

Ontario Workman.

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

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Labor Notes.

The strike of the Rhode Island factory operatives is over.

The strike of New Jersey horse-shoers still continues.

Three hundred stonemasons have just struck in Oldham.

The majority of the operative bricklayers of Wallsall are still on strike for an advance of wages from 6½d to 7d per hour.

The hod carriers, or bricklayers' laborers as they are more commonly called, are on strike in London, Ont., for an increase of wages. They demanded \$1 50 per day, and have been receiving \$1 37½.

The strike of the "clickers" or cutters out connected with the Leicester boot and shoe trade continues to spread, about 100 more men being locked out by the masters, who positively refuse the increase asked of 15 per cent.

On Saturday the committee conducting the joiners' strike at Liverpool paid to the non-strike men who are out 2s a day for the time in which they have been unemployed.

At a conference held at Burnley, on Tuesday, representing 30,000 weavers, it was unanimously resolved to bring out all the lowest paid firms in Burnley, unless they adopt the Blackburn rates of wages before June 4, in order that their notices may expire on June 11.

The riveters and finishers of Stafford have turned out there for an advance varying from 15 to 20 per cent. They also ask that only three classes of work, viz., firsts, seconds, and thirds, shall be made, instead of five as at present.

The London carpenters and joiners have held their third public meeting in furtherance of the nine hours' movement, and the advance of one penny per hour on the first Saturday in June. They announce their intention of upholding their demands by all fair means, and they count on the certainty of being pecuniarily supported in their action by the whole of the trade.

The strike which recently took place among the masons at York, for an advance equal to 1s 8d per week, has been brought to a termination, the employers having agreed to the terms, and the men having made some concession with regard to the hour of commencing work in the morning outside the city.

It is stated that a number of laborers on the Queen's estate at Osborne recently sent a memorial to her Majesty asking for sixpence a day more wages and one hour less time. Other demands were made by the men, who signed the memorial in a "round robin." The Queen, through Sir Thomas Biddulph, sent the memorial to the steward, who has discharged seven of the men and cautioned the others. The present wage of laborers on the Osborne estate is 14s weekly, with many advantages.

The bricklayers of St. Helens are now out on strike, having terminated their work on Saturday. At the commencement of April they sent a circular to the employers giving a month's notice of their intention to demand an advance in wages 3s per week, or from 33s to 36s. At the same time, a scale of working hours was proposed. The masters met on the 30th April, and then made an offer of 8d an hour. This the men rejected, and the strike has resulted.

The *Labor News*, of May 21st, says:—This week the home labor-market must be reported unsettled in several directions. The extensive strike of the ironstone miners in Cleveland, at the same time as that of the Woardale quarrymen, has caused a deadlock in the iron trade; and a widespread strike of miners in Scotland is also threatened. A large body of carpenters and joiners in Liverpool and Birkenhead are also unable to come to terms with the masters, and in many other quarters a keen contest between the employers and the employed has been entered on.

A few weeks ago the committee of the

plumbers and painters of Broomsgrove, Eng., addressed a circular to the masters, asking that the rate of pay in future shall be not less than 5d per hour with a limitation of the hours of working and the allowance for walking time to and from distant jobs. The masters having taken this circular into consideration, have conceded the demands of the men, with the exception of the allowance for walking time, which was not pressed, and has not been granted.

The Miners' National Association Conference, was resumed in Glasgow on the 22nd ult. The president, Mr. Alex. McDonald, delivered an address commenting on the benefits of union, and urging on the delegates to advocate co-operative works in their respective districts. Resolutions were passed condemning the Criminal Law Amendment Act and Law of Conspiracy, and a committee was appointed to take action for the modification of the Master and Servant Act, and to get a new Truck Act. The delegates generally expressed themselves in favor of Mr. Plimsoll's appeal on behalf of sailors, to which some of the districts had largely subscribed.

Evidently the Scotch miners are to lose no time in carrying out practically the declaration they made before the Home Secretary last week—that unless the new "special rules" were altered a great strike would take place. Mr. Macdonald, their President, stated that 40,000 of the men would cease to work, and in this way strive to get the obnoxious rules altered. What may prove to be only the first batch of this number came out on strike on Wednesday. We are informed that in consequence of the new rules under the Regulation Act the Fifeshire miners on Wednesday struck. It is estimated that 2,800 men have come out, but we are not aware whether this represents all the miners employed in this county. At all events, it may be supposed to be not far from the full number. This strike cannot fail to affect the price of coal in this quarter, as considerable quantities of the Fife coal are used in the Dundee works.

A difficulty has arisen between the operative marble masons of Liverpool and their employers. It seems that a short time ago the journeymen marble masons presented a memorial to their employers asking for an advance of wages. Up to last year, when the men obtained a diminution of hours to 54, they had been in the habit of working 57 or 59 hours per week. Though the hours were reduced last year, the men, it is said, have not had an advance of wages for eight years. They decided to ask for an advance. The present wages are—Masons, 30s; polishers, 24s; sanders, 20s; and the advance asked for was 3s per week for the two former branches, and 2s per week for the latter. The masters refused this, and the men came out on strike on Monday morning. There are nine firms in the trade in Liverpool, who employ about 80 men. The representatives of the men suggested that the matters in dispute should be submitted to arbitration; but the chairman said the masters could not consent.

A Bill has been issued lately, bearing the names of Sir J. Lubbock, Mr. T. Hughes, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Mundella, which proposes to apply the Workshop Act to shops for the sale of goods. Premises licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors, shops in which articles of food are sold for consumption on the premises, and bakehouses are exempted from the provisions of the Act. The Bill also proposes to amend the workshop Act by providing that no child, young person, or woman shall be employed in any workshop or shop on Good Friday or Christmas Day, and that, exclusive of those days, each person shall have not less than four whole holidays or eight half-holidays in every year. Other modifications of the Workshop Act proposed are that the weekly half-holiday may be altered from Saturday to any day in the week, and that the Secretary of State may give permission to any shop or class of shops to employ young persons or women on one day of the

week, for fifteen hours, provided that they are not so employed except between 6 a.m. and 9 p.m. Scotland is not exempted under the Bill.

THE IRONFOUNDERS' SOCIETY.

The monthly report of this society contains an important case that has occurred under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, which we reprint:

"Most of our members are aware that there has been a dispute existing in the Middlesboro' branch between one of the firms and their molders. The foreman of the works was sent to Scotland to try and obtain men to fill the places of those who were out. After a good deal of research he was enabled to obtain the services of three. He brought them to Middlesboro', and when they arrived at the station one of our members happened to be there, and seeing these men coming with the foreman, he asked them whether they were aware that there was a strike in the town? They seemed quite aware that such was the case, and they asked our member to take them to see the branch secretary. He at once led the three men to our Society House, and left them there, and saw no more of them until he saw one of them in the witness box as the prosecutor in a trial for intimidation. It appears the three men had gone away to Newcastle, when spoken to by our member at the Society House; but this one, having spent all his money, returned to Middlesboro' with the determination, as he says, to fulfil the contract he had made with the foreman, who, when he found that his man had returned, immediately got out a warrant for the member who had spoken to the men at the station, charging him with intimidation and violence, and swearing that our member had pulled the man down on his knees in front of the station—a thing not very likely to take place, seeing there were the three men who had come from Scotland, as well as the foreman, on the one hand, while, on the other hand, the member charged was by himself, and not in the very best of health. The member was taken into custody on the Saturday, and was bailed out by two of the Town Councillors until the Monday, when not being prepared, through want of time, a remand was asked for until the following Friday, which was granted. A respectable solicitor, Mr. Dale, of York, was employed, and though the evidence of the foreman was rebutted by disinterested witnesses, yet the magistrates considered the charge proven, and sentenced the member to fourteen days' imprisonment for, in reality, only speaking to the men he had met at the station. Such is the working of the Criminal Amendment Act in its present form, and it will rest entirely with the workmen whether such a law shall continue to disgrace the statute book of this country. But though the great unpaid had, as far as they could, carried out the wishes of the prosecutors, we could not quietly sit down and see an innocent member sent to prison, to herd among the scum and outcasts of society at large. Our council was instructed to appeal against the sentence. He did so, and the case has been remanded to the quarter sessions, where a jury will have to decide the case, independent of the presiding judge or justices."

THE LONDON TRADES DEMONSTRATION.

A large meeting of delegates of the London trades societies was held lately at the Bell, Old Bailey, in furtherance of the proposed Whit-Monday demonstration of the London trades against the Criminal Law Amendment Act, Mr. Grant occupying the chair. Several new delegates handed in credentials, including those from the steam-engine makers, the farriers, the paviors, the gardeners, metal workers, French polishers, &c.

Mr. Shipton, the Secretary, read the correspondence that had passed between himself and Mr. Ayrton, the Commissioners of

Works, as to the erection of a platform for speakers and reporters in Hyde Park. He also reported the result of an interview of a deputation from the Demonstration Committee with Colonel Henderson, the Commissioner of Police, in relation to the regulation of the traffic during the route of the procession, and said Colonel Henderson had promised the co-operation of the police authorities in preserving order for the trades on the route. The Commissioner had also suggested a slight alteration in the proposed route which the delegates would have to consider as to its acceptance. He further stated that deputations had waited upon several of the large trade societies who had promised their co-operation in making the demonstration a success. The committeemen were in communication with the Farriers' Society whom they wished should occupy the same post of honor as in the Trades Reform Demonstration of 1866, and head the procession on horseback. (Hear.) District meetings had been arranged for at Burdett Hall, Limchouse, for the shipwrights, and other trades in the eastern district, and also at Bermondsey-square, for the leather men and other trades in that district. Meetings would be held in other places during the ensuing week.

A resolution was then unanimously adopted approving the action of the committee.

The deviation on the route of the procession as suggested by Col. Henderson was then taken into consideration, and, after some discussion, was agreed to with ten dissentients. The route as now fixed will be that the procession will leave the Thames Embankment by way of Parliament street, Charing-cross, Cockspur street, Pall Mall, St. James' street, Picadilly, and enter the park at Apsley Gate.

A letter was read from the Executive Council of the London Amalgamated Carpenters' Society stated that they had passed a unanimous resolution calling on their members to take part in the demonstration.

A delegate from the bookbinders asked if the Committee could give the delegates any estimate as to the amount of the general expenses of the demonstration.

The Secretary said the Committee estimated the cost at from £250 to £300, as it would be an affair of great magnitude. It was considered that about one-third of the above sum would be realized by the sale of the demonstration cards, one of which, every man who took part in the proceedings would purchase. The balance would have to be made up by the societies in such a way as the delegates might determine.

A delegate proposed that each society taking part in the demonstration should contribute 2d. or 3d. per member to meet the general expenses.

A delegate from the bricklayers objected to any fixed sum being asked for. The amount required distributed amongst the societies would be small. He moved:—

That the Committee be empowered to issue a circular to the societies requesting them to make a voluntary grant of subscription, as their rules would allow, to meet the general expenses.

He believed this would produce a larger sum than by fixing a hard-and-fast line.

A delegate from the painters seconded the resolution, which, after some discussion, was carried by a considerable majority.

The remainder of the sitting was devoted to routine business.

THE IRONWORKS OF THE PHAROAHS.

An Englishman travelling in those parts (near Sinai), was struck with the small blue stones he discovered in the dried-up water-courses which in the rainy season convey the thousand streams that hurry to the sea, and having the curiosity to bring some home, he soon discovered that they were turquoise of no common order. This determined him to make further researches. Eventually he has built a house near the junction of the Wady Kenuch, the Wady Megham. Here, aided by the friendly tribes he has taken into his pay, he has

discovered the old turquoise mines of the ancient Egyptians, the rocks that they worked for the stones, the very tools they used, and their polishing and grinding places. Being a man of much energy, he has brought to bear upon this fortunate discovery the advanced knowledge of our times, and he is obtaining and sending over to this country some of the finest specimens of turquoise that exist. In such a lonely spot, he naturally has not confined his attention to this subject only, but has traced out the system of fortification by which the Pharaohs protected their works and workmen, and, what is still more wonderful, has come upon the remains of vast ironworks, so vast, indeed, that many thousand people must have been employed upon them, unless the plant used was on quite as grand a scale as that of our largest furnaces in the north of England. These works stand adjacent to the mines, on some hills at a place called Surabit-el-Khadin, and were evidently conducted on the Catalan system (in the opinion of their discoverer). The ore was very imperfectly extracted—slag brought over to this country, from the immense heaps that, like mountains, are piled around, contained as much as 53 per cent. of iron. This district has remained unexplored, probably, on account of its being out of the beaten track; and in an unknown country there is no temptation to stray, particularly as the guides and dragomen discourage any explorations which may add to the risk of the journey. It is, however, much to be desired that now that attention is directed to the locality, and moreover, since the thorough investigation of its sites is likely to prove exceedingly profitable, that the enterprise and desire for knowledge of our scientific explorers may find help from the ready hand of some of our commercial magnates, and thus, that a past book in the world's history may, by English perseverance, be re-opened.

CAPTAIN JACK.

As Captain Jack is now prominently before the public, the following sketch from the *Portland Herald* may not be uninteresting:—

Our reporter has obtained from Mrs. Joseph Knott, an old lady living in this city, and nearly seventy years of age, the following account of Captain Jack:

In the year 1851, while living at Canonville, Douglas county, an Indian boy came to their house, and, speaking the jargon, desired to live with them. He was one of the Rouge River Indians, and belonged to the tribe then located on Cow Creek. She noticed that he appeared to be an active, keen, shrewd looking boy, and with the consent of her husband took him to raise, with whom he remained for several years. As soon as the boy was assured that they intended to keep him, he insisted on having a "Boston" name, as he called it, and wished to be named after the best looking of Mrs. Knott's children. This being appreciated by the mother, she decided to name him after her son—their ages, apparently, being about the same—and this son was J. Knott, being better known as Jack Knott, of saloon fame. The boys grew up together and many were the days they spent in the sports of the chase. On one occasion, after he had been with them some time, he became offended because he was told to leave the room, and loaded his rifle with the intention of shooting Levi Knott, but was discovered in season to prevent his designs. This circumstance led to his expulsion from the family, and from that until the present time he has not been seen by them, except in 1855, the year in which he murdered Mrs. Harris, after which Jack went to the Goose Lake country. His mother was a full sister to Rouge River John, who attempted to seize the steamer Columbia while she lay at anchor in the harbor of Crescent City, and also a half sister to the war chief Sam, of the same tribe, and Chief Joe, who got his appellation from having fought General Joe Lane. All of these facts and many others which we have no space to mention were recently confirmed by Judge Prim, of Eastern Oregon, who communicated these particulars to Mrs. Knott, stating that the great Modoc Chief, Captain Jack, was the boy she took to raise in 1851.

Poetry.

WORKINGMEN.

The noblest men I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the wood and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder fame
Than follows king or warrior's name.

The workingmen, whatever their task,
To carve the stone or bear the hod,
The sweat upon their honest brows,
The royal stamp and seal of God!
And brighter are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble workingmen!
Who rear the cities of the plain—
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
And drive the commerce on the main;
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why this world's good things,
Should fall in such unequal shares;
Why some should taste of all the joys,
And others only feel the cares.
I wonder why the sunshine bright
Should fall in paths some people tread,
While others shiver in the shade
Of clouds that gather overhead.

I wonder why the trees that hang
So full of luscious fruit, should grow
Only where some may reach and eat,
While others faint and thirsty go!
Why should sweet flowers bloom for some,
For others only thorns be found?
And some grow rich from fruitful earth,
While others till but barren ground?

I wonder why the hearts of some
O'erflow with joy and happiness,
While others go their lonely way
Unblessed with aught of tenderness!
I wonder why the eyes of some
Should never be moistened with a tear,
While others weep from morn till night,
Their hearts all crushed with sorrow here?

Ah, well, we may not know, indeed,
The ways, the wherefores of each life;
But this we know—there's One who sees
And watches us through joy and strife.
Each life its mission here fulfils,
And only He may know the end;
And loving Him, we can be strong
Through storm and sunshine He may send.

Tales and Sketches.

NEW YEAR'S AT LEIGH HOUSE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

It was New Year's day, and Mr. James Leigh had consented to his house being made a rendezvous for all his pretty daughter's friends, on that evening. There had been no morning receptions, but invitations were out for a large social meeting in the evening, and more than one pretty face had its blushes deepened by the thought of some special partner with whom to dance at Anna Leigh's New Year's party. It had been a custom of Mr. Leigh's sister for many years to have this annual gathering, and pretty motherless Anna had been allowed to come down in her simple white dress and partake of the festivities, although not "out," but this year the young girl was to take her place as the hostess, having been regularly introduced into society a few months previously.

The little flutter of expectation that girls, heart-whole and free, experience before a party, had given place with Annie to the deep calm happiness of loving where she had won the pure devotion of a noble upright heart in return. From a child, Harold Leslie had been her favorite companion and friend, and when he came to her to plead for the sweetest title man wins from woman, she put no mask over face or heart, but let him read the love in her voice and eyes. It was a match that suited all; Mr. Leslie was wealthy, well born, and gentlemanly; sweet Anna Leigh was the only child of a millionaire, a lady in position, education, and birth. So the course of true love ran very smooth, and, as Anna pinned to her dress the sprig of myrtle Harry had placed in the bouquet sent that morning, she had no thought of any jar in the smooth current of her happy life. Before another New Year dawned she hoped to be a happy beloved wife, dispensing the hospitalities of her husband's house.

The large parlors were filled at an early hour by the invited guests, and as Mrs. Morton and Anna greeted one after another of their friends, the elder lady had scarcely time to note a missing link in the chain. But the eyes of love, watching for one face, will never forget to note its loss, though the whole world beside crowded round. The hours passed heavily to the young hostess, for in the brilliant throng there was not one voice that could make the music her heart coveted. Where was he? In the morning he had called, his bright, manly self, full of life and vigor. It seemed impossible to believe that any ill had befallen him in those few short hours, yet equally impossible to think anything but an imperative necessity could have kept him from her side.

"Father!"

It was late in the evening when the word fell, in pleading accents, upon James Leigh's ear. He had withdrawn a little from his guests, and stood looking over the room with a gloomy brow and firmly-set lips.

"Well, Anna?"
"What was it Mr. Hunter said, just now, about Norris Leslie. Harry is not here!"
The last sentence whispered low, as if the utterance choked her.

"I'll tell you to-morrow. Go dance now, child; and see here, Anna, don't be too stiff to young Markham; he comes of good stock. No swindlers in his family, I'll be bound."

"Father, what is it? Tell me now. Come, we are not wanted. Come into the library."

"To-morrow, child, to-morrow."
"Now, O father, come now."

The white face, imploring eyes, and the suppressed agony in the voice were more than the loving father could resist. Reluctantly he yielded to the hand that led him from the room, but before the library was gained his arm was wound round the young girl's waist, to keep the trembling, shivering figure from falling.

"Is Harry dead?" she said, as he closed the door.

"Dead! Better if he were!"

"No, no, father; you cannot have such desperate news as that for me!"

"Anna, you must tear him from your heart, blot him from your life. Norris Leslie absconded to-day with the funds of the bank of which he is president—he is a swindler!"

"But, father, Harold!"

"His son accompanied him."
She dropped at his feet as if the sentence had shot her dead.

"It is a pretty mess, altogether," muttered the merchant, as he lifted the little figure in his arms, and carried it to a sofa, "and my little pet will be worst sufferer. I'd like to have them here for one hour," and he ground his teeth together. "Now, if I call folks in, this will be all over town to-morrow, and I won't have Anna's name bandied about in this connection. Fortunately the engagement is not much known. Anna! darling! Anna!"

But there was no answer to his loving call. As pale as death the girl lay unconscious of her father's voice and loving caress. Crushing the bright dress and flowers she had put on with such dainty care to please the eyes of him she loved, she lay cold and insensible like a crushed lily.
"Anna! Speak to me, pet," pleaded her father. "I must call Kate. Confound the fellow."

And Mr. Leigh strode off to the parlor again, to find his sister. Of course she had to be hunted up, as people waited in a hurry always do, but he found her at last, and, taking her place, sent her, with a whispered caution to be quiet, to the library.

Utterly ignorant of any cause for the illness, the good lady was bewildered to find her niece lying in a fainting fit on the sofa, as unlike the gay pretty little belle of an hour previous as it is possible to imagine. Her womanly skill and tenderness soon put the proper remedies to work, and when the father returned, a short time later, he found Anna conscious, but evidently unable to face her guests again that evening.

"I'll carry her up stairs, Kate," he said, "and you must make the best excuse you can."

"But what is the matter?" inquired the bewildered lady.

"To-morrow—I'll tell you to-morrow. Go back now, and make the best story you can. If she don't know herself she can't tell anybody else," he muttered, as his sister left the room. "Come, birdie, put your arms around my neck, and I'll carry you to your room."

She clung to him fondly. This was a love she could confide in, pure, true, unshaken from her infancy. Her little figure nestled into his strong arms, as he lifted her from the sofa, and her head sank down wearily yet trustingly upon the broad shoulder, that never yet turned away from its pressure.

"Yes," he said, as he put her on her bed, and sat down beside her, "yes, pet, I see what your eyes are asking me, and I will tell you all I know. Better tell you than have you in a brain fever with conjecture. You see they calculated to have a twenty-four hours' start, as this is a holiday, but there was some suspicion roused by Mr. Leslie's proceedings yesterday, and to-day some of the directors went to the bank, too late to prevent, but in time to discover the abduction. They went at once to the house. The old gentleman left early this morning; Harold at noon. It is a bad business! If it was only a money loss, pet, I would not play the stern father to your love, but disgrace has never touched our name."

"And shall not, through me! It will be a hard fight, father, but I will live it down."

"That's my brave girl! Shall"—and the loving voice sank to a whisper—"shall I say a prayer for my child to-night?"

"Here—now—papa."

And while the echo of the band playing a Strauss waltz came floating up the broad staircase, and the faint sound of moving feet and merry voices mingled with the music, in the room above the father prayed that the young girl, for whose pleasure the gayety had been awakened, might have strength to bear the sorrow that evening had brought to her happy life.

Many of the guests had departed before the host entered the drawing-room again, and soon the quiet of the house was unbroken, save by the stealthy feet of the servants as they made all fast, before retiring. In the cold gray light of the early winter morning, alone in her room, Anna Leigh looked upon her dead past and her future. She was a very fairy in face and form, this little heroine of mine; was small, graceful, and wonderfully pretty. Her deep blue eyes were childlike in their frank innocence, and round her shoulders clusters of sunny curls fell like a shower of golden threads. From her babyhood she had known no grief. Her mother died before she had learned to lip her name, and her father's widowed sister had filled her place from the hour of her death. Loving her tall magnificent father with an almost worshipping love, Anna had been repaid by the tenderest, most caressing affection ever bestowed upon a child. Surrounded by the purest Christian influences, her religion had been one of the beauties of her life, gilding and refining all else. Then the love that had grown so unconsciously in her heart was almost a childish passion, so long ago seemed its commencement.

As she sat in the low arm-chair before the fire, on that cold morning, she let her thoughts dwell upon Harold as she believed him to be. The tall manly figure, the frank, open face, the voice, ringing and cheerful; not one memory was there of an act or word that was not open and frank as the sunshine. Harold Leslie a swindler? It was very hard to realize, and the more memory painted of his life, the more clearly she contradicted the supposition.

"It is false!" she said at last, in her heart. "He is noble, good, and true, and he will yet prove himself so. I cannot grieve father by any violent assertion of what I believe, but I will wait! I am yours, Harry, yours only. My promise was not made for a day or a week, but for life, and if you never come to claim it, I will die, true to my first, only love."

She pressed her lips to the diamond circlet upon her finger, and in her heart pledged herself to keep her betrothal vow.

Mr. Leigh looked anxiously at the pale little face, as Anna came in to breakfast, but she gave him a brave sweet smile, and he was satisfied.

"I never dreamed the little witch had so much pride," he said to his sister.

"She's a true Leigh," was the proud answer.

And Anna only smiled, thinking the day would come when she might confess that more than pride sustained her.

It was a sore struggle at first for Anna Leigh to enter again into society soon enough to prevent conjecture as to her withdrawal. Her engagement was so recent that no certain tidings of it were afloat, and the New Year's party, planned that the loving father might introduce his intended son-in-law to his friends, had passed without any suspicion being aroused of the failure of its main object. The days crept wearily to the girl's darkened life. In vain she brought pride, religion, and duty to bear upon her heart: there was still ever present the bitter, wearing sense of loneliness and pain. She loved her father fondly; she loved her aunt, but she had given to Harold a deeper, stronger love than either, and her heart cried out against the cruel separation and the cloud upon his name. Could she have thought him the unworthy man the public voice proclaimed him to be, she had pride enough to have thrust his love from her heart, even if she broke it with the rupture; but her faith was not yet shaken. There was some mystery yet to be explained; he had been forced perhaps, to join his father, implicated innocently. She knew nothing of business arrangements, but she was sure he would return yet, unspotted, and prove his innocence.

Nearly a year had passed, and no news had been obtained of the defaulters. The bank was closed, and the directors trying to meet some of the claims upon them. Execrations against the name of the president had gone up from merchants crippled or ruined, from widows and orphans beggared, from old men and women who had been years toiling for the sums invested, from sufferers and sympathizers, till Anna's heart would cover and shrink, as if from a blow, whenever the name fell upon her ears. Yet in her heart she gave the lie to every word that touched her lover's good name.

Summer was over, and fall brought the Leighs from Newport to Leigh House, their city home. It was an old-fashioned homestead, built during the Revolution, before the city was more than a village, and in spite of modern improvements and additions, it retained its old title still. Anna's face had changed in these months of suspense and trial. From a careless child she had become a thoughtful woman, bearing a secret sorrow hidden from every eye. The laughing eyes of old were now earnest and grave; the smiling lips firmer, the face less mobile, yet sweet and winning in its expression of dignity. A tiny woman, but winsome and lovely in her dignified grace.

Leon Markham worshipped her. It is not too strong a word to paint the passionate adoration he poured forth at her feet. He had guessed something on that New Year's night, when he missed her from the room, but her reappearance a few days later, her gentle loveliness all unchanged, with only a dignity that might be the throwing aside of childishness, completely deceived him. He had none

of the claim of childhood's acquaintance, for he had come from a New England home to Anna's native city but a few years before. There was everything to favor him. His position and family were good, he was wealthy and talented, so without much fear he went to James Leigh for permission to address his daughter.

The father was delighted. Here was a chance to blot out entirely the memory of the prior engagement, if—if his thoughts halted over that. Anna's demeanor was not that of one who had forgotten. Yet he was sincere when he bade Leon Markham good speed in his wooing.

I wish I could paint for you this young New England gentleman, who loved Anna Leigh. He was handsome, yet it was not mere outline of feature that made his face so winning. There was a charm in the earnest expression of his full dark eyes, a feeling of security in the play of the beautiful mouth, a beauty of expression that made trust cling instinctively to this man wherever he went. He was that rarely perfect combination, a Christian gentleman.

Seeing these two in the highest attributes of their hearts, you can picture the torture of that interview when Leon besought Anna to be his wife. She admired, respected, trusted him, but there was no love in her heart for any but Harold.

Noting the agony on his face when she told him she could give him only friendship, her womanly pity was roused, and with the quick intuition of one noble heart reading another, she threw herself upon his generosity, and showed him her heart.

"The whole world believes him unworthy," she said, in conclusion, "and I have never, even to my father, spoken his name since the fatal New Year's night, but I can be the wife of no man but Harold Leslie."

"If your faith is shaken?" he questioned.

"If he proves unworthy, my love may die. I cannot tell, for I cannot believe him what the world says he is."

There was a moment of silence, so deep that even the breathing of the two disturbed it. Then he rose from his seat and stood before her.

"I thank you for your confidence," he said, in low, tender tones, "and from my heart I pray that your faith may prove true."

She rose too, as he spoke, and placed her little hand in his. Twice she tried to speak, but the words died on her lips. It had been an hour of intense mental pain, and she was delicately organized and felt such keenly.

"I am your friend?" he asked.

"My brother," she said softly.

"So be it. Remember, if I can serve you, my life is at the call of my little sister," and he bent over her and kissed the sunny hair rippling from her low broad forehead, and so left her, comforted and soothed, to carry away his own agony, and fight down the bitterest torture of his life. Said I not truly this was a Christian gentleman?

Three years glided away, and Leon Markham had visited many spots in the Old World where tourists love to linger. His home had grown insupportable when the hope that had made his love-life beautiful was wrested from him, and he had wandered away in quest of change and excitement. It was early winter, and he was in Italy, when, wandering one day through the streets of Rome, he met what seemed to him the shadow of Harold Leslie. There was a moment's pause, then hand grasped hand in cordial pressure.

"You are ill?" was Leon's first question.

"I have been, may be again. I hope so," was the desponding answer. "How long since you left the States?"

"Nearly three years."

"Do you hear often?"

"Never, scarcely. I have no correspondence."

"Then you—my father? I did not know but—"

"What! I am your friend, Harold."

"My father died, you know, in Florence, three months ago, of malarious fever. I had never found him, in all these years, but he saw my name on a list of arrivals there and sent for me. It is a long story, Leon." There was something almost pitiful in the pleading eyes he raised to his friend's face.

"Come to my room, and tell me all," said Leon. "It is no idle curiosity prompts me."

It was a short walk, and when once the tale was commenced Harold poured it forth in terse, hurried words.

He had found upon the table, on that fatal New Year's day, a note from his father bidding him farewell, and hinting at his crime. At once he had followed him, but was too late to catch the European steamer from New York. Waiting until the next, he had tried for three years to find Norris Leslie, and the last year published his name wherever he went, hoping it might catch his father's eyes. The one aim and hope of his life had been to persuade his father to restore the ill-gotten wealth, and clear his name. At Florence he was summoned to Norris Leslie's death-bed, and gained his point. All that was left of the money so fraudulently obtained was sent in trusty hands to America; but, unknown to his son, his father had also transmitted a letter, clearing the young man's name from all blame, stating his course, and amply exonerating him from any share in the swindle, or knowledge of its contemplation.

It was a long, sad story.

"I never knew of the letter till I saw it published in the—"*Cassett*," said Harold.

"My father is buried in Florence, under his own name. His assumed one was only dropping the surname, and it is recorded on the hotel register as Norris."

"But what are you doing?"
"Painting portraits. Very poor daubs too, I fear, but I manage to live."
"You will return now, to your home?"
"Never! I—in fact, Leon, you don't know all."

"But I know this," he answered, firmly, though the words seemed to burn his lips, "Anna Leigh trusted you through all, and loves you still."

"Leon! You would not deceive me?"

"I had it from her own lips."

There was a New Year's party at Leigh House a few weeks after the above conversation. It was the first one given since the night when Norris Leslie ran away from his native city, to die in Florence.

Anna Leigh was a graceful, pretty hostess, and the light has come back to her eyes, the spring to her step, for besides her stands the tall, manly figure of one who has come home to live down his father's shame, in his own upright life. Leon Markham is there too, and if his heart bleeds yet from its old wounds, he gives no sign to his "little sister," as she raised her grateful glance to his face, and thanks him for the crowning blessing of her life.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

A TALE OF EDWARD THE FOURTH.

Up the polished stairs, and along the lofty hall of Moorland, laden with flowers, bounded a light and graceful figure. Pausing at the oaken door of a turret chamber, Leonora Estrange tapped lightly, listening with bent head while she knocked. But moment after moment went by, and still the silence remained unbroken. At last, opening the door, Leonora entered.

The room was filled with a faint golden light, as the sunbeams shone through the voluminous folds of the draped curtains. With one glance at the couch, around which the crimson hangings were still fluttering with the motion of the opening door, she advanced to a small table, upon which stood an empty vase. Filling this from a crystal goblet, and seating herself, she began slowly to arrange her fragrant burthen.

Nearly an hour passed ere she had completed her pleasing task; then, as she brushed the last drooping leaf before her, she arose, and crossing to the couch, gathered back the silken curtains, and laid her hand gently upon the brow of the youthful sleeper, saying, in a low, sweet voice, "Sleeping yet, dear lady, and the morning sun full an hour old?"

"Ah, Leonora! dear Leonora, is it you?" murmured the half-awakened girl. "I must indeed have been weary to have slept thus." And rising, she threw a muslin mantle around her, and sank languidly into a cushioned chair. Here she bent over the beautiful blossoms with a murmur of delight as she parted their glossy leaves, and drew forth a white rose, tremulous with dew, and pressed it to her lips.

Suddenly the hand that was busy amid her golden curls trembled violently, and Leonora bent low, to hide the varying colour of her cheeks, and the wild flashing of her eyes.

The Lady Clare saw not the passionate flush that flitted across the beautiful face of her companion, for it had passed when she looked up.

Half-an-hour afterwards there arose the soft notes of a bugle, followed by a stir within the paved court beneath the high window. Soon the quick clatter of a horse's hoof was heard. A faint colour came to the delicate cheeks of the Lady Clare, and a warm smile to her lips, as she fastened the last fold of her riding-habit. She received her cap and plume from the hand of Leonora, but the feather was vibrating as if a sudden gust of wind had swept through the open window; and yet there was not air enough astir to have lifted a leaf. As the Lady Clare touched the hand of Leonora, it was icy cold. A shade of uneasiness overspread her placid features as she said, kindly, "You are not well, dearest Leonora."

But the girl shook her head with a faint smile, and turned away. The next moment the curtain was gathered back with a quick, eager motion, and Leonora, half-enveloped within its folds, stood gazing down upon the group below. But not upon the proud steed, the beautiful little pony, nor the gaily dressed grooms did she look. Her eyes were fixed upon the tall and graceful figure of a cavalier of some two-and-twenty summers, who wore, with an air of indescribable grace, his simple riding-dress of Lincoln green. He stood leaning carelessly against the wall which surrounded the ancient dwelling, half castle, half hall. The sable plumes of his hat, drooping low over his brow, concealed the upper portion of his face, leaving but the Grecian nose, and the chiselled lip, shaded by the dark chestnut moustache, exposed. Once or twice he struck his spurred boot upon the stones beneath, with a vehemence that brought the drooping forms of the indolent grooms quickly erect, and occasionally he pressed his hand upon his brow, as if some dark and troubled thought were crossing his reveries. Suddenly there was a stir, and the pony raised its head. At this Lord Francis Clairmont bobbed quickly up, for such was the name of the cavalier, and beheld the Lady Clare, who came forth leaning upon the arm

of her only surviving parent, the old Earl of Moorland.

A pleasant smile parted the lips of the lovely girl, a bright color came to her cheek, as taking her hand the young lord bent low, saluting her with the graceful yet high-flown compliments of the day. The hand of Leonora was clenched as in sudden pain, while her dark eyes filled with a flashing light as she beheld the graceful form of Lord Clairmont bend to the child-like being before him. The next moment, and Clairmont, having lifted the Lady Clare to the saddle, sprang into his own, while the whole party rode slowly fourth.

Scarcely, however, had they cleared the little bridge which separated the castle from the open country, when Lord Clairmont drew in his rein, and with a brief excuse, wheeled his horse to return. Riding quickly as he recrossed the bridge, he raised his eyes and beheld the white cheek and flashing glance of Leonora Estrange. Then a soft, winning smile fitted across his countenance; and her cold cheek grew warm, her eye lost its wild light, as she met the glance of those eyes, so large, so dark, yet so smiling in their beauty. For a moment they rested upon her; then there was a quick wave of his hand, as it raised his hat, falling impressively on his heart. When he again rode forth with a light and easy seat, Leonora, though she watched him until lost in the distance, grieved no more; but an expression of radiant happiness dwelt on her face.

It was the evening of the same day, when Leonora might have been seen standing erect on a steep hill, with her eager gaze bent upon the muffled figure that came hurriedly up the ascent towards her. The wild breeze of a coming tempest swept through the dim forest, which lay like the background of some fine painting behind her. Far away in the distance, rose the grey turrets of Moorland. She had stolen out, heedless of the lowering clouds, to meet the betrothed of Lady Clare, the young Lord Francis of Clairmont.

Soon he gained her side, and placing one arm around her waist, he drew her yet deeper within the shade of the tall trees, whispering, "My own Leonora, have you come out this wild dark night to meet me?"

He spoke in a voice of such fervent love and happiness, that the glowing cheek of the girl took a yet deeper hue. More than one hour passed, and still the young nobleman held the beautiful girl to his side, reiterating vows of passionate eloquence and unchanging love, both he and she forgetful of the dark clouds flying wildly athwart the blue sky, and the low mutterings of the distant thunder. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning, followed by a crash, as if the heavens were rent in twain. It startled the young girl from her dream of happiness; it hushed the warm words upon the lover's lips.

Clairmont said hastily, "Leonora, my beloved, let us hasten away ere the storm breaks. I will go with you to the castle gates; none will recognize me in the increasing darkness. Come, dearest, lean upon me. Surely you will not fear, when Francis is with you. Would to God," he continued, "I might protect thee from the storms of life, as I may from the winds of Heaven!"

"First, listen to me, ere I go hence, Francis," said his companion. "Before Leonora Estrange again leaves you, she must know if, evermore, like a guilty thing, she is to stand forth from yonder proud castle, treacherously to meet the affianced of her generous benefactor. Oh! Francis," she added, passionately, "if you knew how bitter it is to look upon what she deems her privileged love for you; to see her gaze and smile upon you as if the right alone to her belonged; to hear her, day by day, speak of you to me as her future husband, and press the very flowers which thou hast given to me to her lips, murmuring fond and loving words, while I must stand coldly by."

"And does she indeed think of me thus?" he replied, half aloud. "She is very lovely."

The hand that rested within his own was quickly withdrawn; and ere the full consciousness of his error came over him, his companion was speaking with an air and voice of more than queenly hauteur. "My lord, the Lady Clare's thoughts are doubtless often occupied with her betrothed. He will do well to think of her beauty and gentleness, forgetting," she added, bitterly, "her humble companion. It is not too late, my lord, to retrieve your error."

For a moment he stood gazing upon her with astonishment, as she stood before him, her chisled features glowing with excitement, her graceful head erect. Then there mingled with his expression of admiration a touching sadness. "Leonora, Leonora, he said in a low, mournful voice.

The next moment she was weeping upon his bosom, murmuring, "Forgive me, Francis. It is but my love for you that makes me so wild and frantic."

He spoke not, but drew her arm gently within his own, hurrying her down the steep hill. Darker grew the night; and with the fall of the fast descending rain, he whispered, "Are you not weary, Leonora?"

Her bright face was raised to his, as her sweet voice answered, "Was I not cradled within the forest? What fears the gipsy girl when her loved one is beside her?" Perhaps it was well that the darkness hid the shadow that crossed the young lord's brow as she spoke; but it passed away, and they hastened on.

"She shall be my own acknowledged wife, my fearless Leonora," murmured Clairmont, as he parted from her, for he felt that he had now a treasure, priceless, indeed. But as he spoke he forgot the Lady Clare; yet, at that moment, within her silent chamber, the heiress of Moorland was bedewing the fading flowers before her with tears of love and joy, guarding them as tokens of his affection.

Softly through hall and cottage, amid joy and sorrow, sighed the low musical voice of summer. Ruffling the blue waters of the Thames, as it glided on amid the city bustle, with a soft and gentle sigh it lifted the drooping curtains of a silent chamber, and murmured within the dying ear of the good old earl of Clairmont's last farewell.

"Francis," he said faintly, "put back the curtains; I would again look out upon the blue sky, the loveliness of nature, ere I go hence."

The son, obeying his bidding, again knelt beside him, pressing his lips to the cold hand clasping his own. "Again the old man's lips parted, and he murmured, 'Lady Clare!'"

From within the shadows of the curtains, which were gathered and twisted around the richly-carved posts, stepped forth, with pallid cheeks and tearful eyes, the heiress of Moorland. A change had come over her since we saw her last. Her young lip had lost its sunny smile, and her blue eyes its brightness. Sorrow and suffering had come to her, the favored child of prosperity. The mourning robes, clinging to her fragile form, spoke of death, and told that her idolising father had joined her other lost parent.

"Lady Clare," he said, taking her hand within his own, while Francis of Clairmont turned away his head from that beseeching glance, "I cannot leave you alone in this cold world. Before I go hence, let me bless you as my child! I would leave you to one who will love you even better than myself. Will you not grant me this boon?" and he laid her hand within his son's. The Lady Clare looked timidly up, but the face of her betrothed was turned aside, and she beheld not the struggle, but too vividly portrayed in the blanched cheek and quivering lip.

Still, though the gentle pressure of her hand was unreturned, the Lady Clare dreamed not that aught but the mourner's sorrow was hushing the voice that should have been whispering its love. The dying earl took his silence for consent, and seemed happy. The priest who had waited in the ante-chamber was summoned, and the sacred rite was performed. Clairmont was taken by surprise. Powerless to speak, he listened to the holy words which bound him evermore to her kneeling beside him. All seemed to him a dream; but when all was over, there arose before him the beautiful face of Leonora Estrange.

The old man's hand was now laid upon the bowed head of the young wife, and in this last effort his spirit passed away. Clairmont would have turned away with a world of wretchedness in his glance, but his young wife laid her head upon his bosom, whispering fondly, "I will comfort thee, Francis."

He buried his face in his hands, the gentle, loving words cut him to the heart; he could not forget that he loved the poor gipsy girl better than the heiress; and he felt, for the moment, as if the latter had entrapped him into a union. But even then, by the corpse of his father, and in the first moments of his married life, he could not restrain himself. He shook off, half angrily, the grasp of his bride, as she essayed gently to remove his hands from his face.

"Leave me—I would be alone," he said.

The Lady Clare knew not the terrible secret of his love for another; but, with a woman's keen instinct, she felt that his affections were not hers. No grief could else have rendered him so cold, so haughty, so angry in these first moments of wedded life. She turned sadly away, and left the chamber, hot, scalding tears chasing each other down her cheeks. "Oh, Father above!" she cried, teach me to win his love. Anything—anything will I suffer, if his heart may only be mine at last."

While Lord Clairmont paces his apartment, now wrung with agony to find himself the husband of one he loves not, and now melting in grief, as he thinks of the loss of his beloved parent; and while his bride prays alone in her solitary chamber, let us seek Leonora Estrange.

She had heard of the death of the earl and of the marriage of the Lady Clare; but she seemed to remember only the last.

"Perfidious lover," she cried, with pale cheeks and clenched hands, "and is it thus you have betrayed me. You told me that you loved not the Lady Clare; that you would beseech your father to release you from your engagement to her; that you would wed me. False, false, false than hell itself!" she exclaimed, bitterly.

She rose and began to pace the floor. Her hair, loosened from its band, fell in raven tresses wildly over her shoulders, and her dark cheek glowed like fire, with passion.

"But I will have my revenge," she said; "I know where to strike; and I will wait for my opportunity. Oh, Francis, Lord Clairmont!" she exclaimed, with a mocking laugh, "you have not written to the house of Lancaster for nothing. I will intercept one of your letters. I will carry it to the king; and the monarch, incensed at your conduct, will

send you from your bride for life. Ha! ha! will I not have revenge!"

(To be continued.)

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

During the recent passage of the British exploring ship Challenger from England to the West Indies, the sounding line and dredge were kept constantly going. The former showed that a pretty level bottom runs off from the African coast, deepening gradually to a depth of 3,125 fathoms at about one-third of the way across to the West Indies. If the Alps, Mont Blanc and all, were submerged at this spot, there would still be half a mile of water above them. Five hundred miles farther west there is a comparatively shallow part, a little less than two miles in depth. The water then deepens again to three miles, which continues close over to the West Indies. At the deepest spots both on the east and west side of the Atlantic, the dredge brought up a quantity of dark red clay, which contained just sufficient animal life to prove that life exists at all depths. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining these deep sea dredgings, and it was merely a question of patience, each haul occupying twelve hours. In depths over two miles little has been found, but that little was totally new. One of the lions of the cruise is a new species of lobster perfectly transparent. Not content with obtaining animals with eyes so fully developed that the body may be said to be an appendage, a new crustacean has now been dredged up, in which the body has cut itself clear of the eyes altogether, and the animal is totally blind. It has no eyes, or even the trace of an eye. To make up for its deficiency Nature has supplied it with the most beautifully developed, delicate lady-like claws, if one may use the term, it is possible to conceive. Nearer the West Indies, in a depth of only half a mile, some similar creatures were brought up, and here the claws, longer than the body, are armed throughout with a multitude of spike-like teeth, looking more like a crocodile's jaw than anything else. At a short distance from Tenerife, in a depth of a mile and a half, a rich and extremely interesting haul of sponges and coral was obtained, but the latter was unfortunately dead.—*Scientific American.*

A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT ON SOUND.

The following beautiful experiment, described by Prof. Tyndall, shows how music may be transmitted by an ordinary wooden rod. In a room two floors beneath his lecture room there was a piano on which an artist was playing, but the audience could not hear it. A rod of deal, with its lower end resting upon the sounding board of the piano, extending through the two floors, its upper end being exposed before the lecture table, but still no sound was heard. A violin was then placed upon the end of the rod, which was thrown in resonance by the ascending thrills, and instantly the music of the piano was given out in the lecture room. A guitar and a harp were substituted for the violin, and with the same result. The vibration of the piano strings were communicated to the sounding board; they traversed the long rod, were reproduced by the resonant bodies above, the air was carved into waves, and the whole musical composition was delivered to the listening audience.

ONE OF THE LOST ARTS.

The frescoes of Michael Angelo are the wonder and admiration of every appreciative person who has looked at them on the lofty ceilings of the Sistine Chapel at Rome; but compared with the mural paintings of Rome, traced centuries before, they look dim and almost lustreless. The mural paintings are as bright as the Nile itself, and still appear likely to claim the admiration of visitors for thousands of years to come. The colors of the ancients, when exposed for years to moisture, do not lose their brightness, while their woven fabrics, long buried in the ground, resist decay, and even timber, preserved by some unknown process, defies the action of the elements, and remains nearly as sound as in the time of the Pharaohs. It is said that numerous experiments have been tried of subjecting the ancient paintings to the flame of a gas-jet, but the heat thus imparted failed to destroy them. Egyptian cement, as is well known, is almost imperishable, uniting wood, glass, stone, iron and other articles together so firmly as to resist all efforts to sever them at the point of union. Fire and water will not destroy this cement, and it is practically indestructible. This substance is supposed to have been used in embalming their dead, preserving their works of art and making their fountains durable.

CURBING THE TEMPER.

A Danbury man named Reubens recently saw a statement that counting one hundred, when tempted to speak an angry word, would save a man a great deal of trouble. This statement sounded a little singular at first; but the more he read it over the more favorably he became impressed with it, and finally concluded to adopt it. Next door to Reubens lives a man who has made five distinct attempts in the past fortnight to secure a dinner of green peas by the first of July, and each time has been retarded by Reubens' hens. The next morning after Reubens made his resolution this man found his fifth attempt to have been miscarried. Then he called on Reubens. He said:

"What in thunder do you mean by letting your hens tear up my garden?"

Reubens was tempted to call him a mud-soot—a new name, just coming into general use; but he remembered his resolution, put down his rage, and meekly observed:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—"

Then the mad neighbor, who had been eyeing this answer with a great deal of suspicion, broke in again:

"Why don't you answer my question, you rascal?"

But still Reubens maintained his equanimity, and went on with the test:

"Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen—"

The mad neighbor stared harder than ever.

"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one—"

"You are a mean skunk!" said the mad neighbor, backing toward the fence.

Reubens' face flushed at this charge, but he only said:

"Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six—"

At this figure the neighbor got up on the fence in some haste; but suddenly thinking of his peas he opened his mouth:

"You mean, low-lived rascal! For two cents I would knock your cracked head over a barn; and I would—"

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight," interrupted Reubens—"Twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three—"

Here the neighbor broke for the house, and, entering it, violently slammed the door behind him. But Reubens did not dare let up on the enumeration; and so he stood up there alone in his own yard and kept on counting, while his burning cheeks and flashing eyes eloquently affirmed his judgment. When he got up into the eighties his wife came to the door in some alarm.

"Why, Reubens, man, what is the matter with you?" she said. "Do come into the house!"

But he didn't let up. She came out to him and clung trembling to him; but he only looked into her eyes and said:

"Ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred—go into the house, old woman, or I'll bust ye!"

And she went.

A COLORED WITNESS.

During the March term of the Oyer and Terminer, held in this city, Judge Brady presiding, a poor unfortunate named Nixon was tried and convicted of murdering Charles Phyfer. Notwithstanding the gravity of the trial, the testimony of a colored man, named William Henry Johnson, was given in a manner that rendered resistance to laughing impossible. It was given thus:

William Henry Johnson (colored) testified that on the day of the shooting he saw two men having an altercation on Chatham street; one of them was on horseback, and the other drove a wagon. The man in the wagon told the man on horseback to get out of the way, when the latter turned round and attempted to strike him two or three times.

Cross-examined by District Attorney Phelps:

Q. "Where do you live, Johnson?" A. "In a garret." (A laugh.)

Q. "What is your business?" A. "My wife follows the washing business, but she makes me do the work."

Q. "Where was the wagon when you saw it?" A. "Twas in the street?" (Laughter.)

Q. "What part of the street?" A. "In the street, not on the side-walk."

Q. "On what side of the street?" A. "On the same side that I was."

Q. "How near was the wagon to the side-walk?" A. "Well, upon my soul I could not tell. That's a pretty hard thing to tell, as I did not measure it."

Q. "Are you deaf?" A. "Sometimes." (A laugh.)

Q. "When you first saw the man on horseback, where was he?" A. "On his back." (Great laughter.)

Q. "Where was the waggon?" A. "Well, boss, I guess we talked about that before." (Applause.)

Q. "With what hand did he strike the prisoner?" A. "He struck with no hand; he struck with the whiffletree. 'Pon my honor I can't say in which hand he held the whiffletree, except it was in the right or left."—(Laughter.)

Q. "Were you near Barnum's clothing store?" A. "Well, see here now, boss, I ain't able to read or write, and I can't tell Barnum from A. T. Stewart, or any of them big folks, by looking up at their names."

Q. "When did you tell this to Mr. Howe?"

A. "Mr. Howe? Mr. Howe, when was it I went to see you?" (Great laughter in the Court, and counsel joined.)

Q. "Did you know Nixon?" A. "No, I did not know him from Tom, Dick, or the devil. (Continued merriment.) The fact is, boss, men will go into muses, particularly colored folks. You know, some folks bees down on the colored people. I mean folks as has no eddication, and don't know their grammar nor their dictionary. I can write my name—no, I can't either, come to think of it." (Laughter.)

Q. "Do you know officer Van Buskirk?"—

A. "Who? What? Does he know me? I guess not. No, sah." (Laughter, during which the Court ordered the witness to retire.)—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for June.*

A WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

Lady Charlotte Guest, the widow of the great Welsh ironmaster, is the owner of one of the largest coal mines in that country. Her ladyship is generally observed to be in a state of great excitement when the time comes for making up the balance-sheet, and orders a copy sent to her by telegraph wherever she may be. Recently at her London residence, and when the festivity was at its height, a courier arrived from Dowlais with a tin box containing the expected document. Lady Charlotte ordered it to be brought to her in the brilliantly-lighted saloon, where she was surrounded by a circle of her aristocratic friends and relations, who probably enjoyed a sneer at the cinder-hole. The company laughed, for they thought of the cinder-hole, but the Welsh ironmaster's wife bided her time for she knew the laugh would be with her, as she opened the tin case and drew out the document. "And so that's a balance-sheet," exclaimed her friends, crowding round the paper with the double entries on the red lines, and they looked on it as on a phenomenon. They had never seen one before, and if they heard of one, they thought it was something belonging to a ship. "But what are the profits?" cried they, as Lady Charlotte scanned her eye over the paper. Lady Charlotte, seeming not to heed them, said, as though she spoke to herself, "Three hundred thousand pounds—a very fair year," and she re-committed the balance sheet to the tin case. "Three hundred thousand pounds profit! What! You don't mean that in one year!" "I'd be a Cinderella myself," said a Border Countess, "to a husband with such a business. Three hundred thousand pounds! Only think! And all from that nasty cold iron! It beats the glass slipper!"

"I DON'T CARE IF I DO."

In olden times, before Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well stocked bar furnished "accommodations to man and beast." He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was affected in the same way. One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room, Wing was behind the counter, Fish was lounging before the fire, with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat. A traveller from the south, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter he said:

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy!" said the landlord, jumping up. "Yes, sir, I have," at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstand me," says the stranger, "I asked you how far it was to Brandon!"

"They call it pretty good brandy," said Wing. "Will you take sugar with it?" reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and toddy stick. The despairing traveller turned to Fish.

"The landlord," says he, "seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish, "I don't care if I do take a drink with you."

The stranger treated and fled.

POLITENESS OF GREAT MEN.

The greatest men in the world have been noted for their politeness. Indeed, they owed their greatness mainly to their popular manners which induced the people whom they pleased to give them an opportunity to show their power.

Many years ago, the errand-boy employed by a publishing house in a great city was sent to procure from Edward Everett the proof-sheets of a book which he had been examining. The boy entered in fear and trembling the vast library, lined from floor to ceiling with books. He stood in awe of this famous man and dreaded to meet him. But Mr. Everett, turning from the desk where he was writing, received the lad with reassuring courtesy, bade him sit down, chatted kindly as he looked for the proof-sheets, and asked, "Shall I put a paper round them for you?" as politely as if his visitor were the President. The boy departed in a very comfortable state of mind; he had been raised in his esteem by Mr. Everett's kindness, and he never forgot the lesson it taught him.

A friendship that makes the least noise is often the most useful, for whilst reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.—*Addison.*

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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124 BAY STREET.

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 - Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
 - Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.
 - Crispins, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
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 - Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
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 - Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
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The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1873.

LORD DERBY AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

"The propertied classes," as they are called, take—in their way—a lively interest in the well-being and well-doing of the working classes, at least, they talk sufficiently about it. The objects they usually seek to promote cannot but be regarded with approval by thoughtful men. The motives by which they act, however, do not always call for this same commendation; whilst the almost habitual manner in which they seek to obtain public approval by overstating their case, not only involves frequently libellous defamation of the working people, but is too often a degrading and undeserved reproach to the character of the whole nation in all its classes. We have seen it stated as a strange anomaly, that in one of the most industrious and richest countries on the face of the earth, somewhere about seven million pounds sterling should have to be annually paid for the support of a multitude of poor people who cannot support themselves. But, if the Earl of Derby and others who deplore this state of things, attribute it to the wasteful and improvident habits of the working people generally, we are of opinion they are only deceiving themselves and others.

It is, however, the happiness of the working classes to know that whatever may be wrong with them, it is not for want of people trying, in a way, to set them right. Like refractory children, they are surrounded by nurses—religious, philanthropic, political, social,

&c.—whose sole aim is to lecture or persuade them into paths of rectitude and economy, from which they have, apparently, a determined tendency to depart. Organizations for their benefit are plentiful indeed—many of them chimerical in the extreme, others not only well-intentioned, but practically useful, and no doubt productive of a large amount of good. But practical or chimerical, fantastic or useful, it seems that in the opinion of Lord Derby and others of that nobleman's way of thinking, there are not quite enough of them, and so one more has been added to the list—this, of course, of supreme value and importance. The new organization bears the title of the "Provident Knowledge Society," a name that certainly does not very clearly express its objects, and which a contemporary says would be better, if not so briefly, indicated in some such designation as the "Thrift and Provident Habits Incultation Society." The necessity for something of this kind was dwelt upon at length by Lord Derby, and we elsewhere re-produce his remarks. Undeniably, there is great truth in many of the statements made, and it must be admitted that amongst the masses there is a sad neglect of the decencies of life, much improvidence, extravagance and vice—and the thoughtful workingman cannot too clearly realize to himself all that the slavery of debt spoken of by Lord Derby entails upon him. But when we come from abstract generalizations to practical remedies, the prospect is probably not so cheering. We would not at all deery philanthropic efforts; but, we might be allowed to ask, are the toiling masses of any country to be made thrifty and economical, and kept out of debt, by the operations of any conceivable society? The particular society which Lord Derby advocates is to busy itself in establishing Penny Banks in all places where many men are employed, and in every elementary school, depositing their receipts with the Post Office, and thus giving an almost absolute security.

This is the main feature of the society's operation, so far as we can gather them; and no one can object to the well-meant efforts of the "Provident Knowledge Society," and that it should act as a propaganda for the Post Office Savings Bank system, so as to include Penny Banks, with paid agents to collect the pennies. But it seems to us rather a degrading thing that the working classes should be considered incapable of taking care of their pennies, without being perpetually looked after by "a paid agent." But while, perhaps, experience unfortunately proves that this may be true in a sense, we do most stoutly contend that its application is not by any means universal. We believe there are thousands of workingmen who are quite capable of looking after their own affairs—prudent, economical and far-seeing—and the operations of the Provident Knowledge Society, as contrasted with what workingmen are doing for themselves by a multitude of provident plans, will be simply a bit of insignificant child's play. What is wanted is to increase the number of such men. There can be no objection to looking after the weaker brethren; but it is not within the range of possibility to bring to bear influences for reducing their numbers. In education, in the ever increasing spread of intelligence, in organizations for securing the just claims and upholding the dignity of labor—in all these forces for the elevation of the masses, we are more sanguine of an improvement in the social condition of the operative classes far above anything to be effected by the latest movement inaugurated by Lord Derby.

TORONTO MECHANICS INSTITUTE.

We are in receipt of a copy of the 42nd Annual Report of the Toronto Mechanics Institute, and from its perusal are glad to learn that the institution is in a healthy and flourishing condition. The Mechanics Institute should be more highly appreciated than it is, by a large number of the operative classes, and we urge upon them a more generous support.

For first-class Book and Job Printing go to the office of the ONTARIO WORKMAN, 124 Bay street.

MONOPOLY—LABOR STRIKES.

Throughout the entire country, East and West, there seems to be lurking a sullen disposition that bodes no good to much of its general mechanical business interests. Of course we allude to the uneasy relations between capital and labor, over which a menacious cloud hangs lowering. The partisans of each are more or less moved by a perverse, belligerent desire to demand, which, if nothing worse, begets at least a stern predetermination to resist, and settles into a kind of permanent ambush, where each lie in wait, ever watchful of a favorable moment to strike with advantage, while, at the same time nursing a blind prejudice that is wastefully injurious to all concerned. There should be no *casus belli* between these two great powers, and can be none without serious mischief.

Labor is the natural power, capital the artificial; both are necessary to each other, and their combination is the very basis upon which the social system is erected. If equitably disposed, each in its proper place, neither intruding on, nor seeking to invade the just rights of the other, the sublime principle of an equalizing Providence would be fulfilled. It seems, however, that no good can be in this world without its concomitant evil. Greed comes in to destroy the balance of justice, and in its baleful wake follows a whirlwind of human passions, set raging by the unscrupulous fiend.

The equalization and restriction of capital and labor, each to its proper sphere, is one of the grand problems which this free Government has yet to solve.

It was impossible that the despotisms of the old world, or the privileged powers emanating from them, could approach these subtle questions at all, having nothing to apply but brute force, which could only stifle and subdue, but not satisfy.

The prodigious monopolies towering up in this country, and absorbing the rights of whole communities, are steadily forcing this vital question to a point of prominence, where the bribes of the richest corporations will scarcely be able to reach or control. All classes generally are made to feel the pinching effects from the cold, cruel exactions of those hard, grinding bodies, that in their compactness, are utterly void of sympathetic pulsations.

What cared the coal mining companies of Pennsylvania and Ohio how many of God's creatures perished last winter, provided they could only add more to their hundreds of millions of capital? Nothing. These mercenary phalanxes—securely ambuscaded—saw an opportunity of wrenching money from the necessities of the poor. They had a quantity of coal on hand, scarcely sufficient to accommodate the wants of a large district, of which they had entire monopoly, and of which this vast mineral deposit seems the providential supply. The chance was met to squeeze all their victims at the same time, and they accordingly commenced, by reducing the pay of workmen to a rate which they well knew could not be accepted, and so they forced the workers to go idle while they forced extortionate prices from the famishing people!

In a short newspaper article we can give only a glance. The capital stock of one of those companies is estimated at nearly two hundred millions of dollars! This, in the hands of unscrupulous men, is too dangerous a power, and capable of enslaving and destroying too many people, unless curbed and restrained by wholesome, merciful laws and restrictions. When corporations of this nature arrive at certain stages of wealth they become monstrous: all ties of sympathy relating to the mass of humanity have ceased, and they have grown utterly unconscious of any bounden duties or moral obligations on their part, evidently confounding all mortal men, who labor for subsistence, with ordinary beasts of burden, or merely regarding them as machinery which money—their god—can adapt at will.

When we reflect that these corporations, whether of mines or railroads,

Credit Mobiliers or others, though dressed in this panoply of what they call rights, yet the very power they abuse so meanly is accorded them by will of the very people whom they plunder and trample on—even the laws that protect them. It is to be hoped that their many daring acts of aggression will awake the latter from their mischievous indifference and stupor. It is not a little remarkable that where a few in a community grow unwieldily rich, in just the same proportion, the vastly greater number grow wretchedly poor! And why not? When one man's yearly income rises to \$200,000 is it not clearly evident that he gathers to himself the comfortable support of at least two hundred families—a thousand people! We are not prepared to hurl foolish, intemperate denunciations at any one, or at any party, nor are we sufficiently egotistical to set up a cathedron on our own credit; we merely point out some grave defects, knowing that it requires the great majority of the people to correct them. Primitive settlements present us with equality amongst the inhabitants; none are very rich, nor are any very poor, and if high, polished civilization can introduce no better order than that of handing over to the crafty, the cunning and the selfish, the fruits of labor without restraint, while the honest, sober, industrious laborer is condemned to poverty, then we say, without hesitation, civilization is a huge fraud! We do not, however, believe this, by any means. We have more faith in God, who rules the Universe, and more confidence in the intelligence of man, than to think that civilization leads only to human debasement. On the contrary, with a fair attempt to attain it, we believe there can be a far higher destiny arrived at, through the concrete mass of intelligent men, than any other possible form of ordinary human life, and moreover, under the regis of our own government it is attainable, if on earth. Co-operation points out a principle that may be applied in various degrees, and it is not difficult to imagine a system whereby the operative could be made a partaker in the general accumulation, without interfering with any just right of the capitalist.

The threatened labor strikes now pending led us into this discussion.

In a country like ours, where all men's rights are equal, it is strange if we cannot devise some means less devastating and destructive to take the place of strikes: a means by which the general interests could be so rectified, intelligently, that the individual energies of all would be utilized with undivided sincerity, and productive economy be the supreme director.

Strikes are a species of civil war, and from them irreparable damages often result; through them injuries are interchanged, the bad blood often hoarded for future revenge! Surely a free people can produce something better.—*Collier Index.*

"THE ARGUMENT OF FORCE."

During the past two months newspaper writers of all grades of merit and shades of opinion have very freely indulged in windy discursive and advisory articles upon the aggressive attitude some workingmen were compelled to assume by the force of circumstances they had no part in originating, and over which they had practically no control. These writers can not regret any more than we do the existence of lawlessness, or the fact that workingmen sometimes resort to "the argument of force," nor can their condemnation and reprobation extend any further than ours, but there is this difference between us: they condemn the immediate perpetrators of the unlawful acts, while we level our shafts at the remote perpetrators—the causes that produce the results. The history and experience of the world are pregnant with testimony proving most clearly that "popular tumults and dissension have ever existed, the bane and avenging scourge of all States, where wealth and production have been unevenly and unjustly distributed. But we maintain that it is far from being just to arraign at the bar of public opinion the parti-

cipators in a broad riot, while the system of law or custom that produced the necessity for the riot should be a subject of commendation and laudation. Society, acting through its agent, the law, imprisons a thief or hangs a murderer, while the man who throw the boy into the street, to become a vagrant or a vagabond, deprived him of the refining and civilizing influences of culture and education, and made him a thief and murderer, not only goes unpunished but is respected, honored and lionized. If through our system of social and governmental law, one man gathers to himself one-half the substance of one thousand souls, who drag out a miserable existence on the other half, while he assumes the airs and domineering pretensions of a boorish earl, is it to be wondered or regarded as "passing strange" that these thousand souls should become restless, and after having implored and entreated the robber to restore at least a portion of their substance, and being insolently refused that they should demand what they had a right to demand, and were bound to demand, and could not help demanding, unless they were cowards and slaves of the first water. But to demand is not to receive in all cases. If you unjustly take anything from the capitalists, the law protects him, but he may take any portion of the results of your labor he deems convenient, and that same law will fail to give you a remedy. Workingmen are aware of these things, and after exhausting all known methods of degrading themselves by begging and beseeching for justice, they fall back upon the "argument of force," and strike. But now they find themselves the target of every ink sputterer in the town or city. The press is against them, the employer is against them, the law is against them, the judges are against them, the police are against them, and finally public opinion, taking its cue from the press, is also found against them. The men look in vain for justice, they look in vain for redress, they look in vain for sympathy, they become desperate, take the law into their own hands and mob law and tumultuous disorder follow. But who are responsible for this state of things? Workingmen may in a measure aggravate the evil, but they are not responsible for it. They are merely the agents of the cause, the exerting power that produces the effect. Remove the cause, remove poverty, degradation and ignorance, and "the argument of force," will become obsolete. But say our mentors, "it is productive of no possible good while it is the source of unmixed evil." From this phase of the argument we dissent, and claim for "the argument of force" a negative good. The mere fact that men may strike and may be driven to resort to still more forcible measures, has deterred many an employer from reducing wages or enforcing obnoxious rules. If workingmen would tamely submit to every wrong the employer choose to inflict, if they would never resort to "the argument of force" in its milder or harsher forms, they would be bought and sold like cattle, in less than fifty years. The fear of revolution has ever kept tyrants within certain bounds, and the fear of strikes has often turned the scale in favor of workingmen; when the employer considered the chances of forcing an aggressive measure; and yet we are not an advocate of strikes, or an apologist for violence of any kind; but we are in favor of giving every accused individual the benefit of any doubt that may arise, as well as the benefit of every extenuating and mitigating circumstance. The miners of Indiana, the engineers of Missouri, or the gasmen of New York City, or the Crispins of Cincinnati, may have acted rashly, but they are not wholly to blame for the lawlessness which grew out of strikes, into which they were forced and driven by remote and ulterior causes.

Had not the Barons of England appealed from the entreaty to "the argument of force" in dealing with King John, it would be difficult to imagine what would be the condition of the English-speaking people to-day, and if the fathers of American liberty had not appealed to this same "argument of force" it would be equally hard to imagine

what would be our condition at this moment. If those who so loudly deprecate strikes and the violence which sometimes attend them, would endeavor to render strikes unnecessary by helping to inaugurate a system that would more justly equalize the distribution of production and wealth, they would become real friends of capital as well as labor, for should the present system of distribution continue much longer, it will end in general revolution, and in that event capitalists have everything to lose and nothing to gain. Revolution makes men mad, and madmen stop not to think, reflect, or reason.—*Coopers' Journal.*

ONTARIO EMIGRATION AGENTS.

The Secretary of the department of Agriculture and Emigration, Mr. W. Edwards, who some short time since proceeded to England charged with the duty of enquiring into, and removing varied difficulties existing, respecting certain Emigration Agents and Agencies, has arrived at the scene of his operations, and assumed the Chief Commissionership for England and Wales. Under his regime the services of the celebrated "Horrocks" and his "assistant" have been dispensed with. While the appointments of such men never should have been made, yet the Ontario Government are deserving of credit for their promptness in dealing with this matter, when the true characters of the men were ascertained. We may now undoubtedly look for better regulations in the future.

K. O. S. C. INTERNATIONAL UNION.

We are indebted to Mr. Mowatt for a copy of the proceedings of the 6th Annual Convention of the International Grand Lodge, K. O. S. C., held in Cleveland, in April last. The action of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Ontario, in withdrawing from the International Grand Lodge, was discussed at its sessions, and a resolution passed looking towards an adjustment of the difficulties that caused the division, and the Executive of the International Grand Lodge, are empowered to use all means at their command to secure a reunion on a basis that will be mutually beneficial.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION PIC-NIC.

On Saturday next, the members of the Toronto Typographical Union will hold their Third Annual Excursion Pic-nic and Games in the Paradise Grove, Niagara. The steamer *City of Toronto* will start at 7 a.m., and leave Niagara about 6 p.m. A very large number of handsome and valuable prizes have been donated and purchased, and the most careful preparations have been made by the committee of arrangements, so that nothing may be left undone that would add to pleasure and amusement of the excursionist. If the clerk of the weather only favors us with a fine day, the typos and their friends may expect a rare day's enjoyment, which we heartily wish them.

Communications.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Sir,—You inserted in your last issue a few, and some may think, disconnected, observations on the "Origin of Trade Unions," and also some remarks on Emigration. Opinions have been expressed as to their legitimacy; on the whole, however, they have been favorably received. I am thus induced to trouble you again with a few additional observations.

The two subjects combined open up a wide field for contemplation and criticism. It will no doubt lead to arguments, *pro* and *con*. This is what I wish to see. There are latent ideas in many a mind among the "working classes," which require to be developed. From sheer modesty, however, they are immured, so to speak, until they are brought into daylight or public observation. If my former remarks should tend to this happy result, it will prove a source of great gratification to the writer. I want our workingmen to give through your appreciated columns a thorough vent to their opinions, though not, it may be, grammatically expressed. I have heard both in the Old Country and also in Canada many a bright idea flow from beneath a wide-awake. Please give them space in your popular journal for their *home-spun* thoughts, and then we shall be prepared for any blunders, and make due allowance. It seems to me, that one of the primary objects of a workingman's journal should be to encourage an exchange of thought on any and every subject. Competing minds will soon obviate any difficulty that may possibly occur, and the *ultimatum* will be a general and lasting benefit. After the

arduous, not to say anxious, labors of the Editor is over, he will thus have the exquisite pleasure of retiring from his very responsible post with the honest conviction that he has done his duty to the community at large. Some minds, nevertheless, may entertain a prejudiced view; but in the main, general approbation will be awarded.

I never saw a man yet who could please everybody, whether in politics, business, or even matters of religion. A straightforward, outspoken, and upright course must in the end command respect and commendation. Common sense is a rare commodity; but is there none among the workingmen? Rich men are not always wise; sometimes the plebeians surpass them.

Toronto, June, 1873. D

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Sir,—I was not aware until recently of the existence of your Journal. You may be surprised at this. The fact is, I have again and again communicated in other directions, and among quarters, doubtless, well-known to you. The Journals to which I refer, were either too conservative, or else too radical; hence I have sought out a medium, this which to express my candid opinions without fee or reward, regarding the general interests of our race as being of far more importance than that of any particular class. Partizanship, if you will tolerate the word, is liable to become obnoxious and injurious.

It requires a wholesome and respectful check, and this tends to benefit all men, no matter what their vocation may be. Anything or measure that has an adverse bearing, should be looked upon with a thoughtful, judicious and far seeing eye. Some men are too impetuous and sometimes become dictatorial. They forget that other men of a calmer and more deliberate turn of mind, can judge and decide on different subjects, just as well as themselves and very frequently better.

In meetings where matters of momentous things are discussed, as it relates to the advantage of the workingmen, one solitary and stragglingly immoderate man may greatly, if not fatally, injure the cause for which they injudiciously, yet heartily contend. I appeal to those gentlemen who have been in the habit of attending public meetings and ask them whether they have not had too frequent reason to adopt the old adage and exclaim, "Heaven save me from my friends."

There are some working men who have sublime ideas in their heads and thorough good feeling in their hearts, but by an ignorant and injudicious policy, really aid to defeat their, in a sense, laudable and praiseworthy object.

Am I right, or am I wrong in my plain and homely assertions?

Let general and practical experience give an emphatic answer.

The more ignorant a man is, the more presumption he displays, and very often exposes himself to the pity, if not condemnation of his most intimate, but more sagacious and deep-thinking friends. In public meetings, and also in those that are private, permit me most respectfully to say, as one of old said, "Look, before you leap." For thus you benefit your cause.

Toronto, June, 1873. D. H.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Sir,—Several have been making enquiries as to when the Register, detailing the rate of wages and cost of living, etc., in the various centres of labor in Canada will be ready. Something of the kind is needed; but perhaps "leading citizens" throughout the country will be displeased at the idea; so that before anything is done in the matter, it might be as well to ascertain whether it would be agreeable to them or not, as otherwise the "leading citizens" might consider the publication of the Labor Register as an unwarrantable interference with their business. And yet, when we consider that other papers give reports of the markets, &c., "leading citizens" could not in fairness object to the WORKMAN (that terrible bugbear) giving the price of labor &c. But unfortunately fairness is not a characteristic of "leading citizens." Apparently they have a perpetual lease of life in this world, and appear to consider that any interference, by any one, with their schemes to make money, is a crime deserving a severe punishment; hence they treat the working classes to black lettering; but then the working classes have to die, they being an inferior race, so that "leading citizens" are justified in treating them as they choose.

That such appears to be the opinion of the apologists of "leading citizens," seems apparent from their talk, as no matter what the working classes do, they are invariably wrong. According to the apologists, it is wrong to ask shorter hours of

labor; it is wrong to ask an increase of wages; it is wrong to object to a surplus of labor; it is wrong to protest against wages being cut down; it is wrong to write to the WORKMAN regarding the above; and finally, the working classes are expected to be paragons of meekness, submitting to oppression and injustice, and on no account make known anything through the press which might be detrimental to the interests of "leading citizens."

I saw recently a letter in a paper from a clergyman advocating the Saturday half-holiday for the working classes. I am glad for his sake that he was not in Canada, as he would most likely have been black-lettered; but for our sakes I am sorry that we have not a few of his kind here.

Would it not be worth while to endeavor to get the Saturday half-holiday in Canada? But I forgot, this is a "young country and cannot afford to shorten the hours of labor." It is singular that Australia, which is "younger" than Canada, can afford to shorten the hours of labor to eight per day; but then it is in another hemisphere.

Yours, etc.,
HEATHER JOCK.

Oshawa, June 9, 1873.

THE INTERNATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Last week Montreal was the scene of an event which has never before been the good fortune of Canadians to witness—the annual convention of one of the most important corporate bodies on this continent—the International Typographical Union. This body, embracing in its jurisdiction the united printers of the United States and Canada, held its 21st annual session in Montreal, on Monday, 2nd June, and succeeding days, bringing its labors to a close on Friday, 6th inst., having been in session five days, legislating upon questions affecting the interests of the craft all over the continent. The business of the session, which was of a miscellaneous character, I am sure the printers of America will be more than satisfied; of the delegates, the highest opinion has been formed by the citizens of Montreal. Many, who were unacquainted with the object of their visit, would not believe that the crowds of well-dressed, intelligent looking men who strolled through the corridors of the St. Lawrence Hall, (the chief hotel of the city) could be representatives of that honorable and intelligent, but much abused class—printers—and sought to evade the fact by assuring themselves that they must be editors, or reporters, here on a pleasure trip; members of other trades opened their eyes in astonishment at the choice language used by the delegates in their convention and discussions, and wondered if they were really workingmen; the newspaper proprietors, for the time being, became gracious and adulatory, expressing the opinion that their employees, as a class, were in advance of all other trades, and that they had reason to be proud of their organization, even going so far as to publish in *extenso* the proceedings of each day's session. But, apart from opinions of disinterested or self-seeking individuals, the International Typographical Union is truly an organization of which every true Union man, no matter what his trade may be, has just cause to be proud.

Truly it was a grand sight to see those men assembled. The warm fraternal grasp of the hand, the cheerful voice, and the bright glow of the eye, assured the stranger that this was a gathering of no ordinary kind. From Maine to California, from Quebec to Sarnia, every city and town in Canada and the United States had representatives present. The lover of monarchical institutions joined hands with his republican brother, and pledged anew the vows they had once taken; the democrat forgot his antipathy to republicans, and swore fealty to the cause of Unionism; the delegate from the sunny South sat side by side with his brother from the chilly North; the Confederate captain and the Federal private exchanged fraternal greetings; they may have met on the same bloody field, and may still cherish the same principles as they did then; but all is forgotten here. They are now brothers; brothers in heart and hand, and no political differences, no party prejudices, can make them forget their duty as Union men. To see those men of all shades of political opinion, of all creeds, and I may say of all climes, assembled to discuss the great question of Labor, seemed to me as if at last had been realized the angels' song of "Peace on earth; good-will among men." But alas! such is not the case; many struggles and many heart-burnings must happen ere that is attained; this is merely preparing for the struggle which is sure to come; but by the help of the God

who defends the right we shall win; "for the right can never die."

Now, while the Labor Reform movement is as yet in its infancy here, the holding of this Convention in Canada will have a marked effect on its results in the future. It has proved that Union men are not what they are represented to be—an ignorant, illiberal lot. The most inveterate opponents of labor reform in this city have been compelled to admit that there are men of talent in its ranks; they have been compelled to admit that the visit of these gentlemen has proved that workingmen, as a rule, under favorable auspices, are capable of as high social and intellectual cultivation as any other class. Their urbane manner and gentlemanly deportment during their stay here have won the hearts of all who came in contact with them; and numerous were the regrets expressed that men of their abilities and culture should be compelled, by the slavish laws of society, to occupy positions little better than menials—as far as social comfort is concerned. When we remember that this body has within its ranks men who have been admitted capable of grasping the legislative halls of any country, should it not make workingmen feel proud, and at the same time inspire them with the determination to unite, and be no longer at the mercy of unscrupulous capitalists.

Our only salvation lies in unity of heart, unity of purpose, and a quiet cool determination to conquer. This international convention proves what can be done by workingmen; and God grant that in a few years we may see not only the international conventions of printers, but international conventions of every trade in America. So note it be.

The style in which the delegates were entertained, while here, reflects much credit on the Unions in this city. Nos. 97 and 145. From their arrival to their departure, the reception committee was indefatigable in its efforts to minister to their comfort and entertainment, and nobly did they succeed. No untoward event occurred to mar the pleasure of their guests, and one and all expressed themselves ageeably surprised at the trouble to make their stay here as pleasant as possible. Many were the mutual regrets when the time for parting came, and on all sides it was admitted, that, in point of excellence and usefulness, the 21st annual convention of International Typographical Union surpassed any of its predecessors.

Montreal, June 9, 1873. J. B.

LORD DERBY ON THRIFT.

The annual meeting of the Provident Knowledge Society was held recently at Willis's Rooms, the Earl of Derby in the chair. Amongst those present were the Bishop of Exeter, Archbishop Manning, Mr. T. Hughes, M.P., Mr. Baillie Cochrane, M.P., Sir C. Trevelyan, &c. The chairman said it might be asked what was the use of another society being established when there were so many already in the field. He was glad to see on the platform so many celebrated persons who took personal interest in any society that could institute a certain amount of private thrift, and who could speak with more practical authority on the subject than he could. He thought this society was greatly needed. No one was likely to dispute this proposition, that one of our weakest points, taking this nation as a whole, was the singular want of thrift and frugality in private affairs. "Plenty and pains seldom go together," said the old proverb; and probably because we make money faster than most other nations we spend it faster also than any, except perhaps America. This was no new characteristic of the English character, for it was pointed out strongly by Defoe, and the same tendencies now existing amongst our people which were deeply lamented by all their true friends existed 200 years ago in full force. He (Lord Derby) was a firm believer in the permanence of types of a national character; and although they might be softened and corrected, they could not be radically altered, and, indeed, he saw no reason to wish that there should be any radical alteration in our case. (Cheers.) He did not confine these remarks to the working classes—he strongly condemned "lecturing" the working classes—rich and poor in this country were all tarred with the same brush; but what he did say was that habits of prudence and forethought were not very common in this country, and to encourage them was one of the wisest forms of benevolence. If buying upon credit were to cease, and only ready money purchases made there would be no necessity for county courts; and the prevalence of adulteration of articles of consumption might be mainly attributed to the fact that people being in debt to the shopkeepers were obliged to take whatever article was offered them.

The real secret of the success of the co-operative societies was that they dealt only for ready money, and thus made no bad debts. The slavery of being in debt was akin to the slavery of drunkenness; and the fact of a man being in debt was a great incentive to reckless and intemperate habits. A very large part of the suffering existing amongst the people was owing to the want of economy and forethought; and if thrifty, provident habits were to be encouraged, it was necessary to offer facilities which did not yet exist. It was not sufficient to establish banks and provident institutions; it must be made as easy for a man to invest his savings in these institutions as it was for him to spend them at the public-house. It was the objects of that society to establish penny banks in all places where many men were employed, and in every elementary school, depositing their receipts with the Post Office, and thus giving an almost absolute security, the collector to be appointed by the men themselves, and if recognised, as no doubt he would be, by the Post Office authorities, he would also act as agent for insurances and deferred annuities. An experiment of this kind had been tried with great success. In conclusion the noble earl urged upon all who had social influence the necessity of inducing the people to become provident and thrifty. Archbishop Manning, Mr. T. Hughes, M.P., and other gentlemen addressed the meeting, and resolutions in support of the society were passed.

THE ACADEMY.

OUR PROGRAMME.

There's Hindle the Great, there is none to excel
In her beautiful style of the elegant swell;
Then Quilter and Geldrich, those fair'ties of old;
Whose dancing is better by one hundredfold
Than any who ever appeared on this stage;
Your attention with pleasure they're sure to engage;
O'Donohue, too, with his blackthorn stick
He hammers his head; tho' he never gets sick,
While his voice is as sweet as the nightingale's song;
And he sings of Old Erin in notes sweet and strong;
Next we have Harry and Miss Fanny Wood,
Commenting is useless—you know they are good;
And next is the fun, and your eyes brightly shine
To see young Saville in that great Pantomine;
And the last, tho' not least, for methinks they are best,
Is the daring trapeze men, young Worley and West.
All combined. No use talking—you must come around;
The ACADEMY is now the attraction of town;
There's peace and good order, and no vulgar show,
As this is the place where all ladies may go.
W.

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begs leave to inform the public, and his customers generally, that he has refitted his place, No. 107 King street West, with an elegant new Soda Water Fountain, with the latest improvements, made by Oliver Parker, Toronto, and which will be kept constantly running during the summer season. Also, an elegant Ice Cream Parlor, fitted up to suit the most fastidious taste.

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David's' Moth-Proof Linen Bag,
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NEW
DRESS GOODS!

We show to-day a choice lot of Dress Goods, in checked, plain, and striped material—all the newest shades and colors. A job line of Black Lustras, at 25c per yard—a bargain.

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS,

COME AND SEE THEM TO-DAY.

55-1c

The Home Circle.

BEAUTY.

A lovely babe lay in its mother's arms. She looked fondly upon it, and breathed a prayer that it might be preserved from all evil; that its path through life might be a happy one, and lead to heavenly bliss. Suddenly appeared to her a radiant being who, tenderly regarding the infant, spoke thus to its wondering parent: "I am thy child's good guardian; a touch upon her brow, and I will confer whatsoever gift of mind or person thou mayst desire in her behalf. Speak, then, but not too hastily, and let me hear what attraction thou wouldst wish thy offspring to possess."

Without hesitation replied the mother,—"Give her beauty, O angel! I ask no better favor."

"Meaneest thou beauty of body, of mind, or of heart? Only one kind shall I bestow. Ere thou decidest I will place before thee three visions. The first is that of a woman with face and form so fair that, wherever she moves, men gaze longingly to possess her, while women's eyes speak envy. Flattery, adulation, even worship, are accorded her; rich and great alike do homage; and so she becomes vain, imperious, exacting, frivolous: she trifles with the purest, deepest impulses of others; tramples ruthlessly on crushed, wounded hearts; wins love not to cherish it, but laugh it to scorn. All this, while her face is still beautiful, her form the embodiment of grace. With the fading of her charms comes retribution; for the gray hairs, the wrinkles, the feeble step, that Time at length forces upon her, other women now pity, and men ignore. Ah! how gladly would this aged coquette—too late—receive the love of one true heart! How eagerly does she pursue the fleeting phantom of pleasure—she, once so coy and hard to please, when all the enjoyments of life wooed her acceptance! Vanity in youth—loneliness and discontent in old age; these are born of mere beauty of the face. Shall it be thy child's portion?"

"Nay," said the mother, shuddering as she spoke. "If such are its penalties, I desire not the gift."

"Here is another picture. A woman, plain in attire and face, sits writing all alone. Her eyes glow with the fire of inspiration, her hand moves over the paper in nervous haste, recording the thoughts of her gifted mind. Hour after hour passes; she still writes on, tossing to one side the finished pages impatiently, for, with her best effort her pen does not keep pace with her rapidly-producing brain. At length, however, her work is done. Next behold this same woman in an assemblage of the most gifted persons of the age, she, the synonyme of all eyes. Her work has been successful, and the world pays tribute to her genius. The words that fall from her lips are heard with attention; her most crudely expressed idea is received as the outpouring of an heaven-sent talent. Is she happy? Yes; for the moment, supremely so. While yet she stands on fame's high pedestal, far above the admiring multitude, gratified pride supplies to her the place of personal friendships or loves, and she feels not their need. But the world is fickle; another star dawns on the literary horizon; the pedestal is wanted for a new image, and the old is overturned. Fallen from such ambitious height, how can this woman of genius be contented in a humbler station? If actual unhappiness be not her portion, at least an ever-present sense of something missing from life's completeness she will experience, and, however much she cultivate her mind and find delight in the treasures of learning laid up, yet if her heart be unsatisfied she can never be thoroughly content. Dost thou desire such a life for thy child?"

"Set before me, O angel, the third vision ere I decide!"

"It is the heart, not the woman, I wish thee now to observe; a heart full of generous impulses, good desires, loving thoughts; it overflows with tenderness for others, with sympathy for their joys and sorrows, patience for their shortcomings; it is an altar on which ever burns the holy fire of charity, sending forth its genial warmth to all who approach. Like the widow's cruise, its stores never fail; to every soul, hungry for encouragement and strength, this heart has something to give. Blessed with such a possession, the woman of beautiful face need not dread the loss of outward charms. If the woman of genius have such a heart, whether her efforts win approbation or the reverse, within herself she will find a well-spring of happiness whose pure waters of joy have nothing in common with the worldly stream of self. And one, possessed of nothing more than this true, loving heart, even though homely and ignorant, will draw to herself other hearts, and win the great boon of love. Choose what beauty shall be given to the child."

"Ah!" said the mother, "Give her, O angel, that which in itself, I perceive, combines all other beauties."

"Thou meanest the beauty of the heart," and the guardian spirit gently touched the brow of the unconscious babe, saying, "Inasmuch as thy mother hath so well chosen, Heaven's blessing shall attend thee through life; thou shalt be a savior of souls, and at the Judgment Christ will place thy loving heart away among the choicest treasures of his kingdom."

FRANKNESS.

Frankness is supposed to be a common virtue. It is most uncommon. It is indeed an uncommon thing. It requires truth, simplicity, love, and genuine goodness. Men speak plainly, when they do speak, but they are not open and free. Many speak truth very plainly when angry; many speak pleasing truth—frankly. But few there are whose souls are so nicely balanced in the atmosphere of love, that they speak whatever needs to be said, to each and all, plainly, gently, fully. The dearest friends live together for years without daring to speak things which they know, and which each party knows that the other knows. Parents live with a reserve, years long, toward their own children. Children carry untouched, unsyllabled thoughts and feelings which take hold of their being. Friends meet and part, day by day, friends so true that they would almost die for each other, or what is harder than that, live for each other—and never speak of what each knows is passing in the other's mind. It is very strange to see people come up in conversation to topics that, by a kind of tacit free masonry, are sacred, and without word or look, one glide on one side, and the other upon the other side, and meet beyond, going down the common channel again. Was there ever a thoughtful, sensitive person, that dared to be open, transparent, frank?

A NOBLE ART.

Once I remember among my friends a lady who had known many afflictions, cares and heartgriefs, and yet, whose brightness of demeanor and cheerfulness were unflinching, whose very presence was a sunbeam. This lady often talked of her art. When praised for any course of action, she would reply, with touching simplicity: "Yes, I learned that from my art."

As a child, I often wondered what this art could be; growing older, I set myself to find out. It was not the music, passionately fond as she was of that divine art, and on so lofty a pedestal as she placed it; for, being somewhat at home with its magic realms myself, I knew that she was not sufficiently skilled therein to designate it as her own; nor was it the art of painting, nor was it of sculpture.

"Miss Margaret," I enquired one day, "What is your art?"

A sweet smile flitted over her face, as she touchingly asked for reply, "And have I so poorly exemplified it all these years that you need ask?"

"I am sure now," cried I, "that it is after all, what has often suggested itself to my mind, the art of making the most of life."

"You are right," she answered, well pleased; "and this I consider the greatest of arts—all others are sent to earth to aid us in perfecting it."

This made a deep impression upon me, one that I have never forgotten.

Since then I have become an observer in life, and have frequently had occasion to marvel how few comprehend or endeavor to live by this art. Many fields of science and art are open to those whose talents guide them into such directions; but this one field is open to all, and they who best make use of their own individual talents are best fitted to enter nobly upon it. To make the most of life, we must court the sunshine. There is sorrow enough given into every human life without our needing to cling to every little separate grief, and gloat over its memory. By holding fast to the sunbeams that stray across our path, we can accomplish marvels in the way of lighting up the dark places of life. There is much to enjoy, much to make one happy in this beautiful world, despite its cares and bitterness, and our highest duties to ourselves, as well as to those who surround us, is to make the most and best of life, and to be as happy as we can.

The next stage of existence lies stretched before us as an unknown sea; that it will be fuller, grander, more complete than this, every instinct of our nature teaches us to believe—otherwise we know nothing of its requirements. The present, however is ours: we know its duties and needs; we know that the more we struggle to fulfill those the stronger we grow, the more good we can accomplish. We know, too, that the good God never gave us intellect without purposing that we should use it and make the best of it, as of all else with which he has endowed us. Undoubtedly, therefore, they who best grasp the "art of making the most of life," will be best fitted for the requirements of another state of being when called to enter upon it.—*Home Magazine.*

CURIOUS STORY ABOUT A HAWK.

The *Baltimore American* relates a curious incident which occurred a few days since, a short distance from that city:—One of our well-known merchants had gone out on a visit to a friend at whose house there was a bright little boy, and one day, to please the child, he manufactured a very large paper kite, and as the wind was strong enough the kite was raised at once. After it had gone up nearly half a mile, a large crowd of country people collected to admire it, as such a magnificent toy had never been seen in that section before. While the spectators were admiring it, a very large hawk was seen to fly out of a neighboring grove and go directly to-

ward the kite. The hawk approached within a few feet of the strange looking object and then circled about under it perhaps five minutes, when he flew just above it and again circled round several times. Suddenly he hovered directly over the kite, and after looking at it intently for a short time, darted downward, and striking the paper, passed directly through the other side. After this strange experience, which no doubt puzzled the hawk vastly, he flew off a short distance for reflection, but still keeping the kite in view. Not being disposed to give up so, he quickly returned to the charge, and this time fastened on to a string of rags that were used as a tail to the kite, which he tore and scattered in the air in a saucy manner. Finding, however, no resistance on the part of the kite, he became disgusted or scared, and flew away towards the woods from whence he came. The gentleman says that whenever the hawk made an attack he would retreat a little, as if he expected the strange bird was going to return the assault.

ESSAY ON LUCK.

We are all children of chance. Some of us are kindly favored by fortune; some seem to be the victims of fate; and others neither the one thing nor the other—knocked about from pillar to post, with here a streak of fat luck, and there a streak of the leanest kind. But, brethren, every one of us is lucky in one respect, that is, in getting into this living and breathing world. Our being born is but the result of accident, after all, philosophize as you may upon the subject. What a glorious escape have we made from remaining forever in the womb of nonentity! Let us congratulate one another, then, that we have the lot of living, moving, and having a being on this terraqueous globe.

Many of you imagine that you are born to ill-luck, and seem to strive your prettiest to foster your ridiculous fancies. You will have it that others reap richer harvests from the fields of chance than yourselves; that, when it rains bean-porridge your dishes are always bottom upwards; when it snows Genesee flour, the wind blows it to your neighbor's door; and when it hails hulled corn, you have no milk to eat it with. You find a pistareen in the street: "Just my luck!" you exclaim, as you pocket the disappointment, "if anybody else had found it, it would have been a quarter, sure!" If you feel for a knife in the dark, among a peck of knives and forks, you are certain to get hold of a fork. Whatever you do, and wherever you go, everything works against you, according to your thinking; but, in accordance with my humble opinion, you work against things more than things labor against you. You labor under a mistaken idea if you think to the contrary. The man who petitioned to have the lamp-posts removed because they interfered with him in his nocturnal perambulations, considered himself a victim of ill-luck. He might have been so; but the poor lamp-posts have more reason to complain of hard rubs than himself.

I have to write, for your edification, and perhaps amusement. I am lucky when by chance I have a good article, and get half a hatful of genuine coppers in return, but, as I always expect more or less bad ones in the heap, I am never disappointed. I bag the lot, without pausing to questionize as to whether any other writer would have been cursed or blest with the same luck, had he been in my boots. So should you take matters easy; for, recollect that fortune never picks out a particular individual to smile upon, nor selects a certain portion upon which to cast her spiteful frowns. The fact is this, my friends; rather than depend upon labor, you are too apt to rely upon luck; and when the latter betrays your confidence, you owe it a grudge that time can never pay.

To test your luck, don't throw dice nor buy lottery tickets; but put your hand to the plough, and hold on; or drive the cattle, and let somebody else hold—but be sure that you do one or the other, and the end thereof shall be fortune. Expect a bar of iron to melt with the breath of a southern wind—a seaman's whistle to calm the excited ocean—a town on fire to be extinguished with a woman's tears—the stars to be blown out with a September gale. You may expect these to happen, if you like, but don't suppose that good luck will keep company with a loafer who is too lazy to work, and so depends upon the precarious crumbs of chance. If you firmly believe in an unalterable decree of luck, you will have more of the bad sort plastered to your remembrance than were ever feathers attached to a fresh coat of tar. Mondays and Fridays will enter into a conspiracy against you; all your new moons will be seen over the left shoulder; squirrels will run across the road before you, from the right to the left; you will spill more salt at the table than any other one, and the clouds will be certain to take the opportunity to rain when they catch you without an umbrella.

A murrain on all your superstitious notions about luck. One mortal is just as liable to mishaps as another. Keep clear of the fire, and you will escape being burned; go not near the water, and there is no danger of getting drowned; look not for the apparitions of ill-luck, and you will see but few of them, at the most, and they, like all other ghosts, possess more power to scare than harm. So mote it be!

A YANKEE TRICK.

A Kentuckian and a Yankee were once riding through the woods, the former on an inferior animal. The latter wanted to make a "swap," but he did not see how he was to do it. At last he thought of a plan. His horse had been taught to sit down like a dog whenever he was touched with the spurs. Seeing a wild turkey, the Yankee made his horse perform this trick, and asserted that he was pointing game, as was his custom. The Kentuckian rode in the direction indicated by the horse's nose, and up rose a turkey. This settled the matter; the trade was made, and saddles and horses were exchanged. After a time they came to a deep, rapid stream, over which the creak horse carried his rider, with ease. But the Kentuckian, with the Yankee's old beast, found great difficulty in getting over, and when he reached the middle of the stream he was afraid the horse would allow himself to be carried away, and endeavored to spur him up to a more vigorous action. Down sat the old horse on his haunches.

"Look here!" shouted the enraged Kentuckian to the Yankee on the other side of the stream, "what does all this mean?"

"I want you to know, stranger," cried the Yankee, preparing to ride away, "that horse will punt fish just as well as he will fowl."

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

Pleasure is generally work. We seek relief from the daily routine of life when we seek pleasure; we merely wish to change for a time our employment. The change of itself is the attraction. The man who gets his living by hunting sees no particular sport in it, for to him it is business; when he wishes rest he puts his gun away and with it all thought of game. The professional man, confined to the city nine months of the year, no sooner gets into the country than he hangs his equipments over his shoulder and starts, with gun in hand, for the woods.

A red squirrel will kindle his enthusiasm at once, and he will blaze away with a keen sense of pleasure. We go to the theatre for amusement. A great play is on the boards, this is its fifth week perhaps. We enjoy it intensely, we live amid the life-like scenes, and go home refreshed. To us the theatre is the fairy palace where we procure a new stock of cheerfulness for our every-day life. We forget the actor. That play has become a nuisance to him; thirty-two times he has struck the same attitudes, and he is heartily tired. He wishes people would get sick of the play, so that he may have a change again. When he has a "night off," it is a pleasure to him to sit at home with his family, in quietness, away from the glare and glitter of the theatre. Thus it is in everything, even in that noble institution—marriage.

When a man is "courting," "courting" is a pleasure; but after he is married he cares nothing about it; it is supposed to be his business then, so he slights it as much as possible. Boys work about as hard for pleasure as any other class of human beings. Ask a boy to cut a half-cord of wood and he will think it is mighty rough; but he will kick football until he is one pond of perspiration and every bone aches, and call it "glorious fun!" It's all in the name. If footballs had to be lugged into the house for firewood, you would see every boy with axe in hand chopping wood for dear life, and shouting "bully!"

Work is a word of terror generally. Suppose young ladies were by law compelled to do so much work every day, said work or labor to consist of carrying a steel trap covered with newspaper, and placed at the base of the spinal column of the wearer, do you think they would do it or endure it? Not much, my innocent friend. They'd rebel and cry, "Tyranny; O monstrous brutes!" But they do it now for pleasure or appearance, or both. Suppose again that gossip women were obliged to call at so many houses every other day and retail just so many stories about their neighbors, do you imagine they'd do it? No, they'd die first, and proclaim themselves martyrs to unjust laws with their last breath. You see, having received the name *work* it is no longer a pleasure.

I might multiply illustrations indefinitely, but perhaps without profit. This day's profits are great, as the absconding cashier of a bank said, not long ago. These prophets are humbugs as Mr. Foggy said after hearing female stump speakers at Tremont Temple. Of course 'twas Mr. Foggy. Every one who doesn't run wild with the lunatics of the nineteenth century, is a Foggy. When people go in for profits they rarely think of loss, but loss often thinks of them. I once heard of a man who married a woman by the name of Loss.

She was rich, but he didn't know it, so he must have loved her. After the knot had been tied, he became aware of his prize, and said to a friend, "My Loss column gives me great profit this year." Profits rarely come in that way, however. There was another man who profited by his wife's instructions. Whenever he saw her hand near a billet of wood he'd start and run. Once he was asked why his *calves* grew so big. "Exercise—my profit in my marriage investment," he replied, glancing downward proudly, and then starting back, made ready for a plunge into the front door. He was so used to running—poor man.

Cards, Programmes, Bill-Heads, and Mammoth Posters, (illuminated or plain), executed at this office, 124 Bay St.

Grains of Gold.

Proud looks lose friends, but courteous words win them.—*Ferdin.*

There can be no greater injury to human society than that good talents among men should be held honorable to those who are endowed with them without any regard as to how they are applied. The gifts of nature and accomplishments of art are valuable, but only as they are exerted in the interests of virtue or governed by the rules of honor.—*Steels.*

The utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment, if we aim at anything higher we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and endeavors at making himself easy now and happy hereafter.—*Addison.*

Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity; but affectation appears to be the only true source of the ridiculous.—*Fiddling.*

Some men of secluded and studious life have sent forth from their closet or their cloister rays of intellectual life that have agitated courts and revolutionized kingdoms; like the moon who, though removed far from the ocean, and shining upon it with a serene and sober light, exerts a power which incessantly distorts the world of waters.

No man's spirits are very much hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak or low spirits, beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.—*Addison.*

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—*Sidney.*

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches to do as well as to talk, and to make our words and actions all of a color.—*Seneca.*

Satiro is a sort of glass wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.—*Swift.*

He who in questions of right, virtue or duty sets himself above all possible ridicule is truly great, and shall laugh in the end with truer mirth than ever he was laughed at.—*Lavater.*

A sailor, explaining a quadrille to his messmate thus described the third figure: "You first leave ahead," said he, "and pass your adversary's yard-arm, regain your berth on the other track in the same order, take your station with your partner in line, back and fill, and then fall on your keel, and bring up with your partner; she then manoeuvres ahead, off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line, make a stern board, cast her off to shift for herself, regain your place in the best way you can, and let go your anchor."

A Vienna paper relates an amusing incident which occurred to a great lady just recovered from a long and severe illness. Seated in her boudoir, she was looking over the cards of condolence that had been left for her while sick. Among the names of Counts, Barons, and other aristocratic sympathizers emblazoned with coronets and coats-of-arms, she came across a simple card with the plain inscription of "Herman Berger." In vain the lady asked who Herman Berger was. None of her servants could give her any information other than that the individual had been a remarkably handsome young man. The lady's curiosity became excited and she gave orders to admit the person if he should call again. The order was punctually obeyed, and on the next day she received a really charming young man, dressed in exquisite style, who evidently appeared greatly embarrassed at the honor of a *tele-a-tele* with the still charming, though somewhat faded beauty. "I can hardly find words," said the lady with a blush, "to thank you for the sympathy which you have manifested for a stranger." "I beg your pardon, gracious lady," stammered the dandy, "but I am the agent for Messrs. A. B., the undertakers!"

THEOLOGICAL ACUTENESS.—A clergyman at Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, was lately examining the parish school. In the course of the examination the Bible class was brought forward. After many questions had been asked and answered, greatly to the satisfaction of the minister, he proposed that any boy might ask one question, as he then might have an idea what particular information they wanted. A pause ensued. At last a bright-looking boy said: "Sir, I would like to ask one." "Well, my little man," said the minister, "what is the question you are to ask?" "Sir," said the boy, "what was the use of Jacob's ladder when the angels had wings?" The minister felt taken aback, took out his snuff-box, and looked at the boy, "I think, my little man, that is just the very question I should have asked of the class, and I will give sixpence to any boy in the class who will answer it." After a somewhat long pause, one little fellow, third from the bottom, held out his hand. "Well," said the minister, "can you answer that question?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what was the use of the ladder when the angels had wings?" "Oh, sir, the angels were poukin' (moulting) at the time and couldna flee." The minister is taking an interest in that boy.

Sawdust and Chips.

A Dutchman, in San Francisco, in trying to reach the ferryboat, fell into the water. His first exclamation, on being hauled out, was, "Mine Got, let's have a pridge!"

"I'd rather not take a horn with you," said a loafer to a mad bull; but the bull insisted on treating him to two, and the loafer got quite high.

"I never saw such a cold woman as Mrs. — is," said an envious beauty of another, the other evening. "I feel confident she must give her husband a cold in the head whenever she kisses him."

A Kentucky paper contains a report of a recent wedding, in which "the bride was not particularly handsome, but the father threw in seven mules and the husband was satisfied."

An Irishman who got laughed at for making faces over some perimmons retorted thusly: "Ye may grin, you mutton-headed idiots! but I can lather the sowl out uv the man that split vinegar over thin plums."

A Correspondent, writing from China says,—"This country is rapidly undergoing the process of civilization. Beer is made at Shanghai, a whiskey distillery is going up at Canton, and the first hanging recently came off with great eclat."

Mr. Prudhomme, in the decline of life, was talking with his nephew, to whom he related stories of his youth. "But, uncle," suddenly exclaimed the young man, "What struck you most during your life?" "My dear boy, it was your aunt."

A young man, in San Francisco, found an old deacon he knew "bucking the tiger" in a gambling hell. "What!" he exclaimed, "deacon, you here?" "Yes," was the reply, "I am bound to break down this evil institution."

A New York journal gives a conversation between two little girls, aged respectively five and six years. "Emma," said one of them, "wouldn't it be awful if somebody should shoot our schoolmistress?" "Yes," was the reply; "but then wouldn't it be nice not to have any school!"

Many persons use the phrase, "He is a brick," without the least idea that it is supposed to be of classic origin. It is said that King Agesilans, being asked by an Ambassador from Epirus, why they had no wall for Sparta, replied, "We have." Pointing to his marshalled army, he said, "There are the walls of Sparta; every man you see is a brick."

A college student, in a discussion with a doctor, as to whether the sense of seeing or that of touch was the most delicate of the senses, maintained that the sense of touch was. "What proof can you give of this?" asked the professor. "Why," responded the student, "there's my chum's mous'ache, he's all the time feeling of it, and nobody has yet been able to see it."

A Cincinnati youth, guided by the advice of a fortune teller, sought to make a girl love him by means of electricity working from under her chair. When the time came she sprang into the air about three feet, and when she came down she landed in her lover's hair and took about two handfuls therefrom, and then told him that she hated him. No match.

A Pottsville man, who says he hasn't attended church for twenty years, boasts that he can remember perfectly the preacher's text on the last occasion of a visit to the sanctuary. And this is the way he remembered it when asked what it was: "It is easier for a camel to enter a circus, than for a man to eat a package of needles."

A butcher in this city has a dog. The other day this miserable animal bit an ash-cart man in the leg. The sufferer threatened to sue the meatist for keeping a vicious animal, whereupon the butcher offered to give him three dollars to keep quiet about it. Giving the ash-cart man a five dollar bill, he held out his hand for change. "I haven't got a cent about me," said the ash-man; "but I'll tell you what I'll do. You give me the two dollars and I'll let the dog bite me on the other leg." He got five dollars for the one bite.

Here is a Quaker toast that has a thought in it: "This is me and mine to thee and thine. I wish when thee and thine come and see me and mine, that me and mine will treat thee and thine as kindly as thee and thine has treated me and mine." This is a new version of an old compliment, which runs something after this wise: "I wish thee and thy folks loved me and my folks as well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks. For sure, there never were folks, since folks were folks, that ever loved folks half as well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks."

A wag was requested by an old lady to read a newspaper for her. He took it up and read as follows: "Last night yesterday morning about two o'clock in the afternoon before breakfast, a hungry boy somewhere about forty years old, bought a big custard for a levy, and saw it through a brick wall nine feet thick and jumped over it, broke his right ankle off above his right knee and fell into a dry mill pond. He was drowned. About thirty years after that, on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey, robbers, a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan, and killed an old cow and two pigs at Boston, where a Peter was talking to his "Aunt Peter." Whereupon the old lady taking a long breath, exclaimed "Du tell!"

The WHITE HART, cor. of Yonge & Elm sts., is conducted on the good old English style, by Bell Belmont, late of London, Eng., who has made the above the most popular resort of the city. The bar is most elegantly decorated, displaying both judgment and taste, and is pronounced to be the "Prince of Bars." It is under the sole control of Mrs. Emma Belmont, who is quite capable of discharging the duties entrusted to her. The spacious billiard room is managed by H. Vosper; and the utmost courtesy is displayed by every one connected with this establishment. Adv.

For Book and Job Printing, go to the ONTARIO WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

Musical Instruments.

T. CLAXTON,

Importer and Dealer in First-class Band Instruments, Violins, English, German and Anglo-German Concoctinas, Guitars, Flutes, Fifes, Bows, Strings, Instruction Books, etc., 197 YONGE STREET. Special attention given to repairing and tuning every description of Musical Instruments. 28-oh

CABINET ORGANS!

FROM 40 DOLS. AT THE MUSICAL HALL, 177 YONGE ST. Any Mechanic can buy one. TERMS OF PAYMENT EASY. 56-oh J. F. DAVIS

JOHN JACKSON & CO.,

(Successors to McLEOD, WOOD & Co.)

ORGAN & MELODEON

MANUFACTURERS.

Our trade mark, "Crenonia and Celeste Organ," is placed upon the name-board or key-slip of all Organs manufactured by us, and having been registered for our sole use, all parties are cautioned not to infringe on the said trade mark.

We claim especial attention to our Vox Celeste Organs, No. 27 and No. 34. The Vox Celeste Reeds were first introduced in Canada by us in 1869, in a 6 reed organ, which took the first prize at the Provincial Fair held that year in London. We have since applied it successfully to our single and double reed organs, making our "Celeste Organs" the most popular instrument now before the Canadian public.

Mr. John Jackson has been an active member and equal manager in the late firm since its commencement, and all the employees remain with him. With greatly increased financial strength, and by providing a larger stock of material, we will be enabled to supply a better article, and fill orders with more promptitude than has been possible in the past.

We manufacture all the most popular styles. Examine our new styles with all the latest improvements. All instruments fully warranted for five years. 42" JOHN JACKSON & CO., GUELPH, ONT. 57-oh

1873] AS USUAL, COMPLETE SUCCESS! [1873

Ten First Prizes at Two Exhibitions.

W. BELL & COMPANY,

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Received every First Prize for

ORGANS AND MELODEONS

At the Provincial Exhibition, Hamilton, and Central Exhibition, Guelph. This grand success, in addition to last year's record of a Silver Medal, 3 Diplomas, and 12 First Prizes, prove that our Instruments in the opinion of competent judges are incomparably superior to all others.

Sole Proprietors of the ORGANETTE, containing Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes, acknowledged by all to be the greatest improvement yet introduced. Their superiority is conceded by other makers, from the fact that at Guelph they withdrew from competition, thus acknowledging their inability to compete with them.

Every instrument fully warranted for five years. Send for catalogue containing fifty different styles of instruments. W. BELL & CO. 57-oh

Miscellaneous.

TO MECHANICS.

S. C. JORY, PHOTOGRAPHER,

75 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. This is the place for Mechanics to get cheap pictures. All work done in the best style of the art. 40-oh

J. SECSWORTH,

Importer of Watches, Clocks, and Fancy Goods, and Manufacturer of Gold and Silver Jewellery. Masonic inblems made to order. 113 YONGE ST., TORONTO. Spectacles to Suit every Sight. 38-oh

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

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THE "RIGHT HOUSE!"

A LARGE LOT OF Ladies' Magnificent Costumes

FROM \$2 UP, JUST ARRIVED, AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

Horrockses' 25-inch White Cotton at a York Shilling; very nice SCARLET FLANNEL, 25c; an immense number of Ladies' and Misses' CANTON HATS, in various styles, at from 12 1/2c to 25c. Piles of beautiful fast-colored PRINTS, at from 10c up. A very large quantity of TWEEDS, DRILLS, KENTUCKY JEANS, GAMBROONS, &c., &c., very cheap.

20 Yards of Grey Cotton for \$1.00.

Millinery and Mantles,

In the most Fashionable Styles, and at the Cheapest Rates. SILKS by the Dress, and CARPETS at Wholesale Prices. CARPET YARN for Weavers, and GRAIN BAGS for Millers and Merchants, at Wholesale Prices. FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, very Cheap. REPPS and DAMASKS, at Wholesale to Upholsterers and Merchants.

As WATKINS buys his Goods for Cash direct from the Manufacturers in Europe, he is enabled to sell much below usual prices.

Remember the RIGHT HOUSE,

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HAMILTON.

THOS. C. WATKINS.

Miscellaneous.

DR WOOD,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

OTTAWA CANCER CURE,

SPARKS ST. AND MARIA ST., OTTAWA, ONT.

Cancers Cured by a New, but Certain, Speedy, and nearly Painless Process, and without the Use of the Knife.

The Cure will be guaranteed, and, as a proof of this, is required until the Cure is complete. The moment Cancer is discovered, it should be cured, as it stands, and there is nothing to gain, and nothing to lose, by delay. What now seems a harmless sore on the lip, may, in a few short months, a hideous, disgusting, destroying mass of disease required, references can be given to parties who have been cured many years since, and who are now sound and healthy. All communications promptly answered. No money required in advance, and none until the Cure is complete. 52-oh

TO THE MECHANICS OF THE DOMIION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That in consequence of the men who were employed on the erection of the Presbyterian Church, not having been yet paid, the members of all Trades' Unions and others are requested not to engage at all with the Contractor who now has it, or any Contractor who may hereafter have said Church, until all arrears are paid.

By Order, R. H. GRAMAM, Secretary.

Ottawa, March 1, 1873. 48-4f

THE JOURNEMEN FREE STONE CUTTERS' ASSOCIATION, of Ottawa City, and immediate vicinity, hold their meetings in the St. Lawrence Hotel, corner of Rideau and Nicholas streets, on the first and third Monday in each month. The officers elected for the present quarter, commencing Monday March 3, 1873, are as follows:—President, Robert Thomson; Vice-President, Joseph Hugg; Financial Secretary, William Gould; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, George Bissett; Treasurer, Robert Poustie, Tyler, James Walker; Trades Council, Donald Robertson, James Kelly, James Walker, Joseph Hugg; Trustees, Donald Robertson, John Casey, William Clark.



A FULL LINE OF Spring Styles in English Hats, Ex "Prussian" and "Polynesian."

Also, a Choice Assortment of SUMMER FELTS.

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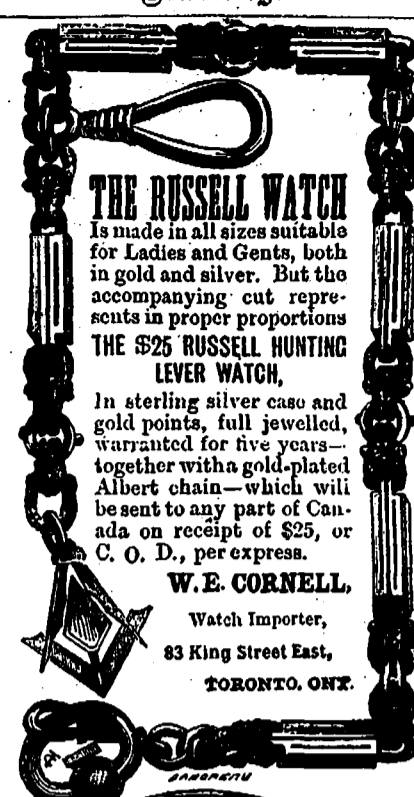
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Kid Gloves Cleaned with superiority and despatch. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired on the shortest possible notice. 30-oh

For first-class Book and Job Printing go to the office of the ONTARIO WORKMAN, 124 Bay street.

Jewellery.



THE RUSSELL WATCH

Is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying cut represents in proper proportions THE \$25 RUSSELL HUNTING LEVER WATCH,

In sterling silver case and gold points, full jewelled, warranted for five years— together with gold-plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C. O. D., per express.

W. E. CORNELL,

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Miscellaneous.

E. WESTMAN, 177 King Street East, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOL SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. All Goods Warranted. 30-oh

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JAMES McQUILLAN, FURNITURE DEALER 258 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT. Strict attention paid to repairing in all its branches. City Express delivery promptly executed. Household Furniture removed with great care. First-class Furniture Varnish always hand. 32-oh

SIEVERT,

PORTER AND DEALER IN CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF, And every description of Tobaccoist's Goods, 70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO. Sign of the "INDIAN QUEEN." 34-oh

BALLS AND SUPPERS ATTENDED TO,

BY WILLIAM COULTER, On the 1st notice, and in a manner as to give entire satisfaction. Remember the address—CORNER OF TERAULTY AND ALBERT STREETS. 38-oh

BAY STREET BOOK BINDERY.

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FOR CHOICE DRINKS GO TO

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IF YOU WANT TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING

GO TO MAT'S.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, Ottawa, April 5th, 1873

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D. HEWITT'S West End Hardware Establishment, 365 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO. CUTLERY, SHELF GOODS, CARPENTERS' TOOLS 34-oh

Gold and Silver Platers.

PETER WEST,

(Late West Brothers.) GOLD AND SILVER PLATER. Every description of worn out Electro-Plate, Steel Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new. Carriage Irons, all re-plated to order. POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET. 35-oh

W. MILLICHAMP,

Gold and Silver Plater in all its branches MANUFACTURER OF Nickel Silver and Wood Show Cases and Window Bars, 14 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. 36-oh

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124 Bay Street,

One door South of Grand's Horse Bazaar.

THE GREAT FINANCIAL SQUEEZE.

The New York correspondent of the St. Louis Globe, writes as follows concerning the recent great financial squeeze in Wall street :

Never has money been so stringent for so long a time as it has been here for the last six months. The rates have been simply ruinous—often one-half, three-fourths, and one per cent a day—one hundred and eighty-two and one-half, two hundred and seventy-three and three-fourths, and three hundred and sixty-five per cent. per annum !

MR. ODGER AND THE SHOEMAKERS.

Mr. Odger recently addressed a large meeting of shoemakers at the Crown and Anchor, Woolwich, in which town he formerly worked as a journeyman. He appeared to be personally known to many of those present, and was familiarly greeted as "George" by his old associates.

several hands looking for work ; and a shipwright informed me that a too liberal migration of hands had arrived from the Clyde and the Tyne, preferring a London to a northern life, even at a loss of time and wage.

One steadily increasing and prosperous trade deserves notice, and that is the electric telegraphic construction industries. Birmingham has a fair share of these works, but London, I am informed, is to the fore, and all hands are working overtime, day and night, in completing home and foreign orders.

The Vienna Exhibition is already producing its fruits in favor of the London upholsterers, who have carried all before them in the fitting up of the English Pavilion, and costly orders from abroad are arriving by each post.

Coach builders, gunmakers, silversmiths, glasscutters, cabinetmakers, hatters, engravers, bookbinders, compositors, printers, shoemakers, tailors, masons, bricklayers, gasfitters, brass founders, coppersmiths, painters, carvers and gilders, dyers, soap and candle makers, glue makers, carriers, japanners, fellmongers, and all leather-workers, are doing exceedingly well.

The minor industries in the metropolis are alike well on for work, and the sugar refiners are a trifle better off.

City Directory.

Our readers will find it to their advantage to patronize the following firms.

Groceries.

CHARLES HUNTER, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 68 Queen Street West, corner Toronto Street, Toronto, Ont. 50-hc

Physicians.

N. AGNEW, M. D., (SUCCESSOR to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew), corner of Bay and Richmond Streets, Toronto. 23-oh

Dentists.

M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON DENTIST, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—34 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto. 4-hr

DR. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT, DENTIST, Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College. OFFICE—Corner of King and Church streets, Toronto. 27-oh

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

G. W. HALE, DENTIST, No. 6 TEMPERANCE STREET, first house off Yonge Street, north side. 34-hr

W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST, 95 KING Street East, Toronto, has given attention to his profession in all its parts. 28-oh

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

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST, 53 King Street East, Toronto, opposite Toronto Street. RESIDENCE—172 Jarvis Street. 26-oh

Barristers, &c.

REEVE & PLATT, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. OFFICE—18 King St. East, Toronto. J. McPHERSON REEVE, SAMUEL PLATT. 42-hr

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. OFFICE—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street. 33-hr

HARRY E. CASTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. OFFICE—48 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto. 34-oh

HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., Notary Public, &c. OFFICE—48 Church Street. 34-oh

Shoe Dealer.

S. McCABE, FASHIONABLE AND CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE EMPORIUM, 59 Queen Street West, sign of "THE BIG BLUE BOOT." 54-oh

Tinware, &c.

J. & T. IREDALE, MANUFACTURERS of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, dealers in Baths, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, &c., No 57 Queen Street West, first door West of Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. 54-oh

Auctioneer.

JAMES BANKS, AUCTIONEER, AND APPRAISER. Sale-rooms, 45 Jarvis Street, corner of King Street East. Second-hand Furniture bought and sold. 60-oh

G. ELLIS, WHOLESALE dealer in HAIR and JUTE SWITCHES, Curis, Chignons, and Nets.

The imitation goods are very fine, and cannot be detected from hair. Just received a large assortment of Hair Nets. All orders receive careful attention. All orders left at King Street must be called for at 179 Yonge Street, four doors above Queen Street, east side. 41-oh

Groceries, Provisions, &c.

LIGHT GAINS MAKE A HEAVY PURSE.

The experience of all our readers will bear out the truth of the above, for among the list of all who have grown rich, how true it is that it uniformly came from small beginnings. They that seek great profits meet great losses, and the best and surest way to make a heavy purse is to begin now and save something out of each week's earnings.

THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY,

MUTUAL BENEFIT ACCOUNT BOOK

Propose to introduce a system of trade by which they guarantee the payment of THREE PER CENT. for all cash paid for merchandise at their counter, as an inducement to secure patronage.

Each Book contains a printed certificate, which is signed by the proprietors, certifying that they will pay to the holder three per cent on all cash purchases at the end of each month.

The advantage of this system is, that the purchaser is no way assumes any of the liabilities of company business, either by deposits or otherwise, as the merchandise which he receives in exchange for his cash, is sold as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other house in the Dominion.

In the adoption of this plan the consumer may no longer dread the visit of the Tax Collector or the Insurance Agent, and he may no longer be deprived of the joy to be realized in the possession of even a small sum which has been deposited in the Savings Bank, and now steadily and silently labors to increase its amount, and thus swell the income of the depositor; for the stream which has so long flowed outward, without leaving an evidence of its power to contribute to the wants of man, has at last been developed, and will in future send forth the waters of its unwearyed labors to add increased comfort to human existence.

Call at the PEKIN TEA COMPANY'S Store, No. 218 Yonge Street, corner of Albert, and examine for yourselves and get a book.

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SUGAR! SUGAR!

Just received, a large consignment of pure Cuba, all to be sold at 16c per lb. It is to the advantage of mechanics and others to see this beautiful Sugar.

BARGAINS FOR MECHANICS!

WM. WRIGHT,

DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 277 FRUIT, OYSTERS, &c., &c. 277 Yonge Street, Toronto. 45-1c

F. PEIRCE,

DEALER IN PROVISIONS, Cured Meats, Butter, POULTRY, ETC., 100 Yonge Street, Toronto, (Opposite Louisa Street.)

Hams, Bacon, Pork, Sausages, Baked Ham, and Rolled Beef, Lard, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, &c., always on hand. 48-1c

Boots and Shoes.

SIGN OF THE "GOLDEN BOOT."

WM. WEST & CO. 200 YONGE STREET.

OUR SPRING STOCK

Is now Complete in all the LATEST STYLES.

From the VERY BEST TO THE LOWEST QUALITY. We follow the good old motto—"Small Profits and Quick Returns."

Call and see for yourselves. No trouble to show our Goods.

WM. WEST & CO., 200 Yonge Street. 51-oh

R. MERRYFIELD,

Boot and Shoe Maker, 190 YONGE STREET. A large and well-assorted Stock always on hand. 28-oh

P. MCGINNES, 181 YORK STREET.

All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CALL AT THE Workingmen's Shoe Depot, 40-hr

J. PRYKE, Workingmen's Boot and Shoe Store, KING WILLIAM STREET, HAMILTON.

Copies of the ONTARIO WORKMAN can be obtained Five Cents per copy.

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A large and extensive stock on hand. A good fit guaranteed. 9-hr

For Cheap Job Printing, go to the ONTARIO WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

Coal and Wood.

GREY & BRUCE WOOD YARD, BAY STREET,

(Opposite Fire Hall.)

Beech, Maple, Mixed, and Pine Wood constantly on hand.

ALL KINDS OF CUT AND SPLIT WOOD IN STOCK

HARD AND SOFT COAL

Of every description, promptly delivered, at lowest prices.

Note the Address,—

OPPOSITE BAY STREET FIRE HALL.

WM. BULMAN,

43-1c PROPRIETOR.

MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c.,

IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM AND DOMESTIC COAL,

DEALERS IN

CORDWOOD, CUT AND UNCUT.

OFFICE AND YARD—Corner Queen and Sherburne Streets. WHARF: Foot of Sherburne St., Toronto. 42-1c

Dry Goods and Clothing.

CHOICE STOCK OF

Ready-Made Clothing,

FOR SPRING WEAR.

THE QUEEN CITY

CLOTHING STORE,

382 Queen Street West,

(OPPOSITE W. M. CHURCH.)

H. J. SAUNDERS,

Practical Tailor and Cutter,

Bege to inform the numerous readers of the ONTARIO WORKMAN that he will do his utmost to make his establishment one of the best Clothing Houses in the Western part of the city, and hopes by attention to business to merit a large share of public patronage.

Gentlemen's own materials made up to order. 40-1c

SPRING GOODS.

N. McEACHREN, MERCHANT TAILOR, &c.

191 Yonge Street,

Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work. 52-oh

JOHN KELZ,

MERCHANT TAILOR

358 YONGE STREET,

Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work.

A Cheap Stock of Ready-Made Clothing on hand 30-oh



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this Office, until Monday, the 16th day of June instant, at noon, for the necessary Iron Fence Railing, required for Fence Wall of the Public Buildings, Ottawa.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Office, on and after Wednesday, the 4th instant, where all necessary information can be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, F. BRAUN,

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 2nd June, 1873. 61-h



TENDERS

Addressed to the undersigned, at this Department, will be received until NOON, on

SATURDAY, THE 14th OF JUNE NEXT,

For the construction of a Lock and Channel at a point on the Muskoka River, between Mary's and Fairy Lakes. Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Office of the Agent of the Crown Lands at Bracebridge, and at this Department.

Printed Forms of Tender can be had on application at this Department, or at the Crown Lands Office at Bracebridge.

Each Tender must contain the bona fide signatures of the persons as sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract.

The lowest or any Tender will not necessarily be accepted.

ARCH. MCKELLAR,

Commissioner, DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Toronto, 23rd May, 1873. 60-h

For Plain or Ornamental Printing go to the ONTARIO WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

Books, Stationery, &c.

R. MACKENZIE, 364 1-3 Yonge Street, NEWSDEALER, STATIONER, AND DEALER IN TOYS AND GENERAL FANCY GOODS.

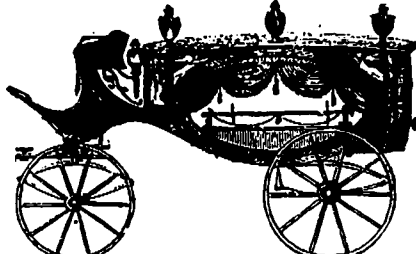
Special attention given to the delivery of the Evening Papers throughout the Wards of St. John and St. James. 40-oh

BAIRD'S INDUSTRIAL, PRACTICAL, & SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS.

A further supply just received at Piddington's "Mammoth Book Store," 248 & 250 YONGE ST. Artizans call for a copy of Catalogue 45-1c

Undertaking.

J. YOUNG,



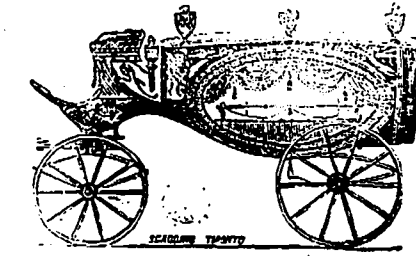
UNDERTAKER,

361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals Furnished with every Requisite

AGENT FOR FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

51oh

H. STONE, UNDERTAKER.



337 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Funerals furnished to order. Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases always on hand. REFRIGERATOR COFFINS supplied when required. 50-oh



DOMINION LANDS.

DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, OTTAWA.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of the provisions of the Act 35 Victoria, cap. 23, intitled "An Act respecting the Public Lands of the Dominion," His Excellency the Governor General in Council, has been pleased to approve of the following regulations relating to the cutting of timber for building purposes or fuel, in the Province of Manitoba.

To settlers on Prairie Lands, who have no wood lot permits, may be granted the right to cut, free of charge a reasonable supply of timber and fuel for their own use.

Special permits to cut for market, will be granted to parties at the following rates:

Oak Timber, 2 cents per foot, linear measure, Poplar " 1 cent "

Fuel " 25 cents per cord. Fence poles, \$1 per thousand.

These rates to be paid to the Dominion Lands Agent or some person duly authorized to receive them.

J. C. AIKINS, Secretary of State. 57-oh

Ottawa, 3rd March, 1873.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,

Monday, 14th day of April, 1873.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the place known as River Bourgeois, County of Richmond, Province of Nova Scotia, be, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, and placed under the survey of the Collector of Customs at the Port of Arichat.

W. A. HIMSWORTH, Clerk Privy Council. 54-oh

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