

# Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. II.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1873

NO 53

## THE BALLOT.

On the motion for resuming the adjourned debate on the proposed motion of Mr. Tremblay, that the bill intituled an Act to provide for the taking of the polls by ballot at the election of members to serve in the House of Commons of Canada be now read a second time.

Mr. Palmer thought any such measure should be uniform for the whole Dominion. He thought the ballot would tend to get rid of improper influences at elections. He suggested, however, that no action should be taken in the direction of the ballot in Canada until it had been tried in England at the general election shortly to ensue there. The matter ought to receive every possible consideration, so that if it were to become law it might be made as perfect as possible.

Mr. Oliver saw no reason why we should wait for the result of the ballot in England, for it had already been tried in Nova Scotia, and in many cities in connection with municipal affairs, and everywhere it had worked well. He referred to the many important public works which were and would shortly be in progress, which would place so many voters under the control of the Government, both Dominion and Local, and thought it would be necessary for the protection of those voters that the ballot should be adopted. The principle of the ballot was also necessary, in view of the great expenditure which was now necessary to enable candidates to carry on elections. The ballot was also necessary to remove all improper influence that might be exercised over clerks and other employes in mercantile establishments by their employers. Among the influences that might be removed by the adoption of the ballot, was that often exercised by influential mercantile men over business men indebted to them, and also all personal influence.

Mr. White, of Hastings, advocated open voting, and did not think voters were afraid of giving their votes fairly and openly; nor did he think improper influence was exercised by employers. He believed the working of the ballot in Nova Scotia had been altogether unsatisfactory. The ballot would not prevent improper influence, and referring to the working of the principle in the States said it had only aided in keeping the very worst class of men in office. His constituents did not want the ballot, and although the then leader of the Ontario Government and his Government used every influence they could bring to bear against him, he had been returned. The Dominion Government had also worked against him and the Grand Trunk had also used their influence against him, and yet he had been returned. The country had a good Government at present (cheers), and had got that Government without the ballot. There had been an immense number of voting places at the recent election and no one had been hurt or ill used without the ballot, while in New York the very reverse had been the case.

Mr. Blake—What about Quebec?  
Mr. White—That was only a single case. At all events, nothing should be done till the experiment had been tried in England.

Mr. Burpee, of St. John, said that having seen the working of the ballot in New Brunswick for many years, he must say that it had worked excellently. He advocated its adoption on behalf of the workmen and of young men in mercantile establishments. He himself admired open voting, but the ballot in practice removed many improper influences, and also brought about much more quiet elections. He hoped it would be adopted.

Mr. Edgar said he had presented a largely signed petition from his constituency in favor of the ballot, and he thought it ought to be adopted without waiting for any further experience from other countries. He thought the matter should be dealt with now that members were fresh from the experience, in many cases dear bought and costly, of the recent elections. The ballot would enable voters to vote according to their convictions, and would be a great

protection to the poor, humble, timid and dependent men of the country. It would do away entirely with the very worst features of corruption, direct bribery, and buying of votes. He admitted that he felt some prejudice against secret voting, but its advantages had proved to be so great that he could not but support the measure, and if it were adopted, the session would not have passed in vain.

Mr. Wallace, of Norfolk, opposed the principle of the ballot. The franchise was the right of the voter, and he held that every man had a right to know how his neighbor voted, so that he might approve or condemn. He would make voting compulsory, for it was a duty a man owed his country. The ballot would not do away with bribery; this was proved by the occurrences in the neighboring Union. He was credibly informed that there were men there who contracted to furnish so many votes for so much. As to what had been said respecting the Toronto election, no stronger argument could be urged against the ballot, for open voting there had prevented men from voting for a man for whom they were afraid to be known to have voted. He believed the ballot would tend to dishonor, not to honor; to degrade, not to elevate the voter.

Mr. Cunningham, of Marquette, was strongly opposed to the ballot, as he did not think it would tend to cure any of the evils complained of. He did not think that the reasons for the adoption of the ballot in England existed in Canada. There the landholder exercised great influence over his tenants, but the Canadian farmer was in a very different position, and if there was a man in the world who could give a free and independent vote it was the Canadian farmer, and he did not believe he required any protection. As to the working class he believed them to be as independent a class as could be found anywhere, and he believed that labor was so scarce that the employed had more influence over the employer than the employer had over the employed. He did not believe in the existence of intimidation in the country as was alleged. Bribery, however, did exist to a shameful extent and ought to be put down, but the ballot would not have that effect. The briber, as well as the bribed, ought to be punished, and he would make bribery a misdemeanor, in the case of the man who gave the bribe as well as he who received it. He thought the matter should rest for some time to come until the principle had had a fair trial in England, though he did not believe it would have the good result expected, for the ballot would never cure bribery. It seemed to be expected that the ballot would bring about a political millennium. No one was to express his views, but every one was to speak out and sneak home again. He believed political feeling would be just as great with the ballot as without it, and he should oppose it.

Mr. Daly thought that with the experience of England there was every reason to adopt the ballot in Canada, and at all events he thought it should have a trial. He did not believe it would prevent the necessity of spending money, and no doubt the member for Monck spoke feelingly when he said an election cost a large sum of money. (Laughter.) He thought the ballot would be a great protection to many voters who now refrained from voting from fear of intimidation. In voting for the bill he voted for the principle not the details.

Mr. Chisholm said: In rising to support the resolution before the House he was glad to be in a position to say that he was not a recent convert to the system of vote by ballot, but for years he had been firmly of opinion that this system was the only one by which the voice of the people could be directly obtained in our parliamentary elections; and in accordance with that view he had voluntarily advocated vote by ballot in the recent political contest in his own constituency. He took it for granted that, however widely we might differ with regard to the best mode of getting a fair and honest expression of the people as to the choice of their representative, no mem-

ber of the House would deny that the great object to be attained with regard to our elections was to get an honest return of the men whom a majority of the people really desired to represent them. It would be admitted on all hands that some change is needed; we need some system, new to us at least in the old Province of Canada, whereby the bribery and intimidation that have unfortunately prevailed to a large extent might be, if not altogether stopped, at least seriously checked and greatly diminished. It must be admitted, too, that our present mode of voting is a defective one. It must be admitted by all persons at all given to observation, that bribery, if not intimidation, is largely on the increase in this country, and it is a fact (and one blushes to own it) that there are many men who are in circumstances not to need it, and who occupy respectable positions that ought to place them above it; who do not scruple to sell their votes for a few dollars. And Mr. Speaker, what was the worst feature in the case, public opinion is growing to be such, that men of this class could openly boast of these things and yet no lasting disgrace seemed to attach to them. He did not wish it to be understood that he was charging one party more than another with these things; both parties were culpable, and this being so, there was stronger reason why we should lay aside party feeling in this House, in this particular matter at least, and unite to devise some system whereby this evil may be remedied and the disastrous results which must of necessity flow from a continuation of these practices may be avoided. Although a zealous advocate of vote by ballot, he did not pretend to claim for it that it would entirely remedy the evils of which we complain, yet he would say that it would greatly tend to lessen them, and in this as in all other evils a partial remedy was better than no remedy at all. He thought that vote by ballot must of necessity put an end to anything like intimidation, for he could not imagine a proper system of ballot where intimidation could possibly be exercised; and this to the poor man especially must be a great boon. It had been contended that secret voting is unmanly, and opposed to the idea of outspoken British sentiment; but to his mind that was the true British practice which would place a man in a position to vote in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience without being influenced by the fear of man. Thanks to the great prosperity of our country and the great demand for labor, intimidation is not carried on to the same extent as formerly, yet he had known instances in the last and former elections in his own constituency where men were compelled to vote against their honest convictions or lose their situations. Then if for no other reason let us adopt the ballot to protect the poor man in the time when labor is scarce; his wife and children are dearer to him than his vote, and it was too much to expect from a poor man that he would allow his children to go hungry to bed rather than vote against the man whom he would prefer; the poor had hardships enough to encounter through life without having their consciences placed in the power of merciless employers who would sacrifice them to their own political and selfish ends. While there is not the slightest doubt that vote by ballot greatly diminishes intimidation, drinking and confusion at elections, it seemed to him almost inevitable that vote by ballot must greatly diminish bribery, because of the great uncertainty that there would be in the investment of the money; the only thing that could be relied upon would be a man's honor, and surely after he had accepted a bribe his honor must be held at a very great discount. It was well for the advocates of the ballot in this House that it had been adopted in England, so that we cannot now be met with that powerful argument that it is un-English. It was true that a general election had not occurred since the introduction of the ballot in England, but individual cases had occurred, and so far as he was aware the ballot in

these cases had given great satisfaction. The ballot in England was not obtained until after very many years of persistent advocacy, and it was then only adopted after the most searching and minute investigation by a competent Parliamentary committee into the working of the ballot in other countries. Besides the reports of the Governors of Australian colonies laid before the committee and referred to by his colleague the other night on this debate, he would crave the indulgence of the House while he read some of the evidence taken before the Committee, which to his mind was conclusive in favor of the ballot. [Mr. Chisholm then read the evidence, which went to prove the beneficial working of the system, during its thirteen years' trial in Australia. Our space forbids us to reproduce the evidence.] Mr. Chisholm went on to contend that there was never a time in the history of this country when we required more than we do at the present time a thorough change in our mode of elections, and he held that it was highly essential to the material quietude of the Dominion that we should before another general election shall have taken place have some system for managing the elections very different from the present one. He contended this change should be made during the present session of Parliament, so that the occasional elections that may take place by reason of resignation or otherwise in the interim between now and the termination of this Parliament may be utilized to test the system and suggest such amendments as may be desirable before the next general election. While he was speaking on the subject of elections, he would take the liberty of saying that he was in favor of very many other changes in relation to our elections. Besides being in favor of the ballot, in favor of contested elections being tried by the judges, and the elections being held on one and the same day, he was in favor of the property qualification not being any higher than that of a voter. He thought, too, that if the ballot should be conceded, he would be in favor of abolishing entirely the property qualification of voters. This might seem like going too far, but he was firmly of the opinion that every free man of the full age of twenty-one years should be entitled to cast one vote for one member of this House, provided he had been a resident for some prescribed length of time that might be decided upon. Although not worth one dollar, he would give him this privilege in virtue of his being a British subject. He was opposed to the present mode of nominations; he thought that the proceedings at many of the nominations were a disgrace to the constituencies and to the country generally. He thought, too, that he was opposed to the idea of one man voting in several constituencies by cards; he preferred the idea of every man having one vote, and only one. However, he held himself open to conviction in some of these matters when the proper time should arrive for their discussion. He confessed that the action of the Nova Scotia Legislature, last month, in voting to repeal the Ballot Act in that Province, was on the face of it an argument against the ballot. But a person had only to look at the Ballot Act of that country and it will at once be seen that it is a very imperfect act. And if honorable members would take the trouble to read the Halifax Citizen of the 13th ultimo, and read the report of the debates on the subject they would come to the conclusion that the weight of the argument was largely in favor of the ballot, and they will come to the conclusion too that the members who voted for the repeal of the Act must have been influenced by some other desire than to uphold the purity of elections. It had been stated by some members that the people did not need the ballot or they would have petitioned for it, but he contended that this did not follow; the members of this House were sent here to legislate for the country, and it was presumed that the members knew what their constituents required, and it was too much to expect of the people that for every pub-

lic measure required they should be compelled to carry petitions all over the country and send them to this House before measures of this kind could be passed. He did not claim that the ballot would be a panacea for all the ills of life, but he did claim that it was a good thing, a much needed reform, and therefore he would give it his hearty support.

Mr. Trow said there was a manifest desire throughout the house to adopt the principle, and certainly some change was necessary to prevent the bribery and undue influence now exercised.

Mr. McDonald, of Pictou, would not have spoken but for the many references to the working of the ballot in Nova Scotia. Personally he had always been, and was still, opposed to the introduction of the ballot into our political system. He did not think the arguments adduced to-night were calculated to raise in the opinion of other countries the intelligence or independence of the people of Canada, but to show rather that some change had taken place which rendered them unfit to exercise the franchise in the free and open way in which it had been exercised by our forefathers. He believed no such change had taken place. The strong argument urged was that the ballot would be secret, and would therefore avoid the evils attendant on the present system of open voting, but the result would be continued deception and continued fraud. It was only on behalf of the weak members of society that the ballot was to be adopted, for it had been admitted that the farmers were thoroughly independent, and that skilled artisans were so also. It was only a few weak worthless things to whom the ballot would apply, and not the independent many. The case was very different in England, for there it was admitted that capital had a great influence and control, but it was not urged that this at all existed in Canada. But the ballot would not prevent undue influence, nor would it conduce to quiet elections. That could only be effected by separating the masses of voters as much as possible, and the practice in Nova Scotia of multiplying the voting places had effected quiet, peaceable voting more than anything else. He had heard no means alleged by which the ballot was to prevent bribery, and in Nova Scotia the experience had been that the secret voting gave as great and even greater facilities for bribery than open voting. In the latter system there was the advantage of administering an oath which could not exist under the former. The man who would bribe in open voting would bribe under the secret system, and the man who would accept a bribe under the one would do so in the other case, and the only result would be that the voter would be able to accept two bribes instead of one. The occurrences mentioned in East Toronto he considered the very strongest argument in favor of open voting; for what was charged? Was it bribery? No. Was it intimidation? No. It was simply holding up to the voters the good, loyal reason that if the voters gave their support to the one candidate they would lay themselves open to the charge of voting for a man for whom no loyal man should vote. He did not believe that in Nova Scotia there was one man out of ten who would not prefer open voting to the ballot, and it would therefore be unjust and un-English to deprive that large majority of their right for the benefit of a small weak minority. As to the schoolmasters on whose behalf the adoption of the ballot had been advocated, he would have thought that that class were more likely to lead than to follow opinion. He thought the arguments in favor of the ballot rather sentimental than otherwise, judging from the expressions heard to-night, and he did not think this sufficient to justify the change proposed. In no country where the system had been in force for years had the public morality been raised. This was shown in the States most clearly, and in France also, and indeed in every country where the system had been long in force. At all events they should wait until the

(CONTINUED ON THE 5TH PAGE.)

Poetry.

HELP A FELLOW-MAN.

(Written for the Ontario Workman.)

As each successive day comes round,  
It brings its joys and tears;  
One hour our life with joys abound,  
The next with cares and fears;  
Our voyage on life's restless tide,  
May calm and peaceful seem,  
Yet many, without power to guide,  
Drift swiftly down its stream.

They drift down past a struggling throng,  
Some sailing fast for port,  
Some easy glide the stream along,  
Some labor hard for naught;  
But few are they, that sailing fair,  
Will lend a helping hand,  
Another brother's task to bear,  
And help him safe to land.

But yet there are a honored few,  
Whose path perchance is calm,  
Whose generous hearts beat warm and true,  
Whose words are healing balm;  
If drifting by they see a form,  
They'll kindly stretch their hand,  
And through the fiercely raging storm,  
Will bring it safe to land.

We cannot all a strong arm give,  
To raise a fallen man;  
'Twill honor be, if while we live,  
We all do what we can;  
A cheerful word doth trilling seem,  
But that some hearts hath cheered,  
Who drifting on life's downward stream,  
Hath turned and upwards steered.

Then while undaunted on we sail,  
Let each with wary eye,  
Keep sharp lookout when storms assail,  
For vessels drifting by,  
So that we, when we view the past,  
Our life's course nearly ran,  
Can say when fiercely howled the blast,—  
I helped a fellow man.

MAL.

Montreal, April 7th, 1873.

Tales and Sketches.

THE ENGINEER'S LITTLE WOMAN.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

"It's a risky business. A man has got to take big chances." John cleared his throat discreetly, as if he might be saying too much; "and then there is the little woman at home. If anything should happen to me, it would be all day with her. The road don't seem to me as it used to; and I mean to get away from it and turn farmer."

"Dunno," put in old Sam the signal man, shifting his quid of tobacco from side to side of his leathern cheeks. "It's easy talking. Words don't count more'n wind. But there's something another that holds folks to their places in this world—habit as much as anything; and, for my part, I'm going to live and die on the road."

"Die on the road!" There was something in the phrase ill-suited to John's state of mind. He was not prepared to die yet awhile. Life looked very warm and bright in his eyes, with the smiling face of his little woman filling the vista.

"Come over to the 'Vine' with us and take a nip, John," called out one of a group of hands off hours, like himself, who were washing away the grime and soot of a coal-train in a little back office of the freight house.

"Not to-night," replied John, hardly pausing in his long stride; "and you'd do better yourself to keep clear of the 'Vine.' Men of our trade haven't any business to muddle their brains."

"Get along with your preaching!" called out a rough fellow liberally smeared with coal-oil. "Everybody knows Merivale is a Methodist; and that his wife has tied him to her apron-string; Come, Dike, hand over the polisher," alluding to a not very immaculate crash towel. "I'll be gol-darned if I'd have a wife. I hate interfering women."

These remarks were quite lost on the subject of them. He had set himself towards home with a steady, square swing, such as he used in all undertakings. It was easy to see by John Merivale's motion that he need not be admonished to do what he did with his might. He had the grimy overalls on yet, which the little woman washed and patched every week of her life. Let the fellows without a home, he thought, scrub up in the freight-house. And something warm and un-speakable welled up in his bosom at the consciousness of his great good fortune. His hair and whiskers were full of cinders and grit; but Nannie had seen him in this guise more than once before.

On past the freight-house, along a network of tracks and long strings of empty cars, into the mean part of a large town, that did the dirty work for its more respectable neighbors, and took the bad odors and the garbage. Skirting this, John came to a more open space, where the small houses of mechanics stood, with a hand-breadth of garden about them.

There was one little brown dot of a house, under the wing of a great cherry tree, that looked as if it was trying to hide the tiny

thing behind its great trunk, to keep the world from any knowledge of the pretty nest concealed there. Just then a face appeared in the window of the little house, where a Virginia creeper would make a dainty frame work of flickering leaves by and by, though as yet the spring was chary of its green. Above it hung a canary-bird's cage of red and white wires, and there was a bit of muslin curtain, tied back with blue ribbons.

The face was round and dimpled, with a smooth, even tint, neither dark nor light. The lips were full and red, and the brown eye very shy of direct glances. Over the low, broad forehead, the soft, glossy hair was brushed smoothly, except where it broke into rings and impromptu curls about the temples. This was John's little woman.

At the moment John turned the street-corner, the canary-bird fluttered its golden wings and broke into a rapture of singing; and the face disappeared, and appeared again in the porch like a flash of sunshine. There was an embrace, and Nancy's smooth linen collar got rumpled when her face suffered a total eclipse in John's beard. But the next moment she was holding him by the arm, looking up with her eyes limpid and moist at the thought that she had her big fellow back again safe and sound.

They were in the kitchen and living-room now. John thought there was not another place like it for neatness in the world. The house had just two rooms on the ground floor, and one of them was a sleeping apartment. Beyond extended a tiny shed, and through the open door you caught a glimpse of well-scrubbed boards, a braided mat, and cleanly-washed pails and tubs. Everything about Nancy's little domicile bore some special mark of grace. Even the polished covers of the cook-stove, the shining tins and holders ranged upon their hooks were in a homely way, beautiful; and the carpeted space by the sunny windows, where the bird hung, with its work-table, and framed photographs, and bunch of life-ever-lasting, and dried grasses on the bracket, and a great pile of snowy stuff that Nancy was converting into shirts for John, with the patch-work of the foot-stool, and the little woman's sewing-chair, where the red light of the spring sunset stole in, was a dear, familiar picture of home-life.

The kettle was bubbling on the fire, the tea was steeping odorously, and the supper-table stood ready set, with covered dishes on the hearth, emitting fragrant smells. It was after John had washed and combed, and they were seated, with the veal cutlet and the mashed potatoes between them, flanked by one of Nancy's apple-pies and a glass dish of clear quince jelly, that John noticed the little woman had something on her mind. There was a perceptible flutter about Nancy, which made her lids droop and the breath come quick when John looked at her with his keen grey eyes. He was so comfortable, however, to have her there right before him, where he could touch her if he chose, that in the very excess of his contentment he kept still for awhile.

"Did you have a good run down?" Nancy inquired, as she poured a cup of tea, with a little tremor shaking her hand.

"Pretty fairish," replied John, putting in a large mouthful of potato; "only we came mighty near having a smash-up at Brighton."

"Oh, John, how did it happen?"

"There was a broken rail. We don't often stop at the station to coal; but we happened to yesterday, and it was all that saved us from kingdom come." This time he put in a mouthful of extra size.

"How can you be so cool, John? It makes me shiver to hear you talk."

"It's easy enough to be cool, Nannie, sitting here with you. Everybody on the line knows we are bound to have just so many accidents a year. It's a thing that can be ciphered on. Yesterday I saw a fellow lying stretched on the truck, with both legs cut clean off below the knees. It was his own carelessness. He tried to jump on after the train got underway. It turned me sick and giddy. Sometimes lately I've been thinking that I'm hardly fit for this business. The thought of you here, little woman, makes me squeamish. I never used to know that I had a nerve in my body; but now nights, when I drive the up-train through the dark, I get to feeling your arms around my neck, and a deuced queer feeling it is too. Men who have more than one life depending on theirs have no right to go into a dangerous service."

The little woman flushed; then paled suddenly, at John's last words. "You must get out of it, John. There's more reason now." And then she stopped and laid down her knife and fork, and the Canary-bird began to sing, as if he had just waked up, and was repeating his dream in music.

"That is just what has been bothering me a sight lately. You see I used to have the reputation of being a cool, steady hand. But I shall make a mess of it one of these days; I know I shall. It don't do to be forever thinking of home, and dreading danger, and setting a big price on your life. What's your notion about a farm out West, Nannie? Don't you think you would be as happy as a queen among the pigs and chickens?"

"I have always longed for it, John; for then I could have you with me all the time, and I should get rid of the old dread that I feel like a load right here," laying her hand upon her bosom.

"Courage, little woman! We'll fetch it before the year is out. Then I shall have

enough saved to start somewhere. I wouldn't mind if it was far away on the border; for big fellow as I am, I don't think I should be as much afraid of wild Injuns, as I am getting to be of the road. So, if nothing happens before another spring comes around, we shall be living in our own little shanty."

"Something is going to happen, John." The little woman spoke quickly, as if it cost her an effort; and the unwonted color came in a gush to cheek and brow.

John had finished his supper and shoved away from the table, and was sitting now tilted back in his chair against the wall, with his pipe in his hand. He leaned forward and took a long look at her. Then he said, very low: "Come here, Nannie."

"Not now, John. Let us clear away the things and wash the dishes; and then we will have a long talk."

There was not much more said until the little woman had tidied the room. John sat in the same place, breathing out thin blue wreaths of smoke, that rose and curled about his head. The moonlight began to shine through the muslin curtains, and lay in still, bright squares upon the floor. At last John reached up to take down a lamp from the shelf.

"Don't," said Nancy, coming to him now. "Let us sit awhile in the moonlight." And then she toyed with the fingers of his big hand, and got her arm round his neck, and pressed her two palms softly over his eyes, and the secret was told.

John sat still, and held her close to him. Something profound, good and sweet welled up in his bosom, and would not let him speak. It seemed as though the angels must be looking at them there in the hush of the moonlight. He was glad the lamp had not been lit. For big, womanish tears rushed to his eyes; and a solemn, tender and religious feeling came over him, such as he had never experienced before.

"God is very good to us, Nannie," he said, when he could command his voice. "It will be a boy of course. The first always ought to be a boy—a little, healthy, rosy fellow, with a pair of eyes in his head just like his mother's."

"Don't say that, John," Nancy whispered; "for then you might grieve if it was a girl—a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired thing. They say girls are better than boys, John, and easier to rear up. She shouldn't tease you nights; for I should never tire of lushing her. Just think how like a picture it would be, with the cradle there in the corner, and playthings scattered on the floor, and the little shoes and stockings printed and creased with her tiny feet. You should always see her face first at the window, John."

They sat in the moonlight, with hands clasped, until the fire all went out of John's pipe; and he said, at last, breaking the delicious silence:

"The new prospect, little woman, puts me out with the road more than ever. A man hasn't any business to be rash when there are them depending on him dearer than his life."

Next morning John was up long before dawn; and the little woman was up, too, busying herself with his breakfast. There was a shadow on her face. And at last she came out of the cloud by the stove, where the steak was broiling, and the coffee steaming, and said: "John, I had mother's warning last night."

"What's that?" inquired John, rather sharply, turning round from where he was doing up his bundle.

"Past midnight I woke with a start, and something seemed to go by me in the dark. Mother used to say it was a sure sign of danger ahead."

"Fudge!" returned John, snappishly. "Your mother is an old gran—I mean old women are full of signs and wonders. Don't go to filling your head with such notions every time you happen to have a nightmare."

"Never mind," said Nancy, waiving the subject, in a tone which exasperated John more still; for he was certain she put faith in the warning, and would brood upon it after he got away.

"I want to go to the station with you," she added, quietly. "I can stay in the waiting-room by Mrs. Crockett until it is broad daylight; and you will have a few minutes for me after the train is made up."

John had no objections to offer, and the little woman put on her waterproof cloak, and drew the hood over her head. The stars were still shining as they locked the door behind them; and the moon, solitary and resplendent, hung low down in the sky.

"Let us go by the river, John. There is time enough, I always like that way best at this hour of the morning. John liked it, too. He was not possessed of a powerful imagination; but the mysterious blackness of the river, with its scattered lights quenched like falling stars, had for him a certain kind of fascination. They were not quite as comfortable as they had been the night before. John thought Nannie's foolish megrims had got into his head; but he wasn't going to show it—not he. So he whistled cheerily, and tucked the little woman under his arm.

The moon had gone down now. It was the darkest hour before dawn. Suddenly as they were nearing the railroad bridge, John stopped and clutched his wife by the shoulder. "Look ahead there, Nannie, My God, the draw is open, and no signal shown for the four-forty train, due here in five minutes." The words fairly hissed through his teeth.

"Oh, John," gasped the little woman, as

the awful danger flashed upon her, "it's the night express, isn't it, with all the sleeping people on board? Can we save them? Oh, we must! What is that lying up there on the track?"

"Old Sam, the flagman, dead drunk, I swear! Them scoundrels," using an adjective not common to his lips, "enticed him into 'The Vine.' I must drag the poor old wretch off the track. For God's sake, Nannie, look round and see if you can find his lantern and signal flags. He most likely dropped them hereabouts."

Nancy scrambled up the embankment, hardly knowing how. "I've got the lantern, John," in a kind of quick pant.

"Are there matches?" John asked rolling the lumpy heap over by his great strength.

"No, no."

"Wait, here are some in Sam's vest pocket," he said, fumbling away in the dark, while the old fellow gave forth a sound between a grunt and a snore. "Steady, now, little woman, steady. Draw it across the rail. The lives of a hundred human beings hang on a spark." He spoke coolly; but Nancy knew how terrible the excitement was within.

"John, they won't go! they are damp."

"Take another."

She took three.

"This is the last," he said.

A sick, faint feeling came over her. The monster train could be heard thundering far off on the track. "God have pity on them!" she murmured, with ashen lips.

The fourth match struck fire. A fizz, and faint blue smoke told the story. The lantern was lit. And John seized it and dashed wildly up the road, waving it aloft like a mad will-o-the-wisp. There was still time to save the great express train. It slackened speed; halted; then backed, with many snorts and screams from the engine, as if balked of its mad, wild plunge into the dark river, while the unconscious sleepers in the close cars little dreamed of the terrible danger they had escaped.

"You are coming round all right, ain't you, little woman?" said John, anxiously, dashing some water in Nancy's face, who did not know rightly what had happened.

"Oh, yes; and God be praised!" and she looked up with great tears in her eyes. "You'll never speak against mother's warning again; will you, John?"

In twenty minutes time John was driving his own train through the dim, pearl-colored dawn. He could not keep the thought of those sleeping people so near the brink out of his mind. Death and eternity brushed by him; and it made his hand shake, and the big beads of perspiration start out on his forehead. As he looked ahead, with his eye on the alert, the long lines of track appeared to wiggle and to writhe away like black serpents; and he grew almost afraid to touch the machinery with which he was so familiar.

Before reaching the great terminus of the road, John had made up his mind what to do. So he turned directly into the company's office, and in five minutes' time had been asked to walk up into the directors' room.

"Good morning, Mr. Merivale," said the gentlemanly official on duty, advancing with considerable show of warmth and emotion. "Sit down, Sir; sit down. The wires have just brought news of the inexpressible disaster from which your vigilance this morning saved us. The loss of life would have been too horrible to contemplate; but I can tell you in confidence, Merivale, that it would have been the death-blow of the company. That old wretch of a signal-man must be made an example of. We mean to weed drunkenness off the line."

"It will be a mighty hard job, sir; and I wouldn't be too severe on old Sam. The other fellows enticed him into the rum-shop, although they knew his weakness; and, as for my share of the work, it was no great matter. The little woman helped me, or it never would have been done."

"Who is the little woman?" inquired the director, with interest.

John told his story in strong, plain, homely words; and the high official said:

"Well, Merivale, you are just the man we want to tie to us—a man of principle, sober and vigilant. We are ready to advance your salary and advance you in every way."

"That's just what I'm here for, sir," said fidgeting on his chair. "I'm come to tender my resignation. You have got a mistaken notion of me. I feel that I'm not fit for the work."

"Not fit for the work!" repeated the director, in astonishment.

"No sir. I don't drink; but there's other things beside liquor that unsteadies a man. He has no business to take great risks if others are depending on him."

"Have you a large family, Merivale?"

"No sir. There's only the little woman and me."

"No children, then?"

"Not yet, sir; but—"

"Oh, I understand. So you are determined to quit?"

"Quite determined, sir. You see I've got afraid of the road, and can't do my duty like a man."

"Well, I am sorry, very sorry to lose you. But wait a bit, Merivale. Here is a piece of paper for the little woman."

When John got into the street again, he unfolded the paper. It was a check on the Bank for two hundred dollars.

A YOUNG HERO.

"Ay, ay, sir; they're smart seamen enough, no doubt, them Dalmatians, and reason good, too, scovin' they man half the Austrian navy; but they ain't got the seasonin' of an Englishman, put it how yer will."

I am standing on the upper deck of the Austrian Lloyd steamer, looking my last upon pyramidal Jaffa, as it rises up in terrace after terrace of stern gray masonry against the lustrous evening sky, with the foam-tipped breakers at his feet. Beside me, with his elbow on the hand-rail, and his short pipe between his teeth, lounges the stalwart chief engineer, as thorough an Englishman as if he had not spent two-thirds of his life abroad, and delighted to get hold of a listener who (as he phrases it) "has been about a bit."

"No, they ain't got an Englishman's seasonin'," he continues, pursuing his criticism of the Dalmatian seamen; "and what's more, they ain't got an Englishman's pluck, neither, not when it comes to a real scrapo."

"Can no one but an Englishman have any pluck, then?" asked I laughing.

"Well, I won't just go for to say that; o' course a man as is a man 'ull have pluck in him, all the world over. I've seen a Frencher tackle a shark to save his messmate; and I've seen a Rooshap stand to his gun arter every man in the battery, barrin' himself, had been blowed all to smash. But, if yer come to that, the pluckiest feller as ever I seed warn't a man at all!"

"What was he then, a woman?"

"No, not that, neither; though mark ye, I don't go for to say as how women ain't got pluck enough, too—some on 'em, at least. My old 'ooman now, saved me once from a lubber of a Portugee as was just a goin' to stick a knife into me, when she cracked his nut with a handspike. (You can hear her spin the yarn yourself, if you likes to pay us a visit when we get to Constantinople). But this un I'm a talkin' on was a little lad, not much bigger'n Tom Thum, only with a sperrit of his own as 'ud ha' blowed up a man-o-war a'most. Would you like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assented, and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail and commences as follows:

"'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm now in, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. Ther'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, altogether, as you may think, the cap'n warn't altogether in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief engineer, he was an easy goin' sort o' chap, as nothin' on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, we cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if somethin' had put him out pretty considerably."

"'Tain't," says he, "what d'ye think? Bless if we ain't found a stowaway." (That's the name, you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hides themselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody).

"The Dickens you have!" says I. "Who is he, and where did yer find him?"

"Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and begun barkin'." Such a little mite as he is, too! I could a'most put him in my baccy-pouch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a good plucked un for all that."

"I didn't want to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-jack of the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'castle, and in the middle stood the fustimate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among all of them big fellows, was a little bit o' lad not ten years old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face of his own, if he hadn't been so woeful thin and pale. But, bless yer soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great, hulkin', black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young 'un warn't a bit afeared; he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Alfred himself. Folk did say afterward (lowering his voice to a whisper) as how he come o' better blood nor what he ought; and for my part, I'm rather o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never seed a common street-Harab, as ther calls 'em now, carry it off like him. You might ha' heard a pin drop, as the mate spoke."

"Well, you young whelp," says he, in his grimest voice. "What brought you here?"

"It was my step father as done it," says the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. "Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about, catin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and guv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I get to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane at Halifax, and here's her address."

"And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o'

paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it right enough.

"We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha' porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swaller the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say, 'I'm too old a bird to be caught with that kind o' chaff'; and then he says to him, 'Look here, my lad, that's all very fine, but it won't do here; some of these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't it'll be the worse for you!'"

"The boy looked up, in his bright, fearless way, (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quite quietly, 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'"

"The mate says nothing, but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the man, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to awake the dead; 'smart, now!'"

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say, 'What on earth's a-comin' now?' But aboard ship, o'course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a giffy."

"Now, my lad," says the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, "you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess, (he took out his watch and held it in his hand), 'and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'"

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went up among 'em, like a wild beast awakin' out of a nap."

"Silence, there!" shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. "Stand by to run for'ard!" and with his own hands he puts the noose round the boy's neck. The little fellow never flinched a bit; but there was some among the sailors—big, strong chaps, as could ha' fallen a ox—as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly-head-lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang him; and at the very thought of it I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched their selves, as if they were a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a handspike, and held it behind my back, all ready."

"Tom," whispers the chief engineer to me, "do you really think he means to do it?"

"I don't know," says I, through my teeth; "but if he does, he shall go first, if I swing for it!"

I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time; but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o' the mate's watch reg'lar pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was standin', in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot and take my chance."

"Eight minutes," says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. "If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for yer time's nearly up."

"I've told you the truth," answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. "May I say my prayers, please?"

The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees (with that infernal rope about his neck all the time), and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact, my head was in such a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite quietly, "I'm ready!"

And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all at once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one o' us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one."

"God bless you, my boy!" says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hand. "You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast ye off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!"

And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un's aunt, and give her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond o' him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. "And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below, so I'll just wish yer good night."

Cards, Programmes, Bill-Heads, and Manuphot Posters, (illuminated or plain), executed at this office, 124 Bay St.  
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WHAT OF THAT.

Tired? Well, and what of that? Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease, Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?

Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day; Onward, arise, go forth thy way!

Lonely! and what of that? Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all To feel a heart responsive rise and fall— To blend another life into its own; Work may be done in loneliness; work on!

Dark! Well, and what of that? Didst fondly dream the sun would never set? Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet. Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight; Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, and what of that? Didst fancy life one summer holiday, With lessons none to learn, and naught but play? Go, get thee to thy task. Conquer or die! It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

No help! Nay, 'tis not so; Though human help be far, thy God is nigh, Who feeds the ravens, hears his children's cry; He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam; And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

MACHINISTS AND BLACKSMITHS.

Every one who has had an opportunity to employ different kind of workmen to assist him in the construction of novel machinery, will agree with us that he always had the least trouble with the blacksmiths. As a class of workmen they generally possess the best judgment, will not misunderstand the directions given, which is so often the case with other workmen, and they have the special faculty of possessing a good eye for symmetry of form. They will judge by the eye alone, quite correct, if an angle is right, a circle round, etc. This latter faculty is a result of their training. While the carpenter lays his square on the work, and marks it off beforehand, the blacksmith most ordinarily make his right angle by sight, and can only resort to the square to see if he was correct.

In regard to utility for social progress the business of blacksmith stands foremost. What would the most useful of all producers, the farmer be, even in his most primitive state, without the blacksmith to make the tools with which he works the soil? The most important utensils of the carpenter, mason, and others—even of the housekeeper—are due to the labors of the blacksmith. No wonder, then, that the name of him who tradition says to be the first worker of metals, the first blacksmith, TUBAL-CAIN, is kept as a sacred name among the ancient and venerable order of Free Masons.

It has been noticed that at the present day few young men care to learn that trade; the cause is that it requires so much hard, muscular labor. Thousands prefer, therefore, to become machinists, as then they have all sorts of mechanical tools to shape their work, without the hard labor with nimble hammer and sledge, and also that as machinists they can, in this thriving country, find always more ready employments than in the blacksmith's trade. In fact the occupation of machinists is at the present day the foundation of most all other trades, as we owe to it the invention of many tools which facilitate labor of all kinds. For instance, the power blower, either centrifugal or positive, has nearly everywhere superseded the blowing by hand; the power drills replace hand-drilling; and the power punches are, again, a time-saving improvement on this; the large power shears do with the greatest ease such work as would require great effort and much time to accomplish in the old way. Without the appliances invented by the mechanics of the present age, we would indeed have no steamboats, railroads, or steam power; the ingenuity of inventors, in attempting to supply the wants of the present race of men, has, in fact, created the machinist trade; and this by inventing the forge hammer driven by steam and other similar inventions, succeeded in shaping masses which no sledge hammer could manage. It was thus demonstrated what bold conceptions could practically be realized, and this in turn stimulated inventors and capitalists to expand their ideas, and go on in conceiving and supporting the most gigantic projects, which our forefathers would have considered impossible of execution, but which our mechanical engineers have practically realized, and in persisting to do so, continually surpass their own former efforts. Witness the colossal steam engines and steamships of the present day, the making of gigantic tunnels and railroads, the building of the most colossal bridges, the blasting out of

the rocky bottoms of entrances to harbors, etc.

Also in small, but not less useful, matters, the inventive genius of the machinist is eminently active at the present day, not only in regard to the saving expenses for diverse pieces of machinery, by contriving a machine to do the labor of two or more distinct ones.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

A MECHANICAL CURIOSITY.

We saw at a tin shop, recently, (says a California paper), the turbine wheel that drives Los Gatos Flouring Mills—the wheel having been brought down for some little repair. This wheel is only nine inches in diameter and four inches in thickness. It is of brass, and weighs not more than eight or ten pounds, and yet, under two hundred feet of water pressure, it drives three sets of stones, grinding two hundred barrels of flour per day. When in motion, it makes twenty-two hundred revolutions per minute. It looks like a mere child's toy, but its power is wonderful. It seems that the perfection of a water wheel has been reached in this invention.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

The great evil upon which we have fallen in these days of rapid fortune and extravagant living, will be appreciated if we ask ourselves what meaning is attached to the word Success. What are our young people taught as compassing true success in life? What class of men are held up as the true type of manhood, and as worthy of emulation? When a newspaper writer talks of "self-made men," who are the bright examples he holds up to view; whom does he ask our young men to pattern after; the men of ideas, of moral power, of strong virtues, or of great wealth? What is meant by success in life, when the instances most cited in this connection are Astor, Girard, Stewart and Vanderbilt? Who ever speaks of men like Elihu Burritt, and that class of pure philanthropists and scholars, who are constantly thinking so much of others, that they have no time to devote to the accumulation of wealth? While we laud to the skies such men as Peabody, who having lived within himself until he had amassed great wealth and got through with its use and aggrandizement, bequeathed it to such purposes and under such restrictions as suited his fancy or ambition, we are apt to lose sight of the thousands of tender hearts and great souls whose wonderful benevolence and fellow-feeling have made it impossible that they should grow rich, save in the blessings of those whom they helped. Is it not time that a new lexicon was prepared, or the old ones amended, so that our "coming" men and women shall have a different idea of the true meaning of success?

AMATEUR COOPERAGE.

Putting a hoop on the family flour barrel is an operation that will hardly bear an encore. The woman generally attempts it before the man comes home to dinner. She sets the hoop on the end of the staves, takes a deliberate aim with the rolling pin, and then shutting both eyes brings the pin down with all the force of one arm, while the other instinctively shields her face. Then she snakes a dive for the camphor and unbleached muslin, and when the man comes home she is sitting back of the stove thinking of St. Stephen and other martyrs, while a burnt dinner and the camphor are struggling heroically for the mastery. He says if she had kept her temper she wouldn't have got hurt. And he visits the barrel himself, and puts the hoop on very carefully and adjusts it so nicely to the top of every stave that only a few smart knocks apparently are needed to bring it down right, when he laughs to himself to think what a fuss his wife kicked up over a simple matter that only needed a little patience to adjust itself, and then he gets the hammer and fetches the hoop a sharp rap on the side, and the other side flies up and catches him on the bridge of the nose, fill his soul with wrath and his eyes with tears; and the next instant that barrel is flying across the room accompanied by the hammer, and another candidate for camphor and rag is enrolled in the great army that is unceasingly marching toward the grave.—*Danbury News.*

A SIMPLE METHOD OF IMPROVING THE HEALTH OF CITIES.

Dr. Alfred Carpenter, of London, strongly recommends the connection of all house drains with one of the chimneys, or with a special ventilating pipe leading to the roof of the dwelling. By this simple arrangement a circulation of air through the sewers is obtained, and the foul gases, instead of entering the house to produce

typhoid and other diseases, would be oxygenized, rendered innocuous and dissipated.

In all large cities, there are thousands of unhealthy dwellings, made so by the back pressure of air from the sewer pipes, which would be instantly cured by the use of a few feet of pipe to connect the house drains and water closet pipes with the chimneys. We believe that a passage of a law requiring the insertion of such pipes would be an excellent sanitary provision. We compel the owners of tenement houses to place fire escape ladders upon the outsides of their buildings, as a means of saving life in case of conflagration. But a far greater number of lives might be saved if owners were compelled to put in vent pipes as above indicated. Noxious air from the sewers is one of the main causes of disease and death in all large towns.

BLASTING IN A COAL MINE.

"Down in a coal mine," is a locality which, although immortalized in a popular air ground out at the rate of some twenty times a day by wheezy hand organs under our windows, is not the most inviting place in the world to eke out one's existence. We descend the shaft with a disagreeable feeling of going we know not whither, save somewhere into the depths of a black pit which yawns beneath us. Once at the bottom, there is a damp oppressive feeling in the air; the rock overhead drips dirty water down upon us, and occasionally an icy stream crawls down our back, sending a disagreeable shudder from head to foot. Of course we get bewildered; the light from the little lamp in our oil skin hat is very dim and smoky, and casts a sort of uncertain radiance for about three feet in advance, throwing great black shadows which leave us in a kind of unpleasant doubt whether or not we shall suddenly step into some abyss and disappear for ever into the bowels of the earth.

We trudge through countless leads, now scrambling over timbers, then compressing ourselves into incredibly small compass in order to crawl through the narrowest of openings. There is a conglomeration of coal dust and mud under foot that sticks to our shoes like glue. We trip over the rails, and bruise every square inch of our bodies against the sharp angles of the rough walls, while our hands and faces, within a very few minutes, partake of the sombre hue of our surroundings.

Soon we encounter a party of miners, rough, hardy looking men, far healthier than we should believe would be the case with beings whose labor is carried on away from the light of day. They are preparing a blast, our guide tells us, and we draw near to watch the operation, but speedily retire in dismay at the apparently careless handling of the powder in close proximity to the unguarded flames of the lamps. The men manifest no concern, and are coolly smoking or chatting.

Now, the charges are ready, and one of the miners lights the fuse from his pipe. We scramble precipitately to a safe position in total disregard of either dirt, wet, or bruises; and then, in a state of suspense, we stop our ears and wonder whether the smoke will leave us entirely or only partially suffocated. The men lounge lazily out of the way, forming a little group by themselves, quietly puffing at their pipes.

A flash—then a deep muffled explosion, which echoes through the long caverns, and is followed by the rumbling and crashing of the falling debris—clouds of dense sulphurous smoke fill the chamber, rising up to the roof and curling away toward the shaft. We get down close to the floor with a handkerchief—a very grimy one by this time—over our nose, and inwardly yearn for one breath of fresh air. Meanwhile the blasters wait until the smoke disperses, and the atmosphere becomes less stifling; then they resume work. Some pile the detached bits of coal in heaps, and others fill the tubs which travel on the rails. Then the mules are signalled for, and we can hear the noise of their hoofs approaching, mingled with the sound of blows and an alarming chorus of expletives on the part of the drivers. The animals are attached to the tubs, and, after arguing some time with their attendants, mule fashion, by drumming on the wagons with their heels, refusing to stir, or manifesting an unconquerable disposition to lie down, they are at length persuaded, through the agency of a club, or by being banged about the head with a lump of coal, that resistance is useless, when they reluctantly start off on a slow jog trot. We follow them to the shaft, leaving the miners swinging their picks or hammering at their drills, apparently careless of the dark heavy atmosphere around them.

BENEFIT OF A TRADE.

Give your sons a trade. One man with a trade is worth a thousand without one. The hosts of young men in every large city who apply for employment and fail to get it, for the reason that they cannot truthfully affirm that they are educated or especially fitted for any particular business, constitute a potent argument in favor of reform. Under the apprentice system, we should have fewer ignorant mechanics and incompetent business men. A trade is a fortune in itself.

DOING A PEDDLING FEMALE.

We had a visit from a book peddling female last week. She wished to dispose of a book. She was alone in this world, and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy or assistance, hence we should buy her book. She was unmarried, and had no manly heart in which she could pour her sufferings, therefore we ought to invest in her book. She had received a liberal education, and could talk French like a native; we could not in consequence refuse to pay her two dollars for a book. She wanted to take lessons in music from a learned German professor; consequently we must not decline buying a book. We listened attentively, and here broke in with, "What do you say? We're deaf." She started in a loud voice and went through her rigmarole. When she had finished we went and got a roll of paper and made it into a speaking trumpet, placed one end in our ear, and told her to proceed. She nearly burst a blood-vessel in her effort to make herself heard. She commenced, "I am alone in this world." "It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are not alone; in fact, we are a husband and a father. Although this is leap year, bigamy is not allowed in this State. We are not eligible to proposals." "Oh! what a fool this man is," she said in a low tone; then at the top of her voice, "I don't want to marry you. I want—to—sell—a—b—o—o—k!" The last sentence was howled. "We don't want a cook," we blandly remarked; "our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good looking a woman as you are to stay in the house five minutes. She's very jealous." She looked at us in despair. Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt, and exclaiming, "I do believe if a three hundred pounder was let off alongside that blamed old deaf fool's head he'd think somebody was knocking at the door," she slung herself out and slammed the door with a vehemence that awakened our office boy, who can sleep sound enough for a whole family. When she was gone we indulged in a demoniac laugh. She isn't likely to try to sell us a book any more.—*Figaro.*

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S PALACE.

The Queen of Sheba's palace is the last archaeological discovery announced. Mr. Mauch, the African traveler, who some years ago discovered what he believed were the ruins of ancient Ophir, but the accuracy of whose supposition was called in question at the time, now writes with the greatest confidence that he has finally found the real "Ophir," in latitude 20 deg. south, longitude 26 deg. east. The ruins consist of two masses of edifices, among them is to be remarked one which is an imitation of the Temple of Solomon, the walls being built of wrought granite, and the ceiling still showing fragments of beams of cedar. The circular edifice, supposed to be the Queen's palace, is still called by the natives the "House of the Great Princess." This discovery must be accepted as another link of evidence unearthed in confirmation of the Scriptures, to which many more will doubtless be added by the parties now exploring in and around Jerusalem and beyond the Jordan.

BARBER'S HAIR BLOWING APPARATUS.

One of the most unpleasant circumstances of the hair cutting operation is caused by the short pieces of hair falling down the neck of a patient, creating irritation both to the skin and the temper. Mr. W. C. McIntire, of Washington, D. C., attaches to a pair of barber's shears an elastic hollow ball which is compressed by the operation of cutting; and a current of air, forced out from the ball, is directed along the edges of the blades and blows away the fragments of hair as fast as they are cut.

The ball is taken between the thumb and fingers and slightly compressed, and then located between the handles; and when the pressure is relieved, the handles of the shears find their way into creases formed in the sides of the rubber ball and hold it into position, while the ball, by its elasticity, forces apart the handles and opens the blades. The inventor claims that the improvement can be advantageously attached to shears for other than barber's shears.

INDUSTRY.

Industry prolongs life. It is the friend of virtue, and indolence the handmaid of vice. The active are seldom criminal; but the indolent of those who yield to guilty enervations might trace their lapse from rectitude to habits of idleness, which, leaving the heart vacant, gave full opportunity for the evil passions and desires of our nature to exert their power. A state of ease is at best but a neutral state of being, alike distant from positive happiness and positive misery. But it is a source of misery; and, as such, is shunned by those who are wise enough to understand the philosophy of living pleasantly.

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

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

NOTICE.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

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

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN.

Trades Assembly Hall.

Meetings are held in the following order:—  
 Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.  
 Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.  
 Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.  
 Crispians, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.  
 K.O.S.C. Lodge 356, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.  
 Tinmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.  
 Cigar Makers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.  
 Iron Moulders, every Thursday.  
 Plasterers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.  
 Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.  
 Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.  
 Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.  
 Printers, 1st Saturday.  
 Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1873.

OUR SECOND VOLUME.

With this number the ONTARIO WORKMAN enters the second year of its existence. In many respects the past year has been an eventful one, and in its brief span have been crowded momentous agitations that have been made by Labor struggling to raise itself into a higher position in the social scale. Aiming at the amelioration of the masses, we have, to the best of our ability, advocated the claims of the operative classes, and have endeavored to adhere to the principles and platform laid down in the prospectus of the WORKMAN. It has been our earnest endeavor to make this journal a complete *repertoire* of events transpiring in the Labor world, as well as the vehicle of those Labor Reform principles which we advocate; and it is gratifying to know that our efforts have been appreciated by workingmen in all parts of the Dominion—as has been demonstrated by the many kind and cheering words that, publicly and privately, have been addressed to us by them—the services of the paper to the cause being thus acknowledged by many of the earnest advocates of Labor Reform.

In commencing our second volume, we do not consider it necessary to speak at length upon the course we intend to pursue. The record of the past year is before our readers, and we briefly say that the principles and platform of the past will be our guiding star for the future.

We desire to return our thanks to our numerous patrons for the support of the past, and trust that our efforts to make the WORKMAN a first-class trade and family journal will merit their continued active support. We desire also to acknowledge our thanks for the many in Ottawa, Oshawa, and other centres east—as well as the workingmen of Toronto—for the generous response that they have made to the member of the firm who has canvassed those places for subscriptions. It is gratifying to state that a steadily increasing circulation is a substantial proof that our efforts have been appreciated, and our endeavor

will be to make its hold upon the esteem and confidence of the operative classes growing and more enduring.

To the merchants and others who have appreciated our journal as an advertising medium of reaching the workmen, we are anxious to express our sincere thanks, and solicit a continuance of their patronage.

"THE NEW CIVILIZATION."

On the 10th inst., a lecture was delivered, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., in Shaftesbury Hall, by the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of Washington, on the above subject. The lecturer, by his eloquence and scholarly attainments, had already favorably commended himself to our citizens, and the lecture had been looked forward to with considerable interest. But the delivery of the lecture, instead of adding to Dr. Tiffany's popularity, has resulted in forever damaging him in the eyes of a Canadian audience. The leading elements of the "New Civilization," as enunciated by Dr. Tiffany, cannot, however, but be regarded as a sound basis for a grand and glorious future. Indeed, it is all that the most advanced and enthusiastic Labor Reformer could possibly hope for or dream of; and when the "New Civilization" dawns upon the world, then, truly, will Labor be satisfied. The lecturer puts it thus:—

1. The claims of the unworking aristocracy will cease under the aegis of the new Christianity.
2. No privileged classes will be tolerated under the new Christianity.
3. Education is to reach and elevate the masses under the new Christianity.
4. Reverence for God will become the claim for reverence from men under the new Christianity.

The lecture, however, has aroused an unusual amount of dissatisfaction and indignation—not we believe, with the subject of the lecture, but at the manner in which it was elaborated. We certainly must confess that the general remarks of Dr. Tiffany were in exceeding bad taste—being nothing more nor less than a Fourth of July oration, and decidedly intended for an American rather than a Canadian audience. And herein we consider the lecturer made his grand mistake in discussing the "New Civilization" with reference to any one particular country or constitution. But, after all, we hardly think the occasion has warranted the amount of indignation that has daily found vent through the press, nor does it afford a sufficient excuse for the "tempest in a tea-pot" that has been aroused. Dr. Tiffany's remarks, as we said before, were in exceeding bad taste—only this and nothing more. We do not consider the lecture tarnished, in the least degree, the lustre of British civilization, nor did the lecturer impeach the loyalty of Canadians to the flag and constitution of which they are so justly proud. But it would seem others think differently, and forthwith a champion has come forward, who is to purge Shaftesbury Hall of the "spread-eagleism" of Dr. Tiffany, and awake its echoes to the lustre of British civilization and the loyalty of Canadians.

THE SOUTH WALES STRUGGLE.

Though the scene of the struggle in South Wales has been at a great distance, yet its progress has been closely watched by many on this side of the Atlantic. From time to time we have chronicled the progress of the contest; and while at this distance it is difficult to comprehend all the circumstances that have combined to produce and prolong the great conflict between the colliers of South Wales and the owners of the collieries, yet it cannot but afford satisfaction to all to know that it has at length been terminated, and the men have resumed work. Great rejoicings marked the event—bands parading the town of Merthyr, and cannons being fired. In their respective organs both masters and men claim the victory; we, however, content ourselves with chronicling the happy termination of the conflict.

A PUBLIC MEETING.

We have been requested to call attention to the public meeting of the laboring men of this city, that has been called for Saturday next in the St. Patrick's Hall. The objects of the meeting is to take into consideration the question of increased wages. It is certainly time some general movement should take place in this direction. The cost of living, and the active demands that will be made for this class of industry this season in consequence of the many large public and other works that will be in progress, affords an opportunity for securing "better terms" that the men are not slow to take advantage of. We trust there will be a large and harmonious gathering.

THE BALLOT.

Mr. Tremblay's Ballot Bill passed the Legislature last week by a majority which indicates very distinctly the wish of the House of Commons, and the ballot will undoubtedly become law during the present session, as it is not likely the Senate will repudiate it. We have given the debate that ensued on the third reading, and would particularly direct attention to Mr. Chisholm's able advocacy of the measure. Last week we gave Mr. Witton's speech, and we congratulate the workmen of Hamilton in having representatives in the House who have so ably advocated measures to which they look with particular interest.

ANTI-INCOME TAX LEAGUE.

A largely attended and influential meeting was held recently at Hanover Square Rooms, London. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, M. P., in the chair. The meeting was held to protest against the continuance of the income tax. Mr. Attenborough moved the first resolution: "That the growing discontent pervading the kingdom against the inquisitorial character and injustice of the income-tax demands the prompt and serious attention of the House of Commons."

In doing so, he complained of the retention of the income-tax for thirty years, in times of no emergency, when it was only originally imposed for three years. The country at first submitted to it only as a war tax. The object of the meeting was to ascertain whether the trading classes, now that the revenue of the country exceeded the expenditure by six millions, were willing that that odious and inquisitorial tax should remain a permanent burden. It had been very useful when at first introduced; but their having borne it for thirty years was no reason why they should bear it for thirty years more. Mr. Lowe lately asked a deputation what he should substitute for the income-tax. It was not the duty of the deputation, but of Mr. Lowe himself, to discover that. It rested with the middle classes to call upon the Government to redeem the numerous pledges that had been made, and abolish the tax. Mr. Jones seconded the resolution, which was adopted.

Mr. Monk, M.P., moved:—

"That, having regard to the pledges given at successive periods by different Governments that the income-tax should be treated as a temporary impost, this meeting declares its opinion that the time has arrived when measures should be taken for its extinction as a part of the ordinary system of the public revenue, and with this view, that a moderate and steady reduction in the public expenditure should be at once commenced and progressively carried out." This was seconded by Mr. Shand, and carried unanimously.

A cordial vote of thanks to the chairman ended the proceedings.

RELEASED.

A telegram from London informs us that the five imprisoned gas stokers were released on Monday, the term of their sentences having expired. A great demonstration of sympathy was made in their favor, and at Maidstone they were entertained at a public breakfast.

We notice that the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia refuse to repeal the Ballot Act.

THE MADOC MURDER.

A terrible story of savage treachery comes to us by telegraph from the scene of the Madoc war. Since the repulse of the United States troops by Captain Jack and his band of Indians, hostilities have been suspended to admit of efforts on the part of a Peace Commission to arrive at a settlement of the difficulty without further bloodshed. Considerable time has been spent in this way without any satisfactory point being gained, and it appears that in a final effort to come to terms last Friday the Indians treacherously murdered General Canby and Rev. Dr. Thomas, one of the Peace Commission. Mr. Meacham, another of the Commissioners, is believed to be fatally wounded, and the fourth member of the party, Mr. Dyer, escaped unhurt. Orders have been issued for the extermination of the whole band.

"BE YE THEREFORE STEADFAST."

There is no man so pitiable, no man so superlatively contemptible, so laughably ridiculous in the estimation of men of even ordinary force of character, as the man whose mind shows no evidence of a fixity of purpose, no coherence of ideas or continuity of reasoning. A staggering mind, wavering, inconsistent—fluctuating in a turmoil of oscillatory vacillation, can only excite our commiseration if not our contempt. This want of mental and moral steadfastness is more prevalent than the majority of those afflicted are willing to concede, and we are pained to admit that among workmen it is especially noticeable. We are grieved to make this declaration, because reason, common sense and the inexorable logic of daily experience, are sternly emphatic in indicating that without immovability of purpose and stableness of character, it is unconditionally impossible to accomplish anything in life worthy of emulation. No man can succeed in this world unless he evolves such an amount of firmness of mind, strength of resolution and closeness of application as will not be easily shaken, overthrown or diverted from a purpose once taken or a determination once formed. The man who wavers or hesitates after having mapped out a line of policy, will never be found in the van of the army of life. And what is true of the individual or isolated man, is equally true of the associational man, and what is here advanced as being applicable to men acting independently, is also applicable to men acting conjointly. Any association of men lacking cohesion, steadiness and stability, will inevitably fail in its purpose and subject its members to ridicule and contumely. The one great need—the desideratum, the infallible element of perfection, required by trade unions and other forms of associated labor, is immovable, stable steadfastness. Even unity and harmony are subordinate to this great essential qualification. We every day see unions organized and while yet in swaddling clothes accomplishing wonderfully astonishing results, but by the time they should have reached maturity—reached their great puissance—their acme of utility, we find alas! they are no longer to be numbered among the things that are, that in fact they have reached dissolution. They organized and started on the road towards success, fully determined to persevere, to struggle bravely on, despite obstacles and impediments, until the complete fruition of organized effort was attained; but they failed and why? because severally and jointly they lacked firmness of mind and strength of resolution; they were unstable, fickle, vacillating. And until men of this stamp learn the priceless value of tireless energy, the necessity of resolute unyielding devotion to the accomplishment of a purpose, they had better remain aloof from all movements looking towards a possible amelioration of their social or political condition. They only betray their weakness by organizing and then silyly disbanding, and the infallible sequence is an infinitely worse state of existence. They show their enemies, if they had any, that they are incapable of self-effort, unable to maintain an organized front, that they lack all

the essential elements of an organized defence, that prices may be reduced with reckless impunity and that they are wholly at the mercy of their employers, and of this the latter are never slow to avail themselves. We should learn from these observations the necessity that exists for the cultivation of greater steadiness, a greater unchangeableness, greater constancy by all members of trades unions. A body of men who unite for the avowed purpose of securing immunity from the spoliation of capitalists, but who disband upon the first appearance of trouble, may be likened to the man mentioned in the Gospel, from whom a devil was cast, but who, though cleansed yielded to temptation, as soon as the devil returned with seven others worse than himself, and the Gospel says the last state of that man was worse than the first. The last state of the members of a disbanded union must necessarily be worse than the first—and because of the reasons already advanced.

There is another class of unions that do not disband, but who allow themselves to drift into breakers of disorganization and finally go crashingly to pieces. Martial history abounds in instances of victories turned into defeats because the conquerors, flushed with success, neglected the precautions necessary to secure what was already won. Our labor organizations furnish many parallel cases; many unions after having established a prestige and given unmistakable evidence of the power of combined effort, will then relax their vigilance and lull themselves into a feeling of false security, from which they are generally awakened by the crash of their disruption and downfall. "Early and provident fear is the mother of safety," said a great statesman, (Burke), and it would be well if our associations of labor would heed the warning. There is no safety in a cessation or even relaxation of vigilance, but there is much danger, and possible ruin in such a course. We can not be too watchful, neither can we be too particular in our efforts to be always prepared for any and every emergency. The man who fears an enemy is never taken unawares, but he who falls asleep and dreams in fanciful security may awake disarmed and powerless. Workingmen let us be earnest, let us be practical, steadfast, watchful, constant in our devotion to duty, ever ready to arbitrate, compromise or demand. Let us fear the worst and be prepared to meet it. Let it never be said of us that because we understood not the application of stability to the ordinary affairs of life, we suffered sadly from the evil effects of staggering, drunken minds.—*Coopers' Journal.*

REPORT OF THE MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

The general report of the Minister of Public Works for the fiscal year ending 30 June, 1873, is at hand, containing, besides appendices, a large amount of information respecting the canals, works on navigable rivers, harbors and piers, slides, booms, roads and bridges, public buildings, government railways, and North-West and Pacific communication. We see the project of increasing the depth of the canals along the St. Lawrence to 12 feet on the metre sills being entertained, surveys are now in progress to ascertain by actual measurement the work required to attain this depth in the main channel of the navigable reaches between the canals. Also a Commission is now inquiring into the alleged obstruction to navigable streams by slabs, saw dust, edgings and other refuse of saw mills. For the transport of immigrants and others, steam launches have been placed on most of the navigable sections, and horses and wagons have been provided on the different sections of land travel. Commodious houses, for the accommodation of immigrants, have been erected at convenient intervals along the route. The number of people sent over the line from the 15th of June, when it was opened, to the close of navigation, was 604, including the volunteers; and telegraphic communication has been established with Fort Garry. The expenditure of the Department of Public Works during the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1872, was:—Construction, \$1,801,272.80; Repairs, \$299,419.86; Staff and maintenance, \$807,805.87; Total expenditure, \$2,908,498.53.

Communications.

CONVICT LABOR.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Sir,—The evidence taken by the Commissioners enquiring into the effect of the contract system in the State of New York, was of such a nature that it was an impossibility for them honestly to return a report otherwise than that contained in their first proposition, viz. —“The contract system of prison labor is bad, and should be abolished.”

Allen Ross, Agent and Warden of the State prison at Auburn, testified that the contract system gave occasion to punishment, and affected discipline injuriously. He believed a large proportion of the punishments were due to the contract system.

It was also obstructive to reformation. Rev. D. A. Shepard, Chaplain of the same prison, stated that the contract system had an injurious effect on the morals of the prisoners, and should be abrogated. There was an irritation on the part of the prisoners produced by the system which could be avoided if the management was in proper hands. Many things were introduced into the prison, such as alcoholic drinks, immoral pamphlets, letters, etc., contrary to rules, and having a corrupting influence.

Dr. Theo. Dimon, physician, had given some thought to the contract system, and considered it unfavorable to the interests of the State and the Institution, and giving rise to more than half the punishments. The feeling of the contractor and his foreman, that the only point to be considered, was the amount of money to be made, was another cause of bad feeling. The fact that a convict works not for the State, nor for himself, but only for an outside party, who was nothing to him, was the most prolific cause of punishment.

“The labor of the prisons should be conducted in reference to the welfare of the convict and of the community in connection with him, rather than on any other considerations. And if, by the management of prison labor, you return a convict to society with industrious habits, and so with the means of support, you have conferred a greater benefit on outside labor than by abolishing industrial pursuits in prisons. He most certainly thought the interests of the community could be best attained by a multiplication of industries, so that a variety of trades might be taught.”

Here is the language of a man who has spent a considerable amount of his time inside the prison walls, agreeing in every particular with the arguments of the objectors to the contract system in this Province. The foregoing evidence is emphatic in its condemnation of the noxious contract system, and fully supporting the position I assumed at the commencement of these letters.

Yet I do not propose to rest here, so shall proceed to the production of more evidence of the blessings resulting from this system. James S. Graham, member of the Board of Managers of the Rochester House of Refuge, and member of the State Legislature, with whom I am personally acquainted, testified to the evils of the system as follows:—

“I believe the contract system to be injurious, because it enables a certain portion of the community to enter into unfair competition with the rest. It is injurious because under it no man is taught a trade perfectly. The great cry among master mechanics to-day is the gradual lessening of the number of thorough, first-class mechanics, and this want is increased by the contract system of teaching trades. Again, it places a premium upon crime. It forces honest men into idleness, and idleness begets crime. Again, it enables a certain class of capitalists to control a quantity of labor for which they do not pay a living price. To illustrate:—

“Mr. Brown (let us say), a contractor, can make his lowest grade of boots cheaper than any one not having a contract. He can, therefore, sell a larger bill of goods than any other man, because able to make a reduction in the whole bill, on account of getting his lowest grade of work done so cheaply. The effect is that his competitor forces his workmen to labor at a price that will enable him to sell his work at the same price as the contractor. It is like the case of a burglar who drives fifteen wedges into the crack of a door where one would not do, and by a series of light taps, drives each wedge a little, until the door is forced open.

“So in the case of wages. A little is taken off here, and a little there, until they fall below a living price. We have practical illustrations, notorious in this community. It is said when they started a cooper shop in Monroe County Penitentiary, coopers brought before a Justice got a specially long sentence, because the contractors needed men.

“Again, the contract system is opposed to free labor in this way: As a working-man, I object to working by the side of a convict, because I believe that it is almost impossible to reform a man worked by the contract system, and that men come out of prison as bad as they went in. Hence, though I would be willing to work with a reformed man, I feel degraded by working with a discharged unreformed convict.

“The contract system in the House of Refuge had an injurious effect on the boys' morals. It places the boys under the control of persons wholly irresponsible to the officers of the Institution. On the representation of these persons they are liable to be punished. It is well known that boys disposed to reform, but good workers, have, through the reports of the contractors, been kept in lower grades, and thus their discharge hindered. The contractors also hire men, as overseers, who have not, and cannot get, recommendations, morally or socially. Boys were mixed up indiscriminately with men who sold them tobacco, and perhaps something worse, and encouraged them to steal. Men have been discharged for this. Discipline, with many of the contractors, meant knocking down, or other corporal punishment. They believed the boys all bad. I most decidedly think the contract system is bad. As a substitute, I think the officers should be made permanent, removable only for cause.

“Again, I think the prisoners should be made to feel they are men, that they should learn full trades. I would have a multiplicity of trades, and have each learn the trade for which he has a choice. This would pay in the end, whatever the first cost might be; for if prisoners are discharged without being reformed, the expense attendant upon their subsequent arrest and conviction will be equal to what it would have cost to make them good men.”

The above is the evidence of a man far above ordinary men in the matter of judgment and intelligence. One who, by industry and business tact, has raised himself from the position of a paid machinist to an employer of labor. And by his moral and social rectitude, combined with intellect, so far won the good-will of the people, that without regard to party politics, he was sent to the Legislature in 1869. Such men are rare, and their opinion is worth consideration.

The evidence I have here adduced is emphatic in its denunciation of the contract system as being decidedly opposed to the reformation of criminals, and I am sorely tempted to comment upon the various statements made, but knowing I have already encroached on your good nature, and not wishing to also encroach on your columns too far, I will defer my remarks to a future letter.

Yours, &c.,  
J. W. LEVESLEY.

Toronto, March 15th, 1873.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The new stars have proved a decided success. Reveni and Zoe Zeonetti, in their wonderful trapeze performances, and Dan Guilfoil, in his songs and dances, elicit rounds of applause. John H. Clarke, the popular comedian, has assumed the position of Director of Amusements. Mr. Clarke will have a benefit on Friday night, on which occasion a host of volunteers will appear.

MURDER IN EVANSVILLE.

We here give a plain, unvarnished account of as cold-blooded a murder as has ever occurred in this country, and commend it to the reading of that class of our people who delight to denounce Trade Unions and their members as belonging to the “dangerous classes.”

It is well known to our members that for some time past the moulders employed by J. H. Roelker & Co., in Evansville, have been locked out, because they dared to protest against an infringement on a well-understood law of the Union, one which Roelker & Co. in the past have always agreed to. When the men were ordered out of the shop, orders were given by the firm, to certain of the other employes, to shoot any Union man who would come around the place. This was, of course, regarded as an idle threat, but the sequel too well proves the contrary.

On Monday, March 17, very few moulders were at work in Evansville, and a few of them gathered in a saloon known as the “Orchestrion.” While they were sitting at one of the tables, a member named Conrad Hartman came in, and said that Roelker's scabs were following him. He sat down with his friends, when in came J. H. Roelker and two of his scabs. Hartman got up and asked them why they were following him, when a scab named Buzan drew a revolver and shot Hartman,

the ball entering the right eye, passing through the brain, causing instant death. Then Buzan turned to another Union man named Jordan, and saying, “D—n you, I will give it to you as well,” fired, striking Jordan in the temple, inflicting a dangerous wound. After Jordan dropped he fired twice at C. Muth, a Union man, slightly wounding him. The other scab got in working order by this time, and he shot at and slightly wounded a cigar-maker named Zehle. Having accomplished their mission, they retreated to Roelker's foundry, where they were arrested and placed in jail. As soon as the shooting commenced, Roelker left the saloon and went to his store, and the balance of his scabs ran to the saloon, as if they what was going on. The parties under arrest for the shooting are Buzan from Louisville, Owen from Dayton, and Kast from Louisville. Roelker has not as yet been arrested. We cannot comment on this premeditated butchery, as we feel unable to do it justice, and each member can form his own conclusions. As law-abiding citizens we can only hope that justice will be meted out to those who have either been principals or accessories in rendering two homes desolate.—I. M. I. Journal.

OPERATIVE HOUSE PAINTERS.

The annual meeting of the General Alliance of Operative House Painters of England has been held this week at the Crown Hotel, Liverpool, commencing its sittings on Monday morning. The president (of Liverpool) occupied the chair. The general secretary, Mr. Sharples (of Manchester), and all the officers of the Alliance, were present. The number of delegates was 41, with the officers, making in all 50 members; 30 societies being represented.

The general secretary, in his report, said that, financially speaking, the Alliance was in a prosperous condition. The new entrance fees had greatly improved the reserve fund, and during the past year sixteen new branches had been formed. The increase of wages or incomes of the members during that period—on the basis of eight month's employment in the year, as the average of working months—amounted to the sum of £5,000. The secretary referred to the activity of the Birmingham district, in spreading the principles of the Alliance with such skill and success.

In the course of the proceedings, it was proposed and carried unanimously—

That no working man should give his vote for a Parliamentary candidate, unless he pledges himself to an entire repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act.

The following propositions were unanimously adopted:—

1. A repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act with a view to the reconsideration by Parliament of the penal laws affecting trade combinations.
2. No imprisonment for breach of contract, as enacted by the Masters and Servants' Act.
3. Repeal of the Small Penalties Act, with a view to the passing of a more just law, for enforcing penalties against the poor.
4. No conviction for conspiracy to commit an act for which a maximum penalty is already imposed, to subject any person to a greater or other penalty than that which is so imposed.
5. That a Royal Commission be issued with full powers to enquire into the mode in which the summary jurisdiction of the magistrates has been exercised.
- 6.—That Parliament shall be required to consider and solve the important constitutional question if the law for summary jurisdiction is to take away the right of trial by jury.—See *Hives* of 14th ult.

“INJUSTICE TO WORKINGMEN.”

Such is the caption of an editorial article which appeared in the late issue of the *Scientific American*, in commenting on an alleged contract which the Joliet Iron and Steel Company—one of the largest establishments of its class in Illinois—recently required its employes to sign, and which reads as follows:

RECEIPT AND CONTRACT.  
JOLIET, Ill., Feb.—, 1873.

Received of Joliet Iron and Steel Company, the full amount due me per pay roll for service rendered said company during the month of January, 1873. And for the consideration above mentioned, I do hereby agree that said company shall not be liable to me (nor my heirs, executors, or other persons who may be dependent upon me for support in case of my death) for any damage or accident resulting or occurring to me while in its employ, whether caused by the negligence or carelessness of any of the officers or employees of said company, or from any cause whatsoever. And that said company shall have the right, at any time, to discharge me from its employ without notice. Further, that I will continue in the employ of said company from month to month at the current rate paid by said company

for the class or kind of work done by me, and not leave the employ of said company or refuse to perform my daily duties without fourteen (14) days notice in writing of such intention to the superintendent, foreman, or the person under whose orders I am employed, previous to the time of my leaving or failing to perform my daily duties.

And in consideration as aforesaid, I do further agree that in case I fail to comply with the conditions last aforesaid, that I will forfeit all moneys earned by me and remaining unpaid at the time of such failure on my part to comply with the terms of this contract.

Witness \_\_\_\_\_ Signed \_\_\_\_\_

In commenting on the injustice of the above requirements, the *American* justly observes:

Although it is possible that this contract may be legally valid under the statutes of Illinois, we doubt whether its terms would receive a rigid interpretation from any court or be enforced through any jury. It is plainly inequitable, inasmuch as it gives to the employer rights which it denies to the employee, and places the latter in a position in which his means of support may be at any moment taken from him without warning, and without leaving him any mode of redress. That this power may be so used as to cause great hardship is clearly obvious, while the system of requiring men not only to give their time and labor, but to bind themselves by such oppressive obligations, for the simple and single consideration of their already faithfully earned wages, seems to us wrongful and highly unjust. “The laborer is worthy of his hire,” and although employers have a perfect right to regulate the quantity, quality and manner of performing his work, they should not take advantage of the necessity which impels a man to toil for the existence of himself and his family, to impose upon him extreme conditions, which, were he less dependent, he would unhesitatingly refuse.

To all of which we would heartily say, Amen. But it gives us unalloyed pleasure to add that, on the authority and request of Mr. Torrens, the new Superintendent of the Joliet Iron and Steel Company Mills, and Mr. Hugh McLaughlin, President of the Puddlers and Boiler Makers' National Union, we announce that no such contracts are now required to be signed; that the former gentleman distinctly disowns any sympathy with the provisions of such a requirement, and that the employees of the establishment have too much manhood to subscribe to them even if they were presented. This is just as it should be, and we trust those who have given publicity to the foregoing contract, will now make the *amende honorable* by making the desired correction.—*Workingman's Advocate*.

Labor Notes.

The Wood Turners of Chicago have recently organized a Trades Union.

A Labor League will shortly be formed in Carlinville, Ill.

Mr. Henry Taylor, Secretary of the National Agricultural Laborer's Union reports the number of members as over 50,000.

The Labor Statistics Bureau of Massachusetts, shows that there are 5,414 male tailors in the State.

A Cigar Makers' Union has been organized in Hudson, Columbia county, New York.

The third annual Convention of the American Labor Reform League will be held in New York city, Sunday and Monday, May 4th and 5th.

It appears that the English National Association of operative plasterers has now 90 branches, with a membership of 2,500, and a capital of £3,000.

There are quite a number of Union Cigar Makers at Chicago on a strike. The reasons we have not learned, but they no doubt are sufficient to cause them to quit work.

The Journeymen Wood-Carvers' Union, of New York, consisting of about 300 members, held a general meeting last week for the purpose of strengthening their organization, with a view to being prepared for an emergency, which might occur in case of a general strike.

Wages in Chicago seem to rate about as last season, good bricklayers and stone masons \$3 50 to \$4 per day; tenders, \$2. Carpenters and joiners seem to have no fixed price; they range from \$2 up to \$3 25. Ship-carpenters hold fast at \$3, some a little in advance of those figures.

The Ship-carpenters and Caulkers of Chicago have voluntarily reduced their wages from \$4 50 to \$3 per day. By this action they claim, and justly so, that Chicago can successfully compete with the other lake ports.

The Trades Protection Society of Saddlers and Harness Makers of England have recently sent in to the masters an application for an increase of wages—20 per cent on weekly wages of 24s and under; 15 per cent on wages between 24s and 28s per week; and 10 per cent on wages of 28s and upwards. The application has been granted

ed by some of the leading firms of the trade.

At a meeting of the United Masons in New York recently, resolutions were passed denouncing the attempt of Vanderbilt to deprive men at work on the Harlem Road of their right to the eight-hour system. A committee was appointed to wait on the Mayor and demand the enforcement of the eight-hour law.

The Chicago Typographical Union at a regular session, passed resolution condemning the State Legislature for introducing and enacting a law aimed at, and evidently intended to injure, trade combinations, under the provisions of which it would be unlawful for the members of any Union to converse with or persuade their fellow-craftsmen with intent to induce them to abstain from unmanly opposition to the best interests of their trade, and which interferes with their constitutional privileges and freemen.

On Tuesday settlements took place between Mr. Crawshaw, of Cyfarthen, and his workmen, and between Mr. Fothergill's manager at Plymouth ironworks and his workmen, colliers and miners. In both cases deputations waited upon the employers, and offered to resume work immediately on the Dowlais terms, which offer was accepted. The men afterwards held a mass meeting, at which resolutions in favor of immediate work were passed, and work was accordingly resumed by from 10,000 to 15,000 workmen in Merthyr the following day. There were great rejoicings; bands paraded the town and cannons were fired. The strike is now virtually ended, as only one or two small works remain to be settled with.

We would direct attention to the advertisement of Dr. Wood, the proprietor of the Ottawa Cancer Cure. The process of cure is a speedy and painless one, and as in the case of those who are afflicted with this dreadful disease, “delays are dangerous,” should any of our readers, or their friends, be unfortunately so afflicted, we would advise a prompt communication with Dr. Wood.

REMITTANCES.

Ottawa—G. H., \$2; A. H., \$2; H. C. W., \$2; E. G., \$1; J. A. L., \$2; D. J. O'D., \$2; S. K., \$1; D. T., \$2; G. C., \$1; W. H., \$2; G. D., \$2; T. A., \$1; T. S., \$1; J. K., \$1.  
Oshawa—G. J., \$1; T. D., \$1.  
Toronto—S. S., \$1; J. F., \$1; J. C., \$1; W. S., \$1; J. P., \$1; J. K., \$1; W. P., \$1; J. F., \$1; T. R., \$1; J. R., \$1; J. McC., \$1; Dr. R., \$2; C. R., \$2; G. J., \$1.

DR. WOOD,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

OTTAWA CANCER CURE,

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

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

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

TO THE MECHANICS OF THE DOMINION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That in consequence of the men who were employed on the erection of the Presbyterian Church, not having been yet paid, the members of all Trades' Unions and others are requested not to engage at all with the Contractor who now has it, or any Contractor who may hereafter have said Church, until all arrears are paid.

By Order,  
R. H. GRAHAM, Secretary.  
Ottawa, March 1, 1873. 43-1f

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

SPRING SHOW.

T. EATON & CO.,  
Are showing extraordinary attractions in Handkerchiefs, Ties, Scarfs, Gloves, Ribbons, &c., &c.

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS, 42-1c

The Home Circle.

"GO IT ALONE."

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

There's a game much in fashion, I think it's called Euchre, Though I've never played it for pleasure or lucre, In which, when the cards are in certain conditions, The players appear to have changed their positions, And one of them cries in a confident tone—"I think I might venture to go it alone."

While watching the game, 'tis a whim for the bard's, A moral to draw from the skirmish in cards, And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife, Some excellent hints for the battle of Life, Where, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne, The winner is he who can "go it alone."

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled, And got—not a convert for all of his pains, But only derision, and prison, and chains—"It moves, for all that," was his answering tone, For he knew, like the earth, he could "go it alone."

When Kepler, with intellect piercing afar, Discovered the laws of each planet and star; And doctors who ought to have lauded his name, Derided his learning and blackened his fame; "I can wait," he replied, "till the truth you shall own," For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone."

Alas for the player who idly depends, In the struggle of life, upon kindred and friends; Whatever the value of blessings like these, They can never atone for inglorious ease, Nor comfort the coward, who finds with a groan, That his crutches have left him to "go it alone."

There is something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold, Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold; The fortunate owner may fairly regard, As each, in its way, a most excellent card— Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own, Unless you've the courage to "go it alone."

In battle or business, whatever the game, In law or in love it is ever the same, In the struggle for power or scramble for pelf, Let this be your motto: "Rely on yourself!" For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne, The victor is he who can "go it alone."

A CAPITAL FABLE.

The hopelessness of any one's accomplishing anything without pluck is illustrated by an old East Indian fable. A mouse that dwelt near the abode of a great magician, was kept in such constant distress by its fear of a cat, that the magician, taking pity on it, turned it into a cat itself. Immediately it began to suffer from its fear of a dog, so the magician turned it into a dog. Then it began to suffer from fear of a tiger, and the magician turned it into a tiger. Then it began to suffer from its fear of hunters, and the magician, in disgust, said, "Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse, it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a nobler animal." And the poor creature again became a mouse.

It is the same with the mouse-hearted man. He may be clothed with the powers, and placed in the position of brave men, but he will always act like a mouse; and public opinion is usually the great magician that finally says to such a man, "Go back to your obscurity again. You have only the heart of a mouse, and it is useless to try to make a lion out of you."

BLIGHTED HOPES.

They come to us all, some day. Who lives that has not, during his life, aspired to something he was unable to reach? The sorrows of mankind may nearly all be traced to blighted hopes; like frost upon the green leaves, comes the chilling conviction that our hopes are forever dead. We may live; but he who has placed his whole mind on the attaining of some object, and fails of reaching it—life seems to him a burden—a weary burden.

To youth, blighted hopes come like the cold dew of evening upon the flowers. The sun next morning banishes the dew, and the flower is brighter and purer from its momentary affliction. Sorrow purifies the heart of the youth as the rain purifies the growing plants.

At times all is cold; even this beautiful world of Gods seems a dreary dwelling place. But to an ambitious youth, feelings like these do not last long. He has an object in life, and if he fails in one thing, he tries another. "Never despair!" is the motto of an aspiring youth, as he mounts the ladder which will either lead him to fame or disgrace. He has friends to encourage him, parents to advise him; his own mind is as pure as the sparkling water.

"Young love by day and night encircles him," and his visage shows he feels her magical influence.

The envious may rail at him—may seek to stain his character. But his resolve is "not to be put down," and he works with a new determination. With youth and virtue for guides, with the love of God in his heart, such a youth cannot fail of what he undertakes. Blighted hopes will come, perhaps, but he will, in time, surmount all youthful failures, and at manhood will stand sublime—the builder of his own character, fame and fortune—an honor to his country.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Here are one or two experiments which may be tried for home amusement: Stop one ear with the finger and press the other to the end of a long stick, and if a watch be held at the other end of the wood, ticking will be heard, be the wood a stick ever so long. Tie a poker in the middle of a strip of flannel two or three feet long, and press your thumbs or fingers into your ears, while you swing your poker against an iron fender, and you will hear a sound like that of a heavy church bell. These experiments prove that water, wood, and flannel are good conductors of sound, for the sound of the bell, the watch and the fender passes through the water and along the wood and flannel to the ear, and excite in us the sense of sound. Sound of all kinds, it is ascertained, travels at the rate of fifteen miles a minute. The softest whisper travels as fast as the most tremendous thunder. The knowledge of this fact has been applied to the measurement of distance.

THE ART OF THINKING.

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

MASKS.

Who, in this great, bustling sunny world, can portray the griefs which the heart in bitterness bears? What mortal, by observing our actions, can ever know the rugged path of sorrow which our weary feet are traveling? We answer, no one is able to read the secret of life. The true heart wills that masks be worn to conceal the frightful miseries from all human ken, to reveal them only to God and the angels. We shudder to think what a dark array of griefs would be observed should the masks be removed, and the cruel eye of the world be allowed to penetrate in the innermost recesses of the heart. Disheartened and faint, each mortal would turn with pity for his neighbor, but to read anew the misery of his own heart—to see a gaunt, grim spectre enthroned within his own breast. But, blessed thought; the masks are secure, and no chink admits the passage of our griefs.

In this strange, conflicting life, masks subservise a purpose. We are thrust into society, where joy and gladness must be donned to conceal the inward feelings; for, though it claims the guardianship of many virtues, it is a mighty censor; or, again, duty points to leading others in the way of knowledge and happiness when our own heart is almost bursting beneath its heavy load of sorrow. Mingling upon this great stage, day by day, hour by hour, the world observes and thinks us happy, but little does it know what worms is gnawing at the heart, and drinking up the life-blood.

How many bright eyes lose their lustre, how many feet grow weary, how many noble forms fade away into an early tomb, and we wonder what has caused them so early to give their bodies to darkness and the worm. Perhaps we will be told of some wasting disease, or fearful malady, which took them to their rest. This may be true, but no one knows what mental agony hurried on disease, and snapped the spring of life, for masks are

effectually worn to conceal the pangs of a troubled heart.

Wretchedness is often carried into halls of gayety and scenes of pleasure, hidden, like a spectre of woe, beneath a mask of glowing pleasure. The world is deceived. It hears not the half-drawn sigh, and sees not the quivering lips. All is calm without, but, within, the heart, which cannot be cheated into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow, throbs with a scorch of pain.

When we smile and jest with those around us, do our hearts re-echo what the lips utter? Do sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks foretell a purity of heart? No, no! the blush of gayety suffuses the countenance, and smiles pass lips of which the heart knows nothing, for it beats in unison with the feelings, while outward signs are only masks to hide one's wretchedness.

Trice happy we consider those whom the spoiler early releases from sorrow, and who need no more their deceiving masks. But rest in happiness, favored ones, for we are rapidly advancing, with the movement of the world, to grasp the panacea of all ills; and, though the time may seem long ere we shall lay down all griefs and enter into a state of happiness, yet,

"As sufferings are longer, The heart becomes stronger."

Why should body and soul be flung into sorrow's dungeon when God sees fit to afflict? Is not the world as bright as of yore? Are there not still some happy phases to gladden life's weary pilgrimage? We should not complain of oppressions, but, with submission and love, perform the duties of life; and, though sorrows come and griefs oppress, we must not let darkness obscure the talent which God has given to promote our own and others' happiness, or bury it with the brighter past, but nobly use it, and count all sorrow as naught, when we consider what a blessed reward will be ours if we have not lived in vain; for, after this life of sorrow and pain, where we are continually weighed down with care, there is a home of perpetual rest, the streets of which are thronged with an angelic host, who, "with songs on their lips and with harps in their hands," tell neither the sorrow nor grief, which perhaps wasted their life.

INTEMPERANCE.

One great cause of intemperance may be found in our social and fashionable parties, along with the gay, the young, the lovely and the beautiful, that throng the festive halls, where joy lights the eye, and smiles betoken the gladness of the heart, then comes the tempter, like Satan among the sons of God, to do his fiendish work. To the banqueting of love, the wicked elf, unbidden, comes to mar its pleasure. He who has the firmness and forbearance to resist the enticements of the grog-shop, yields to the tempter when the deformity of vice is masked by the smiles of lovely woman; he is overcome, not by the vice, but by the seducer, and in a moment of excitement, with the head overflowing with the poetry of love, he drinks the accursed poison because it is offered by a fair hand, not caring that the flowers he thus dallies with conceal a reptile whose sting is death; he fears not death, if woman be his destroyer; and the rose-buds of love, with a withered fragrance, breathe over his grave, "like angel's sighs," their perfumed breath.

The spell is now broken; the scruples to the first indulgence have been overcome, and the unfortunate young man, like a vessel broken loose from its moorings, to be driven, without chart, rudder or compass, before wind and tide, becomes the slave of circumstances, and lies at the mercy of accident. Chance now controls his destiny, and, in all probability, he becomes a drunkard, and what beyond that the heart will not permit the tongue to speak.

As we look around and see whither his footsteps tend, we turn away and blush for the honor of our race.

Young lady, are you not startled at the thought that the sparkling glass with which you tempt the gallant, high-toned gentleman at your side, may not be that which will decide his fate both for time and eternity?

Such is the nature of man, that he has no power to resist the influence of woman; "the serpent knew this when he planned to mar Eden's bliss." He may have the fortitude to endure any hardship; he may have the courage to charge up to the cannon's mouth, and may be able to meet death without shrinking back, but, we repeat it, he has no power to resist the silent eloquence of woman's soft blandishments and sweeter smiles, which speak directly to the warm and generous heart. But this influence was given to woman that it might be a blessing to man. Woman was designed to be a comforter, a solace for man in his afflictions, and not to multiply his difficulties and heap fresh calamities upon his head; and to her credit be it spoken, that her influence has, most generally, been so employed.

Young lady, do not think me presuming too much, for I speak from experience, and know what it is to stand upon the very threshold of destruction. It was a fair hand that started me in my downward course. But to-day, thanks be to God, I stand a free man, and would warn all young ladies against the practice of tempting young men with strong drink. Ever have before you, in the words of living light, "That whatsoever you would that others do unto you, do ye even so unto them,"

and thus you will live to a good and noble purpose; the memory of the past will be pleasant, and your future glorious.—Waverley Magazine.

WARNING TO UMBRELLA CARRIERS.

The man who walks the streets, carrying an umbrella under his arm, was at the corner of King and Market streets lately. He stopped suddenly to speak with a friend, and a man behind him nearly broke the point of the umbrella by running his eye against it. The man swore, and the umbrella chap wheeled suddenly, tearing off a young lady's back hair. He turned to apologize and jabbed the end of his umbrella into a very tall policeman's stomach. Policeman administered a jerk and the umbrella point tore off a portion of a small boy's ear, and immediately after carried the starboard corner of a man's mouth up into his front hair. Stepping back in dismay at what he had done, he rammed the umbrella down a by-stander's throat, and at the same time he fastened the hook handle (the probabilities are that the handle was not only hooked, but he hooked the entire umbrella) into a colored citizen's wool. In his efforts to get his umbrella loose, the unfortunate owner of it upset a fruit and candy stand, and plunged his head foremost into a plate-glass window. In the excitement and confusion that ensued, the umbrella was put into a hack and driven to the hospital, and the man was taken to an umbrella store to undergo repairs.

"HOW IS TRICKS?"

There is a lawyer in this city who, for the accommodation of his clients, has a speaking tube leading from the main entrance of his building to his room, which is just up a few flights. For several days past a smart young wag has amused himself by calling for the lawyer through the pipe, and then profanely ordering him to set out on an excursion to Tartarus. For some time this fun was taken in good part by the legal expounder of the new Code, until the fine humor of the joke no longer became apparent. Accordingly, one afternoon, the disciple of Blackstone provided himself with a tea-kettle of water, heated to about 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and waited alongside the pipe. Pretty soon the old familiar sound came up through the pipe:

"Say, Cap, how's Tricks?" "Tricks is better now—I guess he'll get well," responded the lawyer, reaching out after the tea-kettle. "What's been the matter with him?" "Ho got hurt." "How?" "I'll tell you in a minute." "Oh, you go to—"

The lawyer had finished his last sentence and then let down a quart of scalding water down the pipe. Swartz had his mouth over it, and when the water struck it he was somewhat surprised. Water was apt to surprise him, but hot water was an unexpected novelty.

The man above poured in the water for about a minute, and then looked out the window. The smart man was getting along the sidewalk at a pretty lively gait, having evidently just got up from a sitting posture. He was trying to yell "Police," but couldn't articulate with much success. About half an hour afterwards he found himself able to speak, and inquired:

"Did that boiler explosion hurt anybody else?"

WHAT MARRIED PEOPLE THINK.

A MARRIED WOMAN THINKS

That she was very pretty at sixteen. That she had, or would have had, a great many good offers.

That her lady friends are five years older than they say they are.

That she has a very fine mind.

That if her husband had acted on her advice, he would be a rich man to-day.

That people think too much of the looks of that Miss—, who would not be called handsome if she did not make herself up.

That her mother-in-law is a very trying woman.

That her sister-in-law takes airs and ought to be put down.

That her girls are prettier than Mrs. A's girls.

That she would like to know where her husband spends his evenings when he stays out.

That her eldest son takes after him.

That he is going to throw himself away on Miss Scraggs.

That Miss Scraggs set her cap for him and did all the courting.

That her servant girls are the worst ever known.

That she has taste in dress.

That she has a good temper.

That she pities old maids.

A MARRIED MAN THINKS

That all the girls used to be in love with him.

That all the widows are now.

That if he were a widower he could marry again whenever he chose.

That all the other fellows are fools.

That he wouldn't introduce any fellow he knows to his sister or his daughter.

That his wife is a little jealous.

That she used to be a pretty girl.

That his mother could bake good bread; that his wife cannot!

That he wouldn't trust most women.

That if he could ever speculate he would make his fortune.

That his own daughters will never be so silly as to marry.

That his mother-in-law may be a fine old lady, but—

That smoking never hurt a man yet.

That with a little management the servants would always do well, and never give warning.

That his shirt buttons are grossly neglected.

That he is going to make his fortune some day.

That he despises old bachelors.

Every young man should remember that the world always honors industry. The useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn—it is praise; his contempt is honor.

"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano. "I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squall you raise."

Olive Logan commenced one of her lectures at Newark, recently, with the remark, "Whenever I see a pretty girl, I want to clasp her in my arms." "So do we," shouted the boys in the gallery. For a moment Olive was nonplussed, but, recovering her self-possession, she replied, "Well, boys, I don't blame you."

A boy got fooling around his father's horses, until finally one of them put its foot in his face. He was carried in, and the doctor sewed up his lips and banded his eyes, and poulticed his cheeks, but he puffed up and laid abed a number of days; and when he began to get a little better he called for a looking glass, and, casting his eyes upon it, his countenance fell. "Father, do you think I'll ever be as pretty again?" "No, my son," the old man replied; "you'll never be so pretty again, but you'll know a darned sight more."

A single person of sour, sullen temper—what a dreadful thing it is to have one in a house! There is not myrrh and aloes and chloride of lime enough in the world to disinfect a single home of such a nuisance as that; no riches, no elegance of mien, no beauty of face can ever screen such persons from utter vulgarity. There is one thing which rising persons hate the reputation of more than all others, and that is vulgarity; but trust me, ill-temper is the vilest thing that the lowest born and illest bred can bring to his home. It is one of the worst forms of impiety. Peevishness in a home is not only sin against the Holy Ghost, but sin against the Holy Ghost in the very temple of love.—Theo Parker.

Gumbs, who lives next door to us, has bought a new dog. He needed a new one. His last dog used to bark all night in the yard, until, in frantic desperation, we would shy boots and cologne bottles and furniture at him. But he always went on worse, and in the morning Gumbs would come calmly out and gather up these missiles and carry them into the house. He has more than twenty pairs of our boots and slippers in his possession, besides chair-legs and cakes of soap, and hair-brushes and match-safes, and towel-racks. And he never had the manliness to offer to give them back. On the contrary, he trained that dog to sit by the front gate and to seize us by the leg when we came out, three or four times a week, apparently for the purpose of securing some more boots. But we poisoned him one night, and the next morning Gumbs threw the carcass over into our yard. We threw it back. Gumbs returned it. We both stayed at home that day, and spent the time handing that dog to one another over the fence. Then we hired an Irishman to stand there night and day to return the deceased to Gumbs' yard. Then Gumbs also engaged an Irishman. It was exhilarating work. The corpse traversed that fence six or seven thousand times in every twenty-four hours. He must have become familiar with the route, even if he was dead. At last he wore away with so much handling, and on the last day the Irishman whiled away the hours by flinging only the tail at each other. Our Irishman at last buried the tail, and resigned. And now Gumbs has got a new dog. It will be excessively singular if we do not fish for that dog some evening soon with a codfish line and a piece of beef, and run him up all of a sudden to our window and launch him into the sewer. No dog owned by a man named Gumbs shall exult over us.—Max Adler.

WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and InE streets, is conducted on the good old English principle by Bell Belmont, late of London, England, who has gained the reputation, by strict adherence to business, of keeping the best conducted saloon in this city. The bar is pronounced by the press to be the "prince of bars," and is under the entire management of Mrs. Emma Belmont, whose whole study is to make the numerous patrons of this well-known resort comfortable. Visitors to this city will not regret walking any distance to see this—the handsomest bar in the Dominion. Adv

Sawdust and Chips.

"Ah!" yawned a bachelor, "this world is but a gloomy prison."

A clergyman, after service, met a friend who had "sat under" him, and asked what he thought of the sermon.

A young man who went west a few months ago, has sent only one letter home.

"I say, Jim," said a ploughman, the other day, to his companion, "I know of a new Mackintosh to keep out the wet."

If John Smith should, while crossing Brown's vacant lot, happen to fall and tear his pantaloons, who is responsible for the ground rent thus created—

Tobacconist (to youth who has been turning over the stock of pipes for the last quarter of an hour, and has bought nothing).

Footie once asked a man without a sense of time in him, "Why are you for ever humming that tune?"

A young fellow who was fond of talking remarked, "I am no prophet."

"Why slave so," said Cresus, "your lifetime for gold?"

"Who asked you to meddle?" cried Quiz in a pet, "It ought to be better—its harder to get."

Bob Sawyer was asked the other day, while preparing a dose of "wolatilly" for a "wictim" in the neighborhood, whether he danced the Lancers.

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a travelling quack doctor of a lady who responded to his knock.

A young man at Niagara, having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and then went home.

A Mobile man who fell over a Thomas cat in the entry on a dark night, and afterward attempted to choke the animal without tying its legs, will, as soon as he recovers, write an essay to show that the common house cat, especially the male variety, is far, very far, from being domesticated.

A society for the suppression of slang has been formed among the pupils of the girl's high school of San Francisco.

A Kenosha editor was sick unto death, and several of his contemporaries took occasion to free their minds concerning him.

A Georgia colored debating society was lately discussing "Which is best for the laboring man—to work for wages, or part of the crop?"

One of the neatest replies ever heard in a legislative body, or anywhere else, was lately made by Mr. Tilson, of Rockland, Maine.

A celebrated physician having said to Lord Stowell rather more flippantly than becometh the gravity of his cloth, "Oh, you know, Sir William, after forty a man is always either a fool or a physician."

A man whom Dr. Chalmers engaged to manage a disorderly Sunday School, kept his eyes wide open during praying, and, when one boy thrust a pin into another, he marched up the aisle, still praying, and cuffed that boy's ears and went back again, praying all the way.

"Have you children?" demanded a house renter, "yes," replied the other solemnly, "six—all in the cemetery."

Grains of Gold.

Some good, loving, self-sacrificing deed will transform the homeliest face into beauty and sanctity.

The right to freedom is vested in those only who have the capacity and the will to act in a proper manner.

Three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.

Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the housewife.

Three essentials to a false story teller—a good memory, a bald face, and fools for an audience.

Three things seen in the peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of a devil.

Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a drunken wife.

Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood.

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(CONTINUED FROM 1ST PAGE.)  
 experience of the bill in England was seen, but after considering the question, he had come to the conclusion that Canada did not need the ballot.

Mr. Bodwell thought experience clearly showed that there were men who would be unduly influenced in the exercise of the franchise, and to remedy this, and for other reasons, the ballot was necessary. He spoke at great length, merely repeating, however, the arguments previously adduced.

Mr. Dodge desired to say a word or two on the subject, as he would vote one way while feeling strongly the other way, and he desired to explain this apparent inconsistency. He believed it desirable that every man should feel his personal responsibility in the matter of voting, and that he should not be afraid of coming out openly and straightforwardly, and vote in accordance with his convictions. He had seen open voting in England, and the ballot in Australia and the States, and he could say, and in this he defied contradiction, that wherever the ballot had been in force it had deteriorated, to a large extent, the character of the public men of the country. He thoroughly despised every sort of bribery, but he believed the ballot would in no way tend to put it down; nor did he think the ballot would be any benefit to his employees, as his interest and theirs was the same, and he only voted for the ballot so as to be able to say to his men that he had given them an opportunity of trying what he really believed would prove anything but a benefit to them.

Mr. Patterson, of Brant, regretted that the member for North York should vote for a measure of which he said he disapproved. Referring to the remarks of the member for Pictou he did not think he had made good his case. Whatever might be the case in Nova Scotia bribery was well known in Ontario, and called for some remedy which ought to be provided, if possible, no matter what had been the course in England. A large percentage of votes was known to remain unpollled, simply because the voters did not desire to be known as opposing either candidate; but let the voting be secret, and no compulsion would be necessary. He hoped a perfect measure would be passed on the subject.

The members were then called in and the vote taken as follows:—Yeas, 78; Nays, 55.

YEAS—Messrs. Archibald, Bain, Bechard, Bergin, Blain, Bodwell, Bowman, Brouse, Buell, Burpee (St. John), Burpee (Sunbury), Casey, Chisholm, Cockburn (Muskoeka), Cook, Daly, De Cosmos, Delorme, Dodge, Domville, Dorion (Drummond and Arth.), Dorion (Napierville), Edgar, Farrow, Fiset, Fleisher, Fournier, Galbraith, Geoffroy, Gibson, Gillies, Grant, Hagar, Harvey, Higginbotham, Horton, Killam, Mackenzie, Mathieu, Mercier, Mills, Mitchell, Nathan, Oliver, Palmer, Paquet, Paterson, Pearson, Pelletier, Pozer, Price, Richards, Ross (Durham), Ross (Middlesex), Ross (Prince Edward), Ross (Wellington), Rymal, Scatcherd, Schultz, Scriber, Shibley, Smith (Peel), Smith (Selkirk), Smith (Westmoreland), Snider, Staples, Stirton, Taschereau, Thompson (Welland), Tilley, Tourangeau, Tremblay, Trow, Wallace (Albert), White (Halton), Witton, Young (Montreal West), Young (Waterloo).—78.

NAYS—Messrs. Almon, Archambeault, Baby, Beaubien, Bellerose, Benoit, Bowell, Campbell, Chipman, Colby, Costigan, Crawford, Cunningham, Currier, Dewdney, Doull, Dugas, Dugway, Fortin, Gaudet, Gibbs (Ont., N. R.), Gibbs (Ont., S. R.), Glass, Haggart, Harwood, Jones, Keeler, Lacerte, Langevin, Lanthier, LeVesconte, Lewis, McDonald (Cape B.), McDonald (Pictou), McDonnell (Inverness), Mackay, McDougall, Morrison, Nelson, Pope, Robillard, Robinson, Robitaille, Rochester, Ross (Champlain), Ross (Victoria), Ryan, Stephenson, Thompson (Cariboo), Tobin, Wallace (Norfolk), Webb, White (East Hastings), Wright (Ottawa), Wright (Pontiac).—55.


The motion was then declared carried.  
 Hon. Mr. Tilley asked whether the bill would be proceeded with further, the leader of the Government having stated that if the principle were affirmed, it would be included in his election bill.

The bill was then ordered to be referred to a committee of the whole house.

Mr. Mackenzie thought the Government should state their intention on the subject, and the mode in which they intended to carry out the matter, as soon as possible.

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**PROCLAMATION.**  
 To all whom it may concern, Greeting:  
**MONTHLY DISCOUNT SALE.**  
 The Public are hereby informed that  
**S. McCABE,**  
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 No. 59 QUEEN STREET WEST,  
 Is prepared henceforth to sell Boots and Shoes of all shapes and sizes, of all qualities and prices, Fifteen Per Cent, cheaper than any other store in the city. He can afford to do so, as he buys for cash, and has come to the conclusion that he serves his own, as well as the public interest, by having large sales and light profits. He also intends having a Discount Sale to favor the working classes, on the first Monday of every month, when he hopes for the increased patronage of his numerous friends and customers.  
 We have a magnificent variety of goods not enumerated here, owing to the want of space. We would further say to the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that if they want fashionable, well-made and easy fitting boots and shoes, give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.  
 Respectfully,  
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 After the 10th of June next, emigrants having through tickets, will be sent from Toronto to Fort Garry, Manitoba, at the following rates:  
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 PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING TO FORT GARRY.  
 Emigrants, \$10; Children under twelve years, half price; 200 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra baggage, \$2 50 per 100 lbs.  
 Emigrants should take their own rations. Provisions will however, be furnished at cost price, at Shebandowan, Fort Frances, and the North-West Angle of the Lake of the Woods.  
 THROUGH TICKETS FOR EMIGRANTS TO FORT GARRY VIA PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING,  
 Can be had at Toronto, at the Stations of the Northern, Great Western, and Grand Trunk Railways.  
 Emigrants are requested to take notice, that packages of luggage are limited to 200 lbs. weight, for convenience of transport on the Portages.  
 MERCHANDISE.  
 After 20th of June next, will be transported from Prince Arthur's Landing to the eastern terminus of the Fort Garry road, North-West Angle, at the rate of \$2 per 100 lbs., or \$40 per ton of 2,000 lbs.  
 Each piece or package to be of convenient size, not exceeding 300 lbs. in weight, and to be firmly bound or fastened.  
 HORSES, OXEN, WAGGONS, and heavy articles, such as castings and machinery, can be sent through to the same point, on giving due notice and making special arrangements for the conveyance of the same.  
 No wines or spirituous liquors will be taken over the route from Prince Arthur's Landing.  
 By direction,  
**F. BRAUN,**  
 Department of Public Works,  
 Ottawa, March 26th, 1873. 51-o

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**A PROCLAMATION.**  
  
**JOHN A. MACDONALD,** } **WHEREAS, IN AND BY**  
 Attorney-General, } **an Act of Parliament**  
 Canada. } **of Canada, passed in the**  
 } **thirty-first year of Our Reign**  
 and intitled, "An Act providing for the organization of the Department of the Secretary of State of Canada and for the management of the Indian and Ordnance Lands," it is amongst other things, in force, enacted that the provisions in the eighteenth and the four following sections, that is to say, the nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second sections of the said Act, contained, shall extend to such Indian Lands only as the Governor, from time to time, by Proclamation, published in the Canada Gazette, declares and makes subject to the same, and so long only as such Proclamation remains in force.

**AND WHEREAS** It has been deemed expedient by Our Governor of Canada that the said provisions should be extended to the several tracts of lands hereinafter mentioned and called, known and used as Indian Reserves respectively, being Lands or lands or allowances for roads running through any lands belonging to or occupied by any tribe, band, or body of Indians, situated and being within the Province of Ontario and hereinafter particularly described.

**NOW THEREFORE KNOW YE THAT WE,** taking the same into Our Royal consideration, and approving of the extension of the provisions of the said sections of the said act to the said several Indian Lands hereinafter mentioned and every part thereof, do hereby declare and make subject to the provisions of the eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second sections of the Act of the Parliament of Canada, made and passed in the 31st year of Our Reign, and intitled: "An Act providing for the organization of the Department of the Secretary of State of Canada, and for the management of Indian and Ordnance Lands."

All and singular the following Indian Lands situate in the Province of Ontario, that is to say:  
 The lands of  
 "The Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte."  
 "The Chippawas of the Thames."  
 "The Moravians of the Thames."  
 "The Chippawas of Sarnia, Kettle Point and the River Sable Reserves."  
 "The Oneidas of the Thames." and  
 "The Chippawas of Saugeen and of Cape Croker Reserves."

Of all which premises all our Justices, Sheriffs, Bailiffs, Constables and other Officers of Justice, and all other our liege subjects are hereby required to take notice and to govern themselves accordingly.  
 IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of Canada to be hereunto affixed. WITNESSES, Our Right Trusty and Well Beloved Cousins and Counsellors the Right Honourable Sir FREDERICK TAYLOR, Earl of PEPPER, Viscount and Baron CLAUDEBOYE of Claudeboye, in the County Down, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron DUFFERIN and CLAUDEBOYE of Ballyleidy and Killelagh, in the County Down, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Baronet, Knight of the Peerage of Ireland, and a Baronet, Knight and Knight Commander of Our Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Governor General of Canada, and Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Island of Prince Edward, and Vice-Admiral of Canada and Prince Edward.  
 At Our Governor's House, in Our CITY OF OTTAWA, in Our Dominion, this TWENTY-SIXTH Day of February in the Year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three and in the Thirty-sixth year of Our Reign.

By Command,  
**J. C. AKINS,**  
 Secretary of State.  
 50-

**GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,**  
**Wednesday, 12th day of February, 1873,**  
 PRESENT:  
**HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR**  
**GENERAL IN COUNCIL.**

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Secretary of State for the Provinces and under the provisions of the 37th section of the Act 31 Vic. cap. 42, His Excellency in Council has been pleased to order that the following regulations for the protection of the timber on the lands of the Six Nation Indians and on the Reserve of the Mississague Indians of the New Credit Settlement, and to provide for the mode of determining the location of lands to be held, used and enjoyed by the said Indian under the provisions of the Acts of the Parliament of Canada relating thereto—be, and the same are hereby made and established.

**REGULATIONS.**  
 No. 1.—No timber or firewood, railway ties, staves, shingle wood, or other description of timber or wood shall be taken from, or cut on, the lands of the Six Nation Indians or those of the Mississagues of the New Credit Settlement without either a special license issued by the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, or otherwise by the Superintendent within whose agency or jurisdiction the said lands are situated; and such Superintendent shall in no case issue such a license except with the approbation and consent as respects the Six Nation lands, of the council of chiefs; and as respects the lands of the New Credit Settlement, with the joint concurrence of the head chief and the Local Superintendent; and this regulation shall apply to all lands whether located or otherwise.  
 No. 2.—Any timber or wood removed, taken or cut without such license shall be seized by the Local Superintendent, or the Forest Warden, or by any person duly authorized in writing by the said Superintendent or Forest Warden so to do, and wherever found, whether on or off the said reserves, may be seized and sold for the benefit generally of the land or lands, to whom the reserve may belong.  
 No. 3.—And whereas, it is desirable to provide for the mode of determining the location of lands, to be held, used and enjoyed by the said Indians, under the provisions of the Acts of the Parliament of Canada in that respect, it is therefore declared that in respect to the lands set apart for the use of the Six Nation Indians, the Local Superintendent, acting in concert with the council of chiefs of the Six Nation Indians; and in respect to the lands set apart for the Mississagues of the New Credit Settlement, the Local Superintendent, acting in concert with the head chief of the said Mississagues, is hereby authorized to allot and locate to the various members of the bands for whose use respectively the lands or reserves so held, as the case may be, the various lots in such lands or reserves; and acting in concert, or with the concurrence aforesaid, as the case may be, to settle, readjust and re-arrange such allotments and locations where disputes may arise, as to the original or subsequent allotment or location of any such lands or reserves.  
**W. A. HIMSWORTH,**  
 Clerk Privy Council.  
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