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THE TRIP HAMMER.

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The Trip Hammer.

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VETERANS.

THIRD on the list comes Mr. Richard Davy, who, we believe, has worked a greater number of days for The Massey Manufacturing Company and its founders than any other man in its employ. Mr. Davy was born in Cornwall County, England, March 21st, 1822, and is consequently 63 years of age. His father was a farmer. Was married at Waterloo, England, in December, 1845. Four years thereafter he emigrated to Canada with his wife and child, the latter of whom died shortly after his arrival at Newcastle. His remembrances of the ocean voyage are still vivid. The vessel on which he took passage at Pads-

tow, was named the *Belle*, Captain Basson, and the time made by her across the Atlantic was exactly six weeks and three days. The passengers were about seventy in number, and during a storm of two days and two nights the sickness was calculated to cause Mark Tapley, had he been on board, to "come out" in the strongest possible manner. However they landed safely at Quebec, and came on to Montreal by steamer *City of Quebec*. They arrived at Toronto by the *City of Toronto*, and remained about two weeks. Having relatives at Cobourg he took the boat for that point. These were the days of the old *Admiral* and the *Princess Royal*, and opposition steamboating, and the fare at that time from Toronto to Cobourg was one York shilling. Mr. Davy can recall no instance during his life where he obtained such full value for his money as on this trip. These were also the days of the four horse coaches, country inns and swaggering drivers with their tin horns and eight miles an hour. "Times were better then," says Mr. Davy, "than they are now. Of course wages were low, but the means of living were low in proportion. Good beef could be bought for 3d. or 4d. a pound; veal, 2d. 2½d; mutton about the same; geese, 1/3 each; turkeys, 2/6 or 3/; bread, three large loaves for a quarter; potatoes, 1/ a bush.; wood, 5/ to 6/3 per cord in the country, and everything in like proportion. O, the old days, the good old days!" Mr. Davy, thinks he got full value for his York shilling, although he stopped short of his intended destination, and left the boat at Newcastle. Finding employment there with Mr. Chas. Allen, a cabinet maker, he remained with him a few months, and during that time completed a piece of very fine work which took the first prize at the Provincial Exhibition, held that year in Cobourg. On leaving Allen he went into housebuilding on his own account, and several houses yet standing in and about Newcastle bear the marks of his hand. They were not the "balloons" of these later days when whole blocks fall down if incautiously leant up against, burying their occupants amid their flimsy ruins, and landing their builders (in one case at least) where they

ought to have been long before—in States prison. The houses Mr. Davy built were built to stay, and they have staid. If it were possible for one of these old structures, with their ponderous beams and girths and braces, to fall down, there would be no occupants left alive to tell the tale, but Mr. Davey has no such blood upon his head; his houses might burn down, but never fall.

Mr. Davy was first employed in the Massey family by Mr. Daniel Massey, and later by Mr. H. A. Massey, at house cabinet work and fitting, assisting during the busy season in the manufacture of machines. In 1850 he regularly entered the employ of H. A. Massey in which he continued, with the exception of about two years, until the formation of the present Company. His absence during those two years was owing to a dispute between him and a newly appointed foreman. He has continued in the Company's employ since it was organized and now claims to be the oldest man in the shop. He has been the father of twelve children, six of whom are still living, four girls and two boys, the latter being now employed by the Company.

Mr. Davy is one of those men who are not afraid of their work, and has the reputation of being one of the best workmen in his line in the city. He has always been a very industrious and obliging man, and there is many an old threshing machine man who has driven miles after six o'clock in the evening to get to Mr. Davy with his machine which required what the Yorkshireman would call "fettling." He was always ready when called on, and at that busy time (about which we know something even now perhaps) he has been often up and at work when the first beams of the sun played about the shining edges of his tools. Mr. Davy has a horror of "scamped" work; whatever he does may be depended upon as having been done to the best of his ability; he is not of those who are satisfied if their work shows well outside, it must be thorough all through before it passes from his hands. He says of himself that he is a poor hand at providing materials for an autobiography or dovetailing them together, but when it comes to a job of work, whether dovetailing or laying out, he thinks he might say without presumption that he possesses some claims to excellence. We can most cordially echo this opinion, and trust that he may long be able, as he is competent and willing, to do the work entrusted to

his hands. The world would be badly off without such men. Among the "scampers" and the "soldiers" who abound, they are the salt which prevents and preserves the whole mass from becoming corrupt. If there were more men satisfied simply to do their duty, and their whole duty, there would be more peace and contentment in the world. There would not be so many rich, perhaps, but there would be more quiet consciences, and a greater number of happier lives. Who shall be rich in the end? Who shall be poor? Surely the grandest riches any man can aspire to are those of a pure heart, a conscience devoid of offence, and a contented mind. He who shall hear the words, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things," addressed to him at last shall be rich beyond all that earth can ever know.

"Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By records of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee."

On the 4th of August next Mr. Davy will, if he live, complete his fortieth year as a journeyman, about thirty-five of which have been spent in the employ of The Massey Co.

THE LOST CAUSE.

Canada has reason to congratulate herself upon the manner in which the insane rising in the North West has been put an end to. At this late day, when the incidents of the rebellion are already beginning to be forgotten, when the soldier has laid down his weapon and resumed his place in the community, (holding his head a little higher perhaps than before, for is not his cheek still brown with the sun of the battlefield?) it is not necessary to enlarge upon the subject of the late trouble. The rebellion is over—its leader has been tried and condemned to death—some twenty of his associates have pleaded guilty and been remanded for sentence, and the whole people of the North West have learned that the government is able and determined to make the authority of the law respected, to the most remote boundary of the Dominion.

There were many thankful hearts in Toronto on Tuesday evening, the 23rd of July, the day our troops came home. Toronto has never seen so grand a display of popular enthusiasm, as was shown on that day. It must have been some compensation to the gallant fellows, for the sufferings and dangers they had undergone, to be welcomed home again in the manner they were. Not alone because of the display made in their honor, the finest the city has ever seen, but because of the almost personal affection shown by the assembled thousands in every possible manner to the sunbrowned volunteers.

An atmosphere of genuine naturalness seemed to pervade the whole city—differences in rank and position were for the moment forgotten, and the "boys" marched home through long miles of men, women and children, whose unaffected manifestations of delight were worth a long journey to see. This "touch of nature was the grandest feature of the whole reception, and we only wish that it might oftener be allowed to hold sway over the hearts of men. The world would be much better for it. Without doubt it was appreciated by the men as it deserved to be, for its truth and spontaneity were so fully apparent, that the coldest temperament melted into geniality and good feeling beneath its glow. The result was happy, and no one, we venture to say, who was present, either in the ranks or among the people who lined the way from the station at North Toronto to the Armoury, will soon forget the home coming of the Grenadiers and the Queen's Own.

LE SALUT D'ADIEU.

GENERAL GRANT IS DEAD. For many days the people of the United States had been in hourly expectation of this message, yet when at last it came its shock was most keenly felt throughout the land. At 8:08 a.m. on Thursday, July 23rd, the soul of the great Union soldier was released on its everlasting furlough, and as the words "General Grant is dead" were flashed from one end of the Union to the other, the Nation stood still in reverence as if to wave his freed spirit its last farewell. The little cottage at Mount McGregor has now become historical; second only in sacred interest to that other dwelling where the invincible Commander—Death. When General Grant was removed to Mount McGregor some six weeks before his death, it was hoped that the pure balsamic air and the high elevation of the locality might enable him to overcome the disease which was consuming him. For a time the change was productive of hope, which, however, was soon found to be delusive, the trouble being too deeply seated to be eradicated by any earthly agency—wherefore the best efforts of his friends and medical attendants were given to make his last days as peaceful and free from pain as possible. The long struggle in that quiet cottage against the last enemy was one which called into action all those heroic qualities which were characteristic of the man, and which were never more nobly displayed even in his most glorious fields, when he rode the commander of the Nation's armies.

As we look upon the picture of the dead hero, stretched in his everlasting rest, the years roll back with us like a flood, and we hear again the echoes of Donelson, of Vicksburg, of Chattanooga, as we heard them in those trying days of a quarter of a century ago. We see the humble tanner of Galena, who was described by his neighbors as a "dull, plodding man," awakened from his plodding by the guns of Sumpter. We mark his progress through many difficulties until in February, '62, eight months after he first accepted command of a regiment, we find him replying to Buckner's flag of truce at Fort Donelson, accompanied by a request for terms, "No terms but unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted." Here was a change indeed. The man whose life hitherto had been

obscure and unsuccessful had at last found his vocation—the nation had found its saviour. Thenceforward the wave which he had taken at the flood bore him on to ever-increasing fame; to Vicksburg, to Chattanooga, to Nashville, where on March 17th, 1864, he issued his first general order as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States. We follow him on that terrible march through the Wilderness, where so many Union soldiers laid down their lives, to the grand climax at Appomattox, when the rebel General Lee surrendered; when the war was over and the Union was saved.

As a soldier General Grant has had many critics who refuse to see any personal merit in his victories, attributing his many successes more to the Good Fortune which seemed never wholly to desert him, rather than to his qualities as a commander of armies. They point to the errors and disasters which cost the army of the Potomac alone over 80,000 men in the battles of the Wilderness before Richmond was finally taken, and assert that the South was conquered solely by brute force and the inexhaustible resources, both in men and treasure, of her foe. We have not space to enter into an argument on the question, even were we so inclined. The result remains, and will remain through all time, that the greatest rebellion the world had ever seen was crushed out, and that Grant, the tanner of Galena, the hero of Fort Donelson, the victor of Gettysburg, stood out before the world as the man who, by his invincible courage and determination, his unconquerable will, had led the Union armies to their grand and final triumph. Before such a triumph the pen of the detractor is but dipped in the waters of the ocean, its diatribes written on the sand.

Had Grant been content to remain the saviour of his country his life would have been a happier one. He had reached the highest niche in the temple of fame, and a grateful nation would have enshrined him there forever. Unhappily he was led within the domain of politics, for which it is no discredit to his memory to say he was not fitted, and in that unclean arena the laurels he had gained in more congenial fields were smirched and tarnished by the noxious vapours with which its atmosphere abounded. During his double term of office as President, he was accused of many things which tended to detract from the lustre which should never have been dimmed by contact with unworthy surroundings. His administration was said to have been controlled by a ring of trading politicians, or "bosses," who in their turn controlled the patronage of the country, leading to unwise appointments and jarring complications in the executive machinery. He was accused of Caesarism, of nepotism; his Administration became at last to be called a "brother-in-law Administration," on account of his many appointments of relations and connections to lucrative positions in the gift of the Government. Some, even, did not scruple to affirm that the President was a party to some of the many acts of corruption of which those about him were assuredly guilty. Of this latter charge, however, as the *Tribune* remarks: "there was not only no proof but no reasonable ground for suspicion." All these things tended to diminish the regard of the people for their warrior President. From the high position of a successful soldier he had descended to the commonplace level of the politician, and the splendor of his achievements was to some extent forgotten or

obscured amid the dust of party conflict. And when in 1874 indications were apparent that a third term was on the cards, the people manifested their disapproval by giving the House of Representatives to the Democrats, for the first time since the war broke out. This blow at once revealed to all the parties concerned the unpopularity of their course, and the "third term" agitation died a sudden death.

In 1877 Grant commenced his tour "round the world," returning in 1879, after an absence of two years and a half. In 1882 he was unfortunately induced to lend his name as a special partner to the newly organized firm of Grant & Ward, and was thereby brought within the vortex of Wall Street, which he should have shunned as the plague. The unscrupulous tactics adopted by the managing partner of the new firm, and its disgraceful failure after two years, tended further to involve General Grant's reputation. It is now known, however, that he had been used by a scoundrel for the furtherance of his own schemes and that personally Grant was not privy to any of his dishonest practices. The refusal of Mrs. Grant, supported therein by her husband, to accept as a gift from W. H. Vanderbilt the large sum (\$150,000) which had been obtained by the General from Vanderbilt at the instance of Ward, showed that love of filthy lucre had no share in determining their course. Their voluntary action in surrendering almost their entire property that the debt might be discharged, had the effect of arousing a strong feeling of sympathy among the American people for their old time hero, and when, later, it became known that in addition to the pecuniary troubles accumulating about him, his life was threatened by an incurable disease, a generous-hearted nation awoke at once to its former estimation of his true worth and the loss it might soon be called upon to sustain.

The "circling things of night" which fitted through the gloom of his later days were banished in a moment in the renewed sunshine of a people's grateful remembrance. His faults, his frailties were forgotten, and his services alone remembered. The fateful time when the life of the Nation seemed trembling in the balance was recalled, and the man who with calm voice and unimpassioned demeanor, had taken his place in the van of the Grand Army of the Republic, when the people almost had begun to despair, marshalling it thenceforth through a series of victories to its final triumph, again emerged from the cloud under which his fame had been partially obscured—"Unconditional Surrender Grant" had regained his place as a soldier in the hearts of his countrymen, and when the brave heart which had never quailed in the face of danger at last stood still before the uplifted hand of Death, the Nation's sorrow was profound as if Appomattox were yesterday, and their hero had breathed his last amid the shouts of victory. They thought of him not as President or politician; not in any capacity save one—the Soldier of the Union, whose sword had done valiant service for his country, and was never sheathed until the foe had surrendered and the land was saved. As a soldier he will be remembered. As a soldier we take our leave of him, assured that history will do him justice, that

"His carven scroll shall read:
Here rests the valiant heart
Whose duty was his creed,—
Who chose the warrior's part."

"Who when the fight was done
The grim last foe defied,
Naught knew save victory won,
Surrendered not—but died."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

England has done honor to herself in honoring the memory of General Grant. The grand old Abbey where rest the ashes of her noblest and best, was yesterday (Aug. 4th) filled by a vast audience of English men and women, all clad in habiliments of mourning, who had come there to manifest their sympathy with the American nation in its hour of sorrow. It was a fitting tribute to a hero's memory, and as such the Americans present acknowledged and prized it. The address of Cannon Farrar is described as abounding in noble sentiments and sincere praise of America and her institutions, coupled with the most fervent testimony to the worth of the departed warrior and statesman. As the mighty organ pealed forth the final notes of the Dead March in Saul, the swelling chords reverberating among the lofty arches of the vast edifice, and the congregation turned away, surely the hope must have been uppermost in their minds that no breath of ill feeling might ever be allowed to mar the harmony which now exists, between the two great English-speaking nations of the world. The thought that whatever may have been their differences in the past, the voices of Religion, of Liberty, of Peace, all send up the prayer that they may be more closely joined in the great work of man's advancement and the spread of Christian knowledge throughout the world.

CONTRIBUTED.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT WITH THE QUEEN'S OWN.

(To the Editor TRIP HAMMER).

BATTLEFORD, June 15th, 1885.

Things are dull here, very dull. General Middleton is still at Fort Pitt, whither he returned after his fruitless chase of Big Bear. Col. Otter and the Queen's Own have not yet returned from their quest of the same slippery individual. They (Queen's Own) have captured some Indian ponies and supplies from a fugitive band of Indians, and that is about all. I imagine Big Bear has made himself so scarce that the demand for him is very much greater than the supply. If any of the speculators have sold him short they stand to lose. Of course he and his prisoners, the McLean family, are the subjects of the hour. It is feared that in retaliation for the death of some Indian women killed during a skirmish with the redskins by Strange's scouts, the prisoners may be dealt with in a summary manner. But we are all hoping for the best. Much depends on the size of Big Bear's provision bag and his prospects of being able to subsist for a few months on what he has stolen and what he can procure from the forest and the stream. Should "Buckadawin," the gaunt spectre, hunger, pursue him, he will be menaced by a foe more to be dreaded than

even General Middleton. It may be, therefore, that Big Bear foreseeing an inevitable surrender in the near future will be careful how he adds to the already large load of guilt for which, in that event, he will be called upon to answer. I have heard a short history of Bear which if your readers have not already seen may be of some interest. I am told he is a full-blooded Indian and not a Frenchman or half-breed, as has been asserted. He is about sixty years of age and looks much older. He is a Plain Cree (that is a Cree of the plains as distinguished from the Wood Crees), no reference to his personal appearance, as I have no desire to flatter him by using that adjective in connection with his looks. They say he is as ugly as sin itself, which I suppose is the *ne plus ultra* of all ugliness. He is a native of Carleton district, where he lived until about twenty years ago, when he went to Fort Pitt, and became influential among the Indians there, some of them being related to him. He was elected or appointed chief of some fifteen lodges and it is said he and his followers were a "tough" lot. Horse stealing was their favorite pastime, and fights with the Blackfeet were of common occurrence. He had no part in the rising fifteen years ago, but refused to sign the treaty made then, and shortly after went with his band to the Cyprus Hills where he gathered around him a lot of discontented Indians like himself and made lively times in that vicinity. After remaining there some six or eight years, gaining quite a reputation as a warrior, he was induced by the Government to return to Pitt and urged to go on his reserve and stay there. He consented so far as to take his treaty money, but had no intention of settling down as a respectable farmer. Sweet-Grass, the hereditary and once-powerful chief of the Crees, having died, Big Bear obtained control over a large number of his band and was practically head man of the Fort Pitt Indians. In the winter of 1883 he engaged in freighting between Pitt and Edmonton, but found such work monotonous and was always discontented. He is a great friend of Poundmaker, and if these two redskins could have effected a junction with Riel at Batoche the rebellion might have been a more serious matter than it is now likely to be. He is a Pagan, I believe; at least he does not profess Christianity as many of the Indians do. He and his band are never truly happy unless they are plundering or committing some sort of depredation, and the country would be well rid of him and them.

The Colonel had quite an adventure the other evening, or rather the other night. The buglers of the Queen's Own had been practising the various calls in camp during the day and had dwelt particularly on the "Assembly." About twelve o'clock the Colonel sprang from his tent shouting,

"Where are they? Which way are they coming?"

"Who, sir?" said the sentry as he saluted.

"Why the enemy, of course. What do you mean by asking, 'Who, sir?' Didn't you hear the 'Assembly?' Turn out the guard at once and let the camp be aroused."

"Pardon me, sir," said the sentinel, "I think you must be mistaken; I have——"

"Why, confound you, what do you mean? There, don't you hear that?"

It was the "Assembly," certainly, and seemed to come from some far distance, rising and falling in the most singular manner. But the *most* singular thing

about it was that, listening most intently, the Colonel and his companion decided it was in the air above their heads, and at last located it on top of the flag pole of the Colonel's tent.

"By Jove!" said the astonished officer, "there's something extraordinary about this. You don't see anything of a bugler on top of that flag pole, do you?"

"Bugler!" laughed the sentry, "that would be a lark sure enough. Stop! there *is* something on the flag pole; I'm blowed if there aint. I can see it moving now."

Again the "Assembly" rang out, not a full grown, bugle-cracking, camp-arousing call, you know, but the same mysterious, seemingly supernatural strain which they had heard before, and there could be no doubt now that it came from the top of the flag pole.

"Shall I fire, sir?" I can see it plainly; it's no good whatever it is."

"Fire! nonsense. Hand me your rifle; I'll take your place, and do you shin up that pole and find out what the infernal thing is."

"Faith, I don't like to, sir."

"Up you go. Come, hurry."

Up the pole went the soldier, and on arriving at the top was surprised to find a huge bird or insect of some sort, now apparently asleep with its head under its wing. Seizing a fragment of hard tack from his pouch with one hand, while he held on to the pole with the other, and with his legs, he struck the creature with that inhuman missile, dashing it to the ground with a dull thud.

The Colonel rushed to the spot.

The soldier slid down the pole and joined his officer who seemed stricken with amazement as he surveyed the mangled remains now still in death, never to trumpet more.

"Do you know what you have done?" said the Colonel in a strident voice. "Do you know what you have done, sir?"

"I—I—well, I can't say that I do know exactly, but I know I fetched him the first time."

"Then I'll tell you, sir. You have killed a Northwest mosquito!"

This story was related to me by the sentry himself, and upon my expressing some doubts in the matter, he got angry and offered to show me the pole if "I couldn't believe a man when he was trying to tell the truth." This, of course, settled it. I have read since of a teamster who had his horses mired in one of the numerous swamps that abound north of Battleford, who got the harness off and the horses out safely, but completely exhausted. Being in a great hurry he clapped the harness on a pair of mosquitoes and drove through in triumph. I did not believe this story—you may do as you like about it. But really the mosquitoes are whoppers. A great many of them would weigh a pound. One of the most truthful men in the regiment told me he had just seen one and took it for a prairie chicken!

I must get to the end of this letter. I wish you could be up here for a while, you would enjoy it amazingly. There seems to be a something in the air which has an exhilarating effect on one's spirits. A wealth of ozone or some other champagne quality which stirs the blood and makes it tingle to one's fingertips. It is a magnificent country here about Battleford, and will one day be the garden of the Northwest. Flowers of almost endless variety grow wild,

and bespangle the green sides of the hills and the plains in every direction. The weather is warm during the day but not excessively so, and the nights are cool and pleasant. There are sometimes violent thunder storms which have a bad effect upon the wires, the accompanying wind levelling the telegraph poles on several occasions lately and breaking the line. I have a steed, captured at Batoche, for my own use in case of important despatches and a dearth of couriers. I have had several horseback rides out into the country and have enjoyed them immensely. Of course it would not be pleasant to meet Big Bear or some of his followers, but I have to take the chances of that. I hope to write you next time that he has been captured. Mr. Richardson, the postmaster at Battleford, is an agent for The Massey Manufacturing Company. Their machines take the lead here, I understand, and but for the rebellion this would have been a good year, for mowers particularly. I have no doubt that before many years all kinds of harvesting machinery will be in large demand in his territory.

FRED.

BATTLEFORD, June 22nd, 1885.

We have just received word that all the prisoners with Big Bear have been rescued and are now on their way to Battleford, which news has caused much rejoicing among the people here. Few were sanguine enough to hope for such a result, considering the character of their ruffian captor. A general order has been issued for all troops with General Middleton to prepare for home, and never was order more welcome. Campaigning is all very well, and would be a pleasant change, if, when you become tired of it, you could pack your traps and vamose; but when the novelty and the excitement have worn off and the regular every-day, not-to-be-evaded duties of the camp continue for months after that point has been passed, the sweets of camp life begin to pall. I am of the opinion, however, that the change has been beneficial to many of our fellows. They are all burnt by the sun, so that friends would scarcely recognize them, and some of them who were weak and ailing when they left Toronto are now looking strong and well. Although the Queen's Own had several wounded at Cut Knife, I think they will all be well enough to march down King Street when the time comes. We have been unfortunate, or fortunate, in not having seen much fighting, which, of course, was not our fault. Everyone certainly ought to be glad that our services have not been more extensively required, and that the need for them is now happily past; but some of the fellows are not satisfied, and would have preferred a campaign more strongly flavored with the spice of danger. No doubt it would be highly interesting and heroic to return on crutches, but I shall be satisfied to miss the *eclat* if I can return with my limbs and body in their natural, commonplace condition.

Col. Otter is still absent in the vicinity of Turtle Lake, on the lookout for Big Bear, and has not heard the orders for home. Couriers who have come from Col. Otter say it is a most comical sight to see the Queen's Own at drill in their shirt sleeves and many colored mosquito nets—some white, some blue, some red, some green. It must be very exasperating for the mosquitoes. I have had quite a long talk with Poundmaker and some of his chief men to-day. I have

changed my mind about his looks. Close contact with him has dispelled the illusion. He is a fair enough looking Indian, and if clean and thoroughly got up in Indian style might be an imposing looking personage, but in his present weather-beaten habiliments is not calculated to throw beholders into raptures by his beauty. He and three of his councillors, who are also prisoners, do nothing all day long but play cards. They call the game "marriage," I believe, and I suppose they understand it—I don't, and don't want to. Captain Dillon of the 7th Fusiliers of London is here—arrived yesterday from Telegraph Centre. It is expected that he will command the escort which is to take Poundmaker and other prisoners to Regina, but this is not yet settled. He is a splendid looking officer, and as you of course know, is an old Wimbledon man. I understand you had written him to be on the lookout for an individual of my proportions if he ever came across the Queen's Own, and he had a great deal of trouble in finding me. On his arrival he came to the office and began to inquire for me, of myself, when the following dialogue took place:

"I see you are of the Queen's Own."

"Queen's Own, sir."

"Do you know private Harris, of No. 2 Co.?"

"Oh, yes; I know him very well—that is, pretty well."

"Is he with the regiment here now?"

"Yes; he is here."

"Would you kindly tell me where I may find him?"

"Well, he is sometimes here and sometimes he is away off in the country on horseback. I fancy he is not far off now, however."

"Well, if you can give me directions where I can find him I shall feel obliged."

"There are two fellows named Harris in the Queen's Own; what's his first name, sir?"

"Fred."

"Oh, Fred. Yes, I know him. Fred, let me see where you would be most likely to find him—er—a—might I ask if you have business with him?"

"Now look here. I see you belong to No. 2 Co., and so does he. If you know where I can find him, say so, please, or else I must ask the first person of ordinary intelligence I meet."

"Certainly, sir; of course. Let me see. Fred—Fred Harris. Did you say you were acquainted with him, sir?"

"No; I didn't say I was acquainted with him; I didn't say I was acquainted with his parents, or his friends, or his brothers, or his sisters, or his uncles, or his aunts. No; I positively did not make any remark that could be construed into such an admission by any one except a hopeless imbecile. Good morning."

"Oh, Captain Dillon."

"Well."

"I should be glad to give you the information you are seeking. What sort of a looking fellow is he?"

"Well, I should say, to begin at the beginning, that he is in possession of a head. This would be a prominent feature in his *tout ensemble*. His hair is either black, or brown, or red; I am satisfied it is not blue or green. He was born with two arms and a like number of legs, and the probabilities are that he still retains these excrescences. He—"

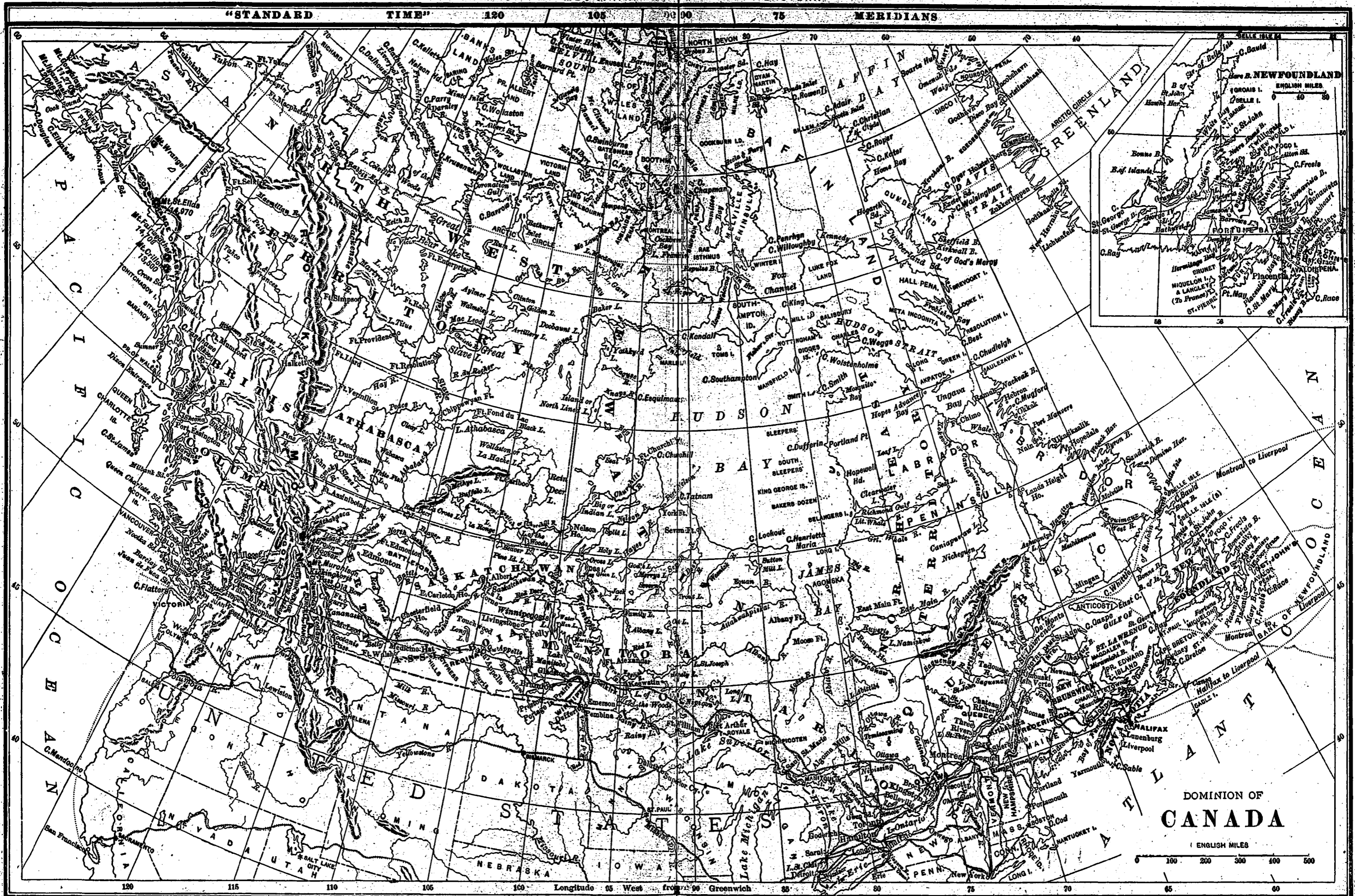
"Why, of course; no one could be mistaken now as to his identity. 'Tis I—the Jibbinainosay!"

"You? Are you Fred Harris? You young rascal."

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE TRIP HAMMER."

PACIFIC MOUNTAIN CENTRAL EASTERN

"STANDARD TIME" 120 105 90 75 MERIDIANS



DOMINION OF
CANADA

ENGLISH MILES
0 100 200 300 400 500

I've a notion to—but never mind. You report to me every morning at nine o'clock. Remember now. I've promised to look after you, and I see you need it." And with a grasp of a hand which I should be awfully sorry to have close on me in anger, the gallant Captain went off, chuckling at the manner in which he had been sold.

The settlers in this vicinity are very despondent over an order issued to-day, that no more Government rations are to be supplied them. There was quite an exciting time for awhile, I assure you, and groups of people were to be seen gathered together all over the town, wondering what they were going to do about it. Not one out of twenty has any means, everything having been taken or destroyed by the Indians in their raid the day before we came here. On one of my rambles the other day I came across the ruins of a farm house, and found a Toronto Mower among them—the most used-up mower you ever laid eyes on—pole sawn in two, gearing smashed, driving wheels ditto—all done by the Indians out of pure devilishness.

We had a row here the other evening which at one time threatened to be very serious. Two half-breeds, one named Sayer and the other Caplette or Capulet, it appears were participants in Cut Knife fight on the side of the rebels, and having surrendered with Pound-maker, or about the same time, were allowed to go without punishment. They remained in and about Battleford and the loyal settlers were indignant that they should be allowed to run at large. Sayer had some words with a man named Cinnamon, and expressed his intention of breaking the latter's head. Mr. Cinnamon, though well up in years, is a very powerful man, and had decided objections to the fracture of his cranium in this summary fashion. The result was a fight, in which the half-breed was worsted in very short order. The people were aroused, and shouts of "give it to the rebel; he was at Cut Knife" began to be heard. Sayer, finding a much hotter place than he had bargained for, turned tail and ran, with not a word after him. He was unfortunate enough to be in a moment surrounded by the now thoroughly excited populace. "Shoot him; no, hang the rebel" arose on all sides, and one man actually went so far as to procure a rope with the latter purpose in view. Some one in his senses interfered, however, and saved the poor fellow, else I really think they would have hanged him. At this juncture someone called, "Where's Caplette, the other rebel?" The half-breed camp was not far off, and as the words were spoken a rush was made for it. Caplette was found in his tent and was taken out and brought up town—the avowed intention being to "string him up." They were persuaded, however, to let him go, and he no sooner found himself free than he dashed off at the top of his speed in the direction of the barracks. He was fired at as he ran, by one of the crowd, and wounded in the arm. He remained in the barracks that night and in the morning lodged a complaint against some of the principal parties. I was summoned as a witness, but as my horse had got away I was obliged to hunt for him, and was in consequence absent when the trial came on. The upshot of the matter was that the parties were dismissed, for want of evidence. I presume, and the complainant himself lodged in the guard room on a charge of treasonable behaviour. I fear the Indians and breeds about here are in for a hot time. The people are so incensed against them

that some of them will have small scruples in taking the law into their own hands and "rubbing out" their enemies whenever a good opportunity occurs. Some mysterious deaths are already reported, and the doctors have decided the victims were struck by lightning!

This will probably be my last letter to the TRIP HAMMER from the front. The troops are getting ready to embark and Battleford will soon be evacuated except by the Mounted Police, to be left for its protection. The war is over. It has been a small affair as compared with the genuine article, and yet it has served to show that Canada can, when necessary, put a formidable force in the field, arm, equip, transport and provide for her soldiers in a manner not surpassed by older countries with ten times her experience in warlike affairs. It has shown also, I hope, that the volunteers may be depended upon; that they are not altogether carpet knights, but men who are willing to bear hardship and privation and to confront danger at the call of their country. We shall be glad to get home. Many a longing glance is cast in the direction of the rising sun as he comes through the rosy gates of Orient, for we know that he sees the homes we cannot see, that his beams are lighting up the faces of the friends we love. Peering curiously into vacant rooms and wondering when their owners will come again, or whether they will ever come; playing amid brown and gold and grey tresses, and caressingly whispering that "the boys" will soon be home. And so I bid farewell to you. I trust my "letters from the front" have not been altogether uninteresting to your readers, and strange to say, as I express the hope, I am conscious of a shade of sadness, even now, that my occupation is so soon done. So it is with all of us I suppose. We are always prying forward into the future or calling up dreams of the past; eager to enter on new scenes yet sad to part with the old. "Law!" as Boots observed, "when you come to think of yourself, you know, and what a game you have been up to ever since you was in your cradle, and what a poor sort of chap you are, and how it's always either Yesterday with you, or else To-morrow, and never To-day, that's where it is!" Adieu.

FRED.

WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASS'N.

PUBLIC RECEPTION TO PRIVATES W. F. HARRIS,
Q. O. R., AND HERBERT BOOTH, R. G., IN
THE MASSEY MEMORIAL HALL.

Monday Eve'g., July 27th, 1885.

"Home, Sweet Home."..... Band of The M. M. Co.
Opening Remarks..... Chairman
Address of Welcome..... R. Harmer.
March, "Always Ready."..... Band
Song..... Mrs. Andrew, of Streetsville.
Personal Reminiscences..... W. F. Harris.
Song..... "Marching."..... C. McCoy.
Personal Reminiscences..... H. Booth.
March..... "The Maple Leaf for Ever.".... Band.
Song, "Our Jack's Come Home to-day.".. Miss Harris.
Song..... Mrs. Andrew.

Formal Reception and Handshaking.

"THE BOYS."

Although the weather was so warm, a fine audience assembled to greet Privates Harris and Booth, and a very enjoyable hour and a half was spent in listening to music and singing and the experiences of the campaign. The interest of the people was shown by the numerous questions showered upon the boys when the Chairman announced that questions were in order. The singing of Mrs. Andrew, and her daughter, Miss Ellie Harris, was received with numerous marks of applause, and Mr. Chas. McCoy was successful, as usual, in his song, "Marching," the words of which will be found in another column. Following is the address read by Mr. R. Harmer :

To Privates W. F. HARRIS, No. 2 Co. Queen's Own Rifles, and HERBERT BOOTH, No. 1 Co. 10th Royal Grenadiers, of Toronto.

Returned Volunteers :-

Your associates in the Works and Office of The Massey Manufacturing Company desire to offer you their most sincere congratulations on your safe return from the North-West, lately in a state of rebellion, and to bid you welcome back again to the peaceful ranks of civilian life. We extend this most heartfelt welcome, first, for your own sakes and the esteem in which you are personally held by us as your associates in business and as your friends. It affords us much pleasure to know that your positions have been kept for you during your four months of absence, and that we are now to resume our former relations with each other. But we feel that in connection with so notable an event in the history of our country as the return of our citizen soldiers from the victorious fields in which they have participated, with honor to themselves and to Canada, it devolves upon us to address you from a broader platform than that of personal friendship. You are here to-night representatives of the Royal Grenadiers and the Queen's Own, whose designations, I need not say, are familiar to all Canadians, and you are still further the representatives of that gallant four thousand who sprang to arms when their services were needed by their country in her hour of danger. Men of all ranks and conditions of life—men of the axe and the ploughshare; men of the shop, the office and the counting house, all fell in together as private soldiers when the "Assembly" sounded through the land. We recall the many privations our volunteers were called upon to undergo during their long and weary journey to the theatre of war, and reflect with pride on the splendid manner in which hardships were encountered, privations borne and obstacles overcome. Never in the annals of any country have courage, fortitude and soldierly enthusiasm been more nobly shown than by the gallant hearted fellows who shared the perils of those anxious days when the East was waiting with bated breath and wildly throbbing heart for tidings from her sons.

Among all the brave four thousand none were more entitled to distinction than the men of the 10th Royal Grenadiers and the Queen's Own. By the fortune of war these regiments were not permitted to fight side by side, as they would have been proud to do, but

were separated by long distances from each other. And the same fortune decreed that to the former should fall the greater peril and therefore the higher honor of meeting the main body of the enemy on the battle field. The engagements of Fish Creek and Batoche superbly demonstrated that the motto of the regiment was not an empty one—that they were "Ready, Aye Ready," at the word of command. To you, Private Booth of the Grenadiers, the honor was accorded of being a participant in these victories by which the back of the rebellion was broken, and the triumph of our arms finally assured. We feel, sir, that we are doing honor to ourselves in thus publicly honoring the Canadian soldier who, with his comrades, charged down upon the rifle pits of Batoche on that never-to-be-forgotten day in the history of Canada. To have met the enemy in the open field and defeated him would have been a worthy achievement; but to spring forward upon an unseen foe, to drive him from his entrenchments at the bayonet's point, was one not surpassed in the annals of war. We desire, therefore, that you will accept our sincere expressions of admiration for yourself and the noble fellows who went shoulder to shoulder with you in that memorable charge.

To you, Private Harris, of the Queen's Own, we also offer our congratulations that though not permitted to share in the honors of actual conflict in which one company of your regiment was engaged at Cut Knife Hill, you were enabled to be of special service to your commanding officer and the whole force as a member of the Government telegraph staff to which you were appointed. We are quite sure that had your presence in the field been needed you would have done no discredit to the ranks of the Queen's Own, whose steadiness and valor in the face of superior numbers at Cut Knife Hill, entitle them to words of highest praise. The check received by the rebels in that engagement, preventing, as it did, the junction of Poundmaker with the main body of the enemy under Riel and Dumont, contributed in no small degree to the grand result which has been so quickly and so happily accomplished—the suppression of the rebellion.

The citizens of Toronto have always been proud of the Grenadiers and the Queen's Own. They are prouder to-day than ever before. In all her history the city has never seen so grand a sight as on the day when her "boys" came home. You, gentlemen, have seen it—it was prepared for you. You felt your hearts throb with honest pride and exultation as you marched through the miles of welcomes which greeted you, from voice, from triumphal arch, from flying banner and decorated street. From the shouts of admiring fellow citizens; from the sweet five hundred child-voices blending together in a harmonious welcome home. What need, therefore, that we should add more? Toronto is proud of her soldiers. Canada blesses to-day the names of Middleton and his Canadian Volunteers.

TORONTO, July 27th, 1885.

"MARCHING."

Adapted from "Sailing" by J. B. HARRIS.

Sung by Mr. Chas. McCoy at the Reception, July 27th, 1885.

CHEER, my lads, the bugles blow,
Our country calls her sons to go;
The rebel foe has left his lair,
The voice of battle's on the air.

March forward all who love their native land,
 No traitor horde shall long before us stand;
 Farewell to the loved ones who part from our
 side to-day,
 Who will think of us when we are far away,
 Marching, marching, over the icy plain
 Full many a weary hour shall roll
 Ere we come home again.
 Marching, marching, over the prairie plain,
 Full many a weary hour shall roll
 Ere we come home again.

Hurrah! my lads, the hour has come;
 Now charge the rebel traitors home.
 Ring out brave voices high and clear
 Upon them with a British cheer!
 Too long we've chafed before a hidden foe,
 Peal forth the onset! Blow, ye bugles, blow!
 No hand must now falter, and never a heart must
 quail,
 Though the rebel bullets fall around like hail.
 Charging! charging, down on Batoche's plain,
 Hurrah! They run! and the day is won
 Before we halt again!
 Charging! charging, down upon Cut Knife plain,
 Full many a redskin bites the dust
 Ere we march back again.

Tears, comrades, for the glorious band
 Who died to save their native land;
 Who sleep beneath the prairie sod,
 Or where their kindred worship God.
 Who fell before the weapons of the foe,
 Or by disease in silent death laid low.
 Tears, tears for the fallen! Oh, weep for the true
 and brave,
 As we lay them down to rest within the grave.
 Weeping, weeping over our comrades slain,
 Canadia mourns her gallant sons
 In death come home again.
 Weeping, weeping over our comrades slain,
 Toronto weeps her noble hearts
 In death come home again.

But while we weep for those who died
 Our bosoms swell with martial pride,
 Rememb'ring that their blood and pain,
 For Canada were not in vain.
 For ere we leave the North-West land to-night,
 The last armed foe has vanished from our sight.
 Cheers, cheers for our soldiers, the scarlet and
 rifle green,
 "Ever Ready" for their country and their Queen.
 Cheering, cheering over the blood-dyed plain,
 With every bosom beating high,
 They march for home again.
 Marching, marching over their native plain;
 A nation's acclamations greet
 Her soldiers home again.

HISTORICAL DIARY.

JULY.

1st....Strike of street car drivers creates a riot in
 Chicago=Iron mill men strike in Cleveland, Ohio.
 2nd....Newfoundland puts prohibitory duties on

Canadian imports=Strikers become riotous in Cleve-
 land=Mounted troops leave the North-West for home.

3rd....Strike riots in Cleveland continued.
 4th....Big Bear surrenders to the officials near
 Carlton.

6th....London's wickedness laid bare by the *Pall
 Mall Gazette*..

7th....Strikers parade the streets of Cleveland
 bearing the red flag=North-West volunteers start
 for home.

9th....Great excitement over the revelations of the
Pall Mall Gazette in London.

11th....Continued reports of unabating ravages
 from the cholera plague in Spain.

12th....A yacht capsized on lake Minnetonka,
 resulting in the loss of ten lives; seven of the persons
 being from one family.

13th....Up to date 13,000 people have died of
 cholera during the present outbreak in Spain.

15th....The emancipation of Niagara inaugurated
 with great ceremony=North-West volunteers arrive
 at Winnipeg and are given an enthusiastic reception.

16th....Scott Act carried in Ontario and defeated
 in Haldimand.

19th....Midland Battalion and Quebec Voltigeurs
 pass through Toronto on their way home from the
 North-West.

21st....Capture of 1,000 French people by canni-
 bals in West Africa reported.

23rd....Gen. Grant died at Mt. McGregor, N.Y.
 =Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry were married
 in the Isle of Wight=Queen's Own, Royal Grenadiers
 and Gov. General's Body Guard, the returning volun-
 teers from the North-West, arrived at Toronto and
 were given a royal reception=Scott Act carried in
 Victoria Co.

28th....Sir Moses Montefiore, the venerable Jewish
 philanthropist and merchant, died at London, Eng.

27th....A recount gives the Scott Act a majority of
 13 in St. Thomas.

29th...The committee of investigation substan-
 tially proves the charges of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

30th....Maud S. lowers the trotting record to 2.08½
 at the Cleveland Driving Park.

31st....Preston, the Columbian rebel captured.

CHRONOLOGY OF RIEL'S SECOND REBELLION.

March 20th....On and before this date messages were received
 from Prince Albert stating that rebellion was inevitable.

March 22....First definite information as to the reality and
 magnitude of the uprising was received at Winnipeg.

March 26th....Battle of Duck Lake.

March 27th....Gen. Middleton arrived at Winnipeg and depart-
 ed for the West with the 90th Battalion and Winnipeg Field Bat-
 tery.

March 28th....The telegram bearing the news of the Duck
 Lake fight, was received and resulted in a general call to arms.

March 30th....First troops left Toronto.=Despatches an-
 nounced increasing danger in the vicinity of Battleford.

April 2....Massacre of Frog Lake.

April 7th....First Toronto troops arrived at Winnipeg.

April 24th....Battle of Fish Creek.

April 23rd....Col. Otter's column reached Battleford.

May 2nd....Battle of Cut Knife Creek.

May 9th to 12th....Battle of Batoche.

May 15th....Riel captured.

May 26th....Surrender of Poundmaker and his band.

May 30th....Fight at Fort Pitt.

June 12th.... Gen. Middleton abandoned the pursuit of Big Bear.
 July 4th.... Surrender of Big Bear and close of the rebellion.
 July 7th.... Troops started for home.
 July 15th.... Toronto troops reached Winnipeg.
 July 23rd.... Toronto troops reached home.

SELECTED.

THE UNKNOWN WRECK.

ONE day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves.

There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has long been over. They have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest. Their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more!"

The sight of the wreck, as usual gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage.

As we set round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs, which prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship.

"I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'A sail ahead!' It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her.

"She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside toward us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just

amidships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves. We passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin. They just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry!

It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors. But all was silent; we never saw nor heard anything of them more."—*Washington Irving.*

DON'T.

In Dress and Personal Habits

DON'T neglect the morning bath; don't fail to be cleanly in all details.

Don't wear soiled linen. Be scrupulously particular on this point.

Don't be untidy in anything. Neatness is one of the most important of the minor morals.

Don't wear apparel with decided colors or with pronounced patterns. Don't—we address here the male reader, for whom this *brochure* is mainly designed—wear anything that is *pretty*. What have men to do with pretty things? Select quiet colors and unobtrusive patterns, and adopt no style of cutting that belittles the figure. It is right enough that men's apparel should be becoming, that it should be graceful, and that it should lend dignity to the figure; but it should never be ornamental, fanciful, grotesque, odd, capricious, nor pretty.

Don't wear fancy-colored shirts, or embroidered shirt-fronts. White, plain linen is always in the best taste.

Don't wear evening dress in the morning, or on any occasion before six o'clock dinner.

Don't wear black broadcloth in the morning; or, at least, don't wear black broadcloth trousers except for evening dress.

Don't wear your hat cocked over your eye, nor thrust back upon your head. One method is rowdyish, the other rustic.

Don't go with your boots unpolished; but don't have the polishing done in the public highways. A gentleman perched on a high curb-stone chair, within view of all passers-by, while he is having executed this finishing touch to his toilet, presents a picture more unique than dignified.

Don't wear trinkets, shirt-pins, finger-rings, or anything that is solely ornamental. One may wear shirt-studs, a scarf-pin, a watch-chain and a seal, because these articles are useful; but the plainer they are the better.

Don't wear dressing-gown and slippers anywhere out of your bedroom. To appear at table or in any company in this garb is the very soul of vulgarity. It is equally vulgar to sit at table or appear in company in one's shirt-sleeves.

Don't walk with a slouching, slovenly gait. Walk

erectly and firmly, not stiffly; walk with ease, but still with dignity. Don't bend out the knees, nor walk in-toed, nor drag your feet along; walk in a large, easy, simple manner; without affectation but not negligently.

Don't carry your hands in your pockets. Don't thrust your thumbs into the arm-holes of your waist-coat.

Don't cleanse your ears, or your nose, or trim and clean your finger-nails, in public. Cleanliness and neatness in all things pertaining to the person are indispensable, but toilet offices are proper in the privacy of one's apartment only.

Don't chew or nurse your toothpick in public—or anywhere else. Don't use a toothpick, except for a moment, to remove some obstacle; and don't have the habit of sucking your teeth.

Don't chew tobacco. It is a bad and ungentlemanly habit. The neatest tobacco-chewer can not wholly prevent the odor of tobacco from affecting his breath and clinging to his apparel, and the "places that know him" are always redolent of the weed. If one *must* chew, let him be particular where he expectorates. He should not discharge tobacco-juice in public vehicles, on the sidewalk, or in any place where it will be offensive.

Don't expectorate. Men in good health do not need to expectorate; with them continual expectoration is simply the result of habit. Men with bronchial or lung diseases are compelled to expectorate, but no one should discharge matter of the kind in public places except into vessels provided to receive it. Spitting upon the floor any where is inexcusable. One should not even spit upon the sidewalk, but go to the gutter for the purpose. One must not spit into the fire-place nor upon the carpet, and hence the English rule is for him to spit in his handkerchief—but this is not a pleasant alternative. On some occasions no other may offer.

Don't whistle in the street, in public vehicles, at public assemblies, or anywhere where it may annoy.

Don't laugh boisterously. Laugh heartily when the occasion calls for it, but the loud guffaw is not necessary to heartiness.

Don't have the habit of smiling or "grinning" at nothing. Smile or laugh when there is occasion to do either, but at other times keep your mouth shut and your manner composed. People who laugh at everything are commonly capable of nothing.

Don't blow your nose in the presence of others if you can possibly avoid it. Above all things, don't blow your nose with your fingers. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes declares that, in all the discussions and differences of opinion as to what constitutes a gentleman, all disputants unite in excluding the man who blows his nose with his fingers.

Don't gape, or hiccough, or sneeze in company. When there is an inclination to hiccough or sneeze, hold your breath for a moment and resist the desire, and you will find that it will pass off.

Don't have the habit of letting your lip drop and your mouth remain open. "Shut your mouth," is the advice of a *savant*, who has written a book on the subject. Breathe through your nostrils and not through your mouth; sleep with your mouth closed; keep it closed except when you open it for a purpose. An open mouth indicates feebleness of character, while the habit affects the teeth and the general health.

Don't keep carrying your hands to your face, pulling your whiskers, adjusting your hair, or otherwise fingering yourself. Keep your hands quiet and under control.

Don't be over-familiar. Don't strike your friends on the back, nudge them in the side, or give other physical manifestation of your pleasure. Don't indulge in these familiarities, nor submit to them from others.

Don't bolt, without notice, into any one's private apartment. Respect always the privacy of your friends, however intimate you may be with them.

Don't wear your hat in a strictly private office. This is no more justifiable than wearing a hat in a drawing-room.

Don't carry a lighted cigar into a private office or into a salesroom.

Don't be servile towards superiors, nor arrogant toward inferiors. Maintain your dignity and self-respect in one case, and exhibit a regard for the feelings of people, whatever their station may be, in the other.

Don't frequent bar-rooms. Tippling is not only vulgar and disreputable, but injurious to health.

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

DURING the past month letters and questions have been pouring upon us in excessive profusion (between two and three hundred a day) but as they have been chiefly orders for goods and enquiries concerning the same, they are of interest to The Massey Manufacturing Company rather than the general reader, hence it would scarcely be wise to reproduce them here even if space were available.

But among all the communications received at this office, only one contained a correct solution of the "plank" problem given in last issue. It is rather lengthy but as it may be of interest to those who tried but did not succeed we give it herewith:

Let x = the distance in feet from the small end,
And y = width of the plank in feet where sawn across.

$$(1) \text{ Then } \left(\frac{y+\frac{1}{2}}{2}\right)x = 4\frac{1}{2} \text{ or half the area.}$$

$$(2) \text{ And } \left(\frac{y+1}{2}\right)(12-x) = 4\frac{1}{2} \text{ also.}$$

Multiplying (1) through by 2 we get

$$xy + \frac{x}{2} = 9.$$

$$2xy + x = 18.$$

$$y = \frac{18-x}{2x}.$$

Again, multiplying (2) through by 2 we get

$$(x+1)(12-x) = 9,$$

$$12y - xy + 12 - x = 9,$$

$$12y - xy - x = -3,$$

$$x + xy - 12y = 3.$$

Substitute for "y" in this equation the value of "y" obtained above.

$$\text{Then } x + x\left(\frac{18-x}{2x}\right) - 12\left(\frac{18-x}{2x}\right) = 3.$$

Multiply through by $2x$.

$$2x^2 + 18x - x^2 - 216 + 12 + x = 6x,$$

$$x^2 + 24x - 216 = 0,$$

$$x^2 + 24x = 216.$$

Multiply through by 4.

$$4x^2 + 96x = 864.$$

Add 576 to both sides.

$$4x^2 + 96x + 576 = 1440.$$

Extract the square root of both.

$$2x + 24 = \sqrt{1440}$$

$$x = \frac{-24 + \sqrt{1440}}{2} = \frac{-24 + 37.9473}{2} = \frac{13.9473}{2}$$

= 6ft. 11 in. 8.1965 lines.

We do not wish to infer that there are *sports* among our readers but for variety we now give a problem involving the element of chance for solution. Who will forward the first correct answer?

A. and B. are tossing coppers; A. bets that B. cannot get head in two throws. What odds can B. afford to give?

PERSONAL MENTION.

We very much regret to announce the death of Miss Mary McClure, sister of Mr. John A. McClure, of the Machine Shop. Miss McClure's illness was brief, and her death has cast a gloom over a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

MUSICAL.—Still quiet. At a garden party held in the grounds of Mr. Jos. Davidson, 199 Spadina Avenue, on Tuesday evening 28th ult, the Massey Band was present and was the recipient of a vote of thanks, for their excellent performance. The vote was moved by Rev. T. W. Jeffrey and was accompanied by a handsome bouquet from the ladies present.

The flag of The Massey Manufacturing Co. was placed at half mast on Aug. 8th, the day of the funeral of General Grant.

The harvest season is rich in benefits in more senses than one. The "Binder Men" of the Massey Manufacturing Company hail its coming with joy. The gold has scarcely begun to tinge the bending stalks of grain ere they are aching to be gone. The groaning of the engines, the whirr of wheels, the sound of the hammer on the anvil have all become hateful to them. They are longing to go forth into the sunshine and the free air, and set up Binders! How many of them are now on the wing we have scarcely space to tell—the demand for the "Toronto" being something unprecedented.

In our fancy's eye we behold them scattered over all the land. We see the noble form of Johnston now balancing himself in the most intrepid manner on binder seats, rail fences or in any other position in which a speech is possible. Now pointing out in glowing words the virtues of his machine, now riding on in silent majesty while the keen knife speeds through the fast falling grain; while the untiring elevator catches it and tosses it to the "binder" which folds it in a loving embrace and winks to the "knotter," which immediately comprehends the situation, springs to its duty, and the graceful sheaf falls gently into the arms of the "carrier" so "tight" that it soon has to be left behind. Clokey, too, is in both his elements—he has at least two—one being the designing of machinery—the other its practical use. We can see him demonstrate in the face of an assembled multitude his theory, that there is no other machine beneath the circuit of the sun comparable with the "Toronto," first by a scientific analysis of its princi-

ples and parts, and then by driving it in triumph where no other machine would dare to go. Garvin, also with his unaffected love of nature in her harvest garb, and his strong bucolic propensities—what a wealth of enjoyment the wholesome time of ingathering prepares for him. Who so rash as to stand in the way of the torrent of his eloquence a second time when his theme is the machines of the Massey Manufacturing Company? Cowering in fence corners; hidden behind defeated, weighed-in-the-balance-and-found-wanting binders, reapers and mowers, his opponents lie scattered in the various stages of paralyzation to which they have been reduced by its fervid flow. Did space and time permit we might spend hours in going through the long list of Binder Men now on their several stations throughout the land. From the sunny slopes of Vancouver to where the mists of the Atlantic rise, there is no spot where they have not penetrated, no country side in which their oratory has not been heard. Braving even the still imminent dangers of the North West, they are out on the prairies war-whooping the red Indian into silence and open-mouthed envy. How we wish their lot were ours! Basking in the beams of the August sun, fanned by breezes fragrant with the odours of the woods and the fields, living on the fat of the land with nothing to do but start Binders—how we envy them their occupation! They have all done WELL if the records of the Massey Manufacturing Company, to which we have had access, speak true. Other years have been famous but this has excelled them all. We should be guilty of an unpardonable omission did we neglect to mention the grand success which has attended the little army of agents in their several localities. They are a noble band, and we have nothing but praise for them when we look upon the splendid result of their combined efforts for the season of 1885.

THE MAP.

The Map of the Dominion with which we present each of our readers a copy, as a supplement, this month will be found invaluable for reference, especially at this present time when everyone is constantly looking up the routes travelled by the North-West volunteers. This map has only very recently been completed and was compiled from the very latest Government surveys being specially executed for the authorized Text Books. These are the first copies of the map ever issued and the editors of TRIP HAMMER are to be congratulated on being so fortunate as to secure this particular edition from the Government publishers.

This map alone is worth the price asked for one year's subscription, and having been produced by the authorities, we can guarantee it to be accurate. It can not fail to greatly help our readers in forming a more correct idea of what an immense territory Canada possesses.

NOTICES.

BIRTH.

MANES.—At 67 Strachan Ave. on July 14th the wife of John Manes of a daughter.

DEATHS.

STEPHENSON.—On Aug. 1st, the infant son of T. J. Stephenson, at 201 Hope St.

McCLURE.—On Aug. 8th, at 63 Fenning St., Mary McClure in the 19th year of her age.