

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1872.

NO. 10.

FOREIGN.

PARTNERSHIP OF INDUSTRY.—A large watch and clock manufacturer of Neuchâtel has set the example of participation of profits with his workmen. A regular account is opened with each man, and his book is made up annually, four per cent. being added by the employer to the amount due, as interest on the capital for one year.

OPERATIVE BUTCHERS' HOURS.—At an adjourned meeting of operative butchers of London, held on Monday night, it was agreed—a majority of the employers being unfavorable to the ten hours' system—to limit their demands to a request for a Wednesday half-holiday to the salesmen. Nearly all the employers called on were willing to grant this boon, and unanimity is expected. A weekly half-holiday to slaughtermen (steady and jobbing) will shortly be agitated for.

OUTRAGE ON FOREIGNERS BY CHINESE.—We learn from the *Shanghai Budget* that recently the British settlement was thrown into painful excitement by news that Mr. Farnham and Mr. Rohl, the senior and junior partners of the well-known American firm of S. C. Farnham & Co., had been attacked by the natives of some villages near Kintoon Beacon, about twenty miles down the Yangtse from Shanghai, and that while Farnham had, with difficulty, reached the Beacon dangerously wounded, it was feared that Rohl had been murdered outright.

VOLUNTEERS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—On Whit-Monday, thunderstorms, with hail and rain, were general in the west of England, causing holiday-seekers much annoyance. During a drill of Dorset Volunteers near Dorchester, a tremendous report was heard, and Blagdon Monument and Obelisk, in the centre of the drill ground, was seen to have been struck by lightning. Six Volunteers were dashed to the ground and scorched, two of them being so severely burnt as to require to be carried to their homes. A tall flagstaff on the ground was split from top to bottom.

THE TOBACCO MONOPOLY IN FRANCE.—For the last three or four years, says a correspondent, French smokers have been complaining bitterly of the bad quality of the tobacco which the Government has been providing, in spite of the extra charge of 1f. 25c. per lb. By way of protest, the gamblers have taken advantage of the Prussian occupation to indulge in unlimited smuggling, and the consequence has been a very appreciable diminution in the profits which the Government make on the sale of the noxious weed. This is becoming a question of considerable importance, and may shortly be made the subject of a Government interpellation.

The *Birmingham Gazette* reports a singular case which came before the county court judge in that town. John Kendell, engineer, was a few days ago ordered by the Birmingham magistrates to find sureties to keep the peace for six months towards his wife. The February complainant, who was the wife of Joseph Davis, was possessed of a mill and other property worth £2,000, and she advertised for an engineer. Kendell was introduced to her, but she was ill in bed, and he induced her to marry him the day after. An application has now been made to the county court for an interim injunction against John Kendell to restrain him from disposing of certain property which had been left to Mrs. Kendell by her former husband. His honor granted the injunction.

MEETING OF ENGLISH BENEFIT SOCIETIES.—The opening meetings of several of the large benefit societies in the English manufacturing districts took place on Monday. The Manchester Unity of Oddfellows was reported to have 458,000 members; the "capital" of the Order is estimated at three millions sterling. The income for the past year exceeded £700,000, and the expenditure for sick and funeral "benefits" and medical attendance was nearly £500,000. The Order of Druids numbers more than 71,000 members; the National Independent Order of Oddfellows has 35,595. The Shep-

herds can count 45,517 members, a yearly income of £46,000, and they state that the Order is "worth £70,000." The Eree Gardeners are 33,136 strong; and the chairman "expressed his belief that the progress would have been even still greater had it not been for an erroneous impression that only practical gardeners were admitted."

SCENE AT THE TRIAL OF A COMMUNIST.—An exciting scene occurred the other day in Paris during the trial, by court-martial, of a woman named Augustine Chiffon. During the fighting in Paris this woman was seen in the streets, her hands steeped in blood, and boasting that she had killed two soldiers. On the entry of the troops she was taken prisoner and placed against the wall to be shot, but on her saying that she had tended the wounded, the troops spared her life. On the trial, an officer, who was charged with her defence, pleaded that her mind was deranged. "I am not mad," she exclaimed, "and protest against the words. I have suffered too much in prison, and demand to be put to death! But your turn will come also; the men of Versailles were too cowardly to kill me, but you will all be shot like dogs! Vive la Commune!" At those words the public rushed on her, and the guard had to intervene for her protection, and dragged her away, still crying out, "Vive la Commune! A bas les Versailles!" and without her bonnet or shawl, which had been torn from her in the struggle. The Court eventually condemned her to twenty years' hard labor. The woman was then brought back, and on hearing her sentence read, she again burst out in a tone of mockery. "The cowards, they do not dare! Well! I am thirty-five, and in twenty years I shall only be fifty-five, and still good for something. But it is only a matter to laugh at; a change of Government and I shall be out at once, and that will not be long. Vive la Commune!"

AMERICAN.

A convict in the Michigan State prison has just fallen heir to \$980,000.

Some men who were blasting rocks in Bowling Green, Ky., turned 1,700 rattlesnakes out of their beds.

A Chinese poem, *La-Sao*, written 2200 years ago, is said to prove that America was known to the Chinamen of that day.

Locusts are in Tennessee in immense numbers, and the woods are alive with them.

Shrewd Illinois farmers have taken to raising wolves for the purpose of getting the bounty on their scalps.

Buzzing Bull-toads, chief of the Sacs, is no more. He bought a gallon of alcohol of a trader, and contracted to carry it home without a jug.

A law of Pennsylvania makes the taking of money at the door of a theatre on Sunday illegal, wherefore it is invariably taken at the window.

A pair of twins, born at Lowndes county, Miss., the other day—a boy and a girl—were named respectively Horace Greeley and Dolly Varden.

A little busy "bumble bee" drove a man out of Church in Indianapolis, the other day by trying to gather honey from his bald pate.

While two young men in Benton county, Indiana, were horseback riding last week the lightning killed both horses and a colt and left the riders uninjured.

A New Hampshire man of seventy-two years, lately married a widow of fifty-five, with a family of thirteen. A band serenade was given the happy fifteen.

The other day, in Portland, Maine, a mother left two twin babies on the floor and stepped out. While gone a cat attacked one of the children and tore its face terribly, taking out large pieces of flesh. The child is expected to die.

A new safe has been invented which makes it rather unpleasant for burglars. The walls are filled with gunpowder in such

a manner that the blows of a sledge or cutting of a chisel in the attempt to rob the safe will ignite the powder, blow off the outer crust, annihilate the burglar, and leave the contents of the safe uninjured.

If the breach of promise business could possibly be "run into the ground" it has been done at Detroit by a blooming maiden of 43, suing one of the male persuasion of 19 for breach of promise to marry. To what extent a jury will consider this maiden's affections have been damaged by this love affair nobody can tell; however, we imagine she will live through it. Altogether the case is as much of a burlesque on the law as the law is a disgrace to the common intelligence of respectable men and women.

A rare phenomenon was witnessed in the vicinity of Oswego, N. Y., on Thursday last. The water in the lake and river rose two feet, remaining at that elevation sixty-four minutes. From two till after seven o'clock the water alternately rose and fell, subsiding to its ordinary level at seven o'clock, where it remained. Previous to the rise a white squall on the lake gathered a high water spout, which swept rapidly to the east. A rumbling sound was heard coming from the water. Fish came to the surface of the water in great numbers, and bubbles of air rose rapidly and exploded. The symptoms seemed to indicate a submarine earthquake.

CANADIAN.

A yearling ewe belonging to Geo. McQuinn, of Nissouri, gave birth to one lamb on the 1st of May, and one week after gave birth to two.

A sad accident occurred at the west end of the village of Petrolia, on Sunday morning. A little boy of some three years of age, son of Mr. Samuel Mann, fell into a post hole which had been dug on the previous day, and which had filled up with water during the night. The child being unable to extricate itself was drowned. The boy was missed in a short time, and search being made, he was found as described. The only son of Mr. F. D. Norton, of Westminster, aged eleven years, was drowned in the river Thames yesterday morning, at a spot where the stream is crossed by the Hamilton Road bridge, a few miles east of the city. The little fellow had gone into the water to bathe and getting beyond his depth, sank below the surface and was drowned. The boy went to the river in company with some teamsters who were drawing gravel, and during their absence went into the water.

A serious accident occurred at Newmarket on Saturday. Two sons of the Rev. John Brown, Presbyterian minister, were bathing in Gorham's Pond when both got in twelve feet of water and could not swim. Their comrades gave the alarm, when some men who were on the spot in fifteen minutes made repeated dives and brought one to the shore. He was eight years old. Life was not extinct. Several of the medical profession were present, and by constant friction and stimulants he was resuscitated in about two hours. The other boy, ten years old, was brought out dead after grappling for him about two hours.

The close of the Wesleyan Conference has been marred by a painful event. The Rev. E. White died in the General Hospital, Montreal, on Sunday, of malignant small-pox, and was buried the same day. He came back to Ontario from British Columbia a few months ago. He went to England in March or April for the benefit of his health. He returned very recently via New York, and came direct to Montreal. His wife joined him from Ontario in time to minister comfort to him in his dying hours. The children have not seen their father since he left for England. The disease was no doubt contracted on board the steamer.

A remarkable and painful accident occurred at Petrolia yesterday afternoon, which resulted fatally to one of the workmen, and produced intense sensation in

the neighborhood. An oil well on the 12th concession of Enniskillen, on the property of Messrs. Brake and Ribighini, was being deepened. Suddenly it commenced to flow freely oil and gas. The engine being close by, the gas soon reached it, and, taking fire, exploded with considerable noise, scattering destruction around. There were three men working at the well at the time. Mr. John Brake was standing in the vicinity of the engine when the explosion took place, and was instantly enveloped in flame and burned to death. Mr. Turner was also badly burned, but will probably recover. Mr. Moffat escaped uninjured. As soon as the fire could be subdued the remains of Mr. Brake were recovered, bleached and burned and almost beyond recognition from the ruins around him. He was a young man of about twenty-one years of age, well known and respected in Petrolia.

THE DAWN OF EMANCIPATION.

Years and centuries have passed, still the producing millions were kept in bondage to serve those who were evading the divine law—"in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The educated few were enjoying all the comforts, luxuries, rights and privileges that should have been distributed among the masses of the people. The working classes were uneducated, and, comparatively speaking, ignorant, and consequently an easy prey for those upon whom fortune had smiled and luckily bestowed an education. Notwithstanding the strong arm of labor produced all the wealth, comforts and luxuries enjoyed by those whose puny hands were never stained by the "sweat of thy face" of a swarm of plunderers who were sapping the very life-blood of the laborer, and depriving him of every privilege that God designed only for those who obeyed his precepts. Thus the world moved on for centuries, the drones continued to infest the hives and fatten upon the products of others' toil. The toiling millions were held in bondage by those whose main stay was ignorance among the masses of the people, and so long as that could be maintained the people would continue hopelessly in slavery and degradation. But the reign of these self-appointed rulers was destined to come to an end, sooner or later their downfall would be proclaimed by emancipated labor. A ray of intelligence was at length permitted to shine dimly upon the path of the toiler. Though dimly, it opened unto him a state of affairs sorrowful to behold, he soon began to discover that the products of his labor were being appropriated by lazy, thieving plunderers, whose sole advantage was superior education, which enabled them for centuries to hold the working classes in bondage, and use them as mere pack-horses of society. Although the non-producing drones consumed everything and produced, nothing their enjoyments, comforts and luxuries were limited only by the power of the working classes to produce. This state of affairs could not always exist, it must take a change, the workingman must have at least a fair proportion of the proceeds of his labor, but in order to obtain that he must become educated. But how could he become educated when he had not time enough even for physical relaxation, to say nothing of mental improvement.

Although ignorant, he finally discovered that in order to become educated, he must have time for mental culture. But how was he to obtain more time? Would those who had used him for centuries as a mere machine respect his petition? Would they willingly place in his hands a weapon with which he could defend himself against the encroachments of men who had so long lived in comfort and ease, and fattened upon the products of his labor? He soon ascertained that in order to secure his just rights he must, by physical force, wring them from the grasp of his plunderers. However, single-handed he could accomplish nothing, he bethought himself a plan, combination, organization, a unity of action on the part of those who were oppressed, loomed up before his vision. He seized the idea—he laid the matter before his fellow-laborers; they caught the incentive and combined in a contest for their God-given rights—they demanded more time for moral and mental improvement.

A long, fierce, and bitter struggle ensued, during which thousands were made to suffer

death, some by instruments in the hands of unfeeling and unprincipled hirelings, some by starvation, while thousands were made the inhabitants of the gloomy, dismal dungeon, and there kept to eke out a miserable existence. But the contest was not abandoned. Every act of persecution, every sacrifice only served to nerve and spur them on, and add more adherents to the cause of down-trodden labor. Bravely they struggled—the whole heavens became blackened with the smoke of battle—the earth became saturated with human blood—mangled forms of human beings covered an entire continent. Finally, the sun of victory arose from behind the blackened clouds and proclaimed to all the world that the day of emancipation had dawned. The hours of labor were reduced to ten per day. The workingmen of the world were now given an opportunity for mental culture, for moral and social improvement. Did they make good use of this leisure time? Have they improved the opportunity? Is there any evidence that the world—mankind—has been benefitted by the change? In answer to these questions we can adduce volumes of testimony which would reply in thunder tones, YES! Let us make a few contrasts. Let us, for instance, compare the grist-mill of to-day with the slow process of grinding wheat forty years ago. What a contrast between the cotton or woolen mill of to-day, and the old hand loom and spinning wheel built by mechanics who labored for a bare subsistence from fourteen to sixteen hours per day. What a contrast between the steamboat and locomotive of to-day, and the canal boat, sailing vessel and stage coach built under the fourteen hour system. We need go no further to convince any rational mind that the astonishing improvements made in machinery, and even the spread and progress of civilization can all be attributed to the reduction of the hours of labor among the working classes, as was predicted by the enemies of labor, crime has actually diminished and decreased in proportion as the working classes became educated. Then, since such wonderful improvements have been made by a reduction in the hours of labor to ten per day, when the moral, intellectual and physical condition of the working classes have improved tenfold, why should not further experiments in lessening the hours of labor be made? When by the aid of improved machinery—notwithstanding the reduction of the hours of labor—more than four times as much work is turned out to-day, in ten hours, than was turned out in fourteen hours, forty years ago. Workingmen also see that instead of receiving a fair proportion of the products of their labor, they are compelled to labor for a mere pittance—a mere starvation price—and that which of right belongs to them is appropriated to the building of colossal fortunes and princely palaces, at which they dare not even point a finger. Workingmen see these things, and have naturally become dissatisfied with the iniquitous laws of distribution—laws that give to capital all the wealth, comfort and luxuries of life, while labor is compelled to go naked and hungry. In view of these facts, can one wonder that workingmen have become disgusted with oppressive laws, framed in the interest of greedy capital, and why they seek their abrogation? Can any one for a moment contend that the producing classes of America have no cause for complaint? Dare any intelligent man, in this age of progress, assert that the prolonged and successive strikes that have accrued, were brought about for no just cause on the part of workingmen? Is there a friend of civilization and humanity who will for a moment contend that in our demands for a reduction of the hours of labor to eight per day, we are not justifiable? No true philanthropist or friend of the human race will make the assertion.

We advise workingmen everywhere to rally for the combat. The struggle for your emancipation has already begun. Lend your brothers in New York and Canada a helping hand; stand by them in the present contest, and the consummation of eight hours for a day's work will soon be realized.

Emancipation dawned upon the laboring man with the adoption of the ten hour system. Since then, one by one the fetters have been stricken from his limbs, and he gradually issued forth from the darkened paths of bondage into the dazzling rays of liberty and freedom. It behooves us then to let no cloud of oppression and slavery darken our prospects for the future, but let the sun of union shine forth in the full meridian of its glory and proclaim to all the world, as it did at the dawn of freedom, the emancipation of labor.—*Machinists and Blacksmith's Monthly Journal.*

Poetry.

A PATERNAL EXHORTATION.

Written for the ONTARIO WORKMAN.

Think not my son your lot is hard
Because you for your bread must toil,
In labor life has its reward;
Not so in idleness and spoil.

What though the wealthy idler boast
His golden toys and gay attire,
And vainly tell how much they cost,
While gaping imbeciles admire.

If place him with the workingman
On some lone island wild and waste,
Where each must find, as best he can,
A living suited to his taste.

Where with the axe, the spade and hoe,
Each must endeavor his bill of gains,
Then art and industry will show
To whom real dignity pertains.

There having done so work for hire—
Not knowing how to till nor plant—
With all his gold and silver store,
The titled cipher pines in want.

Meanwhile, at labor's magic touch
The frowning forest smiles serene,
And to the workingman—as such—
Presents a joyous homestead scene.

God said, when man he issued forth,
"Go, social and industrious be,
Reclaim and fructify the earth,
Which I for heritage give thee.

On labor shall thy race depend
For comfort, health and length of days;
Should one to idleness descend,
All must be injured by his ways."

And nature proves in every land
A constant working Deity,
Without the labor of whose hand
The universe would cease to be.

Hence workingmen of soul and creed,
Alone conserve the grand design
Of nature's mighty Architect—
The world is theirs by right divine.

While he in idleness who lives,
Whatever the title he receives,
No dignity to nature gives,
But founds a pedigree of thieves.

And who so fills a regal seat,
Pope, Sultan, Emperor, or King,
Midst all the pageantry of State,
At best is a dependant thing.

Whose gaudy robes and sumptuous board,
Brought from the merchant's farthest ken,
With all extortion can afford,
Must be supplied by workmen.

He cannot spin, he cannot weave,
Nor till, nor plant, nor sow, nor reap,
Hence must take charity or alms—
His wealth's but poverty asleep.

Then glory in the rank you hold,
And in your sphere rise if you can,
Scorning the influence of gold—
Be great, but only as a man.

N'er deign your fellow to enslave,
Be chaste and temperate withal.

Then though by potentates outlawed,
You live—and die by priests unshriven—
Your course on earth men will applaud,
And angels smile on you in heaven.

CHARLES STEWART.

Galt, June 10th, 1872.

Tales and Sketches.

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAP. VIII.—Continued—Aixa, the Moorish Maiden.

Notwithstanding his self-possession, Esau could not refrain from betraying a sentiment of surprise and admiration at surveying the interior of this wonderful Alcazar, into which few men of his race had had the privilege of penetrating. They first crossed a yard, paved entirely with white marble, in the middle of which a large reservoir, four feet deep, displayed its limpid waters, encircled by a border of roses, myrtle, and laurel. This yard was surrounded by light arcades formed of fine open sculpture, like lace, supported by ariel colonnades of marble.

They entered the grand saloons, where the eye of Esau was dazzled with the floorings of cedar and "larch" wood, by cupolas of a half globe, the stucco of which was streaked and painted azure, green, and red, so as to cause a reflection like the vaults of stalactites, by grottoes, by arcades, by arabesque panels with gilt capitals, and ornamented network covering the walls like the inextricable webs of spiders.

More than once Mohamed allowed a sigh to escape him. It was his ancestors who had built that magnificent Alcazar, and now it served as a fortress to Christian kings.

They at length arrived at a yard, or rather small interior garden, the soil of which was composed of yellow sand impregnated with water incredibly fertilizing. A vine sprang from the crevices of the wall, and attached its tendrils to the branches of orange trees. The red flowers of the pomegranate were seen amid the prickly blades of the aloes and cactuses, and the white flower of the jasmine sprang up beside the laurel. It was completely an African vegetation.

A gallery which led to the women's apart-

ments was supported by columns of marble, the staircase leading to which was inlaid with arabesque tiles. Mohamed was approaching this staircase, when a Nubian slave, whose white turban contrasted strikingly with his ebony face, came out of a room, the door of which was covered with vine branches that twined round the columns, and kneeling before the king, said: "Dread the Princess Aixa has just left the bath, and reposes in the bathing-saloon."

Mohamed stopped undecided; then, having attentively regarded the calm and proud countenance of Esau, he made a sign to the slave to open the door of the Hall of Baths, which was of cedar wood carved in lozenges. The slave silently obeyed.

The Jew boldly entered, with the King of Granada, that sacred place which his presence profaned, the wonders of which the owners of the Alcazar, their wives and children, alone were permitted to admire. He remarked at the entrance a slab of white marble, pierced with small holes, to permit the escape of the smoke from perfumes that burnt under the flooring. The lower part of the hall was mosaically paved with glazed tiles, bordered with fillagree of moulded cement, the variety of which was as extraordinary as that of the fossils of the ocean. The roof was covered with Damascus stucco, formed in large moulded plates, and so artistically joined, that fantastic arabesques, with texts from the Koran, and other inscriptions in Arabic characters, appeared to be sculptured in bas-relief. In the middle of the hall was a marble basin, ornamented with an elegant vase, from which issued a jet of water. Alcoves furnished with divans, covered with cloth of gold, ran round the walls, and balconies for singers and musicians were elevated fifteen feet from the ground.

As to the baths, large vessels of marble in a single piece were placed in interal grottoes, the low vaults of which allowed the light to enter through the open work of the rosettes and stars that ornamented the building. Such was the bathing saloon, erected for the celebrated favorite, Maria de Padilla.

Notwithstanding his boldness, Esau could not suppress a sensation of misgiving and embarrassment when the door of the hall closed behind him.

The daughter of Mohamed was reclining on a couch of gold brocade, wrapped in a tunic of fine white wool, and covered with gauze veils. She had not deigned to turn her head, but lay with closed eyes, while a white slave fanned her with a fan of apertum, embroidered in silk and gold. But when she heard the heavy tread of the Jew, so unlike the light and agile steps of her women, she uttered a shriek of surprise and terror, and rising with a sudden bound,—"Is it you, my father," said she to Mahomed, "who have permitted a stranger to follow you in here?"

of Granada, "this man comes to reveal secrets to us which must be known to no one else, and in this city and in this palace, which now belongs to Christians, this Hall is probably the only place where we have not to fear the ears of a spy."

"What secrets has the sovereign of the Alcazar to learn from a vagabond, who doubtless reckons on our credulity to fill his empty purse?" replied the Moorish princess in an imperious tone.

Esau coolly contemplated the favorite who had taken the place of Maria de Padilla. Aixa was handsome, but of an original and stern beauty. She was really the Arabian type in all its amplification. She had large, wide-open eyes, and under their thick and arched brows they appeared formed of mother-of-pearl and jet. Her forehead was high, protruding, and polished like ivory. The rather sudden bend of her chin, her teeth (somewhat pointed) of dazzling whiteness, with a fine, thin, almost aquiline nose, all combined to give her physiognomy a wild and somewhat masculine expression. Her lips, the carnation of which was bright as the flowers of the pomegranate, contrasted admirably with her complexion, the golden-tinge of which would have fascinated a poet or painter. Her feet were small, and her hands delicate, but her arms and shoulders had not yet acquired the roundness of form which, according to Oriental taste, is the perfection of beauty. Her waist was small, and her figure tall and supple, though, when not roused to action, she indulged to excess in the indolent languor which so peculiarly distinguishes the ladies of high caste in the East.

Rising, she advanced towards Esau, almost irritated at his silence and the bold confidence of his air.

"Speak, and speak the truth," said she, laconically.

"Noble lady," replied he, "I bring you news from the army of Don Pedro."

"If thou speakest truly, be welcome," she answered. "Say, is the king victorious? Has he repulsed that band of adventurers and brigands who think themselves an army? Has he beaten the bastard and Captain Bertrand before the walls of Burgos?"

"The king quitted Burgos without attempting to defend that city, which has since surrendered to Don Enrique," answered Esau.

"Thou deceivest me!" exclaimed the lady. "It is impossible!"

"Alas! madam," returned the Jew, "I saw the eight principal citizens of the city hand over the keys of the eight gates, at the end of their lances, to Don Enrique. They had travelled a distance of four leagues to lay them at his feet."

"And the faithful people of Burgos have followed the example of those traitors?"

"They received the surrender with loud acclamations of joy, after the Archbishop, at the head of the clergy, had harangued them. All the ladies of the city appeared at the windows and balconies to witness the more glorious splendor and lustre of the new king."

"The new king," repeated Aixa. "But he is not so yet?"

"He had himself crowned King of Castile at Calahora," said Esau, calmly.

"A folly for which he will pay dearly," returned Aixa, "if this story be not a tissue of lies, if thou hast not made sport of my grief and credulity. But Don Pedro—"

"He has taken refuge in Toledo," replied Esau.

"Ah, I comprehend why," said Aixa, quickly; "the walls of Toledo cannot easily be bitten through by the teeth of these adventurers, and the citadel is well fortified. Thou sayest Don Pedro has taken refuge in Toledo. Refuge! yes, as the eagle takes refuge in its eyrie to await the fit moment for pouncing on its prey. There he will appeal to all his partisans; he will wait for the auxiliary Moors of my father, his faithful ally."

Thus speaking, she became animated, and looked like a warrior whom the sound of the trumpet calls to battle.

Esau admired this ardent, passionate, and fierce nature, and resumed—"Alas! I am compelled to deceive you, noble Aixa; the usurper has already marched on Toledo."

"And probably Don Pedro opened the gates to him with his own hands?" said she, ironically.

"Don Pedro fled from Toledo as he had fled from Burgos, because he saw himself abandoned. He lost in a battle, or rather in a skirmish on the borders of the forest of Cardona, his last partisans, and Toledo, the rich and powerful Toledo, surrendered to Don Enrique."

"That is a vile calumny!" exclaimed Aixa, her eyes on fire, and her lips trembling. "My father," she continued, "let them arrest that man, he is a traitor come to Seville for the purpose of spreading terror and alarm. According to him, Don Pedro has all at once become a coward, has been conquered by his brother without having struck a blow! Have that wretch punished by my Nubians, and he will confess that he is an emissary of Don Enrique; and that all he has uttered is nothing but cunning falsehood."

"Patience, my daughter," said Mohamed, without being moved, "it cannot be long before the truth be known; the events this man relates are certainly strange, but they are not impossible. Don Pedro would not submit to be the crowned slave of his nobility; and all the nobles hate him as their mortal enemy. The swords that ought to have defended him may have turned against him. What interest has this traitor in deceiving you with so much anger, to come and announce this sad news to us? If he had been sent by Don Enrique, he would not have asked to speak to us privately; he would publicly have proclaimed the disaster of my unfortunate ally in the streets and market places of Seville."

"Your daughter accuses me with the precipitancy natural to a woman," said Esau; "you, my lord, speak like a man whose brow has long borne the weight of a royal turban. I have not come to Seville to spread a puerile and false report. I have hastened, at the risk of my life, to warn you of the danger, and summon you to the assistance of Don Pedro."

"The Prophet yet protects us," said Aixa, quickly, "since he has permitted you, my father, the bravest warrior of our tribes, to assemble your five thousand guards, and to enter Seville with them this day."

"Five thousand guards!" exclaimed Esau, affecting a joyous surprise. "It will be the salvation of Don Pedro; it will form the nucleus of an army at the head of which he will no more run the risk of the misfortune which befel him yesterday, that of being taken prisoner by a band of English freebooters."

"The king, a prisoner, Don Pedro fallen into the hands of adventurers!" cried Aixa, with emotion. "And thou relatest this with as much apathy as if it were the capture of a common soldier by a band of robbers!"

"Thanks to Heaven, and the efforts of his foster-brothers," resumed Esau, "the king escaped with the female prisoner, for whose sake he had so foolishly risked his liberty."

"A female prisoner!" exclaimed the favorite, whose eyes flashed like lightning. "What dost thou say?"

"You know, madam, that Don Pedro is generous and gallant," answered the Jew; "well, he wished to release a victim from the fangs of the bulldog of Brittany; he succeeded, but not without difficulty and danger."

Aixa fixed a threatening look on Esau. "Who is that woman?" she demanded, in a sharp loud tone.

The renegade perceived that he had made a good hit. "That woman," he replied, "is the daughter of Samuel Ben Levi, the treasurer of Don Pedro."

"Oh, a Jewess!" said Aixa, contemptuously, while her ruffled features suddenly regained an expression of serenity.

"Yet," resumed Esau, "if I had not to-day obtained the honor of seeing the noble heiress of King Mohamed, I should, without scruple, have declared that Rachel is the handsomest of the daughters of Spain."

Aixa trembled with wounded vanity and passion.

"She is named Rachel—this beauty—"

her much? Did he speak often to her? Did he remain long near her?"

"She owes not only her liberty, but her life to the king," answered Esau. "For her sake he was, during some hours, the prisoner of Captain Bertrand, to save her, he nearly perished himself in the tower of Cardona."

"Strange, strange," murmured the favorite, "a king to form the interests of his crown to save a vile creature, whose very existence is a matter of indifference to anybody. And thou sayest she is handsome? Oh, I am curious to see this extraordinary beauty."

"You will soon be gratified, madam," replied Esau, with an ironical smile; "for the king purposes to bring her with him to Seville."

"To Seville?" exclaimed Aixa, haughtily, "dare he to bring her before me into this palace? I will not suffer it. You, my father, if he forgets that I am of royal race—if he fears not to commit his outrage—you will assist me to avenge myself. We will abandon the ingrate for whom we have sacrificed our treasures, and the bravest of our warriors. While I am in the Alcazar, no other woman shall enter it, except as a slave devoted to my will and pleasure. If that Jewess be handsome, have I suddenly become ugly? Am I not also young? Is it at the moment when my father hastens at the head of five thousand cavalry to the assistance of the King of Castile, that I am to be compelled to quit the Alcazar, in order to avoid meeting an unworthy rival? Now, messenger of misfortune, tell me, dost thou think Don Pedro really loves this Jewess?"

"I am ignorant whether he does or not," replied Esau, still calm; "I have related to you all I have seen and all I know. To reach you, I have braved even fatigue and danger. I have nothing more to tell you."

"But what motive has led thee to act thus?" demanded the Moorish impetuously. "Is it cupidity that has made thee so zealous in my service? Dost thou wish to carry away gold from the Alcazar, or art thou instigated to all this by hatred and revenge?"

"You wish to know the truth, madam," said the Jew, sadly. "Why should I hide it from you—I love Rachel. This is all my secret. I love Rachel; and it seems to me that I should prefer seeing her dead at my feet, to seeing her the wife or mistress of any other man, were he even the King of Castile himself. Have you now faith in my fidelity? Who, for the sake of a paltry recompense in gold, would have exposed himself to the danger, the outrages, the insults, to which I have been obliged to submit, before I could penetrate into this hall? My life is in your hands, noble Aixa; you hold it as the guarantee for my honesty. If I have deceived you, it will be easy for you to punish me."

Esau had not lowered his eyes before the piercing gaze of the favorite, who, satisfied with this scrutiny, answered, "Thou speakest boldly, stranger, but I believe in thy sincerity, and I trust thou wilt not be false."

turning to Mahomed, "the man who has rendered me this signal service must not remain in the Alcazar, subject to the recognition of this insolent Rachel and Don Pedro."

"My daughter," answered Mohamed, "Abul Hagig will guard him in his tent, from whence, if we want him, he can immediately be summoned."

"It is well," said Aixa. "Go, loyal servant," she added, turning to Esau, "await my father in the court of the inner garden; he will shortly rejoin you there."

Esau, bowing respectfully, retired, will satisfied at having filled the heart and mind of the favorite with suspicions and misgivings that could not fail to stifle the rising love of Don Pedro for the young Jewess.

Meanwhile, Aixa had remained alone with Mahomed, giving free scope to the expression of her jealousy and resentment. "Well, King of Granada," said she bitterly, "you have heard—what think you of the incomprehensible levity of this prince, whose humble vassal alone you are? you, a descendant of the Prophet, and I, your daughter, his favorite. A strange favorite—the puppet of his caprices rather. To-day, queen of the palace, to-morrow, perhaps degraded below the women who wait on me! Is this, then, the lot for which you destined me, my father?"

"Child," answered Mahomed, "dost thou believe I remain calm during the storm, because I keep my thoughts to myself, instead of allowing them to burst out in vain words, that I am a coward or an imbecile, void of all consolation and prudence? Be patient, and you will be powerful."

"Patient?" exclaimed the impetuous Morisca, "oh, I have been patient too long! When you acknowledged the sovereignty of the King of Castile, and commanded me to appear unveiled before this infidel prince, was I not patient? When you joyfully heard him declare himself dazzled with my beauty, you exacted that I should smile at the avowals of his love; I obeyed, though not without anguish and remorse. You anticipated that I should exercise over him the same influence as Maria de Padilla, and thus become the shield of our brethren at the coast of Seville. For this purpose I feigned to forget my faith in the prophet—I feigned to forget my family and my name, and to think only of the King of Castile."

"Well," answered Mohamed, "hast thou not seen him at thy feet, mild and submissive as a child?—that prince who is said to be so terrible."

"Yes, my father," said Aixa, "and it rejoiced my heart, notwithstanding my humiliation and disgrace, to see our conqueror, that

formidable Christian, submit his will to the caprices of a Morisca. But this empire has been brief and feeble. My dreams have vanished too quickly. Like you, I hope that Don Pedro would have been won to marry me, and that I should have been queen of the Christian faith, and thus we would have secured a faithful ally. But all these hopes have proved vain and empty. What I thought I had secured, I have heard no word and a suspicious when, trusting with foolish credulity to his apparent affection, to the tender epithets he lavished on me, I spoke to him of marriage, he answered me with an insulting smile. But when I hinted at abjuration, his countenance became inflamed with passion. The sutor was transformed into a master. With haughty manner and angry voice, he bade me never again broach the subject; adding, that although he forgave me this first offence, he would not tolerate another, but would send me back to Granada, where renegades might be easier found than in Seville. This, my father, is what we have gained by the sacrifice you have exacted from me."

"But thou hast done well to show thyself patient, Aixa," returned Mohamed. "Misfortune humbles and lowers the proudest heart; better and higher days dawn for the children of the Prophet, thanks to the intestine wars of the Christians. Hereafter it will not be for us to entreat Don Pedro to accept our alliance in order to save ourselves from ruin, but we shall accord it to him as a condition for the safety of his crown. We shall have the right and power to impose our own conditions, and, if he will not see the sceptre break in his hands, he will be obliged to accept them."

"Yet in this hour of distress he ventures to defy me," said Aixa. "He is going to bring this miserable Jewess into the Alcazar."

"What signifies her entering the palace, Aixa," urged Mohamed, "if she be obliged to quit it immediately in shame and disgrace? As a condition of our alliance with Don Pedro, I will exact his secret abjuration, and he will obey. I will insist that he deliver to my guards four cities of Arralusia, and he will deliver them. As to the Jewess, Rachel, he will send her again to the house of her father. Oh, the time has arrived for the children of the Prophet to reconquer what they have lost!"

"Yet," interrupted the favorite with a doubtful and incredulous air, "if the king should not consent, like Count Julien, to sacrifice his religion and his country to revenge—"

"If he carries his pride and obstinacy so far as to refuse my alliance at the price I set upon it," answered the King of Granada, "I will treat with his rival, and the ambitious Don Enrique will joyfully receive my advances."

"We understand each other, my father," said Aixa, "and I can now await the arrival of the King of Castile with a calmer countenance and a less troubled heart."

Mahomed embraced the haughty favorite, and retired to repose beneath the brilliant-colored tent that his guards had prepared for him, in the middle of the camp, near the Jaen gate.

CHAPTER IX.—The Morisca and the Jewess.

The following morning, Mahomed at the head of two thousand cavalry, advanced to meet the king; and in fact, as Esau indicated, met him, accompanied by the beautiful Jewess, and escorted by his foster-brothers alone, some leagues from the city.

These devoted young men, though they could not prevent the cries of "Long live Don Enrique!" resounding in the ears of Don Pedro during the journey, yet took care that no outrage should be offered to the unfortunate sovereign; none attempted to arrest him, and make a merit of his capture to the conqueror.

As to the king himself, he did not exhibit any humiliated feeling, nor abate in the least the dignity of his mien and bearing. Strong in his sense of right, he was as calm and as proud as in the days of his prosperity. He seemed to forget the loss of his fairest provinces; in order to gaze on Rachel, hidden though she was beneath a large brown woollen cape, and on whom the foster-brothers darted every now and then dark and angry looks.

When Don Pedro saw the King of Granada and his brilliant squadrons advancing, he did not exhibit any particular emotion, but waited till his puissant vassal and ally had dismounted, and rendered him homage, then casting a glance of satisfaction and confidence on the Muscovite guards, he said, "To Seville to-day, brave Moor; but if it please Heaven, we will soon leave it again to give battle to the bastard usurper."

The King of Castile, surrounded by his Arabian auxiliaries, had re-entered his good city of Seville, without appearing to observe the furtive glances, and the low murmurs and imprecations of his Christian subjects.

The King of Granada, on his side, did not venture to make the least observation on the subject of the young girl, to whom Don Pedro performed the office of esquire as scrupulously as he would have done to a queen.

When they had dismounted in the outer court, the king observed to Mahomed, with an air of surprise, that Aixa had not yet appeared before him.

"She awaits you in the belvedere, sire," answered the Moor; "for she desires to meet you alone."

At these words, which were pronounced with a significant coldness, the daughter of Samuel stopped suddenly, confused and trembling; but Don Pedro took her hand, and drew her forward with gentle violence.

no longer a stranger to your companion, in light, besides, you must be present at my interview with the King, Aixa, I wish to place you under her protection.

They then all three ascended to the middle or balcony, a small turret situated at the top of one of the towers of the Alcazar, rendered charming and picturesque by small Moorish pillars, with elliptical arches that seemed suspended over an azure abyss.

In this delightful retreat the favorite awaited Don Pedro with dignified coldness. The King entered quickly, and advanced towards Aixa, but the Jewess, awed and intimidated, passed on the threshold.

"I do not return to you a conqueror bringing trophies," said he, in a hoarse tone; "you will have to console an unfortunate, ruined by treason—one who has seen his sword break in his hand before he was able to use it."

"In the chances of war there are but good luck and misfortune," answered she, calmly. "But have you returned alone, Pedro?"

"Oh! I do not yet despair of my fortune," he answered. "One of my allies at least has remained faithful to me; it is your father, the generous Mahomed. He did not wait for an appeal to come to my assistance. Thanks to you and to him."

Is it then on me that you still reckon to raise your courage? Is it from my eyes alone that you draw that heroic power which will bring triumph to your cause, or devote you to a glorious end?"

"What mean these strange doubts, Aixa," he said.

"I will explain them by asking you a single question," said she, pointing to the threshold where poor Rachel stood shaking and trembling at the severe aspect and imperious voice of the favorite. "Who is that woman, Pedro?"

"That woman," answered the king, endeavoring to smile, though at the same time turning pale, for he felt the purpose of the Morisca's suspicions; "it is a sister whom I wish to confide to you, Aixa. It is the daughter of my faithful treasurer, Samuel Ben Levi, a poor child, whom I saved from the pursuit of the English freebooters. An unfortunate, whom you will love, will you not?"

"One whom I shall love, because you twice risked your life for her?" interrupted the Morisca, sharply.

"Should I then have left this young damsel to perish?" asked Don Pedro, with difficulty suppressing his anger. "Ought I to have allowed her to suffer the outrages of a rude soldiery?"

"But the daughter of Samuel is a Jewess," said Aixa, disdainfully. "What matters to the King of Castile the life and honor of a child of that degraded race? A Jewess cannot be my companion. She cannot even dwell in the Alcazar without defiling it."

"Are you then a Christian of the old blood that you speak with so much arrogance?" said Don Pedro, in a low and angry voice. "I could scarcely have expected such harsh language, such haughty sentiments from the mouth of a noble Spaniard, like Maria de Padilla! Ah, I thought you more tolerant, Aixa; when I avowed my love for you, did I require you to sacrifice your religious faith for me?"

"And in your love for this Jewess you do not expect that she should abjure her worship either—is it not so, Don Pedro?" said Aixa, with gloomy irony. "But I beg you will not abuse me by such insulting comparisons. Have you forgotten who I am? A daughter of royal blood, you might have loved me without shame or disgrace. My love brought no humiliation to you; thanks to me, my father, King Mohamed, will defend you against all enemies, as he would his own son. He will expend for you his last marabolin; he will sacrifice for you the last of his guards; but it is on condition that you, on your side, respect the honor of my name, and that you do not, by unwelcome means, seek to break it, and to debase her, who has so loyally loved you."

"But, really," rejoined Don Pedro, "you hold such foolish language that I do not understand you. How can I seek to debase you in asking you to grant protection and an asylum to a poor young girl?"

"What need has she of my protection, since she possesses yours?" said the Morisca, in a fierce tone. "Why does she not return to her father's house? Under what pretence, by that title would she remain in the Alcazar? What means this royal caprice? Does it proclaim that I am fallen from the imaginary power that has made me to many enemies, and that another woman aspires to gain the specious title of favorite?" (To be continued.)

"that you alone had put this singular construction on my words and actions."

"Be it so," she answered. "I will believe, Pedro, that I have deceived myself. This Rachel is a stranger to you; you wish me to consent that she remain in the Alcazar, the thing is easily arranged. Let her increase the number of women destined to serve me, and study my caprices. She shall not quit me. Oh, I promise you, I will watch over her with the solicitude of a sister. She shall fan me when I am warm; she shall put on my Turkish slippers. Do you consent to this? Can I dispose of this handmaiden at my will? Am I to thank you for so rare, so valuable a present?"

"Really there are no means of inducing you to listen to reason," said the King of Castile. "Can you speak with so much contempt of the daughter of the High Treasurer, the man whom I have so much interest in keeping on good terms with, since he alone can furnish the subsidies necessary to defray the expenses of the war?"

"How much your love for Samuel has increased, Pedro, since you have learnt to admire his daughter!" said Aixa, sarcastically. "What! you talk of money! Well, in exchange for Rachel, I promise that my father shall fill your coffers with marabolins until the defeat of Don Enrique!"

"And will Mahomed also prevent the whole Jewry of Seville from revolting against me?" he asked.

"It is not fear of enemies that prevents you yielding to my wishes," said Aixa, firmly; "you try in vain to deceive me, Don Pedro. You love that girl; well, woe to her."

"But this is going beyond obstinacy and jealousy, Aixa," returned the king; "your passion renders you mad and blind."

"And yours makes you descend almost to insult a woman," she answered. "No, no; I am not blind. I read too plainly in your eyes, in your embarrassment, in your very irritation, that you love Rachel more than you ever loved Maria de Padilla or the poor Aixa. You tremble for her. You entreat and threaten for her by turns. You loved Maria de Padilla with that love which the sun of Andalusia readily kindles in young hearts. Me you loved because it seemed glorious to you to have the daughter of a king for a mistress; but you love the Jewess," added the Morisca furiously, "as one loves but once, with tenderness, with ardor, with constancy. You sacrifice your pride to her, you even sacrifice your passion to her, for you can almost be timid with her. Women have an intuitive knowledge in love; I am sure not to be deceived; the more disinterested your love is, the more real and lasting it will prove. In me you have found a woman who equalled yourself in haughtiness and energy; you are sure to prefer Rachel, a humble girl, whom you raise to your own elevation, and whom you would willingly make a queen. But have a care, Pedro, Aixa stands between you and your wishes; she will not submit to be ignominiously driven away."

"Aixa," said the king, severely, "in my turn I will tell thee to be candid. Acknowledge that thou seekest a pretext to leave the Alcazar, and to take with thee the King of Granada, thy father, since thou knowest me to be vanquished."

"Don Pedro," said the favorite, "I am going to prove your mistake; only let me interrogate that young girl."

"The king, overwhelmed, did not reply."

(To be continued.)

The Hour Circle

A LAUGHABLE FARCE

As a certain learned judge in Mexico, some time since, walked one morning into court, he thought he would examine whether he was in time for business; and, feeling for his repeater, found it was not in his pocket.

"As usual," he said to a friend who accompanied him as he passed through the crowd near the door, "as usual, I have again left my watch at home under my pillow."

He took his seat on the bench, and thought no more of it. The court adjourned, and he returned home. As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlour, he bethought himself of his timepiece, and, turning to his wife, he requested her to send for it to their chamber.

"But my dear judge," said she, "I sent it to you three hours ago."

"Sent it to me, my dear? Certainly not."

"Unquestionably," replied the lady; "and by the person you sent for it."

"The person I sent for it!" echoed the judge.

"Precisely, my dear, the very person you sent for it. You had not left home more than an hour when a well-dressed man knocked at the door and asked to see me. He brought one of the finest turkeys I ever saw; and said that on your way to court you met an Indian with a number of fowls. Having bought this one at a bargain, you had given him a couple of reals to bring it home, with the request that I would have it killed, picked, and put to cool, as you intended to invite your brother judges to a dish of *molle* with you to-morrow. And, 'Oh! by the way, senorita,' said he, 'his excellency the judge requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go to your chamber and take his watch from under the pillow, where he says he left it as usual this morning, and send it to him by me.' And, of course, *me querido*, I did so."

"You did!" said the judge.

"Well," replied his honor, "all I can say to you, my dear, is that you are as great a sinner as the birds in a hutch. You've been robbed, madam; the man was a thief; I never sent for my watch; you've been imposed upon, and, as a necessary consequence, the watch is lost forever."

"The trick was a cunning one; and, after a laugh, and the restoration of the judge's good humor by a good dinner, it was resolved actually to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner, and his honor's brothers of the bench to enjoy so dear a morsel. Accordingly, after the adjournment of court next day, they all repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare repast. Scarcely had they entered the *sala* and exchanged salutations, when the lady broke forth with congratulations to his honor upon the recovery of his stolen watch!

"How happy am I," exclaimed she, "that the villain was apprehended."

"Apprehended?" said the judge with surprise.

"You are always talking riddles," he went on. "Explain yourself, my dear. I know nothing of thief, watch, conviction."

"It can't be possible that I have been again deceived," quoth the lady; "but this is the story: About one o'clock to-day, a pale and rather interesting young gentleman, dressed in a seedy suit of black, came to the house in great haste—almost out of breath. He said that he was just from court; that he was one of the clerks; that the great villain who had had the audacity to steal your honor's watch had just been arrested; that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict him, and all that was required to complete it was the turkey, which must be brought into court, and for that he had been sent with a porter by your express orders."

"And you gave it to him?"

"Of course I did! Who could have doubted him, or resisted the orders of a judge?"

"Watch and turkey both gone! Pray, madam, what are we to do for our dinner?"

But the lady had taken care of her guests notwithstanding her simplicity, and the party enjoyed both the joke and their viands.

A KEY TO A PERSON'S NAME

By the accompanying table of letters the name of a person or any word may be easily found out in the following manner:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
C	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z			
E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z				
F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z					
G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z						
H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z							
I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z								
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z									
K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z										
L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z											
M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z												
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z													
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z														
P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z															
Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z																
R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z																	
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z																		
T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z																			
U	V	W	X	Y	Z																				
V	W	X	Y	Z																					
W	X	Y	Z																						
X	Y	Z																							
Y	Z																								
Z																									

Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is contained. If it be found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns, and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time in this way the whole number can be ascertained. For example take the word Jane. J is found in two columns commencing with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; the sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. A appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed with B, D and H; these are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet, which, added, gives the fourteenth, or N, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanation.

SOMETHING FOR YOUNG MEN

Few things in the lives of young men are so impressive, or so full of valuable suggestions, as their frequent lamentations over lost opportunities for mental or moral culture.

In his autobiography, Sir Walter Scott says: "If it should ever fall to the lot of any youth to peruse this piece, let such a youth remember it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities for learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

Edmund Burke grew wise in this respect while it was not too late to retrieve the most of his errors and losses, for before his youth was entirely past he wrote to a friend:—

"What would I give to have my spirits a little more settled! I am too giddy; this is the bane of my life; it hurries me from my studies to trifles, and I am afraid it will hinder me from knowing anything thoroughly. I have a superficial knowledge of many things, but scarcely the bottom of any."

Washington Irving, when giving counsel to a young friend, exclaimed, in the bitterness of his heart,—"How many an hour of hard labor and

studies have I had to subject myself to, to atone for a slight degree of sloth; the hours that I suffered society to cheat me out of."

Even Josiah Quincy, the last man in the world that we should have expected of having wasted a moment in his daily life, laments more than once his "neglect of that mental and moral cultivation which he regards as the noblest of human pursuits." On one occasion he says,—"I resolve, therefore, to be more circumspect, to hoard my moments with a more thrifty spirit, to listen to the suggestions of diligence, and so quicken that spirit of intellectual improvement to which I devote my life."

It will do no young man the least harm to ponder well the lesson to be learned from these eloquent confessions.

AN INGENUOUS INSTRUMENT

Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, produced a clock which excelled all others in ingenuity. On it was seated a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six times on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This wonderful machine was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it.

"The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit. If your Majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the animal's fidelity."

The King took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, barking so loudly that the King's dog, which was in the room, began to bark also. At this the courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they departed. Having desired the Minister of Marine (the only one who ventured to remain) to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the Minister did so, but obtained no reply.

Droz then observed that the negro had not yet learned Spanish, upon which the question was repeated in French, when the negro immediately answered him. At this prodigy the firmness of the Minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being.

LEAP YEAR.

It is remarkable how the ladies keep leap year here, says a New Orleans correspondent. The usual form is gone through with on the streets as well as in the parlor.

On Saturday I attended the matinee at the new Varieties Theatre, and was much amused with the witty freaks of the ladies. Several who had invited gentlemen to accompany them tickets, offered their arm to their company, and seated them in their proper places. The performance over, the lady again offered her arm, and, after a promenade along Canal Street, the usual courtesy would be extended by the lady paying the fare in the street cars.

The other evening, in one of the Baronne Street cars, just about the time there is a great rush and the cars are crowded, an elderly gentleman entered the car. Every seat was occupied, and, as he turned to leave, a lady left her seat, and taking the venerable gentleman by the arm, said, in a low, sweet voice,—"Pray, be seated, sir; take my place."

As he was about to decline, she said,—"No, sir; I insist upon your taking it. This is leap year, you know."

This little action caused many a compliment to pass from the lips of the male passengers.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

A narrow log lay as a bridge over a deep ravine. From the opposite ends of the log, at the same moment, there started to cross it a big Newfoundland dog and a little Italian greyhound; of course they met in the middle; of course there was not room for them to pass, neither could they go back. The height was a dangerous one for the greyhound, and to the water at the bottom he was extremely averse. The Newfoundland could have taken the leap in safety, but evidently did not want to. There was a fix! The little dog sat down on his haunches; stuck his nose straight up in the air, and howled. The Newfoundland stood intent, his face solemn with inward workings. Presently he gave a nudge with his nose to the howling greyhound—as if to say, "Be still, youngster, and listen." Then there was a silence and seeming contabulation for a second or two. Immediately the big dog spread his legs wide apart like a Colossus, bestriding the log on its extreme outer edges, and balancing himself carefully. The little dog sprang through the opening like a flash. When they reached the opposite shores the greyhound broke into frantic gambols of delight, and the Newfoundland, after his more sedate fashion, expressed great complacency in his achievement—as he surely had a right to do.

ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.

Flowers may be arranged either according to the harmony or contrast of colors. Red harmonizes with orange, orange with yellow, violet with red, indigo with violet, blue with indigo, and green with blue. Green is the contrast of red, sky-blue to orange, yellow to violet, blue to orange-red, indigo to orange-yellow, and violet to bluish-green. To find the contrast to any flower, cut a small circular piece out of one of its petals, place it upon white paper, look at it steadily with one eye for a few seconds, without letting the eyelids

close, then look from the colored circle to another part of the white paper, when a circle of another color will be apparent. This color is the true contrast or complimentary color. Taste differs as to whether the effect of arranging the flowers according to contrast or complimentary color is more pleasing to the eye than according to harmonies. The former, however, is the most in favor. To carry it out a blue flower should be placed next an orange flower, a yellow near a violet, and a red or a white should have plenty of foliage around it. White contrasts with blue or orange, or still better with red and pink, but not with yellow or violet.

FAMILY COURTESIES.

In the family, the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children, and your children are bound to please each other, and you are bound to please your servants if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household and nowhere else. We all know such men. They are good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own homes you would have thought they were almost angels; but if you had seen them in the street, in their stores, in the counting-houses, or anywhere else outside of their own homes, you would have thought them almost savage. But the opposite is apt to be the case with others. When among strangers or neighbors they endeavor to act with propriety; but when they get home they say to themselves, "I have played a part long enough, and now I am going to be natural." So they sit down, and are ugly, and snappish, and blunt and disagreeable. They lay aside those little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, and make the hardest things like velvet, and that makes life pleasant. They expend all their politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

THE STORY OF A MAGNIFICENT PAIR OF WHISKERS.

Gentlemen rejoicing in whiskers of the kind which advertising hairdressers term "magnificent," would, it is popularly supposed, as a rule, rather dig than submit to be robbed of a single hair of their cherished adornments. An instance to the contrary, however, occurred a short time since in South London, which exhibits an amount of philosophy on the part of the individual concerned that can scarcely be surpassed. A party of friends were standing at a public-house bar, showing by their merriment that they were, vulgarly speaking, "spreesibly inclined." Whilst so engaged, a of prodigious length and graceful droop, entered the house. The wag of the party, thinking there was a capital opportunity to show off his wit before his friends, began to "chaff" the stranger about his whiskers, ending his badinage with asking him "How much he would take for them?" The stranger replied that he had never had an offer, consequently he could scarcely fix a price. "Will you take five pounds?" said the wag, winking at his companions. The owner of the whiskers at once closed with the offer, but stipulated that the money should be produced. The joker, thinking, of course, that his money was perfectly safe, complied with the requests, and the stranger, inquiring for a pair of scissors, cut off his whiskers, presented them to the astonished jester, and took up the money. The rash speculator, finding that he had been "sold," feebly protested that it was "only in fun," but in vain; his own friends were against him, and upheld the bargain as a fair one. His dignest was not lessened when the stranger coolly added "that he was glad he had found some one to take his whiskers, for he was going on the stage, and did not want them any longer."—South London Press.

WHAT JOSH BILLINGS KNOWS ABOUT HOTELS.

Hotels are houses of refuge, the married man's retreat, the bachelor's paradise. Good landlords are like good stepmothers—they know their business and do it. They knew your wife's father when he was living, and your first wife—but they never mention her before your second. Hotels are connected in most minds with hash. Hash is made of cast-off meals, and has done more to nourish the present generation than any other kind of mixed food. A nice little tenderloin steak, a few baked potatoes, a couple of pieces of pie, some doughnuts, a few biscuits, and—hash does very well for breakfast.

Many hotels are kept on the European plan, but the majority of them on none at all. Everybody knows what a hotel room is like—how boiling over with comfort it is, and how it makes people who occupy it think about home. It generally measures about thirteen feet seven inches by nine feet four. There are two pegs to hang clothes on—one broken off and the other pulled out. The bell rope broken off just six inches beyond reach. There are no curtains, for what good could they be. You couldn't see out. The bureau has three legs, and the looking-glass hangs by one pivot. The bed is made of slats and a very thin mattress. You have to go to bed sideways, as when you get in you go down on the slats. A piece of beefsteak on the bars of a grill-iron.

Smart boys in Quincy, Ill., cut off rats tails, plant them in flower pots, and sell them to unsophisticated florists as a new species of cactus.

NOTICE.

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

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

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 x Months 1 00
 Single copies 5c

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 J. S. WILLIAMS,
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GEO. JEFFREY,
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No 9 Terauley Street.
 For the past twenty-nine years an employer of the late firm of Messrs. Jacques & Hay
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The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1872.

ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE!

When a large piece of stone is about to be raised to an elevation, it often happens that it slips through the grappels which clutch it owing to the frangible sides of the stone giving way, in which case the very density of the mass causes the stone to descend suddenly to the ground. Now what they pleased to make it.

What they pleased to make it.

We hail the formation of the Canadian Labor Protective and Mutual Improvement Association as a step in the right direction, and a tangible symptom that the lessons just taught are beginning already to bear fruits in the way of the producers of the country's wealth—the inspiration of concert. The work of co-operation, only yet in its infancy in this country, demands the immediate and earnest attention of every worker in the Dominion. Let each and all be inspired with deep earnestness and ever increasing anxiety for the cause, let there be no shirking from social responsibilities, but an enthusiastic willingness to participate in the labors as well as the advantages flowing from a proper mode of organization. Our recent experience has surely efficiently taught us the necessity of resting only on our own resources. The lesson of self-reliance is a very valuable and important lesson indeed, and cannot fail to be productive of good results. Concentration of action is one of the most powerful elements for good, if wisely adopted by the workmen of Canada. Whatever position they have the fitness for and right to, and what they may now receive as a gift, they will be able to assume.

We are of opinion that there never was an invention of the working classes for improving their position more natural and more defensible than the formation of Trades Unions: and never was there a period in Canadian history when their power and influence could have been exercised to better purpose than the present. Deploring as we do the bitter heart-burnings and violent spirit of animosity which have at times raged throughout the industrial world, and which is now assuming a serious aspect within the pale of Canadian society, we cannot but ascribe the responsibility—mainly to a want of genial sympathy among the young capitalists of our country, a want occasioned by unfortunate estrangements between employer and employed. We cannot resist deploring the existence of that broad and yawning social chasm which relentlessly divides the two great sections of industrial society—and all the more is this to be lamented when we consider the manifest obstinacy on the part of the employers to meet the employed in anything like a conciliatory spirit; they are too much prompt-

ed by an extravagant and selfish desire to secure a copious share of the country's wealth.

To honorably acquire wealth is a great thing, and to make a good and noble use of the wealth so acquired is greater still. But, too frequently the fortunes acquired in business are thoughtlessly expended in objects which leave out of sight the interests of those who have assisted in the production of the wealth so acquired. Availing himself of the narrow interpretation of the few simple laws which regulate the relations between capital and labor, the selfish and covetous wealth-seeker bestows not a thought upon those whose labor has helped to swell his riches.

It is more than time that the operatives of this country should learn the important lesson that such consideration, and the passing events of our times, are calculated to teach—and that great lesson is the urgent necessity of associating together for mutual protection and support in order to secure and sustain the true nobility of labor. That our employers are arraigned in full force against the progress of the workman, is a lamentable but undeniable fact. But what can all their disreputable efforts amount to if unity is established upon a substantial basis among the producers. The many disadvantages of disunion must be apparent to every reflective mind, and until workingmen see their way to come together in unity, their social elevation is hopeless.

The progress made in intelligence must be a matter of pride to all who desire to witness the advancement of workingmen; and if they had habits of organization commensurate with their general intelligence, they need not wait long to realize a material improvement in their position. We have long held the opinion that if to their increased intelligence the toilers of Canada add the rare and valuable art of association, which so many suppose themselves to understand, and so few display, the future of our industrial class would be a bright one.

We hail the formation of the Canadian Labor Protective and Mutual Improvement Association as a step in the right direction, and a tangible symptom that the lessons just taught are beginning already to bear fruits in the way of the producers of the country's wealth—the inspiration of concert. The work of co-operation, only yet in its infancy in this country, demands the immediate and earnest attention of every worker in the Dominion. Let each and all be inspired with deep earnestness and ever increasing anxiety for the cause, let there be no shirking from social responsibilities, but an enthusiastic willingness to participate in the labors as well as the advantages flowing from a proper mode of organization. Our recent experience has surely efficiently taught us the necessity of resting only on our own resources. The lesson of self-reliance is a very valuable and important lesson indeed, and cannot fail to be productive of good results. Concentration of action is one of the most powerful elements for good, if wisely adopted by the workmen of Canada. Whatever position they have the fitness for and right to, and what they may now receive as a gift, they will be able to assume.

In the name of the dignity and sacredness of labor, we hope the day will come when this will be the case; and we shall be proud if the influence of this Journal shall contribute to it.

VARNISHERS AND POLISHERS.

"Any fair and reasonable increase of remuneration would not have been objected to." So said the *Globe* in an article last week. On Friday of last week the varnishers and polishers in connection with the firm of Hay & Co., requested an advance of ten per cent on wages without a reduction of time. But in this case, this "reasonable increase of remuneration" was objected to very decidedly, and in consequence the men struck work. We believe some twenty men are out—all the others in connection with the Union being at work at the increased scale.

EARLY CLOSING.

Now that, to a very great extent the workingmen of this city have gained the short-time movement, either in the shape of a half holiday on Saturday, or less time each day, we think they ought to be consistent, and endeavor to obtain for others similar advantages—or, if not obtain, at least not to stand in the way of other classes obtaining them. The classes to which we now refer are those who will be benefitted by the early closing movement—the clerk, the shopman and other subordinates. We do not see that any reason exists why this class should be cooped up from 7 in the morning till nine and even ten o'clock at night,—and in too many instances these long hours have to be undergone for a mere pittance only sufficient to keep soul and body together.

But we are frequently met with the remark; that the very class who are now, to some extent, reaping the benefit of shorter hours are those who are the means of keeping these stores open so late,—and that the remedy lies more with the storekeepers themselves than with the general public; that if the storekeepers wish to close early, they can do so, and the public can govern themselves accordingly. This may be true to some extent, but, unfortunately, it is not the storekeepers that suffers through the long hours, but their assistants, and where there might be here and there those who would be very willing to grant a brief respite to their clerks and other assistants did the system become general; yet, because there are so many who would take advantage of their generosity, competition would become uneven, and their business perhaps suffer in consequence.

We think the true remedy lies very much in the hands of the working classes, and if they would only make up their minds and persistently refuse to purchase after 6 o'clock, or 7 at the latest, the early closing system would be easily general. The experiment could easily be tried, and we would earnestly impress upon the working classes the justice of this plan. Let the matter be seriously taken in hand and acted upon at once—and very soon the classes to whom we have referred will be enjoying the benefit of an hour or two taken from the toil of service, while the public will not in the slightest possible manner suffer any inconvenience.

We are glad to notice that in more than one instance the early closing system is being adopted. The Butchers' Association have come to the determination of closing their shops at 7 o'clock each evening, Saturdays excepted. This example has been followed to a partial extent by the grocers of the west part of the city. But why should this movement be confined to the west? Let not only the grocers of the east, but all classes of storekeepers take the matter up; and none will be the worse off in the end, but a large class of intelligent employees very much the better.

THE STRIKES IN THE STATES.

The position of affairs, in connection with the uprising of labor continues to be an all-absorbing topic, and engrosses considerable of the public attention. The agitation is going on vigorously as ever, and though large numbers of firms in the various branches of industry have been reported as having conceded the eight-hour system of labor, the strikes seem to be assuming larger and more extended proportions, and the arena of the conflict may now be said to range from New York to Buffalo. We reproduce from the *New York Sun* a somewhat lengthy account of the transactions of the week, and from its perusal our readers will see that the struggle is obstinate and determined, and likely to be continued for some time.

It is to be regretted, however, that the struggle has assumed so serious a phase. In more than one case the police and the men on strike have come into collision, and in more than one in-

stance blood has flowed. This is a state of things with which we are sure no sympathy can be felt among the working classes generally here, who will only regret that the same moderation that characterized the short-time movement in our midst should not have been exhibited on the other side of the lines. But a judgment must not be too hastily formed as to at whose door the blame is to be laid. Though many of the papers would attribute the cause solely to the men on strike, yet other journals who take a more independent view of affairs are somewhat of a different mind; and as far as we can learn the sentiment of the entire laboring population of New York city is that they have been grossly outraged by an unwarranted interference of the police, and are demanding a thorough investigation. As corroborative of this latter assertion, we give the following statement of a spectator of the collision in Jersey City as given to the *Sun* reporter:—

"I was standing in front of the liquor store with Connolly, Powers, my brother, Martin Johnson, and half a dozen others. We had just quit work, and had stopped for a glass of beer. We had nothing to do with the strike. Along came Policeman James Gervey. He gave me a punch in the stomach with his club, and told us go along. We told him we were not in the way, and doing no harm. He ordered Sellholz to close his saloon. Sellholz told him that he would not close it. My brother told Gervey if he punched him with the club like he did me, he would not stand it. Gervey struck him with the club, and we all ran into the saloon and barred the door. Gervey called other policemen and burst open the door. They began clubbing us. The only blow I saw directed toward a policeman was given by Mat Powers, who struck Eaton on the head with a bung-starter. The police all set on Powers, knocked him down, and clubbed him all the way to the station house. We all ran out, when they began clubbing us. They marched Connolly, Powers, and my brother to the station house."

It is said further, that the iron and metal workers have resolved to prosecute Police Capt. Caffrey, for refusing to listen to the complaint of one of their members who was struck with a heavy metal bar.

The strikes continue to spread, and now but few trades but are agitating for the eight hours.

THE NIAGARA CAMP.

The volunteers at Niagara have now settled down to their "soldier's life." For the first day or two things were rather unpleasant, what with the confusion, and the rain, and some few being short of blankets, etc., but these inconveniences having been overcome, the men settled down to camp life, and the men generally are contented, and when not "on duty" enjoy themselves in athletic and other sports. A sad accident occurred at the camp on Sunday. A young man connected with the 13th Battalion (Hamilton) was drowned while bathing. This naturally cast a gloom over the camp.

The arrangements this year are generally satisfactory, everything being better organized and managed than on the last occasion.

GENEROUS.

It affords us pleasure to notice the fact that Mr. Harding, plumber and gas-fitter—one of the largest employers in his line in the city—has followed the rule that is now becoming almost general, and granted to his employers the Saturday half-holiday, without any reduction in the rate of wages, or even, we believe, without any solicitations on their part. This generosity is highly commendable, and cannot fail to enhance the good feeling that has prevailed between Mr. Harding and his employees. We are quite confident the men will put forth every effort to show their appreciation, and will demonstrate to Mr. Harding that he will have no cause to regret the step he has just taken. We hope the good feeling existing between employer and employed in this shop will long continue.

The officers and members of the Cigarmakers' Union, of this city, intend holding a picnic on Monday, July 15th, at West Lodge Gardens.

BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.

We are glad to know that the difficulties recently existing between the Bricklayers' and Masons' Union of this city and their employers, have been amicably settled by an honorable compromise, on the following basis: the men are to receive twenty-five cents per day extra, and allowed to take a half holiday on Saturdays. The men resumed work on Wednesday morning, with the following firms: Messrs. Elliott, Central Prison; Esson, Union Station; Herbert, Crozier & Campbell, Hegan, Galley and W. J. Hughes. Some one or two firms, we understand, yet remain out, but the probability is, as far as we can learn, when they will wish to resume work the men will not be had, as a number left the city, and those who remained will go on the works above mentioned.

TRADES' ASSEMBLY PIC-NIC.

The workingmen's second annual picnic, under the auspices of the Trades' Assembly, will be held in the Carlton Grove, on Dominion day. Preliminary arrangements are in the hands of an active working committee, who have already secured a large number of handsome prizes, to be competed for in various athletic sports. No efforts will be spared to make the occasion one of interest and enjoyment to all who may participate, and nothing but fine weather will be required to make the forthcoming picnic one of the largest and most successful ever held by the workingmen of this city. We shall be able to give further particulars at a future day.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Owing to an unavoidable delay in receiving the author's introduction to the new story, we are obliged to postpone its first appearance until next week.

THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

Boston, June 17.—The first day of the International Peace Jubilee opened with delightful weather and brilliant prospects of success. The reception procession for all visiting bands except the French, which had its reception last week, formed at eight o'clock, and embraced a delegation of all English, Scotch and German societies generally. The 1st regiment acted as escort, with a cavalry battalion and the Boston fusiliers.

Dense crowds thronged the sidewalks and the windows along the whole route. The visitors received a hearty welcome.

People are pouring into the city by all conveyances. Every State and Territory is represented in the chorus already.

The city is decorated with flags, and nearly all business is suspended.

Boston, June 18.—The Grenadier Band arrived on Monday at 5.15. They left their hotel for the Common at half-past nine in full uniform, escorted by the English reception committee. A line was formed there of all the Scotch and British societies, the Horse Guards and Fusiliers. In all there were fifteen hundred in the procession, which moved slowly. There were immense crowds everywhere. The band was cheered heartily, and often hemmed in by crowds eager to welcome them. The Mayor received them at the City Hall, and offered them the city's hospitality at the Parker House. The procession then continued through the principal streets to the Warwick House. There addresses from the British residents were presented, at the conclusion of which the band played "God Save the Queen." Lieut.-Col. Fluedoyr and Dan Godfrey responded for the band appropriately. The band then went on the balcony and played "The Star Spangled Banner," "St. Patrick's Day" and "Auld Lang Syne." The crowd numbered fully 5,000. The address was written by Herbert Radcliffe, Secretary of the British Reception Committee, and was delivered by Ebenezer M. Watson, President, and will be forwarded, on the return of the band, to H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.

To-day (Tuesday) is the English day of the Jubilee. Godfrey and the Guards' Band appeared and performed a "pot pourri" of Godfrey's waltz, and "God Save the Queen." The latter was so applauded that the band played the "Star Spangled Banner," and the first note brought forth wild cheers, the audience rising to their feet. It was an immense ovation. There were deafening cheers for Godfrey. "Hail Columbia" followed.

The grandest effect as yet of the Jubilee was the rendering of "God Save the Queen" by the full chorus of 20,000 voices, with the solo by Madame Ermina Rudersdorff, accompanied by the Grenadier Guards' Band and an orchestra of 1,000 performers, the military band of 1,000, a full corps of drums, all the bells of Boston in chime, and several batteries of artillery fired by electricity.

THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

GENEVA, June 17.—Count Schopes, President of the Tribunal of Arbitration, did not propose an adjournment of the Court on Saturday, as it was reported he would do. The summary of the British argument was accompanied by a protest reserving the right of England to withdraw from arbitration if negotiations with the American Government relative to indirect claims fail to result satisfactorily to the government of the former country. Proceedings before the Tribunal of Arbitration are carried on partly in English and partly in French. Hopeful expectations of the result of the arbitration are raised.

A Herald special from Geneva says the proposition for adjournment is the subject now before the tribunal, and will occupy the arbitrators all Monday, and perhaps longer, as the purpose of the session on Monday is to hear the argument on this point. The arguments on both sides may be extended. Many delicate issues will also be raised for the judges, who will not determine hastily. The former despatch, that the English argument was not presented on Saturday, may be relied on. The American argument was presented to the Court in an octavo volume of 600 or 700 pages, with a smaller supplementary volume printed only in the English language, and the American agent declared himself ready to proceed. The Americans are fully instructed in every step, but the English are drifting, and it is impossible to say with what result, availing themselves of every chance to ascertain the temper of the Court, and how far the Americans will go in conceding further time for adjournment.

NEW YORK, June 18.—A World's special, dated Geneva, June 17th, says: "Notwithstanding all denials, the English argument was submitted on Saturday, upon the suggestion of Count Schopes that the pleadings should not be considered final, and the English declaration of withdrawal might subsequently be presented. The Tribunal has adjourned until Wednesday, owing to the delay of Americans. The Court is strongly inclined to grant England's request for an adjournment."

NEW YORK, June 18.—A Herald special from Geneva says that the English are resolute for eight months' adjournment, and the indications are that, if this is not granted, they will withdraw from the arbitration. This the Americans will not concede, though a shorter adjournment might be accepted. Very little business was transacted before the Board to-day, besides the announcement of Mr. Davis of the non-reception of instructions from his Government. There is some reason to believe that the main difficulty in the arbitration has been found, and that a basis has been reached, upon which it is possible to continue the arbitration. The English agents received on Sunday night a long despatch from the Government, and subsequently a meeting and long conversation took place between Sir Roundell Palmer and Mr. William M. Ewart. News has been published here that Lord Granville had stated in the House of Lords that the English agents would present a summary of the English argument before the Board, but Lord Granville's subsequent explanation was not generally known here. This statement, therefore, greatly mystified both sides, as no summary had been presented. English agents wondering how such a summary could have been presented without their knowledge. At a meeting between Sir Roundell Palmer and Mr. Ewart, all this was explained, and a distinct understanding was had upon other points of the despatch. The different members are making preparations to stay a considerable period.

INDEPENDENCE.

The London Times is determined that Canada shall be removed from the list of England's colonial possessions, and become a free and independent nation. At the close of a long article, in speaking of the Treaty of Washington the Times says:—

"We shall, of course, guarantee the loan of \$2,500,000. It is the only repayment we can offer for having thrown overboard the Fenian claims at Washington; though we believe the proposed guarantee of the projected Pacific Railway to be a very doubtful kindness. But the question provoked at every stage of the discussion is, how long are we to go on affecting to defend the interests of Canada, while, in truth, we have neither the knowledge nor ability to protect? Is there nothing in the precedent of Portugal or Brazil which might be considered with advantage in respect of Canada and England? We keep up the form of governing Canada from England; but, whenever it becomes a reality, Canada suffers, and the maintenance of the form has the effect of keeping the statesmen and people of Canada in a condition of dependence, if not of pupillage. When youths become men their fathers emancipate them, to the benefit of the world, and in the interests of affectionate feeling between them both; and what is true of men in this respect is also true of nations."

The last sentence is the one which is pertinent to our subject. Although very plain, its enlarged meaning is that as England has guarded Canada until in a shape to be a nation by herself, as she has watched her grow until Englishmen no longer know Canadian ways, and as Canadians can shift better for themselves if emancipated, it is time England tells her "go and paddle your own canoe." The Times having repeated this advice so often during the last sixty days, there appears to us a peculiar significance with the fact.

A Grand Moonlight Excursion, around the Bay, will be given by the McCaw No. 15, in aid of the Fife and Drum Band, on board the steamer "Princess of Wales," on Friday evening, 28th instant. Every effort will be made to make the occasion pleasant and profitable to all who may participate.

Communications.

THE PRINTERS' STRIKE.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman. Sir,—Will you please insert the following refutation of a misrepresentation which appeared in the Hamilton Standard in reference to the Printers' strike?—

It is unnecessary for me to say that the Globe embraces every opportunity to stigmatize the nine hours movement and Trades' Unions of this Province. Any movement, be it local or general, which has for its object the amelioration of the mechanic, savours strongly of gall and wormwood to the palate of the editor and chief of the anti-Trades' Union organ in this city. Country exchanges, which happen from unauthentic sources, to misrepresent the Printers' strike in Toronto, are anxiously scanned, and if, perchance, there appears an editorial note of an unfavorable nature, it is eagerly culled and prominently placed in the newspaper, so that it may catch the eye. The following untruthful paragraph from the Hamilton Standard, appeared in the Globe a few days ago:—

"The Hamilton Standard, the acknowledged organ of the 'nine hours league' and exponent of the movement, in referring to the Printers' strike in Toronto, says:—'The Printers' strike in Toronto for the nine hours has collapsed, as we learn that, at a full meeting of the Printers' Union on Saturday night, a vote was carried with only two dissentients, declaring that all the printing offices in the city are open to work in. Other Trade Unions have not given the proffered support. The Globe has triumphed. It is now a non-union office, and many of the men who professed to be unionists have gone to work there. The fact is, the Printers' strike was ill-advised, and has consequently resulted in defeat and great pecuniary loss.'"

I would give the Standard to understand it has been misinformed. Not one sentence of the above paragraph is true. Thirty-three and one-third cents per thousand for morning newspaper compositors, and \$10 per week of 54 hours, with 25c per hour overtime for job printers, constitutes the Union scale of prices. This is what the Printers struck for—and gained. Twelve of the principal offices of the city are strictly union, and are paying this scale to one hundred and sixty members of the Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91. In the face of these facts, has the Printers' strike for the nine hours "collapsed"?

It would seem that the Standard would wish to convey the idea that many of the men who profess to be unionists have gone back to work under the rules of the "Master Printers' Association." Let me say a word or two here. At the last regular meeting of the Union a vote was carried, allowing union men to work, under special permit, in all offices giving the Union scale. Only two men have gone to work under this arrangement. Four offices as yet do not openly recognize the nine hours' system, and technically evade the principles of the Union by complicated and chess-board manoeuvres, whereby they desire to classify workmen like thorough-bred cattle. This is not in calling with the spirit of the Printers' Union. A standard scale of prices is laid down to go by, and if a man is not worth that rate, his employer decidedly has the option of discharging him. From the simple fact that there is not a union printer in the city out of work on account of the strike, and that the Globe is under the necessity of peddling its job work around to union offices to be done by union men; and from the fact that the establishment which has the contract for publishing the Journal of Education has not issued that journal since last March, should prove to all sensible proprietors and editors of newspapers at a distance that the Toronto Typographical Union "has triumphed."—Yours, &c.,

JOHN ARMSTRONG, Vice-President, Toronto Typo. Union.

PEMBROKE CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

Sir,—Thinking it might not be out of place to send you a few items from our rising and prosperous town, I take the liberty of sending you the following, and hope you will give them a place in the columns of your paper. The building operations in this town are very brisk and have been ever since the winter gave way to spring. The number of buildings under construction are very numerous, embracing every description, from the shanty to the city mansion. The weather is splendid. Workmen are plentiful, who get fair wages, but there is plenty of room for more. The stock of material is not over plenty. Bricks are in active demand, at \$7 to \$7.50 per 1,000, of not an extra quality, but good.

The wages for the various branches of trade are as follows:—Stonecutters, from \$3.00 to \$3.75 per day; masons, \$2.75 to \$3.00; carpenters, \$1.75 to \$3.50; bricklayers, \$2.75 to \$3.25; painters, same as Toronto; blacksmiths, same as Toronto; plasterers, same as Toronto; laborers, \$1.50 to \$2.00.—I remains yours,

YOUNG CANADA.

Pembroke, Ont., June 13, 1872.

A Grand Temperance Entertainment will be held, under the auspices of the Nassmith Temple No. 240 I. O. G. T., in the Temperance Hall, on Wednesday evening, 26th instant, at eight o'clock. One of the features of the occasion will be an address from Mr. G. McFedries, P. W. G. T., and P. D. of the order, on the interesting topic of "Reminiscences of my late visit to the British Isle." Mr. McFedries has the reputation of a fluent and talented speaker, and the subject cannot fail to be interesting and instructive.

A Little Rock church fair voted a young woman a bed-room set of furniture on condition that if she was not married within a year the furniture was to be returned to the church. She was married within a week.

THE UPRISING OF LABOR.

(From the New York Sun, June 14.) THE GREAT STRIKE OF THE IRON AND METAL WORKERS.

The great strike of 15,000 iron and metal workers was begun yesterday. The men demanded eight hours or an advance of twenty per cent. Perfectly organized, they went to work like veterans and gained much advantage ground yesterday. They are backed by the Society of the Amalgamated Engineers and Blacksmiths, and the Machinists' Union headquarters, in the Bowery Germania Assembly Rooms, was completely filled yesterday, and a more determined set of men it would be difficult to find.

A resolution was adopted providing for the enlistment of all members of the craft in the States and Canada.

It was reported amid great enthusiasm that the men on the Hudson River and Harlem Railway shops, 300 strong, had joined the strike.

The committee reports were all favorable to an early conclusion of the strike, the employers in almost every instance acknowledging that the movement would be successful, but none cared to be the first to accede.

In Harmon's shop, Williamsburgh, two men remain on ten hours. They were hissed. The men are nearly all drawn from the shops. The following named have acceded:

Collins, Brooklyn; Woodard, Mannel Pump Co.; Crowley, Foster, Robinson, Brooklyn; Fletcher & Harrison, Albion Iron Works, Bliss & Williams, Smith & Baker, Stevens & McLean, Hydraulic Machine Co., Cormas, Goodyear, Brooklyn; Vulcan Works.

A NEW STRIKE YESTERDAY.

Five thousand boiler makers of the city began strike yesterday. They are united in this movement, although they have had no previous organization. At the meeting last evening it was said that Secor, Twentieth street, Albany Street Iron Works, Fletcher & Howe, Carney, and Fox, of Thirty-fourth street, had ordered their men to go to work at eight hours this morning.

Preparations were made for a permanent organization, which shall include boiler makers of the city and vicinity.

THE BRASS WORKERS ON STRIKE.

The workers of brass were in session all yesterday in Fourth street. They have drawn every member of their craft from the shops, and are so firmly united that success is confidently predicted. They already report Howson, Dunnington & Riley, Woodward & Kenton as conceding eight hours. Their evening meeting was largely attended and enthusiastic. Reports from various localities were received and cheered lustily, being in every instance favorable. Their demand is for eight hours or 20 per cent on piece work. There are 800 brass workers on strike.

THE SEWING MACHINE FIGHT TO BE RENEWED.

The sewing machine men met as usual yesterday. Those on strike from the Howe factory communicated with Mr. Taylor, the Superintendent, who said he would give the eight hours or twenty per cent, if the Singer manu-

factory would do the same. He also said he was not particular whether they worked ten hours or six hours, or were paid ten per cent. or thirty per cent. additional, if the movement was only made general. The Howe men, will, therefore, join with the Singer employees in their fight against the ten hour system. Singers factory opens on Monday, and then a demonstration is to be made to induce ten-hour men to come out.

The Etna Works men sent word that they were out on strike for eight hours, and would hold out. A joint committee of Singer and Howe men started for Bridgeport last evening with the view of inducing the operatives in the Howe and Wheeler and Wilson manufactories there to turn out. There are 2,500 sewing machine hands employed at Bridgeport.

(From the New York Sun, June 15.)

A STRIKE EXTENDING FROM NEW YORK TO BUFFALO.

The 15,000 iron and metal workers on strike gained substantial success yesterday. Many of the shops granted the eight hours to day workers, and an advance of 20 per cent. to piece hands. Several additional shops joined in with the strikers. At an early hour yesterday the men employed in the Long Island Railroad shops, 100 strong, quit work, and the establishment is closed. The men who have struck from the Hudson River Railroad shop, being desirous of communicating with the railroad shops in Albany and Buffalo, sent committees to the telegraph office five or six times yesterday. The delegations returned, saying they could not get a message through, and condemned the Western Union Company for siding with the capitalists and suppressing their despatches. A lively debate sprung up, during which the company was roundly abused. A special committee was despatched to Albany to endeavor to enlist the men there in the strike. Arrangements were made which will insure communication with the Syracuse and Buffalo shops.

It was reported that in Havemeyers & Elder's sugar refinery, two of the machinists remained working ten hours. Nearly all the other machinists in the city are either on strike or working under the eight hour system.

The men from John Roach's shop are all out, and have taken measures to enlist the employees, 2,000 in number, in his Chester, Pa., ship-building establishment, to join them in the demand for eight hours.

STRIKE WITH AN IRON BAR.

In the establishment of First & Prybil, Fortieth street and Tenth avenue, was a lively fight. A committee visiting the shop were quietly discussing the eight-hour question with the men, when Prybil rushed into the room, and began pounding Henry McKavanaugh with a bar of iron four or five feet long. McKavanaugh in defence seized Prybil, and pinned him against the wall. One of the eight hour men wrested the bar from his grasp. A workman employed in the shop seized McKavanaugh and threw him down a flight of stairs. The committee then withdrew, bearing the bar as a trophy. This being communicated to the society, it was resolved to prosecute Prybil, and preliminary steps were immediately taken. McKavanaugh's face is badly bruised.

Hiram Maxim of Brooklyn advertised for machinists, agreeing to pay fifty cents an hour. Several discharged strikers waited upon him. He asked if they were ten-hour men. Receiving a negative answer, he drew a revolver and ordered them out of the shop, saying, as he flourished the weapon in their faces, "That's what will defend my ten hour men."

STRIKE IN THE CAR SHOPS FROM NEW YORK TO BUFFALO.

The Machinists and Blacksmiths in connection with the N. Y. Central and Hudson River Railroad met last evening, and adopted resolutions in favor of the eight hours, and will withhold their services until the company agree to carry out the provisions of the eight hour law. This will probably cause the strike to extend to Buffalo, and it is expected that 7,600 men will strike.

(From the N. Y. Sun, June 17.)

On Friday evening the Steinway piano manufactory men on strike, having secured the co-operation of several other organizations, resolved to make a demonstration and prevent men from going to work on Saturday. Accordingly, before 6 o'clock on Saturday morning, several hundred strikers gathered near the factory. Capt. Gunner, who had been apprised of the movement, was there with a platoon of policemen. He was shortly afterwards reinforced by Capt. Cameron and Williamson with a battalion of 400 men. Superintendent Kelso commanded, with Inspector Dilks as an aid.

A THREAT TO DEMOLISH THE FACTORY.

The strikers threatened to tear down the factory and prevent the resumption of work at any cost. Employees attempting to enter the building were buttonholed and threatened. Many were forcibly detained. The strikers were repeatedly warned by Superintendent Kelso, but as they did not heed the caution, the police were ordered to disperse the crowd.

THE CHARGE OF THE POLICE.

The entire force was collected and a charge was made. Advancing on the double quick down Fifty-third street toward Lexington avenue, the police drove the crowd before them. About 150 strikers defiantly stood their ground, but the policemen's clubs were seen to descend with the rapidity of lightning, and the strikers were quickly routed. Many

of them were severely bruised, one arm was broken, and one man carried into a drug store unconscious. This ended the demonstration on Steinway's establishment. A strong police force guarded the building during the remainder of the day, Superintendent Kelso making it his headquarters.

THE FIGHT IN FORTY-SECOND STREET.

Two hours later a crowd of 200 strikers gathered around the furniture manufactory of Phyle & Graham, Forty-second street. This firm has contracted with Newark workmen to supply the places of strikers. The latter threatened to stop the machinery and clean out the engine-room. Men about to resume work were threatened. Superintendent Kelso, at the head of a large force, was quickly on the ground, and the scene at Steinway's was re-enacted. The men were vigorously clubbed, and retreated, swearing vengeance. The policemen followed them on the double quick permitting none to loiter in the neighborhood.

THE INDIGNATION OF THE STRIKERS.

The men are naturally indignant. They say their mission was a peaceable one, and that force was not intended.

BLOODSHED IN JERSEY CITY.

On Saturday evening about four hundred of the men employed in Natthiesen & Wincher's sugar refinery, Jersey City, struck for \$2.50 a day. They had been getting \$1.60. They say that their labor is most severe. They work where the heat is intense, and are compelled to strip to the waist. There was a lack of unanimity among the men, and as the gangs changed work the strikers endeavored to persuade all to quit. A large crowd assembled about the refinery. Nearly every man of the five hundred employed was in the street earnestly expressing his opinion. The superintendent of the refinery despatched a messenger to Police Headquarters, announcing a riot imminent. A squad of fifty policemen hastened to the scene.

THE CHARGE OF THE POLICE.

These officers were ordered to disperse the crowd, and in doing this they used their clubs vigorously. The men were forced down the street. A stand was made in front of the liquor store of Henry Sellholz. The officers ordered the men to disperse. The men retreated into the liquor store, where they defied the police. It was decided to clean out the store. The door was burst open, and a general fight begun. The police arrested Martin Johnson, Thomas Connelly, and Matthew Powers, after a lively tussle.

OFFICER EATON MORTALLY WOUNDED.

During the melee Powers struck Officer Eaton two stunning blows on the head with a bung starter, wounding him, it is thought, fatally. The riot was soon quelled. The police say they were threatened and bullied. In the saloon the men defied them, and on their attempt to arrest Connelly the whole gang attacked them. They were compelled to use their clubs in self-defence. They say they would have been justified in shooting the ringleaders. They declare a riot was imminent when they charged on the crowd, and that if the gang in the liquor store had not been dispersed, extreme measures would have been taken to insure the stoppage of work in the refinery.

AGRICULTURAL AFFRAY.

The London Echo reports a meeting of agricultural laborers, at which about 1,000 were present, which was held at Yaxley, a village in Huntingdonshire, and ended in a serious riot between the laborers and the farmers. The women engaged on farms for the first time came to the front in a determined way. A Chairman being appointed from the men present, Mr. Savage proceeded to address the assembly, when a number of farmers, their sons and friends, marched on to the green, having in each hand bird-clappers, and drowned the voice of the speaker. The disturbance was patiently borne until the laborers had taken the measure of the farmers present, when a message was sent to them that they had better leave the men alone, or it would fare badly with them. The answer to this was a renewal of the clapper din. As soon as speech could be heard, a stalwart laborer shouted, "Nolls, we can stand this do longer," and with one action the "Nolls" made a furious charge on the farmers. The young farmers stood the fight bravely, many of the laborers not desiring to hurt their masters; but the strangers from the other farms were not so mercifully disposed, and the bird-clappers were most unsparingly used on the heads, backs, and legs of the young and old squires. Blood flowed freely on each side, when, pressed by superior numbers and strength, the farmers fled for their lives. They were chased, thumped and knocked down, from the green into the town, where another hand-to-hand fight took place, until the landlords of the public houses and the tradesmen came to their rescue. The fight being over, the meeting again resumed, when some of the men spoke more hotly than before, and the contest appears to have made them determined not to accept the offer made by many masters of 14s. a week, but to go in for more. The women who were engaged in the affray gave their husbands some trouble to quiet them and prevent a further attack on the farmers in their homesteads. A number of men and women were enrolled, and in the end the laborers dispersed peaceably, refusing to go into the public houses by the advice of the delegates, lest a further riot should occur.

A SENSIBLE LETTER.

The following letter, addressed to the editor of the N. Y. Star, will, we are sure, be perused with interest by our readers:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 20.

The workmen of this vicinity are observing the Eight hour movement in New York with almost breathless interest, for you are fighting our battle as well as your own, and this fact must excuse the liberty taken in writing this note.

I wish to "reinforce" the wise words just telegraphed from the New York Star in relation to "over-work," for they go to the very heart of the greatest danger that impends the trades, which have already secured the eight hour system.

The words I copy from the Star are as follows:—

"The shortening of the hours of labor was desired chiefly that the workmen might have leisure to improve their minds, see more of their families, and indulge in pleasant recreation. We don't propose to read the workmen a lecture, but we hope the "mental gain" will not be lost sight of through greed for greenbacks; or, in other words, that those who have clamored for eight hours will not work ten for the sake of making money. Such action would not be consistent. We are led to these remarks by the report that many of the men who struck for the eight hour system are working the other two hours "over-time," and thus keeping men who are seeking employment out of work."

The best service our friends in New York can ever do for the cause, is to secure a frequent reading of your editorial on this danger in all the Trade Unions of your vicinity!

DANGER FROM OVER-WORK.

It is true that where nearly all are working on eight hours for a day's labor, that a very few may obtain extra compensation by working two hours more than the usual time. But reflection ought to teach "over-workers" that their extra pay will be sure to cease, whenever a sufficient number of laborers follow their example, to make over-work the regular work.

When extra labor becomes regular labor, extra compensation stops, and extra labor will soon become regular if a considerable number continue to work ten hours under a system calling itself "extra hours."

Very much of the value of the eight hour system will be in its regularity. Its moral and its pecuniary benefits will depend upon its permanence. If too much of the laborer's time is occupied in the struggle for its preservation, not much will be left to establish homes further out of town or for social and moral improvements. The over-work of a few means the insecurity of the many.

"Well," says the man of all work and no play, "must I be tied down to just the hours and earnings that satisfy nineteen out of twenty common workmen? Haven't I a right to sell my time exactly as I please?"

Certainly my friend, we are only discussing the effect upon yourself and your comrades, and upon prices, in case you exercise this right, just at this juncture. Your idea in working two hours a day extra is not to break down the eight hour system, but to obtain still more money; and this is exactly what most men want. Yet if all who desire higher wages should take this course to obtain them, we should soon have the old ten hour a day rule back again, under a new name.

In the long run—a period of three years, say—the working classes are going to have more money for working eight hours a day than they ever received in the ten hour standard. But before men can be convinced of this, they must first be satisfied that they can obtain as much for eight as for ten hours' labor.

The most formidable obstacle we have ever encountered in the contest for more leisure, was the fear of laboring men themselves that if they worked two hours less time, there must necessarily be a reduction of wages corresponding to the actual loss in production, as if they were always paid for all they produced in their ten hours' labor, after allowing a proper margin for every legitimate expense.

THE PROFITS ON LABOR.

Probably the working classes are not paid for more than seven hours' labor a day; and what remains is called profits upon labor, which go into the hands of a few, who thus become wealthy. In some cases men earn all they are paid in two or three hours' labor a day, and the remaining seven or eight hours go to swell the fortunes of those who have somehow obtained the monopoly that makes such a proceeding as this possible. And yet thoughtless lookers-on say to us, "do you think a man ought to have as much pay for eight as for ten hours' labor?"

This question assumes that we are paid all we earn in our day's work. Why, if we were, the enormous profits made upon labor,

or its results, would never be possible. Millions of dollars in the hands of any one man mean extravagant and unjustifiable profits somewhere. We are sometimes asked whether, if eight hours are more profitable than ten to the worker, why six will not prove still more profitable than eight, and four, more than six, and nothing more, than either?

To this we reply by asking the opposite question: If, according to the old theory, ten hours will bring more wages than eight, won't twelve bring more than ten, and fifteen more than twelve, and eighteen more than fifteen, and so on up to twenty-four hours' labor a day?

WHERE IS THE LIMIT.

There is a limit somewhere. To say that the Government would realize a higher revenue for the Post office by reducing postage from twenty-four cents a letter, as it was once, to ten, and from ten to five, and thence to three, or two even, perhaps is not hard to believe now; but it would be absurd to claim that, on this theory, we have only proved that more money would be made by charging nothing for carrying each letter. There is, of course, a limit somewhere. "And all the questions wrangled o'er so long, 'tis only this"—where is it?

Higher wages are paid for ten than ever were obtained for twelve or fifteen hours a day, and the purchasing power of those wages holds as good as of old, for a day's labor thirty years ago never brought as much as one does now. A grander political economy will be evolved from the eight hour movement than its professors have yet begun to teach. Only ten years of the eight hour system will be necessary to blast the reputation of every writer on political economy that has yet appeared, and cords and tons of their writings will pass to deserved oblivion, thus adding another instance to history where the instincts of the masses were wiser than the wisdom of the educated classes.

Alas, that a voice cannot reach every Trade Union in the metropolis, to tell them how grand their present triumph, and how much of hope for our Republic is involved in their fidelity to the spirit of the movement, for in the coming years less hours will be found to mean less poverty, and less poverty means the solution of every problem that has ever disturbed mankind.

ADHERE TO EIGHT HOURS.

These considerations will have more time to suggest themselves in the eight hour system; and gradually they will satisfy all that the way to earn or rather obtain the most money, is to adhere closely to the regular eight hours a day rule, and to denounce all who work over time as the most practical enemies of the new movement for more time or leisure, and a grander civilization for the masses. And the fact that employers are so anxious to have their work done now, has no more force than the fact that workmen sometimes want work to do, when it cannot be had; and whoever urges the hardship of allowing capital invested in tools, machinery, stock, buildings, &c., to lie idle sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, should be invited down to Wall street, or in those localities where merchants, bankers, railroad presidents, and other capitalists do business, to persuade them to work extra hours because the enormous capital invested in their magnificently furnished counting houses is allowed to lie idle seventeen or twenty hours out of the twenty-four. All hail to the Eight Hour Unionists of New York.

LEX STEWARD.

A PHANTOM RAILWAY TRAIN.

A writer in the Albany Evening Times relates a conversation with a superstitious night watchman on the Central Railroad. Said the watchman: "I believe in spirits and ghosts. I know such things exist. If you will come up in April, I will convince you." He then told of the phantom train that every year comes up the road with the body of Abraham Lincoln. Regularly in the month of April, about midnight, the air on the track becomes very keen and cutting. On either side it is warm and still. Every watchman, when he feels this air, steps off the track and sits down to watch. Soon after, the pilot engine, with long black streamers, and a band with black instruments, playing dirges, and grinning skeletons sitting all about, will pass up noiselessly, and the very air grows black. If it is moonlight, clouds always come over the moon, and the music seems to linger, as if frozen with horror. A few moments after, and the phantom train glides by. Flags and streamers hang about the track ahead, seems covered with a black carpet, and the wheels are draped with the same. The coffin of the murdered Lincoln is seen lying on the centre of a car, and all about it, in the air, and on the train behind, are vast numbers of blue-coated men, some with coffins on their backs, others leaning upon them. It seems then that all the vast armies of men who died during the war are escorting the phantom train of the President. The wind, if blowing,

dies away at once, and over all the air a solemn hush, almost stifling, prevails. If a train were passing in the woods, it would be drowned in the silence, and the phantom train would rise over it. Clocks and watches always stop, and when looked at, are found to be from five to eight minutes behind. Everywhere on the road, the time of day is found to be from five to eight minutes behind. This is the phantom train, and it is the passage of the phantom train.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEND.

Do you really need this article? It is probably a pretty dress or some piece of furniture, but what solid benefit will it be to you? Or it is some luxury for the table that you can do as well without. Think, therefore, before you spend the money. Or you need a new carpet, new couch, new chairs or new dress; you are tempted to buy something a little handsomer than you had at first intended; and while you hesitate, the dealer says: "This is only a trifle more, and see how much prettier it is!" But, before you purchase, stop to think. Will you be the better a year hence, especially in old age, for having squandered your money? Is it not wiser to lay by something for a rainy day? All these luxuries will only gratify you for the moment. You soon tire of them, and their only permanent effect is to consume your means. It is by such little extravagances—not much separately, but ruinous in the aggregate—that the great majority of families are kept comparatively poor. The first lesson to learn is to deny yourself useless expenses, and the first step toward learning this lesson is to think before you spend.

INFLUENCE.

Some persons fall discouraged on the highway of life, because they cannot be this or that great or eminent person. Why not be willing to be themselves? No person who ever lived, or ever will live, is without influence. Why not make the most of that? Since you cannot grasp that which you wish, why let that which you have slip through your fingers? No person in the world is exactly like you. You have your own faults, but you have also your own excellencies individual to yourself. Give them air. Because you are not a poet, should you not be a good merchant? Because you cannot go to college, should you therefore forswear the alphabet? Because you cannot build a palace, should you not rejoice in your own humble roof, and that because it is your own? Will not the sun also shine into your window if you do not persist in shutting it out? If you cannot have a whole hot-house full of flowers, may you not have one sweet rose?

UNSKILLED WORKMEN.

Adam Clarke says, "The old proverb about having too many irons in the fire is an abominable old lie. Have all in—shovel, tongs, and poker." We would, however, present such advice with caution, lest it should be misunderstood and misapplied. "As we are aware, the proper study for every man—the one which should claim most of his attention, and demands the fullest employment of his physical and mental energies—is the business by which he is to gain his livelihood. Upon this we enforce concentration. But there are also subjects and matters to learn and to study about, which relate more or less to the main business of every man's life. For instance, we will assume the occupation shall be a mechanical one, such as the construction of machinery, carpentry, engineering, or pattern-making. Now is there nothing attached to the business of a machinist or a worker of iron but planing, turning, scraping, and filing of surfaces? To file straight, to turn "true," to "make a neat finish," are indispensable to make a good workman. These are irons that have to be in the fire. But there are others that can be kept heated without injuring, but rather improving, the condition of the others. Expertness in mechanical drawing, a knowledge of geometry, mensuration, decimal arithmetic, and proportion, and of the properties, strengths, and weight of metals and other materials, these are the shovels, tongs, and poker that are instrumental in keeping a machinist's business in full blast. How many machinists, of this day, can say that they are experts in their calling, with a thorough knowledge of the first principles of mechanical science? And yet men will say that they received a good school education, learned arithmetic, writing, studied such and such sciences and subjects; but now when they have entered upon a business which demands the exercise and putting forth of all they study, they cannot tell how to find the circumference or area of a circle, how to calculate the mechanical powers, how to draw a bevel-wheel or calculate a train of gearing. They have forgotten how to work by decimal fractions, and have not practised writing or drawing. Even foremen and overseers, who are generally supposed to know more than those they oversee, are too often ignorant of the most important facts and aids in their business. These remarks apply equally well to engineers. We are all aware that there are a great number of ignorant engineers in this country. Such a state of unskilled workmen, however, has manifested itself to a greater extent in the United States than in Canada. The Westfield boiler explosion, the constant blow-ups on the Mississippi and other rivers, the "smash ups" and "break-downs" of machin-

ery, and property on land and sea, the collisions, concussion, and silly, fruitless discussions, all of them, unfaithful, unintelligent, engineers, while the funeral bell of thousands of human victims tolls the solemn dirge of the sacrificed life, to human progress, professional ignorance, and unintelligent carelessness. True, it is then, that in this our day, we know not the things which belong to our peace; but they are not hid from our eyes, for we cast our dead into the sea, and fill our hospitals with the tortured bodies of the wounded.

GOLD-MINING BENEATH THE SEA.

The *Alta California* says that a Submarine Exploring Company, from New York is about to employ the kind of diving-bell, successfully used at Hall Gate for the collection of gold sand off the California coast. It is well-known that at and off Gold Bluff, on the northern shores of California, the sea beach has extensive ranges of golden sands, which have been worked for years and are now producing no small amount of gold, remarkable for its purity. The sand is black, and contains titaniferous iron and visible particles of gold. There was a rush some years ago to these new diggings, which failed because they fell short of extravagant expectations. The gold was there and provokingly visible. But the tide was great and the period of low water too short for working. Then the wet sand had to be carted over roads of dry sand and up the cliffs, and thence miles to water for washing out the gold in a crude way. This kind of work does not suit the crowd who rush to new places, expecting to toil little and pick up much. As usual the back rash reported unfavorably, and ever since people only remember the abandonment. It was found that the sands grew richer the further the breakers penetrated, and life-boats that sounded from six to ten fathoms beyond found the sandy bottom still richer in gold of remarkable brightness. It seemed as if the gold washed up on the beach came from these submarine banks, but it was deemed impracticable to realize the riches covered by such a depth of moving waters. Now it is believed that this diving-bell will place the gold within the reach of all the searchers.

THE HABIT OF OBEDIENCE.

That article of army discipline which requires the soldier to first obey, and afterwards to complain if the order is unjust, should be adopted as the chief law of home government. So far from the law of exacting obedience being subject to the condition of showing reasons, we believe a parent with a strong will, although it be a perverse one, will train a child better than a parent of reasonable mind, tainted by infirmity of purpose. The parent's perversity, unless it be unkind or ill-tempered, will not occasion the child half so much uneasiness in the one case, as the child will suffer from those perversities of his own which will spring up in the other. Habits of instant and mechanical obedience gives rest to the child, and spares his health and temper; while a recalcitrant or dawdling obedience will keep him distracted in propensity, and brings a perpetual pressure on his nerves and on his mental and bodily strength.

Sawdust and Chips.

Aristotle, on being censured for bestowing aims on a bad man, made the following noble reply: "I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity." Tom Moore compared love to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." Or, rather, exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by paring." A lady asked a clergyman, who was suffering with the influenza, "My dear sir, what do you take for your cold?" "Five pocket handkerchiefs a day, my dear madam." Countryman at his menagerie: "See here, now, them ain't rabbits; do you see they're all marked alike." They've been fools enough to paint 'em all to one pattern. A California obituary: "The deceased was a talented man of romantic nature." He placed the butt of his gun in the fire while he looked down the muzzle, and departed hence spontaneously. A writer on physiognomy lately says: "A human face without a nose does not amount to much; whereas Snuggles observes that a human nose without a face doesn't amount to much, either." A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some time to Lord Erskine, observed he was fearful he was obtruding on his lordship's ear. "Oh, not at all," said Erskine; "I have not been listening." Medical societies are warned not to ask a certain Western minister to preach for them. He has this text ready: "In his disease Asa sought not the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." "Do be frank," said young Mr. Smith to Miss Francis, who had been quizzing him for an hour. "But, Edward, I have been Frank twenty-five years, and I should like to try some other name, just for a change," was the arch reply. Professor Goitz, of Konigsberg, in his experiments upon the nervous centre of frogs, finds that if you take out the brain, and then rub a wet finger down the frog's back, the

creature will croak as if pleased. Frogs must be easily pleased. "The first bird I shot in America," said an Irish sportsman, "was a forlorn hope. I tread him under my heel, and he said 'Don't shoot him with a barn shovel.' The first shot I missed him, and the second shot I hit him in the same place where I missed him the first time." A potato who had "slung his brush in this vicinity, was asked to estimate on the cost of painting a house. Drawing out paper and pencil he figured up as follows: "A naught is a naught; three into five twice you can't; I'll paint your house for just forty dollars."

"What dogs are these, Jasper?" inquired a gentleman of a lad who was dragging a couple of waspish-looking terriers along Regent street, Edinburgh. "I dinna ken, Sir," replied the urchin. "They came with the Dumfriess coach, and they ate the direction, and dinna ken whaur to gang."

NATURAL ADVANTAGES.—Teacher—"What bird did Noah send out of the Ark?" Smallest boy in the class (after a pause)—"A dove, sir." Teacher—"Very well; but I should have thought some of your big boys would have known that?" Tall pupil—"Please, sir, that boy ought to know, sir, 'cause his father's a bird-ketcher, sir!"—Punch.

A Scotch law lord was seated one day on the hillside of Bonally with a Scotch shepherd, and observing the sheep repose in what he thought the coldest situation, he observed to him: "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered: "Ay, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye wad have had more sense."

MISERIES OF A BACHELOR.—"There's no use talking, I'm going to get married," said a bachelor acquaintance the other day, while busily engaged in sewing. "Here I have worked just twenty minutes by the watch trying to get this needle threaded, and then just as I succeeded, I pulled the thread out. Finally I got it threaded again, and now, after sewing this button on good and strong, I find I've got it on the wrong side, and now I have all my work to do over again."

A traveller relates the following:—From Detroit I go westward ho. In the railway cars was a he-looking female, with a green cotton umbrella in one hand and a handful of reform tracts in the other. She said every woman should have a spear (sphere). Them as did not demand their spears, didn't know what was good for them. "What is my spear?" she asked, addressing the people in the cars. "Is it to stay at home and darn stockings, and be the slave of a domineering man? Or is my spear to vote and speak, and show myself the ekel of man? Is there a sister in these keeps that has her proper spear?" saying which, the eccentric female whirled her umbrella round several times, and finally jabbed me in the waist with it. "I have no objections to your goin' into the spear business," sez I, "but you will please remember I aint a wild bear. Don't spear me again, if you please." She sat down.

A MODERN SHYLOCK.—A Paris correspondent writes that a Jew called Meyer, but nicknamed the "Hunchback," and who was so poor that he lived upon the charity of the richer part of the community to which he belonged, came suddenly, about a month since, into a property valued at 300,000f. According to the testator's will, however, the heir was to be compelled to give 30,000f. of this sum to the poor. Now the idea of this reduction of his newly-acquired wealth so preyed upon Meyer's mind that he fell ill and died of grief before he had touched one penny of his heritage! This sounds like a moral story for a schoolbook, but it is guaranteed to be perfectly genuine.

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 public of Toronto that on account of the duty coming
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 sive stock of
Fine Green and Black Teas
 At the following reduced prices:-
 Finest Young Hyson, lately sold for \$1 00 now 90c
 Extra very Fine do., " " 0 90 " 80c
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Far-Famed Teas & Coffees,
 And the number of flattering testimonials daily received,
 of their superiority, &c., &c., he has determined to go
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TEA AND COFFEE BUSINESS,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
 And will therefore commence on MONDAY, the 13th
 INSTANT, to sell off the whole of his extensive stock of
 Tea, Coffee, Fruits, Pickles,
 Sauces, Jams, Jelly, Marmalade, &c.,
 At a great reduction in price, so as to clear the whole
 stock out by the first of July.
EDWARD LAWSON,
 93 King Street, sign of the Queen.
 N.B.—The Confectionery and Biscuit business contin-
 ued as usual.

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 (Opposite Terauley.)
 As the duty on Tea is to be taken off on the
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 Stock at reduced prices. So Workingmen,
 bear it in mind, and
GIVE US A CALL.

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