

# Ontario Workman.

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

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## LABOR PORTRAITS.

"Men who, in advance of law and in opposition to prevailing opinion, have forced into national recognition the hitherto disregarded rights of labor."

### Mr. ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

PRESIDENT, MINERS' ASSOCIATION; AND M. P. FOR STAFFORD.

Alexander Macdonald is descended from a stout powerful arm of the Clan Macdonald, who, by their devoted attachment to the Stuart dynasty was all but exterminated on the dark moor of Drumochter (Culloden), which crushed out the last hopes of the Jacobite cause. His grandfather who was the mere stripling, fled to the lowlands, and located in the county of Perth. Like some others who were fugitives for the "lost cause," fortune shined on him for a time; but an hour of disaster came, and the father of the subject of the present sketch betook himself to the life of a sailor at the earliest moment he could be bound to that occupation. In after life he took part in the capturing of several of the West India Islands, and was latterly taken prisoner in the war of 1812 between the United States and this country. On the termination of the war he returned to Scotland, settled down in Lanarkshire. There he married the mother of Alexander Macdonald, who was of Norman extraction, and possessed great force of character. Alexander Macdonald was born in the latter part of the first quarter of this century at Dalmeaculter, in the parish of New Monkland, near the town of Aird, about ten miles east of Glasgow—a place generally celebrated for the richness of the mineral fields that lay about it. His father having become a miner, at the early age of eight years he was taken into the mine to work.

The condition of miners was, at that time, of a very low order, it being only in the year 1797 that the law had been passed that conferred on them their freedom, so that they were virtually merging from the state of slavery. There was no limit to the hours of labour, or the age that their young would be taken there—males and females were both employed in them. Ventilation in theory was hardly known, and in practice it scarcely existed in many places. As might be expected, from going to work at the early age mentioned, his education was of a meagre kind indeed. Thanks to the watchful attention of his mother, every day or parts of the day, that he had to spare he was sent to school; and in the evening also, though almost constantly for some years the hours in the mine averaged fully fifteen per day. An early thirst for knowledge was engendered by almost weekly being at school; the long degrading hours he recoiled from. The doings of those that were striving for the reduction of the hours of labour, for the factory children were his constant study. When the females came to be put out of the mine in 1842, he was advocating the reduction of the hours of labour to eight per day, and the education of every miner's child. In a great strike of that year he took an active part. At the close of it he determined to prosecute still further those studies he had begun, with the view of entering one of the learned professions. Taking a share in all the leading movements of the day, he still never lost a day, he still never lost an hour in preparing to enter the University to complete those works he had begun.

In 1846 he entered the Glasgow University, during the whole session of that and the following year maintaining himself for what he had accumulated by his own daily labour. In the summer he resumed mining, and again by the aid of his own toil and the assistance of his own family he again attended the University of Glasgow. Meanwhile he never forgot the miners' cause. In 1850 he became a teacher, and so continued for some time, till the question of a better Mines Act—the Acts of oppression under the Masters and Servants, the evasions of the Truck Act, the Law Compensation of Accidents, and the miserable house system then existing, with the low rate of wages at the period, all engaged largely his attention.

These evils so impressed him that he left a highly remunerative position and threw himself unreservedly into the stormy life of a leader among the working miners. The Mines Act of 1855 was passed—it was known only for its effects. The Select Committee got by Mr. Forster, the M. P. for Walsall then and now, to enquire into the Truck System, ended in no result. At the beginning of the year 1856 little or no union existed among the

miners anywhere. By the close of 1857, an interchange of views had taken place among those that remained of the recognized leaders of the miners of the United Kingdom, and the result of this was that a small conference was held at Ashton-under-Lyne. Alexander Macdonald taking a leading part there. It was agreed to agitate and press on the Government the necessity of passing a measure for their protection. In 1858 this was done. In 1860, another Act was passed, but like its predecessors was not satisfactory. One point was insisted by Alexander Macdonald—the necessity of having two shafts to every working—one for escape if the other was destroyed. The mine owners opposed this, and the Legislature supported him. The Hartley catastrophe came in 1862, and then an Act was passed, Alexander Macdonald as before leading in the matter.

In 1863, a conference was convened from all parts of the empire. It resulted in the formation of the Miners' National Association and of it Alexander Macdonald was elected president. In 1865, a select committee was appointed; he took part with others on behalf of the association in watching it, and giving evidence before it. He subsequently watched over the passing of the Bill introduced in 1860-70-71, and the final measure of 1872.

As before noticed, in early life the cruelties—if we may so style them—that took place under the law of Master and Servants Act made a deep impression on him. He was one of the parties appointed in 1864 as the Congress that was held on that subject to see the law altered; he continued to act along with others till the old law was repealed in 1867. In 1868 Alexander Macdonald became a candidate for the Kilmarock district of Burghs. Towards the election taking place, he found the screw being so heavily put on, that he retired from the contest rather than see many of the working class voters sacrificed. There was no ballot then. He has twice visited the United States, to see the real position of the working man there as compared with his country. He travelled the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, in many places receiving from trades unionists a hearty and generous welcome. Many thousands of the Scotch miners who have located in the States received him with open arms. He is at the present time the president of the Miners' Association, as he had been from its formation. In his position as president he has never had a permanent salary. He has been, more than once, by the Scotch miners, and friends in Scotland, presented with tokens of their respect and esteem. On the 11th of January, 1873, he was presented by the leading miners of the kingdom and their friends, with the sum of £1,500, most of which had been collected by the miners in their various localities. Till the present, Alexander Macdonald remains unmarried. It may just be added that he is the eldest of seven brothers, all of whom yet survive. Four of these have settled and become citizens of the great Western Republic. One of them earned some distinction for himself under the star-spangled banner during the late war.

On Tuesday Mr. Macdonald was elected by the working men of Stafford to represent them in Parliament. He was second on the poll, as will be seen from the following statement:—T. Salt (Conservative), 1,238; A. Macdonald (Working Man candidate), 1,181; Mr. Bridgeman (Conservative), 946; Alderman Pochin (Liberal), 903.—*London Bee Hive, Feb. 7th 1874*

### A WORKING KING.

The late King of Saxony was in the habit of attending all the State institutions to see that they were kept in working order. One day King John appeared at the telegraph office of a small station, taking the clerk by surprise. The official had only just time to telegraph to his colleagues at the next station, "The King has just arrived on a visit of inspection," before he was summoned to give all possible details to his sovereign with regard to the amount of traffic in the place, the number of despatches received, the number sent out, etc. Presently a message came along the wire, which the clerk read in much embarrassment. "What are the contents of that despatch?" inquired the King. The official stammered out the contents were unimportant, but, as his royal master insisted on being informed of them, the unhappy clerk was at length compelled to acknowledge that he had telegraphed to his neighbor, "The King has just arrived," and that the answer he had received ran thus: "The King pokes his nose into everything."

## THE LABOR PROBLEM.

### PRODUCTIVE CO-OPERATION.

#### SOME STRIKING INSTANCES OF THE BENEFICIAL RESULTS OF THE SYSTEM.

A reader of the WORKMAN, who is deeply interested in the co-operative movement, has sent us the following interesting paper on the subject, and we gladly give it a place in our columns. Co-operation may not be a cure for every ill; but we believe the workingmen of this continent would materially advance their position did they, but determinately endeavor to buy, sell and to work on this principle.

Productive co-operation may be divided into three classes: co-operative societies begun by employers, those commenced by workingmen, and those started by other co-operative societies. A good specimen of the first class is the

#### BRIGGS COAL COMPANY.

in the north of England. It was in 1866 that the Briggs brothers were induced, mainly by an article written in 1856 by Prof. Fawcett, to adopt a co-operative course. Their employees were an idle, drinking, uproarious set, who hated their masters. The cost of taking care of the mines, whether worked or not, was nearly \$1,000 a day, and, as the men were often on a strike, this sum might be a dead loss for days and weeks together. This was the state of affairs when the Briggs brothers concluded to try co-operation. They formed a joint-stock company, issuing shares of \$50 each, one-third of which they sold to the workingmen. The rest they kept in their own hands. Payments for these shares were made by the employees monthly, and, as soon as a man had paid his \$50, he began to receive dividends. A 10 per cent dividend on stock is the first bill on the net profits. If anything remains, it is divided into two equal shares. One goes to the Briggs brothers; the other is divided among all the workingmen, shareholders or not in proportion to the wages they have received during the year. From that day to this the Briggs Coal Company has continued to earn more than ever before; has been

#### FREE FROM STRIKES.

—an unprecedented case; and has made from 15 to 17 per cent yearly. There is a great saving spirit manifested among the men, formerly so careless. The Briggs brothers and their men have built up a public library and established schools. Drunkenness is said to be unknown. The magic of co-operation has wrought an almost perfect work. This result is the more remarkable, because it has been effected with most unpromising material, and in what seems, at first sight, an unpromising way. The Briggs brothers gave their men no share whatever in the management, since the majority of the stock remained in their own hands. The plan they adopted made it impossible that they should lose. Their stock represented the full amount of capital they had invested in the mines, and on this they were to receive 10 per cent before labor, as such, got any dividend whatever. Their profits had averaged about 6 per cent; but, the next year after they admitted their men to partnership, they cleared 10 per cent, and \$8,500 besides. I believe they have made as much as this, if not more, every year since. This system known in England as that of "industrial partnerships"—is one which every employer can easily try, and try with no possible risk of loss. If he does not wish to issue stock to his employees, he can say to them: "At the end of this year, I will divide my profits above 10 per cent on my capital [naming a per centage somewhat higher than his average rate of profit] into two halves, one of which shall be divided among all of you, in proportion to the wages each has earned during the year." He would thus

#### HIRE HIS MEN'S BRAINS

and good will. It would pay them thereafter to be diligent, faithful and sober, and to prefer arbitration to strikes. If the plan does not work well, it can be dropped at the end of the year. But it will work well, and manufacturers will make money by it from the instant of its adoption.

The history of the Ralahine Co-operative Agricultural Association, County Clare, Ireland, is as interesting as any romance. It was in 1829 that a Mr. Vandeleur, owning an estate of some 700 acres in this

county, determined after studying the plan of Robert Owen, to try

#### A CO-OPERATIVE FARM.

At this period, all Ireland was in a reckless, unsettled state, and land-owners were afraid to live at their homes. Mr. Vandeleur's steward was shot and his family fled in terror from their home. But Mr. Vandeleur was a brave man. He had made up his mind to have a co-operative farm. Leaving his family in England, he went back to his estate. Although he had put up some cottages, and made a few other preparations before, he now called his people together, and, for the first time, told them what he was going to do. He had engaged a young Mr. Craig for his secretary. He proved to be as brave as his employer. He stood his ground in spite of various gentle hints of the possible consequences. One of these pleasant suggestions consisted in a rude sketch of a coffin with his name scrawled there on. By degrees Mr. Craig won the people's attention, and talked so persuasively to them of co-operation that they at last agreed to try the experiment. Mr. Vandeleur let his 700 acres to them at a rent of \$3,000, and they paid, beside, interest on the value of all cattle, tools, etc., which brought the amount up to \$4,500. The men elected their own Committee of management by ballot, Mr. Craig himself being subject to ballot. The concern was an almost

#### MIRACULOUS SUCCESS.

Everything that seemed impossible became a fact. Liquor, filth, ignorance, gave way to temperance, cleanly homes, and good schools. Not only were the 700 acres cultivated, but a tract of waste land, fertilized and made productive. Among the evils forbidden by the Company's by-laws was that of gambling. Mr. Vandeleur unfortunately did not come under this rule. He lost his all a few years later, at the gaming table. The winner refused to continue the lease and the tenants were ejected. Some of them emigrated, the remainder relapsed into the barbarism from which co-operation had temporarily lifted them.

Of the second class of productive co-operative societies,—those started by workingmen,—the

#### WOLVERHAMPTON PLATE-LOCK WORKS.

is a good specimen. Years ago, one of the masters of Wolverhampton cut down his men's wages. They struck. The other masters hastened to form a lock-out, and expected, by suspending all work, to compel the employees to submit. These latter belonged, however, to a Trades Union, which could give them temporary aid. During their brief holiday, they held several meetings to decide what it was best to do. They finally concluded to establish a manufactory of their own. This they did. The masters smiled scornfully, and immediately put down the prices of the immense stock of goods they had on hand, so that they found a quick and ready market. To be sure, they lost on these prices, but it was a means to an end, they thought. The workingmen thought so, too. They shut their teeth firmly, worked hard, and undersold their masters in the markets. They lost, as they knew they must. It was a long year before the masters began, one by one, to give way; and it was five or six long years before the Workingmen's Wolverhampton Plate-Lock Works Company began to really pay. But, when it once began, it did not stop. It is now a flourishing profitable Company; and it realizes, as the world does, that it is perseverance and co-operation that made it so. This is not by any means the only example to be given of what workingmen have done for themselves. There are many small co-operative shops in England, owned by the men to whom they give employment, and a few establishments as large as the one already described.

The third class of producing co-operative society—associations under the control of other co-operative societies—finds a fit type in the

#### OUSEBURN ENGINE WORKS.

at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Its capital is \$500,000, divided into 20,000 shares. After providing for a reserve fund, and payment of 10 per cent on the paid-up capital, all profits are to be divided equally between labor and capital. Every worker in the company receives a dividend on the amount paid him in wages or salary. Each employee must allow a portion of his wages or salary to remain on deposit with the company. When the deposit amounts to \$25, he receives a share-certificate.

The greater part of the capital-stock was subscribed by the co-operative stores in the north of England. This, in fact, is true of the great majority of productive co-operative enterprises. The stores are far easier to manage, and are naturally started first. When they grow strong and find surplus cash on their hands, they are apt to use it in promoting co-operative production. It was in this way that most of the great corn and cotton mills which workingmen own near Manchester were started. The panic in the English iron trade last year cost the Ouseburn Engine Works \$50,000, but the Company went serenely on. It is a power in the iron business to-day.

### KNOW YOUR CHILDREN.

Hundreds of men have no time to get acquainted with their children. They see in a general way that they are clean and wholesome looking, they pay the quarterly school bills, and they grudge no expense in the matter of shoes and overcoats. They dimly remember that they once courted their wives, and said tender things in pleasant parlours, where the cheerful gabbler shed its glow, or on moonlight evenings under rustling leaves. The time for that is quite gone by, and they would feel as bashful as a school boy reciting a piece, were they to essay a compliment now to the lady at the other end of the table. They have forgotten that home has its inalienable rights, and among them first and chiefest the right to their personal presence. Nothing rears a man or woman who has been busy about one set of things, better than a total change of employment or feeling. A day on the lounge is all very well, but after a half hour of it, if the most tired man will shake off dull sleep, and have a romp with the children or a game of bo peep with the baby, he will be rested much more thoroughly than if he drowses away the whole evening, as so many business men do.—*Hearth and Home.*

### CURRENT EVENTS.

The Leeds co-operative society have subscribed £25,000 in a joint stock company for working Tipton-green colliery, near Birmingham.

Miss Brewood, an American lady, has performed the perilous feat of attaining the summit of the Jungfrau mountain, in Switzerland.

A new company is floated, under the title of the Irish Midland Coal Consumers Company, on a co-operative basis. The coal fields to be worked are in the province of Connaught, near Lough Allen.

The first sod of a new colliery, the enterprise of a number of workingmen who have formed themselves into a company under the title of the "Broughton Moor Co-operative Mining Company," has recently been cut near the village of Dean near Thornechwaite.

The revenue of Newfoundland for the last financial year was \$807,000. In 1872 the revenue was £177,342. The progress of the country does not therefore seem to be very rapid. The principal exports are cod-fish seal-oil, cod-oil, seal skins, herring, and salmon.

In order to encourage the workmen who will be engaged in the new Ercbury Junction Iron Works, situate between Barnsley and Wakefield, now in course of construction, the directors have decided to reserve three hundred shares for them if they choose to take them up.

A correspondent of the Washington Star sends the following statements, saying that he knows the parents of the children and has recently received an account of their birth from a personal friend: "Mrs. J. B. McCrum, residing at No. 58, Parsons street, Kalamazoo, Mich., is the mother of twins so small that they are a marvel of humanity, putting in shade all stories of Lilliputians ever heard of. One is a boy and the other a girl, and weigh, together, three pounds and four ounces! They are perfect and seem to be in good health. Their bed is a little paper box, filled with cotton, and they are dressed in doll's clothes. The mother and children were doing well at last accounts. These twins are the smallest living creatures ever heard of. They take food naturally and make a noise like very young kittens. Quite a number of citizens have called to see the little wonders. A tea cup will cover the head of either. Their hands are about the size of the bowl of a teaspoon and their bodies less than six inches long—the boy a trifle the larger."

Poetry.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Though we may not change the cottage
For a mansion hall and grand,
Or exchange the little grass plot
For a boundless stretch of land—
Yet there's something brighter, dearer
Than the wealth we thus command.

We can always make home cheerful,
If the right course we begin,
We can make its inmates happy,
And their truest blessings win;
It will make the small room brighter,
If we let the sunshine in.

We may gather round the fireside
When the evening hours are long,
We can blend our hearts and voices
In a happy social song;
We can guide some erring brother,
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music,
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders,
We will firmly shut the door—
Yet should evil shadows enter,
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lovely
Which the grandest fail to find;
There's a chain of sweet affection
Binding friends of kindred mind;
We may reap the choicest blessings,
From the poorest lot assigned.

Gales and Sketches.

THE COUNTESS.

"Oh, the saints! what will become of us, my lady! All alone in this dismal old chateau, and two gay young officers billeted upon us. Heavens! what shall we do?"

"With a look of surprise, the countess raised hers from the embroidery on which they were bent, and demanded, 'What are you talking about, Lisette? Officers billeted upon us!—what mean you?'"

"Ah, my dear lady, you heard the drums this morning. Well, a whole regiment has marched into the village, and every house, even the good curate's, is filled with these terrible soldiers, and then they cannot all find lodgings, and so the curate has sent them to the chateau; and oh! my lady, you will be frightened to death, I know you will, for there they are already below in the court, with their swords, and pistols, and horrible moustaches, as if for all the world they had come here to devour us!"

"This is indeed embarrassing, my good girl. Send Jacques hither at once." And rising from her embroidery frame, the countess walked to the window which commanded a view of the court-yard.

"Ah! no wonder the pretty young countess blushed like a damask rose, as she looked down upon the two gay chevaliers thus forced upon her hospitality!—bold, dashing soldiers—their splendid uniforms glittering with gold, and their long white plumes floating on the breeze, as they paced to and fro the broad limits of the court! It was, indeed, as she had averred, very embarrassing! For ever since the death of the old count, her husband, she had remained, like the beautiful princess in the fairy tale, shut up the chateau, seeing no one, save Father Ambrose, the curate, and the faithful domestics who shared the solitude.

"How is this, Jacques?" she cried, as the old man tottered in; "what is it Lisette tells me?—is our chateau, indeed, turned into a garrison? Methinks our good father Ambrose has gone beyond the limits of forbearance in sending hither such guests?"

"Ah, my dear mistress, pardon the good father," answered Jacques; "he is half-bewildered; and, indeed, everything is turned topsy-turvy by the marching in of this regiment. Every house is filled, and some of the men, I am told, have even to quarter in barns, poor fellows! Boys are shouting, women and children screaming, and then such a hubbub in the poultry-yards: Ah, my lady, no wonder the curate is beside himself!"

"Jacques," said the countess, "you must transfer these chevaliers elsewhere; alone, as I am, it is impossible for me to receive guests of such a character under my roof. Go, and look to it at once, my good Jacques."

"But, alas, madame, they refuse to go! I begged of them to retire from the chateau—I told them, with tears in my eyes, that my lady, the countess, was young and beautiful, and had not seen a soul since the old count's death; now a twelvemonth, and—"

"Jacques, Jacques!" exclaimed the countess, impatiently, "you surely were not so absurd as to say this!"

it would not be proper for them thus to intrude upon your ladyship."

"Why, Jacques, how could you be so imprudent!" exclaimed the countess, starting up, and pacing the room hurriedly. Then, with something of a smile already chasing away the frown, she added, "Well, my friend, and what said they to such forcible arguments?"

"Indeed, my lady, one would have thought I had related some excellent jest, by the manner in which they laughed, thanking me for the agreeable information I had given them; adding, that they certainly could not think of bearing themselves away from the chateau, after the many inducements I had given them to stay. Then they handed me their cards, bidding me to present them to your ladyship, whom they doubted not was as beautiful as an angel."

"Coxcombs!"

"And with their most profound respects, to say that, however they might regret being thus forced to intrude themselves, their necessities must compel them to demand the hospitality of the chateau."

"Cool, at any rate!" remarked the countess, with a toss of her pretty head. "These cards—let us see who it is that thus honors us. 'Louis Auguste Francois Bellegarde, Colonel, &c.'; 'Eugene Montepan, Lieutenant, &c.' Very well, Jacques, we must see to the entertainment of these guests."

The countess mused for a moment; then a saucy smile dimpled her rosy little mouth, and mischief sat in her large blue eye. "Jacques," she cried, turning suddenly to her old servant—"Jacques, it would not become us to be inhospitable to the brave soldiers of the emperor."

"You are right—Vive l'Empereur!" exclaimed Jacques. "Ah, I was once a soldier myself—yes, under the banner of—"

"Never mind, now, Jacques," interrupted the countess: "conduct these gallant officers then to the east wing of the chateau; be attentive to all their wants; let Adolphe wait upon them, and bid him not fail in any mark of respect due to such distinguished guests. Let dinner be served in the great banquetting-hall; there—go, and send Lisette to me."

The old man hesitated, took a step towards the door, then returned, played with his fingers, and rubbed his eyebrows. "My honored lady—ahem—pardon an old man, but these are, no doubt, wild young scamps—I—my lady—I was going to say—thanks to my experience—I think I know how to manage these gallants; and so, if you please, I will serve the dinner for my lady, the countess, in her private apartment."

"Ah! my good Jacques," said the countess, smiling, "then you think that I had better not appear before these gay gallants."

"Pardon, my dear mistress, you are so young and charming."

"Never fear, my friend, only do as I bid you; and listen, Jacques, whatever you may hear me say, or whatever you may see me do, show no surprise. In an hour I will, in person, receive you, our guests."

"But, my lady, my dear young mistress, let me entreat you not."

"Ah, my good Jacques," said the countess, laughing, and playfully patting the old man's cheek, "be easy; you shall see after what fashion these dashing chevaliers will fall in love with your mistress! Now go, and send Lisette speedily."

"Come here, Lisette; low, can you be secret?"

Lisette bit her lips, as if to caution them of what they might expect should they be tempted to blab, and folding her arms tightly over her neat little bodice, protested and vowed she would be as secret as—

"As most women, doubtless," answered her mistress; "but you must promise me, that no consideration shall induce you divulge the secret with which I am about to entrust you."

"Ah, my dear lady, you may safely confide in me: I betray my dear mistress! I prove unfaithful to your commands! The saints forbid! I will not tell even Adolphe; no, not even if he should give me those pink ribbons he promised to bring me from the fair!"

"Very well, Lisette, I think I may trust you, even against so tempting a bribe as a new top-knot," answered the countess. "As for Adolphe, let me see—yes, Lisette, I think we must positively let him into our secret. And now tell me, Lisette, have you seen these officers?"

"Quite in a passion, apparently, did this question throw the little waiting-maid; her eye eyes grew rounder, and brighter, and her cheeks redder and redder, as she proceeded to relate how she had just met them in the gallery, as she was walking along and singing to herself, and not thinking or caring, she was sure, about them; for if they did wear epaulettes on their shoulders, and feathers in their caps, they were not so handsome as Adolphe, she could tell them."

"And then, one of them, my lady, vowed I had such fine eyes; yes indeed he did, my lady, and then squeezed my hand in such a fashion, that—ha! ha! he—I warrant his cheeks tingle yet, with the blow he got from it!—And then, the other came up with a mighty sweet smile, and asked me if my lady, the countess, was not the most beautiful creature in the whole world; and, may the saints in glory forgive me, my lady, I told him No; that you were old and ugly, and—"

"Bravo, Lisette! Well, and what said he?"

"He only laughed, and chucking me under the chin, vowed I had spoken falsely, for that, if my mistress was old and ugly, he knew very well he would never employ such a pretty maid! Ah! I wish the chateau was well rid of them; for would you believe it, this bold fellow then—here Lisette came close to her young mistress, and whispered—'yes, said he would run away with you! Ma Doulx! run away with my charming mistress!'"

Was the young lady bewitched, or why that merry peal of laughter! Instead of the overwhelming indignation of Lisette expected to witness, the countess appeared to think the idea of being run away with a capital joke—clapping her little hands, and even embracing the bewildered waiting-maid in her glee.

"Well, Lisette," said the countess, at length abating her mirth, "we must punish these gay gallants for their assurance. You have unconsciously assisted my project. Now, remember, you are to be very secret; you are to do just as I tell you, and under all circumstances to appear perfectly unconscious that anything unusual is going on. Take courage, my poor Lisette; I warrant these gay fellows will soon turn their backs upon the chateau. Now, come with me to my chamber, and we will prepare to receive these chevaliers as they deserve. Let us go."

In another wing of the old chateau were our two officers, whose unlucky advent had caused so much confusion. Hungry as wolves, for they had tasted nothing since daybreak, they were impatiently awaiting a summons to the dining-room.

Silly little Lisette had no need to trouble her head about them! What if the gallant colonel did press her little brown hand, as plump as a young pigeon, or chuck her dimpled chin; more did he care for the smack of a fine fat capon, than for the rosiest lips in all France; and I'll warrant that the sight of a sparkling wine cup would, at that moment, would have filled him with more pleasure than a glance from the brightest eyes he had ever pledged therein.

"Will that infernal dinner bell never sound!" exclaimed Bellegarde, the gallant colonel, impatiently.

You see, dear readers, the truth of my assertions.

"Patience, patience, my friend," interposed his companion, who, it is but justice to affirm, was gazing with evident pleasure upon the enchanting landscape spread out before him—not even the keen cravings of appetite could blunt his appreciation of the beautiful in nature.

"Faith! you may well preach of patience to a man who has fed only upon sour bread and garlic for a month! Why, Eugene, what has come over you? An hour since, and you were as famished as myself, and now, with the air of a well-fed ploughman, you cry, 'Patience! patience!'"

Methinks you must find the air of this crumbling old pile vastly invigorating!"

Thus grumbled the colonel; but the more he grumbled, the more cheerful became his companion; it was thunder and sunshine at the same moment.

"Come, come, Bellegarde!" exclaimed Montepan, "cease this railing, and tell me, what think you of the very opposite portraits drawn of the mistress of these fair domains which we have received from the lips of her attendants? Quoth the old steward, 'My lady is a charming young widow, and beautiful as an angel; begone, therefore—you cannot enter here'; while, on the other hand, that little vixen of a waiting-maid would make one believe her mistress as old as my grandmother! What say you, colonel?"

"That I care not whether she be fair as Venus, or ugly as Hecate, so that her viands be but tender, and her wine old," replied Bellegarde, drawing forth his watch.

"Incorrigible glutton!" cried his friend; "Have you then no curiosity to solve this enigma?—no desire to behold this wonderful woman, in whose person youth and beauty, old age and ugliness, are synonymous! Ha, ha, ha! truly! I shall not soon forget the perplexed and anxious look with which that old fellow the steward, I suppose, entreated us to continue our march; the very arguments he enforced defeating his own object; like a man in haste to arrive at his journey's end, first laming the steed that is to bear him."

"And I will lay you a wager," interrupted the other, his thoughts for a moment soaring higher than his stomach, "that, after all, his picture is the right one. Yes, yes, my friend, we shall find our countess beautiful as an angel. By Jove! well thought of—oh, Eugene, am I presentable! The toilet of a soldier on march is but a rough one for a ladies' boudoir; tell me, shall I not shock the fair one by my bearish appearance?"

"No matter," replied Montepan, laughing, "attend to her ladyship's mamma, if you please, and—"

"Leave the lamb to you, you would say; very well, agreed; now hark! bountiful Heaven! there sounds the dinner bell; let us go, for here comes our crusty old friend to marshal us, I suppose."

Yes, it was Jacques at last, who, bowing, conducted our two friends to the dining-room.

Jacques threw open the large folding doors leading from the lofty corridor into the dining-

room. At the same moment, as if impelled by the same impulse, two other doors, directly opposite, silently flew back, and at the instant when the colonel and his friend stepped over the marble threshold on one side, Lisette, assisted by her lover, Adolphe, appeared upon the other, wheeling in a small coach covered with black velvet, and over which was suspended a canopy of black lace fringed with gold.

Beneath this canopy reclined an elderly lady, dressed in the deepest mourning weeds. As her attendants wheeled the couch nearer the table, she bowed coldly to her stranger guests, and motioned them to be seated, the one upon her right hand, the other upon her left. Her hair, already silvery white, was parted smoothly on her brow, brought far down over her temples, and confined by a close widow's cap of plain white lenc. Yet what added greatly to the singularity of her appearance was an immense pair of green goggles—so huge, in fact, that they almost obscured even her nose!

"The little shrew was right; confound her black eyes, how they twinkle," thought Bellegarde. "Ugly! she is a perfect ogress."

"Bah! what stuff was the old man prating about his beautiful young mistress, the charming widow. Widow! indeed! Yes, and likely to remain so; heavens, what a fright!" soliloquized the lieutenant at the same moment.

"Gentleman," said the unconscious object of such slanderous thoughts, "although we have for many months eschewed all society, nor since the death of the master of these domains have admitted other to our presence than the few faithful attendants you see around you, we, nevertheless, bid you welcome to our chateau, and to such poor fare as it is in our power to place before you."

Saying this with the most stately air, she motioned Jacques to fill the glasses of her guests, and merely touching her lips with her own, gracefully bent her head in token of the sincerity of her words.

"Have we, then, the honor of addressing the Countess d'Argentine?" said the gallant colonel.

The countess bowed in so stately a manner as to check all further attempt at conversation.

Bellegarde, however, soon buried his chagrin in a fine venison pastry, and with copious liberations of her ladyship's excellent Bordeaux, washed down his disappointment.

Not so Montepan. All the delicacies in the world would now have failed to tempt his appetite. Besides he felt embarrassed—ill at ease in the presence of this singular countess, who caused herself to be thus borne, like some effigy of sorrow, hither and thither upon a funeral car. For as such seemed to him the sombre equipage on which she reclined.

How many thoughts flitted through his brain! She was lame then—perhaps paralytic! And then those goggles—heavens! was she nearly blind, too? Perhaps she had but one eye! perhaps she squinted! And drawing a long breath, the poor lieutenant looked another way. But, as if by some magical influence, his eyes again rested upon the countess.

Her complexion—what little her hair and those horrible goggles exposed—he discovered must have been fine in youth, for it was still quite fair and smooth, while her chin might serve for the model of all chins; it was really a love of a chin, and either her teeth were in excellent preservation, or the dentist had accomplished a masterpiece, when he supplied her ladyship's gums.

He felt tempted to knock down old Jacques. Just as if it was his fault that his mistress was so old and ugly; and as for Lisette, how he did long to shake her, looking at him as she did with such saucy, knowing eyes. In fact he was getting quite savage, when suddenly the countess, with another bend of her aristocratic head, was borne from the presence of her guests.

The heavy folding doors silently swung together, and they were left to their wine—alone, save Jacques.

"Zounds!" cried the colonel, seizing the old man by the arm, "did you not tell me your mistress was young?"

"And very beautiful!" quoth the lieutenant.

"Yes, sir, my lady is young and beautiful, for goodness like hers never grows old or decays."

"Bravo! a sentence worthy of Fenelon; your health, old boy."

At this moment Adolphe entered with the compliments of the Countess d'Argentine, who would be happy to see the gentlemen in the drawing-room.

"Bah!" whispered the colonel, "I much prefer the bottle; an agreeable time we shall have with the old lady. I leave her to you, Eugene, and will make love to that arch little coquette the maid."

(To Be Continued.)

A petrified negro was lately found in a garret over a law office. It was supposed that he undertook the study of the law, and became absorbed in Blackstone.

The "world" never harms a Christian so long as he keeps it out of his heart. Temptation is never dangerous until it has an inside accomplice. Sin within betrays the heart to the outside assailant.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

On the banks of Tar River, in North Carolina, is the little town of L—. The village wears the unmistakable air of decay, and nothing interests the traveller as strikingly beautiful and imposing, unless it be the Female College, which is situated in a grove of majestic oaks, said to have been an Indian camping-ground.

To this building I strayed one beautiful morning in May. The school was dismissed at the time, and no sound greeted my ears as my footsteps echoed through the deserted halls and passages. A delightful breeze was stirring, and, wearied with my rambles, I sat me down to rest, in one of the hoisted windows. I had not been in this position long, before Somnus, pitying tired nature, came to my relief, and in a moment I was in the arms of Morpheus. How long I slumbered I know not; but when I awoke a man somewhat past the middle age, with a face beaming with kindness and good-will, stood before me.

"You have been viewing the building, have you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I have been told that it is situated on an Indian camping-ground, and as I delight in relics of the past, I would not lose this opportunity of viewing the spot. I have found nothing, however, that would remind one of those olden times."

Did you ever hear the legend that is connected with this place? Perhaps it is that which has led you here?"

I confessed my ignorance of the story, and begged him to relate it. After some little hesitation, he seated himself beside me, and I prepared to hear the legend of "The Young Chief of the Tuscaroras."

"Do you see yonder rock?" he commenced, "It is the gravestone of an Indian Chief. The story runs thus:—"

Narramattah, a beautiful girl of eighteen, was the child of the Chief of the Cherokees, and idol of his heart. I say his child, I mean his adopted child; the Narramattah, when scarcely more than a babe, had been taken from the bosom of her mother, and borne away to a distant land. She had found, however, a loving father in the old chief, who forgave she was a trophy of victory and regarded her as his child.

Few and faint were the memories which she entertained of her birthplace, and she had learned to love old Manoah as the father of a friendless girl. Here was the tent of old Manoah, and here the home of the young Indian girl. Here on the banks of this beautiful river, the wild woodmen went out to the chase, and returned at nightfall to the embraces of their lovers. How the songs of those maidens of the wilds were borne through the woods by the gentle winds of Indian summer! and here in all that barbarity, was entertained a love of liberty, and a sense of honor and integrity, which is rarely found now.

But days of sorrow were to come to Manoah. A youth who had wooed in vain for the hand of Narramattah had sworn by the Great Spirit that he would usurp his position. Well did he fulfil that vow. Manoah was thrown into prison, and not allowed to go free until he had sworn obedience to the new sovereign. The only joy of the chief now was his adopted daughter. She sympathized with him in his troubles, and administered to his wants.

As for Narramattah, she was happy and care-free. Lovers she had, but the wooing of all, save one, had been in vain. This one was a young chief of the tribe of Tuscaroras, who came but seldom, and carried her heart with him when he went. She sang, laughed and sported with the Indian maidens, but her thoughts continually wandered to the young warrior and the time he was to come to claim his bride. But the happy time was continually postponed, for old Manoah declared that he could not part with the light of his life and the friend of his declining years.

At last came Ocomoo, a young warrior of her own tribe, to sue for her hand and hand. He told the same old story in his frank, manly way, and he too met with the same firm, decided answer, that her heart was already another's. But he did not receive the refusal, as others had done, in a transport of rage. He kissed the ground at her feet, and told her as he could not become her husband, he would at least remain a faithful and devoted friend. In the meantime Tuscar, the young usurper, was pursuing his conquests, and daily bringing home unfortunate prisoners as trophies of victory.

At evening Narramattah would betake herself to the riverside, and dream of the absent one she had learned to love. She was generally happy and gay, and no one had ever seen a cloud on her brow. But one evening she sat alone in her favorite retreat, with a troubled look in her eyes.

"It was a dream, which boded no good," she mused. "But how foolish in me! No harm can come to my brave lover. But I feel as if something was wrong."

Hardly had the words escaped her lips, when the well-known cry of her victorious striders rang out upon the air. Tuscar had led his band a long way that day, and the joyous shouts of his warriors told, but too well that she had brought a large number of captives. Narramattah felt her heart beat high, and she held her breath to listen. She fancied she heard the name of the Tuscarora. The blood left her cheek, and she was pale as death with

excitement. Nearer and nearer they came, until Tuxcar stood before her.

"Narramattah," he cried, "light of the moon, I have a captive. Look upon him. Did you ever see him before?"

"She grew ghastly pale, and came near falling to the ground, for there, bound with cords, stern and haughty even in captivity, lay the brave warrior of the Tuscaroras. Tuxcar knew her story, and a smile of vengeance curled his lips as he continued,—

"Narramattah, many moons ago I wooed you, and you thought in vain. I swore by the Great Spirit that you should not wed any other man. I have not forgotten that vow. Consent to be my wife, and your lover shall go free; refuse and you shall have the pleasure of seeing him die before your eyes."

"Narramattah hesitated; but the Tuscarora's blood began to boil in his veins, and his face grew black with wrath. He cast a defiant look at Tuxcar as if to say, 'Tyrant, do your worst!' Then looking at the fawn-like Narramattah, he said, tenderly,—

"Narramattah, if you love me, remember your vow. Let me die a thousand deaths, rather than you should become the wife of a brute."

"The Indian maiden burst into tears, but not a mark of pity softened the iron features of the marble-hearted tyrant. Tuxcar stood coolly, waiting for an answer. But all the Indian blood in her veins came to the maiden's aid, and she determined to die with her lover."

"Tyrant!" she said. "Tyrant!" she repeated, as if the words sounded like vengeance in her ears, 'I defy you! I dare you!'"

"Ah!" cried the Tuscarora, "that sounds like you, my darling one!"

"Well," said Tuxcar, "perhaps the blazing fagots may change her mind. Go," said he to the warriors, "prepare the captive for execution."

"The maiden's resolution wavered. She could not see the man she loved die, when any sacrifice on her part would save his life; so in accents broken, she cried,—

"Stop! oh, stop! give me time."

"Just then a slight rustling was heard in the leaves, and an arrow pierced Tuxcar's heart. Ocomoco had come to the rescue with his little band, which had always remained faithful to Manoah. A fierce conflict was carried on for a few moments, but so unexpected had been the shock, that Tuxcar's warriors fled in every direction. The Tuscarora was saved, but in the affray Ocomoco received his death-wound. Then arose the cry,—

"Manoah! Manoah shall be our sachem."

"The old chief was brought out, and covered with all the honors that lay in the power of his subjects to grant, but the excitement was too great for him, and he fainted and died. The warriors turned to the Tuscarora and said,—

"Our captive shall be our king."

"He accepted the offer, and during years of happiness he and his loving bride visited almost every evening the grave of their benefactor, and watered it with their tears. And now, sir, my story is ended."

"Thank you, thank you; that simple legend has at least taught me something of true friendship."

"Then you are paid for your attention. I bid you good day,"

And with a bow he was gone.

SCIENTIFIC.

EARLY TRACES OF MEN.

When quarrymen uncovered slabs of Connecticut sand stone, bearing impressions exactly like bird tracks, geologists reasonably inferred that, at the time the rock was forming and was as yet but wet sand, there existed gigantic birds or bird-like animals, which strode along these ancient sea shores much as beach birds do along the shores of to-day. The fact that traces of birds had never been found before in strata so ancient, much less the popular theory that birds were of later creation, did not invalidate the inference; one positive fact, as is well known, outweighs any amount of negative assertion, and the old theory had to give way.

When workmen, digging a canal near Stockholm, came upon a buried hearth with charcoal on it, exactly like those which uncivilized people no make and use, the natural inference was that some one of more than brute intelligence had lived there before the overlying earth was deposited. Had the hearth been slightly buried, say six feet below the surface, there would have been no question of its artificial origin; it would have been accounted the work of man as surely as if a human skeleton had been found lying beside it. Should the inference be considered less legitimate because there happened to be sixty feet of earth above the hearth? True, that accumulation of erratic blocks and sand and sea shells gave unmistakable evidence of great geological changes since the hearth was last used—glacial action, submergence of the land and its subsequent elevation, all involving long periods of time; but that told not so much against the testimony of the hearth as against the belief that man was of more recent creation.

Now that such witnesses have been multiplied to an almost infinite number, forming a continuous chain, from the earliest historic times far back into the tertiary period, the evidence is overwhelming; the "alleged" antiquity of man, as it is styled by those who have

never investigated the matter, passes from the domain of hypothesis into the region of demonstrated fact. The vista of human antiquity opened up by these surprising discoveries is indeed vast, so vast that even those who have most patiently followed them and assisted in their development are overwhelmed with the thought of it. No wonder, then, that those to whom it comes as a sudden revelation should flatly refuse to admit its reality. As Mr. Evans remarks in the closing paragraph of his magnificent work on the ancient stone implements, weapons and ornaments of Great Britain, "it is impossible not to sympathize with those who, from sheer inability to carry their vision so far back into the dim past, and from unconsciousness of the cogency of other (than the fossils described in the work above-mentioned) and distinct evidence as to the remoteness of the origin of the human race, are unwilling to believe in so vast an antiquity for man as must of necessity be conceded by those who have fully and fairly weighed the facts which modern discoveries have unrolled before their eyes." Yet while we sympathize with the natural incredulity of those who lack the basis of intelligent judgment, we need not imitate their unreasoning assurance in contradicting the deductions of science while refusing to examine either the ground of their own conviction, or the evidence of the different convictions of others.

The geological proofs of the antiquity of man, to which Mr. Evans alludes, are of three-fold character:

1. The association of human bones with the bones of extinct animals, under conditions which prove them to be of equal age.

2. The signs of human action on the bones of extinct animals: the breaking of them to extract the marrow, after the manner of existing savages; the shaping and polishing of them for use and ornament; and more instructive still, the tracing on them of the outlines of mammoths and other animals now extinct or driven by change of climate to distant parts of the earth.

3. The discovery of wrought stone implements, weapons and ornaments under undisturbed strata demonstrably belonging to periods reaching as far back as the pliocene period if not farther.

Detailed descriptions of the evidence, which are as marvelous in number as in variety and interest, may be found in the elaborate works of Lyell, Lubbock, Wilson, Evans and other English scholars as well as in numerous French and German writings; or the evidences themselves may be studied in situ, and in numerous rich collections of archaeological specimens, by any one disposed to do so. The purposes of this article admit but the briefest mention of a few of the most ancient of these trace of early man.

First, for our own country. Perhaps the oldest skull yet discovered is the one found in the pliocene strata of Cable Mountain, California. Having no companion in its almost incredible antiquity, it was natural at the time of its discovery for men to ridicule the age accorded to it, and to take refuge in the assertion that it never came from the place alleged, or, if it did, it must have come there by irregular means. But when many corroborating evidences of human existence during the pliocene period are found, as they have been, in the same strata under conditions which satisfy careful geologists that the strata had not previously been disturbed, the astonishing character of the testimony is not sufficient ground for flatly rejecting it. More recently, similar fossil evidences of perhaps a still earlier presence of man on our Pacific coast have been discovered. At a meeting of the San Francisco Academy of Science, in May last, Dr. Blake presented the Society with a number of perforated implements of serpentine, which had been taken from stratified rock near the summit of the coast range, 1700 feet above the sea. They were found, embedded in argillaceous shales, in digging away the side of a hill for the foundation of a house, and, says Dr. Blake, were "evidently fashioned by the hand of man or some animal capable of using its anterior extremities so as to fashion objects to meet its wants, and apparently possessed of sufficient intelligence to use lines or nets for catching fish; as it would seem that these instruments must have been used as sinkers." Dr. Blake pronounces the rock in which these interesting specimens of primitive manufacture were discovered, to be of an age not later than the pliocene period; while professor Whitney, the State Geologist, is of the opinion that it is still more ancient. Anyhow, man appears to have antedated the upheaval of the coast range and the attendant geological changes; a remoteness in time which makes the fossil skeleton found at Natchez and New Orleans, and the human fragments under the Florida canals, seem comparatively modern. Yet at that distant period, man had existed long enough, to overspread a considerable portion of the earth, if not the whole of it, since traces of such primitive man have been found wherever they have been diligently sought for.

Scientific a decade has passed since geologists began to admit the possibility of finding traces of men in glacial or preglacial strata; yet of gony human bones or unquestionable evidence of human handiwork have been found in the deposits of those early times, in connection with the remains of supposed prehuman animals, in England, Scandinavia, Belgium, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, India, Australia, and South America, as well as in our own country; and the more carefully the search has been conducted, the farther back the

history of man has been pushed into the distant past. Every inch of the ground has been fought over, the firm conviction of the early investigators that man could not be so old a creature causing them to receive every discovery with downright disfavor. Such an upturning of all the recognized foundations of history seemed of necessity to involve some hidden error. But it did not. The facts are so numerous and intelligible that the most skeptical enquirers have been convinced, and now not a few of them hold high rank among the authorities of the young science of archaeology. Among these is the venerable Sir Charles Lyell, whose caution is not less remarkable than his courage. After studying some of the earlier discoveries of human fossils, he admitted their preglacial origin and thought we might expect to find the remains of man in the pliocene strata. Writing after the discovery of such pliocene remains, Sir John Lubbock set the time of the first beginning of the human race as far back as the miocene, or middle tertiary period; while Alfred Wallace carries the date still farther back, the eocene period; this, however, on theoretical grounds, since the traces of men earlier than the pliocene period are few and somewhat questionable. In what is said to be miocene strata near Pontlevoy, France, a M. Bourgeois has found numerous wrought flints in a stratum containing the remains of a long extinct animal allied to the rhinoceros, and beneath a bed which contains the mastodon, the dinotherium and the rhinoceros. Similar evidence of man's presence and skill have been found in the miocene beds of Aurillac, with the remains of animals long since extinct; and at Ponce another observer, M. Delainay, has discovered a bone of a herbivorous cetacean of the miocene period, which bears the marks of cutting instruments, such as must have been made when the bone was in a green condition. Doubtless these faint foreshadowings of man's presence in the middle tertiary will be strengthened by future discoveries, as the first evidence of his existence in the later tertiary and quaternary periods have been.

The time required for all the geological changes which have taken place since man demonstrably entered upon the struggle for existence is simply inconceivable. The glacial limit lately set to his history has been overpassed, and his dominion extended perhaps farther beyond it than it is back of the present. "We of the present generation," says Sir Charles Lyell, "when called upon to make grants of thousands of centuries in order to explain the events of what is called the modern period, shrink naturally at first from making what seems so lavish an expenditure of past time." Yet, however much the imagination may take alarm at the immensity of such periods, the sternest reason declares them to be necessary unless we stand ready to deny the orderly sequence of events. The same sort of evidence which proves the existence of man on earth six thousand years ago, proves his presence here as many thousand centuries.

AN AIR SHIP AT LAST.

A VESSEL WITH WINGS WORKED BY STEAM—ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

For many years M. L. B. Hunt, a talented mechanic of Auburn, N. Y., has been constructing a vessel with which to navigate the air, and is convinced that he has at last solved the problem of aerial navigation. The car, which is destined to carry passengers is of wood, 30 feet long, 8 feet high and 8 feet in width. Four wire cables connect it with the engine room 20 feet above. The car will be fitted up in an attractive style, and affords accommodation to forty persons.

The motive power of the ship is steam, one of Silsby's rotary 50-horse power engines being used. It is so constructed as to turn upright shafts, one with the other, and revolving in opposite directions. To the outer shaft are attached four wings 9 feet wide next the shaft, 6 feet at the extreme end, and 12 feet long. To the inner shaft are fastened four similar wings ten feet above the others. They are made of sheet iron, slightly concave, and incline at an angle of 20 degrees. When the machinery is set in motion these wings revolve at the rate of 150 times a minute, and it is claimed by the inventor will lift the vessel, weighing about six tons, and laden with six tons more.

The desired direction is given the machine by four wings ten feet long, acting on a horizontal shaft revolving at a greater velocity than the lifting wings, and manipulated at the will of the operator or engineer. The whole apparatus is steered by a sheet iron rudder, parallel to the shaft of the engine, at the right of the machine, and sixteen feet long by five wide. From the car to the top of the shaft the vessel measures fifty-eight feet. It has cost \$12,000.

Mr. Hunt does not entertain the slightest doubt of the success of his air ship. He says he will be able to propel it safely to any point at the rate of 100 miles per hour. He is constructing a vessel of miniature dimensions for the initial trial, which will be made at an early day.

Professor Fleming Jenkins recently made experiments to ascertain what difference would appear in the power required to drive a nail when no cotton was being prepared by the machinery, and when the cotton was being manufactured into thread. His conclusions

were as follows: "More than one-third of the whole power produced is required to overcome the friction of the engine and shafting alone. More than half the power is required to drive the machine used in the preparation and spinning of the cotton, while less than one-sixth of the whole power is required to prepare and spin the cotton." He holds that it is possible to reduce the waste to one-half its present amount."

HUMOROUS.

OYSTERS IN ST. LOUIS.

HOW A LUMBERMAN "WORKED" SIX "TINS" IN ONE DAY.

Job Givens is from the lumber region of Wisconsin, and until yesterday, says a St. Louis paper, had never eaten an oyster. It wasn't his fault, only his misfortune. Job belonged to the truly rural, and somehow oysters had never come in Job Givens' way. For some reason Job had drifted to St. Louis to find something to do, and by chance he came yesterday morning, to where an oyster-dealer was packing oysters in boxes for regular orders. Job stood looking on for about an hour, and then he said to the oyster-man:

"Say, captain, what hev you got in them tins?"

"Baltimore oysters."

"Oysters, eh? I'd like to have one of 'em."

"One can?"

"No, one oyster. I've heard tell of 'em. Pears to me I'd like to hev one mighty well."

The oysterman took Job Givens inside and picked out an oyster from the tureen. Job Givens wasn't favorably impressed. He turned it over and over on the fork, put his tongue on it and still he couldn't make up his mind exactly what to do.

"It's all right, I suppose?" said Job.

"Of course it's all right."

Job put it cautiously by his mouth, and the moment it came off his fork it slid down his throat.

"Well, I'm darned, Job Givens, if that aren't a queer; the critter didn't give a fellow any show. Say, Major, can't you stand another?"

The oysterman forked out another to see the fun, and this one Job took good care to taste. He caught it in his teeth, and there he held it, afraid to let it go. At length it went the way of all oysters, and Job sat quietly:

"It's a big thing, to its looks anyhow. Say, Colonel, how many's in one of them tins?"

"Four or five dozen."

The oysterman wanted help and said to Job, "Pitch in, then, and earn your can."

After working a couple of hours, carrying up boxes and doing the rough work, Job stopped and asked for his tin. It was given to him and then the trouble was to open it. He had about as clear an idea of doing this as he had of reading Hebrew.

At last they opened the can for him and he sat in the cellar pouring the oysters down his throat out of the can. They offered him a fork and a plate, but that process was too slow for Job Givens.

When he had finished his can, Job wanted to know if he couldn't work out another tin, and the oysterman set him to work again. At the end of another two hours Job, who had worked enough for two men under the inspiration of coming oysters, asked if he had earned his tin; and he took his old seat in the cellar and disposed of his second can in about the same manner as he did the first. All he said they were "big things to their looks."

And still the oysterman kept on packing and Givens kept on working like a steam engine, and at the expiration of every two hours taking his tin into the cellar and pouring the oysters down his capacious throat. At 11 o'clock last night Job had almost worked thirteen hours and had six cans of oysters stowed away under his waist-band. All that he said after every can was, "I tell you General"—he had brevetted the oysterman all the way up from Captain—"them the biggest to their looks that ever I fell in with."

THE LIGHTNING ROD MAN.

Max Adeler tell this story in the Philadelphia Saturday Post:

Up in Blossburg the other day a lightning rod man drove up in front of a handsome edifice standing in the midst of trees and shrubs, and spoke to Mr. Summers, who was sitting on the steps in front. He accosted Summers as the owner of the residence, and said:

"I see you, have no lightning rods on this house."

"No," said Summers,

"Are you going to put any on?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of it," replied Summers.

"You ought to. A tall building like this is very much exposed. I'd like to run you up one of my rods; twisted steel, glass fenders, nickel-plated tips—everything complete. May I just run up to show you? I'll do the job cheap."

"Certainly you may if you want to. I haven't the slightest objection," said Summers.

During the next half hour the man had his ladder up and his assistants at work, and at the end of that time the job was complete. He called Summers out into the yard to admire it. He said to Summers:—

"Now, that is well enough, but, if it was

my house, I'd have another rod put on the other side. There's nothing like being protected thoroughly."

"That's true," said Summers; "it would be better."

"I'll put up another, shall I?" asked the man.

"Why, of course, if you think it's best," said Summers.

Accordingly the man went to work again, and soon had the rod in its place.

"That's a first rate job, he said to Summers, as they stood eyeing it.

"I like such a man as you are—big hearted, liberal, not afraid to put a dollar down for a good thing. There's some pleasure in dealing with you. I like you so much that I'd put a couple more rods on that house, one on the north and one on the south, for almost nothing."

"It would make things safer, I suppose," said Summers.

"Certainly it would. I'd better do it, hadn't I—hey?"

"Just as you think proper," said Summers.

So the man ran up two more rods, and then came down and said to Summers:

"There, that's done. Now let's settle up."

"Do what?"

"Why the job's finished, and now I'll take my money."

"You don't expect me to pay you, I hope."

"Of course I do. Didn't you tell me to put those rods on your house?"

"My house!" shouted Summers. "Thunder and lightning! I never ordered you to put those rods up. It would have been ridiculous. Why, man, this is the court house, and I'm here waiting for the court to assemble, I'm on the jury. You seemed to be anxious to rush out your rods, and it was none of my business, I let you go on. Pay for it! Come now, that's pretty good."

The Blossburg people say that the manner in which the lightning rod man tore around town and swore was fearful. But when he got his rods off the Court house he left permanently. He don't fancy the place.

EMBRACING A PHOTOGRAPHER.

Salvini, the actor, when having a photograph taken, was so delighted with the proof that he flung his arms about the operator and embraced him. This was gratifying to the operator, and did not cost Salvini anything. A gentleman in this place, whose name we will not mention, was very much pleased with the great actor's artifice—as he persisted in terming it,—and, believing that appreciation is dearer to a true artist than money, he concluded to have some photographs of himself. When the proof was shown him he knew that was the time to fling his arms around the operator, but he could not pluck up sufficient courage. He thought he would wait a more favorable opportunity, and became very nervous in consequence. Pretty soon the operator had occasion to reach under a case of specimens for a cloth, and, full of desperation, shot his eyes and swooped down upon him. The frightened artist, believing that this was a new process for garroting, straightway screamed murder, and sought to defend himself until the arrival of aid by beating the assassin over the face and head with a brush full of varnish. Every lick of the brush developed additional ferocity in the face of the customer, and, consequently, increased the terror of the operator, whose shouts aroused the inmates of the building, and brought to his help in quick succession a tailor, two dress makers, four clerks, and a one-legged basket maker. The benumbed and varnished victim was quickly overpowered, and, being set upon by as many of the masculines as could be accommodated, was firmly held until the arrival of an officer. Fortunately, he was known by the officer, who recognized him from his apparel,—not being able to see his features for the varnish,—and, upon explaining that the cause of his coming down upon the operator was a sudden dizziness he experienced, he was released. A hack was obtained, and he was taken home, and his head put to soak in lime-water for the removal of the varnish from his scalp. But it was found necessary to shave his face, as, it was impossible to save his hair. He is glad now he got the pictures when he did. Danbury News.

SWALLOWED WHOLE.

Phibbs an excessively fastidious man, went into an oyster saloon and ordered half a dozen raw on a plate. He noticed just as he had "owned" his number one, that a corpulent Dutchman stood beside, sorrowfully surveying a single oyster on a plate before him. The moment that Phibbs swallowed his first, the expression of the Dutchman's changed from sorrow to joy.

"Ah! you swallow him whole?"

"Of course," says Phibbs.

"And you can swallow him whole too?"

pointing with his fork to the lone oyster that lay on the plate before him.

"Certainly I can," says Phibbs, and "sitting in the seat of the world, the oyster was on his fork and in a moment swallowed."

"Oh, that is wonderful, wonderful! I never did see. I have tried to swallow him three times—every time I spit him back."

Phibbs has been quite unwell ever since. For first-class Book and Job Printing go to the office of the ONTARIO WORKMAN 124 Bay street.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

City subscribers not receiving their papers regularly, will oblige the proprietors by giving notice of such irregularity at the Office, 124 Bay street.

NOTICE.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS (INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE).

Table with 2 columns: Subscription type and Price. Includes Per Annum (\$2 00), Six Months (1 00), and Single copies (0 05).

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and Price. Includes Each insertion (10 cents), Contract Advertisements, and various rates for columns and lines.

All communications should be addressed to the Office, 124 Bay Street.

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

All communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN, 124 BAY STREET.

Meetings of Unions.

TORONTO.

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

- List of meetings for Toronto: Machinists and Blacksmiths, Painters, Tailors, Crispins, Gorman Benevolent Society, Amalgamated Carpenters, Cigarmakers, Iron Moulders, Trades' Assembly, Bricklayers and Masons, Stone Cutters, Coopers, Printers, Bakers.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, &c., meets in Foy's Hall, corner of York and Richmond sts., on the 2nd and 4th Friday. The Hackmen's Union meets in the Temperance Hall, on the 1st Monday. The Friendly Society of Carpenters and Joiners meets in the Temperance Hall, Temperance street, on the 1st Friday. K. O. S. C., No. 315, meets in the Temperance Hall every alternate Tuesday.

OTTAWA.

Meetings are held in the Mechanics' Hall, (Rove's Block,) Riicau street, in the following order:—

- List of meetings for Ottawa: Free-stone Cutters, Lime-stone Cutters, Masons and Bricklayers, Trades' Council, Printers, Tailors, Harnessmakers.

HAMILTON.

Amalgamated Carpenters meets in Club House, James Street, alternate Wednesdays.

LONDON.

Amalgamated Carpenters meets in Temperance Hall, Hall, Richmond Street, alternate Tuesdays.

ST. CATHARINES.

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

- List of meetings for St. Catharines: K. O. S. C., Tailors, Typographical Union, Coopers.

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

Mr. D. W. TARRANT, Niagara Street, St. Catharines, will receive subscriptions, and give receipts for the WORKMAN. Parties calling on Mr. Tarrant will please state if they wish the paper continued.

Mr. J. A. BRANDON, of Guelph, has kindly consented to solicit subscriptions for the WORKMAN in that town, and is hereby authorized to act as our agent.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAR. 6, 1874.

THE BALLOT BILL.

The second reading of Mr. Mowatt's Ballot Bill took place on Friday last, and the weight of the opinions on both sides of the Speaker was very decidedly in favor of the ballot system of voting. "The old order changes, giving place to new." During the recent election in England, it was generally admitted that the new system of voting has been of advantage, though the election has demonstrated that the system is not yet complete. While the ballot is appreciated in principle, fault is found with the unsatisfactory practical working of the machinery, and the difficulty that has been experienced in arriving at the results of the election until long after the close of the poll. But this, we presume, is an evil which will correct itself, as in the course of time the ingenuity of man will undoubtedly conceive of a more perfect mechanical realization of the ballot principle of voting. The broad fact is apparent, that the past election has pretty well reconciled both parties to the use of the ballot, even in its present crude shape. The Weekly Budget, speaking upon the subject of election teachings, says:—"The most obvious of the teachings of the election have been that the ballot has conduced to the comfort and convenience of voting, if to nothing else, and that the new system generally has had the double advantage of lessening the expenses of candidates—of saving many thousands of pounds in the aggregate, which would have been simply thrown to the winds—and of interfering less with the business and general interests of the electors." But whilst the "comfort and convenience" of the new system is thus acknowledged, it has, we consider, still graver and more important considerations to recommend it—chief among which being the opportunity afforded men of voting according to their consciences instead of under coercion and intimidation, as was so often the case under the "old system." Experience should teach, and a general election is undoubtedly a great experience for any nation. Our legislators may profit by some of the lessons which the first Ballot Parliament of England can hardly fail to teach,—and much ought to be learned of future value. The election in England has enabled the people to estimate better than before the value of the new system, and it has also pointed out the directions in which it may be improved upon. Clearly, since vote by ballot is to be the rule of the future, it should be rendered as perfect as it is in the nature of a human institution to be.

THE CENTRAL PRISON.

On Friday last, in the examination before the Public Accounts Committee, some significant facts were partially brought to light, in reference to the means that were used, in connection with the Central Prison works, to coerce the employes to vote for the Government candidate. It will be remembered that some time since we published some affidavits of employes at the Central Prison, who had been made to suffer, by the loss of their situations, because they exercised the rights of freemen, and used their franchise as their consciences dictated. We also published some correspondence that passed between Mr. Bickford and the Hon. Mr. McKellar on the subject; and in the letter written by the latter gentleman in reply to Mr. Bickford we find the following paragraph:—

"I am not aware that any influence was exercised over the employes of the Central Prison, or any other works connected with the Government, and if any such improper influence was exerted I deeply regret it." This was written, some four weeks since, but at the investigation alluded to, Mr. Wagner, superintendent of the works, confessed to having issued orders that the employes should have a half holiday on nomination day, presumably that they might burrah at the hustings for the Government candidate, and

astonishing to relate, said his authority for doing so was a letter received from Mr. Mellor instructing him so to do, and he was further instructed that no wages were to be deducted from the men for the half day. The production of the letter was demanded by some members of the committee, but refused by others on the ground of its having been marked "private." Mr. McKellar, however, admitted before the committee that he had written such a letter, and promised to produce it on Monday. Up to time of writing this has not been done; but whatever may be its contents, the fact of its existence has been admitted; and how this can be reconciled with the statement of the Hon. Minister that "he was not aware that any influence was exercised," etc., we are at a loss to conceive. Perhaps the purity of the Hon. Minister prevented him from seeing the "direct form of bribery" obtaining in the means used! However, we do not know any more pertinent argument that could be advanced in favor of the ballot than the bringing to light of such a letter as has been spoken of. While we congratulate the present Government upon the fact that the ballot bill will, in all probability, pass into law during this session, we strenuously condemn such action on their part, leading to coercion and intimidation of employes, as so palpably points out the urgent necessity for its adoption.

TRADES' ASSEMBLY.

We would remind the delegates of the regular monthly meeting on Friday evening, 6th inst. Let there be a full attendance. We wish to make a correction in connection with the list of officers lately published. The Sergeant-at-arms should read R. D. Mowat, instead of R. D. Moffatt.

CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT ACT.

At a special meeting of the Ottawa Trades' Council, held on Thursday, the 26th ult., the following gentlemen were appointed as a committee to wait on the Honorable the Minister of Justice, to ascertain the views of the Government in regard to the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act: Messrs. D. Robertson, Wm. Gould, J. Limmond, Wm. McEvela, H. Williams, Peter Frisy and Thos. F. Walker.

We are glad to see that the Ottawa men have taken hold of this matter, and trust they may be successful in convincing the government of the advisability of repealing this obnoxious measure. From our knowledge of some of the gentlemen appointed on the committee, we are perfectly satisfied that this matter will receive that consideration and attention that is requisite to make the repeal of this law a realized fact.

We would recommend all organized Unions of labor to be prepared to give all the assistance they possibly can to the Ottawa Council in furthering this object.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

The labor organizations of San Francisco are considering the subject, "What can be done for the boys?" and, we believe, are taking a step in the right direction in endeavoring to establish what may be termed "technical schools." They have matured plans for a training ship to prepare a certain class of youths for the duties of ship masters and sailors, and "labor schools" to be connected with the common school system, whereby the natural mechanical genius of boys might find proper direction. With a view to maturing these ideas, bills have been prepared and introduced into the State Assembly and Senate, and are now before those bodies for consideration.

There can be no question that this matter of technical education is being agitated not alone by our American neighbors, but also in the mother country, and to a more or less extent the country is feeling the influence of those agitations and discussions. In Germany, France, Switzerland, and other

continental nations technical schools have been in operation, and the results attained have been of the most satisfactory character; and it is felt that their more general establishment will work out the happiest results. Apropos of these remarks, we quote the following extract from an article published in the Washington Evening Star:—

"The subject of trades for our boys, which is every day growing in importance, is attracting serious attention in all the large cities. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Star, has an idea which he thinks could be worked into practical shape, and go far towards meeting the trouble—that is, to establish mechanical schools for the purpose of instructing boys in the various trades—conducted on practical, common-sense principles. They could be made to pay by requiring the boys to pay a moderate sum the first year. Their services after that would be valuable, as they could be employed in regular business, allowing them a fair compensation. No doubt there are hundreds of parents who would willingly pay well for such instruction and opportunity for their sons to learn a trade. The schools could be established by private enterprise, or by the State, on the principle of the agricultural college."

The Shop and Senate—the organ of the Ecumenic Order of United Mechanics, who are instrumental in introducing the measures referred to—forcibly advocates their adoption. Of course there will be found even in the ranks of labor itself, those who would oppose the establishment of such labor schools—men, whose narrow-minded and selfish ideas will not allow them to go beyond the sphere of self and the present; just as there were, and are still, men to be found who would oppose the introduction of labor-saving machinery, on the plea that it would operate against the best interests of the operatives. The fallacy of such a line of argument has long since been pointed out, and the Shop and Senate "hits off" the objections as follows:—

"It is the old story of preventing boys from learning trades, for fear the number will decrease wages. Such men forget that when a boy is educated while learning his trade, he will be a better mechanic than if permitted to learn under the old foggy system of taking seven years to teach him how to make a shoe, hat, or coat. Such men would yet go to mill with a stone in one end of the bag to balance the wheat instead of dividing the grain and relieving the animal of half his load.

"We must take into consideration that when a man can do better he will not work at his trade, and if he has the necessary education he will soon get out of the way of those who for want of it will be compelled to do what their hands have learned, instead of what educated judgment dictates. We will not be able for some years to educate more than enough for masters, foremen, and superintendents, but the sooner we can bring them all up to a diploma standard, the better for the age in which they live.

"We are told by one man that such boys will not learn a trade, but getting an idea of work they will crowd the shops with indifferent workmen. We do not see it in that light, if the public labor school develops the mechanical taste of the boy, he is then prepared to be of service to a master while he is learning his trade. And in his minority will be able to make something for the support of his parents. We do not look at this subject from a selfish stand point—it is not for ourselves or our compatriots; but every man wants to know that his children are doing well. We would like to have our children and grand children superior to ourselves, to accomplish that we must take more pains with their education, both in labor and letters."

THE TICHBOURNE CLAIMANT.

This trial, which is regarded as one of the most extraordinary in the annals of English jurisprudence, came to a final termination on Friday, when the case was given to the jury. After being out all night, the jury on Saturday morning returned a verdict finding the defendant guilty on all three counts contained in the indictments against him. The claimant has been sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment. The courtroom was crowded, and the sentence was pronounced amid death-like stillness. The prisoner is reported as having been but little affected by the sentence pronounced against him.

A TRAIN ON FIRE.

On last Saturday evening a frightful accident occurred on the Great Western Railway, three miles east of Komoko, and seven west of London, by which a number of lives were lost and many persons badly injured. The fire originated by a lamp in the water-closet of the car falling on the floor and immediately taking fire. Efforts were made to subdue it but without avail, and the fire communicating rapidly to the whole car, the passengers rushed to the hinder part of it, and it was impossible for a great many to get out, some escaped by the windows while others were burned to a crisp.

The car is said to have been burned in the incredibly short space of six minutes, and it has been ascertained that ten persons were burned to death, and about the same number injured, more or less seriously, by jumping from the burning train. The accident calls for the strictest inquiry, as the bell rope was not attached to the engine, and consequently there was no way of stopping the train, which was running at the rate of nearly 30 miles an hour, and ran about three miles in a burning condition.

INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS.

We have received from Mr. Robert Schilling, President of the Industrial Congress of the United States, a circular letter, calling the second session of that organization in Rochester on the 14th of next month. There are many questions of importance to be considered and solved, and many evils under which the operative population labors to be redressed, and the only way by which this can be accomplished is through thorough and complete organization, general discussions and the transfusion of mutual information. The Industrial Congress is a means to an end, and we have reason to believe that good must follow the judicious use of such means. We hope there will be a large attendance at the Congress, and that its deliberations will be marked with earnestness and wisdom. The work of the Congress is foreshadowed by the following paragraph from the circular:—"Matters of the utmost importance to all workmen will be considered at the session; among others, the advisability of forming an organization of labor similar in its form, intents and purposes, to the Patrons of Husbandry; the applicability of the federative principle to trade unions; co-operation; arbitration; prison-labor; etc., etc."

MASS MEETING OF PAINTERS.

On Monday evening last, a numerously attended meeting of the Painters of this city, was held in the Trades' Assembly Hall, for the purpose of discussing several important questions.

The chair was taken by Mr. Henry Armstrong, President of the Painters' Society, who said he was glad to see so many present on that occasion. The meeting had been called for two reasons, the first to promote a more complete organization of the trade, and second to consider certain questions for the benefit of the members. He (Mr. Armstrong), was not disposed to be discouraged with the present position of the Painters' Union, for he was glad to say, that the society was composed of most of the leading men in Toronto, and with one or two exceptions, most of the shops in the city, were well represented in the society. But while he was not discouraged, at the same time, he was not satisfied, nor would be satisfied till all the shops, and if possible, all the painters in the city were represented at that union. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) They had met there that night, with similar objects in view that other bodies of men had, viz., to promote the best interests of the class they belonged. If unity of action, and a general spirit of unanimity, was necessary for the success of the commercial men of this Dominion, who had recently held a Grand Union Board of Trade Meeting at Ottawa, so also was it necessary for the painters of Toronto, for their interests; and he hoped that the result of that meeting would be to unite more than ever the painters of Toronto, who he considered as a class of mechanics, stood second to no other trade. (Cheers.) At a similar meeting at this, just twelve months ago, he was induced to join the union, and he begged to state, that it was a step that he had never regretted.

After the meeting had proceeded some time, Mr. Armstrong proposed that the following resolution be adopted:—"Resolved, that the Painters' Society of Toronto, do hereby declare their intention to form a more complete organization of the trade, and to consider certain questions for the benefit of the members." (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The meeting then adjourned.

gretted, and he felt, that as long as the objects of such union were so good, and noble, as they were, he never should regret having cast in his lot with his fellow-workingmen. (Cheers.)

The chairman before taking his seat, said he invited every painter in the room to take part in the discussion, and hoped no one present would be backward in speaking.

A general discussion and conversation then took up the remainder of the evening. Several gentlemen also gave spirited addresses, including Messrs. J. W. Carter, R. D. Mowat, E. Havard, R. Powell, H. Boddy, W. London, T. Patterson, H. Leech, and several others.

A vote of thanks to the chairman brought a most successful meeting to a close.

A large number of the painters present, gave their names to join the union.

The night of meetings are the first and third Monday's in the month.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Notwithstanding that there have been other attractions in the way of amusements, the Academy still draws crowded houses, owing to the talent engaged and orderly and quiet manner in which the establishment is conducted.

MISS DE MONTFORD.

During the week this celebrated mesmerist has been giving a series of her entertainments in the Music Hall, under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute.

THE OTTAWA TRADES COUNCIL.

The Trades Council of Ottawa City, held their semi-annual meeting on Tuesday night of last week. The following gentlemen were elected as officers for the current term.

LIME-STONE CUTTERS UNION OF OTTAWA.

At the last quarterly meeting of the Lime-Stone Cutters Union of Ottawa, the following gentlemen were duly elected to serve as officers for the current term.

GRAND BANQUET AT OTTAWA.

The members of the Canadian Government, entertained the Delegates to the Dominion Board of Trade, to a sumptuous banquet, in the Russell House, on Thursday the 26th ult.

R. B. P. No. 96, G. R. I. At the annual meeting of the above Precinct held in the Orange Hall, Toronto, Feb. 26th, 1874.

lain; S. K. Wm. Caswell, Registrar; S. K. D. Sleeth, Ass't. do.; S. K. W. F. Busted, Treasurer; S. K. Geo. Heatley, 1st Lecturer; S. K. Wm. Beatty, 2nd do.; S. K. David McCaw, 1st Censor; S. K. John Slane, 2nd do.; S. K. Wm. E. Meredith, 1st Standard Bearer; S. K. Robt. Glockin, 2nd do.; S. K. W. W. Fox, Pursuivant; S. K. H. Faircloth, 1st Committee; S. K. Wm. Smith, 2nd do.; S. K. Thos. Sturgeon, 3rd do.; S. K. Thos. Reid, 4th do.; S. K. Jas. Stephenson, 5th do.; S. K. Wm. Rowland, 6th do.; S. K. Jas. Brown, 7th do.; S. K. Thos. Later, O. T.

SHORT SERMONS.

NO. X.

BY A LAY PREACHER.

It is vain for you to rise up early and sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrow.—Psalm, 127: 2.

My FRIENDS.—Through the many centuries that have passed since these words were written, men have been exercising their largest powers in the endeavor to drive them from their place as words of good counsel—words profitable for instruction.

My friends, the word of the Lord standeth sure. It is vain—it is morally wrong to overwork; and it is vain as a means of gain.

ST. CRISPIN.

The following historical sketch of the patron of the shoemakers, which we find in an English exchange, will, we are sure, be read with interest by members of other organizations than the Knights of St. Crispin.

St Crispin is the patron saint of shoemakers. The name of St. Crispin is in the Church of England calendar. Crispin and Crispinian are said to have been two Roman youths of good birth, brothers, who, in the third century, went as Christian missionaries to France, and preached for some time at Soissons.

the sixth century. The shoemaker craft throughout the whole Christian world, from an early period, regarded Crispin, and Crispinian, as their patron saints, but particularly the first. They often celebrate the day set apart for these saints in the calendar with processions, in which Crispin, Crispinian, an Indian prince, and some other personages who tradition has associated with their history, are represented in splendid antique dresses.

TRADES' UNION SUPPER.

On Tuesday evening of last week, a very successful social gathering of the Union men of St. Catharines was held, in the Baryck House. The large room was tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags, evergreens, mottoes, etc., while prominent over all shone out the time-honored watchword "United we stand, divided we fall."

The chair was occupied by Mr. C. York, President of the Coopers' Union, and the Vice-chairs by Mr. Magness, President of the Crispins, and Mr. Geo. Mesler, of the Typographical Union.

CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH.

After congratulating the meeting upon the numbers present, Mr. York said:—I will merely state that the object of this evening's entertainment is for the purpose of bringing together the different Trades Unions, of this our thriving Town of St. Catharines.

The following historical sketch of the patron of the shoemakers, which we find in an English exchange, will, we are sure, be read with interest by members of other organizations than the Knights of St. Crispin.

your own way in all things means failure, and obedience to law and leadership means success.

At the conclusion of his remarks, the Chairman gave the first toast, "The Queen and Royal Family." Song, "God Save the Queen," by D. W. Ternent.

Next the "Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governors," which elicited a song from T. Mearns, "The Dear Little Shamrock," and was followed by the "President of the United States."

The "Army, Navy and Volunteers," brought a song, "Red, White and Blue," from Mr. C. Chapman; and "The Old Virginia Lowlands," from Mr. Wm. Hallett, and short speeches from Messrs. T. Beattie and J. Swanson.

The 1st Vice-Chairman then said there were many things on the statute books of Canada that tended to the injury of the Union cause, and hoped such laws would be repealed.

Mr. Ingledow, of Hamilton, was glad to see the representatives of the various Trades meeting together to-night, to become better acquainted with each other.

Mr. John Dance said unions either of employers or employees would be of great good, and the more they were introduced the better agreement there would be between both classes.

The 1st vice then gave "The Cause of Education." Song, "The Ploughman," by the Chairman.

Mr. W. D. Balfour responded, and spoke of the effects of education on the advancement of the cause for which they were laboring.

After a recitation by D. W. Ternent, the 1st vice gave "Co-operation."

Thos. Beattie spoke as a member of the old Shoemakers' Society, which was organized in this town in 1852. He referred to the system then in vogue of paying men by orders, which was broken up by the Shoemakers' Society.

D. W. Ternent referred to the endeavor to form a co-operative society in town. He believed that wood was now selling from one to two dollars cheaper than it was four weeks ago.

Mr. W. D. Ternent referred to the endeavor to form a co-operative society in town. He believed that wood was now selling from one to two dollars cheaper than it was four weeks ago.

Song, "Wreath of Roses," by Mr. Wm. Harris.

The 1st vice-chair gave "The Press," which was responded to by Mr. E. Matheson of the News in an able and interesting speech.

The 2nd vice chair then gave "The Ontario Workman."

Mr. D. W. Ternent, correspondent of the WORKMAN, in St. Catharines, gave a brilliant and interesting account of the establishment of the paper, and did not believe that there was a better family newspaper in town than it.

Then followed a number of volunteer toasts, which elicited speeches from Messrs. Magness, York, Ternent, Cooke, Burgoyne, Chapman, and Kelly, as representatives of the various trades; a recitation from Mr. Perren, and songs from Messrs. Dance, Ternent, Burke, Macdonald, Ingledow, and Walsh.

The company separated about two o'clock Wednesday morning, all well pleased with the evening they had enjoyed.

H. J. SAUNDERS, PRACTICAL TAILOR, OR and CUTTER, Queen City Clothing Store, 332 Queen Street West, opposite W. H. Carter's.

R. A. REEVE, B.A., M.D., OCUList AND AURIST, 22 Shuter Street, Corner of Victoria, TORONTO.

GENTS' OVER-SHOES! New Patent Clasp, the Best and Cheapest ever offered in the City, ONLY \$1 20! WM. WEST & CO., 200 Yonge Street, ALSO

A large stock of Fall and Winter Boots, Shoes, Rubber and House Shoes. WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD! 51-oh

EATON'S CHEAP DRESSES One of our Cheap Dresses would be an acceptable Christmas Present. One of our COSTUMES would be an acceptable Christmas Present. COME AND SEE THEM. Corner Yonge and Queen Streets.

HATS THAT ARE HATS

LADIES', GENTS' AND CHILDRENS FURS SELLING OFF! BELOW AT NEAR COST COST COST Also, a large assortment of Fancy Sleigh Robes, in and unlined Buffalo Robes. Remember the Address, COLEMAN & CO., 55 KING STREET EAST, OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.

FOR SALE, First-class Timothy Hay, wholesale; sample can be seen on our wharf. Also, a Portable 8-horse power Engine and Boiler, on wheels and in good order, cheap! MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO., Cor. Sherburne and Queen Sts

THE UNION BOOT & SHOE STORE 170 King Street East, CORNER OF GEORGE STREET.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends that he has opened The Union Boot and Shoe Store, With a Large and Varied Stock of the NEWEST STYLES. Best material and has fixed the prices at LOWEST PROFIT.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY OUR MANY Customers in the Eastern part of the city with the BEST AND CHEAPEST FUEL, We have purchased from Messrs. Helliwell & Sinclair the business lately carried on by them on the corner of QUEEN and BRIGHT STREETS, where we shall endeavor to maintain the reputation of the

VICTORIA W D YARD As the Best and Cheapest Coal and Wood Depot in the City. Cut Fine and Hardwood always on hand. All kinds Hard and Soft Coal, dry and under cover, for snow and ice.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! A. RAFFIGNON, No. 107 KING STREET WEST

Foster's Celebrated New York Oysters, Foster's Celebrated New York Oysters, Foster's Celebrated New York Oysters

The Home Circle.

LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

Goldenhair climbed up on her grandpa's knee. Dear little Goldenhair, tired was she— All the day busy, as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light, Out with the birds and the butterflies bright, Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head. "What has my darling been doing," he said, "Since she rose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one, "I cannot tell so much things I have done, Played with my dolly, and fed my bun.

"And then I jumped with my little jump rope, And I made out of some water and soap Beautiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have read in my picture book, And, Bella and I, we went to look For smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

"And then I omed homo and eated my tea, And I climbed up on grandpapa's knee, And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed, Until it had drooped upon grandpapa breast— Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children. Things that we do Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view, That marks all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,

And we shall be called to account for our day, He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's lay.

And oh! when weary, may we be so blest, And sink like the innocent child to our rest, And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!

MY LESSON.

A wee bird sat in the branches, Over my lattice low, And sang in the hush of twilight, And sang in the morning glow, I, sitting inside the lattice, Listened with eyes upturned; And this is the song she sang me, And this the lesson I learned: "God careth for me; Oh, heart that complains Of sorrows and pains, He careth for thee!"

The wee bird built in the branches A nest, where she reared her young, And softly she brooded above them, And still for a lullaby sung The song she had caroled in Spring-time, So freighted with patient trust That He who had cared for the sparrow To His child would be tender and just: "God careth for me; Oh, heart that complains Of sorrow and pains, He careth for thee!"

The vine o'er the lattice was flaunting Its banners of crimson and gold, And the sumach flamed out on the hillside, Like an army of lancers bold. The wind sighed off to the rushes, That answered with plaintive moan; And the brook babbled on to the pebbles With fretful and querulous tone: That "The world was so drear, All its glory had fled With the Summer now dead, And the winter was near."

I listened, when, up in the branches, My birdie began to sing The lullaby warbled in Summer,— The song she had sung in the Spring; Rebuking my faithless murmurs, Rebuking my want of trust, For He who cared for the sparrow To His child had been "tender and just." And I caught the refrain: "He careth for thee, As He careth for me!" And I rested again.

INEXPENSIVE HAPPINESS.

The most perfect home we ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. 500 dollars saved for a years living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful we have ever seen; even a dull and common place, man was lifted up and enabled to do good works for the souls by the atmosphere which this woman created; every room of her house invariably looked into her face for the key-note of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rose bud off a lover leaf which, in spite of her hard household, she always found time to put by on a plate at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be our ideal of a mother, wife, and homemaker. It is her quiet brain, loving heart, and exquisite taste had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargements of wider culture, here would have been the ideal of home. As it was, it was the best we have ever seen.

A ROMANTIC GERMAN LEGEND.

Conrad, the Emperor of Germany, was remarkable for the unparalyzing punishment of all who crossed his purpose. A quaint but true legend recites that a certain Count Lupold, who was one of those fearing death, fled into a remote forest and lived in a hut with his wife. It happened that the Emperor, while hunting, came to the spot, and passed the night with them. That night the Count's wife became mother of a son, and the Emperor dreamt that the child then born would be his heir. As the same dream returned thrice, he was greatly troubled, and the next morning he commanded two of his servants to kill the child. They took it away; but being moved to compassion by its smiles, they placed it under a tree, and brought back a hare's heart to the Emperor. A certain duke passed soon after, found the child, and took it home to his wife, and adopted it as his own. Afterward, the Emperor being with this duke and hearing him relate, as a forest adventure, the history of this boy, who was then present, began to suspect that the victim had escaped. Being confirmed in the opinion, he took him into his service as a page, and then sent him with a letter to the Empress, in which he charged her, upon pain of his displeasure, to have the bearer put to death. The youth set out, and after seven days came to a certain priest's house, who received him with great hospitality. The priest was struck with his comely air, and by his travelling so far. While he slept he looked at his letter, and discovered the horrible fate that awaited him; so erasing the writing, he substituted these words: "This is the youth whom I have chosen as the husband of our daughter. I charge you to give her to him quickly."

Next morning the lad awoke refreshed, and said: "Adieu, dear host."

The priest replied: "Remember me when you are Emperor."

The boy only laughed, esteeming it a jest; so he parted. On arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle he delivered his letters, and so well did the stratagem succeed, that when the Emperor wrote, soon after, to ask if his orders had been obeyed, the Empress assured him that the nuptials had been celebrated with great celerity, as he had desired. The Emperor hardly believed his eyes when he read her letter. Mounting his horse, he rode off immediately with great speed to Aix-la-Chapelle. On his arrival the Empress presented their daughter and son-in-law. For a long time the Emperor seemed lost in astonishment and uncertain what to do. At length nature prevailed, and he exclaimed: "The will of Heaven cannot be restrained!"

Then he compelled the two squires to reveal what they had done, and the Count to come from the Black Forest and receive back his son, with peace from the Emperor, who left him as heir, and who succeeded him as Henry II. On the spot in the forest where the child was born was erected, afterward the noble monastery of Hirschau.

ANECDOTE OF A SPIDER.

"A fine old English gentleman" (Mr. Moggridge), with abundant leisure for studies in natural history, has written a very entertaining book on insects, in one chapter of which (as a critic asserts) he "elevates the character of the spider." It is pleasant, at any rate, to know that he has found out enough about the creature's feelings to elevate science in the direction of mercy. The story is briefly as follows: Moggridge has been in the habit of immersing for preservation his different specimens of spiders, and ants in bottles of alcohol. He saw that they struggled for a few minutes; but he thought that sensation was soon extinguished, and that they were soon free from suffering. On one occasion he wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw that after a few moments she folded her legs upon her body and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who, of course, manifested acute pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around to, and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her arms around them, and again relapse into insensibility, until death came to her relief, and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, relaxed their grasp and became dead. The effect of the exhibition upon him is a lesson to our common humanity. He has applied chloroform before immersion. Judging from the above, the spider is superior to the human animal, in the fact that alcohol does not destroy her natural affection.

POPULAR OPINION.

Laugh at it though we will, public opinion is our master. Its influence is far greater than is generally imagined, and as it makes our reputation, it is well that we take some thought of the impressions we leave, and show a degree of respect for the sentiments and cherished opinions of society. We have heard men say that as long as they acted conscientiously, and did what was right, they cared but little what people or the public thought of them. Reasoning highly commendable in itself, that may do very well for one who would isolate himself from society and the world, but it seems founded on a somewhat

selfish basis. "Happiness was born a twin," and to be indifferent to public opinion we must exist within ourselves and for ourselves alone, since no one in this world is wholly independent, each depending on others for the happiness we receive. No man or woman ever attains a height which places him or her above criticism; and there are few of us but have some inner experience which we fain would hide from a caustic world; therefore no one can afford to hold society's rules in defiance. Some may imagine it presumption or conceit to think they exert sufficient influence to attract attention. Yet every life is fraught with interest in the particular sphere of its existence, and we are in it what we are thought to be. The character is to ourselves what we really are, to the world it is what reputation or public opinion makes it; and although a man may be fully conscious of his own worth, the world alone shall say whether to his memory he leaves "foot-prints on the sand of time," or sinks into oblivion.

SIGHT WONDERS.

Has the thought ever come to you what a wonderful age of sight this in which we live is? How that our eyes alone take us farther into the mystic spheres of celestial and creative space than the combined sight and reasonings, or even the wildest imaginations of wisest sage and philosopher ages ago? Where indeed shall be found the limit of creative phenomena, beyond which man's penetration shall not hope to peer—the line drawn in abstract space wherover shall be blazoned "Thus far shalt thou come?"

We recall familiar with the improvements that our own age has perfected in the telescope, whereby we may revel in illimitable space, and drag forth from behind their veil of mystic millions of miles the secrets of the vast heavens to ponder over and utilize. And in the minutiae of creation there seems to be as little limit to man's vision through the perfection that the microscope is being brought to. But should there not be a serious lesson of contrition and humility to us, as well as an awakening sense of our littleness and subserviency, when, as we indulge in proud estimates of our power in peering into the secret economy of creation, we stumble upon the knowledge that in every drop, every bite of food, every breath of air that we use, is a minute world having its own atmospheres and climates, its own form and surrounding space; its own growths, its seed-times and harvest; creatures, living, building, producing, and dying; its wise purposes and economies; all harmonizing and forming a necessary part of the creative plan like ourselves.

Take, for instance, a speck of yeast. The microscope reveals to us that within it are forests of minute vegetation, growing, blossoming going to seed, and reproducing, all in a space of time that can only be measured by seconds. Within these forests live, roam, and die, created beings—minute animalcules, proportioned to and fulfilling their spheres of action.

The microscope also reveals to us that the marsh miasms of our low lands are really formed of animalcules so minute as to require thirteen thousand of them to make a speck large enough to be visible to the naked eye. It is believed that to the inhaling of these and their passage into the blood of the system, people of these districts owe the visitation of fever and ague and other diseases peculiar to such localities. The long continued ill-effects of miasmatic diseases may be attributed to the rapid reproduction of these infinitesimals in the blood, and hence the difficulty of their extirpation.

USEFUL IMPLEMENTS.

The descendants of a people who hewed from untrodden wildernesses the nucleus of future homes, will readily agree to the assertion that few implements have played so prominent a part in the advancement of civilization as the axe. In regard to the origin of axes very little is actually known. History tells us that the axe was in the early ages an indispensable implement and used for various purposes; not only to assist in clearing the land and preparing material for the construction of buildings, but also as an implement of warfare, in which capacity it has figured conspicuously. Among the Romans it was a favorite weapon; the choicest troops were armed with axes, and so proficient were they in their use that few troops otherwise armed dared engage them. In the days of knight errantry the axe formed the principal weapon of warfare. Indeed, the merits of a knight were entirely based upon his skill and proficiency in wielding the battle-axe. In uncivilized countries, even amongst the most barbarous savages, some rude implement of stone, shaped somewhat after the pattern of an axe, has been found, indicating, apparently, that all classes of human beings though but slightly removed from the brute creation, instinctively comprehended the value of the principal upon which axes are constructed. Machinery offers no substitute capable of performing satisfactorily the most important services now rendered by the axe. Neither has there during the past fifty years been much change in their manufacture. The material is undoubtedly of a better quality, and shape more graceful, but the main principle is still the same.

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

MOTHER'S HOUSE.

How many thoughts are called up by those two beautiful words. Is there—can there be any place so full of pleasant places, beneath the waving palms of sunny isles, or in the chilling shadows of icy mountains? Our heart turns with unchangeable love and longing to the dear old house which sheltered us in childhood. Kind friends may beckon us to newer scenes, and loving hearts may bind us fast to pleasant homes, but we are not satisfied with them alone, for there is one place more fair and lovely than them all, and that is the beloved "Mother's House."

It may be old and rickety to the eyes of the stranger. The winnows may have been broken and patched, long ago and the floor worn through and mended with pieces of tin, but it is still mother's house, from which we looked out at life with hearts full of hope, building wonderful castles in cloudland which faded long ago; but thanks to the good Father, mother's house is left us still, and, weary with the busy turmoil of life, weary of ourselves, we turn our steps toward the dear house of rest, and at its threshold lay our burdens down.

Here we have watched life come and go. Here we have folded still, cold hands, over hearts as still, that once beat full of love for us. Here we have welcomed brothers and sisters into life, watched for the first lisping words from baby's lips, guiding the tottering baby feet from helplessness to manhood, and here we have watched, with aching hearts, to see the dear ones turn from the home-nest out into a world which has proved but a snare and a temptation to many wandering feet. And here we gather strength to take up our lives again, and go on patiently unto the end. But though the world calls us, and we may find friends good and true, we turn to the dear old home, when troubles come, for help and comfort. God grant that for us all there may long remain a "mother's house!"

A LITTLE ACT OF KINDNESS.

One dull Saturday night, the wind blew hard and the rain was beginning to pelt against the window panes and make large drops upon the pavement. It was not very pleasant to be out of doors, but food must be had, and all classes of persons were hastening to get it.

Soon two little colored girls hurried past with an empty basket, and one of them said: "Oh! be quick, for its going to rain hard and the chips will be all wet."

"Yes, I'm coming in a minute," said the other who lagged behind—for what purpose do you think?

Leaning against the lamp-post at the corner of the street was a poor woman, bent with infirmities. In whose hand was her market basket, in the other was a bundle, and she was trying to open an umbrella. The wind blew against her and the bundle slipped from her poor old fingers, rolling into the gutter, and the umbrella would not come open.

But the quick feet and fingers of this little girl soon set all things right. First, she hastened to rescue the bundle and restore it to its owner, then opened the umbrella and placed it securely in the old woman's hands. She waited for no more, hastening on after her companion, but amid the falling rain the old woman could be heard saying: "God bless you, my child!"

Ah! it was a little deed, but done so cheerfully and quickly, it showed that the child had a kind heart.

ENCOURAGE YOUNG CHILDREN.

Encouragement works wonders with almost anybody, no matter what his occupation in life may be. A boy likes it; also a woman; and even the old grandfather and grandmother has a relish for it.

Some parents often make a mistake in not giving their children credit when they do a thing well; and some unintentionally let a lesson that has been studied very hard, or a piece of work that has been well done, by a boy or girl, pass by without the least notice. This discourages a child, and has a bad effect otherwise.

Encouragement puts new life in a child, especially if he be bestowed by a parent. Yet there are people, who, though anxious to have their children do well, continually, and in a dispiriting way, tell them that they shouldn't do so and so, and that it is wrong, etc., without ever having a little friendly talk with them, and giving good advice to them, and encouraging them when they are doing right.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

For a compressed bundle of good hard sense, over-ried patience, necessitated economy, blue pills and an ability to diagnose a case within a day or so, commend us to that disciple of Esculapius who worms his way through thick and thin under a high-crowned hat and the soporific appellation of "country doctor." Far be it from my purpose to ridicule him; he, of all others, needs my tenderest sympathies, and my biggest fees. But he has passed before me, and the temptation to photograph him is too strong, and here he is, in all his lights, just as he is seen every day in the village.

Nature—that freakish old dame—never thought enough of this specimen of the genus

homo to smile upon him. She always managed to put an ugly face on an ugly form, and dub the unfortunate creature "country doctor." It may have been that Dame Nature gave him his ugliness for a qualification of his calling. If so, mothers have taken advantage of it, and many a poor child has been cured—seemingly cured—by the threatened visit of the ugly doctor.

Little Tabitha Brown, the freckle-faced daughter of old Brown, who counts his wealth by the thousands, takes the measles. Of course they wait until late in the night, when jonest folk are in bed, before they conclude to send for the doctor. And the night always happens to be a bad one—dark, rainy, or otherwise bad—and the doctor, tired out by riding all over the country on a rickety horse, has to leave his warm place in the bed, put on his clothes and that awful looking neektie, hunt up his stick, and plod on his way for several miles to see little Tabitha. He is put out, anyhow, and old Lady Brown declares he is the "slowest, pokiest" thing she ever saw. The pulse is felt, a dozen questions asked, and then the saddle bags, in whose capacious pockets vials of calomel, quinine, and opodeldoc have nestled for ages, are opened. A dose is measured, directions given, and the stiff-boned doctor plows his way through mud and snow to home, to be aroused again by Tommy's father. Now Tommy had swallowed a fish-bone, and was cutting up all sorts of antics about it.

Again our worn out friend tramps it for a few more miles, to relieve Tommy's trachea and parent's distress. And so it is; one continual round of tramps and physic from day in to night out.

It generally takes our friend of the pill and "pizen" a month or so to make up his mind to present his bills to old Brown and the numerous others whose children and selves had required the doctor's skill and trouble. I say he has to present these bills, for old Brown and the others would as soon think of dying as to pay the doctor before.

It always happens that some poor, misguided youth, whose ambition has pushed him into the doctor's office, there to search for medical lore, finds it to be his duty—arduous though it is—to carry those formidable bundles of itemized accounts; but the ambitious youth never collects anything. He can sit down after one of his bootless tramps and relate to the doctor the excuses of his patients for an hour at a time. And the doctor wonders why on earth old Brown and a score of others can't pay him his trifling bills as well as they can buy ribbons and fur-belows and other fixin's for their trifling daughters. It is an inexplicable mystery—an unsolvable problem—why?

And why is it? Echo answers, "Why?" Thus he lives. He is a sort of frog, supposed to live on nothing and "find himself." He is thought nothing of socially or financially, and is paid nothing for that which years of trouble and expense have taught him. Half the old women profess to know more than he does, and they blister with dog-fennel, plaster with poke-berry, leaves and sweet-gum salve, and their cathartics, diuretics, and the like, are manufactured from all sorts of "yarbs" and roots, and they go about advising this and recommending that until the whole country is surfeited and made gloriously sick, and the poor unfortunate doctor has to go around to repair damages without the least expectation of a cent for his services.

And now we leave him. We see him on that rickety old horse joggling along to physic somebody, and we can tell by the expression upon his weather worn face that he doesn't expect a cent for his trouble.

Grains of Gold.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it. He who follows his recreation instead of his business, will, in a little time, have no business to follow.

Time never passes so slowly and tediously as to the idle and listless. The best cure for dullness is to keep busy.

It is vain to hope to please all alike.—Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will he must necessarily turn his back upon half the world.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death: the one proceeds from liberality and benevolence the other from pride and fear.

The character of our world depends more upon our inward life than upon any accidents of outward circumstances. It is not in our material surroundings that we are to look for blessedness.

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage clamor of an unforgiving spirit.

There is no greater sign of a mean and sordid man than to dote upon riches; nor is anything more magnificent than to lay them out freely on acts of bounty and liberality.

The richest endowment of the mind are temperance, prudence and fortitude. Prudence is a universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest; and where she is not, fortitude loses its name and nature.

The happiness of life may be greatly increased by small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose calm is too still to cease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention.

If you are a wise man, you will treat the world as the moon does; show it only one side of yourself; seldom show yourself too much at once; and let what you show be calm, cool, and polished.

If you have talents, industry will improve them. If moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is ever to be obtained without it.

Understand the reason, and all the reasons why a bad habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to temptation.

The influence of woman either for good or for evil, on the heart and mind is omnipotent. Vain are the struggles to resist it.—In misfortune it tempers the energies, in prosperity, adds a grace to them.

Sawdust and Chips.

"Lemmy, you're a pig," said a father to his little four year-old boy. "Now, do you know what a pig is Lemmy?" "Yes, sir; a pig's a hog's little boy."

A Sacramento dealer in hair oil, who sold on the principle of "no cure, no pay," has sued one of his bald-headed customers, and the latter demands a bald-headed jury in order that he may be tried by his peers.

Talking about upsetting sleighs, Wicks remarked to a young lady he was taking out to drive, "I always pick out the softest place I can when I upset my sleigh." She replied, "Why, I should think it would grow monotonous, always falling on your head."

"Doctor," said a thick-headed youth to Agassiz, "you once said that fish is the proper food for men to eat who have brain work to perform. How much ought I to eat to tone me up properly?" "About two whales," was the reply.

A few days ago a very handsome lady entered a dry goods house and inquired for a "boy." The polite clerk threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

An Iowa lady concludes an anti suffrage letter as follows:—"You may look at this matter in whatever light you will, but simmer it down and it is but a quarrel with the Almighty that we are not all men."

"Well Bridget, if I engage you I shall want you to stay at home whenever I wish to go out." "Well, ma'am, I have no objections, providin' you do the same when I wish to go out."

"Why do they call the people who live in the South Sea Islands cannibals?" asked an old man of a sailor. "Because they live on other people," answered the sailor. "Then," said the old man pensively, "my sons-in-law must be cannibals, for they live on me."

An absent wife is thus advertised for: "Jane your absence will ruin all. Think of your children, your parents, your husbands. Return, return; all may yet be well. At any rate enclose the key of the cupboard where the gin is."

A "reader" in New Britain very truthfully and indignantly asserts that no woman, however nervous she may be, has a right to wake her husband from a sound sleep to tell him on his inquiring what is the matter, "Nothing, only I wanted to know if you were awake."

That was good advice which an old man gave to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever speculate or wait for something to turn up. You might just as well go sit down on a stone in the middle of a meadow with a pail 'twixt your legs and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

A young lady from Georgetown came to the city the other day to have her picture taken. When the artist showed her the "proof" and asked her how she liked it, she placidly remarked that he "put too darned much mouth on it to suit her."

"A very just remark, as well as a feeling one was that which was heard drop from the lips of a young lady last week: "Some men are always talking about patronizing their own town—always harping on that duty—and yet they go abroad to get married, while here we all stand waiting!—I do hope that some of those men who marry Eastern women will get cheated." "Grief and malice could no further go."

A young man from the rural districts asked a friend at a ball—pointing to ladies with low-necked dresses: "Is that the fashion now?" "Oh," replied the friend, "those ladies are rising into angels, and angels, you know, don't wear dresses; but it is no use for you stand watching, for it isn't probable they will rise entirely through before the dance closes."

A "runner" for a Milwaukee house, was a few days ago, in La Brosse, anxious to get across the river on the ice, but was told it was dangerous, so he got on his hands and knees and crawled across, hauling a skiff on the ice to get into in case the ice broke. After he had crawled about half way across, and was all-fired and discouraged, he heard a noise behind him, and thinking the ice was breaking he got on his knees, just as a load of wood came up behind him. The job was foot thick, and some other runners had played it on him. He is searching for the fellow who told him the ice was thin.

City Directory.

Our readers will find it to their advantage to patronize the following firms. Auctioneer. JAMES BANKS, AUCTIONEER, AND APPRAISER. Balrooms, 46 Jarvis Street, corner of King Street East. Second-hand Furniture, bought and sold.

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HARRY E. GASTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office—15 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto.

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

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

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

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

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was run up to a hundred. Iowa now has more than all the other States put together.

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Miscellaneous.

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