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THE TRIP HAMMER.

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The Trip Hammer.

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ASSISTED PASSAGES.

The wage-workers of Canada have, for some time past, without regard to party, been unusually emphatic in their protests against the continuance of the system of assisted immigra-

tion to this country. They assert that the various departments of skilled labor are already so full that thousands of competent mechanics are out of employment altogether, while many are working short hours; and that the payment by the Canadian authorities, Dominion or Provincial, of a premium or a further importation of this class is a monstrous injustice, not only to the working men of Canada, but to those, who, through such inducements, are led to abandon their homes in the old country with the hope of bettering their condition.

There can be no doubt that many departments of skilled labor in this country are overcrowded, and it is also true that ordinary laborers, picked up from the streets of old country cities, who know nothing of farming, and who hope to gain a livelihood in occupations similar to those they have been accustomed to will, on coming here, find themselves in most instances grievously disappointed. In Canadian cities and towns there are always numbers of eager applicants for vacant places, and it is only in exceptional cases that the stranger, unaccustomed to the duties required, and unacquainted with the ways of the country, is preferred to those who are native and to the manor born.

The country—the farm, therefore, would seem to be the only opening for people who come here to earn their living with their hands. But even in the country and on the farm, we fear the demand for hired labor is not so great as it once was. Not many years since this demand was larger than the supply. In harvest time particularly the offices of the Immigration Department were besieged by farmers requiring help in their fast ripening fields. But all this has been materially changed since the advent of the almost perfect harvesting machinery now at the command of the farmer. The self-binding reaper has made him much less dependent on human thews and sinews than he was three years ago. The fact is, that in the coming har-

vest of 1885 one man and a team of horses will be capable of doing the same amount of work that ten ordinary men would have done in the days of the old-fashioned cradle.

The Binder,—the Mower,—the Horse-Rake, have so far usurped the place of hand labor that the demand for "hired men" in the older districts must be much smaller than in former years. These things being so it would seem that if we are to have immigration at all it must be encouraged to seek the newer sections where circumstances do not yet permit the introduction, to such a large extent, of farming machinery. This, we think, is the solution of the whole matter. While in the towns and cities, and to some extent in the rural districts adjacent to them, the labor market is well supplied there are thousands and thousands of acres awaiting the coming of strong hands and resolute hearts to win them from the dominion of Nature, and cause them to contribute to the support of man. To say that Canada does not want immigrants is absurd. To say that she will have none except those who come with a certain amount of money in their pockets is almost as absurd. That it would be a good thing if every man who sets foot upon our shores with the intention of making Canada his future home should be able to command from £100 to £1000,—goes without saying. But are we to reject men, otherwise desirable, because they are poor? Not so. The men who made this country what she is were for the most part, men of small means, or of no means at all,—men whose fortunes lay solely in their strong hands; who embarked upon the work of making homes for themselves with the knowledge that they had everything to gain and nothing to lose. The same conditions that existed in Canada sixty years ago exist still. There are forests still to be cleared, farms waiting for their owners, new townships to be peopled, schoolhouses to be built, towns and villages to be brought into being, where, at the present moment, the maples and the pine trees of half a century ago are growing.

If Canada is to expand—if her resources are to be developed she must have men; men of course of the right stamp, even if they are poor, and if it be necessary in order to obtain such men, that some assistance should be given them, then we have no hesitation in saying that it ought to be given, and given cheerfully.

While we are in full accord, therefore, with

the contention of the working-men of Toronto, as set forth in resolutions passed at a meeting in St. Lawrence Hall in February last, in so far as they relate to certain classes therein designated we cannot go with them to their full extent. Paupers we certainly do not want—people, no matter of what calling, who prefer to gain a precarious living in hanging round our towns and cities, rather than strike out for themselves into the country we have no use for. Much less do we wish to be burdened with the crime-polluted off-scourings picked up by steamship companies and emigration agents to be shipped across the sea to Canada without a thought other than their own profit. We have far more than enough of such people already, and that any company should be permitted to fill the steerages of their vessels with wretched creatures, vicious, diseased, crime-smitten, bearing in their faces the clearest evidence of their condition is most infamous. That the Government should knowingly be a party to such a transaction is, of course, out of the question. That the Government has assisted many people to come to Canada who should have been left at home is doubtless true, and we think it time that indiscriminate aid of this character should cease. But that an honest, hard working, intelligent farmer's man say in England, who, by reason of low wages, is not able to obtain money enough to bring him to Canada, where he wishes to take up land and make a home for himself—that such a man should be compelled to remain a farm laborer all his life, and perhaps go on the parish in his old age, for the want of the small sum necessary to bring him here, said sum to be paid back within a reasonable time, will surely not be argued by any fair-minded working man in this city or this country. Canada wants such men—wants them every day, thousands of them, and we are quite sure that our people, as a whole, will never grudge the money worthily expended in promoting this class of immigration.

REBELLION.

Monday, the 30th of March, will long be remembered in the annals of Toronto as perhaps the most exciting day in the history of the city. Long before daybreak on the previous Saturday morning, messengers were hurrying through the streets bearing the unwelcome tidings, that the half-breeds in the North-West, instigated by Riel, had risen in rebellion; that a collision had

occurred between about 200 of them and a company of police, in which Canadian blood had been shed ; that the call to arms had sounded, and that the men of Toronto were ordered to prepare. They were ready—the last notes of the warning bugle had not ceased to sound before a thousand volunteers had begun to don their uniforms, and when the hour arrived were ready to fall in. Men of the scarlet and the rifle green ; men of all degrees, coming forth from aristocratic mansions and lowly cottages ; men of the study, the counting-house and workshop, all were there. When it was made known that only 250 men from each regiment, the Grenadiers and the Queen's Own, would be required, there sprang up at once a rivalry as to who should be the chosen ones. Passing quickly up and down the ranks the officers were not long in making their selection, and the men who were to go had orders given them to make their preparations at once, as the word to move might come at any moment.

During the remainder of Saturday the men were under arms, and a portion of Sunday was also devoted to necessary matters pertaining to equipment, clothing, &c., it being now understood that they were to start on Monday for the seat of rebellion. The scenes on the streets and particularly in the vicinity of the drill-shed during those two days, are worthy of more than passing notice ; but they have already been detailed in the daily papers, and their description need not here be repeated. Excitement ran high, and the soldier boys were the heroes of the hour, but not until Monday morning did it reach its full flood-tide. Among all the rumors with which the air was filled, sober-minded people still cherished a hope that at the last moment a peaceful solution of the difficulty might be arrived at, so that the trappings of war might be laid aside. But as the hours of Sunday wore on, and the order to move still remained uncancelled, the most hopeful began to take a gloomy view of the situation—gloomy, because amid all the enthusiasm of the people and the soldiers, all the parade, the pomp and circumstance of war there was ever present to their minds the dark side of the picture. And when, at last, the men being dismissed, they saw the city streets dotted here and there with groups of soldiers, knapsack on shoulders and bayonet in belt, returning home to prepare for the morrow, they deluded themselves no longer with the hope of peace, but nerved themselves to accept the inevitable. There were many sad homes in Toronto that

peaceful Sabbath evening. Five hundred of her sons were to go forth to-morrow, some perhaps never to return. Wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, children, how tearfully they looked upon the faces they loved, and thought of them perhaps upturned in ghastly death upon the distant prairie. How fondly they caressed the hands which soon might stiffen and grow cold about sword hilt or rifle, lying beneath the pale light of the Western stars ! And the morning ! how sad and grey it broke, as if in sympathy with the thousands of hearts, which, before the day closed, should feel the pangs of separation. The dull reluctant light, stealing timidly in through silken drapery and muslin curtains alike, seemed loth to wake the sleepers. But they must awake. Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, the broadening day creeps on, touches lashes wet with the dew of dreams, and bids them open to reality ; falls on faces pale and strangely wearing, even in sleep, expectancy of coming sorrow ; arouses to quick returning consciousness, gentle bosoms soon to throb with all the bitterness of parting from their loved ones. They must all awake—the dreaded day has come ; the hour will soon be here which must tear from them, perhaps forever, their gallant soldiers. With what tender care was served the morning meal ; no hireling hands must prepare it, for it may be the last ! Manly bosoms, too, were wrung. Manly voices grew husky around family altars as they invoked Divine protection for their sons going forth at the call of duty. And yet, amid all the grief of parting, through every tear that fell, there shone the old historic light never to be quenched in British hearts. The same chivalric spirit that, for a thousand years has been the heritage of British matrons and maidens ; the spirit, which times without number in the days bygone, has made them strong to send forth husbands, brothers, sons and lovers, to danger and to death if need be at the call of their country. The daughters of Canada are not unworthy of their lineage, else how could hands so tender and so trembling yet nerve themselves as they did on that sad morning, to gird on the sword or the bayonet, to button the epaulet, to adjust the knapsack, “to bind upon their cherished ones the panoply of war !” Shall not the touch of those hands go with the soldier to the field of battle ? Shall there not be inspiration for him in the thought that while those at home are mourning for his absence, they are, at the same time, praying that he may be strong and brave in the hour of danger ?

“Thy voice is heard through rolling drums
 That beat to battle where he stands,
 Thy face across his fancy comes
 And gives the battle to his hands.
 A moment, while the trumpets blow
 He sees his brood about thy knee;
 The next, like fire, he meets the foe
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee.”

We need not enter into the particulars of their departure—our gallant boys! How proud their fellow citizens were of them as they marched out from their rendezvous on their way to the depôt. Few pens, certainly not ours, would be capable of fitly painting the scenes of that short but never to be forgotten march. In countries where martial pageants are of common occurrence, that of Monday night, perhaps, be thought insignificant. But in a peaceful land like ours where such displays are happily rare, the spectacle of 500 young patriots, the best and bravest of the city, voluntarily going forth in defence of their country, leaving behind them pleasant homes and loving friends, was one not to be viewed without emotion. It will be well for those in authority if they can show that the sacrifice was unavoidable. We do not, for a moment, assert that it was not. We have confidence in the Government that they have done all in their power to pacify the restless spirits who are now in rebellion, and have only resorted to force, when force was the last alternative. But we warn them that they must make it clear. Should one of our brave boys fall, and should it be shown that his blood was shed through the fault of those who sent him forth to die, a day of reckoning shall assuredly come when they shall be driven from their places forever. Such, we have no doubt, were the feelings of many who composed those living walls between which marched the Grenadiers and the Queen's Own. Yet, how boundless was the enthusiasm! Packed in dense masses, filling all the street from curb to curb except the narrow lane between,—leaning from every window, crowding on housetops, on verandahs, on every available spot where human foot could stand, the people of the city assembled to bid them good-bye. How fair hands from window and balcony were waving handkerchiefs, in many instances wet with tears, or showering bouquets which were caught up and borne along on gallant breasts. How shout after shout rent the air, until the very sky seemed filled with the mighty sound. How with steady swinging stride they passed on through the living lane extending without a break from market house

to station until at last they are safely aboard their train. The baggage is on board, the signal is given, the wheels revolve, and amid a tempest of human voices such as the blue waters of Ontario have seldom heard, they are gone!

CONTRIBUTED.

AT LARGE.

BY A ROVING STENOGRAPHER.

The very word. After leaving you at Toronto, dear TRIP HAMMER, I felt that I had indeed cut loose from the old life and was “at large” in more senses than one. As I carefully deposited this weather-beaten hulk on the upper shelf of a Pullman, I found that my fancy refused to be held prisoner, or to retire with me into the solitude and darkness of that receptacle.

Hesitating a moment amid the clanging of bells, the wheezing and coughing of locomotives, and the tramp of many feet, which go to make up the reverberating babel of the Union Station, the eager wanderer took flight and sped away before me through endlessly chequered scenes of its own creation to that wonderful city of the west, which mirrors its grandeur in the blue waters of Michigan, to which I was bound. I need not explain that I refer to Chicago.

What a pity it is that this “too solid flesh” is not capable of transporting itself from place to place in the same delightful and inexpensive manner. Here was I cooped up within the narrow limits of a not over-fragrant railway berth, while the more subtle part of me was away before me—hundreds of miles away—in a moment, clearing the intervening space without an effort; revelling amid the most enchanting scenery, and arriving at its destination before its grosser companion could turn over on its side with a view to slumber. The grosser companion was me, and I had almost reached the confines of the silent land when, without the warning of a moment, all the powers of earth and air and sky, starting up in myriad shapes, seemed ranging themselves before me to oppose my entrance. Horrid blackness fell about my pathway. From the depths of a yawning chasm, which, opening suddenly at my feet, disclosed the fearful dungeons of the under-world, there came a hideous throng, while from the lurid depths arose a cry so appalling that my soul was stricken dumb with terror. Turning in fearful haste to fly, my head came in contact

with the upper portion of my berth and the darkness was dissipated by the light of a thousand stars. And yet, this was not all a dream; the voice was a dreadful reality—for hark, 'tis sounding still. And see! a dark shape approaches. I thought at first it was one of the phantoms of my dream, until I found out it was the porter. "What," I cried, "is that unearthly wail?" "Wail," replied the shape, "that ain't no wail; that's Healy, callin' 'all aboard goin' West."

Satisfied at last that the noise proceeded from a human throat and not from some tormented spirit, I again composed myself to sleep as the train pulled out from the station and proceeded on its way.

I shall not attempt to give you a description of the country between Toronto and Fort Gratiot, where we breakfasted. I thought I would at first, for I know there are scores of your readers who would enjoy the many exquisite "bits" to be found on that journey. But the night was so extremely dark; and, as I slept most of the way, I fear I might not be able to do the subject justice. If yours were an agricultural paper I would like to trouble you with some observations as to the adaptability of the country in the vicinity of Fort Gratiot for the culture of peas, alternating with reflections on the nutritious properties of that esculent when roasted and made into coffee; but, as you are not open to agricultural impressions, I shall base the remaining portions of this letter on other grounds.

Speaking about grounds, as Mrs. Nickleby would remark, reminds me of Chicago, for which we set out some time ago, but which we shall never reach at this rate. Chicago! the great metropolis of the great West! the place that the impecunious person wanted to trade off once upon a time for a pair of boots, and would have done it, too, only the other man hadn't the boots. With its long streets of immense warehouses; its avenues lined with palatial mansions; its magnificent churches, its organs, its choirs, its wealth, its fashion, its extent. My fancy returned to me crest-fallen and humbled, acknowledging that reality for once, at least, had outstripped her wildest dreams.

I might fill pages with descriptions of my wanderings here, but you have not pages to spare. I shall leave other matters for the present, and close with a brief notice of one or two places of worship I visited. It may seem odd to say that the first "church" I attended was a

theatre; and yet it is quite true. Rev. Dr. Thomas, who, you may remember, was suspended by the Methodist body because of unorthodox views on the question of eternal punishment, preaches in Hooley's theatre, and I went to hear him in the morning. The building was filled; over three thousand people I should say. The singing is led by a cornetist, with organ accompaniment, and the congregation joins in. The effect is extremely grand. The Rev. Dr. poses as one of the deep thinkers of the age. His discourse was logical, learned, and no doubt convincing to those who wished to be convinced, that no unpleasant questions will arise in the next world as to their behaviour in this. He avails himself of all the *promises* in God's Word, and paints the Creator as a Being too infinite in love and mercy to take vengeance, never ending, on poor human souls who have lost themselves amid the shadows of sin. The warnings he explains away, or ignores. At the Y. M. C. A. Madison St., I looked in on the Bible Class in the afternoon and found over a hundred young men assembled, reading together passages of Scripture. In the evening I visited the Central Music Hall where about 6000 people congregate to hear Rev. Mr. Barrows, of the 1st Presbyterian Church. His subject was "The revelation of God in Conscience." He is of fine presence, splendid voice, and is a good classical scholar—discourse very eloquent; full of startling illustrations, the peroration worthy of a Moody. The chorus of eighty voices, led by a grand, full-toned organ, was magnificent. But I find that I am trespassing on your well known rules, so for the present fare thee well.

JOTTINGS.

"The mosses, waters, slops and stiles
That lie between us and oor hame."

The plowman poet's words are continually ringing in our ears as we turn our faces homewards along King-street west. And when we mention "our" ears we wish it to be understood that it is not for the purpose of bringing ourselves into undue prominence in what we are about to remark. We have reference to the ears of the scores of people who are obliged to work their passage through the "mosses, waters, slops and stiles" of King-st., west of Strachan Avenue. The "stiles" may be objected to; but, if so, we simply point to the ten or twelve

railway tracks as a sufficient justification for using the quotation in full. Having dodged the trains of the Northern, the Grand Trunk, the Credit Valley and Toronto, Grey and Bruce, and come out on the other side with portions of our limbs available, reminding us of the narrow escape of Tam O'Shanter's mare, it is of course delightful to witness the struggles of the floundering horses through the quagmire on the other side. We are not a sporting person, and we never bet on horses; but as the *Mail* has decided that a man may bet on a sure thing, and win, we are willing to do this. If anyone knows the whereabouts of "Cutty Sark," and Tam O'Shanter is willing to let his mare go, we will put up two and a half in the hands of the sporting editor of this journal that "Cutty Sark" will "coral" Maggie before she goes twenty rods—race to be run on the King-st. course, between the railway and Dufferin-st. We will not insist on the presence of the "piper" or any of the other ladies and gentlemen connected with the Alloway festivities. We will be satisfied with "Cutty Sark" alone—O'Shanter to ride his own mare. Of course if he should prefer Alderman Baxter we shan't make any fuss over a little thing like that. And if Piper *wants* to come and see the race, why, let him come. The rest of the Council will also be welcome, but we warn them that if the West-enders ever get them all together in the vicinity of the nuskegs of their native wilds they will sink them there out of sight amid their dark recesses, with, probably, the exception of their heads. The interstices will then be filled in with sand in the usual way.

A man asked our comic editor to-day how he spelt "sciatica." "Why, s-c-i-a-t-i-c-a, of course" "Somehow," said the man, "I thought there was a p in it." "P in it?" returned the comic editor, who, we may mention, has been engaged utterly regardless of expense, "so there is a p in it." "I thought there must be," said the man. "You jest catch it," said the C. E., "and if you don't discover that the sensation it produces is spelt with the biggest kind of a p you ever saw, we'll be glad to hear from you."

WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASS'N.

The first entertainment held under the auspices of the Workman's Library Association on Friday evening, March 13th, was a success,

both in point of numbers and interest. The lecture room was comfortably filled, and judging from the happy, smiling faces of the audience and the applause which followed each number, the efforts of the ladies and gentlemen of the programme were fully appreciated. The chair was taken at 8 o'clock by the President of the Association, who, after a few introductory remarks setting forth the objects of the Society and the pleasure they felt in welcoming so fine an assemblage to their first entertainment, called upon the band to open the proceedings with music. A well rendered programme of songs, instrumental selections, readings, &c., then followed until about ten when the company separated, well pleased with the manner in which they had been entertained. There were several features in connection with this gathering which might be copied with advantage by more pretentious audiences and performers in Toronto. Every member on the programme was in his or her place, and was in readiness when called—there were consequently none of these intolerable "waits" which have so depressing an effect upon even the most indulgent audience. There was no word spoken or sung that the purest minded would be pained to hear. The assemblage was quiet and most orderly, and although a goodly number of boys were present, there was an entire absence of that kind of demonstration in which boys are said to delight. And yet, nothing *could* be heartier than the applause which followed every successful number. These meetings are an experiment by the W.L.A., and the Society is determined to spare no effort to make them models in every respect. If they are able to continue as they have begun there can be no doubt of their success and ever widening popularity. There are few people in the city who have any idea of the little world in the West End which revolves on the substantial axis of The MASSEY MFG Co. They have their own Benefit Society, their own physician, their own Mutual Improvement Society, their own musical organizations consisting of brass band, string orchestra, Glee Club and Choir, their own Lecture Room, their own Reading Room and Library, and their own Hall, capable of seating 700 people. With these advantages it would be strange if the efforts which are now being made to develop a spirit of enquiry and intellectual activity among the employés, and to promote social intercourse and kindly relations between them and between their families should fail to meet the appreciation it deserves.

The second meeting was held on Friday evening, March 20th, and was devoted to matters of a lighter nature than was at first intended. A debate on the question of the Scott Act was crippled to some extent by the non-appearance of the leader on affirmative side, who was detained by sickness in his family. Mr. McKee, however, at a moment's notice took up the cudgels on behalf of the Act, and in a brief, though eloquent speech, recited the dreadful effects of intemperance on young men and all who come within its pernicious grasp. He was followed by Mr. Lawson who averred he was at a loss what to reply to as the Scott Act had scarcely been mentioned, by his opponent, and certainly had not been proven to be desirable. He contended that although a large amount of money was spent in liquor this money was not lost, as temperance advocates would have us believe, but was put in circulation as money was intended to be. The money remained in the country and although the individuals who spent their earnings in drink might become poorer the country suffered no loss of the circulating medium. He also objected to the Scott Act as a species of sumptuary law which no free people would tolerate, and was proceeding to prove his position by documentary and other evidence of a most alarming magnitude, when it was found that his time had expired. Mr. Mundy for the affirmative and Mr. Clarke for the negative then spoke briefly and the question was submitted to the audience which took the view that the affirmative had not been proven.

Entertainment number three was given Friday evening, March 27th, in Memorial Hall, and was in every respect a splendid success. The committee Messrs Jackson and Lambert, aided by Mr. McCoy, have certainly carried off the honors so far, and if any future committee is able to improve on the programme provided by these gentlemen, its members must be stirring early in the morning. Several ladies and gentlemen outside the circle of the association had been enlisted, and their services were highly appreciated by the largest audience yet assembled in the hall.

Professor Bohner and two of his pupils, Miss Oliver and Miss Allen, achieved a series of triumphs in all of their numbers, both vocal and instrumental, and Mr. Kerman in his song "No Surrender," gave promise of high excellence in the near future. Miss Moneghan, a young lady of Owen Sound, visiting friends in the city was very cordially received, and although suffering

somewhat from a sore throat was decidedly successful in pleasing her audience. Readings by Messrs. Powe, Haggart, and Pease were well received, and the remainder of the programme was filled by the glee club and members of the society who all acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. We must not omit mention of the band whose selection during the intermission was one of the finest things of the evening. After a vote of thanks to the performers, moved by Mr. Garvin, the audience joined in the National Anthem and at 9:50 was dismissed.

It has been intimated that the Library Committee are about to try the experiment of opening the rooms to the families (adults) of members of the Association, on one or two afternoons and evenings of each week. Tickets of membership at a nominal cost will be issued to those desiring them entitling holders to all the privileges of the library, except the right to borrow books, which can only be done through regular members of the Association. This should prove a boon to the ladies, and we trust they will take advantage of it. The rooms will be quiet and free from all intrusion, and an hour or two may be spent among the periodicals and magazines in a pleasant and profitable manner. Chess and draught clubs, too, in connection with the Association have been spoken of, and as these are innocent and at the same time interesting games there should be no objection to their introduction. Some may perhaps be ready to say that if they could avail themselves of these advantages—we mean, of course, the games of chess and checkers in the evenings—and at the same time indulge in a quiet smoke while playing, they would jump at the chance. We fear it could not be done. A quiet smoke by one's own fireside is perhaps well enough, and productive of any amount of comfort if we are to credit the votaries of the weed. But ten or twenty quiet smokers gathered together around the chess tables would soon create an atmosphere there which is above all things the atmosphere the W. L. A. desires to avoid, the atmosphere of the bar-room, the billiard-room, the saloon. No, it will not do, and there is no use thinking of it for a moment. But we hope there are plenty of young men who once in a while can find a couple of hours enjoyment over chess or draughts or among the good things of the library even without their smoke.

Some difficulty having been experienced by

the members in obtaining magazines from the Library for home reading, the Library Committee are about to make an arrangement by which they, the magazines, etc., may be obtained at the door of the works as the men pass out. The particulars will be made known as soon as the details are completed.

PROGRAMS OF THE W. L. A. ENTERTAINMENTS FOR MARCH.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13th, 1885.

PART I.

SELECTION.....Band.
ADDRESS.....Chairman.
QUARTETTE.....Mr. and Mrs. McCoy, and Mr.
and Mrs. Johnston.
READING.....J. H. Stanton.
SONG.....Mrs. Whittaker.
READING.....J. G. Turton.
GLEE.....The Glee Club.
ADDRESS.....Mr. Garvin.

PART II.

PIANO DUETT.....The Misses McCuaig.
READING.....J. B. Harris.
DUETT.....Mrs. McCoy and Mrs. Johnston.
SELECTION.....Orchestra.
SONG.....Mr. McCoy.
ADDRESS.....W. F. Johnston.
CHORUS.....The Glee Club.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20th.

PART I.

SELECTION.....Orchestra.
ADDRESS.....Mr. Ferson.
SELECTION.....Orchestra.
SONG.....T. White.
READING.....A. Young.
SONG.....Mr. McCoy.

PART II.

READING.....A. Telfer.
SONG.....Mr. Fred Harris.
SELECTION.....Orchestra.
DISCUSSION "Resolved that the adoption of the Scott
"Act in Ontario would be for the general
"good."...AFFIRMATIVE—Messrs. Mc-
Kee and Mundy...NEGATIVE—Messrs.
Lawson and Clarke.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27th.

PART I.

SELECTION.....The Band.
GLEE.....The Glee Club.
RECITATION.....Mr. Pease.
SONG.....Miss Monaghan.
PIANO DUETT.....Prof. Bohner and Miss Oliver.
SONG.....Mr. Fred Harris.
TRIO.....Messrs. McCoy, Johnston and Clarke.
SONG.....Prof. Bohner.

PART II.

PIANO SOLO.....Prof. Bohner.
SONG.....Miss Oliver.
READING.....Mr. Haggert.
SONG.....Mr. McCoy.
SONG.....Mr. Kermann.
RECITATION.....Mr. Powe.
VOCAL DUETT.....Miss Oliver and Prof. Bohner.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The Directors held their monthly meeting, March 26th. One member was added to the roll. One member on sick list. Twelve dollars paid out on sick fund for March.

MUSICAL.

The annual concert, under the auspices of the band will be held, we believe, some time within the next few weeks, of which due notice will be given. They are certainly deserving of a bumper house, and no doubt will have it when the time comes. By the way, would it not be possible to make some arrangements for holding weekly open-air concerts during the coming summer evenings, say in the Exhibition grounds? We do not know whether the thing is feasible or not, but if it could be managed it would prove a source of pleasure to many people in the West end and Parkdale to whom the Queen's Park is out of the way. We submit the above suggestion to the notice of the proper authorities with all due trepidation.

We understand that the Glee Club, which has contributed in so acceptable a manner to the entertainment of the W. L. Association, is about to enter upon a more thorough and systematic course of training. A number of the newest musical books have been ordered from New York, and other arrangements made, or proposed, which will enable the members to do themselves a greater measure of justice than has hitherto been possible. They have labored under some disadvantages, and the fact that notwithstanding these they have been able to do so well, is a good guarantee of their increasing proficiency in the future. We wish them all success.

The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Shelton, who, we are glad to learn, has returned to the employ of the Company, is progressing favorably. The interest in the meetings of the W. L. A. has been materially enhanced by their valuable and ever-ready assistance, and we trust they will continue to prosper as they deserve.

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

The question given in our last issue concerning Toronto mechanical gear has provoked considerable thought among our readers; but, on the whole, we have not received as many correct replies as expected.

The wording of the question might have been somewhat differently arranged, but, it is presumed, all understand the "driving wheel," referred to means the large master wheel of the Mower, which runs on the ground, and not either cog-wheels of the gearing. We make this explanation because, in speaking of the gear wheels only, we shall call one (axle gear) the *driver*, and the other (ring gear) the *driven*.

As in the ordinary application of gear wheels, increasing the number of cogs in the driver, or decreasing the number in the driven, will increase the speed of the driven; so in this peculiar gear the same principle holds good up to a certain point, but not in the same proportion.

A working rule to find the gear for any given speed of cutters on Toronto Mower is as follows:

Multiply the required number of crank revolutions to one of main axle by two for the number of cogs in the *driver*, add two more for the number of cogs in the *driven*, then find size of wheel by the ordinary rule: "Multiply the number of cogs in each case by the number of thirty seconds of one inch there are in the desired pitch, divide the product by one hundred, and the quotient will be the diameter of the wheel in inches." The centre upon which the driven is pivoted can readily be located after having determined the position and throw of crank.

Some of our readers appear to have a mathematical turn of mind, hence we are favored with the following problem for solution:

"Three men carry a stick of timber six inches square, and twenty feet long, having the same density throughout. One man takes hold of one end: the other two, with a bar under the stick between them, go near the other end. How far must the two men be from their end so each of the three shall carry an equal weight?"

And here is another: "Why does a man in carrying a pail of water keep the hand which is not loaded away from his body?"

Editor TRIP HAMMER:

Spring is now opening up, and I would suggest the formation of a base ball or cricket club, or both, among the men in the works for genuine recreation, rather than a keen following of professional tactics.

AMATEUR.

SELECTED.

THE LARK IN THE GOLD-FIELDS.

PART FIRST—THE LARK.

By Charles Reade.

"Tom, I invite you to a walk."

"Well George! a walk is a great temptation this beautiful day."

It was the month of January, in Australia; a blazing-hot day was beginning to glow through the freshness of morning; the sky was one cope of pure blue, and the southern air crept slowly up, its wings clogged fragrance, and just tuned the trembling leaves,—no more.

"Is not this pleasant, Tom,—isn't it sweet?"

"I believe you, George! and what a shame to run down such a country as this! There they come home, and tell you the flowers have no smell; but they keep dark about the trees and bushes being haystacks of flowers. Snuff the air as we go; it is a thousand English gardens in one. Look at all those tea-scrubs, each with a thousand blossoms on it as sweet as honey; and the golden wattles on the other side, and all smelling like seven o'clock.

"Ay, lad? it is very refreshing; and it is Sunday, and we have got away from the wicked for an hour or two. But in England there would be a little white church out yonder, and a spire like an angel's forefinger pointing from the grass to heaven, and the lads in their clean frocks like snow, and the lasses in their white stockings and new shawls, and the old women in their scarlet cloaks and black bonnets, all going one road, and a tinkle-tinkle from the belfry, that would turn all these other sounds and colors and sweet smells holy as well as fair on the Sabbath morn. Ah, England! Ah!"

"You will see her again,—no need to sigh. Prejudice be hanged, this is a lovely land."

"So 't is, Tom, so 't is. But I'll tell you what puts me out a little bit;—nothing is what it sets up for here. If you see a ripe pear and go to eat it, it is a lump of hard wood. Next comes a thing the very sight of which turns your stomach, and that is delicious,—a loquat, for instance. There, now, look at that magpie; well, it is Australia, so that magpie is a crow and not a magpie at all. Everything pretends to be some old friend or other of mine, and turns out a stranger. Here is nothing but surprises and deceptions. The flowers make a point of not smelling, and the bushes, that nobody expects to smell, they smell lovely."

"What does it matter where the smell comes from, so that you get it?"

"Why, Tom" replied George, opening his eyes, "it makes all the difference. I like to smell a flower,—a

flower is not complete without smell ; but I don't care if I never smell a bush till I die. Then the birds,—they laugh and talk like Christians ; they make me split my sides, bless their little hearts ! but they won't chirrup. It is Australia ! where everything is inside-out and topsy-turvy. The animals have four legs, so they jump on two. Ten foot square of rock lets for a pound a month ; ten acres of grass for a shilling a year. Roasted at Christmas, shiver 'o midsummer-day. The lakes are grass, and the rivers turn their backs on the sea and run into the heart of the land ; and the men would stand on their heads, but I have taken a thought, and I've found out why they don't."

"Why?"

"Because, if they did, their heads would point the same way a man's head points in England."

Tom Robinson laughed, and told George he admired the country for these very traits. "Novelty for me against the world. Who'd come twelve thousand miles to see nothing we couldn't see at home? One does not want the same story always. Where are we going, George?"

"O, not much farther,—only about twelve miles from the camp."

"Where to?"

"To a farmer I know. I am going to show you a lark, Tom," said George, and his eyes beamed benevolence on his comrade.

Robinson stopped dead short. "George," said he, "no! don't let us. I would rather stay at home and read my book. You can go into temptation and come out pure ; I can't. I am one of those that if I go into a puddle up to my shoe, I must splash up to my middle."

"What has that to do with it?"

"You're proposing to me to go for a lark on the Sabbath day."

"Why, Tom, am I the man to tempt you to do evil?" asked George, hurt.

"Why, no! but you proposed a lark."

"Ay, but an innocent one,—one more likely to lift your heart on high than to give you ill thoughts."

"Well, this is a riddle!" and Robinson was intensely puzzled.

"Carlo!" cried George, suddenly, "come here ; I will not have you hunting and tormenting those Kangaroo rats to-day. Let us all be at peace, if you please. Come, to heel."

The friends strode briskly on, and a little after eleven o'clock they came upon a small squatter's house and premises. "Here we are," said George, and his eyes glittered with innocent delight.

The house was thatched and whitewashed, and English was written on it and on every foot of ground around it. A furzebush had been planted at the door. Vertical oak palings were the fence, with a five-barred gate in the middle of them. From the little plantation all the magnificent trees and shrubs of Australia had been excluded with amazing resolution and consistency, and oak and ash reigned, safe from over-towering rivals. They passed to the back of the house, and there George's countenance fell a little, for on the oval grass-plot and gravel-walk he found from thirty to forty rough fellows most of them diggers.

"Ah, well," said he, on reflection, "we could not expect to have it all to ourselves, and, indeed, it would be a sin to wish it, you know. Now, Tom, come this way ; here it is, here it is,—there." Tom

looked up, and in a gigantic cage was a light-brown bird.

He was utterly confounded. "What! is it this we came twelve miles to see?"

"Ay! and twice twelve! would'nt have been much to me."

"Well, and now where is the lark you talked of?"

"This is it."

"This? This is a bird."

"Well, and isn't a lark a bird?"

"Oh! ah, I see! Ha, ha! ha, ha!"

Robinson's merriment was interrupted by a harsh remonstrance from several of the diggers, who were all from the other end of the camp.

"Hold your cackle!" cried one ; "he is going to sing." And the whole party had their eyes turned with expectation towards the bird.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began as it were to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps ; but after a while he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him one by one, and string them *sotto voce*.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, outburst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled his little throat, and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty ; and every time he checked his song to think of its theme,—the green meadows, the quiet-stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he loved so well,—a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him. And when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey-clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one tear trickled from fierce, unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

Sweet home!

And these shaggy men, full of oaths and strife and cupidity, had once been white-headed boys, and most of them had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and they were full of oaths and drink, and lusts and remorse, but no note was changed in this immortal song.

And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine ; they came back bright as the immortal notes that lighted them,—those faded pictures and those fleeted days ; the cottage, the old mother's when he left her without one grain of sorrow, the village church and its simple chimes,—ding-dong-bell, ding-dong-bell, ding-dong-bell ; the clover-field hard by, in which he lay and gambolled while the lark praised God overhead ; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked ; the sweet, sweet, hours of youth, innocence and home.

George stayed till the lark gave up singing alto-

gether, and then he said, "Now I am off. I don't want to hear bad language after that; let us take the lark's chirp home to bed with us"; and they made off. And true it was,—the pure strains dwelt upon their spirits, and refreshed and purified these sojourners in a godless place. Meeting these two figures on Sunday afternoon, armed each with a double-barrelled gun and a revolver, and you would never have guessed what gentle thoughts possessed them wholly. They talked less than they did coming, but they felt so quiet and happy.

"The pretty bird," purred George (seeing him by the ear), "I feel after him—there—as if I had just come out 'o church."

"So do I, George; and I think his song must be a psalm, if we knew all."

"That it is, for Heaven taught it him. We must try and keep all this in our hearts when we get among the broken bottles and foul language and gold," says George. "How sweet it smells,—sweeter than before!"

"That is because it is afternoon."

"Yes! or along of the music; that tune was a breath from home that makes everything please me now. This is the first Sunday that has looked and smelled and sounded like Sunday."

"George, it is hard to believe the world is wicked; every thing seems good and gentle, and at peace with heaven and earth."

(*To be continued.*)

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Few men have done more to change the conditions of modern life than the subject of this sketch. The great system of railroads, which has developed from the rude "tramway" of the English colliery into an immense network of lines of transportation, bringing the ends of the earth together, owes more to the inventions and labors of George Stephenson than to any other person. While he cannot be said to be the inventor of either railroad or locomotive, yet he did so much to bring both to their present state of perfection, that he may be fairly considered as the founder of the modern system of railroads.

George Stephenson was born at Wylam (near Newcastle) in England, on the 9th of June, 1781. His early days were passed amid the utmost poverty and privation; and in 1804 his prospects were so gloomy that he contemplated emigrating to America, poverty alone preventing him from doing so. At this time he was employed as a brakeman at Killingworth Colliery near Newcastle. Here his wonderful mechanical genius began to develop. He mended clocks and watches, and repaired shoes, and cut out clothing for the miners, in his spare moments. The hoisting-engines of the colliery fell under his eye, and he made many improvements in them. Finally, one of the pumping-engines, which the regular mechanics had been unable to repair, was put into his hands; and he succeeded in making it work better than ever before. This feat established his reputation as a mechanical engineer, and his services were soon in constant demand.

It is a mistake to suppose that the principle of the railroad was unknown before Stephenson's time. Rude

tramways, as they were called, had been in use in collieries for many years; and one of these passed near the cottage in which he was born. At first it was built of wooden rails; but in 1808 it was relaid with flat cast-iron plates, and was known as a "plateway." Even at the present time the track-repairers on English railways are known as plate-layers. The wagons on the Wylam plateway were at first drawn by horse-power; but in 1811 a locomotive engine, built by Trevithick, was successfully used. It was a rude affair, and made only six or eight miles per hour. Stephenson must have been acquainted with the mechanism of this engine, and in 1814 a locomotive of his design was placed on the rails at Killingworth Colliery. It was a great improvement upon former models, and was the first ever made with smooth wheels, he being the first to perceive that there was a sufficient amount of adhesion between a smooth tire and the surface of the rail to enable the locomotive to perform its work.

The use of tramways constantly increased, although they were principally intended for the conveyance of freight, and no one had yet conceived the idea of operating them at high rates of speed or for the conveyance of passengers. A line was built in 1825 between the towns of Stockton and Darlington, and was operated by engines modelled after those constructed by Stephenson for the Killingworth Colliery. The first real railway line, however, was that between Liverpool and Manchester. Stephenson was appointed to survey a route for this line, and here his great natural abilities found full scope. Even after the completion of the road the directors were in doubt whether to adopt locomotive engines, or use the old reliable horse-power. Stephenson was convinced of the superiority of locomotives, and the directors finally decided to offer a prize of five hundred pounds for one that would fulfil certain conditions most satisfactorily. On Oct. 6, 1821, three engines were entered for competition. The Rocket, built by Stephenson, attaining the unheard-of velocity of 29 miles per hour, was awarded the prize; and the era of steam-railways was fairly inaugurated.

Much discussion has arisen as to how much of the locomotive engine was really original with Stephenson. Like many other great inventions, its leading principles seem to have been discovered independently by several persons. There is little doubt, however, that the blast-pipe, by which the draught was greatly increased and the high rate of speed attained, was copied by Stephenson from the Sanspareil, one of the competing engines built by a Mr. Hackworth. The great requisite in a locomotive is the means to make steam quickly enough to maintain the pressure under high speeds, and the simple device of turning a jet of steam into the chimney accomplished this perfectly; and the Rocket, which had run only fifteen miles an hour before the introduction of the blast-pipe, thus had its speed nearly doubled. This invention is still in use at the present time without material modification. But if Stephenson did not contribute many important inventions to the locomotive, yet his remarkable enterprise, sagacity, and persistence were the chief factors in the development of the railway system; and the perfecting of the locomotive is certainly due to him. He simplified its machinery, and brought all possible mechanical skill to bear upon the accuracy and solidity of its workmanship. When, in the early

days, the most bitter opposition and hostility prevailed towards railway schemes, he was always an unflinching advocate, and with a remarkable foresight prophesied their great extension and increased capacity for usefulness. As an engineer, he had much to do with the details of their construction and management; and it would be hard to overestimate the good effects of his influence upon the rapidly developing system. No one was more completely identified with it than himself, and he certainly deserves all the credit that has been awarded him.

Towards the end of his life he retired to Tipton, where he became the proprietor of extensive collieries, lived the life of a country gentleman, and took a great interest in horticulture. He died on the 12th of August, 1848, at the age of sixty-seven, honored and respected by every one. His son Robert proved a most worthy successor, and his reputation as a civil engineer surpassed even that of his father. The Britannia tubular bridge in North Wales and the Victoria bridge at Montreal are among his most celebrated works.

George Stephenson was a typical example of a self-made man. Born in the utmost poverty, with no advantages of education, from a common laborer in the mines he rose, by his own unaided efforts and natural ability, to be one of the most distinguished men the world has ever produced. Every inhabitant of a civilized country is benefited by his work; and his successful career is an encouraging example, worthy of being followed by every youth who is commencing life.—*Science News.*

BEHIND TIME.

A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, and beyond it was a station, at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-inforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. It had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day; and, if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills

maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time*.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; a favorable answer had been expected the night before; and, though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident it would arrive in season. Thus morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment had come. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came in sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

It is continually so in life. The best-laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time."

Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.—*Freeman Hunt.*

AN IMPORTANT EVENT,

Which divides the attention of the Canadians with the Riel Revolt.

TORONTO, March 31.—The social and political circles of Toronto are looking forward with a great deal of anticipation to the approaching majority of W. E. H. Massey, the eminent scientist, engineer and journalist. In view of this fact, it may be well to give a brief history of that distinguished gentleman's life.

He was born at Newcastle, Ont., April 4th, 1864. It was at first proposed to name him Walter Massey, but this name was so evidently out of all proportion to the length of the infant that, on further consultation, the initials "E. H." were interpolated. At the time of the christening this name lapped over the child considerably, but he has outgrown it entirely during the past few years, and it is with a great deal of satisfaction that his family will add to it the "Esquire" after next Saturday. His early education fitted him at the age of 14 to enter Brooks' military school, Cleveland, O. where he was head and shoulders above all his classmates, and was distinguished as the one who wore the longest stripes on his trousers. About this time he became interested in chemistry and established a laboratory

in the rear of his house. The rate of insurance rose 50 per cent. throughout the neighborhood. At last, wearied with his experiments,

"His fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love,"

he fell in love successively with several damsels, who, sad to relate, rejected him. After having taken so many negatives from these young ladies, he felt himself prepared to begin photography, and he consequently purchased a camera. About this time he invented the remarkable temperance boat "Wine?-oh-no." The object of this boat was to give four times as much exercise and take eight times as much time to go the same distance as any other craft. It was eminently successful.

It was shortly after this triumph he moved to Toronto, and brought his parents and the family with him. Two years afterwards he began a course in Boston, but becoming wearied with his studies, he decided to undertake a journalistic career, and came back to Toronto, to be immediately elected financial editor of the *Tack-Hammer*. Under his management the journal has increased its circulation to twenty-four copies, with a pink supplement, and is now the leading paper in the Dominion. Mr. Massey will be remembered as the gentleman who organized a vigilance committee last summer on an Atlantic steamer for the protection of the ladies.

It is a source of great satisfaction to the Queen to feel that, while she is losing so many subjects in the sultry Soudan, the depleted ranks are being filled in her western provinces by such a rising and promising young man. Though one of the Masses, he comes of a royal hospitable family, and is himself a prince of good fellows. A most brilliant career is predicted for him in this country, and possibly at the court of St. James.—*New Haven Evening Register*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following is "passing the rounds" just now. We endorse the "hints," to which special attention is hereby invited :

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense it as much as ever you can,
And say it's the readiest way.
And whether you write of household affairs,
Or particular things about town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you go sputtering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through ;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry ;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article really long,
And the busy reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song ;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

THOUGHTS.

A man may be thought clever while he is seeking for wisdom ; but, if he imagines he has found it, he is a fool.—*Persian*.

A fresh mind keeps the body fresh. Take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday. As to the morrow, time enough to consider it when it becomes to-day.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

Through every web of life the dark threads run.
Oh ! why and whither ? God knows all.
I only know that He is good.
And that whatever may befall,
Or here or there, must be the best that could.

—*Whittier*.

I believe I should have been swept away by the flood of French infidelity, if it had not been for one thing ; the remembrance of the time when my sainted mother used to make me kneel by her side, taking my little hands folded in hers, and cause me to repeat the Lord's Prayer.—*Thomas Randolph*.

If you should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look with my eyes for them and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to find them ; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the power of attraction ! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies ; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings ; only, the iron in God's sand is gold.—*O. W. Holmes*.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Deliberate with caution and act with precision ; yield with grace and oppose with firmness.

When you bury an old animosity never mind putting up a tombstone.

THE MAN IS RIGHT.—A firm having used a typewriter in conducting their correspondence, received a letter from an indignant customer, saying : "I want you to understand that you needn't print letters sent to me. I can read writing, even yours ; and don't want to be insulted by reflections on my education."

A gentleman who observed Johnnie carefully taking the census of a company assembled in the parlor awaiting a call to supper, inquired, "What is the matter, Johnnie?" "Why," returned the urchin, with a troubled air, "here's nine of us, counting me, and mamma has gone and cut the two pies into quarters, and that only makes eight pieces."

Professor : "Why does a duck put his head under water?" *Pupil* : "For divers reasons." *Professor* :

"Why does he go on land?" *Pupil*: "For sundry reasons." *Professor*: "Next, you may tell us why a duck puts his head under water?" *2nd Pupil*: "To liquidate his bill." *Professor*: "And why does he go on land?" *2nd Pupil*: "To make a run on the bank."

Said an Irishman to a telegraph operator: "Do you ever charge anybody for the address in a message?" "No," replied the operator. "And do ye charge for signing his name, sir?" said the customer. "No sir." "Well, then, will ye please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here," handing the following: "To John McFinn—at New York—(signed)—Patrick McFinn." It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

PERSONAL MENTION.

LEFT FOR THE FRONT.—Mr. Fred. Harris, Telegraph Operator in The Massey Mfg. Co.'s Office and a member of the "Queen's Own" Rifles, has been called to join his regiment, and has gone with the first contingent to the Northwest to assist in quelling the Riel rebellion. Fred is of good nerve and full of military ardour, and we know he will serve his country well. It was painful for us to bid him farewell, when going on such a perilous mission. We wish him God speed, with a safe and early return to us. The movements of his regiment will be daily watched by his associates.

Mr. Herbert Booth, of the Shipping Department and a member of the Royal Grenadiers, has also been called to join his regiment and has been sent to the front. Our good wishes for his safety and early return are also sincerely extended.

Mr. W. Grant, of the Paint Shop, a member of the Governor-General's Body Guard, has also been called to join his regiment and is now encamped at the Old Fort, awaiting orders.

Mr. Hart Powell, of the Office Staff, sometimes known as "Old Sci," has been suffering from a severe attack of sciatica; he has been absent during the past two weeks, and is staying with Dr. Powell, at Edgar, under whose medical care he is. We hope to see "Old Sci" back soon, fully recovered.

The Massey Mfg. Co. have recently made an extensive shipment of machines to Asia Minor. That country is now being rapidly re-populated; a great emigration has set in to that territory by the much-abused Jews from Russia and Bulgaria. The harvest commences there at the end of May and continues till 1st August.

Our sincere sympathies are extended to Mr. George E. Dyer and family, late General Agent for The Massey Mfg. Co. in the Eastern townships of Quebec, in the bereavement of his daughter.

We are informed that Mrs. V. N. Dyer, daughter-in-law of Mr. G. E. Dyer, is seriously ill. We hope she may soon recover.

Mr. Walter E. H. Massey, third son of Mr. H. A. Massey (President of The Massey Mfg. Co.), attained his majority on Saturday the 4th inst. Mr. W. E. H. M. has only during the past year entered business life,

during which time he has shown marked ability. He is a gentleman of unassuming manners, and we predict for him a life of great popularity amongst the employes of the concern.

The entire workshops, plant and machinery of The Joseph Hall Mfg. Co., of Oshawa, have been recently sold to Mrs. F. W. Glen, for 24 cents on the dollar.

The Dominion Government have recently selected the machines made by The Massey Mfg. Co., to represent the Manufacture of Harvesting Machinery from Canada at the great International Exhibition to be held at Antwerp, Belgium, and opening May 1st next. They will be compared with machines of the same class from all parts of the world.

The Quebec Branch House of The Massey Mfg. Co. at Montreal has been removed from Common street to 66 McGill street.

It is the intention of The Massey Mfg. Co. to build new Warehouses and Offices at Winnipeg, Man., this spring, and from the plans we have seen, it will not be surpassed for convenience and elegance by any building in that city.

Did you see The Massey Mfg. Co.'s advertisement in the weekly *Globe*, April 3rd, 1885?

Employes of the Canada Cordage Factory, Montreal, wish the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Co., every success in their creditable venture.

NOTICES.

NOTE.—Notices of Marriages, Births and Deaths are earnestly solicited from subscribers, and will be inserted free of any charge.

DIED.

WORTH.—April 2nd, 1885, at Mitchell, Ont., of inflammation of the lungs, Susannah Worth, aged 61 years, 2 months and 5 days—mother of C. Worth, of Moulding Shop.

BIRTH.

MARLBOROUGH.—At 12 Hickory street, Thursday, April 2nd, the wife of George Marlborough of a daughter.

BUSINESS CORNER.

NOTE.—Advertisements under the head of For Sale or Exchange, To Let, Lost, Found, Wanted, etc., will be inserted (for employes only) at the rate of Five Cents per line. (seven words).

WANTED.

Promptness!! on the part of those furnishing the editors with items of news, correspondence, notices, etc. We go to press so late again this month that it will necessitate extra labor to come out on time, if it be possible even then.

LOST.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.