

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1872.

NO. 28

CANADIAN.

A goodly number of French Canadians are returning to their native province from the brick fields in the States which have ceased their operations for the season.

A joint stock company has been formed in Cobourg with a capital of \$30,000, for the purpose of erecting a good hotel in that place capable of accommodating at least 100 guests.

Last Wednesday evening the men employed in the boiler shop of the Joseph Hall Works, Oshawa, presented their late foreman, Mr. John Irwin, with a beautiful tea set, accompanied with a suitable address.

The formation of a cavalry troop in the South Riding of Ontario, to be known as the Whitby Troop, has been commenced. A number of recruits have been obtained in the Town of Whitby, and the balance is to be raised in Oshawa and the township.

A few nights ago, at Dartmouth, N. S., a policeman saw a hog rooting at some object on the ground. The hog continued so long that it aroused the officer's attention, and on closer examination he found it gnawing at the arm of a drunken countryman, who was entirely unconscious of the meal he was providing the animal.

A fire on Monday night destroyed the barn of Michael Shea, Waterloo street, London, together with its contents, including three valuable horses. A fourth horse broke out of the building and escaped with a severe scorching. The origin of the fire is unexplained. The loss is about \$800.

A fearful accident occurred at Peterboro' on Tuesday. The youngest daughter, a child five years old, of Mr. John J. Hall, Division Court Clerk, while playing in the garden with her brother a child of seven years of age, with a lighted candle and a face made from a pumpkin caught fire, and was literally burned to death. She lingered till noon, some three hours and then died.

Fears are beginning to be entertained in Prescott and surrounding country, that the potato crop, which is not more than half gathered, will suffer severely from the excessive wetness of the season. It is hoped, however, that a change will soon come, so that the balance of this important crop may be secured.

Last Friday night the store of W. N. Rogers & Co., Cananook, was forcibly entered through the back shop, and the amount of about eight thousand dollars in notes and money stolen. Two young men named Turner and Rogers slept in the upper part of the building, but did not hear the burglars.

The St. Catharines Times says:—"One of the most terrible and exorbitant experiences possible to printers had to be endured by this office this morning. It was having a whole 'form' or page of the paper knocked into 'pl.' Prize-lists of shows, advertisements, and we know not what, all are in a complete mass and mixture."

Eicut. Henely, of the 60th Rifles, who, it will be remembered played with the Canadian cricket teams against the English Eleven, received an injury from the cricket ball in one of the matches which has rendered the amputation of one of his legs necessary to save his life. The operation was performed in Montreal where Mr. Henely now is.

The whaler's race between the crew of the flagship and that of the Bluenose, at Halifax, on Friday afternoon, was a very exciting affair. It was witnessed by a great number of spectators on the wharves, and was the best aquatic contest of the season. The Bluenose won by five lengths. The stakes were one hundred dollars; but the struggle for most of the distance being doubtful, a large amount of betting was done.

The loss at Messrs. Bartendale & Co.'s dry goods establishment, Hamilton, by the fire in their premises on Sunday is much greater than was at first supposed. Goods were injured to the extent of about \$15,000, but they were fully insured for \$20,000 in the following companies:—Royal, Queen's, British America, Hartford, Imperial, and London Liverpool and Globe. The building is owned by Mr. Robert Walker, of Toronto, and was fully insured.

The Halifax Chronicle says the Truro had a sensation in the shape of an elopement case a few days ago. The lady in the case, whose "cruel parents" refused to sanction her choice, left her home in the evening to visit

the house of a friend, there met her lover and was married. She then returned home, and retired to her room as usual. During the night, while the old folks were slumbering and not dreaming of what had occurred, the bride bundled herself and her luggage out of the window, joined her husband, who was waiting with a horse and waggon, and the happy couple started for Pictou.

An exchange relates with considerable gusto the following "sell":—"Port Rowan and neighborhood was greatly excited one day last week by the report that a bear was in a small piece of bush close to the village. No such fright has occurred since the Fenian invasion. Women and children locked themselves up and took refuge under the beds, while a few of the most resolute men, armed themselves with guns and pitchforks, and sallied forth to meet Bruin. The wood was soon surrounded, and skirmishes thrown out to feel the enemy. In the meantime reinforcements were hurried forward. After a very cautious advance and reconnoitre the enemy was discovered quietly feeding, and totally unconscious of his pursuers. But before being discovered, Bruin had taken the precaution to turn himself into a black calf. The warriors and hunters returned, and carried the glad tidings to the affrighted village, which dissipated all further fear, and now the calf is running at large, "all quiet on the Potomac."

It is said that after his release from custody, Coyle, in answer to the enquiries of two or three gentlemen, stated that he never felt as if the jury could bring him in guilty, but if they had convicted him he was prepared to die, though innocent of the crime charged against him. He stated further that his intention was, when the Judge, before passing sentence, asked the usual question, "why sentence of death should not be passed upon him," to make a statement of facts concerning the murder which would have made everyone's hair stand on end that heard it. He would give no hint as to what the purport of his dreadful secret is, but from the remark he made it would be inferred that the truth about the murder has not been revealed, and that it is more horrible in its nature than any version of it yet made public. It is also stated that on the day of his release he was seen very much intoxicated with liquor upon the street.

KNIGHTS OF MALTA.—A deputation from the St. John's Royal Black Encampment of this city proceeded to Guelph a day or two ago for the purpose of instituting a new Encampment of the Knights of Malta, and installing its officers. Upon arriving at Guelph the deputation was met by a committee of the King David's Encampment of that town and escorted to the Royal Hotel, where dinner was served. The party then repaired to the Orange Hall, and during the afternoon and evening conferred the necessary degrees and installed the following brethren as officers:—S. K. C. Robert Adair; G., G. D. Fletcher; C. G., Wm. Hall; P., Wm. McLaughlin; R., Thomas Christie; T., Chas. Coleman; I. G., — Burrows; O. G., Wm. R. Baker. The new Encampment will be known as the "Constantine" Encampment, and its meetings will be held in Bowmauville, Ont. We believe a second Encampment will be instituted in Toronto in the course of a couple weeks to be known as the "Maple Leaf" Encampment. The order of the Knights of Malta has spread very rapidly in Canada since its introduction some two years ago.

AMERICAN.

Boss Tweed and Tom Fields, of Tammany notoriety, are non est.

The horse epidemic which has recently prevailed in Ontario has broken out in Buffalo, causing great alarm and inconvenience.

A fortune of \$20,000 is waiting to be claimed in Detroit. The heir's name is George Williams, and he was a soldier in the war, but his whereabouts are now unknown.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers convened at St. Louis last week in national convention. One hundred and fifty delegates have arrived and others are expected.

Washington specials report that the coal famine in England has created a demand for the bituminous coal of Maryland. Large orders have been received at Georgetown within a few days.

Kentuckians entertain some ideas of respon-

sibility. The foreman of the building which fell in Louisville, a few days ago, crushing to death a whole family, has been arrested on the charge of murder, and held in default of \$5,000 bail.

The latest mooted project in the interest of navigation is the construction of a ship canal across southern Michigan, following the course of the Kalamazoo river. The enterprise is advocated by a Chicago paper, which asserts that Chicago capitalists are equal to the undertaking. It is estimated that the project can be accomplished at a cost of \$5,000,000.

The New York State Agricultural Society gave first premiums for several articles which were fair to the careless view, but wholly corrupt to a scientific inspection. They first learned that they had been sacrificed in a barrel of beans so-called. There were some fine beans on the top of the barrel; but investigation proved that the bulk of the barrel's contents was a poor article of corn. They then looked further after articles that had received first premiums, and found they had been similarly swindled in many instances.

A correspondent writing from Washington says: The Signal office has just achieved another very decided success in its new role of adapting its probabilities to the wants of agriculture. This time it got nearly two days ahead of "Jack Frost," whose visitations have been very extensive within the last twenty-four hours. It is believed that this new ability of the weather reports by premenishing severe frosts will enable horticulturists and farmers generally to save many of their products from untimely blight and greatly enhance the value of the "probabilities" in the eyes of the entire rural public.

The following incident is related by the Detroit Free Press.—Yesterday a Wyandotte man appeared at the Detroit & Milwaukee depot with a large mirror under his arm, and while waiting for the train he set the mirror down against a seat. A big dog owned by a saloon keeper wandered in, and soon caught sight of the ugliest and meanest dog he ever saw, reflected in the mirror. He arched his back and rolled his eyes, and the other dog did the same. He showed his teeth and lifted his back a little higher, and the other dog followed suit. At length, angered beyond control, the dog gave a howl and a jump, intending to get the other dog by the fore paw. There was a smash and a crash, a time of cursing and kicking, and the Wyandotter went to see the Chief of Police about having some one shot.

It is pleasant to become a parent; twice as pleasant, perhaps, to be blessed with twins; but when it comes to triplets we are a little dubious. Now there dwells in Jefferson County, Wisconsin a worthy German, who a few years ago was presented by his wife with a son. Hans said to her, "Katrine, dat ish goot." A couple of years later the good woman placed before his astonished gaze a bouncing pair of twins. "Vell," said Hans, "dat vash petter ash der oder dime; I trinks more ash ten glass peer on dat." But the good woman next time gave birth to triplets, and that made him "shpoke mit his moust shust a liddle." "Mein Gott, Katrine! vat ish der matter on you? Potter you ahtop dis pizness 'fore dere come more ash a village full. I gots nuff mit such foolishness!" No later returns have been received.

One thousand dollars was sent from New York to the Baltimore clothing cutters, who refuse to accede to the demands of their employers. More money is to be forwarded.

A Pullman train on the Eastern Railroad, hence to Boston, at three o'clock Tuesday morning ran into a freight train at Seabrook, sixteen miles from Portsmouth, N. H. One man was killed and a number wounded.

On Saturday afternoon while the President was out driving, one of the colts unaccustomed to rapid driving, suddenly bolted and sheering broke the pole. The President leaped from the vehicle just as the younger of the two colts kicked in the dashboard. Assistance then arrived, to the relief of the President, who congratulated himself.

The complete official vote of Pennsylvania shows the following majorities:—Hartmanft, 34,368; Allen, (rep.) for Auditor-General, 36,780; Mercur, (rep.) for Supreme Judge, 40,443; Congressmen-at-large, Todd, 46,707; Albright, 47,012; Scofield, 43,999. The majority for the Republican delegates to the Constitutional Convention is 47,588.

The notification of the Superintendent of Police to the saloon keepers in Chicago to keep

their doors closed on sundays in accordance with orders prohibiting the sale of liquor on the Sabbath was almost universally observed. The friends of the law are much gratified at the result, and already the saloon keepers acquiesce in the demand for an enforcement of the laws.

The horse disease prevails at Rochester to an alarming extent, and fully one half of the horses in the city are affected. A few fatal cases have occurred. It made its appearance on Thursday last. The Street Railway Company have a hundred horses sick, and have taken off some of their cars. The livery stables have stopped business. Every horse attached to O'Brien's circus, which came here from Canada, is sick.

FOREIGN.

The English press generally praise the efforts of the American Board of Trade to procure reciprocity of trade with Canada, and are of the opinion that the success of the Treaty of Washington has led to the action.

The gallery of a circus at Sheffield, Eng., gave way while it was filled with spectators. It was precipitated on the heads of those underneath, and thirty persons were injured by the accident and the panic which ensued.

An English correspondent says there is one recent development about Mr. Stanley which he does not like. He has now been some months in England, and made at least one journey to Scotland, but has never yet had the grace or the common civility to call on one member of Dr. Livingstone's family.

Loeb Lyttelton, speaking at a harvest festival at Hagley, on Thursday, compared the conduct of the workmen of the Black Country very unfavourably with that of the agricultural labourers. The former, he said, squandered all their means. He hoped the agricultural labourers would obtain a fair share of the country's prosperity.

On October 2nd, about half-past eight, a fearful accident occurred on the Caledonian Railway, which proved fatal to about a dozen persons. The nine o'clock night train from London before reaching Carlisle had lost about an hour and a half, consequently probably on the changed arrangement of trains for the present month and other causes. To make up for this time the driver had put on extra steam, and, at the time of the accident, the train was travelling at the rate of at least sixty miles an hour. At this speed it approached Kirtle Bridge station, near Lockerbie, when some trucks were in the course of being shunted. The train dashed into these, headed by two engines, threw the trucks upon the platform, tearing up the parapet, and partially damaging the station premises. The first few carriages of the train were driven into each other like the tubes of a telescope—the compartments splitting like match boxes, with the unfort unate occupants within. As soon as the terrible mass had come to rest, shrieks and groans of wounded and dying were heard issuing from the ruins, mothers crying to save their children, and stalwart men groaning their last.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The Australian telegraph line is completed, and communication is now open with Melbourne. A despatch from that city, dated the 21st inst., is published this morning, but it contains nothing of importance.

Every railroad station in England has a stairway or platform, or some other means of crossing the track, and such persons as disregard the prescribed way and step upon the track are seized and fined twenty-five dollars.

THE WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm Street, is conducted by Bell Belmont, on the good old English principle, which gives the greatest satisfaction to its numerous patrons. The bar is most tastefully decorated, and pronounced by the press to be the Prince of Bars. Under the entire management of Mrs. E. Belmont, who is always proud to attend to the customer's wants. A spacious billiard room, and attentive waiters, render the WHITE HART a popular place of resort.

CABLE NEWS.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Sir Roundell Palmer is to receive £30,000 compensation for his services as counsel for Great Britain before the Geneva Tribunal.

COSTA RICA, Oct. 19.—A plot to overthrow Guardia's Government during his absence was discovered and defeated by Pinto, acting President. The author of the plot is said to be Valdvar, an ex-minister of Duenas and a refugee from Salvador. He has been expelled from the country.

MADRID, Oct. 20.—A bill has been introduced into the Cortes abolishing the penalty of death for political offences, and has passed its first reading.

PARIS, Oct. 20.—The Chamber of Commerce publishes the text of Secretary Boutwell's circular, directing that all goods imported into the United States in French vessels, from countries other than France, shall be charged with a discriminating duty of ten per cent ad valorem. The comment is appended that the circular was issued in retaliation for the new French law imposing differential duties on foreign bottoms, and will cause the loss to France of the carrying trade of numerous countries exporting goods to Harve.

PARIS, Oct. 20.—Prince Napoleon has appealed to the Procureur-General of France for redress against the Minister of the Interior, the prefect of police, and others who took part in his expulsion from France. The appeal is made in accordance with the provisions of the penal code. Should it be rejected or disregarded, the Prince will commence personal proceedings in the Courts against the parties concerned, and will avail himself of all legal means to procure restoration of his rights as a citizen of France, and the punishment of those who have illegally deprived him of his nationality.

GENEVA, Oct. 21.—The Rev. Jean Henri Merle D'Aubigne, the celebrated historian of the reformation, died suddenly to-day in this city. He was seventy-six years of age.

MADRID, Oct. 21.—The insurgents who escaped from Ferrol fled in all directions. They were pursued by troops, and about 500 captured without shedding of blood, as they offered no resistance. The remainder have disappeared in the mountains.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

The possession of superior genius does not by any means ensure a man's success in business. All men who are endowed with such peculiar gifts make bad managers of any business, and are too erratic for ordinary executive purposes. What, then, is the grand secret of success? Not high, intellectual attainments. Few scholarly men will lay aside their devotion to letters for their own sake, and follow the plodding course by which success in business is to be attained. And it lies not in the force of circumstances. Some who might otherwise have been successful in a clear course have doubtless broken down in the face of popular obstacles; but the man who can bend occasions and conditions to his will can achieve his triumph in spite of such adverse surroundings. It is not luck. There is less of happy chance in such success than is commonly supposed. It is true that many tempt their fate, and escape as by a miracle, but this can form no rule of life; success in business is obedience to a law that can be clearly and distinctly traced throughout the whole of one's career. The law is based on the principle that everything has its price, and they only who are able and willing to pay it can acquire what they covet. Some are prevented through want of nerve, or failing health, or defective judgment, or other mental and physical defects, from succeeding in the struggle. But more, who are able, fail because they are unwilling to meet the cost. They seek the end, but will not by patient self-denial employ the means. Present ease, present gratification, some form of indulgence not consistent with the end which has been proposed, offers a temptation too strong for them to resist. To-morrow they will begin a sterner course; next week they will turn over another leaf with different reading on the obverse side, but to-day let the hands be folded and the old encumbrance remain. No man is on the road to success who has not already paid part of the price, and is not now holding out to fortune in full the next instalment that is due.

Poetry.

THEY ARE TOILING FOR ME.

No lord of a Manor, or owner of lands,
Nor vot of huge factories, with thousands of hands,
I've never a ship, craft, on this or that sea,
Yet millions of workmen are toiling for me.

The quarryman suiting his drill through the day,
The barfooted brickmaker shaping his clay,
The forester plying his axe to the tree,
Are drilling, and moulding, and chopping for me.

The miner half stilled a mile under ground,
The diver exploring where plummet may sound,
The sailor hard striving to weather the lee,
Are mining, and searching, and sailing for me.

The soldier slow pacing his beat through the night,
The pilot long watching for glimmer of light,
The watchman pursuing the rogues as they flee,
Are pacing, and watching, and running for me.

The engineer speeding with dash and with sweep,
The printer arranging his types while I sleep,
The telegraph worker while tapping his key,
Are speeding, and printing, and flashing for me.

The farmer slow turning the dark furrowed plain
Or reaping and threshing the plump golden grain,
The miller with measure out-scooping his foe,
Are ploughing, and threshing, and grinding for me.

The carpenter busy with chisel and plane,
The mason on scaffold, or down in the drain,
The stonemason with hoof on his knee,
Are planing, and building, and shoeing for me.

The spinner and weaver in chattering mill,
The seamstress in attic so dismal and chill,
The kitchen girl serving so blithely the tea,
Are spinning, and weaving, and serving for me.

There's little I eat, there's nothing I wear,
But what's been a burden for some one to bear,
Though most of my workmen I never shall see,
I hereby give thanks for their labors for me.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The hours flew by with ceaseless, wingless flight. Two days came and went; another came and brought an Aurora Borealis of radiating, bright, gladsome joys to Richard Arbyght. It was visiting day.

The day began to wane; the slanting rays of the western sun came in through the long, narrow windows, crept noiselessly along the floor, reached the cot, crept up the iron supports, crept slowly along the snow-white counterpane—reached his face. He sighed wearily, heaved himself up. At last a step was heard coming down the aisle; he looked up and saw—not the daughter—the father. An eternity of misery shot through his soul in an instant, and left an unnaturally old look on his face.

"It is common rumor that you are paying your addresses to Miss Geldamo; is it true?" he said, after a cold, formal greeting.

Richard looked uneasily restless, and hesitated before he replied.

"I have an uncontrollable attachment to Miss Geldamo; to be frank with you, sir, I love her deeply, madly; but I never mentioned my love to her."

"But you know that Miss Geldamo reciprocates this love?"

"I have been foolish enough to think so."

"And dishonorable enough to encourage it?"

"I have yet to learn that a pure, unselfish love for a woman is dishonorable," he replied sharply, then continued in a milder tone:

"You are her father, and I will pocket the insult."

"But you are no match for my daughter."

"She is too good for any man; but, sir, I might some day be her equal in a worldly sense, and in your estimation a desirable match."

"And you would have her wait until you can make a fortune, and by so doing seriously compromise her future prospects, in case you failed?"

"Your remarks are bitter, but I feel they are just, in the light you view them; but, although I do not say you are mercenary, yet does it not look as if you were putting your daughter up to the highest bidder? If she would be willing to wait for me, I would strive hard for her sake."

Geldamo winced under this rebuke, but was otherwise unmoved.

"Mr. Arbyght, our views on this matter, I see, will not coincide, therefore I must exercise a parent's prerogative. It may be a painful duty, but it must be done; this matter must drop where it is; it must end here; you are never to see Miss Geldamo again; never to speak to her or be caught to her than an utter stranger. This is her father's wish, and I trust you are honorable enough to respect it."

The doom of death ne'er unjustly fell on convicted innocence with more stunning force or greater pain than these words fell on Richard Arbyght. His pride alone prevented him from breaking down completely.

"Mr. Geldamo, if it is Vida's wish that I should never see or speak to her again, that wish shall be regarded with religious awe; but should we ever meet, and should she choose to recognize me, no power on earth will pre-

vent me from speaking to her, obeying her, loving her," and sick and sore at heart, he hid his face in the arms of the counterpane.

For two days he busied himself grave-digging, and then Mary Marmano came alone. At sight of her his face brightened. She did not have much to say, and her stay was quite short. When she rose to leave she handed him a little white envelope, and before he recovered from his surprise she was gone. At sight of the superscription he quivered, all over. Enclosed in the envelope was a note, with this quotation from Scott, delicately penned, but evidently with a trembling hand:

"The rose is sweetest washed with morning-dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears."

"Light always follows darkness; hope on, hope ever. Sincerely, but devotedly,
"VIDA GELDAMO."

Richard Arbyght resolved to live; he substituted castle-building for grave-digging, and was happier. It was now nearly three weeks since the catastrophe, and already he was able to be around. His young, healthy blood, and strong, vigorous constitution, coupled with the idealized serenity of mind produced by his love for Vida, were powerful, remedial, recuperative agents, and in four weeks he was again at work in a new shop that McFlynn and Trustgood had, in the meantime, secured and fitted up.

When the fever reached the second stage, Oscar began to mutter incoherently, rave wildly, and on several occasions terrified the good sister that attended him by the horrible pictures his delirium painted. These wanderings usually increased with the exacerbations of fever. For five weeks he remained suspended between life and death, standing, as it were, in the land of life, but touching the gloomy shores of the dead. The crisis was finally safely passed, and the patient began to recover bodily strength, but still he failed to recognize even Arbyght. The doctor, for the first few weeks, examined his eye every day, and always turned away with a look that spoke volumes, were it rightly interpreted. One day Arbyght called and found Oscar sleeping quietly. He sat down beside the cot, and watched him eagerly. "Presently he awoke and looked at Arbyght with a fixed, stony stare. "Oh!" said Richard in a joyous tone, "dear Oscar, I am so glad you are getting better."

"Who are you?"

"Who am I? Why, Oscar, don't you know me?"

"You are a shark without fins," and the glassy, expressionless eye turned full upon him; a sharp pang darted through Arbyght's heart—he covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

Oscar Wood was a maniac.
"Ah! Alvan Relvason, your work was well done! Heartless, conscienceless, Alvan Relvason."

"Ho! Arbyght, you here?"

He looked up and saw the Doctor.

"Would to God I had never been here, anywhere." The Doctor nodded gravely, and proceeded to examine his patient.

"Well, my good man, how do you feel to-day?" he asked kindly.

"The son of Atlas would be in heaven but for the sharks," he replied, with the same stony stare.

"Is there any hope, Doctor?" whispered Richard, a husky gurgle in his throat. The Doctor shook his head, pondered a moment or two, and replied:

"Doubtful, but he is young, and nature may in time overcome it, or his insanity may assume a phase from which the mind might be aroused by some powerful physical shock. The contusion on the skull was the primary cause of it, although it was aggravated by the terrible derangement of the nervous system and the fever that followed. It is truly a sad case."

"He has some singular vagaries," continued the Doctor; "he believes that he is the son of Atlas, and he has an instinctive dread of sharks."

But these illusions, or vagaries, as the Doctor termed them, might be hypothetically accounted for. The past was not completely obliterated, and memory still existed, but the compass in which it now revolved was, compared with its former sphere, what the glass aquarium is to the fish taken from the boundless ocean. It may be asked what these things had to do with the positive illusions of the maniac. Much—simply this: Atlas has ever been symbolical of labor, and a faint glimmering of this fact undoubtedly retained a hold in his mind, when the past was so nearly blotted out, but owing to the narrow circle in which memory operated, the glimmering idea was imperfectly formed; and in the same manner, sharks, being cowardly, voracious, treacherous, may have been associated in the same mind as typical of the majority of capitalists, and being firmly fixed, it probably survived the general chaotic state of mind that followed the crash. It should not be forgotten that all speculations on lunacy, these included, are more or less conjectural. As soon as Oscar's strength would warrant, he was removed to the State Insane Asylum at Jacksonville, a beautiful town in a broad expanse of prairie, about twenty-two miles north of Springfield. There now devolved upon Arbyght the saddest task of his whole life—writing an account of the dreadful occurrence to Oscar's mother and sister. What effect the intelligence had will be in due time revealed.

The letter contained a check for three hundred dollars, the joint contributions of all the up-to-me.



RACHEL AND AIXA;

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXV.—An Old Friend sent to Prison.

Four o'clock had just struck, and day had begun to dawn, when the good citizens of Bordeaux were awakened in a fright by an unusual noise. Numerous cavalcades, parties from different quarters of the city, noisily traversed the streets in a gallop. Some of the most courageous arose in haste, but contented themselves with cautiously unfastening their windows, so as not to attract the attention of the passers-by. As to the others, they were the major part, they prudently barricaded their doors. They imagined that during their sleep the French had come to retake the city from the English. One of the windows of the inn, however, noisily opened, and a man, half dressed, wrapped in a large cloak, appeared on the wooden balcony that ornamented the front of the house. This man, holding a large naked sword in his hand, leaned over the balustrade, and began to curse against these nocturnal rioters, who, under the plea that they could not sleep themselves, did not care how they interrupted the sleep of others.

The people in the neighbourhood who had not yet ventured to show their noses, electrified by the determined air of the guest of the Golden Shield, then opened their windows, and mingled their shrill and discordant cries with the vigorous tones of the man in the balcony.

"It is nothing but some drunken people or thieves pursued by the city archers," said one. "And if I did not fear catching cold by this villainous north wind, they should find whom they had to talk to."

"By St. George," cried the man with the drawn sword in his turn, in a thundering voice, calling to a horseman who was passing at full gallop, "make your nag go at a less noisy pace; or I will shower on your head all the flower-pots on this balcony!"

He to whom this menace was addressed continued to advance, being unable to stop his horse, but as soon as he could master it, he retraced his steps, and stepping in front of the balcony, "I thought some one spoke to me," said he, tranquilly, casting his looks around.

At this question, so simple in itself, all the heads of the neighbourhood immediately disappeared, and the windows closed as if by enchantment, with the exception, however, of that in the inn.

"It is I," replied the man in the balcony, without hesitation, "and I repeat, if you continue to disturb my rest, I am determined to see if your skull is proof against these miserable flower-pots."

"Unfortunately, I have no flower-pots at hand, and therefore cannot return the compliment; but if you will come down into the street, you shall make acquaintance with a wrist that has already acquired some fame in Guyenne."

These words were received with a loud shout of laughter by the guest of the Golden Shield, who exclaimed, "Bravo! Robert Knowles!"

"Ah! my knight of the flower-pots, are you Captain Burdett?" cried the young man, laughing in his turn.

"In flesh, bone, and sword, my dear Robert," said the other.

"I was very far from thinking you lodged at the Golden Shield," resumed Robert Knowles; "where the deuce do you come from?"

"From the farther end of Andalusia," replied Burdett, "this very night; and I was just beginning to sleep, for the first time these ten days, merely to avoid losing the habit, when you took the precaution of so delicately awakening me."

"I hope you will pardon me," pleaded Robert.

"I am delighted that you have thus procured me the pleasure of seeing you again some hours earlier," answered Tom Burdett. "But now, Robert, explain to me the cause of this nocturnal disturbance."

"It is very simple," returned Knowles. "The Prince of Wales has invited all his lords and knights to hunt the stag with him this morning, in the forest of Larnac, and it is who will make his horse gallop the fastest to the monastery of St. Andrew."

"A stag hunt!" exclaimed Burdett; "if you are my friend, Robert, you will not go without me. This will be an excellent opportunity to appear again before the prince."

"Hasten, then, for time presses," replied the other.

"I only ask time to put on my clothes, and my coat-of-mail. Not to lose time, awaken the innkeeper, and order him to saddle my horse."

Sir Robert Knowles in reply dismounted, and directing his steps to the gate of the inn, seized the knocker, and gave sundry raps, with a force that justified the eulogium he had just before pronounced on his wrist.

Excited by curiosity, some of the citizens, who heard the two champions laughing and talking familiarly, instead of engaging in a desperate combat, of which they had hoped to have been peaceable spectators, began gradually to peep out.

The landlord at length opened the door, grumbling all the while like a heathen at the fellow who had disturbed his sleep. But when he saw the gold-spurs of a knight, shining, the honest man observed a respectful silence, and hastened to obey the orders of Burdett, who told him to saddle his horse quickly, while he, to curb his impatience, would empty a flask of old wine with his friend.

Thanks to the zeal with which the voice and manners of the jovial captain never failed to inspire his inferiors, the host soon came to announce that his horse was ready, and the two friends were not long before they were in their saddles. Robert Knowles started first, and Burdett was about to follow him, when his host placed himself before his steed in a humble attitude, holding his cap in one hand, and stretching the other towards him in a very significant manner.

"Ah!" said Burdett, "I understand; you are about to indulge in a bad habit, to which innkeepers are too often inclined. Depend on my word, your score shall be settled on my return."

"Alas! your word does not inspire me with any doubt, brave sir," replied the host, and then he added, in an under-tone, "on the loss of my money." Then he continued aloud,

"But a pledge is preferable security, and there is nothing offensive in that. The day before yesterday two young men came to lodge at my inn, and as they had not a farthing in their pockets to pay their expenses, for they had absconded from the paternal roof in search of adventures, one of them left me a greyhound, which, for vigour and fleetness is not to be surpassed, the other, a hawk of the Norwegian breed, that he had brought up himself."

"And didst thou not blush at thus despoiling these poor young gentlemen?" exclaimed Burdett, who had listened attentively to the recital.

"But I am ready to return them their dog and their hawk as soon as they pay me their account," answered the host. "I am an honest man, sir, only a pledge, you see, always tranquillizes the mind, and makes one easy. I will show them to you," he added, as he precipitately re-entered the lower room, and an instant after returned, carrying on his wrist a superb hawk, whose curved beak visibly annoyed him, and to the legs of which were attached little silver bells. In the other hand he drew, by a leash, a greyhound admirably formed, whose skin was a pearl grey.

"What say you to this hawk, sir?" demanded the host; "is it not an excellent pledge?"

"But if its owner does not return, this beautiful bird can be of no use to thee, unless thou reckonest on roasting it for thy guests," said Burdett.

"No, no, I shall do better with it than that, for our high and mighty lady, the Princess of Wales, to whom one fault only is attributed, that of being passionately fond of hawking, will buy this beautiful hawk of me at its weight in gold."

"Yes, it is a prize worthy a princess," said Burdett, examining it with the critical eye of an experienced falconer. "But let us see if it has been well trained, if it answers to the call." At the same time he gave a shrill whistle, and the hawk immediately flew from the wrist of the astonished host on to the broad shoulder of the captain.

"Ah, the brave bird!" said the captain.

"It is truly of a good breed, and does not like to perch except on a noble place."

"Well, sir, did I speak falsely?" cried the innkeeper, caressing the greyhound, which began to growl and pull its leash, in order to go and fawn on Burdett.

"Certainly not," replied the latter, "and that greyhound also seems to me too fierce and too cunning to remain idly crouching on the hearth-stone of a wretched inn."

"For all that, the hawk and dog will both remain here until their masters have paid me their account," said the good man, rubbing his hands merrily.

Tom Burdett smiled. "Thou art wrong," he said, "to think of treating a greyhound like a blind man's dog. If thou dost not take care, this greyhound will play thee some wicked turn. What name did his master give him?"

"He called him Roland," answered the host, simply.

"Well, Roland, if thou wouldst take a little exercise to-day, leave that follow, and come with me," cried the captain, giving the hand of the innkeeper that held the cord attached to the dog's collar, a violent blow with his whip.

The poor man uttered a cry of surprise and pain, and let go the cord, to which the greyhound at the same time gave a violent shake; but the innkeeper, not altogether losing his presence of mind, threw himself almost immediately before the captain's steed, vowing that the latter should compensate him for the assault.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," replied Burdett, bursting with laughter; "but in revenge I will borrow this hawk and dog to complete my hunting equipage. Now give me a free passage."

"Never!" roared the innkeeper, grinding his teeth.

"So much the worse for thee," replied the freebooter, and raising his whip with an imperious gesture, "Ho! Roland!" cried he, "seize the rascal by the throat, and make him bite the dust!"

The dog did not lose so good an opportunity of proving to his new master what a brilliant education he had received, and flew on the unlucky innkeeper with such fury, that by the shock he upset him.

"Quarter, quarter!" cried the poor man, in a hoarse voice, for, feeling the fangs of the greyhound, he thought his last hour had arrived; "I permit thee to go, Roland; lead him with you to all the furies, sir."

The fierce and cheating Late Comer laughed heartily at seeing his creditor struggling so disadvantageously against his unexpected adversary; but fearing to push the joke too far, he called Roland off, and with difficulty made him let go, though not without some blows of the whip. He then departed at full gallop, the hawk on his shoulder, and followed by the greyhound.

In the meanwhile, the unfortunate citizen got up, bruised, bleeding, covered with dirt, and furious with rage, fear, and shame.

The city had settled down to its ordinary stillness, and the noise was concentrated in the large court-yard of the monastery of St. Andrew, where the lords invited to accompany the hunt arrived in crowds, to whom Robert Knowles announced the return of the captain of freebooters.

When Burdett arrived with his tattered cloak, his hawk and greyhound, before the gates of the monastery; the archers on guard shouted to him not to advance any farther; the captain, however, paid no attention to their notice, but urged his horse into the yard, while the archers followed in pursuit, and two of them seized the bridle of his horse, when two persons of grave and formal air advanced towards them, whom Tom Burdett recognised as the Marshal Sir Stephen Codrington and Sir Guiscard d'Angle.

"Well, worthy barons," said the captain, "is this then the reception that the Prince of Wales gives to one of his most faithful followers? I, hope you will recognise your companion in war, Tom Burdett, and that you will order these men to let go, and thus spare me the trouble of giving them a lesson in courtesy."

"Sir Captain, we recognise you perfectly," replied Sir Stephen Codrington, "but our orders are imperative. Those knights only who are designated to take part in the chase, can enter the monastery this morning."

The Late Comer turned red with anger. "Nevertheless, Sir Stephen, I do not think you will pretend to drive me away like a beggar, now that I have passed the sentinel." "No, certainly; we shall not have occasion to do that," replied the Marshal of Aquitaine politely, "for you are, indeed, too faithful a servant not to depart without delay of your own accord."

"Take care, noble marshal," exclaimed the Late Comer, ferociously; "if you push me to extremity, some misfortune will happen."

"To whom pray, sir?" asked Sir Stephen, ironically. "To him who enforces the authority of Prince Edward, or to him who defies it?"

"That is a challenge," vociferated the captain, proceeding to draw his sword from its scabbard, but the archers, on a sign from Sir Guiscard d'Angle, came forward to remove him.

This incident had attracted a curious circle around the disputants; the lords, squires, and even the varlets of the hunt had collected and formed a compact group. Every one raised his voice, either to support the marshal or to pity Burdett, and to say that he did not deserve such harsh treatment. The noise, at length, reached the ears of the Prince of Wales, who sent one of his pages to inquire the cause. The young man, by an imperious sign, imposed silence on every one, and said to Sir Stephen, "My Lord Edward desires to know the author of all this disturbance."

"It is I," replied the captain, boldly, before the marshal had time to speak. "Fair sir, go and tell the prince that these noble barons wish to prevent his poor vassal, Tom Burdett, his liege man from Wales, from getting near him, after an absence of several months. Tell him that if it is his will that I should be ejected from the door of the monastery of St. Andrew, I will make no resistance; but at least I beg he will accept this greyhound, too valuable to belong to a simple knight. Carry also to thy noble mistress, the Princess of Wales, this Norwegian hawk, which will surprise her by its exploits."

The page smiled, and telling the captain not to stir, and to await the answer of the prince, he returned, carrying with him the dog and the hawk.

Tom Burdett was not deceived in his expectations. The Black Prince and his consort were both passionately fond of the chase, and when they saw the two beautiful animals which the Late Comer had sent to them, they could not restrain an exclamation of delight and admiration.

The page was ordered to introduce Captain Burdett immediately, who was thus able to maintain his ground to the confusion of the Marshal of Aquitaine, and casting the bridle of his horse to the squire of Robert Knowles, he followed his youthful conductor. The latter led him into an immense hall, the walls of which were covered with weapons, offensive and defensive; in the middle was an oak table, curiously carved, and covered with

manuscripts, yellow parchments, gauntlets, helmets, and hunting swords.

Standing near the table, and nearly lost in the shade, was a knight of tall stature, wearing a buff jerkin. It was Prince Edward, who, fixed his soft and brilliant eyes on the beautiful hound, while Roland licked his hands as if he had already recognised him for his master.

As to the young and beautiful woman, who was seated in a large arm-chair, surmounted with armorial bearings carved in oak, and amused herself in unhooding the proud Norwegian hawk, she was the Princess of Wales; a good and pious lady, who divided her existence between God, her husband, and her children. When Edward left her to go to the war, she experienced the deepest grief, but she would not have ventured to turn the conqueror of Poitiers from the road of honour in which he was marching. Thus, when during a truce he relaxed from his repose by the violent exercise of the chase, her love led her to accompany him, and to affect an irresistible passion for that kind of pleasure.

Tom Burdett, after respectfully bowing to the princess, advanced to salute his master, and kiss his hand.

"Well, jovial captain," said Edward, smiling, "after having disappeared for a year, you come to force our castle and take it by assault. Nevertheless, we bid you welcome; this noble hound," caressing the animal, "intercedes for you."

"Sir Prince," answered Burdett, "my ardent desire to see you again, and place my arm and sword at your service, cannot be considered a crime."

"Without reckoning your valiant company of freebooters," returned the prince, "you come at a time to be useful; I shall probably need to collect all my brave soldiers around my banner. Inform me how many men-arms march under your pennon."

At this inquiry Tom Burdett made a piteous grimace. "Alas! my liege lord, my company no longer exists; I march alone under my own flag. All my men have been entirely destroyed by infamous treachery. I have now neither money nor mail—I who some time ago might have vied, in power and fortune, with a knight banneret."

"Is it possible you can have suffered such reverses!" exclaimed Edward—"you, the most cunning of our captains of adventure."

"Alas!" sighed Burdett, "I have met with others more cunning than myself, and I was obliged to sell all my booty to a vile Jew in order to pay my ransom. In short, if my master was not the most generous prince in Christendom, I should be reduced from a captain to become a simple soldier. Job was not poorer than myself, for I have nothing left but my arm and my sword."

(To be Continued.)

A LAWYER AND A WITNESS.

The tedious session of the Supreme Court at Pittsfield, Mass., was relieved by an incident last week. A leading member of the bar, rather noted for strategy of confusing witnesses, by working them into a passion, had under cross-examination a woman who seemed an apt subject for his favourite tactics; having wound her up to the desired pitch, he inquired "Madam, are you now living with your first or second husband?" "That's none of your business!" sharp and short. With an offended dignity, the attorney turned to Chief Justice Brigham, who said with a smile, "I think the witness is about right in that, is she not?" Which reminds the older members of the bar of a similar misadventure that a still more distinguished member of the Berkshire bar once met at the hands of Chief Justice Shaw. "Where did you get the money with which you made the purchase spoken of?" asked the "learned brother" of a witness under the torture of a cross-examination. "None of your (gentle expletive) business!" thundered the victim. "Now, may it please you, are counsel to be insulted in this manner?" appealed the lawyer. "Witness," said the Chief Justice, compassionately, "do you wish to change your last answer?" "No, sir, I don't!" "Well, I wouldn't if I were in your place!" And the chuckle that shook the bench was audibly echoed.

A HEROIC WOMAN.

It is related that in the year 1786, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta sent as a present a costly bracelet of rubies to Madame du Fenoy, a French lady of great beauty, in token of her extraordinary and gallant conduct when an Algerine corsair attacked the vessel in which she was a passenger. This lady was in a polacre, bound to Genoa, and the Algerine coming alongside poured in a broadside, and then grappling with her, a number of the Algerines boarded her, sword in hand. The crew were about to submit to the enemy, when Madame du Fenoy snatched a sabre from a wounded sailor, and wielded it with astonishing courage and effect. The crew, animated and inspired by such an unexpected example of female valor, fought with enthusiasm, killed several of the pirates, and drove the remainder back to their own vessel. When the lady reached the shore she was everywhere greeted with acclamations by the populace. The Marquis de Christeaux waited upon her, and with his own hands placed a crown of laurel on her head—and a portrait of her was taken for the queen of France.

A MOTHER TO HER LOST ONE.

Kind angels have borne thee, sweet child of my bosom,
To climes that are lovely and beaming, with light,
And though faded on earth, thy beauty may blossom,
The chains thou hast gained are more perfect and bright,
In the garden of glory the Saviour has given
The home of Seraphs, mid the wonders of heaven.

Oh! God, yield me strength to bear up under sorrow,
To smile that the slumb'ror is freed from life's pain—
To dream of the hopes that the wretched may borrow
From the word of his promise to meet thee again,
Where our union 'mong spirits no rude hand can sever,
And the smiles of his angels are radiant forever.

COLORED PHILOSOPHER.

An elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatting upon his bundle on the hurricane deck of one of the western river steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. His appearance and dress indicated familiarity with camp life, and it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned him farther. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory will serve me.

Were you in the fight?
I had a little taste of it, sa.
Stood your ground, did you?
No, sa, I runs.
Run at the first fire, did you?
Yes, sa, an' would hab run soons had I know'd it was comin'.
Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage.
Dat isn't in my line, sa—ookin's my profession.
Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?
Reputation? Nuffin to me by de side of life.
Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?
It's worth more to me, sa.
Then you must value it very highly?
Yes, sa, I does; more than all this world; more dan a million dollars, sa; for what would da be wuth to a man wid de bref out uv him? Self-preservation is the first law wid me, sa.
But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?
Cause, sa, different men sets different value upon derselves; my life is not in de market.
But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country.
What satisfaction would dat be to me, when der power of feelin' was gone?
Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?
Nuffin, whatever, sa—I regard dem as among de varieties.
If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance.
Yes, sa; der would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scales ginst any government dat eber existed, for no government could replace de loss to me. Spect, dough, dat de government safe, if da all like me.

Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?
May be not, sa. A dead white man ain't much wuth dese sogers, let alone a dead nigger; but I'd a missed myself, and that was de pint wid me.
It is safe to say that the darkey corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

REMARKABLY COOL.

Policeman Badger, of the Tenth Station, had a bit of experience the other night which he is not fond of talking about. It was past midnight as he was leisurely pushing his best through Jessup street, and as he came opposite to Drayton & Fogg's jewelry store he observed gleams of light in the chinks of the shutter, and he rapped at the door.
"Is that you, policeman," asked a voice within.
"Yes," answered Badger.
"Well—it's only me; it's all right. Kind o' chilly out isn't it?"
"Yes."
"Thought so. I was just firing the fire."
"Good-night."
Badger said "good night" and pursued his way.
An hour afterwards Badger passed through Jessup street again, and again he saw the light in the jewellery store. It didn't look right, and he banged at the door loudly.
"Hallo!" cried the voice within. "Is it you policeman?"
"Yes."
"All right. Won't you come in and warm

you? It won't hurt anything for you to slip from your heat a few minutes."

The door was opened, and Policeman Badger entered, and he found the inmate to be a very gentlemanly-looking man, in a linen duster.

"Come right up to the stove policeman. Excuse me a moment."

The man took the ash-pan from the bottom of the stove, and carried it down to the cellar and emptied it, and when he had returned and wiped his hands, he said, with a smile:
"Chilly night, isn't it?"
"Yes."

"Chilly outside, and dull inside. (Another smile.) New goods for the spring trade, and have to keep our eyes open. Lonesome work, this watching all night; but I manage to find a bit of comfort in 'this.' Won't you join me in a tip? You will find it the pure thing."

And the man in the duster produced a black bottle and a tumbler.

Policeman Badger partook, and having wiped his lips, he left the store and resumed his beat, satisfied that all was right in Drayton & Fogg's.

But the morning brought out a new revelation. Drayton & Fogg's store had been robbed during the night of \$6,000 worth of watches and jewellery; and though Policeman Badger carries in his mind an exact danguerotype of the robber, the adroit rascal has not yet been found.

BUTLER AND HIS DOG.

The following anecdote of Ben Butler, he says has never appeared in print, but as it illustrates the characteristics of the man, it is too good to be lost:

Like all lawyers, Ben had a hard pull of it in the start, and perhaps the sharpness and acumen for which he is so universally celebrated were acquired at this early period of his life, while he was striving for a practice, and the odds were brains or starvation.

One day, while sitting in his office, there entered a long-legged, gaunt, hatchet-faced specimen of the genus Yankee, who looked sharp enough to make his meals off pins and needles, and who thus accosted the future congressman:

"Mr. Lawyer, I am going into a little law business, and as you seem to be a right smart, plucky sort of a chap, I thought I might as well give the job to you."

"All right," said the lawyer, "you can't trust your case in better hands."

"Well, then, I had a ham hanging in an out shed, and a neighbor's dog came along and ate it."

"Make the fellow pay for damages."

"That's the talk, Mr. Lawyer," said the Yankee, with a sly smile beginning to work around the corners of his eyes and mouth.

"But you see—I don't know as it makes any difference—the dog was yours."

"What do you value your ham at?" asked Butler, drawing out his wallet.

"Well, I guess five dollars will be letting you off cheap," said the Yankee, "for it was an all-fired good ham!"

Without uttering a word of protest, Butler paid the money, and then said:

"There is your damage for your ham, now fork over your ten dollars."

"What for?" inquired the Yankee in his turn astonished.

"For my legal advice," said Butler. "You don't suppose I can work without fee, do you?"

Mr. Yankee was bit, so drawing a face as long as his legs, he slowly counted out the money, and inwardly vowed he would bring no more law business before the youthful but razor-like dispenser of Coke and Blackstone.

TRUE MANHOOD DEFINED.

God has so made the sexes that women, like children, cling to men; lean upon them for protection, care, and love; look up to them as though they were superior in mind and body. They make them the sons of their system, and they and their children revolve around them. Men are gods, if they but knew it, and women burning incense at their shrines. Women, therefore, who have good minds and pure hearts, want men to lean upon. Think of their reverencing a drunkard, a liar, a fool, or libertine. If a man would have a woman to do him homage, he must be manly in every sense; a true gentleman, not after the Chesterfield school, but polite, because his heart is full of kindness to all; one who treats her with respect, eye deference, because she is a woman; who never condescends to say silly things to her; who brings her up to his level, if his mind is above her's who is never over-anxious to please; but always anxious to do right; who has no time to be frivolous with her; always dignified in speech and act; who never spends too much upon her; never yields to temptation, even if she puts it in his way; who is ambitious to make his mark in the world, whether she encourages him or not; who is never familiar with her to the extent of being an adopted brother or cousin; who is not over-careful about dress; always pleasant and considerate, but always keeping his place of the man, the head, and never losing it. Such deportment, with noble principles, a good mind, energy and industry, will win any woman in the land who is worth winning.

A guest at a western hotel, finding a long hair in the butter, ordered the waiter to bring him some "bald-headed butter."

DO THE RIGHT THING.

Whenever you are in doubt which of two things to do, let your decision be for that which you know is right. Do not waver, do not parlay, but stop square to the work and do the right thing.

Boy, when you divide that apple with your little sister, be very careful not to keep the largest half for yourself. Young man, don't sneak out of the basement door because you wish to escape father's eye. Maiden, let not the most trifling deceit pass current in those little acts which make the sum of your life. Father, remember that "actions speak louder than words," and set no example yourself which you are unwilling your child should imitate. Mother, let not your affection betray you into overlooking such "mischief" in your darling as might grow to "wrong" with advancing years.

STARTING IN THE WORLD.

Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of those who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.

A TEUTONIC ALLEGORY.

An old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his field with his own hands, and depositing the promising seed in the fruitful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here old man?"

"If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," replied the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."

STEALING, LYING, AND SLANDERING.

Essayists have written much on these subjects, to prove which is the greater vice. But the question is easily settled. Of these three enormous vices stealing is by far the most excusable. The thief, it is true, degrades himself to the lowest level, and becomes the scorn and contempt of mankind. Still, he steals with an object and purpose. It is to put money into his pocket, for which he is too lazy to work. This frailty of his nature, laziness, is the excuse for his vice, while, if it did not exist, perhaps the vice would not be practised. The thief hates nobody—he desires nobody's life—he does not seek to destroy anybody's fair name or reputation. He has no malice, even when he is breaking open the money drawer. And while on this subject, how many various ways of stealing are there, besides robbing a hen roost, at which mankind looks with indulgence. The merchant who gives short weight and measures, steals from his customer. So does the quartermaster or commissary who shaves a trifle off each man's rations. The man who sells a diseased or vicious horse does the same. Nevertheless, the injury which such do to society, compared with liars and slanderers, is trifling.

Now let us see in what light the Saviour regarded these vices comparatively. He tells the poor thief who was crucified with him, "verily this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." On the contrary, among those whom he declared it impossible to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, liars were specially enumerated.

If liars are held in such detestation, what will be the portion of slanderers, who are both liars and defamers? We may guard against the thief, by using necessary precautions; and even when we are robbed, we lose what is not irreparable. But how are we to guard against liars and slanderers, who are like assassins who stab in the dark? The man who robs another of his purse, puts him to temporary inconvenience, or it may be distress. But he who robs another of his reputation and character, robs him of his all, and if a poor man, of more than life. For, when a man's life is terminated, his toils for existence are no longer necessary. But take away a poor man's character, and you might as well take away his life, and better. No, the slanderer is worse than the murderer, and infinitely more detestable than the thief. A rude breath on a tender flower will blight and destroy it. So the breath of scandal on a young, timid, and unprotected female, will destroy her, like the flower, which can never revive, but must wither and die. What, then, do liars and murderers deserve of mankind? In former times, the thief was branded in the hand, or on the forehead. But the

liar and slanderer should now be branded on the forehead, that everybody may see the mark, and avoid him, as they would a mad dog.

PLEASANT DISCOVERIES.

Diamonds are occasionally found, in the African diamond field, on the earth's surface. The soil is sandy, or covered by a layer of rather coarse gravel. After digging about four feet the diamond seeker usually finds a layer of lime, or something closely resembling it, which, when first exposed to the air, is hard as a rock, and it sometimes takes three days to get through a vein of it. The vein is usually about three or four feet in thickness, but after being exposed to the air or the action of water, crumbles and is easily removed. Beneath it lies a bed of red gravel, from one to three feet in thickness, in which a majority of diamonds are found, although some large and unusually fine ones are occasionally taken out of the soil below. Rubies, garnets and a greenish stone closely resembling the emerald are also found in profusion in the red gravel, but are valueless from the fact that they appear to have been subjected to some intense heat, which has scorched and cracked them, so that, although large ones are sometimes taken out, they may be rolled between the hands and broken to pieces. The diamonds are neither incrustated with dirt nor surrounded by stone when found, as many persons appear to believe, but come out bright and clear as drops of water.

WHAT IS WATER?

What is water? I suppose some men are ready to make the Dogberry-like reply: "Water, sir, is water." That certainly reaches the point by a very short cut, but to the thinking, inquiring man it is not satisfactory. Let us answer the question from the standpoint of the chemist. Water is rust, the red powder that falls from iron which has long been subjected to the action of moisture, is rust of iron. It is the oxide of a metal, and so is water. Water is the rust of hydrogenium—a true metal. This wonderful element no human eyes have ever looked upon and probably never will, as in its free state it exists only in the form of an invisible gas. Quite recently, science has demonstrated experimentally, what has long been suspected, that hydrogen gas is a metal, and capable of assuming a solid form in alloys. Oxygen, by uniting with this gaseous metal, rusts, oxidizes or burns it, and water is the rust or ashes. This strange metal, hydrogenium, and its oxide, play an important part in all the operations of nature. It is not alone confined to the little ball of earth upon which we live, but it exists in the stellar world above us, and in those misty points of light, the nebulae, which have so long puzzled and perplexed the astronomer and men versed in the physical sciences. The recent discoveries by means of the spectroscope have proved that this element enters largely into the unformed chaotic masses of matters, moving in space, of which the worlds are made. It is ready, when the formative act is fully accomplished, for taking its place in combination with oxygen, as water, to aid in sustentation of animal and vegetable life upon spheres so far distant that our imagination even cannot reach them.

NEWSPAPERS.

Their value is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content with a single newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not easily satiated, and books, though useful—yes, absolutely necessary in their place, fail to meet the demands of youth or age. The village newspaper is eagerly sought, and its contents as eagerly devoured. Then comes the demand for the county news, state news, national and foreign news. Next to the political come the literary, and then the scientific journals. Lastly, and above all, come the moral and religious journals. This variety is demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind. Newspapers are also valuable to material prosperity. They advertise the village, county or locality. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design, progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel he first inquires for the village newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance, the very next thing after a family greeting, he inquires for your village or county newspaper, and you feel discomfited if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are compelled to say you do not take it. The newspaper is just as necessary to fit a man for his true position in life as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, barefoot boy, rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover his feet in after life if he is well supplied with newspapers. Show us the child that is eager for newspapers. He will make a man of mark in after life if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things being equal, it is a rule that never fails. Give the children newspapers.—Waverly. AFFECTING MESSAGE (by telegram).—From the Thames Tunnel, London, to the Mont Cenis Tunnel, Italian Terminus: "Wish you many happy returns, commercially speaking. I envy your climate." From Mont Cenis Tunnel to Thames ditto: "Thanks. How are you?" From Thames T. to Mt. Cenis T.: "Shut up!"—Punch.

large number of chartered banks in our midst, there is ample employment and safe investment yet for a half dozen new banks in Toronto.

The mechanics of Ontario who have funds to invest can now buy the stock of this new bank at par, and it will soon be at a premium; therefore, now is the time to invest.

CITY NEWS.

We beg to call attention to the card of Dr. Agnew in another column. Dr. Agnew is a practitioner of long standing, having graduated in 1858.

The *Leader* has put on a new dress, and is very much improved thereby. Mr. Beatty has not followed the example of the other dailies, but continues to supply the evening edition for one cent.

The Hon. Neil Dow, in a lecture delivered on Monday evening in the Temperance Hall, contradicted the general belief that in Maine the prohibitory law has been condemned, and that it had demoralized the people and made them hypocrites, and that as liquor must be had, the traffic in strong drink was surreptitious.

MARCH OUT.—The 2nd Brigade, Grand Trunk Artillery, assembled at their armory on Front street, at 7.30 on Monday evening, and after being put through a number of manoeuvres, marched through the principal streets of the city, under the command of Major Carlaw, headed by their band.

FOUND DEAD.—About one o'clock on Sunday morning, the dead body of an old man named James Sheadle, aged 65, was found in a water-closet on Centre street, in rear of the premises of a man named Bartram. Deceased, who was of very dissipated habits, lived on Centre street some time ago, but has lately been leading a vagrant life, being without any home or fixed residence. He came by his death, it would appear, from the effects of drink.

A large number of the coal and wood merchants of this city have "struck" against the enforcement of the by-law respecting the "dumping" of coal and wood on the streets, and have issued a circular, announcing that they would not continue to deliver those articles in consequence of the difficulty they had lately experienced in so doing. The matter was before our City Fathers on Monday night, but beyond some "talk," nothing was done in the matter.

THE HORSE DISEASE.—Nearly all the proprietors of horses throughout the city are now congratulating themselves upon the saving of the lives of their animals during the trying ordeal of the epidemic they have lately been subjected to. The horses of Messrs. Grand & Son, John Hendrie & Co., Shedden's, Bond's, Doane's, Jones', Trimble's, and others, are all recovering; and the disease, under the treatment of the veterinary surgeons, is quickly being rooted out.

On Sunday the anniversary of the Sabbath School of the Queen Street Wesleyan Methodist Church was celebrated by special services. The Rev. Mr. Gemley preached in the morning; the Rev. H. Johnston, M.A., pastor of the church, preached a sermon specially for the children in the afternoon; and the evening services were conducted by the Rev. Thos. Guttery. The anniversary meeting was held in the church on Monday night, when several gentlemen addressed the audience, and appropriate music was rendered by the choir and the children of the school.

The funeral of the late Mr. Frederick A. Spence, who died on Saturday from injuries received by falling off the street cars, took place on Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, from his uncle's residence, 67 Terauley street. The cortege contained a large representation of the Orange order; the members of Black Preceptory No. 96, and L. O. L. No. 275, (in both of which deceased held the office of Deputy Master), appearing in regalia. The band of the 10th Royals supplied appropriate music. Mr. Spence had scarcely reached the age of twenty-one when this sad accident terminated his life.

John Snarr's coal and wood yard, opposite city weigh scales, Nelson street, is the place for mechanics to buy their supply of coal and wood for winter. This yard has in it all the best varieties of hard and soft coal, also the best cordwood. Wood, sawn only, or sawn and split, supplied to order. We can confidently recommend our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Snarr, to the favorable consideration of our numerous readers. He is doing an extensive business in the coal and wood trade on account of his honorable dealings with customers and promptness in supplying all orders he is favored with.

A BAD FALL.—On Tuesday morning early a young man named Fred Carter, bricklayer's assistant, employed on the

new buildings which are being erected on Front street by W. T. Griffiths, fell head foremost down a hoist reaching from the basement to the top of the building thirty-six feet, and was taken up as dead by his comrades. Medical assistance having been procured in the person of Dr. Newcombe, he was removed to his home and it was ascertained that no bones were broken, and that beyond a few bad bruises and a much swelled shoulder which had come in contact rather roughly with a barrow load of bricks, there was not much the matter.

HENRY GRAHAM & Co.'s CARPET WAREHOUSE, No. 3 KING STREET EAST.—We are pleased in having an opportunity afforded us of calling the attention of our numerous readers to the advertisement of this extensive establishment, which will be found today in another column. In consequence of increasing trade, and the necessity of having additional room for an unusually large stock of carpets, &c., they have added another room, 55 feet long by 30 feet wide, to their already extensive premises. This room has been fitted up for the purpose of showing the more costly descriptions of Brussels and other carpets. It appears there has also been added still another room, 30 x 30, for the storage and exhibition of oil cloths. We recommend mechanics and others, when in the want of anything in the above line, to give Messrs. Graham & Co. a call, as they are gentlemen who are well worthy of patronage.

"THE HOURS OF LABOR."

History of the Contest for Short Hours in England—Murder of the Innocents in Factories—History of the Contest in America and in Europe—Social and Political Aspects of the Question—Significant Statistics—The Sanitary Aspect.

(FROM THE HAMILTON STANDARD.)

[CONCLUDED.]

THE SANITARY ASPECT.

If five persons now, with an increased percentage of children, produce as much in a cotton mill as seven persons did in 1850, it follows that in a certain direction the individual has to condense as much exertion into fifty hours as used to be spread over seventy. The spindle, the power loom, the steam engine itself move faster, and each individual has to watch a large number. There were four persons for every horse-power steam in 1850; there were but two in 1867. In whatever direction the necessity for physical exertion may have been diminished, the strain upon the eyes, the brain, the nervous system, has been more than correspondingly enhanced. General Oliver, of Boston, asks those who make light of the effects of the monotony of factory work, and call it easy, to try the effect of sitting down for ten hours at a stretch to make short parallel strokes with a pen on a sheet of white paper. Twelve hours fatiguing bodily labor may be borne in one occupation without physical deterioration, while ten hours may be killing in another. Compare the exertions of the domestic servant with the worker of the sewing machine. The one is constantly on the move, and the same set of nerves are seldom subjected to any particular strain for any length of time, while the other, like the machine she attends, must ever remain in the same position. She must watch every one of the 120 or more stitches that are put in per minute; her eyes are constantly and intensely upon a line, her hands and feet must move with the regularity of any piece of mechanism; a turning of the eye, a slip of the hand or foot spoils the work. What ravages the sewing machine causes amongst those who have to ply it constantly for a living is not yet ascertained. The surest proof would be a correct account of the number and ages of the living and a register of deaths. But for this there has hardly been time. The machine workers are included in the various branches of trades as tailors, shoemakers, &c., without any specification, and many only use the machine occasionally, hence the testimony is conflicting.

The death-rate settles all disputes as to the effect of overwork on health and life. On two recent occasions the death-rate has proved that constant work, which is generally synonymous with overwork, is more dangerous to life than a certain amount of privation. During the cotton famine, the death-rate at Manchester fell, and when all work was stopped in the east of London, and the distress of the poor was at its height, the death-rate of St. George's-in-the-East sunk to the level of the most favored districts. The metal workers, including those employed on lead and copper, stand next to the agricultural laborers for longevity, and the tailors are at the bottom of the scale.

The following table exhibits the varying rate of mortality, at an early period of life in various occupations:

AVERAGE NUMBER OF MALE PERSONS LIVING TO ONE DEATH, 1860-1861, IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

Occupation.	No. of living to one death from 15 to 25 years of age.	No. of living to one death from 25 to 36 years of age.
Farm laborers.....	106	68
Metal workers.....	95	67
Grocers and shopmen.....	93	54
Carpenters and joiners.....	89	74
Factory workers.....	61	66
Tailors.....	65	13

The high rate of mortality among the tailors is not confined to the large towns; it is the rate of the whole country, and differs very little in the rural districts; the county of Essex forms the only exception; there the tailors live as long as other people. The difference between the factory workers and the tailors is attributable to the fact that the tailors work longer hours, and, as a rule, irregular hours. Those who work at home sometimes work day and night one part of the week, and the other they are idle. In the best regulated West End shops, they work twelve, thirteen and fourteen hours a day, when there is work, and everywhere they have to do an amount of work which the employer considers equal to seventy-two hours, to make a full week's wages.

A general reduction of the hours of labor is necessary on social, economical, sanitary and moral grounds, and is demanded by the working classes all over the world.

NECESSITY OF RECREATION.

There is in human nature, and never to be rooted out of it, a want of excitement and exhilaration. The cares and labors of life often leave the mind dull, and when it is relieved from them—and it must be relieved, there must be seasons of relief—the question is, how are these seasons to be filled up? The man cannot sit down dull and stupid, and he ought not. Now suppose that society provides him with no cheerful or attractive recreations; that all cheap and free enjoyments, the hale, hearty holiday recreations, are out of use and out of reach, what now will the man set free from business or labor be likely to do? He asks for relief and exhilaration; he asks for escape from his cares and anxieties; society in its arrangements offers him none. Men cannot live on always. They must have intervals of relaxation. And if they have not recreation from healthful sources, they will be very likely to take it from the poisonous fountains of intemperance. Or if they have pleasures, which though innocent, are forbidden by the maxims of public morality, these very pleasures are liable to become poisoned fountains.—*Rev. O. Dewey*

MARK TWAIN AND HIS ENGLISH EDITOR.

To the Editor of the London Spectator.

Sir,—I only venture to intrude upon you because I come, in some sense, in the interest of public morality, and this makes my mission respectable. Mr. John Camden Hotten, of London, has, of his own individual motion, republished several of my books in England. I do not protest against this, for there is no law that could give effect to the protest; and, besides, publishers are not accountable to the laws of heaven or earth in any country, as I understand it. But my little grievance is this: My books are bad enough just as they are written: then what must they be after Mr. John Camden Hotten has composed half a dozen chapters and added the same to them? I feel that all true hearts will bleed for an author whose volumes have fallen under such a dispensation as this. If a friend of yours, or if even you yourself, were to write a book and set it adrift among the people, with the gravest apprehension that it was not up to what it ought to be intellectually, how would you like to have John Camden Hotten sit down and stimulate his powers, and drool two or three original chapters on to the end of that book? Would not the world seem cold and hollow to you? Would you not feel that what you wanted to die and be at rest? Little the world knows of true suffering. And suppose he should entitle these chapters, "Holiday Literature," "True Story of Chicago," "On Children," "Train up a Child, and away he Goes," and "Vengeance," and then, on the strength of having evolved these marvels from his own consciousness, go and "copyright" the entire book, and put in the title page a picture of a man with his hands in another man's pocket, and the legend "All Rights Reserved." (I only suppose the picture; still it would be a rather neat thing.) And, further, suppose that in the kindness of his heart and the exuberance of his untaught fancy, this thoroughly well-meaning innocent should expunge the modest title which you had given your book, and replace it with so foul an invention as this, "Screamers and Eye-openers," and went and got that copyrighted, too. And suppose that on the top of all this he continually and persistently forgets to offer you a single penny, or even send you a copy of your mutilated

book to burn. Let one suppose all this. Let him suppose it with strength enough, and then he will know something about woe. Sometimes when I read one of those additional chapters constructed by John Camden Hotten; I feel as if I wanted to take a broom-straw and go and knock that man's brains out. Not in anger, for I feel none. Oh, not in anger; but only to see, that is all. Mere idle curiosity.

And Mr. Hotten says that one *nom de plume* of mine is "Carl Byng." I hold that there is no affliction in this world that makes a man feel so down-trodden and abused as the giving him a name that does not belong to him. How would this sinful aborigine feel if I were to call him John Camden Hotten, and come out in the papers and say he was entitled to it by divine right? I do honestly believe it would throw him into brain fever, if there were not an insuperable obstacle in the way.

Yes—to come back to the original subject, which is the sorrow that is slowly but surely undermining my health—Mr. Hotten prints unrevised, uncorrected, and in some respects spurious books, with my name to them as author, and thus embitters his customers against one of the most innocent of men. Messrs. Geo. Routledge & Sons are the only English publishers who pay me any copyright, and therefore, if my books are to disseminate either suffering or crime among readers of our language, I would ever so much rather they did it through that house, and then I could contemplate the spectacle calmly as the dividends came in.

I am sir, &c.,

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS,

("Mark Twain.")

London, Sept. 20, 1872.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

It is easier to be a good business man than a bad one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind will save credit, give more time to business and add to the profit and reputation of your word. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready to do it carefully, and therefore more speedily and correctly. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, and then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man gets rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "fool" about business matters. If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night. If you employ others, be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and direct with regularity, promptness, and liberality.

Do not meddle with any business you know nothing of. Never buy an article simply because the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Time is money. A good business habit and reputation is always money. Make your place of business pleasant and attractive; then stay there to wait for customers.

Never use quick words, or allow yourself to make hasty or ungentlemanly remarks to those in your employ; to do so, lessens their respect for you and your influence over them. Help yourself and others will help you. Be faithful over the interests confided to your keeping, and all in good time your responsibilities will be increased. Do not be in too great haste to get rich. Do not build until you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not—as you hope to work for success—spend your time in idleness. If your time is your own, business will suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay, it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal it than to steal money. Be obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his blood. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity for snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Keep ahead rather than behind time.

Young men cut this out, and if there is folly in the argument, let us know.

A large saw mill has just been erected at Winnipeg. The mill will be capable of turning out about 28,000 feet of sawed lumber per day. The machinery, which was obtained in Brantford, Ontario, is all first class, and the whole building and machinery has involved an expenditure of about \$100,000. Three months ago there was not a stick of lumber on the ground, and now all the machinery is in position and the mill ready to start.

At a meeting of the operative shoemakers of Arbroath it has been agreed to memorialize the employers to sanction a new scale of wages, which gives an increase of about 12½ per cent.

N. AGNEW, M. D.,

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

CARPETS,

BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY,

AND WOOL CARPETS, In Newest Designs.

Also, a large stock of OIL CLOTHS, MAT TINGS WOOD, and other MATS.

HENRY GRAHAM & CO.,
3 King Street East.

T. CLAXTON,
Importer and Dealer in
First-class Band Instruments,
Violins, English, German and Anglo-German Concertines, Guitars, Flutes, Fifes, Bows, Strings, Instruction Books, etc.,
197 YONGE STREET.

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

H. K. DUNN,
51 QUEEN STREET WEST,
OPPOSITE TERAULEY STREET.

In returning thanks to the Workingmen for their liberal support for the last six months, I would call special attention to the extensive alterations in my store. To further facilitate the supplying of their wants I have added an English Butter Counter and Tray to my provision department, where can always be found

Fresh Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Lard,
HAM, BACON, &c., &c.,
Arranged and kept in the good old English style.

To my Grocery Department I have added a fresh supply, comprised of the best Groceries to be found and bought in this market. In my Larder Department can be found an assortment of the choicest brands, and which, as the above, can be bought at the lowest cash prices.
Remember the old place and call again.
H. K. DUNN.

JOHN JACKSON,
TINSMITH, PLUMBER,
COPPERSMITH,
Galvanized Iron Worker,

252 QUEEN STREET WEST,
TORONTO, ONT.

HARDWARE, ROCK OIL, LAMPS AND CHIMNEYS,
House Furnishing Goods.

J. & T. IREDALE,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Tin, Sheet Iron, and Copperware,
DEALERS IN

LAMPS, STOVES,
AND
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS,
WATER COOLERS,

REFRIGERATORS, &c.,

No. 57 Queen Street West,

First Door West of Bay Street,
TORONTO, ONT.

JAMES IREDALE,
Late Foreman to Wm. H. Sparrow.
THOS. IREDALE,
Late Ishmael Iredale & Son

THE BIG BLUE BOOT.

McCABE & CO.

Be respectfully to call the attention of the public, and more particularly the readers and admirers of the ONTARIO WORKMAN, to their magnificent stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Which they are now selling at a trifle over cost price. Special attention called to those Men's Gaiters, now selling at \$2.

Call and examine and purchase at
39 Queen Street West,

TORONTO, ONT.

GOLDEN BOOT,
200 YONGE STREET,

WM. WEST & CO.,
A SPLENDID STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,
IN GREAT VARIETY,

Suitable for Workingmen and their Families,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Call and see for yourselves.
25-10

The Home Circle.

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

Sleep, lovely one! beside thy peaceful bed, A father prays for blessings on thine head. The world shut out to the propitious skies, Oh! may a father's prayers prevailing rise!

A STORY ABOUT HONESTY.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave half to his son.

The baker had been gazing alternately at the honest father and eager boy, and the gold lay glittering on the green turf. "Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbor, David, the flax-dresser, spoke the truth when he said thou wert the most honest man in town."

AN INCIDENT ON BROADWAY.

One of those sunny March afternoons, when the sky is blue and soft as sapphire, and the air full of balm—the spire of Grace Church tipped with sunset gold, and the plate glass palaces along Broadway all in a glitter as they reflected the silken robes of the hurrying throng—that is our scene and time.

She was just released from her weary day's work in the stifling book-binding—the careworn, threadbare woman, and she breathed the fresh air greedily, as she edged her way meekly among her scornful sisterhood. Suddenly she paused in front of a fruit-stand, the tropical gleam of golden oranges reminded her of the little white face that was wasting away on the lonely pillow at home, and she fingered her purse longingly.

"Oh, mother, they are so beautiful. Put them where I can look at them all the time—they make me think of lovely green woods!" And when midnight came, the little child set out on his far journey to the many mansions of his father's house, smiling upon the violets with his last earthly glance.

ASTRONOMERS AT VARIANCE.

Recent observers having been unable to find more than four of the satellites of Uranus, many astronomers have discarded Sir William Herschel's observations upon the other four. But Mr. Proctor defends Herschel's claims, because it has never happened that while he expressed certainty about a matter of observation, he has been shown to be in error.

Sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

Notwithstanding the enlarged ideas which are fostered by our present system of education, there still exists a class of people who always say to a child who sits poring over a fairy story, "Why don't you read something more sensible?" Everything, even the child's mind, must be adjusted to their own, and they reason always on the basis that because anything is good for them, it must be good for the child.

Sawdust and Chips.

THE OLDEST REVOLVER.—The Earth. It is no sign because a man makes a stir in the community that he is a spoon.

MUSICAL PROBLEM.—If a man blows his own trumpet, can his opinions be sound.

To cure deafness in a man, begin to whisper to him about a chance to make his fortune.

An Alabama newspaper speaks of a colored orator there having "dislocated his shoulder in a perforation."

A PROVIDENT AND YET IMPROVIDENT MAN.—The baker; he kneads much, but sells everything he kneads himself.

M. Offenbach's new opera, "Le Corsair Noir," will be produced during the autumn at the Theatre des Varieties in Paris.

"These apples are not fit for a hog to eat," said a kid-gloved dandy to an apple-woman. "You just try one and see," she retorted.

A deserted damsel struck her lover with a poker, exclaiming, with sobs, "You have broken my heart, and I'll break your head, sir."

Madame Miolan-Carvalho will soon reappear at the Opera Comique in Paris, in Herold's "Pre aux Clercs," in which a new tenor, M. Duchesne, will make his debut.

"Vitals cooked" is the appalling announcement placarded in the window of a New York eating-house. Upon this a wag remarked, "That is probably where the good livers go."

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath: Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

A young lady, who is learning to play on the piano, wrote the following note to her music teacher, a few days ago:—"Dear Mrs. —, I wish to be Xoured from Takin a Lesson until a Weak frum 2 Day as wee will Bee Co Buizy and i wont have time 2 Praktess."

SPITEFUL.—An unamiable remark is reported as being made by an ex-belle concerning a youthful beauty whose grace had become the talk of the day. "She reminds me of a comb when she laughs," said the ex.—"Wherefore, my dear X.?"—"Because she shows all her teeth."

A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at her home. "Do you like Rossini?" said she to one of her male guests.—"Rossini—indeed I do; he is my favorite composer."—"Are you familiar with his 'Barber of Seville'?"—"Oh dear, no," was the reply; "I always shave myself."

UNSETTLED.—"How is your wife to-day," said a friend to a French gentleman.—"Oh, moche do sem," said he, "she is no better, and I um 'fruid very little wass. If she is gon to die, I wish she would do it soon. I feel so unhappy—my mind is so moche unsettle. Ven she die, I shall not be so moche dissatisfied."

THE POET'S REFORM.—James II., when Duke of York, made a visit to Milton out of curiosity. In the course of conversation the duke said to the poet that he thought his blindness was a judgment upon him because he had written against Charles I., the duke's father.—Milton replied, "If your highness thinks that misfortunes are indexes of the wrath of heaven, what must you think of your father's tragical end? I have only lost my eyes—he lost his head!"

Queen Elizabeth, seeing a certain baronet in her garden one day, looked out of the window

and asked him: "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" The baronet, who had not received the Royal favour which he had been led to expect, blurted out: "Madame, he thinks of a woman's promise." The queen was completely nonplussed, and was heard to retort: "Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you. Anger makes men witty, but it keeps them poor."

Here's an expression which needs not to be explained:—

"Charlie! what is osculation?" "Osculation, Jenny dear, is a learned expression queer, For a nice sensation. I put my arm thus, round your waist, This is approximation; You need not fear— There's no one here— Your lips quite near— I then—" "Oh, dear!" "Jenny, that's osculation."

Jarvis, the bacchanalian artist, was once employed by a gentleman to paint his wife—a miracle of plainness—under the stipulation that a pint of wine at a single sitting must be the extent of his potations. Jarvis assented, and in a short time produced a perfect facsimile of the lady. On exhibiting it to the husband he seemed disappointed. "Couldnt you have given it," said he to the painter, "a little less—that is, couldnt you give it now, a little more—" "If you expect me," said Jarvis, seeing the husband's drift, "if you expect me to make a handsome portrait of your wife, I must have more than a pint of wine at a sitting. I couldn't get up imagination to make her even good looking under a quart at the very least."

Grains of Gold.

Whilst we live let us live well; for be a man ever so rich when he lights his fire, death may, perhaps, enter his door before it be burnt out.

No man can ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief you must work for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Those who make our great and useful men were trained in their boyhood to be industrious.

It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely vexatious and troublesome.

Women are formed for attachment. Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained and knows how to deserve it.

It is the highest privilege, duty and pleasure of great men and whole-souled women to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes.

America's greatest thinker, Emerson, says, "Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous tasks, no duties or affections that constitute a necessity of existing. Every man's task is his life-preserver."

Success rides on every hour; grapple it, and you may win, but without a grapple it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

Mr. Beecher says: "Consider morbid, self-distrust as an intruder that has no business in your brain. Treat it as would insects or vermin that infect your dwelling. Hunt it, crush it, give it no quarter."

Let not God's ministers ever subject themselves to the imputation that they have not lifted up their voices and cried aloud, and told the rich and the great, and all those in authority, what are the duties of their station.

One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is a "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation, which Bacon likens to "a globe of precepts." But example is far more than precept. It is instruction in action.

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him, "He never brought a frown or unhappiness across his threshold."

Wherever unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends, we are sure to attain all the happiness which the world can bestow.

People always fancy that we cannot become wise without becoming old also; but in truth, as years accumulate it is hard to keep as wise as we were. Man becomes, in the different stages of his life, indeed, a different being; but he cannot say that he will surely be better as he grows onward, and in certain matters he is as likely to be right in his twentieth as in his sixtieth year.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE, TORONTO TIME.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Table with columns for stations (Suspension Br., Hamilton, Paris, London, Chatham, Windsor, London, Paris, Hamilton, Sus'n Br) and times for Main Line-Going West and Toronto to Hamilton.

GRAND TRUNK EAST.

Table with columns for stations (Detroit, Toronto, Stratford, Guelph) and times for Detroit to Toronto and Toronto to Montreal.

Belleville.

Table with columns for stations (Belleville, Napanee, Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa) and times for Belleville and other routes.

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

Table with columns for stations (Montreal, Cornwall, Prescott Junction, Ottawa) and times for Montreal to Toronto.

TORONTO TO DETROIT.

Table with columns for stations (Toronto, Guelph, Stratford, London) and times for Toronto to Detroit.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Table with columns for stations (Toronto, Newmarket, Barrie, Collingwood) and times for Northern Railway routes.

T. G. AND B. RAILWAY.

Table with columns for stations (Toronto, Orangeville, Mt. Forest) and times for T. G. and B. Railway.

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

Table with columns for stations (Toronto, Markham, Uxbridge, Midland Junction) and times for Toronto and Nipissing Railway.

ST. LAWRENCE & OTTAWA RAILWAY.

The Shortest and Quickest route from Toronto to Ottawa. FOUR TRAINS DAILY, MAKING CERTAIN CONNECTIONS WITH GRAND TRUNK R. R.

Going South.

Table with columns for stations (Ottawa, Prescott Junction, Prescott Wharf) and times for Going South routes.

It is said that certain aristocratic temperance men have refused to have anything to do with water, because it is so often drunk.

Cleanings.

Conscience bids us practice self-denial from the first dawn of reason, until we lie down in the grave. The worth of our character depends simply on the degree in which self-denial or self-indulgence predominates. When we have practised good actions awhile they become easy; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them; and when they please us, we do them frequently; and by frequency of acts they grow into a habit. When M. Halanzier, the present Impresario of the Grand Opera in Paris, is sure of his subvention (£24,000) promised by the Minister of Fine Arts (M. Jules Simon), he will lose no time in producing M. Gounod's "Polyenete" and the "Pêche" of M. Ambroise Thomas; but, before these composers hand over their scores, they will exact certain re-engagements, such as those of Mademo Sasse and M. Faure.

THE BEST LEARNING.—The learning which makes us acquainted with ourselves, with the faculties of the human mind, with divine truth, which is plainly revealed, with its power on the mind and heart, with the concatenations of cause and effect, and to understand our every-day duty, which grows out of our wants and the wants of those about us, is learning of a better quality than that which only enables us to call things by different names, without giving us a knowledge of their qualities either for good or evil.

FIRST LOVE.—The capacity for loving is not fully developed in the young miss who has just laid aside her doll, nor in the youth whose chin is but newly acquainted with the razor. The enthusiasm in these novices in the tender passion is generally evanescent. Professions of undying devotion from young men of nineteen and twenty are not to be trusted. The question which a young lady who receives an offer of marriage should consider, is not merely whether she has won the affections of her admirer, but also whether, if won, she can them. To have, and to hold, are two things.

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

J. A. TROUTMAN, L. D. S.,
DENTIST.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church.
Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a specialty.
26-oh

DR. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT,
DENTIST.
GRADUATE OF THE PHILADELPHIA DENTAL COLLEGE.
OFFICE—Corner of King and Church streets, Toronto.
27-oh

F. G. CALLENDER,
DENTIST,
OFFICE—Corner of King and Jordan Streets
27-hr TORONTO.

WILLIAM BURKE,
LUMBER MERCHANT,
Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Siding, Packing Boxes, &c., &c.
CORNER SHEPHERD AND RICHMOND STREETS, TORONTO.
Plumbing, Sawing, &c., done to order.
28-oh

R. G. TROTTER,
DENTIST,
53 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.,
Opposite Toronto Street.
RESIDENCE—172 Jarvis Street.
28-oh

R. MERRYFIELD,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
100 YONGE STREET.
A large and well assorted Stock always on hand.
28-oh

W. C. ADAMS,
DENTIST,
95 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
Has given attention to his profession in all its parts, and recommends the new base for those needing artificial teeth.
28-oh

ALFRED BUTLER,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND NEWS DEALER,
85 Queen Street West, TORONTO.
Nearly opposite Elizabeth street,
Subscriptions received for all Periodicals. Any Book procured to order. Bookbinding executed in any style at Lowest Rates.
GENERAL DEALER IN JEWELLERY AND FANCY GOODS.
Jewellery carefully and neatly repaired.
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W. MILLIOHAMP,
Gold and Silver Plater in all its branches
MANUFACTURER OF
Nickel Silver and Wood Show Cases
and Window Bars,
14 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
28-hr

BARGAINS FOR MECHANICS!
23—Queen Street West—23
NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE STORE,
Next to Knox Church.
Special attention is directed to our Stock of Cheap Furniture, Stoves, &c.
Mechanics will do well to visit this store before purchasing elsewhere.
28-hr ALEX. KING.

COAL AND WOOD.

A large supply on hand, and receiving daily best quality

HARD AND SOFT COAL,

FRESH MINED. ALSO
Beech, Maple and Pine Wood.

M. DWAN,
Church Street Wharf.
28-1c

COLEMAN & CO.,

COAL.

OCTOBER PRICES:

Hard Coal, all sizes \$7 00
Soft, lump 8 00
Lehigh, lump 8 00
Screenings 5 50
Quantities over fifty tons call at Office.

J. F. COLEMAN & CO.,
(Successors to Geo. Chaffey & Bro.)
28-1c Front street, corner Scott street.

COAL AND WOOD.

ALL THE BEST VARIETIES OF
Hard and Soft Coal,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Also, the best of
CORDWOOD,
AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

Wood, Sawn only, or Sawn and Split, supplied to order.

JOHN SNARR,
IMPORTER, TORONTO.
OPPOSITE CITY WEIGHT SCALES, NELSON STREET.
28-1c

BEST COAL & WOOD!

LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY,
AT THE
VICTORIA WOOD YARD,
Victoria Street, near Richmond St.
N.B.—LOW RATES BY THE CAR LOAD. 27-1r

PROSPECTUS

OF THE
ST. LAWRENCE BANK

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.
CAPITAL, \$1,000,000
10,000 Shares of \$100 each.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

PROVISIONAL DIRECTORS:
J. C. FITCH, Esq., Toronto.
JOHN SHEDDEN, Esq., Toronto.
FRANK SHANLY, Esq., Toronto.
CAPT. THOS. DICK, Toronto.
JOHN COWAN, Esq., Oshawa.
W. F. ALLEN, Esq., Clarke.

Notice is hereby given, that the first call of Ten per cent on the Capital Stock of the above institution is now due and payable at the office of J. C. FITCH, Esq., Church Street, Toronto.

K. F. LOCKHART,
Cashier.
Toronto, Oct. 17, 1872.
28-h

VOL. W. CORIN,

PRACTICAL
SIGN AND CARD PAINTER,
13 AGNES STREET.

All kinds of work done on time and guaranteed.
27-4c

HENRY O'BRIEN,
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Attorney and Solicitor, &c.,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICE—68 CHURCH STREET.
27-4f

CHEAPEST HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE
IN THE CITY.

SILK HATS FROM \$2 50 UP.
FELT HATS FROM 50c UP.
CAPS

The following varieties—
BROWN BEAVER, BLACK VELVETS,
BROWN SEAL, BLACK CLOTH,
SEAMLESS, GLENGARRY,
AND GLAZE CAPS.

FURS! FURS! FURS!
Cheapest ever offered to the public.
EVERYTHING NEW. CALL AND SEE. BY
J. C. PRITCHE,
Practical Hatter and Furrier,
24 YONGE STREET.

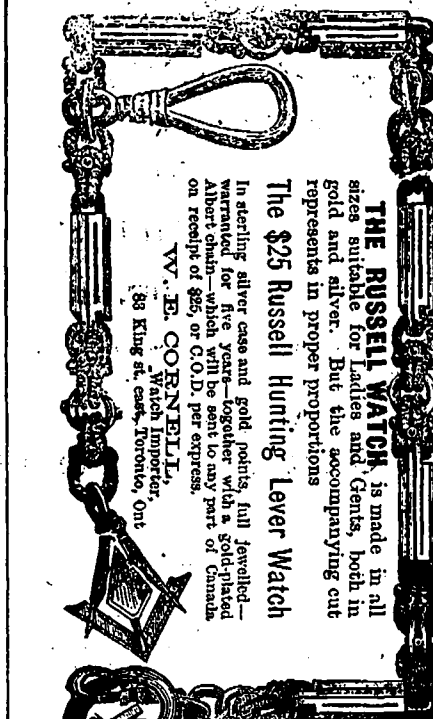


Society Seal Presses,
RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS.
CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, &c.,
ENGRAVED ON HAND STAMPS.
CHAS. A. SCADDING,
83 Bay Street, Toronto.

JOHN McCORMICK,
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE AGENT,
SPADINA AVENUE,
Nearly opposite St. Patrick Street, Toronto.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Agent for the Western Assurance Company of Canada. HEAD OFFICE—Western Assurance Buildings, corner of Church and Colborne Streets, Toronto.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Agent for the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.



THE RUSSELL WATCH is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying care represents in proper proportion.
The \$25 Russell Hunting Lever Watch
In starting silver case and gold, worth, full finished—warranted for five years—includes a gold-plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C.O.D. per express.
W. E. COHEN,
Watch Importer,
88 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

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

ATNA

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

HEAD OFFICE FOR WESTERN CANADA:
2 TORONTO STREET TORONTO.

Incorporated 1820. Commenced Business in Canada in 1850.

Accumulated Assets, July 1, 1871, over.....\$16,000,000
Annual Income.....6,000,000
Surplus over all Liabilities.....3,000,000
Deposited with Canadian Government.....100,000
Already paid to Widows and Orphans in Canada, nearly.....200,000

ALL POLICIES STRICTLY NON-FORFEITING.
No money paid to this Company can ever be lost by discontinuing payments after the second year. The policy remains good, on application, for more insurance than the Cash paid in.
This Old, Reliable, and Most Successful Company affords great advantages in Life Insurance.

AN ANNUAL REVENUE OF OVER \$6,000,000.
Over \$16,000,000 Safely Invested at Interest.
JOHN GARVIN, MANAGER.

L. SIEVERT,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF,
And every description of Tobaccoist's Goods,
70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Intending Contractors are hereby informed that in December next, Tenders will be received for the execution and completion of certain portions of the work connected with the enlargement of the Welland Canal, between Port Colborne and Thorold; also for parts of the new line to the eastward of the present canal, from what is called Marlee's Point through the valley of the Ten Mile Creek to Brown's Cement Kilns, thence via the Thorold and St. Catharines Comeries to near Port Dalhousie.
The works are to be let in sections of a length suited to circumstances, and the locality.
The location surveys are now in progress, and in some places sufficiently advanced to admit of contractors examining the ground before winter sets in.
When plans, specifications, and other documents are prepared, due notice will be given. Contractors will then have an opportunity of examining them, and be furnished with blank forms of Tender, at this office, or at the office of the respective Engineers on the works.
By order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 4th October, 1872.

Patent Office,
OTTAWA, September 4, 1872.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the provisions of 35th Victoria, Chap. 26, intituled: "An Act respecting Patents of Invention," His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to approve of certain rules and regulations, and of such forms prescribed as have appeared necessary for the purposes of the said Act.
And notice is further given, that copies of such rules and regulations and of the said forms may be obtained on application to this office.
J. H. POPE,
Minister of Agriculture and Commissioner of Patents.
27-r



PATENT OFFICE,
OTTAWA, September 4, 1872.

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And notice is further given, that copies of such rules and regulations and of the said forms may be obtained on application to this office.
J. H. POPE,
Minister of Agriculture and Commissioner of Patents.
27-r

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC IS respectfully solicited to
THE WORKINGMEN'S NEWS DEPOT
JUST OPENED BY
M. R. ANDREW SCOTT
AT 211 KING STREET EAST.
Rooms suitable for Trades Meetings open to arrangement.
A large assortment of School Books, Magazines, Periodicals, Bibles, Albums, etc., etc., always on hand.
Orders from the country punctually attended to.

JUST PUBLISHED,
The Life, Speeches, Labors and Essays

OF
WILLIAM H. SYLVIS,
Late President of the "National Labor Union" and Iron Molders International Union, by his brother J. C. SYLVIS, of Sunbury, Pa. A text book on Labor Reform. A book which should be in the hands of every working man in the United States. The book contains four hundred and fifty-six pages, with a fine steel engraving of the deceased; is neatly and serviceably bound, and the price reduced to the lowest possible figure. A portion of the proceeds derived from the sale of the work is to be devoted to the young Orphan Family of the deceased, leaving but a trifling margin to cover probable losses. The late Wm. H. Sylvis was identified with the labor movement in this country, from its earliest conception, and his writings and speeches, it is universally conceded, exercised a marked influence abroad, while to them, more than any, is due the surprising progress which that movement has made here. His Biography is therefore, in a great measure a history of the Labor movement, and no man who desires to keep pace with the times, should be without a copy.
Price \$1 50, sent by Mail or Express, prepaid, on receipt of price.
J. C. SYLVIS,
Sunbury, Northumberland Co., Pa.

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FOR CHOICE DRINKS

GO TO
MAT'S.

IF YOU WANT TO

SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING,

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

ESTABLISHMENT,
124 Bay Street, Toronto.

Having increased our stock of machinery and material, we wish to inform tradesmen and others that we are prepared to execute orders for

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING,

AT REASONABLE RATES,
WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS FOR

BILL HEADS,
CIRCULARS,

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CARDS,
CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS,

LABELS,

PROGRAMMES,

POSTERS.

ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO,

And no efforts spared to give satisfaction.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MacMILLAN.

THOS. H. TAYLOR,

271 YONGE STREET,

Has a Splendid Stock of Woollens for Winter Clothing.

HIS CLOTHING is noted to

LOOK WELL!
FIT WELL!
WEAR WELL!

HIS PRICES compare with any one's in the city.

HIS TERMS ARE CASH ONLY.

Be particular,
271 YONGE STREET.

LETTER FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The Bombay Gazette of August 30th publishes a letter from Dr. Livingstone to Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, dated March 12, 1872. It consists chiefly of geographical details, and concludes with the following passage: "I have been much longer than I intended—six years instead of two—but I have lost two whole years in time, being burdened by 1,800 miles of useless tramp, and how much waste of money I cannot say, all through the matter of supplies and men being entrusted to our Benian Indian fellow subjects, and they entrusted the whole thing to slaves, who lay and feasted on my stores for sixteen months, and then sold off all for slaves and ivory. The slave trade in all this region, and especially in Man-yuema, is carried on almost exclusively with arms, ammunition, and goods advanced to Arab agents by Benians. Their slaves needed no more than a hint, and all came and solemnly swore that they were told not to follow, but force me back. They forced me back 500 miles, and again I had to come 300 miles to seize goods sent here by another set of slaves; and my agent at Zanzibar believes all they tell him. It was stated in the House of Lords, on the authority he receives, that all my wants had been supplied; while I virtually got only what I myself sent to Ujiji in 1866. But I am all right and ready, by Mr. Stanley's help, and will be off as soon as 50 men come from the coast.

"I have, &c.,
"DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
"Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.
"P.S.—I have requested vaccine virus to be sent by mail, and will feel obliged if it is forwarded to Zanzibar at your convenience, addressed to John Webb, United States Consul. It will be sent on safely."

TO THE MECHANICS OF TORONTO.
The Queen City Grocery and Provision Store,
320 Queen Street West.
The Subscriber respectfully informs his many friends, and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the store lately occupied by Mr. Wm. Mars, and known as the "People's Grocery," No. 320 Queen Street West, where he hopes, by fair dealing and strict attention to business, to secure a liberal share of your patronage. The Stock consists of GROCERIES, WINES, AND LIQUORS, all bought in the cheapest market for cash, and will be sold at a slight advance upon the cost.

MECHANICS: ATTENTION!
EIGHT REASONS

Why you should Buy your
DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY, MANTLES,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
BOOTS & SHOES, at
SHAVER & BELL'S
Reason 1. Our goods for Style cannot be surpassed in the city.
2. Our Goods are made of the best materials.
3. Our Goods are manufactured by the best workmen.
4. Our system of doing business is honest dealing.
5. Our motto is "Own Price."
6. You cannot purchase cheaper Goods in Toronto.
7. You will have obliging Clerks to serve you.
8. You will find each Department complete.
LADIES! Don't fail to buy your Millinery, Mantles, Shawls, Lace, Flowers, Feathers, Veils, Dresses, Trimmings, Evening, Shooting, Gloves, Collars, Cloths, Boots and Shoes, &c., at
SHAVER & BELL'S.
GENTLEMEN! Don't fail to buy your Coats, Vests, Pants, Under-shirts, Drawers, Dress Shirts, Collars, Ties, Handkerchiefs, and Boots and Shoes. A splendid assortment of Spring and Summer Trousers, Vestings, Coatings, &c., at
SHAVER & BELL'S,
2 St. Lawrence Buildings,
KING STREET, TORONTO.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS
TRY THE LION

FOR YOUR
Ready-Made Clothing,
Heavy Tweed Suits,
Fine Tweed Suits,
Warm Overcoats,
Red River Coats,
Boy's Clothing,
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE PROVINCE.
Millinery, Mantles, Shawls.
R. WALKER & SONS,
TORONTO AND LONDON.

BANKRUPT SALE.

The subscriber having purchased the stock of C. F. BUNBURY, 202 Yonge Street, consisting of Shirts, Hosiery, Underclothing, Millinery, &c., and added thereto part of a
Bankrupt Stock of Dry Goods,
from London, will commence on
SATURDAY, THE 19TH INSTANT,
to sell the same, in lots to suit purchasers, at an average of seventy-five cents on the dollar. Also,
A LOT OF NEW GOODS,
consigned direct from Glasgow, will be sold retail at Toronto wholesale prices; and 1 case Black Lustres, 1 case Ashton's Prints, and 1 case of Shawls, damaged on voyage off importation on steamer "Vicksburg," at half price.
WM. MACKLIN,
202 YONGE STREET.

CHEAPEST STOCK OF DRESSES
IN CANADA.

We quote prices of a few of our leading lines:
SHOT CAMLETS - at \$1 25 for 10 yards
STRIPED POPLINETTES - at 1 50 " "
Do. do. - at 1 75 " "
Do. do. - at 1 90 " "
In addition to which we are showing special value in
DIAGONALS, ROMAN CORDS,
REPS AND SATIN CLOTHS.
And as every yard of our Stock has been bought this season, customers will find it one of the most varied and attractive in the city.
All goods marked in plain figures.

"STAR"
Dry Goods & Clothing House

Corner King and West Market Streets.

THE RUSH

THE FACT

In our goods are right in price, right in style, and right everywhere you take them.
THE NAME
Of G. & J. W. COX & CO. has and will be associated with
STYLISH MILLINERY,
STYLISH MANTLES,
STYLISH COSTUMES,
And Stylish Dress Goods. We have a very select and cheap stock of these goods—
OUR DRESSES AT \$2 50.
OUR DRESSES AT \$3 00.
OUR DRESSES AT \$3 50.
Are the cheapest and choicest goods for the price in this city.

G. & J. W. COX & CO.

OPENED OUT THIS WEEK,
A Third Delivery of
LONDON AND PARIS PATTERN
BONNETS, HATS,
JACKETS, and WATERPROOF CLOAKS,
Which makes our stock complete for this season.
Milliners from the Western towns are specially invited to call and see our Patterns before making selections,
CRAWFORD & SMITH,
91 King Street East.
CRAWFORD & SMITH,
Have received ex S. S. "Rydal Hall,"
GENTS' HAND-KNITTED FINGERING
SOCKS,
in Shetland, Brown and Oxford Grey. Sizes, 10, 10 1/2, and 11 inch foot.
Gents' Lamb's Wool Socks.
in Stripes, Fancy Mixtures and Plain Colours, in three different sizes.
French Merinos, Rich Striped Dress Goods, all Wool Tartans, Tartan Long Shawls, Rich Ottoman Striped Wrap Shawls, Anglo-Indian Shawls, Gimps, Buttons, and Fringes, Children's Tartan Hose, &c.

CLOTHING.

COATS, VESTS, PANTS, OVERCOATS,
AND UNDERCOATS,
All kinds of Clothing,
READY-MADE OR MADE TO ORDER.
A First-Class Cutter kept on the premises.

A General Stock of Dry Goods.
JOB LOTS FOR PEDLARS VERY CHEAP,
MEAKIN & CO.,
207 YONGE STREET,
Three doors below Green Bush Hotel, and directly opposite Albert Street.

ONE OF THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCKS OF
New Fancy Dress Goods
In the City, at all Prices.
NEW SELF-COLOR DRESSES,
NEW JAPANESE SILK DRESSES,
NEW WASHING DO., 33 cents a yard.
NEW BLACK SILKS,
NEW MOURNING DRESSES,
NEW PRINTS, COTTON, &c., &c.
OUR OWN DIRECT IMPORTATIONS,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
C. PAGE & SONS,
London House,
194 and 196 Yonge Street.

MECHANICS, ATTENTION!

STOVES! STOVES!

J. R. ARMSTRONG & CO.,
COAL STOVES! WOOD STOVES!
The American Base Burner,
FOR HALLS.
Mechanics will find it to their advantage to call on us before purchasing elsewhere.
161 YONGE STREET.

TO MECHANICS.

S. M. PETERKIN,
Carver and Gilder, Picture Frame and
Looking Glass Manufacturer,
AND DEALER IN
PLAIN AND CARVED BRACKETS,
No. 21 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

WORKINGMEN!
TAKE NOTICE!

"BY PERSEVERANCE WE THRIVE."
SELLING OFF!
Preparatory to extensive alterations and enlargement of store.
LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS.
VARIETY HALL,
319 & 335 Queen Street West,
AND
CORNER OF PETER STREET.
A. FARLEY & SON.

ANTHONY GILLIS,
(SUCCESSOR TO T. ROBINSON),
FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,
12 QUEEN STREET WEST.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing and Hair Dyeing done in first-class style.
Ladies and Children's Hair Cutting promptly and carefully attended to.

MECHANICS!

When you want GOOD BOOKS, AT LOW PRICES,
GO TO
PIDDINGTON'S
MAMMOTH BOOK STORE,
248 & 250 Yonge Street,
TORONTO.

133 YONGE STREET.
G. M. LYNN & CO.
celebrated for their
BOOTS AND SHOES.
No Better Stock in the Market.
G. W. LYNN & CO.,
Opposite Temperance Street.

N. McEACHREN,
MERCHANT TAILOR, & C.
191 Yonge Street.

WOOD!
WOOD! WOOD!

Best Wood, full four feet long \$6.50
Best Wood, cut and split 7.50
Best Wood, cut only 6.40
Mixed or Summer Wood long 4.50
Mixed, cut and split 5.25
Mixed, cut only 5.00
Hard Coal, all sizes 8.00
Soft Coal, best 7.50
Screenings 5.50
Lehigh lump 8.00
CASH.

BIG HOUSE.

W. MYLES & SON.
Office: 45 Yonge Street.
TO
Builders and Mechanics
BRIMSTIN & BROTHERS,
General Hardware Merchants,
LOCKSMITHS AND BELLHANGERS.
288 Yonge Street,
Sign of "Dominion Key,"
TORONTO.
Plumbing and Gas Fitting in all their branches. Jobbing promptly attended to.
J. W. BRIMSTIN. ALEX. BRIMSTIN. JAS. BRIMSTIN

GEORGE ELLIS,
Manufacturer and Importer of
Hair and Jute Stitches,
Chignons, Curis, Wigs, Bands, Puffs,
and Perfumery.
LARGES ASSORTMENT OF HAIR NETS.
No. 179 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
BOX 707, P. O.
Special attention given to Shampooing, Cutting, and Dressing Ladies' and Children's Hair. Price lists and instructions for self-measurement sent on application—either wholesale or retail.

M. McCABE,
PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,
165 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO,
(OPPOSITE COLLEGE AVENUE.)
Hearses, Carriages, Scafs, Jboxes, and Crape, furnished at Funerals. Fish's Patent Metallic Cases on hand.
M. McCABE has been appointed City Undertaker by His Worship the Mayor.

MURPHY & BOLTON,
(Successors to S. Fawkes & H. B. Williams.)
FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,
198 YONGE STREET, NORTH OF QUEEN STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.
N. B.—Mrs. McCARTHY'S business has removed to the above address.

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

J. YOUNG,
LATE FROM
G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment,
Montreal,
UNDERTAKER,
361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Funerals Furnished with every Requisite.
AGENT FOR FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

CHINA HALL,
Sign of the Big Jug, (Registered)
71 KING STREET EAST.
Cheese Covers and Biscuit Bowls,
Game Pie Dishes,
Fancy Table Flower Pots,
Fancy Table Decorations,
Victoria Flower Stands,
Bohemian Vases,
Stone Filters,
Smoking Sets,
Plated Goods and Cutlery.
Irish Belleek China.

GLOVER HARRISON,
IMPORTER,
FURNITURE! FURNITURE!
CHARLES O'CONNOR takes this opportunity to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him during the last eighteen years, and begs to announce that he has altered and refitted his store,
228 YONGE STREET,
making it a first-class light store. He has also re-stocked his store with an assorted and large lot of furniture, making it second to none in the city. Call and price my goods, before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN BAILIE,
HARDWARE MERCHANT,
286 Yonge Street, Toronto,
Dealer in all kinds of Building Hardware and Carpenter's Tools of all descriptions.
A NEW STOCK OF BENCH PLANES AND MARPLES & SON'S GOODS.
CHARLES TOYE,
MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
72 QUEEN STREET WEST.
A large and extensive stock on hand. A good fit guaranteed.

AUCTION SALE
OF
BUILDING LOTS,
Sited on Spadina Avenue, Cecil, Baldwin, and Huron Streets, belonging to the Corporation of the City of Toronto.
20 Lots situated on the streets above stated, will be sold by Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 18th OCTOBER NEXT, at the Auction Rooms of Messrs. F. W. Coate & Co.
Sale at 12 o'clock noon. Terms and conditions made known upon application at the Chamberlain's Office.
LEWIS MOFFATT,
Chairman-Committee Public Works and Gardens.
Chamberlain's Office,
Toronto, 28th Sept., 1872.
F. W. COATE & CO.,
Auctioneers.
The above Sale is postponed till FRIDAY, the 25th OCTOBER.

Miscellaneous.

TO MECHANICS AND
A. S. IRVING,
35 King Street West, Toronto
Keeps on hand a large stock of all kinds of
Mechanical and Scientific Books,
AND ALSO ALL THE
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.
Give him a call.

AGRICULTURAL
Fire Insurance Company.
HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:
KINGSTON.
CAPITAL, - - - - - \$650,000.
Deposited at Ottawa for Benefit of Policy Holders, \$100,000.

This Company insures nothing but private dwellings and their contents, and in consequence of conducting the business upon this non-hazardous principle, the Premiums of Insurance are much lower.
WORKINGMEN
About to insure their houses or furniture, would do well to well to consult the Agent for this Company be insuring elsewhere.
A. W. SMITH,
3 Manning's Block,
FRONT ST., TORONTO.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
OTTAWA, Tuesday, 16th day of Sept., 1872.
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 31, Vic., cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs." His Excellency has been pleased to order, and is hereby ordered, that the Out-Port of Peterboro', heretofore under the survey of the Port of Fort Hope, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry for all the purposes of the said Act.
W. A. HIMSWORTH,
Clerk, Privy Council.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, October, 1872.
AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN CAN Invoices until further notice, 11 per cent.
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.
After the 25th of June next, Emigrants will be sent to Fort Garry at the following rates:—
TORONTO TO FORT WILLIAM.
Adults \$5; Children under 12 years, \$2.50—150 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, 35 cents per 100 lbs.
FORT WILLIAM TO FORT GARRY.
Emigrants, \$15; Children under 12 years, \$8—150 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, \$2 per 100 lbs. (No horses, oxen, waggon, or heavy farming implements can be taken.)
THE MODE OF CONVEYANCE.
By Railroad from Toronto to Collingwood or Sarnia. By Steam from Collingwood or Sarnia to Fort William. 45 miles by waggon, from Fort William to Shebandowan Lake.
310 miles broken navigation in open boats, from Shebandowan Lake to the North-West Angle of the Lake of the Woods.
95 miles by Cart or Waggon from North-West Angle, Lake of the Woods, to Fort Garry.
Between Fort William and Fort Garry, huts and tents will be provided for the accommodation of Emigrants on the Portage. Passengers should take their own supplies. Provisions will, however, be furnished at cost price at Shebandowan Lake, Fort Frances, and the North-West Angle Lake of the Woods.
THROUGH TICKETS TO FORT-GARRY VIA FORT-WILLIAM, Can be had at Toronto, at the Stations of the Northern, Great Western, and Grand Trunk Railways.
Emigrants are requested to take notice that packages are limited to 150 lbs. weight for convenience of transport on the portages, and that baggage and supplies must not exceed 450 lbs. for any one emigrant.
After the 1st day of August next, the Red River Route will be in a condition to admit of the transport of heavy articles.
By direction, F. BRAUN,
Secretary of Public Works
Ottawa, October, 1872.