

Ontario Weekman.

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

VOL. I.

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NO. 24

CANADIAN.

The seven cheese factories in the county of Annapolis will, it is said, manufacture 160 tons of cheese this season.

A catch of two hundred barrels of mackerel was made in the harbor of Liverpool, Queen's county, Nova Scotia, last week.

St. Catharines has its new daily paper, named the *Daily News*, of fair appearance, professing to belong to the Reform party.

Storm-signals are to be set up in different prominent points of the city, in connection with the Central Observatory at Toronto.

The first issue of Canada Car Company stock—\$250,000—has been subscribed. It is understood that an arrangement has been made with the Ontario Government for the employment of convict labor for a term of seven and a half years. Employment will be given to six hundred men.

A Halifax paper says: The last rail of the portion of the Intercolonial, which will unite the railway systems of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, will be laid, it is said, on the 20th inst. A car will pass over the line on the 5th of October, and the connecting link between Amhurst and Truro will be formally opened for traffic two weeks later—October 21st or thereabouts.

John Bowden, who had charge of the stationary engine at Windsor Station, had a most miraculous escape from death or serious injury the other morning. He was standing upon one of the tracks, and observed one of the small yard locomotives approaching, and stepping aside to allow it to pass, his face turned to it the while, the other yard engine came up from the opposite direction without attracting his attention, and ran against him, throwing him some distance with much violence against a wood-pile. Those who saw the occurrence expected to find him dreadfully mangled, if not dead; but, strange to say he was not dangerously, though pretty badly hurt.

Between four and five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, a train run off the track near Thornhill station, on the N. R. R., and after proceeding for about 200 yards rolled over the embankment. The engineer and fireman foreseeing that the train would run down the embankment, jumped off the engine, the fireman escaping uninjured, while the engineer was badly bruised in the arm. A despatch was sent to Toronto for a construction train, and in less than four hours the track was cleared of the debris, and trains allowed to pass through.

The question of domestic labor has become a perplexing one to Nova Scotians, as well as to the mistresses of Ontario families. A new plan, however, has there been proposed to obviate the difficulty arising from the scarcity of female servants. Some persons are seriously talking of introducing the Chinese into that Province. The lack of labor, says the *Express*, in many departments is pressing seriously on all sides—in the mines, in the shop, in the family. Servants cannot be had at any price. The United States is absorbing all the domestics, and families are reduced to all sorts of straits to get the family dinner cooked. The workshops, the tailoring business, and factories are ruining young women for housekeepers for the poor men they must marry, and some cheap means for supplying the domestic demand must be had.

On Saturday evening, about eleven o'clock, Alexander Makeux, labourer, 42 years of age, who belongs to St. Francois la Beauce, who had just finished his labor on board the steamship *Newbiggin*, where he had been loading wheat, came on deck stating that he felt fatigued and out of breath. After shutting down one of the hatchways, he sat down upon it, and pulled off his boots to get the grains removed from them which had fallen in. As he did this he groaned, saying, "I am dying." He then fell back and expired. An inquest was held, when a verdict of "death from apoplexy" was returned. The body was last night conveyed to his home in Beauce, where deceased leaves a wife and eleven children. Upon deceased's body were found \$14.67, which the constable handed to the coroner. As this was being done, Mr. Patrick Keenan, the stevedore, under whom deceased was employed, came along and slipped into the coroner's hand \$20, which he desired to have conveyed to the afflicted family.

It is a noticeable fact that people who change their minds often never get a good one.

AMERICAN.

Joseph Burnett was stabbed and killed at New York on Sunday night, by his brother-in-law, Timothy Landers, during a quarrel upon money matters. Landers has been arrested.

We learn from San Francisco that out of 650 jurors called for Mrs. Fair's second jury only one was chosen. An enthusiastic reporter who had been to see her says she is "perfectly heavenly," that her long residence in goal has rather improved than injured her beauty.

A large foundry is being erected at Brainerd Minn., by the Superior and Pacific Car Wheel Company. This company proposes to do all car wheel and other castings for the Northern Pacific Road, and eventually, if necessary, will put in machinery for doing all kinds of mill work.

George Kelsdy, analytical chemist, is reported to have recognized Forrester as the man who ran from Nathan's house on the morning of the murder, and will be called as a witness against him. Forrester says his real name is Alexander McClymont, that he was born near Glasgow, Scotland, and that all the newspaper statements made concerning him are so far sensational and wholly untrue.

A personal altercation occurred in a restaurant in Columbia, S.C., last Sunday evening, between Mr. Montgomery, President of the State Senate, and Samuel Melton, the regular Republican candidate for the office of Attorney-General. In the *melee*, Mr. John D. Caldwell and Major J. M. Morgan, two friends who interfered to separate the combatants, were shot. Caldwell was instantly killed and Morgan but slightly wounded. The tragedy grew out of recriminations of a political nature.

The old elm tree under which Washington took command of the armies of the United States, is still standing at Cambridge, Mass., with an iron railing round its ancient trunk and a granite monument beneath its branches, but is beginning to show the effects of old age. Last week one of its largest branches, measuring upward of thirty feet in length and a foot in diameter, fell to the ground. The venerable tree will soon disappear with other relics of the revolutionary period.

An apparatus has been lately introduced into carriages, by means of which a lady inside may communicate with the coachman without opening the carriage windows. It consists of a handle with a dial, by moving which a similar apparatus on the dashboard is acted on. By this means the driver may be directed when to stop, which way to turn, and similar messages, without letting down the carriage windows.

September has not been a nice month for American editors. Beside the caning of Mr. Reed, in Washington, the editor of the *Carlelie* (Pa.) *Herald* was brutally beaten by Dr. Sharp, whose speech had been ridiculed, and in Boston a poem which appeared in one of the weeklies was the cause of a personal encounter between its author, Earl Marble, and the man who supposed himself "taken off."

The *Anthracite Monitor*, published at Tamaqua, Schuylkill County, Pa., under the title of "What it costs to mine coal," gives a list of the accidents which have occurred to men employed in the coal mines in that region during the month of August. During that period, in fifteen mines, four men were killed, and seventeen boys were more or less seriously injured.

OLD PRICES.—The *Canandaigua Times* recalls the price of farm products there in 1820: Pork weighing 200 pounds brought \$2.50; wheat and white beans, per bushel, 31 cents; corn, 25 cents; potatoes, 12½ cents; butter, 6 cents; eggs, 8 cents; chickens, 2 cents. It is a good thing to give us old time figures occasionally. Who wouldn't have had chicken every day at that figure?

A strike of journeyman carpenters for an increase of wages to \$4 per day commenced at Chicago, on Monday the 23rd inst., and no work had been done on Tuesday, except in cases where the demand was acceded to, and some masters have agreed to pay the advance asked; and it appears probable that others will follow their example. No disturbances have occurred.

If you expect good cattle, look first at the calves, if you wish good men, look carefully after the children.

FOREIGN.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria has written to the woman's rights club in Vienna—"Ladies, take my advice and keep away from politics. There is nothing but misery in it."

A new musical phenomenon has appeared at Baden, in the person of Senorita Sanjuan, a Spanish girl twelve years old, whose performances on the violin are said to be wonderful.

Iron shingles have been recently patented, and are said to be less expensive than slate. They are made about six inches by thirteen inches in size, and fastened with headless nails.

A novelty at the late Dundee regatta was a race for four-oared fishing yawls rowed by fishergirls. The "Pet Lambs," wearing straw hats and striped bodices, who won the first prize at Broughty ferry regatta, won the race easily.

The high price of coal in England has caused the Italians to turn their attention earnestly to efforts to utilize the product of their mines. Should English prices continue as high as at present, it is affirmed that Italy will be soon independent of Great Britain for coal.

Mr. J. E. Clare, of Liverpool, has succeeded, it is said, in perfecting an engine to be worked by electro-magnetism, by which an up-and-down motion is obtained, whence a power is developed that is applicable to the largest ships afloat, and also to stationary and locomotive use.

An English gentleman propounds the practicability and economy of using chalk as a substitute for coal. He says he has studied the matter, and that he has discovered how chalk may be burnt with coal as fuel, the result being a saving of thirty to forty per cent. of coal.

A French writer says: "You often find the simply-clad shop-girls of Paris occupying positions most humble better paid than the elegantly attired misses, who talk like misses of high degree, and present you their wares with grace and sauvity, for the pittance of two and one-half francs per day, food and lodging not inclusive."

The "funeral" of Pere Hyacinthe took place, according to the *London Echo*, on September 5. It is the custom among Roman Catholic religious communities to consider any member that deserts them as dead, and the ceremony of burying him is gone through. This was done at the Convent of Dominicans, to which M. Hyacinthe Loysen belonged. A coffin was placed in the middle of the chapel, and the customary burial service chanted. It is said the scene was "most imposing."

EUROPEAN WAGES.—The following figures are from the British foreign secretary's report to Parliament, being the average daily rate paid to mechanics, after being reduced to our money:—Austria, \$1.00; Belgium, 60 cents; France, \$1.10; Denmark, 60 cents; Italy, 40 cents; Netherlands, 75 cents; Norway, 60 cents; Sicily, 30 cents; Portugal, 40 cents; Prussia, 75 cents; Russia, 75 cents; Sweden, 60 cents; Switzerland, 60 cents.

The latest news from Australia represents a growing trade between those British colonies and the United States. Of thirty or forty ships which had sailed from colonial ports within sixty days, at least two-thirds were American. The Legislative Assembly of New South Wales has agreed, by a vote of twenty-nine to two, to aid a line of mail steamers to San Francisco. It is said that the American (or Webb) line has a chance of obtaining the subsidy.

There seems to be a great deal of kidnapping going on in Germany. A little girl, named Bockle, who has been all but ascertained to have been taken away about two months ago by one of the numerous gipsy tribes which migrate in Germany, has not been heard of as yet. Another little girl, eleven years old, fair complexion, and rather robust for her age, has disappeared from Barman (Rhenish Prussia) since August 24. The little girl of a farmer at Gardelegan, Prussia, who was missing since the 15th of June, has been found a corpse in a barn close by.

An extraordinary accident has just happened at Chevenges (Ardennes). Two children of M. Drouet, a rich farmer, were amusing themselves in a field behind their father's house. The older, about eleven, was mounted on a donkey, and galloping about, when the animal placed its foot on a wasps' nest, and, feeling itself stung, gave so violent a bound that the

child was thrown, and fell into the midst of the infuriated insects, which attacked him instantly on all sides. His cries attracted the attention of the neighbors, one of whom, by the aid of a mask, succeeded in withdrawing the poor boy from his dreadful position, but too late, for he died very shortly after. His tongue and throat were terribly swollen, and suffocation produced a rapid death.

THE DUMB DOGS OF LEGISLATION.

The present position of "the two great parties in the State" presents a very curious question for consideration. The Liberals don't know their own mind: the Tories have no mind to know. Like Lord Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan, they are waiting for each other. No member of either party has a word to say which anybody cares to hear. If a Liberal addresses an audience, he confines himself to the utterance of eulogies which are quite harmless as to all the great things which the Liberals have done when they have been in power. If a Conservative has anything to say, it generally is that he is very desirous of preserving everything which the privileged classes have got. Beyond this there is an utter intellectual destitution which will very soon demand the attention of the only relieving officer, the public, who has the power to confer new gifts of political inspiration upon political men. On all sides the public mind is disturbed by the question of questions—the knife and fork question—which is the greatest question of all. In their feeble way the middle class people are giving expression to their concern as to the maintenance of their households. Gentility has discovered itself to be in danger, and it all arises, some of these people think, from very naughty engineers, masons, carpenters, and bakers, who won't work for small wages and a long number of hours. The producer, on the other hand, does not see his way as a producer to give up the result of his toil into the hands of an army of distributors, who only allow it to go to the consumer with charges of middlemen upon it, and the consumer is equally determined not to pay for the maintenance of an order of gentility in broad cloth. The people who live by labor upon the land say that their wages are one-half of what they might be if the land were all put under cultivation, and the people who consume say that they pay twice as much as they ought to do for their food, because, for political and social reasons, it is not convenient for the people who are called landlords to let their land upon purely commercial principles. There is a dearth in politics, because neither party has the courage to lead the people, for the next stage will be to lead to that re-arrangement of the obligations of property which cannot be long deferred. Every candidate who presents himself for the approbation of the people seems desirous of showing with what skill he can evade all the startling problems which are beginning to be understood by the masses; and, apparently, it will be the work of the people to do what they have done before—to direct the minds of statesmen and members of the legislature, so as to get us out of the groove of middle and upper class legislation in which we are now hopelessly engulfed.

There is now no hope that the people who live by labor in the fields, in the mill, at the forge, and in the factory, will ever obtain justice from either political party, except under compulsion, and that force of which both parties live in fear. The upper classes in counties deliberately affect to misunderstand the real question, which is only thinly concealed under a demand for higher wages to the agricultural laborer. Lord Beauchamp, for instance, thinks a good deal may be done by giving men more silver and less cider; which may be true, just as far as it goes, for most laborers will prefer money to cider, which, after all, is only a form of truck of the most objectionable character. The error which underlies all the remarks made by the people who profess to understand the condition of the laborer is, that they will calculate not what is the value of the labor, but upon how little the laborer can live. If this argument was good for anything, it would go to this—that Lord Beauchamp and all the great landlords of England might be called upon to let their lands at a shilling per acre, because the number of shillings would permit them to live in a decent style. The farmers might, in the same manner, be called upon to be content with £100 per annum; and if it is alleged that the landlord and the farmer should be allowed to contract for the hire of land and of laborers, it must equally be allowed that the laborer shall be at liberty to contract too. Lord Beauchamp would find it very hard to live upon the sum which the public would be willing to pay for his services in the House of Lords—which is saying a great deal, for he is one of the cleverest of the few peers

who devote themselves to the business of legislation, and who are not in office. Landlords and farmers look very much in the same niggardly spirit upon the laborers, and probably the laborer is somewhat undervalued, both as to his skill and character. It has been so much the custom of peers and persons to half patronise, half coerce the laborer, that they cannot understand how the quicksilver of education working in the minds of a few peasants has already produced a ferment such as landlords have never yet had to deal with. If they were perfectly candid, which they are not, they would confess that they do not see their way either to the resumption of the paternal character which was the core of the feudal system, or to the adoption of the purely commercial principles which are recommended by Sir John Pakington. In the first case, the landlord would be called upon for very heavy outlays from his own purse; in the second, farmers would have very seriously to consider what sum per acre they could give for land, for the labor upon which they would have to pay the price continually rising by demands based upon the external influence exerted by emigration. This is, in fact, the gate of deliverance. The Minister of Agriculture in Canada tells all the world that he can promise high wages and constant employment to any number of farm laborers, and that the 30,000 who have gone across the Atlantic every year have been found insufficient to supply what labor is needed. If landlords in England will attach so much importance to the artificial laws they have established, they must be content to bear the competition which will soon be brought to bear upon them by the countries which are happily situated for agriculture, and have only natural laws to call for obedience. The people in towns have also some hopes in the same direction, for arts follow the plough.

All these seething questions are questions for the statesmen of the future. Mr. Gladstone is now too old, and unhappily too much connected with the classes whose interests are not the interests of the people who live by labor, to undertake the work. He is destitute of the high courage of a statesman, except as a party statesman. He can legislate and finance in the most wonderful way for the upper classes, and can divide their relative liabilities in the most marvellous manner. But he cannot lead the people: he is not a Moses, and he has no Aaron, and therefore we are left to flounder about unguided until we make a statesman for the people. It is idle to look in the ranks of aristocracy for such a man. Lord Derby, twenty years ago, promised to be a really enlightened leader of the people, but Lord Derby is now as safe an aristocrat as the Marquis of Salisbury, without the candour of the unreasonable Tory. The people hoped much from Mr. Foster and Mr. Stansfield, but the Education Act of the one and the Local Government Act of the other have been conceived and executed in the same narrow groove that has made all our legislation so unequal and so lopsided to the people. The only hope of the people is in themselves, and in their determination to effect a complete divorce between themselves and the two parties who now divide power between them in point of time, and emasculate it in legislation for the use of the privileged classes. But if both parties are placed in the position to have to compete for the support of the classes which live by labor, not only in the constituencies, but in the House of Commons, our legislation will be very different in its spirit and scope. When the people have placed men of their own order in the house, the people who consider themselves entitled to rank as statesmen will soon find their way to the idea necessary for the legislation demanded by the people and their representatives. As it is, it would be amusing, were it not also a little tragic, to see the paralysis which has so suddenly overcome our leaders in political life, and it can only be traced to one cause—that they have nothing to say, because they do not see their way. If they do, they dare not speak for fear of the people; and if they are disposed to admit that the people have good claims for consideration, then our rulers are silent, because rich men have the best reasons for silence. And, therefore, we may conclude that all the great questions of our day, examined and discussed in every household, are questions between rich and poor, in which the first have every motive to act as dumb dogs who don't bark, because they don't desire to hear the answers which they would be sure to receive.—*Reynold's Newspaper*.

The WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm Street, is conducted on the good old English system, which gives the greatest satisfaction to its patrons. The bar is most tastefully decorated, and the surroundings are all that could be desired. A spacious billiard parlor, and attentive waiters, render the WHITE HART a popular place of resort. adv.

Poetry.

THE SHOE SHOP GIRL.

One day when the shadows lengthened
Over the Eastern hills,
Yet the sounds of daylight bustle
Came from the shops and mills,
And the music of peggers and stitchoers
For a tempo inspired my soul,
And I wished I could sing like a poet
A song of a Shoe Shop Girl,

From a dear old home by the sea-side
Where sparkling waters flow,
She comes to toll for strangers
In distant Marl-boro-o;
Through heat, cold, storm, and sunshine,
Is not supposed to stop,
But everybody respects her—
At least outside the shop;
She's a friend to all that meet her
In rags or fashion's whirl,
For beauty, talent, and virtue,
Belong to the Shoe Shop Girl.

To beguile the hours of labor
She sings till she is hoarse,
While the broken threads and needles
Provoke her some of course;
The slippery Glove Calf Uppers
Will tumble on the floor,
The wind takes up the linings
Through every open door.

But the rattle of many sewers
Awake her from the muse,
And the castles she builds in dreamland
Fade into goat-skin shoes;
And the skies above the castles
Whence golden sunbeams fall,
Are only the cotton lining
For stitching, after all.

But with courage and resignation
She stitches, stitches away
Shoes for our belles of fashion
And the rich across the sea,
Shoes for the little barefoot
And the lady of high degree,
Shoes for the proud and happy
In palace and marble hall,
While never a thought they chorish
For a weary Shoe Shop Girl.

Sometimes she looks from her window
And longs afar to ride,
For a day of pic-nic pleasure,
But unusually that's denied.

Fine superficial dandies,
French counts, and brainless fops
Won't make an easy conquest
Of girls that work in shops;
They look for something higher
Than simply outside show,—
Wit, wisdom, and politeness,
Are wanted in a beau;

Good looks, of course, are welcome,
Or even stylish dress,
And if all these requisitions,
With money, you possess,
And want a life-long partner
Without false heart and curl,
You might be exceedingly lucky
To get a Shoe Shop Girl.

O, men who flourish in business,
And dwell in palace halls,
On whom no shadow of evil
To harm you ever falls;
Who pile up sparkling thousands
By the labor of the poor,—
But must leave them all behind you
This side of the Eternal Shore—
Remember God the giver:
That life is but a span,
Show justice, love, and mercy,
To woman's well as man,
Lest, in that heavenly city,
Whose gates are shining pearl,
There'll be no place for the rich man,
But a throne for the Shoe Shop Girl.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.
Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXI.

A few days after Arbyght's return to the city, Mr. Allsound waited upon him and offered him a clerkship in his store. Richard accepted the position gratefully, and warmly thanked Mr. Allsound for the interest he manifested in his welfare; the thanks were wrongly given; Vida Geldamo was at the bottom of it. She had written to Paul a plan which he had carried into execution, and this was the result. Bortha received a letter a day from her new found aunt and cousin, imploring and begging her to visit them; she finally complied. Richard was glad she was out of the city, as he expected trouble, and he was too generous and unselfish to make his sister a sharer of his sorrows. In his new vocation, after a short initiation, he got along charmingly. It was for this same Mr. Allsound that young Trucon worked, and the company and presence of the lad served to make the new hand feel at home.

After he had been in Allsound's employ one week or over, an event transpired that was plainly stamped with the imprint of the Leviathan's tooth.

Many of the Relvason syndicate charged the guiding spirit with over zealotry, and claimed that had Arbyght been permitted to secure work in outside towns, he would, in all probability, have remained away, and confusion and defeat would not have come upon them. These remarks frenzied Relvason; he gnawed his soul with the sharp fangs of excessive rage. The humiliation of defeat, the abasement of his haughty pride, and worse than all, the loss of money, were to his mind more excruciating than would be the excoriation of his body. And still he smiled, and none would suppose that the sinister calm face of the man, "essentially mad, without

seeming so," was the index to a soul devouring itself with hate intensified.

Arbyght, "the Philistines be upon thee," Tigers, asp.

An agent was sent to Allsound with discretionary power. He sounded the merchant on identity of interests, then he pleaded, next he attempted to bribe. Allsound would like to discharge the workman. He hated him because he did what himself could not, dared not do—saved Paul's life, and in her presence, too. But he knew it would displease Miss Geldamo, and he was too shrewd to be caught with chaff. Vida Geldamo's hand was, commercially speaking, worth a million of dollars, and it was from a commercial standpoint Mr. Allsound regarded her and wooed her. He was incapable of either human or Platonic love, not having manhood enough for the former, or soul enough for the latter. He loved, or rather courted, her father's gold, and that was worth more than the syndicate could offer.

The Leviathan was foiled, but not appeased. Vida Geldamo returned to Chicago. The next evening Mr. Allsound, Mr. Spindle and Estella Relvason called upon her. They found her in raptures over country air, boundless room, broad fields, warm-hearted, generous, sociable people, horse riding, and innumerable other attractions unknown to city life. Still there was about her a sort of subdued melancholy that contrasted strangely with her former verve and sprightliness. While they were yet discussing the country, Paul and Richard, unannounced, entered the room. Vida's face brightened, then saddened.

Joy and sorrow, laughter and tears, seem to be very closely allied.

Spindle stared and nodded at Arbyght; Allsound recognized him with the lofty air of a man of conscious distinction and superiority. Miss Relvason was introduced, and bowed coldly, stiffly, haughtily. Richard bowed to each with deigned civility, while a satirical smile played and danced round his eyes and mouth. Vida's quick eye—the eye of love—noticed the lurking ire and hidden mortification in his face. She was irritably provoked, but she did not choose to show that she cared; still she was revenged. She gave her hand to Richard, and showed by her smile and kind words that she was pleased to see him, and to cap the climax of his and her triumph, she called him cousin.

All this was not only genuine, it was designed with wondrous nicety to soften Richard and make the rest of the company treat him at least with the form of respect and deference. Nor did it wholly fail, but at the word cousin they stared and gaped, then Vida explained, and when she ceased, the company were sufficiently assimilated to converse uninterruptedly. Richard was not quite at home, but Vida brought her woman's wit and tact to his aid whenever any of the more astute conversational diplomats puzzled or perplexed him. But after a while Vida found him well able to sail smoothly. His sentences or remarks, it is true, did not have that complete, refined, complimentary obsequiousness in which everybody endeavors to exhibit the exalted proficiency of others and their own nothingness. This would be all very well if there was reality in it, but there is not. It is reciprocal, mocking, hollow sycophancy. Richard's remarks were sometimes quaint, but they were at all times sententious, vigorous, and to the point.

"Mr. Arbyght, will you be generous enough to permit me to inquire how the union is?" said Mr. Spindle, placing an insinuating, deprecating emphasis on the word union.

"It lives and thrives," answered Richard, with a mocking sneer, partly in allusion to the abortive attempt to destroy it. Spindle felt the force of the rejoinder, and did not venture on that ground again.

"Do you sing, Mr. Arbyght?" asked Miss Relvason, asked Miss Relvason, with the air of an artiste.

Vida colored perceptibly, bit her lip sharply. "I sometimes sing," he replied quietly, then added, with a twinkle in his eye, "My voice has considerable compass and tone, but, unfortunately, it has a serious drawback." Mr. Allsound winced.

"And pray, what may that be, if, without impertinence, I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why," said Richard, "the compass of my voice is such that it invariably fills the room, the house, but the drawback is that it invariably empties it."

Vida smiled approvingly, the others laughed. Miss Relvason went to the piano and dashed off a sparkling air from Verdi's Rigoletto, and then tried to interpret a passage in Gounod's Faust. This was Greek to Richard, and it is more than likely it was so to the performer. Vida then played some sprightly national airs, and the company were in ecstasies. The music of the old masters may do well enough for concerts and operas, where it is fashionable to seem entranced, and applaud what you do not understand, but for the drawing-room the sweet, simple airs of our childhood are far more acceptable.

Richard was asked to sing by Spindle, Allsound, and Miss Relvason. They asked him to humble, because they thought he could not sing. He declined demurely, but looked pleadingly at Vida.

"I will play the accompaniment for you," said Vida.

"Then I will sing."

He went to the piano, picked up the music, and made a selection. Vida looked at him reprovingly, and said softly, "Not that."

"That or nothing," he replied bluntly. Vida struck the sentiment keys, and in a clear, soft voice, Richard sang:

"I'd offer thee this hand of mine,
If I could love thee less;
But hearts as warm, as pure as thine,
Should never know distress.
My fortune 'tis too hard for thee,
'Twould chill thy dearest joy.
I'd rather weep to see the froe
Than win thee to destroy."

The music ceased.

"I don't like the song," pleaded Vida in a husky voice, (her eyes were moist.) "Its pathetic idealism always makes me sad," she resumed in a clearer tone. Mr. Allsound coincided. He felt annoyed, and could not help showing. Vida turned very red—not love—but said nothing. In a few moments all the company were gone.

Next morning Spindle called upon Allsound, before the latter had risen. He was, by request, shown into Mr. Allsound's room.

"Well, what do you think of last night's episode?" said Spindle, with malicious sarcasm.

"I hardly know what to think," said the other disconsolately.

"This mudsill is evidently in the way," continued Spindle, in a tone of mock sympathy.

"Do you think he has the impudence?"

"There, there, I know him; don't trouble yourself about his impudence. You will find him well up in that commodity," tauntingly interrupted Spindle.

"I'll discharge him this very day," thundered Allsound.

"That won't help your case," nonchalantly remarked the visitor.

"Why not?" The volume of voice was increasing.

"How will your case be bettered so long as he remains in the city?" asked Spindle with provoking bitterness.

Hell was now raging in the breast of Allsound.

Spindle went close to him, brought his eyes out of their cave-like recesses, and looking knowingly into his face, said, or rather hissed, in his ear, "he must be disgraced and driven from the city."

Before Allsound could rightly comprehend the force of these words, Spindle was gone.

Going down to his store that morning Allsound thought and thought; he thought hard, very hard. Satan was with him. In turning a corner he observed a locksmith's sign; he paused, glanced around, then hurried on. "A thief doth fear each bush an officer." Allsound was in his heart at that moment a criminal. In Allsound's store there were two safes, an old fashioned safe with an ordinary key, and a modern safe with a combination lock. That morning when he reached the store, he took the key of the old safe out of a drawer, and with it he went back to the locksmith, whose sign he noticed an hour before, and ordered a duplicate key. Next morning he called there and secured both keys. On one side of the store a black walnut partition, some seven feet high, ran back thirty feet from the large front window, parallel to, and fifteen feet from, the wall, enclosing a space, the upper end of which was occupied by the book-keeper, and the lower by a desk for general business. In this place the clerks usually hung their overcoats—it was now quite cold. Allsound slipped or glided stealthily into the enclosure, spoke a word or two to the accountant, then, as he glided stealthily out, he adroitly slipped the duplicate key into the inside pocket of Arbyght's overcoat. He left the store shortly afterwards, and in about an hour returned, accompanied by Sergeant Soolfire. The accountant and other clerks were unceremoniously called together, and the officer gave each, as they severally appeared, a sharp, probing, crucial look.

"Are there any more?" he asked, abruptly, as the last man came up.

"No," returned Allsound.

"Then I think you are mistaken," said the Sergeant. He spoke decidedly and smiled incredulously.

"I am sure I am not."

"You are sure?" interrupted the Sergeant, as he faced Allsound and regarded him fixedly, penetratingly. Allsound quailed and stammered: "It must be so—I—I think that it can't be otherwise."

"Men," spoke the Sergeant, facing round, "your employer says he has lost large sums of money—perhaps he has, but I can hardly trust myself to believe that his suspicion—that among you will be found the culprit—is well founded; however, as he has lodged complaint, I am in duty bound to search your persons, and, if necessary, your places of abode, for evidences of guilt, if there be any."

The men were dumbfounded, but cheerfully submitted to the search. It revealed nothing. The overcoats in the enclosure were then examined, and lo! a duplicate key of the old safe was found in an inside pocket of the accountant's pocket. The Sergeant smiled knowingly, the accountant looked bewildered, the others stared.

"Oh! Sergeant," broke out Allsound, in an alarmed voice, "there is surely some mistake—"

"Hold, hold," said the Sergeant; "let us see if this key unlocks the safe from which you claim the property has been abstracted."

Yes, it unlocked it.

"I tell you it's a mistake," again pleaded Allsound. "I would trust my whole fortune to that man; I won't appear against him; I

would not have him arrested for half my store."

"I rather think there was a mistake made by somebody," said Soolfire, slowly shaking his head, and speaking very deliberately. "As you wish it, I will not make any arrest, but I will keep this key, and perhaps it may some day unlock this mystery, or mistake, as you term it." Allsound turned pale and trembled, but dared not remonstrate.

That afternoon, as Arbyght was returning to the store, he met Lionel Trucon, who had just left there.

"Richard," said the lad sorrowfully, "you must leave the store at once."

"Why?"

"That key was placed in your pocket."

"You astonish me!"

"It is true, nevertheless."

"The key placed in my pocket," musingly but emphatic.

"Yes."

"And you—"

"Question me no farther," said Lionel, hurriedly, as he darted past him.

Now it was Richard's turn to think, and think hard.

He left the store.

For two weeks he diligently and untiringly searched for employment, and found none; nor was he alone in this fruitless search for bread. The committee, it has already been remarked, were discharged, but it remains to be told that they were also proscribed, and had it not been for the material aid of the union, generously bestowed, many little mouths would have already hungered for the common necessities of life. Trustgood and McFlynn were men of large families, men who, like Goldsmith, believed "that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population." They were men who loved their little ones, their cherished ones, and this love dulled the edge of poverty's sting, and rendered a life of exacting, laborious, never-ending toil, not only bearable, but almost enjoyable. But now, as day after day sped by, they returned to their cheerless fire-sides with haggard looks and dull, aching hearts. No man would employ them, money they had none, and cold, dreary joyless winter—that time "when icicles hang by the wall, when blood be nipt and ways be foul"—was already enfolding them in the icy embrace of famishing despair. Their stereotyped answer of "no work," to the mute, expectant look of their noble-hearted wives, was indeed sad and pitiful to hear. But they believed they were right, and that the hand of God, though not felt in their behalf, was nevertheless near; that though their fate was cast in sightless gloom, the light of justice would one day penetrate and dispense it; that God, as Cowper beautifully expressed it, behind a frowning Providence, hid a smiling face.


Oscar Wood was single, was more boy than man; not yet had "manhood darkened o'er his downy cheek." He was a young Canadian, of ruddy complexion and soft, yielding, graceful manners; as fair and beautiful as girlhood could wish; a smile and kind word he ever had for all. Truly might it be said of him, that "none knew him but to love, none named him but to praise." Yet he was all ardor, all spirit, all soul, when occasion required it. He was one of the first that joined the movement, nor was he least in it, like young Azim,

"Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was raised
To right the nations, and behold, emblazoned
On the white flag (Labor's) host unfurled,
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
At once his faith, his sword, his soul obeyed
The inspiring summons; every chosen blade
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text
Scemed doubly edged for this world and the next:
And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
Eyes more devoted, willing to be blind,
In Virtue's cause; never was soul inspired
With livelier trust in what it most desired
Than his, the enthusiast here, who kneeling,
Believes the form, to which he bends the knee,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fettered world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again."

One day Alexander Fargood ran across Richard Arbyght, and during the conversation that followed, Mr. Fargood suggested that the proscribed workmen might flank their enemies by becoming employers as well as workmen, that is, to start business, necessarily on a small scale, for themselves. "Should you conclude to act upon the suggestion I have thrown out," said Mr. Fargood, taking leave of the victimized toiler, "you can rely upon me for any assistance it is in my power to render." Richard thought the matter over, sought the others and talked it over with them, and the result was a determination to give the scheme a trial on a co-operative basis. Richard had a thousand dollars, which he saved while in the army, and McFlynn and Trustgood mortgaged their homes for an equal amount. Oscar Wood was to share alike in the proceeds of the firm, notwithstanding his inability to invest any capital. Though young, he was provident and careful, but being the only support of a widowed mother and an invalid sister, his earnings were all swallowed up in the gaping maw of subsistence.

An old three-story brick building, formerly used as a store-house, but now deserted, was rented, and after some alterations, made to answer for shop, yard, and storeroom. This building stood close to the river, its foundation resting on piles, the walls rising almost from the water's edge, that is such portions of it as raised from the foundation, or first story. About sixteen feet of the lower story, on both

sides, one facing the river, the other the street, were not walled up. The old store was built up to the first story in this shape:—



A large iron pillar was then placed in the vacant corner, from which great wooden beams stretched to either wall, and on these beams the walls were continued two stories higher. Right over this pillar was a room which Richard fitted up as a sleeping apartment, which Oscar and himself occupied, as owing to the enmity with which the employers regarded the movement, it was deemed advisable to keep constant watch over their property.

The four men finally began operations, but made no effort to sell or find a market. They stored their work for the first week in the various rooms of the old building. One very dark night all the manufactured ware was removed to Fargood's storeroom, and by him sold, no one suspecting that it was not his own. But it was soon discovered by Spindle that the men had disposed of their work, and of course Relvason and the rest of the employers were also soon in possession of the fact. This Spindle had no will of his own, he was completely and willingly the slave of his employer, another Fadlason, whose conduct and opinions, as Moore says, were founded upon that line of Sadi—"should the prince at noonday say, it is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars." And even more, he partook of the hate of his employer. In this instance he rested not until he had ascertained how and by what means the men disposed of their ware, and when the secret opened, the men's market closed. They next attempted to ship their work to outside markets, but Relvason's agents watched them closely, and foiled them on every occasion. Three weeks after the incubation of the enterprise, inevitable ruin stared these men in the face. They had on hand a large amount of material, besides their manufactured stock. All their available means were locked up in a commodity for which they were denied a market. Thus far, this was their darkest hour. The dawn came sooner than was expected. Mr. Fargood stood by them. He had just bought a small refinery, and not being able to supply it himself, concluded to obtain the rest of his work from the co-operators. The syndicate attacked him in the Board of Trade, but he left the Board, and snapped his fingers at the ring, and thus Right got a head and shoulders ahead in the race. The bark was now fairly launched, but not on smooth seas. Like the feeble, glimmering lamp which the Hindu maiden commits with trembling hands to the bosom of the Ganges, as a presagement of good or evil to her absent lover, and watches with terror its disappearance beneath the dark waters, or with joy its safe passage through engulfing waves, so the frail bark sailed upon a sea that every moment threatened it with disaster and ingurgitation, and its progress was watched with eyes as eager and hearts as pulseless as those of the superstitious girl.

One night Richard was out later than usual, being on a visit of mercy to some sorely-pressed brother, and when he returned he found that Oscar had not yet retired—that he was seemingly waiting for him, and that he was evidently disturbed.

Oscar had seen something. Looking out of a window that fronted the river, and from which a good view on either side could be obtained of the foul, murky stream—he, that night, noticed a small boat move silently and cautiously up to the old building, where it remained a few minutes, and then moved across the river, and became lost in the shadow of a large pile of lumber that projected over the docks.

In that boat were three crouching, muffled figures. Richard laughed and made light of the matter, but Oscar could not be dissuaded from thinking that some dreadful calamity was impending. For the first time in the knowledge of those who knew him, the smile left his face and the color faded from his cheeks next day he was moody, uneasily restless, and indisposed to work. Richard watched him thoughtfully, and towards evening went out and bought two Colt's revolvers, one of which he gave to Oscar. The poor, dejected fellow brightened at once. That night, as Richard left the old building, he observed a repulsive looking man standing on the opposite side of the street. Richard advanced towards him, seeing which, the man moved away and darted down an alley. About ten o'clock, Richard returned, and lo! the same repulsive looking man was standing in the same place. Oscar was sleeping sweetly, and perhaps dreaming of his home beyond the lakes, when Richard entered the room. Sleep on, dream on, unconscious Oscar! The shores of your loved Ontario, the smiles of your sainted mother and angelic sister, in whose sunshine now you bask, will soon fade, perhaps forever, from your pure young mind, and purgatorial gloom and darkness shroud your boyish soul!

Richard lighted the gas—examined his pistol, laid it down, then went out into the large cheerless room; he went to the window facing the river, and threw it up. A cold, snow-laden blast swept with a sullen roar into the room; he peered through the deep, thick darkness without; a slight snow, the first of the season, was falling, falling with melancholy stillness. Hark! a low, peculiar whistle sounded dismally over the dark waters—sounded like the wail of a lost soul! Richard shuddered and peered again into the thick dark-

NOTICE.

We shall be pleased to receive items of interest pertaining to Trade Societies from all parts of the Dominion for publication.

Our columns are open for the discussion of all questions affecting the working classes.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Table with 2 columns: Term and Price. Includes Per Annum, Six Months, and Single copies.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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All communications should be addressed to the Office, 124 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.

Trades' Assembly Hall.

- Meetings are held in the following order: Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday. Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.

Application for renting the halls for special meetings and other purposes to be made to Mr. Andrew Scott, 211 King Street East.

BOY WANTED. Apply at this office.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1872

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

The long winter evenings will soon be upon us, and the question we not unfrequently hear asked is—How shall we spend our evenings?

During all the recent agitations for shorter hours of labor, one of the weightiest arguments used was, the felt need for more time to devote to the cultivation of the mind and intellect.

Now, to some extent, shorter hours of labor obtain in certain departments of industry, and it is incumbent upon those who are experiencing the benefit to so improve themselves that the assertion may be proved to a demonstration to be what we have always asserted—a foul slander upon the working classes.

It must not be forgotten by those who have been active in their efforts to obtain fewer hours of labor, that the mere fact of gaining that one point is not all that is necessary to better their condition—the obtaining of them must only be made the means to an end.

and that there are efforts to be made for a better way of life other than to obtain more pay and fewer hours of labor. We must not be blind to the simplest principles of domestic and political economy—but bear in mind that an improved condition depends not less upon savings than earnings.

And now for a moment we may refer to the means to be employed for the accomplishment of this end. There are many organizations in existence that might be utilized for this purpose, but perhaps no one of them is better adapted to meet all requirements than the recently organized society known as the "Canadian Labor Protection and Mutual Improvement Association."

We are not aware to what extent this organization has been established in this city; that it has been started we know; and we hope that those who have the matter in hand will set to work in earnest, and endeavor to make its meetings not only a time of profit, but of pleasure also.

We shall refer to this subject at some future occasion, and in the meantime would like to hear the views and opinions of our fellow workers in connection with this matter.

"THE REVIVERS" AND MR. BRIGHT.

Mr. Roberts, president of the Association of Revivers of British Industry, writes to Mr. Bright in reference to his late speech at Rochdale. He says—You speak of Free Trade having benefited the working man by giving him cheap food; are you aware that workmen all over the country are now striking, and they allege that food and rent are so much higher that they require higher wages?

you aware that the crews of our vessels mainly consist of foreign seamen? Are you aware that our increased exports mainly consist in the re-export of foreign imported raw material and manufactures, our coal and iron, and not in British manufactures solely, as we are led to believe by knaves who advocate one-sided free trade?

THE NATHAN MURDER.

The defence in Forrester's case will attempt to prove an alibi. John Connor, of New Orleans, with whom Forrester boarded, states that Forrester was in a southern State, dressed as a laborer when the Nathan murder was committed; and that plenty of witnesses can be brought forward to prove it.

THE SITUATION.

The Iron Moulders International Journal says:—We are pleased to note the continued good times in the foundry business. Trade everywhere seems to be rushing, especially in the stove branch.

Experience has taught us that the present rush will not last very long, and we urge upon our members to prepare for the reaction, whether it be natural or forced. While we have reason to believe that until Christmas work will be steady, yet beyond that date no one can speak with any certainty.

LORD DUFFERIN.

On Tuesday evening His Excellency Lord Dufferin arrived in Toronto, and received at the hands of our citizens, a right royal welcome. The band of the 10th Royals headed the torch-light procession, which marched through several of the principal streets, and finally escorted His Excellency and suite to the residence of Lieutenant-Governor Howland, which was brilliantly illuminated.

morning to view the Provincial Exhibition, now being held in that City. His Excellency returns to Toronto on Friday, and will receive an address from the citizens. There will be an illumination in the evening.

HOMES FOR WORKINGMEN.

In the rural districts of Sweden, almost every mine, smelting house, or factory of any size, has near it houses specially designed for the use of workmen, neat little wooden cottages, with gardens and vegetable grounds, and many proprietors permit these to pass into actual ownership of the occupiers, taking payment in instalments.

AN EVENT OF THE AGE.

One of the most remarkable events of the age we live in is now taking place in Peru. For two years past work has been progressing in the giant mastery of the Titan Andean chain. Last July work was commenced on the eastern terminus of the Lima and Oroya railroad, which is being constructed under a contract for 27,000,000 real by Henry I. Meigge.

is rudely taken out and transported on the backs of Lamas to the principal camps, at a cost of \$20 per ton; nothing can be obtained for fuel excepting dried turf, "buffalo chips"—twenty-five cents a sack—and dried Lama dung.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

All that labor asks is a fair hearing. Capital can readily command the public ear. It has the means of reaching it, everywhere and at any time. But it is not so with labor. Its public advocates are few; its means for general discussion are small.

Suppose, for instance, capital declares that in giving labor the same pay for nine hours it now receives for ten, there shall be an increase of the prices of the necessaries of life, will it be just in capital to do so? Will not labor be entitled to be heard in protest against the wrong? Has not labor the power to say whether it will pay these increased prices of capital? Is an article really worth a higher price, because a higher price is asked for it?

Do you say that capital is stronger than labor? We think not. Laborers are more numerous than capitalists. Therefore, labor consumes more than capital. Hence the importance of friendly co-operation between the two forces. Both sides should be heard. Both sides are on an equal footing. Neither side can afford to threaten the other. Labor admits that capital has rights. Capital must admit the same of labor.

The moment you begin to threaten a man, that moment you run the risk of making him an enemy. Capital and labor ought to be fast friends. They are naturally dependent on each other. Their interests are one and the same. Their friendship, therefore, should be natural and perpetual.

Capital cannot afford to quarrel with labor, any more than labor can afford to quarrel with capital. It is on this account we very much regret to see in certain influential quarters the threat thrown out that the payment of the wages of labor, at the rate of nine hours a day, shall be made up to capital by an increase of the prices of the means of subsistence. We earnestly hope that this threat will be withdrawn, and that its enforcement will not be attempted.

The honest laborer, who works nine hours a day, renders a fair equivalent for what he receives. He needs every one of these hours for his support. The remaining hours of the day are needed for his family and a due regard for his health and success as a workman. Will you repay the attempt of labor to rise in the scale of society by increasing the prices it has to pay for its daily bread?

We contend, and the result will yet prove it, that capital and labor will both be equal gainers by the establishment of shorter hours of labor. Labor will be improved in the character of its working force. The amount of work done, in the end, will be the same. The work will be better done. Best of all, the moral tone of labor will steadily and permanently advance, and every good interest of society will be promoted.—SHEPLATE.

THE WORKINGMAN ABROAD.

In Russia the condition of the artisan during late years has materially improved. A goodly portion of the working classes spend their winters in town, and summers in the country, flocking to the latter as soon as the warm weather sets in. Wages vary according to locality and seasons of the year, but are lowest in the districts where the hand-loom weavers congregate.

ranks, the upper of masters, the middle of workmen, the lower of apprentices. Any one may enter a guild by enrolling himself as an apprentice, and paying an entrance fee of three florins (nearly \$1.50). After serving with a master for three or four years, without payment, the apprentice is registered as a workman and proclaimed a free member of the guild. In return for a quarterly payment of 23 cents he becomes entitled to gratuitous board, lodging, medicine and care at the hospital when sick, or to receive the same at home at a charge of 87 cents a week. If a workman desires to become a master, he pays twenty florins to the masters' chest, six florins for a diploma, a small fee to the town rates; upon which he receives the coveted promotion and becomes an elector of the guild. This system turns out good workmen. Shoemakers earn \$6 a week; joiners, \$7.50 to \$15; tailors, \$6 to \$9; silversmiths, \$3.50 to \$5; compositors, \$6; meercbaum-carvers, \$4 to \$9; plumbers, \$4, and smiths, \$6 to \$9; twelve hours being the average working day. As to food and lodging in Vienna house rent is comparatively high, a small room with kitchen costing some \$48 per annum. Strikes, lockouts, and all combinations for the restraint of trade are illegal in Austria, and trades-unions do not exist. Co-operative societies, however, flourish. Education is compulsory, and the popular standard of taste is very high, the people finding their amusement in musical entertainments and the drama, excellent performances being afforded for a nominal sum. Intoxication is rare, and habitual drunkenness still rarer among the Austrian artisans; although their ideas of intimidation are solely confined to sending their obnoxious fellows to Coventry. In Prussia, the journeyman artisan is generally an educated and well-to-man. He not only possesses a good technical education, but by following the excellent practice of travelling or "wandering" and by visiting the manufactories of other States, he acquires ample ability for the business he intends to pursue. In Saxony wages are not high; they average no more than two or three dollars a week; but the Saxon workman knows how to keep himself and his family on that sum, and frequently to lay by something which enables him to purchase a small house, and a plot of ground attached to it. In Wurtemberg, the condition of the laborer is still better, and the facilities which the workingman possesses of enjoying life are in many respects greater than in England. He is able to indulge in meat as a daily article of food, and even the poorest artisan eats sausages, if unable to get fresh meat. White bread is still a luxury, and is seldom indulged in by the working classes, but black or rye bread which costs 4 kroutzers or 2½ cents per pound forms their habitual consumption.

SOME RESULTS OF THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITIONS.

Every civilized community has manifested more or less interest in the progress made by the expeditions fitted out in England and the United States to search for Dr. Livingstone, the renowned traveller. Both expeditions have now returned, that commanded by Mr. Stanley having, it is claimed, succeeded in meeting with Livingstone, receiving at his hands letters concerning his travels and explorations. These tidings have been warmly received by the British people, with whom the doctor's name has become almost a household word, and the congratulations bestowed upon the leader of the expedition have been correspondingly warm and general. The results attained by Mr. Stanley's search expedition are two-fold—we are assured that the venerable doctor was alive and well at a comparatively recent date, and thus the anxiety universally felt for his safety has been removed; and we obtain additional valuable information respecting the interior of Africa, which has hitherto been practically an unknown land. The mystery which has hung over that vast continent has been dispelled. By spending not far from half his life there, Dr. Livingstone has

proved that the torrid zone is not uninhabitable, nor its people inhospitable. On the contrary, the climate is bearable, the country fertile, and the native races quite as amenable to proper treatment as native races usually are, and of quite as high a type physically and intellectually. It is now even suggested that Africa may prove to Britain a nearer and more profitable India, with equal industrial resources and habitable regions, and that ere long Anglo-Saxons may enter it, to wonder how it occurred that the untold wealth of Africa's golden sands should have remained shrouded in mystery through long ages.

To no one will the writings of Livingstone and Stanley in which they sketch the country, people, and natural resources of the interior of Africa, afford more interesting and valuable information than to the Khedive of Egypt. Already the Khedive has taken steps to extend his rule among the native tribes, by despatching an armed expedition under Sir Samuel Baker, a distinguished explorer, to take possession of the uplands around the sources of the Nile. He has sent a column of two thousand men to invade Abyssinia. Abyssinia has been in a chronic state for ages. But the country was little known until the English expedition proceeded there and routed Theodore, who was the first ruler who tried to impress any sense of the power of the central authority over the local rulers, and then it was only after infinite wars and struggles. We now are told that the government is hereditary—a descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, always sitting on the throne, and Kissai, the successor of Theodore as a ruler, employs his time in making parasols; though he appears to be well engaged endeavoring to pacify two divisions of the country which are continually at war. The Viceroys will have, therefore, no serious difficulty in conquering that neighboring country, and can subsequently annex it to his dominions without much trouble. To add Abyssinia to Egypt will be, however, but the first step taken in building up a great African empire, which the Khedive seems determined to raise. To him the news relating to the great continent over which he intends to rule, reporting that the elevated country in the interior is productive and comparatively healthy, will be peculiarly welcome and serve to fire his ambition for fresh conquests. By extensive conquests in Central Africa he could add to his present resources by commerce with the interior. Whether the accomplishment of such a scheme, by which the unenlightened tribes of Africa would be brought under the sway of the Egyptians, would prove beneficial to civilization it is difficult to determine. That the Khedive is resolved to attempt to extend his rule over new lands is certain; and the reports of Livingstone and Stanley will, no doubt, cause him to push forward his warlike expeditions with fresh vigor. Among the developments of the next century may possibly be the advance of Egypt to the front rank of nations, equal to her ancient greatness and strength, and prepared to take her place in the councils of the nations.

"THE HOURS OF LABOR."

History of the Contest for Short Hours in England—Murder of the Innocents in Factories—History of the Contest in America and in Europe—Social and Political Aspects of the Question—Significant Statistics—The Sanitary Aspect.

(FROM THE HAMILTON STANDARD.)

[CONTINUED.]

The struggle for the reduction of the hours of labor which then ensued, has continued to the present day, and found its first legislative expression in an act passed in 1801 for the protection of the young. The act provided that apprentices under the age of sixteen years should not be permitted to be kept at work more than 12 hours a day, from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and that they should receive instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic and religion. It further provided that every mill should be whitewashed with quicklime once a year and that the doors and windows should be made to admit fresh air. That act was

followed by a series of commissions and committees of inquiries and seven times amended. The medical testimony was unanimous that the children were physically ruined by overwork. Those who escaped with their lives were so crippled and maimed in their limbs that they could not maintain themselves in after life. It was proved by medical testimony that out of 4,000 persons who had entered the factory before the age of thirty only 600 could be found at work in the mills after that age. Out of thirty-four boys and twenty-eight girls, examined by two credible surgeons of Manchester in 1871, only five boys and five girls looked healthy; one of the boys had only been in the mill three weeks, another was employed in the packing-room. Faint voices, bad coughs, wheezing and shortness of breath, and a general tendency to consumption was the normal state of the little factory workers. By Sir Robert Peel's bill in 1819 it was proposed that no child under the age of sixteen years should work longer than 11 hours a day, with one hour and a half for meal times. The objections of the mill owners were: that it would exclude them from foreign markets; that it would interfere with the freedom of labor; that the bill could not be passed without extending its provisions to other trades; that the spare time would be spent in riot and debauchery; and that the necessity for the bill had not been made out. The result was that the labor of children was seventy-two hours a week, and the justices of the peace, that is to say the mill-owners, were entrusted with enforcing the law.

Some six years later, in 1825, most of the mills in Manchester allowed half an hour for breakfast, but only fifty minutes for dinner. At Stockport only three mills granted the indulgence of breakfast time, and all only forty-five minutes for dinner, but everywhere the children were driven to the necessity of snatching their food by mouthfuls, while cleaning the machines during meal hours. A new law was passed specifying that the half hour for breakfast must be taken between eight and nine a.m. and one full hour for dinner between twelve and two p.m. The traditional term of apprentices was dropped and the modern classification of children and young persons substituted, and children were once more not to work more than twelve hours a day. How this renewed attempt at protecting the weak by the strong arm of the law succeeded is gathered from the tone of the preamble to the bill of 1833, which runs: "Whereas, it has become a practice to employ a great number of children and young persons of both sexes an unreasonable length of time, and late at night, and in many instances all night, &c."

The session of 1833 was rather a hot one for the advocates of the freedom of labor. Miles of petitions poured into the House at fortnightly intervals, which afforded ample opportunities for angry discussions. On the 8th of February, 1833, Lord Ashley, the present Earl of Shaftesbury, declared in the House of Commons that little children ought not to work more than ten hours a day in factories. One of the standard demands of Robert Peel has been to exclude children under nine years of age from factories. Lord Ashley embodied that in his bill, and proposed that no person under the age of 21 should be employed between 7 o'clock p.m. and 6 o'clock a.m., and that no person under the age of eighteen should work more than ten hours a day, with proper intervals for meals. On the 5th of July, when Lord Ashley's bill came on, Lord Althorp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, stated that the change was a serious matter, and that the Government was willing to agree to a reduction of the hours of labor of children under fourteen to eight a day, to make education a condition of employment in factories, and to have regular inspection to enforce these provisions. Lord Ashley was thankful for these concessions, but held out for more. On the 18th of July, when the bill came on for the second reading, Lord Althorp moved as an amendment that protection should only be given to those who could not protect themselves, and the adults should be left to their own discretion. The matter was to be handed over to a select committee to make the alterations to which the Government had resolved to agree. Upon the division the amendment was carried by 238 against 93. The great point gained was the regular inspection of factories by inspectors appointed by the Government, without which legislation would have been in vain. If ever functionaries of the State performed duties faithfully and unflinchingly the factory inspectors have done so. The upshot of the legislation of 1833 was that children should only work 48 hours a week, that they should only be employed on the condition of having a certain amount of schooling, and that inspectors were appointed to enforce the law. But the mill-owners had ample time

given them to prepare for the change; the act was not to come into operation until the 1st of March, 1836. Before the act came into operation it had to be explained in one session, amended in another, and made binding in a third.

There is no creature on the face of the earth so perverse as the human being, and none more obstinate than the philosophers who defend an established state of things with the same pertinacity with which Aristotle defended the institutions of antique slavery. Dr. Ure defended the liberty of crippling tender children in factories. His "Philosophy of Manufactures," London, 1835, is an interesting book to read in the light of the present day. He makes light of the duties of antiquity, and after showing that the art of spinning is claimed as an honorable discovery by human nations, who ascribe it to their goddesses, but consider the occupation as unworthy of men, goes on to state: "It was under the infatuation of love that Hercules degraded himself by spinning at the feet of Amalthea. Hercules, the Grecian demigod, with all his talent, spun but a single thread, while a Manchester operative spins nearly 2,000." According to his calculation a Hindoo woman would require two years to convert a pound of cotton into 250 hanks of yarn; a Manchester spinner, with the assistance of two children, could turn sixteen pounds of cotton into yarn of 200 hanks to the pound in a week. Self-acting machinery was the thing that would repeal the primeval curse on mankind. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." His interpretation, however, notwithstanding the patent fact that the temperature of the mills was constantly at summer heat, combined with the stagnant air, was that the factory workers never worked themselves in a sweat; factory work was but amusement, and so easy that children and cripples who were unable to do any other work could do it; but he carefully concealed that the factories above all created their own supply of cripples. The limitation of the hours of labor would bring certain ruin, and he stoutly denied that twelve hours a day continuous labor was in any respect hurtful to children, because a surgeon of Leeds had told him that the tenderers who worked in a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit were admitted into sick societies. This, then, was the contrast between the enlightened nineteenth century and the dark ages, that tender children could work twelve hours and more a day in a tropical heat all the year round without hurt while in the dark ages robust men were thought to require sleep in the middle of the day in hot weather.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON LOCK-OUT.

MEETING OF THE MASTERS AND MEN.

A COMPROMISE AGREED UPON AND A RETURN TO WORK.

LONDON, Sept. 1.

Something like a settlement has at last been arrived at between the mechanics and the employers in this city. On Friday morning Mr. Matkin, the Secretary of the Co-operative Central Committee, received an official communication from Mr. Stanley Bird, the Secretary of the masters, stating that a sub-committee of five employers would meet a deputation of five carpenters and joiners, each side being invested with full powers to settle all the points in dispute.

Mr. Shipton, the Secretary of the amalgamated committees, representing the painters, plasterers, metal workers and aborers, also received a letter from Mr. Bird couched in terms similar to that sent to Mr. Matkin, but in this case the two representatives from each of these branches will not be received by the sub-committee until Wednesday afternoon.

A CONFERENCE OF THE CARPENTERS' DEPUTATION

with the masters commenced on Tuesday afternoon at Westminster Chambers, Victoria street, at 2 o'clock, and lasted till 8 o'clock; Mr. B. Hannen in the chair. The following members of the sub-committee of the Central Association of the Master Builders were present: Messrs. Brass, Shaw, Macey, Trollope, with Mr. Stanley Bird, Hon. Secretary. The Carpenters and Joiners consisted of the following members, Messrs. Grody, Mortimer, Mitchell, Burgess and Whaley, with Mr. Matkin, Secretary. After some preliminary discussion a long debate commenced on the code of working rules, which were exhaustively gone over and disputed point by point. No hitch took place to disturb the tenor of the discussion until 7 o'clock, when two of the primary points had been settled. At this stage of the proceedings the deputation asked to retire for a quarter of an hour to consult with their committee, who were sitting in the vicinity. When the deputation consulted the committee as to the

terms of the proposed agreement certain propositions were moved as to their acceptance or rejection, and a vote was eventually carried that the terms should be accepted. The deputation again met the masters, and after another two hour's deliberation the following.

AGREEMENT

was come to:—
 "2 WESTMINSTER CHAMBERS; }
 August 27.
 "The working hours to be 52½ all the year round for joiners in shops, and 52½ hours per week for 40 weeks in summer and 48 hours per week in winter for out-door work, leaving off at 1 o'clock on Saturday during winter weeks. The wages to be 8½d per hour all the year round. Outside beyond the above hours, when worked by the request of the employer, to be paid for at the following rates:—For the first hour 9½d per hour, and from the end of the first extra hour until 8 o'clock p.m. at the rate of 10½d per hour, after 8 o'clock at the rate of 1s 0½d per hour. This scale not to apply to the case of men working overtime at their own request, or to make up time lost by them during the week.

EXTRA TIME ON SATURDAYS

to be paid at the rate of time and a quarter up to 5 o'clock, and after that time at the rate of time and a half.

(Signed), CHARLES MATKIN,
 "Secretary of Carpenters and Joiners."

During the sitting of the conference all the afternoon groups of carpenters and joiners were to be seen in the vicinity of Westminster Abbey and Victoria street in animated discussion, or passing up and down outside the chambers anxiously awaiting to hear the result. The majority seemed anxious that a settlement should be arrived at. After the conference ended, the deputation along with the committee proceeded to the Brown Bear, Bloomsbury, where a committee meeting was held to take into consideration the settlement arrived at.

ALL WERE AGREED.

as to the satisfactory nature of the agreement made with the masters. After some discussion it was agreed that a delegate meeting be convened for the following night to take the opinion of the trade or otherwise confirm the settlement arrived at. A resolution had also been agreed upon to

REFER ALL FUTURE DISPUTES IN THE TRADE TO A CONFERENCE

or to arbitration. These were the best terms that could be obtained, and although they fell short of what they desired they were a decided step in the advance. Mr. Benny moved the following resolution: "That this meeting of delegates of the carpenters and joiners of London, having heard the report of their deputation elected to confer with the master builders' committee upon the existing points of the dispute, hereby agree to recommend that work be resumed upon the terms agreed upon by the deputation and the committee of masters."

CABLE NEWS.

LONDON, Sept. 21.—There was frost in some parts of England last night, the first of the season.

A writer for the London News having published a graphic description of the horrors of a steerage passage across the Atlantic, scores of correspondents are adding their testimony of the abuses and sufferings to which steerage passengers are subjected, demanding immediate reform.

Sir John Duke Coleridge and other distinguished jurists are advocating in the newspapers a codification or digest of the English laws similar to the code of New York, which they praise highly.

The London Labour League yesterday adopted resolutions approving of the award of the Geneva Tribunal, as binding England and America together, and promoting the advancement of industry and civilization.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—A special despatch to the Times from Berlin, says: "That it is reported in that city that the Emperor William contemplates making a considerable reduction in the force of the army now occupying French territory, after the payment of the second milliard francs of the war indemnity."

Snow fell in Sheffield and in the neighborhood of this city yesterday.

PARIS, Sept. 20.—A letter purporting to have been written by Don Carlos to the Pope is circulating in Paris. It promises the speedy renewal of the Carlist insurrection in Spain with ample means.

PARIS, Sept. 23.—At a reception by Thiers in the palace of the Elysee to-day, Count Orloff, the Russian minister to France, said that the Czar would not have gone to any meeting, the object of which was hostility to France. Count Orloff further said that the Czar had ordered him to formally state this fact to Thiers.

The French Government to-day paid to Germany 57,000,000 francs, completing the fifth milliard of the war indemnity.

BERLIN, Sept. 20.—During the recent meeting of the Emperors here, the subject of the inviolability of private property at sea in time of war was considered by Prince Gortschakoff, Count Andrássy and Prince Bismarck. It was regarded as a good omen for the final establishment of this principle, that the Governments of the United States, Austria, Germany, Russia, Italy and Holland, were united in its support.

ROME, Sept. 21.—The anniversary of the occupation of Rome by Italian troops was celebrated yesterday with much enthusiasm. The city was profusely decorated. The Pope received visits of condolence from his adherents, and addressed his visitors, lamenting the misfortunes of the Catholic Church, and the injustice done it by the Italian Government.

MAT has recently opened a first-class house on Yonge Street, near the Avenue, and is always happy to see his friends. An obliging host, attentive waiters and pleasant surroundings, make the house attractive.

A LITTLE ELBOW ROOM.

Good friend, don't crowd so very tight;
These're room enough for two;
Keep in your mind that I have a right
To live as well as you—
You rich and strong, I poor and weak;

The Home Circle.

HOW A WIFE FELT.

A man at whose house I was a guest, told me that he had been a hard drinker and a cruel husband; had beaten his poor wife till she had almost become used to it.

As near as I could gather from what he told me, he found his wife sitting over the embers, waiting for him. And coming into the house, said he:

"Nancy, I think that—"
"Well, Ned, what is it?"
"Why, I think I shall—that is—I mean to—to—Nancy, I mean—"

"What's the matter, Ned? Anything the matter?"
"Yes," said he "the matter's just this—I have signed the temperance pledge, and, so help me God I'll keep it!"

She started to her feet, and she did faint away. I was just in time to catch her; and as she lay in my arms, her eyes shut and her face so pale, thinks I, she's dead, and I've done it now. But she wasn't dead; she opened her eyes, and then she put her arms round my neck; and I didn't know she was so strong, as she pulled and pulled till she got me down where I had not been before for thirty years—on my knees. Then she said, "O God! help him!" and I said "Amen!" and she said, "Oh God! help my poor Ned, and strengthen him to keep his pledge," and I hollered "Amen!" just as loud as I could holler. That was the first time we ever knelt together, but it was not the last.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceptful grotesqueness to the face.

It is the energy of will that is the soul of the intellect; wherever it is, there is life; where it is not all is dullness, and despondency, and desolation.

THE BREATH OF LIFE.

There is a significance in this sentence which is hardly appreciated to its full extent by many persons, even among the more intelligent portion of every community. The air we breathe is not only indispensable to corporeal existence; its full benefits can only be realized in the development of healthy bodies and vigorous intellects by full, free and deep breathing.

It cannot be expected that a diseased organism, or an impaired constitution, can be restored at once by anything short of supernatural power. In the incipient stages of many forms of disease, pure air and a good pair of lungs are wonderful aids to bring the patient back to a normal healthy condition; but chronic ailments yield only to continuous, skillful and judicious treatment, while hereditary complaints and deformities are, in the main, beyond the reach—as far as a perfect cure in a majority of cases is concerned—of the most consummate skill.

Good health is, or should be, the primary consideration in the enjoyment of life. Health, wisdom, wealth—this is the order in which well-balanced minds place the great objects which constitute the earthly interests of mankind, though it is not a comforting reflection that, in a large measure, the first two are subservient to the last.

A few days since, while travelling over an important line of western railway, we encountered an intelligent gentleman from abroad, travelling in this country for pleasure and observation. The conversation turned upon the health of American women, and he remarked that upon inquiry he learned that American women suffered from ill health and physical disabilities to a much greater extent than he was prepared to believe.

The same testimony is borne by our own people who go abroad. Why is this difference? What is the reason that there is such a lack of vitality and health among so large a number of American women? Will the scientists point us out the natural causes, if any exist? We suspect that such causes are mainly artificial, and some of them are not so remote or hidden as to be difficult to find.

A fair estimate places the average weight of woman's clothing, supported at the waist, all the year round, at fifteen pounds. Is it a matter of surprise that there is so much complaint of weak backs? And again the injudicious use of the corset to improve the figure—which often results in an exaggerated deformity rather than an improvement—is chargeable with a vast amount of suffering and disease.

What is true in regard to a soldier hold good, in a greater degree, in other directions. As a rule, it is necessary to have a healthy body to develop the highest powers of the mind. To have a generation of men with enlarged brain, of intellectual strength, it is necessary to have opportunities for thought and action. Deep breathing has much to do with thinking. Good lungs are among the primary requisites of perfect development, and the full enjoyment of life and vigor cannot be had without them.

AN OLD DEFINITION OF BABIES.

A writer in an English magazine discourses as follows on a familiar and humorous subject: "Babies are bundles of clothes with yellow heads." Some months ago I received a letter from the Royal Geographical Society, informing me that this definition was inaccurate, as in tropical climates babies had black faces and were frequently found without any clothes

worth speaking of. This I don't believe. I have often seen black men at St. James' Hall and elsewhere, but who ever saw a black baby? I wrote back saying that if Dr. Livingstone, when he came home, brought among his specimens of other insects any black babies, I should have great pleasure in inspecting them and giving them a certificate, that is, provided they don't prove stuffed seals or large cockroaches. There are a great number of babies in the world. Most of them are, however, kept out of sight in cradles, hen coops, attics, and old clothes baskets. A man once told me that the reason of this was because, if they were allowed to crawl about the streets or parks, no one could stir out for fear of walking on them or tripping over them, in either of which case the people so doing would be prosecuted by our friend Lathbury.

Babies do not differ much in temper, size and disposition. They are violent, about the size of a pillow, and covetous. I once saw a baby with a cork-screw, a pair of tongs, a hand bell and a broken hearth-brush altogether down its throat. When you come near a baby it stretches out its hand and clutches hold of your necktie. This is, the mother tells you, a mark of high favor, and a sign that the baby wants to kiss you. When you stoop forward to kiss the creature, it catches you by the hair and every one but you laughs, and says what a precious baby it is.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS.—A writer on long engagements says:—"The difficulty of sustaining with appropriate effect the character of an engaged man is sometimes enormous."

"I live by my pen," said a poet, wishing to impress a young lady.—"You look as if you lived in one," was the reply.

What is the difference between a civilized diner and a person who subsists at the North Pole?—Attention again?—One has his bill of fare, and the other has his fill of bear.

ONE FAULT.—It was wittily said of a beautiful French literary lady, that she had but one fault—her husband.

MOTHER'S CURTAINS.

"What are you doing in that corner, Josie?" said Annie Grey, coming in to call her sister out to roll hoop, and finding her sitting in the corner of their mother's room, with her bright face resting on her two little brown hands, very quiet and thoughtful.

"Want to earn some money," said the little girl, "and I don't know how."
"Earn money for what?"
"I want to earn enough to buy curtains for mother's windows."

"O, Josie! A girl eight years old to earn enough money for that. What put that in your head?"

"Mother did herself. She wants them so much. And when I asked her why she didn't buy them, she said: 'Because I have so many little mouths to feed and so many little bodies to keep warm and comfortable. We have enough for that, thank God, but we've nothing to spare for fancies, and the curtains are only a fancy of mine.' And I felt so sorry, Annie, 'cause mother did look as if she'd like her fancy very much. But since yesterday I've felt worse than ever about it, for when that telegram came to say that Aunt Clara was so sick, and mother must come to see her, and she was getting ready in such a hurry, I saw her open that box which shuts with a spring and take some money out of it, and she said to father, 'how fortunate it is that I have this money, now that you are so pressed. I have been putting away a dime every week to see whether I could spare it to buy some muslin curtains for our room. There is a dollar here, and it will just take me out to Clara's and back again.' I felt so bad, Annie, that a great big lump came into my throat and my eyes became all wet. It was such a disappointment for mother, and she just tried to look as if it wasn't a bit. Wouldn't it be lovely if we could earn money enough to buy some?"

"Oh! yes, lovely," said Annie; "but then we couldn't you know."

"How hard would you be willing to work for it?" asked a voice from the other side of the room. "Would you give up your whole Saturday?"

Josie sprang up and ran to the speaker, who sat busy making up an embroidered chair.

"Oh! I'd do anything," she said, eagerly, "and give up this Friday afternoon, too."

"Well, that chair must be finished on Monday, and it is to be made over before this new cover is put on."

Josie skipped into the next room—her uncle's shop (he was a cabinet maker), and came skipping back again.

"I see it, Aunt Lottie," said she, all on tiptoe with expectation.

"That chair must be picked over before tomorrow night. I was going to send for a boy to do it, because I shall not have time. It will be a long, tiresome day's work, but if you choose to do it I will give you a dollar."

"And that will buy the curtains, for I saw some with beautiful big scallops on the edge, marked one dollar, in the window, and mother was with me, and she said they were pretty coarse muslin, but they'd do very nicely for poor people's windows. Oh, Aunt Lottie! Dear, good Aunt Lottie!" And Josie squeezed and hugged the "dear, good Aunt Lottie," until she had to cry for mercy.

"It will be very hard work, Josie," she said, as soon as she was released. "Are you sure you will not be discouraged?"

"And so horrid, too," said Annie, turning up her little nose with a look of infinite disgust. "You'll be all dirty, and as hairy as anything. I wouldn't do it, Josie. Mother will save up money enough by and by."

As soon as breakfast was over she asked for her work, and Aunt Lottie, first pinning her up in a great calico apron of her own, and knotting a handkerchief over her brown curls, brought out the first basket and set it before her.

All the forenoon the busy fingers labored diligently, pulling to shreds the matted hair. Lower and lower grew the heap in the basket, higher and higher grew the mound on the floor beside the little workwoman, until at twelve o'clock, when Uncle Reuben came in to dinner, the great basket stood empty, and with a sigh of relief as big as the basket, Josie stepped down from her seat.

"Well done, honey bee," said Uncle Reuben, "and the hair looks prime, too. I could not have done it better myself."

"But how red your face is and how tired you look," cried Annie; "and your hands! Oh, what awful dirty hands!"

"The hands will wash and the face will cool," said Uncle Reuben. "I think that when mother comes home and sees the pretty curtains in the windows, she won't complain of either hands or face."

Tired little Josie looked rested already, as Uncle Reuben lifted her up to kiss her crimson face, and when dinner was over she went to work with great zeal. Aunt Lottie had offered to give her half of the money and let the boy finish the hair, but she would not consent; and although she had to sit alone—for her aunt dared not to bring the delicate embroidery with which she was busy near the flying threads of hair dust—she went bravely on.

Oh, how the little back did ache, and how the little brown eyes did sting! But when Uncle Reuben came in again at sunset, the work was done, and the weary child lay asleep in her chair. He stepped up very softly to

her side and laid a bright new dollar note in her lap.

Never was there a happier heart than Josie's when, after supper, he took her out to walk, and let her buy, with her own hard-earned money, the curtains for mother's room.

Yes, she was happier just once in her life, and that was when her mother, going up to her room, when she returned from her journey, asked: "Why, who put those pretty curtains up here?" And on hearing from Aunt Lottie of her little girl's unselfish love, took her in arms and said: "My own blessed, darling child! I'd rather have these than the finest curtains that ever hung in a palace."

Household Recipes.

NICE ROLLS.—Rub four ounces of butter in two pounds of flour; rub smooth one boiled potatoe; and beat the whites only, of six eggs; mix them with the potatoe and a gill of good yeast or half cake leaven, work all up in the flour and wet with milk, make it stiff dough and let it rise one hour, then make it in rolls and bake in quick oven.

BUTTERMILK BISCUIT.—Take half a pint of buttermilk and one pint of flour; rub into the flour a piece of butter half as large as an egg; add a little salt, dissolve a tea-spoonful of soda, add a little hot water, and stir into the flour. Add flour enough to mould smooth. Roll and cut off like tea biscuit.

STEAM BROWN BREAD.—One cup of Indian meal, two cups of rye, one cup of molasses, two cups of milk; half tea-spoonful of soda, the same of salt. Stir well together and steam three hours, taking care that the water does not stop boiling. Add boiling water as the water boils away. If you wish it hot for breakfast, steam the day before, and in the morning set it in the oven for half an hour to form a good crust.

OMELETTE WITH CHEESE.—Beat six eggs very light; and two table-spoonfuls of cream, butter the size of a walnut, a little chopped parsley, pepper, salt and two ounces of grated cheese. Beat all well together and pour into a pan in which a small piece of butter is melting; let it cook until of a light brown, then fold it over and dish for the table.—Shake the pan while the omelette is cooking.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—Cosmetics fold for this purpose are often dangerous. The best plan is to make a lotion of a teaspoonful of sour milk and a small quantity of scraped horse-radish; let this stand from six to twelve hours, then use it to wash the parts affected twice or thrice a day.

WASHING FLANNEL.—Do all housekeepers know that flannel should never be rubbed on a board, but as loosely as possible in the hands. The harder it is rubbed the more does the dirt work in, instead of out. Flannels should be rubbed and rinsed in warm water, and dried where the wind will not strike it much. Anyone following the above directions need have no fear about flannel shrinking.

TO MEND CHINA.—Take a thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes of the proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the china, and stick them together. In three days the articles cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

CLARIFYING WATER.—Two grains of alum to a pint of water that is not fit to drink, render it perfectly clear and pure, and the taste of alum will not be perceived. A little pulverized alum thrown into a pail of water and allowed to stand fifteen minutes will precipitate all impurities, and leave it perfectly clear.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—1. Look at its color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is a good sign. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, the flour is not good. 2. Examine its adhesiveness, wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic it is good; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. 3. Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad. 4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests it is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers.

A REMEDY FOR THE HEADACHE.—Dr. Warburton Begbie (Edinburgh Medical Journal) advocates the use of turpentine in the severe headache to which nervous and hysterical women are subject. "There is moreover," he says, "another class of sufferers from headache, and this is composed of both sexes, who may be relieved by turpentine. I refer to the frontal headache, which is most apt to occur after prolonged mental effort, but may likewise be induced by unduly sustained physical exertion—what may be styled the headache of a fatigued brain. A cup of very strong tea often relieves this form of headache but this remedy with not a few is perilous, for bringing relief from pain, it may produce general restlessness, and worst of all, banish sleep. Turpentine in doses of twenty or thirty minims, given at intervals of an hour or two, will not only remove the headache, but produces in a wonderful manner that soothing influence to which reference has already been made."

THE TWO TROMBONES.

BY F. ROBSON.

Mr. Whiffles—the respected parent of our hero, Mr. Adolphus Whiffles—was an opulent Berkshire farmer, who, before retiring from his business and leaving it to his son, fancied that a visit to the great metropolis would have the effect of sharpening the wits of that amiable youth, an operation of which that young gentleman stood greatly in need. The son jumped at the idea, especially when he learned he was to set forth on his travels alone. With the parental blessing and his purse well filled, Mr. Whiffles, junior, duly arrived in the metropolis, and installed himself in economical quarters in Savoy Street.

The theaters, of course, occupied a large share of Mr. Whiffles' attention during his stay there, and the neighborhood of stage-doors afforded him a vast amount of satisfaction. The sight of "professionals" in their everyday costume was to him a source of great gratification, and his delight when he made the acquaintance of a prominent member of the orchestra of the Royal Dash Theater exceeded all bounds. He vowed eternal friendship for him on the spot, and there and then ratified the agreement by entertaining his new acquaintance at a *recherche* supper at the Albion. Our story opens when Mr. Whiffles and his companion—Mr. O'Leary by name—had been almost inseparables for the space of six weeks. With pain Mr. Whiffles had lately observed an expression of settled melancholy upon Mr. O'Leary's expressive countenance, and had resolutely determined to divine the cause.

"You are ill?" said our hero one evening, after they had supped at the hostelry above mentioned, and were quaffing various "whiskies hot" to promote digestion.

Mr. O'Leary sighed, shook his head sadly, and emptied his glass by way of a reply.

"Your supper has disagreed with you—you have eaten too much," continued Mr. Whiffles tenderly.

"It isn't the supper that worries me," observed his companion; "it's the substitute."

This mysterious answer puzzled Mr. Whiffles. He thought it over seriously, then gave it up in despair, and demanded an explanation. Mr. O'Leary vigorously puffed at his cigar and proceeded to enlighten Mr. Whiffles.

It appeared from Mr. O'Leary's account that it was customary in the Royal Dash Theater to allow various members of the orchestra to absent themselves from time to time from their posts in order to attend concerts or other entertainments, on the condition that they provided efficient substitutes to fulfill their ordinary duties. As a rule, these substitutes were not hard to find, but Mr. O'Leary confessed, with tears in his eyes, that although he had searched high and low, for some unaccountable reason he could find no one able or willing to supply his place at the theater, while he was absent to fulfill a most profitable engagement he had accepted to play at a fashionable West End concert the ensuing evening. Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Whiffles threw himself into the breach and proffered his services.

"Stuff!" replied Mr. O'Leary, rudely, "what do you know about music?"

Mr. Whiffles couldn't tell. He was quite certain about what he *didn't* know, but that he refrained from mentioning. There was a painful pause. Mr. O'Leary smoked silently for some time, now and then darting a searching glance upon the anxious face of Mr. Whiffles, as if he were revolving some great scheme in the innermost recesses of his own mind, but as yet scarcely saw the manner in which it could be carried out. Suddenly,

"I have it. Thanks, Whiffles, my boy. I accept your generous offer. You shall be my substitute," said Mr. O'Leary.

To say that Mr. Whiffles was delighted would but feebly express the state of his mind. He grasped Mr. O'Leary's hand and shook it fervently. He trembled already with excitement. His proudest hopes were about to be realized. He would be admitted behind the scenes of a theater. Words failed to convey any idea of his feelings, as he lent a willing ear to Mr. O'Leary, who proceeded to give him the necessary instructions.

In the first place, Mr. O'Leary pointed out there were two trombone-players in the orchestra of the Royal Dash Theater, he himself being one, and that for the especial guidance of Mr. Whiffles he would summarily state the case as follows, premising that after the rising of the curtain on the first piece a performance upon the two trombones heralded the approach of the villain of the piece.

Further, his (Mr. O'Leary's) experience induced him to believe that in a crowded assembly one trombone would probably make as much noise as two; and that all Mr. Whiffles had to do, after announcing himself as Mr. O'Leary's substitute, would be to take his seat in the orchestra, and, when the curtain rose, carefully watch the proceedings of the other trombone player, and imitate his every movement; so that, in reality, one trombone would make all the noise, although apparently two were being played. Lastly, he advised Mr. Whiffles to be careful and to mind what he was about, as the leader was a—

Soon afterwards the friends left the Albion and proceeded on their several ways—his friend and companion already more than half repenting his rashness in embarking in the undertaking.

The sombre shades of twilight were enveloping the metropolis as with a shroud, when, carrying Mr. O'Leary's trombone in his hand, Mr. Whiffles might have been observed woefully picking his way through the purlieus of the theatre, endeavouring to find the stage-entrance. Two or three snallow-faced gentlemen were smoking short pipes in front of the entrance, and occasionally a lady or gentleman passed hurriedly in, evidently under the impression that they were behind their time, but a glance at the clock in the hall appeared to reassure them, as they made their way more leisurely towards their respective dressing-rooms. Upon reference to his watch, Mr. Whiffles found that the doors had only just been opened, and he therefore had some leisure to look about him. He loitered at the door for some time, wondering, as the various members of the company made their appearance, who *this* was, and who *that* could possibly be, until a small, but uncommonly sharp boy, plucked him by the sleeve and said:

"You'd better make haste—they're goin' to ring in."

Mr. Whiffles then became aware that he was almost alone. Without having the faintest idea of the meaning of "ringing in," he mechanically followed the small boy down a gloomy passage, tumbled down a few steps, picked himself up, and found himself upon the stage. He had hardly time to cast a hurried glance upon the novel, not to say dreary ob-

jects by which he was surrounded, when an elderly individual, in a white beard, and whose shirt-front appeared to be plentifully besprikled with snuff, beckoned the boy.

"Tom," said he, "go into the music-room and ask Mr. Lovejoy for my copy of 'Old King Cole.'"

The boy at once complied. Rightly conjecturing that the music-room was the place wherein the musicians assembled previous to making their appearance in the orchestra, Mr. Whiffles followed the boy down a score or so of stairs, to the great detriment of his shins, into a scantily-furnished apartment, situated immediately beneath the stage, wherein he found several gentlemen composedly tuning their instruments. Upon hearing Mr. Lovejoy, the leader, addressed by name, Mr. Whiffles nervously introduced himself as Mr. O'Leary's substitute.

"Very good," said Mr. Lovejoy; "he's told you everything, I suppose?"

Mr. Whiffles bowed assentingly, and darted a piercing glance into every corner of the apartment in search of the other trombone. Horror! *He wasn't there!* The man upon whom he solely depended absent! What was to be done? Retreat was out of the question; as, while he was contemplating flight, a small bell-sounded, and the musicians proceeded to take their places in the orchestra. Mr. Whiffles, still bearing the fatal trombone, despairingly followed, and ere long found himself in the presence of the public. The novelty of his situation so confused him that he, for a moment, seated himself in the chair belonging to Mr. Lovejoy, and was received with a prodigious outburst of enthusiasm, the audience supposing him to be the talented leader himself. This mistake was soon retrieved by the appearance of the veritable leader, who muttered something under his breath by no means complimentary to our hero, and motioned him angrily to the seat usually occupied by Mr. O'Leary. The audience, perceiving the mistake, expressed their opinion of Mr. Whiffles in caudal and unmistakable terms, as he carefully made his way to the spot indicated by the irate conductor. After trying to reduce to something like order the sheets of music upon the stand before him, Mr. Whiffles regained sufficient courage to look around him. The house was packed from floor to ceiling, everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation, and sundry anxious voices appertaining to impatient "gods" implored the musicians to strike up at once and appease their anxiety.

Again the small bell tinkled. Mr. Lovejoy tapped his desk—raised his baton—looked at each side of him, and—stopped. He whispered the First Fiddle, then left his seat and the orchestra. Mr. Whiffles asked his neighbor what *this* might portend; and was informed, in reply, that Puffer, the other Trombone, hadn't as yet put in an appearance.

"Couldn't they do without him?" asked Mr. Whiffles—devoutly hoping in his heart of hearts they couldn't.

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Wouldn't the big drum do as well?" inquired Mr. Whiffles.

His neighbor regarded him with some surprise, smiled, and continued:

"Do without him! how can they? Don't you know that you and he begin the moment the curtain rises, to bring on old Russett, the heavy man? He *couldn't* come on without his music, you know; as he appears at the back at first—then crosses the mountains from left to right—then from right to left, and finally comes down left upon the stage, where he expresses a variety of emotions in pantomime, and all to *your* music."

At these words Mr. Whiffles resigned all hope, and was mentally calculating the dangers to which he would be exposed if he leaped into the stalls, from thence into the pit, and fought his way out of the theater; when the leader returned, an ominous frown upon his brow, followed by a short, fat, pale-faced gentleman, apparently of foreign extraction, who carried a trombone under his left arm. Joy! Mr. Whiffles felt a man again. This, then, was Puffer! Mr. Whiffles remembered his instructions, and watched the new comer attentively, who, upon his part, appeared to regard him with the uttermost concern. Mr. Whiffles had occasion to shift his trombone—Puffer did likewise. Mr. Whiffles felt for his handkerchief—Mr. Puffer followed his example. All this seemed very mysterious, and Mr. Whiffles was lost in wonderment when the overture commenced. Luckily, the trombones were not wanted until the commencement of the drama. The overture ceased.

"Now, look out," observed Mr. Whiffles' neighbor—"it's you now."

Mr. Whiffles mechanically raised the instrument to his lips, keeping a steadfast gaze the while upon the proceedings of Mr. Puffer, who did his best to stare Mr. Whiffles out of countenance. Mr. Lovejoy looked round, and seeing the Trombones perfectly ready, awaited the rising of the curtain. It was an agonizing moment. The silence was positively painful. One might have heard a pin drop. The small bell was heard again. Mr. Lovejoy tapped his desk, and the curtain rose—in *solemn silence!* Mr. Lovejoy began beating time slowly, and had even accomplished a few strokes before he realized the fact. Turning round to ascertain the meaning of this extraordinary circumstance, his surprise and bewilderment may well be imagined at perceiving the two trombone-players hard at work, distending their cheeks to their utmost capacity, nervously manipulating their instruments, and producing not a sound! And the most unaccountable thing was that they never took their eyes off one another. Mr. Lovejoy was transfixed with amazement.

"This is very strange," thought Mr. Whiffles, "I wonder when that fellow is going to begin!"

The little bell tinkled again and again. Mr. Russett stepped upon the stage with some amount of dignity, and left it without any, under the impression that he was a trifle too soon. The stage-manager, a gentleman of excitable temperament and much addicted to the use of passionate language, who played one of the principal parts in the piece, rushed from his room, discharged upon the spot an inoffensive "super," who, unfortunately, happened to cross his path, went, half-a-dozen at a time, down the score or so of rickety stairs, at the imminent hazard of breaking his neck, and appearing at the little door under the stage that led into the orchestra, demanded in unmeasured terms what the—very bad word—Mr. Lovejoy meant by such conduct, and why the—excessively rude observation—he didn't go on? Mr. Lovejoy was too astounded to reply. He could only point in silent wonder, to the two Trombones. There they sat, puffing and blowing vigorously, but with no result. The stage-manager gesticulated violently, and nearly had a fit. The audience, unable to compre-

hend what was going on before their eyes, hissed loudly; and, finally, the curtain fell. Then Mr. Lovejoy gave vent to his feelings. He leaped from his seat, and rushed towards Mr. Whiffles, who, panting with exhaustion after his unaccustomed exertions, was wiping the perspiration from his face, wondering what on earth was going to happen next. No sooner, however, did he perceive the angry Conductor advancing towards him than, with an intuitive perception that something unpleasant was about to occur, he made a precipitate rush through the little door, and sought safety under the stage, hotly pursued by Mr. Lovejoy, who opportunely came across the foreign gentleman quietly sneaking away, and fell upon him tooth and nail. The foreign gentleman, being choleric, knocked Mr. Lovejoy down. Mr. Lovejoy, being by no means deficient in pluck, regained the perpendicular, and—in the language of the Ring—let the foreign gentleman "have it." That individual next seized the astonished Whiffles, and endeavored to drag him before Mr. Lovejoy, in order that he might undergo condign punishment, when the foreign gentleman slipped; they both fell, and the two trombone-players mysteriously disappeared.

They had fallen down an unused well under the stage, Mr. Whiffles undermost. There being but little water, they were soon extricated, and, fortunately, no bones were broken.

The two gentlemen—after a rather exciting interview with the stage-manager—were shortly afterwards permitted to take their departure.

Mr. O'Leary, next day, was duly informed of the disaster, and lost his situation. The same fate befell the unfortunate Puffer, who, it appeared upon inquiry, was really laboring under some severe indisposition that threatened to confine him to his bed; and, being naturally unwilling to lose his salary, he provided a substitute, like Mr. Whiffles, utterly unable to play, and to whom he gave, in effect, instructions almost identical with those given to our hero by Mr. O'Leary.

Mr. Whiffles returned to the home of his ancestors a sadder and a wiser man. He has never been to a theatre since, and never thinks without a shudder of his terrible adventure connected with the two trombones.

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Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stone of Persecution
Out where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self-exertion;
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune;
Make the road to honor straight.

Men are agents for the future—
As they work, so ages win
Either harvest of advancement,
Or the product of their sin!
Follow out true cultivation—
Widen education's plan;
From the majesty of Nature
Teach the majesty of MAN.

"NOT AT HOME."

As the advocates of truth, it is the duty of all men to oppose everything like equivocation and deceit; but it is believed that in their zeal many persons attach a degree of blame to the expression at the head of this article, of which it is not worthy. It is a very general habit among people in fashionable life to order their servants to tell those who call upon them that they are "not at home," when they are in the house. This has been called by some, telling an untruth, and is therefore thought criminal; but is it so? It must be admitted that, according to the ordinary meaning of the words, the import of the phrase here used is, that the person is away from home—but can it mean nothing else? All language is arbitrary. Men have agreed on certain sounds to convey certain ideas, and were it not for such agreement all names of things are alike applicable, so far as any resemblance goes. A stone might as well have been called a tree, or a house, as a stone; and if such had been the will of those among whom the term is used, the word would have been just as well understood as it is at present. In communities, and in classes of communities, it is competent for the members thereof to decide what meanings they will attach to expressions; and provided it be done by common consent, there need be no misapprehension in the matter. Now, it happens that among people of fashion, "Not at home" is understood to mean, *not prepared to see company, or not visible to others beside the family*. Such being the case, then, what misrepresentation can there be in a servant's using a phrase which, by agreement between the parties, is understood on such occasions to have a particular meaning that does not attach under other circumstances? If there be deception, on whom is the deception practised? Certainly not on the visitor, who, if called upon and not ready to see company, would have given orders that precisely the same phrase should be used. The expression is used among persons who give to it a particular meaning, and being understood in the sense intended, no harm is done. It may, however, be said that all visitors are not fashionable people, and that they are led to believe that the person sought for is out of doors, when in truth he or she may be at the head of the stairs listening. Here is a different case, and therefore it stands on a different footing. If a tradesman calls at a house on business, and is told that the party is "not at home," when he or she is in the house, there is a deception, simply because the tradesman is not privy to the agreement whereby the particular meaning is affixed, and cannot, therefore be acquainted with the usage. This, it may be said, is splitting hairs, and creating a difference where no difference exists; but the same thing might be said of the every day expression, *Dear sir*. Everybody knows that this term, however generally used, is not to be taken in its literal sense. It is a mode of speaking in general use, whereby the speaker means more than common politeness, and the person who would attach to it anything like *endearment* must be ignorant, indeed, of the world's usages. After all, this is a small matter; but there are so many thousands of deceptions practised that there is no use in conjuring up one where it does not exist. If there be any one so fastidious—and there are many such—as to hesitate in giving orders of the kind named, let it be borne in mind that circumstances alter cases; and let the servant be taught to make the distinction between persons on visits and those on visits of courtesy. Will this be put fairly to rights, or will it be no longer a misconception? Men are so improvident that they do nothing but late hours.

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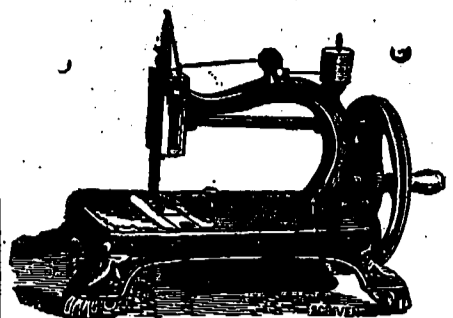
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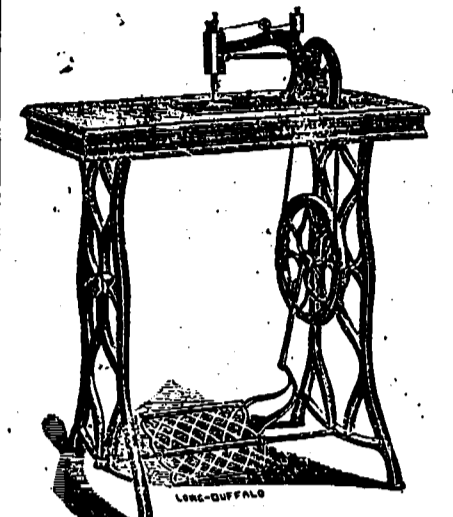
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