

Ontario Workman.

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

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Correspondence.

CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR:—A letter under the above heading, appeared in your issue last week, to which I feel in honour to the workingmen of the old country, (three fourths of whom vote liberal,) to offer a few words in reply. Your correspondent takes exception to the very concise and in my opinion correct description you give of the two parties in England, and which the workingmen of Canada would do well to accept *verbatim*. In the first place he asks, are there no aristocrats among the liberal party? Most decidedly there are, but the liberals of that class have shown less disposition to monopolise the political power of the country than the middle class Tories; but I presume we are discussing the merits of the two great parties of England, and not individual members.

Your correspondent asks did all the liberals vote for the disestablishment of the Irish Church? Now, Mr. Editor, I will give you the numbers that voted on that division, and then your readers will be able to see whether it was a party question, or whether it was carried by a defection from the Conservative party.

In the division on the second reading of that Bill, there were 366 liberals and 4 conservatives voted in the majority of ayes, and 240 Conservatives and 6 liberals voted in the minority of nays.

Now as regards the English Church he says, "if the English liberal party were not a unit on the disestablishment of the Irish Church they would be on the English." How any reasonable man could come to such a conclusion, I am at a loss to conceive; as in England the Church is Protestant and the national religion, and attended by nearly half the church going population, while in Ireland the Church by law established, was only the church of one-fifth of the people.

The next question referred to in the above mentioned letter is the "extension of the franchise" and he asks, was not that carried by the Conservative party? Now here we again join issue and see who the people of England have to thank for that boon.

Passing over previous Reform bills which were all passed by the liberals, in face of the most dogged opposition of the Conservatives, and the way that Disraeli got into power, which was simply by opposing Gladstone's Reform Bills of the previous Session. We come to what is called Disraeli's Bill of which out of sixty-one clauses the bill contained when it was introduced, there were only four passed into law, and these were—the one that gave the title to the bill; the second was the one that disfranchised the baronies of Lancaster, York, and Hereford; the third was one for the punishment of persons for corruptly paying the rates of an elector; and the fourth was some temporary provision for the registration of divided counties or boroughs. I name these simply to show that the liberals being in a majority put the Bill in its present shape and passed it through the House of Commons.

I should like to enter into further length on these questions, but space will not permit. My Conservative friend asserts that the difference between Liberals and Conservatives is only in theory and not in practice. Now, how can a man who is posted in the affairs of the old country put such a thing in print, when he must know that all the legislation of the last forty years, which has made England what she is, has been obtained at the cost of the most severe struggles with the Conservatives, who have during that time been in opposition.

Again, your correspondent asks, are the Liberal party any more liberal on questions of Capital and Labor than Conservatives? I would refer him to the divisions on the Trades Union Bill, which legalized our Unions and protected our funds; to which party repealed the old Combination Laws? and to Lord Cairns, the Tory leader in the House of Lords, moving that iniquitous amendment to the government bill. He also asks were they all Conservatives who opposed Mr.

Arch? I would answer that by asking him out of the number of gentlemen that took up the case of the agricultural laborers how many can he name, who took an active part in that agitation who were Conservatives? He would find men, if he was to look at the magistrates of Chippe, Norton and the like, who have sent them (the laborers) to prison for holding meetings to ask for their rights.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think, to compare the two great parties in England is a libel on the Liberals, as they have been the instigators of all the wise legislation of the last forty years, while the Conservatives have ever been the stumbling block in the way of progress. In fact, Liberalism is advancement, while Conservatism is retrograde.

In conclusion, I would ask your correspondent a few questions:—Who opposed the Reform Bill of 1832, which gave the first slice of power to the people? Who opposed the Catholic Emancipation Act? the admittance of Jews into Parliament? which means religious liberty. Who opposed the repeal of the Corn Laws, and how many Tories were there in the Anti-Corn League, who opposed all the free trade measures that has carried so many millions of tons of cheap food to the starving people of England? And more recently, who opposed the agitation for the extension of the franchise, till Hyde Park railings came down? Who opposed the disestablishment of the Irish Church? Who opposed the Irish Land Bill, which conferred the great blessing on the people of that country by giving them compensation for improvements in the land which they had for years tilled? Who opposed the compulsory and national education of the children of England? Who opposed the University Test Bill, which gave the Non-conformist the chance of competing for the educational honors of the country? Who opposed the ballot, and many other measures that have added so much to the greatness of England? Why, to each and all the Conservatives have given their unqualified opposition, and they have been passed by the Liberals.

Now, Sir, I will leave your readers to judge whether or not the two great parties in England are at sixes. As regards the remarks on Canada, I will leave that to some one who has been longer in the country than myself. Apologizing for taking up so much of your valuable space,

I remain, yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL WORKMAN.

Toronto, November 25, 1873.

Labor Notes.

It is rumored that the great Manchester print works Boston, are going to shut down and wind up their affairs.

The cigar makers of Milwaukee are out on strike. They paraded the street headed by brass bands. The procession was very orderly and numbered about three hundred.

None of the Lawrence mills have yet ceased operations, and only one has ceased running every day in the week, and that one is in operation four days weekly, on full time.

A reduction of 25 cents per day in the wages of the employees of the Taunton car company was announced on Monday. In consequence twenty-five of the carpenters are on a strike.

Since the last meeting of the Journeymen Tailors National Union, U.S., they have formed a local union in Maryland, and have recently struck for their new bill of prices, in which they have nearly all been successful.

The National Tube-Works Company has closed the large mill in East Boston, and removed its work to the other mill in Pennsylvania—a step taken not on account of any financial trouble, but a falling off of business.

The Waltham watch works run three-quarter time after to-morrow. The pressure in business circles is greater than is acknowledged, and conversation with leading dry-goods and other merchants develops the fact that the shrinkage in values during the past month reached an average of 20 to 25 per cent.

A crowded meeting of railway servants employed at the Nine Elms goods station of the South Western Railway, Eng., was held on Monday night Oct. 27th to discuss their grievances, and a memorial to the directors for a general amelioration of their condition was adopted by the men.

The Birmingham Branch of the National Amalgamation of Nut and Bolt Workers was

inaugurated on Monday evening Oct. 27th by a public supper at the Fountain Inn, Great Lister St. Mr. Juggins, of Darlston, detailed the causes leading to the formation of the association. Although the society had only been established three years there were fourteen branches and 1,400 members, and after paying £300 to other trade societies they had now a capital of £1,326.

Memorials from the different grades of the railway servants of the Great Northern Railway Company have been prepared and signed within the last day or two, and will be sent to Mr. Oakley, the general manager, this week for presentation to the directors. The objects of the memorialists are to obtain shorter hours of labor and a larger amount of pay. The memorialists feel confident that the uniform kindness to the men of Mr. Oakley, the general manager, will bring their movement to a success.

A great demonstration of the trades of Glasgow and neighborhood was made on the 1st inst., in favor of the alteration of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, the Master and Servant Act, and the Conspiracy Laws. There was a procession through the leading thoroughfares of the city, and afterwards a meeting was held on the Green, where four platforms were erected, from which speeches in favor of the objects of the demonstration were delivered. The weather was unfavorable, and interfered somewhat with the success of the display.

The executive committee of the Amalgamated Association of Miners representing 95,000 miners, has just terminated three days' sitting at Manchester, at which an election committee was appointed, in order to secure the return of labor candidates at the next election. A resolution was also passed:—"That this executive committee, seeing the importance and necessity of united action of all trades in the country in securing legislation to improve the social position of the working classes, and considering that the Trades Congress Parliamentary Committee has done important work during the past session, give a subscription of £20 to aid in carrying their purposes into effect."

A meeting was held at Bradford, Eng., on Tuesday evening, Oct. 27th under the auspices of the Trades Council, to consider the advisability of bringing forward a labor representative as candidate for Bradford, at the next election. There was a large attendance of delegates representing various trades in the district. Mr. S. Shafton, President of the Bradford Trades Council, presided. The proposition in favor of starting a candidate to represent labor in Parliament was received with great cordiality by the delegates, most of whom reported that they were instructed to say that pecuniary assistance would be rendered by their respective unions.

The Home Labor Market remains fairly settled, and in several branches disputes of some standing have been adjusted. Amongst these are the cloth dressers of Leeds and the miners of Leicestershire. In the North the chemical trades are much depressed, whilst the iron trade remains comparatively vigorous. Men for collieries, both as sinkers and pitmen, are still required in many parts, and the demand for labor at Barrow, for building and other purposes, is only limited by reason of the accommodation, which is seriously deficient. In London the engineers are about asking for an advance of wages, otherwise agitation is not so noticeable as it has been throughout the year.—*Labor News*.

The recent dispute in the Leeds cloth dressing trade, on the subject of wages and overtime, was, in accordance with a suggestion made a short time ago referred for settlement to the Mayor of the borough as arbitrator. On Saturday afternoon Oct. 25th his worship met representatives of both employers and workpeople in his parlour at the Town Hall, and announced that his decision was as follows, viz.—With regard to overtime, he allows time and one-eighth for the first two hours, and time and a half afterwards; whilst on the subject of wages, he awards an advance of 5 per cent., calculated from the 15th September, when the men resumed work after the strike and lock-out. The original demand of the workmen was for pay at the rate of time and a half for the first two hours of overtime, and double time afterwards, with an advance of 15 per cent. in wages.

The dispute in the engineering trade at Sheffield shows no sign of termination. The strike committee in issuing the balance sheet for the sixteenth week of the dispute, state that subscriptions have come in so rapidly that they are again enabled to increase the

amount received by the whole of the men still out of employment. The subscriptions during the week amounted to £122 18s. 3d., which, with the balance of £250 18s. 3d. from the preceding week, makes a total of £373 18s. 3d. available for strike purposes. Out of this sum 127 men, 89 women and 148 children have been relieved, and there remains a balance of £247 16s. 11d. The committee further states that the men, after a protracted period of idleness, have no more cause to resume work on any other terms than those desired than they had on the day the dispute began.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Tweed has been sentenced to twelve years in the County prison, and to pay a fine of \$12,750.

The cable Steamship Robert Lowe is reported lost on the coast of Nova Scotia during the storm of the 17th and 18th. The captain and a part of the crew was drowned.

The total number of blast furnaces in America in 1870, says an exchange, was 153, yielding 54,000 tons of iron; at this time there are nearly 600 yielding 2,000,000 tons per annum.

The French Canadians employed during the summer and fall in the States are returning in large numbers. Many have been thrown out of work by the extensive failures that have recently occurred.

Victoria Colony has now been successfully founded, and Prince Albert Colony is about being organized to be located on a valuable tract on the line of the Kansas Pacific Railway, the Grand Trunk line of the State, and great American route from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Mr. Disraeli made a political speech at Glasgow last Friday evening. He severely criticised the Government, and predicted a great struggle in Europe between the spiritual and temporal powers. He feared the conflict might result in anarchy, and he declared the partisans of Home Rule in Ireland would unmask and show Great Britain their real designs.

Mr. Whalley, speaking at a dinner at Peterborough, the other day, explained his reasons for taking so active an interest in the Tichborne case, and said: "If they could not get funds from the workingmen of England to carry on the case, he would sell his carriage—in fact, everything he possessed—down to his own coat, to carry out the case to the fullest extent."

A horrible case of murder and mutilation at Ghazepoor has been brought to light. It appears that a woman, having cut her stepson in pieces, roasted them and served them up for her husband's supper. He, however, discovering a finger among the pieces, was so horrified to find it belonged to his infant son, that on extracting a confession from his wife he at once sent for the police and gave her into custody.

A letter is published, purporting to have been written by an officer of the Virginia to General Suesados, private secretary to General Burriel, offering to reveal an important secret and help to bring the insurrection to an end if he would spare his life and the lives of the other Virginian passengers. Accompanying there is also another paper purporting to have been signed by six other Virginian passengers offering to turn traitors if there lives were spared.

The progress of the moving bog in Galway has, it is stated, been partially arrested by clearing the bed of the Corribel River, down which large masses of the bog stuff are floating and removing a bridge which obstructed its passage; but it is feared that the heavy rains now falling will carry it down in such quantity as to submerge the town of Dunmore, within half a mile of which it is now stayed. The cavity formed in the bog by the discharge is a mile in length by half a mile broad.

The London Times says: "The Cunard Company have announced their intention of increasing their sailings, early next year, by dispatching four steamers each week between Great Britain and America, with the ultimate view of establishing daily sailings between the two countries; and, with the determination to strengthen their great fleet now upon the Atlantic, the Messrs. Burns have resolved to withdraw, in the meantime, their steamers at present running between the Clyde and the West Indies, so that they may be immediately employed in the extended and increasing service of the United States."

AUSTRIA.—The Committee of Control of the Public Debt have issued a report respecting the first quarter of 1873. They place the whole consolidated debt at 2,640,000,000 florins entailing the payment of interest to the amount of 105,000,000 florins. The redeemable debt based upon landed property of the Cis Leithan provinces is calculated at 222,000,000 florins, and the common floating debt, bearing interest in paper, at 376,000,000 florins. The consolidated public debt shows a decrease since December, 1872, of 3,000,000 florins.

JAPAN.—We learn through the medium of a Japanese officer in the Gaimusho that the Japanese Government is bent upon obtaining redress for the inhumanity exhibited by the Formosans towards the crews of certain Japanese crafts which have at various times been compelled to put into one of the ports on the Formosan coast. The Chinese Government having repudiated all responsibility upon this score the Imperial Government has opened communications with the Formosan authorities whose tone however hardly favors an amicable settlement. It is hinted that the Japanese Government will therefore take other and strong measures to secure the safety of such of their subjects as may from time to time land in Formosa.

THE GALLANT KHEDHIVE.

A Washington letter says:—As an instance of Said Pasha's wealth, Mr. Butler relates that the Empress of France said to him, in Paris: "Viceroy, I should very much like to visit your Pyramids, but I cannot ride on a camel, and I suppose I cannot go by any road." "Your Majesty can go there by either railway or highway, as you like," said the Viceroy. When she went there at the opening of the Suez Canal, the Empress found a road twelve miles long, across the desert, lighted with gas, shaded all the way with transplanted trees; and half way on was a palace for her to repose and with a second palace to entertain her at the Pyramids—all especially made for this one journey. And yet, such is the state of affairs, that when the Khedive attempted to renovate Cairo by taking stones from the Pyramids, he felt that the rebuke of the press and voice of Europe could not be withstood, and he ceased to disturb these useless conundrums. He is building an iron bridge across the Nile, English work, which will cost about \$10,000,000. The Suez canal cost him \$100,000,000, and is only a partial success, as it fills up as soon as neglected, and the screw fleet to pass through it is yet small. Lesseps, the executor, Mr. Butler believes to be one of the noblest men in the world, and never with less than from half a million to a million of money lying on deposit. The Viceroy is the owner of a narrow-gauge railroad from Cairo to Suez, seventy-six miles, and from Alexandria to Cairo, one hundred a thirty miles. He is now building up the Nile from Cairo two hundred or three hundred miles.

HOW YOUNG MEN SHOULD DRINK.

If young men will drink liquors, we insist that they should do it gracefully. A great many accomplished bar-tenders, and polite bystanders have their risibilities excited to a degree dangerous to a proper saloon decorum, by the awkward manner in which upstart green 'uns take their grog, to say nothing of the danger from strangulation incident to starting a horn of brandy down the wrong way. The following is the proper way to do the business. It may come a little awkward at first, but patience will make it easy, and the habit of doing the thing gracefully and easily will save you from a world of ridicule and from many of the evils which crazy temperance people are always charging as sure to follow drinking:—

Stand up straight like a man, your left side to the bar, take the glass neatly and firmly between the thumb and fore-fingers of the right hand, letting the little finger drop down near the bottom of the glass in a plane exactly corresponding with the top of the bar, until it is precisely before you. Just then throw the head back a little, push the chin forward, so as to leave the throat in a full, open easy position. Compress the lips tightly, draw a full breath through the nostrils, and with a graceful nerve raise the glass until the rim is within three inches of your chin. Now is the supreme moment. Just turn your eyes upward, think of your mother and open your hands instead of your mouth. If any one laughs it will be an insult which you should resent by not going there again.

Poetry.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

BY J. T. WILLIAMS.

As we journey thro' life's path way,
As we tread its busy streets,
A confirmation of this saying
Everywhere our senses greet—
In the city, in the country,
On the land and by the sea;
Everywhere the hand of labor
Hath achieved a victory.

Surely "labor conquers all things;"
Naught its progress can arrest,
With resistless steps it marches,
Undeterred it rears its crest;
It hath leveled hills and mountains
It hath tilled the sterile plain,
It hath made the barren desert
Teem with the golden grain.

It has pierced the lonely forest,
Hewn its towering monarchs down,
And created o'er their ruins
The city—village—town;
View the ships upon the ocean,
And the precious freight they bear—
Riches, wealth from every nation,
It hath set its signet there.

Then labor for the present,
From life's pathway cull it flowers,
For our destiny is written
By a wiser hand than ours;
The past is gone forever,
And the future is unknown;
Now is all we have to cherish,
The present only is our own.

BE CAREFUL.

Be careful in all things,
Whatever you do—
Wherever you wander,
The long journey through,
Whatever you hear,
Or whatever you tell,
For "a thing that is worth doing,
Is worth doing well."

Be careful of gossip,
And scandal, my friend,
Be careful when questioned
What answer you lend—
Be careful of diet,
If you would have health;
Be prudent and thrifty
If you would gain wealth.

Be careful of friendship,
So rare on the earth;
Be careful of true love,
Of Heavenly birth—
Be careful in all things,
Whatever they be;
That the end may be sweet,
And not bitter to thee!

Tales and Sketches.

THE FAVORITE.

With gold, prayers, flatteries, and more especially through a peculiar irresistibility, of which he well knew how to avail himself on occasion, he at length succeeded in prevailing upon an old and confidential attendant of Madame Montepan to conceal him in the apartment of her mistress, about the time when she was accustomed to expect the king's afternoon visit. The hour struck—the king came—and Lauzun, who was separated from the pair by only a thin piece of tapestry, lost not a syllable of the conversation of which himself was the principal subject. The slightest movement, a loudly drawn breath, an involuntary cough, might have led to his destruction. Had the King discovered the audacious listener, his fate would have been terrible; but his good angel watched over him, and kept him outwardly still, despite his general agitation.

At length the striking of the richly-ornamented time-piece suspended upon the crimson damask hangings of the apartment, reminded the king that it was time to attend the rehearsal of a new ballet which was in preparation for an approaching court festival. On his departure Madame Montepan retired for a moment to her toilet cabinet, for the purpose of laying on a deeper color for candle-light, and Lauzun's trembling confidant availed herself of the opportunity to release him from his imprisonment. Well acquainted with all the private passages of the palace, he almost flew down some narrow back stairs, and was already standing in the ante-chamber on the other side of Madame Montepan's apartments, when the latter, after a moment, issued forth to follow the king to the rehearsal. The count very politely offered her his arm, and accompanied her through the long range of galleries, corridors, and halls, to the private court theatre, where the whole court were already assembled.

"Have you, good and beautiful fairy, mentioned my affair to the king?" whispered Lauzun to her on the way; "and what said my master?" he further asked, as the lady answered him with an affirmative nod. His voice was agitated, and the arm which supported Madame Montepan trembled perceptibly; yet this was very pardonable under the circumstances.

"Evil tongues which I cannot more particularly designate, have been busy between

you and the king, that cannot be denied," answered Madame Montepan; but his anger is already on the decline; with a little time and with patience on your part, all will yet be well; for, that I did everything in my power to restore you to your former place in the king's affection, Count Lauzun will not doubt."

"Really?" answered the count, in a singular tone of voice—"really? most worthy lady! did you heartily espouse my cause? did you speak for me? did you defend me?"

"Indeed, what a question!" answered the lady. "I tell you that your difficulty is as good as settled. Only yet a little patience, and all your wishes—"

"Miserable Cyprian! base liar! as false as artful, despicable as impudent!" whispered the count in her ear, so low that none but she could hear him, while he remained standing beside her in the most respectful attitude, and with a countenance apparently denoting the utmost deference. "In vain," he continued in the same tone, and still preserving the same outward appearance—"in vain do you attempt to deceive a man from whom nothing is concealed. I know every word that passed between you and the king, not ten minutes since, in your most secret chamber. He told you that Louvais sought him yesterday, during the sitting of the council of finance, drew him to a window and there secretly informed him that I, with un pardonable presumption was everywhere boasting of my approaching promotion to the office of General Field Marshal. He further stated to the king that this promotion would be the cause of incessant difficulties and discontents in the army, while the well-known un congeniality between Louvais and myself would give rise to constant strife, which he, as minister of the war department, could not avoid. You then said to the king, Louvais considered me a supercilious, importunate, innovating simpleton, who, though possessing tolerable colloquial powers, was totally incapable of managing any important business; and you, madame, sustained the opinion expressed of me by Louvais. That my good master has been prejudiced against me; that he has accused me of indiscretion; that he believes I was induced by vanity and self-conceit to prate when he commanded my silence—for all this I have to thank you alone; you strengthened him in his belief; you poured oil on the flame; and to your falsehood alone am I indebted that the king has broken the solemn promise he gave me."

Lauzun might have long continued his upbraiding, for his crushed listener could hardly stand for astonishment and terror, and was totally incapacitated for making answer or defence. But they had at this moment reached the theatre, where Lauzun was compelled to be silent, and with a low bow he took his leave. The lady, wholly overcome by contending emotions, sank fainting into the nearest seat. The whole court was instantly in a state of alarm, and even the king so far forgot himself as to hasten to her assistance, in the presence of the queen. Madame Montepan was obliged to be carried from the hall, and the affair, inexplicable to all present, became the subject of much unpleasant conjecture and remark.

When the king, at a later hour, visited his mistress in her apartment, to inquire after her health, he found her furious with anger, and trembling with terror. Amid floods of tears she complained to him of the unworthy treatment she had received, tearing her hair with rage, while even and anon a cold shudder ran through her frame, when she reflected that it could have only been by powers of darkness that the count could thus instantly have become acquainted with a conversation which no mortal ear could have overheard. Her superstitious terrors increased every moment; from every corner diabolical faces seemed to threaten her while she was accusing her persecutor, so that she hardly dared to call for vengeance upon him, however much she desired it. Nor could the king, angry as he was, refrain from falling into a fit of anxious reflection.

With what feelings of mutual constraint the king and Lauzun met on the following morning may be easily imagined; and also, that the latter would not suffer matters to remain long in a state so insupportable. He availed himself of the first favorable moment in which he could speak to his master without witnesses, again with his usual freedom of manner to remind him of his promised promotion.

"And do you dare," answered the king, struggling to suppress his anger, "do you really dare to claim Mazarin's place, when you have my great forbearance alone to thank that you yet remain free and unpunished at my court? Did I not charge you to preserve in your own breast the secret of your contemplated promotion, until I myself should proper to make it public? You did not consider it worth your while to obey my commands, and may thank your own indiscreet vanity that you have lost the appointment; may it teach you to take better heed another time."

Lauzun was beside him with anger when he heard what he considered only a lame apology for a plain breach of promise, for he felt himself innocent of the charge of tattling; his fatal communication to the chamberlain was long since forgotten. With flashing eyes and a glowing face, he retreated a few steps, turned himself partially aside from the king, drew his sword from its sheath, broke it across his knee, and threw the pieces before the king's

feet, with the emphatic declaration that he desired no longer to serve a prince who did not regard his plighted word.

During this scene the king stood leaning against a window, playing with a costly Spanish watch which he held in his hand. Pale and trembling with rage, he convulsively grasped it with a threatening gesture; but in a moment he turned towards the window and threw the watch across the court. After seeming for a moment to struggle for breath, he again turned towards the count, "I should never forgive myself should I be so far carried away, even by the most righteous anger, as to treat a nobleman like a serf," said he; and passing coldly and sternly by him, the king left the room.

The natural consequences of the occurrence, which the count quietly awaited with manly firmness, soon followed. A *lettre-de-cachet* sent him on the same evening to the Bastille, where the dark cell which received his form, effectually separated him from the breathing world without. How great the contrast between the joyous and brilliant court he had just left and these dark and gloomy walls, within which the light of day was dimly admitted through a hardly visible grated window!

Colorless as the walls by which he was surrounded lay the future before him, without the least prospect of a change in his situation, of a legal trial, of a hearing, or of a defence. These *lettres-de-cachet*, the horrible invention of infuriated despotism, in those days delivered over their victims in secrecy and silence to the most hopeless misery. The king issued them according to his own arbitrary will, and not unfrequently granted them as a boon to his favorites, who often solicited them for the use of such of their friends as feared the actual commission of murder, and yet had powerful reasons for striking some unfortunate being from the list of the living. The effect of long custom, which permitted the king, almost without the idea of injustice, to use this terrible power, fortunately blinded both court and city to a danger always impending over each and all; otherwise no man in Paris could have taken the least pleasure in life, for none were safe from being transferred at any moment from the most brilliant and pleasurable existence to the gloomy night of a damp and loathsome dungeon. Neither rank, nor age, nor sex, not even a spotless life, were any safeguard; it was a matter of daily occurrence, and for that very reason did it scarcely ever occur to any one, that what was his neighbor's fate to-day might be his own to-morrow. The matter was then regarded by them as death now is by us: those who disappeared were soon forgotten, and those who remained lived on as before.

But a better fate was reserved for Count Lauzun; a still smaller voice was ever whispering to the king's mind for one who had been so dear to him, and whom, although he would not acknowledge so much even to himself, he was unwilling to miss from his side. There were, besides, those who retained a kindly feeling for the poor prisoner, and who lost no opportunity of softening the king's anger. His indefensible violence was for the most part attributed to his hot and excitable Gascon blood. It was suggested to the king, that the momentary self-forgetfulness of the unfortunate man was, in some measure, palliated by overwhelming grief consequent upon the disappointment of the inordinate expectations which the king's plighted word had authorized him to entertain; and at length these representations were so successful that Lauzun, after a residence of some weeks in his gloomy prison, at an unexpected moment heard the unusual sound of hastily-approaching steps. Keys rattled, bolts were withdrawn, the heavy door creaked upon its hinges, and before him stood his devoted friend, De Guity. Tears filled the eyes of the good knight, when he glanced around the room and witnessed the change which circumstances had made in the appearance of his friend.

"Guity!" exclaimed the latter, in pleased astonishment, his cheek for a moment recovering the rosy tint of better days, "do you come to make me a visit, trusty friend? or, with sudden and serious earnestness he added, "have you also been sent to languish here? has your brilliant path led also but to destruction?"

"I am sent by the king as a messenger of mercy, of peace," answered the knight, joyfully clasping the prisoner in his arms.

"Hold, hold!" answered Lauzun, with bitterness; "you see I am too badly provided here to be able to receive so high an embassy with becoming dignity; you have only a choice between this miserable bed and that wooden stool for a seat, on which to repose yourself, whilst I, with all due humility, listen to the grace which my monarch permits to be announced to me through his ambassador."

"Not this tone!" begged Guity; "forget not how very much you have angered the king."

"And has he angered me less?" interposed the deeply-wounded Lauzun; "or is it, perhaps, the duty of a subject to submit with humility to his lord's breach of promise, and reverence faithlessness as a royal peculiarity? Is it our fault that we are exasperated beyond bearing, and driven from our propriety by the insensate conduct of others?"

"Louis is not less kind than just," answered the friendly knight; "he feels that he is not so entirely free from blame as to leave you

without some excuse for your disrespectful conduct, and therefore desires to make reparation for his oversight—yes, even more, he has some more."

"To announce to me my nomination to the office of General Field-Marshal!" cried Lauzun, suddenly interrupting him.

"O, Monsieur Gascon, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed the knight, laughing; "to demand what is impossible is childishness, my friend? That place is already filled; but the king offers you the post of captain in his body-guard. You yourself know that the first men in the realm deem themselves honored by such an appointment, considering it the highest mark of the king's confidence."

"Lay me at the monarch's feet as low and humble as you please," answered the count, with a bitter smile; "but at the same time, give him to distinctly understand, that the poor prisoner, Lauzun, will not permit himself to be negotiated with—that he prefers to remain in his dungeon, living or dead, as a memento of the truth and justice of princes."

After long and fruitless efforts, Guity finally saw himself compelled to communicate the substance of his friend's answer, though in much milder terms, to the king, who did not, indeed, at the time seem to attach much importance to the affair. But the old inclination towards his refractory favorite, which could not, even by all the arts of Madame Montepan, be prevented from reviving the wish to have him again about his person, was perhaps only strengthened by the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment; and consequently, after a few days, to the astonishment of all the world, Guity was again despatched to the prison of his friend, to try a second time his powers of persuasion.

He found him, if possible, more obstinate than at first. "Well have your own way, then!" exclaimed the knight, with mingled sorrow and anger, after having for some hours vainly endeavored to convince the count of his folly. "Have your own way, and may the stubbornness that makes you now so firm, never bend, but give you courage to bear your self-elected fate. How will all who love you lament your hallucination? your sisters, your uncle Grammont, the noble Guise! And what will the princess—"

"Anna de Montpensier!" interposed Lauzun—"deceive me not—thinks she of me? Has she noticed my absence?"

"You deserve neither the love of your friends nor the remembrance of the princess," answered Guity, "for you are not true towards us; how else can the suddenly subdued tone with which you ask this question be reconciled with the unbending pride of your general bearing?"

"Has she really remembered me? has she spoken my name?" asked Lauzun with great excitement.

"I answer thee nothing more," said the knight, turning towards the door; but Lauzun seized and held him fast. For several moments they stood in silence, face to face, and eye to eye, until at length Lauzun's laboring breast was relieved by a deep drawn sigh.

"Guity," said he, "more than your prayers and arguments have the few words you have just spoken brought home to me the remembrance how fair is life in the glorious sunlight, how great the sacrifice I am compelled to make! You have raised a storm in the bosom which—tell me, by your honor, I conjure you, can I step back? will no stain attach to me? Is it true that there is no obstruction but my own will, and that hundreds have left this tomb before me, who—"

"Finish not," exclaimed the overjoyed knight, hastening out; "seek not an excuse for having come to your senses; leave your cause in my hands."

On the following morning Lauzun stood again in the presence of his king, by whom he was graciously received, and, as soon as the first embarrassment was over, treated in a manner that unequivocally evinced how much his majesty desired to compensate him for all he had suffered. That the whole court should follow the royal example was a matter of course; friends and enemies pressed forward to congratulate the re-established favorite, and even Montepan seemed either to have forgotten her former insult, or considered him sufficiently punished to deserve forgiveness. Lauzun received all these demonstrations with indifference; his whole soul was absorbed in the idea of again meeting the Princess de Montpensier; and the unpeakable graciousness with which she constantly drew him more and more within her charmed circle, often banished both the king and the world from his mind.

One morning as, according to custom, he called to pay his respects to the princess, he found her alone in her boudoir. Her glance greeted him with an entirely unusual expression of confusion and embarrassment. It seemed as if a burthen of sorrow weighed upon her heart, which she desired to lighten by sharing, without being able to summon sufficient resolution for the purpose. Her apparent perplexity seized also upon the count; already was he on the point of respectfully retiring to the ante-room, when the princess motioned him to approach her.

"You are the friend of the king," she began, after some hesitation, deeply blushing, and in a scarcely audible voice, "you often sustain him with your counsel. I also have need of such a friend; will you be that friend

to me?" Count Lauzun answered only by a low bow, with his hand upon his heart.

(To be Continued.)

HOW THE GIRLS GOT RID OF FRED.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

"If we could get rid of Freddy, we could have some fun?"

The speaker was Gracie Medford, a bright impetuous girl of nine, and the sister of chubby little four year old Fred, who was toiling on after her through the woodland ways, and whose lagging, short footsteps had made her very impatient for the last hour.

"Don't hurry so, Kitty," she said a moment after. "If you do we shall lose Freddy; and I do feel sometimes as if I wouldn't much care. I never can go anywhere, or do anything, with him to drag along. There, I can't keep up with you, and that's the end of it!"

Kitty Smith turned round her sparkling, spirited, brunette face.

"I declare," she said, "I think it's too mean of your mother. She might have a nurse for him just as well as not. I don't know what good staying in the country is going to do you, if you can never run, or climb, or do anything else just because you've got always to see to that tiresome boy. I do declare I'm glad I haven't any little brother."

"Me 'ove oo, Kitty," said little Fred, trying to make peace. "Me 'ove oo berry much, Gacie."

And Gracie turned impulsively, then, and hugged her little brother, and kissed him.

"So you do, Freddy; and sister won't complain of you any more."

"Not a-n-y more?" Fred asked, with a little quiver of hope and fear commingled on the "any," which made of it almost a sob.

The little Melfords were Kitty Smith's cousins, and their mother had brought them out of the hot, dusty city to pass July and August in the pleasant country home, where her sister Smith lived all the year.

There had been some talk about bringing Freddy's nurse with them; but Mary, who had been steadily confined for the last four years to her little charge, wanted a two months' vacation in which to make a journey to her Nova Scotian home, and see again the dear old faces from which she had never been parted till four years ago, when her aunt, who was Mrs. Medford's cook, procured for her the place of nurse girl in the Medford establishment, and she commenced her campaign with little Freddy. Mrs. Medford really wanted to give Mary this pleasure, and, moreover, she was reluctant to incur her sister's household with too many inmates; but she hesitated over the matter for a while, because her own health was delicate, and she knew that she should be quite unequal to constantly be looking after her sturdy, tireless little boy. The affair was finally settled by Gracie.

"You might let Mary go, I think mamma," she said, when the discussion was going on. "I shall be out of school, you know, and have nothing to do but play all day long; and Freddy can just play round with me and give you no trouble at all."

"If you are sure you wouldn't get tired of him," Mrs. Medford said, doubtfully. "You know Mary has always taken care of him, and you have never been used to have him interfere with any of your pleasures. You know you do like to have your own way."

"I think I do not like it better than I love my brother," Gracie answered with earnest voice and somewhat heightened color; and so the matter was settled. Mary went to Nova Scotia, cook stayed to keep house for Mr. Medford, whose business obliged him to remain in the city, and Mrs. Medford took Gracie and Freddy to her sister Smith's home in Borrowdale.

They had been there three weeks now, and the mother had been watching the course of events in silence. She saw very often that Gracie found little Fred an annoyance, though she had never confessed it in so many words in her mother's presence. At first Mrs. Medford was disposed to regret the leave of absence she had given to Mary; but she concluded, at last, that she had done the very best thing for Gracie; for what would she or any other child be worth if she grew up without ever learning the lesson of self-denial, or tasting the sweetness of giving up her own pleasures for some one else? Surely she had too much conscience, Mrs. Medford thought, every really to neglect Freddy; and, even though she might find it wearisome, the silent struggle with herself was sure to do her good.

But, on this summer afternoon of which I am telling you, the tempter had drawn very near to Gracie. She tried for a while to resist his beguilements. Kitty's words roused for a moment, her sense of justice.

"Mamma is not to blame," she said. "She did not make me undertake seeing to Freddy. She would have brought a nurse, but I begged her to let Mary go home. I thought it would be just nothing to take care of Fred; but, oh dear! it is an awful bore sometimes, when I want to do something."

Freddy did not know what bore meant; but he understood clearly enough that he was in Gracie's way, and his sensitive little heart ached just as sorely as if it had not been almost a baby's heart. If Gracie had looked at him just then she might have seen some great tears on the tips of his long, curling

lashes; but he was a little man in miniature, and he tried very hard to make his voice sound firm and brave.

"Freddy been braver than he ought to," said he, sturdily. "Freddy be steam-engine now. So just go on fast, and Freddy keep up. Freddy not pull oor d'ess, or hold on to oor hand, cezer."

"Are you sure you'll keep up?"

"Bery sure," stoutly spoken.

So Gracie eased her mind of its burden, and soothed her conscience—for had not Freddy promised?—and hurried on after Kitty, who was in advance.

And after her, toiling with might and main to keep up, trudged little Fred, rubbing away with his round chubby fists the tears that would come, but of which, being a boy, he was secretly quite ashamed.

Presently a great, gorgeous clump of rhododendron, a little in advance of them, moved the two girls to a simultaneous ecstasy. They had never in their lives seen anything so beautiful as this great tropical looking shrub, rising high above their heads, and making a glory in the air with its magnificent pink blossoms. Headless of Freddy, they sprang forward breathless with earnestness; and he finding that his short little legs were utterly unequal to his ambition, resigned himself to his position like a philosopher.

"Mo tan't keep up any way. Guess me stay here and rest Freddy. Gracie sure find me when she comes back."

And so Gracie surely would, if he had kept right there in the path. But presently a yellow butterfly flew by—one, two, three—cloud of yellow butterflies, all going one way. It was too much for Freddy.

"They be yeal gold I guess," he cried, looking after them longingly. "Me get some for mamma—wear in her ears—say, 'Thank oo Freddy.'"

So the little short-legs, set in motion again by the longing to please mamma, started on once more, this time right away from the path, in and out among the trees; and the butterflies flitted on before, as if blown by a wayward wind, here and there, but always away from the path. And in half an hour only the wind, and the butterflies, and the Heavenly Father looking down, knew where was Freddy.

The girls thought it was not more than fifteen minutes when they turned to look for him; but then the rhododendron blossoms were pink, and the sky was bright, and a bird with a golden throat sang to them; and all the time Freddy was stumbling on right away from the path. Gracie was the first to think of him.

"Why, where is Freddy?" she asked, with startled face.

"Oh, he's all right enough!" Kitty answered, "trudging along the path like a little snail. We'll go back for him presently. Just see this kalmia. We must get a little for your mother."

Gracie yielded,—to yield was the fatal weakness of her character. She gathered a splendid bunch of kalmia; then some cardinal flowers burning at her feet attracted her; and then, at last, she turned resolutely:

"Now I must find Freddy. Poor little fellow! I shouldn't wonder if he was crying. We've been away from him as much as twenty minutes."

Kitty glanced at the westerly sky, and saw the sun hanging low, a great red ball on the misty horizon. She made no remonstrance now against looking for Freddy. She was more frightened herself than she would have cared to own.

Back along the path they flew, Gracie in advance. At last she looked round, her face white with terror.

"It was here we left him, Kitty,—just by these blue flags. We started on for the rhododendrons, you know. Oh, where is he, where is he? Freddy! Freddy! Fred!"

But a little piping treble made no answer. Would that voice ever answer her again? And, if it didn't, what was the use of living? And she had thought she was tired of him!

The two girls made frantic little rushes from the path in every direction, not going far either way, for on every side the wood shut in round them, and already the twilight was coming fast. At last Kitty said:

"It is of no use, and we are wasting time. It is growing dark, and our best way is just to hurry home, and send some one to look for him who can find him quicker than we can."

"Well, then, you go; but I must stay here and look. I've got to find him, you know,—he is my brother."

"All very well, if you could," Kitty said, drily. "I don't see how you'd help matters, though, by getting lost yourself, and giving the men two to look after instead of one."

Gracie had not courage enough to resist this argument, which, indeed, had its firm base in self-evident fact; so the two girls hurried homeward breathlessly. Once there, Kitty stopped outside to tell the story to her father, while Gracie burst into the room where her mother was.

"You may do anything to me, mamma—anything. If you should kill me, I deserve it. And I don't think I should care. I'm not fit to live."

"Then certainly you are not fit to die," and Mrs. Medford laid her hand on Gracie's throbbing forehead. "But what is the matter? Why should I do anything to you? and where is Freddy?"

"That's what I've done, mamma—lost him!"

"Lost my baby! Where?"

"In the woods, mother. He stayed behind when I thought he was coming, and got lost."

"My baby, my poor little fellow—all alone in the lonesome woods, and night coming on."

As long as Gracie Medford lives, she will never forget her mother's face at that moment. She began to cry but no one noticed her. Heedless of white gown and thin slippers, or head, every throb of which had been torture all that long afternoon, the mother sprang through the adjoining room, and was out of doors, and on the path towards the woods, before Gracie had drawn a half dozen sobbing breaths.

Mr. Smith saw her, and tried to stop her, "Don't go," he said; "we've got two lanterns, and I am going now with both my men."

"Thank you but I am too. Do you think I could sit in doors, with my baby all alone in those cruel woods?"

So they hurried forward, and Gracie came out of the house, still sobbing; and she and Kitty clasped sorrowful hands, and went on more slowly after the others.

An hour passed before a low wailing cry came from Mrs. Medford's lips:

"Come here, James!"

So she had found him. She had taken one of the lanterns, and her mother's instinct had led her on to the right place at last. Mr. Smith stepped to her side. The light of their two lanterns shone on what looked like the stature of a little boy. The long curled lashes dropped upon his cheeks. His face gleamed like marble in the dim light, and in one careless hand was a great bunch of the purple poison-berries, the deadly night-shade bears.

"See those berries," the mother whispered. "James, is he dead?"

Mr. Smith bent over the child and looked at him closely.

"No, there is no stain upon his face. He has not tasted them; and he breathes as quietly as if he was in his bed at home."

Then Mrs. Medford caught up her boy in her arms. She had not dared before lest she should clasp despair. Her embrace awoke him; and still, it seemed, his thoughts were running on the golden butterflies.

"Me tied to get oo some for oor ears, mamma, they did shine so bright; but they all runned away, and then I couldn't find Gracie."

"Weren't you frightened, darling?"

"Not frightened so much as me hungry. Then me find booful berries. See! and before I did eat any, something laid me down to sleep."

It was God's angel, surely, the mother thought, who had hushed her little one to his slumbers; just in time, just in time!

She drew the purple poison berries from his fingers.

"They would not be good for Freddy" she said coaxingly. "Uncle James shall carry Freddy home, and then my boy'll get some nice supper."

On the way the little procession met Grace and Kitty. Little Freddy called out joyfully: "Me iding! See, Gracie! Me not mean to run away. Me not bad boy. Me only t'y to get yeal gold fly things for mamma."

It was too much for Gracie.

"Little angel?" she cried, through her tears. "Just see how he takes all the blame, and tries to excuse himself. How can I ever say thanks enough to God for not taking him just yet to be an angel in heaven?"

Mrs. Medford had two or three minds about what she should say to Grace. Her first thought had been to send for Mary, and punish the child by the humiliation of feeling herself no longer trusted. Then she thought it would suffice to improve the occasion by a few remarks. But her last, best decision was that the lesson Grace had been taught would only be weakened by any words of comment. So, like a woman wise enough to know when to be silent—and that gift is not to be reckoned lightly—she left the incident to do its own work. She was satisfied with the result. The children had a happy summer, and Gracie was never again led into the temptation or even a momentary wish to get rid of Freddy.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind

That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor give you needless pain;

But we vex our own with look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!

How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.

Ah! lips with the curte impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

SCIENTIFIC.

INTER-PLANETARY COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Charles Cros, in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, thinks that the approaching transit of Venus will afford an excellent opportunity for establishing communication with the inhabitants of that planet—if any exist. He says: It is possible that among the dwellers on the surface of Venus there may be some who are astronomers, to whom it may occur that the passage of their world across the sun's disk will attract our curiosity. Hence it is reasonable to suppose that these savants will perfect means to transmit signals to us precisely at the instant when they determine that multitudes of earthly telescopes are turned in their direction.

A writer in *La Nature*, commenting on this novel idea, suggests that it would be better to reverse relative positions, and for Venus substitute Mars. That is to say, when to the Martian inhabitants our globe appears to be crossing the sun's face, we should do something to attract their notice. As Mars is an older planet than the earth, it is supposed that its inhabitants are wiser than we, and hence better able to comprehend our signals than those existing on more youthful Venus.

It would be more satisfying to the inquisitive mind if M. Charles Cros or the correspondent of our contemporary would kindly ventilate their plans somewhat more in detail. We have heard somewhere of a scheme for signaling to the moon by means of long black platforms, arranged on wheels and placed on the extended snowfields of Siberia; and, if we remember rightly, it was proposed to roll these about to make the letters of the Morse telegraphic alphabet. How the assumed lunar inhabitants were to interpret the symbols was not explained. Somebody has also suggested huge mirrors arranged to send flashes of light to our satellite.

These ideas are all very nonsensical, but rather pale in absurdity before that of M. Cros. The moon, to be sure, is only about 240,000 miles away, and our big telescopes carry us to within a hundred miles of its surface; if that million dollar instrument is ever made, probably we shall be able to see with reasonable distinctness whether clusters of habitations exist thereon. But Venus and Mars are respectively thirty and forty-nine millions of miles distant from our planet, and it is only by careful observation that the movements of vast glaciers on Mars are estimated, or spaces near the poles, of forty thousand square miles extent, detected; and even the phenomena noted are merely supposed to be due to the causes ascribed.

STATISTICS OF PAPER MANUFACTURE.

From the time when paper made from cotton was first brought to Europe from the deserts of Central Asia, its manufacture has increased steadily and has entirely supplanted the papyrus of the ancients. Paper is now manufactured from the most varied materials, such as wool, cotton, flax, hemp, jute, agave, straw, potato, mulberry, esparto and rice fibers; and a recent Austrian investigator, Dr. Albin Rudel, calculates the yearly production in all civilized parts of the world as amounting to 1,800,000,000 pounds. This quantity is manufactured in 3,900 factories, which employ 90,000 male and 180,000 female hands, besides 100,000 workmen occupied in collecting and assorting rags. The factories, when in full working order, represent a money value of not less than \$280,000,000 gold, and the value of the annual paper production is estimated at \$195,000,000 gold. The production of the United States, with a population of 39,000,000, reaches up to 374,000,000 pounds, but their consumption exceeds this quantity by 3,000,000 pounds, which are supplied by importation. Every American uses annually 10½ pounds paper, while Mexico, with Central America, consumes only 2 pounds and British America 5½ pounds per head. The consumption in European countries is 11½ pounds per head in Great Britain, 8 in Germany, 7½ in France, 3½ in Austria and Italy, 1½ in Spain, and in Russia but 1 pound. But these figures by no means justify us in drawing any rigid conclusions as to the literary occupations or mental acquisitions of the respective countries, though they give us a general idea thereof. It must be remembered that one third of this immense quantity of paper consists of paper hangings, pasteboards, shavings, and wrapping sheets, one half of all the production is printing paper, and the remaining sixth is writing paper. The consumption in civilized countries average per head 5 pounds paper, 5 newspaper copies, and 10 letters; fifty years ago, 2½ pounds of paper were supposed to be the average. In round numbers, Dr. Rudel distributes the annual paper "crop" into the following departments:—Government offices, 200,000,000 pounds; schools, 180,000,000 pounds; commerce, 240,000,000 pounds; industrial manufactures, 180,000,000 pounds; private correspondence, 100,000,000 pounds; printing, 900,000,000 pounds; total, 1,800,000,000.

A people consuming comparatively large quantities of paper will certainly occupy a high place in the scale of industrial and mental development, its use brings co-extensive with commerce, manufactures, schools, and the printing press.

Ball Cards, Programmes, etc., executed with promptness at the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

TWO INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

The *America*, a daily journal of Bogota, in a recent issue publishes a letter of Don Joaquin Alvez da Costa, in which he states that his slaves, while working upon the plantation at Porto Alto, Parahyba district, Peru, have discovered a monumental stone, erected by a small colony of Phœnicians who had wandered thither from their native country in the ninth or tenth year of Hiram, a monarch contemporary with Solomon and who flourished about ten years before the Christian era. The monolith bears an inscription of eight lines, written in clear Phœnician characters, without punctuation marks or any visible separation of the words. This has been imperfectly deciphered, but enough has been made out to learn that a party of Cannanites left the port of Aziongaher (Boy-Akaba) and navigated about the coast of Egypt for twelve moons (one year), but were drawn by currents off their course and eventually carried to the present site of Guayaquil, Peru. The stones gives the names of these unfortunate travellers both male and female, and probably further investigations will shed more light on the records they have left.

Another and most astonishing discovery, we find announced in *Les Mondes*. It appears that some Russian colonists, having penetrated to hitherto unexplored parts of Siberia, have found three living mastodons, identical with those heretofore dug up in that country from frozen sand. No particulars are given as to this, we fear, somewhat questionable find. From the statements of M. Dupont, of the Brussels Royal Academy, it would seem that, like the reindeer, the mastodon should not now be extinct, and that the animal is naturally a contemporary of the horse, sheep, and pig. Hence the announcement is not without some shadow of probability.

CANNELLE, A NEW BROWN ANILINE DYE.

An aniline, called cannelle-brown, suitable for replacing dyewoods in producing, on silk, wool, or cotton, a beautiful, bright wood-brown, and all shades of brown, with less trouble, and not too great expense, has been prepared for some time by Knosp of Stuttgart. For silk and wool no mordant is necessary, the dye being simply dissolved in hot water, and filtered through flannel, when cold. Silk is dyed in a lukewarm bath with which this solution is mixed, and slightly acidified with tartaric acid. The color can be deepened and tinted by the addition of a solution of patent or methyl-violet, or precipitated indigo. Wool is dyed in a boiling bath, with the addition of a half a pound of Glauber's salt, and one-eighth of a pound of sulphuric acid with ten pounds of wool; for shading and tinting, the same dies may be used as for silk, the cheaper precipitated indigo being preferable. Cotton must be moderated (best with tannin), by using three pounds of sumach, or a quarter of a pound of good tannin, to ten pounds of cotton. It is then dyed in the usual way, in a cold bath of pure cannelle.

HONORS TO OPERATIVES AND FOREMEN.

The Society of Arts and Manufactures, Vienna, has issued 134 silver medals, with diplomas, to operative and foremen, recommended for the honor by employers who were exhibitors at the Exposition.

The distribution is as follows:

United States of America.....	5
Great Britain.....	10
France.....	18
Germany.....	13
Italy.....	9
Switzerland.....	5
Belgium.....	5
Holland.....	4
Portugal.....	5
Denmark.....	4
Sweden.....	4
Russia.....	7
Greece.....	3

TOBACCO AND THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

A distinguished French savant, the Abbe Moigno, contributes to the discussion of the tobacco question some interesting observations on the influence of the weed upon his own mental powers. For many years he had been addicted to the habit of snuff-taking, though conscious of injurious results flowing from the practice. He renounced it again and again, but a relapse always followed. In 1861 his daily allowance of snuff was over twenty grammes, and he observed a rapid decay of the faculty of memory. He had learned some fifteen hundred root words in each of several languages, but found these gradually dropping out of his mind, so as to necessitate frequent recurrence to dictionaries. At last he summoned resolution to break finally with the use of tobacco in any form, and after six years of abstinence, writes as follows:—

It has been for us the commencement of a veritable resurrection of health, mind and memory, our ideas have become more lucid, our imagination more vivid, our work easier, our pen quicker, and we have seen gradually return that army of words which had run away. Our memory, in a word, has recovered all its riches, all its sensibility. That tobacco

especially in the form of snuff, is a personal enemy of memory, which it has destroyed little by little, and sometimes very promptly, cannot be doubted. Many persons with whom we are acquainted—M. Dubrunfant, the celebrated chemist, for example—have run the same dangers and escaped from them in the same fashion, by renouncing tobacco; which we do not hesitate to say harms the greatest part of those who employ it, since for one smoker or snuffler who uses it there are ninety-nine who abuse it.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.

A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point in analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long space of time, pass ideally through the mind in an instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind—for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as of time, are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed he had enlisted for a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the next room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him.

A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakened in his fright, he found he had not been asleep more than ten minutes.

INDIVIDUAL HISTORY.

There is, in truth, a boundless significance belonging to the individuality of every human being. It is immeasurably more than the individuation of mere Nature, where also no two things are ever exactly alike, while yet in their singleness they are, indeed, fleeting copies and examples only of the generic and specific existences they represent. Human individualism, in distinction from this, reaches down through nature to the original being of the soul, and there is for every man, from the start, the ground of a distinctive personality, which, as such, has in it the character of a generic wholeness answering to the constitution of the world at large.

It is not only humanity, collectively taken, that is the epitome and the mirror of the world; the world is epitomized and mirrored in every man, and in each single man under a mode of representing peculiar to himself in difference from all other men. He is not an example, or passing phenomenon simply, in the generic unity, having in himself an infinitude of existence, which is not to be circumscribed by any limitations either of time or space.

And now this boundless meaning of human individuality it is which imparts to individual history also (the actualization of each man's original genius in the way of living task and work) what is in fact a like boundless meaning. The life of the poorest and humblest man is such a history, full of interest, replete with instruction, and worthy of study. It is not merely succession, chance, change, occurrence and event, in outward form. It is the presence of the infinite in the finite, the spiritual and ideal in the material, the immortal struggling to assert itself under the hard conditions of time. It is thought and feeling, act and deed; a continuous thrilling drama; a poem in its measure and degree, epic, lyric, comic, as the case may be, and always more or less profoundly tragic.

A partial suspension of the Dover, N. H., shoe factories has taken place.

A Belleville reporter says that a brakeman who lately had his legs cut off by a G. T. R. train "will probably be a cripple for life."

A Whitby mechanic is credited with having invented a machine capable of turning out twenty horse-shoes in a minute.

Grace Greenwood relates an instance of the extravagance of New England humor that when a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely as ample before as behind, the father exclaimed, "Goodness! he wouldn't know whether he was going to school or coming home."

The Smithfield Manufacturing Company of Hyde Park, a suburb of Boston, has placed its help on half time.

The Hopkins & Allen Manufacturing Company, of Norwich, Conn., has discharged fifty-two hands, and brought the working time to nine hours a day.

Ball Cards and Programmes, Posters, in plain and colored inks, Business Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed in first-class style at the WORKMAN Office.

NOTICE.

We shall be pleased to receive terms of interested...

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Table with advertising rates: Each insertion, ten cents per line. Contract advertisements at the following rates.

with it to be distinctly understood that we do not...

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN, 134 BAY STREET.

Meetings of Unions.

TORONTO.

Meetings are held in the Trades' Assembly Hall, King street west, in the following order:--

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

OTTAWA.

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

ST. CATHARINES.

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

Messrs. LANCEFIELD BROTHERS, Newdealers, No. 6 Market square, Hamilton, are agents for the WORKMAN in that vicinity.

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

To The Electors of West Toronto.

We would request Workingmen in West Toronto to abstain from pledging themselves to any party seeking their suffrages for the Dominion Parliament.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1873.

ENGLISH AND CANADIAN POLITICAL PARTIES.

"A Conservative Workman," whose communication we published last week, has taken exception to our view of the two great English political parties, the Conservatives and the Liberals.

In the article to which our correspondent takes so many exceptions, we

asserted a general truth, that the Conservative party of England has ever been the advocate and defender of an exclusive system of political and church government, and that the Liberal party, as a party, has ever been the representative of Progress.

Now, on the other hand, all the great reforms that have been accomplished during the last half century in Great Britain have been moved and carried by the Liberals.

Our correspondent asks, did all the Liberals vote for the disestablishment

of the Irish Church? Really, this is not the question. Such unanimity rarely occurs with any party.

We assert again, that the terms Conservative and Liberal, as used in England, do not apply, in any fashion, to this country.

THE COOPERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION.

We have received a copy of the proceedings of the Fourth Convention of the Coopers' International Union, held in St. Louis, last month.

TRADES' UNION CONGRESS.

The programme for the sixth annual Trades' Union Congress, to be held in Sheffield in January, 1874, has been published, and no doubt the importance of the questions to be discussed, and the urgency of legislative action, will ensure a very full attendance of delegates from the numerous Trades' Councils and Societies in the United Kingdom.

- 1. Appointment of the Credential Committee, examination of the Credentials, and the report thereon to the Congress.
2. Election of officers to the Congress, and the President's opening address.
3. Legislative Action.—Report of the Parliamentary Committee.
4. Future Legislation.—Criminal Law Amendment Act, Conspiracy, Master and Servants' Act, Factory Nine Hours' Bill, Truck Bill, Compensation to Workmen's Bill, and the Trades' Union Act.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.

- 5. Representation of Labor in Parliament—the best means to secure it.
6. The urgent necessity for providing a sufficient staff of efficient and practical inspectors to enforce the Factory and Workshops Regulation Acts, and the Mines Regulation Acts; and the advisability of securing a number of qualified workmen to act as inspectors.
7. Trades Unions—the Federative principle as applicable to them.
8. Overtime; apprenticeships; and piecework. Co-operation and industrial partnerships.
9. Emigration and unemployed labor; the employment of women and children in agriculture, factories, and workshops; and the employment of soldiers in industrial trades, and in agriculture; convict labor.
10. Trades Halls, their adaptability and advisability for the purpose of Trades Societies.
11. The application of the Arbitration Act.

CANADIAN LABOR UNION.

We are pleased to know of the activity that actuates the executive of the Canadian Labor Union. The reports have generally been distributed, and the results following their circulation are satisfactory.

CO-OPERATION.

A portion of the letter from our St. Catharines correspondent, last week, touched upon a matter that it would be well for the operatives to ponder carefully. We allude to that paragraph referring to the formation of a Coal and Wood Society.

CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.

We learn that it is the intention of the Carpenters and Joiners of St. Catharines, to establish a branch in connection with the Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners' Union.

sed by Mr. F. Ingledew, of Hamilton, Mr. Bickle and others, and ultimately the work of organization was completed.

NEW LODGE OF K. O. S. C.

Mr. [Silves, S. K., K. O. S. C., last week organized a new Lodge at Brantford. The new lodge starts under very favorable auspices, and will likely prove a large and flourishing organization.

TAILORS' STRIKE.

We regret to say that the Tailors' Strike, in this city, continues unsettled, and workmen in that business are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

LIBEL SUIT.

Mr. C. J. Whellams has brought an action for libel against Mr. T. C. Patteson, Manager, and Charles Belford, Editor of the Mail. This action has arisen out of an article published in the Mail, in April last, under the caption of "Astounding Developments," in which a very damaging record was written against the complainant.

"TRADE UNIONS."

It is not often that so fair an opinion is given on the above subject by an "outsider," as the following by Mr. John Makinson, B.A., who recently discussed "Trades' Unions," in an essay before the Young Mens' Christian Association, at Ottawa. He contended that we must all take an interest in following up the development of Unions, because it was necessary on the one hand, to place without illusion, the dangers which might arise from a state of things heretofore inevitable; and on the other hand, because we are convinced that in spite of the dangers their development may be useful, not only to those who may expect a legitimate bettering of their condition, but to society at large.

TRADES' ASSEMBLY.

A special meeting of the Trades' Assembly, will be held on Friday night, and it is expected all delegates will attend, as matters of the utmost importance will be transacted.

Ball Cards and Programmes, Posters, in plain and colored inks, Business Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed in first-class style at the WORKMAN Office.

SHORT SERMONS.

BY A LAY PREACHER.

I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship.—Exodus 31: 2.

My Friends,—In the Book of God, called by his followers the Book of Wisdom, we find the strongest internal evidence of its right and universal acceptance in the fact that those who follow its teachings attain the highest happiness, accomplish the most good in life—the life that now is—giving them a broad ground on which to build hope of the life that is to come, the life which is hid with Christ in God. Please remember, those who follow the blessed teachings; for it is written that in the Day of the Lord, the examination and judgment of the work done, (or exposition of the neglect to work, which it is possible may be charged against many,) it is foretold that some will claim for their credit that they listened when Jesus taught in their streets—and it is also foretold that this claim will be disallowed by the Master.

So assuming that all counsel given in sacred writing is profitable to all who heed it, and saying that my reason for this belief is made stronger by having noted its working upon the life and labor of many about me, I ask you to give me hearing as I call attention to some wise words which will if followed, and I trust they shall be by many, make our way a way of pleasantness.

I find then, first of all, that God gives a measure of grace to every creature to whom He gives life. And by His wisdom the measure is varied. It is not in the power of every one to attain a front rank among skilled workmen, and those to whom it is given do great wrong to others less gifted when they unkindly forbid them place in their craft. We find that Bezaleel worked by the same rule that governed Solomon and every other wise master builder; he accepted the work of those who wrought in gold and silver, in purple and scarlet cloth, in fine linen, in wood, and of all the women whose heart stirred them up in wise work. And he arranged their work in the Ark of the Covenant, and in setting up the Tabernacle of the Lord.

I find, then, further, that the glorious work was perfected in a close following of his instructions. The men that wrought all the work of the sanctuary came every man from his own work—the children of Israel did according to all that the Lord commanded. And it is written,—“Then, the glory of the Lord filled the temple.”

The sum of all this is—the people, in many of whom rested but a small measure of wisdom, as compared with Bezaleel, acted according to his directions; they saw that he had studied architecture and ornamental work more than they, and they simply “followed the leader.” Let us do this. Let us use the wisdom we have—“neglecting not the gift that is in us,” but, withal, being careful that we seek, not to be “many masters;” but when there is raised up a leader, use every means, lend every effort to forward their work—in the building of the more glorious temple of the Lord—if the name be written Joseph Arch, or Saffin, or Fehrenbach, or Travellick, or whatever else his name may be.

Correspondence.

MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CIVIC AFFAIRS.

Just at present Civic subjects are occupying more attention here than for a long time previously, and the result is, that people are beginning to think that their lethargy in politics has been the opportunity for corrupt officials and grasping contractors. About two months ago Coun. Stephens laid a general charge of mal-administration of affairs in the office of the Road Department, and weekly meetings for enquiry have been held ever since. One of the first things proven was that a member of the council, and a hardware merchant, named Ald. Wilson, had, contrary to the constitution, ordered articles to be purchased from his own store, but sending in the bills on invoices with another man's heading. When asked for his justification, the worthy alderman replied that he considered so long as he sold goods to the corporation as good as other people, so long as other aldermen did far worse things, he thought he was doing no wrong. It seems also that a lumber firm sent in a bill for 69,000 feet of cull deals, and the mystery is to find what became of them all. Yet stranger a bill, while this firm was supplying the above quantity of cull deals at \$35 per thousand feet, fair measure, (100 pieces), another equally large firm only received orders to supply 2,000 pieces, and gave good pine, instead of culls at that price. No tenders were asked, and the whole arrangement was left to one man—Alderman David. This fall tenders were invited for more culls, and the last mentioned firm got the award. The officials, however, in the Board Department, no doubt being well fed with “pay,” offered every obstacle to the

delivery of the deals, and law-suit is promised over the affair. It is said that Ald. David was generously relieved of his election expenses by some disinterested (?) person.

Montreal, like Toronto, has got to pay dearly for not “taking time by the forelock” in the matter of a public park. Nearly all the south side and top of the mountain has been appropriated, and exorbitant sums were asked for the lots. For the Redpath estate, only the small sum of \$200,000 was asked. It was last assessed at \$25,000, and many consider \$50,000 a fair market figure; the commissioners, however, paid \$61,000.

All through last week there has been a government investigation into

THE LOSS OF THE BAVARIAN.

The actual cause of this melancholy accident are as far off discovery as ever, and in all probability will never be known. It was certainly wonderful to see how the old proverb that “circumstances alter cases” was exemplified, in the *enquette*. Whilst the gallant pilot and those in the first boat with him, swore that they heard neither the appeals from one of the passengers, and the ladies' maid to take them in, nor the order of the mate for return, it is affirmed equally as positive on the other hand to the contrary. From the position of the fire, it is probable that the three ladies on board were half an hour at the bow of the steamer before they were caught in the flames, that is, without they jumped into the lake as a milder fate. For two boats to row right away, and leave twenty, including women, on the steamer, with a certainty of perishing, making no effort whatever to save them, seemed barbarous and unmanly in the extreme. Taking the crew as a whole, they behaved like so many terrified schoolgirls. There was no discipline whatever, and not even an order was given by the captain to his men. The only one who showed any real pluck was a little mess-room boy, who after throwing some chairs overboard, put on a life-preserver, and sprang into the water, following the captain. Both grabbing hold of a pail rack floating in the water, and the captain getting exhausted, the boy shouted to the boats to save him, as well as encouraging him by telling him to kick hard. The evidence of this boy was clearer than that of any other witness. The Canadian Navigation Company have a most singular way of appointing their captains. Mr. Milloy, when examined, said that they wanted for this post men who could act the polite to the passengers and carve well at table. As mates of vessels are generally regular old sea dogs, and perhaps rather plain and gruff in manner, these are skipped in the promotions, and the “refined” purser, to use Mr. Milloy's expression—put over him as commander. In the eagerness of the company to make their line popular with the travelling public, they seem to think that the safety of the latter is of secondary importance, and that the ability to interest, and charming manners to fascinate, is superlatively above any knowledge of guiding a vessel. If the investigation leads to nothing else, it is to be hoped that a strict examination will be insisted upon, and a certificate granted, before a man can have an opportunity to be supreme commander of a passenger steamer.

Things, in general, are now very dull, and there are prospects of

HARD TIMES

during the coming winter. I warn all working men to fight shy of Montreal in the best of weather, but as “Joe Beef,” a well known character, says in his advertisement of oysters to the public, “God help the poor of Montreal” in times like these. This city is no place for a working man, or one with a moderate income. The houses are nearly all built of stone or brick, and although undoubtedly very respectable, are an outrageous rent for poor folks. One misses the rows of neat little cottages like in Toronto. A working man, as well as a man of means, with a family, and with an appreciation of social comfort, likes if not to have a house of his own, at least to rent one, which can be his “castle,” and where he will not feel always fearful of shocking other people's feelings or hurting their nerves. Here, however, without he likes to go a terrible way out of the city, he can take a part of a house only, if he desires to live in a decent one. Wood is very dear, much more so than in Upper Canada, and not so good; provisions are also dearer than in Toronto. Our French friends with mixture-soup all the week and a little cold chicken on Sunday may perhaps thrive admirably; but English speaking people like something a little more substantial. There's the difference of nature, you see, with the advantage in an economic point of view, of being a Frenchman. Wages are running down, and work is scarce. The bakers were reduced from \$12 per week (exceptionally good pay here) to \$10, and other trades in like proportion.

Navigation has practically closed, and winter has come in its steal. There is a thick covering of snow on the ground and excellent sleighing.

Montreal, Nov. 24, 1873.

We desire to call attention to the advertisement of Dr. Wood of Ottawa. For the cure of cancers Dr. Wood has a wide reputation, and the success of his treatment should lead those who are suffering from that dreadful malady to consult him without delay.

DUMB, AND SPEAKING ANIMALS.

“These ye ought to have done, and not leave the other undone.”

It has hitherto been held, that the faculty of speech was one of heaven's best blessings to man, and one of the gifts by which he is distinguished from, and elevated above the dumb animals; but the bias which a certain portion of public opinion, and benevolent effort, is taking in these latter days, induces the impression, that the natural order of things is being reversed; and the dumb animals all but *deified*, while a certain class of speaking animals are either culpably neglected or degraded beneath the level of the vilest of living creatures!! This sad revolution seems all the more complete, when the spiritual is so swallowed up of the earthy, that even the clergy, are leaving the care of the soul and body of a very large number of speaking animals to the constable and jailor; while they, themselves, seem quite content with passing high eulogiums of the exertions of the apostle to dumb animals.

We are not for a moment, to be understood as in, any way either opposed to, or finding fault with the praiseworthy exertion put forth on behalf of the dumb animal. Nay, God speed them; but there are a multitude of speaking animals in our midst, not even nominally connected with any church; and as pastor and church office-bearers do not visit those in full communion, it is obvious that those outside in the streets and lanes are left to suffer infinitely more (death eternal) than it is possible for the dumb animals to do; and when did we hear the voice of a bishop or professor of divinity raised to plead for a society or societies to send the bread of life to those who are perishing? (Mat. xxiii. 23).

Materialism never had a faster hold on society than at the present moment, for even our good ladies must have an association—not, however, as a mission to our city Arabs, but a bunkum Yankee notion, for the purpose of establishing a boarding house, for the good of whom it is difficult to conceive; since they, for selfish ends, have excluded domestic servants from a share of its benefits—if any there are. Now of all others who are able to pay their way, (and the ladies give no charity), domestic servants have a prior claim, for most of them come in from the country, and are here without guardians; they will, and often must change places, and now and then require a few days to refine their wardrobe; but their would-be benefactors, instead of throwing the shield of protection around those who without their aid would be in a few hours miserable, they drive them to strange and often low boarding houses, when, alas, in too many instances, their virtue and means are soon both gone; and then their want and not their will consents to vice!! Can more dire cruelty be conceived of! especially when a few days' (not more) kind attention would in all probability have prevented its occurrence. The ladies' lap-dog must have a soft cushion on which to repose, and if it only gives one whine, the whole household set their wits to work to find out and remove the cause; but the domestic, who after all, is the grand source of domestic comfort, is too often allowed to derminate in a dark, damp closet behind the cellar kitchen, where a carpet will rot in six weeks, and if the seeds of disease are engendered and germinate, she is merely tolerated, until health and strength are so far gone as to render her no longer profitable. She is then returned upon her aged and poor parents, who are far more in need of assistance than a burden; and if those are gone, then she must go to the hospital, where our top nob's say through their representatives that she must get well in so many days, or be turned out to suffer a worse death than the old horse, which the agent shot the other day.

“Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

Our learned Dr.'s look with a pious horror on an effort to make a baulky horse take his load over a street crossing, and approve of the owner being punished; but can complacently stop the ear and wink with the eye, when our preliminary judge vociferates out the illegal and monstrous doctrine that mere “combination is treason,” and mulcts a speaking animal of \$30, or for no other crime than daring to move his tongue in self vindication. When a few horses get their necks inadvertently galled, an inspection must be made and the innocent owner submitted to pains and penalties; but when a tyrant, by illegal and despicable means, wilfully inflicts a wound, not in the flesh but in the good name and ability of our respectable mechanics—as, for instance, the typos recently—instead of an investigation and vindication the despotic author is fawned upon as a patriot!

“What sense of pity could the monster feel,
Himself relentless as the murderous steel.”
Since those who could not even exist one

day without the services of the working classes—or cease to be capitalists—despise and degrade those who give them their wealth and comforts beneath the level of the brute creation, let the working classes respect themselves, and inform their minds and elevate their condition, and thereby render themselves independent of, and superior to those whose tender mercies are at best cruel.

Toronto, Nov. 21st, 1873.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The “Academy” is drawing large houses nightly. The stars this week are of unusual lustre, and the most unbounded enthusiasm greets Bryant and Williams each time they appear. Decidedly they are two of the greatest successes that have yet appeared on the boards, and taken in connection with the remaining artistes, render the entertainment unusually interesting.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

Considerable activity is manifested amongst the various candidates for civic honor at the approaching civic election.

Mr. BELL is again seeking the suffrages of the electors of St. Andrew's Ward. His large experience, and past record will do him good service, and he will no doubt poll a large vote.

Mr. BALL is also again seeking re-election. We understand he is making a very active personal canvass, and his numerous friends are sanguine of his election.

Mr. Wm. F. FARLEY is also soliciting the votes of the electors of St. Andrew's Ward. Mr. Farley has not a large experience to recommend him, but the ability he has displayed in connection with the Board of School Trustees, of which he is a member, gives evidence that he would make a good representative at the Council Board. We believe he is well acquainted with the wants of the city, and ward he seeks to represent, and has ability to make that knowledge serviceable.

WATER COMMISSIONER.—Mr. J. Greenlees, one of the present Water Commissioners, is a candidate for the same office, for the Western Division for the next term, which commences on the 5th January, 1874. Mr. Greenlees was received and still expects the support of working men. His friends believe him to be well qualified for the position.

Ball Cards, Programmes, etc., executed with promptness at the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for
JOHN BALL,
AS ALDERMAN
FOR ST. PATRICK'S WARD FOR 1874.

The Election will be held on Monday, January the 5th, 1874.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST
Are respectfully solicited for
ROBERT BELL
THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR
WATER COMMISSIONER,
FOR THE WESTERN DIVISION.

Election takes place on January 5th, 1874. Polls open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE WESTERN DIVISION OF THE CITY OF TORONTO

Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for
JNO. GREENLEES,
AS
WATER COMMISSIONER.

The Election takes place January 5th, 1874.

USE David's Cough Balsam
For Coughs, Colds, Tickling in the Throat, &c., acknowledged by all to be the best preparation in the market.
PRICE 25c PER BOTTLE.
Prepared only by J. DAVIDS & CO., Chemists,
171 King Street East, Toronto.

ELECTION OF WATER COMMISSIONERS

FOR 1874 & 5.

To the Electors of West Toronto: GENTLEMEN,—

I have been asked by many Property Owners and Ratepayers of West Toronto to offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrages as Water Commissioner, at the Ensuing Elections, (to be held January 5th, 1874.)

In cheerfully acceding to the request, I assume that the duties of the position call for some practical knowledge of the sanitary laws by which dense populations should be guided in obtaining unlimited and readily available supplies of water, and that the duties also demand from your Representatives an honest determination to so act and vote that you shall have no doubt security that the monies to be expended shall be scrupulously guarded and the disbursement thereof so faithfully managed that no reproach may rest on the shoulders of your Commissioners.

Having the privilege of personal acquaintance with leading Engineers of Great Britain and Ireland, and having had different opportunities of examining the thoroughness of their work, careful observation of their efforts has guided my judgment in matters that will of necessity be decided by your Representatives.

To the second requirement, I base my claim to general support on the fact that I have been for twenty-three years a resident ratepayer in Toronto, during which term I have so acted in your and my own interests, in the varied positions of Mechanic, Tradesman, and Ratepayer, as to entitle me to your confidence.

I am at liberty to state that my candidature has the approval of at least three gentlemen to whom the Citizens have heretofore given their confidence for the planning and execution of the work now to be done in our City.

I shall make it my duty to call on as many of you as possible. Should the limited time between the issue of this and “Election day” prevent me from seeing each voter in the West at his place of business or residence, I request that for this reason I may not be the less confident of your vote and support.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours most faithfully,
J. EDWARDS.

TO THE ELECTORS OF TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN:—The time having now nearly arrived, when (by the Act of the Legislature) you will again have the privilege of electing from amongst yourselves one to fill the important office of Mayor, I have been requested, by a large number of citizens, to offer myself as a candidate for that position. In compliance with their request, and with a desire to see our common city prosper, I now ask for your suffrages at the coming election. Let my former conduct be a guarantee for my future services.

I remain, Gentlemen,
Yours, etc.,
F. H. MEDCALF.
Toronto, 17th November, 1874.

1874—ST. JAMES' WARD.—'874

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST
Are respectfully requested for
R. H. OATES.
AS ALDERMAN,
For St. James' Ward, for the Ensuing Year.
Election takes place Monday, January 5, 1874.

GEORGE ROGERS,
330 Yonge St., opposite Gould St.,
DEALER IN
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
SHIRTS, COLLARS,
TIES, SCARFS,
HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.
In great variety. Shirts made to order in a superior manner.

MECHANICS!
Will find it to their advantage to deal at this establishment.

TAILORS' STRIKE!

Strike in Toronto not yet settled. Workmen will govern themselves accordingly.
JOHN KELLY,
President.
WM. MALL,
Secretary.
Toronto, Nov. 17, 1873.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY OUR MANY Customers in the Eastern part of the city with the BEST AND CHEAPEST FUEL,

We have purchased from Messrs. Hollwell & Gresham the business lately carried on by them on the corner of QUEEN and BRIGHT STREETS, where we shall endeavor to maintain the reputation of the
VICTORIA WOOD YARD
As the Best and Cheapest Coal and Wood Depot in the City. Cut Pine and Hardwood stacks on hand. All kinds Hard and Soft Coal, dry and under cover, (see news and ads).
J. S. BOWEN,
Corner Queen and B'ght Streets, east of St. Patrick's Green.

The Home Circle.

THAT BOY.

Is the house turned topsy turvy?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket still continue,
Spite of all your mild reproof?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?
Then I have my grave suspicions
That you have at home—that Boy.

Are the walls and tables hammered?
Are your nerves and ink upset?
Have two eyes, so bright and roughish,
Made you every care forget?
Have your garden-beds a plower,
Who delights but to destroy?
These are well-known indications
That you have at home—that Boy.

Have you seen him playing circus—
With his head upon the mat
And his heels in mid-air twinkling—
For his audience, the cat?
Do you ever stop to listen,
When his merry pranks annoy—
Listen to the voice that whispers,
You were once just like—that Boy?

Have you heard of broken windows,
And with nobody to blame?
Have you seen a trowered urchin,
Quite unconscious of the same?
Do you love a teasing mixture
Of perplexity and joy?
You may have a dozen daughters,
But I know you've got—that Boy.

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

When earth was in its golden prime,
Ere grief or gloom had marr'd its hue,
And Paradise unknown to crime,
Beneath the love of angels grew;
Each flower was then a spirit's home,
Each tree a living shrine of song;
And, oh! that ever hearts could roam,
Could quit for sin that seraph throng!

But there the Spirit lingers yet,
Though dimness o'er our vision fall;
And flowers that seem with dew-drops wet,
Weep angel-tears for human thrall;
And sentiments and feelings move
The soul, like oracles divine;
All hearts that ever bowed to love
First found it by the flowers sweet shrine.

A voiceless eloquence and power—
Language that hath no life in sound—
Still haunts like truth, the spirit-flower,
And hallows even sorrow's ground.
The wanderer gives it memory's tear,
Whilst home seems pictured on its leaf;
And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,
Come o'er him—beautiful, as brief.

'Tis not the bloom—though wild or rare—
It is the spirit-power within
Which melts and moves our souls to share
The Paradise we here might win.
For Heaven itself around us lies,
Not far, nor yet our reach beyond,
And we are watched by angel eyes,
With hope and faith still fond!

I will believe a spirit dwells
Within the flower!—least changed of all
That of the passed immortals tells
The glorious meeds before man's fall!—
Yet, still, though I may never see
The mystic grace within it shine—
Its essence is sublimity,
Its feeling all divine.

HOME.

When the summer day of youth is slowly
wasting away into the nightfall of age, and
the shadows of past years grow deeper and
deeper as life wears to its close, it is pleasant
to look back, through the vista of time, upon
the sorrows and felicities of earlier years.
Then what calm delights, what ineffable joys,
are centered in the word "Home!" Friends
are gathered around our fires, and many hearts
rejoice with us; then, also, shall we feel that
the rough places of our wayfaring have been
worn and smoothed away in the twilight of
life, while the sunny spots which we have
passed through grow brighter and more
beautiful to memory's eyes. Happy are they
whose intercourse with the world has not
changed the tone of their holier feelings, nor
broken those musical chords of the heart
whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender
and touching in the evening of age.

As the current of time winds slowly along,
washing away the sands of life, like the stream
that steals away the soil from the sapling on
its banks, we look with a kind of melancholy
joy at the decay of things around us. To see
the trees under whose shade we sat in our
earlier years, and upon whose rinds we carved
our names in the light-hearted gaiety of boy-
hood, as if these frail memorials of our exist-
ence would long survive us. To see these
withering away like ourselves with the infirm-
ities of age, excites within us mournful but
pleasant feelings for the past, and prophetic
ones for the future. The thoughts occasioned
by these frail and perishing records of our
younger years, when the friends who are now
lingering like ourselves upon the brink of the
grave, or have long been asleep in its quiet-
beam, were around us buoyant with the gay-
ety of youthful spirits, are like the dark

clouds when the storm is gone, tinged by the
farewell rays of the setting sun.

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

The *Christian Union* speaking of the speech
by Professor Agassiz, at the opening of the
Anderson School of Natural History, says:
After a few opening words, felicitously suited
to put all their minds into fellowship, Agassiz
said tenderly, and with touching frank-
ness,—

"I think we have need of help, I do not
feel that I can call on anyone here to ask a
blessing for us. I know I would not have any-
one pray for us at this moment. I ask you
for a moment to pray for yourselves."

Upon this, the great scientist—in an age in
which so many other great scientists have
concluded that praying is quite an unscientific
and very useless proceeding—bowed his head
reverently; his pupils and friends did the
same; and, there, in a silence that was very
beautiful, each spirit was free to crave of the
great spirit the blessing that was needed. For
our own part, it seems to us that this scene
of Agassiz and his pupils with heads bowed in
silent prayer for the blessing of the God of
Nature, is a spectacle for some great artist to
spread out worthily upon canvas, and to be
kept alive in the memory of mankind. What
are coronations, royal pageants, the parade of
armies, to a scene like this? Its heralds the
coming of the new heavens and the new earth
—the golden age when Nature and Man shall
be reconciled, and the conquests of truth
shall supercede the conquests or brute
force.

HAWAIIAN WOMEN.

In the girl's schools you will see an occa-
sional pretty face, but fewer than I expected
to see; and according to my notion the
Hawaiian girl is very attractive. Among the
middle-aged women you often meet with fine
heads and large expressive features. The wo-
men have not unfrequently a majesty of carriage
and a tragic intensity of features and ex-
pression which are quite remarkable. Their
loose dress gives grace as well as dignity to
their movements; and whoever invented it
for them deserved more credit than he has re-
ceived. It is a little startling at first to see
women walking in what, to our perverted
tastes, looks like calico or black stuff night
gowns; but the dress grows on you as you
become accustomed to it; it lends itself readi-
ly to bright ornamentation it is eminently fit
for the climate, and a stately Hawaiian dame,
marching through the street, in black holaku
—as the dress is called—with a long necklace
of bright scarlet, or brilliant yellow
flowers, bare and untrammelled feet, and flow-
ing hair, compare very favorably with a high-
heeled, wasp-waisted, absurdly bonneted,
fashionable white lady.

HOW THE CABLE TALKS.

Through the kindness of the superintendent,
Mr. Weedon, I was permitted to witness the
mode of transmitting and receiving of mes-
sages through the cable, and initiated into the
secret. An operator sits at a table in a room
slightly darkened with curtains. On his left
hand stands a little instrument named the
"reflecting galvanometer," the invention of
Sir William Thompson, without which Atlan-
tic telegraphy would be a slow process, not
exceeding two or three words per minute, in-
stead of eighteen or twenty, the present rate.

This delicate instrument consists of a tiny
magnet and a small mirror swinging on a silk
thread, the two together weighing but a few
grains. The electric current, passing along
the cable from Valentia, deflects the magnet
to and fro. The mirror reflects a spot of light
on to a scale in a box placed on the operator's
right hand, where, by its oscillations, the spot
of light indicates the slight movements of the
magnet, which are too small to be directly
seen. The little swinging magnet follows
every change in the receiving current; and
every change, great or small, produces a cor-
responding oscillation of the spot of light on
the scale.

A code of signals is arranged by which the
movements of the spot of light are made to
indicate the letters of the alphabet. When
receiving a message from Valentia the opera-
tor watches the movement of the little light
speck which keeps dancing about the scale on
his right. To his practised eye each move-
ment of the spot of light represents a letter of
the alphabet, and its seemingly fantastic mo-
tions are spelling out the intelligence which
the pulsing of the electric current are trans-
mitting between the two hemispheres. It is
truly marvelous to note how rapidly the ex-
perienced operator disentangles these irregu-
lar oscillations of the little speck of light
into the letters and words which they repre-
sent.

THE ACCURATE BOY.

There was a young man once in the office of
Western railway superintendent. He was oc-
cupying a position that four hundred boys in
that city would have wished to get. It was
honourable and it "paid well," besides being
in the line of promotion. How did he get it?
Not by having a rich father, for he was the
son of a laborer. The secret was his beautiful
accuracy. He began as an errand boy and did

his work accurately. His leisure time he used
in improving his writing and arithmetic. Af-
ter a time he learned telegraphing. At each
step his employer commended his accuracy,
and relied on what he did because he was just
right.

MAKE-SHIFT GENTILITY.

It is a practice with several parties who
to be thought "somebodies," to send to fash-
ionable drapers, &c., for goods on "show," or
sight; and this is sometimes done for a night,
or as the occasion may require, when a ball
and supper is to take place the same evening
or when some great family event is at hand,
such as a christening or a marriage. We have
heard of a case when a draper's lad was sent
with a splendid scarf on sight, and was detain-
ed a couple of hours, during which interval
a christening was gone through—the fair lady
of the house wearing the scarf during the cere-
mony, and then returning it—as, on close in-
spection, "not to her mind." Another in-
stance:—A lady of some note sent to the same
establishment for some very fashionable wa-
tered-silk aprons—wore one of them at a ball
and supper held that evening, and re-
turned it next morning, with a ham sandwich
in one of the pockets, with a piece munched
out of the corner (of the sandwich, not the
apron).

Ingenious people who practise a *rust* of this
kind should be careful not to furnish evidence
of the fact to their duped shopkeepers—as she
of the sandwich did. Booksellers, too, are
made to ornament the drawing-room table in
the same cheap way. They are requested to
send books of prints or other illustrated works
on sight, which in nine cases out of ten, are
returned, not much the better for the thumbs
of the house-maid during the process of "red-
ding up," the morning after the party—that
useful functionary like her mistress, hav-
ing frequently a taste for a peep pictorial
gratis.

MECHANICS.

If your mechanics, as a rule, would fully
realize their own usefulness, and assert their
own individuality, others would feel the bene-
fit of their awakening as well as themselves.
There is no class of the community upon
whom the future welfare of the country
more especially depends than upon the rising
generation of young mechanics. If they are
intelligent, sober, industrious, and conse-
quently independent, able and accustomed to
judge for themselves, and governed in their
conduct by an enlightened view of their own
best interests; if they are men of this sort,
the mechanics, and especially the young
mechanics, will form, in conjunction with the
young farmers of the country, a bulwark
against monopolies and corrupt politicians,
and save the country. If, on the other hand,
they are ignorant, idle, dissolute, and, conse-
quently, poor, and dependent upon those who
are willing to trust them—if our mechanics
should unhappily become such a class—they
would soon be converted into the mere tools of
a few rich and artful men, who, having first
stripped them of every sense of self-respect,
and every feeling proper to virtuous citizens,
would use them as passive instruments for
promoting their own ambitious objects, and
for the enactment of laws which are benefi-
cial to nobody but the few artful and base
demagogues with whom they originate. It is
as true of the mechanical arts as of any other
profession that "knowledge is power."

THE CURIOSITY OF A FLY.

Talk about the curiosity of a woman! We
will back a fly against any woman. Just
watch him as he gaily traverses a bald man's
cranium, halts on the eyelid, and taking a
curiosity glance around him, waltzes over the
end of the nose, peeps up one nostril, and
having satisfied his curiosity there, curvettes
over the upper lip and takes a glance up the
other. With a satisfactory smile at having
seen all there is to be seen there he makes a
bee-line for the chin, stopping a moment to
explore the cavity formed by the closed lips.
Arriving at the chin, he takes a notion to
creep down under the shirt collar, but sudden-
ly hesitating, he turns around as if he had
forgotten something, and proceeds to an ex-
ploration of the ears. This concluded, he
carries out his original intention, and disap-
pears between the neck and shirt collar,
emerging, after a lapse of some minutes, with
an air seeming to say he has performed his
duty. What matters the frantic attempts to
catch him, the enraged gestures, and profane
language? They disturb his equanimity not
a moment. Driven from one spot he alights
on another; he finds he has got a duty to per-
form and he does it.

KEEPING FAITH.

Sir William Napier was one day taking a
long country walk, when he met a little girl
about five years old sobbing over a broken
bowl. She had dropped and broken it, in
bringing it back from the field to which she
had taken her father's dinner, and said she
would be beaten on her return home for hav-
ing broken it. As she said this, a sudden
gleam of hope seemed to cheer her. She
innocently looked up into Sir William's face
and said,—"But you can mend it, can't
you?"

He explained that he could not mend the
bowl, but the trouble he could overcome by

the gift of a sixpence to buy another. How-
ever, on opening his purse it was empty of
silver, and he promised to meet his little
friend on the same spot at the same hour next
day, and to bring a sixpence with him; bid-
ding her meanwhile tell her mother she had
seen a gentleman who would bring her the
money for a bowl next day. The child en-
tirely trusting him, went on her way com-
forted. On his return home he found an in-
vitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the
following evening to meet some one whom he
especially wished to see. He hesitated for a
little time, trying to calculate the possibility
of giving the meeting to his little friend of
the broken bowl and still be in time for the
dinner party at Bath, but finding this could
not be, he wrote to decline accepting the in-
vitation on the plea of "a previous engage-
ment," saying, "I cannot disappoint her;
she trusted me."

WOMAN'S GOLDEN AGE.

It is generally supposed that the age when
steel clad gentlemen tilted with long spears
in honor of their dulcinea, was the golden
age of ladies; but, on looking closely into
the household annals of the days of chivalry,
we discover that the "queens of love and
beauty" for whom so many midriffs were
transpierced and heads cloven, worked rather
harder than modern domestics. Now, and
then they sat in state with brodered tape-
stry, and saw cavaliers wearing their scarfs
and mittens fight with other cavaliers who
disputed the potency of their charms; but
those gratifying spectacles were luxuries too
expensive and dangerous to be common, and
the ordinary routine of a "lady's" life in the
Chivalric Era was at once monotonous and
laborious. The stately countess spun, and
carded, and wove, as industriously as any of
her handmaidens; served out bread to the
poor on "loaf days," at the castle gate;
shaped and helped to make her husband's and
children's clothing and her own (for in those
days tailors and dressmakers were few and far
between); supervised the lard and the dairy;
carried the ponderous keys of the establish-
ment; and, in short, played to perfection the
careful housewife in the stronghold of her
lord; while he rode about the country with
curtail axe at his saddle bow, and a long ash
skewer at his stirrup leather, in a chronic
state of wolfishness, and ready to do battle
for any cause, or no cause at all, with whom-
soever it might or might not concern.

In this delightful modern era of fine lady
ship, a fashionable woman has no cares or toils
worth naming. She does not perform half the
amount of useful labor in a year that a high-
born dame of mediæval times accomplished
every month of her life. Instead of hanks of
flax, she spins gossiping yarns, her carding is
done with bits of painted pasteboard; and if
she weaves at all it is meshes for eligible
young men, on her own account, if single—for
the benefit of her daughters, if a matron.
She has no objection to the poor being fed
from her kitchen, perhaps, but, as to serving
out bread to them with her own delicate
hands, after the manner of the fair "bread
dividers" of the olden time, she couldn't think
of it. If her husband should wait for oven
the slightest of his garments until she found
leisure to make them, the chances are that he
would go shirtless to his dying day.

SAVING AND HAVING.

Either a man must be content with poverty
all his life, or else be willing to deny himself
some luxuries, and save, to lay the base of in-
dependence in the future. But if a man de-
fies future, and spends all that he earns
(whether it be one dollar or ten dollars every
day) let him look for lean and hungry want
some future time—for it will surely come no
matter what he thinks.

To save is absolutely the only way to get a
solid fortune; there is no other certain mode
on earth. Those who shut their eyes and ears
to these plain facts, will be forever poor; and
for their obstinate rejection of the truth, may-
hap will die in rags and filth. Let them so
die and thank themselves. But no! They
take a sort of recompense in cursing fortune.
Great waste of breath! They might as well
curse mountains and eternal hills. For I can
tell them fortune does not give away her real
and substantial goods. She sells them to the
highest bidder, to the hardest, wisest worker
for the boon. Man never make so fatal a mis-
take as when they think they are more crea-
tures of fate; 'tis the sheerest folly in the
world. Every man may make or mar his life,
whichever he may choose. Fortune is for
those who by diligence, honesty and frugality,
place themselves in a position to grasp hold of
fortune when it appears in view. The best
evidence of diligence is the sound of the ham-
mer in your shop, at seven o'clock in the morn-
ing. The best evidence of frugality is the five
hundred dollars or more standing in your name
at the savings bank. The best evidence of
honesty are both diligence and frugality for
these prove stealing illogical.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

The work of the mound-builders in the vicin-
ity of Vincennes, Ind., is being investigated
at the present time under the direction of
Prof. Charles Townsend, and others. The
exploration of the largest one was begun by
making an entrance from the top which is to
be carried down probably sixty feet. A local pa-

por says: at ten feet below the surface a bed of
charcoal was found, and below this there were
remains of bones, which were almost complet-
ely decomposed, indicating their great anti-
quity. As soon as touched they fell into dust.
Perhaps at a greater depth bones may be ex-
humed which are better preserved. The earth
in the mound is found to be exceedingly com-
pact and dry, well calculated to preserve the
bones, but they are in a state of almost com-
plete decay. This is a proof of great age, as
human skeletons have been taken from burial
places in England which were much less favor-
able for preserving them, and yet they were
known to be nearly two thousand years old.
The crumbling and decayed bones that were
exhumed from the mound yesterday no doubt
belonged to the old Toltic race which inhabit-
ed this locality about three thousand years
ago; and it is hoped that some well preserved
bones and other remains representing that
ancient race may be exhumed from this
mound.

Sawdust and Chips.

If you are courting a girl, stick to her; no
matter how large her father's feet are.

A music dealer announces in his window a
sentimental song: "Thou hast Loved Me and
Left Me for eighteen pence."

"Pa, what can I do up here in the country,
unless you get me a riding-habit?" "Get into
the habit of walking, my dear."

Josh Billings says: "Success dont konsist
in never making blunders, but in never mak-
ing the same one the secondk time."

A little boy returning from the Sunday-
school, said to his mother, "Ma, ain't there
kitchenchisms for little boys? The cat-chism
is too hard!"

A young lady thinks it about time that some
young fellow proposes, as she has been brides-
maid eight times, and has been tantalized
enough.

When a man has trouble he takes to drink,
but when a woman meets with a misfortune
she merely goes over to her mother's and takes
tea.

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your
mouth any wider," said a dentist to a man who
was extending his jaw frightfully, "as I intend
to stand outside during the performance."

A letter from Minnesota says that "notes
and due bills out here are written on parch-
ment, to prevent them from wearing out by
carrying, as that is all they are good for."

A shawl manufacturer in Philadelphia is
said to have spun a thread twenty-seven miles
long from one pound of American wool. This
is one of the greatest yarns on record.

"Old age is coming upon me rapidly," as
the urchin said when he was stealing apples
from an old man's garden, and saw the owner
coming furiously with a cowhide in his hand.

"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think
we had better be going, for it is time honest
men were at home." "Well, yes," was the
answer, "I must be off, but you needn't
hurry on that account."

"So you don't care about donkey-riding,
missy; and why?" "Oh, I've got a
pony, and one doesn't care about donkeys
after that, you know." "Has a pony got
more legs than a donkey, then?" Missy (who
doesn't like to be chaffed): "Yes, exactly
twice as many as some donkeys that I know
of."

"Gentlemen, where do you think that beef
steak comes from?" said the landlord planting
his thumb in his waistcoat arm holes. "From
near the horns," was the quiet reply of one of
the boarders. It is singular, but that land-
lord has not put any conundrums to those
boarders since.

Once a careless man went to the cellar and
struck the candle in what he thought was a keg
of black sand. He sat near it drinking wine
until the candle burned low. Nearer and
nearer it got to the black sand: nearer and
nearer, until the blaze reached the black
sand, and, as it was nothing but black sand,
nothing happened.

HE WAS SAFE.—Recently, in a street car in
Philadelphia, an old gentleman was seated in
one corner, and the car was full. A bevy of
fair ones, of all ages and weights, swarmed in
and there were no seats. Whereupon the gal-
lant old gentleman said aloud: "Ladies, I
shall be most happy to give my seat to anyone
of you who is over thirty-two years of age.
All remained standing."

It was a very pretty concert of that old lady
who kissed the dead youth for his mother.
Since then the act has had many imitators.
The latest instance of the kind was that of a
fascinating young lady in the neighboring city
who enjoyed the undivided affections of a
young clerk, who had recently lost his maternal
relative. One evening they were enjoying a
pleasant tete-a-tete in a secluded nook of the
parlor. The lady's father happened, by the
merest accident, to step in and take a seat un-
observed by the young people. Suddenly his
attention was arrested by one of those long,
luxurious kisses which only lovers interchange.
"What noise is that?" Silence like death
"I say, Julia, what noise was that?" "S-i-r—
s-i-r." "What are you doing there?"
"N-o-t-h-i-n-g, s-i-r; his mother is dead—
and—I thought it wouldn't be wrong to kiss
him for her, you know, s-i-r!" "Humph!" and
the old gentleman took his leave, doubtless
thinking how fortunate the deceased lady was
to be so affectionately remembered.

City Directory.

Our readers will find it to their advantage to patronise the following firms.

Auctioneer.

JAMES BANKS, AUCTIONEER, AND APPRAISER. Bureaux, 46 Jarvis Street, corner of King Street East. Second-hand Furniture bought and sold.

Barristers, &c.

REEVE & PLATT, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, Solicitors, &c. Office—18 King St. East, Toronto. J. McHENSON REEVE, SAMUEL PLATT.

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street.

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

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

Dentists.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Groceries.

CHARLES HUNTER, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 63 Queen Street West, corner Terauley Street, Toronto, Ont.

Physicians.

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

Shoe Dealers.

MCCABE, FASHIONABLE AND CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE EMPORIUM, 67 Queen Street West, sign of "THE BIG BLUE BOOT."

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McGINNES, 129 YORK STREET. All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable BOOTS and SHOES, call at the WORKINGMAN'S SHOE DEPOT.

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

Groceries, Provisions, &c.

BARGAINS FOR MECHANICS! WM. WRIGHT, DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, FRUIT, OYSTERS, &c., &c. 277 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Queen City Grocery & Provision Store.

WM. F. ROBERTSON, DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c., in addition to his SUGARS, that have been before the public so long, has received his SUMMER LIQUORS:

Cook Port Wine.....\$1 00 per gal Old Port..... 2 50 Extra do..... 3 50 Unsurpassed Old Port..... 5 00 Sherries—Fine Old Sherry..... 1 50 Extra do..... 2 50 Splendid do..... 4 50

Dave's Montreal Stock Ale and Porter. 1 25 per doz. Goods sent to all parts of the city.

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On hand and for sale at lowest rates, a full and complete assortment of all descriptions of

COAL AND WOOD,

SCRANTON or PITTSBORO, all sizes, delivered at \$7 00 PER TON.

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The public are invited to call and see my stock before buying in their winter supply.

P. BURNS. Office and Yard, corner Bathurst and Front Streets.

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The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad and Coal Mining Company, have on hand and are constantly receiving their Celebrated Scranton and Pittston Coal, which will be sold at lowest cash price.

NO COAL STORED UNTIL PAID FOR. Coal delivered in either Carts or Waggon to suit purchasers.

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WM. BULMAN, PROPRIETOR.

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Obtain our prices before ordering elsewhere.

MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO. G. ELLIS, WHOLESALE dealer in HAIR and JUTE SWITCHES, Curis, Chignons, and Nets.

The imitation goods are very fine, an cannot be detected from hair. Just received a large assortment of Hair Nets

All orders left at King Street must be called for at 179 Yonge Street, four doors above Queen Street, east side.

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Miscellaneous.

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Miscellaneous.

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