

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."

MR. R. APPELGARTH.

On the 1st of June, 1836, his then Majesty's ship *Terror* sailed from Chatham on a remarkable Arctic Expedition, the history of which has often been appealed to as one of the most interesting records of peril and adventure connected with researches in the Polar regions. On board the *Terror* and accompanying that memorable expedition throughout, was a naval adventurer of Hull, named Applegarth, who filled the post of quartermaster. Like many other bold and adventurous spirits, he did not suffer the ties of family and kindred to deter him from entering new fields of danger and excitement; consequently he left behind him at Hull, a wife and family, with but very slender means of subsistence.

The eldest son of that family, Robert Applegarth, is the subject of our present portrait and sketch. He was born at Hull, on the 23rd of January, 1833. The rest of the family consisted of five sisters, and one brother who is now a thriving settler in the United States, having distinguished himself by serving in the army of the North throughout the civil war, as one of the Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry.

The father of the family returned safely from the expedition of the *Terror*, but soon hurried away into more distant regions, and his wife and children had to struggle hard against the consequences of his cruelly prolonged absence. In the face of such adverse fortune Robert Applegarth, whilst yet a boy, after a brief and scanty education, sought to contribute towards his own maintenance. Before he was eleven years old he succeeded in obtaining a situation at half-a-crown a week. In a short time he got advanced in a merchant's office at five shillings a week. Here he had access to a variety of information and a small selection of books, which stimulated his thirst for knowledge. Being imbued with a tendency for handicraft rather than dealing, he became dissatisfied with his prospect of becoming a merchant's clerk, and relinquished that prospect in favor of an opportunity which offered for becoming a cabinet-maker and joiner. Having an inveterate hatred to being bound apprentice, he took an engagement where apprenticeship was not insisted upon, and remained in the same shop four years, being advanced from five to ten shillings per week.

At the age of nineteen he removed to Sheffield, where he obtained work under Mr. George Harop, at a pound a week. In a year he saved enough to take a house, and established a little home, in which he proudly installed his mother, but she died only a month afterwards. Three years later his father returned, only to die, for he soon sank under the lingering weakness arising from the hardships which he had suffered in distant lands.

Robert Applegarth arose from his combined afflictions, and stuck steadily to his work. This flush of prosperity led to his marriage, but the reflections upon the prospect of a family, made him dissatisfied with current wages, and he determined to emigrate.

When he landed at New York, on the 30th of December, 1855, having placed unbounded reliance on his own ability to "get on," he had but half-a-crown reserved for future contingencies. An unforeseen difficulty presented itself, for a tremendous fall of snow, lasting a fortnight, put a stop to the progress of his trade, and his position seemed hopeless. Nothing daunted, and prepared to do anything to get an honest living, he found a "Sheffielder," who was a manufacturer of powder-flasks, and undertook to fit on the leather-work by a process resembling shoemaking. By this means he eventually earned sufficient to enable him to proceed inland to Pennsylvania.

The weather was still very severe, and as there was no chance of getting carpen-

tor's work till the spring, he sought for other employment, and found a chairman, who said "Wall, can ye turn?" "Yes," he replied, "Guess I can turn my hand to anything." The chairmaker had a saw-mill, in which was a big lathe, and a steam engine to drive it. The man who used to attend the steam engine was gone further west, and the chairmaker was rather "scared" at the idea of getting up steam himself. Applegarth had never touched a lathe in his life, and knew little of steam-engines, but he had acquired not only the Yankee accent, but the Yankee dash, so he kindled a roaring fire under the boiler at the imminent risk of a "bust up," cleaned and overhauled the engine, and, as soon as the steam was on, "started" the engine at "full blast," and determined with all his might to "go ahead" and "darn the difference." By dint of hard work and close application, he soon added the art of turning to his other accomplishments. He remained here until spring, but being ambitious to penetrate further into the "Far West," he set out for Chicago, about a hundred miles beyond which city he found a rising railway depot at Galesburgh, Knox Co., Illinois. When he arrived there he invested all his cash in a "smoothing plane," but the railway buildings were in urgent progress, and he worked upon them very long hours at 2½ dollars a day, until he was well in funds.

Whilst at Galesburgh, he availed himself of an opportunity he had of devoting his evenings to study with several collegians of Galesburgh, where he formed the close friendship of many young and rising Americans, he was still deeper imbued with that spirit of "go ahead" which has characterized his after life.

Elated with his prosperity, and full of hope, he joyfully despatched a draft and free passage ticket to his wife wherewith to make her way out. But a new difficulty stood in his way. The wife was suffering from impaired health, and she was unable to undertake the voyage. A second time he sent a draft with the same object, but again his wife was too weak and ailing to endure the passage. So his career in the New World was brought to a premature termination. He bade his mates a sorrowful farewell, and turned his back upon a land which he had learned to love, and which he would fain have made his adopted country.

When he first returned from America he took work under Mr. J. Robertson of Sheffield, between whom and himself there still exists a cordial friendship. Notwithstanding, though he was getting the highest wages paid in the locality, he could not fail to feel acutely the painful contrast between such pay and that he had obtained in the States. In the Far West, where labor was in great demand, personal energy was so sure of success. At Sheffield he entered heartily into the working of his local trade society, and soon perceived that holding business meetings at public-houses was detrimental to advancement. Though neither then nor now a teetotaler, he exerted himself to disassociate grave deliberations from thoughtless conviviality, and eventually succeeded in removing the meetings of his society to a reading room. Here, after the ordinary business was got through, discussions were held upon general questions, and especially upon the principles of trades unions. These discussions, in which he took a leading part, laid the foundation of that fame, which has since constituted him a recognized self-made man in the trade union world.

He was several years a member of the Organized Trades of Sheffield, and took an active part in assisting labor movements in various parts of the country.

He was much dissatisfied with the state of local societies in those days, so that, when the great strike and lock-out of the metropolitan building trades took place in 1859, and the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners was consequently inaugurated in June, 1860, he immediately exerted himself to promote its extension. He procured the adhesion of his own Sheffield

society, and promoted the formation of numerous branches through the country. His untiring energy and ability made him favorably conspicuous amongst his fellows throughout the country, so that in October, 1862, he was elected General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society, and was re-elected every succeeding year until 1871, in which year he gave two months' notice and resigned the office, and was succeeded by Mr. J. D. Prior, an able and efficient officer. Mr. Applegarth still retains his membership in the society, and at the invitation of the executive council, he has since attended each of the Annual Trade Congresses as a representative.

During his term of office he devoted himself to the welfare of the society with ability, zeal, and success. When he was first elected, the society consisted of 32 branches, and 805 members, with a fund of £790; during his uninterrupted tenure of office, the society increased to 240 branches, and 10,500 members, with a fund of more than £18,000; while for donation, sick, funeral, and other benefits, including trade purposes, upwards of £80,000 was expended. This was up to January, 1871, since which time its history has been one of steady progress. Although it has been his lot to occupy a prominent position in many trade disputes, his firmness and moderation has secured for him the confidence of employers and employed. The active general business of the society devolved almost entirely upon the general secretary, and his constant effort has been to prevent strikes by the adoption of arbitration.

His administration of the affairs of the society has ever been characterized by smartness and alacrity, combined with a judicious use of printing, and ample reports and tables of work and wages, which form valuable books of reference worthy to be examined by every political economist, and indispensable to all who really desire a knowledge of the real working and results of a good trade union.

His ability and application are acknowledged not alone by his own society and his own craft, but by many other trade societies who have, from time to time, availed themselves of his advice and conciliatory influence in time of trouble. In like manner, his self-acquired position, as a trades union authority has exerted itself in a wide circle outside the official sphere. He has been appealed to by philanthropists, by men of science, and by distinguished officials upon questions concerning which he has a practical knowledge. Consequently he is proud of being in the confidence of numerous men of eminence who sympathize with Professor Beesley in writing:—"I have known him for several years, known him intimately, I may say; and having found in him an honorable disposition and a generous and enthusiastic temper, I value his friendship."

He was the first witness upon the Trades Union Commission of 1869. His evidence thereon forms a body of suggestive matter calculated to dissipate many of the extreme objections entertained by some employers and their over-zealous friends against the principles of trade unions. Mr. Mault, the avowed representative of the masters, endeavored to throw discredit upon some of Mr. Applegarth's evidence, but Sir William Erle, the chairman, interposed, and said: "I do not suppose that any man who has sat at this table and heard Mr. Applegarth, can doubt for one moment a single word he has stated."

As an acknowledgement of the importance of his evidence, which is separately published, he has been presented with a handsome bookcase and 200 volume of first-class books, subscribed for by the members of his society and many friends outside; and on his resignation, he was presented with a costly gold watch as a parting token of friendship and respect.

Mr. Applegarth, during his residence in America, acquired a firm confidence in the political institutions of the United States. He there attended mass meetings and other gatherings, and observed the manliness and self-reliance encouraged by the detailed

working of popular government. As a natural consequence, he has joined many efforts to obtain an approximation to such a government at home. He was an active member of the Reform League, and of the London General Council of the International Workingmen's Association. He was also a London delegate to the International Congress held at Basle in September, 1869.

In February, 1870, he was urgently solicited to become a candidate for the representation of Maidstone in Parliament. He retired in favor of Sir John Lubbock.

When he was in America he was very favorably impressed with the excellence of the school system there, his conclusion being that good schools, absolutely free to all, so far from degrading a people into pauperism, as some persons assert, are calculated to elevate all alike into a healthy, social equality. In 1869, having obtained introductions from several eminent English professors, he made it his business to visit and enquire into the working of the school system of Switzerland, and the result of his researches appeared in a series of letters published in the *Sheffield Independent*. He was invited to give evidence before the royal commission on scientific instruction and the advancement of science under the presidency of the Duke of Devonshire, which evidence appears in the report of that commission.

At the suggestion of Professor Fleeming Jenkin, of the civil engineering department of the London University, he advocated a system of technical education throughout his own society with considerable success. He was one of the founders of the National Education League, and is a member of the central executive of that body, who reprinted one of his letters on compulsory education, and circulated it in thousands throughout their numerous branches. He was a candidate for the representation of Lambeth upon the first London School Board, obtained 7,600 votes, and would undoubtedly have been returned with double that number of votes but for the defective arrangements which prevented crowds of workmen from recording their votes.

He was elected Secretary of the Conference of Amalgamated Trades which was formed in 1867, to secure the legal recognition of the right of trade combinations. This object was accomplished by the passing of the Trades Union Act when the Conference dissolved, but this act of bare justice was accompanied by the Criminal Law Amendment Act, which has justly aroused the indignation of the workpeople throughout the kingdom. As a member of the London Trades Council for several years he took an active part in the work, both social and political, which that body took in hand.

At an early age he joined the Co-operative Movement, and has availed himself of every opportunity to promote co-operative production and distribution. He believes that in properly conducting trades unions the workmen receive an education in the art of organization and administration which it would be impossible for them to receive otherwise, and which qualifies them for that higher form of organization—co-operative production—to which he looks forward with confidence as the solution of the labor problem.

In his writings and speeches, as well as in the reports of his society, will be found evidence of the comprehensive view which he takes of the duty of a working class leader; whatever was in his opinion necessary to be said or written in vindication or support of the claims of his own trade he did of course, with alacrity and ability; but he never tired of pleading the claims of the miners, the sailors, and the agricultural laborers. At an early age he seems to have grasped the great truth conveyed in the words of James Russell Lowell, who, in the New England dialect, tells us that—

Laborin man an' laborin woman
Hev one glory an' one shame.
Ev'ry thin' thet's done in human
Ingers on all on 'em the same.

In August 1870, being anxious to see for himself some of the effects of the war between France and Germany, he visited several of

the battle-fields, including Saarbruck, Forbach, and Remilly. He was within ten miles of Metz when the capitulation of Sedan took place. His observations and reflections were published at the time in a series of letters which appeared in the *Scotsman*, and another series in the *New York World*.

During the Parliamentary recess of 1871 the Home Secretary nominated him to a seat on the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Operation of the Contagious Diseases Acts. This is the first instance of a workman being invited by the Government to occupy a similar position.

He has ever been an ardent advocate of conciliation and arbitration, and though he is now engaged in a business which has not the most remote connection with social or political movements, he frequently, as the representative of the Labor and Capital Committee of the Social Science Association, devotes his time and energies to settle trades disputes, and takes as deep an interest as ever in the welfare of his class.

We cannot enumerate here the countless incidents of a life which has been one of hard work and perseverance; or the numerous gratifying testimonials, handsome presents, letters alike of humble co-workers and eminent men, with which Mr. Applegarth's walls and presses abound, in evidence of the high appreciation in which his efforts are held. As he is little more than forty years of age, it is hoped that he may live for many years in the exercise of that wise discretion and wide experience which has made him the acceptable counsellor of so many practical men in reference to public affairs.—*The Bee-Hive*.

DEPUTATION OF MINERS TO THE HOME SECRETARY.

On Friday a deputation of miners from thirteen counties, representing 91,300 workmen, waited upon Mr. Bruce, to lay before him their views with reference to the payment of wages by weight instead of measurement, and as to whether the masters or the men are responsible for the propping of the pits to secure the safety of the colliers. The speakers were Mr. Halliday, president of the Amalgamated Association of Miners; Mr. Brown, vice-president; and Mr. Pickard, miners' agent, who urged that the Home Secretary should do something in the special rules to be issued on the 1st of August, to compel the coalowners to regulate the payment of wages by weight and not by measurement.—Mr. Bruce, in reply, said the Mines Regulation bill was to provide for the safety of the colliers, and it was with very great reluctance that he interfered with the system of weighing as opposed to measurement, as he considered that the Government was overstepping its proper duties between masters and men. In the clause that did so interfere there was to be a dispensation granted by the Home Secretary if the change from measuring to weighing caused a great deal of expense and inconvenience. Each case was considered on its merits, but if the deputation would give one instance where a workman had been dismissed because he refused to work where measuring was resorted to, he should insist upon the weighing being at once substituted for the measurement. [This the deputation promised to do.] Then as to the "propping," the most prolific cause of loss of life. The Government were anxious to diminish risk by throwing upon the masters more responsibility, though not exempting the workmen from all proper responsibility. Various technical arrangements were suggested to throw the responsibility upon those who had supervision in the pits; and Mr. Bruce promised that the point should not be lost sight of in the new rules.

A HIGH AUTHORITY.—Mr. Curran was once engaged in a legal argument; behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the Church, though, in my opinion, he was fitter for a steeple."

Poetry.

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

I am passing through the waters, but a blessed shore appears—
Kneel beside me, husband dearest, let me kiss away thy tears;
Wrestle with thy grief as Jacob strove from midnight unto day,
It may leave an angel's blessing when it vanishes away;
Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long she can be here—
See how to my heart she nestles—'tis the pearl I love to wear.
If, in after years, beside thee sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music, and her face than mine more fair;
If a cherub call thee father, far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born. Oh! my husband, turn not from the motherless;
Tell her something of her mother—you may call her Anna Jane;
Shield her from the winds of sorrow—if she errs, oh, gently blame;
Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping, I will answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets, when my voice in blessing falls;
And her soft blue eyes will brighten with a wonder whence it came—
In her heart when years pass o'er her, she will find her mother's name.
I will be her right hand angel, sealing up the good for Heaven,
Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeed unforgiven;
You will not forget me, dearest, when I'm sleeping 'neath the sod;
Oh, love the babe upon my bosom as I love thee—next to God!

WANTED.

Wanted, a hand to hold my own,
As down life's vale I glide;
Wanted, an arm to lean upon,
Forever by my side.

Wanted, a firm and steady foot,
With step secure and free,
To take its straight and onward pace
Over life's path with me.

Wanted, a form erect and high;
A head above my own,
So much that I might walk beneath
Its shadow o'er me thrown.

Wanted, an eye within whose depth
Mine own might look and see
What springeth from a guileless heart,
O'erflowing with love for me.

Wanted, a lip whose kindest smile
Would speak for me alone;
A voice whose richest melody
Would breathe affection's tone.

Wanted, a true religious soul,
To pious purpose given,
With whom my own might pass along
The road that leads to Heaven.

Gales and Sketches.

ATALANTA UPON SKATES.

Somewhat more than twenty years ago, in a fine old mansion on the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, lived General Paul Leroux, formerly of the French army, and a devoted Bonapartist. On the final fall of Napoleon, he had emigrated to Canada with his family and a portion of his once princely fortune. General Leroux was a widower with two twin children, Henri and Eugenie. These two, having lost their mother in early childhood, had spent some years with their relatives in Switzerland. In that wild country, in the midst of a large household, herself the special pet of her granduncle, a veteran soldier, Eugenie Leroux was allowed all the wild and healthful freedom of a peasant girl. At the age of sixteen, when she accompanied her father and brother to the New World, she could boast but few lady-like accomplishments and aristocratic airs; but she was lovely with the promise of extraordinary beauty, bewitchingly naive in manner, and as brave and vigorous as a young gipsy. She was passionate in spirit, impetuous and wayward; fiery and fearless in her resentments, but quick and generous to forgive; ardent and devoted unto death in her loves and friendships. Henri Leroux was possessed of a fine intellect, but was of a delicate physical organization; gentle in spirit, sensitive, studious and religious, the fair beauty of his face, the subdued tone of his voice and his quiet manner, all went to render him the most remarkable contrast to his sister. But I will not dwell farther upon his character, as his future life is to form the subject of a subsequent sketch.

On reaching his Canadian home, General Leroux procured a governess and masters for his daughter. Mademoiselle Eugenie soon acquired a good knowledge of English, and made rapid progress in music, for she possessed remarkable talent; but she indignantly overturned her embroidery frame, tossed her paint brushes into the river, and sent her Latin grammar after them. Her poor governess soon gave up in despair all hope of making a fine lady out of the wild girl of the Alps, whom an indulgent father, good easy man, permitted to follow in all things, her own untrammelled impulses.

Our heroine's early residence in Switzerland had colored her entire after-life and character; and the daughter of a soldier, she was perhaps, not unnaturally, soldier-like and somewhat masculine in her tastes. She neither trembled, fainted, nor shrieked with exquisite sensibility and delicate nervousness at the roar of ordnance, the peal of musketry, or the sharp crack of the rifle. She loved them rather, and at the gleam of arms and the exulting swell of martial music, there ever flashed from her kindling eyes the bold spirit of a Joan d'Arc. As a horsewoman she was absolutely unrivalled in the Canadas—at least, so said the riding-master. She could row like Grace Darling, swim like a mermaid, and then skating—"Her skating? Good gracious!" cries my fair reader, in feminine consternation. Wait a bit, honey, and consider. Skating is an amusement which has really, too long been monopolised by "our natural enemy," as some lady writers—Miss Martineau, Miss Hannah More, or Miss Robinson Crusoe—calls the sterner sex. It is a graceful, a delightful, and a most invigorating exercise. I speak not advisedly, for in my early girlhood I too acquired this singular accomplishment, and I now only blush for the false delicacy which has since prevented me from keeping myself in practice.

But Eugenie, fearless of the censures of the over-refined, and scorning the impertinent observations of the *canaille*, pursued with enthusiasm the favorite pastime of her Swiss winter life, and, no sooner did the ice of the St. Lawrence become of a reliable thickness, than, accompanied by her twin brother, she might be seen performing her graceful evolutions thereon for hours together. Her skill and swiftness became proverbial, and many were the delighted witnesses of her varied and extraordinary feats. But it is time she was introduced personally to my readers.

On the afternoon of a keen but sunny day in January, Eugenie and Henri Leroux laughingly descended the bank of the St. Lawrence, and mingled with a small company of skaters. Mademoiselle Eugenie, then a strikingly beautiful brunette of eighteen, was suitably, though somewhat coquettishly attired in a short skirt and tightly-fitting jacket of dark blue cloth, elegantly trimmed with black fur. Upon her head she wore a small fur cap; her raven hair was put plainly back; the rich brown of her complexion was brilliant with a glow of pleasure, and her large dark eyes were flashing back the sunshine.

After amusing herself for a while, Eugenie observed a burly English corporal, with whom she had a slight skating acquaintance, progressing leisurely toward her, drawing a miniature-sleigh. This she presently saw contained the first-born of the corporal's house, a stout boy of about six months' old, well wrapped in furs and flannel, and rosy-cheeked with the healthy wintry air. Eugenie glided along by the little vehicle, chatting pleasantly, and delighting the proud father by her praises of his pretty child, till suddenly a wild thought darted through her brain, she caught the infant from the cushions, laid it on her head, after the Swiss manner, putting up one hand to steady it, and was off like a flash. As for the corporal, "his sensations were more easily imagined than described," to use a common expression. He stood stupefied and transfixed for a moment, dumbfounded, then gave a cry between a groan and a yell, and started in pursuit. He was a tolerable skater, but knew not with whom he had to compete. Eugenie was now yards ahead of him, looking back and laughing provokingly; now passing so near that he almost passed her dress—now circling around him with fearful rapidity. At last the poor man became furious, swore roundly at the mischievous girl, and called for aid in rescuing his child. Three or four, Henri among the number, laughing very heartily, set out in eager pursuit; but Eugenie, after eluding them at every point, flew back to the little sleigh, lowered the child from her head, kissed him hastily, laid him smiling and unharmed upon his pillow, and was off again.

Among the interested though inactive spectators of this strange scene, were two British officers, then stationed at Montreal—Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Thurston. The former, who was highly connected and the heir to considerable wealth, had a soldierly appearance, a symmetrical form, and a fine manly face, happy, and withal noble in its expression.

Thurston was a man of the world, with a peculiarly English physiognomy; he was considered handsomer than his companion, to whom he was an attached and devoted friend.

On leaving the river, after Eugenie and her brother had disappeared, Hamilton maintained a thoughtful silence until he reached his quarters, when he exclaimed, "Thurston, we must make the acquaintance of that girl, for, by the powers, I would give my commission to know that girl! She is a glorious creature—a glorious creature!"

"Fudge, Hamilton! she is a merciless little savage—a very ogress, running away with babies, and frightening worthy fathers out of their wits."

Our officers found little difficulty in gaining an *entree* into the hospitable mansion of the courteous General Leroux, and ere many months had passed, they were on a footing of familiar intercourse with his family. Captain Hamilton's admiration for Eugenie finally deepened into love, and many things seemed to augur favorably for the success of his suit. The father and brother of the lady were both

won over by the many excellencies of the young soldier's character, his intellectual qualifications, and the charm of his manner; but the heart of Eugenie was not so easily conquered. Her lover soon ascertained that many of her feelings, tastes, and early prejudices, were opposed to the interest which he sought to create. First of all, her *amor patrie* was far stronger than that of most women; she passionately loved *la belle France*, and as passionately hated her enemies. Then she cherished, in the depths of her soul, that wild, enthusiastic, adoring love, for the memory of Napoleon, which none but a true Bonapartist can fully understand.

When a mere child, she had seen the great hero; she had a distinct recollection of his face, of his winning smile, as he addressed a few playful words to her. Henri Leroux even declared to Hamilton that her right cheek, which had received the imperial salute, had been *tabooced* from that time, no less august lips having pressed the sacred spot. To her father and brother, Eugenie never spoke of the glorious days of the empire but with mournful enthusiasm—of the emperor but with tears; yet to Captain Hamilton she talked proudly of the deeds and reign of the great king maker, and entered into many an animated discussion of his merits as a ruler and a general.

Hamilton, like every English soldier, was a worshipper of Wellington, and could never be brought to admit that the generalship of the conquered surpassed that of the conqueror.

Such discussions sometimes add a piquancy to friendship, but no degree of discord is healthful for love, and our lovers had some serious disagreements. But reconciliations always followed, Eugenie, usually concluding, in her calmer moments, that a live friend was better than a dead emperor, and frankly sending to the aggrieved gentleman some pacific message.

During the summer and autumn, General Leroux was absent on a tour through the States; and, as Henri was much engrossed by studies, Captain Hamilton was left a fair field for his wooing operations. He rode and walked, sung and read English with mademoiselle, and all would have gone on smoothly had he not also talked. But the ghost of Bonaparte was never laid; and that unfortunate last battle, when the "little corporal" was defeated by fate, and not by Wellington, was fought over again almost daily.

On the return of the general, Captain Hamilton thought best to consult with him, before making a formal proposal to Eugenie. To his great joy, the kind father made no opposition to his suit, leaving the matter wholly in his daughter's hands. But Eugenie was too arch a coquette to decide at once; again and again requested time for consideration, until weeks slipped by, and the merry skating days had come round again.

It was a clear, luminous moonlight night, late in December, when Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Thurston met at the house of General Leroux. Thurston had but that day returned from Quebec, where he had been passing some months; and was, therefore, not altogether *au fait* of the state of affairs between his brother soldier and Mademoiselle Eugenie. The friends, though they did not come together, found they were bound on the self-same errand—to solicit the honor of attending upon mademoiselle to a military ball which was to be given on New Year's Eve. As neither gentleman would resign his claims in favor of the other, a playful altercation ensued, Eugenie declaring herself unable to decide. At this point Henri laughingly proposed that, as the night was magnificent, the important question should be decided by a skating match; or that Eugenie should play "Atalanta upon Skates."

The gentlemen joyfully assented; Eugenie clapped her hands with childish glee, and retired to don her skating costume. This was somewhat different from the one she had worn a year before; the trimming being of white fur, and for the sake of greater conspicuousness on this occasion, she had placed in her cap a long white ostrich plume. The effect of this dress was to render her more bewitchingly beautiful than ever, as she came bounding into the drawing-room for her companions. General Leroux, after gazing on her proudly for a moment, embraced her tenderly, and declared his intention of joining the little party, to see that no harm befel her, and that all went fair in the race.

On their way to the river, Captain Hamilton, whose arm Eugenie had taken, looked with sudden seriousness into the roguish eyes of his companion, and whispered, "May not a question of more moment than that of escorting you to this ball, be also decided to-night?"

"In the same manner, monsieur?"

"Yes; and may the swiftness of my heels avail, where the eloquence of an adoring heart has failed?"

"As you will," she replied, laughing merrily; "overtake me, and I surrender prisoner for life; but fail, and it is the lost Waterloo of your wooing. Remember!"

The moon was at its full, and the ice-bound St. Lawrence lay like a broad sheet of glittering silver. The race was soon fairly begun. Thurston, at first, seemed likeliest to win, but laying out all his strength in desperate efforts to head Eugenie in her marvellous evolutions, he at length sat down, utterly exhausted, and the provoking girl turned and flew past him like a wild bird on the wing. The field was now left to Hamilton, who had infinitely

more at stake; and he swore a mighty oath (to himself) never to yield until the victory was his.

It was a scene of singular excitement. Hamilton, though an admirable skater, never seemed to gain upon Eugenie, except by her own permission; for she would now and then flag, as though about to pause, place her hand on her side, and droop her head, as if from weariness. Hamilton would redouble his efforts, and the next moment she would be flying around him in bewildering circles, nearer and nearer, till the ring of her skates and her merry laugh were in his ears; and then, shot her little form with incredible swiftness, till far down the river her long white plume was floating in the moonlight.

At length Eugenie called out, "I am getting tired of this, Captain Hamilton. You can never overtake me; but stop where you are, and I will come to you!"

Hamilton paused, and soon beheld his inamorata swiftly approaching. As she drew nearer, however, she glided along more leisurely and coquettishly. Ah, moment of thrilling rapture to her lover, when he watched that magnificent creature coming slowly but steadily towards him, with her head archly inclined to one side; her luxuriant hair loosed from her cap, and falling over her shoulders; her arms crossed upon her bosom; her lips apart, and her eyes flashing gloriously and not unlovingly upon him! Nearer, nearer; he reached forth his arms with a cry of joyful welcome! Nearer, nearer; he could see her breath, silvered into small clouds by the frost of the still night!—when she bowed her head, and shot beneath his extended arm, like a winged arrow!

(To be continued.)

THE PICTURED FACE.

"Wait a moment, George. Don't be in such a hurry! Just see what I have found. I suppose it belongs to me, as you, careless fellow, stepped directly over it. Come here under the gas-light and let us examine it."

Careless, merry George Warner followed his companion curiously.

"What is it?" he asked, breathlessly. "A twenty dollar bill, a gold watch, or diamond of rare value? Poh!" he added, as the article in question was held towards him. "This only a pocket-book, and a poor one at that. I declare, it's rather mean in you, Edward, to fool a fellow so."

Handsome Edward Darwin elevated his eye-brows questioningly.

"Mean in me? How so, George? To be sure I have not discovered diamonds, but I don't know but what I may, as I have not as yet opened the pocket-book."

His companion toyed with his cane as he eyed his friend wonderingly.

"Well, Ed, I've nothing to say on the subject, so we can't quarrel about it, as I see. Hurry up; open your prize; we have an engagement at eight o'clock, and time is flying."

Edward Darwin obeyed the command quietly, while George looked over his shoulder.

"Humph!" said the latter, as the contents were at last viewed. "Only a one dollar bill? Well done, Ed! I will congratulate you upon your prize." And a merry smile creeping over the manly face, revealed a charming set of even, white teeth.

Edward Darwin bent his head closer over the pocket-book.

"Spare your jests, George, if you please, for I've found something else. Can you guess what?"

"Oh, only a bit of fancy work, I suppose. There! was I not right? For lo, a bit of that filmy stuff, called by the fairer sex, tanning. I know it by its numerous threads; throw it away, Ed, for it is of no use."

"Not I!" And Edward Darwin carefully returned the dainty work to its hiding-place. "Not, at least, until I have looked further. Ha, George! I declare, if here isn't a tiny pin containing the hair of some one, and it is set in gold, too. What do you think of that? And look! here is a package which appears to be tin-type! what do you say to that, my fine fellow?"

But the package proved to contain a small square of ivory, upon the surface of which was exquisitely painted the features of a young lady whose age was apparently about twenty years. It was not a handsome face, though fair and pleasant to look upon. The eyes were a trifle too light to render the coloring attractive, and the softly-tinted brown hair lacked the abundant ringlets such as grace the heads of the belles of the present day. But with all its personal failings, it was pronounced beautiful by both gentlemen, and George Warner gave a prolonged whistle as his friend restored it to the pocket-book.

"Whew, Ed! That face is a prize worth seeking; though its owner may be some foolish school-girl," he added, with a sly glance directed toward his companion.

But Edward Darwin's fingers fastened themselves upon the breast-pocket of his coat as he shook his head.

"Oh, no George! depend upon it, this is no school-girl's face. She may be in rather reduced circumstances, but she is a woman, refined and intelligent."

"In reduced circumstances! I should think so, judging by the emptiness of the pocket-book," whistled George sardonically. "But Ed, on a second thought, perhaps that pin and picture will be advertised, as they are really valuable. I was in at Delmont's yesterday, and the plainest pin they showed me was

worth from twenty to twenty-five dollars; and very inferior would they be when placed beside the one resting in your pocket. Why can't we wait, and perhaps a reward will be offered." And patting his friend slyly on the shoulder, George Warner laughed heartily.

Edward Darwin looked grave and thoughtful.

"If the person is in reduced circumstances, George, a reward cannot be offered. However, we will wait awhile and see, and if no tidings of it appear, we will advertize it at our own risk."

And with that agreement the two friends continued their walk down the busy street.

The next few days proved the anxiety of the handsome Edward Darwin. Every morning, within the solitude of his room, did he search the daily papers in hope of some time finding an owner for the lost prize; and when day after day passed without a giving description, he grew moody and dissatisfied, and appealed to his friend for assistance.

"I say, George, I am discouraged; it does seem as though we were to be disappointed in all our undertakings; what think you?"

"Wait for fate, Ed, to do do as she sees fit. Who knows but what we may accidentally discover the unknown owner of that pocket-book?" returned George Warner, "But stay; I have a plan meandering through my fertile brain, and I will impart it to you, if you will give a fellow a chance."

"Well, well, go on," said Ed Darwin, good humoredly.

"Oh, it isn't much," returned his friend, provokingly. "Yesterday, I came across the advertisement in the columns of the 'Daily Cross.' '\$10 Reward. Lost! A mourning pin containing hair of a departed parent. Whoever will return the same to No 22 Walnut St., will receive the above reward.' And so I cut it out and saved it. Now I propose calling at No. 22 Walnut St., and see the rights of the matter ourselves. To be sure, it says nothing about either pocket-book, tanning or picture; but perhaps the pin is of more value than the rest. So, if you think well of my proposal, I am at your service, George Warner, Esq." And with a great flourish the careless fellow resumed his hat.

"Agreed," he cried. "Come on, before any one has time to interrupt us. But stay! I believe I owe my seamstress, Mrs. Millan, a few dollars, and she may call for her money while we are out; so while I am here, I will leave it, if you will be seated a moment."

"Please, sir, Mith Millan sent me to say that she can't get the last lot of work done at pethent, for she has scalded her hand badly."

The pale lips of the child, who had entered unperceived by either gentleman, quivered pitifully as the hand of the surprised Ed Darwin fell heavily upon her shoulder when he finally became aware of her presence.

"Good heaven, George, here is the very face!" he cried, excitedly. "The same blue eyes! the same brown hair! the same expression! For Heaven's sake, child, tell me your name!"

Here George Warner interposed in season to prevent an outburst of fright from their little guest as he held the pocket-book and its contents before her.

"Be calm, Ed. Have you ever seen this before, my little one?" he inquired.

Blue-eyed Clara Gendale forgot her liping, baby tones as she eagerly grasped her treasure.

"Oh, yes, sir! it is the one we lost a week ago. Here is sister Lizzie's picture, the three yards of tanning she had just finished for Mrs. Sinclair, the one dollar bill we have needed so much, and the little pin with mamma's hair. Oh, sir, where did you get it?" And the little hands found their way into George's very quickly.

Ed Darwin stepped forward suddenly at the sight.

"My dear child, I found the pocket-book." The little girl blushed confusedly.

"I thank you very kindly," she said, turning to Edward, who bowed quickly, "for sister Lizzie will be so pleased to get it again; and so will Aunt Millan, for they both cried over it."

"Then Mrs. Millan is your aunt, is she?" Ed Darwin spoke hurriedly.

"Yes, sir." The brown head fell lower. "yet we have not been poor, a great while. Two years ago, when mamma and papa lived, we had a nice house; but when they died, sister Lizzie sold all but this little pin and her picture, painted by papa. O sir, how can I thank you?"

Edward Darwin patted her head kindly, and as he did so he pushed the roll of bills he had been counting into her hands.

"There, my dear, take that to your Aunt Millan, and tell her that Mr. Darwin is in no hurry for his work, and that he will call round in a few days and see how she is getting on. So run home and give sister Lizzie the lost pocket-book with my compliments. Good-by!"

Then when the door closed behind the little retreating form, Ed Darwin turned to his companion, saying—

"There will be no need of advertising now, I suppose."

But George Warner was dreaming over the brightness of his friend's countenance; and when, after a period of six months, he beheld him the devoted husband of Lizzie Glendale, and brother to the bewitching Clara, he began to wish seriously that he might also be fortunate enough to discover a lost pocket-book containing a bit of tanning and a pictured face.

ANCIENT CONSTRUCTION.

Explorations at Nineveh have shown that, except for paving purposes, stone rarely entered into the construction of the walls and buildings. They consisted of clay only, which had evidently been moulded in the shape of bricks, and put together without the aid of mortar or cement of any kind. In the few examples in which stone was found to be employed the joints were made in the same manner, that is, by simple juxtaposition. Mortar and cement appear to have been rarely or never employed. The size of the stones was considerable, so that mere weight would, to some extent, render superfluous the employment of any adhesive substance at the joints. But this was not the case with the bricks, which were nearly of a square form, 1 foot 4 inches on the sides by 2 inches in thickness. The question which remains unsettled is: In what degree of consistency were these bricks at the time they were put together? Were they sufficiently plastic to adhere together, or were they wetted before being used, so as to soften the mere surfaces which were in contact? Upon this supposition there would be an appreciable difference between the appearance of the body of the bricks and that of the joints, which does not exist. There is, nevertheless, a slight difference in color at those points, which looks like lines. The Assyrians had two varieties of baked bricks; the one was regularly shaped, with parallel faces, and the other of a trapezoidal form. These latter were intended for arches or vaults, and the inclination of the sides varied with the position which the particular brick was intended to occupy in the curve. The dimensions and proportions of the Assyrian brick differ from those of modern manufacture. Those employed in paving were of two sizes. One class was 1 foot 4 inches by 1 foot 4 inches by 2 1/2 inches in thickness, and the other 13 inches by 13 inches by 4 1/2 inches thick. A peculiar feature in these old bricks is that they are, with few exceptions, covered with inscriptions in the cuneiform character. Two remarkable features in the construction of ancient cities were, first, that either the diagonals or the direction of the sides pointed exactly towards the cardinal points, and, secondly, the enormous thickness of the walls of the principal buildings. It is probable that astronomical reasons dictated the former of these, and climatic exigencies the latter. In the case of Nineveh, there can be little doubt of this, as the Assyrians were celebrated for their skill in astronomy, and their partiality for the science. The thickness of the internal walls is scarcely ever less than 10 feet, and that of some of the external varies from 16 feet to 25 feet. Some consideration must be given to the fact, with regard to thickness of the walls, that the mode of building them with bricks merely dried in the sun required this dimension to be disproportionately great.

In the building of their domes and vaults the Assyrians employed a more brittle description of brick than in their walls and pavements, and the joints were made by grouting them with semi-fluid clay. The *voussoir* shape of these bricks prove that the theory of the arch must have been known at that time, and some considerable progress made in the preparation of artificial stones. There is no evidence of timber being employed as a material of construction by the people under notice. It was used only in small quantities, and for the purposes of ornament. It seems that iron was altogether unknown as a constructive material. Copper was turned to account for the pivots or hinges of doors, and lead was also rendered serviceable. Enamelled bricks were common, and stucco was largely employed, as with us, for the double purpose of protecting the brick-work from the effects of the air, and hiding the roughness of the surface. There is one ceremony which appears to have existed at the time of the Assyrians, which is common to modern times as well. It is that of laying the first, or foundation, stone of a building. A recent French explorer, M. P. Place, discovered in a layer of fine sand underneath one of the monoliths of the gates of Nineveh, a variety of different objects in marble, agate, and cornelian, which were cut and engraved, and were, moreover, all pierced with a hole, as if they had originally formed part of a bracelet or necklace deposited at the laying of the corner stone as coins are deposited with us. While well versed in the practice of earthwork, brickwork, and even masonry, the Assyrians were totally ignorant of the art of construction considered in the light of an assemblage of pieces of timber or iron. They could heap up materials so as to cause the structure so composed to resist any outward force by its sheer weight or inertia, but they knew nothing whatever of the distribution of pressures, or how to proportion a structure so that it should be equally strong in all parts. Both the labor and the material were too abundant to call for economy in either one or the other.—*The Engineer*.

PERILS OF BALLOONING.

Frank K. King is reported to have made a balloon ascension from Morristown, Vermont, on the 4th of July. When he had risen to the height of nearly three miles he encountered a snow storm, which so loaded the top of the balloon that it was driven down, and he landed in a deep forest some eight miles distant. It took a searching party, of 500 strong, forty-eight hours to find him. He was discovered in a famishing and exhausted condition, but had sustained no other injury.

FRENCH TELEGRAPHY AT THE EXPOSITION.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Mail* writes to the paper from Vienna as follows:—

"I am sorry we are not represented in telegraphic apparatus, as we have several things in America that would be worth seeing. The French telegraphic department is the best in the exhibition, and some of the inventions are exceedingly interesting. There is a machine that prints an autographic despatch, not chemically like the other autographic instruments, but on white paper with printers' ink. It cannot be described in writing, and so I will not attempt to say how it is made, except that there is synchronous action of two rollers; one may be in New York and the other in San Francisco, or in any two other places connected by a telegraph wire. A written message, a draft, a sheet of music, the portrait of a burglar, anything that can be drawn with a pen—not with a pencil—may be telegraphed from one end of the world to the other, and reproduced with printers' ink on white paper, like that whereupon the patron of the *Mail* reads this letter.

"Then they have a machine by which four operators can work over a single wire at once in one direction, just as one operator does with us; and by putting on four operators the other way, you can make the capacity of one wire equal to that of eight by the old system. We are now using in America a system by which a wire may be operated both ways simultaneously. The French machine is exactly four times ahead of us. They have, also, an electro-magnet that works over a hundred miles of wire."

It is evident that this correspondent is not fully posted in regard to the state of telegraphy in his own country.

The instrument first above described is the "autograph telegraph" of E. Lenoir of Paris. It is a modification of the Bakewell and Caselli instruments, invented years ago. The message to be transmitted is written on a prepared slip which is placed on a roller and turned, under a transmitting stylus. Every line in the original message produces a corresponding dot in ink on the paper at the other end of the wire. By turning the roller often enough and so repeating the transmission, the letters are dotted out at the receiving office. In an example now before us, done on the instrument described by the correspondent of the *Evening Mail*, each letter is composed of a number of dots and dashes, each representing a telegraphic signal. In making the capital letter B, for example, some forty-two signals were employed. It is almost needless to say that instruments that involve the making of so many signals to form a single letter cannot compete in rapidity with the simple system of Morse, or the various printing instruments in common use here. The Lenoir machine is more of an electrical curiosity than a business machine.

In respect to the other instruments, by which it is alleged that eight operators can work at once on one wire, this is the invention of R. Meyer, and its capacity is greatly overrated. Mr. George B. Prescott, electrician of the Western Union Telegraph Company, during a recent visit to the continent, made an examination of this Meyer instrument. The capacity claimed for it by the inventor was only one hundred messages of ten words each per hour, which is slow work for eight operators.

The double system, referred to by the correspondent as in use here, in the Stearns duplex instrument, by which two operators may work in contrary directions over one wire. One hundred and forty-six messages have been sent per hour over a single wire by this system, using the Morse key. The American system is therefore about fifty per cent faster, although employing only two operators, than the Meyer French plan with eight operators.

The Stearns duplex system is only limited in its rate of transmission by the skill of the operators. The fastest operator has been able to reach a rate of 2,500 words per hour. Two operators having this ability would be able, by means of the Stearns instrument, to send over one wire 5,000 words per hour, or 2,500 words each way. A rate even higher than this has been experimentally obtained.

The above French telegraph instruments are not indicative of an advance or improvement over the devices in common use here. Simplicity in the instrumentation is the aim of the American telegrapher for ordinary work. Give him a Morse key and a sounder, and he is ready for instant work anywhere, from the lonely summit of Mount Washington to the crowded Babel of the stock exchange.

The observations of Mr. Prescott were that the French official consumes more time in preparing to transmit a message than is taken here to send a telegram across the continent.—*Scientific American*

EVERY MAN HIS OWN JUDGE.—I have my own laws and judicature to judge of myself, and apply myself more to these than to any other rules. I do indeed restrain my actions according to others; but judge them not by any other rule but my own. You yourself only know if you are cowardly and cruel, or loyal and devout. Others see you not, and only guess at you by uncertain conjectures. They do not so much see you as they see your art; rely not, therefore, upon their opinions, but stick to your own.—MONTAIGNE.

THE AMERICAN PAPER TRADE.

During the year 1872 there were in operation in the United States 812 paper mills, owned by 705 firms, and of an estimated value of over \$35,000,000. In addition to this actual value of mill property, there is to be added the usual working capital, twenty-two and a half per cent of the value of the mills, thus making the total capital invested in paper making throughout the country \$43,500,000. The mills employ 13,426 male, and 7,700 female hands, besides 922 children, or a total of 22,042 laborers, whose wages amount yearly to the large sum of nearly \$10,000,000. Their product amounted last year to 317,387 tons, valued at \$66,475,825. The total number of engines running is 3,293, besides 299 Fourdrinier, and 689 cylinder machines.—*Paper Trade Journal*.

THE WORK OF A CIRCULAR SAW.

Ninety thousand feet of lumber were recently sawn at the mill of John McEwan, Bay City, Mich., in 34 1/2 hours, besides slabbing for a gang, with two sets of cutting teeth, 36 in each set, without sharpening in any way, each tooth cutting more than 1,200 feet of lumber. The saw never made an imperfect run, and the lumber was sawn much smoother than by any other method. The saw in question is five and a half feet in diameter and No. 7 gage. This, in all probability, is the greatest feat ever performed with a saw with the same number of cutting points without sharpening in any way, so says the *Lumberman's Gazette*. This saw is provided with J. E. Emerson's improved bits or teeth. Their points are alleged to be tempered so hard that they will cut glass; and they weigh less than one sixth of an ounce. The saw is a novelty in its way, very simple in construction, the bits being changed in about five to eight minutes and never working loose. The saw cuts six inches to each revolution, dropping from six to eight boards per minute. Manufactured by Emerson, Ford & Co., of Beaver Falls, Pa.

"CATCHING ON BEHIND."

"Catching on behind" is the crowning enjoyment now for boys. Johnny comes home at night surfeited with fun; he has had a good time, but he is tired. His nose is split open at one end, and one of his teeth is gone, he has lumps on the back of his head, but he has had a good time, and he has come home to hear his mother read about Joseph and his brethren, and rub him with liniment.

There is huge fun in catching on behind, but it requires a great deal of adroitness and decision. The successful lad is he who is ever looking for a ride. He stands with his hands in his pockets, actively devouring the scenery with one eye, while the other is prowling around under cover on the lookout for a good chance. And when it comes he pounces down on the cornice of the sleigh in such a manner as to cover the most part of himself in case he has fallen on a philistine. The solicitude with which a boy shields his tender parts will bring tears to the eyes of a tax collector. But he always gets on the sleigh, and off, too, when urged by a long whip-lash; and when he gets off he rolls himself in a lump and merely lets go, and the fate that always protects boys sees that he bounds into safety. Wood sleighs, with long, strong stakes to catch hold of, are God-sends, but a box sleigh, with a place for two to sit on and make faces at rivals who are breaking down their legs and lungs in a vain attempt to catch up, is not to be despised. Not at all. Heaven bless the farmers who own blue sleighs with floor boards protruding a foot or so beyond the tail-board.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

According to Jewish and Mohammedan tradition, King Solomon, who was wise beyond all other men, knew the language of animals, and could talk with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. A rabbinical story is told of him, which is in this wise:—

One day the king rode out of Jerusalem with a great retinue. An ant hill lay directly in his path, and Solomon heard its little people talking.

"Here comes the great king," he heard one of them say. "His flatterers call him wise, and just, and merciful, but he is about to ride over us, and crush us without heeding our sufferings."

And Solomon told the Queen of Sheba, who rode with him, what the ant said. And the queen made answer,—

"He is an insolent creature, O, king! It is a better fate than he deserves, to be trodden under our feet."

But Solomon said,—

"It is the part of wisdom to learn of the lowest and weakest." And he commanded his train to turn aside and spare the ant hill.

Then the courtiers marvelled greatly, and the Queen of Sheba bowed her head and made obeisance to Solomon.

"Now I know the secret of thy wisdom. Thou listenest as patiently of the humble as to the flatteries of the great."

STRANGE FANCIES.

We all have our own peculiar antipathies, some of which are powerful enough to cause us great inconvenience if brought into exercise. *Propos* of this, a curious story is told of a clergyman, who always fainted when he heard

a certain verse in Jeremiah. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach. Mr. Julian Young tells the story of an officer who could not endure the sound of a drum, and ultimately fell dead when compelled to hear it. There are whole families who entertain a horror of cheese; on the other hand, there was a physician, Dr. Starke, of Edinburgh, who lost his life by subsisting almost entirely upon it. Some people have been unable to take mutton, even when administered in the microscopic form of pills. There is the case of a man falling down at the smell of mutton as bereaved of life, and in strong convulsions. Sir James Eyre, in his well known little book, mentions three curious cases of idiosyncrasy: the case of a gentleman who could not eat a single strawberry with impunity; the case of another whose head would become frightfully swollen if he touched the smallest particle of hare; the case of a third who would inevitably have an attack of gout a few hours after eating fish.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

If there be any bond in life which ought to be sacredly guarded from everything that can put it in peril, it is that which unites the members of a family. If there be a spot upon earth from which discord and strife should be banished, it is the fireside. There centre the fondest hopes and the most tender affections.

How lovely the spectacle presented by that family which is governed by the right spirit! Each strives to avoid giving offence, and is studiously considerate of the others' happiness. Sweet, loving dispositions are cultivated by all, and each tries to surpass the other in his efforts for the common harmony. Each heart glows with love; and the benediction of heavenly peace seems to abide upon that dwelling with such power that no black fiend of passion dare rear his head within it.

Who would not realize this lovely picture? It may be realized by all who will apply the appointed means. Let the precepts of the Gospel be applied as they are designed to be, and they will be found to shed a holy charm upon the family circle, and make it what God designed that it should be, the most heaven-like scene on earth.

LIVE IT DOWN.

Never flinch before scandal; if your good name is assailed, take it quietly. Breath is wasted in nothing more lavishly than in negations and denials. It is not necessary for truth to worry itself, even if a lie can run a league while it is putting on its boots. Let it run and get out of breath, and get out of the way. A man who spends his days in arresting and knocking down lies and liars, will have no time left for speaking the truth. There is nothing more damaging to a man's reputation than his admission that it needed defending when attacked. Great sensitiveness to assault, on the part of any cause, is an unmistakable sign of weakness. A strong man and a strong cause need only to live an affirmative life, devoting no attention whatever to enemies, to win their way, and to trample beneath their feet all the obstacles that malice, or jealousy, or selfishness throws before them.

THE FAMILY HAMMER.

There is one thing that no family pretends to do without; that is a family hammer. And yet there is nothing that goes up to make the equipment of a domestic establishment that causes one half as much agony and profanity as a hammer. It is always an old hammer, with a handle that is inclined to sliver, and always bound to slip. The face is as round as the full moon and as smooth as glass. When it strikes a nail full and square, which it has been known to do, the act will be found to result from a combination of pure accidents. The family hammer is one of those rare articles that we never profit by. When it glides off a nail-head, and smashes down a couple of fingers, we unhesitatingly deposit it in the yard, and observe that we will never use it again. But the blood has hardly dried on the rag before we are out-doors in search of that hammer and ready to make another trial.

PUNCTUALITY.

We admire punctuality, and we can have but little patience with those persons who are so regardless of it, even in little things, as to continually break their word, under the impression that "It is of no consequence, it will all be understood, and amount to the same thing in the end," as many often say, to excuse their everlasting habit of being false to their word. There are some people who seldom or never do as they promise. They habituate themselves to promise anything and everything without the least thought of fulfilment. We could name some persons of this sort, who in other respects are worthy people; but they cannot command confidence, because their word is not regarded. We can mention young men of promise who are constantly losing ground with their acquaintances, solely by being inattentive to their obligations and promises in little things. A man will soon ruin himself in this way. In all business transactions, in all intercourse with friends, in all engagements, let all do exactly as they say—be punctual to the minute. This is the way to make other people so, and to make them trust us.

Grains of Gold.

Grief ennobles. He who has not suffered, can never have thought or felt.

Ambition is like a wild horse, which prances unceasingly until it has thrown off its rider.

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou hast sore places.

To wipe the tears from all faces is a task too hard for mortals; but to alleviate misfortunes is within the most limited power.

Leisure is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is a very hard one to wear. The ruin of millions may be traced to it.

The first fault that a man commits is to take theories for experience; the second to consider his own experience as that of all.

He that is good may hope to become better; he that is bad may fear that he will become worse; for vice, virtue, and time never stand still.

Happiness is a blessing often missed by those who run after pleasure, and generally found by those who suffer pleasure to run after them.

A secret is like silence, you cannot talk about it and keep it; it is like money, when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered.

Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors.

Some men use no other means to acquire respect than to insist on it, and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does a highwayman's in regard to money.

It has been ordained by Providence that no individual should be of such importance as to cause, by his retirement or death, any chasm in the world.—DR. JOHNSON.

THE AMIABLE FAILING.—There is no weakness of which men are so much ashamed of being convicted as credulity, and there is none so natural to an honest nature.

Those who are incapable of shining but by dress, would do well to consider that the contrast between them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage.

Some have the folly to be ridiculous; some have the vanity to be ridiculous; some have the impudence to be ridiculous; very few have the courage to be ridiculous.

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails.—JOHN HUNTER.

DRESS AND ADDRESS.—Both prudence and politeness warn us that a man should attend to his dress and to his address; in youth that he may please, in age that he may not displeasure.

EFFECTS OF WEALTH.—He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it creates more wants than it supplies.

He that visits the sick in hope of a legacy, let him be never so friendly in all other cases, I look upon him in this to be no better than a raven that watches a weak sheep only to peck out the eyes of it.

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased. To be amiable is to be satisfied with one's self and others. Good humor is essential to pleasantness. In society good temper and amiable spirits are almost everything.

It is easy in the world, to live after the world's opinion. It is easy in solitude to live after our own. But the great man is he, who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of his character.

When a rich quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered, "Civility, friend, civility." Some people are uncivil, sour, sullen, morose, crabbed, crusty, haughty, really clownish, and impudent. Run from such, as from your life. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whither it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the wind robs the woods of their foliage. He is the wise man, who, like the millwright, employs every gust.—SCOTT.

If we give only to receive, we lose the fairest objects of our charity—the absent, the sick, the captive, and the needy. When we oblige those that can never pay us again in kind, as a stranger upon his last farewell, or a necessitous person upon his deathbed, we make Providence our debtor, and rejoice in the consciousness of a fruitless benefit.

He that gives nothing but in the hope of receiving, must die intestate.—SENECA.

MAGIC OF A WORD.—Mother, is a word to which every bosom responds. It finds its way to our hearts in our youth, and retains its hold upon us in our age. If fathers are looked up to for precept, principle, and example, mothers are relied on for tenderness, and endearing affection. Fathers are strongholds of safety; mothers are sources of love and consolation. The word Mother is as a soft breeze coming up from the valley—sweet, soothing, and grateful; cooling the fevered brow, calming the ruffled spirit, and tranquillizing the agitated heart! What voice was ever like the tender, soft voice of a mother?

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
- Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
- Printers, 1st Saturday.
- Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

OTTAWA.

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

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

Messrs. LANCEFIELD BROTHERS, Newsdealers, No. 6 Market square, Hamilton, are agents for the WORKMAN in that vicinity, who will deliver papers to all parts of the city.

Mr. D. TERNANT, St. Catharines, will receive subscriptions, give receipts, and take new subscribers for the WORKMAN.

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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, JULY 31, 1873.

WEALTH.

It is necessary to define the meaning of this word, before we offer any observations on the subject. Wealth properly means, according to Webster, "weal welfare, prosperity, external happiness." But another meaning is usually attached to the word, and is the ordinary signification, "large possessions of money, goods or lands, abundance of worldly estate, affluence, opulence, possessions, property, riches." It is usual for writers to lay down a dogma, that any man can grow wealthy by simply ceasing to purchase unnecessary articles. Nothing can be more foolish, yet we find this opinion is nearly universally promulgated by would-be authorities on social economy.

Only those who have suffered by sad experience can tell of the pinching economy in food, fuel and clothing, which has to be practised by even an intelligent mechanic receiving good wages, to make his money keep life together. To talk about a man who is receiving nothing more than the pittance at which his labor is bought, shunning luxury to amass wealth, is the veriest irony. The majority of those who preach about the mechanic having the means to amass wealth, had better first cut down their own expenses to the rate of a mechanic's wages, and then

try what margin there is for attaining opulence from that amount of money.

We have an opinion that each man who industriously follows his occupation, really produces more than he consumes, and if he received all he produced, he would in time save up a certain amount sufficient perhaps to ease his shoulders in old age or sickness. But under our present social system, instead of each man receiving the full amount of his earnings, he only receives, say, about two thirds, the residue being put into the pocket of some person who is an employer of labor; and this surplus which rightly belongs to the producer is pocketed by the exchanger, who grows rich upon the added surpluses of from ten to one thousand men.

If these exchangers of productions were compelled to live on the amount produced by themselves alone, we should see fewer brown stone mansions, fewer private carriages, and spans of spirited thorough-bred horses, and fewer people looking down from their elevated positions, on the hard-fisted greasy mechanic who slaves his ten hours per day, and lives in a penurious manner, that he may be enabled to honestly pay every man his due.

The road to wealth is simply this: Take a man whose abilities are such that he can play the game of business well, then eradicate all sense of strict justice between man and man; teach him to obey only legal laws, abstract his benevolence, give him more acquisitiveness, then let him go: he will grab some money fairly or unfairly, then he will employ some slaves either white or black, and then he will drive those slaves with the whip of necessity, until they produce a surplus. He will then appropriate that surplus, and thus accumulate wealth, aye, wealth, and this wealth he will use to still further drive his slaves, until the last spark of energy is used up for his benefit, and the poor slave wends his way homeward, tired in limb, tired in mind, hopeless of ease or enjoyment, a dull, dis-spirited mass of humanity. What wonder that he seeks to drown his thoughts in the flowing bowl? What wonder he should cherish hard feelings against employers as a class. He is a victim to greed, a living human sacrifice at the shrine of the "almighty dollar."

DRINKING HABITS.

In a recent issue we had somewhat to say under this head, which our readers will doubtless remember. Reports of the English Parliamentary Committee, who are enquiring into the dear coal question, are to hand, in which our former position is fully sustained. Even the *Globe* had not the hardihood to revise an English article published in its columns of the 23th inst., and it is with great pleasure we quote the following:—

The earnings of the men occupied much of the time of the Committee, and brought out much interesting information. The hewers in Mr. Pease's collieries earn, making all deductions and additions for house rent and coal allowances, nearly two guineas per week, working 245 days in the year, and spending seven hours a day in the pit. In Wigan, according to the colliers' agent, the hewer who earned most of a set of men, cleared £2 10s in a certain week; the hewer who earned least made, perhaps, £1, if we allow for deductions, but he probably did not work full time. The drawers were paid 3s a day. Mr. Tennant, of West Yorkshire, said that in his collieries the average for men and boys is £2 a week.

It may be asked how did the men spend this increased pay? No widespread luxury or drunkenness was proved; and while it was said they spent their earnings in the public house, it was also said that they had put money in the savings-banks, that in their condition and dwellings, the dress and education of their children, they had vastly improved.

There is a deplorable amount of whiskey drinking indulged in by not only working men, but also by persons who strictly are not working men; and it is not honest to charge all the "depravity," "immorality," "theft," "drunkenness," and "dishonesty" on the working classes; who, though not perfect, are often far above the non-workers in all that constitutes true manhood.

COMMON SENSE CO-OPERATION.

Traffic is a hideous minatur that exacts a toll from every purchaser. Workingmen are purchasers of every thing that sustains life or makes it endurable, and should therefore be interested in the multiform devices and ramifications that make up the machinery of traffic. We will take for instance a quart of berries just picked in the country. On the spot those berries could be bought for five cents, but by the time the mechanic in the city has them on his table, they cost him twenty-five cents. Vegetables, of all kinds, that could be secured in the country for a mere nominal price, are retailed at the groceries at prices that make a poor man wince. The same is true of eggs and all other articles of consumption. Is there no remedy for this evil? We think there is. There are too many men employed in exchanging and distributing articles of manufacture and the product of agriculture. There are too many middle men, and some means should be used to get rid of at least the half of them. How is this to be done? Through the agency of co-operation in trade. Why should there be so many grocers? We find them on every corner and they all manage to live and pay large rents, heavy taxes and insurance. There are in the city of Cleveland over four hundred grocers who sell by retail, and hardly one of these men go outside the city to buy their goods. There are ten or twelve wholesale houses in the city that supply nearly all the retail stores. Now the question arises "Why can't workingmen unite, in families of ten or a dozen, and purchase their goods direct from the wholesale houses?" This would be common sense, practical co-operation. They would save at least fifteen per cent. by doing so. Even four or six families could unite and buy by wholesale. Is it not a strange commentary upon the common sense of a body of men, that they will buy from a grocer who purchases his goods almost double for his trouble, when they could avoid the extra charge by simply going and buying where he bought? It would even repay a man to buy singly by wholesale if he could not do otherwise. He would have to lay in quite a stock at a time, but it would be money in his purse in the end. Besides when you buy at wholesale you do not run any risk of getting an adulterated article.

If workingmen looked into this matter and acted upon the hints here thrown out, half the sleek, lazy, fat grocers in the country would close up shop in less than a month and have to turn in and work for a living. A great many grocers and retail store keepers of all kinds, and all saloon keepers, are non-producers, who live upon per centage in a manner, not at all unlike the man who loans money and lives upon the interest. A grocer buys a quart of berries for ten cents and sells them for twenty (fact). He makes fifty per cent. and a hundred per cent. very often in a few moments. The saloon keeper does the same. Hence they live by per centage; they are non-producers and should be regarded as such. Of course there must be stores, but there need not be a company of them where there is now a regiment.

Sheeting, calico, ribbon, and all species of dry goods, can also be purchased by wholesale at a much less rate than at retail. We don't think we are going beyond the truth in saying, that if families bought all articles of consumption at wholesale, they would effect a saving of at least one hundred dollars a year, and that is quite an item to any family.

This is a kind of co-operation that requires no capital. There are no risks. The chances are all on the side of the co-operators. It does not offer dividends, it is true, but it will save money and money saved is money earned. How to make a few dollars do the most possible good and go the greatest way towards keeping the family, is a matter worthy the attention of all working men.—*Coopers' Journal*.

The operative cotton spinners of the Burnley district, which extends from Burnley to Colne, Todmorden, and Padiham, have sent a memorial to their masters asking for an advance of 10 per cent.

CRIMINAL AMENDMENT ACT.

At the last regular meeting of the Ottawa Trades' Council, the following resolution was unanimously carried:—

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Council that the time has arrived when the initiative should be taken in framing a bill bearing on the repeal of the Criminal Amendment Act, now on the statutes of this Dominion; and that Messrs. Wm. J. Loughrin, R. McGregor, P. Foisy, D. J. O'Donoghue and D. Robertson be a committee to act of themselves, or jointly with any committees that may be appointed in Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, or other places, who may be interested in the matter, and that they report progress from time to time.

OTTAWA TRADES' COUNCIL.

At a meeting of the Ottawa Trades' Council, held in the Mechanics' Hall, Rideau street, on Tuesday, the 22nd instant, the following officers were duly elected to serve for the ensuing term:— President, Dan J. O'Donoghue; Vice-President, Peter Foisy; Recording Secretary, Wm. J. Loughrin; Corresponding Secretary, Donald Robertson; Financial Secretary, John Limond; Treasurer, Richard Shaw.

CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.

Last Tuesday night a meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners was held in the Trades' Assembly Hall, and officers elected. The name of the society is "The Toronto 1st Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners."

THE LONGSHOREMENS' UNION.

The regular meeting of the Longshoremen's Union was held in St. Patrick's Hall. The President, Mr. Finn, presided. A good deal of interesting business was conducted, and fourteen new members were admitted to the Union. The members of this Union intend holding their first picnic about the 11th of the month, to Port Credit, of which due notice will be given. We wish the members of the Union the most entire success in their efforts to improve their position.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

An entire change of programme was presented at the Academy on last Monday evening, introducing three new "stars," Mr. Robert Ferguson, "La Petite Pauline" and Mons. Loyal. The entertainment throughout was of a most interesting character, and the performance of the various artistes was received with enthusiastic applause. Mr. P. Murphy, in his Irish songs and dances, and Ned West in his specialties were most successful, as well as Ned Ainsley. Miss Fannie Wood and Gertie Granville appeared in new songs and dances, and were rewarded with enthusiastic encores. The appearance of Mr. Robert Ferguson in his great character songs proved the greatest success of the evening, whilst the audience were highly pleased with the clever performance of Mons. Loyal on the horizontal bar. La Petite Pauline, a charming young vocalist, is a great addition to the company at the Academy, and if we may judge from the applause with which she was received, she is likely to become very popular. The entire programme now presented at this establishment is one of the most attractive and amusing it is possible to offer, and will doubtless attract crowded houses. To-morrow evening Miss Gertie Granville, takes her benefit, when an unusually attractive bill will be presented, and the popularity which this young lady has attained since she has been in this city leads us to anticipate for her a crowded house.

LIFE AND LIFE FORMS.

[No. 5.]

BY R. R. Y.

So much has been written during recent years as to the theory of development and gradation, that many not intimately acquainted with the facts, have been led to suppose that there is a gradually ascending series, from the simplest to the most complicated forms in a single line, particularly in the invertebrate division of the animal kingdom. In one sense this view is true to a certain extent, but in another, and the which it is generally taken, it is

not so. Even at the present time the best authorities are at variance as to the position which the different classes should occupy, and this is sufficient to show that the construction of a truly natural system, founded upon a more accurate and extensive knowledge than that now possessed, is still future.

The idea which seems most conformable to nature, is to regard the animal kingdom as made up of so many typical groups, having certain general characteristics, some of which, taking them as groups, may be ranged in a line of ascending organization, while others must be placed on a level, or in parallel lines. Thus, we have already referred to three types—the globular, the radiate and the articulate—and those may be said in a general way, to rank in this order, although in each case it is found that the highest forms of one type are more perfect than the lowest of that placed above it. We now, however, come to a class which possesses features of such a character, and such wide differences in the degree of organization, that it can neither be said to rank above or below the articulate form.

So great is the variety existing between molluscs, better known as shell fish, that it is not easy to group them under general characteristics, but there are necessarily some points in which they agree. One of these is indicated by the name, the meaning of which is literally *soft bodied*, and this name is here particularly applicable. The bodies are all of a soft texture, and those of a great number are to all appearance little else than a soft or mucous mass, without parts, and almost without organization, but this is so only in appearance. In reality these animals, at least the highest orders of them, possess an organization of very considerable complexity and perfection. In intelligence and instinct the mollusc is certainly inferior to the insect and crustacean, but in many important points of organization it is undoubtedly their superior.

In the highest order of molluscs, or that represented by the cuttlefish, there are some small pieces of bony, or, perhaps, more properly, cartilaginous substance, apparently serving the purpose of protecting the nervous matter, and thus giving us the first approach, in a very imperfect and rudimentary form, to the skull in higher animals. With this exception there are no internal bony or solid supports, and consequently such species as are provided with long arms as the cuttle, have them attached simply to the skin, which, affording no firm leverage for the muscles, renders the movements of the animal slow and awkward. This is, however, of little disadvantage. Almost all the different species of molluscs are confined within comparatively narrow limits, and to a great extent continue in the same spot all their lives, some congregating together as the oysters, others attached to a rock by means of suckers, or firmly anchored by cords which are made for the purpose.

There is, properly speaking, no brain or spiral marrow in these animals, but instead of these we find several *ganglia*, or what we may call nervous centres, so disposed and connected as to form a circle or collar. From these centres originate the nervous fibres, which are distributed and form a beautiful network all through the body, but yet each set of nerves being so distinct that every *ganglion* governs the action of certain functions, thus, one supplies the nerves for the eyes, another those of the tentacles or arms, another pair those of the heart, gills, etc.

Molluscs being mostly aquatic, their organs of respiration usually take the form of gills, nearly approaching in character those of fishes, and these are abundantly supplied with blood vessels, directly from the heart, that is to say, there is in these always a *double* circulation, as in the higher animals. The organs of circulation are not, however, the same in all. In some species we find one heart, as in the crayfish, where it is distinctly muscular, so that even when removed from the body it will continue to pulsate for a short time. In others, there are two, and even three hearts, in which cases the two sets of gills have

each a heart to supply them with blood. The bodies are generally enveloped in a fold of soft elastic skin, and in some this is the only covering, but generally there exudes from this mantle a peculiar fluid which on exposure to the air becomes hardened, and gradually forms a shell, this constituting a secure and convenient house of refuge for the otherwise helpless and defenceless animal. These shells exhibit the greatest diversity in shape, color and texture. Some are quite plain and rough, but of great strength; others are of elegant form, but not otherwise remarkable, while others, especially those of the tropical seas, in their form and polish, in their delicate or glowing tints, in the infinite variety of design in coloring, render them, perhaps, the most marvellous and beautiful objects in nature; and there is, probably, no more fascinating and delightful study than that of conchology or that branch of science which has for its object the classification and description of the thousand species of these wonderful formations.

Those species which are not thus furnished with such a hard protective covering, are provided with a remarkable compensatory apparatus. This consists of a bag containing a secretion resembling ink, which in case of attack, the animal has the power by compressing the bag to diffuse through the water, and thus by surrounding itself in darkness, is enabled effectually to elude its pursuer. The Cuttle fish is a case in point. This is a creature of curious formation, and yet is rightly regarded not only the most perfect of all its own class, but as forming the nearest approach in organization to the vertebrate type, of all those forms to which we have referred. Its general appearance is that of a sack, open to the front, and surrounded with ten long arms. It has a well developed head, with a pair of great sharp-sighted eyes, and a great horny-hooked bill, something like that of a parrot, and so strong as to be capable of easily breaking to pieces the shells of limpets and others. The size is usually from five inches to two feet long, but in the Indian Ocean has been known to exceed this. According to Indian accounts some have been found to be as much as twelve feet broad over the centre, and each of the arms above fifty feet in length. In the Mediterranean, also, the great cuttlefish is of such a size as to be exceedingly formidable, the tentacula or arms being not less than twelve feet in length.

Closely allied to the above is the Pearly Nautilus, so very remarkable for its beautifully convoluted pearly shell. There is also the glass boat or paper nautilus, with its thin white and finely formed shell, and having two expanded membranes on its first pair of arms, so long and erroneously supposed to be used by the animal as sails, and as such regarded in the lines of Pope—
"Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale."

Another form worthy of notice is the Common Poulpe, which is also of a somewhat curious and fantastic shape. The head is in the centre, and around this is disposed eight long tapering arms, which are used for swimming, crawling or seizing prey. For the latter they are particularly adapted, each of the arms being furnished with over one hundred suckers at the point, so that once the poulpe succeeds in touching any object which it desires to cling to, it is enabled to take such a firm hold as to make removal an impossibility without cutting off the arms. Nor when once captured is the possession of the hardest shell any protection against the formidable poulpe, as it is provided with a beak of such strength as to be capable of breaking even the stoutest shell in pieces.

The Tereido Nautilus, which belongs to the species known as multivalve, or having a shell of several pieces, is a comparatively small animal, yet such is the perfection of the instruments with which it is provided, as to render it one of the most formidable and destructive creatures with which ship owners have had to contend. Even the hardest woods, such as oak, teak, sissoo, etc., are not proof against the boring capacity of the tereido, and not only wood, but

limestone, marble and coral reefs are also tunnelled with much apparent facility.

Of the headless mollusc and the bivalve shell, we have examples in the oyster, the clam, and the mussel, all of which are familiar as to their general appearance, though perhaps not as to the internal structure. That of the oyster is very curious, and those to whom it is so great a delicacy would find that the delay of a few minutes in the gratification of their palate, (if devoted to an examination) would be amply repaid, by obtaining an insight into the organization of so interesting and useful an animal.

The univalve shell is represented by that of the snail, of which there are many varieties, and of the general character of which the snail, best known (garden snail) conveys a very inadequate idea. Many of the shells of marine snails especially are very striking, as for instance the cockle stairs, the cowrie, the trumpet, etc., the latter of which has a beautiful red colored mouth, and is about six inches in length, while at least one species of snail is esteemed by some as very delicate and nutritious food.

HOSPITAL NOTES.

(Written for the Ontario Workman.)

The humorous side of human misery has seldom, we believe, been presented to the public. During the recent American War there was some effort made in this direction; but very properly frowned down as unsuited to the great cause at issue, and exhibiting bad taste, as well as being sadly out of place. It is not the intention of your contributor to make fun of pain and suffering; but rather to show how a spirit of cheerfulness can be maintained even under the most excruciating circumstances.

In a charitable institution like the General Hospital of Toronto, where may be seen people from all parts of Europe, as well as of the Dominion (who are treated with the same degree of kindness without regard to nationality), there is ample opportunity afforded of studying the varieties of characters that may be met with within these walls.

Although it may appear contradictory, there is generally found a large amount of humor in a hospital; but, usually speaking, the quality of humor is not of a kind likely to raise the spirits of the afflicted; now and then there is a flash of genuine wit, which will shine forth from a patient suffering the most acute agony. For example: One of the surgeons in describing the muscles of a broken limb compared it as "being as stiff as a rake." "Ah, doctor," replied the patient, writhing with pain, "there is more of the 'Oh!' (ho) about it now." Another individual, whose organ of smell was more acute than that of sight (being under treatment for some disease of the eyes), remarked to a fellow-sufferer in the next bed, "that he was never likely to forget how much he had to pay to the institution, for he had a very strong reminder of the forty cents (cents) a day."

A young man upon being told that he should not repine, as "those whom the Lord loved he chastened," observed, "that he must be mighty fond of him, as he had been 'chastened' pretty badly for two months."

A case of amusing simplicity occurred a few weeks since. An emigrant from Devonshire, England, had taken a severe cold on his passage out. Upon his arrival at the emigrant sheds, Toronto, he was sent to the hospital, suffering from inflammation of the lungs. His brother-in-law had bought some 200 acres in Muskoka. Where Muskoka was he had not the slightest idea, and was a fair sample of the English agricultural laborer. The ward-nurse inquired if he intended stopping in Canada when he got well. "No, Ize he goin' to Ameriky." He had not the slightest idea that he was on the American continent.

A man, suffering from a most painful malady, requested your contributor to write a letter to his wife, residing some 200 miles west of here. "Well, Dan, what shall I say?" "Oh, you know what to say," said Dan. "How should I know what to say?" "What's the use of you writin', if you don't know what to say!" replied Dan. "You don't understand me. I mean what shall I tell her as to how you are getting on, and how long you are likely to stay here, and if you are treated kindly, and if there is anything you want her to send you; that's what I mean, Dan."

"Well," replied Dan, thoughtfully, "yes, you can tell her all that." "Is there anything else, Dan?" I inquired. "No, I guess not; but you can send her my respects."

The letter was written to Dan's great delight, who considered it a marvellous achievement.

There are several clerical visitors of all denominations, who are very zealous in the spiritual welfare of the poor sufferers; though I regret to say some of them without regard to the condition of the patient, will converse with him when he is suffering severely, and quite unprepared to listen to anything; others will show more consideration. One of them asked a poor fellow, whose hours of sleep were "few and far between," if his soul was troubled. "No, sir," was the answer, "I am happy to say it isn't, but my leg is; and I don't think your talking will do it much good today, if you'll excuse me saying so." The hint was effectual.

In acknowledgment of the surgeon's kindness and attention in saving a badly-broken arm, a patient perpetrated the following:—
Thou wounded limb, helpless, inflamed, and broken;
Of life's short-comings indeed thou art a token;
Struck down so suddenly—that ill-fated stroke
Near proved to be for thee an (h)armless joke!

(Ah, man, thou art at best a feeble creature,
So apt to pride thyself in form and feature;
Whose chiefest thoughts are taken up by weight;
How great thy loss, if thou should'st lose thy health?)

Poor, useless arm; but there are many worse.
That dislocated radius near proved thy terminus.

The pain acute caused most severe distraction,
And far more study than a compound fracture.

(Excuse the pun, which is most vile, I fear,
I was born in pain, and painful 'tis to bear.)
The limb much swollen by that fearful shatter,
Like George Brown's Globe, was full of vilest matter!

Yet after all, dear limb, thou art most lucky;
I claim no credit; I'm by no means plucky.
'Twas not for—(like some useless ember),
Or Sir George C., you'd be a defunct member.

So I'll hope on until thou art quite well;
Strengthened by time, and by that magic spell,
Which I must own is far more to my taste—
I hope to place thee around some maiden's waist!

TOMMY TUBB.

ST. CATHARINES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Last week we were favored with a visit of Dan Rice's circus, and it was very deservedly largely patronized, especially in the evening performance.

In my last letter, I stated that the capital of the new stove factory was \$20,000; I should have said \$30,000, and all paid up.

A circular has been issued by the secretaries of the various organized trades unions in town, with reference to the first Dominion Labor Conference. I think this is a move in the right direction, and doubtless St. Catharines will do her duty in the matter. The subjects mentioned in the printed circulars to be brought before the Conference, are all matters of vast importance; but I humbly think there are other matters of equal if not greater importance, that Mr. John Hewitt has entirely omitted to mention: such as, systematic emigration, female labor, and the organizing of trade unions in every town in Canada. The conference should also take up the subject of increasing the circulation of the WORKMAN, a paper of which every workman should feel proud. I trust that these matters will not escape the notice of the Executive of the proposed Labor Conference. The workmen here wish it every success.

The colored people of St. Catharines are making great preparations for Emancipation Day, the 1st of August. I see from the programme which I have before me, that they have secured the services of the colored band of Chatham, which will head a procession composed of the colored people of St. Catharines and strangers from a distance. They will march through the principal streets of the town to the Montebello Gardens, where dinner will take place at 12 o'clock, after which several eminent speakers will address the meeting. Among the proposed speakers we notice the following gentlemen: the Rev. R. Millar, S. D. W. Smith, R. Fairfax, Wm. Mowbray, Mr. Jones, Mr. Goosely, and the Hon. J. G. Currie, late Speaker of the House of Assembly, Toronto. It is to be hoped they will spend a happy day.

Trade shows no signs of improvement, and money is still scarce.

The Caledonian and St. Andrew men are just now organizing a grand excursion to Toronto, which will take place some time in August, and promises to be a great success.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

The Canadian team on their arrival accepted a challenge to shoot with the Cheshire men, and, for convenience sake, it was agreed that the aggregate scores of 20 men on each side in the first stage of the Queen's Prize should decide the match. It is announced that the Canadians scored a total of 1,098, being 64 points more than their opponents.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN IRON MANUFACTURERS.

EXCITEMENT IN BIRMINGHAM—MOURNFUL PROSPECT OF THE BRITISH HARDWARE MANUFACTURER—ANOTHER CHOICE MORSEL FOR FREE-TRADERS.

The following, under the head of "A Warning," appeared in the London Times of July 1:—

Not a little interest and some apprehension have been excited in the hardware district, of which Birmingham is the center, by advices lately to hand from New York respecting the wonderful development of the iron and hardware industries of the United States. The accuracy of these advices is, indeed, to some extent, confirmed by the serious diminution of orders for certain classes of hardware, the manufacturers of which have hitherto found in the American market their principal customers. Nor does it appear that our rivals in the States are content with satisfying the requirements of their own market, for their productions are already supplanting English goods in Canada, and to some extent in Australia and New Zealand. A well informed correspondent, writing from New York under date June 5, thus refers to the subject in the Birmingham Post: "On one point the hardware merchants of New York are all agreed, that the day for the sale of English hardware in the United States has almost departed. In some few special articles, such as pliers, &c., the Germans will probably always be able to undersell all competitors; some English manufacturers of long-established repute, such as Roger's cutlery, will also continue to be in demand, but for the rest foreign-made hardware will soon be unknown in this market, unless some unexpected turn of affairs changes for awhile the course of trade. And not only is the country competent to supply its own needs, but every year it is gradually increasing its exports of hardware to Canada, to the South American States, and to the British Australasian Colonies. Indeed, it is a common boast that in a very short time the superiority of Yankee skill and ingenuity will force a market in England itself for many articles of American hardware; that Yankee cutlery will appear on English dinner-tables, and Yankee saws, augers, and chisels, be preferred by the carpenters of Birmingham and Sheffield." These statements are to some extent corroborated by the advices now being received by the merchants in Birmingham and Wolverhampton. There can be no doubt that American manufacturers have turned to profitable account the opportunity afforded by the recent course of events in the English labor market. For some years the American manufacturers have had to contend with the disadvantage of dear labor, but this very circumstance has in the long run proved a benefit to them, seeing that it has enforced the application of labor-saving machinery on a much larger scale than has been attempted in this country. The superiority of American fine iron castings has long been acknowledged, and in the earlier years of hardware manufacture in the States the dearth of labor was largely compensated by the substitution of cast for wrought iron in almost all classes of produce. This advantage was, however, obtained at the expense of the quality of the goods for strength and endurance, and the necessity of increased mechanical appliances for the saving of hand-labor became apparent some years since to the leading manufacturers of the States. The wonderful system of labor-saving machinery now existing is the result. Railway fastenings, door locks, spring bars, curry-combs, tinwares, and some descriptions of edge tools are among the classes of produce in which American competition is beginning to be seriously felt in Birmingham and the South Staffordshire district. Last year's produce of iron rails in the States was nearly 1,000,000 tons, of which Pennsylvania alone yielded nearly one-half. Other descriptions of finished iron are also being produced in large and rapidly increasing quantities, and at the present rate of progress the shipment of iron from England across the Atlantic will soon become a thing of the past.

SLAVERY IN THE OTTAWA VALLEY.

Josh Billings once wrote of a woman who would sell her great grandfather for a new bonnet, and every one treated it as one of the humorist's best jokes. An inhuman wretch resides in the township of McNab, not many miles from this city, and a farmer in comfortable circumstances. His niece has been living with him for the last four or five years, receiving nothing for her labor but her board and the small amount of clothing which covers her. Two weeks ago her uncle apprised her of the fact that he was going to exchange her for a number of years for Mr. S——'s brown mare and the colt. There was no alternative but to

submit to the bargain, as she was without money or friends. He told her that she must be kind to her new employer, work as hard for him as she possibly could, and under no circumstances allow herself to imagine that she was to receive any remuneration for her labor. She submitted, went to this friend of her uncle's with whom the exchange had been effected, and the bay mare and colt was transferred to their new owner. Everything worked smoothly for a few days, and in the meantime the girl had become a favorite with her new master and mistress, who pitied her condition. She told them the history of her life; how she had been taken away from her parents, and the cruel treatment she had received at different stages of her existence from the brute she called her uncle. On hearing her statement the kind-hearted people offered to free the girl, and gave her a chance to make a respectable living for herself. They gave her money and a letter to friends in this city. She came here three days ago, sought employment, and obtained it at once.—Ottawa Citizen.

Labor Notes.

The carpenters at Belfast have struck for an increase of pay of a halfpenny per hour.

8,000 weavers in Berlin, Prussia, have inaugurated a strike for an advance of 33 per cent. in their wages.

The strike of the Leipzig, Germany, printers, which began February 1st, ended with a partial success, after having lasted fourteen weeks. The Berlin printers sent a sum aggregating \$10,220 to aid them in their struggle.

A correspondent of the N. Y. World writes from Madrid, Spain, that a general strike in all classes of industry is contemplated in Andalusia. The workmen on the railroads from Cordova to Seville and on other lines have already quit work.

A mass meeting of the engineers now on strike in Sheffield was held in the Burngreave Vestry Hall, on Saturday, July 7. A resolution was unanimously passed to the effect that the men were determined to remain on strike until their demands were conceded. About one-third of the men obtained their demands, and are at work.

The carters employed by the railway companies, as those in the service of the public carriers at Dundee, have intimated that unless they receive an advance of 3s. per week and 6d. per hour overtime, they would strike on Saturday. This the employers refuse, and appeal to the public for indulgence should delay occur in the delivery of goods.

The New York City cooperers are on a strike, and after quitting work the first thing they did was to pledge themselves to abstain from liquor during the struggle. This shows that their heads are level, and will do more towards their again putting heads on barrels than drinking whisky would, with the accompaniment of "putting heads" on their opponents.—Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.

Recently a general meeting of the Master Builders' Association was held at Westminster, to consider on what terms the masters should agree to a conference with the men. It was urged that the delegates should come with full authority to settle the questions at issue. It was ultimately resolved to meet the men's delegates next week without any stipulations, the masons separately first, and the carpenters afterwards. Both parties seem anxious to avoid a strike.

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EATON'S NEW DRESS GOODS!

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

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS,

COME AND SEE THEM TO-DAY. 58-60

The Home Circle.

PRESS ON.

Press on, press on, if ye would wish
To gain a deathless fame;
If ye would crave to be enrolled
Upon the scroll of fame;
If ye would wish to be remembered,
You must not dormant be;
Your watchword ever should be this—
"Press on to victory."

If ye would wish triumphantly
To ride in glory's car;
To have your name proclaimed throughout
The world, both near and far;
Why, then, press on, and soon ye'll reach
That much desired goal;
Press on, press on, must be the word
Of the unwearied soul.

Ye cannot triumph o'er life's ills,
Nor master all your foes,
If thy heart is wrapped within
Its calm and deep repose.
No, no, you must arise from sleep,
Which oft us all assail;
And then with faith and energy,
O'er foes and all prevail.

FOR LILLIE'S SAKE.

"When papa drinks he's cross to you,
I know, my kindest mother,
And sometimes cross, and cruel, too,
To me and little brother.
But, mamma take him back once more,
'Twill make me feel so glad,
For he is often good and kind,
He is not always sad.

"I know that he has left us off,
In sickness and in need,
Nor thought about our misery,
Your tears he gave no heed;
But should I never see him more
My heart will surely break,
Please, mamma, take him back again,
Just once for Lillie's sake."

My days had been as roses fair
Ere I became his wife,
'Till then I never knew a care,
No shadow crossed my life.
But, Oh! how oft' he caused my heart
To bleed beneath its pain,
But still, for little Lillie's sake,
I took him back again.

The golden sun has sunken low
Behind the old oak's shade;
'Tis summer twilights silvery glow
In oakland's quiet glade;
And sitting here beside him now,
With soul to joy awake,
I don't regret I took him back,
For little Lillie's sake.

TRIBUTE TO WATER.

Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd walked up to him and cried out,—
"Mr. Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"
"There," answered the preacher, in tones of thunder; and pointing his motionless finger at a stream gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, surrounded with stench of sickening odors and corruptions, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure, cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play. There God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-clouds broods and the thunder-storms crash; and far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves rolls the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life—health-giving water.
"And everywhere it is a thing of life and beauty—gleaming in the dew-drops; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the glacier; folding its bright snow caplain softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many-colored bow, whose warp is the rain-drops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of Heaven, all checked over with the mystic hand of refraction.
"Still it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poisonous bubbles are on its brink; no foam brings not madness and murder; no food stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrinking ghost from the grave, curses it in the world of eternal despair!—Speak out, my friends! Would you exchange it for the demon's drink, oh!"
A shout like the roar of a tempest answered.

A STORM AT SEA.

"Mother, you will let me go?"
A terrible storm is sweeping across the wild coast of North Devonshire. The Dymouth life-boat is prepared to take its way to a foreign vessel, which, at some short distance from the land, is showing signs of dire distress. The life-boat crew is complete, with the exception of one man. Young Will Carew, a Dymouth fisher-lad and an expert sailor, is offering to fill the vacant place. But first he bends down gently to a woman, who stands beside him on the dreary shore, and it is his clear, brave voice that we hear above the raging of the storm.

"Mother, you will let me go?"
The mother has been a widow only six short months. Her husband was a fisherman; he put out one bright day last spring, for the last time, in his small fishing-boat, upon a delusively calm sea. A sudden squall came on; broken fragments of the boat were seen next day on the beach, but the fisherman returned no more to home and love. And now the son asks permission to brave the horrors of that sea which his father found so pitiless.

A fierce, passionate refusal rose to the woman's lips. But her sad eyes move slowly towards the distressed vessel; she thinks of the many loved lives in jeopardy within it, thinks, with a sudden pang of agonized pity, of many distant, dear homes in peril of bereavement; she turns to the boy, and her voice is calm and courageous as his own:—
"Go, my son: And may God Almighty go with you, and bring you safe back to your mother's heart!"

Hurriedly she leaves the beach, hurriedly seeks her desolate home, and alone she wrestles with the pain of her old sorrow and her new fear.

Morning dawns again. The storm has spent itself. Sullenly the waves are tossing their haughty heads, but the sea's worst fury is over at last.

A gallant vessel has gone down upon the waters, but the Dymouth life-boat has nobly fulfilled its noble task, and all hands on board the vessel have been saved.

Why does young Will Carew linger in hesitation outside his mother's door? Bravest of the brave he has shown himself throughout the night. Why does he shrink from the proud welcome that awaits him, from the heart dearest to his own?

Beside him stands a tall, worn man; a man whom he has rescued from a watery grave; a man whose eyes, full of deep tenderness, never leaves his own. Around the two throng Dymouth villagers; many hands are thrust towards the man in happy recognition.

"Who will dare to tell her?" So speaks a voice well nigh choked with strong emotion.
"I will!" And Will Carew makes his way through the awe-struck crowd. Another moment and he is in his mother's arms. He feels and knows for the first time, the whole depth of that wondrous maternal love, which Love Omnipotent has chosen as its best earthly token.

"Mother, listen. I have a tale for your ears. May God teach me how to tell it right. One of the men saved last night was a Dymouth fisherman." The boy's voice is soft and grave, but it is evident that he steadies it only with a strong effort. "A fearful storm had overtaken him upon the sea, one day, not many months ago. He was observed and saved by a foreign vessel. The vessel was outward-bound. Away from home, from wife, from kindred, the man was forced to sail; and by wife and kindred he was mourned as dead. He arrived at the vessel's destined port, only to set sail again with the first ship bound for England. Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a wild storm was raging on land and sea, and once more the man stood face to face with a terrible death. Help came in his need; help, God-sent, God-directed. And—"

The boy breaks down now. On his knees, by his mother's feet, he clasps her hands convulsively in his, and his voice comes only through thick sobs:—

"Mother, darling, try to hear the happy truth. When your brave heart, a heart which, in the midst of its own sorrow, could feel for the sorrow of others, sent me forth last night to the succour of the distressed, you knew not—how should you know?—that you sent me to the rescue of my dear father's life. God gave him to me. God has given him, mother, back to our grateful love."

Not another word is spoken. Locked in each other's arms, mother and son pour out their hearts in a flood of unspeakably happy tears.

A step is heard; the rescued man stands by his own fireside, remembering, with profound emotion, that his place there has been won for him by the skill and courage of his son.

With a wild cry of joy the mother rushes forward, and her head finds its long lost place upon her husband's breast.

Ah! Love, supreme, unutterable! Strange indeed are the paths through which Thy Divine Wisdom leads Thy children to pure happiness! In mute reverence we bow before the mighty Tenderness, which crowns and blesses earthly love.—Annette Cathrop in *The People's Magazine*.

There are three things in the world that know no kind of restraint, and are governed by no laws, but merely by passion and brutality:—civil wars, family quarrels, and religious disputes.

COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

Having on one occasion a few hours to spare while the English mail steamer on which I was a passenger waited in the harbor of Queenstown for the English mails to arrive, with a few of my fellow passengers, I spent those few hours walking about the streets of the town, beset at every step, of course, by the ragged and importunate vendors of blackthorn sticks, "rale" Irish lace, bog oak jewellery, bits of shamrock in little flower pots, and very hard and green looking apples. One particularly importuning old lady attached herself particularly to our party, and more particularly to me, who, she said, was "of her complexion." I do not believe that redder hair was ever seen on a human being, and on her dirty face there was not room enough left for another freckle. She had, unfortunately, caught my eye fixed almost admiringly on a certain lace handkerchief among her other stores, and devoted her forenoon to making me its purchaser.

Would I please buy it, sir, to put round my sweetheart's neck when I went home? I could see at a glance how elegant it was; and to me the price would only be four and six, the very lowest; there now!

I'd give her ninepence!
It must be joking I was. Couldn't I see that them chaps in the shops would charge a pound for the likes of it, and they hadn't the likes of it at all; but I was "of her complexion,"—she seemed disposed to dwell on that, and to me she'd make it four shillings, the very lowest; there now!

Ninepence was my price.
Did I mean to insult the County Cork and the whole Irish people by such an offer as that; couldn't I see myself the work on it, the elegant work, and wouldn't it look beautiful round my sweetheart's neck, and wasn't I "of her complexion," and wouldn't I give her three and six, the very lowest; there now!

My limit was ninepence.
Would I rob the poor blind girl, her granddaughter, who had worn her fingers to the bone, and lost her eyesight, and ruined her health, and spent the last four months in making that lace; wasn't she giving it to me for nothing, and was I hard hearted and did I want to oppress the poor, and wouldn't she pray for me the longest day she lived, and I could have it for three shillings, the very lowest; there now!

I'd go no more than ninepence.
Wasn't I taking the very potato out of her granddaughter's mouth, and hadn't she her rent to pay, and not a ha'penny in her pocket that blessed minute to pay it with; and would I see her turned out on the bog to starve; and wasn't I "of her complexion;" and she'd give it to me for two and six, the very lowest; there now.

No, ninepence was all I'd pay. I'd promised my parents before I left home that I'd not give more than ninepence for anything; and here was ninepence for the handkerchief, the very highest: "there now!"

By all the saints in the calendar, I was laughing at her, and trying to murder her poor granddaughter, who was blind, and had killed herself at the work, and so on, for a mile or two along the shore, coming down in her price a penny or two every few hundred yards, and all the time displaying powers of eloquence that would have made her fortune if she had only written a book, and had gone to the States to lecture, and displaying powers of persuasion never equalled except by a life insurance agent.

Finally, when she had reduced her price to eightpence, as "the very lowest, there now," and seemed as determined to stick to that figure as I to my ninepence, I offered to compromise. One shilling to end the matter—ninepence for the handkerchief, because that was all I said I'd give, and the threepence extra to go away and let us have peace. With a few words that might have been a bad natured blessing or a good humored curse, she pushed the handkerchief into my hand, took the shilling, and disappeared as suddenly as a harlequin in a pantomime, treating us to a bit of transformation scene as she left, for the handkerchief she gave me was by no means the handkerchief for which I had been bargaining, but one very much its inferior in every way, and one which had not until that moment appeared. It was probably worth about the ninepence it cost me, however, to say nothing of the amusement it afforded, and it is kept in the family as a memento until this day. The lady "of my complexion" I never saw again.

THE WHITE WILLOW.

It is unfortunate that this tree lies under the odium of having been the means of perpetrating a huge swindle on farmers. In the right place its merits are manifold. For quiet moist land, we know of no better plan of forming a stock-proof, live fence. If managed skillfully, the fence may be made both speedily and cheaply. Along borders of swamps and through marshy lands the willow will thrive excellently. The best way to make a fence is to use cuttings at least six feet long, and large enough to bear driving into the ground to the depth of one and a half and two feet. Place them nine inches apart, and in three years they will make a strong, close and durable fence. There is also, probably, some profitable use for the trimmings which should be taken from the tops once in two or three years. The common willow makes hoops for kegs and small packages which require hooping. When the growth is vigorous the white willow can be used for hop poles. It also makes excellent live fence-posts, as it will bear clipping in, to save shading the ground too much.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Leaving philosophers to speculate as to whether the moon was or was not the home of creatures mor or less akin to humankind, philosophical folks agreed that the moon had one inhabitant at least, one of their own race, whose form was palpable to all who had eyes to see.

How he attained his elevated position was in this wise: While the children of Israel sojourned in the wilderness a man was detected gathering sticks upon the Sabbath day, whereupon he was taken without the camp and stoned until he died. Not satisfied with this exemplary punishment of the offender by his fellow-wanderers, the Vox Populi condemned the unhappy Sabbath-breaker to a perpetual purgatory in the moon, wherein he may be seen, bearing his bundle of sticks upon his back, ever climbing and climbing without gaining a step; accompanied by a dog, faithful in worse than death to a master whom an old English song-writer pictures, shuddering in constant fear of a fall, and shivering with cold as the frosty air bites through his thorn-ent clothes. Shakespeare's Stephano found Caliban ready enough to believe he was the man in the moon, dropped from the skies to become king of the enchanted island—"I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy brush."

In Germany the story runs that many years ago, an old man went into the woods to cut sticks upon a Sunday morning. Having collected as many as he could carry, he slung the bundle upon a stick, shouldered it, and trudged homewards. He had not got far upon his way ere he was stopped by a handsome gentleman dressed in his Sunday best, who inquired if he was aware that it was Sunday on earth, when everyone was bound to rest from labor.

"Sunday on earth or Monday in heaven, it is all the same to me!" [was the irreverent reply.

"So be it," said the questioner; "bear, then, your faggot forever; and since you do not value Sunday on earth, you shall have an everlasting Moon-day in heaven—standing for eternity in the moon as a warning to Sabbath-breakers!"

As he pronounced sentence, the stranger vanished, and before the wood-gatherer could apologize for his rudeness, he was seized by invisible hands, and borne to the moon, pole, faggot and all.

According to another version he had the option of burning in the sun or freezing in the moon, and chose the latter.

Travelling northward, we find the bundle of sticks transformed into a load of green stuff. A North Frisian, so devoid of honest ingenuity that he could think of no better way of passing his Christmas Eve than in stripping a neighbor's garden of its cabbages, was deservedly caught by some of the villagers as he was sneaking away with his plunder. Indignant at the theft, they wished the thief in the moon, and to the moon he went instant; there he yet stands with the stolen cabbages on his back, turning himself round once on the anniversary of his crime and its detection.

New Zealanders, too, claim the man in the moon as one of themselves—their story being, that one Rora, going out at night to fetch water from a well, stumbled, fell, and sprained his ankle so badly that, as he lay unable to move, he cried out with pain. Then, to his dismay and terror, he beheld the moon descending toward him, evidently bent upon capturing him. He seized hold of a tree, and clung to it tightly, but it gave way, and fell with him upon the moon, which carried both away.

In Swabia, not content with a man, they must needs put a man and a woman in the moon; the former for strewing thorns and brambles on the road to church, to hinder more godly folk than himself from attending Sunday mass; the latter for making butter upon the Sabbath day.

The Cingalese transform the man into a hare, and make the animal's presence in the orb of night a reward instead of a punishment.

In Scandinavia, oddly enough, tradition took the New Zealanders' view of Luna's character, and made a kidnapper of her. According to the Norse legend, Maim the moon, seeing two children named Hjuke and Bil drawing water from a well into a bucket, which they suspended on a pole, for easy carriage, seized upon them and took children, bucket, and pole into the upper region.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

A week or two since a little incident occurred at Cape Girardeau, an account of which, it is hoped, Mr. Gough will incorporate in his lectures; it will point a discourse and add effect to the moral. A character, noted somewhat for loafing around bar-rooms, was sitting in his usual place of resort, with several compatriots about a card table, killing time with the pasteboards. Suddenly his wife entered the room, bearing a large covered dish, which she deposited on the table with the remark, "Presuming, husband, that you were too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought yours to you." The husband invited his companions to share his meal, and removed the lid from the dish, revealing no smoking roast, but instead, a slip of paper, only this and nothing more, on which was written, "I hope you will enjoy your dinner; it is of the same kind your family has at home."

LITTLE MISERIES.

Life would be miserable if men and women had no grievances. It is highly probable, indeed, that a large number, if they could find nothing to grumble at, would die of simple ennui. It is positive enjoyment to many people to have a good growl; they take intense delight in persuading themselves and those by whom they are surrounded that they are martyrs on a small scale. They do not act thus always with the mere intention of invoking pity on their behalf; perhaps if the truth were to be made known, they are intensely angry with the being who has the audacity to pity them. They are actuated by a somewhat vague feeling of discontent. They feel that, somehow or other, that things are not exactly as they ought to be. They may have plenty to eat and drink, they may have good clothes on their backs, and sufficient money to provide them with all healthful luxuries; they may have friends who love them, and comfortable homes, and yet will they feel dissatisfied and seize an opportunity of making their dissatisfaction felt. They may be goodhearted people in the main, they may give money to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, their eyes may water at the sight of suffering; and yet unaccountable as it may appear, they will take a positive pleasure in making those with whom these daily lives are spent temporarily unhappy. Human nature is made up of such palpable contradictions—there is so much instinctive bad mixed up with much instinctive good in every one of us—that there is no reason to be surprised at this. Such being the constitution of many men's minds, it will readily be conceived that even when people are exceptionally prosperous they make a point of positively gloating over trivial trials, making out, indeed, that they have as large a share of the bitterness of life as any of their fellows. Indeed we may go a step further, and say that those who have most trials talk least about them. Those whose lives are one continual grind, who have to struggle hard to keep the wolf from the door, have, in fact little time for grumbling. They have generally to be content with things as they are. It would be found, were inquiry made, that the honest hardworkers are so busily engaged in thanking Providence for such small mercies as are vouchsafed them that they forget to murmur, except at odd moments, an account of those which are denied. —*Liberal Review*.

IS HE RICH?

Many a sigh is heaved, many a heart broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which persons often manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles as diametrically opposed to each other in every point, as virtue to vice? And yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation for young men than virtue? How often is it the first question which is asked respecting the suitor of a daughter, this: "Is he rich?" But does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband? "Is he rich?" Yes, his clothing is purple and fine linen and he fares sumptuously every day; but can you tell him from this fact that he is virtuous? "Is he rich?" Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes take to themselves wings and fly away? And will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah, beware! The gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not, then, "Is he rich?" but "Is he virtuous?" Ask not, then, if he has wealth, but has he honor? And do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

PHILOSOPHICAL PEDESTRIANISM.

Walking, says a writer in the June number of the *Galaxy*, brings out the true character of a man. The devil never yet asked his victims to take a walk with him. You will not be long in finding your companion out. All disguises will fall away from him. As his pores open his character is laid bare. His deepest and most private self will come to the top. It matters little whom you ride with, so he be not a pickpocket; for both of you will, very likely, settle down closer and firmer in your reserve, shaken down like a measure of corn by the jolting, as the journey proceeds. But walking is a more vital co-partnership; the relation is a closer and sympathetic one, and you do not feel like walking ten paces with a stranger without speaking to him. Hence the fastidiousness of the professional walker in choosing or admitting a companion, and hence the truth of a remark of Emerson, that you will generally fare better to take your dog than to invite your neighbor. Your cur-dog is a true pedestrian, and your neighbor is very likely a small politician. The dog enters thoroughly into the spirit of the enterprise; he is not indifferent or preoccupied; he is constantly sniffing adventure, laps at every spring, looks upon every field and woods as a new world to be explored, is even on some fresh trail, knows something important that will happen a little further on, gazes with the true wonder-seeing eyes whatever the spot or whatever the road, finds it good to be there—in short is just that happy, delicious, excursive vagabond that touches one at so many points, and whose human prototype in a companion robs miles and leagues of half their fatigue.

Sawdust and Chips.

"You're a hard customer," as the man said when he ran against a lamp post.

PHONOGRAPHY.—A lazy boy out in Indiana spells Andrew Jackson thus:—&ru Jaxa.

"Mother," said a little fellow, "I am tired of this pug nose; it is growing puggor and puggor every day."

There is a young miss in this city, who, when her parents refuse to allow her to attend a ball, will set to and have a *bawl* at home.

"What are the chief ends of man?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of one of his pupils. "Head and feet," was the prompt reply. The teacher fainted.

"I stand upon the soil of freedom!" cried a stump orator. "No," exclaimed a bystander, his shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid for."

The reason an urchin gave for being late at school, on Monday, was that the boy in the next house was going to have a licking with a rope, and he waited to hear him howl.

A mathematician, being asked by a wag, "if a pig weighs 200 pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?"—he replied "Jump into the scales, and I will tell you immediately."

A PAINTER'S MISERY.—Hearing a person say, "Well, to be sure, if it wasn't for the face, I should think that was meant for Miss M—," it being intended for that identical person.

"Teddy, me boy, jist guess how many cocoa nuts there is in this here bag, an' faith I'll give ye the whole five of 'em. "Five," said Teddy. "Arrah! by my sowl, bad luck to the man that told ye!"

A very worthy grocer put out the sign of "Vegetable Candles." Some one asked him why he did so. "They are tallow candles," said the grocer. "Is tallow a vegetable substance?" pursued the inquirer after knowledge. "Of course it is—don't sheep eat grass?"

A lad who had borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after he got through, with the remark, that "It was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject so werry often."—It was his sister who thought the first ice-cream was a "leettle touched with the frost."

John Wilkes was once asked by a Roman Catholic gentleman, in a warm dispute on religion, "Where was your Church before Luther?" "Did you wash your face this morning?" inquired the facetious alderman. "I did, sir." "Then pray, where was your face before it was washed?"

An Irishman one day met his priest at a milestone. "Arrah, your riverence, saving your presence, there's a praist," said he, pointing to the milestone. "A praist! why do you call that a praist, Mike?" "Why, your riverence, 'tis at least like a praist, for it points the road it never goes itself."

An orator in the House of Commons was describing the inordinate love of praise which characterized an opponent. "The Honorable Member," said he, "is so fond of being praised, that I really believe he would be content to give up the ghost, if it were but to look up and read the stone-cutter's puff on his tombstone."

A gentleman travelling on horseback, not long ago, came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve on that land!" "And shure, your honor, wasn't I fencing it, to keep the poor bastes out iv it?"

When boots first came into fashion, a pair was presented to a worthy mayor in some part of England. He examined them attentively and concluded that they were a new kind of basket. Accordingly, when he went to church the next Sunday, he slung one around his neck, and put his prayer book into it. His wife used the other to bring home her market-ing.

A Yankee has just invented a new method to catch rats. He says, "Locate your bed in a place most infested with these animals, and on retiring put out the light. Then strew over your pillow some strong smelling cheese, three or four red herrings, some barley meal or new malt, and a sprinkling of dried codfish. Keep awake till you find the rats at work, and then make a grab!"

"My love," said the charming Mrs. Foozle to her husband, "oblige me with a five-pound note to-day to purchase a new dress." "Shan't do any such thing, Agnes—you called me a bear yesterday!" "Lor, love, that was nothing—I meant by it that you were fond of hugging, and so you are; now ain't you Charlie, pet?" "You little—, I have no five, but here's a ten."

A GOOD APPETITE.—"My dear," said an affectionate wife to her husband, who had been sick for several days, "when you were well, you were in the habit of eating twelve apple dumplings—now that you are sick how many shall I make you?"—"Well," replied the husband, "I reckon you may make eleven to-day; but be particular and make them a little larger than usual." The wife obeyed. When the husband had eaten the eleven, with the exception of half a one, his little son, a lad of some six summers, came up to him and said, "Daddy, give me a little piece." "Go away, sonny," replied the father, "your poor dad's sick."

A young gentleman, of ardent temperament, was expatiating, to a friend older and more experienced than himself, on the matchless perfections of a young lady whom he was soon to lead to the Hymeneal altar. The friend, aware that perfection is not to be expected in woman, slyly asked, "Is she thus perfect? Is there nothing in her demeanor or conduct that can be construed into a fault?" I know of none, returned the rickiest youth, "except the love she bears to unworthy me." "Oh, if that be all, she'll obtain forgiveness, for she'll sincerely repent."

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

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1873] [1873

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Miscellaneous.

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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. Piles of beautiful fast-colored PRINTS, at from 10c up. A very large quantity of TWEEDS, DRILLS, KENTUCKY JEANS, GAMBROONS, &c., &c., very cheap.

20 Yards of Grey Cotton for \$1.00.

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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.

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Miscellaneous.

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

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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.



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AND VICINITY.

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

CARPETS MADE AND LAID.

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A. RAFFIGNON

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

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NOTICE.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

OTTAWA, 4th June, 1873.

Notice is hereby given, that His Excellency the Governor-General, by an Order in Council, bearing the date 30th May last, has been pleased to order and direct that White Fell, for the manufacture of Hats and Boots, should be admitted free of duty under the Tariff, duty must be charged on all Felted Cloth of every description.

By command, **J. JOHNSTON,** Asst. Commissioner of Customs. 63-oh

CITY OF KINGSTON

ORDNANCE LANDS SALE.

Public Notice is hereby given, that on

Wednesday, the 9th day of July next,

at noon, will be sold by Mr. WILLIAM MURRAY, Auctioneer, of Kingston, a large number of

BUILDING LOTS,

Of divers sizes and dimensions, being subdivisions of the Ordnance property, known as Herchmer Farm as shown on a plan thereof by Nash, P.L.S., to be seen at the said Auctioneer's rooms.

Terms of Payment:

One-tenth of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale, and the remainder in nine equal annual instalments, with interest on the unpaid balance of the purchase money at the rate of six per cent.

Further conditions will be made known at the time of sale.

Copies of plan may be had on application to the Auctioneer.

E. PARENT, Under Sec. of State.

WILLIAM F. COFFIN, Ordnance Lands Agent.

Department of Secretary of State, Ordnance Lands Branch, Ottawa, 11th June 1873. 65-oh

POSTPONEMENT OF SALE.

The Sale of Lots on Herchmer's Farm, Kingston, ordered to take place on the 9th inst., is postponed to WEDNESDAY, the 18th AUGUST, at the hour and place advertised.

E. A. MEREDITH, Dep. Min. of the Interior.

WILLIAM COFFIN, Ordnance Land Agent.

Department of the Interior, Ordnance Land Branch, Ottawa, 4th July 1873. 66-oh

LEADING ARTICLES BY WORKING MEN.

LANDLORD, GOVERNMENT AND FARMER SUBSERVENCY.

The landlords still govern in free and happy and constitutional Britain, and the people humbly, timidly, and mildly submit and acquiesce. The "Upper Ten Thousand" yet rule and dominate over the kingdom, and the millions by whose industry the "Upper Ten" are fed and clothed yield implicit obedience. The whole structure of the Empire rests upon labor; and while the "upper storeys" of the edifice revel in idleness, arrogance, and wealth, the classes composing the "foundation" are satisfied to grovel on in chains, and the whiskey shops on the one side, and the grasping greed and clamant necessities of the aristocracy on the other! All this is a mystery to many, and an incomprehensible puzzle to not a few. What can it be called but slavery under another name, and absolute bondage, with the outside carefully and systematically white-washed? The system is the elaboration of ages, it possesses the authority and respectability of antiquity, and it rests upon a double-distilled lie—namely, that the earth was created for the inheritance of the few and designed by its great Constructor as a place of sufferance only to the multitude! Previous to 1832 the "upper ten thousand" were even more powerful than they are at the present time. In those happier days they had opportunities afforded them of confiscating, of appropriating, and of securing everything likely to be to the future benefit of their order, and on every side there is to be beheld evidence of the most unmistakable kind that these opportunities of feathering their nests and putting their houses in order at the expense of the people were not neglected. In these days it was that the "upper ten" acquired the right of primogeniture, the law of entail, the right of hypothecating the tenant's goods, and the privilege of preserving game upon his crops. Then it was that "the few" obtained the power of evicting the people from their homes and driving them out wanderers on the earth, of imposing rents, and of even racking these upon the cultivator until his means of paying properly for labor was crippled and to a large extent absorbed, and before the Reform revolution (if we may use the expression) of 1832 it was that the landowner through the legislation of his class received the authority to impose upon the tenant a penal lease, and to seize without compensation at the conclusion of that lease upon every shilling and shilling's worth of property created by the said tenant in the cultivation of and improvements to his farm.

Since 1832 the "upper ten" have been checked a little, and only a little. The means of checking them effectively have been obtained, especially by the concession of household suffrage, but hitherto these means have been disgracefully and pusillanimously neglected. The people have been armed by the franchise, and up to this they have refused to wield the power for the common good. They are so absorbed in unions for a different purpose—for that of promoting mutual taxation, and in order to prove the efficacy of raising themselves and their households in the social scale by the policy of "robbing Paul to pay Peter"—that they seemingly have neither the time nor the ability, far less the courage and the patriotism, to try "co-operation," not only for their advancement in a social and material sense, but also in the sense of routing and overthrowing that great and iniquitous feudal conspiracy which lies upon labor like nightmare, and which is represented by landlordism on the one hand and capital acquired by monopoly or trickery or villany in trade upon the other. But to the cowardice, we had almost said the treachery, of the tenant electors of Scotland and England it is more especially that the present power of the "upper ten" is due. It is to the farmers as a class that the present unsatisfactory condition of the Empire is to be attributed, for they have had the franchise since 1832, and during that long period they have used that franchise and the power which it gave them in supporting the aristocracy, in returning selfish and incapable members to the House of Commons only, and in thus upholding their taskmasters and oppressors in their misgovernment and in their insolence towards every class outside their own. We repeat it; but for the tenant farmers of Britain there would have been long ago reforms in the land, of the most beneficial tendency, and but for the backing up of the nominees of the landlords at every political crisis by the occupiers of the soil these landlords would have long ago had their wings clipped, and instead of being yet a rival power in the Empire to the power of the Constitution, and that of the Throne, they would have ere this been placed under equal laws, and compelled to

submit to live under legal conditions which would at least afford them no protection against the consequences of their own folly and extravagance. And pray, what is the reward which the farmers are now likely to reap in return for that long and constant support given to them by landlords? Mr. Arch and the laborers are either up for rising, a result to which there is not the shadow of a doubt but that landlords have largely contributed. They have contributed to it (1) by the rack-rents imposed, which disabled tenants from the ability to pay better for labor; (2) by their driving out the rural cottage and croft-holder from their homes; and (3) by their neglect, notwithstanding the tripling and quadrupling of their rents within the present century, to build a sufficiency of suitable and comfortable cottages for the agricultural working man. Another result is that the farm laborer is emigrating by the thousand, and a third that labor is rising, and likely to rise, to a pitch which will be found ruinous to employers holding under the present scale of rents, while even at the rise a sufficiency of hands will soon not be to be had. These are a few of the difficulties into which farmers have brought themselves by sympathizing with and supporting the landlords, and neglecting, on the other hand, their best friends and natural assistants, the laborers. The farmers cannot depend upon the landlords, they have to a very large extent alienated their servants, and now at the eleventh hour are beginning to see, in fact, that they have insanely placed themselves, by their selfishness and subservience, upon the horns of a dilemma, and that they have now only one of two choices before them—namely, either to stick to the landlords, to penal leases, game damages, confiscating of their improvements, high and yet higher rents, and to eviction, dog's wages, and ruin in the end, as hitherto; or to conciliate their laborers, to cast in their lot with the people (a people who will in future, it is to be hoped, do something more than merely waste their energies in taxing the consumer), and go with a great and rising Democracy for power, and for the effectual overthrow of that feudal and unconstitutional aristocracy who have hitherto made the interests of an empire—great because of its productive industry, and powerful in spite of the incapacity and misgovernment of its rulers—subservient to schemes of personal and class aggrandisement, and mulcted the wealth created by a toiling people for support of aristocratic pride, insolence, extravagance, and vice.—*English Exchange.*

- City Directory.**
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LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street. 35-hr
HARRY E. CASTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. Office—48 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto. 24-oh
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G. W. HALE, DENTIST, No. 6 TEMPERANCE STREET, first house off Yonge Street, north side. 34-hr
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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 specialty. 26-oh
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CHARLES HUNTER, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 63 Queen Street West, corner Toronto Street, Toronto, Ont. 50-ho
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N. AGNEW, M.D., (SUCCESSOR to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew), corner of Bay and Richmond Streets, Toronto. 28-oh
- Shoe Dealer.**
S. McCABE, FASHIONABLE AND Cheap Boot and Shoe Emporium, 59 Queen Street West, sign of "THE BIG BLUE BOOT." 54-oh
- Tinware, &c.**
J. & T. IREDALE, MANUFACTURERS of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, dealers in Basha, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, &c., No 57 Queen Street West, first door West of Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. 54-oh

Miscellaneous.
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SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
All Goods Warranted. 30-oh

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258 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT
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And every description of Tobacconist's Goods,
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Sign of the "INDIAN QUEEN." 34-hr

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On notice, and in a manner as to give entire satisfaction. Home-made bread always on hand. Remember the address—CORNER OF TERAULEY AND ALBERT STREETS. 33-oh

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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.

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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
34-oh

Gold and Silver Platers.
PETER WEST,
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GOLD AND SILVER PLATER.
Every description of worn out Electro-Plate, Steel Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new, Carriage Irons Silver-Plated to order.
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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.
24-hr

Coal and Wood.
GREY & BRUCE
WOOD YARD,
BAY STREET,
(Opposite Fire Hall.)
Beech, Maple, Mixed, and Pine Wood constantly on hand
ALL KINDS OF CUT AND SPLIT WOOD IN STOCK
HARD AND SOFT COAL
Of every description, promptly delivered, at lowest prices.
Note the Address,—
OPPOSITE BAY STREET FIRE HALL.
WM. BULMAN,
43-44 PROPRIETOR.

EASTERN COAL HOUSE,
On Wharf, foot of Sherbourne street. Order Office, Corner Sherbourne and Queen Streets. On hand all kinds of
HARD & SOFT COAL,
FOR STEAM AND DOMESTIC USE.
Which we will sell at the lowest remunerative prices, and guarantee 2,000 lbs to the ton. Also,
BLOSSBURG AND LEHIGH COAL,
The very best imported. Retail and by the car load. WOOD, Cut and Split by Steam, always on hand. PINE WOOD, 84 per cord for summer use.
Obtain our prices before ordering elsewhere.

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42-44
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 establishment one of the best Clothing Houses in the Western part of the city, and hopes by attention to business to merit a large share of public patronage.
Gentlemen's own materials made up to order.
49-51

SPRING GOODS.
N. McEACHREN,
MERCHANT TAILOR, &c.
191 Yonge Street,
Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work. 52-oh

JOHN KELZ,
MERCHANT TAILOR
358 YONGE STREET,
Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work.
A Cheap Stock of Ready-Made Clothing on hand 30-oh

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