

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 Notes.

The master carpenters of Bristol have refused an advance, and the men remain on strike.

Eight hundred employers of the Great Western Railway in England went out on strike on Monday last.

The marble masons of Liverpool struck work on Monday for an advance of 3s. per week.

The journeymen house painters of North Shields have accepted the offer of the masters, namely, shorter hours, without advance of wages.

A dispute has taken place among the division of labor shoemakers in Glasgow, and 200 have been locked out. Most of the men have left for England and Ireland.

The sailors on board the Great Eastern have refused to accept the wages offered by the Telegraph Company, and it is feared that the laying of the Atlantic cable will be delayed in consequence.

The Gallatown hand-loom weavers have resolved on endeavoring to get their wages raised; the journeymen bakers in some districts are out on strike; and masons' laborers in St. Andrews have got an advance of 3d. per hour.

A meeting of the journeymen bakers of Dundee was held lately, to consider the present state of wages. It was resolved to request an increase of wages to the extent of 3s. per week, and that unless this demand was granted by the 17th May, the men would come out on strike.

Seven of the Associated Employers who issued some time ago a circular to the work-people in their factories agreeable with the threat locked out 250 men employed by them. The whole of the men thus thrown out of employment have, we understand, left the town for Ireland and England. The levies of the men working are considered more than adequate to maintain the wives and families of the men thus locked out.

The painters at Greenwich hospital, recently memorialised the Government contractor for an increase of one-halfpenny per hour, on account of the present high price of provisions. That functionary, however, has not seen his way to comply with their request, and has discharged them. This harsh proceeding has been met on the part of the men by a very temperate and fairly-reasoned remonstrance, and there can be little doubt it will have the desired effect.

A numerously attended meeting of the members belonging to the Glasgow, Cowcaddens, Partick, and suburban lodges of the Masons' Association was held on Thursday evening, May 15th, in the Trades' Hall, Glassford street—Mr. William Millar, Govan, in the chair. The joint committee's secretary, Mr. Taylor, submitted the correspondence which had passed between them and the employers, which showed that the compromise advanced by the committee had found favor with the employers. After Brothers Pasley, Ferguson, and others had addressed the meeting, it was resolved to ratify the decision of the committee. A vote of thanks to the various delegates and the chairman brought the proceedings to an end.

The tailors in Glasgow, who were locked-out held a meeting in the Good Templars' Hall, Blackfriars street—Mr. Peter Henrietta presiding. In the course of his remarks the chairman said that the masters had with their usual complacency locked the operatives out on the 26th March, just 13 days prior to the termination of the mutual engagement, they had all signed a written agreement which did not contain anything concerning a certain weekly wage, but which stipulated for the payment of a certain rate per job, and the engagement to terminate on either party giving three months' notice. It had been stated that the men were seeking an advance; this was incorrect, they simply asked that the agreement of last year be ratified. The employers had announced that they did intend to reduce the wages of the men,

but after having seen the printed synopsis he was prepared to re-assert that an absolute reduction on nearly all garments; notwithstanding that the masters gave an increase of 1d. per hour, the speaker enumerated cases, in which the reduction reached 1s. 4d. Mr. Henry Wright then reviewed the synopsis referred to by the chairman, showing to a demonstration that though in some cases there was a slight increase, in others there was a considerable reduction. The meeting afterwards unanimously adopted the following resolutions:—(1.) "To adhere to the 'log' at present in use and which was drawn up by a joint committee of masters and men, and not (as in the new 'log') by the masters alone." (2.) "That, seeing the employers have locked us out for the last six weeks, and have persistently refused to sign the agreement according to former practice, we therefore adhere to our former resolution not to return to work until said agreements is signed; and, further, that we repel with contempt the charge that our office-bearers have either any intention or power to mislead us." After the usual vote of thanks to the chairman, the proceedings terminated.

LIFE AND LABORS OF MR. BRASSEY.

We extract the following sketch of the life of the late Mr. Brassey, the celebrated English railway contractor, from Pitman's *Shorthand Magazine*, feeling sure it will prove of interest to our readers:—

Mr. Brassey began life early and circumstances helped him, for railway enterprises began to develop just as he was fairly launched. At the age of sixteen he was articled to a land surveyor, and his first work was on the Great Holyhead Road. He always took the fancy of those he worked under, as his capability recommended him to their intelligence, and this surveyor took the young man into partnership and sent him to Birkenhead as soon as he had attained his majority. His occupations there were of a nature to accustom him to responsibility, and to develop a fertility of resource, which did him such good service later. After eight years of progress and prosperity, he was fortunate in making the acquaintance which decided his future career. He accompanied George Stephenson to a visit to a stone quarry, and the "canny" Northumbrian was so struck with his companion, that he urged him to engage in the new enterprise of railway making.

Brassey took the advice and sent in his first tender. We should fancy rejection was the usual fate of tenders made by over-cautious inexperience. You have inadequate grounds to base your calculations on, and are likely to err on the safe side. At all events, Brassey did so; his offer was £5,000 higher than the one actually expected. Once launched in that way, however, he tried again, and the next time he was successful. He obtained ten miles of the Stafford and Wolverhampton line, including the construction of an important viaduct. The thorough manner in which he performed the work gained him the confidence of the engineer, and henceforth his fortune seemed assured in the new calling he had turned to. Stephenson, his early patron, had resigned, but Stephenson's successor, Mr. Lock, thought equally well of the contractor, and carried him with him wherever he could on the works he was employed upon in future. We ought not to omit to notice the influence exerted by Mrs. Brassey at the critical time when her husband was hastening over the very turn of his fortunes. Railways were being ridiculed as extravagant playthings of impractical science, and the hard-headed views of men like Stephenson were scouted as the wild dreams of enthusiasts. Mrs. Brassey boldly adopted the ideas of ten years later, and urged her husband not to miss the opening that offered itself to his energy. She still survives, and we shall say no more than that in the most important choice of his life, Mr. Brassey seems to have exercised

his usual judgment with more than his accustomed good fortune.

In 1841, Mr. Brassey undertook the first foreign contract. It was the Paris and Rouen Railway. It is obvious that a novel work of the kind must call into play all the contractor's special qualities. Mr. Brassey had to form his estimates where data were new to him, or wanting altogether. To be sure he could permit himself a safe margin, for the terms of his French competitors were so preposterous as to ensure their rejection, and he had come to an understanding of partnership with the only English rival who was really formidable. But then followed all the difficulties of recruiting, organizing, exporting, billeting, and rationing an army of English laborers.

Later in life he had collected round him a permanent staff of tried and capable men whose services he could always command. In these earlier days he was thrown comparatively upon his own resources, and assuredly he could not spare himself. He had assembled a cosmopolitan force, some ten thousand to twenty thousand in number. Of these, several thousands were English, the rest chiefly natives, although few European peoples were not unrepresented. The grand difficulty, of course, was confusion of speech, especially as illiterate English navvies were to be the technical instructors at this Babel of tongues. They had to teach the Frenchmen to work not merely by example, but by precept. At first the gangers were generally accompanied by a smart lad, who acted as interpreter; later, however, necessity, the mother of invention, taught the navvies a bastard language, which, with dramatical emphasis by oath and gesture, was found to convey their meaning sufficiently. The Englishmen earned considerably more than double wages, while performing about twice as much work as the Frenchmen. We may remark here in relation to this subject of cosmopolitan labor, that, while the Englishman ranks first, Piedmontese is placed next to him, being in some respects actually his superior. The Piedmontese is sober, and consequently more reliable; he is hardy and vigorous, and excessively industrious, as he looks to saving. With other Italians, it is different. The Neopolitans object to heavy work altogether, while the men of Centre Italy must be placed between Piedmontese and Neopolitans. Danes and Swedes take a high place, the former being pronounced almost equal to Englishmen. But to those familiar with the respective *physique* of the nations, it may seem strange that the more phlegmatic and massive German is said to yield in endurance to the nervous though wiry Frenchman. It is confirmed, however, to a certain extent, by the hospital experiences of the late war, where we have heard even German doctors and nurses say very much the same thing.

Nor was it his own dependants, or gentlemen brought into business relations with him, by whom he was held in the highest regard. Favour recognized a kindred spirit in the energetic contractor; personal interviews had acquainted him with Mr. Brassey's business talents, and in the course of their dealings he had occasion to learn something of his large-minded liberality.

One of the first ideas of a contractor's career is the spade and the barrow multiplied by thousands, the dry prose of existence, and a dull monotony of drudgery. In reality, few callings have more romance in them, especially when the scenes of labor are laid abroad. We do not allude merely to the struggles with nature, when skill and science are tasked to the utmost to triumph over obstacles she interposes. These come rather within the province of the engineer, although there is sensation enough to the contractor when he hears of the costly labor of months succumbing to accident, while he is bound under heavy penalties to finish his contract to time. But in the first place, come the conflicts of diplomacy, when, setting wit against wit, you have to negotiate the preliminaries of some great enterprise, which may open a semi-barbarous country to all the blessings

of civilization. There are the risks and accidents, the adventures and hair-breadth escapes, when you are working in wild districts, or forcing forward your labors in the middle of a great war.

We can hardly give a better idea of the variety of Mr. Brassey's undertakings, than by slightly touching on some of the difficulties he and his employees had to face. In 1858, the Bilbao and Tudela Railway was in course of construction. It was slow work teaching the conservative Basques the use of paper money, and in the meantime coin had to be provided. Hard cash was hard to come by, and when you did procure it, after sustained effort, the debased currency was enormously bulky. The secretary employed on the line was in the habit of accumulating a ton and a-half of money per month. The country was mountainous, and the roads were bad and dangerous. When the pay week came round, the pay used to be sent in a coach under charge of one of the clerks, and escorted by civil guards.

On one occasion, the rickety conveyance broke down under the weight, and a couple of omnibusses had to be despatched to the salvage of the treasure. On another, warning was received of an intended attack by brigands, and the convoy travelled by a different road. One of the sub-contractors was a notorious Carlist chief, who was sufficiently feared to enable him to defy the authorities. This man "struck" on one occasion, and occupied the village where the agent resided, and bivouacked with his men around the office. The Carlist threatened to kill every soul in the house unless his demands were complied with. Nor was the threat likely to be an idle one, as he had despoiled of fourteen men already. Fortunately, the agents found means of communicating with the military governor of Bilbao, and a formidable detachment of troops raised the siege.

While the Cracow and Lemberg line was in progress, the contractors had a difficulty about bringing money from Vienna to Lemberg. The obstruction arose from the presence in the intervening country of the hostile hosts of Austria and Prussia, for the campaign of 1866 was then at its height, and the fate of the Austrian Empire was in the balance. Mr. Ofenheim, Mr. Brassey's Austrian adviser, volunteered for the task. The engines had been "required" for the war, but he found an old one. The engine driver, however, declined to go, remonstrating naturally against the danger. "If you will come," said Mr. Ofenheim, "I will give you so many hundred florins; if you are killed, I will provide for your wife and family." The man yielded; they started, and reached their journey's end in safety, passing at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour between the sentinels of the opposing armies, the men being too much surprised to shoot. Mr. Ofenheim was chiefly uneasy lest a rail might have been removed somewhere.

We have seen the almost absolute confidence Mr. Brassey reposed in his subordinates. His conduct of financial matters amounted almost to carelessness, and yet, owing to the peculiar nature of his business, it is difficult to see how he could have managed differently. He decentralized to an extreme. The account of each separate undertaking was kept separately. He established no recognized check on the local cashiers, who were supposed to be always in a position to give him any information he might desire. He portioned out his work to sub-contractors, furnishing them with the materials and plant. It was his peculiar custom to name his terms on these occasions, and it is a high compliment to his qualities that the men he dealt with were so ready to close with him. They knew that no man was more competent to make an estimate, and that he held invincibly by the maxim "Live and let live." He would never suffer a man to lose in his dealings with him: If the sub-contractor found rock instead of clay, he was sure his generous employer would consider it.

His liberality was systematic; he would always have his work well done and equally

done. Doubtless he often spent freely, as when by way of assuring a supply of labor in Australia, he shipped two thousand navvies at £17 pounds a-head; while conscious that his wages would be higher than those given by any one else, he bound the men to his service by no stipulations whatever. But the man who could act in that way must have been naturally large-hearted and free indeed. Akin to this liberality was another feature already alluded to—the fortunate equanimity with which he supported misfortunes. He never stopped to make his moan to his employees; he set at once to work to retrieve his disasters.

He could always count upon his presence of mind, and a crises found him in the calm possession of his faculties. By nature and training he was excellently fitted for the work the shrewd intelligence of Stephenson suggested to him. He had an iron constitution, which enabled him to indulge with impunity in great bodily and mental exertion. He had a winning courtesy of manner, which assured him the goodwill of men of all stations. He had the generous confidence of a gentleman—confidence which almost constrained faithful service when it was coupled with considerable sense, and a judgment that was seldom at fault. Above all, he acted in all matters with punctilious integrity, and the results of his life were a magnificent vindication of the proverb that "Honesty is the best policy." He has left a colossal fortune for his masses to wonder at, and a memory for his friends to cherish fondly. And as the good that such a man does lives after him, we may hope his noble example may prove as beneficial to mankind as his stupendous works.

DEPLORABLE STATE OF PERSIA.

The telegram, says an exchange, announcing the arrival of the Shah of Persia at St. Petersburg, calls to mind a series of Teheran letters, which have recently attracted much attention, in the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*. The descriptions given by the correspondent of the condition of that unhappy country are not only sad, but really terrible. Confusion, decay, misery, treachery, corruption, and crime reign everywhere. The Shah rules like a tyrant; his ministers are but valets. The most important offices—for instance, the governorships of the provinces—are sold to the highest bidder. Any of these governors may impose what fines he likes, and has arbitrary authority over life and death. "There are provinces," says the correspondent, "where the taxes amount to 80 per cent." Under these circumstances the agriculturist will not work; he tries only to produce what is absolutely necessary for his support, for the surplus is taken from him. Sometimes the whole harvest is consumed, and nothing remains over for the next year's planting. Those who reserve seed keep only enough to sow a small piece of ground. If the rain fails to set in at the right season the harvest never suffices for the wants of the people, and then follow those fearful famines when mothers have been known to devour their own children. In Teheran, the capital of Persia, there were found daily over five hundred corpses on the streets during the last famine.

THE EDUCATED EYE.

Earth is never wearisome to those who can view its beauties intelligently. To them all nature speaks of beauty, of hope, of life. It is for them the glorious sun is shining, and dewdrops glitter in his rays; yes, even in the crowded city a little patch of grass or climbing vine will make a picture for their eyes. They see and appreciate true beauty wherever it is found, and know the life of every created thing. Animals, to them, are not mere brute beasts, but a strange and wonderful race of creatures which, indeed, cannot speak like man, but who possess domestic and social affections, and are capable of emotions of education and progression. Not only do men and women of educated eyes add world upon world to the one sphere that contains the unobserving, but by interesting themselves in the mode of life, the duties and enjoyments of all living creatures, they fully use every moment of existence and multiply a thousand fold that little span of seventy years which the multitude find too long.

Poetry.

THE LABORER.

Stand up—erect! Thou has the form
And likeness of thy God!—who more?
A soul as dauntless mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast o'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What woe the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No!—uncurb'd passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till this check'd.

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot
Thy labor and thy life accused.
O, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better than thou!
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then, that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

THE COBBLER'S SECRET.

A waggish cobbler once, in Rome,
Put forth a proclamation
That he'd be willing to disclose,
For due consideration,
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose:
The way to make, in one short day,
A hundred pairs of shoes.

From every quarter to the sight
There ran a thousand fellows—
Tanners, cobblers, bootmen, shoemen,
Jolly leather sellers—
All redolent of beef and smoke,
And cobbler's wax and hides;
Each fellow pays his thirty pence,
And calls it cheap besides.

Silence! The cobbler enters
And casts around his eyes,
Then curls his lip—the rogue!—then frowns,
And then looks wondrous wise;
"My friends," he says, "'tis simple quite,
The plan that I propose;
And every man of you, I think,
Might learn it if you chose.

A good sharp knife is all you need
In carrying out my plan;
So easy it is, none can fail,
Let him be a child or man.
To make a hundred pairs of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pairs of boots
And cut off all the tops!"

Tales and Sketches.

"ENTIRELY AT HOME."

BY MARION HARLAND.

"This horrid weather is raining the sleighing!" said Jeannie Hughes, in a melancholy tone, leaving the window at which she had been standing for the last fifteen minutes.

The view from the lookout was not inspiring. A steady, steeping rain had set in at dawn, and continued without intermission until the present hour—half past ten o'clock a.m. The preceding day had likewise been tempestuous, but it was what Jeannie called "a clean storm"—a fall of snow that kept nobody at home except invalids and cowards. By the middle of the afternoon the great family sleigh and two cutters were at the door, and we four girls, with our attendant cavaliers, our host, hostess, and their bright-eyed eldest hope—a fine lad of ten, who preferred a seat on the box to what he considered the tame interior of the vehicle—being comfortably bestowed within these, we had enjoyed a merry, rollicking ride, finding only additional food for fun in the fast-moving fleeces, that soon transformed us into the semblance of polar bears.

"Rather heavy for runners, as yet!" I heard Dick Hornby say to Jeannie, as he helped her out of the fairy-like shell, heaped

up with frosted robes. "To-morrow, the roads will be in splendid order. How will three o'clock suit you? That will give us a long jaunt before dinner. The moon will be full to-morrow evening. Was there ever anything more opportune? Shall you be too tired to take a second jaunt after nightfall?"

"It is hard to get too much of so good a thing as sleighing," responded Jeannie, coloring and smiling. "There should be a winter version of the proverb—'Make hay while the sun shines'—the snow lasts so short a time."

I liked sleighing for its own sake quite as well as did Jeannie, although my seat, on such excursions, was beside my hostess upon the back seat of the family equipage, as aforesaid. But I was not jealous of my pretty friend; sympathized heartily in her regret at missing two opportunities of improving the present season in company with handsome, warm-hearted Dick; mourned with and for her over the bright visions disappearing, like dissolving views, before the pertinacious drizzle, that, for some reason, was more wearing to our spirits and destructive to our hopes than a sweeping deluge would have been. So, when she said, "horrid rain," we three—Rosie Winters, Alice Townes, and I—sitting over the fire with our embroidery and crochet-needles, sighed responsively, and agreed that nothing could be more dismal than a January thaw, such as we foresaw was at hand.

"What have you girls been doing with the morning since breakfast?" asked a lively voice, and Mrs. Granger, whose guests we were so happy as to be, entered, work-basket in hand.

The dull room was brighter instantly, and every face took on a smile; every voice a blither cadence.

"Our conversation has been a succession of tirades against the weather," answered Alice. "Jeannie and Rosie are especially disconsolate."

"And very reasonably," said the lady, before the girls could put in a blushing disclaimer. "I should resent the slight put upon my friends, Messrs. Hornby and Blake, if their fair enslavers did not refuse to be entirely reconciled to the impending affliction. I have not meant to leave you to your woe and the discussion of that very unpropitious subject, the weather; but certain domestic duties have detained me below stairs."

"My dear Mrs. Granger! as if we would interfere in the least with your plans!" ejaculated Jeannie.

"We should not be easy a moment if we thought that our presence in the house made the slightest difference in your arrangements!" chimed in Rosie.

"We wish you to act just as if we were not here!" followed Alice.

And not to be behindhand in the protestations that were to set her hospitable mind at ease, I had my say, "You have the enviable faculty of making your visitors feel so much at home, that you may safely leave them to entertain themselves."—I checked myself in mid-career, at seeing the object of my panegyric raise her hands and eyes in imploring deprecation.

"Tide any form but that!" she exclaimed, theatrically. "Tell me that my attentions have been officious and a bore; that I have been openly rude in my speech and behavior—anything and everything rather than that I have made you entirely at home—have 'acted just as if you were not here!' My dear girls, when people declare they wish to be treated unceremoniously, 'in all respects as one of the family,' they are as far as possible from meaning what they say. Nothing would astonish and displease them more than to be taken at their word.

"But we are really sincere in wishing that our visit to you may not be the occasion of discomfort or inconvenience to any of your household," replied Rosie, earnestly.

"I believe you, dear, and I am equally sincere in the declaration that I have enjoyed every minute of your stay. I only regret that imperative engagements, the discharge of which affects your comfort as it does mine, sometimes oblige me to deprive myself of the pleasure of your society for hours together," rejoined the lady, affectionately. "I grant you that the highest achievement of hospitality is to provide so ingeniously for the entertainment of one's friends, that they shall not observe the working of the machinery which brings to them a succession of congenial occupations and agreeable pastimes. But it is not in human nature to prefer neglect to attention; indifference to kindly regard."

"Of course not!" assented Alice, a little perplexedly. "But then, you see, Mrs. Granger, people—civilized people, I mean—are seldom in danger of slighting invited guests. I cannot now recall an instance in which I, as a visitor, did not receive my full proportion of respect and notice. I know that I have, more than once, been so oppressed by the well-meant, but awkward attempts of my hosts to make me enjoy myself, that I have curtailed my sojourn in the families where I seemed to throw everything out of the accustomed groove of every-day life."

"Rather this extreme than the other!" said Mrs. Granger. "Officious attentions may bore you, but in your heart, you do justice to the intention that prompts these; carry away with you no unkind thoughts of those whose manner, and not whose motive, was offensive. There is a great difference between being allowed to follow the bent of one's own tastes and whims, and in being overlooked

utterly. I recollect a passage in my own experience!"

"Oh, a story!" cried Jeannie, delightedly, "Please wait till I get my work. The night of eight other pairs of busy hands makes me fidgetty while mine are idle. I shall be back before you can count twenty!"

Away she tripped up stairs, returning in two minutes with a little "Ladies' Companion," furnished with a dainty set of implements of feminine industry. Settling herself at one corner of the hearth, in a cosy-looking easy chair, she fitted on her mite of a gold thimble; produced a strip of linen lawn, ready for hemming, and pronounced herself "ready to be amused or edified."

"And please, dear Mrs. Granger, amplify and illustrate, *ad libitum*, as you go on!" with a piteous glance at the misty window panes, and another at the clock upon the mantel. "I do so dread a long, rainy morning!"

The indulgent hostess smiled at the petted child, and commenced:—

"I was younger than, Jeannie—just eighteen, in fact—when an old school-fellow of my mother's, a Mrs. Kingsley, the wife of a rich city merchant, chanced to stop over night at the principal hotel in the country town which was my home. Brighton is a picturesque place, situated just back of the Hudson, and within easy walking distance of a fine range of mountains. At the time of which I speak, it was a less fashionable resort for passing tourists and summer boarders than it has since become; but it was a lively, pleasant village, nevertheless, and had the air of being awake to a sense of its own importance. The streets were wide and clean, shaded by a double row of noble trees; the buildings neat and not devoid of style; the gardens numerous and tasteful. We boasted of three hotels; a public hall, dignified, in the lecture season, by the name of Lyceum; a circulating library and a park, and we were wont to plume ourselves upon the excellent tone of our best society, as upon the natural beauties of the location. Altogether, Brighton was very far from being out of the world, or behind the age, and when my mother, having heard, accidentally, that her former friend was in town, called to see her, and would not be gainsaid in her design of carrying her off to her own dwelling, and making her the guest of herself and family for the period she proposed to spend in the neighborhood, her gratification at accomplishing her object was not marred by misgivings lest she should not be able to accommodate the city lady as her desires and habits might demand.

"We kept but two servants—a man to till the garden and take care of the cows and horses, and a woman to cook, wash, and iron. The lighter work of the chambers and drawing-room was performed by the quick, willing hands of my sister and myself, our mother acting as directress and general supervisor. But Mrs. Kingsley never slept in purer linen sheets, or upon a more elastic mattress than was prepared for her in our spare chamber. The carpet was a white ground with crimson vine leaves and ferns, russet, green, and gold, dropped upon it here and there; the furniture was of solid mahogany, well-chosen and carefully preserved; there was a tempting lounge, covered with a delicate pattern of chintz that suited the carpet; muslin draperies above the toilet-glass, tied back, with pink ribbon, as were the full white curtains of the windows, these latter framing pictures which could not be purchased for a town residence by a mint of money. Our parlors were cheerful, airy, and even elegant. Neither books, music, nor pictures were wanting to give them at once a refined, yet home-like expression. Our table was bountifully spread with rural luxuries—cream, fruit, fresh vegetables, poultry, and eggs—that elicited the warmest commendations from the merchant's wife.

"I am persuaded that the tone of my health and spirits would be speedily restored if I were to pass a few weeks in this delightful region!" she said, the morning after her arrival.

"My mother's response was prompt and cordial. Nothing could gratify her more than to have her school-fellow remain with her so long as she could find it convenient and pleasant to do so. The rest of the household enforced the invitation by eager entreaties for a longer visit from the fascinating guest. She was a handsome woman; dressed beautifully, and was most engaging in language and deportment. I fell madly in love with her during the first hour of our intercourse—a sentiment that strengthened daily during the three weeks of her stay. For stay she did, succumbing sweetly and gracefully to our solicitations, and declaring, as she sat down to write to her husband of her changed purpose, that she was overpowered less by our too complimentary warmth of invitation than by her own inclination, which would not let her leave this earthly Eden until she should be torn from it by dire necessity.

"With equal sweetness and urbanity she gave herself up to be petted and waited upon by the entire family. My father was a lawyer in a large practice, a man of considerable note in his town and county. Our associates included most of the best families in Brighton and the surrounding country; many of them being people of means, education and good-breeding. It was a social neighborhood, and Mrs. Kingsley was soon the centre of attraction for the choicest elements of our circle. Within a fortnight two regular parties were

given in her honor, not to mention pic-nics, rides, and sails innumerable. She was unfeignedly pleased by the sensation she had created in our little world; the genuine admiration, unequivocal as it was respectful, that greeted her wherever she went. Never was celebrity more affable; more graciously willing to be lionized; more profuse of thanks for the 'enchanted holiday, the season of delicious refreshment we had given her world-weary spirit.' Like painted, padded, panting Mrs. Skewton in 'Dombey and Son,' she mourned that in society—i. e., New York upper-tendom—we were so very artificial. When the day of parting came, there were real tears in her eyes, and her voice was plaintively shaken as she begged our mother to grant her 'an early opportunity of reciprocating, to the best of her poor ability, the kindness she had received in our home.'

"And as for you, Carrie, and you, Louise,"—passing an arm around each of us, as we pressed closely up to her for a last kiss—"mamma has promised faithfully that you are to spend the whole of next winter with me."

"No!" corrected our mother, smiling, "I only said perhaps they might pay you a short visit."

"As if three months were not too short a visit to suit my wishes!" replied the charmer, touching my forehead with her lips. "Never mind, Carrie, love. Do you come, and then we will settle about the length of your stay. Possession is nine points of the law. We will give our good mamma a practical illustration of the force of this adage."

"We heard from her once after she reached the city. The letter was read in family conclave, and afterwards perused by each one of us separately. It was honey sweet, and smoother than oil to our mental palates. Her husband and her three daughters, Ida, Eva, and Linda, united with her in affectionate gratitude for the goodness shown her in her 'Brighton home.' Only we had spoiled her. She had found more fault with city life, city houses, and city bills of fare since her return, than she had done during the whole of her previous residence in New York.

"Mr. Kingsley protests that he will be driven to adopt one of two courses—either to forbid my future visits to Brighton, or to look out for a country house in your vicinity, where we may spend our summers. If you hear of one which you think will suit us—one near your own, of course—please let me know. As for the other alternative, it is not to be thought of for an instant. The simple idea is heart-rending!"

"Rather strongly expressed!" ventured my father, in reviewing this passage.

"Eliza was always enthusiastic," returned my mother, warmly. "But it is because her affections are strong. She is perfectly sincere in all she says."

"My father was distinguished for discretion, and he did not controvert this declaration. It would have served no other purpose than to show him in what an ignominious minority he would be set who should, in the hearing of the rest of our household, question Mrs. Kingsley's claim to infallibility.

(To be continued.)

"EXPLODING" A SHARK.

While the good ship "Amphitrite" was creeping along, a man in the mizzen top noticed an enormous shark gliding steadily in her wake. This may seem a small incident, yet it ran through the ship like wild fire, and caused more or less uneasiness in three hundred stout hearts; so near is every seaman to death, and so strong the persuasion in their superstitious minds, that a shark does not follow a ship pertinaciously without a prophetic instinct of calamity.

Unfortunately, the quartermaster conveyed this idea to Lord Tadcaster, and confirmed it by numerous examples, to prove that there was always death at hand when a shark followed the ship.

Thereupon Tadcaster took into his head that he was under a relapse, and the shark was waiting for his dead body; he got quite low spirited.

Dr. Staines told Lieutenant Fitzroy, and Fitzroy said, "shark be hanged! I'll have him on deck in half-an-hour." He got leave from the Captain; a hook was baited with a large piece of pork, and towed astern by a stout line, experienced old hands attending to it by turns.

The shark came up leisurely, surveyed the bait, and, I apprehended, ascertained the position of the hook. At all events, he turned quietly on his back, sucked the bait off, and retired to enjoy it.

Every officer in the ship tried him in turn, but without success, for if they got ready for him, and the moment he took the bait, jerked the rope hard, in that case he opened his enormous mouth so wide that the bait and hook came out clear. But sooner or later he always got the bait and left his captors the hook.

This went on for days, and his huge dorsal fins always in the ship's wake.

Then Tadcaster, who had watched these experiments with hope, lost his spirit and appetite.

Staines reasoned with him, but in vain. Somebody was to die; and, although there were three hundred and more in the ship, he must be the one. At last he actually made his will, and threw himself into Staines' arms, and gave him messages to his mother and Lady Cicely; and ended by frightening himself into a fit.

This roused Staines' pity, and also put him on his mettle. What, science to be beaten by a shark!

He pondered the matter with all his might, and at last an idea came to him.

He asked the Captain's permission to try his hand. This was accorded immediately, and the ship's stores placed at his disposal.

Dr. Staines got from the carpenter some sheets of zinc and spare copper, and some flannel; these he cut into three inch squares, and soaked the flannel into acidulated water. He then procured a quantity of bell wire, the greater part of which he insulated by wrapping it round with good gutta-percha. So eager was he that he did not turn in all night.

In the morning he prepared what he called an electric fuse—he filled a soda-water bottle with gunpowder, attaching some cork to make it buoyant, put in the fuse and bung, made it water tight, connected and insulated his main wire, tied a line to it, and let the bottle overboard.

The captain and officers shook their heads mysteriously. The tars peeped and grinned from every rope to see a doctor try to catch a shark with a soda-water bottle and no hook; but somehow the doctor seemed to know what he was about and awaited the result—the others were mystified, but curious, and shewing their teeth from ear to ear.

"The only thing I fear," said Staines, "is that, the moment he takes the bait, he will cut the wire before I can complete the circuit and fire the fuse."

Nevertheless, there was another objection to the success of the experiment. The shark had disappeared.

"Well," said the captain, "at all events you have frightened him away."

"No," said little Tadcaster, white as a ghost, "he is only under water, I know, waiting—waiting."

"There he is," cried out one in the ratlines. There was a rush to the taffrail—great excitement.

"Keep clear of me," said Staines, quietly and firmly. "It can only be done at the moment before he cuts the wire."

The old shark swam slowly round the bait. He saw it was something new.

He swam round and round it.

"He wont take it," said one.

"He suspects something."

"Oh yes, he will take the meat somehow, and leave the pepper. Sly old fox."

"He has eaten many a poor Jack, that fellow."

The shark turned slowly on his back, and instead of grabbing at the bait, seemed to draw it by gentle suction into that capacious throat, ready to blow it out in a moment if it was not all right.

The moment the bait was drawn out of sight, Staines completed the circuit; the bottle exploded with a fury that surprised him and everybody who saw it; a ton of water flow into the air, and came down in spray, and a gory carcass floated, belly uppermost, visibly staining the blue water.

There was a roar of amazement and applause.

The carcass was towed alongside, at Tadcaster's urgent request, and then the power of the explosion was seen.—Confined first by the bottle, then by the meat, then by the fish,

and lastly by the water, it had exploded with ten fold power, had blown the brute's head into a million atoms, and had even torn a great furrow in its carcass exposing three feet of the back bone.

Taddy gloated on his enemy, and began to pick up again from that hour.

SHORT SPEECHES.

Perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Congress, who having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend, with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at!"

Daniel Webster was apt to over-indulge himself at public dinners, but managed, when called upon, to make a speech—if a brief one. At Rochester, New York, he once delighted the company with the following: "Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Caesar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!" On another occasion Webster finished up with: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?"

Sir Arthur Helps somewhere suggests that clergymen would be more successful in attacking the pockets of their flocks if they sent round the plates before instead of after the sermon, with the understanding that if they gave liberally they should be let off from the sermon altogether. The experiment might be worth trying, although it would be unnecessary if charity sermons were modelled upon Swift's well-known laconic appeal. A modern instance of the efficacy of brevity in good cause may be cited. M. Eupauloup,

eloquent Bishop of Orleans, preaching in behalf of the distressed workmen of Rouen, contented himself with saying: "This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are all acquainted with the calamity of those whose cause I have come this day to plead. Once upon a time a king, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his companions in arms, on whom he thought with reason he could rely: "My good friends, I am your king; you are Franchmen. Yonder is the enemy; let us march!" I will not address you in other words to-day than these. I am your bishop; you are Christians. Yonder are, not our enemies, but our brethren who suffer. Let us flee to their succour!" The result was the collection of more than six hundred pounds.

Edwin, a once popular English actor, is credited with the authorship of one of the briefest of sermons, his text being: "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."—"I shall consider this discourse under three heads. First, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world; thirdly, man's egress out of the world; and First—Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare. Second—His progress through the world is trouble and care. Lastly—His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

If we do well here, we shall do well there; I can tell you no more if I preach for a year.

The last time Judge Foster went the Oxford circuit he dismissed the grand jurymen to their work with: "Gentlemen—The weather is extremely hot; I am very old, and you are well acquainted with your duty—practise it!" Equally curt, if not quite so courteous, was the Irish judge, who after two of his brethren had delivered opposite judgments at great length, said: "It is now my turn to declare my view of the case, and fortunately I cannot but be brief. I agree with my brother J—, from the irresistible force of my brother B—'s arguments." In an action for slander, Justice Cressyell put the case to the jury on the emphatic words: "Gentlemen—The defendant's a full-mouthed fellow. What damages?"—an example of judicial brevity only to be matched by Baron Alderson's address to a convicted prisoner who prayed that God might strike him dead where he stood if he were not innocent. After a moment's silence, the judge sternly and coldly said: "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not interposed in behalf of society, the sentence of the court is, that you be transported for the term of 20 years." An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing, from the pile of papers in the lawyer's hands, that the case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money; "call the next case." He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the construction of an act, quietly observed when they had done: "The act is repealed."

ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF MATERIALS.

The products of art are nothing more nor less than connections of materials—as well the steam engine as the watch—the suspension bridge as the oil painting, are all the result of well deliberated connections of different things, whose co-operation causes the effect proposed. Every technician, every mechanic, according to his skill and experience understands more or less the required combination of those articles especially belonging to his trade. The carpenter calculates whether he has to glue, to nail, or to screw together; the machinist and blacksmith know respectively according to circumstances when they have to screw or solder, and to rivet or weld. We mechanics would not need all the above mentioned different methods of connecting materials if the troublesome air would not compel us to use them. The atmosphere consists essentially of oxygen and nitrogen, which stand in the proportion of one to four (1:4). We know the process of burning, and know further that burning is merely a combination of the substance with the oxygen of the atmosphere. Mostly all substances are constantly burning, but the flames are not always visible—the burning is very slow. The rotting of wood and other organic matter, the rusting of metals, the fading of colors, the tarnishing of glass—which has been exposed to the atmosphere for a long time—are all caused by the slow, continuous burning of those materials.

As chemistry is an ancient science, and at a former period all strange substances were called by Latin or Greek names, the chemists invented the word, *oxygèneum*, which signifies "air of life," and in chemistry as well as in medicine, the very same substance, according to circumstances, may be either advantageous to another matter, or just the reverse, so oxygen not only causes the formation but also the destruction of most of the products of nature.

No metals, with the exception of the precious ones, (gold and silver,) ever show a chemically clean surface. I make the assertion, that none of the readers of the *Journal* ever saw a chemically clean surface of iron. As soon as the original surface of iron is removed, by filing, or in any other manner, so soon is the atmosphere ready to oxidize the clean surface. This oxidation is nothing else than a slow spontaneous combustion of the metal—a combination of it with the oxygen of the atmosphere—and this gradually progresses in-

wardly. We are able to render the oxidation slow by greasing, or by coating the articles with a substance which keeps the atmosphere from constantly operating upon them. But, nevertheless, the oil burns slowly and must repeatedly be applied anew. We iron workers have observed very often that finely polished pieces of engines, etc., which were oiled for the purpose of being stored away, began to look yellow and brownish after three or four weeks. This is the result of the oxidation of the oil, allowing the oxygen to penetrate to the iron, and causing a slight rusting of the metal at these places. Water being composed of equal parts of oxygen and hydrogen hastens oxidation. Hence a man would not cover his roof with sheet iron, the oxidation, commonly termed rust, would rapidly spread and eat in until the last atom of iron would be converted into rust. Zinc, copper, and the composition of both—brass, do not become destroyed as rapidly as iron and other metals. They become covered with a stratum of oxide—with a layer of rust—and this rust is a good preventive for keeping the metal disoxidized, or at least rusting but very slowly.

Experience has taught us that metal cohere if they come in contact with surfaces entirely free from oxide. By dipping a piece of pure gold into quicksilver it will be observed that after being taken out it seems to be converted into silver. Rubbing it will only effect a brighter silver-shine, the metals hold together firmly, and only by heating them can we destroy cohesion, in sublizing the quicksilver; both metals met under the above condition—both had chemically clean surfaces. If you dip your gold ring into quicksilver, after having cleaned it of the always adhering grease, by means of boiling water or any acid, you will observe the cohesion of both metals. Many a person who handled a broken thermometer has had his gold ring converted into a "quasi" silver one; heating it gently will remove this and return it to its original color. As neither gold nor silver, on account of their extreme softness, are ever worked or circulated in their virgin state, without being alloyed with other metals, all attempts to make two rings cohere will prove useless. The tinning of copper is based on the same principle, both metals are brought in contact with surfaces entirely free from oxide. The copper is dipped in acid, taken out and immediately put in melted tin. After taking it out of the tin the desired result will be obtained. If we put an iron key into a solution of blue vitriol and allow it to remain for about five minutes, on taking it out the key will seem to be converted into copper. The iron has the property of separating the acid and the copper, the two ingredients blue vitriol consists of. The acid takes away the oxide of the key, and the copper will cohere to the key free from oxide, and form a coat.

The welding of iron and the soldering of metals is based on the very same principle. The iron is first heated to a good white heat, the state in which it is best adapted to oxidize; at this temperature the oxide is rendered almost liquid but not entirely so, by holding the pieces together and hammering on them the oxide becomes pressed out to some extent and a certain adherence is the result, but to render a good job of welding we must make the oxide so it can be very easily removed. To do this we use what is called a flux, which is in this case sand. This substance is melted in the white heat, and forms a chemical combination with the oxide, producing a very fluent liquid—which is chemically the same as bottle glass and is easy to squeeze out by hammering, allowing the real metal surfaces to come in contact, and as a matter of course to cohere, or weld.

To weld steel with iron or steel with steel, there must be a different flux used. The low temperature at which the welding is to be performed, on account of the danger of burning the steel, renders sand of no use, it would not melt at all. In this case borax is used. This salt melts at a low temperature, and absorbs the oxide of the steel, forming a chemical combination which is easily pressed out by hammering, on account of its fluency.

The soldering of metals depends on the same principle, viz.: that metals cohere if their surfaces, free of oxide, come in contact. The difference between welding and soldering is this. By welding, only two pieces are employed to be combined; but by soldering three are employed, one medium, the solder metal. There are two kinds of soldering, the hard and the soft. To solder hard the three metals must be made red hot, but the latter kind of solder requires only the solder to be hot. To solder pieces of iron together we operate as follows; We file the places of both pieces we want to have cohere, in order to clean those places as nearly as possible of the stratum of oxide, then we fasten both pieces in the manner we desire to have them, attach a piece of brass at the soldering place and surround this place with plenty of clay. Now we put the whole into a charcoal fire and increase the heat slowly until the flame is of a blue color. At this moment we stop blowing and keep the object for about a minute at that temperature. Then we take it out, lay it gently down, to have it cooled off. It must be expressly understood that the piece must be kept in the fire so that the brass will be above the place to be soldered. At a certain degree of heat (1,870° Fahr.) the brass melts, and as it is an alloy of copper and zinc, the latter will sublimate at the same moment and give a beautiful azuro blue color to the flame. This indicates

that the heat required is obtained, and to save the copper the heat must not be allowed to increase. Some of the melted copper runs down between the two pieces to be soldered and carries off the slight stratum of oxide. The melted matter following it, adheres to the cleaned surfaces, and after being cooled off causes the junction of the two pieces.

To solder steel the medium or solder metal must have the property of melting at a low degree and at common temperature, it must also have considerable hardness and flexibility. The best mediums for soldering steel are spelter and silver solder. The former is an alloy of equal parts of copper and zinc, the latter of 12 parts copper, 67 parts silver, and 21 parts calcimine. Both melt at a very low degree and are hard and tough at common temperature.

The soft soldering is done as follows: We take the two metals to be affixed and put some strong acid on the places to be soldered. For the so-called tin, which is iron coated with a compound of tin and antimony, we take with the best advantage muriatic acid; for copper, sulphuric acid; for brass, nitric acid. This removes the greasy substances and the oxide of the metal. Now we take a heated soldering iron, wipe it with a rag to remove the adhering ashes, then we rub the tip of salammoniac to remove the stratum of oxide, in order that the solder may adhere to it. The point of the soldering iron is made of copper, as this metal is easier cleaned of oxide than iron, and, as previously stated, is less affected by the oxygen of the atmosphere. The solder, pewter, is an alloy of tin and lead, and melts at a low degree, (370° Fahr.,) while it shows a great tenacity in common temperature. This melted solder is brought between the pieces we want to fasten together by means of the soldering iron, and finding both surfaces perfectly free of oxide, it will therefore adhere to them, and after being cooled off the desired result is obtained.—*Machinists and Blacksmiths' Journal.*

THE AIRLESS MOON.

Among the illusions swept away by modern science was the pleasant fancy that the moon was a habitable globe like the earth, its surface diversified with seas, lakes, continents and islands, and varied forms of vegetation. Theologians and savants gravely discussed the probabilities of its being inhabited by a race of sentient beings, with forms and faculties like our own, and even propounded schemes for opening communication with them, in case they existed. One of these was to construct on the broad highlands of Asia a series of geometrical figures on a scale so gigantic as to be visible from our planetary neighbor, on the supposition that the moon people would recognize the object, and immediately construct similar figures in reply! Extravagant and absurd as it may appear in the light of modern knowledge, the establishment of this Terrestrial and Lunar Signal Service Bureau was treated as a feasible scheme, although practical difficulties, which so often keep men from making fools of themselves, stood in the way of actual experiment; but the discussion was kept up at intervals, until it was discovered that if there were people in the moon they must be able to live without breathing, eating or drinking. Then it ceased. There can be no life without air. Beautiful to the eye of the distant observer, the moon is a sepulchral orb—a world of death and silence. No vegetation clothes its vast plains of stony desolation, traversed by monstrous crevasses, broken by enormous peaks that rise like gigantic tombstones into space; no lovely forms of cloud float in the blackness of its sky. There daytime is only night lighted by a rayless sun. There is no rosy dawn in the morning, no twilight in the evening. The nights are pitch dark. In daytime the solar beams are lost against the jagged ridges, the sharp points of the rocks, or the steep sides of profound abysses; and the eye sees only grotesque shapes relieved against fantastic shadows black as ink, with none of that pleasant gradation and diffusion of light, none of the subtle blending of light and shadow, which make the charm of a terrestrial landscape. A faint conception of the horrors of a lunar day may be formed from an illustration representing a landscape taken in the moon in the centre of the mountainous regions of Aristarchus. There is no color, nothing but dead white and black. The rocks reflect passively the light of the sun; the craters and abysses remain wrapped in shade, fantastic peaks rise like phantoms in their glacial cemetery; the stars appear like spots in the blackness of space. The moon is a dead world; she has no atmosphere.

INFLUENCE OF COLORED LIGHT ON INSECTS.

The discussion of the changes produced in animal and vegetable forms by the influence of varying conditions of temperature, moisture, light, locality, etc., especially as connected with the Darwinian hypothesis, has induced a great variety of experiments, from which some interesting results have been derived. In one of these experiments, lately published, a brood of caterpillars of the tortoise-shell butterfly of Europe was divided into three lots. One-third were placed in a photographic room lighted through orange-colored glass, one-third in a room lighted through blue glass, and the remainder kept in an ordinary cage in natural light. All were fed with their proper food, and the third lot developed into butterflies in the usual time. Those in the blue light were

not healthy, a large number dying before changing; those raised in the orange, however, were nearly as healthy as the first-mentioned. The perfect insects reared in the blue light differed from the average form in being much smaller, the orange-brown colors lighter, and the yellow and orange running into each other, instead of remaining distinct. Those raised in the yellow light were also smaller, but the orange-brown was replaced by salmon-color; and the blue edges of the wings seen in the ordinary form were of a dull slate. If changes so great as these can be produced in the course of a single experiment, it is probable that a continuance of the same upon a succession of individuals will develop some striking results.

EXPLANATION OF THE RAINBOW.

The bow is seen when the back is turned toward the sun. Draw a straight line through the spectator's eye and the sun; the bow is always seen at the same angular distance from this line. This was the great difficulty. Why should the bow be always, and at all parts, forty-one degrees distant from this line? Taking a pen and calculating the track of every of every ray through a rain drop, Descartes found that at one particular angle the rays emerged from the drop almost parallel to each other, being thus enabled to preserve their intensity through long atmospheric distances; at all other angles the rays quitted the drop divergent, and through this divergence became practically lost to the eye. The particular angle he referred to was the foregoing angle of forty-one degrees, which observation had proved to be invariably that of the rainbow.

TRADES COMICALLY CONSIDERED.

A labor strike is said to be impending. The carpenters say they don't get enough to pay their board. Shoemakers, that it takes their awl to keep them at work, and their sole dependence is in their last job. Painters complain that they have become literally hue-ers of wood. Upholsterers complain that hangings have gone out of fashion. Boiler-makers aver that Congress has kept the country in hot water to such a degree that they have no chance. Blacksmiths complain that all the forging is done in Wall street, and they have no show. Tailors say they mean to give their customers fits. The batters have kept ahead. The gas-fitters will go in for light work. Printers say they are tired, and can't "set up" any longer—that's what's the matter. Bakers say they knead more, and don't like to see so many rich loafers. Butchers complain of being asked to work at killing prices. Candle-makers urge that wick-ed work ought to be well paid for. Wheelwrights say that all the spokes-men in Congress voted more pay before retiring, and they expect to do as well as their fellows. The paper-makers say their business is such that it brings them to rags.

DISEASES OF ARTISANS.

Gilders are subject to mercurial affections. They suffer from giddiness, asthma, and very frequently from partial paralysis, which often induces a peculiar kind of stammering. As might be supposed, they frequently suffer from unpleasant ulcers in the mouth, which is a true salivation. Miners in the quicksilver mines suffer from vertigo, palsy and convulsions, and survive generally but a few months. Pottery glaziers who use lead largely, suffer a condition very similar to that described above, with the addition of dropsy, loss of teeth and enlarged spleen. Palsy of the limbs, especially of the arms, is a common effect of poison from lead. Consumption is common among these workers. Glass-blowers are the victims of those affections produced by sudden vicissitudes of temperature rheumatism and various inflammations. Their eyes are weak, while they are generally thin and delicate. Stonecutters inhale the sharp particles, which are apt to produce disease of the lungs. Plasterers suffer from the gases disengaged and from excessive moisture. They suffer very much from labored breathing, have wan, pallid visages, and they digest badly. Filers are short-lived. Whether the metal be brass or iron, the fine sharp particles make their way into the lungs, where they develop disease, sometimes asthma, sometimes consumption. Workers in wool and cotton breathe a short, unchanged atmosphere, while their lungs are filled with the irritating dust of the material upon which they work. All in door occupations, with the present imperfect notions about ventilation, are more or less mischievous. Out-door occupations—farming, gardening, and other similar employments—afford, with an intelligent comprehension of the food question, the best opportunity for health and long life. Driving a stage or express waggon, with frequent leaving for the delivery of packages, travelling through the country on foot as a book agent—these and similar employments are, perhaps, not inferior to farming and gardening.

FACTS IN PHYSICS.

Gold beaters, by hammering, reduce gold to leaves so thin that 283,000 must be laid on each other to produce the thickness of an inch. They are so thin that, if formed in a book, 1,500 would occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper. A grain of blue vitrol, or carmine, will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the color may be perceived; and a grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years. A stone which on land requires the strength of two men to lift may be lifted in the water by one man. An immense weight may be raised a short distance by tightening a dry rope between it and a support, and then wetting the rope. The moisture imbibed into the rope by capillary attraction causes it to become shorter. A rod of iron which, when cold, will pass through a certain opening, when heated expands and becomes too thick to pass. Thus the tire, or rim of a coach wheel, when heated goes on loosely, and when cooled it pins the wheel most tightly. One pint of water converted into steam, fills a space of nearly 2,000 pints, and raises the piston of a steam engine with a force of many thousand pounds—it may afterwards be condensed and re-appear as a pint of water. Sound travels in water about four times quicker, and in solids from ten to twenty times quicker than in air.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ACCURATE THOUGHT.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fundamental importance of perfect command over thought. How many a student finds a lack of this power the chief hindrance to progress! How many a page must be re-read, how many a lesson covered over and over to compensate for lapses of thought. In the possession or absence of this power over mind lies the chief difference between mental strength and mental weakness. Some men think as a child plays with a hammer, striking little blows here, there, anywhere, at any object within reach. The action of a strong mind may be compared to the stone-breaker's sledge hammer, dealing stubborn blows successively upon one spot till the hard rock cracks and yields. The power to classify and arrange ideas in a proper order is one that comes more or less slowly to even the best of minds. In proportion as the faculty is strengthened, desultory and wasted effort diminishes. When the mind acts it acts to some purpose, and can begin where it left off without going over the whole ground again to take up the threads of its ratiocinations. Concentration and system are thus seen to be the chief elements in the art of thinking. To cultivate the first, constant watchfulness to detect the least wandering, and the immediate exercise of the will to call back and hold the mind upon the subject under consideration, should be vigilantly exercised. To secure the latter, the practice of analyzing and constituting the different parts of a subject, first separately and then in their relations to each other, is a discipline to which every young mind should be subjected, and which, we are sorry to say, is much neglected in most methods of instruction.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE AND THE PYRAMIDS.

If we regard, says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, not so much the evidence of the labor devoted to the work of the Temple as the effect produced on the mind by its apparent magnitude, we may suggest the following comparisons: The great length of the wall of the Sanctuary is rather more than double that of the great Pyramid. Its height, from the foundation of the rock on the south, and near the northern angles, was nearly a third of that of the Egyptian structure. If to this great height of one hundred and fifty-two feet of solid wall be added the descent of one hundred and fourteen feet to the bed of the Kedron, and the further elevation of one hundred and sixty feet attained by the pinnacle of the Temple porch, we have a total height of four hundred and twenty-six feet, which is only fifty-nine feet less than that of the great Pyramid. The area of the face of the eastern wall is more than double that of one side of the pyramid. Thus the magnitude of the noble Sanctuary of Jerusalem far exceeded that of any other temple in the world. Two amphitheatres of the size of the Coliseum would have stood within its colossal girdle and left room to spare. The coliseum is said to have seated eighty-seven thousand spectators, and accommodated twenty-two thousand more in its arena and passages. For such a number to have been crammed within its circle, the space for each person must have been limited to seventeen by twenty inches. Allowing two cubits each way, or about four square cubits for each worshipper in the Temple, the Sanctuary would have contained thirty thousand; the Ched, excluding the Priests' Court, twenty thousand more, and there would yet have been room in the great court and the cloisters to make the total reach more than two hundred and ten thousand.

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The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1873.

THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1873.

The exhibition now in progress at Vienna cannot but be regarded as marking a very important epoch in European history—following so speedily, as it does, the recent sanguinary conflict between the great continental powers, and presenting the picture of a grand international re-union, at which peace and harmony prevails, and Empires Kingdoms and Nations met, not in the din and panoply of war, contending for the laurels of military supremacy; but in active competition for the more glorious and permanent victories of peace, and for the honors of arts and sciences, industry and civilization. The first great exhibition in Hyde Park, London, England, in 1851—the conception of the late Prince Consort, "Albert the Good,"—was intended to demonstrate that the arts of peace and industry were more glorious than, and had triumphed over, those of war and destruction, and to give palpable evidence of the progress and development that had been achieved by enlightenment and civilization. Throughout the world the event was, at that time, hailed with joy, and was accepted as an harbinger and omen of continued peace and tranquility; and though, since that time, war has frequently reared its gory head, exulting in destruction and carnage—still there can exist no doubt but that the nations of the earth have been to a very great extent influenced by the civilizing and humanizing tendencies of the various World's Exhibitions that

have been held—and peoples hitherto estranged by differences of nationality and dialect, mingling together in those gatherings, have been brought to realize more fully the common brotherhood of man.

The Vienna Exhibition, which is now attracting the attention of the world will, in after history, be set down as not the least and most insignificant element in the onward progress of this great and glorious work. When we consider that but a few years ago, Austria was regarded as, perhaps, the most backward of all the nations of Europe—the masses ground down by a galling feudal system; the energies of the people depressed by the rule of autocracy—the very location of the Exhibition of 1873 gives uncontestable evidence of the vitality and power of civilization. At the close of the Franco-Austrian war, when its disastrous termination deprived the Empire of its fairest possessions, and the country was threatened with financial ruin, Francis Joseph turned from the thought of military aggrandisement, and gave his energies to the development of the internal resources of the Empire. By the inauguration of reforms, and the pursuance of a more liberal policy, the country, in place of agitation and anarchy, presents an aspect of peace and prosperity, and the consummation reached by the holding of the exhibition now in progress, gives evidence of how much nobler and grander have been the accomplishments of the Emperor in the promotion of peaceful industry, than could have been achieved by continuing to indulge in dreams of military glory and ambition. It is to be hoped that this crowning triumph of wiser judgment may but incite to renewed diligence in the pursuits of peace, till the picture of Austria of the past, with all her dark records, shall have been forever blotted out by the picture of Austria of the future taking her place in the front ranks amongst the most advanced and enlightened nations of the earth.

EMIGRATION.

The annual report of the chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Commerce and Navigation for the United States, furnishes some very important figures relating to the bearing of emigration upon skilled industries. From an extract of the report we learn that during the year 1872 there arrived in that country 43,164 foreign skilled workmen, of whom 510 were coopers, 2,229 were blacksmiths, 269 were moulders, 6,689 were miners, 472 were machinists, 2,140 were shoemakers, 419 were cigar makers, 3,055 were carpenters, 3,264 were masons and bricklayers, 2,141 were tailors, and so on through the various trades and callings. One of the ablest publications in the United States devoted to the cause of labor reform—the *Coopers' Journal*—in discussing this subject, says:—

"The study of these figures forces the conviction that the labor market of this country is being, to a certain extent, 'beared,' and that it is quite time the 'Bulls' took a hand in the game. Our large and boundless prairies can accommodate any number of the goaded agricultural laborers of the old world, but just now all the mechanical callings are uncomfortably crowded, and something should be done to discourage the immigration of skilled labor to this country, at least for the present."

We consider it a matter of regret that so few figures of reliability reach us in connection with the numbers and occupations of the emigrants who reach our shores; but if all the facts of the case could be arrived at, we are under the conviction that they would show a somewhat similar state of affairs to that referred to above—though, of course, to a more limited extent in point of numbers. Now, we do not wish to be understood as decrying the importance of the subject of emigration,—but the matter to be arrived at is, whether, in the main, the class of emigrants who come to Canada is that of which the country stands most in need. We do not deny that the agents appointed by the Governments—Dominion and Local—are using their utmost efforts in endeavoring to direct the stream of emigration from the Old World to our shores, and the success of those endeavors is testified by the telegrams

which from time to time reach us of the thousands who have landed at Quebec, and from thence have distributed themselves throughout the various provinces; but, we cannot but again protest against the unfair means that many of those agents are using in order to accomplish the purposes of their mission, making the most exaggerated and untruthful statements in relation to the matter of wages and cost of living. From information received from emigrants, we are convinced that very many of the skilled workmen, who have come here, attracted by the glowing accounts that were given by the emigration agents, have left better and far more remunerative situations than they were able to secure on their arrival here. There are, however, many who would gladly see all the mechanical callings even more than "uncomfortably crowded," but not from a patriotic desire for the prosperity of the masses, but that they may trade upon the necessities of the new arrivals, and thus wring from the toilers a larger margin of profits.

Would we, then, wish to retard emigration? Not at all. But the inducements held out to promote emigration should be based on the principles of the strictest accuracy. We have seen communications addressed to papers in the Old World, from writers in Canada, who were evidently subsidized for the purpose, in which offers of wages were made in a specific mechanical calling, fully ten per cent. above that which can be realized by the most skilled operatives engaged at the present time; and it seems to us that such efforts are made, and such inducements held out, with the sole purpose of overstocking the labor market. Such schemes may possibly be successful for a time, but it will be a sorry and fleeting success at the best, and will most likely recoil to the disadvantage of the prosperity of the country. We believe the great need of Canada at the present time is a large accession of agricultural laborers. Of this class we cannot receive too many. We want them to settle in our back country, and develop the resources of the great North West Territory. After this class shall have settled in any numbers, the demand for those of the mechanical callings will speedily follow. But first we need the pioneers. Of these the old world at the present time, has a surplus; and the main efforts of our emigration agents should be to secure as large an influx as possible.

THE LATE LIEUT.-GOV. HOWE.

Canada has lost another of her great statesmen in the sudden decease of the late Lieut.-Gov. Howe. His health for some time past had been precarious, though but little immediate danger was apprehended; and when honored by the appointment to the Lieut.-Governorship, it was generally believed that the rest which the occupancy of that position would bring him, would tend to restore him to health. But these expectations were disappointed in his sudden decease on Friday last.

LIFE AND LIFE FORMS.

No. 1.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

Many regard with great distrust the bold and rapid advance of science in the present day, fearing, not without reason, that it will result in the continued overthrow of opinions which have been handed down from less enlightened ages, but which had almost come to be looked upon as established truths. Happily, however, men who are in earnest in their pursuit after truth, are not to be influenced by any such weakness as to entertain any consideration for fears like these. Never before were there such vigorous and sustained efforts made as at present to enlarge the circle of knowledge, and to arrive at a proper understanding of all the phenomena of nature, whatever may be the mystery which, as in some cases, hangs over them, and undeterred by difficulties, however formidable, which may stand in the way. The aim may be a high one, but when its attainment is sought, as it is being sought, no limit can be

placed to the progress which will be made in this direction. "Nothing impossible" is the true motto for the philosopher. A single individual can do little, but when the labors of successive workers, each starting from the highest point gained by those before him, very great results must be achieved. How many of the accomplished facts of to-day were the impossibilities of fifty or one hundred years ago? How much of the familiar knowledge of the school-boy now, was at no distant date the advanced and exclusive study of philosophers? And have we not every reason to believe that progress will be still greater in the future than in the past?

The question of life is a problem which has been the study and theme of men in all ages, and has engaged the attention of the most subtle and powerful minds in attempting to penetrate the mystery which surrounds it, and arrive at some idea of its nature, but without much success. There are, however, not wanting signs which seem to indicate the not very distant approach of its at least partial solution. The opinion that life is a "principle," or some kind of essence which presides over and directs all the actions of the body, which was long held and warmly defended, is now passing away, and is entertained by few whose judgment is of much value. The more probable view is, that life is a property or force, identified with every part of organized structures, so that when we speak of the life of an individual we use a word which in reality signifies a collection or circle of life properties, each having its peculiar characteristics, but so arranged, so interlaced, so to speak, with each other, and governed by some genial law, as to result in the perfect harmony of action which we see and feel. But these life or vital properties are not equally distributed. Some parts possess them in greater intensity than others, as in the case, for instance, of the blood and muscles, the reciprocal action of which is very intimate. So much so, that it has been found that if on the one hand the arteries which supply any particular muscle be tied, the muscle rapidly loses its power, and on the other hand, if the muscular vessels containing blood are by an accident deprived of vitality, the blood begins at once to coagulate in the same way as if taken out of the body.

The more advanced school of thinkers on the subject, hold it probable that, as the physical forces—electricity, galvanism, magnetism, light, heat, and chemical affinity—are convertible, or only different manifestations of the same force, so also with the vital forces; but it is doubtful if there is any true analogy in these cases, and that otherwise the grounds upon which it is based are so unsatisfactory that it must be classed with the many other rash speculations for which there is, at present, no justification.

Between the vital and physical forces there is a perpetual struggle, which possibly ends in the victory of the latter at death. Till then, however, the vital forces maintain the upper hand, and steadfastly resist any undue influence of external conditions, besides having the power to modify and mould both chemical and physical forces to meet the requirements of the organism, and often to act in direct contravention of them. But these vital forces are themselves governed by a higher law, and their action aroused and controlled by means of certain stimuli. Of these the most important is brought to bear by means of the beautiful system of nerves which are distributed through every portion of the organism, partly under the control of the will, but to a large extent wholly independent of it.

In small persons, and in small animals generally, the vital action is more intense than in those which are larger. We see evidence of this everywhere, but perhaps no where can it be better observed than in the case of insects, which generally exhibit an amount of strength, activity, endurance and tenacity of life which is almost incredible. As a very peculiar example we may take the flea. This will leap some hundreds of times its own length, and can drag after it slowly without much difficulty a weight at least

fifty times that of itself. And Mr. DeLisle has observed a fly, so minute as to be almost invisible, run nearly three inches in half a second, making in that space 540 steps. If a man went as fast in proportion—his steps measuring two feet—he would be obliged to run at the incredible rate of more than 20 miles a minute.

It is noticeable also, that as we descend the animal scale, there is increasing tenacity of life, and of insensibility to pain. For instance, a tortoise has been known to live upwards of 18 days after its head had been removed. Even more remarkable than this is the case of newts. Spallangne tried the experiment of cutting out the hearts of three of them, and then released them, when they immediately took to flight, leaped, swam, and performed their usual functions for 48 hours. In another instance a mite, which had been transfixed on a point for examination, was found to be alive at the end of eleven weeks, while two beheaded dragon flies lived, the one for four and the other for six months, and they could never be kept alive with their heads on for more than a few days. The Rev. Wm. Denham arrived at similar results by experiments with the air pump. Birds, dogs and rats died in half a minute, a mole in half a minute, a bat in five minutes, a toad in six hours, a snail in 28 hours, while bees, wasps, etc., actually revived after being in the pump 24 hours.

The explanation of these curious results lies simply in the fact that in the higher animals the structure is so complex, and all the parts are so intimately and vitally related and finely balanced, that an injury to one has at once the effect of disordering the action of the rest to a less or greater extent, while in proportion as the structures become more and more generalised, this interdependency becomes more feeble and finally, in some of the lowest creatures, may almost be said to cease.

From time to time it has been supposed that the limits of animal life had discovered, but as our instruments have become perfected, these limits have been gradually extended, till forms of animal life are now known to exist of almost inconceivable minuteness, yet notwithstanding this, we should be cautious in concluding that we have yet arrived at the actual boundary. The nature and extent of the immense influence which these minute organisms exert in the world we are only beginning to realize, and the close and earnest study of this branch of science, as shown by Professor Huxley, becomes of the highest practical importance.

To exaggerate, in attempting to convey an impression of the multitude of organisms at present existing, would be impossible. Those only which are invisible to the naked eye, far transcend the power of numbers to indicate, and the mind, in seeking to grasp them, becomes bewildered, and is compelled to desist from the endeavor. A very remarkable discovery has recently been made, which very forcibly shows how vastly greater is the extent of animal life than is generally supposed or suspected.

Professor Tyndall, to whom science is already so much indebted, has found, conjointly with a Manchester friend, that even the atmosphere is so thickly populated with microscopic animals that we each inhale them at the rate of 37 millions in every ten or eleven hours, or over a million and a half every hour. This is not a pleasant fact to contemplate, but it is one of which there can be no reasonable doubt. It has its counterpart in the waters, which are even more fully populated. Ehrenburg has calculated that there were at least 500 millions of living active creatures in a single drop of water under observation, and this is quite borne out by the researches of others.

Those creatures which are large enough to be visible to the unaided eye may not be so numerous, but yet exist in the greatest profusion. To take, for example, the meduse alone, which form the principal food of the whale. Capt. Scoresby, when crossing the Arctic Ocean, found that the olive green color which was observed over a large surface,

was caused entirely by these animals, each being from 1-13th to 1-20th of an inch in diameter, and he calculated that a cubic fathom would contain at least 23 millions eight hundred thousand.

In the next paper we shall consider the various forms of animal life and the conditions to which the life property is attached.

DEMONSTRATION.

A telegram from London, June 3rd, states that there was a trades union demonstration in Hyde Park on Monday, to protest against the law which harshly and unjustly effects the interests and rights of labour. Thirty thousand people were present.

THE INTERNATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

The 21st annual convention of the I. T. U., convened on Monday in the Institute Canadian, Notre Dame St., Montreal. The convention is characterized as being the largest that has taken place since its organization, one hundred delegates being present, and we doubt not its deliberations will tell powerfully upon the future progress and prosperity to the organization. The committee on credentials having reported, the convention proceeded to the election of its officers for the ensuing term, and resulted as follows:—President, Mr. W. R. McLean, Washington; 1st Vice-President, Mr. William Kennedy, Chicago; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. G. Johnson, Troy; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. John Collins, Cincinnati; Cor. Sec'y, Mr. G. E. Hawkins, Memphis.

Routine business occupied the attention of the convention till its adjournment. On Tuesday, the after routine business, the President and Corresponding Secretary read their annual reports. The officers elected were inducted into their various positions. In the evening the Jacques Cartier Union invited the convention to an excursion to Carillon, on the Ottawa River, on board the "Prince of Wales." The excursion was a brilliant and successful occasion.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Upon no previous occasion has the indefatigable manager of this popular place of amusement succeeded in bringing together such an array of talent as is presented nightly during this week. The "bright particular star" is Miss Annie Hindle—more generally known as the "Great Hindle," whose specialties are rendered to perfection, and must be witnessed to be thoroughly appreciated. In addition to her representations, her vocal abilities are of a very high order. Mr. Chas. Worley in his Ethiopian specialties, speedily established himself in the good graces of admiring audiences; and last, though decidedly not least, in the list of "new stars," come Messrs. Foley and Wade, whose eccentricities and acrobatic performances were encored time and time again. These, in addition to the old favorites, Den Thompson, Adams Brothers, etc., form an array of talent that is seldom witnessed at one time. The entire performances, under the management of Mr. Z. R. Triganne, are most successful, whilst the perfect good order maintained by the large audiences tend not a little to the pleasure of an evening's entertainment.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

We have received from the authoress, Miss L. M. Sherlocke, a 24-page pamphlet containing the above title. It is the subject matter of a lecture delivered by Miss Sherlocke in the Sons of Temperance Hall, Montreal, in November last. The work evinces a comprehensive study of the Temperance question, and its perusal cannot fail in affording both instruction and profit. We bespeak for the pamphlet a wide circulation.

Communication.

TRADES UNIONS.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—I feel a kind of "itching," as we say in England, to address through you your numerous readers. "Well, sir," say you, "what are you going to write about?"—a very reasonable question too. With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will start with the "Origin of Trades Unions," according to my ideas:

There was a period when men of manual labor were treated as comparative slaves. Being uneducated (their lords at that time, could in many cases, scarcely write their own names legibly), they were obliged to obey the dictum of their rich master without a murmur; for if they dared to differ

from the arbitrary laws laid down for them, immediate dismissal was sure to follow. In the course of time, however, aided by the Press, the workmen began to think and act for themselves. The burdens and injustice they had for many years endured, drove them to this course; not from a feeling of inconsiderate hostility, but from absolute necessity. Matters of vital importance to the working class had become unbearable: hence sprung up among them a full determination to have things made more equitable between master and man. If they did a fair day's work, they expected a fair remuneration for their services. The grinding-down system they spurned, and rightly, too. Individual efforts were made in order to accomplish it. But this was found to be inadequate to the task. Hence they caught up the sublime idea that "Union is strength." From this arose a combination of influences, in order respectfully, but determinedly, to bring about a better state of things. This united force did not wish to dictate to their employers, but rather to remonstrate with them, and asserted that they, the employees, were not properly rewarded for their daily services. The employers looked on the steps as an act of unwarrantable presumption and impudence. This nevertheless, did not deter the ruing minds among them, nor the body at large, from an onward and honorable course. They acted on the principle that "That the constant dripping of water wears away the stone." They felt they had stoney hearts to deal with, and therefore were resolved to carry out the experiment. They have, to their great credit, patiently, calmly, and energetically done so. The employers seeing this, began at last, though reluctantly, to deliberate individually and collectively on the wisest policy to pursue. They knew full well that they could not proceed with their numerous engagements, contracts, etc., unless they yielded, to a certain extent, to the potent remonstrance from the workingman's citadel, a terrific battle would ensue, in which probably, if not assuredly, they would be defeated, and have to retreat in disgrace and ultimate loss. Many a sharp contest has taken place between masters and men; and when they have each seen how matters stood—really stood, both contending armies have agreed to a capitulation, and have amicably adjusted their affairs. Tyranny in some cases may have been manifested, on both sides, but it gives myself and thousands besides, a large amount of pleasure to witness a growing conviction that the employers cannot do without the employees, and vice versa. I labor both physically and mentally, and beg to subscribe myself a well-wisher to the cause of Justice blended with Mercy.

Toronto, May, 1873.

EMIGRATION.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—According to the recent reports of the Press, we may expect in Canada a large influx of emigrants to this rapidly advancing colony, from the Mother Country. Agents are appointed by the respective Governments to accelerate this movement. I would, however, take the liberty of suggesting that a more judicious course should be adopted as to the choice of emigrants for this country. In times gone by, we have had parties transmitted to the Dominion of Canada, who are by no means adapted to the requirements of this immense territory. I have lately had to canvas from house to house in relation to an important branch of the public service, and have found that numbers of young men have left this city for the States, hoping thereby to better themselves. Reports, however, have reached me, that Canada is far preferable. If larger wages are given in the States, the expenses are double for board and lodgings, &c., than is charged in this country. Wherein, then, I ask, is the estimated advantage?

What we want is a class of men for this advancing portion of the British Dominion, who are prepared to tug and toil at anything that may present itself to their view. Men who can hold the plough, hedge and ditch, drive teams, use the pick axe, so also, engineers, moulders, masons, carpenters, painters, boot and shoe makers, tailors, and such like men as these can do well here. But clerks, dry goods men, and lawyers' assistants, and such like are not required. They had better stay at home. I speak as an Englishman of three and a-half years experience in Canada, and having my eyes open whilst here, can confidently report on general affairs. If the Old Country have a lot of farm laborers and men of this class to spare, Canada presents a remunerative attraction; but of the opposite class, we have already far too many. So say I, and so say others. A word to the wise should be enough. If

these observations are unheeded, the recoil is on their own heads. This noble country may be injured by sending to it a comparatively helpless class. Nevertheless, it will not derogate from the true merits of the New Dominion, where work is plentiful.

Those who come to this country should have a few pounds in their pockets, and plenty of warm clothes for the winter and very light ones for the summer. The winter is excessively cold and the summer intensely hot. Men with grown up families stand a very good chance, if inured to work, but not else.

Toronto, May, 1873.

FREESTONE-CUTTERS STRIKE, OTTAWA.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

In your issue of last week, you briefly alluded to the strike that had taken place among freestone-cutters of this city. Will you kindly allow me the opportunity, through the columns of the workingman's paper, to give a few particulars. An article in the Citizen of Thursday last, which was evidently written by an employer, states:—

The freestone-cutters, about seventy men, employed in this city by Messrs. Goodwin, Hatch and Langford are still on strike. As far as we can ascertain the case stands as follows:—Last summer they demanded 30 cents per hour for their work, which was acceded to by the employers. The men working ten hours a day under this rate earned \$3 per day. This spring the stone-cutters notified their employers that they were only going to work nine hours a day, but said nothing about the pay. Last week they demanded \$3 for nine hours work, or an average of 33 1/3 cents per hour. This the contractors promptly refused and the men struck. Their demands are, no doubt, unreasonable, as the employers are willing to let them work ten or twelve hours a day, if they wished to do so, at thirty cents per hour.

Another complaint made by the strikers is somewhat unusual. Mr. Goodwin engaged one man, a member of the Union, to set the stone after it came from the hands of the cutters. No matter how well cut a stone may be, it is sometimes necessary to dress it a little to make it fit properly when placed. The setter undertook to chisel the stone, as is usual, to make it fit, but the Union sent a deputation to him and told him he would not be allowed to do it, as it was stone cutter's work. Mr. Goodwin then sent an apprentice to do the work, as there was not half enough work to keep a journeyman employed, but the Union again interfered and notified the setter that he would not be allowed to set cut stone at all, but might set rough work. This shows clearly that it is not an increase of wages alone that the men want, but that they desire to dictate to employers, and compel them to yield to all their demands. If the contractors agree to suspend operations for, say two months, the strikers will lose about two hundred dollars each in wages alone, an amount which it would take them two years to make up, even if they received the increase in wages that they demand.

Now, sir, allow me to state that the statements herein made are not to the truth. In reference to the rate of wages last year, it is true that we received 30 cents per hour, during the busy season; but in the fall the bosses reduced it to 27 1/2 cents.

About a month ago we notified them that we would henceforward consider nine hours as a legitimate days work, and we were paid since then 30 cents per hour. Now, our demand is merely a raise of wages from 30 to 33 1/3 cents. They made no objection to the shortening of the hours of labor till the raise of wages was required. As for the latter part of the statement regarding the stopping of men from chiselling on the wall, it is a tissue of falsehoods. The true fact are these: Two stone-cutter employed setting the cut stone, being members of the Sandstone Cutters Union, were notified as members of that Union to abide by its rules, and do nothing to injure us while out, in the way of setting the stone, they were and are quite at liberty to build.

There is a rumor afloat in Ottawa that the department of Public Works have granted the contractors two months longer in the finishing of their jobs, so that we may be compelled to submit. If so, I think they are doing us a grievous wrong without as much as enquiring into the case, and merely taking the bosses' statement.

Comparing the fearful rise in house rent and the price of living, our expected rise is as a mere nothing, seeing at the best that we do not work more than two-thirds of the year.

STONECUTTER.

We have great pleasure in referring to the advertisement and in recommending to our readers, the Moth Proof Linen Bag, prepared by Jos. David's & Co., as a most perfect institution for preserving that valuable part of our winter clothing, furs. The price, 50c each, places them under the reach of every one.

Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Handbills, and Job Printing of every description, executed at the ONTARIO WORKMAN'S office

WORKINGMEN'S PROSPERITY.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

There is a cry going forth that the increased wages of the working classes in England is leading to direful results,—being spent in strong drink; and the Globe always ready to injure the cause of the workingman, comes out with dreadful array of figures showing the amount of money spent by all classes for intoxicating drinks in the United Kingdom for last year—and then with characteristic unfairness pours the whole down the throats of the labouring class "all, all" cries the Globe, "was drunk by working men and women." Of course the higher or middle class drank nothing but pure water, except on rare occasions in the case of a high dignitary, a little curry powder might be used as a gentle stimulant when it was necessary to order a refractory Hodge to be ducked in the horse pond.

It is a fact, a great amount of money is spent in drink by workingmen in England. I admit it with sorrow; and that the amount has increased of late, is too plain to be denied. Granting this, it does not prove that the majority of England's working men have wasted their increased means in strong drink, and other sensual indulgence; and that it would be a wise and prudent thing to return to long time and short pay as before.

Granted that a larger amount of money has been spent in England in strong drink than ever before by the working men, bear in mind this is the first time the men have had a chance to spend much, and workman, like every other class, are apt to spend money foolishly when they come into possession for the first time of increased means. All classes are the same in this respect. In the unprecedented influx of wealth in England during 1871 and 1872 all classes alike have been extravagant; and bear in mind that it is a more difficult thing for a man or woman to save money by sixpences and shillings than for persons with more means to save their 10 or 20 pounds at a time. A man with a spare shilling in his pocket, after a day's hard toil, might be easily tempted to spend it for a pot of beer. The enjoyment might seem present and palpable, while to save it for a rainy day appear distant and problematical; whereas had it been a £5 note it would have seemed in the man's eyes far more easy to deposit it in the savings banks for future use.

I think I can prove that the workmen have saved a very large amount of money since the increase of wages and reduced time came into force, as far as the North of England, or rather a portion of the north, is concerned. Being thoroughly acquainted with the Tyne, I will speak for the workmen of Northumberland and Durham, and leave to other and abler pens other places. The advance of wages and the short hour system was the commencement of the good time. From that time the workmen have begun to save rapidly, they have had increased means and more time look about them and find ways to use it to their own advantage. There has been a very good increase in investments in Saving Banks, Building Societies, and Benefit Societies, to the amount of over a million pounds sterling; but what I chiefly wish to impress upon my fellow workmen in Canada is the immense sums deposited in Co-operative Societies, both distributive and productive, that are wholly carried on by the capital of the working men, and managed by them, and is a fair test of what the workmen are doing with their money. Now we shall see whether the men have drunk all the money or not as reported:

The workmen in Durham and Northumberland own and manage 74 co-operative stores for the sale of goods used by the men and their families, numbering 36,354 members; and did business in the two counties in 1872 amounting to \$6,041,253, and made a profit of \$457,350 dollars, and owned property worth \$262,310, a reserve fund of \$24,970 with a capital invested in other Co-operative Societies amounting to \$57,300. In all, I may say that the Co-operatives Societies in the Counties have more than doubled since the rise in wages, the capital has increased four fold since that time, and in the face of these facts copied from a parliamentary return moved for by Mr. Morrison, M.P. and can be verified by any one, I say it is base and false to try to make people believe that the workmen of England are wasting their hard earned money and spare time in drunkenness and sensuality.

This is not all that the workmen in the two Counties have done, the best part is to come yet. The above is only the distributive co-operation, which is comparative and easy matter; hear what these drunkards have accomplished in productive Co-operation, a far more complex and difficult undertaking:

These dreadful workmen who have been

cursed with increased pay (according to one benevolent and respected Lord) have instead of getting drunk and abusing their wives and families in a legitimate way, falsified all expectations. They have started four Co-operative Corn Mills, and grind their own flour and meal, and eat good pure bread; and are carrying on a most prosperous trade. They also started a Co-operative Carpet Manufactory in Newcastle on Tyne.

But by far the most important work of all the dreadful men have done is the establishment of the Osworn Engine Works, employing close upon 600 men and turning out work unsurpassed in the world; in direct competition with the celebrated Stephenson Factory, and the scarcely less noted Hawthorne's, besides, a Co-operative Bank in Newcastle on Tyne. The pitmen of Northumberland and Durham, have formed a Co-operative Miners Company with a Capital of \$50,000 which could easily be raised to \$100,000 could a royalty be obtained to work coal. The workmen have, during this year, established a branch in Newcastle of the North of England Printing Society, with good success, employing about 70 hands, and their prospects are most cheering; and last, though not least, there is a branch lately established of the North of England wholesale store, for the supply of goods to the retail Co-operative stores, doing a business of \$40,000 a week.

I think I have said enough to prove to any man that though some men have spent their increased means in that which is not, and cannot be, to their own advantage either morally or socially, (and while drink is destroying many men both for time and eternity,) a great majority of the workmen of Durham and Northumberland are using their increased means for their own and country's welfare. They want no patronizing patting on the back; they are fully aware they must work out their own emancipation from the grip of capital and competition, drunkenness and debt, and in the struggle they want no aid from the legislature. The reform must begin at the centre, and work to the circumference. They have much to learn and much to encounter; but relying on multiplied efforts for their own and the public good, and having a firm faith in the continued progress of their cause, they can look with composure on these bitter attacks of their enemies, and compare them to the wrathful hum of envious wasps about the sturdy oak. They may ruffle a leaf or bend a twig, but cannot make it bear one acorn less.

Yours &c.,

HENRY ROBINSON.

Port Dalhousie, May, 31st, 1873.

Miscellaneous.

JAMES BANKS,

AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER,

45 Jarvis, Corner of King Street East.

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

SALEROOMS:

45 and 46 Jarvis, Corner of King St. East.

Furniture Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!
THE BEST IN THE CITY.

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.

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



TO CONTRACTORS.

TENDERS

Addressed to the undersigned, at this Department, will be received until NOON, on

SATURDAY, THE 14th OF JUNE NEXT,

For the construction of a Lock and Channel at a point on the Muskoka River, between Mary's and Fairy Lakes.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Office of the Agent of the Crown Lands at Brudenburgh, and at this Department.

Printed Forms of Tender can be had on application at this Department, or at the Crown Lands Office at Brudenburgh.

Each Tender must contain the bona fide signatures of the persons as sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract.

The lowest or any Tender will not necessarily be accepted.

ARCH. McKELLAR,

Commissioner
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,
Toronto, 29th May, 1873.

The Home Circle.

LOVE'S REASONS.

Why do I love my darling so?
Good faith, my heart, I hardly know,
I have such store of reasons;
'Twould take me all a summer day—
Nay, saying half that I could say
Would fill the circling season.

Because her eyes are softly brown,
My dove, who quietly hath flown
To me as to her haven?
Because her hair is soft, and laid
Madonna-wise in simple braid,
And jetty as the raven?

Because her lips are sweet to touch,
Not chill, nor fiery overmuch,
But softly warm as roses.
Dear lips that chasten while they move,
Lips that a man may dare to love,
Till earthly love time closes?

Because her hand is soft and white,
Of touch so slender and so light,
That where her slender finger
Doth fall or move, the man to whom
The guards of Eden whispered, "Come!"
Beneath its spell might linger?

Because her heart is woman-soft,
So true, so tender, that I oft
Do marvel that a treasure
So rich, so rare, to me should fall,
Whose sole desert—so small, so small,
Is—loving past all measure?

Because she has such store of moods,
So archly smiles, so staidly broods,
So lovingly caresses;
So that my heart may never tire
Of monotony, or more desire
Than, she, my love, possesses?

Ah, me! what know, or what care I?
Of what hath love to do with "Why?"
How simple is the reason!
I love her—for she is my love,
And shall while stars shall shine above,
And season follow season.

ONLY A WORD.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A parting in angry haste,
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,
The loving look and the tender kiss,
Has sent on a barren waste,
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A moment that blots out years,
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore
Where billows of passion surge and roar
To break in a spray of tears—
Tears shed to blind the severed pair,
Drifted seaward, and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A flush from a passing cloud,
Two hearts are scathed to their inmost core,
Aye ashes and dust forever more.
Two faces turn to the crowd,
Masked by pride with a lifelike lie,
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
An arrow at random sped.
It has cut in twain the mystic tie
That had bound two souls in harmony,
Sweet love lies bleeding or dead.
A poisoned shaft with scarce an aim,
Has done a mischief sad as shame.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! for the love and lives
So little a cause has rent apart,
Tearing the fondest heart from heart
As the whirlwind rends and rives,
Never to reunite again,
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort—
Alas! that it should be so—
The petulant speech, the careless tongue,
Have wrought more evil and more wrong.
Have brought to the world more woe,
Than all the armies age to age
Record on history's blood-stained page.

NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW.

"I would like to have you run down to Mrs. Brown's for me, Katy, before sundown," said Mrs. Nelson to her little daughter, who sat busily stitching away in her little willow chair.

"Oh, mother, couldn't I go just as well before school time to-morrow? I have this pair of pillow-cases almost done for my dolly, and Aunt Marthy is going to give me two nice pillows and a feather bed for her, as soon as I have the bed-clothes all made neatly."

"But, my dear, I wish you to take the money for the work she sent home to day. She is a poor woman, and may need it."

Still Katy looked reluctantly at the dainty sewing work before her, and laid down the tiny ruffled pillow-case with a sigh.

"Perhaps the poor woman is wondering how she shall buy food for her children to-morrow," continued the mother. "Think what a relief it will be to have the care off my mind."

That thought was enough for Katy's really benevolent little heart, and she quickly laid up her work, in her pretty rosewood box, so

it wouldn't be in anyone's way, and prepared herself for her walk.

"Here is a basket, with some of Anne's tea biscuit, and plate of butter," said Katy's mother; "you may take that to Mrs. Brown's, if it will not be too heavy."

"No, indeed, mother," said Katy, her eyes sparkling with pleasure; "I shall love to do it. I don't think they have biscuit and butter very often. Lucy sometimes brings just dry bread to school for her dinner."

"Why, Kate, I did not think they were so poor as that. Here, take this cup of jolly and some grapes to the little sick boy. I daresay they will be refreshing. I must call around and see them as soon as I can."

Kate returned from her kind errand that night a little weary, but very light-hearted.

"I am so glad I went to-night, mother," she said. "They were just sitting down to supper with only a little cake made of cornmeal and a pitcher of water on the table. The woman cried when I gave her the basket, she seemed so glad. She gave the sick boy his biscuit and grapes first, and I wish you could have seen how happy his face looked."

"I am very glad, too that you went to-night," said the mother, and I hope you will learn this lesson from it—never to put off a kind act till to-morrow, when you can do it to-day. A good man was urged not to go out on a stormy evening, to pay a bill to a poor laborer, as to-morrow would certainly do as well, but he answered, 'Think what a blessing a good night's rest is to a poor man. This may relieve some anxiety which would cause him a sleepless night.' The command to God's ancient people is one which we should remember: 'The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning.' So you see, dear Katy, it was an act of justice, as well as kindness, to take the money to-night, instead of putting it off till another day."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Happily, a mother's love is something upon which the great majority of mankind can look back—reverently and fondly look back—for an objective representation of its main characteristics. Oh, the unselfishness of it! How, months before it can be returned by anything beyond a momentary dance of light in her child's eyes, or a curvature of its toothless mouth into a smile, or a crow, or a fling of the limbs, expressive of enjoyment, it pours itself out in seemingly wasteful superabundance, intent on giving rather than receiving, rejoicing, to minister rather than be ministered to, accepting without a murmur days of care sometimes flecked with pain, and nights of broken rest, and rendering without stint unnumbered services which to others would be self-denial, but the irksomeness of which her ever-gushing affection, without a moment's pause of self-consciousness, cleanses away, and renders invisible! And then the patience and long-suffering of it—the faults it will cover over with its ever-ready mantle, the negligences it will drop tears over in secret and openly forgive, the affront it will survive, the disappointments it will endure and conceal, the ingenuity it will display in devising plausible excuses and even satisfying reasons for manifest wrongs, and the eagerness with which it will take upon itself, if possible, the consequences of transgression. There is nothing quite like it in this world of ours—nothing so morally beautiful; a self-led, self-sustaining love, which can traverse wide deserts, and, like the camel, keep itself alive upon its little hoards of remembered joy, when all other love fails—the one human love that spends itself wholly upon its objects, and the roots of which even ingratitude cannot entirely kill. But, when returned, as in some measure it mostly will be, to what strength and beauty of self-sacrifice will it not grow—yet, under any circumstances, chiefly a sorrow-bearing love, of which the joys are cares, the duties are afflictions of pain upon itself, the pride is nourished to be bestowed elsewhere, and the fondest gain is the sorest loss. About every true mother there is the sanctity of martyrdom—and when she is no more in the body, her children see her with the ring of light around her head.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Somebody says, and truly, that there are few families anywhere in which love is not abused as furnishing the licence for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother will speak harsh words to those he loves best, simply because the secrecy of love and family pride keep him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely at times to his wife or sister than he would to any other woman, except a low, vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in a family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman is usually indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. These things ought not to be so. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of

blood, and the most sacred bonds of conjugal love.

TRIFLES.

There are many little things in the household, attention to which is indispensable to health and happiness. The kind of air which circulates in a house may seem a small matter, for we cannot see the air, and not many people know anything about it; yet if we do not provide a regular supply of pure air within our houses, we shall inevitably suffer for our neglect. A few specks of dirt may seem neither here nor there, and a closed door or window appear to make little difference; but it may make the difference of a life destroyed by fever, and therefore the little dirt and the little bad air are very serious matters, and ought to be removed accordingly. The whole of the household regulations are, taken by themselves, trifles—but trifles tending to an important result.

SILENCE.

How eloquent is silence! Acquiescence, contradiction, difference, disdain, embarrassment and awe, may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent paradox by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your lady-love's affection? The fair one confirms her lover's fondest hopes by a compliant and assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion, which you may deem false, made by some one of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt, you denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by an attentive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a top? You signify your opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Are you in the course of any negotiation about to enter on a discussion painful to your own feelings, and to those who are concerned in it? The subject is almost invariably prefaced by an awkward silence.

Silence has also its utility and advantages. And first, what an invaluable portion of domestic strife might have been prevented, how often might the quarrel which by mutual aggravation has, perhaps, terminated in bloodshed, have been checked at its commencement by a judicious silence! Those persons only who have experienced them are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance, which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall never answer a word. Secondly, there are not wanting instances where the reputation, fortune, the happiness—nay, the life of a fellow-creature, might be preserved by a charitable silence.

COMPLIMENT TO WOMEN.

Perhaps a more just and beautiful compliment was never paid to women than the following, by Judge Story: "To the honor, to the eternal honor of the sex he said, that in the path of duty no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible; they shrink not from what love, honor, innocence or religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass unheeded by, but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, she assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not and fears not consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regret; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even in death itself."

VERY DIGNIFIED.

There is an old fellow in New Hampshire who, whatever his condition, never loses a sense of his dignity.

One warm summer's day he was seated on the top of a stage coach which was slowly wending its way over the sandy roads above Concord. Frequent application to his pocket flask had rendered his position somewhat unsteady, and at last a sudden jolt tumbled him off into the sand by the roadside. The driver stopped, and with aid from the passengers, he was at last set up again in the coach, between two other men who were to guard against a recurrence of such an accident.

Our hero looked very solemn for a mile or two, without any remark, and then spoke:

"I shay, driver, we had a pretty bad upshet."

"Upset! We haven't upset," replied the driver, a little hurt at the suggestion.

"Yes we did upset! I shay we did upset! I'll leave it to this gemmelman if we didn't upset."

The umpire decided at once against him. The solemn look came back to his face. He meditated some minutes, and then gravely responded:

"I shay, driver, if I had known we didn't upset I wouldn't 'ar got off."

For Book and Job Printing, go to the ONTARIO WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

SING MORE.

Cultivate singing in the family. Begin when the child is not three years old. The songs and hymns your mother sang, bring them all back to your memory, and teach them to your little ones; the hymn and the ballad, funny and devotional, mix them all together to meet the similar moods, as in after life they come over us so mysteriously sometimes. Many a time and oft, in Wall street and Broadway, in the very whirl of business; in the sunshine and gayety of Fifth avenue, and amid the splendor of the drives in Central Park, some little thing wakes up the memories of our early youth—the old mill; the cool spring; the shady tree by the little school-house—and the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheeks, the smiling faces, and the merry eyes of schoolmates, some gray-headed now, most "lie mouldering in the grave." And anon, "the song my mother sang" springs unbidden to the lips, and soothes and sweetens all these memories.

At other times, amid the crushing mishaps of business, a merry ditty of the olden time pops up its little head, breaks in upon the ugly train of thought, throws the mind into another channel; light breaks in from behind the cloud in the sky, and a new courage is given to us. The honest man goes singing to his work, and when the day's labor is done, his tools laid aside, and he is on his way home, where wife and child, and tidy table and cheery fireside await him, he cannot help but whistle or sing.

The burglar never sings. Moody silence, not the merry song, weighs down the dishonest tradesman, the perfidious clerk, the unfaithful servant, the perjured partner.

ECONOMY.

To the majority of young people—the formation of whose habits exercise such an important influence on society—economy has, unfortunately, a disagreeable significance. Their impression seems to be that a spendthrift is an amiable and rather attractive character, while prudence and forethought, in the matter of money, certainly do not attract, and perhaps repel a little. Now this is simply a matter of prejudice. If thrift meant selfishness, and imprudence meant unselfishness, there might be some color of reason in the prejudice. But, at the best, it is only a question between wise selfishness and foolish selfishness. The money of spendthrifts is always spent on themselves, even if they pour it out in the lap of young companions. They are never philanthropists; they never seek out those to whom their money would be bread and health and life. Their prodigality is due to a deep-seated habit of self-indulgence—the unwillingness to sacrifice the present to the future. And this careless disregard of consequences often places them under the unpleasant necessity of borrowing from more prudent friends. The truth is that economy is always a necessary and noble quality—is often an heroic one. It is especially fine in those men who care little for money in itself. Thrift may become a passion just as self-indulgence may become a passion; it is the duty of reason to curb and regulate both. The man who has once begun to save soon finds it to be a greater pleasure to add fifty dollars to his little pile than to spend that sum upon a tailor or a caterer. As soon as he begins to confuse the means with the end, reason should demonstrate that the present has its demands as surely as the future has its exigencies. So, when long habits of self-pampering have taught one to think that he must have everything he wants, it is good to learn to deny himself. The great virtue of economy is to economize to-day and not to-morrow. We all remember the adage concerning procrastination, which, in this case, is apt to be the thief of money as well as time.

A CHICKEN'S STORY.

The first recollection I have of myself, I was shut up in a little dark prison house. I didn't like it, and I pecked very hard at the walls, and somehow, I hardly know just how, I by-and-by found myself free. I soon discovered that I was a very queer little fellow, with two nice legs, and two really elegant little wings. I had a very sharp little bill, too, and such cunning little feathers all over me. That was all I made out distinctly, though I nearly broke my neck and quite lost my balance trying to see what was on the top of my head. I didn't find out—never have seen it, in fact, but I know there's something there.

I had five little brothers and sisters, and such a nice warm mother! I do wish you were acquainted with my mother. I am sure you would say you had never seen such a cosey little mother as she is. Two of my brothers were black, and one was white. I had a little yellow sister, and a speckled one, and I am sure I don't know what color I was, but my mother called me "Top-knot." How we used to run around in the nice dirt and under the leaves and bushes! And didn't our mother scratch for us! How she would find worms and bugs and the little seeds for us! When she called "Come quick, come quick!" how we would all scamper! Jet was a greedy little fellow, and got more than his share; but our mother was an industrious old hen, and none of us went hungry. Every night she cuddled us under her dear,

warm wings, and she wasn't at all afraid. But it was only a fence-corner where we slept, and one night a rat, or something dreadful, I don't know what, came and most frightened us into spasms. He actually did carry off my little brother Jet, though my poor mother lost every one of her tail-feathers in her defence. I just wish that old rat or something had all his tail feathers pulled out. But Jet was a most awful greedy chicken! Mother said we must sleep in a barn after that. I am now a very fine chicken—can scratch for myself pretty well, and in many ways make myself useful to the family; but I shall never forget that dreadful night.—*Rural New Yorker.*

MICROSCOPIC WRITING.

In relation to those who have chosen to exert themselves in the way of microscopic writing, the fact that the "Iliad" of Homer has been written in so small a compass as to be wholly enclosed in a nutshell has been often referred to as one of those things which would require to be seen ere it could be believed. However doubtful such a feat may appear, it is certain that one Huet, who at first thought it impossible, demonstrated by experiment that it could be done. A piece of vellum ten inches in length and eight feet wide, would hold 250 lines, each line containing thirty verses, and thus filling both sides of the vellum, 15,000, the whole number of verses in the "Iliad," could be written upon it, and this piece of vellum, folded compactly, would easily go into the shell of a walnut. J. M. Schreiber, professor of stenography in the Vienna University, has also written the "Iliad" in the space of a nutshell. The work is on exhibition at the Exposition. It is nothing unusual to find, now-a-days, writing of a still more minute character than this, seeing that the ten commandments have been written in a compass small enough to be covered by a sixpence. There is a portrait of Queen Anne in the British Museum, on which appear a number of minute lines and scratches, which, when examined through a microscope, are shown to be the entire contents of a small folio book which the librarian has in his possession. A similar effort in the way of microscopic calligraphy was some years ago discovered in London by a gentleman who had bought at a sale a pen-and-ink portrait of Alexander Pope, surrounded by a design in scroll work. Examining it through a glass, in order, if possible, to discover the artist's name, he was astonished to find that the fine lines in the surrounding scroll was nothing less than the life of the poet, so minutely transcribed as only to be legible by the aid of a magnifier. This was an evident imitation of a similar effort in the way of portraiture which was at one time in a library at Oxford, where a head of Charles I. was drawn in minute characters, so fine as to resemble the lines of an engraving but which, when closely examined, were found to be the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. One other instance of this kind has been recorded of a portrait of Cardinal Richelieu, which appears on the title page of a French work; the cardinal's head is surrounded by a glory of forty rays, each ray containing the name of a French academician.

SCENE IN A SMOKING CAR.

An amusing incident occurred recently in the smoking car of a C. C. and I. C. Railroad train between Shelby and this city, says the *Cleveland Times*. A woman with a poodle dog entered the car just prior to the departure of the train from the former point, and after depositing her dog on one seat, turned over the back of another one, so that each seat faced the other. Together she and her canine companion thus monopolized two entire seats. Appearances seemed to indicate that the car was one exclusively for the convenience of those addicted to the use of the "weed;" but of this fact she was soon apprised by the conductor, who advised her to obtain a seat in another car, informing her at the same time that the accommodations in the way of seats in the other coaches were superior to those where she was then. However, she insisted on remaining, urging that her presence would deter the occupants of the car from smoking, and she would consequently experience no discomfort from tobacco fumes. Long before the train reached this city, however, a gentleman sitting directly in front of her produced his case, and, taking therefrom a cigar, began puffing away at it in a manner which seemed peculiarly calculated to aggravate the woman back of him. In an instant's strategic movement, she wrested the obnoxious cigar from his mouth, and threw it out of the window, exclaiming, "If there is anything I do hate, it is tobacco smoke." The passengers who had witnessed the affair were convulsed with laughter, but the offended smoker suppressed whatever emotions may have been struggling for expression in words or action, and maintained throughout the same importunate gravity, which characterized him from the first. Calmly rising from his seat, he opened the window nearest him, fastening it up, and reaching over the seat back, took that woman's poodle dog and threw him out of the window as far beyond as possible, at the same time saying, "If there is anything I do hate, it's a poodle dog!"

Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Handbills, and Job Printing of every description, executed at the ONTARIO WORKMAN office.

Sawdust and Chips.

"Porter always makes me fat," said a tippler. "I have seen the time when it made you lean," said a wag.

Josh Billings says: "I have often been told that the best way is to take a bull by the horns; but I think, in many instances, I should prefer the tail hold."

A beautiful Indiana school girl, thirteen years old and six feet one inch high, is causing a general rupture among the suspenders of the short boys who try to kiss her.

A New Jerseyman having heard that Columbus was in Ohio, immediately started west to interview the "old gentleman" about the voyage which resulted in the discovery of America.

Josh Billings says: You can't find contentment laid down in the map; it is an imaginary place not settled yet; and those that reach it soonest throw away their compass and go it blind.

Horses are so plentiful in Australia that they are sold at the pound at prices ranging from sixpence to a shilling, and local papers think they would fetch more if put up in pound cans for the Paris market.

A Dutchman, getting excited over an account of an elopement of a married woman, gave his opinion thus: "If my wife runs away mit anoder man's wife, I shake him out of his breeches if she be mine fadder!"

An assessor in San Bernardino lately asked a woman how many chickens she had, and, doubting her word, proceeded to count them. She took him to the beehive, kicked it over, and invited him to count the bees.

A Troy dentist the other day became emotionally insane while repairing a front tooth for a pretty woman, and kissed her. She told her husband, and he went round the next day and borrowed \$500 of the dentist on long time.

A certain newly elected Dutch justice of the peace, being called upon to perform the marriage ceremony, was somewhat troubled as to the mode of procedure. He at last began: "Shtand up! You, Jacob Myer, do solemnly shwear dat you vill take dis womans to be your wife, to the best of your knowledge and belief, so help you God."

"It is my candid opinion, Judge, that you are an old fool," said a Sacramento lawyer to the Court. The Judge allowed his middle beaming eye to rest upon the lawyer for a moment, and then, in a voice husky with suppressed emotion and tobacco juice, said, "And it's my candid opinion that you are fined one hundred dollars."

It is told of a young gentleman, whom a maiden liked but father didn't, that at a reasonable hour the old gent mildly intimated that the time for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct, my dear sir," answered nineteenth century, modestly; "we have been waiting over an hour for you to put yourself in your little bed." The father retired thoughtfully.

A young lady in New York lost a thousand dollar ring. A young gentleman found it. On claiming the privilege of putting it on her finger himself, the young lady assented, and held forth the fourth finger of her left hand, the "engagement ring finger." The young man was caught, but didn't flinch his doom, as the young lady's papa is worth two millions.

An impulsive young man sent his girl the piece of sheet music entitled, "I will meet you at the beautiful gate." Her father saw the piece when she opened the package; and, after dabbing a bucketful of tar over his gate, quickly remarked to his daughter, "He can wait for you if he wants to, but you won't either of you swing on that gate if tar will keep you off."

"What do you call that?" indignantly asked a customer at a cheap restaurant, indicating an object that had been discovered in his plate of hash. "Wristband, with sleeve-button attached, sir," said the waiter, briskly. "Well, do you consider that a proper thing for a man to find in his hash?" demanded the customer in wrath. "Good heavens, sir!" cried the waiter, "would you expect to find a ten dollar silk umbrella in a fifteen cent plate of hash?"

Josh Billings speaks thus of a new agricultural instrument to which the attention of farmers is invited:—"John Rodger's revolving, expanding, unceremonious, self-adjusting, self-contracting, self-greasing, and self-righteous hoss-rake is now forever offered to a generous public. These rakes are as easy to keep in repair as a hitching post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broadcast in a ten acre field of wheat stubble. These rakes can be used in winter for a hen roost or to be sawed up in stovewood for the kitchen fire. No farmer of good moral character should be without this rake, even if he had to steal one."

A school-board authority while lately examining the young children, asked them the following questions:—"Are there any mountains in Palestine?"—"Yes," replied the children.—"How are they situated?" inquired the examiner.—"Some are in clusters, and there are some isolated ones," they answered.—"What do you mean by the word isolated?" asked the examiner.—"Why, covered with ice, of course!" quickly replied one of the children.

An Irishman in Lawrence recently bought out a place of business, the seller—a German—telling him it was a good stand. The buyer found that he was imposed upon. There was

literally no trade at all. Meeting the German the other day, he said to him with considerable show of indignation:—"Au' what did yez go fur to desave me in that place, for sure its meself hasn't sold a cent's worth for three weeks." "Vell, vot vash I deceive you for? Mein Gott, I no deceive you." "Begorry, ye did then. Didi't ye tell me it was a good stand?" "Vell, dat was right. It was a good stand. I stands around all day doing noting, ven I was there. Yah, yah, it was a good stand."

The WHITE HART, cor. of Yonge & Elm sts., is conducted on the good old English style, by Bell Belmont, late of London, Eng., who has made the above the most popular resort of the city. The bar is most elegantly decorated, displaying both judgment and taste, and is pronounced to be the "Prince of Bars." It is under the sole control of Mrs. Emma Belmont, who is quite capable of discharging the duties entrusted to her. The spacious billiard room is managed by H. Vosper; and the utmost courtesy is displayed by every one connected with this establishment. Adv.

City Directory.

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Groceries.

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Physicians.

N. AGNEW, M.D., (SUCCESSOR to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew), corner of Bay and Richmond Streets, Toronto. 25-oh

Dentists.

M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON DENTIST, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto. 4r

DR. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT, DENTIST, Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College. Office—Corner of King and Church streets, Toronto. 27-oh

F. G. CALLENDER, DENTIST, Office—Corner of King and Jordan streets, Toronto. 27-hr

G. W. HALE, DENTIST, No. 6 TEMPERANCE STREET, first house off Yonge Street, north side. 34-hr

W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST, 95 KING Street East, Toronto, has given attention to his profession in all its parts. 28-oh

J. A. TROUTMAN, L.D.S., DENTIST, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church. Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a speciality. 26-oh

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST, 52 King Street East, Toronto, opposite Toronto Street. RESIDENCE—172 Jarvis Street. 28-oh

Barristers, &c.

REEVE & PLATT, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, Solicitors, &c. OFFICE—18 King St. East, Toronto. J. McPHERSON REEVE, SAMUEL PLATT. 42-hr

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. OFFICE—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street. 33-hr

HARRY E. CASTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. OFFICE—48 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto. 34-oh

HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c. Notary Public, &c. OFFICE—63 Church Street. 34-oh

Shoe Dealer.

S. MCCABE, FASHIONABLE AND CHEAP BOOT and Shoe Emporium, 69 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 Baths, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, &c. No. 37 Queen Street West, first door West of Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. 54-oh

Miscellaneous.

TO MECHANICS.

S. C. JORY, PHOTOGRAPHER, 75 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. This is the place for Mechanics to get cheap pictures. All work done in the best style of the art. 37-oh

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Importer of Watches, Clocks, and Fancy Goods, and Manufacturer of Gold and Silver Jewellery. Masonic Hall, Blains made to order. 113 YONGE ST., TORONTO. 47 Spectacles to Suit every Sight. 37-oh

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Tailoring.

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Horrocks' 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, GAM. BROOMS, &c., &c., very cheap.

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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 GILAIN 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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57-4c

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PROPRIETOR OF THE OTTAWA CANCER CURE, SPARKS ST. AND MARIA ST., OTTAWA, ONT.

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

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

TO THE MECHANICS OF THE DOMINION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That in consequence of the men who were employed on the erection of the Presbyterian Church, not having been yet paid, the members of all Trades' Unions and others are requested not to engage at all with the Contractor who now has it, or any Contractor who may hereafter have said Church, until all arrears are paid. By Order, R. H. GRAHAM, Secretary. Ottawa, March 1, 1873. 48-4f

THE JOURNEMEN FREE STONE CUTTERS ASSOCIATION, of Ottawa City, and immediate vicinity, hold their meetings in the St. Lawrence Hotel, corner of Rideau and Nicholas streets, on the first and third Monday in each month. The officers elected for the present quarter, commencing Monday March 3, 1873, are as follows:—President, Robert Thomson; Vice-President, Joseph Hugg; Financial Secretary, William Gould; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, George Bisset; Treasurer, Robert Postie; Tyler, James Walker; Trades Council, Donald Robertson, James Kelly, James Walker, Joseph Hugg; Trustees, Donald Robertson, John Casey, William Clark.



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

In sterling silver case and gold points, full jewelled, warranted for five years— together with a gold-plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C. O. D., per express.

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Miscellaneous.

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BALLS AND SUPPERS ATTENDED TO, BY WILLIAM COULTER,

On he r st 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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MAT'S, MAT'S, MAT'S.

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



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, Ottawa, April 5th, 1873. AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN INVOICES until further notice, 15 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner. 26-4f

D. HEWITT'S West End Hardware Establishment, 365 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO. CUTLERY, SHELF GOODS, CARPENTERS' TOOLS 24-oh

Gold and Silver Platers.

PETER WEST, (Late West Brothers.) GOLD AND SILVER PLATE. Every description of worn out Electro-Plate, See Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new. Carriage Irons Silver-Plated to order. POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET. 35-hr

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. 28-hr

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TIME SERVERS.

Among the many plagues which have infested the labor movement none have proved a greater curse, or contributed more to retard its progress, than the professed friendship of the leech, or time-server. This class has been as voracious as the locusts of Egypt, and as numerous as her myriads of flos. For the time being, at least, many of them have gained their unhallowed purpose, and hoodwinked their dupes through its agency, while others, soured by disappointed ambition, have used what little influence their treachery obtained, to sow the seeds of dissension in its ranks, and misrepresent alike the objects sought to be obtained, and the agency used to attain them.

Some have had an axe to grind, when the labor grindstone refused to do their dirty work; some have desired to ride into power, or be acknowledged as leaders in its ranks, or thought the movement was a little stronger than it proved to be; others claimed to have found the philosopher's stone, the panacea that would remove all ills to which the flesh is heir, or dreamed they could revolutionize the relation between capital and labor by the utterance of some grand idea, which was second-hand at best, and had been advocated fifty years before they were thought of. But classify them as we may, not one in a hundred have been actuated by principle, or embarked in it for a nobler purpose than the advancement of their own selfish interest.

In the advocacy of the labor movement especially, persistency, consistency, back-bone is required. The man who is willing to be all things to all men; who is anxious to catch the popular breeze, no matter at what cost, who squirms at every change or charge of popular opinion; who has not the courage to assume a position which he deems to be right, and maintain it at all hazards and under all circumstances; and who is not actuated by principle, has no right in its ranks. Untiring, unflagging effort, a never-dying faith in the ultimate triumph of the right, is absolutely indispensable, even though ten thousand enemies should be made by its advocacy. The future must be left to take care of itself. We have no faith in those who are always placed on the defensive, who are continually trying to prove that they are misrepresented; who are always discouraged at the aspect of affairs; who are invariably deploring the apathy of the working classes; who never see the silver lining to the cloud; who are afraid of saying or doing something that will place them in a false position; who, in short, lack the moral courage to say YES or NO. They are simply millstones round the neck of labor, and the sooner they avow themselves in their true color the better for all concerned.

To the man, however, who is honest and earnest in his endeavors, who is willing to sacrifice his personal ambition or petty dislikes, for labor's progress, the signs of the times are indeed propitious. The rays of the sun of progress are penetrating to the darkest horizon; men who ten years ago would have scouted the whole movement, or at least disdained to have discussed its merits, are to-day seriously considering the means by which the impending conflict may be averted. Legislators, who would then have ridiculed the presumption of an appeal to the law-making power, are now compelled to lend a willing ear to its demands, and beginning to realize that they are the servants and not the masters of the people, while the public press, the molders of public opinion, too long silent, is waking to a realization of its mission, and now admits that labor has rights which even capital is bound to respect.

And all has been accomplished in a few short years, in the face of the most disheartening opposition. Labor to-day needs only to be true to itself, and victory is assured.—*Workingman's Advocate*

Book and Job Printing neatly and cheaply executed at the ONTARIO WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

FIGHTING FUNCTIONS OF TRADES UNIONS.

They are organized and supported "to speak with their enemies in the gate," and to fight whenever it may be thought advisable. And when it comes to fighting, they may use every penny of the funds (as the Amalgamated Engineers did in 1852) without a thought of the provident purposes contemplated by their rules. You can't have armies and battles without training professional soldiers. They must come to the front as naturally as cream rises if you let milk stand; and the Trades Unions train leaders who are essentially fighting men. I do not use the word as implying any censure. Many cruel and unfair attacks have been made on these men as a class, with which I do not in the least sympathise. Many accusations have been brought against them which I know to be untrue. There are good and bad amongst them, as in all other classes; but, on the whole, they have done their work faithfully, and without giving needless offence. Indeed, I have often found them far more ready to listen to reason, to negotiate rather than fight, than their rank and file. They have supported the attempts to establish Courts of Arbitration and Conciliation, and are, as a rule, honest representatives, and in advance of their constituents. But the fact remains—*their business is constant watchfulness, and prompt action whenever a fair opportunity occurs. They accept and act on the principles of trade which they have learned from their employers, and see proclaimed in all the leading journals. Their business is to enable their members to sell their labour in the dearest market, and to limit and control the supply. "Morality," they maintain with their betters, "has nothing to do with buying and selling." They have nothing to do with the question whether their action is fair or just to employers, or whether it will bring trouble and misfortune on workmen outside the Union.*—*T. Hughes, M.P., in Macmillan.*

EXPORTATION OF MACHINERY FROM THE CLYDE.

Amongst the exports reported as shipped at Glasgow last week were the following:—Gas-holders and fittings, valued at £1631, for Buenos Ayres, per the Harvest Home; castings, &c., £550, for Valparaiso, per the Cavalier; castings, £4400, for Cadiz, per the Amazon; machinery, castings, &c., £2800, for Canada, per the Manatobin (s.s.); 698 tons castings, £7425, for Odessa, per the Seafield; machinery, £3600, boilers and fittings, £3793, and castings, £150, for Cay Frances, per the Annie M'Jannet; steam machinery, £1200, locomotives, £3600, and fittings, &c., £750, for Huolva, per the Minerva; machinery and water meters, £600, for Antwerp, per the Grobe (s.s.); steam-engine, machinery, £1000, for Batavia, per the County of Nairn; boiler, machinery, £1100, for Surinam, per the Alliance; sewing machines, £1735, for Bordeaux, per the Comorin (s.s.); machinery, £6878, locomotive engine, £1699, mill furnishings, &c., £3000, iron rails, £930, for Calcutta, per the City of Oxford (s.s.); 299 tons iron rails, £3150, for New York, per the Victoria; steam launch, £380; marine engine, £1200, machinery, &c., £800, for Rangoon, per the Mandulay; 837 tons cast-iron pipes, £10,650, machinery, £330, for Odessa, per the Mary Driver; and castings, £1800, for St. John, New Brunswick, per the Castalia (s.s.).

LIGHT GAINS MAKE A HEAVY PURSE.

The experience of all our readers will bear out the truth of the above, for among the list of all who have grown rich, how true it is that it uniformly came from small beginnings. They that seek great profits meet great losses, and the best and surest way to make a heavy purse is to begin now and save something out of each week's earnings.

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DOMINION LANDS. DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, OTTAWA. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of the provisions of the Act 35 Victoria, cap. 23, intitled "An Act respecting the Public Lands of the Dominion," His Excellency the Governor General in Council, has been pleased to approve of the following regulations relating to the cutting of timber for building purposes or fuel, in the Province of Manitoba. To settlers on Prairie Lands, who have no wood lot permits, may be granted the right to cut, free of charge a reasonable supply of timber and fuel for their own use. Special permits to cut for market, will be granted to parties at the following rates: Oak Timber, 2 cents per foot, linear measure, Poplar " 1 cent " Fuel " 25 cents per cord. Fence poles, \$1 per thousand. These rates to be paid to the Dominion Lands Agent or some person duly authorized to receive them. J. C. AIKINS, Secretary of State.

Ottawa, 3rd March, 1873.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Monday, 14th day of April, 1873. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL. On the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the place known as River Bourgeois, County of Richmond, Province of Nova Scotia, be, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, and placed under the survey of the Collector of Customs at the Port of Arichat. W. A. HIMSWORTH, Clerk Privy Council.

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