

# Ontario Workman

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1873

NO. 46

## Labor Notes.

New and large foundries are being erected at Neuves Maisons in the Mearthes, France.

The members of the Society of Amalgamated Engineers number 41,285, and the funds amount to £155,000.

The chain cable-makers of Gateshead are on strike for a slight rise of wages, their masters having refused all compromise.

According to the new census returns for the county and city of Dublin, the most numerous class of artisans is that of plumbers and carpenters. No less than 364 were employed in poplin manufacture, 258 made wigs and chignons. No less than 11,500 are described as laborers.

The Home Secretary, upon the consideration of the memorial of the five gas stokers, expressing contrition for their offence, presented by Mr. Mundella, has recommended the remission of eight months of the term of imprisonment. They will, therefore, be liberated after four months' imprisonment.

The carpet weavers of Kidderminster and other districts have been renewing their applications for an advance of wages; and there has been a second conference between the masters and the men in Kidderminster.

The manufacturers have agreed to give a farthing per yard more on Brussels carpets, and other qualities proportionately—an advance from 10 to 15 per cent. on weavers' wages. It will commence some time in March. The masters have also conceded an hour on Saturdays. The manufacturers in Durham and Scotland will give the advance as well as those in Kidderminster and that district.

The engine-drivers and stokers on the Northern and Southern Railways of Spain are on strike for an advance of wages and shorter hours; and, especially, the Northern Railway Company has threatened to import workmen from England, France, and Belgium. From France some have already arrived, but they have fraternized with the men on strike, and most of them have returned home; from Valencia alone, about a score have gone home again. The men on strike have called upon the New Council of the International Federation of Madrid, to request the intercession of the association to prevent the importation of foreign workmen, and to have the facts published in the English press, together with an appeal to the English engine-drivers and stokers to abstain from accepting situations in Spain during the strike.

The London postmen, after waiting for some time with the most exemplary patience, have at last received an answer to their memorial for increased pay. The Lords of the Treasury will not make any alteration in their wages, although their petition was backed by the recommendation of the Postmaster-General; but some improvement is to be made in their uniform. When this decision became known, it, of course, caused great dissatisfaction. The United Kingdom General Post Office and Telegraph Service Benefit Society announced a lecture on the subject to be given at Albion Hall, London Wall, next Monday. In view of this announcement the Post Office authorities have issued a circular reminding the employes that they are forbidden by the rules of the service to hold meetings or discuss questions as to their pay beyond the walls of the Post Office building. We understand, however, that the lecture will be given at all risks. —Graphic.

A deputation from London, including Mr. Applegarth, is in Barnsley, endeavoring to compose a dispute which has existed in the linen trade for 24 weeks, and kept 1,500 persons out of employment. Interviews between the masters and the operatives have been brought about, but with what probability of a settlement is not known.

The annual meeting of the North of England Arbitration Board was held at Darlington on Monday. The report showed that nearly 15,000 members were connected

with the Board. Mr. Dale was re-elected president, and Mr. Trew vice-president. An agreement substantially like that of Staffordshire was come to respecting the wages question, viz., that the present rate of wages shall continue to the end of March; in the meantime, with a view to further settlement, it was agreed that communications should be entered into with the South Staffordshire Conciliation Board, with a view of adopting an arrangement for regulating the wages of both districts in a similar manner. If the standing committee fail in effecting by the end of March an arrangement in conjunction with Staffordshire, the wages of the northern district shall be dealt with independently. The sliding scale shall be fully considered, with a view to its taking permanent form, and failing an agreement, it shall be referred to an arbitrator. The proceedings were harmonious.

The following letter has been received from Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge the receipt of a memorial, adopted at a meeting held at Bedlington on the 18th inst. — "10, Downing-street, Whitehall, Jan. 25, 1873.—Sir,—I am directed by Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge the receipt of a memorial, adopted at a meeting held at Bedlington, in the borough of Morpeth, on the 18th inst., urging the unsatisfactory character of the household franchise in boroughs, and advocating manhood suffrage. Mr. Gladstone desires me to state that he is aware of the serious difficulties which the last Parliament encountered in the definition of a house, and that he feels the gravity of the considerations connected with the question of household franchise, which Parliament will doubtless weigh with care whenever the subject again comes under notice.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant, W. B. GURDON.—Mr. Robert Elliott."

## THE STRIKE IN SOUTH WALES.

There is unfortunately no sign of an immediate termination being arrived at in the dispute which, since the first of the month, has been pending between the ironmasters and their workmen. Statements were freely made that if a ballot were taken there would be found a large preponderance of votes in favor of accepting the reduction of 10 per cent. The secret vote has accordingly been taken at Dowlais, at Blairston, at Beaufort, and one or two other centres of the great works, but the result has been a signal failure.

A mass meeting was held on Tuesday night at the Drill Hall, Merthyr. It was attended by men representing every branch of the iron and coal trade; but, of course the latter were in preponderance. The object of the assembly was to hear Mr. Halliday's address. There were 2,000 persons present. The miners' secretary, in a speech of two hours' duration, related the proceedings at the Leeds conference, recently held in reference to the South Wales strike. He assured his audience of the financial ability of the union to carry on the contest successfully.

At Merthyr on Wednesday a correspondent had an interview with Mr. Halliday, who maintains that the only means of closing the strike is by arbitration. Mr. Halliday stated that the executive were not only willing that men should work to supply the pumping engines with fuel for the purpose of keeping the pits clear of water, but they were prepared to find men. He mentioned, however, that it would only be upon the condition that the men were not required to do anything more than cut coal.

The Times thinks that such a strike as that in South Wales could hardly have risen without some great mismanagement, and it is clear the existing system of paying wages has worked very badly. It is contrary to all sound principles of business that the rate of wages should vary with the employer's receipts. Labor has a certain value of its own, which depends partly on the supply of its available, and partly on the nature of the employment; and an employer should in reason be no more bound

to raise the market value of labor because his profits have increased than to pay a higher price for his machinery. The system, moreover, has acted and reacted with equally injurious results. Since wages rise with the price of coal, the men have an immediate interest in diminishing the supply and thus raising the price, and the public have to suffer the consequences. That such a view of their interest is shortsighted they will learn by a bitter experience; but it is plausible, and is undoubtedly acted upon. Every improvement of their condition seems at present to lead to the same abuse. The masters, however, have set the men a bad example in the matter of fixing prices. They have practically formed themselves into a close union for fixing the price of iron and coal. They will not leave it to competition, but determine among themselves what they think the public ought to pay. In other words, they judge for themselves what proportion of the public profits they have a right to monopolize. They are now turning their own weapon against them, and for this reason alone the public sympathy can hardly be one-sided.

## MR. ARCH, THE ENGLISH AGRICULTURISTS' CHAMPION.

To most of our readers the name of Joseph Arch is "familiar as a household word," and they will no doubt peruse with pleasure the following speech delivered at Cirencester, on the occasion of the inauguration of a District Union:—

Mr. Arch was met with a storm of applause on rising. He said—Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, I certainly must say that of all the meetings I have attended since February last, I have not attended one which has given me so much pleasure of mind as attending this meeting to-night, and that because, sir, I have had the pleasure of meeting with you. Long years ago, sir, I knew you in the Leamington circuit, and when you left it I never thought of seeing that day when you and I should appear on a public platform to advocate the cause of the agricultural laborer and seek to promote his interest. But I feel pleased to-night, not only, sir, to meet with you, but to meet with those honorable men who assembled in this Hall to-day. I believe, sir, that at the present moment the whole of the agricultural laborers of this country are receiving more instruction by virtue of their combination, they are knowing one another better, they are feeling more and more one another's interest, and I believe, sir, they are feeling more at heart than ever was known in the history of this country the interests of the nation. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I do not to-night speak of the depravity and great degradation of the farm laborers, for the question is not, how did we get in the ditch? but, how are we to get out? (Applause.) If I were to draw some of the most deplorable pictures, perhaps, sir, I might arouse some feeling of resentment in some hearts; but my object is not to set class against class. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I throw that imputation back in the face of any man, whether he be Bishop or member of Parliament; sir, I give him that imputation back for what it is worth. I repeat, my object is not to set class against class, but to bring the great human family of capitalists and laborers into one common brotherhood of feeling, to sail in one boat, and to work for one common object. (Applause.) It is true, sir, that the farm laborers of this country have had sore grievances, and let me tell you what I think some of them have suffered. I may not have suffered quite so much as many have, but perhaps the reason why I haven't is because I wouldn't. (Great laughter.) As an agricultural laborer my object always was to get the biggest shilling—(hear, hear)—and I believe, sir, that could the agricultural laborers of twenty years ago have seen what we see to-day, they would have escaped misery which they had to endure. But we cannot blame many of those men I think, sir; because I know, in cases too numerous, that where the laborer has had a desire to better his condition, and to move to better fields of labor, he has been chained at home by debt and suffering. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I am very pleased, sir, to stand here to-night with the experience of a local preacher of twenty-five years' standing—of one who has walked twenty-five thousand miles to carry the Gospel of the blessed God to the rural districts—in which time I have entered scores of

laborers' homes, and found them always willing to share their few comforts with me; but I have actually seen poor women, when I have talked these matters with them, in their own quiet homes, shed tears of bitter grief because they were locked up in poverty, and had the man gone from home to look for a fresh and better place, and only ceased payment of the baker's or grocer's bill for one week, there was the certainty of having the County Court bailiff like a vulture down upon them. (Approbative cries.) I want to know whether this is the proper place and proper position of honest working men. (Voices: Never, no, no.) What we want is things fair and above board; and I put it to any gentleman in this meeting to-night, whether he is a farmer, whether he is a tradesman, whether he is a landlord, or whether he is a clergyman—I don't care which—I put it to any man in better circumstances of life, how should you like such a deadly incubus, such a fearful nightmare upon your souls, and to feel that when you have done your best, poverty and debt stare you in the face, and rests like so many clanking chains hanging about you? Could you be contented and satisfied with your lot? (Applause and voices: Never, never.) Then I want to say, in the name of humanity, let alone Christianity, don't begin to prate your contentment to us. But, sir, there is another dark cloud in the chapter of the people's ills, and one which I hope to see removed shortly and for ever suspended from the mind of the honest working man. It is, sir, that when he has done his best, brought up his family of four, five, six, or seven children, in all the respectability which his thrift and industry, combined with his small earnings, will allow him to bring them up, that when he has done this he might turn to society and defy any man to stain his moral character,—when, with the wife of his bosom, who with pain has borne them and with anxiety reared them, when they have done their best and grey locks hang down their furrowed brow, I say to send them to the Union Workhouse is a disgrace to England and her Christianity. (Immense applause.) Sir, if there is anything at which my soul rebels, it is at incarcerating an honest man and his wife in that place which is but little better than a prison. (Hear, hear.) Well, now, gentlemen, we are told that we have been most wonderfully provided for in our old age, and that there is a very courteous workhouse master and a very sympathetic matron. (Laughter.) But having read of late some accounts of the fare of our workhouses in this country, my very soul has burned within me while they have tried to make it appear that in these union workhouses there are the comforts which we require. Well, if there are, then I want to ask this question—if these places have within them all that is necessary to make us happy, why don't they try twelve months there themselves. (Hear, hear, and great laughter.) If they can put up with it we can; but if they grumble then I say we have a right to grumble too. (Hear, hear.) But we are told, you know, that we must not be impertinent. I know that many like to have their dignity drawn beyond that which pulls them above upright; but, sir, I am not one of those thin skinned gentlemen who believe in classes. (Hear, hear, and applause.) If I know of any name which in point of sacredness comes next to the name of God, it is the name of man. (Applause.) Whether in a bishop's lawn sleeves, or in a prince's mitred brow, or in his clean smock frock, I say we at large claim the name of man. God has made us men, but man has made us slaves. (Cheers.) Well now, gentlemen, we won't quarrel with ourselves upon the point, or attempt to say that upon any particular class or any particular party this blame is attributable. We know that we have got in a bad position and we must get out of it. I have been looking to Westminster for a good while expecting help. Well, Westminster has professed to give it us in the Royal Commission for Enquiry, and this made some fearful reports with respect to the consequences of the condition of the laborers; but what use is it for a Government to send out a Royal Commission to report unless they make some practical effort to redress our grievances? Now, since the Royal Commission has reported our state, and the men of St. Stephen's have failed to help us, we began in February last to write a blue book of our own. Sir, our motto then was and is now, I hope, "Unity to protect, but no combination to injure." (Great applause.) I know some of the farmers blame us for combining together, but had they not set us the example? Look at their Chamber

of Agriculture. I know some tell us that they are not farmers' Unions; but I don't know what Unions are if they are not. When Chambers of Agriculture was first talked about in my county, I had some conversation with two or three very influential farmers of the neighbourhood—for I must say, sir, that when I used to talk to the farmers they always received what I said with very good feeling: If I told them a good hard truth—which I often did, because I never feared the face of man God ever made—they frankly confessed to its undeniable truth. Well, the farmers started the Chambers of Agriculture, but on the appearance of the first report they complained to me of its formation and control, having a great landed proprietor as chairman and another landowner in the vice-chair, so that they were done. They call us poor agricultural laborers ignorant, but we have been far too sharp to allow their finger to be put in our pie. (Immense laughter.) But I am pleased to find that the farmers are beginning to assert their rights. I watch with interest the various subjects brought into the Warwickshire Chamber of Agriculture for discussion; but never, sir, until this movement was started, and the farmers' interests and grievances were pushed to the front by the powers of combination amongst the laborers, did ever I see them broach the subject of destruction of game and tenant-right. Now, sir, they are discussing these things very thoroughly, and I hope the day is not far distant when these mischievous and injurious things to the farming interest of this country will be speedily wiped away. (Hear, hear.) Now, sir, I am coming to a delicate point, and that is the landlords. As the chairman said, we have been squeezed; but we don't want to squeeze the farmers or the landlords. But I do say this, sir, that the thousands of our agricultural laborers, with hundreds of our tenant farmers in this country, have no right to have the produce of land devoured by a lot of vermin for the sake of a few monied lords. (Great applause.) They tell us that is not a laborer's question; but if the squire's hares eat my cabbages it is my question. (Hear, hear and immense laughter.) Some years ago a farmer told me the destruction by game in his wheat fields was most abominable. I asked the farmer who made the game laws, and was told the Parliament; but that he confessed he helped to form, and in that particular he was obliged to bear. (Laughter.) And now, sir, we have got the ballot, the farmer will tell the great game-preserving landlords they don't believe such a theory, and after the laborers have got a vote they will tell the landlords, too, that they don't. (Applause.) Mr. Arch proceeded to argue that the intelligence that characterized artisans in towns was spreading among the agricultural laborer class, and would ere long make itself felt. Having denounced what he called "the iniquitous laws of primogeniture and entail," which must be got rid of, he proceeded to answer the argument which had been used as a kind of threat by farmers that if laborers continued to emigrate in large numbers they would be unable to obtain labor to cultivate the soil, consequently it would throw down cultivation, and the food supply of the nation would be in danger. His answer to that was that if the farmers did not cultivate the land they might depend upon it that the Government would step in and interfere, and probably that would result in the laborers having an ownership in the soil. Having referred to the waste land which might be cultivated, and contending there were many sources of happiness to the people which might be developed, Mr. Arch concluded by stating that they had raised the song and never meant to lose the theme again that "Britons never shall be slaves."

The glove, or rather the shoe, thrown down by the British cordwainers has been taken up by their French colleagues. The cobblers' tournament is shortly to come off at Boulogne-sur-Mer, the Northampton of the Continent. A manufacturer of the town has offered to supply the materials gratuitously to the English of the awl, who will contend on condition that their handiwork falls to his possession afterwards.

Mr. John Albert Bright, Mr. John Bright's eldest son, has delivered his maiden speech at Rochdale. His text was a vote of confidence in Mr. Potter, M. P. In the course of his remarks he alluded to the Irish Church, abolition of purchase in the army, the education question, the ballot, and the "shameful extravagance" of the Liberal Government. In conclusion, he called upon his hearers to see that their representatives, looked into all departments of the State, and swept out all the cobwebs and spiders.

Poetry.

STAND BY THE UNION.

TUNE—"The Good Shive Wine."

Stand by the Union! all through the land  
The sons of toil are waking;  
Join heart to heart, and hand to hand,  
The rusted chains of bondage breaking.

CHORUS.

For the poor man is weak, though his cause  
be right,  
But the weak grow strong when they all unite.

Stand by the Union! Labor's hope!  
One fibre is light as a feather;  
But the twisted strands of the good ship's rope,  
Dely the rage of wind and weather.

CHORUS.—And the poor man, &c.

Stand by the Union—the friend of all—  
Who dare to befriend each other;  
Respond like men to the Union's call—  
He helps who helps his brother.

CHORUS.—For the poor man, &c.

Stand by the Union!—the great may frown;  
We'll be their serfs no longer;  
Though they are strong who tread us down,  
The God-given rights of man are stronger.

CHORUS.—For the poor man, &c.

Stand by the Union; firm and true,  
We are bound to conquer though it;  
We mean to win for toil its due,  
And we're the proper lads to do it.

CHORUS.—For the poor man, &c.

Stand by the Union—onward we march  
For defence and not defiance;  
Our trusty chief is Joseph Arch,  
In right and union our reliance.

CHORUS.—For the poor man, &c.

Stand by the Union—stick to it now,  
With a strength no power can sever;  
We've put our hands with a will to be plough,  
We'll never look back, boys, nor ever!

CHORUS.—For the poor man, &c.

—Laborers Union Chronicle.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Terwillager said, "I found that paper in the right hand of my murdered master. My first thought was justice to the family, but then the devil entered me and I concluded to make Relvason pay a good round sum for it. For many years I failed to find him, and when I finally succeeded, I found he was a tough customer. He paid me a thousand dollars on three several occasions, and about eighteen months ago I drew on him for another thousand, of which more than half was counterfeit, for the passage of which I was forced to fly from the city. But I returned a few days ago and demanded three thousand dollars. I made the demand the morning following his encounter with the son of his victim, and so terrified him by threatening to go to Arbyght, that he promised to comply, and appointed a rendezvous, whither I was going at the time I was attacked. Why I was not killed outright and the paper taken, is a matter of surprise to me."

"I think I can account for it," said the Sergeant; "we must have entered the tunnel about the time you encountered the assassins, and as we were running, they no doubt heard us coming and the fear of capture or detection drove them from their uncompleted task."

"I think you are right," he replied. "I did hear some one following me, and the fellows did seem half inclined to let me pass."

"Do you think Relvason employed those men?"

"I am sure of it; I knew I was followed and dogged, but he must have had nearly a dozen men after me, as I eluded two gangs and thought there could be no more, hence I was off my guard when attacked."

About ten o'clock the following morning Soolfire and Mr. Lansper called upon Richard, whom they found in a very brown study.

"Why, Arbyght, what's up now?"

"Well, Sergeant, the truth of the matter is, I feel like a man who had suddenly gained a prize for which he had struggled long and hard, but who finds that actual possession detracts very materially from the pleasure, which he expected to derive from that for which he so assiduously labored. Now that Relvason is really in my power, half my vindictiveness and desire for revenge has left me. In fact I am at a loss how to proceed. Justice must be done. But can I insist upon justice without seeming revengeful?"

"My dear fellow, you must not trouble yourself about these abstract points of justice. Take time to think it over. Besides, Relvason has fled."

"Fled? with emphatic, exclamatory interrogativeness."

"There, there, be cool. Justice has, in a measure, been satisfied. Fearing he would take alarm, should he hear of Terwillager's escape and recovery, I called upon our friend Lansper. In an early hour this morning and we had a consultation on the matter, and concluded to act for you, but without you. We feared your impetuosity would injure you, financially at least. We called upon Relvason before seven o'clock, and for a time we had a squally, boisterous interview, but when he learned the extent of our information and the evidence we could produce, he became very tractable indeed. I never saw so humble a

man—was willing to do anything to save his neck. Our terms were sixty thousand dollars, and no positive guarantee that his neck would be saved. He gumbled some about the interest, but we told him that at a compound rate the original principal would have reached, by this time, the hundreds, and he should be satisfied if let off among the tons, or at simple rates. He finally paid the amount demanded, and then left the city very hurriedly, I assure you. So you can think the matter over for a few days, and if you then think his life will be any satisfaction to you, or to outraged justice, you can move against him, but I think you will punish him more by permitting him to live. His conscience will kill him eventually. His life now is a slow, lingering, tortured death. No man ever suffered a living death, and by inches died on the rack of conscience more acutely, than Relvason now dies though he lives."

"Sergeant, I believe you are right," stammered Richard, "but how will I ever, how can I ever adequately repay you for all you have done for me? You have indeed been to me a true friend," and then the strong man really burst into tears as he grasped the hand of the rough, but kind and noble hearted Sergeant.

The visitors left shortly afterwards, and Richard was alone. He sat, pondered, and thought, and meditated for a long time. He could hardly realize the turn affairs had taken. The poet who said that "Grief treads upon the heels of pleasure," might have adapted his line to Richard's case, by saying "Joy treads on the heels of grief." When an unselfish man or woman is in the ecstasy of happiness, he or she, as the case may be, generally desires to make others happy also. That afternoon Richard found himself approaching Geldamo Cottage. Vida saw him and ran out to the gate to meet him. Her beaming face, sparkling eyes, and bewitching, smiling mouth, gave unmistakable evidence of the joy and pleasure his appearance excited.

"Oh, I am so glad you come. I wanted to see you ever so badly, and papa wants to see you too. He wants you to forgive him. He is real sorry, and, of course, you will, for my sake, dear Richard," and she glanced up to him so lovingly, so innocently, so tenderly, that had she asked for his life, she might have received it at that moment.

"I have nothing to forgive, but have much for which I should ask forgiveness. For instance, for having dared to love you, my own dear Vida."

"Now, now; I won't hear another word—we will quarrel. I forbid you to ever approach that subject again," and she raised a tiny finger, which she shook very deprecatingly. By this time they had reached the parlor, and Mr. Geldamo came forward and warmly welcomed him; and formally gave him his daughter's hand. There were mutual congratulations, mutual self-condemnations, mutual forgiveness, mutual happiness. Richard remained all the afternoon, and was never so happy in his life. Vida sang and played and talked as only a girl in love can. And this was but the beginning of the many pleasant, happy days they enjoyed together. Before he left he told her about his change in fortune.

"Are you not glad?" he asked, taking both her hands in his own.

"If it makes you any happier, I am indeed glad, but I would not care for the wealth of the world, unless it added to our mutual enjoyment. But I will tell you a great secret," and she looked very wise and demure. "I was not going to tell you until (red)—until we (redder)—were—"

"Married," smiled Richard, as he drew her lovingly to him, and reverently kissed her glowing cheek.

"Yes, I was going to keep it a secret until then, because I feared it would disturb you, but I think it will not scare you or make you feel badly now. Now listen. The secret is this: we are not so poor as papa first thought we would be, and he has promised to buy us a nice house and furnish it comfortably, and then he proposes to have you and Paul go into business, and perhaps, in time, we might be able to rebuild the old home as formerly, and be all happy there together."

Richard was unable to answer for some little time.

"I know not what to say, Vida. I have, indeed, suffered much, but I could endure the torture of a thousand such lives, were I certain they would end in such heavenly sunshine as this. But where is Paul?"

"Could you not guess," she asked by way of answering, but she smiled so archly, and looked so mischievously, that Richard responded promptly—

"At Elgin."

"Shrewdly guessed. I have had a long letter from Bertha, and I am dying to see her, and am going down as soon as Paul returns."

Richard was now almost a daily visitor at the Geldamo Cottage. Time flew quickly, unheeded by, and the course of love flowed smoothly and grew stronger as it flowed, and as time sped on.

New Year's came, and Richard and Vida, Paul and Bertha were married. A double wedding took place at the Cottage. A short tour East, and the happy couples returned, and settled down to the unromantic realities of every day life.

The winter passed, spring and summer came and went, and autumn again came round. As Richard returned home one evening, Vida met him with a lovely smile, but there were tears in her eyes.

"What is it, love?" he asked in alarm.

"Poor Mary—I am so glad too, but here, read the letter yourself. I know you will be glad to hear from Oscar."

Richard took the letter, which proved to be long, full of love and affection. At the end he found this postscript:

P. S.—Next Tuesday is the anniversary of Amy's death, and Oscar and I are going to strew the grave with wild prairie flowers. We will take the baby along, too. It is four weeks old now, and is the dearest, sweetest little piece of humanity you ever saw. We called it Amy. It looks just as she looked when I first saw her. Poor Amy! I often wonder if she is not continually hovering near us, she loved us so well.

M. W.

But little remains to be told. Relvason did not leave the city in the manner he expected. The morning he fled, he was found near one of the depots, a raving maniac, and is now in the Jacksonville Asylum, in the incurable ward—hopelessly insane.

Spindle forfeited bail and fled. Miller died of mania a potu, remorse of conscience having driven him deeper and deeper into hopeless inebriation. Cassio Miller is now the adopted child of Richard Arbyght. Mahoney left the city and reports says the country. Sergeant Soolfire was liberally rewarded by Arbyght, and is as ever his staunch and true friend. Mr. Fargoood prospers, and is revered and respected by his men. Unionism flourishes in the city, and through its agency workingmen are fast becoming more thoughtful, more industrious, more temperate, and are making fearful strides in mental and moral worth and social elevation.

Arbyght and Geldamo are among the most promising merchants in Chicago. They employ a great number of men, whom they treat as business and social equals, pay well, and in turn have their work performed better and more satisfactorily than any other men in the city. Their workmen are ever prompt, ever diligent and provident, taking interest in their employers' welfare as in their own.

And now, kind reader, the last scene closes; and as we make our last obeisance to our vast audience of readers, we fancy we hear the applause of some, the hisses of others; and finally we fancy we see the silent, thoughtful faces of many as the curtain drops.

THE END.

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XL.—Rachel's Prison.

Rachel observed that her father having renounced her, he would no longer desire to save her life; but Burdett related the interview between Samuel and Barrillard, adding, "Write but two words on this parchment, and you shall again behold Don Pedro."

"Of what use!" said she, pushing away the parchment, "I am unable to write, my hand trembles with fever; besides, I will not take advantage of my father's weakness—I will not deprive him of his wealth to prolong for a few days the life of a miserable being, who already feels the hand of death on her heart."

"Cease this foolish resistance," interrupted the furious Late Comer, "if you do not wish to prove my evil genius. Come write; a few words will suffice; and, if your hand fails you, I will guide it."

"To take away the golden table from my father would be to deprive him of life," replied Rachel; "I will not do it."

"Do you understand me, madam?" exclaimed Burdett, striking his fist on the table; "I order you to write."

"And I," she replied, in a calm slow voice, "declare to you that I will not write."

In vain did the ferocious adventurer storm and threaten, hardly restraining himself from using violence; while Esau, in the tree, could with difficulty stifle his emotion; Rachel, though trembling and shaking with weakness, steadily persisted in her refusal.

Again Burdett asked Rachel to write, but she made no reply, and, overwhelming her with imprecations and curses, he was preparing to leave her, when he was arrested by the sound of a horse approaching rapidly.

He ran hastily to the window, and perceived a horseman coming up the hill; the rider dismounted, secured his horse, and, boldly crossing the ravine, knocked loudly at the door.

While waiting for it to be opened, the stranger raised his visor, when both Burdett and Esau recognised in him Bertrand Duguesclin.

The English knight cursed the arrival of this unlucky visitor, while Esau, on the contrary, rejoiced at it, immediately forming the resolution of acquainting the Breton of the scene he had just witnessed within the house. But while he was considering how he should execute this project, the Late Comer had audaciously opened the door to admit Duguesclin, whom he welcomed with much seeming hospitality.

Bertrand, thunderstruck at finding himself so suddenly confronted with his ancient enemy, received the overtures of the latter with jealous suspicion; but beguiled by the apparent frankness of the perfidious Late Comer, he was prevailed on to enter, observing as he did so, that he was exhausted with hunger and fatigue.

"You are hungry," said Burdett, suppressing his joy at hearing that declaration, "well, you shall partake our frugal fare. Ascend

thou, comrade, you will find an acquaintance above."

"You are not then alone, sir," said the Breton.

"No," said Burdett, drily, "this is the pleasant asylum that I have chosen for Madam Rachel, to secure her from the pursuit of Don Pedro."

"Oh, it is not I who will denounce you to the king for this treason," replied Bertrand, smiling, "but I am little used to converse with ladies, and I fear that I shall not be very welcome."

"Rachel will give a hearty reception to my guest, sir; ascend, I will prepare our hermit's repast, and then rejoice you."

Duguesclin, whose suspicions were entirely dissipated, tranquilly ascended the staircase; and no sooner had he reached the top, then Burdett sprang out of the tower, and double-locked the door. Then, as Duguesclin, to Rachel's astonishment, entered the room, the Late Comer shouted from the court-yard, "My good guest, Sir Bertrand, you will acknowledge that I am not a jealous husband; I leave the virtuous lady of the Atalaya with an adventurous and courteous warrior, who may save her from death, if he can."

Duguesclin, enraged at finding himself thus entrapped, vowed, if he escaped, to kill Burdett like a dog.

"Bah!" returned the latter; "if I return in a few days, I am certain you will have forgotten all." So saying, he mounted his horse and galloped off.

Bertrand, confounded at the departure of the Late Comer, could not suppress his vexation. "Liberated only yesterday from the Golden Tower," he exclaimed, "and thus to come to-day and thrust myself into this den, truly it is tempting misfortune." But, turning from the window, his eye fell on Rachel, lying on her bed of leaves, pale and motionless.

The kind heart of the stout Breton was touched at that piteous sight. "What did I say?" he resumed, "on the contrary, it is fortunate I came here, for this poor woman must doubtless have died in this villainous tower without succor, and I may be able to save her. Courage, madam," he continued, pressing Rachel's hand, "I know better how to fight than to talk to a lady, but, please God, I will get you out of this culture's nest."

Rachel faintly besought him to leave her to her fate, as she felt death approaching, and had no wish to escape; but Duguesclin insisted that the thought of rescuing her would alone give him resolution to attempt their deliverance. "Besides," added he, "how can I abandon a dying woman?—one, too," he added, as he recognised her, "to whom I owe my life; for when, disguised as a miller, I entered the Alcazar, you recognised, but did not betray me."

While he was speaking, Rachel, exhausted by fever and weakness, fell back fainting on the bed. Bertrand ran to her, and feared at first that she was really dead; but presently she murmured, "Water, water, for mercy's sake!"

"Oh, ask me for my blood!" exclaimed Duguesclin, in despair; "there is not a drop of water in the Atalaya." And a tear trembled in the eye of the rough warrior. "Oh, I shall see her die in my arms!" murmured he.

"If you feel pity for me, Sir Bertrand," said Rachel, in a voice so low and feeble that he was obliged to kneel down to catch her words, "if you would see me die in peace, grant me my last prayer."

"By St. Ives, madam," he replied, "I can refuse you nothing that will not blench the honor of a knight. But do not despair; your sufferings make me feel like a woman, but I will save you in spite of yourself."

"Do not think about me," she answered; "but if you escape from this den, promise me to go and find Don Pedro."

"Don Pedro, madam!" said the Breton, with a gesture of surprise. "If it is only to carry the king a farewell message, I will go; but do not expect to make me forget the hatred to the tyrant. I have sworn to serve the cause of Don Enrique."

Rachel felt a momentary accession of strength in pleading for her lover, and answered all Duguesclin's charges against him with the excuses and justification of her affectionate nature; so that Bertrand, struck with so much devotion, said at length, "Madam, since you wish it, although it will cost me much, I will see the king. 'What shall I tell him?'"

"You will tell him!" said she, with a sorrowful smile, "that you saw me die; that my last word, my last thought, my last breath, were all for him." Then pressing the hand of the good knight to her lips, she added, "You will tell him, in short, that I have kissed your hand, that, armed with lance or sword, it may never turn against him."

Duguesclin trembled with emotion. "What you ask of me, Rachel, is impossible," said he. "Oh, I know you will never cease to be the enemy of Don Pedro," she answered; "but promise me at least, while I have power to hear you, that you will not kill him with your own hand; that if you deprive him of his throne, you will not strike the vanquished king, but endeavor to obtain security for his life, even at the price of exile or imprisonment."

The Breton captain regarded her with anxiety, and hesitated before he answered; at length he said, "Live, then, Rachel; on that condition depends the fulfilment of your wish. I have a debt to pay you, madam; I owe you

my life, and I swear to you that the life of Don Pedro shall be sacred to me as long as you are living. The man who is so nobly beloved must deserve to live; but if you die, madam, I shall regard myself as released from my oath."

Rachel trembled as much with joy as through weakness; it seemed to her that the promise of Duguesclin had rendered her lover invulnerable. "In that case, sir," she answered, "I will live—I desire life. You have made a coward of me, for now I am afraid of death."

"Your words encourage me," returned Duguesclin, "and now to work." He then hastily descended the staircase, to seek the means of escape.

The door of the tower was of massive oak, lined with sheet iron, which was fastened with enormous nails to the wood. Bertrand seized the bolts, and made violent but ineffectual efforts to shake the door. Then wrenching off one of the bolts, he tried to loosen the hinges; but, after working for some time, he found his strength so exhausted by his incredible exertions, added to the thirst that now began to torment him, that when he would have resumed his work, the instrument fell from his hands.

With much difficulty he dragged himself upstairs where Rachel lay, her loud and painful breathing betraying the violence of the fever. He fell heavily on a stool by the window, and a profound stupor benumbed his whole frame. The miasma of the Huerta had begun its work on the strong rough knight, whom it spared no more than it did the weak and delicate Rachel.

Meanwhile, Esau had not been idle. As soon as the Late Comer departed, the leper slipped down the tree, and, mounting the horse of Duguesclin, sprang in pursuit.

The knight turned his head on hearing the gallop of a horse in that solitude, and stopped, terrified at the frightful aspect of his pursuer.

"Thanks, brave captain," cried Esau, "wait for me; I am anxious to engage with a warrior who had muzzled the building of Brittany, and who, like a true miscreant, returns from torturing a dying woman."

Burdett involuntarily shuddered at the approach of the leper, who, with his matted hair twisted into long cords, and his eyes flaming like lighted brands, resembled some hideous monster more than a human being. Suddenly, a fearful shriek escaped him, and, leaning forward, he spurred his horse, and fled like the wind.

Esau, standing upright in the stirrup, followed so closely on his enemy that the latter already heard the loud panting of the leper, and, in a voice that betrayed his terror, he exclaimed, "What dost thou want of me, miserable leper?"

"The keys of the Atalaya," answered Esau, checking his steed for an instant to fetch breath.

"Come then and drag them from me," said the Late Comer.

"Patience, thou torturer of women," replied Esau; "I am not yet tired. Ah, thou art afraid to struggle with me. Thou art a courageous knight, truly, Tom Burdett." Then thinking his cloak impeded his course, he stripped himself of that wretched covering, and appeared naked to the waist. "I am now habited in my best armour for combat," he exclaimed.

The Late Comer cast a hasty glance behind him, but, dismayed at the hideous appearance of the leper, he uttered a cry of horror, and crouched down on his horse's mane. Esau stretched out his hand to seize him by the folds of his cloak, which was blown far behind him by the wind; and thus they pursued their headlong course, till, coming to an angle of the Guadalquivir, the horse of Esau stumbled and fell.

Burdett, thinking himself saved, shouted triumphantly, and imprudently slackened the pace of his palfrey. The leper rose painfully, without uttering a word, and tottered towards his mocking enemy, who still laughed, and set him at defiance; when Esau, by a sudden spring, succeeded in jumping on the crupper, and hugging Burdett in his arms, tried to overthrow him.

Locked as in a vice, the adventurer attempted in vain to use his sword, but after prodigious efforts, he drew the keys of the Atalaya from his pocket, and threw them into the Guadalquivir, close to where a fisherman was coasting in his boat, crying, "Go now, and seek them at the bottom of the river, cursed leper!"

Mad with rage, Esau drew a long knife from his girdle, and struck Burdett on the breast, but the blade broke against his coat of mail. The horse suddenly reared, then fell backwards, and rolled over the two riders.

After much exertion, Esau succeeded in rising; he extricated himself from the horse, and pressed his knee on the Late Comer, who, terrified at seeing himself completely in the power of that dreaded enemy, cried for mercy. Esau pressed one hand on the lips of the fallen knight to stifle his cries, and with the other sought his poniard.

At this moment the horse regained his feet, and resumed its furious course, dragging after it the miserable Burdett, whose foot was caught in the stirrup.

Esau then approached the spot where the Late Comer had cast away the keys, and questioned the fisherman if he had seen them. "Not only have I seen them," answered the man, "but I have fished them out of the water

with my boat-hook." But his fear of the leper caused him to back his boat all the time he was speaking.

In vain did Esau promise him a royal reward from the King of Castile if he would surrender those keys; in vain did he assert that they looked in the Atalaya lady, good and beautiful as an angel, who had been shut up there by the late governor. Bouchard, for the fisherman was no other, declared he would meddle in nothing that concerned Don Pedro, till Esau chanced to name Duguesclin; then Bouchard became eloquent in praise of his Breton hero.

"Well, however bold he may be," said the leper, bitterly, "he will undoubtedly die, thanks to your obstinacy, poisoned by the miasma of the swamps, in that cursed tower where he is shut up with the daughter of Samuel Ben Levi."

"Why didst thou not say that before," said Bouchard, turning pale, and beginning to pull vigorously towards the shore.

"Rachel and Duguesclin are saved!" exclaimed the leper, overcome with joy; "but how to procure food?"

"My boat is well stocked with provisions and wine," replied Bouchard.

Then leading the leper's horse, they returned to the Atalaya, where they found Rachel and Duguesclin almost insensible. The latter was soon restored to consciousness, but it was long before the poor Jewess revived.

At length, with a deep sigh, she opened her eyes, and murmured, "Thanks, thanks; who has come to our assistance? I do not recognize the voice of Don Pedro?" Then, turning her eyes to the door, where Esau stood on the threshold, "Oh, frightful vision!" she exclaimed, with a gesture of disgust, and closing her eyes; "yes, I dream, I still dream, do I not?"

The leper trembled violently, and a tear rolled down his burning cheek.

Meantime, Bertrand having perfectly recovered, recognised the two men who had come to his succor, and assured them that they should always find a friend in the captain of the White Companions. He then placed Rachel before him on his horse, and thus they all quitted the Atalaya.

(To be continued.)

THE TRUE STORY OF THE FIRST TELEGRAM.

The bill met with neither sneers nor opposition in the Senate, but the business of that House went on with discouraging slowness. At twilight on the last evening of the session (March 3, 1843), there were 119 bills before it. As it seemed impossible for it to be reached in regular course before the hour of adjournment should arrive, the Professor, who had anxiously watched the tardy movements of business all day from the gallery of the Senate chamber, went with a sad heart to his hotel and prepared to leave for New York at an early hour the next morning. While at breakfast, a servant informed him that a young lady desired to see him in the parlor.

There he met Miss Annie Ellsworth, then a young school girl—the daughter of his intimate friend, Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, the first Commissioner of Patents—who said, as she extended her hand to him: "I have come to congratulate you."

"Upon what?" inquired the Professor.

"Upon the passage of your bill," she replied.

"Impossible! Its fate was sealed at dusk last evening. You must certainly be mistaken."

"Not at all," she responded. "Father sent me to tell you that your bill was passed. He remained until the session closed, and yours was the last bill but one acted upon, and it was passed just five minutes before the adjournment; and I am so glad to be the first one to tell you. Mother says, too, that you must come home with me to breakfast."

The invitation was readily accepted, and the joy in the household was unbounded. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth had fully believed in the project, and the former, in his confidence in it and his warm friendship for Professor Morse, had spent all the closing hours of the session in the Senate Chamber, doing what he could to help the bill along, and giving it all the influence of his high personal and official position.

Grasping the hand of his young friend, the Professor thanked her again and again for bearing him such pleasant tidings, and assured her that she should send over the wires the first message, as her reward. The matter was talked over in the family, and Mrs. Ellsworth suggested a message which Prof. Morse referred to the daughter, for her approval; and this was the one which was subsequently sent.

A little more than a year after that time, the line between Washington and Baltimore was completed. Prof. Morse was in the former city, and Mr. Alfred Vail, his assistant, in the latter; the first in the chamber of the Supreme Court, the last in the Mount Clare depot, when the circuit being perfect, Prof. Morse sent to Miss Ellsworth for her message, and it came:

"WHAT MATH GOD WROUGHT!"

It was sent in triplicate in the dot-and-line language of the instrument to Baltimore, and was the first message ever transmitted by a recording telegraph.

The story of this first message has been often told with many exaggerations. It has roamed about Europe with various romantic material attached to it, originating mainly in the French

imagination, and has started up anew from time to time in our own country under fresh forms, but the above story is simply and literally true. An inventor in despair receives the news of his unexpected success from his friend's daughter, and he makes her a promise which he keeps, and thus links her name with his own, and with an invention which becomes one of the controlling instruments of civilization for all time.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

CARRYING OUT THE JOKE.

While we were lying in camp at Rossville, Georgia, writes a correspondent, the Sixtieth Illinois returned from their furlough with a number of recruits. One of these having exhausted his supply of clean shirts, and not having learned to be his own laundress, asked a veteran where he could get some washing done. "Do you see those tents there by the church? Well, go there, and ask for Mr. Morgan; he does washing. He's a crusty old cuss, but if you talk pretty nice to him he'll do it for you." The recruit went as directed, and found General Morgan walking in front of his tent, dressed as was his custom, in the uniform of a high private. "Where will I find Mr. Morgan?" asked the recruit. "My name is Morgan. What will you have?" "I came to see if I could get some clothes washed." "H-m-m. Who sent you here to get your clothes washed?" "John Smith, over here in the Sixth." "Corporal of the guard!" (The Corporal approached and saluted.) "Young man, go with the Corporal and show him John Smith, so that he can bring him over here. And you come back with him and bring all the dirty clothes you have." They departed and soon returned with the guilty veteran and a huge armful of dirty shirts and socks, etc. The General to Smith: "Did you send this young man here to have his clothes washed?" "Yes, sir, for a joke." "For a joke! Well, we'll have the joke carried out. We do have clothes washed here sometimes. Corporal, take this man, Smith, and that bundle of clothes down to the creek, and have him wash them, fold them up neatly, and return them to the owner! See that he does the job up handsomely!" The veteran went away to his work sorrowfully, and the General resumed his walk.—*Exchange*.

TRADES UNIONS FROM A NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW.

The following paper was read by Mr. George Potter at the Leeds (England) Congress:—

In submitting a short paper on Trades Unions from a National Point of View, before so large a representation of these bodies of our busy and ingenious country, I shall not waste time in unnecessary preface. Much may now be taken for granted. Of the lawfulness of our unions there is no longer any doubt; and we have in our own minds the strong and deep conviction of their absolute necessity and essential usefulness. We never should have been where we now are, without unions; and unless we persist in them, we might as well have never had resource to them at all; for, in continuing to stand shoulder to shoulder, lies our only hope of making further headway against the powerful resistance which still opposes us.

Great Britain is so universally and completely commercial in its character, that everything which relates to the mutual dependency of Labor and Capital is in itself matter of national moment. Every man in the land is in some sense and to some extent either a laborer or a capitalist. With respect, however, to every commodity resulting from the combination of the two—work and money—there is a third party, the Consumer. We may, therefore, divide ourselves, as a nation of men, into three classes, Laborers, Capitalists and Consumers.

Now, with regard to the former two, laborers and capitalists, we must come to a good understanding, and, having arrived at it, maintain it, as well as we can. For my own part, I never despaired of this when the hope of it was faintest; and I am not going to give it up for a bad job now, when so many of the most important trades, occupying a vast portion of the industrial operations of the kingdom, are now united in one settled point—that their interests are identical. The feeling thus evoked upon both sides is ruled, and safely guided by the spirit of moderation and mutual forbearance in their relation one towards the other. Not by what each conceives to be the abstract rights and just claims of their own side, but on a comprehensive survey and impartial consideration of all the circumstances affecting both, a fair hearing of the arguments that one side addresses to the other, and an equitable arrangement of any apparent incompatibility between the two.

It is incident, however, to the progressive stages between the first right assertion of the claims of labor and their frank and general concession on the part of capital, that consumption, or consumers, should take and express their views as a class, of what may appear to them a war between the two sections of producers, and a war, too, which they may conceive, and even sometimes really feel, to be prejudicial to their interests or convenience. The consumer, in fact, in so high a civilization, so arrogant a luxuriousness, and so impatient an expectancy, as characterises him in our land and age, is every ready to take the alarm, and to pour out the vials of his wrath upon those whom he merely suspects of taking a course which may keep a feather out of his bed, a

spice out of his dish, or a coal out of his fire. And, unfortunately for the chance of fairness, the weight of his anger seldom falls upon the capitalist, but is most certain to come crashing down upon the lowly laborer, who has dared to stand upon his own right and independence, and even to persist up to a point at which, in consequence, there may possibly be a little delay or a temporary deficiency in the supply of one or more of those many elements that form the perfect compound of comfort in dining-room or drawing-room elegance.

In some highly staple trades, the even tenor of things may be interrupted for a long time without exciting these alarms and calling down these tempests, although the effect of such stoppages, if they were not timely removed, would be sensibly felt by every consumer of the suspended supply, were the demand for many days or to a palpable extent, unsatisfied. The consumer, however, is often a creature who does not rely upon his head for keeping watch and sounding the alarm on the approach of an enemy to his system of self-indulgent enjoyment, but is infinitely more sensitive at what may threaten any of his five senses. Abridge by a hair's breadth any of his household and personal comforts, and he is in a panic of fear and rage instantly.

While, therefore, labor has to make way, foot by foot, in the expostulation with capital, and may find a present reward in the increasing readiness of capital to listen to reason, and to share the proceeds of joint production in equitable divisions between the investor of money and the fourth-putter of sinew and skill, it is a natural consequence of such success in relation to some trades to give encouragement to laborers in other trades, and even to laborers in mere occupations, in everything, in fact, wherein work of any sort is given for hire, to try the experiment of union among themselves for mutual advantage in dealing with their employers. The colliers afford no new example of the kind; but the agricultural laborers and the gas stokers, not to speak of the policemen and some others, furnish more recent instances, and some of these instances of the precise kind I mean.

These men ought not to be blamed for uniting to get better terms from those who employ them. On the contrary, they deserved to be encouraged. All I will say in the way of criticism is, to counsel them, and all others in like circumstances, to take good care that in imitating the older trades unions, and especially what one may call the *trades union proper*, they imitate them *throughout*; not simply in the resolution with which they proceed when once their minds are made up to act, but in the caution which experience has taught them to observe of making sure that they have a good case to put before the masters, or, if necessary, to carry before the public, and at the same time to see that they have funds in hand to sustain them during their struggle. I am not so foolish as to expect to propitiate the consumer in the selfish and unreasonable character in which I have presented him to notice. But among the consumers at large, there are thousands of fair, reasonable, and intelligent men not remarkably selfish, and perhaps entirely uncontaminated by luxury, whom, if we would surmount difficulties in the way and make tolerably smooth and practicable the path to success, we shall find it advisable by all proper means to endeavor to carry along with us. These men are not, like too many others, the slaves of blind prejudice; but they have eyes in their heads. What is more, they keep them open, and they are at this moment keenly watching the tendency and progress of trades unionism towards the full extent of universal adoption and adaptation.

This, I feel sure, will take place; and nothing, in my belief, can hinder it from being fully effected. But while many of us share in this persuasion and conviction, we probably share, to an equal extent, in the desire that the process may go forward, not in a spirit of unworthy compromise or timid misgiving on our part, but with wisdom and open frankness, with reliance upon reason and fairness, both in ourselves and in those with whom we have to negotiate, as the means best fitted to promote justice and ensure success. A permanently wise manner of conducting the operations of our unions will not only conciliate a temporary prejudice, but effectually guard against the rising up of such sentiments in the minds of the observant public at discussions between labor and capital which must take place.

In this brief paper I have satisfied myself with having simply indicated a few practical points, not unworthy of your notice. Principles of course are paramount, and must never either be yielded or concealed. Yet some years' experience in such matters have served to impress very vividly upon my mind the unspeakable value of circumspection and good temper in negotiation and argument, and especially when, in spite of themselves, men are driven into struggle and controversy. In my thinking, we cannot do better, at the present stage of this great social conflict, than withdraw our own minds and the minds of others from all that is merely transitory and incidental, and do our utmost to fix attention upon what is material, essential, and abiding, in the straight direction towards a final settlement of the question.

The right of union for trades purposes is now numbered among the absolute rights of the inhabitants of Great Britain. All that remains is, that we use it, like our other absolute rights, wisely and well. There was a time when the Combination Laws were in full force against our honest and industrious, but fetter-

ed and trampled fathers. But those abominable statutes have gone to their own place. Let no man think that he can revive them. It is far too late, in however modified a form, or with whatever crafty contrivances. There exists an Act bearing too much of that black complexion, and we must not cease until we have got rid of it. It is an *Ethiop*, and no washing can make it white. The true test as to all such enactments and their repeal lies in a comparison between the state of trade during the Combination Laws, and since their abolition and erasure. What did the Combination Laws produce? Ill-will, machine breaking, rick-burning, mutual distrust, masters' houses turned into besieged garrisons, and goals into receptacles for outraged and exasperated workmen. And what has happened since those laws were ignominiously sent to keep company with the other broken instruments of tyranny and despotism? Strikes and trades unions, some would answer. And there is no doubt or question as to the literal fact. But what have been the increase of trade and the accumulation of wealth between the hour when the rights of labor were to this extent acknowledged, and the present time? There have been strikes, I grant; and there are unions in large number. But wilful destruction of machinery or produce has come to an end; the effect of union has been to prevent more strikes than they ever promoted, while the import and export trade of the country has risen in value from £268,000,000 in 1854 to £610,000,000 in 1872, and the annual wealth of the country is now about £820,000,000. That is my short answer to all who would make a bugbear of trades unions.

WESTMINSTER WORKINGMEN'S LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

Mr. James Beal delivered a lecture recently under the auspices of this society, on the "Next General Election," at the St. Leonard street Institute, Tachbrook street, Piccadilly. The room was well filled, and Mr. J. Hinde Palmer, M.P., occupied the chair. The Chairman in opening the proceedings said they would recollect that they were about to enter on the fifth session of Parliament, and he thought it was right, when they were on the eve of a fifth session, to look at the work which they had done on the four preceding sessions. He ventured to say that the present Parliament, elected in 1868, had, under the auspices of the present Government, achieved more important measures than any Parliament which had existed for many years. For forty years they had been struggling for the Ballot Act, and at last it had been made law under Mr. Gladstone's Government. They had accomplished, in the disestablishment of the Irish Church, a great measure, and had generally made great advances in legislation. He thought it would be only just to the present Government to acknowledge that they had achieved much; but he would be glad to hear from Mr. Beal what he thought it was desirable should be accomplished hereafter. Mr. Beal then proceeded to review the work of the present Government, and said he agreed with the chairman when he said the present Parliament had done more for the good of the country than had been accomplished by many previous ones. They had suffered greatly from ignorant Parliaments, and he thought that the work of the present Government should never be forgotten. He, however, would not be satisfied until the laboring classes had at least a clear half in the representation. (Hear.) The lecturer then proceeded to condemn small boroughs, and said that they should be absorbed into larger ones, and that the influence of wealth on elections should be brought to a minimum. With regard to the Woman's Suffrage Bill, he was a warm advocate of it; but it would be wrong to grant the electoral franchise to rich spinsters if the poor ones were denied the privilege. The lecturer then referred to the Disestablishment of the English Church, to the Law of Entail and Primogeniture, and to the Lands Enclosure Bill. He advocated the formation of a Royal Commission (with the permission of the Queen) to inquire into the salaries given in connection with the Crown, and said that was the only way for a Constitutional Government to settle the matter. They must at their next general election speak against an expenditure of £72,000,000. Mr. Mackenzie moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Beal for his admirable paper, and a similar vote having been passed on the chairman, the proceedings terminated.

CHALLENGE OF ENGLISH WORKMEN TO THE FRENCH BOOTMAKERS.

The Society of Arts some times since, in their debates, attacked the skill of English boot and shoe makers, and made it appear that the French workmen excelled the English and Irish St. Crispins in every way. This stricture led to a challenge, through the only paper devoted to shoemaking, *St. Crispin*, to the like journal at Paris, the *Moniteur de la Condamner*, to any amount of money that the English would beat the French. A reply has been received from Paris; and this international match is taken up in earnest, and will create some interest both in France and England. The following are the conditions laid down by the French workmen: "The men, both French and English, should perform their work in the presence of a jury, who should decide whether it be in London, Paris, or any midway, at Boulogne. About 15 hours should be allowed for the making of a man's boot, or in exceptional cases two days might be grant-

"d. For a woman's boot, with leather heel, twelve hours should be given. We are ready to engage with any English workmen on these terms. On the first day we should make a white satin shoe with Louis XV. heel, and a short boot (*botline*), with colored silk, with heel of the same stuff. The second day a Turkish slipper (*une mule babouche*) with Louis XV. heel, the forepart of cork to be covered with silk. All the heels and everything except lasts to be made by the same workmen. The jury to decide upon the points of speed and quality of workmanship; and we in Paris hope the men of England will meet us in France in a good spirit." This reply has been sent by *St. Crispin*, in London, to Stafford, Norwich, Northampton, and Bristol, and so far as London goes the men are anxious to meet the French, but wish heavy work to come in, as it is a fact that English strong boots are made in this country, exported to France, and imported to London as French manufacture.—*English Exchange*.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO A MINE.

The following is a miner's account of the Queen's visit to Polperro Mine, Cornwall, September, 1846:—

"I received a letter one evening from Mr. Edmonds to say as how Prince Albert was coming to our main the next morning. Thinks I, what can the France be a-coming to our main for? and I couldn't sleep for the night for thinking what I should say to the Prince, and what the Prince could say to me. Well, in the morning, sure 'nuf, we saw the chay coming, and who should be in it but the Queen so well as the France. There was a stone wall between, and the men went to't, and was down in a minute—in less than no time; and they came on, and the Queen got out of the chay an' ran about the wet grass like a billy. Says she to Mr. Taylor—something, but I don't know what, but says he to me, 'Is it safe for the Queen to go into the main?' 'Safe?' says I, 'Yes, safe as a Rock of Gibraltar.' So the drums were broft foth, and some straw a-throwed into one and some green baize after it, and the Queen skipt in like a lamb, and I do believe that I touched her. She didn't like it, though, when 'twas wet; but when we come on so far as we wul to the west load, the France took the pick and he throwed to like—a man—and he got a bit o' ore. 'This,' said he, 'is from the west load.' 'So I puts en into my left pocket, and then we went to the east load. So I puts en into my right pocket; and, as they were a-coming out, says the Queen to Mr. Taylor, says she, 'What's that there blue that I do see?' 'Bless ye, ma'm,' says he, 'that's the light o' day. One hundred and twenty miners were roady to cheer 'em as they drove off (all red, like Indians, from the red ore of the main); and we did cheer them to be sure as never was before."

MR. BRIGHT'S OUTLOOK.

Mr. Bright's letter, which was read at Birmingham on Monday, when his colleagues addressed their constituents, is in a lively key. He sees much to rejoice in, as a Liberal. Mr. Gladstone's Government, which has committed many grievous errors, has also consummated some great achievements. But the staunch Triluns is not satisfied. The state of the country representation, the land question, and public expenditure, lie ahead. Mr. Bright thinks the present Parliament too old to grapple with the land; too feeble to wrest justice out of the landlord's stronghold for the country voter. "This," writes the great orator and vigorous thinker, "demands resolute handling."

We perceive, in Mr. Bright's outlook, a hint of Mr. Gladstone's promised local taxation reform; and we confidently deduce from it a promise that the coming session will be given up chiefly to the readjustment of taxation, as well as to a reduction of the present extravagant and scandalous expenditure, which every statesman in turn condemns, and which no one of them seems able to diminish. Immense reductions are possible—but not in the direction of the dockyards—not in clerks' rooms.

Mr. Noble, in his lecture on taxation, at Stratford Town hall, last Monday, showed how we have been raising taxes and expenditure, year by year. Where twenty years ago we spent £100, we now spend £172. The incidence of taxation throws over forty-four millions out of seventy millions on the working classes, and charges only one million on the land. Facts like these should be tossed about; should be kept rolling—in order to fasten the public mind on the subject, and force statesmen who condemn, to make an endeavor to grapple with them. The reason why expenditure has grown to its present scandalous proportions, and why it is spread unequally over the community is—that the public have not grasped the subject. But Mr. Lowe's methods of tax collection have stirred the people to handle the theme. The right honorable gentleman has issued boots, that leave the wearer in no doubt as to the place where they pinch!

New York has an inventor who is at work on a flying machine, the sustaining power of which is gas, and the propelling agent an electrical engine. The two wheels are provided with sails so arranged as to press against the atmosphere on the back stroke and folded up so as not to be impeded on the forward motion. The model which is about seven feet in length and five in width runs to a sharp angle front and rear.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(INVARIABLE IN ADVANCE.)

|               |        |
|---------------|--------|
| Per Annum     | \$2 00 |
| Six Months    | 1 00   |
| Single copies | 5c     |

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Single insertions, ten cents per line. Each subsequent insertion, five cents per line.

|                                                 |          |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Contract Advertisements at the following rates: |          |
| One column, for one year                        | \$150 00 |
| Half "                                          | 85 00    |
| Quarter "                                       | 50 00    |
| One column, for 6 months                        | 80 00    |
| Half "                                          | 45 00    |
| Quarter "                                       | 25 00    |
| One column, for 3 months                        | 50 00    |
| Half "                                          | 30 00    |
| Quarter "                                       | 17 00    |

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.  
 Crispins, (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.

TO CORRESPONDENCE.

Our Hamilton correspondence on the Lien Law was received too late for insertion this week. Will appear in our next.  
 "Heather Jock" of Oshawa—was also received too late.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1873.

MASS MEETING AT HAMILTON.

On Friday night the workmen of Hamilton—following the example of Toronto—intend to give a public expression of opinion on the questions before the country. The programme for discussion will be similar to the one adopted in Toronto. Representatives, we understand, will be present from various parts of the province. From all we can learn a splendid spirit seems to animate the unions and workmen generally in the "Ambitious City," and there is little doubt to be entertained that the meeting will have its effect, if not in the immediate present, assuredly it will in the not distant future.

We believe large benefits will result from such public expressions of opinion as were given in Toronto, and will be given in Hamilton on Friday, and probably other parts at a future day. They not only show that a large number of the workers are taking a deep and intelligent interest in the affairs of the country, and are capable of examining such legislative measures as are proposed, and deciding whether they will operate in favor of, or militate against their interests, as a class; but they also tend to bring into active operation the latent talents and sympathies of those who otherwise would remain inactive; and they further tend to prove that one common sentiment is permeating the masses, and that the operative classes, as a whole, are awakening more fully to a realization of the power that is vested in them as a class.

We do not believe there exists in the minds of the generality of workmen any desire to secure mere class legislation—that is, legislation that would benefit them to the injury of any other class of society—but they are awakening to the fact that hitherto, to a very great extent, their interests have been overlooked, if not altogether ignored, and the interests of other classes fostered at their expense; and now, beginning to realize that the remedy will not come from any outside source, but is in their own hands, they are determined to make their voices heard, so that future legislation may be of such a character that they

will realize a fair share of its benefits. Such will not be the case with some of the bills that have been introduced at the present session of the Ontario Parliament; and if we might be allowed to make a suggestion to our friends in Hamilton, it would be that, at their meeting on Friday night, they show the one-sidedness of the bills to settle disputes between masters and servants, and the bill providing for a participation in profits.

MASTERS' AND WORKMENS' ACT

This Act, said to be for the purpose of settling disputes between masters and workmen, is full of one-sided meaning. Upon a thorough perusal of the bill we cannot find one clause that would be asked for or desired by the workmen themselves, while every clause is as favorable to the employer who would have a desire to crush the spirit out of those he employs, as he could possibly have wished. It may be said that the workings of the act is based on the mutual agreement of the parties concerned; but notwithstanding, the very existence of this act is calculated to place undue power in the hands of the employer, which may cause much injustice, hard feeling and suffering. For instance, to show how mutual the agreement to this bill may be, should the workmen wish to come under the workings of the act and the employers should not, what means can the workman take to force his proposition?—strike! But how easy it would be to-day for the employers in any trade to take advantage of the season and the dullness of times to agree among themselves that they would force the provisions of this act upon their men, by going to them in this manner and saying that they (the master iron-workers for instance) had agreed among themselves to come under the provisions of this act, and that they wished the signatures of those who worked for them to the memorandum also, and that they only wished those who would sign such memorandum to work for them; why, in all probability, a large number of the workmen, from sheer necessity, would be compelled to sign the memorandum. And men of an autocratic stamp—such as was demonstrated even in this city in the agitation of last summer—once having their establishments running on this principle might bid defiance to independent labor, and feel themselves secure in the midst of their coolie serfs. We hope that the mass meeting in Hamilton will follow the example set by the meeting in Toronto and condemn the measure, and petition the executive to prevent it from becoming law.

THE WOOD QUESTION.

The fuel question is one that affects all classes of society, especially in this country, at this season of the year; and that the traffic in this necessary article should be of the freest and most unrestricted character, is a demand that cannot fail to receive the most hearty support of our citizens; and a ring or monopoly on the one hand or the other, to restrict the traffic and enhance the value of this necessary of life, must always receive the unqualified condemnation of all honorable and right thinking workmen.

But in the agitation that has been, and is in progress, we have little sympathy from its present standpoint. It is rather aroused by a jealousy existing between one class of well known monopolists in the commodity of fuel and certain railway companies, not because they do not bring wood to the city in sufficient quantities, but rather because the honest wooddealers of Toronto do not control the whole rolling stock of those roads, and own all the wood that is brought in. If such were the case, we think the citizens would be well furnished with cheap wood as they are with cheap coal, which is laid on the docks in this city from \$3.50 to \$4.50 per ton, and for which the citizens pay now at the rate of \$9 per ton. There is a people's remedy, by which we may escape those second-hand monopolies in fuel (and it might be applied to other necessities of life with equal efficiency).

Every householder wants wood; let a number of them organize co-operative fuel associations—ten, twenty or thirty householders together send one of their number out along the lines of those narrow gauges to purchase a sufficient quantity of wood for their consumption, have it shipped and laid at their door at first cost, dispensing with the services of the middle-man, and then, and not till then, will the citizens begin to reap any substantial benefit from their gifts to those lines of railway.

THE OUTLOOK FOR SPRING.

From present appearances, there seems to be every probability of a renewal of the labor agitations during the coming spring. In fact, in New York preliminary action has already been taken, and the enforcement of the eight hour rule is the ostensible object of the movement. But it is more generally believed, however, that the real purpose is understood to be a concerted movement for an increase of wages, and the opening of the spring is selected as the time for a general demonstration. These symptoms cannot be viewed without uneasiness by all who desire progress and prosperity, and it cannot be too strongly urged upon employers and employed the necessity of endeavoring to establish councils of conciliation. We fully believe that timely consideration, kind feeling and fairness will go far to avert the evil. But should the folly of last year be re-enacted, and the employers, in very many instances, refuse to listen to the demands of the employed, then upon them will rest the responsibility of a state of unsettlement and agitation. By all means, let employers and employed meet to discuss the matters of difference between them, and thus do away with the necessity for the use of the formidable weapons of strikes, by which all parties suffer. When it is proposed to workmen that there is a desire to act fairly and justly by them, there will be no hurry on their part to resort to the last measure of defence in their power.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The proper and honorable way to discontinue a newspaper is to examine your account with it, send by letter what you owe (with a stamp for the return of a receipt), and order it discontinued. To simply refuse to take it from the post-office, without paying arrearsages, does not release you in the law, while it is unfair and dishonorable, because the support of the newspaper comes in small dribs of \$1, \$2, \$3, from each of many widely scattered subscribers, whose wishes the editor can only learn directly from themselves, and whose arrearsages, though small in each case, the newspaper cannot afford to lose, while the subscriber can pay them without difficulty. Of course, no newspaper publisher can discontinue after a year has commenced, on the simple notice to do so, without arrearsages are paid.

We clip the following from one of our exchanges, and commend it to the notice of "those whom it may concern." We have had a few subscribers who have taken the paper for six or eight months, and then, without thinking of paying for that time, have refused the paper. Such action is the very essence of meanness, and we regret that any of our readers could have so far forgotten their self-respect and manliness as to stoop to such smallness.

PARTICIPATION IN PROFITS.

In a recent issue we alluded to the bill that had been introduced in the Local Legislature, by Mr. Clarke, to give workmen a participation in the profits of the business. We pointed out the objectionable features at the time, and the same objections are now substantially urged from a quarter quite unexpected, by a large employer of labor. Mr. Glen, President of the Joseph Hall Works, Oshawa, writes thus of the bill to the Oshawa Vindicator:

DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclosed I send you a copy of a Bill entitled "An Act to facilitate agreements between Masters and Workmen for the participation in profits." This certainly is a very taking title, but upon examination of the Bill it is certainly one of the most contemptible specimens of demagoguery that I think any Government ever was guilty of perpetrating. The law as it now stands does not prevent any employer from giving his employees an interest in the profits of his business; but it

does not give employees an opportunity to obtain their rights in case an employer attempts to wrong them. This Bill gives no additional power to the employee, while it cuts off all redress by law, in case his employer chooses to wrong him.

I desire to call special attention to the second clause of the Bill. Ninety-nine employees in every hundred are not acquainted with the laws of the country, as they are so constantly and frequently altered, whereas the employer is given the information through his Attorney; and this last clause places the employee entirely at a disadvantage with his employer. Unless he makes a special arrangement on accepting an interest in his employer's business, this Act places him entirely at the mercy of his employer.

Yours very truly,  
 F. W. GLEN.

Oshawa, 17th Feb., 1873.

WORK AND LEISURE.

The Evangel of work, which Carlyle preached, is now succeeded by the Evangel of leisure. "Blessed is the man who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness." The operative classes have always had their work, and they have always done it, but they are now asking for the blessedness of leisure. We have discovered that work is only valuable so far as it enables a man to purchase leisure. The people who profess to be shocked to find colliers refusing to work more than four days a week are easily answered; the men do not intend to kill themselves prematurely by working six days in a polluted atmosphere, if they can earn sufficient to live in four days. They can point to illustrious examples in the ranks of the middle class, at least, who sacrificed themselves by doing exactly what the middle-class capitalists and distributors recommend. Look at the lawyers who have died early, because they worked six days in the week, and gave themselves no rest, little sleep, no leisure. Even literature and science, when they have been combined with money-making, have had their martyrs. So have had the Exchange, the counting-house, and the shop. What we want to get to is, not exemption from labor, but the extinction of exhausting toil—the form of toil which takes away from the physical constitution of the man a part of his strength, his muscle, and his capacity to work, not less certainly than the loss of a limb. In the fierce, driving energy of the Anglo-Saxon character on both sides of the Atlantic, there is a tendency to create the survivors who do not succumb to disease or to misfortune into a separate class, and re-enact the laws of feudalism as laws of capital under the thin disguise of wages, with only this one difference between wages and suit and service—that the obligation of the lord to feed his vassals, his serfs, or his slaves, is not continued as an obligation by the side of wage in gold or silver.

As Mr. Stuart Mill has put it in his "Political Economy," we should strive to get to a state of Society where "the best state for human nature is that in which, whilst no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward." This is the idea which has taken root in the minds of the people who live by labor—manual labor, for the intellectual laborers are able to take care of themselves. It is widely expressing itself in the form of strikes, only because there is no other form of expression open to working people. When they talk, they are not listened to; they are derided as fools, and all the journals of society are employed in offering excellent arguments calculated to satisfy the minds of the upper classes, which go to show that the people who work only with their hands are very unreasonable persons indeed. There is no doubt, however, that a strike does penetrate the hard mass of prejudice, and make the upper classes amenable to reason. The upper classes are all interested in taking one view of the relations of capital and labor; and their view, which only goes to the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few, with chances to a rather considerable section of clever distributors and manipulators, is sufficiently fascinating to the eyes of competitors to keep up the delusion. We are driven to consider what all the progression we have got so far has done for humanity. England is said to lay by and to store a hundred

millions of profit every year, and in 1871 she had sixty millions more than she had ever earned before. Who has got all this? The people? No, they are poorer than they were. The rich are made richer by another huge mortgage upon industry, which labor is called upon to provide interest for every year, for without labor neither rent nor interest would be forthcoming.

But is all the work we do necessary? May it not be reduced in time, made easier to the worker, and contribute less to waste by the very excess of bulk which is now produced? Should not the workingman have the benefit of the machinery invented every day in enhancing the value of his labor, whilst it shortens his hours of application. It seems to be assumed that we are always to be kept in the position of hewers and drawers, even where machines of the value of hundreds are entrusted to our charge. The engine-driver has not got the wages of a decent clerk; the clerk has leisure, and the driver has to toil night and day. The clerk takes care of his health; he is well-dressed; he may rise, the driver of a locomotive, if he is not killed, exhausts his capital of life every night he drives the expaess. The collier, the puddler, the sailor, waste their lives, if they are not even more prematurely suffocated, burnt, or drowned. Hence, we are coming to this,—men must be paid for their work in proportion as others refuse to enter the ranks of their special industries. The man who carts dust to make bricks, who cleanses the sewers upon which depend the health of our cities, who boldly dares to enter the industries known to shorten life, must be better paid, because in fewer years he must find the means to retire from a work is certain death by the law of average and experience. This will check the production, it will be said. No such thing; it will only make more producers, and fewer distributors and paupers, who now effect a fussy idleness as go-betweens. It will remove the reproach that labor is not getcal, but it will make labor honorable, and it will extinguish the petty vanity by which an intermediate class of people who are not capitalists, nor thinkers, nor discoverers, nor inventors, now make up a sham public opinion, that is only founded on the prejudices of broad cloth and satin. There is a great revolution coming, and it only needs the men who work to state their price, and they will get it in a better division of work, wages, and leisure. And the work which does not yield leisure is slavery.—Exchange.

BAKERS' ANNUAL SUPPER.

The Bakers' Union of this city intend holding their Annual Supper at Thomas' Chop House, on Saturday evening next. We wish them a very pleasant gathering—and have every reason to believe it will prove such.

PRESENTATION.

On Saturday evening, the numerous friends of Mr. P. Thornton, for the past ten years foreman of the Northern Railway Locomotive works, in this city, presented him with a handsome gold watch, chain and pendant, on the occasion of his resignation of that position. The presentation was made at the rooms of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Accompanying the present was a beautifully illuminated address on parchment. Mr. Thornton suitably thanked the donors for the expression of their kindly feelings towards him. At the conclusion of the presentation, the company adjourned to Thomas' Chop House, where a pleasant social time was spent.

MR. ANTHONY GILLIS (successor to T. Robinson), fashionable hair dresser, &c., 12 Queen street west, has just enlarged his shop and renovated it thoroughly, by painting and papering it. It is now one of the neatest barber shops of the size in the city. Mr. Gillis is himself a superior workman, and, with his able assistant, he is now in a position to wait upon his numerous customers and the public at all hours, with promptness, guaranteeing entire satisfaction. We recommend our readers to give Mr. Gillis a share of their custom, as he is a worthy young man, and recently established himself in business in Toronto.

For Cards, Bill-heads, or Posters, go to the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay street.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The opening night of the New Academy of Music, Colborne street, was a perfect success. The hall was literally crammed to the doors, and many were unable to gain admittance. The various acts, songs, dances, etc., were executed in a most artistic manner, and the entire performance gave the highest satisfaction to all present.

Communications.

THE PROGRESS OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)  
 SIR,—I will endeavor briefly to call the attention of your readers and my co-laborers to the progress of the labor movement in this country. In the early history of this land, like all new countries, movements known as labor movements were unknown, simply because the laws that govern civilized social life had not time to produce their inevitable result—that of centralizing the accumulated productions of labor. Society existed in its normal condition, none very rich and none very poor—and the only noticeable difference existing through the providence or the improvidence of the settler; but by and by that robber system of civilized life, known as the monetary system, began centralizing the accumulated productions of the labor of the people in the hands of the few, and the pressure long since felt by the toilers in older lands is beginning to be felt by us. But the growing intelligence of the age we live in is not slow in observing the effects of the workings of unjust systems of distribution, and hence the movements that have and are being inaugurated, and be assured that the effects that are at present seen, felt by, and engaging the attention of the most intelligent of earth's producers in all lands, will be traced back to the very source of their cause, and all the crudities of the present robber systems laid bare, by which one portion of the community are enabled to revel in luxury and splendor on the unremitting toil, misery and rags of another portion of the same flesh and blood as they are themselves, without in any sense fulfilling the divine injunction by contributing to the world's happiness or welfare, living lumberers of the ground—and dying debtors to their fellow-man for their subsistence, though worth millions of yellow gold. The result of the investigations of that portion of society formerly serfs, now known as laborers or servants, are leading them to attack some of the most oppressive causes of the injustice that the producers of the world labor under, the first of which might be called the parent of monopolies—that of land; the second, the most unscrupulous of tyrants, money on a gold and usurious basis, accumulating two and three times as much for its use as the combined labor of the land are able to produce after satisfying its daily wants, thereby continually narrowing and centralizing the surplus wealth of the nation in the hands of the few; and thirdly, the existence of that expensive and unnecessary institution of master or middle-man. We have already seen the dawn of the day of Co-operation, and its noon-day glory is not such a Utopian idea as many suppose. A growing and more general intelligence, or, in other words, the natural selfishness of man, properly educated, will want and see that it receives the whole fruit of its labor and nothing less. In a word, Mr. Editor, the progress of the labor movement can have but one result, namely, justice and equal rights to all men.

Yours for even-handed justice, nothing more,  
 JOHN HEWITT.  
 Toronto, Feb. 25, 1873.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON TRADES' UNIONS.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)  
 SIR,—In the first number of your valuable paper, issued on the 18th April, 1872, while the agitation for shorter hours of labor was at its white heat, and when strikes were threatened, and, indeed, in one trade carried into effect, the leaders of the movement paying the penalty of arrest for the crime of conspiring to better their position, in an able article on the "Progressive tendency of Workingmen," you said that "The self-ovation of the working classes is one of the brightest hopes of our young and prosperous country. It is clear that the term 'Workingman' is rapidly acquiring a higher and more national significance than it ever bore before; and it is doubtless destined to grow into yet greater respectableness and 'universality of meaning.'"  
 So far, although it is hardly twelve months, your expectation shows every probability of becoming a fact not to be ignored. That the elevation of the working classes must be accomplished by their own efforts, none can now doubt. They have

begun the good work; they must also carry it on to a glorious completion. The events of the past year show conclusively that little, if anything, is to be expected from the so-called reformers, patriots and philanthropists; while, at the same time, they do most clearly shadow forth that which may be accomplished by the united efforts of the operative classes themselves.

The question which thinking minds interested in this great and good cause find most difficult to solve is—how best to secure unity among workingmen? This has always been the great desideratum. The want of unions has led to the failure of strikes nine times out of ten, and not the power of the employer, for he of himself or his money either has no power, only so far as labor is foolish and criminal enough to allow itself to be chained and gagged by it. Union, then, is the power with which we can remove the oppression which is bearing us down into the dust, and enable us to breathe the free air of heaven, laboring a fair share of the day for fair wages, and having some part of God's light at our own disposal, and feeling that, although our bank account is small, we are made of as good material as the millionaire. Now we will not discuss at this time the reason why strikes may have failed last year, but, which will amount to the same thing, try to find a remedy for the future. Strikes are, as all unionists freely admit, the last resource, the great weapon of defence; and this sometimes fails us in the time of need, as before remarked, through the treachery of those in whom we had placed confidence; members of trades unions so far forgetting their manhood, their sense of honor, their obligation to their fellows, as to take the mess of pottage offered them. When it becomes evident that the fight will be lost to us, is it not best to secure the best means of retreat left open to us, always keeping in view the respect due to ourselves as unionists? Watch the weak-kneed ones, encourage them on and keep them out of the hands of the enemy; they may not, apparently, be of much use to the Union, but will prove of immense advantage to the other side, where they will be paraded to the world as proof of victory. Conclude a peace as soon as practicable, always on such terms as will secure the integrity of the Union, which fact will, of itself, be a guarantee of offensive operations in the future. To reclaim backsliders, policy must also be used. Perhaps a prominent renegade finds himself in such a position that he must, perforce, apply to the Union for re-admission. Don't hurry to ease his pain, neither give him a decided rebuff. The bare fact of his being compelled to sue for grace will strike terror into hearts already faint. After reasonable time, and on his paying such penalty as will be somewhat commensurate with his offence and standing in the opinion of his fellow workmen, re-admit him. If he be refused re-admission, it may only make others more determined, feeling that their case is desperate; while his acceptance will produce a feeling of reconciliation on all sides, and thus paving the way for a full recognition of the power of the Union and the benefits which it confers.

W. J.  
 Toronto, Feb. 25, 1873.

OTTAWA.

The second annual supper of the Journeyman Free-stone Cutters' Association of Ottawa took place on Thursday, the 20th inst., at L. R. Clisby's. Some 46 people sat down, among whom we noticed as guests, James Mathews, William Farquhar, Wm. Watson, David Harrow, Fred. Toms, and others.

A novel feature in this supper was the inviting of the apprentices to partake of the festivities; and it is needless to say they responded to the call unanimously. The supper was got up in splendid style, and reflects credit on Mr. Clisby's larder. The chair was occupied by Mr. Alex. D. McGregor, President of the Association, the Vice-chairs by Mr. Dan. Forbes & Alex. Sinclair.

The cloth having been removed, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and received with the accustomed enthusiasm; that of the Governor-General of Canada being coupled with the following sentiment:—

"The health proposed is one we'll drink  
 With all the honors that we can;  
 Let each one here prepare a cheer,  
 And drain his wine-glass to the man  
 Whose name to all is so well known,  
 In the hamlet, village and in town,  
 For the right good fellowship he has shown:  
 That rattling boy from the County Down."

Song, by Jno. Lemon, "The Irish Schoolmaster." Toast, "The Contractors of Ottawa," responded to by Mr. James Mathews, Wm. Farquhar, D. Harrow, and F. Jones. Song by Robert Poustie, "The Antelope." Songs were also sung by Messrs. John Morris and William Gall. Toast, "Our Guests," responded to by Messrs. Watson

and Toms. Song by Mr. J. Mathews; also by Messrs. Lemon, Sinclair, Robertson and Fairweather. Toast, "The Apprentices," responded to by John White, on behalf of the rest of the boys. Song, by Iva Valiquette, "The Fisherman's Daughter." Song and dance by Con Dewar; Irish Jig by Pat. Hurly, and Thomas Morrissey. Mr. Wm. Farquhar, on behalf of the other guests, in a few appropriate remarks, proposed the "Stonecutters' Association," coupling with it the name of Mr. Donald Robertson. Mr. Robertson responded in an able and effective speech, in the course of which he defended the principles of Trades Unions, and denounced strongly those who seek to place Trade Unionism on a par with Communism. He resumed his seat amid loud applause. Song by Dan. Forbes, "The Slaver;" songs were also sung by Messrs. Mathews, Lemon, Hynes, Morris, Sinclair, and Gall; also a recitation by Mr. Robertson. Toast, "The Ladies," responded to by Dan. Forbes. Songs by Messrs. Poustie and Lemon. "The Press," replied to by Mr. A. Robertson, of the Times and Mr. Nicholls of the Free Press. Mr. Donald Robertson responded on behalf of the ONTARIO WORKMAN. Apologising for assuming to reply for the Press, he regretted that the popular and energetic editor of the workingmen's organ was not there to reply for himself, and urged upon all workingmen to support that journal, and use its columns as a means of conveying to the public whatever views they may hold on all questions affecting their interest. Then followed the toast, "Our Host and Hostess," replied to by Mr. Clisby. After some more songs and speeches the entertainment was brought to a close by the company singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God save the Queen."

The whole affair was a grand success and reflects credit on the committee who got it up, Messrs. Casey, Tomlinson, and Kelly, and who were very attentive to the guests during the whole evening. Every one present went home well pleased, and wishing that they might have such an entertainment again soon. [Com.]

MONTREAL.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)  
 Seldom have the faces of the hackmen worn so miserable an expression as during the past week, this on account of the numerous "soft days" they have had to contend against. In vain did they put on their politest manner, and offer their services to the weary pedestrian, but very few, unless compelled by business, would care to be driven over something, trifle worse than mud. But since the snow fall on Friday last, all is changed; miserable looks have given place to happy ones, and the jocular remarks of "cabby" tell of the rich harvest he is reaping. Now is the time for a drive round the Two Mountains and home by Lachine. Setting aside its exhilarating effect, it is almost worth the time spent to witness the numerous "spills" occasioned by too impetuous drivers.

Another favorite drive is to the Back River, a few miles out of the city, on these bright moonlight nights. The road to that place is thronged with sleighing parties, who appear anxious to spend as much time at their destination as possible, judging from the speed they drive at. The young men of Montreal, have their failings, as well as those of the Queen City; therefore, as usual, the most frequented places on the road are the taverns, where during the evening and often till the small hours of morning dancing and billiards are indulged in, and many who started with the intention of seeking innocent pleasure by a drive find themselves in too many instances before the Recorder the next morning. But you will say these are no uncommon incidents. That, unfortunately, is true, but it is a matter of regret to know that that the same amusements are indulged in on Sundays also.

A friend of mine arrived in this country last Sunday, and on the way to his destination passed one of the taverns I have referred to. On hearing the sound of music issuing from the building, he enquired what it all meant. He was told that dancing and billiards were common here on Sundays. "Dancing and billiards on Sundays?" as he gazed with amazement at his informant. "And this in Christian Canada!" Well might he feel astounded as he remembered that Montreal is the metropolis of the Dominion, and here is a specimen of the noble example she sets before her sister cities. This is the manner in which the requirements of her young men are allowed to be catered for, and which are so eagerly embraced. Well may the Temperance and Prohibitory League declare there is a great work, and it will be a grand success if they are successful in drawing the attention of the proper authorities to this great evil, and causing all such hell-holes to be closed, at least on the Lord's Day.

The departure of Lord and Lady Dufferin from the city is felt very much. The citizens are loud in their praises of His Excellency and his amiable lady. No matter the institution he was requested to visit, or to what entertainment he was invited to attend, so long as it was to further a good cause, his presence could be relied on, and he seemed equally at home speaking cheering words to the little ones at the blind school as he was while present among the elite of society at the skating carnival.

Owing to several severe fires which took place in December some of the citizens are adopting precautions to secure themselves against its ravages. The large building, corner of St. Francois Xavier and Craig streets, has been fitted with a novel appliance so far as this city is concerned. It consists of a four-inch iron pipe running from the basement through the five stories and out at the roof. On each flat there is a joint of three or four inches in length to which is screwed a length of hose, with a nozzle attached similar to those used by the fire department. On the alarm of fire being raised, the water can at once be turned on and directed to the spot desired. The idea is simple, though I think it will prove very efficacious; and it is quite possible that insurance companies will lessen the premium on buildings thus fitted.

The Witness libel suit is still attracting much attention in the city, and the result is looked forward to with anxiety, as some seem to think the liberty of the press is being infringed on. Already the various temperance societies are passing resolutions of sympathy with the proprietors of that paper, in its present contest.

Yours,  
 ALBION.

A FEW FIGURES.

It is stated by Sir John Sinclair in his history of the Revenue, that the annual amount of taxes raised during one hundred years from the Conquest, that is from 1066 to 1166, was £200,000. From that time during another hundred years it only amounted to £150,000 per annum. For another century—namely, up to 1366—it had fallen to £130,000, whilst during the next hundred years to 1466, it had still gone back to the comparatively small sum of £100,000. Taking the value of money during this period at thirty times what it is now, this would make the annual taxation just £3,000,000 a year, a sum not worth thinking about with our present means. But supposing that our present population is four times what it then was, and that it therefore requires four times as much governing, the gross cost should be 12 millions sterling, as against the 70 millions, which is now the annual cost.

This brings us to the time of the great "Queen Bess," during whose reign, including the Armada business, England did not count for nothing among the nations of Europe; and if the truth be told possessed statesmen quite as well worth their salt as the men of the present day. Passing on for another hundred years, however, we come to the "Restoration," that happy and ever-to-be-applauded event in history—we find our taxes increased to £1,800,000. This was the commencement or nearly so of our indirect imposts, and it was from this period that the resources of the nation were drawn so liberally from the pockets of the people for the purpose of sparing the purses of our aristocracy, who, up to this time had to pay nearly the whole of the expenses of the Government, as a proper return for the lands held by them from the conqueror. How and why the increase of taxation has taken place since 1666 is a long story, and requires a good deal of telling; and though the arguments and inferences might be questioned, there can be no doubt of the fact of the frightful increase. In addition to this we must not forget that we owe a debt of £800,000,000 of money, which fifty-eight years ago was £900,000,000, so that we have been paying off at the rate of somewhere near two millions a year. But according to J. B. Smith, M.P. for Stockport, we have been doing nothing worth mentioning in this way for the last forty years. We may take it for granted, therefore, that we shall be a good while rubbing off this long score, and that a tolerable balance will be unpaid, when, as Mr. Campbell says in his "Last Man,"—

Earth's cities have no sound or tread,  
 And ships are drifting with the dead,  
 To shores where all is dumb.

Of course our readers know how our system of taxation was changed about the middle of the seventeenth century; and how the land, which previously bore nearly the whole of the State burdens, was almost entirely released from a tribute which the people, by means of custom, and excise duties, had to pay. William III., however, being sorely pressed for money, imposed a land tax of four shillings in the pound of full annual value. This tax in

the aggregate supplied considerably more than one-fourth of the nation's revenues. But, a way was found out by our aristocratic rulers to alter this disagreeable state of things. They wanted to spend more than they could raise per year, and so they went largely into the habits of desperate spendthrifts, and borrowed without stint or limit, and thus cunningly shuffled the cards, so that the land tax now only amounts to a sixty-fourth part of the nation's revenues.

How these things came to pass will perhaps be some day inquired into. If we go on increasing our expenditure we shall certainly have an ugly pull up some day, even before our coals are exhausted. At any rate, before that time comes, there will be accounts to settle with our wealthy landholders, which though deferred have not been entirely overlooked. The nation has been defrauded in the past, and it would be not only interesting but profitable to know how, and by whom.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABORER.

At the fortnightly meeting of the Executive Council of the National Agricultural Laborers' Union, held at Leamington on Monday last, the Secretary (Mr. H. Taylor), reported numerous lock-outs in different parts of the country, and Mr. Joseph Arch, the president, laid before the meeting an offer received by him from the local representative of the Brazilian Government to take all the married men locked-out, and set them up in business as freehold farmers on 100 acres in the State colonies, several thousand pounds having been voted by the Government for that purpose. 150 were to sail on Wednesday under the arrangement, and Mr. Yeats, the union delegate in Gloucestershire, is about to take out 200 families. Over 1,000 have gone to Canawa colony, whence the reports received are most satisfactory. Brazil is eight times larger than England, with a third of our population, and a commerce of forty millions. Under Don Pedro II., and a Liberal Government, the Empire is making rapid advances, and the "Union" colonies in Paulo and Parana promise to become flourishing settlements. There the English landserf obtains an independence in a few years. The climate is Italian, the forest land is a rich loam, the scenery most romantic, the wild fruits and game abundant, and the natives very kind.—*Bee Hive.*

WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm 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 Mr. 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.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE—TORONTO TIME.

| GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.                                                    |                              |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| FROM THE EAST.                                                          | FROM THE WEST.               |
| Belleville Train—9.37 a.m.                                              | Night Express—5.15 a.m.      |
| Express—11.07 a.m.                                                      | Mixed from Berlin 10.45 a.m. |
| Mixed—6.57 p.m.                                                         | Express—6.30 p.m.            |
| Express—11.07 p.m.                                                      | Mall—1.15 p.m.               |
| GOING EAST.                                                             | GOING WEST.                  |
| Express—5.37 a.m.                                                       | Express—7.30 a.m.            |
| Mixed—12.05 a.m.                                                        | Express—11.45 a.m.           |
| Belleville Train—5.37 p.m.                                              | Mall—3.45 p.m.               |
| Express—7.07 p.m.                                                       | Mixed—5.50 p.m.              |
|                                                                         | Express—12.05 a.m.           |
| GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.                                                  |                              |
| GOING WEST.                                                             | FROM THE WEST.               |
| Express—7.00 a.m.                                                       | Accommodation—11.00 a.m.     |
| Do. 11.00 a.m.                                                          | Express 1.15 p.m.            |
| Accommodation—4.00 p.m.                                                 | Mall—5.30 p.m.               |
| Express—8.03 p.m.                                                       | Accommodation—9.30 p.m.      |
| TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.                                          |                              |
| GOING NORTH.                                                            | TO THE NORTH.                |
| Mall—5.00 a.m.                                                          | Mall—1.05 a.m.               |
| Mall—3.50 p.m.                                                          | Mall—5.30 p.m.               |
| Connects with Midland Railway for Lindsay, Beaverton, Peterborough, &c. |                              |
| TORONTO, GREY & BRUCE RAILWAY.                                          |                              |
| GOING WEST.                                                             | FROM THE WEST.               |
| Mall—7.30 a.m.                                                          | Mall—11.30 a.m.              |
| Do. 8.45 p.m.                                                           | Do. 8.50 p.m.                |

New Advertisements.

**GREAT DRESS SALE!**

OVER 60,000 YARDS

TO BE  
**SLAUGHTERED!**

Down below the Wholesale Cost Our "Buyer" is on his way to England to hunt up

**BARGAINS FOR THE SPRING TRADE.**

SALES ONLY FOR CASH.

**T. EATON & CO.,**  
 CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS.  
 42-4

## The Home Circle.

## ALONE AMONG THE SHADOWS.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

I'm alone among the shadows,  
And I'm waiting for the light  
To chase away the visions  
Of the dreary, weary night.  
Like a sightless child deserted,  
My uncertain way I grope—  
I'm alone among the shadows,  
But my soul is full of hope.

I'm alone among the shadows,  
But my doubts and fears are past,  
For I feel the sweet assurance  
That the light will come at last.  
A ray from Ilohu's bright beacon  
Comes through the gloom to me—  
I'm alone among the shadows,  
But my heart is light and free.

I'm alone among the shadows,  
But I hear a sweet voice say,  
"You would not prize the daylight  
If it were always day."  
And so I'll strive in earnest  
To keep from error free,  
And He who strengtheneth the weak  
Will surely comfort me.

## THE PATTERN OF LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun in the morning,  
Away to the garden he lies,  
To see if the sleeping blossoms  
Have begun to open their eyes;  
Running a race with the wind,  
With a step as light and fleet,  
Under my window I hear  
The patter of little feet.

Now to the brook he wanders,  
In swift and noiseless flight,  
Splashing the sparkling ripples  
Like a fairy water sprite.  
No sand under fabled river  
Has a gleam like his golden hair;  
No pearly sea shell is fairer  
Than his slender ankles bare.

Nor the rosiest stem of coral  
That blushes in ocean's fold,  
Is sweeter as the flash that follows  
Our darling's airy tread.  
From a broad window my neighbor  
Looks down on our little cot,  
And watches the "poor man's blessing"—  
I cannot envy his lot.

He has pictures, books, and music,  
Bright fountains and noble trees,  
Flowers that blossom in roses,  
Birds from beyond the seas;  
But never does childish laughter  
His homeward footsteps greet;  
His stately halls ne'er echo  
To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"  
A birdling that chatters and sings,  
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—  
(Our other one has wings.)  
His heart is a charmed casket,  
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,  
And no harp-string holds such music  
As follows his tinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens  
The highway by angels trod,  
And seems to unbar the city  
Whose builder and maker is God,  
Close to the crystal portal  
I see by the gates of pearl  
The eyes of our other angel—  
A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed  
To guide his footsteps aright;  
So to live that I be counted worthy  
To walk in sandals of light;  
And hear, amid songs of welcome,  
From messengers trusty and fleet,  
On the stary floor of heaven,  
The patter of little feet.

## NOTHING TO DO.

Men or women with no business, nothing to do, are absolute pests to society. They are thieves, stealing that which is not theirs; beggars, eating that which they have not earned; drones, wasting the fruits of others' industry; leeches, sucking the blood of others; evildoers, setting an example of idleness and dishonest living; vampires, eating out the life of the community.

Many of our most interesting youth waste a great portion of their early life in fruitless endeavors at nothing. They have no trade, no profession, no object before them, nothing to do; and yet have a great desire to do something worthy of themselves. They try this and that, and the other; offer themselves to do anything and everything, and yet know how to do nothing. Educate themselves they cannot, for they know not what they should do for. They waste their time, energies, and little earnings in endless changes and wanderings. They have not the stimulus of a fixed object to fasten their attention and awaken their energies; not a known prize to win. They wish for good things, but have no way to attain them; desire to be useful, but little means for being so. They lay plans, invent schemes, form theories, build castles, but never stop to execute and realize them. Poor creatures! All that ails them is the want of an object—a single object. They look at a hundred, and see nothing. If they should look steadily at one, they would see it distinctly. They grasp at random at a hundred things, and catch nothing. It is like shooting among a scattered flock of pigeons—the chances are doubtful. This will never do—no, never. Success, respectability and happiness are found in a permanent business. An early choice of some business, devotion to it, and preparation for it, should be made by every youth.

## WHAT COOLNESS DID.

It was during the terrible cholera year, 1849, in Russia. Five hundred fell victims

daily. The peasants were in despair. The report was started, and it spread like wildfire, that they were poisoned by the physicians. A furious mob, armed with those axes in the use of which the Russians are so dexterous, rushed to the market-place. No man knew where their fury would fall. The tumult might end in an insurrection. The tidings were brought to Nicholas, who had only partially recovered from an attack of the fearful pestilence. He flung himself into a droshky, and dashed to the market. Mounting the steps of a church, his tall form towered above the surrounding masses which heaved and tossed with excitement. His clear and sonorous voice rang through the vast square.

"How is this? You are not the children of sacred Russia. Would you revolt against Heaven? Would you imitate the revolutionists of other nations? Brothers, be yourselves again. It is God who smites us. Instead of murmuring against his blow, acknowledge his power. Down upon your knees, and implore him to remove the scourge from our country."

As he spoke, he bowed his stately head in prayer; and the crowd, as one man, fell upon their knees. The Czar had conquered.

## THE LENGTH OF DAYS.

The days of summer grow longer as we go northward, and the days of winter shorter. At Hamburg, the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven. At Stockholm, the longest has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five and a half. At St. Petersburg, the longest has nineteen, and the shortest five hours. At Finland, the longest has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two and a half. At Wandorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2nd of July, the sun not getting below the horizon for the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the north. At Spitzbergen, the longest day lasts three months and a half.

## PERSPIRATION.

The amount of liquid matter which passes through the microscopical tubes of the skin in twenty-four hours, in an adult person of sound health, is about sixteen fluid ounces, or one pint. One ounce of the sixteen is solid matter, made up of organic or inorganic substances, which, if allowed to remain in the system for a brief space of time, would cause death. The rest is water. Besides the water and solid matter, a large amount of carbonic acid—a gaseous body—passes through the tubes; so we cannot fail to see the importance of keeping them in perfect working order, removing obstructions by frequent applications of water, or by some other means. Suppose we obstruct the functions of the skin perfectly by varnishing a person completely with a compound impervious to moisture; how long will he live? Not over six hours. The experiment was once tried on a child in Florence. Pope Leo X., on the occasion of his accession to the papal chair, wished to have a living figure to represent the Golden Age, and so he gilded a poor child all over with varnish and gold leaf. The child died in a few hours. If the fur of a rabbit, or the skin of a pig be covered with a solution of india-rubber in naphtha, the animal ceases to breathe in two hours.

## A GIGANTIC FAMILY.

Perhaps we may make no excuse for departing from the custom of not noticing exhibitions when we call the attention of our readers to the most remarkable development of adipose tissue which has, probably, ever been observed in Europe, at least within one family. It is interesting, as testing the laws of heredity, to observe the peculiarities of the O'Neal family, of which a careful examination by a writer in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review* leads him to vouch for the accuracy of the extraordinary measurements we give. They are natives of Ireland, Queen's county, forty-seven miles from the city of Dublin. They are born of respectable parents, hard-working farmers. The father stood six feet, and weighed twenty-seven stone. The mother is forty-five years of age, stands five feet two inches in height, measures round her arm twenty-six inches, across her shoulders three feet, round her waist five feet six inches, and weighs the enormous weight of twenty-one stone. Her eldest son is twenty-five years of age, stands six feet two inches, weighs eighteen stone five pounds, and at the present time he is a Life Guard. All the sons and daughters were of large dimensions. Miss Ann O'Neal, the eldest daughter, is twenty years of age; she stands five feet six inches in height, and measures round her arm twenty-seven inches, across the shoulders one yard and a half, round her waist eight feet, and has the enormous weight of thirty-nine stone. Her youngest sister is eighteen years of age, stands five feet two inches in height, measures round her arm twenty-five inches, across her shoulders three feet, round her waist six feet, and weighs twenty-three stone. The eldest daughter is, as may well be imagined, on account of her obesity, scarcely able to walk. She appears to be uneasy on her legs, and is compelled to lean up against the wall for support. The vaccination marks on her arms having increased with age and development of adipose tissue, are as large as ordinary saucers. As there is no padding or artificial method employed to enhance the enormous weight of the specimens, the

disproportion which strikes the observer between the gigantic bodies and the relatively small though absolutely large crania is almost startling. The hands are coarse and large-boned. In Ann O'Neal (affectionately and absurdly named "Lily" by her smaller relatives) the malar bones are enormous, and the mouth is much underhung, by the forward projection of the lower jaw. Although the mother shows signs of excessive alcoholic consumption, there is no disease noticeable or complained of; and the subjects do not appear to suffer from any other affection than the inconvenience of having to support so much fat. —*Medical Record.*

## EVIL SPEAKING.

The following anecdote is related of the late excellent J. J. Gurney, by one who, as a child, was often one of his family circle:

"One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil speaking. Severely I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that talkers run off the straight line of truth. S. did not stand very high in my esteem, and I was about to speak further of her failings of temper. In a few moments my eye caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark, speaking eye. It brought the color to my face, and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked, very gravely:

"Dost thou know any good thing to tell us of her?"

"I did not answer; and the question was more seriously asked,

"Think; is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her?"

"Oh yes, I know some good things; but—"  
"Would it not have been better, then, to relate those good things than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem? Since there is good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil. 'Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity,' thou knowest."

## WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

An exchange copies the following correct and comprehensive answer to the above question, and urges every child as well as grown person to commit it to memory, to be recited as often as practicable:

A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and etiquette of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak and act and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond this; that which lies at the root of all his pleasing is the same spirit which lies at the root of every Christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance to others as he would that others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed, how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he can show respect to others—how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society, he scrupulously ascertains the position and relations of every one with whom he comes in contact, that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from any illusions which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, nor even appears conscious of, any person's defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, or of the reputation of the person in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself, never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power or rank, or advantages—such as is implied in ridicule, or sarcasm, or abuse—as he never indulges in habits, or tricks, or inclinations which may be offensive to others.

## DIDN'T GIVE IT UP.

One of our citizens is blessed, or otherwise, with a very stubborn wife. In his case he finds that when a woman will she will, you may depend on't, and when she won't she won't and that's an end on't. This peculiarity of disposition in his wife is no secret among his associates, and one of them meeting him the other day, asked:

"Well—, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey!" echoed W—, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I go home."

"Mrs. W—," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up, but she didn't; she looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered:

"I suppose it's because you were born so."

W— has abjured the habit of putting conundrums to his wife. —*Lawrence American.*

## A STRIKING PICTURE.

The editor of the *Corpus Christi (Texas) Advertiser*, in parting with his paper, gives his ideas of what he knows about the business, as follows:—

If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it; if the type is too large, it don't contain enough reading matter; if the type is too small, they can't read it; if we publish telegraph reports, folks say they are nothing but lies; if we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect; if we insert a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but a rattle head; if we omit jokes, we are a fossil; if we publish original selections, folks say we are lazy for not giving them what they have not read in some other paper; if we give a man complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial; if we do not, all hands say that we are a great hog; if we insert an article that pleases the ladies, men become jealous; if we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to be in their houses; if we attend church, they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked; if we speak well of any act, folks say we dare not do otherwise; if we censure, they call us a traitor; if we remain in our office and attend to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows; if we do not pay all bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted; if we do pay promptly, they say we stole the money.

We have been through the mill. We have toiled by our midnight lamp while others were asleep.

Worn out by toil, trouble, affliction, anxiety, and with the consciousness of declining health, we seek respite. We stand aside, turn over our lance to others, and will endeavor to avail ourselves of that physical restoration of which we stand so much in need. Farewell.

## NEVER BE HAUGHTY.

A humming-bird met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawing doll." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may, some day, become your superiors."

## "ALL RIGHTEE."

Those who have ever come in contact with the "heathen chimes," or spent any time over the pages of Bret Harte, will enjoy the following story clipped from the *Vailejo Independent*, which that paper significantly entitles "all rightee."

A laughable incident occurred one evening, recently, on the up train to Sacramento. There were two seats in the car turned so as to face each other. One was occupied by a lady and the other by a Chinaman. Evidently the lady did not relish the presence of the Chinaman, and set her wits to work to oust him out. She succeeded about as follows:

Motioning the Chinaman to rise, she explained to him that she wanted to take the cushions and their frames, and place them lengthwise across from seat to seat. John said "all rightee," and got out in the aisle while she placed the seats as above described, and then proceeded to lie down on the bed thus improvised, with her head resting on her valise.

She supposed that the Chinaman would at once take the hint that the lady wanted to take a little rest, in the space usually occupied by four persons. But John hadn't heard of the woman's rights movement, and at once proceeded to crawl in and stretch himself by her side, with his head on a little bundle of his own. The Chinese are an imitative race, and like to do as others do, you know.

The lady, as soon as she discovered that she had a bedfellow, got up a little wildly, and started for the next car, to the infinite amusement of the passengers, who had been watching the little scene with some interest. John took no notice of the fun he created, but went to sleep with the whole bed to himself.

## Sawdust and Chips.

Bill Shank says courtship is bliss, but matrimony is blister.

"It is a sin to steal a pin," and a man in Philadelphia has been arrested for that very offence. The pin has a diamond attached to it.

The wife of a roofer being asked if she was not afraid to have her husband exposed to such danger, trustfully replied: "Oh! he's insured."

A little boy was sent to a shop for some eggs. Before reaching home he dropped them. In answer to his mother, who asked, "Did you break any?" he replied, "No, I didn't break any, but the shells came off from some of them."

"You are the dullest boy I ever saw," crossly exclaimed a bald-headed old uncle to his nephew. "Well, uncle," replied the youth, with a glance at the old gentleman's bald head, "you can't expect me to understand things as quickly as you do, because

you don't have the trouble of 'getting 'em through your hair.'"

EXACTLY SO.—Our friend Charley: Have you read Darwin's book, *Miss Gibbons*?—Miss G.: Oh, yes.—Charley: And—ah—what do you think of it?—Miss G. (who may have been asked the same question before): I think it a very exhaustive treatise upon the indeterminate modifications in which the sensibilities of human nature are involved! (Charley is rather sorry he spoke.)

A Boston journal is responsible for the following on the marriage of Thomas Hawk to Miss S. J. Dove:—

"It isn't often that you see  
So queer a kind of love.  
Oh, what a savage he must be  
To Tommy Hawk a dove!"

One of the most touching instances of gratitude is alleged to have occurred in the country the other day. A little boy, the child of a wealthy mother, tumbled into the river. He was rescued by a working-man and restored to his broken-hearted parent. The woman gave the man a penny postage stamp, and said she would be glad to have him come up to her house and sit out in the entry and hear her play the piano. He went away with tears in his eyes. He said he wasn't used to such overwhelming kindness.

A romantic young lady fell into the river, the other day, and was near drowning; but succor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless, and carried home. On coming to, she declared to her family that she must marry him who had saved her. "Impossible," said her papa. "What is he already married?" "Certainly not." "Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in our neighborhood?" "Dear me, no—it was a Newfoundland dog!"

CRACK AND RING.—Two Aberdonians, turning the corner of a street rather sharply, came into collision. The shock was severe to one of them. He pulled off his hat, and laying his hand on his forehead, said, "Sic a blow! my head's a-ringing again." "Nao wonder," said his fellow-town man, your head was eye boss (empty); that makes it ring. My head disna' ring a bit." "How could it ring," said the other, "seeing it is crackit? Crackit vessels never ring."

A JUDICIAL EXPERIMENT.—Doherty, the late Chief Justice of Ireland, used to tell a good story of his posting days. He was going circuit in a postchaise, and at a dangerous part, where the road skirted a descent, one of the horses, who had been behaving wildly all the way, began kicking furiously. Much alarmed, Doherty called out, "This is outrageous! I don't think that horse has ever been in harness before."—"Bedad, your lordship's right; he was only taken out of the field this morning." "And do you mean to tell me that you have put an unbroken horse to my carriage?" "Sorra a sight of the leather he has ever seen till to-day, and if he brings your lordship safe to the fut of the hill, the master says he'll buy him."

THE BACHELOR JURY.—A gentleman, who is rather given to story-telling, relates the following:—"When I was a young man I spent several years in the south, residing for a while at Port Gibson on the Mississippi river. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not always an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to court to get excused. On my name being called I informed his honor the judge that I was not a freeholder, and therefore not qualified to serve. 'I am stopping for the time being at this place.' 'You board at the hotel, I presume?' 'I take my meals, but have rooms in another part of the town where I lodge.' 'So you keep bachelor's hall?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How long have you lived in that manner?' 'About six months.' 'I think you are qualified,' gravely remarked the judge, 'for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you name who had not dirt enough in his room to make him a freeholder. The Court does not excuse you.'"

A traveller in Ireland, in the midst of a severe storm of wind and rain, found a dilapidated cabin by the wayside, and entered. Through numerous cracks and fissures in wall and roof the flood poured in trickling streams; only one spot of the littered floor was dry, and that was in the corner where an old coverlet was suspended roofwise, and underneath which sat the owner of the cabin playing upon a fiddle. He ceased his music as the stranger entered, and offered him a seat by his side beneath the coverlet. "You seem to be musical under difficulties," remarked the traveller, after he had gained the shelter. "Faith, 'an I fiddle to keep away the blues," answered Paddy. "Is this cabin yours?" "An' it is, bad scan to it!" "Why don't you patch up the walls and roof, and stop this fearful leaking?" "Och, bedad! would ye have a man go out in a storm? The remedy 'ud be worse than the disease." "But," urged the traveller, "why don't you patch it during pleasant weather?"—"Why, bless your soul," exclaimed the host, "in pleasant weather it don't lake!"

Education does not profess to give the gifts of God, by creating abilities in man, but merely to draw such out as are inherent within him, so that he may be enabled to apply them to his comfort and happiness in life. Schools are arenas for mental training—places for mental gymnastics—where, by systematic effort and exercise, the feeble man may become strong.

KISS ME.

A very funny incident occurred a few days since at a certain store in the city. It is too good to be lost. One of our composers has written a very pretty song entitled 'Kiss Me.' A very pretty, blushing maid, having heard of the song, and thinking she would get it, stepped into the music store to make a purchase; one of the clerks, a modest young man, stopped up to wait on her. The young lady threw back her veil, saying: "I want 'Rock Me to Sleep.'"

The clerk got her the song and put it before her. "Now," said the young lady, "I want the 'Wandering Refugee.'" "Yes, ma'am," said the clerk bowing, and in a few minutes he produced the Refugee. "Now, 'Kiss Me,'" said the young lady, of course meaning the song above mentioned. The poor clerk's eyes popped fire almost, as he looked at the young lady in utter astonishment, for he was not aware of the fact that a song by that name had been published. "Wh—what did you say, Miss?" " 'Kiss Me,'" said she. "I can't do it; I never kissed a young lady in my life," said the clerk. And about that time a veil dropped, a young lady left in a hurry, clerk felt sick, and the dealer lost the sale of some music.

Grains of Gold.

A wise man's thoughts walk within him, but a fool's without.

To be vain of what you have learned is the same as to plume yourself on a piece of game you have received from a hunter.

If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is no island cut off from other land, but a continent that joins them.

This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of your life touches upon some chord that will vibrate in eternity.

Men want restraining as well as propelling power. The good ship is provided with anchors as well as sails.

Keep your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home. Give to the world only those which are to spare.

We cannot gather grapes from thorns, so we cannot expect kind attachments from persons wholly filled up in selfishness.

Purpose is the edge and point of character; it is the super-criticism on the letter of talent. Character without it is blunt and torpid; genius without it is bullion—splendid and un-circulating.

There is an elasticity in the human mind capable of bearing much but which will not show itself until a certain weight be put upon it. Its powers may be compared to vehicles whose springs are so contrived that they get on smoothly enough when loaded, but jolt and foundered when they have anything to bear.

Modesty. If the man who has got to the top of the hill by honesty is ashamed to turn about and look at the lowly road he has travelled, he deserves to be taken by the neck and hurled to the bottom again.

There's few things more productive of evils in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of a sulky kind, that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the mally passionate, which vests itself in absolute violence.

The man who always has some plot on hand, who naturally takes to treachery and concealment, and is never ready to have his actions brought out into the clear light of day, is apt to be so constitutionally base that he seldom, even by accident, deviates into the path of honor and virtue.

The power of a wife, for good or evil, is irresistible. Without one, home must be for ever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness, and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy.

Society. Human society may be compared to a heap of embers, which, when placed asunder, can retain neither their light nor heat amidst the surrounding elements; but when brought together, they mutually give heat and life to each other, the flame breaks forth, and not only defends itself, but subdues everything around it.

Miscellaneous.

**SAMUEL PLATT, JR.,**  
ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c.,  
OFFICE:—15 KING STREET WEST,  
TORONTO.  
42-hr

**CHARLES HUNTER,**  
DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS,  
68 Queen Street West,  
CORNER TERAULEY ST.  
TORONTO, ONT.  
45-te

**THE ALHAMBRA,**  
CORNER YONGE AND SHUTTER STS.  
Noted House for Choice Drinks.  
Masters' Golden Bird's Eye Tobacco and the Imperial Smoking Mixtu can be had here in registered packets, only 10c each.  
35-1k

Dentistry, Surgical, &c.

**M. EDWARD SNIDER,**  
SURGEON DENTIST  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—31 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto.  
26-hr

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

**DR. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT,**  
DENTIST  
GRADUATE OF THE PHILADELPHIA DENTAL COLLEGE.  
OFFICE—Corner of King and Church streets, Toronto  
27-hr

**F. G. CALLENDER,**  
DENTIST,  
OFFICE—Corner of King and Jordan Streets  
27-hr  
TORONTO.

**R. G. TROTTER,**  
DENTIST,  
55 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.,  
Opposite Toronto Street.  
RESIDENCE—172 Jarvis Street.  
28-oh

**W. C. ADAMS,**  
DENTIST,  
35 King Street East, Toronto,  
Has given attention to his profession in all its parts.  
28-oh

**G. W. HALL,**  
DENTIST,  
No. 6 TEMPERANCE ST., TORONTO,  
First house off Yonge St., North Side  
24-hr

**N. AGNEW, M. D.,**  
(Successor to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew.)  
CORNER OF BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS,  
TORONTO.  
26-oh

**DAVID'S**  
COUGH BALSAM.  
An infallible remedy for COUGHS, COLD, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat.  
25-CENTS PER BOTTLE.  
JOSEPH DAVIDS,  
Chemist, &c.,  
170 King Street East.  
22-te

**Legal Cards.**  
**LAUDER & PROCTOR,**  
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, ETC.  
OFFICE:—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street.  
A. W. LAUDER. JAS. A. PROCTOR.  
27-hr

**HARRY E. CASTON,**  
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,  
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,  
OFFICE—18 ADELAIDE STREET,  
Opposite the Court House,  
TORONTO.  
26-oh

**HENRY O'BRIEN,**  
BARRISTER,  
Attorney and Solicitor, &c.,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.  
OFFICE—68 CHURCH STREET.  
26-oh

**Miscellaneous.**  
**WILLIAM BERGE,**  
LUMBER MERCHANT,  
Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Windows, Flooring, Shelving, Packing Boxes, &c., &c.  
CORNER SHEPPARD AND RICHMOND STREETS,  
TORONTO.  
26-hr

**W. MILLIOHAMP,**  
Gold and Silver Plater in all its branches  
MANUFACTURER OF  
Nickel Silver and Wood Show Cases  
and Window Bars,  
14 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.  
28-hr

Hats and Caps.

**W. WAGES**  
HATS AND CAPS  
Is the best place in the city to get value for your money.  
Remember the address,  
55 KING STREET EAST,  
OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.  
49-oh

Dry Goods.

181 YONGE STREET 181

GREAT STOCK-TAKING SALE.

We commenced on Thursday morning, 2nd January, 1874, to offer the WILEE STOCK as a GREAT REDUCTION from the regular Prices, in order to make a Clearance, before commencing to measure for Stock-taking.

BARGAINS WILL BE GIVEN.

Look at some of our Prices.

|                                                   |        |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Scarlet Flannel 1s, worth.....                    | 0 1 3  |
| Stout Winey, 5/4d, 6d, 7/4d, 9d, worth.....       | 0 1 0  |
| Prints, Ashton's best, 7/4d, worth.....           | 0 0 9  |
| Fine French Merinos 2s and 2s 3/4, worth.....     | 0 3 9  |
| Rich Flowered Dress Goods, 1s, worth.....         | 0 1 6  |
| French Repts 1s 2 1/2d, worth.....                | 0 1 9  |
| Heavy Tartan Lustres 1s, worth.....               | 0 1 9  |
| All-wool Plaids, 1s 3/4, worth.....               | 0 2 0  |
| Paisley Shawls 15s, worth.....                    | 1 19 0 |
| Good Grey Cotton.....                             | 0 0 3  |
| Clouds 7/4d, 1s 3/4, 1s 9d, 2s 3/4, worth.....    | 0 0 6  |
| Horrock's White Cotton.....                       | 0 0 7  |
| Black Alpaca 1 1/4d, 1s 1 1/2d, 1s 3/4d, and..... | 0 1 6  |
| Blankets.....                                     | 0 8 9  |
| Heavy Shawls, 11s, worth.....                     | 0 15 0 |

AND OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION.

25 This is a genuine Sale and no humbug.

**T. BROWNLOW,**  
181 Yonge Street, 4 doors North of Queen.  
34-te

**MEAKIN & CO.,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
207 YONGE STREET,  
HAVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF  
READY-MADE CLOTHING  
ON HAND.

If you want a Good, Cheap Suit, now is the time for genuine bargains.

Order Work Punctually Attended to,  
AND WE GUARANTEE A GOOD FIT.

A First-Class Cutter kept on the premises.  
44-te

STOCK-TAKING AT  
**THE "STAR,"**  
EVERYTHING REDUCED.

**DRESS GOODS LOWER THAN EVER.**

Cottons at Manufacturers' Prices.

REMNANTS AT A SACRIFICE!

**"STAR HOUSE,"**  
Corner King and West Market Square.  
All Goods marked in plain figures.  
35-te

Miscellaneous.

**THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY**  
BOTH FOR  
**New & Second-Hand Furniture.**

A good assortment of  
SIDEBOARDS, LOUNGES AND HOUSE  
FURNISHING GOODS.

Of every description. Always on hand.

**CARPETS, STOVES, &c.**

**FURNITURE EXCHANGED.**

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE NEATLY REPAIRED

Sofas Re-Covered and Chairs Re-Caned

Call before purchasing elsewhere.

**JAMES WEEKES,**  
44-te 27 & 29 YONGE STREET

**WEST END FURNITURE WARE-ROOME.**  
**JAMES McQUELLAN,**  
FURNITURE DEALER,  
223 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Special attention paid to repairing in all its branches. City Express delivery promptly executed. Household Furniture removed with greatest care.  
First-class Furniture Varnish always on hand.  
32-oh

**MECHANICS**  
**CHEAP FURNITURE STORE,**  
23-QUEEN STREET WEST—23  
Next to Knox Church.

The Subscriber begs to call special attention to the BARGAINS now offered in New and Second-Hand Furniture.  
Mechanics and others will find it to their advantage to visit this store to purchase what they want.  
28-hr  
ALEX. KING.

China and Glassware.

**CHINA HALL,**  
SIGN OF THE "BIG JUG" REGISTERED.

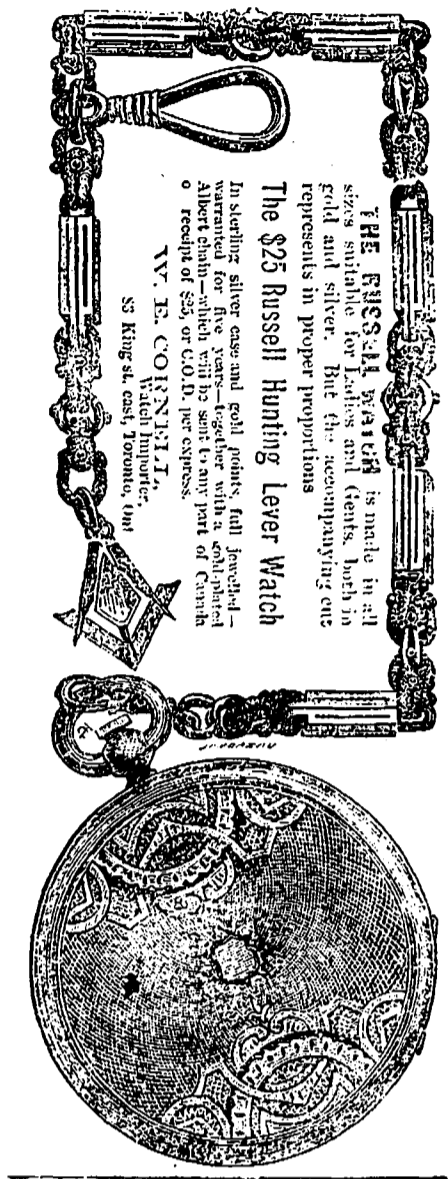
Has now in stock a large assortment of Crockery and Glassware, to which he invites the attention of ladies and gentlemen furnishing—

- 100 patterns Breakfast and Tea Sets,
  - 50 " Dinner Sets,
  - 25 " Dessert Sets,
  - 50 " Bedroom Sets.
- Also, Table Jugs, Fancy Teapots, Cheese Covers, Biscuit Jars, Game Pie Dishes, Spoons, Cutlery and Fancy Goods.

71 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.  
**GLOVER HARRISON,**  
IMPORTER  
32-te

Jewellery.

**J. SECSWORTH,**  
Importer of Watches, Clocks, and Fancy Goods, and Manufacturer of Gold and Silver Jewellery. Masonic Emblems made to order.  
113 YONGE ST., TORONTO.  
25 Spectacles to Suit every Sight. 26-hr



Steam Dye Works.

**STEAM DYE WORKS**  
333 AND 363 YONGE ST., TORONTO,  
(Between Guild and Gerrard Sts.)  
**THOMAS SQUIR, Proprietor.**

Kid gloves cleaned with superiority and dispatch.  
Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired on the same day possible notice.  
20-oh

Tailoring.

**CHARLES TOYE,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,  
72 QUEEN STREET WEST.  
A large and extensive stock on hand. A good fit guaranteed.  
30-hr

**JOHN KELZ,**  
Merchant Tailor,  
358 YONGE STREET,  
A LARGE AND GOOD ASSORTMENT OF FALL GOODS FOR ORDERED WORK.  
A Cheap Stock of Ready-Made Clothing on hand.  
20-oh

The Press.

**THE Scientific American,**  
FOR 1873.  
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, now in its 25th year, enjoys the widest circulation of any analogous periodical in the world.

Its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the Industrial, Mechanical, and Scientific Progress of the world; Descriptions, with beautiful Engravings, of New Inventions, New Implements, New Processes, and Improved Industries of all kinds; Useful Notes, Facts, Recipes, Suggestions and Advice, by Practical Writers, for Workmen and Employers, in all the various Arts.

Descriptions of Improvements, Discoveries, and Important Works, pertaining to Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Milling, Mining and Metallurgy; Records of the latest progress in the Applications of Steam, Steam Engineering, Railways, Shipbuilding, Navigation, Telegraphy, Telegraph Engineering, Electricity, Magnetism, Light and Heat.

The Latest Discoveries in Photography, Chemistry, New and Useful Applications of Chemistry in the Arts and in Domestic or Household Economy.

The Latest Information pertaining to Technology, Mathematics, Astronomy, Geography, Meteorology, Mineralogy, Geology, Zoology, Botany, Horticulture, Agriculture, Architecture, Rural Economy, Household Economy, Food, Lighting, Heating, Ventilation, and Health.

In short the whole range of the Sciences and Practical Arts are embraced within the scope of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. No person who desires to be intelligently informed can afford to be without this paper.

Farmers, Mechanics, Engineers, Inventors, Manufacturers, Chemists, Lovers of Science, Teachers, Clergymen, Lawyers, and People of all Professions, will find the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN to be of great value. It should have a place in every Family, Library, Study, Office and Counting Room; in every Reading Room, College, Academy, or School.

Published weekly, splendidly Illustrated, only \$3 a year.

The Yearly Numbers of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN make two splendid volumes of nearly one thousand pages, equivalent in contents to Four Thousand ordinary Book Pages. An Official List of all Patents issued is published weekly. A Specimen copy sent free. Address the publishers, MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

**PATENTS.** In connection with the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, Messrs. MUNN & CO. are solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, have had over 25 years' experience, and have the largest establishment in the world. If you have made an invention, write them a letter and send a sketch; they will promptly inform you, free of charge, whether your device is new and patentable. They will also send you, free of charge, a copy of the Patent laws in full with instructions how to proceed to obtain a patent. Address MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

Miscellaneous.

**E. WESTMAN,**  
177 King Street East,  
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOLS,  
SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.  
All Goods Warranted.  
30-oh

**PETER WEST,**  
(Late West Brothers.)  
GOLD AND SILVER PLATER.  
Every description of work on Electro-Plate, Steel Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new, Carriage Irons Silver-Plated to order.  
POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET.  
35-ph

**T. CLAXTON,**  
Importer and Dealer in  
**First-class Band Instruments,**  
Violas, English, German and Anglo-German Concertinas, Guitars, Flutes, Fias, Bows, strings, Instruction Books, &c.,  
107 YONGE STREET.  
Special attention given to repairing and tuning every description of Musical Instruments.  
28-oh

**ANTHONY GILLIS,**  
(SUCCESSOR TO T. ROBINSON),  
**FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,**  
12 QUEEN STREET WEST.  
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing and Hair Dyeing done in first-class style.  
Ladies and Children's Hair Cutting promptly and carefully attended to.  
26-hr

**L. SIEVERT,**  
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN  
**CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF,**  
And every description of Tobacconist's Goods,  
70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.  
Sign of the "INDIAN QUEEN."  
34-hr

**BALLS AND SUPPERS ATTENDED TO,**  
BY WILLIAM COULTER,  
On the shortest notice, and in a manner as to give entire satisfaction. Home-made bread always on hand.  
Remember the address—CORNER OF TERAULEY AND ALBERT STREETS.  
33-oh

**BAY STREET BOOK BINDERY.**  
No. 102, Late Telegraph Building

**WM. BLACKHALL,**  
Account Book Manufacturer, and Law, Plain and Ornamental Bookbinder and Paper Ruler, Toronto.  
35-oh



**Society Seal Presses,**  
RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS.  
**CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, &c.**  
ENGRAVED ON HAND STAMPS.  
CHAS. A. SCADDING,  
83 Bay Street, Toronto

**MAT'S,**  
MAT'S,  
MAT'S.  
FOR CHOICE DRINKS  
GO TO  
**MAT'S.**  
IF YOU WANT TO

SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING  
GO TO  
**MAT'S.**

**CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,**  
Ottawa, November, 1872.

**AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN INVOICES** until further notice, 12 per cent.  
**R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,**  
Commissioner  
26-1f

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

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

LONDON TRADES.

LABOR NEWS.

A vast and increasing augmentation of the area of London trades is now on the board, and that will enable the Metropolitan to open up new industries little dreamt of

I allude to the immense district on the north side of the Thames, known as Battersea parish, and which has for years past been a swamp and a waste of Metropolitan energies.

On its borders, at Wandsworth, "Price's," and other immense artificial light firms, have fixed their factories; and I will halt here to say that, with respect to trade in candle and oils, those businesses are rapidly advancing, and the labor used up is enormous on the spot, as well as spread abroad.

Studded about here are other singular and extensive trades, and flourishing; and having a fair knowledge of the district years back, I can see an astounding advance in trade and buildings for the work-people.

On the banks of the Thames, the same side as Price's, and near the old bridge, another large factory has firmly fixed itself in making patent horse-shoes—not nails; and this new industry, by the way, is throwing out of work farriers and horse-shoe smiths to a great extent, for the hands now employed have but scant knowledge of the hoofs of a horse.

About three miles back, a horse-nail factory, on a very large scale, and which I alluded to in previous number of Labor News at some length, on Dec. 14, on employment for women, is rapidly advancing in its extent of trade, but in this instance London labor has not been overbalanced the same way as the horse-shoe patent has; but, on the contrary, the managing partner of the engineering firm of Messrs. Moser, Mr. Charles Edward Moser, is adding greatly to London labor, both male and female, and, what is more, the patent is fast absorbing all the horse-nail work, so long a staple trade in the Birmingham and other country districts.

Another immense industry has just started here, too, with a capital of £500,000, and which has been thoroughly tested on an extended and practical scale, to work Ruck's patent for heating and lighting purposes. Battersea, so wretchedly poor as to have last year three thousand empty houses, has now been so fortunate with patents, that this new trade is but the precursor to others, I learn this week at the Patent Office, with works that will throw Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, and Manchester in the background. This is no visionary announcement, and as soon as the factories are fairly on the start, the readers of the Labor News will have early information. The bad weather has as yet retarded the builders erecting the necessary works.

The increase of shipbuilding in, what is termed, the port of London is still encouraging, and the docks are well on both for export and import.

The ironworkers are not, I find, so busy as before Christmas, and this arises, the hands out allege, through the high prices of coal, as contractors on a large scale are very chary in giving a yearly order, and the like "hang back" exists at the foundries.

The Bessemer steel operations here also exert some slackening influence, and there are not wanting business men who imagine that the Bessemer process will, in a few years, supplant skilled ironworkers. At present the Greenwich works are fairly on, and orders to hand.

The branch of the iron trade known as engineers, apart from ironworkers, are fairly on for work, but here "King Coal" holds out an ugly threat, for a continuance of prosperity.

The leather trades in all branches are busy, and "old Simon the Tanner" at Bermondsey is doing a flourishing trade with the hands after work.

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

It will be remembered that last summer the operatives in the various branches of the London building trade made a demand for an increase of one penny per hour in their rate of wages, and that the employers conceded a halfpenny. The Central Association of Master Builders have just received notice that this year the men intend to "stand out" for the other halfpenny, making their wages 9d. per hour, "in accordance with the terms of their original memorial." The notice fixes the 19th of July next as date for the increase to come into operation, and adds that, "considering the increased cost of the necessaries of life, they find the purchasing power of money within the last few years has been reduced at least twenty per cent.

Books, Stationery, &c.

ALFRED BUTLER, BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND NEWS DEALER, 35 Queen Street West, Toronto.

R. MACKENZIE, NEWSDEALER, STATIONER, AND DEALER IN TOYS AND GENERAL FANCY GOODS.

BAIRD'S INDUSTRIAL, PRACTICAL, & SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS.

W.M. WRIGHT, DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS.

F. PEIRCE, DEALER IN PROVISIONS, Cured Meats, Butter, POULTRY, ETC., 100 Yonge Street, Toronto.

"THE ROYAL TEA MART" IS THE PLACE FOR CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, FRUITS AND SPICES.

H. K. DUNN, 65 QUEEN STREET WEST, OPPOSITE TERAULEY STREET.

CHINAMAN! AH SAUM. The undersigned proprietors of the PEKIN TEA COMPANY

Family Groceries, As was ever offered for sale in this city, and as low as the price list of any house in the Dominion.

THOS. D. WAKELEE & CO., Proprietors of the Pekin Tea Company, No. 218 YONGE STREET, CORNER ALBERT.

MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c., IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF STEAM AND DOMESTIC COAL, DEALERS IN CORDWOOD, CUT AND UNCUT.

W. M. McCABE, PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER, 165 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

MURPHY & BOLTON, (Successors to S. Fawkes & H. B. Williams.) FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS, 103 YONGE STREET, NORTH OF QUEEN STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

H. STONE, UNDERTAKER, 337 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

J. YOUNG, LATE FROM G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal, UNDERTAKER, 361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

M. McCABE, PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER, 165 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

MURPHY & BOLTON, (Successors to S. Fawkes & H. B. Williams.) FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS, 103 YONGE STREET, NORTH OF QUEEN STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

H. STONE, UNDERTAKER, 337 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

J. YOUNG, LATE FROM G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal, UNDERTAKER, 361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

BEST COAL & WOOD! LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY, AT THE VICTORIA WOOD YARD, Victoria Street, near Richmond St.

COAL! WITHOUT SNOW. BIG COAL HOUSE. OFFICE: 45 YONGE STREET. W. NYLES & SON.

COLEMAN & CO.'S COAL OFFICE REMOVED TO 65 YONGE ST. 65 NEXT TO Henderson's Auction Rooms J. F. COLEMAN & CO (Successors to Geo. Chaffey & Bro.)

MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c., IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF STEAM AND DOMESTIC COAL, DEALERS IN CORDWOOD, CUT AND UNCUT.

W. M. McCABE, Proprietor of the Big Blue Boot Store, No. 59 QUEEN STREET WEST.

BOOTS AND SHOES Now is the Time for Bargains. Balance of Winter Stock must be cleared out to make room for a Splendid Stock of SPRING GOODS. THE BEST AND LARGEST WE EVER HAD.

WM. WEST & CO. SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT, 200 YONGE STREET.

P. MCGINNES, 181 YORK STREET. All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable BOOTS AND SHOES, CALL AT THE Workingmen's Shoe Depot, 40-hr

Miscellaneous. GEORGE ELLIS, Manufacturer and Importer of Hair and Jute Switches, Chignons, Curis, Wigs, Bands, Puffs and Perfumery.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!! MEERSCHAUM AND BRIAR PIPES, POUCHES, STEMS, CIGAR CASES, VESUVIANS, &c. CHEAPEST IN THE CITY, THE IMPERIAL, 324 YONGE STREET.

THE WOODBINE, 88 YONGE STREET. WM. J. HOWELL, JR., PROPRIETOR. Choicest brands of Wines, Liqueurs, and Cigars constantly on hand.

THE IMPERIAL, 224 YONGE ST., TORONTO. W. MASTERS, IMPORTER.

R. MERRYFIELD, Boot and Shoe Maker, 100 YONGE STREET. A large and well-assorted Stock always on hand.

J. PRYKE, Workingmen's Boot and Shoe Store, KING WILLIAM STREET, HAMILTON. Copies of the ONTARIO WORKMAN can be obtained Five Cents per copy.

BOOTS AND SHOES. Fifteen per Cent Below USUAL PRICES. The undersigned having special facilities, offers for sale BOOTS AND SHOES AT VERY LOW PRICES.

JOSEPH WESTMAN, 41 Queen Street West. Call and inspect stock.

G. M. LYNN & CO. celebrated for their BOOTS AND SHOES. No Better Stock in the Market.

PROCLAMATION. To all whom it may concern, Greeting: MONTHLY DISCOUNT SALE.

S. McCABE, Proprietor of the Big Blue Boot Store, No. 59 QUEEN STREET WEST.

BOOTS AND SHOES Now is the Time for Bargains. Balance of Winter Stock must be cleared out to make room for a Splendid Stock of SPRING GOODS.

WM. WEST & CO. SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT, 200 YONGE STREET.

P. MCGINNES, 181 YORK STREET. All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable BOOTS AND SHOES, CALL AT THE Workingmen's Shoe Depot, 40-hr

Miscellaneous. GEORGE ELLIS, Manufacturer and Importer of Hair and Jute Switches, Chignons, Curis, Wigs, Bands, Puffs and Perfumery.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!! MEERSCHAUM AND BRIAR PIPES, POUCHES, STEMS, CIGAR CASES, VESUVIANS, &c. CHEAPEST IN THE CITY, THE IMPERIAL, 324 YONGE STREET.

THE WOODBINE, 88 YONGE STREET. WM. J. HOWELL, JR., PROPRIETOR. Choicest brands of Wines, Liqueurs, and Cigars constantly on hand.

THE IMPERIAL, 224 YONGE ST., TORONTO. W. MASTERS, IMPORTER.

THE IMPERIAL, 224 YONGE ST., TORONTO. W. MASTERS, IMPORTER.

THE IMPERIAL, 224 YONGE ST., TORONTO. W. MASTERS, IMPORTER.

GREY & BRUCE WOOD YARD, BAY STREET. (Opposite Fire Hall.) Beech, Maple, Mixed, and Pine Wood constantly on hand.

ALL KINDS OF CUT AND SPLIT WOOD IN STOCK. HARD AND SOFT COAL. Of every description, promptly delivered, at lowest prices.

WM. BULMAN, PROPRIETOR. QUEEN'S WHARF COAL HOUSE. Having completed my new premises I am prepared to offer a complete assortment of

COAL AND WOOD. Coal Covered and Free from Ice and Snow. P. BURNS, Office corner Bathurst and Front streets.

Real Estate. PROPERTIES FOR SALE. A LARGE TWO-STORY Rough-Cast House, On Caer Howell street. Price, \$1,700.

Several Building Lots on Berryman street and Davenport Place, Yorkville, at from \$200 to \$250 each. Several Building Lots on the Davenport Road, Yorkville, close to the Brick Schoolhouse, at \$400 each.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE. HOUSE OF COMMONS, THE CLERK'S OFFICE, Ottawa, Jan. 30, 1873.

Pursuant to the 5th Rule of the House, notice is hereby given that the time for RECEIVING PETITIONS FOR PRIVATE BILLS will expire on Wednesday, the 26th day of March next.

STEAMER FOR SALE. DEPARTMENT OF MILITARY DEFENCE, OTTAWA, February 3rd, 1873.

TENDERS, addressed to the MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE, Ottawa, and endorsed "Tender for Rescue," will be received until the 15th MARCH NEXT, for the PURCHASE of the Steamer "RESCUE," hitherto used as a Gunboat, now lying at Hamilton, Ont., with her Anchors, Chains, Cable, Rigging, Sails, and other appurtenances.

CAUTION TO SMOKERS. The Imperial Smoking Mixture. Sold only in registered 2 oz. packets, 15c.

GOLDEN BIRD'S EYE TOBACCO, Registered, 15c the 2oz. packet. Masters' Celebrated Virginia Shag, Registered, 10c the 2oz. packet.

THE IMPERIAL, 224 YONGE ST., TORONTO. W. MASTERS, IMPORTER.

THE IMPERIAL, 224 YONGE ST., TORONTO. W. MASTERS, IMPORTER.

THE IMPERIAL, 224 YONGE ST., TORONTO. W. MASTERS, IMPORTER.

THE IMPERIAL, 224 YONGE ST., TORONTO. W. MASTERS, IMPORTER.