land buildings estimated to be worth \$1,236,330. Their net profit during the year amounted to \$1,029,468, of which \$657,865 were distributed in the shape of dividends.

Such, in brief, is the story told by a work which will prove a valuable acquisition to the industrial statistics of the country, which conclusively proves the steady growth of intelligence, enterprise and independence among the industrial population, and which will prove a reliable guide in furthering their interests by means of legislation.

TRADES ASSEMBLY CONCERT.

The concert in the Temperance Hall, tomorrow (Friday) evening, under the auspices of the Trades' Assembly promises to be an occasion of unusual interest. We trust it will be largely attended. The Assembly has been the means of accomplishing much good, and this effort to replenish their treasury ought to meet with a most generous response.

INTERNATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

The International Typographical Union will convene in Montreal in the early part of next month. From information we have received, we believe it will be more largely attended than any previous convention of the same body. On Saturday evening last, Mr. E. F. Clarke was chosen as the representative of the Toronto branch. We are pleased that the appointment has fallen into such able hands, as Mr. Clark's intimate acquaintance with trade matters, and his natural abilities, eminently qualify him for the discharge of the important duties of the onerous position he has been elected to fill. We wish him a very pleasant journey and safe return.

Mr. R. Munn, who will be in Montreal at the time of the convention, will also represent Toronto Typographical Union at its sessions.

We understand that at a recent meeting of Ottawa Typographical Union, Messrs. Webb and Cloutier were elected to represent that Union at the convention.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Large audiences nightly attend this popular place of amusement. New attractions have been introduced this week. Ed. Banker, the wonderful change artist draws forth great applause by the rapidity with which he assures the various characters. The elegant and graceful evolution of the accomplished danseuse Mlle. Lestie form an attractive feature to the excellent programme. The beautiful drama, "The Lakes of Killarney" has been placed on the boards at great expense, some of the scenes presenting a very fine effect. Next week the drama "Kathleen Mavourneen" will be presented.

Mr. Z. R. Triganne, deserves the success that crowns his efforts to cater to the amusement of the fun-loving public. It is pleasing to notice the quiet and orderly character of the audience, many people have an idea that a variety theatre must of necessity be a noisy and not very respectable gathering; but one visit to the Academy of Music will be sufficient to prove the falsity of this idea, and convince all that neither on the stage, nor among the audience, under the able management of Mr. Triganne, is there the slightest exhibition of vulgarity. While this continues the Academy cannot fail to be a popular place of amusement.

Mr. John Walker, lately a member of the Coachmakers Union of this city, having withdrawn from active membership of that Union, has been placed on the honorary list of membership. Mr. Walker has taken charge of the business carried on by Mr. Walker, sen., up to the time of his sudden decease, and will be pleased to meet his numerous friends at the Walker House, corner of Sherborne and Duchess streets.

K. O. S. C. QUADRILL CLUB.

On Friday evening last, the K. O. S. C. Quadrill Club held its annual social party at the St. Lawrence Hall. The Hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. There was a very large number of young people present, and every attention was paid by the efficient committee to their comfort. Mr. Jolley catered to the party with his usual good taste and success, and everything passed off to the satisfaction of all.

PRINTERS' EXCURSION.

We understand that steps are being taken to have an excursion in connection with the Typographical Union of this city. A large committee has been appointed to make necessary arrangements, and from the successful manner in which previous occasions of the kind have been managed, we may safely infer that the forthcoming excursion will be a A 1.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

The Coachmakers and Coach and Harness Makers' Company have offered the following prizes for persons engaged in the trade of coachmaking, being masters, foremen, workmen, or apprentices—viz., for frechand or mechanical drawing applicable to carriages, or parts of carriages, or ornamentation thereof:—1st prize, the company's silver medal and £3; and 2nd prize, the medal and £2; and for practical mechanical—1st prize, the silver medal; and 2nd prize, the bronze medal, each prize being accompanied by the company's certificate. The awards will be made by the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, at the examinations held throughout the country. The company offer, in addition, three prizes, given by Mr. Holmes, the master, for drawing of carriages, or parts of carriages, the scale of one inch to the foot. The freedom of the City and of the company will be presented to such successful candidate as the judges may recommend to the court as having distinguished himself sufficiently to entitle him to such an honor, upon his satisfying the court as to his general moral character. The drawings for competition are to be sent to the Company's Hall, in Noble-street, before the end of next month, so that the prizes may be awarded upon the 1st of May, and the best drawings exhibited in the International Exhibition. The judges are the masters and wardens of three past masters.

AN HOUR FROM LABOR.

Take an hour from labor and give it to something else. But don't carry these precious sixty minutes and slam them down upon a drinking bar, getting nothing in return for God's gift than poison and death and murder. Don't take them to the gambling hells and exchange them for chances to win a few dollars from other men who have left their families, their wives and children, to gamble away their small earnings. You but help to build up the fortune of the unprincipled man who owns the "hell" and deals the game of moral and pecuniary destruction. If you have an hour to spare from labor, give it to reading and to the employment of home. Cheer your wife in her duties, select pleasant stories and read them to your children. Try the habit of domesticity. The best lounging place is your own house, and the best club to join is your own family. Stick to that idea and work up the spare hour by improving it to the intellectual advantage of yourself and your household. If you properly bestow your leisure from toil you will in the end find that toil itself will not be so great a burden. By study you will discover wherein lies the mystery of your toil, and means to be opened to you by which the business you are engaged in will assume almost an intellectual amusement. An hour a day amounts at the end of the year to 365 hours. In that space how many valuable books may be read, how much pleasure enjoyed in your own home, and how blessed you will be in the gratitude of your own wife and the intimate and cultivated love of your children.

A TRADES' UNION CLERGYMAN.

It is refreshing, and not a little encouraging, in these days—when trades' unions receive so much opposition, not only from the middle and upper classes, but also from "ministers of the Gospel," the latter of whom, in the English agricultural districts, content themselves by counselling their rural flocks, to "help themselves, be more thrifty, more careful, and more industrious," and all the rest of it—to find the Rev. Thomas D. Matthias, Baptist minister at Merthyr-Tydvil, so openly and warmly espousing the cause of working men in general, and the South Welsh min-

ers in particular. Writing to a London contemporary, he says:—"My name may be partially known to you in connection with the great strike in South Wales. I have been charged with the crime of being its instigator and initiator. Those who have spoken and written this of me, pay my humble abilities too high a compliment. I plead guilty, however, to the charge of heartily sympathising with the men on strike, and of rendering them all the little aid in my power to help them to fight this glorious battle to a triumphant issue. Though what is currently called a minister of the Gospel, I have ever cast in my lot with the working man, and have ever been a strenuous advocate of trade unions and working men's amalgamated associations, believing, as I do, that the Carpenter of Nazareth came not only to take us from earth to heaven, but to make this earth a heaven begun below, not only to benefit the soul, but to benefit the body likewise—in fact, to remove our entire nature, break every yoke, and emancipate every bondsman. This is the gospel I preach. I have put my hand to this plough, and I mean not to go back, though all hell should come out against me to drive me hence and crush me. I feel that my feet are on the adamantine floors of God-prescribed duty and heaven-pre-destined service. I follow him whose payment was shame, desertion, the scourge, the rack, and the Cross. Let me, then, earnestly request the warm and practical sympathies of all classes of British workmen in favour, and in pecuniary aid of, the Kymric soldiers of labour. We mean, if deservedly helped, to win a glorious and righteous victory."

GOVERNMENT AND WORKING CLASS REPRESENTATION.

A meeting of the Liberal Working Men's Association of Liverpool, was held on Tuesday night, to take into consideration the desirability of bringing out a working man as candidate at the next general election. Mr. James Samuelson, who presided, said that a correspondence had taken place between the association and the Premier, and that a memorial had been forwarded asking the Government to take into consideration certain plans for facilitating working class representation. These were an extension of the polling hours, the closing of public houses on the polling day, the payment of election expenses out of taxes (either local or imperial), the limitation of the private expenditure of candidates, and the moderate payment by the State of such candidates as were prepared to sign a declaration that such payment was necessary for their maintenance. In reply to this memorial, Mr. Gladstone stated the pledges given by the Ministry occupied at the moment the full attention of the Government, but that many of the points in the memorial deserved the attention of the Ministry and would receive their consideration.

PROGRESSION.

Straws denote the direction of the wind; driftwood the direction of the stream's current, and the tone of the independent Press is a very fair indication of the drift, or direction of public feeling. A few years ago the Press, without distinction—religious, partisan or independent—entirely ignored the Labor question. The editor who was honest and bold enough to pen a line in favor of workingmen, was considered a fanatic, a wild, visionary, Utopian dreamer. But these wild dreamers were not dismayed or discouraged. Adopting, as their motto, the words of the author of Locksley Hall—"Not in vain the distance heacons. Forward, forward, let us range— Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

they preserved and pressed forward, confident that public feeling and sentiment would change with the great world as it spun "down the ringing grooves of change;" and their dreams have come to pass, as the change they ardently hoped for has taken place, for not only have workingmen a Press of their own, but the Press of the country, fearing the Labor Press would take the wind out of their sails, has begun to champion the cause of Labor in dead earnest. The Press was forced into this course by the tendency of public sentiment. The great mass of the reading public are interested in the cause and amelioration of Labor, and demand a free and liberal discussion of the subject, and to satisfy this demand, many of the leading monthlies and weeklies are now paying high prices for articles on the Labor question. *Harpers' Monthly* is leading in this direction. *Frank Leslie's Weekly* has lately given the public some forcible articles on the subject. *Scribner's Monthly* has also taken it up, and, in fact, nearly all the leading and fearless periodicals, weeklies and dailies in the coun-

try have suddenly discovered that the Labor question is, of all questions, the one which should now occupy the public mind. "When the trees shoot forth their fruit you know that summer is nigh," and when, from the great public mind there shoots forth this admission of our rights, we know that the dawn of Labor's emancipation; if not nigh is, at least, not very remote. But now, the pertinent query arises, what produced this wonderful change in the tone of the Press? As a general thing, the Press molds public opinion, but in this case we believe that public opinion took the lead, and the Press had to follow; and we further believe that the trade unions are the instrumentalities which forced the general discussion of this great social problem.—*Coopers' Journal.*

MINING INDUSTRY IN RUSSIA.

Russia is the richest country in the world in mineral wealth. The government official report of the mines now being worked enumerates them as follows: Gold, 1,126 (principally in Siberia); platinum, 6; silver and lead, 26; copper, 71; iron, 1,283; zinc, 6; cobalt, 1 (in the Caucasus); tin, 1; arsenic, 3; chromium, 1; coal, 193; rock salt, 4; naphtha and petroleum wells, 772. The metallurgical establishments are: 2 mints, 2 foundries for gold, 10 for silver, 39 for copper, 164 blast furnaces for iron, 213 works for iron and steel, 4 for zinc, 1 for cobalt and 1 for tin. And the mines and foundries employ a total of 154,197, the precious metal industries, 69,186, and the salt works, 40,000, making a grand total of 263,382 persons, and utilize the work of 482 steam engines and 2,223 hydraulic and turbine wheels, aggregating 56,255 horse power.

TRAVELLERS GUIDE—TORONTO TIME.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.			
FROM THE WEST.		FROM THE EAST.	
Belleville Train—9.37 a.m.	Night Express—5.15 a.m.	Mixed from Berlin—10.45 a.m.	
Express—11.07 a.m.			
Mixed—6.57 p.m.		Express—6.30 p.m.	
Express—11.07 p.m.		Mail—1.15 p.m.	
GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.	
Express—5.37 a.m.	Express—7.30 a.m.	Express—12.05 a.m.	
Mixed—12.05 a.m.	Express—11.45 a.m.	Mail—3.45 p.m.	
Belleville Train—5.37 p.m.	Mail—3.45 p.m.	Mixed—5.30 p.m.	
Express—7.07 p.m.	Express—12.05 a.m.		
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.			
GOING WEST.		FROM THE WEST.	
Express—7.00 a.m.	Accommodation—11.00 a.m.	Express 1.15 p.m.	
Do. 11.50 a.m.	Mail—5.30 p.m.	Accommodation—8.30 p.m.	
Accommodation—4.00 p.m.	Mail—5.30 p.m.		
Express—8.00 p.m.			
TORONTO AND NIPISING RAILWAY.			
GOING NORTH.		FROM THE NORTH.	
Mail 8.00 a.m.	Mail—10.45 a.m.	Mail—5.35 p.m.	
Mail—3.50 p.m.			
Connects with Midland Railway for Lindsay, Beaverton, Peterborough, &c.			
TORONTO, GREY & BRUCE RAILWAY.			
GOING WEST.		FROM THE WEST.	
Mail—7.30 a.m.	Mail—11.30 a.m.	Do. 8.50 p.m.	
Do. 3.45 p.m.			

Business Cards.

**MCCABE, FASHIONABLE AND**  
Cheap Boot and Shoe Emporium, 50 Queen Street West, sign of "THE BIG BLUE BOOT." 54-oh

**J. & T. IREDALE, MANUFACTURERS**  
of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, dealers in Baths, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, &c., No. 67 Queen Street West, first door West of Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. 54-oh

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869 AND AMENDMENTS THEREON.

Canada, } In the County Court  
Province of Ontario } of the  
County of York. } County of York.

In the matter of RUSSELL WILKINSON, an Insolvent.

On the THIRD DAY OF JUNE, A.D. 1873, at twelve o'clock, noon, the undersigned will apply to said Court for a discharge under the said Act, individually, as well as a member of the firm of Russell Wilkenson and Company.

Dated at Toronto, 1st May, A.D. 1873.  
RUSSELL WILKINSON.  
By ADAM H. MEYERS, Jr., his Attorney ad litem. 56-w

CABINET ORGANS!

FROM 40 DOLS. ON  
At the MUSIC HALL, 117 YONGE ST.  
Any Mechanic can buy one.  
TERMS OF PAYMENT EASY.  
56oh J. P. DAVIS.

Queen City Grocery & Provision Store.

**WM. F. ROBERTSON,**  
DEALER IN CHOICE GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c.,  
320 Queen Street West, Toronto,

SUGAR! SUGAR!

Just received, a large consignment of pure Cuba, all to be sold at 10c per lb. It is to the advantage of mechanics and others to see this beautiful Sugar.  
57 Goods sent to all parts of the city. 56-oh

EATON'S

NEW

CORSETS.

They are moulded by steam, so that the fabric and bones are adapted with marvellous accuracy to every curve and undulation of the finest type of figure.

COME AND SEE THEM.

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS, 56-oh

## The Home Circle.

## THE TABLE SPREAD FOR ME.

Though others may in splendour shine,  
And pleasure's pathway roam,  
I've broke the spell and built my shrine  
Of happiness at home.  
My toil is done—with brighter smile  
My truest friends to greet,  
I daily hasten homeward, while  
My heart outruns my feet.

A faithful form is waiting there,  
A little table spread,  
Two cherubs bright with golden hair,  
Run at my softest tread.  
I gaze into my Mary's eye,  
So happy and so free,  
And bless her whilst I'm sitting by  
The table spread for me.

Friend after friend may pass me by  
With curling lips of scorn,  
Because they shun industry's eye,  
And clothes by labour worn;  
They are not worth the passing thought,  
That rises in my breast,  
Their fickle lips are only bought  
By Fashion's courted guest.

Storm after storm may gather fast,  
And shadow all the earth;  
Their darkest cloud can never cast  
A shadow on my hearth;  
For though the winds without may sigh  
Like voices from the sea,  
I'm happy whilst I'm sitting by  
The table spread for me.

To prove the good and hold it fast,  
I learned in early youth;  
Its deep reward I claim at last,  
And feel its lasting truth;  
An honest heart, or honest hand,  
Need never feel the shame  
That burns the cheek of those who stand  
On friendship's hollow name.

To find the bread that labour knows,  
Along the tide I drift,  
And thank the Giver who bestows  
Contentment with the gift;  
And though deep cares upon me lie,  
And sorrows there may be,  
I'm happy whilst I'm sitting by  
The table spread for me.

## DOMESTIC HARMONY.

Nothing is much harder to preserve or easier to lose, than perfect matrimonial harmony. A firm determination never to differ in will, and to consider mutual love a thing of inestimable value, does much towards producing a perfect understanding between man and wife. Opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation, yet every one has their pouch into which all these little oppositions are put; while that is filling the alienation is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why, because no difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But man finds his affection wearied out by a constant stream of little checks and obstacles. Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife, in common conversation, a disposition in either to criticise and question whatever the other says, a desire always to demonstrate and make him feel himself in the wrong, especially in company. Nothing is so goading. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a different light from what we do, to leave him in quiet possession of his views. What is the use of rectifying him, if the thing be unimportant? Let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion for reviving the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these little rules of prudence.

## MODEL MOTHERS.

Models are of the first importance in moulding the nature of a child; and if we would have fine characters, we must necessarily present before them fine models. Now the model most constantly before every child's eye is the mother. "One good mother," said George Herbert, "is worth a hundred school-masters." In the home she is loadstone to all hearts and loadstar to all eyes. Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "glob of precepts." It is instruction. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through.

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh, the priceless value of the love of a pure woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious. Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thickly around, and even the gaunt form of poverty menaces with his skeleton fingers, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time

cannot mar its brilliancy; distance but strengthens its influence; it follows the prisoner into the dark cell, and in the silence of midnight it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of the loved one is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement sustain the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionating woman's first great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, which heaven-like influence should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the Fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.

## THE SWEETNESS OF HOME.

He who has no home has not the sweetest pleasure of life; he feels not the thousand endearments that cluster around that hallowed spot to fill the void of his aching heart, and while away his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joy. Is misfortune your lot, you will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own. The chosen partner to your toil has a smile of approbation when others have deserted, a hand of hope when all others refuse, and a heart to feel your own sorrows as her own. Perhaps a smiling cherub with prattling glee and joyous laugh, will drive sorrow from your careworn brow, and enclose it in the wreaths of domestic bliss.

No matter how humble that home may be, how destitute its stores, or how poorly its inmates are clad; if true hearts dwell there, it is yet a home—a cheerful, prudent wife, obedient and affectionate children, will give possessors more real joy than bags of gold or windy honors.

The home of a temperate, industrious and honest man will be his greatest joy. He comes to it weary and worn, but the music of the merry laugh and the happy voices of childhood cheer him. A plain but healthful meal awaits him. Envy, ambition, and strife have no place here, and with a clear conscience he lays his weary limbs down to rest in the bosom of his family, and under the protecting care of the poor man's friend.

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE OVER MAN.

The instant a woman tries to manage a man for herself she has begun to ruin him. The lovely creeper clings in its feebleness with grace to the stately tree; but if it outgrows, as if to protect or conceal its supporter, it speedily destroys what it would otherwise adorn. When the serpent had persuaded Eve that she should induce her husband to take her advice, and become as knowing as herself, she no longer felt herself made for him, and both for God, but rather that he was made to admire her. When she prevailed, they soon bickered about their right places, no doubt, for God's law was lost sight of by both. One grand purpose of woman's power over man's heart, now that both are fallen, is the maintenance of man's self-respect. A man who loves a true-hearted woman aims to sustain in himself whatever such a woman can love and reverence. They mutually put each other in mind of what each might be to the other. To the formation of manly character, the love and reverence of the virtuous feminine character is essential. One must see in the other's love the reflection of the character desired. Hence the pertinacity of true love and reverence often recovers a character that would otherwise be lost for ever. If once mutual respect depart, then farewell the love that can alone rectify what is wrong; then farewell the heart-rest, without which life becomes a delirium and an agony. If it be the faculty of woman to love more tenaciously than man, her might surpasses his so far as she is wise in showing it. In expressing love, without at the same time indicating her faith in the inherent dignity of man, however obscured, she only repels him to a worse condition, by exciting a reckless sense of his own worthlessness, together with a hatred of her forgiving patronage. When man hates himself, what can he love? Give him time, and he will love the soul that clings to him to save him.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

Compared with fickle man, woman is absolute fixedness and fidelity. Love to her means loyalty, engrossment, dedication. She is liable to deceive herself; she is far more likely to be deceived. But when she gives, without reserve or stint, the wealth of her affection, she plays the prodigal to the last, unless his conduct stirs her to count the cost. The law of her being is not to swerve where her heart leads the way; nor will she, save exceptionally. Too often, however, her faithful is driven back by him who summoned it from the first—driven back by neglect, indifference, rejection; and, to shield himself, he calls his coldness or his cruelty her inconstancy. He is ingenious and industrious in hiding his transgressions with perfidious labels advertising her ingratitude, insensibility and heartlessness. She is ungrateful because she will not accept mere material support as the highest and fullest giving; insensible because she refuses to see in empty forms the

spirit that is withheld; heartless, because she declines to surrender, through all life, much for little—something for nothing. To man, love has no such sacredness as it has with women. To him it is the apange of egotism; it is selfishness glossed with sentiment. He loves to be loved. She loves to love. Hence, thrown together under favorable circumstances, without conspicuous impediments, they are in peril of gratification as the tinder is in peril from contiguous sparks. Impressibility and passiveness are in him; impulse and activity are in her. He analyzes love—not difficult as it exists in the sterner bosom—and, to a certain extent, masters it. To her it is the one thing above all others that defies analysis; and she yields to it in delicious abandonment. Experience has made him wise in the emotions. She is but slightly experienced, if at all; and were she thoroughly so, where is the wonderful woman to whom every experience is not a new revelation, a startling divination? Love is woman's teacher, developer, comforter; and, while it is nourished by reciprocity, it will not dim nor lessen. Woman cannot wholly absorb man. He is truant almost always. She who would keep him must stay near, watch close. Nearness has vast influence with him. Distance and time provoke him to apostasy, and under amorous provocation he is extremely malleable. Ardent as his attachment may be, separation is likely to cool it. The lover is a practical fellow, taken from under the microscope of romance. His passion is a pastime. He experiences it usually when he is otherwise engaged. It comes upon him from a lack of something to do. He never falls so deeply in love that he cannot easily climb out to look at the next woman who may come along. His wildest transports—mostly confined to novels—are a species of business. While representing them he is constantly thinking how they impress his partial audience of one. The lover, occupied in prosaic affairs, surrenders his sentimental role. He puts on the pensive robe and the insignia of heart-break only in his leisure; and then alone is he dangerous.

## MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED.

I may safely say that there are very few in the world but what have lost some friend or relation. And as we return from the toils and labor of the day, and sit in the ever beautiful summer twilight, our thoughts will fly swiftly backwards to the days when some who have now passed away were among the living, and the sunshine of prosperity shone in their pathway; and we think how we laughed with them in their joy, and shed tears and sympathized with them in their sorrow. And, as we think, thoughts come crowding each other thicker and closer; the great tear drops slowly chase each other down our cheeks, and our hearts will grow sorrowful. But again we think how sweetly they lived, and died an ornament to the army of the Lord; we are stimulated by their example and their labors, and it cheers our fainting, drooping hearts, and we resolve to go on and live better. Aye, I tell you the memory of the departed is a blessing to the soul!

How sweet a lesson we can learn from little things in themselves, and yet forming events in our history, the memory of which will never fade!

How sweet, sometimes, at the close of a summer's day, to wander through some old churchyard, where the tombstones are overgrown with moss, and the halo of olden times hang sacredly around the place; and, as we pass along, stooping every now and then to read some time-worn, half-effaced inscription of some friend's tombstone, we meet with some simple line that strikes right through the outer crust of humanity, reaches our heart, and makes an impression that no after years of "toil and endeavor" can ever efface.

And how we love to linger around the grave of the little one that was the angel of our boyhood days, and water it with our tears, and sit beside it and muse upon the past! and is it not, I ask, a blessed thing, the memory of that one departed? "Ah! yes," you matter-of-fact man may say, "that it is all very nice to put it in print, but such feelings never trouble me."

Well, I pity you; for any man that can't feel it must have a desolate heart indeed.—Why, the moments or days we spend in such holy reflection are never lost. Such thoughts are not always with us, and no tears will never flow half so freely in after life. Although friends may fail us, and the world trample upon us, the memory of the departed is a blessing forever.—Irving.

## PLAYING INDIAN.

A New York man is very much annoyed because his boys have read so many Indian stories that they have gone mad with excitement to play Indian, and to go out on the prairies hunting for the real noble men. The man was taking a nap after dinner in his easy chair, when he was awakened by an alarming noise and a strange sensation in his head. He jumped up suddenly and found that one of his boys, dressed in a red table-cloth, and with his nose decorated with blue paint, was trying to scalp his father with a carving-knife, while the other boy, attired in a blanket shawl and red feather, flourished and emitted war-whoops from behind a thicket composed of two chairs and a card table. The man determined to put a stop to this kind of thing. So next day, while the boys were playing with

bows and arrows in the garden, he dressed himself in Indian costume, and jumped over the fence with a wild unearthly yell, for the purpose of frightening these children. The oldest boy, however, stood his ground, and drawing an arrow to the head, in which was inserted a tenpenny nail, he buried it in the chieftain's leg before he took to flight. That night the father walked upstairs on a crutch, and flogged the family all around before going to bed. He is thinking now of some other way to effect a cure of the sanguinary dispositions of his offspring.

## A WORD TO FATHERS.

We have read a story of a little boy, who, when he wanted a new suit of clothes, begged his mother to ask his father if he might have it. The mother suggested that the boy might ask for himself. "I would," said the boy, "but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him." There is a sharp reproof to the father in the reply of the son. Many a father keeps his children so at a distance from him, that they never feel confidently acquainted with him. They feel that he is a sort of monarch in the family. They feel no familiarity with him. They fear and respect him, and even love him some, for children cannot help loving somebody about them; but they seldom get near enough to him to feel intimate with him. They seldom go to him with their wants and trials. They approach him through the mother. They tell her everything. They have a highway to her heart on which they go in and out with perfect freedom. In this keeping-off plan fathers are to blame. Children should not be held off. Let them come near. Let them be as intimate with the father as with the mother. Let their little hearts be freely opened. It is wicked to freeze up the love fountains of little ones' hearts. Fathers do them an injury by living with them as strangers. This drives many a child away from home for the sympathy his heart craves, and often improper society. It nurses discontent and mistrust, which many a child does not outgrow in his lifetime. Open your hearts and your arms, Oh fathers! Be free with your children; ask for their wants and trials; play with them; be fathers to them truly, and they will not need a mediator between themselves and you.

## A MATRIMONIAL SERENADE.

Bill Stoker resided in the town of C—, on the coast of Maine. He was known as a man of few words, and a crusty old bach. Finding an ancient maiden lady suited to his years, Bill quietly married and took her home. There were game young men in C—, and ere the news was fifteen minutes old, bells, tin pans, rams' horns, and such like euphonious instruments, were heard approaching Bill's cabin from all directions. It was late in the evening when the news got out. An old forty-pounder, dragged from the fort hard by, with its shocking explosions, capped the climax of the horrible din, while rattling glass indicated mischief, as well as fun. However, a treat they must have. But hour after hour passed, and the house gave no more sign of life than a last year's tombstone. Of a sudden Jack Whipple started for the nearest apothecary's shop, saying,—

"I'll start 'em!"

Back in a trice, he began blowing asafetida smoke through the keyhole! Meantime bang, toot, toot, toot, rattle, rattle, rattle, went gun, horns and pans, as though no side-play were being enacted. At last the door opened, and Bill Stoker appeared. All was hushed as the grave.

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing the crowd, "your music is charming, but don't your perfumery! Here is a V, I'm beat."

## A SWALLOW-TAILED CATASTROPHE.

A judicial separation has been claimed by a French lady in consequence of an injury sustained by her at the hands of her husband, during the marriage ceremony itself. This very early check to matrimonial felicity came about owing to the following circumstances: The period of courtship had been no means wanting in vicissitudes. The young lady several times named the day, and as often changed her mind. Her betrothed had, of course, ordered his wedding coat on the first assurance of the success of his suit, and it hung over a chair in his dressing room during all the vascillations of the fiancée. The spectacle at length became too trying to the perplexed lover, who, one day, after having experienced more than usually severe treatment, impatiently told his valet to look up the wedding garment, but to take care that the moth did not get into it. "No fear, sir," replied the servant, "I have an infallible receipt against any such intruders." At last Mademoiselle once more consented to be led to the altar, and remained in the same mind for some days, during which the lover was summoned to her father's country place, whither he repaired, having his servant, and having himself carefully packed the coat in his portmanteau. As the bride knelt by her bridegroom while the ceremony was in progress, she asked him to take charge of her smelling-bottle, which he put into his pocket. After the utterance of the irrevocable vow, however, the bride felt in need of the *facon*. Monsieur put his hand in his pocket, and drew out something which he tenderly held to her nose. It was the blackest and most fragrant of short pipes!

## Grains of Gold.

Far more labor and talent have been sacrificed to error than to truth.

Ingratitude is a kind of mental weakness. We have never seen an able man who was ungrateful.

It is better to be dull, with an ardent desire to learn, than clever with no disposition to improve.

The greatest pleasure wealth can afford us is that of doing good. It is a happy thing where man's pleasure is also his perfection.

True glory consists in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything it is of a good action, done as it ought to be done—without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

No preacher is listened to but Time; which gives us the same train and turn of thought that older people have tried in vain to put into our heads.

Corruption among those whose duty is to watch over the interests and safety of the community is productive of far greater evils than any other crime or extravagance can give rise to.

TWO EVENTFUL PERIODS.—There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman—one, when she wonders whom she will marry; the other, when she wonders who will marry her.

Learning, like money, may be of so base a kind as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness.

Misery assails riches as lightning does the highest towers; or, as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of the possessor.

FAITH AND WORKS.—Men will never know us by our faith, for that is within us; they know us by our works, which are visible to them.

GRATITUDE AND FORBEARANCE.—The heart that is at once softened by gratitude and the fear of joy will show its thankfulness in this, at least, that it will be milder to others.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thanks Him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you show be calm, cool, and polished. But look at every side of the world.

It is one thing to moralize, another thing to act. There are men who can utter the most refined and elevated sentiments, and at the same time be guilty of crimes of the deepest dye. These are the most dangerous of mankind.

Women should be acquainted that no beauty hath any charms, but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in their manner is much more engaging than that of other persons. That modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments, for she that hath these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the education of her children, and for affection for her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.—*Fortitude*.

Candor consists in giving a fair and deliberate hearing to opinions, statements, and arguments, and weighing fairly and honestly their tendency. It is, therefore, opposed to prejudice, blind attachment to preconceived opinions, and that narrow, disputatious spirit which delights in captious criticism, and will hear nothing with calmness that is opposed to its own views—which distrusts or misrepresents the sentiments of its opponents, ascribing them to unworthy motives, or deducing from them conclusions which they do not warrant. Candor, accordingly, may be considered as a compound of justice and the love of truth.

## SWISS MECHANISM.

An Albany jeweler has a very costly and unique tobacco box, imported from Switzerland. It is the handiwork of an old man now seventy years of age, who has spent his whole life in the manufacture and perfection of mechanical novelties. On the cover of the box in question is a bas-relief about the size of a silver dollar, representing in enamel the beauties of Lake Geneva. You touch a spring just below it, when lo! the lake flies back and a beautiful tiny bird appears and fills the air with sweet music. The movements of this songster are marvellously true to life; his little bill opens and shuts as he sings, his head is tossed on one side, and his wings gently flutter with excitement. When the song ends, the bird bows and disappears, and Lake Geneva returns to its place. The name of the bird is not given, but he unites with the voice of the nightingale the personal appearance of the most gorgeous humming-bird. The residence in which the vocalist nestles, when not before the public, is a palace of gold, exquisitely wrought.

Sawdust and Chips.

A Kentucky paper contains a report of a recent wedding, in which the bride was not particularly handsome, but her father threw in seven mules and the husband was satisfied.

Too Fast.—"No, Catharine," said Patrick to his wife, "you never catch a falsehood coming out of my mouth."—"You may well say that," replied Kate, "they fly out so fast that nobody can catch 'em."

A young Iowa lady, who goes strong for woman's rights, has been presented with a pair of pants. She panted for freedom, she panted for renown; that made her a pair of pants and she put them on.

The latest patent has been taken out by a railroad restaurateur. It is for a patent reversible gutta percha beefsteak, which can be fried and served up four times a day for a year before it requires renewal.

"Have you never observed a parrot," said Thiers, "when about to come down from his perch, how he holds hard by his beak, and feels about with his foot, but never lets go with the beak until the foot is firmly secured? I am the parrot."

This touching tribute to the late Mr. Grafton, of Griffin, Ga., is from the Register of that place: "He was a fine man in all respects; he was owing us seven dollars on that last game of seven-up; but we will throw that in towards his head-stone."

Jones wagered Brown that he has seen a hoase galloping at a great speed and a dog sitting on his tail. It seems an impossible feat for a dog to accomplish, but Jones was right, and won the money. The dog was sitting on his own tail.

Irate parent:—"Oh! yer don't want to go into business, don't yer? Oh! you want to be a clerk in the post-office, do yer? Post-office, indeed? Why, all you're fit for is to stand outside with your tongue out for people to wet their stamps against!"

People who believe the current stories about intelligent dogs will read with pleasure that a lost dog in Norfolk, having seen his master's advertisements in one of the local prints, promptly went home.

A young lady of St. Louis has just sent to Europe an order for fifty yards of Brussels carpet, twenty-five feet wide. She is going to work a pair of slippers for the editor of a local paper.

Washington Irving once said of a pompous American diplomatist: "Ah, he is a very great man, a man of great weight. When he goes to the West the East tips up."

A man in Jersey City, who had stolen a kiss from a school girl, was fined by the magistrates and horsewhipped by the big brother, then scratched bald-headed by his own wife. And it was not much of a kiss after all.

A bookbinder said to his wife at the wedding, "It seems that now we are bound together, two volumes in one, with clasps."—"Yes," observed a guest, "one side highly ornamented with Turkey morocco, and the other plain calf."

"Girls," said a worthy old lady to her grand-daughters, "whenever a fellow pops the question, don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arms round his neck, look him full in the face, and commence talking about the furniture. Young fellows are mighty nervous sometimes. I lost several good chances before I caught your fond, dear grandfather, by putting on airs, but I learned how to do it after awhile."

An Irishman once lived with a farmer as a hired man. The young folks of the neighborhood, on one occasion, had a party, to which they did not invite him. Pat considered himself very much slighted, and after cogitating the matter over for a while, he brightened up, and exclaimed, "Faith, I'll be even with 'em yet; I'll have a party meself, and I won't invite nobody."

An epitaph, which is hard on "the father," in an eastern burying ground, reads as follows: "Here lies the mother of children five; Two are dead and three are alive. The two that are dead preferring rather To die with the mother than live with the father."

An unfortunate editor of one of our country exchanges thus addresses his delinquent subscribers: "Friends, we are penniless. Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present depressed treasury. To-day, if salt wore two cents a barrel, we could only buy enough to pickle a jay-bird."

An English vicar was standing on a Monday morning at his gate, when one of his parishioners arrived with a basketful of potatoes. "What's this?" said the vicar. "Please, sir," replied the man, "it's some of our best taters—a very rare kind, sir. My wife said you should have some of them as she heard you say in your sermon the common taters (commentators) didn't agree with you."

There is a young man in Acton, in this Province, who has occasion to remember the temperance movement. He was wanted as a witness in a liquor case, but being naturally of a retiring and unostentatious disposition, he sought to avoid the officer, and ran into the sweating vault of a tannery where the hair is steamed from hides. While he was thus sequestered—a prey to many and conflicting emotions—the engineer innocently turned on the steam, and when that young man came forth he was a sight to behold.

There wasn't a spear of hair on his head. It was a howling waste of par-boiled scalp. He don't squander any time now in looking at the spring style of hats, but just gets under a bread and milk poultice, and bounds around and rips and raves at prohibition with as much interest as if he were the sole owner of a brick distillery.

THE MEANEST MAN.—Some gentlemen were talking about meanness, when one said he knew a man on Lexington avenue, who was the meanest man in New York. "How mean is that?" asked a friend. "Why, he is so mean that he keeps a five cent piece with a string tied to it to give to beggars, and when their backs are turned, he jerks it out of their pockets. Why, this man is so mean," continued the gentleman, "that he gave his children ten cents apiece the night before the Fourth of July, but in the night, when they were asleep, he went upstairs and took the money out of their pockets, and then whipped them in the morning for losing it!" "Does he do anything else?" "Yes; the other day I dined with him, and I noticed the poor little servant girl whistled gaily all the way upstairs with the dessert, and when I asked my generous friend what made her whistle so happily, he said: "Why, I keep her whistling so she can't eat the raisins out of the cake!"

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Miscellaneous.

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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 cost less 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.

TO THE MECHANICS OF THE DOMIION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That in consequence of the men who were employed on the erection of the Presbyterian Church, not having been yet paid, the members of all Trades Unions and others are requested not to engage at all with the Contractor who now has it, or any Contractor who may hereafter have said Church, until all arrears are paid.

By Order, R. H. GRAHAM, Secretary. Ottawa, March 1, 1873.

THE JOURNEMEN FREE STONE CUTTERS ASSOCIATION, of Ottawa City, and immediate vicinity, hold their meetings in the St. Lawrence Hotel, corner of Rideau and Nicholas streets, on the first and third Monday in each month. The officers elected for the present quarter, commencing Monday March 3, 1873, are as follows:—President, Robert Thomson; Vice-President, Joseph Hugg; Financial Secretary, William Gould; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, George Bisset; Treasurer, Robert Poustie, Tyler, James Walker; Trades Council, Donald Robertson, James Kelly, James Walker, Joseph Hugg; Trustees, Donald Robertson, John Casey, William Clark.

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(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE):

in London, and it began with as few as 5,000 members; for though a much larger support might have been given, feelings of rivalry and jealousy had not been sufficiently overcome at the time to permit such hearty and unanimous action as was necessary to put the association at first on the high ground it has since attained by the watchfulness and wisdom of the General Secretary's management.

One of the first important labours the society imposed on itself was to abolish piecework and systematic overtime. To this end a circular was sent to the various employers towards the close of the first year of the society's existence. The employers refused to comply with its request, and as a decided step, which should leave no mistake as to their determination, locked up their establishments on the 10th of January, and turned their people into the streets. This struggle, which was fiercely fought on both sides, after about fifteen weeks' continuance, ended in favor of the employers, the men having to return to work on the masters' terms. When the battle began the society had only 11,000 members, and when it was finished the number was considerably less. Indeed so fatal did the overthrow seem that the Times and others amongst the daily papers declared that it would not be again heard of as troubling the relations of capital and labour.

Perhaps the best comment on these prophecies is to be found in the wonderful growth of this remarkable society from that moment to the present time. When the struggle was over, the men saw the importance of discipline, numbers, and a solid monetary basis in regard to all future operations. The 11,000 members have become 12,000, with a fund amounting to somewhere about £180,000, and these figures from day to day become regularly larger. The contribution paid by members is 1s. per week, and out of the funds raised the following statement shows, in a very satisfactory manner, how they have been expended over the last 22 years ending December, 1872:—

Donation benefit (paid to members out of employment).....	£540,660
Sick.....	233,337
Superannuation (members above 50, after 18 years' membership)	80,204
Accident.....	20,900
Funeral expenses.....	73,900
Benevolent grants.....	18,674
Assistance to other trades.....	10,984
	£978,659

No comment is necessary in regard to such figures as these. Nor is any argument needed beyond their mere statement as to the value of trades unionism, to men who live by their labor, when properly conducted.

There is a tolerably general opinion existing among the upper and middle classes that the men who manage our trades unions are persons who stir up disputes in their various trades for the purpose of serving their personal ends. Were they not blinded by prejudice, or actuated by something worse, they would see that such men gain nothing by such disturbances—that one of their primary duties is to settle disputes without strikes; and that, as a rule, where trades societies have had time to thoroughly organize themselves, their action, in all cases, has had the effect of preventing strikes rather than in promoting them; and the best proof that such is the case is furnished by the Society of Amalgamated Engineers, which, since the severe struggle alluded to in 1852, has never had anything approaching a general strike. When anything arises which requires settlement, Mr. Allan, or some trusted member of the society, takes the matter in hand, and by moderate counsel and sound advice to both sides usually succeeds in maintaining peace and confidence between the men and their employers.

It has been reported that Mr. Allan has some idea of offering himself as a candidate at the next general election, and the Borough of Frome has been named as that in which he should try his luck. Whether any constituency may feel disposed to return a working man of sound ability and large general experience it would be difficult to say. There can be no difficulty, however, in saying that such persons are much more needed in Parliament than the ordinary run of wealthy common-place persons so frequently found there. If, however, such a thing could be regarded as possible, it would be difficult to name one with a better claim on the consideration of such a constituency than William Allan, who, in any position, may be trusted to as a man of sound common-sense, acute insight, and unimpeachable integrity.

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CO-OPERATION.

The following extracts relating to the progress of co-operation, we clip from an English paper:—

"What may be accomplished is best seen by one of the most successful examples of co-operation, that of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society, which now embraces in its operation a third of the inhabitants of the town. In 1844 twenty-eight working men in Rochdale subscribed 2d. per week to establish a store, under the title of the "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society," for the purpose of supplying themselves with provisions, groceries, clothing, and other articles. Its whole stock-in-trade might have been carried in a wheelbarrow. According to the Co-operative News, its share capital is now £135,000; reserve funds, £1,750; and loan capital, £10,760; making together, £146,500. This is appropriated as follows:—To carrying on the business (including business premises, machinery, and fixtures, of over £20,000), £46,000; to investments as shares in various societies, industrial, provident, and joint-stock companies, £29,000; and to loan investments in similar associations, £4,000; land and cottage buildings, £22,000; lent out to members on building security, £3,500. The society owns more than 120 cottages, bringing in a gross rental of over £1,500 per annum. Its gross profit for 1872, including share interests, was £33,640; and its average dividend 2s. 3d. in the pound. Thus, while political economists, with the distinguished exceptions of John Stuart Mill, Fawcett, and Rogers, have for many years past been pronouncing, in solemn-looking tones and in oracular quarterly reviews, that co-operation was an absurdity, the working men of Rochdale have been quietly working, and, to use a vulgarism, 'have been and gone and done it.' The most that was conceded by the fairest of their opponents was, that they ought to be allowed to try such experiments, the better to learn their futility.

"When the first steamboat went down the Forth and Clyde Canal, or when Geo. Stephenson's locomotive, the Rocket, traversed the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the possibility of steam navigation and the railway system was established. If the world had not been prepared to adopt them, but allowed them to slumber, as other great inventions have slumbered, unused for ages, the principle of these agencies, which are now revolutionising society, would have been none the less sound. There are in every large town hundreds of working men as intelligent, as thrifty, as earnest as those of Rochdale; and there only requires the same organisation to produce equal or ever greater results. Turning from this single example to the most recent statistics of the Co-operative Movement, we find that at the end of 1871 there were in England and Wales—

Number of Societies	746
Members	262,188
Capital, Share, and Loan	£2,521,594
Sales	9,439,471
Reserve Funds	67,702
Property	928,194
Capital reinvested in Societies and Companies	407,939
Nett Profit	670,721
Devoted to Education	5,097

"Such associations, of course, possess advantages which the individual shopkeeper does not. They are not required to be situated in an expensive locality. Their transactions are all for cash; they lose, therefore, nothing by bad debts. Their members secure a certain amount of demand, which lessens their risks of sales. It also says much for these societies that there is hardly ever a defalcation. In the articles the manufacture of which come under their own cognizance they are free from the great evil of adulteration—an evil with which the Legislature has tried in vain to grapple."

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Begs to inform the numerous readers of the ONTARIO WORKMAN that he will do his utmost to make his establishment one of the best Clothing Houses in the Western part of the city, and hopes by attention to business to merit a large share of public patronage.  
Gentlemen's own materials made up to order.

SPRING GOODS.  
N. McEACHREN,  
MERCHANT TAILOR, & C.  
191 Yonge Street,  
Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work.

JOHN KELZ,  
MERCHANT TAILOR  
358 YONGE STREET,  
Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work.  
A Cheap Stock of Ready-Made Clothing on hand

GEORGE ELLIS,  
Manufacturer and Importer of  
Hair and Jute Switches,  
Chignons, Curles, Wigs, Bands, Puffs and Perfumery.  
LARGE ASSORTMENT OF HAIR NETS  
No. 179 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.  
Special attention given to Shampooing, Cutting, and Dressing Ladies' and Children's Hair. Price lists and instructions for self-measurement of wig sent on application—either wholesale or retail.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,  
Wednesday, 2nd day of April, 1873.  
PRESENT:  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the place known as Jordan Bay, in the County of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, and placed under the survey of the Collector of Customs at the Port of Shelburne.  
W. A. HIMSWORTH,  
Clerk Privy Council.

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.

R. MERRYFIELD,  
Boot and Shoe Maker,  
190 YONGE STREET.  
A large and well assorted Stock always on hand.

J. PRYKE,  
Workingmen's Boot and Shoe Store,  
KING WILLIAM STREET,  
HAMILTON.  
Copies of the ONTARIO WORKMAN can be obtained  
Five Cents per copy.

P. MCGINNES,  
181 YORK STREET.  
All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable  
BOOTS AND SHOES,  
CALL AT THE  
Workingmen's Shoe Depot,

Undertaking.

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.

Books, Stationery, &c.  
R. MACKENZIE,  
364 1-2 Yonge Street,  
NEWSDEALER, STATIONER,  
AND DEALER IN TOYS AND GENERAL FANCY GOODS.

BAIRD'S  
INDUSTRIAL,  
PRACTICAL,  
& SCIENTIFIC  
PUBLICATIONS.  
A further supply just received at  
Piddington's "Mammoth Book Store,"  
248 & 250 YONGE ST.  
Artizans call for a copy of Catalogue

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,  
Wednesday, 2nd day of April, 1873.  
PRESENT:  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the place known as Jordan Bay, in the County of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, and placed under the survey of the Collector of Customs at the Port of Shelburne.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,  
Wednesday, 2nd day of April, 1873.  
PRESENT:  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Town of Lindsay, Ontario, be, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry and Warehousing Port.  
W. A. HIMSWORTH,  
Clerk Privy Council.

Miscellaneous.  
DAVID'S  
COUGH BALSAM,  
An infallible remedy for COUGHS, COLD, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat.  
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.  
JOSEPH DAVIDS,  
Chemist, &c.,  
170 King Street East.

THE WOODBINE, 88 YONGE STREET.  
WM. J. HOWELL, JR., PROPRIETOR.  
Best Choice brands of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,  
Wednesday, 2nd day of April, 1873.  
PRESENT:  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act, 31 Vic., Cap. 6, intitled "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order and it is hereby ordered that the Village of New Glasgow, in the County of Pictou, Nova Scotia, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs with warehousing privileges, and to be attached to the Port of Pictou.  
W. A. HIMSWORTH,  
Clerk Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,  
Monday, 7th day of February, 1873.  
PRESENT:  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of Act 31 Vic., cap. 6, intitled, "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order and it is hereby ordered, that the Town of Strathroy, in the County of Middlesex, Province of Ontario, be, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, and placed under the survey of the Collector of Customs of the Port of London.  
W. A. HIMSWORTH,  
Clerk Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,  
Wednesday, 12th day of February, 1873,  
PRESENT:  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Secretary of State for the Provinces and under the provisions of the 37th section of the Act 31 Vic., cap. 42, His Excellency in Council has been pleased to order that the following regulations for the protection of the timber on the lands of the Six Nation Indians and on the Reserve of the Missisquoi Indians of the New Credit Settlement, and to provide for the mode of determining the location of lands to be held, used and enjoyed by the said Indian under the provisions of the Acts of the Parliament of Canada relating thereto—be, and the same are hereby made and established.

REGULATIONS.  
No. 1.—No timber or firewood, railway ties, staves, shingle wood, or other description of timber or wood shall be taken from, or cut on, the lands of the Six Nation Indians or those of the Missisquoi of the New Credit Settlement without either a special license issued by the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, or otherwise by the Superintendent within whose agency or jurisdiction the said lands are situated; and such Superintendent shall in no case issue such a license except with the approbation and consent as respects the Six Nation lands, of the council of chiefs; and as respects the lands of the New Credit Settlement, with the joint concurrence of the head chief and the Local Superintendent; and this regulation shall apply to all lands whether located or otherwise.  
No. 2.—Any timber or wood removed, taken or cut without such license shall be seized by the Local Superintendent, or the Forest Warden, or by any person duly authorized in writing by the said Superintendent or Forest Warden so to do, and wherever found, whether on or off the said reserves, may be seized and sold for the benefit generally of the band or bands, to whom the reserve may belong.  
No. 3.—And whereas, it is desirable to provide for the mode of determining the location of lands, to be held, used and enjoyed by the said Indians, under the provisions of the Acts of the Parliament of Canada in that respect, it is therefore declared that in respect to the lands set apart for the use of the Six Nation Indians, the Local Superintendent, acting in concert with the council of chiefs of the Six Nation Indians; and in respect to the lands set apart for the Missisquoi of the New Credit Settlement, the Local Superintendent, acting in concurrence with the head chief of the said Missisquoi, is hereby authorized to allot and locate to the various members of the bands for whose use respectively the lands or reserves so held, as the case may be, the various lots in such lands or reserves; and acting in concert, or with the concurrence aforesaid, as the case may be, to settle, readjust and re-arrange such allotments and locations where disputes may arise, as to the original or subsequent allotment, or location of any such lands or reserves.  
W. A. HIMSWORTH,  
Clerk Privy Council.