

Ontario Workman.

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

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Labor Notes.

The working men of South London have, through the Rev. G. M. Murphy, requested an interview with the Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce, in reference to the "vindictive punishment" of the gas-stokers.

At a special meeting of the London Trades' council on Saturday evening, the sum of £70 was voted in support of the agricultural laborers, divided as follows:—£25 to the Peterborough District union, £25 to the Bolton union, £10 to the Stalling union, and £10 to the Kent union. An order was made upon Mr. Allen, of the Engineers' society, the treasurer of the special fund, to transmit the above sum to their respective destinations.

The meetings of the delegates from the London Carpenters and Joiners, representing the various societies and branches, and the larger firms, was held on Monday night at the Brown Bear, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, Mr. Thomas Davis, of the general union, in the chair, at which the following resolution was adopted:—"That in the opinion of this delegate meeting, representing the carpenters and joiners of London, the sentence of 12 months passed on the five gas stokers, at the Central Criminal court, by Mr. Justice Brett, for an alleged conspiracy, is a gross outrage upon justice, and intended to intimidate trades unionists, and working men generally, from endeavoring to improve their position, and makes the Masters and Servants act, and the Trades Union and Criminal Law Amendments acts, a dead letter, a delusion, and a snare. That this meeting empowers its committee to take such measures as they may deem necessary to prevent the mischief that may arise from such an unwarrantable and iniquitous perversion of justice."

It will be recollected that one of the clauses in the agreement signed between the Master Builders' association and the carpenters and joiners in October last expressed that 8½d. per hour should be the standard rate of wages for skilled men in London. A case came before the judge in the Southwark County court on Saturday, in which a joiner, named Jepps, sued a master builder of the name of Jocelyn for 1s. 7d., being the balance between 8d. and 8½d. per hour for 39 hours work. The defendant pleaded that he had several men working for him at ½d. per hour less than the standard rate of wages, and further declared he was not bound by the agreement with respect to the advance in wages, as he was no party to it.—The judge said that no master builder could plead ignorance of the agreement, and if he wished men to work for him for 8d. or 7d. per hour he must make a special agreement to that effect. As there was no agreement of that nature with the plaintiff, he should give judgment for the amount claimed with costs, in all 7s. 1d.

There was another long meeting of the Iron Trade Conciliation board of South Staffordshire at Wolverhampton on Monday. Mr. Geo. J. Barker, chairman of the Ironmasters' association, was the president; and each side was represented by 12 masters and men respectively. The operatives explained that after holding meetings in all the districts, and thereby ascertaining the views of the men, they desired that the masters would allow the wages of the next six months to be based upon the prices of bar iron in the past six months, and 1s. bonus. This they maintained was the spirit of their last agreement, and they urged that the published reports proved it. The masters offered to continue to pay 12s. 6d. a ton for three or six months, and at the end of two or five months to discuss any terms for a future settlement. The men then asked that the difference should be submitted to arbitration. The masters declined arbitration for the north of England. Men did not observe the arbitrator's award when wages was last raised here. The men asked the masters to advance upon 12s. 6d. if iron rose. The masters could not definitely reply; the question involved the inquiry, would the men accept a reduction if prices dropped? They could pledge the rest of the trade to the terms they had offered. These terms were the masters' ultimatum, and on them the work would be thrown open. The men expressed disappointment and will hold an aggregate meeting.

TRADE UNIONISTS AND GAS STOKERS.

A special meeting of the London Trades' council and of the delegates of the metropolitan trades connected with it was held on Friday

night at the Brown Bear, Broad street, Bloomsbury, for the purpose of considering the case of the convicted gas-stokers, and the propriety of appointing delegates to represent the council at the forth-coming Trades congress at Leeds. Mr. George Odger occupied the chair.

The Chairman said the first question for consideration—that of the gas-stokers—was one of momentous consequence to trades unionists. He was not there to justify or vindicate the strike or the mode in which it had been conducted, but he was there to raise his voice against persecution of the vilest description, and to protest against the straining of a penal law in an oppressive and vindictive spirit, as had been done by the police magistrates and an Old Bailey judge. The sentences passed upon the gas-stokers by those men were atrocious, and utterly opposed to the spirit in which the Master and Servants' act had been passed by the Legislature, and accepted under protest by the trades unionists. If the ruling of Mr. Justice Brett in passing sentence upon the convicted stokers on Thursday was law, then every man in that room, every official of a trade society, every member of a society who took an active part in its operations, was liable to the same punishment, and the legislation of the past two years with respect to trade unions was a delusion and a snare. A deadly blow had been aimed at trade unions through the gas-stokers, and the whole of the trades throughout the United Kingdom must rise up as one man and protest against such an iniquitous sentence and such a strained interpretation of the law. It would also be the duty of the trades to provide for the families of the men while in prison (cheers).

A long and animated discussion took place, the general opinion being that the unionism of the whole kingdom must be appealed to, and all its power and influence at once brought to bear upon the question.

Mr. W. Matkin (General Union of Carpenters) moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting of the London Trades Council and delegates of trade societies desires to express its emphatic indignation at the undue severity and gross injustice of the sentences passed upon the gas-stokers at the Old Bailey, and in some of the police courts; and we hereby instruct our secretary to at once convene a meeting of delegates from the whole of the trade societies in London preliminary to an aggregate demonstration of the London trades; and that in the meantime all the evidence possible to be obtained in those cases where employers or their managers have outstepped the bounds of legality in their dealings with their workmen, with a view to the immediate prosecution in a court of law of such employer or manager." The resolution was carried with loud cheers.

Mr. George Shipton (secretary of the Council and delegate of the Amalgamated Painters and Decorators) was then unanimously elected to represent the Council at the Leeds Trade congress on the 13th of next month.

The proceedings terminated at a late hour with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

On Saturday afternoon another meeting was held at Boltcourt, Fleet street, Mr. George Potter in the chair. Among those present were Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., Mr. William Cobbett (Manchester), Mr. Latham, Mr. Allen, Mr. George Howell, Mr. Motteshead, Mr. Guile, and Mr. Applegarth. A letter of interest was read from Mr. Harrison, speaking of the sentence as "vindictive," and the gentlemen present expressed their opinion that the law had been stretched against these men. The meeting resolved to go to the Home Secretary, and to collect subscriptions to appeal against the decision.

SCOTCH COAL AND IRON TRADES—PROPOSED BOARD OF ARBITRATION.

The following circular has been addressed to the iron and coal employers of Scotland:—

GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned representatives of the working miners in the leading mining districts, beg to inform you that our constituents feel very anxious that all questions that may arise in the future in respect to wages and the customs of our occupation should be settled by courts of conciliation and arbitration—such courts to be equally chosen by the employers and the employed, with an independent umpire, to whom all cases could be referred. In making this request we may meet with

the laugh of vain derision or the sneer of scorn at the idea of the employers meeting the representatives of the workmen on the ground that it would lower their position so to act on the matter of work or wages. We are aware that the habit of the last seventy years, since our class gained their freedom, is against us. With you, you have ever made your demands for reductions without a reason given. There were only two courses open—submission or resistance. In many cases resistance has followed, and then came misery to the homes and households of the miners. This policy has produced that distrust which has led to the miners in so many instances seizing the moment when they thought you could not resist to enforce demands that may have been in themselves unjust. The position of both classes should be mutual trust—the position from the causes named is the complete reverse of this—hence the complaint so common that we "cannot depend on our men almost to fulfil a contract should we take one." To those who may think that it would be beneath them to consort with labor by the forming of arbitration boards we would say, that men as high in the social scale—higher, as elevated in regard to wealth, more so than you—do it; and they doing it adds a lustre to their name that you might do well to imitate. The great iron industries of the north of England settle all questions affecting work and wages in this way. The ironmasters of South Staffordshire now do the same. For a considerable period the lace trade in Nottingham has been so regulated by that means that men have peace and better wages, and employers a far larger return for their capital. Now, on all questions affecting work and wages, the powerful mine owners of the county of Northumberland meet the representatives of the workmen to discuss questions and to agree on them. In Durham all questions are referred to a regularly-constituted board between both parties. In North Staffordshire the employers meet their workmen on all questions to discuss them. In South Wales the men have for some time been working under an arbitration award. In South Yorkshire strikes have given place to conferences, which have led to the most beneficial results to all concerned. It may, on the other hand, be thought by the more ignorant among you that our asking boards of arbitration to be formed is a sign of weakness in the men. Such a conclusion is an idle dream. It is our wish for the good of our class, and the belief, as well, that it would benefit you we ask it. It is because we wish to see all things relating to us carried on peacefully for the common good. In the struggle of the past, from ignorance, we were confined to one locality. An order came from you for a reduction or the imposing of another burden. Meek submission was the one alternative, or a few week's strike, or a lock out, and then followed a yielding from starvation. Now, thanks to grown and growing intelligence, things are changed, and so changing, that the times are more with us than with you. The world is now our workshop. If one country cannot give the wages, we think we ought to have another—nay, we can try it at least, and do it. Your capital is in your mines; by that you are tied to the spot, and it may be to ruin. Again, the brand of the illegality of our organization is wiped away, never to be restored. These, every hour, increase in power, moving side by side with other combinations of a similar kind in other trades, with a full understanding to aid each other. It is not then from dread of our position we ask the change. In conclusion, let us say, that should you desire it we are willing to have either the whole of Scotland put under one board, each mining county under one, or each district under one—in every case we are willing to so organize them that they will give the most satisfaction to employers and employed. Should the sounds of contention by strikes, or the drawing of men from collieries or dis-

tricts, fall upon the public ear, they will know, at least, we were willing that they should be settled by reason, not by strife. Should the trading interests of our people or our nation suffer from the broils of labor and capital, on our side there was a desire to prevent them, and see that no struggle should take place.

Signed on behalf of the committee,
HENRY MALCOLM, Chairman,
Holywell District.
ALEX. M'DONALD, Secretary.

LESS LABOR AND MORE HAPPINESS.

We favor a system that shall contribute most to the happiness of the individual and the class. If the one hour saved from labor be devoted to intellectual improvement, it is well. If the laborer thus released applies his leisure hour to his own domestic business, to his garden or his shop, to his needed rest or the education of his children, to the pleasant interchange of ideas and good-will between neighbors, to almost anything except dissipation, idleness and debauchery—it will prove a blessing, taking him out of the enforced treadmill of grinding toil, and giving him a status in the world above that of the mere toiling serf.

One hour a day saved from slavish toil, if rightly employed and improved, can be the means of creating a new class of men—now in their capacities for enjoyment, and for toil itself. The devotion of one hour a day to self-education, to mental development, can do what has so often been done before; transform mere drudges into thinking, intelligent beings, with their capacities for healthful enjoyment increased in proportion to the cultivation of their intellects. But this will not be the result to the man who covets the one hour saved from toil in order that he may have so much more time to devote to the shuffling of cards or the shaking of dice at the corner grocery.

It is a common mistake made that release from the necessity of labor ensures happiness. Employment is the law of all really intelligent, certainly all really progressive, nations and individuals. Others may exist, but they do not live in the true sense of the word. We must work with the mind if not with the hands. The invisible wheels and springs of the brain must be kept moving. Thought will be evolved, and in its proper direction is the correct cue to happiness. Let the laborer get his release from the hitherto extra hour or two of enforced toil, and then devote it sensibly to better purposes than dissipation, or idleness, which leads to dissipation if not to vagabondage and crime.

THOMAS BRASSEY THE CONTRACTOR.

The *Telegraph*, alluding to Sir Arthur Helps' "Life and Labors of Thomas Brassey," gives us an insight into the way in which the great contractor drew about him those who almost worshipped him. If a great work was to be executed abroad, Mr. Brassey could, we are told, rely on faithful navvies, whose tribes of workmen, agents who served him with loving zeal and invincible courage, and men who would go to the uttermost part of the uninhabited earth for him. The secret of this was that Thomas Brassey was in every sense of the word, a gentleman. His family was old and good; his habits refined; his instincts delicate; his taste cultivated. He was genial in manner, and very generous, and he had—what no true gentleman can lack—great courage. It might be said that he was born to be loved, and therefore born to be a leader of men. Sub-contractors felt that if there was any dispute he would treat them equally and kindly; and not according to the strict letter of the law. All his agents knew that it was their best policy to be frank and honest with their kind and considerate chief. He was served by foreigners, as by Englishmen, with intense devotion. One instance, quoted by Sir Arthur Helps, is as good as a thousand. In 1866 it was of great importance that the works of the Lemberg-Lzernovits Railway should be pushed on; but suddenly war broke out, and there was a difficulty in conveying

the money from Vienna to Lemberg to pay the men. "The intervening country was occupied by the Austrian and Prussian armies, who were on each side of the line—that is, on that part between Cracow and Lemberg; for Mr. Ofenheim had succeeded without much difficulty in getting the money carried on the northern Carl-Ludwig Railway as far as Cracow. However, he was full of energy, and was determined to get on somehow or other. They said that there was no engine; that they had all been taken off; but he went and found an old engine in a shed. Next he wanted an engine-driver, and he found one, but the man said he would not go, for he had a wife and children. Mr. Ofenheim answered, 'If you come I will give you so many hundred florins, and if you get killed I will provide for your wife and family.' They jumped on to the old engine and got up the steam. They then started, and went at the rate of forty to fifty miles an hour, passing between the sentinels of the opposing armies; and Mr. Ofenheim states that they were so surprised that they had no time to shoot him. His only fear was that there might be a rail up somewhere. But he got to Lemberg, and that was the saving point on the line—they made the "pay." When the Emperor of Australia heard the story, he asked, "Who is this Mr. Brassey, this English contractor, for whom men are to be found to work with such zeal and risk their lives?" On being answered he sent him the Cross of the Iron Crown.

The extent of Mr. Brassey's enterprise may be gathered from the fact that, at some periods he and his partners were actually employing 80,000 men! As to his wealth it was finally very great; yet it is rather surprising that the percentage of profit on his undertakings was comparatively small—that is, as nearly as possible three per cent. He laid out seventy-eight millions of other people's money, and upon that outlay retained about two millions and a half. "The rest of his fortune consisted of accumulations;" for he was a man of moderate personal expenses. But it is pointed out that this wealth was hardly "realized," so to speak, until Mr. Brassey's death. His capital was continuously involved in speculations attended with risk. For instance there was a period in 1866, when his liabilities were, even for a man of his resources, very gigantic. In connection with the Victoria Docks he was liable for \$1,500,000, and under the Danish contracts, for \$4,000,000. He held bonds of the Lemberg Company to the extent of \$6,000,000; but as the line was not opened, they were unsaleable, and he had meanwhile to pay on this very line ready cash to the extent of \$200,000 or \$250,000 a month in wages. Here is an instance of the courage we have referred to before as one of the salient characteristics of Mr. Brassey's mind. The Austrian Company had no spare means, had paid him mere promises, and could not raise a loan. Everybody advised him during the crises of 1866 to stop the Lemberg works, and not advance hard cash out of his own pocket, but he pushed them on, finished the line, thus set the company on its financial legs, and raised to a saleable value, the bonds he held. His capital and courage combined conquered in the long run. In fact we see that Mr. Brassey was much more than a contractor. He gave credit to such a vast extent, while he had to pay his men "on the spot," that he shared the risk of many companies, and, at some periods of his career, financial ruin was not only possible, but, to a timid man, might have seemed impending. With quite, genial courage, and manly faith in his agents, his undertakings, and himself, he "took the sunshine and the storm" as "parts of the contract," and died worth millions of money, honestly earned, and leaving useful monuments of his enterprise in many lands. He was a great English pioneer—a maker of European paths that will live as long as the Roman roads, which were the glory of the older race.

WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm streets, is conducted on the good old English principle by Bell Belmont, late of London, England, who has gained the reputation, by strict adherence to business, of keeping the best conducted saloon in this city. The bar is pronounced by the press to be the "prince of bars," and is under the entire management of Mrs. Emma Belmont, whose whole study is to make the numerous patrons to this well-known resort comfortable. Visitors to this city will not regret walking any distance to see this—the handsomest bar in the Dominion

Poetry.

THE TWO SOWERS.

Two Sowers went forth in the world to sow,
Their field was youthful minds,
And the seed which each broad-cast did throw,
Was of different sorts and kinds;
Together they journeyed through every clime,
Scattering seed as they went,
To excel in improving each hour of the time,
Each sower determined and bent.

One sowed the seed of joy and peace
And love to all mankind,—
Of honor, truth, and happiness,
And purity of mind:
Of hope, bright, shining, glorious hope,
Of faith that ne'er will fall,—
Of charity for all who grope
In Error's darkened vale.

The other sowed far different seed,
As we shall shortly see—
The first he sowed made hearts to bleed,
'Twas immorality;
He also scattered, far and wide,
The seeds of bitter woe,
Of infidelity and pride,
And selfishness, also.

At length was past the time to sow,
The harvest near, 'twas plain;
The laborers then thought they would go
And win the ripening grain:
They started forth at a brisk pace,
But soon beheld a crowd:
A prisoner with a youthful face
Was speaking earnest—loud.

Said he, "My friends be warned and turn,
Oh, now, with you I plead:
From me an awful lesson learn:
Within my heart the seed
Was sown of selfishness and strife,
By one, I know not why
I took a fellow being's life.
And now, Great God I die."

The drop quick fell, a soul was gone—
Of life this is not all—
The travelers turned and journeyed on
But soon a prison wall
They entered through a massive gate,
And, on the faces there,
Behold inscribed, "Dishonor, Hate,
Infidelity and Despair."

They left the place, but near at hand
Met one whom men did trust,
Though much of wealth he could command,
'Twas said that he was just;
They asked him of his great success,
Such power and wealth to find;
He spake, "I owe all I possess
To purity of mind."

I ever shunned the way of those
Whose thoughts I knew impure,
And carefully I always chose
My friends, though they were fewer;
And honestly, in all my deal,
I tried to do the right;
Now happiness I have that's real,
Dark thoughts do never blight."

They next stood by the couch of one
Whose days of life were o'er;
The dying spake, "My race is run,
I near the other shore;
But faith in Him, who died to save,
Is strong 'e'en in this hour
My Hope extends beyond the grave.
Ah, Death! where is thy power?"

But now the Sowers' time had come.
The hour when they must die:
When they must leave this earthly home
For one beyond the sky:
Said one, "Oh! I deep despair I feel,
I've sowed the seeds of woe;
Darkness this hour my soul doth seal.
I dread—I fear to go!"

The other smiling, sweetly spake,—
"Ah, dying is but bliss;
We fall asleep but to awake
In fairer climes than this:
I've strove to sow the seeds of right
Wherever I did go,
And now, when dying, all is light,
Adieu to friends below."
—Waverly Magazine.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXX.

The steamer on which Mr. Geldamo and Vida took passage, sailed directly to Havre, an old seaport town on the west coast of France. They arrived there in about three weeks from date of their departure from New Orleans, but did not remain long in the city, as there are few, if any, architectural or other features of interest to be seen in the old seaport. The streets, or thoroughfares, are quite wide, clean, and well built, but the situation of the city is very low, being built on alluvial land recovered from the sea. From Havre they went to Rouen, where they spent a few days visiting the justly celebrated cathedral, the church of St. Ouen, and other points of interest along the Seine, not forgetting the square of La Pucelle, in which is erected the statue of Joan of Arc. Vida did not fancy Rouen—the narrow dirty streets were such a contrast to those of Chicago, that she was very glad to get away, and gladder still when she found herself in the universally far-famed city of Paris. Here they whiled away nearly a month, every day unfolding something strikingly new and magnificently wonderful and grand. Vida was at first sorry when the time for leaving Paris drew near, as since her arrival there she felt less weariness, less of that aching longing for home and him, than she herself believed probable. Whether this was caused by the soothing effect which laps-

ing time generally brings, or by the incessant strain on the imagination incident to the constantly revolving panoramas of changing views and scenes, she was unable to determine, but she was not long in doubt.

The man who rushes into inebriation to drown his woes, will succeed for a brief period—then comes an awakening more poignant and bitter, harder to endure, than that which existed before the temporary oblivious sleep occurred.

Three days before Vida left the gay city, it had lost all its charms. The Boulevards no longer presented to her eye the strikingly animated scenes she was wont to admire so much on beautiful evenings, and that most charming of all promenades in the world, the enchantingly beautiful Bois de Boulogne, leading to the palace of St. Cloud, had lost all its attractions. The Champs Elysees no longer afforded a pleasant walk, it was a horrid dull place; and the gardens of the Tuilleries, and the Luxembourg on the south side of the city, were simply abominable. Paris was a lonesome place to Vida. Whence this changed? These things had grown familiar to her; her asthetical appetite had become satiated with architectural, horticultural and artistical beauties; they began to fade in her eyes, and pall upon her sense, leaving an acutely painful void, an ardent, irresistible longing for home. Why home? Certainly not home, for she—rather home because it was the abode of another, who was home, everything to her.

Mr. Geldamo acting upon the theories of the soundest psychologists—that the ultimate aim of sensibility is beauty—thought to wean his daughter of her love, by feasting her sensibility with all the beauties in nature and art that the old world afforded, thinking that as beauty was the ultimate aim of sensibility, she should see so much of it as to leave no room or desire for the gratification of a beauty which existed but abstractly in the mind. But he was sadly mistaken; his philosophy was at fault, as are all shades of philosophy that seek to make rules for the government of that grandest and most beautiful of all human passions—love.

When persons love really and genially, there is to them no beauty so incomparable as that beautiful picture which the mind alone sees. Beauty is no doubt the ultimate aim of sensibility; but in Vida's case that beauty in all its transcendent loveliness, radiated like a heavenly aureola from the imperishable love she cherished for Richard Arbyght.

From Paris the tourists went to the beautiful sunny land of the Po; which, however, they found to be almost too sunny to be agreeable.

The Italian spring, no doubt, merits all the poets and novelists have said in its praise; but the Italian summer, though short, is hot and sultry enough to suit the most fastidious native of the tropics.

Mr. Geldamo did not tarry long by the Po or the Adriatic—he was soon among the mountains of Switzerland; and found Berne and Basle much pleasanter resorts than Rome, Florence or Venice. While in Berne he received a file of Chicago papers, containing accounts of Arbyght's arrest and incarceration. These papers had been sent to Rome, and were forwarded from that city by the American Minister to Berne. They were accompanied by a long letter from Mr. Allsound, who also, it must be told, had sent the papers. For what purpose the reader may judge.

Vida had lately lapsed into a listless, apathetic indifference; she was sick of traveling, tired of sight seeing and seemed to take no interest in any proposed excursion, or so-called pleasure trip to the mountains, or to some old ruins that might interest an antiquarian, but certainly not a heart-sore girl, whose mind and soul were far away across the blue Atlantic. She seldom left her room except toward sundown, when she would invariably seek some prominent eminence, looking toward the west, and there she would sit and dreamily watch the declining sun slowly sink below the western horizon; and when the last golden beam had faded from the eastern hill and mountain top, she would sigh heavily, suffering, and then wearily seek her room. What cared she for natural or artistic beauties, when not beheld with him? It is an infallible test of true love, that either never cares for, or enjoys anything not cared for or enjoyed by the other, and the amount of enjoyment or pleasure derived from participation in any amusement depends upon the extent that it is mutually and dually enjoyed.

The father had noticed the change in his daughter, and was pained and chagrined at the evident failure of his plans. He would gladly have made known to her the disgrace of her lover, but he feared the result—feared and dreaded the news would have a serious effect upon her. He thought the matter over, and resolved to use the information by piecemeal, or such portions of it as he deemed prudent. He first told her that he had received news of Arbyght's connection with a plot to destroy some of Mr. Relvason's property, and read an extract from Allsound's letter, somewhat altered, which lent coloring to the story; but Vida refused to listen to anything said against the name and reputation of her lover. Whenever her father approached the subject she left the room; she believed him true and stainless, and would not wrong him by even harboring a suspicion.

"Papa," she one day said, when he hinted that all was not right with Arbyght, "I don't want to hear a word about it. Mr. Arbyght

has enemies who seek his ruin for selfish purposes. You well know why Mr. Allsound is so deeply interested, and I well know why others are equally bent upon disgracing him—I have had positive proof of it; but I feel that justice will one day be done, and then all will be clear; until then I wish to hear nothing, know nothing. Papa, should I for one moment harbor a disparaging thought in connection with him, I would feel unworthy of him. I would sooner die, papa, at once, so please dear, good papa, say no more about it."

These words were uttered with a gravity and positiveness that carried the conviction to the father, that she meant every word of what she said, and he wisely forebore recurring to the matter again.

It should have been mentioned before, that it was a part of the agreement between Arbyght and Geldamo that no correspondence should take place between Vida and him while she was abroad. Bertha and Vida had, of course, written to each other; but when the dreadful blow came, Bertha ceased writing, and this was the only circumstance that puzzled Vida; it looked suspicious, but she scorned that idea, and attributed Bertha's neglect to some other cause.

Paul had written to his father, and urged him to withhold the news from Vida, as he felt confidence the whole matter was a horrible conspiracy, planned by Mr. Relvason, and perhaps Allsound; and of course Paul thought his father had heart enough to do as he suggested; therefore Paul never hinted in his letter to Vida that anything was amiss. On the other hand, Allsound kept Mr. Geldamo constantly advised of all that occurred. When the news of Arbyght's escape, subsequent drowning, identification and burial, came to Berne, Geldamo was so rejoiced that his reason and discretion left him, and he laid all the papers before Vida and then withdrew to another room.

We will not attempt to paint in language the anguish, the torture, the living death endured by that fair, tender creature, as the poison-tipped, sorrow barbed arrow entered her virgin soul. We would fail miserably, if we tried; like the beautiful but lost Zelicca:—

"Month after month, in widowhood of soul
Drooping, the maiden saw the summer roll
Away,
From time to time ill-omened rumors came,
Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick man's name
Just ere he dies:—at length those sounds of dread
Fell withering on her soul, 'Richard is dead!'
It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,
The lingering, lasting misery of years
Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
Broke o'er her soul, and, with one crash of fate
Laid the whole hopes of her life desolate."

When her father came back, he beheld a statue; the papers had dropped and lay on the carpet; Vida seemed in a trance; life had apparently left her, and her face looked like a marble Venus.

"My poor child," said the father, coming up and laying his hand on her shoulder. She turned her face towards him:

"Papa?"

"Well, my child."

"You will take me home now—?"

The father did not answer. There was something in the look and tone that froze his blood in his veins. There was death in the look and death in the voice. Why did she leave the sentence unfinished? What else would she have said? The father felt the unuttered words tingling in his ears; heard them deep in his soul; heard them floating in the air around him; saw them before him, in letters of fire. Yes, he knew if she completed the thought, it would be, "you will take me home now and bury me?" But he did not take her home, he took her to Basle, and thence down the Rhine, through Germany, and across the North Sea to England.

"I can't believe he is dead," said Vida to her father one day, after they had reached England.

"Why, my child?"

"If he were dead I would not have lived so long," she answered very decidedly.

"When do you propose to leave for home?" she next asked.

"In about a month," he replied.

This was the only conversation she had had with her father about Arbyght, since that dreadful day. She seldom spoke now, never said, never smiled. In a month she would start for home. This thought gave her a secret joy; she would visit his grave and pour upon it her sea of sorrow.

Their journey homeward began sooner than she expected. Next morning she met her father, but he seemed to have grown twenty years older during the night. In a faltering, broken voice, he told her they were to start for home that afternoon.

"What has happened, dear papa?"

"Oh, some business troubles, you could not understand—did you see the morning papers?"

"No, papa, why?"

"Oh, nothing of consequence."

"Is it very serious?"

"No, no, child, pack up at once."

Vida obeyed, and two days subsequently they were again on old ocean's bosom, homeward bound; but oh! how different, how changed, were both father and daughter; and in a few short months, too.

"What did you say? that safe not reliable—not fire-proof?"

It was Mr. Allsound who spoke, or rather

abruptly interrupted a gentleman who had incidentally made some disparaging remark concerning the capableness of a large safe, which stood in Allsound's store, to withstand a severe fire-test. There was something extremely eager and questioning in Allsound's voice—a shade of deep concern, anxiety and solicitude.

"I have seen many of them, which, after passing through, even ordinary fires, rendered up their contents in anything but a satisfactory condition," coolly replied the man who had excited Allsound's nervousness.

He supposed he was doing Mr. Allsound a service by giving him the benefit of his experience on the reliability of certain safes. The information worried and annoyed Allsound to an extent his friend could not comprehend. In fact, the merchant regarded it as a piece of exceeding bad news, and at heart did not thank him for the interest he manifested in his affairs. Unsought advice, or remarks apparently disinterestedly made, but which are, in themselves, advisory or admonitory, seldom if ever fall upon pleased or thankful ears, no matter how unselfishly pure the motive that prompted them. This is very human and very natural, for since one man is unable to see or read the mind of another, he has no means of knowing whether his views will coincide or run counter to those of the person he seeks to advise, directly or indirectly; besides, no man cares particularly to have his own judgment impugned or estimated at a discount. However, in this case there was a stronger reason why Mr. Allsound should be provoked. Not only was his judgment impeached, but as the safe then held over one hundred thousand dollars in "hard cash" and collaterals, he had a strong motive for wishing it a model of fire-proof, as well as burglar-proof, strength.

Lately, detective Magaw had been industriously at work, investigating the part Mr. Allsound had taken in the Relvason conspiracy, and some very damaging evidences of complicity had already been discovered or unearthed. The old locksmith had been visited, and acknowledged having made the key which Sergeant Soofire had the wisdom to secure. The detective visited nearly every locksmith in the city before he found the right one; and, unfortunately for Allsound, this man knew the man for whom he made the key. The similarity between the trade-marks on the pistol and cable chains had already been noticed, but it was accidentally discovered that mark was the trade-mark invariably used by Mr. Allsound. Several other links in the chain of evidence were, after diligent search, brought to light; but through some agency unknown to the detective, Allsound discovered the danger that so threateningly menaced him, and he made the most of his time. Young Trueson was the only link missing to complete the chain—and he had been home for the last eight months, but efforts were being made to secure his presence; and this fact was not unknown to Allsound, who had now resolved on flight—and with the object in view, he had hurriedly disposed of nearly all his available property, which was then in the safe. This was the cause of his uneasiness and trepidation.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Spanish Beggars.

A strange smile played on the lips of Rachel, while she impatiently agitated her foot beneath the folds of her dress.

"In return for all I have done for you, madam, I have obtained only bitter words; you have exhibited towards me nothing but indifference and contempt. I am thus led to conclude, that I have not attained my desire of pleasing you; and, to prove how much I wish it, I have endeavored to procure you an agreeable surprise, for which, I hope, you will be grateful. Do you not remember," he continued, "having met in your path a woman, young and handsome as yourself, but as haughty and ambitious as you were mild and generous. Jealous of a rivalry, involuntary on your part, she wished to destroy, with her venomous breath, your beauty and devotion. But the day of reprisals has arrived. What your friends were unable to do for you I have done. Behold her kneeling at your feet, she who laughed at your tears and your despair. You are avenged, Rachel, for that woman is henceforth your servant. A devoted husband gives to his heroic wife the proud daughter of Mohamed for a slave. Aixa," said he, imperiously, "assist your mistress to disembarra herself of her necklace and bracelets."

"Oh, I am so well accustomed to do without aid, sir," said Rachel, smiling, and she hastened to unfasten her bracelets herself.

Aixa, whose pallid countenance betrayed her anguish of mind, convulsively bit her lips, and, by an extreme effort of will, approached Rachel, then, her hands trembling with impatience and passion, she dragged, rather than unfasted, the pearl necklace that hung round her neck. The silk broke under her rigid fingers, and the pearls falling off, rolled about the room.

"Oh! senora, what have you done?" exclaimed Rachel, sorrowfully.

"You see," said Aixa to Burdett, "that I

am an awkward slave, but you will pardon me, for I have not yet had time to learn the duties of my new condition."

Burdett, probably thinking that he had sufficiently humiliated Aixa, rose and left the apartment, and presently after, the clatter of troops indicated the departure of himself and escort on their way to the court.

The Jewess and Aixa had remained silent; suddenly the latter, with affected deference, asked permission to retire, which was granted. Half an hour had elapsed, when the majordomo entered and announced to Rachel that a monk desired to speak with her on matters relating to her new faith, to which, though somewhat surprised, she assented. The monk had scarcely entered the room ere she discovered, beneath the open cowl, the face of Blas, the king's foster-brother. Trembling with apprehension of some new danger, she hastily questioned him as to his motive in entering in this disguise, where detection would be certain death. Blas informed her of Don Pedro's desire to have another interview with her.

"Impossible!" exclaimed she; "let him forget me! am I not another's?"

"The king can never forget you, madam," urged Blas.

"To consent to see him," murmured Rachel, "is only to encourage his unhappy passion."

"Not to see him," replied the monk, "will be to induce him, at all risks, to enter this palace, which can only end in his ruin, if discovered."

"Where can we meet in safety, if at all?" replied she, thoughtfully.

"The king, madam, has named the olive groves, where he will await you at midnight to-morrow."

After a painful pause, Rachel said, solemnly, "Tell the king that I will sacrifice all for him—that I will be there."

The words had scarcely passed her lips, when the Morisca entered the room. Seeing the monk, she pretended to retire; but Rachel, trembling lest she had been overheard, hastily requested her to remain, and Blas, satisfied with the result of his mission, rose to depart, carefully drawing the cowl over his features.

Some time after this, Aixa might be perceived in the garden passing rapidly to and fro. "To-morrow," exclaimed she—"to-morrow she will meet him—the perfidious!—Now, Pedro, now am I avenged; both are lost, for ever lost!" She applied a small whistle to her lips, which was immediately answered, and a man, emerging from a mass of ruins, stood before her. It was Esau. To him she detailed all she had heard, and without his interruption, she poured forth all the bitterness of her hatred against the king and the Jewess; she succeeded in persuading Esau to meet her at the ruins, where she hoped to concoct some subtle scheme, when the great bell rung to announce the return of the knight, who assumed all the pomp and dignity of a noble and powerful lord. The two accomplices immediately separated. The leper hastily climbed over the wall, and Aixa directed her steps to the court-yard, where Burdett had just dismounted from his horse.

As soon as he saw the Morisca, he made her a sign to approach, and told her that he had just come from the Alcazar, where he had seen her father, the King of Granada, who had come to Seville to solicit an alliance with Don Pedro, and to offer him new tribute.

Aixa, thrown off her guard, expressed her strong desire to see Mohamed again; and the Late Comer, reckoning on the influence of her father to subdue her resolution of refusing to be ransomed, gave her permission to pay a visit to the latter.

"Thanks, noble knight," said the slave, guessing the motive of the Late Comer, "and in return for your kindness, I will acquaint you with what much concerns you. Rachel betrays you!"

Burdett in a rage seized the arm of the Morisca. "Do not mock me," said he, in a deep, trembling voice. Do not lightly accuse Rachel. Advance nothing that thou canst not prove."

The Morisca remained calm, and related to the amazed husband the visit of the king's foster brother, with the message he delivered to her.

"But Rachel," cried the knight, "what did she answer?"

"Three words," answered Aixa: "I will go."

Burdett was furious; he swore that Rachel should not keep her appointment; but the Morisca succeeded in persuading him to put no obstacle in the way of the intended interview, but rather to witness it himself, and so confound the guilty parties. The Black Prince was also to be present, "for," said she, "the more witnesses there are, the more scandalous will be the conduct of Don Pedro."

Then, summoning his majordomo, Burdett ordered him to attend the Morisca, to visit her father, the King of Granada. She departed immediately, and Esau, who had remained crouching on the steps of the fountain of the little square, silently arose as she approached, and followed her like a shadow to the house of Don Fernand de Castro. She entered, followed by the majordomo, while Esau waited outside.

Aixa and the majordomo were conducted into the chamber where Mohamed, seated on a divan of gold cloth, awaited them.

The father and daughter, with the profound dissimulation and haughty stoicism peculiar to Orientals, regarded each other in silence, suppressing all visible signs of emotion. They

felt that the inquisitive regards of the majordomo were on them.

At length Mohamed, raising his voice, but without deigning to look at the majordomo, said, "Cannot I speak to my daughter without witnesses?"

Aixa, turning to the majordomo, requested him to follow the servant who had ushered them into Mahomed's presence, adding, "Abul Hagig will count thee out twenty dinars to give thee patience. My father promises, on his royal word, to replace me under thy guard in two hours."

The majordomo, visibly embarrassed, turned his eyes to the King of Granada.

"By the tomb of the prophet," said the latter, "my daughter shall accompany thee back, or thou shalt take her ransom in exchange."

The majordomo bowed low, and followed Abul Hagig.

As soon as they were alone, Mahomed would have embraced his daughter, but she, respectfully kissing his hand, intimated that until she wore again free she was unworthy that mark of his affection.

He answered that he would send her ransom back that very night; that it was in order to procure her freedom that he had returned to Seville and submitted to Don Pedro.

"My father," said Aixa calmly, "I will not become free to-night. I will not afford the freebooting knight, who treacherously captured me, and who has since so cruelly insulted me, the pleasure of being so richly rewarded. I have sworn that the sum destined for my ransom shall furnish the tribute to which Don Pedro condemns you."

"But I, who have sworn nothing," replied the Moorish king, "wish thee to return free with me to Granada."

"I shall return with thee, my father," she answered; "for to-morrow I shall flee to our holy city. Everything is prepared for my escape, and I have accomplices in the very house of Burdott. This is all I ask of you, my father: to-morrow you will send, under the command of Abul Hagig, four guards mounted on your swiftest palfreys; they will hide themselves in the olive grove, and wait for me there. To-night you must find means for me to leave this house for two hours, unknown to them in whose custody I am."

"Dost thou then forget that I have pledged my word to that man?" interrupted Mahomed.

"Before two hours I shall return," answered Aixa.

"But how canst thou risk thyself at night in the streets of Seville, alone and unprotected?" asked Mohamed.

"I have a companion who waits for me, my father," answered Aixa; "and where I must go to-night no one else can accompany me without danger."

"I do not ask thee thy secret," said her father, tenderly regarding her. "I consent for I can refuse nothing to the pious daughter who sought my body among the slain on the field of Navarretto."

She then retired, and speedily returned, disguised as a man, so that her father felt somewhat re-assured of her safety in this nocturnal expedition.

Kissing her father's hand, she was conducted by Abul Hagig to the outer door.

CHAP. XXXVIII.—The Fowler caught in her own snare.

When Aixa entered the street she was joined by Esau, with whom she proceeded direct to the old Moorish quarter of the town, where only the poorest and most wretched of the inhabitants dwelt.

"Esau," said she, "dost thou know the house of the hangman? it is there we must find our revenge. There is a law in Seville that any woman found within the precincts of the ruins of the olive grove, with a man not of her own family, shall be declared infamous, and have her name inscribed in the hangman's book, as one who must pay the yearly tax of infamy; Rachel will meet Don Pedro in that grove to-morrow night, and thou must be there with this man to degrade them—this is my revenge, and this shall be yours also."

A look of anguish passed over the face of Esau, as he thought of Rachel, of her innocence and purity, and he was about to reject the plan of Aixa and to refuse his assistance, when the remembrance of his own wrongs, his own sufferings, and, above all, the thought of the happiness Don Pedro would experience in the interview, decided him to accede to it. With some trouble they found the house of the executioner, and Aixa made him sensible of the object of her visit, explaining to him the precise spot and the hour of meeting; and having tendered him some gold coin, with a promise of more, she left him, exulting in the certainty of the utter downfall of her hated rival.

Everything happened the next day according to Aixa's wish. Burdett complaisantly closed his eyes, and granted permission to Rachel to walk on the borders of the Guadalquivir. An hour after, the young girl mounted on a little grey mule, accompanied by her women and Aixa, followed the road that led to the olive grove.

Arrived at the entrance of the wood she alighted from her mule, and telling the other slaves to wait for her return, she entered the thicket with Aixa without exciting any suspicion.

"You are now free, Aixa," she said, "and consider yourself thrice happy that your jailors no longer watch you. Hark to the neighing of your palfrey, which is about to carry you to your native home."

"Thanks to your generosity, Rachel," answered the treacherous Morisca, "and may the prayers that I address to the prophet in your behalf, be answered."

"Lose not an instant," said Rachel, "your liberty will not be secured until you cross the frontiers of Granada."

The Morisca, kissing the hand of her victim, took her departure; when nearly out of sight, she turned, and seeing Rachel still looking after her, she extended her hand to wards her. The unsuspecting Jewess took that sign as a parting adieu, whereas it was intended as a last menace.

Rachel, after ascertaining that her slaves remained as she had left them, advanced across the thicket in search of the ruins.

The profound silence of the deserted place was oppressive to her, a painful presentiment, a vague terror, urged her to retrace her steps, to which she was about yielding, when a cry similar to that of a night-bird resounded in her ear, some branches and leaves crackled above, and immediately a little black lump rolled at her feet; it then arose, and Pierre Neige stood before her. He had been commissioned to guide Rachel to the place of rendezvous, and, perched in a tree, had awaited her appearance.

The little fellow softly whispered, "Follow me, madam, with light steps, for my great brother has waited for you a long while."

They soon arrived before a long wall, in perfect ruins, covered with a mantle of ivy and wild vines. Although the old mosque had been for many years totally deserted, except by a few Arabian pilgrims or by banditti, Pierre Neige took the precaution to avoid the principal entrance. Crawling over the wall, therefore, and jumping into the interior, he admitted Rachel by a little door, almost hidden by bushes. They crossed a waste enclosure, bristling with cactuses and aloes, and perfumed by lavender and other aromatic plants.

Pierre Neige bounded over the ruins of broken columns of alabaster, and cornices of colored porphyry, his mind intent only on fulfilling his mission; and at length he introduced Rachel to the interior of a Morabethin, or Moorish hermitage, that had been constructed with such remains of the old mosque as had been found in the best preservation.

Rachel's heart bounded with delight at perceiving Don Pedro, who waited for her, surrounded by his foster-brothers, who had accompanied him against his wish.

(To be Continued.)

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

Not many anecdotes are extant illustrative of the humor and wit of the late General Robert E. Lee, for the good reason that the General wore a gravity and severity of manner towards all but his most intimate friends inconsistent with the sallies which at odd times, however, he made in the happiest style. At the close of the first session of Washington College, after General Lee had become president of that institution (in the chapel of which he is now buried), about sixteen young gentlemen, all from the South, were graduated with full collegiate honors, and delivered public addresses on Commencement-day. The General, with the rest of the faculty, occupied seats on the stand, and the youthful orators, naturally ambitious of shining as much as possible on such an occasion, and in the eyes of the confederate chieftain, sprinkled their speeches with an unusual quantity of rhetorical gems and flowers; in particular alluding very frequently and pointedly to the General in lofty terms of eulogium, which, above all things in the world, he disliked. As one after another emptied himself of his glittering harangue, the impatience of General Lee obviously increased. Presently, while the band was performing, he leaned towards Colonel William Allen, one of the professors, and inquired, in his peculiar, slow, modulated tone, "Colonel Allen, how many more of them are to speak?"

"Only four more, General," replied Colonel Allen.

General Lee hitched his chair a little closer, and, with all solemnity, asked, "Couldn't you arrange it, Colonel, for all four to speak at once?"

The arrangement was not made, and the General had to listen to all four gentlemen separately had had their several full says.

A LAWYER'S ADVICE.

An Irishman by the name of Tom Murphy once borrowed a sum of money from one of his neighbors, which he promised to pay upon a certain time. But month after month passed by, and no signs of the agreement being kept, his creditor at last warned him that unless he paid it upon a certain day he should sue him for it and recover by law. This rather frightened Tom, and not being able to raise the money, he went to a lawyer to get advice on the matter. After hearing Tom's story through to the end, he asked him:

"Has your neighbor got any writing to show that you owe him this money?"

"Devil a word," replied Tom quickly.

"Well, then, if you haven't the money, you can take your own time; at all events, he cannot collect it by law."

"Thank yer honor, much obliged," said Tom, rising and going to the door.

"Hold on, my friend," said the lawyer.

"Fut for?" asked Tom, in astonishment.

"You owe me six and eightpence."

"Why, for my advice, to be sure. Do you suppose I can live by charging nothing?"

Tom scratched his head a moment in evident perplexity, for he had no money. At last a bright idea seemed to strike him.

"An' have yees any paper writin' ter show that I owes yees the money?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, no, of course not; but what does that signify?"

"Then I'll jist be after takin' yer own advice, an' pay nather you nor my neighbor!" Saying which he left the office and its occupant to meditate upon a lawyer taking his own advice and a doctor taking his own medicine.

A GOOD STORY.

One winter's evening a country store-keeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing up for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up the window shutters, saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within grab of a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a few minutes found the Green Mountain store-keeper indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he would have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"I say, Seth," said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hand over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, his hat on his head, and a roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, on such a cold night as this, a little something warm would not hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off; but the temptation of something warm, sally interfering with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him to a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by the boxes and barrels that, while the grocer stood before him, there was no possibility of getting out, and right in this very place, sure enough, the grocer sat down.

"Seth, we will have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer; so he opened the stove door and stuffed in as many sticks as the place would admit; "without it you would freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth. Come, I have a story to tell you," and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! it is so hot here," said the thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down; don't be in a hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back into his chair.

"But I have the cows to feed, and the wood to split, and I must be going," said the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be a little fidgetty," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two glasses of smoking hot toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I will give you a toast, now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here is a Christmas gouse, well roasted, eh? And, Seth, don't you use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste it with; come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as melt, and his mouth was hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Struck after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy outflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the fun-loving grocer kept poking wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat upright with his back against the counter and his knees almost touching the red hot furnace before him.

"Cold night this," said the grocer. Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm. Why don't you take off your hat? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No," exclaimed poor Seth, at last. "No, I must go; let me out; I aint well; let me go."

A greasy cataract was pouring down the poor man's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermontor, "if you will go;" and added, as he darted out of the door—"I say, Seth, I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth ninnepence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

A young man who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

A POSITIVE WITNESS.

I happened to be in court the other day just as Sam Dunlap was called to the witness-box. Sam's testimony had to do with events which had transpired years before, and when the counsel for the other side took up the cross-questions, his evident aim was to show that the witness, at the period in question, must have been too young to bear a reliable memory of the events therein occurring.

Jarvis was the lawyer—a stout, pompous, loud-voiced man, whose favorite pastime was the brow-beating and hectoring of witnesses. With a fierce look, and with an admonishing motion of his right fore-finger, he opened his battery—

"Now, Mr. Dunlap, you swear positively to these events which occurred two-and-twenty years ago?"

"I do, sir," replied Dunlap, with a meekness untouched and untroubled by the bluster.

"Remember, sir," thundered Jarvis, with awful emphasis, "you are on your oath. You know the penalty of perjury. You had better not offer here testimony which is not of your own personal knowledge. Now, answer me, sir: how old are you?"

"Somewhere about thirty-three," replied Sam, after a moment's reflection.

"What do you mean by that, sir? Don't you know your exact age?"

The witness shook his head in mild, meek silence.

"What, sir," cried Jarvis, with a withering look upon the witness and a triumphant silence toward the jury, "don't you know your own age? Don't you know the date of your birth?"

With a nod and a smile, and with a mildness which was like the gentle falling of the sunshine, Dunlap answered:

"Not to my own personal knowledge, sir. The only light upon that matter I have gained from others. I was undoubtedly present at the date of which you speak; but my extreme—I might say, my infinitesimal—youth at that particular period of time found me so devoid of mental power that I dare not, in your presence, sir, swear that, of my own knowledge, I know anything about it. I am free to confess, sir, that I have no remembrance of it whatever."

The genial corrugation of the face of the court was a sign that a general smile would be tolerated; and several of the jury smiled audibly.

Sam's testimony was not shaken.

NO YOU DON'T, JUDGE.

Scene in a Court—Boy witness in a case of assault on Mr. Brown.

Judge [with dignity]—Young man, do you know this Brown?

Boy [looking roguishly at his Honor and shaking his head]—No yer don't, Judge.

Judge [indignantly]—What do you mean by that, sir? Answer my question—Do you know this Brown?

Boy [with a peculiar wink]—No yer don't, Judge.

Judge [in a rage]—Answer me, you young villain, or I will commit you for contempt of Court—Do you know this Brown?

Boy [applying his thumb to the tip of his nose and wriggling mysteriously his elongated fingers]—Yer can't come it, Judge; I know what yer want—you want me to ask you what Brown, and then yer goin' to say, Brown Stout. No yer don't, Judge.

AN ENOCH ARDEN CASE WITH VARIATIONS.

In the month of May, 1854, Dominick McLaughlin, a laborer, then about twenty-nine years of age, was united in marriage to Mary Cassidy, his junior by some years, at one of the Catholic churches in this city. They went to housekeeping in South Troy, and seemed to get along nicely, but after living together about three weeks McLaughlin suddenly left for parts unknown. About eight months after his departure, Mrs. McLaughlin gave birth to a child, which soon died. Nine years passed, and hearing nothing of her husband Mrs. McLaughlin was wooed by one Thomas Finn, also of this city, and thinking that her former husband must be dead, consented to cast in her lot with him. They were accordingly married, and lived happily together for about eighteen months, when a son was born. After the child's birth Finn seemed to be a changed man, and following McLaughlin's example, he soon left her, and has not since been heard of. Some say he is dead, while others are confident that he is not, though no one has seen or heard from him. Soon after Finn's departure the child died and Mrs. Finn alias Mrs. McLaughlin, concluding that she had seen enough of married life, resumed her maiden name and began her own support, working hard and steadily, washing and cleaning, and it is said that she has saved considerable money. She resided in Pound Alley, which is just above Eighth street, between Ferry and Congress streets.

On the 24th of last December, while pursuing her daily avocation at her home, she was surprised by the entrance of an elderly man who addressed her as "Mary." She did not recognize him until he told her who he was—her first husband, McLaughlin. He gave no cause for his sudden departure, only saying that some hidden impulse drew him away. He had been over nearly all the States in the Union,

working on railroads, as a mason's laborer, and in numerous other employments. He told her he had saved money, and as a proof of it gave her \$1,000 in her lap, saying, "There, Mary, is a Christmas present for you." A mutual reconciliation and reunion followed.—Troy Whig.

WINDFALL FOR DOCTORS.

The curiosities of medical life and practice are endless. If we hear very often of medical men doing arduous work for very scanty remuneration, sometimes there is an agreeable obverse of receiving very splendid remuneration for very scanty services. We know a medical man whose duty is to take lunch every day at a great castle belonging to a noble lord. The household is immense, and there is just the chance that there may be some case of indisposition demanding attention. He gets some of the best company and best lunches in England, and duly charges a guinea for each attendance. There is a very wealthy man near a great city who cannot bear to be left for the night. There is a physician of great ability who drives out of town nightly to sleep at his residence. He is consequently debarred of evening society, and, if he goes out to dinner, he has to leave his friends before nine. He has to charge his patient a thousand a year, and I think he works hard for his money. Sometimes the services are such that money cannot repay them. A friend of mine—a young medicus—had a standing engagement of four hundred a year to look after the health of an old lady. She required to be inspected three times a day, and make an exhibition of tongue and pulse. What made matters so aggravating was, that she was as strong as a horse, while the doctor was a delicate man. She was so selfish and perverse, that he was obliged to tell her that he would have nothing to do with her. Similarly, I know the son of a rich man who proposed to pay a clergyman several hundred pounds a year for leave to spend his evenings with him. The parson, however, was obliged to tell his rich friend that he could not accept his company on any terms that could be named. But the oddest of these arrangements is the following—A medical man has been attending a patient several years, and yet he has never seen his patient. The gentleman firmly believes that he has an esophagus of peculiar construction, and that he is accordingly liable at any moment to be choked. That help may be at hand whenever any sudden emergency may occur, he has a physician in the house day and night. Accordingly a doctor attends from twelve to two, fills up his time by disposing of an admirable lunch, and finds the gold and silver coin, in their usual happy combination, neatly put by the side of his plate, in tissue paper. Up to the present date he has never had the pleasure of exchanging words with his interesting patient.—From "The Romance of Medicine," in London Society.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Levi Stevens, at present in this city, but for several years a resident of Washington, D. C., has for a long time been engaged in perfecting a furnace, by means of which he hopes to effect a great saving of fuel, as well as to obtain a much greater degree of heat than obtained by any process heretofore known. A reporter on Friday witnessed a trial of the furnace just created under Mr. Stevens' direction in Garratt's brass foundry. The only material used which cost money was about five gallons of coal tar. With this and the addition of hydrogen gas, eliminated from water, aided by the oxygen of the atmosphere, a heat was in a few moments generated so intense in its nature that a bar of iron held in the flame became white in one minute; the rafters of the building, two feet distant from the smoke pipe, and fifteen feet from the furnace, took fire, and the flame of the furnace was dazzling to the eye. After one hour's experiment the furnace was examined, and the surface of the fire brick was found to have been melted by the fierce flame. The result is reached not merely by taking the oxygen from the atmosphere, which is a common process, but by eliminating hydrogen from water, and utilizing it in combustion. His theory is, if understood by the reporter, that hydrogen cannot be robbed of its oxygen at the point of combustion; free hydrogen will then claim its oxygen. In other words, his discovery consists in ascertaining the means by which carbonic oxide (C-O) or possibly protoxide of carbon (C-S) is formed from oxyhydrogen vapor, or steam. Mr. Stevens' first patent was issued in 1867; his last in October, 1871, and he has other patents pending, each covering a single claim of his various processes, which are three in number. By each of his processes he makes use of superheated steam, obtained by an invention of discovery of his own, which cannot be described, as it is yet a secret. It may be stated, however, that the desired effect is produced in a pipe open at both ends, and therefore impossible to explode, and that the tubes of which it is composed, will not, as might be supposed, immediately burn out. The inventor claims that the heat is taken from the surface, without the oxidization of the heater, and conveyed to the interior, where it comes in contact with the vapor. (This claim does not appear reasonable.)—San Francisco Bulletin.

NOTICE.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

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

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN.

Trades Assembly Hall.

Meetings are held in the following order:—
 Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.
 Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
 Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.
 Crispiens, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
 K. O. S. C. Lodge 356, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
 Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
 Cigar Makers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
 Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
 Plasterers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
 Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
 Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.
 Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
 Printers, 1st Saturday.
 Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have sent accounts to those of our Subscribers who are in arrears, and hope that they will remit the amounts without delay. We know people are apt to think "Mine is only a very small matter, it won't make much difference," but when these small amounts, scattered over various parts of the province, are multiplied by tens and hundreds, it becomes a matter of importance to the publishers that each subscription should be paid promptly. The publication of a newspaper is attended with a very considerable outlay of money and energy, and we trust our readers to whom we have, and may yet, send accounts, will strengthen our hands by prompt remittances.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1873.

THE NEW ASSESSMENT ACT.

It may be remembered by our city readers that something like a year ago a special committee was appointed by the City Council, to consider and suggest amendments to the Municipal and Assessment Acts. The committee reported recently, and then the people of Toronto were made acquainted with the changes it was proposed to make. Some of these proposed changes may be regarded as moves in a right direction; but others of the clauses are of such a startling and radical character, that they may be termed outrageous, and have justly aroused the opposition of an indignant people. The first clause, relative to the municipal law, proposes to "reduce the municipal franchise to \$400, in order that it may correspond with the franchise of parliamentary elections, and that an election franchise be provided for with a qualification of \$400 income, otherwise to be the same as freeholders and householders." We certainly regard this clause as an improvement upon the present law, because it will enfranchise a large and intelligent portion of the community, who have hitherto been excluded from voting because they did not happen to be freeholders or householders.

To the clause providing for the election of Mayor by ballot, under the direction of the City Council, we most earnestly dissent, but not upon the grounds upon which the *Leader* takes exception. The editor of that journal

evidently subscribes to the doctrine held by many, that "every man has his price." Speaking of this objectionable feature, our contemporary says:

"Men who might be sent to the council pledged to support a certain worthy man for the high office of Mayor, could if they felt so inclined, vote for the man who greased their hands most freely, and laugh at the electors by retreating behind the cloak of secrecy afforded by the ballot. The time has not yet arrived to adopt this system of electing Mayors."

It is not to the system of electing Mayors by ballot that we object, but to the principle of electing them by the Council. We are of opinion that the Mayor should be elected directly by the people, and we are, therefore, pleased to notice that a bill will be introduced during the present session of the Ontario Legislature, having that object in view. Under the present system the law tacitly acknowledges the intelligence of the rural to be superior to that of the urban population, because the former directly elect their chief magistrates, while, in the latter case, the election is left in the hands of the few individuals who may happen to form the City Councils. Of course we do not say that the law directly asserts the intelligence of the one class to be superior to the other, but such is the natural inference, from the fact of the power being granted in the one case and withheld in the other. We enter our "solemn protest" against the clause which provides for the foisting of a number of civic pensioners upon the rate-payers. It is proposed to provide for gratuities to officers after twenty-five years' continuous service in the corporation. We hear a good deal of sickly sentiment about providing for "worn out officials," etc., but we never hear of propositions for pensioning off "worn out workmen," many of whom, after years of hard toil, have become literally "worn out," body and mind, in the struggle of life for daily bread. Our officials, in the main, are well paid for their services, and have thus far greater opportunities of providing for old age than those of our fellows who, in the truest sense, have to "eat their bread in the sweat of their face," and it is most preposterous to think that these men should have to be still more heavily taxed to provide pensions for officials who have had twenty-five years of service,—and none the hardest at that—wherein to provide for old age.

Another most objectionable clause is that "to extend the term of aldermen for three years." If it had been the object of the framers of this clause to lay the foundation for the formation of "rings," whereby the citizens could be plundered on every hand, we doubt whether they could have concocted a more feasible scheme. We do not believe the people will entertain for a moment a proposition so fraught with danger. The present system of annual elections works very well. If an alderman faithfully serves the electors, and at the end of his term wishes to stand for re-election, the services he may have rendered, in the majority of cases, tend to secure that end.

The proposition to tax the whole of a person's income will undoubtedly receive strenuous opposition. Hitherto men have been allowed \$400, and any excess of income beyond that amount has been assessed. Even this tax has been found irksome enough by the operative classes who have been struggling to maintain themselves and families in respectability on an income that has required much ingenuity to make both ends meet; but the proposition to tax the whole of the income of the workingmen—many of whom have to support themselves and families on an income far below \$400 a year—is an "injustice" which, we trust, will not be perpetrated.

MEETING OF WORKINGMEN.

Under the auspices of the Trades' Assembly, a meeting of the members of all Trade organizations has been called in the Assembly Hall. We go to press before the meeting will be held, but in all probability it will but prove preliminary to a Mass Meeting which will be held to consider questions of interest to the working classes.

THE ENGLISH GAS STOKERS.

It is very often the boast of Englishmen that British law knows no difference between rich and poor. This, theoretically, may sound very fine; but, alas! for its practical working. Too often wealth and position exert their influence, and we not unfrequently find that at times the law presses with crushing severity upon the humbler classes. A most notable instance of this outrage upon justice is furnished by the sentence pronounced by Judge Brett upon the men who were charged with "conspiracy and combining to leave their employment." At the trial no overt act was proved, nor were any threats or bad language used. The jury, however, brought in a verdict of "guilty," with a strong recommendation to mercy, and that mercy the prisoners received in a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor—the very longest term the judge had it in his power to inflict. This uncalled for severity has been condemned by many of the English papers, and has aroused to action various Trade organizations of the country. Meetings have been held, and resolutions condemnatory of the sentence discussed. A deputation has been appointed to wait on Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, with a view to procuring a commutation.

LEGISLATION.

Last week Mr. Crooks gave notice of motion that he would introduce a measure for the enactment of a Mechanics' Lien Law; also, a bill to provide for the settlement of disputes between employers and employed by means of arbitration. Mr. McKellar gave notice of a bill to extend the franchise; and Mr. Clarke of a ballot bill. All these are questions fraught with interest to the operative classes, and we had hoped we should have been in a position to inform our readers of the provisions of these bills in our present issue. However, we have not yet received copies of them, and shall take the earliest opportunity of affording the information.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

MONTREAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

At the regular monthly meeting of Montreal Typographical Union No. 97, held on the 4th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Thomas Alty; Vice-President, John Wardley; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Egan; Recording Secretary, John E. Walsh; Financial Secretary, Thos. Pettigrew; Treasurer, James Connolly; Board of Directors, John Walsh, Charles Curran, Robert Campbell, J. S. Smith and John Newton.

IRON MOULDERS' UNION, TORONTO.

At the regular meeting of Iron Moulders' Union No. 28, on Thursday evening, 16th inst., the election of officers for the ensuing term took place. We are pleased to know that the Union is in a strong and vigorous condition, and in first-rate working order. The following are the names of the officers elected:—President, John Nolan; Vice-President, B. Dolan; Recording Secretary, William Willard; Corresponding Secretary, Ed. Brown; Financial Secretary, William Gibson; Treasurer, John Doherty; 1st Warden, Joseph Dean; 2nd do., Robt. Colby.

The K. O. S. C. Journal for December is replete with interesting information. The Journal is entitled to a generous support.

We re-produce from the *Machinists and Blacksmiths' Journal*, a capital article on the subject of "Commissioner of Patents and the Labor Question." It is somewhat lengthy, but will amply repay a perusal.

The *Coopers' Journal* for January has been received. The present number fully sustains the high reputation it has achieved as a literary and trade journal. It is undoubtedly one of the best magazines published devoted to trade interests.

Our readers are invited by advertisement in another column to go to the "Big Sale to-day at Eaton's," corner of Yonge and Queen streets.

Every description of Plain and Ornamental Printing executed with Neatness and Dispatch, at the WORKMAN Office. All orders promptly attended to.

Communications.

OTTAWA.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—What are our fellow-workingmen—East and West—about that they are not up and doing something in regard to the proposed Mechanics' Lien Law. If they are not satisfied with the suggestions given by me some time ago, why do they not propose some other mode, and they will find here in Ottawa, Union men, loyal and true, who will only be too glad to give them all the aid in their power.

I must confess that I am somewhat disappointed in this matter, for I felt sure that in a matter of such vital importance to the working classes as the enactment of this Lien Law must be, that there would be a spontaneous expression of approval from one end of Canada to the other. There is time yet to do something, and I hope to see your paper, in its next issue, teeming with communications from all parts of Canada.

In your issue of the 9th, I find that a correspondent, writing from Hamilton, is under the impression that the Unions here have taken this matter into their own hands. Now, while we are not at all disposed to shirk the responsibility, we would much rather act in conjunction with other cities, so that we would have the benefit of their experience. While I must admit the necessity that exists for a very great reform in the law, as it now exists, in relation to the working classes, yet as we must all creep before we walk, I am of the opinion that it would be our better plan to proceed, step by step, and secure the passing of one law before we take up another. My reason for this is that until we have a more complete organization of Trades Unions, we cannot have the power sufficient to give proper effect to our demands.

The Dominion Board of Trade is sitting in Ottawa at present, discussing matters of great importance to the commercial interests of the country, and any representations made to the Government by this body, must have great weight with them. Now, I would like to know if the mechanics of this Dominion are not capable of forming a National Council to protect and further their interests, as well as capitalists.—I remain yours respectfully,

STONECUTTER.
Ottawa, Jan. 18, 1873.

HAMILTON.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of the 16th inst., under the heading, "What Labor Reform Means," I find the following paragraph, which I propose to make the subject of a few remarks:

"Labor reformers may have made mistakes in their efforts to improve the condition of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and it is very natural that errors should creep into the acts of men who attempt to explore new and untried theories, though the foundation of those theories may be as true and firm as the 'rock of ages.'"

Now, sir, you will allow me to differ with your assumption that labor reformers may have made mistakes. I assert that the mistakes were made by the portion of the working class who did not support the leaders in labor reform. To prove this I will take the Wanzer Sewing Machine Factory as an example. Twelve months ago the nine-hour movement was brought before the public in Hamilton, for its consideration. A delegate, or one acting as a delegate, attended the first meeting of those who were about to form a Nine Hour League. For this, and this alone, the man was dismissed from the factory, and so determined was the manager to hound down this man, that he was forced to leave not only Hamilton, but Ontario, and to seek for a living in the United States. Well, what action did his shopmates take to see justice rendered to this "scape goat." None! Not a tool was dropped!! not a voice was raised in his behalf!!! So far from it, the factory was put to work till ten o'clock every night in order to have a stock of machines on hand when the anticipated struggle would come. Well, the struggle did come, and the labor reformers gave the needed assistance to the most needy of the men; supported them until they, failing in courage and endurance, gave in ignobly just as they had arrived at the point of success. They had been visited individually by both masters and manager, the very fairest promises held out to them provided that they would sign the document which swept away every right which they possessed, both as men and as British subjects; and what has been the result? These men who sold their manhood were no longer looked upon as men. They had become the tools in the hands of the masters of retarding for a time the progress of labor reform, and they now find themselves treated as all worn-out tools,

namely, cast aside. Not satisfied with having reduced the wages, the company have discharged a number of men, and the rest find themselves in the unenviable position of being not only degraded as men but treated with unmitigated contempt. They deserted an obligation which was designed not only to do justice to them, but justice to every class in society—an organization which the unthinking part of the public were hasty to condemn, but which had for its motto "equal rights to all." Now, sir, I beg leave to ask who made the mistake in this case, the reformers or the large-hearted men who felt so much for the masters; the result has already decided between them, and now let a thinking public answer the following question:

Is it for the general good that a reduction of wages should take place in a leading manufactory? Will the tailor, the shoemaker, the grocer, the baker, the butcher, the milkman, and the landlord of the man who has his wages reduced be benefited thereby, or rather, will not all these men feel affected by the loss of purchasing power in the man thus reduced? and if this is true of a man reduced 33 or 50 per cent. in his wages, how much more true is it of him who is thrown out altogether through over-production, the very thing which labor reform was designed to correct. I have already occupied my allotted space. My remarks, if they serve to draw from some one of your able correspondents a friendly criticism, will have accomplished all I can reasonably expect from them.—Yours, &c.,

Jan. 20, 1873.

IRON MOULDER'S BALL.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—Being present at the Moulders' ball, last night, I was somewhat surprised to find only one reporter of the city papers there during the whole evening. I am quite unable to account for their absence, as I am informed by the officers that all were invited by complimentary ticket. Was it that they considered the Moulders' ball unworthy of their attention or beneath their dignity to trouble about? If that was the reason for their absence, I can assure you they were greatly mistaken, for a more agreeable party I never attended. I claim that the moulders of Hamilton have great reason to feel proud of their efforts last night. There was one thing very clear to a stranger, and that was the good feeling that existed all around. In every place you would go you were treated with respect that denoted, or rather made it quite clear to my mind, that neither Walker nor Webster was required to be considered in regard to the word Union, for it was written on every man's face. Such should be the case in all trades and amongst all classes; but I am sorry to say that it is not always so. After supper (which reflected great credit upon the caterer, Dan. Black), the President, John R. Burt, made a few remarks on the history and advantages of Trades Unions amongst the working classes. A call was then made for Mr. Walters, who offered a few timely remarks, after which three cheers was given for Dan. Black and Union No. 26. The tables being cleared, dancing was resumed, and kept up until morning. There were over one hundred and forty couple present.

W. F. F. R.
Hamilton, Jan. 17, 1873.

CHARADE.

A Correspondent sends us the following Charade, and requests a solution of the same. Those of our readers who are interested in puzzles can reply through the columns of the WORKMAN:—

My first is in joist, but not in tool;
 My second in gouge, but not in rule;
 My third in chisel, but not in floor;
 My fourth in bench, but not in door;
 My fifth in hammer, but not in ovals;
 My last in brace, but not in saw;
 My whole is a mechanic.

After the plodding routine required for material necessities has been gone through with for the day, and the tired body requires and enjoys rest, the minds of many women reach out hungering and thirsting for intellectual food. Not having that craving satisfied is what causes unhappiness for many, whose lives seem dark and barren.

Let them learn at once the potent power which will lift them like magic above the ills of life, and lighten up the whole universe under their eyes by reaching out and taking hold of the thousands of good cheerful books which may be had. Let them read or put into the hands of child, husband, or friend, some one of the many sprightly, high-toned newspapers to be had, with request to read aloud. A few good jokes or a few noble sentiments will soon dispel the morbid little blue devils so stealthy and insidious in their encroachments upon our health and happiness.

COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

Mr. M. D. Legget, United States Commissioner of Patents, delivered an address in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the evening of the 18th ult., on the "Relations of Employer and Employee in our Steam Engine and Machine Shops." From a careful perusal of his effusion, we are forced to the conclusion that his study of the Labor Question has been very limited, or else he has wilfully misrepresented the condition of affairs as they now exist between the employer and employee.

If we attached much importance to his remarks, we should give his speech entire; but we give him the benefit of a recognition only on account of his connection with the "Engine Builders Association," an association, which, if managed properly and if kept free from the influence of bad men, will do more to adjust the difficulties that exist between Capital and Labor than all the speeches Mr. Legget could make if he got to be as old as Methuselah, unless his tactics become materially changed.

Mr. Legget does not claim to be a demagogue, but a correct analysis of his remarks places him in the catalogue of men who are noted for calling every workman who dares have the manhood, pluck and independence to denounce fraud and corruption when practiced upon their fellow laborers, a "demagogue." A demagogue, because they dare raise their voices against the encroachments of capital upon the rights of labor!

The gentleman tells us that "It is an interesting and somewhat startling fact, at first thought, that the lower the grade of congregated labor, and the less brains required to perform it, the more frequent and violent will be the disturbance between employers and employees. To shovel dirt on our railroads and dig coal in our mines call into existence but a low degree of intelligence."

"Among these classes we get our largest number of strikes and the most disturbances. But few departments of industry call for more brains than that of mechanics, and very few have less strikes and fewer difficulties between employer and employees."

"You may arrange nearly all the trades where large numbers of men are worked together, and between these two extremes, the discontent and disturbance will continually decrease as you go from the bottom of the scale upward. If this statement is true, and I believe it is, then the principal cause of the troubles is very evident, and needs little further elucidation. The demagogue's harvest is found in the field of ignorance, and a very large proportion of the misunderstandings between capitalists and laborers have been directly traceable to political place hunters, who would create and excite prejudice and bitterness in order to detach ignorance from the wholesome influence of intelligence, and thereby enable themselves to foist ambition and corruption into power."

For the sake of argument we will admit that portion of the foregoing remarks are true. But the gentleman who utters them fails to tell us why they are true. He would have us believe that the whole fault lay with the poor, ignorant laborer, as he attributes the cause of frequent and violent disturbances to the ignorance that prevails among the lower grade of laborers. He does not tell us that the principal reason for the frequent disturbance among the lower grade of laborers lays in the fact that greedy and unscrupulous employers too often take advantage of the limited education among workmen. And the true answer to the question, "Why are strikes more frequent among the lower grades of laborers than they are among the more enlightened?" is that unprincipled employers more frequently take advantage of men whose education is limited under the impression that they do not know right from wrong. We admit that the fault lays very often with the workmen, but not always, and upon proper investigation it will be found that in a majority of the disagreements that occur between the employer and his workmen, the employer has not been altogether infallible.

We are willing that the workman should be censured when he deserves it, and we are as ready to censure him and point out the error of his ways as any one. But we are not willing that responsibilities that should rest upon the shoulders of the employers should be shifted on to the already overburdened shoulders of the poor, downtrodden toiler.

Mr. Legget speaks of political place hunters as being the cause of a very large proportion of the misunderstandings that occur between capitalists and laborers. He, no doubt, forgets that he himself for many years has been a political place hunter, and even now holds a political place under the Government, and as for creating disagreements, if his recent speech is a specimen of his efforts at reconciliation, we are sorry to say that the picture he has drawn of the "political place hunters" might be taken by many for the gentleman himself. "Per-

sons who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

We have no particular objections to political place hunters, but we think those who hunt political situations should at least be consistent when criticising their own class.

The gentleman goes on with a long and senseless lingo about the demands for an equal distribution of property, when this question has never been associated with the labor question in America, and we hope will never be mixed up with it.

After making the fur fly in the direction of equal distribution, he branched off blindfolded into the subject of reducing the hours of labor, a subject he seems to know very little about, either practically or theoretically. He starts out by saying, "When I was a boy the rule was from sun to sun; long pay in the summer, short pay in winter." He failed however, to inform his hearers that he practiced this rule but very little; that he was educated for the bar, and that his tender hands have seen very little manual labor. He therefore can not speak from experience when he says, "No one pretends, I believe, that a healthy man will not work in any of our departments of healthy industry ten hours a day, with one hour's rest intervening, with scarcely a consciousness of fatigue." The following is a continuation of his very sensible (?) argument:

"And when your drinking saloons, your beer gardens, your gambling halls, and other worse places of resort, are sensibly diminished, and schools of art and science, of moral and religious culture are in the same proportion increased, then will be full time to consider whether the intellectual and moral well-being of society demand less hours of business and labor. As the hours of business in our offices and stores and labor in our shops have diminished, the places of dissipation and demoralization have steadily increased; our churches are being more thinly attended, and no perceptible increase has appeared in the demand for adult instruction."

"Jes so!" "Remove the necessity for a reduction in the hours of labor, then come to 'us' capitalists with a demand for a reduction, and we will give your demands a respectful hearing." We are a little inclined to think that Mr. Legget's audience must have seen some very long ears when he delivered himself of the above course of reasoning. And when he tells us that our places of demoralizations and dissipation have increased, and attributes the cause for this condition of affairs to a reduction in the hours of labor, we simply say, in legal terms, "the allegation is false." But, on the contrary, as the hours of labor have been decreased, working men and women have become more intelligent, and consequently less subjected to dissipation and demoralization. If, as the gentleman says, that "our churches are being more thinly attended," how does it come that so many thousand immense buildings for worship are being erected all over the land? It can hardly be attributed entirely to the increase in our population. It must be, then, that our people are becoming more moral, and this can undoubtedly be attributed to the little spare time that workingmen have been given through a reduction in the hours of labor, and, if the hours of labor were reduced to eight per day, not only those who toil for their daily bread would be benefited, but employers, capitalists, mankind, the world would be far better for it, and all the sophistry and false teaching of the so called friends of the workingmen can not force a different conclusion upon the intelligent mechanics of America.

The Commissioner would fain have us believe that a reduction of time for labor would be prejudicial to workingmen in a financial point of view. He thinks the employers would not be the losers, but that the laborer would be worse off for it. In this he seems very considerate, and his pretended love for workingmen and his anxiety to protect their interests, will no doubt be fully appreciated by every man who heard him or who read his speech. He says, "I believe the universal experience has been that they, (the employers,) actually get less work by the hour in eight hours than in ten."

We simply say that a gentleman can not substantiate the assertion by facts. But if he will take the trouble to investigate the matter, he will find that just the contrary is true. We contend, and we are prepared to back up our assertion by solid, stubborn, indisputable, and incontrovertible facts, that wherever the experiment has had a fair trial, more work has been performed by the hour when working eight hours per day than when working ten.

As a further argument against a reduction in the hours of labor, (and of course all for the benefit (?) of the workman,) the gentleman said:

"The change of clothing, the adjustment and oiling of machinery, the distribution of work, preparing to close work at the end of the day, &c., necessarily consumes considerable time, which when distributed

over eight hours, makes a larger percentage of waste than when distributed over ten. Again, the interest on capital, the wear and tear of machinery, contingent expenses, such as clerk hire, agencies, commissions, advertising, insurance, &c., are the same for eight hours as for ten, and as the production will be twenty per cent. less, the cost of production must be nearly twenty per cent. more, especially in departments of industry like machine building, where labor is the principle element of cost. This increase of cost would be considerably more than the profits that any of our machine manufacturers make upon the labor of their operatives. The result would be then, that the manufacturing must stop, or the prices of products of labor must be advanced about twenty per cent. in price. The latter alternative would, of course, be adopted and the prices of manufactured articles be increased.

"The same arguments that would prevail in reducing the hours of labor in this business would be equally strong in all other vocations; hence there would be a universal advance in prices. Wheat, corn, potatoes and all other farm and garden products, boots, shoes and all other articles of clothing, stoves, cooking utensils and household furniture, lumber, bricks, mortar, builders' hardware, buildings and rents would all be increased in cost, in very nearly the same proportion as the hours of labor are decreased. It would cost twenty per cent. more to shear a pound of wool, twenty per cent. more to card it, twenty per cent. more to weave it, twenty per cent. more to full and market it, twenty per cent. more to cut and make it into clothing, and the coat, when done, must have a corresponding increase in price. Hence the tax necessarily comes back upon the laborer. His expense of living has been increased in substantially the same ratio that his hours of labor have been decreased. The effect upon the laborer is substantially the same as if his per diem pay was reduced the same as his time; and no amount of sophistry or demagoguery can make it otherwise. The simple question then is; Can our laboring population, at the present cost of living, afford to receive twenty per cent. less for a day's labor than they now get? I don't believe they can. Yet it is to this simple form that the question reduces itself when stripped of its sophistry. The capitalist can afford the change but the laborer can not. The capitalist's profits would be substantially the same, but the laborer's expenses of living would be increased twenty per cent. with no increase of pay."

We shall give the gentleman's argument but a brief analysis, as we think that the very argument itself can not help but convince any intelligent man who will read it of its utter inconsistency. If the employers should be paid for making preparations necessary to build or repair machinery, should not the workman receive some remuneration for preparation that he is compelled to make in order to perform ten hours' labor in the shop? Let us see. We are told that ten hours constitute a common day's work throughout the land. All men can not live near the shop in which they are employed. Some, yes, a great many, are compelled to live a long distance from their work, and in order to put in ten hours work in the shop, must commence preparations at 5.30 a.m. They work until 12 m; they have an hour for noon, but this hour is of no use to the workman, as he requires the whole of it to make preparations to perform the afternoon's work. He quits the shop at 6.15 p.m., and by the time he has had his supper and gets cleaned up, the hand on the clock will indicate 7.30 p.m. Now, then, to sum it all up. The mechanic who gets paid for only ten hours work has actually worked fourteen hours! So Mr. Legget will please take notice that the workingmen of America are simply asking for a reduction in the hours of labor from fourteen to twelve per day.

As to the financial result of a reduction in the hours of labor, we can not agree with Mr. Legget, for if his argument be true that the prices of the necessaries of life, etc., will be increased twenty per cent., how does it come that since 1860 the price of labor has increased on an average only sixty-five per cent., while the prices of the necessaries of life, etc., have increased over one hundred and twenty-five per cent.? The hours of labor have not been reduced during this time. Workingmen do as much work per hour or per man and even more as there have been valuable improvements in machinery. Then why the discrepancy between the advance in the prices of the necessaries of life and the prices of labor?

Workingmen have come to the conclusion, and not without good sound reasons, that some men who do not labor for a livelihood are making immense profits out of the bone and muscle of the laborers of the country. Therefore, judging from the numerous princely palaces that we encounter everywhere, capitalists can very well afford to acquiesce in a reduction in the hours of labor, and pay even more for eight hours work than they now pay for ten, and still make a fair profit. At any rate we think the poor fellows can get along very well without the United States Commissioner of Patents championing their cause, and we might as well inform the gentleman that what the workmen of America want is a

fair proportion of the profits of their labor, "and no amount of sophistry or demagoguery" from the hirings of capital can satisfy their demands.

The following man of straw is put up and knocked down by the Commissioner:

Another question to which I ask attention is the persistent effort being made to establish the tyranny of *caste* in our trades and industries. Voluntary associations for mutual instruction and improvement are commendable everywhere; but when used to abridge personal liberty, to forbid the free choice of occupations according to one's capacity and tastes, to compel suspensions of business, and the turning out of employment of those equally or more dependent than themselves, then they become un-American; they violate the enlightened spirit and civilization of the age, and are subversive of the personal independence which is the pride and glory of our American institutions. Many of our Trades Unions have exercised, and to-day exercise a tyranny more revolting (because surrounded with more light) than disgraced the worst forms of aristocracy in the darkest days of the world. I can but think that the men composing those organizations are standing broadly in their own light, and are doing all in their power to compel capital to organize against them, when the results will be disastrous in the extreme to all parties; but of course must fall heaviest upon those who rely upon their daily labors for their daily bread. Separate organizations of capitalists and laborers with a view to watching each other, must of necessity create jealousies and misunderstandings, and sooner or later bring on damaging conflicts."

We have been connected with Trades Unions for over ten years and this is the first we have heard of their making an effort to establish *caste* in our trades. They contend that every person who wishes to learn a trade should serve a regular apprenticeship of at least three years, in order that they might reach at least a degree of proficiency, and thus reduce the grand army of both or inferior workmen that today curse our land. And as for boys from learning trades, if the gentleman had defined or qualified his assertion, we might answer him; but, so far as the Machinists and Blacksmiths' International Union is concerned, no boy is prohibited from learning any trade he sees fit. And when the gentleman makes the sweeping assertion, placing all Trades' Unions in the same catalogue, we can do no better than to answer him in his own language, that he is simply chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. The ghost of Banquet must be haunting him. It is evident that the gentlemen is not in favor of Trades' Unions, as he says that they "have exercised and to-day exercise a tyranny more revolting than disgraced the worst forms of aristocracy in the darkest days of the world." Wherein, Mr. Legget, and where do you leave the combination of capital that have shaken the prosperity of the entire nation? Where do you leave the combination of employing coal miners of Tioga county, Pa., who in the winter of 1863 drove the miners into a strike and by process of law, threw innocent women and children out into the streets to die like dogs, and locked the doors of their houses, and United States troops paraded the streets to keep the miners and their families from re-occupying them, and all this happened in this, our boasted free America? You care not to mention the wicked and damnable deeds of capital, but you must heap your abuse upon the poor laborer who was driven through the tyranny and oppression of capital to organize for mutual protection, and yet you would deny him this right, at the same time claiming to be his friend. We could give you a list of combinations of capitalists whose only aim is to accumulate wealth, who respect the laws of the land no more than the savage who roams through the wilderness. These combinations can practice and carry out their hell-begotten schemes for the enslavement of America's workmen and women, and not a word of condemnation falls from your sanctimonious and consecrated lips. Your measure is pretty well taken, and the workmen of the country will have made up their minds that you are much better at expounding the patent laws of the United States than you are at expounding the great question of the "Relations between Labor and Capital," and we also think that since the government pays you a very handsome salary for a certain specified purpose, you are getting beyond the scope of your authority when you pick up the cudgels of capital in opposition to labor. We have opposition enough now, we do not want men who we help to feed and keep in idleness to take the stump against us. In conclusion, Mr. Legget, permit us to remark that you know nothing about the "labor question;" and the less you have to say upon the subject, the less of your ignorance in that direction will you expose. When we say you know nothing about the "labor question," we are prepared to undertake to prove our assertion, either through the columns of the press or on the stump. You are at liberty to make your choice. Adieu.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE—TORONTO TIME.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

FROM THE EAST.	FROM THE WEST.
Dolleville Train—9.37 a.m.	Night Express—5.16 a.m.
Express—11.07 a.m.	Mixed from Berlin—10.45 a.m.
Mixed—6.57 p.m.	Express—6.30 p.m.
Express—11.07 p.m.	Mail—1.16 p.m.

GOING EAST.

Express—5.37 a.m.	Express—7.30 a.m.
Mixed—12.05 a.m.	Express—11.45 a.m.
Belleville Train—5.57 p.m.	Mail—3.46 p.m.
Express—7.07 p.m.	Mixed—5.30 p.m.
	Express—12.05 a.m.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

GOING WEST.	FROM THE WEST.
Express—7.00 a.m.	Accommodation—11.00 a.m.
Do. 11.50 a.m.	Express 1.15 p.m.
Accommodation—4.00 p.m.	Mail—5.30 p.m.
Express—8.00 p.m.	Accommodation—9.30 p.m.

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

GOING NORTH.	FROM THE NORTH.
Mail 8.00 a.m.	Mail—10.45 a.m.
Mail—3.50 p.m.	Mail—6.35 p.m.

Connects with Midland Railway for Lindsay, Beaverton, Peterborough, &c.

TORONTO, GREY & BRUCE RAILWAY.

UNION STATION.

GOING WEST.	FROM THE WEST.
Mail—7.30 a.m.	Mail—11.30 a.m.
Do. 3.45 p.m.	Do. 8.60 p.m.

New Advertisements.

GEORGE ELLIS,
Manufacturer and Importer of
Hair and Jute Switches,
Chignons, Curis, Wigs, Bands, Puffs
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No. 179 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
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Special attention given to Shampooing, Cutting, and Dressing Ladies' and Children's Hair. Price lists and instructions for self-measurement of wigs sent on application—either wholesale or retail. 41-42

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COAL OFFICE

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(Successors to Geo. Chaffey & Bro.)
41-42

PROCLAMATION.

To all whom it may concern, Greeting:

MONTHLY DISCOUNT SALE.

The Public are hereby informed that
S. McCABE,
Proprietor of the Big Blue Boot Store,
No. 59 QUEEN STREET WEST,
Is prepared henceforth to sell Boots and Shoes of all shapes and sizes, of all qualities and prices, Fifteen Per Cent. cheaper than any other store in the city. He can afford to do so, as he buys for cash, and has come to the conclusion that he serves his own, as well as the public interest, by having large sales and light profits. He also intends having a Discount Sale to favor the working classes, on the first Monday of every month, when he hopes for the increased patronage of his numerous friends and customers.

We have a magnificent variety of goods not enumerated here, owing to the want of space. We would further say to the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that if they want fashionable, well-made and easy fitting boots and shoes, give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Respectfully,
S. McCABE,
Sign of the Big Blue Boot, Fashionable Emporium, 59 Queen St. West, 3rd door West of Bay St.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Now is the Time for Bargains.

Balance of Winter Stock must be cleared out to make room for a Splendid Stock of

SPRING GOODS.

THE BEST AND LARGEST WE EVER HAD.

GET COME AND SEE.

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200 YONGE STREET.
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P. McGINNES,
181 YORK STREET.

All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CALL AT THE
Workingmen's Shoe Depot,
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TO THE
BIG SALE
TO-DAY
AT
EATON'S.

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS.
29-30

Go to the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay street, for Cheap Job Printing.

The Home Circle.

LIFT A LITTLE.

Lift a little! lift a little
Neighbor, lend a helping hand
To that heavy laden brother,
Who from weakness scarce can stand.
What to thee with thy strong muscle,
Seems a light and easy load,
Is to him a ponderous burden,
Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! lift a little.
Effort gives one added strength;
That which staggers him when rising,
Thou canst hold at arm's full length.
Not his fault that he is feeble,
Not thy praise that thou art strong.
It is God makes lives to differ—
Some from wailing some from song.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Many they who need thine aid:
Many lying on the roadside,
'Neath misfortune's dreary shade;
Pass not by like priest and Levite,
Headless of thy fellow man;
But with heart and arms extended,
Be the good Samaritan.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and ton
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it will might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease:
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night,
And hearts are broken from hard words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest.
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

LIFE IN GERMANY.

You enter a German house without knocking, through a door which rings a bell, and thus announces the ingress or egress of some one. At the foot of the staircase you find a bell-handle, by ringing at which you call a servant, who conducts you to a parlor or reception-room on the next floor, which you enter by knocks. You will find the parlor and the best rooms in the house adorned with beautiful pictures on the walls, and elegant lace curtains at the windows, but probably without any carpet. The floor, however, is tessellated with beautiful patterns in various colors and varnished; or, at least, it is scoured till as white as the driven snow. The amount of fine white linen which a German housekeeper has, and which she is not reluctant to show her guests, is fabulous. This is partly a mark of gentility and partly a matter of necessity; for the Germans have but three or four washing days in the whole year. And the baking of the black bread of the peasants is as infrequent as their washing. The Germans in the country, and in such cities as Gottingen, keep early hours, breakfasting at eight or earlier, dining at one, and usually going to bed as early as ten. We attended a concert of most delightful music; but it began at 5 p.m., and closed at seven in the evening. In short, the childlike virtues of simplicity, candor, naturalness, and heartiness, which have almost died out in fashionable American society, still exist in Germany in all their primitive perfection. When we parted from our hostess, she embraced my wife and kissed her repeatedly, as if she had been a sister or a daughter, and did not even let her husband depart without a share in this hearty benediction.

WHAT CAUSES HARD TIMES.

We are fast becoming a nation of schemers to live without genuine work. Our boys are not learning trades; our farmer's sons are crowded into cities, looking for clerkships in the Post Office; hardly one Canadian girl in each hundred will do housework for wages, however urgent her need; so we are sending to Europe for workmen and buying of her artisans' worth of products that we ought to make for ourselves. — Though our crop of cereals is heavy we do not grow hemp; though we are overrun with lads who deserve flagellation, we import our willows. Our women (unless deceived) shine in European fabrics; our men dress in foreign clothes; the toys which amuse our younger children have generally reached us over the sea. — We are like the farmer who hires his neighbor's son to chop his wood, feed his stock, and run his errands, while his boys lounge at the grog-shops, and then wonders why, in spite of his best efforts, he sinks annually deeper and deeper into debt, till the Sheriff cleans him out, and he starts West to begin again. — We must turn over a new leaf. Our boys and girls must be taught to love labor by qualifying themselves to do it efficiently. So we shall stem the tide of debt that sets steadily against our own shore, and cease to be visited and annoyed by hard times.

"CHEER HIM."

In one of our large cities, a fire broke out in a lofty dwelling. It was near midnight, and the flames had made headway before they were

discovered. The fire companies rallied; the inmates escaped in affright; and the fireman worked with a will to subdue the flames. The smoke had become so thick that the outlines of the house were scarcely visible, and the fiery element was raging with fearful power, when a piercing cry thrilled all hearts, as they learned that there was one person yet unsaved within the building.

In a moment a ladder was swung through the flames, and planted against the heated walls and a brave fireman rushed up its rounds to the rescue.

Overcome by the smoke, and perhaps daunted by the hissing flames before him, he halted and seemed to hesitate. It was an awful scene. A life hung in the balance, and each moment was an age.

"Cheer him!" shouted a voice from the crowd; and a wild "Hurrah!" burst like a tempest from the beholding multitude. That cheer did the work; and the brave fireman went upward, amid smoke and flame, and in a moment he descended with the rescued one in his arms.

Friend, brother, when you see a brave soul battling with temptation, struggling under the cross, rushing forward to rescue dying men, and yet faltering in an hour of weakness, or a moment of peril, then "cheer him!"—*Sailor's Magazine.*

TO THE GRAVE.

What a mighty procession is marching forward to the grave during each year! At the usual estimate, during a year, more than 33,000,000 of the World's population go down to the earth again. Place them in long array, and they will give a moving column of more than thirteen hundred to every mile on the globe's circumference! Only think of it; ponder and look upon these astounding computations! What a spectacle, as they move on—tramp, tramp, forward—upon this stupendous death march!—*Exchange.*

Aye indeed this "stupendous death march" is a "mighty spectacle." And how few in all that vast procession, steadily, irresistibly moving forward, who realize that every step they take brings them nearer, still nearer to the final resting place of all the living. Never once does the grand column waver or pause.—Never once can a single one sit down to rest,—but with steady tramp it moves onward ever onward to the grave. Hope and fear, prayer and protestation are alike unavailing and each weary traveller as his turn comes, lays aside everything earthly, all that he has held dear and lies down to wake on the other side. Reader can you realize it? If you can, how insignificant appears the highest earthly rewards, how false and vain are the empty honors of your fellow marchers, when you hear the steady tramp of the mighty column echoing through eternity. Every one must pass the narrow portal, you among the rest. You must leave all save your life experiences, and enter another condition of life, just as you really are, shorn of all exterior surroundings. Tramp, tramp, tramp the mighty host is marching. No time for quarrels or bickerings and yet how many waste the golden moments in mud, unholy strife. Aye and many too there are who, in struggling to over-reach their neighbors and accumulate that wealth that must all be left, are only hastening onward still more rapidly, and shortening their march; they all unexpectedly obey the stern mandate and silently disappear forever. And yet the death march still goes on, and nine hundred and sixteen thousand graves are opened every twenty four hours! Think of it, and ask the awful question, "Am I ready for mine?"

INDOLENCE.

Idleness was a criminal offence at Athens, and should be so regarded everywhere since "drones suck not the blood of eagles, but rob beehives." Plutarch in the life of Lycurgus tells of a classic loafer who was one day fined for the offence, but was greatly condoned by a brother idler as having been condemned for keeping up his dignity.

Rather do what is nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the devil may find thee nothing. The bird that sits is easily shot, when flyers escape the fowler. Idleness is the dead, dead sea that swallows all the virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

We pity any man who has nothing to do, for idleness is the mother of more misery and crime than all the other causes ever thought or dreamed of by the profoundest thinker or the wisest theorist. "Pray, of what did your brother die?" said the Marquis Spinola one day to Sir Horace Vere. He answered: "He died, sir, of having nothing to do." "Alas!" said Spinola, "that is enough to kill the most able general amongst us."

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time. In a workhouse at Hamburg idlers are punished by being suspended in a basket above the tables, so that they can see and smell the things provided for the industrious, but are not allowed to taste them. Idleness is a constant sin, and labor is a duty. Idleness is the devil's home for temptation, and for unprofitable, distracting musings, while labor profiteth other than our selves.

There are hundreds that want energy for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds as virtue has in

others. Idleness is the grand pacific ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. The son bred in sloth becomes a spendthrift, profligate and goes out of the world a beggar.

No pains—no gains. No sweat—no sweet. No mill—no meal. An idle brain is the devil's workshop. Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed. Much bending breaks the bow—much unbending the mind.

We have more indolence in the mind than in the body. Indolence is the paralysis of the soul.

LAUGHTER ANALYZED.

Most of the philosophers who set to work to define mental sensations insist that laughter supposes a feeling of superiority in laughter over the laughed at; but they seem to overlook the great distinction between laughing at and laughing with any one. Doubtless a feeling of contempt often raises a laugh, and the absurdities of men and women are a constant food for laughter; but humorists often laugh at themselves. Nothing will illustrate better the absurdity of the wholesale statement that laughter implies contempt than Charles Lamb's relation to Coleridge. He constantly laughed and joked at the preaching of the philosopher, but he revered his friend of fifty years, and looked up to him with childish love. A "Westminster Reviewer" defines the cause of laughter as the representation of objects with qualities opposite of their own; but all incongruities do not cause laughter. Ludicrous incongruity is opposed to dignity, and this is why those who have little wisdom to fall back hate a laugh. Lord Bolingbroke said that gravity is the very essence of imposture; and Joe Miller is the authority for the assertion that the gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, and the gravest fish is an oyster, so that the gravest man is a fool. If any one is inclined to doubt Joe Miller's dictum, we can corroborate it by the authority of Plato, who when indulging in the gaiety of his heart, used sometimes to say, "Silence, my friends! Let us be wise now; here is a fool coming."

Lord Chesterfield was no fool, and he disapproved of laughter: but he allowed his son to smile, for he did not advocate gravity. He considered laughter as ill-bred, not only on account of the disagreeable noise, but of the "shocking distortion of the face that it occasions!" It is happy for the world that such false notions are not now received. Some suppose that laughter is caused by novelty and surprise, and a French philosopher, in accounting for the fact that, although we are told our Lord wept, we never hear that he laughed, suggests to us the reason that nothing was new to him. Although this is good enough as a theory, it is grounded upon a mistaken idea of laughter, for we often laugh on the recollection of a witticism. Nevertheless, surprise is a material element of laughter, although it is not confined to that emotion.

It has been well observed that "the only constant effect that follows on an original striking comparison is a shock of agreeable surprise; it is as if a partition-wall in our intellect was suddenly blown out—two things formerly strange to one another have flashed together."

TO SMOKERS.

The *Herald of Health* gives these instructions to the tobacco-user who would reform:

"It is impossible to quit the use of tobacco after it has become a settled habit, without more or less bad feeling and prostration. The man who would free himself from the curse of tobacco-using must make up his mind that he has a hard struggle to pass through, call all his will and power to his aid, and resolve to quit it once and forever. The leaving off by degrees seldom succeeds. It is better to make the battle short, sharp, and decisive. A thorough course of bathing, to eliminate the tobacco from the system, will make the struggle much less severe, and prove the greatest aid that can be given. The Turkish baths are best, if they can be had. If not accessible, the wet sheet, pack, or vapour bath should be taken instead. There will not be much appetite, and but little food should be taken. Fruit is best.

No drink but water, and that may be drunk as freely as desired. To all the craving for tobacco, hold cold water or pieces of ice in the mouth."

HOW TO DEVELOPE TALENTS.

Place a man in a position that will fearfully tax him and try him—a position that will often bring the blush to his cheek and the sweat to his brow, a position that will over-master him at times, and cause him to rack his brain for resources.—Place him in a position like this, but every time he trips go to his rescue; go not with words of blame or censure, but go with manifold words of encouragement, look him boldly in the eye, and speak them with soul and emphasis. This is the way to make a man of a boy, and a giant of a man. If a man has pluck and talent, no matter whether he ever filled a given position or not, put him in it, if worthy, and he will soon not only fill it, but outgrow it. But put one in a position with a faint heart—this is the way to kill him. Put him away gamely with unmistakable confidence. Drop no caveats, but boldly point the way, and then stand by with a will and continuance of a true friend.—Thus try twenty men such as have been named and nineteen will succeed.

TARTAR WOMEN.

The lives of Asiatic Tartar women of the higher classes are thoroughly aimless and uneventful, their only business being to eat, dress, and sleep. Their costume is very rich and elegant. It consists of a species of robe of rich silk or satin, sleeves being very large and long, sometimes falling as low as the ground; the upper part of these robes is embroidered in front with gold. Over this they wear a kind of capote, very wide, and generally made of gold brocade or some similar stuff, gorgeously embroidered. They wear on the head a silk cap, bordered with fur, which hangs down on one side, and ends in a point having a golden tassel attached to it; this cap is sometimes adorned with precious stones and ancient gold and silver coins. Their hair falls behind in long tresses, the ends of which are tied up with bows of ribbons.

Sometimes these tresses are covered with long bands, to which are attached various coins and ornaments. They wear moreover, a profusion of pearls, necklaces, gold and silver bracelets, ear-rings, finger-rings, chains, etc. The dress of one lady of rank, including jewelry, frequently costs no less than a thousand pounds. English extravagance thus finds a parallel—though, to be sure, our belles seem to have more inducements to squander money recklessly for the purpose of self-adornment than their Tartar sisters, who are kept entirely secluded in the houses and harems of their parents and husbands. They are allowed to remove their thick veils in their bedrooms alone; not their brothers nor even their own uncles and cousins are permitted to behold their features. The principal interest they have in life is a desire to please their exacting lords, and to this task all their energies are bent. They use cosmetics freely, and spend hours in dressing, varying the monomony of their dozing existence by making and drinking copious drafts of strong green tea, and consuming quantities of sweetmeats and other rich mixtures. They have no aims, no ambitions, few pleasures, and yet are happy. Is it true that with enlightenment comes discontent?—*English paper.*

THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

With all the English conservatism and hesitation in establishing popular institutions, and love of restricting and hedging about with conditions and qualifications great public privileges, no city of our republic can show a more substantial or more liberally managed public benefit than this reading-room. The reality of its freedom, its order, and its entire adaptability to answer its purpose, impress one. Here is one where, without fee, or favor, the humble student and the foreign scholar may partake of, and luxuriate in, the wealth of England; may participate in the marvelous range of lore, in every tongue, of every art and science, which her wealth, nobly bestowed, has collected. I can think of no happier destiny for the ardent lover of books, for a historian, a man of science, a statistician, a novelist, or a mere student, absorptive but not fruitful, than to have cozy lodgings in the vicinity of Russel Square, a satisfactory English landlady, and a ticket—daily used—to the reading-room. He may sit in one of the roomy fauteuils as luxuriously as the West End lord in his velvet-lined mahogany, and may look around with a sense of ownership (for their use and fruits are freely his) upon a far prouder possession of learning than the greatest West End lord can boast. He is in goodly company; for here burrow, almost invariably, the scholars, romancers, philosophers of England. He sits, co-equal in his privileges, with the British aristocracy of brain. He is served as faithfully and as quickly as is the minister of state by his favorite private secretaries. There is the whole day long to revel, uninterrupted if he will, in his beloved studies, in a tranquil and studious sphere, out of hearing of the bustle of the streets, though here is the busiest London roaring all about him. If he grows weary for the while of his books and the quiet, he may walk and wander through those seemingly endless corridors where are literally crowded the antiquities of Egypt and Phœnicia, of Antioch and Afghanistan, of Athens and Rome; where are collected the marvels of geology and of mechanical science, of biology and the arts, ancient mediæval, and modern. He may read up his subject in the reading-room, and stepping into a neighboring corridor, find it practically illustrated in the glass cases which surround him.—*Harper's.*

GIVEN TO EXAGGERATION.

A quaint Scotch minister was given somewhat to exaggerating in the pulpit. His clerk reminded him of its effect on the congregation. He replied he was not aware of it, and wished the clerk, the next time he did it, to give him a cough by way of a hint. Soon after he was describing Samson's tying the foxes' tails together. He said, "The foxes in these days were much larger than ours, and they had tails twenty feet long."

"Ahem!" came from the clerk's desk.

"That is," continued the preacher, "according to their measurement; but by ours they were but fifteen feet long."

"Ahem!" louder than before.

"But, as you may think this is extraordinary, we'll just say they were ten feet."

"Ahem! ahem!" still more vigorously.

The parson leaned over the pulpit, and,

shaking his finger at the clerk, said, "You may cough there all the night long, mon; I'll nae tak' off a fut more. Would ye hae the foxes wi' nae tails at a'?"

Sawdust and Chips.

Never deal with an undertaker if you can possibly avoid it. They are a mean set, always wanting to screw you down.

"Harry Bassett whiskey" is the latest alcoholic novelty in the barroom. A pony of this whiskey is said to be equal to a horse of any other sort.

A grocer, when complained to about the quality of his eggs, excused himself by saying, "At this time of the year the hens are not well, and often lay bad ones.

"What did you give for that horse?" inquired a friend of the facetious Mr. B., as he was riding by. "My note," was the significant reply "wasn't that cheap enough?"

A poor but honest young lady, who earns a living by working on hoop-skirts, in reply to an inquiry, stated that she had spent the summer "at the springs."

Punch illustrates the odiousness of comparisons: Mrs. G.—"I really must give cook warning, Charles. She does use such very bad words!" Mr. G.—"Really, dear! What sort of words are they?" Mrs. G.—"Oh!—well—the same as you use!"

A Danbury gentleman ate two mince pies before retiring Sunday night, and about two o'clock next morning was picked up by eleven baldheaded angels and pushed through ten yards of lead pipe.

"Cast iron sinks" is the legend on the sign of a Hartford plumber. "Well" who (hic) said it didn't?" was the inquiry of an inebricate man of sin, who read it over three or four times and chuckled when he thought he saw the point.

A gentleman was surprised, during the late frosty weather, to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday-School a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you; you can't make anything of it." "I know it papa: I thought it would teach me how to slide backward."

A man who snores was described by his friend the other day as follows "Snores! Oh no, I guess not—no name for it! When you wake up in the morning, and find that the house you lodge in has moved half a mile during the night by their spiratory vehemence of a fellow-lodger, you may get some idea of that fellow's performance. His landlady gets her house moved back by turning his head around."

A ludicrous story is told of an Edinburgh bailie whose studies in natural history seems to have been limited. The following case came before him one day. A man who kept a ferret, having to go into the country, left the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbour till he should return. The neighbour incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped. The man was very angry, and brought a claim against him for damages. The following was the decision of the learned bailie "Nae doot, ye he said to the man's neighbour—"Nae doot ye was wrang to open the cage door; but," he added, turning to the owner, "ye was wrang too. What for did ye no clip the brute's wings?"

Not long since a relic hunter among the ruins of Pompeii found a small piece of papyrus, on which could be traced the faint outlines of a young man of noble appearance. Great excitement ensued among the virtuosi. A committee of 100 savants sat upon it for three weeks, and at length pronounced it a portrait of one of the Early Fathers, by no less a hand than Scribnerius, Daubius, temp. 99 A.D. During the journey, a Californian tourist examining the back of the picture, found this inscription: "Messrs. B. and Co., photographers." He looked at the face again. Ah! said he, "can it be—yes—no—why, bless my soul, it's Smith, the hatter of our town! He was married at 17, a father before he was 18, and in that sense Smith was an Early Father."

A comical twin story is reported from Dublin. A barber was waited upon one morning by a nice young gentleman, who desired the hairdresser's lowest terms per week for keeping his comely caput in condition. A moderate sum was named and accepted. Thereafter the new customer appeared regularly every day for a "close shave," with frequent additions of shampooing and hair-cutting, and often twice a day. In short, the barber marveled much at the rapidity with which this young man's beard and hair grew, and the mystery was only solved after a considerable lapse of time, when one day "two of him" came into the shop at once for a shave: The original customer who had made the bargain had a twin brother so exactly like him in personal appearance that "one couldn't tell t'other from which," and the two had been getting the attentions of the tonsor for the price paid for one.

A WISE CHOICE.—A lady wrote to her son recently, requesting him to look out for a young lady, respectably connected, possessed of various elegant accomplishments and acquirements, skilled in the languages, a proficient in music, and above all of an unexceptionable moral character; and to make her an offer of £20 a year for her services as governess. The son wrote in reply as follows:—"My dear Mother—I have long been looking out for such a person as you describe; and when I have had the good fortune to meet her, I propose to make an offer, not of £20 a year, but of my hand, and to ask her to become, not your governess, but my wife."

Dentistry, Surgical, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

W. C. ADAMS,
DENTIST,
35 King Street East, Toronto,
Has given attention to his profession in all its parts.
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G. W. HALE,
DENTIST,
No. 6 TEMPERANCE ST., TORONTO,
First house off Yonge St., North Side
24-hr

N. AGNEW, M. D.,
(Successor to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew.)
CORNER OF BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS,
TORONTO.
28-hr

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

Legal Cards.

LAUDER & PROCTOR,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, ETC.
OFFICE:—Masonic Hall, 50 Toronto street.
A. W. LAUDER. JAS. A. PROCTOR
23-hr

HARRY E. CASTON,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
OFFICE—48 ADELAIDE STREET,
Opposite the Court House,
TORONTO
24-hr

HENRY O'BRIEN,
BARRISTER,
Attorney and Solicitor, &c.,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICE—68 CHURCH STREET.
27-hr

Miscellaneous.

WILLIAM BURKE,
LUMBER MERCHANT,
Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Sheeting, Packing Boxes, &c., &c.
CORNER SHEPHERD AND RICHMOND STREETS,
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Planing, Sawing, &c., done to order. 28-hr

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

HATS THAT ARE HATS
The best place in the city to get value for your money.
Remember the address—
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OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.
28-hr

Miscellaneous.

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THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH CUT TOBACCO HOUSE,
"THE IMPERIAL," 824 YONGE STREET.
W. MASTERS, Importers.

E. WESTMAN,
177 King Street East,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOLS,
SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
All Goods Warranted. 20-hr

PETER WEST,
(Late West Brothers.)
GOLD AND SILVER PLATER.
Every description of worn out Electro-Plate, Steel Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new, Carriage Irons Silver-Plated to order.
POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET.
26-hr

MADAME VON BEETHOVEN'S
MUSIC ROOMS,
No. 48 KING STREET EAST, 1st FLOOR,
(Over Bain's Book Store.)
MADAME VON BEETHOVEN begs to announce that she is now prepared to accept pupils for instruction on the pianoforte at her rooms between the hours of 9 to 1 and 3 to 6.
Circulars, with full particulars as to terms, &c., can be had upon application at the rooms
Special arrangements will be made with Ladies' Colleges and Seminars.

L. SIEVERT,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF,
And every description of Tobacconist's Goods,
70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.
Sign of the "INDIAN QUEEN."

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BY WILLIAM COULTER,
On the shortest notice, and in a manner as to give entire satisfaction. Home-made bread always on hand.
Remember the address—CORNER OF TERAULEY AND ALBERT STREETS.
23-hr

BAY STREET
BOOK BINDERY.
No. 102, Late Telegraph Building.
WM. BLACKHALL.
Account Book Manufacturer, and Law, Plain and Ornamental Bookbinder and Paper Kuler, Toronto.
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VOL. W. CORIN,
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SIGN AND CARD PAINTER,
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All kinds of work done on time and guaranteed.
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JOHN JACKSON,
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HARDWARE, ROCK OIL, LAMPS AND CHIMNEYS
House Furnishing Goods.
28-hr

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

MAT'S,
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FOR CHOICE DRINKS
GO TO
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IF YOU WANT TO
SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING,
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Importers of Choice Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand.
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A good assortment of
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Of every description. Always on hand,
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All kinds of Furniture neatly repaired,
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Call before purchasing elsewhere.
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Spectacles to Suit every Sight. 23-hr

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The \$25 Russell Hunting Lever Watch
In entering after case and gold plates, full jewelled—worth \$100—this watch is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gentles, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying cut represents in proper proportions
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BARGAINS FOR MECHANICS!
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NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE STORE,
Next to Knox Church.
Special attention is directed to our Stock of Cheap Furniture, Stoves, &c.
Mechanics will do well to visit this store before purchasing elsewhere.
28-hr ALEX. KING.

WEST END FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS.
JAMES McQUILLIAN,
FURNITURE DEALER,
258 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.
Strict attention paid to repairing in all its branches. City Express delivery promptly executed. Household Furniture removed with greatest care.
First-class Furniture Varnish always on hand. 32-hr

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Kid Gloves Cleaned with superiority and despatch.
Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired on the shortest possible notice
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A large and extensive stock on hand. A good fit guaranteed.
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71 KING ST EAST, TORONTO.
Fancy Toy Tea Sets,
Fancy Mugs, with names,
Fancy Cup and Saucers,
Fancy Jugs and Bottles,
Fancy Toilet Sets,
Plated Tea Sets,
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New Table Glassware.

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This is the place for Mechanics to get cheap pictures. All work done in the best style of the art.
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J. W. BRIDGMAN,
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Life Size Portraits in Oil. Inspection invited.
STUDIO—39 King Street West, over Ewing & Co.'s.
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PHOTOGRAPHS
In all the varied and pleasing styles of the beautiful and elevating
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And with a due sense of the importance of securing the
HAPPY SMILE AND SIMPLE GRACE OF OUR INFANTINE COMMUNITY,
One of their
Lights is Particularly Adapted
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HAPPY SMILE AND SIMPLE GRACE OF OUR INFANTINE COMMUNITY,
One of their
Lights is Particularly Adapted
Note the Address.
THE NEW IRON FRONT,
31 KING STREET WEST.
Between Jordan and Bay Sts.
27-hr

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
MACORQUODALE & CO.,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTISTS,
TORONTO.
HAVING REMOVED TO THEIR
LARGE, COMMODIOUS PREMISES,
Built expressly under their supervision, claim to have an atelier second to none in the Dominion for producing
PHOTOGRAPHS
In all the varied and pleasing styles of the beautiful and elevating
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THE NEW IRON FRONT,
31 KING STREET WEST.
Between Jordan and Bay Sts.
27-hr

Coal and Wood.

EASTERN
NARROW GAUGE
COAL AND WOOD YARD,
CORNER ESPLANADE AND PRINCESS STREET.
Superior Wood, nearly all Maple, extra length.
Scranton and Lackawanna Coal, &c.
Cut Wood always on hand.
DRUMMOND & CO.
29-1c

BEST
COAL & WOOD!
LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY,
AT THE
VICTORIA WOOD YARD,
Victoria Street, near Richmond St.
N.B.—LOW RATES BY THE CARLOAD. 40-r

MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c.,
IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
STEAM AND DOMESTIC COAL,
DEALERS IN
CORDWOOD, CUT AND UNCUT.
OFFICE AND YARD—Corner Queen and Sherbourne Streets. WHARF: Foot of Sherbourne St., Toronto.
29-1c

COAL AND WOOD
AT
LOWEST PRICES,
FOR SALE BY
CAMERON & BOVELL
FOOT OF GEORGE STREET.
Cut Wood always on hand.
29-1c

COAL AND WOOD
A large supply on hand, and receiving daily best quality
HARD AND SOFT COAL,
FRESH MINED. ALSO
Beech, Maple and Pine Wood.
M. DWAN,
Church Street Wharf.
23-1c

COAL AND WOOD.
ALL THE BEST VARIETIES OF
Hard and Soft Coal,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Also, the best of
CORDWOOD,
AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.
Wood, Sawn only, or Sawn and Split, supplied to order.
JOHN SNARR'
IMPORTER, TORONTO.
OPPOSITE CITY WEIGH SCALES, NELSON STREET.
25-1c

COAL!
WITHOUT SNOW.
BIG COAL HOUSE.
OFFICE:
45
YONGE STREET.
W. MYLES & SON.
39-1c

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A NEW INVENTION IN TELEGRAPHY.

When Sir William Thompson invented his reflecting galvanometer, and showed its usefulness for telegraphic purposes, he insured the success of under-sea cables, whatever their length.

THE LENGTH OF PARTING.—An old lady hailed a passing omnibus, which pulled up at her call. "Good-by, then, my dear," said she to a female friend who had accompanied her.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!! MEERSCHAUM AND BRIAR PIPES, POUCHES, STEMS, CIGAR CASES, VESUVIANS, &c.

GHINAMAN! AH SAUM. The undersigned proprietors of the PEKIN TEA COMPANY

Would respectfully inform the public, that they have, as a great expense, secured the services of the Chinaman, AH SAUM, for the purpose of testing and mixing all their TEAS.

Family Groceries, As was ever offered for sale in this city, and as low as the price list of any house in the Dominion.

Persons wishing it can have their orders called for regularly, and goods delivered, and we guarantee all orders so filled shall be of the very best quality and at the lowest rates.

THOS. D. WAKELEE & CO., Proprietors of the Pekin Tea Company, NO. 218 YONGE STREET, CORNER ALBERT.

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS.

ST. JOHN'S TEA WAREHOUSE. D. MACDONALD

ON THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF TERAULEY AND ALBERT STS.

Fresh Groceries and Provisions, WINES AND LIQUORS, of the Choicest Brands.

FINEST FRUITS, Valencia, Seedless Sultanas, Layers, and other Fruits.

TEAS A SPECIALITY. The Subscriber having had many years experience in the Tea Trade has, as a consequence, peculiar advantages in buying his Teas, and can therefore supply his customers with the

VERY BEST KIND OF TEAS. Prices that will defy competition. Parties wanting Teas would do well to call at the ST. JOHN'S TEA WAREHOUSE before purchasing elsewhere.

Goods delivered to all parts of the city. 33-1c

Books, Stationery, &c.

New Year's Presents! Look out for Cheap Bargains in Stationery, Toys, Fancy Goods, BASKETS, &c., And you will be sure to get them at

G. HOWSON'S, 239 Yonge Street. BOYS' SLEIGHS—The choicest in the city. 32-1c

ALFRED BUTLER, BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND NEWS DEALER, 85 Queen Street West.

Nearly opposite Elizabeth street, TORONTO. Subscriptions received for all Periodicals. Any Book procured to order. Bookbinding executed in any style at Lowest Rates.

GENERAL DEALER IN JEWELLERY AND FANCY GOODS. Jewellery carefully and neatly repaired. 23-1c

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS. A. S. IRVING

35 King Street West, Toronto, Keeps on hand a large stock of all kinds of Mechanical and Scientific Books

AND ALSO ALL THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

R. MACKENZIE, 164 1-2 Yonge Street, DEALER IN SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, DOLLS, TOYS, AND GENERAL FANCY GOODS.

All the American, English and Canadian periodicals received regularly. Remember the name and number, R. MACKENZIE, 164 1/2 Yonge Street. 40-1c

UNCLAIMED GOODS! THE UNDERNOTED PACKAGES WILL BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, AT HENDERSON'S ROOMS, YONGE-ST. ON Monday, 3rd day of Feb., 1873

If not entered for duty on or before the 31st day of January, preceding: Hurd & Leigh—3 packages Glassware, 1 box

A. McKinnon—1 bale, No. 9. G. W. Gates—2 Cases. D. McMillan—1 box. T. L. & Co.—2 cases Brandy.

JAMES E. SMITH, Collector. Custom House, Toronto, January 1, 1873. 40-1c

CAUTION TO SMOKERS. Masters' Golden Bird's Eye Tobacco, registered (superior to Wills', Bristol), is sold only in packets, at 15c, 30c, and 50c each.

THE IMPERIAL, 324 YONGE STREET. 36-1c

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Carillon Canal, Dam and Slide, will be received at this office until noon of Monday, the 27th day of January next, 1873, for the construction of a Dam, Slide, and Canal with two Locks, in the Carillon Rapids.

Plans and Specifications of the works can be seen at the Engineer's Office, Point Fortino, on and after Wednesday, the 22nd day of January next, when printed forms of Tender will be furnished.

All Tenders must be made on the printed forms, and to each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract.

This department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 28th Dec., 1872.

The time for receiving Tenders for the above works has been extended to MONDAY, 3rd FEBRUARY NEXT. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 14th January, 1873. 41-1c

Hardware. D. HEWITT'S West End Hardware Establishment, 365 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

OUTLET, SHELF GOODS, CARPENTERS' TOOLS. 34-1c

Dry Goods and Clothing.

GLORIOUS NEWS To those who have not already bought their winter stock of clothing, we are selling out the remainder of our stock of

BEAVER OVERCOATS, WHITNEY OVERCOATS, HUDSON BAY OVERCOATS, PEA JACKETS.

At a great reduction, as we are determined to clear them to make room for extensive alterations, to be made before receiving our spring stock, now being bought by our buyer in Europe.

"STAR" Dry Goods & Clothing House Corner King and West Market Streets.

All Goods marked in plain figures. 38-1c 181 YONGE STREET 181

GREAT STOCK-TAKING SALE. We commenced on Thursday morning, 2nd January, 1873, to offer the WHOLE STOCK at a GREAT REDUCTION from the regular Prices, in order to make a Clearance, before commencing to measure for Stock-taking.

BARGAINS WILL BE GIVEN. Look at some of our Prices. £ s. d. Scarlet Flannel 1s, worth..... 0 1 3

Stout Winey, 5/6, 6d, 7/6, 9d, worth..... 0 1 0 Fine French Merino 2s and 2s 3/4, worth..... 0 0 9

Rich Flowered Dress Goods, 1s, worth..... 0 1 6 Heavy Tartan Lustres 1s, worth..... 0 1 9

All-wool Plaids, 1s 3/4, worth..... 0 2 3 Paisley Shawls 15s, worth..... 1 10 0 Good Grey Cotton..... 0 0 3

Clouds, 1s 3/4, 2s 3/4, worth..... 0 2 6 Horrook's White Cotton..... 0 0 7

Black Alpaca 10/6, 1s 1/2, 1s 3/4, and..... 0 1 6 Blankets..... 0 8 9

Heavy Shawls, 16s, worth..... 0 15 0 AND OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION.

This is a genuine Sale and no humbug. T. BROWNLOW, 181 Yonge Street, 4 doors North of Queen. 34-1c

A HAPPY NEW YEAR. To please both young and old, we have laid in an immense stock of

HOLIDAY GOODS. CONFECTIONERY, FRUIT, NUTS, CANNED GOODS, &c. H. M. ROWE & CO'S

OYSTERS! by the can or quart. Every can stamped. One hundred barrels Choice Apples just to hand.

WRIGHT & WIDGERY, CORNER YONGE AND RICHMOND STS. Country orders promptly filled. 30-1c

The Central Family Grocery, COR. QUEEN AND TERAULEY STS

Offer great inducements to families and housekeepers in fresh Family Groceries and Provisions,

Comprising Teas of high quality and good flavor, fresh ground Coffee several grades, Cocoa, Chocolate, New Raisins, New Currants, New Candied Peel, Crosse & Blackwell's Jams and Fruits, Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles, Wyatt's Pickles, etc., Canned Fruits, Corn, Peas, etc., Canned Lobsters, Salmon, Mackerel, Sardines, etc.

Also, a large stock of FIRST-CLASS BRANDS OF LIQUORS, Brandy from..... \$1.50 to \$4 Sealed Brand.

Port Wine..... \$1.00 to \$3 Sherry Wine..... \$1.50 to \$3 Grape Wine..... \$1.00

Jamaica Rum..... \$1.50 to \$3 O. T. Gin..... \$1.50 to \$3

Holland Gin, J. D. Kuyper, a large stock of Bottled Liquors, Guinness and Blood's Stout, Ale and Porter. Cash traders would do well to give us a trial. R member the place. C. HUNTER. 22-1c

THE ROYAL TEA MART. H. K. DUNN, 51 QUEEN STREET WEST, OPPOSITE TERAULEY STREET,

Is now showing his Christmas Stock of New Season Fruits, comprised as follows: NEW VALENTIAS, NEW FIGS, "SULTANAS, "DATES, "LAYERS, "PRUNES, NEW CURRANTS, NEW LEMON, ORANGE AND CITRON PIELL, NEW MARMALADES, JAMS, AND JELLIES,

Also, a Choice Stock of CANNED FRUITS. Particular attention is called to our stock of Wines and Liquors, which will be found to be unsurpassed. All goods delivered to any part of the city.

WM. WRIGHT, DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS,

FRUIT, OYSTERS, &c.; &c. 227 Yongo Street, Toronto. 32-1c

F. PEIRCE, DEALER IN Provisions, Cured Meats, Butter, FOWLTRY, ETC., 2 Yonge Street, Toronto, (Opposite Louis Street.)

Hams, Bacon, Pork, Sausages, Boiled Ham, and Rolled Beef, Lard, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, &c., always on hand. 33-1c

Boots and Shoes.

R. MERRYFIELD, Boot and Shoe Maker, 190 YONGE STREET. A large and well assorted Stock always on hand. 28-1c

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

BOOTS AND SHOES. Fifteen per Cent Below USUAL PRICES.

The undersigned having special facilities, offers for sale BOOTS and SHOES AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Call and inspect stock. JOSEPH WESTMAN, 40-1c 41 Queen Street West.

133 YONGE STREET. 133

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

Undertaking. M. McCABE, PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER, 165 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, (OPPOSITE COLLEGE AVENUE.)

Hearse, Carriages, Scares, Joves, and Craps, furnished at Funerals. Fisk's Patent Metallic Cases on hand.

M. McCABE has been appointed City Undertaker by His Worship the Mayor. 56-1c

MURPHY & BOLTON, (Successors to S. Fawkes & H. B. Williams.)

FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS, 103 YONGE STREET, NORTH OF QUEEN STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

N. B.—Mrs. MCCARTHY'S business has removed to the above address. 26-1c

H. STONE, UNDERTAKER.

337 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals furnished to order. Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases always on hand. REFRIGERATOR COFFINS supplied when required. 38-1c

J. YOUNG, LATE FROM G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal, UNDERTAKER, 361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Funerals Furnished with every Requisite. AGENT FOR FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES. 37-1c

Miscellaneous. T. CLAXTON, Importer and Dealer in First-class Band Instruments, Violins, English, German and Anglo-German Concertinas, Guitars, Flutes, Fifes, Bows, Strings, Instruction Books, etc., 197 YONGE STREET. Special attention given to repairing and tuning every description of Musical Instruments. 29-1c

ANTHONY GILLIS, (SUCCESSOR TO T. ROBINSON), FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER, 12 QUEEN STREET WEST. Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing and Hair Dyeing done in first-class style. Ladies and Children's Hair Cutting promptly and carefully attended to. 26-1c

CAUTION TO SMOKERS.

Master's Celebrated Virginia Shag (Registered), sold in packets, only at 10c, 20c, and 35c each.

THE IMPERIAL, 324 YONGE STREET. 36-1c

NOTICE. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

The Commissioners appointed for the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, hereby give public notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders at their office in Ottawa, up to 12 o'clock noon, on Friday, the 31st of January, 1873, for 700 tons of Railway Spikes, according to sample, to be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, at Ottawa, and the offices of the Engineers at Rimouski, Dalhousie, Newcastle, and Moncton. Tenders to state price per ton of 2,210 lbs., delivered as follows:—300 tons at Campbellton, 225 tons at Newcastle, 175 tons at Moncton, N. B., in equal quantities in the months of June, July, August, September, and October next.

A. WALSH, ED. B. CHANDDER, C. J. BRYDGES, A. W. McLELLAN, Commissioners.

Intercolonial Railway, Commissioners' Office, Ottawa, December 12th, 1872. 38

Department of Crown Lands. (ACCOUNT'S BRANCH.) Toronto, 19th Dec., 1872.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the unsold Lands in the TOWNSHIP OF BLAKE, In the District of Thunder Bay, are open for Sale at one dollar per acre cash, under and subject to the provisions of "The General Mining Act of 1869."

Applications to purchase, to be made to the "Commissioner of Crown Lands," Toronto. (Signed) R. W. SCOTT, Commissioner of Crown Lands. 37-1c

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Tuesday, 24th day of December, 1872.

PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

Whereas, by the Act passed in the 35th year of Her Majesty's Reign, entitled: "An Act to amend an act of the present Session and to enable the Governor in Council to impose a duty on Tea and Coffee imported from the United States in the case therein mentioned," it is provided that if at any time, any greater duty of Customs should be payable in the United States of America on Tea or Coffee imported from Canada than on Tea or Coffee imported from any other country, then the Governor in Council may impose on Tea or Coffee imported into Canada from the said United States a duty of Customs equal to the duty payable in the United States on Tea or Coffee imported into Canada from any country other than the said United States, shall be free from duty.

And whereas the contingency contemplated by the above recited Act has occurred, and Tea and Coffee imported into the United States from Canada are subject to a duty of ten per cent. ad valorem, while Teas and Coffees imported from countries East of the Cape of Good Hope are free from duty.

His Excellency in Council on the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Finance, and under the authority aforesaid, has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that a duty of ten per cent. be imposed, and the same is hereby authorized to be levied and collected on Tea and Coffee imported into Canada from the United States of America.

W. A. HIMSWORTH, Clerk, Privy Council. Ottawa, December 27, 1872. 40

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Wednesday, 18th day of December, 1872.

PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Inland Revenue, and under and in pursuance of the provisions of the 6th Section of the Act 31 Vic, Cap. 5, His Excellency has been pleased to order and it is hereby ordered, that a new Inspection District be, and the same is hereby set off, and established in the Province of Ontario, to be composed of portions of the present Inspection Districts of London and Toronto, and known as the Inspection District of Windsor, and that henceforward the three Inspection Districts aforesaid shall be respectively constituted as follows:—

The Inspection District of Windsor to comprise the Inland Revenue Divisions of Windsor, Lambton and Godrich.

The Inspection District of London, to comprise the Inland Revenue Divisions of London Guelph, Paris, St. Catharines and Hamilton.

The Inspection District of Toronto to comprise the Inland Revenue Divisions of Algoma, Collingwood, Toronto, Cobourg, Peterborough and Belleville.

W. A. HIMSWORTH, Clerk Privy Council. December 27, 1872. 40