

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1872.

NO. 11.

CANADIAN.

Brantford is to have an extension of its water works shortly.

Galt gardens have been producing ripe strawberries for a few days past.

Barley is said to be well headed out in the vicinity of Embro, and the prospects for an average yield are said to be good.

A young girl named Butler, in Listowell, on Monday, had a leg broken, and the other bruised, by hanging on to a waggon laden with hay.

On Monday evening, while several of Hon. Geo. Brown's Bow Park farm employes were bathing at Brantford, one of them was drowned; name unknown; body not yet found.

The proprietor of the Paris knitting factory had a doctor called into the factory the other day, who performed the operation of vaccinating the employees. This was done at the expense of the proprietor.

John Boyle, one of the band boys of the 44th battalion, got badly sunstruck at the Niagara Camp and died on Thursday. There were several other cases of sunstroke occurred on the field on Thursday.

A Guelph mother has discovered her daughter in the remains of an abandoned girl who recently died in Detroit under suspicious circumstances. She is gathering testimony to convict her daughter's deceiver.

Mr. Harry Childs, of the Maple Leaf Base Ball Club, Hamilton, has been presented with a silver medal for having made the best average score during the season of 1871. The medal is of appropriate design and excellent workmanship.

A serious accident occurred at Prescott, on Friday, by which a man named John Bradley came near losing his life. He was walking through La Bath's brewery, and his foot slipped and he fell into a vat of boiling water up to his neck. He is not expected to live many hours, as his flesh is coming entirely off.

About 4.30 p.m. on Thursday, a fire broke out at Petrolia, at the oil well known as the "moonlight well." Although the fire engine was speedily on the spot, all efforts to subdue the flames proved unavailing. The derrick and engine house were consumed in a very few minutes. Loss about \$500. Cause of fire unknown.

Last Monday morning, the wife of Mr. Alex. Vance, 10th Concession, Kinloss, went out to the woods in search of the cows. When her husband returned to his dinner, says the *Bruce Reporter*, she was missing, and on search being made, she was found suspended from a sapling in the bush by means of her apron, life being extinct.

OFF THE TRACK.—An express train on the Great Western got off the track near Grimsby on Saturday morning. One man was slightly hurt. The accident, however, delayed the express coming west, due here at 12.20, until 2.15. Several cars of a freight train were thrown off the track at the Governor's Road, on the Great Western, this afternoon. The track was blocked for a few hours. Nobody hurt.

On Friday morning, about half-past eleven, Mr. G. M. Howell, of Jerseyville, met with a severe accident while loading lumber here. His horses took fright at the 11.20 a.m. train, and in endeavoring to stop them, they knocked him down and ran over him. They ran along the line for a considerable distance before they were overtaken. Hopes are entertained of Mr. Howell's recovery, though he is very much cut and bruised.

OIL AT THAMESVILLE.—Oil was struck at the new well at Thamesville, on Tuesday morning, and the event was duly signaled by hoisting the Union Jack above the derrick. As a matter of course, the highest expectations are raised in the minds of some in consequence, but time alone will tell how these will be realized. After a few days, however, a pretty fair estimate will be obtained of the quantity and quality of the oil which the well produces.

A circumstance which occurred in Montreal the other day furnishes a warning against the rash practice of springing on board starting boats. The Longueuil ferry boat was on the point of departure, two men named Telesphore Belaire and his brother, who were going to Longueuil, attempted to jump on board. They missed their footing and fell into the river. Telesphore was drowned, but his brother was rescued by some people standing near.

A young lad aged about ten years, son of Daniel Stewart, Esq., of Aylmer, met with rather a severe accident on Saturday last. While attending the erection of a frame building on his father's place, a little east of the village, he climbed a small tree near by in order to have a full view of the proceedings. The limb which was his main support broke, and he fell to the ground, breaking his arm and dislocating his elbow. Dr. Clark was shortly afterwards in attendance, and the patient is now doing well.

On Tuesday some men employed at statute labor on Mr. Hortop's property, near Eden Mills, found beneath a large pine stump a human skeleton, supposed to be that of an Indian, but many of the bones were in such an advanced state of decay that they crumbled into dust upon being exposed to the air. The bones were large, so were the teeth, which are in good preservation. The skull was much thicker than any white man's. A flag-stone had been laid across the breast; and as the remains were under the roots of the old pine tree, they must have lain there over a century at least.

On Friday night, Mr. E. G. Whiting, one of the foremen of the Cedar Dale Works, Oshawa, was presented with an address and a massive and valuable gold chain and seal by the employes of the works. Besides the employes, there were present, Messrs. Whiting & Cowan, proprietors of the works, W. T. Cown, and others. After the meeting was called to order by Mr. Morrison, the address, which expressed the warm admiration felt by the workmen for Mr. Whiting, was read by Mr. Chandler. Mr. Whiting made a brief, but suitable reply, after the presentation. After which supper was served in superior style.

A woman, who was a passenger by the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway train, which left Prescott on Saturday morning for Toronto, on arriving at Kemptville, left the train, and shortly afterwards gave birth to a child. When the next train from Ottawa passed down she took passage on it for Prescott, and while on the way she got rid of her infant by pitching it out upon the track near Oxford. The body of the child was found shortly after the train passed, and suspicion being directed towards the woman, she was arrested at Prescott Junction, and is now in the jail awaiting a full investigation of the horrible crime laid to her charge.

A most remarkable incident is related of a merchant of Ingersoll. At the time of the great fire which occurred in that place about six weeks ago he lost most of his goods. At the subsequent fire in the same place the balance of his stock was burned on which there was a small insurance. The insurance money was invested in Montreal for more goods, and unfortunately shipped on board the ill-fated steamer *Kingston*, and, of course, all consumed with the rest of the cargo of that steamer—leaving the poor man bereft of everything. Mishaps never come singly. It is related of another merchant from the west that he persuaded a wholesale house to keep their employees at work all the afternoon on Saturday, in order to get his stock shipped on board the *Kingston*, which was successfully accomplished.

THE CAMP AT WINDSOR.—It is probable that no thoroughly accurate statement of the strength of the force on the ground can be obtained before the muster parade takes place on Monday next. The closest approximate estimate places the force at 4,200 of all ranks, a figure that is not far astray. This is an excellent muster indeed, considering the many inducements there are, high wages being one of them,

for men staying away. The total nominal strength of all the gazetted corps in this division is 318 officers, and 5,770 men, of which about 18 officers and 250 men will perform annual drill at points outside this camp, leaving a deficiency of about 1,000 non-commissioned officers and men wanting to complete the establishment. This is about the same deficiency as last year, and it is a matter of surprise, and a cause of much congratulation, that under so many discouragements experienced men turn out so well.

On Saturday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, two little girls, aged respectively five and seven—the former a daughter of J. T. Grange, M.P., of this place, the other of Thos. Grange—were drowned in a pond while bathing at Grange's mills. Great sympathy is expressed for the bereaved parents.

AMERICAN.

The Molders expect one hundred delegates at their Troy convention.

The employing coopers of Boston have acceded to the demands of their journeymen for \$18 per week.

The wood carvers of Philadelphia have just formed an association for mutual benefit. There are 350 of the craft there.

The Trade unions of Boston are more than usually active this season, and meetings are frequent.

The printers' Union at Buffalo is preparing to strike for higher wages. Other Trades Unions are also arranging for an increase of wages or the enforcement of the Eight-hour law.

It is said that Fall River will have over 800,000 spindles and 18,000 looms for making cloth before the close of 1872.

Florida is the only State in the Union without a daily paper. It has two tri-weekly, one semi-weekly, twenty-one weekly and one monthly.

A number of ladies in Grenville, Alabama, have signed the following pledge: "We, the undersigned, do promise hereby that we will faithfully abstain from the use of tobacco in any shape, form or manner while in church."

Among some curiosities from Florida, Governor Crosby, of Belfast, Maine, has a grasshopper that measures five inches in length, from head to end of the hind legs, and with a body as big as a sparrow.

At the Ames shovel works at North Easton 600 men turn out shovels at rate of 24,000 per month.

Work beneath the East River bridge caisson, which is carried on at a depth of nearly a hundred feet beneath the surface, has proved fatal to a number of men already. Death results from asphyxia.

Most of the coal operators of the Tuscarawas Valley have given the price demanded by the miners—one dollar per ton, and the works resumed operations on Monday.

The Lehigh Valley Iron Company, at Coplay, have advanced the wages of the hands employed at their furnaces 10 cents per day.

A man in Middletown, N. Y., has invented a rifle which throws a ball through a target composed of 42 inches of solid pine, 8 inches of hemlock, 18 inches of oak, and 19 inches more of pine. The *N. Y. Express* gives this rather tall story.

NEW YORK.—A morning paper says of the strike: "Since the beginning, 8 weeks ago, 95,000 men of different trades have been on strike for shorter hours. Of these, 60,000 are working 8 hours; 5,000 are on strike, 10,000 have resumed work on the 10 hours system."

NEW YORK.—The barbers of seventeen hundred shops struck on Monday for the labor hours from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m., with an hour for dinner. The strike had scarcely been inaugurated when 1,200 of the shops acceded to the demands of the men. The employees of five hundred shops are still on strike.

At New York another terrific explosion

occurred on Sunday morning, by which 17 firemen were badly injured. About a quarter to 7 o'clock a fire broke out in Nos. 18 and 20 Liberty street. The firemen were soon on the spot and working away, some of them in the midst of the flames, when some carbony of vitrol in the store of G. A. Erichenbach, on the first floor suddenly exploded. The effect was terrible. The contents of the store were scattered in every direction.

On Sunday afternoon Patrick Morrissey entered his mother's boarding house, Buffalo, while she was preparing dinner, and got into an altercation with her, and snatched a carving knife from her hand, and with a blow, delivered with savage strength, drove it to the haft into her left breast. She expired in less than five minutes after the blow was struck. None saw the blow struck, but the cook coming into the room saw Morrissey throw the bloody knife upon the table, and heard him exclaim, "My God, I've killed my mother—I've done it." He was evidently under the influence of liquor. He is in custody.

CHINESE CHEAP LABOR.—A manufacturer of bird-cages and other wire work in this city, a while ago, concluded to reduce his pay-roll, and increase his profits by employing Chinese workmen at \$1 per day. Everything went along swimmingly until the Chinamen had the trade well mastered when they could no longer "shabe" \$1, but demanded \$2 per day. Their demand being refused, they sailed on in their own account and are now "bearing" the bird-cage market at a fearful rate, with a fair prospect that they will ultimately drive their old employer into some business where there is less competition, if indeed they do not clean him out entirely and effect a "corner" in the wire work trade.—*San Francisco Enterprise*.

THE BOOT AND SHOEMAKERS.—The journeymen boot and shoe makers held a meeting at the corner of Kearney and Sutter streets, on Monday evening. They passed a resolution intended to prevent a great and growing evil to the custom working men of this society—viz: that no employer shall be allowed in future to have two different rates of wages in his shop on custom work; but allowing them to get up shop work fifty cents per pair less than custom work. This will settle all grievances between the employer and employee in this trade, and the journeymen hope that in the future to work harmoniously together, with the approval of the public. They also resolved to hire a hall for future meetings.—*San Francisco Enterprise*.

About two o'clock on Sunday two men, respectably dressed, came along Fourth avenue, towards Atlantic-street, New York, and stopped opposite a vacant lot, when one of them jumped from a wagon in which they were and threw a bundle over the fence into the lot, and then drove off towards Fort Hamilton. They were seen by Luke McDermot, who picked up the package and took it to the Third Precinct Station-house, in Butler street, where it was examined by a physician, and found to contain the heart of a female fresh cut from the body. The police have a description of the men, but cannot tell who they are. The whole affair is surrounded in mystery, and foul play is suspected. The corner will investigate the matter.

A local paper reports the murder near Wigan, under circumstances of great atrocity, of an Irish laborer named Patrick Hopkins. In company with five of his countrymen, he was returning from work, when they were attacked by eight colliers. After some words and sparring, the Irishmen retreated in haste, leaving Hopkins to his fate. Although seventy years of age, the colliers kicked him brutally, and when found he was bleeding and insensible. He was carried to a farm-house, placed in some straw, and next morning was found to be dead. The colliers have been arrested, and five of the most active in the outrage committed for trial.

CABLE NEWS.

LONDON, June 22.—The sentence to death of Marguerite Dixblanc, convicted of murdering her mistress, has been commuted to penal servitude for life.

LONDON, June 22.—The Cobden Club have called an International Free Trade Congress to meet here next year. Various representatives from the various powers throughout the world are invited to attend.

LONDON, June 24.—A severe storm, accompanied by heavy thunder and remarkably vivid lightning, was experienced in London and various other portions of England, this afternoon. A cotton mill at Bolton was struck by lightning, and some of the operatives stunned, though none seriously injured. The Lord Nelson tavern, at Dover, was also struck, and taking fire was consumed. Many of the inmates were injured.

LONDON, June 25.—The storm which prevailed yesterday afternoon was the most severe in the Midland counties, where, at some points, the fury of the tempest was without precedent. The storm was particularly destructive in Stafford county. The station of the London and Northwestern Railway, and a number of other buildings, were completely wrecked. Many buildings and trees at other points were struck by lightning; between the towns of Stafford and Wolverhampton crops were prostrated and destroyed.

NEW YORK, June 22.—A foreign correspondent says an attempt was made on the night of June 10th to blow up the statues of the Prince Consort and Lord Carlisle in Dublin.

MADRID, June 22.—Duke de Montpensier has issued a manifesto in reference to the crown.

MADRID, June 23.—A band of insurgents in the Province of Navarre, under the command of the Carlist Chief Carassas, have submitted to the Government forces.

MADRID, June 24.—The affair of Dr. Howard has at last been officially arranged by Minister Siskles and Senor Mastos, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The American Government waives the question of claims of Dr. Howard to American citizenship, and places its action upon the ground of friendly intercession in the Doctor's behalf for an amnesty to be granted by the Spanish Government.

PARIS, June 25.—M. Larcy, late Minister of Public Works, has been chosen President of the Right in the National Assembly.

BERLIN, June 25.—Explanations have been offered in the German Parliament of the bill against the Jesuits, to the effect that the contemplated movement against that body is solely in their political and not their religious capacity. The commissary Friedley declared that the law was but provisional, and was necessitated by the dangerous opposition of the order of Jesuits to the State, designated as kindred societies—the Ligorians and the Freres Ignorantins, as well as two scholastic orders which were respectively under French and Roman authority. The Jesuits were in league with foreign powers against Germany. According to diplomatic reports, French Jesuits were forming a Roman Catholic league in France, Italy, Austria and Germany, and promoting fanaticism among the lower classes, trades' unions and societies.

GENEVA, June 22.—It is probable that upon the re-assembling of the Tribunal next Wednesday an adjournment will be taken for four weeks, when the sittings of the Court will be open to the public.

In England the stockholders of street railways are bound in heavy penalties to keep their own horse-track in the best possible condition, and to have the iron rails set into the road with such perfection of mechanical skill that a carriage passing over diagonally shall not be jarred in the least. This last is a provision that might be introduced in this country to advantage.

CROPS IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Mechi, in writing of the present state of the crops in England, says that the severe weather has partially ruined the fruit crop, blackened the potato plant, and withered and discolored the wheat. The prospect was more favorable for pasture, clover, tares, beans and oats. Mr. Mechi advocates the devoting of a greater extent of land to the production of articles adapted to human sustenance.

NEVER GIVE UP.

(Written for the ONTARIO WORKMAN.)

Men and brethren ne'er despair,
Tho' the sky be now o'ercast,
Progress fills the very air,
Reform will surely come at last.

In former time our fathers fought,
Most nobly for the future weal,
Thou let us also do our part,
With earnest and untiring zeal.

If for a time the movement fall,
And fail must show a flag of truce,
Think (should defeat your heart assail)
Of the Spider and the noble Bruce.

Just on the eve of victory
Is the bloodiest of the fight!
A bright and glorious morning
Succeeds the darkest part of night.

Them, still keep on your armour,
Still keep a watchful eye,
Till you shorten the hours of labor
Let the movement never die.

T. M. DAVIS.

Hamilton, June 13th, 1872.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

BY M. A. FORAN.

INTRODUCTION.

In a letter, written some two years ago, to Mr. Pratt, Editor of the *American Workman*, we ventured the opinion, that if the laboring class could be made a reading class, their social and political advancement and amelioration would be rapid and certain. Mr. Pratt, in reply, asked us pointedly if we knew of any method by which workmen could be induced to pay more attention to passing events, to the present antagonistic condition of society and to the remedies best calculated to eradicate the evils under which, as a class, we labored without much hope of redress. This is a grave, a momentous question; so thought we then, so think we now. The men most to be feared by labor, are not its open and avowed enemies, but those of its own ranks, who do not, will not read. "Reading," says the renowned Bacon, "makes a full man," and it may be safely intimated, that he who does not read is an empty, an ignorant man, and again we repeat, that we have more to fear from ignorance in our own councils, than from wisdom in the councils of our enemies. What food is to the body, reading is to the mind, "and the mind that does not love to read," says Todd, "may despair of ever doing much in the world of mind which it would affect." But how are we to make the toilers in our fields, workshops and factories, toilers in the vast realm of mind—readers as well as workers? This is the all absorbing question. We have long noticed the popular taste among the masses, high and low, for fiction—novel-reading. An inherent love of fiction seems implanted in the many, especially in those whose educational advantages were limited, or at least did not include a classical training, and in contemplating this patent fact, we were led to think that much of interest and benefit to labor could be conveyed to the popular mind through this medium. Here then is one reason why this work was undertaken; but there is another, a weightier, a mightier one. A few years ago the publishers of *The Galaxy* brought out a story entitled "Put Yourself in His Place," written by the author of "Foul Play," and several other equally foul works. In this story, the trade unions of England are severely, brutally handled, and what may seem strangely inconsistent, the author, except when forced by the inexorable logic of truth and history, failed to put himself in the place of the men whose short-comings he so savagely delineated. By a quotation from Horace which serves as a sort of preface to the work, it is claimed that the story is framed "upon notorious fact." It is not a part of our purpose to deny the assumption, as we readily and freely admit that many of the measures and means employed by workmen to redress grievances and prevent the enforcement of obnoxious conditions, are neither born of justice nor wisdom; but before we harshly judge and recklessly condemn these men, we should minutely, faithfully examine their side of the story, and as far as possible enter into their feelings and views. Should we do so impartially, unbiassedly, it is more than likely that a purer motive, one less tinged with premeditated or malicious design, would be found to actuate all wilful, overt acts attributed to them. It would be also found that Persecution and grim, famishing Want, had so tortured their bodies and brutalized their minds that all faith in the moral sense of capital faded from their souls, leaving a void that was filled by the conviction that "the end justified the means" on every occasion.

It is in not delineating both sides of the subject, in not putting himself in the places of all the characters in his story, that we are disposed to disagree with the author of the work above mentioned.

The other side remained dark, hidden from the gaze of men only too apt to judge by the standard of their own peculiar prejudices; and to throw what light we could on that side so carefully hidden, furnished another reason why this task was undertaken. Our only regrets in entering upon the work were the consciousness of our inability to do justice, full and ample, to the subject, but if by our example, others of more extended, wider experience, more cultivated, educated minds will

be induced to enter the same field, the pleasure of feeling that our labors have not been entirely in vain, will more than compensate us for any absence of appreciation for our individual effort. To blunt the sharp edge of unparrying criticism, in advance, we desire to place upon record here, the fact that in preparing this work, we labored under many serious disadvantages, the most important being a want of time. During the progress of this story, our multifarious official duties bore heavily upon us, besides we were not local, being absent from home at least one-sixth of the time. Most of these pages were written by gas light, written at a time when the mind wearied with the inexorable duties of the day, needed relaxation and rest, and when that free, easy, active play of the imagination, so essential to a production of this nature, was almost impossible. We deem it due to ourselves to make this apology for any errors or short-comings the critics may discover. We would also say that not being a novel-writer or story writer by trade should go a great way towards disarming harsher criticism. Sidney Smith once said that a novel was only meant to please, that it should do that or it failed to do anything. Viewed in this light, judged by this standard, "The Other Side," will doubtless be found wanting, as it was not written with the sole design of amusing and pleasing those who might read it. The design of the author was didactic and defensorial.

To avoid the imputation of egotism and give greater impersonality to the work, it was deemed best to write in the plural number.

The absence of dialectical, or character dialogue, will doubtless be noticed. We have never been able to see the utility or necessity for slang in a book or literary production of any kind, neither can we see or understand how our language is to be made purer or purged of crudities and become universally classical, by spreading before the rising generation our ideas and thoughts, clad in the garb of broken French or German, Irish idioms, broad Yorkshire cockneyisms or backwoods Yankeeisms.

The main incidents of this story are founded upon "notorious fact," so notorious, that any one wishing it can be furnished with irrefragable, incontestable proofs in support of all the charges made against the typical employer, Relsvson: that workmen have been—because being trade unionists—discharged, photographed on street corners, driven from their homes, hounded like convicted felons, prevented from obtaining work elsewhere, arrested at the beck of employers, thrown into loathsome prisons on *ex parte* evidence, or held to bail in sums beyond their reach by subsidized, prejudiced, bigoted dispensers of injustice, and in every mean, dishonorable manner imaginable, inhumanly victimized and made to feel that public opinion, law and justice were Utopian, "unreal mockeries," except to men of position and money, are facts that have become history—recorded facts that will go down to more enlightened generations, by whom they will be regarded as "footprints on the sands" of our semi-barbarous civilization—links in an epoch of the history of ascending, progressing mankind.

All the liberty, all the freedom, now enjoyed by man, was born of the struggle of workmen to free themselves from serf laws, the dominion of the feudal lord, and occupy a position in the world, commensurate with their immeasurable, industrial importance in it. So patent is this truth that even that astute statesman, M. Guizot, whose only aim seems to have been to give a gloss to the facts of history that would apparently countenance the political acts and designs of his royal master, Louis Philippe, is forced in his "History of Civilization" to admit as much when he says: "The struggle of classes constitutes the very fact of modern history, of which it is full. Modern Europe, indeed, is born of this struggle between the different classes of society." The pages of modern history are glorified—they scintillate with a dazzling record of wonderfully rapid progress in science, literature, art, social and religious liberty, and this fact, we are told, is the result of the "struggle of classes," and so told by no less a man than M. Guizot, the bosom friend of royalty, the champion of aristocracy, the right hand of one of the greatest Bourbons. It is true; hence, though Guizot as a statesman would like to deny it, as historian he could not, did not; and as this agitation has already accomplished so much for the world, it is our ardent hope that the struggle between the different classes of society will continue until every vestige of barbarism will be superseded by an enlightened, God-like sociality. This struggle did not originate in modern times; it dates as far back as the time of Joshua, some 1425 years anterior to the birth of Christ, as, according to DeCassagnac, trade unions existed at that epoch in Syria, and wherever these institutions existed or do exist, there also were found, and are found, evidences of this struggle. Trade unions evidently existed in Solomon's time, as we find many evidences of them in the eighth book of the History of Flavius Josephus. History also dates their birth among the Greeks from the time of Theseus, and among the Romans from the time of Numa; in the former instance dating back to the heroic period, and in the latter about seven hundred years before the Christian Era. After the Augustan period, Roman history is full and explicit on the subject of trade unions. They were under the protection of the government, regulated by law, even to the number of members each union should

have, or at least the maximum number, and their officers. A law of Constantine, promulgated in the fourth century, mentions, specifically, thirty-five members in each union; but, towards the end of the fifth century, they disappeared entirely from the history of the world, and were not again heard of until the thirteenth century. And now we have reached a point where we intend to show that the cause of their disappearance furnishes one of the strongest arguments in their favor; but before we enter upon that ground, we wish to make a digression. In the year 1725, there appeared a work by Vico, the greatest of annalists, in which a theory called the *Recorsi* was given to the world. This theory was based upon the discovery that humanity returns "upon itself at given periods of the life of peoples." Now, let us make an application of this Vicoian theory. In the fifth century the Roman world was inundated by hordes of barbarians, as the Goths, Saxons, Vandals, Quadi, and other northern peoples were then termed. In how far the term was correctly applied we will not venture an opinion, but it is evident, from all historical facts, that these people were more barbarous, and less enlightened, than the people they conquered, and that civilization received a severe back set, one necessitating a *re-commencement*, after those hordes had swept over Italy, Spain, Gaul and Greece: and it was seven centuries before humanity returned upon itself—reached that state in which the northern barbarians found it. Here then we see that, with the advent of ignorance and barbarism, trade unions went out of existence, and during the whole seven centuries of the dark, or middle ages, were never heard of, but as soon as humanity had returned upon itself, as soon as the world again reached that period of enlightenment and civilization it had attained when or before it was plunged into vandalism and ignorance by the hordes of the north, we again see trade unions coming upon the stage of the world to play the same part in its progress and civilization. From this we readily see that the charge that trade unions are a relic of barbarism is historically disproved, while on the other hand it is clearly proven that these much abused institutions died immediately upon the advent of barbarism, and remained dead while the world remained shrouded in the gloom of ignorance, and that their resurrection was simultaneous with the resurrection of science, art and literature; and is it not a matter of serious comment, that during the dark ages, there were no strikes in any part of Europe, and advancing further in this inquiry, is it not a matter of still greater surprise and comment that even in our day, such social phases as strikes are not known or heard of among those people, or in those countries where the civilizing influence of Christianity has never been felt, and where ignorance, superstition and savagery—an entire negative condition of mind—characterize the inhabitants? We would like to know how the enemies of trade unions are going to harmonize this patent historical truth, with the oft repeated charge that strikes are barbarous, unchristian, uncivilized, when it is proven that they are resorted to only in Christian and civilized countries?

Both trade unions and strikes are a necessity in the present condition of society, for no matter what may be said to the contrary, there exists and will exist while the world is cursed with the wages system, "an irrepressible conflict" between capitalists, not capital, and labor, or what amounts to the same thing, there is an irrepressible desire on the part of capitalists to cheapen labor, and an irrepressible desire and determination on the part of labor to prevent such an unholy consummation. That this conflict exists no well informed person can deny; it has its existence in the constitution of the human mind, it springs from that consideration and love of self, that is a predominant characteristic of even the most degraded of our species. Colossal fortunes have rarely, if ever, been legitimately made. How have they been made is perhaps a pertinent question, but the close observer will always notice, that the more marble front banks and palatial residences erected in any city, the more hovels and beastly tenements will also be found in the same city, and in proportion as one class of people rise in wealth and affluence, a larger class will sink into greater poverty and degradation. The only conclusion deducible from these observations is that one class of society grows rich, and in fact lives on the labor of another class; therefore, is it, that it is to the interests of the former class (capitalists), to cheapen labor and degrade the latter class, while it is to the manifest interest of the latter class (labor) to enhance its value and prevent the robbery of the other class; hence arises this irrepressible conflict between the classes. This conflict was noticed many years ago, by the more profound statesmen of this continent; in 1837, J. C. Calhoun, perhaps the greatest of American statesmen, in the course of a speech in the Senate of the United States, said: "I hold then, that there never has yet existed a wealthy and civilized society in which one portion of the community did not, in point of fact, live on the labor of the other. Broad and general as is this assertion, it is fully borne out by history. This is not the proper occasion; but if it were, it would not be difficult to trace the various devices, by which the wealth of all civilized communities has been so unequally divided, and to show by what means so small a share has been allotted to those, by whose labor it was produced, and so large a share given to the non-producing

class. The devices are almost innumerable, from the brute force and gross superstition of ancient times to the subtle and artful fiscal contrivances of modern."

This single extract, from the written or spoken opinions of so profound a thinker; is, we feel confident, a clear and explicit substantiation of all we have advanced on this subject. There is then a conflict between labor and capitalists; on the one hand, for remunerative wages, low taxes and cheap living, and on the other hand for cheap labor, high taxes and luxurious, sumptuary customs, and trade unions are simply a barrier to the rapacity of the more powerful class (more powerful because better organized), and the more perfect our trade unions are the greater the protection they will afford the class in whose interest they have been organized; and if anything we have here written will conduce to better and more efficient, thorough organization, among workmen, we will, in that fact, find an ample reward for all our toil and effort.

M. A. FORAN.

CHAPTER I.

A medium-sized room, plainly but neatly furnished, in a large frame house, in North-eastern Pennsylvania, in the middle of which, before a small antique centre-table, sat a woman, not more than thirty years of age. Her eyes were intensely fixed upon a broad piece of parchment spread upon the table. Her face, though beautiful to a fault, wore a sad, regretful look, and it was plainly apparent that her soul was struggling with some powerful emotion. But the look of sad regret which so clouded her angelic loveliness gradually passed away, and was succeeded by one of inexpressible tenderness; and then, raising her tear-dimmed eyes, she gazed fondly and lovingly towards the hearth, where, against the broad mantel, leaned a lithe but muscular, middle-aged man, wrapped in deep and solemn thought. Silently he watched the glowing birchwood fire that blazed and sparkled on the hearth. His manly, sun-browned face, though slightly clouded with a shade of anxiety and care, beamed love and devotion, notwithstanding the profundity and solemnity of the meditation into which he was apparently plunged. Husband and wife—it needed no stretch of the imagination to arrive at that conclusion. No man is the blissful possessor of that ecstatic soul-crowned expression that irradiated the face of Richard Arbyght but the happy husband and father, and no woman but a loved and loving wife could regard Richard Arbyght with that pure, chastened, loving, tender, heaven-inspired look bestowed upon him by the woman in the centre of the room. Still, they spoke not. The heavy silence was broken only by the measured tick of the old-fashioned, New England clock that stood in one corner of the room, reaching from floor to ceiling, like a great wooden pillar.

Let us for a moment make a digression, for the purpose of finding a cause for the strange scene we have just described. Seven years previous to the opening of our story, Richard Arbyght, the hard-working son of a hard working pioneer merchant in a western city, met in an eastern town, where business connected with his father's establishment had called him, the lovely Irene Addair, a farmer's daughter. Their meeting was purely accidental, but it resulted in deep, abiding and lasting love, which terminated in a marriage, sanctioned by the respective parents of both.

Irene was an only child, and soon after her marriage had to rely solely upon her husband for consolation as well as protection, as both her parents passed from this vale of tears to the shadowy land beyond the mysterious confines of life shortly after her husband had come to live at the old homestead. But, although Richard loved his wife devotedly, yes, madly, and was made doubly happy by the smiles of two beautiful children, he was still at times unhappy and moody. A farmer's life was irksome to him. His active, energetic brain pined in his country home. He longed for a more varied life. His early education, both practical and theoretical, fitted him for a merchant, to be which was the full measure of his ambition. But he well knew his wife was strongly attached to the home of her childhood, and he preferred to crush his earnest heart-longings—to bury the dream of his boyhood and maturer manhood, and live an aimless life—rather than cause the wife he so dearly loved one single regret. But Irene was a true wife. She saw, with a wife's intuitive vision, she divined through that magnetic, holy influence that surrounds, permeates, unites and makes one the souls of two perfect lovers—that her husband had a secret, and she instinctively felt that he kept it from his wife for his wife's sake, and not his own.

Richard Arbyght could deny his wife no thing; therefore, when she asked him to share with her the trouble that occasionally rendered him momentarily unhappy, he did so, although he mentally resolved she should not suffer in the least, from the secret she had wrung from the deepest recess in his heart. Hence he at all times thereafter appeared happy and contented, whether he felt so or not, his face smiled, though his heart bled. But although a husband, his conception of his wife's penetration was very defective. She saw what was passing in his mind; she read his very soul; and reading, determined her husband should not outdo her in self-sacrificing, generous love. She resolved the old home should be sold; but the bare thought cost her a bitter pang, as it was the reading and dese-

cration of affections formed in girlhood, and made holy by fifteen years of womanhood. About this time she accidentally found an open letter, from Richard's father, offering him the control and management of a large house he was then erecting in the rapidly growing city of Chicago. This offer he had carefully concealed from his wife for more than a year, but its discovery at this juncture caused her to renew her exertions in finding a purchaser for the estate. One was finally found, and the farm, stock, and all the appurtenances appertaining thereto, were sold for fifteen thousand dollars.

The parchment, which Mrs. Arbyght was so intently regarding, was the deed which her husband had brought home the evening previous, and which she was to sign that morning, as soon as Squire Stanly had arrived from Silverville, a small village, four miles from the farm. Husband and wife were still silent—but all things and scenes must have an end. The door of the room was suddenly burst open, and a rosy-cheeked boy, of about five summers, with flashing eye, dilated nostril, and a profusion of raven ringlets, rushed into the room, almost screaming in a tone of boyish animation: "Papa! papa, there's a man on a white horse coming up the road." Then seeing his mother he went up to her, threw his arms around her neck, and kissed her fervently; and, then, looking at her archly, said naively: "Mamma, can't I go out and see him? he looks so funny." "Yes, my dear," answered the mother as she returned the boy's caress. No sooner had the boy disappeared than her husband advanced to the centre-table, and placing his hand on his wife's shoulder, he said: "Dearest Irene, it is Squire Stanly, who has come to see about the signing of the deed; and I fear the wife of my heart is sacrificing too much for my sake; much more than I deserve, or for which I can ever hope to repay her." The wife arose from her chair and looked into her husband's face with the same look with which she regarded him while he leaned on the mantel—yet, a little reproachfully—then dropping her head on his breast she exclaimed: "Richard, you have ever been a good husband to me, and for seven years you have suffered a voluntary exile for my sake. The sacrifice has been all on your side. I would have willingly given up the old place had you desired it; for my only desire, my only aim in life, is to love you and our dear children, and make you happy."

Richard Arbyght pressed his beautiful wife to his manly heart, printed a loving kiss on her lips; and as Squire Stanly was then heard in the hall he found it necessary to use his handkerchief to destroy a few crystal tell-tales of the heart's emotion that glistened brighter than diamonds on his honest face.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.—The Morisca and the Jewess.

Aixa advanced to the threshold, and made a sign to the Jewess to approach. Intimidated by her imperious air, Rachel obeyed.

"Dost thou know that thy fellow-traveller is the King of Castile?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," answered Rachel, mildly.

"He has promised thee an asylum in the Alcazar; and after having saved thee at the peril of his life, he has doubtless told thee that he will continue to protect thee. He has told thee, no doubt, that the house of thy father does not offer thee a shelter sufficiently secure; and thou hast not hesitated to follow him."

"No, madam," answered Rachel, calmly; "for he who so nobly devoted himself for a poor stranger-girl is incapable of deceiving her."

"But probably thou dost not know who I am, and by what title I interrogate thee?" continued the favorite, irritated at the mild and gentle tone of Rachel.

"No, madam, I do not; but what matters it to me, since Don Pedro confides me to your protection? He does so because he knows that you are good and generous—and my gratitude will be divided between you and him."

Instead of being disarmed by these sentiments, expressed with humble confidence, Aixa resumed, with a severe and ironical air, "Ah! Don Pedro forgot to speak to thee about me. I comprehend; he was too much occupied in saving thee, and in listening to thy natural avowals of gratitude. Well, I will tell thee the truth; I am his betrothed, the Morisca Aixa, whom they call the favorite; the daughter of Mohamed, King of Granada, Don Pedro's most faithful ally. It was most unpardonable audacity for thee, miserable Jewess, whom the lowest of the Almogavars, would disdain, to enter this palace, where I yet reign. I love Don Pedro, and it is my will that he love no other woman but me. It is, therefore, for him to choose between us."

Terrified at this unexpected attack, for which she had given no provocation, Rachel's whole frame trembled, then retreating a few paces, she raised her supplicating looks to Don Pedro, and said to him, "Sire, did you bring me to the Alcazar to be insulted? What have I done to merit such cruel treatment?"

"What hast thou done!" exclaimed the favorite, indignant at seeing the king spring towards the daughter of Samuel, "why, at this very moment, thy insolence betrays thee.

Thou forgettest thy pretended resignation, to make an appeal to the feelings of Don Pedro, and implore his interference against me. Thou askest what thou hast done?" she continued, approaching the poor Jewess, "thou lovest the king—that is thy crime. Attempt not to deny it." Then, by a sudden movement, tearing away the veil of the shrinking girl, she regarded her with eager curiosity, whilst she added, "Yes, thou art beautiful—more beautiful than I imagined. Expect no pardon from me; thou wouldst contend against me, but I will bear thee down. Thy beauty shall not save thee; for, in thy affrighted looks, in thy paleness, in thy sobs, I yet divine thy love."

The king, choked with anger and surprise, had not been able to interrupt her, but now seizing her by the arm, he removed her violently from Rachel. "Aixa!" he exclaimed, "this conduct is infamous. I ask of thee an asylum and protection for the daughter of one of my adherents; and thou pitilessly crushest, under terms of pride and hatred, that child who cannot defend herself. Oh! abuse my patience no longer!"

"Be it so," said the Morisca. "Disguise no longer the bottom of your thoughts, Pedro; but confess that you love this Jewess, and that you defend her like a lover. Fear not that I shall dispute the possession of your heart with the daughter of the treasurer. I yield my place to that noble and triumphant beauty. My father, at least, will not abandon me; together we will quit Seville, and return to Granada, leaving the beautiful eyes of Rachel to defend the King of Castile."

"Aixa," murmured Don Pedro, with a bitter smile, "this, then, is how thou lovest me." Just at the moment Mohamed and the favorite were moving towards the door of the mirador, little Pierce Neige appeared on the threshold. "Sire," said he, to Don Pedro, "the banners of Don Enrique already float on the plain."

"Let all the gates be shut, and the bridges raised; and let every man, capable of bearing arms, repair to the ramparts," answered the king, fiercely, endeavoring to hide his chagrin.

The Jewess had trembled on hearing Pierce Neige announcing the arrival of the enemy, but, seeing the change of Don Pedro, who could not, without utter ruin, break with his last ally, her resolution was soon taken. She advanced towards Aixa, and humbly knelt before her to prevent her passing.

"Make way," said the Morisca, in a harsh voice.

"Trample me under your foot, but hear me," said Rachel, in a heart-rending tone of supplication. "I humble myself before you—dispose of me—I will do whatsoever you order me. I will not rise till you pardon me. Those who told you, madam, that Don Pedro loved me have deceived you. I am ready to return to my father's house; if terror had not prevented me speaking I should have told you at first. How can a king love a poor Jewess! Kings have too much ambition to descend so low. Oh! I treat you, madam, do not abandon him—do not let him be delivered up to his enemies."

"But, wretch, thou betrayest plainly that thou lovest him, since thou supplicatest me for him!" exclaimed the Morisca.

"No, I do not love him," said Rachel in a plaintive tone, embracing the knees of Aixa, and without daring to look at Don Pedro, in whose heart a terrible conflict was taking place, and who fixed on her the most passionate regards. "He saved me because he has a valiant and generous heart, and not because he loved me. And, as for me, it is love in me to remember so great a service."

"Well," replied Aixa, in a low tone, "rise, then, and return to the house of thy father. If Don Pedro allows thee to depart, and does not seek to detain thee, I will remain in the Alcazar, and my father shall defend him with his guards."

The Jewess arose. "Sire," said she, "at this moment of strife, and struggle my place is not here; I return to the house of my father, that calm asylum in which I am beloved, and where, far from the tumult of war, I can pray for your cause."

Don Pedro hesitated an instant, whether or not he should detain her in the Alcazar, even at the risk of losing the support of Mohamed; but a flourish of cymbals in the outer court brought back his thoughts to Don Enrique and decided him.

Aixa, who had observed his indecision, made a sign to Rachel to retire, and ordered Gil Pierce Neige to see the young girl accompanied to the Jewry by an escort of almogavars.

When the cymbals ceased sounding, Don Pedro, without even casting a look on Aixa, descended from the mirador, accompanied by the King of Granada, saying to his ally, "Come, let us visit the ramparts, I have purchased dearly enough the right of defending Seville."

CHAPTER X.—Raising the Supplies.

Eight days had scarcely elapsed after the return of Don Pedro to Seville, when the resources of that noble city were entirely exhausted.

Don Enrique sought to reduce it by a blockade, and the king, who had seen his auxiliaries, the Moors, twice repulsed by the army of the enemy, found himself entangled, and they were discussing the means of raising a body of troops in Africa, Diego Lopez, captain of the archers, and master-at-arms, came to speak to him, and respectfully intimated that the elite of the soldiery began to murmur as their pay was two months in arrear, and rations were rarely distributed.

At this news the king became more sad and

thoughtful—the treasury at Granada was empty, the chiefs of the tribes were opposed to Mohamed raising the sums he had promised to Don Pedro. The latter, under these desperate circumstances, knew not what expedient to adopt, and gave orders to have his treasurer, Samuel Ben Levi, who had been enabled to enter the besieged city, sent to him.

As soon as the Jew appeared before the king, he prostrated himself at his feet according to the oriental custom, saying, "Sire, what will you of your poor slave?"

"I must have money at any price, Samuel," replied Don Pedro.

"Money!" exclaimed the treasurer, raising his hands to heaven with an expression of the most sorrowful surprise; "alas, noble master, you know as well as myself that the state coffers are as empty as they were in your youth, when the nobles called you 'Don Pedro the Beggar,' and your cook was refused credit in the public markets. To raise soldiers for this accursed war we have sold or pledged all your lands and jewels."

"Let them sell our gold and silver services, our chased cups, and the magnificent reins, saddles and bridles of our horses."

"I have already anticipated that order, sire."

"Let my statue of silver standing in the stuccoed hall, be melted."

"Two days ago it was broken up and melted. To save the king, I thought I might venture to sacrifice his image."

"You have done right, Samuel. You are a good and zealous servant, who knows the heart of Don Pedro. But what can be done then? Give me your friendly advice, my treasurer; life and death depend on it."

Samuel, after a little reflection, deliberately answered: "I have already considered, and find but one means of relief. If you attempt to impose a new tax on your faithful Sevillians, who have already made so many sacrifices, it might probably drive them to espouse the cause of Don Enrique. The Church alone has remained rich and inert amidst the public distress and misery; the Archbishop has declared himself rather in the usurper's favor than in yours; while others have been fighting, in want of money and bread, these good people have been enjoying themselves, monopolising the corn, and making good cheer, sleeping, and praying for Don Enrique, but they have not bestowed on you the value of a marabolin. Summon the canons to the Alcazar, and impose on them the expenses of the war."

"Thy advice is good, Samuel," said the king; "I will lose no time in profiting by it."

Don Pedro immediately ordered Diego Lopez to convoke a meeting of the Canons of Seville at the Alcazar, at two o'clock the same day.

These High Church dignitaries received this order as if it had been an accusation, though they dared not disobey it. Their consciences were doubtless not very clear with regard to the king, for they could not fail to remember that they were the first who had bestowed on Pedro the surname of "Cruel." The king received them in his oratory with every mark of profound deference and respect.

"You see, sire and king," said the boldest of the canons, Augustine Gudiel, "we have hastened to obey your summons, to conform to your will."

"You are not ignorant that I know how to make it respected," replied the king, bluntly; "but a truce to idle words; to-day, my worthy masters, I wish to discover who are my friends, and who are my enemies; and I ask, if you are allies of those sacrilegious adventurers, who dared to put to ransom our Holy Father in his good city of Avignon? In a word, if you are traitors to your legitimate lord?"

The canons turned pale. "Let thy justice fall on us," said Gudiel, in a tremulous voice, "if any living person can, by sign or proof, testify against our fidelity."

"I am inclined to believe you, notwithstanding the numerous reports I have heard to the contrary," said Don Pedro; "but I want to be assured of your loyalty by deeds rather than by protestations and oaths. Are you prepared to give me a positive and substantial proof?"

"Speak, sire," said the canon, "you cannot doubt our devotion."

"Well, the question is, to save Seville and the whole kingdom from the ravages of the base usurper, and his worthy brothers in arms, the horde of robbers of Bertrand Dugesclin. I have nothing more to sacrifice. I have sold even the jewels that adorned my sword; but you have as yet contributed nothing towards the defence of the kingdom; the only resource now left us, is to melt the sacred vessels of the church, the bells, and the statues of the saints."

The canons fell back with a movement of horror at this proposition, which they regarded as an impious attack on the rights and privileges of the Church.

"Will you sign an order to that effect?" demanded Don Pedro.

The canons hung their heads in consternation, and preserved a profound silence.

"You are dumb," continued the king, angrily. "One would imagine that I had blasphemed; and yet do you think that the Gascon, English and Breton robbers, will restrain themselves from despoiling the church, if they triumph? Do you believe that the images of the saints, from the recesses of their chapels, will make the rebels flee? They will be more useful when turned into gold and silver doubloons, they will purchase us provisions and arms."

"We have neither the power nor the sacri-

ligious audacity to sign such an order, sire," answered Gudiel, in an altered tone; "it would be setting God against us. Dispose of our lives, but touch not the sacred objects."

"I could do so without your permission, honest canons," said Don Pedro.

"Do your pleasure," replied Augustine Gudiel, bowing; "but the people of Seville will defend the objects of their worship, and will no longer devote themselves for a sacrilegious king." He then bent his steps towards the door of the oratory, and the other canons prepared to follow him.

"Stop," said Don Pedro, with difficulty suppressing his anger; "before quitting me, at least give me your advice. Must I then surrender myself to my bastard brother, and beseech him to grant me my life and a peaceful retreat in some convent?" and he fixed his eyes on Gudiel, who, perceiving the snare, was on his guard, and answered mildly, "You ought to resist your rebel brother to the uttermost."

But how? asked Don Pedro, "since you refuse me your support?"

"Our counsels shall never be withheld from our legitimate lord," answered Gudiel.

"Speak then!" said the king; "open a door of safety for me; that is all I ask."

Augustine Gudiel cast a hasty glance at a half-open doorway that communicated between the oratory and the treasury; the embroidered curtain which was drawn before it, moved, and he saw two heads protrude from behind it at the same time, and then precipitately with draw. They were Aixa and Samuel, the latter the canon had time to recognize by the horn which surmounted his cap.

He smiled coldly, and turning to the king, said, in a serious tone, "Until now thou hast loaded the co-religionists of the honest, faithful and learned Samuel Ben Levi with benefits and favors."

Samuel, hearing his name mentioned, listened more attentively, and became greatly disturbed at the praises bestowed on him by Gudiel.

"Yes," answered the king, promptly, "I have protected the Jews because their mercantile genius has, by creating credit, revived commerce in every part of the kingdom. I have also protected the Moors, who, by their patient industry, and the application of the sciences to agriculture, have so improved the soil that its produce has been increased threefold. I know that this only excites the hatred and contempt of those Christians, who, in their blind pride for war, regard all peaceable occupations as vulgar and disgraceful tasks, fit only for vassals and serfs."

"We do not ask thee, sire, the reason for thy protection," said Gudiel, hypocritically.

"Thou hast always chosen Jews for collectors of taxes, and they have not pressed on their brethren. If the riches of the nation are exhausted, they have accumulated them in their hands; it is, therefore, their turn to save him who has protected them. Henceforward let them be charged with the expenses of the war. I have nothing more to say." And Gudiel, respectfully saluting the king, withdrew at the head of the canons, while Samuel remained thunderstruck at this unexpected blow.

The Morisca pulled him into the oratory.

"Well, Samuel," said the king, laughing, "the canons are very ingenious, it must be confessed. It is not safe to meddle with them. It is you who will have to pay the expenses of your own advice. After all, they are right. If we were to melt their bells and statues there would be a riot amongst the Christians. The Jews do not revolt."

"Truly, they are a pacific people, and little understand the use of arms," replied Samuel, with a singular smile.

"They have profited by my prosperity," said Don Pedro, "and they ought to come to my assistance in the day of adversity. Convoke a meeting of thy brethren, Ben Levi, and let them resolve to furnish the supplies. If I conquer, I will recompense their good will."

"But it is impossible, my noble master," said Samuel; "the riches of the Jews exist only in the envious imagination of the Canon, Augustine Gudiel. It is plain that he has never visited their poor dwellings; they are kennels that a Christian beggar would not live in."

"Take care not to urge me too far, Samuel," interrupted the king, more and more enraged at the opposition he met with on all sides.

"It is a question of rigorous necessity. If your brethren resist my will I shall banish them from Seville, confiscate their property, and give the Jewry up to the pillage of my archers. You can announce this resolution to them."

"The Jews will prefer being banished, I assure you," replied the treasurer, in a mournful tone of voice. "I myself, who have no wealth in the world but my daughter, Rachel, will depart sooner than sign an unjust decree, and exact impossibilities."

Aixa regarded the king attentively, while Samuel uttered these last words. Don Pedro with sudden emotion, exclaimed, "You shall not depart with your daughter, for you have furnished me with an excellent idea, which is to retain your beloved Rachel as a hostage in the Alcazar, until your brethren have fulfilled my orders."

"She shall not set foot in this palace," said Samuel. "The birdcage may be finely gilt, but it is a cage, nevertheless, and one against the bars of which the poor captive would soon break its wings."

"Ah, good Samuel, interrupted Aixa, "your daughter has nothing to fear from Don Pedro,

for he loves her with a most brotherly affection."

"It is that very affection that I fear for my daughter," replied Samuel.

"But to re-assure you," continued the Morisca, who seemed to take a pleasure in aggravating Don Pedro's vexation, "the King of Castile led you to hope that you might see your beautiful Rachel one day seated beside him on the throne. At present, he dares not form so singular a union, for it would cause him to lose all the Christian swords yet held up for him. You understand, he cannot raise your daughter so high yet without being lost himself and ruining you with him; but when his crown shall be firmly fixed on his brow—"

"A truce to your sarcasms, Aixa," interrupted the king, angrily. "Samuel attaches no more importance to these wanderings of a changeable woman's mind than I do. Go then, Ben Levi, and tell your brethren, that if within thirty hours they have not paid the impost, they shall be banished as traitors, and all their property confiscated."

"Be careful," replied the Jew, "thou art about to dig a pit beneath thy feet."

"The lion fears not a mole-trap," replied Don Pedro, disdainfully. "As to your daughter, she shall this day be conducted to the Alcazar as a hostage. I have said it."

"Exact not that from a father!" exclaimed Samuel. "Have pity on my child—spare her that shame. I would rather sacrifice all I possess, all I have acquired with so much labor and pains. Once within the walls of the Alcazar, my daughter, whom I have reared in my humble home, chaste and pure, far from the gaze and conversation of men, my Rachel will be despised by our brethren as a tarnished creature. Is it for such a result that I have passed a life of fatigue, humiliation, and privation? Shall the shame of my child be the reward of all my services?"

"Rachel shall be as free and as much respected in my palace as in her father's house," answered the king. "Besides," he continued, "if your brethren prefer banishment to paying the tax, your daughter shall be at liberty, in a few days, to rejoin them. You understand me. Act according to my will."

Don Pedro withdrew, leaving his treasurer in the utmost consternation.

The favorite, who remained in the oratory, regarded the poor man with compassion mixed with contempt. He struggled with feelings at once maddening and perplexing, which she saw might easily render him a fit instrument of her implacable vengeance.

(To be continued.)

The Home Circle.

THE "OLD WOMAN."

It was thus, a few days since, we heard a stripling designate the mother who bore him. By coarse husbands we have heard some wives so called occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is often used endearingly. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars the ears and shocks the sense. An "old woman" should be an object of reverence above and beyond most all other phases of humanity. Her very age should be her surest passport to courteous consideration. She has fought faithfully the "good fight," and come off conqueror. Upon her venerable face she bears the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous of the ills of life have been hers; trials untold and known only to her God and herself, she has borne incessantly; and now, in her old age—her duty done! patiently awaiting her appointed time—she stands more honorable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands or stood triumphant upon the proudest fields of victory. Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and ever courteously, tenderly of her. But a little time, and you will see her no more for ever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent and her shadow falls graveyard. Others may love you when she has passed away—kind-hearted sisters, perhaps, or she of whom all the world you choose for a partner—she may love you warmly, passionately; children my love you fondly, but never again, never, while time is yours shall the love of a woman be to you as that of your trembling mother has been.

TWO HONEST MEN.

In the good old days, which our fathers tell us were much better than these, two unlettered men met to settle accounts, and Mr. Smith found himself owing Mr. Jones seventy-five dollars and some odd cents.

"No matter about the money, brother, no matter at all," said Mr. Jones, "I only wanted to see how we stood, and you can pay me just when you want to."

"Well, I haven't the money by me," said Smith, "but I'll tell you what; I'll give you my note, and that will fix it all straight and sure."

"I ain't a mite afraid to trust you without a note," quoth Jones, "but if you feel any easier to give me one, why you may, I suppose."

So after whetting up a penknife, and converting a goose quill into a pen; after pouring a few drops of vinegar into the dried up inkstand, after much rummaging for the diseased letter paper, and after studious consultation of an old arithmetic as to the proper form of a note, the important paper was at last executed,

and Jones having deliberately looked over his friend's handwriting, and dried it before the open fire, handed the note to the signer, saying:—

"Now, brother, you keep the note, for to see how much you've got to pay."

"Well, guess I will, for I am a master hand to forget, specially if there are any odd cents."

So Smith kept his own note, and when he was ready to pay it, took it to Jones, and handed it over to him with the money, saying:—

"And now, brother, you keep the note to show that you've got your pay."

Although we may not believe with Pope that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," we would not resist the conviction that these were noble men, or fail to honor such nobility whenever or wherever it is found.

NOTHING AT REST.

Although the solid earth seems destined to remain just as we see it, there are forces unceasingly operating for altering the boundaries of the sea, and all those lines ordinarily regarded as permanent features in nature. There is not a rill or a rivor on the Continent of America now coursing in its primeval channel. They are continually rasping down the rocks and reducing broken fragments to powder, which is transported by the restless element, water, and spread out in new relations. The sea is perpetually encroaching upon the land. Vast regions are gradually swallowed up from view; while new territory is rising above the surface in other directions. So the revolution goes on from age to age. It is so gradual that a thousand years hardly registers the variations of a coast line. But the law of alteration is never suspended. On its unvarying progress depends the perpetuity of animals and plants, and possibly the globe itself. The stability of the overlying mountains is a beautiful poetical figure, but nothing is more uncertain than their duration, while water, the emblem of instability, never changes. It is the most potent agent in the constitution of this ever varying world for altering and remodeling its condition that there may always be seed time and harvest. Science confirms this declaration.

DID'NT KNOW THE NATURE OF AN OATH.

A scrub-headed boy, having been brought before the court as a witness, the following very amusing soliloquy ensued:—

"Where do you live?" the Judge inquired.
"Live with my mother."
"Where does your mother live?"
"She lives with father."
"Where does he live?"
"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" says the Judge getting very red, as an audible titter goes round the court-room.

"They live at home."
"Where in thunder is their home?"
"That's where I'm from," said the boy, sticking his tongue in the corner of his cheek, and slowly closing one eye on the Judge.

"Here Mr. Constable, take this witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not know the nature of an oath."

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

An ingenious but over conceited man undertook to mend a tea-kettle. He had seen tinner do the thing, and knew he could do it too. In prodding round the bottom of the kettle for weak places, he found one where he least expected it, and ran the brad-awl through his finger. Whereupon he howled with anguish and dropped the kettle on the head of his infant son, lying prone on the floor at his feet chewing a rubber rattle. The infant's head was badly cut, and in the excitement which followed, another young Purcell managed to tip over the solder and catch about a spoonful of it in his little shoe, and added his lusty yells to the family chorus. The unhappy Purcell tied up his finger, put sticking plaster on the baby's head, plastered ointment on the boy's foot, and left the tea-kettle at the tin-shop on his way to the doctor's.

LOVE AND DISCOUNT.

A charming German soubrette when starring at Hamburg, attracted an enthusiastic young man whom she allowed to visit her salon. The acquaintance ripened until the eve of her departure, when the young man paid her another visit. She saw that something lay very heavy on his heart.

"What ails you, my friend?" she asked, in a most encouraging tone.

And the youth replied, hesitatingly,—
"I wish to ask a favor, which you can easily grant me. Just wait a moment; I will hasten home and fetch you a casket."

The soubrette awaited his return in eager expectation.

"Is he so timid," she said to herself, "as not to venture to present a souvenir to me?"

A few moments afterwards her friend re-entered the room. He carried a very neat little box in his hand.

"Look, Fraulein," he said, opening the lid, "these are the finest Bremen cigars. You have many distinguished acquaintances among the Vienna cavaliers. I am a cigar-dealer, and will give you ten per cent. discount on all you sell."

Communications.

THE WATER COMMISSIONERS.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

SIR,—I, too, like others of your working readers, feel deeply interested in the approaching election of Water Commissioners, which deservedly claims all the attention that the working class can possibly afford, it being a question in which the interests of the working community are specially involved, but who are, unfortunately, denied the time necessary to give it the mature consideration its great importance demands.

Whatever may be the motives that have prompted the "powers that be," to usher with such a velocity upon the ratepayers of the city, the discharging of a duty fraught with so much responsibility as is the election of men in every way capable of filling the onerous position of Water Commissioners, I cannot refrain from expressing my firm belief that a great bulk of the ratepayers have neither got the time nor the opportunity to obtain an knowledge of the abilities or attainments of the host of candidates who are aspiring to a seat on that important Board. Every person surely knows that to thoroughly arouse public opinion upon any great question, is a work of time; it is an arduous work, demanding incessant, unremitting labor. That labor almost invariably falling upon the few, who in their zeal for what they believe to be a good cause, manfully contend with ignorance, obstinacy, scorn, and misrepresentations; and if ever there was a case in which misrepresentations had to be combatted with, it strikes me very forcibly the coming election is one. We have that delightful organ of the Grits, that precious friend of the working classes, spewing forth its usual spleen upon a gentleman who, of all others in the field, least merits such contemptuous abuse; and, even although his character and past conduct deserved such an attack, it ill becomes the famous editor of the *Globe* to take such a case in hand; and the spontaneous voice of the working classes will be lifted up in administering the soothing admonition to that peculiarly popular friend of the people, to direct his scrutinizing powers in the way of endeavoring to take the "beam out of his own eye, so that he may see clearly to take the mote out of his brother's."

The working portion of the ratepayers have lately acquired too much knowledge of the sort of material that composes that newspaper board, to be easily led by its misrepresentations; and the very fact that Alderman Bell has met with hot opposition from that quarter, will go far to strengthen his position in the estimation of the working men; and short as the time now is for investigating into the merits of the various candidates, let the ratepayers at once rouse themselves to a sense of their duty, and register their votes in favor of those men whose practical, mechanical and business experience gives them a claim to the important office which none of the wealthy aristocrats that flourish on the celebrated Union Ticket can be expected to possess.

In the person of Mr. Medcalf we have a candidate fully qualified for the duties of Commissioner, if practical, mechanical and engineering skill, combined with an age of business experience, can be considered requisite qualifications. It is to be hoped that the workingmen will show their appreciation of the unassuming manner in which Mr. Medcalf has placed his valuable services at their disposal, as well as manifest their gratitude for one who has so long and so honorably been closely identified with working class interests by placing him at the top of the poll on the day of election.

Mr. Capreol, being a gentleman who is allowed by all to be possessed of rare talent and good sound judgment, who never failed to bring his abilities into operation for the benefit of the public, and having devoted a lifetime, not only to the interests of the city of Toronto, but to the country at large, his appearance in the field must be hailed with universal satisfaction; and his close adherence to the best interests of the working classes must render his chance of election beyond a doubt. It is possible enough that some of the candidates appearing on the "Union Ticket" may be men in many ways capable of filling the position, but their alliance with the Editor of the *Globe* cannot fail to arouse within the breasts of the many interested, feelings of grave suspicion, which will lead to the conviction that it will be better to sail clear of those artificers altogether, and secure the services of those gentlemen who have shown themselves to be worthy of confidence.

It is highly expedient that the workingmen muster in full force on the testing day, and show that they are determined to use the trust confided to them to their own advantage, by being early at the poll, and otherwise exerting themselves to throw out those men who, according to the advocacy of the *Globe*, have nothing but their riches

to recommend them, not to say anything as to the manner in which that boasted wealth has been acquired. Save us from being placed in the unenviable position of having our public money passing through the hands of those aristocratic millionaires.—I am, faithfully yours,

ANDREW SCOTT.

Toronto, June 24, 1872.

IS IT A CRIME TO BE POOR?

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

SIR,—I take the liberty of asking the privilege of a small portion of your space, while I make a few remarks on an article that appeared in last Friday's *Globe*, entitled "The Water Commissioners," in which the necessity of this new and important municipal undertaking is acknowledged. After doing all in its power to defeat the measure while pending, in the article four gentlemen are named whom the *Globe* is pleased to call a "Union Ticket" for Water Commissioners. I have no intention—in writing this letter—of saying one word against the gentlemen referred to by the *Globe*; but my province shall be to deal with the uncalled for and venal attack made upon one of two gentlemen whom that sheet opposes, namely, Mr. Bell. Now, after reading that portion of the article carefully which attacks the gentleman in question, I can only arrive at one conclusion, and it is, that Mr. Bell is guilty of the crime of being poor in the sight of the lucre-worshipping manager of the *Globe*. Mr. Bell has served the city for twelve years in the capacity of Alderman, and according to the *Globe's* statement, has failed to become rich. I will say nothing of the gentleman's abilities, for I know nothing of him, but will leave him in the hands of the class most interested in his district, namely, the industrial class who will have to do the work or provide the funds from the fruits of their productions. What we want is honest, practical men, and these qualifications are by no means solely the possessions of those who are possessed of a competency, and the assertion or inference made by the *Globe* to that effect is a direct slur upon the industrial classes of this city, among whom are men in every sense as well qualified to fill any position requiring trust and ability as any of their more wealthy fellow-citizens. If anything, the chances are in their favor. Though there are many men very dishonest who are unfortunate enough to remain poor, but on the other hand be careful of the man who acquires a very large fortune in a very short time. Although it may be got within the bounds of legality, the probability is that every principle of justice has been lost sight of, and, therefore, morally wrong.

JOHN HEWITT.

Toronto, June 29, 1872.

HAMILTON CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

SIR,—As we have been for some time deprived of the influence of the press through the backsliding of the *Hamilton Evening Standard*, we have been unable to refute several groundless statements that have appeared both in the *Standard*, and the other papers of the city, this has allowed a false impression to have been made upon the public for the time being; but as it is the duty of every man who loves truth and justice to combat falsehood and injustice wherever they appear, without regard to what position in society their propagators and supporters may occupy. I feel called upon at this time to crave a portion of your space in order to place before the public an unqualified denial of a statement which appeared in the *Hamilton Evening Times* of the 24th inst. Of this article it may be truly said,

Where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

"The organs announce that Sir John A. Macdonald is to traverse Ontario in a short time on an electioneering tour. His object is to impart courage by his presence to his despairing followers in the Province. But his name and presence have lost all their old talismanic influence and power, and though the office-holders may throng around to beseech him with their sycophantic and fulsome eulogies, his reception by the masses will be lacking in that hearty enthusiasm with which he was greeted at the last general elections. He was never less popular in Ontario than he is to-day. He feels that his power is rapidly declining, and it was in consequence of this that he established his organ, the *Toronto Mail*, generally known now as the *Black Mail* organ. It cannot save him. Its coarse attacks upon the best men of the country have disgusted even respectable Tories themselves. No journal conducted on such principles can ever wield a commanding influence."

Now, sir, if Sir John A. Macdonald comes to Ontario either before or after the elections, he will always find a numerous party who have duly valued his abilities as a statesman; and moreover, if Sir J. A. comes at any time in the near future, he will find a vast increase in the mass who will meet to do him the honor which is due

to the statesman who had nerve enough to brave the wrath of *Claverhouse the Second*, and in defiance of the great nondescript (who fancied that Ontario only lived and moved in him); blot from the statute book of Canada laws, which Sir J. A. characterized as the relics of a barbarous age. Yes, sir, the masses of Ontario will meet in tens of thousands to honor the statesman who made them equal before the law with the heaviest purse in the Dominion.

Let Sir John come, only let him give fair notice of his approach; and those who fancy that this fair province of ours is the preserve of any worn-out, heartless, brainless party, and both he and they will learn that the man whom the masses "delighteth to honor" must be one who not only possesses abilities, but is also one who can use those abilities for his country's advancement amongst the nations of this earth.

Let me repeat once more that at no time in the history of this province, have the public men of it been upon a more searching trial of their principles and practice. Let them count well the cost, for most assuredly we, the masses of Ontario, will render honor only unto those to whom honor is due.—I remain, dear sir, yours,

ONE OF THE MASS.

Hamilton, June 25th, 1872.

DREADFUL CALAMITY.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT ON THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

The most serious and shocking accident that ever occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway, since it has been in operation, took place on Saturday morning, a mile east of the Shannonville station, and a short distance west of the Salmon River bridge. The night express, which left Toronto at half-past seven on Friday night, reached Belleville station shortly before one o'clock. When it proceeded east it was twenty minutes late, and this time the driver, John Hibbert, a very steady and experienced man, determined to make up between Belleville and Kingston, the track being in excellent condition, and easily permitting rapid running. The train, besides the engine and tender, consisted of an express and baggage car, a second-class passenger car, a smoking and post-office car, two first-class passenger cars, a Pullman sleeping car—six cars altogether, four of which were well filled with passengers. After passing Shannonville, the train being on a down grade, one of the wheels on the bogie truck of the engine broke, and the result was at once terrible and fatal. The locomotive was thrown off the track, down an embankment about six feet high, and turning over on its side, plunged into the earth with fearful force. The tender was driven ahead, twisted around, and overturned on the same side of the track. The express and baggage car passed the engine and tender in safety, but was thrown diagonally across the rails and there remained. The second-class passenger car followed, but unfortunately it came in contact with the overturned engine, and tore away the safety valve, and thus gave vent to a dense body of steam, which immediately filled the car, scalding the poor creatures with which it was crowded. The smoking and post-office cars came upon the second-class car with terrific force, telescoping it almost from end to end, and reducing the greater part of it to splinters. The smoking car end was nearest to the engine, and it was completely filled with the debris of the second-class car. There were several passengers in it at the time, all of whom were more or less injured. In the post-office end of the car were Joseph Salter and Carruthers, the post-office clerks, who, by a miracle, escaped unhurt. The first-class car behind was thrown off the track, but remained uninjured except about the trucks. The next car was also forced off the rails, but only for a short distance, while the Pullman car remained on the track unharmed. In these three cars the passengers escaped with a few slight bruises and concussions. In the second-class and smoking cars, however, an awful scene was presented to those passengers who rushed forward as soon as they could get out of the cars. The engine-driver, terribly mangled, lay beside the engine; and the fireman, a man named Kidd, who had jumped off, was lying some distance away with one leg broken, and otherwise injured.

The cause of the accident, as near as can be ascertained, was, as stated, a wheel or axle of the locomotive suddenly breaking. This could not, of course, be foreseen, and the calamity must take its place amongst those which no amount of human forethought could have averted. The unfortunate driver, Hibbert, was one of the most prudent and capable men on the line, and the state of the track fully justified the rate at which he was travelling. After a very careful examination of all the circumstances connected with the catastrophe, and so far as can be discovered, there is nothing to justify a belief or suspicion that it was owing to any negligence, or want of proper precaution on the part of the officials, or any defect in the permanent way.

SHORT HOURS.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—Some of the Master Coachmakers are too shortsighted or so wilfully blind that they cannot see the noble example that Mr. Coghill has set them, in allowing his employees to quit work at half-past four on Saturdays. Good sized spectacles would be a benefit to them.

COACHMAKER.

Toronto, June 25, 1872.

EARL RUSSELL ON THE FENIAN CLAIMS.

Earl Russell concluded his speech in the House of Lords, on the 4th instant, upon the Treaty of Washington in the following words:—

"My lords, there is another and last topic to which, I wish to allude before I conclude what I have to say to your Lordships, and that has reference to Canada. Your Lordships are aware that many of the American citizens have complained that the ships of which they were owners had been seized, and that they had lost considerably in consequence. I do not believe that the *Alabama*, or any of these Confederate cruisers had any warlike action with these merchant ships; I do not think there was any bloodshed. It was not so, unhappily, in the case of Canada. (Hear, hear.) There was a raid into Canada, which Sir John Macdonald mentioned in a great speech of more than four hours' duration, which he lately made in the House of Commons of Canada. He stated that there was a raid made in Canada; that many Canadians lost their lives, and that there was a great destruction of property as well. He said he had been blamed for not obtaining reparation, because the American citizens who lost their property immediately went to our government and obtained redress. During the whole time I was Secretary of State I was constantly receiving from Mr. Adams demands for reparation in consequence of the loss of property sustained by American citizens. Well, Sir John Macdonald says that, knowing of these raids, that losses had been incurred, that lives had been lost, and knowing also that Canada could obtain no redress from the United States, he applied to the Government of Great Britain—to his own Government—and asked them to demand from the Government of the United States some indemnity for the losses incurred, some reparation for the families of the persons who had been killed or who suffered from wounds received in these hostilities. The American Government had listened favorably and faithfully to the demands of their own citizens. What did our Government do? Nothing whatever. (Hear, hear.) This statement comes with the authority of Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister of Canada. He said that he complained of it as a great injustice, and that a member of the Canadian bar, seeing the defect in the reference, had said to him—

"You cannot get redress from the commissioners who are negotiating the Treaty, because the English Government has never referred this case as one requiring redress, and therefore you cannot press this claim. (Hear, hear.) It has been said—I know not upon what authority—that everything was settled except this claim with regard to the panic and loss caused by the Fenians, and that the British Government sent directions from Downing street to Washington not to press these claims. Sir John Macdonald's history of the transaction entirely disposed of that story. He says the reason he could not contend against, was that the American commissioners asserted 'This case has never been referred to us. The British Government have never been asked in a formal way for the consideration of these claims, and therefore you are shut out. You are out of court owing to the neglect of your own government in not making a claim for these losses.' My lords, I feel humiliated (hear, hear), for the great negligence which was shown in not urging these claims upon the negotiators. (Hear, hear.) I am of opinion, as Sir John Macdonald says, that we ought to consider Canada as the right arm of this country. Nothing can be more loyal and faithful than the conduct of the Canadians, and we ought to meet them with corresponding generosity (hear, hear.) I do not think it would be wise to show indifference to the great colonial position now called the Dominion (hear, hear.) We must keep the different parts of the empire together by behaving well to all of them (hear, hear), and we shall bind and unite them as one nation most effectually, not by strength of arms, but by steady and loyal affection to the Queen and the Government of this country. (Cheers.) It is with these sentiments, and in the hope that by the interposition of this House the matter may be fully considered, and that we shall not upon this, or any other occasion, show that we are wanting in regard for the honor of the British Crown, that I submit this motion for an humble address to the Queen. (Cheers.)"

THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

BOSTON, June 21.—At the Coliseum this afternoon the audience were fully equal in numbers to that of yesterday. As the day was dedicated to Austria, the Kaiser overture, dedicated to the Emperor, Francis Joseph, was performed by the orchestra, and created great enthusiasm. Madame Peschka Leutner excelled all previous efforts. She first sang a cavatina, from the first act of *Ernani*, which was *encored*, when she gave Abt's beautiful "Good night, my dearest child," under Abt's direction. It was not without many acknowledgments that the lady was allowed to leave the platform. Mr. Strauss repeated his beautiful "Blue Danube," and on *encore* again gave his "Pizzicato polka," which set the entire audience dancing in their seats, as the great leader danced his time on the platform. The popular feature of the day was the performance of the English Grenadier Guards' band, which gave the overture to Semiramidi and several other selections, the effect upon the vast chorus and audience being electrical. Madame Rudersdorff was led to the platform, when the applause subsided, and awaited a solo opportunity in "God save the Queen." The refrain was led by the gifted lady, accompanied by the Grenadier Band, chorus, orchestra, and cannon, and the solo was sung through with great effect, applause unbounded, and when the band added their allegro in repetition of the chorus, the audience insisted in joining. The grand organ followed, and for a few minutes the scene was beyond description. As the band marched up the long aisle, through the chorus seats, amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, Gilmore, on the spur of the moment, started "Auld Lang Syne," which was sung with an expression and warmth not witnessed since the festival began. The concert closed with the grand old Coronation hymn, in which the audience joined. The executive committee have decided upon another choral week, the prices to be reduced to \$3 and \$2, according to location.

On the 22nd the Coliseum audience was somewhat larger than any day of the week. The Freischultz overture, Keer's American Hymn, and the Strause Concert Waltz, New Wein, was finely given. The finale of the third act of *Ernani*, was well sung by the operatic chorus with organ, orchestra, and the band; and Madame Peschka Leutner outdid her previous numbers in the *Venzano Waltz*, which she repeated on an *encore*. One of the principal features of the day was performed by the German band in Taunhauser's overture, which met with the warmest reception. Abt's familiar song, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," was given by special request, led by the composer. The performance closed with the popular rendition, by the chorus and audience, of the "Morning Light is Breaking."

THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

NEW YORK, June 22.—A special to the *Herald* from Geneva, says:—"It has at last transpired that the question of indirect claims has been definitely settled, the American agent and counsel having been instructed by their Government to declare that the Government of the United States did not seek a money award for indirect losses, but only desired a settlement of the principle. Lord Tenderden on the part of his Government called the attention of the Court to the seventh article of the Treaty, which gives the arbitrators only authority to consider claims in relation to a money award, and submitted that since the United States Government declared they did not seek a money award for these classes of claims, they could not be properly entertained by the Court. The American counsel thereupon demanded judgment on this issue by the Court. The Court took time for its decision, but is known to have decided in favor of the point raised by Lord Tenderden, and against the admissibility of indirect claims. This judgment will be delivered, it is said, when the Court meets on the 26th instant, and is reported to be acceptable to the Government. All the members of the Court left for Chamounix. They intend returning on Monday or Tuesday next, when counsel on both sides will exchange the results of their latest instructions, and arrange the order in which business will proceed. During the interval Earl Granville will negotiate with Mr. Fish on the subject. It is believed that when the Arbitrators meet again the sittings will be public.

LONDON, June 22.—A special from Geneva to the *London Standard* says that the counsellors for the American Government before the Tribunal, have gone to Paris to return with their families to Geneva. The other gentlemen connected with the Board are at Chamounix. The *Standard* despatches say everything connected with the arbitration betokens the long stay of the English and American representatives at Geneva.

MAN'S INGRATITUDE TO MAN.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."—BYRON.

Never did "Auld Scotia's" bard present a more truthful exemplification of one of the worst features of the human character—"Man's inhumanity to man." We doubt, however, that it surpasses, in point of downright meanness, man's ingratitude to man. We think nothing so inhuman—so low and degrading—so unbecoming a man of noble spirit—so unmanly, as man's ingratitude to man.

How often do we see kind-hearted and philanthropic men, whose great aim is to relieve the oppressed, to administer to the wants of those in distress—men who have spent the best and greater portion of their lives in a struggle for the amelioration of the toiling masses, go down into an untimely grave, unmourned by those even in whose services their lives were sacrificed. How often do we see men, who have sacrificed comfort, enjoyment, health, fortune and all their bright prospects for the future in the cause of labor, made the subject of ridicule as a reward for their efforts and their sacrifices to better the condition of the toiler.

There are few men harder to please than the oppressed and down-trodden. Men have tried in vain, again and again, to alleviate the sufferings of oppressed labor without being made the subject of abuse by the very men for whom they were laboring.

There is hardly a class of people more ungrateful than the working class. A man may strive ever so hard to serve them—he may accomplish more than a grateful people could reasonably expect—he may make ever so many sacrifices—he may put forth superhuman exertions in their behalf—he may dig and delve, spend an endless number of weary, restless nights maturing plans to better their condition—he may incur the ill-will of hundreds who might appreciate his labor if directed in another channel. Still, and all, after making all the sacrifices possible for man to make, he is often told in an inhuman and very ungrateful manner, in language which in substance conveys the meaning, that his labors have not been appreciated.

We have known cases where men have been persecuted, driven from their homes, reduced to penury, and made to endure hardships and privations almost unbearable by a human being, and all because they had enlisted in the cause of labor. Yet their efforts towards the amelioration of labor were unabated; death alone could make them relinquish the struggle for the emancipation of the toiling millions. They believed the principle for which they contended to be right. They felt convinced that they had embarked in a just and noble cause, and so long as God permitted them to tenant this earth, they would continue the struggle, let the consequences be what they might. We have seen such brave men sacrificed, times without number, men who labored without a hope of compensation or reward of any kind; men who fearlessly placed themselves foremost in the fight as a target for the enemy, and instead of receiving thanks, or even a kindly word, for those in whose behalf their labors were given, and in whose interests their sacrifices were made, we have often heard epithets applied to them which would sometimes make our very blood run cold, to think that the Almighty ever permitted such mean, low, base and ungrateful wretches to inhabit this earth, men who could not even appreciate such sacrifices made in their behalf. We speak from experience when we say that working men are certainly less easily pleased than any other class. We sometimes have an inclination to cease all our efforts in their behalf. But when we call to mind hundreds of our acquaintances who are numbered among the working class, who we know to be as brave, noble and liberal-hearted as ever breathed the breath of life, we take new courage, and resolve to do our whole duty, whether praise or slander be the reward of our labors. How often do we hear working men denounce their fellow-workmen for deserting them, when, if they would stop for a moment to investigate the cause that drove many a good man out of the ranks of labor, they would invariably find, that foremost among all the causes stands man's ingratitude to man.—*Machinists and Rlackemill's Journal.*

A HOUSE OF OUR OWN.

Next to being married to the right person, there is nothing so important in one's life as to live under one's own roof. There is something more than a poetical charm in the expression of the wife:—

"We have our cosy house; it is thrice dear to us because it is our own. We have bought it with the saving of our earnings. Many were the soda fountains, the confectionery saloons, and the necessities of the market we had to pass; many a time my noble husband denied himself the comfort of tobacco, the refreshing draught of beer, wore his old clothes, and even patched-up boots; and I, O me! made my old bonnet do, wore the plainest clothes, did the plainest cooking; saving was the order of the hour, and to have 'a home of our own' had been our united aim. Now we have it; there is no landlord troubling us with raising the rent, and exacting this and that. There is no fear harbored in our bosom that in sickness or old age we will be thrown out of house and home, and the money we have saved to pay rent is sufficient to keep us in comfort in the winter days of life."

What a lesson do the above words teach, and how well it would be if hundreds of families would heed them, and instead of living in rented houses, which take a large share of their capital to furnish, and a quarter of their earnings to pay the rent, dress and eat accordingly, would bravely curtail expenses, and concentrate their efforts on having "a home of their own." Better a cottage of your own than a rented palace.

LORD LISGAR ON TRADES UNIONS.

I have heard apprehensions expressed in some quarters that the combinations amongst workmen and the high rates of wages insisted upon, may go far to check or delay the progress of public works or make the outlay a burthen too grievous to bear. These apprehensions need not be indulged in. Combinations to keep up wages are seldom successful, except in trades where the work people are few in number, and collected in a small number of local centres. In all other cases, wages soon find their natural level; that is to say, the level of the rate which distributes the whole circulating capital of the country among the entire working population. If workmen demand more, their demand can only be obtained by keeping a portion of their number permanently out of employment. The intelligence of the people will soon discover this point, and their entering into combinations and unions will facilitate their doing so. No attempt should therefore be made to prevent or put down the combinations by legislation or by force. The atrocities sometimes committed by workmen in the way of personal outrage or intimidation cannot be too rigidly repressed, and to that end the process of law should be simplified and made summary. In all other respects, and so long as they abstain from the molestation of parties who do not join them, the Trades' Unions should be left free to combine for their own purposes, and to further their own interests by all lawful and peaceable means. I served on a committee of the House of Commons many years ago, by which these principles were ascertained or confirmed, and upon its conclusions the law of England rests. I was glad to see that in the course of the session just closed, Sir John Macdonald introduced a bill to assimilate the law of Canada to that of Great Britain in these respects. I believe this course was wise in itself, and doubly so, inasmuch as it is desirable that the law in Canada should in all cases be as closely as possible assimilated to that of England. No surer or more lasting bond of union between the two countries can be devised than an identity of laws founded upon and fostering an identity of feeling. I well know that Sir John Macdonald has this object much at heart, and that he desires to strengthen the bond and perpetuate the connection, the good intelligence, the alliance between Canada and England. I wish him and all who work with him in this field God-speed and the amplest success. But, after all, the true remedy for the follies and violences of strikes and demands for too high wages, as of all social evils, is popular intelligence, quickened by sound education. You have established an excellent system in the Dominion, and education is in a flourishing condition. I fear it may be objected that the process is slow; that the truths of economic science and the convictions of philosophy can scarcely reach the popular mind; that the knowledge of the people is, and must ever remain superficial. This, to a certain extent, cannot be denied. Still the truths which regulate the moral and political relations of man are at no great distance from the surface. The great works in which discoveries are recorded cannot be read by the people, but their substances pass through a number of minute and circuitous channels, through the lecture, the pamphlet, the newspaper, to the shop, and the hamlet. To borrow a simile from an eminent writer—"the conversion of these works of unproductive splendor into select use and unobserved activity, resembles the processes of nature in the external world. The expanse of a noble lake, the course of a majestic river imposes on the imagination by every impression of dignity and sublimity; but it is the moisture that insensibly arises from them, which gradually mingles with the soil, nourishes all the luxuriance of vegetation, and adorns the surface of the earth."

SHOOTING AFFRAY IN A CIRCUS.

An exciting affray occurred during a recent performance of Dan Rice's circus at Baxter Springs, Kansas. A difficulty took place under the tent between one of the proprietors, named Spalding, and the City Marshal, to arrest a lemonade peddler for selling without a license, during which revolvers were drawn and freely used on both sides. The City Marshal was slightly wounded in three places, but Spalding received a ball in the stomach and another in the left side, inflicting injuries which it was feared would prove fatal. As the tent was full of spectators at the time, many of them ladies, the excitement during the firing was intense. After the shooting was over a row took place in the streets between showmen and citizens, in which one of the latter was severely beaten. It has been reported in some of the papers that Spalding has since died, and that the ring master of the circus, named Terrilliger, was also shot dead; but it is doubtful if there is any truth in these rumors. Young Spalding is the son of Dr.

Spalding, the well known circus manager, formerly of Albany, in this State, who is one of the lessees of the New Orleans Academy of Music, and several other places of amusement in the South.

Servant and Chips.

A servant at a party, to whom his master was calling impatiently to fetch this, fetch that, answered, "Sir, everything ye have in the wurrald is on the table."

A gentleman expressed to a lady his admiration of her toilet. She said she supposed he had been impressed by her angel sleeves. He answered with effusion, No, but he'd like to be!

Alphonse (who has had an attack of mother-in-law), "Parbleu, madame, it is not ze trouble zat your daughter is my wife. Non! It is because she is not an orphan when she is married to me!"

A greenhorn, who was on board a steamer for the first time, fell through the hatchway and down into the hold, when, being unhurt, he loudly expressed his surprise: "Well, if the darned thing ain't holler!"

"In London no man thinks of blacking his own boots," said a haughty Briton once to the late Mr. Lincoln, whom he found polishing his calfskin gaiters. "Whose boots does he black?" quietly responded Uncle Abe.

An irate Western editor lately wrote to a contributor: "If you don't stop sending me such abominable poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your girl."

Josh Billings says there seems to be four styles of minds: First, them that knows it's so; second, them that knows it ain't so; third, them that split the difference and guess at it; fourth, them that don't care which way it is.

HOME RULE.—Mamma (to naughty boy), You should always behave the same, whether you are in company or not. Naughty Boy—Well, ma, why don't you behave the same as you do to company, and press us to have another tart?

"How are you to-day?" asked the benevolent Dr. P. of one of his Irish patients at Guy's Hospital: "Faith, doctor," groaned the poor fellow, "I'm that had that if any one was to tell me that I war clane dead, I'd not be surprised at all."

"Spotted Tail" indignantly denies that he authorized the association of his name with that of Victoria C. Woodhull on the Presidential ticket. The following despatch has been received from him: "Woodhull? Squaw! Ugh! Me no run!"

Discerning child (who has heard some remarks made by papa)—Are you our new nurse? Nurse—Yes, dear. Child—Well, then, I'm one of those boys who can only be managed by kindness—so you had better get some sponge cake and oranges at once!

A traveller announces as a fact (and though he is a "traveller" we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being "too sick" to attend to each other's concerns.

Mr. Lincoln used to tell a story of a boy who was ordered by his father to scare a stray urchin off the premises. He departed on his mission with a "turkey gobble" strut, and shortly returned with a discolored optic, bleeding nose and very demoralized, and told his father the "darn'd boy didn't scare worth a cent."

A philosophical Kentuckian who was the envious possessor of one shirt, while lying in bed awaiting its return from the line where it was flapping in solitary grandeur, was startled by an exclamation from the better half of his bosom, to the effect that "the calf has eaten it." To this he replied with an equanimity worthy of a better cause: "Them who has must lose!"

A London (Ont.) paper has the following among its "scientific discoveries": A new fashioned bustle was found in the cricket field yesterday, which consisted of several newspapers, three pairs of old hose, two "quilted" petticoats (nearly worn out), two old slouch hats, a pair of top boots, a bunch of hay, a piece of stair carpet, and a cord about three feet long.

A German carman was taking his lager-bier, with a party of friends, in a Third avenue saloon, when an acquaintance came in, and said to him, "Your horse is running away." "Vy didn't you stop him?" quietly asked the Teuton. "I couldn't; he'd got several rods up the avenue." "Come, poy, hurry up mid dat odder mug," cried the German, "for if dat horse breaks anyding, my wife vill gi-me hail Columbus!"

Fanny Fern says that when she sees "a pretty man, with an apple head, and raspberry moustache with six hairs in it, paint on his cheeks, and a little dot of a goatee on his chin, with pretty little blinking studs in his shirt bosom, and a little neektie that looks as if it would faint if it were rumped, she always feels a desire to nip him with a pair of sugar tongs, drop him gently into a pot of cream, and strew pink rose leaves over the little remains."

"IT WON'T DO FOR OLD VIRGINNY."—Junius Brutus Booth appeared as "Iago" in Richmond, Virg., the other night, and in the audience was a somewhat unsophisticated individual, who inquired of a gentleman near

him: "Is this the play in which a nigger marries a white woman, and then chokes her to death?" An appropriate reply was given. The questioner then arose to leave, remarking: "Well, then, darned if I want to see it. It won't do for old Virginy!"

A man in Providence, addicted to "tangle foot," having imbibed considerably more than was for his good, took a seat by the fire, and soon "didn't feel as well as he used to do." Near the fire was a brood of young goslings in a basket, that had been brought in, the weather being stormy. The heat made the man sick, and the disposition was strong within him to relieve his overcharged stomach. No vessel being handy for the purpose except the basket of goslings, the load was quickly deposited there. Calling his wife, he exclaimed, "Pho-Phoebe, where did I (hic) did I eat those gos-gillings?"

A Virginia City man thus describes his method of conjugal discipline: "Whenever I see she's got her mad up, if it's a dozen times a day, I just quietly say nothin', but kinder humor her, and she comes round all right after a while. Then when she throws things at me, or gives a wild slash for me with the broom or rollin'-pin, I just dodges a little, and she never hits me the third time before I get my eyes on her, and let her know that I disapprove of such action on her part. Perhaps I have to leave the house to show her this, but she sees the point. Then, by being careful not to irritate her, and letting her have her own way, I manage to make her do as I please."

WATER COMMISSIONER!

TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
Eastern Division of the
City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,
Having been strongly urged by an influential and numerous body of my friends and former supporters to offer myself as a candidate for
WATER COMMISSIONER,
I now comply with their request, and place myself before you, hoping to receive, as I heretofore have done, such support as will place me at the head of the poll.
Yours, &c., &c.,
F. H. MEDCALF.

TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
Western Division of the
City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,
A large number of influential Ratepayers residing in your Division have urged me to become a candidate for the office of Water Commissioner, and have signified their intention to exert themselves to secure my election.
In taking my place with other candidates for such a responsible position, I assure you, without claiming superior abilities or qualifications for the office, if honoured with your support, I will be unremitting in my exertions to serve the citizens of Toronto energetically and faithfully.
The shortness of time intervening between the date and the day of polling, FRIDAY, the 28th INSTANT, will render it impossible for me to make a personal canvass.
I, therefore, will solely rely on your judgment and confidence.
I have the honor to be,
Yours truly,
WM. PATERSON.
Toronto, 21st June, 1872.

TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
Western Division of the
City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN:
A numerous signed requisition has been sent to me, requesting me to offer for the office of Water Commissioner for the above Division. Such requisition inspires me with the belief that my conduct as one of your representatives, extending over a period of twelve years in the City Council, has met with the approval of my fellow citizens.
In according to the wish of my friends, allow me to state that should you favor me with your confidence and support for the office of Water Commissioner, I will earnestly strive to discharge the important duties of the office to your satisfaction.
The Election takes place on Friday, the 28th June, 1872. Poll open at 9 A.M.
I am, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
ROBERT BELL.

TO THE ELECTORS
OF
The Western Division of
Toronto.

GENTLEMEN:
In a few days you will be called upon to elect two Commissioners to represent you for the construction of Water Works for the City. No commission of trust that you have ever placed in the hands of five men, has been of the great importance to the future health, safety and comfort of all classes of the people of Toronto, as the Commission you are about to appoint. An abundant supply of pure water for all purposes is one of the first indispensable requisites for a city of the population of Toronto, not only for the present, but the great future that inevitably lies before her.

It is not only an honest and judicious expenditure of money placed at the disposal of the Commission that it will be entrusted with, but the selection of the source from which the water shall be obtained, the kind of works that shall be used, and the method of construction, dealing with existing interests, and a vast number of other questions of the most grave and vital importance will be entrusted to their judgment and decision.

In offering myself for your suffrages, I do so with a full sense of the great responsibility your representative will have to assume, and I have called your attention to some of the leading features of those responsibilities, in the earnest hope that you will select the best men from among those that present themselves.

It is not my intention to personally canvass the division; it would be almost impracticable in the time intervening before the election, but were it otherwise, I do not think it would be proper to do so.

Your Commissioners should not be under the influence of party ties and personal obligations, but should be the free representative of the whole people of the division.

I scarcely need tell many of you that I have been in active business here for well nigh thirty years, during which time I have constructed many important works both in Canada and the United States. I am, and have been for some time, retired from all business operations. My time and whatever abilities I may possess are, therefore, at your disposal. I have no personal interests to serve. My sole desire is to promote the best interests of my fellow citizens in this important matter.

If you approve of my views and believe I can serve you, my services are at your disposal. I shall be glad to receive your support on the day of election.

Your very obedient servant,
JOHN WORTHINGTON.

TO THE ELECTORS
OF
WEST TORONTO

GENTLEMEN,
At the request of a large number of the Electors of West Toronto, I offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Water Commissioner.
I am fully aware of the great importance of the duties connected with the office, and, if elected, will endeavor to discharge them honestly and efficiently.
Your obedient servant,
JOHN GREENLEES.

MEAKIN & CO.
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
A JOB LOT OF BLACK SILK
WHICH WILL BE SOLD VERY CHEAP.
207 YONGE STREET,
OPPOSITE ALBERT STREET.
SHIRTS, TIES, COLLARS,
And a General Assortment of Dry Goods,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
MEAKIN & CO., 207 Yonge St.

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OF
WILLIAM H. SYLVIS,
Late President of the "National Labor Union" and Iron Moulders International Union, by his brother J. C. SYLVIS, of Sunbury, Pa. A text book on Labor Reform. A book which should be in the hands of every working man in the United States. The book contains four hundred and fifty-six pages, with a fine steel engraving of the deceased; is neatly and serviceably bound, and the price reduced to the lowest possible figure. A portion of the proceeds derived from the sale of the work is to be devoted to the young Orphan Family of the deceased, leaving but a trifling margin to cover probable losses. The late Wm. H. Sylviss was identified with the labor movement in this country, from its earliest conception, and his writings and speeches, it is universally conceded, exercised a marked influence abroad, while to them, more than any, is due the surprising progress which that movement has made here. His Biography is therefore in a great measure a history of the Labor movement, and no man who desires to keep pace with the times should be without a copy.
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Hatter and Furrier,
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Four Doors South of Trinity Square.

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The Bone and Sinew of our Dominion.**

We beg to call attention to our large and
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COMPRISING ALL THE LEADING
Paris, London and New York Styles.

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Call and see for yourselves. Encourage
enterprise.

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hence can sell cheaper than any other house in
the city. Please remember the sign and address,
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OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.

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Purchases.
SELLS ONLY FOR CASH—ONE PRICE.
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Beg to call special attention to their new stock of Grey
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patronage bestowed on him since he became
proprietor of the above, and assures them
he intends to merit a continuance of their
kindness by conducting the same in the

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HENNESSY & MARTELL'S BRANDIES,

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Grocer and Wine Dealer, 135 Yonge Street, Toronto. D. SPRY.

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New Fancy Dress Goods

In the City, at all Prices.

NEW SELF-COLOR DRESSES, NEW JAPANESE SILK DRESSES, NEW WASHING DO., \$3 cents a yard. NEW BLACK SILKS, NEW MOURNING DRESSES, NEW PRINTS, COTTON, &c., &c.

OUR OWN DIRECT IMPORTATIONS, CHEAP FOR CASH.

C. PAGE & SONS, London House, 164 and 196 Yonge Street.

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THOS. H. TAYLOR'S PANTS

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OUR

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Clothier and General Outfitter,

100 YONGE STREET,

BETWEEN ADELAIDE AND KING STS.,

TORONTO. 1tc

DUTY OFF TEA.

The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public of Toronto that on account of the duty coming off Tea on the 1st of July next, he will offer his extensive stock of

[Fine Green and Black Teas]

At the following reduced prices:—

Finest Young Hyson, lately sold for \$1.00 now 90c

Extra very Fine do., " " 0.90 " 80c

Very Fine do., " " 0.80 " 70c

Finest Souchong and Congou lately sold for 1.00 " 80c

Very Fine do., lately sold for 0.80 " 70c

Very Fine Japan, Oolong and Pekoe

Teas, lately sold for 0.70 " 60c

G. L. GARDEN, Wine and Spirit Merchant,

55 King Street, corner of Bay Street. (Late Robt. Davis & Co.)

WORKINGMEN, SUPPORT THE EARLY CLOSING STORE!

EDWARD LAWSON

In returning thanks to his numerous customers for their liberal patronage in the past, would inform them and the public, that from the most extraordinary and rapid increase in the sale of his

Far-Famed Teas & Coffees,

And the number of flattering testimonials daily received, of their superiority, &c., &c., he has determined to go exclusively into the

TEA AND COFFEE BUSINESS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

And will therefore commence on MONDAY, the 1st INSTANT, to sell off the whole of his extensive stock of

Teas, Coffees, Fruits, Pickles,

Sauces, Jams, Jelly, Marmalade, &c.,

At a great reduction in price, so as to clear the whole stock out by the first of July.

EDWARD LAWSON,

93 King Street, sign of the Queen.

N.B.—The Confectionery and Biscuit business continued as usual.

WORKINGMEN! SUPPORT YOUR OWN PA'

Send in your Subscriptions at once!

Do not wait to be called upon!

NOW IS THE TIME.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

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LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST! STUDY ECONOMY!

BY BUYING AT THE

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YOUR CLOTHING AND YOUR FAMILIES' CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS

The Largest First-Class House in the City.

EVERY DEPARTMENT STOCKED WITH PILES OF FIRST-CLASS GOODS,

And the Prices marked specially to suit the wants of the Workingman.

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128, 130 AND 132 KING STREET EAST,

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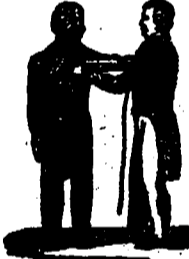
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FOR

Drafting Coats, Vests,

and Pants.

Is arranged on a 26-inch rule, with combination scales thereon, capable of drafting a coat in five minutes in a beautiful design and accurate in every point; seven scales for a cactus coat, and eight for a body coat, and three scales for a vest and three scales for pants. It will draft on as small a quantity of cloth as any pattern in the world.

For further information, see the Globe and Leader, or apply to the inventor.

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OFFERS FOR SALE

RASPBERRY ROOTS FOR SETTING,

CLARK'S PHILADELPHIA

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Also, STRAWBERRY BASKETS by the Thousand, Cheap.

Toronto, May 9, 1872.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

TEA. TEA. TEA.

H. K. DUNN,

51 QUEEN STREET WEST,

(Opposite Terauley.)

As the duty on Tea is to be taken off on the 1st of July, we have determined to sell out our Stock at reduced prices. So Workingmen, bear it in mind, and

GIVE US A CALL.

JOHN McCORMICK,

FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE AGENT,

SPADINA AVENUE,

Nearly opposite St. Patrick's Street, Toronto.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Agent for the Western Assurance Company of Canada. HEAD OFFICE—Western Assurance Buildings, corner of Church and Colborne Streets, Toronto.

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Workingmen of Toronto, Attention.

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CORNER OF QUEEN AND JAMES STS., NEAR YONGE,

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Constantly on hand the choicest brands of Flour. Special attention given to this branch of business.

Liberal Inducements to Nine-hour Men.

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