

Ontario Workman

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1872.

NO. 7.

Labor News

The Chicago employers have acceded to the demands of the plasterers for 55 a day. The fallers in Kansas, Mo., have established a co-operative manufacturing plant.

The Labor Reformers of Wisconsin have called a State Convention at Wausau, July 30, to nominate State officers.

Within fourteen months two societies of England have paid for the support of 1000 on a strike \$23,230. Half that sum would have started an immense co-operative manufacturing factory.

The journeymen tailors of New York have formed a new organization, one of the ideas of which is to avoid strikes as much as possible, and submit all disputes to peaceful arbitration.

The varnishers and polishers, German house painters, show cases and desk makers, cabinet makers, wood carvers, and upholsterers of New York, have all granted the eight hours, except in a few shops.

At Leamington the gardeners, butlers, stablemen, and domestic servants, have commenced an agitation for a union to secure and protect them in their rights.

The building operatives at Cambridge, to the number of over 300, struck work lately for the nine hours' system and increased wages.

The long-expected strike in the building trades of Sheffield has taken place, and many hundreds of men are out. The men declare that they will hold out for 50 hours only per week, and wages at the rate of 7 1/2d. per hour all the year round.

The Labor Reformers of Scranton, Pa., polled 1,840 votes on a straight ticket for city officers. The vote for Mayor was as follows: Democrat, 1,997; Labor Reform, 1,840; Republican, 984.

The British miners, in their Amalgamated Association, have resolved to raise a fund by subscription and donation for the purpose of sending to Parliament one or more direct representatives of labor.

At a meeting of the master and journeyman painters held at Wood's International Hotel, London, Ont., last week, the advance of wages asked by the men was acceded to by all the principal employers. The utmost harmony prevailed.

A general meeting of the brass founders of Paisley, asking a reduction of the hours of labor to 51 per week, was held on Friday night, 29th ult., to hear the answers of the employers relative to the circular addressed to them. A compromise of 54 hours per week was unanimously accepted.

The organbuilders of London are agitating for a reduction of the hours of labor from 60 to 54 per week, with a half-holiday on Saturday. A similar movement is in progress in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, and several of our larger towns, and steps are being taken to consolidate the union more effectually.

A branch of female industry, perhaps peculiar to the people of Gattineau Point, Ottawa, is now being prosecuted with great vigour. The lumbermen give a premium of ten cents each for all the scattered logs that are put bare inside booms, and many of the hardy women and girls are engaged in the business.

At Northampton, on Wednesday night, a meeting of the shoe manufacturers was held, to take into consideration the demand made by the stitched men for an increase of wages, and after a long discussion the manufacturers decided not to recognize the trade union, but expressed their willingness to consider the matter individually, and if necessary, make an increase accordingly.

At a meeting of the Nine Hour League, Montreal, on Friday last, it was stated that a great many of the large firms in the city would grant the boon asked by their employees if it was universal. One firm in particular, whose representative at the first meeting of masters in the Mechanics Hall was the loudest in his denunciation of the workmen, have resolved to acquiesce in the matter. The world moves, and the capitalists. This is

STRIKE BRANTFORD.—We are glad to be able to state that the "strike" difficulty with the employees of Messrs. Waterous & White is settled. All the departments of their extensive foundry and machine shop are in full working order, with the exception of the boiler shop, which will be in vigorous operation in a few days. These gentlemen endeavored to meet all reasonable requests from their men, and their efforts have been crowned with a deserved success. *Brantford Reporter.*

At a meeting of operative bakers held in Manchester recently it was resolved to demand a reduction of their hours of labor to 60 per week, and an advance of 2s. per week in wages. Should the masters decline to comply with this demand the men will go out on strike. The bakers of Bolton have applied for an advance of 2s. per week to their wages and the abolition of night work. Three out of four of the master bakers of Accrington have granted their men the nine hours' system. The men of the remaining employers struck work.

The journeymen hatters of Brooklyn are organized into Protective Unions, which for strength and influence are not surpassed by those of any other class of workmen. Recently Lodge No. 6 has become incensed at the action of T. C. Warner & Sons, hat manufacturers of Brooklyn, who they say have attempted, by the use of machinery and the employment of persons who have no claim on the trade, having served no apprenticeship, to reduce the wages of the journeymen who worked there, and consequently have declared the establishment of that firm on strike. All the society men have left the establishment and the strike will be prosecuted with vigor.

The Pattern Makers' League, New York, held a meeting on Friday night, which was largely attended and adopted a resolution that on Monday next they demand that eight hours per day shall constitute a day's work, at the standard wages heretofore paid. The Brown-stone Polishers also resolved to strike on Monday. The ship joiners, eight hundred in number, are organizing a strike.

A mass meeting of working men was held in the City Hall, New York, Monday afternoon, in favour of the eight hour movement. About 1,500 persons were present. Resolutions were adopted, and workmen have been sent to Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, &c, to induce co-operation. The Piano-makers have struck for eight hours work at the same pay they had for ten hours.

CANADIAN.

Mr. McGeary, of Brantford, had an infant left on his gate yesterday morning, and five dollars to pay his little way through life. Small favors thankfully received.

Again we have word of the potato bugs. The tramp of their iron heels is heard on the western plains, and the ground apples are opening their eyes in fright at the approach of the ruthless foe. As the *Globe* says of the Grits about election time, "they are thoroughly organized and confident of success."

An old man named John Haigh, who has been living by himself in a house on the 7th concession of Pickering, poisoned himself on Saturday. Deceased has been in a desponding state of mind for some time, and had threatened to take his life. When found he was lying on the bed, and close by on a table stood a small phial containing strychnine, and on a shingle with meat mixed with strychnine lay his pocket-knife and spectacles also.

At Orillia on Thursday morning, while some of Cook & Johnston's men were engaged in breaking up a jam of timber at North Falls, one of the company, a young man about 22 years of age, named Robert Gardner, missed his footing, and falling into the water was carried over the falls and drowned before assistance could reach him. Mr. A. McAulay was standing on a

canoe, and reached the spot two minutes after the young man sank.

On Friday morning at about 2 o'clock, a burglar worked in the store of A. Schwaller & Co., St. Catharines, but having made too much noise did not succeed in his intentions on account of Mr. Schwaller making his appearance in the rear-entrance where the burglar entered, and had to pass in order to make good his escape. Mr. Schwaller not being armed, could not secure the thief. The burglar got nothing, and left his boots behind him.

A man by the name of Craig, who came from the neighborhood of Ottawa, met with a dreadful accident at Durham's saw mill, Barrie, on Monday. He was putting a small belt on a wheel which made 300 revolutions to the minute, when in some way his right arm got caught in the belt, and he was drawn around the shaft. His right arm was torn completely out of the socket. Both his legs were broken, and a hole made as if by a spike through one of them. His ribs were also broken, and, in fact, he was mashed to pieces.

A young man named George Gibson met with a horrible death on Monday evening at Lamont's saw-mill in Egrement. In the absence of the tail-sawyer, he undertook to remove a newly-sawn plank from the gear, but instead of drawing it off in the usual way, he took hold of it at the middle, and in attempting to turn it round, it came in contact with the saw, drawing him in with it, and instantaneously severing his head and one of his legs from the body.

On Monday last, an old woman, the wife of Thomas Swartwout, in the 5th Concession of North Norwich, having been deranged for some time, and laboring under the hallucination that she was doomed to eternal fire, it is said she told her relatives she would make short work of it, and accordingly took some matches out of doors and set fire to her clothes; but when the fire began to take effect on her body she ran screaming into the house, and despite all efforts to save her, she died on the following morning.

FAST TIME ON THE G. W. R.—The condition of the Great Western Railway has been so much improved this spring that the Chicago night express is enabled now to run with regularity from the Bridge to Detroit, the distance of 229 miles, in eight hours and five minutes, being two hours and ten minutes less than the time of the morning express. Already seventy-nine miles have been laid with steel rails, while it is proposed to add about eighty miles more in 1872, and complete the remainder of the line with steel in 1873, whereby the Great Western must retain the high reputation which it always enjoys of being one of the best roads on this continent.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO MANUFACTURERS.—A largely attended meeting of the rate-payers of Stratford was held there on Friday evening, to consider this subject—the Mayor presiding—when the following resolution was moved by Mr. Daly, seconded by Mr. Buckingham, that it is expedient, and be it resolved, to offer freedom from taxation for five years, and bonuses of \$10,000 and \$15,000 respectively, to companies or individuals erecting suitable buildings in town, and employing therein skilled workmen to the number of not less than 80 to entitle them to \$10,000, and 120 to entitle them to \$15,000, and on proposals of a bona fide and satisfactory nature being sent in to the joint committee, the Town Council be requested to submit a by-law, founded thereon, to the vote of the rate-payers. Carried unanimously.

A letter to the *Herald* from Khartoum, states that Sir Samuel Baker, in his passage from Khartoum to Gondokoro, lost one-half of his command, eight hundred men, near Gondokoro. Sir Samuel had five days' fight with the Bari savages, who proved treacherous; and instead of supplying provisions as they agreed, removed everything from the reach of the troops, and assaulted them.

AMERICAN.

Twenty thousand emigrants landed at Castle Garden, New York, last week—the largest weekly number on record.

Several of a gang of laborers, who attempted to burn the villages on the line of the Port Jefferson Railroad, Long Island, have been arrested. They had been discharged for disorderly conduct, and took this method to avenge themselves. Several thousand acres of timberland were burned over.

A frightful accident occurred at Ithaca, New York, on Friday morning. A fire having broken out, a crowd of spectators assembled on the bridge which crossed the creek, and a steam engine was also brought upon the bridge, which suddenly fell in pieces without giving the least warning. Fifteen persons were seriously, if not fatally, injured.

Among the rights which women enjoy in New Hampshire is that of working out their taxes on the highway. A woman in Danville was recently notified to appear and work out on the road her highway tax of four cents. She took up her hoe and toiled vigorously for fifteen minutes, and the tax was cancelled.

On Thursday evening a terrific tornado passed over several counties on the Mississippi River, in the central portion of Eastern Iowa and Western Illinois. The wind appears to have moved in a south-easterly direction. Accounts from Des Moines County, Iowa, and Adams County, Ill., state that every movable thing in its track was swept away, trees uprooted, fences scattered, telegraph poles and line demolished, and many barns and houses unroofed or blown down. As far as heard there was no loss of life, but the destruction of property was very great.

There is rather a curious case pending in a Massachusetts Court. At Worcester there is a large copperas factory in close proximity to a very beautiful cemetery. The fumes from the factory discolor and corrode the tombstones, and the proprietors of the cemetery have asked for an injunction to shut up the copper works. This brings up a very novel question for decision, whether a graveyard can stop the operations of busy industry in its neighborhood for the sake of preserving its freshness and beauty. The decision is yet to be rendered.

We wish that Captain Kidd had never lived, or that he had died without bequeathing hidden treasures to posterity. That phantom chest of coin has caused more trouble and useless toil in the world than it can possibly be worth. It has the common faculty of phantoms, and appears unexpectedly in all manner of out-of-the-way places, only to allure poor mortals onward to disappointment. Traces of it have just now been discovered by an oysterman near Elizabethport, N. J., but we hope he will not search for it any further. Digging oysters is a more useful and profitable occupation.

There is a new denomination of religionists in Chicago—a church composed wholly of women, which admits none but women to its services. It calls itself the Church of the Holy Maternity. The only article of its creed that is known to the outside world, as yet, is that its members must distribute blankets and clothing to everybody needing them in Chicago next winter; and with this item in hand we are willing to take its other doctrines on trust so far as to say God speed the Church of the Holy Maternity. This blanket-giving religion is a sort of which the world can never have too much, no matter what it may choose to call itself.

A man said to be a relative of Commodore Vanderbilt, shot and mortally wounded Detective Henderson last night, while at his station at Fourth and Mercer Streets. The affair grew out of a remark of Henderson, in the afternoon, concerning two persons arrested for disorderly conduct, whom Henderson's assailant desired to have released. He fled to Vanderbilt's stables, and has not been seen or arrested as yet. The murderer was Mr. Crawford, a brother

in-law of Commodore Vanderbilt. The person he desired to have released was the colored coachman of Vanderbilt's, who was held for assaulting an officer who attempted to arrest him for dragging a white girl into the stables.

Stokes was in court on Friday, but by instruction from his counsel refused to plead, and the court ordered a plea of "Not guilty" to be entered. The District Attorney then moved to proceed to trial, but Stokes' counsel asked for a commission to go to London (England), and examine Dr. B. Eaton, said to be an important witness for the defence, and read a long affidavit in support of the motion. After some discussion the court decided to adjourn the case till the third Monday in June, to give counsel time for the issue and return of the commission. A special plea presented by Stokes' counsel yesterday was overruled.

During the last three days two vessels arrived at New York with smallpox prevailing to a great extent among the steerage passengers. They are detained at quarantine, and the infected passengers sent to Ward's Island. The sailing ship *Europa* arrived on the 21st with 418 steerage passengers, of the voyage 13 deaths occurred from the scourge, and 23 additional cases of infection were on board the sailing ship *Athena*, also from Bremen, which arrived on the 22nd with 474 steerage passengers. Nineteen passengers and two sailors died at sea. Six passengers have died at quarantine, and twenty passengers and two sailors have been sent to the hospital.

FOREIGN.

The annual exodus from the Emerald Isle has set in with greater vigor than ever. It is said that since the commencement of the season, not less than four thousand people leave the country every week, half that number going from Queenstown alone. Whole hamlets and villages are said to be left with only the old and decrepid in them, and some cities, such as Limerick, are going to decay.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.—The Duke of Edinburgh is, on the 5th of June, to open at Dublin one of the most interesting exhibitions of these times, consisting as it will of art treasures. Sir Arthur Guinness—another public-spirited Irishman, like Mr. Dargan in 1853—assumes the whole cost and responsibility, and his efforts have been liberally responded to by the nobility and gentry of Ireland of all creeds and classes. A great artistic treat and decided success is anticipated.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.—A Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who says he was an eye-witness, vouchsafes for the following story:—From four o'clock yesterday, until half-past eleven last night, the houses, Nos. 56 and 58 Reverdy road, Bermondsey, were assailed with stones and other missiles coming from an unseen quarter. Two children were injured, every window was broken, and several articles of furniture were destroyed. Although there was a strong body of policemen scattered in the neighborhood, they could not trace the direction whence the stones were thrown.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.—The groups of "America," which is now being erected on the north-west pedestal of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, London, will complete the groups of sculpture connected with the edifice. America will be represented by a female figure riding through the prairie grass. Another figure on one side personifies the United States directing the progress of the continent, whilst on the other Canada accompanies her, pressing the rose of England to her breast. These figures are in all action. Behind them are two seated male figures, representing South America and Central America. The group is by Mr. Bell. The other angle groups are "Europe," by the late Mr. Maccoll; "Asia," by Mr. Foley; and Africa, by Mr. Theed. They are all in Campanella marble, so called from its resonance, as being extremely hard, it gives out a sound like a bell when struck.

COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

We may have courage, all of us, To start at honor's call, To meet a foe, protest a friend, Or face a cannon ball; To show the world one hero lives, The foremost in the fight— But do we always manifest The courage to do right?

To answer "No!" with steady breath, And quick unfaltering tongue, When fierce temptation, ever near, Her siren song has sung; To care not for the bantering tone, The jest of studied slight— Content if we can only have The courage to do right?

To stop aside from fashion's course Or custom's favored plan; To pluck an outcast from the street, Or help a fellow-man? If not, then let us nobly try, Henceforth, with all our might, In every case to minister up The courage to do right.

NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeming— In doing, each day that goes by, Some little good; not in the dreaming Of great things to do by and by. For whatever men say in blindness, And spite of the fancies of youth, There's nothing so kingly as kindness, And nothing so royal as truth.

We get by our mete as we measure; We cannot do wrong, and feel right; Nor can we give pain, and gain pleasure— For justice avenges each slight. The air for the wing of the sparrow, The bush for the robin, and wren, But always the path that is narrow And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story The heart of its ills to beguile, Though he who makes courtship to glory Gives all that he hath for her smile; For, when from her heights, he has won her, Alas! it is only to prove That naught is so sacred as honor, And nothing so loyal as love.

Tales and Sketches.

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER IV.—The Whirlpool.

During their transit scarcely a word was spoken by any of the little party. Every one was uneasy and seemed to feel a dread of some impending danger, except indeed the New Comer, who, by his bold tone and resolute air appeared to the Jews as though he were rather a chief of the White Companions than a simple knight; he seemed, in truth, to be a man fit to go forth to the pillage of kingdoms. Still they preferred being his captives rather than prisoners to a servant of the Count of Trastamara, for the words of the unknown had induced them to hope that they might be released for a good ransom.

Whilst rowing, the page intently regarded the flames which discolored the azure sky, and feeling his arms weary, and being nearly exhausted, he exclaimed, "Cursed be thou, Don Enrique! thou who hast drawn upon thy country this horde of cut-throats, beggars and thieves!"

The knight, instead of being greatly offended at this apostrophe, quietly replied, "Those cut-throats have come to war against a tyrant who had his wife, Blanche de Bourbon, strangled; those beggars have come to ask alms of the king, who put his counts and barons to death, that he might seize their estates and confer them on his Jewish and Moorish favorites; those thieves have come to steal the throne from a wicked brother, who appropriated to himself the inheritances of his brothers, Enrique, Fadrique, Sancho and Tello."

"Lies and blasphemy!" exclaimed the fair-haired youth, in spite of the looks of Samuel; "those are the calumnies of the gentle Enrique, and yet he knows that he drew his sword in the presence of the King Don Pedro, and struck one of the courtiers with it, and that the cruel tyrant (as he is called) permitted him to escape free and unmolested—"

"Because his conscience told him that one fratricide was enough."

"Yes, it was enough, but if the Grand Master of St. Jago perished, it was because the honor of the king demanded it; the king knew that Don Fadrique loved the queen, and that the queen sacrificed her duty to that love."

"By my faith! thou art a bold youth to undertake the defence of a tyrant who had not courage enough to challenge the Grand Master to fair combat, but induced him, by means of a safe conduct, to come to his court; he then ordered his assassination, and was present at it. Was that act worthy of a knight?"

"On that day Don Pedro was not a knight, but a judge, sir; he had given a safe conduct to his rebel brother, and he pardoned the rebellion; but he could not forgive his dishonor, and become the laughing-stock of the whole court."

"These are only words, and not proofs," said the knight, shaking his head; "it is easy to vilify the dead."

when he had arrived at the court-yard of the Alcazar, he showed mockingly, a gorgeous banner, studded with pearls and precious stones, which the queen had presented to him. Don Pedro could not then contain his anger, but called out to Pero Lopez de Padilla, commander of the men-at-arms, to seize the Grand Master. Lopez immediately obeyed; but Fadrique sprang from his grasp, and running wildly round the court-yard, endeavored to draw his sword, which, however, was so entangled in the belt that he could not; and then the others fell upon him, and Nuno Fernandez not being able to lay hold of him on account of his struggles, struck him with his mace, intending to stun him. The king, who witnessed this horrible scene from an upper window, called out to them to stop; but it was too late, Don Fadrique was dead."

"This was a marvellous story, got up by the courtiers of Don Pedro," said the knight, roughly. "Where are the witnesses who saw all this, and who can vouch for its truth?"

"I am the nephew of Juan Diente, the sergeant-at-arms," replied the page. "I was at the palace on that day, and saw all this, and can prove that it was so."

"Peace, peace!" said the Frenchman; "it does not become one in your station to speak so freely of princes. Besides, no priest, not even he who holds the keys of St. Peter, would dare to absolve Don Pedro from the murder of Blanche de Bourbon, whom he kept so long in the golden tower, and then caused to be either strangled or smothered by some miserable Jew."

"Well, I will still affirm," exclaimed the nephew of Juan Diente, "that Don Pedro was not guilty of that murder."

"No! Why, has he not often wandered, sad and pensive, in his Alcazar, unable to rest, pursued as he was by the ghost of Blanche de Bourbon?"

"Truly, he did not love her. It was the grandees who imposed that marriage on him; especially his former tutor, the powerful Don Juan Alonzo Albuquerque, who wished the king to abandon his mistress, Maria de Padilla, whose high favor offended him, although that affair was his own contrivance. Blanche arrived from France as a victim, taught to tremble before her husband, as though he were an enemy; scarcely could she dissemble her fears, even when Don Pedro saluted her with the bridal kiss."

"That was because she foresaw her destiny," exclaimed the knight.

"That was because she knew she was criminal in heart, and cherished another love," impetuously resumed the page. "Don Fadrique, who had been delegated to bring her from France, who had accompanied her in her long journey, had already gained her affections; their every look smiled on each other, and their hands were seen clasped within each other's, when they thought themselves most sheltered from observation. This is the true reason why Don Pedro (who deigned not to complain) abandoned his wife, and placed her a prisoner, under the care of Pedro Gomez Gudiel, Bishop of Segovia, of Tel Gonzalo Falomique (of Toledo), and of Juan Manso, all officers of the household."

"It is false!" cried the knight, fiercely; "and if thou darest again to vilify that most sainted woman, Blanche de Bourbon, miserable varlet, I will make thee eat thy words!"

Just at this moment the page smiled at hearing the following ditty, sang in a drawing tone, by some one on the opposite shore:—

Near the donjon it is said, Fadrique oft at eve is seen, Seeking Bourbon's sister fair, As his mistress and his queen.

Then smiling bitterly, he said, "You hear, the dishonor of the king is running the round of the country already."

Samuel, uneasy at the unnatural calmness of the knight, leant over to his retainer, and whispered to him, "Beware!"

"Bah! I don't fear that ill-bred bulldog; he is alone, and in his coat of mail. I can swim; as for him, once in the water, he would not very easily get out again."

The knight, who had observed all this whispering, suddenly arose, and making the boat reel under his heavy tread, seized the page by the arms, and held him, with apparent ease, suspended above the water. "Thank Heaven, you young wolf," said he (not noticing the paleness of the fugitive), "that I admire fidelity in servants, and can willingly forgive him who risks his life for his master; but remember that, if it is a virtue to be faithful, it is a crime to calumniate the dead; therefore, not a word more respecting Blanche de Bourbon; for, by St. Ives, every word uttered against her is an insult to myself!"

The page, after vainly struggling, was silent; but no sooner did the knight replace him in the boat, than, seeing the folds of the litter opened and the eyes of Rachel glistening with anger, as, with her small hand, she tendered a poniard to him, he seized it, and, gliding along the planks like a serpent, sprang on the knight, intending to strike him in some weak point of his armor; but the latter, perceiving his object, with one blow of his foot caused the boat to pitch forward so violently, that his adversary stumbled, and the knight, instantly snatching the poniard from his grasp, put the oars into his hands instead, ordering him to row on. "To work, stripping! to work!" said he, disdainfully, "and don't amuse yourself with pricking my jacket with a woman's bodkin, or I will make you speedily take lessons in swimming, from the fishes."

The page, who dropt into the rowing-bench, and a splash was heard to come from the litter.

"As for you, my pretty one," continued the knight, "you carry such paltry articles as might have procured your father a disagreeable surprise, such, for instance, as being hung; for, had my fingers been here, not one of your companions would have obtained mercy; as it is, I can easily forgive you a little feminine wrath," and he laughed derisively.

The Jewess answered in a mild, but firm tone, "My life is in your hands, Sir Knight, I thought you were going to kill that poor youth for his frankness."

"Say rather, for his slanderous tongue, my pretty one."

"No, I repeat it, for his frankness; and even I, though always shut up in my father's house, in the Jewry of Seville, have heard, like all Spain, that Maria de Padilla alone was accused of the murder of the queen, whom she wished to replace on the throne; and the queen, not having any children, Maria de Padilla feared that her mortal enemy, the Count of Trastamara, might succeed Don Pedro, to the prejudice of her own children, and so induced one of her spies to sell poisoned perfumes to her, in which he too easily succeeded. The king was so horrified that he instantly exiled Maria de Padilla, after making her witness the execution of the poisoner, and then the magnificent funeral of his wife, whom he had deposited in the vaults of the kings. As to the crimes of Don Pedro, they only consist in preventing his grandees robbing the treasury or violating their treaties with the Moorish kings, and plundering the unfortunate Jews. Trastamara is king with the nobility, because they know that he will prove a jovial companion; and they expect under him to be allowed to recommence their lawless lives, their debauchery, and assassinations, which the stern justice of Don Pedro effectually prevented. It is Pedro who is king of the army and the people; for he has drunk from their gourds, shared his purse with them, and draws his sword for their protection."

"By the blessed Tiphany!" exclaimed the knight, "how animated you are, fair one, in praise of your traitor king! Has he composed sonnets to those bright eyes, or released you from the prohibition of wearing jewels?"

"Don Pedro has never seen me," coolly replied the Jewess, "but he once rendered me a service which I can never forget. One day as I was on my way, with two of my Nubian slaves, to the public bath at sunrise, the hours prescribed for our race lest the sight of us should sully Christian eyes, I was surrounded by a troop of young madmen, noble debauchees, who carried flaming torches. I endeavored to retire, but one of them, taller and more insolent than the rest, attempted to snatch away my veil, and vowed, amidst shouts of laughter, that if I was young and handsome I should not have to pay for my bath, for I should go to his palace; but, on the contrary, if I were old and ugly, he would make me take it in the river, whence one of his water dogs should afterwards drag me. Imagine my fright—I thought I should die; as to the poor slaves, one ran away, whilst the other, trembling in every limb, knelt on the ground speechless; I struggled in vain against the insolent intruder, when just as my veil was about to give way, a young fisherman, clothed in a coarse garb, with his face half-hidden by his cloak, sprang into the group, snatched a torch from one of them, and dashing it in the face of the aggressor, exclaimed, 'Fool! you don't see clear; look well in my face since you are curious, and tell me if it be to your fancy.' Don Enrique, for he was my insulter, uttered a groan of anguish, his beard having caught fire, whilst his companions dispersed as rapidly as possible; the disguised fisherman taking up a jar of water, emptied it over Don Enrique's head, saying, ironically, 'Come, I shall charge you nothing for this bath, Enrique, but don't force me to give you another, for every act carries its own reward;' then beckoning to the Infanta to follow him, he retired without even asking my name. You will easily guess that this fisherman was Don Pedro, who roamed through Seville at night, thus disguised, in order to superintend the vigilance of the night watch."

"Well, well, you are grateful," said the knight; "and I cannot blame you for thus defending your sovereign. Your story somewhat reconciles me to that accursed Pedro; however, you are but a Jewess, and therefore I cannot give you my entire confidence. But see, our friend there with the light hair handles the oars much better than the poniard; at this rate we shall reach the opposite bank in five minutes."

In fact, the page was rowing vigorously, although quite mechanically; he had paid the utmost attention to Rachel's story, and when she related the scene at the baths, his looks were riveted on the litter with a most tender and impassioned expression, whilst a radiant smile brightened his countenance; but this absorption was very nearly fatal to the party. Samuel, who was in a hurry to reach the shore, answered the knight in a joyful tone, "Yes, sir, we must be near the shore, for the waves foam and whiten, which is a sure sign that they break against the banks."

"It is somewhat singular though," replied the knight, "that the water just ahead of us whirls and gurgles as though it fell into a funnel."

On hearing these words the page stopped rowing, and with a sudden movement sprang upright; he looked towards the place indicated

by the knight, and saw the waves white with foam whirling and eddying with a dreadful noise, and then losing the sight of the shore. His hair stood on end, and his knees trembled. "We are lost!" he exclaimed; "this is the whirlpool, the sunken rock of the Count of Trastamara! What accursed hand has taken away the banner planted there by the Count of Cardona to point out the invisible bank?"

The boat was being drawn with frightful rapidity towards the sunken rock, which was invisible at a hundred paces from the shore. The prisoners uttered cries of the deepest distress at the sight of this inevitable danger, and old Samuel paced round the litter like a wild beast, tearing his beard and crying, "My daughter, my blood, my life!" but without degrading any means of assistance more efficacious than tears and groans. Happily some one else had occupied himself for her safety in a more useful manner.

The page, on perceiving the danger, had instantly thrown off his robe, and rushed to the litter, crying, "Trust thyself with thy armpit, mistress; I will save thee or perish!"

Rachel, surprised and trembling, sprang instinctively from the rude grasp of a stranger; but the imminent danger did not permit him to temporize, and in a moment she found herself within his sinewy arms.

"Not a word, not a cry; it is a question of life or death," said he.

But the young girl, struggling against him, answered, "Can you not save my father also?"

"Impossible!"

"How impossible? I will never abandon him; rather save thy master and let me perish!"

The page impatiently stamped his foot upon the planks. "What! Rachel, do you wish me to wait here and be swallowed up with those poltroons who dared not just now, like you, render me any assistance?"

Rachel only answered, "Obey me; I command you to save my father!"

"But he himself wishes me to save you. I will obey you. But let him choose between his life and yours."

The old treasurer threw himself at his feet, "Save her! save my daughter, the precious joy of my race! and let the withered branch be broken off and cast into the gulph!"

"Dost thou hear, Rachel? there are yet some few moments which heaven will grant us, and then we shall be engulfed in the breakers of this sunken rock."

"My father! oh, my father! cried Rachel, throwing herself into his arms, "I will never save my life at the price of yours!"

"I will not listen to you," replied Samuel, tearing her away from his arms, and brushing off the tears which streamed from his eyes; "take her away, Pero—take her by force if she will not go, I command you! What is it to me to die if my only child be saved? Dost thou, canst thou think, Rachel, that I would live if I saw the lily of my race, the child of my heart, swallowed up by the waves?"

"I must obey your father, Rachel," said the page, seizing her in his arms, "and remember that each moment we lose is as precious to him as to us; for, as soon as you are safe, I will return for him."

He then tore off the long silken dress which Rachel wore, as well as the veil which enveloped her from head to foot, scattering a lurch of mirabolins to the bottom of the boat, whence Samuel began hastily to gather them, placing them carefully in his deep pockets. The round shoulder of the young girl shone dazingly through the rent made in her dress, and her ivory arms mechanically embraced the waist of the page.

Pero trembled in every limb as he felt the heart of that fair creature palpitate against his own; and just at that moment Samuel uttered a shriek of despair, as he perceived the dishevelled locks of his daughter escaping from their bands, contrary to the Jewish law.

The brave young page sprang at once into the water with his beautiful burthen, and breasting the waves like a practised swimmer, made at once for the bank, where, however, the weeds and matted grass rendered the task of landing most difficult, if not altogether impossible.

In the meanwhile, Samuel, forgetful of his own danger, watched with straining eyes the fate of his daughter, when he was aroused by feeling the heavy hand of the knight placed on his shoulder.

"For a Jew," said he, "thou hast behaved nobly, and proved thy courage. I will yet help thee; as for you other heathens, don't stun me with your childish shrieks."

The waters roared and foamed around waiting for their prey; only a miracle could save them, and the assurance of the knight seemed to the Jews nothing less than sacrilege. At this moment a loud derisive burst of laughter was heard, and turning their heads towards the shore, they perceived a poor deformed child perched like a monkey on the topmost bough of one of the oaks, who now began singing in a discordant tone the song we have already noticed respecting the Queen Blanche.

By our sorrowing lady fair, You will have a bitter dream; Haste, this safer shore to share, If you're bold swimmers 'gainst a stream.

"Wait a little—wait a little," cried the knight; "I'll soon make you come off your perch, young imp of mischief." Then unbuckling the long band or cord which he wore, and which was knotted with leaden balls at intervals, and terminated with a strong iron hook, he threw it with the unerring aim of a practised slinger over the strongest branch of

one of the oaks, where it fastened itself firmly. He then fastened the end of the cord strongly round his own waist, and took Samuel to going to him. At this instant the boat struck against the rock, and the unhappy Jew, shrieking and calling for aid, was swallowed into a hole, while the knight, encountered by Samuel, began his dangerous task of ascending by means of the rope ladder.

The deformed songster had at first regarded with surprise this unlooked-for method of safety, but soon, uttering a savage shriek and brandishing a knife, he began to descend from his perch, in order to cut the cord, as the knight imagined, and let him sink into the river, whence the weight of his armor would prevent his rising. The child was already on the bank, when he caught sight of the head of the young page, who was straining every nerve amongst the fishes and weeds, endeavoring to sustain the young Jewess, whose discolored countenance and fainting form bore witness to her fears—the eyes of the page met those of the child, and both involuntarily brightened them, as he cried, "Help, Pierce Neige, help!"

The child thought no more of the knight whom he instantly left to gain the bank as he best could, but running to the page, he threw him a rope, just as his wearied hands were losing their hold of the slimy rushes, and himself sinking fast into the mire.

No sooner had the page, with this assistance, gained the shore, and placed his fair companion gently on the soft grass, than the young child ran round him clapping his hands for joy, then suddenly stopping, he trembled like a leaf, crying, "Woe to Pierce Neige! woe to him—it is his fault that his brother was so nearly drowned."

In the meantime the page attempted to restore animation to the beautiful Jewess; he breathed into her face and clasped her hands with the utmost uneasiness. "Wilt thou die in my arms, thou pearl of Israel?" he murmured; "must that mouth which so eloquently defended Don Pedro, never speak again? What is there not a sepulchre, not a physician of thy tribe near to save thee? Will they too leave thee to die? Accursed be the hand which tore away the pennant from its place!—if he only fell into my power—answer, dost thou know? tell me," cried he, turning like a wounded lion on the child, and shaking him by the arm.

Frightened at these passionate gestures, Pierce Neige fell on his knees, and acknowledged that he did it.

The knight, who had now arrived, exclaimed, "What! was it you, you imp of evil, who played us this trick?"

The child did not deign even to turn his head towards him, but gazed earnestly on the page. "Why—why did you do this, Pierce Neige?" said the latter.

"Because a band of English marauders are even now burning the sheep-folds of the king, my brother," and pointing to the crimsoned sky, he said, "look at the flames and listen to the cries of the English."

"And thy mother, old Paloma?" hastily demanded the page, without taking his eyes off the Jewess.

"My mother is alone. My brothers have not yet returned from the battle field. Poor Paloma expected them when those white-crowned English, with their iron-clad horses, came upon her; they have pillaged the farm, the stables, the granaries, and burnt everything. And as my mother would not answer their questions, and could not ransom herself with heaps of gold, they have tied her to a stake and driven me away with their whips, because I cried on seeing my mother so cruelly treated."

"Ah! I felt her breath," exclaimed the page. "She lives—thy daughter lives, Samuel. God has been pleased to accept thy sacrifice. Oh, my dear mistress, never did misfortune pain me more bitterly than when I doubted whether I supported a living form or a corpse!" and he kissed, with more of compassion than respect, the hands of the resuscitated maiden.

She sighed, and her beautiful eyes, half-opened, resting with an expression of the deepest gratitude on the devoted page. She was, however, still dreaming, and upheld him only in imagination; for, unconscious of the past danger and her own disordered appearance, she murmured, "Saved—he is saved, then."

"Yes, like thee, like thee, Rachel," cried the page, moved almost to tears, whilst Samuel, prostrating himself at his feet, thanked him, at the same time covering his own head and beard with dust.

"What art thou doing here?" sternly demanded the Knight of Pierce Neige.

"Waiting for my brothers, to warn them," replied the spirited little fellow. "I tore away the signal flag in order that the horses and boats of the White Cross might be swallowed up. Ah, it is not with the sword alone that one slays. Those marauders despised me because I wore neither sword nor helmet; but if I'm not a good soldier, I'm a good butler at any rate, and incendiarism makes one thirsty. Hold up your glasses, gentlemen, I will fill them without spilling a single drop."

"What meantest thou?" asked the knight, grasping him fiercely by the arm; "dost thou think that thou alone art able to cut the throats of Tom Burdett's companions, the brothers-in-arms of Calverley, even though they be dead drunk?"

"Dost thou perceive that the poor fellow is an idiot?" said Neige; "let us make him our guide; it is all we can get out of him, and it is getting dark."

"Oh, fear nothing," exclaimed Pierce Neige, "the white crosses have taken care to provide us with another light," pointing to the fire which illuminated the greater part of the forest.

(To be continued.)

The House Circle.

SAVED BY A WORD.

"Halloo! Here, my friend, what's the matter!" The speaker was Mr. Sparton, and his words seemed to possess a magic power over the poor wretch who lay in the gutter at his very feet.

"Friend!" repeated the man, staggering to his feet, and gazing curiously into Mr. Sparton's face, "this is the first time that any one has called me friend for many months. I once had friends, but I had money then."

"Have you none now?" "No," said the man, "I paid my last dime for drink, just in there," pointing to a saloon across the street, "and they put me out because I had no more."

"Where do you live?" asked Mr. Sparton. "Live! I don't live anywhere."

"Well, where do you stay?" "In any place I can. I have not known a home for many years."

Mr. Sparton, seeing that the man was unable to help himself, and had no means of support, offered to take him home with him. The poor wretch was only too glad to accept the offer, and, with the support of his new friend, managed to walk to that gentleman's residence.

He was led into the dining-room, greatly to the surprise of Mrs. Sparton; but matters were soon explained, and she immediately procured the poor fellow something to eat, also bringing him a cup of strong coffee. By the time the half-famished man had eaten his supper, he was both warm and drowsy, and by Mr. Sparton's advice, soon retired to rest.

The stranger guest did not awake until it was time for breakfast the next morning. He was invited to sit down and eat with the family, and took the preferred seat with thanks, and in a manner which showed very plainly he had seen better days.

After they were all seated at the table, the conversation was opened by Mr. Sparton, who asked the stranger if he rested well.

"Thank you, I did, indeed. I slept very soundly. It was the first time I had rested on a bed for over two months."

An exclamation of pity broke from the lips of the entire group. He then continued,—"I presume it is my duty, after your kindness to me, to give you my name, and also the history of my past life."

"We hold you under no obligations," said Mr. Sparton, "still we would be glad to learn your history."

"My name is Frank Edwards," said the stranger. "I am the son of Mr. Charles Edwards, merchant, who died some six years ago in the city of C—.

Perhaps you have heard of him." Being answered in the affirmative, the man hurriedly related his story. His love for liquor had first commenced in his college days, when he was one of a set of merry, thoughtless students.

After his graduation, the appetite increased, and, as time passed on, he became a confirmed drunkard. His father, broken-hearted, died, leaving all his wealth to his wayward boy.

While it lasted, the young man had plenty of friends to join with him in reckless debauchery; but, when his fortune was all squandered, friends deserted him, and he became the poor, deserted vagrant whom Mr. Sparton found in the gutter.

"If I could only gain one true friend," concluded the man, "who would trust me with work to do, that I might gain a decent livelihood, I would earnestly try to please. But every one turns away from the poor drunkard, and refuses to trust him. How I have lived for the last few months I cannot tell you, I only wonder that cold and want have not killed me."

Mr. Sparton was struck with the apparent truthfulness of the man, and also his gentlemanly manners, which went to prove the truth of his story. So he took him down to his store, and gave him some light task. He seemed willing to work, and, as Mr. Sparton was just then in need of help, he concluded to retain him for a while, at least.

Weeks passed, and he still kept him. He proved a most efficient clerk. A few years passed, and the former vagrant had managed to save enough money to take an interest in his benefactor's business. He is to-day among the most respected citizens of a city not many miles from here.

Such is the result of kindness, and a word, kindly dropped from the lips of a passer by upon some degraded wretch, may be the means of saving him. Years have passed since the facts related in this story transpired, and Mr. Sparton has never had occasion to regret the night he called a poor drunken wretch "friend."

Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily sinistries of worldly affairs; for truth like light, travels only in straight lines.

UNCLE IKE'S MULES.

The fire burned brightly in the fire-place of the little inn, throwing its flickering light over the well-padded floor. The wind blew boisterously out doors, rattling the windows, and making the old sign creak on its hinges; but within, under the cheerful influence of the fire, peace and comfort reigned.

Seated comfortably around the fire was a merry circle, consisting of the landlord, a traveller stopping over night at the inn, and several of the villagers, who had dropped in for their usual gossip. After a time, as a means of passing away the winter evening, stories were proposed, and, after each had contributed his share to the evening's amusement, the landlord turned to an old man who had just entered and taken his seat by the fire, and said,—"Uncle Ike, can't you give us a story? We have all told one; now it is your turn."

After a little persuasion, the old man straightened himself in his chair with the air of one who felt equal to the occasion—for he had the reputation, in the village, of always having a good story to tell—and commenced,—"Waal, seein' I've got to tell a story, I'll jest tell you about a team of mules I bought once, I was livin' on the old farm then, before I moved up where I am now. Somebody had been tellin' me what a nice thing mules was for work, best team in the world fur farm work; and so forth, and one of the neighbors had bought a team; an' they worked so well I was anxious to get sum' myself. So, one day, I hitched up Dobbin, and drove over to Penthook's, as I hear he had a team to sell."

"When I got over there, I told him what I had 'em for, an' he wis 'dressed pleased, an' sed he had got just the team I wanted. So down to the barn we went to look at 'em. He brought out two of the critters, an' they was purty, considerin' they was mules; he took an' hitched 'em onto a loaded wagon that stood in the yard, and they walked off with it as easy as you wud' with a wheel-barrow. I asked him if they was gentle, an' wud' drive well, an' he sed, 'Yes,' an' I almost made up my mind to take 'em, an', arter considerable hagglin', I did take 'em, an', tyin' 'em behind the wagin, started fur hum'."

"The next day I hitched 'em up to go to town; they started off briskly, and, fur a mile or so, went first-rate; but arter that they began to slow down, an', as I was in a hurry, I touched 'em with the whip; but they didn't mind it any more'n if a fly had lit on 'em, an', if you want to work, jest get hold of a good lazy mule. I thrashed them critters all the way into town, an' all the way hum', an', wore out a good rawhide whip, an' made my arms so lame I cud' hardly use 'em doin' it."

"Nice things to drive in a cold day, mules is; you can keep warm thrashin' 'em. Waal, I concluded the next time I wanted to go to town I'd take Dobbin, an' leave the mules to hum'. Except for their bein' so consarned lazy, they made a fustrate team; when you wanted any pullin' done, they was right thar every time, an' I was purty well pleased with my bargain. But I didn't know the critters yet."

"One day, 'bout a month arter I got 'em, we wanted sum' wood down at the house, so I hitched up the mules an' started for the wood lot. As I was goin' out they acted kinder frisky, but I though it was cause they hadn't been worked enough."

"Waal, I got out there, an' got my load on—you see the wood was piled outside the fence—an', jest as I got ready to start, 'loug cum's a neighbor of mine, an' sez he,—

"'Good mornin', Uncle Ike; is that the new team you've been buyin'?' " 'Yes, an' a good team they are too,' sed I, pickin' up the reins."

"I spoke to the mules, but, instead of startin', they jest stood still, an' laid back their ears in a way that wa'n't encouraging, I tell you. I felt awful cheap jest about that time, but purty quick my dander began to rise. I yelled at the mules, but, inste'd of going, they commenced backin' an' kickin'. How them critters can kick! I begun to get mad, an', pickin' up the whip, I did give it to 'em good. The more I pounded the more they backed an' kicked; at last, arter they had kicked off most all of the front part of the load, it got too hot fur 'em, an', the fust thing I knew, they both give a jump forrad an' started, an' fore I cud' ketch up the reins, they was out of reach."

"I hollered, 'Whoa!' but the more I hollered the faster they went; the wood began to tumble, an' that scart 'em all the more, an', givin' a jump, they cleared the fence, an' went tearin' down through Betty Snood's garden and orchard."

"I tell you the time them mules made wasn't slow; they cud' run if they was lazy; through the garden inter the orchard, an' through that inter the field, they went. Betty had her milk pans an' tins out on the benches, dryin', an' such a scatterin' of tinware you never see as when them mules went through there."

"Betty heard the racket, an' cum' runnin' out to see what the matter was, an' soon as she found out, she commenced givin' me a piece of her mind, but I hadn't any time to stop an' argify with her jest then, so I kept on arter the mules, an' left her drawin' in her breath fur another blast."

"As the mules was runnin' through the medder, little Sim Trotting started to go across, an' I yelled at him to stop 'em, Sim had his umbrel' with him, an' he commenced swingin' that, an' cryin', 'Whoa! Whoa! But the mules didn't 'whoa!' they wasn't any 'whoa!' in the peasy critters; an' Sim, heoln' they didn't stop, run an' jumped the fence to get out of the way. But he jumped squar' out of the fryin' pan inter the fire; for the mules was makin' fur the road as fast as they cud'; the road was narrow, an' there was not much chance to get out of the way. Sim seen it, an' what did he do but start down the road as fast as his legs wud' carry him, an' the mules arter him. Such a race you never saw; his hat cum' off, fore long, an' his hair an' coat tails stuck right out straight; but he hung onter the old umbrel', an' arter a while I s'pose the idea cum' inter his head to jump over the fence an' get out of the way; anyway, he did it, and the mules went by him down the road, where they was stopped, a few moments arterwards, by sun' men. But Sim didn't forgit that run fur a long time."

"No, sir, was the reply, he has stopped out. Take a seat, and read the papers; he will return in a few minutes."

"Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs with the club between them, and commenced reading a newspaper."

"In the meantime the editor quietly vamoosed down stairs, and at the landing below met another excited man, with a cudgel in his hand, who asked him a second time; "Is the editor in?"

"Yes, Sir," was the prompt response; 'you will find him up stairs reading a newspaper.'

"The latter, on entering the room, finding the editor prepared to meet him with his club, with a furious oath commenced the violent assault upon the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued until both had rolled down to the foot of the stairs, and pounded each other to their hearts' content."

This was "equal and exact justice" all around; and it is to be lamented that all attacks upon honest and free speaking editors against great evils should result in a similar manner.

KEEP YOUR WORD.

When you promise to do a thing, be sure to keep your word, as well for the sake of truth as in justice to others. This very interesting story is told of a boy who was singularly faithful to his word.

He had borrowed a tool from a neighbor, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand, and did not return until late. Before he went he was told that his brothers should see the tool returned. After he had come home and gone to bed, he inquired and found the tool had not been sent to its owner. He was much distressed to think his promise was not kept, but was persuaded to go to sleep and rise early and carry it home. By daylight he was up and nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long and a fruitless search, he set off for his neighbor's in great distress to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool on his neighbor's door-step! And it then appeared, from the prints of little bare feet on the mud, that the lad had got up in his sleep and carried it home, and went to bed again and knew it not. Of course, a boy who was prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. He lived respected, had the confidence of his neighbors, and was placed in many offices of trust and profit.

CHASED BY A SAW LOG.

A Canadian who was engaged last week on the brow of a hill, near Pittsfield, Mass., in cutting timber and rolling it to the bottom, endeavored to manipulate a log for a safe descent, but discovered that it was getting the better of him. He was on the under side, and it would not do to "let it slide," so he screamed for help. But no help came. His strength was surely and rapidly failing, and there was nothing to do but run for it; and run he did—a fearful race. The natural philosophers say that a log gains in rapidity as it descends. It is otherwise with human legs on a run, even when, as in this case, the descent is steep and icy. There was no turning out, and the log gained with terrible rapidity on the frightened Cauuck, and was now just on his heels, when luckily he spied a hollow in his path, into which he popped with a bound, but had barely time to huddle himself into his hole, when crash! crash! the log thundered over him, and left him safe, but about the most badly scared man that ever halloed.

ALL RIGHT.

How many of us but use the expression a dozen times a week, and have it stick in the throat, at least half of them? It is coming to be a hypocritical appendage of business and social intercourse.

A sponger goes behind the counter, cuts off a dime's worth of tobacco or cheese, with an excuse that he wants a "sample," and the grocery man says, "that's all right."

A customer returns a pair of shoes to the dry goods man soiled and injured after a half day's wear, grunting, "they are too small," and the merchant says, "that's all right."

A church member puts his name down for \$25 to pay the preacher, and when called on, gives only \$10, with the remark, that "times are too hard," and the parson says, "that's all right."

A loafer makes a regular practice of coming into a printing office, and begging a copy of the paper, stating that he "just wants to read it," the edition is short, and the editor groans with ghastly politeness, "that's all right."

An extravagant debtor tells a patient creditor every time he meets him that he intends to pay the account "to-morrow, certain," and the poor dun turns off with "that's all right."

And so it goes. It's all wrong, and we say it's all right, and by our want of spirit and independence encourage laziness, imposition, stinginess, and every other sin under the sun.

A SHARP EDITOR.

Dr. Sones, of New York, told the subjoined exceedingly laughable story at a recent celebration of a Welsh society, the authenticity of which had been vouched for:—

"Editors," he said, "like other shrewd men, had to live with their eyes and ears open. I have heard related a story of an editor, who started a paper in a new village in the West. The town was infested with gamblers, whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor if he did not come out against them, they would not take his paper. He replied that he would give them a smasher the next day. And surely enough, his next issue did contain the promised 'smasher,' which did not belie its name."

"On the following morning the redoubted editor was seated, scissors in hand, in his sanctum, cutting out news, when in walked a large man, with a club in his hand; and asked:—

"Is the editor in?"

"No, sir, was the reply, he has stopped out. Take a seat, and read the papers; he will return in a few minutes."

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A GENTLE REBUKE.

A lady, riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college on his way home for a vacation.

He used much profane language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady.

She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Yes, madam; I have mastered the languages quite well."

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?" "Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

"With great pleasure, I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

We may well suppose the lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman.

NEVER TEMPT A MAN.

The late John Trumbull, when a boy, resided with his father, Governor Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Connecticut, in the neighborhood of the Mohegans. The government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the heirs to the chieftainship was an Indian named Zachary, who, though a brave man and an excellent hunter, was as drunken and worthless an Indian as could well be found. By the death of intervening heirs, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this moment the better genius of Zachary assumed sway, and he reflected seriously. "How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be chief of this noble tribe? What will my people say? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignant upon such a successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas?—Ayé—I will drink no more!" And he solemnly resolved he would drink nothing stronger than water; and he kept his resolution.

Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the Government to attend at the annual election in Hartford, and it was customary for the Mohegan chief also to attend, and on his way to stop and dine with the governor. John, the governor's son, was but a boy, and on one of these occasions, at the festive board occurred a scene which I will give in Trumbull's own words:—

"One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home brewed ale on the table. I thus addressed the old chief:—

"The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes, sparkling with angry indignation, were fixed upon me. "John," said he, "you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you know that I am an Indian? If I should taste your beer, I should never stop till I got to rum, and I should become again the same drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been! John never again, while you live, tempt a man to break a good resolution."

"Zachary, this beer is very fine; will you not taste it?"

"The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes, sparkling with angry indignation, were fixed upon me. "John," said he, "you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you know that I am an Indian? If I should taste your beer, I should never stop till I got to rum, and I should become again the same drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been! John never again, while you live, tempt a man to break a good resolution."

Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it a more solemn eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at me and then turned their gaze upon the venerable chieftain with awe and respect. They afterward frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. He lies buried in the royal burial-place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, in Norwich, on lands now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the place lately, and above his mouldering remains repeated to myself the inestimable lesson.

CURING A WIFE.

Mr. Dimlight, for the past ten years, had prayed every day that his wife would tumble down stairs and break her neck, or else die, like a Christian in her bed.

The simple reason of this is, that Mrs. Dimlight was fond of complaining, taking medicines, and having protracted interviews with the doctor, all of which required money; and money Mr. Dimlight hated to part with. In fact, he had much rather part with Mrs. Dimlight; but that lady manifested no intention of leaving this pleasant world and taking up her abode in an uncertain sphere. Neither did she say that she would live; leaving her lord in an uncertain state, and her physician in a perplexed condition. The doctor said she wanted rousing, and Mr. Dimlight thought that he would do something to start her, and get her out of bed.

He hit upon a plan which ought would operate in a successful manner.

Mrs. Roundwink acted in the capacity of nurse to Mrs. Dimlight. Mrs. Roundwink was a widow, voluptuous, pretty and coquetish. For a handsome present she resolved to enact the part that Dimlight marked out for her; so, one evening, when Mrs. Dimlight was groaning, and threatening to die, Dimlight called in the widow.

"She is going to kick the bucket at last," said the husband, "so you and I may as well fix things so that we can start fair."

Mrs. Dimlight turned her head and stopped moaning. Her eyes began to assume an unnatural brilliancy. The parties in the room no took notice of her.

"Yes," said Dimlight, "she is going at last. Now we can talk over our own affairs."

Mrs. Dimlight raised her form in bed, and sat bolt upright. She listened attentively, and her eyes grew brighter and brighter.

"How soon shall we be married after she is dead and buried?" asked Dimlight, passing his arm about the substantial waist of Mrs. Roundwink.

"I suppose you will be willing to wait a week or two?" simpered Mrs. Roundwink, as she lovingly reposed on the breast of the affectionate Dimlight.

Mrs. Dimlight uttered a loud exclamation which sounded like an oath, and giving one spring, landed on the floor.

"You think I'm going to die, do you?" she yelled. "I'll see you hanged first! I'll live to spite you—yes I will. Now out of this house!" turning to Mrs. Roundwink; "for you don't stay here another minute! I can act as my own nurse, you good-for-nothing hussy!"

And from that day there was rapid improvement in Mrs. Dimlight's health. She no longer tolerates nurses, but one can imagine what kind of a life poor Dimlight leads. His version of the love-making scene is not believed by the restored Mrs. D.

Grains of Gold.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.

Prefer loss before unjust gain, for that brings grief but once, this for ever.

Men may judge us by the success of our efforts; God looks at the efforts themselves.

The best and noblest conquest is that of a man's own reason, not his passions and follies.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

He permits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

However many friends you have, do not neglect yourself; though you have a thousand, not one of them loves you so much as you ought to love yourself.

We should always rest satisfied with doing well, and let others talk of us as they please, for they can do us no injury, although they may think they have found a flaw in our proceedings, and are determined to rise on our downfall, or profit by our injury.

NOTICE.

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

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

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J. S. WILLIAMS,
SUPERINTENDENT.

COMPOSITOR WANTED, IN A NEIGHBORING city. Good wages. Fare furnished, on applying to MILLER & RICHARD, Jordan street, Toronto.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1872.

WHAT WILL BE THE RESULT?

Employers have combined to thwart the progress of the nine hours movement, for which act they perhaps possess right. But no law either British or Divine, gives them a right to exact from their men a written, or any, pledge, binding them neither to ask for a reduction of the hours of labour or to assist those that do. All employers have a right to claim from their men is diligence and faithfulness while in the shop; the men's sympathies and purse being as much beyond their employer's control as the heavens are above the earth. The men ever since the agitation began, have behaved honestly and openly; their actions have been honourable as well as legal, they have obeyed the spirit, as well as the letter of the law; their meetings have been free, their intentions published to the world. They gave substantial reasons for their conduct, and justified their actions by arguments that it has puzzled the *Globe* and their satellites to refute.

When the agitation commenced, venal scribblers of a subsidized press stood aghast at the audacity of the men, in daring to ask from their employers, what their employers ask from each other, daily in the market, a fair remuneration for their labour, in the manner they deem most conducive to their interests. Never in the history of the world did employers receive such a notice as they did in Canada at the commencement of the nine hours agitation: Yet when the employers, without a spark of reason or of justice upon their side, conspired under the domination of a "Calvinistic Pope" to subvert the individual liberties of the working men, with a few noble exceptions, the press was silent, not a word was written against so flagrant an infringement of the rights our fathers died to obtain. Because wealth and influence was on their side it was a venial fault—

"That in the Captain but a choleric word That in the soldier is rank blasphemy."

"Employers may steal the horse with impunity while the men would be hanged for looking over the hedge." A press that raves daily over the execution of a man a thousand miles away and yet remains silent when the liberties of a whole class are in danger of being lost, show at once that party, not principle, expediency not truth, place not justice, is the object of its aims. We are glad to be able to discover friend from foe. Danger is the time to test our friends, and because we know the Master's conspiracy will fail, we are pleased it has occurred. But even though it fails, what will the result be?

Here immigrants are wanted, and, if

we would progress, must be obtained.

All immigrants, if not paupers or felons, are up to the average of their class in courage, intelligence and skill. Is it reasonable men of such a stamp will migrate to a land less free than the one they leave, where employers can break the laws with impunity; where with a few noble exceptions the press is gagged with prejudice or a bribe? where the hours of labour are longer than in the land of their birth, where an inordinate desire for wealth, and an innate lack of good breeding in the employers robs the workingmen of the opportunity of exchanging with them the social amenities of life, and transforms the relations that should exist between employee and employed into a struggle of NEED against GREED? We think not; especially when the lands so famed in song—

"Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,"

can be seen, and bought, and where through the medium of the Lyrist and Romancer, the immigrant's fancy pictures all things with a roseate hue, and through his ignorance leads his judgment astray. It must be remembered that it is the States not Canada where the eight hours movement is progressing, where universal franchise and equal rights are held; where every inducement is offered to immigrants, that can attract the fancy, or beguile the judgment; where employers cannot insult workmen with impunity; where the reputed liberty of the citizen is a matter of world wide renown. It behoves us as workingmen—since employers, and the press, are remiss in their duty—to be true to ourselves, and try to remove the impressions so inimical to our best interests, that possess the minds of strangers, leaving the supineness and indifference of the early settlers of this country with their memories, and striving with every energy we possess to make our land attractive to the serious attention of immigrants, and worthy of the mother that gave us birth. If we do not, between the paucity of immigration and the barrenness of the people, we shall sink to the condition of a mere appendage to the States' contract, because we have not courage to expand,—become a province when we ought to be a nation. What the fate of this country will be rests entirely with the workingmen.

It was the 'prentices of London that gained the battle of Marston Moor, and upon the mechanics of Toronto and Hamilton, and sister cities, rests the result of an equally momentous, if less bloody, crisis in our country's history; and we believe they will prove worthy of the parents that gave them birth. To a very great extent, aliens and renegades head the opposition to the nine hours movement, persons to whom gold is a god and the future of our country nothing, for persons who have sacrificed patriotism at the shrine of selfishness are not apt to look much beyond themselves or care for ought outside of what gold can buy. How Canadian merchants and employers allow themselves to be so easily duped is indeed a mystery. We should have thought Scotch manipulators and Yankee peddlars would have failed to hoodwink men more honourable than themselves. However the evil is done, and unless active steps are taken by the workingmen assisted by all true lovers of their country, Canada instead of being the goal of the immigrant's hopes,—a spot amid its undulating lands,—the dreamt object of their ambition, we shall have nothing but coldness and insult to contend with from those outside, while many settlers will leave us, and by crossing the line obtain admittance to a land where a Canadian's name will be a byword and a scorn.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The 24th was duly honored by our citizens,—although the enjoyment of many was considerably marred by the downpour of rain, during the day. In spite of the weather, however, the various points of interest were well attended. In the evening the closing social party of the season of the K. O. S. C. Quadrille Club came off in the St. Lawrence Hall. A goodly company were present, and dancing was kept up with spirit till an early hour of the morning.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY TREATY.

Considerable anxiety has been manifested on both sides of the Atlantic, during the past week, respecting Earl Granville's proposal—a supplementary article to the Treaty of Washington, and the action of the United States Senate was watched with something like feverish excitement. It was well known that the Anglo-phobists of the Sumner class, and certain sensational newspapers whose claims to popularity are based upon a senseless pandering to the somewhat popular feeling of hatred to England,—seeing in the agreement to the supplementary article to the treaty a satisfactory adjustment of the indirect claims, and a destruction of the chances of a war with "perfidious Albion"—would bring all the force of their opposition to bear against the supplementary article. But the vote on Saturday, of forty-three to eight, advising the President to negotiate an additional article to the treaty on the basis proposed by the British Government, proves that the good sense of the Senate of the United States had prevailed over party spirit. This action has lifted the load of anxiety; as now nothing remains but for the Geneva tribunal to discharge its duties, and put an end to the difficulties that have so long endangered the peace of the world.

The *New York Times* says the vote in the Senate in favour of the negotiation of the supplemental Treaty article brings feelings of intense relief. Verbal amendments cannot be objected to by England, and a final settlement may be considered certain. The Senate has earned gratitude from the mercantile community and the majority of Senators have acted in sympathy with the great mass of the people who wished the Treaty to succeed.

The London journals comment at some length upon the result of the Senate's deliberations. The *Times* says the action of the United States is important as justifying England in the eyes of all the world in the position she has taken with relation to the indirect claims. The Americans will find it hard to uphold the demands which she herself confesses are doubtful. President Grant in consulting with the Senate, before acting on the proposition of Earl Granville, has greatly strengthened his own position.

The *Telegraph* says: America has proved that she prefers justice to national vanity. The love of honest dealing with usual consideration exhibited by both England and America promises well for the future of the world, while the *Standard* thinks it better to moderate and suspend its opinion until it knows more of what the article to be negotiated will commit England to do or to say.

The despatches announcing this decision of the United States Senate were read in London on Monday, and the immediate effect was seen in a more favorable rate in the market for American securities.

DUTY OFF TEA AND COFFEE.

Perhaps no act of Sir Francis Hincks and the Dominion Government has been more pleasing and acceptable to the great mass of the people of Canada than the remission of all customs on tea and coffee. These articles, which from their long and universal use may be deemed necessities, can be obtained after the end of June next at the lowest possible price for which they can be raised, imported and retailed. Undoubtedly the general public will have cause to rejoice that Sir Francis has seen his way clear to giving to Canadians a "free breakfast and tea table." It may possibly be, that, in order to keep up the amount of revenue which must be raised annually for the support of our Government, and the carrying on of necessary improvements, articles of luxury must be more heavily taxed, to make up for the loss that may accrue in allowing necessities free; and this policy, we contend, is as wise as it is merciful. But this action at once opens up the questions of Protection and Free Trade, and the discussions of these questions may assist in

placing our politicians once more into distinct parties. However this may be, in the meantime Sir Francis Hincks' policy in allowing these articles to come into Canada free will commend itself to all classes of the people.

PRESENTATION.

On Thursday evening last the employees of Mr. J. Morrison, of the Ontario Steam Gauge Works, being desirous of expressing their respect and esteem for their employer in having so readily acceded to their request for shorter hours of labour, presented him with a handsome meerschaum pipe. Such acts as these, small perhaps in themselves, tend to create the best possible feeling between employer and employed; and, we believe, results in good to both parties:

T. C. O. P. A.

A full meeting of the Shareholders of the Toronto Co-operative Printing Association is called for Tuesday evening next, June 4th, in the Assembly Hall, at 8 o'clock. At the meeting on Saturday evening last, the By-laws governing the Association were submitted and adopted, but, owing to the lateness of the hour the appointment of the permanent board was postponed till Tuesday next. We trust that all the Shareholders will be present, as the business to be transacted will be of the utmost importance.

HAMILTON'S FOUNDRY.

The Machinists and Blacksmiths who left work at Hamilton's Foundry the week before last, are still out, and quite a number of the best men have left Canada for more congenial climes. This will continue to be the result, as the demand for skilled labor in that department is very great just now across the lines.

PAINTERS.

Mr. George Booth, house, sign, and ornamental painter, has followed the generous conduct of Mr. Elliott, and has conceded the Saturday half holiday to his employees, the same to take effect next Saturday. We hope these examples will be generally followed.

SEND ON SUPPLIES.

In our last issue we commended the cause of the Hamilton men who came out on the Nine Hour principle, to the generous consideration of the workingmen of this city. But it was stated through some of the city papers that the men had resumed work; and this report gained currency to such an extent that it was considered unnecessary to take further action. From information received we are in a position to contradict the truth of the report, and that although numbers of men have left the city, and others are preparing to leave rather than "go back" on the movement—yet there are still a very considerable number of men out of work in Hamilton. We trust, therefore, that the men of Toronto will make every exertion to sustain their fellow-workers in their efforts to ameliorate their condition—and that the operatives of the "Queen City" will give a good account of themselves in this matter. Prompt action is necessary.

"HONOUR AMONG ROGUES."

A short time ago the chiefs of the large stove manufacturing firms in the Province met to concoct certain schemes to protect themselves from each other. It is not fair that "dog should rob dog," so they mutually agreed that none should infringe upon others' specialities, and whoever obtained a new invention among them was to have an exclusive right to it. So said so done. Oh no! Directly the bargain was ratified, off goes a member of a large firm in Hamilton to Troy, N. Y., and buys up forty patterns and designs for stoves, and two Toronto firms go to Pittsburgh, Penn., and Cincinnati, O., and buy all the designs they can obtain, and then return home in great exultation, and dare their neighbours to infringe upon their rights. But like Brutus they "are all honorable men." It is true if Brown, Jones and Robinson did it, it would be a scurrilous act; but how else can gentlemen act otherwise than gentlemen—and because they are gentlemen it is an honest deed.

The writer of the lines, "The Nine Hour Movement," published in our last issue, is Mr. Thos. Davis, Hamilton. We shall be happy to hear from him again.

COMBINATION.

[COMMUNICATED.]

It is a grievous sin for workmen to combine to obtain a rise of wages or a reduction in the hours of toil, even though they are justified in taking such steps by everything that tends to enhance the value of labor. Our trades are very brisk, labor of every description is in great demand. The competitors of Canadian manufacturers in foreign markets have consented to a reduction of the hours of labor among their men, so that the reduction here entails no extra hardship, for it simply places the manufacturers of both places upon the same footing as they were before the agitation commenced in either country. It is a grievous wrong for workingmen, even with all these incentives, to agitate. Why can't they remain still and await the paternal action of their employers; or if they will agitate, why don't they go about it in a business-like manner as their bosses do.

Two or three sit down to dinner in a first-class hotel, and "across the walnuts and the wine," draw up a circular like the one appended below; send round to all bosses of any size in the country an invitation to a glorious pow-wow; and then, what between mock turtle and some adulterated stuff they call champagne, they agree, without any just cause, to rob the public; and depart for their several homes so highly elated with having done a good deed, that they cannot steadily walk along the pavement, and so the downy cushions of a hack carries them in that dreamy state, which intense self-satisfaction is apt to engender, to their own bed-chamber, or the interior of a Pullman's sleeping car.

The following is a *bona fide* copy of the Iron Moulders Masters' Treaty of offence and defence for the spoliation of the public:—

HAMILTON, May 17, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—At a meeting of the Iron Founders' Association of Canada, held this day, for the purpose of fixing the Prices of Stoves and other Foundry Wares, for the ensuing season, it was unanimously agreed that in view of the present high price of Coal and Iron, and the cost of Labor, that the following be the rates for 1871-2, with an average credit of six months, or six per cent. discount for cash:—Cooking Stoves for Wood and Coal, 4 cents per lb.; Box Stoves under 500 lbs. weight, 4 cents per lb.; Parlor and Parlor Cook-Stoves, 4 1/2 cents per lb.; Self-feeding and Base-burning for Coal, 5 cents per lb.; Box Stoves over 500 lbs. weight, 3 1/2 cents per lb. The above prices to take effect from this date.

Copp Brothers, D. Moore & Co., E. & C. Gurney (Hamilton), Chown & Cunningham, James Smart, Ives & Allen, J. R. Armstrong, William Buck, James Stewart & Co., Turnbull & Co., Harte & McKillop, E. & C. Gurney (Toronto), W. Clendening, per R. N. Allen, J. & O. McClary.

CABINET-MAKERS' UNION, HAMILTON.

At a meeting of Cabinet-makers held on Tuesday evening, April 30th, a Union was organized in connection with their trade—the Union meeting every alternate Tuesday—when the following officers were elected:—Mr. Robert Hill, President; George Jenkins, Vice-President; William Hastings, Recording Secretary; Samuel Meadows, Financial Secretary; William Hudson, Treasurer; Joseph Gentle, Warden. Committee—Messrs. Allan, Craw, Cousandier, Maltus and Jackson.

LIFE OF WM. H. SYLVIS.

We have received from the publisher, Mr. J. C. Sylvis, of Sunbury, Pa., the "Life, Speeches, Labors and Essays of Wm. H. Sylvis," late President of the International Iron Moulders' Union and National Labor Union. The name of Sylvis is a very familiar one among many of the workingmen of Canada, and we believe many will wish to obtain a work which is in a great measure a history of the Labor movement in the States, as well as a Biography of one of the ablest men that have been interested in the cause of Labor Reform. We have not space in our present issue, to more fully notice the work, but shall do so in our next issue.

MASS MEETING IN GUELPH.

On Tuesday evening an enthusiastic meeting of the workingmen of Guelph was held. Mr. Ryan, of Hamilton, and Mr. Hewitt, of Toronto, were among the speakers. We regret we have not received an account of the meeting in time for our present issue.

COOPERS' JOURNAL.—We have to thank our excellent contemporary, the Cincinnati *Coopers' Journal*, for the kind words with which it has greeted our enterprise. The *Journal* is a first-class monthly magazine, and both amongst the Coopers of this continent, and outside of that organization, obtains a wide circulation. Its articles are written with much force and ability. We reproduce from its pages an article that is somewhat unique, but very suggestive.

MEETING ON THE LABOR QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

Sir Charles Trevelyan was one of the speakers. Having had great experience as a Governor in India, his words of encouragement had great weight. He complimented the Warwickshire laborers on the unexpected degree of sagacity and moderation which they had displayed, and he had no hesitation in saying that if the Warwickshire Union went on as it had begun, it would in a short time overspread the whole country and remove all obstacles. Mr. Savage, a farm laborer from Cambridge-shire, in a plaintive voice and modest pleading manner, told the story of his own life. Now he has a family, he has only two shillings and twopence a day, and is a young, straight, active looking man. The other week he remained in the rain, stacking his master's property, until the rain ran down into his boots; yet his master stopped sixpence out of his wages because he had lost two hours. They had learned the lesson of union from their teacher, Mr. Arch, and he was persuaded that only union could save them. Mr. Strange, from the border of Wales, another agricultural delegate, spoke as they all did, with some diffidence, before a London audience. However, they made good progress when the ice of speech was broken. He stated that Lady Bangdale, in his neighborhood, had sent orders to the farmers holding under her that the hands were not to be turned out of the holdings, but to have twelve months' lease of their cottages, and six months' notice. They, therefore, were sure that the very agitation of unionism was bringing them good. In Herefordshire they had abolished altogether truck and cider payments, which was a great improvement. Poor laborers were fed on bread and drenched with bad cider, and thus brought to the parish, through intestinal feebleness, long before their time. Mr. Strange, who had got a little education in his youth, spoke like a self-possessed, sensible, young man. He related that they had a moonlight meeting in Gloucestershire the other night, when an old man took his hat, or something, off his head, when his white locks streamed in the wind, and wore a picturesque silverness in the moonlight. The old man said that, if the prospect of union and self-help had come earlier in his day, what a blessing it would have been to him and his children. When he heard of this agitation for improving their position, he thought that the Lord had come down from Heaven to help them. Poor old man. He had been very patient at the Lord's remaining away so long. The story affected the meeting, being told with some pathos. The speakers had mostly put on their best coats, which slightly disguised their agricultural calling. Mr. Arch looked like an ambitious shoemaker in his closely-buttoned, well-worn black overcoat. Mr. Strange would have passed very well for a parish clerk.

A short time ago a letter came to me from Mr. Disraeli's County of Buckinghamshire, asking if something could not be done to draw attention to the condition of the farm boys of that county. A poor boy named George Knibbs, the letter said, was found dead on the roadside on a cold and biting morning in March, 1870. He was only nine years old, and had been at work three years for a farmer at Beckhampstead. The only witness was a fellow-laborer, a little boy of eleven years old. They were sent out early in the morning of an inclement day to drive in heifers to the town of Winslow, a distance of from seven to eight miles. The youngest child wanted to take some food with him, as it was supposed he had no breakfast, but the farmer told them they need not take food as they would be home by 11 o'clock. A journey of 15 miles, and to drive six heifers half the distance, was too much for the poor things. Rain and sleet fell on the journey. They deluged the cattle at a public house at Winslow, where they were directed. They got half a pint of beer with three penny-worth of brandy in it, to warm them, which they drank between them. They did not venture to ask for food, and none was given them. They trudged a mile or two on their way back, when the youngest said he would go to his aunt Emma's, and the eleven-year old boy went on, and got home cold and wet. The poor lad Knibbs fell on his face, and was found some hours afterward, when he had long been dead. The poor father wandered about at night till 12 o'clock, looking for his boy, and sat up for him till 2 o'clock in the morning. Next day he found out where the body of his son had been carried. The letter I received informed me that the farmer who employed the poor man stopped out of his wages the time he was employed looking for his dead child. This is only a fair illustration of the condition of penury and dependence in which the greater portion of the Buckinghamshire laborers really

are. The *Telegraph* has begun to explore the condition of the Scotch agricultural laborer. The Scotch field is a fruitful one. Farming is carried out more scientifically than in England as a rule, but the condition of the patient laborer equally needs revising there. The *Conservative Globe* reports to-night that the wages of agricultural laborers are about to be raised all over the country. Public opinion is accelerating the force of agitation.—*English Paper.*

THE EIGHT HOUR AGITATION.

The all-absorbing topic here now is the eight hour movement, which is taking like wildfire. It was at first feared that the Germans would not take part, and that consequently many trades would be left behind. It is well known that the trade of cabinet making has been almost ruined by the importation of German workmen, who being used to "frugality," accepted whatever they could get, and thus got the employers into the habit of employing cheap labor. These calculations, however, have luckily proved groundless, as the Germans have turned out along with the rest. Several immense German meetings have been held in this city and Brooklyn, and Unions have been formed which promise success. There is scarcely a trade that has not now made the demand for eight hours' work, and the movement has become so formidable that the *Times* and *Standard* have actually taken the part of the men, though they take good care always to condemn and run down obscure strikes, where the force is not much and the men might be powerless, and their voice not felt in expostulation. The *Journal of Commerce*, *Commercial Advertiser*, and other enlightened advocates of white slavery, are fairly wild, seeing their "advice" come to such an end.

The plumbers have already been successful, only four employers holding out. The sash and blind makers are also at work, having met with but little resistance. The employing bricklayers and masons tried hard to carry the day, and resolved to pay the eight hour scale on the 1st of July, but the men were not willing to lag behind other trades, and insisted on it immediately, and in consequence they are all at work again at eight hours. The carpenters have won a complete victory, both in this city and Brooklyn, and the few shops that hold out are closed, being unable to get men. The upholsterers are still out, with every hope of success. The coach painters are forming a Union, and will strike in a few days, as also the pattern makers and horse-shoers. The stair builders have gained all but one shop. The carvers have not yet won, but the cabinet makers, with whom they are mostly connected in work, are insisting on their being included. A meeting was held Wednesday night of the men employed on the new Post Office, who concluded to demand of the Government the pay for the two hours' labor a day which they have been doing over legal time.—*New York Cor. New Haven Union.*

At a meeting of the journeyman Street Rail road car builders they organized an association and resolved to strike at an early day for the 8 hours per day.

The German upholsterers are meeting with success in the strike, and expect to resume work at eight hours. Ten additional shops conceded the demand to-day.

The stone-cutters of Long Island City, struck for eight hours work and four dollars a day. They have been receiving \$4 50 for ten hours. Two yards have already conceded to the demand. The bricklayers are receiving \$4 for eight hours in the same locality.

STRANGE, YET TRUE

There are one or two phases of character that have been developed by the nine hours agitation. The first is that those parties to whom the working men have chiefly looked for assistance and support in their attempt to elevate the condition of their class, have, in the present great issue, signally failed them. The reform party from its very nature is supposed to enact measures calculated to improve and broaden the institutions of our country. They profess to understand the wants and necessities of the working class, and yet, when the working classes, in a way never equalled in this country for unanimity and earnestness, express their wishes upon an important issue, they are opposed, and opposed only by the party whose existence depends upon their support. In Toronto the chief opponent to the nine hour movement is the Hon. Geo. Brown; in Oshawa, Mr. Glen; in Hamilton, the workingman's candidate, Mr. Tarbox, and Messrs. Sawyer & Co., Engineers. Again, in the request to the Hamilton City Council for the use of the Crystal Palace and grounds, the reformers voted against the request, and it was simply through the attitude of the Conservatives, who took strong constitutional grounds that the request was obtained. Such conduct can, if preserved in, have no other effect than to throw the workingmen into the arms of the Conservatives. The workingmen are determined to obtain what they conceive to be their rights, and the name of the party who assist them to gain those rights is a matter of no importance compared with the fact that they are willing to do justice to their cause. Another phase is that the chief opponents are principally Yankees, men who have come

here and amassed fortunes at the expense and by the aid of the workingman and then use the gain they have got to ruin the future prosperity of the country, reckless of our future so long as they obtain gold.

It is a circumstance worth noting that those persons who, by profession or other circumstance, are supposed to be peculiarly advocates for reform, and admirers of the liberal institutions give the lie to their lives directly an opportunity is given them to prove the sincerity of their convictions. We have no doubt their names will be remembered by the workmen to their advantage, and we hope the debt will be fully cancelled upon the hustings in or the booth.—*Hamilton Standard.*

A DREAM.

PART I.—Colonization of Optimus.

Of all the multifarious subjects abounding in the psychological realms of mental philosophy, I believe dreams to be the most difficult of comprehension, the most intricate, perplexing and certainly the least understood. Whether there is any thing supernatural in the phenomenal nature of dreams, or whether, from their time and space annihilating, incongruous incoherence, is ever gleaned a prophetic knowledge of what subsequently happens, I will not undertake to say, although there are many well authenticated instances of revelation by dreams, marvelous in themselves, utterly unexplainable by natural means, and manifestly beyond the ken of thinking, percipient beings. But, as I have never had any personal experience of this kind of dream, I will not venture an opinion. Of another order of dreams I wish to speak, of a particular dream I had the other night, and over which I have been sorely puzzled ever since, but I have taxed, beat and coaxed my mind in vain, for a satisfactory solution of the causation, of which the dream in question was the effect; clearly, it was the result of, and subject to laws of which I must candidly confess I am blindly, stupidly ignorant. But, the dream. As in all dreams, the mind seemed to be unlimited in its operations, and time, distance, space, possibility and even probability, were violated with reckless impunity; still as the various scenes, and successive events, vividly passed before me in panoramic order, they struck me as not only being probable, but as being true.

I was one of many millions who had concluded to leave this earth and migrate to a more remote planet, in the infinite of space. Who was to be, or who actually was our Moses, I knew not, neither did it appear how, or by what means we spanned the wide echoless chasm of void, that lay between the earth and our new home. On this point, there was an evident break, or interruption, in the sequence of the dream. Our arrival on Optimus, the new planet, was, in the order of the dream, the first sequent occurrence after leaving the Earth. In physical structure and conformation, Optimus closely resembled the planet from which we had emigrated; it was also subject to the same natural laws. The only points of difference between the two spheres, were diurnal, climatic and argillaceous, the day in Optimus being shorter, the climate uniformly milder, and the soil more prolific.

With our advent, came the first of the homo genus to that land, but of the rest of animated nature there had always existed a great number and variety of specimens, its natural wealth and primitive productions being almost unlimited. Our first act, after reaching Optimus, was to take formal possession of the land and all its natural wealth and primitive productions, but by what right we established our claim to ownership, did not at first appear, and to settle this point to ease our conscience, a council was convened, by which it was resolved that man of all created beings, being first in the "Fatherhood of God," had, therefore, rightful dominion over the lower orders of creation and elements of nature, but the council did not stop here; they went a step further, and declared that ownership did not inhere, absolutely and perpetually, in any of us, and that our right, or ownership, to the land and its surplus productions, was, in equity, simply a trust right, or ownership, for inasmuch as our existence in the flesh would soon determine, and our places be occupied by others, equally dear to Deity, it followed that, although we might call the land, and other natural wealth, ours, still we were but a trustee, holding these things at the will of Deity, the real owner, for the good of others, who would come after us. Another self-evident principle that claimed our attention was, that this natural wealth, consisting of soil, air, water, light, forest ores of all kinds, ornithological and zoological life, was the creation of God alone, hence one man had no right to claim, or appropriate of these things, more than another, and that all men had an equal and an inalienable right—a right that presupposed the existence of Divine law—to every element and thing a beneficent Providence has created for the sole, free and unrestricted use of all His children, but unrestricted only in so far as it is positively necessary to preserve and maintain their physical existence, or conserve to their absolute bodily needs. The education of this great truth from the soul of justified Right, was followed by another, also evident in its own nature, and beyond the reach of contradiction; this was, that since natural wealth or primitive productions were common to all, and should be partaken of and enjoyed by all in the same measure; and since

no man could, in equity, claim an unconditional ownership in land, air, water, minerals in crudity, forests, birds, quadrupeds, or other natural productions, not modified by human agencies, not representing, in themselves, the expenditure of human labor or time, it followed, as a conclusion at once self-evident and impregnable incontrovertible, and no man had the shadow of a right to traffic in, or sell any of these purely natural elements and productions to another, and only in time and labor and their productive results, had we a legitimate right to traffic and trade; therefore, we had no real, immovable, substantial ownership in any thing except what we, by our own direct efforts, produced, after landing on Optimus—the work of our hands and mind, such as houses, mills, railroads, telegraphs, food, clothing, hobs, newspapers—all force eliminated, all matter by mind penetrated, all things by skill and experience improved, were ours by solid, real ownership, by virtue of having earned them, and these, and these only, could we, if so disposed, sell or convey to our fellows. Having settled and mutually agreed upon these elemental principles as a foundation for our social superstructure, we next turned our attention to government, and decided on having a true democracy; but as our government had no powers but those delegated to it by ourselves, as it existed only at our pleasure, being the exponent of our collective power, and as we could not delegate to this government any powers, rights, or principles, we did not ourselves possess, it followed that the government had no vested right to sell or convey land, or other primitive productions, as we had no such right ourselves, our right to trade or traffic being entirely to artificial wealth, or our improvement on the land, of which we had taken a trust possession only. The functions of our government thus defined, we set to work at once: some tilled the soil, others built houses, others constructed roads and bridges; some made clothes, some shoes; others, again, performed minor details in the body politic; some worked in wood, others in iron and steel, and so on, until we had reached a nearly perfect and equitable distribution of labor. At first, all creators of value, or artificial wealth, had to exchange products directly with each other, and the supreme law of exchange laid down, for the guidance of all, was time for time, labor for labor, service for service, or value for value. The word "profit" was never heard; it had no meaning, or signification, in our new home. If the farmer expended a certain amount of time and labor upon a product of the soil, he exchanged it for some product of the mechanic, upon which an equal amount of time and labor had been expended, and the mechanic did in like manner with the farmer or tiller of the soil. According to the law of exchange already laid down, price had no existence except in sacrifices made, service rendered, time given or employed, or incurred risks; and the measure of price should be in exact proportion to or a just equivalent for any such service, hence profit was manifestly indefensible, fraudulent and spurious. Now, price being measured by just the amount and kind of service rendered, it follows that just the same amount and kind of service should ever bring just the same price, and, therefore, the exploded theory of supply and demand regulating price, that existed and impoverished the old planet, we had left, should have no place in the ethics of our new State; we admitted that demand might and should regulate supply, but price never. In the course of time, we found it quite impossible to, at all times, exchange product directly, that is, leave no unadjusted balance; for instance, if a coat representing two day's time and labor, was exchanged for a pair of boots, representing one and a half day's time and labor, it is evident that the party receiving the coat would be in arrears to the other party for a half a day's time, to satisfy which he gave an order on future labor, or on his present property; these orders, in time, became current, and were received for further exchanges by others, and still by others, so long as their redemption was assured or guaranteed by the party who first issued them. In this manner, under these circumstances, and growing out of these necessities, originated a medium of exchange, which on Earth was called "Currency," or money. From this, it will be seen that, legitimately speaking, money is simply a receipt or acknowledgment that a service or value has been rendered, for which the holder can justly claim from the issuer a like service or value in equivalent proportion, or value for value. It is of no practical significance of what material this medium of exchange, or money, is made, provided the issuer, when it is presented, keeps faith and gives the value promised. The word "interest," as well as "profit," was also banished from our midst, and because of the principles already set forth. If a pair of boots, or coat, are laid on a shelf, or hung on a line, and left there until doomsday, they will not become two pairs of boots or two coats. All property is the creation of labor, and has no inherent power to produce itself, hence any right given it to increase is vivacious and extortionate. If, therefore, the coat which fails, and cannot become two coats in ten years, is sold to another for ten dollars, or a bill of exchange called ten dollars, by what right does this bill, which simply represents value (the coat) double itself in ten years and become twenty dollars? Clearly none—whatever. This ten dollars stands for and represents real, definite value, a coat; but

loaning the ten dollars does not prevent the coat from sheltering the man who owns it, and still is the only basis for the value represented by the bill, hence charging interest for money is essentially, morally, despotically wrong.

Under these rules, our sojourn on Optimus soon became a condition of peace, happiness, plenty, comfort and security. We were troubled by no internecine wars; all the elements of society occupied the same social plane graded only by the intellectual excellence, moral and industrial worth; poverty was unknown, vice and crime scarcely heard of; jails and poor-houses marred not the face of society; men were not doomed to a perpetual round of toil, toil, toil, like Sisyphus rolling his stone over and over, and upwards, forever. Monopolies swallowed not with insatiable maw the substance of the people; no monstrous social inequalities festered in the body politic; no segregated elements of opinion arrayed man against man—everything seemed to exist and move, as if planned and directed by the Soul of Universal Causation.

This is the first part of the dream which I dreamed, a dream most unlike, yet like a dream.—*Cooper's Journal.*

THE COOPERS' STRIKE IN BOSTON.

Alluding to the recent strike of the coopers of Boston for an advance of wages, the *Herald* of that city says:—

"As it is well known, the coopers of Boston and vicinity have been on strike this week, for an increase of wages, it being for a weekly pay of \$18. It seems that some of the coopers have been paid fifty cents per hour when employed, while those who worked by the week have had on an average \$15, some of them earning but \$13.50 per week. Thinking that they should receive \$18 per week, the weekly hands struck on Monday, and after 'laying still,' as the mechanics term it, for two or three days, their employers acceded to their demands, and most of those who struck are back in their old places. The proprietors of all but one of the sugar refineries in this vicinity, did almost immediately comply with the demands of the coopers, and after taking the subject into consideration, acceded to the demands of their workmen. The strike therefore, is ended, but it has had the result of causing two branches of the Coopers' International Union to be formed—one at the Highlands and another at Charlestown. The former was organized on Wednesday evening at 1,422 Tremont Street. The branch at Charlestown was organized last evening at Andrew Hall, in Main Street by Chief Deputy Francis Chickey, assisted by Assistant Deputy Hist, and will be known as "Subordinate Union No. 6 Coopers' Independent Union." About twenty-five coopers joined the union at Charlestown, and another meeting will be held at Andrew Hall next Tuesday evening when the officers will be elected. In regard to the strike in Charlestown, it is said the coopers received an advance of pay soon after asking it. The "Coopers' International Union of North America," as it is called, was first formed at Cleveland, Ohio, May 6th, 1870, and has since extended from New Orleans to Quebec, and is recognized throughout the United States, Canada, and the Province. At present the union has a membership of over 35,000, there being 72 subordinate unions. Of this number Boston and vicinity claims memberships of 750, which number is being constantly increased. The officers of the International Union for the present year are as follows:—President, Mr. A. Foran, of Ohio; Vice-Presidents, Robt. Schillings, of Missouri, Patrick O'Farrell, of New York, David T. Stafford, of Kentucky, John Hewett, of Ontario, Andrew Boqua, Illinois; Clerk, Byron Pope, of Pennsylvania; Treasurer, John Kickson, of Pennsylvania; Sergeant-at-Arms, Louis Klem, of Louisiana; Clerk of Beneficial Department, Byron Pope, of Pennsylvania; Trustees of Beneficial Department, Evan Edwards, of Pennsylvania; J. E. Roch, of New York, Wm. H. Menning, of Virginia. A portion of the preamble of the constitution of the union, showing the feeling of the organization, is as follows: "And we hereby proclaim to the world that this union recognizes an identity of interests between capital and labour, employer and employee, and that instead of encouraging a spirit of hostility to employers it is the policy of this union, and all unions acknowledging its jurisdiction to give no countenance or support to any project or enterprise that will interfere with the promotion of perfect harmony between employer and employee." The union is in a fine condition, and a monthly periodical devoted to the interests of the order, published at Cleveland, Ohio, by the president of the International Union, gives detailed accounts of the progress of the union.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AGAIN.—A despatch from London says that the son of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, disordred the statements relative to the discovery of his father by Mr. Stanley, the Commissioner of the New York *HERALD*. When last heard from, Dr. Livingstone was reported to be suffering from a severe wound, received while engaged in hunting. The supplies forwarded by the British Government for the relief of Dr. Livingstone have probably reached Ujiji by this time, and definite news of the whereabouts of the great explorer is expected upon the return of the conveying to the coast.—*Scottish American Journal.*

THE DERBY.

The race has been run with the following result: Cromone, 1st Brother to Fleury, 2nd Queen's Messenger, 3rd

A TOAST FOR LABOR.

Here's to the man with horny hand,
Who tugs the breathing bellows;
Where anvils ring in every land,
He's loved by all good fellows.

And here's to him who goes a-field,
And through the world's ploughing;
Or with stout arm the axe doth wield,
While ancient oaks are bowing.

Here's to deliver in the mine,
The sailor on the ocean,
With those of every craft and line
Who work with true devotion.

Our love to her who toils in gloom,
Where cranks and wheels are clanking;
Bereft is she of nature's bloom;
Yet God in patience thanking.

A curse for him who sneers at toil,
And shuns his share of labor,—
The knave but robs his native soil,
While leaning on his neighbor.

Here may this truth be brought on earth,
Grow more and more in favor;
There is no wealth but owes its worth,
To handicraft and labor.

Then pledge the founders of our wealth;
The builders of our nation,—
We know their worth and now their health
Drink we with acclamation.

A PITMAN'S DINNER.

The number of hours a pitman regards as a working day is eleven; and since it would be a waste of time to raise so many cages full of men and lads at dinner-time, they take their mid-day meal in the bowels of the earth. The food is good, abundant, and substantial. At mid-day the pitmen's wives or some members of their families hurry to the shaft, each the bearer of a capacious basin tied in a check handkerchief, and very unmistakably labelled with the name of the individual to whom it is consigned. It is sure to hold something hot, with potatoes and a hunch of bread. As for beer, that is supplied on the premises, every pitman being entitled to the very liberal gratuitous allowance of two quarts daily. The dining-room is "a chamber" cut in the coal, and the seats and "bunks" are for the most part of the same material. The check pocket-handkerchief serves as a table-cloth, and the pocket clasp-knife, with a spoon, completes the array. The "butty" finds candles, so it does not do to indulge in a very extravagant illumination; but the dismal dips stuck against the wall, as though handy lumps of clay hurled at them had caught them flying and pinned them there, yield sufficient light to reveal the hearty dinners, some with their jackets properly adjusted, some with the sleeves of the garments tied about their necks comfortably, and a few—a very few—with their broad shoulders and chest and arms naked as those of savages, and as black. There is another good sign, too, which goes far to disprove the dismal forebodings of those mine-owners who, when the law was enforced prohibiting the employment in coal-pits of children under thirteen, foresaw the extinction of miners of the "proper sort." In most pits swearing is strictly declared against, both while the men are at work and while they are in the dining-room—a forfeiture of the day's beer being the penalty. Nor is it at all uncommon to find, after dinner and during the "rest," that some pious old pitman has produced a Bible, from which he gives forth wholesome lessons for the good of such as choose to listen.

EDUCATION AND EMPLOYMENT OF GIRLS.

Nothing so tends toward the degeneracy of womanhood as a life of laziness and indulgence—an aim for a wealthy husband, and then life with no object nor aim beyond raising a family, whether taste lies in that direction or not. It is not only bad for physical health, but is for moral also. A very serious and common mistake in the training of our girls is the neglect definitely to provide against the vicissitudes of life with the faculty of noble self-support. Just to think of your daughter, well born and bred, and rocked in the lap of luxury, coming one of these days to sewing or keeping boarders for a livelihood. Yet thousands of girls, upon whose girlhood Fortune lavished her gifts, have come to that. It seems to us that every rich man who has daughters, should provide for them with visions of the almshouse continually floating before his eyes. No amount of pecuniary endowment will be a sure defence against the demons of pauperism. The fires may burn it up; the winds may scatter it; the waves may engulf it; prodigal scoundrels of husbands may waste it, rascally trustees and executors may pillage it. These and a thousand kindred contingencies, considered beside the proverbial helplessness of woman, are almost enough to make a thoughtful and cautious man pray that daughters may not be born unto him. So, then, we say, Let the education of our girls provide for the possible problems of self-help in the noblest possible way. The daughters of millionaires and mechanics alike should be made distinctly to understand that all the love romances lie, and that there is no such thing as making a compact with Fortune to avert the necessity of honest toil. Nay, more, we would have the girls taught that labor, especially brain labor, for the benefit of the world, is too noble to be undertaken for mere mercenary ends, albeit the world must and will pay for it. Our American girls need a great deal of discipline in this respect, and their fathers and mothers need to have a

great many of their foolish notions of propriety about toil, and the wicked caste idea it encourages, killed as the rank social weed it is. You will hardly find a girl who will teach school, or a parent who will allow it, except under the compulsion of a scanty purse. "What a shame to our Christianity is this! A fine lady, rustling in her silks, boasts that she has had all masters in literature and art, has seen all the galleries of Europe, speaks three languages, can draw from nature, and we know not what else; and yet she would not soil her respectability by teaching a child of ignorance the alphabet, or hammering the multiplication table into a class of little know-nothings in calico! Sure enough, the millennium has not come yet.—*Waverley Magazine.*

MR. BEECHER ON THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, yesterday morning, in the course of his sermon, thus expressed himself in regard to the Darwinian theory:—It is of little consequence to me where I came from; it is of a great deal of consequence to me to know where I am going. There are a great many men at the present day investigating the road which has brought man up to the present state, and I confess to a curiosity in the matter, and I do not say that these researches may not be of benefit. I regard the labors of Mr. Darwin with profound interest, believing that the world will in time accord him a great deal of credit. Although I am not prepared to accept all his speculations, I thank him for all his deductions of fact. I do not participate a particle with those that dread the idea of man's having sprung from some lower form of existence; all that I ask is that you show me how I got clear from monkeys, and then I am quite satisfied to have had one for an ancestor fifty centuries ago. (Laughter.) Only make the difference great enough, and I am content. I had just as leave spring from a monkey as from some men I know around here. (Renewed laughter.) I look upon the Patagonians or the miserable crawling Esquimaux, and I don't see much to choose between them and any latent animalhood. I don't care so much about that thing, for I have never been there. I had no early associations a great while ago. I have not the least recollection of what happened a million years ago. All my life is looking forward. I want to know where I am going; I don't care where I came from.

HOW ANIMALS UNDERSTAND.

It has been suggested, in regard to the intelligence exhibited by dogs and other animals in regard to our meaning when we address them, that they catch it sometimes from the expression of the speaker's face or from the tone in which the words are spoken. When we speak to our dog we often see him watch our countenance with the utmost earnestness, apparently for the purpose of discovering our meaning; and, without speaking to him at all, we see that he comprehends very often the meaning of the very slightest and most simple modifications of the expression of our face. There is every reason to apprehend that the dog, as well as most animals of the higher orders, instinctively understands something of the meaning of all the natural signs we employ—our motions, gestures, and looks—just as they understand them when they are employed by their own species. Still it is evident that they come to attach some definite meaning to particular words. The horse and the ox understand what the driver says to them, the shepherd makes himself understood by his sheep, and Bougeant declares that the cows understand all the milkmaid says when she talks to them. And it is a well-known fact that all animals comprehend words much more readily when spoken by a voice they are accustomed to hear, than when spoken by a strange voice; and if we speak to them in another language, they apprehend at first very little of what the new words they hear signify; but after a while they come to understand them, and to act in obedience to them. Words or voices which they have once been accustomed to hear, they sometimes recognize even after an interval of years. The poet Campbell tells a legend of a parrot which was brought when young from the Spanish Main to the cold climate of England, where he lived and chattered many a day till he had grown gray with age.

"At last, when, blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mull's shore.

"He hailed the bird in Spanish speech:
In Spanish speech the bird replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down and died."

A LUCKY FELLOW.—It is stated that a day or two ago a laborer in the mechanics' shop at a cotton-mill in Preston received quite unexpectedly, a check for £100 by post; and as he had no idea whence the windfall came, or who was his benefactor, he instituted inquiries. It was discovered that a gentleman (now deceased) some time ago purchased some shares in a rather doubtful concern, and entered them in the name of the laborer, that he might escape liability in case of failure. The concern, however, has turned out to be a prosperous one; and as the gentleman, perhaps through forgetfulness, did not get the shares transferred before his death, his substitute has received to the amount named above, and stands the legal possessor of the shares.

SCOTCH AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

A special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in an interesting account of his observations throughout the Lothians generally, describes the condition of the agricultural laborers in these districts as highly favorable compared with their English counterparts. "As a general rule," he says, "the cottages of the farm laborers are good-sized, well lighted and ventilated, and have finely cultivated gardens attached. This improvement has taken place, I am told, within the last thirty years, and in out-of-the-way corners one comes upon a specimen of the old cot, wherein the ploughmen of the past generation, were content to live and vegetate. When improved laborers' dwellings have been erected, it has been done principally by the landlord, and sometimes by the tenant, with compensation at the end of the lease. In other cases it has been done by the landlord, the tenant paying so much per cent on the outlay. The cottages are of various styles of architecture, some of them neat and pretty, others the opposite; some evidently run up for cheapness, and others again carefully and substantially built and tastefully finished. There is one difference between the cottages of Scotland, even those most lately erected, and those of England. I have observed only one instance of agricultural cottages—I refer to those at Niddry Mains, west of Edinburgh—having more than one storey or flat. This at once strikes a stranger. Myne's cottages at Niddry Mains are picturesque houses, comfortable, lofty in the ceiling, with the kitchen and the back kitchen on the ground floor and two bed-rooms upstairs. At Fenton Barns, Mr. George Hope's famous farm, there are a number of extremely well-built commodious cottages, containing three apartments, while there are outhouses for the cow and pig, whose keep in East Lothian constitutes an important item in the thrifty economy of the hind. Another style of cottage may be seen at Liberton Mains, about three miles from Edinburgh, comfortable and roomy enough for a small family, and with neatly tended garden plots."

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

The workmen in the engine-house of the New Haven Railroad were greatly amused, a few days ago, by the movements of a weasel that had killed a rat nearly as large as himself in one of the engine-pits. The side of the pit being perpendicular, and the rat too heavy for the weasel to carry up in his teeth, the question arose how he should get him out. It looked like a difficult task, but the weasel was equal to the emergency. After several unsuccessful attempts to shoulder the rat and climb up the side, he laid him down and went about to the different corners of the pit on a tour of inspection. Finally selecting one in which sufficient dirt had accumulated to make an elevation of several inches, he went back, dragged the rat to the corner, and stood him upon his hind legs. He then clambered out of the pit, and going to the corner where he had left the rat, let himself down by his hind feet from above, clasped the rat around the neck with his fore paws, pulled him up and trotted off with him to his hole. The weasel is one which made his appearance at the shops some time ago, and which, by being unmolested, has become quite tame.

RARE DUNNING.

A ludicrous incident occurred at Louisville recently. A young man of fashionable habits and gorgeous appearance was waited upon by his landlady for the amount of a little bill long overdue. He affected indignation at being dunned, but the woman shrewdly guessed his real character, and became indignant herself. She seized a broom and made for the exquisite, and the exquisite made for the door and bolted into the street, dropping one shoe and his hat as he ran. The landlady following close at his heels, striking him at every bound, and making him fairly yell with pain and rage. The race continued for several squares, when his superior endurance began to tell, and the pursuing Nemesias was from mere want of breath obliged to finally give up the chase. The shoe, the hat, and other articles of clothing, are now kept as collateral security for the payment of the bill.

A TWO-HEADED SNAKE.—Professor Halford has furnished to the *Melbourne Argus* the following account of the two-headed snake recently captured:—"Each head was perfect in its own anatomy—muscles, bones, poison glands, and fangs. Each neck was perfect for about ten vertebrae, when they blended with one body and tail of the snake. There were two gullets, two windpipes, and two breasts, of which the right was the largest, as was the right head. The distribution of the blood vessels I have not yet traced. There were two intelligences belonging to one progressive apparatus, and the result was very interesting to witness. The right head wished to go one way and the left the other; as the neck vertebrae of each departed from the other at a very acute angle, the result was a simple onward movement of the common body. When a common danger threatened, then the left head twisted itself round the right one so as to be in the same line, and then progression was tolerably quick." A correspondent mentions that since this snake was caught another of the same tribe with two heads has been captured,

SCIENTIFIC.

Every human being in the United Kingdom, man, woman and child, uses on an average seven lucifer matches a day, about twenty-one million a day for London alone.

A COMPOUND FOWL.—Of all extraordinary living creatures which have made their appearance upon this earth, the most extraordinary is what is called a Compound Fowl, now to be seen in Norfolk, Va. Its head and feet are those of a chicken; its body of a penguin; it is duck-legged, and has a bear's tail; it crows like a rooster, waddles like a duck, but stands erect like the penguin aforesaid. Whether, if cooked, it would combine the flavor of chicken, duck, and bear, we shall hardly know at present. It is too valuable a creature to kill for the mere gratification of gastronomical curiosity.

THE DILUVIAL AGE.—According to a communication to the Geological Society of Hungary, the remains of a man, associated with post-tertiary remains of mammalia, together with a stone hammer, have lately been discovered in the loess deposits of Hungary, in the neighborhood of Bruy, in Bohemia. These were nearly in a complete condition. The cranium strongly resembles in its characteristics the well-known fragments from the Neanderthal, although differing in certain peculiarities mentioned in the articles. The skeleton was found lying with the head raised, in a sand-bed of diluvial age, at a depth of two feet from the surface.

WATERPROOF GLUE.—We have recently met with a very useful form of cement for wooden or other similar articles which are employed for holding water or non-alcoholic liquids. Although the formula is not a very novel one, we know it to be useful and likely to suit the requirements of some of our readers. It stands as follows:—Alcohol (spirit of wine), one pint; sandarac, one ounce; mastic, one ounce; common white turpentine, one ounce; glue and isinglass, sufficient; water, sufficient. Dissolve the two resins—sandarac and mastic—in the spirit, and then add the turpentine to the solution. Make some very strong glue, and add to it a good pinch of isinglass. Now heat the alcoholic varnish until the liquid begins to boil, and then very slowly stir in the warm glue. The amount of liquid glue to be added is determined by noting the point at which, after thorough mixture, a magma or thin paste is formed capable of being easily strained through cloth. When required for use, the strained mixture is to be warmed and applied like ordinary glue to the articles to be united. A strong junction is effected, which is not destroyed by cold water, and only after a comparatively considerable time by hot water or ordinary saline solutions.

NEW INVENTION.—Recently a number of gentlemen connected with the Iron and Steel Institute, and from most of the leading works in the north of England, assembled at Messrs. Hopkins, Gilkes & Co.'s Deeside Works, Middleborough, to inspect the new American machine of Mr. Danks, which supersedes puddling by the hand operation. The machine has just been erected, and works admirably. There is a saving of weight over the hand process, but as the charges were not weighed this fact was not shown. Mr. Danks was present, and explained the nature of the machine to inquiries. The charge, when put into the furnace, is carried round by a revolving cylinder whereby it is worked sufficiently in about three-quarters of an hour, and then withdrawn by mechanical contrivances. Between 600 lbs. and 700 lbs. was generally the weight of the charge, but it has been in most cases greatly enlarged. The trials were mostly made with molten metal-pig-iron taking a considerably longer time, generally about an hour and a half. The quality of the iron produced, which was from Cleveland pig, was very highly spoken of by practical men. The importance attached to the invention by the trade is shown by the fact that several ironmasters of the United Kingdom have combined together and arranged to give Mr. Danks £50,000 for the right to erect and have the full use of 200 of his machines.

ANCIENT AND MODERN INVENTIONS.—It is a singular fact, when we take into account the modern light thrown on mechanical inventive genius generally, and the comparative darkness settling over the past, that one of the most marvellous machine processes which English manufacturing skill boasts of is surpassed in the wonderful beauty of the fabrics produced by many of her native subjects in far-off India. (An example of this is the fine Dacca muslin, or "woven wind," as it has been called. So fine is this material that when laid upon the grass to bleach the dew renders it invisible. This used to be spun by native females, who had been trained to it from their earliest years. So nice was the sense of touch required for the spinning of this yarn that they were constantly waited upon by a retinue of servants, whose duty it was to relieve them of all menial offices which might endanger the fine tactful faculty which long practice and seclusion had bestowed on their delicate finger-tips. Singularly enough, although the steam engine and spinning machine can produce far finer yarn than any that the fingers of the Hindoo maidens have ever spun, the English looms, in other respects so perfect in their capacities and achievements, cannot weave the Dacca muslin. The fine yarns of Britain require to be taken back to India to be woven by hand into the subtlest of tissues by the rudest and most primitive of all

looms. Here is another item for Wendell Phillips to weave into his eloquent lecture on "The Lost Arts."

An ingenious Californian has, after several years of labor and expense of many thousand dollars, succeeded in producing a machine for grading railroad tracks, turnpikes, and other embankments. It consists of a common plow, with a somewhat extended mould-board, which may be raised or lowered at pleasure. A circular table or wheel, twelve feet in diameter, inclines at an angle of twenty-five degrees toward the plow. Within the outer edge of the wheel is arranged a series of scraper-shaped buckets, with adjustable bottoms. To avoid friction this wheel or table is geared to a centre shaft, at the top of which is a cam attachment, with rods leading to each bucket, for the purpose of emptying. This circular table receives its motion by means of a driving wheel similar to that used in a reaping machine. There is a steering apparatus at the rear. To do the work thoroughly it takes sixteen horses, four abreast. It is claimed for the machine that it will do the work of one hundred and twenty-five men with shovels.—*The Sun.*

Sawdust and Chips.

A western publisher lately gave notice that he intended to spend fifty dollars for "a new head" for his paper. The next day one of his subscribers dropped him the following note:—"Don't do it—better keep the money and buy a new head for the editor."

Josh Billings says that the difference between a blunder and a mistake is this: When a man puts down a bad umbrella and takes up a good one, he makes a mistake; but when he puts down a good one and takes up a bad one, he makes a blunder.

A lady, who has a great horror of tobacco, got into a railway carriage the other day and inquired of a male neighbor, "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" "No, madam, I don't," was the reply, "but I can get you a chew if you want one."

"Papa, why don't they give the telegraph wires a dose of gin?" "Why, my child?" "Because the papers say they are out of order, and mamma always takes gin when she is out of order."

A horse recently drew one wheel of a not very heavy wagon over a boy, crowding him pretty well into the mud. "You are in a pretty business," remarked a by-stander. "Yes," replied the boy, "overrun with it."

A Rochester lady says that the mortality among the Masons must be unusually great this year. Every time that she asks for recreation, her husband finds he is obliged to attend a brother's funeral.

A printer out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says:—"A boy from the country preferred."

A carpenter, being asked for a riddle, propounded the following:—"I picked it up; I couldn't find it; I put it down and went along with it." No one could guess it. It was a splinter in his foot.

A young lady was looking at a picture representing a pair of lovers in a boat, with the arm of the lover gently enfolding the waist of his dulcinea, when she innocently remarked, "How natural!"

A tipsy fellow, who mistook a globe lamp, with letters on it, for the queen of night, exclaimed, "I will be blest if somebody hain't stuck an advertisement on the moon."

An exchange says a young lady at Keokuk, Iowa, has had her under jaw amputated and her occupation is gone. She is in great demand among young men who want to marry.

A father was winding his watch, when he said playfully to his little girl, "Let me wind your nose up." "No, papa," said the child, "I don't want my nose to run all day."

"Your dress," said a husband to his fashionable wife, "will never please the men." "I don't dress to please the men," was the reply, "but to worry other women."

"Why don't you take a seat within the bar?" said a lawyer to his client. "My father advised me to keep out of bad company," replied the other.

TEACHER.—"Why was Joseph put in the pit?" Thomas (who goes to the theatre on week days), "Because there was no room for him in the family circle."

A young lady about to be married, says she will not promise to "love, honor, and obey," but instead, "love, honor, and be gay."

A lady widowed by the Chicago conflagration has been recently re-married. Her second husband calls her his relic of the great fire.

An Alabama young lady, caught smoking a cigar, gave as her reason that "it made it smell as though there was a man around."

A Saratoga belle who dresses nineteen times a day, has gone into a decline. So has her father. He declines to pay his notes.

A tombstone in Maine, erected to the memory of a wife, bears the inscription:—"Tears cannot restore her—therefore I weep."

The storm of time rolls rapidly away into the ocean of eternity, sweeping off in its impetuous course all human things. Beauty, fashion, genius, accomplishment, wealth will be no more. Religion alone is destined to survive the ruin.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' HOUSE FOR DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING.



The Best Assorted Stock OF READY-MADE CLOTHING. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING, MILLINERY AND MANTLES, CARPETS AND GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, TORONTO AND LONDON.

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Offered to Mechanics interested in the cause of Labor Reform.

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Paris, London and New York Styles.

The Subscriber has just returned from New York with all the American Styles. Call and see for yourselves. Encourage enterprise.

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Over \$16,000,000 Safely Invested at Interest.

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We buy through no other house, but manufacture ourselves, and import direct from foreign manufacturers, hence can and do sell cheaper than any other house in the city. Please remember the sign and address. Hats that are Hats, 55 King St. East. 27 OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.

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CHEAP STORE,

The Place for Workingmen to make their Purchases.

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GO TO CRAWFORD & SMITH'S FOR Millinery and Mantles, Parasols, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Laces, &c.

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Be sure to call special attention to their new stock of Grey and White Cotton Sheetings, Twilled and Plain, all widths, Quilts, Table Damasks, Table Covers, Lace Curtains, Prints, Sewings, &c., at very low prices for ready money.

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 Teas, that cannot be excelled for pungency, strength and flavor. **D. SPRY.**
 The very best brands of Port, Sherry, and light Wines. **D. SPRY.**
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 The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public of Toronto that on account of the duty coming off Teas on the 1st of July next, he will offer his extensive stock of
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 Finest Young Hyson, lately sold for \$1.00 now 90c
 Extra very Fine do., " " 0.90 " 80c
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Far-Famed Teas & Coffees,
 And the number of flattering testimonials daily received, of their superiority, &c., &c., he has determined to go exclusively into the
TEA AND COFFEE BUSINESS,
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 And will therefore commence on MONDAY, the 13th INSTANT, to sell off the whole of his extensive stock of
 Teas, Coffees, Fruits, Pickles, Sauces, Jams, Jelly, Marmalade, &c.,
 At a great reduction in price, so as to clear the whole stock out by the first of July.
EDWARD LAWSON,
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 N.B.—The Confectionery and Biscuit business continued as usual.

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Drafting Coats, Vests, and Pants,
 In arranged on a 22-inch rule, with combination scales thereon, capable of drafting a coat in five minutes in a beautiful design and accurate in every point; seven scales for a sacque coat, and eight for a body coat, and three scales for a vest and three scales for pants. It will draft on as small a quantity of cloth as any pattern in the world.
 For further information, see the *Globe and Leader*, or apply to the inventor.
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 (Opposite Terauley.)
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GIVE US A CALL.

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M. McCONNELL, Proprietor, late of the Rossin House. Choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars, Wholesale and Retail.
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Groceries and Liquors.
NINE HOURS MOVEMENT,
 Workingmen of Toronto, Attention.
JOHN BURNS,
 CORNER OF QUEEN AND JAMES STS., NEAR YONGE,
 GENERAL DEALER IN
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Constantly on hand the choicest brands of Flour. Special attention given to this branch of business.
Liberal Inducements to Nine-hour Men.
GENTLEMEN SHOULD SEND THEIR SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, &c., AND HAVE THEM BEAUTIFULLY GOT UP,
 AT THE
TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY,
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 (OPPOSITE DAILY TELEGRAPH.)
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