

Ontario Workman.

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

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LABOR PORTRAITS.

"Men who, in advance of law and in opposition to prevailing opinion, have forced into national recognition the hitherto disregarded rights of labor."

JOSEPH ARCH,
PRESIDENT, NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL
LABORERS' UNION.

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

There has been wonderful progress since the time hinted at in these old lines. We have no difficulty now in saying who is the gentleman and who is not, because we see on all hands very clearly marked lines and obvious conditions not to be misunderstood, which leave no room for doubt on this head.

The gentleman is born in a mansion, surrounded by luxury. He is waited on from childhood by servants who minister to his most frivolous desires. Teachers attend on him that he may be made acquainted with all that time has accumulated as knowledge, and that he may be adorned with whatever society has decided to consider refined. At manhood the gentleman enters the great world, with all doors open before him, with smiles to welcome him wherever he goes. He is eligible to all offices, to all emoluments, all honors;—earth, air, water, and all they can yield of abundance or pleasure are his. The doctor attends him with his best skill, and the parson, sympathizing with a soul so gentlemanly, puts out his whole strength that the next world may not be wanting to him in the bestowal of its favors; and when he dies, sermons, not all truths, epitaphs for the most part lies, and ornamental monuments close his account with a world for which he himself always had a notion he was too good.

The man who is not a gentleman in the country village is easily known. He is born of a poor mother in a squalid hut. All the love and service he receives come from the suffering father and mother, to whom, however much beloved, he is a burden. He hungers through his childhood, and scrambles up to manhood, with less education than the young dog or the colt belonging to his master. He marries and begets a family, the feeding of which is to him a daily mystery of the most painful kind. He is of no use to the doctor to either kill or cure. To the parson he is a fine subject for pious remonstrance and moral reproof. He is a nuisance to everybody; particularly to the guardians of the poor; and when he dies it is a relief to all and everyone on whom he has a claim of any kind, whether through love or through law, when he is put without stone or epitaph under the sod. That the labourer should be sometimes discontented is not, perhaps, on the whole, much to be wondered at. Hunger and hard work are trials, when they last through a long life, too much for the temper of the meekest, as in the grand abundance of God's earth, and in the hopes which the all-wise Maker has put into men's hearts promptings will sometimes arise, to question the wisdom of such a state of things as condemns the majority of men to a life of ignorance, privation, and pain.

Joseph Arch is one of the lowly born. He first saw the light at the village of Barford in Warwickshire in the year 1826. His father slaved and died as most fathers do without much hope or comfort in this world, but his mother, who felt and thought silently over the miseries of a poor man's home, and who, perhaps, had concluded that ignorance lay at the root of social misery, sent her son Joseph to school at the age of six, and kept him there till between eight and nine, and thus found him the key by which he afterwards succeeded in getting at some slight knowledge of the world beyond the bounds of the village in which he lived; and of seeing, in a dim way, those struggles of men in history which explain man's connection with his fellows in humanity, not only by the past history of life, but by the wonderful incitement of hope which carry forward the struggle in the direction of right, freedom, and justice.

When taken from school Joseph Arch was sent into the fields to scare birds at 4d. a day. To get something to eat himself, it was his duty to prevent the birds from eating. From this miserable kind of labour he got elevated to other kinds of agricultural work—the cart, the plough, &c. He married early in life the daughter of a mechanic, his wages being nine shillings a week, and this was his income when there were four mouths to feed—himself, his wife, and two children—to say nothing of the poor father, whose claim on the scant meal never was denied. No word need be said in proof of the squalor and misery necessarily implied by such wages; and what was the condition of things in the home of Joseph Arch, making life a torture, was in the homes of hundreds of thousands of England's labourers doing the same painful work. The wife of Joseph Arch, however, in a sense of womanly affection, revolted against this, and told her husband that both of them must face the world and try it, by other labour—by anything, in fact, that might turn up—such misery as they and theirs had to suffer, could be prevented. This determination was carried out by the husband, and Joseph Arch travelled and worked that the brood at home might be better fed. From one thing to another Arch got on, but not by any means to affluence. He read and studied, and respected his fellows too much to rise in the world by pressing them down. He read the newspapers and knew what was going on amongst the mechanics of the towns. The wrongs and the rights of labour are the same in kind all over England; they only differ in degree. The penny newspapers brought such lessons, in fact, lessons in logic, lessons in hope. Being a religious man, he became a preacher amongst the Methodists, and when a man of his class opens his mouth, if he has anything of true manhood really in him, he must soon make himself felt, not simply as a preacher in the pulpit, but an utterer of truths that touch life on its practical side, and raise questions that involve, not God's justice only, but man's justice to man in the most ordinary concerns of the world.

In this way, no doubt, Mr. Arch became an agitator, and incurred all the odium belonging to a position so detested and condemned by people who, being satisfied with things as they are, always seem in a state of alarm lest, if touched, they should be altered for the worse, so far as they are concerned. As a rule, our young nobles and the sons of our rich gentry find other employment for their energies than the work of agitation. The dignitaries of the Church and the professions generally are not agitators. So much the better for them. Other duties than eating and sleeping and continuing the race, however, belong to some of those brought up on the knees of suffering, poverty-stricken mothers, and over-worked, under-fed, prematurely-killed fathers. Young men of the working-classes with all this pain felt by those dear to them, and constantly before their eyes, must cry out if the thoughts of the brain are called up by the lacerations of the heart. In this way has Joseph Arch and many others been goaded to the front, and from the words spoken by such men has come more good to the world than from generations of accredited preachers and speech-makers, whose aim and object has been to make men contented with miseries against which it is their most sacred duty to protest. Already Joseph Arch and those who work with him have increased the comfort in poor men's homes. More wages means more bread; more warmth in bed on winter nights; more happiness of heart; and this is but a small part of the many blessings which must flow from the spirit of independence which a sound agitation in the rural districts will put into the hearts of the workers in our fields. It would be hazardous to predict the full results of the movement set on foot principally by Joseph Arch. Already there has been improved wages; already the falsehoods which covered the awful degradation

of our rural population have been swept away like a foul fog before the freshening breeze; already the political claims of the working men in our counties have been admitted by some of our leading statesmen, and with the stout help of the workers in our towns these claims will ere long be established.

There is an absorption of field-workers into our large towns, and this drain will continue. Already the stream of emigration has begun to flow steadily towards the United States of America. Time only is needed to swell this to a mighty torrent. Mr. Arch is on the eve of departure himself to make the way easier out of England for those who may decide to make their home in the new world or elsewhere. The stone has only begun rolling; where or when it will stop remains still to be seen. The agitators are at work, and as they move through the country and speak to their fellows the old sleep is broken, new thoughts take life, new vigour animates the numbed and stiffened limbs. Bishops, statesmen, lords, squires, and shoals of respectable people are wonder-struck. They know not yet whether they should laugh or cry out in fear. They try to console themselves with the thought that in a little time things will return to their old state. The new influences, they imagine, are only powerful by their novelty. In a little time they will find out how greatly mistaken they are in this, and in the meantime there will be the usual stupid and brutal opposition, full abuse of agitators and agitation, and finally, after much struggling, better and more humane treatment for the labourers, or a clearing out of our agricultural population which will leave England to the very rich and the very poor, and such settlement of their differences as they will be enabled to make out of their mutual distrusts and hatreds. In the meantime, we wish most heartily good speed to Joseph Arch.—*The Beehive.*

A WORTHY EMPLOYER.

Our respected townsman, Mr. Joseph Metcalfe, was presented on Monday evening last, by his employees, with a complimentary address and a massive gold Albert chain and seal (from the jewellery establishment of Messrs. Radford and Goyer.) The address and Mr. Metcalfe's reply, which we here give speak of themselves, and such a pleasant state of feeling between employer and employees is highly commendable.

Testimonial to Joseph Metcalfe, Esq.—Dear Sir,—We, the employees of your tailoring department, having seen and felt your kindness for some time past, beg to tender our sincere thanks for the same.

We also wish your acceptance of this small token of esteem, not for its intrinsic value, but for the kind feelings and affection we hold towards you.

Hoping yourself, Mrs. Metcalfe and family may long be spared to enjoy all the comforts and blessings of this life, and finally, when the Grand Author of all Trades shall call you from hence, we trust we may all meet in that grand Celestial place, "not made with hands, but eternal in the Heavens." Signed on behalf of the employees.—F. WALTON, Foreman Cutter. Ottawa, Sept. 1st, 1873.

Mr. Metcalfe replied as follows:—In replying to your kind testimonial, I feel at a loss for language to express myself. I can scarcely venture, on the spur of the moment, to give utterance to my feelings. It comes upon me so unexpectedly and unlooked for, I cannot see how I deserve such an expression of friendliness. I have never done for any of you more than my duty, and it has been a question in my mind if to the letter I have always observed the golden rule. And, then, with reference to the very massive and handsome gold chain which, in connection with the above testimonial, you present me with (if it were possible) as a still stronger expression of the kindly feelings existing towards me, I know not what to say, but I trust at all times when I look upon it, the feelings of my heart shall be, so long as we sustain the position we do to each other, that friendship which unites us like the links of a chain may be strengthened. I assure you, you have waked up in my heart a feeling which I trust shall strengthen with every returning day; that in the future I may be enabled to study your comfort, and look upon our interests as identical.

I thank you for your kind prayer for Mrs. Metcalfe and our little family, for our present and future welfare.

In conclusion, I would say, you may rest assured I shall never forget this outburst of kindness while memory holds its seat. I again thank you for this token, and pray that we together may be led to cultivate those heaven-born feelings which in some degree unite us to angels and to God, and that at last it may find its consummation before the eternal throne.—J. METCALFE.—*Ottawa Exchange.*

FOREIGN LABOR NOTES.

We have received several more reports concerning the general condition of co-operation in France. For instance, the co-operative stores of the 18th arrondissement of Paris convoked a general meeting of all its members where it was proved that during the last three months the sale of goods had exceeded £1,600, the purchases £1,400, the working expenses £87, and the net profits £171 odd. On the 30th of June, 1873, there were 473 members, of which 258 only were habitual purchasers, and the average purchase of each member amounted to £6 8s. per month. While the members enjoy the advantage of purchasing superior goods at much cheaper prices than that demanded in ordinary shops, they were able to realize a bonus of eight and one-third per cent. pro rata on their purchases. Moved by the example of success of this nature, M. Riviere, manufacturer of braces at Rouen, who employs some 1,800 to 2,000 workmen, has determined to start a co-operative store—bakehouse, butcher and grocery—for the workmen engaged on his establishment. From M. Marceau, president of the co-operative stores of Tours, we receive an interesting sketch of the prosperity of that establishment. It was started with the modest capital of £33, which has now been increased by the accumulation of benefits to £273. The shares are nominally £4, of which sixteen shillings only have to be paid within the space of ten months! The remaining £34s. to complete the value of the share is taken from the benefits which of course belong to all the members. Thus the members have become shareholders of a society sufficiently important and wealthy to obtain the full sanction of the law, for an outlay not exceeding tenpence per month during ten months. These successes do not, however, equal the rapid progress of a German co-operative society started in the Bourg, near Magdebourg. This society, to obtain coal at the cheapest possible rate, have actually purchased and equipped a ship to transport the fuel required by the members of the society.

The bakers of the French colony, the Martinique Islands, have struck work, as their employers refused an augmentation of fivepence wages on each oven full of bread produced. In the meanwhile the bakers of Paris are bent on organizing themselves as strongly as circumstances will permit. In 1869 they had started a Syndical Union, but the war interrupted these plans, and now a fresh attempt has been made. Temporary offices have been selected, 12, Rue Bonchardon, and M. A. D. Depland appointed secretary. The hair cutters of Paris have issued an eloquent appeal to their fellow workers. We have already related their efforts to form a union, and we have now before us a manifesto drawn up by the Syndicals elected on the 16th May last. They appeal for subscriptions, but indignantly deny that the capital they hope to raise will be expended in fomenting strikes. Nor will they waste money in carrying before the law courts matters of dispute that may arise between them and their employers. They will devote their capital to the more useful work of creating corporative and co-operative hairdressing establishments. Certainly we are not accustomed to look to hairdressers for leaders in working class movements; yet the circular issued by this body is a truly remarkable document. It concludes by declaring that the hairdressers will always use their best endeavors to maintain friendly relations with their employers.—*The Bee-Hive.*

THE TRADES' UNIONISTS AND THE HOME SECRETARY.

The ordinary monthly meeting of the delegates of the trades' societies forming the London Trades' Council was held last evening at the Bell Tavern, Old Bailey, Mr. Harris in the chair. There was a full attendance. Mr. Shipton, the secretary, reported that in accordance with the instructions of the last meeting he had written to the then Home Secretary (Mr. Bruce), calling his attention to the severity of the sentence passed by Baron Pigott at the Central Criminal Court upon three respectable young men, carpenters, for an assault upon a fellow-workman, and which had been placed before the court as a Trades' Union assault, and asking him to receive a deputation who would be able to lay such facts before him as in their opinion would induce him to mitigate the sentence. To this letter a reply had been received from Mr. Bruce, stating that the matter referred to should receive his immediate attention. In the meantime Mr. Bruce, left the Home-office and Mr. Lowe was appointed Home Secretary, and from that gentleman the following reply (upon an officially printed form) had been received a few days since:

"Sir,—Mr. Secretary Lowe having carefully considered your application on behalf of John Walker, Reuben Tamblin, and William Pyle, I am directed to express to you my regret that there is no sufficient ground to justify him, consistently with his public duty, in advising her Majesty to comply with the prayer thereof.—A. F. O. LIDDELL."

Considerable discussion ensued, and great dissatisfaction was expressed at Mr. Lowe's reply, the former letter of Mr. Bruce having induced the belief that the matter would have been favourably considered. After some strong remarks on the manner in which the working classes have been treated by the present Government the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"That, in the opinion of this council, representing the Trades Societies of the metropolis, the answer of the Home Secretary, Mr. Lowe, to the application from the council regarding the cruel and unjust sentence passed by Baron Pigott on Messrs. Walker, Tamblin, and Pyle, is in harmony with his general conduct on all questions affecting the liberties, rights, and claims of labour; and the council views with deep regret his appointment to the Home Secretaryship, as calculated to carry out a haughty, heartless, and vindictive policy towards the working classes, which their conduct does not merit, and can add no dignity to his office."

The council then appointed a committee to arrange the details connected with the forthcoming conference of delegates from the Agricultural Labourers' Unions. The proposal for a federation of all the trades' councils in the United Kingdom, as contained in a letter from the Sheffield Trades' Council, was then considered, and ordered to stand over for further discussion.

The wages of stone-cutters in Chicago, average from \$4 to \$4.50 per day; a rumored intention to strike for an advance, is authoritatively denied.

The strike at the Chicago North Side Rolling Mills still continues; one thousand men are idle on account of it. Cause; a breach of faith on the part of the employers.

The Huddersfield, Eng., cabowners having threatened to withdraw their cabs unless the by-laws were altered, the Town Council have modified the by-laws and increased the fares from 10 to 25 per cent. Mr. Daniel Guile has been re-elected secretary of the Iron-founders' Society for the next five years by an overwhelming majority. The same body has voted a levy of one shilling a head for assisting Mr. Pim's movement. A combination of the boot and shoe manufacturers of New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey, contemplates bringing about five thousand workmen from Switzerland to assist them in crushing the Grispin organization. Is there any tariff on Swiss workmen?

Poetry.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil?
Make your mark;
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving swift or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand
Make your mark.
Should opponents hedge the way,
Make your mark;
Work by night or work by day,
Make your mark.
Struggle manfully and well,
Let no obstacles oppose,
None right shielded over fell
By weapons of his foes—
Make your mark.
What though born a peasant's son?
Make your mark;
Good by poor men can be done—
Make your mark;
Peasants' garbs may warm the cold;
Peasants' words may calm a fear;
Better far than hoarding gold
Is the drying of a tear—
Make your mark.
Life is fleeting as a shade,
Make your mark.
Marks of some kind must be made,
Make your mark.
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong,
Make it with the stamp of truth—
Make your mark.

-Chatterbox.

THE BELLS OF LIBERTY.

Ring out the great decree of God,
Ye bells of liberty!
Proclaiming to the nations all,
That "man is to be free;"
Riff out from golden throats the notes
To float from sea to sea;
Let them travel with the sunlight,
Ye bells of liberty!
Greet monarch thrones around the earth,
Ye bells of liberty!
The hearts and souls of millions fire
With freedom's rhapsody;
Teach kings that might shall not make right,
And men from sea to sea;
That God, the great avenger, speaks,
Ye bells of liberty!
For nations in a day are born,
Ye bells of liberty!
To freedom and its blessed rites,
To immortality;
America has led the way,
And rules from sea to sea;
Then teach the rest their high behest,
Ye bells of liberty!
Ring down the tyrants of the earth,
Ye bells of liberty!
Ring up the manhood of the race,
As God hath made it—free;
Spread light and love the world around,
O'er land and every sea;
And hasten on the golden time,
Ye bells of liberty!
So shall mankind again rejoice,
Ye bells of liberty!
To hear and know the voice of God,
As in its infancy;
For wandering far from Eden's groves,
Upon a stormy sea;
The hand that's blest will give the rest,
Ye bells of liberty!

Tales and Sketches.

THE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER III.

O'er all is spread a maddening flush of revelry.
It was the last day of the carnival in Florence—that city which boasts of being the Paris of Italy—and gaiety was at its height.
The principal streets were crowded with an immense mass of human beings, who, dressed in the fantastic costume which the festival allows, might have been mistaken for a vast flower garden, by one who gazed on the swelling multitude from the lofty and isolated tower of the cathedral, which rises far above every other church, and, in its costly material of black and white marble, forms a striking feature in every view of the city.
The windows of its thousand dwellings were hung with rich tapestries, silks, and even pictures, and were crowded with thronging youth and beauty, while the neighing of steeds, the ringing of bells, the shouts of the delighted populace, as they witnessed some favorite mummery, the various sorts of music from the different stalls where shows were exhibited—all made Florence appear like some city whose inhabitants had been seized with some sudden delirium. All ranks, classes, ages and sexes, paraded the streets; and many, who had grovelled in misery and wanted even bread for weeks before now, contrived, either by borrowing, begging, or stealing, to procure a mask and a gay dress, and laughed and capered as merrily as though they had known no former days of want. Carriages of every form and size were rattling in the long procession, and a monarch, followed by his retinue, was seen here, care of visit-

tory rolled along, filled with laurel-crowned heroes, while Bacchus, the god of wine, surrounded by Silenus and all his crew of drunken fauns, played such mischievous pranks as won exclamations of delighted surprise from every beholder.

Many vehicles were driven by harlequins, who distorted their faces into the most ridiculous grimaces to excite laughter, and in one of clumsy and uncouth form sat a party of old women, with their features concealed beneath the most hideous masks, employing for their coachman an indescribable monster, who assisted them eagerly as with shrill cries they pelted every passer-by with handfuls of plaster comfits. An abundance of this article was especially levelled at those in black dominoes or dark silk hoods, and it seemed the climax of delight when the lime dust succeeded in completely whitening the figures of their victims.

There was one more car brilliant than all the rest, which excited general observation. It was of most symmetrical form, highly gilded, and drawn by six milk-white Neapolitan steeds, hardly larger than greyhounds, and caparisoned in housings of blue and silver, while within sat two who might have proved fit models for the sculptor, so perfect were they in limbs and features, for they were both unmasked, and sat erect in youthful beauty. These were the sons of Cosmo, Grand Duke of Florence; and although Giovanni and Garcia were the children of a despotic father, yet murmurs of applause and even words of blessing burst from the excited Florentines as they proudly gazed on these descendants of the illustrious house of Medici. Garcia looked a fit representative of the god Apollo, whom he personated; and as he sat in the chariot, with his long hair flying to the breeze, his dark-browed eye flashing with diamond light, his clear and polished temples wreathed with laurel, and his graceful form leaning against a golden lyre, he might have been well mistaken for the fabled son of Jupiter. At his side reclined Giovanni, on whom nineteen summers had hardly shone, and who was a year older than his brother, but whose fair complexion, large blue eyes, and slight, yielding figure, made him appear somewhat younger than Garcia, whose every movement told of haughty dignity. At his brother's earnest request, he had assumed the dress of the other sex; and, clad as a huntress, a bow in his hand, a quiver of golden arrows hung across his shoulders, his feet covered with buskins, and a bright silver crescent on his fair forehead, he represented the goddess Diana, twin sisters of Apollo.

For some time these high-born youths moved with the cavalcade, nodding to the patriotic groups at many of the windows, winning favorable notice from the numerous fair faces that smiled from the passing equipages, and discharging real comfits on the delighted populace, to whom such delicacies came, like "angel visits, few and far between." At length the restless Garcia grew tired of the absurd scene, and drawing his gilded reins tightly together, he directed the coursers to a deserted street, where the procession always turned.

"Come, Giovanni," said he, "leave off gaping like these plebeian crowds, and let us hasten on to meet my mother and Gioletta, who has promised to see the pageant with me for a short while," and as he spoke he looked inquiringly towards the listener, adding, carelessly, "My mother will give you a seat in her chariot."

Giovanni made no reply, although hurt by his brother's disingenuousness; and irritated by his silence, Garcia laid the lash on his horses, and drove so furiously as to endanger the lives of the foot-passengers, till, roused by his indiscretion, Giovanni suddenly seized the reins, exclaiming, "Be not so rash, Garcia; listen to me!"

"I will hear nothing!" exclaimed the angry youth, throwing aside the full quiver, which his brother in earnest gesture pressed on his arm; and seizing the sharp-headed arrows, he flung them away with such force that several gouted the haunches of his horses, already becoming restive, and before another minute, and ere Garcia could take strong hold of the reins, they leapt and plunged with spirited action, and at length, in the presence of all that multitude, threw the brothers from the light car, and tearing down the open street, left them overwhelmed with dust and confusion.

In a moment they sprang to their feet, and the gentle Giovanni, declaring that he was alone to blame, brushed the dust from the dress of his scowling companion, and laying his hand on his arm, said, gaily, as his eye sought something in the distance, "How fortunate that my mother has just shown herself, and Gioletta, too. Come Garcia," added he, pointing, as he spoke, to a handsome carriage, which now approached, "let us hasten to meet them, and we will soon forget this ill-timed accident."

"Take your hand from me!" cried Garcia, in a tone which made the timid Giovanni tremble. "You have no sense of shame. To be tossed out before all the city, covered with the dust which every beggar has trodden on, and still smile as if nothing had occurred! Giovanni, I have no patience with you!" So saying, he disappeared suddenly among the crowd, and left his brother wondering at his excited behavior and going on vacancy, until he was roused by the voice of his mother calling him by name, and felt the soft tap of Gioletta's whip on his shoulders, while her laughing eye spoke a welcome which should have rewarded him for Garcia's unkindness.

With a heart ill at ease, Giovanni took his seat in the chariot; his eye wandered with a restless expression over the merry groups, his cheek paled with anxiety, and even the soothing tones of Gioletta could not move him to conversation, till, guessing from his delicate hints the angry departure of her rash and hot-headed son, the duchess proposed turning home to the palace.

CHAPTER IV.

This, sure, but gives his guilt a blacker dye.

When they reached the court-yard, a page informed Giovanni that his brother, accompanied by several young nobles, had been hunting for the last half hour in an adjoining forest; and throwing off his attire of the huntress-goddess, he mounted a fresh and spirited horse, seized his rifle, and spurring the animal sharply in his desire of offering reconciliation, he soon reached a turn in the road which opened on a sunny glade, around which the hunters were stationed, behind the majestic trees, waiting with breathless anxiety the approach of the deer.

Just as Giovanni reached the open space, an old buck came dashing by with the speed of lightning, and forgetting that he had no claim to the prize, the delighted youth sprang forward, raised his weapon, took aim, and fired. The wounded animal, faltering in its course, writhed for a few moments in the last agony, and then fell dead at its destroyer's feet. Furious with passion, Garcia rushed from the spot whence he had seen the hasty transaction, and regardless of the tempting vicinity of another deer, which at that very moment flew across the path, followed by the anxious pack of hounds, and the still more anxious band of hunters, he rushed upon his brother, and grasping him rudely by the arm, exclaimed, "Fool! what mean you by coming thus in my way? This morning's insult was enough; and now"—as he spoke he raised his hand and fiercely struck Giovanni in the face, crying passionately as he did so, "now feel a younger brother's anger."

"A blow!" shrieked out the bewildered and half-stunned youth, reeling beneath its violence. "A blow!" and the signal word seemed to fill him with fire, for in a moment, with quickened wrath, he raised his weapon, but ere the fatal act was committed, the infuriated Garcia drew a dagger from his side, and with a wild howl of passion, as he uttered some fearful imprecation, the shining blade glistened in the sunlight, and struck the spell-bound and bewildered Giovanni through the heart. Life struggled painfully for a moment; once his hand was outstretched, and his blue eyes opened kindly, as if in forgiveness; they closed again, his arm fell nerveless, a quivering sob broke from his lips, one struggle more, he fell back like dead—it was indeed death!

Oh! spark of the divine essence—soul of man—how dost thou become dim and clouded at that unhappy moment, when, cherishing anger, as the flint bears fire, thou forgettest the law of love, and yielding to the wild claims of passion, imbruest thyself with the blood of a murdered fellow-creature! All after-existence seems an unending blank, no matter whether it be brief or prolonged, for Acts are exempt from time, and we Can stretch eternity into an hour, Or stretch an hour into eternity.

At first the hapless youth stood like one stupefied, rage and hatred glaring in his eyes, and his whole frame trembling with the hideous emotions within. Suddenly hope seemed to prompt him to action, and eagerly springing forward, he raised the pale corpse, muttering, as he did so, "There may be life still—there must be life still!" and kneeling with convulsive quickness, he loosened Giovanni's hunting-dress, laid his hand on the bare breast, so lately beaten with love and joy, and called him repeatedly by name in tones of the most thrilling application. At length he felt that the weapon had been too true, and dashing himself on the ground, he gave way to the stormy excess of misery—tore up the grass now wet with his victim's blood—yelled aloud, as if silence was a horror, and wrung his clenched hands with infuriated strength.

None can imagine the dark eternity of thought undergone in the few moments before that young but sin-laden youth, raising himself from the maddening spot, and looking around with a fearful glance, yet carefully avoiding the pale face of him who lay at his feet, came to that determination which almost freezes the blood to thank of. Oh! crime what an apt teacher art thou! or how else could one, who was before so open-hearted, though passionate, shut his breast against every human feeling and determine, even in the chill presence of his victims, to deny firmly that he knew aught of the dreadful deed.

Cold dew covered his brow, as he muttered, low—"I am not altogether undone. The poison rankles within; I feel its horrid torture. I am giddy, blind! But one triumph is still left me—I will keep this fearful secret; none shall know I murdered him!" and, with a shuddering glance towards the spot where lay that form of stony-lifeliness, he seized his dagger, now tinged with the life-stream, leapt upon his horse, and plunging into a road in the direction of the city, was far advanced through its narrow streets before the tired hunters, recovering from their excitement, returned into the place where they had left the brothers, and discovered its only occupant, the murdered Giovanni.

(To be continued.)

I WILL IF YOU WILL.

The Kay House is a pleasant little hotel, standing half way up the side of a mountain in New Hampshire.

In the parlor there one July evening were four persons—Mrs. St. John and her daughter Elly, Miss Emily May and Mr. Milburn. As Elly St. John went to the piano, these two last slipped out on the balcony, and stood listening as Elly sang—

"Could we forget, could we forget!
O that Leche were running yet!
The past should fade like a morning dream,
In a single drop of the holy stream.
Ah! we knew what you would say,
But we are too tired to hope or pray;
For, hurt with careless far and fro,
Body and soul cannot forget.

"Can they forget, will they forget,
When they shall reach the boundary set—
When, with the final pang and strain,
They are parted, never to meet again?
Ever to them shall rest be given,
Senseless on earth, or happy in heaven.
That which has been might be yet
If we could only learn to forget;
But the stars shall cease to rise and set,
And shall fall from heaven ere we forget.

Elly sang with an intensity and pathos which borrowed none of its force from within, for she was a good-natured, inconsequent sort of a girl, who had never had a trouble in her life. The gift of musical expression is often quite independent of feeling or experience. Elly's music hurt Emily cruelly, and stirred and roused the old sorrow which had just begun to fall asleep for a little. She had loved deeply and fondly a man who had grown tired of her and left her, because he was greatly her inferior.

Much as she suffered, I rejoiced when her engagement with Lewis Leighton was broken. I had known Lewis from his earliest childhood, and had always disliked him as a selfish, conceited prig. The last time I heard of him he had turned Catholic, and joined the Jesuits; and I only hope that he will get well snubbed during his novitiate. Had Miss May married him, her disappointment would have been unspeakably greater than it was. As she leaned over the balcony while Elly sang, and looked into shadows and starlight, her heart was wrung as with the first anguish of loss, the sickening sense of her own blind infatuation. "Oh God!" she said to herself, "when will the bitterness of this death be past?" Then she became conscious that Mr. Milburn was speaking to her; but he had more than half finished what he had to say before she realized that he was asking her to be his wife.

He spoke at a very unfortunate moment. He and Emily had been very good friends that summer. They had wandered in the woods, ascended Mount Washington, and been to Glen Ellis together. She had liked him, but she had never dreamed of him as a lover, and when he presented himself in that light she was shocked and startled, and a little provoked.

"O hush!" she said sharply. "It never can be—never!"

"Do you then dislike me so much," said Evert Millburn, trying to speak quietly.

"No," she said, making an effort to collect her thoughts. "I have liked you—you have been good to me; but all the love I had to give is dead and buried, and there is no resurrection."

He made no answer, but she felt that she had hurt him.

"I am very sorry," she faltered, "I never meant—"

"I understand," he said quickly. "It's no one's fault but my own. Goodnight." And they touched hands and parted.

Evert went up to his own room, where his friend, Dick Bush, was sitting in the dark. Dick was a boy of nineteen. He had been trying to work his way through college, and Mr. Milburn had brought him to the mountains for his vacation. Dick made a hero of Evert, and he had been mortally jealous of Emily May.

"Dick," said Mr. Milburn, after a little, "we will go over to the Glen to-morrow."

And then Dick understood the case, and mentally abused Miss May as a cold-hearted flirt, which epithet she did not in the least deserve.

Evert and Dick went away early in the morning. Emily heard the stage drive away, and turned her face to the pillow and thought bitterly of the horrible perverseness of things in this world.

She knew that Evert was good, and manly, and sensible. He was in a fair way to win reputation at the bar; and, if not just, handsome, he was attractive and gentle, manly.

There are dozens who would be proud and happy to accept his love; and nothing would do but that he must throw it away on me, thought Emily impatiently. "But it's never worth while to pity men very much. They mostly get over their troubles very easily if there is no money lost." From which it may be inferred that Miss May was perhaps a bit of a cynic.

Emily May lived with her mother in an inland town in New York. She had a little property of her own; and with what she could earn by her pen, she managed to dress herself, pay for a summer's journey now and then, and keep her own horses, over her head.

It was her way to look after her sick neighbors, poor or not, to visit now and then at

the hospital and the country house; and do what her hand found to do. She made no fuss, and laid down no rules, and was under no ecclesiastical "direction" in particular; but I am inclined to think she was as useful, and far more agreeable, than if she had made herself hideous in a poke bonnet, and committed mental suicide.

When her holidays were over that summer she came home and settled down quietly to her work.

She was busy at her desk one day in October when a carriage drove rapidly up the street, and Dick Bush jumped hurriedly out and rang the bell. Emily went to the door herself, upon which Dick's hurry seemed suddenly to subside; and when he came into the parlor he appeared to find great difficulty in expressing himself, and Emily, greatly wondering, asked after his friend Mr. Milburn.

Dick's tongue was loosed. "Oh, Miss May," he said, with a shaking voice, "Evert is dying."

"Where? How?" said Emily, startled and sincerely sorry. "Now Dick had been rather melodramatically inclined. He had meant to act like the hero of a lady's novel, and administer a severely inflexible reproof to the woman who had trifled with Evert; but in Miss May's presence he found this plan impracticable, and wisely refrained.

"He went out shooting with a fool of a boy, and he, the boy, fired wild, and Evert was badly hurt, and fever set in; and oh! Miss May, he keeps asking for you and won't lie quiet; and the doctor said if you could you ought to come, for it might make a difference. There's his note and thore's Mrs. Milburn's."

The doctor wrote succinctly that considering the state of the case, Miss May's presence might keep the patient quieter, which was all-important. Mrs. Milburn's note was an incoherent, blotted epistle, begging this unknown young lady to come and save her boy.

Emily could not refuse, her mother hurried her off, and in two hours she was seated beside Dick on her way to Springfield. Her reflections were not pleasant. Every one would talk, and suppose there was a romance. Elly St. John would be sure to know about it, and Elly was such a little chatterbox; and to try and make a mystery out of it would be still worse.

Then she had "nothing to wear." And how would she get along with Evert's mother and sister? And who would take her Bible class on Sunday? And what was to become of her little book promised for the spring trade?

"I dare say it's all nonsense his wanting me," she thought. People never mean what they say in a fever. I remember Pat Murphy insisting that he would have a hippopotamus handy in the house; and if Mr. Milburn comes to himself how horribly embarrassing it will be.

On the whole, Miss May's feelings were rather those of vexation than of romance.

They rode all night, and when Emily reached the door of the handsome old-fashioned house in Springfield she was conscious of looking like a fright, and wished herself anywhere else.

The door was no sooner opened than she was embraced by a little old lady in black and a pretty girl in an elegant morning dress. Both were in tears, and had evidently been for some time on the verge of hysterics; and Emily at once set them down as the sort of women who are never of any use.

"Oh, my dear! it's so good of you—so very good of you," said Mrs. Milburn.

"I am sure you will be his guardian angel," said sentimental Hatty.

"Not at all. Mr. Milburn and I were very good friends, and I shall be very glad if I can do him any good," said Emily in a matter-of-course tone; and then the doctor made his appearance, and begged her to come up stairs.

"If he could be kept quiet there might be a chance for him," said the doctor, "but so much depends on nursing; and the doctor ended in expressive silence. Evert was moaning and sobbing, and begging that some one would send Emily May with one drop of water.

The nurse, who to Emily's critical eyes, looked anything but capable, was fussing over him in a way that was enough to drive any sane man mad. Emily poured out a goblet of water with a steady hand, and as she tinkled against the side of the glass she held it to his lips.

"There is water," she said in her ordinary sweet cheery voice, "now if you will try to be quiet I will stay with you."

She could not tell whether he recognized her or not, but the nervous feverish distress, and excitement seemed in some measure to subside, and after a time he seemed comparatively quiet.

Now nursing a wounded man in a fever sounds very romantic in a novel, but its real details is anything but a romantic business.

Emily May at Evert Millburn's bedside felt herself in an entirely false position; but she took good care of him, for there was nothing else to be done. The nurse went off in a huff with Miss Emily and the doctor. Mrs. Milburn and Hatty could only cry and rustle about and overset things with their dresses. Evert would grow restless as Emily left him, so that the charge, in spite of herself, fell into her hands.

Happily Mrs. Millburn and Hatty were not jealous. On the contrary, they admired Emily extremely, and were very grateful and affectionate.

Before the end of the week Evert came to himself.

'I have dreamed you were here,' he said, with a faint smile. 'Now I see it is you, and no phantom.'

The delirium had gone, but the doctor said nothing encouraging. Evert insisted on hearing the exact truth, and learned at last that he might possibly live a few days, but no longer.

Then, to Emily's wonder and dismay, Evert entreated that for the little time there was left, she would take his name. His heart seemed set on this idea, and he pleaded for what appeared to be such a useless boon, with a vengeance that seemed likely to hasten his last moments.

Mrs. Millburn and Hatty seconded the petition with tears and prayers that darling Emily would not refuse dear Evert's last request.

Emily did what nine women out of ten would have done in the same position—consented.

'What harm can it do?' she thought, 'it is only a mere form, but it gives me the right to be with him to the end, and will prevent any talk; and he is so good, and has loved me so well; and if it comforts him now to think that my name will be Millburn instead of May, why should I refuse? And then it crossed her mind that a widow's cap would be very becoming to her, and she hated herself because this silly notion had come upon her unbidden, and twisted her hair up tight, and plain, and went up to meet the clergyman in her old black mohair, which had become considerably spotted down the front in the course of her nursing.'

The rite was made as short as possible, and then Mrs. Millburn sent everyone away, and for two days the bride stood over the bridegroom, and fought against death till she was ready to faint.

The doctor gave up the patient entirely, and ceased to do anything; and as sometimes happens in like cases, he took a turn for the better, and slowly the balance trembled, the scale inclined, and life had been won.

'I'll tell you what it is,' said the doctor, 'your wife has saved your life.'

Evert turned his head on the pillow and looked for Emily; but she had slipped away into the next room, where she sat down, feeling for the first time, with a strange shock, that she was actually married. What could she do? What could she say? How could she tell Evert, after all, that she had only come to him as she would have gone to Pat Murphy if he had sent for her, and consented to that marriage rite as she had lent her silver candlesticks to hold Father Flanagan's blessed candlesticks when Judy Murphy died?

The doctor went down stairs, and presently Mrs. Millburn and Hatty came to her with embraces and gratitude, and a point applique set, and fragmentary talk about her 'things,' and proposals to send for her mother all mingled together. Emily resolutely put away thought for a time, but she could not help feeling in an odd surprised way that she was unhappy, and despised herself for having a kind of ashamed furtive interest in those 'things which Mrs. Millburn and Hatty were longing to provide.'

A week after that day, Evert was allowed to sit up in his easy chair, white and wan enough, but with a look of returning health and life. Emily was sitting almost with her back to him, looking out into the tossing leafless branches of the great elm.

'Emily,' said Mr. Millburn at last. 'Yes,' she answered quietly, but she did not turn her head.

'I know how much you must feel what has happened. Believe me, I will take no advantage of your goodness; I will set you free as soon as I can. My only wish is to spare you trouble; I will take all the blame on myself. I know you are longing to be away; and why should I delay what must come at last? I dare say Dick and Mrs. Macy, the nuns, can do all I need now.'

'Oh! if you prefer Mrs. Macy's attendance, to mine, I am sure, it is nothing to me,' said Emily in a remarkably cross manner.

'You are angry with me, but there need be no difficulty, dear. You came away from home so hurriedly that it would be perfectly natural for you to return to your mother now.'

But here, to Evert's dismay, Emily hid her face and commenced to cry in quite a passionate and distressful fashion. Evert rose with difficulty and went to her—it was not more than three steps.

'Do you want to kill yourself?' she said through her sobs, and she took hold of him and made him sit down, and then turned away and hid her head on the seat.

'What can I do,' he said, distressed. 'It's too bad! Oh! it's too bad!' she said in the most unreasonable way.

'I know it, Emily. You are free as though no word had ever passed between us. Do you want to go to-day? I will make it easy for you with mother and Hatty,' he said with a pang.

She went on crying, and then, in a minute she said in a most incoherent fashion: 'I—I didn't think I was so very disagreeable.' The words dropped out one by one between her sobs.

'But, of course, if you don't want me—'

'Emily! What do you mean? Will you stay? Will you really try to care for me?' he asked with a sudden light in his eyes.

'I don't know. I—did think—as matters are we might try to make the best of it,' she said in the faintest whisper, while the color ran to her finger ends.

'You will?' 'I will if you will,' said Mrs. Millburn, with a sweet shy smile. And she kept her word.

ENTHUSIASM AND HAPPINESS.

It is time to speak of happiness. I use this word with extreme care, because, for almost a century, especially, it has been placed among pleasures so gross, in a life so selfish, in calculations so narrow, that even the idea of it is profane. But we are able to say, nevertheless, with confidence, enthusiasm is of all the sentiments the one which gives the most happiness, the only one which gives it truly, the only one which knows how to make us bear with human destiny in all situations were fate places us.

It is in vain that one wishes to reduce himself to material joys; the soul revives happiness in all places; pride, ambition, self-love, all these are yet of the soul, although a poisoned breath is mixed with it. What a miserable existence, however, is that of so many men, crafty with themselves as with others!

What a poor existence, also, that of so many others, who do not content themselves with doing bad, but treat as folly the source from which is derived beautiful actions and great thoughts! They enclose themselves by vanity; they condemn themselves to that mediocrity of ideas, to that coldness of sentiment, which lets days pass which reap neither fruit, nor progress, nor remembrance; and if time furrowed not their features, what trace would they have of his passage? If it were not necessary to grow old and die, what serious reflection would ever enter their heads?

Some reasoners pretend that enthusiasm dislikes common life, and that, not being able to remain always in that disposition, they wish never to prove it. Why, then, have they accepted to be young, to live, even, since that ought not always to endure? Why, then, have they loved, so much is ever happening to them, since death could separate them from the objects of their affection? What sad economy that of the soul! It has been given to us to be developed, improved, lavished, even, in a noble end. The more they blunt life, the more they reproach material existence itself, the more they diminish, if one may say so, the power to suffer. This argument reduces a large number of men; it places a strain on life. However, there is in degradation a sadness one does not consider; and which follows, without ceasing, in secret; the care, shame and fatigue that it causes, are clothed with forms of impertinence and disdain by vanity; but it is very rare that one establishes himself peacefully in that dry and limited fashion which is left without resources in itself when exterior prosperity forsakes us. Man is blessed with consciousness of the beautiful as well as of the good, and the privation of the one would make him feel the void, even as the deviation from the other overwhelms him with keen remorse.

Some accuse enthusiasm of being passing; life would be very happy to retain emotions so beautiful; but it is because they disperse easily that it is necessary to occupy ourselves to preserve them. Poetry and fine arts serve to develop in men this happiness. If enthusiasm intoxicates the soul, by a singular charm it sustains us in misfortune; it leaves after it a luminous and profound trace, which permits not even absence to efface us from the hearts of our friends. It sets us also an asylum for ourselves against the most bitter troubles, and it is the only sentiment which can calm without evolving.

TO QUENCH THIRST.

Water, even if salt, imbibed through the skin, appeases thirst almost as well as fresh water taken inwardly. Captain Kennedy, the sailor and author, alludes to this fact. He says, 'I cannot refrain from making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing. It was considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although, from seeing the good effect produced, they afterwards practiced it twice a day, of their own accord. To this discovery I may with truth attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons, who must have perished if it had not been put in use. The saline particles, however, which remained in our clothes, became inactivated by the heat of the sun and that of our own bodies, lacerating our skin, and being otherwise inconvenient; but we found that by washing out these particles, and frequently wetting our clothes twice in the course of a day, the skin became well in a short time. After these operations, we uniformly found that the violent drouth went off, and the parched feeling was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes; and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment. Four in the boat who drank salt water went delirious and died; but those who avoided this and followed the above practice experienced no such symptom.'

A FATAL TIGER HUNT.

A fatal tiger hunt, whose details are worthy the graphic pen of a Cumming, occurred recently in Chulderghout, India. The victim was Mr. Jos. Gay, a young man connected with the English Public Works Department. A man-eater had been infesting the region where he was stopping, and many had fallen victims.

Hearing of his depredations, Mr. Marrett, English engineer in the place and a keen sportsman, started in pursuit, accompanied by Mr. Gay, who was staying with him and anxious to witness a tiger hunt. Armed each with a rifle, and assisted by four shikarees, also armed, the party soon collected a batch of beaters and tom-tom wallahs, who were set to work to drive the tiger out of his hiding place.

Mr. Marrett and one of the shikarees took up their position under a tree, while Mr. Gay, who, by the way, was a novice in such matters, with the other shikarees climbed a tree. All were now eagerly on the look-out, when suddenly the man-eater, with a terrible growl, made a spring from an adjacent thicket at Mr. Marrett, who had just sufficient time to drop on his knees and fire, the ball striking the animal on the lower jaw, which it completely shattered.

Before Mr. Marrett could rise the tiger was upon him. A desperate struggle was the consequence, and the tiger, Mr. Marrett and a shikaree all rolled over each other in the melee.

Mr. Gay, who was perched upon the tree exactly overhead, while trying to change his position in order to have a better shot at the tiger, lost his footing, and fell straight upon the back of the infuriated animal, which immediately turned upon him most savagely, attacking him with his claws alone, as his under jaw was rendered useless from the shot he had received from Mr. Marrett's rifle.

On Mr. Marrett regaining consciousness, he found he was deserted by all except the shikaree who was 'knocked down with him in the encounter, but was not much hurt; and a few paces off was the man-eater, still engaged in mauling and mangling his helpless victim.

His first impulse was to seize his rifle; but this was found to be perfectly useless, it having been considerably damaged during the struggle with the tiger. The brute now seeing Mr. Marrett move about, left Mr. Gay and retired a short distance, apparently waiting to see what his intentions were.

Mr. Marrett—who, strange to say, was only slightly wounded—and his faithful shikaree ran up at once to the rescue of Mr. Gay; but no sooner had they approached the prostrate form than the monster made a dash at them, and once more took possession of his victim, standing right across the almost lifeless body and looking around with an air of conscious strength and defiance, and challenging as it were any one to approach him.

The beaters and others who had all this time remained inactive and silent spectators of what was being enacted at a distance, now gradually approached, and after a great deal of persuasion, Mr. Marrett induced them to charge the brute in a body, and with the aid of tom-toms, &c., succeeded in frightening him away to a neighboring hill, where he was soon lost sight of.

Mr. Gay was taken home and after a short time seemed to progress favorably, but a choking sensation at last seized him and he expired, a victim of his first tiger hunt.

PRISON LITERATURE.

First among those works stands the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' written by good John Bunyan in the dingy jail at Bedford. 'The Consolations of Religion,' by Boethius, was also written in prison. Centuries later, when Chancer was imprisoned in London for advocating the doctrine of John Wycliffe, he remembered the 'De Consolatione' of Boethius, and resolved to follow his example. Then he wrote his prose work, 'The Testament of Love,' in which his 'Lady Marguerite,' his 'faisse daisie,' is supposed to be the embodiment of 'heavenly grace,' which the poet set higher than the wisdom of the philosopher. Over two centuries later another poet and scholar sought to beguile the weariness of the prison by absorbing himself in books. The elegant figure of Walter Raleigh, for so many years the chief ornament of Elizabeth's court—now for twelve years confined in London Tower—sits bowed over the pages of his 'History of the World.' How vast an undertaking this was let the first folio of the unfinished work testify. It begins, like Genesis, with the creation, and is only brought down to the Roman Empire under the Consulate. Tradition says that Raleigh finished the whole work, and had a second volume ready for his publisher after the first was printed. One day the shopman came to the Tower to see the author, who, with natural interest, asked how his book had sold. The printer replied, 'It has sold so slowly it has quite undone me.' On this Sir Walter went to his desk, took out the pile of unprinted manuscript, and putting his hand on his heart, said, with a sigh, 'Ah, my friend has the first part undone thee.' The second shall undo no more. The ungrateful world is unworthy of it. And going to the blaze, he set fire to it, and held his foot on it until it was consumed. So the world lost a valuable effort of genius.

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

A LITTLE IN ARITHMETIC.

The Hebrew Educational Society Schools of New Orleans, has been the scene of a very rare if not wholly unexampled performance in arithmetic. The problem was too multiply 9 by 9, and 81 by 81, and so on, using each succeeding product as its own multiplier until the operation should be performed nine times. How stupendous and discouraging, the work becomes after a few steps are taken in the process, any one will find who makes the trial. For several years a handsome premium has been offered the patron of the school just named for the pupil who should first succeed in accomplishing this feat of multiplication. At last the task was completed, and the prize, a splendid silk dress, won by Miss Sallie F. Solomon, sister of Mrs. A. Dalsheimer, after a patient labor of three months. The work comprises 268 numerical compounds and 90,000 figures, and the whole covers four or five square yards of paper.

THE PAST.

How delightfully the heart sometimes leaps forth from its latent state, to associate itself with the mind, which, in an instant, travels back with unaided efforts to its infant scenes, to imbibe therefrom the unalloyed sweetness and pleasure which are rarely or ever found upon the stage of maturity.

'Oh, give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning. Her tears and her sorrows are worth evening's best light.'

Who is there among us who has not wished himself a boy again? and why not? how miserable the contrast between manhood and boyhood! With the former, the worldly necessity of self-reliance surrounds him, and he finds himself in the busy mart of competition and excellence, which, in many cases, produce such miserable consequences as a shattered constitution, an indifference towards the course of religion and morality which he ought to pursue. Those misfortunes, and his associations with men, who, from the obnoxious habits which they have contracted of smoking, chewing, drinking intoxicating beverages, together with other vices, very often hurry him to an early, and sometimes, a dishonored grave.

How different the recollections of that happy, sunny period of innocent boyhood, when life's first 'charms' stamp themselves upon our memory! Oh, to think of the sweet loving affection with which our mothers have tended us—many of us, perhaps, in long sickness—is indeed nectar to the soul; and balm to manhood's weary heart, even though it only exists in fancy.

THE COMPASS IN IRON VESSELS.

Captain R. B. Forbes, of Boston, Mass., states that the compass in iron ships is specially affected in certain localities on the coast of Nova Scotia, which accounts for the loss of steamers in that region. He further says that, in spite of corrections, applied in England, whereby iron ships may be safely navigated in a given course approximately west-south-west and east-north-east, when they come to head more to the north or south by several points on the American coast, their corrections, good on the coast of England, are valueless in some ships. It is well known that the heeling of the iron ship, the rolling the pitching, the concussion of the waves, have an important effect upon the compass—hence, nothing but constant observations of the sun at noon and the north star can insure a correct course.

PAPER.

In the manufacture of paper new experiments are constantly tried. In France, it is manufactured from the hop stalk. A textile fibre is obtained possessing those qualities of length, suppleness and delicacy of texture which makes rags so valuable, and which are not found in wood, straw, esparto-grass and various other vegetable products that have been pressed into the service. Paper is being made in Scotland from jute. The Dundee Advertiser is now printed on jute paper. At present, though the yield is 20 per cent. more than from esparto, the process is more expensive. Dundee furnishes an inexhaustible supply. Various premiums are offered for improved processes of manufacture.

At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last summer at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked him if he was not the chaplain of — College at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. 'I was there,' said the interrogator, 'and knew you by your limp.' 'Well!' said the doctor, 'it seems my limping made a deeper impression than my preaching.' 'Ah, (doctor) was the reply with ready wit, 'it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation.'

LIKE YET UNLIKE.—Might not the new Spanish Constitution be dubbed a monarchical republic, if such a paradox can exist? It is the American system, simply with only three important changes. The president cannot be re-elected, but he can suspend the guarantees of liberty which needful, and he is absolute over all means of communication. In fact, a king for the nonce, we should say.

Sawdust and Chips.

An editor says that the only reason he knows of why his house was not blown away the other day, during a severe gale, was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

Very some mans slaps me on der shoulder, und says: 'I was glad to hear you was so val,' und den sticks behind my back his fingers to his nose, I hef my opinion of dat veller.

A student in a veterinary college being asked, 'if a broken-winded horse were brought to you to cure, what would you advise?' promptly replied, 'sell him as soon as possible!'

That was a happy editor who wrote that 'White pique costumes are now popular,' and was gravely informed by the proof next morning that 'white pine coffins are not popular.'

A Nebraska judge sat like a statute for nine long hours and heard a lawyer argue for the conviction of a prisoner, and when the lawyer sat down the judge simply said, 'The prisoner is discharged.'

Visitor to mamma: 'I have some sad news to tell you my dear; your doctor, Mr. Crushbone, died this morning.' Jimmy, (one of six): 'Then we shan't have any more babies, ma—shall we?'

'Pretty bad underfoot,' said one citizen to another as they met in the street. 'Yes, but it's fine overhead,' replied the other. 'True enough,' said the first; 'but then, very few are going that way.'

A very absent-minded individual being upset from a boat in the river, sank twice before he could remember that he could swim. He fortunately remembered it just before he sank the third and last time. A great invention is memory.

An exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his person, said to the jeweller that he would—ah, like to have—ah, something engraved on it—ah, to denote what he was! Certainly, certainly, said the tradesman. I'll put a cipher on it.

A Sunday school scholar, only six years old, was asked by his teacher 'Why they took Stephen outside of the city to stone him to death?' The little fellow was silent for a moment, as though absorbed with the problem, when brightening up suddenly, he replied: 'So they could get a better crack at him.'

There's a moral taught by the following conversation, which needs to be learned by many fathers: Said a little four-year old, 'Mother, father won't be heaven with us—will he?' 'Why, my child?' 'Because he can't leave the store.'

From Athol we hear of a good Methodist parson, somewhat eccentric, and an excellent singer, exclaiming to a portion of the congregation who always spoil the melody. 'Brothers and sisters, I wish those who can't sing would wait until you get to the celestial regions before you try.' The hint was a success.

A professor of physiology, in explaining to a class of female students the theology according to which the body is renewed every seven years, said, 'Thus, Miss B., in seven years, you will, in reality, be no longer Miss B.' 'I really hope I shan't,' demurely responded the young lady, casting down her eyes.

I think that love is like a play, Where tears and smiles are blended; Or like a faithless April day, Whose shine with shower is ended; Like Coldbrook pavement, rather rough; Like trade, exposed to losses; And like a Highland plaid, all stuff, And very full of crosses.

The queerest object in nature is a Spanish beggar, for these beggars beg on horseback; and it is an odd thing to see a man riding up to a poor foot passenger asking alms. A gentleman in Valparaiso, being arrested by one of these mounted beggars, replied, 'Why, sir, you come to beg of me, who have to go on foot, while you ride on horseback?' 'Very true, sir,' said the beggar, 'and I have the more need to beg, as I have to support my horse as well as myself.'

When Nicholas Biddle, familiarly called Nick Biddle, was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro named Harry who used to be loafing round the premises. One day in social mood, Biddle said to the darkey: 'Well, what is your name my old friend?' 'Harry, sir, ole Harry,' said the other, touching his seedy hat. 'Ole Harry,' said Biddle, 'why, that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?' 'Yes, sir,' said the colored gentleman, 'sometimes ole Harry, and sometimes ole Nick.'

A young man was riding in the horse-car, accompanied by three young ladies, friends of his, whom he desired to please as much as possible. He was engaged in peering an orange, which operation being finished, he generously divided it among the ladies, reserving only a small piece for himself. Observing how little each one got, and the small share retained by the man, one of the ladies remarked, with mock gravity, 'Way, Mr. F., you are too generous.' 'Oh, no,' replied the simpleton, 'I have three or four more in my pocket. That young man has not been seen in company with any of those young ladies lately.'

NOTICE.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Table with subscription rates: For Annals \$2.00, Six Months \$1.00, Single Copies 5c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Table with advertising rates: Each insertion, ten cents per line. Contract Advertisements at the following rates: One column, for one year \$150.00.

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

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

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN, 124 BAY STREET.

Meetings of Unions.

TORONTO.

Meetings are held in the Trades' Assembly Hall, King Street West, in the following order: Machinists and Blacksmiths, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

- Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday. Amalgamated Carpenters, 2nd and 4th Monday. Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday. Crispins, (159), every Tuesday.

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

OTTAWA.

Meetings are held in the Mechanics' Hall, (Roue's Block,) Rideau Street, in the following order:

- Free-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Tuesday. Lime-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Wednesday. Masons and Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.

ST. CATHARINES.

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

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

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

Mr. D. W. TERNANT, Niagara Street, St. Catharines, will receive subscriptions and give receipts for the WORKMAN.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

City subscribers not receiving their papers regularly, will oblige the proprietors by giving notice of such irregularity at the Office, 124 Bay Street.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1873.

VIENNA EXHIBITION.

The Canadian delegation to Vienna have left that city on their return trip. We understand the delegation have been well received by the British and civic officials.

THE CANADIAN LABOR CONGRESS.

Before we again go to press the first Labor Congress will have convened in this city, and from present appearances it promises to be all that the promoters of the movement have wished for.

SELF HELP.

The necessity for an improvement in the social condition of our poor has long been acknowledged by all. Various ways and means has been proposed for solving this most difficult problem.

Even if this saving advice was possible in all cases, we have grave doubts if it is the universal panacea it is vaunted to be. We will suppose for a moment that each man was to save one-fourth of his receipts, it is evident that one-fourth less business would be done than formerly.

management, place those individuals in opulence, but as an universal remedy for poverty, it cannot be a success.

The only way yet devised likely to accomplish a radical reform in this social question appears to be a really practical mode of co-operation. By this we do not mean trading as a joint-stock company, but a co-operation of production, accumulation and distribution, where, by joint effort, vast engineering, mechanical or productive schemes could be accomplished, wherein each would have a share in the benefits, and where the accumulation would be for the future benefit of all.

Paupers and drones would then be unknown, as also the rich, overfed and underworked aristocrat — each man would have his share of the work and his share of the good things his work had produced.

That enormous organization, which has grown with such unparalleled rapidity, and known as the "Grangers," seems to be the nearest approach to a proper social system yet established, and we shall watch their progress with interest, reporting from time to time such facts as are likely to be interesting to our readers.

MONEY.

The various nations of the earth, at different times, have used many substances for money. Shells, beads, iron, copper, nickel, silver, gold and paper have each been a circulating medium.

Thus, metal money is a representative of labor devoted to its production, and this labor is given in exchange for other products of labor that may be needed.

The growth of trading pursuits demanded a greater amount of money than could possibly be put in circulation by a metal medium alone, and "promises to pay" at some future time were made and received between traders having confidence in each other's integrity.

These chartered companies or banks issued "promises to pay" in lieu of money, and these bank notes have (so long as the bank had the confidence of the people) been used as representatives of metal money, or in other words, of stored up labor.

Of late the Government have issued paper money, and of course whether they are borrowers or lenders so must they pay or receive interest for the use of this money.

Under the present system individuals become rich by trading in the necessities of the people, and this we believe to be one of the greatest mistakes or frauds of the age. Why cannot the Government take control of the entire amount of artificial money, and become the nation's bankers, having a ramification of branch establishments in every trading district in the Dominion.

The people would own and could control the entire monetary system, and issue just as much and no more than the necessities of the community required. Those disastrous panics would become unknown, and the money market would know no ups and downs, but would continue at one level always.

while the entire banking fraternity would be compelled to seek some more legitimate mode of getting an existence.

DEMAGOGUES AND THE PRESS.

The individual, who, examining into the present relations of capital and labor, and ascertaining beyond a doubt that, of all the products of labor and capital, labor receives but a bare subsistence; whilst capital, through several causes, takes to itself all above labor's mere daily subsistence,—and such individual being blessed with the ability and the opportunity to expose and denounce the system that permits such injustice, is at once made the target for all the venom of the independent press.

Demagogues, "agitator," "communist," "agrarian," etc., are hurled at him, with a whole vocabulary of adjectives. He may advance statistics to prove his position a correct one: his figures are answered by vituperation. He may advance arguments based upon the writings of the best thinkers on political economy: he will be answered with slurs on his want of education.

Discussion is not what they want; they dread it as men do a pestilence. But all their efforts will only put off the day of labor's triumph; not a triumph over capital, but a triumph over its own ignorance: for labor has only to know right from wrong, and then will that right take the place of wrong, and it is done.

The press of the country, which should be the great popular teacher, has, through the moneyed influence of those who desire the existing state of affairs to continue, become not only the apologist, but the advocate of the present system, and thereby causes that division between the thinking and unthinking portions of labor, to which may be ascribed all its ills. But a change is coming. The press sees it; they are more than disposed to temporize and conciliate.

A RULE THAT WORKS BUT ONE WAY.

In looking over the columns of a leading western paper lately, our eye caught the heading of an editorial, "The hours of work," and we eagerly ran through the article, expecting to find something that would more than ordinarily interest us, as we were familiar with the theories of the management, and knew that they were bigoted opponents of any reduction in the hours of labor.

"The difference between the sanitary effect of a good dinner taken at leisure between five and six o'clock, with the day's work done, and a hasty meal bolted in half an hour or less, in the middle of the day with the mind of the eater in the midst of its day's cares and labor, amounts to a formidable thing when extended through a life of forty or fifty years."

How our heart bleeds when we think of those poor business men bolting a meal in half an hour at the most fashionable restaurant on the street. Of course many a poor mechanic has to often tumble out of bed and bolt his breakfast in ten minutes and then fairly run for a mile or more in order to be at his post before the whistle blows, but then these men are not business men—they are only workingmen, and should be very thankful to have a mouthful to eat, and should not growl about the length of time they are given to masticate it.

Workingmen eat their "cold bite" amidst the dust and dirt of the shops—they would rather, like to be compelled to bolt a good dinner in a fashionable dining hall, in half an hour. We hardly think they would growl at such a rigorous fate, such a terribly hard lot. We think they would be apt to cry for more of just such an evil. But here is another shade of the argument:

"Many of our professional and business men reside several miles from their work. They need time before and after business, to come and go between their offices and their homes. Just think of that you toilers and fault-finders. These poor business men, these

impetuous professional men are compelled by stern, unrelenting poverty, to go out miles from the centres of business in order to obtain cheap homes, while you workingmen, who are loaded down with money, can buy corner lots, within a block or two of your shops, and build thereon palatial homes and thus be near your work. You surely will not begrudge these over-burdened brain toilers a little more leisure that they may have more time for recreation and improvement, more time for enjoying good dinners, more time to get in and out to their poor huts and shanties, located beyond the city limits. You can well afford to give your assent to such a reform in view of the fact that you are enjoying all the leisure you can utilize, that you are near your shops and have plenty time to eat your cold crust with a grimy hand. The writer thinks the case really desperate. He is determined to emancipate these hard worked business men from the slavery of large hours. He appeals for aid to the "hand that rocks the world."

"The wives and mothers (of business men) who now see so little of their husbands and sons can afford to lend their powerful influence in favor of a more intelligent division of labor and living."

Had I think of that, you wives and mothers of workingmen. You have your loved ones around morning, noon and night. They are always in sight. And as you contemplate your happy, smiling home, you can appreciate the feelings of those poor wives and mothers who do not see their business and professional sons and husbands but two-thirds of the time.

The last quotation ends the article. It is all about business and professional men—not one word for anybody else. Evidently the writer is not of the opinion that that which is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander.

PUTRID WATER.

The other day we had occasion to open the lid of a water cistern, and were greeted with a stench that made us cover our olfactory nerves with a large pocket handkerchief during further explorations in and around that cistern.

For the benefit of our readers who may be troubled with the like nuisance, we beg leave to say that wrought iron scrap or burnings put into a water cistern will hinder the water becoming putrid. Iron will rust in water that contains air only; rusting is caused by absorption of air, and only water containing air becomes putrid. The air being absorbed by the iron keeps the water clean and sweet.

BRICKLAYERS & MASONS' UNION PIC-NIC

On Saturday last the bricklayers and masons of this city held their union picnic at West Lodge. There was a reasonably good attendance and the proceedings were distinguished by regularity and harmony. The arrangements made and carried out by Messrs. McCormick, Clarke, Kennedy, Leoman and Jones, were of the most satisfactory description. The afternoon got extremely cold, rendering athletic exercises quite as much a necessity as a pleasure, the games were remarkably well contested, particularly the mile race. Although there were six competitors, the race virtually lay between Nurse and Henry. The latter ran particularly well.

FROM TORONTO TO VIENNA.

[No. 5.]

HOTEL TAUBER.

VIENNA, August 22nd, 1873.

I suppose it would be difficult to imagine a greater medley of characters than are to be found here at the present time. Everywhere variety is visible on the promenades, in the streets, and especially in the Exhibition buildings. The steam communications that is now had with the nations of Europe and Asia have afforded facilities of transport which was not so fully enjoyed by previous exhibitions, and though any such occasion as the present will necessarily gather together a motley gathering, yet I think no previous exhibition has furnished so numerous a representation of the various nationalities; and certainly the scenes that are presented are lively and curious enough—the costumes, etc., making a strange and

sometimes ridiculous contrast. You see the Turk with gaudy turban and long flowing robe (which it is fair to suppose was originally white,) and at every step is visible a pair of bare legs, it would be puzzling to say of what color. Then comes along a native of Russia, in fantastic costumes, the best description of whom is to say, he is dressed in purple and white linen. Then you see a Swiss group, men and women, evidently of the peasant class, whose dresses and costumes are pretty and picturesque; then comes the "almond-eyed celestial," the fair Circassian, etc., etc., interspersed with a generous sprinkling of the Austrian soldiery with their various costumes. And so it is all day, (and I might say all night, too, for that matter), like the ever-varying scenes of the Kaleidoscope—all is change and variety. But perhaps the most ludicrous contrast of the whole is presented by the Bohemian women. It seems to be the height of their ambition to rival the hues of the rainbow in the adornment of their person, (and sometimes the effect is not at all displeasing, especially where set off by a pretty face,) but with all their gaudy trappings upon the upper part of the person, think of their feet being encased in high boots, apparently of the toughest cowhide, having the appearance as though they had been tramping through a freshly ploughed field—and the picture is complete.

I made allusion in my last to a peculiarity of the country—the "beer gardens," of these in this city, their name is legion—and they may be classed as good, bad and indifferent. Imagine a large space of ground enclosed with evergreens, intertwined with a native tree that prolifically bears flowers resembling roses, but perhaps more brilliant. Scattered at intervals among the trees are small round tables capable of accommodating from four to six persons, and here you are served by the most obliging waiters and waitresses it is possible to imagine. The most pretentious of these establishments have an orchestra, and at intervals are discoursed the sweetest and most educative strains. Independent of these "beer gardens proper," (if I may so term them,) are an unlimited number of smaller places, *al fresco*, in connection with the various numerous cafes, where tables ranging in number from a dozen to a hundred are placed; and so numerous are these "institutions" that it is almost impossible to walk five minutes in any direction without coming across them. At these places the people take their beer or wine, as the case may be, and it would almost seem as if the whole city daily turn out to patronize them. They are frequented by all classes—high and low, men and women, boys and girls: and as it is the custom of the country, of course, there is not considered the slightest impropriety in so doing. Wherever you turn you see the word "restoration" conspicuously posted (which answers our word restaurant,) and certainly the amount of "restoration" indulged in is something to contemplate. The more general drink appears to be "beer," but there is also a considerable quantity of wine consumed. Of the "light wines of the country"—(of which you hear so much from would-be-considered knowing travellers)—I can say nothing commendatory, although I freely admit I am no connoisseur in such matters. The "Vienna beer" is of almost world-wide celebrity; and everybody is loud in its praise; and surely if the immense quantities consumed can be admitted as any criterion, in this case what everyone says must be true. You will perhaps infer from all this amount of drinking and "restoration" Vienna must be a very noisy city, but to its credit I must say that I never saw a quieter or better behaved people; and during my stay here, I do not think I have seen more than half a dozen people who were intoxicated. Possibly there may have been cases, but if there were I did not see them—and I can assure you I have kept my eyes open. The beer is very light in quality, and I suppose it is possible to get drunk from it; but but you remember what the Dutchman said, when asked if lager beer would intoxicate, "Well," said he, "I drink my thirty glasses every day, and feel no harm from it;" but I don't know how it would be if a man drank too much of it.

There are a number of very fine promenades and beautiful parks, but chief among the popular places of resort is Schonbrunn, the summer residence of the Emperor. The palace which is nothing, pretentious in an architectural point of view, is closed to visitors at the present time; but I am told that it contains some very fine pictures and portraits. The gardens behind the palace, which are open to the public, are very extensive, and beautifully laid out, and at the end of one of the main avenues is "Schonbrunn," or "Beautiful Fountain," from which the palace takes its name—and certainly it richly deserves its title. In the rear of this again, is situated the "Glorietta Temple"—a kind of triumphal arch

and monument which commands a very fine view of the grounds, and Vienna in the distance. Attached there are also fine botanical gardens, and a well kept and somewhat extensive menagerie.

But perhaps the most beautiful sight was obtained from Drahtseilbahn—a mountain of some 1,200 feet high, situated about twelve miles from the city. A short run up the "blue rolling Danube," (which turned out to be more muddy than blue,) speedily brought us there, and we were taken up the very precipitous mountain by railway drawn up by wire ropes. The ascent and descent seemed very risky, looking up the face of the rock—and I am safe in saying that almost everyone felt relieved when we reached terra firma. The view from the prominence was grand beyond comparison, and the eye took in its sweep a vast extent of country made memorable by the struggles of the past.

I have been endeavoring, in spare moments, to ascertain something of the status of the working people here. I was sorry to see here that the most menial and heaviest work is performed by the women, and the wages for laborers range from one florin to one florin and a half per day for the men, and 80 kreutzers to one florin for the women. This would bring it to about 50c. to 75c. per day, for the former, and 40c. to 50c. for the latter. Notwithstanding that the position of these poor women is so hard, an incident occurred the other day which was very pleasing. A Russian lady lost a roll of bills in value about 500 florins, soon after she discovered her loss, one of the women, who had found the bills, brought them in, and gave them to the lady. The honesty of the woman was rewarded by the gift of a fifty florin note, which the woman kissed in a transport of rapture—and you can easily imagine there were two pleased looking women at that scene. The average for skilled labor is from 1.50 to 3 florins, and their hours average from ten to twelve per day. Some one or two trades enjoy the eight hours; and as a rule, all through the men do not work near as hard as they do in Canada and the States. In some of the trades they have their unions, but how far they extend I could not ascertain.

On Saturday of last week, the corporation of Vienna entertained in the Stad Park, the various commissions and delegations to the exhibition. It was a very grand affair, the grounds were most brilliantly illuminated, and three jets of electric light in connection with the variegated lamps, gave the scene the appearance of fairy-land, and in effect almost rivalled what one reads about in the "Arabian Nights."

The weather is not so sultry as it has been, and the evenings are much more enjoyable.

In all probability the members of the Canadian delegation will be on their return trip in a very short time, having collected what material they could.

The stock of news has run out, and my next letter will be something else.

ST. CATHARINES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ST. CATHARINES AND THE LABOR CONGRESS

We believe we are safe in stating that three delegates will be sent from the Town of the Saints. The tailors have elected as their delegate Mr. John Carrol, the coopers Mr. York, and the shoemakers will be represented by Mr. Wm. Magness. All of the above gentlemen are Presidents of their respective Societies, and all of them able men. We believe there are only three organized Unions in this town, and as none of them, so far as we are aware, exceed fifty members, no more than three can be sent. We wish the Congress every success, and trust a great amount of good will arise from its deliberations.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY'S HALF-HOLIDAY AND GAMES.

The second annual half-holiday and games of the Caledonian Society of this town were held on the civic holiday, and proved a great success. It may here be stated that the games are confined to members and their sons only. The Montebello Gardens being engaged by the R.C. Church, the Society held their games in the grounds of J. P. Merritt, Esq., which were kindly granted for the occasion. In consequence of a number of the members having gone to see Professor Balini, on the tight-rope, at Niagara Falls, the attendance was not so numerous as we could have wished. However, those who did pay a visit to the grounds confessed they had never spent a better day. Every member present engaged in the competition, some of whom had never competed before, so anxious were all to enjoy themselves. The most exciting games of the day, were quait playing and vaulting with the pole. After the games were finished the members and their sons adjourned to the hall, when the prizes

were presented. The following is the list of prizes and the names of the winners:—Silver mounted pistol, R. W. Craig; fine dress coat, Wm. Walker; silver medal, J. B. McIntyre; box of cigars, Mr. Sword, Junr.; Family Bible, Jos. Cameron; lady's silk mantle, D. W. Terment; pair of pants, Geo. Douglas; black vest, D. W. Terment. Several toasts followed the presentation of prizes, one of which was "The Judges," responded to by A. Powers, Esq., in a very feeling manner. We cannot close this account of the games without bearing our testimony to the ability displayed by the judges. We trust that many such days are in store for the sons of Auld Scotia.

BARNUM'S GREAT SHOW.

The above show visited St. Kits to-day, and, as expected, drew great crowds to see it. The show, taken as a whole, was far superior to anything we have ever seen here.

MISS RYE AND HER CHILDREN.

The children brought to this country by Miss Rye are not doing so well as was expected. Many have been returned to the home and others are behaving very badly. On the other hand, we have to complain of several well-doing girls being anything but well used by those who have engaged them. We are afraid until Miss Rye exerts a little more care in her selection at home things will get no better. We would also suggest to Miss Rye the propriety of enquiring into the characters of those who apply for girls, as we are satisfied many get them who do not comply with the rules laid down.

St. Catharines, Sept. 13, 1873.

Communications.

"EXCLUSIVENESS."

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—In last week's issue, was a "leader" referring to my letter of the previous week, and in which you remark: "our correspondent has failed to show us where we are at fault."

As I take it, the fault lay in heaping certain hard words on the Machinists and Blacksmiths Union for the natural wish to unite the whole craft into one Union on this Continent, and have the earnestness to make their wish public.

I think it was a fault to advocate a multiplicity of Unions, the theory of which carried to a legitimate end, would result in total disunion. And I take exception to a repetition of the hard words, as contained in last week's issue, in these words—"to demand that the Amalgamated Engineers leave the organization they are at present members of." On two other occasions the word demand is used, and I emphatically deny that such an expression was used or intended, as the resolution itself will show.

And further no one wishes to look at the A. E. as a "schism" or deny their citizenship, and as I wrote before, every man has a right to please himself in such matters, it is only a question of policy.

In respect to your correspondent "Amalgamated," (has he grown ashamed of his name!) if only those whose toes are trod upon, rush into print, and the heaviness of the tread is intimated by the length of a letter, it seems his toes were crushed over three times more than mine.

It would have been better if he had not claimed such meekness and long-suffering from "his members" in that "disgraceful" matter, for though they refrained from replying in the columns of the WORKMAN, they made a still more disgraceful attack in the Mail, and which attack they have not yet had the manliness to retract.

Though your correspondent has occupied over one column he has not quoted a single sentence from the resolution, to whose music he has such a horror of marching, though it seems awful funny to talk about "well trained ears" when we think of his national music.

He may pride himself about the increase of membership, but dare he tell the increase over and above the importation of members?

It is well known that the M. and B. Union are increasing members made in this country over one hundred to one above the A. E. An increase of one hundred and sixty eight unions in three years is a record the A. E. cannot show on this continent.

If he had tried to "boil down" his communication, and used plainer language he perhaps would have had room to grapple with the desirability of having only one organization in a district, whose Executive was within quick communication. In my humble opinion it would have been far better than use his wit in the manner peculiar to him, strongly suggesting that a request for a pinch of snuff would be worded, "Permit me to immerse the sum-

mits of my digits in your oderiferous utensil so that I may extract some nicotian particles to excite a grateful stimulation of my olfactory nerves.

If brevity is the soul of wit, what a witty man is he!

Hoping you insert the resolution appended,

I remain, yours' etc., J. W. LEVINSKY.

Toronto, Sept. 17th, 1873.

The Committee on Trades Unions and Amalgamated Societies presented their report, which was received and passed with some slight amendments. It reads as follows:

To the Officers and Members of the Industrial Congress:

We, the undersigned, committee appointed of Trades Unions and Amalgamated Societies, beg leave to submit the following report:

Being aware of the disorganized manner in which trades organizations are in North America, be it

Resolved, That we are in favor of uniting all trades organizations now in existence in North America (or may happen to exist) into one common body, for their own mutual protection, having one central or executive head. Also, having a State department for the guidance of the different unions of the respective States; allowing all unions to be independent in themselves, but all to unite in aiding one another when in the hour of need.

Resolved, That we are desirous that all should use their influence in localities where there are now no organizations in existence to impress upon the minds of those in said localities, the necessity of forming themselves into trades unions far their own protection.

Resolved, That we request of the different M. and B. unions to use their influence with the steam boiler makers, urging on them to form unions for their own mutual protection, or becoming united with said M. and B. unions, if there is nothing in their (M. and B.'s) Constitution to conflict therewith.

Being aware of the existence of a party of mechanics now in existence in the United States and Canada, known by the name of amalgamated machinists or engineers, (with their headquarters in England) which are detrimental to the Machinists and Blacksmith's International Union, be it

Resolved, that we request of said A. M. or E., or any other unions except those on the North American continent, to discontinue their connection as an English branch of mechanics, and join an organization chartered by the government under whose jurisdiction they reside.

GEO. McDONALD, PAT'K McMANUS, P. L. VAN ALLEN, T. P. SMYTHE, D. ELLIS, J. LILLE, Com.



SALE BY AUCTION.

PORT DOVER HARBOR, ONTARIO.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Harbor at Port Dover, on Lake Erie, County of Norfolk, Ontario, together with the Piers, Approaches, and other works connected therewith, will be sold by Public Auction, at the Town Hall, at Port Dover, on Friday, the Tenth day of October next, at Ten o'clock in the Forenoon.

For Conditions of Sale apply to JAMES REDDIE, Esq., Port Dover.

By Direction, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 11th September, 1873.

MUSICAL HALL,

177 YONGE STREET, TORONTO,

VIOLINS AND VIOLIN STRINGS,

The Best and Cheapest in the City.

J. F. DAVIS,

56-oh The well-known Violinist.

JAMES BANKS,

AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER,

45 Jarvis, Corner of King Street East.

Mechanics can find useful Household Furniture of every description at the above Salerooms, cheaper than any other house. Cooking and Parlor Stoves in great variety.

SALE ROOMS:

45 and 46 Jarvis, Corner of King St. East

Furniture Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.

58-td

EATON'S

NEW

DRESS GOODS!

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

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS

COME AND SEE THEM TO-DAY!

THE HOME GIRL.

SPRIT OF THE UNIVERSE. O Spirit of the universe, Great heart which throbs for all the globe, Teach me to worship as I ought, To call rightly upon thy name.

THE GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT.

Old Neighbor Wilson's means were few, His acres were but small, His house was plain, yet comfort threw Its cheery light o'er all.

ONE A MINUTE.

Man is fertile in expedients for the commission of murder. A Tyrolean is said to have invented a pistol that can be discharged twenty-five times a minute, and kill a person every time.

A REJECTED LOVER'S REVENGE.

Taking a seat just behind the happy pair in church, he racked his brains for means of revenge, and like seventeen Othellos concentrated into one.

THE REASON WHY.

Can you wonder that American women quickly lose their beauty? Shut up in houses nine-tenths of their time, with either no exercise, or that which is of a limited, irksome sameness, they are, as a consequence, unnaturally pale, soft, and tender; their blood is poorly organized and watery, their muscles small and flabby; and the force and functions of their bodies as a whole, run low in the scale of life.

OUR ACQUISITION.

A sea-turtle was captured and presented to the youngest member of our family, who forthwith improvised a miniature lake, enclosed by a wall to prevent indulgence in migratory habits, and placed her turtleship therein.

A TANGIER BRIDE.

Weddings in Tangier, says Appleton's Journal, are very frequent, and make night hideous with their noise. All except the very poorest are accompanied with gun firing and music.

THE HEART AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

Dr. Marey, says Les Moudes, has recently demonstrated that the heart acts like all mechanical motors in that the frequency of the pulsations varies according to the resistance which it meets in driving the blood through the vessels.

MAN AND WIFE.

Say what you will, a man will always respect a true and constant wife. He may have great defects, even great vices; he may have his irritable moments, when he will use words as harsh as they are unjust towards her who is the helpmeet of his life.

THE POWER OF THE NEWSPAPER.

In his address before the New York State Editorial Convention, Henry Ward Beecher said: It would be well for those that have an over-sanguine conception of the power of journalism to consider that it derives its power from the community itself, and that the community is a greater power than any institution in it ever can be.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels, by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbued from any other source.

BEAUTY OF JEWEESSES.

It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following one: "Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curse which alighted upon their husbands, fathers and sons.

EXCITEMENT.

The Rev. Dr. Arnot, having been charged with "excitement," when speaking on total abstinence, has replied: "People need not tell me I am excited on those questions. I know that I am. I should be ashamed before God and man if I were not.

INTERESTING TO BORROWERS.

Housekeepers will be surprised to learn that their custom of sending into a neighbor to borrow a little butter, or sugar, or other articles of diet, is quite common among the savages of Fiji.

TRAINING OF THE BODY.

President Fenton, in discussing physical training, said that among the Greeks, a people so wise in all which concern the physical man, there were two widely different systems of training—one adapted to the athletes, the other to the gentlemen and men of learning.

WATER GAS.

The improvements of W. D. Ruok are now in successful operation at the gas works of Chichester, England, and that city is now lighted by the new method, which is described as follows in Engineering: The elements are water, coke, iron, and spirit. The water is converted into steam, which is passed through a super-heater, and then through a set of retorts, containing coke and iron, the charge for each retort being 1 1/2 cwt. of coke and 1 cwt. of iron.

BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

R. S. H. writes to deny the possibility of the formation of an explosive gas in a steam boiler, and states his belief that the small quantity of water injected at a time, by a feed pump, could never cause an explosion, even if some of the plates were red-hot.

A TRUTH.

Nothing procures love like humility; nothing hate like pride. The proud man walks among daggers pointed against him; whereas the humble and the affable have the people for their guard in danger.

MUSIC.

Music has been said by one to be "an intoxication, an ennoblement, a world in which to live, to combat, to repose; a sea of painful delight, incomprehensible and boundless as eternity."

And what is not music? All the sounds of summer, from the sweet chirping of the tiniest bird or the faintest echo that sweeps murmuringly over hill and valley, to the solemn reverberation of the thunder-pearl; music in a thousand varied tones is evident to the senses.

It is indeed inspiring to think of this grand universal anthem arising in its majesty and sublimity from all the countless worlds of creation, a song of praise and thanksgiving to Him whose mercy and beneficence sustain all things.

There is music in every kind thought, every pure aspiration. For what are our thoughts but instruments, whose strings, if gently touched, give forth strains of surpassing sweetness to reward the player?

The music of the human voice surpasses all other sweet sounds, however perfect they may be, in its power to rouse the emotions and passions of men.

The charm of music is indefinable; it brings an exquisite sense of "blissful sadness," which no person can describe.

The music of the human voice surpasses all other sweet sounds, however perfect they may be, in its power to rouse the emotions and passions of men.



NOTICE

Is hereby given that His Excellency in Council has been pleased to direct that, on and after the

6TH DAY OF AUGUST,

All Pig Iron or Iron Ore passing downward thro

THE WELLAND CANAL

And having paid Welland Canal Tolls, shall be entitled to pass free through the canals of the St. Lawrence.

EDWARD MIALI, JR.

Assistant Commissioner.

Department of Inland Revenue, Ottawa, 14th August, 1872.



Welland Canal Enlargement.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Welland Canal" will be received at this office until noon of SATURDAY, the EIGHTEENTH day of OCTOBER next, for the construction of Fourteen Locks and fourteen regulating Weirs, a number of Bridge Abutments and Piers—the excavation of the Lock and Weir Pits—the intervening Reaches, Race-ways, etc., on the new portion of the Welland Canal, between Thorold and Port Dalhousie.

Tenders will also be received for the enlargement and deepening of the present Canal between Port Robinson and the Aqueduct at Welland; work to be let in sections, each about a mile in length.

Tenders are also invited for the completion of the deepening and enlargement of the Harbor at Port Colborne.

Maps of the several localities, together with Plans and Specifications of the work, can be seen at this Office, on and after THURSDAY, the TWENTY-FIFTH day of SEPTEMBER instant, where printed forms of Tenders will be furnished. A like class of information relative to the works near Thorold, may be obtained at the Resident Engineer's Office, Thorold; and for works at and above Port Robinson, Plans, &c., may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, Welland.

All Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied, and to each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract.

This Department does not, however bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 4th Sept., 1873.

Musical Instruments.

CABINET ORGANS!

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

JOHN JACKSON & CO.,

(Successors to McLeod, Wood & Co.,)

ORGAN & MELODEON MANUFACTURERS.

Having now been established in the manufacture of Musical Instruments for several years, we must acknowledge our appreciation of the kindness and justice of the people which has tended to prosper and increase our business and reputation far above our expectation.

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

We claim special attention to our Vox Celeste Organs, No. 27 and No. 34. The Vox Celeste Reeds were first introduced in Canada by us in 1860, in a 6 reed organ, which took the first prize at the Provincial Fair held that year in London.

We manufacture the most popular styles, and introduce all the latest improvements.

ALL INSTRUMENTS FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

JOHN JACKSON & CO., GUELPH, ONT. 57-oh

1873] [1873

AS USUAL, COMPLETE SUCCESS!

Ten First Prizes at Two Exhibitions

W. BELL & COMPANY,

GUELPH, ONT., Received every First Prize, for

ORGANS AND MELODEONS

At the Provincial Exhibition, Hamilton, and Central Exhibition, Guelph.

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

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

Every instrument fully warranted for five years. Send for catalogue containing fifty different styles of instruments.

W. BELL & CO. SOLE AGENT FOR TORONTO: THOMAS CLAXTON, 197 YONGE ST. 57-oh

Organettes and Organs.

W. BELL & CO'S

CELEBRATED PRIZE MEDAL

Cabinet Organs, Melodeons & Organettes

EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Prices from \$35 00 Upwards.

Sole Agent for Toronto.

THOMAS CLAXTON,

197 YONGE STREET.

N.B.—Second-hand Melodeons and Organs taken in exchange. 23-oh

Miscellaneous.

IN PRESS: To be Published in November, 1873:

LOVELL'S GAZETEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA: containing the latest and most authentic descriptions of over six thousand Cities, Towns and Villages in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories; and general information, drawn from official sources, as to the names, locality, extent, &c., of over fifteen hundred Lakes and Rivers, with a Table of Routes showing the proximity of the Railroad Stations, and Seas, Lake, and River Ports, to the Cities, Towns, Villages, &c., in the several Provinces. Price in Cloth, \$2 50; Price in Full Cost, \$3 75. Agents wanted to canvass for the work.

JOHN LOVELL, Publisher. Montreal, 9th August, 1873.

TO MECHANICS.

S. O. JORY, PHOTOGRAPHER,

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

WILLIAM BURKE,

LUMBER MERCHANT,

Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Siding, Packing Boxes, &c.

CORNER SHEPHERD AND RICHMOND STREETS, TORONTO.

Planing, Sawing, &c. Done to order.

Dry Goods.

THE

"RIGHT HOUSE!"

A LARGE LOT OF

Ladies' Magnificent Costumes

FROM \$2 UP,

JUST ARRIVED. AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

Horrockses' 26-inch White Cotton at a York Shilling; very nice SCARLET FLANNEL, 25c; an immense number of Ladies' and Misses' CANTON HATS, in various styles, at from 12c to 25c. Files of beautiful fast-colored PRINTS, at from 10c up. A very large quantity of TWEEDS, DRILLS, KENTUCKY JEANS, GAMBROONS, &c., &c., very cheap.

20 Yards of Grey Cotton for \$1.00.

Millinery and Mantles,

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

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

Remember the RIGHT HOUSE,

No. 10 James St., near King St.,

HAMILTON.]

THOS. C. WATKINS.

57-to

WORKINGMEN!

SUPPORT YOUR OWN PAPER.

THE

ONTARIO WORKMAN

A WEEKLY PAPER,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

WORKING CLASSES.

NOW IS THE TIME

SUBSCRIBE!

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS.

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Single Copies, Five Cents

Can be had at the Office of Publication, at the Newsdealers in the city.

OFFICE:

124 Bay Street,

One door South of Grand's Horse Bazaar.

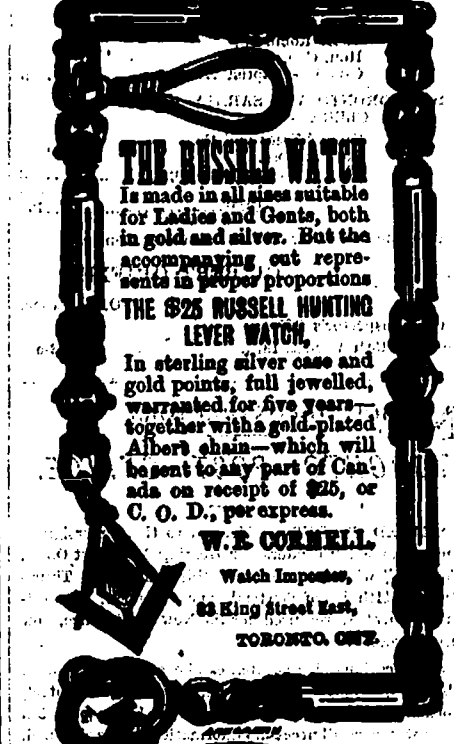
Jewellery.

J. SEARWORTH,

Importer of Watches, Clocks, and Fancy Goods, and Manufacturer of Gold and Silver Jewellery. Masonic Emblems made to order.

113 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

37-oh Spectacles to Suit every Sight.



THE RUSSELL WATCH

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

In sterling silver case and gold points, full jewelled, warranted for five years—

together with a gold-plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C. O. D., per express.

W. E. CORNELL, Watch Importer, 63 King Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN RAYMOND

Begs to inform the inhabitants of Toronto and its vicinity that he has purchased the business lately carried on by

Mr. JAMES WEEKES,

AT

247 and 249 Yonge Street

And trusts by strict attention, combined with the lowest possible charges, to merit a share of the patronage that has been so liberally bestowed upon his predecessor.

DR. WOOD,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

OTTAWA CANCER CURE,

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

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

The Cure will be guaranteed, and, as a proof of this, no pay is required until the Cure is complete. The moment a Cancer is discovered, it should be cured, as it will cost less and is more speedily cured than when of longer standing—and there is nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by delay. What now seems a harmless lump in the breast, neck, eyelid or elsewhere, or small wart or sore on the lip, may, in a few short months, become a hideous, disgusting, destroying mass of disease. If required, references can be given to parties who have been cured many years since, and who are now sound and healthy. All communications promptly answered. No money required in advance, and none until the Cure is complete. 52-oh

HATS

REPAIR HATS

HATS

W. E. CORNELL, 63 King Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

FIRE! FIRE!

We beg to inform our patrons and the public generally that we have RESUMED BUSINESS, after the late fire, and we will now clear out

AT A VERY GREAT SACRIFICE

The Entire Stock of Damaged

Silk, Felt, Straw Hats, Silk and Cloth Caps, &c.

HATS THAT ARE HATS

55 KING STREET EAST, OPPOSITE TORONTO HOTEL.

COLEMAN & CO.

40-oh

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

Miscellaneous

To the Mechanics of Toronto

AND VICINITY.

W. J. GRAHAM & CO.,

167 KING STREET WEST, Having opened the NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSE, as above, he, to invite the attention of the Mechanics of Toronto and vicinity to their well-assorted stock of

BLACK WALNUT BED ROOM SUITS, DRAWING ROOM SUITS, DINING ROOM FURNITURE, OFFICE FURNITURE

Cornices, Curtains, Window Blinds, Poles and Fringes, &c., &c.

CARPETS MADE AND LAID All kinds of Furniture Repaired. 65-oh

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

THE BEST IN THE CITY.

A. RAFFIGNON

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

Remember the address— NO. 107 KING STREET, Near the Royal Lyceum

R. MACKENZIE,

364 1-2 Yonge Street, NEWSDEALER, STATIONER,

AND DEALER IN TOYS AND GENERAL FANCY GOODS.

Special attention given to the delivery of the Evening Papers throughout the Ward of St. John and St. James. CK40-oh

BAIRD'S

INDUSTRIAL,

PRACTICAL,

& SCIENTIFIC

PUBLICATIONS.

A further supply just received at

Piddington's "Mammoth Book Store,"

248 & 250 YONGE ST.

Artisans call for a copy of Catalogue 45-oh

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That conformably to the clauses of the Act 83 Vict., cap. 9, the following timber limits will be offered for sale at public auction at the House of Parliament, in this city, on the 21st day of October, next, subject to the conditions below, namely:

Comprising 565 square miles in the county of Gaspe, 656 in that of Rimouski, 25 in that of Saguenay, and 64 in the county of Temiscouata.

Those situate in the three counties first mentioned are at an average distance of 5 miles from the coast of the river and Gulf Saint Lawrence, and watered by good floatable streams, viz: the Dartmouth, Malbaie, Sainte Anne, Cap Chat, Grand Matane, Petit Matane, Metis, Blanche and Tartigou, &c., &c.

Those situate in the county of Temiscouata, are watered by the Cabano, tributary of Lake Temiscouata, and the Blue River tributary of Saint Francis, both flowing into the Saint John's.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

The above timber limits at their estimated area, more or less, to be offered at the rate of four dollars per square mile, for the Gaspe, Rimouski and Saguenay agencies, and six dollars per square mile for the Grandville agency.

The timber limits to be adjudged to the party bidding the highest amount of bonus.

The bonus and first year's rent of two dollars per square mile to be paid in each case before the sale is over.

These timber limits to be subject to the provisions of all timber regulations now in force and which may be enacted hereafter.

Plans exhibiting these timber limits will be open for inspection at the Department of Crown Lands, in this city, and at the Agents' Office for these localities, from this day to the day of sale.

P. FORTIN, Commissioner.

Department of Crown Lands, Woods and Forests, Quebec, 12th August, 1873. 74-oh

REWARD

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Whereas, on Sunday, the 10th inst., between half-past six a.m. and three p.m., the Toronto Post Office was robbed of a number of registered letters, this is to give notice that a reward of

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

will be paid for such information as will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the thief.

By order of the Postmaster General, GILBERT GRIFFIN, Postmaster.

P. O. Inspector 75-oh

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The Toronto Post Office

Was robbed on SUNDAY last, the 9th INSTANT, of a number of

REGISTERED LETTERS.

To the following addresses in Toronto:

- FROM GREAT WESTERN, WEST- Bro. Arnold, Wm. Reid, 1
FROM NORTHERN RAILWAY- G. W. Allan, Bank of B.N.A., Fitch & Eby, J. McDonald, S. Ross, W. Ramsay, Mother de Chantel, W. R. Griffith, Montreal Bank, Wm. Ramsay, Globe Office, Thorne & Parsons, John Smith, Moffat Bros., T. H. Johnston, R. J. U. Chipman, J. A. Summers, W. R. Harrison, 18
FROM ORANGEVILLE- Rev. Wm. Reid, Montreal Bank, Morris, Harris & Co., 3
FROM LONDON- M. & L. Samuels, City Bank of Montreal, Ontario Gazette, W. G. Falconbridge, 4
FROM ORILLIA- H. Thomas, S. R. Briggs, 2
FROM OWEN SOUND- P. McDonald, A. Christie, W. R. Bartlett, W. Plummer, W. Plummer, 5
FROM BARRIE- R. Jordan & Co., Rev. W. Muir, R. Dunbar, Morris & Soper, R. Davis, Bryan, Ewart & M., 6
FROM MEAFORD- S. Ross, W. McIsaac & Son, Copp, Clark & Co., 8
FROM PATTERSON- Montreal Bank, 1
FROM STAYNER- W. G. Hannah, Adams & Burns, Walker & Evans, McNab & Marsh, Allan Parkinson, J. M. Adams, 6
FROM BRADFORD- J. J. McCulloch, A. McL. Howard, 2
FROM COOKSTOWN- W. P. Atkinson, Dobbin & Currie, Elliott & Co., R. H. Brett, A. B. McMaster, 5
FROM NEWMARKET- Geo. Keith, A. Brown, Fitch, Eby & Thwaites, D. Cowan & Co., Montreal Bank, A. McL. Howard, W. Spence, J. Flaken, Bryan, Ewart & Murray, 9
FROM COLLINGWOOD- R. Davis, Collector Customs, J. A. Clarke, F. Johnson, Crown Lands, 5
FROM BRACEBRIDGE- Montreal Bank, Miss O. A. Irwin, E. R. Stewart, Hon. F. Scott, W. Bilton, J. B. Boustead, Childs & Co., 7
FROM ARTHUR- Jas Burns, 1
FROM GALT- James Pringle, 1
FROM HAMILTON- G. E. Allen, P. H. Stewart, P. H. Stewart, 8
FROM MOUNT FOREST- F. Smith & Co., Hodgson & Boyd, 2
FROM GODERICH- Globe Printing Company, Mrs. McDougall, Peach & Goulding, 3
FROM KLEINBURG- G. A. Walton, 1
FROM DURHAM- J. H. Mason, 1
FROM ST. THOMAS- Childs & Hamilton, 1
FROM CLINTON- Bryan, Ewart & Murray, Weekly Globe, Thomson & Burns, Ogilvy & Co., Sec. Dominion Telegraph Co., Wm. McCabe, 6
FROM SEAFORTH- Education Office, F. Smith & Co., 2
FROM SARNIA- Macdonald and Patton, Editor of Mail, E. and A. Gunther, 3
FROM BERLIN- G. E. Conroy, E. Wilkes, Surrogate Court, 3
FROM GEORGETOWN- Treasurer Girls' Home, Wm. Hamilton and Sons, 2
FROM KINCARDINE- Jas. Beatty, J. Sutton, M.D., 2
FROM LONDON- John Gordon, Childs & Hamilton, 2
FROM STRATFORD- Theo. Lally and Co., Robt. Davis and Co., Mrs. Ramsay, 3
FROM SAND LANE RAILWAY MAIL CLERK- J. Shields and Co., Copp, Clark & Co., Globe, Hodgson and Boyd, McNab and Marsh, 2

FROM STRATFORD AND SARNIA MAIL CLERK... FROM G. T. R. SARNIA BRANCH MAIL CLERK... FROM TORONTO AND SARNIA MAIL CLERK... P. O. Inspector's Office, Toronto, 13th August, 1873.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. TORONTO POST OFFICE.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed 'Tenders for Heating New Post Office, Toronto,' will be received at this office until Thursday, the 11th day of September next at noon, for heating apparatus required for the New Post Office, now being erected.

City Directory.

Auctioneer.

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

Barristers, &c.

REEVE & PLATT, BARRISTERS, AT-LAW, 18 King St. East, Toronto. J. McPHESSON REEVE, SAMUEL PLATT.

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Offices- Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street.

HARRY E. CASTON, ATORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office-48 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto.

HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., Notary Public, &c. Office-68 Church Street.

Dentists.

M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON DENTIST, Office and Residence-84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto.

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

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

F. G. CALLENDER, DENTIST, Office-Corner of King and Jordan streets, Toronto.

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

J. A. TROUTMAN, L.D.S., DENTIST. Office and Residence-127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church. Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a speciality.

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST 53 King Street East, Toronto, opposite Toronto Street. Residence-172 Jarvis Street.

Groceries.

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

Physicians.

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

Shoe Dealer.

S. McCABE, FASHIONABLE AND CHEAP BOOT and Shoe Emporium, 59 Queen Street West, near 'THE BIG BLUE BOOT.'

Wine, &c.

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

STEAM DYE WORKS

600 AND 601 YONGE ST., TORONTO. (Between Gould and Gerrard Sts.) THOMAS SQUIRE, Proprietor.

Kiln Gloves Cleaned with superiority and despatch. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired on the shortest possible notice.

Miscellaneous.

E. WESTMAN, PRINTER, 177 King Street East, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOL SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

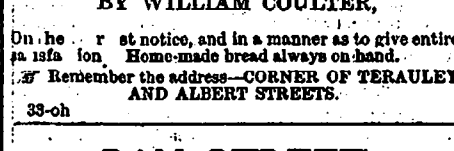
WEST END FURNITURE WAREHOUSES. JAMES McQUILLAN, FURNITURE DEALER, 258 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

L. SIEVERT, PORTER AND DEALER IN CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF, And every description of Tobacconist's Goods, 70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

BALLS AND SUPPERS ATTENDED TO, BY WILLIAM COULTER, On the first notice, and in a manner as to give entire satisfaction. Home-made bread always on hand.

BAY STREET BOOK BINDERY.

No. 102, Late Telegraph Building. WM. BLACKHALL, Account Book Manufacturer, and Law, Plain and Ornamental Bookbinder and Paper Ruler, Toronto.



Society Seal Presses, RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS. CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, &C. ENGRAVED ON HAND STAMPS.

CHAS. A. SCADDING, 83 Bay Street, Toronto.

MAT'S, MAT'S, MAT'S.

FOR CHOICE DRINKS GO TO MAT'S. IF YOU WANT TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING GO TO MAT'S.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, Ottawa, July 31st, 1873. AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN INVOICES until further notice, 14 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner.

D. HEWITT'S

West End Hardware Establishment, 365 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO. CUTLERY, SHELF GOODS, CARPENTERS' TOOL.

Gold and Silver Platers.

PETER WEST, (Late West Brothers,) GOLD AND SILVER PLATER. Every description of worn out Electro-Plate, Steel Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new.

W. MILLICHAMP.

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

Coal and Wood.

GREY & BRUCE WOODYARD, BAY STREET, (Opposite Fire Hall.) Beech, Maple, Mixed, and Pine Wood constantly on hand.

HARD AND SOFT COAL Of every description, promptly delivered, at lowest prices.

WM. BULMAN, PROPRIETOR, OPPOSITE BAY STREET FIRE HALL.

EASTERN COAL HOUSE, On Wharf, foot of Sherbourne street. Order Office, Corner Sherbourne and Queen Streets. On hand all kinds of

HARD & SOFT COAL, FOR STEAM AND DOMESTIC USE, Which we will sell at the lowest remunerative prices, and guarantee 2,000 lbs to the ton.

BLOSSBURG AND LEHIGH COAL, The very best imported. Retail and by the car load. WOOD, Cut and Split by Steam, always on hand.

MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO. Dry Goods and Clothing.

CHOICE STOCK OF Ready-Made Clothing, FOR SPRING WEAR.

THE QUEEN CITY CLOTHING STORE, 332 Queen Street West (OPPOSITE W. M. CHURCH.)

H. J. SAUNDERS, Practical Tailor and Cutter, Begs to inform the numerous readers of the ONTARIO WORKMAN that he will do his utmost to make his establishments one of the best Clothing Houses in the Western part of the city, and hopes by attention to business to merit a large share of public patronage.

SPRING GOODS. N. McEACHREN, MERCHANT TAILOR, &C. 191 Yonge Street, Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work.

JOHN KELZ, MERCHANT TAILOR 358 YONGE STREET, Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work.

CHARLES TOYE, MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, 72 QUEEN STREET WEST. A large and extensive stock on hand. A good fit guaranteed.

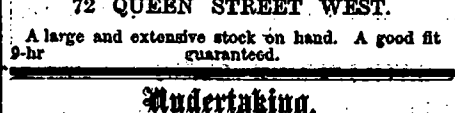
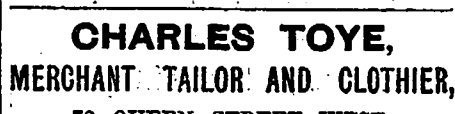
Undertaking.

J. YOUNG, 361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals Furnished with every Requisite.

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