

Ontario Workman.

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

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Correspondence.

CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

DEAR SIR,—I must confess some astonishment at your definition of the political faith of the above parties. After stating the fact of a change of Government, you proceed to define the difference between the parties in Great Britain thus:

"Strangers to the politics of the Dominion are apt to be misled by the names assumed by its politicians. Liberal and Conservative have a very different meaning in England from what they have in Canada. In England, a Conservative is one who would perpetuate the government of an aristocracy, with all its monopoly of power and patronage in Church and State, its selfish appropriation of lands, its game laws, the serfdom of agricultural laborers, and all the other fruits of an old feudal system; while a liberal is one who wars with the conservatism of monopoly and unjust and costly privileges, and struggles for a wider liberty for the common people, a fuller share in the legislation, a larger control over the government of the country, and the extinction of aristocratic and church privileges."

Now, sir, is that correct? Are there no "liberals" who would perpetuate the government of an aristocracy? or are there no aristocrats among the Liberals? I think there are, and I don't think they would be a bit flattered at the faith you have pinned to them. As to "monopoly of power and patronage in Church and State"—did all the Liberals vote for the disestablishment of the Irish Church? I think not, and I make the statement, subject to correction, that one of the most important and pronounced Liberals in Gladstone's Cabinet resigned out of it on account of that measure. Now, if the Liberal party was not a unit on the Irish disestablishment question, is it probable they would be united on the English one? The logic of events leads to a totally different conclusion. The fact is undisputable that the Liberals have had a majority in the Commons in England since the last election, and an unprecedentedly large one, too, and why have they not tackled the question simply because it can only be done through defections from the Conservative party (which is certainly not united on this matter) and, more than anything else, through the influence of Dissenters and Ritualists, (I mean no dissenters). As to its selfish appropriation of lands, its game laws, the serfdom of agricultural laborers, and all the other fruits of an old and feudal system, I certainly think it is ridiculous to assert that the conservatives are possessed of all these attributes, while the Liberals are at war with them. I don't think a landlord who calls himself a Liberal is likely to deal any more leniently with a poacher, or take more active steps to do away with the cause of poaching, than his Conservative neighbor. The chances are that they are about "sixes" on this question. Then, as to the extension of the franchise which took place a few years ago, was not that carried by a Conservative Administration, aided, no doubt by a large number of individual members of the Liberal party, and, as undoubtedly, opposed by a large number of individual members of the Conservative party. The fact is, many of these are not actually questions of party at all, but merely matters of individual opinion, and it would take an able navigator to draw a line just where Liberalism begins and Conservatism ends, and vice versa.

No, Sir. I think the difference between Conservative and Liberal is merely abstract. In theory they are doubtless very wide apart, in practice very much the same. There are dogmas peculiar to each party, but it is beyond the range of probability—I might say possibility—that they will ever be embodied in the laws of the country.

So much for the purely political aspect of the question; and I have only dwelt so much upon it in order to endeavor to show the mistake you have made in attributing to one party certain (to the workingman) adverse propensities, while to the other is attributed everything that is favorable.

The real question for us to consider, is whether the individuals composing the Liberal party are more liberal in their views on the question of Capital and Labor, etc., than are those of the Conservative party, and this is an important question because it is by the united aggregate, so to speak, of individual views that the public, or, more strictly speaking, party, policy must necessarily be shaped, without there is a total abrogation of principle for the sake of office, which is not without precedent. The answer is not hard to find. Take the City of Manchester, in England: It is well known that what is called the "Manchester School" of politics has largely influenced the policy of England for years past. It is equally true that Manchester is the hot-bed of Trades Unionism. Upon your theory one would naturally think that where so-called Liberalism so largely preponderated, there would be no necessity for trades unions. But what is the fact? Why, the most bitter struggles between capital and labor,—between social tyranny and social liberty—have taken place in that very city. Of course this argument would be ridiculous and puerile if all the capitalists were Conservatives. But such is not the case. They are all "Conservative" on these questions, and the most ultra-liberal will probably become the most ultra-tory when time or wages is being discussed.

Then again, were they all Conservative farmers who opposed the movement inaugurated by Mr. Joseph Arch? It would be little short of a phenomenon if they were; and it is just possible that both parties were represented to an equal extent, and must take an equal share of the obloquy.

Now, Sir, in conclusion I have just a few words to say on the question of party as it exists in Canada. I would say to emigrants coming amongst us, don't be too hasty in attaching yourself to any party. Things are not always what they seem. You may be solicited for your vote, when you have one, by a party calling himself a Liberal and by a party calling himself a Conservative, perhaps by both together. If you ask them to write down the respective principles which govern each party, and show you wherein they differ, you will find it will puzzle the most astute one amongst them to do it. Each one will probably tell you he is the friend of the workingman, and will do all in his power to advance his interests, and both will probably be agreeable men to speak to, and liberal to a fault. But, for all that, don't you go and be too sanguine, and rush off and tell your friends that you have found a means of deliverance from all your woes; that the time and the man have come. No, not even if a hundred candidates should come to you soliciting votes. In the fulness of time you will learn what these promises amount to. There is nothing too outrageous for a candidate for civic or parliamentary honors to promise, but you will find out that they very much resemble Picksniff's horse,—full of promise, but, alas! altogether empty of performance.

But, outside of questions which peculiarly affect the social position of the workingman, there are many subjects concerning the general welfare of the country, and upon which the different political parties hold different views, that he can very properly pass judgment. I think there are very few who have not some political leaning, and this will be the case as long as our present popular and just system of government is pursued; and it is perfectly right and proper that it should be so. The more interest is taken in all public questions, the more intelligent will men become, and the less likely will they be to be taken by spurious "Liberalism" and kindred impositions.

Apologizing for the valuable space. I have occupied.

I remain, your's faithfully,
A CONSERVATIVE WORKMAN.
Toronto, Nov. 17th 1873.

A Federal Union of all Builders' Laborers' Societies has been suggested. The members are said to number 25,000.

REMINISCENCES.

(Written for the Ontario Workman by W. J.)

NO. IV.

THE HAUNTED SCHOONER.

"Did I ever tell you that yarn about the old *Penguin*?" asked Bill Slack, addressing himself to the rest of the crew as we lay at anchor one evening under Christian Island.

"Not that I know of," I replied, "but I should like to hear it."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed the mate, as he lounged forward to where we were grouped around the windlass ends. "The watch will not be set for an hour yet, and the yarn will help to pass away the time. Besides I have heard some curious talk about the old schooner and her skipper, and as you made the last trip of the old tub, yourself Bill; and was on her when she went down, you can tell what you really did see or hear, and we all know you stick to the truth!"

"Never mind about me telling the truth," said Bill, with a grin. "Just let me fill my pipe, and I'll give you the yarn."

The night was a dark one, with a smart breeze that sent the halyards "rap," "rap," against the spars, and made melancholy music through the rigging, while the regular dash of the waves could be heard as they broke on the rocky shore of the island not half-a-mile off. Time and circumstances were propitious for a ghost storm—as they would call it ashore.

We filled our pipes and settled down comfortably to hear Bill's yarn, which, when that worthy had kept us in suspense as long as he could, he proceeded to narrate something after this style:

"You see it was about ten years ago now since I shipped in the old 'Pen,' as she was called, and rightly, too, for she was so old that nobody knew her age 'cept her skipper and owner, Old Hardtack. You may guess I was hard up for a ship when I threw my dunnage aboard the old hulk, and so I was. You never saw Old Hardtack, did you? No! Well if you saw or heard him once I reckon it would satisfy you. He was a tall, round-shouldered rawboned, grey-headed, squint-eyed, bow-legged old fellow, and the most accomplished blasphemers I ever heard of, a man whom no one could meet and forget; but the most peculiar thing about him was his teeth, they were like the teeth of a saw, sharp-pointed, like I've heard tell of in some of those pirate yarns; and Old Hardtack would have classed as an A. 1. pirate if he had had the chance. He had the reputation of being at one time a smuggler, and that's bad enough, for as I look on it, a man man that'll break the law one way 'll do it another. Howsoever he was a good sailor, and could handle his old schooner to perfection; and do you know, I believed if he loved anything on earth it was the old 'Pen.'"

"And the schooner, well mate, you've seen her, and know what she was, a long, low, black hulk, heavily sparred, and could sail like a witch. I made three trips on her, and though a dirty slovenly piece in harbor, nothing could pass her outside. Well here is what will interest you, I shipped on her in Hamilton to go to Gananoque, on the St. Lawrence, for a load of tan-bark for Oakville. It was the last trip Old Hardtack ever made. We had a good run as far as False Ducks Island, when the wind went to the eastward, and the 'Pen' had to be hauled by the wind. Old Hardtack began to swear, curse old Weather-probabilities, and, as was a common fashion of his, jump on his hat. It began to blow great guns, and at eight bells, there was nothing for it but to run for Timber Island, where we could get shelter and anchorage."

During all the time Old Hardtack had not ceased to pour forth a stream of blasphemy the most terrifying. He had often made the boast that we would go down with the 'Penguin,' or if she survived him he would haunt her while she floated, but the old fellow had no idea he would have to part company with the schooner that night, or possibly he would have been more careful of his language."

In making the Island we had to keep the schooner directly afore the wind, and for the last five miles she was "winged out," on the port tack. As we neared the Island Old Hardtack got up on the weather rail forward of the fore rigging, so as to see how the land lay, and give the necessary word when to jibe. I was standing just forward of the foremast and I can imagine I can see the old skipper yet, as he stood there peering into the darkness and ever and anon turning his face inboard, allowing the bright signal lamp, to illuminate his face, his devil's teeth fairly sparkling, his eyes shining like two balls of fire, his long grey locks tossing in the gale, but what exercised the most terror over me was the horrible stream of blasphemy that issued from the old sinner's mouth, as the saying is, it makes my hair stand on end, and all because he could not make out the land as plain as he wished."

He had just sung out to the mate to have her kept away from jibing, when something caught his attention on the water, and he kept his position on the rail just long enough to be knocked off by the stay-sail boom, as the vessel jibed sooner than was calculated.

"I often hear it said by people ashore, who don't know what they're talking about, 'Why didn't you lower a boat, and pick 'em up,' or why wasn't this or that done, when an accident happens on the Lakes. Well, if such a party had been aboard the old *Penguin*, that night they could have satisfied themselves very easily why it was not done. Talk about picking up a man knocked overboard on such a night. Pooh! just after the vessel had jibed over before she was wanted to, with everything in confusion, rain, wind, sea, and to top it all, the night was so dark that you couldn't see the length of a marlin-spike. And then we hadn't missed the old man for fully five minutes after he was gone, and by that time he must have been half a mile off."

"Well, we fetched up under the lee of the Island all night, every one thinking they had seen the last of Old Hardtack. So they had, in the flesh; but he was determined to keep his word about haunting the schooner. You need not laugh, Jack," (I had ventured on a laugh of dissent), "I tell you I saw his ghost as plain as I see you light on the shore, and this is how it came about."

We made the trip all right enough. The creditors of the old man took the schooner when we got back, and gave her to the mate to sail for them. The next trip was made to Erie for coal, and nothing happened out of the way. We got back again to Hamilton, and took timber on board for Garden Island. In the meantime nothing had been heard of the body of the old skipper, although the fishermen along Timber Island had been asked to send word if the body was found."

We started out with a fair wind, and kept it right along down by Long Point. Every body was in a good humor, and seemed rather glad than otherwise to have a new skipper. It was about eight bells in the evening when we got off Long Point light-house. The wind hauled round to south-east shortly after passing the light, the sky to the eastward looking very nasty, and by ten o'clock, I'm blowed if the wind was not in the east again, and the schooner just about where she was the night we bore up and when the captain was lost."

I had just been relieved from the wheel and was making forward as I heard an exclamation from Steve, who was on the lookout, I quickened my steps, and followed the direction pointed out by Steve, who, one hand grasping the weather rigging, the other pointing to leeward, looked as if ready to jump overboard. The moment I got up to the foremast, I seen what chilled the very marrow in my bones. There, standing on the lee rail, was old Hardtack, just as he looked the night he was knocked off the very spot, only the look of his face was if anything more childish, as the light of the signal lamp fell on his face. He was looking toward the land, towards which the schooner was heading, and as I stood a moment speechless he turned his face toward me, and I fancied there was a look in his face that said, "I told you I'd fetch the 'Pen' down with me, and I'll do it!" I could not stand that sort a thing any longer, and ran aft as fast as my legs could carry me to the mate, who, when I could explain what was the matter, came forward with me. But old Hardtack was gone, and Steve lay insensible on the deck. The mate at first tried to laugh me out of what I had told him, but when Steve came to and told his story the same as mine he had to believe it. He begged us not to tell the rest of the crew, which we agreed to, having made up our minds to jump the schooner the first chance we get."

"Our watch was shortly after relieved, and we turned in, with anything but comfortable thoughts to sleep with. The wind was blowing quite fresh, the night dark and foggy. I had hardly got into a sound nap when I got woke up pretty sharp, now I tell you. The old schooner had struck the west end of Charity Shoals. She struck twice very heavily,

and then deepened her water all at once. All hands were on deck in short order, and the pumps were sounded to see if she was making much water. She was leaking badly, and the best thing to do was to fetch the land as soon as possible. All sail was crowded on the old schooner, but it was of no avail.

We had got about mid-channel when it became evident that the old "Pen's" days were numbered. The water gained on us so fast, that it became necessary to take to the boat, and as we shoved off the water was almost level with her decks, giving us hardly time to get clear as she keeled over on her side, her stern sank, then rose again, she gave a violent plunge forward, and went down head foremost."

Although out in an open boat, I felt a kind of relief to know that we had indeed seen the last of the haunted schooner. Old Hardtack was bound to keep his word, and the old "Pen" and her skipper could now rest together at the bottom of blue Ontario.

We were picked up next morning by a steamer and carried into port, and I do not think I have seen any of the crew since, but I'll tell you one thing, boys, although as the mate says, I do tell some pretty tough yarns, I'm willing to take my 'davy' that it is all truth I've told you about the haunted schooner."

Such was Bill's yarn, told with all the gravity possible, and I was just about to hint at it being the toughest of the kind, when the Captain called out to the mate to know if he "was going to set an anchor watch to-night?" This put a stop to telling yarns; and the watches were set, and I turned into my bunk but Bill's yarn haunted my sleep even as Old Hardtack haunted the 'Penguin.'

MANUFACTURE OF SILK.

Many efforts have been made in the United States to make a success of silk manufacture, but none of them have yet brought that industry to perfection.

It was, as a writer properly states, "an object of attention and hope before the Revolution. In Pennsylvania a society was formed to encourage the importation of silk worms and the establishment of filatures. The weaving, preparing and dyeing of silk occupied the attention of our ancestors, and they had hope of rendering it a successful branch of industry. Yet, from various reasons they failed, and the next generation took up the task, to fail again. When the protection of American manufactures became the principle of a great party, encouragement to the silk manufacture was given with no more success than on previous trials. The great moralistic excitement had its origin in the hopes built upon the establishment of the silk manufacture, and, when that bubble burst, the effect upon the silk production was serious. Yet we have before us a hopeful condition of affairs in reference to this industry."

In 1860 the value of the silk manufacture was returned by the census takers in the United States, at \$3,000,000. This capital has been increased ten times in the course of ten years, and valued in 1870 at \$30,000,000. It gave employment to six thousand persons, and their earnings were up to \$8,000,000 per annum. Silk is woven in this country for many articles of use and of apparel which do not compete with the dress goods from foreign countries. Neckties, scarfs and ribbons absorb a considerable portion of the manufacture, and dress silks are woven with such fineness as to command sales.

Sewing silk is by far the largest and most important branch of this production. New Jersey has at Newark and other places, some successful factories devoted to this branch of business alone. In Connecticut a large interest is manifested in manufacture, and those concerned in it are so well satisfied with their progress, and the demand for their goods increases so gradually and surely, that in ten years more we expect the advance in this branch of industry will be more remarkable than it has been during the last decade.

A branch of the Ironfounders' Society has been opened at Portsmouth, and another is to be opened at Burton-on-Trent.

The report that Cabello de Bloorer, the Mexican bandit, had crossed into Texas, and with a party of marauders was robbing and plundering the country has been confirmed.

A number of sailors marched in procession on Friday, and held a meeting in the City Hall Park, to demand a repeal of the Shipping Act of 1872. A full-rigged miniature vessel of war rolled along in the procession.

Poetry.

GO AND LEARN A TRADE.

The following is S. Hay's new song, which young ladies should learn for the benefit of such gallants who propose marriage without visible means of support, and expatiate of the delights of 'love and rose leaves.'

I'll sing a little song to-night, And ev'ry word is true, You'll find that every line is meant, Young gentlemen, for you! I've no intention to offend, In what is sung or said— The sum and substance of it is, To go and learn a trade.

CHORUS.

The 'coming man' is he who lives To see his fortune made, Whom ev'rybody will respect, Because he learned a trade.

Your education may be good, But time is flitting by, Instead of working don't be fooled; The old man may not die; And if he should, the chances are His will may be mislaid, Or you cut off without a cent; So go and 'learn a trade.'

The country is full of "nice young men," Who from their duty shrink; Who think 't would crush their family pride, If they should go to work; Take of your coat (your father did), And find some honest maid, Who'll help you make your fortune when You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do, Be faithful to your "boss;" You'll find the more you do for him Will never prove a loss; You'll find out fifty years from now, When fame and fortune's made, The best step that you ever took Was when you learned a trade.

WHAT IS THE USE?

What is the use of trimming a lamp If you never intend to light it? What is the use of grappling a wrong If you never intend to right it?

What is the use of removing your hat If you never intend to tarry? What is the use of wooing a maid If you never intend to marry?

What is the use of buying a coat If you never intend to wear it? What is the use of a house for two If you never intend to share it?

Tales and Sketches.

THE FAVORITE.

"Ah, my lord!" exclaimed the first gentleman of the privy-chamber of Louis XIV. to the young Count Lauzun, almost sweeping the ground with the well-powdered toupee of his enormous periwig—"ah, my lord! to what am I indebted for the pleasure of an opportunity to assure you of my profound respect, at this hour, and in this place? The king is engaged with his council of finance," added the unadroit courtier, with some little embarrassment. "Indeed, the wheels of the great government machine creak occasionally, and then it becomes rather boisterous in the council-chamber. Therefore, as my lord count must be aware, I may not suffer any one, except it be some unimportant servant like myself, to linger in this ante-chamber. But you, my lord, make an exception to all rules; how can a miserable door close itself against one to whom all hearts are open?"

"We will not attempt to ascertain how much truth there may be in what you say," answered Lauzun, "yet I must beg of you, my dear De Ryert, to bear with me a few moments at the present time; I promise you that the king will not be displeased to find me here."

"How can I doubt you—I, the king's first gentleman of the privy-chamber?" interposed De Ryert, with redoubled courtesy; "does my lord hold me for so great a novice in my service."

"Certainly not," answered Lauzun, "I know the just confidence with which the king rewards your well-proved fidelity, and will therefore make to you no secret of the fact, that I am attracted hither by most delightful anticipations. Our good monarch is just upon the point, my dear De Ryert, of bestowing upon me a great, I may indeed say, a very unusual proof of his favor. It was so tiresome remaining at home, counting the minutes until the appointed hour, that you must allow me to chat away the tedious time here with you."

"Ah, count," answered De Ryert, with great humility, "how can you make sport of me in this manner? I am but too happy to be the first to offer you my joyful congratulations. The favor with which his majesty intends to distinguish you must surely be great and extraordinary."

"It is, indeed," answered Lauzun. "How will my friends rejoice at the splendid career which, in a few moments, will be opened to me!"

"In a few moments!" devoutly repeated the chamberlain.

"Yes, yes, my friend, in a few moments," exclaimed Lauzun, carried away by the intoxication of glad anticipation; and glancing with a smile in the friendly face of his humble wor-shipper, in which the kindest curiosity in the world stood written in legible characters.

"Hitherto the king's command has compelled me," he continued, "to keep silent about the matter; but he has himself fixed upon this day, before mass, to present me to the court in my new dignity. Meanwhile, as we are here together awaiting his majesty, I may venture to give you a proof of my gratitude for the friendly interest you have evinced in my behalf, by confiding to you what as yet no one suspects. So listen: Duke Mazarian really retires from all official business, and I am to succeed him as General Field-Marshal."

Congratulations, thanks for the confidence reposed, exclamations of the most lively and pleased astonishment, to which Lauzun listened with a smile of self-satisfaction, now poured forth in an uninterrupted stream from the eloquent lips of the chamberlain; yet suddenly, with every appearance of the greatest alarm, he became speechless. "Great Heaven! what have I not forgotten in my rejoicing!" he at length exclaimed, in apparent terror; "after all it is only an importnt commission from my master; but as his majesty is now—why! how! ah!" groaned he, moving anxiously about and snapping his fingers; he then drew forth his watch, and a glance at the hands seemed to afford him some little consolation. "Perhaps it is not yet too late!" he sighed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "the council will remain yet nine minutes in deliberation; and even the impossible must sometimes be attempted in a monarch's service!" With these words and a very reverential bow, he hurried pass the count, and out of the door, which he carefully closed behind him; he then stole, like a cat upon velvet paws, silently up a private staircase, rising three stairs at every step, and in a few seconds stood breathless before Louvais, in the little cabinet in which that minister was accustomed to labor the whole day in solitude, when the court, as was the case, was at St. Germain.

That powerful minister, dismissing his faithful spy with many thanks and more promises, hastily gathered up some papers, without paying much attention to the selection of them, murmuring to himself, "The little cadet from the bank of the Garonne increases the spread of his wings with great rapidity, and will soon fly over all our heads, unless we find a way to clip them."

Ryert was again quietly sitting in the ante-chamber, relating to Count Lauzun, in the most free and easy manner, about the roses and orange-blossoms which he had been so lucky as to procure, just in time for presentation to Madame Montespan, as Louvais entered, with his papers in his hand, and with a slight inclination of his head to the two gentlemen, passed on directly to the door of the royal saloon.

In vain did the chamberlain place himself directly in the minister's way, assuring him, in a tolerably decisive tone, that his majesty was not yet visible. Louvais paid no regard to his opposition, said he had important despatches which he must instantly communicate to his majesty, and passed unhesitatingly in, although he had neither seat nor voice in the council that was then in sitting.

Lauzun saw the folding doors close after him with a slight shrug of the shoulders and a sly smile of triumph, and then turned to listen with at least apparent attention to the chamberlain's conversation.

In a few minutes the minister returned, passing hastily through the ante-chamber, and soon afterwards the king himself entered it.

The count, who in the eagerness of expectation had advanced a step to meet the king, sought to catch his eyes; but the monarch passed him by with icy coldness.

"Who knows with what absurdity Louvais had vexed him!" said Lauzun to himself by way of consolation; for he was much disturbed by this unusual neglect. "This mood will soon pass away, and after mass he will surely remember his promise," thought Lauzun, dismissing all anxiety, and joining the procession which followed the king to the chapel royal.

Long and brilliant rows of the most distinguished ladies already occupied the benches in the chapel, their attention, perhaps, not equally divided between the visible and invisible governor of the world; for, at no price could any of those present have been induced to neglect the worship of God in the chapel royal, when the king himself was to be present. Lauzun seemed a little less cheerful than usual, as, from his place in the rear of the king, he cast his eyes upon the host of beauties collected there, much like tulips in a bed; but his countenance soon lighted up as he caught a ray from the fairest blue eyes; it was a glance which might indeed have brought upon him a far more serious disappointment than the one which he had so recently suffered.

Anna de Montpensier, the fairest, proudest, most spirituelle princess at the court of Louis XIV., was the potent fairy who knew how to exercise this magic power over Lauzun. As grand-daughter of Louis XIII. and daughter of Gaston of Orleans, nearly related to the

king, she occupied the high rank of daughter of France.

Her immense wealth, with the important titles and estates inherited from her father, caused her to be looked upon as one of the richest princesses of Europe, whose hand foreign princes, and even monarchs, had often sought in vain. Thus was she now a lady, in the fullest sense of the word—a Pallas in spirit, mind, and form, just entering upon the summer of her life. This lofty being had lost, with the fleeting brilliancy of early youth, none of her charms; for the style of her full-blown beauty needed not its aid. Men worshipped her at a distance, as they would worship an immortal spirit; and, only to a spirit, as aspiring and ungovernable as Lauzun's, could it have been possible to see not always the princess, but sometimes the beautiful woman whose occasional condescending gentleness appeared, indeed, all the more irresistible, from her elevated rank and customary dignified reserve. He felt that she had never looked fairer to him than this morning. His transient glances wandered until they lost themselves amid the labyrinth of pearl-strown braids and curls, in which her fair locks were disposed. Her swan-like neck was shaded by the finest points d'Alencon lace, which was fastened in front by a large breast-knot of brilliants. A loose robe of dark cheville-lace, through which a rich golden under-dress was visible, covered her form, leaving only the bare suspicion of one of the prettiest little feet ever imagined on that side of the celestial empire. The distinguished kindness with which the princess turned towards Lauzun, on going out of the church, and permitted him to hand to her the holy water, completed the enchantment which wrapped him in forgetfulness of everything but the passing moment. He, did, indeed, become sensible of his folly the moment she was out of sight, and took his heart to task, endeavoring to impress it with the fate of Icarus, but without very eminent success.

He passed the whole of the following day, as usual, near the king's person, but without hearing a word in relation to his contemplated promotion. A multitude of trifling and apparently accidental circumstances obstructed every attempt at a confidential approach towards his master, which at other times he had almost hourly enjoyed; so that it was not until late in the evening, when, according to the etiquette of those times, it became his duty to attend to the disrobing of the king, that he obtained the desired opportunity to remind him of his promise. "Yes, yes, there is a difficulty in the way; we will seat our leisure what can be done," was all that he received for answer.

Poor Lauzun walked the chamber the whole night in a state of the wildest excitement. The icy coldness with which those few words were spoken, had cast down the spoiled favorite from the high heaven of his hopes, and he became the prey of alternating rage and grief. It was not the failure of a great and brilliant expectation that moved him, so much as it was the feeling of the never-before suspected falsehood of the royal friend; for he had attached himself to his master with really heartfelt devotion, and previous to that day would have defended him, with the chivalrous courage of a Paladin of the olden times, against any one who should have dared to hint the possibility of that, the truth of which he now felt himself compelled to acknowledge.

Rearing in the solitude of retirement, educated according to the laws of that chivalry for which his native land was formerly so honorably distinguished, Count Lauzun, had not long since come from his father's castle, in Gascony, to the house of his near relative, in Paris, the then powerful Marshal de Gramont. As the portionless younger son of a noble but not wealthy family, his object was to seek honorable promotion, either in the court or in the army. His splendid form and pleasing manners won for him the favor of high and low in his uncle's house. The eccentric outbursts of his sparkling wit, his courage, his contempt for everything degrading, his truth in love and hate, made the heart of the Count de Guise, the eldest son of Marshal de Gramont, wholly his own; for, young, handsome, and brave as Lauzun himself, the Count de Guise beheld in his relative but a duplicate of himself. The zealous, true, and also powerful friend, paved the way for the advancement of the newly-arrived cadet over the heads of all who stood in his way; he presented him to the king, who was much pleased with the young sashron, loaded him with favors, and kept him, as much as possible about his person. Thus rose the recently insignificant Lauzun, now the declared favorite of the king, with lightning speed from step to step, until he had reached the rank of major-general; he had hoped to mount yet higher, saw himself near the attainment of his object, and now had so suddenly fallen! It was very natural that this unexpected reverse should afflict him, and the more so from the fact that he was wholly unable to imagine the cause of his misfortune and disgrace.

During the dark and solitary hours of night our imaginations dwell upon our cares, until each assumes the most inordinate proportions, becoming more and more gigantic, until the long-desired slumber steeps our fevered senses in forgetfulness; and when morning, like an angel of consolation, attends the bedside at our awaking, it shows the objects of our cares so reduced in size and importance that we often laugh at our nocturnal exaggerations. But it is different when the morning sun finds us yet waking amid these fever-born anxieties,

which every minute increase the wild rushing of the heated blood; senseless projects, unreasonable and impracticable resolutions, that would but accelerate misfortune, generally be taken the dawn, whose first rays are most welcome to the dry and burning eyes that have watched through such a night.

Such a night was passed by Count Lauzun, during which a thousand plans, each bolder and more dangerous than its predecessor, arose in his soul, and were again successively rejected. But there was one to which he held fast, and which he put into execution. At the proper hour he repaired to Madame Montespan, the fair, proud, all-powerful mistress of Louis. As she had always appeared to be well-disposed towards him, he thought he might venture to ask her aid in unravelling the mystery of his master's changed deportment; for it was this change of feeling that most grieved him.

Half-controlled by her kindness and her sympathy, he took his departure from the audience-room of that beautiful woman. She had wondered with him, conjectured with him, complained with him, and promised to do the possible and the impossible in his behalf; what better in his situation, could he wish? But, alas! he could not long remain contented in this comparatively happy frame of mind; his hot Gascon blood kept him in a state of perpetual agitation. He wished, above all things, that he could have invisibly hovered over the heads of the king, of Madame Montespan, of enemies and friends, and at length happened to hit upon a plan most dangerous in the execution, but which, after it had once entered his mind, he could not give up; for, to his bold, unbending nature, it was impossible to draw back when any hazardous enterprise beckoned him onwards.

(To be continued.)

UNA.

For the first time in my life—nearly seventeen years and a quarter—I was alone in the wide, wide world; to be precise, in that bit of it which lies between the Paddington station and Bath. I had all but missed the train, so that my uncle had only time to hurry me into a first-class carriage, wherein a solitary lady was already seated, and to give me a solemn injunction to get Aunt Margery to telegraph when I "turned up all right," before the train dashed away.

"All right!" Of course I should be all right! I should think, at seventeen and nearly a quarter, I might be trusted to take care of myself during a three hours' journey; the more so as my uncle had "put me in at one end," and my aunt would "take me out at the other."

As soon as I had arranged myself and my belongings comfortably in my corner I took a survey of my fellow passenger—a grim, iron-gray old woman in an exasperating bonnet, who was looking not daggers—that is much too pointed and brilliant a smile—but rusty nails of the jaggedest description, at my poor little hat; such an attractive one as it was, too, with the most piquant little wax-wing imaginable brooding over it with outstretched wings. For my part, I think, when one has a pretty face, it is wicked to spoil it by a dowdy hat. I should have attracted much more attention if I had worn an exasperating extinguisher like my fellow traveller's, with an aggravating bow at the top; and, besides, Tom would not have liked it.

I was rapidly losing my temper—it was too provoking. Here was somebody evidently just as ready to find fault and take care of me as anybody at home. My only comfort was a hope that she might get out at the next station, or at all events at some distance from Bath. Ah, how little I knew what was coming, or I should have felt glad to have had her glaring twice as grimly from the opposite seat!

"Travelling alone?"

"Yes."

What an unnecessary question, I thought. "You are much too young and too pretty to be permitted to do so."

I meekly answered that my youth and prettiness were "faults" over which I had no control, and hinted at the possibility that time might be expected to cure both, if only I lived long enough. She smiled—yes, really; not a bad smile, either. "While waiting for that, you should have somebody to take care of you."

"Take care of me!" I exclaimed, with a little shudder of disgust. "I am quite able to take care of myself—indeed, I am tired of being taken care of. I am almost worn out. Besides, I have been at two garden parties, and have long left the school-room (with dignity)."

"My dear, the school room would be the best place for you for the next half dozen years. I must leave you at the next station, but I will tell the guard to look after you. You will learn in time how good a thing it is to be cared for. Una without her lion would never get safely through the world." The train stopped; I helped her to gather all her bags and rags. "Good-by, my dear; your little face has made the day look brighter to an old woman; so you have my leave to keep it unchanged as long as you can," and she actually patted my cheek with a kind old hand as she passed out. I watched her take her place in a little basket carriage that was waiting for her—watched the old bald-headed man servant stand, hat in

hand, evidently giving her all the story of life at home in her absence, and felt sorry, as I returned her good-by nod, when the carriage moved out of sight down a shady country road. I followed her in fancy to a flowery country home, where I felt sure she lived cozily with old servants, quaint furniture, and old pet dogs, cats and birds. How little I then thought that one day I should —. But I forgot; we must not anticipate, as real authors say—that must come in its own place; I had not even seen Tom, then.

The train had stopped at a quiet little station, and was just beginning to move on past the roses and hollyhocks, when the door suddenly swung open, and a man jumped in. One glance satisfied me that he would not improve on acquaintance. Tom had told me since that he was a "cad," and if a "cad" be an odious, vulgar, red-haired person, with unwashed hands covered with coarse rings, a sky blue satin tie, and an overpowering odor of bad tobacco—I know the difference quite well, for Tom never smokes any but the very best Manillas, and I quite enjoy the smell—then most decidedly he was rightly designated.

I saw all this at a single glance, as one does sometimes, and bent stealthily over my book, wishing that the hour which would bring me to dear Aunt Margery was over. Presently I was reading something so amusing that I had forgotten everything beside. The train had left the little station far behind, and was going at full speed, when suddenly a horrid voice close to my ear made me start, and I looked up to see the "cad's" hideous face close to mine—such a wicked leering face!

"Take off that veil, miss; I'm sure a whiff of fresh air will do you good. This carriage is awful "muggy"—that was the creature's very expression—"muggy." "Besides, it's desperate bad for your eyes to read through that speckled stuff."

Without replying, I bent my head lower over my book, but the letters were getting confused, and my heart was beating with fright.

"Poor little thing! Deaf, is she?" and he took the seat opposite and leaned across, so that I had to shrink into my corner to avoid his touch. Poor little Una needed her lion now.

"Bad for the eyes, miss, and such shiners as yours are too good to be wasted on that stupid book. Give a fellow a peer at them." And a great red hand advanced toward my veil.

I could only cower in my corner with a great cry of terror—one helpless call on "Uncle," knowing the while how far away he was, and how unconscious of his poor little Polly's trouble.

In putting up his hand to my veil, the man touched me, and the touch, slight as it was, roused a fury of anger such as I had never felt before, and I hope never to feel again; it gave me back my voice.

"You shall not! How dare you! You must not touch me—uncle will kill you!"

The man laughed at my puny rage. "Kill me for taking care of you! If he does not wish others to fill his place, he should look after you better, and not let you out alone. You had better be civil, or —"

He drew out a large clasp knife as he spoke and began deliberately to open it, looking at me all the while. It was come at last; I should never, never see home again. One flash of thought, which seemed in a second to take in all my past, with its little discontents, naughtiness, and great happiness—my aunt's anguish when she found me lying dead; uncle's opening of the telegram which would bring the news—the darkened home, the broken hearts which would surely carry till they died the remembrance of the dreadful fate of their wiftil, but oh! loving darling—all this occurred so vividly to me that, with a great cry for help to Heaven, I fell at the man's feet, and entreated him not to kill me.

"Kill you! I thought it was your uncle who was to kill me! Bless your little heart I am going to care for you. You look pale. Now didn't you come off in too great a hurry to have time for breakfast. Have a bit of luncheon"—stooping to take a valise from under the seat. "I always go about provided with something good. I'm a soft-hearted boy, I am, and never see a fine young woman suffer, if I can help it. Peck a bit, now—do; you have a hungry look."

What should I—must I—do? I sat up, and said as steadily as I could, choking back the tears—for I would not cry before him:

"I am not hungry; I will not eat. Do not speak to me any more. You must not—I am a lady."

"A lady! I know that. Do you think I'd be so good to you if you were not? I know a lady when I see her—and a hungry lady, too—I knew you were. —Come, peck a bit. Don't be bashful."

By this time he had unlocked the bag, and taken from it—yes, it may appear improbable, but oh! it is dreadfully true—a turnip still covered with the soil of the field from which the wretch had taken it! He began to scrape ana pare it while I looked on.

Was he mad I would try to please him, and do as he wished, and then perhaps he would not hurt me. I should soon be with my aunt now, and at that thought I felt the tears coming again, but opened my eyes widely, and bit my lips hard—the tears must not fall. I crunched them back, and sat watching my companion till, having peeled the turnip to his satisfaction, he cut off a thick slice and

handed it to me. Raw turnip! And touched by those fingers!

"Come, take it, my beauty—a peach ripe and downy as your own cheek. Peaches is dear, too this season; but I give no heed to that. If so be as I find a pretty girl to eat 'em, I don't grudge the money. Come, peck away; or do you want me to feed you? No, you shan't have it without 'Thank you.' After all my trouble, that ain't manners," with a significant look at the knife.

"Thank you!" I said eagerly. I took the slice of turnip—and began to eat it—yes, I ate it all, every mouthful making me feel more ill. Another slice was offered, I took it and began to eat, but my throat seemed to be closing—I could not swallow.

"Come, finish it. Good, isn't it? The ladies are always fond of a bit of fruit. Don't be bashful—I've something here for you to wash it down. Nothing like a drop of brandy to make it agree with you," and he touched the neck of a black bottle which stuck out of his pocket.

What would become of me? I had once seen a dreadful woman for a few moments at home—a new cook she was—who was, oh! so frightful. Nurse told me she had taken brandy and was drunk. I had thought her mad. If he had made me drink it, and if, when Aunt Margery found me, I—but no, this I would not do; he might kill me first. I went on eating the turnip, and all the while I prayed earnestly for rescue. Was my prayer answered? The train began to slacken its speed—it stopped, but there was no station in sight. I think it was a siding, or something of that kind.

At the side of the carriage where I was sitting there was a steep bank which shut out all hope; at the other side were several lines of rails; beyond was the open country. In anxious pursuit was at my window. With an oath he commanded me to "be still, and stay where I was." I heard some one pass, and, in reply to a question, I suppose, say that we had been shunted to allow a special train to go by—it would pass in three minutes. I called, but very faintly, I am afraid, for no one answered, and the "car" turned on me so fiercely that I dare not try again.

The special train swept by, but I hardly saw it—my eyes, my whole soul, were fastened on the figure of a man who just then came down the green bank, which was at some distance. I pressed my face to the glass. Which way would he take? He stood up for a moment, and then slowly, lazily sauntered towards me. The glass was up—my only hope was that he would pass close and see me, for I was past calling or moving now. I noted every trifling detail of his figure and dress; he was a tall, broad shouldered gentleman, dressed in light gray; young, and with a long, golden beard; even the carnation in his button-hole I observed, and the strength and careless ease of his figure as he lounged along. He stopped to whistle to his dogs, and then again strolled on, idly twirling his cane.

I do not know what kind of face was pressed to the glass on my side—it was a wild and scared one, I am sure; but in another minute a pair of great merry blue eyes glanced up in passing, and were startled into earnestness by the eyes they encountered; the whistle sounded, but, even as it did, a strong hand was on the door-handle, the door was wrenched open, the train moved on—he was beside me. I was safe.

I don't know what happened then. My deliverer says that I cried, and held one of his hands tight in both of mine; but that I don't believe. In the first place, we had never been introduced, and, in the second, two of his fingers are about as much as my two hands can contain at once. I know, when I grew calmer, that I found him taking care of me, and that I didn't dislike it as much as one might have expected. I don't remember how I told him all; I suppose the turnip and knife, which still lay on the seat, helped me a little; but I do know that he told me "not to be frightened, for he would not throw the scoundrel from the window, as he deserved"—and that he looked so fierce and so strong that I could quite imagine it was a habit of his to throw scoundrels from windows, and that he rather liked it. What he did was to take the creature by the collar, and force him down on his knees, in spite of his piteous protestations that "he never meant to hurt the lady—it was only a lark; he would not have done it for a ten-pound note, not if he had known."

"Hold your tongue. Swallow this, and think yourself lucky to escape six months on the treadmill. For the lady's sake, I will not prosecute you, and I'll not break every bone in your body, as I should like to do, as it might annoy her to see it done. But you'll eat this to the last morsel—mud and all! I should say it is not the only dirt you will have to swallow in your life! Down with it!"

And when the last atom had disappeared, my deliverer, with a parting shake, flung the creature into a corner, where he lay till the train stopped, and turned to "take care" of me again.

I almost shrank from the stern face to which I now raised my eyes, but it softened in a moment, and I lay back in a corner and rested silently and thankfully, while he interposed his broad shoulders between me and the other end of the carriage, till the train again stop-

ped, and I saw aunt Margery's dear old face on the platform.

I am sure she wondered at the eagerness of my clasp, at my face, which I felt was still white and scared. I made a little motion toward my deliverer, but could not speak a word. He said a few words and gave his card to my aunt, who accepted it and the situation as graciously as she does everything, and looked rather anxious to get me safely to the carriage and home, and in five minutes we were driving away.

"What did he do for you darling?"
"Oh! he was so strong and so good to me—and he made him eat the whole turnip, auntie!"

"The whole turnip! You are ill, Polly. Come, we won't talk or think of it now."

And she quieted and petted me, evidently thinking that I had lost my wits, until I was lying on the sofa in her drawing room able to tell her all.

Well, that was my first and only attempt at "taking care of myself." I never want to do so again. Tom takes care of me now—of course, you understand that it was he who came to my deliverance. Aunt wrote to him that very evening, and my father came down to London next morning on purpose to thank him; then Tom called, and so—and so—the end of my story, or, perhaps, I should say the real beginning of it, is that I am his wife now.

At first I did think it a pity that my husband should be only "Tom," when I had always intended to marry at least three syllables, as I am merely "Polly;" but now I think Tom the most charming name in the world, and would not change it.

I have only one thing more to tell. The old lady with the disagreeable bonnet is Tom's aunt. I am writing this in her house, which is just what I had fancied it, and she is the dearest and kindest old woman in England.

"Una has found her lion," she says.

I don't think I am much like Una; but Tom is a darling old lion, with his tawny beard and splendid strength, on which his wife loves to lean. I hear him calling "Polly!" from the lawn, where he lies, lazily puffing his cigar under the cedar; and as he can growl on occasion, if I keep his majesty waiting too long, I had better go.

"Coming, Lion."—London Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC.

SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS FOR YOUNG CHEMISTS.

1. An easy way to prepare an invisible gas, that will burn with an intense heat, is to put some nails or strips of sheet zinc in an old bottle with a good, tight cork. The cork has a hole bored in it, and a clay pipe stem, or better, a piece of glass tubing with a fine opening at one end, is fitted into the cork. The zinc is covered with water and a little sulphuric or other acid added. The effervescence is violent; and if the cork is put in, the gas will escape through the tube. After waiting several minutes, wrap the bottle in a cloth and apply a match to the end of the tube, when the gas will take fire and burn with a colorless flame. If any air still remains in the bottle, an explosion will take place. Hold a cold white saucer in the flame, and it will soon be moistened but not blackened. This gas is called hydrogen, because, when it burns, it forms water.

2. To imitate the delightful odor of rotten eggs, it is only necessary to place some pieces of the sulphuret of iron in an old bottle and pour on water and oil of vitriol. The sulphuret of iron is made when iron filings and sulphur are heated together. If the bottle in which this vilely smelling gas is prepared has fitted to it a tight cork and a glass tube bent so as to conduct the gas under the water in a second bottle, much of it will be dissolved and can be bottled up and preserved for several days. This gas is called sulphydric acid and must always be prepared out of doors.

3. To produce light, flaky clouds in a clear liquid, dissolve a piece of alum in water and to the clear solution add ammonia (spirits of hartshorn) and stir or shake it. The clouds will be colorless and almost invisible. To another solution of alum, add just enough carmine or indigo to color it distinctly, then pour in some ammonia. The clouds will now be red, or blue, and as they gradually sink to the bottom will leave the solution colorless. This illustrates the method of preparing what are known as "Inkas." The clouds thus formed are the hydrated oxide of alumina.

4. To convert a colorless liquid to an orange red, dissolve some tartar emetic in water and drop in some of the solution of the vilely smelling sulphydric acid. (See No. 2.) Next put some tartar emetic into a bottle with zinc and sulphuric acid, as described above (No. 1) for making hydrogen. After waiting long enough for all the air to be expelled, ignite the gas and place a cold saucer in the flame, when it will be blackened; and the spot thus formed, which is metallic antimony, will not dissolve in a solution of bleaching powder.

5. Analogous experiments could be performed with acid solutions of arsenic, but owing to its poisonous nature, we would advise our young friends to avoid its use. The sulphydric acid would form a yellow precipitate instead of a red one, and the black stain on the saucer would be readily dissolved by chloride of lime, or bleaching powder.

6. To produce a strong smell by mixing two dry powders, each without a smell, take pul-

verized sal ammoniac and stir in a little dry whitewash lime. A pungent ammoniacal odor is evolved.

7. In one tumbler or wine glass of water, place a single drop of oil of vitriol, in a second place some carbonate of ammonia, in a third some hydro-fluo-silicic acid and alcohol, in a fourth some bichromate of potash. Drop into each of these glasses some barium chloride. In three of them a white precipitate is formed, in the fourth a yellow one. Dip a clean platinum wire in the barium chloride; then hold it in a colorless gas or alcohol flame, and a green color is produced. The green fires in theatres are made with this substance.

8. To convert a fair complexion into one of African hue, persuade some fair lady to improve her complexion with bismuth pearl powder (many do it voluntarily); then let her enjoy the perfume of the sulphydric acid, and she will gradually blacken. A curious instance of the action of water on an acid solution is noticed by dissolving subnitrate of bismuth in muriatic acid, and then pouring it into a glass of water, when it gives the latter the appearance of milk.

9. To prepare a gas heavier than air, place some pieces of chalk or marble in a deep jar, or in a bottle like that used for hydrogen, and pour some muriatic acid on them. Effervescence takes place, a taper lowered into the jar is extinguished; or if the gas, which is called carbonic acid, be collected in another vessel, it may be poured from one vessel to another like water. The substance formed when marble is dissolved in muriatic acid is called calcium chloride, and may be used for some interesting experiments: Fill three glasses with water, and to the first add a little sulphuric acid, to the second some carbonate of ammonia, to the third some oxalic acid and ammonia. On pouring the solution of calcium chloride into these glasses it will in every case form, unless too dilute, a milky liquid.

10. To produce an intensely blue liquid, make a solution of blue vitriol, so dilute as to have but a faint color, then add ammonia, and it becomes intensely blue. To another portion add yellow prussiate of potash and it turns a reddish brown.

11. To make blue glass, bend a piece of platinum wire to a hook at the end and heat red, then touch it on a bit of borax and heat until the latter melts to a little bead. Now dip it into some nitrate of cobalt and heat, when a fine blue glass bead will be formed.

12. To form a yellow precipitate, in a yellow solution, take a weak solution of bichromate of potassium and add sugar of lead; the effect is very pretty.

13. To produce a beautiful purple, take a dilute solution of chloride of gold and add a little chloride of tin; the color formed is known as purple of Cassius.

14. To pour red, blue and black ink from one bottle, fill three glasses with water, and into one put a little sulphocyanide of potassium, in another some prussiate of potash, in a third a solution of gallic acid, or nut galls. Dissolve a small nail in muriatic acid and dilute the solution. On putting a drop of this chloride of iron into each of the glasses, the three colors will be produced.

15. Yellow and white can be formed similarly by pouring acetate of lead into glasses containing bichromate of potash and sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, respectively. The white chloride of lead dissolves in boiling water and crystallizes on cooling. Sulphydic acid blackens lead.

16. Red, yellow and black are produced as follows: put some potassium iodide in one glass, bichromate of potash in a second, and sulphuric acid in a third. Pour corrosive sublimate slowly into each, and the three colors will appear. Into a clean glass put a little corrosive sublimate and add potassium iodide, carefully; the color becomes intensely red, but on adding more it disappears entirely and can be restored by the addition of more of the sublimate.

17. One other way to make a milk-like liquid is to pour phosphate of soda into a solution of magnesium sulphate.

18. When a piece of silver is dissolved in nitric acid and some muriatic acid added, all the silver is precipitated, and the precipitate may be dissolved in ammonia, or a piece of zinc may be placed in it and acidified, when the silver will all be restored to the metallic state as a fine black powder.

We hope the above experiments will prove an amusement for many of our young readers; and when they become experts in exhibiting these "tricks of magic," as we might have called them, they will also have gained some knowledge of the methods employed by analytical chemists in testing for the common metals. Even practical men, who need sometimes to handle chemicals, will find that the above are reliable tests.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE SUN'S SURFACE.

Professor Young, in a brief extemporaneous address placed before the American Academy of Science his latest views on that subject. Every one is aware, he thought, of the fact that in the present state of science, it is impossible to regard the sun as anything but a gaseous body; the law of density, it seemed to him, could not be reconciled with the solid constitution of that body; and it is difficult to say how it could be liquid, as the liquids of which we know it must be composed are largely metallic liquids. It is safe to say that it is mainly gaseous. Another thing might be

said. The luminous surface from its appearance has something of the nature of a cloud. We find rapid changes in the appearance and constitution of the surface. It is impossible to consider it anything but flocculi floating in gas. But when we come to examine the overlying chromosphere with the telescope, we find evidence of violent outbursts from beneath, of extreme intensity. At first sight, it was thought that it might be only an apparent motion, or the same kind of motion that we see when a flame jumps up from a coal fire, and simply is communicated among particles already in position. But that would not account for the disturbance of the spectrum lines. It is not uncommon to find displacements of the spectrum lines indicating motion (in a line that joins the mass with the observer) of one hundred, and sometimes two or three hundred, miles per second. There is every reason to suppose that these masses, which we see—masses thrown vertically from the sun,—have really velocities of a corresponding magnitude. The question that pressed upon his mind was to reconcile that with the cloudy character of the photosphere. If anywhere the explanation, he thought, was to be found in the condensation that goes on the photosphere. If the heat of the sun is anything very great (it would melt about 40 feet of ice a minute over the whole surface), the amount that is turned from vapor into liquid, that is, the amount of condensation over the surface of the sun, is something very enormous. On the surface of the earth a shower that gives us two inches in an hour is something tremendous. The rain descends in buckets. But the rate is exceedingly small compared with the rate of condensation on the surface of the sun.

Now these droplets so produced would at first descend in fillets, with an accelerated velocity, and therefore growing slenderer as they fall. But soon they would come down to a place where the atmosphere and gases are denser. The materials they would encounter in the first 300 or 400, and still more in the first 3,000 or 4,000, miles would become denser and the motion would be retarded. They would thicken in it. Besides whatever weight of liquid drops down from the clouds in a minute, that amount of gas must travel upward in order to maintain an equilibrium. That would cause the currents passing upward to be extreme in their rapidity, and the retarding effect would be still greater. It is probable that a good deal of the descending liquid would be evaporated at that point. But it seemed to him likely that the fillets would thicken and begin to coalesce, in which case they would form sheets. In that case we might get a surface something like a sheet of water at Niagara. The mass of the whole sheet would be vertical, and descend until a portion of the sun would be reached where the rapidity of the evaporation would equal the rapidity of the descent. Then it would be something like a series of descending ponds without any bottom to them. If their velocity were retarded entirely, their whole weight would be supported by the underlying atmosphere. The pressure would be something enormous. The gases would be forced up through them, the whole being in the condition of a liquid breaching up, the gas probably taking portions of the liquid and throwing them up. This theory is compatible with that of the gaseous constitution of the sun. But we do not know what to do with the sun spots on this theory any better than on any other theory. Possibly they may be partly solid matter, as has been asserted. In that case, you might get a mass floating on the top of a more liquid portion. One element, which we are much at a loss about at present, is to determine what amount of the sun's mass is to be referred to condensation and what to dissociation.—Scientific American.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Beneath the waning moon I walk at night,
And muse on human life, for all around
Are dim, uncertain shapes that cheat the night,
And pitfalls lurk in shade along the ground,
And broken gleams of brightness, here and there,
Glance through, and leave unwarmed the
death-like air.

The trampled earth returns a sound of fear.—
A hollow sound, as if I walked on tombs;
And lights that tell of cheerful homes, appear
Far off, and die like hope amid the glooms.
A mournful wind across the landscape flies,
And the wide atmosphere is full of sighs.

And I, with faltering footsteps journey on,
Watching the stars that roll the hours away,
Till the faint light that guides me now is gone,
And, like another life, the glorious day
Shall open o'er me from the empyreal height,
With warmth, and certainty, and boundless light.

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

There is one city of the East, of biblical and historical renown, which is surrounded on all sides by deserts; but which, to the astonishment of the traveller who has been toiling for days over burning sands to reach its gates, presents to the eye, as he enters, a wonderful succession of gardens gay with the richest verdure and the most gorgeous blooms. Above that city—the most ancient, perhaps in the world—above that desert-girdled city

Damascus—towers the lofty Lebanon, with its snow clad head piercing the fleecy clouds of a summers sky. It is in its lofty summit that the secret of this wonderful verdure lies. There, in those snows that mingle with the clouds, are the inexhaustible fountains of innumerable rills of water, by which, in Damascus, the desert has been turned into a garden, and the wilderness made to blossom as the rose. All history proves that it is only from the fountain of a religion which, like Lebanon, lifts its head above the ground, and represents the aspirations of the soul after the unseen and eternal, that the sustenance which is needed for the purest and heavenliest virtues of humanity, the truest and noblest morality, can ever flow.—Good Words.

A BOY'S IDEAS OF HEADS.

"Heads are of different shapes and sizes. They are full of notions. Large heads do not always hold the most. Some people can tell just what a man is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are called long-headed. A fellow that won't stop for anything or anybody is called hot-headed. If he is not quite so bright, they call him soft-headed; if he won't be coaxed or turned they call him pig-headed. Animals have small heads. The heads of fools slant back. Our heads are all covered with hair except bald heads. There are other heads besides our heads. There are barrel heads, heads of sermons—and some ministers used to have fifteen heads to one sermon; heads of cattle, as the farmer calls his cows and oxen; bull heads, heads of families, but the worst kind of a head is the bust-head."

WANTS TO SELL.

Any body wishing to speculate in real estate can buy a house uptown cheap. It is situated between two churches that have clocks; and that's the reason Mr. Johnson wants to sell it. One of these is invariably a second or two behind the other; consequently when Johnson stops out until one o'clock, as he often does, Mrs. J. says to him as each of the clocks strike one,—

"There! A nice time for a married man to come home—two o'clock!"
Johnson, like the gay old sport that he is, thought he might as well stay out until two, inasmuch as he got the blame for it. So he stayed, and Mrs. Johnson stayed too—she stayed up until he got in, and made him listen as the clocks struck four. Then she threatened to go to her mother or get her ma to come and live with her, as it was impossible to live all alone in the house. This kind of frightened the old fellow; so he came in the next night before twelve o'clock, and as those clocks commenced a duct at twelve and jingled out twenty-four strokes, he looked at his wife with a smile, as if to say,—

"Now I've got you!"
She began to cry, and said he stayed out until "all hours." Thus it is that Johnson is grieved and wishes to dispose of his property.

A GIANTIC SLIPPER.

Henry has for some time been attentive to a young lady cousin, whom he has noticed on several evenings, when he called, busily engaged on a beautiful piece of embroidery, which, perhaps accidentally, or perhaps comparing it with the size of his own foot he had concluded was one of a pair of slippers that were no doubt intended for a present; and Henry had once or twice allowed himself to wander into the pleasing suspicion that they were intended for him, although nothing had really transpired to justify such a belief.

Well, one evening Henry called, for the third time during the week, and, as usual, the slipper was progressing nicely. It was held up for his inspection, and he pronounced it beautiful, this being perhaps the thousandth time he had expressed the same sentiment.

But some evil genius put it in poor Henry's head to be inquisitive. He was quite sure the slippers were intended for him, but he was anxious to draw the acknowledgment from the "dear angel" who was laboring so industriously for his benefit, and he was not unwilling to draw at the same time another implied acknowledgment of her devotion for him. Of course he began cautiously.

"Some one you are very fond of is to become the possessor of those slippers, I imagine?" said he.

"What slippers do you refer to?" inquired the fair laborer.

"Why, those you are working at so industriously," replied Henry.

"Slippers!" almost shouted his astonished companion. "Slippers! Do you mean to tell me that you took this for a slipper?"

"Why not?" returned Harry, inadvertently moving one of his ponderous pedal appendages.

The movement, though unintentional, drew the lady's attention to Henry's feet, at which she gazed for a moment, and then at the supposed slipper; then, raising her eyes to our hero, she said:

"Well, Henry, you are not so much to blame, after all; but this was really intended for a sofa cushion."

New additions of the latest styles of fancy types at the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

NOTICE.

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

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN,
124 BAY STREET.

Meetings of Unions.

TORONTO.

Meetings are held in the Trades' Assembly Hall, King street west, in the following order:—

Machinists and Blacksmiths, 1st and 3rd Mondays.
Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
Tailors, 2nd and 4th Monday.
Crispins, (159), every Tuesday.
Amalgamated Carpenters, alternate Wednesday.
Laborers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
Bricklayers and Masons, 1st and 3rd Friday.
Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
Printers, 1st Saturday.
Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, &c., meets in Foy's Hall, corner of York and Richmond sts., on the 2nd and 4th Friday.

The Friendly Society of Carpenters and Joiners meets in the Temperance Hall, Temperance street, on the 1st Friday.

K. O. S. C., No. 315, meets in the Temperance Hall every alternate Tuesday.

O T T A W A.

Meetings are held in the Mechanics' Hall, (Rowe's Block,) Rideau street, in the following order:—

Free-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
Lime-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
Masons and Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
Trades' Council, 1st Friday.
Printers, 1st Saturday.
Tailors, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
Harnessmakers, 4th Monday.

ST. CATHARINES.

Meetings are held in the Temperance Hall, in the following order:—

K. O. S. C., 1st Monday.
Tailors, 2nd Monday.
Coopers, 4th Tuesday.

Messrs. LANCEFIELD BROTHERS, Newsdealers, No. 6 Market square, Hamilton, are agents for the WORKMAN in that vicinity.

Mr. D. W. TERNANT, Niagara Street, St. Catharines, will receive subscriptions and give receipts for the WORKMAN. Parties calling on Mr. Ternant will please state if they wish the paper continued.

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The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOV. 20, 1873.

LEGISLATIVE ACTION.

At the sessions of the Canadian Labor Congress held recently in this city, that body urged the necessity of taking legislative action in reference to questions of importance to the operative classes, and also recommended that active steps be taken to bring about "the repeal of that obnoxious appendage to a measure itself good (the Trades' Union Bill) and known as the Criminal Law Amendment Act." The latter question has already occupied the attention of the organized bodies of workmen throughout the Dominion, and what we might call "spasmodic efforts" have been made by them to bring their views and opinions before

the Legislature of the country. During the last session of the Dominion Parliament a large number of petitions numerously signed, praying for the repeal of the Act alluded to, were presented by the member for Toronto East and the member for Hamilton; but unfortunately they were not forwarded to Ottawa till almost the close of the session, consequently there was no time to consider them. Parliament will shortly again be in session, and we would urge upon those who have been moving in this matter to see to it that they take more timely action now than they did last year.

Since those petitions were presented a change has taken place in the government of the country, but that fact should not deter those interested from strenuously persevering till they accomplish their purposes. It is true, the late government had repeatedly promised to take up the question of repealing the Criminal Amendment Act, or of so amending it as to meet the views of trade unionists, so soon as they intelligently placed before them their objections to the measure; and while this was no small advantage, and one that should have been taken in time, still we cannot believe the present government will show any hesitation in acceding to the wishes of a very important element of the body politic, and remove from our statute book an obnoxious and unjustifiable Act, that presses with undue severity upon them.

MR. BRASSEY ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

In these days, when misrepresentations are so common on the all-important question of labor, it must be gratifying to those who wish to know the real truth of the matter, to read the opinion of one of the largest employers of labor in the world. Mr. Thos. Brassey, M.P., is the son and successor of the late Mr. Brassey, the great railway contractor, who has constricted railways in every quarter of the globe, and his sons are now doing the same. Mr. Thomas Brassey, like his father, is well-known as one of the largest employers in the world, and has boundless faith in the capabilities of the intelligent workman, and on every occasion has paid a high tribute, not only to the working capabilities of the British mechanic, but also to their character as men.

At the meeting of the Social Science Congress, in Norwich, Mr. Brassey was chosen President of the Economy and Trade Section, and, in his opening address, entered into an elaborate exposition of the whole question of labor and capital. Commenting on the rise of the price of coal, Mr. Brassey said: "It might be easily made to appear that the rise of wages was the principal cause of the advance in coal. But my individual experience abundantly confirms the opinion, expressed by the Committee of the House of Commons, to the effect that the prices of coal which prevailed for years before the present rise commenced, were so low that they did not afford a reasonable profit to the owners of collieries in general, or such remuneration as the workmen might, with regard to the hazardous and arduous nature of their labor, reasonably expect. The rise in the rate of wages has not, under the exceptional circumstances, been unreasonable; and it is certain that the real order of events has been, first, the rise in price of iron, then a rise in the price of coal, and lastly, a rise in the rate of wages. On the other hand, though great have undoubtedly been the profits in the coal trade, it is a question whether the last two years have compensated the coal owners for the former protracted stagnation, and, in many cases, of serious loss. The period of prosperity may continue for a year, or two years at the most; but, at the end of that time, the influx of capital into the coal trade, attracted by the present high profits, will infallibly lead to some reduction in price. New coal pits are being sunk; old pits are being improved. More workmen are being trained in the business of mining. Hence we may look with confidence to an augmentation of the output, and to a sufficient supply

for the ordinary demands of consumers. The insufficient profits of former days cannot be attributed to the unreasonable standard at which wages were maintained. The excessive competition in the supply of coal was the true cause of the unfortunate position of the trade. Complaints have been urged as to the effects of shortening the hours of labor; and it is certain that if a comparison be made between the amount raised and the total number of individuals employed, a less quantity is raised per man now than in former years. It must not, however, be forgotten that high wages have attracted a great number of untrained hands to the coal pits. There are some who think that a limitation of the hours of labor is in itself an evil. I cannot share in this view. Among various improvements which may tend to reduce the price of coal, we may look with confidence to the increased use of coal-cutting machinery, as a substitute for manual labor; and to the discovery of methods by which the consumption of fuel may be reduced."

Almost every day we find in some newspaper gloomy prospects about the trade of Great Britain leaving that Island, and are gravely informed that Trades Unions are responsible for this state of affairs, and that they will eventually bring about the same results in America. Mr. Brassey does not seem to share in this alarm. "We are sometimes assured," he said, "that Belgium threatens our ironmasters with serious competition. But in Belgium the ore must be carried 100 miles or more to be smelted. The coal pits are worked in many cases with considerable difficulty. A Belgian workman does about half what an Englishman can accomplish in the same space of time. Sometimes we are told that we shall lose our position in the Russian market. The Russian Government are doing their utmost to encourage the manufacture of iron at home, but there is little demand for pig iron in that country. Few Russians have any experience in puddling. Skilled men and forge men are scarce. Few of those obtainable have had any experience in the use of mineral fuel, and great difficulty is experienced in consequence of the objection of the Russians to piece-work. There cannot be a doubt as to the ultimate consequence of the comparative exhaustion of the supplies of raw material at home; but we may hope that the tariffs, which now throw obstacles in the way of legitimate trade, will in time be removed, and that, as Mr. Mattien Williams has suggested, we may be enabled to avail ourselves of the natural resources of America, for obtaining our supply of raw material, just as we already derive large supplies of hematite iron from Bilbao. The progress of American iron works is the more creditable because great difficulties are experienced in obtaining a sufficient supply of labor. The success with which the Americans have utilized the most costly manual labor, by the invention of machinery, give us ground for caution, lest our old supremacy be shaken by the energy and talent of the New World, while it also gives us reason to hope that the exceptionally high rates of wages now prevailing, may be mitigated by substituting, wherever it is possible, mechanical for manual labor. Looking to the present condition of our iron trade, there is nothing to justify serious misgivings. According to the last report of the Commissioner of Customs, the average rate of the value of pig iron exported in 1870 was £2 19s 2d per ton; in 1871, £3 1s 8d; in 1872, £5 0s 11d. But the demand for pig iron continued, nevertheless, unchecked. The increase in the quantity exported in 1872 over 1871 was 28 per cent. The increase in price ranged as high as 108 per cent."

The statement here made by Mr. Brassey gives the lie direct to those ignorant or interested parties who would have us believe that the Trades Unionists of Great Britain are driving the trade from it. The advice which Mr. Brassey gives is one that they ought to follow, if they do not wish to go back to their condition. Here is what Mr. Brassey advises the workmen of that country to do: "Our artisans may believe that the profits of former days were

so large that employers can afford to pay the present rate of wages without raising their charges to customers. There is but one means by which this fallacy can be exposed. The workmen must become, to a certain extent, their own employers. In co-operative establishment, created in part by his own hard-earned savings, the handicraftsman will find himself called upon to apportion equitably the earnings of his business between labor and capital. In this double relation he will learn how great are the difficulties which beset the employment of capital in productive industry in a country in which competition is so keen as it is in England. The co-operative principle, in its application to the business of distribution, has been already most successfully developed. My object, however, is to encourage workmen to create co-operative establishments for the purpose of production. The accumulation of the necessary capital is an obvious difficulty. But as wages were never so high as at present, so this obstacle can be more easily surmounted than at any former time. English workmen are less easily deluded by tall talk and sophistry than the more excitable population of the Latin race, and I would earnestly invite them to apply their practical sagacity to the difficult yet hopeful experiment of co-operative industry. The first thing to be done is, to save something from their present high wages. Forethought is an especial duty in a period of prosperity. At no distant time the progress of our commerce may sustain at least a temporary check. It will be sad indeed if the receding tide leaves multitudes of our highly-paid workmen behind, without any provision to meet a time of adversity." These are words which workmen of all classes and conditions would do well to study. It would be sad indeed were the present prosperity to be productive of no good result. The great poet has said there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, bears on to fortune. It is, however, but seldom that a second chance is given, and the opportunity once lost is lost forever; and there will be no excuse for the workmen of all countries if they allow the present opportunity to slip without making a provision for a permanent improvement in their circumstances. With respect to those who think manual labor ungentle, and who, instead of learning some useful trades, crowd into occupations where the supply far exceeds the demand, Mr. Brassey, in concluding his able and valuable address, gave them some good counsel, which parents and young men would do well to follow. "It is unnecessary," he said, "to dwell on the evils which must ensue from a disproportionate increase in the non-productive classes of the community. My father's advice was often sought by parents anxious for the future of their sons. His counsel always was, that a young man, whose destiny it must be to make his way, unaided, through the world, should begin by learning a trade. It is a laudable ambition in a parent to endeavor to raise his family to a better station in life. He cannot bestow on his children too high an education. But a wise man will be on his guard, lest the enjoyment of such advantages should render those occupations distasteful, which afford the most secure and ample livelihood to those whose lot it is to labor."

LABOR.

The importance of statistical knowledge is becoming more fully appreciated every year, and some of our public journals are discussing the expediency of a national census more frequent and more thorough than is now the rule. As the basis of legislation and enterprise, there is no doubt of its value. Our modern civilization, to an extent before unusual, acknowledges its relations to the industrial population, and therefore all information in respect to labor and the conditions of our working people is the more highly treasured. Their welfare, their comfort and prosperity are essential to the success of our institutions and governmental system. The Old World designation of

"dangerous classes" is applied with a very ill grace to that part of our population to whose labor all our wealth, public as well as personal, owes its existence.

The number of working people in this country, as exhibited by the census of 1870, pursuing specific occupations, was 12,505,923, of whom 10,669,436 were males, and but 1,836,487 were females. It is a little curious that of the women between the ages of sixteen and fifty-nine so many as 8,150,000 do not appear at all upon the table of specific occupations, although the greater portion must have some kind of regular employment. The war has increased the number of our workers. In the census of 1860 they constituted but about one-fourth of the population, whereas in 1870 the ratio is augmented to one-third, and with a proper addition for female industry, would have constituted a full half. The greatest change has been at the South, where many, women as well as men, who were formerly regarded as beyond the reach of want, now labor for their subsistence.

Of our working force as enumerated, 9,802,038 were born in this country, 949,161 in Ireland, 836,502 in Germany, 301,779 in England and Wales, 189,307 in British North America, 109,681 in the three Scandinavian States, 71,993 in Scotland, 58,197 in France, and 46,300 in China and Japan. These are distributed as follows: Agriculture, 5,992,471; mining, manufacturers and mechanics, 3,707,421; professions, 2,684,793; trade and transportation, 1,119,228. In the minor classification are 56,064 sailors, 8,975 steamboat men, and 7,388 canal men; 62,332 physicians, 43,874 clergymen, 40,736 lawyers, 136,066 teachers, 67,912 office holders, 23,935 barbers, 9,519 musicians, 5,286 journalists, 2,286 army and navy officers, 94,170 employed in hotels, and 26,090 in livery stables.

Complaint has justly been made that the statistics of our laboring and producing population are so imperfect that they can only be elaborated so as to give proximate results. The machinery for taking them is clumsy and antiquated, and should be overhauled and reconstructed. It has been suggested, in view of the approaching century, that an intermediate census be taken in 1874 to exhibit what has been achieved by the United States during a hundred years of national existence. As in most of the States an enumeration is made so as to alternate with the Federal census, we can have substantially the same thing by procuring the adoption by the legislatures of a uniform system.

The Bureau of Statistics of Labor in Massachusetts has been engaged for four years, under much embarrassment, in obtaining and elaborating the statistics of that State, and exhibiting the condition of the laboring population. The results are not flattering nor acceptable in many quarters, but they have aroused great interest abroad and in other States. It is hardly to be supposed that other States or countries would bear a like scrutiny with more gratifying disclosures. But the condition of the industrial population is now engaging the attention of the civilized world, and workmen in the different countries are taking the matter into hand themselves. Suppression is, therefore, out of the question, and the future statesmen must take this subject more earnestly into account in his calculations.

The statistics are pregnant with conclusions of vital importance. We could wish that like data were at hand elsewhere. The labor question is agitating the entire community, and the controversy can be adjusted permanently only in accordance with a policy that shall be alike fair to employers and employed. That policy must be the fruit of experience and careful observation. A national census in 1875, taken with a direct view to a full presentation of the subjects here alluded to, would accomplish much toward an elucidation of the problem. Legislation could be more judiciously employed, and those directly concerned would be enabled to act more intelligently.—Harper's Magazine.

CO-OPERATIVE MANUFACTORIES.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)
 Sir,—Co-operation when accomplished will make a complete revolution in society. The great evil of modern society is the accumulation of too much wealth in the hands of a few, and the consequent dependence, degradation and often extreme poverty of the masses of the people. The capitalist classes are too rich and the industrial classes are too poor. It is vain for political economists and hired writers of the old school to tell the people that the interests of the employer and the worker—of the rich and the poor—are one. The object of the employer is to get labor at the very lowest rate of remuneration—the object of the capitalist is to get the highest profits upon his money. While on the opposite side, the object of the worker is to get the highest profit on his labor; to keep to himself as well as he can the wealth he creates, by the unsatisfactory struggle of unions and strikes; it is not manifest that contention and ill feeling must always exist under the present system? The idea of the interests of the employer and the employee being one, is only realized when Co-operative Joint Stock Companies are formed, in which the entire capital is owned by the employees,—and interest is allowed on capital and on wages. The next approach to the realization of this idea is seen in those companies which, while consisting of a few capitalists, the sole owners of the business and the estate, give the regular rate of wages to their employees, and wisely, for their own interest, add a per centage of interest on wages, or admit the employees to the privileges of share-holders, with profit upon their shares. In either of these instances, but beyond all measure more in the former than in the latter, the idea is realized that the interest of capital and labor are one. Then the laborer is as anxious about the preservation of the general property and the quality and excellence of the goods produced as the employer; and then the best feeling and harmony prevail, because it is not the interest of one to get the greatest amount of labor at the lowest rate nor of the other to give the least and get the most.
 But the revolution is so vast, so grand in its consequences, that it is no wonder it would be opposed, discouraged, and denounced by one class, and doubted and neglected by the other. It would have the same effect upon the political economy of a people as democratical institutions have on governments. It would distribute and equalize power. The doctrine of the socialists failed and was mocked and despised by the wise ones who have no faith in progress. But the principle was only wrong in its details. Socialism, whether Owenism or Fourierism, really aimed at a juster distribution of labor and wealth. But it failed only because it aimed at too much. Co-operation interferes with no law or opinion, assails no rights or just privileges. It only carries out a business principle, most successfully carried out by the moneyed classes. Wealthy men put their money together and build railways, or telegraphs, or establish large manufactories, or carry on great mercantile operations and secure to themselves all the profits. Co-operation encourages working men to follow that example, to club their savings together, to form Joint Stock Companies, and secure the profits to themselves instead of working, as they now do, at the lowest fixed wages given by a capitalist class, which monopolizes and enjoys the immense profits which under the co-operative system would remain the property of the industrial class.
 Co-operation has done all this—is doing it now also, most successfully. All over Europe co-operative societies have been established, and are carried on with complete success by the industrial classes—veritable working men—for their own benefit; successfully competing with old established capitalists; getting their full share of employment—the shareholders being the employees; and managing and controlling with admirable prudence, skill and business tact their own affairs. They are in France, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Russia. But it is in England that the principle is carried out with the greatest success—probably because, as here and in the States, the political power the people enjoy disciplines and exercises them for the right use of all other power; and although your successful business man announces himself with a great flourish of drums and tries to impress you with a very profound idea of his wisdom and ability, a little experience soon convinces the novice that business success is due simply to the exercise of common sense, prudence and industry. In England there are now in successful operation about 100 co-operative companies with capital varying from \$5,000 to upwards of £100,000. The largest number are in connection with cotton

manufactories. But every department of productive industry is represented by successful co-operative societies. In London, Liverpool and Manchester there are large shoe and clothing factories. Many of the societies have been in existence for more than twelve years, and some upwards of twenty years; and although there have been failures—these failures, whether due to mismanagement or fraud, bear no comparison to failures due to the same causes amongst the race of capitalists—“business men” as they like to be called.

I will conclude this letter with an outline of the plan for the division of profits. Interest is first allowed upon capital, say 5 per cent.; but as each man's shares are limited, it is impossible for any single wealthy capitalist to get the control of the company. After this payment and an allotment for the depreciation of fixed stock, the declared capital of the society and the total amount of wages paid during the previous half year are added together and the balance of profits is equally divided on both capital and wages. “Here is a plan,” said John Watts at the Glasgow Social Science Meeting, 1861, “by which a workman who has never been able to save a penny out of wages may yet become his own employer; nay, there is even a gentle coercion, to make him a partaker of profits, (delightful coercion), and to invest such profits for him, so that by the time he is unable to work, the interest and profit of a capital which has cost him no effort beyond what would have been necessary elsewhere to earn average wages, may support him in old age. For assuming the society to divide 15 per cent. on capital, and 10 per cent. on wages per annum, then a man may commence work at 20, getting and spending his 20s. per week of wages as at another establishment, and simply allowing his share of profits to accumulate, and he would at the end of 20 years find himself credited with £536, which if left in the concern at 15 per cent., would enable the workman to retire at the age of forty, on £80 per annum.”

Trades Unions are now powerful both in number and wealth. The Amalgamated Engineer's Society has more than 25,000 members with an income of more than £100,000. The Canadian societies are growing in the same direction. Will their members not learn wisdom? Will they not learn that if they wish to control wages they must become their own employers, and use their capital in production.

GRACCHUS.

CO-OPERATION.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—In those days when the social problem of the proper relations of Labour and Capital, is being so freely discussed by all classes of the body politic; when learned savants, political economists and literateurs, are promulgating fancy theories, and members of Social Science Congresses fulminating threats against Labor and indulging in dismal forebodings and prophecies respecting the probable outcome of the present agitations, it becomes increasingly necessary that Labor should make its voice heard, and contribute its quota to the solution of the problems at which the friends of Capital have so long been tinkering, and which, with a few exceptions, such as the idea of sharing profits with workmen adopted by some few firms in the old country,—are no nearer solution than before they commenced their interminable discussions.
 To this end, I was, as a workingman, especially pleased to find your notification that you would be glad to have the opinions of workmen on the important subject of co-operation, and propose, with your permission, and following in the wake of your correspondents “Gracchus” and “Henry Robinson,” to offer a few remarks, which, if not erudite or brilliant, may, I hope, be found to have the virtue of being practical and based on common-sense foundations.

I apprehend, sir, that none who will read these lines, needs to be told what constitutes co-operation in the abstract; therefore, I will not occupy your space by attempting to give an exposition of its principles. But, as many of your readers may not know what results have been produced by a careful and systematic application of them, I propose to give some few co-operative facts that have come under my own somewhat limited observation.

Every ordinary reader knows that Oldham, Lancashire, England, is one of the busiest hives in the cotton manufacturing industries, and that in addition to manufacturing that staple itself, it manufactures and exports annually, an immense quantity of cotton machinery. But every one who knows this does not know—and many will be surprised to learn—that, in that particular town nearly all the largest mills, and certainly all the best paying ones, are work-

ed on a slight modification of the pure co-operative principle, and are owned by the workingmen of the town, and in many instances by the operatives who work them. Amongst others there are “The Sun,” “The Melbourne,” “The Central,” “The Greenacres,” and “The Royton” Spinning Companies, each of which are gigantic and increasing concerns, and each employing from 400 or 500 to 1,000 hands, and paying—just think of it—quarterly dividends on capital invested, of from 15 to 35,—and “The Sun” has even paid 40 per cent.

In addition to these there are the gigantic Cotton Manufacturing Machinery Works of Messrs. Platt Brothers & Co.—at which from 7,500 to 9,000 hands are employed and at which each workman receives a monthly dividend, in addition to his ordinary wages, varying, in the different departments, from 15 to 45 per cent, on every shilling earned,—also “The Oldham Co-operative Iron and Engineering Works,” which is purely co-operative. And in addition to, and crowning all, because it is the fountain from which all the others sprang, there are co-operative stores having head-quarters consisting of a magnificent block of buildings in the central part of the town, and 7 or 8 distinct branches in the outlying districts. The head branch is fitted up in such a manner, that groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes, butcher's meat, clothing and in fact, everything that conduces to man's physical comfort can be obtained readily and without confusion or mixing-up of departments. All this on the ground and first upper floors. The second upper floor is devoted to Committee and Reading Rooms and Library, and the top floor is a spacious hall capable of accommodating from 1,500 to 2,000 people. In addition to this there is in connection with it, a Co-operative Corn and Flour Mill at which all the flour sold is manufactured. And this is all freehold property, and this society pays a quarterly dividend of from 8 to 12 cents on every dollar expended in its stores.

Now, sir, what I am trying to get at, is this. If this town of Oldham, can carry on these gigantic concerns, and make them pay so well, why cannot the workingmen of Toronto, and indeed, of every other city, do the same? The shares in these concerns vary in value; some are worth \$5, some \$15, some \$25. Only a small per centage is paid on allotment of shares, and the rest at stated periods, of which periods the shareholders receive due notice. The directors and managers are all practical men, and in the choice of managers efficiency is not sacrificed on the altar of economy, and the result is that good profits accrue to the shareholders. The benefits derived from co-operation in this town are strikingly exemplified in the facts that in it, there are many bona-fide workingmen who are the possessors of sums varying from \$1,000 to \$5,000 and many of the richest men in the town trace their success to the benefits of co-operation. And there are probably more workingmen living in their own houses in this town, than in any other in the United Kingdom or out of it.

Thus, sir, from small and insignificant beginnings, do great results spring, and I can see no valid reason why the same kind of experiment should not be made in this Dominion. Why cannot co-operative Carpenter's, Bricklayer's, Blacksmith's, Boot-maker's, Tailor's and Dry Goods Societies be organized here, and thus, instead of the employers pocketing the lion's share of the profits, let those who produce them, have the full benefit. What though the number of co-operators be small? The Rochdale Equitable Pioneers were small in number, yet I hesitate not to say, that could the most inveterate opponent of co-operation survey, as I have done, the truly magnificent block of stone buildings in which the business of this society is now transacted, they would, as I was, be truly amazed at the thought of what can be done by honest persevering efforts even though against great odds.

In conclusion, sir, let me say, that I can verify every statement I have made in this communication; let me express the hope that the Trades Unions of Canada will take up this matter in right good earnest; that numbers more of your subscribers will ventilate their views on the subject, and though my remarks be crude and ill-put together, they may be received as the contribution of one who has an earnest desire to see the social, moral, intellectual, and political condition of his fellows ameliorated, and the cause of humanity triumphant.

As a guarantee of good faith, I subscribe my name and address, and beg to remain in the bond of fraternity.

Yours, &c.,
 JOHN FOSTER.

47 Dundas St., Nov, 15, 1873.

Ball Cards, Programmes, etc., executed with promptness at the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

ST. CATHARINES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PRESENTATION TO A. C. MAXWELL, ESQ.
 A few nights ago a number of the Caledonians of this town, waited on the above gentleman, and presented him with a splendid family album on the occasion of his marriage. The album was presented by J. B. McIntyre, Esq., President of the Caledonian Society in a brief and touching speech, which elicited applause. Mr. Maxwell in replying, stated that he received the handsome gift with much pleasure, not so much for its intrinsic worth, as for the kindly feelings of which it was the exponent. The album bore the following inscription, “Presented to A. C. Maxwell, from a few Caledonians—1873.”

After drinking to the health of the newly-married couple, and wishing them long life and prosperity, the happy company separated after singing “Auld Lang Syne.”

THEATRICALS.

Jennie Casrall's selected company opened in the Town Hall for a four night's season, on the evening of Wednesday last; the piece selected for the opening night was from the prolific pen of Wilkie Collins, and entitled the “New Magdalene.” All the artistes who took part in the piece acquitted themselves very creditably, but special mention must be made of Miss Casrall, and Miss F. Vincent, who in their respective characters exhibited talent of a high order. The audience on the occasion was large and appreciative. We must not omit to mention the cornet solo executed by Mr. Henry, which showed him to be a master of the instrument. Mr. H. Bulkley danced a jig which was well received. Altogether, the company are well worth a visit, we understand the company intend paying Hamilton a visit next week.

MOULDERS' UNION.

It gives us much pleasure to state that the moulders who are a numerous body in St. Catharines, have organized a protective union. We have not got sufficient information on the subject to allow us to give you particulars, but we believe we are safe in saying that a large number have joined the society; we shall make enquiry and give particulars in our next communication. We congratulate the founders of the movement, and bid them persevere.

TRADE.

Trade in all its branches continues good so far as we have enquired, 'tis well it is so, for winter is now upon us, and the working man requires all he can possibly gain.

COAL AND WOOD SOCIETY.

Fuel of all kinds in St. Catharines has risen enormously during the last few years, so much so, that the question is now being discussed whether it is not desirable to form a society under the above title. For ourselves, we believe that such a society is not only practicable, but highly desirable, wood (hard) could be produced in large quantities at from four and a half to five dollars per cord, while at present we have to pay from six to seven per cord; as regards good household coal, it can be purchased in large quantities at from five to five and a half per ton, while at present we have to pay the large sum of eight dollars per ton. We hope to hear of such a society being organized, which will certainly demonstrate that at last, the working men are alive to their own interests.

St. Catharines, Nov. 15, 1873.

GEN'S FURNISHING STORE.—We would direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. George Rogers, who has opened out a very select stock of every description of articles needed for gen's furnishing. Not only is the stock very choice but the prices are such that it will pay to give him a call. A choice assortment of goods, pleasing manners, and fair prices cannot fail in drawing custom.

The Mechanics Quadrille Class, finding their late hall too small for their increasing numbers, have removed to the Agricultural Hall, where on each Tuesday evening, they hold most successful social gatherings.

We direct the attention of our city readers to the card of Mr. J. Edwards, who is in the field as candidate for Water Commissioner for the ensuing year. Mr. Edwards places his qualification for the position before the public, and they are such as will render him an efficient member of the board.

Mr. F. H. Medcalf is a candidate for the office of Mayor for the ensuing term. Mr. Medcalf very successfully served the public in that position some years since, and is again desirous of placing himself at the service of the people.

J. J. UTICA.—Unavoidably left over again till next week.

D. W. T., ST. CATHARINES.—Next week.

The Smithfield Manufacturing Company of Hyde Park, a suburb of Boston, has placed its help on half time.

The Hopkins & Allen Manufacturing Company, of Norwich, Conn., has discharged fifty-two hands, and brought the working time to nine hours a day.

ELECTION OF WATER COMMISSIONERS

FOR 1874 & 5.

To the Electors of West Toronto:

GENTLEMEN,—

I have been asked by many Property Owners and Ratepayers of West Toronto to offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrages as Water Commissioner, at the Ensuing Elections, (to be held January 5th, 1874.)

In cheerfully acceding to the request, I assume that the duties of the position call for some practical knowledge of the sanitary laws by which dense populations should be guided in obtaining unlimited and readily available supplies of water, and that the duties also demand from your Representatives an honest determination to so act and vote that you shall have undoubted security that the monies to be expended shall be scrupulously guarded and the disbursement thereof so faithfully managed that no reproach may rest on the shoulders of your Commissioners.

Having the privilege of personal acquaintance with leading Engineers of Great Britain and Ireland, and having had different opportunities of examining the thoroughness of their work. Careful observation of their efforts has guided my judgment in matters that will of necessity be decided by your Representatives.

To the second requirement, I base my claim to general support on the fact that I have been for twenty-three years a resident ratepayer in Toronto, during which term I have so acted in your and my own interests, in the varied positions of Mechanic, Tradesman, and Ratepayer, as to entitle me to your confidence.

I am at liberty to state that my candidature has the approval of at least three gentlemen to whom the Citizens have heretofore given their confidence for the planning and execution of the work now to be done in our City.

I shall make it my duty to call on as many of you as possible. Should the limited time between the issue of this and “Election day” prevent me from seeing each voter in the West at his place of business or residence, I request that for this reason I may not be the less confident of your vote and support.

I am, Gentlemen,
 Yours most faithfully,
 J. EDWARDS.

TO THE ELECTORS OF TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN:—

The time having now nearly arrived, when (by the Act of the Legislature) you will again have the privilege of electing from amongst yourselves one to fill the important office of Mayor, I have been requested, by a large number of citizens, to offer myself as a candidate for that position. In compliance with their request, and with a desire to see our common city prosper, I now ask for your suffrages at the coming election.
 Let my former conduct be a guarantee for my future services.

I remain, Gentlemen,
 Yours, etc., etc.,
 F. H. MEDCALF.
 Toronto, 17th November, 1874.

1874—ST. JAMES' WARD.—1874

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are respectfully requested for

R. H. OATES,
 AS ALDERMAN,
 For St. James' Ward, for the Ensuing Year.

Election takes place Monday, January 5, 1874.

GEORGE ROGERS,
 330 Yonge St., opposite Gould St.,
 DEALER IN

Gents' Furnishing Goods,
 SHIRTS, COLLARS,
 TIES, SCARFS,
 HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.

In great variety. Shirts made to order in a superior manner.
 MECHANICS!
 Will find it to their advantage to deal at this establishment.

TAILORS' STRIKE!

Strike in Toronto not yet settled. Workmen will govern themselves accordingly.
 JOHN KELLY,
 President.
 WM. MAIR,
 Secretary.
 Toronto, Nov. 17, 1873.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY OUR MANY Customers in the Eastern part of the city with the BEST AND CHEAPEST FUEL,

We have purchased from Messrs. Holliswell & Sinclair the business lately carried on by them on the corner of QUEEN and BRIGHT STREETS, where we shall endeavor to maintain the reputation of the

VICTORIA WOOD YARD
 As the Best and Cheapest Coal and Wood Depot in the City. Cut Pine and Hardwood always on hand. All kinds Hard and Soft Coal, dry and under cover, from snow and ice.
 J. & A. MOINTYRE,
 Corner Queen and Bright Streets, and
 28 and 25 Victoria Street.
 73-ht

The Home Circle.

SECRETS IN SLIPPERS.

BY MAYDEW.

Don't you tell him, pretty slipper,
All in crimson glow.

What I've woven with my needle
Flitting to and fro.

Many hours we've spent together,
And you know full well,
Many secrets—but, ah! traitor,
Don't you dare to tell.

In this lily, softly sleeping,
Hides a hope from view;
And sweet memories nestle under
Heliotropes of blue.

In this vine, with graceful tendrils,
Hangs a happy sigh;
And beneath a tender tear-drop,
Shall I tell you why?

Once, in wicked, wilful spirit,
Did I try his heart;
Vexed him with unkind reproaches—
Love's most cruel dart.
All in sad surprise he listened,
Drew my face more near;
Saying, in his accents tender:
"Do you doubt me, dear?"

Then I felt there lurked a chiding
In his gentle tone,
And in silence proudly listened,
Cold as marble grown.
More and more I tried and vexed him,
Till with saddened eye,
Close he clasped my passive fingers
In a mute good-bye.

Ah! my heart was sad and lonely
All those dreary days
Till he came, nor chidings uttered
For my wilful ways.
On his sweet forbearance pondering,
Lo! there fell this tear;
And I wove it with these blossoms,
Brightly blooming here!

Do not tell him!—he might fancy
I was sad, you know,
When instead through all my being
Thrills a happy glow.
By the tear-drop in this tulip
Laughs a merry jest,
And another in the aster,
Told with mirthful zest.

In this pansy hides a promise
Which I gave to him,
And a wager in this fuschia,
With its purple rim;
And, oh, slipper, in this rose-bud
(Let me breathe it low)
Hides a blush, with vows he whispered,
All in rosy glow.

Yes, and here a sudden heart-beat
And a tender thrill
Are imprisoned, as I saw him
Coming o'er the hill.
Ah! a thousand fitful fancies,
Tinged with purple glow,
And sweet hopes and memories tender
Whisper soft and low.

From these blossoms I have broided
In the summer hours,
When the zephyrs all were laden
With the breath of flowers.
But I charge you, don't betray me—
Don't you ever tell!
He will think them mellow tinklings
From some fairy bell.

Now, at last, oh, pretty slippers!
Loved and trusted so,
Having ended my confessions,
I will let you go.
Bear with you a birthday greeting,
And glad wishes tell;
Make him smile with joy—but slippers,
Guard my secrets well!

SENTIMENT.

It is the fashion in this philosophic day to laugh at romance, and cut all acquaintance with sentiment; but I doubt whether these same philosophers are not making themselves "too wise to be happy." Wordsworth has called "fancy the mother of deep truth," and perhaps the time will come when the learned will acknowledge that there is more philosophy in romance, than their sagacity has dreamed of. Mysterious aspirations after something higher and holier—the gladness of fancy that come upon the heart in the stillness of nature—impatience under the tyranny of earth-born passions—and the pure and joyous fight of truth, reflecting his own innocent brightness on a corrupted and selfish world—all these belong to the young and romantic.

What does increase of years and knowledge teach us? It teaches us to seem what we are not, to act as if the world were what we know it is not—and to be cautious not to alarm the old love of others, lest our own should be wounded in return. And is this wisdom? No. I do believe the young mind, that has not reasoned itself into skepticism and coldness, stands nearer heaven's own light, and reflects it more perfectly, than the proud ones who laugh at its intuitive perceptions. Do not all the boasted results of human research and human philosophy vary in different ages, climate, situations, and circumstances? Are not the deep immutable, and sacred sympathies, that

bind mankind in the golden chain of brotherhood, instinctive? Yes, I do believe the influences of a better world are around youthful purity, teaching it a higher and more infallible morality than has ever been taught by worldly experience. Man must wonder from the school of nature before he can need to look for his duties in a code of ethics.

The Egyptians had a pleasant fancy with regard to the soul. They thought that the minds of men were once angelic spirits, who discontented with their heavenly home, had past its boundry, drank the cup of oblivion suspended half-way between heaven and earth, and descended to try their destiny among mortals. Here, reminiscences of what they had left would come before them in glances and visions, startling memory into hope, and waking experiences into prophecy.

Various philosophers have supposed that our souls have passed, and will yet pass, through infinite modes of existence. It is a theory I love to think upon. There is something beautiful in the idea that we have thus obtained the sudden thoughts, which sometimes flash into life at the touch of association, fresh as if newly created, yet familiar as if they had always slumbered in the soul. How the beautiful things of creation arouse a crowd of fitful fancies in the mind. Is not the restlessness produced by their indistinct loveliness strangely like a child's puzzled remembrance of its early abandoned home?

But all this is not to the point. My question is, not how romantic ideas came into the soul—but whether it be true wisdom to drive them thence?

Observation of the world will convince that it is not wise to expell romantic ideas, but simply to regulate them. All our nicest sympathies, and most delicate perceptions, have a tinge of what the world calls romance. Let early passions breathe upon them, or experience touch them with her icy finger, and they flit away like fairies when they hear the tread of a human foot.

There are those who laugh at love, imagination, and religion, and sneeringly call them "dreams—all dreams;" but the proudest of them cannot laugh at the lover, the poet, and the devotee, without a smothered sigh that their aerial visitants have gone from him for ever, and the dark mantle of worldly experience fallen so heavily over their remembered glories.

It is wise to keep something of romance, though not too much. Our nature is a union of extremes; and it is true philosophy to keep them balanced.

To let the imagination sicken with love of ideal beauty, till it pines away into echo, is worse than folly; but to cheek our afflictions, and school our ideas, till thought and feeling reject everything that cannot see, touch, and handle, certainly is not wisdom.

Do not send reason to the school of theory, and then bid her give a distinct outline of shadowy fancies—she will but distort what she cannot comprehend. Do not by petulance and sensuality, frighten away the tenderness and holy reverence of youthful love—philosophy may teach you a lesson of resignation, or scorn, but your heart is human, and it cannot learn it. Do not reason upon religion till it becomes lifeless; would you murder and dissect the oracle to find whence the voice of God proceeds?

Be, then, rational enough for earth; but keep enough of romance to remind us of heaven. We will not live on unsubstantial fairy-ground—but we will let the beautiful troop visit us without being scared from the scene of their most graceful and happy gambols.

A CARLIST AMAZON.

A strange discovery (says a correspondent) has been made in one of the battalions accompanying the Royal headquarters. The regiment was being paraded for inspection, when a country priest happened to pass along the line, and pausing before a soldier, gazed on him searchingly, and then rode up on his mule and said, "Elora, what are you doing here?" For an instant there was no answer, and the question was repeated. "I am not Elora," replied the soldier, with some confusion, "I am Elora's brother." But the priest would not be deceived. "It is false, thou art Elora. I have had thee to mass and confession a hundred times. Oh! women art thou not ashamed to be in this position?" And it was satisfactorily proved by competent authorities that the lad was a lass, and the matter being brought before the King, the hero-heroine was sent for "How long have you served with the battalion?" demanded his Majesty. "Thirteen months, sire." "And you have been in every engagement with it?" "Yes, senator." "Without your sex being suspected?" "Yes, senator." "Well," said his Majesty, "though you have been indiscreet, you are nevertheless a brave woman, and I desire to be of assistance to you, what do you wish?" Without hesitation Elora replied "send me back to the battalion." Now this would have been scarcely correct, considering the discovery which had been made, and so the King explained, and after a short pause Elora suggested that if she might not return to the ranks, she might at least be permitted to attend the sick and wounded in the hospitals. This was at once accorried, and the Signorita Soldado left the Royal presence, with the promise that if Don Carlos should ever be compelled to raise an

Amazonian corps, Elora should be presented with a captain's commission. The King proposed that, as the hospital was close by, I'd pay the heroine a visit; and, acting upon the suggestion, I was ushered into the visitors' room by two Sisters of Mercy, one of whom went in search of the female warrior. A soberly and neatly dressed young woman made her appearance. She might have been twenty or twenty-two years of age, by no means bad-looking, though the features were cast in somewhat of a masculine mould; besides she was not wanting in those attractions of form which are considered indispensable in the daughters of Eve. I risked the observation, with becoming modesty, that she must have found it difficult to conceal her sex, and explained my meaning by a glance. "Ah!" said Elora, in no way disconcerted, "If his Majesty would permit me to resume my uniform, you should judge for yourself." Like Joan of Arc, she was eager to array herself in harness again. The elder Sister of Mercy, who, seen sideways, was as flat and as thin as a sandwich, quite agreed with me that there must have been a difficulty in disguising the womanly form, remarking that in her case it might be possible to assume male attire without attracting attention. To this observation I bowed assent. Well there was no doubting the genuineness of Elora's story. A thousand of her old comrades were ready to swear to her brave and modest service in their midst, and to the fact that one and all up to the last were ignorant of her sex.

HAPPINESS.

Plato declared happiness to consist in the contemplation of abstract ideas of beauty and excellence. This may be a good definition of the word, as understood by men, with such minds as this great philosopher had; but it would apply to but few persons. Indeed nine-tenths of the race would be miserable in any pursuit or mental occupation. A young lady defined happiness to consist in the possession of a true, and beautiful lover, and no doubt she spoke the truth as far as she could speak it; but her grandmother at seventy would give her quite another definition. To her it would consist in the contemplation of a well spent life and the hope of joy in the world to come. The truth is, each individual will define happiness in his own way. One man finds it in the pursuit of wealth, another in the pursuit of culture, another in the pursuit of religion. The philanthropist finds it doing good. The hungry man seeks it in food, the cold man in warmth and shelter, the man of poverty seeks it in wealth. Probably, however, perfect health is the fountain-source of more happiness than any other. With a good digestion, tough skin, and a sound mind in a splendid body, who could not be happy? There are probably more happy men and women than unhappy ones—far more joy than sorrow. Many people think they are unhappy when they are not. Real unhappiness cannot exist without a cause. It is a shame and a disgrace to complain of being unhappy when we are only lazy and unoccupied. Such people are like the fox who had a deep wound somewhere on his body, but he could not tell where. Let them be ashamed to own it, unless they can show a good reason. Happiness consists in loving and being loved. There is enough to love in the world; but to be loved is to deserve it. We may be admired for our beauty or talent, courted for our influence or wealth, but can only be loved as we are good. Therefore, happiness consists in goodness.

THE SONS OF HAM.

Though the negro is an African, all Africans are not negroes. There are the same varieties to be observed in the descendants of Ham as in those of Shem and Japheth. All are distinctly African, but the retreating forehead, prominent jaws, and illformed body which the negro is generally credited, are not common. It is not only the Manyema, of whom we have lately heard from Dr. Livingstone, who are beautiful in form and features, for I have met with counterparts in regions less unknown. In South Africa there is a remarkable illustration of the physical and mental differences which may exist in tribes that are almost contiguous. The Bosjesman are dwarfed in body and stunted in mind. The language in its utterances seems not to be far removed from the unintelligent gibbering of the ape. Their habits are those of wild beasts rather than those of human beings. They occupy about the lowest position in the scale of humanity. Yet we shall look in vain for finer specimens of the genus homo than the Zulu Kafirs. They are tall in stature, manly in bearing, and graceful in movements. Their language is pleasant to the ear, and capable of expressing almost any thought the human mind is capable of conceiving. They are logical in reasoning, patient in argument, and acute in observation. They are warlike, for they are pastoral in their pursuits; and since the days of the Hyksos, the old shepherd kings who were the terror of Egypt, the lovers of flocks and herds have been fond of fighting. When their blood is up their anger rages unchecked by tender regard or the claims of pity; but they do not brood over their wrongs, and they readily forget and forgive. "They fought us like men, and during a truce they behaved themselves like gentlemen," was said by a friend of mine who had been engaged in a war against them. In times of peace they are courteous to strangers, liberal in hos-

pitality, and to the trust reposed in them they respond with an Arab like fidelity. When once the host has kissed the hand of his guest there need be neither guards or weapons, for his life and property are perfectly secure. It is quite true that they, in common with all Africans, are black or nearly so; yet you cannot be with them, or with other of the higher races of Africa, long without feeling that the affinity between them and the fair skinned man is perfect in every material point; and the sympathies of a common nature soon bridge over a chasm which at first seems to exist between ourselves and them on account of the difference of colour. Indeed, I soon nearly forgot that they were black; and when I recollected it was sometimes to their advantage, for in Africa black is a far better colour than white, inasmuch as a white man's complexion, after he had two or three touches of fever, is apt to turn into a dirty looking yellow; and then as my glass assured me more than once, he is not a pleasant object to look at. As a matter of taste I should not like to see the skin of my own country-folk darkened, but as a matter of fact I now find it impossible to regard the Africans with any feeling of repugnance because of the sable hue of their epidermis; and I have never met with anyone who has had personal knowledge of them in their own native wilds who could.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The intelligent horse, says the "Turf, Field and Farm," very often sympathizes with animal distress. About a year ago, a dog was set upon by a crowd of cruel boys, and pelted with sticks and stones. The poor dog had given no offence, but this mattered not. He tried to escape from the tormentors, and had nearly succeeded in doing so, when a stone, hurled with great violence, struck him on the fore leg, bruising the flesh and fracturing the bone. The animal howled piteously, but none of his persecutors went to his relief. Having injured him, they turned coldly away and left him to his fate. The dog limped into the stable of Mr. Edward Kilpatrick, moaning piteously. In one of the stalls of the stable was a wellbred young horse of more than ordinary intelligence. The distress of the dog seemed to move the heart of the horse to pity. He bent his head, caressed the canine, and inspected the broken leg, then with his fore feet he pushed some clean straw into one corner of his stall, and made a soft bed on which the dog was induced to lay himself down. A close and affectionate intimacy was at once established between the horse and the dog. The horse was being largely fed on bran mash, and one day when receiving his feed, thinking the dog might be hungry, the equine bowed his head, caught the canine gently by the skin of the neck, and with his teeth lifted him into the trough or box. The dog fell to with a hearty will, which showed that his hunger was great, and gratitude was equal to his appetite. Days and weeks passed, and the dog and the horse continued to be firm friends. The bran mash fed them both, and the invalid grew strong and fat on the wholesome diet. At night the two animals thus strangely brought together, slept in the most loving manner. The horse would arrange a soft bed for the dog, and then lay down and tenderly encircle the canine form with one of his fore legs.

It is seldom that such a beautiful and authentic incident is brought to our notice. The horse showed for the unfortunate more of that feeling which we term humanity, than did the dozen youths who were presumed to walk in the image of their God. Nay, it took the poor victim of man's persecution to its heart and home, and tenderly nursed the same back to health and strength.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"Company manners should be abolished," says some one, "and home ways and conversation be the ways and conversation always adopted." A very good idea if practicable. As a rule, society men and women do not shine at home; they lack the incentive to action. The man, say, who is pre-eminently "good company" abroad, who keeps a dinner-table alive with his quick wit and keen repartee, and who has always on hand a store of unhackneyed anecdotes, and the newest information, but who hangs up his fiddle at his own fireside, and in the bosom of his family is as silent as the vocal Memnon at midnight, is not necessarily a cheat. He is an actor without a part to play or a stage whereon to play it, a hero without a flag, a bit of brute matter without an energizing force. The excitement of applause, the good wine and pleasant dishes, the bright eyes of pretty woman, and half-concealed jealousy of clever men, the sensation of shining—all these things, which are spurs to him abroad, are wanting at home; and he has not the originating faculty which enables him to dispense with these incentives. So, at home he is inclined to be "dull." He likes his wife well enough, as wives and liking go; but she does not stir him up intellectually, and her applause is no whetstone for his wit. Put the veriest chit of a girl as bodkin between them and he will waken into life and become a conversational hero. His wife probably does not like it, and she laughs, as wives do, when she hears his praises from those who know him only at his best, letting off his fireworks for the applause of the crowd. But then wives are proverbially unflattering in their estimates of their husbands' heroics; and the Truth that

used to live at the bottom of a well has changed her name and abode in these latter times, and has come to mean the partner of your joy, who gives you her candid opinion at home. Still, our good company abroad who sits like a dumb dog at home is not pleasant, though not necessarily a sham. He is no hero all through, but he may be nothing worse than one of those unfortunates whose intellect lives on drums and does not take kindly to domestic pudding. And, after all, if hypocrite he be, he is not the only cheat which society accepts and smiles upon.

PROGRESS OF A PICTURE.

I often think what interest there is in a picture, quite independent of its subject, or its merit, or its author. I mean the interest belonging to the history of it, as a work of some man's labour. I can imagine he was so joyous in the beginning of it; the whole work was already done, perhaps in his mind, where the colours are easily laid on, while the canvas yet was white. Then there were the early sketches. He finds the idea is not so easy after all to put on the canvas. At last a beginning is made: and then the work proceeds for a time rapidly. How often he draws back from the canvas, approaches it again, looks at it wistfully, as a watching mother at a sick child. He is interrupted, tries to be courteous and kind, as the occasion may require, but is delighted when the door closes and leaves him alone with the only creature whose presence he cares much for just now. All day long, his picture is with him in the background of his mind. He goes out; the bright colours in the shops, lines of buildings, little children on the door-steps, all show him something; and when he goes back, he rushes into his paint-room, to expend his fresh vigour and his new insight upon the work of his heart. So it goes on. Let us hope that it prospers. Then there comes a time when the completion of the picture is foreseen by him, when there is not much room for more to be made of it, and yet it is not nearly finished. He is a little weary of it. Observe this, Ellesmere, there is the same thing throughout life, in all forms of human endeavour. These times of weariness need watching. But our artist is patient and plods on. The end of the drama approaches, when the picture is to go in a gilt frame, and be varnished, and hung up—like the hero of a novel upon whom a flood of good fortune is let in at last.—*Ruskin.*

SCRIPTURE CUSTOMS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

The wailing for the dead is long and loud, strongly recalling to the mind striking biblical instances. The most affecting things are said on such occasions, but always in a set form. Many persons have the reputation of being clever wailers. Scraps of song from ancient "laments" are introduced; texts of Scripture are mingled with the most passionate expressions of grief. The wailers usually lose their voices for several days, and their eyes are frightfully swollen with crying. The writer will never forget the prolonged wailing of the natives for their beloved first-born, the kind things addressed to the dead, and the public mourning which followed, kept up for three months by the entire population—a voluntary mark of respect and sympathy with their missionary in the loss of two dear children laid in the same tomb within a week.—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

The appetite for strong in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought them to more sorrow, shame and hardship than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homeless scattered over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and children, and poverty; and not unfrequently the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women, with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

Ball Cards, Programmes, etc., executed with promptness at the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

City Directory.
Our readers will find it to their advantage to patronise the following firms.

Auctioneers.
JAMES BANKS, AUCTIONEER, AND APPRAISER. Sale-rooms, 46 Jarvis Street, corner of King Street East. Second-hand Furniture bought and sold. 60-ch

Barristers, &c.
REEVE & PLATT, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, Solicitors, &c. Office—19 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-ch
HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., Notary Public, &c. Office—68 Church Street. 42-hr

Dentists.
M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON DENTIST, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto.
G. W. HALE, DENTIST, No. 6 TEMPERANCE STREET, first house off Yonge Street, north side. 34-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, Office—Corner of King and Jordan streets, Toronto. 27-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, L.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. 28-oh

Groceries.
CHARLES HUNTER, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 68 Queen Street West, corner Toraulay Street, Toronto, Ont. 59-ho

Physicians.
N. AGNEW, M.D., (SUCCESSOR to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew), corner of Bay and Richmond Streets, Toronto. 28-oh

Shoe Dealers.
S. McCABE, FASHIONABLE AND Cheap Boot and Shoe Emporium, 59 Queen Street West, sign of "THE BIG BLUE BOOT." 54-oh
R. MERRYFIELD, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, 190 Yonge Street. A large and well-assorted stock always on hand. 59-oh
P. MCGINNES, 129 YORK STREET.—All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable BOOTS and SHOES, call at the WORKMAN'S SHOE DEPOT. 77-oh

Cinware, &c.
J. & T. IREDALE, MANUFACTURERS of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, dealers in Baths, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, &c., No 87 Queen Street West, first door West of Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. 64-oh

Groceries, Provisions, &c.
BARGAINS FOR MECHANICS!
WM. WRIGHT, DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 48 FRUIT, OYSTERS, &c., &c. 277 Yonge Street, Toronto. 45-to

Queen City Grocery & Provision Store. 320 Queen Street West.
WM. F. ROBERTSON, DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c., In addition to his SUGARS, that have been before the public so long, has received his SUMMER LIQUORS—Cook Port Wine.....\$1.00 per gal
Old Port.....2 50 "
Extra do.....3 50 "
Unsurpassed Old Port.....5 00 "
Serranos—Fine Old Sherry.....1 50 "
Extra do.....2 50 "
Splendid do.....4 50 "
Daw's Montreal Stock Ale and Porter. 1 25 per doz.
* Goods sent to all parts of the city. 55-oh


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
Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and despatch, at the 'Workman' office.

Coal and Wood.
QUEEN'S WHARF.
COAL AND WOOD YARD.
On hand and for sale at lowest rates, a full and complete assortment of all descriptions of
COAL AND WOOD,
SCRANTON or PITSTON, all sizes, delivered at
\$7 00 PER TON.
WEST HARD WOOD, BEECH AND MAPLE, uncut, delivered at
\$6 50 PER CORD.
BEST HARD WOOD, BEECH AND MAPLE, sawn and split, delivered at
\$7 50 PER CORD.
The public are invited to call and see my stock before buying in their winter supply.
P. BURNS.
Office and Yard, corner Bathurst and Front Streets. 77-4c

COAL.
The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad and Coal Mining Company, have on hand and are constantly receiving their Celebrated Scranton and Pittston Coal, which will be sold at lowest cash price.
NO COAL STORED UNTIL PAID FOR.
Coal delivered in either Carts or Waggon to suit purchasers.
TERMS CASH.
BIG COAL HOUSE,
OFFICE:
45
YONGE STREET.

WM. MYLES & SON. 78-4c
GREY & BRUCE
WOOD YARD,
BAY STREET,
(Opposite Fire Hall.)
Beech, Maple, Mixed & 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, PROPRIETOR. 43-4c

EASTERN COAL HOUSE,
On Wharf, foot of Sherbourne street. Order Office, Corner Sherbourne and Queen Streets. On hand all kinds of
HARD & SOFT COAL,
FOR STEAM AND DOMESTIC USE,
Which we will sell at the lowest remunerative prices, and guarantee 2,000 lbs to the ton. Also,
BLOSSBURG AND LEHIGH COAL,
The very best imported. Retail and by the car load. WOOD, Cut and Split by Steam, always on hand. PINE WOOD, \$4 per cord for summer use.
* Obtain our prices before ordering elsewhere.
MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO. 42-4c

G. ELLIS, WHOLESALE dealer in HAIR and JUTE SWITCHES, Curle, Chignons, and Nets.
The imitation goods are very fine, an cannot be detected from hair. Just received a large assortment of Hair Nets
All orders left at King street must be called for at 170 Yonge street, four doors above Queen street, east side. 41-oh

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, Nov. 1st, 1873.
AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN INVOICES until further notice, 14 per cent.
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner 26-4f
FALL GOODS.
N. McEACHREN, MERCHANT TAILOR, &c. 191 Yonge Street, Has just received a large and good assortment of FALL GOODS for Ordered Work. 52-oh
JOHN KELZ, MERCHANT TAILOR 336 YONGE STREET, Has just received a large and good assortment of FALL GOODS for Ordered Work. * A Cheap Stock of Ready-Made Clothing on hand 30-oh

Miscellaneous.
IN PRESS:
To be Published in November, 1873:
LOVELL'S GAZETTEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA: containing the latest and most authentic descriptions of over six thousand Cities, Towns and Villages in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories; and general information, drawn from official sources, as to the names, locality, extent, &c., of over fifteen hundred Lakes and Rivers, with a Table of Routes showing the proximity of the Railroad Stations, and Sea, Lake, and River Ports, to the Cities, Towns, Villages, &c., in the several Provinces. Price in Cloth, \$2 50; Price in Full Calf, \$3 75. Agents wanted to canvass for the work.
JOHN LOVELL, Publisher.
Montreal, 9th August, 1873.
TO MECHANICS.
S. C. JORY, PHOTOGRAPHER, 75 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. his is the place for Mechanics to get cheap pictures All work done in the best style of the art.


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J. SEGSWORTH,
Importer of Watches, Clocks, and Fancy Goods, and Manufacturer of Gold and Silver Jewellery. Masonic Emblems made to order.
118 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
Spectacles to Suit every Sight. 37-oh

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 a gold-plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C. O. D., per express.
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Miscellaneous.
JOHN RAYMOND
Begs to inform the inhabitants of Toronto and its vicinity that he has purchased the business lately carried on by
Mr. JAMES WEEKES, AT 247 and 249 Yonge Street
And trusts by strict attention, combined with the lowest possible charges, to merit a share of the patronage that has been so liberally bestowed upon his predecessor. 63-4c

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, no pay is required until the Cure is complete. The moment a Cancer is discovered, it should be Cured, as it will cost less and is more speedily cured than when of longer standing,—and there is nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by delay. What now seems a harmless lump in the breast, neck, eyelid or elsewhere, or small wart or sore on the lip, may, in a few short months, become a hideous, disgusting, destroying mass of disease. If 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

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FIRE! FIRE!
We beg to inform our patrons and the public generally that we have RESUMED BUSINESS, after the late fire, and we will now clear out, AT A VERY GREAT SACRIFICE! The Entire Stock of Damaged Silk, Felt, Straw Hats, Silk and Cloth Caps, &c.
HATS THAT ARE HATS
55 KING STREET EAST, OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.
COLEMAN & CO 40-oh
For first-class Book and Job Printing go to the office of the **ONTARIO WORKMAN,** 124 Bay Street.

Miscellaneous.
To the Mechanics of Toronto AND VICINITY.
W. J. GRAHAM & CO., 157 KING STREET WEST, Having opened a NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSE, as above, beg to invite the attention of the Mechanics of Toronto and vicinity to their well-assorted stock of
BLACK WALNUT BED ROOM SUITS, DRAWING ROOM SUITS, DINING ROOM FURNITURE, OFFICE FURNITURE
Cornices, Curtains, Window Blinds, Poles and Fringes, &c., &c.
CARPETS MADE AND LAID
All kinds of Furniture Repaired. 65-4c

JOHN JACKSON & CO., (Successors to McLeod, Wood & Co.,)
ORGAN & MELODEON MANUFACTURERS.
Having now been established in the manufacture of Musical Instruments for several years, we must acknowledge our appreciation of the kindness and justice of the people which has tended to prosper and increase our business and reputation far above our expectation. We supply Organs and Melodeons made and finished in the most complete and perfect manner, using the best materials possible to be obtained, employing only first class workmen, and having each department superintended by men of experience.
Our trade mark, "Cremona and Celeste Organ," is placed upon the nameboard 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.
* We manufacture the most popular styles, and introduce all the latest improvements.
ALL INSTRUMENTS FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.
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1873] [1873
AS USUAL, COMPLETE SUCCESS!
Ten First Prizes at Two Exhibitions!
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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.
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SOLE AGENT FOR TORONTO:
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Organettes and Organs.
W. BELL & CO.'S CELEBRATED PRIZE MEDAL
Cabinet Organs, Melodeons & Organettes
EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Prices from \$85 00 Upwards.
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THOMAS CLAXTON, 197 YONGE STREET.
N.B.—2 Second-hand Melodeons and Organs taken exchange 28-oh

WILLIAM BURKE, LUMBER MERCHANT, Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Sheeting, Packing Boxes, &c., &c. CORNER SHEPHERD AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO. * Pleading, Sawing, &c., Done to order
STEAM DYE WORKS Clothes Cleaning Establishment, 363 AND 364 YONGE ST., TORONTO. (Between Gould and Gerrard Sts.)
THOMAS SQUIRE, Proprietor. Kid Gloves Cleaned with superiority and despatch. * Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired on the shortest possible notice 30-oh
* For all kinds of Plain and Fancy Printing, go to the **WORKMAN OFFICE,** Call and see specimens of work.

THE EARL OF DERBY AND THE LABOR WAGES PROBLEM.

There was a great banquet given recently by the Mayor of Liverpool to a number of distinguished gentlemen, amongst whom was the Earl of Derby—a nobleman who, besides being talented and learned, possesses that invaluable blessing to public men—a large fund of common sense.

country through, the same result as now might be got by the burning of one-half, or even two-fifths, of what is actually consumed.

THE SHOEMAKER GRAPE GROWER.

It is not generally known that a shoemaker living in a garret in Soho bore off the prize for grapes at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, despite the fact of Baron Rothschild and many of the nobility being exhibitors.

It is also a fact that Mr. Sinclair, a well-known master bootmaker of Stirling, is looked upon as one of the best grape growers of the kingdom.

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

To the many of our readers who are members of the A. O. O. F., the following will be read with interest: The Daily News, in an article on the constitution of this society, says the numerical progress of the Foresters has been as follows:

to the records of the Foresters and Oddfellows, wherein is set forth the name of every member convicted for felony. The advisability of holding friendly society meetings at publichouses is a point which has been much debated.

We desire to call attention to the advertisement of Dr. Wood of Ottawa. For the cure of cancers Dr. Wood has a wide reputation, and the success of his treatment should lead those who are suffering from that dreadful malady to consult him without delay.

Ball Cards and Programmes, Posters, in plain and colored inks, Business Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed in first-class style at the WORKMAN Office.

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A. RAFFIGNON, No. 107 KING STREET WEST, is now prepared to supply Foster's Celebrated New York Oysters by the quart or gallon.

WE ARE SELLING NEW AND SECOND-HAND ORGANS

Every working man, be he mechanic or laborer can purchase one of our Organs, without experiencing any inconvenience, as the payments are very low and within the reach of all.

CHARLES TOYE, MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

JAMES BANKS, AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER,

Mechanics can find useful Household Furniture of every description at the above Salerooms, cheaper than any other house.

E. WESTMAN, 177 King Street East,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOL SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

WEST END FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS.

JAMES McQUILLAN, FURNITURE DEALER, 258 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

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WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN

Miscellaneous.

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Remember the address—CORNER OF TERAULEY AND ALBERT STREETS

SAVE A DOLLAR AND COSTS,

THE FARMERS' FRIEND,

For Sore Shoulders, Saddle Galls, Cuts, etc., etc., on horses,

JOSEPH DAVIDS & CO., Chemists and Druggists, 171 King street East, Toronto

D. HEWITT'S

West End Hardware Establishment, 365 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

PETER WEST,

(Late West Brothers,) GOLD AND SILVER PLATER.

Every description of worn out Electro-Plate, Steel Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new, Carriage Irons Silver-plated to order.

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Gold and Silver Plater in all its branches

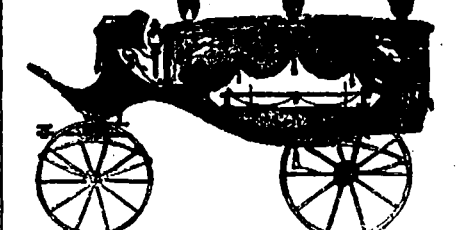
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14 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

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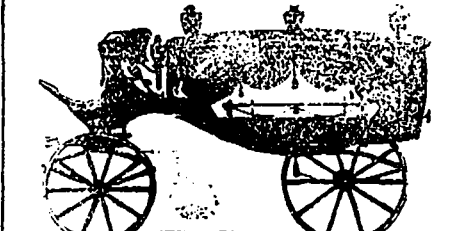
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H. STONE, UNDERTAKER.



337 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Funerals furnished to order. Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases always on hand.

Refrigerator Coffins supplied when required.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

THE COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED to construct the Intercolonial Railway give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive tenders for the construction of a "Deep Water Terminal" at Father Point.

Plans and Specifications may be seen at the Engineer's Office in Ottawa and Rimouski, on and after the 20th day of November next.

Tenders marked "Tenders for Harbor and Branch line," will be received at the Commissioners' Office, Ottawa, up to six o'clock, p.m., of the 20th day of December next.

A. WALSH, ED. B. CHANDLER, C. J. BRYDGES, A. W. MCLELLAN, Commissioners

Commissioners' Office, Ottawa, October 17, 1873.

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FOR CHOICE DRINKS

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