

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE TRIP HAMMER.

Vol. I.

TORONTO, MAY, 1885.

No. 4.

The Trip Hammer.

THE TRIP HAMMER is published monthly by a Board of Editors from the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Co.

The subscription price is Twenty cents per annum, in advance, By mail, Thirty cents. Sing'e copies, Five cents.

Remittances should be made by means of good clean postage stamps or registered letter.

All matter intended for publication must be in before the first of the month. Every correspondent, in order to insure attention, should give his full name and address.

Inform the publishers of any irregularity in the arrival of your paper.

Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

Address all communications to

"THE TRIP HAMMER,"

Care The Massey M'f'g. Co.,
Toronto, Ont.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOHN B. HARRIS.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS :

J. H. STANTON,

R. HARMER,

W. GRIFFITHS,

GORAM POWERS,

"PROF. SCRUB."

BUSINESS MANAGER W. E. H. MASSEY.

ASSISTANTS :

W. W. ATKINSON,

D. A. CAREY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL	35
CONTRIBUTED.....	39
JOTTINGS.....	43
WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.....	44
MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.....	45
MUSICAL	45
HISTORICAL DIARY.....	45
SELECTED.....	46
LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.....	48
PERSONAL MENTION.....	50
LIBRARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.....	51
NOTICES	52
BUSINESS CORNER.....	52

REBELLION.

Since our last issue the rebellion in the North-West has assumed more formidable proportions than was anticipated. The Government of course expected, from advices received during March, that Riel intended to be ugly, and the

encounter between the police and the rebels, at Duck Lake, left the authorities no choice but to call out the volunteers, which was immediately done. The impression, however, in Winnipeg and Manitoba, seemed to be that on the approach of the loyal forces the rebels would melt away and disappear. This impression we are sorry to say has not turned out correct, the half breeds at Fish Lake having proved that they are not only determined to fight, but that they are foes not to be despised. Immediately on the Eastern troops being called out, the question of their transportation to the seat of war arose. On the one hand was the route through United States territory, which would land the troops in Winnipeg in about four days, from Toronto. On the other hand, the C. P. R. route which might involve delays of a dangerous nature, and would certainly test the endurance of the volunteers to an extent extremely undesirable, if it could be avoided. The Government have been severely censured in some quarters, because they chose the latter route, and graphic pictures have been drawn of the sufferings of the "boys" in passing the unfinished intervals between the Eastern terminus and Port Arthur. We may well assume that the Government were anxious to adopt the best way, and all assertions to the contrary may be set down as the veriest clap-trap. If Canadian troops could without delay, and without the danger of involving either ourselves or our neighbors to the South in complications present or future, we are quite certain that the Government of this country would have been only too glad to use the American roads to rush the forces to the front with the least possible loss of time.

But it must be remembered that there was first the permission of the authorities at Washington to be obtained, waiting for which might have consumed more than the extra time; second, the risk of a refusal and consequent humiliation; third, the danger involved in the

passage of British troops through a country, many of whose subjects are confessedly bitter enemies of Britain and all her dependencies, and who might have seized so favorable an opportunity to strike a blow at the "bloody Saxon" in the persons of Canadian soldiers; fourth, and not by any means least in determining the course of the Government, was their extreme reluctance to make a request of a friendly country which might have the effect of embarrassing the Government of that country whether they acceded to the request or refused it, and which, if granted, would place Canada under an obligation to the States which might in the future become extremely irksome. For these, doubtless, and other reasons, of which we do not pretend to have any knowledge, the Government decided to send our troops over our own road and through our own territory. The event has abundantly justified their wisdom and at the same time has demonstrated that Canadians are no "feather bed soldiers" but men who are ready, willing and able to undergo privations and fatigue, when these are necessary, for their country's sake. Thirty days have not yet elapsed since the Grenadiers and Queen's Own left Toronto and to-day (April 25th) we hear of them, the former at Fish Lake with General Middleton in his first engagement, and the latter at Battleford following close on the heels of Col. Herchmer in relief of the beleaguered garrison there. They are to-day nearly 2,500 miles from Toronto, about 300 of which they have marched on foot; and out of the whole contingent of nearly 550 men, only some four or five, we believe, were unable to pull through.

The volunteers from other sections also have gone through in gallant style, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Port Hope, York County and London are all worthily represented at the front, and we can only hope that the show of force which has been made may have the effect of bringing the rebels to their senses without further effusion of blood. The latter have not been idle. The Indians have committed acts of violence at several points, notably at Frog Lake, where several people were murdered by the red fiends, and some, among them women and children, carried off into captivity to be held, no doubt, as hostages in the event of defeat. Battleford has been relieved. Colonel Irvine still holds Prince Albert. The rebels

have retired after their first defeat at Fish Lake, and General Middleton is making preparations for the dangerous task of forcing them from their lurking places and strongholds about Batoche's Crossing. The insurgents have, we repeat, proved themselves foes not to be despised; their leader, Gabriel Dumont, especially showing himself well qualified as a leader and if they have made up their mind to fight to the end we must be prepared to hear of bloody work ere long. General Middleton has shown that if he has any failings faint-heartedness is not one of them, and the courage and dash with which our troops went at the enemy was due in some measure, no doubt, to the inspiration of his fearless leadership. What would have been the result to the expedition had the bullet he received through his fur cap gone a few inches lower is problematical, and we are somewhat inclined to question the prudence of the General in Chief (with whom, in the present instance particularly, the whole guidance of the campaign would seem to rest), who places himself in so dangerous a position as did General Middleton at Fish Creek.

It is said that Col. Otter is to make an attempt to recover the captives in the hands of Big Bear. This service, if contemplated, will be an extremely dangerous one and would seem to call for men who are accustomed to bush life and the methods of Indian fighting—mounted men who could discount the Indians at their own tricks, as the trained white hunter always can, and not young volunteers who however brave in the field and where the enemy shows himself and stands up British fashion, would be at a terrible disadvantage among the ambushes and rat-holes of the Indian and the half-breed.

At this later date (April 30th) the situation remains unchanged. Col. Otter is still at Battleford. General Middleton has not yet made a further advance, partly owing to the misfortune of inadequate supplies. This want has been caused by the grounding of the steamer Northcote on one of the many sand-bars of the Saskatchewan. As this vessel contains a large quantity of provisions and forage, besides 300 rifles and ammunition, it is to be hoped that the men of the Midland battalion, under whose escort she is, are fully alive to the importance of their charge. Her capture by the insurgents at the present moment would be a frightful disaster, and her escorts should stand ready at a

moment's warning to defend her to the last, and then, if need be, destroy her rather than that her cargo should fall into the hands of the enemy. There are rumors of Indian risings in various parts of the Northwest. At Fort Qu'Appelle the neighborhood is in a ferment; and the troops stationed there are continually on the *qui vive*. It is said that a further call is to be made for additional troops, and at the present moment no man can foresee the end. There is one thing that must be strongly kept in view by those who deplore the present state of things, and that is, that the rebellion *must* be put down. That, although treasure may be wasted, blood poured out, and hearts broken, the country *must* be saved. It can only be saved by the triumph of constituted authority. If we could for a moment foresee any other result, we might in the same moment prepare ourselves for the total dismemberment of the Dominion and a return to our provincial status before Confederation.

MAJORITY.

" He steps the viewless bound'ry o'er,
Eager of foot and strong of hand :
He bids farewell forevermore
To the bright days of boyhood's land."

This is the fate which has befallen the hero of our sketch, Mr. Walter Massey. He has received repeated warnings that, if he kept on in the course he was pursuing, nothing could save him from becoming a man. His mother especially, as mothers will, put forth strong efforts to hold him within the enchanted circle of boyhood. She continually reminded him that it was only a few days since she held him in her arms a baby, and that it was absurd of him to act as if it were twenty-one years ago. Deaf to all entreaty, however, he kept right on. He took into his counsels a hoary-headed old sinner called Time, who has often been suspected of this sort of thing before, and between them they arranged the catastrophe for the 4th of last April. His friends, finding him so determined, were at last reluctantly obliged to accept the situation, and resolved to show him that, despite the obstinate manner in which he had disregarded all their warnings and entreaties, they were still disposed to look upon him with charitable feelings. On the evening of the 4th, therefore, the following ladies and gentlemen, in addition to the members of his own family, assembled in the large drawing-room of the paternal mansion

on Jarvis street, viz. : Mr. Geo. E. Vincent, of New Haven, Conn. ; Mr. Thompson Smith and sister Miss Manie, of Cheboygan, Mich. ; Miss Susie M. Denton, of Boston, Mass. ; Miss Mina Miller, of Akron, Ohio, and Miss Eliza Powell, of Cobourg, together with a numerous company of city friends. As a sort of forlorn hope, it was resolved to make one more effort to bring home to him the preposterous character of the step he was about to take. With this end in view, the lights were turned low in the room, the family and friends arranged themselves in positions expressive at once of remonstrance and expecstulation, and awaited in silence the coming of the Irreclaimable, who was quite in ignorance of the preparations being made to astonish him. A step is heard ; he comes ! The door is thrown open,—he advances through the gloom. There is a sudden movement, the room is filled with light, and in a moment there is revealed to his astonished gaze, sisters, brothers, friends and schoolmates, all with pleading eyes fixed upon him. Did the vision melt his stubborn heart ? Did he falter forth through his tears that he "wished he was again a che-ild ! No, he incontinently turned tail and ran away ! Being traced to his room shortly afterwards, he was found with a man's dress coat on, and came down in a brazen and defiant manner. No further attempt was made to prevent the consummation, and old Time laughed in his sleeve as he scored one more victory.

It was noticed that no sooner had the hands of the clock pointed to a certain hour (the hour in which twenty-one years ago our hero had honored the world by his advent) than his form began to dilate visibly. His manhood had already begun to assert itself, a severe expression settled on his countenance and he received the congratulations of his friends with a dignity truly appalling. An ordinary ten by fourteen address had been prepared by the members of the "13" Club, of which he was at one time, when young, the president. Intimations having reached them, however, that anything so commonplace would be received with silent scorn, a committee was hastily appointed to prepare a Manifesto more in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. The result was worthy of the world-wide reputation which has been achieved by this club in the world of literature, science and art—particularly art.

The address was, indeed, an artistic triumph, worthy to be hung on the walls of the proudest mansion in the land. Twenty-four feet long—

decorated on the under side with the newest designs fresh from the hand of the manufacturer, in gold, in floral trophies, geometrical patterns, etc.—richly illuminated on its front, and bearing in the cabalistic characters adopted by the club in the performance of their mystical rites an address, expressive of their approval. While this document was being slowly unrolled and read in turns by the more able-bodied members of the club (who were carried out when exhausted), the demeanor of its recipient was most impressive. He felt that he was at last being appreciated, that the world was now ready to recognize in a fitting manner the giant intellect just emancipated from the thralldom of immaturity. A man (note the assumption of the new dignity) a MAN who could begin life with a twenty-four foot address had already received an impetus which would carry him far on the road to fame and fortune. The remainder of the evening was devoted to enjoyment of various kinds. In the midst of the festivities, strains of music sounding from the lawn proclaimed that a serenade by the Massey Cornet Band was in progress. The Orchestra, too, were on hand and added much to the general enjoyment.

On Monday evening the young ladies and gentlemen participated in a series of tableaux and charades at the Massey Memorial Hall, which were carried out in a happy and spirited manner. "Maud Müller," for instance, was a striking illustration of the poet's inner thought, which had not up to the moment of the present representation been fully grasped by the maddening crowd. Miss Müller has hitherto been regarded as a female in rather indigent circumstances, this being probably the "Judge's" principal reason for neglecting to address her on the subject of matrimony. The tableau proved conclusively the illusion under which the world has been laboring. Old Man Müller was clearly a personage who farmed on a large scale, and "Maud" had her own horse-rake (Sharp's rake, 4,000 manufactured yearly) and other agricultural implements in addition to her piano, guitar, hand-organ, etc. Thus do the illusions of our childhood vanish one by one. In the charade which followed, much ingenuity was displayed in concealing from the audience the meaning of the various syllables. The first scene opened with a pawnbroker's shop, in which portmanteaus were brought in and large quantities of winter clothing deposited by the various characters for safe keeping until the

next cold snap. The histrionic ability of Mr. C. D. Massey was here made apparent. The life-like manner in which he bearded his cruel Uncle and extorted from him his ill-gotten gains will not soon be forgotten by those who were privileged to witness this fine piece of stage representation. The second scene represented a pic-nic, in which young people are having a "tall" time. The next syllable was easy—the frequent repetition of the exclamation Oh! and the many indications of "sickness" visible in the countenances of the actors, made it painfully evident that a hospital was being represented. The curtain now arose for the last scene, which was an exceedingly effective one; the principal character being "Guy Fawkes," Mr. W. E. H. Massey personating "Guy." This character has been often attempted, but never, we venture to say, with greater success than on the present occasion.

His innocent astonishment when discovered concealed beneath the parliament buildings was simply and beautifully true to nature, and then his perfect nonchalance as he was unrolled from his disguise was worthy of a McCready or an Irving. When the curtain fell many and various were the guesses as to the word represented. A demure-looking person in spectacles timidly suggested "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as the solution. He received no encouragement, however, and was shortly afterwards perceived to leave the hall in a dejected manner. "Sockdologer" came the nearest of anything we heard, but was not quite right. The TRIP HAMMER guessed Pan-tol-o-gy, the syllables of which were represented by "pawn" "tall" "oh" "Guy." There are small discrepancies in this rendering, but we think it close enough for all practical purposes. The audience separated highly pleased with the entertainment, and we are quite sure, leaving all joking aside, that every one in the room who knew, or knew of, Mr. Massey and what he is trying to do for the benefit of the people connected with his Company, wished him many happy returns of his birthday. The TRIP HAMMER joins the chorus, and trusts he may be privileged to find that his work is not without its profit, thankless though it now seems, to some extent, at least, to be. That he may find the good seed he is sowing and preparing to sow, springing up about him as he passes through the fields of life, yielding a fair return for all his labor. He has entered man's estate with a brilliant prospect of usefulness spread out before him. We trust that it shall grow wider still—that his horizon may

broaden from day to day, and that he may long be spared to labor with the other Directors in promoting the interests of the Company and the welfare of the people in connection with it.

We understand that the presence of his friends and schoolmates from the States was, to him at least, quite unexpected, and added much to his enjoyment of the auspicious season. It was a happy thought, and we trust the few days spent together by the young people may be one of those bright spots in their lives which they shall love to look back upon when age has laid its burdens upon them—when their hair is silvered, and *their* boys and girls shall come together to celebrate some future natal day.

CONTRIBUTED.

THE VALUE OF A LIBRARY.

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

Carlyle says, "Of all the things that man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy, are the things that we call books." They are the crowning privilege of our day. They are our chief university, and for teachers they give us the master-minds in every department of knowledge. They bring us into contact with the best society in every period of the world, and make us the contemporaries of all ages. Emerson says, "Books are only for one's idle hours," but we rather agree with Dryden, who observes, "They are spectacles through which to read nature." The most original thinkers have always been most ready to acknowledge their indebtedness to other minds as found in books. Milton borrowed from Ovid, and Shakespeare from Plutarch. Dante's favorite was Virgil, and Bunyan's the old legend of Sir Bevis of Southampton.

Through books we get men at their best. Des Cartes, the famous philosopher, was very poor in conversation, and so was Buffon, the naturalist, and La Fontaine, though celebrated for his witty fables. Oliver Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll." But when they speak in our libraries, they always instruct by their wisdom, or charm by their wit.

The best society in the world is that which lies in books, and the card of invitation, the passport to its most sumptuous feasts, is simply a knowledge of the alphabet.

Verily we are a reading people. Let me speak a word for the newspaper, the great circulating library of the community. "Read not the Times, read the Eternities," cried Thoreau, but every citizen of his country should read the times. And in these stirring times, with rebellion at home and news of war abroad, how the dailies are caught up and devoured as they come hot from the press! What a fund of knowledge they give! What topics of discussion they suggest! Why, the TRIP HAMMER, while it may touch matters with the softness of a child's hand, may yet come down with the force of a giant on great events and record changes that are taking place!

Let us study the newspapers. They give a history of human life and human progress in our own age.

Then there are our magazines. Rightly named they are, for what storehouses of well-selected food they are, often giving, not merely the cream, but the churned butter of current literature. Some of the ablest, we regret to say, are devoted to the interests of skepticism, glorifying it until we are weary of hearing.

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds!"

If doubt is honest, it will lead to thorough examination and on to certainty. The trouble with many of the writers in our literary reviews is that, while highly cultured in other respects, they have never looked into religious thought as a science, and so catch up cavils and objections and seek to find a refuge from the demands of Christianity. This attempt through current literature to make proselytes to agnosticism and other fatherless, forlorn, and gloomy systems of infidelity, is something compared with which gambling and stealing are honorable. Even Sheridan, an infidel, says, "I have ever considered a deliberate disposition to make infidels as an unaccountable depravity."

Now, coming to books themselves, think of their enormous numbers! The British Museum has fifty miles of shelves laden with over a million separate volumes. The National Library at Paris is still larger. Its printed paper would cover 250,000 acres. Yet the largest libraries in the world do not contain one-quarter of the books already published; while new ones are being printed in America at the rate of seventy a day, in England at the rate of five thousand per annum, and in Germany at the annual rate of ten thousand.

What we need is not a collection of books, but rather a selection. Carlyle's exclamation, "Here are books; fall to!" or Wellington's cry at Waterloo, "Up and at 'em!" will hardly do. "Read much," says Sir William Hamilton, "but not many books." There are only a few great books. Of the greatest books there are not over one hundred in the mother tongue in which any man is born.

There are books of fact: Works on Geology, Anatomy, Botany, and Natural History. In the department of science we should choose the most recent books. Books of life include history and biography, along with that Book of Books which most deeply concerns the life of man. Books of art include all the higher forms of prose and poetry. Fiction belongs to this class, and more than two-thirds of all the books read are novels.

Shall we read novels? Certainly, if they are clean and healthy. The sensational and the sensual, never!

Three-fourths of novel reading is given to worthless and vicious garbage, but there are works of fiction that are prose-epics, rich in characters that shine out like silver stars from the boundless blue, and they elevate the heart, uplift the spirit, and ennoble the life.

I can wish nothing better for the readers of TRIP HAMMER than that they be wise choosers of books, and all success to the Reading Room and Library of the Workman's Library Association.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

FROM OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT.

(To the Editor, TRIP HAMMER.)

PETERBORO', March 30th, 1885.

Pleasant trip so far—no mishaps; there are thirty more men on board than should be. They say they are the fellows that never get "left."

FRED.

TWEED, March 30th, 1885.

All right. We get sleepers at Perth. Quite a luxurious method of going to war isn't it? All the boys in splendid spirits; hope the trip may be as lively to the end as it has been so far.

FRED.

CARLTON PLACE, March 30th, 1885.

11:30 p.m. Have just had a hot dinner at refreshment rooms here; tasted good I assure you. Grenadiers just going in as we are through. Tip-top time so far; crowds at every station of note, and brass bands fill the air with harmony. Ladies and gentlemen

from Ottawa; presentation of flag which, of course, you will have read all about in the morning papers. Expect to leave in an hour; Quebec Battery left here Saturday night and arrived at the terminus at two o'clock to-day. All going well; boys lively as usual, any amount of fun, and every imaginable kind of joke.

FRED.

On Train near Mattawa, March 31st, 1885.

We are nearing Mattawa, 11:20 a.m., expect to reach there in two hours, and breakfast. Am writing on my knee, if you cannot decipher charge it to the C. P. R. Hope you received postal cards all right. Wish I had time to tell all the incidents of the trip so far. The boys are in fine spirits. Apprehend a fall in mercury before we get through the gaps; however, shall not attempt to cross the bridge before we get to it; while we live let us live, say I, and so re-echoes the jolly crowd, yclept the Queen's Own. Grenadiers are a few miles behind. Will write from next stopping place.

FRED.

MATTAWA, March 31st, 1885.

2:15 p.m.—We arrived here at one o'clock and had dinner, splendid one too. Marched through the town, and were not at all sorry for the opportunity of stretching our limbs, cramped by riding so far. We leave in a few minutes and have 250 miles yet to ride before we reach the terminus. They tell us we are not to have nearly so much marching as we thought, as the railing is being pushed rapidly forward, and although we shall not expect anything better than flat cars, even they will be preferable to tramping through the snow. Mattawa is a regular trading post. We have moccasins, shoe-packs, etc., here.

FRED.

BISCOPATING, April 1st, 1885.

Just leaving here, 3:30 a.m.; last of civilization. This is the "forest primeval." We have just had breakfast in a lumberman's shanty. Table resplendent with plate, tin plate; all the luxuries of the season. Have often heard of the epicurean extravagances of the lumberman, and sometimes longed for the bold, free life of the forest, but I hanker no more; and yet it was a picturesque sight to see the boys gather around the table in the weird lamplight of that lumberman's shanty. A new experience for some of us I assure you. I hear there are 800 men coming from Montreal. Everything has gone splendidly so far. 150 miles more and then —

FRED.

TERMINUS, 900 miles, 7 p.m., April 1st, 1885.

On train yet, near terminus. Expect to go by teams 45 miles before next rails are reached. Shall not be able to write you again until we reach Port Arthur. All well and in good spirits. Officers very kind. Don't forget to order a 44 calibre revolver for me at Winnipeg; almost all the boys have them, and I fancy at close quarters, a good revolver might prove a desirable friend. The Colonel says he has reason to believe there will not be much fighting and is sad in consequence. But, of course, I should not say that even in

fun, for I hope, however determined we may all be to do our duty, come what may, none of us are desirous of bloodshed. You have no idea of the beautiful scenery through which we have passed; wild, of course, but extremely beautiful even in its winter dress; when clothed in its summer glory, I can fancy, though I cannot describe, how enchanting it must be. If I were good at description I would tell you something of it; but as I am not, not just now at anyrate, I shall leave it for some abler pen. The scenery did not prevent many of our fellows from catching cold, which is one of its disadvantages; I have escaped so far. The trip has not been unpleasant, although, being considerably crowded we have not been able to rest as well as we would like to, but the fun-making propensities of some of the boys, have made things lively so far. The worst is just before us, but we're going through, do not suffer that to fade from your recollection.

FRED.

10 p.m.—Just going to disembark; sleighs are awaiting us. "My boat is on the shore and my bark is on the sea." "Welcome ye mountains and ye caves; my native land good-night" I fear this is slightly mixed, but not worse than we are just now, or will be in about five minutes, so adieu until we reach Port Arthur.

FRED.

Port Arthur letter not received

ON TRAIN, 40 miles west of Winnipeg,

7:20 p.m., April 7th, 1885.

Sorry I had not time to write you from Winnipeg, but regimental and other duties prevented. Just passed Portage la Prairie; great crowd at the station, boundless enthusiasm. Had a pretty hard pull through the gaps; but got through; averaged one meal a day; only two nights sleep since we left home. I am feeling first-class, but am burnt with the sun to such an extent that I feel like decking my head with feathers and going out on the prairie with the rest of the Indians. Some of our boys had to remain at Winnipeg and I presume will be sent home. The long marches and the intense cold proved too much for them, and no wonder. When I get a little time I am going to sit down and figure out how we got through at all. Just now I am unequal to the task. I only know that if anybody had described the journey to me, sitting, say round your cosy fire at home, and told me I would have to go through it I should have laughed at him. Veterans, I suppose, would have thought nothing of it, but that 250 fellows fresh from offices, shops, stores, etc., without any exercise or training to speak of should have been able to pull through such a trip, is what I have been trying to understand ever since we got through and I've not succeeded yet. We left the terminus about 10 o'clock at night, on April 1st, drove all night through the intense cold until we reached the Contractors' Camp, about half-way through the first gap. Here we were treated to a royal breakfast of four inch pork and iced bread, not iced cake remember, iced bread; iced so thoroughly that even the boiled hay we had to drink with it could scarcely thaw it. After gorging ourselves with these savory viands, we took to the sleighs again, drove all day and reached end of first gap about 8 p.m., where we again filled

ourselves to repletion with the adipose tissue of the unclean animal and its accompanying *piece de resistance*. We were then marched aboard the Wagner gravel cars which had been fitted up in the most elaborate manner for our accommodation, with pine boards nailed on the sides to keep us from falling off, as if we were potatoes. Ninety miles (they said it was ninety, but it seemed like nine hundred) through the grim night and we found other sleighs awaiting us which brought us to another camp and a meal similar in design and architecture to the previous ones. Here we remained over night and slept, some of us in a log house, and some in stables. What dreams of home; of snow-white sheets and downy pillows; of cozy open grates and warm-breathed registers, came stealing among those prostrate forms, as despite the freezing cold they sank in their fatigue to sleep, huddled closely together beneath their blankets. In the morning we commenced our march of 28 miles across the lake to the next end of the track then by cars to Jackfish Bay, where we found good meals and comfortable quarters, both of which we were in a mood to appreciate fully, and where we remained over night. Again next morning we took to the sleighs and reached McKay's Harbor about five in the evening. Here a novelty was prepared for us in the shape of an old boat, in which we took up our quarters for the night. Being now at sea we were not surprised at the appearance of hard-tack for supper, that being I understand an invariable accompaniment of a life on the ocean wave. The pork also was to the fore, but alas! the cup which cheers but not inebriates, where was it? Not for us this evening. The clover blooms had evidently failed. Climbed on flats again, 40 miles to end of track, 20 miles march to Red Rock, across the lake and the gaps were done. You can perhaps imagine the feeling of satisfaction with which we again set foot in passenger cars, and found ourselves, after several hours wait, moving swiftly onward to the "Gateway" City. We arrived in Winnipeg, on Tuesday, April 7th, at 3:30, having made the whole journey from the Union Station Toronto in 182 hours, or 10 hours less than 8 days. We found less excitement in Winnipeg than we had left in Toronto, and hope their anticipations of a speedy collapse on the part of the rebels may prove well founded. Found Mr. McBride and all the things you so kindly ordered for me, for which I thank you most heartily. Revolver one of the best on the train, boots, etc., just the thing. I thank you also for the Bible, I shall not fail to read it and remember what I know you would have me not forget. Mr. McBride was exceedingly kind and although our stay in Winnipeg was short he found time to get everything for me that I could desire. Found also your letter, and letters from Mr. Harmer, and the boys. Please say I will reply soon as possible. We are now some forty miles west of Winnipeg and expect to go to Swift Current to be conveyed by boats from there to Battleford. The Grenadiers I hear are ordered to Qu'Appelle, from which point they will commence their northward march to join Gen. Middleton. If the boats can go down the river from Swift Current, the Queen's Own will be saved a long tramp, and we shall be in time I hope to rescue the people who are now in the fort at Battleford, holding the redskins at bay. Time for lights out. Good night. FRED.

SWIFT CURRENT, April 12th, 1885.

While I write this I am lying on the prairie about a

mile from camp; it does not appear to be more than a few hundred yards, distances on the prairie are so deceptive. We have just received our marching orders for six o'clock to-morrow morning. We march to Battleford via Swift Current and the Saskatchewan. This is a most beautiful country. There are flowers growing all about, one of which I pluck and enclose in this letter. The weather is warm and pleasant during the day but rather cold at night. No signs of fighting yet. The Kingston Battery has just received a Gardner gun and a Gatling from the States to-day, and I think they go with us to-morrow. The guns I understand are excellent ones, and fire somewhere about 200 shots a minute; are light and easily handled and no doubt if required will do deadly work. They are out now trying them. I can see them from my present position and they fire as fast as I can count. The 65th of Montreal, passed through here last night on their way to Calgary, 40 miles from the Rockies. The Grenadiers are on their way to Touchwood Hills and Batoche; they are to drive the rebels from their lurking places and we are to "give it to them" when they come our way. We are anxious to reach Battleford at the earliest possible moment. We hear there are 100 women and children there and that the place is surrounded by the enemy. We hear also that the Indians are on the war path and that there is likely to be serious work after all. Forty armed and painted redskins, raided this place a week ago for purposes of plunder, and as there were no arms in the town they did about as they liked. After pillaging the stores and carrying off everything they could lay their hands on, they departed, leaving the inhabitants in a far from comfortable frame of mind. I would like to see them come now. I ought to have mentioned in its proper place the reception of the Queen's Own at Brandon, by the ladies of the town. When the train arrived they captured it at once, and we were prisoners. Right willingly did we capitulate, and would have been only too glad to remain in this particular form of bondage for an indefinite period, for at Brandon they treat their captives well. Like benevolent fairies they swarmed in at the doors of our cells with hands, arms, baskets and trays full of almost every form of edible yet invented. Bewitching fairies too they were, and as the fragrant steam of tea and coffee diffused itself through our confined quarters, wreathing itself in aromatic clouds about the heads of our visitors we might have fancied them angelic messengers who had come down to us in chariots of cloud to bless us with their presence and gentle ministrations. Too sentimental, eh? Well perhaps it is. But I tell you when a fellow has passed seven or eight days and nights such as we had passed, cut loose from all the refining influences of mother, wife, sister, or some other fellow's sister, he is disposed to regard woman-kind with approval. Such were the feelings of the Queen's Own, at any rate as our train steamed out from Brandon, and I am quite sure the exuberance of our spirits expressed in cheers, was not wholly attributable to the generous repast of which we had just partaken. Lying here on the prairie alone so far from you all, perhaps I may be forgiven if I am, for the moment, inclined to be "spooney." You should be here if you are fond of shooting. There are numerous little ponds in the vicinity, some not two hundred yards from camp, and they are filled with wild ducks and geese which seem to be quite "unacquainted with

man." The C. P. R. Co. have some good buildings here. Very nice station and freight house, dining hall capable of seating about two hundred people, round house, coal bins and a large water tank, holding some 60,000 gallons. The water is pumped from Swift River or Creek, about a mile distant by a small steam pump, made by Goldie & McCulloch, of Galt. I had a splendid bath in the engine room this morning. There are about eight other houses and a stable and that is all. Our camp, (Queen's Own, Ottawa Foot Guards, and Infantry School), consists of about 40 tents. I am looking down upon it from a high mound at the distance of a mile and it looks very pretty with the westerling sunlight pouring down upon the white canvas, glinting from the bayonets of the sentries and turning the surfaces of the numerous ponds surrounding it into silver mirrors, broken only by clusters of wild fowl which seem like dark spots in the distance. The sun is falling lower and will soon be gone. Already the crimson curtains of his couch are opening to receive him. Even as I look the crimson turns to gold, to purple, to an indescribable glory which the genius of the painter has never caught, and never will catch until his brushes are dipped in colors prepared in heaven; his hand guided by an angel's skill. It is getting colder; my watch will soon be over and I must say good bye. If I had a cold chisel and a trip hammer I should be happy for I might then entertain a reasonable prospect of supper. Hard tack is impervious to more gentle influences. This may be my last letter until we reach Battleford, if we ever get there; but I will write you on the way if possible. Love to friends. Good bye.

FRED.

SASKATCHEWAN RIVER CAMP,

April 15th, 1885.

Just received your kind letter with several others; also the "Conservator." I was ever so glad to get them you may be sure. We have been in camp here since night before last and may remain another day or perhaps two. They are hard at work moving the waggons and the big guns across the river and it will take some time yet to get them all over. This is a beautiful valley, surrounded by high hills, and the Saskatchewan River runs just at the foot of the camp. The monotony of camp-life was broken to-day by a prairie fire. All at once the alarm was sounded and the whole brigade, about 700 of us, turned out with spades, tent poles, and every other available weapon and put it out in about ten minutes; I wish the fires of rebellion could be smothered as easily. The Colonel was as active as any of the boys, and went at it in his shirt sleeves, as if he had just joined a Hook & Ladder Company and this was his first fire. To be sure he had the advantage of his stocking soles, not having had time to get his boots on and burning prairie grass is calculated to make a man skip if there is any skip in him. I have just come off guard, five o'clock, and am very tired, so you must not expect a long letter. We captured a half-breed spy yesterday, but have not been molested so far. First post and fire bugles are just sounding. We have a splendid camp here. The "B" Battery and the mounted police are with us. The boys are as lively as ever, nothing seems to dampen their spirits, and fun is always in order. Colonel Otter is very strict, too much so some appear to think,

but when we remember his responsibility we must not judge him harshly. I suppose a soldier should not grumble at his fare, and that the authorities have done the best for us they could, but if I were *not* a soldier I should everlastingly kick against hard tack. I have often heard of it, and read of it, and had some vague ideas as to its composition. But they are no longer vague. I am acquainted with it and can deeply sympathize with all I have heard and read as to the amount of profanity for which it is responsible. Last post just sounded and I must close. Love to all. Good bye.

FRED.

JOTTINGS.

FISH CREEK.

The first encounter between the Canadian troops and the rebels took place on the 24th of April about 15 miles south of Batoche's Crossing, at a spot now known as Fish Creek. The troops were disposed in the following order:—The left column under Col. Montezambert with Lord Melgund as Chief of Staff, advanced on the west side of the river and was composed thus:

French Scouts	25
Winnipeg Battery	52
Royal Grenadiers	250
Teamsters	80
Total	407

The right column on the east side of the river under Gen. Middleton, with Lieut.-Col. Houghton as Chief of Staff, was as follows:

90th Battalion	304
"A" Battery	120
"C" Infantry	40
Boulton's Mounted Corps	60
Teamsters	60
Total	584

At 9:15 a.m. the rebels first made their appearance, opening fire on Boulton's scouts. The fire was at once returned and the enemy retreated to the shelter of a ravine, where it was impossible to reach them with our fire, and where they lay concealed, only rising to fire on our troops. The troops immediately advanced in skirmishing order and the rebels were attacked on both flanks. So thoroughly were they concealed, however, and protected from the rifles of the volunteers that our fire was comparatively ineffective.

In the meantime "A" Battery was endeavouring to reach a position to command the ravine and having done so the rebels were shelled from their holes and retired to a post at some distance in the woods. Rallying again and evading the fire of the battery they moved in the direction of the 90th regiment and skulking behind trees and rocks poured in a galling fire from their Winchesters and double-barrelled shot guns charged with bullets or buck-shot. The distance between the contestants was here in many cases not more than thirty to forty yards and the fire of the enemy came with deadly precision. Many of our brave volunteers fell here and it is greatly to their

credit that although fighting against a concealed foe they never flinched for a moment, but held their ground under circumstances which would have tested the mettle of veteran soldiers. The fighting continued for more than an hour when the fire of the rebels slackened and at 1.40 p.m. they had been dislodged from two of the ravines, but still held a third on which the guns of the battery could not be brought to bear. The Grenadiers and the 90th, however, poured in a hot fire which did not do much execution owing to the thick brush and other obstacles behind which the enemy enconced themselves. Ordered to charge, the 90th with the Grenadiers and C Company advanced and at once drove the enemy before them down the ravine, and from their last stronghold, thus leaving the field in possession of our troops, who had now a victory at a terrible cost in killed and wounded. The casualties were seven killed and about 45 wounded, two others of whom have since died. That this is a fearful price to pay for so barren a result must be confessed, but Canadians while they deplore the fate of the brave fellows who fell, have the satisfaction of knowing that they fell, with their faces to the foe; that although under fire for the first time and opposed to an ambushed enemy, fighting on his own ground with all the advantages of position; with the war whoop of the savage ringing in their ears, there was no wavering, no flinching, but in the face of all these trying circumstances a steadiness and coolness which would have done honor to the oldest troops of the British line. The rebel loss has been variously estimated, but is unknown, as all their dead and wounded were removed from the field before their final retreat.

THE "GLOBE" AND "MAIL."

If the TRIP HAMMER were not so young and inexperienced in the amenities of journalism, we should certainly feel like offering a piece of advice to our big brethren of King street. We have not been asked for our advice, of course, and are quite aware that any such impertinence on our part would meet with unspeakable contempt in the quarters referred to. But if we were asked for it it would be something like this: In the face of the national calamity which has come upon us would it not be more dignified for both of you to lay aside for the time being the weapons with which, on ordinary occasions, you assail each other? Suppose the "Mail" were to say, "The people of Canada are tired—tired to death, we are sure they are—of our attempts to justify the shortcomings of our own party by parading in our columns, day after day, the shortcomings of our opponents in days that are gone. The people, Conservatives and Reformers alike, have their eyes so anxiously strained in the direction of that far-off land where their brothers and their sons are lying under arms awaiting orders to attack the enemy, that the conflict between the pot and the kettle has dwindled to invisible proportions in their sight. We shall drop it until the larger war is over. We shall say, once for all, that we believe the Government is doing all in its power to put down the rebellion, that it *has* done all it could in reason be expected to do in the matter of Half-breed claims and troubles in the Northwest, and we shall rely on the common sense of the people to do us justice." And suppose the "Globe" were to view the matter in the

same light and say, "We have no wish to embarrass the Government of the country in the efforts they are putting forth to quell the rebellion. We believe they are all wrong. We believe the Half-breeds have been wronged, and that there are palliating circumstances in their case. We believe the troops should have been sent through United States territory. We believe the fault of the rebellion lies with the Government wholly, and that, if they had done their duty, there would have been no rising. We believe there is incapacity now shown in the conduct of the campaign. We believe all this, and we say it now, and once for all. Yet, nevertheless, rather than place a straw in their way, rather than utter a word that might give aid and comfort to traitors under arms against constituted authority, we shall be silent until the trouble is ended, until law and order have triumphed, and then we shall render our account."

Do you not think, gentlemen, that the people would respect you both more, and your opinions and utterances more, were you to take this stand? We think so, and if you ask us for our advice, there it is. If you do not wish to receive it, very well—reject it. But we can assure you that it is good advice. That it echoes the thought and feeling of the people, who would be only too glad to welcome to their breakfast tables a leading daily press of a loftier dignity, a higher Christian charity, than any now available in this Queen City of the West. We have spoken.

WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASS'N.

There have been four entertainments or meetings held in April. The first, April 4th, consisted of tableaux and charades by the young friends of Mr. W. E. H. Massy, the details of which are given in another column.

On the 13th Prof. Bohner and his pupils gave a concert, which was unanimously voted the best of the series so far, and the program of which is given below. The Hall was crowded to its utmost limit, and the sincere expressions of satisfaction tendered to the Professor and his young lady and gentlemen friends at the close must have been gratifying to him and them.

On Friday evening, the 17th, a small audience met in the lecture room, the programme being: Ist, "Some properties of matter," by Mr J. H. Stanton. Several experiments were satisfactorily exhibited and explanations given of some of the phenomena, which have become so familiar to us that we have ceased to regard them as such. Mr. W. J. Clokey then devoted an hour to the practical illustration of some of the various kinds of gears, including the spur, the bevel and the mitre. We were pleased to see some of the most thoughtful men of the Works present, and trust these meetings for practical instruction in matters of interest to all may be made more of a success in the future than they have hitherto been.

PROGRAMMES OF THE W. L. A. ENTERTAINMENTS FOR APRIL.

MONDAY, APRIL 6th, 1885.

PART I.

OVERTURE	Orchestra.
GLEE, "We Hail Thee Spring Delights".....	The Glee Club.
PIANO SOLO.....	Miss Denton.
TABLEAU, "Maud Muller,".....	
FLUTE SOLO.....	Mr. C. E. Saunders.
TABLEAU, "Rustic Coquetry,".....	
VOCAL SOLO.....	Mr. C. Boeckh.
CHARADE, in four acts, representing the word "Incarcerate".....	
READING, "Lord Dundreary,".....	Mr. G. W. Grote
GLEE, "Country Cousins,".....	The Glee Club.
TABLEAU, "Ignorance is Bliss,".....	
SONG, "Jean D'Annes,".....	The "13" Club.
TABLEAU, Lynch Law.....	

MONDAY, APRIL 13th.

PART I.

OVERTURE, "Jolly Robbers,".....	Messrs. Claxton, Napolitano, Marone and Prof. Bohner.
SOLO, "Non e Ver,".....	Prof. Bohner.
SOLO, "Only the Sound of a Voice,".....	Miss M. Morris.
SOLO, "Crispino et la Comaro,".....	Mr. Geo. Taylor
DUETT, "The Swallows' Farewell".....	Miss F. Cashman and Prof. Bohner.
SOLO, "Extasi,".....	Miss E. Donnelly.
SERENADE.....	Messrs. Claxton, Napolitano, Marone and Prof. Bohner.
SOLO, "The Bridal Morn,".....	Miss E. Oliver.

PART II.

PIANO SOLO.....	Miss Jessie Allan
DUETT, "Il Trovatore,".....	Miss E. Donnelly and Mr. Geo. Taylor.
SOLO, "Waiting,".....	Miss Cashman
DUETT, "O'er the Hill O'er the Dale,".....	Miss E. Oliver and Miss M. Morris.
SELECTION, "Climbing up the Golden Stairs,".....	Messrs. Claxton, Napolitano, Marone and Prof. Bohner.
SOLO, "The Fallen Hero,".....	Miss M. Morris.
VIOLIN SOLO.....	Signor F. Napolitano.
VOCAL QUARTETTE, "Good Night,".....	Misses Cashman and Morris, Messrs. Taylor and Prof. Bohner.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17th.

SUBJECTS.

"Some Properties of Matter,".....	Mr. J. H. Stanton.
"Construction of Tooth Gearing,".....	Mr. W. J. Clokey.
ADDRESS.....	Mr. C. D. Massey.

FRIDAY APRIL 24th.

PART I.

SELECTION.....	The Band.
GLEE.....	The Glee Club.
PIANO SOLO.....	Miss Strange.
TRIO.....	Messrs McCoy, Clarke and Whittaker.
SONG.....	Mr. Birch.
READING.....	Mr. Harris.
PIANO DUETT.....	The Misses McCuaig.

PART II.

VIOLIN SOLO.....	Master Shelton.
READING.....	Mr. Turton.
SONG.....	Mr. McCoy.
RECITATION.....	Master Garvin.
GLEE.....	The Glee Club
READING.....	Mr. Stanton.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The Directors held their monthly meeting for April, when one new member was added to the roll, making total membership 103. Disbursements for sickness \$20.50. We are sorry to state that one of the directors of the Society, Mr. J. Clarke, has met with a most painful accident through the bursting of an emery wheel, which will probably incapacitate him for work for a considerable period. There are now two members on sick list.

MUSICAL.

The annual meeting of the Band was held April 29th, and the following officers elected: Honorary President, Mr. W. E. H. Massey; President, G. E. Powers; Vice-President, J. Russell; Secretary, W. W. Atkinson; Treasurer, E. Hill; Caretaker, W. Kelly.

As the relationship existing between the Massey Manufacturing Co. and the Band may not be generally understood, perhaps a word of explanation on this point will not be out of place. The instruments, uniform, etc., are the property of and controlled by the Company. The officers are elected by the members of the Band from their own ranks. The teacher is appointed by the Company and the caretaker is chosen by the Band, subject to the approval of the Company.

We direct attention to the concert to be held under the auspices of the Band to-morrow evening, 11th inst., in the Massey Memorial Hall. The programme is an exceptionally fine one and should of itself be sufficient to ensure a crowded house even under ordinary circumstances. And when we remember that the Band has contributed so materially to the success of the entertainments during the past few weeks and has always held itself in readiness to meet any reasonable demand for its services, we are sure that all who take any interest in its future success and continued improvement will show this by their presence at the concert on the 11th. Considerable expense has been incurred in securing the ser-

vices of the ladies and gentlemen who will take part in the programme in order that the entertainment may be first-class in every respect. We trust their enterprise in this respect will be rewarded as it deserves, and that their first concert in Memorial Hall may be the most successful they have yet held. Give them a bumper house. The admission fee, 15 cents, is so low that none should remain away on that account. Mr. W. E. H. Massey will occupy the chair.

HISTORICAL DIARY.

APRIL.

- 1st....Battleford, N. W. T., pillaged by the Indians.
- 3rd....Gen. Graham occupied Tamai.
- 5th....Wholesale arrests of anarchists were made in Switzerland.
- 6th....New French Cabinet announced=Mrs. Tom Thumb and Count Magri married at New York.
- 7th....Prince of Wales started on his journey to Ireland=Q. O. R., arrived at Winnipeg.
- 8th....The Prince and Princess of Wales accorded an enthusiastic reception at Dublin=Q. O. R., arrived at Qu' Appelle=Richard Grant White, died at the age of 64.
- 9th....The Russians, after a severe battle, drove the Afghans from Penjdeh=Causes great excitement in London.=10th Royals arrived at Qu' Appelle.=Eight white people killed by Indians at Frog Lake.
- 12th....Earl of Selkirk died.
- 13th....Trouble in Mallow Junction, County Cork, when Prince and Princess of Wales arrived.=Lord Mayor O'Connor hissed in Dublin.=Eight nearly finished tenement houses, collapse in West Sixty-second St. New York.
- 14th....Prince of Wales well received at Cork.
- 16th....Battle at Tonquin between French and Chinese; the French capture a Chinese war ship near Famosa.=Niagara Park Bill passed the N. Y. Legislature.
- 17th....Gen. Middleton arrived at Clarke's Crossing.
- 19th....England and Russia making preparations for arming men-of-war.
- 20th....The Prince of Wales met with hostile demonstrations between Killarney and Limerick.
- 21st....A war credit of \$55,000,000 asked for by Mr. Gladstone.
- 23rd....An explosion in the Admiralty Office, London; one man hurt.
- 24th....Middleton meets the rebels=a battle at Fish Creek=9 of his men killed and 45 wounded.=Enemy driven from his position.
- 25th....Hostile demonstration at a meeting in Montreal to discuss the rebellion=11 men buried under an avalanche in Colorado.
- 27th....Gen. Grant attains his sixty-third birthday.
- 28th....Prince and Princess of Wales arrive in London.=Much damage by floods in Montreal.
- 29th....The Czar signs an order for the equipment of the whole Russian fleet.
- 30th....G. T. R., employés strike at Montreal.

SELECTED.

THE SILVER FLUTE.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

"Ah!" sighed little Hans, as he came in, covered with the wet, heavy flakes of snow, which were drifting down through the night upon the city. "Ah! if I had but such a flute as I saw in the shop window to-night,—all silver, mother, with metal keys! And how the lights shone upon it!"

Hans pulled off his ragged muffler and his well-worn cap, and set down at the little table where his mother was cutting the half-loaf of bread and pouring the tea from the tiny tin tea-pot. "Poor Hans!" she said softly. "The child might have made a great player like his father, if he had but a little chance. Alas! what a terrible thing it is to be poor! How much did thou earn to-day, my boy?"

Hans smiled happily, as he replied, "Guess!"

"Was it—was it a dollar?" asked the pale, little German woman, as she looked eagerly into the boy's eyes.

"A dollar!" reiterated Hans, contemptuously, "and so much snow in the streets! Look at this!" He drew a handful of shining quarters from his pocket, and flung them merrily upon the table.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven!" counted the little mother. "O Hans, my brave boy, a dollar and seventy-five cents! Almost as much as a grown man would have earned! I am proud of thee!" Hans laughed until the brown curls tumbled down upon his white forehead. He was a handsome boy, and so like his father! "I might have earned another one still," he cried, "if it had not been for the beautiful music in the big brown house! Ah, mother! but it took me an hour to clean the snow from the sidewalk there. And then seeing the beautiful silver flute in the shop window on my way home, I have had such a happy, happy day!"

The mother's eyes filled with tears; and she looked back through the years and saw another face, crowned with the white brow and the clustering brown curls, and remembered another voice—so like—saying, "Oh, I have had such a happy, happy day!" But that was so long ago; and they were just married and had been to the Grand Opera. And Hans, the father, had had an offer to play the flute in the new German orchestra at \$50—think of it!—\$50 a week? Those were wonderful days. And Hans had said: "Gretchen, if we ever get poor like mice, we must never sell the silver flute. It has been the making of us!"

But death had come, even before the blue-eyed boy was born; and the wolf howled at the door, and the fire was dead in the little stove, and Gretchen could not starve with her baby, Hans. The day came when the rent was due; and the poor pale woman lay on the bare couch with the little one, and held out the silver flute with her trembling hand.

"O my God," she sobbed, "it must be done! Take it, and bring me the money, and I will pay you. O Hans," she wept, as the cruel landlord snatched it greedily from her hand, and ran down the rickety stairs: "O my husband in heaven, forgive me! I would not have done it but for our little one!"

The rent was paid; and a few little comforts for the sick woman were wrung from the landlord, in return for the trifle over which he claimed to have received for the precious silver flute. A few days fire burned in the little stove and kept them warm, and there was bread and water for a week and more. And, then, the little woman grew stronger, and the spring days were beginning to come on; and so they lived. But the little Hans had a dreary time of it, tied in his cradle alone all the day long. And how hungry he was when the tired mother came running home in the evening, poor little child!—But what could she do? She could not take Hans with her; for who would have an extra baby in the house, when wages were to be paid and work done? It was a painful thing to think of,—her baby boy all alone in the dingy, cheerless room, with nothing to brighten the long hours, hungry, cold, and lonesome; but it was better than starvation, better even than separation. And there was always hope of better days.

And, now that Hans was grown up and could earn a little something for himself, the times were not so hard. Still, the mother sorrowed for the boy, with his high aspirations wedded to his well-nigh hopeless lot. It made her heart ache to hear him talk about his love for music. How she longed to send him to the Conservatory! How she wished that she were strong as in days gone by, that she might provide food and raiment for both while Hans was pursuing the study of his beloved art! But it could not be. It needed their combined efforts to keep the wolf from the door; and, even then, it was a constant struggle, with the odds sometimes in favor of the wolf, from year's end to year's end.

Hans had picked up a little knowledge of music in his leisure moments, as, indeed, a lad of his tastes and talents could scarcely help doing. He had an old, cracked, single-keyed, wooden flute, which he had bought for a dollar at a pawnbroker's shop; and, already, the ambitious lad was playing snatches from the operas and popular bits from orchestral scores. He had some scraps of pretty airs in his flute manual, too, and was rapidly learning to read and play quite difficult passages with skill and expression. His darling ambition was to have a real Boehm flute and play in an orchestra, as his father had done before him.

When Hans came home with the story of the silver flute, his mother had not thought, at first, so much about that. Her thoughts were more upon her boy than upon his story. But, in the night, as she lay waiting for sleep, it came over her suddenly like a flash that the silver flute which Hans had seen in the shop window might, perhaps, be the very flute which her husband had intrusted to her care with his dying breath. She had often longed to know what had become of it, often dreamed of some time finding it again, though it had long since passed, as she learned, from the hands of the pawnbroker to whom her landlord had carried it.

She could hardly sleep a wink all night, so excited was she. In the morning, she proposed to Hans that they go together and look at the wonderful silver flute. As they approached the window, her heart beat so that she could hardly breathe. "There it is!" cried Hans delightedly. "Oh, isn't it beautiful?"

The little woman pressed her face close against the pane. Ha! the mark on the key! Hans's mark! It is—it is the very same! A little cry of wonder and

delight escaped her lips, which Hans took for admiration. "Is it not a beautiful flute?" he cried. "O mother, if we only had the money to buy it!"

It was a very, very cold night; but Hans could not resist the temptation of stopping on his way home to look just once more at the lights shining on the wonderful silver flute. As he stood there, with his hands in his pockets, so wrapped in admiration and longing that he hardly felt the piercing cold, there came a cry: "Runaway! runaway! Stop him!"

Hans turned quickly, and saw a horse and carriage dashing down the almost deserted street. As it came closer, he could see that the only occupant of the carriage was a beautiful little girl. She was clinging to the seat, as the furious horse dashed on, looking out, with a white, scared face, like a face of marble. There were strong men standing near Hans, but not one of them stirred. The horse was going at frightful speed. It was a terrible thought,—to cast one's life at his feet. But Hans did not hesitate. He did not even stop to think. The impulse came upon him, and he obeyed it without a question.

It was all over in less than a minute. The reins of the flying steed were dragging on the ground; and Hans had caught them by a flying leap, as the runaway dashed past. He was thrown violently to the ground, and dragged over the cobble stones for several rods; but still the plucky, little fellow held on, and succeeded in so far checking the speed of the runaway that a dozen stalwart men caught him by rein and bit, and forced him to a stand-still. Then they picked up little Hans. For a moment, he was quite stunned and stared wildly about him. Blood was trickling from beneath his clustering brown curls, and his shabby clothes were nearly torn from his bruised little body.

Just then a cab dashed up at full speed, and a gentleman jumped out. "My child!" he cried: "is she safe?" In an instant the little girl was folded in his arms, and he was showering kisses on her pallid face. "But what is this?" he asked suddenly, his eye falling upon little Hans in the arms of one of the men.

"The lad who stopped the horse," said the man, with a gruff tenderness. "Poor fellow! If it hadn't been for him, I don't know where your little girl would have been now."

"The brave fellow!" exclaimed the gentleman, with a choking voice. "Here, put him into the cab, gently. Now, every one of you gentlemen, I trust, will call at my house to-morrow,—No. 125 — Avenue. I shall take the lad home with me, and give him the best of medical treatment."

"And now, my little man," said Hans's new-found friend as the boy lay on a luxurious sofa in the —th Avenue mansion, "I have sent a messenger to tell your mother that the doctor says you are not hurt so but that you can safely be brought home in the morning. Meanwhile, I want you to do me a great favor. Will you?"

"If I can, sir," said Hans weakly.

"Tell me what you would like best of all in the whole round world?"

Hans looked quickly up. His eyes were full of tears.

"Speak out my dear boy!" cried his benefactor, "let it be what it may."

"I would like," said Hans, eagerly, "oh, how I would like the silver flute!"

Hans is now at the Conservatory; and the silver flute is the wonder and admiration of all his fellows,—not so much for its mere mechanical beauty as for the marvellous sweetness and purity of its tones, when pressed by the loving lip of the "little master," as he is called. There is no more fighting the wolf in the little bare room in the tenement. Hans and his mother live in the big brown house. Hans mother is housekeeper, and Hans—well the great folks on the Avenue have been heard to whisper that, some time, the mansion and its little mistress will be his.—*Musical Herald*.

THE LARK IN THE GOLD-FIELDS.

PART SECOND.—CARLO.

By Charles Reade.

A jet of smoke issued from the bush, followed by the report of a gun, and Carlo, who had taken advantage of George's revery to slip on ahead, gave a sharp howl, and spun round upon all fours.

"The scoundrels!" shrieked Robinson. And in a moment his gun was at his shoulder, and he fired both barrels slap into the spot whence the smoke had issued.

Both the men dashed up and sprang into the bush, revolver in hand, but ere they could reach it the dastard had run; and the scrub was so thick, pursuit was hopeless. The men returned, full of anxiety for Carlo.

The dog met them, his tail between his legs; but at sight of George he wagged his tail, and came to him and licked George's hand, and walked on with them, licking George's hand every now and then.

"Look, Tom! he is as sensible as a Christian. He knows the shot was meant for him, though they didn't hit him."

By this time the men had got out of the wood and pursued their road, but not with tranquil hearts. Sunday ended with the noise of that coward's gun. They walked on hastily, guns ready, fingers on the trigger at war. Suddenly Robinson looked back and stopped, and drew George's attention to Carlo. He was standing with all his four legs wide apart, like a statue. George called him; he came directly and was for licking George's hand, but George pulled him about and examined him all over.

"I wish they may not have hurt him, after all, the butchers;—they have, too! See here, Tom! here is one streak of blood on his belly; nothing to hurt, though, I do hope. Never mind, Carlo!" cried George; "it is only a single shot, by what I can see. 'Tisn't like when Will put the whole charge into you, rabbit-shooting,—is it, Carlo? No, says he; we don't care for this,—do we, Carlo?" cried George, rather boisterously.

"Make him go into that pool, there," said Robinson; "then he won't have a fever."

"I will. Here,—cess! cess!" He threw a stone into the pool of water that lay a little off the road, and Carlo went in after it without any hesitation, though not with his usual alacrity. After an unsuccessful attempt to recover the stone, he swam out lower down, and came back to the men, and wagged his tail slowly and walked behind George

They went on.

"Tom," said George, after a pause, "I don't like it."

"Don't like what?"

"He never so much as shook himself."

"What of that? He did shake himself, I should say."

"Not as should be. Who ever saw a dog come out of the water and not shake himself? Carlo! hie, Carlo!" and George threw a stone along the ground. Carlo trotted after it, but his limbs seemed to work stiffly; the stone spun round a sharp corner in the road,—the dog followed it.

"He will do now," said Robinson.

They walked briskly on. On turning the corner they found Carlo sitting up and shivering, with the stone between his paws.

"We must not let him sit," said Tom; "keep his blood warm. I don't think we ought to have sent him into the water."

"I don't know," muttered George, gloomily. "Carlo!" cried he, cheerfully, "don't you be down-hearted; there is nothing so bad as faint-heartedness for man or beast. Come, up and away ye go, and shake it off like a man."

Carlo got up and wagged his tail in answer, but he evidently was in no mood for running; he followed languidly behind.

"Let us get home," said Robinson; "there is an old pal of mine that is clever about dogs; he will cut the shot out, if there is one in him, and give him some physic."

The men strode on, and each, to hide his own uneasiness, chatted about other matters; but, all of a sudden, Robinson cried out, "Why, where is the dog?" They looked back, and there was Carlo some sixty yards in the rear, but he was not sitting this time,—he was lying on his belly.

"O, this is a bad job!" cried George. The men ran up, in real alarm; Carlo wagged his tail as soon as they came near him, but he did not get up.

"Carlo!" cried George, despairingly, "you wouldn't do it, you couldn't think to do it! O, my dear Carlo! it is only making up your mind to live; keep up your heart, old fellow,—don't go to leave us alone among these villains. My poor, dear, darling dog! O no! he won't live,—he can't live! See how dull his poor, dear eye is getting. O Carlo, Carlo!"

At the sound of his master's voice in such distress, Carlo whimpered, and then he began to stretch his limbs out. At the sight of this, Robinson cried hastily—

"Rub him, George! We did wrong to send him into the water."

George rubbed him all over. After rubbing him awhile, he said—

"Tom, I seem to feel him turning to dead under my hand."

George's hand, in rubbing Carlo, came round to the dog's shoulder; then Carlo turned his head, and for the third time began to lick George's hand. George let him lick his hand and gave up rubbing, for where was the use? Carlo never left off licking his hand, but feebly, very feebly,—more and more feebly.

Presently, even while he was licking his hand, the poor thing's teeth closed slowly on his loving tongue, and then he could lick the beloved hand no more. Breath fluttered about his body a little while longer; but in truth he had ceased to live when he could no longer kiss his master's hand.

The poor single-hearted soul was gone.

George took it up tenderly in his arms. Robinson made an effort to console him.

"Don't speak to me, Tom, if you please," said George, gently but quickly. He carried it home silently, and laid it silently down in a corner of the tent.

Robinson made a fire and put some steaks on, and made George slice some potatoes, to keep him from looking always at what so little while since was Carlo. Then they sat down silently and gloomily to dinner; it was long past their usual hour, and they were working men. Until we die we dine, come what may. The first part of the meal passed in deep silence. Then Robinson said sadly—

"We will go home, George. I fall into your wishes now. Gold can't pay for what we go through in this hellish place."

"Not it," replied George, quietly.

"We are surrounded by enemies."

"Seems so," was the reply, in a very languid tone.

"Labor by day and danger by night."

"Ay!" but in a most indifferent tone.

"And no Sabbath for us two."

"No."

"I'll do my best for you, and when we have five hundred pounds, you shall go home."

"Thank you. He was a good friend to us that lies there under my coat; he used to lie over it, and then who dare touch it?"

"No! but don't give way to that, George; do eat a bit,—it will do you good."

"I will, Tom,—I will. Thank you kindly. Ah! now I see why he came to me and kept licking my hand so the moment he got the hurt. He had more sense than we had,—he knew he and I were to part that hour; and I tormented his last minutes sending him into the water and after stones, when the poor thing wanted to be bidding me good-bye all the while. O dear! O dear!" and George pushed his scarce-tasted dinner from him, and left the tent hurriedly, his eyes thick with tears.

Thus ended this human day so happily begun; and thus the poor dog paid the price of fidelity this Sunday afternoon.

Siste viator iter and part with poor Carlo, for whom there are now no more little passing troubles, no more little simple joys. His duty is performed, his race is run; peace be to him, and to all simple and devoted hearts! Ah me! how rare they are among men!

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

It has been stated that reading makes a full man—writing a precise man—and speaking a ready man. Reading, in this connection, undoubtedly refers to all the means of acquiring information when alone. Not only does it include the reception of another's ideas from the printed page, but takes in the investigation of the extensive book of our surroundings, to which we give the general name, observation.

Who, while intently listening to the polished language and fiery eloquence of the accom-

plished speaker, has not envied him the power to sway his audience at will with the forcible presentation of his burning thoughts? But all cannot be orators, for they, like poets, are born not made; yet no one has so little of the gift of speech but the ability to express himself acceptably will be perceptibly increased by constant practice, or by expressing his views on every proper occasion. Some of the world's most eloquent men were at one time but indifferent speakers, yet the material was in them, and by energy and determination have won the world's plaudits.

While reading represents the individual method of obtaining, and speaking the personal means of imparting information, writing is not without its advantages. As before stated, it gives precision to the expression of thought. It represents the concentration of ideas, be they second-hand or original, on a given subject, put in a tangible form, and cast in the mould of individuality.

We look upon ideas expressed in writing as personality crystallized—as the best permanent expression of the writer's best thought. We take it for granted you have some views on a given subject and think you understand it. To test your knowledge you commit it to paper, and perhaps find you do not know quite as much as you thought. This puts you in search of your weak points with a view to strengthening them. Having satisfied yourself as to the facts you read over what is written—erase a portion here—interline there—and change the form of expression elsewhere. Having gone through it this way you read again, using the corrections, and then decide to write it out as it should be.

You commence again and on a clean sheet of paper: all goes as you intended for a while. Then you think to improve some passage you had passed over before. You twist the sentence around, first this way, then that, so as to present its idea in the simplest and most forcible manner, then finally get it to suit—and thus you continue till finally through again. Has the effort been of no benefit to you? Has the time been wasted? What have you done? You have been comparing expressions of thought and, to decide, have used all arguments pro and con at your command, and in the end you have decided. You have been led to form an independent judgment as to which is best of two or more methods of expressing the same

idea. Is that of no value? The thought must be in the mind before it can be developed, but the ability to clothe it in its most appropriate garb is no mean advantage.

Talents are improved by cultivation. Our muscles strengthen with use. Our faculties become quickened by a constant habit of observation, and by frequently reducing our thoughts to writing, we almost unconsciously learn to express them in the fewest words and choicest language.

To further this idea, one object in circulating this periodical among the Massey Manufacturing Co.'s employees specially, as stated in our first number, was to furnish a medium for the exchange of views and the development of ideas among its readers by giving expression to their own. We are satisfied all who try it will lose nothing by the effort. Let us hear from several others.

In solving the first problem given in last issue, consider the whole weight of the stick as being concentrated at its centre (the centre of gravity). One man with a lever ten feet long lifts one-third the weight. The other two men on opposite side of the centre are to lift twice as much, consequently their lever must only be five feet long, or they must be five feet from the centre, which, by the conditions of the question, places them five feet from their end of the stick.

In the second question, the man and pail of water are considered as one body, and the centre of gravity tends toward the side on which the pail is carried. To counterbalance this, or to keep the vertical line which joins the common centre of gravity and the centre of the earth, from passing outside his feet, he extends his empty hand.

Amateur's suggestion in reference to physical exercise has provoked another communication concerning leisure time, which we herewith submit.

To the Editor TRIP HAMMER:

In reply to remarks in your last issue, made by "Amateur," suggesting the formation of a base ball or cricket club composed of employes of the Massey Co., would say:—I, for one, endorse heartily his suggestion, and should this move be taken up, would gladly do all in my power to help it along. It would certainly give to your readers a great deal of innocent amuse-

ment, as well as healthful exercise; but would necessitate the occasional loss of time. This brings us to the question of a half holiday on Saturdays during the summer months, which would be very desirable, if it could be granted without interfering with the business of the Company. Petitions, I believe, have been presented to the President of the Company on this subject, to which no reply has been given, simply because there was no one to receive it. The men in the factory neglected to present the petition in a proper manner, viz: through the medium of a committee, who might have been instructed to urge a reply. Now, if this were done, I am convinced the proposition would be either heartily acceded to or an explanation given. Saturday afternoon is being kept as a holiday by nearly all the large concerns in the city, and it might perhaps not be amiss to try the experiment here, providing the President can see his way clear to grant it. It would enable the working-man to enjoy, at least, a few hours outing weekly with his family, and perhaps do away with a large amount of Sabbath-breaking.

EMPLOYÉ.

Warm weather is coming on now and, if there is any advantage in the foregoing plan, its merits might as well be tested without delay.

Before parting for this month we will give our mathematical friends the following to get acquainted with:

"How many rails would be required to enclose a square field with a fence eight rails high and two panels to the rod, so that for each rail in the fence there would be an acre in the field?"

QUIZ.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. Algeo, of the Binder Canvas room, is now seriously ill, and is lying at the Toronto Hospital; little hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Mr. Hart Powell, of the office staff, is still suffering from sciatica, and is not as yet able to resume his duties. We hope, as the warm weather advances, that "Old Sci" will quickly recover.

We are informed that Mr. James Cane of the Wood Department, and a member of the 10th Royals, who is now with his regiment in the North-West, has been accidentally shot in the hand, which may possibly have to be amputated.

Mr. Robt. Davey, of the Wood Department, has contracted a severe cold which has settled on his lungs, he has not been to work since the 9th ult. We hope that he will soon recover and be able to join his associates in his department.

We learn that Mr. Geo. Drummond, of the firm Drummond, McCall & Co., of Montreal, who received severe injuries while tobogganing last winter, is now able to be out, and we hope to see him on his regular trip through Ontario shortly.

The West End is becoming exceedingly populous. Strangers are continually arriving and taking up their

residence among us. The latest arrival is in the person of a young lady who has taken possession of 207 Dundas Street, and proposes to "run" that domicile. The former occupants of the house, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stanton, are to reside with her for the present. No cards.

Mr. Harry Watson, who has for the past three years been connected with the Collection Department, has resigned his position to follow a course of professional studies. Harry has always performed his duties well, and has been much respected by all his office associates and the Management of the Company. We are sorry to lose him from the ranks, but as he has higher aims in view he goes with the best wishes of all for his future prosperity.

Mr. John Clarke, foreman of the Grinding Department, met with a painful accident whilst grinding a casting in the usual manner. The emery wheel at which he was engaged suddenly burst, striking him on the inner side of the thigh, lacerating and mangling the flesh in a horrible manner. We fear it will be several weeks yet before he can return to work. It is fortunate no bones were broken. We sympathize much with him and his family.

We record with sadness the death of the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Fisk, which occurred at their residence, No. 268 King Street West, on the 9th ult. This bereavement bears unusually heavily upon our friends, coming as it does with comparatively suddenness and so soon after their removal to Toronto. The little loved one was the pet of the household and though somewhat delicate had enjoyed better than usual health during the past winter. Its last illness was brief, and the tender flower has faded from sight—but never from memory. It was not our privilege to know little Alice, but we deeply share in the sorrow that accompanies her loss. Our cordial sympathies are herewith extended to Mr. and Mrs. Fisk.

KALSOMINING EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. Benjamin Finney, of the Paint Mixing Room, narrowly escaped shuffling off this mortal coil the other night; his experience being related to us by a friend as follows:

It seems that Mr. F is so much accustomed to mixing paint that it has become a second nature to him, and he wants to be at it continually. New hues and shades are constantly presenting themselves to his imagination, and he is never satisfied until he has converted them into realities. His family has noticed this tendency to mixing things of late, and its members have kept their eye on him. Dissimulation therefore was resorted to to allay their suspicions, and under pretence of kalsomining some of the rooms of his dwelling, he prepared a patent pailful of a mixture which was calculated to throw the tender green of nature completely in the shade. He carefully set the decoction away and retired to rest to dream of the wonderful color which he expected to find in the morning. Sometime during the night the mixing mania seized him—something seemed to say, "The shade is the thirty-second of a forty-seventh too light—add more color." He sprang up, and without waiting to strike a light, he made for the kitchen. Passing by the water pail, with its tin cup shining in the moonlight, it suddenly struck him that he was thirsty. In haste he seized the cup, plunged it in the pail, and drank its contents eagerly. This was the beginning.

of the trouble. It is all very well to talk of "where ignorance is bliss," etc. When a man has swallowed half a quart of boiled lime, flavored with Paris green, it is scarcely possible to keep him in ignorance of the fact, even if it were desirable. Mr. F. realized at once what had happened to him, and with a coolness worthy of a nobler cause, proceeded to reason out the matter thus: "To die by arsenical poison is a dreadful death. To die by suffocation is comparatively painless. As I have to die (Paris Green is relentless), let it be by suffocation." Reasoning thus he heaped the kitchen stove with anthracite, left the stove doors open, and retired again to his couch, with the expectation of finding himself defunct within a reasonable time.

The inward Kalsomining he had given himself, however, so worried his mind and gnawed, so to speak, at the mucous membrane of his stomach, that any such thing as a comfortable and peaceful ending was found to be out of the question. He immediately proceeded to awaken the school district by his howls. The family crowded around him in various stages of alarm; hot coffee was administered as soon as possible with a beneficial result, and we are pleased to hear that Mr. Finney is now out of danger. But it was a narrow escape, and he has made up his mind for the future to examine carefully his moonlight libations.

LIBRARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR MEMBERS OF THE W. L. A.

The Librarian regrets exceedingly that he is called upon on the part of the Management of The Massey Mfg. Co. to express a feeling of disappointment from the fact that the Library they have provided for their employés is so little used. No pains are spared to make the Reading Room attractive and comfortable, and a copious supply of the very best literature is kept upon the Library tables—all this and other privileges are given to the employés free of any charge whatever—yet, but a small fraction of them ever pay it any attention! Gentlemen! is this appreciation? It is to be hoped that a more lively interest in Library matters may be manifested in the future than has been shown in the past. By the arrangement spoken of in the article following this you may now bring your family with you, or they may come and enjoy the Reading Room without you, and we sincerely hope that this will be a means of bringing the Library into better use.

Many members of the W. L. A. have failed to borrow magazines for home reading from a want of a proper understanding of the "Circulating System."

We have improved the "System" and simplified matters somewhat, so that now it will be found much more convenient.

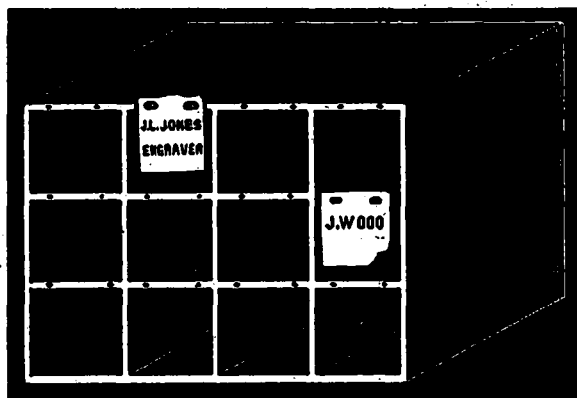
Every employé who possesses a membership ticket of the W. L. A., is entitled to the privilege of borrowing any monthly magazine or weekly paper coming to our Library for home reading.

Each magazine will be kept on file till the next issue of the same kind arrives. When periodicals have been removed from their files, loans may be effected in the following manner:

Fill out a "request blank" (such as will always be found on the writing table), writing the name of the periodical you wish to borrow, together with its date in the first line; sign the slip and deposit it, in the Librarian's Drawer. Write nothing in the space after the word "Lent."

A periodical (when it is loanable), for which request is made, will be placed in one of the pigeon-holes of the "Library Case" (at the main entrance to the Works for employés), and the name of the earliest applicant will appear in front of it.

We give an illustration of the "Library Case" which, as seen, contains magazines for "J. L. Jones" and "J. Wood."



The Library will be open every working day from 12 to 12 55 o'clock.

Any member depositing a "request" at noon will find the periodical he wishes to borrow in the "Library Case" as he passes out of the Works in the evening, or if not he will find a note addressed to him on the "Library Notice Board" above the "Library Case."

Let members remove and read any notice placed upon the "Notice Board" for them as early as possible. When there is a magazine in the "Case" for you, tear off the card with your name written upon it, and remove the magazine promptly.

Magazines may be kept out ten days, after that they will be charged for at the rate of *two cents* per day.

Place all returned periodicals on the Librarian's desk in the Library, and you will be credited. Do not put them in the Book Case.

The Book Case in the corner of the Reading Room is always well stocked with literature that may be borrowed at any time.

By the time TRIP HAMMER again reaches its readers the new arrangements will all be complete. May all members of the W. L. A. put them to good use.

W. E. H. MASSEY,

Librarian to the Workman's Library Ass'n.

THE FAMILIES OF EMPLOYEES ADMITTED TO THE LIBRARY.

The plan of opening the Library to families represented by members which was spoken of in the last number of TRIP HAMMER has been discussed, and the Librarian has the pleasure of announcing that the experiment will be tried. This will give a very large number of people the chance of enjoying the literature provided in our Reading Room, which is at present read by so few. If the experiment is successful, that is, if sufficient patronage is gained by this plan to warrant its continuance, permanent arrangements will be made for the convenience of the families of the employes early next fall.

Just now they will be admitted free of any charge, and without tickets, provided one member of the family holds a membership ticket of the Workman's Library Association.

Children for obvious reasons cannot be admitted.

The rules of the Library must be observed, and non-compliance therewith will mean forfeiture of free admittance.

The Library will be open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, from 7 till 9.30 o'clock, for members and their families, beginning with Tuesday evening, May 12th.

The borrowing of magazines for home reading can be done through members only.

It has been thought best to open the Library for one or two afternoons in the week, as well,

FOR THE LADIES,

so that if inconvenient for them to attend in the evening they may enjoy a quiet afternoon's reading. Wednesday and Friday have been selected as the best days, and from 2 till 6 o'clock in the afternoon the Reading Room will be open for *ladies only*. They will enter at the second door from the corner (regular Hall entrance).

Wednesday, the 13th of May, the Library will be open for the first time for ladies. Let the ladies show their appreciation by turning out in large numbers.

NOTICES.

NOTE.—Notices of Marriages, Births and Deaths are earnestly solicited from subscribers, and will be inserted free of any charge.

BIRTH.

At 207 Dundas St., on the 12th day of April, the wife of Mr. J. H. Stanton of a daughter.

DIED.

FISK—April 9th, at No. 268 King St. West, Alice, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Lester M. Fisk, aged 3 years and 9 months.

BUSINESS CORNER

NOTE.—Advertisements under the head of For Sale or Exchange, To Let, Lost, Found, Wanted, etc., will be inserted (for employes only) at the rate of Five Cents per line.

TRIP HAMMER.

Nearly every employe of the Massey Manufacturing Company has already subscribed for TRIP HAMMER, and we sincerely hope that the very few who have not done so will soon add their names to the list. The price of a good cigar pays an annual subscription—only *twenty cents*. Subscribers who have not paid up will confer a favor by doing so at their earliest opportunity.

The present issue contains letters written by Mr. W. Fred Harris, who is now in the Northwest with the Q. O. R., of which he is a member, under Col. Otter. We hope to publish further correspondence from this gentleman in the June number.

In the summer numbers contributions may be expected from J. H. Vincent, D.D., Chancellor of the Chautauqua University; J. M. Buckley, D.D., editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*; R. C. Houghton, D.D., well-known author and lecturer, and others.

Employes leaving the city may have their paper mailed to them free of extra charge by giving us their address.

Any subscriber wishing specimen copies to send to friends may obtain them *gratis* from either of the business managers, or from Mr. A. Edmund, day-watchman.